

**OUTLANDER**

EPISODE 210  
Prestonpans

WRITTEN BY  
IRA STEVEN BEHR

BASED ON THE NOVEL BY  
DIANA GABALDON

FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT  
10th November 2015

OUTLANDER  
EPISODE 210 "Prestonpans"

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CAST LIST – FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT – 10th November 2015

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

ALLINA CLERK  
MOLLY COCKBURN  
ALICE MCMURDO  
LORD GENERAL GEORGE MURRAY  
QUARTERMASTER JOHN WILLIAM O'SULLIVAN  
ANDREW MACDONALD  
ROSS  
KINCAID  
RICHARD ANDERSON  
SENTRY  
LIEUTENANT FOSTER  
COLONEL JAMES GARDNER  
SOLDIER #1

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INTERIORS

Tranent Village  
Field Hospital  
HQ

EXTERIORS

Tranent Village  
HQ Courtyard  
Field Hospital  
Highlander Camp  
Fraser Campfire  
Flats Below The Ridge  
Tranent Meadows  
Hidden Path  
Front Of March  
Along The Highland March  
Prestonpans

FADE IN:

**INT. TRANENT VILLAGE - FIELD HOSPITAL - DAWN - TOMORROW**

OPEN ON a woman's hands ripping a PETTICOAT into strips for bandages. We PULL BACK to reveal ALLINA CLERK, a soft-spoken farmer's wife, seated on a bench in a cabin that has been turned into a make-shift field hospital. The room is in deep shadow, lit only by some FLICKERING CANDLES. A HAND comes to rest on her shoulder -- it's CLAIRE, who's making a final check on the hospital's preparedness.

CLAIRE

(to Allina)

Make the bandages a little wider.

ALLINA

Yes, Madame.

Claire continues on around the room, her footsteps heavy in the silence, as she examines the work of half a dozen other WOMEN who are readying the hospital for use. They are clan women -- wives of farmers and laborers, not trained nurses. Their faces tense with fear and distress. Claire makes eye contact with one of them, a care-worn girl who radiates apprehension. Claire smiles encouragement, but it does little to calm the girl's jittery nerves.

CLAIRE

I know what you are all feeling. I've been there myself. The terror. The self-doubt. But our men are depending on us, and we will not let them down.

It is a few minutes before dawn, September 21, 1745. The Battle of Prestonpans is about to begin.

Claire stops at a CLOTH-COVERED TABLE, where various SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS are laid out. She picks up a KNIFE, studies it in the lamp light, then hands it to MOLLY COCKBURN, a strapping teenaged girl.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Boil it again. The instruments have to be spotless.

MOLLY COCKBURN

Right away.

The first rays of morning sunlight pierce the windows of the make-shift field hospital, chasing the shadows into the corners of the room.

But the light brings no solace, for within moments the silence is shattered by the *DISTANT HOWL* of Highlanders charging into battle. Heads swivel towards the windows, though there's nothing to see out there. And then the *WAR CRIES* are drowned out by volleys of British *MUSKET FIRE*. As the *SOUNDS OF BATTLE* rage, one of the would-be nurses breaks into *SOBS*. Another, *ALICE MCMURDO*, a bird-thin middle aged woman, mutters a fervent prayer.

*ALICE*

"He that dwelleth in the secret place  
of the Most High Shall abide under  
the shadow of the Almighty. I will  
say of the Lord, 'He is my refuge and  
my fortress, my God, in him will I  
trust."

With a deep breath Claire gets to her feet, her hands unconsciously smoothing out her apron.

*CLAIRE*

(calm, but firm)

Throw more wood on the fire. We're  
going to need lots of hot water.

And as the women scurry to do as ordered, *WE FLASH TO --*

**EXT. TRANENT VILLAGE - DAY - TODAY**

Occupied by the rag-tag Highland Army.

*O'SULLIVAN (PRE-LAP)*

There, sir. Right there, sir, is your  
enemy. And we do nothing but sit here  
and twiddle our thumbs.

**INT. TRANENT VILLAGE - HQ - DAY**

Crowded with men gathered around a *WOODEN TABLE* displaying a *MAP* of the surrounding region. Among them are *JAMIE*, *PRINCE CHARLES STUART*, *LORD GENERAL GEORGE MURRAY* (early 50s, proud and haughty), *QUARTERMASTER COLONEL JOHN WILLIAM O'SULLIVAN* (mid-40s, blunt-featured and chunky), and a group of *CLAN CHIEFTAINS* including *ANDREW MACDONALD* [Episode 110].

*PRINCE CHARLES*

And what would you have the Lord  
General do, John? Pardon me --  
Quartermaster O'Sullivan.

O'Sullivan pounds the table with his fist.

O'SULLIVAN

Attack, damnit! Pardon me, Your Grace. But for the life of me, I don't see why General Murray insists we waste our time in dilly-dally.

MURRAY

Dilly-dally, sir? Is that what you call it? I rushed the army here to ensure our possession of the high ground. And now you wish us to abandon such a strong defensive position and attack the enemy in force?

O'SULLIVAN

Indeed I do, sir. As you say, we occupy the superior ground. A fact, no doubt noticed by General Cope, sir. Therefore he will not dare send his force against us. Instead he will wait for reinforcements, comprised of — it sorrows me to say — traitors from some of your own clans.

The truth of that is reinforced by the dark MUTTERINGS of the Clan Chieftains.

O'SULLIVAN (CONT'D)

Time, sir. Time is of the essence.  
(to Charles)  
We must not tarry, Your Grace. But strike, and strike hard.

JAMIE

May I remind the Quartermaster that we lack artillery. And without cannon support, a frontal assault would be an answer to General Cope's prayers.  
(pointing at the map)  
Any attacking force will have to cross here, through Tranent Meadows. Though "meadows" is a fancy name for the bog that lies between us and the enemy.

O'SULLIVAN

Since when does a Scotsman shy away from a bit of mud? Especially when an enemy awaits him just beyond.

JAMIE

And since when does an Irish-born officer dismiss the danger of boggy ground to an infantry attack?

MURRAY

Thank God. A sane voice, at last.

(to O'Sullivan)

I've seen marshland that can sink a man waist deep.

(to Prince Charles)

Can you imagine, Sire? Your army wallowing helplessly while under a withering volley from the British brown bess musket? A weapon deadly at fifty yards. And accurate up to a hundred.

O'SULLIVAN

(to Murray)

You brag, Sir, about possessing the high ground, yet I find it very dubious indeed that you failed to order a reconnaissance of the ground to your front.

JAMIE

A squad of cavalry would prove useful to our needs. Both to test the ground and to report on the enemy position.

MACDONALD

Aye, a braw squad of dragoons could mean the difference between victory and defeat.

O'SULLIVAN

Let us not speak of defeat.

(then)

And as for the Lord General, may I remind him that he will be remaining behind the lines, so he need not be concerned about British marksmanship.

MURRAY

(shouting)

Damn my liver! What are you implying, sir?



O'SULLIVAN

I imply nothing, sir. I am simply grateful that we are dependent on the bravery of our warriors, who are not afraid of facing shot and shell to win a glorious victory for our Prince and our King.

Now it's Murray's turn to slam the table, but before any further insults can fly --

PRINCE CHARLES

Mark me, it is but weeks gone since we took the cities of Perth and Edinburgh without firing a single shot. And let us not forget, the people welcomed me with open arms.

JAMIE

Aye, but on both those occasions we possessed the element of surprise, Your Royal Highness. General Cope wasn't expecting us. His troops fled.

MURRAY

That won't happen again.

PRINCE CHARLES

Perhaps if I were to arrange a meeting with the General. Offer him generous terms of surrender. Give him my word that his men would be allowed to march back to England unmolested. I'm sure he has no more desire to shed English blood than I have. We are all brothers, after all.

Charles' statement does manage to quiet the room. Since no one believes a meeting between Charles and General Cope will solve anything at all.

Finally, O'Sullivan speaks:

O'SULLIVAN

Even as a small lad you had a most kindly heart, Sire. But the time for talk is well past. We sailed from France to fight a war. Let us fight and be done with it.

MURRAY

I will not risk destroying our army by ordering it to cross potentially lethal ground.

(MORE)

MURRAY (CONT'D)  
 (to O'Sullivan)  
 Is that clear, sir? I will not allow  
 it!

O'SULLIVAN  
 Then resign your commission and let  
 The Prince find himself a General  
 with a firmer backbone.

MURRAY  
 You pompous toe-rag!

MACDONALD  
 And while you two exchange insults,  
 what do I tell Clan MacDonald?

The other Clan Chieftains are equally disturbed by the lack  
 of clear leadership.

JAMIE  
 You tell your people they are to wait  
 for further orders.

With a last hateful glare at O'Sullivan, Murray exits.

JAMIE (CONT'D)  
 (watching him go)  
 Which may be a while.

**EXT. TRANENT VILLAGE - HQ COURTYARD - DAY - 30 MIN. LATER**

The Clan Chiefs storm out of the building, dark of mood and  
 lacking any sense of kinship, as they split off to rejoin  
 their various bands. Jamie exits behind them, wondering how  
 an army wins a rebellion with so much dissention within its  
 ranks. After a beat, he's joined by The Prince.

PRINCE CHARLES  
 Why must the Scots be such an  
 intractable people?

JAMIE  
 Aye, we can be pig-headed on  
 occasion.  
 (off Charles' look)  
 On many an occasion. As can the  
 Irish, I fear.

PRINCE CHARLES  
 Our rebellion must succeed, James. I  
 promised my father, and I have  
 promised God.

(MORE)

PRINCE CHARLES (CONT'D)

(then)

Mark me, your noble wife is among those who will be providing medical succor to those poor souls who will be in need of such, come the cannon's roar.

JAMIE

She's helping to set up a field hospital even as we speak, Your Royal Highness.

PRINCE CHARLES

Then be so kind as to tell her that The Prince asks that British casualties be tended to before the Jacobite wounded.

Before Jamie can give his opinion --

PRINCE CHARLES (CONT'D)

(forcefully)

The British are my father's subjects, and I will have them well cared for. They must be made to realize that the Scots wage war upon them with the greatest of reluctance. They are our enemies now, but one day soon they will once again be our friends.

JAMIE

I'm afraid the British have never been friend to the Scots. And as your friend, I would advise you not to speak of this within earshot of the men. They would not appreciate such a sentiment. Nor do I believe my wife would follow such an order.

PRINCE CHARLES

From The Prince, perhaps not. But surely Lady Broch Tuarach will prove obedient to an edict from her lord and master.

Jamie looks at Prince Charles, dismayed to find that The Prince is completely serious in his appraisal of Jamie and Claire's relationship. For a moment Jamie thinks of correcting him, then realizes it's not worth it and shrugs noncommittally.

**INT. TRANENT VILLAGE - FIELD HOSPITAL - DAY**

Claire and Fergus stand just inside the doorway, looking over the room that has been transformed into a makeshift hospital.

CLAIRE

This should work. Now we just need bandages. Lots and lots of bandages.

FERGUS

And nurses. You'll need lots of them too, Milady.

Claire looks over at Fergus. Don't be such a smart arse.

**EXT. TRANENT VILLAGE - HQ COURTYARD - DAY**

Claire and Jamie are walking through the village. Claire carries a LARGE WICKER BASKET full of linens to be torn into bandages.

CLAIRE

You can tell Prince Charles he can kiss my pale white arse.

JAMIE

Knowing The Prince, he would be delighted at the invitation.

CLAIRE

Casualties will be treated as always: the most gravely wounded tended to first, non-life threatening wounded last. Regardless of the victim's political or religious beliefs.

JAMIE

I expected no other answer from ye, Sassenach.

(then)

It eases the mind a bit, knowing that history declares our side the victors in this engagement.

CLAIRE

I recall Frank and the Reverend Wakefield remarking that Prestonpans was a major Jacobite victory.

JAMIE

Well, if it was, then it will be now.

CLAIRE

At least that's how history happened before I came through the standing stones.

JAMIE

But how could yer presence change the outcome of battle?

They stop at the entrance to the Field Hospital.

CLAIRE

I have no idea. Perhaps just my being here in the 18th century is change enough. Perhaps history has veered off course so that nothing is certain any longer.

JAMIE

So then it's possible we could prove victorious at Culloden. Defeat the British once and for all, and place James on the throne.

CLAIRE

It's possible. But, if history's no longer to be trusted, it's also possible we'll be defeated here at Prestonpans. In spite of what I remember.

JAMIE

Ye're not doing my morale any good, Sassenach.

CLAIRE

All I'm saying is that we can't take anything for granted. Not even history.

She kisses Jamie, then enters the Hospital.

**EXT. HIGHLANDER CAMP - FRASER CAMPFIRE - DAY**

The men, including MURTAGH, RUPERT, and ANGUS are huddled around a fire trying to keep warm in the crisp September wind. Amongst the other men are ROSS and KINCAID [Lallybroch men from Episode 209]. DOUGAL lies a bit of a distance away, legs crossed, arms folded, eyes closed, seemingly napping.

Angus takes a sip of ALE, nudges Rupert to watch, and then spits a stream through his missing front teeth and splashes Kincaid's ear.

Kincaid turns as Angus and Rupert ROAR with laughter. Kincaid looks over at Ross, who gives him a let-it-be shrug. Kincaid turns back to stare solemnly into the fire. Angus waits until Kincaid has settled in then spits another stream of ale at him. Angus and Rupert LAUGH even louder as Kincaid gives Angus a hard-man stare.

KINCAID

Enough.

ANGUS

(faux shock)

"Enough" ye say?

RUPERT

That's what he said all right. I heard it with these very ears.

ROSS

(attempt at peacemaking)

The ale ye waste now is ale ye'll probably be wantin' later. To quench the thirst of battle.

ANGUS

"The thirst of battle," ye say? And what would ye two cotters ken of battle?

KINCAID

Cotters we may be, but we're here, same as you. For gore and glory.

RUPERT

Gore and glory, is it? It won't be pigs ye'll be slaughtering here, but men. And they'll be lookin' to do the same to you.

ROSS

We know our task, and we'll do what needs doing to return The King across the water.

ANGUS

Will ye now? Awa an bile yer heid, ye sheep shaggin' gomeril. I'm bettin' ye Lallybroch tumshies will turn arse and run at the first blast of cannon fire.

Kincaid leaps to his feet.

KINCAID

Take that back ye buggering wee  
shite!

Now it's Angus who gets to his feet and pulls his DIRK.

ANGUS

Ye fancy a doin? Come ahead, I'll  
open ye from belly to bone!

Both Rupert and Ross have gotten to their feet as well.

Suddenly Murtagh rises, his own hand on the hilt of his  
SWORD.

MURTAGH

Either put down that blade or I'll  
ram it up yer arse 'til ye taste it.

Angus turns, now pointing the dirk at Murtagh.

ANGUS

Try it, ye bushy-faced whoreson --

There's a LOUD CRASH as Dougal smashes a BOTTLE into the  
campfire.

DOUGAL

For the love of Christ, how can I nap  
with all yer blathering?

Just then Jamie walks up, the tension in the air easily  
discernible.

JAMIE

Is that a dirk I see in yer hand,  
Angus?

Rupert nudges Angus, who re-sheathes his dirk.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

I see you lot are getting along as  
well as yer commanders.

MURTAGH

Have we orders, Jamie?

JAMIE

No, nor are any likely while the  
General and O'Sullivan remain hoppin'  
mad at each other.

ANGUS

Aye, it sounds like some in the front ranks could use a good arse kickin'!

JAMIE

If only that was all we needed. What's required is a reconnaissance of the marshland that sits between us and the British -- discover if the ground is solid enough for our army to cross.

KINCAID

Then the plan is for us to attack?

JAMIE

If the Quartermaster has his way. Though I'm of a mind that it's the better part of valor to force the British to come to us.

(then)

But not even O'Sullivan will countenance an attack until the question of the ground is solved. And to undertake such a mission under the very guns of the enemy is naught but suicide.

(to them all)

So, eat yer fill lads, and rest up.

(an afterthought)

And keep the whisky until we have cause to celebrate.

The men nod in agreement.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Dougal, a word.

Dougal rises and the two men walk off. As soon as their backs are turned, each Highlander pulls out a BOTTLE and begins to drink.

**EXT. HIGHLANDER CAMP - DAY**

Jamie and Dougal talk in private.

JAMIE

It would be an easy thing to have someone ride out and take the measure of the marsh.



DOUGAL

And get themselves a musket ball  
between the eyes for their trouble.

JAMIE

Not if he's prudent. And lucky.  
There's no other way about it. If the  
ground will support a man on a horse,  
it will support infantry.

DOUGAL

Aye, and is it yerself ye're  
nominating? Because if ye survive  
such foolishness, The Prince will  
have yer head for endangering the  
life of one of his most trusted  
aides.

JAMIE

Aye, he would not be pleased. Still  
and all, someone has to risk the  
doing.

Both men know what Jamie is asking of Dougal. After a beat:

DOUGAL

In that case, all I need is to stay  
out of range of their guns.

JAMIE

A hundred and one yards should do it.

DOUGAL

I was thinking more a hundred and  
five.

JAMIE

The redcoats will be only too glad to  
pop away at a living, breathing  
target.

DOUGAL

It's a gamble, but one worth the  
risk. Besides, I wouldn't mind  
showing my mettle to The Prince, and  
Murray, and the rest of those  
jackanapes.

Jamie nods, glad that Dougal has "volunteered" without  
having to be asked.

JAMIE

So then, a hundred and five yards?

DOUGAL  
Or thereabouts.

A beat, and then the two men share a grin at the sheer madness of it all.

**EXT. HIGHLANDER CAMP - DAY - A FEW MINUTES LATER**

Dougal trots through the Highlander lines and down the ridge leading toward the town of Preston and the English army.

Murtagh, Angus, and Rupert are among those leaping to their feet and racing toward the ridge line where they're joined by Jamie.

ANGUS  
(calling out)  
Dougal man, where are ye off to?

MURTAGH  
The bastard's deserting?

RUPERT  
Don't be a glaikit sumph.  
(to Angus)  
We're going after 'im.

ANGUS  
Aye, but where's he going?

Jamie grabs hold of Rupert's arm.

JAMIE  
No one's going anywhere.

RUPERT  
But he'll be shot to hell --

JAMIE  
Hell or glory.

They watch as --

**EXT. FLATS BELOW THE RIDGE - DAY - INTERCUT**

Dougal trots down the slope, before casually easing his horse onto the meadow. He then begins to ride -- back and forth -- across the meadow, parallel between the two enemy lines. Smelling the muck of Tranent Meadows, his horse grows skittish, but Dougal reins him in, as the muddy ground below him begins to SLOSH heavy with each hoof print.

DOUGAL

Easy now.

With each crossing Dougal is brought closer and closer to the British lines.

The Highlanders watch, silently now, mouths agape. A lone rider, so near the British lines -- a response cannot be long in coming.

It's not.

A skirmish line of TWELVE REDCOATS trots out from the British position. They fire a VOLLEY of MUSKET BALLS at the figure on horseback.

The bullets WHISTLE past Dougal, who keeps a tight rein on his horse, continuing to crisscross the boggy ground. A SECOND VOLLEY is fired, but Dougal remains unharmed; a small smile of satisfaction curls his lips as he continues to ease the beast through the heavy muck.

Prince Charles, Murray, and O'Sullivan have joined Jamie and the other Highlanders.

PRINCE CHARLES

(re: Dougal)

Extraordinary fellow.

ANGUS

That's Dougal MacKenzie. A personal friend of mine. And you are?

PRINCE CHARLES

I am Prince Charles Edward Stuart.

ANGUS

Are ye really?

(to Rupert)

Hear that? I'm talkin' to The Prince.

Rupert bows to Charles.

RUPERT

An honor to make yer acquaintance,  
Your Royal Highness.

PRINCE CHARLES

Quite so.

Rupert nudges Angus, who makes an extravagant bow to The Prince.

Dougal's triumphant smile suddenly breaks as his horse takes a final tentative step before sinking down to its fetlocks and sending Dougal sliding off into the mud. Dougal gets to his feet and tries to correct the horse by the reins, but his own legs begin to disappear into the ground, quickly enveloping him up to his thighs. The Highlander struggles, red-faced, as he launches into a mud-filled tug of war with the scared horse.

More REDCOAT SOLDIERS have left camp to CHEER ON (and occasionally JEER) their comrades, whose MUSKET FIRE continues to miss Dougal's oh-so-tempting target.

A loud ROAR OF APPROVAL as Dougal's BONNET is shot off his head.

DOUGAL  
 (to his horse)  
 I think we've learned all we need to know.

Dougal retrieves his bonnet and waves it in farewell to the enemy.

Dougal clamps it back down on his head, taking a beat to make sure it's cocked just right.

Dougal touches his forehead, studies the BLOOD on his fingers.

DOUGAL (CONT'D)  
 Yes, quite enough.

And with that, he turns his back on the British lines and walks his horse out of the meadow.

As soon as he reaches firmer ground, he slings himself into the saddle and trots victoriously back up the ridge to the Jacobite lines.

**EXT. HIGHLANDER CAMP - DAY - END INTERCUT**

Dougal is met with a rousing welcome. He slides from the saddle and is greeted with an impulsive hug from Prince Charles himself.

PRINCE CHARLES  
 Mark me, if I had a hundred men like you, this war would be over tomorrow!

DOUGAL

(struggling for modesty)  
I dinna ken about that, Your Royal Highness, but I fear it's joyless news I bring back with me.

PRINCE CHARLES

Indeed. There can be no glorious Highlander charge through Tranent Meadows.

O'SULLIVAN

Damn me, we can't get to the British - and they can't get to us!

MURRAY

We could disengage under cover of darkness and return to Edinburgh.

PRINCE CHARLES

And wait for the British to lay siege to the city? The enemy is here, General, not at Edinburgh! I look to you to break this stalemate or I will be forced to find myself another General.

And with that, Prince Charles strides away.

Murray looks over at O'Sullivan who cheerfully stares back at him, the cat awaiting to devour the mouse. Murray turns, the need for a battle plan weighing heavily on his shoulders.

Dougal makes his way past Rupert and Angus and the rest of the admiring crowd, and works his way over to a grinning Jamie.

Jamie turns Dougal's head to better examine his wound.

JAMIE

Ye're a lucky bastard. Best get that looked at.

DOUGAL

A scratch. Nothing more.

Jamie hands Dougal a WOODEN LADLE filled with water. Dougal takes it, removes his bonnet and pours it over his head.

DOUGAL (CONT'D)

And now, I'll be needing a change of breeks, 'cause the hero of the hour has shit his pants.

The two men share a LAUGH. It's a bonding moment.

**INT. TRANENT VILLAGE - FIELD HOSPITAL - DAY**

Claire addresses the half dozen women who will be functioning as nurses during the coming battle. FERGUS is there as well.

CLAIRE

It's my understanding that your doctor MacPherson left Tranent a few days ago? Fortunately, he left his medical bag behind. The instruments will prove useful, more so than the doctor himself would likely have been. Therefore, it is up to us to tend to the wounded. I have no doubt that together we can do this.

(turning to Molly)

Molly Cockburn, you're a strapping lass. Your job will be to see to it that the pails and buckets are filled at all times. Use water from the well only.

MOLLY COCKBURN

Yes, Lady Broch Tuarach.

CLAIRE

(turning to Molly)

We don't have time for that. "Claire" will do just fine.

(turning to Alice)

I'm sorry, I forget your name.

ALICE

Alice McMurdo, Madame.

CLAIRE

Alice, you will be in charge of the honey water.

ALICE

Begging your pardon, I don't know what good sweet water's going to do for bullet wounds.

CLAIRE

For the injuries themselves, nothing. But it will keep the victims' blood pressure up.

The women stare at her with incomprehension.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Trust me, it's important. Plus it will replace the fluids they'll have lost and help avoid shock.

(to Fergus)

Our friend Fergus here will be responsible for keeping the kettle fires going.

FERGUS

(mumbling)

Women's work.

CLAIRE

What was that, Fergus?

FERGUS

Leave it to me, Madame.

CLAIRE

(to all)

I want all wounds cleaned with hot water. And remember to wash your hands after tending to each patient.

Claire turns to Allina.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Allina Clerk, you have some nursing experience, is that right?

ALLINA

I did assist Doctor MacPherson on more than one occasion.

CLAIRE

Wonderful. Now you will assist me, if that's to your liking.

ALLINA

I will do what is needed of me.

CLAIRE

Thank you.

Claire indicates a group of WICKER BASKETS filled with LINENS and the like.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Happily, we have plenty of bandages on hand. At least we will after we rip all this material into strips. So everyone grab a basket and start tearing.

The women grab baskets and begin the tearing process --

TIME CUT:

OMITTED

INT. TRANENT VILLAGE - FIELD HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Claire lays out KNIVES and OTHER INSTRUMENTS from the MEDICAL BAG left behind by Dr. MacPherson. She places them side by side on a piece of clean LINEN draped over a SMALL TABLE.

Several CAULDRONS full of water boil at the ready as a few women bring in backup buckets.

Piles of PETTICOATS lie in a heap nearby as some of the other women have formed a row, tearing and shaving WOOD LATHES to be used for splints.

Claire pauses to look up from her work, noticing Alice, the outspoken lady from earlier. Her eyes are faraway as she mindlessly continues to rip away at the larger pieces of wood, lost in thought.

CLAIRE

Alice?

ALICE

(snapping to)

Huh?

CLAIRE

Are you all right?

ALICE

Oh... yes, apologies, Madame. It's just -- my husband is the laziest man in the village. Always looking for an excuse to turn down an honest day's work. Been that way since the day we wed. Likely since the day he was born.

Her tears of laughter instantly turn to tears of grief.

ALICE (CONT'D)

But when talk of this war came 'round, he grabbed his pitchfork and was out the door afore I could even fill his belly.



All the women can relate to Alice's words, and a beat of silence falls over the room.

CLAIRE

Let's get back to work, ladies.

Their reverie is interrupted by the front door flying open, REVEALING Fergus, with a thin young man from the village trailing closely behind, (RICHARD ANDERSON, 20's). Fergus makes a beeline for Claire, dragging Anderson by the shirt sleeve behind him.

FERGUS

Milady. Milady! This gentleman, he wishes to speak with the commander of His Highness' army.

He has information of the utmost importance.

Anderson bows to Claire, awkwardly, as all eyes are now fixed on him.

RICHARD ANDERSON

I'm Richard Anderson, of Whitburgh, Madame.

CLAIRE

(with a nod)

Claire Fraser.

RICHARD ANDERSON

Yes, Mrs. Fraser. Ye see, I've lived in these parts all my life. My father owns the land, so I ken the ground where the armies are like the back of my hand. There's a way down from the ridge where the Highland troops are -- a small, hidden trail that'll lead them past the bog at the bottom.

CLAIRE

I see.

RICHARD ANDERSON

If I may speak to a commander, please Mistress. Perhaps Lord Murray himself?

CLAIRE

Fergus, do you think you can find your master?

Fergus' face lights up at the mention of Jamie, and the thought of leaving the cottage and joining the men.

FERGUS

Oh yes, I will find him.

CLAIRE

All right, then. But be careful, and bring him back to speak with Mr. Anderson straightaway.

Fergus is already headed for the door before Claire finishes speaking.

FERGUS

Oui, Milady!

**INT. TRANENT VILLAGE - HQ - NIGHT**

Claire, Jamie, Prince Charles, Andrew Macdonald and General Murray are gathered with Anderson around the MAP TABLE. General Murray taps a place on the PARCHMENT with his forefinger.

MURRAY

Here, you say?

RICHARD ANDERSON

Yes. Or thereabouts. I don't ken much from maps.

JAMIE

But there's no such path marked.

RICHARD ANDERSON

Marked or no, it's there. As I told Mrs. Fraser, it's a narrow, winding path, hard to spot in day light, and hopeless to find in the dark. Unless ye ken where to look.

MURRAY

(to Anderson)

And you do?

(to Jamie)

Fortune drops out of the sky and onto our doorstep. Convenient, is it not?

JAMIE

(to Anderson)

And ye're willing to lead us across the meadows?

RICHARD ANDERSON

No other way for it. I'm not much for fighting, but I'll get ye from here to there without a misstep.

CLAIRE

Thank you, Mr. Anderson. Your help is most appreciated.

PRINCE CHARLES

I do wish John was here. I pray I might hear his opinion.

MURRAY

And I pray the Quartermaster is off somewhere gathering needed victuals for this army.

JAMIE

(to The Prince)

Delay could prove fatal, Your Royal Highness.

The Prince SIGHS; sometimes decisions can be such a bother. But one look at the entreaty in Claire's eyes makes the decision for him.

PRINCE CHARLES

I have never been able to refuse the imploring eyes of a woman. Even one of royal birth has a weakness or two, I suppose.

The Prince nods his assent to Jamie and Murray.

PRINCE CHARLES (CONT'D)

Off we go, gentlemen. We shall not return, unless we bring victory back with us.

**INT. TRANENT VILLAGE - FIELD HOSPITAL - NIGHT**

Claire, Jamie, and Fergus walk through the hospital; the coming battle on all their minds.

JAMIE

Try and get some sleep, Sassenach. Tomorrow will be a trying day for us all.

CLAIRE

I doubt sleep will be an option for any of us tonight.

Fergus tugs on Jamie's sleeve.

FERGUS

Milord, I request permission to join you in the fight that is to come.

CLAIRE

And who will keep the hospital fires going?

FERGUS

Someone else can handle such work, I am sure of it. I can sneak into the very tent of General Cope. I will steal his sword. A General cannot fight without his sword.

JAMIE

I don't doubt yer capabilities, Fergus. But without you, who will guard the women?

FERGUS

The same person who keeps the fires lit, I don't know.

JAMIE

And what of our Lady Broch Tuarach? There's no one I trust more with her safety than you.

MURTAGH (O.C.)

(calling)  
Jamie.

They see Murtagh, Rupert, and Angus awaiting them, solemn looks on all their faces.

CLAIRE

(to Fergus)  
I'm afraid you're going to have to stay here and like it, are we understood?

Fergus gives an eleven-year-old SIGH of frustration, mutters a CURSE IN FRENCH, then does as he's told.

Claire and Jamie approach the waiting men.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Ask me, the British do not stand a chance.

Angus sidles up to Claire, opening his arms wide, as if waiting for her to step into his embrace.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Angus, is there not another woman you can kiss goodbye?

RUPERT

None that will have him.

ANGUS

Must I remind ye, Mistress, that this time tomorrow I could be lying in a field bleeding to death? I'd hate my last thoughts to be how ye denied my final request.

CLAIRE

You are shameless.

She leans over and kisses him quickly on the cheek. Angus breaks into a beaming smile.

Claire looks over at Rupert, who appears surprisingly standoffish.

RUPERT

I'll not say goodbye to ye, Claire. There's no need for it, since none of us --

(glaring at Angus)

-- will be meeting our maker in this place. When we meet again, it will be to embrace in victory and share a stiff dram.

Fighting back tears, Claire nods.

CLAIRE

(to Murtagh)

Watch over Jamie.

MURTAGH

Always.

(with quiet urgency)

We will win the day, correct? It is the promise of history?

Claire isn't sure of anything anymore, but she decides to tell Murtagh what he needs to hear.

CLAIRE

Yes, we will win this day.

Murtagh smiles with renewed purpose.

MURTAGH

So we shall.

Murtagh joins the other Highlanders. Claire and Jamie are left facing one another, neither quite knowing what to say.

CLAIRE

On your way soldier.

He grabs her by the arms and gives her a "if-I-never-see-you-again-this-will-last-you-forever" kiss.

**EXT. TRANENT VILLAGE - HQ COURTYARD - NIGHT - LATER**

The men, Angus, Rupert, Ross, and Kincaid among them, make final preparations to move out.

ROSS

(to Kincaid)

I'm not sayin' it's going to happen, but if it does, if I'm to fall in battle, it would ease me greatly to know that ye'll watch over Bess and the croft. And I'll do the same for you, if it proves necessary.

Both men cross themselves.

KINCAID

Marina and the six bairns? I'd wish them on no man.

(then)

There's a wee bit of coin buried south of the pig sty. The she-devil knows where.

ROSS

So then it's settled: what's mine is yours, and yours mine.

Ross spits into the palm of his hand and holds it out to Kincaid. After a beat, Kincaid spits into his own palm and they shake on it.

Angus and Rupert have been in earshot of this conversation. It's given Angus pause.

ANGUS  
 (matter of fact)  
 You can have my sword.  
 (then)  
 And my dirk.  
 (then, grinning)  
 And my sporran... and all that it  
 contains.

RUPERT  
 What are you havoring about?

ANGUS  
 Were ye not listening to those two?  
 His is his, and mine is yours.

RUPERT  
 What use do I have for a sword that's  
 never been used?

ANGUS  
 Do ye think I need a fat man's blade  
 danglin' from my hip? It occurs to me  
 I'll be leaving Scarlet to ye as  
 well.

RUPERT  
 Scarlet the whore?

ANGUS  
 Part time whore. Full time barmaid.

RUPERT  
 She's not yours to give, ye daft  
 bastard.

ANGUS  
 And I'm saying she is. And it's you  
 I'll be giving her to. Do ye accept?

RUPERT  
 I do not.  
 (crossing himself)  
 Now shut yer gab before ye put the  
 devil's own eye upon us.

Rupert walks off, leaving a disappointed Angus behind. After  
 a beat, Angus crosses himself. It pays to be careful.

Nearby Jamie watches Murtagh, who repeatedly runs a WHET  
 STONE along the edge of his SWORD BLADE. No matter how sharp  
 the edge, it's not sharp enough to suit the Highlander.

JAMIE

If ye don't put down that whet stone, ye'll be grinding that blade down to a needle.

Murtagh continues sharpening the sword.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Ye may as well get it off yer chest. Whatever it is.

MURTAGH

It's just... ye see, in a raid each man has a part to play. You tell yerself that the raid's success or failure is dependant on yer own actions. And if ye're forced to wound a man, kill him even, chances are ye stare into his eyes when doing it. And if you were to be killed, ye'd die knowing yer memory would live on within yer clan. Yer death would have meaning.

JAMIE

So far I canna argue with yer logic.

MURTAGH

But this, this is different. We're but part of an army of some two thousand men. My death, your death, alone would be meaningless. Five hundred. A thousand, would need to be slain before our deaths would take on any meaning.

JAMIE

That's not a verra comforting thought on the eve of battle.

MURTAGH

Aye, and it weighs on me. I always looked forward to a raid. The excitement, the challenge, the sheer hell of it would make me hard. But this war, this battle -- I canna wait for it to be over.

JAMIE

If it's comforting words ye're waiting for, I have none to give. In Paris I just about lost my marriage trying to prevent all of this from happening. I failed.



MURTAGH

We failed.

JAMIE

If it's any solace, I feel much the same way you do.

After a moment, Murtagh places the whet stone into his sporran, then looks over to Jamie.

MURTAGH

Aye, it is.

The two men share a wry smile.

**INT. TRANENT VILLAGE - FIELD HOSPITAL - NIGHT**

Claire enters, as the women look up with nervous anticipation. Claire manages a smile.

CLAIRE

Get some rest. All of you, that's an order.

Claire makes her way past the INSTRUMENT TABLE. She notices one of the knives is missing. That's odd. She looks around the room to find Fergus, but there's no sign of the child.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Has anyone seen Fergus?

ALICE

He was here, Madame. But he left again almost immediately. Didn't say where.

CLAIRE

Did one of you borrow a knife from here?

The question is met by blank stares from the ladies. Uh-oh.

**OMITTED**

**EXT. TRANENT MEADOWS - FRONT OF MARCH - NIGHT**

Jamie and Murtagh walk alongside the sure-footed Anderson. Murtagh sinks ankle-deep into the mire. He's not happy about it. Jamie helps him out and they continue on.

Fergus, unseen by Jamie and Murtagh, marches in the back of the long line of Highlanders trudging along the slender defile.

Fergus checks beneath his coat, grasping the hilt of the SURGICAL BLADE he has tucked beneath his belt. Unlike the grim-faced men that surround him, the boy appears lighthearted and eager, confident he's on a great adventure.

**OMITTED**

**EXT. PRESTONPANS - DAWN**

The plains outside of Preston Village. A heavy mist makes visibility a question beyond a dozen yards.

The weary Highlanders are assembled in ranks. To their rear, Jamie stands with Prince Charles, Murray, O'Sullivan, Anderson, and the rest of the command staff.

RICHARD ANDERSON

I'll be leaving you now, if it's all the same to you, General?

JAMIE

I'm no General, but all of Scotland is in your debt.

But Anderson has already melted back into the darkness from whence they came. Jamie turns to The Prince and Murray.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Lord General, you'll see that The Prince is kept here out of harm's way.

MURRAY

I shall indeed.

But The Prince is unenthusiastic.

PRINCE CHARLES

Gentlemen, must I remind you that this is my army? I very much desire to lead it into Battle, which is my right, and my destiny.

(then)

I carry a sword and I'm trained in its use.

JAMIE

I dinna doubt it. But Your Royal Highness needs to realize the rebellion would never survive your death. Besides, regaining the throne would not mean as much to King James if the son who made it possible was not there to share the moment with him.

PRINCE CHARLES

(thoughtful)

A touching sentiment. Mark me, I don't believe my father is all that fond of me.

JAMIE

Nevertheless, ye shall stay behind the lines with the Lord General and the Quartermaster.

A disappointed Charles nods in acquiescence.

TIME CUT:

**EXT. PRESTONPANS - DAWN**

Jamie joins the rank and file, easing his way between Murtagh and Dougal, who stands next to Angus and Rupert.

Jamie looks over at Ross and Kincaid, both wearing their best game faces, but betrayed by the anxiety in their eyes. Jamie nods encouragement, strengthening their resolve. The Highlanders are pulling their weapons from their kilts, CLAYMORES and AXES are swung about in preparation for the coming assault. SCYTHES, lance-like on the end of LONG POLES, gleam wickedly in the darkness.

From the rear ranks a WHISPERED ORDER is passed along.

VOICES

Prepare to move forward.

The men move forward at a walk, as DAWN breaks over the horizon; though for the moment it has little impact on the soupy haze that still envelopes Prestonpans.

The Highlander lines creep forward through the mist. Five yards... Ten yards... Fifteen yards. And then, through the mist, they see A SENTRY leaning on his MUSKET. As he spots Jamie running toward him, broadsword raised for a killing blow --

## SENTRY

God's mercy!

Without hesitation Jamie lifts his sword and brings it down on the sentry's skull. Then we hear the BAGPIPES WAIL, and the Highlanders let loose their BATTLE CRY as they charge. [We will see a quick shot of Fergus, knife in hand, shouting in exhilaration as he races with the Highlanders toward the British lines.]

We hear the ROAR OF CANNON and suddenly one of the HIGHLANDERS running alongside Jamie is BLOWN APART. For a moment Jamie is blinded by BLOOD and bits of BODY PARTS best not described, but he wipes his eyes and continues forward.

The Battle of Prestonpans has begun.

**INT. TRANENT VILLAGE - FIELD HOSPITAL - DAWN**

Back to the scene that opened the show, with Claire and the nurses reacting to the sound of the BATTLE'S COMMENCEMENT.

## CLAIRE

(calm, but firm)

Throw more wood on the fire. We're going to need lots of hot water.

And as the women scurry to do as ordered --

TIME CUT:

**INT. TRANENT VILLAGE - FIELD HOSPITAL - DAY**

The cottage is filling up with wounded men, and the women hurry to keep up with the building workload. The wounded are Jacobites, so Claire doesn't have to be concerned with Prince Charles' edict about treating the British first.

The men are brought in on MAKESHIFT STRETCHERS made of PLANKS, or bound-together MUSKETS. Some are leaning on the arms of friends for support, others stagger in under their own power. And though the injured are pale of face and GROANING through their pain, there is an exuberance amongst them -- a feeling of glorious vindication.

Some of the wounded are Lallybroch men. In the middle of the room stands a haunted looking Ross, holding the bloody body of Kincaid in his arms. Claire, her face laced with sweat, her apron and hands already stained with blood, hurries over.

CLAIRE

Ross, come with me.

Claire leads Ross over to a TABLE, where he places Kincaid, whose open eyes stare silently off to a place only he can see. A quick examination is all it takes for Claire to realize she's too late.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

(to Ross)

I'm sorry.

ROSS

Sorry?

CLAIRE

He's gone.

Alice calls out from across the room:

ALICE

Claire!

Claire has no choice but to hurry away to see to another patient, leaving a stunned Ross to gaze down at the body of his friend. After a moment, Ross lowers himself to the floor and buries his head in his hands -- the events of the last half hour running through his mind.

**EXT. PRESTONPANS - DAWN - FLASHBACK**

*Ross and Kincaid, SCREAMING along with Jamie and the others as they engage the British army, hacking away at any redcoat they come near.*

*The British lines do not hold, but as the redcoats turn to run, one man stays to fire his musket. The bullet hits Kincaid square in the chest, crumpling him in mid stride.*

*But nothing is going to stop the Highlanders this morning. They're in a killing frenzy as they stampede the enemy. The battle quickly becomes butchery. It's not a pretty sight.*

**INT. TRANENT VILLAGE - FIELD HOSPITAL - RESUME**

Molly Cockburn comes running through the door, carrying two BUCKETS OF WATER, shrieking in fear:

MOLLY COCKBURN

The British! The British are among us!

Claire and the other nurses all look up in shock. Is it true? Has the battle been lost?

Just then, redcoats start streaming into the building. The British are here all right, but they're all casualties of battle. The brief panic caused by Molly's warning is quickly extinguished. Claire and the women hurry into action to deal with the new wounded.

CLAIRE

Allina, help me sort these men out by the severity of their wounds!

ALLINA

(to various wounded)

You two, over there. Get that man over onto a table.

Just then Angus enters, a BLOODY BRUISE on his forehead. He's supporting a white-faced Rupert, who has an ugly GASH from his rib cage to his hip that's PUMPING BLOOD.

He helps the groaning, barely conscious, Rupert onto a table, then races over to Claire who is about to examine another patient.

ANGUS

Rupert, he needs ye, Mistress!

CLAIRE

Rupert? I'll be right there.

But Angus isn't about to wait in line. He grabs Claire by the arm.

ANGUS

Now!

The fear and panic in Angus' eyes is enough to convince Claire.

CLAIRE

(to Allina)

Take over.

Allina takes Claire's place as she hurries away with Angus.

Claire rips off Rupert's COAT and SHIRT, so she can examine the wound. It doesn't look good.

ANGUS

Ye must save him, Mistress. I'll not allow that fat bawbag to die on me.

Molly approaches with a handful of CLEAN RAGS that Claire takes and pushes against the wound, trying to stop the flow of blood.

CLAIRE

Molly, we must close this wound before infection sets in. I'm going to need some hot water, thread, and one of the big needles.

Molly goes off to fetch the required items. Suddenly Rupert SCREAMS and lurches up in agony. He barks in Claire's face:

RUPERT

The wee bastard, is he blown up? Tell me!

His energy drained, Claire is able to ease Rupert back down onto the table. She has him drink from a VIAL to knock him out.

CLAIRE

(to Angus)

What's he talking about?

ANGUS

A cannon blast. It's nothing.

Molly arrives with the NEEDLE and THREAD.

CLAIRE

(to Angus)

Hold his shoulders, in case he wakes. Molly, his legs.

**INT. TRANENT VILLAGE - FIELD HOSPITAL - DAY - MONTAGE**

MONTAGE sequence of Claire sewing up the jagged gash. This is not "Grey's Anatomy" -- this is field triage circa 1745.

Claire has nothing but thick thread and an even thicker needle. She is not creating a work of art; if Rupert survives, he will be carrying a nasty scar the length of his torso that he could brag about for the rest of his life.

**INT. TRANENT VILLAGE - FIELD HOSPITAL - DAY - LATER**

Claire is washing her bloody hands in a BUCKET OF WATER, Angus keeping watch over Rupert.

ANGUS

Tell me true, Mistress, will he live?

CLAIRE

I wish I knew. He's strong, and if  
the wound doesn't fester...

Angus crosses himself.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Now let me take a look at that head.  
(checking the wound)  
Your eyes appear clear. Any nausea?

ANGUS

I told you I'm fine.

CLAIRE

Well, if it's anything, it's a mild  
concussion. You can stay here by  
Rupert, but no napping. I want you  
awake.

ANGUS

I admit, I'm bone-weary, but I'll be  
keepin' both eyes on that big belly  
going up and down.

CLAIRE

As long as it does, there's hope.

Claire goes back to work, leaving Angus to clock Rupert's  
breathing.

**EXT. PRESTONPANS - DAWN - FLASHBACK**

*The battle has turned into a rabbit hunt as the British  
forces flee in terror, pursued by bloodthirsty and  
triumphant Highlanders. One lone British officer of  
Dragoons, COLONEL JAMES GARDNER, sits atop his steed,  
unwilling to admit defeat.*

GARDNER

(desperate)

Damnit all, stand your ground you  
dogs! Don't turn your back on these  
traitors!

But the soldiers continue their retreat.

*Gardner spurs his horse, galloping headfirst into a pack of  
Jacobite soldiers. As he closes in, Rupert quickly becomes  
his target -- his attention momentarily focused on one of  
his fallen comrades, leaving his guard open.*



*The Colonel's BLADE slices viciously alongside Rupert's body. As Rupert falls, the Colonel wheels his horse to strike another blow -- A SHOT rings out. Gardner is struck in the forehead, falling off his horse.*

*We SEE Angus, the smoke still billowing from the PISTOL in his hand. As Angus makes his way toward his fallen friend -- BOOM! -- a cannon blast strikes several yards away from Angus, knocking him off his feet.*

**INT. TRANENT VILLAGE - FIELD HOSPITAL - RESUME**

As Jamie and Murtagh enter. They're both filthy, blood-spattered, legs and feet caked with mud, but uninjured. Jamie strides over, grabs Claire around the waist in adrenaline-fueled celebration.

JAMIE

The day is ours. The British are routed. General Cope is in retreat, leaving hundreds of dead and wounded behind.

MURTAGH

And our losses can't number more than fifty men. The whole thing took all of fifteen minutes.

JAMIE

If only we had cavalry, we could have pursued the enemy, captured General Cope, and perhaps put an end to the rebellion this very morning.

It's good news indeed, but Claire is still uneasy.

CLAIRE

Have you seen Fergus? He ran off -- to fight, I'm sure.

JAMIE

Dinna fash, Sassenach. Take a peek outside.

Claire runs to the front door --

**EXT. TRANENT VILLAGE - FIELD HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS**

Sure enough, there's Fergus, seated astride one of General Cope's commandeered CANNONS.

Claire races over and shakes him.

CLAIRE

Wretch! What do you mean sneaking off  
like that?! I should box your ears  
'til your head rattles.

Claire hugs the boy to her.

FERGUS

(bewildered)

Milady... Milady...

Fergus' voice is dulled, lacking the exuberance of victory. Claire holds him at arms length, studying him. He appears dazed, perplexed at what he's just been through.

CLAIRE

Are you all right?

FERGUS

I killed an English soldier, Milady.

CLAIRE

Don't tell me that.

FERGUS

I think I killed him. He fell down. I  
had a knife. I struck him.

CLAIRE

Oh Fergus, I'm so sorry. You aren't  
injured, are you?

FERGUS

No, Milady.

The boy is swaying on his feet.

FERGUS (CONT'D)

I am just -- tired. Very, very tired.

CLAIRE

Come along with me, we'll find you  
some food and a place to sleep.

Fergus nods, but it's not clear if he even understands what she's saying.

They walk toward one of the other cottages. After a few steps, an exhausted Fergus rests his head against Claire. She places a protective arm around his shoulder, helping to support him on their way.

EXT. PRESTONPANS - DAY

The battle is over but the killing continues.

An exultant Dougal chases after a BRITISH SOLDIER. The terrified redcoat, knowing he cannot run the long-legged Highlander, turns and raises his BAYONET in self-defense. Dougal knocks it away and runs him through the body. Dougal holds the soldier by the collar, so that he can watch the life leave his eyes before withdrawing his SWORD and letting the body drop to the ground.

Looking around the field for another target, Dougal hears:

VOICE (O.C.)  
(a strained whisper)  
Dougal MacKenzie.

Dougal looks over to where a badly wounded British officer sits slumped against a CANNON CARRIAGE. Dougal approaches and we recognize LIEUTENANT FOSTER [our young Lieutenant from Episodes 105 and 106].

DOUGAL  
I know you?

LIEUTENANT FOSTER  
Lieutenant Jeremy Foster. I accompanied you and the lady Claire Beauchamp to the village of Brockton.

Dougal sheathes his sword and crouches by Foster.

DOUGAL  
Aye, the only honorable redcoat among Lord Thomas' staff.

LIEUTENANT FOSTER  
I would be much obliged if you would see me to your infirmary.

DOUGAL  
Ye expect me to carry ye all the way back to Tranent? I've got work to do here yet.

LIEUTENANT FOSTER  
Isn't your thirst for slaughter quenched as yet? You've won a great victory today.

DOUGAL  
And I wager there shall be many more to follow.

LIEUTENANT FOSTER

(shaking his head)

A War Chief should know better. I tell you this in all candor: you cannot defeat the British army. You have won a battle, but you will never win this war.

DOUGAL

God alone knows the answer to that.

Dougal takes out his DIRK and rams it into Foster's stomach, ripping up into his vitals.

Foster dies. Dougal pats the dead Lieutenant on the cheek.

DOUGAL (CONT'D)

If so, I will look for you in hell.

Dougal removes his dirk and rises -- on the lookout for more victims.

**INT. TRANENT VILLAGE - FIELD HOSPITAL - DAY**

Jamie and Murtagh stand with Angus, looking down at Rupert.

MURTAGH

(to Angus)

Dinna fash yerself, the blubber no doubt protected his innards.

This spurs a small smile from Angus.

ANGUS

Aye, then it was those third portions he gobbled that did it.

JAMIE

The man could eat.

(realizing)

Can eat, I meant to say.

Angus sways on his feet.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Easy now, you look done in.

ANGUS

It's but a passing weakness. It's been a long night.

CLAIRE (O.C.)

What happened here?

Claire, having just entered the cottage, approaches. She notices a distinct, muddied MARK on the back of Jamie's shirt. It looks very much like a horseshoe.

CLAIRE

Looks like you were stepped on by a horse.

JAMIE

That's 'cause I was. The English were in such retreat an officer galloped right over me.

She rummages in her medical kit and pulls out a GLASS URONOSCOPY CUP from L'Hopital des Agnes.

CLAIRE

Fill this up.

(off Jamie's look)

You had a four hundred weight of horse step smack on your kidney. I want to know if there's blood in your urine.

All eyes are on Jamie as he takes the cup from Claire.

Meanwhile, Angus looks around to see Ross sitting by the corpse of Kincaid. The two men stare at each other for a beat.

ROSS

We did not run.

After a moment, Angus nods.

Back with Jamie, who still holds the cup. He offers it to a British soldier.

JAMIE

Hold this for me while I take aim.

This brings LAUGHTER from both the wounded Scots and British.

SOLDIER #1

Six pence says you can't make it from where you stand.

He places the cup down on the floor about four feet from Jamie.

JAMIE

Well, I'll not say it would be easy,  
but for six pence I'll make the  
effort.

SOLDIER #1

(to the other British  
wounded)

I knew this day would end in victory,  
lads.

Claire rolls her eyes but won't interfere, as long as Jamie  
does what she requires of him.

MURTAGH

Ten silver pennies on Jamie.

JAMIE

Where are ye gonna find ten silver  
pennies?

Murtagh thinks it over.

MURTAGH

A pouch of pipe weed on Jamie.

RANDOM WAGERING is called out between the Scots and British  
wounded.

Jamie sets himself before the cup, reaches down and searches  
beneath his kilt.

JAMIE

I know I had it when I went out.

The room erupts in LAUGHTER. We don't see it, but Jamie  
finally finds his pizzle, pulls it out -- but nothing  
happens.

SOLDIER #1

It's a misfire!

MURTAGH

What's wrong Jamie, your powder wet?

SOLDIER #1

No balls to your pistol.

JAMIE

My chamber's empty, that's all.

He grabs up a WATER BOTTLE and upends it into his mouth,  
draining it. He sets himself once again.

MURTAGH

Now then, silence if ye will, let the man concentrate.

The room quiets, but after a moment Jamie senses it's not due to him. He looks up to see Prince Charles standing in the doorway. The Prince looks solemn, tired, and surprisingly humble as he scans the wounded that fill the room. He nods to Claire.

PRINCE CHARLES

Madame Fraser, your labors on our behalf are much appreciated.

CLAIRE

(curtseying)

Your Royal Highness. Mind the blood, the floor's a bit slippery.

PRINCE CHARLES

(to the gathered men)

I bring you the blessing and gratitude of my father. Your deeds of today will be forever remembered. If we had obtained this victory over foreigners my joy would be complete. But as it is over Englishmen, it has thrown a damp chill over my heart. I say to you all: I have come here in the interest of both our countries. Which, in truth, is but one country.

The Prince bows his appreciation.

Just then Dougal enters. He's in his celebratory cups, a BOTTLE OF ALE in his hand -- his crazed eyes triumphantly jutting out of his blood-speckled face.

DOUGAL

Victory is ours! Let the writing of the ballads begin!

With a stumble, Dougal takes in the room -- more British wounded than Highlanders, but the nurses work on all men seemingly equally. Dougal's visage quickly darkens.

DOUGAL (CONT'D)

(to the ladies)

What's this, then? Do ye mean to tend to these bastards as if they were yer own kin?

No response from the room.

DOUGAL (CONT'D)

Bloody hell!

CLAIRE

Dougal --

DOUGAL

I say we put an end to these bastards here and now!

Dougal's hand moves to his SWORD. Jamie quickly steps up from behind him, placing a firm hand on its hilt, making sure it remains sheathed.

JAMIE

I believe the British were taught a lesson this morning they're not soon to forget. The killing of these men willna add to our victory.

DOUGAL

Ye call these swine "men"?

PRINCE CHARLES (O.C.)

Yes. Men -- and my father's subjects.

In his blood lust, Dougal hadn't even realized that Charles was in the room. It's a sobering moment as The Prince steps up to face the former War Chief.

PRINCE CHARLES

And each of them is your brother. My God sir, where is your Christian charity?

Dougal's chastened gaze falls to the floor.

PRINCE CHARLES (CONT'D)

(turning to Jamie)

James, remove this gentleman from the muster roll immediately. There is no place for such wanton disregard for fellow Englishmen in my army.

There are no words to be had, and with a solemn nod to The Prince, Dougal turns his back and heads for the door, but Jamie's words stop him:

JAMIE

Your Royal Highness, if I may say so, misguided as his ire may be, Dougal MacKenzie is a true warrior, I ken it well.

(MORE)



JAMIE (CONT'D)

And if this army is to triumph, we'll need all the warriors we can muster.

PRINCE CHARLES

Yes James, and a fast horse will undoubtedly win the race, but what good is that when it's master is tossed from his saddle in the process? What am I to do with such a blood-thirsty barbarian?

Thinking fast, Jamie has a flash of inspiration.

JAMIE

We promote him, Your Highness. As Captain of the newly-formed Highlander Dragoons. Provide him with fifteen of our best riders and horses. Let them follow the enemy, report back on his troop movements, and harass his supply lines. This way, we make use of his abilities while ensuring that Your Highness never has to lay eyes upon him.

The Prince ponders Jamie's idea, then SIGHS in acquiescence.

PRINCE CHARLES

Mark me, you do have the most ingenious mind, Fraser.

(to Dougal)

You're in his debt, rogue. See that he doesn't come to lament his benevolence.

And with that, The Prince exits the cottage.

DOUGAL

(to Jamie)

I thank you, lad. Truly. And I promise to give you no need to regret your generosity.

(with a sly smile)

But I ken what ye're up to. Ye champion me and exile me, both at the same time. A plan worthy of my brother Colum.

Jamie smiles back, glad they both understand one another.

Dougal looks over and spots Angus and Rupert, then strides over.

DOUGAL (CONT'D)  
 Angus laddie, how's Rupert?

No response from Angus.

DOUGAL (CONT'D)  
 Talk to me man, he's my friend as well.

Angus looks up. There's BLOOD leaking from his mouth. He's pale and sweaty, and clearly disoriented.

DOUGAL (CONT'D)  
 Claire!

Claire and the others rush over:

CLAIRE  
 Angus?

ANGUS  
 I'm cold.

He slumps down off the bench, and she catches him in her arms and takes him to the ground.

Claire frantically searches Angus' body. She feels his stomach, and then rips open his shirt. His belly is SWOLLEN, and a deep, crimson red.

CLAIRE  
 Dear God --

JAMIE  
 There must be something ye can do?

But Claire knows better. She looks up at the men and shakes her head in despair.

CLAIRE  
 The cannon blast. He's been bleeding internally all this time.

Angus' hands clutch at Claire, his eyes wide in surprise and fear. Another gout of BLOOD issues forth from his mouth. He fights for breath, but he's choking on his own blood. It's horrible to watch. His thrashing grows weaker, and just like that, while the others stand helpless, Angus Mhor dies.

Shock and silence descends on them all, which is suddenly broken by a CRY of anger and effort. All eyes turn to a pale and sweaty Rupert, who heaves himself off the table and slowly staggers over to where Angus lies.

Jamie goes to help Rupert, who determinedly shrugs him off. With a herculean effort, Rupert lowers himself down and slides the SWORD out of Angus' scabbard. He holds it tenderly to his chest, looking down at his friend, and then turns and totters back to the table.

We HOLD ON the tableau of Claire, Jamie, Murtagh, and Dougal standing around the body of Angus. Nothing to be done.

**OMITTED**

**EXT. HIGHLANDER CAMP - NIGHT - LATER**

The army is in the midst of a raucous victory celebration.

In the back of a wagon, Fergus tosses in a weary sleep.

Claire watches as Jamie and Murtagh, both sober as church mice, pack their GEAR.

JAMIE

We'll be a few days at Edinburgh to resupply before continuing on toward London.

CLAIRE

It'll take at least that long to transport the wounded.

JAMIE

Murtagh will stay behind with a patrol to see you safely on your journey.

MURTAGH

Though I doubt there's an English soldier within miles.

Their attention shifts to a heavily bandaged Rupert, who staggers through camp, arm-in-arm with Ross, drunkenly SINGING a song [See Appendix for full song] eulogizing their fallen comrades.

RUPERT/ROSS

*"Here's a health to the King, and a  
lasting peace,  
May faction end and wealth increase.  
Come, let us drink it while we have  
breath,  
For there's no drinking after death.  
And he who would this toast deny,*

(MORE)

RUPERT/ROSS (CONT'D)

*Down among the dead men, down among  
the dead men,  
Down, down, down, down;  
Down among the dead men let him  
lie!..."*

A piss drunk Dougal stumbles after them, his mood vacillating between joy at the Jacobites' stunning victory, and anger at his shaming in front of Prince Charles.

MURTAGH

I expected the flavor of victory to taste sweeter.

JAMIE

Aye. War leaves a bitter taste, no matter the outcome.

MURTAGH

I canna help but think, if we had killed The Prince while in Paris, Angus and the others would be alive here in Scotland today.

JAMIE

What's done is done. And what might have been is but false solace.

The three of them stand there listening to the sounds of JOLLIFICATION.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Well, Claire, turns out ye were right about Prestonpans after all.

CLAIRE

I was, wasn't I?  
(then)

Which means I'm also right about the disaster awaiting us at Culloden.

In spite of the merrymaking around them, the three friends can't help but feel a sense of descending doom.

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE