

OUTLANDER

EPISODE 209
Je Suis Prest

WRITTEN BY
MATTHEW B. ROBERTS

BASED ON THE NOVEL BY
DIANA GABALDON

FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT
10th November 2015

OUTLANDER
EPISODE 209 "Je Suis Prest"

PREVIOUS REVISIONS

White Production Draft - 8th September 2015
Full Blue Draft - 2nd October 2015

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CAST LIST – FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT – 10th November 2015

CLAIRE BEAUCHAMP RANDALL
JAMIE MACKENZIE FRASER
DOUGAL MACKENZIE
MURTAGH FITZGIBBONS FRASER
ANGUS MHOR
RUPERT MACKENZIE
FERGUS

"YOUNG SIMON" FRASER
ALEXANDER KINCAID
ROSS
PRIVATE MAX LUCAS
CORPORAL CALEB GRANT
SCRUFFY G.I.
WILLIAM GREY

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INTERIORS

Jamie & Claire's Lodging
British Rear Area - France
Mess
Field Hospital
Triage Area
Fraser Camp
Crofter's Lodge

EXTERIORS

Scottish Countryside
Scotland
Fraser Camp
Main Area
Training Area
Courtyard
Another Area
Clearing
TBD
Secluded Spot
Battlefield - France
Jamie & Claire's Lodging
British Rear Area - France
Foxhole - France
British Encampment

FADE IN:

EXT. SCOTTISH COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

A broken line of LOVAT'S MEN straggle behind CLAIRE, who rides alone at the head of what's supposed to be a regiment of soldiers. But to call these tacksmen, crofters, and cotters soldiers would be stretching the definition. So let's call them what they are: a ragtag collection of undisciplined men who don't really want to be here.

An exhausted JAMIE rides up to join Claire, a look of frustration pleated into his brow.

CLAIRE

How many?

JAMIE

Canna say for sure, twenty-five, mebbe thirty.

A beat later SIMON FRASER, THE YOUNGER rides up.

YOUNG SIMON

More like thirty-five, I'd say.

CLAIRE

They're your men, can't you keep them in line?

YOUNG SIMON

They are my father's men and I don't suppose they're verra pleased about being ordered away from their families and farms.

JAMIE

It's no the family men, they have leased lands, they'll remain loyal. It's the unwed cotters that stray... they always do. They've no soil of their own. No other reason to fight than a vow of fealty. An' that's no much when musket balls are flying by yer head.

YOUNG SIMON

We can't keep losing men at this rate. What do we do?

JAMIE

Ye get them back.

Simon looks slightly bewildered. He's a bit out of his element.

YOUNG SIMON

Me? How?

JAMIE

We're no far from Kingussie. I suspect that will be the first place they head. Once ye find 'em, then ye must give 'em something to fight for.

YOUNG SIMON

I dinna have much coin to --

JAMIE

Not coin. Land. Offer each man his own strip o' land when the war is over and they'll fight like the devil for it.

YOUNG SIMON

But... I canna offer what's no mine to give. The land is my father's.

JAMIE

Lord Lovat isna here... an' the end of the war is a long way away -- maybe years. A lot can happen between now and then. Worry about settling up when the shooting is over.

(grim)

Truth is, half these men will no be coming home anyway.

The harshness of the situation is beginning to dawn on Simon.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

While ye're gone, we'll carry on wi' the remaining Lovat men, and join up with Murtagh and the Lallybroch Frasers at Crieff.

Simon sees the logic of the situation, takes a deep breath and then nods agreement.

YOUNG SIMON

Shall we meet you at Crieff, then?

JAMIE

No, it's important they see you as their sole commander for a time. March them on to Perth and join the Prince's army. He'll likely give ye a hero's welcome, and that will help bond the men to ye further.

YOUNG SIMON

Very well.

Jamie leans over, pitches his voice low.

JAMIE

Treat them as soldiers, not tenants, not farmers. Expect obedience, but give them your respect. Do that, and they'll give their lives for ye.

Simon sits a little taller in the saddle.

YOUNG SIMON

It will be as you say. We'll see ye in Perth.

Jamie and Claire AD LIB good-byes, then Simon rides off with a couple men.

CLAIRE

Think he can do it? Turn farmers and crofters into soldiers?

JAMIE

The better question, Sassenach... is can I?

As they watch the undisciplined rabble "marching" along the road...

EXT. SCOTLAND - DAY

Establish. In all its verdant glory. Alba, Caledonia, Scotia or by whatever name one calls it... this is the kingdom they are fighting for. And if they lose, it will be drenched in the blood of family and friend.

EXT. FRASER CAMP - DAY

Jamie and Claire come over a low brae to FIND -- THIRTY LALLYBROCH MEN already encamped. TWENTY WOMEN and CHILDREN accompany them. These are CAMP FOLLOWERS who provide the cooking and cleaning.

Jamie and Claire AD LIB hellos and hugs with the Lallybrochers including ALEXANDER KINCAID and ROSS, the smith. They both nod respectful hellos. Then MURTAGH approaches, in one of his Murtagh moods.

MURTAGH

Pardon me if I forego the wee jig I planned in honor of your arrival; I woulda been gey pleased to foot it out five days ago.

That's Highlander for "where the hell have you been?"

JAMIE

Took longer than foreseen coming through Corrieyairack. Made me long for the days of reiving cattle.

Jamie gestures to the Lovat men now setting up campsites in the field adjacent to the derelict buildings. Murtagh's surprised that there are so many.

MURTAGH

Didna think ye could talk that fat bastard into parting wi' a loaf a bread let alone men?

(after assessing them)

No much to look at are they?

CLAIRE

Apparently Lovat kept his best men at Beaully. So, you two have your work cut out for you.

JAMIE

We need to keep a watch... Thirty-odd tried to desert near Kingussie. Wee Simon's off to bring them back into the fold.

MURTAGH

(thick sarcasm)

The Younger is wi' us?

JAMIE

Aye... but no wi' his father's blessing. Lovat remains neutral.

MURTAGH

Ah, now that's the weasel I ken well.

FERGUS runs up.

FERGUS
Milady! Milord!

He latches onto Jamie.

JAMIE
Fergus. Ye look fit, laddie.
Murtagh's been treating you well,
then?

FERGUS
No, no... he has not. He has forced
me to mend his socks and fetch his
meals and...

Murtagh swats Fergus' head to end the tattling.

MURTAGH
Just educating the lad on the finer
points of traveling in the
Highlands.

Claire intercedes, happy to see them both.

CLAIRE
Children.

Murtagh and Fergus accusingly eyeball one another: she means you.

EXT. FRASER CAMP - MAIN AREA - NIGHT

Campfires dot the area. Some of the men have TENTS, those that don't sleep under the stars (Who are we kidding? This is Scotland, under the clouds).

EXT. FRASER CAMP - MAIN AREA - DAY

The next morning a COMMOTION draws Jamie and Claire out of their lodgings to FIND --

RUPERT and ANGUS, here to join the Rising. Jamie and Claire haven't seen them since leaving for France, so it's a joyous reunion. They AD LIB hellos, until Angus leans towards Claire:

ANGUS
Washed my mouth with whisky, ready
for a buss on the lips from you.

But Claire deflects his incoming lips, and pointedly kisses Angus on his cheek.

CLAIRE

Nice that some things never change.

Rupert pulls Claire away and gives her a bear hug.

RUPERT

It's been ower long, Claire.

CLAIRE

It has, Rupert.

Claire gives him a hug and kiss. AB LIBS a hello to the other TWO MACKENZIE MEN... Then cranes her neck, curiously.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Where's Willie?

Rupert, Angus, and the others bow their heads. By the collective dread on their faces, wherever he is, it's not a good place. Claire braces for bad news.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

What's happened?

RUPERT

The lad went an' got himself...
Married. To an Irish lass. Sailed
for America with the bride's family.

ANGUS

We'll no mention the traitorous
bastard's name again.

Clearly hurt by Willie's departure, Angus tries to stamp down the emotions. Claire smiles, a bit relieved.

CLAIRE

Marriage might do you all some good.

Then --

DOUGAL (O.C.)

Have ye no welcome for yer beloved
uncle?

The BOOMING VOICE is unmistakable. Jamie and Claire turn simultaneously to see the one and only, DOUGAL MACKENZIE.

DOUGAL

You're looking well, laddie.
(feigns an empathic look)
Despite all the misfortunes ye've
suffered.

JAMIE
Ne'er been more fit.

DOUGAL
And Lady Broch Tuarach. A vision of
true loveliness.

A glance passes between them... A touch of malice in
Dougal's eyes: Dougal being Dougal.

CLAIRE
It wouldn't be Scotland without you,
Dougal.

A joyful greeting veiled in disdain. Now that everyone is
reacquainted, they can get down to the business at hand.

Despite their uneasy history, Jamie's happy to see Dougal.

JAMIE
Did Colum change his mind, then?
(looking deeper afield)
Is Clan MacKenzie joining the cause?

DOUGAL
(deflecting)
Colum's mind is his own. But that's
no concern of mine. We've come to
pledge our hearts and swords to the
glorious cause.

CLAIRE
What -- the three of you?

DOUGAL
Ye didna question my lads' strength
in number when they stormed
Wentworth prison in the very teeth
of over two hundred redcoats.

ANGUS
It was four hundred.

RUPERT
More likely five.

Claire rolls her eyes, but Dougal doesn't care. This is a
moment he's been dreaming about for years and nothing's
going to spoil it.

DOUGAL
Jamie, lad. When I heard you were
fighting for the Jacobites... I was
so proud, it was as... if my own son
(MORE)

DOUGAL (CONT'D)

had taken his first steps as a man. I ken we've had differences in the past, but... I've been waiting for the day when we'd fight on the same side.

(almost taken by joy)

It's our time. For glory. For Scotland.

Jamie sees the passion in Dougal's eyes and knows he means every word of it. He extends a hand to his uncle, who takes it gladly.

JAMIE

Then we welcome yer heart and yer sword.

(to Angus and Rupert)

All of you. Ye're sorely needed -- you can aid me in training the other men.

Dougal looks out over the camp with an easy confidence, bordering on hubris.

DOUGAL

Aye, but it should be a simple matter -- they've already shown their worth by joining. Their hearts are larger and stronger than ten redcoats.

JAMIE

Maybe so. But they're no ready for combat as they stand.

DOUGAL

Plenty of time to get them ready on the march.

JAMIE

They dinna march. They walk, they stroll, they caper about, but they dinna march. And they'll have to learn before we join The Prince. They're still just cotters, tacksmen, smiths. Most havena even held a weapon let alone used one in a fight. This is good ground to train upon. So, I've decided to stay here for a time.

That quashes Dougal's enthusiasm, slightly.

DOUGAL
Yer mind's set, then?

JAMIE
Aye.

DOUGAL
All right... we'll turn them into
fine Highland soldiers. No time to
waste.

Jamie and Claire pensively share a quick look, then a glance to Murtagh -- as always there's most likely some hidden agenda in Dougal's words.

EXT. FRASER CAMP - TRAINING AREA - DAY

Drill Sergeant Murtagh stands in front of a group of haphazardly arranged men. We're in the middle of formation drills and it's not going well. TWO BAGPIPERS stand nearby, watching and waiting for Murtagh's signals.

MURTAGH
James Fraser taught me these drills himself. And believe me, I'm going to teach them to you. And you're going to learn them. Now... Form lines. Two. When ye hear this.

Murtagh eyes the pipers and they SOUND what amounts to GENERAL QUARTERS. The men stir into action, attempting to follow the order given, but chickens in a coop move with more purpose.

MURTAGH (CONT'D)
Two lines, one directly in front of the other.

Frustrated, Murtagh carves out two lines in the dirt using his boot.

MURTAGH (CONT'D)
There, put your toes here.

Jamie watches, not pleased at the lack of progress. However, Dougal seems delighted, pats Jamie's back then walks off.

When the men don't move fast enough, Murtagh boots Kincaid in the backside to augment the pep talk.

MURTAGH (CONT'D)

Kincaid, move yer arse. Ye think the enemy's going to fouter away waiting for ye to gather?

Kincaid says what most of the men are thinking.

KINCAID

When do we get proper weapons?

MURTAGH

First, ye learn where to stand. Then ye learn how to move. If ye can manage the particulars of that... we'll put a sword in yer hand an' teach ye to kill redcoats. But until then... form up.

With a bit more of Murtagh's physical motivation, the men manage to form two rows, one in front of the other. Not particularly straight or well-spaced out, but for now it'll do. Murtagh throws a shrug toward Jamie, who nods. It's a start.

MURTAGH (CONT'D)

Now when ye hear this...
(eyes the pipers)
Ye move to yer left.

THE PIPES BLARE A DISTINCTLY DIFFERENT TUNE: WHEEL LEFT. Most men turn to their right... Murtagh's left.

MURTAGH (CONT'D)

(Oh, for God's sake)
Yer own left.

From the opposite side of the training ground, FIND Claire looking on, paused from gathering herbs. As she gazes out on the one hundred-odd men preparing for war, something unsettles her, perhaps it's the memory of the last time she witnessed this very scene -- during WWII.

It's a disquiet that will reveal itself soon enough, but for now it's just darkening clouds gathering for a storm.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - ALSACE-LORRAINE, FRANCE - DAY - FLASHBACK

It's 1940-something. A quick almost subliminal SHOT of soldiers gathering on a field.

EXT. JAMIE & CLAIRE'S LODGING - NIGHT

Establishing.

INT. JAMIE & CLAIRE'S LODGING - NIGHT

Thankfully, Claire and Jamie have their lodgings in some kind of small structure (crofter's cabin or abandoned farmhouse) slightly set apart from the others. They are preparing for bed after a long, hard day. Jamie performs mental math, running some equation over and over in his head, then --

JAMIE

Are ye sure the Scots win a few battles?

CLAIRE

Yes, a few. But there was very little written about this part of the '45 Rising in the history books I read at school.

JAMIE

Yer books dinna happen to share how the Highlanders managed it, did they?

CLAIRE

(no)
Remember, they were written by British historians, so the Scottish victories were, well, generally ignored.

JAMIE

I suppose you earn that right. As a spoil of war victors can write history the way they see fit.

Jamie's disappointed, they both are. She snuggles up to him, they both close their eyes. But after a beat, Claire opens her eyes as worry takes hold of her.

And then Jamie's eyes open as well, and we see that maybe he's worried too. As they each stare into the darkness, unaware that the other is still wide awake...

EXT. FRASER CAMP - COURTYARD - DAY - A FEW DAYS LATER

The men sit around a campfire after supper. Scratching. The close quarters and lack of hygiene make body lice common and scratching ubiquitous.

Nearby, Claire listens as she delouses Jamie, washing his hair and combing through it.

ANGUS

The wee buggers are eatin' me alive.
Bloody hell to get out of your cock
hairs.

RUPERT

Use my method... Lift your plaidie
up, shave off half the hairs on your
crutch. Only half, mind.

ANGUS

Half?

RUPERT

Aye... then... ye set the other half
on fire, and when the beasties rush
out, you spear them with your dirk.

Everyone LAUGHS. Except Angus.

ANGUS

Ye should take yer act on the road.

MURTAGH

Ye're fools, the lot of ye. Best
way to rid yourself of lice is --
douse them wi' whisky and get them
drunk. When they've fallen down
snoring, ye stand up and they drop
straight off.

Everyone LAUGHS again, except Angus, again.

ANGUS

He can dance, you can tell jokes.

CLAIRE

(curtly)

There's nothing funny about lice.
They carry disease and their bites
can become inflamed and infected.
And the only way to rid yourselves
of them is to bathe regularly with
yarrow and comb your hair with a
fine-toothed comb.

Dumbfounded looks all around, so she reiterates.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
 Bathe. With yarrow. Comb your
 hair. Where ever that hair may be.

Claire notices the filthy water in the basin.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
 Fergus, fetch me some clean water.

FERGUS
 That's women's work...

A sharp look tells him not to finish the thought. Ever since France, the adopted Fraser lad, Fergus, has transformed into quite the wee Highlander, with some tutoring from Murtagh, of course.

JAMIE
 Best way to rid yourself of lice is
 to let yer wife pick them off ye,
 one by one.

Hits a sore spot with Angus.

ANGUS
 Wife.

Claire picks something disgusting out of Jamie's hair.

CLAIRE
 Baboons do this all the time. But
 they eat the fruits of their labor.

JAMIE
 Dinna let me prevent ye, Sassenach,
 if ye feel so inclined.

She slaps him, without her usual playfulness, then notices Fergus hasn't returned. So Claire sets out to find him...

CLAIRE
 If you'll pardon me. I need to
 retrieve your adopted boy.

FOLLOW Claire through the camp... until she discovers Ross and Kincaid teaching Fergus how to play shinty with a STICK and a crude BALL made of old rags (or something). It's only a game, but something triggers a memory...

EXT. BRITISH REAR AREA - ALSACE-LORRAINE, FRANCE - DAY - FLASHBACK

Carrying some MEDICAL SUPPLIES, Claire strides through the TROOPS who are waiting to be deployed.

TWO G.I.'s (PRIVATE LUCAS and CORPORAL GRANT) are showing a British TOMMY how to play baseball with a stick and a (real) baseball they scrounged up from somewhere.

[NOTE: It'll become clear why these two G.I.'s are important in her memory in the next flashback.]

EXT. FRASER CAMP - MAIN AREA - DAY - RESUME

Even though it felt like a pleasant memory of the war, Claire's reaction is anything but. Claire marches over and grabs Fergus, as she drags him away from Ross...

ROSS

No need to get riled, Mistress Claire, we were just playing.

CLAIRE

(to Fergus)

I asked you to fetch water for Milord, did I not?

FERGUS

Oui, Milady, but I was just...

CLAIRE

I don't care. Come with me.

Claire marches him away to the surprise of Ross and Kincaid.

EXT. FRASER CAMP - TRAINING AREA - DAY

Establish military drilling OVER PIPE MUSIC.

-- Murtagh instructing formation lessons.

-- Dougal, Rupert, and Angus leading a group in swordcraft.

-- Jamie teaches another assembly the art of hand-to-hand combat.

-- The women make POWDER CARTRIDGES out of CLOTH.

The training is progressing slowly; the men haven't quite shed their agrarian ways.

EXT. FRASER CAMP - NIGHT

The usual suspects have gathered around a campfire: Murtagh, Dougal, Rupert, Angus, and Jamie.

Claire's within earshot, listening near the opening of the lodge as she prepares MEDICAL SUPPLIES.

DOUGAL

Men are coming along nicely. We should press on, join Prince Charles with due haste.

Murtagh SCOFFS.

MURTAGH

No sure who ye're surveying, but if we meet the British now, we could count on one of two things: we get butchered on the field or have our necks stretched.

DOUGAL

We must make a show of our allegiance.

(to Jamie)

Ye have The Prince's ear, no?

Jamie considers Dougal for a beat. The Highland grapevine has clearly been working overtime the past year.

JAMIE

I ken Charles Stuart well enough.

DOUGAL

Good. Because more clans join the cause everyday and their leaders will be jockeying for position within his inner council.

JAMIE

We have more pressing concerns than worrying about securing a seat at The Prince's table.
I'll no send these cotters into battle 'til they're properly trained and disciplined.

Dougal clearly doesn't like that answer, but Jamie ignores him, goes to stoke the fire. A thick silence blankets the campfire circle. Dougal just stares into the fire with a stony look.

EXT. FRASER CAMP - COURTYARD - DAY

Claire approaches, pauses... watching as the Lovat men and Lallybroch men gather, eating their breakfasts, swapping stories of home. It triggers --

INT. BRITISH REAR AREA - MESS - FRANCE - DAY - FLASHBACK

A company of BRITISH SOLDIERS eating chow. Similar to the way the Fraser men were clustered together in the earlier scenes. Even though they're separated by two hundred years, the hopes and fears are the same. A few Royal Army NURSES are scattered here and there, and we FIND Claire sitting by herself eating a meal.

She watches in amusement as the two stray G.I.'s -- Corporal Grant and Private Lucas sit down nearby with trays of food and pick suspiciously at their food.

CORPORAL GRANT
(exasperated)
Jesus H. Roosevelt Christ.

Claire clocks the unusual phrase.

CLAIRE
Not exactly Delmonico steak, is it?

It takes them a beat to realize she's talking to them.

CORPORAL GRANT
Ma'am?

CLAIRE
That's what we think the Yanks have for chow everyday -- giant steaks, baked potatoes drowning in butter, tomatoes the size of cricket balls, and vats and vats of chocolate ice cream.

The two soldiers grin.

PRIVATE LUCAS
Don't I wish.

CORPORAL GRANT
Yeah... we just get K-rations pretending to be real food. We call it shit on a shingle -- sorry ma'am.

CLAIRE

Quite all right. I'm Claire Randall
by the way.

CORPORAL GRANT

Caleb Grant -- Max Lucas.

She notes their insignia patches.

CLAIRE

Airborne -- separated from your
unit?

PRIVATE LUCAS

Yes, ma'am. Ever since D-Day.

CLAIRE

Lot of that going around. Where're
you from?

PRIVATE LUCAS

Texarkana, Arkansas.

CORPORAL GRANT

Yonkers, New York. 'Bout you?

CLAIRE

I'm from... all over really. Not
sure where home is to be honest.
(beat)
Anywhere but here, I suppose.

*Lucas sniffs something on his tray with suspicion. Grant, on
the other, hand eats like there's no tomorrow.*

PRIVATE LUCAS

Ma'am, can I ask you a question?
(points to the suspicious
item)
What kinda food is this trying to
be?

CLAIRE

That, Private Lucas, is trying to be
black pudding.
(beat)
You would most likely call it
sausage.

CORPORAL GRANT

Then what do you call what we call
pudding?

CLAIRE

(grins)
 Pudding.

For a second, the two soldiers aren't sure whether she's putting them on or not.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

The English and the Americans -- two people separated by a common language.

PRIVATE LUCAS

George Bernard Shaw.

CLAIRE

(trying to hide her
 surprise)
 That's right.

PRIVATE LUCAS

My momma's Irish, and she said he's one of the great Irish writers of all time. Pop says he's a communist.

Claire LAUGHS and they all continue eating their grub.

EXT. FRASER CAMP - COURTYARD - DAY

RESUME the moment from Scene 14, but now Claire is disquieted and unsettled from her reverie.

INT. JAMIE & CLAIRE'S LODGING - NIGHT

Jamie enters... concerned because Claire is out of sorts.

JAMIE

You all right, lass? Ye've been verra quiet these past few days.

CLAIRE

I'm fine.
 (deflects)
 There's just so much to do... to prepare for.

As Jamie takes something out of his sporan, his FRASER BROOCH drops near Claire. CLOSE ON THE BROOCH.

Claire traces the filigreed motto *Je Suis Prest*. Jamie watches her for a beat.

MATCH CUT THE BROOCH TO A US ARMY 101ST AIRBORNE SHOULDER PATCH (CIRCA WWII).

INT. FIELD HOSPITAL - TRIAGE AREA - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

TIGHT ON Corporal Grant's 101ST AIRBORNE PATCH, illuminated by FLASHES of mortar fire and distant explosions.

INT. JAMIE & CLAIRE'S LODGING - NIGHT

Claire staring at the brooch.

CLAIRE

Je Suis Prest... I am ready.

(sotto)

Am I?

JAMIE

I'm sorry.

That brings Claire out of her memory.

CLAIRE

What?

Jamie can sense that there is something bothering Claire. He wants to help, but all he can do is guess at what it is.

JAMIE

I'm sorry. For bringing you here.

I want ye to ken... whatever happens, we are coming out of

this... I'll make sure ye are safe.

CLAIRE

(touched)

Jamie, I'm fine.

But from a hollow in her gut she knows she's not ready to suffer the horrors of war again. So she quickly flips over to hide her face from Jamie, because given the opportunity he'd see straight through her.

EXT. FRASER CAMP - TRAINING AREA - NEXT DAY

Jamie and Murtagh struggle to get the Highlanders to march together in a battle column: two lines moving as one unit. It's like trying to herd cats.

MURTAGH

By the right flank. TOGETHER!
TOGETHER, YE STUPID CLOTS!

The men chaotically turn to the right, or at least half of them do, then the other half struggles to catch up. There's a lot of frustration and eye-rolling involved.

Finally Jamie steps in to dispense a harsh dose of reality.

JAMIE

HALT! HALT! NOW!

The command in his voice actually gets them all to stop, more or less still in their formation. Jamie stands before them all and just stares at them for a long beat. His cold silence quiets them down. Finally he speaks, and it's in a low, cold, unforgiving tone. They almost have to lean forward to hear what he's saying.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Foolishness and games. That's what ye're thinking. No reason to learn to strut and ponce about like the redcoats. We're Scotsmen. We're brave and we're strong and we have God on our side, so why should we waste time with all this shite.

(beat)

I was like-minded. Then I went to France. Became a soldier. And I saw what a modern, well-trained army can do. 'Tis a pretty sight at first, watching them all marching together in their neat rows and columns, music playing, banners waving. So pretty you want to smile -- I laughed the first time, seemed so absurd to think these silly wee men in their fine dress were here to fight.

(beat)

Then they fired the first volley. First ye saw the flash of metal in the sun -- together, as one, the entire line of men raised their muskets, aimed and let loose. The musketballs come tearing across the field like a sheet of metal rain, cutting down men left and right without mercy. Then you heard the sound of the gunfire, a rolling thunder across the hills. And by the time the last of the thunder

(MORE)

JAMIE (CONT'D)
fades, the second volley is on its way.

He watches their faces for a beat. He has their complete and total attention now.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
It takes more than courage to beat an army like that. It takes discipline.
(beat)
If we have the discipline to stand together... to march together... and then to fight together... then by God, I ken we will win together.

Every man is listening. A few nod seriously here and there. Jamie has them right in the palm of his hand, the core of his army is ready to be led by their commander --

SUDDENLY, FROM OUT OF THE TREE LINE, five kilt-less CLANSMEN rush out, wearing only shirts, mud caked on their faces, wielding TARGES and BROADSWORDS, SCREAMING a savage YELL. This is a Highland charge -- the traditional tactic used by clans for centuries. The strategy is simple: frighten the enemy into surrender or retreat. As the nearly naked fivesome draws closer, REVEAL they are: Dougal, Angus, Rupert, and the other two MacKenzies. All screaming -- TULLOCH ARD!

And the moment is broken. The men who only a second ago were ready to do whatever Jamie asked of them suddenly scatter from the unexpected shock. Then the men grin and CHEER at the sight of the wild Highlanders charging into their midst.

Jamie and Murtagh silently fume as Dougal soaks in the adulation of the Fraser men.

DOUGAL
That's how we'll beat the redcoats, lads! The Highland charge! Take them by surprise and put terror in their hearts!

MURTAGH
Get back in line. Back in line, there.

ANGUS
'Twas only five of us.

RUPERT

Aye -- imagine a screaming line of thousands descending on all those pretty redcoats lined up in a row.

ANGUS

They'll run like chickens.

Jamie turns on the three Highlanders.

JAMIE

We'd need surprise for a charge...
and I doubt we'll be that lucky.
(snapping)
Get back into camp, the all of you.
(to Dougal)
A word with you.

Jamie walks away. Angus and Rupert look to Dougal to see if they should do as they were told. He nods quietly before following Jamie. Murtagh goes back to training the men as the MacKenzies grumble and head off.

EXT. FRASER CAMP - ANOTHER AREA - DAY - SAME TIME

Jamie waits for Dougal in a quiet area out of earshot from everyone else. Dougal smiles, tries to make this an easy conversation.

DOUGAL

Now listen here, lad... I ken ye're trying to do what ye think is best, but I was teaching men to fight when you were still suckling at yer mother's tit... I think I know a little more about this than --

Jamie's voice has gone to that cold place again and it freezes Dougal in place.

JAMIE

No. You don't. Ye're a fighter, Dougal, an' a braw one. But I was a soldier. I've been to war and ye haven't. It's that simple. I ken what these men will face and I ken how to prepare them to face it. You don't. These are my men, my clan. They'll answer to me and no one else.

Dougal isn't used to being talked to like this, and he's not taking it well.

DOUGAL

What exactly are ye saying, lad?

JAMIE

I've been tolerant wi' ye before now because I respect ye and because ye're my uncle... but if ye choose to fight with Clan Fraser, ye'll follow my orders as given without objection. If ye canna agree to those terms, then take yer men and be on yer way.

The two men size each other up. Dougal studies Jamie's set features for a long beat...

DOUGAL

As ye say...

Dougal walks away, but Jamie knows this isn't over yet.

EXT. FRASER CAMP - TRAINING AREA - DAY

Establish more training. The men are progressively getting better, beginning to look like soldiers. Almost.

EXT. FRASER CAMP - CLEARING - DAY - ONE WEEK LATER

A LINE OF MUSKET FIRE. The drilling has had a positive effect, but the men are still not ready to face the British infantry. The men who have MUSKETS fire a volley near a target. Half misfire.

MURTAGH

They canna seem to grasp how to load properly.

JAMIE

A British trooper can get off three shots in a minute. We must teach them.

Noticeably absent from the area are the MacKenzie men. Jamie gestures for Murtagh to follow him. Then, curious:

JAMIE (CONT'D)

I've no seen Dougal today.

MURTAGH

First light he made for Melgarve, alone. I'll wager he needed to find something wet to dip his prick into.

(MORE)

MURTAGH (CONT'D)

(then)

We could've used his help with the training today. I hate saying this, but the man's a crack shot wi' a musket.

JAMIE

Where're the rest of his men?

MURTAGH

They've ailments. We're better off sending the MacKenzies on ahead. Let them suck at Charles' teat... the Polack only has milk for himself anyway.

Jamie gives his own GRUNT, then his eye catches sight of Claire across the field, mechanically stirring a boiling pot, her mind adrift.

JAMIE

Have ye noticed Claire's been out of sorts lately? One day she's fine, seems in good spirits, the next there's barely life in her. I canna figure it.

MURTAGH

I can see she's no been herself. Claire doesn't usually beat around the bush, shares her mind whether ye want to hear it or no...

JAMIE

I asked her... she claimed she's... fine.

Even in 1745 some men knew "fine" meant -- anything but.

MURTAGH

It's going to take a bit more than asking to pry it out of her.

As they continue to watch Claire...

INT. FRASER CAMP - CROFTER'S LODGE - LATER THAT DAY

A large space, enough to hold twenty men. Around a fire, Claire inspects Rupert and Angus for trench foot.

RUPERT

There's something growin' in between yer toes there.

ANGUS

That's just ev'ry day filth.

CLAIRE

I can smell, thank you. This is unacceptable. You could very easily get trench foot. And if you are to use these feet to march, then you'll need to keep better care of them, won't you?

ANGUS

I'll bear it.

She's curt and sharp with them. It takes a beat or two for the boys to realize she's dead serious.

CLAIRE

Bear it? Trench foot could lead to gangrene! Which could lead to amputation. I've seen it happen! Are you a complete idiot? Is that what you want?

Before Angus can answer --

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

That's a rhetorical question!

Angus ponders the meaning.

ANGUS

(butchering the word)

Ree - tor - i -

CLAIRE

Take your other boot off.

He's not fast enough, so she reaches down, does it for him.

This is not sassy Claire, there's something different behind her eyes, a faraway place, a thousand yard stare. And suddenly, Angus isn't Angus anymore -- at least not to Claire. HE BECOMES A WWII British Soldier. But only to Claire. She is having a POST-TRAUMATIC STRESS FLASH...

INT. BRITISH REAR AREA - TRIAGE ROOM - FLASHBACK - DAY

Claire stands in front of a GROUP OF BRITISH TROOPS, being instructed on the hazards of trench foot. GRAPHIC PHOTOS help demonstrate her the point. She focuses on ONE BRITISH SOLDIER in particular.

CLAIRE

Make sure to dry your boots. Don't sleep in your socks. If your feet begin to swell, coat them in foot powder and let them air dry. Move your legs around, work your toes -- anything to get the blood flowing.
(more heated now)
Are you listening?

Nothing from the blank-faced Brit.

INT. FRASER CAMP - CROFTER'S LODGE - DAY

Out of Claire's head. The setting hasn't changed, the Highlanders are still in a semi-circle around her in the crofter's lodge --

CLAIRE

(hard, to Angus)
Did you hear what I fucking said?

ANGUS

Aye, I heard ye. Christ.

Claire drops Angus's foot, walks out, trying to compose herself. She looks out on the men training in the fields, her mind and soul doing battle with the memories of war.

EXT. FRASER CAMP - MAIN AREA - NIGHT

DUSK. Campfires dot the landscape where the Fraser regiment makes ready to bed down for the night.

INT. FRASER CAMP - CROFTER'S LODGE - NIGHT

Jamie, Murtagh, Rupert, and Angus COOK around a campfire, chatting. Suddenly, Dougal enters with TEN RAGGED VILLAGERS who carry SICKLES and PITCHFORKS -- warriors they are not. The men at the campfire jump to their feet in surprise.

DOUGAL

Easy! Easy now! Just bringing in a pack of new recruits.

Jamie's angry on multiple levels.

JAMIE

How do ten men jes walk into camp without so much as a... who goes there from the sentries?

DOUGAL

(laughing)

Ach -- I jes gave 'em a wave and a grin, and they let me pass.

JAMIE

(to Murtagh)

Who was on watch?

MURTAGH

Ross and Kincaid.

JAMIE

Bring them to me. Post new guards in their place.

Murtagh heads off.

DOUGAL

Jamie, did ye no hear me? I've brought more volunteers to our cause.

JAMIE

(skeptical)

Volunteers?

Jamie moves to the villagers, carefully surveys their faces and instantly recognizes they have been coerced.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Here of yer own freewill, are ye now?

No reaction from the petrified villagers.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Prepared to bleed, are ye? Prepared to leave your families, your homes for months, mebbe years? This isna a war where ye risk no more than your life in a battle, ye ken? No, this is treason. If it goes wrong, those that follow the Stuarts are likely to end up on a scaffold.

The men shuffle their feet, their hearts clearly not in it.

DOUGAL

They're true Scots, every man prepared to fight and die for his true king...

JAMIE

I'd much prefer they fight and live
for their king.

Jamie, looking at the villagers, but meant more for Dougal.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

I am James Alexander Malcolm
MacKenzie Fraser, and I am in
command of this army. If ye dinna
wish to be here then it's my order
ye leave now an' return to your
homes. None will think the less of
ye and no harm will follow.

Suddenly released, ALL the villagers scurry out of the
lodge. Dougal takes umbrage to being overruled.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

(to the others)

The rest of you are dismissed.

Again the MacKenzies grumble, but obey. When he and Dougal
are alone...

JAMIE (CONT'D)

I thought ye'd agreed to follow
orders.

DOUGAL

When did ye order me not to recruit
men? We must conscript as we
travel, we need every able-bodied
man in Scotland if we are to win
this war.

JAMIE

I won't reave another clan's men...
I'll not force a man to risk dying
for something he doesna believe in.

DOUGAL

We can make them believe.

JAMIE

No. Half of Lord Lovat's men deserted
at the first opportunity. A man who
fights for his beliefs is worth ten
who're forced to fight for someone
else's.

DOUGAL

What fine words. I keep hearing ye
talk and talk and talk some more

(MORE)

DOUGAL (CONT'D)
 about fighting and war and
 soldiering -- but I dinna see any
 action.

JAMIE
 They're not ready for action. They
 need more training.

DOUGAL
 And what a braw job of training
 ye're doing. I just strolled freely
 into yer camp with ten strange armed
 men.

JAMIE
 True. Ye did. But that won't
 happen again.

DOUGAL
 What's to prevent it?

JAMIE
 You are. You and yer men are now in
 charge of sentry duty for the
 encampment. That's an order.

A 'put up or shut up' moment. Dougal swells, challenge
 accepted.

DOUGAL
 Done.

Just then, Murtagh arrives with the shamefaced sentries,
 Ross and Kincaid. Jamie turns to them abruptly and without
 preamble --

JAMIE
 Ye put the entire camp in jeopardy.
 Ye'll both be punished for your
 carelessness in the morning. Until
 then, ye're relieved of duty and
 under arrest.
 (to Murtagh)
 Post a guard over them for the
 night.

INT. JAMIE & CLAIRE'S LODGING - NIGHT

Exhausted, Jamie crawls into the room where Claire is
 already lying down.

JAMIE
 How are ye feeling, Claire?

CLAIRE

Fine.

He knows what that means. Presses on.

JAMIE

Dougal is, well, Dougal. Tried to conscript men from Melgarve. I sent them all home.

That's met with silence. She's not mad or angry. It's deeper than that. A suppressed emotion.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

The men are progressing. No sure how they'll react to a volley of musket fire yet, but I think they'll fair well enough in hand-to-hand.

Suddenly Claire is on top of him, her hand racing up his thigh. Jamie's caught completely off guard. She kisses him ferociously. It's not passion, it's deflection. Anything to get out of her own head.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Sassenach!? What the devil?

It's not that he doesn't want to have sex with her, it's that he doesn't want to have sex like this. Jamie pushes Claire away. Claire pushes back, it's as if she's possessed.

Jamie puts a definitive stop to it by physically lifting Claire aside;

whatever is driving her, he doesn't want to cover it up with sex. Claire turns her back, abruptly. Hurting, but not from rejection...

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Seems I canna help you when ye need it most. Do ye want me to leave ye alone, Claire?

CLAIRE

Yes.

Her eyes belie that answer. She said it only to ease his distress. As Jamie is about to leave...

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Wait. Or maybe... you could just hold me?

He drops to his wife, enveloping her in his arms. No words; none are needed. She closes her eyes...

EXT. FOXHOLE - FRANCE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Claire, tucked into a ditch. The bursting GLARE and sounds of EXPLOSIONS surround her. It's an ARTILLERY SHELLING. She's alone. Frightened. She covers her ears -- the only defense she has available against the bombardment.

INT. JAMIE & CLAIRE'S LODGING - NIGHT - RESUME

BACK WITH Jamie, Claire wheels around and buries herself into his chest... hands covering her ears. His arms shielding her from the memories.

EXT. FRASER CAMP - COURTYARD - DAY

The entire camp has been gathered around two wagons to witness the formal punishment of Ross and Kincaid. The two men unfasten their shirts, preparing for the reckoning.

JAMIE

We canna abide carelessness. Ross and Kincaid were neglect in their duties, allowing ten strange men into the camp last night. For that they'll each receive six lashes apiece. Murtagh.

Ross and Kincaid assume the position as Murtagh undoes his belt and fashions it into a strap. He gets right to it, beginning with Ross... Dougal's there for the sentencing, but slips away just as the first lash comes down...

INT. FRASER CAMP - TBD - DAY

A FEW MINUTES LATER, Dougal finds Claire alone, prepping medical supplies.

DOUGAL

I've been givin' some thought to Jamie's situation. He's struggling. Needs help, but he's too proud to ask for it. So I was hoping that perhaps you'd talk to him, make him see that I can help him if he'll only listen to me.

CLAIRE

Why would I do that?

DOUGAL

Because of our agreement, the one made in the cave at Glen Rowan Cross?

Claire flinches, she doesn't take well to blackmail.

DOUGAL (CONT'D)

I'll wager ye didna tell Jamie about the generous offer I made ye? To take care of ye as yer husband. And yer promise to wed me if he died.

She studies Dougal. This can go either of two ways: she can fold or stand up to him. Claire goes all in.

CLAIRE

My husband and I share everything. He knows about your offer and he knows why I was forced to make the decision I did.

DOUGAL

And he took no issue with it?

CLAIRE

None.

DOUGAL

Well, he's a better man than I am.

CLAIRE

Truer words were never spoken.

DOUGAL

I can see ye still hold a grudge.

CLAIRE

Let us be clear, Dougal MacKenzie, if I thought of you at all, I might hold a grudge for all that you've done to me. But I don't. Why? Because of your affliction. Your inability to be selfless. Because you suffer from narcissism. If you don't know what that is, I'll tell you.

Dougal braces for his diagnosis.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

The term comes from Greek mythology. Narcissus fell in love with his own image reflected in a pool of water and died rather than pull himself away to eat. Your ego and self-gratification drive your desires. You want King James restored to the throne, not for Scotland, but for your own selfishness. So please stop trying to convince everyone of your patriotism. It's rather tedious. I'm not entirely sure you'll grasp the meaning of this either... but I'll try my damndest -
- fuck yourself.

And whether Dougal understands the meaning or not, he certainly can decipher the tone. A wry smile, then a burst of true passion.

DOUGAL

All right, then. Perhaps you're right about me, Claire... I do love my own reflection. But make no mistake, lass... I love Scotland more. I'd give everything I have -- or will ever have, including my life -- to see a Stuart back on the throne.

Dougal leaves as the adrenaline coursing through Claire's veins begins to wane.

EXT. FRASER CAMP - COURTYARD - DAY

Claire finishes packing what will be used as a triage kit. In the field nearby, Jamie and Murtagh drill the men. Some men practice hand-to-hand combat. Some others with SWORDS. Still others with MUSKETS.

As she works there's the intermittent MUSKET FIRE. And with every volley Claire FLINCHES. Claire turns from it, strides away, trying to escape, trying to find something else to do, anything else to occupy her mind.

But the memory comes rushing back, like the VOLLEYS, it is relentless, as if it were MACHINE GUN FIRE --

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - FRANCE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Claire rides in a JEEP at night. Lucas and Grant are in the back, while a BRITISH SOLDIER drives.

CORPORAL GRANT

Appreciate you letting us hitch a ride, ma'am.

CLAIRE

I just hope you can find your unit.
The food at our field makes that
chow hall look like a banquet.

Grins all around, then -- the CHATTER of MACHINE GUN FIRE erupts as TRACERS lance out in the night from somewhere up ahead of them. MORTARS quickly follow and before anyone in the jeep can react, A ROUND EXPLODES RIGHT NEXT TO THEM, BLOTTING OUT THE FRAME.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - FRANCE - NIGHT - LATER - FLASHBACK

OVER BLACK --

We begin to hear the SOUND OF MACHINERY. Then a man's voice:

MAN'S VOICE

Help me... please oh Lord... help
me...

FADE UP ON Claire as she wakes up. She struggles to get her bearings for a moment. She's in a DITCH. Corporal Grant is also in the ditch with her, his RIFLE in hand as he looks out into the night. That means the voice out there somewhere belongs to Lucas.

PRIVATE LUCAS (O.C.)

Please help me... please...

CLAIRE

Corporal -- ?

Grant quickly puts up a hand for silence. Claire crawls to the lip of the ditch and looks out.

THEIR POV -- They're in a ditch that runs PARALLEL to the road they were driving on. The smoking, overturned jeep is about 30 yards away, the DRIVER'S BODY lying dead underneath it. And the Germans are close, now in possession of the road and the surrounding area. A TANK is grinding down road, stopping and starting every few seconds while figures of WEHRMACHT SOLDIERS can be glimpsed through the night.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

(sotto)
Where's Private Lucas?

CORPORAL GRANT

Other side of the road somewhere.

CLAIRE

We can't leave him there.

CORPORAL GRANT

I know. But they'll see us as soon
as we try to cross the road.

CLAIRE

I'll go. I'm -- I'm a nurse,
they'll see the armband and --

CORPORAL GRANT

You won't get five yards.

Lucas' CRIES are agonizing, almost too painful to hear.
Grant grips his rifle, sizes up the situation.

CORPORAL GRANT (CONT'D)

I can see the Krauts on the left.
I'll try to circle around to the
right, see if I can find a way
across. Stay put.

She nods and then Grant slips away. She waits breathless in
the dark... then suddenly a BURST OF MACHINE GUN FIRE. She
tries to look out into the dark.

CLAIRE

Corporal...?

More MACHINE GUN FIRE. And then the MORTARS BEGIN again and
Claire hunkers down in the ditch in terror.

DISSOLVE TO: Claire lying in the ditch once more. She's gone
fetal, lying there and trying not to hear the sound of
Lucas' voice still crying out there somewhere...

PRIVATE LUCAS (O.C.)

Please... *momma, momma* I don't wanna
die.

CLAIRE

(sotto, almost a prayer)
Be quiet... please. Shut up.

MONTAGE:

Claire hunkered down in the ditch, trying to squeeze out the sound of that young soldier dying in the dark... as they grow weaker... and weaker... and finally stop altogether... then it's just Claire alone, lying there curled up in a ball in complete silence...

FADE TO:

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - ALSACE-LORRAINE, FRANCE - DAY - FLASHBACK

At DAWN'S LIGHT. Claire still lying there in the ditch, staring off into middle distance. It takes her a while to hear:

G.I. (O.C.)
Ma'am, are you okay? Can you hear me? Ma'am... Ma'am are you all right?

Claire looks up to see a SCRUFFY G.I. staring down on her. Other soldiers move about in the B.G.

G.I.
Hey, what the hell are you doing out here all alone? Are you okay? Ma'am... Mo nighean donn...

EXT. FRASER CAMP - MAIN AREA - DAY

NOW it's Jamie gazing down at Claire as she lies on the ground in the same position as in the ditch.

JAMIE
Mo nighean donn, are ye all right?

She doesn't respond, just stares at him -- frozen. He picks her up and carries her to a private spot.

EXT. FRASER CAMP - SECLUDED SPOT - DAY

A short time later.

CLAIRE
... I prayed he'd just be quiet. But he wouldn't, he kept crying out. All night. And I just... lay there. Did nothing. All night. Until he died.

JAMIE

There was nothing you could have done...

CLAIRE

It was my fault...

JAMIE

No...

CLAIRE

I wasn't strong enough... I was too scared... I should have tried to get to him...

JAMIE

If you had, then you'd be dead... just like the corporal.

Jamie takes her hand firmly and she grabs hold tightly for a beat, before letting go and taking a few steps away to gather up her remaining strength. She grinds out her words through gritted teeth, forcing herself to talk.

CLAIRE

I know... I know that... I know that because I told myself the same thing right after it happened. Then I shut the door on that night, walked away and haven't looked back ever since... until now.

(beat)

Now I look at Ross and Kincaid and all the other faces... watch them being turned into soldiers... being trained... putting up brave fronts... and then I hear Max Lucas crying for his mother in the dead of night.

(beat)

For two years I tried to stop this war from coming. Now it's here... and I'm not sure I'm ready to go to war again.

Jamie goes to her, strong and sure.

JAMIE

Ye don't have to. Ye've fought yer war. We'll fight this one without ye. I'll have Ross and Fergus take ye home to Lallybroch.

But even now, at her breaking point, Claire doesn't want to give in.

CLAIRE

No... I can't do that either.

JAMIE

Claire --

CLAIRE

Listen to me -- if I go back, it'll be just like lying in that ditch again, helpless, powerless to move like a dragonfly in amber. Except this time it'll be worse, because I'll know that the people out there somewhere dying alone in the dark are... people I know...

(catches)

... and people I love.

(forceful)

I can't do that, Jamie. I won't lie in that ditch again! I won't be alone and helpless ever again, do you hear me?

He doesn't touch her, but doesn't move from her either. He meets her wild eyes evenly, calmly.

JAMIE

I hear you. And I promise you whatever happens, you will never be alone again.

She steadies herself and he gives her space. Finally, she holds out a slightly shaky hand.

CLAIRE

I will hold you to that, James Fraser.

He takes her hand and shakes it.

JAMIE

Ye have my word, Claire Fraser.

A beat, then they rush into one another's arms.

INT. JAMIE & CLAIRE'S LODGING - NIGHT

THAT NIGHT, Jamie and Claire are near a fire, grabbing a private moment away from the other men.

There is a slight uptick to Claire's mood. With that, she lectures Jamie while rummaging through her saddlebag in search of food.

CLAIRE

Why haven't you eaten? We've discussed this -- you have to take better care of yourself.

JAMIE

Why should I tend to it, when you do it for me?

He cracks a wry smile, but Claire's not falling for it. She approaches with an APPLE, slaps into his hand.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

(nonplussed)

No bread?

CLAIRE

Man cannot live on bread alone. Eat that, now. It's good for you.

JAMIE

I've an innate suspicion of fresh fruit and vegetables.

CLAIRE

I don't care. Half the men here are suffering from scurvy and, I'd love you all the same, but I'd prefer you had teeth. Vitamin C prevents scurvy, apples are full of it.

A quick but stern look from Claire tells Jamie there's no winning this battle. Ain't marriage grand? Jamie bites into the flesh, hating every vitamin C filled morsel. Then he puts the apple down, rises.

JAMIE

(re: her look of disapproval)

Dinna fash, I'm just going out for a pish.

He steps outside... while he's gone she makes herself busy... but a NOISE outside draws her attention. It sounds like a STRUGGLE. A moment later...

A small, fine-boned, wide-eyed YOUNG MAN (who we will come to know as WILLIAM GREY) is THRUST into the lodging. Immediately followed by an out-of-breath Jamie, who shoots a sharp look to Claire... not a word!

No worry there, Claire's in shocked surprise and, for the moment, speechless.

Jamie whirls Grey around and shoves him hard, sending him crashing back into a wall. Grey SCREAMS in pain.

That attracts Murtagh, Ross, Kincaid and two other Lallybroch men RUSH in and surround Grey. They move him into the circle of FIRELIGHT. Murtagh grabs the boy by the hair, jerking his head forward, revealing him fully:

MURTAGH

He's just a wee bairn!

WILLIAM GREY

I am sixteen!

William stands tall, a defiant English accent masking the fear in his eyes as Jamie holds a BLOOD-SOAKED HANDKERCHIEF to his neck, ready to skin the boy alive.

JAMIE

(re: his bloody neck)

Sixteen or sixty, he's just made a verra credible attempt at cutting my throat.

Murtagh tightens his grip on William.

MURTAGH

Who are ye, laddie? And why are ye creeping around at night?

Murtagh frisks Grey's pockets and discovers a LETTER.

MURTAGH (CONT'D)

(to Jamie)

Addressed to a British officer.
He's a spy.

William's steadfast, covering the pain shooting through the broken arm held tightly in front of him.

WILLIAM GREY

I'm no spy! I saw the light of your fires, and when I came to investigate I recognized you as "Red Jamie," the unprincipled and traitorous rebel.

JAMIE

But ye're conveying with a British officer?

No response from William, who lifts his chin in defiance.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Is your arm broken, by the way? I
thought I felt something snap.

WILLIAM GREY
I am quite prepared to die.

A small STIR OF AMUSEMENT runs through the semi-circle of men, only to be stifled by a quick look from Jamie, who effortlessly draws his DIRK. William counters by putting on a brave face.

JAMIE
Is that so? Well, I'm afraid that
I'm no prepared to kill ye... just
yet. Who d'ye march with?

With a grin, Jamie lowers his blade, placing it into the fire's glowing ambers. Both William and Claire clock this.

Jamie uses the bloodied handkerchief to remove the blackened dirk from the fire. He casually holds the blade against William's shirt, singeing the cloth.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
I want their number and the
direction of march?

Claire blanches, but remains still.

WILLIAM GREY
There is nothing you can do to me
that will make me talk.

Jamie's about to up the pressure, when -- an idea flashes in Claire's eyes.

CLAIRE
Scottish barbarian.

Everyone freezes. Then a quick look passes between Claire and Jamie, an almost imperceptible look; one that only people intimately bonded would understand.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Leave him alone. Sadist.

Jamie holds back a grin, then moves to her. Out of Grey's eyeline, she grabs Jamie's hand, placing it on the front of her bodice. Then Claire tugs it, a gesture to -- rip it. He immediately recognizes what she's suggesting: use her to persuade the boy to talk.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I resisted earlier, but if you leave the young man unharmed, I will surrender myself to you.

(adding)

You pig.

And with that Jamie follows her lead, places his hand between her legs, and jerks up. Even though she's colluding with Jamie, the force of the motion surprises her.

JAMIE

(to Grey)

You may be indifferent to your own welfare, but perhaps ye have some concern for the lady's honor.

A beat for effect... then he kisses Claire with a deliberate brutality, forcing her to squirm involuntarily in protest.

WILLIAM GREY

Let her go!

JAMIE

I could... or, I could ravage her before yer eyes. Then give her to my men to do what they will with her.

Jamie yanks Claire in hard, his hands wandering roughly over her body. She pushes back, elbows flailing. Kicking him in the shin... for real. The couple continues to struggle, the line between playacting and abuse blur as Claire KICKS and BITES in an attempt to "free" herself. The act is wholly convincing and after a few moments, William concedes.

WILLIAM GREY

All right! Release the lady and I will tell you whatever you wish.

Jamie releases his grip on Claire, but motions for Murtagh --

JAMIE

Good. Now tie her up, until the boy answers my questions.

Murtagh employs a couple of the men to help. All three look scared shitless to approach Claire, but do as they're told, careful not to meet her glare. Ross does the decent thing and covers Claire with her cloak.

With a final look towards Claire, satisfied that she's safe, William proves himself a man of his word.

WILLIAM GREY

My name is William Grey, second son
of Viscount Melton.

JAMIE

What of the troops you're with?

WILLIAM GREY

Two hundred infantry, traveling to
Dunbar, to join General Cope's army.

(proudly)

And I'll warn you, we have heavy
armament: sixteen carriage-mounted
cannon, mortars and muskets, and a
company of thirty cavalry.

Jamie and the men share a look -- if William is telling even
a half-truth, they're well outnumbered, but it could be
valuable information the boy's providing.

JAMIE

Much obliged for the warning. And
where are these men ye speak of,
presently?

WILLIAM GREY

Encamped some three miles to the
west.

A moment as Jamie considers this, then turns to Ross.

JAMIE

Take this man in the direction he
says his camp lies. If the
information he gave us proves true,
tie him to a tree a mile from camp
in the line of march. His friends
will find him there tomorrow. If
what he told us is not true --

(pausing for emphasis)

Cut his throat.

ROSS

Gladly.

Jamie leans in close, without a shadow of mockery.

JAMIE

I give you your life. I hope ye'll
use it well.

Ross and Kincaid grab Grey, propelling him toward the
threshold, but then the boy turns back, facing Jamie:

WILLIAM GREY

I owe you my life. I should greatly prefer not to, but since you have forced the gift upon me, I must regard it as a debt of honor. I shall hope to discharge that debt in the future, and once it is discharged --

(returning the emphatic pause)

I will kill you.

Jamie can't help but smile at the kid's courage.

JAMIE

In that case, sir, I must hope that we do not meet again.

WILLIAM GREY

A Grey does not forget an obligation, sir.

And with that, William Grey turns, vanishing into the night, his guards at his elbow.

EXT. FRASER CAMP - CROFTER'S LODGE - NIGHT - LATER

Many of the men have been mustered, including Dougal, Rupert, and Angus. Murtagh asks, even though he knows the answer --

MURTAGH

Who was on watch?

DOUGAL

My men.

JAMIE

Canna let the guilty go unpunished.

Dougal meets Jamie's eyes directly. Does he mean to have the War Chief beaten? The tension in the air is thick for a long moment. Sufficient witnesses have gathered, but instead of blaming Dougal, Jamie surprises everyone.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

And we canna carry on with this carelessness. No from anyone.

(beat)

And that includes me. It was my unshielded fire drew the lad to us.

A MURMUR protesting the verdict makes a lap around the men as Jamie takes off his shirt. They all know it was Dougal's ultimate responsibility. Some cast disparaging eyes on him, and Dougal is suddenly uneasy.

DOUGAL

What...? What do ye mean to do, lad...?

JAMIE

Murtagh, if you'll oblige me?

Murtagh begins to unfasten his belt, like before.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Give it to Dougal, if ye will.

This stuns everyone, including Dougal.

DOUGAL

No.

Perhaps he does have a sense of justice. But Jamie reminds everybody they are not in a democracy.

JAMIE

Ye promised to follow my orders. Take the strap. Six lashes for my unshielded fire and a dozen more for my carelessness.

Dougal knows, in fact all the men know, Jamie's carelessness was charging Dougal with sentry duty. Jamie grabs a tree to brace against the blows.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

After that, we'll take care of those British troops Mister Grey so kindly warned us about.

Jamie turns away. Resigning himself to "his punishment," Dougal takes the belt as we -- PAN AROUND to the men's faces as the sentence is meted out. Every lash bringing out a bit more disdain for Dougal, and adding more respect for their commander.

Claire realizes why her husband is using this extreme method; these are extreme times after all. However, that doesn't mean she has to bear witness to it. She slides into the lodge as the lashings continue.

EXT. FRASER CAMP - TBD - NIGHT

Murtagh and Jamie blacken their faces with BURNT PIECES OF WOOD. Ross and Kincaid do the same. They are preparing for a commando raid... Dougal and his men approach, eager to join in.

DOUGAL

What have ye planned, then?

JAMIE

We're to slip into the British camp and see what trouble we can make.

Dougal grabs a piece of wood... to blacken his face. Rupert, and Angus follow his lead.

DOUGAL

A braw idea.

JAMIE

Not you... Ye'll remain here. On sentry duty. We still have a camp to protect.

DOUGAL

Stay behind? Like some wretched --

JAMIE

Like some wretched soldier who's been given an order by his commander. Aye. That's exactly what ye'll do.

Dougal considers his nephew. After a beat, drops the piece of wood.

DOUGAL

Aye. And that's what I'll do. Good luck to ye.

EXT. BRITISH ENCAMPMENT - NIGHT - LATER

Perfect lines of small WHITE TENTS string out on a moor. Two rows of CANNON neatly assembled at a far end.

TIGHT on the heather... there's movement. As if a section of moor was shifting closer to the camp. PUSH IN closer to REVEAL Jamie, Murtagh, Ross, and Kincaid, inching toward the cannon. They've blackened any exposed skin as camouflage and blend in perfectly.

When they reach the nearest cannon, Murtagh KILLS the SENTRY with a swift knife thrust to the base of the neck, and eases the lifeless body to the ground. Then Jamie reaches up to the CARRIAGE WHEEL and begins to pry off the COTTER PIN...

INT. JAMIE & CLAIRE'S LODGING - NIGHT

A JANGLING NOISE wakes Claire as Jamie enters the lodge, charcoal still caked on his face.

JAMIE
Awake, are ye?

CLAIRE
What? Yes... how's your back?

JAMIE
Nae bother.

That's why he's The King of Men. He lowers something onto her chest.

CLAIRE
What on earth is this?

JAMIE
Trophies of war.

A thong of COTTER PINS from cannon carriages. Then Jamie's face catches a shaft of light and Claire bleats at the sight.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
I forgot I hadna time to wash.

He wipes himself clean with a cloth.

CLAIRE
You scared me to death, what is it?

JAMIE
Charcoal.

CLAIRE
What the hell have you been doing?

JAMIE
Commando raid. Commando? Is that the right word?

CLAIRE
Yes it is... you've been to the
(MORE)

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

English camp. Christ. Not alone, I hope?

JAMIE

I couldna leave my men outta the fun, could I?

(re: the pins)

We had a verra profitable night. Cotter pins from the cannon carriages. We couldn't take the cannon, but they'll no be goin' far wi' no wheels.

Claire inspects the pins, carefully.

CLAIRE

Can't they contrive new cotter pins? It looks like you could make something like this from heavy wire.

JAMIE

Aye, they could. But it'll no do them a bit o'good if they canna find wheels to put them in.

(then)

Our success tonight was because of your selflessness, Claire. It led the lad to confess his camp's location. It'll save lives. Because a hell of a lot of good sixteen gallopers will do General Cope, stuck out on a moor.

Flush with adrenaline, they kiss. Then:

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Ye should put something on.

CLAIRE

That isn't exactly what I thought you were going to say.

JAMIE

As much I as I want ye, Sassenach. We best be off. The British camp will be waking soon.

The moment is a combo of frustration and joy. Then, there is commotion outside, SOUNDS of breaking camp, men SHOUTING. The moment is over, time to go.

EXT. SCOTTISH COUNTRYSIDE - NEAR TRANENT - DAY

A FEW DAYS LATER, IT IS SEPTEMBER 19TH, 1745. In stark contrast to the opening scene, the Fraser Regiment moves steadily in a tight two-line column. Soldiers to a man.

Jamie and Claire are out front -- leading. Murtagh and Fergus not far behind. When they descend into a narrow glen near the small town of Tranent just outside Edinburgh, they PAUSE... To gaze upon THE ARMY OF HIGHLANDS spread out in front of them -- 2400 CLANSMEN -- preparing for a battle.

JAMIE
(calling out)
Dougal MacKenzie.

A moment later, Dougal and his men ride up.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Do the honor, ride ahead to announce
our presence to His Royal Highness,
Prince Charles?

DOUGAL
(thank you)
As ye say.

Dougal spurs his horse and gallops off to find the headquarters; Rupert and Angus in tow.

JAMIE
No turning back now, Sassenach.

CLAIRE
I would say not.

Claire looks to Jamie.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Je Suis Prest.

She's ready. Here we go... on to Prestonpans.

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE