

HIGHLANDER III

by  
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First Draft

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1

FADE IN:

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

The end of Winter. SNOW blankets the landscape. A SMALL STREAM rushes through the VALLEY. A clear, blue sky hangs over the DISTANT MOUNTAINS adding to the beauty of the setting.

SUPER IMPOSE: SCOTTISH LOWLANDS - 1665

The CAMERA begins to PAN. The color of the SNOW begins to change, darkening from PURE WHITE to ASH GRAY, eventually to COAL BLACK. We continue to pan until we arrive at..

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

Plague. Once a charming settlement it is now ravaged by disease. Everywhere BONFIRES burn, sending plumes of BLACK SMOKE rising into the sky -- the ash and soot drift back down, blackening the earth. VILLAGERS scurry about in tattered clothing, their faces soiled by soot as they throw objects of WOOD and CLOTH into the fires.

THREE HORSEMEN ride into the village. Two of them we can see clearly as large, powerful men with savage faces. The THIRD MAN'S man's face is hidden from us in the shadows of a black HOODED CAPE. He dismounts, motioning for the other two to wait for him.

The Hooded Man walks though the village. The SOUND of HAMMERING fills the air as several VILLAGERS finish building a make-shift GALLOWS.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

Built of stone it is already centuries old. A VILLAGER stands guard at the entrance. The Hooded Man approaches and WHISPERS something in the Villagers ear, then holds up a GOLD PIECE.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Dark and musty, lit only by shafts of LIGHT which flow in through the windows. The Hooded Man follows the Villager across the stone floor until he reaches a WOODEN DOOR at the back.

2

INT. STONE ROOM - DAY

No windows. The Hooded Man enters. In the center of the room a CIRCLE has been drawn. Bordering the circle are hundreds of CANDLES, forming a ring of fire. A MAN stands in the center, his head bowed -- his weight supported by thick ROPES around his wrists that are fastened to a wooden beam which runs the length of the room.

HOODED MAN'S VOICE

Vieira...

VIEIRA looks up. He is old, his hair thin and gray, but his eyes are alive, defiant. The Hooded Man moves closer. Vieira follows him with his eyes, trying to see the Hooded Man's face. Vieira strains against his ropes. The Hooded Man does not move.

VIEIRA

How comes it your are not afraid?

HOODED MAN

Would'st you harm one who comes to aid you?

Vieira's silence indicates he is listening.

HOODED MAN

(continuing)

I've come to strike a bargain with you. I wish to learn the power of changing.

VIEIRA

And what would'st I gain from this bargain?

HOODED MAN

(nonchalantly)

Your life.

VIEIRA

How?

The Hooded Man slowly pulls back his hood. We see his face for the first time. It is hard, brutal, his eyes cold and dark.

He grins -- a wicked grin.

HOODED MAN  
I have a magic of my own.

3

The Hooded Man removes a KNIFE from under his coat. He holds it before Vieira, then he quickly stabs it into his chest. His face fills with pain -- blood flows from the wound -- he falls to his knees. A beat. He slowly looks up at Vieira as he pulls the knife from his chest, then stands unharmed. Vieira cannot believe what he has seen.

HOODED MAN  
Teach me the chant and I will take  
your place on the gallows.

EXT. CHURCH - LATER - DAY

A GROUP of RELIGIOUS-LOOKING MEN walk toward the church.

INT. STONE ROOM - DAY

Vieira has finished teaching the chant.

VIEIRA  
After you recite the chant you must  
concentrate of the form you wish to  
take. The stonger you are the longer  
you can hold the illusion.

In the b.g. we HEAR the SOUND of FOOTSTEPS coming up the stairs. Vieira looks at the Hooded Man.

VIEIRA  
They come. Quickly, take my place.

The Men enter. One of them looks at the Hooded Man.

RELIGIOUS MAN  
What are you doing here?

The Hooded Man stares at him -- a hard, unnerving stare -- then slowly, his thin lips form a cruel grin.

HOODED MAN  
Just saying goodbye to an old friend.

Vieira stares at the Hooded Man angrily.

VIEIRA  
We had a bargain. You promised.

HOODED MAN  
I lied.

The Hooded Man walks from the room.

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EXT. CHURCH - DAY

The Hooded Man walks out. The TWO HORSEMEN ride up. The Hooded Man climbs on his horse. He takes a DEEP BREATH as he looks at a RANGE OF MOUNTAINS in the distance.

CUT TO:

EXT. VALLEY - DAY

The SOUND of SWORDS CROSSING fill the air. Two MEN, one YOUNG, the other OLD fight across the SNOW-SWEPT GROUND. In the b.g. a large, stone building is built at the base of a mountain range.

The Young Man fights furiously, his only weapon strength, but he is clearly inexperienced. The OLD MAN is agile, and easily moves out of the way of each blow. The Young Man swings wildly, he loses his balance. The Old Man strikes his SWORD away, then pushes him to the ground. The Young Man looks up as the older man raises his SWORD above his head. Their eyes lock. The Old Man smiles and slowly lowers the sword to the Young Man's neck.

OLD MAN  
It's over.

The Old Man reaches out his hand, helping the Young Man to his feet. The Young Man is clearly angry.

OLD MAN  
Your anger blinds you. You must learn to control it. When the time comes you'll only have but one chance. You best use it well.

INT. STONE BUILDING - DAY

Large and barren. A fire roars in the fireplace. The Old Man sits across a wooden table from the Young man as they finish eating.

The Young Man appears restless. He pushes his plate

away -- stands up and walks toward the door.

OLD MAN

Where are you off to?

YOUNG MAN

To the village for some ale -- and if  
the truth be known, I need to see  
someones face other than yours, old  
man.

5

They smile. The Young Man takes his SWORD then puts on his COAT. He picks up a SACK and leaves. The Old Man begins to clear away the dishes. Suddenly he stops -- his smile fades. He looks towards the door filled with a premonition. Outside we HEAR the SOUND of SWORDS CROSSING. It lasts only for a moment. SILENCE.

A blinding GREEN LIGHT fills the frame of the door. The ground begins to TREMBLE -- the STONES of the building shake from the force -- debris falls from the ceiling. It stops. SILENCE.

The Old Man takes his SWORD from the mantle. The DOOR OPENS. The SOUND of the WIND rushes in. Outside nothing can be seen -- only the darkness of the night. A beat. The Young Man enters the room. The Old Man smiles at the sight of him. The Young Man places his sack on the table.

The Old Man turns his back as he starts to replace his sword on the mantle. The Young Man's expression hardens. He stares at the Old Man's neck as he starts to raise his sword.

OLD MAN'S POV

In a SILVER WINE CHALICE he sees the reflection of the YOUNG MAN who is now slowly raising his SWORD and about to strike at the Old Man's neck.

In one fluid movement the Old Man unsheathes his sword, then turns quickly. The Young Man's blade slices through the air missing it's target. The Old Man pivots and slices his blade across the Young Man's chest. The Young Man winces in pain, then takes a deep breath -- his body begins to shake violently.

A TRANSFORMATION BEGINS. The image of Young Man begins to fade and is replaced by the HOODED MAN. He LAUGHS LOUDLY as he holds up his arms as if prompting The Old Man for his appreciation of the illusion.

OLD MAN

(hatefully)

Kilvara...

The Hooded Man smiles when he hears his name.

KILVARA

It flatters me you remember, old one.  
It's been what... two hundred years?

OLD MAN

It's not been long enough. What  
witchcraft is this?

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KILVARA

Impressive -- is it not? The problem  
is I can only keep the illusion for a  
few minutes. I need more power to  
hold the form longer. I need the  
Highlander. Where is he?

OLD MAN

I do not know -- and even if I did...

KILVARA

(cutting him off)

I know. I know-- you would not tell  
me. Loyalty -- it really is a  
concept that eludes me.

(shrugs his  
shoulders)

Oh well -- I shall find him. Time is  
on my side.

The Old Man looks sadly at the open door. Kilvara notices and  
grins.

KILVARA

Is this what you're looking for?

Kilvara opens the SACK. Inside it is the head of the Young  
Man. Kilvara LAUGHS, a deep guttural laugh. He turns and  
starts towards the door. Suddenly he stops and turns back to  
face the Old Man.

KILVARA

(mockingly)

Oh -- I almost forgot. Your head.

OLD MAN

It does not come off as easily as the  
young ones.

KILVARA

(amused)

Perhaps -- but it comes off none the  
less.

With a savage YELL Kilvara draws his sword and lunges at the Old Man. The Old Man steps aside and Kilvara's sword smashes down on the table, shattering it into splinters.

The two Horsemen step into the room and watch. Kilvara lunges again -- and again -- each time the Old Man side-steps him. Kilvara swings -- the Old Man ducks -- the blade hits the stone wall -- SPARKS FLY -- ROCK EXPLODES. The Old Man slices his blade across Kilvara chest. A deep gash is cut -- blood flows. Kilvara examines the wound.

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KILVARA  
You're dead.

With brutal strength Kilvara begins his attack again, whipping his sword through the air furiously. Their swords cross -- sparks fly. Kilvara is too powerful for the Old Man. All he can do is back up -- using his sword to block each ferocious blow. They pass through a large ARCH at the rear of the room.

INT. CAVERN - NIGHT

The building is built at the mouth of a vast CAVE. TORCHES set in the walls of the cavern are the only source of light. A WOODEN BRIDGE is built over a deep RAVINE. Kilvara and the Old Man continue their fight across the bridge. The Horsemen lag behind, enjoying the battle. The Old Man's strength is giving way under the merciless attack.

The SPARKS from each contact is even more dazzling in the dim light of the cavern. Kilvara swings again. The Old Man tries to block it. In one fluid movement Kilvara scrapes his SWORD along the Old Man's -- then lunges forward -- thrusting his blade through the Old Man's chest. The Old Man SCREAMS in pain. Kilvara lifts him up with the blade. Kilvara flings him off the blade and onto the ground. The Old Man is on his knees. Kilvara raises his sword above his head.

KILVARA  
There can be only one.

Kilvara brings the blade down. It slices through the Old Man's neck, severing his head from his body. Kilvara waits, preparing himself. A stream of bright GREEN LIGHT begins to flow from the BODY of the OLD MAN. It grows BRIGHTER and BRIGHTER. The Body of the old man begins to hover above the ground, then in a pulsing burst of energy the LIGHT flows into Kilvara. The force knocks him to his knees.

The GROUND SHAKES -- The walls of the cavern move. Suddenly, chunks of rock are blown out of the walls -- the RUMBLING SOUND grows LOUDER and LOUDER -- blinding GREEN LIGHT FILLS the cave and then -- a deafening EXPLOSION. Whole sections of the

cavern begin to collapse -- covering the exit -- trapping everyone inside.

EXT. MOUNTAIN - WIDE SHOT - NIGHT

The RUMBLING SOUND subsides. In the distance we hear the savage SCREAM of Kilvara. The CAMERA MOVES UP the side of the mountain. As we come over the top we see...

SMASH CUT TO:

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EXT. NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT

The familiar towers of the city skyline stand along the bay, their LIGHTS reflecting off the water.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A thick FOG hangs in the air. A light wind blows, moving newspapers and other articles of trash along the deserted street.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Crates and trash dumpsters line the alley. A single, naked light bulb shines down like a spotlight. Through the fog the SILHOUETTE of man appears as he steps under the light.

MOVING WITH THE MAN - REVERSE SHOT

We follow the man from behind. He is tall, dressed in a long, tan rain-coat, jeans and sneakers. A small TRAVEL BAG is slung over his shoulder. As he moves down the alley he hears a SCRAPING SOUND. HE stops -- but does not turn around.

A street PUNK emerges from behind a trash crate, scraping the BLADE of his KNIFE along the wall of a building. He studies the man for a moment as he runs his thumb along the edge of the blade, almost caressing it.

PUNK  
What'cha got in the bag?

Not only does the man not answer -- he doesn't even turn around.

PUNK  
Hey -- you hear me?

CONNER MACLEOD slowly turns around. He is mid thirties, handsome, his chin dotted with the stubble of a beard. He is calm, detached -- yet under the surface there is a great sadness from a lifetime of pain and loneliness. He stares at the Punk wearily -- knowing both what is going to happen and what the outcome will be.

MACLEOD  
(softly)  
Yes -- I hear you.

PUNK  
Good. Now, give it up.

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Macleod studies the Punk for a moment.

MACLEOD  
Go home -- while you still can.

Macleod turns his back to him and starts to walk away. The Punk moves after him quickly. Macleod reaches into a trash can and pulls out a piece of PIPE. The Punk stops and stares at Macleod.

PUNK  
(amused)  
What do you think you're gonna to do with that?

Macleod raises the pipe, twirling it around expertly in his hand.

MACLEOD  
(deadly calm)  
Let's find out.

A beat. The Punk is losing confidence. He looks at Macleod.

CLOSE ON MACLEOD'S EYES

Deep. Confidant. They radiate an intensity that seems to burn into the Punk.

The Punk is unnerved by Macleod's calm. Macleod waits, letting him make the next move. A beat. The Punk backs away and disappears into the darkness. Macleod stares him for a moment, then drops the pipe to the ground and walks off in the other direction.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Macleod stops at the mouth of the alley where it intersects with the street. He stares across the street.

MACLEOD'S POV

An old building. A sign reads: RUSSELL NASH, ANTIQUES.

A sadness falls across his face -- his mind floods with memories as he looks at the building.

Across the street the door of the antique store opens. RACHEL, an attractive woman in her fifties exits -- locks the door -- walks down the street.

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Macleod watches her affectionately -- painfully. As she crosses the street, he steps back into the shadows of the alley, hiding in the darkness. Rachel reaches the alley, then stops -- thinks -- looks back at the Antique Store. She is only a few feet away from Macleod.

CLOSE ON MACLEOD

Macleod struggles to make a decision. Slowly he raises his hand -- reaches out -- but cannot bring himself to touch her.

Rachel starts to walk away.

MACLEOD (OS)

Rachel.

No more needs to be said. She recognizes the voice instantly. She turns around slowly and looks behind her. In the b.g. Macleod steps out of the darkness. He smiles at her weakly.

Confusion fills her face, but is quickly replaced by a wave of emotion. She moves towards Macleod slowly, as if trying to determine if he is really there. She cups her hands to his face and stares deeply into his eyes. No words are spoken -- none need to be. The power of their feelings are shown in their eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. ANTIQUE STORE - NIGHT

Crowded with tables, chairs, cabinets and other rare old objects of furniture. Macleod is seated at a 17th century dining table. Rachel stands in the center of the room.

RACHEL

You know it's not safe here for you.

MACLEOD

I know.

RACHEL

The police still have a lot of questions for Russell Nash.

MACLEOD

I can take care of myself.

Rachel's emotion builds.

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RACHEL

Why are you here, Conner? After seven years without a word, why have you come back? You went off to make a new life with Brenda and that was the last I heard--

A sadness falls over Macleod's face.

MACLEOD

Brenda's dead.

Rachel is stunned.

MACLEOD

(continuing)

Four years ago. I've nowhere else to go. You're all I have, Rachel -- and I'm just so tired of being alone.

His words touch her. She opens a cabinet and pulls out a bottle of GLENMORGANGIE scotch. Macleod forces a weak smile. In the light he looks tired. She pours him a drink.

RACHEL

It isn't over, is it, Conner?

MACLEOD

(wearily)

No.

RACHEL

How can that be?

MACLEOD

I don't know.

Rachel's face fills with compassion. She reaches out and holds Macleod. He lays his head on her shoulder like a baby.

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

Every inch of wall-space is filled with shelves and BOOKS.

Macleod walks along a row studying the titles. A faint grin falls across his face as he sees a selected works of poetry.

Rachel enters the room with a tea service and places it on the table.

RACHEL  
Is there anything else you need?

MACLEOD  
No -- I'm fine. Thank you.

12

RACHEL  
I'm glad you've come home, Conner.

MACLEOD  
Me too.

Rachel leaves. Macleod takes a small book off the shelf and looks through it. Outside a STREAK of LIGHTNING cuts across the night sky. Macleod looks out the window concerned.

CUT TO:

EXT. FARM - DAY

Seventeenth century Scotland. The CAMERA rise over an old stone wall. A charming farm house with stone walls and a thatched roof sits in the distance. Smoke drifts lazily from the chimney.

+IN THE FIELD

A man toils behind an ox, his arms straining as he guides a plow through the soft earth. He stops, runs his hand across his brow, then turns around. It is Macleod. His hair is longer, but he looks exactly the same.

The FARMER and owner of the land, a kindly-looking man in his fifties walks over to him. He picks up a handful of soil and tastes it.

FARMER  
It will be a good harvest this year.

MCCLEOD  
Can you really tell from doing that?

FARMER  
What do you think?

MCCLEOD

I think you just like to eat dirt.

They both LAUGH. SARAH, fifteen years old, with flaxen hair and bright blue eyes approaches Macleod with a water pail.

SARAH  
(shyly)  
Would you care for some water,  
Conner?

MCCLEOD  
Aye -- that I would, lass.

13

Conner takes the ladle and pours it over his head. He scoops out some more water and drinks, then WINKS at Sarah. She blushes and runs off.

FARMER  
I think my Sarah fancies you, Conner.

MCCLEOD  
She's a treasure she is.

FARMER  
She'll soon be of age.

Macleod understands him only too well.

MCCLEOD  
Your words are kind and they flatter  
me -- but I think of her as a sister.  
Besides, you hardly know me.

FARMER  
I know that for six months you've  
worked hard and asked for little.  
That you're a good and honest man.  
What more need I know?

The conversation is interrupted by the SOUND of HORSES HOOVES thundering across the fields. TWO MEN, dirty and rough-looking ride up to the house. They have the look of warriors to them. The Farmers wife and Sarah stand outside the house.

EXT. FARM HOUSE - DAY

The Farmer arrives, out of breath from his run across the field. In the b.g. we see Macleod going into the barn.

FARMER  
Good day.

The Men do not answer. The Farmer is nervous. He has seen men

like this before. A few other FARM HANDS, mostly OLD MEN and WOMEN come in from the fields.

FARMER

You are welcome to share our food and our fire.

WARRIOR #1

We do not share, old man. We take.

Warrior #1 dismounts. His eyes fall on young Sarah. He looks back at his friend with a toothless grin.

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WARRIOR #1

You can eat if you want. I'm going to start with her.

Warrior #1 walks towards Sarah who clings to her Mother. The Farmer stands in the path of the Warrior.

FARMER

No!

Warrior #1 backhands the Farmer across the face, sending him falling to the ground. Sarah tries to run but the Warrior grabs her. He lifts her over his shoulder and carries her inside the barn, closing the door behind them. We HEAR Sarah SCREAM. A beat. Suddenly, the doors of the barn crash open as the Warrior flies out of the barn and lands on his back.

Macleod steps out of the barn, his Samurai in hand. Warrior #2, still mounted on his horse grins.

WARRIOR #2

It appears this farmer has a temper.

Warrior #1 staggers to his feet. He removes his sword and stares angrily at Macleod.

WARRIOR #1

This farmer is dead.

Warrior #1 lunges at Macleod who casually sidesteps his attack and slices his sword across the Warriors chest. The Warrior GASPS, then falls to the ground dead.

Warrior #2 cannot believe what he has seen. Anger fills his face. He reaches to the side of his saddle and lifts a CROSS BOW. Macleod changes his grip on the sword and holds it like a spear. He THROWS it at the Warrior at the same time he FIRES the cross bow. The sword flies into the Warrior's stomach. Blood flows from his mouth. A beat. He falls from the saddle, dead.

Macleod is standing, an ARROW dead-center in his chest. Blood flows from the wound. He slowly walks into the barn. The Farmer runs after him.

INT. BARN - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

The Farmer enters. Macleod is on his knees, his face filled with pain. He pulls the arrow from his chest and stands. The farmer cannot believe what he has just seen. He crosses himself.

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Outside, through the open barn doors we see Sarah and her mother running towards them. The Farmer quickly closes the doors and bolts them.

FARMER  
(stunned)  
This cannot be.

MCCLEOD  
It is. Do not ask me how. I do not know. I must leave, for if I stayed others would surely hear of this and worse than they will come.

FARMER  
Agreed.

MCCLEOD  
(sadly)  
I would like to say goodbye.

FARMER  
How?

EXT. BARN - DAY

The doors opens and the Farmer comes outside. He motions for his wife and Sarah to enter.

INT. BARN - DAY

Sarah is crying as she enters with her Mother and Father. Macleod is laying on the ground, his head propped up under a mat of straw.

FARMER  
Be quick -- he has not much time.

Tears flow from Sarah's eyes as she kneels next to Macleod. She holds his hand.

SARAH  
Don't leave us, Conner.

MCCLEOD  
(weakly)  
It's not for me to decide.

He gently wipes her tears away with his hand.

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MCCLEOD  
(continuing)  
Don't cry, wee one. It's a better  
place I go to.

SARAH  
I love you, Conner.

MCCLEOD  
Aye -- I know, Las -- and I have  
never loved anyone more.

SARAH  
I'll no forget you.

MCCLEOD  
(sadly)  
And I you. Go now. Let me walk to  
heavens door alone.

The Farmer ushers his wife and Sarah from the barn.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

The Farmer sits on a cart pulled by an ox. He stops and looks  
around.

FARMER  
This should do.

In the back of the cart Macleod lifts up a tarp and gets out.  
He looks down in the valley. He can see the LIGHTS in the  
FARMHOUSE below.

FARMER  
Go. I will dig a grave and mark it  
with your name.

The farmer's voice is distant. He is still unable to grasp  
what he has seen.

MCCLEOD  
Thank you.

Macleod reaches up his hand. The Farmer does not take it.  
Macleod understands. He starts to walk off into the night.

FARMER

Conner?

Macleod turns around.

17

FARMER

I will not pretend to understand what  
I have seen this day. I am a simple  
man. Whatever you be -- demon or  
spirit -- I thank you for the life of  
my Sarah and I wish you God's peace.

The Farmer turns the cart around, leaving Macleod alone,  
staring into the night.

CUT TO:

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

Macleod is still staring out the window as the memories fade  
back into the past. He opens the book of poetry and searches  
through it.

MACLEOD

(reading aloud)

The forest is lovely. Dark and deep  
-- but I have promises to keep -- and  
miles to go before I sleep.

Another FLASH of LIGHTNING. He looks out the window into the  
night.

MACLEOD

(wearily)

"Miles to go before I sleep"

CUT TO:

EXT. ARCHAEOLOGICAL SITE, SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS - LATE AFTERNOON

The WIND HOWLS through the valley. Outside the crumbling RUINS  
of the STONE BUILDING (we saw in the opening sequence) are  
several four wheel drive trucks and vans. PROFESSOR PAUL  
DAJORSKI, is a typical academic in his fifties: beard, glasses,  
pipe, tweed jacket. He walks across the field with a REPORTER  
and CAMERAMAN.

PROFESSOR DAJORSKI

For years this site was thought to hold no archaeological value. That is until a few weeks ago when some local boys discovered what appears to be a collapsed passageway that leads into a cavern.

REPORTER

How much longer until you expect to enter the main cavern?

18

PROFESSOR DAJORSKI

That's what we're going to find out now.

A STREAK OF LIGHTNING CUTS across the clear blue sky. Professor Dajorski looks up.

REPORTER

(referring to the lightning)

I've never seen anything like that before.

PROFESSOR DAJORSKI

It just started a few hours ago.

WORKERS exit the building pushing wheelbarrows filled with rock and dirt. The Professor enters the stone building, followed by the Reporter and his team.

INT. STONE BUILDING - LATE AFTERNOON

Inside groups of VOLUNTEERS attend to various functions. Professor Dajorski walks through the room. The Camera Crew follows.

WE MOVE WITH THEM as they walk down a long tunnel that leads into the mountain.

JENNIFER HILLMAN an attractive woman in her late twenties stands next to a TECHNICIAN. They each watch the screen as bright green light oscillates up and down. She looks up at Dakorski.

JENNIFER

Electro magnetic soundings indicate we've only got a few inches of rock left before we reach the main chamber.

REPORTER

Any idea how big the cavern is on the

other side?

JENNIFER

Huge.

REPORTER

What are you hoping to find inside?

The question strikes Jennifer as odd.

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JENNIFER

You guys are from the British museum, right?

REPORTER

No -- we're from Strange facts and mysteries. It's a syndicated show out of..

JENNIFER

(to Dajorski)

Paul. I thought we agreed. No press.

PROFESSOR DAJORSKI

Just a little. Who knows what we're going to find in there. It could be a huge excavation. A little friendly PR never hurt.

JENNIFER

Where is the film crew from the British Museum?

PROFESSOR DAJORSKI

They've had a little car trouble. I'm afraid they won't be here until after dark.

JENNIFER

Then we shouldn't break into the cavern until tomorrow morning. This could be a very important find. I want it documented.

CUT TO:

EXT. ARCHAEOLOGICAL SITE - NIGHT

All is quiet. Trucks and Vans are parked near the structure.

CUT TO:

INT. STONE BUILDING - TUNNEL ENTRANCE - NIGHT

A GUARD sits in a fold-out chair at the entrance to the tunnel.

CUT TO:

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INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT

ELECTRIC LIGHTS are set up at intervals along the tunnel. We HEAR a SCRATCHING SOUND. A beat. The SOUND grows LOUDER. One of the huge rocks blocking the tunnel begins to move. It moves forward slowly, then falls to the ground with a THUD. There is now a hole in the wall.

INT. STONE BUILDING - TUNNEL ENTRANCE - NIGHT

The GUARD hears the SOUND. He turns around and looks down the tunnel, then enters.

INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT

The Guard reaches the end. He sees there are now several rocks on the ground and the hole in the wall is now even bigger. The Guard slowly removes a FLASH LIGHT and moves towards the wall. He shines the light inside and looks in. A beat -- then, suddenly and hand reaches out, grabbing the Guard and pulling him in through the hole. A beat. ALL IS QUIET.

Kilvara steps out through the hole holding his sword. He shields his eyes from the light and moves towards the exit.

CUT TO:

EXT. STONE BUILDING - NIGHT

Kilvara steps outside. He takes a deep breath, filling his lungs with the cool night air. A moment later he is joined by the two Horsemen. Kilvara closes his eyes.

KILVARA

Can you feel it? There is another one among us. It has not ended?

HORSEMAN #1

What now?

Kilvara opens his eyes and slowly looks at the Horseman.

KILVARA

Everything is as it was before.

Kilvara raises his sword -- swings in at the Horseman -- and severs his head from his body. The other Horseman looks on in horror. He backs up slowly, then runs off. Kilvara prepares himself to receive the power.

21

EXT. STONE BUILDING - WIDE SHOT - NIGHT

A Brilliant GREEN LIGHT pierces the darkness, lighting the front of the Stone Building.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. MACLEOD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Macleod bolts up in bed. He stares out the window sadly.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Seventeenth century England.

Macleod rides his horse along a road blanketed by dense forest on each side. Suddenly, he stops his horse as a premonition fills him. He looks around. A horse is tethered to a tree off the road.

MAN'S VOICE

Good day.

The VOICE comes from above. Macleod looks up. Sitting on the branch of a tree that extends over the road is THOMAS CAVANAUGH. He is a large, robust MAN in his fifties dressed in thick sheepskins. He drops from the tree landing before Macleod. Macleod slowly reaches for his Samurai.

CAVANAUGH

You'll have no need for that,  
Highlander.

MCCLEOD

Since we hardly know each other, I'm  
sure you'll understand if I hold one  
to it for awhile.

CAVANAUGH

Caution shows wisdom.

Cavanaugh notes the Samurai.

CAVANAUGH  
I know that weapon. It belonged to  
Juan Romeriz. He's dead?

MCCLEOD  
(sadly)  
Aye.

22

CAVANAUGH  
You?

MCCLEOD  
No. He was my brother. He died at  
another's hand.

CAVANAUGH  
We too are brothers, Macleod. In  
fact, you have more family than you  
think.

MCCLEOD  
Who are you?

CAVANAUGH  
Thomas Cavanaugh. I am a teacher of  
sorts. Like Romeriz I help those  
newly acquainted with our life.

MCCLEOD  
I learned my fill from Romeriz.

CAVANAUGH  
Indeed you did. And now it is time  
for you to pass on to others what you  
learned from him.

Cavanaugh walks over his horse and mounts it.

MCCLEOD  
So they can take my head?

Cavanaugh rides over to Macleod.

CAVANAUGH  
Your head is not important,  
Highlander. What is important is the  
prize. It must go to one who would  
not misuse it. Ride with me. Come  
and meet your family.

Cavanaugh's horse begins to walk away. Macleod stares after  
him, then follows.

CUT TO:

EXT. ANCIENT CHURCH - DAY

The Church stands alone in a valley, it's stone walls collapsed from time and neglect. Fog carpets the ground. HORSES and CARTS are in front of the building.

23

INT. ANCIENT CHURCH - DAY

Only three of the four stone walls are standing. A large section of the roof is gone. Inside are about thirty MEN, WARRIORS, fierce and hard-looking. They stand before what once was the altar and listen as Cavanaugh speaks.

CAVANAUGH

I've called this gathering on holy ground so that each man might take comfort in knowing he is protected inside the confines of these walls. None of us, good or evil would dare raise a hand against the other in God's house.

MAN #1

If God protects us so, why has he cursed us?

CAVANAUGH

God's purpose for us is unclear, save that he has given us a gift.

MAN #2

A gift? You call never growing old -  
- watching friends and loved ones die  
a gift?

CAVANAUGH

I do not profess to know what is in God's mind. He has chosen us. We are his warriors through time. The final Gathering is still far away but the prize must be captured by a man who is pure of heart. Those of us who would use the prize for goodly purpose must band together against those who would use it for evil.

In the back of the room, standing alone is Macleod. His eyes are on the altar, but his mind seems far away.

CUT TO:

EXT. ANCIENT CHURCH - LATER - DAY

Macleod walks with Cavanaugh, weaving through the crowd of men and horses.

24

MCCLEOD

The prize? So much blood so that in the end the one that remains will be mortal again. So much pain so that the winner can grow old and have children. The prize hardly seems worth the cost of it.

CAVANAUGH

There will be more to the prize than that. Power will come with it -- and it must be used for good.

MCCLEOD

The days of magic are ending. The world is changing.

CAVANAUGH

Aye -- yet one such as I who has wandered this world for nearly nine centuries can remember back to other days of change. Days of Robin of the Hood and Arthur Pendragon. They were real enough once, but they drifted into men's dreams and became legend - - as we shall do one day.

Macleod stops at his horse.

MCCLEOD

I grow weary of the fight.

Macleod mounts his horse.

CAVANAUGH

You cannot run from your destiny, Conner.

MCCLEOD

Perhaps -- but if I must face it, let it find me, for I shall search for it no more.

CUT TO:

EXT. ARCHAEOLOGICAL SITE - MORNING

Professor Dajorski walks quickly to the Stone Building. The area is surprisingly empty. Jennifer walks over to meet him.

PROFESSOR DAJORSKI  
What's going on? Where is everyone?

25

JENNIFER  
We're holding the workers down below.

PROFESSOR DAJORSKI  
Why?

JENNIFER  
Someone broke into the cavern last night.

PROFESSOR DAJORSKI  
What? How?

Jennifer begins to walk. Dajorski follows.

JENNIFER  
We're not quite sure. The Guard was knocked out.

Dajorski is concerned. Jennifer waves him off.

JENNIFER  
He's fine. He swears he never left his post for a moment. He heard a noise and when he went back to look they were already inside.

PROFESSOR DAJORSKI  
How could they get by him?

JENNIFER  
I don't know.

Jennifer stops. A few feet away lies the torso of the horseman covered by a blanket. Beside him, covered with a jacket is the head. Dajorski looks at it.

JENNIFER  
(pointing)  
We found him this morning.

PROFESSOR DAJORSKI  
(pointing)  
What's that next to him?

JENNIFER  
His head. Someone cut it off.

Dajorski shivers at the thought of it.

JENNIFER

Look at this.

26

Jennifer lifts the cloth. Dajorski isn't pleased with the sight, but he immediately sees what she is referring to. He bends down and examines the dead man's clothing.

PROFESSOR DAJORSKI

Incredible. The cloth -- the buttons -- it looks to be mid sixteen hundreds. It's a remarkable duplication.

JENNIFER

I don't think it is a duplication.

PROFESSOR DAJORSKI

It has to be.

JENNIFER

And this?

Jennifer lifts the sword. Dajorski examines it.

PROFESSOR DAJORSKI

Same period -- and exceptionally well preserved. Jennifer, what's going on here?

Jennifer look back at the stone building.

JENNIFER

That's a good question. That's a very good question.

CUT TO:

INT. ANTIQUE STORE - DAY

Macleod comes out of the elevator. He walks over to Rachel at the counter.

MCCLEOD

I'm going out for a while.

Rachel opens a drawer and removes a set of keys. She hands them to him.

MCCLEOD

You kept it?

RACHEL

Yes.

Macleod smiles and kisses her on the forehead.

27

INT. GARAGE - DAY

A tarp is pulled off of a 1958 convertible PORSCHE.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The PORSCHE roars up the driveway and out onto the street.

INT. CHURCH, NEW YORK - AFTERNOON

Filtered light flows through stain glass windows. Macleod sits alone in the pew. He stares at the altar, his mind deep in thought. A PRIEST walks down the aisle -- stops -- studies him for a moment, then sits beside him.

PRIEST

You look troubled my son.

Macleod's mouth hints at a grin from the Priest's understatement. He does not look at the Priest.

PRIEST

Sometimes we feel better if we talk about the things that bother us. How long has it been since your last confession?

MCCLEOD

(distantly)

A long time.

PRIEST

Perhaps if you--

MCCLEOD

I don't think confession will help me, father.

Macleod stands and prepares to leave.

PRIEST

Redemption is one of God's gifts.

Macleod looks at the Priest sadly.

MCCLEOD  
God's gifts? You mean like, life,  
having children, growing old, dying  
and heaven?

PRIEST  
Exactly.

28

MCCLEOD  
Those are gifts I can never have.

Macleod walks down the aisle.

PRIEST  
You are too young to be so bitter.

Macleod stops. He turns back and looks at the Priest.

MCCLEOD  
(sadly)  
I'm older than I look.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOCKS - DUSK

A desolate area of the RIVER. Abandoned WAREHOUSES line the waterfront. His PORSCHE is parked in the b.g. Macleod leans against the railing, staring out over the water. A beat. Suddenly, Macleod stiffens, his gaze lifts off the water. A premonition fills him. He turns around, knowing what he will find behind him.

MACLEOD'S POV

The other Horseman approaches. He holds his broad sword at his side.

Macleod holds his hand up.

MCCLEOD  
Wait. We don't have to do this.

The Horseman lunges at Macleod. He raises the sword and brings it down quickly. Macleod moves quickly to his side. The sword miss him by inches as it smashes into the railing, slicing through the metal.

Macleod stares into the Horseman's eyes -- they are cold, savage. He knows there is not point in talking.

MCCLEOD

Alright.

Macleod opens his rain coat and slowly removes the ancient Samurai sword. He expertly twirls the sword as he raises it over his head and holds it in a fighting stance. A beat. Both men lock eyes. The Horseman attacks.

Blades cross. Sparks fly. The men move across the quay towards the warehouse.

29

The Horseman thrusts his sword. Macleod steps to the side and slices the blade of the Samurai across the Horseman's face. A deep gash appears, blood flows down his cheek. The Horseman touches the wound, looks at the blood on his finger, then tastes it. He grins and attacks.

The Horseman whirls his sword, swinging furiously at Macleod. Blow after powerful blow pounds against the samurai. Macleod is backed up against the railing. The swords cross and remained locked -- each man pushing against the other in a show of strength.

The Horseman knees Macleod in the groin. Macleod doubles over. The Horseman brings the butt of his sword down hard between Macleod's shoulder blades. Macleod falls to his knees, dropping his sword. The Horseman lifts the Samurai and throws it behind him. Macleod struggles to shake the pain from his body as the Horseman raises the sword above Macleod's neck.

As he brings it down, Macleod lunges forward, hurling his body into the Horseman and picking him. Macleod's runs across the quay carrying the Horseman on his shoulder. The Horseman raises his sword above his head. Macleod heads towards one of the large windows of the warehouse.

INT. MEAT PACKING WAREHOUSE - DUSK

CRASH! Glass shatters as Macleod and the Horseman break through the window. Carcasses of BEEF hang from hooks on a curving S-HAPED processing line. Slowly the two warriors get to their feet. The Horseman's sword is a few feet behind him. He stands and walks to it. Macleod looks around the room, looking for something -- anything -- that might be used as a weapon.

The Horseman attacks, swinging his sword wildly. Macleod grabs the racks of beef, using them as a shield. The Horseman's blade slices through the meat. Macleod back up, grabs another side of beef and pushes it into the Horseman. The impact knocks the Horseman to the ground. His sword slides across the floor. The Horseman gets up and walks over to his sword.

Macleod grabs one of the MEAT HOOKS and hurls it towards the

Horseman's back. The Horseman has just about reached the sword when the Hook spears him between the shoulder blades.

Macleod pushes a RED BUTTON. The processing line begins to move -- the hook lifts, picking the Horseman off the ground. The Horseman tries desperately to reach the hook, but he cannot. Macleod picks up the sword and readies himself. The Horseman heads back towards Macleod. In one fluid motion Macleod cuts off his head -- leaving the rope intact. The headless body continues to swing across the room.

30

A beat. Macleod readies himself for what he knows his coming. Sparks of green light begin to pulse out from the Horseman's headless body.

Macleod's body stiffens as a jolt of power fills him. Overhead LIGHT FIXTURES CRACKLE as the LIGHT BULBS begin to glow. The ENGINE of an old fork lift comes to life. A RADIO turns on filling the room with MUSIC.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

One by one the WINDOWS EXPLODE, raining a shower of glass on the dock -- and then -- SILENCE.

An exhausted-looking Macleod staggers out of the building. He searches through the darkness until he finds his sword, then runs off into the night.

CUT TO:

EXT. RIVER - DAY

Seventeenth century England.

Macleod rides along the shores of the river. Cavanaugh rides beside him, singing an old FOLD SONG loudly. His voice clearly annoys Macleod.

MCCLEOD  
Must you do that?

CAVANAUGH  
What?

MCCLEOD  
Sing.

CAVANAUGH  
It is a beautiful day. I am merely enjoying it.

MCCLEOD  
Can't you enjoy it quietly?

CAVANAUGH  
Are you always this pleasant?  
(Macleod doesn't  
answer)  
You know what you're problem is?

MCCLEOD  
You?

31

Cavanaugh forces a grin. He stops his horse. Macleod stops beside him.

CAVANAUGH  
Life. You've stopped living it. You look, but you do not see. You listen but, you do not hear.

MCCLEOD  
I hear you.

CAVANAUGH  
What else? What else do you hear right now?

Macleod listens for a moment.

MCCLEOD  
The river.

CAVANAUGH  
That's all?

MCCLEOD  
Yes.

Cavanaugh closes his eyes.

CAVANAUGH  
Do you not hear the wind in the trees? The songs of the birds. The horses breath?

(beat)  
There is a whole world around you. Alive. Living. Feel it -- become part of it. Live your life, Highlander. It's going to be a long one.

MCCLEOD  
That is what bothers me.

CAVANAUGH

I see. You don't care about life  
anymore.

Macleod shrugs his shoulders, indicating he doesn't care.

MCCLEOD

I guess not.

32

In an instant Cavanaugh draws his sword and swings it at Macleod's neck. Just as quickly Macleod removes his Samurai and blocks the attack. A beat. Cavanaugh grins, then lowers his sword.

CAVANAUGH

You protect yourself well for a man  
who doesn't care if he lives or dies.

Cavanaugh moves his horse forward.

CAVANAUGH

(looking back at  
Macleod)

Fear not, my friend -- we're all  
going to die. It's just going to  
take us longer, that's all.

CUT TO:

INT. INN - NIGHT

A small country inn. A fire roars in the fireplace. Macleod sits at a table, staring into the flames. Cavanaugh joins him carrying to tankards of ale. A beat. Cavanaugh does not interrupt Macleod's thoughts.

MCCLEOD

I'm leaving.

CAVANAUGH

Leaving what?

MCCLEOD

England. There is nothing for me  
here anymore.

CAVANAUGH

And what do you think you will find  
in another land?

MCCLEOD

Maybe myself.

CAVANAUGH  
Then it's worth the journey.

Macleod holds out his hand.

MCCLEOD  
Thank you, Thomas.

CAVANAUGH  
For what?

33

MCCLEOD  
For being a friend when I needed one.  
I hope our paths cross again.

CAVANAUGH  
I'm sure they will.

MCCLEOD  
As friends -- always as friends.

CAVANAUGH  
We cannot write our destiny, Macleod.  
In the end it could be you and me.

MCCLEOD  
That is a thought that doesn't please  
me.

CAVANAUGH  
If it came down to it what would you  
do?

MCCLEOD  
I do not know. I pray that I shall  
never have to raise my sword against  
one that I call friend.

Cavanaugh raises his tankard. Macleod joins him. They tap  
there tankards together and drink.

CUT TO:

EXT. MEAT PACKING WAREHOUSE - MORNING

Several BLACK AND WHITE POLICE CARS are in front of the  
building. An unmarked car drives up and BEDSOE the cop from  
Highlander one gets out. He is older, heavier and now a  
Lieutenant. He walks towards the entrance of the warehouse.

INT. MEAT PACKING WAREHOUSE - MORNING

POLICE OFFICERS and members of the FORENSIC TEAM search through the rubble for clues. The headless corpse of the Horseman is still hanging from the meat hook in between several slabs of beef. Bedsoe enters at stares at the gruesome sight. A DETECTIVE GRELEY, a sloppy-looking man in his thirties joins him.

DETECTIVE GRELEY  
Caretaker found him this morning.  
He's got no I.D. on him -- we'll have  
to run his prints.

34

Bedsoe looks around the room. The scene is all too familiar to him.

DETECTIVE GRELEY  
So, whaddaya think, Lieutenant,  
U.S.D.A?

Greley grins. Bedsoe looks at him askance.

BEDSOE  
Did you find a sword? An old sword?

DETECTIVE GRELEY  
(surprised)  
Yeah -- how'd you know that?

Bedsoe ignores the question. He looks away, his mind deep in thought.

BEDSOE  
(quietly to himself)  
He's back.

CUT TO:

EXT. MUSEUM - MORNING

An old building set among warehouses and abandoned buildings. In the b.g. looms the modern high-rises of the city.

INT. OFFICE - MORNING

A large room, filled with tables that are piled high with artifacts. Professor Dajorski enters, hangs up his jacket and walks across the room. Jennifer is asleep at a workbench, her head resting on the surface. Dajorski stares at her for a moment, then gently wakes her.

PROFESSOR DAJORSKI  
You stayed here again last night?

JENNIFER

I was working on the cataloging.

PROFESSOR DAJORSKI

Jennifer, there is more to life than work.

JENNIFER

I know, Paul.

35

PROFESSOR DAJORSKI

Do you? Then why don't you go out? Meet someone. Make a life for yourself instead of hiding away in the past?

JENNIFER

I like my work.

PROFESSOR DAJORSKI

I'm having some people over tonight for dinner -- I'd like you come.

JENNIFER

(smiles)

We'll see.

Dajorski knows her well enough to know when to stop pushing. He places a copy of the morning paper in front of her.

PROFESSOR DAJORSKI

Take a look at this.

Jennifer lifts the paper.

JENNIFER

(reading)

The headless corpse of a man was found early this morning in a meat packing warehouse near the river. Police say the unidentified body was dressed in what appears to be a costume from the seventeenth century...

Jennifer lowers the paper and looks at Dajorski with confusion.

CUT TO:

INT. BANK - DAY

An old building with several large PILLARS running from floor

to ceiling. MR. PARKER, a distinguished looking man in his forties stands at counter. He finishes filling out a deposit slip, then endorses the back of a check. Parker looks at the line, puts the check in his BRIEFCASE, then walks towards the bathroom.

SOMEONE'S POV

of Parker walking into the bathroom. The POV slowly heads towards the bathroom.

36

INT. BATHROOM - DAY - SOMEONE'S POV

walking along the stall, looking under them to see if they are occupied. We come to one and see a pair of shoes. A beat. The POV rises, as if the person is straightening up. A beat. Suddenly the door is kicked open, revealing Mr. Parker sitting on the toilet. He looks up, startled.

PARKER'S POV

Kilvara is standing at the entrance of the stall with a grin.

KILVARA  
Don't get up.

INT. BANK, TELLER'S WINDOW - DAY

The TELLER, a bored middle-aged woman looks up routinely as Mr. Parker walks to her window with his check in one hand, his briefcase in the other.

TELLER  
Good afternoon, Mr. Parker.

MR. PARKER  
Good afternoon...  
(looks at name plate)  
... Shirley.

TELLER  
Would you like to deposit this in  
your account?

MR. PARKER  
No. The money, please.

TELLER  
This check is for sixteen thousand  
dollars. That's a lot of cash to be

carrying around.

MR. PARKER

I can take care of myself.

TELLER

Alright. It's going to take a few minutes. I have to call and verify the funds.

We hold on Mr. Parker who is becoming a little anxious.

The Teller is on the phone.

37

TELLER

Yes -- I'll hold.

Mr. Parker taps his fingers on the counter. The CLOCK on the wall behind him reads: 1:10

The Teller hangs up the phone and walks back to her station. Mr. Parker looks pale, beads of sweat dot his forehead. The CLOCK on the wall now reads: 1:22. The Teller takes out several stacks of ONE HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS. She starts to count them. Mr. Parker scoops them into his briefcase.

MR. PARKER

That's okay -- I trust you.

Mr. Parker walks away. His face sweats more, his body stiffens. He draws the attention of a GUARD. Mr. Parker walks behind one of the PILLARS as he heads for the exit. When we see him again he looks different. He passes behind another -- and again when we see him he appears different. From pillar to pillar his shape changes until when he passes from behind the last one he is now Kilvara.

The Guard cannot believe what he has seen -- or what he thinks he has seen. He weaves in and out of the pillars looking for any sign of Mr. Parker. There is none. He rushes up to Kilvara who is still holding the BRIEFCASE.

GUARD

Just a moment, Sir.

Kilvara stops. He turns around slowly.

GUARD

Would you come with me please?

KILVARA

I think not.

The Guard moves closer. Kilvara slowly reaches his free hand

under his jacket. The Guard instantly removes his revolver and aims it at Kilvara.

GUARD

Freeze!

Kilvara stares at the gun with amusement. In a flash his sword is drawn. He moves towards the Guard. The Guard FIRES. The first three shots hit Kilvara in the chest -- his light colored shirt splatters with blood. The shots drive him backwards but not down. He staggers forward. The Guard FIRES three more shots. Kilvara falls to the ground on his back.

38

The Bank breaks into Chaos. CUSTOMERS dive to the ground. The Guard slowly moves over Kilvara and kicks the sword away. He leans over to take a pulse. Kilvara's eyes open. He grabs the Guard by the throat and lifts him off the ground and he stands. Kilvara pushes him against the wall and stares angrily into his eyes.

KILVARA

(pissed off)

That hurt.

In the b.g. we HEAR POLICE SIRENS. Kilvara knows he has little time. He lets go of the Guard, picks up his sword and runs from the bank.

CUT TO:

INT. ANTIQUE STORE - DAY

The elevator opens and Macleod steps out carrying a DUFFLE BAG. Rachel is at the counter.

RACHEL

What are you doing?

MCCLEOD

I shouldn't have come back here. It was a mistake.

RACHEL

Is it a mistake for someone to go to the ones who love them when they're in trouble?

MCCLEOD

Yes -- when their troubles can harm them.

RACHEL

Why won't you ever let anyone help

you?

Macleod puts his bag down near the counter. He touches Rachel's face lightly.

MCCLEOD  
Because no one can.

We HEAR the BELLS on the front door as someone opens it.

MAN'S VOICE  
Hello, Nash.

39

Macleod turns around. Bedsoe is standing at the door with TWO DETECTIVES.

MCCLEOD  
Detective Bedsoe.

BEDSOE  
(correcting him)  
Lieutenant.

MCCLEOD  
Congratulations.

Bedsoe walks towards him. Rachel pushes the duffel bag behind the counter with her foot, hiding it from Bedsoe's view.

BEDSOE  
Guess what we found this morning?

Macleod shrugs his shoulders.

BEDSOE  
(continuing)  
A body -- with it's head cut off.  
Sound familiar?

Macleod doesn't answer.

BEDSOE  
(continuing)  
When did you get back?

MCCLEOD  
A few days ago.

BEDSOE  
That's what I figured. Well, I have  
a little home coming present for you.

Bedsoe pulls out his HANDCUFFS and dangles them before Macleod.

BEDSOE  
(continuing)  
I've been waiting seven years for  
this.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM, POLICE STATION - DAY

Macleod and Bedsoe sit on opposite side of a table.

40

BEDSOE  
Where were you last night around  
nine?

MCCLEOD  
I already told you. I took a walk.

BEDSOE  
Tell me again. Where'd you go?

MCCLEOD  
Central Park.

BEDSOE  
Doesn't it scare you walk through the  
park at night?

MCCLEOD  
No. I don't scare easy.

BEDSOE  
Where have you been for the last  
seven years?

MCCLEOD  
Around.

BEDSOE  
And Brenda?

A sadness falls across Macleod's face. Bedsoe has seen that  
look before -- he knows what it means.

BEDSOE  
How?

Macleod doesn't answer the question. His personal life is not  
open for discussion.

BEDSOE  
She was a good woman.

MCCLEOD  
You didn't bring me here to talk  
about her.

BEDSOE  
No.

Bedsoe picks up an 8x10 PHOTOGRAPH of the HEADLESS CORPSE in  
the meat packing warehouse.

41

BEDSOE  
(continuing)  
I brought you here to talk about him.  
Do you know him?

MCCLEOD  
No.

BEDSOE  
You sure?

MCCLEOD  
He doesn't look familiar -- but then  
he'd probably be easier to identify  
with his head.

Macleod and Bedsoe lock eyes. A beat. There is a KNOCK on the  
two-way mirror. Bedsoe gets up and leaves the room.

INT. HALL - DAY

Bedsoe walks over to CAPTAIN NEWSOME. We can Macleod through  
the mirror.

BEDSOE  
I'm in the middle of an  
interrogation, Captain.

CAPTAIN  
Interrogation's over, Bedsoe.

BEDSOE  
What?

CAPTAIN  
Cut him loose. The D.A. says you  
ain't got shit on this guy.

BEDSOE  
You don't understand. About seven  
years ago we found the body of a guy  
named Vasilnic in Jersey. A week  
later in the parking lot of Madison

Square Garden we found Iman Fasil. Three days after that Luman Castageer was found in an alley. The fourth body we've never been able to identify. All four men died from decapitation. Nash was our primary suspect -- but he disappeared.

CAPTAIN  
It's circumstantial.

42

BEDSOE  
For Chrissake! Gimme a break. The guy disappears for seven years and as soon as he comes back it starts again.

CAPTAIN  
I see your point, Bedsoe, but I have to look at this from the law's point of view. There's something missing here. It's something I'm sure you've come across many times in your career. It's called evidence.

(beat)  
Get me a murder weapon with his fingerprints on it. Find me an eye witness. Dig up a motive. Until then we don't have a case against him.

The Captain walks away. Bedsoe is furious. He looks at Macleod who is staring at him through the mirror as if he knows exactly what is going on.

INT. SQUAD ROOM - DAY

Macleod walks towards the exit with Bedsoe.

BEDSOE  
This isn't over Nash. It's just beginning.

Jennifer is sitting on a chair. She gets up and walks over to Bedsoe.

JENNIFER  
Lieutenant Bedsoe?

BEDSOE  
Not now. I'm busy.

Macleod's attention is focused on Jennifer. It's as if he

knows her but can't quite place her.

BEDSOE  
(to Macleod)  
I'm gonna nail you, Nash. That's a  
promise.

MCCLEOD  
Is that it?

Bedsoe steps in. His face is inches from Macleod's.

43

BEDSOE  
No. I'm telling you right now, the  
next person's head that comes off is  
gonna be yours.

MCCLEOD  
(sarcastically)  
Lieutenant, you're really frightening  
me.

BEDSOE  
(controlled anger)  
Get outta here.

Macleod walks out the door. He stops and looks back at  
Jennifer again, then leaves. Bedsoe NODS to a DETECTIVE who  
starts to walk after him. Macleod appears in the doorway again  
with a grin. The Detective stops and tries to act nonchalant.  
Macleod leans towards him.

MCCLEOD  
(to Detective)  
I'm going to Jimmy's Bar on West  
sixty seventh for drink. See you  
there.

Macleod grins at Bedsoe, then leaves. Bedsoe stares after him  
hatefully. Jennifer approaches him again.

JENNIFER  
Lieutenant?

BEDSOE  
(snapping)  
What? Who are you? What do you  
want?

JENNIFER  
My name is Jennifer Hillman. I'm an  
archaeologist. I read in the paper  
about the murder yesterday and I  
thought I should come talk to you.

BEDSOE

Talk to me about what?

Jennifer opens an ENVELOPE and removes a PHOTO of the corpse of Horseman #1 at the Scotland site.

JENNIFER

About this.

Bedsoe looks at the PHOTO, then back at Jennifer. He ushers into his office and closes the door. Through the GLASS PARTITION we see them talking.

44

CUT TO:

INT. MORGUE - DAY

Bedsoe is there with Jennifer. A the headless CORPSE of Horseman #2 is laying on one of the steel tables. The MEDICAL EXAMINER, a short, fat man in his forties is eating a donut.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Well, it wasn't easy but I finally determined the cause of death.

Bedsoe doesn't find any humor is this. Jennifer goes over to the counter and looks through the personal affects.

BEDSOE

What else?

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Nothing. Besides not having a head he's in perfect health. No cavities. No broken bones. Have you found out who he is?

BEDSOE

He's nobody. The police, the F.B.I, Interpol -- nobody has record of this guy. It's like he was never born.

Jennifer is examining the Horseman's jacket.

JENNIFER

That's exactly what Scotland Yard said about the person we found at the site.

Bedsoe walks over to Jennifer.

BEDSOE

What do you think?

JENNIFER

They appear to be authentic.

BEDSOE

Why are people walking around New York with swords, dressed in mid evil clothing?

JENNIFER

Well, technically it's not mid evil -  
- it's Renaissance.

45

BEDSOE

Whatever -- it's old clothing, right?  
This is some weird shit.

Detective Greley enters.

DETECTIVE GRELEY

Hey Lieutenant, the boys in robbery have something I think you should look at.

BEDSOE

What is it?

DETECTIVE GRELEY

A tape from the surveillance camera at the First National Bank. It was robbed this morning.

BEDSOE

Really? I want to make sure that I understand what you're telling me, Greley. A crime was committed in New York City? That is news.

DETECTIVE GRELEY

The guy had a sword and was dressed like this guy.

Bedsoe's interest is peaked. He looks at Jennifer.

DETECTIVE GRELEY

That's not all, Lieutenant. Wait until you see the tape. It's unbelievable.

BEDSOE

(to Jennifer)

I'd like you to see this.

CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, POLICE STATION - AFTERNOON

CLOSE ON TELEVISION SCREEN. We see Kilvara walking towards the GUARD with his sword. The GUARD fires at him. Kilvara moves towards him again. The Guard FIRES again. Kilvara falls to the ground.

The CAMERA PULLS BACK to show Bedsoe, Jennifer, Greley and several other Detectives looking at the tape.

ROBBERY DETECTIVE  
Watch this part.

46

On the Television we see Kilvara reach up and grab the Guard, then stand up unharmed. Bedsoe cannot believe what he has seen.

BEDSOE  
What the hell. What is this? A  
joke?

ROBBERY DETECTIVE  
No joke, Lieutenant.

BEDSOE  
Where's the guy we saw in the  
beginning -- what's his name...?

ROBBERY DETECTIVE  
Parker. We found him knocked out in  
the can.

BEDSOE  
If he was knocked out in the can how  
could he be walking across the lobby?

The robbery detective shrugs his shoulders.

ROBBERY DETECTIVE  
Hey, I don't have answers for this.  
I just brought you down here because  
of the sword.

BEDSOE  
Am I supposed to believe that this  
guy got shot in the chest six times  
at point blank range and just got up  
and walked out?

ROBBERY DETECTIVE  
You can believe what you want. You

saw the tape.

Bedsoe walks out of the room. Jennifer follows.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Jennifer catches up to Bedsoe.

BEDSOE  
You didn't see this. Understand?

JENNIFER  
Yes.

47

(beat)  
That guy you were talking to upstairs  
-- Nash. You think he knows what's  
going on?

BEDSOE  
Let me worry about Nash.

CUT TO:

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

Macleod walks along a gravel path. He stops and looks behind him.

MACLEOD'S POV

Of the Detective trying his best not to be seen.

Macleod continues to walk. He stops at a large POND. CHILDREN play, sailing miniature SAILING SHIPS. Macleod stares at the ships -- his mind drifts.

CLOSE ON MINITURE SAILING SHIP

It moves over the choppy water, bobbing up and down behind the waves. It disappears behind a wall of water -- when it reappears...

CUT TO:

EXT. SAILING SHIP - DAY

A real Eighteenth century sailing ship, churning the rough water of the Atlantic.

Macleod stands on the deck, staring out at the horizon. A spray

of water shoots over the side drenching him. He closes his eyes and grins.

MAN'S VOICE

You're going to fall over you damn fool.

Macleod turns around to find a rather pale Cavanaugh standing behind him.

MCCLEOD

(surprised)

Thomas. What are you doing here?

48

CAVANAUGH

You didn't think I'd let you go off by yourself, did you?

Macleod embraces him.

MCCLEOD

You're looking a wee bit green, Thomas.

CAVANAUGH

The sea and I don't agree with each other. Where we off to?

MCCLEOD

France.

CAVANAUGH

(suddenly feeling sicker)

How long is the voyage?

MCCLEOD

Not long. We should arrive in the morning.

(amused)

Are you going to be alright?

CAVANAUGH

Me? Of course.

The ship rolls up over a wave. Cavanaugh's face cringes.

CAVANAUGH

Oh, Lord have mercy.

Cavanaugh bends over the rail dropping out of FRAME. Macleod grins as he watches him. Slowly his grins fades -- the sight of Cavanaugh's illness affects him. Macleod holds his stomach, his cheeks bulge.

MCCLEOD

Oh no.

Macleod bends over the rail and out of FRAME.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARIS - DAY

A Horse-drawn COACH arrives. TRAVELERS disembark. Among them is Macleod and Cavanaugh. A small, street-wise man named GASTON approaches them.

49

GASTON

(in French)

Excuse me gentlemen. My name is Gaston.

CAVANAUGH

(to Macleod)

What'd he say?

MCCLEOD

I have no idea.

GASTON

(in English)

Ah, you are English. I speak English. My name is Gaston. For a small fee I would gladly be your guide.

Macleod and Cavanaugh look at each and decide why not. Cavanaugh tosses up a coin which Gaston eagerly grabs.

CAVANAUGH

We need food and lodging.

GASTON

Not to worry, Monsieur. My Uncle owns a very reputable inn.

Gaston takes Cavanaugh's bag and carries it. He attempts to take Macleod's, but Macleod will not let go of it.

GASTON

How was journey?

MCCLEOD

Great. I'd recommend it for anyone who wants to lose weight.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDSOE'S OFFICE - DAY

Bedsoe is watching the TAPE of the bank robbery on a small television. Detective Greley enters holding a PHOTOGRAPH of Kilvara.

DETECTIVE GRELEY

Here it is, Lieutenant. We blew it up off the tape. Every cop in the city has a copy of it.

50

BEDSOE

Good -- also, give it to the papers and TV.

DETECTIVE GRELEY

Y'know, the guys in robbery are gonna get kind of upset. We're stepping on their toes of this one.

BEDSOE

Tough.

DETECTIVE GRELEY

It's not a homicide, Lieutenant.

BEDSOE

This ties in with Nash.

DETECTIVE GRELEY

We don't have any proof of that.

BEDSOE

I don't need proof. I know it. Send it out.

CUT TO:

INT. NEW YORK LIBRARY - AFTERNOON

Jennifer sits at one of the microfilm machine scanning over old newspaper articles. She stops at one that reads: ANTIQUE DEALER ARRESTED IN CONNECTION WITH HEADLESS CORPSE.

INT. LOBBY, LIBRARY - AFTERNOON

Jennifer looks through the WHITE PAGES.

JENNIFER

(reading aloud)  
Russell Nash Antiques. Hudson  
street.

CUT TO:

EXT. NASH ANTIQUES - DUSK

Macleod walks towards the entrance of the shop. As he reaches  
the door Jennifer steps out of the shadows.

JENNIFER  
Mr. Nash?

51

Macleod turns towards her. His face betrays nothing.

JENNIFER  
My name is Jennifer Hillman. I was  
at the police station earlier today--

MCCLEOD  
I remember you.

JENNIFER  
I was wondering if I could talk to  
you?

MCCLEOD  
Are you a cop?

JENNIFER  
No. I'm an archaeologist.

MCCLEOD  
What do you want?

JENNIFER  
To talk to you.

MCCLEOD  
I don't think we have anything to  
talk about, Miss Hillman.

Macleod enters the store. Jennifer follows after him  
determined.

INT. ANTIQUE STORE - DUSK

Macleod walks across the room. Jennifer enters.

JENNIFER  
(yelling after him)

Not even headless corpses wearing  
seventeenth century clothing?

Macleod turns around slowly.

MCCLEOD  
Corpses?

JENNIFER  
Yes. We found another man outside a  
site we were working at in Scotland.

MCCLEOD  
In the highlands?

52

JENNIFER  
Yes. How did you know?

MCCLEOD  
A lucky guess.

JENNIFER  
I don't think so -- but then, maybe  
you've can guess how a guy with a  
sword could rob the First national  
Bank this afternoon -- and get shot  
six times in the chest by the guard  
and still get up and walk out?

MCCLEOD  
He was wearing a bullet proof vest.

JENNIFER  
Bullet proof vests don't bleed.

MCCLEOD  
(shrugs his shoulder)  
You got me.

JENNIFER  
Why do I feel that you know what's  
going on?

MCCLEOD  
Are you the type of person who takes  
advice, Miss Hillman?

JENNIFER  
If it's good advice.

MCCLEOD  
This is. Go home. Stay out of this.

JENNIFER

Why? What's going on?

Macleod shows a hint of frustration that she isn't going to take his advice. Macleod starts to walk away. Jennifer grabs his arm. Macleod turns around and pulls her hand away. Suddenly his expression changes as he stares at her hand.

MACLEOD'S POV

On her finger is a distinctive RING. It is very old intricate gold patterns carved in gold and set in ivory.

Macleod is shocked. He slowly raises her hand up before his face and looks her in the eyes.

53

MCCLEOD

Where did you get this ring?

Jennifer is more than a little frightened by Macleod intensity.

MCCLEOD

(continuing)

Where did you get it?

JENNIFER

It's mine. It's been in my family for years. It belonged to my great, great, great grandmother.

Macleod stares at the ring again -- his mind drifts away for a moment, then he looks at Jennifer.

MCCLEOD

Goodnight, Miss Hillman.

Macleod walks towards the elevator. A beat. Jennifer gathers her composure -- in spite of his intensity there is something that interests her about Macleod. Macleod steps in the elevator and looks back at her. He says nothing. The elevator doors close. Jennifer stares after him, intrigued.

CUT TO:

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

As Macleod walks down the hall Rachel opens her bedroom door.

RACHEL

I heard voices downstairs. Is everything alright?

MCCLEOD

Fine.

RACHEL  
What will you do?

MCCLEOD  
There's nothing I can do. I'll wait.  
One way or another soon it will all  
be over soon.

Macleod feigns a grin for Rachel's sake. He leans in and kisses her on the forehead, then continues down the hall.

54

INT. UPSTAIRS LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Exactly as we remember it from Highlander one. Macleod sits on the couch, next to the aquarium. His eyes drift up a stone wall at the back of the room.

HIS POV

of Macleod eyes drifting up the wall. PULL BACK TO REVEAL we are now at...

CUT TO:

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT

Eighteenth century France.

An elegant room. Aristocrats, dressed in lavish clothing mingle and dance. Macleod and Cavanaugh stand off to the side. They are well dressed with white, powdered wigs. Cavanaugh is clearly uncomfortable with his dress and surroundings.

CAVANAUGH  
What are we doing here?

MCCLEOD  
Living. Remember?

CAVANAUGH  
(tugs at his  
clothing)  
You may be living -- but this suit is  
killing me.

Something catches Macleod's eye.

MACLEOD'S POV

Across the room, standing with a group of pompous-looking MEN is ISABELLE TOUREZ a beautiful woman in her early twenties. She looks remarkably like Jennifer. Her gaze falls on Macleod, she smiles shyly.

Cavanaugh follows Macleod's stare. He knows when trouble is coming -- and this is it.

MCCLEOD  
She's beautiful.

Macleod starts to walk over to her.

CAVANAUGH  
Where are you going?

55

MCCLEOD  
To ask her to dance.

CAVANAUGH  
She's the King's cousin.

MCCLEOD  
Then she should be an excellent dancer.

Macleod walks across the room, his eyes on Isabelle. She steps forward as he approaches, leaving the group of MEN behind her. Macleod smiles and bows, then offers her his hand. She takes it and they walk out onto the dance floor.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Macleod and Isabelle lay on a blanket in a green meadow. Macleod seems preoccupied.

ISABELLE  
Conner?

Macleod looks at her and smiles.

MCCLEOD  
Aye?

ISABELLE  
Where do you go when your mind drifts?

MCCLEOD  
Different places.

ISABELLE  
The past?

MCCLEOD  
Sometimes.

ISABELLE  
Why is it you never talk to me about  
Scotland -- your life there.

MCCLEOD  
Because it's the past -- and things  
that are in the past are best left  
there.

56

ISABELLE  
And will I be part of your past or  
your future?

Macleod does not answer. He looks away sadly.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Macleod enters. He is happy, playful. He sees Cavanaugh sitting near the window. He appears distracted. Macleod notices his behavior.

MCCLEOD  
Something wrong?

Cavanaugh turns towards him slowly.

CAVANAUGH  
Yes.

MCCLEOD  
What worries you?

CAVANAUGH  
You.

Macleod knows where this conversation is going.

CAVANAUGH  
You've been seeing her for over a  
month now. Have you learned nothing  
from the past?

MCCLEOD  
I've learned that a man can only go  
so along living alone.

CAVANAUGH

So, you do this for yourself? What about her?

(beat)

You cannot not have a relationship, Macleod. You've told me of your wife, Heather, and how you loved her. Romeriz warned you then, but you would not listen. You watched her grow old and die -- and there was nothing you could do.

A sadness falls over Macleod as he remembers. Cavanaugh walks over to him and puts his arm on his shoulder.

57

CAVANAUGH

(continuing)

That was two hundred and fifty years ago -- and the pain still scars your heart. Would you live that pain again?

MCCLEOD

(sadly)

No. What am I to do?

CAVANAUGH

The only thing you can do. You must end it.

EXT. COURTYARD - NIGHT

Macleod stands in a courtyard with Cavanaugh and Gaston. Macleod looks up the stone wall to a balcony. Cavanaugh and Gaston do not appear pleased to be there. Macleod looks at Cavanaugh who nods to him reassuringly. Gaston looks around nervously.

GASTON

This is a most dangerous undertaking. These are part of the royal apartments.

Macleod begins to climb, grabbing onto rocks and sliding his feet into the crevices. He reaches the balcony and climbs over.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Large and beautifully furnished. A fire glows at the far side

of the room. Isabelle sits before a dressing table and mirror, combing her hair. She is a beautiful woman in her late twenties. In the mirror she sees Macleod as he enters the room from the balcony.

ISABELLE

Conner.

She smiles, then runs into his arms.

MCCLEOD

Hello, blossom.

She kisses him, then takes his hand starts to lead him into the room.

58

MCCLEOD

I cannot stay.

ISABELLE

Why not?

MCCLEOD

I'm leaving in the morning.

Isabelle is shocked.

ISABELLE

Leaving? For how long?

MCCLEOD

You'll no see me again.

Isabelle's hurt and disappointment shows on her face.

ISABELLE

Why?

MCCLEOD

I cannot explain.

ISABELLE

Do you love me, Conner?

MCCLEOD

Aye.

ISABELLE

Then take me with you.

MCCLEOD

Where I'm going you cannot follow.

ISABELLE

(on the verge of  
tears)  
Why are you doing this?

MCCLEOD  
Because, it's for the best. There  
are somethings that are better left  
unexplained.

Macleod takes a ring off his finger. IT IS THE SAME RING  
JENNIFER WAS WEARING. He gently slips on Isabelle's finger.

MCCLEOD  
Take this -- and whenever you look at  
it, remember that it came from one  
who loved you.

59

He kisses her forehead gently then starts to leave.

ISABELLE  
I wanted to grow old with you -- to  
have your children.

Macleod turns back to her and smiles sadly.

MCCLEOD  
(very sad)  
I know, but that can never be, and  
that's the sorrow if it.

He steps out onto the balcony and climbs over the railing.

EXT. COURTYARD - NIGHT

Macleod drops to the ground. Cavanaugh and Gaston are still  
waiting.

CAVANAUGH  
Well?

MCCLEOD  
It's done.

They start to leave. TWO of the KING'S GUARDS approach them.

GUARD  
What is your business here?

GASTON  
(nervously)  
Just taking in some night air,  
Captain.

GUARD  
(irritated;  
correcting him)  
Corporal. This is the King's cousins  
apartment. Come with us.

CAVANAUGH  
We've done nothing wrong.

GUARD  
That's what we'll decide.

MCCLEOD  
I think not.

Macleod and Cavanaugh start to leave. The GUARDS draw their  
swords. Macleod and Cavanaugh turn and draw their swords.  
Gaston is nervous. He reaches under his jacket.

60

GASTON  
We have permission. I'll show you.

Before he take out whatever he is reaching for one the GUARDS  
thrusts his sword at Gaston. In a flash, Macleod Samurai is  
out and blocks the blade, stopping it inches before Gaston's  
chest.

MCCLEOD  
(to Gaston)  
Go.

Gaston has mixed feelings about leaving his friends.

MCCLEOD  
I said, go!

Gaston leaves. A fight begins. The Guards are not match for  
the two immortals. Cavanaugh quickly stabs one of the Guards  
in the arm. He drops his sword and falls to the ground.  
Macleod battles with the other Guard. He backs him up to the  
wall, knocks his sword away and hold the tip of his Samurai at  
his throat. A beat. Anger fills Macleod's face as he decides  
what to do.

In the b.g. we HEAR the SOUND of FOOTSTEPS. Macleod turns  
around to find that he and Cavanaugh are surrounded by TEN MORE  
GUARDS. Macleod looks to Cavanaugh, who shakes his head, No.

CUT TO:

INT. JAIL CELL - AFTERNOON

Dark, damp and dirty. The floors a strewn with hay and

garbage. Macleod and Cavanaugh sits on the stone floor, their backs to the wall. The wounded Guard approaches the bars.

GUARD  
Sentence has been passed on you.

CAVANAUGH  
What is it?

GUARD  
There is only for attacking the King's guards. Death. You will both be executed immediately. Which one of you shall go first?

Macleod and Cavanaugh both stand.

61

CAVANAUGH  
(eagerly)  
I'll go first.

MCCLEOD  
No -- I will.

CAVANAUGH  
I stood up first.

MCCLEOD  
That doesn't matter.

CAVANAUGH  
You always get to go first.

The guard is irritated by their cavalier attitude.

GUARD  
You will both go.  
(to Cavanaugh)  
You will go first.  
(to Macleod)  
And you will watch.

CUT TO:

EXT. COURTYARD - AFTERNOON

Macleod and Cavanaugh are lead into the courtyard. Their hands are tied behind their backs. They are stopped before a tall, mechanical device.

CAVANAUGH  
What is this?

GUARD  
It's a guillotine.

MACLEOD  
(innocently)  
What does it do?

GUARD  
It cuts your head off.

Macleod and Cavanaugh exchange glances. This isn't good.

MCCLEOD  
(to Cavanaugh)  
You can go first.

CAVANAUGH  
No -- after you.

62

MACLEOD  
(to the guard)  
Don't you have anything else? Can't  
you hang us -- or shoot us?

CAVANAUGH  
Shooting's good. I would much rather  
be shot. This has to be awfully  
messy.

GUARD  
(pointing to  
Cavanaugh)  
Take him.

Macleod and Cavanaugh begins to struggle, but it no use. Their hands are tied and there are far too many guards. Macleod is held back as Cavanaugh is forcefully placed under the blade. A beat. The BLADE FALLS.

MCCLEOD  
(screaming)  
No!

Cavanaugh's head falls into a basket. The guards laugh and smile among themselves. Macleod turns his attention to the guards -- his eyes are ice cold. He waits.

GUARD  
(pointing to Macleod)  
Bring him.

Before the guards can begin to move Macleod we HEAR a CRACKLING SOUND. Suddenly, Cavanaugh's body begins to hover above the ground, streaks of green light flowing out of it. Several of

the guards cross themselves -- then Cavanaugh's energy is blown into Macleod.

Macleod screams -- he effortlessly breaks his ropes. He looks at the headless body with sadness, then jumps on a cart and climbs over the walls.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sadness shows on Macleod's face as his mind slowly drifts from the past back into the present. He holds Jennifer's BUSINESS CARD in his hand, flicking it with his finger.

Macleod walks over to the window and looks out.

63

MACLEOD'S POV

An unmarked POLICE CAR is down the street. Greley is inside it watching the shop.

Macleod thinks for a moment. He walks to a bookcase -- pulls out a book and presses a button. A section of the bookcase OPENS and leads to a staircase.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY, REAR OF SHOP - NIGHT

Macleod exits through a door into the alley. We walks off into the night.

Jennifer steps out of a doorway down the alley and starts to follow Macleod.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Macleod walks along rows of BROWNSTONES. In the b.g. Jennifer steps around the corner, keeping her distance from Macleod.

EXT. STREET - FURTHER - NIGHT

Macleod walks -- thinks. Suddenly he stops -- filled with a premonition. He looks up and down the street.

MACLEOD'S POV

The streets are empty.

Macleod reaches under his raincoat for the handle of his sword and starts walking. As he reaches the corner we HEAR FOOTSTEPS. Macleod stops -- waits.

A UNIFORMED POLICE OFFICER turns the corner and walks towards him. Macleod takes his hand out from his coat and walks past him. The instant the COP passes Macleod he turns and removes a SWORD from under his jacket.

Jennifer watches helplessly.

The cop smiles as he raises the sword over his head. It GLIMMERS as the light from the STREET LIGHT reflects off it.

JENNIFER

Look out!

64

Macleod is walking away. He hears her SCREAM and turns around just as the sword comes streaking at his head. Macleod sidesteps the attack, the blade slices across his forearm, a stripe of BLOOD appears on his arm. Macleod quickly removes his Samurai from under his jacket.

The cop studies him for a moment then begins to LAUGH. A transformation begins and he turns into Kilvara.

Jennifer's face is filled with disbelief from the sight she has just witnessed.

Kilvara smiles at Macleod, his eyes alive with hatred.

KILVARA

Highlander -- I had hoped it would be you.

MCCLEOD

(confused)

This cannot be.

Kilvara says nothing. He lunges at Macleod. Their swords cross - sparks fly -- as the battle each other along the street. Their sword cross and lock -- they grab each other hands -- their faces inches from each other.

KILVARA

I am stronger than you, Highlander.

MCCLEOD

That's what the Kurgan said.

KILVARA

The Kurgan was a pussy.

Kilvara knees Macleod in the groin. Macleod doubles over, then pushes forward, ramming his head in Kilvara's stomach -- pushing him backwards and slamming his back into a wall.

LIGHTS begins to come on in the windows of the apartments. Macleod runs off. Kilvara follows. Macleod runs around the corner.

Jennifer does not move. She is trying to digest what she has seen. A beat, then she runs after them.

EXT. STREET - AROUND THE CORNER - NIGHT

As Kilvara rounds the corner he sees Macleod waiting for him, his sword at his side. Kilvara runs towards him, begins to raise his sword then stops.

65

We see why. Behind Macleod is a CHURCH. Kilvara lowers his sword and looks at Macleod hatefully.

KILVARA

Why prolong the inevitable?

Macleod doesn't answer.

KILVARA

Fine -- I've waited over three centuries. I can wait a little longer.

MCCLEOD

Why did you wait?

KILVARA

It was not by choice. A small matter of a mountain falling down on us. We were trapped inside.

(serious)

When the time of the Gathering came the urge to go was so strong we tried to claw through rock with our bare hands. What you thought was the end -- was not. This is the end. We are the last of our kind, Macleod.

MCCLEOD

It will not end tonight.

KILVARA

You cannot hide from me. You will not stand between me and my destiny. After I have your head the power will

let me hold any form as long as I  
want. Do you know what that means?  
I can become the President -- I can  
become anyone I want. The world will  
be mine.

Kilvara starts to leave. He stops and turns back towards  
Macleod with a grin. In the b.g. we see Jennifer crossing the  
street.

KILVARA  
Remember, Macleod -- the next time  
you see me -- you won't see me.

He LAUGHS as he walks off into the night. Macleod stares after  
him. Jennifer crosses the street and joins him.

JENNIFER  
I don't believe what I just saw.

66

MCCLEOD  
That's probably the smartest thing.

Macleod starts to walk away. Jennifer notices the BLOOD on his  
arm.

JENNIFER  
You're hurt.

MCCLEOD  
I'll be fine.

JENNIFER  
What's going on? Why did he call you  
Macleod?

MCCLEOD  
Because it's my name.

JENNIFER  
Then who's Russell Nash?

MCCLEOD  
(sadly)  
I don't know anymore.

Macleod walks off leaving her behind.

CUT TO:

INT. MACLEOD'S PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

Macleod sits on the couch, his mind deep in thought. The room

is filled with antiques, momentos compiled over several lifetimes. Rachel enters and sits beside him.

MCCLEOD

I could have ended it tonight, but I didn't.

RACHEL

Why?

MCCLEOD

I don't know. He is the stronger one. He has a power--

RACHEL

You also have a power, Conner. It is why you have survived.

Macleod looks at her, his eyes prompting her for the answer.

67

RACHEL

Heart.

Macleod feigns a weak smile.

RACHEL

Do not underestimate the power of your heart. Your dreams live there.

MCCLEOD

My dreams died long ago.

RACHEL

Did they? You are only a man, different than most -- but still a man. You feel the same -- want the same. You want to live.

MCCLEOD

I haven't lived life -- I've hidden from it. I've existed in the shadows.

RACHEL

And now it's time to come out of the shadows.

Macleod looks at her fondly. He cups his hand to her face.

MCCLEOD

Dear, sweet, Rachel. Men's lives are measured by the good they do.

RACHEL

If you search your heart you know all the good you have done. Your strength comes from your heart -- because in your heart you know what you are fighting for is good and just.

(points around the room)

This room is filled with memories. If you search through them you can find the good -- the difference you have made. And now, it is for you to make the greatest difference of all. Look in your heart, Conner -- and you will see the good that you have done.

She looks at him warmly. Macleod kisses her on the forehead. She leaves the room. A beat. Macleod walks over to a table filled with various objects. One catches his eye. He picks up an old WALKING STICK. Macleod closes his eyes -- his mind drifts back.

68

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET, LONDON - NIGHT

Nineteenth century England.

The East end. The waterfront, cobblestone streets, gas lamps. A thick fog hangs in the air. Piano MUSIC drifts out of one of the pubs. CROWDS of people hurry along the street.

Among them is Macleod. He is dressed in a suit like an English Gentleman and carries the ivory-handled WALKING STICK. He walks slowly, through the crowd, seemingly oblivious to the people around him. He comes to the mouth of an alley and stops, thinks, then enters.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Wooden crates and stacks of garbage fill the alley. Macleod continues. In the b.g. we HEAR the SOUNDS of a struggle.

+FURTHER DOWN THE ALLEY

A middle-aged man, also dressed like an English Gentleman is struggling with a PROSTITUTE. He grabs her roughly and pins her against the wall. From inside his overcoat he slowly removes a long sword. He holds the tip of the blade up before her eyes.

PROSTITUTE

Please, sir -- you're frightening me.

This seems to please the man.

MAN

Good.

He smiles -- then just as quickly his smile fades. He appears to sense something. He turns around to see...

MAN'S POV

Nothing -- just FOG -- then Macleod appears. He stares at the man.

The Man stares at Macleod then smiles -- a wild, crazy smile.

MAN

(English accent)

Conner -- what an unexpected surprise.

69

MCCLEOD

Let her go.

MAN

I'm afraid I can't do that. Just let me kill her and then we can attend to our business.

Macleod takes a few steps closer. He is now almost striking range. He slowly slides his Samurai out of the walking stick.

MCCLEOD

When you make your thrust at her I'll take your head. It's her or me.

MAN

Oh dear me -- I do so hate decisions.

The man realizes that Macleod is right. He reluctantly lets her go. The prostitute runs from the alley. A beat. The two men stare at each other -- then the Man lunges at Macleod, swinging his sword furiously. Sparks fly as sword cross.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The Prostitute runs to the corner where she finds a CONSTABLE. She hysterical gestures towards the alley. The Constable follows her.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

The Constable moves down the alley with the prostitute, each of them carefully making their way through the fog. As they reach the end of the alley the fog lifts.

On the ground lies the man -- his head severed from his body. The prostitute looks away -- the constable stares at the gruesome sight, his eyes filled with horror.

CONSTABLE  
Dear mother of God.

In the b.g. Macleod steps out from behind a stack of crates. He walks towards the street, disappearing in the fog.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

As Macleod emerges onto the street we HEAR the SOUND of the constables POLICE WHISTLE. As PEOPLE wander towards the alley to fill their curiosity, Macleod calmly walks across the street.

70

An OLD MAN sits behind a wooden crate selling NEWSPAPERS. A piece of paper is tacked to the crate displaying the day's headline: WHEN WILL THE RIPPER BE CAPTURED?

Macleod looks at the headlines, then slowly turns and looks back at the alley.

MCCLEOD  
(softly)  
Goodbye -- Jack.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDSOE'S OFFICE - DAY

Bedsoe is looking over some papers as he eats a pastry. Detective Greley enters.

BEDSOE  
Anything from the bank?

DETECTIVE GRELEY  
We sent the prints we lifted from the counter at the bank to the State computers, the FBI and Interpol. Nothing.

BEDSOE  
He had to come from somewhere.

DETECTIVE GRELEY  
I think it was England.

BEDSOE  
Why?

Greley looks at a printout.

DETECTIVE GRELEY  
I asked the State Department to check with our Embassies and Interpol to see if there were any similar occurrences like the bank. Two weeks ago in London Charles Redder from the Bronx was mugged in Hyde Park.

BEDSOE  
So?

71

DETECTIVE GRELEY  
So -- the only thing that was taken was his passport. I checked with immigration -- he returned to New York ten days ago -- but our embassy in London says he is still there.

Bedsoe thinks for a moment. He looks up at Greley with a puzzled expression.

CUT TO:

INT. JENNIFER'S OFFICE - DAY

Old and cluttered with books and artifacts. Jennifer sits at a table examining some articles from the Scotland site. She appears distant, her thoughts distracted. Professor Dajorski walks over to her and places a large BOOK on the table.

PROFESSOR DAJORSKI  
I was going through some of my mythology books last night. I think you'd get a kick out of this.

She opens the book to where it is marked and begins to read. What ever she is reading catches her interest. She looks up at Dajorski amazed.

CUT TO:

INT. ANTIQUE SHOP - AFTERNOON

Macleod is with an ELDERLY WOMAN, showing her silver serving trays. The woman can't decide on what to buy. She thanks Macleod and leaves. As she walks through the door Jennifer enters. Macleod is both happy and annoyed with her arrival.

MCCLEOD

You are a very persistent woman, Miss Hillman.

JENNIFER

Jennifer.

Macleod stares at her. It unnerves her.

JENNIFER

Why do you stare at me like that?

MCCLEOD

You remind me of someone I used to know.

72

(beat)

Why are you here?

JENNIFER

Same story -- same questions.

MCCLEOD

I don't have any answers for you.

JENNIFER

Who was that man last night?

MCCLEOD

I don't know.

JENNIFER

Then how did he know your name?

Macleod shrugs his shoulders.

JENNIFER

Do you always walk around with a sword?

MCCLEOD

New York is dangerous place.

JENNIFER

You talk to me -- but you don't answer my questions. I guess I'll have to talk to Lieutenant Bedsoe.

MCCLEOD

About what?

JENNIFER

It probably wouldn't interest you.  
It's something I read in a mythology  
book.

MCCLEOD

I'm interested in mythology.

JENNIFER

Have you ever heard of the Calan?

Macleod expression shows that he has. He stares at Jennifer  
for a moment.

MCCLEOD

No.

JENNIFER

You look like you have.

73

Macleod smiles, his eyes pierce into hers.

MCCLEOD

Do you like Italian food?

The change in conversation confuses her for a moment.

JENNIFER

Yes.

MCCLEOD

Meet me Trattino's at nine.

JENNIFER

Why?

MCCLEOD

I told you I'm interested in  
mythology. We can talk about it  
more.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

Kilvara walks down the street, still wearing his black robe.  
Even in New York City his appearance draws attention. He walks  
past a NEWSSTAND.

KILVARA'S POV

On the cover of one of the TABLOIDS is a photograph of him.

Kilvara looks up and notices the OWNER of the stand looking at him. Kilvara's eyes narrow and stare deeply into the man's. A beat. Kilvara walks away. As he does the Man looks at the tabloid.

INT. CLOTHING STORE - DAY

Kilvara enters and walks up the counter. The SALESPERSON, a middle-aged man stares at him with disapproval.

KILVARA  
I would like to purchase a new  
jacket.

EXT. NEWSSTAND - DAY

The Man is holding the tabloid as he talks with TWO UNIFORMED POLICE OFFICERS and points down the street.

74

INT. CLOTHING SHOP - DAY

The Salesman holds up an expensive trench coat. Kilvara studies it.

KILVARA  
It looks a bit small.

SALESMAN  
The tapered look is in.

KILVARA  
I need a lot of room. Sometimes I  
carry things under my coat.

The Salesman looks behind Kilvara -- something has caught his attention. Kilvara turns around following his stare.

KILVARA'S POV

of the POLICE OFFICERS crossing the street.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The two cops move towards the store.

COP #1  
Maybe we should wait for backup.

COP #2  
This could be a big collar. Why let  
the boys form robbery grab it?

INT. CLOTHING STORE - DAY

Kilvara starts to walk to the door when the two cops enter,  
their guns drawn.

COP #1  
Freeze!

Kilvara looks at them and grins.

KILVARA  
Freeze. A popular expression.

In a flash Kilvara's grin fades. His sword streaks out from  
under his jacket and slices through the first cops wrist.

75

EXT. CLOTHING STORE - DAY

We HEAR several SHOTS being fired. A beat -- then the WINDOW  
of the store SHATTERS as the second cop comes flying through it  
-- Kilvara's sword impaled in his chest. The cop crashes to  
the ground -- dead. Kilvara walks out, retrieves his sword and  
walks off.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLOTHING STORE - LATER - AFTERNOON

Bedsoe and Detective Greley watch as the bodies of the two COPS  
are loaded into the Medical Examiner's wagon. Bedsoe walks  
over to the Salesman.

BEDSOE  
What happened?

SALESMAN  
They shot him. I saw it. They shot  
him and he got right back up.

Bedsoe pulls out the photograph of Kilvara and shows it to the  
salesman.

BEDSOE  
Is this the guy?

SALESMAN  
Yes.

Bedsoe looks at the medical examiner's wagon as it drives away.  
His eyes are filled with anger.

CUT TO:

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - NIGHT

Empty. The LIGHTS from the buildings that surround the park fill the night sky. Kilvara walks into frame. Stops. Looks out over the city.

KILVARA

You cannot hide from me, Macleod.

CUT TO:

76

INT. TRATINO'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Dark woods and leather. Soft MUSIC plays in the b.g. Jennifer sits at a table alone, drinking second glass of wine. She checks her watch. From her expression it is obvious that Macleod is late. We see Macleod enter and walk up behind her.

MCCLEOD

Good evening.

JENNIFER

(annoyed)

You're twenty minutes late.

MCCLEOD

Sorry.

Macleod takes off his overcoat and sits beside her. On his arm is a BANDAGE covering the cut on his arm from Kilvara's blade. Macleod glances at her hand, his eyes focused on her ring. Jennifer follows his stare.

JENNIFER

Does this ring mean something to you?

The WAITER walks over.

MCCLEOD

(to waiter)

Glenmorganie -- no ice and...?

Jennifer holds up her wine glass.

JENNIFER

The house red.

The waiter smiles and walks away.

JENNIFER

You didn't answer my question.

MCCLEOD

I know.

There is a moment of silence. Jennifer appears uneasy. She is not good at small-talk.

JENNIFER

You have an interesting accent.  
Where are you from?

MCCLEOD

Why?

77

JENNIFER

I'm just trying to place you.

MCCLEOD

I've lived all over the world.

She's aware that he is being evasive.

JENNIFER

You're not an easy person to get to know.

MCCLEOD

Why? Because I don't give up all my secrets?

JENNIFER

How come you wanted to meet tonight?

MCCLEOD

I wanted to get to know you better.

His directness make her a little uncomfortable. Macleod notices it.

MCCLEOD

(continuing)

That makes you uncomfortable?

JENNIFER

A little -- yes. My interest in coming here is profession.

MCCLEOD

Is it?

JENNIFER

Yes -- it is.

MCCLEOD

Alright. In the shop you mentioned something about--

JENNIFER

--the Calan. Do you know who they are?

MCCLEOD

Why don't you tell me.

78

JENNIFER

They were called different things by different cultures. The Celts called them the Sourans. The Druids called them the Calans. According to the mythology they were spirits, sent to earth and reborn -- some good -- some evil -- both immortal.

MACLEOD

Immortal?

JENNIFER

Yes. They do not age and they cannot die -- unless their head is cut from their body.

Macleod's face betrays nothing.

JENNIFER

(continuing)

Then the spirit is released and the power is absorbed by the Calan who severs it.

MACLEOD

Very interesting. I bet kids love you at bedtime.

JENNIFER

Maybe you can explain what I saw the other night?

Macleod ignores her question.

MCCLEOD

Have you told Lieutenant Bedsoe your theory?

JENNIFER

No.

MCCLEOD

Why not?

JENNIFER

Because I don't feel like sitting in a rubber room for forty-eight hours.

MCCLEOD

You don't really believe this do you?

79

JENNIFER

(sidesteps the question)

Let me ask you something else. At the excavation site in Scotland, the tunnel leading into the cavern had collapsed. The day we found the body someone had moved the rocks, making a hole in the collapsed section. What bothers me is that we found the rocks from the hole on our side of the tunnel wall.

MCCLEOD

So?

JENNIFER

Why would someone pull on the rocks to get in the cavern? They were wedged in tight. They couldn't get a grip on them. They would have had much more strength pushing on them.

MCCLEOD

If they pushed the rocks you would have found them on the other side of the cavern wall.

JENNIFER

Yes -- if they were trying to get in -- but what if they weren't? What if they were trying to get out?

A beat. Macleod isn't sure how much she knows -- but he knows she is close.

MCCLEOD

That would mean they'd been trapped in there--

JENNIFER

--for three hundred years.

MCCLEOD

How could that be? People don't live  
for three hundred years.

JENNIFER

Not unless they're immortal.

Their eyes lock. Macleod studies her. He knows she knows --  
or at least suspects. Jennifer smiles warmly, she places her  
hand on Macleod arm -- then quickly tears the BANDAGE of his  
arm.

80

HER POV - OF MACLEOD'S ARM

There is no trace of the cut. No scar -- nothing.

Jennifer looks back at Macleod, astonished. Macleod slowly  
peels her hand off his arm. His eyes stare deeply into hers.

MCCLEOD

You're very smart for someone who has  
not even lived a single lifetime.  
Maybe too smart.

Macleod gets up and leaves. Jennifer follows.

EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Macleod walks down the street. Jennifer runs after him. She  
grabs him by the stop. He stops.

JENNIFER

What did you mean a single lifetime?  
Are you saying that it's true?

Macleod says nothing. He stares at her for a moment, then  
walks off.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Empty. Macleod walks along the pavement, his mind deep in  
thought.

CUT TO:

EXT. JENNIFER'S APARTMENT, FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Jennifer opens the door. She is surprised to see Macleod. A beat.

MCCLEOD  
May I come in?

Jennifer opens the door wider. Macleod walks inside.

INT. JENNIFER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Macleod walks to the middle of the room. He is struggling with himself inside himself.

81

MCCLEOD  
You asked me earlier if that ring meant something to me -- it does. It reminds me of someone I knew a long time ago.

Jennifer starts to take it off her finger.

JENNIFER  
Would you like to see it?

MCCLEOD  
I've seen it.

JENNIFER  
On the back it has--

MCCLEOD  
--the crest of a lion and a dragon and a single word: Courage.

JENNIFER  
How did you know that?

Macleod away -- his mind drifts as he speaks.

MCCLEOD  
It came from your great, great, great grandmother, Isabelle Tourez, who lived in Paris and died on the guillotine in 1789 -- alone -- and unmarried. The ring was given to her by someone who loved her -- but knew that it could never be.

JENNIFER  
You?

Macleod looks at her, his eyes staring deeply into hers.

MCCLEOD

Yes.

Now that she has heard what she suspected a look of doubt crosses her face. Macleod notices it.

MCCLEOD

I was born into the clan Macleod,  
five hundred years ago in Glenfinnan  
-- on the shores of Loch Shiel.

82

Jennifer stares at him -- there is doubt in her eyes. Suspecting and believing are two different things and her expression relays her skepticism. Macleod picks up a DAGGER on the worktable and holds it before his heart.

MCCLEOD

I've wandered the world ever since  
then. I cannot die.

She tries to stop him, but before she can Macleod thrusts the dagger into his chest. His face fills with pain -- he drops to his knees. Jennifer watches in horror. A beat. Macleod looks up at her, then pulls the dagger from his chest. Jennifer is overwhelmed with astonishment. She slowly drops to her knees. They are inches from each other.

MCCLEOD

(weakly)

You wanted the truth -- now you have  
it.

JENNIFER

And the other one -- he is like you?

MCCLEOD

He is immortal -- yes -- but he is  
not like me. We are the last of our  
kind.

(he looks at her)

The last of the Calans. I do not  
know what purpose we were put here  
for. I only know that if he wins the  
world will suffer for it.

Macleod starts to stand. Jennifer gently places her hand on his shoulder.

JENNIFER

Where will you go now?

MCCLEOD

It will end tonight.

JENNIFER  
Must you fight him?

MCCLEOD  
He will not stop until it is over.

Jennifer stares deeply into his eyes. She moves closer and then, gently kisses him. They search each others eyes. She leans in to kiss him again. Macleod pulls away. She starts to say something, he gently puts his finger over her lips and stares at her fondly -- then leaves.

83

CUT TO:

EXT. NASH ANTIQUES - NIGHT

Macleod walks down the street towards the shop. Suddenly, from out of a doorway Bedsoe appears.

MCCLEOD  
Good evening, Lieutenant.

BEDSOE  
No -- it isn't. A cop died today and the other is barely holding on. I want some answers, Nash.

MCCLEOD  
I'm sorry about that -- but I had nothing to do with it.

BEDSOE  
That doesn't mean you don't know what's going on. You're connected to this guy somehow. He's after you -- just like the others were.

MCCLEOD  
(looks at his watch)  
It's late.

Macleod starts to leave. Bedsoe grabs him by the neck and slams him into the wall, then holds his GUN to Macleod's face. A beat. Macleod stares at him calmly.

BEDSOE  
Seven years ago I interviewed a guy. He said he saw two men fighting in an alley with swords. One cut off the others head. He shot the surviving guy twenty times and he got right back up and stabbed him.

MCCLEOD

Maybe he was a lousy shot.

Bedsoe anger fills Bedsoe's face. He slowly pulls back the HAMMER of his pistol. A beat. He studies Macleod for a reaction. There isn't one.

BEDSOE

Most people would show some sign of fear with a gun in their face.

MCCLEOD

Most people are afraid of death.

84

BEDSOE

Most people can die.

A beat. Their eyes are locked on each others, probing, studying, evaluating.

MCCLEOD

If you really believe that you'll pull the trigger.

Bedsoe struggles within himself. The gun shakes in his hand. A beat. Slowly he lowers the pistol. Macleod walks inside.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Macleod sits on the couch, staring into the darkness. His mind races, filled with thoughts and decisions. He sharpens the blade of his Samurai. The PHONE RINGS. Macleod answers it.

KILVARA'S VOICE

Can you come out and play?

Macleod doesn't answer.

KILVARA'S VOICE

No? You know, some people think that I don't have any good qualities, but that isn't true. I saw you tonight with your little friend -- I let you say goodbye to her. I think of it as letting a condemned prisoner have his last request. Besides, I have her now.

MCCLEOD

She isn't part of this.

KILVARA'S VOICE

She is now. We're at the museum. I figured we'd have more room for our business here. If you hurry you might get here before I kill her.

The line goes dead. Macleod rushes from the room.

CUT TO:

EXT. ANTIQUE STORE - NIGHT

Macleod's PORSCHE races out of the parking lot and down the street.

85

+ACROSS THE STREET

Bedsoe is in his car. He starts the engine and follows Macleod.

CUT TO:

EXT. MUSEUM - NIGHT

Macleod stops his car in front of the building.

Bedsoe stops down the street and watches through the windshield.

The front door is ajar. Macleod opens it slowly and enters.

INT. MUSEUM, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Macleod holds his Samurai at his side as he walks down the corridor. In the b.g we HEAR the SOUNDS of a struggle.

Suddenly, Jennifer comes running down the hall towards him.

JENNIFER

He's here!

She runs towards him, her face filled with fear.

JENNIFER

He's in there!

MCCLEOD

Get out.

Macleod starts to walk towards the room. Jennifer walks behind

him.

JENNIFER  
Be careful, Conner.

MCCLEOD  
(to himself)  
Conner?

A flash of confusion fills Macleod's eyes -- his face hardens. He swings around quickly and drives the blade on his sword into Jennifer's chest. She SCREAMS, a deep, unearthly SCREAM.

CUT TO:

86

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Bedsoe HEARS Jennifer's SCREAM. He bolts out of his car and runs towards the building.

CUT TO:

INT. MUSEUM, MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Pain fills Jennifer's face. A beat. Slowly she smiles as a TRANSFORMATION begins. The image of Jennifer is replaced with that of Kilvara. Macleod smiles at him.

MCCLEOD  
I never told her my first name.

Kilvara grabs the blade and slowly pulls it from his chest. Macleod swings his blade at Kilvara's neck. Kilvara ducks then runs down the hall into the main room. Macleod follows.

CUT TO:

EXT. MUSEUM - NIGHT

Bedsoe reaches the front door. He tries to break it open but cannot. He runs around the side of the building.

CUT TO:

INT. MUSEUM, MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Macleod moves slowly through the work tables, waiting, watching, listening. Something catches his attention.

MACLEOD'S POV

Jennifer is gagged and tied to a chair which has been placed on top of a long table. Another chair has been placed about three feet away from her on the table. On the second chair a CROSSBOW has been mounted and aimed at Jennifer. A ROPE is tied to the TRIGGER and stretched to her chair. A WEIGHT has been tied in the center of the rope. A CANDLE burns behind the WEIGHT. When it burns though the rope the WEIGHT will fall and the CROSSBOW will fire at Jennifer.

Kilvara steps out of the shadows, a wicked grin on his face.

87

KILVARA

Clever -- don't you think. You can save her. All you have to do is blow out the candle. Of course, you have to get past me to do it.

The rope is beginning to turn black as the candle burns deeper into it. Macleod knows he has little time before the ropes snaps. He moves towards her. Kilvara blocks his path.

KILVARA

Now, you die.

Kilvara swings his sword at Macleod. Macleod blocks the attack. Kilvara kicks him in the stomach, doubling him over and driving him back. Kilvara wields his sword powerfully. Macleod side-steps the attack -- Kilvara's blade slams into a table, slicing it cleanly in half.

Jennifer struggles in her chair, her eyes open wide in horror, staring at the candle.

CUT TO:

EXT. MUSEUM, REAR EXIT - NIGHT

Bedsoe reaches the back door. It is locked also. He goes over to one of the windows and breaks it with the butt of his GUN, then climbs through.

CUT TO:

INT. MUSEUM, MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

The battle continues. Kilvara presses the attack, swinging his sword furiously and relentlessly at Macleod. Macleod jumps up on a table. Kilvara swings his blade at Macleod's knees. Macleod jumps, the blade sails under his feet, when he lands he KICKS Kilvara in the face, knocking him to the ground.

Kilvara's sword slides across the floor. Macleod looks at Kilvara, then across the room. He has only a second to decide: Kilvara or Jennifer.

MACLEOD'S POV

The ROPE is about to snap -- strands are starting to fray.

Macleod runs across the tabletop and jumps onto another as he heads for the long table across the room.

Kilvara stands -- picks up his sword and runs after Macleod.

88

More strands of the rope snap as the flame burns deeper in the rope. It is just about to when...

Macleod runs onto the long table. He dives and slides across it -- his Samurai extended in front of him.

The rope SNAPS. The WEIGHT begins to fall.

Macleod drives the blade of his sword through the trigger housing. The WEIGHT pulls on the rope -- but the blade of the Samurai blocks the trigger from pulling back.

Kilvara reaches Macleod. Their eyes meet. Macleod knows he cannot remove his sword to defend himself or the crossbow will fire. Kilvara raises his sword and is about to strike when a SHOT is FIRED.

Bedsoe is standing in the doorway, his gun aimed at Kilvara.

BEDSOE  
(to Kilvara)  
You...

KILVARA  
I know -- freeze.

A beat. Kilvara looks at Bedsoe, then at Macleod. He is only a few feet away. He thinks -- then lunges at Macleod.

Bedsoe fires two shots. They hit Kilvara in the chest. He drops to the ground.

Macleod unties Jennifer quickly. Bedsoe moves across the room towards them. He carefully passes the motionless body of Kilvara.

MCCLEOD  
Bedsoe -- he isn't dead!

Too late. Kilvara stands, grabbing Bedsoe's gun hand. He smashes it against the wall. The GUN flies out of Bedsoe's

hand and slides across the floor. Kilvara effortlessly lifts him off the ground and throws him against the wall. Bedsoe hits the floor hard, his face etched in pain from several broken bones. Jennifer runs over to him.

Kilvara picks up his sword and moves towards Macleod.

KILVARA  
Now -- we finish it.

Macleod stares at him confidently.

MCCLEOD  
Yes.

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Macleod quickly spins the chair with the CROSSBOW around so it is facing Kilvara. He removes his Samurai. The trigger snaps back.

WHOOSH! The ARROW hits Kilvara in the chest. Pain fills his face.

Macleod runs towards him. Kilvara pulls the arrow from his chest and manages to raise his sword just in time to block Macleod's attack. Through the room they battle. Macleod fights fiercely backing Kilvara up.

Jennifer makes Bedsoe more comfortable by propping him against the wall. She looks around the room.

JENNIFER'S POV

of Bedsoe's gun on the floor.

Jennifer rushes over to it and picks it up. She aims it at Kilvara.

Kilvara sees her with the gun. He knows that if she shoots him he would be stunned long enough for Macleod to take his head.

Jennifer FIRES a SHOT. It misses -- the bullet hits the wall. Kilvara swings his sword powerfully at one of the WOODEN PILLARS. His blade slices through it. Part of the ROOF collapses.

DUST fills the room. SILENCE. Jennifer slowly moves forward, trying to see through it. The dust clears. She stops -- stunned and confused by what she sees.

JENNIFER'S POV

Standing in the middle of the room are TWO MACLEOD'S.

Jennifer moves the gun back and forth between each of them, noting knowing which is the real Macleod.

Both Macleod's look at each other. They lunges at each other and the battle begins again.

Jennifer can only watch helplessly.

Through the room they fight -- both Macleod's swinging their swords at the other -- their swords cross -- sparks fly. They move through the room -- fighting fiercely.

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One of the Macleod's swings his sword -- it slices through the other arm. The other Macleod's drops his sword. The first Macleod raises his sword.

MCCLEOD

There can be only one.

He swings the sword, slicing it across the other Macleod's neck. A beat. Out the gash come a brilliant GREEN LIGHT -- then the transformation begins. The image of Macleod fades and is replaced by Kilvara. He stares at Macleod, tries to smile, but falls to the floor and dies.

A beat. Macleod readies himself. The place explodes in a burst of GREEN LIGHT. Windows explode, overhead lights flash on and off then blow up.

Jennifer and Bedsoe shield their eyes from the brilliant spectacle.

Macleod's body pulses with pain as Kilvara's power flows into him.

SILENCE. Macleod drops to his knees. Jennifer rushes over to him and helps him to his feet.

JENNIFER

Is it over.

For a moment it is as if he didn't hear the question, then slowly he looks at her. He picks up his Samurai and slowly slices the blade into the palm of his hand. A cut appears. A beat. It does not heal. Macleod looks at her with a trace of grin.

MCCLEOD

Yes -- I think it is.

BEDSOE

Hey -- somebody want to gimme a hand here?

CUT TO:

EXT. MUSEUM - NIGHT

Police cars fill the street. Macleod stands on the side walk with Jennifer. Detective Greley stands behind them. Two PARAMEDICS wheel Bedsoe out on a stretcher.

DETECTIVE GRELEY  
Lieutenant -- what about him?

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BEDSOE  
What about him?

PROFESSOR DAJORSKI  
Should I take him in?

Bedsoe looks at Macleod who is waiting to see what Bedsoe is going to do.

BEDSOE  
No -- it was self defense.

Macleod nods at Bedsoe -- without words a quiet understanding is reached between them. Bedsoe looks angrily at the paramedics.

BEDSOE  
Well, we gonna wait here for my bones  
to heal -- or you gonna take me to  
the hospital?

They wheel him to the ambulance.

Macleod starts to walk away. Jennifer walks beside him.

JENNIFER  
What now?

MCCLEOD  
Now I can start to live. To feel.  
To grow old and live each day without  
the promise of another.

JENNIFER  
Sounds very -- normal.

Macleod smiles.

MCCLEOD  
Yes -- yes it does.

He puts his arm around her and they walk off together.

FADE TO BLACK