

SCOTT'S ROB ROY

Written by

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Based on, Scott's Rob Roy

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EXT. A SMALL HILL/ABOVE OSBALDISTON'S HOME - DAY

A young man, tall, and slender, FRANK OSBALDISTON (22 yrs) rides, at a canter, up a shallowly inclined hill, with pleasant anticipation of seeing his old home.

He comes to a halt at the top, and smiles down at his old home, a respectable detached C17th house standing neatly in its own acre, or so, of ground in a village on the outskirts of London, in 1715.

Frank sighs and smiles, with the relief of a journey ended

FRANK

Home!

He takes a deep breath in and kicks on, trotting down the gentle decline to his home, basking in the early glow of sunset.

INT. OSBALDISTON HOUSE/STUDY - EVENING

Frank rushes through the door, and sees his father, MR. OSBALDISTON, pacing up and down, in the large, Tudor window area.

Frank runs across and throws himself into his father's arms.

His father, though a kind man, is not a fond one, and though a tear twinkles in his eye for a second, he does not actually return his son's hug, but pats him, awkwardly, on the shoulder, for a second, and then moves away towards his desk.

Mr. Osbaldiston takes up a packet of papers and plays with it, a bit, nodding to himself.

MR. OSBALDISTON

Dubourg writes to me that he is
satisfied with your four years'
work, Frank.

Frank smiles, again

FRANK

I am happy, sir....

MR. OSBALDISTON

....But..... I have less reason
to be so.

Frank's father sits down at his desk.

FRANK

I am sorry, sir, I....

MR. OSBALDISTON
....'Sorry' and 'happy', Frank, are
words that, on most occasions,
signify little, or
nothing.....Here is your last
letter.

He removes one from the packet, in his hands, which is tied
up with red ribbon.

MR. OSBALDISTON (CONT'D)
..in which you raise objections to
the arrangements I had proposed for
you. It amounts to this.... that
you will not do as I would have
you.

FRANK
That I CANNOT, sir....um, not that
I WILL not.....um.... in, in the
present instance.

MR. OSBALDISTON
The expressions, Frank, are
synonymous, where there is no moral
impossibility.....But we will talk
of this matter over dinner.
.....Owen!

The very elderly head clerk, OWEN, enters with his usual
benevolent smile, neat grey suit and cambric ruffles..

He smiles and half bows towards Mr. Osbaldiston, and then
hurries towards Frank, where he grasps and shakes Frank's
hand, with cordial pleasure, muttering welcomes.

MR. OSBALDISTON (CONT'D)
Owen, you must dine with us, today,
and hear the news Frank has brought
us from our friends, in Bordeaux.

Owen bows, respectfully.

OWEN
Delighted, sir!

INT. OSBALDISTON HOUSE/DINING ROOM - EVENING

Frank, his father and Owen are still seated at table,
finishing their port and cheese, while the fire burns. The
servants have been dismissed.

Owen leans forwards, a little, and addresses Frank

OWEN

And you have managed to acquire knowledge of the French mode of bookkeeping, then, Mr. Frank?

MR. OSBALDISTON

(Sardonically)

Umph, it would seem that he has acquired more knowledge of the dressage ring and the fencing studio, Owen!

OWEN

Oh, but....

MR. OSBALDISTON

...AND poetry!I've SEEN the expenses in THAT field, sir! Dreaming!A dreamer!

OWEN

Oh, but I am sure that Master Frank has rethought your kind partnership offer, Mr. Osbaldiston, and is ready to go forwards with his new career.

MR. OSBALDISTON

You DO, hum?Try asking him!

Owen looks pleadingly at Frank.

OWEN

Mr. Frank?

FRANK

Um, well, I HAVE thought long on it, father, but, um, I, I really feel that a life in the counting house would make me miserable and probably lead to a shortening of that life...and...and...

Mr. Osbaldiston shoots to his feet

MR. OSBALDISTON

(Angrily shouting)

... Miserable?!A short life!!? The boy is mad!Actually insane!

(Sarcastically)

And WHAT do you propose in this offer's stead, Frank?

FRANK

Um, well, father, I thought that IF you would be so kind as to support me a little longer, I, I could perhaps go into the university and gain a profession and...

MR. OSBALDISTON

...Those Jacobites!Oh, YES! I'd REALLY throw my money away paying for you to reside amidst sops, pedants and radicals! ...Who do you think I AM?

FRANK

Well, um..... perhaps the army...

MR. OSBALDISTON

.....Oh, yesM E pay money to have YOU killed!

Mr Osbaldiston looks around in angry distraction, and then sighs.

MR. OSBALDISTON (CONT'D)

.....We will meet here, in a month's time: on THIS date and at THIS hour and I will have your final decision, sir!

He turns on his heel and strides out.

Frank turns and looks at Owen, interrogatively, and Owen slowly shakes his old white locks, pityingly.

EXT. /INT. VARIOUS - DAY/NIGHT

Montage of:

Frank walking and chatting with a friend, in town

Frank sitting laughing and playing cards at a table with three young ladies who are giggling at, and ogling him.

Frank earnestly writing poetry and trying to rhyme a word with another, by candlelight.

Owen importuning Frank as Frank walks along his father's house corridor and pleading with Frank for Frank to do his father's bidding. Frank smiles, says 'no, etc.' and pats Owen's shoulder, consolingly.

Frank laughing with a friend on horseback and then galloping away, up a hill.

INT. OSBALDISTON'S HOUSE/DINING ROOM - EVENING

The clock ticks loudly and the fire crackles

Frank, Mr. Osbaldiston and Owen are again finishing their dessert (fruit and nuts).

Mr. Osbaldiston puts his knife back on the plate and nods at the footman to retire, which he does.

He leans across to Frank.

MR. OSBALDISTON

Well, Frank have you had time to come to your senses and accept my offer?

FRANK

Um. ...I'm afraid that I really don't think that I, I could.....

Mr. Osbaldiston stands up, precipitately.

MR. OSBALDISTON

..... No?! Then you will leave this house, tomorrow, and go to your uncle's at Osbaldiston Hall, there to await further instructions from me.I will be taking one of Sir Hildebrand's sons to be the partner YOU would have been, Frank.....Good evening, sir!

He nods acknowledgement to Owen

MR. OSBALDISTON (CONT'D)

Owen!

He strides out

Frank turns to Owen

FRANK

What have I DONE?

Poor Owen shakes his head, slowly, in pity and horror

OWEN

You have utterly ruined yourself, Mr. Frank. Utterly ruined!

EXT. OSBALDISTON'S HOUSE/FRONT DRIVE - DAY

It is a grey day, and raining, steadily.

Frank rides, slowly down the drive with Owen watching him anxiously from the front door threshold. The horse droops and Frank droops, as well, somewhat.

Frank reaches the gate and starts to turn along the lane. As he does, he turns back to look at his father's home and, seeing Owen there, smiles at him and waves.

Owen waves his handkerchief back, feebly, and smiles and nods, in dismal encouragement.

Frank's horse steps out on to the road.

EXT. HIGH ROAD - DAY

The day is fresh and mild, and the rain has stopped as Frank rides slowly along it.

Frank begins to perk up, to look around himself, and smile.

He sighs with rueful resignation, shrugs, and wonders what is to come.

Frank hears the trotting of an approaching horse and he looks around as the owner draws near. It is a PARSON, who draws rein to a walk, besides Frank.

PARSON
Good morning, sir!

Frank bows in the saddle

FRANK
Good morning.

PARSON
I see your saddle bags are full.
Have you far to go?

FRANK
Oh, I'm visiting my uncle in
Northumbria.

PARSON
Ah. ... THAT's a few days' journey!
I trust you will have somewhere to
break your week, for the lord's day
of rest.

FRANK
I certainly plan to, sir.

PARSON
Good. ..good. God speed your
journey, sir!

Frank nods in recognition

FRANK
Thank you....and yours.

The parson kicks on and trots off.

PARSON
Good day....Good day!

Frank sighs in release, again, and looks back behind himself at the view, as he rides north out of the last London village and starts off up a hill.

EXT. WOODLAND/TRACK - DAY

Frank is ambling along the track when a FARMER trots up to him and draws rein.

FARMER
(Yorkshire accent)
Goo' morning, young sir!

FRANK
Good morning.

FARMER
Where YOU off to, then, egh?

FRANK
Oh, I'm just headed for Darlington.

FARMER
Oh, yegh? Is that yer journey's end, then?

FRANK
Well, I'm actually headed for my uncle's, in Northumberland.

FARMER
Oh, yeh and what's 'E called, then, egh?

FRANK
Um, perhaps, before I answer any more of your singular interrogation, you would be so kind as to tell me WHY I am being subjected to this barrage of questions.....?

The farmer laughs

FARMER
Ee, well, it's only sensible to know 'oo yer jouneying wi' and oo's on t' roaad.

FRANK

And why is that? Are you afraid of being robbed, or something?

FARMER

(Amusedly)

Robbers!? This place is full of 'em! There's the Flying Highwayman, Jack Needham and then there's that Golden Farmer, fer a START!

FRANK

Golden Farmer?!Well..... perhaps YOU are him, sir?!

The farmer roars with laughter, pokes Frank with his crop and points to himself.

FARMER

Egh!!If I were t' Golden Farmer, a wouldn't be riding this spavined hack! 'a'd be on one on them Arab breed things and down at t' races wi' a pocket full o' geowd!

He laughs to himself, and nods his head, at the thought.

The farmer looks up again, at the village down in the valley before them, as they have just emerged from the wood.

He points with his crop.

FARMER (CONT'D)

You stayin' at t' King's Head?

Frank nods

FARMER (CONT'D)

Thiv a reet good baron of beef there. Thi should 'ave a reet good dinner.'Ee, well, 'ave a good journey, tomorra, young 'un!

He nods and trots off, briskly, in another direction, along the ridge, leaving Frank smiling and ambling down the hill to the inn and his dinner.

EXT. BY A STREAM - MORNING

Frank is standing holding his horse's reins, loosely, and allowing the horse to drink from the stream, when a rider comes up behind him and comes to a stop, next to Frank.

MORRIS is a pompous, snuffling, middle-aged man, with a suspecting manner and gold lace on his tricorne hat.

Frank looks up

FRANK
Good morning

MORRIS
Eh? ... What?

FRANK
I just said good morning

MORRIS
OH yes-did-you-come-from-the-King's-
Head?!

FRANK
Um.yes, why?

The man is carrying a small portmanteau before the pommel of his saddle. He holds more tightly to it and leans away, somewhat.

MORRIS
Er, nothing, young man!....One just
has to be careful with whom one
associates on the road.....People
aren't always respectable, you
know.

Frank swings back into his saddle and starts to walk off

FRANK
Ah, well, you'd better not
'associate' with me, then!

Morris looks startled and leans even further away

MORRIS
Why not?

Frank trots off

FRANK
I might not be respectable enough!

Morris trots after him.

MORRIS
Uh, wait, wait, young man!I
didn't SAY that YOU weren't!.....I
mean.I could have need of
decent company!You seem a fine
fellow. ...Are you going far?

FRANK
I'm sure that Darlington is too far
for you, sir.

MORRIS

No, no! I could do with company as far as Darlington.

Frank looks loathe and speeds up, but Morris kicks his horse along with him.

MORRIS (CONT'D)

So what is your name, sir? I'm Morris.

Morris half bows to him, but his portmanteau becomes dislodged and he has to catch it, clutching at it, worriedly

Frank resignedly half bows back, in the saddle

FRANK

Frank Osbaldiston at your service, sir.....

(Peering)

Your portmanteau seems rather heavy.

MORRIS

What? Oh, this?! No, no! Light as a feather! Just a few articles of clothing, you know. ... Light as a feather!

Frank resignedly slows to a walk and so does Morris, who continues prattling on, pompously about himself, pointing, variously to himself and the country around them, whilst Frank tries hard not to be bored and nods, politely, from time to time.

Frank and Morris continue over hill and dale, until they arrive, at the end of the day, at a ridge with a long, shallow incline, down to the village, below.

MORRIS (CONT'D)

Um, you know, although your horse is a very handsome gelding, he has too little bone to be a really GOOD roadster.too fragile, you know especially, those weak rear quarters!

Frank pulls to a halt, tries to smother a smile

He points at a steeple, in the village

FRANK

Well, fragile, or nay, I'll wager you a guinea that I can carry your 'very light' portmanteau on my saddle and still arrive before you at that church!

Morris alarmedly clutches his small portmanteau before him, again and looks with a ghastly manner at Frank.

MORRIS

Er, my port, portma..... no! No!
Really, Sir. ...Really! I, I, I
must get my supper, er at the
inn!

He trots smartly away, leaving Frank grinning.

Frank then slowly shakes his head, and then walks off also, on his horse, down the hill to his dinner.

EXT. INN - EVENING

Frank arrives in the courtyard of the inn and is met by the HOSTLER who takes his horse's reins while Frank dismounts, stiffly.

The INNKEEPER comes bustling out and wipes his hands on his apron.

He bows to Frank, who bows back.

INNKEEPER

(Yorkshire accent)

Welcome, sir. You need a room for
t' night?

FRANK

Yes, please, and dinner, if you
have it.

INNKEEPER

Certainly. Yull be joining another
gentleman 'oo has just arrived.

FRANK

A Mr. Morris?

INNKEEPER

You know t' gentleman, sir?

Frank looks gloomy

FRANK

Er a little.

The innkeeper turns to the hostler's boy, WILL, who has just appeared

INNKEEPER

Bring this gentleman's bags up ta
number eight, will ya Will?

Will nods, brightly, and follows the hostler into the stables with Frank's horse.

The innkeeper leads Frank into the Black Bear inn.

INT. BLACK BEAR INN/FRANK'S BEDROOM - MORNING

There is a knock at the door and Frank half sits up in bed, yawns and looks around

FRANK

Yes?

The door opens and Will pops his head around

WILL

Landlord asks if, as it's t'
sabbath, you'll do him the honour
o' joining his family at table
tanigh' fer dinner.

FRANK

Thank you. I'd be delighted
very kind!

WILL

Right! A'll tell 'im, then!

The door closes and Frank smiles and looks around.

He gets out of bed, goes across the room to the window, opens the curtains and looks out, curiously.

INT. BLACK BEAR INN/DINING ROOM - EVENING

Frank comes into the dining room, adjusting his lace cuffs.

There are another three gentlemen across the room and they all nod civilly to Frank, who nods and smiles back.

The landlady is berating a couple of maids at the far sideboard and a young man is frantically laying the table.

Morris appears at Frank's elbow. He is possessively carrying his portmanteau half wrapped in a cloth.

MORRIS

Good evening, Mr. Osbaldiston.
....Now! Where are we sitting.

He looks around the table, and at the other men who are starting to choose places and sit down.

The innkeeper barges through the door from the kitchen, carrying some candles.

He approaches Frank and Morris who are now about to sit down, well away from the kitchen door.

INNKEEPER

Ah, Mr. Morris and Osbaldiston. I
'ope yer don't mind, but we've a
Scottish gentlemun to dine wi' us.

MORRIS

A gentleman?

INNKEEPER

Well, a Scotch sort o'
gentleman...They ALL call
thisselves, THAT, yunno!...even
though most o' them, ha' narra
shirt to thesselves back!

MORRIS

(Pompously)

I respect the Scotch, sir. There
was never known such a thing, in
Scotland, as a highway robbery.

The innkeeper chortles

INNKEEPER

'appen! ...But that's cos they've
got nowt worth STEALIN'!

The 'gentleman' in question, CAMPBELL, has quietly come up behind them and he suddenly speaks, in a strong, deep voice from behind them.

They all jump and turn

CAMPBELL

No, No, landlord!... It's een
because yer English gaugers and
supervisors ha' taen up the trade
o' thievery over the heads of the
native practitioners!

Campbell, a red-haired and bearded man, has an easy, self-possessed air of superiority and is smiling.

The innkeeper pats him on the shoulder and grins

INNKEEPER

Well, well... Mr. Campbell!.....How
go markets in the South?

CAMPBELL

Even in the ordinarwise folks
buy and sell, and fools are bought
and sold.

The landlady carries in a big piece of beef, which she puts near the innkeeper's place setting at the head of the table, near to the kitchen entrance.

She looks and nods at her husband to tell him to sit.

INNKEEPER

But wise men AND fools both eat
their dinner, and 'ere is as prime
a buttock of beef as e'er 'ungry
mon stuck fork in.

He gestures them to sit, which they do and then he goes to carve the meat which is then passed around.

The maids open the wine and walk around table filling the glasses.

The party eats, and chats whilst they eat and then finishes its dinner.

The innkeeper nods to Frank and Morris.

INNKEEPER (CONT'D)

Yunno, Mr. Campbell, here, defeated
seven robbers wi 'is own arm when
he came hoam from Whitson Tryste,
recently.

CAMPBELL

Ye were deceived, landlord, they
were only two, and as cowardly
loons as ye could wish ta meet!

Morris edges his chair (and portmanteau) nearer to Campbell.

MORRIS

And did you really beat them off,
yourself, Mr. Campbell?

CAMPBELL

It were nae great thing ta make a
sang about.

MORRIS

I should be most glad of your
company, sir. I go northwards and
have important business to execute.

Campbell puts down his cutlery on his plate and shoves it away.

He gets some wine monies out and puts it on the table.

CAMPBELL

We can scarce travel together, sir.
Ye are well mounted and I only go
on foot, or on the small Highland
shelties.

Campbell gets up and nods

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

Gentlemen!

Morris pursues him as Campbell attempts to leave.

Morris takes him by the button and importunes him further

MORRIS

Sir, Sir!I'll PAY you!

Campbell rears back, a little

CAMPBELL

I dinna want yer money and I'm not
going your way.

MORRIS

(Urgent)

I'm willing to make detours, sir!

Campbell yanks himself free of Morris's clutches, and stalks
towards the door, which Frank is about to pass through.

He addresses Frank, quietly

CAMPBELL

Yer friend is advised not to go
thrusting his affairs upon people
as dinna want ta ken them.

Frank shrugs in distaste and repudiation of Morris.

FRANK

He's no friend of mine, but he
attached himself to me on the road.
I know nothing of his business and
am NOT travelling with him,
tomorrow

(more quietly)

if I can help it!

Campbell nods and grins

CAMPBELL

Then I bid ye a peaceful journey,
tomorrow, Sir!

He goes out, followed by Frank.

EXT. ROAD/NEAR BLACK BEAR INN - MORNING

Morris rides out, by himself, onto the northern road.

He then takes the left fork.

Frank, riding fifty yards behind him, then takes the right fork, heading for Northumberland.

EXT. VARIOUS LANDSCAPES - DAY

Montage:

Frank riding at a walk, on the high road past farms.

Frank chatting with a horsed farmer.

Frank sitting on a rock and eating a pasty, by a stream, while his horse nibbles the grass.

Frank trotting through the glade of a wood.

Frank being surprised and embarrassed by being spotted by walking dairymaids, as he relieves himself by a bush

Frank walking in hill country, with large, gently undulating moors: Northumberland.

EXT. OSBALDISTON ESTATE/HILL - DAY

Frank attains the top of a hill and looks down, on this fine summer's morning.

There below him is Osbaldiston Hall.

FRANK
(To himself)
Hello, uncle!

He sighs.

Suddenly, there is the sound of a hunting horn and a pack of HOUNDS, followed by large handful of what Frank presumes are his COUSINS, dressed in green, trimmed with crimson, break out from a scrubby covert, just below.

Frank steps his horse off the track so as not to impede his cousins' canter along the track which attains and then follows the brow of the hill.

The young men pile past him and Frank is about to step back onto the track, when another figure appears. It is an amazingly beautiful young woman, DIANA VERNON, 20 yrs, with streaming locks, dressed in a dark crimson, velvet riding habit. She rides at a trot, and her horse suddenly appears to stumble.

Frank urgently steps out so as to catch her, in case she falls, but, Diana pulls up her horse's head, and rights herself in her saddle, which she rides astride.

Diana smiles her thanks, at Frank's intentions, but continues on: now, in a canter.

Frank follows her, at a canter, also.

They see the young men, ahead, hear their cries and pull up.

COUSINS

Whoop, whoop! Dead! Dead!

A young man, THORNIE, detaches himself from the group, half of whom have dismounted.

He walks towards Diana, and Frank, shaking a fox's brush, ironically, at Diana.

Diana rides a few yards forwards to meet him

DIANA

I SEE!....

(Impatiently quickly)

I SEE it!..... You would have had little cause for boasting, however, if poor Phoebe had not got amongst the cliffs.

She vigorously strokes and pats her horse's neck.

Diana asks the young man to do something and she indicates Frank to him.

The young man is sullen and shrugs his shoulders, mulishly, before shaking his head.

DIANA (CONT'D)

Well, then, Thornie, if YOU won't, I must.

She addresses Frank, whilst the other young men remount and ride off, chatting.

DIANA (CONT'D)

Sir, I have been endeavouring to make this 'cultivated young gentleman' enquire of you as to whether you have seen one Frank Osbaldiston whom we have been expecting these last few days at Osbaldiston Hall.

FRANK

Frank Osbaldiston thanks you for your kind enquiries, madam.

He sweeps off his hat and bows low over his pommel.

DIANA

In that case, Mr. Osbaldiston,
allow me to introduce you to your
cousin, young squire Thorncliffe
Osbaldiston, and Die Vernon who has
also the honour to be your
'accomplished cousin's' poor
kinswoman.

Frank bows to THORNCLIFFE, who nods back, off-handedly

Frank offers his hand to Thorncliffe who takes it and gives
it a dismissive yank, before muttering about the others and
walking away back to his horse.

Diana looks after him

DIANA (CONT'D)

There he goes! The prince of
grooms, cock-fighters and horse-
coursers.

She turns to Frank and looks, speculatively at him

DIANA (CONT'D)

Well, I hope that YOU can give a
ball, a mash, or a horn.....?

Frank laughs, a little abashedly

FRANK

....Um, no I generally leave
these things to the hostler, or my
groom.

They turn and ride back down the hill, in the direction of
the hall.

DIANA

(Bantering irony)

Incredible carelessness!...And you
cannot shoe a horse, or cut his
mane, or worm a dog, or crop his
ears, or reclaim a hawk, or
redirect his diet, or.....

FRANK

(Laughs)

....I am profoundly ignorant in all
of these, um, rural
accomplishments, Madam.

They chatter, companionably, as they ride on.

Frank and Diana hit the drive to the hall, still chatting.

DIANA
....Then in the name of heaven, Mr.
Osbaldiston, what CAN you do?

FRANK
Well. when my groom has
saddled my horse, I can ride him,
and when my hawk is in the field, I
can fly him that's a start?

Diana shrugs

DIANA
(Sighs)
Then, Mr. Osbaldiston, you'll just
have to DO!..... But what on
earth brings you to 'Cub
Castle'?.... Won't you go spare
with the self-sacrifice of being
buried in the countryside?

FRANK
I HAD thought so, especially after
your, um, somewhat 'vivid'
descriptions of your cousins, but I
now feel that there is one that
will make amends for all
deficiencies.

DIANA
(False innocence)
Oh, you mean Rashleigh?

FRANK
No
(smilingly)
.....one who is nearer.

DIANA
(Laughs))
Well, I accept this compliment,
because I deserve it, as I am the
only conversible being about the
hall..... except the old priest and
Rashleigh, I suppose.

FRANK
Who on earth IS this Rashleigh?

DIANA
Your youngest cousin..... bred to
the church, but in no hurry to take
orders.

FRANK
To the CATHOLIC church

DIANA
What church else? ... Oh, I forgot
you are a heretic! ... But you
HAVE been abroad in catholic
countries, haven't you?

FRANK
A few

DIANA
What do you think of their
convents?

FRANK
That their poor songbirds would be
better employed being happy wives
in happy families.

Diana frowns

DIANA
Yes! I will ... er, WOULD dash
myself to pieces against the bars
of my cage, if I were them!

She looks away for a second and then looks back, smiling.

DIANA (CONT'D)
Anyway, we're HERE!

They enter under the great old gates of Osbaldiston Hall's
stable yard.

EXT. OSBALDISTON HALL/STABLE YARD - DAY

Diana shrugs off her stirrups, whisks her skirts around,
leans herself forwards, in her saddle and then slides down it.

Still holding her crop and reins, she removes her hat, and
shakes out her hair, mussing it up with her other hand.

DIANA
We keep no great toilette at the
hall, but I MUST remove this hot
gear.

She then yanks at her stock, as well.

Diana walks her horse towards Frank and tosses him her reins.

DIANA (CONT'D)
You'll have to be my duteous knight
and hold my reins until I can find
a knave to take them, Mr.
Osbaldiston. See you at
dinner!

She smiles, gathers up her long riding skirt and strides off towards a distant doorway, still carrying her hat and crop, in her other hand.

Frank stays sitting on his horse, waiting for a groom to take both horses.

No-one comes

Several servants peep out of open windows and then vanish indoors, when Frank waves and tries to get their attention.

Frank sighs.

He then calls for help, but none comes.

Eventually, the cousins return, and dismount, but pay little attention to him as they are busy with their horses, or talking with each other, or the appearing grooms.

Frank manages to get the help of two of the grooms, from the five which have now emerged to help the riders.

One groom takes Frank's reins, whilst another leads him into the building by a distant door.

INT. OSBALDISTON HALL/TRAVERSING VARIOUS - DAY

Frank is led through miles of rooms and gloomy, stone corridors, until he finally reaches a huge, stone dining hall, where he is unceremoniously dumped and then deserted.

INT. OSBALDISTON HALL/DINING ROOM - EVENING

Frank walks forwards and then stands alone, in this vast cavern, with three adjoining tables forming three sides of a rectangle.

He hears a distance noise of a crowd and then, suddenly eight servants burst into the room, making a terrible noise and carrying various big pots, table crockery, cutlery, and linen.

They are most unruly, and laugh, screech, shout orders, countermand orders and generally make a great deal out of their work, that of merely laying the table.

Some then bring in enormous baskets of sliced bread and big tureens of soup, whilst others bring in baskets of billets, and feed the huge fire roaring under its vast, stone fireplace.

Frank looks around, and then looks at his unwashed, dirty hands. He is just wondering if he can find out where he can wash, when he leaps at the sound of a big gong being suddenly, and positively 'attacked', nearby.

The double doors, at the bottom of the room, are now slammed open, and the diners storm from the drawing room. There are: his six, massy, plain, gauche cousins, in their later twenties and early thirties, chatting, loudly; