

OUTLANDER

EPISODE 211
Vengeance is Mine

WRITTEN BY
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BASED ON THE NOVEL BY
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FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT
14th April 2016

OUTLANDER
EPISODE 211 "Vengeance is Mine"

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CAST LIST – FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT – 14th April 2016

CLAIRE BEAUCHAMP RANDALL
JAMIE MACKENZIE FRASER
DOUGAL MACKENZIE
MURTAGH FITZGIBBONS FRASER
MARY HAWKINS
PRINCE CHARLES STUART
RUPERT MACKENZIE
DUKE OF SANDRINGHAM
FERGUS

LORD GENERAL GEORGE MURRAY
QUARTERMASTER JOHN WILLIAM O'SULLIVAN
ANDREW MACDONALD
ROSS
PATIENT
CAPTAIN CLERMONT
LIEUTENANT BARNES
HUGH MUNRO
DANTON
APPREHENSIVE BOY
APPREHENSIVE BOY'S MOTHER
MESSENGER
FARMER

EPISODE 211 "Vengeance is Mine"

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INTERIORS

Canvas-Covered Medical Area
Tavern
 Back Room
Inn
 Bedroom
 Stairwell
Church
Ramshackle Inn
 Corridor
Bellmont
 Foyer
 Drawing Room
 Dining Room
 Kitchen
 Claire's Room
 Small Corridor
 Stairs

EXTERIORS

Jacobite Encampment
Countryside
Campsite
Hilly Woods
Church
Open Country
Tiny English Village
Ramshackle Inn
Gypsy Encampment
Hill Above Belmont
Bellmont
 Front Door
 Balcony
Landscape
A Country Road
Another Section Of Country
Road

EXT. JACOBITE ENCAMPMENT - DERBY, ENGLAND - DAY

As the CAMERA MOVES ACROSS the encamped Jacobite army, now numbering FIVE THOUSAND MEN...

CLAIRE (V.O.)

The Jacobite Army had moved steadily south during the months since Prestonpans. We had acquired much-needed artillery along the way, taken the English garrison at Carlisle, and successfully occupied Manchester. Despite this, the anticipated sympathetic uprising from the Scottish lowlands and northern England had so far not materialized. We were now encamped at Derby, awaiting further orders from Prince Charles...

And we LAND ON --

INT. CANVAS-COVERED MEDICAL AREA - DAY

CLAIRE, treating VARIOUS PATIENTS, CIVILIANS AND SOLDIERS, just outside a TAVERN where Prince Charles, Jamie and other advisors discuss their next moves. As a HIGHLANDER WOMAN settles into a chair for dental work, MURTAGH paces near the door to the tavern, occasionally exchanging looks with Claire.

INT. TAVERN - BACK ROOM - DAY

CLOSE-UP on A MAP OF SCOTLAND AND ENGLAND, with MARKERS on it, standing in for the Jacobite and British Armies. A LINE drawn on the map shows the journey the Jacobite army has made through Scotland to get them to Derby. PULL BACK TO REVEAL JAMIE, gripping the shoulder of PRINCE CHARLES STUART, WHO WEARS A TARTAN COAT. It's hard to tell if he is offering support or holding The Prince in his seat. The room is full of The Prince's advisors, including LORD GENERAL GEORGE MURRAY, QUARTERMASTER COLONEL JOHN WILLIAM O'SULLIVAN, ANDREW MACDONALD and the rest of the clan chiefs.

MURRAY

Your Royal Highness, I am aware how painful this must be for you, but the truth is often vexing. We must turn back.

PRINCE CHARLES

And I say we shall not. London lies within our grasp, all we have to do is reach out and take it!

(to O'Sullivan)

John? This is no time for silence. Speak man.

O'Sullivan reluctantly does as The Prince requests.

O'SULLIVAN

I'm sorry, Your Royal Highness. As you know, the Lord General and I seldom find ourselves of like mind. But I fear in this instance we speak with one voice.

PRINCE CHARLES

I must say, you've picked a damned inconvenient time to be conciliatory.

JAMIE

(to Murray)

And I would say the same to you, My Lord General.

Murray bristles at Jamie's accusation.

MURRAY

Fraser, you have proved you possess a sound military mind. But I will not have my decision challenged by a junior officer. Do I make myself clear, sir?

But Jamie refuses to back down.

JAMIE

And what of The Prince's decision? Do we not all serve him and his noble cause? His orders were to march into England and take London. We are but five days away from reaching that city, and now you order us to turn away and retreat back to Scotland.

PRINCE CHARLES

Five days, gentlemen. A mere five days is all that stands between us and the completion of God's will.

Murray gestures to the markers and the map.

MURRAY

It's not the five days that concerns me, but the three British armies that stand between us and London, and we don't bloody know where any of them are.

JAMIE

We're not likely to meet all three at once, My Lord. And if we're shrewd, and lucky, we could manage to slip past them all.

MacDonald steps forward, speaking for all the clan chiefs.

MACDONALD

Aye, and if we don't? The British number thirty thousand troops, while we have mustered a mere five. One good fight and we'd be too weakened to carry on.

JAMIE

That war brings risk should come as no surprise. But if we turn back now, we will extinguish the hope that currently resides in the hearts of our supporters, and replace it with doubt and fear.

MURRAY

Support, sir? What support? Show it to me. The south is said to be full of Jacobite sympathizers. Have you seen any? Have any stepped forward to offer supplies or assistance?

JAMIE

Aye, but any man wi' a care for his purse puts his wager on a cock that's winning. And the moment we take London -- the moment the Stuart banner flies over Westminster once more -- every man in the kingdom will see us as the winning side... and they'll be wanting to place their bets accordingly.

(to Prince Charles)

But if we lose heart now, if we turn tail and flee for safety, our future will consist of naught but defeat and disaster.

O'SULLIVAN

You predict doom as if the outcome
is not in doubt.

MURRAY

(sarcastic)

Perhaps Fraser knows something we do
not.

MACDONALD

Know this, all of you: Fraser here
grievously wounded my sons in
combat, protecting the life of a
molly of an English Duke.

JAMIE

What are you implying MacDonald?

MACDONALD

That you are not just a sodomite,
but a traitor in league with the
British as well.

The two men move towards each other. Chaos breaks out.

INT. CANVAS-COVERED MEDICAL AREA - DAY

Claire is groping in the open mouth of the worried-looking
female Highlander patient, a pair of TOOTH-PLIERS in her
other hand.

During her procedure, Claire glances anxiously over at
Murtagh -- still nothing.

Several other HIGHLANDERS (and a few WIVES) crowd the area,
filling the benches and sitting on the floor. RUPERT sits,
drinking morosely, an APPREHENSIVE BOY and his MOTHER
sitting
on the bench next to him.

CLAIRE

Is it this one?

PATIENT

Gaaaagh!

Waiting patients flinch at the GASP OF PAIN.

CLAIRE

Good. Now brace yourself... this
won't take long, I promise...

CU of Rupert, who blinks at the LOUD CRACK as Claire wrenches the tooth loose. The boy next to him cringes back against his mother. Rupert leans into him...

RUPERT

Dinna fash yourself, laddie. My guid freen, Angus -- he lost his front teeth when he was no' but a wee lad; a cow kicked 'em straight down his throat. He said he didna shit for a week, for fear o' being bitten.

The mother pulls the horrified boy a little closer as Rupert nods to her and takes another drink.

INT. TAVERN - BACK ROOM - DAY

Held back by his fellow clan chiefs, MacDonald still attempts to reach Jamie. Prince Charles steps between the two men.

PRINCE CHARLES

Enough.

Both MacDonald and Jamie stand down. The clan chiefs step back.

PRINCE CHARLES (CONT'D)

I see you'd rather fight amongst yourselves than face the enemy. Mark me, such a realization grieves me to the marrow.

(then)

I sailed from Italy to raise an army. This army. It was God's wish that I do so. Since then, His hand has ever been with us -- He has given us this precious chance for victory. If we spurn His divine gift, there is no guarantee that it will be offered again.

(then)

Is there none among you still willing to stand by your Prince, your rightful King, and your God?

The Prince's words shame all in hearing. But only Jamie moves over to stand shoulder to shoulder with The Prince.

PRINCE CHARLES (CONT'D)

One man. Is that all I can count on?
It is intolerable. I'd rather be run
through by a British bayonet
and my body be buried in an unmarked
grave than turn back after having
come so far. But I see now that I
am betrayed by both friends and
allies. Do what you must, but may
God damn you all to hell for it. I
will say no more.

And with that, head held high, The Prince walks out of the
room. After a beat, O'Sullivan rushes after him. After a
long uncomfortable beat --

MURRAY

Alert the men we march for Scotland.

A grim Jamie can only watch as the clan chiefs file out.

INT. CANVAS-COVERED MEDICAL AREA - DAY

Claire is trying to coax the boy over to the dental chair.

CLAIRE

It's all right, really. Not
everyone needs a tooth pulled.

The boy shrinks back into his mother, who smiles
apologetically.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

(to Rupert)

What did you say to him?

RUPERT

Nothin' that isn't true --

He's cut off as Prince Charles comes through the area,
clearly furious, and his advisors follow in a thundercloud
of disgruntlement. Claire and Murtagh share a look -- this
doesn't bode well -- and their assumption is confirmed when
Jamie leaves the tavern last, his face grim.

OMITTED

EXT. JACOBITE ENCAMPMENT - DAY - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Jamie and Claire walk and talk.

JAMIE

I must give The Prince credit.
Turns out he has a fighting man's
heart.

(small, bitter LAUGH)

I'm sorry, Sassenach.

CLAIRE

It's not your fault. And even if
you'd talked them into taking
London, they might not have been
able to hold it.

JAMIE

No, but if we marched on London --
it would be different than what ye
said happened in yer history books.
It would mean that -- that just
maybe, things could be changed. But
now --

They are interrupted by the approach of a small group of
LALLYBROCH TENANTS, led by ROSS.

ROSS

My Laird -- is it true? Are we
turnin' back?

JAMIE

(pulling himself together)

Aye. We'll be going back across the
border. Home -- for the winter.

Tenants exchange glances, looks of mingled consternation and
relief. Someone whispers, "Home...".

ROSS

Are -- are the English after us,
then? Are they close?

JAMIE

I canna say, Ross. But I promise ye
-- I promise all of ye -- I'll see
ye safe back to Lallybroch, nae
matter what happens.

General SIGHS and nods, GAELIC MURMURS; they have complete
faith in him. Jamie and Claire stand close together,
watching the men leave. He turns to her.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

(softly)

And you, Sassenach. I'll see ye
safe. Nae matter what happens.

INT. INN - BEDROOM - NIGHT

ON Claire, asleep. We hear Jamie's voice speaking Gaelic, very softly.

JAMIE (O.C.)
 (in Gaelic)
God shield my beloved, my white dove -- and the child that she may bear. Preserve her from violence and from harm. In this place and every place, on this night and on every night.

JAMIE (O.C.)
 (in Gaelic)
Gun dìon Dia mo ghràidh, mo chalman geal - agas an leanabh a bheireadh i. Dìon i ro éiginn agas ro chron. San àite seo, sa h-uile h-àit', san oidhche seo 's anns a h-uile h-oidhch'.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL Jamie sitting beside the bed, his hand just touching Claire's spread-out hair. She wakes slowly and turns over to face him.

CLAIRE
 Are you all right?

JAMIE
 I'm fine. I only wanted to watch ye sleep in peace for a bit.

CLAIRE
 You must be cold as ice, Jamie -- get in, for heaven's sake.

She throws back the cover, drawing him in. They snuggle down, spooning.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
 (drowsy)
 What was it you were saying?

JAMIE
 Ach, nothing...
 (she snorts)
 There's no' so much I can say, waking, without it sounding daft and silly, Sassenach.
 (he draws her closer, whispering)
 But I can say things while ye sleep, and your dreams will ken the truth of them.

INT. INN - STAIRWELL - DAYBREAK

Dougal moves up the stairs toward Jamie and Claire's room, angry.

INT. INN - BEDROOM - DAYBREAK

Claire and Jamie are just getting dressed, when there's a violent POUNDING on the door. Jamie opens it to find DOUGAL there, looking thunderous, with a NOTE clutched in his hand. He pushes into the room, shoving the note into Jamie's chest.

DOUGAL

Read that!

JAMIE

(reading)

"My Lord Broch Tuarach -- you are hereby ordered to proceed at once with your men to... Inverness"?

(to Dougal)

What's this?

DOUGAL

Exile is what it is. They're getting rid of us -- of you. O'Sullivan fears you have too much influence on The Prince. And Murray did naught to defend ye. They want you -- and me -- gone, and gone now. The ballock-less bastards.

Claire gets up and takes the note from Jamie, reading it.

CLAIRE

"... proceed in advance of the army, arrange winter quarters, obtain provisions..." -- obtain provisions? How? With what money?

DOUGAL

Aye, I asked O'Sullivan that myself. He stuck his Irish nose in the air and said His Highness' loyal supporters in Inverness would "of course" extend credit to his representative.

CLAIRE

Of course.

JAMIE

I'll see The Prince myself and --

DOUGAL

(shakes his head, fuming)
He's gone. Murray spirited him away
before dawn. The Prince was riding
Donas -- he said he knew you
wouldn't mind.

Jamie stands still, thinking. Claire and Dougal wait to see what he'll do. After a beat, he SIGHS, determined to make the best of a bad situation.

JAMIE

In that case... Sassenach, how long
has it been since you visited
Inverness?

CLAIRE

(just as sardonic)
It feels like centuries...

As they share a small private joke that Dougal has no way of understanding...

OMITTED

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY - MONTAGE

Jamie, Dougal, Claire, Rupert, Murtagh (with FERGUS behind him) on horseback, accompanied by TWENTY-EIGHT TENANTS, most on foot, a few -- including Ross, and two other tenants on horseback.

Brief montage of the group as they ride/trudge slowly north.

EXT. CAMPSITE - A FEW DAYS LATER - DAY

Claire is taking a FISH-HOOK out of Ross's thumb. Rupert looks on the operation with interest, Fergus hanging over his shoulder, watching, too. Murtagh and the others are nearby.

Ross flinches as Claire works.

RUPERT

Ah ye big baby, Angus'd bite it off
wi' his teeth.

He mimes biting off the hook with his front teeth.

FERGUS

Angus didn't have front teeth.

RUPERT

He'd use his gums then.

CLAIRE

(ignoring them)

I do wish I could give you a tetanus shot...

ROSS

Tetanus. Never heard of it, but I'd take a shot of anything just now.

RUPERT

Sounds Spanish. Must be gin.

She pulls the fish-hook free at last.

CLAIRE

You'll just have to make do with whisky.

She pours WHISKY on his thumb, making him GASP. Rupert, looking offended, takes the FLASK from her and takes a gulp. Ross suddenly sees something O.C. He stiffens and points.

ROSS

My Laird!

A PARTY OF HORSEMEN appears suddenly on a distant ridge -- REDCOATS. One of the men waves an arm; plainly he's spotted their party, and the horses begin to move in their direction.

JAMIE

They've spotted us! Go!

There's a sudden scramble for gear and horses. Claire starts shoving her MEDICAL SUPPLIES into their BOX, when a BULLET HITS THE BOX! She lets go of it as Jamie grabs her by the arm, pulling her toward the horses. AS MORE SHOTS ARE FIRED, she shoves the PLIERS, a COUPLE NEEDLES AND SUTURES, and the WHISKY FLASK into her pocket. Dougal is BARKING ORDERS at the men in Gaelic, hastily bridling his own horse.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Leave it, Sassenach --
there's no time!

DOUGAL

Rupert, come wi' me! The rest o'
you -- take your arms and scatter
into the woods!

Jamie boosts Claire onto her horse, then swings up on his own. Murtagh pulls Fergus up behind him.

JAMIE

We'll meet at the crossroads! Go, a
chàirdean!

The Highlanders SCATTER, some men taking off on foot, a few, including Ross, on horseback.

EXT. HILLY WOODS - DAY - VARIOUS

-- Jamie, Claire, Dougal, Rupert, Murtagh, and Fergus madly trying to escape the pursuing redcoats.

-- A pair of REDCOATS stop their horses long enough to take aim and FIRE their muskets (or pistols).

-- Rupert is HIT, nearly falls out of his saddle. Dougal jumps up behind him on his horse, steadying Rupert so he doesn't fall. Rupert is limp, dripping blood; he looks dead.

-- Dougal catches up to Jamie and company, picking their way through rough country.

-- Jamie spots a way he hopes to lose their pursuers.

JAMIE

(glancing back, in
Gaelic)
This way!

JAMIE

(glancing back, in
Gaelic)
An rathad seo!

The Scots charge off, heading for a patch of woods. As Jamie and his group thunder off in the other direction...

EXT. CHURCH - DAY - LATER

Jamie, et al., are in a ditch, just outside the walls of a small country church. The ROOF of the church is THATCH. Everyone is off their horses, Claire tending to Rupert as Fergus and Dougal look on. Jamie and Murtagh are crouched by the wall, considering the church.

MURTAGH

Are ye sure it's wise to stop?

JAMIE
 If we don't, Claire assures me
 Rupert will die.

No comment from Murtagh, but he's clearly wondering if
 sacrificing one man isn't better than risking them all.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
 We've no' seen any redcoats for
 nearly two hours. Wait for my
 signal.

And he creeps along the wall, climbing over as he gets
 closer to the door.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

From the POV of SOMEONE IN THE CHURCH, WE SEE the shape of
 Jamie creeping along the wall.

EXT./INT. CHURCH - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Jamie quietly approaches the door, pushes it open and a
 BAYONET is thrust at his face!

Jamie ducks below the bayonet, throwing his shoulder into
 the
 MAN holding it, slamming him against the wall, knocking the
 breath out of his would-be assailant. He looks up to see it
 is Ross!

JAMIE
 (in Gaelic)
Jesus Christ!

JAMIE
 (in Gaelic)
Thighearna Dhia!

Another tenant (one of the other two who were on horses), is
 visible behind him.

ROSS
 (gasping)
 Och, sorry, Laird! Didna ken it was
 you!

JAMIE
 Never mind.

Jamie steps to the door and WHISTLES -- the all-clear
 signal.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
 (to Ross)
 Where are your horses?

ROSS

Hidden in the woods beyond. Wallace is standing guard. We waited at the crossroads --

JAMIE

It's all right. See that our horses are hidden as well.

He steps back to allow Claire, Murtagh, Dougal, et al., to enter the church.

Ross nods and gestures to the other tenant, who joins him. They start to move off, passing Claire and Dougal as they help Rupert, who is stumbling, half-conscious, but on his feet.

ROSS

(re: Rupert)

What happened to him?

RUPERT

(groggy)

Decided to take a closer look at a musket ball...

Ross relaxes, relieved Rupert still has his sense of humor.

CLAIRE

Clear off the altar and put him on it -- I'll use it as an operating table.

The altar is promptly cleared, and they carefully haul Rupert on top of it.

Claire gropes in her pocket and comes out with a handful of SUTURE NEEDLES (with THREAD attached), a LANCET and her TOOTH-PLIERS. She picks up the pliers and uses whisky to sterilize the instruments and the wound. Fergus watches closely, not at all put off by the gore.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I need to take the bullet out; it's not stable, and I don't want to risk it shifting into his brain.

RUPERT

Verra thoughtful of ye, lass...

CLAIRE

I'll have to work by feel; I need a small knife.

Fergus pulls a SGIAN DHU from his sock and hands it to her. Claire raises her eyebrows in disapproval.

FERGUS
Milord gave it to me.

She decides to let it pass, taking the knife.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY/NIGHT

Time passes.

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT - LATER

CLOSE ON Claire, finishing the last stitch to close Rupert's now empty eye-socket. Fergus holds a small candle so she can see to her work. The extracted BALL lies on the altar by Rupert's head.

PULL BACK and see Jamie, Dougal, Murtagh and Ross all stationed at different windows, keeping an eye out.

RUPERT
I suppose one eye is better than none...

CLAIRE
We'll get you a black eyepatch and you'll look a proper pirate.

RUPERT
Pirates have eyepatches?

CLAIRE
Along with peg-legs and parrots.

RUPERT
What...?

CLAIRE
Never mind. Before your time... sort of.

MURTAGH
Jamie --

Jamie strides quickly to the window Murtagh's looking out, Dougal right behind him.

CLAIRE
What is it?

JAMIE

Fire.

DOUGAL

Redcoats.

POV out the WINDOW -- a SMALL FIRE, and the GLOW OF TORCHES. Even with only one good eye, Rupert can see the danger -- the roof is made of thatch.

RUPERT

Oh, Christ...

Suddenly a stentorian voice comes from outside.

MAN'S VOICE (O.C.)

You in the church! We have your man and your horses! I order you to surrender in the name of His Majesty!

EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT - SAME

Outside, CAPTAIN CLERMONT (30's) and LIEUTENANT BARNES (20's) stand before A LINE OF 10 REDCOAT SOLDIERS holding FLAMING TORCHES. In the BG, a SOLDIER holds TENANT WALLACE at gunpoint, as well as the Highlanders' horses.

CAPTAIN CLERMONT

Lay down your arms and come out -- or we shall fire the roof.

Soldiers shift a little in anticipation, eyeing the thatch.

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT - SAME

Dougal, Murtagh and Jamie peeking cautiously out the windows.

DOUGAL

There's no' that many of them. We could make a fight of it...

MURTAGH

They can fire the thatch in seconds. Anyone who isna picked off running out the door will be burnt to death when the roof caves in.

JAMIE

He's right, a charaid. We'd never make it.

CAPTAIN CLERMONT (O.C.)
 You have two minutes to decide,
 gentlemen!

JAMIE
 I'm the one with a price on my head.
 Maybe I can bargain for the rest of
 ye to go free in exchange for giving
 myself up.

CLAIRE
 Jamie -- !

DOUGAL
 Och, stop being such a hero. If
 they take ye this time, your only
 choice lies between the hangman and
 the headsman. Better to stand and
 fight.

JAMIE
 (re: the whole group)
 Everyone here is under my
 protection. If I can save ye all by
 my surrender, then I'll do it. I'll
 ask for safe conduct for the lot of
 you. They'll want to take the
 horses, but I'll try to --

CLAIRE
 Wait. Perhaps there's another way.

JAMIE
 Claire. There's not. And we dinna
 have the time to --

CLAIRE
 (utters loud SCREAM)
 HELP! Help me! Save me!

EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT - SAME

Captain Clermont and soldiers, frozen with shock at hearing
 an Englishwoman screaming for help.

CLAIRE (O.C.)
 For God's sake, please help me! I'm
 a British subject!

CAPTAIN CLERMONT
 Bloody hell! They've got an
 Englishwoman in there!

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT - SAME

Jamie has Claire by the arm, hissing at her.

JAMIE
Are ye mad, woman?

CLAIRE
I'm your hostage -- they won't fire the place with me in here. Exchange me. You can use me to bargain with them.

JAMIE
No.

EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT - SAME

Captain Clermont, shouting toward the church.

CAPTAIN CLERMONT
You in the church: If you have an Englishwoman in there, send her out -- now!

DOUGAL (O.C.)
Give up our hostage? Not likely!
We'll --

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT - SAME

Jamie PUNCHES Dougal, who staggers back, Jamie following him. Murtagh grabs Jamie to prevent him from doing it again.

JAMIE
Get yer hands off me!

MURTAGH
Shut up and listen -- Claire is right. The soldiers'll not hurt her, they'll escort her to some place of safety and then let her go.

Jamie sees the sense in this, but --

JAMIE
(to Claire)
I will not give you up.

CAPTAIN CLERMONT (O.C.)
Bring the woman out now, or we set fire to the thatch and burn you out!

Claire takes his hand and turns to look around the inside of the church, forcing him to look with her. He sees Ross and his other tenants, Fergus, Murtagh... his responsibilities.

JAMIE

(whispers)

I won't.

CLAIRE

Yes, you bloody will, you pig-headed... Scot.

(beat)

Am I not Lady Broch Tuarach?
They're my responsibility, too.

EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Dougal talks terms with Captain Clermont.

CAPTAIN CLERMONT

You'll release the Englishwoman, and surrender your horses and your weapons.

DOUGAL

And you leave. With the lady.

CAPTAIN CLERMONT

Agreed.

(pauses)

Your hostage... what is her name?

DOUGAL

Mistress Beauchamp is her name. A widow we encountered along our way. We took her under our protection.

CAPTAIN CLERMONT

Your "protection"? I know the reputation of Highlanders, sir. If she has been harmed, I must tell you, all agreements are void.

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT - LATER

Claire is settling herself to be handed over, tucking in her kerchief, etc. Jamie paces, watching her, then shakes his head.

JAMIE

Ye're a bad liar, Sassenach. Walk out there wi' that look on your face and they'll ken something's amiss.

CLAIRE

How am I supposed to look?

JAMIE

I dunno. Less... guilty.

Claire rolls her eyes at this supremely unhelpful suggestion.

FERGUS

Perhaps you should faint, Milady. Then they cannot ask you questions right away.

Jamie and Claire exchange a look -- not a bad idea.

DOUGAL

(to Claire)

They'll most likely take ye to the garrison in Hazelmere. It's the closest British outpost in the area and they'll no' want a woman weighing them down any longer than absolutely necessary.

JAMIE

We'll make our way there and fetch ye back.

CLAIRE

All right.

As the other men file out, carrying their weapons, Claire looks in Jamie's eyes, she can see the deep worry and doubts still lurking there. The only ones left in the church are she, Dougal and Jamie.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

(to Jamie)

We'll find each other. Trust in that.

She kisses him -- then "faints" into Jamie's arms. He picks her up.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

(eyes closed)

Do you always have this effect on women?

JAMIE

Only the stubborn ones.

She opens her eyes and hits him. He starts toward the door, but Dougal moves in front of him, his arms outstretched to take Claire.

DOUGAL

Ye said yerself ye're a known man.
If they recognize Red Jamie, they'll
no' honor the bargain they've
struck.

Jamie hesitates.

CLAIRE

It's all right.

Jamie reluctantly hands Claire over to Dougal.

EXT./INT. CHURCH - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

Dougal exits the church with an evidently-fainted Claire in his arms. The Highlanders' WEAPONS have been thrown down into a pile on the ground. Rupert leans on Ross. Murtagh has his hand on Fergus' shoulder [Jamie stays hidden in the church]. They're a pathetic looking bunch.

LIEUTENANT BARNES

(scornful)

The Jacobite "Army"...

Several other soldiers snicker in contempt.

CAPTAIN CLERMONT

That will be enough, Lieutenant.
(to Dougal, re: Claire)
Is she all right?

DOUGAL

She's fainted. From terror.

Clermont gestures to Barnes to take her.

DOUGAL (CONT'D)

(gives him a hard look)

I charge you personally with the
lady's protection, sir.

The Lieutenant is taken aback, but nods stiffly, then takes her from Dougal. ANGLE ON JAMIE, standing in the shadows just inside the door of the church.

It's all he can do to watch the officer walking away with Claire's limp body. Captain Clermont remains, glaring at the Highlanders.

CAPTAIN CLERMONT

I urge you all to return to your homes and resume your lives as peaceful, loyal subjects of the Crown.

DOUGAL

Aye. Be glad to. Just as soon as the true King is wearing that crown.

Murtagh spits in punctuation. Hard looks all around.

ON CLAIRE

She's been set down gently against a tree. Lieutenant Barnes kneels down next to her and holds an open FLASK OF BRANDY under her nose. Claire "wakes" up and her eyes flutter.

CLAIRE

Oh... oh... where am I?

LIEUTENANT BARNES

You're safe, ma'am. You're under our protection now.

CLAIRE

I'm relieved to hear it.

LIEUTENANT BARNES

Have you been harmed in any way?

CLAIRE

No... no, I'm quite all right...

Barnes looks back to Clermont.

LIEUTENANT BARNES

The lady says she --

CAPTAIN CLERMONT

(without turning around)

Yes, thank you, Lieutenant.

He gives the Scots a final curt nod, then turns to his men.

CAPTAIN CLERMONT (CONT'D)

Mount up.

As they move off down the road, Jamie exits the church and joins the others, watching them go.

JAMIE

(to Dougal)

I'll look for a horse along the way.
You and Murtagh can gather the rest
of the men -- assuming they've not
been caught by a redcoat patrol --
and head north.

DOUGAL

Ye dinna need two men to play
shepherd --

MURTAGH

He's right. I'm comin' with you.

JAMIE

Ye'll both help me best by seeing my
men safe. I'll meet ye in Keswick,
once I've got Claire back safe.

Murtagh glares at Jamie, jerking a thumb at the men.

MURTAGH

Them ye can order. Me, ye can't.
We'll go and find her together.

DOUGAL

Ye'll need help getting her out of
the garrison. If it canna be me,
Murtagh will do well enough.
(clasps Jamie's hand/arm)
Godspeed. Bring our lass back
quick.

As he turns to go, Rupert reaches up a hand and grabs his
sleeve.

RUPERT

When ye find her... give her a wink
for me, aye?

Jamie smiles, squeezing Rupert's hand in farewell.

JAMIE

If I could, I would.

OMITTED

EXT. OPEN COUNTRY - NIGHT - VARIOUS

The redcoat patrol rides through open country with Claire.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

It didn't take long to lose my sense of direction as we rode through the night. I knew I ought to be leaving some sort of sign for him to follow -- but was unfortunately short of breadcrumbs.

Captain Clermont rides up beside Claire and leans over to speak to her.

CAPTAIN CLERMONT

We'll stop for the night in Crich, Mrs. Beauchamp. The horses have gone as far as they can.

EXT. TINY ENGLISH VILLAGE - NIGHT

SHOT of a RAMSHACKLE INN, dim light in the window. The inn is a wretched place, its door covered with layers of tattered, rain-soaked NOTICES [INCLUDING WANTED POSTERS FOR RED JAMIE AND PRINCE CHARLES]. There are TWO BEGGARS outside, pressed under the eaves for shelter, sitting with coats or plaids pulled over their heads for warmth as they share a BOTTLE of something.

As Claire passes, one of the beggars looks up. We see that it's HUGH MUNRO (Claire doesn't see him). He's astonished to see her, and in such company, but looks hastily down, cringing when the soldier escorting Claire kicks at him.

INT. RAMSHACKLE INN - NIGHT

Claire sits on a SETTLE near the fire; she's soaked and her cloak is steaming. The LANDLORD brings her a CUP OF HOT PUNCH and she sips it.

Captain Clermont settles himself at a table in the B.G., while the rest of the soldiers arrange for food and drink and a place on the floor to bed down for the night. Lieutenant Barnes enters with a MESSENGER BAG.

LIEUTENANT BARNES

Dispatches just arrived for you, sir.

Barnes hands over the bag to Clermont, who proceeds to wearily sort through the stack of LETTERS AND PAPERWORK at one of the tables.

Claire remains at the fire and notices two of the soldiers, eyeing her with open lechery. She huddles deeper into her wet cloak, burying her nose in her steaming punch.

LIEUTENANT BARNES (CONT'D)
 (PRE-LAP)
 Ma'am...? Mrs. Beauchamp...?

INT. RAMSHACKLE INN - MORNING

Claire WAKES with a START; she's been sleeping on the settle in her damp clothes and looks the worse for wear. Lieutenant Barnes is squatting in front of her, talking to her.

LIEUTENANT BARNES
 It's time to go, Madam.

Claire notices half the soldiers are gone, including The Captain.

CLAIRE
 Where is The Captain?

LIEUTENANT BARNES
 He received orders to proceed to Keswick and he left during the night -- but don't worry, Captain said I was to escort you to Bellmont before we rejoin him.

He exits into --

INT. RAMSHACKLE INN - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

-- Claire follows Lieutenant Barnes.

CLAIRE
 Bellmont? I thought I was going to the garrison at Hazelmere.

LIEUTENANT BARNES
 (shrugs)
 Fortunes of war. Bellmont's closer and along the road to Keswick. I wouldn't worry, it's a big house, owned by a rich Englishman. He'll give you refuge, I'm sure.

Claire stops, taking this in --

CLAIRE (V.O.)

The "fortunes of war" taking me to Belmont meant that Jamie would be looking for me in the wrong place. I had to find a way to get word to him...

-- then follows him.

EXT. RAMSHACKLE INN - MORNING

Barely dawn. As they leave the Inn, the two beggars get to their feet and hold out their hands to the passing redcoats -- and receive a series of CURSES and rough kicks for their trouble. One beggar avoids the blows and rushes toward Claire -- she's startled, but not as startled as when she sees the man's face and recognizes him as Hugh Munro.

Suddenly, The Lieutenant steps in quickly and KICKS Hugh to the ground.

LIEUTENANT BARNES

Get away there!

Claire recovers and whirls on The Lieutenant.

CLAIRE

Lieutenant Barnes, really! I'm shocked that a King's officer would behave in such an un-Christian manner.

LIEUTENANT BARNES

(taken aback)

Ma'am, I thought he meant to do you harm --

Claire goes to Hugh and bends over him.

CLAIRE

Are you all right, sir? I do apologize for The Lieutenant's beastly behavior.

The Lieutenant is deeply embarrassed in front of his man, who snickers to himself as he saddles the horses.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Here, let me help you to your feet...

(sotto to Hugh)

Jamie is looking for me at Hazelmere.

(MORE)

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
 (to Lt. Barnes as she
 helps Munro up)
 I still don't understand why we're
 going to Bellmont instead of
 Hazelmere.

LIEUTENANT BARNES
 Captain's orders, Ma'am, as I said.

CLAIRE
 Very well. Bellmont it is then.

Hugh makes a salaam to her with a knowing look -- message received. As ANOTHER SOLDIER helps her onto her horse, Hugh watches them go.

OMITTED

EXT. HILL ABOVE BELLMONT - DAY

An imposing house, Bellmont looms through the rising mist.

CLAIRE (V.O.)
 Now that I had dispatched Hugh to
 find Jamie, I was actually relieved
 at the change of plans. It would be
 far less dangerous for Jamie to
 rescue me from a private estate than
 the British Army garrison at
 Hazelmere.

They start down the hill.

EXT. BELMONT - DAY

Claire's relief is short-lived. There is a COMPANY OF
 BRITISH SOLDIERS camped just outside the gate.

CLAIRE (V.O.)
*Unless, of course, there were
 British soldiers guarding that
 estate... It made me wonder who
 owned this place, and, more than
 that, worry again for Jamie's
 safety: He would approach a garrison
 with caution. Would he use the same
 care approaching a private house...?*

Claire and her entourage pass by the SOLDIERS and her
 escorts nod in acknowledgement of them. As they continue to
 the front steps --

INT. BELLMONT - FOYER - DAY

Claire sits nervously at the edge of a chair, while Lieutenant Barnes looks out the window, his impatience apparent.

CLAIRE

Who did you say lives here?

FOOTSTEPS approach before he answers, and an ELDERLY SERVANT opens the door, admitting THE DUKE OF SANDRINGHAM himself. It's hard to say who's more shocked, Claire or The Duke, but he quickly adopts a dignified hauteur. Despite this, there is an undeniable air of desperation about The Duke that we -- and Claire -- have never seen before. The Lieutenant stands at attention.

LIEUTENANT BARNES

Do I have the honor of addressing
The Duke of Sandringham?

SANDRINGHAM

You do indeed, Lieutenant.
But the honor is mine -- I do so
treasure any opportunity to aid one
of The King's officers, especially
in such difficult times. How may I
be of assistance?

LIEUTENANT BARNES

This is for you, Your Grace.
(hands over a SEALED NOTE)
From my commander.
He requests your courtesy in giving
temporary shelter to Mrs. Beauchamp,
an English gentlewoman we rescued
last night.

SANDRINGHAM

Oh!
(turning to Claire)
My dear Mrs. Beauchamp! I should be
delighted to offer you the
hospitality of my humble home.

The Lieutenant, eager to be on his way, bows, taking his leave.

LIEUTENANT BARNES

I thank you, Your Grace. My
commander will be most obliged.
Good day, ma'am.

He exits, and The Duke closes the door behind him. He turns and looks at Claire.

SANDRINGHAM

I need a drink and something to eat,
and I'm sure you do, too, from your
appearance. Rescued, did he say?
Rescued from what? Rabid bears?

CLAIRE

(pushing disheveled hair
back)
Highlanders. Much the same thing.
A drink, you said?

OMITTED

EXT. GYPSY ENCAMPMENT - NIGHT

In the moonlight, WE SEE A GYPSY CARAVAN, with TWO HORSES tethered nearby. TWO GYPSY MEN sit by a fire. Jamie and Murtagh, mud to the eyebrows and looking as though they've had a hard night, lie hidden in the grass a few yards off, calculating.

JAMIE

(re: horses)
I'll take the sorrel. You take the
black.

MURTAGH

So, now we're traitors, murderers,
and horse-thieves. Tell me -- does
it ever occur to ye that taking
Claire to wife might not ha' been
the wisest thing ye ever did?

JAMIE

(intent on his goal)
No.

INT. BELLMONT - DINING ROOM - NIGHT - LATER

EMPTY PLATES before them, and a DECANTER OF BRANDY now nearly empty. Claire, with a mostly EMPTY GLASS in hand, is wrapping up the account of her adventures:

CLAIRE

And then they suddenly changed their
minds and brought me here.

The Elderly Servant we saw earlier clears the dishes and exits. The Duke seems more relaxed than we saw him earlier -- a result of the drink, and, as we will learn, the possibility of salvation brought in by Claire's appearance.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Have you only one servant, Your Grace?

SANDRINGHAM

Well, I do still have my valet. But, yes, I'm afraid things are a bit... tight at the moment. Even my cook is only here three times a week. But seeing you has brightened my outlook considerably.

CLAIRE

(finishes her glass)

Why did you pretend not to recognize me? Not that I'm not grateful; I was afraid you'd blurt out my real name -- but why?

SANDRINGHAM

Oh, the very last thing I would ever do, my dear, is to blurt.

(then)

But how could I possibly commit such a lovely woman to the Tower? So damp!

Quite took all the curl out of my wig last time I was there --

(eyeing her hair)

-- though I suppose you don't suffer from that sort of inconvenience, do you?

CLAIRE

And just when were you a guest in the Tower of London? And for what, might I ask?

SANDRINGHAM

The merest misunderstanding, my dear, I can assure you.

CLAIRE

Would this misunderstanding have been over your... loyalties?

SANDRINGHAM

(tight)

Quite.

(MORE)

SANDRINGHAM (CONT'D)

(beat)

Which is why the army has virtually made a ring around my estate.

This is not good news for Claire. She tries to hide her discomfort.

CLAIRE

Really? More soldiers than those in front?

SANDRINGHAM

Oh, my yes. They've tried to make themselves inconspicuous, but really... with those coats?

The Duke pulls back the lace curtain at the french door, and invites Claire to step out onto the balcony.

EXT. BELMONT - BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

SEVERAL SMALL CAMPFIRES dot the landscape. The soldiers are too far away for them to hear what is being said on the balcony, but Sandringham speaks softly anyway.

SANDRINGHAM

They claim to be merely resting and resupplying before moving on, but the fact is... I'm being watched. Every entrance to the house is being watched. I'm still suspected of being a Jacobite.

She looks at the campfires, distracted and distressed by what Jamie might be walking into.

SANDRINGHAM (CONT'D)

I assume your dashing husband must be intent on rescuing you, even as we speak?

CLAIRE

It's safe to assume so.

SANDRINGHAM

Excellent. As I wish to be rescued, too, I'll be coming with you. Which could not happen if I'd told the soldiers who you were.

The comment snaps Claire's attention around. So this is what his increasingly relaxed demeanor is about!

CLAIRE

You what?

SANDRINGHAM

I think you have always known that I have been a Jacobite at heart.

CLAIRE

I'm reasonably sure that you don't have a heart. And why do you think Jamie would rescue you at all?

SANDRINGHAM

Because I doubt that the dear lad actually knows where you are at present. How could he? The only way to let him know your location is through my good offices.

CLAIRE

Really? Are you sure about that? Perhaps he's riding through your front gate at this very moment.

The Duke can't help but glance toward the front gate.

SANDRINGHAM

I certainly hope not, because if so, he'd find himself in a trap.

He's articulated Claire's exact fear. She meets his eyes.

CLAIRE

What do you propose?

The Duke gestures for her to return into the house.

INT. BELLMONT - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Claire and The Duke come back inside.

SANDRINGHAM

I have a means of getting messages out of the house. In return, though, I must have your word that Jamie will extract me from my present situation and deposit me in some safe haven. I'm quite certain Jamie would honor his wife's promise.

Claire thinks for a moment, then --

CLAIRE
I'll need paper and a quill, please.

INT. BELLMONT - DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON Claire's hand, writing. She finishes the short message in GAELIC, signs it "Sassenach" and sands it, then turns to The Duke.

SANDRINGHAM
Gaelic? I had no idea you understood that barbaric tongue.

CLAIRE
We both know messages are frequently intercepted. But if you don't trust me, I can certainly write it in English and just hope your messenger boy isn't caught --

She moves as if to tear up the message. He stays her hand.

SANDRINGHAM
You wound me, Madam.

She folds the letter.

CLAIRE
Your messenger will not go anywhere near Jamie. He will deliver that note to a beggar named Munro, who is somewhere on the road between Crich and the garrison at Hazelmere. If you can get the message to him, he can find Jamie.

MARY (O.C.)
Claire!

Startled, Claire and The Duke look up to see MARY HAWKINS!

CLAIRE
Mary!

The Duke smacks his forehead.

SANDRINGHAM
I knew I was forgetting something...
(to Claire)
What a happy reunion. And my lovely goddaughter has news of her own; she's to be married!

Mary rushes into Claire's arms with emotion.

CLAIRE
You're his goddaughter?

SANDRINGHAM
Well, she's certainly not a blood
relative. I'm sure you have a great
deal to talk about.
(holds up letter)
I have some... correspondence to
dispatch. If you'll excuse me...

Sandringham exits, leaving Claire holding Mary.

OMITTED

INT. BELLMONT - KITCHEN - NIGHT - A LITTLE LATER

Mary pulls Claire into the deserted room. A FIRE burns softly at one end.

CLAIRE
Mary. What are we doing down here?

MARY
It's the only place I can speak
without feeling I am being listened
to or watched.
(beat)
You have to help me, Claire! I
can't marry Mr. Granger, I just
can't!

CLAIRE
And who is Mr. Granger?

MARY
He's the man my godfather has
promised me to. A wealthy merchant
who wishes to attach himself to the
family of a Duke -- even if it means
marrying "soiled goods."

CLAIRE
And he's a Loyalist, I'll wager.

MARY
(who cares)
Yes, I believe so.

CLAIRE

Trying to play the British side by marrying his goddaughter to one of The King's supporters...

MARY

I don't care why! I can't do it!

Mary jitters around the room, picking things up and putting them down. Claire tries to calm her, get her to sit down.

CLAIRE

Don't panic. I'll speak to your godfather. He's just made some choices that should avert the need for you to marry a Loyalist.

MARY

Would you? Oh, thank you, Claire! Thank you so very much!

She hugs Claire again.

EXT. ANOTHER SECTION OF COUNTY ROAD - NIGHT

Sandringham's MESSENGER, a slight man, disgruntled, rides along the deserted road, pulling his cloak tight against the weather. His mood brightens when he sees a FARMER carrying tools over his shoulder, trudging toward him. He urges the horse forward.

MESSENGER

(to the farmer)

Good evening to you, sir.

The farmer is cautious, but not unfriendly.

FARMER

Good evening.

MESSENGER

I'm looking for a beggar called Munro. I understand he may be on this road.

The farmer barely glances up at him, keeps moving the opposite way along the road.

FARMER

Not likely to be asking the names of beggars.

MESSENGER

(after him)

But have you seen any beggars on
this road?

FARMER

Passed a shady-looking fellow in a
slouch hat and raggedy coat about
half a mile back --

And without a word of thanks, the Messenger kicks the horse,
thundering off down the road, leaving the farmer shaking his
head at such rude behavior.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - A LITTLE WHILE LATER

The messenger catches sight of a man with a walking stick in
the distance. Hugh Munro.

MESSENGER

(calling out)

Hey! You there! Are you Munro?

Munro keeps walking, as if he hasn't heard, rounding a bend.
The messenger gallops forward, rounds the bend and...

Nothing. He pulls the horse up short.

MESSENGER (CONT'D)

Hello? I'm looking for -

He starts to get off the horse to investigate the woods more
closely when he's SMACKED from the side with a WALKING
STICK. The impact knocks him to the ground and he lands flat
on his back. Munro has his knee in the terrified messenger's
chest, one hand clamped around his throat. He uses his other
hand to gesture along with his grunts in order to
communicate.

HUGH MUNRO

You look me! Why?

MESSENGER

(strangled)

You're Munro?

Hugh nods, but doesn't let the man go.

MESSENGER (CONT'D)

I've been sent by The Duke of
Sandringham to give you a letter.

That gets Munro's attention. He warily allows the man to dig into his pocket and produce the letter but Munro makes no move to actually take the letter yet, still watching the messenger with suspicion.

MESSENGER (CONT'D)

It was written by a Lady Claire
Beauchamp for James Fraser.

Munro snatches it from his hands and finally lets him go. The messenger struggles to his feet, rubbing his throat, recovering, brushing himself off.

MESSENGER (CONT'D)

Customarily get a tip upon deliv -

He looks up. Hugh is gone. The horse WHINNIES.

MESSENGER

(to horse)

Think it's funny, do you?

He grabs the reins and prepares to mount the horse.

MESSENGER (CONT'D)

Let's see who's laughing when I
short you your oats in the
morning...

As he swings up onto the saddle...

CUT TO:

EXT. LANDSCAPE - NIGHT

EXT. A COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

The MOON rises over the dense forest. Jamie and Murtagh are galloping along the road, when they see a ragged FIGURE in the distance, standing in the middle of the road, frantically waving. It's Hugh Munro. They rein to a stop and swing down from their horses.

JAMIE

Hugh! What the devil are ye doing
here?

Hugh begins to sign an answer while simultaneously digging out a LETTER from inside his clothes.

MURTAGH

What's that, now?

JAMIE

He says it's a letter -- from
Claire! He got it from a
messenger...

Jamie quickly tears it open, and he and Murtagh struggle to
read the words in the moonlight.

MURTAGH

Is that supposed to be... Gaelic?

JAMIE

Or at least it's trying to be...
what's that word?

MURTAGH

[Mangled Gaelic word]?
That's not a word.

MURTAGH (CONT'D)

Sighdran? That's not a word.

JAMIE

I think she means "soldiers".

MURTAGH

[Mangled Gaelic phrase]... do
you think she means "soldiers
around The Duke's house."
The word order is all back to
front.

MURTAGH (CONT'D)

Sighdran cuarst tigh... do
you think she means "soldiers
around The Duke's house."
The word order is all back to
front.

JAMIE

Ye can give her lessons later.
(reading)
"Duke S"? She's with Sandringham?

Hugh nods vigorously.

MURTAGH

Lord God. The man's the
original bad penny.

MURTAGH (CONT'D)

Thighearna Dhia. The man's
the original bad penny.

JAMIE

(to Hugh)

Do you know where Belmont House is?

Hugh nods and they head for the horses [Hugh will ride with Jamie]. Murtagh is still shaking his head at the note.

MURTAGH

She even misspelled "help."

INT. BELLMONT - DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

Claire waits anxiously for The Duke, looking out the windows to see if she can see the soldiers. The Duke and his valet, DANTON, enter. The Duke has his cloak over his arm, he's clearly been outside (flushed cheeks from the cold).

SANDRINGHAM

Mrs. Beauchamp. Tired of Mary so soon? Not that I blame you...

CLAIRE

Actually, I was hoping to speak to you about Mary and your plans for her marriage --

The Duke waves a dismissive hand. He is in good spirits.

SANDRINGHAM

No discussion necessary. The die is cast, the bargain is struck.

(beat)

You will be pleased to know, I've just been outside speaking to the commander. I've convinced him to withdraw the soldiers.

CLAIRE

But... I thought they were here to keep an eye on you.

SANDRINGHAM

(handing cloak to Danton)

Well, they may not go far away, or for very long -- but they'll go. I mean -- I am still a Duke.

She starts to ask another question, and then stops as Danton folds the cloak over his arm. Her eyes fasten on the distinctive BIRTHMARK on his hand.

EXT. PARIS ALLEY - NIGHT - FLASHBACK [EP. 204]

The attack in the streets of Paris... The thug raping Mary... another holding Claire... and the same birthmark on his hand.

INT. BELLMONT - DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT - RESUME

Back with Claire, The Duke, and Danton.

SANDRINGHAM

Are you all right, Madam? You seem... perturbed in some way...

Claire is indeed starting to feel queasy.

CLAIRE

How... long has this man been in your employ, Your Grace?

SANDRINGHAM

I hired him in Paris. I hope you aren't thinking of trying to steal him away for your husband. Danton is very loyal to me.

CLAIRE

When did you hire him in Paris?

SANDRINGHAM

(to Danton)

She has recognized you.

DANTON

Your Grace, I promise you that I took all precautions.

She wrenches free of Danton's grasp.

CLAIRE

(rounding on The Duke)

You put them up to it? Why? Your own goddaughter?

The Duke takes a long moment, then nods. He feels he has the upper hand now. What difference does it make?

SANDRINGHAM

Yes, that was unfortunate. There was no intent that you should be killed, Mrs. Fraser. Though that was The Comte's original desire, to be sure.

CLAIRE

The Comte? The Comte St. Germain?

SANDRINGHAM

Yes -- oh and I understand you killed him yourself! How I would dearly love to hear the details of that encounter.

(Back to the subject at hand)

I happened to owe The Comte rather a large amount of money, you see. And as I had no immediate means of payment...

(beat)

Naturally, I was horrified at the notion of... disposing of such a delightful woman. Such a waste. I did, however, succeed in convincing Monsieur le Comte that simply having you raped would be sufficient revenge for the loss of his goods. You really should be grateful to me. I mean -- you could easily be dead right now.

DANTON

(quiet)

You still could be, Madame. Easily.

CLAIRE

You'll regret sending your guards away when Jamie gets here.

The Duke smiles, a cat who's eaten the canary.

SANDRINGHAM

I didn't send them very far. When I told The Captain I was expecting "Red Jamie," he agreed to be a bit less conspicuous. To help lure your husband into my trap.

Claire's knees get weak as the full depth of Sandringham's duplicity hits her.

CLAIRE

My God... you monster.

SANDRINGHAM

(pleased with himself)

Proving my loyalty to the Crown by turning over "Red Jamie" and his traitorous English wife offers a far

(MORE)

SANDRINGHAM (CONT'D)

more permanent way to correct their... misperception of my motives, than going on the run. You could be hanged side by side -- so romantic.

(steps back and motions to Danton)

Take Mrs. Fraser back to her room and lock her in.

EXT. BELLMONT - NIGHT

Jamie, Murtagh and Hugh standing on a small rise of ground, looking at Bellmont in the near distance.

The glowing embers of a deserted CAMPFIRE are visible, but no evidence of soldiers. They exchange a look, then slip into the darkness, heading toward the house.

INT. BELLMONT - CLAIRE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Claire on her knees, trying to pick the lock with a BUTTON HOOK, but having no luck. It SNAPS in her hand, and she throws the pieces down in disgust.

CLAIRE

Bloody hell!

(hammers on the door)

Let me out of here, you fucking bastard!

She stands back, panting, scans the room for any other possible escape route, moves to the windows and looks out.

CLAIRE'S POV -- A FIGURE DARTS across the drive, into the shelter of the trees -- Hugh Munro, easily identifiable by his clothing.

RESUME with Claire.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Hugh...?

Does this mean Jamie is nearby? She HEARS the sound of a KEY IN A LOCK and hurries back to the door.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Hello?

MARY (O.C.)

Claire?

Claire whirls at the sound of her voice. Mary stands next to the bed, having come through a DOOR HIDDEN BY TAPESTRY!

MARY

What's going on? Why are you locked in?

CLAIRE

There's no time to tell you everything now. I have to get out and get word to Jamie.

MARY

(grabbing Claire's arm)
Take me with you!

Claire hesitates, then sees possible virtue in taking her.

CLAIRE

All right. But we can't go together.

(lowering voice)

If Jamie's nearby, he mustn't come close to the house. There are soldiers still hiding somewhere in the grounds. I'll go out through the kitchen. You go out the front way -- there's a beggar in the grounds near the house.

MARY

A beggar...?

CLAIRE

Yes. He's a friend and his name's Hugh Munro. If you find him first, tell him to warn Jamie -- tell him it's a trap and he should not come anywhere near the house.

MARY

(shocked)

Me? Go alone to meet a filthy beggar out in the night? Oh, Claire, I couldn't, I just couldn't possibly!

CLAIRE

(very impatient)

Oh, for God's sake! Then stay here and be quiet!

Claire exits, shutting the door on the vaporeing Mary.

INT. BELLMONT - SMALL CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Claire moves through the corridor outside the tapestry door.

INT. BELLMONT - STAIRS - NIGHT

Claire emerges through another tapestry-disguised door and onto the landing at the top of the staircase. WE FOLLOW as she hurries down.

INT. BELLMONT - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Claire pushes open the door to the kitchen. Only to find The Duke there, sitting like a spider beside the hearth, enjoying a SNACK by candlelight. He is not wearing his wig.

SANDRINGHAM

Good evening, my dear.

(re: his bare head)

Do pardon the informality. I wasn't expecting a guest. Nothing worse than going to bed on an empty stomach -- do join me.

EXT. BELLMONT - NIGHT

A BRITISH SOLDIER stands guard in the shadows at the edge of the woods. Jamie comes silently up behind him, wraps his arm around the soldier's neck and BREAKS IT, without the soldier ever making a sound. He lays the man down and scoots through the treeline toward the house...

OMITTED**INT. BELLMONT - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Resume with Claire and The Duke. The Duke continues eating, but Claire hasn't touched the PLATE OF FOOD in front of her.

SANDRINGHAM

Did you truly strike The Comte down in front of The King himself? Or was it at The King's order?

CLAIRE

It was an accident.

SANDRINGHAM

I doubt that very much. The Comte was a most distasteful fellow -- no sense of humor whatsoever.

SHOT of the sideboard, laden with various DISHES, UTENSILS and SERVING WARE. There's a sharp CARVING KNIFE lying next to a whole SALMON on a PLATTER. Claire walks over to the sideboard, takes a DISH and begins to put FOOD on it at random.

CLAIRE

Perhaps I will have a bite. It may be a long night.

SANDRINGHAM

Time passes swiftly, with such a charming companion. Now, one rumor is that you cast a spell on The Comte which stopped his heart --

The door creaks open; it's Mary, wearing her dressing gown and a shawl. We (and Claire) SEE the TOES OF HER BOOTS peeking from beneath the hem of her dress. She stops and gasps when she sees The Duke, who's impatient at being interrupted.

SANDRINGHAM (CONT'D)

What the devil are you doing here, girl?

MARY

(trying not to look at Claire)

I -- I -- wanted something to eat.

The Duke snorts, gets up and comes over to the sideboard. He picks up a dish with a SLICE OF TART, adds an APPLE and as he turns to give this to Mary, sees the knife. With a raised eyebrow at Claire, he picks it up. He then turns and hands Mary the dish.

SANDRINGHAM

There. Now go back to bed -- Lady Broch Tuarach and I are having a most interesting conversation.

OMITTED

INT./EXT. BELLMONT - FOYER/FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Mary, looking scared to death, opens the door to the front steps. To her horror, there's a BRITISH SOLDIER standing in the shadows. He takes a step toward her and starts to speak, when SUDDENLY his eyes roll back in his head and he drops to the ground, REVEALING Hugh Munro, who's hit him in the head with a LARGE ROCK. Their eyes meet. She freezes for a moment, then --

MARY

Claire is downstairs in the kitchen.

Before she can say more, the INNER DOOR OPENS behind Mary. Mary whirls round to see Danton coming toward her and, with a hasty glance at the open outer door, she rushes toward Danton, as though to push past him, turning him away from the outer door [creating a distraction]. He catches her and she struggles. In the background, we can see Hugh dragging the soldier away. Danton grabs Mary.

DANTON

Where were you going, little mouse?

She struggles against Danton like a wet cat.

MARY

Let go of me, you brute! I'll tell my godfather how you grabbed me!

When she sees the FEET OF THE SOLDIER slip into the shadows -- knowing the "coast is clear" -- she FAINTS dramatically. Disgusted, Danton picks her up like a rag doll and carries her back inside. Hugh slips down the steps.

INT. BELLMONT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Claire and The Duke continue their conversation.

SANDRINGHAM

... my personal favorite had you turning a broomstick into a poisonous serpent and commanding it to attack The Comte -- sort of a later-day Lady Moses and Pharaoh! Can you imagine?

The door from the house opens suddenly and Danton pushes Mary, now on her feet, into the kitchen in front of him.

DANTON

Your Grace! I found Mademoiselle out on the front steps.

Claire lights up. Mary made it outside! Mary swallows.

MARY

(sniveling)

I just can't marry Mr. Granger! I was going to run away, but it was s-so dark, and -- and -- I was afraid of the soldiers! I couldn't...

SANDRINGHAM

Oh, for God's sake -- go to bed!

(waves her off, then to
Claire)

What was I saying? Oh -- the snake story. Now, as preposterous as it sounded at first --

Suddenly Claire reacts to something O.C. Sandringham turns around to see --

-- Jamie coming in through the back door, sword drawn.

SANDRINGHAM (CONT'D)

Good Lord!

Danton, reacting, grabs Claire --

Jamie eyes Danton coolly.

JAMIE

I wouldna do that, if I were you.
She bites.

Danton pulls out his KNIFE and holds it to Claire's throat.

DANTON

Drop your weapons and kick them over here.

Jamie does as instructed, never taking his eyes off of Danton. Danton starts backing toward the other door --

CLAIRE

This is the man who attacked us in Paris!

Mary reacts to this revelation, shocked. As Claire speaks, Murtagh OPENS THE DOOR. He SLAMS it, startling Danton and giving Claire the opportunity to dig an elbow into his ribs! Danton drops his knife -- which lands near Mary's feet -- and Claire lunges toward Jamie, who grabs her as Murtagh grabs Danton, throwing him into the wall. The Duke is at the opposite end of the kitchen, not far from Jamie and Claire.

Murtagh grabs Danton again, throwing him across the room.

SANDRINGHAM

Now -- now -- now! Let us
all calm down and discuss
this rationally like level-
headed people.

JAMIE

(to Claire)
Are ye all right?

CLAIRE

I'm fine.

Murtagh grabs Danton by the front of the shirt, holding him
against the wall.

MURTAGH

Now I will avenge these women as I
swore I would do.

(to Mary)
Hand me the knife, Lass.

Mary turns a stunned gaze on the knife. She reaches for it.

DANTON

It wasn't my fault!
(points at The Duke)
It was him! He made me do it!

Jamie and Murtagh look at The Duke in shock.

CLAIRE

It's true. The Duke arranged for
the attack so that St. Germain would
forgive one of his debts.

Just then, Danton makes a NOISE that pulls their attention
back. While everyone was looking at Sandringham, Mary has
taken the knife and PLUNGED IT into Danton's abdomen. Now
she twists it, then lets go. The others look on, astonished,
as Mary watches Danton slide to the floor with an implacable
look of hatred on her face. Claire moves around one side of
the table toward Mary, putting her arm around the girl.
Murtagh moves around the other way [out of frame], as Jamie
turns to The Duke, who is trying to back away from him.

SANDRINGHAM

It could have been so much worse.
Really. You can't imagine what The
Comte had in mind. I told Danton just
to frighten them. You know me, Jamie.

(MORE)

SANDRINGHAM (CONT'D)

I would never have endorsed anything
so vulgar as rape.

Incensed, Claire moves to Jamie. Jamie never takes his eyes
off The Duke.

CLAIRE

That's a lie! Rape was your idea.

JAMIE

Aye, I do know ye, Your Grace.
You'll say whatever to whoever, as
long as it saves your own skin.

SANDRINGHAM

Well that stops today. Right now.
I promise you.

JAMIE

As ye say.

The Duke takes a beat, shocked. Is Jamie actually letting
him get away with this? He's not going to stick around to
find out. He turns, intending to run toward the door, but
finds himself face-to-face with Murtagh, who's moved to
between Sandringham and the door.

Murtagh picks up an AXE stuck in a PILE OF WOOD by the fire.

MURTAGH

My name is Murtagh Fitzgibbons
Fraser, son of Duncan, son of
Donald. Now you die.

Murtagh pulls back his arm and makes a mighty swing with his
axe, FORCEFULLY CONNECTING with The Duke's neck, knocking
him off his feet and OUT OF FRAME.

Murtagh SWINGS THE AXE DOWN AGAIN, one mighty CHOP. Blood
spatters across the wall and Murtagh's face.

Claire turns her face into Jamie's shoulder, stunned.

Murtagh bends over, hands on knees, exhausted, covered with
blood. Moving slowly, he reaches down, takes a step forward
and kneels in front of Jamie and Claire. He sets THE DUKE'S
HEAD gently on the floor in front of them.

MURTAGH (CONT'D)

I've kept my word. I lay your
vengeance at your feet.

DEAD SILENCE for a moment, everyone frozen. Then there's a
SOUND by the door near Mary.

They all turn to see Hugh Munro has entered, having been outside all this time, standing watch. A beat, and then he remembers why he came in --

HUGH
(sounds and gestures)
Soldiers coming.

MARY
(in a small, clear voice,
no trace of stammer)
I think we'd better go.

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE