Highlander: The Source

By Stephen Kelvin Watkins
The world has fallen into chaos and decay. There is no law, no justice, only death and destruction. Some say it's a sign of the coming of the Apocalypse, a time that even immortals fear. There are two in our city. One of the immortals is Zai Jie. Driven by faith and desperation, he is on a quest to find The Source, a holy grail of peace and salvation to some immortals. Many believe it does not exist at all, like Duncan MacLeod, an immortal who thinks The Source is a fairy tale, and illusion created to give hope where there is none. Duncan is also the only man I have ever loved. We haven't spoken in months, but sometimes I sense his presence watching me, protecting me. Even though Duncan doubts The Source, I don't. I've seen it in my visions and I've felt its call. No! In my soul, I believe in two things: The Source and Duncan MacLeod, The Highlander. Wait! Anna. Sorry. I thought you were someone else. Methos, try and listen to what I'm saying. Reggie, calm down. Tell me what's going on. Over the past week, the planets of our solar system have moved outside their orbital paths and are coming into alignment.
I mean, do you know how unusual that is? There's no simple way to explain this. But that could just be orbital wobble. Orbital wobble is one thing, but this...

This is outside the laws of celestial mechanics. And that's not all.

Literally millions of celestial bodies from here to the central sun of our galaxy are lining up. When that alignment is complete, in exactly 4 days, 3 hours, 47 minutes, The Earth is going to be bombarded with cosmic radiation. The moment of The Source. The light of the cosmos is literally reaching out to us.

Aye.

What about Zai?
Did we hear from him?
No.

No, he's overdue.
Isn't your friend MacLeod there?
Can't he help?

MacLeod is not the man he once was.

Well, just try.

Food. Food.

Thank you.
Hey! Stop!
No! No, no!

Oh, God. I hate that.

Yes.

There can be only one.

Login confirmed.
Connecting.

Reg!

Z, where the hell have you been, man?

Reg, there's no time. It's coming down.
I think I found it.

Where is Giovanni?

Zai, you do God's work.
Do not be afraid.
Your Eminence.
Tell us what you found.
The ancient writings I found in Gaza,
I followed them.
They took me to central Europe.
Then I knew I was getting close.
I found a monastery where the monks
studied an ancient text
that spoke of The Source.
And then...
...he appeared.
He has risen.
The Guardian.
Zai, where is
the location of The Source?
I've written the coordinates
down on this map.
The coordinates are--
The coordinates are on...
Okay, you have to get to the monastery.
You have to find the monks
that bear the symbol
of the Brothers of Doleo.
They will help you find The Source.
Z, I'm losing you, mate.
Shit yourself.
Get out of there.
Save yourself.
Pray for me, Father.
Zai's no Jack-the-Lad.
He can handle himself.
He's got a shot, right?
Gonna get the signal back.
Requiem aeternam
dona eis, Domine--
Zai--
He's coming.
Zai, get out of there.
There can be only me.
The Quickening!
Quickening.
Joe.
Methos.
What do you got?
The Guardian is awake.
Find MacLeod.
My God.
This is the end of time!
What are you?
I'm The Guardian.
Duncan MacLeod, you have squandered your precious gift!
You could have ruled the world, and you pissed it away.
Have a nice day.
The female, Anna...
She's not for you.
What's Anna got to do with this?
Everything.
Come on. Over here.
Are you The One, MacLeod?
MacLeod?
Would you kill to be The One?
Would you kill her, MacLeod?
Hello, Joe!
Joe.
Get in the car.
Get out of here, Joe.
I don't have time for this bullshit.
Get in the car.
What are you doing?
Seek The Source.
Seek The Source.
What?
The Source.
You know what to do.
Find The Elder...
Elder...
Elder.
Who the hell are the Doleo Brothers?
  – The Brotherhood of Pain.
  – Sounds like a fun bunch.
They're an ancient religious order in Eastern Europe.
The are not a religious order.
They are an heretical cuIt.
But their Elder might be able to help us.
The Elder corrupted his monks, turned them from the true faith during the fall of Rome. Rome was a long time ago, my friend. Not for me it wasn't. Giovanni, this could be it! Guys, if this Elder can help us, who gives a toss? Let's go and find him.

Joe. Before you get all whacked out, just listen to me. Joe, stop the car. Stop the damn car. You're a Watcher. You can't interfere. I just said "fuck it." You took an oath. There is no Watcher organization anymore. Most of my people are dead. You shouldn't have interfered. If I hadn't, you'd be dead. Sure, fine. Go ahead. Go back and let that thing kill you. What do you have to live for anyway?

He mentioned Anna. Have you even talked to her? No, not in months. Methos and others don't think it's bullshit. They're looking for The Source. Oh, The Source. You can join them and find out what it's about and see what it has to do with Anna, or you can go back and play with that freak. It's your call. Can't believe I'm letting you drag me into this. Here, let me do that. Are you sure you're up for this? Can't Mrs. MacLeod be nervous? I know this is going to be
hard to explain, but...
I'm immortal.
I was born in the Highlands
of Scotland in 1592.
So you're not gonna grow old?
This is how I am.
I'm going to grow old, though.
Will you still love me when I'm old?
I'll always love you.
I'm leaving.
I can't stay with you, Duncan.
Why?
You mean everything to me.
But it's not enough.
What do you want from me?
The impossible.
I want a child...
a child.
It's good to see you, G.
Who are you?
Duncan MacLeod.
Of the Clan MacLeod.
May I ask what you're doing here?
Reggie Weller.
My astronomer.
This is Joe Dawson, a friend of mine.
Hey.
Methos.
Been a long time.
This is different.
Times are different, MacLeod.
Yeah. Leather's a really
good look for you, Methos.
Giovanni.
I hear you're on a quest for The Source.
You make it sound so grand.
We are here to get information.
Brave men died to get us this far.
What do you want?
We have come to see your Elder.
We have no Elder.
That went well.
Who's that?
That's my wife.
Hello.
I can explain.
Stop.
The Elder will see you,
now that she is here.
You look like shit.
What are you doing here?
Look, I have so much to tell you.
You won't even believe
what's been happening to me.
Lead us.
Duncan, I have visions.
Seriously. I saw this.
I saw you.
I saw all of you.
Come, girl.
I'm near.
There are worse things than death.
Apparently.
What do you want?
We seek The Source.
Are you willing to pay the price?
That's fixed.
Thank you.
Hello.
Yeah, it's a sweet piece,
but this is my beat, okay, Reggie?
Sorry.
What is it?
I don't know.
So you have encountered

**The Guardian:**
a riddle that cannot be solved...
a force that cannot be defeated.
Man, that's one fast bird.
You stay here.
I can take care of this.
Greetings, brother.
This is holy ground!
I was once like you--
long ago, before recorded time.
Like now,
the world had fallen into chaos.
The people cried out for a redeemer.
We were a group much like yours--
all of us immortals from different tribes,
all seeking the truth.
We all thought
we would find the answer
in The Source.
But there were darker,
secret desires in our hearts.
You cannot hide your heart
from The Source.
The journey was long.
Our tempers flared,
and being immortals,
heads were taken.
But the ancient one guarding The Source
was stronger still.
My friend fought valiantly,
but I wanted my immortality.
The Source wasn't mine to take.
Something went terribly wrong.
It left us both cursed.
Both forever decaying.
Me like this,
and he doomed to take his place
as The Guardian.
You like graveyards?
I love 'em.
I mean, who wants to live forever?
# Who wants to live forever? #
Can you tell us the way to The Source?
You should ask her.
She's already seen the way.
Come.
A child.
It calls to you, does it not?
This is blasphemy!
It is truth!
Follow the signs.
As for you lot,
follow the woman.
The woman.
Anna.
What did you see?
Stars, worlds...
A warning.
As you get closer to The Source,
you will grow weaker
and lose your immortality!
What's in it for you?
Release!
Release!
Yes.
There can be only one.
Maybe, but they weren't talking about you.
Joe!
Man, come on!
Have a shot!
Come on, Joe.
- Naughty, naughty.
- Come on, damn it!
Joe!
Thank you.
You've been a wonderful audience
Good night!
Joe!
It's too late.
Methos, you're a doctor.
Do something.
Oh, Joseph.
You shouldn't have interfered.
Most fun I've had in years.
Is he--
MacLeod...
knowing you...
watching you...
was an honor.
It's been my greatest--
MacLeod, you...are...
my...best friend.
You're my friend, Joe.
If there can be only one...
It was never good for me.
You can't cheat me now, Mac.
It's...your destiny.
Joe.
Joe.
Holy Mary, Mother of God,
pray for us.
Joe.
Amen.
# Amen #
Amen.
I'm done.
Why are you upset, MacLeod?
Is it because Joe died,
or because you, the great Highlander,
couldn't save him?
Go to hell.
Is this the new MacLeod?
Someone who's going to
betray the memory of his friend?
Betray his history and his clan?
You quitter.
- Move it, MacLeod.
- Oh, no.
This is holy ground!
- I don't care!
- No!
Get up.
This is what we do.
- Do you know why he interfered?
- Why?
It wasn't for me.
It was for you,
so that you might be The One.
And now you're going to piss on his grave?
Well, come on!
You can hide behind
that bullshit, Methos,
but if you're looking
for someone to blame,
blame yourself!
You got him involved.
We're leaving.
No. I'm not.
I have to go with them.
What?
It's not your choice,
Duncan, it's mine.
Anna, you want me
to bury you next to Joe?
Then stay with me.  
You said nothing would hurt me.  
I was chosen for this,  
and so were you.  
Anna, this doesn't make sense.  
Yes, it does.  
Look.  
It calls to us.  
I saw it before,  
but it was over me like a cathedral.  
Reggie?  
Yeah, yeah, I'm on it.  
Where?  
Water.  
We need to go by water.  
The alignment is centered over an island.  
Like the lady said.  
We need a boat.  
I thought you would have  
found someone else  
to have those kids with.  
I don't want just someone's kids.  
Duncan...  
I made a choice.  
It went against everything I felt for you.  
You think it's a coincidence  
we ran into each other?  
Something, some power, is guiding us.  
Can that power bring Joe back?  
We need to dock.  
Impossible.  
Why?  
Look.  
Over there.  
There are maniacs  
on that island, cannibals.  
They must have seized the port.  
That was Carl Louis, the port captain.  
I have no wish to join him.  
I have no choice.  
The lady has a date.  
There is nothing there but death.  
I like it like that!  
Light?
No! Please, no! No!
We're not gonna let them do that, are we?
No!
No, we're not.
- I fucking love this!
- Duck!
Duncan!
It's turning into a surprisingly good day.
Where are we going?
Okay.
It looks as if we're meant
to keep going to...
We keep going East, right?
Right.
Listen, MacLeod,
thanks for saving my neck
at the dock earlier, yeah?
You didn't really give me much choice,
now did you, Reggie?
Did all right.
Find anything?
More bodies.
Did you find any food?
No.
Christ al-fucking-mighty, I'm starving.
Do not blaspheme.
Or what?
Is your Good Lord gonna come down here
and slap me, is he?
Wake up, G!
Look around you.
I'm afraid, my old friend,
that He has not turned His back on us.
Rather, we have turned away from Him.
Still, a roast chicken would be nice.
What do you think, MacLeod?
Have we come to this
because of who we are?
We live, we learn.
Except we don't learn, do we?
We were given
the ultimate responsibility--
free will--
and what have we done with it?
We watch generation after generation making the same mistakes, Methos. The Source is His gift to us. Through it, one us may be reborn into something more. More than immortal? Perhaps. Spare us the sanctimonious bullshit, Giovanni. You don't know what The Source is. No one does, if it even exists. How can we know we're going to get to The Source anyway? Maybe The Guardian will kill us before we reach it. That's if we don't all kill each other first. That could happen. No. It's not about death. It's about life. Life. Okay, who wants first watch? Sergeant Reginald Weller reporting for duty, ma'am. You look cold. You want some? It warms the blood. Please. Thanks. So how old are you? I'll be 31 4 years old three weeks from next Tuesday. I'm just a wee lad compared to old Giovanni and Methos. You're a smart guy, Reggie. How come you make believe you're not? Now, what makes you say that, love? When people think you're a bit of a cabbage, they tend to underestimate you. That's good for keeping a head on one's shoulders when you're immortal, if you know what I mean.
Yeah.
Why are you here?
For the truth.
I saw you.
You're supposed to get some sleep.
I know what Joe meant to you.
I spent my entire life
watching the people I love die,
the women I love die.
Tessa, Kate, all of them.
I kept telling myself...
"I'm an Immortal."
It was a price I paid.
But deep down inside,
I always believed that one day,
the light bulb would come on,
and I would know why I spent
the last 400 years
cutting peoples' heads off to survive.
I would know why I am what I am.
Look, I haven't lived like you.
I haven't seen what you've seen.
I don't--
But we've come this far for a reason.
I won't lose you.
You won't.
Hello...
Reggie.
How did you do that?
Fresh flesh.
So delicate.
Young...blue eyes.
Fuck you.
Reggie!
Reggie.
I fucking hate this bit.
See you soon.
Why didn't he take his head?
Why didn't we know he was here?
Help me get him in the car.
He should be alive by now, right?
Why isn't he coming back?
As you get closer to The Source,
you will grow weaker,
lose your immortality.
Reggie.
Reggie.
Oh, my God.
He's dead.
It's happening.
He didn't heal because
his faith wasn't pure.
Let's see how well you heal, brother.
Methos!
Giovanni!
Stop it!
We should go.
In a hurry, Methos?
Where are we going?
What for?
It's all bullshit anyway.
"There can be only one."
The Source.
It's all been a lie.
Yeah, maybe it isn't.
Maybe it was just a story we made up
to make ourselves feel better at night.
Maybe this is the way the dream ends.
You don't believe that.
Yeah? Why not?
We're mortal now.
Everything has changed.
Anna, come on.
One thing's for sure.
If we can be killed,
so can The Guardian.
Now what?
I don't like it.
He's alive.
This is a trap.
Be careful.
Get out! Get out! Go!
Everyone out! Anna!
Get out now! Go! Go!
Where are they?
Who knows?
The heroes!
Take them! For meat!
I hope the bastards choke on me.
This can't be the end.
God wouldn't let this
happen to a true Christian.
Hey, everyone!
Get ready for the feast!
You know, Giovanni...
I saw Christ.
I saw Him teach.
I saw Him heal.
You, you self-centered
son of a bitch,
you are no Christian!
Anna.
We'll be okay.
I don't know.
It's okay.
There he is, Duncan.
I saw him before.
Hello.
MacLeod...
how do you like being mortal?
It could be worse.
I could be you.
I had very high hopes for you!
Either kill me or piss off.
No, no!
Leave her alone.
Anna!
Woman, come.
The Source calls you.
Follow me now, or I'll kill them all.
Anna, don't listen to him.
Anna.
Come for me.
Anna!
Giovanni.
Giovanni.
Come on, Giovanni.
Giovanni--
He has chosen me.
Giovanni, cut the ropes.
Giovanni--
cut the ropes!
There can be only one.
Giovanni!
Giovanni, you bastard!
Time to eat!
I'd leave you.
I need someone to watch my back.
You trust me?
You'll do.
The Source calls to me.
Time to hunt!
They have escaped!
Time to hunt!
We're coming to get you!
Hey.
It's really happening.
Go!
The little priest!
- Forgive me, Father...
- God save me!
...for I have sinned!
In your dreams!
Your God.
Leave him.
Can't.
Kill him!
Ready to die, priest?
Methos, no!
Go. Find Anna.
What?
It's you, MacLeod.
I wanted it to be me, but...
you are the best of us.
You're both totally human
and totally incorruptible,
and Joe knew that, and...
I know it, too.
You're such an asshole.
I never said I was deep.
Let's go.
Methos!
Come on, you greasy mongrels!
Fresh meat!
I await your blessing.
Rise, Giovanni.
Is this...
the end?
Yes.
I am The One.
No.
Anna.
Duncan.
I knew you would come.
Come on.
Come on.
Get out of my way.
Doesn't work that way, MacLeod.
One of us has to die.
I've heard that before.
It's not time.
Face The Guardian.
Yeah.
Face The Guardian.
Atta boy.
Feel that speed.
Feel that power.
It's The Source.
The Source.
Intoxicating, isn't it?
Pick up the pace or die, Highlander!
It's happening.
Come on.
Come on! Now!
Do it.

The Guardian:
a riddle that cannot be solved,
a force that cannot be defeated.
Are you willing to pay the price?
I am Duncan MacLeod
of the Clan MacLeod.
Who I am is who I was.
Do it, you immortal fuck!
Make your choice, Duncan.
Take my head!
No.
I'm done with this.
There are some who believe
The Source can save the world.
There are some who do not believe
The Source exists.
But those who do believe
have no idea what The Source truly is,
and I have found myself at the center,
in search of The Source.
What's Anna got to do with this?
Everything.
Duncan, I have visions.
Seriously, I saw this.
I saw you.
Follow the woman.
The most powerful force in the universe.
But it cannot be used for evil.
Only one immortal can reach The Source
and pass its test.
Leave him.
Can't.
Generations of immortals have failed.
Only Duncan MacLeod was able
to pass the test of The Source.
I'm done with this.
Because the test
is not about strength.
It's about purity of heart.
Knowing you...
watching you...
was an honor.
You are the best of us.
You're both totally human
and totally incorruptible,
and Joe knew that, and...
I know it, too.
It's...your destiny.
There can be only one.
There can be only me.
This is what we do.
The immortals believe
that there could be only one,
that all had to die
for that one to remain.
But it wasn't about death.
It was about life.
What do you want from me?
The impossible.
Duncan was the one to have a child.
A gift from The Source to us...
and the world.
I feel life.
I feel our child.