

# Liam Neeson

## ROB ROY

by

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A legend bearing location and date, HAMPTON COURT, 1713 dissolves into

1. INT. BEDROOM CHAMBER - NIGHT

1.

Around a huge and heavily caparisoned bed a group of figures, drawn inward towards the woman who lies, curiously, almost disproportionately small in its centre.

There are several men with the practised manners of doctors, disguising their helplessness under the etiquette of total certainty, and a larger number of women, vibrating with the distress of the moment.

From the group of men who share a brief heads together conference, one detaches himself as the others stand back, their task over.

The women draw together, lamentation bravely controlled. The figure on the bed lies waxen, worn, tiny and dead.

2. INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

2.

The figure who has left the room comes down in to the hallway where a group of men stand, talking among themselves in the tones of couriers awaiting instructions. The man arrives among them, says a few words and the group disperses.

3. EXT. COURTYARD - NIGHT

3.

The men emerge and go to their waiting mounts, and within moments are clattering out of the yard.

4. INT. BEDCHAMBER - NIGHT

4.

The doctors have withdrawn and the ladies in waiting begin the preparation of their royal mistress Queen Anne for what remains of the public life.

Somewhere outside a bell begins to beat, like a dull pulse in the air.

A legend.

QUEEN ANNE DIED WITHOUT ANY OF HER FOURTEEN CHILDREN SURVIVING BEYOND INFANCY. WITH HER DEATH THE SUCCESSION TO THE THRONES OF ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND BECAME A MATTER OF CRITICAL MOMENT TO BOTH NATIONS AND TO ALL EUROPE.

The bell continues and we run credits before dissolving slowly, the sound fading to

5. EXT. HILLSIDE - DAY

5.

Vast bare flanks, slanting down into deep valleys, through whose bottoms the line of a stream curls. A bleak yet grand landscape. Establish and pick up a small group of figures, moving on foot across the water and on up the hillside. Half a dozen men, travelling fast, at a half lope.

DISSOLVE TO same scene only now the light has gone from gold to grey and the travellers are close enough for us to see them. They are dressed, with individual variants, in something approaching a uniform. Plaid ponchos slung over shoulders, girded at the waist over coarse, grey, white shirts. Kilts, long hose, soft moccasin style footwear, some with bonnets, others wearing the hair tied back. All are armed, swords, daggers and a couple of pistols and a musket. One or two have small round targes slung behind.

They look like men who have come far and hard and they wear the stains of journeying.

We pick out the leader as they come close. He is bearded and long haired with quick, focused eyes and a kind of animalism of glance and movement, eyes and ears and nose all working together. He stops, picks something up from the ground. They all stop as he sniffs it. The sky is dark with cloud.

The leader, who is Rob Roy McGregor, hands the piece of cow dung to the man behind him, looks on up at the ridge, still a long ways above. Another of the group comes up, a younger man, feral quick, scantily bearded. The man to whom Rob handed the dung stands, breaking it experimentally, sniffing it, putting a piece in his mouth. Without looking at him Rob says

ROB ROY  
How long....?

The man spits out a shard.

McDONALD  
A day, maybe two, Rob....

The young man makes an exasperated noise.

ALASDAIR  
They're away and gone, Rob, and the  
beasts sold....

Rob seems not to hear, continues to watch the now cloud-shrouded ridge. The other three men come up around Rob. He turns, looks at them.

ROB ROY

There's a wee glen over on the other side of Ben Dubh.... If I was a tink with a two days start I'd lie up there and kill me some meat....

The others absorb this. Then one of them says

GREGOR

We'd not get there before dark, Rob.

ROB ROY

Not stood here we won't....

and he moves on, almost before he finishes speaking.

6. EXT. GLEN - NIGHT

6.

A small steep sided glen that makes a natural corral for the two or three dozen small, wiry cattle that are penned behind a rope. A little ways off there is the carcass of a cow, partially butchered.

In front of this a fire is burning and around it squat a ring of men, nine or ten of them, all holding pieces of meat into the flames on sticks and dagger points, singeing and roasting it over the flames. They are a feral looking crew, a more ragged version of their pursuers, with faces marked by desperation and hunger. Among them there is a woman, as voracious as any of the men, and similarly clad.

One man stands outside the circle, watching out into the darkness. This vigilance and his size mark him as some kind of leader. After a moment he turns his back to the circle, stares at the snarling, chewing pack and reaching in he takes a piece of meat from one of them and puts it in his mouth, meeting the protest of the deprived with a baleful look cutting the meat off close to his mouth with a practised slice. The man who has lost his supper gets up with a curse and repairs to the larder to cut him another steak.

7. EXT. HILLSIDE - NIGHT

7.

Rob and McDonald lie looking down into the little arena where the fire makes a lurid tableau.

MCDONALD

You can smell them through the meat....

ROB ROY

Aye, if they fought as strong as they smelled we'd be in trouble.

Alasdair comes crawling up beside them. Stares down.

ALASDAIR  
Just like you said Rob.... there they  
are....

and his face expresses a combination of sycophancy and youthful, in the moment, excitement. Rob has no reaction but McDonald looks at Alasdair, says sardonically

McDONALD  
I thought they were away and gone and  
the beasts sold....

And Alasdair stares at him, glances at Rob to see how he takes this reminder, but Rob has seen enough and starts to crawl back down the slope, followed by McDonald.

Smarting from the rebuke, Alasdair lies a moment longer, staring at the scene below.

8. EXT. GLEN - NIGHT

8.

The rustlers have sated their hunger, or one of them. A squabble has broken out over the woman, who sits gnawing on some rag of meat. The leader curses the two men silent and beckons the woman to him. She comes, obedient as a dog. Lies down by him, as the other men settle into their plaids. We catch a glimpse of her face, a slack half-witted look. From the hillside, Alasdair watches, suddenly interested in the doings below.

9. EXT. HILLSIDE - NIGHT

9.

Rob and the others, minus Alasdair, sit in a tight little circle, their plaids pulled up around their shoulders, their feet held to the tiniest of fires.

COLL  
We can rush them when they're asleep.

IAIN  
Ten of them to six of us....

His tone cautionary.

McDONALD  
Nine. One of them's a woman.

GREGOR  
Half of them would be dead before they  
were awake....

Alasdair comes out of the dark to join them, excited by the news he bears.

ALASDAIR  
They're taking turns shagging that  
whore they have with them....

He holds out his hands to the little pile of embers. He looks at Rob.

(continuing)  
....how are we going to take them,  
Rob....

Rob doesn't say anything for a moment, then

ROB ROY  
I'll go and talk to them in the  
morning....

The others look at him, questioning.

COLL  
What's to say to a bunch of thieving  
tinks, caught with the beasts....

Rob gets up.

ROB ROY  
I'll think on something....

and he goes, finds himself a place to lie down. The others, except for Alasdair, follow suit. He sits where he is, then, when the others are gone, he lies down as close to the fire as he can get.

10. EXT. HILLSIDE - NIGHT

10.

McDonald has lain down behind Rob. He wraps himself in his plaid.

After a moment Rob says

ROB ROY  
I'm getting too old for this, wet arsed  
in the heather chasing other men's  
cattle....

McDONALD  
Come away to the Americas with me.

ROB ROY  
When's that then....?

McDONALD  
After this market, if we do well, I'm  
on a boat out of Greenock....

ROB ROY  
Aye well good luck to you.

McDONALD  
They say there's fine acres for the clearing in Virginia....

ROB ROY  
And they'll likely be as hard as these to sleep on....

and he closes his eyes, his tone not encouraging further comment. McDonald lies a moment, then

McDONALD  
Are you really going in to talk to them?

ROB ROY  
Aye.... I know one of them....

11. EXT. GLEN - EARLY MORNING

11.

The cattle thieves are asleep around the fire which has burned down to a grey circle of ash. The cattle are down on their knees behind the rope, blowing soft rags of steam from their nostrils. Something brings one, then another, then the rest to their feet, staring into the morning mist.

It is Rob, striding into the camp, making no effort at concealment. He is not wearing his plaid and his left hand is hooked in the basket handle of his claymore, which juts behind him like a tail.

When he has come within ten paces or so of the circle he calls out, in a loud clear voice.

ROB ROY  
Up, up, you bunch of ragged-arse tinker cow thieves, this is Robert Roy McGregor....

The leader, sleeping a little apart from the pack, is the first up as Rob goes on

(continuing)  
....come to reclaim the thirty-two beasts stolen from his Lordship, James Graham, Marquis of Montrose....

and the leader is on his feet now, sword in hand, staring around into the mist. There is no sign of any of the rest of Rob's men. Rob stops just beyond sword reach of the man. The other tinkers are getting to their feet with varying degrees of alacrity. The woman untangles herself from the plaid of the last man to use her, stares around her.

Rob pays them no attention, looking straight at the man before him, who, it is clear, recognises him.

ROB ROY  
So it's you, Sibbald, still at your  
mooching....

He looks at the others who are checking around them to see how many men Rob has with him. Rob addresses them.

ROB ROY  
Throw down now and I'll spare you....  
all but one....

He looks at Sibbald.

(continuing)  
....not terms likely to appeal to you,  
Tam, but there's a price to being a  
leader of men....

and his mockery is light, almost commiserative but it goads Sibbald into moving into an attacking stance, his sword held low and extended.

SIBBALD  
By God, McGregor, if there's killing to be done you'll be the first.

Rob stands erect, his left hand hooked casually in the guard of his claymore, his right down by his side, fingers loose. He watches Sibbald steadily as he begins to inch forward to come within range.

The rest of the gang are up, staring around nervously into the surrounding darkness. Only the woman remains on the ground, slackly curious.

SIBBALD  
....who is it you think you are,  
chasing cattle not your own, acting the  
great chief and you as big a thief as  
any of us....?

and he is almost within striking distance and he stops, screwing himself to the next crucial step. The others are all up now, weapons in hand awaiting the outcome of this encounter.

ROB ROY  
And a better one than you'll ever be.  
If I had stolen his Lordship's cattle  
you would not have come walking into my  
dreams so easy....

Sibbald makes a menacing sweep of his blade, cocking it, but Rob doesn't move, remains motionless. His voice drops until he is conversing with the man in front of him.

ROB ROY

I can call the Gregorach, Tam, and kill  
the half of you or it can be between us  
and nothing more....

Sibbald stares at him, fear beginning to seep through his defiance. Rob seems to lean closer, almost whispering

(continuing)

....think on it, man. Are you not  
better dead this morning after a good  
hump and a belly full of stolen  
beef?.... or would you have me march  
you back to Montrose so you can shit  
yourself on the gallows a month  
hence....?

and the calm, almost sympathetic voice snaps Sibbald's control and he comes in with a lunging overhand slash.

Rob seems barely to move, only bending enough so that his fingers pluck the short dagger from the top of His hose and then stepping inside the swing and stabbing up under Sibbald's ribs with a terrible controlled thrust.

His left arm goes around Sibbald's neck, holding him onto the blade which he works, savagely, twisting it in the man's body. Blood gushes from Sibbald's mouth, choking any words. Rob holds him, almost in an embrace, until he goes limp.

Then he looks beyond the dead man to where the others stand, transfixed.

ROB ROY

Throw down now and you have my word  
that no more will die....

They stare at each other, trying to find common cause. Rob calls out beyond them into the mist

ROB ROY

Come lads.... and any man with a blade  
in his hands, cut him down....

and at this the first swords are dropped. The Gregorach come looming out of the mist from a wide arc around the glen.

Then Rob lets Sibbald go and he falls away from the knife. The rest of the gang throw down at this point, suddenly bereft of resistance.

The woman stares at them and screams her hatred and contempt.

WOMAN

Are ye men or what are ye?.... he kilt  
Tam and you stand and let him.... and  
him as much an outlaw as any of you....

and she seizes up a short sword and runs at Rob who catches her arm and turns her round, pinning her, averting his head at the rank stench of her as she struggles and kicks and screams at the unprovoked men

WOMAN

Not a man among you.... your mothers  
curse you, you spittle, you  
leavings....

until Rob clamps a hand over her mouth and silences her.

12. EXT. GLEN - MORNING

12.

The rustlers sit in a circle, tied to one another by a rope behind their backs. In the middle of this circle lies the dead man, tied to them. The woman sits apart, hands tied behind her back. The cattle are being driven out and back over the ridge.

Rob walks around the prisoners, talking in a low but urgent voice.

ROB ROY

Listen to me well and remember this for  
I will remember you, every last one....  
when next you think to steal cattle  
have a care they are not under my  
protection. For if they are you are  
not stealing from their owners, you are  
stealing from me, Robert Roy McGregor,  
and no man steals my beasts and makes  
a profit.... if you doubt me, ask Tam  
Sibbald....

and he takes a knife out of his waist band.

(continuing)  
....up on your feet....

and they struggle to rise and Rob turns and throws the knife as far down the near slope as he can. It flashes in the morning light before disappearing into the heather.

They stare after it, then at Rob who walks away, over to the woman.

The circle of men start down the hill, every one of them trying to face the front, dragging Sibbald among them, with predictable consequences.

Alasdair stands near the woman, his face wrinkled in disgust. He looks at Rob as he comes up.

ALASDAIR  
What are you going to do with her?....

Rob leans down, cuts the rope binding her wrists. Steps back. The woman scrambles up, backs away from them.

ROB ROY  
Be on your way and tell no man you fared ill at our hands....

and she stares at Rob a moment, then turns and runs after the others.

ALASDAIR  
What a harpie.... did you smell her?....

McDonald comes down as the last of the cattle go over the hill. He looks down the slope at the struggling heap of men.

MCDONALD  
Scotland to the very mark, eh....

and Rob smiles at the conceit, turns away. They talk as they go.

ROB ROY  
How are the beasts?....

MCDONALD  
There's a few of them split in the hoof from the hard going....

ROB ROY  
We'll drive them easy, I'll lose no more of them....

while Alasdair watches, fascinated as the woman catches up to the struggling circle, runs past them to where the knife fell. Starts to search as the men come stumbling and cursing towards her. Then with a cry of delight she finds the knife. Holds it up. Alasdair's face shows concern. He turns to tell Rob but they are gone.

He can hear the men below shouting to the woman to bring them the knife. He looks back. The woman holds it up, taunting them, shrieking imprecations at them. They rush towards her and with a yell of defiance and glee she hurls the knife even further down the hill and flees their wrath.

Alasdair stares, shakes his head.

ALASDAIR  
What a harpie....

and runs to catch up with his party, agog with the news.

DISSOLVE TO

13. INT. BUILDING - DAY

13.

A high roofed, cavernous theatre, with a gallery half way up the uncovered stone walls and an open area beneath, which covers the entire floor surface.

Light slants in through a series of long windows set above the gallery.

The place is a kind of gaming hall cum fencing school and it is crowded both on the gallery and on the floor with participants and spectators, men with a sprinkling of females, all of whom display sexual characteristics prominently. There is a mixture of social types from disreputable to aristocratic. Hawkers and vendors pass among them. The atmosphere is that of the conflict crossed with carnival, an air of near frenzy contained by ritual.

A contest is taking place between two men armed with claymores. A savage series of swings and lunges, countered and returned. Both combatants have on partial body armour but the struggle is in deadly earnest and is in some measure indistinguishable from mortal combat.

We single out one of the watchers, a tall, broad-shouldered man with a strong ruthless face and shrewd eyes. One of the fighters is his man and he urges him on in a low vehement voice, partisan but perceptive. He is John Campbell, Duke of Argyll.

As the bout draws to its climax with Argyll's champion mounting a relentless series of attacks that drives his opponent back, defending desperately, another figure comes around the edge of the amphitheatre. Slender, almost wizened, but with a masked, malevolent air to him, James Graham, Marquis of Montrose is close to Argyll's age but in every particular his opposite. From his exquisite wig to his elegant clothing he is a salon animal and his presence here seems untoward, although he shows no discomfort in the rank, heated atmosphere.

With him is a younger man, almost equally well-dressed but with a foppish edge to him. His face, long, handsome in a slightly close-eyed fashion, exhibits an almost open contempt for the spectacle he is witnessing. He glances occasionally at the contestants but his eyes mainly rove over the women on display.

With a shout from the watchers the bout ends, Argyll's man having beaten his opponent literally to his knees, still defending desperately. Then a call comes in from the side and the defeated man concedes, slumping, bruised, bleeding and totally exhausted.

Argyll applauds the outcome and as the gallery begins to pay its bets, Montrose and his companion come up. Argyll, seeing him, laughs

ARGYLL

Montrose, come hotfoot from court to the cockpit....

He eyes Cunningham, assessing his function.

MONTROSE

May I present Archibald Cunningham.... his Grace, the Duke of Argyll....

CUNNINGHAM

I am your Grace's humble servant....

Argyll nods, then, to Montrose, a wicked glint in his eye

ARGYLL

Another of your likely lads....

MONTROSE

Archibald is sent me by his mother in the hope that our climate will cool the fever in his blood....

Argyll looks Cunningham over, taking in the garb, the manner, the whole aura of dandy. When he speaks to Cunningham he conveys a sense of impregnable authority, a man who knows he can say or do just about anything without consequence.

ARGYLL

So Mr. Cunningham, what are these principal sins that distress your mother.... dice or drink or whores....

and the malice gleams in his eye as he goes on

(continuing)

....or are you a buggerer of boys?....

Cunningham smiles at the thrust. Argyll's swordsman has come up now. Stands listening, a raw boned man with the look of a vicious dog.

CUNNINGHAM

It is years, your Grace, since I  
buggered a boy, and in my own defence  
I must add I thought him a girl at the  
moment of entry....

Argyll grins, enjoying the riposte, but relentlessly going  
on, turning to his man

ARGYLL

What say you, Guthrie, that Archie here  
could not tell arse from placket...

GUTHRIE

I have heard that many Englishmen have  
the difficulty.

Argyll is delighted, slaps Guthrie on the shoulder.

ARGYLL

Spoken as well as you fought....

He turns to Cunningham.

(continuing)

....did you see Guthrie here at work,  
Mr. Cunningham. Is he not a veritable  
Hector?....

CUNNINGHAM

He is a fair hand with a cleaver, it  
must be said....

and this jibe pleases Argyll even more, sniffing as he does  
conflict.

ARGYLL

You don't think much of our Highland  
tools then....

CUNNINGHAM

If I had to kill an ox, a claymore  
would be my first choice, your  
Grace....

and Guthrie, drawn into it by his role, reaches out, takes  
a hold of Cunningham's upper arm, squeezes it  
depreciatingly.

GUTHRIE

Best use a musket and save the beast a  
misery....

and Cunningham looks at this counterpart of himself, all  
manner of recognition in his eyes.

CUNNINGHAM

I would not need a musket for you,  
Guthrie....

and Argyll claps his hands in delight, looks at Montrose,  
smiling.

ARGYLL

I'll wager a hundred of what you like  
on Guthrie and his cleaver....

MONTROSE

At odds....

and Argyll stares at him, shakes his head.

ARGYLL

You are a fox, James.... what odds....

and the two men who are being bet on just stand, assessing  
each other while the gallery, picking up the events, begins  
to crowd nearer.

MONTROSE

Three....

ARGYLL

Two....

MONTROSE

English pounds....

ARGYLL

Come, James, there's more of a jingle  
to guineas.

MONTROSE

Guineas it is....

ARGYLL

Done.... and the tools for your  
peacock.... no, let me guess....

and he looks over Cunningham again, and the look is all  
malice.

(continuing)

....rapier and poniard, in the Italian  
style....

CUNNINGHAM

Your Grace has an eye for character....

ARGYLL

And I know yours to your teeth, lad....

He looks at Guthrie.

ARGYLL  
(continuing)  
....will you use a targe....

Guthrie shakes his head, his eyes never leaving Cunningham.

GUTHRIE  
No need, your Grace....

ARGYLL  
Excellent, excellent....

He claps his hands and a servant materializes.

(continuing)  
....a bumper of Rhenish for my Lord  
Montrose and myself and show  
Mr. Cunningham what blades we have....

and betting is now taking place all around the amphitheatre  
as Cunningham goes to inspect the sword case and Guthrie  
retrieves his claymore and starts limbering up.

Montrose watches it all with his basalisk stare, fingers  
curled in the strands of his wig. Argyll, well pleased  
with himself, goes and fetches the two cups of wine, brings  
them back, gives one to Montrose.

MONTROSE  
You honour me, sir, to serve me with  
your own hand....

thin malice tinting his words. Argyll laughs.

ARGYLL  
I tell you, James, I forget how much  
you dislike me until I am in your  
presence. Then it rises from you like  
incense.... so what news at Court....

Montrose shrugs, turning his back on the area where the  
contest is to be held. Throughout the fight he will remain  
so, his back indicating his disinterest in the mechanics of  
his conflict with Argyll. It is in this icy control that  
we should see that despite the obvious evidence, Montrose  
is as formidable a man as Argyll.

MONTROSE  
What else but the succession.... the  
Queen, God rest her, was most  
inconsiderate in her passing, to leave  
such a matter so unresolved.

ARGYLL  
She was ever irresolute was poor  
Anne....

MONTROSE

Aye, but one could have hoped a field  
so regularly ploughed might have  
yielded one good crop.... but in truth  
I have seen quicker graveyards than  
that woman's womb....

and in the icy bitchiness of his voice we hear his  
authentic tone.

Cunningham and Guthrie are now confronting each other and  
still the appearances say Argyll's bet is safest as  
Cunningham stands, still with that faintly effete air,  
facing the big, dark-haired animal of a man that is  
Guthrie.

Argyll is now fixed on the two men but Montrose continues,  
well aware he is distracting the other.

MONTROSE

So now we are set between two hard  
stones. Some German laird who cannot  
speak our tongue but will force us to  
master his to win preferment or a  
Scotsman more French than the  
French....

The contest begins and almost from the outset it should be  
evident that Guthrie is completely outclassed. Cunningham's  
languor turns seamlessly into a supple, steely balance and  
he moves around the other man in a series of smooth fluent  
steps, his rapier flicking out, keeping Guthrie off-balance  
and at bay until in frustration he charges, swinging. Then  
Cunningham with surprising calm moves inside and shifting  
weapons in a blur of hand speed, slashes Guthrie lightly  
across the midriff, hissing in his ear as he does the one  
word "gutted."

During this Montrose continues his own slashing, probing  
talk which Argyll only slowly comes to recognize as the  
verbal equivalent of what is happening to his champion on  
the floor.

MONTROSE

....I am asked continually on which  
side your Grace will declare himself.  
All I could answer in honesty was that  
it would be that one most inclined to  
his own benefit, for if there is a  
higher principle than enlightened self-  
interest I am yet to have it explained  
to me....

and Cunningham now goes on the attack, his slender, almost  
delicate weapon making a series of lightning flicks and  
slashes so that Guthrie begins to bleed from a number of  
savage little cuts, during which

MONTROSE (VO)

....I fear whichever way it falls there will be a war, for James Stuart is such a man that other men will have to die to keep his opinion of himself bright....

until Argyll who realizes from the spectacle before him that he has been set up and is now being taunted, suddenly snarls, any pretence at bonhomie gone

ARGYLL

Dammit man but you talk too much....  
can you not tend to your wager....

and Montrose's satisfaction is complete, escaping in the thinnest of smiles.

MONTROSE

Ach Argyll, my wager is well won....

and he turns to the floor where Cunningham has moved from baiting to closure and is forcing Guthrie back, both hands brilliantly at work, forcing him to use his claymore for defence, driving him until he is almost to where Argyll and Montrose stand. Then he feints with the sword and comes in with the poniard, taking Guthrie under the chin, lifting his head high till it seems he carries it on the point.

He looks into Guthrie's eyes.

CUNNINGHAM

Be grateful our masters wagered but money and not lives or yours would be spent....

and he increases the pressure until the point pierces and blood drips down the blade. Then with a swift step back Cunningham bows to his helpless adversary and as applause breaks out from the watchers he turns his back on Guthrie and takes a bow.

Guthrie is seized by rage, his arm comes up and he begins to make at his tormentor only for Argyll's voice, angry and imperative to halt him.

ARGYLL

Dammit Guthrie, is it not enough that you are beaten but you must turn backstabber....

and then Argyll storms out, his servants following and Guthrie, suddenly hang-dog, behind them.

Cunningham watches him go as Montrose calls after the departing retinue

MONTROSE

I will have my factor call on your Grace....

14. EXT. CLACHAN - EVENING

14.

Rob and the others come down the hillside driving the herd. Below them lie the two dozen or so rude dwellings that constitute the village. They are little more than low-walled huts with sod roofs, most without windows or chimneys. Primitive if sturdy structures.

As they bring the cattle down among the dwellings, doors open and people come out to greet them and we see a group in whose faces poverty and hardship are stamped. They take over the task of corralling the beasts as Rob and the others fall out and take their ease. All of them are hard marked by the drive and they receive such sustenance as their families bring them gratefully, sitting down against the walls of the houses.

Rob looks around at the scene, his eyes picking out the elderly and the young, a glint of concern in his eye. McDonald comes over to him with a jug. Hands it over and Rob cradles it on a bent arm to drink.

Alasdair is recounting the events with considerable mime and amplification. McDonald watches Rob as he hands the bottle back. Their eyes meet.

ROB ROY

Cut out another of the cattle. If the tinkers ate one they could have eaten two....

MCDONALD

Montrose will charge you nonetheless.

ROB ROY

Aye, aye, but look here man, these folk need meat.... I'm weary of seeing weans that look like their grannies.

MCDONALD

It'll take more than a cow to fix that, Rob....

and Rob stares at him, angry at this.

ROB ROY

Aye well, you'll be in the Americas living off the fat so it won't worry you....

and McDonald looks hurt at this and Rob, as hasty to make amends as he was to lash out, reaches out

ROB ROY  
(continuing)  
....don't heed that Alan. My mouth  
spoke before I was ready.

McDONALD  
No need, I know the ache of seeing your  
own folk wasting and nothing to do but  
pray for a soft winter....

Rob gets up, unwilling to listen.

Coll comes out of the house they have been sitting against,  
a woman behind him carrying a dish of some hot, thick  
liquid.

COLL  
Have some broth, Rob, fresh off the  
fire....

ROB ROY  
No, Coll, I'm for home.... I told Alan  
here to cut out a beast before you  
drive them the rest of the way....  
Share it out among the folk....

and Coll's wife dips a piece of bread into the stew. Hands  
it to him. Rob takes it, gestures with it to her.

ROB ROY  
Your kindness, Morag...

MORAG  
And yours, Rob, God bless you....

and Rob goes down through the houses, exchanging greetings  
with the community, passing Alasdair who is reliving the  
trip to a circle of onlookers, and on along a path that  
angles away across the hillside into the thickening dark.

We hold on Alasdair and his captive audience.

ALASDAIR  
Then Rob just walks in among them, bold  
as a linnet, his sword still in its  
sheath and says "waken up you bunch of  
ragged arse tinker cow thieves...."

15. EXT. SHORE - EARLY MORNING

15.

The loch in the morning mist is still as green glass, the  
light above it pearly white.

Rob is standing, naked, up to the crotch in water, sluicing  
himself down. He hears a whimper behind him, turns around.

A dog stands at the water's edge, eager but reluctant. Behind it, some fifty yards back on a small shelf of land is a low stone house with a few outsheds. It is silent and dark.

Rob comes wading in, greets the dog and picks up his clothes. Roughly drying himself off he walks to the house.

16. INT. HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

16.

The house is divided into two areas by a simple partition to the rafters. In the largest area which contains the fireplace and a table, two children, boys of seven and nine, are asleep on palliasses. In the other section, on a raised platform a woman is in bed, her face turned to the wall. She does not stir as Rob comes in, lays down his clothes and gear, and comes to the bed.

He raises the bedclothes, breathes in the aroma of wife and home, and slips naked and damp in beside her.

The chill of him reaches her and she shivers and turns to him, still asleep. She has a strong, handsome face, with dark loose hair around her shoulders. Rob holds her. She smiles, her eyes still closed.

MARY

I dreamed a silkie came....

and his palms, fish cold, are under her shift. She shivers and smiles as he says, wet beard against her ear

ROB ROY

And what did he do with you, your silkie....?

Her eyes open and she smiles, a drugged slack smile of sleep.

MARY

You wakened me before the best of it....

and she turns into his embrace, her mouth drinking his neck

(continuing)

....but he would have ravished me for certain....

They kiss, hot and cold, and after their lips part Rob says

ROB ROY

Wife, how do you know you are awake....?

and she smiles and closes her eyes and returns to the submarine world where all is possible and Rob, gently but with the assurance of one who knows his way, turns her on her back and lying beside her, right-angled, legs beneath her raised knees, he finds and enters her, a slow, yielding thrust that causes her face to expand slowly in wonder and delight.

17. EXT. LOCH - EARLY MORNING

17.

On the glass of the loch's surface a fish rises and a ring breaks and spreads in a slow silken circle expanding to the sound of a gasp and then a deep sigh of widening pleasure.

Hold then DISSOLVE TO

18. EXT. GROUNDS OF MANOR HOUSE - MORNING

18.

A large and impressive house with laid out and tended grounds. A figure comes down a path, hurrying towards a small coach house at the far end of the grounds. He is a big, burly yet skittish figure, hurrying along with quick short strides.

19. INT. ROOM - MORNING

19.

A low ceilinged room with small deep set windows. The most of the room is taken up by a bed. In the bed Cunningham lies asleep, his nightshirt twisted about him, his hair damp on his head from perspiration.

A young woman is at the foot of the bed, getting dressed. If her appearance did not tell us then her clothing, as she struggles into it, conveys serving girl. She is pretty and plump and concerned about her girth, and about not waking the man.

She takes one love-lost look at him, examines herself in a mirror that bulges so much as to make accurate assessment impossible, then makes for the door.

She opens it to find the big man stood outside as if he had been there a week. She reacts in a panic of recognition.

BETTY

Mr. Killearn.... I'm on my way....

Killearn blocks her exit, smiling, his eyes bright with malice and more.

KILLEARN

Well on the way I'd venture....

and as she tries to get past he presses his belly against her, causing her to struggle.

BETTY

Let me be, Mr. Killearn.... you'll wake him.... don't Mr. Killearn....

this to a hand thrust under her skirt.

KILLEARN

I'm sure the young master keeps you nicely greased, does he not....

and his hand, more insistent than his jocular tone, goes between her legs. Killearn smiles at the accuracy of his prediction.

(continuing)

....you'd hardly feel me going in, Betty....

and the girl struggles, desperate to free herself and keep quiet at the same time.

Then Cunningham stirs, and Betty with a little cry wrenches herself free, partly by her own efforts, partly by Killearn's relinquishing his hold, and she is out and away.

Killearn comes over to look down on the face of the man on the bed and there is in his eyes a fathomless, amused contempt. He holds the fingers of the hand he had between Betty's legs under the man's nose.

KILLEARN

A wee whiff o' quim in the morning,  
Mr. Cunningham sir....

and Cunningham's features react, his eyes flutter. Killearn smiles.

(continuing)

....just the thing to clear your head....

and Cunningham does begin to come awake, opening his eyes, looking up. Killearn has his hand behind his back and his sober face on for this, his voice unctuous with self-abasement.

KILLEARN

Mr. Cunningham.... I hope I'm not disturbing you....

Cunningham jerks himself up against the headboard, instantly irritable.

CUNNINGHAM  
Of course you're bloody well disturbing  
me....

He rubs his face as if trying to rearrange his features

(continuing)  
....do you think I want to wake up and  
see some great smelly Scotchman  
standing over me....?

and he throws his legs out of bed, hooks a chamberpot out  
from beneath it, and proceeds to pee into it with careless  
relief.

CUNNINGHAM  
What are you doing here....?

Killearn moves round the bed as if to afford himself a  
better view.

KILLEARN  
I wanted to tell you that some of the  
local trades folk have been pressing  
for payment on your debt....

Cunningham stares at him, amazed and annoyed.

CUNNINGHAM  
And you woke me to tell me that?

KILLEARN  
A thousand apologies to you, Mr.  
Cunningham, but they have also writ to  
his Lordship....

Cunningham is abruptly sobered.

CUNNINGHAM  
Damnation, I but recently earned his  
Lordship two hundred guineas and myself  
the enmity of a man I had no mind to  
cross.... What are the complaints of a  
few tradesmen to such services....

He gets up, kicking the chamber pot as he passes out around  
the bed. Killearn waits a beat, then

KILLEARN  
Was this man, was he the Duke of  
Argyll?....

Cunningham stands in front of the mirror, trying to see  
himself clearly. Nods.

CUNNINGHAM

I did not know his Lordship bore him such malice. If I had I would have gone easier on Argyll's man....

KILLEARN

Indeed these great Lords are ever at each other's throats. It is Scotland's story in a thimble.

CUNNINGHAM

Well I cannot wait until I am out of the damnable place.

KILLEARN

Listen to you, you talk like a Scotsman already and hardly with us a fortnight....

then going on in his sideways, spiderly fashion

(continuing)

....Would you like me to remove your chamber pot, Mr. Cunningham....?

Cunningham, thrown by this, just stares. Killearn takes his silence as acquiescence. Comes round and retrieves the vessel, seemingly without revulsion. As he passes Cunningham, he says, the soul of gravitas

(continuing)

....I know of many a Scotsman would be glad of a dram of this on a cold morning.... it's almost pure spirit, or I'm no judge of a pint of pish.

20. EXT. HILLSIDE - DAY

20.

Rob and Mary are walking slowly but steadily up the hill. The boys, Duncan and Ranald, range ahead with the dog. Mary carries a basket on her arm. She walks easily, a lithe, outdoor stride.

ROB ROY

I killed Tam Sibbald yesterday morning....

Mary looks at him. He is thinking of the event, his face grave.

(continuing)

....we played at the ball, once at Crieff market.... I remember shouting "Well done, Tam," when he made a run....

He looks at her.

ROB ROY  
(continuing)  
....and there he was, hung on the end  
of my dirk like meat.

She hands him the basket, a matter of fact breaking of his mood.

MARY  
Aye, well likely it was necessary.

ROB ROY  
Aye it was....

They walk on a moment, then

ROB ROY  
That band of tinkers we came upon....

He shakes his head.

(continuing)  
....I was hard put to tell them from  
ourselves. Broken men with no name, no  
kin, loyal to their guts and little  
else....

MARY  
We are no tinkers, Robert. We are  
McGregors....

ROB ROY  
Who are forbid to use our name....

MARY  
Does some English decree make us  
tinkers....?

ROB ROY  
It begins to, it begins to.... starve  
us a winter or three more and watch the  
young men away to the Americas, or to  
the Continental wars, or to England,  
where they need not see their weans  
crying for a crust or their beasts dead  
from eating air and we'll be tinkers  
soon enough....

and she can sense that this is but preamble to something  
more. She looks at him, an assessing look in which  
affection is allayed with a harder realism.

MARY  
So tell me then, what is to be  
done....?

and he meets her gaze, challenged by it, respectful of it. Nods his head, says in a voice that has dropped the passion of his last indictment

ROB ROY  
I have made my mind to borrowing money  
from Montrose....

and he hesitates, then, almost nervously

(continuing)  
....a thousand pounds....

The sum is sufficiently enormous for Mary to look shocked. She repeats it, almost in a tone of wonderment

MARY  
A thousand pounds....

as Rob piles on persuasion.

ROB ROY  
To buy cattle at Crieff market and sell  
them at Carlisle....

but the look remains on her face.

(continuing)  
Believe me Mary, this will turn a profit. Six pound in Crieff is ten or twelve in Carlisle.... I know cattle and I can drive them faster and deliver them fatter than any man in the Kingdom.... we would have provision against winter's worst. Salt fish and meal, fodder for the beasts, oil for lamps, tackle and gear....

MARY  
And why would the Marquis of Montrose lend a no-name McGregor a thousand pound, or has his Lordship grown Christian overnight....

and Rob, eager to persuade, presses his argument, hopefully.

ROB ROY  
For profit, what else. It would be investment as much as loan.

but if he had hoped to win her over the reply disillusioned him.

MARY  
Oh, it's business partners you are now,  
you and the Marquis....

and her tone cuts him, making him flush with anger.

ROB ROY

Keep that tongue for your weans, woman.  
I did not tell you my mind to be flayed  
for it....

and he turns and starts up the hill to where, among a circle of standing stones the boys and the dog can be seen.

Mary watches him a moment, rueful rather than contrite. Then she runs after him, catching his arm, falling into step beside him.

MARY

I love the bones of you, Robert McGregor.... but you take too much to heart that cannot be helped....

He doesn't look at her, only says

ROB ROY

It must be helped....

MARY

Alright, but not today, eh....

and he looks down at her and she up at him and a truce passes between them and they walk on, joined at the hip.

DISSOLVE TO

21. EXT. STONES - DAY

21.

They are sat among the stones, having eaten, Rob with a stone at his back, Duncan and Ranald on either side, Mary a little ways off with the dog's head in her lap. Rob is gesturing round at the stones.

ROB ROY

....and no man knows them or their tongue or what they called themselves or how or why they raised these stones.

RANALD

Were they McGregors....?

ROB ROY

No, they were long before us, but for all we know they were our kin for blood and honour never dies.

DUNCAN

What is honour....?

and Mary, watching and listening, her face shrewd with affection for the three of them.

ROB ROY

Honour is what no man can give you and none can take away.... honour is a man's gift to himself....

DUNCAN

Do women have it....?

which makes Mary laugh and Rob looks over at her, his eyes almost grave.

ROB ROY

Women are the heart of honour and we must cherish and protect it in them. You must never mistreat a woman or malign a man, nor stand by and see another do so....

RANALD

How do you know if you have it....?

ROB ROY

Never worry on the getting of it. It grows in you and speaks to you.... all you need do is listen....

and this deep held certainty touches Mary and she lowers her eyes and rubs the dog's muzzle to express the emotion the man arouses in her, and Rob rubs his sons heads roughly.

ROB ROY

Alright lads, enough of the finer things, you have beasts to tend to and water to haul. Away with you....

and they get up and the dog jumps up with them, eager for the off. Mary starts to rise but Rob goes on

(continuing)

....your mother and me will be down directly....

and she remains, sidelong on the grass, saying only

MARY

Take the basket....

and they pick it up and start pellmell down the slope, yelling. Rob and Mary remain, yards apart, looking at each other a long moment. Then

ROB ROY  
Do you know how fine you are to me,  
Mary McGregor....?

She moves across to him, settles between his knees. He takes her head in his hands, looks into her face.

(continuing)  
....so fine....

and they kiss, a long mouth melded moment. Then she looks at him.

MARY  
Is that why you sent them away, to tell me how fine I am....

and her hands go between his legs, gentle and certain and he looks at her in mock surprise as she continues

MARY  
Or did you want to make a silk purse out of my sow's ear again....

ROB ROY  
What a wanton I am wed on....

and she rises up between his knees, her mouth close to his ear.

MARY  
You know what the old wives say about these standing stones....

and Rob's eyes are closed now, smiling at her words and her hands. He shakes his head. She smiles.

(continuing)  
....well it's true, I can tell you that my love....

and the camera moves slowly above their heads, up the shaft of the stone, to look out across the vivid valley of the loch and see, far below, their seed grown flesh, running and hallooing to the house.

HOLD AND DISSOLVE TO

22. INT. CHAMBER - DAY

22.

In a high vaulted, elegantly proportioned room, Montrose is waving a fistful of paper in Cunningham's face. Killearn stands against a wall, practising invisibility.

MONTROSE

....and this tailor in Glasgow to whom you owe eighty-seven pounds extended this credit because you were my guest.... or as you preferred to frame it, 'a member of my household'....

CUNNINGHAM

I can assure his Lordship I have in no manner indebted him....

but Montrose goes on, unmollified.

MONTROSE

And now it comes to my attention you are getting bastards on my serving maids....

and Cunningham knows who he owes for this. He glares at Killearn who keeps his eyes to the front while Montrose continues

(continuing)

....dammit man, it is as if you had ridden one of my mares until she is spavined. There is no courtesy in it.

CUNNINGHAM

I regret that I have so offended your Lordship. By your leave I will remove myself....

and Montrose stares at him, vindictive and affronted.

MONTROSE

And to where might I ask? You are penniless. You have no mount. You know no one. To where will you remove yourself?....

Before Cunningham can answer Montrose spits at him

(continuing)

....have you some notion of presenting yourself at the Duke of Argyll's door, soliciting his patronage as his new champion....?

and he can see he's not so far off the mark. Cunningham bows his head.

CUNNINGHAM

I am your Lordship's to command.

and Montrose stands a long, malevolent moment, then

MONTROSE  
Remember your place sir. That is all  
I ask of any man....

Then he turns away, to Killearn, leaving Cunningham white faced.

(continuing)  
....what is next?....

KILLEARN  
McGregor, my Lord.

Montrose stands a moment as if trying to recall what or who McGregor is, then, to Cunningham

MONTROSE  
You may go, Archibald....

and Cunningham bows and goes out, shooting Killearn a look that he steadfastly ignores.

23. EXT. HALL - DAY

23.

Cunningham comes out, every sinew trembling with anger. Rob waits in the hall but Cunningham goes past him without a glance, on down the corridor.

Killearn looks out, making sure that Cunningham is some distance away, steps out to Rob, starts to check him over.

KILLEARN  
You bear no arms....

