



# HIGHLANDER

*The Series*

#97613  
NOT TO BE

Written by  
David Tynan

# Highlander

**"NOT TO BE"**

Written By

David Tynan

Production #97613

OCTOBER 23, 1997 Final Shooting Script

Filmline International Highlander, Inc.

**HIGHLANDER**

"Not To Be"

Production #97613

**CAST LIST**

DUNCAN MACLEOD

JOE DAWSON  
AMANDA  
METHOS  
HUGH FITZCAIRN  
TESSA  
RICHIE RYAN

LIAM O'ROURKE  
JAMES HORTON  
KRONOS  
ANDRES SEGUY  
JILLIAN O'HARA

CUSTOMER  
WAITER  
SUZANNE (6)  
TOM

MARC (10) (NON-SPEAKING)  
BRIAN (NON-SPEAKING STUNT)

HIGHLANDER

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SET LIST

INTERIORS

BARGE

GALERIE NOEL  
TESSA'S CHATEAU  
    /BEDROOM  
    /LIVING ROOM  
TESSA'S WORKSHOP (AN OUT BUILDING)  
ROADHOUSE BAR  
ABANDONED WATCHER HIDEOUT  
TRAIN TUNNEL  
    /TRAIN TUNNEL/DEPOT  
    /TRAIN TUNNEL/DEPOT - ANOTHER LOCATION  
N.D. HALLWAY  
METHOS AND KRONOS LAIR  
    /METHOS AND KRONOS LAIR - 1995  
JILLIAN'S APARTMENT  
    /BUILDING - HALLWAY  
DAWSON'S FLAT - 1995

EXTERIORS

BARGE  
QUAI DE LA TOURNELLE  
STREET  
    /STREET OUTSIDE DAWSON'S FLAT  
SIDEWALK CAFE  
TESSA'S CHATEAU  
TESSA'S WORKSHOP - TERRACE  
JILLIAN'S APARTMENT - BALCONY  
UPSCALE CHATEAU-STYLE HOME  
    /NEARBY WOODS  
FOREST  
STREET - 1995  
    /CITY STREET  
    /STREET - ANOTHER LOCATION

HIGHLANDER

"Not To Be"

TEASER

FADE IN:

PREVIOUSLY ON HIGHLANDER

Ending with MacLeod seeing Tessa coming out of her shop into the Paris streets. (Final shot of Pt. 1).

1301 EXT. STREET - DAY

1301

TESSA descends to the sidewalk, scanning the streets, apparently waiting for someone to arrive. She looks lovely, composed, impossibly elegant.

MACLEOD

stares in frozen wonder, afraid to move, almost forgetting to breathe, as if she might suddenly vanish.

MACLEOD

Tessa. She's alive....  
(as it sinks in)  
Tessa's alive!

FITZCAIRN

She never died. Not here.

But MacLeod isn't listening -- he's forgotten where they are, everything but the fact of his great love for her.

MACLEOD

(awe)  
Look at her.

And he starts towards her, drawn like a moth to a flame. Fitzcairn holds him back.

FITZCAIRN

Whoa, steady on, lad -- where'd you think you're going?

MACLEOD

I just want to talk to her.

MacLeod continues toward her.

FITZCAIRN (O.S.)

Remember, this Tessa never met you.

MacLeod stops as he sees -

(CONTINUED)

1301 CONTINUED:

1301

Tessa's face light up as her

TWO CHILDREN

MARC (10) and SUZANNE (6), run towards her, faces flushed with excitement, followed discretely by a NANNY.

SUZANNE

Mama, mama!

TESSA

I missed you...

She bends to meet them, her face lighting up with obvious love as she gathers them close, hugging them tightly.

MacLeod stares in wonder, thrown.

MACLEOD

Tessa's? She has children... ?

FITZCAIRN

That she does... That she does.

MACLEOD

(after a beat)

At least she's happy.

Fitzcainr looks at him knowingly --

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1302 INT. GALERIE NOEL - DAY

1302

A modern gallery, containing a few PAINTINGS but mostly SCULPTURES -- several in various metals, some in stone -- tastefully placed to give an airy open feel. If you have to ask the price, you're in the wrong shop. MacLeod enters, feeling a little hesitant. He stops as he sees

TESSA

across the room. She's sitting at a table, appointment books and catalogs before her, speaking on the phone.

MACLEOD

moves behind a standing METAL SCULPTURE, one with soft curves, shapes reminiscent of the human form. He pretends to examine it, but he's really covertly watching

TESSA

as she hangs up the phone.

MACLEOD

wants desperately to go to her, hear her voice, hold her -- it's killing him not to. As he watches, memories of their life together come rushing back, as he FLASHES BACK to --

MACLEOD'S MEMORY - CLIPS

We see flashes of Tessa:

-- working at her sculpting.

-- blowtorch in hand, pushing her WELDING GOGGLES up on her head and smiling.

-- MacLeod kissing her while she sculpts.

-- MacLeod cradling her dead body in the street.

TESSA (O.S.)

May I help you?

RESUME - THE PRESENT

MacLeod is jolted back to reality. She's there, Tessa herself -- standing on the other side of the sculpture, smiling expectantly at him. MacLeod realizes he's staring at her.

(CONTINUED)

1302 CONTINUED:

1302

He tries to recover, looks at the statue between them.

MACLEOD

(beat)

This one. Is it one of yours?

TESSA

Mine?

She's partly amused, partly taken aback at his assumption.

TESSA (cont'd)

Oh, no. This is a Grimaldi.

(beat)

I did sculpt ... once, but I haven't  
in years.

(beat)

I was never very good.

She shrugs as if to say it was a foolish enterprise, best forgotten -- but there's sadness in the smile.

MACLEOD

You were wonderful.

Tessa stares a BEAT.

TESSA

You knew my work?

(beat, curious)

Were we in an art class together at  
the Sorbonne?

(beat)

It was so long ago... I'm afraid I'm  
not very good with names.

MACLEOD

Duncan. Duncan MacLeod.

He reaches out his hand, takes hers.

TESSA

Nice seeing you again, Duncan. I'm...

MACLEOD

Tessa Noel. I know.

They hold hands a BEAT too long. Realizing it, they release them awkwardly. MacLeod turns to the sculpture, runs a hand along it.

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61302 : 2

61302

(CONTINUED)



1302 CONTINUED: (2)

1302

MACLEOD

You once said that breathing life  
into metal was as close as we could  
get to feeling like God.

TESSA

I said that?

As he speaks, he runs his hand up and down the side of  
the sculpture, stroking the shape, his eyes locked on  
her.

MACLEOD

Your hands were like magic.  
(beat)  
Everything you touched came alive.

Tessa watches his hand, mesmerized by its movements, as  
if his hand is actually stroking her. For a moment, there  
is no one else in the world but the two of them. Until --

CUSTOMER (O.S.)

Madame? Excuse me?

A FEMALE CUSTOMER

stands at Tessa's table, waiting to be served. Tessa is  
still looking at MacLeod.

MACLEOD

(beat)  
You have a customer.

With a little frisson, Tessa shakes off the spell.

TESSA

Of course.  
(awkwardly)  
I have to go.

MacLeod nods. She breaks off, trying to recover her poise,  
and moves to the Customer. They bend over a CATALOG on  
the desk.

MACLEOD

watches her a moment, filled with longing. When her head  
is bent over the desk, he forces himself to pull away,  
turns and quietly slips from the gallery.

ON TESSA

She looks up from the catalog, watches MacLeod leave.  
She's not hearing a word the Customer is saying.

1303 EXT. STREET - DAY

1303

MacLeod and Fitzcairn walk along the Paris sidewalk, MacLeod looking preoccupied as Fitzcairn chatters.

FITZCAIRN

She is a paragon of womanhood, MacLeod. Beautiful, sensuous, intelligent -- a goddess.

(sighs)

You always were the lucky one where the fairer sex was concerned.

(beat)

Except for that redhead in London.

MacLeod is not really listening to him.

MACLEOD

How could she stop sculpting? What happened to her, Fitz?

MacLeod and Fitzcairn have arrived at

1304 EXT. SIDEWALK CAFE - CONTINUOUS

1304

FITZCAIRN

No buyers.

(shrugs)

One can only live on cold soup and dreams for so long.

(beat)

Speaking of which... what do you say we stop in for a little nip?

He rubs his hands in anticipation. They take their seats, Fitzcairn signaling the WAITER for two drinks.

FITZCAIRN

Two Macallan single malt whiskeys, made from Scotland's rarest waters.

MACLEOD

Somehow I never pictured the dead needing to eat or drink, Fitzcairn. Not even you.

FITZCAIRN

(horrified)

What? No more strawberries and cream? No more Guinness?

(a shudder)

God, that really would be Hell ...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

1304 CONTINUED:

1304

FITZCAIRN (CONT.)

(conspiratorially)

The beauty of the afterlife, lad, is there's no one to say "last call, gentlemen" and the taps never run dry.

TESSA (O.S.)

Duncan?

TESSA

is by MacLeod's table. She looks unsure of herself, a little embarrassed.

MACLEOD

(stunned)

Tessa.

There is an awkward beat as MacLeod gathers himself.

TESSA

May I join you?

MacLeod realizes Fitzcairn (and his drink) are gone. He gestures to Fitzcairn's empty chair --

MACLEOD

Please, please, sit down.

TESSA

(sitting; nervously)

It's so strange. But the moment I saw you in the gallery, I felt...

(hesitates)

I'm not sure what I felt.

MACLEOD

I know.

Her hand is resting on the table. MacLeod starts to reach across the table to touch it lightly. It's a charged moment, both of them scarcely breathing. Then

THE WAITER

approaches their table.

WAITER

Something to drink for you, Madame?

The moment is broken. MacLeod pulls his hand back.

MACLEOD

(instinctively)

Cassis and soda.

(CONTINUED)

1304 CONTINUED: (2)

1304

TESSA

(surprised)

Yes, that will be fine.

Tessa nods. The WAITER moves off. Tessa is looking at MacLeod. He's ordered her favorite drink.

TESSA

How did you know?

But before MacLeod can speak --

ANDRES

Tessa! There you are...

ANDRES SEGUY

approaches their table, a cell phone to his ear. Handsome 40's, well but conservatively dressed. Very focused, a Type-A business personality. He smiles at Tessa.

ANDRES

(into phone)

Just a moment, Albert.

(to Tessa)

Hello, darling.

Andres leans over and kisses Tessa on the cheek. Tessa has regained her composure with an effort.

ANDRES

(into phone)

Okay, keep me posted. Call me the minute anything changes.

(toggles off; to

Tessa)

They told me at the gallery you'd stepped out.

TESSA

Andres, this is Duncan MacLeod... an old friend from the Sorbonne. Duncan, this is Andres Seguy....

(a tiny beat)

My husband.

ANDRES

A pleasure.

MacLeod reins in any reaction, smiles politely as Andres slips the phone into his pocket. The two men shake hands.

Andres sits, oblivious to the electric current running between MacLeod and Tessa.

(CONTINUED)

1304 CONTINUED: (3)

1304

ANDRES

(friendly)  
College... great times, eh? Too bad  
it has nothing to do with the real  
world.

(beat)

What's your field, Duncan?

MACLEOD

(beat)

I'm... in antiques.

ANDRES

Antiques ... I've always wondered  
who decides when old and used becomes  
priceless.

MACLEOD

Time, mostly.  
(glancing at Tessa)  
And passion.

ANDRES

(checking his watch)  
I'd love to stay and talk --  
(rising, to Tessa)  
But we have to run.

Andres notices the look of reluctance to leave on Tessa's  
face.

ANDRES

Why don't you join us later for  
dinner?

Tessa reacts with subtle alarm.

TESSA

Oh, no. I'm sure Duncan is much too  
busy.

MACLEOD

(quickly)  
I don't want to intrude.

ANDRES

Nonsense. The kids are staying at  
their grandparents' for the night.  
(a smile)  
We could have some adult conversation  
for a change.

MacLeod catches Tessa's eye. She looks away.

(CONTINUED)

1304 CONTINUED: (4)

1304

MACLEOD

(beat)  
I'll be there.

Andres hands MacLeod his card.

ANDRES

Wonderful. See you at eight then.  
Tessa ... ?

Tessa stands. As she and Andres leave, she glances at MacLeod once -- an uncertain look -- then turns away. MacLeod watches her until she is out of sight.

MacLeod turns back to the table and Fitzcairn is there, his scotch in hand.

FITZCAIRN

(concerned)  
You're playing with fire, MacLeod.

1305 INT. TESSA'S CHATEAU - BEDROOM - NIGHT

1305

A well-appointed room, beautifully decorated, but rather formal. Pictures of the children and the loving family adorn the mantle and end tables. Andres scans a document and speaks into the phone as Tessa, wearing a slip, sits in front of the makeup mirror. She looks tired, sad.

ANDRES

We have less than a week to close  
Lyon.

TESSA

I was thinking, maybe we could go  
away for the weekend.

ANDRES

(on phone)  
Our option expires on Monday. Just  
do it.

He clicks off the phone.

TESSA

We could spend some time together.

Andres' mind is definitely not on Tessa.

ANDRES

(looking up)  
Did you say something?

(CONTINUED)

1305 CONTINUED:

1305

TESSA

Let's pick up the children at your mother's, then drive down to Cap Ferrat Friday night.

ANDRES

I've got a million things to do.

TESSA

Please, Andres.

ANDRES

Sweetheart, do you think I want to work seventy hours a week?

(beat)

Do you like our life? The private schools, the house in the country, the gallery.

(beat)

Which loses money every year.

TESSA

Never mind. I'm sorry I brought it up.

ANDRES

(sighs)

Call Florence at the office. Have her set it up.

He moves toward her and puts his cheek to hers. He kisses the air platonically. It is clear theirs is not a relationship of great passion.

ANDRES

You know I could never refuse you anything.

(beat)

Our guest will be here any moment. I should open the wine.

He leaves Tessa, who contemplates her image for a moment. Her fingers trace the first signs of crow's feet at her temple, smoothing the skin beneath her eye.

Then she shakes it off and with a renewed will determinedly begins to do her make up.

1306 EXT. TESSA'S CHATEAU - NIGHT

1306

MacLeod at the front door. He moves to ring the bell -- hesitates a BEAT -- but after all, this is what he came for. He RINGS the bell. After a moment, the door opens.

(CONTINUED)

1306 CONTINUED:

1306

Tessa stands there, an elegant dress, her face radiant -- she looks like a goddess. They look at each other, each feeling the awkwardness of the moment.

TESSA

Won't you come in?

1307 INT. TESSA'S CHATEAU - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

1307

MacLeod follows Tessa into the chateau. Although he's talking about the house, he can't take his eyes off her.

MACLEOD

You have a lovely home.

Tessa seems strained, brittle, like glass about to shatter.

TESSA

You should have seen it when we bought it. It was a mess. I spent a year putting it back together.

MACLEOD

It's beautiful.

She turns with the wine -- and sees he's looking directly at her.

MACLEOD

Absolutely beautiful.

ANDRES (O.S.)

There was nothing wrong with this place that two million francs couldn't fix.

Andres enters carrying a glass of wine for MacLeod.

ANDRES

Wine?

MacLeod takes it.

MACLEOD

Thank you.

ANDRES

What should we drink to... ?

(beat)

How about old friends.

The phone rings.

ANDRES

I'll get it.

(CONTINUED)



1307 CONTINUED:

1307

Andres picks up the phone.

ANDRES

Seguy...

(beat)

Dammit, Albert, the plans have been approved!

Tessa slumps. She already knows where this is going. As Andres slams down the phone --

TESSA

Not Lyon?

ANDRES

(angrily)

The whole deal's falling apart.

Tessa's eyes go to MacLeod, then to Andres.

TESSA

Can't someone else go? Just this once.

ANDRES

There is no one else.

Tessa is alarmed at the prospect of being alone with MacLeod. Of what might happen.

TESSA

What about dinner?

Andres picks up his jacket, grabs his briefcase.

ANDRES

My apologies Duncan.

(to Tessa)

Duncan's an old friend. I'm sure you'll have plenty to talk about without me.

(gives her a quick  
kiss on the cheek)

I'll call.

He goes out the door.

MacLeod waits an awkward beat.

TESSA

(unsure)

Duncan...

MACLEOD

I should go.

(CONTINUED)

1307 CONTINUED: (2)

1307

He puts his glass on a table, and turns to go.

MACLEOD

It was great seeing you.

Tessa stands mute as he walks out the door.

1308 EXT. TESSA'S CHATEAU - CONTINUOUS

1308

MacLeod moves to his car.

TESSA

(O.S.)

Duncan!

MacLeod turns back as Tessa moves from the house towards him.

TESSA

It's a pity to waste all that food...

(awkward)

I wish you would stay.

MACLEOD

(torn)

I can't.

Tessa nods, sadly. MacLeod opens the car door. He turns back to her with a question he needs her to answer.

MACLEOD

Tessa... After the Sorbonne... what happened?

TESSA

What do you mean?

MACLEOD

You loved your work so much. You had such a passion for it.

TESSA

(tight)

Passion doesn't put food on the table or a roof over your head.

(beat)

I was naive, a schoolgirl when you knew me. I grew up.

(as if confirming

it to herself)

Andres and I have made a good life together.

MACLEOD

I'm sure you have.

(CONTINUED)

1308 CONTINUED:

1308

TESSA

We have Marc and Suzanne. We have  
the chateau, the gallery... a summer  
place in Cap Ferrat...

(beat)

I'm very... comfortable.

The very word a denial of happiness. MacLeod looks at  
her, feels her sadness.

MACLEOD

I'm happy for you.

TESSA

And nobody cares about my work  
anymore.

MACLEOD

I do.

They hold each others' eyes for a moment.

TESSA

(shyly)

I've kept a few pieces, from the old  
days. Would you like to see them?

It's as if he can't resist any longer.

MACLEOD

I'd love to.

She smiles, pleased at his interest.

1309 INT. TESSA'S WORKSHOP - AN OUT BUILDING NIGHT

1309

Several pieces of SCULPTURE draped with DUSTCOVERS. Old  
WELDING EQUIPMENT, a set of draped FRENCH DOORS leading  
out onto a balcony. Near it, an older velvet CHAISE  
LOUNGE.

Tessa enters, flips the light switch, but nothing comes  
on.

TESSA

The bulb must be out.

Tessa moves to the window and opens the drapes, letting  
in the moonlight. The light makes her more beautiful.

TESSA

I don't think I've been in here since  
Suzanne was born.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

1309 CONTINUED:

1309

TESSA (CONT.)

(beat)

We talked about turning it into a playroom for the children, but, somehow, I couldn't...

MacLeod pulls off a dustcover, revealing a SCULPTURE. MacLeod stares at it, startled -- it's identical to a sculpture from the home they shared in Seacouver. The name of the piece slips from his lips, unbidden --

MACLEOD

(a whisper)

Innamorata...

TESSA

(startled)

What did you say?

MACLEOD

"Innamorata."

(beat)

Two lovers, destined by fate to be together... but forever kept apart by the gods.

TESSA

(stares at MacLeod)

No one knows that. This piece was never shown. I never told anyone, not even Andres ...

(beat)

How could you possibly know?

She looks at him in wonder, bewilderment, the feeling of something about to happen. MacLeod's hand covers hers on the statute as he stares deep into her eyes. His voice is almost a whisper...

MACLEOD

Tessa ... do you believe in fate?

There is an almost visible current running between them as the tension builds.

TESSA

(a whisper)

I want to.

Then, slowly, as if it was inevitable -- MacLeod kisses her. Tessa hesitates a moment -- then melts into his kiss, hungrily, as if starved for it.

They pull apart, shocked at the intensity between them..

(CONTINUED)

1309 CONTINUED: (2)

1309

MACLEOD

I'm sorry...

TESSA

(voice rich with  
passion)

Duncan...

She pulls him fiercely back to her. And OFF their  
passionate embrace, as he unzips her dress --

DISSOLVE TO:

1310 INT. TESSA'S WORKSHOP - NIGHT

1310

On the chaise lounge, dappled by moonlight through the  
window,

MACLEOD AND TESSA

Make love with remarkable passion and tenderness. It is  
the union of two souls, one recapturing what was lost,  
the other finding what was missing.

1311 INT. TESSA'S WORKSHOP - LATER

1311

MacLeod wakes up on the chaise lounge. Instinctively, he  
reaches out for the warm body beside him --

MACLEOD

Tessa ...

But he's alone. He sits up, then sees the TERRACE DOORS  
are open, the curtains gently blowing in the night breeze.

1312 EXT. TESSA'S WORKSHOP - TERRACE - NIGHT

1312

Macleod comes out. Before him --

TESSA

stands at the railing, her back to him, gazing into at  
the night.

She's wrapped in a sheet, looking like some Greek goddess  
come to earth. MacLeod approaches her hesitantly.

MACLEOD

Tessa?

She doesn't answer. Wipes something from her eye, keeping  
her face from him.

(CONTINUED)

1312 CONTINUED:

1312

MacLeod puts a hand on her waist, slowly turns her to him. She's been crying. He reaches out to touch her face, but she pulls away, fearing the magic in his touch.

TESSA

It was wrong. My husband... my children...

MacLeod watches Tessa, her pain like a knife in his heart.

MACLEOD

I'm sorry. I only wanted you to be happy.

TESSA

(tears coming)  
I thought... I thought I was...

MacLeod reaches for her, his heart breaking --

MACLEOD

Tessa ...

TESSA

Go. Please, Duncan, just go...

She turns and runs back inside. MacLeod remains, his hand still raised, reaching for her. Slowly he lowers it, stands alone in the night.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

1313 INT. ROADHOUSE BAR - DAY

1313

At a table near the door, MacLeod and Fitzcairn sit, nursing beers. MacLeod looks pensive.

MACLEOD

I should never have seen her.

FITZCAIRN

Ah, laddie, you didn't create the emptiness in her life. You just made her look at it. Sooner or later she would have realized what she's given up.

(beat)

It's her destiny here. And destiny is like a river, MacLeod.

MacLeod rolls his eyes at Fitz's fortune cookie wisdom.

FITZCAIRN

Show some respect for the dead, Boyo. As I was saying...

(beat)

Destiny, is like a river that flows with the hopes and dreams of humanity. And when an outsider, like you, comes along and tries to dam it up, the river'll do whatever it needs to do, to get around you and back on course.

MACLEOD

Like I never existed.

FITZCAIRN

Bingo.

(beat)

What do the Spanish say? "Que sera, sera." What will be, will be.

(beat)

Ah, case in point...

He directs MacLeod's attention to the BAR COUNTER, where a beautiful, buxom BARMAID is ferrying drinks to tables.

FITZCAIRN

(a happy smile)

I'll ... be right back.

Suddenly, the chair next to MacLeod is empty. He looks across the room to where

(CONTINUED)

1313 CONTINUED:

1313

FITZCAIRN

is whispering in the ear of the young Barmaid. The Barmaid giggles at the attention.

FITZCAIRN

Ah, my sweet, your beauty lights up this dreary pub like a beacon in a storm.

There's a voice from a table behind them. The rough-hewn REGULARS of the bar prevent us -- and MacLeod -- from seeing the speaker at first.

METHOS (O.S.)

(angrily)  
Where's my beer?

FITZCAIRN

Bugger off mate. Can't you see she's busy?

The Regulars know better than this, and scatter like cowboys sensing a gunfight in the saloon, revealing

METHOS

at his table, empty glass in front of him. He seems driven by a nervous, almost manic, energy, bordering on paranoia. He reaches across the table and grabs the Barmaid by the wrist.

METHOS

I said, where's my beer?

MACLEOD

alone at his table across the room, reacts.

MACLEOD

(quietly)  
Methos ...

METHOS'

grip on the Barmaid's wrist tightens. He seems to be enjoying her discomfort.

Fitzcairn gallantly comes to the damsel's rescue, knocking Methos' hand away. The Barmaid scurries out of harm's way.

FITZCAIRN

Unhand her, you bully!

(CONTINUED)



1313 CONTINUED: (2)

1313

In a flash, Methos is on his feet, a wicked looking knife at Fitzcairn's throat.

METHOS

You must think this is a good day to die, little man.

Across the room, MacLeod is on his feet, ready to intervene. Fitzcairn tries to defuse the situation with a little humor.

FITZCAIRN

(most charming grin)  
Been there, done that.  
(wry shrug)  
Never fun.

Methos pulls the knife away from Fitzcairn's throat as the Barmaid hurries up to Methos with a fresh beer.

FITZCAIRN

There you are, on the house.  
(beat)  
No hard feelings?

Methos takes the beer, upends the full glass on the table angrily, stalks toward the door.

FITZCAIRN

Nice chap.

As Methos nears MacLeod's table, he can feel MacLeod's eyes on him. He stops.

METHOS

What's your problem?

MACLEOD

Who, me?

METHOS

You're staring at me like you know me.  
(dangerous)  
You don't know me.

MACLEOD

Maybe I was drawn to your sunny disposition.

With the speed of a striking snake, Methos grabs MacLeod's arm and slams it onto the table wrist up, revealing MacLeod has no Watcher tattoo.

MACLEOD

Looking for something?

(CONTINUED)

1313 CONTINUED: (3)

1313

The two men lock eyes for a moment in a contest of wills.

MACLEOD

(carefully)

Best two out of three?

He slowly raises his arm, and strong as Methos is, he can't keep him pinned. Finally, Methos lets go.

METHOS

Some advice, mate.

(beat)

Keep your eyes to yourself.

He turns and leaves the bar. MacLeod moves to where Fitzcain is consoling the Barmaid.

MACLEOD

Say goodnight, Fitz.

He grabs Fitzcain's arm and herds him toward their table.

FITZCAIRN

I was about to tell her how she could thank me for saving her.

MACLEOD

Guess you forget to tell her the part about you being dead.

(a thought)

Are you dead here? Kalas killed you because of me.

FITZCAIRN

(shaking his head)

Here, I've been pushing up daisies for 280 years.

(embarrassed)

Some business about blowing up King George went horribly wrong. No lummoxing Scotsman around to save my arse. 'Fraid I kept a date with the headsman's axe. I don't know about you, but those 280 years meant a lot to me.

(beat)

So don't worry about me, MacLeod. Worry about your friend Methos.

MACLEOD

What happened to him, Fitz?

FITZCAIRN

What happens to all of us eventually.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

1313 CONTINUED: (4)

1313

FITZCAIRN (CONT.)

He fell in love.

TRANSITION TO:

1314 INT. JILLIAN'S APARTMENT - PARIS - 1995 - DAY

1314

SUPER: PARIS, 1995

The decor of the one-room apartment is decidedly feminine. French doors open onto a balcony. Methos is dressing and in the middle of a conversation with JILLIAN O'HARA, 28, pretty in a studious way, already dressed in casual office clothes. (Note: Both of them wear Watcher Tattoos.)

METHOS

We've been through this before. The answer is no.

JILLIAN

The answer can't be no.

1315 EXT. JILLIAN'S APARTMENT - BALCONY - PARIS - 1995 - DAY

1315

MacLeod and Fitzcainr are outside looking in through the open French doors.

MACLEOD

Where are we?

FITZCAIRN

More appropriately, "When are we?" I made a little jog in time. It's 1995 here, around the time he would have met you.

1316 INT. JILLIAN'S APARTMENT - PARIS - 1995 - DAY

1316

Methos and Jillian are continuing to go at it.

METHOS

You swore you'd never tell anyone that I was Immortal.

JILLIAN

You know what's going on. Horton has already convinced half the Watchers the Immortals are evil, and now he's going after Dawson.

METHOS

It's not my problem.

(CONTINUED)

1316 CONTINUED:

1316

JILLIAN

He's hunting Immortals. Darius is dead, and so are a dozen others.

METHOS

(firm)

He's not hunting me.

JILLIAN

Please let me tell them.

Methodos paces around the room. He moves by the French doors. MacLeod and Fitzcain are no longer there.

METHOS

What are you going to tell them, Jillian? That I'm an Immortal who's been masquerading as a Watcher for years. You think they're going to like that? You think they're going to throw me a party?

JILLIAN

(pleading)

They know you. They like you. You'll make all Immortals human to them.

METHOS

It won't make a difference.

JILLIAN

You don't know that.

METHOS

I've seen it before. I've heard the screams of midwives burning because people they'd nursed through labor suddenly believed them to be witches.

(beat)

You think the Turks didn't know the Armenians were human? Or Hitler the Jews?

(beat)

To admit they're wrong they'd have to admit that they're murderers. It's easier to make believe that we're all abominations and keep on killing.

JILLIAN

There's going to be a war. You have to do something.

METHOS

I am doing something.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

1316 CONTINUED: (2)

1316

METHOS (CONT.)

I'm staying alive.

(beat)

In the end that's all that matters.

(beat)

I love you. More than I've loved anyone in so many years I can't remember. It's why I told you. You have to trust me.

He takes her face in his hands.

METHOS

Do you trust me?

She nods. They kiss.

TRANSITION TO:

1317 INT. JILLIAN'S APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - PARIS - 1995 - NIGHT 1317

Jillian leads Horton down a hallway toward her apartment. Her face is expectant, even happy, imagining herself the instrument of peace, the arbiter of a new era.

FITZCAIRN (V.O.)

She was one brave girl, that Jillian  
She was determined to make Horton  
see that Immortals weren't all  
"abominations."

Jillian stops in front of her door. With a reassuring nod from Horton, she takes a deep breath, puts her hand on the doorknob.

1318 INT. JILLIAN'S APARTMENT - PARIS - 1995 - NIGHT 1318

The table is set for a special night. A bottle of something fancy is chilling on ice.

Methos sets a small RING BOX in the middle of Jillian's place. He HEARS the door open.

METHOS

Jillie?

He turns to see --

JILLIAN

enter.

(CONTINUED)

1318 CONTINUED:

1318

METHOS

(re: table)  
Surprise.

METHOS

breaks into a big boyish grin... but suddenly his face  
turns black with hatred as

HORTON

follows Jillian inside.

JILLIAN

Please don't be angry with me.

METHOS

What have you done?

JILLIAN

This is our chance to stop the k  
illing.

HORTON

Unfortunately, I can't agree.

Horton has a GUN in his hand now. He points it at a  
bewildered Jillian.

METHOS

NO!

BANG! Horton shoots Jillian. She falls to the floor,  
dying.

Methos rushes to her side, cradles her head in his lap.

METHOS

(to Jillian)  
No... please...

HORTON

(to Methos)  
I had to. You corrupted her. And  
she would have corrupted the others.

But Methos is barely listening as...

JILLIAN

Forgive me...

She dies.

Methos stands, his face filled with pain and rage, his  
eyes drilling into Horton.

(CONTINUED)

1318 CONTINUED: (2)

1318

METHOS

You're dead.

Methos draws his sword.

HORTON

Wrong again.

Suddenly

THREE WATCHERS

Burst through the door behind Horton. In a flash

HORTON

draws a sword.

THE WATCHERS

open fire.

METHOS

dives behind the sofa, but it provides little protection. He scrambles toward the balcony to escape, but can't dodge the gunmen. He takes a bullet in the shoulder, one in the leg. He goes down in a heap near the closed French doors. The gunfire stops.

HORTON

raises his sword, comes toward him. The gunmen close in.

HORTON

You pathetic coward. Hiding among us all these years. Subverting us, corrupting us.

He hauls Methos to his knees by the scruff of the neck.

HORTON

It ends here.

Methos, barely conscious, realizes his 5,000 years are about to end. Then, suddenly, as the sword begins to fall, he gets the BUZZ. Hope, in the form of

KRONOS

comes crashing through the French doors, barreling into Horton, knocking him away from Methos. (Note: Kronos is in modern-day costume.)

Kronos' automatic is blazing before he even rolls to his feet.

(CONTINUED)

1318 CONTINUED: (3)

1318

WATCHER #1

goes down under the hail of bullets.

KRONOS

turns his gun toward Horton, but

WATCHER #2

dives in front of his leader, taking the bullets and saving Horton's life by giving his own.

HORTON AND WATCHER #3

make it out the front door and away. In the stunning quiet that follows

KRONOS

crosses to Methos and offers him a hand up.

KRONOS

(a smile)  
Greetings, brother.

1319 SCENE OMITTED

1319

1320 INT. N.D. HALLWAY - DAY

1320

Fitzcain and MacLeod walk and talk.

FITZCAIRN

Methos became bitter, filled with hate. And Kronos gave him a vent for that hatred. The Horsemen rode again.

(beat)

They made the Russian Mafia look like the Vienna Boys' Choir.

MACLEOD

How could this happen?

FITZCAIRN

Simple. Kronos wanted to put the Four Horsemen back together, and you weren't there to stop him...

MACLEOD

But Methos had changed.

(CONTINUED)



1320 CONTINUED:

1320

FITZCAIRN

Without you, he didn't change enough.

(beat)

Pity for him... Pity for Richie.

MacLeod reacts to the name.

MACLEOD

Fitz, what happened to Richie?

FITZCAIRN

That's another sad story.

DISSOLVE TO:

1321 EXT. BUILDING - MEXICO - 1995 - DAY

1321

SUPER: VERA CRUZ, MEXICO - 1995

Richie approaches the outside of the building, his motorcycle in the background. He looks around furtively. He moves to a side window, takes out a glass cutter and begins to score the glass near the latch.

FITZCAIRN (V.O.)

When you met him he was a tough kid from the streets who stole because it was easier than working and he liked the rush. He got busted and decided it was better to skip bail and vacation in Mexico than face three to five for breaking and entering.

Richie cuts through the glass and slips the latch. He slides the window open. He steps through the open window.

FITZCAIRN (V.O.)

Nothing much else changed. Except the way he died the first time.

There is the sound of a GUNSHOT.

RICHIE'S BODY

comes crashing through the window. He lands hard. He gets to his feet and starts to run. His hand covers the wound in his gut.

AT THE WINDOW

The homeowner keeps FIRING as

(CONTINUED)

1321 CONTINUED: 1321

RICHIE

runs through the yard to the cover of

1322 EXT. NEARBY WOODS - 1995 - CONTINUOUS 1322

He stumbles and falls. He picks himself up, the adrenaline pumping, keeping him alive. He runs. Then, completely spent, he stops to catch his breath. He rests up against a tree, slides down to his seat and dies.

FITZCAIRN AND MACLEOD

are nearby in the woods.

FITZCAIRN

When he came back to life, he didn't know what had happened. He just kept running.

Fitzcain and Macleod watch as

RICHIE

comes back to life. He looks at his bloody shirt and under it to the skin that has already healed. He stands and runs into --

1323 EXT. CITY STREET - 1995 - DAY 1323

Richie runs down a street TOWARD CAMERA.

FITZCAIRN (V.O.)

At first it was from the police in the States, so he left the country thinking he would be safe. But then the Immortals came hunting.

A tall, stocky Immortal in a long brown coat moves after him. We only see the Immortal from behind.

FITZCAIRN (V.O.)

He ran from city to city. Always wondering how they were able to find him.

1324 EXT. STREET - ANOTHER LOCATION - 1995 - DAY 1324

RICHIE

hurries down a street nervously glancing over his shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

1324 CONTINUED:

1324

FITZCAIRN

Richie still had no teacher. He had no idea what he was. Or why people he had never known were trying to kill him.

ANOTHER IMMORTAL

this one tall and thin, in a long black coat, moves after him. We cannot see the Immortal's face.

RICHIE

runs into what appears to be a dead end. He turns, sweaty and breathing hard, and faces his pursuer. It is

METHOS

who doesn't lift his blade. Instead, he just smiles.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

1325 INT. METHOS &amp; KRONOS' LAIR - PARIS - 1995 - DAY

1325

SUPER: PARIS, 1995

Methos and Kronos brood over a set of schematics spread out on a table.

FITZCAIRN (V.O.)

Methos became Richie's teacher, but he taught him more than how to use a sword.

Methos and Kronos look up from their work as

RICHIE

enters, briefcase in hand. There's a hard glint in his eye we're not used to. He sets the briefcase on the table.

RICHIE

It's done.

METHOS

Any complications?

RICHIE

(smiles, proud of himself)

Yeah. I didn't think a million dollars was this heavy.

He opens the briefcase -- it's full of MONEY.

RICHIE

He got his brat and we got his cash.

KRONOS

(to Methos)

It seems our little brother is learning well.

