

**OUTLANDER**

EPISODE 212  
The Hail Mary

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FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT  
26th February 2016

OUTLANDER  
EPISODE 212 "The Hail Mary"

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CAST LIST - FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT - 26th February 2016

CLAIRE BEAUCHAMP RANDALL  
JAMIE MACKENZIE FRASER  
BLACK JACK RANDALL  
DOUGAL MACKENZIE  
MURTAGH FITZGIBBONS FRASER  
COLUM MACKENZIE  
MARY HAWKINS  
PRINCE CHARLES STUART  
RUPERT MACKENZIE  
FERGUS  
ALEX RANDALL  
GENERAL GEORGE MURRAY  
QUARTERMASTER JOHN WILLIAM O'SULLIVAN  
ANDREW MACDONALD  
ROSS  
DONALD CAMERON OF LOCHIEL

CLERK  
CLERGYMAN

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INTERIORS

Inverness Apothecary  
Culloden House  
    Makeshift HQ  
Rooming House  
    Alex's Room  
Jamie & Claire's Room  
Colum's Room  
Inverness Tavern

EXTERIORS

A Grove of Trees  
Main Jacobite Camp  
Culloden House  
Inverness Street  
Highlander Camp  
The Road to Nairn  
Rendezvous Point

FADE IN:

**EXT. A GROVE OF TREES - DAY**

CLOSE ON the body of a HIGHLANDER SOLDIER lying dead in a copse of trees near a waterfall. The corpse has lain there for a number of days, and its face is frozen in a grinning rictus of death, while the body lies contorted in final and forever dishevelment. It's not a pretty sight.

WIDE to include CLAIRE, standing over the body.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

*How many men had I seen killed in battle? This Highlander, no doubt one of the many deserters from the Jacobite army, who had run afoul of a redcoat patrol, was only the latest one. I stood there helpless, gazing down at that poor young man, a boy, really, and wondered at the hopes he once had, his broken dreams. And I thought of our crumbling rebellion, and our vanishing dream of victory.*

JAMIE (O.C.)

(calling)

Claire, what keeps ye? How long do ye need to take a simple pish?

CLAIRE

(calling back)

I'll be right there.

Claire takes one last lingering look at the body.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

*Far, far, too many.*

She turns and walks away, steps behind a tree gathering her skirts, and squats down.

**EXT. MAIN JACOBITE CAMP - DAY**

Not the happiest place on Earth. The Highland army is exhausted, wet, and hungry.

Claire, JAMIE, MURTAGH, DOUGAL, RUPERT, ROSS, and FERGUS, newly arrived, enter the camp. They don't look too good, either. They're bone-weary from a long ride. Fergus, half-asleep, looks around the camp.

FERGUS

Where are we?

CLAIRE

Outside Inverness.

Murtagh puts the boy on his feet, and Fergus takes in his surroundings with a rub of the eyes.

FERGUS

Is that good?

Claire and Murtagh look out into the Highlander camp at the tired, wet, hungry, and demoralized troops.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

*It was hard to believe these were the same brave Highland warriors who had beaten the British Army at Prestonpans and Falkirk. Who had marched triumphantly into England. Five months of retreat with not enough food and brutal weather had left them broken and demoralized. Our worst nightmare was coming true, and I felt completely helpless in the face of it.*

MURTAGH

We can rest here at least.

FERGUS

Very well. You look as if you need to sleep.

Claire watches as Fergus leads his horse back toward the others, passing Ross and Rupert as he goes.

Rupert, who wears A PATCH over one eye, stretches out his aching back while attempting to remain steady on his feet. Ross, an ever-upbeat presence no matter how dire the circumstances, places a hand on Rupert's shoulder to steady him.

RUPERT

Take yer filthy hands off me!

ROSS

(sarcastic)

I'll say this for ye, Rupert, losing an eye hasna improved yer disposition any.

RUPERT

What good is a rebellion that runs away from a fight? You ken what poor Angus would say?

ROSS

The same as poor Kincaid, I expect: "It's time we turned and showed 'em our faces."

Rupert reaches into his vest and pulls out a SMALL FLASK.

RUPERT

There's just a wee sup left, but I'll drink to that.

He takes a small swig and hands the flask to Ross, who accepts it gratefully and drains the rest.

BACK WITH Jamie, Dougal, Murtagh, and Claire.

JAMIE

Yer men crave sleep, I ken, but I need you to take a patrol out and locate the enemy. Find out how close behind us they are.

DOUGAL

We'll need feed for the horses afore setting out.

JAMIE

Take whatever we have left. But find the British Army for us.

DOUGAL

See there's food waiting for us when we return. The men's strength is dwindling on a bannock a day.

Jamie nods as Dougal exits.

JAMIE

Murtagh, Lord George will be calling for a War Council shortly. I need ye to ride to Inverness and fetch The Prince. Ye'll find him at Thunderton House on Batchen Lane.

MURTAGH

A War Council, ye say? I think we three ken where that will lead.

(MORE)

MURTAGH (CONT'D)

Culloden Moor is but a few miles east of here.

(to Claire)

The 16th day of April, ye said, is when history records the battle?

CLAIRE

Yes.

(to Jamie)

Three days from now.

Murtagh walks back toward the Fraser men, leaving Claire and Jamie behind.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

All that work, all that plotting, how the bloody hell did we end up here?

JAMIE

As ye say, Sassenach, it wasna from any lack of trying. But dinna wave the white flag just yet. There's still time to avoid the fight we canna win, if I can make Charles see reason.

CLAIRE

If anyone can, it's you.

They kiss, holding on to each other for one sweet moment, two people on the edge of the world. Then --

JAMIE

I must see to the welfare of the men. Let's hope there's something to eat in this Godforsaken place.

CLAIRE

I'd like to go into Inverness as well. See if I can replenish my medical supplies. Save me something?

Jamie touches her face tenderly.

JAMIE

The very best of what I can find.

They kiss again, then move off in different directions.



INT. INVERNESS APOTHECARY - DAY

Claire, carrying a BASKET, empty except for her MEDICAL BOX in the bottom, enters the small shop. The shelves are not as well stocked as they would be under normal (i.e. peacetime) circumstances. As the CLERK finishes waiting on a petite woman at the counter, Claire takes the opportunity to look around.

CLERK  
 (to the woman)  
 Ginger, chamomile and arsenic.  
 Will there be anything else, Miss?

WOMAN  
 A bottle of laudanum.

The woman is English. That, along with something familiar about her halting cadence, makes Claire look up.

CLERK  
 That's the second bottle this week,  
 Miss. It's very strong stuff --

WOMAN  
 (small but steely)  
 A bottle of laudanum. Please.

The clerk moves off to get the laudanum. Claire stares at the woman's back, the light dawning.

CLAIRE  
 Mary?

The woman turns. It is, in fact, MARY HAWKINS. She looks drawn, shadows of fatigue under her eyes, older than she did when Claire last saw her, only months before. Claire's face lights up with pleasure at this surprising encounter, but Mary's features harden when she recognizes Claire.

MARY  
 Claire.

CLAIRE  
 What on earth are you doing in  
 Inverness?

MARY  
 (cool, evasive)  
 I assume you've come with the  
 Jacobite Army. Everyone seems to  
 think there will be fighting soon.

CLAIRE

Yes... I fear that may be true.

She's still trying to process Mary in this place.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

You still haven't told me why you're here. We sent you home to England, after what happened with The Duke...

MARY

Yes. And then Alex contacted me.

Claire is unable to hide her surprise and shock.

MARY (CONT'D)

(defiant)

You heard me correctly, I'm here with Alex Randall. He got a position assisting the overseer of a large English estate near Inverness. I decided to join him.

CLAIRE

And your family...?

MARY

Doesn't approve. But Alex and I are to be married.

CLAIRE

That's... wonderful.

MARY

Is it?

(hurt replacing her cool facade)

You pretended to be my friend!

CLAIRE

I am your friend, Mary!

MARY

Alex told me how you convinced him that leaving me in Paris would be in my best interest.

CLAIRE

Well... he wasn't in good health, and had no prospects for employment --

CLERK  
Here's your laudanum, Miss.

MARY  
Thank you.

She takes it and moves toward the door. Claire stops her.

CLAIRE  
Mary. I'm sorry for any pain I  
might have caused you or Alex. It  
was wrong of me to interfere. The  
situation was... complicated.

Mary just looks at her, not yet ready to forgive her.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
(re: medicines)  
Is Alex all right?

MARY  
He's going to be fine. I'm taking  
care of him now. Our landlady has  
a sickly child, and she has been  
advising me on proper medicines.

CLAIRE  
I see. Perhaps I could stop by? To  
say hello and apologize to Alex?

Mary's desire to be strong and her disappointment with  
Claire are at war with her anxiety about the true state of  
Alex's health.

MARY  
If you wish. We've taken a room at  
McGilvrey's boarding house.

And she hurries out before she loses her composure, Claire  
watching her with concern.

CLERK  
Can I help ye, Ma'am? My supplies  
are a bit low, what with all the  
unrest...

CLAIRE  
Oh, yes. I have a list. Let's see  
what you have.

**EXT. CULLODEN HOUSE - DAY - ESTABLISHING**

INT. CULLODEN HOUSE - MAKESHIFT HQ - DAY

Furniture has been pushed aside and a MAP of the surrounding countryside has been laid across a TABLE. Unlike the staff scene in Episode 210 there is no sideboard with food and drink, and with exception of Prince Charles, everyone in the room looks like they can do with a bath and a laundry.

Jamie, PRINCE CHARLES STUART, GENERAL GEORGE MURRAY, QUARTERMASTER COLONEL JOHN WILLIAM O'SULLIVAN, ANDREW MACDONALD, DONALD CAMERON OF LOCHIEL and the same group of CLAN CHIEFTAINS we saw in Episode 210 are gathered around the table.

O'Sullivan emphatically taps a place on the map with his forefinger.

O'SULLIVAN

Gentlemen, I have studied our situation carefully, and our choice is clear: the best spot to wage battle with the enemy is mere miles from where we stand -- Culloden Moor.

(beat)

Are we agreed?

Along with Jamie and the others, WE GAZE DOWN at the point on the map indicated by O'Sullivan -- it reads CULLODEN MOOR.

JAMIE

Aye, it is the perfect spot -- for the British.

MURRAY

With that I do agree.

Jamie speaks as much to Prince Charles as to the others.

JAMIE

Culloden Moor is flat, plain ground, sir. Without sufficient cavalry and artillery, our lines will be smashed to pieces before our troops can even engage the enemy.

MACDONALD

Aye, Clan Fraser, perhaps. But the MacDonalDs will get the job done.

JAMIE

With all due respect, why fight at all?

(MORE)

JAMIE (CONT'D)

(to Prince Charles)

I implore you to walk the camp,  
Your Royal Highness, and see for  
yourself the poor shape of your  
army. The men are too exhausted to  
fight a major battle.

O'SULLIVAN

I refuse to listen to such cowards'  
talk --

Prince Charles puts up his hand to O'Sullivan, silencing him  
so Jamie can continue.

JAMIE

(urgently)

There is still the matter of the  
French gold -- a large shipment,  
you may recall, has supposedly  
sailed from the continent. With  
such funds we can secure food and  
weapons. While we await its  
arrival, we split the army into  
smaller units, making it more  
difficult for the British to  
follow. And then, when our men are  
well rested and have the supplies  
they need, we can choose the better  
ground to fight on and defeat the  
enemy once and for all.

A moment of silence as all ponder Jamie's suggestion.

PRINCE CHARLES

James, you've been a most loyal  
companion and friend. But I am not  
some frightened hare to be run to  
ground by a pack of British hounds.  
I am a man. A soldier. And I am  
weary of retreat.

(a decision made)

The men will rest, and then we  
shall march to Culloden. Mark me,  
gentlemen, God will provide for us.  
We do His bidding.

MURRAY

May He have mercy on us all.

Prince Charles and O'Sullivan turn to leave, but Jamie  
cannot let it go. He makes one final, desperate attempt to  
turn the tide of history:

JAMIE

My wife's a seer, Your Royal Highness, La Dame Blanche -- a White Lady. Ask her, and she will tell you, we must avoid Culloden Moor at all cost.

Murray looks at Jamie, more than slightly embarrassed.

O'SULLIVAN

A White Lady? By God, the boy not only lacks courage, he's a veritable lunatic.

Jamie's hand strays to the hilt of his SWORD -- he'd like nothing better than to run O'Sullivan through right there, but Charles gives him a soothing pat.

PRINCE CHARLES

You over-step, John. James is merely exhausted from service well rendered.

(then)

Get some rest, Fraser. Mark me, you'll see things clearer with some sleep.

(then)

Gentlemen, to your posts.

And just like that, the tide of history moves ever closer to disaster for the Jacobite cause.

**EXT. INVERNESS STREET - DAY**

Claire walks down the street. Her basket is now full, a LOAF OF BREAD and some LEAFY GREENS peeking out from under the SCARF draped across the basket.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

*Although I'd used most of what little money we had left on the medicines from the apothecary, I'd been able to trade a few hours of medical care for several loaves of bread and three leafy bunches of kale. Unfortunately, gossip about the British soldiers was in short supply.*

Claire passes McGilvrey's Boarding House as she says this. She stops.

CLAIRE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
*Mary Hawkins and Alex Randall were  
 on my mind as well. I kept seeing  
 that bottle of laudanum and the  
 packet of arsenic in my mind's  
 eye... Two common-but-misguided  
 treatments in this day for advanced  
 tuberculosis.*

Making a decision, Claire goes into the rooming house.

OMITTED

INT. ROOMING HOUSE - ALEX'S ROOM - DAY

The room is long and narrow. Someone has tried to give it a homey touch, but it's still rather grim. ALEX RANDALL is at one end of the room, laying in bed, doubled over on his side in a coughing fit. Mary is at a small table near the fire, trying to pour TEA, her hands shaking badly. She hurries to the bed, fighting down her rising panic, offering the tea to Alex.

MARY  
 I've dissolved a bit more arsenic  
 in the tea. If you can only --

Alex holds up his hand, which clutches a BLOOD-SPOTTED CLOTH, to forestall her as Claire enters the room.

CLAIRE  
 Arsenic will bring color to his  
 cheeks, Mary, but it won't help the  
 cough.

As she speaks, Claire crosses the room, puts down her basket and quickly helps Alex into a sitting position, which has the effect of easing his breathing. As his coughing slows, Mary's relief is palpable.

ALEX RANDALL  
 Madame Fraser... how good it is to  
 see you.

Mary wraps her arms around him, offering a sip of water.

CLAIRE  
 And you.

As he takes a ragged breath, preparing to speak again --

MARY  
 (to Alex)  
 Save your breath.

CLAIRE  
 Good advice. I'll prepare a  
 poultice that will ease the muscles  
 in your chest and back --

Just then, Alex's face lights up, his eyes fixed on something over Claire's shoulder.

ALEX RANDALL  
 Johnny!

Claire turns around to see BLACK JACK RANDALL, dressed in civilian clothes, standing in the doorway. Jack moves to the bed to embrace his brother. As he passes the dumbstruck Claire --

JACK RANDALL  
 Claire.

Claire wants nothing more than to put distance between herself and Jack Randall. She starts packing up her things.

ALEX RANDALL  
 (to Jack)  
 You said nothing about another  
 visit in your last letter. And  
 where is your uniform?

Jack throws an uneasy glance at Claire.

JACK RANDALL  
 I was granted a short leave to see  
 you, and I didn't want to attract  
 unwanted attention from any  
 Jacobites who might be roaming the  
 streets of Inverness.

ALEX RANDALL  
 It's so good to see you, Johnny.

Mary leaves them to talk quietly and joins Claire. Jack takes over Mary's ministrations to Alex, demonstrating a level of uncalculated tenderness that is new to both us and Claire.

Claire glances up at Jack and Alex. Mary follows her look.

MARY  
 I don't know what would have become  
 of us without John.



CLAIRE

What do you mean?

MARY

(a little guilty)

I didn't entirely tell you the truth at the apothecary this morning. We would be completely destitute if it wasn't for John paying our bills.

(beat)

Do you think it will be long now before Alex can work again?

Mary is clearly in the grip of some serious denial.

CLAIRE

Mary, perhaps... you should begin making reparations with your family. So you have somewhere to go, when Alex --

Mary looks at her, horror-stricken.

MARY

When Alex what?

CLAIRE

Alex will not be going back to work. He cannot be cured, Mary. I'm sorry --

Mary unconsciously places her hands protectively on her belly. Claire clocks Mary's gesture. The light dawns.

MARY

But... he must be cured.

CLAIRE

Oh God, Mary, you're not pregnant, are you?

Mary tears up and nods.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Does Alex know?

MARY

Yes. And John.

Claire reacts as Jack approaches them.

JACK RANDALL  
 (to Mary)  
 Alex is asking for you.

Mary wipes away her tears and then moves off to Alex. Jack turns back to Claire, but she ignores him, instead picking up her basket and exiting.

**EXT. INVERNESS STREET - DAY - MOMENTS LATER**

Claire exits the rooming house, her mind whirling with Mary's revelation and the appearance of Jack Randall. Her thoughts are interrupted by a HAND ROUGHLY GRABBING HER ARM -- Jack Randall, who has followed her out.

JACK RANDALL  
 Claire.

She jerks her arm away from him, incensed.

JACK RANDALL (CONT'D)  
 I beg of you, Claire. Do not take out your animus for me on my brother. Alex hasn't drawn an easy breath for weeks. His youth and his vigor are melting into globules of blood and phlegm... please. Cure him.

CLAIRE  
 As I have explained to Mary, Alex cannot be cured.

JACK RANDALL  
 But you can at least ease his pain. Please. I ask you not for me, but for my brother and the mother of his child, whom you've always considered friends.

Claire considers his plea, her options.

CLAIRE (V.O.)  
*Although I knew I could not save Alex, I wondered if perhaps by agreeing to Black Jack's entreaty, I could save the lives of thousands of others...*

CLAIRE  
 If I attend your brother, I want something in exchange.

Now Jack's eyebrows go up in surprise.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
Tell me where Cumberland's army is.

JACK RANDALL  
You'll barter for an innocent man's suffering? Mistress Fraser, you have changed...

CLAIRE  
The woman I am now is not the woman I once was.

A rueful smile plays across Jack's lips, recognizing his own words thrown back at him [Ep 106]. In this moment, Jack Randall both despises and admires her. As he considers his options...

**EXT. HIGHLANDER CAMP - NIGHT**

Rupert, slumped on the ground along with the rest of Jamie's men, watches a COACH approach, guarded by a half dozen HIGHLANDERS.

RUPERT  
I don't need two eyes to recognize that coach.

He rises. As he does, he kicks a dozing Murtagh.

RUPERT (CONT'D)  
On yer feet, ye lazy shite.

Startled awake and not happy about it, Murtagh leaps up.

MURTAGH  
Injured or not, it's a boot up the backside ye'll be getting.

RUPERT  
I'm all a tremble, to be sure.

He points to the coach that has stopped nearby.

RUPERT (CONT'D)  
But first, will ye be so kind as to tell me what the hell The MacKenzie is doing here?

Murtagh looks over, also recognizing the coach.

MURTAGH

If I knew, I would.

The two men, along with some of the other Highlanders, approach the coach. The door opens and, with some help from TWO ATTENDANTS, out steps COLUM MACKENZIE. It's not an easy task -- the Laird has aged greatly since we last saw him. His body is fragile, his posture hunched with pain. Both Murtagh and Rupert are shocked to see Colum's diminished condition.

COLUM

God's sorrow, aren't you two a sorry sight. Do they not feed you in this man's army? Even Rupert looks like he's dropped a stone or two. Still, it's good to see some familiar faces. I was sorry to hear of the wee bastard Angus' death.

Rupert looks away. It's still a painful subject for him to acknowledge. Colum understands.

COLUM (CONT'D)

I thought if he fell, you would be sure to fall with him.

RUPERT

So did I.

There's an awkward silence. Colum lowers his eyes, a moment of quiet respect for Angus Mhor.

COLUM

Well then, do ye expect me to stand here on these rickety sticks of mine? Find me a bed to rest in. And then bring me my brother and nephew.

And as Colum is lead away --

**INT. JAMIE & CLAIRE'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Jamie paces, chewing a piece of KALE. Claire has just finished telling him what she's learned in Inverness. He spits out the piece of kale.

JAMIE

It feels as if we will never rid ourselves of that man.

CLAIRE

Perhaps this time his presence will be good for us.

Jamie snorts derisively, then --

JAMIE

Nairn. Are you sure that's what Randall said? Cumberland's army is encamped at Nairn? 'Tis only 12 miles from here...

CLAIRE

Yes. And that two nights from now, a celebration for Cumberland's birthday will be held there.

JAMIE

That's very interesting information indeed, Sassenach. If it's true.

CLAIRE

I believe him. Normally, I wouldn't, but... I've never seen him so desperate. And his information would be easy enough to confirm, would it not?

JAMIE

(thinking it through)  
Aye.

CLAIRE

Jamie, I know it's a small act, in the light of what we're facing here, but I would like to go back and tend Alex.

This pulls Jamie's thoughts back to her.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I believe I owe them that much, and at least I'd feel I was making a difference somewhere.

JAMIE

And if Alex dies in your care? What's to prevent his evil bastard of a brother from sending you into the next world after him?

CLAIRE

Murtagh could come with me.

Before they can discuss it further, Murtagh comes to the door.

MURTAGH

Ye're both wanted. Colum has arrived.

Colum MacKenzie? OFF Claire and Jamie's exchanged WTF expressions --

**INT. COLUM'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Claire examines Colum, who reclines on a SMALL COT, wincing in pain. Jamie watches.

COLUM

Ye're wasting yer time with all this poking and prodding. The healer who took yer place at Leoch. He's been lookin' more and more dour these past few weeks.

CLAIRE

With good reason, I fear.

COLUM

I've been dying for years. It's a wearisome process. I welcome its conclusion.

JAMIE

Is that why ye travelled all this way, in yer weakened condition? To hurry yer death along?

COLUM

It appears my brother still gets satisfaction from keeping me waiting.

JAMIE

Dougal isna in camp at present. He's leading a scout.

To Claire and Jamie's surprise, Colum actually CHUCKLES in delight at the news.

COLUM

(with a knowing nod)

I always said ye were a smart lad. Invest my brother with enough authority to keep him content.

(MORE)

COLUM (CONT'D)

But not enough to allow him to grab  
for more.

JAMIE

(bowing in acknowledgement)  
It's as if ye read my mind.

COLUM

Well then, while we await my  
brother's return, I shall speak  
with Claire in private.

Claire and Jamie exchange a look -- what is this about? But  
Claire nods her consent.

JAMIE

I will be close by, if needed.

Jamie exits the room.

COLUM

Fine lad. I must commend ye,  
Claire, on such an admirable  
marriage.

CLAIRE

I remember when you found our union  
less agreeable.

COLUM

I was wrong. That's one of the  
pleasures of dying, I can finally  
admit when I'm mistaken. It also  
makes it easier to ask for favors.  
And I need one from you, Claire.  
My pain grows more tedious by the  
day.

CLAIRE

I'm sorry. I can give you some  
laudanum.

COLUM

Laudanum dulls the senses.

(then)

I'd prefer something stronger.  
Something more... final.

As Claire realizes what Colum is asking of her:

CLAIRE

Suicide is a mortal sin.

COLUM

What is one more sin to a sinner?  
Geillis Duncan gave her husband a  
quick death. I would welcome the  
same.

CLAIRE

Quick it may have been, but I  
assure you that death by cyanide  
poisoning is an agonizing way to  
end one's life.

COLUM

I leave the details to you. I  
trust you will give a kinder death  
to me than that bitch gave to poor  
Arthur.

CLAIRE

I would rather not discuss my  
friend Geillis Duncan.

COLUM

Memories remain raw even longer  
than wounds.  
But I have a piece of news to ease  
yer mind: Geillis' bairn lives.

This revelation stops Claire in her tracks.

CLAIRE

How?

COLUM

Geillis wasna burned until after  
the babe was born.

CLAIRE

And where is the child now?

COLUM

He was given to William MacKenzie  
and his wife Sarah. They had no  
children of their own.

CLAIRE

Does Dougal know of this? I never  
heard him mention the child's  
existence.

COLUM

The bairn is but one more mistake  
my brother has to live with.



After a beat, Claire reaches into her MEDICAL BOX and takes out a VIAL of liquid.

CLAIRE

Yellow Jasmine. It will be not unlike drifting off into a deep sleep.

Colum's shoulders slump in relief as he takes the vial from Claire, feeling the weight of it in his hand.

COLUM

For what it's worth, you have my deepest gratitude. Now I think I shall rest until my brother returns.

Colum closes his eyes and is soon asleep.

**OMITTED**

**INT. ROOMING HOUSE - ALEX'S ROOM - DAY**

Jack holds Alex in a sitting position, as his brother coughs violently, struggling for breath. Claire, grace under pressure, carefully packs herbs into a pipe. A thick roll of PARCHMENT PAPER that she uses as a primitive stethoscope lays on the table. Mary flits between Alex and Jack and Claire. Murtagh stands off, watching.

Jack is tight as a spring, but tries to remain calm for his brother.

JACK RANDALL

It's all right, Alex. Help is on the way...

MARY

(to Claire)

What are you doing?

Alex is strangling on his own blood and phlegm, his throat tightening in bronchial spasms, much worse than even the day before.

CLAIRE

Light me a taper, Mary.

The younger woman darts to the fireplace, doing what she's told.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

(re: herbs)

This is mixture of coltsfoot and thornapple. It should open his airways.

As Claire takes the taper from Mary, carrying it and the pipe toward the bed --

JACK RANDALL

Are you mad? He can't smoke that...

CLAIRE

I'm going to help him. It will ease his breathing.

Claire uses the flame to light the herbs in the pipe. She takes a PUFF, then uses the rolled parchment as a conduit, placing it over Alex's nose and mouth, and BLOWING smoke into it [a kind of primitive inhaler]. He struggles at first, but then slowly begins to relax.

After a few moments, his breathing eases and he falls back against the pillows, drawing a clearer but still wet-sounding breath, sweating and exhausted. He smiles weakly, but is clearly still in pain.

Mary hurries to his side, and starts to sponge his face and chest with a damp cloth. Jack extricates himself and approaches Claire.

JACK RANDALL

He's still in pain. There must be something more you can do.

MARY

Perhaps a bit more arsenic?

CLAIRE

No. No more arsenic. It will do nothing positive. Laudanum if he wishes to sleep, but otherwise, there's really nothing more to do. I'm so sorry.

Filled with despair and frustration, Jack SLAPS the EWER off the stand, SHATTERING it against the wall.

JACK RANDALL

"Sorry?" Anyone can be sorry. We're all sorry! We made a trade. You are supposed to do something.

CLAIRE  
I told you I couldn't --

Murtagh steps between Jack and Claire, his hand on the hilt of his dirk.

MURTAGH  
If ye need to vent yer frustration,  
I'll be happy to oblige ye.

CLAIRE  
Stop it, both of you!

Alex extends his hand to his brother.

ALEX RANDALL  
Johnny --

Jack moves quickly to his side, Mary to the other. Claire steps away to brew some tea (or make a poultice).

JACK RANDALL  
I'm sorry. It's all right, Alex.  
Put your mind at rest.

Alex looks at Mary, and then back at Jack.

ALEX RANDALL  
I must ask you to do something for  
me. For us. Know that I do not  
ask it lightly. But for the sake  
of your love for me...

He breaks off, coughing.

JACK RANDALL  
It's all right.  
(re: Mary)  
I won't let Mary or the child want  
for anything.

Alex smiles at him.

ALEX RANDALL  
Thank you. I've sent for the  
minister.

Jack looks stricken.

ALEX RANDALL (CONT'D)  
No, dear brother, not for Last  
Rites. Not just yet.  
(a look to Mary)  
For your wedding.

Claire and Murtagh exchange a confounded look.

JACK RANDALL  
(stupidly)  
My wedding?

Alex takes Jack's hand and joins it with Mary's. While Mary isn't happy about this, she and Alex have obviously talked it over. She fights tears, trying to be strong for him.

ALEX RANDALL  
You and Mary, dear brother.

Jack is speechless. Claire drops into a chair, her knees suddenly weak.

CLAIRE  
(under her breath)  
Dear God.

ALEX RANDALL  
I need you to take care of her,  
Johnny.

He looks at Mary, who tries to give him a reassuring look.

ALEX RANDALL (CONT'D)  
We want... our child to have the  
Randall name.

Jack finds his voice, which reflects his horror at this request.

JACK RANDALL  
But... you can accomplish that by  
marrying her yourself. And then,  
of course, I'll see that she's  
taken care of --

Alex squeezes his brother's hand, imploring.

ALEX RANDALL  
As her husband, you can give Mary  
and our child some position in the  
world. So much more than I could.

Jack bows his head, shaking it slowly.

CLAIRE (V.O.)  
*I could hardly believe what I was  
hearing. Was this the way Black  
Jack and Mary Hawkins would become  
the parents of Frank's ancestor?*

ALEX RANDALL  
 (re: Mary and the baby)  
 I commend the well being of those  
 most precious to me...  
 (re: Jack)  
 ...to the one I have loved the  
 longest.

Jack looks at the ground, almost frantic, not knowing how to say what he is thinking. Alex says it for him.

ALEX RANDALL (CONT'D)  
 Dear brother, you think I am  
 unaware of the density of the dark  
 wall you've built to protect your  
 better self from the world? But I  
 have borne witness to the depth of  
 your tenderness. Been the  
 beneficiary of your generous soul.  
 That inner man is the one to whom I  
 entrust my dearest Mary and our  
 child.

Jack jumps to his feet as if he's suddenly on fire. The dissonance between the man his beloved brother sees and the man he knows himself to be is too much to tolerate.

JACK RANDALL  
 I'm sorry Alex. I... I'm sorry.

And he strides from the room. Claire starts to go after him.

CLAIRE  
 Captain Randall --

MURTAGH  
 (to Claire)  
 Where the hell are ye going?

But Alex's fit of COUGHING pulls her back.

MARY  
 Claire, please!

CLAIRE  
 (to Murtagh)  
 Go after him. Please. I must  
 speak to him.

Murtagh hesitates, then does as he's asked. As Claire packs the pipe again --

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
 (to Mary)  
 Get another taper, and the  
 laudanum --

**EXT. HIGHLANDER CAMP - DAY**

Jamie holds the reins as Dougal dismounts his horse. Behind them, the rest of the tired CAVALRY PATROL see to their mounts.

DOUGAL  
 The British are camped at Nairn.

JAMIE  
 So I've been told.

DOUGAL  
 (surprised)  
 Have you? Well, I wish you  
 would've been told before I did all  
 that hard riding.

JAMIE  
 I'm told the British are planning  
 to throw a party in celebration of  
 Cumberland's twenty-fifth birthday.

DOUGAL  
 We saw no such preparations. How'd  
 ye come by all this information?

JAMIE  
 It was given to Claire by an  
 English officer.  
 (then, admitting)  
 Jonathan Wolverton Randall.

DOUGAL  
 Black Jack Randall? There's a tale  
 behind that meeting, to be sure.  
 But are we to give that bastard's  
 word credence?

JAMIE  
 Not on its own. I've sent scouts  
 into Inverness. It seems British  
 commissary officers have been  
 purchasing wine and sweet meats.

This does little to quell Dougal's distrust of the intel,  
 but he chooses to push the matter no further. For the time  
 being.

DOUGAL

Food and drink is all I could think of on the ride back from Nairn.

JAMIE

There's little sustenance here, I'm afraid. And ye'll have to postpone partaking in even that.

DOUGAL

For what reason? My belly yearns for fillin'.

JAMIE

Your brother has arrived.

And as that bit of news lands on Dougal --

**EXT. INVERNESS STREET - DAY**

Claire and Murtagh walk from the rooming house toward a tavern, where Jack Randall is drowning his sorrows.

MURTAGH

I canna believe you're encouraging this madness. All to save goddamned Frank Randall.

Claire stops, wheeling on him.

MURTAGH (CONT'D)

Hasn't enough suffering been had in the name of saving that mythical prick?

CLAIRE

Frank is neither a myth nor a prick.

MURTAGH

Oh, well by all means then, let us hand over the lamb to become a plaything of that twisted, black-hearted wolf.

CLAIRE

It is the lamb's well-being I am concerned about, not Frank's. Mary Hawkins needs a husband, or she and her baby will end up destitute and starving in the streets.

MURTAGH

Then I will marry her!

Claire stares at him, momentarily speechless.

MURTAGH (CONT'D)

She's no' the sort of woman I'd ever imagine fer myself -- not that I spend much time doin' that, mind ye. And I'm hardly the kind she fancies, if that saft lump Alex Randall is any indication. But... we could learn to get along. People do. I've ne'er been a father, but Jamie's parents chose me as his godfather. And I've watched over him. He's not turned out so badly.

CLAIRE

You've been a wonderful godfather to Jamie. Mary and her baby would be lucky to have you.

His eyes narrow, hearing in Claire's voice the --

MURTAGH

But?

CLAIRE

(gently)

But... we are at war. You could be dead tomorrow or the next day, and then where would they be?

MURTAGH

Captain Randall could share the same fate, God willing.

Claire has thought this through.

CLAIRE

(gently)

Yes, but Captain Randall's widow will be entitled to his property and officer's pension. He also has a family pedigree and station that her father might find acceptable enough to let Mary come home.

MURTAGH

Ye mean, more acceptable than a broken down Highlander with no home and no' two sticks to rub together?



CLAIRE

I'm sorry to say, but yes.

Before the moment gets too sentimental --

MURTAGH

(re: tavern)

This is the place.

Murtagh nods. He starts to go past her to let her in, but she stops him.

CLAIRE

Will you wait out here? I think this will go better if we're alone. There's nothing he can do to me in such a public place.

Murtagh reluctantly agrees. Claire enters the tavern alone.

**INT. INVERNESS TAVERN - DAY**

Claire sits at a table with Jack Randall, who has had a considerable amount to drink. Claire bides her time, waiting for her opening.

JACK RANDALL

What kind of Being creates a world where monsters thrive, and beauty and purity is rewarded with poverty and agonizing death?

CLAIRE

A Being who also offers the opportunity for redemption.

Jack makes a derisive, dismissive NOISE. Then he focuses on Claire.

JACK RANDALL

You must help me persuade Alex to give this up. He must marry the girl himself, give the child a father and a name, and I will see that she is taken care of.

CLAIRE

And what happens to Mary if you're not around to do that?

He looks at her, a bitter smile curling his lips.

JACK RANDALL

April 16, 1746. You cursed me with the knowledge that that was to be the date of my death.

CLAIRE

Yes. As your sister-in-law, Mary would be entitled to nothing. But as your widow --

JACK RANDALL

And what if your wretched curse proves untrue? What if the world continues on as it always has? The pure of heart choking to death on their own blood.

(haunted)

Helped there, perhaps, by the monsters who walk among them...

CLAIRE

Have you ever harmed your brother?

JACK RANDALL

(appalled)

No. Never.

CLAIRE

Perhaps that immunity would extend to the ones he holds most dear.

JACK RANDALL

"Perhaps." Is that enough for you?

CLAIRE

Sometimes it's all we get.

Jack considers Claire, then tries another tack to remind her who he is, why she should dissuade Alex from marrying him to his beloved Mary.

JACK RANDALL

Did he ever tell you the things I did to him in that small room at Wentworth?

Claire freezes -- unprepared for this turn in the conversation.

CLAIRE

Yes.

JACK RANDALL

I know the smell of his sweat and the roughness of the hairs on his thighs. I know the sound he makes at the last, when he has lost himself --

Claire gets to her feet, knocking over the stool, shaking with anger and revulsion. He grabs her wrist, holding her there -- his eyes desperate, panicked.

JACK RANDALL (CONT'D)

Do you really want to picture Mary Hawkins in my bed? You must help me persuade my brother to give this up.

Claire struggles to stay focused on her goal.

CLAIRE

He will not listen to me on this, and you will send your brother to his grave with a broken heart.

Jack releases her wrist, knowing she speaks the truth.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

(softer)

If you love Alex as you seem to do, then I have faith that his belief in you will be enough to stay your impulses with Mary Hawkins.

Jack looks up at her, the picture of misery, wishing he could believe this to be true.

**INT. COLUM'S ROOM - DAY**

Jamie and Dougal stand before Colum's cot. After months apart, Dougal takes in the sight of his brother, and his wasted condition.

DOUGAL

It grieves me seeing you so ill, brother.

COLUM

Congratulations on yer ability to hide it so well.

DOUGAL

If so, it's because I also feel joy at yer change of heart.

COLUM

And what change would that be?

DOUGAL

Have ye not come to join the MacKenzies of Leoch with our righteous rebellion? To restore The King across the water to his throne?

COLUM

Ye think I've turned Jacobite?  
(barking a LAUGH)  
That I'm going to lead the MacKenzies over the cliff, along with you lot? I may be dying, but I haven't turned simple.

JAMIE

If ye didna come to aid us, why come at all?

Colum struggles to find the air behind his words.

COLUM

There are matters -- clan matters, that must be resolved while I still draw breath. I have declared my wish that my son Hamish be the next Chief of Clan MacKenzie.

DOUGAL

Hamish? He's but a lad.... who will guide the clan until he comes of age? Teach him what it means to be chief?

COLUM

Ned Gowan can instruct him in clan law. And I have chosen a guardian I believe the clan will follow until Hamish comes of age. A man whose task will be to guide the boy into manhood. To see he learns how to choose what's best for the future of Clan MacKenzie, and thus demonstrate his worthiness to be Chief.

(then)

James Fraser, I offer you this guardianship.

Before Jamie can answer --

DOUGAL

You support a Fraser over a MacKenzie to lead our clan? Over your own brother? Deny me even the boy's guardianship, when by rights, you should be putting me forward as your successor?

COLUM

Jamie is our sister's son. He shares our blood, and ye know it. And I am skeptical my support would be enough to convince the Clan to choose you as their chief.

DOUGAL

Are ye saying the MacKenzies wouldna support my leadership?

COLUM

If you were as popular as you would believe, there'd be a lot more MacKenzie men here today in this army of yours. Has that thought never crossed your mind?

DOUGAL

Christ's bloody cross! I love Hamish, and he is considerably fond of me. He barely even knows Jamie!

COLUM

Aye, the lad is your spawn, as you are so fond of reminding me. And I ken the deep affection you hold for him.

DOUGAL

And I ken the reasoning behind this loathsome decision of yours. It's your final chance to punish me for fathering the son you never could.

Colum refuses to respond in kind to Dougal's ire.

COLUM

I no longer have the strength to pick at old wounds. It's the future of the Clan that holds sway over my thoughts. And I will do whatever I need to ensure that future.

DOUGAL

And what future would that be? Do ye really think Jamie will act any different than me? As soon as yer eyes close for the final time he will recruit the MacKenzies to our cause. They will fight and die and damn your wishes.

Colum looks to Jamie.

JAMIE

I am honored to be entrusted with your son's care. But Dougal speaks true, I will use every option at my disposal to defeat the British. And that includes the raising of the MacKenzie banner.

COLUM

I don't doubt yer fighting spirit. But I know you would never sacrifice your men needlessly. If the cause is lost, ye will put the lives of yer men above all else.

(to Dougal)

Tell me you would do the same. Say the words. Mean them, in your heart and head, and the guardianship is yours.

Dougal struggles to say the words he does not believe. Finally, with darkened eyes and clenched jaw, he turns and exits the room.

COLUM (CONT'D)

I have lived my life crippled in body, but my poor brother has lived his crippled in mind.

**INT. ROOMING HOUSE - ALEX'S ROOM - DAY**

We are mid-wedding ceremony. An uneasy CLERGYMAN stands at the foot of the bed. Alex is propped up on pillows. Jack, stone-faced, stands on one side of him, Mary on the other, their hands joined across Alex. His hand rests on theirs in a kind of benediction. Mary is stoic, but tears are just below the surface. Her eyes are red and swollen, her face white.

Claire and Murtagh stand as witnesses.

CLERGYMAN

(to Jack)

...in sickness and in health;  
forsaking all others, be faithful  
unto her as long as you both shall  
live?

JACK RANDALL

I will.

The Clergyman turns to Mary.

CLERGYMAN

Mary, will you take this man to be  
your husband; to live together  
forever in the covenant of  
marriage? Will you love him --

As he continues, Mary fights the tears, but one or two drop from her eyes onto her cheeks. Jack sees this and, expressionless, pulls a large SQUARE OF LINEN from his sleeve and offers it to her. She takes it with a faint nod and touches it to her cheeks.

CLERGYMAN (CONT'D)

-- comfort him, honor and keep him  
in sickness and in health;  
forsaking all others, be faithful  
unto him as long as you both shall  
live?

Mary hesitates. Alex squeezes her hand, encouraging her.

ALEX RANDALL

It's all right.

MARY

I will.

CLERGYMAN

(to Claire and Murtagh)

Will those of you witnessing these  
promises do all in your power to  
uphold these two people in their  
marriage?

Murtagh shoots Claire a dark, skeptical look. Claire hangs on by her fingernails to her conviction that this is the right thing to be doing.

CLAIRE

We will.

The Clergyman looks at Murtagh.

MURTAGH

Aye, I will. Get on wi' it.

CLERGYMAN

O gracious and everlasting God,  
look mercifully upon this man and  
this woman who come to you seeking  
your blessing...

**INT. CULLODEN HOUSE - MAKESHIFT HQ - DAY**

Jamie, Prince Charles, General Murray, O'Sullivan, and the rest of the usual suspects.

Jamie has just presented The Prince with his desperate final plan to change history and avoid the terrible defeat at Culloden Moor.

PRINCE CHARLES

A surprise attack? During  
Cumberland's birthday festivities?

JAMIE

I guarantee ye it'll prove a  
birthday he'll not soon forget.

CAMERON

A birthday and a burial on the  
verra same day.

PRINCE CHARLES

It doesn't sound very gentlemanly.

MURRAY

I think we've all learned there's  
nothing gentlemanly about waging  
war.

JAMIE

It will mean a twelve mile  
nighttime march.

PRINCE CHARLES

Are the men capable of such a  
strenuous endeavor?

JAMIE

They have not let us down yet.  
Lord George will lead one column.  
I the other. Together we will trap  
the British between us.

As the men mull this over --



PRINCE CHARLES

John, I look to you, as always.

O'SULLIVAN

The plan has its merits, I admit.  
I will agree to it with but one  
exception, Fraser: you will ride  
with the General. The Prince and I  
shall command the second column.

Jamie struggles to hold back his disdain.

JAMIE

I'm not sure that's wise --

MURRAY

We accept your conditions. Well  
then, gentlemen, it's decided.

PRINCE CHARLES

Mark me, I shall bring along a  
bottle of my finest wine. As a  
birthday gift for Cumberland. I  
shall present it to him when he's  
my prisoner. It will be most  
amusing to see his reaction.

**INT. COLUM'S ROOM - DAY**

Dark, except for a guttering CANDLE. Dougal enters,  
clutching an almost empty BOTTLE OF WINE.

DOUGAL

I brought ye a wee dram, brother.

Colum replies in a weak voice, unable to lift his head from  
the pillow.

COLUM

Will you not leave me in peace?  
You reek of sour wine.

DOUGAL

Aye, I do. It's all I could find.  
I drank enough to muddle a  
stallion, yet I remain as sober as  
a bairn.

Dougal takes a final swallow, realizes he's drained the  
bottle dry. He holds it upside down, watches a drop or two  
fall to the ground.

DOUGAL (CONT'D)

Appears there's none left to share. Probably for the best, God knows I have no wish for you to think I'd do anything to hasten your leaving this world.

COLUM

I am beyond any injury you can do me.

DOUGAL

"Injury I do you?" Christ man, what of all the pain you've caused me in this bitch of a life we've shared?

COLUM

Your life is your own. I take no blame for it.

DOUGAL

(ignoring the interruption)  
I still remember the day. The day they brought you back after you'd been thrown by that horse. A stallion, I recall, too wild for a ten-year-old to ride. You were sorely injured, but I knew you would recover. You were my big brother. Nothing could hurt ye too badly. Or so I believed.

(then)

But you betrayed me. Instead of mending, ye got worse. I watched your legs grow more and more twisted by the day. I watched you shrink, and I hated you for it. And in my hate, I wept. Wept like never before or since. The world was never the same. You destroyed it.

Dougal waits, but Colum does not answer.

DOUGAL (CONT'D)

Have ye no response? Damn your soul, answer me!

He reaches over and grabs hold of his brother, only to find his body limp, his flesh cooling. Colum MacKenzie is dead.

DOUGAL (CONT'D)

Brother? Brother?

Dougal finds the empty VIAL OF YELLOW JASMINE on the cot beside his brother's body.

DOUGAL (CONT'D)

So ye turn yer back on me one final time. Leaving me alone in the dark... the darkness of the world. And all I hoped to say to you remains trapped up here.

He bangs at his skull with a fist.

DOUGAL (CONT'D)

Right here! Unsaid. Forever. And all because you couldna keep your arse on a bloody horse.

Dougal falls to his knees by the cot. He clutches onto Colum's icy hand and kneels by his brother's body. In silence. But not at peace.

**INT. ROOMING HOUSE - ALEX'S ROOM - NIGHT**

The CANDLE in Alex's room is burning low. He is still propped up, but appears to be asleep. Mary sleeps with her head on the bed next to him. Jack sits at his other side. Claire waits quietly, doing the nurse's duty and staying until her patient is either out of danger or onto the next world. Jack glances apprehensively at Mary, fragile as a kitten, and sighs, distressed. He's startled by his brother's soft voice.

ALEX RANDALL

She will love you as I do, Johnny.

Jack looks at his brother, whose eyes flutter and breath grows short.

JACK RANDALL

(begging)

Please don't leave me.

The pain in his voice pulls Claire's eyes from her task. Jack feels her gaze. He turns, the pain in his face melting into familiar menace.

Claire hesitates, then seeing there's nothing else she can do here, she slips out the door.

Jack turns back to his brother. Helpless, as he watches him fade away. Alex opens his eyes, looking at his brother, his eyes full of love.

ALEX RANDALL

(struggling)

Johnny... so good to me... always,  
Johnny.

And he releases his last breath. Jack, stricken, puts his head down on Alex's chest and cries for the first time in a very, very long time.

There is a human side to Black Jack Randall. And it doesn't make a bloody bit of difference.

**INT. JAMIE & CLAIRE'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Claire has just told Jamie about the wedding of Black Jack and Mary.

JAMIE

I canna believe you encouraged that wee slip of a girl to become his wife!

CLAIRE

I encouraged her to become his widow. Jack Randall will die on April 16, 1746. At the Battle of Culloden.

JAMIE

But... if we succeed tonight, there will be no battle tomorrow.

CLAIRE

Then perhaps his death will come about in some other way.

JAMIE

And if it doesn't?

Claire takes a beat. She has considered this, but it doesn't make her solution any easier to say. She forces herself to look Jamie in the eye.

CLAIRE

You kept your promise to me in Paris. To spare his life.

JAMIE

Aye, I did.

CLAIRE

Now I am prepared to keep mine to you.

A beat as Jamie recalls her words, a little shocked at her cold-bloodedness.

JAMIE  
To help me bleed him.

Claire nods, not happy, but resolute.

JAMIE (CONT'D)  
(softly)  
Remind me never to get on your bad side, Sassenach.

CLAIRE  
It's a part of me I never knew I had until I met that man.

JAMIE  
Aye, I know...

Then he holds her tight against him, both of them thinking of the path of devastation -- inside and out -- that Black Jack Randall has left in his wake.

**EXT. THE ROAD TO NAIRN - NIGHT**

The mounted Jamie and Murray lead a line of Highlanders [including the Ross and the LALLYBROCH MEN] as they trudge through the darkness. It's an endurance test.

**EXT. RENDEZVOUS POINT - NIGHT**

CLOSE ON a worried and seething Murray.

MURRAY  
Where in God's name is that imbecile Charles?

Jamie and Murray are having a conference on horseback. Their men are seated or sprawled on the wet ground, too tired to move. And in the BG more of the line arrives in drips and drabs. Exhausted men asleep on their feet.

MURRAY (CONT'D)  
He should have been here hours ago.

JAMIE  
Our own column remains spread out for miles.

MURRAY

Our army is spent. I fear we put too much faith in starving men.

JAMIE

I'd still rate a starving Highlander over a drunken British soldier any day. We can attack now and hope The Prince's men show up in time.

An uncertain Murray mulls over the idea. Jamie pushes.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

We'd have a better chance here than with what awaits us tomorrow on Culloden Moor.

Murtagh gallops out of the darkness on his lathered horse.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Any sign of them, Murtagh?

MURTAGH

They've turned back.

ROSS

For God's sake, why?!

MURTAGH

They lost their way in the darkness. Their troops are scattered from here to Kingdom Come.

JAMIE

(to Murray, urgent)

Let me give the order to attack. We're here, let's make a fight.

MURRAY

With only a portion of our force? It would be madness. And with dawn we lose the element of surprise.

(then)

I have no choice but to call off the attack.

(then)

We must march back to Inverness.

And with that, Murray spurs his horse around.

MURRAY (CONT'D)  
Tomorrow The Prince shall have his  
battle. On Culloden Moor.

And with that, Murray trots away.

WE HOLD on Jamie and Murtagh, Murray's final words burning in their ears. But there's nothing to be done. They exchange a passing look of defeat, rein their horses around, and ride off to the destiny that awaits them. At Culloden.

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE