

HIGHLANDER IV
WORLD WITHOUT END
OVER BLACK, A VOICE:

VOICE
IN THE DAYS BEFORE
MEMORY, THERE WERE THE
IMMORTALS. WE WERE
WITH YOU THEN, AND WE
ARE WITH YOU NOW.

SWEEP LOW
through CLINGING HIGHLAND MISTS that shroud a
land still
in its infancy. Cathedral spires of granite.
Cradled lakes. A solitary vastness.

VOICE (CONT'D)
WE HAVE BEEN
WORSHIPPED AS GODS
MISTAKEN FOR DEMONS
AND REVILED AS
WITCHES. WE ARE THE
SEEDS OF A MILLION
LEGENDS BUT OUR TRUE
ORIGINS ARE UNKNOWN.
WE SIMPLY ARE.

ANCIENT CASTLES dot the landscape, whisper of
battles long forgotten.

VOICE (CONT'D)
WE ARE DRIVEN BY THE
CEASELESS FIGHT TO
ENDURE. NO LIMIT, IT
IS A BATTLE THAT KNOWS
NO BOUNDARY OF TIME OR
PLACE.

TWO FIGURES clash with broadswords atop the
tallest promontory.

VOICE (CONT'D)
TO THE WINNER COMES AN
UNKNOWABLE PRIZE. YET
AN IMMORTAL CAN FIND
NO COMFORT IN VICTORY.

MATCH MOVE to the top of an ULTRA-MODERN
SKYSCRAPER. Swordsmen continue to battle.

VOICE (CONT'D)
BECAUSE IN THE END,
THERE CAN BE ONLY ONE.
Loser falls to the other's sword as the
HEAVENS CLEAVE in a TITANIC RUPTURE OF SIGHT
AND SOUND.

Like the birth of a brand new universe.

BEGIN/END TITLES:

EXT - MANHATTAN, PRESENT-DAY ESTABLISHING - DAWN
Teeming millions. Yawning concrete spires.
Blare of traffic.

EXT - ANTIQUE STORE - DAWN

Engraved into a brass plaque:

MACLEOD & ELLENSTEIN ANTIQUES (FORMERLY
RUSSELL NASH LTD)

A FACE reflects in the window glass. It's RACHEL ELLENSTEIN, early 60's now, a graying, maternal beauty.

She moves to the front door, reaches out to unlock i.t.

It falls open at her touch. Even though the hanging placard is still flipped to "WE'RE CLOSED"

Rachel hesitates. Draws a shallow breath and steps inside.

INT - ANTIQUE STORE

All those sublime European antiquities now drip with menace. Celtic harp. Scottish targe. Brooding statuary.

She moves deeper into the shadowed recesses, flicks on a lamp.

Her gaze settles on the one exception to the impeccable order of things. An open wooden case, empty.

Just the felt impression of a missing broadsword.

RACHEL

(icy dread)

Connor...?

She crosses to the foot of the staircase. Listens.

A MUSIC BOX

spools a faint, tinny madrigal.

She climbs the stairs, padding softly upward. The music grinds EVER LOUDER in its maddening repetitions. Every so often, it's punctuated by a CHILD'S GIGGLE.

AT THE SECOND FLOOR LANDING

Rachel edges around the corner. Her breath catches in her throat. BEFORE HER stands a locked wooden cabinet. It's been cleaved nearly in half by the BROADSWORD that still juts hilt-first from the base of the splintered front panel. PHOTO ALBUMS and leather-bound DIARIES have been shredded and scattered across the floor--

--except for several selected PHOTOGRAPHS, skewered onto the sword tip like a Medieval message spike. Rachel struggles to breathe. Like she's taken that sword in her own gut.

INSIDE THE CABINET A TELEVISION flickers with videotape of GRAINY HOME MOVIES. A LITTLE GIRL (RACHEL) is entranced by a PORCELAIN MUSIC BOX held out by an AGELESS CONNOR MACLEOD.

YOUNG RACHEL

Let me see, Connor!

Let me see!

Rachel stands frozen, watching her life with Connor flash by in RAGGED FILM CLIPS.

CONNOR teaching RACHEL to ride a horse.

CONNOR with RACHEL outside an English boarding school. In a train station. At her college graduation.

CONNOR and RACHEL in a laughing embrace that only hints at something deeper.

In each new clip, Rachel has aged further. Connor has not.

Rachel steps up to the broadsword, wraps both hands around the grip and jerks it clean of the cabinet.

THE SKEWERED PHOTOGRAPHS (flutterd to the floor like dead leaves)

THE VIDEOTAPE ENDS, CLICKS OFF...

and a NEW IMAGE burns itself onto the screen in perfect digital clarity. Rachel. Staring back at herself, terror-stricken.

She hadn't even noticed it before now. The tiny CAMCORDER on the shelf above the TV with the glowing red light.

MOVE IN ON THE TV as Rachel SLOWLY BACKS AWAY. Keep moving in on the TV until the PIXELS SWIM...

THE PHONE RINGS shattering the stillness. The old rotary phone on the little Louis XIV stand. It's not just beckoning her. It's taunting her.

Gathering up the photos and hugging them to her breast, Rachel slowly approaches the phone. Any second now, you'd expect it to stop ringing, nobody home. But whoever's on the other end knows better. It keeps right on RINGING. Insistant. Trembling fingers reach out for the receiver. Slowly lift it off the hook.

RACHEL

Hello?

EXTREME CLOSE ON PHONE:

A TINY ELECTRIC CLICK is the last thing Rachel hears before--

EXT - ANTIQUE STORE - WIDE

--a BLISTERING EXPLOSION blows out the entire second floor. Rachel Ellenstein is obliterated right along with her own treasured history.

Linger on the FLAMES as we

TRANSITION TO:

EXT - SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS (1565) - DAY

A MOUND OF BURNING CORPSES

They crackle and twist in the fire that feeds off them. It takes a moment to realize they're LIVESTOCK-- oxen, pigs, goats, sheep-- piled like burning refuse.

A CRUDE, WOVEN-STRAW HUMAN EFFIGY stands astride the pile, engulfed in flame.

BEYOND THE FIRE Connor MacLeod and his young wife, HEATHER, watch from the steps of their simple, isolated home. Connor betrays no emotion. Heather looks on in horror.

HEATHER
My God, what are they?

CONNOR
Farm animals. Dead of
the plague.

HEATHER
Why do they torment us
with their dead
cattle?

(no response)
Connor...?

CONNOR
They think I've
brought this upon
them. It's a warning.
A deeper fear now grips Heather.

HEATHER
A warning?! They drove
you from your home!
They cut you off from
your own people! What
else could they want?!
Connor turns away from the flaming heap.

CONNOR
Someone to blame.

CUT TO:

CONNOR swinging astride his horse.

HEATHER
(dread)
Don't go back there.
THUNDER RUMBLES in the distance.

CONNOR
I have no choice.

HEATHER
Please--

CONNOR
They can't hurt me.
And they know it. But
they can still hurt
the ones I care about.
Heather looks off. Shivers.

HEATHER
I'm afraid.
Connor leans forward, takes her face in his
hands.

CONNOR
I love you, Heather.
More than anything in
this world.
She grips his hands. Desperately.

CONNOR (CONT'D)
Do you believe me?

HEATHER
Yes.

CONNOR
Then you needn't be
afraid.

(kisses her)
Nothing can ever keep
us apart.

DISSOLVE
TO:

EXT - SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS, VARIOUS - DAWN
Connor travels a primeval landscape of jagged
peaks and fog-shrouded valleys.

CONNOR'S VOICE

Nothing...

CUT TO:

EXT - RIDGE ABOVE GLENFINNAN - TWILIGHT
He gazes down at the tiny hamlet of
Glenfinnan, nestled between castle and
shimmering loch. Breathes deep the forgotten
smell of home.

INT - HUT - EVENING

CAIOLIN MACLEOD, ravaged by neglect and
despair, strokes her son's face as if
confirming his reality.

CAIOLIN

I thought you might be
the water horse come
to take me on his back
and drown me in the
loch.

CONNOR

(smiles)

Maybe I am, Mother.

CAIOLIN

(touches his
hair)

Then come, let me grab
hold of your golden
mane and off we go.

Connor lifts her from the tattered bed, spins
her around several giddy times and sits her
upright in a chair.

CONNOR

Not before we put some
meat on those bones.

He rummages through her shelves looking for
food. Finds
painfully little.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

No one comes to look
after you?

CAIOLIN

They're all afraid of
me. They think I
bedevil their children
because I've lost my
own.

CONNOR

I'm sorry. I'm so
sorry...

CAIOLIN

Tiny minds and sour
dispositions. I don't
need them, Connor. Any
of them.

Connor crouches at her feet.

CONNOR

Then it's settled.
You're coming with me.
There's somebody I
want you to meet.
She's nearly as
beautiful as you.

Caiolin blinks back her disbelief.

CAIOLIN

You're sure?

CONNOR (CONT'D)

We leave tonight.
Let's start packing.

CAIOLIN

(lifts up her
shoes)

I'm already packed.

THE SLATTED WOODEN DOOR

swings OPEN. A YOUNG MAN stands in the
doorway. He's strong and severe, dressed in
clergyman's black. But
that's not what draws the eye.
Even though it's cold enough to fog his
breath-- he's sweating.
Connor looks up, guarded.

CONNOR

Jacob--

KASE

You shouldna come
back, Connor.

Connor feels the tension in Kase's voice.

CONNOR

Surely as a friend you
can look the other way
just this once... For
old times' sake...

KASE

You knew. You knew
what would happen if
you came back. I am
not to blame for this.

CONNOR

What?

(beat)

What have you done?

KASE

God help you.

FATHER ALASDAIR RAINEY, the local priest and
inquisitor, steps inside, bent over a silver
cane. He's gross, corpulent and perpetually
short of breath. A nasty NOSE BOIL figures
prominently in his overall appearance.

VILLAGERS of varying stripe crowd nervously behind them.

FATHER RAINEY

In the name of the
Holy See and the rule
of law, you are hereby
charged, Connor
MacLeod, with heresy
and the practice of
black magic.

(turns to the
villagers)

Take him.

The townsmen jostle in place, each trying to squeeze backward behind the other.

FATHER RAINEY (CONT'D)

(squints)

Heresy is not
contagious.

Two of the bolder men move forward, gripping Connor by the elbows. Once its clear they haven't sucked up any demons, the others SWARM HIM.

EXT - STONE HUT - NIGHT

Caiolin SCREAMS as Connor's dragged outside and driven to the ground by a relentless battery of sticks and clubs.

CUT TO:

INT - STONE CELL - NIGHT

Connor stirs awake in a centuries-old dungeon, a dark hole, crumbling and damp. VOICES seem to drip through the porous mortar. Taunting, vengeful, expectant. He crosses to the barred window that affords him a narrow, ground-level view of THE TOWN COMMONS where a well-attended EXECUTION is now underway.

Connor squints, craning to make out the identity of the condemned. TOWNSPEOPLE mingle and mill in front of him, obstructing his line-of-sight. Even as A FAMILIAR VOICE rises above the surrounding chatter.

JACOB KASE'S VOICE

The curse that
afflicts one
generation will
invariably pass its
mark onto the next.
The ties of blood
cannot be severed by
word or deed, if in
fact your blood is
that of your son.

Several villagers STEP ASIDE to reveal:

CONNOR'S MOTHER bound to an UPRIGHT STAKE atop a mound of shorn timber. CONNOR siezes with the impossible horror of recognition.

CONNOR

No.. . NO! !

JACOB KASE Makes the sign of the cross as he reads from a writ of execution. He stands atop a primeval CELTIC MONOLITH worn down to the form of a pedestal. Father Rainey wobbles behind him, sniffing ammonia to spell his chronic angina.

KASE

Through the infinite
compassion of our Lord
God, you are entitled
one final opportunity
to renounce all that
is unholy, to declare
Connor MacLeod not of
your loins and help
put an end to the
darkness that has been
cast upon this land.
How say you, Caiolin
MacLeod?

Caiolin lifts her head, pale and beatific.

CAIOLIN

If your god should
persecute me into the
next world, then I
shall simply have to
find myself another.

Shocked murmurs of outrage shudder through the crowd. Kase steps up and RIPS AWAY Caiolin's cherished silver CRUCIFIX, with its distinctive wooden Christ figure.

KASE

(holding up
Caiolin's
crucifix)

You won't need this
where you're going.

CONNOR grabs at the iron window-bars. Shakes them until the mortar chips from their moorings. THE RUDDY-FACED EXECUTIONER solemnly approaches Caiolin. Unseen by the bloodlusting crowd, he takes out a small leather sack and drapes it around her neck by the drawstring. He tucks it under her coarse woolen robe and pats it flush against her chest.

EXECUTIONER

(softly)

Black powder. It will
make short work of
your suffering.

Caiolin nods. He steps down off the pyre. Reaches for a BURNING TORCH. CONNOR strains

against the bars like a madman. Mortar continues crumbling until one bar actually RIPS AWAY COMPLETELY. THE EXECUTIONER touches torch to kindling. It ALIGHTS. CONNOR tries to squeeze through the window gap. Too tight. So he winds back with the iron bar and swings with mindless fury. Iron strikes unyielding stone, SPARKING and CHIPPING... THE PYRE BENEATH CAIOLIN ENGULFS IN FLAME. Heat ripples her face, distorts her body. CONNOR hammers harder, quicker, louder. Bits of stone fly everywhere. But the bulk of it remains spitefully intact. Still, it's enough to convince ALL FOUR GUARDS to intervene. They throw open the heavy iron door and descend upon Connor with swords and axes. >Wielding the iron bar like a battle mace, Connor splits the first guard's head, catches his sword mid-air and slices into the next. Third guard's axe catches on a ceiling beam. Connor runs him through like an overstuffed feedsack. The fourth guard drops his sword and BOLTS. THE PYRE is now fully ABLAZE. Caiolin looks out through the rippling wall of flame... . . . and smiles weakly.

CAIOLIN

My water horse...

AS CONNOR splits the crowd like a battering ram. He reaches the pyre, hurling flaming timbers aside with his bare hands. Initially stunned, the townsfolk shrink back, watching Connor desperately scatter the fire. Caiolin buries her face in her shoulder, biting back the agony as... Sword in hand, Connor stretches upward, hacking away the ropes that bind her, oblivious to the fire now crawling in serpentine coils around his own arms and legs. Freed of the ropes, Caiolin begins to slump forward. Connor grabs for her arm as THE BLACK POWDER EXPLODES in a CONCUSSION of FIRE that renders any further hope of rescue futile. Connor stands atop the burning pyre, wicked tongues of flame leaping off his back and shoulders like fiery wings. He throws back his head and HOWLS to the heavens. Fire dances across Connor's skin and clothing as he raises his broadsword and steps down into the crowd. PANDEMONIUM breaks out. This isn't just a common witch. This is one of Hell's very own. Those few foolish enough to attack are cut down where they stand. The rest scatter in mindless PANIC. Father Rainey blocks Connor's path. Lifts his cross... . . . as he's CUT DOWN by the blind SLASH of Connor's sword. Connor steps over Rainey's body and keeps coming, driving the mob fleeing

into their dwellings. Kase crouches blustering over Rainey.

KASE

Father... Father,
please--

(tries to
staunch the
bleeding)

Father--!

Rainey's eyes open slightly.

RAINEY

Who are you...?

KASE

Your son. It's your
son-- Jacob.

Rainey stares back as if a veil has suddenly been lifted. And what he now sees terrifies him to death.

RAINEY

(eyes widen)

Who are YOU?

KASE

I'm your--

He stops. Rainey's eyes are frozen. Dead. CONNOR returns to the flaming pyre, refueling his rage with the sight of his mother's blackened corpse. >KASE scoops up a discarded sword, leaps to his feet and CHARGES CONNOR, bellowing like a madman. >Connor whirls around with his sword, making Kase IMPALE HIMSELF on the blade. Kase stares wide-eyed and gagging at Connor's smoldering visage-- the depthless black pools of hate that shroud his eyes. It's the last thing Jacob Kase will ever see. Connor opens his fingers and lets him DROP, the sword hilt still jutting from Kase's chest. Gathering up several chunks of flaming timber, Connor HEAVES them onto the straw-covered rooftops, setting them instantly ABLAZE. In short order, the village is transformed into a giant swirling INFERNO. Silhouetted against the crimson sky, Connor lifts Caiolin's body and turns his back on Glenfinnan for the last time.

DISSOLVE
TO:

EXT - ANCIENT STONE MONASTERY - NIGHT

Standing outside the massive door is a MONK clad in dark, hooded monastic garb. Nothing in the panorama would suggest we've just jumped four centuries into an uncertain future...

Until--

A PACK OF MOTORCYCLISTS chew their way up the rubbled slope. Fishtail to a stop. THE LEADER, a tall eclectically-dressed Jamaican, dismounts and approaches the hooded monk.

JAMAICAN

You people are
extremely hard to
find.

Monk unshoulders a PUMP-ACTION SHOTGUN.

HOODED MONK

We like it that way.
(pumps shotgun)

Now go.

The other six INTRUDERS surround the monk. His eyes flick from one to the next-- a buffet of different nationalities, all big.

JAMAICAN

Take your pick. Before
you squeeze the
trigger a second time,
you'll be dead.

Easy choice. Monk levels his gun and BLOWS the Jamaican right off his feet. And sure enough, he GAGS before his next trigger-pull. A very nasty SERRATED BLADE retracts into a wooden hilt. Monk drops in a heap as his assailant, a WIRY ASIAN, turns for the door, joined by the others. IN THE VERY NEXT INSTANT the heavy oak-and-iron door SWINGS OPEN with a BARRAGE of AUTOMATIC GUNFIRE--

The intruders are CUT DOWN where they stand. THREE MORE HOODED MONKS appear in the doorway, wielding ASSAULT RIFLES. They grimly regard the bodies.

MONK #1

Take the heads. Just
in case.

Saws and cleavers are pulled by the other two guards while Guard #1 keeps his gun trained on the corpses.

VOICE

Don't bother. Really.

A FIGURE stands in shadow, his face UNSEEN. We catch only a brief glimpse of a PRIEST'S COLLAR. Guard #1 whips his rifle toward the Stranger. Stranger diverts it with the tip of his sword. Bullets go nowhere. One slash and the guard is gone. Two more slashes and his comrades fall. Stranger kicks the body of the dead Jamaican as he steps through the open doorway.

STRANGER

Don't be long.

INT - MONASTERY - NIGHT

FOLLOW THE STRANGER through a maze of chambers and DOWN into serpentine catacombs. He KICKS THROUGH a DOOR into AN INNER ROOM cavernous and dripping, where even the air seems septic. A few dim candles illuminate A DOZEN MEN bound to complicated, almost Giger-esque chairs. Arms, legs and faces have been immobilized by

crossing flats of metal BOLTED into flesh and wood. From the wild overgrowth of hair and beard, and the impossibly long, curled fingernails, it's a good guess none of them have moved a muscle in years. Except for a pale CUSTODIAN standing in a corner, trembling silently. Stranger stands at the threshold, his face obscured by flickering shadows. He scans the living corpses.

STRANGER

So it's true.
He moves slowly among them.

STRANGER (CONT'D)

What sacrifices they
made of you all.
Warehoused, like
rotting pieces of
meat.

He pauses to lift up a downcast head. Gazes into the shackled face. The eyes are covered by strips of rusted iron, the face by tangled beard.

STRANGER (CONT'D)

Tell me-- is this the
better way? I'm sure
you've had some time
to reflect on it.

One by one, THE RECENTLY-DEAD INTRUDERS filter into the room, led by the Jamaican. Blood stipples their clothes, streaks their faces. But they are, in every other sense, fully-restored.

Stranger straightens, swivels around to the terrified Custodian. Custodian backpeddles into the wall.

STRANGER

Which one is Connor
MacLeod?

CUSTODIAN

I-- I don't know...
They never told me
names...

STRANGER

(low, seething)
Don't. Lie. To. Me.

CUSTODIAN

I swear. I don't
know...

Stranger grabs him under the chin, lifts him to his toes.

STRANGER

You need to understand
one thing, my gimpy
friend. I don't care
about the Game. I
don't care about the
rules. I don't even

care about these other
pathetic souls you
lock away as a barrier
to the Prize.

The Custodian stares back, uncomprehending.

STRANGER (CONT'D)

(squeezes his
throat)

I want Connor MacLeod.
Give me MacLeod and
I'll leave. And you
can go right on
pretending that what
you do here actually
matters.

The custodian lifts a shaking finger. RACK
FOCUS TO:

THE PRISONER IN THE LAST CHAIR Even with an
iron slat across his eyes, he is unmistakably
Connor MacLeod. Stranger lets go of the
custodian, turns...

STRANGER

Long time.

Connor strains to lift his head. His voice
comes weak and drug-heavy.

CONNOR

Who are you...?

STRANGER

You'll know soon
enough.

GLINT OF A SWUNG BLADE--

CUT TO:

EXT - MONASTERY - NIGHT

An unearthly LIGHT pulses through slitted
windows and cracked mortar. TENDRILS of RAW
ENERGY vein the ancient building, growing
BRIGHTER until--

THE WINDOWS EXPLODE OUTWARD with a keening,
animal-like HOWL. ABOVE the sky responds with
SCREAMING WIND and TORRENTS of RAIN.

CUT TO:

EXT - PARIS - NIGHT

WIND HOWLS over the City of Lights, slicing up
the Seine to. . . DUNCAN MACLEOD'S BARGE
docked at the quay.

EXT - BARGE - NIGHT

PUSH IN on DUNCAN MACLEOD, cross-legged in
meditation atop the deck. He JOLTS from a
series of SUDDEN VIOLENT IMAGES. A FACE,
bolted immobile, wrenched in agony. A
SWORDBLADE slashing into flesh. FINGERNAILS
clawing wood. BLOOD flecking tile. ESSENCE.
PHONE. Ringing. Duncan snaps up the receiver,
sweat drenched.

DUNCAN

Yeah?

Tiny electric CLICK...

. . . then the HISS of an overseas line.

WOMAN'S VOICE

(filtered)

He's dead.

DUNCAN

Who?

CUT TO:

A PAYPHONE, SOMEWHERE IN LOWER MANHATTAN
In a driving RAIN. A woman's hand holds the
receiver to her face, obscuring her features.

WOMAN

Connor MacLeod. He was
killed last night.

INT - DUNCAN'S BARGE

Duncan reels with a sudden flood of emotions.

DUNCAN

Who is this?!

WOMAN'S VOICE

A friend.

EXT - PAYPHONE

The unidentified woman slowly lowers the
receiver and sets it back in the cradle.

CUT TO:

EXT - PARIS, ESTABLISHING, SUNRISE

Shadows crawl across the Parisian skyline as
an ENGINE REVS TO 8000 RPM.

STREET LEVEL POV:

We PUNCH through the ARC DE TRIOMPHE and up
the CHAMPS ELYSEE with a throaty FERARRI HOWL.
On a WICKED DOWNSHIFT, we SQUEAL HARD RIGHT
onto the PONT NEUF, stopping on a franc at
EXT - NOTRE DAME CATHEDRAL - DAY

Duncan hops out of his Ferrari 355 Spyder,
pauses before the massive Gothic edifice, then
disappears inside.

CLOSE ON A CROUCHING STONE GARGOYLE perched
atop the highest balustrade. MOVE SIDEWAYS TO
REVEAL A SECOND CROUCHING FIGURE, this one
human. To many he'll be instantly familiar.
He's METHOS, oldest of all Immortals, gazing
down in quiet contemplation. Methos keeps
staring at the ground below, sipping bordeaux
from a paper cup, even as Duncan joins him at
the edge.

DUNCAN

Methos.

METHOS

so-- What brings you
up here to the aerie
of the lesser gods?

DUNCAN

I need your help.

METHOS

I'm out of the help
business. No future in
it.

DUNCAN

I was told Connor
MacLeod was killed
last night.
Methos' darkens. Another one lost.
DUNCAN (CONT'D)
I just want to know
who did it.
METHOS
(sighs)
In our world, does it
really matter?
DUNCAN
It does to me.
Methos looks down at the clotted life below.
METHOS
Did I ever tell you I
once kept a vineyard
on the very spot where
they built this
monstrosity? Glorious,
the wine.
(looks up)
When did you see him
last?
DUNCAN
Almost ten years ago.
METHOS
What did you talk
about?
DUNCAN
Nothing much.
METHOS
Think back.

FLASH TO:
INT - PUB (FROM HIGHLANDER 1) - DAY
Connor and Duncan hunch over the bar, pounding
scotch.

DUNCAN
We mostly just sat
around, downing shots,
staring at the beer
lights above the bar.
When he finally got up
to go, he looked at me
like it was the last
time I'd ever see him
again. No goodbye. No
handshake. Just got up
and left.

BACK TO SCENE:
Duncan blinks back the memory.
DUNCAN (CONT'D)
Nobody's seen him
since.
METHOS
Describe the look.
DUNCAN

What do you mean?

METHOS

Describe it.

DUNCAN

It was like...

FLASH: CONNOR'S FACE

DUNCAN (CONT'D)

. . . Like every death
he'd ever caused had
come back to haunt
him.

BACK TO SCENE:

Methos takes a thoughtful sip from his wine.

METHOS

For an Immortal who
comes to abhor
bloodshed, there's a
solution-- a way to be
removed from the Game
forever. The price is
unimaginably high, but
you are, for all
practical purposes,
protected from the
violence within
yourself. It's called
The Sanctuary.

DUNCAN

I don't understand.

METHOS

Think of those
Buddhist monks who
came to cherish life
so much that to step
on a single insect, to
harm a blade of grass
was a violation of
their creed. They
placed themselves into
an extreme form of
protective custody. A
sanctuary of sorts.

(beat)

What I'm talking about
is something similar.
But one that doesn't
allow for a change of
heart.

He opens his fingers and watches his cup
plummet to the plaza below. Wine SPLATTERS
like blood on white marble.

METHOS (CONT'D)

Apparently it was
wiped out last night.

DUNCAN

By who?

METHOS

I don't know.

EXT - ABOVE THE ATLANTIC - DAY
A 747 cruises at 40,000 feet.

METHOS (O.S.)

He left no witnesses.

INT - 747 - DAY

Duncan stares out the passenger window as the FLIGHT ATTENDANT sets a DRINK down. He lifts the little plastic COCKTAIL SWORD from the glass. Yanks it out of the olive...

TRANSITION TO:

A BROADSWORD being jerked from a fallen warrior.

EXT - 17TH CENTURY BATTLEFIELD - DAWN
FOLLOW THE SWORD swinging above a PAIR OF HIDE-BOOTED FEET that tramp across uneven ground littered with CORPSES. FEET STOP at a BLOOD-CAKED BODY, swathed in the shredded colors of a defeated army. On a SWIFT KICK TO THE RIBCAGE--

DUNCAN MACLEOD JERKS UPRIGHT, flailing in spastic fits.

DUNCAN

GAHHHHHHH! !

He blinks thickly, as if routed from a deep, disorienting slumber. Gapes up at--
A SILHOUETTE that ECLIPSES the rising sun.

SILHOUETTE

You've better things
to do than lie there
collecting flies.

Duncan puts a hand to his chest, touches the worst of his several lethal wounds. Utter confusion stitches his face.

SILHOUETTE (CONT'D)

I suppose you're
wondering how a knock-
kneed swordsman with
your obvious lack of
skill keeps living to
fight another day.

The figure extends a hand to Duncan. Duncan hesitantly reaches up...

DUNCAN

(squints)

Are you an angel?

SILHOUETTE

I've been called that.

And worse.

Duncan's hand RECOILS--

SILHOUETTE (CONT'D)

Rest assured, I'm
neither.

He hoists Duncan to his feet. Duncan gazes for the first time ever upon the face of CONNOR MACLEOD who smiles back with the gift of untold secrets.

CONNOR

I'm Connor MacLeod of
the Clan MacLeod. And
like you, I have a
hard time dying.

TRANSITION BACK TO:

INT - 747 - DAY

Duncan's now sitting upright in his seat as
the FLIGHT ATTENDANT'S VOICE brings him back
to the here and now.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT (O.S.)

We'll be making our
final descent into New
York...

WHEELS SMACK down onto the runway at JFK.

CUT TO:

A PHOTOGRAPH OF DUNCAN

PULL BACK and see it's his passport, held by a
US CUSTOMS OFFICER. He lowers the passport and
turns to the long metal case Duncan's brought
with him from the plane.

CUSTOMS OFFICER

Would you open the
case, please?

Duncan hands the Officer documentation as he
sets it on the counter and opens it. Inside is
an old, meticulously cared-for Japanese KATANA
SWORD. Customs Officer studies Duncan's
paperwork, smiles.

CUSTOMS OFFICER (CONT'D)

Get much use for this?

DUNCAN

You'd be surprised.

Duncan shuts the case and continues on. Next
MAN in line watches Duncan exit as he hands
over his passport. Hang on the PHOTO. We'll
remember those steel- gray eyes.

INT - CAB, DRIVING - DAY

Duncan watches the passing scenery. MUSIC and
LANDMARKS familiar from the first "Highlander"
sweep past.

EXT - NEW YORK SIDE-STREET - DAY

Cab WIPES FRAME, leaving Duncan standing
before the charred husk of Connor's antique
store. Windows boarded, shreds of flapping
police tape, the investigators have long since
come and gone.

INT - ANTIQUE STORE

Door SPLINTERS OPEN. Duncan steps inside. In
the aftermath of the firebombing, nothing has
been spared. Rachel and Connor's richly-
cultivated collection has been reduced to a
bitter moonscape. One can only shudder at the
degree of overkill that went into this attack.
Duncan climbs the back stairs to THE SECOND
FLOOR LOFT which is even worse. Ash and cinder
are virtually all that remain of Connor's

home. Pausing at the far wall, Duncan yanks down an old charred tapestry, revealing AN INNER DOOR deliberately hidden from view. He dips down, retrieves a key from under a loose floorboard and opens the heavily- reinforced door.

ENTERING he finds himself in a LARGE CIRCULAR ROOM surrounded by a staggering display of ARTIFACTS drawn from centuries of personal history. We're looking at the sum total of Connor MacLeod's existence, stacked floor to ceiling.

Duncan moves among the mementos, smiles as he lifts them; an old Scottish coin, pocket flask... a faded PHOTO of himself in a World War I uniform. He pauses at a painting of Connor's wife HEATHER, radiant in simple peasant garb, smiling serenely across the ages. Finally, a tarnished epee that he wields with instant familiarity.

TRANSITION TO:

INT - FENCING ACADEMY, RAVENNA ITALY (1627) - DAY

Duncan's LUNGE misses Connor by a mile. He stumbles upright in a grand hall streaked by SUNLIGHT from floor- to-ceiling windows. Duncan and Connor face off with duelling swords, sporting black waistcoat andd knee breeches in the manner of the times. Several other elegant FENCING PAIRS spar in this most genteel version of the ancient bloodsport, a far cry from the corpse-littered battlefield seen earlier. A little mustachioed PUFFER darts between the duellists with lint brush, pail and towel as Connor and Duncan re- engage in a rapid series of strikes and parries.

CONNOR

You've improved greatly.

DUNCAN

You really think so?

Connor executes a simple combination that sends Duncan's sword flying one way, his body the other.

CONNOR

No. I'm just being gracious.

Duncan recovers, sets his feet. Puffer skitters over, brushes the dust off Duncan's coat, dabs his sweat and puffs the back of his hair. Duncan swats him away. They take en- garde position. Connor points his blade.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

Remember, you're only immortal as long as your head remains attached to those shoulders.

Duncan lunges again. Misses and hits the deck.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

Which in your case
might not be long at
all.

He puts his blade to Duncan's neck. Humor
evaporates.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

What we give up to our
adversary in defeat,
Duncan... is
everything.

Duncan stares up at him, uncomprehending.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

We call it "The
Quickening"-- our
strength, our
knowledge, our life
essence-- it all flows
into the victor, feeds
him, makes him
stronger, in ways you
can't possibly
comprehend. It's what
drives other Immortals
to kill us. And what
forces us to be
better-- smarter--
than the rest.

He takes Duncan by the arm, jerks him to his
feet.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

Survival. Learn it.

Duncan goes on the attack. What he lacks in
technique, he makes up for in determination.
Almost. Connor sidesteps Duncan's next lunge,
swats his blade flat across Duncan's ass and
sends him plowing face-first into the floor.
Duncan re-engages Connor in fighting stance.
Puffer races up behind Duncan again,
meticulously dusts his backside. Reaches
around and plucks an unsightly piece of lint
off his crotch with thumb and forefinger.

DUNCAN

(whirls around)

You mind?!

Connor clucks his tongue.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

Allow me.

He squares Duncan's shoulders and steps back.
Considers.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

Unh uh.

He steps up and swivels Duncan around until
he's facing the opposite way.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

If you should ever
again find yourself
backside to a blade...
just keep this in
mind.

He proceeds to take Duncan through a move
that's dazzling in it's inherent simplicity--
a move that winds up with Duncan's blade
whisking perilously close across Connor's
throat.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

It's a coup de fin.

He catches Duncan's sword-fist in his own,
holds it immobile.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

Properly executed,
even you cannot
prevent your blade
from finding its mark.

DUNCAN

Properly executed,
we'll never have this
talk again.

Duncan and Connor's eyes lock. They break.

TRANSITION BACK TO:

INT - CIRCULAR ROOM

Duncan suddenly SIEZES UP with a strange
disquiet and ringing in the ears known as THE
BUZZ. It's the sense of another Immortal.
He swings around, reaches for his katana and
steps back through the door, swinging it
closed as A YOUNG WOMAN appears at the top of
the stairs. She saunters toward him, glancing
around.

She takes her time checking out the place
before stepping up to Duncan.

The ragged crop of her hair and the slashing
trowel application of makeup impart a kind of
crazed anti- beauty. Like a post-nuclear Barbi
doll.

Duncan regards her, intrigued and wary.

DUNCAN

Who are you?

YOUNG WOMAN

A friend.

Those two words instantly recall the mystery
voice on the phone.

YOUNG WOMAN (CONT'D)

Or lover. Or wife.
Take your pick.

Memory jogs with a sudden lurch.

DUNCAN

Kate?

YOUNG WOMAN

Atta boy. 'cept I'm
"Faith" now. Part of
the makeover. Like it?

She runs a playful finger across his chest.

FAITH

Funny how 'the time
slips by, huh? You
wake up one day and
ohmigod-- Airplanes!

DUNCAN

Why're you here?

FAITH

Remember our wedding
day, Duncan? I do.

She takes him by the hands and leads him into
an impromptu dance.

FAITH (CONT'D)

We danced the
"Highland Fling."

She spins under his arm, circles back into his
embrace.

FAITH (CONT'D)

I felt like we were
flying.

Her sinuous body moves in perfect sync with
his.

FAITH (CONT'D)

And that we'd never
come down.

She spins out of his arms again--
--and SPIN KICKS him across the FACE. BLOOD
spatters from his nose and mouth.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Of course, we did come
down. Didn't we?

(kicks him
again)

Crashing.

Duncan staggers backward into a concrete
stanchion. Recovers. They stand facing each
other across a gulf centuries wide.

DUNCAN

(spitting
blood)

Why are you here?

FAITH

Isn't it obvious? I
wanted to see you
again.

Duncan tenses at--

THE ROAR OF APPROACHING MOTORCYCLES.

His eyes track the SOUND. It's directly BELOW
him.

EXT - STREET OUTSIDE ANTIQUE STORE

THREE MOTORCYCLES hop the curb, SLICE through
the open door to the antique store...

INT - ANTIQUE STORE

. . . and SPIRAL up the BACK STAIRS.

INT - LOFT

Duncan's eyes flick upward to a NEW SOUND,
directly above him as--

EXT - ROOF - DAY

A FOURTH BIKE VAULTS the NARROW GAP between
buildings and LANDS.

Knobby tires SLAM onto the rooftop,
squirrelling wild across the tarred surface
before shuddering to a stop.

A jackbooted heel digs in and grinds to a
stop.

Biker suddenly BACKWHEELS around, BLASTS
through the ROOF ACCESS DOOR and disappears
inside.

TWO MORE BIKERS follow suit, SLAMMING DOWN
onto the roof like alien invaders.

INT - LOFT

Duncan reacts. But it's not just the full-
throttle howl of approaching bikes.

It's the BUZZ of approaching IMMORTALS.

THE BIKERS

now crest the stairs and fan out into the
loft-- Same group we saw outside the
monastery.

Tricked out in everything from Keds to
chainmail, they drag a variety of weapons in
their trailing hands-- sword, baseball bat,
mace, dao and chain-whip.

The tips make a scraping noise across the
floor that's deliberately unsettling.

They surround Duncan, cutting off any avenue
of escape. Nobody moves or speaks. Just the
low staccato growl of idling two-stroke
engines.

Duncan takes a step backward. Looks to Faith.

DUNCAN

Who're they?

FAITH

More friends.

PAN THE FACES. CARLOS from Bed-Stuy, BUG from
Kyoto, WINSTON from Jamaica, SARGE from
Shreveport and CRACKER BOB from nowhere in
particular.

And then there's CALVIN.

A swaggering Immortal from the he's traded
brute force in on a brand new weapon of
choice. A DIGITAL VIDEO CAMERA.

CALVIN

Make it pretty now.

It's the bottom of the
ninth.

BIKERS DISMOUNT and CONVERGE on Duncan,
swinging their weapons to limber up.

Duncan backs away. This is unheard of--
Immortals packing like jackals.

DUNCAN

What-- it's a team
sport now?

CALVIN

(zooming in)

Whole new ballgame.

THREE IMMORTALS ATTACK. They're good. Duncan's better. About three times better.

CALVIN jockeys his camcorder-- GOES IN TIGHT on Duncan.

CALVIN

Sup with the new blood, huh? Who's gonna lay him out? Take his secret sauce?

(swivels around)

YOU, Winston?

WINSTON, the tall Jamaican, stands off to one side watching, the lone holdout.

CALVIN (CONT'D)

Nope. Too proud. Old school.

INTERCUT - VIDEO VIEWFINDER

Image lurches and jostles as Calvin mixes it up with the combatants.

CALVIN (O.S.)

How 'bout you, Carlos? You good for it? Carlos--?

CARLOS HURTLES THROUGH FRAME. Lands hard.

CALVIN (O.S.)

I'll catch you later.

SWISH PAN TO: SWORD sparking off chainmail.

HANDS AND FEET pounding flesh.

BODIES slamming into walls.

BLOOD. MAYHEM. PAIN. And Calvin, catching it all, up close and personal.

CALVIN (CONT'D)

Sarge is down. Cracker Bob's down.

But Carlos got some kick. Still got some kick. Carlos crawls to his feet, oozing blood and spite.

CALVIN (CONT'D)

Like the man says, you gotta play with the small hurts.

Carlos LUNGES--

Duncan lays him out flat again, then swivels around to face--

BUG who straightens up to his full five-foot frame.

CALVIN (CONT'D)

Say hello to my man BUG and his ugly-stick.

Bug brandishes a simple metal ROD with a woven grip. Nothing much to speak of...

Until he squeezes the grip--

--and SIX BLADES EJECT SIMULTANEOUSLY.
The two on each end are SWORD BLADES, one for
piercing, one for slashing.
Jutting perpendicular to the shaft, like an
insane Swiss Army knife, are twin sets of
DAGGERS-- two for stabbing and two sawtoothed
SWORDBREAKERS.
And then there's the shaft itself, if you're
in need of a good old-fashioned battering ram.

CALVIN (CONT'D)

Like it? Came from a
Tamaric swordsmith.

(grins)

Who smoked a lotta
very wicked stuff.

Bug opens up a multi-pronged BARRAGE on
Duncan.

Duncan adapts to the first assault-- only to
find himself reacting to an entirely new set
of insane moves.

CALVIN (CONT'D)

Uhp--- Say welcome
back to Carlos...

Carlos cuts in yet again, swinging for the
stands. He fans several times before Duncan
backfists him across the nose and dumps him
back onto the floor.

Duncan spins back to Bug as the wiry Asian
lifts his lethal metal rod again and grins.
But this time as he SQUEEZES the release
mechanism--

--Duncan KICKS IT, shoving it flush against
Bug's chest.

SNICK SNICK two PIVOTING DAGGERS slice into
the dumbstruck Immortal. He falls backward
WAILING like a stuck pig.

A BOOMING VOICE freezes everyone in their
tracks.

VOICE

That's enough.

All eyes converge on:

THE STRANGER who stands at a distance, cloaked
in murky halflight.

STRANGER

I'm sorry, Duncan.
When it comes to
discipline, the first
hundred years are the
hardest.

Duncan lowers his katana, turns to the
Stranger as--

CARLOS painfully hauls himself upright and
suddenly BULLDOZES Duncan clear through one of
the immense loft windows.

Duncan's launched AIRBORNE in a plume of
shattered glass, still clutching his katana.

Carlos hooks an arm around the empty window-frame and watches with unvarnished satisfaction as the body SPIKES onto an upright iron ROD jutting from the construction site below.

STRANGER

What was that?

CARLOS

(squinting)

Full gainer with a quarter twist. Degree of difficulty-- not very.

STRANGER

I thought I told you to stop.

CARLOS

Yeah, well. I stopped.

STRANGER (CONT'D)

Are you challenging my authority?

Carlos does his best to ignore him.

STRANGER (CONT'D)

Because the only way to challenge my authority is to kill me.

CARLOS

(turns away)

Hey hey, take it easy, man.

STRANGER (CONT'D)

Is that clear?

In the split second it takes Carlos to turn back from the window, the Stranger is right there in his face.

CARLOS

Shit!

STRANGER

IS THAT CLEAR?

Stranger takes Carlos' sword and yanks it up to his own neck -.

STRANGER (CONT'D)

Here's your chance.

Carlos stares wide-eyed. Pride won't let him back down. Fear won't let him proceed.

STRANGER (CONT'D)

Take it. You won't have another.

We can FEEL the SUDDEN HAMMERING of Carlos' HEART.

CARLOS

You're crazy, man!

STRANGER

Am I? Then go ahead...

(rubs his neck
across the
blade)

Stop the madness.

CARLOS

Hey--

STRANGER

Or walk away... in
perpetual fear of your
own shadow.

(beat)

Tell me, Carlos. Can
you live with that?
Can you live with the
fear? Can you live
with the weakness?

THUMP-THUMP-THUMP-THUMP--

STRANGER (CONT'D)

Weakness, Carlos.
Isn't that why you're
here with me? Isn't
that why you're ALL
here with me?! Face
it, you're nothing
but. . .

(savoring)

. . . cattle.

Blood POUNDS in Carlos' eyes. He YANKS back
the sword, CRIES OUT and SLASHES for the
Stranger's neck.

CLOSE ON STRANGER'S HAND as it catches his
wrist and diverts the blade around to Carlos'
own throat, wedging it up tight under his
chin.

STRANGER (CONT'D)

God loves you. I
don't.

In one vicious UP-SLICE, Stranger cuts through
bone and sinew, stopping just short of a clean
sever.

Carlos gags and gurgles in liquid protest.

STRANGER (CONT'D)

(whispers)

They say the worst
part, Carlos, is those
last few seconds when
you find yourself
staring at your own
headless body.

SNICK-- He sends Carlos' head tumbling to the
floor.

STRANGER (CONT'D)

Of course it's pure
speculation, since
nobody ever lives to
tell about it.

HOLD ON CARLOS' EYES staring in pure, unknowable horror at his own body, twitching several yards away. A tiny ARC of electrical ESSENCE crackles from the neck...

THE OTHERS bear mute witness to the GLOWING TENDRILS of ENERGY that stutter across the walls and ceiling.

EXT - CONSTRUCTION SITE BELOW

Duncan lies IMPALED on a JUTTING SHAFT OF REBAR as an UNMARKED PANEL VAN screeches INTO FRAME. His eyes stare sightless upward as THE LOFT WINDOWS EXPLODE with unearthly HOWLS of stretching metal and pulverizing concrete. SHOCKWAVES strafe the walls, blowing out mortar and brick. POWER LINES SNAP and LASH against the building, spitting fiery plumes of SPARKS.

INT - LOFT

Seen from behind, the Stranger absorbs the QUICKENING in a series of wild electro-shock convulsions.

EXT - CONSTRUCTION SITE BELOW

Several darkly-clad MEN jump from the panel van and race up to Duncan. With pit crew efficiency, one takes a mondo set of BOLT CUTTERS to the metal stake while the others grab Duncan by the arms and ankles. A fourth throws open the cargo door.

Snap-lift... they TOSS Duncan in the back of the van.

INT - LOFT, SAME

Arms outstretched and rigid, head thrown back in silent rapture, the Stranger RISES slowly off the floor, suspended Christ-like in the air.

BLINDING HALOES of PURE RADIANT ESSENCE engulf him, a lifeforce beyond human understanding. THE OTHERS watch transfixed. They've seen it all before, but it never ceases to amaze and terrify them.

CUT TO:

DARKNESS

Which becomes a harsh blast of LIGHT.

DUNCAN'S EYES flutter open, squint at the glare. He's strapped to the same Giger-like chair, immobilized. Standing around him are hooded members of that same monk-like order in what is, essentially, a dungeon.

One of them, MATTHEW, steps forward. His steel-gray eyes are familiar. He's the one who followed Duncan through customs.

As he reaches to cinch closed one of the iron cuffs with a thick metal dowel, he reveals a distinctive TATTOO across his inner forearm.

One that Duncan instantly recognizes. _

DUNCAN

Watchers?

Matthew simply nods.

DUNCAN

Watchers observe. They don't interfere.

MATTHEW

True. And we were more than happy to perform our traditional function. Believe me, it's a whole lot easier charting the history of Immortals than it is running a day care center for them. Unfortunately our role has changed somewhat.

DUNCAN

Why?

MATTHEW

Because the rules have been broken.

DUNCAN

Not by me.

MATTHEW

You're not the one we're worried about.

Matthew moves to the other side of the chair. Pegs the arm cuff and ratchets down a redundant set of bindings.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

One of your kind has gone renegade. In doing so he's gained himself a sizeable advantage. One that will be impossible to overcome.

DUNCAN

Nobody's unbeatable.

MATTHEW

He's surrounded himself with Immortals loyal only to him. He uses holy ground as a safe haven. And every head taken in battle is reserved for him alone, each quickening-- hundreds upon hundreds-- taken by just one man. Yes, Duncan. He is unbeatable.

Matthew pours a Scotch. Glenmorangie. Holds it to Duncan's lips like the final offering to a condemned man.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

Worse still, far worse, is that he's become a perversion to the Game. And if he prevails, that perversion will resonate through everything we know. For eternity. In ways we can't possibly comprehend.

Duncan tugs at his bonds. Knows what's in store for him.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

There must always be two of your kind. As long as there are two, and they're kept from fighting, the Prize is safe. The Sanctuary must continue.

DUNCAN

Get yourself another volunteer.

MATTHEW

We had a number of "volunteers." Sadly, that's no longer the case.

Another WATCHER steps up and forces an IRON FACE SHACKLE down over Duncan's head.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

You'll be warehoused. Hidden away. So the Prize can remain safe.

Duncan struggles frantically against his bonds.

DUNCAN

You're insane!

MATTHEW

For the world, Duncan. We do this for the world...

The Watcher takes two large BOLTS and begins to screw the mask directly into Duncan's skull.

DUNCAN'S POV:

BLACKNESS, accompanied by BRIGHT SEARING FLASHES of AGONY.

MATTHEW'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Don't worry. The drugs should kick in momentarily.

All external SOUND is slowly DROWNED OUT by the POUNDING IN HIS OWN BRAIN.

A POUNDING interspersed with jarring, synaptic flashes of BATTLE. Killing. Dying. Killing again. Dying again.

The recycling nightmare finally RECEDES back into NOTHINGNESS.

Then, a NEW SOUND. Distant. Grind of metal on bone. Bolts being unscrewed.

Iron plate lifts from his eyes, flood of LIGHT.

Once again, Duncan SQUINTS up at a FACE. This time, the blurred, swimming features of a familiar Irish-American mug.

DUNCAN

(WOOZY)

Dawson...

JOE DAWSON, familiar to many as Duncan's one friend inside the Watchers, smiles back.

DAWSON

You look like shit.

DUNCAN

How... long...?

DAWSON

Week, maybe longer. We can't talk here.

(unstraps
Duncan)

We gotta go.

Dawson reacts to the sound of APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS.

DAWSON (CONT'D)

(urgently)

Now. Can you walk?

DUNCAN

Think so.

He takes one step and pitches forward onto his face.

DUNCAN (CONT'D)

Potent whiskey.

He clambers to his feet and follows Dawson out of the chamber.

EXT - ARMORY - NIGHT

Dawson and Duncan emerge from a nondescript cinderblock armory, an overgrown Cold War relic recently co-opted by the Watchers. They duck some scurrying guards, plow through thick underbrush to A HIDDEN CAR and climb inside.

INT - CAR, TRAVELLING - NIGHT

DUNCAN

You knew about The Sanctuary.

DAWSON

Just because I'm a Watcher, doesn't mean I'm always in the loop.

DUNCAN

I don't buy that.
Dawson averts his gaze. Stares ahead.

DAWSON

I really struggled
with it, y'know, the
idea of keeping guys
on ice like that. But
I couldn't argue with
the logic. Least not
'til they went after
you.

(squeals hard
onto the main
drag)

Guess that put it a
little too close to
home.

DUNCAN

I owe you.
Dawson slides Duncan's katana out from under
the seat. Hands it over.

DAWSON

Do me a favor, buddy.
Live to pay me back.

DUNCAN

What happened to the
bodies?

Dawson winces slightly. Keeps driving.

DUNCAN (CONT'D)

C'mon, Joe.

DAWSON

Listen-- I got you
outta one jam. Don't
push your luck.

DUNCAN

I need to see them.

DAWSON

They're dead. Trust
me.

DUNCAN

Was one of them Connor
MacLeod?

DAWSON

Yes.

DUNCAN

Let me see the bodies.

DAWSON

The heads are gone.
You really don't wanna
go there.

DUNCAN

I have to, Joe. I have
to know.

Dawson jerks the car to a sudden shuddering
stop.

DAWSON

Alright... Alright--
If I tell you, that's
it, I'm outta here!
You're on your own! I
can't be a part of
this, OK?!

DUNCAN

OK.

DAWSON

OK.

Dawson stares at Duncan. A beat, then:

DAWSON

Fuck. I'm a part of
it.

He throws the car back into gear and fishtails
back onto the road.

CUT TO:

A VIEW THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD of a forlorn and
forgotten CEMETERY. Nothing marks its
perimeter but a toppled gate and some trampled
barbed wire.

DAWSON

It was a Christian
burial. Decent. They
said all the right
words.

DUNCAN

I can't begin to tell
you how reassuring
that is. Pull over.

WIDE

Dawson pulls over. He and Duncan get out of
the car.

DAWSON

Needless to say, with
a dozen unexplainable
corpses, they had to
go a bit off the
beaten track.

EXT - CEMETERY - SUNSET

From here it looks like just a barren hillside
littered with broken and crumbling marble.

CLOSER

Duncan and Dawson tramp up the shallow
incline.

DAWSON (CONT'D)

What do you think
you're gonna find when
you get up there?

DUNCAN

I don't know.

DAWSON

I'm not digging. Get
that through your
skull right now. Not
these hands...

CRESTING THE RIDGE

Twelve freshly-mounded graves come into view, gouged into the rubbled downslope like wounds, each set off by a simple wooden cross. Duncan stops when he reaches the first grave. Stiffens.

DAWSON

What?

Duncan remains frozen, staring, seemingly at nothing.

DAWSON (CONT'D)

My dog used to do that
with locked closets. I
hate that.

DUNCAN

Shh.

Dawson listens. Nothing but the soft moan of WIND.

DUNCAN (CONT'D)

He's here.

DAWSON

Tell me I'm not here
for a seance.

Duncan squints. Feels the BUZZ. Slight, but unmistakable.

WHAT HE SEES:

A row of stunted oaks, thick and gnarled against the setting sun.

CLOSER. . .

Standing against the trunk, silhouette on silhouette, is the ghostly form of a MAN. Barely discernible, his features are hidden in shadow.

Duncan slowly approaches the figure. Dawson hangs back, nervous and slightly twitchy.

CLOSER STILL...

The figure steps up to greet Duncan. Sunlight brightens the face of CONNOR MACLEOD who smiles as he embraces Duncan in the traditional bear-crush of Scottish clansmen.

DUNCAN

Sorry I missed your
funeral.

CONNOR

All told, it was a bit
underwhelming.

DUNCAN

So it would seem.

They break. The brief joy suddenly drains from Connor's face-- his eyes speak of diffuse, faraway suffering.

CONNOR

Why are you here?

DUNCAN

Ten years ago you
skipped out on a
bartab.

Connor's expression hardens.

CONNOR

You need to know
something...

He steps up to Duncan, locks eyes.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

Every life I touch
ends. Brutally. And
for no reason. It's a
curse that's followed
me for centuries. I
can't outrun it and I
can't outlive it.

(beat)

You're my last friend
in this world, Duncan.
I left for your own
good. It was better
that you didn't know
where.

DUNCAN

The Sanctuary.

CONNOR

Yes. The Sanctuary.

DUNCAN

But you escaped.

CONNOR

No, I didn't escape...

FLASH BACK TO THE SANCTUARY as the STRANGER
moves toward a shackled Connor MacLeod.

CONNOR (V.O.)

...I was freed.

As before, the immobilized Connor stirs in a
drug-addled haze.

CONNOR

Who are you?

STRANGER

You'll know soon
enough.

CONNOR'S POV - THROUGH THE BOTTOM EDGE OF HIS
FACEPLATE

All Connor can see is the Stranger's HAND as
it reaches down and PULLS THE PIN from one of
Connor's arm shackles. The cuff FALLS OPEN.
Stranger turns away. A beat later come the
unmistakable SOUNDS of SLAUGHTER that fill the
room to a DEAFENING CRESCENDO.

CONNOR (V.O.)

I couldn't see the
slaughter. I only
heard it.

BACK TO CEMETERY:

We can still see the agony playing out in
Connor's eyes. He turns away, sees JOE DAWSON
still standing on the ridge, swatting at the
occasional deerfly.

CONNOR

Who's he?

DUNCAN

The reason I didn't
become your
replacement.

Dawson casually removes one of his legs and
vigorously shakes it upside down.

CONNOR

What's he doing now?

DUNCAN

Sand in the shoe would
be my guess.

Connor suddenly gazes beyond Dawson to THE
NEXT HILLSIDE and the FAINT SOUND OF
APPROACHING MOTORCYCLES. He stiffens.

CONNOR

You were followed.

One by one, a HALF-DOZEN MOTORCYCLISTS crest
the surrounding hills and come to a menacing
stop.

DUNCAN

Yeah. I was meaning to
tell you about those
guys.

Dawson fumbles to put his leg back on. Hops a
full 360 as he watches the intruders surround
them. TWO MORE approach on foot, following the
same path Duncan and Dawson took. One is
Faith. The other, The Stranger. Except he's no
stranger to Connor MacLeod. Far from it.
Connor goes rigid. Breathing stops. His
nightmare's finally taken human form. MOVE IN
for our first clear look at JACOB KASE
striding forward, bigger than death. His is a
face hewn by God's sharpest blade, every angle
cold, remorseless, Puritannical. As before,
he's clad in basic black, accented by the
stark white of a priest's collar.

CONNOR

(ice)

Jacob Kase...

Connor edges back his coat. Hand seeks out the
grip of his sword. Duncan grabs his arm.

DUNCAN

Not here.

CONNOR

Walk away, Duncan.

Kase and Faith continue toward them. Connor's
rage seems to ratchet up with every step.

DUNCAN

You're on holy ground.

Remember the rules...

Pure, radiating hate seethes in Connor's eyes.

CONNOR

The rules be damned.

Kase stops, inches from Connor's face. Coolly
regards the sword.

KASE

Look at you. You'd
think after half a
millenium, you'd learn
to keep that you'd
learn to keep that
temper of yours in
check.

Gone is any trace of brogue. He's a fully-
assimilated New Yorker now. Connor's fingers
tighten around the swordgrip...

CONNOR

Just tell me where,
Kase.

KASE

If all I wanted was to
kill you, you'd have
been dead a very long
time ago, Connor.

Something roils under Kase's controlled
exterior. A rage every bit as consuming as
Connor's.

KASE (CONT'D)

But your death alone
could never appease
the innocent souls you
slaughtered.

FLASH TO SEVERAL OF GLENFINNAN'S VILLAGERS
being MOWED DOWN by Connor's mindless fury.

KASE (CONT'D)

It couldn't even begin
to appease mine.

FLASH TO KASE as he drops to his knees,
gagging blood, RUN THROUGH by Connor's blade.

KASE (CONT'D)

Worst of all, you
murdered a man of God.
Who raised me as his
son.

FLASH TO A FATHER RAINEY as Connor brings his
sword CLEAVING DOWN on him.

KASE (CONT'D)

...and no punishment
conceived by man can
ever atone for that.

AFTERMATH OF MASSACRE

Scattered wisps of smoke gambol across the
demolished commons, leading up to the CORPSE
of JACOB KASE.

KASE (CONT'D)

What you never could
have expected was that
you'd leave behind
this one humble
servant...

Kase's body lies there as cold as the Highland
dawn.

KASE (CONT'D)

...who would trade
eternity itself to
make you pay.

HIS EYES snap open. And we're once again

TRANSPORTED BACK TO:

EXT - CEMETERY - DAY

Kase steps closer, revelling in this moment.

KASE

Look back over the
endless travesties of
your life and you'll
see me. Always there,
waiting in the
shadows.

(beat)

When friends and
lovers are wiped from
your sight, I'm there.

KASE (CONT'D)

When those you cherish
die abruptly and for
no reason, I'm there.

(kicks a clod
of dirt onto a
grave)

And when a handful of
misguided and pathetic
idiots just happen to
share your own private
hell...

(shrugs)

Guess who?

He walks a full circle around Connor. All the
while Kase addresses Connor, Faith never takes
her eyes off Duncan.

KASE (CONT'D)

But if you think it
ends here, my ancient
friend, you're wrong.

Very... Very... Wrong.

Kase turns back to Faith. Pulls his sword and
without warning SLICES it across her throat.
Faith reflexively GASPS, stumbles backward,
leaving-- A WOOD AND SILVER CRUCIFIX dangling
on Kase's swordtip. FOLLOW THE CRUCIFIX as he
swings it around and offers it up to Connor.

KASE

Thought you might be
wanting this. I kept
it for you...

FLASH TO CONNOR'S MOTHER, bound to the stake
as Kase rips the crucifix from her neck.

BACK TO SCENE:

Connor stares down at the crucifix now in his
open palm.

KASE (CONT'D)

For old times' sake.

Kase puts an arm around Faith.

KASE (CONT'D)

Want to find me again,
Connor? Just put your
hands together...

KASE (CONT'D)

(winks)

And pray.

He gives Faith a little shove and they both start downhill. THE SURROUNDING BIKERS gun their engines and ride off on billowing plumes of dust. Connor makes no move to follow. Strangely silent and impassive, he's like a warrior gutted by an invisible sword. Duncan puts a hand on his shoulder.

DUNCAN

Whatever it is...

Connor swipes away Duncan's hand, starts walking.

DUNCAN (CONT'D)

I can help you,
Connor.

Connor stops, swivels back. Eyes dead.

CONNOR

Nobody can help me.

He walks off alone, a ghost against a sea of gravestones,

DUNCAN

CONNOR--

Duncan watches his friend depart, helpless. Turning back, he sees FAITH AND KASE stopped halfway down the hill. They seem to be arguing. Kase turns abruptly and strides off. CLOSE ON FAITH She stands there a moment, sullenly rubbing her throat. Duncan's VOICE spins her back around.

DUNCAN (O.S.)

Problem?

FAITH

I get a bit fussy
whenever somebody
points a sword at me.

(dry)

Goes a long way back.

Their eyes fix on one another. Air thickens. Buzzes with electricity.

DUNCAN

Just one question.
After all these years.

. . .

(re: Kase)

Why him?

Faith glances down at Kase, who stands waiting at the base of the hill. Considers.

FAITH

Because I've never
known anyone who had

such an amazing
capacity for hate.
(beat)

Except me.

On that, she brushes past Duncan and rejoins
Kase.

TRANSITION TO:

EXT - IRISH COUNTRYSIDE, 17TH CENTURY - DAY
Duncan and Connor ride side by side on
horseback. They reach a RIVERBANK where a
YOUNG WOMAN and her elderly CONSORT are
detained at a crude wooden TOLL GATE. Eight or
nine disreputable-looking HIGHWAYMEN surround
their carriage. Connor rides up to what would
appear to be the LEADER. He has the most
teeth.

CONNOR

What's going on?

HIGHWAYMAN

The lady here refuses
to pay her toll.

CONNOR

Toll for what?

HIGHWAYMAN

Passage over the
bridge.

Connor cranes his eyes, upriver and down.

CONNOR

I see no bridge.

HIGHWAYMAN

What do you think pays
for the bridge?

Connor considers, then turns back to the lady
with a shrug.

CONNOR

The man has a point.

Despite her sweeping auburn hair and natural
beauty, we now recognize the young woman as
FAITH from an earlier era. Her original name
is CATHERINE MARY DEVANEY.

CATHERINE

These men are liars
and scoundrels.
They've preyed upon us
three years running.

CONNOR

This true?

HIGHWAYMAN

A good sturdy bridge
is not an overnight
accomplishment, Sir.

CONNOR

Exactly what, may I
ask, have you
accomplished so far?

HIGHWAYMAN

(proudly)

The tollgate.
Duncan trots around the tollgate and up
alongside Connor. He leans over to the
highwayman.

DUNCAN

Excuse me, but by
whose authority do you
act?

HIGHWAYMAN

(holds up
scroll)

By deed of the King.

DUNCAN

Might I see that?

Highwayman slowly unravels the parchment
scroll. The nearly-illegible scrawl suggests
random words copied by an illiterate.

DUNCAN (CONT'D)

Does the King always
sign his name with an
"X"?

Highwayman's cronies reach for their swords.

HIGHWAYMAN

He was in a hurry.

All eyes hover on Duncan's reaction. Two of
the highwaymen edge around behind Catherine
and her elderly consort, ready to gut them
both at a moment's notice.

Duncan tracks them with his eyes.

DUNCAN

(nods)

Busy man, the King.

(to Catherine)

I suggest you pay the
gentlemen and be on
your way.

CATHERINE

His deed is a fake!

DUNCAN

That's a matter of
opinion.

CATHERINE

You, Sir, are no
better than they!

DUNCAN

That's also a matter
of opinion.

(to Connor)

Shall we?

Connor sizes up his young protege'. Gives a
dubious nod.

CONNOR

Lead on.

CATHERINE

You can't just leave!

DUNCAN

You're right...

He tosses a handful of gold coins to the Highwayman.

DUNCAN (CONT'D)

Good luck with the bridge.

He kicks his horse into a brisk trot. Connor reluctantly follows suit. They cross the river through ankle-deep water.

CONNOR

I can't believe you gave those bastards your money.

DUNCAN

It wasn't my money.

Duncan pulls a cinched canvas BAG overstuffed with coins from his overcoat.

DUNCAN (CONT'D)

It was theirs.

RACK FOCUS TO the duped HIGHWAYMEN scrambling onto their horses and riding hard in frantic pursuit. They hit the river at a gallop, kicking up giant shimmering fantails of water.

DUNCAN (CONT'D)

By the time they reach us, the young lady and her escort should be safely out of harm's way.

The pursuers close the gap in seconds. Connor grins approvingly. Draws his sword and glances over at Duncan.

CONNOR

Shall we?

Duncan FLICKS his own sword, lets the hilt auto-rotate around his open palm and snaps it vertical. He nods back at Connor.

DUNCAN

Let's.

Together, they whirl around to face the onrushing horde. THEY BATTLE in the middle of the shallow river. Nine maniacal thieves against two sporting Immortals. The spray of water, the slashing of swords and the pounding of hooves all build to an operatic crescendo. Duncan's improved since Ravenna. He easily scatters three of his adversaries before engaging the blood-crazed LEADER. This time it's Connor who finds himself in trouble. He tumbles from his horse and goes down, losing his sword in the river. DUNCAN suddenly winds back and FLINGS his sword at his opponent like a throwing dagger. BLADE whistles past the dumbstruck highwayman's head. Which was not the intended target...

. . .as we discover when we follow it's end-over-end flight. . .

. . . straight into CONNOR'S OUTSTRETCHED
HAND.

Connor parries his attackers, drives them
backward onto their asses, then swivels around
and TOSSES the sword back to DUNCAN, who
catches it, ducks the highwayman's next swing
and swiftly sends him packing.

CONNOR

recovers his own
sword, which is enough
to send the last of
their attackers into a
full-on, stumbling
retreat.

They both stand watching as THE CARRIAGE
jostles safely across the river. CLOSE ON
CATHERINE as she looks back at Duncan. She
gives Duncan a knowing smile that's as
innocent as it is seductive.

CONNOR

(watching
Duncan)

You know that stirring
in your gut? It's not
just simple lust, my
friend.

DUNCAN

I know...

CONNOR

Ah, but do you really?

MATCH CUT TO:

FAITH

as she and Kase drive
away from the cemetery
in a late model
convertible.

EXT - CEMETERY - SUNSET

Joe Dawson walks up to Duncan.

DAWSON

I feel like I stepped
in on the wrong party.

Duncan keeps watching the convertible until it
disappears over the next rise.

DUNCAN

(quietly)

Let's go.

CUT TO:

EXT - BAR - NIGHT

We recognize this place. It's where Connor and
Duncan shared a last drink together.

Duncan and Joe Dawson now hunch over that same
bar, staring into their drinks.

DAWSON

I swear, the man's a
walking ghost.

EXT - SIDEWALK - NIGHT

FEET pound pavement.

DAWSON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Whatever it is he's
carrying around inside
him, it's like he's
dead already.

Glare of streetlights rake across Connor's
face, his eyes fixed forward as if driven by a
sense more powerful than sight.
Connor bumps shoulders with a passing
PEDESTRIAN.

PEDESTRIAN

Eyy man-- watch it.
He continues on, oblivious.

INT - BAR - NIGHT

Duncan turns to Dawson.

DUNCAN

There are things you
do in this life that
damn you for eternity.
They can't be changed.
And they can't be
undone. You carry
these things to the
grave, Joe, in the
hopes that maybe, just
maybe, you'll find
some peace there. Some
relief, even if it's
oblivion.

(hollow smile)

But Immortals don't
die. We just go on
reliving our sins.
Over and over again.

EXT - ANOTHER STREET - LATER

Connor stops. Lifts his eyes to the light.

A SOLITARY STONE CHURCH

stands before him in a bed of crawling mist.
It seems eerily out of place amid the urban
blight around it.

INT - BAR - NIGHT

Duncan downs the last of his drink, shoves off
from the bar.

Dawson glances warily up at him.

DAWSON

Where now?

DUNCAN

There were two places
I figured Connor was
likely to go. One of
'em was here.

DAWSON

And the other?

DUNCAN

You're the "Watcher."
You tell me.

EXT - STONE CHURCH - NIGHT

Connor climbs the steps, presses through the heavy wooden doors...

INT - CHURCH

. . . and prowls slowly through the dimly-lit interior. Icon SHADOWS loom large and menacing.

JUMP CUT:

He moves along the stations of the cross.

JUMP CUT:

He's stalking through the nave.

JUMP CUT:

Barging into the sacristy.

EXT - DAWSON'S CAR, DRIVING - NIGHT

Dawson's car screams past with a doppler howl.

DAWSON (O.S.)

It's an old abandoned church just off Canal...

INT - DAWSON'S CAR - SAME

Dawson's behind the wheel, gunning through narrow back streets.

DAWSON

. . . Perfect safe haven for a so-called priest, huh? "Our Lady of Sorrows."

(dry)

Kinda has a nice ring to it.

He fishtails around the next corner. Recovers.

DAWSON (CONT'D)

I'll tell ya this-- if he's going after Kase, he's in for a rude awakening. The man's untouchable.

DUNCAN

So they tell me.

INT - CHURCH SANCTUARY - NIGHT

Connor stops before the darkened altar, senses BUZZING. THE SHADOWED CRUCIFIX stirs. Arms lift in the darkness. Jacob Kase steps down off the cross, lingers in shadow.

KASE

I would grant you absolution. If I were a better man.

He turns and disappears out the back. Connor follows. Right past KASE'S POSSE OF IMMORTALS scattered throughout the pews, who simply track him with their eyes but make no move to follow. WINSTON, the tall Jamaican, leans over to Faith.

WINSTON

You know we're next, don't you?

Faith lowers the book she's reading-- the Holy Bible. Looks up.

FAITH

What?

WINSTON

Our days are numbered.
You can see it in
Kase's eyes.

FAITH

Do you believe in a
hereafter, Winston?

WINSTON

All I know is I won't
be hereafter Jacob
Kase gets through with
me. And that's all I
care about right now.

Faith leans back against the hardback pew,
closes her eyes.

FAITH

Yeah...

CUT TO:

EXT - REAR OF CHURCH - NIGHT

Kase strides just beyond the perimeter of the
church grounds, then turns back to Connor.
Connor draws his sword, moves on Kase.

KASE

The ancient samurai
vowed never to draw
blood in anger. It
defiled their sense of
purpose.

(draws his own
sword)

Of course they're also
somewhat extinct.

He steps fearlessly up to Connor, places his
neck against Connor's swordblade...

. . . just like he did with a certain late
Immortal named Carlos.

CLOSE ON KASE'S SWORD

He opens his fingers and lets the sword DROP.
It clatters useless to the ground.

KASE

Would you slaughter an
unarmed man of God
again, Connor? Would
that finally put your
soul to rest?

(low, taunting)

Then go ahead. Send me
home.

BLOOD POUNDS with the rage pulsing through
Connor's veins.

KASE (CONT'D)

What's stopping you?
Guilt? The nagging

sense that maybe you,
more than I, deserve
to die?

Dawson's car pulls up in the background.
Duncan jumps out.

KASE (CONT'D)

Or somewhere along the
way did you just lose
your nerve?

Connor's sword digs into Kase's neck. Breaks
skin.

DUNCAN

(approaching)

Don't do it, Connor.

CONNOR

(gritted)

Keep back.

KASE

(to Duncan)

You heard him. No
Immortal can interfere
with another's duel.

DUNCAN

He's playing you! Step
back onto holy ground
before it's too late--

Kase faces back to Connor.

KASE

Go ahead-- what better
chance than now? Take
your shot.

DUNCAN

Don't listen to him!

KASE

Do it. For your sweet
mother...

FLASH

Caiolin burns at the stake. Suddenly startled,

KASE (CONT'D)

Your Huguenot bitch in
Navarre...

FLASH

rears back, THROWS Suddenly startled, the
HORSE bearing a FRENCH DUCHESS her to the
ground, breaking her neck.

KASE (CONT'D)

Brenda Wyatt...

FLASH

BRENDA WYATT ("Highlander 1") is seen walking
in CENTRAL PARK. A HIT-AND-RUN DRIVER MOWS HER
DOWN from behind.

KASE (CONT'D)

Rachel Ellenstein...

FLASH

RACHEL is BLOWN APART in the antique store she
shared with Connor.

KASE (CONT'D)

Tell me-- do they even
begin to equal the
devastation of an
entire village?

BLADE TREMBLES in Connor's hands. Kase presses
his neck even harder against Connor's blade.
BLOOD trickles down his neck.

KASE (CONT'D)

So close. Soooo
close...

Duncan stands by, helpless to intervene.

KASE (CONT'D)

Look at you. Even now,
you're afraid you'll
lose. That's your true
fear isn't it?

(whispers low,
seductive)

Oh, it's not the
dying, my friend. I
know that. That would
be a blessing. It's
the thought of giving
up your essence to me.
Making me even
stronger by it.

One look in Connor's eyes and you know he's
right.

KASE (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

(almost a purr)

Don't you want to be
inside me?

Connor slowly LOWERS his sword...
and FLICKS Kase's discarded sword back up into
his hands.

Kase simply smiles and takes position.
Duncan can only look on helplessly as Kase
takes the first offensive, driving Connor
backward with dazzling -- almost casual--
swordplay.

KASE

I've taken more heads
than you can possibly
imagine.

His sword whistles across Connor's face, opens
a THREE INCH GASH over his eye.

KASE (CONT'D)

Do you really want a
taste of all those
accumulated
quickenings?

Connor stumbles backward again, blinded by his
own dripping blood. Knows beyond a shadow of a
doubt he's doomed. Duncan knows it too. And
it's killing him to watch. Still Connor won't
go down easy. He manages a brief offensive,

walking Kase backward on his toes. Kase puts one hand behind his back, fencing-style, and goes to work on Connor's torso, crosshatching him in blood. Connor lunges wildly. Kase parries effortlessly. Kase now opens up a BLINDING BARRAGE on Connor. It's like duelling against lightning, so quick and unpredictable are Kase's strikes. Constantly off balance, Connor still manages to NICK Kase in the cheek.

KASE (CONT'D)

(touches
scratch)

I'd almost forgotten
what that felt like.
Thank you.

He now turns it on full. Drives Connor up against a wall and pins him with his swordtip. His eyes go impossibly cold.

KASE

I want you to think
back to this moment in
the endless nights
ahead. And know that
every time you close
your eyes, from now to
eternity, I'll be
there.

(beat)

Ripping apart the ones
you care about most.

He removes his sword and steps back.

KASE (CONT'D)

It's not over, Connor
MacLeod. It will
never, never be over.

He turns and walks back toward the church. Duncan does not step aside to let him pass-- their shoulders bump.

KASE (CONT'D)

You, on the other
hand, are on borrowed
time.

He continues on, past the other Immortals who have gathered to watch the unfolding spectacle. One-by-one, they turn and file back into the church behind Kase. Connor stares into Duncan's eyes as if wanting to say something. Can't. Instead, he turns and starts limping out across the empty lot. Feeling the presence of another Immortal, Duncan slowly looks over at

FAITH

who stands at a
distance. Watching
him.

As their eyes meet, she, too, turns and melts back into the surrounding blackness.

TRANSITION TO:

EXT - DUBLIN ROWHOUSE (17TH CENTURY) - DAY
A BEARDED BRAWLER CRASHES DOWN onto a wooden table. He takes the table cloth with him as he TUMBLES head over heels onto the floor in a cascade of soda bread and cabbage.

Miraculously (unless you're an Irishman) he spills not one drop of precious Guinness, which he hoists in a cheery salute to:

THE BRIDE AND GROOM
who sit laughing in the eye of an Irish hurricane. DUNCAN MACLEOD and CATHERINE MARY (KATE) DEVANEY-- aka "Faith"-- are a stunning couple that inspire joyful madness. Things have progressed nicely since their chance encounter at the toll crossing.

BRAWLER

Let's have at it!

They kiss to a CHORUS of BOOS. So this time they REALLY KISS. Crowd goes wild. AROUND THEM REVELERS DANCE and FIGHT with equal abandon, making it almost impossible to tell the difference. But they stop like clockwork for every new toast and testimonial.

THE BEARDED BRAWLER

spears his mug into
the air like a royal
scepter.

BRAWLER

Happy is the bride
that sees the sun!
Sorry the corpse that
sees the rain!

CLOSE ON BEER MUG framed in a perfect BEAM of SUNLIGHT streaming through an open window.

FOLLOW THE SUNBEAM TO:

KATE who smiles back with her own inner radiance. Bedecked in flowers, her brown hair sweets low over white lace shoulders and cream skin.

She leans over RAUCOUS CHEERS and kisses Duncan, provoking a new RIOT of and UPRAISED GLASSES.

THE PIPERS resplendent in their Celtic kilts, launch into the "Highland Fling. Kate is instantly YANKED up onto her feet and into a ROUSING JIG. Before Duncan can protest, he's HOISTED from his seat and FLUNG onto the dance floor. Duncan and Kate link arms, goaded on by a circle of shouting, stumbling CLAPPERS. With each new upshift in tempo, they spin faster and faster until they're hanging on for dear life.

SIGHT AND SOUND gradually blur into a queasy sense of vertigo. But for Duncan, it's not

just the headstrong mix of drink and passion. It's the BUZZ of another Immortal. He spins to a stop as his eyes come to rest on CONNOR MACLEOD who enters the room on a wave of silence. Duncan breaks away from Kate, crosses over to Connor and wraps him in a bear hug.

DUNCAN

About time. I was beginning to wonder.

CONNOR

I was on a junk in the South China Sea when I got your notice. 12 hours ago.

DUNCAN

How...?

CONNOR

Don't ask.

Kate spins by on the arm of a new partner.

KATE

You're next, Connor MacLeod.

CONNOR

That better be no idle threat.

Duncan watches Kate with a rapturous smile.

DUNCAN

Well, I finally did it!

CONNOR

So it would appear.

DUNCAN

What do you think of her?

CONNOR

You know that's not an easy answer.

The edge in his voice is not lost on Duncan.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

Outside.

EXT - PORCH - NIGHT

Connor stands with Duncan at the railing, staring out into the encroaching night.

CONNOR

You know she's like us.

DUNCAN

Yes. I sensed it the day we met her.

CONNOR

So you know that, like us, her immortality can only be triggered by the shock of a violent death.

Duncan looks off, as if purging the thought from his head.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

It's what makes
warriors of us all,
Duncan. Good or bad,
there seems a purpose
to it.

DUNCAN

Yes. And without such
a death, she'll simply
grow old and die like
any other. Is that
what you dragged me
out here to tell me?

Connor removes a uniquely-braided GOLDEN ROPE
from his vest pocket. It catches the
candlelight with the glint of a thousand
silken threads as he runs it lightly over his
fingertips.

CONNOR

Many years after I was
married, I came home
to find Heather
sitting on a stool in
the kitchen, with a
knife in one hand...
and her hair in the
other.

FLASH TO:

HEATHER, early-forties, her hair shorn to the
scalp. She looks up at Connor with red-rimmed
eyes and a bitter smile.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

At first I was scared.
Scared that she'd gone
mad. And then angry,
as if she'd somehow
meant to hurt me by
it.

BACK TO CONNOR AND DUNCAN:

CONNOR (CONT'D)

When I asked her why
she'd done such a
thing to herself, her
answer cut me to the
quick. She said it was
the one part of her
that would not age. It
would forever remain
the same as when I
first fell in love
with her.

FLASH TO:

CONNOR burying Heather in a simple grave
overlooking their home. Tears streak his face.
He sinks to his knees in unspeakable anguish.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

And that's how she
wanted me to remember
her.

BACK TO CONNOR AND DUNCAN:

Connor closes his fingers around the braid.
Squeezes.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

It's all I have now.

DUNCAN

I love Kate. I'll hold
on to her as long as I
can. That's all I can
do.

Kate can be seen through the window behind
them, exchanging dance partners with dizzying
abandon.

CONNOR

If that's your intent,
so be it.

Duncan swings over the rail and hops off the
porch. Takes to the ground in long angry
strides.

EXT - COBBLED STREET - NIGHT

Connor walks double time to catch up with him.

DUNCAN

Why are you telling me
this?

CONNOR

Because I once loved a
woman more than life
itself. And I watched
her die. Unlike you, I
had no other choice.

DUNCAN

And I have a choice?!
What would you have me
tell her?!

CONNOR

I'd tell her nothing.
She wouldn't believe
you. They never do
when it involves
themselves.

DUNCAN

Then I can do nothing.

CONNOR

She's in the flower of
her youth. Enjoy the
moment and let it
pass. If you think you
can.

Duncan suddenly grabs Connor's shoulder, spins
him around.

DUNCAN

You'd have me kill
her?! Is that it?! Is
that what you came all

this way to tell me on
my WEDDING NIGHT?!

CONNOR

I'd have you do what
your heart-- and our
conscience-- demand.

Duncan settles. Searches his eyes.

DUNCAN

And if it were you in
my place?

Connor ponders. Then shakes his head.

CONNOR

I thank God I never
had the choice.

He listens to the faint strains of music and
laughter carried on the rising WIND.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

Tell Catherine I'm
sorry I couldn't stay
longer.

He clasps Duncan by the forearm. Then turns
and continues n down the cobbled lane leading
from the wedding party.

TRANSITION BACK TO:

INT - SOHO HOTEL - NIGHT

Duncan lies sleepless in a nouveau-stark hotel
room, somewhere in the bowels of Manhattan.

A half-empty bottle of Glenmorangie is there
for company. The door CREAKS OPEN, casting a
single ribbon of light across the room. It
WIDENS to REVEAL THE SILHOUETTE OF A WOMAN.

Duncan closes his eyes. Feigns sleep. She pads
silently inside. Pulls the door closed. Duncan
remains still, breathing heavily. The woman
steals slowly up to the bedside. Pauses, as if
quietly studying Duncan--

--then swings her leg up and straddles him.

Even in the murky halflight, he can still make
out the familiar painted eyes framed by a
tangle of bleached hair. She says nothing, her
expression lost under a veil of darkness. Only
her rapid breathing betrays her tension.

Instead, she suddenly leans forward and KISSES
HIM. Passionately. Duncan responds in kind. AS
if powerless to do anything else...

LIGHTNING stitches the sky outside as--

They embrace. Bodies entwine with an urgency
that builds with the STORM raging outside.

ON THE NEXT THUNDERCRACK

TRANSITION TO:

EXT - EMPTY FIELD (DUBLIN) - NIGHT

ANGRY SHEETS OF RAIN rake the countryside as
Duncan slogs imlessly through calf-deep mud.
Still in his wedding arb, he's thoroughly
drenched, as if he's been wandering this way
for hours.

INT - ROWHOUSE - NIGHT

The last of the guests have gone or passed out beneath toppled kegs of ale. Only Kate remains upright, her face etched with sober dread as DUNCAN appears in the doorway, rivulets of water pouring off his shoulders and brow. For a while they just stare at one another, each lost to his own sense of foreboding. Kate is the first to speak. Despite her stoic veneer, her voice comes out small and terrified.

KATE

If this is wrong,
Duncan, tell me now.

Saying nothing, Duncan slowly crosses the floor and takes her hands in his own.

INT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

CANDLES flicker in the storm-fed drafts that whistle through closed windows. Kate lays Duncan's rainsoaked clothing across a nightstand then turns, regarding him naked for the very first time. Duncan reaches out to touch her. She trembles. Gently, as if unwrapping an object of unimaginable fragility, Duncan removes her clothing down to a simple floating chemise. Then guides her down onto a canopied bed encircled by a hundred fresh-cut wildflowers. HANDS clasp, fingers dig into skin. Whatever refinements Kate displayed in public are now happily abandoned. She arches up under Duncan, puts her lips to his ear.

KATE

I'll love you forever.

On an OMINOUS THUNDERCLAP--

TRANSITION BACK TO:

INT - SOHO HOTEL - NIGHT

We're back in the present. Little has changed but the sheets. And the fury of their lovemaking.

Each new THUNDERCRACK highlights a different aspect of their hunger-- their wet, glistening bodies STROBING FASTER AND FASTER until the act itself becomes abstracted from any sense of time or place.

FLASH FRAMES

stutter inside the lightning:

SILKEN HAIR coursing over cream-colored breasts and a simple pewter cross.

EYES similar in shape and color, that shift from painted to plain...

FINGERNAILS that toggle between neo-goth BLACK and natural pink...

FAITH throws back her head, biting back the shudders of release... . . . and sinks down into the bed with a drawn sigh.

INT - DUBLIN BEDROOM - NIGHT

A SHADOW darkens Kate as she sleeps. It lingers there, deadly still. DUNCAN stands

over her, gripped by indecision. The fateful choice tears at him, even as he holds a DAGGER over her gently-rising chest. His hand TREMBLES.

DUNCAN

(softly)

Forgive me.

KATE'S EYES SNAP OPEN as the DAGGER PLUNGES INTO HER HEART. For an instant their eyes meet. And in that single shattering moment, Duncan knows he chose wrong. It's not just terror that passes through Kate's eyes. It's the incomprehensible pain of betrayal. Kate gasps once, jerks and settles. Lies there dead, blood pooling across her nightgown. Duncan stares down at her body, numb.

DUNCAN

I'm sorry...

On that look we TRANSITION BACK TO:

INT - HOTEL - NIGHT

The pain imprints on Duncan as if he's still clutching the knife.

DUNCAN

I'm sorry.

Whatever passion stirred Faith moments before is gone without a trace. Her eyes are as cold and empty as the dead Kate.

FAITH

You had no right.

DUNCAN

I was doing it for you. For us.

FLASH TO:

INT - DUBLIN BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kate CONVULSES BACK TO LIFE, eyes wild, insane.

Duncan reaches out to her, which only sends her reeling further into panic delirium. She swats at him, punching flailing...

DUNCAN

Now you're an immortal. Like me. It was the only way...

Words fall on deaf ears. She wrenches out of his grip. Stumbles for the door, drenched in her own blood. Leaves Duncan standing mindblown in her wake.

EXT - DUBLIN STREETS - NIGHT

Kate flees through wet empty streets-- barefoot, nightgown ripped and bloody, face contorted like a madwoman. Breath comes in ragged, whimpering gasps. She trips, falls. Comes up running.

BACK TO PRESENT:

Faith climbs off the bed, throws on Duncan's shirt, whirls back, tears streaking her face like warpaint.

FAITH

You wanted this! I
never asked for
eternity! You forced
it on me!

(screams)

IT WAS MY DECISION,
NOT YOURS!!

DUNCAN

Would you have really
understood?

FAITH

Understood? Which
part?! The part about
never having children?
Or the endless,
numbing sameness of it
all?

(bitter laugh)

Or maybe you mean the
part where you wake up
one day and realize
you're nothing but a
whore racking up
faceless affairs
because whole
lifetimes tick by so
fast they don't even
count anymore!

She wraps her arms around herself as if to
stem the escaping demons. Duncan remains
silent, taking it all in.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Here's the kicker,
Duncan. I came here
for one reason and one
reason only. To see if
I could feel again.
Anything.

She walks out, leaving the door hanging wide
in her wake.

INT - HALLWAY

Faith reaches for the stairwell door as--
--DUNCAN'S ARM LANCES OUT, holding it shut.

DUNCAN

(leaning in)

I'm watching my best
friend driven insane
by something that
happened four
centuries ago. And
there's nothing I can
do to stop it. Because
those people are dead
and nobody can bring
them back.

Faith struggles to open the door. Duncan holds firm.

DUNCAN (CONT'D)

But I'm lucky. You know why?

FAITH

Let go!

DUNCAN

I'm lucky because my crime can still be forgiven.

FAITH

LET GO!!

DUNCAN

As long as you're still alive, there's at least the chance. It could take years. Centuries even. It may never happen...

Faith is now PUSHING FURIOUSLY on the door.

DUNCAN (CONT'D)

But at least I can still carry the hope inside me. That's one blessing of immortality. There's always tomorrow.

He lets go of the door and steps back.

DUNCAN (CONT'D)

Even for you.

Faith shoves her way past him and disappears into the stairwell.

CUT TO:

EXT - MANHATTAN SKYLINE - NIGHT

CONNOR MACLEOD stands on a ROOFTOP, sword in hand, face upturned to the bitter heavens. Stinging WIND and RAIN slash at his face. He doesn't even blink.

CUT TO:

EXT - NEAR CHURCH - NIGHT

Seen through a CAMCORDER VIEWFINDER, our roving POV wends its way past a couple fixing junkies up to a GARAGE where WINSTON hunkers over his bike making repairs. Kase's church looms in the background like a veiled threat.

CALVIN (O.S.)

Win-ston.

WINSTON

Shut that thing off.

CALVIN (O.S.)

Hey, c'mon.

WINSTON

SHUT IT OFF!

SCREEN BLACKS OUT as Winston slams his hand over the lens, ENDING CAMCORDER POV. Calvin sets it down.

CALVIN

Awright...

WINSTON

I'm out. I'm leaving.

CALVIN

You're out. You're out... You don't g&z out.

WINSTON

Watch me.

CALVIN

You saw what he did to Carlos. He's Genghis the fucking Hun, man. You live his way or you die your way. Be grateful you got the choice.

Winston looks off.

WINSTON

We could take him.

CALVIN

Huh? Say how much you value your life?

WINSTON

Forty-three guineas. Saw the bill of sale myself. Kingston Jamaica, August 14th, 1813.

CALVIN

Sorry there, Cinque', but I got a bigger price goin on this unit.

WINSTON

I watched Connor MacLeod stand up to Kase tonight. Got me thinking.

CALVIN

What about.

WINSTON

That maybe my soul wasn't part of the deal after all.

Calvin considers his point.

CALVIN

You really think we can take him?

WINSTON

The man can't stop a bullet. I know that much. But I need your help.

CALVIN

Yeah and who takes his
head, huh? Gets that
bucket fulla lucky
charms. You, Mr Cool?

(beat)

Who's gonna be master
then?

INSERT - CALVIN'S CAMERA and that little
glowing RECORD LIGHT...

EXT - RUBBLED CEMETERY - DAWN

FOLLOW CONNOR MACLEOD

CUT TO:

as he reaches the crest of the cemetery ridge.
He sags against a solitary windswept oak,
slides down until he's sitting cross-legged at
the base of the tree. Eyes wide, unblinking.
BEFORE HIM stand those TWELVE DEAD IMMORTALS
from The Sanctuary, directly over their burial
plots. Their heads are missing. CONNOR looks
on impassively. Even as-- THOUSANDS MORE now
stipple the barren landscape. All headless, in
period dress spanning untold centuries. The
forgotten casualties of an endless, impossible
war. Connor nods solemnly.

CONNOR

Soon.

He blinks. The specters are gone.

TIME LAPSE ON CONNOR:

DAY becomes NIGHT becomes DAY. And still he
sits there, unmoved, as if ready to embrace
the rest of eternity from this one desolate
spot.

TRANSITION TO:

EXT - CEMETERY RIDGE - DAY

Connor remains sitting against the tree as A
SHADOW slices over him. He slowly tilts his
gaze upward. Squints.

DUNCAN (O.S.)

There's supposed to be
an end to all this,
right? A final
answer...

Duncan slides down next to him. Gazes out at
the trackless ocean.

DUNCAN

Isn't that the "prize"
we're all butchering
each other to win?

CONNOR

I already know the
answer. The "prize"--
the real prize-- is
just to close your
eyes and see nothing.

DUNCAN

I don't believe that.

CONNOR

You think the Game is
still about good
against evil? A better
world? Look around.
Who among us really
deserves to win?

DUNCAN

Not Jacob Kase.

CONNOR

And who's going to
stop him? You? Me?

DUNCAN

There has to be a way.

Connor looks off. Nods.

CONNOR

Oh, there's a way,
kinsman. There's a
way. But I don't
believe you have the
guts to take it.

DUNCAN

Try me.

Connor stands up. Offers a hand to Duncan.
Hauls him upright.

CONNOR

Alright then.

HE SUDDENLY LASHES OUT WITH HIS SWORD. Duncan
barely catches Connor's blade with his own.

DUNCAN

What're you doing?!

CONNOR

Don't you know? The
better of us will take
the other's gift. Pray
it'll be enough.

Duncan lowers his blade.

DUNCAN

I won't do it.

CONNOR

Then you'll die.

Again, Connor STRIKES. Again, Duncan barely
escapes with his head. And settles into a
fighting stance.

DUNCAN

It can't end like
this!

CONNOR

It already has.
Goodbye, brother.

He SWINGS FOR DUNCAN'S NECK. Steel RINGS
against steel. Clansman against clansman.

CUT TO:

INT - CHURCH SANCTUARY - DAY

Faith sits in a center pew, head bowed, deep
in thought. Or prayer. Hard to tell with
somebody like Faith. Kase sits down beside
her.

KASE
You were with him.
He curls his nose, as if he can still smell
the sin.

KASE (CONT'D)
Woman is a temple
built upon a sewer.

FAITH
Glad I can help you
feel a bit better
about yourself there,
Jacob.

KASE
Remember what you were
when I first found
you? A whore. Now
look. A liberated
woman.

FAITH
Fuck you.
Kase runs a delicate finger across her neck.

KASE
Be grateful I don't
this minute remove
your pretty little
heafod.

FAITH
(looks up,
cold)
Holy ground, lover.
It's a bitch, ain't
it?

CUT TO:

EXT - CEMETERY RIDGE - DAY
Two figures dot the faraway ridge as the
savage music of their swordplay PEALS out
across the barren countryside.
MOVING CLOSER, we watch these timeless
warriors exchange strikes that would drive
lesser men into the ground. Each gifted in his
own way, neither gaining full advantage over
the other... . . . they both gradually succumb
to EXHAUSTION.

CLOSER:
Connor and Duncan finally lower their swords,
panting and spent.

DUNCAN
(hollow rasp)
Enough?

CONNOR
(barely
audible)

Enough...
And that's as much as either can say as they
suck back great gulping lungfulls of air. A
little color finally returns to Duncan's
cheeks. He mops his face with his sleeve.

DUNCAN

Next time I won't hold
back.

CONNOR

Nor I.

Dragging his sword like a half-ton barbell,
Duncan turns and makes his way back toward the
"resting tree. CONNOR closes his eyes and
HOISTS HIS SWORD...

CONNOR

(whispered)

Remember well, old
friend. DUNCAN feels,
more than sees, the
ONCOMING BLADE. He
turns into the ARC of
CONNOR'S SWING-- SLOW
MOTION He reacts on
pure instinct, SWORD
LIFTING, BODY PIVOTING
with the DRIVING FORCE
of CONNOR'S THRUST...

FLASH TO:

CONNOR TEACHING THAT SAME MOVE TO DUNCAN BACK
IN 1627.

FLASH BACK TO:

CONNOR'S SWORD as it GRAZES Duncan's side.
DUNCAN'S KATANA SWINGS UP with the same
vicious thrust, CATCHES CONNOR UNDER THE
CHIN...

Connor doesn't flinch.

TIME SUSPENDS the instant before blade meets
flesh...

CONNOR'S VOICE

The game is not about
survival, Duncan. It's
about living. In the
end, it's all that
matters.

REAL TIME--

THE BLADE CUTS CLEAN THROUGH CONNOR'S NECK
WITH UNSTOPPABLE MOMENTUM.

Duncan CRIES OUT as he follows through, BLOOD
staining his blade with the crushing reality
of what he has just committed.

He sinks to his knees...

. . . and SCREAMS TO THE HEAVENS.

The heavens answer back with THUNDER,
LIGHTNING and GALE FORCE WINDS that seem to
come from everywhere at once.

PURE ESSENCE--

--HOWLS out of CONNOR'S BODY.

DUNCAN

CON-NORRRRRRR!!

It SURGES UPWARD into endless SHEETS of
LIGHTNING. Duncan CONVULSES at the epicenter
of a GROWING CLASH between EARTH and SKY.

SHOCKWAVES POUND through his skull, triggering
A LAST FLEETING VISION OF CONNOR MACLEOD:
Walking with Heather across an open field. He
turns and looks back at Duncan. CONNOR'S EYES
shine with a look of ultimate peace and
transcendence. He seems to be gazing straight
into Duncan's soul. And smiling at what he
sees as-- A FINAL BLAST OF ESSENCE RIPS
through Duncan's BRAIN.
EXT - HIGHRISE - NIGHT

DISSOLVE
TO:

Duncan stands alone on the rooftop, stripped
to the waist, moving slowly through an
elaborate kata. The precision of his movement
belies the chaos inside him. He windmills the
katana over his head, faster and faster, until
he suddenly RELEASES IT-- THE SWORD PINWHEELS
through the night sky, arcing out across the
open space between buildings... Duncan watches
its long, lofting trajectory...

. . .then takes off RUNNING. He reaches the
edge of the rooftop and LEAPS. WIDE Legs
cycling through empty air, he traces a
matching arc directly under the far-flung
sword. Like a long-jumper stretching for that
last inch of sand, Duncan HYPER-EXTENDS for
the next rooftop.

EXT - NEXT ROOFTOP

HIS LEADING FOOT hits the edge-- digs in,
pivots and sets. HIS HAND THRUSTS UPWARD as
the sword grip SLAPS INTO HIS OPEN PALM.
Fingers wrap around the ivory hilt, slowly
lowering it down to eye-level. GO IN CLOSE ON
THOSE EYES and see a new Duncan MacLeod.
Stronger. Deadlier. A man coolly aware of his
own destiny.

CUT TO:

EXT - ARMORY - DAY

Dawson's car pulls up to the generic
cinderblock building that now stands unguarded
and abandoned.

INT - ARMORY - DAY

Dawson enters, squints into the darkness. The
interior looks as if it's stood fallow for the
last three decades. No giger-chair, no gothic
restraints. No evidence the Watchers ever took
up temporary residence here. Except for
MATTHEW, who emerges from the stale halflight
to confront Dawson.

MATTHEW

I'm a bit surprised to
see you again. All
things considered.

Dawson just stands there, hands plunged inside
his coat pockets.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

As you can see, we had to move on. Find a new Sanctuary.

DAWSON

It's wrong. What you're doing. It's inhuman.

MATTHEW

Ah, but they're not human, really. Are they?

DAWSON

Gimme a reason, Matthew.

MATTHEW

It's for the good of us all. You know that.

DAWSON

Gimme a reason.

Matthew cocks his head like the RCA dog.

MATTHEW

Because we must. It's that simple. And if you get in our way again, there will be very serious consequences.

DAWSON

Gimme a good reason.

Matthew pulls a gun. Aims it at Dawson's heart.

MATTHEW

I'm sorry to have to do this, Joe.

He pulls the trigger... as TWO SLUGS pound into his chest. Matthew topples backward, dead. Dawson palms the gun still concealed in his coat pocket. Nods.

DAWSON

Reason enough.

CUT TO:

EXT - NEW YORK STREET - DAY

Kase is roaring through narrow streets in a low-slung convertible, Faith at his side. With utter disregard for speed or care, he guns it madly in shrieking turns.

INT - CONVERTIBLE, DRIVING

Faith grips the dashboard two-handed.

FAITH

Slow down.

KASE

Adrenalin's good for the sex drive.

FAITH

I'm not amused, Jacob.

She reaches over and slaps on her shoulder harness.

KASE

Thought maybe you
needed a little more
excitement. You know,
spice up our
relationship a bit.

WIDE

He OVERSTEERS, caroms off several parked cars,
recovers...

KASE (CONT'D)

I mean, isn't that why
you went back to
Duncan MacLeod? The
risk?

FAITH

I don't know what
you're trying to
prove.

Kase puts an arm around her shoulder...

KASE

Why do I have to prove
anything to you?

.... as his foot flattens the accelerator.
ENGINE WHINES.

KASE (CONT'D)

I can have anything I
want already.

FAITH

Except me. And that
bugs the shit out of
you, doesn't it?

KASE

Not really.

AT THE NEXT TURN it's clear he'll never make
it, he's going too fast. Kase only smiles.
Releasing the wheel, he stands in his seat,
lifts his arms above his head and SHOUTS in
exultation as--
--the car EXPLODES into the wall. It's all
over in a breath. Accordioned metal, drooling
radiator, and Faith, slumped over the dash.
Kase lies sprawled and battered on the
pavement, thrown some distance from the
wreckage. He's clearly taken the worst of the
impact. FAITH stirs and slowly wrenches
herself free of the smoking mangle of steel
and plastic. She reaches back and pulls Kase's
sword free of the wreckage. With single-minded
determination, she limps over to Kase's body,
face-up in his own pooling blood. A
disbelieving PEDESTRIAN pauses in shock. Faith
gives her a twisted smile.

FAITH

Don't mind us.

Pedestrian SCURRIES OFF as Faith lifts the
sword over her head and brings it WHISTLING
DOWN across Kase's neck. With inhuman

reflexes, Kase awakens and catches her wrist
in the same heartbeat. Eyes narrow.

KASE

Does this mean it's
over?

DISSOLVE
TO:

EXT - KASE'S CHURCH - DAY

Kase steps up to the back entrance, alone. THE
DOOR hangs slightly ajar, which clearly
disturbs him.

INT - CHURCH SANCTUARY - DAY

Kase enters the main room to find Calvin and
Sarge asleep on their pews. He kicks the first
pew, awakens both with a start.

KASE

Who left the back door
open?

CALVIN

Huh?

Kase looks to Sarge.

SARGE

I dunno.

KASE

Where's Cracker Bob?
He was supposed to be
watching the back.

Calvin and Sarge both shrug.

KASE (CONT'D)

(sotto)

Infants.

He whirls, stalks out.

INT - SACRISTY

Kase enters his dark, cluttered office,
SLAMMING the door behind him. FLICKS ON THE
LIGHT and stops cold. A SWORD JUTS from a
small wooden table...

. . . right through CRACKER BOB, who lies
skewered to the tabletop. WRAPPED AROUND THE
SWORDHILT is Caiolin MacLeod's unique silver-
and-wood CRUCIFIX. The message is not lost on
Kase. BOB'S EYES suddenly flutter open. First
thing he sees is that sword hilt sticking
rudely out of his own chest.

CRACKER BOB

Ah-- Ahhh-- AHHHHHHH!!

KASE

Shut up.

He reaches forward and JERKS the sword out of
Bob, and with it A SINGLE SCRAP OF PAPER
impaled on the blade. It bears just one word,
scrawled in Bob's plentiful blood. GLENFINNAN
Bob sits up on the table, wild-eyed, as Kase
calmly opens his fingers and lets the paper
slide from his fingers.

CUT TO:

EXT - LITTLE ITALY, ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

Glitter lights and milling tourists. Row upon row of gimmicky Italian restaurants.
INT - ITALIAN RESTAURANT, PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT
Jacob Kase and his acolytes dine at a long table set against a gaudy backdrop of faux Roman ruins, babbling fountains and plastic holly. It all imparts a whiff of "Last Supper" pomp to the proceeding. Which is not lost on the other Immortals, who glance around warily while eating, as suspicious of each other as they are of Kase. Nor does anyone miss the fact that there are no windows in this particular room.

CLOSE ON WINSTON He stares into his pasta, beading sweat. BENEATH THE TABLE his fingers curl around the cold steel of a .38 SPECIAL wedged between his knees. He inches the gun upward toward the table rim as... Kase suddenly stands up in the center.

KASE

A toast...

All heads turn.

Gun freezes in Winston's lap, just hidden from view.

KASE (CONT'D)

I see tonight as a celebration of the spirit.

(raises his glass)

Here's to all of you who continue to stand by me...

(smiles at Winston)

. . . even those who might waver at times.

Winston stiffens, fears that Kase is on to him. And when Calvin averts his gaze, he knows. Still, he raises his glass. As do the others.

KASE (CONT'D)

You are my flock. You nourish my soul.

It's now or never for Winston. His moment of truth. Kase's eyes slowly drift over to meet his.

SLOW MOTION,

Kase tips back his glass and drinks, eyes locked on Winston. Winston responds in kind, gulping down his wine as he slips the gun back into his pocket. He shoves off from the table.

WINSTON

Excuse me.

KASE

Where you going?

WINSTON

Toilet.

KASE

Sit sit. I'm not
through with my toast
yet.

WINSTON

Can't wait.

He angles for the door.

KASE

I'm almost finished.
Sit.

Winston reaches for the doorknob. Locked. He
swivels back. Sees death in Jacob Kase's eyes.
His death.

KASE (CONT'D)

It'll all be over in a
few more seconds.

A cold spike of fear shoots through every
single one of them...

. . . as Kase continues.

KASE (CONT'D)

You've all been a part
of a great quest. A
four hundred year
quest for justice.

He lifts up an exquisitely-crafted sword.

KASE (CONT'D)

And here, my friends,
is the instrument of
that justice. It's
called the
"Colichmarde." Finest
sword known to man.

The blade WHISTLES upright.

KASE (CONT'D)

Blessed by Popes and
baptized in blood. I
only break it out for
special occasions.

He kisses the perfect cross formed by the
juncture of blade and quillons.

KASE (CONT'D)

It sings like an
angel. Just listen.

Winston jerks for his gun. In a SUDDEN BLUR of
STEEL and BLOOD, Kase beheads Winston and
dispatches the next two of his stunned
acolytes with blinding efficiency. TONGUES OF
LIQUID ENERGY coil up and around Kase's body.
But he keeps right on coming. The others
scatter like roaches. ESSENCE PULSES off walls
and ceiling, SHATTERING STATUARY, HURLING
FURNITURE...

. . .before MERGING with the WALKING INFERNO
that is now Jacob Kase. His sword BLAZES
through the remaining victims, trailing
STREAKS OF BLUE FIRE. One after another, they

drop headless to the concrete, triggering A FULL-ON MULTIPLE-QUICKENING. THE NEXT WAVE OF ESSENCE SLAMS into Kase front on. His knees BUCKLE. ANOTHER Hits him BROADSIDE, buffeting him one way as YET ANOTHER POUNDS him from the opposite- side, rocking him back center and IMMOBILIZING HIM inside an omni-directional CRUSH of LIGHT AND SOUND that WHITES OUT THE FRAME.

DISSOLVE
TO:

EXT - SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS - DAY
A THICK CLINGING FOG, enshrouds the rocky highlands. Somewhere along the invisible coastline below, a foghorn MOANS. The skeletal remains of an ancient Gaelic CASTLE loom spectral gray above JACOB KASE who stands before an ANCIENT CELTIC MONOLITH (familiar from Glenfinnan's town square) revelling in the changeless land of his birth.

KASE

(calling out)

Where else could stir
the blood of a
Scotsman too long of
this earth and too far
from home?

Kase picks his way across the uneven ground, unable to see beyond the reach of his own arm.

KASE (CONT'D)

(filling his
lungs)

I can nae get enough
of it.

He draws his sword, extends it outward until the tip disappears from sight. A LOW SCRAPING OF METAL ON STONE taunts him from somewhere out there in the slow-drifting whiteness Kase's sword TWITCHES toward the SOUND. Just the FAINTEST OUTLINE of a FIGURE COALESCES BRIEFLY inside the fog.

KASE

Ah, what's this?
Hamlet's ghost?

The FIGURE melts back into silent nothingness.

KASE (CONT'D)

I'm afraid even the
cloak of fog won't
help you overcome a
sizeable disadvantage.

A DIFFERENT SCRAPING SOUND spins him around to see ANOTHER GHOSTLY FIGURE looming over him from a narrow stone outcropping. Kase masks a slight tinge of concern.

KASE (CONT'D)

It's always good to
see two fellow

clansmen banded
together in a common
cause. But I hope you
haven't sunk to the
level of a
simultaneous ambush.

Once again, the figure steps backward into the enveloping fog. Disappears. Slightly unnerved, Kase jerks around. No sign of anyone. Just that infernal mist. A SOFT SCRAPING of SWORD against ROCK swivels him back around to his original position.

CLOSE ON KASE His nerves are starting to shred. He turns several full rotations, craning for a glimpse of his tormentors. And then he sees it... AN APPARITION WIELDING A SWORD. Kase LUNGES for it. And this time, it doesn't retreat. Swords CLANG in thunderous overture as TWO SPECTRES IN THE FOG battle for position on tenuous footing. KASE drives his adversary backward into a BLUNTED STONE WALL, leaving him no avenue of escape. Their swords LOCK UP and Kase suddenly finds himself FACE TO FACE WITH--
DUNCAN MACLEOD. You can sense Kase's bitter disappointment.

KASE

Not at all who I'd
hoped for.

CLOSE ON DUNCAN'S EYES as they flick to a point just behind Kase's head.
CLOSE ON KASE'S EYES as he realizes he's been had. He SWINGS FULLY AROUND TO FACE CONNOR--
--and sees that NOBODY'S THERE! Too late-- he SWINGS BACK TO DUNCAN-- and IMPALES HIMSELF ON DUNCAN'S SWORD.

DUNCAN

(through
clenched teeth)
I'm afraid Connor
couldn't be here. But
don't worry, he's with
us in spirit.

Still gripping his sword two-fisted, Duncan seems to surge with newfound strength.

DUNCAN

He gave himself for
this moment. And I
shan't let him down.

Duncan SHOVES OFF from Kase and goes to work on him with a VENGEANCE.

WHAT KASE SEES:

A frightening, hallucinatory vision of a DUAL ADVERSARY-- one that CHANGES back and forth in the flux of swirling mist. As Duncan's blade BLURS PAST, Kase sees CONNOR. With the very next SWING, he sees Duncan again. Then Connor.

Then Duncan. Connor. Duncan... Kase rubs his eyes with the back of his hand. Shakes it off. Can't be. Duncan buffets Kase backward with several dazzling combinations, then goes inside, tough and ugly. Kase seems suddenly overwhelmed, physically and mentally, as he's driven onto his back by sheer relentless overdrive. Duncan SLASHES DOWN for the killing blow, which Kase BARELY DEFLECTS. He SLASHES AGAIN. And AGAIN. Each time Kase barely escapes with his head intact. Duncan keeps up this relentless barrage, hacking down in every conceivable direction, looking for an opening, finding none. With each increasingly-leadened DOWNSTROKE, Duncan is losing strength... . . . and Kase is regaining his. Kase BATTLES BACK TO HIS FEET, deftly siezes the advantage.

KASE

(savage smile)

This is not a game won
on points, I'm afraid.

He drives Duncan back with an answering exchange that leaves no doubt of his superior ability. In a single massive THRUST, Kase STRIPS Duncan's sword and sends him flying. Duncan lands on his back, weaponless. Kase steps up to the katana, scoops his toe under it and FLICKS IT BACK TO DUNCAN. Then waves him back to his feet. A cat playing with his prey. Both combatants square off... and RESUME.

KASE

That's the beauty of
eternity. The fun
never stops.

He THRUSTS-- spiking Duncan clear through the shoulder. Duncan hangs up on the blade, unable to move. Grimaces in pain. Setting boot to chest, Kase KICKS Duncan off his sword and sends him spiralling backward. Duncan reaches out to break his fall-- --but there's no ground beneath him. He PLUMMETS OFF a SLANTED CLIFF. Bounces at fifty feet, then tumbles clear to the bottom. Kase steps up to the edge, scowls. A FRESHLY-CUT QUARRY has been hewn from the hilltop by the massive sword of modern technology. EARTH MOVING EQUIPMENT several stories tall lines the inner basin.

KASE

What have they done to
my mountain?!

He gazes down at DUNCAN'S BODY sprawled at the base of the cliff. Then starts down after him.
EXT - BOTTOM OF QUARRY - DAY
Duncan crawls over to his sword...

. . . as Kase picks his way down the steep incline. Duncan spikes his sword into the ground and uses it to climb upright. One look at his battered body and you know this fight is over. He just stands there, hunched over his sword, grimly waiting for Kase to reach him and deliver the killing blow. It doesn't take long. Kase stops, regards him with contempt.

KASE

Don't make it easy. I hate that.

DUNCAN

You're breaking my heart.

KASE

Pick up!

Duncan shakes his blood-streaked head.

KASE

PICK UP!

DUNCAN

It's always been too easy for you, Kase. No reason this time should be any different.

He plucks his sword out of the ground...

. . . and TURNS HIS BACK TO KASE.

DUNCAN (CONT'D)

Take your best shot.

He hobbles off, sword hanging limp at his side. Kase starts TREMBLING WITH RAGE.

KASE

MACLEOD!

Duncan ignores him, keeps walking. About now, we should have a pretty good idea what Duncan has in mind. But Kase doesn't have a clue.

DUNCAN'S POV:

For a fleeting moment, Connor stands before Duncan, more mist than flesh. He opens his arms wide. CONNOR'S APPARITION Remember weil, old friend. He DISSOLVES AWAY as Kase hoists sword over shoulder...

KASE (CONT'D)

MAC-LEOD!!

. . .and CHARGES...

Which is exactly what Duncan expected. USING THE SAME MOVE CONNOR TAUGHT HIM-- --Duncan PIVOTS WITH the THRUST, catching Kase completely off guard and off balance. This time, no force of man or nature can keep Duncan's sword from hitting home. He SLICES UPWARD with a ROAR OF DEFIANCE...

. . .and FOLLOWS THROUGH.

ON KASE:

He stands there, head miraculously still intact, a look of bewildered relief. Duncan

simply POPS his sword butt into Kase's face. The head comes easily away from the neck and falls.

KASE'S POV spins END OVER END through the air, bounces twice and comes to a rest SIDEWAYS. And that's how we first see his HEADLESS BODY, sprawled across the ground. KASE'S SEVERED HEAD blinks with sudden recognition. And now he knows. This is the worst part of losing your head-- those last few seconds of cold lucidity.

DUNCAN opens his arms to HEAVES UNDERFOOT. WIDE - THE QUARRY

the ULTIMATE OUICKENING as THE EARTH WALLS EXPLODE like a circle of VOLCANOES venting into the center. Duncan CLAWS UPWARD on a GROUNDSWELL OF RAW ENERGY as DIRT, ROCK, ASH and SMOKE OBLITERATE THE BASIN. The SEISMIC CONVULSIONS GRADUALLY SUBSIDE. The dust settles. And the blighted landscape falls into an unearthly SILENCE, blind to its own buried secrets. HOLD on the trailing wisps of smoke as THE GROUND SHUDDERS and DUNCAN'S KATANA BREAKS THE SURFACE. It PLUNGES UPWARD ONE, TWO, THREE MORE TIMES, pulverizing dirt and stone. HANDS FOLLOW, clawing their way through the loosely- mounded earth until DUNCAN'S HEAD AND SHOULDERS APPEAR. As if the earth itself is giving birth to a new generation of Immortal. He rolls out onto the ground, gasping, triumphant. Reborn. One inch at a time, he slowly rises to his feet. As we KEEP ON RISING up into a FIERY HIGHLAND SUNSET.

TILT BACK DOWN TO:

EXT - HIGHLANDS ABOVE GLENFINNAN

Duncan stands over a freshly-dug grave. Onto the simple stone, he's chisled:

HEATHER MACLEOD

BELOVED WIFE OF CONNOR

And beneath it:

CONNOR MACLEOD

BELOVED HUSBAND OF HEATHER

Duncan's eyes glisten with an unspeakable loss. And a comfort in knowing that his friend has finally found the peace of eternity.

DUNCAN

yours is the greater

prize my friend.

Welcome home.

LINGER ON DUNCAN as we DISSOLVE SLOWLY TO...

EXT - MANHATTAN SKYLINE - DAWN

FAITH stands sentinel-like atop a bluff overlooking the Hudson River and the insignificant island of Manhattan beyond. Her trademark slashes of facepaint and hair dye have been shed like molted skin. What remains

is a serene beauty that defies fashion or vanity. Her faraway eyes BLINK with a sudden, frightening clarity. THE BUZZ sets her reflexes snapping as she SPINS AROUND-- --and CATCHES the COLICHMARDE, handle first. DUNCAN follows, strolling toward her with hands loose at his side. Faith runs her finger down the shimmering blade.

FAITH

(considers)

So... what am I
supposed to do next --
kiss you or take your
head?

Duncan steps up to her, smiling enigmatically.

DUNCAN

The choice is yours.

FADE OUT:

THE END