



# HIGHLANDER

*The Series*

#96510  
THE VALKYRIE

Written by  
James Thorpe

# Highlander

"THE VALKYRIE"

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Production #96510

September 19, 1996 Final Shooting Script

Filmline International Highlander

**HIGHLANDER**

"The Valkyrie"

Production #96510

**CAST LIST**

DUNCAN MACLEOD  
JOE DAWSON  
METHOS

INGRID HENNING  
NICOLAE BRESLAW

IGOR STEFANOVICH  
DAVID  
ALAN WILKINSON  
DETECTIVE ROBERT FRAYNE  
COLONEL STAUFFENBERG  
CHIEF OF STAFF KARL BRANDT  
ADOLF HITLER

GUARD  
BROWNSHIRT #1

TECHNICIAN'S VOICE

**HIGHLANDER**

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**SET LIST****INTERIORS**

MACLEOD'S LOFT

/ELEVATOR

DOJO

JOE'S

MOSCOW HOTEL - PENTHOUSE SUITE

NEIGHBORHOOD COMMUNITY CENTER

BEER HALL - BERLIN - 1935 & 1944

CONFERENCE ROOM - "WOLF'S LAIR" - 1944

POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM

**EXTERIORS**

JOE'S

MOSCOW HOTEL

STREET

/T-BIRD

/POLICE CAR

STREET - BERLIN - 1944

"WOLF'S LAIR" - RASTENBURG, EAST PRUSSIA - 1944

/FOREST PERIMETER

POLICE STATION

HOTEL

NEIGHBORHOOD COMMUNITY CENTER

MOSCOW - RED SQUARE - STOCK

HIGHLANDER

"The Valkyrie"

TEASER

FADE IN:

1001 EXT. MOSCOW - RED SQUARE - NIGHT - STOCK 1001

1002 EXT. MOSCOW HOTEL - NIGHT 1002

Establishing.

OVER we HEAR snippets of a political speech:

STEFANOVICH (O.S.)

(with passion)

Listen to your hearts, Comrades.  
Ask it why your children go to sleep  
hungry. Why you have no decent work.

(beat)

The President knows who our enemies  
are and like a gutless fool, does  
nothing but choke on the bile of  
compromise.

1003 INT. MOSCOW HOTEL - PENTHOUSE SUITE - CONTINUOUS 1003

The taped speech plays ON TELEVISION. At the podium stands  
IGOR STEFANOVICH, who has the Russian crowd in his hand.

STEFANOVICH

(from TV)

But I, Igor Stefanovich, will not  
compromise. I will promise you that  
we will take back the empire they  
have stolen. That one day soon the  
Hammer and Sickle will fly again.

(beat)

And you and I and our children will  
once more be proud to call ourselves  
Russians!

CHEERS erupt. The crowd goes wild.

PULL OUT from the TV to reveal a lavish hotel suite. Red  
velvet upholstery, luxurious antiques... and in the center  
of it all sits Stefanovich watching himself on tape. He  
smiles at the cheers.

STEFANOVICH (CONT'D)

Do they not love me?

Stefanovich glances at a GUARD nearby who nods.

(CONTINUED)

1003 CONTINUED:

1003

STEFANOVICH (CONT'D)

Of course they love me. Because I  
fill their empty bellies with  
something better than food.

(beat)

I fill it with someone to hate.  
Someone to blame for their wretched  
lives. The Jews, the Moslems, the  
Chechnians... It doesn't really  
matter.

Stefanovich stands, stretching, eyes gazing into a new future.

STEFANOVICH (CONT'D)

Ah, there are glorious days ahead,  
Dimitri.

(yawns)

But now I'm going to bed. I don't  
want to be disturbed.

Stefanovich crosses to a door, exits to the bedroom. The  
Guard sits and prepares to make a night of it.

A KNOCK at the hotel door. Grumbling, he gets up, opens the  
peep hole, peers out into the hallway.

GUARD'S POV

INGRID HENNING. Immortal, tall, attractive, sensual, wearing  
a long trench coat, smiling.

GUARD

(opening the door)

Yes?

INGRID

I have an appointment with Igor  
Stefanovich.

The Guard frowns, double checks his log book.

GUARD

Impossible. Comrade Stefanovich has  
just gone to bed.

INGRID

Then I'm right on time.

Ingrid smiles provocatively, opens her trench coat, lets it  
drape off her bare shoulders. She's wearing a sexy negligee,  
almost see-through. As she advances on him, he backs up  
into the room.

(CONTINUED)

1003 CONTINUED: (2)

1003

INGRID (CONT'D)

If you don't trust me, you can search  
me. What have I to hide?

Stefanovich, now clad in a bath robe, emerges from the  
bedroom. He stops as he sees Ingrid.

STEFANOVICH

What is this?

Ingrid reaches into her trench coat, pulls out a gun.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

She fires three shots. Stefanovich drops to the floor.  
Then... BLAM! BLAM!

Ingrid's eyes widen. She crumples to the floor, revealing  
the Guard standing behind her, gun smoking.

The Guard checks to make sure she's dead, then rushes over  
to Stefanovich. With one hand he tries to put pressure on  
the wound. With the other he grabs a phone --

GUARD

Stefanovich has been shot! Send an  
ambulance, quickly!

BEHIND THE GUARD,

INGRID

revives. Her eyes pop open, take in the situation. She  
gets to her knees, reaches for her gun, and fires.

BLAM!

The Guard clutches his heart and rolls over dead.

Ingrid rises. Satisfied, she turns and walks out of the  
hotel suite.

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1004 INT. NEIGHBORHOOD COMMUNITY CENTER - NIGHT

1004

In a small, local community center, bleachers surround the perimeter of a basketball court. A boxing ring has been set up in the center. Stretching across one wall a banner proclaims: "CHARLIE DESALVO MEMORIAL BOXING TOURNAMENT"

An enthusiastic AUDIENCE cheers on the two late teenage middleweight amateur BOXERS center ring. One wears YELLOW trunks, the other RED. They both wear protective headgear.

IN THE RING

The boys circle each other warily.

YELLOW

makes the first move -- his left shoots out, taps Red on the chin.

RED

counters with a straight-arm jab and a cross -- but misses the mark.

YELLOW

fires back with a one-two to the stomach.

ANGLE ON THE CROWD

where an excited MacLeod sits on one side of Methos with Dawson on the other.

MACLEOD

What did I tell you! Kid works the body just like Basilio.

Red staggers a bit, Yellow moves in.

DAWSON

You mean like Dick Tiger.

MACLEOD

(emphatic)

I mean like Carmen Basilio.

DAWSON

(emphatic)

Dick Tiger.

(CONTINUED)



1004 CONTINUED:

1004

METHOS

What are you guys talking about?

MacLeod bobs and weaves as he talks, his hands throwing combinations. His eyes never leave the fighters.

MACLEOD

Carmen Basilio.

METHOS

Who?

MACLEOD

Middleweight contender in the Fifties.  
The guy hit like a mule.

DAWSON

Dick Tiger.

METHOS

Who?

DAWSON

Middleweight champion in the Fifties.  
Guy knocked Basilio on his ass.

METHOS

The Marquis of Queensbury would be  
so proud.

MACLEOD &amp; DAWSON

(teasing him)

Who?

MACLEOD

Keep that left up. Watch the overhand  
right!

Red connects with an overhand right. Yellow goes down.

DAWSON

You can't say you didn't warn him.

MacLeod settles back down, loving the action.

METHOS

And you and Joe sponsor this...  
(for want of a better  
word)  
Event?

DAWSON

(points to the DeSalvo  
sign)  
Charlie would have loved it.

(CONTINUED)

1004 CONTINUED: (2)

1004

MACLEOD

He grew up here. He knew that places  
like this get kids off the streets.

In the ring, Yellow is being helped on his stool and smelling  
salts are being offered by a trainer.

Methos turns to MacLeod, smirks --

METHOS

Good thing you got 'em off the street.  
They could get hurt out there.

MacLeod's just about to slam him back when they both get the  
BUZZ. He scans the crowd, spots a familiar face across the  
floor --

INGRID

Also getting the BUZZ, her eyes searching the sea of faces.  
They land on MacLeod.

MACLEOD

I don't believe it...

She's now a blonde, and dressed a lot more conservatively  
than when we last saw her, but still attractive.

METHOS

Time to go.

MACLEOD

She's a friend.

METHOS

When they carry a sword and I don't  
know them, I get shy.

MACLEOD

Later.

MacLeod gets up, begins weaving his way through the crowd.  
Dawson calls after him, a look of concern on his face.

DAWSON

Mac...

(MacLeod turns)

Never mind.

Methos head for the door.

METHOS

(to Dawson)

You coming?

(CONTINUED)

1004 CONTINUED: (3)

1004

MacLeod reaches Ingrid. She looks happy to see him, and something else... maybe a little uneasy? Her eyes are constantly moving, scanning the crowd.

INGRID

Duncan.

MACLEOD

Ingrid.

TRANSITION TO:

1005 INT. BEER HALL - BERLIN - 1935 - DAY

1005

Her hair bobbed in the style of the thirties, part of the German Intelligencia, Ingrid puffs on a cigarette in a smoke-filled Beer Hall.

At a table in the background, a group of YOUNG PEOPLE drink beer.

Camera PULLS OUT, reveals Ingrid is seated across from MacLeod.

INGRID

If you ask me, your mission here for British Intelligence is useless.

MACLEOD

Why?

INGRID

Because the British ruling class are snobs. Because no matter what you tell them, they'll never believe that they should fear a little failed painter from Austria.

MACLEOD

Does Hitler really have the support of the German people?

She throws up her hands in disgust.

INGRID

Ah... the proletariat. They're always the last to realize what's going on. And then, it's too late.

She lights a fresh cigarette languidly.

INGRID (CONT'D)

It might be tragic if it wasn't so predictable. They love him.

(CONTINUED)

1005 CONTINUED:

1005

MACLEOD  
(shakes head)  
Incredible.

She flashes MacLeod a superior smile.

INGRID  
Why should that surprise you? Hitler  
appeals to the lowest common  
denominator.

Suddenly, a desperate looking young man, DAVID, enters the Beer Hall. His shirt torn, his nose bloodied, David makes his way toward MacLeod and Ingrid.

INGRID (CONT'D)  
David! What happened?

DAVID  
Those goddamned Nazis, that's what  
happened!  
(beat)  
I'm standing on the corner, talking.

MACLEOD  
That's all you were doing?

DAVID  
Yah, just talking. And then, those  
bastard Brownshirts. They started  
hitting me. Three of them!

Ingrid passes David her beer.

INGRID  
Have a drink. You'll feel better.  
(to MacLeod)  
You want to give the English a piece  
of intelligence? Tell them the  
greatest danger in dealing with a  
leader like Hitler is underestimating  
him.

David raises the glass to drink, but freezes. MacLeod follows his line of sight. Two big, muscular BROWNSHIRTS enter the hall.

DAVID  
My God. That's them.

MACLEOD  
Really.

MacLeod starts to get up, but Ingrid puts a restraining hand on his arm.

(CONTINUED)

1005 CONTINUED: (2)

1005

INGRID

You're just here to observe, remember?

MacLeod reluctantly relents, sits back down. But now the Brownshirts have spotted David. They cross to his table.

BROWNSHIRT #1

Ah, look what we have here. Our loudmouth Jew has run back to his Communist friends.

(to MacLeod)

Are you his friend?

MacLeod stands.

MACLEOD

No.

(beat)

I'm his brother.

BROWNSHIRT #1

Another Jew.

The Brownshirt tries to sucker punch MacLeod.

MACLEOD

Catches his fist in the air.

MACLEOD

Wrong.

MACLEOD

snaps, the wrist breaks. Brownshirt #1 falls to his knees.

BROWNSHIRT #2

comes for MacLeod.

MACLEOD

twists around, lashes out with a crushing KICK to the groin. Brownshirt #2 doubles over, pitches forward, gasping for air.

BROWNSHIRT #1

has come up behind MacLeod. With his good hand, he grabs a beer stein and tries to bring it down on MacLeod.

MACLEOD

reaches over his head, grabs Brownshirt #1 by the arm of his uniform, and FLIPS him up and over.

(CONTINUED)

1005 CONTINUED: (3)

1005

He lands on a nearby table scattering beer and patrons everywhere.

BROWNSHIRT #1 AND #2

lie in unconscious heaps.

The customers take one look at the battered Brownshirts and make a beeline for the door.

Ingrid gathers up her purse, looks to MacLeod.

INGRID

You're not helping anything, you know. What do you think you've accomplished by that little display?

MACLEOD

I don't know, but it made me feel a helluva lot better.

DAVID

I thank you, my friend. But she's right. You may have stopped these two, but there will be more.

INGRID

There will always be more.

TRANSITION TO:

1006 INT. NEIGHBORHOOD COMMUNITY CENTER - THE PRESENT NIGHT 1006

The BELL RINGS. Another match is in full swing. MacLeod snaps back to the present.

Suddenly TWO COPS push their way through the front door.

TWO MORE COPS enter through a side door, one of them DETECTIVE ROBERT FRAYNE, a plainclothes cop.

INGRID

has her eye on the Cops. They're sweeping the audience.

MACLEOD

(re: cops)

Friends of yours?

INGRID

I'll explain later.

She moves to a wall and hits a fire alarm. As it goes off, the boxing stops. People stand, people jump up, shout -- general pandemonium.

(CONTINUED)

1006 CONTINUED:

1006

MACLEOD

Smooth.

In the ensuing confusion, Ingrid grabs his hand.

INGRID

C'mon.

MacLeod points toward a side door.

MACLEOD

This way.

They run through a fire exit and into the street.

Camera moves to a door as Interpol INSPECTOR NICOLAE BRESLAW enters. He surveys the room with a piercing eye.

1007 INT. MACLEOD'S LOFT - NIGHT

1007

MacLeod and Ingrid step off the elevator.

MACLEOD

I think it's time for you to tell me  
what that was about.

Ingrid wanders nonchalantly around the loft, picking up and putting down a book here, a photograph there...

INGRID

Some Russian politician was  
assassinated. The police want to  
question me.

MACLEOD

(lost)  
Is there a connection I'm missing  
here?

INGRID

I just happened to be in Moscow, at  
the same hotel.  
(shrugs)  
I don't even know who it was.

But MacLeod can't let it go --

MACLEOD

(incredulously)  
So you're saying they tracked you  
all the way here from Moscow? Just  
to question you?

(CONTINUED)

1007 CONTINUED:

1007

INGRID

Actually, they already took a statement from me at the hotel. But after I left the country, I guess they ran a check on my passport. Something wasn't kosher.

MACLEOD

I don't remember you being careless.

INGRID

What can I say? I haven't been great with the paperwork lately.  
(throws up her hands)  
I don't know.

She flops down on the sofa.

INGRID (CONT'D)

What do I have to do to get a drink around this place?

MACLEOD

Wine?

INGRID

Scotch.

He opens the cabinet, pours two glasses, hands one to Ingrid. They toast.

MACLEOD

So they started to wonder about the woman with the phony passport?

She takes a sip of the scotch, dismisses the question.

INGRID

Serves me right for getting sloppy.

MACLEOD

I'm sure we can straighten it out.

INGRID

I think it's best to just leave it alone.

(smiles)

Who knows? They might even suspect me.

MACLEOD

You?

INGRID

Silly, isn't it?

(CONTINUED)



1007 CONTINUED: (2)

1007

Another sip of scotch.

INGRID (CONT'D)

Although I must admit the world's a  
better place without Igor Stefanovich.

MACLEOD

(beat)

Thought you didn't know his name?

INGRID

(tossing it off)

Must've seen it in a newspaper... on  
TV or something.

She puts down her glass, rises to leave.

INGRID (CONT'D)

I've got a plane to catch.

MACLEOD

You're leaving already?

INGRID

Too many questions to answer if they  
find me.

(beat)

It's been great seeing you again,  
Duncan.

MacLeod searches her face with his eyes.

MACLEOD

What's going on, Ingrid?

INGRID

Nothing.

She crosses to the elevator.

MACLEOD

Remember, if you need anything...

INGRID

I'll know where to come.

She blows him a kiss as the elevator descends.

1008 EXT. STREET - THE NEXT DAY

1008

Methos and MacLeod come out of a bookstore.

METHOS

Your friend didn't stay long.

(CONTINUED)

1008 CONTINUED:

1008

MACLEOD

Nope.

METHOS

Did she mention why the police were  
after her?

MACLEOD

They were just trying to tie up some  
loose ends.

METHOS

Really. Five patrol cars and ten  
uniforms -- that's a helluva lot of  
manpower for a loose end.

Methos stops at a coin-operated newspaper box.

MACLEOD

You old cynic.

METHOS

I try.

Puts in a quarter, pulls out a paper, starts leafing through  
it. MacLeod peeks over his shoulder.

METHOS (CONT'D)

There's an exhibit of Grecian  
antiquities opening at the museum  
today...

MACLEOD

A twenty-five hundred year old garage  
sale. My heart's already racing.

METHOS

Hey, some of that stuff could be  
mine.

MacLeod abruptly grabs the paper out of Methos' hands.

METHOS (CONT'D)

I believe the phrase is, "Mind if I  
borrow your newspaper?"

MacLeod's not listening. His attention is riveted to  
something in the paper.

MACLEOD

Damn it.

He throws the paper down and hurries off.

(CONTINUED)

1008 CONTINUED: (2)

1008

METHOS  
(looking after him)  
Something I said?

He picks up the paper, opens it up to a full page ad. It reads: "NEW FREEDOM PARTY. A NEW WORLD ORDER! ALAN WILKINSON SPEAKS OUT TONIGHT AT COMMUNITY CENTER."

1009 INT. NEIGHBORHOOD COMMUNITY CENTER - DAY

1009

The boxing ring is gone. TECHNICIANS set up the sound system, do mike checks. VOLUNTEERS hang a big banner: "NEW FREEDOM PARTY. A NEW WORLD ORDER FOR A NEW WORLD!"

On stage, ALAN WILKINSON paces behind the podium, rehearsing. Short hair, well built, the guy looks like an ex-cop in an expensive suit.

WILKINSON  
(to himself)  
It is time for White America to stand  
up and remember who we are and what  
we've done.

He is interrupted by an OFFSTAGE voice.

TECHNICIAN'S VOICE (V.O.)  
Mr. Wilkinson, we need a sound check.

WILKINSON  
(into the mike)  
White is right.  
(beat)  
How's that?

ANGLE ON INGRID

as she slips in through a side door. Her eyes settle on Wilkinson, turn to ice. She begins to make her way toward the stage, scoping the layout.

Wilkinson's BODYGUARD hovers in the background, obviously bored -- he's nothing Ingrid can't handle.

Ingrid gets the BUZZ.

She whirls, faces MacLeod. Their eyes lock. She knows he knows.

MACLEOD  
I guess you didn't leave town.

(CONTINUED)

1009 CONTINUED:

1009

INGRID

I'll be out of your life in fifteen minutes. If you're my friend, you'll turn around and walk out the door.

She reaches a gloved hand into her coat pocket. His hand clamps down on her arm.

MACLEOD

I am your friend, Ingrid, that's why I can't let you do this.

INGRID

This is none of your business, Duncan.

MACLEOD

I'm not going to stand here and watch you kill someone.

She struggles to free her arm.

INGRID

Let go of my arm.

MACLEOD

Ingrid, you can't do this.

INGRID

I'm only doing what needs to be done.

She pulls a gun from her pocket. He grabs it, holding it immobile.

MACLEOD

It's not going to happen.

ANGLE - THE BODYGUARD

He sees them struggle. He reaches for his own weapon.

INGRID

sees him. She suddenly throws herself away from MacLeod, points at him and screams at the top of her lungs --

INGRID

Oh my God! He's got a gun!

She turns and hightails it out the side door. MacLeod starts to follow but is stopped by the sound of a bullet being chambered. He turns and feels --

WILKINSON'S BODYGUARD

pointing an AUTOMATIC directly at his head.

(CONTINUED)

1009 CONTINUED: (2)

1009

MacLeod's screwed. He drops the gun, throws up his hands  
and off his frustrated reaction, we --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

1010 INT. NEIGHBORHOOD COMMUNITY CENTER - LATER

1010

Inspector Nicolae Breslaw, Interpol -- mid-fifties, the face of a priest, the eyes of a hunter. He chews a toothpick to shreds.

BRESLAW

Are you a writer of fiction, Mr. MacLeod?

MacLeod shakes his head.

MACLEOD

Uh uh.

Breslaw spits out the toothpick.

BRESLAW

(re: toothpick)

Smoking was much more agreeable.

(re: MacLeod)

That's a shame. Possessed of such an imagination, it seems a shame to squander your talents on my humble self.

MACLEOD

If I could help you, I would, Inspector.

BRESLAW

Would you?

Breslaw flips open his notebook.

BRESLAW (CONT'D)

Let's review, shall we? You just happen to be here as they're setting up for Wilkinson's speech.

MACLEOD

I sponsored a boxing match there yesterday.

BRESLAW

(ignoring him)

A woman you've never seen before has a gun. You take the gun away from her.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

1010 CONTINUED:

1010

BRESLAW (CONT'D)

Then she screams you have a gun, and runs away, leaving you holding the weapon. Do I understand correctly so far?

MacLeod nods in sympathy.

MACLEOD

I know how it sounds.

BRESLAW

(mock surprise)

Do you, Mr. MacLeod? Now it is you who underestimate my imagination. If I have learned anything in my relatively undistinguished career with Interpol, it is that nothing is impossible...

He reaches into his breast pocket, pulls out a folded piece of paper.

BRESLAW (CONT'D)

And no one is who they seem to be.  
(deliberately)  
No one.

He unfolds the paper.

BRESLAW (CONT'D)

Especially pretty young girls with guns.

He shows MacLeod the paper -- it's a police artist sketch of Ingrid. MacLeod just manages to stop himself from flinching in recognition.

BRESLAW (CONT'D)

Is this the girl?

MacLeod pretends to study the picture.

MACLEOD

Can't say for sure. Didn't really get that good a look.

But Breslaw has a sixth sense for liars. His nostrils flare, his eyes narrow.

BRESLAW

Pity. Normally when one disarms a potential assassin, one pays more attention to detail.

(CONTINUED)

1010 CONTINUED: (2)

1010

MacLeod just shrugs helplessly.

MACLEOD

Sorry.

BRESLAW

I'm sure you are.

Breslaw sees Detective Frayne brushing a chair for prints.

BRESLAW (CONT'D)

(to the Detective)

Don't bother checking for prints,  
Robert, she won't have left any.

Frayne continues his work.

DET. FRAYNE

They all make a mistake sooner or  
later, Inspector.

BRESLAW

Not this one.

MACLEOD

So what's this all about?

BRESLAW

It's about murder, Mr. MacLeod.  
It's about murder.

1011 INT. MACLEOD'S LOFT - ELEVATOR - DAY

1011

On his way up in the elevator, MacLeod gets the BUZZ.

1012 INT. MACLEOD'S LOFT - CONTINUOUS

1012

Ingrid starts apologizing as he steps into the loft.

INGRID

Look, I'm sorry, but you left me no  
choice.

MacLeod stares at her, his eyes hard.

MACLEOD

Doors and windows were locked.  
(points over his  
shoulder)  
Need a key for the elevator.  
(sizes her up)  
You've gotten better.

She squares her shoulders, meets his gaze without flinching.

(CONTINUED)



1012 CONTINUED:

1012

INGRID

I've had to.

MacLeod looks at his old friend, tries to put it together.

MACLEOD

So what the hell have you been doing  
the last fifty years?

INGRID

Traveling, mostly.

MACLEOD

Traveling or running?

INGRID

Both. After the war, I spent a few  
years in Israel.

MACLEOD

Israel?

INGRID

(beat)

With the Mossad. And then a couple  
years in England with Special  
Services, then another with the CIA.

Now MacLeod understands.

MACLEOD

You had good teachers.

INGRID

The best.

MACLEOD

So Breslaw was right about the  
murders?

INGRID

They weren't "murders".

MacLeod raises his eyebrows in question.

INGRID (CONT'D)

They were assassinations. There's a  
difference.

MACLEOD

The end result is still the same.

INGRID

Yes, but some people deserve to die.  
That's the difference.

(CONTINUED)

1012 CONTINUED: (2)

1012

MACLEOD

Quite a responsibility. Judge, jury  
and executioner.

INGRID

You think I want to do what I do?

MACLEOD

I don't know what to think, Ingrid.

Ingrid remains eerily composed.

INGRID

(simply)

I've only killed the ones who needed  
it.

MacLeod is rocked. This is not the woman he once knew.

MACLEOD

How many?

Ingrid looks directly in his eyes.

INGRID

Not enough.

MACLEOD

When did it become so easy for you  
to kill?

TRANSITION TO:

1013 INT. BEER HALL - BERLIN - 1944 - DAY

1013

It's nine years since we last saw the Beer Hall. The pall  
of Nazi propaganda has settled on the room. Posters of the  
Fuhrer line the walls. SOLDIERS in uniform are everywhere.

At a table in the corner, Ingrid sits with a nervous COLONEL  
STAUFFENBERG. Wounded in Tunisia, the handsome Stauffenberg  
wears an eye patch, is missing a right forearm and has only  
three fingers remaining on his left hand.

Dressed as a Nazi, MacLeod enters, crosses to Ingrid and  
Stauffenberg. Ingrid is subdued.

INGRID

Colonel Stauffenberg, Duncan MacLeod.

MACLEOD

Colonel. We've heard good reports.

Stauffenberg picks up on the accent.

(CONTINUED)

1013 CONTINUED:

1013

STAUFFENBERG

You're British.

MACLEOD

Yes?

STAUFFENBERG

I have papers for a German officer  
returning from the Russian Front.  
You'll never pass.

Without missing a beat, MacLeod launches into a stream of  
perfect German.

MACLEOD

(in German)

Ich versichere Ihnen, Oberst  
Stauffenberg, Sie können Ihr volles  
Vertrauen in mich und meine  
Fähigkeiten setzen. (Translation: I  
assure you, Colonel Stauffenberg,  
you can put your complete confidence  
in me and my abilities.)

MacLeod clicks his heels smartly. Stauffenberg's taken aback.

INGRID

They'll believe him.

STAUFFENBERG

(to MacLeod)

Your German's very good.

MACLEOD

I've had a lot of time to practice.

INGRID

You're certain there's no other way  
than a bomb?

STAUFFENBERG

This is our only way.

(indicates MacLeod's  
pistol)

No one is allowed to carry a gun in  
the presence of the Fuhrer.

(to MacLeod)

You have the fuses?

MacLeod pulls a package of cigarettes out.

MACLEOD

All the way from England.

(CONTINUED)

1013 CONTINUED: (2)

1013

He hands the package to Stauffenberg, who opens it and looks inside. The FUSES are composed of a small GLASS VIAL hooked up to a THIN WIRE and a FIRING PIN.

STAUFFENBERG

They run ten minutes?

MACLEOD

(indicating a fuse)

When you break the glass it releases the acid. The acid eats through the wire releasing the firing pin. Eight minutes, ten minutes... It's hard to be exact.

Stauffenberg nods curtly.

STAUFFENBERG

It's good enough. The device will be placed in my briefcase.

MacLeod picks up the salt shaker from the table, unscrews the top.

MACLEOD

All right, as I see it...

He pours a thin stream of salt on the table in a rough rectangle.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

"Wolf's Lair" -- Hitler's headquarters.

Marking sections off with his index finger --

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Sentries here. Here. And here. And most important, the S.S. Checkpoint, here, on the main road in.

He grabs the pepper shaker, pours a small square of black pepper inside the white salt border.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

The underground bunker is here.

(draws a door)

Only one door in. Other than that, the room is completely sealed off. That'll intensify the blast.

Stauffenberg nods, satisfied. He wipes out the diagrams on the table.

(CONTINUED)

1013 CONTINUED: (3)

1013

STAUFFENBERG

There's not a chance in hell he can escape this time.

INGRID

And the Reserve Army is ready to step in?

STAUFFENBERG

(nodding)

The Shadow Government is prepared, both here and in occupied France. As soon as they receive word "Operation Valkyrie" has been completed, a new Germany will be born.

Stauffenberg raises his glass.

STAUFFENBERG (CONT'D)

To Valkyrie, then.

MacLeod and Ingrid join him in a somber toast.

MACLEOD & INGRID

To Valkyrie.

1014 EXT. STREET - BERLIN - 1944 - NIGHT

1014

It is late. There are only a few cars and a few people walking. Something is troubling Ingrid as she and MacLeod walk.

INGRID

For two hundred years the most I've ever done about war is talk about it.

MACLEOD

It's normal to be a little afraid, Ingrid.

INGRID

I'm not afraid, Duncan. The worst they can do is shoot me.

MACLEOD

Then what is it?

INGRID

Truth?

(off MacLeod's nod)

I've never killed a mortal before.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

1014 CONTINUED:

1014

INGRID (CONT'D)

(beat)

I've used my sword when I've had to,  
but that was against our kind.  
This... this is different.

MACLEOD

It is.

MacLeod's two simple words carry great weight.

INGRID

Some of these men are just soldiers  
fighting for their country.

(beat)

Tomorrow they'll die. And their  
mothers and wives will mourn and  
their children...

(beat)

Their children will have no fathers.

MACLEOD

Yes... all of that will happen.

(beat)

But something else will also happen,  
Ingrid.

(beat)

Hitler will be dead.

1015 EXT. RASTENBURG, EAST PRUSSIA - "WOLF'S LAIR" - 1944 -  
NIGHT

1015

On a secluded forest road, an S.S. checkpoint sits at the  
entrance to Wolf's Lair - Hitler's compound. A SENTRY signals  
an approaching STAFF CAR to stop. A brief exchange and the  
car is waved on through.

1016 EXT. WOLF'S LAIR - FOREST PERIMETER - 1944 - MOMENTS LATER

1016

The staff car pulls off the main road behind a quonset hut.  
Ingrid, Stauffenberg and MacLeod get out. Stauffenberg paces  
nervously.

STAUFFENBERG

This is not good news.

INGRID

I can't believe they moved the  
briefing.

MACLEOD

It's up to you, Colonel.

(CONTINUED)

1016 CONTINUED:

1016

STAUFFENBERG

(beat)

The conference room is above ground.  
The energy of the blast will be  
deflected out the windows.

MACLEOD

The briefcase must be placed as close  
to Hitler as possible.

STAUFFENBERG

(beat)

Leave that to me. And this time I  
will stay to make sure it goes off.

MACLEOD

I can't let you sacrifice yourself.

STAUFFENBERG

It's not up to you.

MacLeod speaks with genuine concern.

MACLEOD

Colonel, can you imagine the chaos  
after today? Germany will need you  
to restore order and negotiate a  
peaceful surrender with the Allies.

INGRID

He's right. Today is just the  
beginning. The real work comes later.

MACLEOD

I'll stay in the room after you've  
placed the briefcase.

INGRID

Listen to him. It's the only way.

Stauffenberg considers, then, obviously moved by MacLeod's  
apparent willingness to sacrifice himself, agrees.

STAUFFENBERG

The German people will not forget  
the British soldier who gave his  
life for them today.

He shakes MacLeod's hand.

STAUFFENBERG (CONT'D)

I will see to that.

MacLeod smiles humbly in return.

(CONTINUED)

1016 CONTINUED: (2)

1016

MACLEOD

If you don't mind, Colonel, I'd rather stay anonymous.

1017 EXT. WOLF'S LAIR - 1944 - MOMENTS LATER

1017

The staff car approaches a small clearing, pulls up in front of the Conference Building. Typical of temporary wartime construction, it is a low cinder block structure, metal roof, one door.

As MacLeod and Stauffenberg get out, they're met by CHIEF OF STAFF KARL BRANDT crossing the compound. They salute Brandt, Stauffenberg introduces MacLeod.

STAUFFENBERG

Staff Chief Brandt, Colonel Frick.  
Newly returned from the Russian Front.

Brandt looks MacLeod up and down.

BRANDT

No doubt, Frick, you are here to explain why British convoys are still getting through, supplying the Red Army.

MACLEOD

You'll have my full report. I'm sure you will be satisfied.

From across the darkened compound walks a SHORT MAN flanked by two OFFICERS. Brandt glances in their direction.

BRANDT

It is not I who must be satisfied.

He moves off, enters the Conference Building.

As the Short Man walks under a floodlight we see who it is. ADOLF HITLER. He passes by Stauffenberg and MacLeod, who salute. Without acknowledging them Hitler enters the Conference building with his Officers.

Stauffenberg reaches into his briefcase, breaks the acid vial activating the fuse.

INSERT

We see the wire and the acid slowly eating away at it. Below it, the charge of explosives.

(CONTINUED)



1017 CONTINUED:

1017

BACK TO SCENE

Stauffenberg nods to MacLeod. It's done. They move toward the conference building.

STAUFFENBERG

(quiet)

God be with you, Duncan MacLeod.

1018 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - WOLF'S LAIR - 1944 - MOMENTS LATER

1018

A small room, one wall is lined with windows. A large, rectangular table made of heavy oak occupies the center. The table is supported by two thick wooden pedestals.

The briefing is in session. Hitler sits at the table surrounded by several NAZI OFFICERS poring over a giant map. He gestures angrily toward the map.

HITLER

Fifteen kilometers of railroad  
destroyed in the last air strike  
alone!

Stauffenberg and MacLeod enter. MacLeod takes up his position on the opposite side of the table. Stauffenberg pulls out his chair and sits, two chairs down from Hitler.

HITLER (CONT'D)

The new fifty millimeter Flak Guns  
are completely useless!

Stauffenberg reaches under the table, places the briefcase bomb to one side of the table pedestal -- the side facing Hitler.

HITLER (CONT'D)

They are laughing at me! I will not  
stand for it!

Leaning over to his left, Stauffenberg whispers to Chief Of Staff Brandt --

STAUFFENBERG

Excuse me, Herr Brandt. I must make  
a call.

He rises, glances quickly toward MacLeod. The two men salute each other briefly with their eyes. Stauffenberg exits.

MacLeod's eyes go to the briefcase.

(CONTINUED)

1018 CONTINUED:

1018

INSERT

The wire inside the briefcase nearly eaten through by the acid.

BACK TO SCENE

Hitler pounds the table in anger.

HITLER

Why build Flak Towers around the railroad yards if the guns don't work!? Who is the imbecile responsible?

BRANDT

Perhaps I can explain.

Hitler turns his beady little eyes on Brandt.

HITLER

I hope for your sake you can.

BRANDT

If I may demonstrate...

He stands up, tries to reach the map on the table. But his foot hits the briefcase. Annoyed, he moves Stauffenberg's briefcase out of his way -- to the other side of the table pedestal -- away from Hitler.

From across the room MacLeod sees it happen. He reacts instantly. He pushes an officer out of the way and moves toward the bomb.

BRANDT (CONT'D)

(reacting)

What are you doing...?

INSERT - THE FUSE

The acid has eaten through.

MACLEOD

never reaches it.

BOOM!

The briefcase EXPLODES. The impact blasts MacLeod back across the room.

Windows blow out. Shards of glass carve up the air. The roof caves in, smoke billows up and fills the FRAME.

1019 EXT. WOLF'S LAIR - 1944 - CONTINUOUS

1019

A general ALARM shrieks to be heard over the screams and confusion. Bits of flaming wood rain down from the night sky.

Ingrid stands in the center of the compound, transfixed by the sight of the flames leaping up out of the Conference Building. She whispers a prayer of thanks.

INGRID

Thank God. It is finally over --

But the words die on her lips. Staggering out of the flames, supported on each side by a bruised and bloodied Officer... Hitler. He's still alive! Bleeding, obviously in severe shock, but still alive.

Ingrid's jaw drops. Numbly, she reaches into her pocket, pulls out a GUN. She points it at him as he moves toward her.

HITLER

blinks in the glare of the floodlights, stops, raises one burned bloody arm high...

HITLER

Providence has spared me again. I  
am invincible!

INGRID

goes pale. Her heart stops, her throat seizes. She freezes  
as

HITLER'S EYES

bore into hers. He screams like a man possessed --

HITLER (CONT'D)

The hand of God himself protects the  
Fuhrer!

INGRID

swallows, about to pull the trigger --

BLAM!

She waited too long, an Officer shoots her from behind.

BLAM! BLAM!

Two more bullets rip through her.

(CONTINUED)

1019 CONTINUED:

1019

Hitler is led off by the Officers. MacLeod, battered by the explosion but revived, comes limping out of the building. He sees Ingrid lying dead in the dirt. Fires blazing, sirens blaring, he runs for her, takes her up in his arms, carries her off into the woods.

TRANSITION TO:

1020 INT. MACLEOD'S LOFT - THE PRESENT - DAY

1020

Ingrid paces in front of MacLeod.

INGRID

In thirty-five I was an intellectual fool and a snob. I knew what was coming and I did nothing but talk about it in beer halls. Then in forty-four I had my chance, and I lost it.

(with passion)

You know how many millions died, because I did nothing.

MACLEOD

Wilkinson is not Hitler.

INGRID

But he might become Hitler.

MACLEOD

You can't know that.

INGRID

I won't take that chance.

(beat)

He has to be stopped.

Ingrid stops pacing, her eyes flash.

INGRID (CONT'D)

At sixteen, he and his friends beat two gay men to death. At twenty, he burned down three black churches.

MACLEOD

Ingrid, if you have proof of this...

INGRID

(scoffs)

There's no proof. He's smart, MacLeod. He's done nothing in years. Now all he does is give a speech and a dozen other people go out and burn churches for him. He has to die.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

1020 CONTINUED:

1020

INGRID (CONT'D)

(beat)

There is no other way.

MacLeod slowly shakes his head.

MACLEOD

There has to be.

INGRID

(haunted)

Fifty years from now, I don't want  
to look back on this day as the day  
I could have saved the world from  
him.

(beat)

You're an old friend, Duncan, but  
don't try to stop me.

(beat)

I won't let you.

She turns and heads for the elevator. Off MacLeod's troubled  
reaction, we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

1021 EXT. JOE'S - DAY

1021

Establishing.

MACLEOD (O.S.)

You mind telling me what's so damn  
funny about all this.

1022 INT. JOE'S - DAY

1022

MacLeod and Methos sit at a table, two drinks in front of  
them. Methos fiddles idly with a "Joe's" matchbook.

METHOS

(wryly)

Maybe it's not "funny." But it's  
pretty entertaining to watch.

Dawson joins them.

DAWSON

What's entertaining?

METHOS

MacLeod dealing with another one of  
his moral conundrums.

MACLEOD

Sometimes I really don't like you.

METHOS

That's okay, sometimes I don't like  
myself.

DAWSON

(getting it)

Ingrid Henning.

METHOS

Go on, ask Joe about her.

MACLEOD

I know about her. She had the chance  
to stop Hitler. And she didn't.  
And she's been making up for it ever  
since.

METHOS

You're not buying into her tawdry  
little guilt-induced melodrama, are  
you?

(CONTINUED)

1022 CONTINUED:

1022

MACLEOD,

I forgot I was talking to the only  
guilt-free man in the Western world.

METHOS

(avoiding the subject)

We were talking about Ingrid.

(beat)

Can't you see that all her "torment"  
is self-inflicted? It's the ultimate  
in arrogance to think that one person  
can alter the course of history.

DAWSON

(dry)

The voice of experience.

MACLEOD

You can't deny that killing Hitler  
would've saved thousands of lives.  
Maybe millions.

METHOS

But if they'd have killed him in  
forty-three like Rommel wanted, the  
Germans might have won the war.

(beat)

History creates men, MacLeod. Men  
don't create history.

(beat)

I'm talking about the times... or  
the "zeitgeist," to quote the Germans.  
If it hadn't been the little painter  
from Austria, it would've been someone  
else. A shopkeeper, a garbage man...  
My point is, it doesn't matter. The  
time was ripe for a Fuhrer.

MACLEOD

My point is, it was Hitler.

MacLeod turns to Dawson.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

You're the historian. What do you  
think?

DAWSON

(shaking his head)

Uh-uh. No way am I getting in the  
middle of this one.

He starts to go.

(CONTINUED)

1022 CONTINUED: (2)

1022

MACLEOD

Coward.

METHOS

Ditto.

DAWSON

You want an answer?

(beat)

Who gives a damn?

(beat)

What matters is that she's Mac's  
friend.

METHOS

You're pretty smart.

(beat)

For a kid.

(to MacLeod)

What are you going to do?

MACLEOD

In her heart, she thinks she's right.

And part of me agrees.

(frustrated)

I don't know how to stop her.

METHOS

Don't you?

MacLeod's had enough. He stands up abruptly...

MACLEOD

No.

MacLeod turns and walks out.

DAWSON

You really can be an arrogant pain  
in the ass sometimes.

METHOS

(into his beer)

Guilty as charged.

1023 INT. DOJO - DAY

1023

MacLeod walks into the Dojo, finds himself staring down the  
barrels of two automatics. Two COPS confront him, their  
guns raised.

BRESLAW (O.S.)

We let ourselves in.

(CONTINUED)



1023 CONTINUED:

1023

MacLeod turns to see Breslaw sitting on a bench against the wall, chewing on a toothpick.

MACLEOD

I love company. Who brought the beer?

Breslaw silently signals the Cops. They spin MacLeod around, slam him up against the wall face first.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Is this really necessary?

BRESLAW

I had a man watching this place. He saw Ingrid coming out.

The Cops pat MacLeod down, cuff him.

MACLEOD

(over his shoulder)  
So you've got her?

BRESLAW

Where is she?

MACLEOD

I guess not.

Breslaw jumps up from the bench. His patina of intellectual ennui has cracked. Now, he's just a cop who's been jerked around. And he's pissed.

BRESLAW

You lied to me! You said you didn't know her.

MACLEOD

Maybe she was looking for a place to work out.

BRESLAW

Where is she?

MACLEOD

If I told you I didn't know, would you believe me?

BRESLAW

I've already made that mistake.  
(to the Cops)  
Take him downtown.

A nod of his head and the Cops shove MacLeod toward the door.

1024 INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

1024

Harsh light. Spartan furnishings. A desk. Two chairs. Back on his own turf, Breslaw is icily calm. He pulls a soggy toothpick out of his mouth, regards it stoically...

BRESLAW

... my only vice left.

He leans across the desk toward MacLeod, who sits with his arms crossed, defiant.

BRESLAW

I'm not interested in you, MacLeod.  
I suggest you don't make me  
interested.

MACLEOD

(pissed)

If you think I had anything to do  
with those murders, then charge me.

BRESLAW

"Charge me or set me free."

(beat)

The cry of the innocent man.

(beat)

I'm not going to charge you, MacLeod.  
I know you're not in this with her.

(beat)

But what you are is a blind fool.

MACLEOD

(rising)

Fine. Then give me a white cane and  
I'm out of here.

BRESLAW

Not quite.

(beat)

What is she to you? A lover, a  
relation, perhaps? Or just an old  
friend?

MacLeod says nothing.

BRESLAW (CONT'D)

Old friends are the worst. They  
claim more of your soul.

MACLEOD

I don't approve of what she's done.

BRESLAW

But part of you understands it, yes?

(CONTINUED)

1024 CONTINUED:

1024

MacLeod's not giving him anything. He shrugs. Breslaw stands, walks around the desk, sits on the edge facing MacLeod.

BRESLAW (CONT'D)

A little story.

MACLEOD

Do I have a choice?

BRESLAW

I'll be brief. Once there was a writer... a poet, actually. But he lived in dark times. Hitler, the Nazis, and soon he was afraid to stay in Germany. So he took his wife and son and escaped to Rumania. He thought they'd be safe there. And for a while they had a good life, they were happy. Until one night when the Communists broke into his home. They took him away in the dead of night... and shot him. For his poetry.

(beat)

They shot my father for writing poetry, MacLeod.

MacLeod's moved by Breslaw's story. He loses the edge.

MACLEOD

I'm sorry.

BRESLAW

So you see, part of me understands Ingrid, too. A tyrant here. A dictator there. And now, there is this Wilkinson. Despicable. Some people might say murdering him is a community service. What do you say, MacLeod?

There's a long beat as the two men measure each other.

MACLEOD

I say Wilkinson's speech should be postponed.

MacLeod leans forward, speaks pointedly.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

I want to stop Ingrid as much as you do.

(CONTINUED)

1024 CONTINUED: (2)

1024

Breslaw takes a BEAT, looks directly into MacLeod's eyes, senses instinctively he's telling the truth --

BRESLAW

On that we agree, then.

An OFFICER sticks his head in the door. Breslaw goes over to him, they exchange a few whispered words, then the Officer leaves. Breslaw returns to his desk.

BRESLAW (CONT'D)

Your lawyer's here. And since I'm not going to charge you... Ciao.

1025 EXT. POLICE STATION - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

1025

MacLeod walks out, followed by a laughing Methos.

METHOS

It worked, didn't it?

MACLEOD

Since when are you an attorney?

METHOS

What else you need? Doctor, lawyer, Indian chief? I've got paperwork for any occasion.

MACLEOD

Of course you do.

The T-Bird waits at the curb.

1026 INT. T-BIRD - CONTINUOUS

1026

MacLeod and Methos get in.

METHOS

The Watcher records on the lady are a little spotty, so I had a bit of a chat with the Desk Sergeant while I was waiting.

MACLEOD

Then you know Ingrid's wanted for fifteen murders over the last ten years.

Methos does some quick math using his fingers.

METHOS

Which leaves roughly forty years unaccounted for. The mind reels.

(CONTINUED)

1026 CONTINUED:

1026

MACLEOD

Who's to say she's not right? Maybe  
the people she killed deserved to  
die.

METHOS

So that's your angle how? The end  
justifies the means? Hardly original.

MACLEOD

The way she sees it she's making the  
world a better place.

Methos pretends to follow along.

METHOS

That's all that other chap was  
doing... what was his name? Adolf?

MacLeod guns the engine, peels out into traffic.

1027 EXT. STREET / INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

1027

Ingrid walks down the sidewalk. Hanging several car lengths  
back, an UNMARKED POLICE CAR follows. Inside the car, DET.  
FRAYNE checks the police sketch of Ingrid.

DET. FRAYNE

Gotcha.

Ingrid turns a corner, out of sight. The Cop picks up speed,  
makes the corner -- but the sidewalk is empty.

DET. FRAYNE (CONT'D)

Damn it.

He pulls over, picks up the radio.

DET. FRAYNE (CONT'D)

(into radio)

It's Frayne. Patch me through to  
the Inspector.

The words choke in his throat.

A GUN BARREL jams hard up against his jaw bone. His eyes  
slide slowly over to see Ingrid holding an AUTOMATIC. He  
drops the radio, it falls into his lap.

DET. FRAYNE (CONT'D)

Okay, Ingrid... let's relax. Nobody's  
going to --

(CONTINUED)

1027 CONTINUED:

1027

INGRID

That's right. Nobody is going to  
stop me.

(beat)

I'm sorry.

Frayne's eyes widen just a fraction before she pulls the  
trigger.

BLAM!

He jerks once, falls over dead.

INGRID (CONT'D)

I can't let anyone stop me.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

1028 INT. MACLEOD'S LOFT - DAY

1028

A shocked MacLeod confronts Breslaw.

MACLEOD

I don't believe it! Stefanovich,  
yes. Wilkinson, maybe. But Ingrid  
would never kill a cop.

BRESLAW

Are you sure?

MACLEOD

I know her, Breslaw. She couldn't.

BRESLAW

I was right... you are a fool!

Breslaw pulls a tape recorder out of his Pocket, pushes the  
play button.

BRESLAW (CONT'D)

Listen!

A burst of STATIC followed by a man's voice, filtered but  
clearly the Cop's voice

DET. FRAYNE'S VOICE

(from tape recorder)

It's Frayne. Patch me through to  
the Inspector.

(beat)

Okay, Ingrid... let's relax. Nobody's  
going to --

INGRID'S VOICE

(from tape recorder)

That's right. Nobody is going to  
stop me. I'm sorry.

A GUNSHOT rings out. MacLeod winces, shakes his head in  
disbelief as he hears --

INGRID'S VOICE (CONT'D)

(from tape recorder)

I can't let anyone stop me.

Breslaw clicks off the tape recorder.

(CONTINUED)

1028 CONTINUED:

1028

BRESLAW

The police station log tape.  
(MacLeod can say  
nothing)  
Where is she?

MacLeod remains silent.

BRESLAW (CONT'D)

MacLeod! Don't you get it? The  
woman will kill anyone who gets in  
her way. For the last time, where  
is she?

MACLEOD

I don't know.

BRESLAW

I hope you have a dark suit, MacLeod.

He steps into the elevator.

BRESLAW (CONT'D)

Because soon you'll be going to the  
funeral of an old friend.

1029 EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

1029

A BAG LADY loiters outside the hotel. Hunchbacked, bundled  
in rags, dragging her life behind her in a garbage bag, she  
makes a pitiful sight.

A MINIVAN pulls up to the curb. In red, white and blue  
letters, a sign on the van reads "ALAN WILKINSON -- NEW  
FREEDOM PARTY."

The passenger door opens, a DECOY who looks like Wilkinson --  
dressed in a stylish suit, wearing a hat, jacket collar turned  
up -- gets out, followed by the driver, Breslaw.

They make their way toward the hotel entrance. The Bag Lady  
scuttles over to them, reaches into her shopping bag.

Suddenly, the Wilkinson Decoy pulls a gun, levels it at the  
bag lady.

BRESLAW (O.S.)

Freeze!

The Bag Lady looks up, and we see it's actually Ingrid --  
she's walked right into a trap. Breslaw comes up behind  
her.

(CONTINUED)



1029 CONTINUED:

1029

BRESLAW (CONT'D)

Drop it, Ingrid.

(beat)

Do it, or you're dead.

She hesitates for a moment, then one look in her eyes tells you she won't. She pulls out her gun and --

BRESLAW

shoots her twice.

BLAM! BLAM!

The bullets twist her body around. She drops to the pavement, rolls face up, dead.

BRESLAW (CONT'D)

What a waste.

Breslaw reaches down and closes her eyes.

1030 INT. JOE'S - NIGHT

1030

Breslaw and MacLeod sit at a table. It looks like Breslaw is on his fourth or fifth scotch. His eyes are bleary, the skin on his face sags.

MACLEOD

(re: drinks)

You're not driving, are you?

Breslaw knocks back another shot.

BRESLAW

Never gets any easier.

MACLEOD

What?

BRESLAW

The killing, I mean.

MACLEOD

(gently)

Maybe that's how it should be.

Breslaw smiles at MacLeod in silent gratitude. He takes out a cigarette, lights up. Off MacLeod's raised eyebrows --

BRESLAW

(re: cigarette)

Maybe if I die a little tonight, it will even things out between me and God.

(CONTINUED)

1030 CONTINUED:

1030

MACLEOD

I hear Wilkinson's speech is back on  
for tomorrow night.

BRESLAW

(nods)

This time, he's on his own.

Breslaw takes a puff, savors it.

BRESLAW (CONT'D)

When I was a young boy, everything  
was black and white. Good and evil,  
you see? Then I grew up and  
discovered there was only grey.

(beat)

I am sorry I had to kill your friend.

MacLeod sighs, feels the pull of the past.

MACLEOD

The Ingrid I remember will always be  
with me. The Ingrid you killed...

(shakes head)

I didn't know her at all. Don't be  
so hard on yourself, Breslaw. You  
had no choice.

Breslaw sighs deeply, exhales a long thin stream of smoke.

BRESLAW

Nice try. But we always have a  
choice, MacLeod. If this fascist  
scum Wilkinson becomes your President  
in the next five or ten years... how  
am I going to sleep at night?

MACLEOD

You did what you had to do.

BRESLAW

But was I right?

MacLeod's eyes drift off to something only he can see.

MACLEOD

(beat)

I would have made the same choice  
you did.

1031 INT. NEIGHBORHOOD COMMUNITY CENTER - THE NEXT NIGHT

1031

Banners drape across the stage, "NEW FREEDOM PARTY. A NEW  
WORLD ORDER FOR A NEW WORLD!"

(CONTINUED)

1031 CONTINUED:

1031

A small but zealous crowd listens as Wilkinson struts and fumes behind the podium on stage. His eyes burn with righteous fire.

WILKINSON

They call me a racist. Why? Because I have the balls to speak the truth. And that's not my truth or your truth. That is the truth and the truth is that I can no longer support a government that is weak, corrupt, and taxes us to death.

The audience reacts like well-trained animals.

WILKINSON (CONT'D)

The truth is that if they can't protect us and our children from these hoodlums and crackheads, then we'll do it ourselves!

The crowd CHEERS dementedly, anger rising up like a foul stench.

ANGLE ON

MacLeod and Methos, seated at the back of the auditorium.

METHOS

She's not here.

MacLeod studies the audience, keeping a vigilant eye out for Ingrid.

MACLEOD

She will be. She has to be.

He double checks the emergency exits. All secure.

Back up on the podium, Wilkinson goes for the throat.

WILKINSON

The truth is that every true American -- and we know who we are -- has to stand up and say I won't take it anymore.

METHOS

(re: Wilkinson)

That schmuck gives me a headache. Let's pack it in?

But MacLeod shakes his head. Methos sighs...

(CONTINUED)

1031 CONTINUED: (2)

1031

METHOS (CONT'D)

I'm telling you, she's a no-show.

MACLEOD

No, no. There's something...

His eyes drift up to Wilkinson on stage.

MACLEOD'S POV

Wilkinson looks possessed. Gesticulating madly, his eyes bulge, the veins on his neck threaten to burst. The image shimmers, shifts... Wilkinson MORPHS into Hitler, spouting obscenities in German.

BACK TO SCENE

MacLeod's eyes go to the airport metal detectors at the door and the guard checking all packages.

MacLeod's mouth goes dry, he blinks, flashes back to Berlin 1944... he sees Ingrid's face floating in front of him, as if through several layers of gauze he hears her saying --

INGRID

You're certain there's no other way  
than a bomb?

A FLASH CAMERA goes off in MacLeod's eyes. He snaps back to the present, galvanized.

MACLEOD

That's it!

Methos is bored, rubs his throbbing temples.

METHOS

Don't suppose you have any aspirin?

MACLEOD'S POV

On stage beside the podium sits a small briefcase.

He grabs Methos roughly by the shoulders.

MACLEOD

Whatever you do don't let anyone  
touch that briefcase.

He turns and dashes for the exit.

1032 EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD COMMUNITY CENTER - MOMENTS LATER

1032

MacLeod rounds a corner. The night streets are quiet. The only sound, the muffled booming bass of Wilkinson's screechings in the background.

He crosses the street, scans up and down... gets the BUZZ. Still no one in sight. He stops, says simply --

MACLEOD

Dozens of innocent people are going  
to die.

Ingrid emerges from the shadows. She holds a detonator in her hand.

INGRID

Innocence is relative. You've lived  
long enough to know that.

MacLeod looks into her eyes, sees the same rabid fire he just saw in Wilkinson's... he shivers involuntarily.

MACLEOD

That cop you killed, what was his  
crime? He was just doing his job.  
He didn't care about Wilkinson, about  
politics.

INGRID

Just like the German officers we  
killed with that bomb. They were  
just soldiers.

(beat)

The price of killing Hitler. Except  
we didn't.

Ingrid doesn't blink. MacLeod lets his gaze drift down to the detonator in her hand.

MACLEOD

Please. Put it down.

INGRID

I can't.

MacLeod reaches behind, draws his sword.

MACLEOD

I don't want to do this.

Ingrid looks at him. Is it sadness in her eyes, or pity?

INGRID

Duncan. We're old friends.

(CONTINUED)

1032 CONTINUED:

1032

MACLEOD

This goes beyond friendship.

INGRID

You'll never be able to do it. I know you.

(beat)

You're better than I am.

MACLEOD

Please.

INGRID

Think about it.

MACLEOD

I have.

INGRID

Imagine a world without tyrants, without dictators.

MACLEOD

I can't let you kill everyone in that room.

INGRID

You're prepared to sacrifice all that? For what? For a group of arrogant racist bastards who are no better than he is?

MACLEOD

Not all of them, Ingrid.

(beat)

You have no right to do this.

INGRID

But you have the right to stop me?

(beat)

How is that different from my killing them?

MACLEOD

Put it down, damn you!

The world slows down. A moment out of time. Their eyes lock.

INGRID'S FINGER

hovers over the detonator.

(CONTINUED)

1032 CONTINUED: (2)

1032

MACLEOD

tenses his muscles for the strike...

INGRID

Now or never, Duncan...

MacLeod strikes the death blow. Ingrid falls. The detonator rolls safely off to one side.

The Quickening begins, sends out showers of electrical SPARKS from nearby power lines.

Across the way as Wilkinson's speech concludes, a bedlam of fanatical APPLAUSE and hysterical CHEERS gushes into the street and melds with the shattering climax of the Quickening as MacLeod sinks to his knees beside the dead body of his old friend.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT : TAG

FADE IN:

1033 EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD COMMUNITY CENTER - NIGHT

1033

Two police cars and a Bomb Squad van are parked out in front of the Community Center. The defused briefcase is safely stowed in the van.

MacLeod and Methos stand off to one side, watch as Wilkinson gets into his car, is driven off.

METHOS

There he goes. Our hero.

MacLeod frowns his disapproval.

MACLEOD

Don't start.

(beat)

Ingrid said something just before she died.

METHOS

(reflective)

Yes. They usually do.

MacLeod lets that one slide.

MACLEOD

She asked me what the difference was between her killing them and my killing her.

METHOS

Good question. Right up there with the "chicken and the egg" one.

MACLEOD

So you're saying there is no answer.

A sly smirk plays across Methos' lips.

METHOS

Oh, there's an answer. But the real question is, are you ready to hear it?

MACLEOD

Now is not the time.

Methos nods, gets serious.

(CONTINUED)



1033 CONTINUED:

1033

METHOS

Stefanovich killed and Ingrid judged  
him. Wilkinson killed and Ingrid  
judged him.

(beat)

Ingrid killed and you judged her.

MacLeod understands the implications.

MACLEOD

Then who judges me?

METHOS

(beat)

You hungry?

As they walk off together --

FADE OUT.

THE END

HIGHLANDER

"The Valkyrie"

APPENDIX: GERMAN for Scene 1013, Page 23

MACLEOD

Ich versichere Ihnen, Oberst  
Stauffenberg, Sie können Ihr volles  
Vertrauen in mich und meine  
Fähigkeiten setzen.