



EPISODE 810
AND THE WORLD WAS ALL AROUND US

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1 EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - MEETING HOUSE - NIGHT (N1) (1780) 1

CLOSE ON - A CONSTELLATION OF EMBERS rising through darkness, almost stars.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL - THE FIERY CROSS.

Its flames throw light across men who have already given too much to war: HIRAM CROMBIE, ROGER, BUCK, YOUNG IAN, JOSIAH, EVAN LINDSAY and the Ridge militia.

JAMIE stands before them.

Beyond the circle, WILLIAM watches without having sworn himself to Jamie.

CLAIRE, BRIANNA and LORD JOHN GREY stand farther back.

John, still leaning on a cane, watches Jamie and William.

JAMIE

Patrick Ferguson has crossed into
North Carolina with a thousand men.
He means to bring the war into
every farm and settlement that will
not bend the knee to the Crown.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Colonel Cleveland has called us to
Kings Mountain. I gave him my word.

Jamie looks from one familiar face to another.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

I'll not ask any man to follow who
believes he has already given
enough. But I will go.

Jamie turns to the burning cross. When he faces them again,
the laird has become the commander.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Je suis prest.

HIRAM raises his fist.

HIRAM

Tulach ard!

Roger and Buck raise their voices with him.

ROGER AND BUCK

Luceo non uro!

Young Ian lifts his rifle. More weapons rise.

MEN
Sluagh-ghairm!

The cry rolls across the Ridge.

Jamie stands inside the roar without sharing its triumph.

So does Claire.

The flames climb higher as the voices carry us into -

MAIN TITLES

FADE IN:

2 EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BARN - GOLDEN HOUR (TIME UNKNOWN) 2

The world glows in the last light of day.

JAMIE stands in the middle distance, his shape softened slightly by the warm haze.

Bees move lazily through the grasses.

The Big House watches from beyond the trees.

A faint sound from beyond the barn. Jamie pauses.

Jamie sets down the fork, brushes hay from his shirt and walks toward the sound.

He disappears around the corner.

HOLD.

Then the focus slowly shifts away from the place Jamie occupied and moves toward us - REVEALING FORGET-ME-NOTS in the immediate foreground.

We have been looking through them all along.

A BEE settles briefly inside one of the blue flowers.

OVER THE IMAGE:

AND THE WORLD WAS ALL AROUND US

JAMIE (V.O.)
*I, James Alexander Malcolm
MacKenzie Fraser, being of sound
mind, do hereby declare -*

The faint SCRATCH of a quill enters beneath his voice.

MATCH TO:

3 INT. BIG HOUSE - PARLOR - NIGHT (N1) 3

The point of a QUILL moving across parchment.

Jamie sits alone at his desk, spectacles low on his nose.

One candle has nearly burned itself out.

From somewhere deeper in the house, a final burst of LAUGHTER.

Jamie hears it.

A smile touches his face before he returns to the page.

JAMIE (V.O.)
- *that this is my Last Will and
Testament.*

INTERCUT WITH:

3A INT. BIG HOUSE - DINING ROOM - EARLIER 3A

A FAMILY SUPPER in full motion: children talking over adults, bread passing hand to hand, the ordinary unruly life Jamie and Claire fought through time to possess.

CLAIRE catches Jamie looking at her and rests a hand beneath the table on his knee.

JAMIE (V.O.)
*I leave to my wife, Claire
Elizabeth Beauchamp Fraser, all
property and goods of which I die
possessed, absolutely -*

BRIANNA eats with one hand while balancing WEE DAVY and intercepting MANDY with the other.

JAMIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*To my daughter, Brianna Ellen
Fraser MacKenzie, I leave two
thousand acres from the land grant
known as Fraser's Ridge.*

JEM and FANNY reach for the same bread.

Jem yields with exaggerated gallantry.

Fanny tears it in half for them both.

JAMIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*To my grandchildren, I leave each
 the sum of one hundred pounds, and
 my books to be divided among them
 under the supervision of Roger
 MacKenzie.*

Davy immediately tries to eat one of those books. Roger rescues it.

ROGER
 (proudly)
 He's begun with theology.

Laughter.

Jamie joins it - harder than he expected.

At the desk, the laughter becomes memory and his quill continues.

Names pass beneath it: JENNY. MARSALI. YOUNG IAN. Family present and absent, all accounted for.

BACK TO THE SUPPER - WILLIAM sits beside Lord John.

Mandy tells him something we cannot hear.

William answers with complete seriousness until she bursts into laughter.

He laughs with her.

William looks up and finds Jamie watching him.

The room falls away around them.

John notices.

Claire notices.

BACK TO THE DESK. Only the SCRATCH of the quill.

JAMIE (V.O.)
To my son -

Jamie stops at the words. They stare back. He begins again.

JAMIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 - my natural son, William James
 Fraser, also known as William
 Clarence Henry George Ransom, Ninth
 Earl of Ellesmere -

At supper, William still holds Jamie's gaze.

JAMIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 - the three casks of my special
 whisky marked J.F.S. - and my
 Bible. May he find succor and
 wisdom in its pages.

Jamie lays down the quill. He has written himself away from
 his family to protect them.

He signs: JAMES ALEXANDER MALCOLM MACKENZIE FRASER.

The house CREAKS around him.

Jamie sips the last bit of whisky. Rubs his eyes. Looks
 toward the room where Claire sleeps.

Sleep is nowhere near him.

He extinguishes the candle.

CUT TO:

4 INT. BIG HOUSE - JAMIE AND CLAIRE'S BEDCHAMBER - DAWN (D1) 4

Grey morning light rests against the windows.

Claire sleeps on her side, facing Jamie.

Jamie is awake.

He watches her as though trying to learn her face again.

Claire opens her eyes.

CLAIRE
 Here we are.

JAMIE
 Aye.

Neither moves.

CLAIRE
 We could pretend it's like any
 other morning.

Jamie glances toward the growing light.

JAMIE

It is like every other morning. The sun is rising.

Claire smiles.

CLAIRE

Life on the Ridge will carry on.

JAMIE

As it should.

That answer lands more heavily than he intended.

Claire studies him, then gives him somewhere gentler to place his mind.

CLAIRE

I went to see the bees last night.

JAMIE

Did ye?

CLAIRE

They were still hard at work. I found two of them asleep inside a hollyhock.

JAMIE

Asleep?

CLAIRE

Covered in pollen. Holding each other's feet.

Jamie's brow lifts.

JAMIE

Were they dead?

CLAIRE

No. I thought that the first time I saw it. But they were only sleeping.

She moves her foot against his beneath the blanket.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Waiting for the sun to warm them enough to fly.

Jamie captures her foot gently between both of his.

JAMIE
Perhaps they were caught by the
dark.

CLAIRE
Or too tired to make their way back
to the hive.

JAMIE
So they found somewhere safe and
waited together.

CLAIRE
Yes.

Jamie considers the image.

JAMIE
Sweet indeed.

Claire gives his foot a small kick.

CLAIRE
You're mocking me.

JAMIE
I wouldna think of it.

Claire smiles.

CLAIRE
I don't think the quiet life was
ever meant for us.

JAMIE
No.

He looks toward the window again.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
But I have lived longer than I once
thought I would.

Claire's expression changes slightly.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Long enough to see my children
grown. To hold their children.

He does not turn it into a catalogue.

The people at the supper remain alive in the silence between
them.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

If I do make it to Heaven, I should think God might allow some accommodation for knowing how they're getting on.

CLAIRE

An accommodation?

JAMIE

A wee look in, now and again. Being a ghost might prove interesting.

CLAIRE

There are people you'd enjoy frightening.

JAMIE

One or two.

CLAIRE

Would you look in on me?

Jamie studies her with mock solemnity.

JAMIE

Maybe just a wee glance, Sassenach. Wouldna want to frighten ye.

Claire smiles, though tears threaten behind it.

CLAIRE

I used to wonder whether my parents were watching me after they died. Uncle Lamb and I moved so often I never lived anywhere long enough to feel that anywhere belonged to me.

She looks around the room: the bed, the walls, Jamie beside her.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

When I first arrived in Scotland, I saw a blue vase in a shop window.

JAMIE

A vase?

CLAIRE

Nothing remarkable. But I remember thinking that I had never lived in one place long enough to own anything so simple.

JAMIE
Did ye buy it?

CLAIRE
No.

JAMIE
Why not?

CLAIRE
(teasing)
The next morning, I went to Craigh
na Dun in search of a certain blue
flower.

Jamie knows the rest.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
And that was that.

JAMIE
Do ye ever wish ye hadna seen it?
The flower.

She answers without hesitation.

CLAIRE
Never.

Jamie searches her face, not because he doubts her, but
because he needs the answer to be true.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
I still don't have the blue vase.

She moves closer until their foreheads touch.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
But I have everything I never knew
I wanted.

Jamie closes his eyes.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
I hope you've had everything you
wanted.

JAMIE
No.

Claire draws back, surprised.

The corner of Jamie's mouth lifts.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
I should like to sleep in a flower
with you, Sassenach.

He traps both her feet between his beneath the blankets with his.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Holding your feet.

CLAIRE
Jamie -

His fingers find the soft sensitive side of her stomach.

Claire JERKS, trying to pull away, but Jamie catches her around the waist and tickles her ribs with his other hand.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
No - Jamie, don't you dare -

He dares.

Claire's protest breaks into a great, helpless BURST OF LAUGHTER - far louder and less dignified than she intended.

She buries her face against his chest, kicking beneath the blankets while Jamie laughs with her.

Jamie stops.

Claire clamps a hand over her mouth, still shaking with laughter.

A faint CHILD'S WHISPER from the other side of the door -

MANDY (O.S.)
I told you they were awake.

A hurried SHUFFLE of small feet.

Someone bumps into the wall.

THUMP.

JEM (O.S.)
OW! MANDY!!

Then the children scatter down the corridor, no longer bothering to be quiet, and laughing just as loud as Claire just did.

Jamie and Claire look at one another. Claire's laughter escapes again, softer now.

Doors open.

Someone drops a pot in the kitchen, followed by several overlapping voices.

Jamie draws Claire close and kisses her forehead.

They remain together for one more moment while the life they built gathers itself around them.

Jamie listens. The smallest smile crosses his face.

They lie still as morning fills the room. Feet still touching.

5 INT. BIG HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING (D1)

5

The household is fully awake.

JEM and MANDY race into the kitchen.

BRIANNA manages porridge with WEE DAVY on one hip.

BUCK catches Jem in passing.

RACHEL cuts bread beside YOUNG IAN.

FANNY folds clean cloth beside Claire's open MEDICAL SATCHEL, quieter than everyone else.

Claire enters. Jamie follows, still fastening his waistcoat. Mandy looks between them.

MANDY

We kent you were awake. You were laughing.

CLAIRE

Your grandfather was behaving badly.

JAMIE

A grievous accusation before breakfast.

JEM

What did he do?

JAMIE

I held her feet.

JEM

Why?

Jamie crouches and turns to Claire, hands out like claws, ready to pounce.

JAMIE

So she wouldna fly away!

Jamie reaches for Claire again. She swats him away, laughing.

CLAIRE

Stop it, you foul Scottish beast!

The children howl.

Jamie takes in the room - Bree, Roger, Ian, Rachel, the children, Claire.

Then he sees Fanny.

Claire does too.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Fanny?

Fanny lifts the satchel and a basket of folded cloth.

FANNY

I should take these outside.

Claire follows.

5A EXT. BIG HOUSE - BACK PORCH - CONTINUOUS

5A

Fanny sits beside the open MEDICAL SATCHEL, refolding one bandage for the third time. Claire joins her.

CLAIRE

I know I asked you to be thorough, but I think that one has suffered enough.

FANNY

You always take this with you.

CLAIRE

Almost always.

FANNY

Does it really save people?

Claire looks at the instruments.

CLAIRE
It gives me the best chance to help
them, should they need it.

FANNY
What about Grandda?

CLAIRE
(smiling and joking)
Your Grandda needs more help than
that bag could ever provide.

Grandmother and granddaughter laugh together.

A beat.

Fanny looks down as her smile turns into a nervous look.

FANNY
Take me with you. I can carry the
bag.

CLAIRE
I know you can. But I've seen what
war does to children. I will not
bring you into a battle merely so
that saying goodbye hurts less.

Fanny looks away.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Nothing Jamie or I do today can
undo what you are to us.

FANNY
And what is that?

CLAIRE
Ours.

FANNY
Even if you don't come back?

CLAIRE
(with a pointed smile)
Especially then.

The back door opens. Jamie steps out carrying bee tools and
folded netting.

JAMIE
I've another charge for ye once
your grandmother's done with ya.
The bees.

FANNY
What about them?

JAMIE
They'll need tending while we're away. And they'll need to be told we've gone. Bees dislike being left ignorant of family matters.

He puts the netting in her hands.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Bree may need someone she can trust.

FANNY
I can do it.

JAMIE
Aye. I ken that.

FANNY
I'll tell them you've gone to the mountain. And that you're coming home.

Jamie cannot promise that. He touches her cheek.

JAMIE
Tell them we've gone to do what must be done.

Fanny throws her arms around him. Jamie holds her. Claire watches, one hand on the satchel strap.

From inside: another eruption of children --

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Ye see? The house already has need of ye.

Jamie, Fanny, and Claire share a laugh.

Fanny heads inside with the tools. Claire and Jamie follow.

6

EXT. BIG HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - LATER

6

CAMERA ON SCREEN DOOR OF FRONT ENTRANCE.

The house is busy with preparations. Voices come and go. Then --

Quick, heavy FOOTSTEPS thunder toward the door.

Suddenly the children speed past our view, laughing hysterically.

ROGER follows, running while looking back at someone off-screen.

ROGER
Come on now! You're better than
that! Don't give up yet.

Roger laughs and runs off-screen.

BUCK enters the frame and stops.

He is GASPING, hands on his knees.

BUCK
(under his breath)
What in the bloody hell does "IT"
mean anyway?...

BUCK (CONT'D)
(yelling)
...and why's it always *ME*?!

ROGER (O.S.)
(yelling in the distance)
'Cause you're old and fat!

Still breathing heavily, Buck straightens and starts toward Roger and the kids at a half-jog --

BUCK
(yelling back)
Don't call me old!

BRIANNA opens the screen door as Buck disappears from sight. DAVY has just fallen asleep on her shoulder.

The door CREAKS loudly. Bree huffs back at it in frustration as Davy stirs.

Brianna walks to the edge of the porch and sits.

Finally, SILENCE.

A beat.

The door CREAKS loudly again. It's Jamie, Frank's book in hand.

JAMIE
Thought I'd find ye --

Bree shoots Jamie a warning look before he can wake the baby.

BREE
(soft but stern)
SHH!

JAMIE
(whisper)
Ach, I keep forgettin'. Sorry,
lass.

Jamie walks slowly and carefully to Bree.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Ye should have this back.

BRIANNA
You've read it enough times?

JAMIE
More than enough.

He sets it beside her.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Frank's words have been some help.

BRIANNA
They might be wrong.

JAMIE
Aye.

BRIANNA
You don't believe that.

JAMIE
I believe a man must behave as
though his choices matter, even
when history claims they do not.

Brianna studies him.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Frank gave me a gift greater than
his book. He raised you. Helped
make ye who ye are.

BRIANNA
All three of you had something to
do with that.

JAMIE
(sarcastically)
Poor lass.

BRIANNA
Two impossible fathers and a mother
who thinks rules are merely
suggestions.

They laugh quietly enough not to wake Davy.

JAMIE
No matter what comes, it will have
been worth it. To have known ye. To
have seen this.

He looks at Davy, the house, the family moving through the
yard. Then at Bree.

A beat.

BRIANNA
Watch out for Roger when you're out
there?

JAMIE
Of course.

Jamie looks out at Roger in the distance. Nods his head.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
I have to. I canna play the "TAG
IT" game with the children. Canna
run like I used to.

Bree is about to correct Jamie about the name of the game,
but instead leans her head against his shoulder.

BRIANNA
I love you, Da.

JAMIE
And I you.

Jamie kisses her forehead.

Across the yard, WILLIAM watches. LORD JOHN joins him and
rests a hand on his shoulder.

LORD JOHN
They have had very little time.

WILLIAM

They appear to have made rather a lot of it.

LORD JOHN

Yes. They've earned it. As have we.

William turns back to John.

They embrace.

7

EXT. BIG HOUSE - YARD - A SHORT WHILE LATER

7

ROGER checks his saddle while Bree stands beside him with DAVY.

BRIANNA

Promise me you won't try to be a hero. You're no Kurt Russell.

ROGER

Aye, well, I've no eyepatch and very little interest in being called *SNAKE*.

Bree doesn't smile.

BRIANNA

The children need you.

A beat.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

And I need my husband.

Roger looks toward the men gathering along the road. Then toward Claire's medical supplies.

ROGER

I'm staying below with Claire.
Men'll come down that mountain,
I'll help get them home.

BRIANNA

And you?

Roger looks at her.

ROGER

I know what I'm coming back to.

Bree kisses him.

7A EXT. BIG HOUSE - SIDE YARD - SAME

7A

RACHEL holds Young Ian's rifle while he checks his TOMAHAWK.

RACHEL
I will not ask thee to remain. I
knew the man I married.

YOUNG IAN
Ye still do.

Rachel studies him.

RACHEL
Then remember thyself amid those
who have forgotten who they are.

YOUNG IAN
I will come back to ye.

RACHEL
That is not thine to promise.

Ian looks at her.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
But remembering is.

A beat.

Ian understands.

YOUNG IAN
Aye.

Rachel places the rifle in Ian's hands.

Ian kisses her and turns toward the road.

Across the yard, Roger separates from Bree.

Jamie watches both men join those preparing to leave.

Ian catches Jamie's eye.

They exchange a nod.

Jamie turns toward the stable.

8 EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - STABLES - LATER

8

William stands beside a mare, running a hand slowly along her neck. He wears his officer's uniform, minus the red coat.

Jamie enters with his sword belt. Head down.

William doesn't turn immediately.

WILLIAM

I know you favor the bay. But this
one has never let me down.

Jamie is surprised, but looks the mare over.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

She's got a long memory.

JAMIE

Aye.

Jamie crosses to his own horse.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

But this one's carried me
everywhere I've needed to be.

William watches him reach for the tack.

A beat.

WILLIAM

Stay.

Jamie stops. He was ready for anger. Not that.

JAMIE

William, I gave my word to every
family on this Ridge.

WILLIAM

I know.

A beat.

William looks down. The officer disappears.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

I won't lose you again.

William raises his gaze and extends his hand.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Please.

Jamie starts to reach for it. Stops.

JAMIE

I'm sorry.

WILLIAM
Then say that you choose to leave.
Once again.

Jamie looks toward Claire and the family waiting beyond the stable. Then back to William.

JAMIE
Aye. I choose it.

William lets his hand fall.

Jamie walks out.

William remains beside the mare.

9 EXT. BIG HOUSE - YARD / ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

9

The militia has formed along the road.

Jamie mounts.

Roger, Ian, Buck, Josiah and the others do the same.

Claire is still prepping her horse.

JAMIE
Move out.

The riders begin forward.

Jamie rides very slowly -- then turns his head back to the house. Bree. Rachel. Fanny. Lord John.

William is not there.

Jamie looks toward the stable.

For one foolish moment, Jamie thought he could give William exactly what he wanted back at Helwater. A look back.

Jamie turns his horse toward the road.

Lord John watches the stable.

He knows William too well to believe the matter finished.

10 EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

10

The militia rides beneath the trees.

Jamie reaches the head of the column.

No joy. No panic. Only the weight of what is coming.

ROGER draws alongside.

ROGER
You all right?

JAMIE
(stoic)
Aye.

HOOFBEATS approach fast from the Ridge. Jamie turns.

WILLIAM breaks around the curve in a borrowed DARK BLUE RIDING COAT over his British waistcoat.

The boots, sword belt and silver edge of the gorget remain unmistakable.

Rifle and pistols complete the picture.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
What the devil are ye doing?

WILLIAM
Riding.

JAMIE
Turn back.

WILLIAM
No.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
I told you. **I won't lose you again.**

Jamie looks back.

LORD JOHN stands at the Ridge, fear carefully contained.

Their son has made a choice neither father controls.

JAMIE
Ye'll do as I command.

WILLIAM
I will do my duty, sir.

A half smile appears on William's face. Roger hides a smile. Ian does not. Jamie gives up fighting the inevitable.

JAMIE
Christ.

CAMERA RISES TO REVEAL THE ENTIRE GROUP ON THE ROAD

The first notes of "**MOCH SA MHADAINN**" rise beneath the horses.

William settles beside Jamie; Roger and Ian behind them.

For the first time, Jamie rides toward battle with all three men who have become his sons. Rebels.

11 EXT. NORTH CAROLINA BACKCOUNTRY - ROAD - LATE DAY (D1) 11

The column moves beneath changing leaves.

Claire rides beside Jamie, her overstuffed MEDICAL SATCHEL secured behind the saddle.

William rides with Roger and Ian just behind them.

The trees thin. KINGS MOUNTAIN rises ahead.

JAMIE

There it is.

CLAIRE

I wish we were back at the Ridge.

JAMIE

Part of me wishes we were too.

The column descends toward the Patriot encampment. Frank's words return as Jamie studies the mountain.

FRANK (V.O.)

*At Kings Mountain, Ferguson's
troops numbered a little over a
thousand, against roughly nine
hundred Patriots.*

William moves up beside Jamie. Without speaking, father and son face the mountain together.

12 EXT. PATRIOT ENCAMPMENT - KINGS MOUNTAIN - LATE DAY (D1) 12

A rough military camp spreads across open ground beneath the mountain.

Horses drink from a creek. Small fires smoke in the cooling air.

Jamie dismounts and hands his reins to Young Ian.

JAMIE
See to the men while I speak with
Cleveland.

YOUNG IAN
Aye.

Jamie turns to William.

JAMIE
With me.

12A EXT. PATRIOT ENCAMPMENT - COMMAND FIRE - MOMENTS LATER 12A

COLONEL BENJAMIN CLEVELAND stands over a crude map, a hunting
knife pinning it to a plank.

Officers and scouts wait around the fire.

Jamie approaches with William.

Cleveland barely looks up.

CLEVELAND
Thought you meant to handle your
own business, Mr. Fraser.

JAMIE
My men and I are here at your
request, sir.

CLEVELAND
Your men came because Ferguson
scared them out of their beds.

JAMIE
They came ready to fight.

Then Cleveland sees William: dark blue coat, British sword,
SILVER GORGET.

He pulls his knife free and walks closer.

CLEVELAND
What the hell is that?

JAMIE
My son.

Cleveland looks William over.

CLEVELAND
That supposed to settle me?

WILLIAM
William Ransom, sir.

CLEVELAND
Hear that? All that King's English
pouring out of his mouth...

Cleveland moves closer and taps the gorget with the knife.

CLEVELAND (CONT'D)
And that King's silver around his
neck.

WILLIAM
It marks my commission. *Sir*.

Cleveland steps directly into William's space. Their boot
toes nearly touch. Eyes locked.

CLEVELAND
(low and intimidating)
Hung men for less.

JAMIE (O.S.)
He is no Tory. He rides with me.

CLEVELAND
That doesn't make him less British.

JAMIE (O.S.)
No. It makes him my responsibility.

CLEVELAND
You willing to answer for him?

JAMIE
Aye. He'll remain below with the
reserve until I call upon him.

William looks over to Jamie in disbelief.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Button the coat, William.

William hesitates. Then buttons the blue wool over the
gorget. Cleveland shoves the last flash of silver beneath it.

CLEVELAND
Good boy.

Cleveland cups William's cheek and gives it a few light
slaps, each a little harder than the last.

CLEVELAND (CONT'D)
 My boys see that shine on the
 mountain, they'll put a ball
 through you before anybody
 remembers whose son you are.

Cleveland turns back to the map.

CLEVELAND (CONT'D)
 Ferguson's here. Highest ground.
 Near a thousand men.

The knife traces routes up the mountain.

CLEVELAND (CONT'D)
 Campbell means to surround him and
 drive upward.

SCOUT
 Ferguson rides the line himself.
 Red checked shirt. White stallion.
 Silver whistle.

That detail catches Jamie.

CLEVELAND
 Makes him easy to find.

Cleveland motions to William and pulls up his own collar like
 he's covering something.

CLEVELAND (CONT'D)
 Pay attention, son. We don't want
 no...mistakes.

WILLIAM
 (exaggerated British
 accent)
 Yes, *sir*.

Cleveland returns to the map. That perfect British accent
 bites at him. But he lets it go for now. The meeting is over.

12B EXT. PATRIOT ENCAMPMENT - FIELD HOSPITAL - LATER

12B

Claire arranges water, blankets and instruments. Roger
 unloads supplies. She forces Fanny's overstuffed satchel
 closed.

William approaches.

CLAIRE
 Blue suits you.

WILLIAM

It is not a uniform, and it is ill-fitting.

CLAIRE

That wasn't what I meant.

Claire eyes the British details beneath the coat.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

From a distance, someone might mistake you for either side.

WILLIAM

I doubt either side will worry when I'm down here.

CLAIRE

Ah. Jamie means to keep you below the fighting.

WILLIAM

Jamie means many things.

They look toward the mountain. Neither says what they think of Jamie's plans.

13 INT. JAMIE AND CLAIRE'S TENT - NIGHT (N2)

13

A candle burns beside the bedroll.

Outside, the camp settles by degrees. Low conversation.

Horses shifting.

Claire folds Jamie's shirt while he washes at a basin.

He dries himself and puts on his nightclothes.

JAMIE

I should have asked ye to remain at the Ridge.

CLAIRE

You did.

JAMIE

I should have made ye.

Claire looks up.

CLAIRE
(wryly)
You couldn't.

Claire places the folded shirt beside her on the bed.

Jamie sits.

He takes her hand.

JAMIE
If I die tomorrow, there are three
things I would ask of ye.

CLAIRE
You've made a list.

JAMIE
A short one.

CLAIRE
That would be a first.

Jamie appreciates the attempt at lightness, but does not take the escape.

JAMIE
First, when ye can, have a Mass
said for my soul.

CLAIRE
Done.

JAMIE
Second. If I die tomorrow, I want
ye to take Bree and the bairns away
from the Ridge.

Claire studies him.

CLAIRE
Away where?

JAMIE
Wherever the war doesna touch.

CLAIRE
There may not be such a place in
America.

Jamie has already considered that.

JAMIE
Then take them through the stones.

CLAIRE
But Davy? We don't know if he can
travel yet, and what of Ian and
Rachel?

Jamie closes his eyes.

He lowers his head and lets out a long, frustrated breath.

JAMIE
Then...go with John.

Claire is surprised.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
He'll ken where the British mean to
move. Stay with him until it is
clear they've gone - or until the
fighting has passed beyond you.

CLAIRE
All of us?

JAMIE
Aye. Bree and Roger. The bairns.
Fanny. Ian and Rachel. All of ye.

CLAIRE
And the Ridge?

JAMIE
The Ridge can be rebuilt.

CLAIRE
You don't believe that.

JAMIE
I believe wood and stone can be
replaced.

A beat.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
You cannot.

Claire discerns what he truly means...

CLAIRE
(frustrated)
You've already decided this for us.

JAMIE
I'm tryin' to keep ye safe.

CLAIRE
By sending us away from our home.

JAMIE
Only until the war is over.

CLAIRE
And who decides when that is?

Jamie has no answer.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
John?

JAMIE
He would protect ye.

CLAIRE
I *know* he would.

That lands differently than Jamie expected.

There is no discomfort in Claire's answer.

Only certainty.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
But you are still arranging our
lives around your death.

JAMIE
Someone must think of what comes
after.

CLAIRE
Then think *with* us. Don't decide
for us.

Jamie looks away.

A long beat.

Claire kneels before him.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
This is my home.

She places her hand flat against his chest.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
If you were gone, I would remain
where I could feel you all around
me. In the house. The trees. Our
children. The life we built.

JAMIE
I willna be there to keep ye safe.

CLAIRE
You never could.

The answer is not cruel. It is the truth of their marriage.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
You loved me instead.

Jamie's eyes fill.

Claire rests her forehead against his.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
What is the third thing?

Jamie struggles to say it.

JAMIE
Remember me.

Claire looks at him.

All the years between Culloden and their reunion live in her face.

CLAIRE
I never stopped.

Jamie kisses her.

Then Claire takes his face in both hands and pulls him closer, refusing the tenderness of a farewell.

Jamie lifts her, and she wraps herself around him as he lowers them onto the blankets.

Claire holds Jamie's face so he cannot disappear from her sight.

Jamie presses his forehead to hers as they move together.

LATER - Claire lies awake with her head against Jamie's chest.

Jamie sleeps. His face softens. Then, unexpectedly, he smiles.

Claire watches the small, private smile of whatever dream has found him.

She reaches up and touches the corner of his mouth.

The smile remains.

14 EXT. PATRIOT ENCAMPMENT - COMMAND FIRE - PRE-DAWN (D2) 14

The command fire has burned low.

WILLIAM sits at its edge with his rifle across his knees.

Jamie approaches, unable to sleep.

JAMIE
Ye should sleep.

WILLIAM
I never can before a battle.

Jamie holds out his hand.

JAMIE
The rifle.

William gives it over.

Jamie checks the lock, replaces a worn flint from his own kit and hands it back.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Keep the pan covered. The mist will dampen the powder.

WILLIAM
I know how to use a rifle.

JAMIE
Aye. But ye've never fought on a mountain like this one.

WILLIAM
Neither have you.

JAMIE
No.

For a moment, they sit as equals.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Why did ye come?

WILLIAM
Tomorrow, I will be one of the men you command. Tonight, I am your son.

Jamie reaches up and adjusts William's collar. William lets him.

JAMIE
Aye. Ye are.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Then hear me as your father. Stay below until ye are needed.

WILLIAM
I hear you.

Not a promise. William rises to go.

JAMIE
William.

He stops.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
I'm glad ye came.

WILLIAM
As am I.

William disappears into the dark. Jamie watches him go.

15 INT./EXT. JAMIE AND CLAIRE'S TENT / DAWN (D2) 15

Inside the tent, Jamie fastens a thick LEATHER PANEL beneath Claire's coat.

Her MEDICAL SATCHEL strains at the buckle.

Jamie lifts it and feels the weight.

JAMIE
Fanny seems to think ye mean to mend the whole army.

CLAIRE
(Warmly)
She was particularly worried about her Grandda.

He smiles and settles the armor over Claire's chest.

JAMIE
There. So no one will shoot ye. No' from the front, anyway.

CLAIRE
Very reassuring, General Fraser.

JAMIE
Retired...

Claire gives him a judging look while she swings the heavy satchel across her body.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Almost.

Jamie straightens the strap.

They walk into a waking camp together.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Everything you need is being brought to the medical tent right now. You'll no need to lug that bag anywhere near the battle.

CLAIRE
Someone may need me up there.

JAMIE
Then send Roger.

CLAIRE
And if he cannot reach him?

Jamie stops her.

JAMIE
Claire... I ken you. Stay. Below.

CLAIRE
I intend to.

She starts walking. Jamie catches up.

JAMIE
Until something changes your mind.

Claire shifts the heavy bag higher.

CLAIRE
Then don't be so goddamned noble.

Jamie gives her a look. She's got him dead to rights

JAMIE
Aye.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
 Ye'll help no one if ye're dead,
 Sassenach.

CLAIRE
 Neither will you.

They stop before the MEDICAL TENT and kiss. Then the camp pulls Jamie toward his men.

15A EXT. PATRIOT ENCAMPMENT - MUSTER GROUND - MORNING (D2) 15A

The Ridge men stand ready.

William waits with the reserve below; Roger remains near Claire at the field hospital.

Jamie can see them all.

JAMIE
 We've come a long way, lads, and
 we've a wee bit further to go.
 Fight not from fury or fear - but
 for our families. And for freedom.

The men answer with a BATTLE CRY. Jamie turns to Roger.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
 Bless us before the battle. A
 Mhinisteir, if ye will.

ROGER
 Dear Lord, grant us courage without
 cruelty, strength without hatred,
 and mercy where we can. Bring us
 home to those who wait for us.
 Amen.

MEN
 Amen.

The line begins to move. Jamie catches Roger's arm.

JAMIE
 Look after her, Roger Mac.

Roger looks from Claire to William.

ROGER
 We will.

Jamie turns to Claire.

JAMIE
Pray for me?

CLAIRE
Tha gràdh agam ort, mo chridhe.

JAMIE
Tha gràdh agam ort.

He removes his hat and bows.

Jamie replaces his hat and turns to his men.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Move!

He leads them into the trees.

We remain with Claire as Ian, Buck, Hiram and Josiah disappear after him.

A MUSKET CRACKS above.

Then another.

The firing spreads.

THE SILVER WHISTLE cuts through it - thin, sharp, wrong.

The dread of waiting begins. It feels like hours, but it's only minutes.

ROGER
I canna bear it. Is this what it's
always like for you, Claire?

A WOUNDED PATRIOT staggers from the same opening Jamie entered.

CLAIRE
Yes.

Claire snaps to action. She's already at the soldier's position before Roger even registers what to do.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Roger!

Roger lowers the wounded man. Claire cuts through his shirt.

CLAIRE
What struck you?

WOUNDED PATRIOT
Bayonet.

CLAIRE
Did it break off?

WOUNDED PATRIOT
No.

CLAIRE
Good.

The soldier looks at her incredulously.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Relatively speaking.

She packs the wound. Behind her another man arrives. Then another. THE WHISTLE sounds high above.

Claire looks toward the mountain.

Her hand has stopped moving.

ROGER
Claire.

She doesn't hear him.

ROGER (CONT'D)
Claire.

She turns.

Roger nods toward the wound.

Claire realizes her pressure has eased. She presses down again.

The mountain keeps sending men back.

17 EXT. KINGS MOUNTAIN - EASTERN SLOPE - SAME

17

Jamie drives the Ridge men uphill through dense timber toward THE EAST RISE.

BUT - they are bunched and exposed.

JAMIE
 Ian - right! Buck, Hiram - with me!
 Spread out!

A ball tears bark beside Jamie. He fires; a LOYALIST drops.

THE WHISTLE.

WHITE STALLION. Red checked shirt. FERGUSON.

FRANK (V.O.)
*Ferguson directed his men from
 horseback, using a silver whistle
 to signal above the battle.*

The whistle SHRIEKS again. Loyalists pour downhill with bayonets.

JAMIE
 Back!

A ball catches HIRAM in the shoulder.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
 Get him below!

Buck drags Hiram downhill as Jamie and Ian meet the charge. Steel. Smoke. Close bodies.

Then the whistle calls Ferguson's men back.

FRANK (V.O.)
 Each time the attackers were driven
 from the heights - they climbed
 again.

Jamie looks uphill and raises his sword.

JAMIE
 Again!

18

EXT. PATRIOT ENCAMPMENT - RESERVE LINE - SAME

18

Men spill from the woods wounded and retreating. A PATRIOT SERGEANT staggers into William.

PATRIOT SERGEANT
 East side's broken!

WILLIAM
 Who commands them?

The Sergeant cannot answer. No command comes.

William lowers his head and fights with his thoughts.

A beat.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
You four - powder and ball. Creek
bed to the east trees. The rest
with me.

They hesitate at the British voice beneath the blue coat.
William draws his sword.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
Move!

Training recognizes training. They move and William leads
them uphill.

19 EXT. PATRIOT ENCAMPMENT - FIELD HOSPITAL - LATER

19

The ordered clearing is gone.

Blood in the grass.

Men pray for mothers and God.

Claire moves from wound to wound on instinct.

BUCK emerges carrying HIRAM.

Claire waves him over and finds the ball passed through the
shoulder.

CLAIRE
Good. It's passed through.

HIRAM
Is that good?

CLAIRE
It's better than me digging it out
of you. Where's Jamie?

HIRAM
Still up there.

CLAIRE
How is he?

HIRAM
Alive when I came down.

CLAIRE

Where?

HIRAM

East rise. Around the split oak.
They drove us down. He went back
up.

A VOLLEY detonates across the mountain.

Claire winces.

FLASH:

JAMIE AT CULLODEN. LYING DOWN among the bodies. The look of
death.

BACK TO SCENE:

Claire is already pulling the satchel across her body.

ROGER

Claire... no.

He gets in front of her.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Jamie told me to keep you here.

CLAIRE

Then he should have chosen someone
who doesn't know me.

ROGER

(pleading in disbelief)
You cannot carry a hospital up a
mountain.

He catches her arm. Claire turns on him.

CLAIRE

Don't you try to fucking stop me.

Roger waits a beat. Releases her.

Claire starts uphill.

Another beat.

Roger looks up the mountain. Closes his eyes. A frustrated
breath. Then he looks down at bloodied bandage in his hand,
throws it down and follows.

ROGER
(under his breath)
Jesus H. Roosevelt Christ.

He grabs a dead soldier's rifle and follows.

ROGER (CONT'D)
Then I'm coming with ye.

CLAIRE
Then keep up.

19A EXT. KINGS MOUNTAIN - LOWER SLOPE - CONTINUOUS

19A

THE CAMERA GOES WITH CLAIRE.

She enters the trees and the world changes from clear sight to a maddening haze of battle.

The hospital disappears behind her in seconds.

Men appear at arm's length and vanish again.

Claire climbs toward the SPLIT OAK. The medical satchel pounds against her hip.

Roger stays with her.

A ball tears through a branch above Claire.

Leaves shower down.

A WOUNDED PATRIOT appears directly in her path.

One hand clamped against his neck while blood pushes between his fingers.

WOUNDED PATRIOT
Surgeon—

Claire stops.

Her hands already reaching for him.

Roger catches the back of her coat.

She looks at Roger.

He points uphill.

ROGER
I know. But we have to keep going.

Claire looks at the man. Then back up toward the split oak.

The Patriot sinks against the tree.

Claire almost goes to him but then she moves away.

She and Roger climb.

Neither looks at the other.

Claire grabs a ROOT to haul herself up.

The bag catches briefly against a blown-apart STUMP.

She yanks it free with nearly all the strength she has.

Keeps going.

A musket fires somewhere close.

A TREE EXPLODES beside her.

Wood splinters across Claire's cheek.

The world becomes —

SILENT.

Then a deep **INTERNAL RING.**

FLASH:

SCOTTISH WOODS: CLAIRE running through the trees in her shift
— back at the beginning of this story in 1.01 "SASSENACH"

BACK TO SCENE:

Claire staggers.

Roger is shouting. His mouth moves, but there is no sound.
The RINGING is still strong.

The CAMERA STAYS WITH CLAIRE.

A Patriot sits against a tree with his rifle across his
knees.

Claire sees why — a missing hand can no longer pull the
hammer back.

He keeps trying anyway.

The sound is muffled now. Barely audible.

A wounded Loyalist crawls downhill on his elbows.

Then — Roger appears in front of her and grabs both her shoulders. His mouth moves urgently.

His voice is muffled just like everything else.

ROGER (CONT'D)

MOVE.

Claire struggles for breath, visibly spent.

As Claire passes the wounded Loyalist, he reaches for her. His bloody hand catches her shirt.

Claire jerks free.

A RED SMEAR remains across the white cloth.

Claire looks down at it.

MATCH CUT TO:

PARIS: CLAIRE IN WORLD WAR II -- ALONE, BLOOD ON HER APRON, DRINKING CHAMPAGNE.

THEN SOUND **SLAMS BACK INTO HER.**

BACK TO SCENE:

GUNFIRE. MEN SHOUTING. HORSES. STEEL. THE WHISTLE.

Everything at once.

Claire recoils from the noise.

Roger grabs her.

ROGER (CONT'D)

C'mon!

Roger pulls and Claire follows.

The SPLIT OAK emerges through smoke, the ground around it churned to mud and blood. Claire touches it as she passes.

Now above Hiram's last known position.

Jamie is somewhere beyond it.

Claire looks out. Through smoke — JAMIE.

Far above. Sword in hand. He drives a man away from Ian.

Alive.

CLAIRE

Jamie—

He disappears.

Claire leaves cover and this time Roger follows.

A riderless horse screams toward them.

Roger tackles Claire behind a tree.

Mud sprays over them as the horse thunders past.

Claire wipes her face and is up before Roger.

The satchel, now covered in mud too, drags low against her hip. Heavier with every step.

Claire climbs almost on all fours. She pulls herself upright.

Another wounded man reaches for her from the ground.

WOUNDED MAN

Please—

Claire stops.

His abdomen is soaked through, and his hands are covered in his own intestines.

Her body turns slightly toward him.

Claire looks down at his blood-covered hand.

THE WHISTLE.

It kills her to leave him, but there is no time.

CLAIRE

I'm sorry.

She climbs with Roger trailing behind again.

They fight for every step uphill.

Ahead — a fallen branch. Bodies. Discarded cartridge boxes. The aftermath of a charge.

Claire picks her way through them.

20

EXT. KINGS MOUNTAIN - STEEP SLOPE - CONTINUOUS

20

NO CUT.

Claire maneuvers around a DEAD LOYALIST in a red coat, half-hidden beneath the fallen branch.

The satchel catches.

Claire hits the ground.

Roger turns toward her but cannot immediately reach her through the gunfire.

Claire rolls onto one knee.

The bag strap is trapped somewhere beneath the corpse's equipment.

She reaches for it -- then sees his face.

A long, hard mouth.

The profile -- Claire freezes.

For one impossible instant -- her breath disappears.

FLASH:

BLACK JACK RANDALL. Sitting at a table across from Claire in THE GARRISON COMMANDER.

BACK TO SCENE:

The corpse shifts as Claire pulls against the bag. His head rolls toward her.

Not Black Jack Randall. Not even close once she truly sees him. But close enough.

Claire blinks.

A ball strikes the earth nearby.

She grabs the satchel.

Pulls. Nothing.

Claire pulls harder.

The body shifts toward her.

Claire shoves the corpse back and attacks the buckle across her chest.

She tries again. Nothing.

THE WHISTLE.

Claire looks uphill.

Smoke. Men. No Jamie.

Claire then reaches inside the satchel.

Finds the SURGICAL KNIFE.

She strains hard to pull the strap away from her body and cut the leather.

But it barely gives.

Roger moves toward her — but a volley cuts through the trees.

Claire's hands shake violently with adrenaline as she fights to keep leverage on the leather.

She cuts again. The strap finally splits and Claire falls backward again. HARD.

She rolls back, grabs the severed strap and pulls.

The bag still will not move; the corpse's cartridge harness has it pinned.

Claire rolls the body enough to find the twisted leather and reaches beneath it.

A volley cuts through the trees. Roger dives behind cover.

THE WHISTLE.

Claire looks uphill, then back to the bag.

Roger watches from below and understands she is not going to stop on her own.

ROGER

Claire!

Claire looks down.

Roger meets her eyes. Everything in his expression has changed. No panic. No command.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Let it go.

Claire stares at him.

She looks down.

The medical satchel is intact. Fanny packed every inch of it.

Claire gives the bag one furious final pull. It does not move.

Her hands still shake. Panic rises. Then --

She looks at Roger once again, then at the hand still clenched around the strap.

THE WHISTLE.

She closes her eyes and takes one deep breath.

Slowly, her fingers open. The leather slips from them.

The satchel remains beside the dead Loyalist. Whole.

Claire rises. For one beat, she stands over everything she has chosen not to carry.

The bag. The instruments. That terrible echo of Randall.

THE WHISTLE.

Claire turns toward the sound.

And climbs.

The CAMERA GOES WITH HER.

21 EXT. KINGS MOUNTAIN - EAST RISE - CONTINUOUS

21

Jamie and the remaining Ridge men reach the EAST RISE. The fighting is too close for volleys.

Jamie drops a Loyalist threatening Josiah and advances.

THE WHISTLE.

White stallion.

For the first time, Jamie has a clear shot at Ferguson.

FRANK (V.O.)

Major Patrick Ferguson was killed
during the battle.

Jamie settles the sight -

BUCK (O.S.)

IAN!

Young Ian is down. A Loyalist above him.

Ferguson is still in Jamie's sights.

Jamie lowers the rifle and RUNS.

He slams into Ian's attacker.

Buck tangles with another.

Jamie frees Ian and throws him a pistol.

Ian catches it and FIRES. Buck's attacker drops.

THE WHISTLE.

Ferguson disappears into smoke.

Jamie does not regret the choice.

JAMIE

Up!

21A EXT. KINGS MOUNTAIN - EASTERN FLANK - SAME

21A

William leads his men up the creek bed. Patriots retreat toward him.

WILLIAM

HOLD!

The command cuts through. Men stop.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Two behind that timber. Three there. Do not fire until they reach the white birch.

An overwhelmed PATRIOT looks around nervously.

PATRIOT

What birch?!

William points to the only birch in the vicinity.

WILLIAM

That white bloody tree!

A Loyalist line advances through smoke. Twenty yards. Fifteen. Ten.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

FIRE!

The Patriot line erupts. The advance buckles.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Reload!

The men are still frightened. But now they have someone to follow.

21B EXT. KINGS MOUNTAIN - ABOVE THE SPLIT OAK - SAME

21B

Claire climbs without the satchel and moves faster immediately. She's back to instinct. Roger follows.

Above the SPLIT OAK, the battle has broken into fragments - no line, no obvious side.

A PATRIOT runs downhill. Claire catches his sleeve.

CLAIRE

Fraser? General Fraser?!

He points toward the EAST RISE and vanishes into smoke behind her. Claire runs the way he pointed.

21C EXT. KINGS MOUNTAIN - EAST RISE - SAME

21C

Jamie reaches Ian and Buck as a fresh Loyalist surge meets them. Then -

William's force bursts out of the smoke and attacks the Loyalist flank.

A LOYALIST lunges at William and William turns the bayonet aside. But it RIPS open his DARK BLUE COAT and cuts his chest.

William shoves his dagger into the man's neck.

The torn coat falls open, fully exposing the British waistcoat, sword belt, and SILVER GORGET.

William does not notice. Jamie does. But there's no time.

JAMIE

PRESS THEM! KEEP GOING! WE'RE
ALMOST THERE!

The Patriots climb. The Loyalists begin giving ground.

22 EXT. KINGS MOUNTAIN - NEAR THE SUMMIT - MOMENTS LATER 22

Ferguson rides the collapsing line, WHISTLE shrieking.

A PATRIOT from William's group fires.

The ball catches Ferguson high in the thigh.

His white stallion rears; Ferguson falls, boot caught in the stirrup. The whistle leaves his mouth.

The thing holding the line together is gone.

A LOYALIST sees Ferguson down and reluctantly drops his musket. Others start to run away.

LOYALIST

Quarter!

Another surrenders. A Patriot shoots him anyway. Even more run now. But the rage catches. More Patriots shoot at men who retreat or surrender.

JAMIE (O.S.)

HOLD!

Jamie knocks aside another rifle before it can fire.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

He's yielded! HOLD YOUR FIRE!

Ian and Buck take up the call.

Slowly, unevenly, the firing dies. More Loyalist muskets hit the ground.

The Patriots rein themselves in - barely.

23 EXT. KINGS MOUNTAIN - EAST RISE - CONTINUOUS 23

Smoke drifts. Jamie lowers the rifle of clearly shaken PATRIOT.

JAMIE

(calmly)

Enough.

Jamie turns to check his men. Ian, alive. Buck, alive. William, cut but alive.

Jamie hears movement below the RISE and prepares for the worst.

Then CLAIRE climbs through the thinning smoke with Roger behind her.

No medical bag.

Blood on her, but not hers.

Claire reaches the rise. She sees Jamie and William alive. Jamie sees her.

For one breath, victory. THEN -

FERGUSON (O.S.)
Lieutenant.

William turns.

24 EXT. KINGS MOUNTAIN - FERGUSON'S POSITION - CONTINUOUS 24

William reaches the fallen WHITE STALLION.

Ferguson lies beside it, wounded leg pinned, boot trapped in the stirrup.

SILVER flashes at William's throat. Ferguson sees the gorget and eases. Nods to his foot.

FERGUSON
Lieutenant. The stirrup.

William lowers his rifle and steps toward him on instinct.

FERGUSON (CONT'D)
I cannot free my boot.

William shifts the rifle to one hand. For a moment, one officer is simply helping another. Then William sees the pistol in Ferguson's hand.

He stops.

WILLIAM
(low and cautious)
Set down your weapon, Major.

Ferguson tilts his head. Confusion. He saw the gorget - but he didn't register one important detail until now: THE BLUE COAT. Then he looks at William's face.

Confusion gives way to disappointment and disgust.

A British officer who has chosen them.

FERGUSON

Ah.

William raises the rifle again.

WILLIAM

Your weapon... sir.

25 EXT. KINGS MOUNTAIN - FERGUSON'S POSITION - CONTINUOUS 25

Jamie approaches behind William, watching Ferguson. Claire and Roger climb toward them.

WILLIAM

Do you yield?

Ferguson slowly raises the pistol hand, the weapon loose beneath his fingers.

William watches the gun.

Ferguson watches William.

Jamie sees a change in Ferguson's eyes. He knows when a man has resigned himself to oblivion.

Claire sees the nearly imperceptible change in Jamie. Just a slight shift of weight forward.

CLAIRE

(a whisper)

Jamie -

Ferguson's eyes settle. His wrist turns ever so slightly.

FERGUSON

American.

Contempt. Betrayal. Decision.

26 EXT. KINGS MOUNTAIN - FERGUSON'S POSITION - CONTINUOUS 26

Jamie MOVES. He hits William from the side, plowing him clear.

Almost simultaneously, FERGUSON FIRES.

The ball strikes Jamie high in the chest. His legs vanish beneath him and he hits the earth with a graceless THUD.

William looks up. Ferguson still holds the smoking pistol.

BUCK FIRES. Another PATRIOT fires. ROGER raises his rifle and FIRES. Ferguson jerks beneath the impacts. The restraint Jamie imposed disappears.

William ignores the shooters and scrambles toward Jamie.

YOUNG IAN sees Jamie down. Then Ferguson.

Ian charges and brings the TOMAHAWK down on the Major. Again. And again. And AGAIN. Ferguson is already dead, but Ian keeps striking.

Blood everywhere. On his face. In his teeth. He's covered.

Buck grabs him.

BUCK

IAN!

Ian tears free for one more swing. Buck catches his arm and holds it.

BUCK (CONT'D)

He's dead!

Ian stares at Ferguson, breathing like an animal. Slowly his arm goes limp.

Across from them, William reaches Jamie and drops to his knees, hands hovering above his father's body uselessly.

Claire arrives.

CLAIRE

Move.

William does not respond. He's in shock.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

William. Move!

Dazed, he shifts aside. Claire drops beside Jamie.

No bag. Nothing between her and what has happened.

Jamie draws one ragged breath. Claire presses both hands to his chest.

CLOSE ON CLAIRE

She is crying, breathing too fast. Control is gone.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

We have to STOP the bleeding.

But her hands feel numb. She raises them. They're shaking just like before with the bag.

She MUST slow down. Claire takes one breath in. Closes her eyes.

CUT TO BLACK:

SILENCE.

CUT BACK TO CLAIRE'S FACE (SAME COMPOSITION AS BEFORE)

Claire opens her eyes and lets out a deep breath.

CUT TO WIDE ON THE SLOPE:

Everyone has disappeared except Claire and Jamie.

His blood. His face. Nothing else.

She looks down. Her hands are steady. She is ready.

27 EXT. KINGS MOUNTAIN - FERGUSON'S POSITION - CONTINUOUS 27

Jamie lies where he fell. Claire is beside him.

CLAIRE

It's all right. I can fix this.

She places her hands on the wound and presses. Blood wells immediately between her fingers.

Jamie GASPS.

Claire hears it.

Wet. Blood is filling his chest.

She knows that sound.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

It's your lung.

A beat.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I know what to do.

THE SOUND OF THE MOUNTAIN RUSHES BACK IN.

CUT TO WIDE:

Everyone has returned around them — Roger. William. Ian. Buck. The other Patriots. Ferguson. The mountain.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Roger!

Roger is beside her immediately.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Hold him.

Roger braces Jamie's shoulder.

Claire slides one hand beneath Jamie's back.

Nothing.

She searches again.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

No exit wound.

She looks at the blood bubbling at his lips. Listens to the wet, uneven breath. She knows what this means.

Claire tears a clean strip from his shirt and presses it firmly over the wound.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Roger, keep him up. Toward me.

Roger lifts Jamie slightly as Claire supports his injured side.

Jamie drags in another ragged breath.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

That's it. Slow gentle breaths.

Another breath. Worse.

Claire presses harder.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Jamie. Look at me.

His eyes find her.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Stay with me.

Jamie tries to breathe. The effort catches halfway.

William has drawn closer as he watches Claire's hands.

Jamie turns his head carefully toward William.

JAMIE

Are ye hurt?

William looks at him. He doesn't answer. Instead, almost involuntarily, William runs his hands over himself. Chest. Ribs. Stomach. Arms.

Nothing.

William looks back at Jamie.

WILLIAM

No.

Jamie studies him. Makes certain. A faint relief passes over his face.

JAMIE

Good.

And that does it. William's composure breaks. Not loudly, but his mouth tightens and his eyes fill.

Claire presses harder again.

CLAIRE

Jamie, no. Don't speak.

Jamie looks back to her.

JAMIE

Bossy woman.

Claire almost laughs. Almost. Instead —

CLAIRE

Yes.

Jamie draws another shallow breath.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

So you'll do as you're told.

Jamie looks at Claire, and beyond her to the members of his family. His eyes start to fade.

JAMIE

Ye'll have one another.

His eyes close.

CLAIRE
No. Stay with me!

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Jamie. JAMIE!

His eyes barely open.

JAMIE
I'm here.

The words stop Claire for half a beat. Then she goes back to the wound. As though enough force could hold him inside his body.

Nearby, Buck still holds Ian away from Ferguson.

Ian looks toward Jamie. He drops the tomahawk.

Buck releases him and Ian draws near.

28 EXT. KINGS MOUNTAIN - FERGUSON'S POSITION - MOMENTS LATER 28

Jamie struggles for every shallow breath.

Claire has both hands over his chest. She does not ease the pressure.

CLAIRE
I think I've got it.

The BLOOD between her fingers seems to slow.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
The bleeding's **going** to stop.

Jamie watches her. A smaller, even shallower breath. His eyes flutter and begin to fade.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Come on, Jamie. You can't. I'm almost done.

He lifts one hand, barely making it to hers on his chest. His fingers close weakly around hers.

JAMIE
(barely audible)
Dinna fash.

Claire looks at him in disbelief.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
I'm not afraid anymore.

His eyes drift past her.

The mountain. The trees. William. Roger. Ian approaching.

Then back to Claire.

Everything still around him.

Jamie tries to draw enough breath for the next words.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Forgive me.

Claire's face folds.

CLAIRE
No. There's nothing to forgive.

His fingers tighten faintly around hers.

The breath fails him.

Claire waits.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Jamie?

He tries again.

Nothing.

His chest rises once.

Falls.

Claire stares at him.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
No.

She presses harder against the wound.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
No! Jamie!

Nothing.

Claire looks at the blood beneath her hands.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
There has to be something else.

Her eyes search him desperately — the wound, his face, anything she can still fix.

Ian kneels opposite Claire.

Claire does not look up.

She keeps pressure on the wound.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Come on, you bastard.

Ian reaches carefully beneath Jamie's jaw.

Claire sees him do it.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
No. Don't!

Ian stops.

A beat.

Then he places two fingers against Jamie's neck and waits.

Claire watches his face now.

Ian removes his hand.

YOUNG IAN
Auntie Claire—

CLAIRE
Don't.

Ian's eyes fill.

YOUNG IAN
He's gone.

Claire looks at him, then back to Jamie.

Slowly — Roger reaches down. Touches Claire's wrist. He doesn't force her away. He just holds it there.

Claire looks at his hand. Then at her own.

Blood covering both.

She releases the pressure and for the first time, the wound does nothing. She finally stops. But she can't bring herself to let go.

Claire lays one palm gently over his heart and waits.

Nothing.

William looks down at Jamie. Still not knowing what to do.

29

EXT. KINGS MOUNTAIN - EAST RISE - LATER

29

The fighting has ended and the mountain is quieter now. Not silent. Groans from the wounded still hang in the air.

Jamie lies beneath the trees. Claire is lying beside him. Her hand remains over his heart.

William sits several feet away. Still there.

Ian stands nearby with Buck. The fury is gone from him.

Roger looks down the mountain.

Eventually -

ROGER

Claire, they are taking note of the
dead. His name has already been
entered. Let's take him home.

Claire looks at Jamie.

Then at the earth beneath him.

Leaves caught in his hair.

CLAIRE

He is home.

Roger looks at her.

Claire does not explain. She brushes a piece of dirt from the dry blood on Jamie's cheek.

William looks toward her and moves closer. Not quite beside Claire. His hand settles on the ground near Jamie's.

For a beat, he only looks at it.

Then he takes Jamie's hand. In the stable, Jamie could not take his. Now it is too late.

Roger turns away, giving them what privacy a battlefield can.

Ian bows his head.

William sits with his father.

Claire keeps her hand over Jamie's heart.

The light changes through the branches.

HOLD.

The distant sounds of the mountain begin to recede.

30 INT. MRS. BAIRD'S BED & BREAKFAST - CLAIRE'S ROOM - NIGHT 30
(THRESHOLD)

Claire sits before the mirror, brushing her hair with dubious results -- the curls refusing to behave despite her efforts.

30A EXT. VILLAGE STREET - NIGHT (THRESHOLD) 30A

Frank is coming up the street toward the B&B as the first drops of RAIN begin to fall.

He pulls his lapels tighter about him and quickens his step, but the cobblestones are now slick and treacherous. He turns a corner and --

He nearly freezes in place, staring into the gloom at --

A FIGURE in the distance, standing at the edge of the garden of the B&B by the fence.

CLOSE ON JAMIE'S FACE.

Younger - when he first met Claire.

Rain streams down his face as he looks up at Claire.

Jamie says nothing. He watches her, smiling, taking in every moment.

BACK TO ORIGINAL "SASSENACH" STAGING.

As FRANK approaches, he can make out more details: tall, wearing a loose shirt, folded plaid over his shoulder, kilt and sporran.

FRANK

Can I help you? I say, you there --
can I help you with something?

No response.

The rain is coming down in sheets as Frank reaches out for the man -- who abruptly turns and brushes past him and into the night.

Startled, Frank looks around -- Where'd he go?

CUT TO:

LEATHER BOOTS walk across the wet cobblestones at night.

The boots keep walking until the cobblestones give way to patches of green grass, then daylight, and eventually no rain.

31 EXT. CRAIGH NA DUN - DAY (THRESHOLD)

VIBRANT COLOR.

A brilliant Highland day. Green hills. Purple heather. Deep blue sky.

Jamie stands below THE STONES in the same Highland clothes he wore in Inverness. He enters the circle slowly.

No rain. No battle. No blood. Only wind moving through the grass.

The stones rise before him in warm sunlight. Peaceful. Almost heavenly.

FRANK (V.O.)
William lives.

FLASH:

WILLIAM on Kings Mountain. Alive. Blood across his hands.

FRANK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*Claire survived you once. She
survived twenty years without you.*

FLASH:

CLAIRE in a Boston hospital corridor.

FRANK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*Brianna has Roger. William has
John.*

FLASH:

BREE and ROGER.

LORD JOHN beside William.

BACK TO JAMIE:

He walks deeper into the circle.

The CENTER STONE waits.

FRANK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*You learned long ago what staying
could cost them.*

FLASH:

CRAIGH NA DUN, 1746.

Jamie covers Claire's hand against the stone.

FRANK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
So you left.

FLASH:

HELWATER.

Jamie rides away from William.

FRANK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
And they lived.

FLASH:

Claire. William. Brianna. Alive.

BACK TO JAMIE:

He stands before the center stone now.

FRANK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
You've kept them safe.

Jamie looks at the stone. He believes it.

FRANK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
You needn't be afraid anymore.

A beat.

FRANK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Rest.

Jamie closes his eyes. Raises his hand. Slowly reaches toward the stone.

Then --

THE GENTLE HUM OF A BEE.

Jamie opens his eyes.

A BEE drifts past and settles into a small flower at the foot of the stone.

FLASH:

DAWN AT THE RIDGE. Claire's foot slips against Jamie's beneath the blankets. He catches it between both of his.

JAMIE (V.O.)
So they found somewhere safe and
waited together.

BACK TO CRAIGH NA DUN:

Jamie's hand remains inches from the stone.

He looks at the bee. The memory has unsettled something.

A beat.

Then Jamie looks back at the stone. The certainty returns.

He closes his eyes. And places his palm against it.

FLASH --

THE PRINTSHOP. CLAIRE. Twenty years older.

She smiles as she looks upon him below.

Barely an instant.

BACK TO CRAIGH NA DUN.

Jamie JERKS his hand from the stone.

His eyes open.

He is still here.

Jamie stares at the stone. Confused.

He looks down at his palm. Nothing.

Then his breathing begins to slow. The tension leaves his face.

A breeze moves across the heather.

He looks up and slowly closes his eyes. Sunlight warms his skin. Jamie takes it all in.

Something gentler settles over him. Not resignation.
Recognition.

Jamie looks back at the stone. Differently now.

He steps toward it. This time, his eyes remain open. Jamie places his palm against the stone again.

FLASH:

32

MONTAGE - THE TRUTH

32

THE PRINTSHOP. The full scene. Claire smiling down on Jamie. Jamie faints.

CUT TO:

WILMINGTON. BRIANNA sees Jamie for the first time. She reaches for him.

CUT TO:

THE RIDGE ROAD. WILLIAM rides after Jamie, closing the distance.

CUT TO:

THE RIDGE. FANNY throws her arms around Jamie.

CUT TO:

JAMAICA. IAN folds himself into Jamie after being rescued from Geillis.

CUT TO:

THE RIDGE. The family around the dinner table.

Noise. Laughter. Life.

CUT TO:

GEORGIA. THE BEACH. Claire runs toward Jamie.

He opens his arms.

She chooses them.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

I do it all again, and more, to be with you.

CUT TO:

Claire's hand over Jamie's heart.

32A EXT. CRAIGH NA DUN - DAY (THRESHOLD)

Jamie removes his hand from the stone.

He looks at his palm. Then at the stone. A small, disbelieving laugh escapes him through the tears.

Far away --

CLAIRE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Jamie.

Jamie turns.

CLAIRE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Jamie!

He knows her voice immediately. Jamie looks once toward the center stone. The place he came to leave. Then he turns away from it. No hesitation. He walks toward Claire's voice.

JAMIE

I'm here.

THE CAMERA STAYS BEHIND AND LOWERS TO THE GROUND.

We see Forget-Me-Nots grow in the place where Jamie stood just seconds ago.

33 EXT. KINGS MOUNTAIN - EAST RISE - SAME

33

Claire's hand still rests over Jamie's heart.

William still holds Jamie's other hand.

For them -- almost no time has passed.

Claire looks at Jamie. Nothing.

CLAIRE

Jamie... I tried.

A beat.

Her eyes fall to her hand against his chest.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I did everything I could.

Her hand softens against him.

A beat.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
I won't hold you here.

A beat.

Then -- beneath the heel of her palm --

BLUE.

A thread of blue light. She does not move her hand. White streaks begin to grow in her hair.

The blue gathers for a beat.

Claire stares at it.

The CAMERA pans up slowly.

The blue light grows beneath Claire's palm, centered on Jamie's chest.

William still holds Jamie's hand.

The CAMERA continues toward the bright sky.

BLUE expands brighter as the camera continues to pan up.

The brighter blue transitions to -- WHITE.

34 EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - GOLDEN HOUR (TIME UNKNOWN) 34

WHITE resolves into overexposed sunlight in an upstairs window.

Inside, CLAIRE brushes WHITE hair before a mirror with dubious results, facing away from the yard.

CUT TO:

Away from the house, below her window stands AN ADULT WOMAN, back to us, long RED HAIR in the golden light.

For an instant she could be Brianna. But we never see her face.

Then movement near the barn.

Hay clings to Jamie's shirt. He sees the woman and approaches with warm curiosity - the path Frank once walked toward him, now in sunlight, at home.

JAMIE
Can I help ye, lass?

The woman turns slightly, then looks back toward Claire's window.

Jamie approaches and stops between the woman and the house.

WOMAN
Is this where La Dame Blanche
lives?

Jamie smiles and follows her gaze. Claire continues brushing her hair, unaware.

JAMIE
(with quiet joy)
Aye. She does.

Jamie offers his hand.

The woman studies it, then places hers in his palm.

He closes his fingers around it ever so gently.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Come.

They walk through the golden grass toward the Big House. Hand in hand.

The CAMERA remains behind. Focus softens to FORGET-ME-NOTS in the foreground. Two bees land among them.

END OF OUTLANDER.