



HIGHLANDER

by

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&

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FADE IN:

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN

15,000 SCREAMING FANS LEAP TO THEIR FEET

Gretzky steals the puck, streaks across the ice, beats 2 defenders, shoots and scores. New York Rangers 0, Edmonton Oilers 6. Oiler fans BELLOW approval.

ONE SILENT SPECTATOR in a long overcoat, powerfully-built, is unmoved by the din. He watches Ranger defenders SLAM Gretzky into the wall, punching and kicking him.

Players storm onto the ice. Sticks swing in a brutal FREE-FOR-ALL. The crowd cheers. A DRUNK WHOOPS at the silent man.

DRUNK

Helluva fight, ain' it?
Helluva fight. Lotta fun,
ain' it?

Oblivious, the spectator watches the battle. In his mind, the rioting players become:

15th-CENTURY HIGHLANDERS

Wielding broad-swords for hockey-sticks, clashing in fury. Mountains tower over rocks and heather. WHINNYING horses, agonized CRIES, RINGING steel, SHRIEKING bag-pipes.

DRUNK V.O.

(continuing)

Let's go belt somebody,
then I'll buy you a drink.
Whaddya say?

THE SPECTATOR IS JOLTED OUT OF HIS VISION

The drunk leans on him. The ice-hockey free-for-all continues. Fans YELL insults. Officials try to restore order. The drunk shoves a bag at his new friend.

DRUNK

(continuing)

Here, have some. These aren't
your regular nuts: No oil. No
salt. Nothing to clog up your
arteries. You don't fart so
much, neither.

Scanning the crowd, the spectator pushes past the drunk and leaves.

DRUNK

(continuing)

Hey! Where ya goin'?

CUT TO:

THE SPECTATOR STRIDING PAST ROWS OF CARS

Footsteps echoing in an underground lot. Suddenly, A MAN'S SILHOUETTE appears in a tunnel, blocking his path, breath billowing in the arctic air.

MAN

MacLeod.

MACLEOD

Fasil. Wait.

A GIANT SWORD with jewel-encrusted hilt appears in FASIL's hands. ROARING, he charges.

MacLeod side-steps, drawing a weapon of his own from inside his coat: A SAMURAI SWORD, carved hand-guard, razor-sharp, light as a feather.

Fasil's overhead SLAMS onto concrete, ripping up hunks of stone. SHOUTING, MacLeod fans his blade. His YELL becomes:

CUT TO:

CHEERING VILLAGERS LINING A ROAD

Loch Shiel, Scottish Highlands, 1536. Glamis Castle towers over a hamlet by the shore. A drawbridge CLANKS down. Sound of BAG-PIPES & DRUMS. 200-strong:

THE CLAN MACLEOD RIDES OUT TO BATTLE

Tartan cloaks, bronze shields, claymores flashing in the sun. FATHER RAINEY, hatchet-faced local priest, chants prayers.

FATHER RAINEY

God bless our brave heroes.

May this year of Our Lord 1536

bring victory to the Clan MacLeod.

VILLAGERS

(cheering)

Death and damnation to the Frazers!

Long live the Clan MacLeod!

A SEXY GIRL races along the column, holding high a bunch of flowers for:

CONNER MACLEOD

THE ICE-HOCKEY SPECTATOR, 447 YEARS EARLIER

Rough and strong, on a chestnut stallion, claymore strapped to his side. Riding with him: ANGUS, his best friend, scholarly, thin; and DUGAL, short, arms like trees.

MACLEOD

(waving
to girl)

Kate! Are you going to fight the
Clan Frazer with daffodils?

Seeing Father Rainey, he sweeps her up, kisses her passionately and winks at the priest.

MACLEOD

(continuing)

Thank God for ripe young
women -- eh, Father?

KATE

Priests don't fornicate,
do they, Dugal?

DUGAL

A sheep now and then.
That's what I heard.

Rainey's not amused. The Clan advances.

MACLEOD

(to Kate)

Off with you, my beauty.

Buckling the daffodils to his cloak, she jumps down.

KATE

Angus, you and Dugal bring him
back in one piece. You hear?

DUGAL

We know which piece you
want, lassie.

YELL from Dugal. Kate blows kisses to the troops. Sound of
DRUMS & BAG-PIPES fills the air.

CUT TO:

COUNT VON KROHN STANDING ON A HILL

A huge knight in service with the Clan Frazer, silver armor, sword and shield, on a black stallion -- a frightening sight.

Long curly hair frames a venomous face, rabid eyes and cruel mouth. AN UGLY SCAR runs from right ear to collar-bone across his neck -- an old wound which affects his voice-box.

At his side, Frazer chief LORD MURDOCH. The MacLeods appear across the valley. Sound of PIPES, DRUMS & YELLS. 2 Frazer SCOUTS gallop up, saluting.

1st SCOUT

The MacLeods advance, Lord Murdoch.

MURDOCH

What do you say, Count Von Krohn?
Shall we take them head on?

Von Krohn eyes the Scouts, his voice a METALLIC GARGLE.

VON KROHN

Is the one called Conner among them?

2nd SCOUT

Aye, Count Von Krohn.

VON KROHN

Deploy, pull back and encircle. But remember our bargain, Lord Murdoch. I help the Clan Frazer only on condition that Conner MacLeod is mine.

Murdoch nods, raising his claymore. Sound of BAG-PIPES. Troops CHEER.

MURDOCH

(roaring)

To the MacLeods, death!
To the Frazers -- victory!

They charge. Clashing swords become:

CUT TO:

MACLEOD AND FASIL'S SWORDS IN THE TUNNEL

Under Madison Square Garden. BELLOWING like bulls, they charge and retreat, pulverizing cars, gouging columns. Swords CLANG in showers of sparks. Sound of RUNNING & SHOUTING, advancing.

CUT TO:

A GROUP OF TEENAGERS HURTLING THROUGH THE GARAGE

Up ramps and down stairs, trying to locate the racket. Sound of DISTANT SIRENS.

JOHNNY

Over here.

VINCE

Sounds like someone's being murdered.

LAURA

Be careful, Johnny.

DOREEN

(hanging back)

Let's wait for the cops.

They disappear round a corner.

CUT TO:

FASIL & MACLEOD TRYING TO KILL EACH OTHER

Fasil is outmatched. Surging forward, MacLeod cuts off his head, then crouches. A CRYSTAL GREEN CLOUD floats from the corpse, enveloping him. He starts to GLOW.

SIRENS CLOSER. People RUNNING. Sword in hand, he searches for Fasil's weapon. No time. He sprints off, disappearing into the dark.

The teenagers appear, skidding to a halt, recoiling at the bloody scene. Girls SCREAM.

CUT TO:

MACLEOD RACING THROUGH THE GARAGE

Desperate to hide his sword. Spotting a ROOF-DUCT hidden by tiles, he drives the sword into it out of sight. Racing onward, he searches frantically for his car.

In the arena above, New York scores. The crowd ROARS. SIRENS SCREAM. In his mind, the sound distorts, becoming:

CUT TO:

THE BATTLE OF KINGUSSIE, 1536

Frazers v MacLeods. Stunning scenery, RAGING carnage. MacLeod, Dugal and Angus are in the thick of it.

NO-ONE WILL FIGHT MACLEOD

3 FRAZERS batter Dugal off his horse. He's helpless beneath their swords. Flying from the saddle, MacLeod kills 2 of them. Seeing the Highlander, the 3rd bolts. MacLeod hauls Dugal up, SHOUTING over the NOISE.

MACLEOD

I can't find anyone to fight.
They all run away.

DUGAL

(grinning)
Great. Don't leave my side.

A HUGE KNIGHT IN SILVER ARMOR ON A BLACK STALLION

Hurtles at them, sword wheeling. MacLeod's transfixed.

DUGAL

(continuing)
Mother of God. What's that?

Von Krohn knocks Dugal senseless, SMASHING his sword onto MacLeod's shield, disintegrating it. Armor CLATTERING, he vaults from his horse, driving his blade deep into MacLeod's stomach.

Despite the mortal wound, MacLeod charges, claymore swinging savagely. They circle, glaring at each other.

VON KROHN

(fear in
his eyes)
You surprise me, Highlander.
I have never felt the Quickening
so strong.

The Prussian's presence makes MacLeod sick and dizzy. Berserk, he attacks again, pile-driving his sword onto Von Krohn's armor, opening him like a tin can.

Dugal, Angus and others join the fray, helping MacLeod beat him back. Outnumbered, Von Krohn stumbles over dying clansmen, glowering at his adversary.

VON KROHN

(continuing)

Some other time, my friend.
In the end, there can only
be one.

Life ebbing, MacLeod GROANS, falling to his knees, staring at the sky.

CUT TO:

POLICE CRUISERS SCREECHING TO A HALT

Outside the Garden, SIRENS DYING, blocking the exit tunnel. Cops pile out, guns drawn, GARFIELD & HAGGERTY in charge.

Headlights appear. A CHEVY crests the ramp at 60, sees the block, fishtails to a SHRIEKING halt. Cops take aim in the gloom.

GARFIELD

(shouting)

Get out of the car. Put your hands
on the hood and spread your legs.

(nothing)

Move --!

MacLeod appears. They approach with caution. Haggerty frisks him, noticing blood on his sleeve. He finds a wallet, checks ID in flashlight. A New York driver's licence:

MacLeod's photo, a name and address:

RUSSELL EDWIN NASH,
477 CANAL STREET,
NEW YORK, NY 10013.

In the wallet, WADS OF 100-DOLLAR BILLS. Garfield shines his light in the suspect's eyes.

GARFIELD

(continuing)

Where are you going in such a
hurry, Mr. Nash?

NASH

(turning)

I was trying to --

Garfield SLAMS Nash's head into the windshield.

GARFIELD

Don't move, asshole.
Don't even breathe.

More SIRENS. From the Garden, the ROARING crowd.

CUT TO:

A LONE BAG-PIPER ON GLAMIS CASTLE TURRET

His MOURNFUL LAMENT rising to the stars above.

CUT TO:

MACLEOD BREATHING HIS LAST ON A TRESTLE BED

In a thatched hut, torso encased in bloody bandages. Fire
CRACKLES in a hearth. Kate SOBS by the bed. Battle-scarred,
Dugal and Angus listen to Rainey give MacLeod last rites.

FATHER RAINEY

Libera domine animan servi tui.

ANGUS

He fought well.

DUGAL

He saved my life, Angus. Stood over
me like a stone wall.

FATHER RAINEY

In nomine patri, et filii et spiritus
sancti. Amen.

(leaving)

It is over. Other men are dying this
day. I must attend them.

WEEPING, Kate collapses. Dugal and Angus drag her away.

ANGUS

(to Kate)

He's a Highlander, by God.
The last sound he hears shall
not be a wailing woman.

They leave. Shadows on the wall. Sound of MacLeod's LABORED
BREATHING, slower and slower, coming to a stop.

CUT TO:

DETECTIVE FRANK MORAN, HOMICIDE

In the garage under the Garden. Bulky, in raincoat and hat, no bullshit, 6 months to pension. LEON BREWSTER, his tense partner, beside him.

It's BEDLAM. At their feet, Fasil's torso. 30 yards away, the head.

TV crews jostle under lights. COPS question the teenagers. Fans SHOUT behind barricades -- when can they get their goddam cars?

BRENDA WYATT

Attractive Assistant Director, Department of Forensics, in jeans, boots and wind-breaker, shoves through the crowd, ducking the barrier. With her, aides GREG & RALPH, carrying equipment.

BOBBY CARTER, Coroner's Aide, takes flash photos, unfazed by the grisly sight. Brenda joins Moran, glancing at the corpse.

MORAN

Hi, Brenda.

BRENDA

(pissed)

Damn it, Frank. Forensics is supposed to be notified same time as Homicide.

(he shrugs)

I got called 20 minutes ago. Everyone's walked all over the place by now.

(shouts
from crowd)

What am I supposed to find in this mess?

BREWSTER

(sarcastically)

How about some evidence linking the perpetrator to the crime?

(indicating
wrecked cars)

Why don't you go off and look for little bits of lint and hair and stuff?

BRENDA

You're a prick, Brewster.

Setting out tools, she examines the area. Greg and Ralph hold lights. Peering at a gouge in a Corvette, she uses tweezers to extract a GLEAMING SHARD.

RALPH

What is it?

BRENDA

Metal.

Brewster moves away, searching for evidence. Carter takes final pictures, winking at Moran.

CARTER

How come you're not asking me the cause of death, Frank?

MORAN

Cut the crap, Carter. What time did he buy it?

CARTER

(examining corpse)

Left and right carotid arteries severed. Extreme clotting.

(figuring)

10. 10:30. And whatever made this cut was razor-sharp.

(standing up)

Wait a minute. Wasn't there another decapitation like this? In Jersey, 2 nights ago?

Searching 30 feet away, Brewster freezes, staring down between cars at A HUGE SWORD.

BREWSTER

(shouting)

Hey, Frank. Look at this.

Moran and Brenda join him. She's transfixed.

BRENDA

Jesus Christ. A Toledo-Salamanca.

She dusts the jewelled hilt for prints.

MORAN

What's that?

BRENDA

A sword, Frank. A rare sword.

MORAN

(thinking
motive)

Worth anything?

BRENDA

Only about 2½-million bucks.

CUT TO:

NASH SITTING IN A ROOM, WAITING

Peeling paint, cassette-recorder, table and chairs. He fiddles with the recorder, then puts it down. He stands up and stretches, goes over to the door, tries it. It's locked.

Returning to the table, he sits down, noticing blood on his sleeve. Shrugging, he lights a cigarette, staring at the burning end.

CUT TO:

A CIGARETTE IN THE HAND OF WALLINGFORD BENOIT

MACLEOD IN NAZI-OCCUPIED BUDAPEST, 1942

Leaning against a lamp-post, in beret, work-shirt, dungarees and boots, waiting. Across the street, an apartment building. Sound of VEHICLES. A GERMAN STAFF CAR & TRUCK appear. Benoit watches them halt.

4 ARMED TROOPERS JUMP OUT

CLATTER up the steps and go inside. VOGEL, a Gestapo agent in leather coat, follows them. Benoit snuffs his smoke, draws a knife and heads for the TRUCK-DRIVER.

CUT TO:

PAUL & RENA LUTZ, A TOUGH PARTISAN COUPLE

In their apartment. Rena smooths a rug over A TRAP-DOOR, standing on it. SHOUTING on the stairs. Paul nods reassuringly to his wife.

Rifle-butts SMASH the door. Paul unlocks and opens it. 4 Troopers shove him aside, searching the place. Vogel strolls in, BANGING the door behind him.

VOGEL

(to Paul)

Papers.

Paul hands them over. Vogel snaps his fingers.

VOGEL
(continuing)
Papers, Frau Lutz.

Rena won't move. Vogel hurls her aside. Troopers jab guns in Paul's belly. Vogel rips back the rug, sees the trap, opens it. Staring up at him:

11 GAUNT, TERRIFIED CHILDREN, 4 TO 9

Yellow stars sewed to tattered clothes. The Gestapo agent smiles.

VOGEL
(continuing)
You have children, Frau Lutz.

Next second:

THE DOOR BLASTS OFF ITS HINGES -- IT'S BENOIT

Gun BLAZING. Rena GASPS. 3 troopers die instantly. Paul jumps the 4th. Vogel stares at Benoit, raising his arms.

BENOIT
One move, you Kraut bastard,
you're dead. Give me the
travel permits.

VOGEL
In my pocket.

Paul strangles the 4th Trooper. Rena watches Benoit check permits.

BENOIT
(to Rena)
Get the kids.

PAUL
(shouting)
Who are you?

BENOIT
A friend. Do as I say.
(re: dead
troopers)
Put on their uniforms.

In seconds, the kids are by the door. The oldest, A TERRIFIED 9-YEAR-OLD, stares at Benoit, wondering if he's an angel. The Lutzes don uniforms.

Benoit waves his gun from Vogel to the trap.

BENOIT

(continuing)

Get in there.

VOGEL

You will have to shoot me first.

BENOIT

Whatever you say, Jack.

You're the Master Race.

He BLASTS Vogel, kicking his corpse into the hole, SLAMMING the trap.

CUT TO:

MORAN SLAMMING THE INTERROGATION ROOM DOOR

He carries a package and folder. Nash butts his cigarette. Brewster leans on the wall.

MORAN

I'm Moran.

(indicating
recorder)

You don't mind if I run this,
do you?

Nash shrugs. Moran clicks it on, propping the package by his chair. Sitting, he sets out folder and licence.

MORAN

(into machine)

December 8th, 1983. Interrogation
of Russell Nash. Present: Suspect,
Detectives Moran and Brewster.

(checks
licence)

477 Canal Street. Is this your
current address?

(Nash nods)

What do you do for a living?

NASH

I deal in antiques.

BREWSTER
D'you have a place of business?

NASH
(indicating
licence)
There.

BREWSTER
What's your home address?

NASH
It varies. I travel a lot.

Brewster's not happy.

MORAN
So you deal in antiques?
(Nash nods)
How about old weapons?

NASH
Not much. It's a specialized field.

MORAN
Right. Want anything? Cigarettes,
coffee?

NASH
No.

MORAN
Okay, Mr. Nash. Why don't you
tell us what happened?

Nash stares at him. Moran becomes:

A SPANIARD IN FUR CAPE & FEATHERED HAT

Pantaloons, tunic, boots and gloves, sitting by a water-fall.

SPANIARD
Because it is different, others of
its kind try to destroy it or drive
it away. It's the same with us.

THE SPANIARD TURNS BACK INTO MORAN

Nash's eyes make Brewster's flesh creep.

BREWSTER
What happened, Nash?

NASH

When?

BREWSTER

(irritably)

In Madison Square Garden.
In the garage.

NASH

I was walking to my car when I
heard sounds of a fight. By the
time I reached the tunnel, there
was a man lying on the floor.

BREWSTER

(shouting)

You've got blood on your sleeve,
asshole. Same type as the victim's.

NASH

(to Brewster)

You're loud.

MORAN

He's got a short fuse, Mr. Nash.
Tell me how you got blood on
your sleeve.

NASH

I knelt by the body. Some of it
got on me. I thought maybe I
could help him.

BREWSTER

How are you gonna help him
when his head's 30 feet away?

NASH

(quietly)

It was dark. I didn't know
what had happened.

BREWSTER

How come you ran?

NASH

I heard someone coming. I thought
it might be the killer.

BREWSTER

Right. And you were rushing to the
nearest pay-phone to report it.

MORAN

The dead man was Syrian, travelling
on a German passport. Iman Fasil.
Did you know him?

NASH

No.

Moran opens the folder, showing Nash a photo: A SWARTHY
MAN with cropped hair.

MORAN

2 nights ago, this guy, a Bulgarian
national, Osta Vazilek, had his head
chopped off the same way. In New Jersey.

(pause)

Ever get over to Jersey, Mr. Nash?

NASH

Not often.

BREWSTER

(leaning in)

Are you a faggot, Nash?

NASH

Why? Looking for a date?

BREWSTER

(exploding)

How come 15,000 people are watching
the Rangers, and you're creeping
around in the garage? Cruising
for ass?

NASH

You're sick.

Brewster swings. Nash jumps up, pile-driving his fist into
Brewster's sternum, SLAMMING him into the wall.

MORAN

(shouting)

All right. Calm down.

(Brewster's
pissed)

I mean it, Leon.

(to Nash)

Why don't you sit down?

(silence)

Please.

Nash retrieves his chair and sits.

MORAN

(continuing)

What were you looking for down
in the garage?

NASH

My car.

BREWSTER

You ain't got a car. That Chevy's
rented.

NASH

I was looking for my rented car.

Stalemate. Moran unwraps his package, producing the
broad-sword with jewelled hilt.

MORAN

Okay, what's this?

NASH

A sword.

BREWSTER

(shouting)

Come on, Mr. Antique-Dealer.
Tell us about it.

NASH

It's old.

MORAN

Forensics says its a --

(checks notes)

Toledo-Salamanca broad-sword.
Worth 2½-million bucks. What
d'you think of that?

NASH

It's a lot of money.

BREWSTER

You had a lot of money. 130 grand.

Moran chews on a pencil.

MORAN

Okay, here's my theory. You went down to the garage to buy this sword from Fasil. You fought about the price. Then you cut off his head.

NASH

(deadpan)

Right. Then I rolled around in his blood to make myself inconspicuous -- and left without the sword.

(A-OK sign)

The perfect crime.

Brewster burns. Moran lights a cigarette.

NASH

(continuing)

I have a theory.

(Moran

looks up)

I think Mr. Fasil was depressed by the Rangers' lousy performance against the Oilers, went down into the tunnel and cut off his head.

BREWSTER

That ain't funny, shit-face.

NASH

(to Moran)

Am I under arrest?

(no answer)

All right. Then we're through.

He gets his wallet and walks to the door.

MORAN

We're not through, Mr. Nash.
We're just getting started.

Nash is gone. Moran stops the tape. Brewster massages his chest.

BREWSTER

Jesus. That guy hits like a train.

MORAN

You never should have swung at him, Leon. Christ, we were taping this.

Brewster chews gum. Moran massages his temple.

MORAN

(continuing)

We got no witnesses. No evidence
that'd hold up in court. And no
way to get at him.

(disgusted)

We don't even know where he lives.

BREWSTER

Tail him. He'll screw up someplace.

MORAN

I've taken care of that. Bedsoe's
on him now. But that sucker's cool.
Cool as ice.

CUT TO:

A TAN CUTLASS ON THE NEW JERSEY TURNPIKE

Hurting through the snowy night.

VON KROHN DRIVING -- A CHILLING SPECTER

Curly hair now short. In suit, red shirt, coat and gloves. Like
MacLeod, he hasn't aged.

The ugly scar from right ear to collar-bone across his Adam's
apple still visible on his throat. NEWS on the radio.

NEWSCASTER'S VOICE

Manhattan police arrested a man
at the decapitation scene. They
have not released his name.

VON KROHN

Shut up!

(turns
it off)

I know his name.

He takes a cassette from his pocket, easing it into the stereo.
Transported, he listens to a high-decibel, HEAVY-METAL ROCK
SONG:

IT'S VON KROHN'S ANTHEM

RAVING singer, POUNDING drums, SHRIEKING guitars. In the
headlights, he sees a sign:

YOU ARE NOW LEAVING NEW JERSEY
THE GARDEN STATE
HOPE YOU ENJOYED YOUR STAY!

CROAKING LAUGH from Von Krohn. He's still got the voice-box problem.

VON KROHN
(continuing)
I had a better time than Osta
Vazilek. That is for sure.

He turns west, following signs to NEW YORK.

CUT TO:

NASH DRIVING DOWN BROADWAY IN HIS CHEVY

Eyes in the mirror, watching the headlights of a car following him.

Stopped at a light, he's mesmerized by an illuminated mechanical billboard above the Palace Theater. In his fist, a LUMBERJACK raises and lowers a stein of Rainier Ale.

CUT TO:

ANGUS SLAMMING DOWN A TANKARD OF ALE

In a busy tavern. Dugal, Kate and 2 PLOWMEN sit with him.

ANGUS
(glaring
at Dugal)
He saved your life, man.

DUGAL
I don't give a damn.

ANGUS
You forget his strength, Dugal.
At Ankrum Fair, I watched him
throw a hammer clear across --

DUGAL
You saw the wounds, Angus. He
was cut to pieces.

KATE
He'll not be touching me again
with the Devil in him.

DUGAL

(winking)

I'll keep you warm, lassie.
The good Lord's the only thing
throbbing under my kilt.

Kate GIGGLES, hugging him. MacLeod enters, crossing to a
BAR-KEEP. Eyes turn in silence.

MACLEOD

Ale.

The bar-keep disappears. MacLeod looks round with frightening
gaze. Seeing friends, he strolls over. Dugal rises.

DUGAL

Sitting down with us, are you?

MacLeod freezes. Kate's excited. Angus avoids his gaze.

MACLEOD

What is it, Dugal?

(to tavern)

What in hell's the matter
with you all?

DUGAL

You, talking, breathing. And
2 days back all but dead --
that's what.

(shouting)

How did you manage that,
Conner MacLeod?

MACLEOD

(shouting)

I don't know.

1st PLOWMAN

(jumps up)

It's not natural. You're in
league with Lucifer.

MACLEOD

Say that again, Konecky, I'll
break you in two.

DUGAL

I'll say it. You've got the
Devil in you.

MACLEOD

We've been kinsmen 15 years, Dugal.

DUGAL

Conner MacLeod was my kinsmen. He's dead. I don't know what you are.

Kate's eyes dance.

ANGUS

You'd best leave, Conner.

MACLEOD

(quietly)

I'm not going anywhere.

Dugal swings at MacLeod's head. MacLeod punches him in the belly. Dugal rockets backwards, SMASHING tables, landing in a mess of lumber and ale. Villagers SHOUT for him to get up.

MacLeod's on him in a flash, pounding his face, kicking his ribs. The 2nd Plowman destroys a chair on MacLeod's back, knocking him to his knees.

Tangle of SCREAMING bodies. MacLeod's grabbed by the scalp and hauled upright. Dugal charges. Locked, they topple over the bar, SPLINTERING ale-casks, SHATTERING tankards.

MacLeod's strength is awesome. Despite the odds, he bodily picks up Dugal and hurls him at a GROUP OF FARMERS. They CRASH DOWN like nine-pins.

ANGUS

(shouting
over din)

For God's sake, stop!

A villager belts MacLeod with a jug. Shaking his head, MacLeod grabs a chair-leg, CRACKING heads left and right. It's hopeless. YELLING clansmen smother him.

CUT TO:

MACLEOD WITH AN OX-YOKE STRAPPED TO HIS BACK

On his knees in the dirt, arms bound to it with ropes, surrounded by ARGUING villagers.

FATHER RAINEY

(shouting)

Burn him. It's the only way.

2nd PLOWMAN
Too hot for a fire, Father.
Draw and quarter him.

ANGUS
(shouting)
Quiet!
(noise
subsides)
We'll drive him out if need be.
(to Dugal)
He was our friend, and he saved
your life. What do you say, Dugal?

KATE
(frenzied)
Burn him! Burn him!

DUGAL
(disgusted)
Banish him.

The villagers SHOUT. MacLeod staggers under the yoke.

ANGUS
(helping him)
Can you walk?

MACLEOD
I'll bloody-well walk out of here.

ANGUS
Get moving, friend. Before they
change their minds.

MACLEOD
I'll not forget you, Angus.

ANGUS
Aye. Off with you now.

MACLEOD IS BANISHED

Villagers spit & CURSE. Sadly, Angus watches him go. Kate
runs at his side.

KATE
Devil! Devil! Devil!

VILLAGERS
(chanting)
Devil! Devil! Devil!

Stumbling off along the loch, MacLeod heads for the mountains.

CUT TO:

MACLEOD TRYING TO BREAK HIS YOKE BETWEEN 2 TREES

YELLING, he charges. The wooden arms SLAM into the trunks, CRACKING the yoke down its center, driving splinters into his back. It's agony.

BELLOWING, he falls into ferns, grinning. It hurt like hell, but at least the damn thing's off.

CUT TO:

NASH PARKING HIS CHEVY ON 57th STREET

Watching the guy who's tailing him, a TUBBY MAN in coat and pork-pie, follow suit.

Donning a cashmere coat, he walks east through the freezing night, passing a CONSTRUCTION SITE surrounded by chain fence. He runs his finger along the links. His hand becomes:

CUT TO:

BENOIT'S, CUTTING OPEN A FENCE ON THE SWISS BORDER

The German truck is hidden in trees. 100 yards up a slope in darkness, Paul, Rena and the kids lie in grass, watching. Fence cut, Benoit races up the hill.

RENA

What about patrols?

BENOIT

Not so heavy here. But it's dangerous. Everyone ready?

The trio carry the kids 2 at a time, down the hill and through the fence. The 9-year-old girl is last. Zig-zagging, crouched low, Benoit returns, taking her hand. Suddenly:

BLINDING LIGHT & MACHINE-GUN FIRE

She SCREAMS. Benoit hurls her flat, covering her with his body. Bullets RIP into his back. He shudders. Sound of ENGINES.

BENOIT

(continuing,
whispering)

Lie still. It's all right.

2 RIDERS on MOTOR-CYCLES appear, seeing Benoit's corpse in headlight beams. Leaving their engines RUNNING, they check closer.

BENOIT ERUPTS OFF THE GROUND

Kicks one in the nuts, the other in the head, grabbing his machine-gun. One burst, they're dead. The girl stares at Benoit in the lights:

THE BLOOD-FLOW on his back REVERSES. The wounds DISAPPEAR. He reaches for her. She shrinks in terror.

GIRL

They shot you. Many times.
Why didn't you die?

BENOIT

Don't be afraid. It's a kind
of magic. Come. We must hurry.

He takes her hand, leading her to Switzerland and freedom.

CUT TO:

VON KROHN IN A HANDICAPPED ZONE ON COLUMBUS CIRCLE

Removing a suitcase and BLACK OBLONG BOX from the Cutlass's trunk. With gloved hand, he wipes dashboard, seat, wheel and doors. He locks the car and hefts his luggage, striding off into the dark.

CUT TO:

BEDSOE FOLLOWING NASH AT NIGHT

Up 5th Avenue, past the Christmas tree ablaze with lights at Rockefeller Center. Along Central Park South. Down Broadway to Times Square.

Hungry and tired, Bedsoe trudges past bums and porno-pits. Staring ahead, he gets a nasty feeling something's wrong. Wasn't Nash wearing a cashmere coat?

Racing up to the man he's been following, he spins him around:

IT'S NOT NASH

CUT TO:

BRENDA SITTING AT A SPECTROGRAPH

Exhausted. A clock reads: 1:20 A.M. Placing metal shards under a lens, she clamps wires to them, starting a machine. HUMMING sound. CRACKLING arc. She checks a computer, takes photos. The arc dies.

She waits. A printer starts. Data rolls. Spotting something, she tears off the paper, studying it. It can't be right.

She runs it again. Same results. With tweezers, she examines a test-shard.

BRENDA

It's not possible.

CUT TO:

BRENDA DRIVING SIXTH AVENUE IN A RED FERRARI

Late-night traffic. Piles of snow. Turning on 34th, she arrives at Madison Square Garden, parks on the street and gets out, carrying a bag.

CUT TO:

BRENDA WALKING THROUGH THE GARAGE

Flashlight piercing the murk. She shivers, heading for where Fasil was killed.

CUT TO:

A LIGHTER FLARING IN A TUNNEL

Revealing Nash's face. Reaching into the roof-duct hidden by tiles, he finds his Samurai sword.

Noting the chipped edge and missing pieces, he slides it into a sheath inside his coat. FOOTSTEPS. He snuffs the lighter.

CUT TO:

BRENDA CHECKING CHALK OUTLINES ON THE FLOOR

Where Fasil's corpse and head used to be. Guiding a metal-detector from floor to columns, she watches a red light BLINK faster and faster.

Cradling the flash, she removes GLINTING SHARDS with a scalpel, dropping them into a plastic bag.

CUT TO:

NASH HIDDEN IN SHADOWS

He's seen enough. Turning, his foot catches a bottle. It CLATTERS away, echoing in the emptiness.

CUT TO:

BRENDA REACTING IN FEAR

Shining her light up the tunnel, seeing a bottle coming to rest.

BRENDA

Who's there?

Silence. Terror mounting in the dark, she throws her equipment together. Someone's down here. She can feel it.

Trying to control her panic, she heads for the exit. It's no use. She starts running, faster and faster.

CUT TO:

BRENDA TRYING TO UNLOCK HER FERRARI

Heart racing. She's got the shakes. Someone's after her. She drops her keys.

BRENDA

God damn it.

Retrieving them, she gets the door open, jumps in, starts up and ROARS off, U-turning across 7th Avenue.

CUT TO:

NASH GETTING INTO A CAB

Following her cross-town.

CUT TO:

BRENDA ENTERING THE PRINCESS COCKTAIL-LOUNGE

Stuffed sofas, live trees, soft lights, mirrored walls. After-theater groups at various tables. 3 men and a girl at the bar.

Brenda takes a corner sofa. Shaken, she shuts her eyes, trying to control her breathing. PHILIP, a tuxedoed bartender, arrives.

PHILIP

Hello, Brenda.

She jumps, staring at him.

PHILIP

(continuing)

What are you doing here at 2
in the morning?

(seeing

her face)

Is something wrong?

BRENDA

No, I'm okay, Philip. I just had
a scare. Bring me something for
that, would you? A lot of it.

He nods, leaving. LAUGHTER from a table across the room. She
takes the plastic bag out of her purse, opening it. Trembling,
she examines a metal fragment. Replacing the bag in her purse,
she doesn't notice:

NASH ENTER THE LOUNGE & LOCK AROUND

Spotting her, he sits 25 feet away. Philip re-appears, placing
an ice-filled glass before Brenda. He pours vodka.

PHILIP

Say when.

At three-quarters full.

BRENDA

When.

She takes a belt and sets it down.

PHILIP

That bad, huh? Want to tell me
about it?

BRENDA

It's crazy, Philip. I just got
scared in the dark.

(re: drink)

This'll take care of it.

Noticing Nash, Philip glides over. Nash orders. Philip returns
to Brenda.

PHILIP

The man over there wants you to
join him for a drink. I told him
its not possible, but he insisted
I ask.

BRENDA

What man?

Peering around Philip, she sees Nash's dim profile.

BRENDA

(continuing)

Who is he?

PHILIP

I don't know. Some guy. I never saw him before.

BRENDA

Some guy? Thank him and tell him no.

Philip gets Nash's drink, serves it and delivers the message. The party of 4 signals for more.

Brenda sips vodka, deep in thought. She feels better by the second. Suddenly, Nash sits beside her, drink in hand.

BRENDA

(continuing)

What are you doing?

NASH

(indicating Philip)

He said you didn't want to join me. So I thought I'd join you. I hope that's not too --

BRENDA

Listen, I came in here for a drink, not to get picked up. Screw off.

NASH

I'm not trying to pick you up.

BRENDA

Then what are you doing sitting here? Beat it.

NASH

I thought we could chat. Over our drinks.

(smiling)

What's your name?

This guy doesn't understand English.

BRENDA
Eleanor Roosevelt.

NASH
Okay, Eleanor. Let's have another.

She drains her vodka, setting it down.

BRENDA
I don't drink.

Philip looms protectively.

PHILIP
(to Brenda)
Everything all right?

BRENDA
It's okay, Philip. I'm leaving.

Philip retreats. Shouldering her bag, she rises, ready to go.

NASH
You get over to Madison Square
Garden much?

BRENDA
(freezing)
What did you say?

NASH
Madison Square Garden. Do you
get over there much?

BRENDA
(white-faced)
Why?

NASH
They have basketball. Ice-hockey.
I thought maybe we could go.
(she blinks)
Or if you don't like sports, we
can go to a movie.

BRENDA
That's why you asked me about
Madison Square Garden? Because
you're a sports fan?

NASH

Sure. Why else?

(producing
pen)

Come on, Eleanor. Give me
your number. I'll call you.

Her mind races. Is his reference to the Garden just a coincidence?

BRENDA

I don't think so. Some other
time, maybe.

She walks away. Pausing at the door, she looks back at him in the gloom. He smiles right at her. She leaves.

CUT TO:

KENNY, A DESK-CLERK, SIGNING VON KROHN IN

At the seedy Ansonia Hotel, 73rd & Needle Park. Kenny is bovine, chain-smokes and has oily hair. SNORING DERELICTS litter the lobby. An old TV is ON.

Kenny checks the name Von Krohn's written in the register: VICTOR KRUGER. He hands him a key.

KENNY

Okay, Mr. Kruger. 315. And I'm
gonna take you for 20 dollars
in advance.

Kruger pulls out a thick roll of bills.

KENNY

(continuing,
eyes wide)

Who are you -- Rockefeller?

Kruger finds a 20, drops it on the desk, replaces the roll in his pocket.

KENNY

(continuing)

Listen, you want anything. Broads,
drugs. Just gimme a jingle.

Kruger heads for the elevator.

CUT TO:

KRUGER ON A SAGGING BED IN ROOM 315

Shirtless, revealing other scars besides the one on his throat. Roaches crawl on a hot-plate.

Munching tacos, gulping Fresca, he watches a Yosemite Sam CARTOON on TV, digging the violence. He opens his black oblong box. Laid out in velvet slots:

THE COMPONENTS OF A LARGE SWORD

Quillions, pommel, hilt and blade. Inside the lid, a vellum envelope. He removes and lays out 4 PHOTOGRAPHS, each with NAME TAG, considering them:

No.1. YUNG DOL SING, an Oriental on a freighter in New York Harbor.

No.2. SARTO KASTAGIR, a suave African, leaving the Russian Tea Room.

No.3. RUSSELL NASH, hailing a cab on Park Avenue.

No.4. IVAN TIMOSHENKO, a security-guard, sitting at TV monitors under a sign: MALABAR INC.

He picks up Nash's photo, mesmerized by it.

KRUGER

I'm not ready for you yet.
I may need an advantage.

Discarding Nash's photo, he picks up Timoshenko's.

KRUGER

(continuing)

You're next, Timoshenko. Can
you feel me? It's time for
The Gathering.

A BUZZER SOUNDS. He closes the box, slides it under the bed, checks his appearance in a mirror. BUZZER again. He opens the door.

A BLONDE HOOKER in hot-pants and spike-boots leans on the jamb, breasts bursting from a tight sweater. CRACKING gum, she looks him over.

GIRL

I'm Candy.

KRUGER

Of course you are.

He grabs her sweater, drags her inside, kicks the door shut and flings her on the bed. Fearfully, she watches him unbuckle his belt.

CUT TO:

NASH WALKING THROUGH ABANDONED BUILDINGS

Turning down Canal Street, he approaches his antique shop, a solitary, 4-story carriage-house. A sign above front windows reads:

R. NASH -- ANTIQUES

He walks down an alley to the back of the building, descending a metal staircase, arriving at a wall.

Prying a brick loose, he pulls a lever. A HIDDEN ELEVATOR opens. Replacing the brick, he steps inside. The doors close.

CUT TO:

NASH ASCENDING IN THE ELEVATOR

Lit by a single bulb. It makes no sound. He lights a cigarette.

CUT TO:

PARROT-FISH DRIFTING IN AN AQUARIUM

In a luxurious modern room. A wall of sound equipment, speakers and TVs. Books, paintings, sofas and chairs. Intercom system and answering machine.

On the mantle, a PHOTO of a YOUNG GIRL with Nash in a car. Through a panelled door, A BEDROOM and 4-poster. A section of wall slides back:

Nash steps out of the elevator into his penthouse. He throws off his coat, loosens his tie, fixes a drink.

In a glass case: an ANCIENT SHEEPSKIN DOLL, a MEDIEVAL FEATHERED HAT, a RUSTY ANVIL & TONGS. On the wall: a BRONZE SHIELD, CLAYMORE AND CLOAK -- the black-&-yellow tartan of the Clan MacLeod.

Nash drinks, staring at the anvil-&-tongs.

CUT TO:

RED-HOT IRON IN TONGS CRASHING ONTO AN ANVIL

In a sweltering blacksmith's forge. It's 1541.

Wielding a giant hammer, streaked with grime and sweat,
MacLeod POUNDS out a horse-shoe, plunging it into water.
HISSING steam.

CUT TO:

MACLEOD SHOETING A MARE OUTSIDE

The forge clings to a crag. Miles down a trail, the town of
Jedburgh. From a nearby house:

HEATHER MACLEOD APPEARS

Pretty, in sheep-skins, bonnet and boots, carrying a basket.
She feeds geese, watching him finish.

HEATHER

Pie and ale. D'you want it?

MACLEOD

(grabbing her
buttocks)

All the time.

HEATHER

(squealing)

You filthy sod. You're all muck
and muscle.

MACLEOD

Aye. The way you like it.

He grins, kissing her. Stripping his apron, he dunks his torso
in a rain-barrel, shaking himself off like a dog. She smiles.
He's the loveliest man in the world.

CUT TO:

MACLEOD AND HEATHER DOZING ON THE CLIFF-TOP

In the grass. Remains of a picnic. He strokes her hair.

HEATHER

You can do that forever if you
like, my lord. Will you, Conner?

MACLEOD

Aye, darling. I will.

She snuggles close. Sound of FOREIGN CURSES. Startled, they
sit up.

CUT TO:

JUAN RAMIREZ CLIMBING THE TRAIL TO THE FORGE

In pantaloons, fur, feathers and gloves. The chasm to his left makes his stomach heave. Swooning with fatigue, he drags himself to the top. He is:

THE SPANIARD NASH SAW DURING MORAN'S INTERROGATION

Before him stands a peasant blacksmith and a young woman. He bows, hat sweeping the ground.

RAMIREZ

Greetings! I am Juan Sanchez
Ramirez, Chief Metalurgist to
King Philip II of Spain.

(clicks heels)

At your service.

HEATHER

Who?

Ramirez sees stars, looking back down the trail.

RAMIREZ

My God, man. That's a climb!

He replaces his hat, adjusting feathers and tassels.

MACLEOD

What do you want?

RAMIREZ

Conner MacLeod.

MACLEOD

You've found him.

RAMIREZ

The Highlander wounded by
Frazers 5 years ago?

MacLeod's body contracts. He feels drained. He can't breathe.

MACLEOD

Heather, go in the house.

HEATHER

What is it, Conner? Are you sick?

MACLEOD

Do as I say, woman.

Concerned, she backs up the hill and goes inside. Ramirez smiles wall-to-wall teeth.

RAMIREZ

A beautiful young woman.
She is your wife?

MacLeod feels crushed. Dazed, he sees Ramirez open his tunic, revealing A SCAR FROM NECK TO HIP, tracing it with elegant finger.

RAMIREZ

(continuing)

When I was young, a cart ran
over me. I should have died.
But the wound healed by itself.

(MacLeod is
dumb-struck)

Do not be alarmed by what you
feel in my presence. It is the
Quickening.

(voice rising)

We are the same, my friend.
We are brothers.

CUT TO:

BRENDA WALKING THROUGH THE FORENSICS LAB

Computers, files, displays of weapons -- firearms, hatchets and knives. Nodding to friends, she heads for her office. A door-plate reads:

BRENDA J. WYATT
ASSISTANT DIRECTOR
DEPARTMENT OF FORENSICS
N.Y.P.D.

CUT TO:

MORAN AND BREWSTER IN HER OFFICE

Feet up, Moran sits at the desk, thumbing through:

A
METALURGICAL HISTORY
OF
ANCIENT SWORD-MAKING
by
BRENDA J. WYATT

Brewster checks frames on the wall.

BREWSTER

This chick's got degrees out
the ass. What the hell's
spectography?

Brenda enters, file under her arm.

BRENDA

A way to date and identify metal
by the light it emits when passed
through a prism.

(to Moran)

Sorry I'm late. Could you get your
feet off my desk, Frank?

MORAN

(chuckling)

Yes, ma'am.

He rises, letting her pass, holding up her book.

MORAN

(continuing)

So this is how you knew about the
Laredo-Saltimbocca, huh?

BRENDA

(correcting him)

Toledo-Salamanca.

MORAN

Whatever. The sword.

Silence. Brenda fiddles with a pencil. Brewster picks his teeth.

BREWSTER

(continuing)

Okay, Brenda. We've known you 3 years.
I tried to screw you in the elevator
last New Year's. Since then, you never
give me the time of day. What d'you
want?

BRENDA

I was wondering if you had a suspect.

MORAN

Yeah, we got a suspect. But we couldn't
hold him.

BRENDA

Is he guilty?

MORAN

Probably.

BREWSTER

(irritated)

What's up, lady? Is there something we should know?

BRENDA

What's his name?

MORAN

Why d'you want to know?

BREWSTER

Russell Nash. 477 Canal Street.

Moran glowers at Brewster. Brenda writes down the address.

MORAN

Listen, Brenda. You stay the hell away from him. You hear me?

(no answer)

He's a psycho. He murders people. He cuts off their heads.

BRENDA

Thanks for the advice, Frank.

(ironically)

I don't want to lose my head.

Moran wants to kill Brewster.

CUT TO:

BREWSTER EATING A SNICKERS BAR AT A CANDY-MACHINE

He feels good. Moran's furious.

BREWSTER

(chewing)

We can't stop her. What are you gonna do, arrest her? She hasn't broken any laws.

(swallowing)

She'd have got his address anyway. What are you so uptight about? She's onto something and won't tell us what.

(more Snickers)

What's wrong with her stirring things up a bit?

MORAN

(red-faced)

It's shitty, Leon. She could
get killed.

BREWSTER

(defensive)

She ain't gonna get killed.

(winking)

Besides, she should have let
me screw her in that elevator.

MORAN

You make me sick.

Disgusted, he walks away.

CUT TO:

NASH LOOKING AT PAINTINGS: "ART IN AMERICAN HISTORY"

A Metropolitan exhibit. Bedsoe follows him, faking interest in
the works. Visitors glide marble floors. Nash stops, staring at
a portrait:

·THOMAS JEFFERSON ON HIS HORSE

by

MATTHEW LENNOX

(1746-1807)

Behind the formal subject, his Monticello estate. Suddenly,
Jefferson comes alive.

CUT TO:

JEFFERSON ASTRIDE A WOODEN HORSE IN HIS STUDY

Thin, bewigged, with freckles. MR. LENNOX, an intense artist,
stands at an easel, painting him. Seated by a window, drinking
brandy, in conversation with Jefferson, is:

ADRIAN MONTAGU -- MACLEOD IN 1776

A well-dressed merchant in periwig, cutaway and buckled
shoes. Ageless as ever, he shows no trace of the rough
Highlander he once was.

JEFFERSON

And you served in the British Navy,
Mr. Montagu?

MONTAGU

I did, Mr. Jefferson.

JEFFERSON
Captain of a 100-gunner, I believe?

MONTAGU
H.M.S. Thunderer.

Jefferson shifts in his saddle. Lennox MUTTERS darkly.

JEFFERSON
What's your view of the British
Navy?

MONTAGU
It is a formidable force, sir.

JEFFERSON
(squirming)
Yes, we've got to get a Navy.
Do you think the French would
give us theirs?

Montagu smiles. Lennox darts from his easel.

LENNOX
Mr. Jefferson. I cannot paint
you in motion. Could you please
sit still?

JEFFERSON
My buttocks are numb, Mr. Lennox.
Get on with it.

Lennox glowers, returning to his easel. Jefferson turns to
Montagu, then remembers something.

JEFFERSON
(continuing,
to Lennox)
And you are not painting the
freckles?

LENNOX
(seething)
No, sir. I am not painting the
freckles.

JEFFERSON
(to Montagu)
You're an American merchant now,
Mr. Montagu. And we are at war
with England.

Jefferson eyes him quizzically.

JEFFERSON

(continuing)

What do you think our chances
are of winning? Becoming a
great power in the future?

Montagu finishes his brandy, pondering the question.

MONTAGU

You wish me to speak the truth?

JEFFERSON

The truth will set me free,
Mr. Montagu.

MONTAGU

(standing)

My sympathies are with your cause,
sir. And I will fight for it.
But the United States of America
cannot prevail against the might
of England.

JEFFERSON

You're certain of that?

MONTAGU

Absolutely.

CUT TO:

NASH LOOKING AT THE PAINTING IN THE MET

Grinning at Jefferson on his horse.

NASH

Absolutely.

He glances round, spotting Bedsoe, who looks away, studying a
bust. Nash dodges out.

BEDSOE PURSUES NASH THROUGH A MAZE OF EXHIBITS

He starts seeing Nash everywhere, soon having no idea where
he or anyone else is. GASPING, he grinds to a halt, hauling
out a walkie-talkie.

BEDSOE

(into mike)

I've lost him again. Pick him
up in front.

VOICE V.O.

What happened? Where the hell
are you?

BEDSOE

(frenzied)

I don't know where I am. I'm in
the goddam museum.

CUT TO:

2 BLADES CLANGING IN AN ABANDONED WAREHOUSE

On an isolated pier in freezing darkness. Showers of sparks.
Moonlight streams through broken windows.

Bare-chested, Nash fights Yung Dol Sing -- Kruger has a
photo of him on a freighter in New York Harbor.

Face contorted, Sing struggles with his foe. Nash hurls him
back. He CRASHES into oil-drums. Nash leans on his sword.

NASH

Sing, this is crazy.

SING

(jumping up)

Getting tired, MacLeod?

CUT TO:

TIMOSHENKO ALONE IN A RISING ELEVATOR

In the Malabar building, in guard uniform and cap, carrying a
sword. It's late. He watches floor-numbers, stops at 40, creeps
out into:

AN EMPTY CARPETED HALLWAY

TIMOSHENKO

I am here, Von Krohn.

Passing silent offices, he spots A FIGURE in an alcove. He
lunges, swinging, slicing off the figure's head.

He stares at the head on the carpet. It's plastic. Grotesque
LAUGHTER from down the hall. Kruger appears with a sword.

KRUGER

You dumb Cossack. You just
decapitated a mannequin.

SNARLING, Timoshenko charges.

CUT TO:

YUNG DOL SING CIRCLING NASH

Sword raised.

SING

5 are left, my friend. In the
end, only one will remain.
To him belongs the Prize.
(eyes gleaming)
Nothing personal. I always
liked you, actually.

They clash again, the sound RINGING over the water.

CUT TO:

TIMOSHENKO TRYING TO KILL KRUGER

In a desk-filled office. No contest. Kruger goads him,
side-stepping swings which SMASH desks and phones.

KRUGER

You have many heads to your credit.
But you fight like an old woman,
Ivan. I can feel your fear.
It's disgusting.

Timoshenko disintegrates a coffee-machine.

CUT TO:

SING'S BLADE GASHING NASH'S SHOULDER

Winching in pain, Nash backs off, circling. Behind him, the
twinkling skyline of Manhattan.

SING

Your old friend Von Krohn is
here. He killed the Bulgarian.
Every day he gets stronger.
(smiling)
Do you think he will suggest
forgetting tradition and going
our separate ways?

The mention of Von Krohn's name drives Nash beserk.
SHOUTING, he batters Sing back, kicking him through a
window, SHATTERING glass.

The Oriental drops 15 feet to a walkway, almost impaled by his
sword. The icy river GURGLES below. Nash leaps after him,
blade raised. Sing prepares for death. The blow doesn't fall.

NASH

I won't do it.

SING

But the Prize.

NASH

To hell with the Prize. 400 years' killing is enough. I give you your life. Take it and leave.

CUT TO:

TIMOSHENKO TRYING TO RAISE HIS SWORD

The office is pulverized. The Russian WHIMPERS. Kruger RASPS contemptuously.

KRUGER

Do you know what is going to happen now, Ivan?

(advancing)

Blackness. Forever.

KRUGER CUTS OFF TIMOSHENKO'S HEAD

And picks up his sword. A CRYSTAL BLUE CLOUD rises from the body. Kruger starts to GLOW.

CUT TO:

SING WATCHING NASH WALK AWAY

Grabbing his sword, he attacks. Eyes in the back of his head, the Highlander crouches and wheels. Blade WHISTLING upwards:

NASH CUTS OFF SING'S HEAD

And picks up his sword. Fog on the river. Sound of boat's SIREN. A CRYSTAL ORANGE CLOUD rises from the corpse, engulfing Nash. He starts to GLOW.

CUT TO:

NASH BURNING BLOODY CLOTHES IN HIS FIRE-PLACE

Watching them catch fire, sharpening his sword with a jeweller's file. On the coffee-table:

A
METALURGICAL HISTORY
OF
ANCIENT SWORD-MAKING
by
BRENDA J. WYATT

He studies the blurb and a smiling photo. Ms. Wyatt's in Forensics, New York Police. Sword in hand, he stares into the flames.

CUT TO:

A ROARING BLAZE IN A CASTLE RUIN

Full moon. MacLeod eats rabbit. Ramirez takes snuff.

RAMIREZ

The drunken fool who ran over me
was Egyptian.

MacLeod CHOMPS noisily. Ramirez SNEEZES.

RAMIREZ

(continuing)

I am an Egyptian.

MACLEOD

You said you were from Spain.

RAMIREZ

Ramirez is not my real name. I use
it to conceal my true identity.

He SNEEZES again.

RAMIREZ

(continuing)

I am Tak Ne. Born 2,437 years ago
in Egypt. Since then I have had
many names and 3 wives.

(MacLeod thinks
he's joking)

My last was Shakiko, a Japanese
princess.

(indicating
sword)

Her father, Kamakura, a genius with
metal, ahead of his time, made this
for me in 593.

MacLeod hefts it, calculating its weight.

MACLEOD

It's light. But strong.

(Ramirez
agrees)

Can I borrow it sometime?
Show it off in the village?

RAMIREZ

I don't think Shakiko's father
would mind.

MacLeod tries it out, cutting the air with the blade.

RAMIREZ

(continuing)

When she died, I was very sad.

MACLEOD

Did you just say you were alive
2,000 years ago?

(Ramirez nods)

What d'you take me for -- a fool?

RAMIREZ

No. A brute.

MACLEOD

(jumps up)

I'll teach you to call a Highlander
names.

Leaping forward:

RAMIREZ PLUNGES A DAGGER INTO MACLEOD'S HEART

SCREAMING, he collapses, blood pouring from his chest.

RAMIREZ

(dispassionately)

And you are immortal.

MacLeod GROANS, hands clutching the hilt.

RAMIREZ

(continuing)

Take it out.

MACLEOD

I'm dying.

RAMIREZ

(testily)

You're not dying. You can't die.
Take the dagger out. It's expensive.
I want it back.

MacLeod rips it from his chest. His WOUND HEALS. In seconds, there's just a scar. Terrified, he recoils. Ramirez CHUCKLES.

CUT TO:

NASH STARING INTO THE FIRE

A FLASHING light distracts him. He flips a switch, hearing AMPLIFIED VOICES over the intercom.

FEMALE VOICE

I'm sorry, Miss Gaskell, but
Mr. Nash is still unavailable.

BRENDA'S VOICE

(frustrated)

Okay, Miss Ellenstein. Can I
call him at home?

CUT TO:

NASH DESCENDING A SECRET STAIRCASE

Stopping before a wall. In front of him is a button. He hears FAINT VOICES.

CUT TO:

RACHEL TALKING TO BRENDA IN THE ANTIQUE SHOP

At street level. Rachel Ellenstein is 50, good-looking and business-like, in pant-suit and glasses, seated at a battered desk. Junk piled everywhere.

RACHEL

(answering her)

I'm afraid not. I mentioned your
research to Mr. Nash. He suggested
you try the library.

A MIRROR SLIDES BACK -- NASH APPEARS

Brenda turns to leave, BARGING into him, dropping her purse. Jesus Christ! She can't believe it.

IT'S THE GUY FROM THE PRINCESS BAR

He retrieves her purse, handing it to her.

NASH
I'm Russell Nash.

She takes it in a trance. Silence.

RACHEL
This is Helen Gaskell, Mr. Nash.

NASH
No, it's not. It's Eleanor Roosevelt.
(to Brenda)
Right?

BRENDA
What the hell's going on here?
Who are you?

NASH
Russell Nash. Nice to see you again.
Happy coincidence, huh?

RACHEL
(helpfully)
She's doing Doctorate work at
Columbia.

NASH
(to Brenda)
How is that?

BRENDA
What do you mean, happy coincidence?
Are you following me?

NASH
I thought you came here to see me.
How could I be following you?

Her mind turns to mush. She COUGHS, clearing her throat.

NASH
(continuing)
Can I get you some water?

BRENDA
No, thanks.

NASH
How can I help you?

BRENDA

(surging on)

I'm doing a Doctorate at Columbia.
My thesis is on ancient metals used
in Japanese swords. I'm looking for
one made around 600 B.C.

NASH

I didn't know there were swords
that old.

BRENDA

Me, neither.

NASH

And yet you are looking for one.

Silence. His gaze is unsettling.

NASH

(continuing)

Why come to me? I don't deal in
exotic weapons.

BRENDA

Well, I thought you might --

NASH

I've got an idea.

BRENDA

(startled)

What?

NASH

There are a couple of places I
could inquire.

(smiles again)

Can you cook?

BRENDA

(dizzy)

Why do you ask?

NASH

You make dinner tonight. I'll
check on the sword, and you can
tell me about your research.

(smiling)

Now that I have your address.

(to secretary)

Right, Rachel?

Before she can answer, the street door opens:

BEDSOE ENTERS

Stunned to see Brenda with Nash, he turns away instantly, scrutinizing a tapestry -- mermaids frolicking with sea-monsters. Nash heads for the door, glancing at Brenda.

NASH

(continuing)

See you at 8.

She's nonplussed. He pauses at Bedsoe's elbow.

NASH

(continuing,
re: tapestry)

The Rape of Neptune's Daughter
by the Fish Creatures.

(Bedsoe blinks
at him)

Do you like fish?

BEDSOE

To eat, you mean?

Nash is gone.

CUT TO:

MORAN SMOKING A CIGAR AT HIS DESK

In a bleak squad room. Around him, a beehive of activity. DETECTIVES interview VICTIMS, make calls, check evidence. Opposite, a door with a name-plate:

CAPTAIN T. L. WILKINS,
HOMICIDE
14TH PRECINCT

At an adjacent desk, Brewster reads the News. Bedsoe slumps in a chair. Steam pipes HISS & BANG.

MORAN

(to Bedsoe)

Are you sure?

BEDSOE

It was her. In his shop,
talking to him.

Moran glances at Brewster, who shrugs.

MORAN

(to Bedsoe)

How come she found him so easy,
and you, the highly-trained
security expert, lost him twice?

(tapping ash)

Now we got two new stiffes without
heads, Wilkins is all over my ass
and the press is going crazy about
a Head-Hunter.

BEDSOE

Frank, the guy ain't human.

BREWSTER

What d'you mean, not human?

BEDSOE

I doubt God Himself knows where
Nash is half the time. It's like
he's invisible.

(giggling)

Maybe he turns into a bat and
flies away.

MORAN

(scratching
his ear)

Sometimes, Bedsoe, I wonder what it
must be like to be inside your head.

(Bedsoe
splutters)

Shut up!

Moran stews. Things are coming unravelled.

MORAN

(continuing)

Shit.

(to Bedsoe)

Okay. You find Brenda. I'm making
her your responsibility. Got that?

(Bedsoe stands)

She turns up without a head,
you're history.

Bedsoe bolts like a rabbit.

MORAN

(continuing)

Proud of yourself, Leon?

BREWSTER

What are you looking at me for?

MORAN

You set Brenda up. If anything happens to her, I'm gonna come down on your ass like a ton of bricks.

WILKINS appears from his office, a no-neck egomaniac encased in polyester. He hates Moran. The feeling's mutual.

WILKINS

(shouting)

Moran, Brewster. Get your butts in here.

They rise, cross the squad-room, enter his office. The door SLAMS. Sound of SHOUTING. Cops exchange glances.

CUT TO:

2 KIDS FIGHTING WITH WOODEN STAKES

Battling on a tenement staircase, pretending to be knights of old. Rounding a corner, Nash sees them, watching fondly.

CUT TO:

MACLEOD AND RAMIREZ SPARRING BY A WATER-FALL

Ramirez, a brilliant swordsman, parries MacLeod's thrusts.

RAMIREZ

If an immortal chops off your head with a sword, you die.

(MacLeod advances)

The tradition is simple. We must fight each other until only one remains.

(ducking a swing)

Anywhere. Any time. Any place. Except on holy ground. At the end of each battle, we claim our opponent's sword. That's the tradition.

MacLeod quits. It's hot, and his sword's heavy. He collapses in the heather, watching the falls. Ramirez jabs him in the butt. MacLeod YELLS, jumps up and grabs his claymore, ready to fight.

MACLEOD

You over-dressed haggis. I'm going to have you for breakfast.

RAMIREZ

(side-stepping)

I almost had Von Krohn once. He carries my scar to this day. Right across his throat. I understand it affects his voice.

Finally exhausted, they flop in the grass, watching the water, drinking wine. Squirrels CHATTER by a tree. Ramirez lights a pipe.

MACLEOD

How did this happen to us?

RAMIREZ

I don't know.

He blows a smoke-ring, indicating the squirrels.

RAMIREZ

(continuing)

Those animals are all alike. But once in a while, I have noticed one will be born different. Bigger, with blue eyes, and fur white as snow.

MacLeod chews grass, concentrating.

RAMIREZ

(continuing)

Because it is different, others of its kind try to destroy it or drive it away. It's the same with us.

(tamping pipe)

That's why you must live alone. Change names. Conceal your immortality from normal men.

(pointedly)

And, of course, hide from Von Krohn until The Gathering.

MACLEOD

What gathering?

The Spaniard refills his pipe.

RAMIREZ

When only a few of us are left,
we will be drawn to each other
to seek the Prize.

MACLEOD

I'll not hide like a rat in a hole.
What about my family?

RAMIREZ

You will have no family. Immortals
like us cannot have children.

MacLeod gazes bleakly at the ROARING falls.

MACLEOD

That won't please Heather.
I'll tell you that for nothing.

Ramirez rises, brushing off his cloak.

RAMIREZ

You must leave her. For her sake,
and yours.

MACLEOD

(angrily)

I'll not. She's my wife, man.
I love her.

RAMIREZ

You can't afford to love her.
It's cruel. Let her go.

MACLEOD

No!

RAMIREZ

Then you will cause yourself and
your wife great anguish. I buried
Shakiko with my own hands.

(painful
memories)

I had to go on, never again to hear
the sound of her laughter, her voice.
She left behind such a silence.

MacLeod is moved.

CUT TO:

NASH WALKING BRISKLY THROUGH SNOWY CENTRAL PARK

Past SKATERS on the ice-rink. He sees an OLD COUPLE on a bench, listening to CAROLS on a RADIO. The old man kisses his wife's cheek, taking her hand. In his mind, Ramirez's words ECHO down 400 years:

RAMIREZ'S VOICE

I had to go on, never again to hear
the sound of her laughter, her voice.
She left behind such a silence.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE -- HEATHER GROWING OLD

They leave the Jedburgh forge and travel east, settling on a farm outside Montrose.

Years become decades. She changes. Her beauty fades. MacLeod is with her constantly.

Breathing her last, she lies in his arms, clutching a SHEEPSKIN DOLL, hand stroking his ageless cheek.

HEATHER

My beautiful man. My husband.

MACLEOD

I am that, my love.

Her eyes fill with tears. MacLeod fights for control, stroking her hair.

HEATHER

I have never ... really known.

MACLEOD

What?

HEATHER

Why you stayed.

MACLEOD

Because I love you as much now as
the day I first met you.

HEATHER

And I love you.

CRYING, she turns away. Misty-eyed, he cradles her head, holding her tight.

HEATHER

(continuing)

I don't want to die. I want to stay
with you forever.

MACLEOD

I want that, too.

HEATHER

Will you do something for me, Conner?

MACLEOD

What, love?

HEATHER

In years to come, will you light a
candle and remember me on my birthday?

MACLEOD

Aye, love. I will.

HEATHER

I wanted to have your children.

She collapses, clinging to him.

MACLEOD

(huskily)

They would have been strong and fine.

HEATHER

(struggling)

Don't see me, Conner. Let me die
in peace.

Heart breaking, he rocks her. Breathing faster, she closes her
eyes.

HEATHER

(continuing)

Where are we?

MACLEOD

We're in the Highlands. Where else?

Running down a mountain-side.

(she smiles,

young again)

The sun's shining. It's not cold.

We'll swim in the loch, maybe.

(she fades)

You've got your sheep-skins on.

And the boots I made for you.

She dies. He holds her tighter, blinks back tears.

MACLEOD

(continuing)

When I met you at the fair, you
said: "You're all muck and muscle".
Then you smiled. What a beauty.

Grief overcomes him. Lowering her gently, he closes her eyes,
taking the doll from her hand. He kisses her cheek.

MACLEOD

(continuing)

Good-night, my bonnie Heather.
You were always beautiful to me.

He SOBS.

CUT TO:

MACLEOD BURYING HEATHER AT SUNSET

On a hill above the farm. He shovels earth onto her coffin,
faster and faster. Flinging the spade away, he sinks to his
knees, WEEPING. His eyes rake the heavens.

MACLEOD

You were right, haggis. I cheated
her. Robbed her of a full life.
There will be no more.

Retrieving the spade, he continues his grim task.

CUT TO:

KASTAGIR FEEDING DUCKS IN CENTRAL PARK

Kids stage a snowball fight in Sheep Meadow. The African
stands on a bridge. Nash emerges from trees, joining him.
They're formal. Kastagir's voice is deep, English accent.

KASTAGIR

The Quickening was always strong
in you, MacLeod. It has become
more so with the passing years.

NASH

I did not come here to fight,
Kastagir. I am not armed.

KASTAGIR

Is that wise? The Gathering is
upon us. Von Krohn is here.
I can feel him everywhere.

NASH

So can I.

KASTAGIR

(drolly)

My New York Times informs me that
a Head-Hunter stalks the city.

(a beat)

Old weapons have been found, worth
millions. You broke tradition,
leaving Fasil's sword behind.

NASH

There was no time. People were
everywhere. As it was, I was
questioned by the police.

They suspect me of murder.

(smiling)

If I'm guilty, they'll give me
the death-penalty.

They LAUGH uproariously.

KASTAGIR

You're crazy, MacLeod. You
always were. What do you want?

Nash thinks. The African feeds the ducks.

KASTAGIR

(continuing)

Can you feel them, pushing and
quacking to reach the food? They
eat, they breed, they die. And
they don't even know it's coming.

(wryly)

Central Park ducks have got it made.

Nash smiles, watching the wind whipping the water.

CUT TO:

THE WIND-WHIPPED ESTUARY OF THE FIRTH OF FORTH

Studded with pines. Across the water, purple mountains against
banks of cumulus. MacLeod and Ramirez stand on the shore.
MacLeod tries to concentrate, facing a tree.

RAMIREZ

Let go of your mind and feel
the tree. Its bark. Its energy.
Rising.

MacLeod's face goes slack. Ramirez floats before him.

RAMIREZ

(continuing)

You have it. The Quickening. We all do. We can feel the life-force of living things. Some of us more than others. You don't know it yet, but you may be the strongest of all.

(MacLeod's
scared)

When we first met, you felt ill. Remember? It was the same when you encountered Von Krohn.

MACLEOD

Yes. A pressure. Everything drained from me. I can feel it now.

Ramirez claps him delightedly on the back. They walk off down the beach. A flight of herons glide low over the waves.

RAMIREZ

As an immortal, I interfere with your Quickening. If you were to take my head, my interference would stop. My power would transfer to you. You would be stronger.

MacLeod's head hurts.

RAMIREZ

(continuing)

The last immortal will have everyone's power, without interference. To live forever without want or fear of death.

(a pause)

It is the Prize for which we all struggle. Von Krohn must never possess it.

(blinding
smile)

So I break tradition and help you.

MACLEOD

If it came down to just us two, would you fight me?

RAMIREZ

No.

Sunset turns the sea to gold. MacLeod wonders if he's telling the truth.

Ramirez sheds his boots, yanks up his pantaloons and dances into the waves, reacting to the cold.

RAMIREZ

(continuing)

Immortals can be greedy. But some have compassion, like us. A desire to do good.

(wades ashore)

Not Von Krohn. He is evil.

(drying feet)

He has no pity for mortals. He enjoys killing.

(pulling

on boots)

He has no friends. He is the perfect warrior.

MACLEOD

How do you stop such a man?

RAMIREZ

I don't know. But he must be stopped. The human race will suffer indescribable horrors if he wins the Prize.

(adjusts hat)

Von Krohn has more Quickening than any immortal I ever met.

(eyeing him)

Except, perhaps, for you.

CUT TO:

SQUABBLING CENTRAL PARK DUCKS

Kastagir throws the last of the bread over the bridge.

KASTAGIR

Why don't you just come out with it? What do you want?

NASH

There are only 3 of us left. You, me and Von Krohn.

Kastagir walks off the bridge. Nash follows.

KASTAGIR

Go on.

NASH

Together, we could eliminate him.

They enter a DESERTED PLAY-GROUND.

KASTAGIR

What about tradition?

NASH

(harshly)

Screw tradition. Sometimes I think I'm losing my mind. I never know where I am. Past, present and future -- they're all jumbled up.

Kastagir LAUGHS, sitting on a swing.

KASTAGIR

I feel the same. It goes with the territory. My memory's always being triggered by something.

(a beat)

Your idea would never work. Even if we killed Von Krohn, sooner or later we would fight.

NASH

I wouldn't.

KASTAGIR

But I would, my friend. Don't ever forget that.

Snow flurries. Nash watches Kastagir swing.

CUT TO:

NASH HYPNOTIZED BY RAMIREZ'S HAT & HEATHER'S DOLL

In the glass case. Rachel enters soundlessly, standing behind him.

NASH

What are you looking at?

RACHEL

The eyes in the back of your head.

He LAUGHS, getting up, opening a huge closet. Inside, a selection of long overcoats. One wall is steel safe-deposit boxes.

RACHEL

(continuing)

Are you leaving? I want to talk.

He smiles, choosing a coat.

RACHEL

(continuing)

I'm worried. What are we
going to do about the police? .

NASH

(putting
on coat)

Nothing.

RACHEL

What if they come here?
What do I tell them?

NASH

Tell them I'm out.

RACHEL

(sitting)

And the forensics lady.
What does she know?

NASH

I have no idea. Mind your own business.

RACHEL

I never know what's going on inside
your head. You sit in this room all
day long, watching fish swim around.
It's morbid.

NASH

You think I should get out more.

RACHEL

You should. Meet some girls.

NASH

I've met some girls. In Hong Kong,
Switzerland, Jamaica --

RACHEL

Not those girls. They don't even
know your name. You need a woman
in your life.

NASH

(kissing
her cheek)

I've got you, Rachel.

Deciding to leave his sword, he picks up a gift-wrapped package and bottle.

RACHEL

Why aren't you taking your blade?
Where are you going, anyway?

NASH

(mock-severe)

To a grave-yard. To think my morbid thoughts in peace.

He blows her a kiss and leaves. She frowns, feeding the fish.

CUT TO:

BEDSOE STUFFING FRITOS INTO HIS MOUTH

Parked under a light outside a Murray Hill apartment building. A Pepsi rests in his lap. He struggles with Penthouse, finally getting the center-fold open.

BEDSOE

Beaver --!

The Pepsi upends into his groin.

BEDSOE

(continuing)

Shit!

CUT TO:

BRENDA IN BLACK BRA AND PANTIES IN HER BEDROOM

Finishing make-up. Her hands are shaking. Putting on dress and boots, she walks out into:

A FUTURISTIC LIVING-ROOM

Dinner set for two. Struggling to control her anxiety, she opens the table-drawer, removes a .38, checks and replaces it.

The BUZZER SOUNDS. She jumps. Quickly, she starts a TAPE-RECORDER hidden in a cabinet and heads for the door. Taking a deep breath, she opens it.

IT'S NASH

In suit, tie and overcoat, with package and bottle, smiling.

NASH

Good evening, Miss Gaskell.

For a second, she forgets her alias. Every nerve-end in her body tells her to slam the door and forget the whole thing. Instead, she forces a smile.

BRENDA

Hi. Come on in.

He enters, noting the set table. Closing the door, she takes his coat and heads for the bedroom.

NASH

Where are you going?

BRENDA

I'll be right back. The glasses are over there.

Putting the package on the coffee-table, he moves to the bar.

IN THE BEDROOM, BRENDA SEARCHES NASH'S COAT

Heart beating wildly. She finds a strange LEATHER SHEATH running from shoulder to hem inside. There's thousands of dollars in the pockets. The amount stuns her. Replacing the money:

SHE ENTERS THE BATHROOM

Talking to her rigid image in the mirror.

BRENDA

What are you doing? Do you know what you're doing?

NASH'S VOICE

(from living-room)

I like your place. Not exactly what I expected.

BRENDA

(calling)

What did you expect?

She tries to calm down. Is he a killer?

IN THE LIVING ROOM, NASH LOOKS THROUGH BLINDS

Seeing Bedsoe outside. He covers the room like a cat, answering her.

NASH

Oh, you know. The usual student
trappings.

(checks lamps)

Stuffed book-shelves. Hanging beads.
Homilies on the fridge.

(table-drawer,
sees .38)

Overweight liberated room-mates
in fatigue-jackets.

(finds tape-
recorder)

Smell of chicken soup.

He sits in a chair, opening the bottle. Finally in control,
Brenda walks in.

BRENDA

Are you disappointed?

NASH

No. Everything's great.

He fills glasses, hands her one, picks up his own.

BRENDA

Shall we have a toast?

He thinks for a moment.

NASH

Yes.

(raising
glass)

To the child going to bed,
And the man on the stairs
Who climbs to his dying love
In her high room.

(she's
transfixed)

And let us hope tonight
He shall find no dying,
But his love alive and warm.

His eyes are disturbing.

BRENDA

That's beautiful. What is it?

He smiles. They CLINK glasses.

NASH

Dylan Thomas.

They drink. She likes it. Pleased, he shows her the label.

NASH

(continuing)

Plum brandy. Bottled in 1783.

BRENDA

Jesus.

NASH

Yes, 1783 was a good year.
Mozart wrote his Great Mass.
The Montgolfier brothers went
up in the first hot-air balloon.
And Great Britain recognized the
independence of the United States.

BRENDA

Is that right?

Who is this history-freak with piles of money, 200-year-old
brandy and a junk shop on Canal Street?

BRENDA

(continuing)

Dinner'll just be a few minutes.
I hope you like Beef Wellington.

She notices the package.

BRENDA

(continuing)

What's that?

NASH

It's for you.

BRENDA

Can I open it now?

NASH

Of course.

She picks it up and rips off the gift-wrap, staring down at:

A
METALURGICAL HISTORY
OF
ANCIENT SWORD-MAKING
by
BRENDA J. WYATT

The blood drains from her face. Silence.

BRENDA
How did you find out?

NASH
I have a large library.

BRENDA
You saw me in the Garden the other
night, and followed me to the bar,
didn't you?

(no answer)
Did you know I was lying this morning?
About my Doctorate and Columbia?

(he nods)
So why invite yourself to dinner?
What do you want?

NASH
I'm curious about you.

Is he going to kill her? She glances at the table, wondering if
she can make it to the gun.

NASH
(continuing)
Do you work for Moran?

BRENDA
No.

He lights a cigarette.

NASH
Then why's a fat policeman sitting
outside, watching your apartment?

BRENDA
What fat policeman?

She peers through the blinds, seeing Bedsoe in the car.

NASH
You remember. He was at the shop.
Moran's had him following me.
He didn't see me come in.

She gulps her drink, declines more.

BRENDA

I swear I'm not working for Moran.
I'm in Forensics, for God's sake.
(re: Bedsoe)
I didn't know about the cop.

He refills his glass. The silence drives her crazy.

BRENDA

(continuing)

What are you going to do?

NASH

The question is, what are you
going to do?

(she frowns)

Are you going to turn off the tape,
or are you going to shoot me with
the .38?

BRENDA

You're something else, buster.

To hell with it. In this deep, she decides to play out her hand.
Crossing to the hidden recorder, she springs the cassette and
throws it away. Removing the .38 from the table drawer, she
offers it to him.

BRENDA

(continuing)

Here, take it. You're supposed
to be the psychotic killer.

He doesn't want it. Relieved, she drops it in a chair, perching
beside him.

BRENDA

(continuing)

Listen, I don't know what happened
between you and Fasil down in the
garage. I don't think you're a killer.
Maybe it was self-defense.

(pause)

You had a sword of your own,
didn't you?

NASH

Sword?

BRENDA

Don't play dumb with me, Nash.
The Samurai. I found pieces of
it in the garage.

(changing
tack)

Look, I don't want to pin a
murder-rape on anyone. Moran
doesn't have to know anything.

(passionately)

I just want to see the Samurai.

NASH

Why?

She grabs the plastic bag off a desk, showing him.

BRENDA

Metal like this isn't supposed
to exist. It's been folded 200
times to increase durability.
I've dated it at about 600 B.C.

(eyes alight)

The Japanese didn't start making
blades that way till the Middle
Ages.

He glances at the shards. She's more animated.

BRENDA

(continuing)

Don't you see? If I could verify
its existence, it'd be like finding
a 747 made a thousand years before
the Wright brothers flew.

(drolly)

With a story like that, I could get
on Good Morning, America.

NASH

(rising)

I don't have any sword. What
did you do with my coat?

BRENDA

It's in the bedroom. With a sheath
inside for the sword you don't have,
and pockets stuffed full of money.

NASH

What were you doing searching
my pockets?

BRENDA

(shouting)

What were you doing searching
my apartment?

NASH

This is crazy.

He walks out.

IN THE BEDROOM, NASH PUTS ON HIS COAT

She storms in.

BRENDA

You're not leaving here till I
get some straight answers, buster.

NASH

There isn't any sword.

Furious, she tries to spin him round. He flings her onto the
bed. She jumps up, clawing, SLASHING his cheek, drawing
blood.

He SLAMS her against the wall. Suddenly she freezes, eyes
riveted on his cheek.

The BLOOD-FLOW REVERSES, running back into the wound.
Horrified, she watches it disappear. In seconds, there's only a
scar.

BRENDA

(whispering)

Oh, my God --!

She can barely speak. Her mouth is dry.

BRENDA

(continuing)

Who are you? What are you?

NASH

(quietly)

You're meddling in matters beyond
your comprehension. Forces that
could crush you like an ant.

(moving closer)

Forget the sword. It doesn't exist.
Stick to your research and microscopes.

She's rooted to the spot.

NASH

(continuing)

You'll be happier there. And much safer. Believe me.

He leaves.

BRENDA

Wait --!

The front door SLAMS.

CUT TO:

MORAN AND BREWSTER EATING BURGERS AT HYMIE'S STAND

Lexington & 59th. Their red Dodge is parked at the curb. Bright sun, icy cold. Jostling crowds outside Bloomingdale's. Around them, traffic jams and BLARING HORNS.

HYMIE, the huge owner, is Moran's friend. He eats cole-slaw, drinks egg-cream, checks the News. Headline:

HEAD-HUNTER 4 -- COPS ZERO

HYMIE

Hey, Moran. Have you read what it says here?

MORAN

I don't need to read it, Hymie.

HYMIE

Okay, so tell me this.

(checks
story)

What does "incompetent" mean?

MORAN

(shouting)

Screw you, Hymie!

Hymie CACKLES. Moran turns his back. Passers-by react. He finishes his burger, eyeing Brewster.

MORAN

(continuing)

I swear to God, I'm coming apart.
It's the pressure. Wilkins. The
Mayor. I don't know about you,
but I quit answering the phone.
Let's get outta here.

They walk to the Dodge and get in. Brewster starts the engine.

HYMIE

(shouting,
re: paper)

Hey, Moran. What does "baffled"
mean?

Moran gives him the finger. Brewster peels off into traffic.

CUT TO:

MORAN & BREWSTER DRIVING CANAL STREET

Looking for Nash's shop. Brewster double-parks, pointing at a 4-story carriage-house set apart from a row of abandoned buildings. He sees the sign.

BREWSTER

That must be it.

MORAN

You stay here. If I flush him,
you grab him.

Brewster watches him cross the street and enter the shop.

CUT TO:

MORAN TALKING TO RACHEL INSIDE

She's at her desk. He strolls about, looking things over.

RACHEL

I don't think irregular hours are
all that unusual.

MORAN

But you see him every once in a
while, right?

RACHEL
Not often, Captain.

MORAN
Detective.
(pointing)
What's upstairs?

RACHEL
Storage.

His presence makes her nervous. He checks a SILVER BOX.

MORAN
So when d'you expect to hear
from him again?

RACHEL
Mr. Nash calls in periodically
for messages. That's all I can
tell you.

MORAN
So how d'you reach him?

RACHEL
I don't.

He sits across the desk from her, holding the box.

MORAN
What's this?

RACHEL
What does it look like? It's a
silver music box.

MORAN
How much?

RACHEL
Mr. Nash prices items. I wouldn't know.

MORAN
You don't know much of anything, do you?

He shrugs, placing it on the desk.

MORAN
(continuing)
Hell, I probably couldn't afford it,
anyway. Let me ask you something,
Miss -- is it Miss or Mrs?

RACHEL

Miss.

MORAN

What d'you do when you finish?

RACHEL

Finish what?

MORAN

Sitting here, waiting for Nash
to call.

RACHEL

Lock up and go home.

MORAN

Where's that?

RACHEL

I really don't see what --

MORAN

Come on, Miss Ellenstein. Where
d'you live?

Clocks TICK. Won't he ever leave?

RACHEL

Off University Place. In a brownstone.

MORAN

Ritzy. He must pay good.

(smiles,
gets up)

Well, when he calls in, tell him
I'd like to talk to him, okay?

(at the door)

D'you go out much?

RACHEL

Really, Lieutenant --

MORAN

Detective. Frank Moran. Do you?

RACHEL

None of your business.

MORAN

I guess not. Unless you wanted to
have a beer sometime.

RACHEL

(rising)

I've told you what I know. Getting
me drunk won't change things.

MORAN

(grinning)

You under-estimate yourself and
misjudge me. I think you're a
helluva good-looking woman.

(waving)

See ya.

He's gone. Rachel blinks at the door.

CUT TO:

BRENDA READING "CERTIFICATES OF BIRTH, 1941-48"

In the Hall of Records. She finds the photostat she wants:

RUSSELL EDWIN NASH

BORN: 11.17 A.M. OCTOBER 22nd, 1945

TO: KAREN JOAN NASH

ATTENDING PHYSICIAN: DR. WILLIS KADELL

CUT TO:

DR. WILLIS KADELL, 82, THUMBING THROUGH FILES

In his cluttered study. He's retired but feisty. Brenda sits on
a sofa. Kadell's distracted by glimpses of thigh.

KADELL

I ain't supposed to give you
this information without a
court order. You know that?

BRENDA

(shifting
position)

Dr. Kadell, it's very important
to me.

Kadell's never seen legs like hers.

KADELL

(mumbling)

Yes, well ... guess I could
... make exception ... since
it's important.

He wrestles with bursting files.

KADELL

(continuing)

19 and 45, you say? Course, the war was still on then. You wouldn't remember the war.

(before she can speak)

Hell of a thing. Hitler. And that Jap fella. Toto, was it?

(locating file)

Ah, here we go. Karen Joan Nash.

(reading)

Yes, yes. I remember this one. I was practicing in Syracuse. Didn't get many of these.

BRENDA

Many of what?

KADELL

Karen got pregnant and wasn't married. (checks her legs again)

Nowadays that's no big deal, but back then in Syracuse it was a stoning offense.

BRENDA

So what happened?

KADELL

She had the baby. Then she died.

BRENDA

That's too bad.

(a beat)

So Nash was illegitimate.

KADELL

Yeah, he was illegitimate. For about a minute-&-a-half.

(Brenda frowns)

He died right after she did. Probably the best thing.

BRENDA

(stunned)

He died?

Kadell nods. She tries to make sense of it. Confused, she stands. He rises.

KADELL

Did I help? Is that what you
wanted to know?

BRENDA

(shaking head)

I think so.

(a beat)

Yes. You were a wonderful help.
I'm very grateful. Thank you.

Squeezing his hand, she heads for the door. Kadell watches her
go, wishing he was young again.

CUT TO:

BRENDA GETTING OUT OF A CAB

Outside the Public Library, 5th & 42nd. Moving through
lunch-time crowds, she walks up the steps, removing a fur hat
and scarf.

CUT TO:

ERIK POWELL, CHIEF ARCHIVIST, NEW YORK STATE

A gay, highly-strung computer whiz, short-hair, mustache,
flashily dressed. He's seated at a console before 2
display-screens. Brenda stands behind him.

ERIK

Well, I did what you asked, Brenda.
And do I have something weird.

BRENDA

What?

ERIK

I've instructed the computer
to display certain documents
on micro-film.

(indicating
2nd screen)

They'll pop up there.

BRENDA

Erik, you said something was
weird. What?

He punches up data.

ERIK

This guy Nash's signature.
He's the legal owner of the
property on Canal Street.

BRENDA

I know that, Erik.

ERIK

(touchy)

He could have been renting.
Or leasing. You don't know.

Brenda sighs. Talking to Erik is a pain in the ass.
A micro-film DOCUMENT appears on the 2nd screen.

ERIK

(continuing)

Okay, here we go. This is the original
deed to the Canal Street property.
Dated 1796. Look at that signature.

On-screen, a dramatic scrawl: ADRIAN MONTAGU.

BRENDA

Who's Adrian Montagu?

ERIK

The first owner, silly.
(checks
print-out)
English immigrant.

Brenda puts her coat back on. She's freezing.

BRENDA

Can we cut to the chase, Erik?

ERIK

(ruffled)

I'm taking you through a process
here, Brenda. I spent hours on
this. Okay?

Brenda shivers in the cold, putting on her scarf.

ERIK

(continuing)

Adrian Montagu left his property
to Hamilton Kopp.

He CRACKS his knuckles.

ERIK

(continuing)

Even in the old days, if somebody left you something, you had to sign a receipt.

He taps codes, waiting for new data. On the 2nd screen: micro-filmed RECEIPT signed by HAMILTON KOPP.

ERIK

(continuing)

This shows that Kopp actually received Montagu's inheritance.

(enjoying himself)

Check out Kopp's signature, there. Familiar?

BRENDA

It looks a little like the first guy's. Montagu.

ERIK

Brilliant. You are a smart girl.
(back to console)

Now, the next thing I did was see if I could find a Hamilton Kopp who died at birth some time before the receipt was signed.

BRENDA

Why?

ERIK

Logical minds search for patterns.
(taps forehead)

I was born with a logical mind. Didn't you say the Nash baby died at birth right after the war?

She nods. On-screen: micro-film of a DEATH CERTIFICATE for someone named Hamilton Kopp.

ERIK

(continuing)

Here we go. Hamilton Kopp. Born, January 16th, 1819. Died at birth -- 20 years before he allegedly signed the receipt inheriting Canal Street from Montagu.

BRENDA

It's a coincidence. It's gotta
be a different Kopp.

ERIK

(grinning)

Think so? Watch this.

(programs

new stuff)

Kopp died and left all his worldly
goods to one Alfred Burgess.

On-screen: micro-film of a RECEIPT signed by BURGESS.

ERIK

(continuing)

Burgess left his possessions to
Wallingford Benoit.

On-screen: micro-film of a RECEIPT signed by BENOIT.

ERIK

(continuing)

And Benoit left it to your guy.
Russell Nash.

On-screen: micro-film of a RECEIPT signed by NASH. Erik
swivels in his chair. Brenda puts her fur hat back on.

ERIK

(continuing)

In all 5 instances, Montagu through
Nash, I found a death certificate
for a kid with the same name, who
died at birth -- years before he
pretended to sign for his inheritance.

(eyeing her)

Still think it's a coincidence?

She's never been so cold.

BRENDA

Jesus, Erik. Isn't there any
heat in here?

ERIK

No. Hot air's bad for the circuits.

(taps more

keys)

And now, just in case there's any
doubt.

On-screen, Brenda examines 5 magnified signatures:

ADRIAN MONTAGU
HAMILTON KOPP
ALFRED BURGESS
WALLINGFORD BENOIT
RUSSELL NASH

They're all similar.

ERIK

(continuing)

I checked with a handwriting expert.
He says the same guy wrote all 5.

(dramatically)

So what you have, sweetie, is a
guy who's been around since 1700.
Pretending to die every once in a
while. Leaving all his possessions
to kids who've been dead for years
-- and assuming their identities.

(big finish)

Now is that weird, or is that weird?

Brenda stares at names.

CUT TO:

KENNY WATCHING TV NEWS

From his desk in the Ansonia lobby.

NEWSCASTER

Public outrage mounts this hour as
New York's finest seem powerless
to stop the Head-Hunter killings.

KRUGER LEAVES THE ELEVATOR

Carrying his case, heading for the exit. The Newscaster
DRONES on.

KENNY

(seeing Kruger)

Hey, Rockefeller. How did you like
Candy? She said you were kinda kinky.
You want something else?

Kruger stops, staring at him.

KENNY

(continuing)

Leaving? You watch your ass out there.

(cackling)

Don't let the Head-Hunter getcha!

Kruger walks up to him, inches from his face. Shuddering, Kenny stares into eyes that are a vision of Hell.

KRUGER

(rasping)

Don't speak to me.

KENNY

Hey, I didn't mean --

KRUGER

Don't ever speak to me.
Do you understand?

He understands. Kruger leaves.

KENNY

(staring
after him)

I hope you get your head
chopped off, asshole.

CUT TO:

PATROLMAN ROSELLI DRIVING THROUGH LITTLE ITALY

In a Mustang, in uniform, on his way home. It's after midnight.

ROSELLI

(singing)

Oh, how we danced,
On the night
We were wed --

He BRAKES suddenly, seeing something, REVS back, fish-tails to a halt, stares down an alley:

A BLACK GUY & A WHITE GUY BATTLE WITH SWORDS

Roselli pulls his gun and jumps from the car.

CUT TO:

VON KROHN AND KASTAGIR IN THE ALLEY

Fighting savagely. Roselli takes aim.

ROSELLI

(shouting)

Freeze --!

They charge and retreat, swords HAMMERING in fury.

ROSELLI

(continuing,
shouting)

Police! Freeze, or I'll shoot!

Horrified, he sees the white guy decapitate the black guy.

ROSELLI STARTS FIRING

5 bullets SLAM into the white guy's chest, catapulting him into a fence. He falls. Roselli creeps forward. The black guy's history. He checks the man he shot. Suddenly:

THE WHITE GUY LUNGES WITH HIS SWORD

Driving the blade into Roselli's stomach. SCREAMING, Roselli falls, dropping his gun. Dumbstruck, he watches a man who took 5 slugs in the chest get up.

Ignoring the cop, Von Krohn stands over Kastagir's body. Roselli sees weird things happen.

The white guy picks up the black guy's sword. A CRYSTAL ORANGE CLOUD leaves the corpse and enters the white guy. He starts to GLOW. Roselli passes out.

CUT TO:

BRENDA SHOUTING AT RACHEL IN THE ANTIQUE SHOP

The older woman tries to be calm.

BRENDA

You're lying. I want to know
where he is.

RACHEL

Stop shouting, Miss Gaskell.

She tries to restrain her. Brenda shoves her away.

BRENDA

My name's not Gaskell. It's Brenda Wyatt. I work in Forensics for the New York police.

RACHEL

Fine. Stop shouting.

BRENDA

Like hell, I will. If you don't tell me where he is, I'm gonna tear this place apart.

She SMASHES chairs, SHATTERS mirrors.

BRENDA

(continuing)

Every damn piece of junk in it.

Rachel tries to restrain her.

RACHEL

Stop. Please.

Brenda's on a rampage. She hurls a chair across the room. Shelves of books CRASH to the floor. Rachel COUGHS in the dust. Brenda rounds on her.

BRENDA

Listen. You tell him I want to ask him about Adrian Montagu and Wallingford Benoit, and a kid named Russell Nash who died in 1945.

(Rachel pales)

Tell him I want to see that sword. Do that for me, would you?

The door BANGS. She's gone.

CUT TO:

BRENDA DODGING TRAFFIC ON CANAL STREET

Bedsoe watches from an alley. Seeing him, she marches across the street. Brakes SQUEAL. Bedsoe stares into her face, pop-eyed.

BRENDA

(shouting)

You flat-footed blimp! What the hell d'you think you're doing?

BEDSOE

I'm -- shopping.

Her voice carries down the block. Passers-by stop and stare.

BRENDA

Bull! You're following me.
You've been following me
ever since I left the goddam lab.

(shouting)

Get out of my sight!

Bedsoe's aware of a MUTTERING crowd. They think he's a pervert. Rachel races out of the shop and along the sidewalk. Bedsoe beats a hasty retreat.

BRENDA

(continuing)

And tell Moran to stick it in
his ear.

She stalks off. The crowd CHEERS. Out of breath, Rachel rushes up.

RACHEL

Wait. Miss Wyatt, please wait.

Brenda stops, glaring at her. The crowd watch expectantly.

CUT TO:

BRENDA SEEING THE SHIELD, CLAYMORE & TARTAN

Of the Clan MacLeod, on the wall in Nash's penthouse. Rachel enters with tea.

BRENDA

Is that claymore genuine?

RACHEL

Yes. Please sit down.

Brenda doesn't want to.

RACHEL

(continuing)

I'll tell you everything.

(indicating
sofa)

Please.

Still upset, Brenda sits.

RACHEL

(continuing)

At first, you won't grasp it.
But everything I'm going to
say is true.

(stirring tea)

If you believe me, you may
be able to help a man I love
very much.

(a beat)

If not, you might do more harm
than you could ever dream of.

She rises, rearranging a vase of roses on a dresser.

RACHEL

(continuing)

I'm Jewish. I first saw Russell
Nash in 1942. I was 9 years old,
hiding from the Nazis in a cellar
in Budapest.

(recollecting)

Only then, he was calling himself
Wallingford Benoit.

CUT TO:

MORAN & BREWSTER ENTERING BELLEVUE HOSPITAL

Shoving REPORTERS aside.

REPORTERS V.O.

(shouting)

Is the cop still alive?
Did he see the Head-Hunter?
What's the victim's name?
Come on, Moran!

Cops hold them back.

CUT TO: .

MORAN & BREWSTER IN AN ASCENDING ELEVATOR

Watching floor numbers.

MORAN

Roselli was off-duty,
heading home, right?

BREWSTER

Right.

MORAN

Is he gonna make it, or what?

BREWSTER

Yeah, he was lucky.

(a beat)

Listen, what are we gonna do about Wilkins? We can't hide forever. He called my house at 5:30 this morning, looking for me. He told my old lady he was gonna fire our asses if we don't come up with something.

(louder)

What are we gonna tell him?

MORAN

Tell him to take a flying fuck at a rolling donut.

CUT TO:

ROSELLI PROPPED UP IN BED, ABDOMEN BANDAGED

Tube in his arm. Moran and Brewster enter.

MORAN

How're you doing, kid?

ROSELLI

Okay.

MORAN

This'll only take a second. You got a look at the guy who stuck you, right?

ROSELLI

Sure-as-hell did.

Moran shows him a photo of Nash.

MORAN

This him?

ROSELLI

(checking)

Nope.

Moran can't believe it.

BREWSTER

(to Roselli)

Are you sure?

MORAN

Come on, Roselli. It was dark
in the alley. Take another look.

ROSELLI

I don't have to. And it wasn't
that dark. The guy was standing
right over me. I'll never forget
his face. He had a scar --

(indicating)

Right across his throat.

(re: photo)

That isn't him.

Moran sags onto the bed.

ROSELLI

(continuing)

There's something else. And you're
gonna think I'm nuts. But I'm not.
I swear to God.

CUT TO:

AN ORDERLY PUSHING A DINNER TROLLEY

Down the hall. Moran and Brewster head for the exit.
Reporters jostle outside.

MORAN

What do you know about Roselli?
Is he stable? Does he do drugs?

BREWSTER

He's a stand-up cop and an expert
marksman.

MORAN

Okay. Let's get a composite artist
up there right away.

(seeing
reporters)

Now we gotta give these bastards
something. We'll say we got an
eye-witness. That's it. Nothing
about guys taking 5 slugs in the
chest and walking away. Nothing
about sword-fights in the 20th
Century.

He jabs him in the chest.

MORAN

(continuing)

And nothing about guys glowing
in the dark. Got that, Leon?

They walk out into UPROAR.

CUT TO:

A NEWS-VENDOR AT 57th & 7th

Rush-hour crowds buy the Post.

NEWS-VENDOR

(shouting)

Extra! Cops release Head-Hunter
picture. Head-Hunter revealed.

The composite is front page. It's Von Krohn. The headline
reads:

HAVE YOU SEEN THIS MAN?

CUT TO:

NASH LIGHTING CANDLES IN ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL

Adding them to others flickering by the altar. Soaring columns,
stained-glass windows. A choir SINGS an ANTHEM. People
pray. Priests glide about.

NASH

(1st candle)

For you, my bonnie Heather.
Happy Birthday.

(lights 2nd)

Juan, Ramirez. I love you, too.

(remembering)

Take care of her, you over-dressed
haggis.

Suddenly, he feels ill. The candles blur. Turning, he sees:

VON KROHN SEATED IN THE LAST PEW

Looking weird. He's become a PUNK-ROCKER, straightened his
hair, dyed it ORANGE, put on make-up. A LINE OF SILVER
SAFETY-PINS dangles from the scar across his throat.

Dizzy, Nash joins him, sitting 2 pews away, the other side of
the aisle. The Prussian's mocking eyes roam the church.

VON KROHN

Do you still believe in all this
rubbish, Highlander?

(no answer)

The African, Kastagir, is gone.
Only you and I remain.

NASH

You look revolting, Von Krohn.
This is Christmas, not Hallowe'en.

VON KROHN

I am disguised. My face is all over
the papers.

(chuckling)

This way, people will not recognize me.

NASH

What do you want?

VON KROHN

Your head.

Nash is a coiled spring. 2 MATRONS rise, cross themselves and
leave.

VON KROHN

(continuing)

And the Prize.

(the matrons
pass by)

Merry Christmas, ladies!

Scared by his appearance, they hurry out. Von Krohn is
amused.

VON KROHN

(continuing)

I'm curious. Years ago, when I found
you battling the Frazers, I felt the
Quickening in you. It was like steel.

Nuns whisper to a BALD PRIEST.

VON KROHN

(continuing)

Fasil was a giant, eager to kill.
Sing was treacherous. Others, even
stronger, lost their heads to your
blade.

His eyes burn into Nash.

VON KROHN

(continuing)

You have no taste for it. But you triumph. What's your secret?

NASH

There is no secret.

VON KROHN

You managed to elude me for over 400 years. But I heard stories -- in Russia, Africa, France -- that you fought for human causes.

(sneering)

The American War of Independence. Rescuing Jews from the Nazis. Why?

NASH

Ramirez was right about you. You're slime.

VON KROHN

(harshly)

Ramirez was an effete, arrogant snob. He died on his knees. I took his head and raped his woman before his body was even cold.

Sneering, he remembers:

CUT TO:

VON KROHN APPROACHING MACLEOD'S HOUSE

Above the forge, in black chain-mail, gripping a sword. He KICKS DOWN the door.

Ramirez and Heather eat lunch at a table. Seeing Von Krohn, Ramirez grabs his own throat, GASPING for breath. The pressure is overwhelming. Heather is paralyzed with fear.

RAMIREZ

(choking)

Run, woman. For God's sake, run --!

VON KROHN

(rasping)

Juan Ramirez. What a surprise.

Ramirez races for the back door. He never makes it. Von Krohn stabs him, kicking him across the room.

RAMIREZ

(shouting)

Run, Heather --!

Hysterical, she grabs a poker, SMASHING it into Von Krohn's skull. His mailed fist knocks her unconscious. Ramirez tries to rise. Von Krohn grabs his hair, dragging his face close.

VON KROHN

The Highlander. Where is he?

RAMIREZ

Long gone.

VON KROHN

Where?

RAMIREZ

I don't know. Wherever he is, he's strong. I have prepared him for you, Von Krohn.

VON KROHN

(indicating
Heather)

The woman?

RAMIREZ

She's mine.

VON KROHN

Not for much longer.

Ramirez sees his throat-scar, remembering when he put it there.

RAMIREZ

Speak up, you Prussian hyena. I can't hear you. There's something wrong with your voice.

VON KROHN

Where is your sword?

Ramirez spits in his face. Von Krohn goes mad, raising his weapon over Ramirez's kneeling form.

VON KROHN

(continuing)

I dispatch you to Hell. Please tell them I sent you.

HE CUTS OFF RAMIREZ'S HEAD

A CRYSTAL SILVER CLOUD leaves the corpse, engulfing Von Krohn. He starts to GLOW.

Heather regains consciousness. Von Krohn comes for her. She tries to flee. He throws her down, ripping off her clothes. She SCREAMS & SCREAMS.

CUT TO:

MACLEOD LEADING A PACK-HORSE UP THE TRAIL

Approaching the forge at twilight. Ramirez's sword is strapped to his belt. ROLLING THUNDER. Lightning SEARS across the sky.

Reaching the top, he stares at the house. Something's wrong. The door's kicked down. Drawing the Samurai, he tethers his horse, creeping forward.

CUT TO:

RAMIREZ'S BLOODY CORPSE ON THE FLOOR

The place is a shambles. Heather's nowhere to be seen. MacLeod enters, staring at his friend's lifeless body, gripped by rage and fear.

MACLEOD

(roaring)

Heather --!

Sound of WHIMPERING.

HE RUSHES INTO THE BEDROOM

She's in a corner, battered and bruised, shivering like an animal, rugs pulled over her. Dropping the Samurai, he kneels at her side, lifting her gently into his arms. She SOBS brokenly.

CUT TO:

VON KROHN EYEBALLING NASH'S TORMENTED FACE

In St. Patrick's. Understanding slowly dawns in his lurid eyes.

VON KROHN

I see. Ramirez lied. The weasel
lied to protect you.

It's all becoming clear to him.

VON KROHN

(continuing)

You hadn't left. And the peasant woman was not his.

(smiling)

She was yours.

(savoring moment)

Oh, she was beautiful. Passionate. How did you find her when you returned? Yearning for her Prussian lover?

Nash is on his feet, shaking with rage.

NASH

(hoarsely)

If we weren't on holy ground, Von Krohn, I'd --

The Prussian LAUGHS in his face. Nash storms out. Von Krohn's METALLIC LAUGHTER rings through the cathedral. Worshippers are outraged. The Bald Priest confronts him.

PRIEST

This is a house of worship. People are trying to pray. You're disturbing them.

Von Krohn grabs the priest's hands, kissing them noisily, falling to his knees.

VON KROHN

Forgive me, father, for my sins. I am a worm.

The priest backs off. Von Krohn leers under orange hair, eyes like pinwheels.

VON KROHN

(continuing)

He cares. He really cares for human beings. I have an edge.

PRIEST

(thinks he means Christ)

Of course He cares. He died for our sins. To save your soul. It's no laughing matter.

Kissing the priest's bald head, Von Krohn grooves off down the aisle in hob-nail boots, safety-pins JANGLING at his throat.

VON KROHN

(singing)

I have him. I have him at last.

I have my advantage --

(into Messiah)

Hallelujah. Hallelujah.

(voice

rising)

Hal-le-looooo-jah!

He leaps out into the night. The door BANGS. Trembling, the priest crosses himself.

CUT TO:

RACHEL PUTTING DOWN HER TEA-CUP

Showing Brenda the photo of Nash and a girl in a car.
Brenda's in shock.

RACHEL

He went back again and again. For a long time, I did think it was magic. A few Nazis thought so, too. I'm the only one who ever knew the truth.

BRENDA

(re: photo)

When was this taken?

RACHEL

1951. I was 18.

BRENDA

Were you in love with him?

RACHEL

Oh, yes. But it was always a platonic relationship. That was the only way he'd have it.

(Brenda stares

at the photo)

It's strange. First, I was the child he could never have.

Then I grew up, and wanted to be his lover. That didn't work.

Brenda wonders why.

RACHEL

(continuing)

Now I'm 60. He hasn't changed.
I could be his mother.

She replaces the photo on the mantle.

RACHEL

(continuing)

The money he's accumulated down
through the years is staggering.
Let me show you something.

She rises, opening the closet-door, unlocking one of the deposit
boxes. Incredulous, Brenda gazes at stacks of money, bonds
and stocks, then at the wall of boxes.

BRENDA

They're all full?

RACHEL

Every one. Of course, his whole
fortune isn't here. It's in banks
across the world. He's lost track
of how many.

They return to the living-room. Brenda sits down, thinking.

RACHEL

(continuing)

Now that you know, what are you
going to do?

BRENDA

(trying to
grasp it)

All I wanted was to verify the
sword's existence. But this.

(shaking
head)

It's mind-boggling. Scottish
Highlands, immortals, the Prize.
I have to think.

RACHEL

There's no time for that. I've
betrayed a confidence and placed
someone I love in great danger.
Tell me what you're going to do.
Right now.

CUT TO:

NASH COMING HOME

He leaves the elevator, takes off his coat, pours a drink, turns and freezes. Brenda sits in a wing-chair, watching him.

BRENDA

Hi.

NASH

Where did you, how did you --?

BRENDA

Rachel let me in. She told me everything.

He sits down heavily. He doesn't need this.

NASH

Where is she?

BRENDA

Downstairs.

NASH

Damn.

BRENDA

She thought it would be --

NASH

(angrily)

I don't care what she thought. She never should have told you anything.

BRENDA

Don't be angry with her. I'm responsible.

He moves to the bar.

NASH

Do you want a Scotch?

BRENDA

Is it old?

NASH

12 years old. D'you want some or not?

She does. He pours drinks, hands her one and sits down.

NASH
(continuing)

Now what?

Brenda decides to plunge right in.

BRENDA

You could show me your mighty sword.

NASH

Right. Then you could get on
Good Morning, America.

(a beat)

Are you hungry?

She is. He BUZZES the intercom. Pause.

RACHEL'S VOICE

(amplified)

Am I fired?

NASH

I'd never find anyone with your
qualifications. Call Lutece and
get us some dinner.

RACHEL'S VOICE

She likes Italian.

NASH

Anything. Food.

Clicking off the intercom, he stands up, looking down at her.
She can't read his expression.

CUT TO:

NASH, BRENDA & RACHEL HAVING DINNER

At the living-room table. It's a feast.

RACHEL

(to Nash)

Tell her about the duel.

NASH

Come on, Rachel.

RACHEL

Tell her.

(to Brenda)

He once fought a duel.

Brenda looks at him inquiringly.

NASH

It was in 1797. With a pompous ass named Bassett. A Boston lawyer. He'd demanded an apology.

BRENDA

For what?

NASH

He'd accused me of ogling his wife.

RACHEL

She looked like a horse.

NASH

I shouldn't have done it. Bassett's second, Hotchkiss, dragged me to Beacon Common. I wasn't feeling well.

RACHEL

(to Brenda)

He was drunk. He'd been drinking all night long.

CUT TO:

NASH, DISHEVELLED, RED-EYED & WEAVING

Slashing the morning mist with his weapon, cutting phantom enemies to shreds. He wears one shoe. His coat is torn and flapping. Wig-curls dangle in his eyes.

NASH V.O.

Bassett chose rapiers at dawn.

BASSETT, a jumpy, ferret-faced lawyer, tests blades under an oak tree. 2 horses chomp grass nearby. HOTCHKISS, a lantern-jawed toady, brushes his master's coat.

HOTCHKISS

The heavier blade, Mr. Bassett, I implore you.

BASSETT

You are my second, Hotchkiss. I am fighting this duel. Not you.

He eyes Nash, who is savagely trying to kill a bush.

BASSETT

(continuing)

See if the imbecile is ready.

Hotchkiss rockets across the dewy grass, avoiding Nash's unpredictable thrusts.

HOTCHKISS

Mr. Bassett is waiting, sir.

Nash whips round, almost dislocating his neck.

NASH

I'm Bash. Not Nassett.

(wig slides
over his eyes)

Christ, I've gone blind.

BASSETT

(advancing)

On guard, sir.

Hotchkiss waits for the kill. Nash can't see. Bassett runs him through.

Nash CRASHES onto his back. Bassett sees it's all over. Kissing his master on both cheeks, Hotchkiss escorts him to his horse.

Wound healing, head aching, Nash staggers to his feet, squinting.

NASH

(slurring)

Hey, Bassett. Is that you?

Dumbstruck, they wheel. He's waving at them.

NASH

(continuing)

Got anything to drink?

HOTCHKISS

You appear to have missed, Mr. Bassett.

BASSETT

I did not miss, you idiot. I ran him through.

Nash blinks at his rapier, wondering what it is. Shoving Hotchkiss aside, Bassett lunges, delivering the coup-de-grace. Nash falls down.

NASH V.O.

Bassett kept running me through.
I'd fall down.

The lawyer makes 5 more frenzied attempts to dispatch him,
each time receiving kisses from Hotchkiss.

NASH V.O.

(continuing)

Hotchkiss would embrace Bassett.
They'd head for their horses.
I'd stagger up.

Nash rocks on his heels, eyes zooming. Bassett thinks its a
nightmare. Hotchkiss shoves a pistol into his hand.

HOTCHKISS

(screeching)

Shoot him! Shoot him in the head!

Finally grasping what's happening, Nash raises his hand.

NASH

Stop, sir. I beg you.

Bassett tries to cock the gun, Hotchkiss urging him on.

NASH

(continuing)

I apologize, Mr. Bassett, for
ogling Mrs. Bassett. I beg your
forgiveness and bid you good-day.

He staggers off into the mist. Hotchkiss tries to wrench the
gun from Bassett.

HOTCHKISS

Let me do it. You botched the
whole thing.

Ripping it from him, Bassett searches for Nash. He's gone.
Wheeling in circles, he looks for someone to kill.

Suspecting he will be chosen, Hotchkiss flees for his life.
Bassett raises the pistol and FIRES.

CUT TO:

BRENDA SPELLBOUND BY NASH'S STORY

Her cannelloni forgotten.

BRENDA

What happened?

NASH

Bassett shot Hotchkiss in
the ass. Very painful.

Brenda LAUGHS. Rachel smiles. Everything's going well. She starts to clear the table.

NASH

(continuing)

It's okay, Rachel. We'll take
care of it.

She heads for the door. Giving them one last look, she leaves. Nash pours wine. Brenda looks at the spread.

BRENDA

Rachel ordered enough for an army.

He lights a cigarette, relaxing.

BRENDA

(continuing)

You shouldn't do that. It's --

NASH

Bad for my health. Yes.

She smiles, playing with her glass.

BRENDA

It's impossible to figure all
this. It can't be real.

He gets up, taking the Samurai from the sheath in his coat, laying it on the table before her.

NASH

It's real. Forged in 593 B.C.
Folded 200 times to increase
durability.

Amazed, she runs her fingers over the blade.

BRENDA

This belonged to Ramirez?

He nods. Reality hits her like a bolt. She's alone with an immortal, holding a sword forged half a century before Christ.

BRENDA

(continuing)

How many men have you killed with this?

NASH

Too many. They're all gone. Except for one.

BRENDA

Von Krohn?

NASH

Von Krohn.

He pulls her up, staring into her eyes. She's not sure if he's going to kill her or kiss her.

HE KISSES HER

CUT TO:

NASH AND BRENDA MAKING LOVE IN THE 4-POSTER

Like panthers. She grips his scar-covered back. He kisses her face and neck.

CUT TO:

HEATHER DYING IN THE 16TH CENTURY

CUT TO:

NASH AND BRENDA IN BED

Head on his chest, she feels his breathing, stroking his scarred arm.

BRENDA

You're like the sun, going on for ever and ever.

NASH

The sun'll burn out in 10 billion years.

BRENDA

What'll you do then -- walk around in the dark?

He smiles, kissing her. She touches his cheek.

BRENDA

(continuing)

No-one ever made love to me like that.

(a beat)

I guess you've had a lot of practice. How many women have you had?

NASH

You come right to the point, don't you?

BRENDA

I don't have as much time to waste as you do.

NASH

(smiling)

A few.

BRENDA

(rising on
one elbow)

And you only loved Heather, right?

Nash rubs his eyes. Rachel really did a job on him.

NASH

Yes.

BRENDA

And losing her was too painful to bear?

He gets off the bed, walking naked into the bathroom. Sound of SHOWER.

BRENDA

(continuing)

It's not just your body that's covered in scars. D'you know that, Mr. Nash?

The shower STOPS.

NASH'S VOICE

You have a motor mouth.

BRENDA

Do you think Heather loved you?

(no answer)

If she did, d'you think she'd want you to spend the rest of your life in a hair-shirt? It's morbid.

Towel round his waist, he marches out of the bathroom.

NASH

I don't want to talk about this.

BRENDA

I do.

He prowls about, picking up things and putting them down.

BRENDA

(continuing)

I heard Christian Barnard on TV one time.

NASH

(turning)

Who?

BRENDA

The heart guy. The one who did the first transplant.

NASH

I don't have heart trouble.

BRENDA

Oh, yes, you do.

(a beat)

Anyway, Barnard said the first question anyone asked who was considering a transplant was: 'How long will I live?'

(he stares at her)

He answered: 'Probably not as long as if you keep the heart you have. But it's causing you pain'.

(she sits up)

'If I give you a new one, chances are you'll have 2 years at the outside, but you'll be free of pain'.

NASH

What is your point?

BRENDA

Ramirez was wrong. Just one year of love, though it ends in death, is better than a painful eternity alone.

NASH

Are you making a proposal?

She lies back, seductively pulling the sheet around her.

BRENDA

Not me, buster. I have to go to work in the morning. Besides, we've only just met.

(pause)

Come here a minute.

NASH

(eyeing her)

Why?

BRENDA

I want to check your pulse.

He's on her in a flash.

CUT TO:

MORAN AND BRENDA IN THE BALLISTICS LAB

Next day. He's beat. She runs a test under arc-lights. He carries a New York Times. The headline reads:

HEAD-HUNTER TERROR GROWS

MORAN

It was Bedsoe's job to protect you.

She adjusts a .357 bolted to a frame, aimed into a water-tank.

BRENDA

I don't need protection.

MORAN

You went to see the guy twice.
Why?

She checks cameras.

BRENDA
I was looking for something.

MORAN
What?

She primes an electronic trigger.

BRENDA
An antique.
(hands him
ear-plugs)
Here, Frank. Put these on.
(he waves
them away)
Okay.

She presses a button. The .357 spits fire. Deafening ROAR. Moran's ear-drums shatter. The bullet enters the tank at 300, reducing speed. Brenda removes her plugs, retrieving it.

BRENDA
(continuing)
I don't like being followed.

MORAN
(jams cigar
in mouth)
You won't be any more. The Mayor's created a special Head-Hunter Task Force, Wilkins in command. His first official act was to throw me off the case.
(shrugs)
Brewster's been transferred to Bunco.

Age and strain show in his face.

BRENDA
I'm sorry, Frank.

MORAN
Probably for the best.
(a beat)
We handed over our files. We took out any reference to you. It wasn't my idea to get you involved in the first place.

BRENDA
Thanks.

She drops the test-slug in a plastic bag, sealing it.

MORAN

Brenda, I've always liked you.

(indicating
Times headline)

But there's shit going on in this
Head-Hunter case you wouldn't
believe. And you know what?

BRENDA

What?

MORAN

I'm scared. I still don't know
what you're up to. You're on your
own now. I don't want you hurt.

BRENDA

I won't be.

(he walks
to the door)

Frank.

He stops. She's aware of the pressure he's under.

BRENDA

(continuing)

It's nice you're concerned for me.
I'm sorry about Wilkins.

MORAN

You stay out of trouble.

(a beat)

And don't get into any elevators
with Brewster.

BRENDA

(smiling)

I won't.

He waves and leaves.

CUT TO:

BRENDA & NASH ATOP THE WORLD TRADE CENTER

Having lunch. Spectacular view of the Statue of Liberty in
winter sunshine. She's energized. He's pensive.

BRENDA

Mom used to visit once in a while,
but basically it was just Dad, me
and the horses.

He watches a liner ease down the Hudson.

BRENDA

(continuing)

You're not listening.

NASH

Brenda, this isn't going to work.

BRENDA

What isn't going to work?

NASH

Us. You telling me all about
your family and your dreams.

BRENDA

(stung)

Oh. If I'm an object, it's okay.
If I'm a living human being with
dreams, you can't handle it.

NASH

I can't get involved. It's not
fair to you.

BRENDA

Who said anything about being
involved?

A WAITER looms, pouring coffee. Brenda looks at the view.
The waiter leaves.

BRENDA

(continuing)

What do you want, Russ? A one-night
stand? You got it. No problem.

(pointing)

Pass the sugar.

He does so. He's not enjoying this.

NASH

It's not that simple. You know
everything.

BRENDA

(incredulous)

And you think I'm going to spill
the beans, Mr. Nash-Montagu-Benoit,
whatever your name is?

NASH

(angry)

I never know what you're going
to do, Miss Gaskell-Wyatt,
whatever your name is.

She calms down, stirring her coffee.

BRENDA

I would never do that. Your
secret's safe with me, buster.

(hides
feelings)

How was the salad?

He reaches for her hand. She pulls away.

BRENDA

(continuing)

Listen. I meant everything I said
to you the other night. You can
wander the world with your head
hanging down for ever, if that's
what turns you on.

He fiddles with a fork, trying to shut out her voice.

BRENDA

(continuing)

But you're a cripple, whether you
know it or not. Locked away in your
own private world.

(voice rising)

Unable to care, or make any changes,
because you're afraid.

(flinging
down napkin)

If that's immortality, you can keep
it. I don't want any part of it.
Or you.

She gets up and walks out. Nash crushes the fork in his fist.

CUT TO:

VON KROHN STANDING ON THE STREET

Watching Brenda leave the World Trade Center in a cab. He takes the number, stuffing it into his pocket.

Heading down the street, he passes A NEWS-STAND. His composite's everywhere -- but bears no resemblance to the orange-haired freak he's become.

CUT TO:

BRENDA LOCKING HER OFFICE FOR THE NIGHT

Heading for the elevator.

CUT TO:

BRENDA WALKING THROUGH AN UNDERGROUND LOT

Parked cop-cars. 2 PATROLMEN check her ass as she passes. Reaching her car, she gets in, starting the engine.

CUT TO:

BRENDA DRIVING OUT ONTO THE STREET

Heavy night-traffic. It's raining. Hitting a ramp, she speeds up onto the freeway, glancing into her rear-view mirror. A face leers from the back seat, lit by passing headlights:

It's Von Krohn, hair shaved into an ORANGE MOHAWK, voice like NAILS ON A SLATE.

VON KROHN

Hello, pretty.

She SCREAMS, slamming on the brakes, fish-tailing wildly, tires SQUEALING. Cars try to avoid her on the slick surface. Horns BLARE.

Von Krohn grabs the wheel. SHRIEKING, she claws his face. He chokes her unconscious. The car SKIDS 180-degrees, facing approaching traffic.

Leaping into the front seat, he GRINDS gears, staring past the thrashing wipers. Headlights whizz past like bullets. HORNS HOWL.

REVVING the engine, he lurches forward, zig-zagging into oncoming traffic, trying to get turned around.

CUT TO:

OFFICERS DODSON & SCHMIDT IN THEIR CRUISER

On the freeway, hurtling past a red Ferrari going the wrong way.

SCHMIDT

What's that crazy bastard doing?

He flips on SIREN and lights, checks traffic and hangs a fast U, narrowly avoiding a camper and 2 cars. Flooring the accelerator, he takes off after the Ferrari into the oncoming traffic.

Next second, the Ferrari reappears, bearing down on them. The driver's got it turned around, heading in the right direction. It rockets past. They glimpse an orange mohawk at the wheel.

DODSON

Son-of-a-bitch.

SCHMIDT

(over siren)

Hang on. Here we go again.

He spins the wheel. Tires SHRIEK. A Volvo SLAMS into a piling. A pick-up broadsides a van. Cars SKID left and right.

CUT TO:

THE CRUISER CHASING THE FERRARI

Down East Side Drive in pouring rain. Past the U.N. at 100, weaving through traffic, leaving in their wake wrecks, SCREECHING brakes and BLARING horns.

Past Con Edison and Bellevue, the cars are a blur, flinging up sheets of spray. The cruiser's SCREAMING siren clashes with THUNDER. Sheet LIGHTNING etches the towers of the World Trade Center in sharp relief.

The Ferrari is now hydroplaning, skimming the surface 5 centimeters off the ground.

IN THE CRUISER

Schmidt white-knuckles the wheel, trying to control the bucking vehicle. Dodson sweats, gritting his teeth.

DODSON

(into mike)

Car 106. Gotta flyer in a red
Ferrari. Heading for Brooklyn
Bridge. We're taching him at 130.

IN THE FERRARI

Von Krohn sees ramps to the bridge hurtling at him through the storm. Brenda comes to in the passenger-seat, instinctively trying to open the door.

Von Krohn clubs her, knocking her cold. He hits the bridge ramp at 130. The cruiser's gaining. He's got to get away somehow.

On a clover-leaf ramp below, he spots a 16-WHEELER lumbering off the bridge. He gets a twisted idea.

Turning the wheel savagely, he BLASTS through the retaining wall. The Ferrari is airborne, sailing out into the night.

IN THE CRUISER

Schmidt stands on the brakes, SCREECHING to a stop in time to see:

The Ferrari make a perfect landing on the roof of the moving 16-wheeler, 30 feet below.

DODSON

(yelling
into mike)

He's just smashed through the ramp.
He just flew through the air and
landed on a --

SCHMIDT

(stopping him)

Forget it, Harry. No-one's gonna
catch that guy.

CUT TO:

HOMER & BILL IN THE 16-WHEELER

Bill drives. Homer eats a baloney sandwich, staring up at the roof of the cab. He has a heavy southern accent.

HOMER

(chewing)

What the hell --?

Bill SLAMS on the brakes. Eyes wide, they watch a red sports car bounce off the roof, hit the hood and pancake onto the street, bumper dragging, wheels wobbling, trunk BANGING up and down.

Steam pouring from its hood, the car surges off into the dark.

HOMER

(continuing)

That's New York, Bill. Folks drop in on you from time to time.

CUT TO:

VON KROHN IN THE BATTERED FERRARI

RATTLING onward, Brenda unconscious at his side. Noticing the tape-player, he takes a cassette out of his pocket and slots it in. HEAVY-METAL SOUND of VON KROHN'S ANTHEM.

Digging the beat, he looks Brenda over, stroking her hair, ripping open her coat, ogling her breasts.

VON KROHN

Pretty, pretty, pretty.

CUT TO:

NASH SLUMPED ON A COUCH IN HIS LIVING-ROOM

Replaying a RECORDED message:

VON KROHN'S VOICE

She gave me your number. She didn't want to at first. Listen.

(Brenda screams)

She's hot, Highlander. I think she wants me. What part of her do you think I should cut off first?

(more screams)

Maybe I could mail it to you. Probably take a couple of days.

Nash shuts it off. Rachel cries by the door.

RACHEL

It's my fault. If I hadn't interfered.

NASH

Be still.

He gets up, puts on his coat and checks his Samurai.

RACHEL

(frantic)

He's gone over the edge. The endless years have driven him mad. He'll kill you.

NASH

Maybe.

Her heart breaks. He holds her face in his hands.

NASH

(continuing)

Rachel, there are some instructions in the desk-drawer. I want you to follow them. There's a power-of-attorney for you. You'll have everything you need.

RACHEL

(realizing)

You're not coming back.

(silence)

Even if you kill him, you're not coming back. Are you?

He sits her down, holding her hands.

NASH

(gently)

No, I'm not coming back. Russell Nash will die tonight. One way or the other. It's time to move on.

RACHEL

(sobbing)

There's no-one in my life but you.

Nash gives her a handkerchief.

NASH

And that's not right. You still have a lot of life to live. You've done enough for me. You deserve some happiness of your own.

RACHEL

It's too late. I'm afraid.

NASH

(smiling)

No, it's not. Do you remember
when we first met? Do you?

(she nods)

You were lost and alone, hiding
in the dark. Your life was over.
There was no hope. Everything
came out all right, didn't it?

(she tries to
be brave)

I don't think a beautiful woman
like you need ever be alone
or afraid.

He stands up, smiling down at her.

RACHEL

What about Brenda?

NASH

I can't let that jackal kill her.
I have to go. He's only given
me an hour.

RACHEL

I understand.

He walks to the door, looking back.

NASH

Good-bye, dearest Rachel.

He leaves. Long silence. There are tears in her eyes.

RACHEL

(whispering)

Good-bye, Russell Nash.

CUT TO:

CONEY ISLAND AMUSEMENT PARK AT NIGHT

Bitter cold. A sign reads:

NO ADMITTANCE
CLOSED FOR THE WINTER

Breakers POUND the beach. Wind HOWLS through the park.

The roller-coaster's a silent prehistoric monster. Light flickers from a domed pavilion.

CUT TO:

VON KROHN ASSEMBLING HIS SWORD

Inside the merry-go-round, slotting the blade into place.

Sprawled in sawdust, Brenda slowly opens her eyes, staring at wooden horses frozen in motion. Shivering, she sits up, trying to get her bearings.

Von Krohn looms over her, blade gleaming in the light.

VON KROHN

A nice sleep, yes?

She tries to rise. He sets his sword-point at her throat.

VON KROHN

(continuing)

One move, and I'll cut you to bits.

He forces her back. She's freezing and terrified.

BRENDA

You're an animal.

VON KROHN

You amuse me, pretty. When I finish with the Highlander, I will make love to you.

BRENDA

(spitting)

You Prussian prick. You don't have the equipment.

(he glares
in fury)

Come on. Kill me. You're going to do it anyway.

(a beat)

What's the matter? No balls?

VON KROHN

Ahhh. You try to anger me, so I kill you before he arrives. Then I would have no advantage.

BRENDA

(staggers up)

He won't come. I'm nothing to him.
Just a roll in the hay.

Breath billowing, mohawk trembling, he wonders if she's telling the truth. Suddenly he freezes, staring out into the dark.

VON KROHN

He cares for you. He's coming
now. I can feel him. My advantage
is real.

She grabs a hammer, hurling it at him. He bats it away with his sword, SLAPPING her across the face.

NASH APPEARS, SAMURAI IN HAND

Von Krohn drags Brenda up by the hair, resting his blade across her neck. She SCREAMS. Nash starts forward.

VON KROHN

(continuing)

Stop, or I'll cut her.

BRENDA

(screaming)

Kill him, for God's sake. Kill him!

Coiled like a spring, Nash stops.

NASH

Let her go, Von Krohn.

VON KROHN

I don't think so.

He yanks her head farther back, eyes on Nash.

VON KROHN

(continuing)

Put down your sword and walk away.

(pointing)

Over there.

Brenda struggles to break his grip. Nash puts down his sword. Von Krohn's smile reveals chipped teeth.

VON KROHN

(continuing)

Very good. Now move.

(Nash moves)

Kneel down, neck exposed.

Hatred smoldering in his eyes, Nash kneels.

NASH

Let her go.

Von Krohn hurls Brenda away from him, swinging murderously at Nash's exposed neck. Nash rolls out of range, jumping up. Brenda falls to the ground, SOBBING.

Smiling, Von Krohn goes after Nash. He backs away, dodging the Prussian's whistling blade.

VON KROHN

There's no place for you to run.
Give up, Highlander. It's over.

NASH

(shouting)

The sword, Brenda. Throw me the sword.

Grimacing in pain, she scrambles over to the Samurai, picking it up. Von Krohn wheels round, trying to stop her.

She flings the sword with all her strength, arcing it over the Prussian's head. Alarmed, Von Krohn watches Nash snatch it out of the air.

AGES OF PENT-UP FURY ARE RELEASED

Wielding his sword like a scythe, Nash attacks, driving Von Krohn back in showers of sparks. Blades CLANG in the gloom.

Von Krohn is no push-over. He blocks and parries brilliantly. They lock sword-hilts, face-to-face.

BRENDA

Kill him! Kill him!

NASH

(straining)

I'm trying to, dammit.

Von Krohn hurls Nash across the pavilion. He lands on his back, winded. YELLING, the Prussian charges, driving Nash out into the night. Brenda follows fearfully.

A SAVAGE BATTLE RAGES THROUGH THE PARK.

Between the reptilian day-glo nightmare and the 447-year-old Highlander.

Roller-coaster pilings are severed and collapse. Arcades are demolished. Ferris-wheel chairs are hacked to pieces. They battle beneath a huge red wooden fruit. Painted on it in lurid colors:

FUN IN THE BIG APPLE

They circle each other. Nash's eyes burn into his ancient enemy.

NASH

I feel something coming from you. What is it?

VON KROHN

You feel nothing.

They charge, grappling like primordial beasts, sweat pouring off their bodies.

NASH

It's fear. That's what I feel. You're afraid of me, you Hun son-of-a-bitch.

(hurling
him back)

That's why you needed the woman. You didn't think you could take me.

At last he sees the truth revealed in Von Krohn's rabid eyes. He charges again, wielding Ramirez's sword full-strength.

Von Krohn's starting to tire. His arms feel like lead. Breath RASPING in steaming clouds, he retreats to the frozen beach, Nash driving him back.

NASH

(continuing)

All these years, I thought I was running from you. But it was the other way around.

(sneering)

You're not the perfect killing machine. You're a coward.

Nash BATTERS him relentlessly. Each blocked blow saps him further. Beaten, he stands, gulping for air. Nash faces him, sword raised for another blow.

VON KROHN CAN'T GET IT UP

Brenda holds her breath.

NASH
(continuing,
to Von Krohn)
For Heather MacLeod, Juan Ramirez,
Sarto Kastagir, all of them.

His blade a WHISTLING blur:

NASH CUTS OFF VON KROHN'S HEAD

Exhausted, he steps forward, prying the sword from the Prussian's grip.

Transfixed, Brenda watches a CRYSTAL PURPLE CLOUD leave Von Krohn's corpse and swirl around Nash's crouching figure. Standing up:

NASH GLOWS ALL COLORS OF THE RAINBOW

His hair stands on end. Color ERUPTS from his eyes. He's like a ROMAN CANDLE against the waves. The wind HOWLS.

NASH
(screaming)
Mother of God --!

Terrified, she tries to touch him. It's like his skin's on fire.

BRENDA
(screaming)
What is it --?

Glowing, he falls to his knees in the sand.

NASH
The Prize. It's the Prize.

Suddenly, the light stops. His eyes probe the darkness.

NASH
(continuing)
Everything's alive. The Quickening is too powerful. I've forgotten my name.

(reeling)
All interference has gone. I am generations being born and dying.
(standing up)
I am the global brain. The night air is my breath. The life-force smothers me. I can feel everything.

She's terrified. Waves CRASH on the beach.

NASH

(continuing)

I can feel your love. The blood
in your veins. Your fear of me.

He reaches out. She recoils in terror. What kind of monster has
he become?

CUT TO:

FIRE-TRUCKS CONVERGING ON NASH'S SHOP.

Sirens SCREAMING. It's a blazing inferno. Cops hold back
crowds. FIREMEN direct hoses to no avail. Tears in her eyes:

RACHEL MOVES THROUGH THE CROWD

Package under her arm, watching beams split in showers of
sparks.

CUT TO:

MORAN ASLEEP ON A COUCH IN HIS APARTMENT

TV on, SOUND OFF. The place is messy. The door-bell RINGS.
He wakes up, checking his watch. It's 2:00 A.M. He opens the
door.

Package in hand, Rachel stands in the hall. He's
thunderstruck.

MORAN

Miss Ellenstein.

RACHEL

I know it's very late, but I'd
like to talk. Can I come in?

MORAN

Sure. Come on in.

She enters, looking round. He tries to straighten up, grabbing
a shirt off the floor.

MORAN

(continuing)

I wasn't expecting company.

RACHEL

If it's not convenient --

MORAN

No, no.

He kicks a pile of washing off a chair.

MORAN

(continuing)

Here. Sit down.

(she does)

D'you want something?

RACHEL

No, thanks.

MORAN

I'll just get a beer.

He disappears into the kitchen. She watches the silent TV.

WILKINS TALKS TO THE PRESS AT THE AMUSEMENT PARK

Kleig-lights on the beach. Coroner's staff remove a corpse. Wilkins holds up the Von Krohn composite. Rachel turns up the SOUND.

WILKINS

(to reporters)

The latest Head-Hunter victim entered the United States on an Argentine passport issued to a Victor Kruger. Originally, we thought he was the Head-Hunter --

Rachel sits back, overcome with relief. Nash has won. Beer in hand, Moran re-appears, joining her on the couch.

MORAN

(over Wilkins' voice)

He's blowing smoke. They'll never catch the Head-Hunter. I'm off the case, you know.

RACHEL

(turns down TV)

Are you?

MORAN

Yeah. I never could've cracked it in a hundred years. It's too crazy. There's no answer.

Awkward pause. He takes a pull on his beer. She looks good in the light from the TV.

MORAN

(continuing)

I know I asked you out for a beer, Miss Ellenstein. But I didn't think you'd show up at 2 o'clock in the morning.

(she smiles)

I'm glad you did.

RACHEL

My name's Rachel. I'm glad I did, too.

MORAN

Rachel's a pretty name.

She hands him the package. Curious, he takes it, tearing off the wrapping. It's the silver music box. He grins.

MORAN

(continuing)

Hey, look at that!

He opens the lid, listening to a TINKLING WALTZ.

MORAN

(continuing)

Ain't that nice?

RACHEL

You're wrong, Frank.

(he frowns)

There is an answer to the Head-Hunter case. You'd have figured it out if you'd had more time.

MORAN

What are you talking about?

RACHEL

(grinning)

When we get to know each other better, maybe I'll tell you.
Can I have that beer now?

He thinks for a minute, scratches his head and gets up, heading for the kitchen.

She hears him rummaging in the refrigerator. She likes the sound. Opening the music-box, she listens to the TINKLING MELODY.

CUT TO:

2 MEN UNLOADING NASH'S AQUARIUM OFF A TRUCK

Staggering under its weight, they carry it up the steps of a seedy house off Washington Square, RINGING the BELL repeatedly.

After an eternity, Bedsoe appears in blue-&-white striped pajamas, squinting at them, rubbing his eyes.

DELIVERYMAN

You Bedsoe?

BEDSOE

Yeah.

(re: fish)

What's that?

DELIVERYMAN

Delivery for Bedsoe. Fish.

Heavy. Get out of the way.

They push past him with the tank, disappearing inside.

DELIVERYMAN'S VOICE

(continuing)

Where d'you want it?

BEDSOE

Wait a minute. It must be a mistake.

I didn't order any fish.

CUT TO:

NASH ON THE FAN-TAIL OF A LINER, ALONE

Bright sun, gulls flying astern. Guests bask by a pool. Waiters serve drinks. He stares at the rolling Atlantic, concentrating hard. After an eternity:

BRENDA APPEARS IN A SUMMER DRESS

Carrying an open bottle and glasses, setting them on the rail, joining him. The breeze stirs her hair.

NASH

I've been thinking.

(a beat)

When the Quickening hit me on the beach, it was going full blast. But now I can control it. Turn it up and down. Tune to different stations.

BRENDA

Stations?

NASH

Yes. You want to hear a couple?

(she does)

Okay. A man named Armando Rafael Garcia, right now, is dreaming of a military coup in Honduras.

(changing stations)

In Paris, Jacques Pouget and Renee Bineau live in adjoining houses. They're deeply in love, but never speak to each other.

BRENDA

You know all that?

(he nods,
holding her)

What are you going to do with it -- all this power?

NASH

I don't know.

(smiling)

Maybe we'll stop off in Paris. Get Jacques and Renee introduced.

She likes that idea.

BRENDA

Then where?

NASH

Anywhere you like.

BRENDA

Scotland. We'll visit castles. You can show me where you were born.

NASH

All right.

A LITTLE GIRL in a swim-suit scampers by, waving at them. Grinning, Brenda waves back, turning to Nash.

BRENDA
Cute, isn't she?

Nash watches the girl jump into the pool.

NASH
Are you sure this is what you want, Brenda?

BRENDA
Yes.

3 DRUNKS emerge from the saloon, touring the ship, getting their bearings in the sunlight.

1st DRUNK
(to others)
This is the back part. Now I'll show you the front part.
(weaving off)
Come on!

Brenda watches them navigate the deck.

NASH
I'd like you to do something.

BRENDA
Anything.

NASH
Will you call me Conner MacLeod?
It's my real name. I want to hear it again.

She has difficulty controlling her feelings. He holds her tight, looking into her eyes. He knows what she's thinking.

NASH
(continuing)
Just one year of love is better than a painful eternity alone.
Right?

Composure regained, she grins.

BRENDA

Right. And now it's time for
the ceremony.

NASH

What ceremony?

She fills 2 glasses and hands him one. He peers at the liquid.

NASH

(continuing)

What's this?

BRENDA

Plum brandy. 1976.

NASH

1976?

BRENDA

It was all I could find. Listen,
1976 was a good year.

(reciting)

One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest
won 5 Academy Awards. A new atomic
particle was discovered by U.S.
scientists, and Pittsburgh beat
Dallas in the Super Bowl.

NASH

Did they?

BRENDA

Yes. 21 to 17.

He cracks up, kissing her eyes, mouth, hair. She pushes him
away.

BRENDA

(continuing)

Wait. I'm not finished. I want to
make a toast.

He smiles, remembering the night at her apartment.

BRENDA

(continuing)

To Time.

They raise their glasses. She forgets her lines.

NASH

How long do we have to stand
like this?

BRENDA

Hold it, buster. I'm trying to
remember.

Next second, she's ready. He wonders what's coming. She looks
at him lovingly.

BRENDA

(continuing)

In the sun that is young once only
Time lets me hail and climb
Golden in the heyday of his eyes.

(he blinks)

In the moon that is always rising
Time holds me green and dying
Though I sing in my chains
Like the sea.

(they CLINK
glasses)

Dylan Thomas.

He drinks, tears in his eyes. He didn't expect that. Putting
down her glass, she flings her arms around his neck and kisses
him. He responds strongly, pressing her against the rail.

NASH

You're quite a woman, Brenda.
I love you with all my heart.

BRENDA

And I love you. Forever.

(touching
his face)

My Conner MacLeod.

They kiss again.

The liner moves away.

FADE OUT