ROB ROY  
I am here to propose a transaction that will benefit his Lordship as well as myself. I have no play to insist terms at sword point....

KILLEARN  
It is against all usage for someone of your station to enter a nobleman's presence bearing arms....

He takes Rob's arm, and with a backward glance ushers him to the door, saying the while

(continuing)  
....when his Lordship speaks do not presume to interject until he gives you leave....

and he opens the door, looks back once more to see if he can see Cunningham, then leads Rob in.

24. INT. ANTE ROOM - DAY

24.

Cunningham is striding back and forth in the small space, almost bouncing off the walls, cursing and hating.

CUNNINGHAM

Damn him and his title and his accursed patronage and my whore mother and whoever my whore master father is and this damnable poxified country....

and the door opens and Betty looks in, scared and concerned. Cunningham sees her and belches at her his wrath.

(continuing)

....and damn you and the bastard in your belly whoever put it there....

and she runs into his arms and he holds her, almost against his will but also in desperation for some human contact and Betty sobs against his chest her love and her assurance that the child is his and Cunningham stands, staring wildly around him, like an animal with its leg in a trap.

25. INT. CHAMBER - DAY

25.

Rob and Montrose, with Killearn in his appointed place.

MONTROSE

It has been put to me that these recoveries of stolen stock on which your reputation is founded might well be the work of he who thieved them in the first place....

Rob looks a little puzzled. Montrose goes on

(continuing)

....that it is you who drive them off to the hills and sit with them in some glen, eating my beef.... and then at your leisure return them with tales of thieves caught and summarily executed.

ROB ROY

I have in my day reived cattle my Lord, but none that were under my care....

MONTROSE

Ah, is that what passes for honour among cattle thieves....?

and Rob tightens at the taunting.

ROB ROY

What passes for honour with me is much the same as with your Lordship. When my word is given it is good.

MONTROSE

My, you have a great opinion of yourself.... you are to be congratulated on such cheaply bought nobility.... see my man for the terms of these monies, and see they are kept....

and Killearn, recognizing his cue, steps out and opens the door and Rob, a little surprised that it is concluded, bows.

ROB ROY

My thanks to your Lordship....

but Montrose has turned away and is gazing from his window over his acres as Rob withdraws.

26. INT. TAVERN - NIGHT

26.

Close on the signing of the contract. Rob's name appears in a steady almost elegant script, then we widen to see him, Killearn and McDonald in a tavern, a low ceilinged room, thick with bodies and smoke and the commerce of intoxication. They sit over against a wall at a table. Killearn dusts the document with sand, holding it up to blow it dry, generally making a little production of it and summoning the serving lad as he says

KILLEARN

It's a fine bold signature you have,  
Rob, worthy of a chieftain....

and McDonald and Rob exchange dry looks as the lad comes up.

(continuing)

....three aquavits here lad, and be sure you pour them from my own jar....

The lad stares at Rob a moment until he catches his eye.

LAD

Are you Rob Roy McGregor....?

ROB ROY

I am....

and with a quick nod the lad darts away, eeling through the crush.

Killearn rolls up the parchment, going on the while

KILLEARN

My but you're the famous man, eh. Even  
the tavern lads know you....

Rob ignores this.

ROB ROY

When will his Lordship sign the  
note....

KILLEARN

I'll have it before him in the  
morning....

ROB ROY

Alan here will wait on it. I must back  
to Craigrostan to make ready. Crieff  
market is scarce two weeks hence and  
there is much to do....

Killearn affects to be impressed.

KILLEARN

What a great man you are become, Rob,  
driving great herds, bargaining with  
Marquises. What will be the end of  
it....?

McDONALD

How do you manage to talk so much  
shite, Killearn, and keep you from  
going brown....?

and Rob grins at this and Killearn, after a deadening in  
the eyes, laughs with him.

KILLEARN

It's a treasure you have here, Rob. A  
McDonald who sits when he's told and is  
a wit too....

Then the lad returns with a tray and the drinks. Behind  
him is a man we recognize as Guthrie. He is drunk,  
unkempt, and several of his wounds are still unhealed,  
scabbed over, giving him a desperate disintegrating air.

He stares at Rob with the classic veiled aggression of  
alcohol. The lad puts the tray down, and nervously  
explains

LAD

He asked me, sir....

but Guthrie comes in, standing up to the table, towering  
over them.

GUTHRIE  
You are Rob Roy McGregor....?

ROB ROY  
As the lad told you....

GUTHRIE  
I am Will Guthrie.... have you heard of  
me....?

ROB ROY  
I have not....

Killearn hands round the aquavit, sensing the atmosphere,  
always eager to thicken it.

KILLEARN  
Mr. Guthrie is in the employ of the  
Duke of Argyll....

GUTHRIE  
I am in my own employ....

then leaning in on Rob

(continuing)  
....and I am the best man with a  
claymore in the Kingdom.

Rob raises his glass.

ROB ROY  
To your good fortune....

GUTHRIE  
I heard you gutted Tam Sibbald.

and at this Rob puts his drink down without tasting it.  
McDonald beside him tenses and the tavern slowly quietens,  
a ripple of hush.

ROB ROY  
You are kin to Tam....?

GUTHRIE  
Kin enough.... I shagged his sister  
once....

and Killearn, unable to resist the opportunity

KILLEARN  
Well, likely enough so did Tam....

and suddenly, with surprising fluency considering his  
condition, Guthrie has his sword out and at Killearn's  
throat, causing him to jerk back in reflexive fear.

GUTHRIE

You want the wind let out of your bladder....?

and to this Killearn has no riposte and it is Rob who comes in.

ROB ROY

What is your business with me, Guthrie....?

and slowly Guthrie removes his attention and sword from Killearn, transferring them to Rob.

GUTHRIE

Business best done outside....

and the blade rests on the table, edge up, pointing at Rob's chest.

ROB ROY

We have no quarrel....

GUTHRIE

That can be remedied....

and the tavern is totally silent, a great many eyed expectancy. McDonald's hand creeps to the dirk in his stocking top. The lad stares at this thing he has somehow brought to pass. Killearn ever so slowly slides down the bench, his eyes on the blade. Rob lets the moment pulse, then as if making terms, says

ROB ROY

To the first cut....

and Guthrie nods and almost before his head has stopped moving Rob has swept his palm across the edge of the blade, slicing it, and held it up to Guthrie and the whole tavern.

ROB ROY

....well done....

There is a momentary silence and then the whole place erupts in laughter and applause, bringing Guthrie jerking round, startled, discomfited and with a speed that matches his hand movement, Rob is up and round from behind the table and at Guthrie's side, inside the thrust range.

Guthrie swings round to face him and Rob with the bleeding hand on his arm says, looking him in the eye

ROB ROY

Some other time when we are both sober....

and then, with a wink at the lad, he leaves the tavern before Guthrie can respond. Guthrie stands a moment, nonplussed, then as the laughter dies to a buzz he heads heavily back to the counter.

Killearn, recovering his poise, looks after Rob, malice glinting.

KILLEARN

What a man he is, hardly six would make  
a dozen....

but McDonald is looking at him with a knowing contempt.

McDONALD

You were talking at the other end a  
minute ago, Killearn. I could smell  
you....

and he gets up and follows Rob, Killearn's eyes daggers in  
his back.

27. EXT. TAVERN - DAY

27.

Rob is standing outside untying his plaid from the saddle  
of a small wiry horse. McDonald comes out. Rob gives him  
a look and a short shake of the head, conveying relief and  
exasperation. McDonald takes Rob's hand, looks at the cut.  
Rob grunts.

ROB ROY

That Sibbald has a longer reach dead  
than he ever did living.... I'm away  
home. Keep the pony and stick to  
Killearn till you have the note....

and McDonald nods and Rob puts his plaid around him and  
trudges off and McDonald watches him a moment, strokes the  
horse's neck and goes in.

28. EXT. TRACK - NIGHT

28.

Rob walking along a path that passes Montrose's estate.  
His house can be seen, set on the hillside. Rob doesn't  
even look at it as he swings along, sucking thoughtfully on  
his cut hand. We hold on the house as Rob walks on.

DISSOLVE TO

29. INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

29.

Cunningham and Betty are in bed. He is drunk, a deep almost calm intoxication on which his mind floats like a cork. She is in her way almost equally inebriated, but on the pure spirit of post coital proximity to the beloved. She is asking the devoted questions of one who really wants to hear the answer.

BETTY

But your mother was a lady....

CUNNINGHAM

In waiting....

smiling a faint ironic smile

(continuing)

....but ladyship never came.

BETTY

At court, a lady in waiting at court....

Cunningham takes a long reflective pull on a bottle, wiping his chin, an act Betty helps him with, using a corner of the sheet as he goes on

CUNNINGHAM

At court where Cunt was Queen, a-whoring among the whore-masters.... I once asked her if she knew who my father was, as any self respecting bastard might.... and she put what was left of her mind to it and narrowed the field to three....

and he chuckles, genuinely amused by this feat of memory.

(continuing)

....the Earl of Rutland, whose name alone would warrant credence as title for a cocksman; a Secretary to the Spanish Ambassador, Ferdinand, she thought although she could not be certain.... and some buck she never saw who raised her skirts at a masked ball....

BETTY

He ravished her....

her voice arching with horror. Cunningham looks at her.

CUNNINGHAM

I would put it no higher than 'surprised'....

Then there comes a knocking on the door. Betty looks panicky, stares at Cunningham who simply calls out

CUNNINGHAM  
(continuing)  
....who is there....

KILLEARN (VO)  
Mr. Cunningham.... it is Killearn. A word with you....

Betty shrinks down in the bed, whispers

BETTY  
Don't let him see me....

but Cunningham has already risen, all at once angry, makes for the door.

Betty slips beneath the bedding as Cunningham opens the door to reveal Killearn who smiles his wet smile, peering past Cunningham into the room.

KILLEARN  
Do I interrupt you at your....?

but Cunningham seizes him by the throat and with a vicious grip throttles him as he forces him to his knees.

Killearn's eyes boggle, he gasps and chokes, trying in vain to wrench the hand away, but Cunningham is quite simply too strong for him and when he has him in front of him he makes as if to urinate on him.

Betty dares to look out from under the covers. All she can see is Cunningham's back, his nightgown hoisted in front and the sounds of Cunningham's voice.

CUNNINGHAM  
Did you not say you could fancy a dram of such....?

and Killearn tears himself away, throwing himself back on to the landing, gasping. Lies there staring up at Cunningham who closes the door and steps outside.

Betty, horrified and thrilled, sits up. Then unable to resist, she gets up, goes to the door, listens.

CUNNINGHAM (VO)  
....If you ever again inform against me to his Lordship, I will give you meat as well as drink, Killearn, mark me....

30. EXT. STAIRHEAD - NIGHT

30.

Killearn has got to his feet, shaken but somehow defiant.

KILLEARN

It is my task to inform his Lordship on all matters that come to my attention. It is my post and service as yours is to win his wagers with your blade.... we are both his tools....

Cunningham stares at him, angry at this comparison.

CUNNINGHAM

Aye, but you, lickspittle, have a fancy for the work. With me it is a servitude....

KILLEARN

Then why not leave.... or are you manacled to it....?

CUNNINGHAM

Money is my manacle, or its lack....

and Killearn comes closer, rubbing his throat.,,

KILLEARN

That is what brings me to your door, Archie....

and he sees the look on Cunningham's face at this liberty.

31. INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

31.

Betty, listening at the door, holding a sheet to her. She can hear the following but imperfectly.

CUNNINGHAM (VO)

You are a carbuncle on this arse of a country, Killearn. What do you have to say to me that I should tolerate your liberties with my name....?

KILLEARN (VO)

I have the means to knock off your manacles at one stroke. Let us go inside. It has been a hard night on my windpipe thus far and an aquavit would go far to ease my tongue....

and Betty, fearful of discovery, freezes.

32. EXT. STAIRHEAD - NIGHT

32.

Cunningham and Killearn. Cunningham shows no sign of opening the door. Killearn nods, knowingly.

KILLEARN

A thousand pardons. Had I known you were at sport I would not have....

CUNNINGHAM

Dammit man, tell me what you are here for and make it soon....

33. INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

33.

And Betty listening hears them move away from the door and Killearn going on

KILLEARN (VO)

I know how to free you from his Lordship's patronage. It calls for those skills you possess in full measure.... it would put such a sum in your pocket....

and then she can hear no more although she strains her ear to the door.

34. EXT. CLACHAN - MORNING

34.

Various shots of the community preparing for the drive to market. Ponies are rounded up and checked over. A forge is set up and a farmer is at work as the horses have their shoes replaced or repaired.

The women bake and prepare food. Gear is mended, clothing stitched and the cow Rob kept from Montrose's herd is butchered and bled and half of it stripped and smoked. The sense is of excitement and purpose flowing through the whole community, children included.

35. EXT. TAVERN - DAY

35.

McDonald waits at the tavern for Killearn. His pony tied up nearby. Convey passage of time with McDonald resigned to his vigil.

36. EXT. HILLSIDE - DAY

36.

Rob and Mary walking up to the Clachan with the boys. They are pleading with their mother about going on the drive.

RANALD  
How can we not go....?

DUNCAN  
We're old enough.... didn't you go on  
your first when you were the same age  
as us....?

ROB ROY  
Aye, but I was tall for my height....

and Coll and Alasdair come down to meet them and Mary  
chases the boys off to join the others.

There are preparations for a ceilidh, a communal dance and  
feast of celebration, in progress with the half cow being  
put on a spit and a fire prepared. Rob looks at the  
enthusiasm, smells the festive air and catches Mary's eye.  
She smiles.

MARY  
Aye, aye.... feast or famine, I  
know....

37. INT. TAVERN - EVENING

37.

McDonald is sitting at a table. There is a broadsheet in  
front of him which features an advertisement for ships  
sailing to the New World with details of a vessel leaving  
from Greenock. McDonald with some difficulty is reading  
the text when he finds someone standing over him. He looks  
up. It is Killearn.

MCDONALD  
It's yourself is it....?

KILLEARN  
Thinking of the New World, eh  
McDonald....? They say it's a wondrous  
place if you can get there.... come  
away through to the snug....

and he turns and makes his way through the crowd, calling  
to the landlord for two drams.

McDonald rises, folding the broadsheet and with a quick  
look to see if anybody is watching, slips it into his  
plaid.

38. INT. SNUG - EVENING

38.

Killearn comes in and immediately orders a little group of  
men playing dominoes out. They rise, disgruntled but  
submissive and file out.

McDonald waits till they go past him, comes in.

KILLEARN

Shut that door and open a window, Alan,  
and we'll have you fixed up in the  
shake of a lamb's tail.... are you sure  
you'll not have a dram....?

McDONALD

Thank you, but I'll wait till I'm  
home....

Killearn has put his stuff on the table, goes to the door,  
saying

KILLEARN

Count it, you'll find it's very  
close.... the bag with the thongs....

and McDonald stares at a heavy-looking pouch sat on the  
table as Killearn opens the door, shouts out into the din

(continuing)

....landlord, two drams here....

Killearn shuts the door, turns back, comes to the table and  
tips out the contents of the bag, a rush of coins, of  
varying denominations.

McDonald is staring at him, shaken by the sight of so much  
bright cash.

McDONALD

What is this....?

KILLEARN

A thousand pounds, was not that the  
sum?

McDONALD

I was to have a note of credit, not  
coin money....

KILLEARN

Ah well, there you have it.... his  
Lordship is to Edinburgh for the  
Assize, then to London direct.... great  
doings at Court, you know, and he's  
away and not signed the note of  
credit.... so....

McDonald looks at him.

KILLEARN  
(continuing)

It sends a shock to the heart does it not, the sight of a fortune within reach.... it's enough to make a man think of starting all over in another land entirely.

McDonald gets himself together enough to say

McDONALD  
Rob would not have sent me alone had he known.... this....

gesturing at the money.

KILLEARN  
Aye well, it's lucky he trusts you Alan.... even though you are not a McGregor....

and the landlord comes in with two cups.

(continuing)  
....ah, the very man. Give him his dram and witness this for us....

and he looks at McDonald as the landlord hands him his drink. Killearn takes the other. Raises it.

(continuing)  
To business, profit and good fortune....

and McDonald, after a moment's hesitation, throws his dram down in a single toss and Killearn, nodding approvingly, drinks his down.

39. EXT. CLACHAN - EVENING

39.

The ceilidh is under way. The whole Clachan is out, a hundred people or more and the music of the fiddle rinses the air and the beat and clap of the dancers drifts out across the forested slopes of the lower hillside. Far below Lomond is still catching light from the sky and mirroring back the last of the day.

The half cow is glistening over the flames, the aquavit is being handed round, the women are at their pipes and the dancers spin and step the fast fierce paces of the reel and the jig.

Mary is partners with Alasdair who is something of a demon dancer and he brings the best out of her so that she seems half her age as the music urges them on, relentless in its insistence. Rob watches her, smiling in sheer pleasure.

It ends with a great shout and Alasdair brings her back, then is off for a fresh partner.

Mary sinks down by Rob.

MARY  
That Alasdair Roy is a fierce dancer.

wiping her hair back. Rob leans to her and into her ear says

ROB ROY  
The last time I saw you in such a lather you were flat on your back....

Mary elbows him, hard enough to make him grunt.

MARY  
Do not affront me afore folk....

and Coll catching the gist of this leans over as Rob pulls Mary to him and says

COLL  
Do you know why Calvinists are against shagging standing up....?

Rob looks at Mary who makes a face at him of "men!"

ROB ROY  
No, Coll I do not....

COLL  
They're feared it might lead to dancing....

which gets a laugh from everyone, Mary included.

40. EXT. PATH - EVENING

40.

McDonald is riding a small wiry pony along a track through the woods. He has his plaid around him, concealing the bag and a horse pistol in a sling at the saddle. There is a look in his face of concern, apprehension of his position and its possible dangers, but something more, as if the bigger jeopardy lay within.

As expression of that fact he comes to a fork in the road, one branch opening into a wider cart road, the other winding up along the steep side of the loch.

McDonald reins in, sits a moment, contemplating the moment and the choice. His mount shifts nervously, jerking its head, snickering as McDonald seems to come to some decision. He finally turns his mount to the right, heading up the narrow trail.

Before he has gone a dozen yards there comes the unmistakeable sound of someone applauding.

McDonald swings round.

A little ways up the hill, under a large tree Cunningham sits, putting his palms together.

CUNNINGHAM  
Bravo sir, a temptation faced is the  
Lord's delight....

Cunningham rises and brings his own horse out from behind the tree.

McDONALD  
Who are you....?

His hand straying to the horse pistol. Cunningham mounts.

CUNNINGHAM  
I am a friend of the man you have just had dealings with and he wanted me to make sure you proceeded safely to your destination. We had a little wager, he and I, as to where exactly that might be....

He moves his mount forward a little and McDonald nudges his pony a little further along the path, keeping the distance between them the same. They proceed in this fashion as Cunningham continues

(continuing)  
You will be gratified to hear that I won. Killearn was of the opinion that you might take the road to Greenock where he heard a ship is embarking passengers for the Americas....

They are some twenty yards apart and McDonald has to twist round in his saddle to keep Cunningham in view.

(continuing)  
....I have thought myself to make such a venture, but you know a man must needs have a small fortune before he can hope for a footing on that foreign shore.... say a thousand pound in coin....

and at this McDonald wheels, draws the pistol, aims it at Cunningham who never stops advancing, fires.

The explosion and the smoke momentarily obscure the result. Then it can be seen he has missed. McDonald wheels and puts spurs to his horse, goes galloping along the track.

Cunningham kicks his own horse into a gallop and the two of them race through the trees.

For a moment it seems that despite being better mounted Cunningham is not gaining. Then abruptly McDonald is caught across the chest by a rope tied between two trees and plucked from his horse, falling heavily.

He is only just beginning to struggle to sit up when Cunningham arrives, dismounts, is at his side and before the downed man realizes what is happening, stabs him in the chest with his rapier. McDonald scrabbles away down the slope, trying to staunch the wound. Cunningham follows stabbing him from time to time until the stricken man's progress ends with him lying, head downhill over the roots of a large tree. He is bleeding from several wounds. Cunningham studies him a moment, then reaches in for the pouch. For a moment McDonald resists, holding desperately to the pouch.

Cunningham desists, stabs him again, then pulls the money free. Watches as McDonald dies, writhing and twisting.

CUNNINGHAM

Thank your maker that you go before him without the sin of theft on your conscience.... for a moment there it was a narrow margin.... but you did the better thing, and your reward awaits you....

and McDonald dies.

Cunningham puts the money into his doublet. Looks down at the body, his face creasing with reluctance.

(continuing)  
....as ever, after pleasure, comes duty....

and he starts to drag the body down the slope towards the shore.

41. EXT. CLACHAN - NIGHT

41.

Ranald and Duncan with some of the other boys, are with the dozen or so horses and ponies, penned on the edge of the Clachan.

Behind them the adults can be seen around their tables, listening to their music, its strains drifting on the still night air, plaintive and ancient music, music that holds the thread on which these lives are strung. The boys pay it little heed, trying to dare each other to catch and ride one of the ponies. Without bridles or harness it proves a difficult, indeed impossible task.

42. EXT. LOCH - NIGHT

42.

Dark and singular on the surface of the water the shape of a rowing boat and in it a figure, and spreading from it in a series of slow, widening circles, dark ominous ripples.

Close on Cunningham as he puts his hand into the pouch and withdraws a coin. He tosses it into the water, watching it splash.

CUNNINGHAM  
For the ferryman....

and then he takes up the oars and starts for the shore.

43. EXT. CLACHAN - NIGHT

43.

Close on a woman singing, her voice clear, full, pure. She holds her audience completely within the song and tears shine in eyes and hands reach for other hands. When she finishes there is a momentary silence and then the slow, widening applause of total empathy. Rob and Mary look at each other and Mary leans close to him and whispers.

MARY  
It's a fine night to be with the man  
you love....

ROB ROY  
And he with you....

Then Alasdair jumps up and raising his cup calls for a toast.

ALASDAIR  
To the King James, may he come again  
soon and give us our right....

Rob's face shows an almost weary amusement as Alasdair goes on

(continuing)  
....to use our name and wear our  
plaid....

but a fervour catches up the others and the cups are hoisted and the call goes up

GENERAL  
To the King across the water.

with a passing of the hand, palm down, above the cup. And as the shout goes up a pony comes up out of the woods on the lower slopes, making its riderless way home.

DISSOLVE TO

44. EXT. HORSE PEN - DAY

44.

Rob, Coll and Alasdair stand looking at McDonald's pony which is grazing with its companions. It still has the saddle on. Rob walks around it, looking it over. There is a small saddle bag and he puts his hand into it, brings out a few items, a pipe, some tobacco, a spoon and a folded piece of paper. He opens it. It is the broadsheet with the news of a sailing to the Americas. He stares at it a moment and the others come up to see what it is he has found.

45. EXT. TAVERN - DAY

45.

The pony tied up outside.

46. INT. THE SNUG - DAY

46.

Rob with Killearn. The look on Rob's face is one of disbelief and shock.

ROB ROY  
You gave him coin....?

KILLEARN  
He insisted on it or else the beasts could not be bought at the best price. Said it was your order....

ROB ROY  
And you believed him....?

KILLEARN  
As I hope you will believe me.... but I have witness.

Rob shakes his head.

ROB ROY  
I am hard put to see you, Killearn, disgorge such a sum on the demand of one who would not bear the debt....

KILLEARN  
He was your man.... he was present in all our dealings. He came from you, did he not?

And Rob, exasperated but more, with the first tinge of fear in his voice

ROB ROY  
Aye, but for a note, not a bag of guineas....

KILLEARN

It was not all guineas.... these farmers pay in small coin, I assure you. It was a bag likely to sink a man if he went out of his depth....

And Rob meets his eyes and the inscrutable malice in them. In a sudden, panic-quick gesture, he turns and leaves and Killearn watches after him. His face, all but the eyes, is expressionless.

47. INT. CAVE - NIGHT

47.

It is a wild stormy night without. Rob sits at a fire and a recently arrived Alasdair, dripping wet and steaming in front of the flames, is reporting to Rob. Coll, Gregor and Iain are by, listening.

ALASDAIR

It sailed from Greenock the day after he went astray. McDonald's name was not on the harbour master's list, but would he have given his own name and him fleeing....?

Rob stares into the flames, his face grim.

ROB ROY

And would he have walked to Greenock from Buchlyvie and him with a horse under him....?

COLL

You think he was robbed....?

Rob says nothing.

GREGOR

There will be word of it. Money of that kind talks wherever it goes.

IAIN

Aye, we'll hear of some tink drunk and bragging to a whore, or another fitted above his station.

ALASDAIR

I think he's sailed these shores and Rob's thousand with him....

Rob looks up.

ROB ROY

That gives you some satisfaction to say, Alasdair, does it not?

and Alasdair confronted thus grows defiant.

ALASDAIR  
I never trusted the man....

and Rob absorbs this and the implied criticism.

ROB ROY  
Aye, well that may tell us more of you  
than it does of Alan McDonald....

and he walks out to the cave mouth, stands with the horses, comforting them against the thunder and lightning while Alasdair unrepentant sits down at the fire.

ALASDAIR  
Always at Rob's arse like a collie  
dog....

and the others say nothing, simply sit and steam around the fire.

48. INT. CLUB - DAY

48.

Montrose comes through a spacious, well appointed room in which a number of men, singly or in pairs, are taking their ease, drinking and smoking pipes. Cunningham is with him, casting his eye over these rustics. They come up to a large, wingback chair in which, reading a book with the aid of a glass, sits Argyll. He looks up as Montrose stops.

ARGYLL  
Good day to you....

and his eyes flick across to Cunningham who bows. Argyll nods, a curt inclination.

MONTROSE  
Improving the mind is never undertaken  
too late in life, I am told...

ARGYLL  
I fear it may not be true.... are you  
to the tables....?

MONTROSE  
Young Archibald here has a notion that  
luck is with him.... have you the  
inclination for a few hands....?

ARGYLL  
You sharpened me last time we wagered,  
James, you and that blade of yours....

He looks over at Cunningham.

ARGYLL  
(continuing)

....where did you learn your skills,  
sir, they were not home grown, I  
warrant....?

CUNNINGHAM

If I may say so without offence, your  
Grace, just as you have a talent for  
the battle so do I for the duel. God  
endows as He sees fit.... all else is  
a mystery....

and Argyll, manifestly unimpressed by this rubbish, stares  
at him, then to Montrose

ARGYLL  
A moment in your ear, James....

and Cunningham, recognizing his dismissal, moves on.  
Montrose steps a little closer and Argyll, in a level but  
steely voice, says, looking him in the eye

(continuing)  
....I have word that you are impuning  
me at Court, naming me among James  
Stuart's adherents. I am no Jacobite,  
or ever was, and it would be well for  
your conscience and your general health  
if you would cease from such  
perjuries....

Montrose smiles his wintry smile.

MONTROSE  
Great men such as ourselves, John, draw  
rumour as shite draws flies. However,  
I assure you I neither know nor care if  
you favour James or George.

and Argyll, knowing he is being lied to, is brutal in his  
response.

ARGYLL  
You are a mask, Montrose, behind which  
grin twenty more. I only marvel that  
you do not have one that looks like a  
man.

and he goes back to his book and Montrose, controlling his  
reaction to this, turns and walks on.

49. INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

49.

Rob, weary and haggard, sits before the fire, steam rising from his sodden trews. The boys are abed. Mary, preparing food, talks in a tone both supportive and bracing.

MARY

Then Montrose must see it is in his interest to let you repay him, else he must lose his coin to make you debtor....

Rob is hardly listening, still chewing on the bitter bone of McDonald's betrayal.

ROB ROY

I cannot believe it of him. That he could look me in the eye and mean to rob me at the same time....

And Mary, with a flash of impatience

MARY

You would not be the first poor judge of a man's face, Robert.... do not task yourself with it....

putting a plate before him. He looks at her, unwilling to heed her counsel.

ROB ROY

And why would the likes of Killearn be swayed by McDonald's wanting coin?.... it has no sense to it....

She sits opposite him and she makes the meaning clear to reach him.

MARY

What then? You would have Montrose's factor steal Montrose's money and blame it elsewhere....?

Rob looks at her, seeing this as a proposition and not a dismissal. Seeing it, Mary snaps at him.

(continuing)

....You were taken in by the man. You will do well not to raise your conspiracy with Montrose lest he thinks you include him in it....

And she sees in Rob's eyes that such is not beyond him and she jumps up, angry now.

MARY

For all our sakes, Robert, take your hat off and make what terms you can, else we'll see Craigrostan lost and ourselves his Lordship's tenants.

And Rob has had enough. He gets up and, glaring at her, says, low but vehement

ROB ROY

Keep your mouth off me, woman. I am not your wean to scold....

And he storms out. Mary, not at all abashed by this, picks up her plate and hurls it after him, bringing the boys awake.

RANALD

What was that....?

MARY

A plate of turnips.... now get you asleep.

And knowing better than to argue they exchange glances and lie down again.

50. EXT. LOCH - NIGHT

50.

The pale empty surface of the loch, beaten silver by the moon's light. Rob walks the shore, bearing his doubts.

DISSOLVE TO

51. EXT. AVENUE - DAY

51.

Rob comes up the avenue to Montrose's manor house, astride the same pony McDonald rode. He comes a slow, steady walk.

52. EXT. GATE - DAY

52.

Killearn watches him approach, a smile on his face.

KILLEARN

Here comes the bold Highlander. No arse in his breeches and too proud to tug his forelock.

53. EXT. GARDEN - DAY

53.

Montrose and Cunningham walk along the carefully tended beds at which a number of gardeners are labouring. Cunningham is resplendent in a new and fashionable coat and breeches.

MONTROSE

I sometimes envy men in my employ,  
given limits within which to strive....

He can see Killearn approaching with Rob. Montrose goes on

MONTROSE

This McGregor now. How much more content would he be if he had chosen to remain what he was, half a notch above a tinker, droving other men's beasts, instead of this ill-fated venture with my capital.... aye, Archibald, he is a fortunate man who knows his place and seeks not to go past it...

CUNNINGHAM

No doubt the rogue will seek to blame his servant for the loss, for I hear there is no word of the man....

Montrose looks at him, nodding, all manner of thoughts behind his eyes.

Then as Rob and Killearn come up, Montrose, moving to watch them, says

MONTROSE

I see you are back in favour with your tailor, Archibald. He must be a happy man....

Rob has stopped and as Montrose approaches he removes his bonnet, and makes a short duck of the head.

ROB ROY

My Lord....

MONTROSE

So, McGregor, how is it with you?

ROB ROY

As it was, my Lord.... I have no word of McDonald or your Lordship's money.

MONTROSE

What are we to do then?

ROB ROY

If your Lordship will contract with me for another sum, I will turn over all profit and so defray the debt....

Montrose laughs, genuinely if sourly amused.

MONTROSE

I have but lost a thousand pound, and  
you ask me to risk another....?

ROB ROY

My Lord, the money was stolen. From me  
and from you....

Montrose's amusement dies away.

MONTROSE

Do not presume to involve me in  
your.... your incompetence.... I am  
owed these monies and you have signed  
a paper....

ROB ROY

....and I will honour it....

And Montrose, angered at this interruption, spits out

MONTROSE

Do not encroach upon my speech, or by  
God it will be your regret. Nor ply me  
with your honour. How will you pay me  
my bill....?

ROB ROY

As I have said, if your Lordship....

MONTROSE

Pish man, I will lend you no more....  
you have property on Lomondside, do you  
not....?

ROB ROY

That was not placed against this  
debt....

MONTROSE

You think the debtors' court in  
Edinburgh will endorse such a  
conceit?.... you gambled, man, and you  
lost....

ROB ROY

I did not lose, I was cheated....

And it is said with such intensity that it comes out as  
accusatory. Montrose draws in a long, controlling breath  
but Cunningham lunges forward.

CUNNINGHAM

Mind your tongue, Highlander, in the  
presence of your betters....

Montrose waves Cunningham away, his own temper under control.

MONTROSE  
McGregor, you are indebted to me. On that we are agreed.

ROB ROY  
We are, my Lord....

MONTROSE  
Know you the Duke of Argyll....?

Rob is a little nonplussed. Nods.

ROB ROY  
By his repute.

MONTROSE  
And he is no friend to you or your clan?

ROB ROY  
The Campbells are friends to none but Campbells....

MONTROSE  
And to James Stuart, the King across the water.... is that not the case....?

Rob looks at him, genuinely lost now. But he smiles, ironically.

ROB ROY  
I had not heard so much good spoken of that great gentleman.

MONTROSE  
My report is that Argyll is a traitor, and would declare for James should he set foot on these shores....

ROB ROY  
These are intelligences unknown to me, my Lord....

Montrose faces him, eye to eye.

MONTROSE  
They are known to you now....

And Rob is still searching for the shape to this. All he can manage is

ROB ROY  
I am not certain of your Lordship's meaning....

MONTROSE

Dammit man, I want proofs. You say your word is bond. Give it against Argyll who is nothing to you and we will come to some reckoning on what you owe to me....

Rob stands a moment, frowning slightly as he absorbs this. Then he glances at Cunningham and Killearn who watch him in their contrasting styles, equally malevolent. Then Rob turns to Montrose.

ROB ROY

I fear I can be of no assistance in this matter of the Duke of Argyll.

And Montrose stiffens.

MONTROSE

You owe me....

ROB ROY

I owe you money. Nothing more. What you have asked is as below me as it should be beneath your Lordship....

MONTROSE

You mispeak yourself, McGregor....

ROB ROY

It is the Marquis of Montrose who has mispoke himself to ask my perjury against his enemies....

And Cunningham pulls him round by the shoulder as Montrose stiffens.

CUNNINGHAM

You were better dead after this insult....

His hand on his sword handle. Rob sees this without taking his eyes off Cunningham's face.

ROB ROY

Leave the blade be, sir. This is not your quarrel....

CUNNINGHAM

You have insulted his Lordship and that is my quarrel....

And he starts to draw but as if by sleight of hand Rob has a small dirk out of his bonnet and under Cunningham's chin, lifting it on the point so that his head is back, his face to the sky, blood already pricking at the point.

It's a Rob we have seen before, moved from reason to reflex and quite ruthless in his single-mindedness.

He looks at Montrose who is palpably shocked as he hisses.

MONTROSE

You are gone beyond all amnesty now,  
McGregor....

Rob seeing there is no further room for words begins to back Cunningham up. Montrose turns to Killearn.

(continuing)

Arrest him damn you.... call out the watch....

as all the while Rob walks Cunningham, bleeding steadily now from the knife under his chin, to the gate. Cunningham, although helpless, remains defiant.

CUNNINGHAM

You are dead, McGregor, dead and more than dead, mark it, mark it....

And at the gate Rob looks at him and then, with a precise surgical slash, he draws a thin vivid line across Cunningham's throat causing him to cry out in terror, clutch his neck and fall down to his knees, spilling blood down his coat and urine down his breeches, while Rob goes to his pony, mounts and spurs away.

Montrose comes down to where Cunningham is still trying to determine whether he is alive, horrified and astonished at his blood loss.

Montrose seems totally indifferent to his plight, staring venomously after the fleeing Rob.

MONTROSE

You have slept your last peaceful night in that house of yours, McGregor.... you and your kin.

54. INT. HOUSE - DAY

54.

Rob is packing a bag with provisions while Mary watches. Her expression is pitched somewhere between concern and resentment.

MARY

What is the Duke of Argyll to us, Robert, that you must defend him against Montrose....?

ROB ROY

I did not defend him.... I refused to  
bear false witness against him....

And it is clear this seems perfectly self-explanatory to  
him. He goes out of the house, Mary following.

55. EXT. HOUSE - DAY

55.

Ranald is at the corner of the house, watching up the hill.  
The boy turns to his father.

ROB ROY

Are they not here yet....?

Ranald looks back to where up on the hill the tiny figure  
of Duncan can be seen. He is waving.

RANALD

Duncan sees them....

And even as they watch a small group of men on foot can be  
seen. Rob nods.

ROB ROY

Good, they will be with us shortly.  
Now listen, lad. I must go to the  
hills for a while. You stay by your  
mother, you and Duncan, and be her  
help.

The boy nods, Rob squats, looks him in the eyes, nods.

(continuing)

....good....

He rises to face Mary who goes straight back on to the  
offensive.

MARY

....let Argyll know you are persecuted  
for his sake....

Rob stares at her, almost angry.

ROB ROY

I am persecuted for no man's sake but  
my own, Mary....

and seeing this does not persuade her, he goes on

(continuing)

What, would you have me lie against all  
conscience to suit Montrose....?

MARY

To suit me and Duncan and Ranald. To stay home with your wife and children instead of taking to the hills like a fox....

ROB ROY

I am at home in the hills as before my hearth....

MARY

And what of me, and of the lads....

ROB ROY

No injury will come to you or them. Montrose's quarrel is with me. The Gregorach will keep watch....

MARY

And what, will you slip down for an hour of comfort when the mood takes you....?

And the anger in her shocks him. He strikes back.

ROB ROY

Not with one that bleats so bitter....

And the first of the Gregorach arrive and Mary, seeing it is useless, turns and goes back into the house.

56. EXT. HILLSIDE - DAY

56.

Rob with Coll. He is carrying a bag over his shoulder, his plaid and his claymore.

ROB ROY

Watch the trail along the loch and the path up over the ridge, those are the only ways troops can come. They will search for me at Craigrostan and when they find me gone they'll come looking....

COLL

Good luck to them. They'll break a few horses before they're through.

They stop on the ridge, near the standing stones.

ROB ROY

....Now I want no trouble between any of you and them. Keep young Alasdair muzzled. And keep up the watch for McDonald....

COLL

Ach Rob, I think that one's long  
gone....

ROB ROY

Aye, but is he gone over the seas or  
under them.... you keep an eye out....

And they embrace and Rob turns and heads on over towards  
the stones. Coll watches him a moment, then starts down  
again.

DISSOLVE TO

57. EXT. LOCHSIDE - EVENING

57.

Coll and Alasdair coming down to where the path runs along  
the loch side.

ALASDAIR

They will not bring horses along this  
path, not less they mean to swim  
them....

COLL

Then keep a watch on the loch as  
well....

Alasdair is clearly dissatisfied with this role. He stares  
out over the loch.

ALASDAIR

Instead of spying on them we should  
ambush them, cut them down to size.

Coll is getting ready to leave.

COLL

Aye, a war with Montrose would suit Rob  
fine....

ALASDAIR

And what does Rob know. He let that  
McDonald pull the wool on him like he  
was a blind man....

Coll looks at him a moment.

COLL

You'll mind your tongue. Rob got into  
this debt for the rest of us....

but Alasdair picks a rock and hurls it out across the loch  
by way of answer and Coll after a long glower at his back  
heads away up the hill.

Out on the loch the ripples from the stone spread wider and wider.

58. INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

58.

Montrose and Cunningham are at table, waited on by several footmen and servers.

CUNNINGHAM

Your Lordship will not regret leaving this matter in my hands. I have some knowledge of how best to bring rogues like these to heel.

MONTROSE

Broken but not dead, Archibald. That is all I ask....

CUNNINGHAM

No commander could ask for more latitude....

He raises his glass.

(continuing)

....broken but not dead. It has a ring to it....

MONTROSE

I think you may find him an elusive rogue. By all report he knows his hills like a flea knows its dog.

CUNNINGHAM

Then we must scratch where he cannot hide....

and he drinks, well pleased with his new found esteem.

59. EXT. TRAIL - LATE AFTERNOON

59.

Cunningham and Killearn at the head of a dozen or so mounted troopers. They are coming through the trees on the trail McDonald took. Killearn and Cunningham are a little ways in front.

KILLEARN

He'll not be sitting in his house waiting for us, Archie.... and his men will be watching every trail, this one most of all for it is the direct way to Craigrostan....

Cunningham doesn't say anything, just looks ahead to where the fork in the trail occurs, as Killearn goes on

KILLEARN

(continuing)

....it would take a regiment to harry  
him in these hills. And we have but a  
dozen.

Cunningham reins in at the fork, smiles, remembering.

CUNNINGHAM

When McDonald came to this point, I  
swear he took a lifetime to decide  
which way to ride to his death....

And there is a look of genuine amusement on his face as he  
considers this. Killearn is concerned that the other  
troopers, now all halted behind them, might hear. He leans  
over.

KILLEARN

Say nothing before these men, Archie.  
You want it across the Kingdom and to  
his Lordship....?

Cunningham looks at him in contempt.

CUNNINGHAM

What a thing you are, Killearn.  
There's no evil in you, just wind and  
spite....

And Killearn bridles at this.

KILLEARN

That's as maybe, but I tell you, you  
will not catch McGregor with this  
handful.

Cunningham ignores this, rides down a little way to where  
the water can be seen through the trees and then dismounts.  
The others look at him. He waves them off.

CUNNINGHAM

We'll wait here....

KILLEARN

Wait here, for what? You think he'll  
come swimming by and we can throw rocks  
at him?

Cunningham smiles, starts unsaddling his horse, and with  
looks among themselves the troopers start to get down from  
their mounts.

60. EXT. HILLSIDE - NIGHT

60.