Methos smiles, puts his arm fondly around Richie's shoulder like a proud father.

METHOS

I can always spot someone with potential.

Richie grins broadly -- he's found a home at last.

(CONTINUED)

1325 CONTINUED:

1325

KRONOS  
Time for a little test.

METHOS  
How about Dawson?

RICHIE  
Who's Dawson?

KRONOS  
One of the bastards that killed our  
brothers Caspian and Silas.

RICHIE  
Whatever you need, I'm your man.

Methos and Kronos exchange glances.

METHOS  
We want him dead.

Richie catches on, he gulps.

RICHIE  
You want me to kill him?

KRONOS  
(to Methos)  
I'm not sure if he's really ready.

RICHIE  
(jumping in)  
I've got it covered. No problem.  
(justifying it to  
himself)  
He hunts us, we hunt him.

It's obviously false bravado, but the Horsemen milk it  
for all it's worth.

METHOS  
We wouldn't want to force you into  
anything you're not comfortable with.

Kronos looks Richie over, then turns to Methos.

KRONOS  
I don't think he can handle it.

Richie breaks in.

RICHIE  
Hey! I said, no problem. You want  
him dead? He's dead.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

1325 CONTINUED: (2)

1325

RICHIE (CONT.)

(beat)

Just tell me where the sonuvabitch  
is.

OFF Methos and Kronos, beaming at their newest creation --

1326 INT. DAWSON'S FLAT - PARIS - 1995 - DAY

1326

Dawson enters, walking with a cane. This is a Dawson who's still fighting, and his apartment reflects that (Please note: it should be the same apartment as in 97612, but it's neat, tidy, much better cared-for. Also, there is a police lock on the door and security shutters on the windows.) Dawson finds Richie waiting nervously, gun in hand. Dawson hesitates at the door.

RICHIE

Don't even think about running.

DAWSON

Very funny.

RICHIE

Get in here. Shut the door.

As Dawson crosses over the threshold, shuts the door

DAWSON

You must be pretty good if you broke  
in here.

RICHIE

Good enough.

DAWSON

(re: gun)  
Sure the safety's off?

RICHIE

Shut up.

He motions Dawson over to a chair.

RICHIE

Sit down.

DAWSON

What do you want, kid?

RICHIE

I said, sit down!

(CONTINUED)

1326 CONTINUED:

1326

DAWSON

(sitting)  
Now what?

RICHIE

(nervously)  
You die, that's what.

DAWSON

(nodding)  
Oh, it's that easy, is it?

RICHIE

Yeah.

DAWSON

So how come your hand's shaking like  
an eighty-year-old with the DT's?

RICHIE

Because I hate you.

DAWSON

You don't even know me.

RICHIE

You're a Watcher. You're one of the  
bastards trying to kill us.

DAWSON

No. Not me, kid. That's Horton.

RICHIE

Yeah, right.

Dawson looks at him levelly for a BEAT.

DAWSON

You're not going to shoot me, Richie.

Richie starts at the sound of his name.

DAWSON

Yeah, I know your name. You're  
running my guy ragged. Mexico, across  
the States, then Barcelona,  
Marseilles, Rome... It's too bad  
Methos was the one to find you.

RICHIE

Methos is a great man.

DAWSON

He could've been. But now he's scum,  
kid.

(CONTINUED)

1326 CONTINUED: (2)

1326

Dawson picks up a bottle, pours himself a shot.

DAWSON

But you're not so bad. Just got a weakness for the easy way out.

(re: shot)

Believe me, I can relate.

He downs the shot.

RICHIE

So you know a few things. Places I've been. So what? You don't know me.

Richie's getting freaked. He cocks the gun.

DAWSON

(earnest)

You're Immortal, Richie. Do you have any idea the incredible gift you've been given?

(beat)

Don't let them turn you into something you're not.

(beat)

You're not a killer, Richie.

RICHIE

Shut up!

Richie raises the GUN, trying to steady it with two trembling hands, and points it at Dawson.

DAWSON

You can live forever.

(beat)

Or you can kill forever. It's up to you.

CUT TO:

1327 EXT. STREET - PARIS - 1995 - DAY

1327

Richie trolls down the street, head bowed.

He BUZZES, turns to see a

BLACK SEDAN

pull up to the curb. The window powers down, revealing

(CONTINUED)



1327 CONTINUED:

1327

METHOS AND KRONOS

METHOS

We've been waiting. Got a little  
curious when you didn't show.

Richie avoids their eyes.

KRONOS

(to Methos)  
He doesn't look happy.

METHOS

(to Richie)  
Is he dead?

Richie shakes his head.

RICHIE

I'm sorry. I tried. I couldn't do  
it.

Methos and Kronos share a look.

KRONOS

No problem.

Methos throws open the rear passenger door.

METHOS

C'mon.

Richie hesitates. He looks into their two smiling faces.

METHOS

You look like you could use a drink.

Richie lets out a sigh of relief.

RICHIE

Thanks... I could.

He climbs into the back of the sedan as it pulls away.

1328 EXT. FOREST - 1995 - DAY

1328

The sedan is parked in a secluded woods. Methos and Kronos  
get out of the car. Methos opens the back door for Richie,  
who reluctantly climbs out.

RICHIE

What's this?

KRONOS

A reckoning.

(CONTINUED)

1328 CONTINUED:

1328

In the blink of an eye, Kronos takes Richie's sword, tosses it aside. Richie can smell his own death in the wind.

RICHIE

C'mon, man... just give me another chance.

METHOS

Why?

RICHIE

I'll whack him this time. I promise!

KRONOS

I don't think so.

METHOS

(shrugs)

You're just not the right man for the job.

RICHIE

Alright... I'll ... I'll get lost, blow town. You won't even know I exist.

KRONOS

How true.

METHOS

We can't afford a weak link.

Richie starts backing away, panicking as Methos advances.

RICHIE

Methos... c'mon... hey... I thought we were friends.

METHOS

We are.

Methos raises his sword, smiles.

METHOS

Goodbye, friend.

1329 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE DAWSON'S FLAT - THE PRESENT - DAY

1329

MacLeod is stunned by what Fitzcainr has just shown him.

MACLEOD

Son of a bitch... that son of a bitch.

(beat)

Where is he, Fitz?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

1329 CONTINUED:

1329

MACLEOD (CONT.)

(hard)

You take me to Methos -- now!

FITZCAIRN

(shaking his head)

When are you going to get it through your head -- you can't make a difference here. You're not going to change anyone's fate.

MacLeod grabs Fitzcairn's arm angrily.

MACLEOD

(dangerous)

Where is he?

FITZCAIRN

(pulling away)

Hey, I'm just the messenger. You don't like the rules, take it up with the front office.

(off MacLeod's dark look)

He's paying a visit to an old friend.

Fitzcairn points down the street, where

DAWSON

is rolling down the sidewalk in his chair. Suddenly,

METHOS

steps from in front of a van parked at the curb. He blocks the sidewalk. There's steel behind his friendly smile.

METHOS

What's up, Joe? Long time no see.

Dawson pulls out a gun, but Kronos steps out from behind the van, grabs his arm from behind, wrenching the gun away.

1330 INT. METHOS &amp; KRONOS' LAIR - DAY

1330

Dawson is in his chair in the middle of the room, a bright single LIGHT in his face. He looks bruised and battered.

Methos paces calmly around the chair, passing in and out of the light, shadow and darkness, black and white, almost hypnotically. When he stops, the light half shadows his face like the blue warpaint from the Bronze Age.

(CONTINUED)

1330 CONTINUED:

1330

METHOS

Tell me where Horton is... you go home. Hold out on me and... You don't want to hold out on me.

DAWSON

You want me to rat out the Watchers. Why the hell would I do that? Especially to you.

METHOS

You're still upset about that kid we sent after you, aren't you? It was a mistake. It was a long time ago. Let bygones be bygones.

(beat)

The Watchers were yours, Joe. Yours. Then Horton took it all away.

He kneels suddenly, face to face with Dawson.

METHOS

He made you what you are now.

(beat)

Do you like what you are now?

DAWSON

At least I'm not a murderer.

METHOS

What about Horton? Don't you want to stop him? Think of all the people he's killed.

DAWSON

How many have you killed?!

(beat)

No thanks. If I gotta pick sides, I'll stick with the humans.

METHOS

(shaking his head)

Joe, Joe, Joe... we're old friends...

(pointing at the door)

But Kronos is waiting. And Kronos... is not your friend.

(beat)

Sure you don't have anything for me?

A BEAT. Dawson seems to sag. He gestures Methos closer. Methos leans in close -- and Dawson SPITS in his face.

Methos straightens, calmly wipes the wet from his cheek and suddenly BACKHANDS Dawson, sends him and the chair crashing to the floor.

(CONTINUED)

1330 CONTINUED: (2)

1330

METHOS

That's going to cost you.

Methos looks up as Kronos enters. Kronos moves to where Dawson is sprawled on the floor.

KRONOS

Trouble, brother? It's all a matter of proper motivation.

Kronos pulls his sword.

1331 INT. ABANDONED WATCHER HIDEOUT - DAY

1331

A large, abandoned library/storage facility. The SHELVES are empty, dust covers sparse furniture -- it's clearly been deserted for some time. Methos stands beside Dawson's chair while Kronos stalks the room.

KRONOS

Disappointed... very disappointed.

He KICKS a shelf, shatters it into splinters.

DAWSON

This is the place. He was here.

METHOS

When? Six months ago? A year... ?

DAWSON

Damn. Guess my rolodex needs updating.

He can't hide a small look of satisfaction.

METHOS

(getting pissed)  
One last time, Joe... where are they?

Dawson summons up whatever spunk he can muster.

DAWSON

Try the yellow pages.

METHOS

You really need to be a hero that bad?

Kronos draws his sword and starts furiously towards Dawson -- Methos holds up a hand.

METHOS

He was my friend...

(CONTINUED)

1331 CONTINUED:

1331

Methos draws his sword, moves toward Dawson. As he does A NOISE from across the darkened space, around a corner, behind a pile of crates/stack of shelves.

Methos stops, trades a look with Kronos.

KRONOS

(beat)

Maybe there's something here after all.

Sword in hand, he moves toward the dark area of the space to investigate.

FOLLOWING KRONOS

as he steps around a corner to investigate --

MACLEOD

is there, swinging a length of pipe. Kronos is staggered. MacLeod swings again and Kronos is out. MacLeod grabs his sword.

RESUME - METHOS AND DAWSON

Methos walks around Dawson, tracing his blade on him.

METHOS

What'll it be, Joe? Belly, heart...

(as the blade comes  
to his neck)

Maybe a little off the top.

DAWSON

Go to hell.

Methos raises his sword to take Dawson's head and --

CLANG! ANOTHER SWORD BLOCKS IT

Methos spins around to see --

MACLEOD

standing there, Kronos' sword in his hand.

METHOS

Who are you?

MACLEOD

(raising the sword)  
Duncan MacLeod of the Clan MacLeod.

METHOS

Never heard of you.

(CONTINUED)

1331 CONTINUED: (2)

1331

He charges. MacLeod meets his swing, and the two fight around the space. Their brutal battle carries them around the room as Dawson watches in disbelief.

DAWSON

Son of a bitch...  
(louder; to MacLeod)  
Kill him! Kill him!

Methos steps up his attacks -- but MacLeod meets them all, and pushes back even harder. Then, suddenly

METHOS

feigns a slip, pulls a wicked-looking dagger from his coat, and lunges for MacLeod. But

MACLEOD

expecting it, turns the moment to his advantage and disarms Methos.

MACLEOD

I've seen that one before.

Methos stumbles to his knees. Looks up in bewilderment at

MACLEOD

standing over him, blazing with righteous fury.

METHOS

What are you?

MACLEOD

The Ghost of Christmas Past.

He SWINGS for Methos' head -- but, suddenly

MACLEOD

is ALONE in the warehouse, his blade slicing through air. Fitzcairn walks out of the shadows, shaking his head sadly.

FITZCAIRN

So this is the world without Duncan MacLeod of the Clan MacLeod? Amanda's dead. Joe's about to die. Tessa will drift into bitterness, facing a life without passion.

(beat)

Richie Ryan lived and died a thief. And I missed out on the better part of three centuries.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

1331 CONTINUED: (3)

1331

FITZCAIRN (CONT.)

(beat)

Still think you haven't made a  
difference, MacLeod?

MacLeod is quiet for a moment, his battle rage subsiding,  
the truth of the matter sinking in. Then --

MACLEOD

(a wry smile)

God, I've missed you, Fitz.

FITZCAIRN

Not half so much as I've missed you,  
laddie. But now it's time for you  
to go back home.

(checking his watch)

You've still got places to go and  
friends who need you.

MacLeod knows he has to go back, but the thought of losing  
his best friend again saddens him.

MACLEOD

(the two men embrace)

Goodbye, Fitz. And thanks.

FITZCAIRN

(fond scolding)

And it had better be a long time  
before you darken my doorstep again,  
you hear me?

MACLEOD

(with a sad smile))

I hear you.

FITZCAIRN

And MacLeod, look UP.

MACLEOD

What?

MacLeod turns to see --

TRANSITION TO:

1332 INT. TRAIN TUNNEL - (THE REAL WORLD) - NIGHT

1332

Methos bending over him, peering at him.

METHOS

Took you long enough.

(CONTINUED)



1332 CONTINUED:

1332

MACLEOD  
(grabbing him)  
Where am I?

METHOS  
What?

MACLEOD  
Where am I?

METHOS  
(dancing back)  
You're in Paris. I just saved your  
life... 'Course, I had to get you  
shot to do it.

A BEAT. MacLeod is coming back to this world -- his world.  
He staggers to his feet, bewildered.

MACLEOD  
I'm really back? We were fighting.  
You and me...  
(beat)  
You killed Richie. You were going  
to kill Joe.

METHOS  
(baffled)  
What are you raving about? Joe is a  
little tied up at the moment... And  
you've been riding the bloody rails!

MACLEOD  
How long was I gone?

METHOS  
A few minutes, maybe... what does it  
matter? C'mon, enough small talk.  
O'Rourke's merry men are probably  
right behind me.

TOM (O.S.)  
Aren't you the smart one.

They both turn to see --

TOM

approaching gun in hand.

Methos goes for his own gun, but before he can finish  
drawing it, Tom coolly shoots him through the heart.

Methos falls, dead. Tom kicks Methos' gun away, then  
turns his own on MacLeod.

(CONTINUED)

1332 CONTINUED: (2)

1332

TOM

C'mon boyo. O'Rourke wants you alive.

As MacLeod slowly raises his hands --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

1333 INT. TRAIN TUNNEL NIGHT

1333

Tom herds MacLeod ahead of him at gun point along the tunnel to where O'Rourke holds Dawson and Amanda. As they walk along, MacLeod, hands raised, makes conversation.

MACLEOD

You know, I'd be careful out here alone at night, if I were you.

TOM

'Shut up.

MACLEOD

A dark tunnel at night can be a very dangerous place.

TOM

(exasperated)  
Shut up!

MacLeod gets the BUZZ and smiles.

MACLEOD

Werewolves and vampires... men who come back from the dead...

TOM

You're daft! I should just shoot ya now and be done with ya.

MACLEOD

(shrug)  
Guess you don't believe in ghosts, either, then?

Methos looms out of the shadows --

METHOS

Boo!

and decks the astonished Tom, who crumples in a heap. MacLeod scoops up Tom's gun and hands it to Methos.

MACLEOD

Not bad for a ghost.

METHOS

You should see me on Halloween.

(CONTINUED)

1333 CONTINUED:

1333

MacLeod stares at the downed body of Tom, then back to Methos, his mind working.

MACLEOD

You know, I think I have just the costume.

And OFF Methos' puzzled look.

1334 EXT. TRAIN TUNNEL/DEPOT - ANOTHER LOCATION - NIGHT

1334

MacLeod hurries up the tunnel, alongside someone who at first appears to be TOM. On closer look, we see "Tom" is really --

METHOS

wearing Tom's clothes.

METHOS

(grumbling)  
This "bad guy just your size" routine never works, MacLeod.

MACLEOD,

Thirty seconds. That's all O'Rourke has to buy it for.

(beat)

How's your Irish accent?

METHOS

Depends. Dublin, Cork, Belfast Limerick...?

MACLEOD

That'll do.

(beat)

Pull up your collar.

As they hurry up the tunnel --

1335 INT. TRAIN TUNNEL/DEPOT - NIGHT

1335

Dawson and Amanda are still tied up, Brian standing guard over them. O'Rourke, sword drawn, paces nearby.

AMANDA

(worried)

They've been gone a long time.

Dawson sees Amanda's drawn face, tries for reassurance he doesn't feel.

(CONTINUED)

1335 CONTINUED:

1335

DAWSON

Maybe it means he got away.

AMANDA

(fearing the worst)

Maybe it doesn't.

Then, Amanda and O'Rourke get the BUZZ. They look down the tunnel to see --

MACLEOD

approaching, arms raised, herded by "TOM" with a gun.

AMANDA

Oh God. Joe... Joe, it's him.

O'Rourke moves toward MacLeod.

O'ROURKE

It's about time.

MACLEOD

(wiseass)

Did you miss me?

METHOS

(barely passable  
brogue; to MacLeod)

Show a li'l respect, ya cheeky  
bastard.

Methos backhands MacLeod with the gun, knocking him to the side. Then, in the same motion, he turns and fires at

BRIAN

who, wide-eyed at the realization he's just been shot, falls to the ground.

O'ROURKE

is furious.

O'ROURKE

What the hell's this?

(beat; to MacLeod)

You gave your word.

As MacLeod moves toward O'Rourke, MacLeod sees his sword where it had fallen. He flips it up with a flourish.

(CONTINUED)

1335 CONTINUED: (2)

1335

MACLEOD

Let's just say I had a change of heart. I hope you can be flexible about this. We're going to do it the old-fashioned way...

They engage. A short, frenetic battle, MacLeod driven on, inspired by what happened to him while he was "under." He HAS to win this fight.

In the background, Methos frees Amanda and Dawson. The three of them watch the battle with great concern, silently urging MacLeod to win.

And he does -- he beats O'Rourke. Takes his head.

The QUICKENING lights the tunnel. BOLTS OF ENERGY seem to slam MacLeod like fists. At first he staggers under the force -- then slowly pushes against it, finally coming to stand upright in the furious storm as his friends look on in awe.

As it subsides, MacLeod falls to his knees, spent. Amanda rushes over to him and holds him for all she's worth.

AMANDA

(welling up)

MacLeod... I was sure I was going to lose you...

MACLEOD

Never.

They KISS. As MacLeod rises --

Dawson steps in, looks warmly at MacLeod, overwhelmed that he's alive. All he can say is --

DAWSON

Son-of-a-bitch... Son-of-a-bitch.

They embrace.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

TAG

FADE IN:

1336 INT. MACLEOD'S BARGE - NIGHT

1336

Methos, Dawson and Amanda are hanging around the barge as MacLeod enters, coat on, with a magnum of champagne.

Methos looks up and moves to him.

METHOS  
(re the champagne)  
I'll take that.

Methos takes the champagne.

MACLEOD  
Methos...

Methos holds up his hand.

METHOS  
Please. No thanks are necessary.

MACLEOD  
(a smile)  
I was going to say that was the worst  
Irish accent I ever heard.

METHOS  
(beat)  
Next time your butt needs saving,  
get Lawrence Olivier.

MACLEOD  
I don't have a clue about who or  
what you are, Methos. But you taught  
me that life is about change. That  
what you were isn't necessarily who  
you are.

METHOS  
(deeply felt)  
Thank you.

MacLeod moves to Dawson as Methos opens the champagne bottle. Amanda approaches with a glass. Methos pours.

DAWSON  
(re Methos)  
Was he really going to kill me?

(CONTINUED)

1336 CONTINUED:

1336

METHOS

(overhearing, reacts)  
It was a dream, okay?

DAWSON

I can't see my life without you,  
Mac. And the truth is, I don't want  
to.

MACLEOD

You're my friend, Joe. No matter  
what. Thanks for believing in me.  
Even when I haven't believed in  
myself. And for reminding me that  
I'm human.

MacLeod takes a glass of champagne from Methos. He lifts  
it.

MACLEOD

To you guys...  
(beat)  
And to Tessa... and to Richie. And  
Fitz... whatever world you're in...

They all raise their glasses --

AMANDA

To Duncan MacLeod.

DAWSON

Of the Clan MacLeod.

METHOS

Long may he live.

They drink... MacLeod is looking at Amanda. He turns and  
speaks gently to her.

MACLEOD

I love you.

AMANDA

(innocently,  
delighted)  
Really?

MACLEOD

You make my heart glad. You always  
have.

She kisses him. Methos approaches to pour more champagne.  
Amanda turns away, just for a moment.

As Macleod looks at

(CONTINUED)



1336 CONTINUED: (2)

1336

MACLEOD'S POV

METHOS, AMANDA AND JOE

the people he loves.

RESUME SCENE

He turns away, and as he exits the barge, Joe begins to follow. Methos touches his arm to stop him, sensing that MacLeod needs to be alone.

METHOS

(lightening the  
moment)

It's good to have a moral center to  
the universe -- even if he can be a  
pain in the ass.

AMANDA

(smiling)

You know, Methos, you're not nearly  
the arrogant, self-absorbed jerk you  
were when I met you.

METHOS

Well thank you... I think.

1336A EXT. BARGE - NIGHT

1336A

MacLeod steps out on the barge, alone. He looks to the  
lights. In his mind's eye, he sees a

DISSOLVE INTO:

MONTAGE

of Highlander's Greatest Hits, spanning the six years of  
the series. A retrospective of Duncan MacLeod of the  
Clan MacLeod and the people and events his life affected.

1336B EXT. QUAI DE LA TOURNELLE - NIGHT

1336B

On MacLeod as he walks off into the fog. He seems to  
vanish into it, and into history.

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW