

OUTLANDER

EPISODE 507

The Ballad of Roger Mac

WRITTEN BY
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BASED ON THE NOVEL BY
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FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT
25th March 2020

OUTLANDER
EPISODE 507 "The Ballad of Roger Mac"

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CAST LIST – FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT – 25th March 2020

CLAIRE FRASER
JAMIE FRASER
BRIANNA RANDALL FRASER
ROGER WAKEFIELD MACKENZIE

BRYAN CRANNA
BUCK MACKENZIE
COLONEL CHADWICK
EVAN LINDSAY
GEORDIE CHISHOLM
GOVERNOR TRYON
HIRAM BROWN
HUBERT SHERSTON
HUGH FINDLAY
IAIN FINDLAY
ISAIAH MORTON
JOHN QUINCY MYERS
KENNY LINDSAY
LEE WITHERS
LIONEL BROWN
LIZZIE WEMYSS
MORAG MACKENZIE
MURTAGH FITZGIBBONS FRASER
PHOEBE SHERSTON
REGULATOR
REVEREND CALDWELL
RICHARD BROWN
RONNIE SINCLAIR
SINGER

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SET LIST – FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT – 25th March 2020

INTERIORS

Sherston House
Parlour
Hillsborough
Militia Camp
Jamie & Claire's Tent
Alamance Creek
Militia Camp
Medical Tent
Governor Tryon's Tent

EXTERIORS

Hillsborough
Militia Camp
Sherston House
Road Near Salisbury
North Carolina
Militia Road
Brianna Road
Road Near Alamance
Alamance Creek
Militia Camp
Medical Tent
Edge Of The Water
Woods
Regulator Camp
Next To Creek
Shelter
Battlefield
Hanging Tree

FADE IN:

OMITTED

EXT. HILLSBOROUGH - SHERSTON HOUSE - DAY (D2)

Establishing. An upscale home in Hillsborough.

INT. SHERSTON HOUSE - PARLOUR - DAWN (D1) (1771)

CHYRON: HILLSBOROUGH, NORTH CAROLINA, MAY, 1771

ROGER MACKENZIE STRUMS his GUITAR and SINGS to JEMMY. Oh, My Darlin' Clementine is upbeat and whimsical, in stark contrast to the sad ballad of the opening.

ROGER

(singing)

"Fed she ducklings, by the water,
every morning just at nine, hit her
foot against a splinter, fell into
the foaming brine..."

Jemmy listens to his dad. He loves this song. REVEAL BRIANNA watching the two of them, emotional. LIZZIE is nearby.

ROGER (CONT'D)

"Oh my darlin', oh my darlin', oh
my darlin' Clementine... You are
lost and gone forever, Dreadful
sorry, Clementine."

Roger finishes the song and puts the guitar down.

ROGER (CONT'D)

That's all for today, laddie, your
Da has to go. But I promise I'll
be back to sing it again for you.

Roger KISSES the boy on the head, and gives him a lingering look, before crossing the room to join Brianna.

BRIANNA

He never gets tired of that one.

Roger's emotional too, but keeps a tight rein on it, not wanting to think about the fact that this could be the last time he sees his wife and son.

ROGER

I still wish you'd stayed at the Ridge.

BRIANNA

I wanted to stay as close to you as long as possible. Lizzie, Jemmy and I will be safe here in Hillsborough with the Sherstons.

ROGER

I'd better get on the road. The Colonel is expecting me.

Lizzie knows they need a moment for a private goodbye.

LIZZIE

(to Jemmy)

Come now, we'll get breakfast.

Lizzie nods to Roger and leads Jemmy out. Brianna tries to hold it together, as she walks Roger to the door. The gravity of where he's heading hits both of them.

BRIANNA

If we lived in Oxford, in our own time, we'd be making our lunchboxes and seeing each other off to work. Here I am... seeing you off to war.

ROGER

There's a war going on in our time as well.

BRIANNA

True. Vietnam was on the news every night when I left.

ROGER

I barely remember my father before he was killed in World War II. Jemmy's even younger than I was... If I don't make it back...

BRIANNA

That's not going to happen.

(then)

But... if you don't... I remember everything, and I would tell him how brave his father was.

ROGER

(chin up)

Right. Maybe we'll be lucky. Maybe Billy Tryon will come to his senses and work things out peacefully with these Regulators.

Roger kisses her. It's heartfelt and intense. Then:

ROGER (CONT'D)

But just in case, you know all the words to Clementine?

BRIANNA

(laughs)

Yes. But I'm no singer. So... you'd better keep your promise to your son.

(then)

Goodbye Roger Mac.

ROGER

(smiles)

Goodbye Mrs. Mac.

And with that, he's out the door. Only when it closes and he's done do we see Brianna flag with worry. Is this the last time she'll see her husband?

EXT. HILLSBOROUGH - MILITIA CAMP - DAWN (D1)

Establishing. TRYON'S TROOPS, along with various companies of MILITIA, artillery, horses, tents, etc. A few soldiers mill about as they start their day. (Note: Although the troops number 1100, the companies are spread out in nearby camps, so we don't see the entire army in any given scene.)

INT. HILLSBOROUGH - MILITIA CAMP - JAMIE & CLAIRE'S TENT - DAWN (D1)

CLAIRE wakes up to find JAMIE already awake. He's lying still, right hand raised as he examines it closely, turning it to and fro. She slides closer and whispers softly:

CLAIRE

Happy Birthday, Colonel.

He turns to her and smiles as he curls and uncurls his fingers. She watches him, curiously.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Taking stock?

JAMIE

Aye, something of the sort. Though I suppose I've a few hours left. I was born at half-six. I willna have lived a half-century until supper time.

You heard that right. Jamie Fraser's turning fifty!

CLAIRE

(ribbing him)

Do you expect to disintegrate much further before then? Shall I fetch you a cane and a hearing trumpet?

JAMIE

I dinna suppose anything is likely to fall off before then. As to the workings... aye, well...

Claire slips a hand under the blanket, lets it settle on him.

CLAIRE

It all seems to be in perfect working order. Not loose at all.

JAMIE

Good. How did ye ken what I was doing? Taking stock, as ye say.

CLAIRE

I do that too, when I have a birthday. I like to reflect on the past year. I think perhaps everyone does. Just to see if you're the same person as the day before.

JAMIE

Ye dinna see any marked changes, do ye, Sassenach?

Claire surveys his body, touching and prodding at the dear things she loves about him -- the mole on his cheek, the rise of his brow, the cleft in his chin... Then proclaims:

CLAIRE

No. It's still you.

He gives a small grunt of amusement.

JAMIE

It's struck me that I've now lived longer than my father did. This is a morning he never saw. He died when he was forty-nine.

Claire sees his pain and steers him to optimism.

CLAIRE

But he'd be happy to know you're alive. With children and grandchildren who love you.

JAMIE

Aye, mo chridhe -- the world and each day in it is a gift. No matter what tomorrow may bring, I'm grateful to see it.

(then)

And as for taking stock, I've all my teeth, none of my parts are missing, and my cock still stands up by itself in the morning. It could be worse.

And with that, Jamie pulls her to him and makes love like a man with many good years left.

EXT. HILLSBOROUGH - MILITIA CAMP - LATER - DAY (D1)

GOVERNOR WILLIAM TRYON, flanked by AN AIDE-DE-CAMP (Captain Hawkins), along with COLONEL CHADWICK proudly shows off TWO LARGE BRASS CANNONS to Jamie and other militia leaders.

GOVERNOR TRYON

General Gage was good enough to send two field pieces and six swivel guns from New York.

COLONEL CHADWICK

These insurgents wanted a fight, and they shall have one.

Jamie is disquieted as he surveys the weaponry, thinking about how the Regulators are not nearly as well-equipped.

JAMIE

How many men do we have, sir?

GOVERNOR TRYON

Counting your company, Colonel Fraser, one thousand and sixty-eight. Colonel Moore will command the artillery, Colonel Leech the infantry. Captain Bullock's here with the Cavalry. They're camped around the river bend.

COLONEL CHADWICK

That's not accounting for General Waddell's brigade. He's at Salisbury awaiting the arrival of two wagon loads of gunpowder from Charleston.

JAMIE

The Regulators willna have any artillery or munitions of this caliber, sir. They are mostly farmers with no military training.

COLONEL CHADWICK

Something they would have been mindful to consider before provoking the Crown.

Tryon mounts his horse, then rides down a row of Redcoats at attention nearby, inspecting their neat lines. He turns to Jamie, glancing pointedly around and inquiring about his company.

GOVERNOR TRYON

I trust your men are in order, Colonel Fraser?

JAMIE

Aye. They are ready, sir.

Jamie gestures to his militia -- including JOHN QUINCY MYERS, RONNIE SINCLAIR, KENNY and EVAN LINDSAY, GEORDIE CHISHOLM and HUGH and IAIN FINDLAY, along with RICHARD AND LIONEL BROWN, and others from Brownsville who joined Jamie's militia, including HIRAM BROWN and ABNER and PHINEAS BROWN [Ep. 504].

Tryon briefly inspects them and though this motley group stands in stark contrast to the redcoats in their tidy uniforms and perfect formations, Tryon is satisfied and nods to Jamie --

GOVERNOR TRYON

Well done, Colonel.

Tryon moves away, and as he does --

-- another soldier arrives -- Roger MacKenzie. He pulls up his horse and takes in the camp: the soldiers, the artillery. It's overwhelming for this history professor. Jamie spots Roger and rides over to greet him --

JAMIE
Captain MacKenzie.

ROGER
Reporting for duty, sir.

JAMIE
Follow me.

EXT. HILLSBOROUGH - MILITIA CAMP - SHORT WHILE LATER - DAY
(D1)

Claire is nearby and watches as Jamie passes out YELLOW COCKADES, fashioned out of silk ribbon to his men.

JAMIE
Everyone take one, pass them around. It's to be fastened onto your coat or hat. The other companies will have cockades as well. 'Tis one of the only ways to tell militia from Regulator, so it's important that ye wear it.

Roger studies the yellow rosette in his hand, the only thing differentiating him from the enemy.

ROGER
And exactly how d'ye know who to shoot? If you wait until you're close enough to see the cockade before you fire, won't the other bugger shoot you first?

JAMIE
I wouldna wait to see, myself. If anyone runs toward ye with a musket pointed at ye -- fire -- and hope for the best.

SNICKERS from the men. Roger tries not to look alarmed.

ROGER
(the old college try)
Sounds easy enough.

Another VOICE rings out from the back of the crowd.

ISAIAH MORTON
I'll have one of those.

The men turn to see ISAIAH MORTON standing there, having just arrived. Morton was last seen escaping from Brownsville with his lover, Alicia, Lionel Brown's daughter [Episode 504] with Jamie's help. Jamie's surprised to see him back. Needless to say, the Brown brothers are not happy.

RICHARD BROWN
What's he doing here?

ISAIAH MORTON
I've come to aid the militia.

Lionel takes a menacing step toward Morton.

LIONEL BROWN
Where's my Alicia, is she with you?

ISAIAH MORTON
No, she's at home.

LIONEL BROWN
Her home is in Brownsville. Not living in sin with you, you bastard.

The other Brown men move closer and stare daggers at Morton. Except for Hiram Brown, who bonded with Claire and Jamie in Ep. 504. Jamie intercedes, seeking to allay trouble.

JAMIE
Easy now, everyone.

Claire steps forward as well, defending Isaiah.

CLAIRE
Alicia made her choice... It's her life.

Lionel sneers at Claire, resenting her intervention.

LIONEL BROWN
Stay out of it.

ISAIAH MORTON
Aye, 'tis a good life. And we're happy together.

RICHARD BROWN
What's good for her -- was to stay with family.

LIONEL BROWN

(to Morton)

I should have killed you there and then, and nailed your hide to the tavern door.

Lionel grabs Morton -- Jamie steps between them now.

JAMIE

Enough!

Jamie pulls Isaiah a distance away from the Browns.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Isaiah... you shouldna be here.

ISAAH MORTON

Ye helped me once. When I heard the troops were mustering... I wished to repay you.

JAMIE

I see love hasna softened yer hard head.

Jamie turns to the Browns --

JAMIE (CONT'D)

This man is willing to lay down his life and I'll not turn him away. If ye canna find it in yerselves to fight alongside him, ye may go.

Richard Brown gives his volatile brother a glance that says Stand down. He makes a gesture of good will.

RICHARD BROWN

There is a battle to fight. This unpleasantness between us should be forgotten.

Jamie studies Richard, gauging whether he's sincere. Then hands Morton a cockade.

JAMIE

Fasten this to yer coat.

Morton takes the cockade. A truce has been struck.

EXT. HILLSBOROUGH - MILITIA CAMP - DUSK (D1)

A SERIES OF SHOTS: The camp hunkers down for the night, preparing to wait the next few days for General Waddell's arrival.

EXT. ROAD NEAR SALISBURY - DUSK (D2)

CLOSE ON BARRELS OF GUNPOWDER being lifted and stacked. Then a FUSE being unwound along the ground. REVEAL that the man unwinding the fuse is MURTAGH. The barrels are being stacked by BRYAN CRANNA and LEE WITHERS. Three REDCOATS are being guarded by two other Regulators.

MURTAGH

(shouts)

Clear now!

WIDEN to see two Carts being driven quickly away from the barrels. Lee and Bryan run back toward Murtagh as he LIGHTS the fuse with a TORCH.

The fuse chases across the ground toward the barrels -- the barrels EXPLODE into a fireball. KA-BOOM!

BACK on Murtagh, watching from a safe distance away. He smiles with satisfaction. He turns to Bryan and Lee and nods, they nod back. Well done.

EXT. HILLSBOROUGH - MILITIA CAMP - DAY (D3)

A FEW DAYS LATER. Governor Tryon watches as a company of soldiers practice shooting. Jamie and a few other militia leaders are with him when Colonel Chadwick arrives with news.

COLONEL CHADWICK

We've received a verbal message from General Waddell, Your Excellency. Two wagon loads of munitions were ambushed and destroyed. The General's troops were forced to retreat by a large force of rebels led by Murtagh Fitzgibbons.

Jamie's gut tightens at the mention of Murtagh. Tryon is enraged by the news. Makes a swift decision.

GOVERNOR TRYON

We shall march to Salisbury and engage the enemy there.

JAMIE

I'll have my troops ready themselves.

GOVERNOR TRYON

We'll depart at midday and cross the Haw below the Falls at Wood's Ferry.

EXT. HILLSBOROUGH - MILITIA CAMP - LATER - DAY (D3)

Tryon's troops are packing up for travel to Salisbury. Jamie's with Hugh and Iain Findlay, the boys Roger recruited [Episode 503]. These brothers are mere teenagers, but excited about battle.

HUGH FINDLAY

I've gone shooting every day since we heard there might be a war.

IAIN FINDLAY

(bragging)

Shooting wood blocks off a rail. I killed a six-point buck.

HUGH FINDLAY

Dinna listen to my brother. He's a miserable shot. More likely he hit the buck on the head with his musket.

IAIN FINDLAY

That isna true! I shot eight possums last week.

Jamie smiles at the brothers' good-natured teasing.

JAMIE

War's not like hunting. The deer and the possums aren't trying to kill you.

HUGH FINDLAY

But Ma says the point of hunting is to kill something, and the point of going to war is to come back alive.

JAMIE

War is killing, that's all. Think of anything less -- think of your own skin -- and by God ye'll be dead by nightfall of the first day. Ye canna waver!

As the boys soak in Jamie's advice like sponges -- WIDE of the camp as the troops start MOVING OUT.

INT. SHERSTON HOUSE - PARLOUR - NIGHT (N3)10 10

Brianna is drinking tea with PHOEBE SHERSTON. Lizzie is playing with Jemmy nearby.

BRIANNA

We're just so grateful for your hospitality.

PHOEBE SHERSTON

Anything Mr. Sherston and I can do for the kin of Jocasta Cameron.

HUBERT SHERSTON enters with some urgency.

HUBERT SHERSTON

There's talk at the tavern-- the militia has left for Salisbury.

BRIANNA

Salisbury?

HUBERT SHERSTON

Word is that the rebels surrounded the Governor's general there.

Hubert fetches a scroll from a drawer, then rolls it out.

HUBERT SHERSTON (CONT'D)

They'll be going southwest of here... in Rowan County...

Jemmy is getting fussy and starts to CRY. Lizzie comforts him, but he wants Brianna.

LIZZIE

There, there... lad. Mama's busy now...

Brianna picks up Jemmy and brings him over to see the map.

BRIANNA

Take a look, Jemmy... here's where your Da's going...

Jemmy seems placated as he gazes at the map of North Carolina. He's too young to truly understand, but he's entertained as his mother traces the route with her finger, winding south from Hillsborough --

BRIANNA (CONT'D)
 From Hillsborough, past Armstrong
 Mill, then across the Haw River,
 then this way... over the Great
 Alamance Creek --

As Brianna lists the route, PUSH IN ON BRIANNA'S FACE. One of the names causes a slight flicker in her expression... She traces backward to it with her finger.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)
 (repeats)
 The Great Alamance Creek...

HUBERT SHERSTON
 Salisbury's here... across the
 Yadkin River...

BRIANNA
 Right. But this place... Alamance...

The word TRIGGERS something in Brianna's brain. Her brow darkens as she struggles to remember... but nothing comes.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)
 Is there a town there?

PHOEBE SHERSTON
 No, it's only a creek...

BRIANNA
 Hmm. Something happens there... I
 seem to remember...

PHOEBE SHERSTON
 Have you ever been there?

BRIANNA
 No, but the name is familiar...

PHOEBE SHERSTON
 They say the Indians named it, and
 that it means "All man's land."

BRIANNA
 "All man's land."

Brianna turns it over and over in her mind. All man's.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)
 Something definitely happens
 there... Alamance...

Then it clicks. ALAMANCE! Brianna is filled with adrenaline, spurred to a decision.

OMITTED

OMITTED

EXT. NORTH CAROLINA - MILITIA ROAD - DAY (D4)

TIME PASSAGE... a SERIES of riding shots of Tryon's troops plus militia indicating another day on the road.

EXT. NORTH CAROLINA - BRIANNA ROAD - DAY (D4)

A SHOT of BRIANNA riding like the wind, as she tries to catch up with the militia, as she's half a day behind.

EXT. ROAD NEAR ALAMANCE - DAY (D4)

The troops draw near to Alamance Creek. Kenny Lindsay, acting as a scout, returns with information for Tryon who's with Jamie, Claire, Roger, Colonel Chadwick and others.

KENNY LINDSAY
Regulators! Five miles ahead...
Across the Alamance Creek!

GOVERNOR TRYON
How many?

KENNY LINDSAY
I'd say at least two thousand, sir --
camped on the eastern bank. And
scattered throughout the woods.

JAMIE
(taken aback)
Two thousand? That's twice our
numbers, Your Excellency.

Tryon's jaw sets. He spurs his horse forward:

GOVERNOR TRYON
We'll make camp on the western
bank.

OFF Jamie, concerned.

EXT. ALAMANCE CREEK - MILITIA CAMP - LATER - DAY (D4)

Despite its name, the Great Alamance Creek is not a particularly impressive waterway, no more than 15 or 20 feet across. Tryon's troops are now ensconced on the west bank.

Jamie returns from a recon mission and approaches Claire near a fire where she's cooking. Claire hands him a chunk of bread and bowl of stew. Jamie eats as they talk.

CLAIRE

Could you spot anything across the creek? Did you see Murtagh?

JAMIE

No. But I saw Bryan Cranna and Lee Withers. They were with Murtagh in Hillsborough during the riots.

Ronnie Sinclair approaches.

RONNIE SINCLAIR

Colonel -- a minister from the other side has come with a petition for the Governor.

JAMIE

A minister?

RONNIE SINCLAIR

The Reverend Caldwell...

Jamie glances at Claire for a beat before he hurries off --

EXT. ALAMANCE CREEK - MILITIA CAMP - ANOTHER AREA - MOMENTS LATER - DAY (D4)

Tryon, Colonel Chadwick and Jamie and other militia leaders are with REVEREND CALDWELL.

GOVERNOR TRYON

Reverend Caldwell... I regret that we meet again under such circumstances.

REVEREND CALDWELL

Your Excellency, Colonel Fraser... Aye, a wedding is a more enjoyable occasion by far. But I come in hopes that we can settle the matter without bloodshed.

Caldwell hands over a scroll which Tryon reads over quickly.

GOVERNOR TRYON

(re: the petition and
quoting from it)

Pardon me, Reverend, if I disagree with the assertion that I have not "lent a kind ear to the just complaints of the People." And I certainly do not consider His Majesty's subjects to be "toys" nor their lives "matters to be trifled with."

(hands back the petition)

Nevertheless, I shall do as they ask and consider their grievances and convey my "speedy and candid answer" by -- noon tomorrow.

REVEREND CALDWELL

Thank you, sir. I'll convey your answer and we'll await your final response.

Jamie looks encouraged by Tryon's offer to consider negotiation. But after Caldwell has taken his leave, Tryon turns and surprises everyone with his true agenda --

GOVERNOR TRYON

Order the men to remain under arms through the night; the cavalry shall keep their mounts bridled and saddled; and have ten sentries posted half a mile in front of the enemy camp. I'll compose a proclamation demanding their surrender.

Jamie's confused by Tryon's turnaround.

JAMIE

Why not pursue a parley as they ask?

GOVERNOR TRYON

Their "petition for peace" was nothing but demands, Colonel.

(a flash of anger)

It is I who will not be "trifled with."

JAMIE

Perhaps at the least, we wait for reinforcements...

GOVERNOR TRYON

No. A bold stroke is needed. To
hesitate could mean defeat.

Tryon is tightly wound. There's a tautness in his figure, a
brightness in his eyes.

GOVERNOR TRYON (CONT'D)

I am Governor of this province. I
cannot tolerate such blatant
disregard for the law and allow it
to go unpunished! I will not.
Their course is set, and so is
mine.

There's no talking Tryon out of this conflict.

EXT. ALAMANCE CREEK - EDGE OF THE WATER - LATER - DAY (D4)

Jamie is KNEELING in his breeches in an isolated spot at the
edge of the creek. His shirt is off and his hair already wet
as he splashes water over his face.

He takes a small bucket, scoops up cold water and POURS it
over his head and chest, closing his eyes and gritting his
teeth. He does it over and over, obsessively cleansing
himself, like a surgeon scrubs before operating, preparing
the mind and spirit as much as washing away the germs.

REVEAL CLAIRE arriving through the trees. She sees Jamie and
at first thinks he's merely bathing.

But she stops dead, watching and not wanting to disturb what
looks like something more important - a ritual.

Jamie BOWS his head over folded hands and PRAYS in GAELIC
(See APPENDIX). Then he takes his dirk, draws the edge
across the fingers of his right hand. The BLOOD wells up and
he flicks his wrist. Droplets fly into the water. He lays
the dirk down and CROSSES himself with blood-streaked
fingers. Finally Jamie rises and pulls his shirt on. Claire
makes herself known.

CLAIRE

So did God have an answer?

JAMIE

I wasna calling on God. I was
calling on Dougal MacKenzie.

CLAIRE

(surprised)

Dougal? Considering how things ended with the three of us at Culloden... Why?

JAMIE

He was a war chief. He taught me everything I know.

(beat)

I made my peace with my uncle long ago. Dougal will ken that I did then what I had to do -- for my men, for you -- and I will do it again now.

CLAIRE

I know you will.

JAMIE

Tryon's determined to fight. I've seen that look in men's eyes before, when they're beyond reason or compromise.

CLAIRE

And will Dougal... help?

JAMIE

If he can. We fought together many times, Dougal and I. Hand to hand -- and back to back. After all, blood is blood.

CLAIRE

But there's someone else you share blood with.

JAMIE

Aye. Murtagh and I have fought back to back as well, but this time -- we will fight face to face. No amount of prayer will help.

Claire knows how conflicted he is and puts a hand on his shoulder. OFF Jamie as he faces going to war against the godfather he loves.

EXT. ALAMANCE CREEK - MILITIA CAMP - SHORT WHILE LATER - DAY
(D4)

As Jamie and Claire return they are shocked when they see -- a Military Sentry riding up to deliver an anxious Brianna.

Roger is crossing the camp and sees her too. He rushes over, astonished and concerned.

Brianna swings down from her horse, exhausted. She was only a half-day behind and rode full tilt to catch up.

BRIANNA
I've come to warn you --

SMASH CUT TO:

**EXT. ALAMANCE CREEK - MILITIA CAMP - MEDICAL TENT - MOMENTS
LATER - DAY (D4)**

The four of them are now in a more private area, but they're still careful to keep their conversation low. Brianna rolls out the map -- jabs a finger on Alamance Creek.

BRIANNA
(urgently)
There's going to be a battle --
right here.
(explaining)
When I saw the word "Alamance," it
triggered a memory from my history
studies at Harvard.

Jamie trades a look with Claire, they know Brianna's right. Tryon's already given the order.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)
I'd heard it before, but I didn't
connect it with North Carolina.
It's like... when you are humming a
tune in your head but you can't
think of the words, then suddenly
the lyrics come rushing back... and
you remember the song.

JAMIE
What else do ye remember then? How
many lives are lost?

BRIANNA
I don't know numbers or details.
Just that there's a fight at the
creek - and the militia will win.
(then)
I remember my professor said that
some people consider this to be the
spark of the American Revolution.

ROGER

But the Regulators aren't tryin' to overthrow the Crown... they're no' fighting for independence.

CLAIRE

No, but they are rebelling against corruption and unfair taxes.

JAMIE

Are ye certain Tryon wins?

BRIANNA

Yes.

A long beat. Jamie makes a new decision --

JAMIE

I must get a message to Murtagh. If he can be warned the Regulators are doomed to fail, mebbe he can convince his men to retreat and lives will be spared -- on both sides.

Brianna is torn as she takes this in, and brings up an intriguing question --

BRIANNA

But... if we do stop this fight now, what if...

(a terrible thought)

Does that mean... the Revolutionary War won't happen... and America won't ever become... America?

This lands on Claire, as Jamie continues with Brianna:

JAMIE

Some people consider it the spark -- But couldna that spark alight from somewhere else?

CLAIRE

It could...

JAMIE

What matters are the men in my charge, the Regulators fighting for what they believe, and my godfather.

Then, a surprising ally comes to Jamie's side --

ROGER

I agree. If America is meant to
be... history will find another way
to make it happen.

(then)

I'll deliver the message to Murtagh.

Jamie nods, surprised about Roger's sacrifice.

JAMIE

It's dangerous --

ROGER

I know.

Roger's determined. Jamie reaches toward Roger and tears off
the yellow cockade on his coat, and hands it to him.

JAMIE

Ye'll go at nightfall. Keep this
in your pocket, so they willna see
ye come from the other side. And
if ye're threatened --

Jamie gives Roger a WHITE KERCHIEF --

JAMIE (CONT'D)

-- wave this and cry 'Truce.' Then
tell them to fetch me, and dinna
say more until I come.

Roger puts the kerchief in his pocket, then looks across at
Brianna who watches him, proud, but terrified.

EXT. ALAMANCE CREEK - WOODS - DUSK (D4)

Roger sees THREE REDCOAT SENTRIES, carrying guns, near the
back of the camp. He changes direction and heads for the
woods.

He slips furtively through the woods toward the Regulator
camp. His heart hammering in his ears, Roger comes upon the
creek. Roger wades into the water... as he does, he gets a
chill down his spine, the odd feeling that someone is
standing near him. He's scared, but feels that he is not
alone. As he's mid-stream --

ROGER

(softly)

Is that you, Dad?

He glances around, but no one is there.

ROGER (CONT'D)

I know that wading in a shallow creek in search of rabble-rousers can't compare to flying a Spitfire across the Channel, escorting bombers to Germany... but a mission is a mission.

He makes it across and carries on through the woods.

EXT. ALAMANCE CREEK - REGULATOR CAMP - NIGHT (N4)

On the edge of the camp now, a couple of YOUNG MEN run past him, hooting, yelling and wrestling with each other, not giving Roger a second glance. There are no sentries and he isn't challenged. These troops, mostly farmers, are loosely organized and far different than Tryon's orderly militia. They are not prepared for bloodshed and expecting that this may well be settled without incident.

Roger continues, drawn further into the camp by the sound of A MALE VOICE (Murtagh's) in the distance:

MURTAGH

They say we are rebels but we are patriots! Sent by God to put this right! And put this right we will!

Followed by CHEERS. As Roger moves deeper in, Roger encounters men clustered in close groups, loading guns and sharpening knives. He's in the heart of enemy territory now, where there's an increased sense of urgency. The VOICE is louder now:

MURTAGH (CONT'D)

Tryon has left us no choice! He's lied to us before! We canna submit to tyranny!

Roger finally spots MURTAGH standing on a large rock, like a great grey wolf at bay, surrounded by a knot of twenty men, including Bryan Cranra and Lee Withers.

MURTAGH (CONT'D)

We are not resistin' law and order,
-- we're fighting injustice!

BRYAN CRANNA

Now is the time! We must go forward or all is lost!

LEE WITHERS

Aye! We're with you! We must not
tarry!

MURTAGH

Tryon will regret the day he chose
to ignore our demands! His blood
will soak this ground!

Murtagh has the men fired up. A general roar of anger and
frustration from the crowd: Aye, with cannons pointed at us?
/ No, no! / What home? The Governor's taken our homes from
us, taken choice from us!

Roger shoves his way between the men and seizes Murtagh by
the sleeve of his shirt and shouts in his ear --

ROGER

Murtagh!

Murtagh gives a glazed look, then blinks -- shocked to find
Roger MacKenzie next to him.

MURTAGH

What the devil are ye doing here?

ROGER

I need to talk with you!

MURTAGH

Are you off yer head? Ye must
leave.

ROGER

I'm not leaving --

MURTAGH

Then hide until first light, ye'll
not want to be mistaken stealing
back into yer own camp --

ROGER

We have to talk!

Murtagh grabs Roger, pulls him away to a more private
spot --

EXT. REGULATOR CAMP - SHELTER - CONTINUOUS (N4)

Murtagh and Roger talk under a TARP between two trees.

ROGER

Murtagh -- you're going to lose this battle -- Brianna saw the name Alamance on a map and she remembered -- the Regulators lose.

Murtagh rocks back like he's been punched.

MURTAGH

This is what ye've come to tell me?

ROGER

Aye. Jamie wanted you to know that the best thing you can do is to leave now, convince your men to disperse --

MURTAGH

Christ, MacKenzie, ye saw the men. Ye think they'll yield in this fight?

ROGER

I believe they might -- if you tell them to. If you don't, they'll be slaughtered.

But Murtagh seems unwilling to accept this.

MURTAGH

How many men does Tryon have?

ROGER

More than a thousand.

MURTAGH

We have twice his number.

ROGER

But Tryon has a trained militia. You have farmers with knives and pitchforks...

MURTAGH

And they are brave as lions -- they will fight when the time comes!

ROGER

Tryon has cannons, for Chrissakes! Most of your men have never even seen a cannon! You have no officers, no cavalry, no artillery! Listen to me, man! You cannot win. You do not win. The history's been written.

MURTAGH

Then I do fight. How can I tell them to cast aside all they've fought for, to give up?

ROGER

They won't be giving up, they'll be living to fight another day. And if they wait, in a few years, we'll all be fighting on the same side.

MURTAGH

But do ye ken how long a few years is to men who've lost everything?

OFF Murtagh, between a rock and a hard place.

INT. ALAMANCE CREEK - MILITIA CAMP - MEDICAL TENT - NIGHT
(N4)

The medical station is now fitted out. Claire is with Brianna. Claire goes through her medical kit, touching the gleaming bottles one by one, their names a soothing litany.

CLAIRE

Atropine, Belladonna, Laudanum, Oil of Juniper, Pennyroyal, Alcohol... I have everything I need for now. Including my secret weapon.

Claire pulls her SYRINGE out of her medical kit and shows it to Brianna along with a bottle of antibiotic.

BRIANNA

The penicillin.

CLAIRE

Imagine if I'd had it at Prestonpans. The lives I could have saved.

Brianna looks at her mother, can't help but be proud of her.

BRIANNA

Maybe you'll save some today. I'll stay and help. It'll keep me from worrying. Roger's not back yet.

CLAIRE

Jamie's assured us that no one will trouble Roger, under a flag of truce.

BRIANNA

Will a flag of truce help him if
he's still over there when the
shooting starts?

CLAIRE

If the shooting starts. Let's hope
he can convince Murtagh.

Claire touches her daughter's face and smooths back a lock
of hair. Brianna's apprehension fades just a bit. As they
ponder this -- there's nothing to do but wait.

INT. ALAMANCE CREEK - TRYON'S TENT - NIGHT (N4)24 24

ON GOVERNOR TRYON, pacing, as he dictates a proclamation
which his Aide-de-Camp, Captain Hawkins, copies down:

GOVERNOR TRYON

"To Those Who Style Themselves
'Regulators': In reply to your
Petition, I have been ever
attentive to the Interests of your
County, and to every Individual
residing therein. I lament the fatal
Necessity to which you have now
reduced me, by withdrawing yourselves
from the Mercy of the Crown and the
Laws of your Country...."

The words play OVER --

EXT. ALAMANCE CREEK - MILITIA CAMP - DAWN (D5)

Jamie stands alone, staring towards the Regulator camp,
wondering if Roger succeeded, and if not, thinking about
what's to come.

EXT. ALAMANCE CREEK - REGULATOR CAMP - DAWN (D5)

ON MURTAGH as he READS aloud to his men, the second half of
the proclamation, which has now been delivered.

MURTAGH

(reading)

"I require you who are now
assembled, to lay down your Arms,
Surrender up your leaders and
Submit yourselves to the leniency of
the Government.

(MORE)

MURTAGH (CONT'D)

By accepting these terms within one Hour, you will prevent an effusion of Blood, as you are at this time in a state of War and Rebellion against your King, your Country and your Laws. Signed, William Tryon."

Murtagh looks up. His men watch him. Roger, too, stands on the outskirts, listening. What's Murtagh going to do?

EXT. ALAMANCE CREEK - REGULATOR CAMP - DAY (D5)

DAWN. Murtagh is back with Roger now. Roger is waiting for Murtagh's answer.

MURTAGH

I spoke wi' the men. I tried to convince them... about living to fight another day. But they are ready and they willna turn back now. This battle will happen.

Roger stares at Murtagh, knows he's right.

MURTAGH (CONT'D)

Ye've done yer best here, but it's time for ye to return to yer camp. Leave now, before it begins.

Roger takes a beat, feels the awful weight of defeat. If he can't save them all, he makes one last ditch attempt to save Murtagh.

ROGER

Then I urge you to leave as well. If your men won't back down, I ask you -- I beg you -- time is running out. Leave and save yourself, for the love your godson bears you.

As Murtagh wrestles with the biggest decision of his life... Roger heads back to the militia camp.

EXT. ALAMANCE CREEK - REGULATOR CAMP - DAY (D5)

Roger hurries away from the Regulator camp as he heads back to join the militia. He hears voices -- a group of WOMEN washing laundry in tubs. His eye goes to one woman there -- his heart thumps with a small shock of joy.

ROGER
 (softly to himself)
 Morag.

He comes out of the brush toward them. Several women glance at him, watchful and curious. MORAG MACKENZIE is hanging clothes on tree branches. She's the woman Roger met on board the Gloriana on his journey from Scotland to the Colonies [Episode 407] and who he now knows is his many-times great-grandmother [Episode 502].

ROGER (CONT'D)
 Mistress MacKenzie!

Morag's shocked to see him --

MORAG MACKENZIE
 Mr. MacKenzie.

ROGER
 It's good to see you again. Are you in good health? And your child -- Jemmy?

MORAG MACKENZIE
 We're well... both of us.

She smiles with recognition at her savior, but keeps a distance, as this man is still a stranger.

ROGER
 I'm pleased to hear it. I've my own son now. His name is Jemmy -- Jeremiah -- as well. It was my father's name.

MORAG MACKENZIE
 'Tis a fine, strong name.

Roger gropes for something else to say, feeling awkward.

ROGER
 I've thought of you now and then...

MORAG MACKENZIE
 Oh, aye. I do thank ye, Mr. MacKenzie. I'll not forget how ye saved us from that heartless sea Captain. Ye're in my prayers each night.

Roger's touched. Morag turns suddenly businesslike and attends to the clothes.

But concern bubbles up in Roger, realizing this woman is his own family -- the only person of his own blood he has known since the death of his parents.

ROGER
Mistress MacKenzie... wait. I've
something I need to tell you...

He steps closer to her, for privacy, but she backs away.

MORAG MACKENZIE
I'd rather ye didn't.

Nervous, she drops some laundry. He realizes she's afraid.

ROGER
I'm sorry. Your laundry... here.

They both duck down to pick it up, colliding awkwardly.

MORAG MACKENZIE
Mary and Bride!

ROGER
Did I hurt you? I'm sorry!

MORAG MACKENZIE
Nay. I've a thick skull, my Ma
always said.

ROGER
(grinning)
I've a thick skull, too. It runs
in my family. Your husband -- is
he one of the Regulators?

MORAG MACKENZIE
Aye, of course.

ROGER
I've come with the militia. The
thing I wanted to tell you -- to
warn you... the Governor is
serious. He's brought troops, and
cannon. He means to put down this
rebellion, do you understand? You
must tell your husband, leave
before -- anything happens.

Morag's hand goes reflexively to her belly and Roger notices the swelling. Morag is pregnant. His heart goes out to her.

MORAG MACKENZIE

Leave and go where? We have no home
to go back to.

ROGER

I have to go now, but... Mistress
MacKenzie, hear me. If anything
should happen -- come to me, I'll
take care of you. Your family is
welcome on Fraser's Ridge.

She searches his face, not quite understanding but wanting
to trust his kindness. Roger, hating to leave her, leans in
and embraces her, closing his eyes. When he opens them and
lifts his head, he finds himself looking over her shoulder
into the disbelieving face of WILLIAM BUCCLEIGH "BUCK"
MACKENZIE -- Roger's own many-times great grandfather -- the
bastard son of Geillis Duncan and Dougal MacKenzie.

BUCK MACKENZIE

Get away from my wife.

OFF Buck's fury as he comes toward them, enraged to see
Morag in the arms of another man, unaware at how innocent
this exchange is to a 20th century traveler.

EXT. ALAMANCE CREEK - MILITIA CAMP - DAY (D5)

ON JAMIE as he moves through the camp asking anxiously --

JAMIE

Have any of ye seen Roger Mac?

EVAN LINDSAY

No, I havena, Colonel.

JOHN QUINCY MYERS

Not hide nor hair of him, I'm
afraid.

GEORDIE CHISHOLM

Been hours since I laid eyes on the
Captain.

JAMIE

Christ, where is he?

Jamie knows the clock is ticking. He HEARS Tryon summoning:

GOVERNOR TRYON

Colonel Fraser --

Jamie goes over to find Tryon's holding a RED COAT.

GOVERNOR TRYON (CONT'D)
I thought you'd cut a striking
figure in this.

JAMIE
Sir?

GOVERNOR TRYON
You're one of my best officers, I'm
not going to have you mistaken for
an insurgent.

Jamie balks at the idea, vamping for a way out of this.

JAMIE
I appreciate the gesture, your
Excellency, but I dinna think it
proper for me to wear such a
garment... perhaps it is an affront
to those more deserving of the
uniform...

GOVERNOR TRYON
You are much too humble, Colonel.
I know that you, more than most who
will take this battlefield, are
deserving of the privilege.
Please, do me the honor.

It goes against every fiber of his being, but it's a test of
loyalty. Jamie puts the damn thing on.

GOVERNOR TRYON (CONT'D)
(pleased)
A striking figure indeed.

The coat is ill-fitting, metaphorically more than
physically. Jamie hates it, but has no choice. The BUGLE
sounds and Jamie heads off.

OMITTED (MOVED TO SCENES A30 & B30)

EXT. ALAMANCE CREEK - MILITIA CAMP - DAY (D5)

SERIES OF SHOTS: The camp springs into a FLURRY of ACTIVITY.
Weapons primed and loaded, checked and rechecked, buckles
unfastened and refastened, hats beaten free of dust,
canteens filled and shaken for reassurance, etc...

EXT. ALAMANCE CREEK - REGULATOR CAMP - NEXT TO CREEK - DAY
(D5)

BACK WITH Roger and Morag. Buck's hand rests on the hilt of the knife in his belt, as Roger is mid-apology --

ROGER

-- Again, sir! My apologies. I swear I meant no disrespect.

BUCK MACKENZIE

No? And just what the hell d'ye mean by it, then?

Buck puts a possessive hand on his wife's shoulder and glowers at Roger. Morag flinches as his fingers dig into her flesh. Roger tries to explain:

ROGER

I met Mistress MacKenzie aboard the Gloriana, a year or two ago. When I recognized her here, I thought to inquire as to the family's welfare. That's all.

MORAG MACKENZIE

(interjecting)

He meant nae harm, William. It was him who found me and Jemmy in the hold when we hid there -- he brought us food and water. He cared for us that night when the sailors threw the sick ones into the sea.

BUCK MACKENZIE

Oh, aye?

Two Regulators emerge from the bushes, wary-eyed. One REGULATOR carries a musket and the other, a rough club.

REGULATOR

Who's this, Buck?

BUCK MACKENZIE

That's what I mean to find out.
 (to Morag)
 Go ye back to the women, Morag. I'll attend to this fellow.

MORAG MACKENZIE

But he hasna done anything --

BUCK MACKENZIE

Ye think it's nothing, do you, that a man should coorie intae ye in public, like a common radge?

MORAG MACKENZIE

I -- no, I mean --

BUCK MACKENZIE

I said go back! Go! Now!

Buck makes a move in her direction, fist clenched. Without conscious decision, Roger swings, hitting Buck in the jaw. Caught off balance, Buck falls to one knee. Morag GASPS and goes to Buck, but he shoves her away, scrambles to his feet and charges at Roger.

Knowing he's outnumbered, Roger spins on his heel and tries to run. But the men give CHASE and catch him, THROWING him to the ground --

ROGER

Look -- she's a MacKenzie, I'm a MacKenzie, we're blood... that's why I was trying to help her --

Buck picks up something that fell from Roger's pocket. The yellow cockade.

BUCK MACKENZIE

(astonished)

What's this? Ye're with the militia?

ROGER

I came to warn you about Tryon...

BUCK MACKENZIE

So ye're a wife-stealer and a traitor then, all in the same wee bundle, is it?

REGULATOR

Slit his throat, I say, and good riddance.

Roger's angry now and responds more heatedly.

ROGER

A man who's sure of his wife needn't worry that someone else might try to steal her. I'm sure of my own wife, and have no need of yours.

BUCK MACKENZIE

Marrit, are ye? Your wife must be ill-favored, surely, for ye to be sniffing after mine. Or is it that she's put ye out of her bed, because ye couldn't serve her decently?

Roger's filled with fury, but thinks of a smarter way out.

ROGER

Let me go, sir. And I'll not speak against you, for your wife's sake.

BUCK MACKENZIE

No. I dinna think ye will. Speak against me, that is.

Buck nods to his comrades and Roger's BASHED in the head with the rifle butt and knocked unconscious. ON Buck as he stands staring down at the yellow cockade in his palm...

EXT. ALAMANCE CREEK - MILITIA CAMP - MEDICAL TENT - DAY (D5)

Claire is cleaning some medical instruments when she looks up and is stunned to see the man in the red coat hurrying toward her is -- her husband!

CLAIRE

Jesus H. Roosevelt Christ.

JAMIE

(re: the coat)

Tryon insisted.

It pains Claire to see Jamie wearing the uniform of the Crown as much as it pains him. But she understands.

CLAIRE

I imagine you weren't in a position to refuse.

JAMIE

It's the coat of the enemy. The ones who slaughtered us at Culloden.

(beat)

My father died watching me be flogged by a man in a red coat. If he had seen this, Sassenach, it would kill him all over again.

CLAIRE

From what I know about Brian Fraser,
if he were in your shoes --
he'd do the same thing.

Jamie knows she's right, but it bothers him nonetheless. His adrenaline is flowing now as the militia readies to engage.

JAMIE

There's no sign yet of Roger. We
dinna ken if he succeeded or... but
we havena heard, and the fight is
upon us.

She puts a hand on his arm. It's like touching a high voltage wire, power humming inside.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Will ye wish me luck, then?

CLAIRE

I can't let you go without
saying... something. I suppose
'Good luck' will do.

The words jam in her throat with the sudden urge to say much more than there is time for. So she just says:

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I love you, soldier.

JAMIE

'Good luck' will do. 'I love ye'
does so much better.

Jamie looks into her eyes, reassuring her.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

The obituary Brianna brought to us.
I dinna ken if it's true. But what
I do ken is this: there may come a
day when you and I shall part
again... but it willna be today.

Lines of soldiers are filing past now, on their way to the battlefield. Jamie leaves to join them.

OMITTED (MOVED TO SCENE A29)

EXT. ALAMANCE CREEK - BATTLEFIELD - DAY (D5)

Jamie and his MILITIA stand in formation, ready to fight -- with Tryon's artillery in front of them, manned by REDCOATS. Tryon sits astride his horse.

Jamie is in warrior mode. But first, he turns to the Lindsays, Chisholm, Sinclair and Myers at his flank.

JAMIE

We go in hard -- we protect ourselves. But we're not here to kill our brothers, we're here to end this. Put the fear of God in them, they'll retreat. This doesn't need to be a massacre. Take prisoners, save souls.

(then)

And ye'll watch for MacKenzie.

All acknowledge with a nod.

REGULATORS emerge from the trees -- Militia and Redcoats react -- the tension is thick.

Tryon gives the ORDER -- and one of the CANNONS FIRES! It signals the start of the battle. The Governor himself FIRES the first shot. And although the redcoats FIRE -- the militiamen exchange looks of doubt and hesitation. As Jamie predicted, many of them are reluctant to fire on their fellow countrymen. A frustrated Tryon STANDS in his stirrups, LIFTS his sword high and urges them on with his famous words --

GOVERNOR TRYON

FIRE, GODDAMN YOU! FIRE ON THEM OR
FIRE ON ME!

The militia, obeying their commander, begin FIRING. The Battle of Alamance BEGINS.

The Redcoats and militiamen MOVE FORWARD across the open ground. Redcoats FIRE in organized lines and militia moves forward with Jamie. Regulators RETURN FIRE, and RETREAT into the woods, drawing the Redcoats and militia toward them. The boom of CANNON comes behind them like thunder.

GUNFIRE can be heard at a distance -- other militia troops starting the fight elsewhere, unseen.

Jamie charges, rifle raised overhead.

JAMIE
 (the Fraser battle cry)
 Caisteal DHÙNAIDH!

Jamie searches for Murtagh and/or Roger. He has no idea whether Roger ever reached his godfather or whether Murtagh took his advice and left.

The Militia and Redcoats ENTER THE WOODS. This battle is visually different from others we've seen on Outlander. It is a mad scramble of troops, spreading out through the trees, guerilla-style. Looking in any direction, you might only see a handful of men from either side. There's almost no way to tell the difference between militia and Regulators, save for the yellow cockades on their coats or hats.

At first, the Regulators have the upper hand. Less than half of the Regulators have guns, but the ones that do fight Indian-style, hiding behind trees, rocks, hedges and fences on the perimeter. They're more adept in the woods and come passionately motivated.

BACK WITH JAMIE'S MEN - they are pinned down behind a FALLEN TREE. They return FIRE, loading and reloading. Jamie's under pressure.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
 Spread out! Find cover! Fight as
 they do.

Morton and the Browns go one way; Jamie, Myers and the others go a different direction.

On the other side of the field, Jamie doesn't see it, but we do -- Bryan Cranna gets a BAYONET to the heart.

INT. ALAMANCE CREEK - MILITIA CAMP - MEDICAL TENT - DAY (D5)

Claire works on the wounded as they're brought in. This is a much smaller battle than Culloden or Prestonpans, with much fewer wounded. There are only three or four at the moment.

Brianna helps, checking for shock and fever, and giving honeyed water to the ones with superficial wounds. This is Brianna's first view of war up close and she's having a hard time. But she rises to the occasion, for the soldiers' sakes, keeping busy to ignore the sinking feeling that Roger's not back. Claire sees this and tries to reassure:

CLAIRE
 It's possible he was on his way and
 joined the battle.

BRIANNA

I don't know which is worse... that
he's missing or getting shot at.

A WOUNDED Isaiah Morton is brought in to Claire by another Soldier who's carried him off the field. Morton's face is dead-white and sheened with sweat. Claire examines him, seeing the bullet hole --

CLAIRE

Shot through the lung. From
behind.

As Claire works to save him, Morton goes in and out of consciousness.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Isaiah -- can you hear me?

ISAIAH MORTON

(weakly)
Tell Ally... I love her.

CLAIRE

You aren't going to die on me, are
you?

ISAIAH MORTON

Baby comes next month...

CLAIRE

And you'll be there.

OFF Claire, hoping she can make that so.

EXT. ALAMANCE CREEK - BATTLEFIELD - DAY (D5)

The battle continues.

INT. ALAMANCE CREEK - MILITIA CAMP - MEDICAL TENT - DAY (D5)

The medical tent resembles an emergency room, littered with bodies, equipment and blood-stained bandages. The brothers from Brownsville are there now --

Claire's examining Lionel. The wound's not serious, but is filthy and needs attention. Claire hands him a whisky bottle and Brianna helps her clean it.

CLAIRE

He'll need sutures... and something
to prevent a fever.

Brianna hands Claire the syringe.

RICHARD BROWN
What's that you're doing?

CLAIRE
This medicine will help it heal.

Lionel looks dubious as Claire prepares the syringe. Just then, Richard Brown notices Isaiah Morton.

RICHARD BROWN
(smirks to Lionel)
Morton...

Claire sees the two brothers trading a look. They do nothing to hide their disappointment that Morton survived.

LIONEL BROWN
I hope you didn't waste good medicine on that coward. He was running away like a scared rabbit when he was felled.

ISAIAH MORTON
I wasna running away.
(to Hiram Brown)
You saw what happened.

Hiram glances nervously from Lionel to Richard and won't answer. Claire clocks this, puts two and two together...

CLAIRE
There were powder burns on his back. So whoever did this, shot him at close range. And the musket ball went straight through. Had he been shot from a distance, it would have been lodged inside him.

LIONEL BROWN
Maybe the man stepped in front of one of us when we were firing. He's either a coward, or an imbecile. Take your pick.

Claire steps right in his face.

CLAIRE
If you shot this man in the back, you're the coward.

LIONEL BROWN
No woman speaks to me this way.

HIRAM BROWN

Uncle, don't --

Lionel bolts up abruptly, knocking into Claire and causing her to drop the syringe -- and when he moves forward, he carelessly CRUSHES it with his boot, snapping the needle and shattering the glass barrel. Claire's furious.

CLAIRE

Look what you've done!

But the Browns have exited the tent.

EXT. ALAMANCE CREEK - BATTLEFIELD - DAY (D5)

As the battle progresses, the tide turns. The Regulators, running out of ammunition, start to wane. They don't have the stamina or organization of the Governor's troops.

Soon the Regulators scatter like fleeing quail, retreating into the woods. A dozen or so are surrounded and captured by Tryon's forces and made prisoners of war. There's the popping of distant gunshots, but the boom of artillery has ceased. The battle is not only over -- it is truly lost. The militia has crushed the Regulators.

EXT. ALAMANCE CREEK - BATTLEFIELD - ANOTHER AREA - DAY (D5)

Fighting on his own, Jamie PRESSES through the brush. Suddenly, A MUSKET BALL WHIZZES past his head. He raises his own rifle. But the young man in his sights is familiar. It's LEE WITHERS [Episode 502].

JAMIE

Withers! Lee Withers!

Lee drops his musket and puts his hands up. Jamie keeps his gun trained on Lee, but tries to talk him down.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

For Christ's sake, lad, do ye not remember me? I mean ye nae harm.

LEE WITHERS

Ye mean me nae harm, but wear the coat of my enemy. And yer fellows kill wi'out mercy...

Gunfire -- and shouts and screams -- can be heard at a distance all around them.

JAMIE

Withers, listen -- I dinna want to
shoot ye --

LEE WITHERS

Bryan Cranna is dead.

With Jamie stunned at that sudden news, Lee reaches behind his back lightning fast and whips a pistol from his belt, aims at Jamie -- one split second more Jamie will be killed.

From out of nowhere -- a RIFLE BUTT SMACKS into the side of Lee's neck, knocking him down the embankment -- and saving Jamie's life.

Jamie looks to see that his savior is -- Murtagh. A nod and look of relieved understanding passes between them. This is the moment of truth that both have been fearing -- facing each other on the battlefield, but it's turned out for good! They'll both get off this field alive.

Then -- a WHISTLING CRASH as something flies through the trees a few feet away -- another GUNSHOT. Jamie whirls on his heel, and sees the young Hugh Findlay behind him, gun still smoking from his shot. When he looks back around --

Murtagh's eyes are wide with surprise as a RED STAIN flowers slowly on his chest. He's been hit. Murtagh falls forward, his rifle dropping and Jamie catches him in his arms, then sets him down easy against a tree trunk.

Having no idea what he's done, Hugh then lights up with excitement. He thinks he's saved Jamie from a Regulator.

HUGH FINDLAY

I did what ye said, Colonel! I
didna waver!

Jamie falls to his knees beside his godfather. He leans close to Murtagh's face --

JAMIE

All will be well...

Murtagh knows better. The light is dimming in his eyes.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

I released ye from yer oath... ye
had no cause to save me. You
should ha' done as I asked...

MURTAGH

I would never betray yer mother, no
matter who asked.

Murtagh smiles and touches Jamie's cheek, using the endearment for a small beloved boy.

MURTAGH (CONT'D)

Dinna be afraid, a bhalaich... it
doesna hurt a bit to die.

Murtagh fades away. But Jamie won't give up. Myers and Kenny Lindsay appear --

JAMIE

HELP ME!

Myers and Lindsay look at Murtagh and hesitate. They exchange a look -- realizing he's gone.

JOHN QUINCY MYERS

Colonel... I think...

JAMIE

(interrupting him)

Help me get him up -- now!

Myers and Lindsay trade another look, pained at what Jamie is going through. But they have no choice but to indulge Jamie, who is in denial.

Between them, they get Murtagh's lifeless body on his feet and half-drag, half-carry him, running and stumbling as they go...

OMITTED - MOVED TO SCENE B32

EXT. ALAMANCE CREEK - WOODS - DAY (D5)

Jamie, Myers and Lindsay carry Murtagh through the woods and back toward the medical tent. Jamie rambles desperately to Murtagh along the way --

JAMIE

All will be well... we'll take ye
to Claire... she'll ken what to
do... she can heal ye... we're
almost there...

INT. ALAMANCE CREEK - MILITIA CAMP - MEDICAL TENT - DAY (D5)

Jamie and the two men rush in carrying Murtagh. Claire races over, stricken, as they lay him on the table. Tears shine in Jamie's eyes:

JAMIE

Help him.

Without another word, Claire quickly goes to work on Murtagh --

Jamie's frantic -- he bolts around the tent, grabbing medical instruments and bottles of medicine --

JAMIE (CONT'D)

(begging)

What do you need? What do you need?
Here -- use these -- do whatever you
must -- Heal him --

Claire quickly realizes it's too late -- Murtagh's dead. She looks to Brianna and they lock eyes, Brianna understanding in an instant what her mother's expression means -- and what she's about to say.

Brianna goes toward the entrance, gesturing to Myers and Lindsay that they should leave. She exits behind them, pulling the tent flaps closed behind her as she goes, to give Jamie and Claire privacy.

Claire delivers the devastating news:

CLAIRE

Jamie... I'm so sorry... he's gone.

JAMIE

He canna be... he canna be! Do
somethin' -- save him! You save
everybody --

But Claire stands there, there's nothing she can do. Jamie leans over Murtagh --

JAMIE (CONT'D)

I take it back, I take it back -- I
dinna release ye from yer oath. Ye
canna leave me...

Claire stares at Jamie, seeing his denial and heartsick that she can't do anything for the man they both love so dearly.

CLAIRE

Jamie...

Jamie finally stops and stares at Claire. The gut-wrenching knowledge finally sinks in.

His worst nightmare has come true... His godfather is dead. The pain is unbearable. He turns and walks out..

EXT. ALAMANCE CREEK - MILITIA CAMP - MEDICAL TENT - MOMENTS
LATER - DAY (D5)

Jamie exits the tent, gutted and dazed. His men are still nearby, but giving Jamie a respectful berth.

Tryon walks up in an exuberant mood, with Captain Hawkins and a few others.

GOVERNOR TRYON
Colonel Fraser! Victory tastes
sweet, does it not? Twenty
Regulators dead!

Twenty-one -- counting the man in the tent just behind them. But Tryon can't see Murtagh, and Jamie says nothing.

GOVERNOR TRYON (CONT'D)
We've taken fifteen prisoners --
the rest have fled, but they're
finished. We shall celebrate this
glorious day.

JAMIE
Is the slaughter of innocent men a
cause to celebrate?

Tryon is taken aback.

GOVERNOR TRYON
I'm not sure I take your meaning,
Colonel.

JAMIE
I meant exactly what I said.

Tryon feels a chill from his colonel, but chalks it up to how hard it must have been for Jamie to fight other Scots. He's made no connection to Jamie's alliance with Murtagh.

GOVERNOR TRYON
I know how difficult it must have
been to engage with your own
countrymen. But what we've
accomplished today will be written
about in history.

Jamie holds back anger, but speaks from a cold core of rage.

JAMIE
Will it be written in history, sir --
that ye killed and maimed and paid no
heed to the destruction ye left?
(MORE)

JAMIE (CONT'D)

That ye brought cannon to bear on your own citizens, armed with no more than knives and clubs? Nae, it will say that ye put down rebellion and preserved order, that ye punished wickedness and did justice in the King's name.

(then)

But we both ken what happened here. There is the law and there is what is done. What you've done is kindle a war -- for the sake of your own glory.

Tryon's jaw clenches and his men move toward Jamie -- protective of the Governor. No one speaks this way to Tryon. But Tryon waves them down.

GOVERNOR TRYON

Colonel Fraser. I had no personal stake in this, no need to glorify my exploits, as you put it.

JAMIE

None but the governorship of New York.

GOVERNOR TRYON

I told you I would not leave North Carolina in a state of disorder and rebellion. I have done what I have done as a matter of duty. And because you have done your duty, as promised, I'm going to overlook your insolence.

JAMIE

Aye. My debt is paid and I'm finished with my obligation -- to you -- and to the Crown. You may have yer coat back, sir.

Jamie wrests off the red coat Tryon made him wear, now stained with Murtagh's blood, and lets it drop into the mud.

Tryon smirks. It doesn't matter now. The Governor got what he wanted from Jamie Fraser. Tryon gets on his horse and rides away, knowing that he'll soon set sail for New York and never look back.

EXT. ALAMANCE CREEK - MILITIA CAMP - CAMPFIRE - DAY (D5)

Jamie breaks down as Murtagh's death continues to sink in.

INT. ALAMANCE CREEK - MILITIA CAMP - MEDICAL TENT - DAY (D5)

Claire, alone in the tent, stands over Murtagh, wiping the blood from him and cleaning his body as best as she can.

Her own heart heavy with grief, she cries as she touches his cheek lovingly.

CLAIRE
Goodbye, my friend.

She pulls the sheet over his face --

EXT. ALAMANCE CREEK - MILITIA CAMP - NEAR CREEK - LATER - DAY (D5)

Brianna stands at the creek, gazing across. Jamie, walking in a fugue state of grief, sees her and sees the anguish on her face. He goes to her side.

JAMIE
Roger?

Brianna just shakes her head. She can't even give words to her terrible fear of what's happened to her husband.

Looking into his daughter's face, Jamie musters his strength and sets aside his sorrow -- there may be a life yet to save.

EXT. ALAMANCE CREEK - BATTLEFIELD - DAY (D5)

SERIES OF SHOTS: Jamie, Claire, Brianna, accompanied by Myers, Sinclair, Chisholm, and Evan/Kenny Lindsay and THREE WOMEN from the medical tent as they search for Roger, inquiring after him with men they meet along the way. Jamie's still dazed but makes a gallant effort. But no luck. They pass by some wounded -- Claire stopping where she can to help. They pass by the dead -- militiamen and Regulators alike. Jamie's gutted to see Bryan Cranna among them. Then, as they emerge from the woods --

EXT. ALAMANCE CREEK - HANGING TREE - DAY (D5)

They see -- a huge oak tree, THREE HOODED FIGURES dangling from its branches, and three barrels on the ground below, kicked out from under when they were hanged. All three are dead. Jamie catches Colonel Chadwick who's standing with a group of Regulator Prisoners who are being led away.

JAMIE
 (re: the hanging)
 Colonel! What happened here? Why
 did you hang these men?

COLONEL CHADWICK
 Regulator prisoners. Tryon ordered
 their execution.

An act of cold-blooded cruelty. Then:

JAMIE
 Have ye seen Captain Roger
 MacKenzie of Fraser's Ridge?

COLONEL CHADWICK
 No.

Chadwick rides away. As our trio glances back at the dead
 with pity and sorrow, Jamie spots something and FREEZES.
 Brianna and Claire follow his gaze to see -- sticking out of
 the pocket of one of the hanged men: A WHITE KERCHIEF. The
 flag of truce.

JAMIE
 Roger...

Brianna's eyes are blank with shock. Jamie rushes over to
 the tree but the hooded men are utterly still, no sign of
 life. Jamie crosses himself --

JAMIE (CONT'D)
 (quietly in Gaelic)
 God rest his soul.

Three hearts shatter.

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE