

**OUTLANDER**

EPISODE 301  
The Battle Joined

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BASED ON THE NOVEL BY  
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FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT  
2nd March 2017

OUTLANDER  
EPISODE 301 "The Battle Joined"

PREVIOUS REVISIONS

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CAST LIST – FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT – 2nd March 2017

CLAIRE BEAUCHAMP RANDALL  
JAMIE MACKENZIE FRASER  
FRANK RANDALL  
BLACK JACK RANDALL  
MURTAGH FITZGIBBONS FRASER

IAN MURRAY  
JENNY MURRAY  
KILLICK  
LIEUTENANT WALLACE  
LORD MELTON  
PRINCE CHARLES  
QUARTERMANSTER O'SULLIVAN  
RUPERT MACKENZIE

ANESTHESIOLOGIST  
DEAN JACKSON  
DR. THORNE  
FREDERICK MACBEAN  
GENERAL MURRAY  
GILES MCMARTIN  
JOHN GREY (Ep. 303)  
LIEUTENANT HECTOR DALRYMPLE (Ep. 303)  
MACDONALD  
MILITARY DOCTOR (Ep. 303)  
MILLIE NELSON  
REALTOR

BABY BRIANNA (NEWBORN)  
DRIVER (ARMY WAGON - NONSPEAKING)  
MAN (WHO GETS STABBED BESIDE JAMIE)  
NURSE  
NURSE (WATKINS - NONSPEAKING)

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SET LIST - FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT - 2nd March 2017

INTERIORS

Boston Hospital (1948)  
  Operating Room  
  Private Room  
Claire & Frank's Home (1948)  
  Bedroom  
  Entrance  
  Establishing  
  Kitchen  
  Living Room  
  Study  
Culloden Moor (1746)  
  Cottage  
Harvard (1948)  
  Faculty Club

EXTERIORS

Army Wagon (1746)  
  Moving - Road  
Boston Street (1948)  
Claire & Frank's Home (1948)  
  Establishing  
Craig Na Dun (1746)  
Culloden Moor (1746)  
  Cottage  
  Cottage - Wide  
  Jacobite Command  
  The Battlefield  
  The Forest  
Harvard (1948)  
  Faculty Club -  
  Establishing

FADE IN:

**THE SALTIRE FLAG OF SCOTLAND**

Bullet-torn and frayed, the white cross on a field of blue snaps proudly in the breeze against a threatening sky.

Then the banner is suddenly SNATCHED away by a REDCOAT, who tosses it on a WAGON of other captured standards.

WIDEN to REVEAL:

**EXT. CULLODEN MOOR - THE BATTLEFIELD - DAY (D1) (1746)**

The ground is covered with JACOBITE DEAD. Over a thousand men have fallen on this day, the vast majority of them Highlanders, with only a few DEAD REDCOATS scattered here and there.

The moor is SMOKING from the recent conflict, but the battle is over and the only activity left is that of the BANDS OF REDCOATS roving the field -- some are helping WOUNDED comrades, others are scavenging arms and supplies from the corpses, while still others are prowling with bayonets at the ready for Jacobites who might still be alive after the slaughter.

The WAGON of fallen Jacobite flags rolls away, REVEALING a MOUND OF BODIES.

MOVE IN on the mound of bodies. But for a SINGLE REDCOAT OFFICER, the corpses are all Highlanders who fell haphazardly in a rude hump of broken bodies.

MOVE IN CLOSER to the tangle of smashed arms, legs and torsos, the blood and gore now dark and thick...

PUSH IN to the SHADOWS beneath the (facedown) redcoat corpse and a couple of Jacobites to FIND the bloodied face of --

**JAMIE FRASER.**

His apparently lifeless features fill the frame for a moment then finally he stirs and his EYES slowly OPEN. He's completely pinned beneath the weight of the men who have fallen on top of him, unable to even turn his head.

He dully looks across the scene of defeat.

**JAMIE'S POV --**

He can only see a few feet in any direction, with the horizon blocked by the surrounding Highlander dead. A few feet away, a MAN SUDDENLY COUGHS and ROLLS OVER.

**RESUME**

The man is badly wounded, but the instinct to live is strong and he struggles to draw ragged breath after ragged breath. He looks around and sees Jamie looking at him from the mound of bodies.

Jamie and the wounded man lock eyes for a moment, two who should be dead sharing a moment of life.

Then a BAYONET plunges into the man's back and he struggles no more. The REDCOAT wielding the bayonet briefly glances over at the mound of bodies, but he can't see Jamie's open eyes from his perspective, and he moves off.

**ON JAMIE**

Who hovers on the edge of consciousness for a moment before finally blacking out --

**JAGGED MEMORY FLASHES --**

These are surreal memories of the battle, out of sequence and tinged with the haze and twisted perspective of hallucination:

**EXT. CULLODEN MOOR - THE BATTLEFIELD - FLASHBACK - DAY (D1) (1746)**

Jamie RUNNING with the ENTIRE JACOBITE ARMY during the fabled Highland charge straight into the redcoat lines.

**EXT. CRAIGH NA DUN - FLASHBACK - DAY (D1) (1746)**

Jamie MOUNTS his horse and rides away from the standing stones.

**EXT. CULLODEN MOOR - THE BATTLEFIELD - FLASHBACK - DAY (D1) (1746)**

Jamie desperately fighting a REDCOAT officer (don't see his face) sword to sword.

**EXT. CULLODEN MOOR - JACOBITE COMMAND - FLASHBACK - DAY (D1)**  
**(1746)**

Jamie with PRINCE CHARLES, GENERAL MURRAY, QUARTERMASTER O'SULLIVAN and MACDONALD. All around them, the JACOBITE SOLDIERS are MARCHING forward toward the O.C. battlefield. Murray has a SPYGLASS and is scanning the O.C. enemy lines. Charles is admiring a SILVER TRAVELLING CANTEEN.

PRINCE CHARLES

The canteen was given to me on my  
 twenty-first birthday by my father.  
 Mark me, I will watch the Duke of  
 Cumberland eat from it when this  
 day is done!

**EXT. CULLODEN MOOR - THE BATTLEFIELD - FLASHBACK - DAY (D1)**  
**(1746)**

Jamie running with the Jacobites.

**EXT. CULLODEN MOOR - THE BATTLEFIELD - NIGHT (N1) (1746)**

Jamie opens his eyes. He's still pinned beneath the dead. But now it's SNOWING. Water streaming from the corpses pours down on his face.

He laps up a few drops gratefully. The snow is coming down, obscuring most of the battlefield.

His thirst momentarily slacked, he drifts away once more --

**EXT. CRAIGH NA DUN - FLASHBACK - DAY (D1) (1746)**

Jamie looking at the tallest stone just moments after Claire left. The SOUND OF CANNON in the distance draws him to his last duty.

**EXT. CULLODEN MOOR - JACOBITE COMMAND - FLASHBACK - DAY (D1)**  
**(1746)**

Murray examines the British position through his glass with a cool professionalism.

MURRAY

They brought up more artillery in  
 the night...

MACDONALD

We can't take much more of this thrashing, Sire!

O'SULLIVAN

This is nothing but a diversion! Cumberland wants to rattle our nerves! If we stand fast and force them to come to us across the moor then we'll have -

Jamie steps forward and confronts Charles directly.

JAMIE

The time is now, Sire! Give the order while there is still a chance!

The Prince has noticed some dirt on the piece of silver in his hand, he brushes it off then stops and looks closer -- it's BLOOD. The smeared blood is now all over the silver and on his hand.

**EXT. CULLODEN MOOR - THE BATTLEFIELD - FLASHBACK - DAY (D1)**  
**(1746)**

Jamie riding his horse away from Craigh na Dun and toward the SOUNDS OF BATTLE.

Up ahead we can SEE THE TWO ARMIES LINED up across the moor. British artillery is shredding the Jacobite lines.

**EXT. CULLODEN MOOR - THE BATTLEFIELD - FLASHBACK - DAY (D1)**  
**(1746)**

Jamie fighting hand-to-hand... turns and nearly kills MURTAGH, who has just arrived on the field. Jamie regards his Godfather with a grin.

JAMIE

Where ye been? Enjoying a whisky and a lass?

Murtagh coolly KILLS a REDCOAT who was about to shoot Jamie.

MURTAGH

(re: saving him)  
Ye're welcome. And the Lallybroch men are safely on their way home.



**EXT. CULLODEN MOOR - THE BATTLEFIELD - FLASHBACK - DAY (D1)**  
**(1746)**

Jamie in desperate hand-to-hand combat as he and the other leading Highlanders crash into the British lines.

Suddenly, out of the SMOKE a familiar figure appears -- JACK RANDALL, sword in hand and fighting with a cool ferocity.

Jamie and Jack lock eyes.

The two men make for one another through the other fighting men --

**EXT. CULLODEN MOOR - THE BATTLEFIELD - NIGHT (N1) (1746)**

Jamie opens his eyes. It's STILL SNOWING. The body above him SHIFTS SLIGHTLY as the sodden uniform becomes heavier, and we can see the man's face for the first time: it's the DEAD JACK RANDALL.

Jamie looks into the twisted features of the lifeless face of his enemy for a long moment before fading away once more --

**EXT. CULLODEN MOOR - THE BATTLEFIELD - FLASHBACK - DAY (D1)**  
**(1746)**

Jamie and Jack fight with the desperation of men who know there will be no rematch this time, that this is truly a fight to the death. Other Highlanders and redcoats occasionally interrupt or distract the two men as the battle continues to swirl around them, but always they come back to each other, always they seek the killing blow that will end this match once and for all.

They fight with a frenzy and a determination that drains every last ounce of strength from each man... and then each man manages to see the fatal opening of his opponent at virtually the same split-second... each man slashes with his blade in a killing stroke... each blade is deflected just a little... but each blade still BITES DEEP into the other... BOTH MEN snarl in pain and hatred... and then BOTH MEN fall heavily, Jack on top and Jamie beneath him.

**EXT. CULLODEN MOOR - THE BATTLEFIELD - NIGHT (N1) (1746)**

Jamie OPENS his eyes. Still alive. The SNOW HAS STOPPED and he's looking up at a MOON-LIT SKY filled with stars. The battlefield is quiet. Jamie slowly turns his head and finds himself face-to-face with a RABBIT.

Man and bunny stare at each other for a moment, then a NOISE startles the rabbit and it BOLTS AWAY.

The noise turns out to be FOOTSTEPS and Jamie looks up to see a WOMAN DRESSED IN WHITE, walking ethereally across the devastated battlefield.

He blinks as the woman comes closer to him -- it's CLAIRE. She's looking right at him, a smile on her face as she approaches.

He stares at her...

Claire comes right up to the mound of bodies, then bends down and looks at him with a gentle, compassionate expression.

CLAIRE

Are you alive?

He manages to smile back at --

**RUPERT**

Who is actually bending down looking at him.

RUPERT

(low, insistent)

Jamie -- are ye alive, man?

JAMIE

Dunno...

Rupert unceremoniously shoves the corpse of Jack Randall to one side, eliciting a loud MOAN of pain from Jamie. Rupert quickly presses a hand over Jamie's mouth and glances around.

RUPERT

(hisses)

Quiet! Redcoats are still about and they're killing the wounded where they lie. Can ye stand?

JAMIE

(weak)

No... Leave me be...

RUPERT

I'll not leave ye to die in the mud.

With a great effort, Rupert manages to pick Jamie up and sling him over his shoulder.

RUPERT (CONT'D)  
 Even if ye are a pig-headed lout  
 who can't hold his whisky.

JAMIE  
 Drink you under... the table...

RUPERT  
 Says you...

Rupert trudges off the battlefield with his burden. As he  
 does, SOMETHING FALLS from Jamie's pocket --

**THE DRAGONFLY IN AMBER**

Lies in the mud of Culloden Moor.

FADE OUT.

**OMITTED AND MOVED TO AA21-AD21**

FADE IN:

**ON A DRAGONFLY**

Perched on a LEAF for a moment. It FLIES out of frame and  
 CAMERA FINDS CLAIRE RANDALL standing in the sunshine.  
 REVEAL:

**EXT. CLAIRE & FRANK'S HOME - DAY (DA1) (1948)**

Claire is standing outside the front of a gracious home,  
 looking at the structure with a mixture of wonder and  
 trepidation.

SUPER: **BOSTON, 1948**

After a beat, FRANK RANDALL emerges from inside the house  
 along with a heavy-set man in his 30s, who is the REALTOR.  
 Frank seems happy as he comes out on the front porch.

FRANK  
 Thank you very much.

REALTOR  
 A pleasure, Mr. Randall, if you  
 have any problems at all, here's my  
 card --  
 (hands him business card)  
 -- oh, and I suppose you'll be  
 wanting these.

The Realtor hands over the KEYS, then heads off. He touches his hat to Claire as he passes her.

REALTOR (CONT'D)  
Good-day, Mrs. Randall...

CLAIRE  
Good-day.

Claire looks up to see Frank standing on the bottom step with a big grin on his face as he dangles the keys in the air. Claire can't help but grin back in anticipation.

**INT. CLAIRE & FRANK'S HOME - ENTRANCE/LIVING ROOM/STUDY/  
KITCHEN - DAY (DA1) (1948)**

A few minutes later, Claire and Frank are standing in the big, EMPTY house looking over their new home.

CLAIRE  
You sure we can afford it?

FRANK  
A bit tight on an associate professor's salary, I'll admit, but... you've always said you wanted a place to call home -- a real home.

Claire looks up at the high ceilings and big windows. In the absence of furniture or decoration, the place seems cavernous.

CLAIRE  
It's certainly real... a little too real, perhaps. All this space for just the two of us...

FRANK  
Soon to be three.

Frank takes her hand.

CLAIRE  
Yes. Soon to be three.

A warm moment. If things were different, they'd kiss right now, but neither of them will make that move. Claire breaks the moment first. She steps through a doorway into another empty space.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
The history professor's study?

FRANK

The professor's study will be wherever the lady of the house desires.

CLAIRE

The lady of the house desires it thus.

FRANK

Right next to the kitchen --

They step through into the empty kitchen.

FRANK (CONT'D)

-- where the lady of the house will no doubt be rustling up a variety of appetizing dishes on a daily basis to tempt the poor professor from his work.

CLAIRE

"Rustling?"

FRANK

That's what they say in America, isn't it? "I mean to rustle up some vittles, partner."

She rolls her eyes, but it's a fun moment.

CLAIRE

Don't get your hopes up too high for those "vittles" -- I'm a little out of practice.

FRANK

I'm sure I'll be delighted at your skill.

Claire rolls her eyes again, then turns to the ancient STOVE and turns the KNOB --

**INT. CLAIRE & FRANK'S HOME - KITCHEN - DAY (DB1) (1948)**

TIME CUT:

A FEW WEEKS LATER. Claire, now four to five months pregnant and showing accordingly, is struggling with the same recalcitrant stove, trying to get it to light. The kitchen is now FURNISHED. FOOD has been prepped and is ready to go in various PANS and POTS on the nearby counter.

CLAIRE

C'mon... c'mon... Jesus H.  
Roosevelt Christ!

Two seconds away from bashing the damned thing with a nearby pan, she has to literally walk away for a moment. She walks out of the kitchen --

**INT. CLAIRE & FRANK'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Claire walks through the now-furnished home. There's still not enough furniture and decorations, but at least it's something. Claire tries to let her anger subside, but her aching back and other pains of pregnancy don't make it easy.

She sits down in front of the FIREPLACE and lets out a long breath.

She stares into the empty hearth for a long moment... then sits forward -- the hearth.

**EXT. CLAIRE & FRANK'S HOME - DAY (DB1) (1948)**

A short time later, Claire DRIVES HER CAR into the driveway, gets out, and OPENS the trunk which is now filled with FIREWOOD from the store. She starts to methodically pile the wood into a CLOTH CARRY BAG.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.C.)

Like some help with that?

Claire looks up to see a woman -- MILLIE, 30s -- walking over from the neighboring house.

CLAIRE

Oh. No, I'm good, thank you.

But Millie, wanting to help her pregnant neighbor, is already taking logs out of the trunk.

MILLIE

Now just you never mind -- I remember when I had my first, my back ached something fierce and the handsome, but lazy sack of bones I call a husband would never lift a finger.

CLAIRE

No, really I can manage --

MILLIE

Of course you can manage, my dear --  
but why should you if you can have  
help?

Millie lifts up the first load in the carry bag.

MILLIE (CONT'D)

Millie Nelson.

CLAIRE

Claire Randall.

**INT. CLAIRE & FRANK'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY (DB1) (1948)**

A short time later. A FIRE is now blazing in the fireplace  
and Claire is COOKING in the hearth. Millie sits on the  
couch, having a COCKTAIL and watching in admiration.

MILLIE

Where'd you learn to do that?

CLAIRE

My uncle taught me how to cook over  
a campfire.

MILLIE

Sounds dirty. All the ash and  
soot...?

CLAIRE

It gives the food this wonderful,  
smoky flavor.  
(inhales)  
Smell that?

MILLIE

Yeah. Smells like smoke.

They share a chuckle.

MILLIE (CONT'D)

Your husband must like it -- that's  
all that really matters, I suppose.

CLAIRE

Yes. Well. I hope he does.

MILLIE

Oh -- so you're gonna spring it on  
him. He like surprises, does he?

CLAIRE  
 (has to admit)  
 Not really...

MILLIE  
 You're a braver woman than I. I  
 swear to God, if I surprised Jerry  
 with something other than pot  
 roast, meatloaf or baked beans with  
 cabbage one night, he'd up and have  
 a heart attack.  
 (wicked)  
 Hey, now there's an idea...

Claire grins and tends the fire for a moment.

CLAIRE  
 I think Frank will actually enjoy  
 something a little different for a  
 change. He's very...  
 progressive... very open-minded...

MILLIE  
 Well, God love Jerry -- and I do,  
 despite what you might think -- but  
 he's really no different than most  
 men in this world who don't want  
 their wives to do anything out of  
 the ordinary -- just cook, clean,  
 raise the kids and then look pretty  
 when they meet the boss.  
 (beat)  
 You're lucky. You won't find  
 another man like Frank again...

She takes another drink. Claire focuses on the fire and  
 tries not to think about the fact that she did find another  
 man once upon a time...

**PUSH IN ON CLAIRE**

As she stares into the fire... her EYES fill the screen...  
 she CLOSES HER EYES for a moment --

MATCH CUT TO:

**JAMIE'S EYES --**

As he OPENS them... REVEAL:

**OMITTED**



INT. CULLODEN MOOR - COTTAGE - NIGHT (N1) (1746)

Rupert is lifting a CUP OF WATER to Jamie's lips as he lies on the bare floor. The room is filled with SEVENTEEN WOUNDED HIGHLANDERS who are crammed into every available space. The MOON shining in the window provides the only light.

RUPERT

There... slowly...

Jamie chokes down the water gratefully, but just lifting his head takes tremendous effort and he sags back down on the floor. Rupert stands and goes to where another Highlander -- KILLICK, 30s, is peering out into the night. Killick has a leg wound and he leans on the wall for balance.

RUPERT (CONT'D)

So... do we run for it?

KILLICK

(re: leg)

I'm no' running anywhere.

(glances back)

Barely a man here can stand. If ye can go, Rupert, then go. Dinna linger on our account.

RUPERT

No -- I'll bide. For one thing, the British are still thick as lice out there.

KILLICK

(nods)

Even those that fled the field yesterday will no' get far. I heard the British troops passing by quick-march. It winna be hard for them to hunt down our bedraggled lot.

A heavy silence falls in the room. Jamie turns his head away from the rest of them, facing the wall. He's so tired... he CLOSES HIS EYES once more...

CUT TO:

**ON CLAIRE'S FACE --**

Staring directly into CAMERA. No makeup. Hair tousled. This isn't a good day. REVEAL:

INT. CLAIRE & FRANK'S HOME - BEDROOM - DAY (D1) (1948)

(MOVED FROM 15)

Claire is staring into the mirror, exhausted and spent.

FRANK (O.C.)  
 (outside the bedroom door)  
 Claire! We need to leave in ten  
 minutes.

CLAIRE  
 Coming, Frank.

Snapped back to reality, Claire reaches for her makeup and begins applying the CREAMS and PIGMENTS of the modern age to herself --

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
 (under, bites)  
 Gotta look pretty when you meet the  
 boss...

EXT. HARVARD - FACULTY CLUB - DAY (D1) (1948) (MOVED FROM 16)

Establishing. A stately building on the Harvard campus.

INT. HARVARD - FACULTY CLUB - DAY (D1) (1948) (MOVED FROM 17)

There's a quiet HUM of conversation in the room, which is hosting a faculty tea for the PROFESSORS and ADMINISTRATORS of Harvard. Frank and Claire, now eight months pregnant, listen to DEAN JACKSON, 60s, -- a pompous, florid man -- as he holds forth.

Frank is smoking a PIPE and listening attentively, along with Claire who stands next to him, the dutiful wife.

DEAN JACKSON  
 ... Truman's ascension to the  
 presidency was an accident of  
 history -- a cosmic joke meant to  
 humble the nation just as American  
 power reached its Olympian zenith at  
 the end of the war.  
 (MORE)

DEAN JACKSON (CONT'D)

And since that sad day on which he took up the reins of government, the "haberdasher from Missouri" has proven himself to be totally unequal to the task of assuming the mantle of Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln.

FRANK

If I were a betting man, I wouldn't count the Democratic nominee out just yet.

DEAN JACKSON

You're alone in that sentiment, Professor. Certainly, the press believes that his defeat in November is all but assured.

FRANK

Perhaps I prefer it to believing we're doomed to endure the presidency of Thomas Dewey.

Claire speaks up now, coming to Frank's defense.

CLAIRE

I read a piece just last week which said the president's support may actually be stronger than it appears.

Jackson looks at her as if she just appeared out of thin air.

DEAN JACKSON

I beg your pardon?

Claire's voice rises a bit, and we see a flash of that instinct for argument that we know so well.

CLAIRE

I was just saying that I read a column in The Globe predicting a possible victory for the president if he continued to pound away at the Republican congress as ineffectual, while Mr. Dewey offers the voters only platitudes.

Jackson stares at her for a beat, then lets out a bark that might be a laugh.

DEAN JACKSON

Ha-ha! "A column in The Globe."  
Professor Randall, you'll have to  
pay closer attention to your wife's  
reading habits! She keeps reading  
The Globe, the next thing you know  
she'll be trying to get women into  
Harvard Law!

CLAIRE

Harvard Medical enrolled their  
first female students three years  
ago.

DEAN JACKSON

(snorts)

A bone thrown in the general  
direction of Eleanor Roosevelt and  
her coterie of agitators. My  
understanding is that the girls are  
barely adequate in their studies.  
Past experience has shown few women  
succeed as physicians.

Frank, brimming with pride, puts an arm around Claire.

FRANK

Dean Jackson, I don't believe I  
mentioned that my wife was a combat  
nurse in the Royal Army Medical  
Corps during the war.

DEAN JACKSON

Really? Very patriotic of you,  
Mrs. Randall, "pitching in during  
the crisis" and all that. But I'm  
sure you were happy to resume more  
important...

(glances at her belly)

...and fitting domestic concerns  
for a lady with the conclusion of  
the war, am I right?

Claire gazes adoringly at Frank, the two of them, a  
seemingly happy couple, operating as a team.

CLAIRE

Yes. I'm very happy.

DEAN JACKSON

Of course you are! What young  
woman wouldn't be at the prospect  
of impending maternal bliss?

Jackson turns back to Frank as if Claire doesn't exist.

DEAN JACKSON (CONT'D)

Have you had an opportunity to examine the prospectus for the spring seminar on the Wars of the Roses? I feel that Professor Holloway is overloading the schedule with far too many advocates for his revisionist poppycock on Richard III...

OFF Claire's face, a smile plastered there as she hangs on Frank's arm and listens to Jackson drone on --

**EXT. BOSTON STREET - NIGHT (N1) (1948) (MOVED FROM 18)**

Frank and Claire walking home through the streets of Boston that night. No longer arm in arm, the "happy couple" from the party now has considerable distance between them -- emotionally as well as physically. There's a long moment before Frank breaks the silence.

FRANK

Are you all right?

CLAIRE

Mmm.

FRANK

You've been very... quiet of late.

CLAIRE

I'm fine.

But Claire seems all but fine. The fissures in their public face now apparent, as she descends into silence once more and Frank decides to let her be.

**EXT. CULLODEN MOOR - COTTAGE - DAY (D2) (1746)**

Establishing. The cottage where the wounded Highlanders were holed up for the night is a one-room abandoned farmhouse.

**INT. CULLODEN MOOR - COTTAGE - DAY (D2) (1746)**

Jamie OPENS HIS EYES. He remembers something... tries to talk, but begins COUGHING.

Rupert leans over and gives him another sip of water. Jamie swallows the liquid, tries to talk again.

Jamie lies back, on the verge of passing out yet again.

JAMIE

What about... Murtagh?

RUPERT

Dunno.

(to all)

Any word of Murtagh Fitzgibbons  
Fraser?

KILLICK

I lost sight of him in the fight.  
I hope to God he's already dead.

Just then the door to the cottage suddenly OPENS. Two redcoat officers -- a LIEUTENANT WALLACE, 20s, and COLONEL LORD HAROLD (HAL) MELTON, 26 -- ENTER and react to the sight and smells of the room.

LT. WALLACE

Christ...

Melton looks around the room for a moment -- not a man here could offer resistance even if they wanted to. Melton is not a cruel man and the sight of these men is enough to move even the hardest of hearts, but he has an unpleasant task to do and he has to get on with it.

LORD MELTON

I am Lord Melton.

He looks around to see who will speak for this group. After a beat, Rupert steps forward.

RUPERT

Rupert MacKenzie, of Leoch.

(re: wounded)

And others late of the forces of  
His Majesty, King James.

LORD MELTON

So I surmised. I've been ordered  
by His Grace, the Duke of  
Cumberland, to execute any man  
found to have engaged in the recent  
treasonous rebellion.

(beat)

Does any man here claim innocence  
of treason?

Someone CHUCKLES in the cottage, but otherwise there's no response. Rupert faintly smiles.

RUPERT

No, My Lord. Traitors all. Shall we be hanged, then?

LORD MELTON

You will be shot.

(beat)

Like soldiers.

Rupert nods appreciatively and there are looks among the Highlanders that seem relieved at the prospect.

RUPERT

Thank you, My Lord.

LORD MELTON

You have an hour in which to prepare yourselves. If any of you wish writing materials -- to compose a letter, perhaps -- the clerk of my company will attend you.

With that, Melton turns and EXITS with his Lieutenant.

CUT TO:

**EXT. CLAIRE & FRANK'S HOME - DAY (D2) (1948)**

Establishing. A brownstone building in a quiet, middle-class neighborhood somewhere in Boston.

**INT. CLAIRE & FRANK'S HOME - KITCHEN - DAY (D2) (1948)**

Claire, now nine months pregnant, COOKING breakfast on the stove. Actually, struggling to cook breakfast is more like it, the damned GAS STOVE is acting up and she has to keep relighting the burner; and when she gets a BOTTLE OF MILK from the refrigerator and sniffs it, it's clearly gone bad.

As she pours the soured milk down the drain, providing a nice metaphor for her spirits, a BIRD suddenly lands on the open window sill over the sink. She looks up at the tiny creature as if waking slowly from a dream. The bird is only there for a moment, then FLIES AWAY. Claire looks out into the sky, thinking of other skies and other birds she remembers in a now faraway land...

Frank ENTERS in shirt and tie, carrying his HAT, JACKET, and BRIEFCASE.

FRANK

After eight years of rationing, I believe I could wake up to the smell of bacon and eggs every day for the rest of my natural life...

CLAIRE

It's the last of the bacon. But I'm going to the market this afternoon.

TOAST pops up and Claire starts buttering the slices.

FRANK

Sleep well?

CLAIRE

(re: her back)  
Hard to get comfortable these days.

The KETTLE WHISTLES.

FRANK

I've got it.

He turns off the burner and opens a tin on the counter, pulling out a TEA BAG.

FRANK (CONT'D)

This on the other hand... this is an abomination.

CLAIRE

That's the way they drink it here. They don't sell it any other way.

FRANK

(sniffs bag)  
It doesn't even smell like tea after sitting for weeks in these... paper diapers.

He's trying to be funny; she manages a chuckle.

CLAIRE

There's coffee if you'd rather...

FRANK

I mean, why change something that works perfectly well? Tea. In a tin. Scoop it out. Put in the pot. Is that really so difficult?



CLAIRE

I suppose not.

FRANK

I'll never understand the American  
obsession with the new.

Claire puts down a plate of EGGS, BACON and TOAST on the  
small kitchen table. Frank sits down to eat.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Everything new, new, new.

Claire serves herself a plate and sits down to eat with him.

CLAIRE

That's one of the things I like  
about this country. It's young and  
eager and constantly looking to the  
future.

(then)

I'm thinking of applying for  
citizenship.

Frank is surprised but pleased.

FRANK

Really?

CLAIRE

I grew up all over the world --  
I've never been that attached to  
England. And -- I want our child  
to grow up with a real home.

FRANK

Our child.

Frank's eyes light up. It's the first time she's used those  
words. He takes it as an olive branch. A sign that Claire  
is moving forward into their life together.

Feeling a rare moment of intimacy, he reaches over and  
gently touches Claire's belly. She FLINCHES as it catches  
her off-guard. She puts her fork down abruptly. Frank is  
stung.

Clearly, she's rejected his overture. There's now a chill in  
the air as he tries to swallow his hurt.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Since when have you "never been  
that attached to England?" Can you  
just walk away from your heritage  
(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

that easily? I mean are you really ready to forsake Hastings and Magna Carta; Strongbow and Lionheart; Drake and Marlborough; Tudors, Stuarts and Plantagenets --

CLAIRE

It's something I want to do.

FRANK

Well, there's really no need to apply for citizenship. My employment will provide us with residency indefinitely.

CLAIRE

That's not what this is about.

FRANK

You're right, it's not what this is about.

He reaches out to touch her again and she subconsciously draws back.

FRANK (CONT'D)

It's about that. A wife who hasn't let me so much as touch her in months.

She gets up from the table, tosses her dish and remains of her breakfast in the sink with a clatter. Frank's temper isn't far below the surface either. This has been a long time coming.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Admit it, you're using this pregnancy to keep me at a distance. You've retreated further and further into your shell ever since we got here.

CLAIRE

I'm sorry.

She walks out to --

**INT. CLAIRE & FRANK'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Frank pursues Claire as they finally talk about the elephant in the room.

FRANK

Don't just walk away. It's time we dealt with this like adults.

CLAIRE

As opposed to the way I've been dealing with it, I suppose?

FRANK

Stop sparring and talk to me!

CLAIRE

And say what? What is it you want from me, Frank?

FRANK

I want to know when you're planning to come back from the past and return to the 20th century!

CLAIRE

You asked me to walk away from everything that truly mattered to me -- to close the door and throw away the key -- yet it's fine for you to go on about things you miss back in the good old days. "Never talk about the past" -- that was the bargain, wasn't it? Well, I've kept that bargain -- to the letter.

FRANK

The bargain was that we raise this baby together. But the child isn't even born and you won't let me in.

CLAIRE

What is it you want, Frank? Sex? Is that it? Need a good fuck and can't find one on your precious all-male campus? Well, I hear Radcliffe has some lovely girls who would just die for your English accent.

FRANK

I'm not the one who's been out fucking other people!

Claire suddenly HURLS AN ASHTRAY right at his head, Frank barely ducks in time before it SMASHES against the wall. He looks at her in shock -- and the truth is, Claire shocked herself as well.

There's a long moment of silence in the room.

He walks out of the room, retrieves his hat, coat, and briefcase from the kitchen and then pauses before the front door.

FRANK (CONT'D)

(quiet)

I didn't force this bargain on you, Claire. I didn't force you to come to Boston, and I'm not forcing you to stay. You can walk away any time you wish.

CLAIRE

I never thought otherwise.

FRANK

Go or stay, but please do it because it's what you really want to do.

Frank EXITS the house. Claire stands rooted to the spot for a long beat and we see the heavy toll this is all taking on her. We hear the SOUND OF THE CAR ENGINE from outside. Claire finally goes to the window and looks out --

CUT TO:

**EXT. CULLODEN MOOR - COTTAGE - WIDE - DAY (D2) (1746)**

A GROUP OF REDCOATS have formed a FIRING SQUAD a short distance away from the cottage. We STAY IN THE WIDE SHOT as a couple redcoats prop a WOUNDED HIGHLANDER against a POST, then scurry back in line. An OFFICER raises his sword, then lowers it and the VOLLEY RINGS OUT. The wounded man slumps against the post as the smoke drifts across the fields.

**INT. CULLODEN MOOR - COTTAGE - DAY (D2) (1746)**

A few Highlanders are scratching out notes or letters as best they can. Lieutenant Wallace is sitting on a stool making a LIST OF NAMES on a sheet of PAPER on a PORTABLE WRITING DESK. A REDCOAT CORPORAL and a REDCOAT PRIVATE wait near the door.

Rupert is pleading with Lord Melton on behalf of TWO YOUNG BOYS -- GILES and FREDERICK, 16, -- who are holding hands and hunched together nearby, shaking with fear.

RUPERT

... I beg ye not to judge them by the same standard that ye apply to the rest of the men. They're naught but lads and canna be held responsible for their actions.

LORD MELTON

His Grace has specifically directed that there be no exceptions on account of age.

(beat)

I am sorry.

Rupert nods, accepting the verdict.

LORD MELTON (CONT'D)

Corporal...

The Corporal and the Private now move to take the boys away. The boys start crying.

RUPERT

Steady now, lads. It'll be over soon. Chin up, now...

LT. WALLACE

Names?

GILES

Giles McMartin.

FREDERICK

Frederick MacBean.

Lieutenant Wallace writes down their names. The boys do their best to walk as the redcoats lead them outside, but one of them nearly falls on shaky legs.

**ANGLE ON JAMIE --**

As he lies there in his misery and pain. Killick bends over him once more.

KILLICK

Do ye want me to write a letter for ye, Jamie? Something to yer family, perhaps?

JAMIE

No... let it be...

KILLICK

What about your wife? What about  
Claire?

JAMIE

She's... gone...

KILLICK

Where'd she go?

Before Killick can pursue that any further, there's the  
SOUND of a VOLLEY from outside, signalling the death of the  
boys.

LORD MELTON

(calls out)

Does any man wish to be next?

KILLICK

Aye!

(to Jamie)

I'll take my leave of you now,  
Jamie.

He takes Jamie's hand and kisses it.

JAMIE

I'll see you again soon...

Killick limps over to the doorway as the Corporal and  
Private appear again.

KILLICK

(to Lieutenant Wallace)

Gordon Killick.

Now Rupert comes over to Jamie.

RUPERT

Glad ye're awake. Didna want to  
say farewell while you snored and  
farted in yer sleep.

Jamie manages a smile.

JAMIE

You always... snored... louder than  
any... man I ever... heard...

RUPERT

People always blamed me for it, but  
Angus was the one who snored.

(beat)

It'll be good to see him again.

JAMIE

Aye... be good to... see... the two  
of you... together...

Rupert takes Jamie's hand.

RUPERT

I'm no saying I forgive you for  
Dougal. But I'll no go to my grave  
hating you for it either. The Lord  
will judge us both and I trust in  
His mercy. Farewell.

A VOLLEY sounds from outside.

LORD MELTON

Does any man wish to be next?

RUPERT

Aye!

Rupert walks over to Lieutenant Wallace.

RUPERT (CONT'D)

Rupert Thomas Alexander MacKenzie.  
(to Corporal & Private)  
I mean to set a quick pace, so try  
to keep up.

He strides out quickly and they follow him.

**ANGLE ON JAMIE --**

Lying on the floor. He stares up at the ceiling, listening  
and waiting... then the VOLLEY SOUNDS once more.

JAMIE

(in Gaelic)

Farewell, Rupert...

JAMIE G

(in Gaelic)

Slàn leat, a Ràibeirt...

Jamie looks up at the ceiling --

CUT TO:

**ANGLE ON A CHANDELIER --**

Hanging from the ceiling of --

**INT. CLAIRE & FRANK'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (N2) (1948)**

Frank staring up at the ceiling. He's sleeping on the COUCH  
tonight -- or at least trying to. He punches the PILLOWS and  
CUSHIONS, trying to settle himself.

Finally he gets to some kind of comfortable position, takes a deep breath and closes his eyes...

-- A CLOCK TICKS on the mantle...

-- The FAUCET drips...

-- The FRIDGE faintly hums with electrical power...

Frank's eyes pop open again. This is useless. He finally gives up, throws off the blanket and sits there for a moment in frustration.

Then he decides to do something about it.

**INT. CLAIRE & FRANK'S HOME - STUDY - NIGHT (N2) (1948)**

A small study filled with Frank's MANUSCRIPTS, BOOKS and RESEARCH MATERIALS. He sits at the desk, pulls out a sheet of paper and a pen, then begins to write:

FRANK (V.O.)

Dear Reverend, I find myself in need of your assistance once more. I hope you will indulge me in undertaking some research regarding an 18th century Highlander who fought in the battle of Culloden. His name was J --

CLAIRE (O.C.)

Frank?

He spins around in shock to see Claire standing in the doorway. He scrambles to cover.

FRANK

I was just... doing some work. I couldn't sleep... and thought perhaps I should catch up on some --

CLAIRE

My waters broke. It's time.

Frank gets to his feet, all thoughts of the letter now forgotten.

FRANK

I'll warm up the car.

They EXIT, the forgotten letter still on the desk.

CUT TO:



INT. CULLODEN MOOR - COTTAGE - DAY (D2) (1746)

The cottage is now nearly empty of Highlanders. Only a few men, too wounded to even stand, remain lying on the floor in agony. Jamie is one of them. Lord Melton surveys the group with Lt. Wallace.

LT. WALLACE

The ambulatory wounded have all been executed, My Lord. We'll have to carry the rest out.

It's a distasteful notion, but Melton grimly nods agreement.

LORD MELTON

Have the corporal of the guard select stretcher bearers.

LT. WALLACE

Yes, My Lord. Are they to be shot lying down or --

LORD MELTON

Prop them up, certainly! Good Lord. No man in the King's custody will be shot lying down on my watch. Not even traitors.

LT. WALLACE

Yes, My Lord. Sorry, My Lord.

LORD MELTON

(to Highlanders)

You men unable to walk will be carried outside to face your sentence. Does any man wish to go first?

Jamie gathers all his strength and manages to get up on an elbow.

JAMIE

Aye! Get this... over with...

He almost passes out again, but manages to hang on as Lt. Wallace comes over to him.

LT. WALLACE

Name?

JAMIE

James Alexander Malcolm MacKenzie Fraser... of Broch Tuarach...

Across the room, Melton reacts to the name. He comes over to Jamie as the Lieutenant scribbles down the name.

LORD MELTON  
Fraser? Are you the Jacobite known  
as "Red Jamie?"

JAMIE  
I've been called that by... my  
enemies...

LORD MELTON  
God's blood.

Melton struggles with some inner turmoil for a moment,  
before turning and calling out --

LORD MELTON (CONT'D)  
Does any other man wish to go next?

HIGHLANDER VOICE (O.C.)  
Aye. I'll go.

The Lieutenant shoots a puzzled look at Melton, but then hurries off to get that man's name with the Corporal and the Private. Melton hunches down close to Jamie, and pitches his voice low so as not to be overheard.

LORD MELTON  
(low, urgent)  
Does the name John Grey mean  
anything to you?

Jamie can barely stay awake, much less think. Melton has to shake him back into awareness as he starts to drift away.

LORD MELTON (CONT'D)  
Listen to me! Grey -- John William  
Grey -- do you know that name?

JAMIE  
Look, man, either shoot me or go  
away... I'm ill.

LORD MELTON  
(insistent)  
Near Corrieyairack. A boy, a fair-  
haired boy, about sixteen. You  
encountered him in the wood.

Jamie tries to focus on what this guy is saying.

JAMIE

Oh... the one that tried to kill me  
while I was taking a pish... broke  
his arm as I recall...

This is definitely not what Melton was hoping to hear, but  
he needs to confirm one more piece of information.

LORD MELTON

John Grey is my brother. He told  
me of his meeting with you, that  
you then spared his life, and he  
made you a promise -- is that true?

JAMIE

Aye... he promised to... kill me.  
But I dinna mind if you do it for  
him...

LORD MELTON

He said he owed you a debt of  
honor... and he does.

A VOLLEY sounds from outside and that prompts the Lieutenant  
to come over to Melton once more.

LT. WALLACE

My Lord...?

The two British officers confer near the window as Jamie  
sags back down, appearing to lose consciousness once more.

LORD MELTON

This is a deuce of a situation,  
Wallace. This Jacobite scum is  
"Red Jamie."

LT. WALLACE

The one on the broadsheets?

LORD MELTON

The same. His Grace would be more  
than pleased to hear of such an  
illustrious prisoner. They haven't  
yet found Charles Stuart, but a few  
well-known Jacobites should appease  
the crowds at Tower Hill.

LT. WALLACE

Shall I send a message to His  
Grace?

LORD MELTON

No! That's the difficulty! Besides being prime gallows bait, this filthy wretch is also the man who captured my youngest brother near Preston, and rather than shooting the brat -- which is what he deserved -- spared his life and returned him to his companions. Thus, incurring a bloody great debt of honor upon my family.

LT. WALLACE

I see. So you can't give him to His Grace, after all.

LORD MELTON

I can't even shoot the bastard, without discrediting my brother's sworn word.

Turns out, Jamie's not unconscious after all --

JAMIE

I winna tell if you dinna.

LORD MELTON

Shut your mouth!

LT. WALLACE

Perhaps we could shoot him under an alias.

Melton gives the man a withering look before looking out the window for a moment.

LORD MELTON

It will be dark in three hours. Continue with the executions, then find a small wagon, and have it filled with hay. Pick a driver -- someone discreet, by which I mean willing to accept a bribe -- and have them here as soon as it's dark.

LT. WALLACE

Yes, My Lord. And uh... what about the prisoner, My Lord?

LORD MELTON

What about him? He's too weak to crawl, let alone run.

(MORE)

LORD MELTON (CONT'D)  
 He's not going anywhere, at least not  
 until the wagon gets here.

JAMIE  
 Wagon...? I don't want to go  
 anywhere. I want to be shot!

Melton and Lieutenant Wallace exchange a look, then they  
 both head back toward the door.

LT. WALLACE  
 Raving.

LORD MELTON  
 I doubt he'll live through the  
 journey, but at least his death  
 won't be on my head -- or on my  
 family.

LT. WALLACE  
 (as they EXIT)  
 Yes, My Lord. Where are we sending  
 him?

Jamie struggles to hear Melton's reply, but they're out the  
 door, and the effort of sitting up is too much for Jamie and  
 he passes out once more.

CUT TO:

**INT. BOSTON HOSPITAL - PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT (N2) (1948)**

Claire sitting up in bed, while Frank paces nearby. It's  
 RAINING OUTSIDE the window.

FRANK  
 Taking their own sweet time about  
 it...

CLAIRE  
 Patients always feel like it takes  
 forever to be seen. The truth is a  
 hospital staff is usually running  
 from crisis to --

She's seized by the pain of a contraction. Frank is quickly  
 at her side and she takes his hand instinctively.

FRANK  
 I'm here.

Finally the pain passes and Claire sags back on the pillow.

CLAIRE

It's all right... perfectly...  
normal...

Frank dabs her forehead with a cloth.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Glad I missed you with that  
ashtray.

FRANK

(grins)  
Your aim was spot on -- it was my  
cat-like reflexes that saved me.

She smiles back at him. DOCTOR THORNE, 50s, ENTERS with  
Claire's chart.

Thorne tends to talk to Frank throughout, even though Claire  
is perfectly capable of answering his questions.

DR. THORNE

Good evening, Mr. and Mrs --  
(checks chart)  
-- Randall. I'm Dr. Thorne, I'll  
be your attending physician this  
evening.

FRANK

Where's Dr. Bell?

Thorne goes to Claire and checks her vital signs.

DR. THORNE

(to Frank)  
He was unavailable. I left a  
message with his service.  
(to Claire)  
Stay calm, do exactly as I tell  
you, when I tell you to do it, and  
all will be well. There's no  
reason to panic.

CLAIRE

I'm not panicking, I just --

DR. THORNE

(to Frank)  
How far apart are her contractions?

FRANK

(looks to Claire)  
Uh...

CLAIRE  
Three minutes.

FRANK  
That's right.

DR. THORNE  
(to Frank)  
First child?

CLAIRE  
No.

FRANK  
Yes.

Frank and Dr. Thorne look at her in surprise.

CLAIRE  
I... had a miscarriage... about a  
year ago.

Thorne looks to Frank, who covers.

FRANK  
Of course. Foolish of me to  
forget.

DR. THORNE  
That does complicate things a  
bit... higher risk factors... for  
both mother and child...  
(to Frank)  
Well. I think it's time we got  
your wife into delivery, Mr.  
Randall. Give her a kiss and then  
I'll take charge of her from here.

He literally pats Claire on the head on his way out the  
door.

DR. THORNE (CONT'D)  
You'll be fine.

He EXITS. Frank and Claire exchange a look.

CLAIRE  
I'm sorry I didn't tell you about  
the miscarriage...

FRANK  
It's all right. None of that  
matters now.

He takes her hand.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Just one thing?

CLAIRE  
What?

FRANK  
Try not to throw an ashtray at the  
doctor.

CLAIRE  
(grins)  
No promises.

She has another contraction just as Dr. Thorne returns with TWO ORDERLIES who ENTER with a GURNEY. Frank takes Claire's hand and there's a hurried moment before he has to leave.

FRANK  
I wish I could be there.

CLAIRE  
No, you don't, trust me.

FRANK  
I'll be waiting. No matter how  
long.

The Orderlies begin to lift her onto the gurney, Frank has to let go of her hand as Thorne ushers him out the door.

DR. THORNE  
Off you go, Mr. Randall. The  
fathers' waiting room is down the  
hall and to the left. Just follow  
the smell of cigarettes and flop  
sweat.

FRANK  
(as he leaves)  
I love you, Claire!

CUT TO:

**CLAIRE'S POV -- SURGICAL LIGHTS**

The clusters of BRIGHT BULBS glaring down at us. REVEAL:



INT. BOSTON HOSPITAL - OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT (N2) (1948)

Claire lying on the table, staring up at the lights. The room is cold and antiseptic, a palace of tile filled with modern equipment. Dr. Thorne and the NURSES are preparing for the delivery.

Claire looks up at the LIGHTS above her and tries to slow her breathing and get hold of her inner terrors.

The ANESTHESIOLOGIST, 30s, prepares to put her under.

ANESTHESIOLOGIST

Don't worry, Mrs. Randall... you won't feel a thing... and when you wake up, you'll be a mother...

CLAIRE

What? Wait -- I don't want to be put under!

The Anesthesiologist looks to Dr. Thorne, who sighs.

DR. THORNE

Nurse Watkins, if you'd be so kind...?

The Nurse picks up something from a tray as Dr. Thorne goes over to placate his patient.

DR. THORNE (CONT'D)

Now, now, Mrs. Randall, all is well, you needn't worry your pretty little head about anything.

Claire isn't paying attention to the Nurse as she comes over to the table, her focus is on Thorne.

CLAIRE

Don't tell me what I need and don't need! I'm fully aware and capable of making decisions regarding my own treatment and the delivery of my --

The Nurse hands the syringe to the Anesthesiologist who INJECTS Claire without warning.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

What are you doing?!

DR. THORNE  
 Just something to calm you down.  
 Good-night, Mrs. Randall, leave  
 everything to us.

The sedative acts swiftly and Claire's resistance fades as the Anesthesiologist puts the mask on her face.

CLAIRE  
 (muffled)  
 Bastards... call yourselves...  
 doctors...

Her eyes flutter --

**CLAIRE'S POV --**

Looking up at the lights... the multiple bulbs BLUR... become ONE BRIGHT MASS OF YELLOW LIGHT... which then becomes...

**THE SUN**

BLAZING down from the sky. REVEAL:

**EXT. ARMY WAGON - MOVING - ROAD - DAY (D3) (1746)**

Jamie is lying in the wagon and looking up into the unforgiving sun. The wagon bed is filled with HAY, but no other provision has been made for the wounded Highlander.

The sun GOES BEHIND A CLOUD just as the DRIVER whips the horses into a faster gait and a particularly HARD JOLT knocks Jamie back into unconsciousness.

CUT TO BLACK.

QUICK CUT  
 MONTAGE:

**INT. CASTLE LEOCH - CLAIRE'S ROOM [FOOTAGE FROM EPISODE 102, SCENE 12]**

Claire opens her eyes in bed.

**INT. CLAIRE & JAMIE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - PARIS [FOOTAGE FROM EPISODE 203, SCENE 2]**

Claire opens her eyes in bed.

INT. JAMIE AND CLAIRE'S LODGING - SCOTLAND [FOOTAGE FROM EPISODE 209, SCENE 8]

Claire opens her eyes in bed.

INT. L'HOPITAL DES ANGES - CLAIRE'S BED - PARIS [FOOTAGE FROM EPISODE 207, SCENE 6]

Claire opens her eyes in bed.

**CLOSE UP IMAGES OF CLAIRE FROM ALL FOUR SCENES THEN OVERLAP AND BLUR...**

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. BOSTON HOSPITAL - PRIVATE ROOM - DAY (D3) (1948)

Claire opens her eyes in bed. The room is quiet except for the sound of RAIN coming down in the EARLY MORNING gloom outside the window. She groggily looks around for a moment as she gets her bearings... then she remembers.

CLAIRE

My baby...?

Fear starts to set in.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

My baby...? Where's my baby?  
WHERE'S MY BABY?

A NURSE, 40s, ENTERS.

NURSE

Ah, Mrs. Randall, you're awake --

A note of hysteria starts to creep into her voice.

CLAIRE

IS IT DEAD? WHERE IS IT? WHERE'S  
MY BABY? WHERE'S MY BABY?

Just then, Frank backs through the door carrying a BUNDLE in his arms.

FRANK

Right here. It's all right, she's  
right here -- here she is --

Frank brings the bundle over to Claire and pulls back the cloth, revealing the BABY'S TINY FACE. Claire can scarcely believe it as Frank hands the infant off to her.

CLAIRE

She's alive...? She's all right...?

FRANK

Yes! Yes, a healthy and perfect baby girl.

Claire cradles the baby in her arms, joy and relief mixing together in the moment.

CLAIRE

A girl... a girl... oh... I can't believe it... can't believe she's real...

FRANK

Very much so.

CLAIRE

She's beautiful...

FRANK

Just like her mother.

Claire smiles up at him through her tears, he smiles back at her.

CLAIRE

Frank... I've been so... horrid...

FRANK

No-no-no. Forget all that. This is all there is --

He pulls back the blanket and gently caresses the little girl's tiny head.

FRANK (CONT'D)

This is the only thing in all the world that truly matters now.

CLAIRE

Yes...

Frank kisses her gently on the forehead. She puts a hand to his cheek and there's a heartfelt happy moment in this new family.

FRANK

It's going to be all right... we're  
going to be all right...

CLAIRE

Maybe this... can really be a new  
beginning... for all of us.

FRANK

Let's make it so.

The three of them hold their embrace for a blissful moment.  
Then the Nurse looks over at them with a smile.

NURSE

What a beautiful little angel.

(beat)

So where'd she get the red hair?

And just like that, reality descends once more.

**ANGLE ON THE WINDOW --**

As the RAIN keeps POURING DOWN AGAINST THE GLASS...

CUT TO:

**THE RAIN**

Pouring down from a DARK SKY... REVEAL:

**EXT. ARMY WAGON - NIGHT (N3) (1746)**

TWILIGHT. Jamie wakes up in the wagon to find the rain  
drenching him completely. The dark clouds choke the sky,  
giving what little light there is a gloomy cast.

He lies there in utter misery, watching WATER as it streams  
down the sideboard of the wagon with a glazed expression. He  
only gradually becomes aware of VOICES arguing from  
somewhere nearby. At first he can't make out anything being  
said...

MAN'S VOICE (O.C.)

... His Lordship will deny any  
involvement.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.C.)

I don't give a damn about his  
Lordship's involvement -- Where is  
he?

MAN'S VOICE (O.C.)

In the wagon.

Jamie puts out a finger and interrupts the water flowing down the side board. He watches the water as it parts into TWO SEPARATE STREAMS.

JAMIE

Love... you... mo nighean donn...

He closes his eyes --

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.C.)

Jamie? Jamie! JAMIE!

He rouses himself and looks up into the face of his sister, JENNY MURRAY, as her husband, IAN MURRAY holds a LANTERN behind her.

JENNY

Do ye hear me?

IAN

Jamie -- can ye speak?

JAMIE

Am... I dead...?

Jenny takes his hand

JENNY

Ye've come home... to Lallybroch.

JAMIE

Lallybroch...

He closes his eyes and squeezes her hand with all the strength he has left. Jenny kisses him and embraces her brother in the pouring rain...

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE

APPENDIX

[NOTE: This will be shot in the block, but used in 303 as a FLASHBACK.]

EXT. CULLODEN MOOR - BRITISH FIELD HOSPITAL - FLASHBACK  
-(D1) (1746)

Well behind the lines, the BRITISH WOUNDED are being brought to be treated by their DOCTORS. One badly wounded officer is lying down near a tent -- LIEUTENANT HECTOR DALRYMPLE, 18.

A MILITARY DOCTOR is inspecting his wounds. Another officer, COLONEL LORD HAROLD (HAL) MELTON, 26, is kneeling down next to Hector.

MAN'S VOICE (O.C.)

My God! What's happened?

A young REDCOAT LIEUTENANT -- JOHN GREY -- races up with a stricken look on his face.

LORD MELTON

(to Doctor)

My brother John -- Lieutenant Dalrymple is his particular friend.

Grey rushes right past his brother and almost throws himself at the dying Hector.

JOHN GREY

Hector! Hector, my God, you've been hurt!

HECTOR

(rallies)

John...? Is that you?

JOHN GREY

Yes, yes I'm here --

HECTOR

Did you hear? The day is ours... A glorious day...

Hector's eyes flutter and Melton looks at the Doctor, who simply shakes his head.

JOHN GREY

(to Doctor & Melton)

He's wounded -- do something!

MILITARY DOCTOR

There's nothing to be done, I'm  
afraid. I'm sorry.

JOHN GREY

No! No that can't be...

HECTOR

John...?

JOHN GREY

Yes?

HECTOR

I... did... my duty...

Hector DIES. John is bereft, caresses his face.

JOHN GREY

No! No you can't die... God will  
not allow it! Stay here, stay by  
my side, Hector... dear Hector...  
my beautiful, beautiful Hector...

John kisses him, buries his head in his bloodied tunic and begins to SOB. It's more than just an expression of grief -- it's the reaction of a lover. The Doctor and Lord Melton pick up on the subtext and exchange disapproving looks.

MILITARY DOCTOR

It appears they were very... close  
indeed, my Lord.

The Doctor makes a discreet exit. Melton glances around to see if anyone else is watching, then firmly takes his brother's arm and pulls him to his feet.

LORD MELTON

(sotto)

Get hold of yourself, man! People  
are watching.

JOHN GREY

I don't care! I don't care!  
Hector! I love you, Hector! No!

Lord Melton has to drag the sobbing Grey away from Hector's body. Other officers and redcoats watch them go with contempt.