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Highlander

By Gregory Widen

Here we are #
Born to be kings #
We're the princes
of the universe #
Here we belong #
Fighting to survive #
In a world
with the darkest power #
And here we are #
We're the princes
of the universe #
Here we belong
fighting for survival #
We've come to be
the rulers of your world #
I am immortal #
I have inside me blood of kings #
I have no rival #
No man can be my equal #
Take me to the future
of your world ##
...and the Tonga Kid.
Their opponents,
in the corner to my right...
with a combined weight of 745 pounds...
the toasts of the coasts...
from Brad Street, U.S.A.,
Atlanta, Georgia...
the Fabulous Freebirds!
Yeah!
You gotta love it!
Kill him!
Stomp on the son of--
Hey! Where you going?
Macleod.
Fasil. Wait.
Aah!
All right.
Macleod!
Clan Macleod!
May this year
of our Lord 1536...
bring victory
to the Clan Macleod!

Macleod!
Victory to Macleod!
Hurry up! Hurry up!
Are you scared, Connor?
No, Cousin Dugal.
I'm not!
Don't talk nonsense, man.
I peed my kilt the first time
I went into battle.
Oh, aye.
Angus pees his kilt
all the time!
Connor!
Connor, wait!
Wait!
Take these flowers
and think of me.
Remember, you fight with God
on your side, Connor.
A girl like that
can wound a soldier...
more than a Frazer sword,
my friend.
Angus! You and Dugal
keep him in one piece!
Aye, we all know
what piece that is!
There is one called Connor
among them.
Aye.
Remember our
agreement, Murdoch.
The boy is mine.
It's begun.
Death to the Macleods!
Death to the Macleods!
Yay! Yay!
Death to the Frazers!
Yay! Yah!
Macleod!
Come on!
Macleod!
Now you stay under.
Forgive me... my son.

Fight me, damn you!
Fight me, cowards!
No, not him!
Castrate the heathens!
Nobody will fight me!
They all run away.
Here, laddie, stay by me.
Mother of God.
Fight me!
No!
Come on, quick!
There can be only one!
Another time, Macleod!
Get out of the car!
Put your hands
on the hood!
Move!
Okay!
Watch it, freak!
Just cool it!
Watch him!
Watch him!
Move! Come on!
Come on! Move!
Come on!
Get up there!
Spread 'em!
Spread 'em!
Come on!
Let's see
some I.D., pal.
Well, Mr. Nash.
Where were you going
in such a hurry?
Give me it!
Give me it!
Ooh!
Don't move, pal.
Don't even breathe!
In nomine patri et filii
et spiritu sancti.
Amen.
It is over.
No!

Other men are
dying this day.
I must attend them.
Quiet!
He's a highlander, by God!
The last sound he hears...
shouldn't be that
of a wailing woman!
Hey, let me through.
Damn it, Frank.
Forensics is supposed to be notified...
the same time as homicide.
Holy shit.
Yeah, this one came unassembled.
Did you make an arrest?
No. We're questioning
some guy named Nash.
Antique dealer on Hudson Street.
- Hello, Brenda.
- Hey, Walt.
You look pretty, Brenda.
What do you think's...
the cause of death,
Lieutenant, huh?
You're a barrel
of laughs, Garfield.
Get your hands off!
Try explaining this to my wife!
Get me a cherry-cheese danish too.
What time did he buy it?

About 10:

Whatever cut him
was razor sharp.
Get out of here
with these cameras!
Frank! Frank!
Oh, my God.
A guy was killed
like this in Jersey.
What the hell.
That's Jersey.
I want out!
Hey, Frank. Come here.

Aw, shit!
Ooh, baby.
Look at you.
Garfield, cover that head.
What the hell
have you got?
A Toledo-Salamanca.
A what?
A sword, Frank.
A very rare sword.
Is it worth much?
Only about a million bucks.
Any antique dealer
on Hudson Street...
could tell you that.
You can't keep me here!
I know my rights!
Ever see this guy before, Nash?
His name's Vazilek,
Polish national.
Had his head chopped off
in New Jersey two nights ago.
You ever get over
to New Jersey, Nash?
Not if I can help it.
You talk funny.
Where you from?
Lots of different places.
- You're an antique dealer, right?
- Mm-hmm.
Okay. What's that?
A sword?
Wise up, smart ass.
It's a Toledo-Salamanca broadsword
worth about a million bucks.
So?
So you want to hear a theory?
You went down that garage
to buy this sword from that guy--
- What's his name?
- I don't know. You tell me.
Okay, his name's
Iman Fasil.
You fought about the price

and cut off his head.
Want to hear another theory?
This Fasil was so upset...
about the lousy
wrestling tonight...
in a fit of depression,
he cut off his own head.
That's not funny, Walt.
Are you a faggot, Nash?
Why? You cruising
for a piece of ass?
I'll tell you
what happened, Russell.
You went down to the garage
for a blow job.
You just didn't
want to pay for it.
Huh. You are sick.
Hey! Hey!
Hey, what are you doing?
Stop!
- What, are you crazy?
- Break it up, goddamn it!
That's enough!
Now, cut it out!
Goddamn it,
I said cut it out!
- Am I under arrest?
- Not yet.
Then we're through.
Nash, we're just
getting started.
...in water from the sprinkler.
It also left a man's
decapitated body...
next to his own severed head.
A head which at this time
has no name.
I know his name.
Here I am #
I'm the master
of your destiny #
Ahh!
I am the one

The only one #
I am the god
of kingdom come #
Give me the prize #
Just give me the prize ##
Okay, Mr. Victor Kruger.
Room 315.
And I'll hit you
for 20 in advance.
Uh, hey, uh.
If there's anything
you need--
Broads, uh, blow.
Just dial 0, huh?
That's right, Mr. Kruger.
Lucky Strike means
fine tobacco.
Don't talk to the guests.
I didn't do nothing.
At last...
the gathering.
Hi.
I'm Candy.
Of course you are.
Come on in.
Hiya. Got a present
from the coroner.
Pieces of metal found
on the dead guy under the Garden.
In the wound
and on the clothes.
Real smooth shave.
That can't be right.
Son of a bitch.
Who's there?
Hey, Brenda. Usual?
Lots of it.
Is better than
a lifetime alone #
Say when.
One sentimental moment
in your arms #
When.
Is like a shooting star...

Excuse me a minute, Brenda.
Double Glenmoran on the rocks.
Glenmoran. Right.
Go to the Garden often?
What did you say?
I'm a prisoner of love
inside you #
I'm falling apart all around you #
What did you say?
Madison...Square...Garden.
Do you go there often?
Why?
Basketball?
The circus? Wrestling?
Why are you asking me?
Have you been following me?
I'd like to walk
you home, Brenda.
I can take care of myself.
It's always a rainy day without you #
I'm a prisoner of love
inside you #
I'm falling apart #
All around you ##
Be quiet!
Unnhhrr!
Aah!
Here. Take this.
Nice to see you
again, Macleod.
Nice to see you--
Stop!
There can be only one!
No!
You, on the ground.
This is the police.
Put down your weapons.
Hands on your head.
Another time, Highlander!
I will find you!
Hold it right there!
Come back here!
Stop!
Wait!

Who was that?
He called you Highlander.
"There can be only one"?
Only one what?
- I want to know!
- Shut up!
Don't you ever
follow me again.
You only have one life.
If you value it...
go home.
You saw the wound.
He should have died.
I say he's got
the devil in him.
Drinking with us, are you?
What's the matter, Dugal?
You, talking
and breathing...
and last night,
all but a corpse.
How did you manage that?
You'd rather I was dead?
It's not natural.
He's in league with Lucifer.
Don't say that, Kate.
I'll say it.
You've the devil in you.
We've been kinsmen 20 years.
Connor Macleod was my kinsman.
I don't know who you are.
Angus.
You better go, Connor.
I'm not going anywhere.
He's the devil!
Kill him!
Lucifer!
Burn the devil out of him!
All right.
Get him down.
Burn him!
Leave him be!
Dugal...
Oh!

He's your cousin, man!
No, Angus!
Quiet!
Quiet!
There'll be no burning
here today!
We'll banish him!
No! Burn him!
Stop it, Kate!
Burn him!
Angus, burn him!
Can you walk?
I'll bloody well
walk out of here.
Then go!
While there's still time.
I'll not forget you, Angus.
That's a good dog.
Pie and ale.
Do you want it?
Aye. Right now.
You filthy sod!
You're all muck and muscle.
Aye, blossom.
The way you like it.
You can do that to me
forever, my lord.
Will you, Connor?
Aye, blossom. I will.
Greetings.
I am Juan Sanchez
Villa-Lobos Ramirez...
chief metallurgist
to King Charles V of Spain...
and I'm at your service.
Who?
What do you want?
You.
You're Connor Macleod.
Maybe I am and--
You're Connor Macleod,
wounded in battle...
and driven from your village
five years ago.

Connor!
Heather, go in the house.
I'll stay right here.
Do as I say, woman!
The sensation you're feeling
is the quickening.
Who are you?
We are the same, Macleod!
We are brothers!
I knew you guys
were bottle-fed.
Well, there's not a lot
I can do about it, pal.
See what I'm up against?
His Vietnamese neighbor
ate his dog.
Uh...
that's confidential.
How are things
in forensics?
Dull. How about lunch?
Lunch? It's a good idea.
Who pays?
Me.
You're on.
By the way, Frank...
the hairs in the Moretti case...
matched up.
Oh, I forgot my purse.
I'll meet you outside.
Garfield, Brenda and I
are going to lunch.
Sometimes, Macleod...
the sharpest blade is not enough.
B-A-L-A-N-C-E
Balance ##
I don't like boats!
I don't like water!
I'm a man, not a fish.
Oh, you complain endlessly.
You look like a woman,
you stupid haggis.
Haggis? What is haggis?
Sheep's stomach stuffed

with meat and barley.
And what do you
do with it?
You eat it.
How revolting.
Be still.
You'll tip us over!
So?
I cannot swim,
you Spanish peacock.
I'm not Spanish.
I'm Egyptian.
You said you were
from Spain! Liar!
You have the manners
of a goat...
and you smell like dung.
And you have no knowledge
whatsoever of your potential.
Now, get out!
No!
Help!
Help! Help!
Help!
Help me, I'm drowning!
You can't drown, you fool.
You're immortal!
I'm drowning!
Come help!
We ask you...
Heavenly Father ##
I'm alive.
I can breathe.
I'll slice you in half.
Hah!
Crude and slow, clansman.
Your attack was no better
than that of a clumsy child.
This cannot be.
It's the devil's work.
You cannot die, Macleod.
Accept it.
I hate you.
Good.

That is a perfect
way to start.
Tell me...
how did it happen,
for God's sake?
Why does the sun
come up, hmm?
Or are the stars just pinholes
in the curtain of night?
Who knows?
What I do know is...
because you were
born different...
men will fear you,
try to drive you away...
Like the people
of your village.
You must learn to conceal
your special gift...
and harness your power...
until the time
of the gathering.
What gathering?
When only a few of us
are left...
we will feel
an irresistible pull...
towards a faraway land...
to fight for the prize.
Come on!
Faster!
Never lose your temper.
If your head comes away
from your neck...
it's over.
Never overextend
your thrust.
You're vulnerable and...
off balance.
Connor! Ha ha ha!
Heather, please.
If it came down to us two,
would you take my head?
We must fight

until only one remains.
You are safe only on holy ground.
None of us will violate that law.
It's tradition.
Now for the last.
Trust me.
Let yourself
feel the stag.
His heart...
beating.
His blood...coursing.
Feel?
Come on!
I feel him.
Macleod, come on!
I feel him!
Come on!
Ha ha ha!
I feel him!
Come on, haggis!
Macleod.
This is the quickening.
Yeah!
Now, pendejo...
shall we see what sort of
swordsman you've become?
En garde!
Very good.
Give me your hand, brother.
That one there.
How much is it?
Put him in.
But what I want is a family.
You cannot have a family.
We cannot have children.
That won't please Heather.
I'll tell you that
for nothing.
He's full of life.
Connor!
Here's dinner!
I'll be off now.
I fancy buying
a new dress.

Oh, you little devils!
Go on!
She's beautiful.
You must leave her,
brother.
Macleod.
I was born 2,437 years ago.
In that time,
I've had three wives.
The last was Shakiko,
a Japanese princess.
Her father, Masamune, a genius...
made this for me...
in 593 B.C.
It is the only one
of its kind...
Like his daughter.
When Shakiko died,
I was shattered.
I would save you
that pain.
Please.
Let Heather go.
When we first met,
you felt ill, remember?
That wasn't the first time...
you felt
that sensation, was it?
No.
When the Macleods
fought the Frazers...
and a black knight...
I felt it then.
Only it was more painful.
That black knight
was the Kurgan.
It's because of him
that I sought you out.
Who is the Kurgan?
Where does
he come from?
The Kurgans were
an ancient people...
from the steppes

of Russia.
For amusement,
they tossed children...
into pits with hungry dogs
to fight for meat.
The Kurgan.
He is the strongest
of the immortals.
He is the perfect warrior.
If he wins the prize...
mortal man would suffer
an eternity of darkness.
How do you fight
such a savage?
Hmm. With heart,
faith, and steel.
In the end,
there can be only one.
very dangerous for you.
Well, I was very much in love...
with her, my dear.
She was the only thing
on my mind.
So, holding the rose
in my teeth...
I climbed up on the rooftop,
lowered a rope...
and swung in
through the open window.
Unfortunately, the lady
was no longer there.
What did you do?
I introduced myself...
to the lady that was there.
She was most helpful.
Would you like
some more wine?
Yes, please.
Heather.
Get out!
What's wrong?
Get out!
Kurgan!
Ramirez!

Raah!
The Highlander,
where is he?
You're too late.
I've prepared him
for you.
You waste your time!
It hurts?
Now you die!
I am the strongest!
My cut has improved
your voice.
Yes!
Hurts?
Who is the woman?
Oh! She's mine!
Not for much longer.
Tonight you sleep
in hell!
There can be only one!
Hello, pretty.
I'd like to speak
to Russell Nash.
Oh, I'm sorry.
Mr. Nash isn't here.
May I call him at home?
That won't be possible.
Good morning.
This is Brenda Wyatt,
Mr. Nash.
We've already met, Rachel.
What can I do for you?
I'd like some advice.
Are you someone
who takes advice?
That depends.
Advice about what?
What can you tell me
about a seven-foot lunatic...
hacking away with a broadsword...
at one in the morning,
New York City, 1985?
Not much.
A Japanese sword

dated 600 B.C...
the metal folded 200 times?
I don't deal
in exotic weapons.
May I show you something
in 18th-century silver?
That's not why I came.
You know it.
Do you cook?
Why?
I thought
we might have dinner.
Did you?
Yes.
So I'm standing there,
and there's Brenda.
Our little Brenda.
You're sure it was Brenda?
She was in Nash's shop
talking to him.
What are you
looking at, Rachel?
The eyes in the back of your head.
People are asking
about you.
What am I supposed to say?
Tell them I'm immortal.
Quiet.
Don't be frightened.
- What's your name?
- Rachel.
- What happened?
- Everybody's dead.
I'm like you.
I'm alone.
Come with me, Rachel.
You're alive.
Why didn't you die?
Hey. It's a kind of magic.
- Move!
- Nein!
Heh heh heh.
Whatever you say, Jack.
You're the master race.

Let's go.
That was a long time ago.
Would you listen to me
for one moment, please?
You can't hide
your feelings from me.
I've known you too long.
What feelings?
How about loneliness?
I'm not lonely.
I've got everything
I need right here.
Oh, no, you don't.
You refuse to let
anyone love you.
Love is for poets.
You're such
a romantic, Rachel.
You always were.
Just a minute.
Good evening.
You want to dine
in the hall...
or shall we step inside?
Ohh.
Come in.
May I take your coat?
What? No, thanks.
I'll hold on to it.
Oh, fine.
Where are you going?
I forgot my earrings.
Make yourself a drink.
There are glasses in the bar.
You know what you're doing?
I like your place, Brenda.
I've been here three months.
Still fixing it up.
Interesting view.
What did you say?
I said, "Interesting view"!
Isn't it great?
You never told me...
what you do

for a living.
I work for
the Metropolitan Museum...
in acquisitions.
Huh. That explains
your interest...
in ancient weapons.
Right.
Especially the samurai.
Very nice.
Shall we have a toast?
Yes.
Brandy.
Bottled in 1783.
Wow. That's old.
Mozart wrote
his great mass.
The Montgolfier Brothers went up...
in their first balloon.
And England recognized...
the independence
of the United States.
Is that right?
Yes.
What's that?
It's for you.
Can I open it?
If you like.
You bastard.
Where did you find this?
I have an extensive library.
Odd thing.
Your bio doesn't
mention the Met.
It says you work
for the police...
in forensics.
Are you and Moran
setting me up?
I don't work for Moran.
Then why is that bald policeman...
sitting outside
watching your apartment?
You remember him.

Moran's had him tailing me.
What are you going to do?
Question is,
what are you going to do?
Turn off the tape or
shoot me with the .45?
I'm not looking
for a killer.
I'm looking for a sword.
The one used on Fasil.
- I only want to see the samurai.
- Why?
Because it's not
supposed to exist.
I dated the blade
at 600 B.C.
The metal had been
folded 200 times.
The Japanese didn't make swords
like that till the Middle Ages.
So where the hell
did it come from?
If I could verify
its existence...
it would be like
discovering a 747...
a thousand years
before the Wright Brothers ever flew.
This is crazy.
Wait a minute, Nash.
I want some answers.
You want?
Don't you ever
think about anything...
except what you want?
You must leave her, brother.
There's no time for us #
There's no place for us #
What is this thing
that fills our dreams #
Yet slips away from us? #
Who wants to live forever? #
Who wants to live forever? #
There's no chance for us

It's all decided for us #
This world has
only one sweet moment #
Set aside for us #
Heather!
Who wants to live forever? #
Who wants to live forever? #
Heather!
Connor, I'm here!
Who dares to love forever #
When love must die? ##
My beautiful man.
My husband.
I am that, my love.
I've never really known...
What?
Why you stayed.
Because I love you
as much now...
as the first day we met.
And I love you.
I don't want to die.
I want to stay
with you forever.
I want that too.
Will you do something
for me, Connor?
What, lass?
In the years to come,
will you light a candle...
and remember me
on my birthday?
Aye, love. I will.
I wanted to have
your children.
They would have been
strong and fine.
Don't see me, Connor.
Let me die in peace.
Where are we?
We're in the highlands.
Where else?
Running down a mountainside.
The sun is shining.

It's not cold.
You've got your sheepskins on...
and the boots
I made for you.
Good night,
my bonny Heather.
Hey! Kastagir.
MacLeod, it's good
to see you again.
It seems like 100 years.
It's been 100 years.
How have you been?
Hey, this...
puts hairs on your chest.
What is it?
Boom-boom.
Big strong man like you...
shouldn't be afraid
of a little boom-boom.
Maybe you think
I'm trying to poison you.
I think you're crazy, Kastagir.
So...
the gathering is here.
Time's almost
caught us, friend.
Has it? Do you think
we should go on?
I think we should
have a party.
Oh, no. I remember
our last party.
Really?
When exactly was that?
It was 1783.
Oh, yes.
Your famous duel
on Boston Common.
You were drunk.
What was that guy's name again?
His name was Bassett.
The heavier blade, Mr. Bassett.
I implore you.
I am fighting this duel,

Hotchkiss, not you.
See if the imbecile is ready.
Mr. Bassett is waiting, sir.
Tell him I'm ready.
Christ! I've gone blind.
En garde, sir.
Wonderful, sir.
Thank you, Hotchkiss.
Bassett?
That you?
You missed him, Mr. Bassett.
The sword, the sword.
Stop, sir.
I beseech you.
I apologize for
calling your wife...
a bloated warthog--
And I bid you good day.
Shoot him, sir.
Shoot him.
Now, sir, in the back!
Now, sir!
Hotchkiss. Hotchkiss!
Stop it!
Hotchkiss #
What?
No, sir.
No, no...
No! No! No!
That's the mood
of New York now.
Get out of here!
So far...
Earlier today, in response
to growing pressure...
the mayor's office issued
the following statement...
Give us a drink, pal.
Got a joint?
...vigorous investigation...
following up on
some promising leads.
Hey, Rockefeller,
how'd you like Candy?

She said you were
kind of kinky, huh?
Don't ever speak to me.
I didn't mean nothin'.
Look, I didn't mean--
Don't ever speak
to me again.
Do you understand?
Yeah.
Good.
I hope you get your head
chopped off, asshole.
And you!
Shut it!
Here we stand #
And here we fall #
History won't care at all #
Lay on the bed #
Put out the light #
...won't be home tonight, yeah #
We don't waste no time at all... #
- Hey, big boy.
- Slow down.
Comes to you... #
Ahh, we just waited
for another... ##
What the hell?
Okay, marine,
this is for real!
Yah!
Let's go!
Go, go, go, go!
Come on, come on!
What the hell
is going on?
Ahh!
Is somebody trapped
in there?
For God's sake!
Ooo!
Look at that!
Mother of God.
Mom.
Hey, where are you

going with my car?
Daddy, help me! Daddy!
Daddy, help me!
Help, Daddy!
Daddy, help me!
Frank, take it easy.
I checked everywhere.
There aren't any witnesses.
That's New York for you.
Twenty people standing around.
Nobody saw a thing.
Tell me about Matunas.
Is he on drugs?
He's a survival nut.
What?
He was a marine.
His ex-c.o. said
he was paranoid...
but he was a good man.
How you doing, kid?
Okay, for a guy who got three feet
of steel crammed through his gut.
How you doing?
I understand
you saw who stuck you?
You kidding me, man?
Is that him?
Nope.
Quit kidding, Matunas.
It was dark in that alley.
The freak was trying to kill me!
He had a scar
across his neck.
That ain't him.
Shit.
Depressed?
Yeah.
You don't know grunt
about depressed.
I got me a .357.
Got me a trunk load
of shotguns.
I got three big-bore
battle rifles...

ammo up the ass...
and I ain't safe!
I can't protect myself!
Okay, take it easy, pal.
That weirdo, man.
He got up after I put
enough lead in him...
to drop a rhino.
Hey, listen,
could you work...
with one of our artists?
Get a picture of this guy?
Sure, sure.
Thanks.
Take it easy, pal.
Hey, cop.
Yeah.
I know you guys
think I'm nuts...
but there's something else
I gotta tell you.
After he threw me
against the wall--
This is like
"One Step Beyond".
All we got is an eyewitness.
Don't say anything
about sword fights...
or guys glowing in the dark
for Christ's sake.
Hey, Moran!
Have you read this?
Are you kidding?
You know cops can't read.
What does "incompetent" mean?
That mayor.
He calls me at 2:00
in the morning.
I don't answer
the phone anymore.
What does "baffled" mean?
Karen Joan Nash.
Yeah, I remember her.
I was practicing

in Syracuse.
Didn't get many of these.
What?
Unwed mothers.
Nowadays, that's no big deal.
Back then, in Syracuse...
that was a stoning offense.
What happened?
She had the baby,
and she died.
So Nash was illegitimate.
Oh, yeah.
Yeah, he was illegitimate...
for about a minute and a half.
He died right after she did.
He died.
Hello, Brenda.
I did what you asked.
I went through the deeds
to Nash's house...
back through
five previous owners...
to the original guy,
Montague, in 1796.
In all five instances...
Montague through Nash...
I found a death certificate...
for a kid with the same name...
who died at birth...
years before he pretended to sign
for his inheritance.
Jesus, Rick, isn't there
any heat in here?
No. Heat's bad
for the circuits.
In case
there's any doubt...
So, what you've
got here, Brenda...
is a guy who's been
creeping around...
since at least 1700...
pretending to croak
every so often.

Leaving all his goods...
to kids who've been
corpses for years...
and assuming
their identities.
It's not possible.
"Post" final!
Cops release
headhunter picture!
Reward offered.
I'll take a "Post."
Headhunter revealed!
For you, my bonny Heather.
Happy birthday.
And you, Juan Ramirez.
Take care of her,
you overdressed haggis.
Kastagir is gone.
Only you and I remain.
Nice to see you, Kurgan.
Who cuts your hair?
I am in disguise.
This way no one
will recognize me.
I do.
What do you want?
Your head.
And the prize.
Watch.
Happy Halloween, ladies!
Nuns. No sense of humor.
Ramirez's blade did not
cut deeply enough.
He was right about you.
You're slime.
Ramirez was an effete snob!
He died on his knees!
I took his head
and raped his woman...
before his blood
was even cold!
I see.
Ramirez lied.
She was not his woman.

She was your woman...
and she never told you.
I wonder why.
Perhaps I gave her something...
you never could...
and secretly she yearned
for my return.
Holy ground, Highlander!
Remember what
Ramirez taught you.
You can't stay
in here forever.
You are weak, Highlander.
You will always be
weaker than I.
I'll be out front.
Goodbye, Macleod.
We will meet soon enough.
This is the house of God.
People are trying to pray.
You're disturbing them.
He cares about
these helpless mortals?
Of course he cares.
He died for our sins.
That shall be his undoing.
Father...
forgive me!
I am a worm.
I have something to say!
It's better to burn out...
than to fade away!
Yah!
I need to see him, goddamn it!
I'm afraid that's impossible.
Mr. Nash is--
Mr. Nash is dead.
What are you doing here?
I'm looking for
a dead guy named Nash.
He died at birth
in Syracuse, New York.
All right.
Come on.

Are the Claymores real?
What is this, a museum?
This stuff
must be worth a fortune.
I've been alive
for 4 1/2 centuries.
I cannot die.
Huh.
Well, everybody's
got their problems.
What are you going
to do with that?
Take it.
I am Connor Macleod
of the Clan Macleod.
I was born in 1518...
in the village of Glenfinnan...
on the shores of Loch Shiel...
and I am immortal.
You're not listening.
Brenda, it isn't going to work.
I can't get involved.
Not again.
You know what's weird?
Most people are
afraid to die.
That's not your problem.
You're afraid to live.
Take care of yourself.
Don't lose your head.
Hello, pretty.
Come on!
Open up!
Oh, my!
Have you ever
played chicken?
Here we go!
Watch out!
Excuse me!
Oh, no!
Watch out! A truck!
Look out!
New York, New York #
I want to wake up

Shut up.
In the city #
Sing along--
That never sleeps #
Shut up!
To find I'm king of the hill #
Shut up!
Shut up!
And #
If I can #
Make it there #
I'll make it anywhere #
It's up to you #
New York #
New #
York ##
I can entertain myself.
Your friend is a real screamer.
Listen.
Which part should
I cut off first?
I'll be waiting.
The endless killing
has driven him mad.
Rachel, there are instructions
in the desk drawer.
I want you to follow them.
There's a power of attorney
for you.
You'll have everything you need.
You're not coming back.
Even if you kill him...
you're not coming back...
are you?
Sweet Rachel.
You always knew
this would happen.
Russell Nash dies tonight.
Hey...
it's a kind of magic.
Goodbye, Russell Nash.
So now it ends.
Yah!
What kept you?

There can be only one!
The quickening overpowers me!
I know!
I know everything!
I am everything!
this is where it all began.
Can you tell me
about the prize?
It's like a whirlwind
in my head.
But if I concentrate...
I know what people
are thinking...
all over the world.
Presidents...
diplomats...
scientists.
I can help them
understand each other.
What am I thinking?
You're thinking...
whether or not
you can love me.
You can.
I'm just like you.
I can love and
have children.
Live and grow old.
You never prepared
me for that...
you Spanish peacock.
Patience, Highlander.
You have done well.
But it'll take time.
You are generations
being born and dying.
You are at one
with all living things.
Each man's thoughts and dreams
are yours to know.
You have power beyond imagination.
Use it well, my friend.
Don't lose your head.
One dream

One source #
One prize #
One goal #
One golden glance #
Of what should be #
One shine of light #
That shows the way #
No mortal man #
Can win this day #
The waiting seems #
Eternity #
The day will dawn #
On sanity #
Is this a kind #
Of magic? #
There can be only one #
This rage #
That lasts #
A thousand years #
Will soon be done #
This flame that burns #
Inside of me #
I'm hearing #
Secret harmonies #
The bell #
That rings #
Inside your mind #
Is charging #
The doors of time #
The waiting seems #
Eternity #
The day will dawn #
On sanity #
This is #
A kind #
Of magic #
There can be only one #
This rage #
That lasts #
A thousand years #
Will soon be
will soon be #
Will soon be done #
This is

A kind #
Of magic #
A kind of magic