Rob, wrapped in his plaid, comfortable in the heather, watching the northern sky and its encrustation of stars. His thoughts are with Mary and he speaks to her, unselfconscious in the solitude of his mind.

ROB ROY (VO)

I would that we had not parted harshly, Mary, that I had not spoken to you as I did.... but you can find the quick of me with that tongue of yours and you wield it with a will....

And from close on his face we

DISSOLVE THROUGH TO

61. EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

61.

Close on Mary's face, with her voice picking up Rob's thoughts.

MARY (VO)

Sometimes I think you do not count our blessings enough, but it may be I count them over much.... that's women and men as ever was.... sleep soft, my man, and dream of your Mary, as she will dream of you....

And she stares out at the loch a moment, her eyes sweet. Then she rises and goes inside and we hold on the impalpable thickening mist that gathers like a shroud on the surface of the water, leaving the dog to settle down across the door.

62. EXT. SHORE - NIGHT

62.

The grate of a keel on stones as a long double-ended rowing boat is run down into the loch and the troopers pile on over the end and ship oars. Cunningham and Killearn are already aboard and the boat moves slowly out into the mist and disappears.

63. EXT. LOCHSIDE - NIGHT

63.

Alasdair hunched against a rock, his plaid around him, the mist creeping up around him making the loch invisible. He shivers and tucks his head down.

64. EXT. HILLSIDE - NIGHT

64.

Rob asleep. He comes awake at a sound, looks up. Not five feet from him a fox observes the bundle he makes and then at his movement is gone.

ROB ROY  
Good hunting....

And he closes his eyes again.

65. INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

65.

Mary asleep, her hair loose on the bolster. One of the boys cries out in a dream and she wakens, looks over the dividing wall.

MARY  
Hush, wee man, all's well....

And Ranald lies back down again and Mary, after a moment, does likewise.

66. EXT. LOCH - NIGHT

66.

In the fog the boat is an apparition, flying on great ribbed, beating wings.

67. EXT. BOAT - NIGHT

67.

Cunningham and Killearn are in the bow, sitting below the gunwale as the troopers row steadily through the mist.

KILLEARN  
But even if we surprise them, he'll still not be in his bed....

Cunningham takes a drink from the bottle between his knees.

CUNNINGHAM  
You cannot think further than your nose, Killearn....

He gets up.

(continuing)  
....now me, I can sometimes think as far as my cock....

And he goes down the boat, giving the rowers all a pull on the bottle, leaving Killearn to ponder this last, a growing awareness coming to his eyes.

68. EXT. HILLSIDE - EARLY MORNING

68.

The sun is not yet risen but light is filtering in under the edges of the night. Somewhere birdsong pricks the silence with silver tunes and Rob comes awake, lies, mindless, breathing the day.

69. INT. HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

69.

Mary awakens, lies a moment then gets out of bed. She checks the fire and puts a slab of peat on the embers, picks up a shawl and opens the door to be greeted by the dog.

70. EXT. HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

70.

Mary walks down to the lochside which lies shrouded in mist. It is very very quiet. Mary and the dog walk down to the water's edge and Mary squats to urinate, keeping her shift and shawl out of the water, staring out at the still, shrouded loch.

Mary rises, shivers and rearranges her shawl around her. Then the dog beside her starts to growl. She looks at it, around behind her to see what's causing it concern. There is nothing to be seen. The dog continues to growl and Mary hushes it, then she sees, coming out of the mist, strangely apparitional, the shape of a long boat, beating its banks of oars, with a man stood up in the prow, coming straight for the shore.

For a moment she stands, stock still, then as the dog begins to bark, she turns and runs back to the house, crying out the boys' names. The dog continues to stand at the water's edge and bark.

71. EXT. BOAT - EARLY MORNING

71.

Cunningham is the figure in the prow. As the boat, driven on by the oarsmen, comes in he fetches up a musket and bracing himself draws a bead on the dog. Fires.

The dog is knocked back half a dozen yards by the impact. Cunningham smiles at his prowess.

72. INT. HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

72.

Mary has just got to the house when the sound of the shot does what her cries have been unable to, brings the boys awake.

MARY

Run, boys, run to Coll's house, raise  
them, they have come by the loch.

73. EXT. LOCHSIDE - EARLY MORNING

73.

The echo of the shot, coming back across the water. It  
brings Alasdair up with a jolt. He sits, staring as the  
fainter and fainter echoes roll back and forth between the  
steep hills.

Then, realising where it is coming from he leaps up, grabs  
up his sword and goes running along the trail by the  
lochside.

74. EXT. LOCHSIDE - EARLY MORNING

74.

The boat comes ashore, grinding up over the shingle,  
raising its oars and Cunningham jumps over the bow and the  
rest of the troopers clamber over the side and pull the  
boat up on to the beach.

75. EXT. HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

75.

Mary has the boys out, still dazed, scrambling into their  
clothes.

MARY

Run now, run, bring the Gregorach....

DUNCAN

Come mother, come with us....

MARY

And leave my home for them to foul....

Ranald has seen the body of the dog. He cries out, starts  
towards it and the advancing troopers, but Mary pulls him  
back.

(continuing)

....leave it.... go, go....

and the boys start away up the track behind the house.  
Mary turns and pulling her shawl around her goes back to  
stand in front of the house.

Cunningham leads the little group up to the house. Mary  
faces them down. There is no fear on her face, only anger  
and a kind of contempt.

Cunningham reaches her.

CUNNINGHAM

I have come for the outlaw Robert  
McGregor....

MARY

If you think he would be lying in his bed waiting for you, then you are more of a fool than you look.

And Cunningham hits her in the pit of the stomach, doubling her up, sending her staggering back into the doorway.

Cunningham turns to the troopers, Killearn coming up in the rear.

CUNNINGHAM

Search the outsheds and burn them.... kill the stock....

and Killearn reaches him. Stares at Mary who is getting herself upright, still defiant.

KILLEARN

You had best stand aside, Mistress McGregor....

Cunningham looks at him contemptuously.

CUNNINGHAM

You do not ask a whore, you make her....

and he walks up, catches Mary by the hair and drags her inside. Killearn comes to the door and watches, disbelief changing to a kind of horrified excitement at what he sees.

Behind the house the troopers are setting fire to the several sheds, shooting and stabbing the livestock, generally laying waste.

76. EXT. LOCHSIDE - MORNING

76.

Alasdair is running, full out, leaping from rock to rock, maintaining speed.

77. EXT. HILLSIDE - MORNING

77.

Rob is up and chewing on a piece of bread. High above in the morning air a lark is skirling to the sky. Rob looks up, listens, appreciative of the morning and its delights.

78. INT. HOUSE - MORNING

78.

Cunningham has Mary face down on the bed, stood between her knees, holding her pinned behind the neck and he is in her to the hilt, thrusting heavy repeated thrusts.

Mary's face shows above all else a kind of disbelief as she suffers her violation, Cunningham's grip on the back of her neck like a vice, his other hand pressing her buttocks down.

Killearn stands in the door, totally transfixed by the scene, both alarm and excitement in his face.

Cunningham completes his task and hangs a moment on the spasm that takes him. Then he looks round at Killearn.

CUNNINGHAM

Do you want your share, Killearn, now that I've loosened her up for you?....

but Killearn, aghast at his name being mentioned, shakes his head, backing up, opening the door and stepping outside.

Cunningham steps back from his victim, adjusting himself.

Mary lies a moment then draws herself up, covering her nakedness. Cunningham is watching her. She stares back at him, refusing to be cowed.

He sees her effort, completes his readjustments.

CUNNINGHAM

Think of yourself as the scabbard and me the sword, Mistress McGregor, and a fine fit you were....

MARY

I will think of you dead until my husband makes you so and then I will think on you no more....

Cunningham nods.

CUNNINGHAM

Indeed, such a man as he will need to see blood on his blade before honour is satisfied....

He goes to the door, opens it.

(continuing)

....tell him Archibald Cunningham is at his service....

and he steps out and closes the door leaving her on the bed, the full horror of the event beginning to engulf her. She begins to shudder, her whole body vibrating, but with an effort she controls it, summons up her will and gets down, a little unsteadily from the bed.

79. EXT. HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

79.

The outbuildings are burning, the livestock dead, the troopers come back from these predations.

Cunningham stands with Killearn who is looking at him with new eyes. Cunningham orders the troopers to burn the house. One of them asks if the woman is inside.

CUNNINGHAM

Set a light and we'll see her out....

and the trooper throws a brand up onto the thatch.

Cunningham meets Killearn's gaze.

CUNNINGHAM

....what are you gawking at. Have you never been to war before....?

KILLEARN

Oh, you are a warrior, Archie, and no mistake....

and the thatch begins to burn, flame and smoke lifting black and red flags into the air.

80. INT. HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

80.

Mary, her face in stone, is combing her hair, all emotion driven beneath the surface.

81. EXT. LOCHSIDE - EARLY MORNING

81.

Alasdair comes racing to the edge of the woodland. He can see the house and the burning and the troopers gathered round. He stops, suddenly, aware of the hopelessness of the odds, looks at the hillside to see if there are any signs of support coming. There is nobody in sight.

Then suddenly thinking himself spotted he jumps back behind a rock. Stands there, racked by his fear and self loathing.

82. EXT. HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

82.

The troopers are all stood round now as the thatch really starts to blaze. There is no sign of Mary and Killearn looks anxiously at Cunningham.

KILLEARN

If she does not come out there will be a reckoning, Archie....

CUNNINGHAM

She'll come out, that one is a hater....

and as he speaks the door opens and Mary steps out. She seems perfectly calm, her hair combed out on her shoulders. She walks through the small crowd of troopers, past Cunningham and Killearn without even glancing at them, and down towards the lochside.

The troopers stare at her, aware that something more than they know has happened.

Then Cunningham orders them to the boat and they fall back as the house now starts to burn inside as well as on the roof.

Cunningham and Killearn follow the troopers.

Mary has stopped to let them pass her, gazing straight ahead.

As they pass, Killearn cannot resist participating in the atrocity in his own venal fashion. He says, almost into her ear

KILLEARN

They say it's not a sin if you don't take pleasure in it....

and he regrets it instantly for she looks at him with eyes that burn his. Killearn hurries on after Cunningham and they get into the boat and the troopers push it out.

Mary waits until it is afloat again, then walks on down to the water, past the body of the dog.

83. EXT. SHORE - EARLY MORNING

83.

Alasdair watches as the boat moves out and then as the oars begin to beat he runs out, his claymore in his hand, runs towards the house.

84. EXT. LOCHSIDE - EARLY MORNING

84.

Mary doesn't seem to see him. She wades out into the water, up to her thighs and begins to wash between her legs.

85. EXT. HILLSIDE - EARLY MORNING

85.

Rob is checking a trap he has set. There is a rabbit in it, half-eaten. He shakes his head with a little smile.

Above him the lark is still singing in the brightening light. He looks up at it and then, away across the ridge, he sees a faint rise of smoke. He stares at it a moment and then without a word begins to run.

86. EXT. HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

86.

Alasdair is at the house which is burning outside and in. He stands, staring into it, calling Mary and Ranald and Duncan. Then he turns and sees Mary standing in the water. He runs down to her.

The boat by now is well offshore and making down the loch. Mary seems oblivious to Alasdair's approach, still washing at herself with a blind compelled intensity.

It is only as he comes splashing out to her that she turns, and the look on her face halts him. They stare at each other, then he comes on.

ALASDAIR

Mary.... Mary, what happened, I came as quick as my legs....

He stops, several feet from her, her whole posture telling him what has happened.

(continuing)

....Mary, we will avenge you. Rob will avenge....

but before the words are out of his mouth she screams at him, low and intense

MARY

Rob will not know.... you hear me, Alasdair McGregor. I will not tell him and you will not.... you will swear me that, on my dishonour you will swear silence....

He doesn't understand, only that she is adamant.

ALASDAIR

But Mary, Rob must know....

MARY

Rob must not know. It is what he wants.... the Englishman. It is his plan....

And she has him by the front and he says, helplessly

ALASDAIR

Mary....

MARY

If I can bear it being done, you can  
bear being silent.

And she compels out of him a nod, an acquiescence and a  
promise. She lets him loose with a final

(continuing)  
....I will hold you to it. Mark me....

And seeing his acceptance, she turns and walks heavily back  
towards her devastated home.

87. INT. COLL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

87.

Rob is with Mary who sits by the fire with the boys either  
side of her. She wears a mask of composure, a stoic  
acceptance behind which the host of her troubles seethe.

Rob is torn between contrition and anger, striding up and  
down as the boys watch their parents' pantomime.

ROB ROY

I never thought Montrose, for all his  
arrogance, would order pillage against  
an unarmed woman....

MARY

All men are not as honourable as  
yourself, Robert....

and the remark is laced with an undercurrent of bitterness  
that brings Rob around.

ROB ROY

I will repay him bitter Mary, till we  
are quits....

and she lashes out at him, unable to control her pain.

MARY

And when will that be, when he comes to  
ask pardon of me, will he hang them  
that wronged me before my eyes....  
Cunningham.... and Killearn.

Spitting the names out. Rob picks up on this.

ROB ROY

The Englishman was there, and  
Killearn....

but Mary, having gone too far, gets up.

MARY  
English, Scots, Highland, Lowland....  
I know not.... they were men, and  
animals and no mercy in them....

and she goes out, leaving Rob to stare after her.

The boys look at him.

DUNCAN  
What will we do father....?

Rob looks at him, stands a moment.

ROB ROY  
All that must be done, Duncan. All  
that needs doing....

88. EXT. CLACHAN - NIGHT

88.

By the light of a fire the Gregorach are assembled. The atmosphere is charged and angry. Alasdair is on his feet haranguing them and his guilt and excitement over his secret is palpable.

ALASDAIR  
We must lay waste to Montrose's land  
and his herds and his home. He must be  
made to suffer for the suffering he has  
laid on Mary and Rob, on all of us....  
I say we strike at him this night,  
now....

and there are angry shouts of support for this.

Rob stands up, waits for a hush.

ROB ROY  
Alasdair says what I feel.... what all  
of us feel. But think on it. Even if  
we called the McGregors from Strathspey  
and the McGregors of Lochée, even if  
all the McGregors came home and took up  
their arms, we cannot fight Montrose in  
open battle. He has ten times our  
numbers and he has the strength of the  
Crown to back him.

and Gregor, who has been much affected by Alasdair's inflammatory style interjects

GREGOR  
There is honour here, Rob, and you have  
been wronged and us with you....

ROB ROY

Aye, aye, and there will be exacted honours due.... but consider what we are owed: cattle killed, a house burned.... but none are dead, none injured....

ALASDAIR

Mary is injured, to watch her home despoiled....

but Rob cuts him off, angrily.

ROB ROY

Do not teach me my duty to wife and home.... I will cost Montrose and his minions dear, but until the King comes there will be no war, no pillage. Only theft and more theft....

and there is the sense that the gathering knows that to be the only real possibility but still there is an air of dissatisfaction. Coll stands and Rob relinquishes.

COLL

Rob is right. We would all rather strike in anger but it is not within our reach to harm a lord like Montrose, and if we did more houses would burn and they would be ours, not his....

and Alasdair is disgusted with this approach but Rob holds up his hand to head him off.

ROB ROY

There will be work for you, and profit too. Forget it not, this matter began with money and the loss of money and winter will still come and we will still be cold and our children hungry. So in all that we do against Montrose, let it be to our profit and our children's health....

and this gets a general assent and Alasdair, outflanked and frustrated at not being able to bring his real feelings into the air, subsides.

89. EXT. HILLSIDE - NIGHT

89.

Rob and Mary lie in the hillside above the Clachan. They have a plaid around them. Mary lies on her side, her eyes open, looking at nothing. Rob is awake also, listening to her breathing. He puts his arms around her, drawing her close. She neither resists nor responds. He speaks into her ear.

ROB ROY  
Are you wakened, Mary?....

She says nothing and Rob rests his hand on her waist, talks to her quietly, reassuringly.

(continuing)  
....we are safe, Mary, and the boys.... nothing is lost that cannot be remade....

but Mary says nothing, her face a mask. After a moment, uncertain whether or not she can hear him, he lies back, closes his eyes, but Mary remains, unmoving, staring into the darkness, the horrors of the day replaying themselves.

90. INT. CHAMBER - NIGHT

90.

Cunningham is with Montrose. Killearn is present.

MONTROSE  
But of McGregor himself, no word.... is that so....?

his voice sharp and dissatisfied.

CUNNINGHAM  
We will have him soon enough. I have set such an affront to his Highland honour that he will come to redeem it, mark me....

Montrose looks at him quizzically, then at Killearn.

MONTROSE  
How say you to this....?

KILLEARN  
Indeed, Mr. Cunningham did leave such a mark that McGregor will come to rub it out, or else he is not the man he takes himself to be....

and Montrose, sensing there is more to this than he needs to know, looks at them both.

MONTROSE  
Very well.... but see to it that I am not mocked.... in the meanwhile make my claim against these acres on Lomondside for the debt he owes....

and he reflects a moment

MONTROSE  
(continuing)

....still no word of this man of  
McGregor's, he who took the coin....?

KILLEARN

Not a word, my Lord....

CUNNINGHAM

Nor will there be. This was a ploy of  
McGregor's, to take the money and blame  
another. His man is well hid and your  
Lordship's money well spent, I wager  
it....

MONTROSE

You have a rare grasp of the  
conspirator's mind, Archibald. You are  
to be commended on it.

And the mockery is not lost on Cunningham who takes it as  
compliment and makes a short bow in receipt.

91. EXT. GARDEN - NIGHT

91.

Cunningham and Killearn are walking back to the coach  
house.

KILLEARN

He sees through it, Archie, I know him  
and his gibes....

CUNNINGHAM

And you think he would count it against  
us if he knew? He has his three  
hundred acres for only a thousand  
pound. A fair price by any reckoning.

Killearn is still concerned.

As they reach the entrance to the coach house Betty steps  
out. She is distraught and has evidently been waiting  
there some time.

BETTY

Archie, sir.... I must speak with  
you....

She sees Killearn and shrinks away from him, going on

(continuing)

....I am dismissed from service on  
account of my state....

CUNNINGHAM  
And what is your state, pretty  
Betty....

BETTY  
You know well, I am with your child....  
and he....

pointing at Killearn

(continuing)  
....this one has made report of it....

CUNNINGHAM  
I'm sure had you accommodated him as  
well as you did me, he would have kept  
your secret longer....

She stares at him in disbelief.

BETTY  
Do not mock me....

Cunningham catches her by the face.

CUNNINGHAM  
What's to mock, Betty? You are most  
fit for your part, a little strumpet  
with a bastard in her.... and a  
bastard's bastard at that....

and his grip softens to a near caress.

(continuing)  
....we had some fine scenes you and me,  
between the sheets, but that play is  
over and you must find a role that fits  
your belly....

He releases her, pushing her towards Killearn.

CUNNINGHAM  
....now here's an actor who can play  
rustic with the very best. Try him on  
for size....

and as it becomes clear that he means it and that Killearn  
is more than willing Betty shrinks back and then turns and  
runs, back down the garden.

Cunningham looks after her, an odd look on his face.

CUNNINGHAM  
Did you hear me, was I not word perfect  
as the villain?

KILLEARN

As if you had rehearsed it a hundred times, Archie.

And Cunningham nods.

CUNNINGHAM

I will give God this due, He is a poor playwright but He picks His players to perfection....

92. EXT. GLEN - DAY

92.

A small cart moves along a track to a house set in against the hillside.

Mary is on the cart with a few domestic goods. Ranald is up beside her and Duncan and Rob walk beside.

They come up to the house which by the look of it has been empty for some time. Mary stares at it, the nettles against the wall, the disrepair evident in the thatch.

Rob sees her expression.

ROB ROY

It'll look more like itself when the sun shines.

Mary gets down from the cart, goes to the door, opens it, looks into the unkempt, dank interior. Rob comes behind her, his hand on her shoulder, his head inclined to hers.

ROB ROY

When we have our bed in it and us in our bed it will seem home enough....

but her face remains unmoved by such a prospect. She turns back to the boys, who are already starting to explore.

MARY

Alright.... we have work to do. Play can wait....

and her manner leaves Rob stood in the doorway, bereft.

93. EXT. FARMLAND - DAY

93.

A band of Rob's men, mostly on foot, with a few mounted, are driving a herd through a valley bottom.

Rob, on a pony, comes riding up to a group where Alasdair has his dagger at the throat of a man whose son, a boy little older than Rob's own, watches in terror.

ROB ROY  
What's amiss here....?

ALASDAIR  
One of Montrose's men, trying to claim  
these beasts are his and not his  
master's....

MAN  
I am not Montrose's man.... he feeds  
his cattle on my pasture and mine are  
among his.... you have my beasts as  
well as Montrose's.

Rob looks at him. The man is frightened but determined to stand up for himself. Rob looks at the boy.

ROB ROY  
Is this true, lad....?

BOY  
Aye.... aye....

Still talking to the boy

ROB ROY  
Do you know your beasts....?

BOY  
Aye.... two brindles and a Galloway....  
the Galloway is mine....

Rob nods. Then to the man

ROB ROY  
That's a good lad you have there. Cut  
out your cattle.... put up, Alasdair.

And Alasdair reluctantly lowers his dagger and the man and boy move among the cattle to bring out theirs.

ALASDAIR  
He pays rent to Montrose. If you would  
hurt his Lordship you needs must hurt  
his tenants....

ROB ROY  
Drive cattle, man.... we haven't all  
day....

And he rides off and Alasdair, angry at this dismissal,  
turns back to the herding.

94. EXT. TAVERN - DAY

94.

There are a number of troopers sat around outside, their horses tied up on a line across the way from the tavern. There is something of the air of a military outpost and the locals move through these bored, quarrelsome men with a certain caution.

Killearn comes riding up, dismounts and throws the reins to a trooper who is standing outside the door. He pretends to catch them but when Killearn has gone inside he lets them fall and they all watch as the horse wanders off, to laughter from his companions.

95. INT. TAVERN - DAY

95.

There are more troopers in the tavern, most of them gathered round a table where Cunningham is arm wrestling one of their number.

Killearn comes up, his face betraying his agitation.

KILLEARN

Another forty beasts gone from over Ben Struther.... the man is devouring cattle and nothing done to stop him....

Cunningham doesn't even look at him as he slowly gains the ascendancy over his opponent. He keeps on until with a sudden lurch he puts him down. There is a shout from the watchers who have all been betting. Cunningham signals the landlord.

CUNNINGHAM

Drinks for the losers....

Then he turns to Killearn and it's clear he has been losing a few too.

(continuing)

....what sort of stoat is this McGregor....? I violate his wife, burn his house and offer him satisfaction and all he can do is steal cattle....

Killearn doesn't like this talk in public. He starts to remonstrate but gets no further than

KILLEARN

Archie....

before Cunningham grabs him and spins him round, throwing him against a wall.

CUNNINGHAM

And Archie me nothing. 'Cunningham' or 'Mr. Cunningham' or sir will suffice....

and Killearn straightens himself up, driven as far back as he will let himself be.

KILLEARN

Listen to me and I use no names, nothing but fact. If you do not lay this McGregor by the heels, and soon, his Lordship will cut us off, as clean as he cut off your Betty Sturrock.

and something about this sobers Cunningham, enough to have him move Killearn into a kind of privacy where he asks, genuinely perplexed

CUNNINGHAM

Then tell me why I have not had his summons. Did I not give him cause? Did I not look his wife in the eye and give my name? Did I not bid him retrieve what it seems he values above all else?....

KILLEARN

Maybe he wants you to come to him....

CUNNINGHAM

And if he buggers any of his Lordship's cows by God I will....

and he lets out a yelp of mirth, an unsettling half mad amusement that has the place staring at him.

96. EXT. HOUSE - DAY

96.

The house in the glen. There are signs of it having been refurbished, weeds and nettles cleared, the walls rechinked. Smoke rises from the chimney and the boys can be seen, playing on the hillside behind. In all a peaceful scene.

97. INT. HOUSE - DAY

97.

Betty Sturrock sits at the table. She is now noticeably pregnant. Mary sits across from her, face grave, listening to her tale.

BETTY

I could not hear all of it but Killearn talked of money, that Archie might take....

MARY  
This is Cunningham, this Archie....?

Betty nods, still incapable of keeping her feelings out of her face.

BETTY  
He is wild but it is that Killearn, he has the devil in him....

Mary doesn't want to debate this.

MARY  
Tell me about this money, did you hear a sum spoken?....

BETTY  
Archie said it would be the easiest thousand pound he ever earned, the only pity that it would be in Scots and not English pounds....

MARY  
And how did he mean to earn this thousand pound?....

BETTY  
I know not, save that Killearn said no trace must be left....

and Mary absorbs this, then she looks at Betty.

BETTY  
My husband will appreciate that you came with this word. Will you take some supper and rest, Betty, for you look ill used....

BETTY  
Oh, I am not worse used than I deserve, Mistress McGregor, for I have a bastard's bastard in me and no home for him when he comes out....

Mary rises, goes to the press, takes out some bread.

MARY  
Well, we'd better feed you or he'll not have the strength to try....

and then she hears Betty sobbing behind her. She turns, goes to her. Sits down, puts an arm around her.

(continuing)  
....lass, lass, bear up now. Your bairn will have you and you will have it....

BETTY

But I will not have Archie, and  
Mistress McGregor, I love him, even  
after all. Is that not a worse sin  
than any other....?

and Mary, near tears herself at this terrible convergence  
of ironies, can only shake her head.

MARY

No Betty, love is never a sin.  
Never.... only the lack of it....

and with a strange, premonitory look on her face she lays  
a hand on the girl's belly.

(continuing)  
....how is it in there?

BETTY

He lies awful quiet, as if to be no  
trouble to me....

And Mary, piled with portents, holds her, clapping her  
gently.

98. INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

98.

Betty is asleep on the bed. Mary and Rob sit by the fire.  
Mary has told Rob Betty's tale and his face shines with the  
fervour of the vindicated.

ROB ROY

God save me but I knew it.... I knew  
it, Mary....

She nods, strangely unelated.

MARY

Aye, you did Robert, and I'm sorry I  
gainsaid you....

Rob gets up, goes, looks at the sleeping girl. Comes back.

ROB ROY

Now we have them, Mary....

MARY

Robert, that lass will prove nothing,  
not against the likes of Killearn and  
Cunningham and his Lordship.... a wee  
whore stood outside a door, come  
griping now that her belly's under her  
chin....

ROB ROY  
She heard them plan to kill Alan  
McDonald.... she heard them....

MARY  
And they will deny it, in their teeth  
they will deny it, and who will be  
believed at the Assize with Montrose or  
his like on the bench....?

ROB ROY  
The Assize I bring them to will believe  
the truth when it is told, and it will  
be told I warrant you, Mary.... teeth  
or no teeth, for I will have it out of  
them, all of it....

and Mary's face shows her apprehension at such disclosure.

99. INT. SNUG - NIGHT

99.

Killearn is with Guthrie, listening to his importuning.  
Guthrie has not improved since last seen. Outside it is a  
wet and windy night.

GUTHRIE  
The Englishman will never catch  
McGregor. He knows nothing of the  
hills or the trails or the hidey holes  
he has. Put my name forward to his  
Lordship and I will find him, I swear  
to it.

Killearn turns this over in his mind.

KILLEARN  
I'll think on it. Tell me, what sort  
of man is Argyll to work for?....

GUTHRIE  
There is no gratitude in him. I won  
him upwards of a dozen encounters.  
Then one reversal and I was in the  
midden....

KILLEARN  
Aye, there's not much to put between  
these great men for gratitude....

Suddenly from the tavern there comes the unmistakeable  
sound of cattle bellowing and the crash of furniture and  
the cries of the patrons.

Killearn goes to the door, opens it. He can see there are  
a number of cows trampling around in the confined space and  
more coming in through the door.

KILLEARN  
What in the.... if this is  
Cunningham....

Then a noise from Guthrie makes him swing round.

Rob stands at the back door of the snug, his sword in hand. Killearn starts to bolt into the tavern but a steer comes charging up and Killearn only just manages to get the door closed in time. He turns back.

KILLEARN  
Now's your chance, Will, kill him....

and Guthrie unsheathes. Rob hardly looks at him.

ROB ROY  
This is not your fight, Guthrie. I'm  
here for Killearn....

GUTHRIE  
And if I make it my fight....

and Rob looks at him and it's a look we have seen before, cold and without hope of reprieve.

ROB ROY  
Then you'll be with Tam Sibbald in the  
morning....

Guthrie hesitates. Killearn desperately tries the door again but there is a beast jammed across it. He swings round.

KILLEARN  
Take him, Will, and his Lordship will  
take you on, I warrant it....

and Guthrie, unable to resist his fate, lunges at Rob who turns the blow aside and in a continuation of the motion cuts him, deep and hard, backhanded across the stomach and his guts almost fall out. Guthrie clutches at himself, staring at his insides.

GUTHRIE  
My guts....

in amazement. Then he looks up and Rob stabs him, once, through the chest, killing him at once.

Killearn stares, terrified. Rob beckons him with his sword.

KILLEARN  
Don't kill me. It wasn't me....

ROB ROY  
Outside or I'll take an arm off you.  
The one you write with....

And Killearn scuttles towards him and Rob takes his collar and leads him away, while behind them the chaos continues, and from the snug window it can be seen that a herd of cattle is being driven down the road in front of the tavern, effectively keeping any pursuit at bay.

100. EXT. LOCH - NIGHT

100.

In the wind and driving rain, Rob, Killearn and Alasdair are in a small boat, Alasdair rowing, Killearn amidships and Rob in the stern. Killearn is openly fearful and Rob watches him with a grim, cruel satisfaction.

ROB ROY  
I thought you like wee outings in  
boats.... wee visits in the early  
morning to defenceless women and  
children....

And Killearn knows Rob knows and he clings to the gunwales as Rob, his anger leaking from his mouth, goes on at him.

(continuing)  
....if I put you over the side now, how  
long before you'd come to the top, eh,  
Killearn?.... how long has Alan  
McDonald been down?....

Killearn stares at him, all his fears realised.

Alasdair on the oars comes in with

ALASDAIR  
This bastard wouldn't sink.... shite  
floats....

And Killearn says nothing, his mind working away behind his flinching eyes.

Ahead of them the dark shape of a little island shows up.

101. EXT. ISLAND - NIGHT

101.

The boat grinds ashore. Rob prods Killearn out over the side and ashore, gets out behind him. Killearn looks around desperately. Rob pays him no heed, talking to Alasdair who stays in the boat.

After a moment Rob pushes the boat back out and Alasdair bends to the oars.

Killearn looks around as if contemplating flight. Then he finds Rob watching him.

ROB ROY

Aye, go on, it's a long time since I played hide and seek in the dark.... will I count to a hundred.... or maybe a thousand....?

and Killearn abandons all thought of such. Rob comes up and pushes him ahead, into the trees.

102. EXT. CHAPEL - NIGHT

102.

A small, half ruined chapel, part of the roof gone but the walls still standing and with a heavy wooden door. Rob pushes it open, shoves Killearn inside.

103. INT. CHAPEL - NIGHT

103.

There is a lamp on a table and little else. Killearn sits on a log stump turned up as a stool. Rob watches him, seated on the table, as he casts around for some way of determining the extent of his plight.

KILLEARN

What more can I tell you? He took the money and left.

ROB ROY

And you did not follow him and relieve him of it in some quiet place....

Killearn mimes innocence.

KILLEARN

I have witnesses, at the tavern. I stayed and made up my books.

ROB ROY

And what of Cunningham.... where was he....?

KILLEARN

That man goes where he pleases.

Rob gets off the table and comes to stand in front of his prisoner.

ROB ROY

I have word of where he went and what he did and how you were party to it....

Killearn looks up at him, still guessing at what Rob knows.

KILLEARN

At Craigrostan I gave no order.... all  
of that was his, the Englishman's....

ROB ROY

But you stood by and watched.... did  
you not....?

and Killearn swallows his nervousness.

KILLEARN

Your wife.... she will tell you, I had  
no hand....

but Rob's knife is suddenly at his throat.

ROB ROY

I have one who heard you plan to kill  
McDonald and take the money.... you  
hear me.... I have a witness to it....

and Killearn realises who it must be. He is almost  
relieved.

KILLEARN

It is the serving lass, the one  
Cunningham was ploughing....

ROB ROY

Aye, Betty Sturrock. She heard you two  
plotting....

KILLEARN

....she would say anything to strike at  
him, and in truth he treated her  
ill.... but I fear she is no proof of  
your claim, Rob and it will not stand  
in court....

ROB ROY

It will stand in this court. When  
Alasdair brings her back I will have  
her tell you to your face, Killearn,  
and if you cannot gainsay her, then I  
will hang you here, from this roof  
tree....

and he forces Killearn's head up to where he can see rope  
hanging from the beam. Killearn gulps.

KILLEARN

If you harm me his Lordship will hunt  
you down.... you know it....

and Rob lets his chin come down until they are looking into  
each other's eyes.

ROB ROY

I am past caring. You have wronged me, and you have wronged my wife and I will have justice, before God I will have it....

and Killearn sees that there's not much margin here and he is suddenly afraid.

Then Rob rises and, turning, blows out the lamp. Leaving Killearn in the darkness, he goes outside and shuts the door.

104. EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

104.

Alasdair comes up to the house, bent into the wind. He knocks on the door calling out

ALASDAIR

Mary.... Mary, it's ....

and after a moment Mary opens the door, alarm in her eyes.

MARY

What.... is it Rob....?

Alasdair shakes his head, stepping in.

ALASDAIR

He has Killearn....

105. INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

105.

Mary closes the door, checks to see if the boys are asleep. Turns back to Alasdair, her concern evident.

MARY

Does Rob know?....

Alasdair shakes his head.

ALASDAIR

But he is questioning Killearn now. Who knows what that bladder will leak....?

MARY

He will tell it, to save himself he will tell it....

the anxiety rising in her voice. Alasdair takes her hand.

ALASDAIR

Rob sent me for the girl. He has only McDonald in his mind.

and Mary, clutching at straw

MARY

She is in the shed, wake her while I  
dress myself....

ALASDAIR

There's no need for you....

MARY

There is need.... wake her.

and seeing there's no arguing, Alasdair opens the door,  
goes out and Mary starts to dress herself.

106. EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

106.

Alasdair comes around to the shed, knocks on the door.

ALASDAIR

Wake up Betty, we have business to  
attend....

but there is no response and he lifts up the latch and  
opens the door which swings heavily, creaking, inwards.  
Alasdair looks in.

107. INT. SHED - NIGHT

107.

It is dark but after a moment the ragged light from the  
moon reveals there is no one present. He can see a bed  
made up in the straw and the signs of it having been slept  
in but of Betty there's no sign. He goes out letting the  
door swing slowly back.

108. INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

108.

Mary is dressed and is talking to the boys, telling them  
she must leave. Alasdair comes in.

ALASDAIR

She's gone, Mary....

Mary looks up.

MARY

She cannot, she was in no state.... and  
on a night like this....

She comes to the door.

(continuing)

....perhaps she was taken short....

and they go out and the boys, hardly awake, lie down again.

109. EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT.

109.

A lop-sided moon runs through the thickets of cloud, splintering light over the scene. Mary calls out Betty's name as they go round to the shed. There is no response.

Mary looks into the shed.

MARY

Betty....

ALASDAIR

She's not there....

but Mary pushes the door open, steps inside, still unable to believe that the girl has left. Then in some expanding awareness she steps further in and lets the door swing back.

Betty Sturrock is hanging behind the door, her shift around her throat and her feet inches from the floor. A great shudder passes through Mary at the sight.

MARY

Oh sweet Lord of Mercy, where are you....?

and she seizes the body round the thickened middle and tries to hoist it up but Betty is gone and she hangs, a dead weight in Mary's arms.

110. EXT. CHAPEL - EARLY MORNING

110.

Rob sitting with his back to the door, his plaid around him. The winds and rain have eased and the whole scene shines with glister of wet and green. His head is on his knees but at the slightest noise he comes awake, animal, simple.

111. EXT. LOCH - EARLY MORNING

111.

The row boat with two figures in it, coming towards the island, Alasdair rowing, Mary in the stern.

112. EXT. CHAPEL - EARLY MORNING

112.

Rob comes awake, listens, gets up and after one glance into the chapel he moves down to the shore.

113. EXT. SHORE - EARLY MORNING

113.

Alasdair has beached the boat, is helping Mary out. For a moment Rob doesn't recognize her, then as she turns he sees who it is.

ROB ROY

Mary.... where is the girl....?

Mary, whose face is set in a mask of terrible control comes up to him.

MARY

Betty Sturrock hanged herself in our shed....

Rob is shaken. He stands for a moment, then recovering

ROB ROY

Why are you here....?

and, Alasdair ever guilty, comes in with

ALASDAIR

She made me bring her, I told her....

but Mary cuts across him.

MARY

I made him bring me for I have dealings with this Killearn.

ROB ROY

What dealings....?

MARY

You think only you are wronged here....

ROB ROY

No, I do not....

but Mary, a strange intensity in her eyes and voice goes on

MARY

....and you think only you can bring this thing to confession? Well, you are wrong. I will confront this man, me and Betty Sturrock and Betty Sturrock's child, the three of us will bring it out of him....

and as she sees him hesitate, sensing more than he understands, she seizes him by the front

(continuing)

....as I am your wife, Robert, I will have my way in this.... I will....

and Rob, confronted by such a conviction can only nod.

114. INT. CHAPEL - MORNING

114.

Killearn, drowsing in the corner, comes awake, stares up at the figure in the doorway.

KILLEARN  
Betty.... is that you....?

MARY  
Betty is dead. She killed herself this night and her unborn with her....

Killearn gets up, recognizing his visitor.

KILLEARN  
Mistress McGregor.... so the poor girl is dead....?

MARY  
Spare me your hypocrisy, Killearn. You are as much her murderer as she.... you and that Englishman.

KILLEARN  
I had no part in her child, anymore than the matter at Craigrostan.

MARY  
You stood and gloated, you did all with your eyes....

and she advances on him, hitting the rope so that it swings overhead.

(continuing)  
....and for that I could see you hanged, here and now....

and Killearn backs up, frightened but working on his instinct for manoeuvre.

KILLEARN  
Yet you have not told him, I know he does not know it.

MARY  
Do you think me such a puppet that I would put my husband's head in a noose?.... fashioned from my own dishonour....?

and Killearn looks at her, admiration in his face as she goes on

MARY

(continuing)

....I know your Englishman did, but I will see him dead first....

KILLEARN

So Mistress McGregor, what is it you have come to me for....?

MARY

You will write down a true account of how you and he slew Alan McDonald and took those monies for which my husband is condemned. You will swear this writing before a judge....

Killearn shakes his head at her certainty.

KILLEARN

And for this you will spare me to be hanged at the tollbooth before a gathering of cheerful Scotsmen?.... it is not a great inducement, no matter how well it suits you....

MARY

When it is signed, you may make your way in the world as best you can.... I have no doubt a fitting end awaits you....

but Killearn, invigorated by these exchanges comes closer, leaning into her so that she backs up a little as he goes on

KILLEARN

I will never forget the last time I saw you. How nobly you walked from that burning house, like a queen among her subjects.... no wait, I have another picture. It is you stood in Lomond water washing away a stain.... did it come out, Mary?.... are you still bloodying cloths these last three month....?

and she sees in his eyes he has it, and as they stare at each other, there is a knock on the door and Rob's voice asking if she is alright.

MARY

Aye, aye Robert.... a moment more....

Her eyes never moving from Killearn's hypnotic gaze. He smiles.

KILLEARN

Well, you know what they say. It's a wise father who knows his own child....

and he turns away as Mary says in a darkened, helpless tone

MARY

Betty was right, you have the devil in you, Killearn....

He smiles, hearing her despondency.

KILLEARN

As well may you, Mary....

and his bulk blocks out view of her. He turns ready to renegotiate and Mary, who has come up behind him, slashes him across the throat with a short, wicked blade, cutting open the great artery in his neck, and before he can clutch himself she cuts him again, quick as a cat.

Killearn's eyes widen in disbelief as his blood splashes out of him. A cry comes spraying and gurgling up and he staggers back against the wall, his hands trying to close the gash. Mary stares at him, shocked but impassive.

Then as Killearn staggers to the door, crying out, she sits down at the table, puts the blade down.

115. EXT. CHAPEL - MORNING

115.

Killearn bursts out into the open. Rob and Alasdair stare at him in horror.

Then Rob, crying "Mary!" runs inside.

Killearn runs through the trees, still clutching his throat, blood pumping from him.

116. INT. CHAPEL - MORNING

116.

Mary is still sat at the table. Rob comes in to her.

ROB ROY

Mary.... are you harmed?

She looks at him, almost disassociated. Shakes her head.

ROB ROY

What have you done, woman, what have you done....?

117. EXT. SHORE - MORNING

117.

Killearn is on his knees in the water, trying to see his face in the surface. Alasdair comes up behind him.

KILLEARN

She cut me.... so I would not tell him....

And Alasdair takes his head and forces it under the water. Killearn starts to thrash around, taking his hands from his wound and blood discolours the water in a series of gouts. Alasdair holds him under until he slackens and gives up the struggle.

118. INT. CHAPEL - DAY

118.

Rob sits with Mary wrapped in his plaid, cradling her. She is asleep, a drained strained slumber and almost without thinking Rob's hand beats a quiet heart clap on her back.

There is the sound outside of a whistle and then Alasdair appears in the doorway. Looks in. Rob makes a shushing sound.

ALASDAIR

He's sunk. I gutted him to let the air out and put a stone in his belly to take him down....

and although he speaks quietly Mary jerks and cries out, and Rob holds her a moment till she calms. Alasdair comes and squats beside Rob, who stares at his wife until her alarm subsides. Then he looks at Alasdair, their faces very close.

ROB ROY

Did she say ought to you when you brought her.... anything about Killearn?

Alasdair shakes his head but his eyes evade Rob's and Rob sees it.

ROB ROY

There is something here I cannot touch....

and then he realises Mary is awake, looking at him.

(continuing)

....are you rested....?

MARY

Is he dead still....?

Rob nods. She puts a hand on his.

MARY  
(continuing)  
....I will go to Montrose, tell him it  
was my work....

ROB ROY  
Your work is mine, Mary, and there's no  
other way to it. Would I stand and see  
you hanged or deported....?

MARY  
I did not want this....

and he loses his control.

ROB ROY  
Then what did you want, for God's sake  
tell me, for I swear I do not know what  
drove you to this....

and she shrinks at his anger.

MARY  
Perhaps I am mad.... have you thought  
on that....? And this world is mad  
enough that one more will hardly be  
noticed....

119. EXT. HOUSE - DAY

119.

Flames rising from Rob and Mary's house. The few articles  
of furniture are thrown onto the roof to help burn the  
thatch.

A troop of horsemen are milling around, some mounted,  
others plundering on foot.

Cunningham is in charge, riding up and down, comporting  
himself like a conqueror.

Behind the house the hills go steeply up to the cloud  
covered ridge.

120. EXT. HILLSIDE - DAY

120.

Rob, Coll, Alasdair and a few others lie behind rocks  
looking down on the scene below.

Rob's face is grim.

Alasdair is a little ways off, behind another rock. He has  
a musket. He crawls over to Rob and Coll.

ALASDAIR

We can't let them burn and loot and ride away....

Rob doesn't look at him.

(continuing)

....we should hit them Rob.... that Cunningham, he's there, on the white horse. He's the one who took Craigrostan....

ROB ROY

I know who he is....

ALASDAIR

Have you no thought to avenge Mary for that....?

Rob looks over at him as Coll interjects.

COLL

There's thirty or more and mounted, man.... they'd ride us down like sheep....

ALASDAIR

Alasdair McGregor is no sheep....

ROB ROY

Coll's right.... we can do nothing here....

He gets up and starts to move up the slope and the others, with the exception of Alasdair, follow.

Alasdair goes back to retrieve his musket.

121. EXT. HOUSE - DAY

121.

The pillage complete, the thatch ablaze, Cunningham calls his troop together, prepares to ride away.

Suddenly there is a cry among the troopers and the sound of a shot and a man falls from his horse.

Immediately the others scatter, taking what cover they can behind the burning building.

Only Cunningham stays, riding forward to get a look up the slope.

122. EXT. HILLSIDE - DAY

122.

Alasdair rising from his shot, triumph on his face.

ALASDAIR  
A hit.... a hit....

123. EXT. HILLSIDE - DAY

123.

Rob and the others stop, look back.

ROB ROY  
Damn the fool....

124. EXT. HOUSE - DAY

124.

Cunningham has spotted Alasdair, halfway up the slope. Calling to his men he spurs his horse forward.

The troopers rally, come out from cover, start up behind him.

125. EXT. HILLSIDE - DAY

125.

The Gregorach, seeing them, start away up the hill towards the safety of the ridge.

Alasdair stands a moment longer, yelling defiance, then he turns and runs.

Rob waits for him.

ALASDAIR  
I hit one of them....

ROB ROY  
And he'll be a dear one, I'm thinking....

and the two of them start up the hill toward the cloud cover.

126. EXT. HILLSIDE - DAY

126.

The troopers are forcing their horses to the slope, spurring them and beating them with the flat of their sabres.

Cunningham orders some of them to dismount and fire at the figures of the Gregorach who are barely fifty yards ahead.

127. EXT. HILLSIDE - DAY

127.

Rob and Alasdair are the rearmost of the fleeing group. Shots begin to sing out around them.

ROB ROY  
Damn you, Alasdair, for a fool....

Alasdair seems to be enjoying himself. He looks over at the older man.

ALASDAIR  
You're getting too old for the wars,  
Rob.... what will you do when the King comes....?

But before Rob can respond Alasdair is suddenly pitched forward, stumbling to end on his knees, struck in the back by a ball. He starts to get up but can't and Rob grabs him, throws him up over his shoulder and keeps running.

128. EXT. HILLSIDE - DAY

128.

Cunningham can see that one of them is hit. He calls out to his men. Spurs his horse on.

129. EXT. HILLSIDE - DAY

129.

The first of the Gregorach have reached the cloud line. They disappear into it like phantoms.

Coll stops on the edge, looks back. He can see Rob labouring up with Alasdair on his back, the horsemen gaining rapidly now.

COLL  
Run, Rob, run for yourself....

and then he is hit in the stomach and falls back with a groan.

130. EXT. HILLSIDE - DAY

130.

Rob is starting to slow down. The cloud line is still a distance off and he can hear the horses as they pound up behind him.

ALASDAIR  
Put me down.... I can run....

ROB ROY  
Shut your mouth....

and he ploughs on up the slope.

131. EXT. HILLSIDE - DAY

131.

Cunningham can see Rob is going to make it into the mist. He orders another volley.

Men pull up, leap off, aim their heavy horse pistols. A volley crackles out.

132. EXT. HILLSIDE - DAY

132.

Rob and Alasdair make it into the cloud, but a ways along Coll is trying to get to his feet and he is hit again and when he falls he is dead.

133. EXT. HILLSIDE - DAY

133.

Rob looks back. The cloud obscures the horsemen. He runs now on a long diagonal, trying to outflank the horsemen, Alasdair on his back, legs trailing.

134. EXT. HILLSIDE - DAY

134.

Cunningham and his troopers come charging up into the mist. At once they are enveloped and visibility drops to no more than a few feet, figures looming up almost on top of one another.

Cunningham calls on them to spread out and to refrain from using their pistols.

CUNNINGHAM  
Sabre them.... cut them down....

135. EXT. HILLSIDE - DAY

135.

Rob is on his hands and knees, Alasdair sprawled along his back. He crawls on up the slope, the thudding of the horses' hooves faint beneath his palms.

ALASDAIR  
Let me lie till I get my wind, Rob....  
that thing knocked the breath out of  
me....

Rob pays him no heed, grimly crawling upward.

Suddenly in front of him a great dark shape looms up. Throwing Alasdair off he drags his sword free only to realise that the shape is a standing stone and a little ways off there is the faint outline of another.

Gasping with relief he gets Alasdair, drags him up to the base of the stone, turns, stares around him in to the swirling mist. There is no sign of their pursuers.

He turns to look as Alasdair's wound, leaning over to get at his back.

Alasdair groans.

ROB ROY  
Hold still....

and he sees where he is hit, below the shoulder blade.

ALASDAIR  
Knocked the breath out of me....

Rob has no doubt how serious it is. He lays Alasdair back against the stone, turns to scan the mist.

ALASDAIR  
I cannot feel my legs Rob.... are they there....?

and Rob is staring around as first one, then two more horses and riders loom up and dissolve again into the mist.

ROB ROY  
Aye, your legs are fine....

ALASDAIR  
Forgive me, Rob, for I cannot forgive myself....

ROB ROY  
Save your breath, lad....

ALASDAIR  
I could not have saved her, Rob. They were done with Mary before I reached her....

Rob hears this, turns.

(continuing)  
....but I should have struck a blow even so....

ROB ROY  
Done what with Mary....?

ALASDAIR  
They forced her.... she made me swear not to say....

ROB ROY  
Who forced her?....

ALASDAIR

The Englishman.... and Killearn was there.... I should have struck a blow and I would have been dead then and not now....

ROB ROY

What did she make you swear?....

ALASDAIR

She said if she could bear it to be done, then I could bear to be silent.

and then a horseman comes riding up, just on the other side of the stone. Rob barely has time to rise, press himself against the rock so that it is between him and the rider, who turns his mount, calls out something to another horseman and moves off. Rob stands reeling with what he has been told. Then as he stares into the mist he realises that he can see not just another stone, but the whole circlet of them, growing more pronounced by the minute as a wind starts to drive the cloud off the ridge.

136. EXT. HILLSIDE - DAY

136.

Cunningham too can see that the mist is clearing. One of his horsemen rides up to him.

HORSEMAN

They're clean gone, Mr. Cunningham....

Cunningham looks around at the thinning cloud.

CUNNINGHAM

Give it a moment, there's a wind up....

137. EXT. HILLSIDE - DAY

137.

Rob stands on one side of the stone, sword in hand. Alasdair lies at the foot of it on the other side.

Rob can see the shapes of horsemen now, faint but numerous. He stands motionless as the air slowly, inexorably clears. Alasdair stares in front of him as if he could see something approaching. A look on his face of wonderment and fear. Slowly, with infinite effort he starts to push himself upright to meet it.

138. EXT. HILLSIDE - DAY

138.

Cunningham is standing up in his stirrups, staring around. He can see the circle of standing stones, some twenty yards away and more and more of his horsemen are appearing. One of them drags Coll's body by a leg from a rope.

HORSEMAN  
We have one of them....

2ND HORSEMAN  
The rest have gone to earth....

and cursing, Cunningham calls his troops in.

139. EXT. HILLSIDE - DAY

139.

Alasdair is trying to pull himself upright on the stone. Rob, straining every nerve to be aware of the horsemen, doesn't realise Alasdair has moved until his hand brushes his shoulder. He starts, turns and sees Alasdair's hands clamped to the stone.

ROB ROY  
Alasdair.... stand still....

But Alasdair, beyond reach, keeps climbing the stone, pulling his useless legs behind him.

The mist has thinned enough that several horsemen can be seen, clearly, starting to make their way back down the hill. Rob is about to step out from behind the stone and drag Alasdair down but at that moment one of the horsemen sees the desperate apparition. He cries out and several horsemen converge at once. They reach Alasdair and one of them shoots him at almost point blank range, but such is his determination that he clings there, dead but clamped by the hands to life.

Before he can dismount, Rob comes around and drives his sword up under the horseman's ribs. The man falls back and Rob seizes the reins and jumps up into the saddle, but he can't free the stricken trooper's foot from one stirrup.

The shot brings the other horsemen.

Rob kicks the horse into a run but the trooper, dead now, drags alongside, causing the horse to shy and shear off. Rob tries to guide it on over the ridge but more and more horsemen come up and shots begin to crack out. Then the dead trooper falls away and the horse begins to gallop. Rob crouches low, fleeing into the interior where the mist is still thick in patches.

Then a shot rings out and the horse, hit, pitches forward, throwing Rob over its head. He lands and is knocked unconscious. Lies there, sprawled on the ground.

FADE AND BACK

Rob lying on the ground. He opens his eyes, then is brutally jerked by the neck, dragged along the ground. He only has time to grab the rope with both hands to prevent him being strangled as he is hauled along.

140. EXT. HILLSIDE - DAY

140.

The troop coming down the hill. Rob is being dragged behind Cunningham's horse which is moving too fast for him to be able to get to his feet.

He is hauled all the way down the hill, being battered and bucked in the descent.

Cunningham, triumphant at his capture, spurs his horse on, taking occasional backward looks to make sure Rob is still supporting the strain on his arms.

141. EXT. ROADSIDE - NIGHT

141.

Rob lies, bound hand and foot among the horses. He is bruised and cut and covered with mud, and his body shivers convulsively from its ordeal. He can see the camp fires of the troop through the legs of the beasts. He strains at his bonds but they are cruelly tight. Then he hears someone approach, looks up.

It is Cunningham. He comes to within a few feet of Rob. Then

CUNNINGHAM

Well, McGregor, how does it seem to you tonight.... is God's great plan for us all to your liking....?

Rob says nothing, lies watching his tormentor. Cunningham waits a moment.

(continuing)

...."broken but not dead" was his Lordship's request. I will do my part, if you will do yours and not die before the bridge at Glen Orchy.... Then I have no fear but his Lordship will hang you on the spot for the loss of Killearn....

Still there is nothing from Rob and Cunningham leans a little closer.

CUNNINGHAM

....Tell me, what did you do with that bag of guts....?

But Rob will say nothing and it begins to annoy Cunningham. He cuffs Rob across the side of the head.

CUNNINGHAM  
(continuing)

Vex me not, McGregor, or I shall have you dragged awhile.... and I am a man of my word....

ROB ROY  
You are a thief, a murderer, a betrayer and a violator of women.

CUNNINGHAM  
I had hoped you would have come to me long since on that score.

ROB ROY  
....had I known earlier you would be dead sooner....

and there is something in this that gets to Cunningham. He leans into Rob's face.

CUNNINGHAM  
I will tell you something to take with you.... your wife was sweeter forced than many are willing.... in truth, put to it I think not all of her objected....

and Rob's lunge upward at his throat almost gets him but he rocks back hard just enough and Rob's teeth seize him by the collar and for a moment the sheer animal ferocity of it has Cunningham in a panic, trying to jerk away before he starts to beat him with his fists but Rob will not release and Cunningham drags him, until the material tears loose and Cunningham springs away. He touches the torn collar, the idea of his own flesh being so lacerated causing him to shudder.

Then he begins to kick the helpless figure before him who all the while glares up at him, the piece of material between his teeth.

142. EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

142.

Mary sits outside the house. Gregor and Iain are with her. She stares at them.

MARY  
And you let him be dragged away like a beast to be slaughtered....

GREGOR

We were scattered in the mist, Mary.  
After Alasdair brought them on us, we  
had no course but to run....

She stands up.

MARY

It is the Englishman who has him....?

They nod.

(continuing)

....I must go to the Duke of Argyll, to  
intercede with Montrose....

COLL

It's a long day's ride, Mary....

MARY

Then I best be about it.... Duncan,  
Ranald....

and the men look at each other.

GREGOR

Wait until morning....

MARY

What, so I may go mad in the night....

and they see there is no stopping of her.

143. EXT. BRIDGE - MORNING

143.

Montrose waits with his entourage at the Glen Orchy Bridge.  
A small pavilion is set up and Montrose is within,  
breakfasting while his men wait, stamping in the cold raw  
air, their breath and that of their beasts grey silks in  
the chill.

A horseman comes over the bridge, dismounts, and comes into  
the tent.

144. INT. PAVILION - MORNING

144.

Montrose looks up.

HORSEMAN

They are coming, my Lord....

MONTROSE

And have they my man....?

HORSEMAN

They have some poor brute at horse  
heels, who he is I cannot tell, nor  
likely could his mother....

145. EXT. ROAD - MORNING

145.

And we have Rob's face before us, a terrible mask, bruised, bloody and gagged by a stick between his jaws and tied behind his head. The halter is gone from around his neck but his hands are tied at the wrists, and the rope to Cunningham's saddle. His arms and legs are scraped and raw and he is moving only from some reserves of will far below his mind. They come up the slope to the bridge.

146. EXT. BRIDGE - MORNING

146.

Montrose, resplendent in a great fur trimmed cape and a fresh powdered wig comes out on to the bridge and watches the cavalcade ride up.

It comes to a halt before him, Cunningham in the lead. He reins in and Rob staggers and collapses to his knees. Stays there.

CUNNINGHAM

Broken but not dead, your Lordship, at  
your request....

Montrose comes around to look at his prize. Cunningham dismounts, jerks up Rob's head. Montrose flinches a little at the sight. Cunningham explains the gag.

CUNNINGHAM

....a precaution against his teeth.  
The man is more animal than human....

MONTROSE

Cut it loose. I would have him tell me  
what he has done with Killearn....

CUNNINGHAM

I questioned him to the point but he  
would admit nothing....

MONTROSE

Ungag him and I will ask my own  
questions....

and Cunningham nods and one of the troopers cuts the cords holding the stick and pulls it out of Rob's mouth, which is swollen and bleeding.

MONTROSE

So, McGregor, what have you to say for  
yourself....?

With an effort Rob gets himself to his feet, working his  
mouth to slacken his jaws.

Rob looks at him a moment, then thickly, his mouth still  
constrained

ROB ROY

I am wronged by his Lordship....

He spits bloodily, then continues

(continuing)

....and by those who serve him.

MONTROSE

You are wronged? You? Unless I am  
much mistaken 'tis myself who is short  
a thousand pound, whose cattle are  
reived, whose factor, Killearn is  
abducted....

ROB ROY

Killearn is dead and sunk.

CUNNINGHAM

Condemned from his own mouth.

ROB ROY

Ask this thing where your money is and  
where he sunk Alan McDonald after he  
killed him....

Montrose looks at Rob a moment, then glances at Cunningham.

CUNNINGHAM

The same accusations he spat at me,  
desperate words from a desperate  
man....

Montrose looks at Rob.

MONTROSE

You have proofs of these matters....?

and Rob holds his eyes.

ROB ROY

You have my word on it....

and it is said without bravado or even any special emphasis  
and for a moment its simplicity and the unwavering gaze  
pierce all of Montrose's defences. Then he says, shaking  
himself loose of the spell

MONTROSE

I think it will take more than that.

ROB ROY

Then you have the nature of this man here. If you cannot tell what is true from what is not, I fear your Lordship's judgement is past repairing....

and Cunningham hits him a blow to the side of the head sending Rob staggering. He drops again to his knees.

Montrose looks at him, loathing and something more in his eyes.

MONTROSE

Hang him from the bridge....

and Cunningham, almost despite himself releases his tension.

He turns, looses the rope from his saddle and throws it down in front of Rob. Then as Montrose turns away, he cannot resist a final taunt, taking care not to get too close.

CUNNINGHAM

You'll piss but you won't whistle this time, McGregor....

Then he turns away and Rob gathering up the rope throws a loop over Cunningham's head, then jerking it tight he jumps over the low parapet of the bridge, dragging Cunningham with him so that he falls back across the parapet, his body weight supporting Rob who hangs above the water.

For a moment it seems that Rob's weight will strangle Cunningham, then one of the troopers cuts through the rope and Rob falls into the water rushing beneath the bridge and is twenty yards downstream before anyone can move.

Cunningham lies against the parapet, gagging and choking. Montrose stares at him a moment, his eyes anything but sympathetic, then he turns to the gawking troopers, points after Rob.

MONTROSE

There he is, there.... I want him back....

and the troopers run to their mounts and Cunningham who has recovered enough for his rage and disappointment to well up through the shock of his near garotting, gets to his feet, starts to shout orders only to find that nothing will come out of his mouth.

He runs to his horse, mounts and leads the troopers off the bridge to find a way onto the bank.

147. EXT. RIVER - DAY

147.

Rob is carried along, hands still tied before him. The water is fast and cold and he has difficulty in keeping himself away from the snags and rocks as he goes downstream.

148. EXT. BANK - DAY

148.

Cunningham and the troopers have found a way down and they start along the bank.

Rob is out of sight but they rapidly start to make up the distance.

149. EXT. RIVER - DAY

149.

The river is flowing faster, through narrower banks. Rob manages to get a look ahead to where it enters a short gorge. There is the sound of a waterfall, a numbing roaring sound and he prepares himself as best he can for the passage.

Then he is caught up by a submerged branch of a downed tree. The pressure of the river makes it impossible to extricate himself. He hangs there, the current breaking over him and back along the bank through the fringing alders he can see the first of the horsemen.

150. EXT. BANK - DAY

150.

Cunningham is standing up in his stirrups, screaming silence as he pounds along, a look of demonical anger conveying the hatred his crushed larynx cannot express.

151. EXT. RIVER - DAY

151.

Rob is growing desperate and weary trying to free himself. He finally breaks the branch without disengaging it from his clothing but by now he can see the horsemen will be on him momentarily.

Then in under the bank, he sees the carcass of a cow, burst open and bloated, its whole inside exposed. He drags himself along the submerged trunk till he reaches it.

Its interior is a cavern of putrefaction and for a moment his whole being revulses but then as the shouts of his pursuers grow closer he drags himself up into the fetid interior, twisting himself to lay his spine along the animal's vertebrae, drawing himself into a foetal curl to conform to the space.

There he lies, shuddering and shivering as the troopers and Cunningham come past above him.

152. EXT. BANK - DAY

152.

The troopers ride on to where the river rushes between narrow steep rock walls and plunges in a welter of foam down a rock drop into a pool. It is a fall that seems sufficiently daunting that they rein in and scan the banks on either side for signs of a body.

Cunningham stares down into the dark deep water at the foot of the fall. A trooper rides up.

TROOPER  
He's dead if he went down there....

Cunningham stares at him, tries to order him but his voice has gone. He points down, stabbing his finger at the pool and terrible broken sounds come out of him.

The trooper mounts and starts down to search the bank, others following suit while Cunningham, clutching at his throat, rides up and down in a frenzy of frustration.

153. EXT. BANK - DAY

153.

Rob lies in the carcass, enduring its horrors as his pursuers beat up and down the shallows.

The nearest they come to him is a voice asking another what the stink is and then identifying the dead cow. But they come no closer and Rob, staring into the workings of life, passes into a kind of coma of exhaustion and shock.

154. EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

154.

Montrose watches from the bridge, stamping with impatience and anger. Finally he sees the troopers come trailing back up the bank. With a curse he turns and makes for his carriage, a flutter of retainers around him.

155. EXT. BANK - DAY

155.

Cunningham still above the pool. He sees the search has yielded nothing. Out of him breaks an awful noise, crushed cartilage and anger combining in his throat to make a sound that hurts the ear and the throat that produces it.

Then he turns and rides away.

DISSOLVE TO

156. EXT. BANK - EVENING

156.

Rob still in the carcass. Something in his face tells of the depth of his ordeal. His eyes are focused but empty and when he finally begins to move, it has the exploratory quality of something emerging from a chrysalis, a hesitant, cramped, incremental stretching.

DISSOLVE TO

Rob fully free of his saving tomb. He stands in the shallows, trying to wash the stench of his incarceration off, the same constricted movements, the same staring, unwitting gaze.

DISSOLVE TO

Rob sawing the cords that bind his hands, which are lead blue and swollen, on the edge of a rock. It is dark when he finally parts the strands and his hands drop to his side, useless. He kneels, helpless even in this freedom from his bondage. His whole body vibrates with cold and stress. Slowly, with infinite effort, he stands up. It is clear from the way that he looks at his hands that there is no feeling in them. He stares at them and then with a sucking intake of breath he begins to throw his arms, with the hands attached to their ends, around and across his body, driving the reluctant blood into the fingers, and as he does cries of pain seep out from between his clenched teeth.

157. INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

157.

Montrose and Cunningham at table. Cunningham's throat is wrapped in a cloth and he can manage soup only with great difficulty. Montrose eats heartily, talking between mouthfuls.

MONTROSE

Is it true, did you and Killearn abuse  
this Highlander as he claims?....

Cunningham stares at him, aware he is being taunted.

MONTROSE  
(continuing)

What a pair of accomplices, one dead  
and the other dumb....

Anger flares up in Cunningham's eyes, but Montrose,  
enjoying himself goes on

(continuing)

....the loss of voice may turn out a  
blessing in disguise, Archibald. It  
will correct an unpleasant air of  
arrogance which your utterance often  
conveys, due in part to your English  
intonation.... while the frustration  
will doubtless sharpen that native  
cruelty with which you are so liberally  
endowed. Indeed, all in all you may  
prove a more engaging companion thus  
afflicted....

158. INT. HALL - NIGHT

158.

A huge, bare area, dominated by a man-high hearth before  
which Argyll stands, a crew of wolfish hounds spread  
around. Mary sits before him, pale and drawn."

ARGYLL

I appreciate the honour you do me,  
Mistress McGregor, in bringing your  
case but from all I am acquainted with  
your husband he has earned the enmity  
of the Marquis of Montrose by borrowing  
money that he cannot repay and then  
harrying his stock as blackmail....

MARY

There is more to the matter, your  
Grace....

ARGYLL

I'm sure there is, but it is no part of  
mine to intrude myself, sensible though  
I am to your condition, twice burned  
out as you are. It is a hard truth but  
men make the quarrels and women and  
weans bear them....

MARY

Your Grace, Robert finds himself in  
this condition for taking your part....

ARGYLL

My part? What cause had he to do that,  
and in what manner....?

MARY

He refused to perjure you by false witness when the Marquis asked him to say you were a Jacobite, to injure your name at Court....

ARGYLL

Montrose asked this of him....?

MARY

In remission of his debt. But Robert refused....

Argyll ponders this a moment.

ARGYLL

I did not know your husband bore me such good will....

MARY

Indeed your Grace, I think he favours you no more than any other great man. "As eagles at lambing" is his word for you all....

and in her voice we hear her regard for this man she lives with and how even now, in her need, she respects his wish not to misrepresent him.

(continuing)

....it was done not for your Grace but for his own honour, which he holds dearer than myself or his sons, his clan or his kin, and for which I have oft chided him. But it is him and his way, and were he other he would not be Robert Roy McGregor....

She stands, her own dignity vibrant in the great barren hall.

MARY

....he would not come here before you, nor would he favour me to do so in his stead, but I have no choice unless I give him up entire to his enemies, and though I love his honour, it is but a mooncast shadow to the love I bear him. For by God's grace I have a child in me, and I would have a father for it....

and Argyll stands a moment, then he nods.

ARGYLL

You do your man no dishonour, Mary. Faith, he is a man much blessed by fortune....

159. EXT. FARM - NIGHT

159.

Rob comes staggering down the hillside to where a smallholding sits, dark against the moonlit land. He moves with the jerky, uncoordinated gait of something near the end of its tether.

He rests against the stone wall of a small, low roofed byre, from which the sound of cattle comes, companionable and unthreatening.

Rob opens the door and slips in.

DISSOLVE through to the SAME SCENE - MORNING

A boy comes out of the house and comes down to the byre. He opens the door, steps in, freezes.

160. INT. BYRE - MORNING

160.

Rob is lying under one of the cattle, milking it into his mouth. As the door opens he rolls out from under the animal, sees the boy.

He recognises him although it is not mutual. As the boy starts to back up Rob says

ROB ROY  
....I am far gone, lad, and must lie low.

And the boy recognises him now. There is a shout from outside, calling the boy.

BOY  
It's my father....

and they stare at each other a moment, then the boy comes in and starts to drive the cattle out.

He has them, the three of them between Rob and the door when his father appears.

FATHER  
We haven't all day there.... see to it....

and Rob crouches in a corner as the cattle go out and the boy closes the door.

Rob lies down in the straw and muck, goes almost immediately to sleep.

161. EXT. GLEN SHIRRA - DAY

161.

Mary, Ranald and Duncan with a small cart are in front of a stone house set by a burn with a tree before the door quickening with leaf. The burn runs on down the valley towards a body of water shining in the distance between steep hills.

RANALD  
Is this where we may stay?

Mary looks at him, nods.

MARY  
Aye, by the goodness of his Grace,  
under his protection.

DUNCAN  
And father.... will he come here....?

Mary dismounts, and we can see the first thickening at her waist now.

MARY  
If he can....

and they start to unload the cart.

162. INT. BYRE - EVENING

162.

The boy drives the cattle in. Rob crouches behind the door. The boy looks in, then to someone who is behind him

BOY  
He is not here....

And Rob tenses, ready for search and discovery, then he hears

GREGOR  
He will have gone to the hills....

BOY  
I think he was too sore to travel....

And Rob steps out

ROB ROY  
Gregor, is that you....?

And Gregor and Iain appear in the doorway and Rob almost falls into their arms. After a moment he steps back.

(continuing)  
....Mary, and the boys....?

IAIN

She is well, Rob.... she went to Argyll  
and he gave her shelter....

Rob draws a long sigh.

ROB ROY

In the end it comes to the same place,  
no matter how you twist and turn....

He looks at the boy.

(continuing)

.... I am indebted to you, and yours.  
If Rob Roy McGregor can ever come to  
your aid, you may but ask....

And he goes out of the byre, then turns.

(continuing)

.... and that Galloway of yours gives  
the finest milk that ever came from a  
cow....

And then he and the other two go, Rob throwing around him  
a plaid and, despite evident stiffness, settling into his  
stride.

163. EXT. GLEN SHIRRA - MORNING

163.

The light sparkles on a scene new-minted. Mary is outside,  
talking to the boys who are down by the stream, to bring  
water.

Then she sees the figure coming up the line of the stream.  
She knows him at once and after a motionless moment she  
runs towards him.

The boys see her. They look up and they too recognize  
their father.

They run, shouting.

164. EXT. STREAM - MORNING

164.

They all reach him at once. He is recovered but the marks  
of his ordeal are still on him.

He looks at Mary and much passes between them as he  
withstands the boys' assault on him.

MARY

Oh Robert, how they have done with  
you....

ROB ROY  
No worse than with you, lass....

And they are in each other's arms.

165. EXT. HOUSE - EVENING

165.

An idyllic moment, the shadows black, the hills emerald, the stream silver.

Rob and Mary sit outside watching the boys at play. They are both silent with the load of unspoken things in them. Finally Mary says

MARY  
There is much to say, Robert.

ROB ROY  
Or nothing, Mary....

He looks at her, sadness and love in his eyes.

MARY  
I have a child in me....

And this comes on him as a great and enveloping irony. He looks away, stares at the scene, shakes his head slowly. She hesitates a moment, then

MARY  
....and Robert, I do not know whose child it will be....

He turns to her and she can see the feeling in his face.

ROB ROY  
It will be ours, Mary. Like they are. Mary McGregor will be its mother and I will be its father.... and who will say other....?

MARY  
You are my man....

ROB ROY  
Aye, that I am.

He stands up, looks around.

(continuing)  
.... this is a fine place his Lordship has granted us.... did he by chance speak of what the rent might be....?

DISSOLVE TO

166. EXT. HILLSIDE - DAY

166.

The figure of Argyll, mounted, on the ridge overlooking Glen Shirra and the house, the tree and the stream. Argyll has a pack of rangy wolfhounds around him and, a little way off, a group of retainers.

Rob stands by the horse's head, the dogs swirling and growling around him. Argyll is in expansive mood, gazing over his vast domains.

ARGYLL

Indeed it is a country to make the heart sing and bleed by turns.... What is it they say?.... "Poor Scotland, too close to God and not far enough from England"....

ROB ROY

I had not heard it expressed so, your Grace, but it fits the truth well enough....

Argyll looks down at him, then he dismounts and a man rides up to take his horse.

Argyll walks along the hill, beckoning Rob to follow.

ARGYLL

So, you and your wife are well located here....?

ROB ROY

Indeed, your Grace, and we thank you for it every night at table.

Argyll glances at him under his brows, a sidelong flick.

ARGYLL

Your wife struck me well. As much a lady as any I have encountered at Court....

ROB ROY

I have found her so in all matters, your Grace....

Argyll stops, looks at Rob.

ARGYLL

She said you regard all great men as eagles at lambing.

ROB ROY

She expresses herself boldly, your Grace....

ARGYLL

Alright man, enough of the 'Your Gracing'.... tell me true, did Montrose suborn you to lay charges against me....?

ROB ROY

It was as Mary said.

ARGYLL

And did he think the word of a proscribed man would suffice to mark me a Jacobite?

ROB ROY

His Lordship's reasoning is beyond my ken, but I think he has a slippery mind.

ARGYLL

But you would not yield to him?

ROB ROY

I could not.... from what flowed I might wish it other.... but no matter, it is done.

ARGYLL

I would front him with it, McGregor, and see him splutter.

And Rob, who knows what's coming, stands silent.

ARGYLL

And I would have you to back me when I do....

ROB ROY

The Marquis of Montrose bears me infinite ill will, your Grace....

ARGYLL

You will be under my protection. This would be a private matter between Montrose and me....

And again Rob says nothing. Argyll looks around and down.

(continuing)

....aye, a man could live well content here in Glen Shirra....

ROB ROY

I am at your Grace's command.

Argyll looks at him.

ARGYLL

There is word that you slew Will  
Guthrie.

ROB ROY

It was a fair fight, and I had no heart  
for it. Guthrie was no enemy of  
mine....

ARGYLL

He was a fair hand with a blade, was  
Will. Did he lay a hit on you?....

And he has the tone of one who might know the answer  
already.

ROB ROY

I had fortune on my side, your Grace.

And suddenly Argyll's manner hardens.

ARGYLL

....do not eat the humble pie with me,  
McGregor. You are as dauntless a rogue  
as ever cut a man's guts open.... I  
have scores to settle and wagers to win  
and you are mine, you and yours, and  
when I beckon you will come.... is it  
clear?....

ROB ROY

A blind man on a galloping horse would  
be hard put to miss it, your Grace.

And Argyll laughs, as abruptly affable as he had been to  
bully.

ARGYLL

I like you, Rob. I like you.... 'Tis  
a pity you're a Jacobite. I will send  
for you when next I go to town....

And he turns and strides away to where his man holds his  
horse. Rob watches, bleak faced as he mounts and rides  
away.

167. INT. HOUSE - DAY

167.

Rob and Mary. She looks drawn, anxious. The boys sit,  
aware that something hangs over them.

MARY

What does he want from you?....?

ROB ROY

What they all want. Your life in their  
fist, like boys hold flies.... to shake  
and hear it buzz....

MARY

Then let us go, let us leave this  
place....

Rob puts his hand out to her. Shakes his head.

ROB ROY

No, Mary. We'll stay here awhile.  
What Argyll wants of me he can have....

MARY

But Montrose....

ROB ROY

He will not come at me past the Duke.  
He is but a Marquis....

He laughs.

(continuing)

....are they not like dogs, pishing  
higher on the pole to mark their worth?

168. INT. CHAMBER - DAY

168.

Montrose is reading a letter, his face expressing outrage  
and disbelief. Cunningham, still with his neck swaddled,  
his face showing the mark of his enforced silence, stands  
watching.

MONTROSE

Damn his gall, damn him for a  
Campbell.... damn him....

He waves the letter at Cunningham.

(continuing)

....he claims I did him an ill and  
boasts of having proof. Proof!.... his  
proof is the tinker McGregor, holed up  
on his estates against my warrant....  
and he would present this rogue against  
me, his word against mine. Damn the  
man and his insults....

Cunningham starts to try and say something but his voice is  
barely audible. Montrose struts away, saying

MONTROSE

....cease your damned croaking man, it  
serves nothing....

He sits down at his table, pulls parchment and quill to him

MONTROSE  
(continuing)

....he gives sanctuary to a thief and  
a murderer.... and I will have him  
delivered over, Duke of Argyll or  
no....

but Cunningham comes over and with enormous effort he gets  
out, in a low, pained husk of a voice

CUNNINGHAM  
He is mine.... the Highlander.... he is  
mine....

and Montrose looks up at him.

MONTROSE  
I declare you spoke.... the healing  
power of hatred is never to be  
undersold, Archibald.

169. EXT. GLEN SHIRRA - DAY

169.

Rob is taking leave of Mary and the boys. Up on the hill  
above are the figure of Argyll and his pack of hounds and  
a band of armed men. Mary, now noticeably pregnant, is  
resigned to it, keeping a face for the boys.

Rob too makes light of it.

ROB ROY  
Stay close and mind your mother.

RANALD  
Are you taken to trial father....?

ROB ROY  
Nothing of it.... I am with his Grace  
on his Grace's business....

DUNCAN  
Is it to the war you are going....?

and Rob shakes his head.

ROB ROY  
If it were war, I would not be with his  
Grace. This is but a little ride to  
see old friends....

and he looks at Mary.

ROB ROY  
(continuing)  
....fear nothing, brave heart. We'll  
live to forget these times.

and he turns and goes up the hill at his inimitable pace. Mary will not watch, but goes inside. The boys stand staring as Rob goes up to join the group.

When he reaches them, a horse is led forward and he mounts, turns, waves and rides away over the hill.

170. INT. BUILDING - DAY

170.

The arena where the contests are held is full and the noise level is high and excited. The galleries are crammed and the crowd around the wall on the lower level encroaches onto the floor area.

Argyll and Montrose stand to one side while Cunningham and Rob are at opposite ends of the floor.

MONTROSE  
The man is a thief, a debtor, and by his own mouth an admitted murderer. Why should I hold my hand against him?....

ARGYLL  
And your champion is a thief, a murderer, a violator of women and an Englishman.... what is there to put between them?....

Montrose affects to consider this, then he shrugs.

MONTROSE  
As well they both kill the other and see justice served....

ARGYLL  
A thousand my Highlander guts him....

MONTROSE  
A thousand.... guineas or pounds....?

ARGYLL  
Did you not like the jingle of guineas better last time....?

and Montrose smiles.

MONTROSE  
My, John, but you bear a grudge a long time....

ARGYLL  
Best you not forget it, James....

and they part.

Rob watches Cunningham across the floor as he limbers and whips his blade. He has his claymore, stood on its tip. His face is without expression as Argyll comes back to him.

ARGYLL  
Kill him and there is twenty guineas in it for you....

ROB ROY  
Your Grace is kinder than is called for. I would kill him for free....

then he looks at Argyll.

(continuing)  
....will you assure me if I should fall that my wife and children may remain at Glen Shirra.

ARGYLL  
She will receive my full protection, McGregor....

which is not entirely comforting to Rob.

He sees Cunningham advance to the middle of the floor and he looks once round the assembly staring down on them.

ROB ROY  
Fine sport, eh....?

and he walks out to face Cunningham.

There are no rituals of commencement. Cunningham falls into his low crouch, rapier and poniard extended, and Rob waits, straight backed, his claymore held two handed, pointing downwards before him.

Cunningham circles, feinting, the rapier flickering out, the poniard making little circles.

Rob only turns, slowly, scarcely lifting his feet.

The amphitheatre is silent.

Then Cunningham comes in with a lunge that Rob checks on the basket handle and as the poniard comes slashing round he sucks himself up and away from it. It slides through his shirt, nicking him and Cunningham springs back out of range, satisfied with his first strike.

Then he begins again, the stalk, the feints, the lunge and the slash. Again Rob parries the sword and only just escapes the knife. Montrose and Argyll watch, their faces expressing their prospects.

Cunningham is confident now, he keeps up his weaving, flickering, feinting movements, while Rob never takes his eyes from his face, seeming never to look at the weapons threatening him, gauging everything by his opponent's face.

He sees the third strike a fraction before it is launched and as it comes he removes his left hand from the basket and seizes the rapier blade and swings the claymore, over and down.

Cunningham cannot release the rapier in time to step away and the blade takes him between neck and shoulder and cuts through his collar bone.

His scream is a thing of horror.

Rob releases the rapier, his hand gashed across, steps back. Cunningham is still on his feet and although one arm hangs useless at his side he tries another lunge.

Rob simply steps away from it and watches as he pitches forward.

Then he turns and walks away while the crowd release their pent up breath in a long moan of witness.

Rob comes up to Argyll.

ROB ROY  
I trust your Grace will permit me to  
return to my home now that his business  
is done.

Argyll nods.

ARGYLL  
You are a fierce foe, McGregor....

Rob says nothing.

(continuing)  
....see to your wound....

Rob nods.

(continuing)  
....very well. You may go....

And Rob leaves, walking past Montrose without a glance and out. Montrose stares at him, then at Cunningham's body, lying in a widening pool of blood.

Then he turns away as if it were no concern of his.

171. INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

171.

Mary sits at the fire. The boys are asleep. Her face is marked by the strain of her uncertainty. She rises and goes outside.

172. EXT. GLEN SHIRRA - NIGHT

172.

The moon traces the filigree of the burn down the darkness of the glen.

Mary stands, holding herself with both arms for comfort.

DISSOLVE through to the SAME SCENE, only morning.

In the bright glitter of the sun the whole world sparkles. There is a figure making its way up the valley towards the house.

173. EXT. GLEN SHIRRA - EARLY MORNING

173.

Rob, moving steadily, weary but strong.

He comes up to the house, looks at it, the perfection of its setting. Looks back down the valley at the shine of the loch. The same expression of wonder we have seen before is in his face.

Slowly he strips, starts to bathe himself in the roiling little burn.

174. INT. HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

174.

Mary asleep in bed. She stirs as the door opens but before she has time to come awake Rob, bare and wet, is beside her. The chill of him brings her gasping to the surface.

MARY

Oh it's you, come out of my dreams....

and he holds her and she him long and hard.

DISSOLVE TO

175. EXT. HOUSE - DAY

175.

The seasons have turned and the tree is casting its leaves. Rob sits under it, watching the boys playing by the burn, trying to guddle trout.

There comes the cry of an infant, the first unmistakeable cry of life.

Rob turns, gets up, goes up to the house.

As he gets there, Morag comes out. She looks at Rob and nods and he goes in.

176. INT. HOUSE - DAY

176.

Mary lies, exhausted but well. She has the infant by her. Rob bends to look at her. She looks up, then at the child.

MARY

A son, Robert.... you're a man for the sons....

and he picks the mite up, looks at it, at its new anonymous face.

ROB ROY

Welcome....

he says and takes it to the door to look at the new born world.