

OUTLANDER

"Sassenach"

by
Ronald D. Moore

Based on the novel by
Diana Gabaldon

Revised Network Draft
April 19th, 2013

OUTLANDER

"Sassenach"

FADE IN:

ON A WOMAN'S LEGS

Running through the WOODS, dressed in a thin cotton dress.

CLAIRE (V.O.)
People disappear all the time.

Tree branches lash at her, but we still can't see her face as she crashes through the underbrush.

CLAIRE (V.O.)
*Young girls run away from home.
Children stray from their parents
and are never seen again.
Housewives take the grocery money
and a taxi to the train station.*

She nearly falls. Her HAND reaches out at the last second and saves herself with a tree branch.

CLAIRE (V.O.)
*Most are found, eventually.
Disappearances, after all, have
explanations.*

She tries to catch her breath, her hand TREMBLING on the branch.

CLAIRE (V.O.)
Usually.

Suddenly a pair of HANDS GRAB HER FROM BEHIND --

CUT TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. VILLAGE STREET - DUSK

CLAIRE RANDALL (27) standing on a cobblestoned street in a small village in post-war Scotland. Dressed in modest warm clothes, her forever unruly curls cascading over her features in the brisk wind, she stares at a SHOP window filled with household goods: embroidered tea cloths and cozies, pitchers and glasses, a stack of pie tins, and a set of three VASES.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAIRE (V.O.)

*Strange, the things you remember;
the single images and feelings that
stay with you down through the
years. Like looking at a shop
window with the sudden realization
that you've never owned a vase in
your entire life. That you've
never lived in any one place long
enough to justify having such a
thing. And how at that moment, you
want nothing so much in all the
world as to have a vase of your
very own.*

She stares at the blue patterned vase in the window. The shop is CLOSED.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

*Even now I can recall every detail
of standing outside that shop in
Scotland.*

Claire finally wraps her coat tighter around her body and walks down the street. THUNDER ROLLS somewhere in the distance.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

*It was a Wednesday afternoon,
eleven months after the end of the
war.*

INT. FIELD HOSPITAL - DAY

SCREAMS of agony fill the tent as two British SOLDIERS try to hold down another badly WOUNDED SOLDIER.

British Army Nurse Claire Randall calmly goes about CUTTING off the remnants of the wounded man's pants, exposing horribly mangled legs with jagged bones cutting through grievous lacerations. In the b.g. the triage tent is filled with cots and rough pallets, all jammed with the WOUNDED.

WOUNDED SOLDIER
JESUS CHRIST! OHMYGOD,
OHMYGOD! OH DEAR JESUS!

SOLDIER #1
Where's the bloody doctor?!

Suddenly a SPRAY OF BLOOD splashes across Claire and the other soldiers. The wounded man jerks and spasms.

CLAIRE

HOLD HIM! YOU HEAR ME! HOLD HIM
RIGHT NOW!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Claire grabs a clamp from a crash tray and then works to reach deep inside the man's lacerated thigh as he screams his lungs out. The soldiers hold him tight.

CLAIRE (cont'd)
I have to clamp the femoral artery
or he'll bleed out!

SOLDIER #2
Come on, Jackie boy, it's all
right. You're going home... you're
going home...

Claire grimaces, fights, finally gets her fingers on the artery and clamps it off. The spray of blood STOPS. An Army DOCTOR (30's) finally rushes over to the table with a hypodermic needle of morphine, which he INJECTS into the man. The soldier sags back on the table as the drug kicks in.

DOCTOR
(to Soldiers)
We've got him now. On your way.

The soldiers step back from their friend.

SOLDIER #1
Thank you, doctor. Thank you.

No thanks for Claire, who saved the man's life. But she neither notices nor cares -- too busy working her patient.

EXT. FIELD HOSPITAL - DAY (LATER)

GUNSHOTS are heard as Claire steps outside the tent with cheeks as grey as the overcast sky, eyes red-rimmed and glassy. Exhaustion etched into every inch of her face. The sound of random gunfire continues as she stands in her blood-spattered clothes outside the tent for a moment, numbly trying to understand what she sees o.c.

NEW ANGLE

The nurses are kissing soldiers, soldiers are hugging soldiers and a few of them are FIRING WILDLY into the air with automatic weapons. Someone has scrounged up bottles of WINE and CHAMPAGNE and people are spraying them over one another and drinking greedily.

Another NURSE happens by, her arms draped around a soldier and a bottle in her hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NURSE

Claire! Did you hear? It's over!
It's really, finally over!

She hands Claire the bottle. Claire takes a long drink, but she's too tired and strung out to do anything else but stare at the revelers. Hold on her exhausted, glassy-eyed face for a moment...

EXT. SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS - ROAD - WIDE - DAY

Mountains crowd the frame like massive shoulders as an open-topped CAR bounces and careens down the narrow road.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

We were in Scotland on our second honeymoon. Or at least that's what Frank called it. A way to celebrate the end of the war years and begin our lives anew. But it was more than that.

EXT. MRS. BAIRD'S BED & BREAKFAST - DUSK

As evening falls, the Randall car is parked outside the modest inn. Claire makes her way up the path while her husband FRANK RANDALL (30's) carries in the luggage.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

We didn't discuss it, but I think we both felt a holiday would serve as a convenient masquerade for the real business of getting to know the people we had become after six years apart.

Frank stops on the threshold, peers at the sill.

FRANK

Now, what do you suppose that is?

Claire moves for a closer look.

CLAIRE

Good Lord -- it's blood!

FRANK

Are you sure?

CLAIRE

I should think I know the look of blood by now...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANK

(peers at neighboring
houses)

There's a stain just like it on the
house next door. And the next. We
seem to be surrounded by homes
marked with blood.

They look about for a moment at the darkened door sills. The
street is empty at the moment, and the quiet feels unnatural,
disturbing. Claire finally breaks the tension --

CLAIRE

(light)

Perhaps Pharaoh has refused Moses
and the spirit of death will travel
the streets of Inverness this night
sparing only those who mark their
doors with lamb's blood.

FRANK

You may be closer than you think.
This could well be part of a
sacrificial ritual -- but pagan
rather than Hebrew.

CLAIRE

I had no idea Inverness was such a
hotbed of contemporary paganism.

FRANK

My dear, I think you'll find
there's no place on earth with more
magic and superstition mixed into
its daily life than the Scottish
Highlands.

Frank grins and OPENS the door and Claire gingerly steps over
the stain before entering the inn.

LINGER a moment on the blood...

INT. MRS. BAIRD'S BED & BREAKFAST - FOYER - DUSK

A few minutes later. Frank fills out the registry book while
Claire looks around. MRS. BAIRD (60's) a squat and easy-
going woman, sets up their account and fetches the room key.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS. BAIRD

When a new house is built in these parts, the custom -- since far back in the Old Days -- is to kill something and bury it under the foundation. The blood ye saw is that of a black cock. The houses on this street being what ye call yer "pre-fab homes" the new residents are only just now havin' the chance to honor the old ways.

She drops her voice as if sharing an intimacy.

MRS. BAIRD (cont'd)

Some folks in these parts believe that the late War was due to people turning away from their roots and omitting to take proper precautions -- such as burying a sacrifice under the foundation.

FRANK

(quick)

Or burning fish bones on the hearth.

MRS. BAIRD

-- excepting haddocks, of course.

FRANK

-- never burn a haddock's bones or you'll never catch another.

They share a laugh.

CLAIRE

Please don't encourage him, Mrs. Baird. My husband is a historian and could easily stand here all day trading ancient aphorisms.

MRS. BAIRD

A historian is it? Are ye a professor then, Mr. Randall?

FRANK

Not officially, but soon.

CLAIRE

He has accepted a post at Oxford beginning in two weeks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MRS. BAIRD

Ach, then this is a last holiday before settling dun to the workaday life again, is it? Well ye picked a bonnie time to be here, just nigh of the Beltane Festival.

FRANK

(to Claire)

One of the four pagan sun feasts. Beltane being the feast of the spring equinox.

MRS. BAIRD

Ye'll both be welcome, of course, but mind ye -- ghosts are freed on the feast days and they'll be wandering about, free to do good or ill as they please.

CLAIRE

Ghosts?

MRS. BAIRD

Oh, sure now, lassie.

(low)

Like up at Mountgerald, the big house at the top of High Street? Ay, there's a ghost. A workman killed in the eighteenth century as a sacrifice for the foundation.

Mrs. Baird leans forward over the wooden counter, warming to her subject as she tells an old ghost story to the young couple in her parlor.

MRS. BAIRD (cont'd)

The story goes that by order of the house's owner, one wall was built up first, ye see? Then a stone block was dropped from the top of it straight onto one of the workmen. They buried him in the cellar and the rest of the house built up over him.

(beat)

To this day, he haunts the cellar where he was killed, excepting on Beltane, when he's freed to walk the streets of Inverness once more.

(beat)

A word to the wise: be careful after dark.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

She lets that hang in the air for a beat, leaving Claire and Frank unsure for a moment whether they're being had. But then it dawns on them that she's perfectly serious.

Frank finds his voice first.

FRANK

Thank you, Mrs. Baird. We'll keep that in mind.

MRS. BAIRD

(hands Claire key)

Ye'll have the room up the stairs and first door to the left. Breakfast is at seven and tea at three.

CLAIRE

Thank you. Oh -- I was also wondering if you knew of anyone in the village with knowledge of the plants in the area. I have a particular interest in medicinal herbs and I'd be very interested in learning about the local varieties.

MRS. BAIRD

I should introduce you to Mr. Crook. He knows all about the plants in the area, I'm sure he'd be more 'n happy to show you.

CLAIRE

Thank you, again.

Claire and Frank head toward the stairs.

INT. MRS. BAIRD'S - SECOND FLOOR LANDING/THEIR ROOM - DUSK

Moments later, Frank carries the luggage as Claire unlocks the door and lets them into their modest, if well-kept room. We might notice that Frank and Claire automatically separate soon after entering the room, and that there's almost always a physical distance between them in any given space.

FRANK

Not without its charms, certainly.

CLAIRE

Beats an army cot and a tent in the mud.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Frank drops the luggage, sits on the bed -- it gives out a loud SQUEAK.

FRANK

So much for marital privacy.

Claire smiles from across the room as he bounces a little and the bed gives out progressively louder and more emphatic SQUEAKS.

CLAIRE

You think the sound carries?

FRANK

(stops)

I think it's safe to say Mrs. Baird will be kept apprised of any renewed attempts to start a family.

Claire plops herself down beside him.

CLAIRE

Lazybones. You'll never manage the next branch on your family tree unless you show a bit more industry than that.

Claire begins energetically bouncing up and down. Frank grins and in a flash the two of them are in danger of breaking the rickety bed as it groans and shrieks.

INT. FOYER - DUSK

Mrs. Baird pauses in her work at the sounds coming down through the ceiling overhead. She raises an eyebrow and goes back to work.

INT. CLAIRE & FRANK'S ROOM - DAY

They're laughing and bouncing on the bed -- they stop after a moment and Claire regards him tenderly.

CLAIRE

You know, one of those things I used to try and remember lying in my cot in the mud: "What's the sound of my husband's laugh?" I couldn't conjure it no matter what I did; I couldn't hear it even though I'd heard it a million times before. Strangest thing.

Frank takes her hand, opens the palm.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANK

I used to sketch this.

CLAIRE

My hand?

FRANK

The lines. Why exactly, I'm not sure, but I had a very clear memory of this pattern. Made little doodles everywhere. A brigadier once dressed me down because I'd somehow managed to draw them in the margin of a report for the Minister.

Frank chuckles, then brings her hand to his lips, and in a moment they're kissing.

CLAIRE

Now that we know the bed will stand the strain...

He gasps as her hand is suddenly inside his trousers. He fumbles with her blouse, but Claire has taken charge here and she has him (literally) in the palm of her hand.

CLAIRE (cont'd)

Let's dispense with the preliminaries.

She hikes up her skirt and climbs on top of him. Frank gasps as he enters her. Claire has her blouse and bra off in a flash and she guides his hands to her breasts.

CLAIRE (cont'd)

Wait -- wait -- now.

He PINCHES them hard and now it's her turn to gasp. She begins rocking back and forth with increasing speed and urgency.

INT. FOYER - DAY

Mrs. Baird is cleaning some glasses when the sound from upstairs resumes. This time it's slower, more rhythmic, somehow sexier. Mrs. Baird reacts with a secret smile.

EXT./INT. FRANK'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

The next day. Claire's curls -- unruly at the best of times -- are blown into utter chaos by the wind, as Frank drives. She's smiling, happy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAIRE (V.O.)

Frank's passion for history was another reason for choosing the Highlands.

Frank points out a passing ROCK FORMATION shaped like a rooster's tail.

FRANK

Cocknammon Rock. During the 17th and 18th centuries, you'd have often found a British army patrol lying there in wait for Scottish brigands or rebels. You see how the position commands the high ground in every direction?

Claire tries to look interested.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

Not that I minded. I was raised by my uncle after the death of my parents.

EXT. MIDDLE EAST - ARCHEOLOGICAL DIG - DAY - FLASHBACK

The dig is somewhere in the desert, with a TEAM of BRITISH and NATIVE WORKERS carefully uncovering the remains of an ancient building. YOUNG CLAIRE (11), brings her UNCLE LAMB (40's) a KIT containing several specialized BRUSHES.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

Uncle Lamb was an archeologist, so I'd spent the balance of my formative years traipsing through dusty ruins and various excavations throughout the world.

Uncle Lamb uses the brushes to begin whisking away dirt from the delicate structure they're uncovering.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

I'd learned to dig latrines and boil water, and to do a number of other things not suitable for a young lady of gentle birth.

Young Claire then produces and lights a cigarette with aplomb, before deftly handing it to her uncle, who nods his thanks absently and takes a deep, grateful drag.

INT. ENGLISH LIBRARY - DAY - FLASHBACK

An archeologist's library, overflowing with books and papers in a London townhouse. A slightly older Uncle Lamb stands up to greet Frank as he comes through the door.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

And then one day a handsome, dark-haired historian came to consult my uncle on a point of French philosophy as it related to Egyptian religious practice.

Claire (now in her early twenties) steps out from behind a stack of books, carrying a heavy tome. She sees Frank and he sees her -- and there's a small, but clear, flash of electricity between them.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

I was smitten from the first... and remained smitten even through the long years apart.

EXT. CASTLE LEOCH - DAY

The Randall car is parked outside the picturesque ruins of a medieval SCOTTISH CASTLE. Frank walks the narrow ledge nearby, making notes in a small journal, while Claire makes her own way along the same grounds, examining the local flora -- again they're in the same location, but in different places. The structure is abandoned, with weeds and grasses encroaching on what were once neatly kept grounds.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

While I was with the army, Frank had served in London -- MI6, overseeing spies, running covert operations, that sort of thing.

(beat)

In six years, we'd seen each other a grand total of ten days.

FRANK

From what I've been able to gather, Castle Leoch was the ancestral home of the MacKenzie clan until midway through the nineteenth century...

INT. CASTLE LEOCH - GREAT HALL - DAY

Later. Bounded on either end by large archways, the room once served as a meeting hall, dining room, ballroom, etc.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Whatever furniture it once held is long gone, along with the window panes and most of the decoration. What remains is dimly illuminated by narrow shafts of daylight.

CLAIRE (V.O.)
*Frank's new-found passion was
 genealogy -- his personal
 genealogy, that is.*

Claire picks her way among the dirt and debris while Frank moves about, animatedly gesturing and chattering about the life that once filled the space.

FRANK
 ... I haven't found any hard evidence that my ancestor actually visited this castle, mind you, but it was within his operational sphere of activities and it is just possible that he did walk this very hall on occasion...

CLAIRE (V.O.)
He'd become fascinated with tracing and exploring the various branches of his family tree. From what I gathered, some tiresome ancestor of Frank's had had something to do with something or other in this region back a couple of centuries ago.

INT. CASTLE LEOCH - SURGERY - DAY

Later. Frank puts his shoulder to an ancient wooden door, but it won't budge. Claire pitches in and the two of them shove OPEN a dusty door to a lower room in the castle. They step into the room, but it's hard to see anything in the gloomy interior. A single slash of light comes from a high slit window and all they can make out is a high-ceilinged space crammed with broken furniture and junk.

Frank roams the room, somewhat disappointed. Claire lingers near the doorway.

FRANK
 Just a storeroom at this point, I'm afraid. I was hoping for something a little more indicative of its original purpose.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAIRE (V.O.)

In a way, burying himself in the distant past gave Frank an ability to escape the recent. I knew he'd sent dozens of men behind the lines on secret missions during the war and that most never came back.

(beat)

He didn't talk about it very often, but I knew it preyed on him, the responsibility for the deaths of so many.

CLAIRE

From the lack of proper lighting and ventilation I'd imagine this was the province of the castle hermit. Or perhaps a troll or two.

FRANK

I don't believe trolls live in pairs, my dear. Solitary creatures, they.

CLAIRE

More's the pity. All this and no one to share it with.

Frank flashes a quick grin, which crinkles the corners of his eyes in a dashing way. He's quite handsome, even in this light, and Claire feels that rush of attraction for him once more. She pushes some junk off a tabletop and sits on it.

FRANK

You'll get dirty...

CLAIRE

You can give me a bath...

She hikes up her dress, then cocks an eyebrow. He smiles and crosses the room toward her.

FRANK

Why Mrs. Randall, I do believe you forgot your undergarments at home...

She grins as she pulls his head down between her legs.

WIDER -- THE CASTLE

Framed by the morning sun, its shadow extends far across the rolling hills and fields.

EXT. VICARAGE - DAY

Afternoon. The manse of the Vicar is over a century old and sits close to his church. DARK CLOUDS are settling in on the horizon, a STORM appears to be on the way.

INT. VICAR'S STUDY - DAY

Frank pours over various documents on a desk. Enormous windows let in a flood of nearly blinding light into the study, which is currently overflowing with books, documents, maps, and sheet after sheet of aging yellowed paper covering virtually every surface.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

Before the war, we were inseparable. But now the war was over and yet we were still separated somehow. Not physically, perhaps, but apart just the same.

FIND Claire sitting in a comfortable chair, idly watching from across the room. Frank suddenly reacts.

FRANK

Yes! There he is! I've found him!

REVEAL the REVEREND WAKEFIELD (50's, short, tubby) working in a different section of the library.

REV. WAKEFIELD

Indeed? Let us have a look.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

The Reverend Wakefield, Vicar of the local parish, shared Frank's passion for genealogy. Several long nights were spent here in hopes that one of them might suddenly unearth a baptismal certificate or some other scrap of paper related to the notorious ancestor.

Claire rouses herself from the chair and makes her way through the debris to where the two men are excitedly spreading out scraps of paper.

CLAIRE

Him...? You mean... "Walter" was it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANK

Jonathan, you remember, surely?

CLAIRE

Remind me, dear.

FRANK

(patient)

Jonathan Wolverton Randall. A captain of dragoons -- mounted infantry -- in the Royal Army.

CLAIRE

Right. "Black Jack" Randall, I've heard you call him.

FRANK

A rather dashing nickname he acquired in the army, probably when he was stationed here in the 1740's. What the Reverend has discovered is a whole series of army dispatches that mention Captain Randall by name!

CLAIRE

Fascinating.

REV. WAKEFIELD

Isn't it? It appears he was in command of the garrison at Fort William for four years or so. Seems to have spent quite a bit of his time harassing the Scottish countryside above the Border on behalf of the Crown.

FRANK

He was hardly alone in that endeavor. The English were rather notably unpopular throughout the Highlands in the 18th century.

CLAIRE

And well into the 20th, it would seem. I distinctly heard the barman at that pub last night refer to us as *Sassenachs*.

REV. WAKEFIELD

I do hope you didn't take offense. It only means "Englishman," after all, or at worst, "Outlander."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The housekeeper, MRS. GRAHAM (60's) ENTERS, carrying a tray of tea and biscuits.

MRS. GRAHAM

I've brought ye a wee bit of refreshment, gentlemen. I've brought but the two cups, for I thought perhaps Mrs. Randall would care to join me in the kitchen for a bit of --

CLAIRE

Yes! Yes, absolutely. Thank you.

Grateful for the reprieve from history lessons and moldering scraps of paper, Claire gives Frank a quick kiss and then is out the door with the housekeeper.

INT. VICAR'S KITCHEN - DAY

A few minutes later, Claire sits at the table sipping tea.

CLAIRE

Mmm. It's been quite a while since I've tasted Oolong.

MRS. GRAHAM

Aye, I couldna get it during the war. It's the best for the readings, though. Had a terrible time with that Earl Grey. The leaves fall apart so fast, it's hard to tell anything at all.

CLAIRE

You read tea leaves, then?

MRS. GRAHAM

Why, certainly I do, my dear. Just as my grandmother taught me, and her grandmother before her. Drink up your cup, and I'll see what you have there.

Moments later, Mrs. Graham is examining the leaves at the bottom of Claire's cup with a serious expression. Finally, she sets it down carefully, as if it might explode.

CLAIRE

(amused)

Am I going to meet a tall dark stranger or take a journey across the sea?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS. GRAHAM

Could be. Or could not.
Everything in it's contradictory.
There's the curved leaf for a
journey, but it's crossed by the
broken one that means staying put.
And strangers there are, to be
sure, several of them. And one of
them's your husband, if I read the
leaves aright.

(beat)

Let me see your hand, child.

Claire's amusement fades somewhat at Mrs. Graham's serious expression as she examines Claire's hand closely. A long quiet moment before she speaks again.

MRS. GRAHAM (cont'd)

Odd. Most hands have a likeness to them. Mind, I'd no just say that it's, "See one, you've seen them all," but it's often like that. There are patterns, you know? But this is not a pattern I've seen before. The large thumb, now? Means you're strong-minded, and have a will not easily crossed. Reckon your husband could have told ye that.

(re: base of Claire's thumb)

Here's the Mount of Venus. In a man, ye'd say it means he likes the lasses. For a woman, 'tis a bit different. To be polite about it, I'd say your husband isna like to stray far from your bed.

The elderly woman gives a bawdy chuckle and Claire blushes slightly. Mrs. Graham goes back to her examination.

MRS. GRAHAM (cont'd)

The lifeline's interrupted. A bit more chopped-up, than I usually see; all bits and pieces. Marriage-line is divided... means two marriages.

(off Claire's look)

Doesna mean anything's like to happen to your good man. It's only that if it did, you'd not be one to pine away and waste the rest of your life in mourning.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MRS. GRAHAM (cont'd)

You'd marry again.

(puzzled)

But most divided lines are broken.

Yours is... forked.

There's something in the way she says it, something hushed and disquieting that raises the hairs on Claire's neck. But before she can pursue the matter --

-- Rev. Wakefield and Frank come BASHING INTO THE KITCHEN carrying the tea tray and cups with a great clatter.

REV. WAKEFIELD

... I suspect your ancestor had a patron. A prominent and powerful man who could protect him from the censure of his superiors.

FRANK

Possibly. It would have to have been someone high up in the hierarchy of the time to exert that kind of influence --

(snaps his fingers)

The Duke of Sandringham!

REV. WAKEFIELD

(of course)

The Duke of Sandringham!

Mrs. Graham is up on her feet and seizing the tea tray and cups from danger.

MRS. GRAHAM

None of that, none of that -- stand clear before ye do some permanent damage!

REV. WAKEFIELD

Yes, yes -- my apologies, Mrs. Graham. I completely forgot myself in the excitement.

FRANK

Claire, I think we're onto something at last!

CLAIRE

I'm so glad to hear it. But I think I shall take my leave.

REV. WAKEFIELD

So soon?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CLAIRE

Yes, I think a good bath is well in order.

REV. WAKEFIELD

Of course. I hope you will join us for the feast of Beltane tomorrow night?

CLAIRE

(amused)

The pagan festival? Why Reverend Wakefield, you do astonish me.

REV. WAKEFIELD

I love a good ghost story as much as the next fellow.

(with relish)

And the Old Feast Days are rife with tales of ghosts and spirits suddenly freed to roam about the mortal realm as they will.

CLAIRE

You make it sound positively spooky. In that case, I look forward to sharing the warmth of your table while hordes of Scottish spectres roam the land outside.

(to Frank)

Take your time, but do try to make it back before the storm breaks.

Frank's lost searching through the papers in his hands, and barely registers that she's leaving.

FRANK

Hmmm. Yes. Right.

She gives him a quick peck on the cheek, then EXITS.

EXT. VILLAGE STREET - DUSK

Claire walks along the street as the weather turns nasty and an icy wind blows her hair into shambles.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

I never, for an instant, considered leaving Frank. I loved him still and I knew he loved me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She stops in front of a SHOP WINDOW and we realize that we've returned to that moment of Claire standing in front of that shop window staring at the VASES.

CLAIRE (V.O.)
If the second world war had taught me anything, it was the value of steadfastness in the face of hardship.

INT. PASSENGER TRAIN - MOVING - DAY - FLASHBACK

Uncle Lamb playing CARDS across from Young Claire in a small compartment as the world passes by just outside. Lamb is trying in vain to get her to do something with her cards.

CLAIRE (V.O.)
My uncle once tried to teach me poker, but I refused to trade any of my cards for new ones. It seemed wrong, cheating even, to change just because I didn't like what I'd been dealt.

Young Claire remains impassive in the face of her uncle's entreaties, and he finally throws down his cards in defeat.

EXT. VILLAGE STREET - DUSK

Claire bundles herself more tightly against the wind and walks away from the shop window.

CLAIRE (V.O.)
I would play the cards in my hand.

INT. MRS. BAIRD'S BED & BREAKFAST - CLAIRE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Claire sits before the mirror, brushing her hair with dubious results -- the curls refusing to behave despite her efforts. She glares at the mirror.

CLAIRE
 Jesus H. Roosevelt Christ...

EXT. VILLAGE STREET - NIGHT

Frank is coming up the street toward the B&B as the first drops of RAIN begin to fall. He pulls his lapels tighter about him and quickens his step, but the cobblestones are now slick and treacherous. He nearly falls at one point, has to grab a lamp post to keep his footing, then freezes in place, staring into the gloom at --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A FIGURE

In the distance, standing at the edge of the garden of the B&B by the fence. His features are indistinct, a combination of the distance and the gloom of night, but Frank can tell he's looking up at Claire, who can clearly be seen in the upper window, struggling with her hair in the mirror.

Frank strides across the street to confront the figure. As he approaches, he can make out more details: tall, wearing a loose shirt, folded plaid over his shoulder, kilt and sporran.

FRANK

Can I help you? I say, you there --
can I help you with something?

No response. The rain is coming down in sheets as Frank reaches out for the man -- who abruptly turns and brushes past Frank and into the night. Startled, Frank looks around -- where'd he go? How'd he disappear so quickly? Suddenly there's a CRASH of LIGHTNING NEARBY and the POWER GOES OUT IN THE VILLAGE.

INT. MRS. BAIRD'S BED & BREAKFAST - CLAIRE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Claire has lit CANDLES in the small room just as Frank throws OPEN the DOOR allowing a DRAFT to blow in as well, extinguishing a few of the candles. Claire relights them.

CLAIRE

Someday, you might possibly
consider entering a room with
something less than the momentum of
a Sherman tank.

He doesn't answer and Claire looks up at him.

CLAIRE (cont'd)

What's the matter? Looks like
you've seen a ghost.

FRANK

As a matter of fact, I'm not at all
sure that I haven't.

CLAIRE

Don't tell me you've seen Mrs.
Baird's crushed workman wandering
the streets.

FRANK

No. This was... something else.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOMENTS LATER

Claire is pouring them short glasses of whiskey while Frank gets out of his wet clothes. Outside, the storm is blowing hard now, rain pelting the windows.

CLAIRE

Looking at me? Are you sure?

FRANK

Quite. We could both see you clearly brushing your hair.

CLAIRE

Punishing my hair would be more accurate. What'd this fellow look like?

FRANK

Big chap. A Scot, in complete Highland rig-out, complete to sporran and running-stag brooch on his plaid.

(beat)

I only got a glimpse of his face, but he seemed terribly unhappy about something. When he pushed past me, he was close enough that I should have felt him brush my sleeve as he passed -- but I didn't. I turned around to say something, but he was gone. Vanished. That's when I began to feel a bit cold down the backbone.

A disquieting moment.

CLAIRE

Well, that is spooky.

Claire shakes it off, downs the rest of her drink, then gathers the glasses to refill them.

FRANK

(quiet)

Did you have many Scots in your charge during the war, Claire?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLAIRE

Oh, quite a few. I remember one, a crusty old thing really, a piper from the Third Seaforths who couldn't stand being stuck with a needle...

She trails off as she makes a realization.

CLAIRE (cont'd)

What is it you're asking me, Frank?

FRANK

When I saw that chap staring up at you, I thought... that he might be someone you had nursed.... someone who might be looking for you now... to... reconnect.

CLAIRE

"Reconnect"...?

FRANK

Claire, it was six years. It wouldn't be unusual if -- I mean, everyone knows doctors and nurses are under tremendous stress in the combat theater... and it's just that, well, it wouldn't be surprising if something had --

Claire is on her feet with fury.

CLAIRE

Do you think I've been unfaithful? Do you? Because if so, you can leave this room this instant. Leave the house altogether!

FRANK

(tries to take her hand)
Darling --

CLAIRE

Don't you dare touch me! A strange man looks up at my window and you take it as evidence that I've had an affair with one of my patients? Is that what you think of me?

Despite her protestations, Frank puts his arms around her, but Claire remains stiff as a board.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

FRANK

(caressing her hair)

No. No, I don't think any such thing, Claire.

(beat)

I only meant to say that even if you ever did... it would make no difference to me. I love you so. Nothing you ever did could stop my loving you.

A moment, then Claire puts her arms around him.

FRANK (cont'd)

Forgive me?

Lightning flashes outside the window as Frank kisses her neck and Claire softens.

CLAIRE

"The quality of mercy is not strained. It droppeth as the gentle dew from heaven..."

Claire's skirt then droppeth to the floor.

This time, the lovemaking is tender, comfortable, enjoyable. Claire is unabashed with her body and her sensuality, perfectly comfortable making her desires known and more than willing to satisfy her partner. Frank is more conventional, a little reserved in contrast to his more ravenous wife, but game to try and keep up with her.

When it's over, Claire rests her head on Frank's chest as they lie amid the wreckage of the sheets.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

Sex was our bridge back to one another. The one place we always met. Whatever obstacles presented themselves during the day or night, we could seek out and find each other again in bed.

(beat)

As long as we had that, I had faith everything would work out.

Her eyes begin to flutter, nearly dozing off -- but Frank reaches for the small alarm CLOCK on the side table.

CLAIRE

Mmm. Thought we weren't setting alarms on this trip...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

FRANK

I want to see the witches.

CLAIRE

The what?

FRANK

They'll be at the stones before dawn and I don't want to miss them.

CLAIRE

Must I ask?

FRANK

The vicar told me there's a circle of standing stones on a hill just outside the village -- their own Stonehenge, as it were -- and that a local group still observes rituals there.

CLAIRE

And tomorrow being Beltane, the witches will be out in force, I imagine.

FRANK

Well, not witches, actually. Although there have been witches all over Scotland for hundreds of years -- they burnt them 'til well into the eighteenth century -- but this lot is really meant to be Druids, or something of the sort. I don't suppose it's actually a coven of devil-worshippers, or that sort of thing.

Claire snuggles in to her husband's arms.

CLAIRE

More's the pity. Can't imagine anything I'd rather do than rise before dawn to watch a coven of devil-worshippers prance about in the Highlands.

(yawn)

Where, exactly, will we be enjoying this spectacle?

FRANK

A place called *Craigh Na Dun*.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

He blows OUT the candle.

EXT. CRAIGH NA DUN - PRE-DAWN

The MISTY flat-topped green hill abounds with natural rocks and crags that jut out here and there, but the dominant feature is artificial: a circle of STANDING STONES smaller than their more famous cousins on the Salisbury Plain, but which still are more than twice a man's height. The henge is made of giant rocks flecked with mica, which are obviously not part of the area's natural environment.

Claire and Frank, bundled against the chill are easing themselves into a hidden vantage point where they can observe the festivities about to take place among the stones in the slowly gathering light of dawn which is just starting to pierce the low-lying night mist.

FRANK

... the Reverend didn't know much of the real history of the site beyond the local folklore, which maintains that the stones were carried here from Africa by a race of Celtic giants.

Claire is looking around, trying to be tolerably pleasant at this hour.

CLAIRE

(dry)

I wasn't aware the Celts made a lot of visits to Africa.

FRANK

Only the giant ones, it would seem. In any case, the true origin of the stones is lost to antiquity as well as their original purpose.

Claire sees something o.c.

CLAIRE

Is that Inverness?

Frank follows her gaze -- the twinkling LIGHTS of the city are glowing in the misty western horizon. A few CARS and TRUCK HEADLIGHTS move along the roads, a TRAIN WHISTLES in the distance, even the blinking lights of an AIRCRAFT groping toward an unseen landing strip in the fog, all testify to the presence of a modern city just beginning to stir.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANK

I should think so, yes.
 (sees something else)
 Oh! We should take cover.

He and Claire bustle into the shadows, just as --

THE CELEBRANTS

15 WOMEN, ranging in age from late teens to sixties, appear dressed in crude WHITE SHEETS. Silently, they walk in a line through the stones, their LEADER guiding the way.

CLAIRE

(sotto)
 Is that... Mrs. Graham?

They peer closer and sure enough, it is the housekeeper.

FRANK

(delighted)
 The Vicar's housekeeper is a witch.

CLAIRE

Druid, remember?

Claire giggles softly and they turn their attention back to the ritual. At a signal from Mrs. Graham, the women take their places in the shadows of the stones, completely disappearing from view for the moment.

THE SUN

Begins to rise above the distant mountains, sending a SHAFT of LIGHT across the terrain.

IN THE CIRCLE OF STONES

The SHAFT of light perfectly bisects the space between two of the massive stones, cutting directly across the diameter of the circle and straight into the face of a WOMAN standing there waiting in the dark.

Her ENORMOUS distorted SHADOW is cast back onto another plinth, and as she slowly raises her arms, the image on the sloping stone face seems to reach out with clawed hands in an image both strange and threatening.

The rest of the women form lines within the circle and begin to DANCE. Their expressions are blank, still -- almost as if they were in some kind of trance.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

As Claire and Frank watch in fascination, the women move in and out of geometric formations as the sun continues to rise above the distant hills.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

*They should have been ridiculous,
and perhaps they were. A
collection of women in bedsheets,
many of them stout and far from
agile, parading in circles on top
of a hill.*

(beat)

*But the hairs on the back of my
neck prickled at the sight... and
some small voice inside warned me I
wasn't supposed to be here... that
I was an unwelcome voyeur to
something ancient and powerful.*

Claire's right, there is something unsettling about the ceremony, something that seems to touch onto deeper chords of memory and prehistory than simple village tradition. The shadows seem filled with whispers, the night air alive with ancient sprites -- something old and powerful being venerated and awakened in these hills.

Suddenly she begins to hear a HUM in the air. Can't make out what direction it's coming from.

CLAIRE

(sotto)

You hear that?

FRANK

Hmm...?

But then, the ceremony ends and the hum FADES AWAY. The single woman's shadow on the stone finally reduced to something more familiar and mortal. The sun's light now strikes the great SPLIT STONE on the opposite side of the henge. The dancers now all join the woman and follow her in a careful line, walking though the cleft in the split stone and out down the hillside.

FRANK (cont'd)

Fascinating.

MOMENTS LATER

Frank and Claire are down amid the stones themselves, the women now gone. Frank is taking notes in his journal, sketching the stones, making diagrams, etc.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Claire, meanwhile, is more interested in the various PLANTS growing around the stones. One in particular catches her attention: a VINE growing around the base of a stone with deep blue flowers and an orange center.

She's starting to bend down to examine it closer when Frank suddenly grabs her arm and pulls her quickly into hiding behind a stone. Her question is immediately silenced by his finger to her lips and she waits breathless for a moment before peering around the corner to see --

-- a WOMAN has returned to the henge. Now back in her street clothes and looking much more like the housewife than druid, celebrant, she walks the grounds for a moment looking for something. Finally, she locates a lost HAIR CLIP in the grass. Rather than make her way back down the path, however, she decides to sit down and contemplate the beauty of the area in the quiet morning sun.

Frank and Claire manage to creep away without getting her attention and make their way back down the hill unobserved. The woman stays on the hill, bathed in sunlight.

INT. MRS. BAIRD'S BED & BREAKFAST - PARLOR - DAY

Later. Claire sits in an armchair, leafing through a BOOK. Frank comes down the stairs, sees her and comes over.

FRANK

What are you doing?

CLAIRE

Looking for that plant. The one I saw in the stone circle. It could be in the *Campanulaceae* family, or the *Gentianaceae*, the *Polemoniaceae*, the *Boraginaceae* -- you know, Forget-me-nots. That's most likely. I don't think it was a *gentian* of any kind; the petals weren't really rounded...

FRANK

Why not go back and get it? The ritual's complete, I doubt any of the celebrants will be returning. And if they did, there's nothing wrong with a visitor coming to examine the site or gather the local flora.

CLAIRE

Care to go with me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANK

I have an appointment with the
Vicar.

(with relish)

Going through an entire box of
materials we found last night.
Bills of sale from Captain
Randall's own quartermaster!

CLAIRE

Much more exciting, I'm sure. Have
fun. Love you.

FRANK

Love you.

They exchange quick kisses.

EXT. CRAIGH NA DUN - DAY

THE BLUE-FLOWERED PLANT is tucked next to the base of a huge standing stone. Claire's hand reaches down to examine it. In the full light of day, the standing stones are far less menacing and she's relaxed as she takes some clippings from the vine and folds them carefully in a handkerchief.

Gradually, she becomes aware of that SAME HUMMING, like what a beehive might produce. Claire looks around, curiously. After a few seconds, she zeroes in on the source, which is not a hive, but actually the largest of the stones, the one with a huge SPLIT running down the middle. Standing right next to the stone, the humming is loud and Claire puts a hand out to touch the smooth surface --

-- the stone SCREAMS. Claire backpedals, falls down. The scream was unnatural, otherworldly. The world begins to vibrate in Claire's perception, as her senses are suddenly aware of sound and movement not normally perceived in the natural world. All around her, SOUNDS of BATTLE emanate from the other stones on the hilltop: screaming men, musketry, terrified horses, the clang of metal weapons.

Claire staggers to her feet, shaking her head in a vain attempt to clear it, as the world starts to spin and tilt in her mind. The cacophony grows more intense and her vision blurs as Claire stumbles forward, trying to find escape in any direction. Her uncertain footsteps take her to the cleft stone and she reaches out with a hand once more --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DARKNESS SHOT THROUGH WITH BOLTS OF LIGHT

CLAIRE (V.O.)

Once, traveling at night, I fell asleep in the passenger seat of a moving car, lulled by the noise and motion into an illusion of serene weightlessness. Then the driver took a bridge too fast and lost control, and I woke from my floating dream looking into the glare of oncoming headlights and the sickening sensation of falling at high speed. That is as close as I can come to describing what I experienced... but it falls woefully short.

The world is bursting with white noise and dark light, then --
Quiet.

EXT. CRAIGH NA DUN - DAY

Claire opens her eyes. She's still lying at the foot of the cleft stone. The sun still in the sky. She sits up and immediately notices that the stones have ceased screaming. But the noise of battle still travels through the air as Claire gets to her feet, in a daze. Not sure what's going on, but sure that she wants to get away from these stones, Claire scrambles away --

-- SLIPS and falls, ends up sliding and scrambling down the hill.

EXT. WOODS/CLEARING - DAY

Claire finally comes to a stop in a small GROVE of TREES. She sits there for a moment at the base of a tree, trying to gather her wits. A commotion from o.c. causes her to look up and see THREE MEN wearing kilts, running across a clearing in the distance. The POP-POP-POP of gunshots echo across the field just before SIX REDCOAT SOLDIERS, armed with MUSKETS, come running in hot pursuit of the Scots.

Claire gets a little blearily to her feet. Rubs her head and neck, checking for some kind of injury.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

When suddenly confronted with the impossible, the rational mind will grope in all directions, searching for logical explanations.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAIRE (V.O.) (cont'd)
*I, myself, came to the quite
 reasonable conclusion that I had
 stumbled onto the set of a cinema
 company filming a costume drama of
 some sort -- one of those Bonnie
 Prince in the heather things that
 seemed to play in every theater in
 London.*

Just then, YELLING and SHOUTING from somewhere brings her attention back to the clearing just as FIVE SCOTS on HORSES come thundering from the opposite direction, yelling in Gaelic and heading right toward her. Claire has the presence of mind to step quickly and nimbly out of their way as they charge into the clearing.

Suddenly there's the sound of a couple of MUSKETS FIRING and a split second later a random ball SMACKS the tree trunk right next to her. She gapes at the tree for a second.

CLAIRE (V.O.)
*But my mind could find no logical
 explanation for actors to fire live
 ammunition.*

She turns and plunges into the woods.

ON CLAIRE'S LEGS

As she runs through the woods, the branches and underbrush lashing at her, we suddenly realize that Claire was the woman running through the woods at the top of the show.

She nearly falls, steadies herself against a tree and then is GRABBED FROM BEHIND.

Taken unaware, she's helpless for a moment, but when her eyes focus on her abductor's face, her expression turns to outrage.

CLAIRE
 Frank! What the devil are you
 about? You almost gave me...

But her voice trails off as she realizes that the man standing before her is not, in fact, her husband although the resemblance to Frank is uncanny [*and is played by the same actor*].

CLAIRE (cont'd)
 You're not Frank.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CAPTAIN JACK RANDALL (30's) wears a white shirt with cuffs, his long hair tied back with a leather thong, his skin deeply tanned, and a roughness about his features. He looks at her with a searching, piercing gaze. There's something innately dangerous about an encounter with Jack Randall, like stumbling onto a big cat alone in the woods.

JACK RANDALL

No. I am not.

Claire backs up a couple of steps as Jack Randall eyes her with interest, his gaze unabashedly taking in the clear outlines of her body beneath the sheer summer dress and lingering on her exposed legs. Claire bumps into a tree and stops just as Randall turns away and picks up a coat -- a REDCOAT. An 18th century British Army officer's coat. Ignoring her for the moment, he dresses and buckles on his sword belt.

CLAIRE

Who the bloody hell are you...?

JACK RANDALL

I am, madam, Jonathan Randall,
Esquire, Captain of His Majesty's
Eighth Dragoons. At your service.

Claire turns and RUNS headlong through the woods. She's slashed and whipped by branches and leaves, but pays them no mind in her sudden, panicked reaction. But she doesn't get very far before she's KNOCKED DOWN from behind by Randall, who pursued her and now PINS her to the ground. She struggles, but he's much stronger and forces her back down.

CLAIRE

Let me go!

JACK RANDALL

Oh, it's like that, is it?

The more she struggles, the more it eggs Randall on. He kisses her hard, forcing his tongue into her mouth for a moment before pulling back

JACK RANDALL (cont'd)

You haven't the smell of dung on
your skin, so you haven't been with
a farmer. For that matter, you
look a bit more expensive than the
local cottars could afford.

(beat)

I like expensive things.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

He leans down again, but now Claire SCREAMS into his ear, he jerks back and she brings up a KNEE into his crotch. He falls off her in pain and she scrambles up, but she comes face to face with a ROCK WALL and before Claire can find a way out, Randall has rolled to his feet and blocks her path to safety.

CLAIRE

My husband is expecting me. He'll come looking for me if I'm not back in ten minutes.

Randall's eyes go feral as the big cat senses his prey is cornered and flailing about.

JACK RANDALL

Your husband? What's his name and why does he allow his wife to wander the woods alone in her shift?

CLAIRE

I don't answer to you.

She tries to bolt past him, but he's faster and THROWS her back with a force that nearly takes her off her feet.

JACK RANDALL

Skin of a lady, French scent in your hair... that could all be managed with money from your patron... but you've the speech of a lady as well.

Claire backs up, finding only the rock wall behind her. Randall advances, the time for games drawing to a close.

JACK RANDALL (cont'd)

You intrigue me, madam. Whores are usually so dull and obvious. I look forward to plumbing your depths.

Suddenly he's on her and Claire is completely overpowered. Strong, powerful fingers dig into her throat and shove her against the rock, his knees forcing her legs apart and his free hand reaching below her skirt --

-- a MAN comes CRASHING down on Randall from above. A well-placed blow to the head from a powerful fist, and Randall lies on the ground, unconscious. The man, MURTAGH (30's) wears a ragged shirt and filthy kilt, with pock-marked skin and a swarthy complexion.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MURTAGH

This way.

He grabs Claire by the arm and jerks her into the woods.

EXT. HILLSIDE - DAY

Murtagh is dragging Claire down the hillside.

CLAIRE

Who the hell are you? Where are we going? I said, WHERE ARE WE--

He suddenly whirls, puts a hand over her mouth and throws her bodily to the ground, pinning her there with his weight. She struggles, wide-eyed and expecting the worst. In the distance, we suddenly HEAR ENGLISH VOICES in the distance. Claire struggles wildly, hoping to cry out for help. She bites down on Murtagh's hand, but instead of releasing her, he smashes a ROCK into her head --

CUT TO BLACK.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

I wanted it to be a dream. But I knew it wasn't.

FADE IN:

EXT. COTTAGE - DUSK

Claire comes to on HORSEBACK, sitting in front of Murtagh, who keeps her upright on the saddle. They come to a stop outside an old COTTAGE amid a copse of trees on a hilltop. A fine MIST is in the air as they dismount, Murtagh handling her easily.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

If nothing else, my erstwhile savior fairly reeked of odors too foul to be part of any dream I was likely to conjure up.

Claire doesn't protest as he unties her hands, then guides her through the door of the cottage.

INT. COTTAGE - DUSK

Claire's eyes take a moment to adjust to the blaze of light inside from CANDLES, OIL LAMPS and a FIRE in the hearth of the single-room cottage.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A group of rough-looking MEN in KILTS and Highlander rigs are drinking, tending various wounds, and talking in low voices as they ENTER. Their bearded leader -- DOUGAL (40's) -- looks up.

DOUGAL

What is it you have there, Murtagh?

MURTAGH

A *sassenach* wench, by her speech.

Murtagh brings her to where Dougal sits by the fire, a hunk of bread in his hand. Her dress is torn in several places and there's a fair amount of breast and thigh exposed.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

I decided that clutching at the remnants of my torn dress like a frightened child would only invite more predatory interest.

Claire pulls away from Murtagh's grip and stands tall before Dougal with a calm, steady expression on her face.

DOUGAL

A bonny one, *sassenach* or no.
What's your name, lass?

CLAIRE

Claire... Claire Beauchamp
[*pronouncing it Bee-cham*].

CLAIRE (V.O.)

Using my maiden name was a spur of the moment decision. If they intended to ransom me, I didn't want to lead them back to Frank.

DOUGAL

Beauchamp? [*French pronunciation.*]
A French name, it is, surely?

CLAIRE

That's right. And just what do you think you're --

Dougal ignores her as he would a child or a dog who suddenly decided to yap at him.

DOUGAL

(to Murtagh)
Where did ye find her?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MURTAGH

At the foot o' Craigh na Dun havin' words with a certain Captain of dragoons wi' whom we are acquaint'.

The men in the room get the reference to Randall -- clearly they all know him and don't think very highly of the captain.

MURTAGH (cont'd)

There seemed to be some question as to whether the lady was or was not a whore.

A few muttered comments as they eye her tattered garments.

DOUGAL

And what was the "lady's" position in this discussion?

CLAIRE

I. Am. Not.

That amuses the group. A large, fat man -- RUPERT (30's) -- then moves toward Claire with a leer.

RUPERT

We could put it to the test.

Claire refuses to shrink back from the huge bulk moving toward her, but it's an effort.

DOUGAL

That will do, Rupert. I don't hold wi' rape and we've not the time for it, anyway.

MURTAGH

Dougal, I've no idea what she might be, or who -- but I'll stake my best shirt she's no a whore.

Dougal looks her over one more time.

DOUGAL

We'll puzzle it out later. We've got a good distance to go tonight and we mun' do something for Jamie first; he canna ride like that.

Dougal gets up and the men part for him as he heads over to the fire. Claire, forgotten for the moment, retreats to one of the shadows, happy to no longer be the center of attention.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CLAIRE (V.O.)

Escape was my chief concern. But escape to where? I had no idea where I was and trying to find the road back to Inverness in the dark felt like a fool's errand.

AT THE FIRE

JAMIE MACKENZIE FRASER (22) a young man, with a shock of red hair, sits on a stool, rocking back and forth in pain as he clutches one shoulder with the opposite hand.

Dougal comes over and gently pulls away the protective hand, while Murtagh quickly cuts away the dirty, blood-soaked linen shirt with a knife. Several men gasp at the sight of Jamie's shoulder: a bloody wound still flowing freely down his chest, but the real horror is the shoulder joint itself and the way his arm hangs at an unnatural angle.

DOUGAL

Out o' joint, poor bugger.

JAMIE

Fell wi' my hand out when the musket ball knocked me off my saddle. I landed with all my weight on the hand, and crunch! There it went.

CLAIRE

Still trying to think in the shadows.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

I tried to comfort myself with the thought that Frank would have the entire constabulary of Inverness turned out looking for me by now.

BY THE FIRE

Rupert peers at the wound.

RUPERT

The wound's no trouble. The ball went right through, and it's clean - the blood's runnin' free enough. I don't know quite what to do about the disjointure, though. You canna ride with it that way, can you, Jamie lad?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

JAMIE

Hurts bad enough sitting still. I
couldna manage a horse.

Dougal ponders that for a moment and the men all fall quiet,
waiting for his decision. Claire watches them.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

*I recognized the faces in the room.
They were hard men. Not "tough"
men whose pose is often more
pretense than reality, but hard.
I'd seen faces like these in the
war. Faces inured to living with
brutality and death every day.
Eyes that looked out at the world
from inside deep shadows where
daylight never reached.*

(beat)

*The wisest course of action was to
keep my head down, my mouth shut,
and wait for the search parties.*

DOUGAL

Dinna worrit yourself. I don't
mean to be leaving him behind.

RUPERT

No help for it, then. We'll have
to try and force the joint back.
Here, lad.

He uncorks a leather flask and Jamie takes a drink, coughing
and gagging at the raw spirit.

RUPERT (cont'd)

Murtagh, you and Charlie hold him;
I'll give it a try.

Rupert grabs hold of Jamie's wrist as the other two get a
firm grip on the young man. Jamie braces himself as Rupert
gets ready to yank on the arm with all his might -- but
suddenly Claire's voice cuts through the room like a clang of
steel.

CLAIRE (O.S.)

DON'T YOU DARE!

The men are slightly taken aback as Claire forces her way
through them to get to the wounded man.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

CLAIRE (cont'd)
You'll break his arm if you do it
like that. Out of the way, please.

Surprisingly, they do as they're told and step back. Claire examines the shoulder professionally for a moment.

CLAIRE (cont'd)
You have to get the bone of the
upper arm at the proper angle
before it will slip back into its
joint.

She takes Jamie's wrist and pulls it up, while turning the elbow in.

CLAIRE (cont'd)
(to Jamie)
This is the worst part.

JAMIE
It canna hurt much worse than it
does. Get on wi' it.

Claire cups his elbow, then has to use all her strength to force the limb up, feeling for the moment it will pop back into the socket. Sweat breaks out on her forehead, and Jamie grimaces, but there's no sound in the room except the soft muttering of the fire. Finally, there's a soft CRUNCHING POP and the arm is back in the socket. The relief on Jamie's face is immediate and obvious.

JAMIE (cont'd)
It doesna hurt anymore!

The men are amazed and look at each other in wonder. Claire carefully bends the arm across Jamie's torso.

CLAIRE
It will. It will be tender for
several days. You musn't extend
the joint at all for two or three
days; when you do use it again, go
very slowly at first. Stop at once
if it begins to hurt, and use warm
compresses on it daily.

Another man -- NEDDIE (20's) -- ENTERS the cottage in the b.g. and motions to Dougal.

NEDDIE
Dougal?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

Dougal goes to speak with him near the door.

JAMIE

I'm taking a guess you've dun this before.

CLAIRE

I'm a nurse.

His eyes drop to her breasts.

CLAIRE (cont'd)

Not that kind of nurse.

NEAR THE WINDOW

Dougal and Neddie speaking in low tones.

NEDDIE

Two patrols moving this way from the south. Taking they time about it, but leaving no stone unturned.

DOUGAL

Can't stay here much longer, then.

NEDDIE

Continue on, ye thinking?

DOUGAL

Not with redcoats on our scent.

NEDDIE

We dinna made many gains in our task to be headin' back so soon.

DOUGAL

Time enough later. I weel explain to Colum. *Bragh Stuart.*

NEDDIE

Bragh Stuart.

AT THE FIRE

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

The wound needs to be disinfected before it can be dressed.

MURTAGH

Dis-in-fect..?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

CLAIRE

(impatient)

The dirt must be removed from the wound and it must be treated with a compound to discourage germs and promote healing.

MURTAGH

Germs...?

CLAIRE

Just get me some iodine.

(off his blank look)

Merthiolate?

(again)

Dilute carbolic?

(not a chance)

Alcohol?

Relieved at hearing a word he recognizes, Murtagh pushes a flask into her hands. She rolls her eyes a bit, but decides it's better than nothing.

CLAIRE (cont'd)

This'll hurt.

JAMIE

It all hurts.

She pours the alcohol over the open wound, then looks about for something to dress it with.

CLAIRE

Now I need a sterile bandage or piece of clean cloth.

The men look at each other blankly.

CLAIRE (cont'd)

Surely there must be a single piece of clean cloth among you?

The men look at one another in a mixture of shame and confusion.

CLAIRE (cont'd)

Jesus H. Roosevelt Christ.

Without other options, she seizes the hem of her dress and TEARS off a few wide strips. In quick order, she makes a dressing for the wound, just as Dougal pushes his way back to them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (8)

DOUGAL
Can you ride, lad?

JAMIE
Aye.

DOUGAL
Good. We're leaving.

At that, the men start to head to the door.

CLAIRE
Not so fast -- you'll need a sling
to keep that arm still.

She and Jamie both glance down at her torn hem.

JAMIE
Use much more o' that and ye won't
be leaving much to the imagination.

She shoots him a look, then begins to tear off strips from
his own tattered shirt.

AT THE DOOR

Rupert pauses with Dougal.

RUPERT
What of the lass?

DOUGAL
She'll come with us.

RUPERT
Why do ye no just leave her here?

DOUGAL
If she's an English spy, we canna
risk leaving her here to tell them
which way we've gone. And if she's
no spy, well, I'll not leave a
defenseless woman here in her
nightshift.

RUPERT
Colum may no appreciate ye bringing
a "guest" home at this delicate
time.

DOUGAL
Leave Colum to me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (9)

RUPERT

She's English, and ye know how
Colum feels about having *sassenach*
eyes on his lands, much less in his
home --

DOUGAL

(sharp)

Tha's 'tween my brother and me.
I'll thank ye to stay out of it.
If Colum wants to bury her in the
woods, then I'll no lift a finger
to stop him, ye can be sure of
that.

Dougal storms out.

EXT. COTTAGE - NIGHT

A few minutes later, the men are outside the cottage and climbing onto waiting HORSES. Claire comes out with the white-faced and weak Jamie -- now we can see he's quite tall. Claire gapes at the view from the hilltop -- the STARS and the MOON are out and provide a glorious display, but Claire is looking toward the distant horizon with shock.

CLAIRE

Where is it? Where's the city? We
should be able to see it from here.

JAMIE

Inverness? Yer looking straight at
it.

He points with his good hand. But now, instead of the sparkling, twinkling lights that Claire saw earlier, the city is nothing but a bunch of inky smudges just below the horizon.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

*The lights of the city should've
been visible for miles. The
electric lights, that is. But
there were no electric lights as
far as the eye could see. In fact,
I hadn't seen a single electric
bulb or a power cord, or a socket
all night.*

(beat)

*The implications of that
observation chilled me to the bone.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dougal seizes her by the arm and propels her toward a horse. One of the men is holding the bridle and whispering Gaelic reassurances into the animal's ear.

DOUGAL

Jamie, get yourself up.

As Jamie painfully swings up into the saddle, Dougal pulls Claire closer to him.

DOUGAL (cont'd)

If Jamie canna manage one-handed you can hold the reins. But do ye take care to stay close wi' the rest of us. Should ye try anythin' else, I shall cut your throat. D'ye understand me?

Chilled, Claire nods, then he releases her. He bends down. She stares at him, uncomprehending.

DOUGAL (cont'd)

Gimme yer foot.

She takes a beat, realizes that by getting on this horse, she's committing herself to -- something. But there's little choice and at last, she steps into his hand and he hauls her up into the saddle in front of Jamie. She can't help jostling him around in the process.

CLAIRE

You all right?

JAMIE

So far. But 'tis a young night still.

He gives her an easy grin and helps her settle into place with his one good arm.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

Dozens of wounded soldiers had tried to smile through their pain for my benefit. But this was different. The young man they called "Jamie" wasn't putting on an act. And I instantly knew he had endured terrible pain in his short life and wasn't afraid of the prospect of more to come.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Up ahead Dougal gives a nod and the entire party of Highlanders spur their horses as one and they trot down the road into the darkness.

EXT. WOODS/OPEN TERRAIN - RIDING - VARIOUS SHOTS - NIGHT

They ride quickly and silently through the woods, ducking in and out of groves of trees and then bolting across open ground. Through it all, Claire bounces along, held firmly to her saddle by Jamie's strong legs and one good arm.

EXT. ROADSIDE - NIGHT

Later. The party has paused for a moment in the shadows at the side of the road, while Dougal confers with Rupert.

Claire shivers, her thin cotton dress providing virtually no protection from the cold night air. Jamie drops the reins, letting the horse wander about and eat some grass, and begins to twist and turn in his saddle.

CLAIRE

Careful! Don't twist like that, or your dressing will come off! What are you trying to do?

JAMIE

Get my plaid loose to cover you. You're shivering.

CLAIRE

Oh. Well. Thank you, but I'm fine, really.

JAMIE

You're shaking so hard it's making my teeth rattle.

Claire almost smiles at that, softens slightly.

CLAIRE

I wasn't expecting a nighttime ride when I dressed today.

JAMIE

The plaid will keep us both warm, but I canna do it one-handed. Can ye reach the clasp of my brooch?

Claire awkwardly reaches around and with a bit of a struggle they manage to loosen the wide plaid cloth from Jamie's shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAMIE (cont'd)

We dinna want ye to freeze before
we get there.

He gives it a smooth, practiced twirl and then has it wrapped around the two of them like a great woolen blanket. The effect is immediate and Claire gratefully snuggles against him, soaking up the delicious warmth to ward off the chill.

CLAIRE

Where are we going?

JAMIE

Tell ye the truth, lassie, I don't
know. Reckon we'll both find out
when we get there, eh?

He grins at her, and again, she's disarmed enough by his manner that she almost returns the grin -- almost. They head out once more.

EXT. HIGHLANDS - NIGHT

Later. Dougal leads his men through an open area of terrain, hugging the rocks and cliffs, as Claire begins to recognize the rock formations up ahead.

CLAIRE

I know this place...

JAMIE

Been through here before have ye?

CLAIRE

Yes... I recognize that rock... the
one that looks like a rooster
tail... it has a name...

JAMIE

Cocknammon Rock.

-- FLASHBACK

Claire and Frank riding in their open car.

FRANK

*Cocknammon Rock. During the 17th
and 18th centuries, you'd have
often found a British army patrol
lying there in wait for Scottish
brigands or rebels.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RESUME

CLAIRE

The English use it for ambushes!
They could be lying in wait right
now.

Jamie peers up at the rocks looming ahead.

JAMIE

It's a bonnie place for an ambush,
all right.

He spurs the horse and it leaps forward, covering the distance between them and Dougal in a matter of seconds. Once they're closer, Jamie speaks to the leader in low, urgent tones.

JAMIE (cont'd)

(in Gaelic)

The lass thinks the redcoats might
use Cocknammon Rock as cover for an
ambush.

DOUGAL

(Gaelic)

The lass thinks?

JAMIE

(Gaelic)

Aye -- and I must say it makes
sense to me.

Dougal thinks for a beat, then holds up a hand and reins his horse to a STOP. The rest of the men follow suit. Dougal turns to Claire with a hard look.

DOUGAL

Now you'll be telling exactly how
and why you come to know there be
an ambush up ahead.

CLAIRE

I don't know, but I've heard that
the redcoats use Cocknammon --

DOUGAL

Where did you hear this?

CLAIRE

In... the village.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DOUGAL
From who did you --

But then there are FLASHES OF LIGHT and THE POPPING OF MUSKETS from the rocks around Cocknammon Rock and the sound of BULLETS whizzing through the air around them. One man's HORSE is hit and goes down.

Dougal reacts instantly, gives a GAELIC SHOUT to his men and they immediately SPLIT INTO TWO GROUPS: Dougal, Rupert and Neddie spur their horses to the gallop and charge directly toward the rocks, while Jamie, Murtagh and two others wheel their mounts and circle around to the right.

Claire has to hold on for her life at the horse's sudden motion, but before she can get her wits about her, Jamie grabs her around the torso with his good arm and TOSSES HER FROM THE HORSE into a BUSH, where she lands hard, but safe.

THE REDCOATS

Hidden among the rocks. Captain Randall suddenly stands up.

JACK RANDALL
Fix BAYONETS!

The men begin to fix the long blades to their weapons. Meanwhile Randall takes careful aim at one of the Highlanders with a PISTOL. He FIRES --

-- the bullet whizzes past Dougal's head in the darkness. Dougal leans forward, his blood up and his expression ferocious as he lets out a ROAR of battle. The other Highlanders pick up the YELL and the sound unnerves the redcoats as they fumble with their equipment in the dark.

JACK RANDALL (cont'd)
Port ARMS!

The soldiers whip their muskets diagonally across their chests. The Highlanders are nearly on top of them now and the soldiers are getting scared.

JACK RANDALL (cont'd)
Pre-SENT!

They thrust the bayonets forward, the wicked tips ready for the on coming rush.

JACK RANDALL (cont'd)
Stand fast! STAND FAST!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DOUGAL

Swerves away at the last second, the other two men swerving at exactly the same moment.

THE REDCOATS

Mystified at the sudden change. Randall narrows his eyes for a beat, then realizing a moment too late --

JACK RANDALL (cont'd)
WHEEL ABOUT! THEY'RE BEHIND --

JAMIE

And the other Highlanders are suddenly on top of them from the rear. The redcoats are confused and scattered by the attack. Jamie leaps/falls from his horse and crashes into two soldiers, knocking them senseless before they know what's happening.

CLAIRE - A HUNDRED YARDS AWAY FROM THE FIGHT

Unwinds herself from the bush and the plaid (which she was swaddled in) and gets to her feet. From this distance, she can only see the flash of PISTOLS, SPARKS from steel swords and bayonets clanging against one another, and hear the sounds of desperate men locked in a life or death battle in the dark.

She turns away from the sights and sounds of the battle and strikes out on her own.

DOUGAL

And his men now re-enter the fight, adding to the violent chaos as the redcoats are forced to fight in all directions.

COPSE OF TREES

A few minutes later, Claire is struggling through trees and underbrush, trying to make headway over uneven and unfamiliar ground. She stumbles and falls, tries to keep going despite the difficulties.

THE FIGHT

-- Rupert slashes at a redcoat soldier, dropping him in his tracks.

-- Murtagh is locked in an intense battle with a redcoat who knows exactly how to use his bayonet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

-- Dougal going sword to sword with a SERGEANT.

-- Jamie dispatches a redcoat, then turns and is suddenly confronted with Jack Randall. There's a moment of recognition between the two men --

JACK RANDALL (cont'd)

You --

Jamie snarls and takes a step toward Randall, but suddenly TWO REDCOATS charge at him with bayonets from his blind side just as Murtagh appears and attacks Randall. The upshot being that both Jamie and Randall lose sight of one another in the confusion of the fight.

Randall ends up pitching head first down some rocks and being knocked unconscious. Murtagh ignores him and rejoins the fight.

Jamie dispatches the redcoats and whirls around, searching for Randall. He spots him at the bottom of the hill, unconscious. With a snarl, he starts to move toward him, but Dougal lays a heavy hand on him --

DOUGAL

No time for that now lad!

Jamie has little choice. With a last glance down at Randall's form, Jamie heads off with Dougal.

EXT. CROSSROADS - NIGHT

A short time later. Claire is having a hard time of it. It's easy to get disoriented and she ends up changing direction more than once. Finally, she comes to a stop at what appears to be a CROSSROADS, with a few rough paths coming together. She looks up at the brilliant night sky, hunting through the stars for --

VOICE

North star be over there.

Claire jumps back with a startled yell -- and finds Jamie pointing to the sky from a short distance away.

JAMIE

Didna mean to frighten ye.

Claire, refusing to admit that, pulls herself up and adopts her best tone of the hospital scold.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAIRE

Hope you haven't been misusing that shoulder.

JAMIE

(massaging shoulder)

Yon wee stramash didna do it any good.

Claire then notices FRESH BLOOD across his shirt. She quickly moves to him, her instincts taking over.

CLAIRE

You're hurt! Have you broken open your shoulder wound, or is it fresh? Sit down and let me see!

He does as he's told, sitting on a rock and letting her look him over.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

This lot isna my blood. Not much of it anyway.

CLAIRE

(a little queasy)

Oh...

JAMIE

Dougal and the others will be waiting by the road. Let's go.

He takes her by the arm and moves to leave, but she decides to make her stand here.

CLAIRE

No! I'm not going with you!

Jamie isn't vexed at all, looks at her with slight amusement

JAMIE

Yes, you are.

CLAIRE

And what if I won't? Are you going to cut my throat?

JAMIE

Why, no. You don't look heavy. If ye won't walk, I shall pick you up and sling ye over my shoulder. Do ye want me to do that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLAIRE

No!

Claire immediately regrets the note of alarm in answer. She retreats into her professional mien once more.

CLAIRE (cont'd)

I mean... you can't do that.
You'll damage your shoulder again.

JAMIE

Well then, since ye don't want me
to hurt myself, I suppose that
means as you're comin' with me?

There's that grin again, and Claire realizes that she really doesn't have any options here. Keeping her head held high, she walks with him back into the trees.

EXT. CREEK - NIGHT

A few minutes later, Jamie and Claire have rejoined Dougal and the others near a small creek. The men are in good spirits, laughing and talking in the dark about the fight as they mount their horses. They all seem to be accounted for, so evidently they got the better of the redcoats.

Jamie swings up onto their horse and Claire scrambles aboard once more -- this time he grunts in pain as she bumps his bad shoulder.

CLAIRE

Serves you right, brawling round
the countryside and chasing through
bushes and rocks. You've probably
got torn muscles as well as
bruises.

JAMIE

Well, it wasna much of a choice.
If I'd not moved my shoulder, I
wouldna have ever moved anything
else again. I can handle a single
redcoat wi' one hand -- maybe even
two of them. But not three.

(beat)

Besides, ye can fix it for me again
when we get where we're going.

CLAIRE

That's what you think.

Rupert rides over, lifts a flask in salute to Claire.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RUPERT

Here's to you, lassie! For tipping
us to the villains in the rocks and
giving us a bit o' fun!

The men CHEER and they drink up from hidden flasks. Claire isn't all that moved by the celebration. Jamie pulls out his own flask and hands it to Claire.

JAMIE

Better have a wee nip. It willna
fill your belly, but it will make
ye forget you're hungry.

She hesitates, but then takes a nip, grateful for the heat it generates within.

EXT. MOORS - NIGHT

The party is riding quietly, but quickly through the moors, expertly avoiding the boggy areas of water and staying in the heather. Claire is exhausted beyond caring as she bounces along.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

*I had no idea where we were going.
I've never had a sense of direction
in the dark, and had never learned
from Frank his trick of navigation
by the stars.*

-- FLASHBACK

Claire and Frank walking together at night. They're on the street in the village, arm in arm. He points up to the stars overhead, as he talks about navigating at night. She's not really listening, but smiles warmly at him.

RESUME

Claire takes in a shuddering breath at the memory.

CLAIRE

*Thinking of Frank made me want to
cry, so I tried to distract myself
by trying to make sense of the
day's events. I was still looking
for rational explanations, but
there were none.*

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAIRE (cont'd)
*The truth was, as much as my
 rational mind rebelled against the
 very idea, I knew in my heart that
 I was no longer in the 20th
 century...*

Behind her, Jamie's eyes flutter and he begins slumping over in the saddle. Claire awkwardly tries to grab him, but can't hold him.

CLAIRE (cont'd)
 Stop! HELP! He's going over!

They rein in and Murtagh and Rupert jump down just in time to catch Jamie as he tumbles out of the saddle. They ease him to the ground as Claire leaps down to quickly check his vitals. Dougal and the other men gather around in concern.

CLAIRE (cont'd)
 He has a pulse...
 (puts ear to his chest)
 He's breathing... I think he's just
 fainted. Put a saddlebag under his
 feet and if there's water, bring me
 some.

Murtagh and Neddie quickly carry out her instructions as Dougal leans down for a better look at Jamie.

CLAIRE (cont'd)
 (to Dougal)
 The gunshot wound has been bleeding
 again, and the idiot's been stabbed
 as well. I don't think it's
 serious, but he's lost a lot of
 blood.

Dougal turns to the others, says a few brief words in Gaelic and then they tend to the horses. Claire works with what little she has -- essentially tearing more strips from her dress to make a new dressing for his knife wound. Jamie begins to stir, he opens his eyes -- his features pale and drawn in the moonlight.

JAMIE
 I'm all right... just a wee bit
 dizzy...

CLAIRE
 You are not all right. Couldn't
 you tell how badly you were
 bleeding?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLAIRE (cont'd)
 You're lucky you're not dead,
 tearing around the countryside,
 brawling and fighting and throwing
 yourself off horses.

She tries to put the bandages in place, but the jury-rigged dressings tend to slip away under her fingers.

CLAIRE (cont'd)
 (re: bandages)
 No -- c'mon now YOU GODDAMNED
 BLOODY BASTARD!

The other men literally stop and look at her in shock.

DOUGAL
 Ne'er heard a woman use such
 language in all my life.

RUPERT
 (to Claire)
 Your husband should tan ye, woman.
 St. Paul says, 'let a woman be
 silent, and -

CLAIRE
 You can mind your own bloody
 business and so can St. Paul!
 (to Murtagh)
 Turn him to the left.
 (to Jamie)
 And if you move so much as one
 single muscle while I'm tying this
 bandage, I'll throttle you.

JAMIE
 Oh, threats is it? And after I
 shared my drink with ye...

Dougal leans down with his own flask.

CLAIRE
 No more spirits. He needs tea, or
 at worst, water. Not alcohol.

Dougal pours the whiskey down Jamie's throat anyway.

DOUGAL
 Tend to your business, woman.
 We've a good way to go yet tonight
 and he'll need whatever strength
 the drink can give him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CLAIRE

He needs rest!

DOUGAL

We've a good fifteen miles yet to go. Five hours, at the least and more likely seven. We'll stay long enough for ye to stop the bleeding and dress the wound again -- no much more than that.

Dougal moves off, ending the conversation. Claire's eyes flare and she starts to go after him, but Jamie stops her with a word --

JAMIE

Randall won't give up so easily.

Randall. The name cuts through Claire and she gasps slightly. She quickly tries to regain her composure.

JAMIE (cont'd)

He'll have patrols out in every direction by now. We canna stay here.

CLAIRE

You know Randall -- Black Jack Randall, that is?

JAMIE

(quiet)

Aye.

(beat)

I won' risk you or anyone else being taken prisoner by that man. If ye canna fix me up well enough to ride, then you'll all be leaving me here with a loaded pistol so I may determine my own fate.

Claire takes a beat, then applies herself to his wounds.

CLAIRE

You could've at least told me you were stabbed before you fell off the horse.

JAMIE

It was a bayonet -- felt it go in, but it dinna hurt at the time.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

CLAIRE
Does it hurt now?

JAMIE
Aye.

CLAIRE
Good.

Jamie's chuckle turns to a grunt as she cinches up the wound.

CLAIRE (cont'd)
That's all I can do right now. The
rest is up to you.

JAMIE
Thank you, *Sassenach*. Truly.

She looks into his eyes and is caught for a moment by the sincerity and strength she sees in the young highlander. Then she gruffly covers her reaction.

CLAIRE
On your feet, soldier.

She gives him a hand and he accepts her help.

EXT. HILL - DAWN

Dougal leads the tired party over a hill and down a road. A HEAVY MIST hangs over the area. Jamie is still in the saddle, if only barely. Claire isn't in much better shape.

CLAIRE (V.O.)
*The rest of the night passed in a
haze of half-sleep, verging on
delirium. Then, finally we neared
our destination.*

A LARGE STRUCTURE of some sort rise up out of the thick morning mists. Claire's bleary eyes try to focus on the shape. Finally she is able to make it out --

CLAIRE (V.O.)
Castle Leoch.

-- FLASHBACK

Claire getting out of the car with Frank and looking up at the castle ruins from the same perspective.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RESUME

The castle, now a thriving hub of activity, is directly ahead. PEOPLE are on the road coming and going to the castle entrance, few of them paying any attention to Claire's party.

CLAIRE (V.O.)
*I'd been here with Frank only
yesterday. Or was that in the
future? How could I remember
something that hadn't happened yet?*

Dougal leads the band across the BRIDGE and into the castle.

CLAIRE (V.O.)
*So far, I'd been assaulted,
threatened, kidnapped and nearly
raped. And somehow, I knew that my
journey had only just begun.*

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE