HIGHLANDER
"Timeless"

Production #95411

CAST LIST

DUNCAN MACLEOD
JOE DAWSON

METHOS/ADAM PIERSON
WALTER BELLMAN (formerly WALTER GRAHAM)

CLAUDIA JARDINE
ALEXA BOND
JEREMY BEAUFORT
GREMIO
HIGHLANDER

"Timeless"

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SET LIST

INTERIORS

MACLEOD'S LOFT
DOJO
  /ENTRANCE
  /ELEVATOR
JOE'S
RECITAL HALL
CAR
WAGON - ENGLAND - 1663

EXTERIORS

DOJO
JOE'S
STREET
WAGONS - ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE - 1663
  /BEHIND THE STAGE
MOUNTAIN OVERLOOK WITH A PANORAMIC VIEW
ALEXA'S PLACE
BUDDHIST RETREAT
Cavernous, empty. A heartwrenchingly beautiful piano concerto
fills the hall. A single bare lamp throws shadows and light
on the pianist.

CLAUDIA JARDINE

mid-twenties, is never more beautiful than when she's playing.
She is graceful, delicate and sure.

ABOVE THE STAGE - AN UNSEEN ADMIRER

Listens to the building music from a grid directly over her.
WALTER BELLMAN, somewhere between forty and eternity. He is
moved to the point of tears, humming the concerto very softly
under his breath while simultaneously manipulating bolt
cutters to loosen the heavy lighting rig that hangs above
Claudia and the piano.

He pauses only long enough to wipe away a tear and smile his
appreciation for a particularly difficult passage.

CLAUDIA

frowns, not nearly as pleased with her work as her secret
admirer. But she continues, losing herself in it again.

The CLANG of a door opening at the rear of the auditorium
ruins everything. She stops, and changes before our eyes.

A prima donna at the heart of it, arrogance masks her
insecurity. She looks out into the darkened theater.

HER POV

No one in sight.

BACK TO SCENE

Claudia stands.

CLAUDIA

Whatever your name is, you're fired!

MacLeod is in the shadows. He's used to her temper.
MACLEOD
If I ever work for you, I'll remember that.

CLAUDIA
(with recognition)
Duncan, is that you?

MACLEOD
How quickly they forget.

MACLEOD steps out into the light. He makes his way toward her, feels the BUZZ. Breaks into a trot.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)
(as an order)
Get off the stage, Claudia!

CLAUDIA
(indignant)
What?

MACLEOD
Claudia, move it now!

Outraged, she slams the piano lid and storms toward him to give him a piece of her mind.

CLAUDIA
No one talks to me like that not even you...!

HEAVY LIGHT crashes from above, crushing the piano and the bench she just vacated.

WALTER
curses softly in the darkness overhead.

WALTER (CONT'D)
Dammit.

He slips away, disappearing into the dark.

MACLEOD
catches the shaken Claudia as she stares horrified at the stage.

(CONTINUED)
CLAUDIA
(breathless)
My God, Duncan -- how did you know?

MACLEOD
Intuition.

On MacLeod's displeasure.

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER
ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1102 INT. MACLEOD'S LOFT - DAY

MacLeod brings Claudia in. In spite of her attitude problem, there's a great deal of affection between them, mostly because he takes her with a grain of salt.

CLAUDIA
(annoyed)
What's the phrase? I wouldn't be paranoid if they weren't out to get me.

MACLEOD
I don't need convincing, Claudia. Someone meant to hurt you this time. That's why you're staying here.

He sets down her designer suitcase.

CLAUDIA
People have been jealous of me for years.
(glib)
Why do you take this murder attempt any more seriously than all the others?

MACLEOD
All what others?

CLAUDIA
The Van Cliburn competition? Remember, they poisoned my dinner?

MACLEOD
It was Moscow and you made yourself sick gorging on caviar. Have a seat.

She looks disdainfully at the chair he offers. Moves instead to the couch. It doesn't please her, either.

CLAUDIA
What about the Horowitz competition. I almost died and you know it.

She picks up a cushion, fluffs it. Still dissatisfied.

MACLEOD
Chicken pox. Nothing more than a very good excuse for playing badly.

(CONTINUED)
CLAUDIA
I hate you.

MACLEOD
Thank you.

She looks around the room. This is not to her taste.

CLAUDIA
Somehow I never pictured you living in one room.

He goes to the refrigerator, starts putting together a snack... maybe cheese and crackers. As he does.

MACLEOD
You are a spoiled brat.

CLAUDIA
No, Duncan. I was a spoiled brat when you met me twelve years ago. Now I'm a genius.

MACLEOD
Silly me. I forgot.

MacLeod sets out the snack.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)
Here. I promise you it's not poisoned, although I'm tempted.

CLAUDIA
You know, just because you think you own me, doesn't mean you get to tell me how to live my life.

MACLEOD
I don't think I own you.

CLAUDIA
(matter of fact)
Of course you do. If you hadn't paid for Julliard and the Paris Conservatoire, I'd probably be in some crummy lounge in Vegas doing my twelve thousandth chorus of "Proud Mary."

MACLEOD
Is this a thank you I'm hearing?

CLAUDIA
I thanked you by being brilliant.

(CONTINUED)
MACLEOD
She said, modestly.
(alerts, listening)
What's that?

CLAUDIA
What?

He shushes her, listens intently. There!

MACLEOD
That!

The PLINK, PLINK, of a distant piano. Claudia lights up...

CLAUDIA
Well, it's about time...

INT. DOJO - DAY

A huge CONCERT GRAND dominates the room. TWO PIANO MOVERS are leaving with their equipment. A PIANO TUNER finishes up his work. MacLeod edges around it skeptically.

CLAUDIA
You can't expect me to go anywhere without my instrument.

MACLEOD
I'm surprised you didn't crate up Carnegie Hall and have it shipped in.

CLAUDIA
I would if I could. Duncan, I have a major international tour to prepare for.

She sits herself down and does a little trial run. It's not perfect, but then, few things are.

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)
You've done better.

MACLEOD
(to the tuner)
Thank you.

The tuner gathers his kit and exits. MacLeod presses a piano key, she smacks his hand. He grins.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)
I'll leave you here with your one true love. Make yourself at home.

(Continued)
1103 CONTINUED:

CLAUDIA
(covers panic)
Where are you going?

MACLEOD
Meeting friends for lunch.

CLAUDIA
(slightly annoyed)
You'll take me with you.

MACLEOD
I will?

CLAUDIA
You're not leaving me here with stale crackers and a mad killer on the loose. Of course you'll take me.
(with great difficulty)
Please.

MacLeod covers a smile, heads for the door, opens it and waits impatiently.

1104 EXT. STREET - DAY

MacLeod and Claudia stroll down a quiet back street.

CLAUDIA
Who are these so-called friends of yours we're meeting?

MACLEOD
Relax, would you. It might actually do you some good to get out of the limelight for a minute.

CLAUDIA
(patronizing)
Oh, and meet some "real" people for a change.

MACLEOD
(hides a smile)
Almost ...

INTERCUT:

1105 INT. CAR - POV THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD - DAY

Pudgy but well-manicured fingers tap out a rhythm to an imagined melody, all the while watching MacLeod and Claudia move along the sidewalk. As they turn and wait for traffic to clear, the hand slips down and shifts the car into gear.

(CONTINUED)
1105 CONTINUED:

MACLEOD
takes Claudia's arm and guides her across the street.

POV THROUGH WINDSHIELD
the car eases away from the curb.

MACLEOD
reacts to a powerful BUZZ. Looks around -- in time to see

THE CAR
bearing down on them.

MACLEOD
roughly pulls Claudia to safety.

THE CAR
roars past and out of sight.

MACLEOD’S
eyes narrow -- a close call with another Immortal. It doesn't make sense.

MACLEOD
Someone really hates your Chopin.

1106 INT. JOE'S - DAY

DAWSON is behind the bar mixing drinks. METHOS sits at the bar, his eyes on ALEXA BOND -- a lovely, sweet waitress who is waiting tables.

DAWSON
It's not all that complicated. Nine innings, two halves per inning, three outs per half. To me, baseball's like meditation.

METHOS
To me, it's like sleeping.

Alexa arrives at the bar to place an order with Dawson.

ALEXA
Three drafts.

METHOS
If I sat at a table, would you wait on me?
She eyes him, amused, considering the question.

ALEXA
(to Joe)
Is he a good tipper?

DAWSON
(a grin)
No.

ALEXA
(eyes Methos)
Too bad. But he makes up for it in cute.

Methos meets her eyes, smiles. There's a definite connection, a chemistry. He likes her banter.

METHOS
I can do cute.
(beat)
Adam Pierson.

ALEXA
Alexa Bond.
(beat)
Where you from?
(off his look)
Your accent. You're not from here.

METHOS
I've traveled a lot.

She lights up.

ALEXA
You have?
(with longing)
Paris?

METHOS
Too many Parisiennes. Even the French don't like it.

ALEXA
Venice?

METHOS
Looks lovely, but the smell alone will kill you.

ALEXA
You're a little young to be so cynical.

(CONTINUED)
METHOS
If you say so.

A shadow passes over her.

ALEXA
I just did.

She takes the drinks on her tray and moves off, leaving Methos confused.

METHOS
(to Joe)
What'd I say?

DAWSON
(avoiding the subject)
Forget it.
(beat)
Alexa's not your type.

Methos suddenly straightens, alert. A reaction to a BUZZ.

MACLEOD AND CLAUDIA

arrive. Claudia looks around with undisguised disdain. MacLeod spots Dawson with Methos and steers her in their direction. Dawson is a little surprised to see MacLeod and who he's with.

DAWSON (CONT'D)
Good to see you, Mac.
(realizing he's with Claudia)

MACLEOD
Joe Dawson, Adam Pierson.

Claudia shoots him a look. Dawson jumps on it.

DAWSON
I saw you with the Philharmonic last year. You were wonderful.
(beat; almost shy)
Would you consider... I mean, I play a little blues...

MACLEOD
Claudia can play the blues. Not well, but passable.
CLAUDIA
(sniffs)
What would you know, Duncan? You're tone deaf.

DAWSON
All I have is an old Fender Rhodes, but it's got a lot of heart.

MacLeod gives her a "be human" look.

CLAUDIA
(reluctant)
I suppose.

Claudia gives in, moves to the stage with Dawson. MacLeod and Methos watch them take their places.

METHOS
How long have you known her?

MACLEOD
Since she was fourteen. She was living with a foster family and they were poor and thoroughly intimidated having a prodigy in their midst.

METHOS
Does she know?

MACLEOD
That she's one of us? She hasn't a clue.

And he turns his attention back to the musicians.

DAWSON
starts to riff on his guitar. Nice and smooth. Claudia listens for a moment, getting a sense of him. She begins to smile, pleasantly surprised. Then she falls in with him, picking up his rhythm. Dawson gives her an appreciative look. It all seems as natural as breathing to them. They play for a bit.

MacLeod and Methos enjoy it. Then MacLeod shakes his head, perturbed.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)
But someone else knows.
(off Methos' look)
One of us tried to kill her at the recital hall. And again a few minutes ago.

(CONTINUED)
METHOS
Who would want her dead before her time?

MACLEOD
I don't know.

As they exchange a look.

OMITTED

EXT. DOJO - TO ESTABLISH - NIGHT

INT. DOJO - ENTRANCE - NIGHT

MacLeod and Claudia enter.

MACLEOD
Admit it. You had a great time.

CLAUDIA
It was tolerable.
   (off his look, relents)
   Joe's a half-way decent musician.

MACLEOD
Half-way?

CLAUDIA
He's quite good actually. Why is he wasting his talent in that place?

MACLEOD
Maybe he doesn't think he's wasting it.

He stops short. A BUZZ. Walter steps out from the Dojo's shadows and smiles at MacLeod.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)
Walter?

WALTER
Duncan MacLeod...

A smile as he gives a grand gesture, bowing low...

TRANSITION TO:

EXT. WAGONS - ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE - 1663 DAY

The same grand gesture from Walter on a makeshift little stage.
The TRAVELING ACTORS are in the middle of a production of TAMING OF THE SHREW. The props and sets are crude, but effective.

WALTER
(as "Petruchio")
O Kate, content thee; prithee, be not angry.

A beat. "KATE", her back to us, does not respond.

Boisterous villagers watch, heckle, drink, and are altogether rude and rowdy.

Walter tries again, impatient, glaring.

WALTER (CONT'D)
(as "Petruchio")
O Kate -- fair maiden -- content thee; prithee, be not angry.

"Kate" turns -- it is a chagrined MacLeod, in a dress appropriate to Shakespearean actors of the time.

MACLEOD
(as "Kate"; dour)
I will be angry. What hast thou to do? Father, be quiet; he shall stay my leisure.

The audience cheers their approval. Walter beams at MacLeod, proudly.

GREMIO
Ay, marry, sir, now it begins to work.

MACLEOD
(as "Kate")
Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner. I see a woman may be made a fool if she had not a spirit to resist.

MacLeod scratches himself around his hips and bodice, the itchy wool of the dress irritating him no end.

WALTER
(as "Petruchio")
They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command. Obey the bride, you that attend on her. Go to the feast, revel and domineer, Carouse full measure to her maidenhead, Be mad and merry, or go hang yourselves.
THE AUDIENCE

howls, pointing at the awkward Kate, ribbing each other and hollering insults.

WALTER
(as "Petruchio")
But for my bonny Kate, she must with me. Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret; I will be master of what is mine own.

WALTER

leaves the stage with a typical flourish, realizes his "Kate" is not with him. He reaches back, grabs her arm and yanks her off stage. "Grumio" follows.

The audience hoots their approval. Beaufort merely glowers. The remaining actors will finish the scene OFF CAMERA. (See appendix for dialogue.)

EXT. BEHIND THE STAGE - 1663

And fairly hidden from audience view. Walter and MacLeod arrive. "Grumio" moves off. MacLeod turns on Walter, accusing.

MACLEOD
I hate this dress.

WALTER
I think it's most becoming.

MACLEOD
And another thing. The play makes no sense.

WALTER
(laughs)
Ah, this should be good. Go on.

MACLEOD
If I were Petruchio, I wouldn't give the time of day to Kate. She's a creature, a shrew. It makes no sense for him to want her, let alone woo her.

WALTER
Be serious.

MACLEOD
I want to play her nicer.

(CONTINUED)
WALTER
(beat as this registers)
You want to rewrite Shakespeare?

MACLEOD
Why not?

WALTER
You want to rewrite William Shakespeare?!
(in his face)
If Kate were nicer, there'd be no play!

MACLEOD
Then he's a fool.

WALTER
Just say the lines. It's what you're getting paid for.

MACLEOD
(grumbles)
Well, next time, I want to play the men's parts. I'll do the swordfights.

WALTER
When you can beat me with a sword, you can play the part.
(holds up a finger)
Cheer up... Listen to how they love us -- music to my ears ...

He turns to greet the other actors as they come off the stage. On disgruntled, itchy MacLeod and...

TRANSITION TO:

1111 INT. DOJO - NIGHT

Walter is thoroughly enamored of Claudia.

WALTER
It is cruel, you know, that music should be so beautiful. It has the beauty of loneliness, of disappointment and never-satisfied love.

He kisses her hand. She's taken with him, in spite of herself.

CLAUDIA
That's heartbreaking.

(CONTINUED)
MACLEOD
Who said it, Walter?
(to Claudia)
The man's never had an original thought in his life.

WALTER
To my chagrin, Benjamin Britten said it first.

CLAUDIA
The composer?

WALTER
Lovely man. He wrote it while listening to Mahler. Would it embarrass you, Ms. Jardine, if I told you I am one of your greatest fans.

MacLeod watches him, trying to appraise his intentions.

CLAUDIA
Not at all, and please call me Claudia.

WALTER
(pleased)
Claudia. This is so presumptuous, I know but I'd never forgive myself if I didn't at least ask.

Claudia eyes him -- what the hell.

CLAUDIA
I suppose I could use the time to practice.

MACLEOD
You hate an audience when you practice.

WALTER
I'll be quiet as a little mouse. On my honor.

CLAUDIA
What harm could it do? After all, he is a friend of yours, Duncan.

She moves to the bench and begins to play. Walter and MacLeod keep a respectful distance -- far enough so she can't hear them. Walter is in ecstasy, dreamily watching. MacLeod eyes him with suspicion.
WALTER
(catches the look,
smiles)
Astonishing, isn't she? At the peak
of her talents. Breathtaking.

MACLEOD
(wary)
You always had an eye for talent.

WALTER
And I've been watching this one for
some time now. You've guided her
well. Perhaps something you learned
from me?

MACLEOD
Alright, Walter. Why are you here?

WALTER
(still mesmerized)
To kill her.

MacLeod stares at Walter, who's lost in the music.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE
FADE IN:

1112 INT. DOJO - NIGHT

MacLeod is incredulous as he pulls Walter aside.

MACLEOD
(sotto voce)
That was you in the car?!

WALTER
Of course.

An anxious look toward Claudia, caught up in her music. MacLeod steers Walter to the elevator.

1113 INT. DOJO - ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

MACLEOD
What about the concert hall?

WALTER
I'm rather embarrassed about that. It's not as simple as you'd think, this whole murder game. When you consider that the only way I surely know to kill someone is by taking their head...
(sheepish)
I'm afraid I made a mess of it...

MACLEOD
Are you out of your mind?!

Walter remains thoroughly calm.

WALTER
This makes so much sense, MacLeod. Don't read something diabolical into it.

1114 INT. MACLEOD’S LOFT - NIGHT

They enter from the elevator. The sound of Claudia rehearsing wafts up to them. MacLeod reigns himself in, tries logic.

MACLEOD
Immortality is not a game of tag. You can't decide "you're it."
(forces calm)
It's not for us to determine when her mortal life is over.

(CONTINUED)
WALTER
But I must. If she doesn't die now, at the pinnacle of her genius, it could be lost forever.
(beat)
I've found my purpose, MacLeod...
Imagine Claudia Jardine's talent living on through the ages under my loving guidance.

MACLEOD
Walter -- get a life of your own!

WALTER
Don't you see, she'll thank me. She'll always be young and beautiful and passionate.

MACLEOD
And when her fans wonder why she's not getting any older?

WALTER
She'll disappear for twenty or thirty years and return for the next generation. Some contact lenses, different hair... It's perfect...
Shhh....

He perks up at the sound of footsteps.

CLAUDIA
arrives from the staircase adjacent to the elevator. She's annoyed.

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)
There you are! People don't walk out on me when I play. It's just not done...

WALTER
Of course not, my beautiful girl...

Walter joyfully moves toward her to complete his mission. MacLeod grabs him roughly and drags him away.

MACLEOD
Forget it!

CLAUDIA
Forget what?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)

WALTER
(genuinely perplexed)
Clearly you're not listening to me.

MACLEOD
I heard every word.
(beat; moving him
into the elevator)
Don't come back. Don't try it.
Don't even think it!

CLAUDIA
Duncan?

MACLEOD
It's alright. Walter has to be going.
Say good night, everyone.

The elevator door clanks shut.

CLAUDIA
I think your friend's a little weird.

MACLEOD
You have no idea.

TRANSITION TO:

INT. WAGON - 1663 - DAY

MacLeod, still dressed as "Kate," enters and shuts the door.
The room is a clutter of props and costumes, hats and
feathers, books and papers. Somewhere in the rubble is
Walter, nose in a book. He barely gives MacLeod a glance.

WALTER
Listen to this --
(reads)
"To me, fair friend, you never can
be old, For as you were when first
your eye I eyed, Such seems your
beauty still."

He looks at MacLeod, almost daring his response.

MACLEOD
Is this a test?

WALTER
Your opinion, MacLeod.

MACLEOD
The language is passing fair...
Shakespeare?

(CONTINUED)
Walter erupts, tears the pages to shreds.

WALTER

Passing fair! The man is a genius.

(beat)

Better than Chaucer, better than

Mallory. I've been writing for five

hundred years and what do I have to

show for it?

He stares at MacLeod, who knows an answer isn't expected.

WALTER (CONT'D)

I'll tell you what -- drivel! Cases

and cases of drivel. Mountains of

it. Not a single verse to equal

that of some mortal who lived a mere

few score years.

MACLEOD

I've enjoyed some of what you've

written.

Walter can only shake his head at this apparent naivete. He

eyes MacLeod, something needs improvement. The hair. He

starts sifting through a crate of wigs.

WALTER

There's no justice, my friend. Who

do you think supported him when he

was writing? Who lifted his spirits

when his muse had all but abandoned

him?

MACLEOD

I'm guessing it was you.

WALTER

I am doomed, you know. Doomed to

spend a thousand lifetimes recognizing

genius and never having a speck of

it to call my own.

MACLEOD

I think you're very good at what you

do.

WALTER

(groans in despair)

Damned by faint praise.

MACLEOD

There are other things in life.

(CONTINUED)
Walter pulls off MacLeod's wig, holds a brown one up against his cheek. Not right.

WALTER
Not for me. All I ever want is to touch brilliance... to smell it. At the very least to help it live. Without that, eternal life is nothing more than eternal hell...

A fist POUNDS on the side of the wagon and a voice:

BEAUFORT (O.S.)
Duncan MacLeod. Stop hiding behind those skirts and show yourself!

MacLeod appears from inside to face the brandished sword of Jeremy Beaufort, who's had one ale too many. They've set up camp on some farmer's property. An open wagon piled with crates of live chickens. A couple of goats and a donkey are about. Walter watches from the door.

BEAUFORT
Take off that dress.

MACLEOD
I beg your pardon?

BEAUFORT
You're wearing my dress. You're speaking my lines. You're depriving me of my livelihood, my sustenance -- and you're a terrible Kate!

MACLEOD
Who the hell are you?
(suspicious, to Walter)
Is there something you should have told me?

WALTER
(cheerful)
You make a much better woman than Beaufort.

MACLEOD
(sour)
You're too kind.

BEAUFORT
He gave you my job because you're younger and prettier.

(CONTINUED)
Beaufort makes a charge at MacLeod, who sidesteps.

MACLEOD
(a threat)
We're not on stage here.

BEAUFORT
(takes his stance)
"Let Hercules himself do what he may, The cat will mew and dog will have his day."

WALTER
(smiles)
Hamlet. Nicely done.

Beaufort lunges, ready to do battle.

MACLEOD
sidesteps as Beaufort's sword catches a bit of Kate's costume. It tears. MacLeod reacts, aggravated.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)
My dress!

And he spins and turns before Beaufort can hit his mark.

MACLEOD
defends himself, not wanting to do real harm. Beaufort is angry, aggressive. MacLeod finesses his way away. The dress makes it awkward, but he takes control of the duel.

BEAUFORT
parries and finds himself dangerously close to the donkey.

MACLEOD
Watch your ass there.

THE OTHER ACTORS
have gathered to watch the fight.

MACLEOD
stumbles on the hem of his dress, lands on his butt and quickly rolls away, avoiding Beaufort's blade as it lands in the dirt where his head had just been.

WALTER
applauds from the sidelines.

(CONTINUED)
MACLEOD
Are you just going to stand there and watch?

WALTER
As long as I'm entertained. All the world's a stage, MacLeod. Carry on, carry on.

MacLeod runs out of patience. He lashes out swiftly, sending Beaufort's weapon flying and the actor on his ass. He stands over him triumphant.

MACLEOD
Next time, take care how you address a lady.

And he gathers up his skirts and stomps away.

TRANSITION TO:

INT. MACLEOD’S LOFT - THE NEXT DAY

Claudia flips idly through a magazine, sitting on the couch, quite bored. MacLeod listens to Methos quietly in the kitchen.

METHOS
(trying it out)
Alexa... even her name is beautiful.

MACLEOD
(smiles)
If you say so.

METHOS
I'm telling you, I haven't felt this way since... well, you don't want to know.

MACLEOD
She seems very... nice.

METHOS
She's more than nice. There's something. A spark. I know she felt it, too. And I don't want to make a fool of myself.

(beat, smiles)
Or maybe I do.

(beat)
Have you ever felt like that?

TRANSITION TO:
MacLeod looks around for a moment. A vedette is passing by in the water in front of him. He makes a decision and leaps from the bank onto.

TESSA (O.S.)
Hey, what are you doing?

Where an assortment of tourists react. MacLeod is cool as ever, reacts as though nothing out of the ordinary has happened.

MACLEOD
I'm sorry. I didn't want to miss the boat.

We cut to see the police on the bridge. MacLeod walks to an empty seat.

TESSA
What do you think you're doing?

MACLEOD
Ah, I didn't want to miss the tour.

TESSA
Is this the way you always make an entrance?

MACLEOD
I was trying to make an impression.

TESSA
You did. Bravo.
(beat)
You could have been hurt and there's another boat in fifteen minutes.

MacLeod looks her directly in the eyes.

MACLEOD
I wanted this one.

Tessa is caught off guard.

TESSA
I... You...

Tessa eyes him with a mixture of humor and attraction, then turns back to her tour.

(Continued)
TESSA (CONT'D)
I'm sorry for this interruption, ladies and gentlemen.
(with a smile)
I told you Paris was full of surprises.
(beat)
Behind you we have the Cathedral of Notre Dame. Construction began in 1163 and was completed in 1342.

MacLeod smiles sheepishly and raises his hand.

TESSA (CONT'D)
Yes ... what do you want?

MACLEOD
It was completed in 1345.

TESSA
(incredulous)
What?

MACLEOD
Notre Dame was completed in 1345.

TESSA
How do you know?
(beat)
I suppose you were there?

As MacLeod smiles.

MACLEOD
Well, no actually it was a little bit before my time.

TESSA
Anyway, as I said, construction was completed in 1343.

MACLEOD
Five.

TESSA
Three. The Seine divides Paris in two parts. This is the left bank.

We cut to shots of Paris.
INT. MACLEOD’S LOFT - RESUME SCENE

MACLEOD
A couple of times.
(beat)
I don't see what's the problem.

METHOS
Pure panic.
(beat)
I can't seem to stop thinking about her.
(heartfelt)
What if she doesn't like me?

MACLEOD
(a knowing smile)
What if she does?

Methos grins -- a look between the friends is interrupted by a deep sigh from Claudia in the other room.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)
(resigned)
Must be time for her noon feeding.
(beat)
What am I going to tell her?

METHOS
What about the truth? At least then she'd know what she's facing.
(beat)
You can't hide her here forever.

Claudia slaps down the magazine, calls in to them.

CLAUDIA
Hello! Would somebody like to pay a little attention to me?!

MACLEOD
(dry)
It's what I live for.

They move to join her.

CLAUDIA
Duncan, I'm bored and I'm tired of being locked up in this dump. No offense.

MACLEOD
None taken.

(CONTINUED)
CLAUDIA
I have to get out, even if it's just for a drink.

MACLEOD
That we can do.

A self-satisfied smile. She tidies herself to leave as ...

CLAUDIA
That's more like it.
(beat)
We'll go to Botticelli's. Call them and tell them to hold my table.
(an afterthought)
Of course, your friend is welcome to join us.

METHOS
Thank you, no. I have other plans.

Claudia eyes him, surprised he doesn't jump at the chance. MacLeod goes nowhere near the phone.

CLAUDIA
Seriously?

METHOS
Totally.

CLAUDIA
(shrugs, his loss)
Now, we're likely to run into paparazzi. Whatever they ask, tell them we're just friends.

MACLEOD
We are just friends.

CLAUDIA
Yes, but they don't have to know that.

She breezes past MacLeod and...

1118 INT. JOE'S - DAY

Alexa rushes in to work, throws her purse behind the bar.

ALEXA
Sorry, Joe.

DAWSON
No problem. How'd it go?
ALEXA
It's not getting any easier, if that's what you mean.

DAWSON
I wish there were something I could...
(stops; a shared look)
I think you have a customer.

She looks over to

METHOS
waiting patiently at a table. He smiles shyly.

ALEXA
reacts, then recovers. Returns the smile and moves to him, order pad in hand.

ALEXA (CONT'D)
Let me guess. Either you like to drink or you're wild for the Blues.

METHOS
I was waiting for you.

She's a little thrown. Methos smiles, pleased.

METHOS (CONT'D)
I leave you speechless. This is an excellent start.

ALEXA
Start to what?

METHOS
Dinner, a film, a concert, a walk, a smile, a sunset. All of the above or whatever makes you happy.

She's taken by him, but hesitant.

ALEXA
Do women actually fall for that line?

METHOS
I wouldn't know. I've never used it before.

ALEXA
Never? That's a long time.

METHOS
Well, to the best of my recollection.

(CONTINUED)
ALEXA

(amused, she eyes him)
I'm waiting.

METHOS
For what?
(sees her order pad
at the ready)
Oh. A draft beer.

ALEXA
One draft beer.

She turns to leave, turns back. She suddenly seems a little shy.

ALEXA (CONT'D)
Why would you want to go out with me?

METHOS
Because the alternative is unthinkable.

ALEXA
(beat)
Tomorrow. If Joe lets me off.

METHOS
(beams)
He will. I have pull.

She moves off to place the order and continue working. Dawson has been watching, moves to join the ebullient Methos.

METHOS (CONT'D)
Ha! You were wrong.

DAWSON
How's that?

METHOS
Turns out she is my type.

DAWSON
(an effort to smile)
Looked like a whole lot of arm-twisting to me.

METHOS
A girl like that -- you're lucky to find one every few lifetimes.

Dawson is quiet, his eyes veiled. Uncomfortable. Methos is in too good a mood.
METHOS (CONT'D)
What? You're jealous. Is there some house rule about dating the help? What?

DAWSON
(finally)
Alexa's dying.

Off Methos' reaction...

EXT. DOJO - DAY

MacLeod's car pulls up at the curb. Claudia seems quite content.

CLAUDIA
The truth. When was the last time you were treated like that? Like royalty.

MACLEOD
Yesterday, at Joe's. He gave us his best table, you know.

CLAUDIA
You're impossible.

MACLEOD
Get out here so I can park, your highness.

She steps out of the car and waits. MacLeod pulls into a spot maybe thirty yards further up. As he gets out he feels the BUZZ. Realization and he turns toward Claudia.

CLAUDIA

smiles as Walter steps out, his arms filled with a bouquet of white roses, adoration on his face.

MACLEOD
Claudia... NO!

CLAUDIA
It's your friend.

WALTER
For you, my dear.

Everything seems to move in SLOW MOTION -- Walter moving to Claudia. MacLeod breaks into a run. Claudia reaches for the flowers, takes them.

(CONTINUED)
1119 CONTINUED:

MACLEOD

is too far away to stop the inevitable.

CLAUDIA

buries her face in the flowers.

WALTER

pulls a pistol from his jacket and with a resounding CRACK! Shoots her through the heart.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO
ACT THREE

FADE IN:

1120 INT. MACLEOD'S LOFT - LATER - DAY

Claudia and MacLeod are in the middle of a conversation. In the B.G. Walter is pouring himself a cup of tea.

CLAUDIA
You've known all this time and didn't tell me?

MACLEOD
It would've ruined your life.

CLAUDIA
Is that why you took an interest in me? Why you sponsored me to the conservatory?

MACLEOD
I sponsored you because you had talent and I didn't want it to go to waste.

CLAUDIA
What about me, Duncan? Did you like me? Even a little?

WALTER
(not about to be left out)
He loved you. Everybody loves you. And now it's my turn. It's time for Claudia to be nurtured by one who truly understands the depth of that ability.

(to Claudia)
The world, my dear, is your oyster.

She looks from MacLeod to Walter, then back. She starts to giggle, giddy with wonder and power.

CLAUDIA
This is really for real?

(Walter nods)
This is incredible. Unbelievable. Wonderful!

Her laugh is contagious. Walter joins her, delighted.

WALTER
Do you have life insurance? Cash it in.

(CONTINUED)
They burst into peals of laughter. MacLeod's not amused.

MACLEOD
This isn't funny. He murdered you.

WALTER
Hardly.

CLAUDIA
I can play forever.

MACLEOD
As long as you keep your head.
(to Walter, pissed)
And I'd take yours right now if I thought it was worth a damn.

Claudia begins to recognize the possibilities. She's wired with excitement and wonder.

CLAUDIA
I'm never getting old.

WALTER
Not an hour. Your genius will never fade. My timing was impeccable. I waited for the perfect moment in your development.

She's up and pacing. Glowing.

CLAUDIA
My competition will grow old and feeble.

WALTER
They will simply fade away.

CLAUDIA
No arthritis in my fingers.

WALTER
You, my beautiful, will have no such worries.

She grabs Walter, kisses him on each cheek.

CLAUDIA
This is... perfect.

MACLEOD
You're not serious.
CLAUDIA
Granted, dying wasn't very pleasant. But my God, Duncan. What's to be angry about? Why would you try to keep me from having this?

WALTER
(to MacLeod)
I told you she was ready!

MACLEOD
(frustrated)
It wasn't your right.

Walter's eyes sparkle. This isn't braggadocio. It's real passion, from deep in his soul.

WALTER
For centuries I've stood beside the most brilliant artists. Chopin, dead at thirty-nine. Mozart even younger. Jim Morrison and Janis Joplin self-destructing before they even tasted their potential. (beat) But Claudia Jardine will be eternal.

CLAUDIA
I have all the time in the world.

MACLEOD
(adamant)
Unless someone takes your head. Are you listening?

CLAUDIA
(oblivious)
I need to play.

MACLEOD
You need to learn to use a sword.

CLAUDIA
A sword...? Me?

MACLEOD
As soon as possible.

CLAUDIA
I don't think so, Duncan.

MACLEOD
Then you're as good as dead.

(CONTINUED)
WALTER
I'll protect her. I'll see that her
genius shines for centuries. "The
instant made eternity - And heaven
just prove that I and she ride, ride
together, forever ride."

MACLEOD
I know... Robert Browning.

Walter's eyes are bright with his obsession.

1121 EXT. MOUNTAIN OVERLOOK WITH A PANORAMIC VIEW - DAY

Methos is sitting writing in a journal. His VW minivan is
nearby. Alexa appears beside him.

ALEXIA
Joe said you'd be up here.

Methos is surprised, then smiles. He won't mention what
Dawson told him, but the knowledge has erased any doubt.

METHOS
Lucky guess. Or I've become horribly
predictable. Pull up a rock.

She hesitates, then sits beside him, something on her mind.

METHOS (CONT'D)
This is nice.
(a sidelong glance)
Isn't it?

ALEXIA
(after a long beat)
I'm a little worried about something.

METHOS
I sensed that.

ALEXIA
This date we're supposed to go on.
I don't think it's such a good idea.

METHOS
(feigns hurt)
I thought you liked me a little.

ALEXIA
It's not that ...

METHOS
It's my nose.

(CONTINUED)
ALEXA
You have a very nice nose.

METHOS
The accent. You think I'm English. I don't have to be. I can be Russian if you prefer... poeезд нан кахр'каф ахтходдеет ёхтиг платформи. It means "Is this the right platform for the train to Kharkov?"

She can't help herself. She starts to laugh.

ALEXA
You're outrageous.

METHOS
Russian doesn't turn you on? I can try it in Swahili. Of course, if I'm speaking Swahili, why the hell would I be going to Kharkov? How about Lithuanian? Farsi?

ALEXA
(wiping tears)
Don't make me laugh, please.

METHOS
(gets serious)
And why not?

ALEXA
Because.
(quietly)
It's not fair.

Methos gazes at her, he can't resist reaching out and touching her face. A little breathless.

METHOS
It rarely is.

And he leans in to kiss her. She feels it too, the force between them. As much as she wants this, she forces herself to pull away. Methos studies her for a beat, open and understanding. He knows the answer, but he needs her to say it.

ALEXA
I'm sorry.

METHOS
For what? You can tell me, Alexa.
ALEXA
(with difficulty)
I'm dying.

Silence. She waits for him to recoil in shock, or horror, or whatever it is when someone stands too close to death. He merely nods, understanding.

ALEXA
So you see, don't you? Why we can't go out tomorrow?

METHOS
Absolutely.
(beat)
We'd better make it tonight.

She stares at him, stunned. He takes her hand, smiles into her eyes. She's falling harder for him.

INT. JOE'S - EVENING

Claudia at the Fender Rhodes. The same grace, but something's not quite right. She's bothered. MacLeod, Walter and Dawson watch her. She plays a sequence and then plays it again. Then bangs out a few discordant notes on the piano in frustration.

MACLEOD
What's wrong?

CLAUDIA
Can't you hear? There's no feeling... It's dead. I can't play Bach. I can't play blues.
(frustrated)
Nothing's working.

MACLEOD
You've had a helluva shock, Claudia. Give yourself a break...

Walter has annoyingly appeared at MacLeod's elbow.

WALTER
No, she's right. I can hear the difference.

MACLEOD
(a dark look)
You're a big help.

WALTER
You have to try harder, that's all.

(CONTINUED)
CLAUDIA
That's not "all."

She gets up and leaves the piano. MacLeod turns to Walter.

MACLEOD
Maybe there's a reason why Shakespeare, Mozart, DaVinci were all mortal. Maybe...

WALTER
No... I won't accept that.

Walter moves by MacLeod. Dawson, having overheard, approaches MacLeod.

DAWSON
Maybe when the candle burns for a shorter time, it burns brighter.

CLAUDIA AND WALTER
She unhappily resists his efforts.

WALTER
(panicking)
Get back to that piano and play. It'll all come back to you.

CLAUDIA
Would you leave me alone.

MacLeod moves to them, pulls Walter aside, but still within earshot.

MACLEOD
Listen to her, Walter.

WALTER
All she needs is her confidence back.

Claudia picks up a glass, sends it crashing into a wall. She's on the verge of full-blown prima donna tantrum.

CLAUDIA
What I need is room to breathe!

WALTER
Of course. Where would you like me to take you?

MACLEOD
I think she'd like you to leave.

(CONTINUED)
WALTER
Oh, you'd love that, wouldn't you.
So you can snatch her up for yourself...

Claudia takes matters into her own hands. They look up in time to see her leaving the bar.

CLAUDIA
opens the door and stops suddenly at an overwhelming feeling -- her first BUZZ. Methos is entering the bar. Their eyes meet, the recognition. From behind her...

WALTER (CONT'D)
Claudia... wait.

Claudia takes a deep breath and exits. Methos watches as Walter follows. MacLeod brings up the rear, annoyed. His look says this couldn't be going any worse.

METHOS
(re: Claudia)
Oops.

MACLEOD
Don't start with me.

He follows them both out. Methos looks around for Alexa she's nowhere to be seen. He moves to Dawson who's preoccupied.

METHOS
Where is she?
(off Dawson's look)
Alexa? We have a date.

DAWSON
She called in sick.

Methos pales, instantly alarmed.

METHOS
Where does she live?

DAWSON
Adam, she doesn't want to see you. Leave her alone.

METHOS
I didn't ask for your opinion.
(beat)
Joe, I know she's dying. You're all dying. So what? Twenty years six months -- what's the difference?

(CONTINUED)
DAWSON
She's protecting herself. She's protecting you. Don't you get it?

METHOS
I get it. Now tell me where she lives.

INT. RECITAL HALL - NIGHT
MacLeod watches sadly as Claudia, tears of frustration on her cheeks, desperately tries to recapture the feeling.

Her panic builds until finally she smashes the keys and slams down the piano lid.

CLAUDIA
It's hopeless.

Walter appears from the wings.

WALTER
No! Concentrate. Focus. Play harder!

CLAUDIA
I can't. It's no good! Don't you get it? It's gone.

Walter grabs the piano lid and flips it open. He grabs her hands and tries to put them on the keyboard.

WALTER
Play! You can do it -- just play!

MACLEOD
Leave her alone.

Claudia tears herself away from Walter, then turns on him bitterly.

CLAUDIA
This is your fault.

WALTER
It'll come, you'll see.

CLAUDIA
You did this to me!

WALTER
(distraught)
Only to preserve your genius.

(CONTINUED)
CLAUDIA
You've destroyed it. I'd be better off dead!

Claudia clings to MacLeod, searching for some kind of comfort.

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)
Make him go away.

WALTER
Me!? I made you Immortal! He... he would have let you become a shriveled up old woman.

Claudia runs from the hall. MacLeod blocks Walter.

MACLEOD
Leave her alone.

WALTER
You can't have her, MacLeod. She's mine.

MACLEOD
She doesn't want you.

WALTER
We'll see about that.

MACLEOD
Goodbye, Walter.

WALTER
It can be deadly to stand between a man and his dreams, MacLeod. (beat) I will kill you.

MACLEOD
You can always try.

Walter turns and storms off. On MacLeod's worry.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE
ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

1124 INT. MACLEOD’S LOFT - NIGHT

Claudia packs haphazardly, throwing her things into a case. She gets the BUZZ and turns as MacLeod enters the loft. He carries a case with him.

CLAUDIA
You can keep the piano.

MACLEOD
Where are you going?

CLAUDIA
I don't know. I don't care.

He places the case before her.

MACLEOD
Open it.

She does. Inside is a sabre.

MACLEOD
We have to start your training.

She slams it shut.

CLAUDIA
Why?

MACLEOD
So you can keep on living.

CLAUDIA
Don't you understand, I'm already dead.

MACLEOD
That's crap! Your talent was something you had -- it isn't who you are.

She turns away. MacLeod turns her back.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)
Claudia, listen to me. I'm not going to tell you that you'll get back... whatever it is you've lost. Nothing is ever the same. That's how it is for us.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
MACLEOD (CONT'D)
But there are also possibilities.
Endless and wonderful. Future upon
future, but only if you know how to
protect yourself.

CLAUDIA
But who's going to care about me if
I can't play?

MACLEOD
I will.

She looks at him for a moment. Their eyes meet. His hand
reaches out and gently touches her face.

As he comforts her...

1125 EXT. ALEXA'S PLACE - NIGHT

Alexa opens the door to Methos. He sheepishly hands her a
single rose.

METHOS
Am I late?

She looks at the rose, then at him. Closing the door behind
her, she joins him on the stoop.

ALEXA
Only about a year.
(beat)
You shouldn't have come.

Methos tries what's worked before... turn on the charm.

METHOS
Are you hiding your husband in there?
Is that what's going on? Your
boyfriend, your lover, the Seven
Dwarfs? What?

ALEXA
(manages a smile)
That's exactly what's going on. My
husband, my boyfriend, my lover and
the Seven Dwarfs.

METHOS
I can take 'em all on. I'm not
afraid.

He meets her eyes on this.

(CONTINUED)
ALEXA
I shouldn't have agreed to see you. It's stupid really.

METHOS
Why?

ALEXA
Because you don't need to be a witness to what I'm going through. It's going to get ugly.

METHOS
You look beautiful to me.
(beat)
Look, whatever you're going through, I can handle it. If you'll let me.

ALEXA
Why would you want to?

METHOS
(means it this time)
Because the alternative is unthinkable.
(beat, gently; off her look)
How long?

ALEXA
Less than a year. They don't know for sure.
(looks at him, longing)
Did you ever wish you could just make time stand still.

Methos looks into her eyes, moved by the irony. He reaches into a pocket, hands her an envelope. She takes it, opens it. Stares.

ALEXA (CONT'D)
Plane tickets?
(beat)
To where?

METHOS
Anywhere you want. Everywhere if we have the time.

ALEXA
It's not that easy...

METHOS
Yes, it is.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
METHOS (CONT'D)
You spend whatever time you have left dying. Or you spend it living. With me.

Alexa, overwhelmed, considers this.

EXT. BUDDHIST RETREAT ENTRANCE - THE NEXT DAY

MacLeod and Claudia drive up and get out of the car. They move to the door.

CLAUDIA
I don't know what good a Buddhist Retreat will do me.

MACLEOD
It'll give you some time to think for starters. A chance to figure out who you are.

CLAUDIA
(dry laugh)
Time.
(beat)
How many years is it now for you?

MACLEOD
You're better off counting in centuries.

CLAUDIA
(a manic edge)
I can't handle this, Duncan. I can't even conceive of it.

MACLEOD
You will. And at least here you'll be safe while you make the adjustment.

CLAUDIA
(eyes him)
Run that by me again.

MACLEOD
Through those doors is Holy Ground. No one can kill you there. There's nothing to be afraid of.

MacLeod gets the BUZZ. As he turns

A CAR
approaches. A hand containing a gun reaches out of a window and fires.
MACLEOD

is hit. He falls dead.

CLAUDIA
Duncan... Duncan...

The car stops and Walter gets out.

Claudia backs away.

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)
What do you want?

WALTER
What I've always wanted. To guide your genius.

CLAUDIA
It's gone, Walter. You stole it from me.

WALTER
We can find it again.

CLAUDIA
No! You heard me. I can't play. I'll never play.

Walter faces the possibility of a broken dream.

WALTER
Don't say that.

CLAUDIA
It's true. You know it.

WALTER
NO!

Walter pulls his sword. Claudia's face fills with fear.

MACLEOD (O.S.)
Walter, put it down.

Walter looks up and finds MacLeod, his shirt bloodied, rising from the ground.

MACLEOD
unsheathes his sword.

CLAUDIA
Duncan?

(CONTINUED)
MACLEOD
Get inside the monastery and stay there. Wait for me.

WALTER
I'll be in in a moment. MacLeod knows which of us is the better swordsman.

WALTER
lashes out at MacLeod.

MACLEOD
I've had some practice since we last met.

CLAUDIA
Duncan, please...

MACLEOD
Claudia, move your ass!

CLAUDIA
takes off as Walter comes after MacLeod. As they thrust...

WALTER
You never had all that much talent, MacLeod.

MACLEOD
I never pretended to. You, on the other hand, couldn't write a sonnet to save your life.

WALTER
Lay on, Macduff, and damned be him that first cries, "Hold, enough!"

MACLEOD
Oh, shut up already!

MACLEOD
lunges. Walter sidesteps, and parries back. The fight is now in earnest.

THE BLADES
clank.

(Continued)
WALTER moves with panache -- big and theatrical. He probably trained Errol Flynn.

MACLEOD is backed up against the ditched T-bird. He ducks around the still-open door.

WALTER thrusts his blade, connecting with the T-Bird's paint job. This really pisses MacLeod off.

MACLEOD swings his sword wide, sending it clanking broadside across Walter's hand.

WALTER'S sword flies as he lands on his back.

MACLEOD stands over him, a foot on his chest. Walter's look is defiant.

MACLEOD Swear it, Walter. You'll have nothing to do with Claudia and I'll spare you. Go on, promise.

WALTER (defiant) ... "Out, out, brief candle! Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player That struts and frets his hour upon the stage, And then is heard no more."

MACLEOD (testy) I should take your head just to shut you up.

WALTER What value will my life have without her genius to color it.

MACLEOD Then have it your way...

He raises his sword on high --
WALTER
Wait!
(breaks)
I promise.

MACLEOD
Promise what?

WALTER
(beat)
I promise to leave her alone.

MACLEOD
Good.

Much relieved, he reaches out a hand, helps Walter to his feet. Walter straightens himself up and tries to reclaim his dignity.

WALTER
I've watched the stars burn bright and sure, then with a flash, disappear. And still, I'm the one who endures.

MACLEOD
And who said that?

WALTER
I did.

MACLEOD
You're getting better.

WALTER
You really think so?

And we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR
ACT: TAG

FADE IN:

1127A EXT. DOJO - TO ESTABLISH - DAY

The air fills with intricate and beautiful JAZZ.

1128 INT. DOJO - DAY

MacLeod listens as Claudia finishes. Claudia stands, satisfied.

CLAUDIA
Did you hear?

MACLEOD
You sounded great.

CLAUDIA
I'm not there yet, but it's coming back.

(beat)

When Walter was about to kill me, I was afraid. I didn't want to die, Duncan.

MACLEOD
So you'll let me teach you to fight?

CLAUDIA
No... I think I can play because I am afraid.

(beat)

Don't you see? I have to fear death... to feel mortal.

MACLEOD
But you're not mortal. You're in the Game now. While you're running around chasing your genius, there'll be someone chasing you. Don't do this.

She looks deeply into MacLeod's eyes.

CLAUDIA
I have to.

As MacLeod takes a beat, nods.

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)
Thank you.

She kisses him, then turns and leaves.
1129 EXT. JOE'S - DAY

Methos throws a duffel bag into the back of the fully loaded VW minibus. He turns as Alexa says her goodbyes to MacLeod and Dawson.

ALEXA
We're going coast to coast in the bus.
(giggles)
Adam likes to call it our tour of the New World.

METHOS
Well, it's all new to you.

DAWSON
Then what?

METHOS
Egypt.

ALEXA
Isn't that romantic?

DAWSON
He's the right man to take you.

ALEXA
We'll write.

They hug. She quickly moves to the car before she can fall apart.

METHOS

tenderly helps her into the passenger seat. She smiles at him, so sweetly. He gazes at her, then closes the door. For a moment we see the pain that he usually hides so well.

MACLEOD
meets his eyes. A moment between them. Methos shrugs, helpless.

METHOS
It's not long enough.

MACLEOD
It never is.

Then Methos pulls it together, gets into the driver's seat. With a wave to MacLeod and Dawson, the car pulls away. Dawson and MacLeod watch.

(CONTINUED)
DAWSON
They don't even know if she'll make it to Egypt.

MACLEOD
Doesn't matter.
(beat)
If she lived to a hundred, he'd still have the pain of losing her.

Dawson looks at MacLeod for a moment, realizing this is the dilemma all Immortals face.

DAWSON
Where's Claudia?

MACLEOD
Gone.

DAWSON
On her own. Unprotected?
(off MacLeod's nod)
One trying to live, one trying to die. It's crazy.

MACLEOD
Not to her.
(beat)
Joe, you think... when you get a Watcher on Claudia... ?

DAWSON
(nods)
We'll keep an eye on her.

As they turn to move into Joe's

FADE OUT.

THE END
APPENDIX

The following scene will finish in the B.G. of 1110.

BAPTISTA
Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

GREMIO
Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.

TRANIO
Of all mad matches never was the

LUCENTIO
Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister?

BIANCA
That being mad herself, she's madly mated.

GREMIO
I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.

BAPTISTA
Neighbors and friends, though bride and bridegroom wants, For to supply the places at the table, you know there wants no junkets at the feast. (to Tranio)

Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom's place, And let Bianca take her sister's room.

TRANIO
Shall sweet Bianca practice how to bride it?

BAPTISTA
She shall, Lucentio. Core, gentlemen, let's go.

They exit the stage to much applause. The above will play as background (and simultaneous) to:
Highlander is a 1986 fantasy action-adventure film directed by Russell Mulcahy and based on a story by Gregory Widen. It stars Christopher Lambert, Sean Connery, Clancy Brown, and Roxanne Hart. The film chronicles the climax of an ages-old battle among immortal warriors, depicted through interwoven past and present-day storylines. Christopher Lambert plays swordsman Connor MacLeod from the Scottish Highlands, known as the Highlander, one of a number of immortal warriors who can be killed only by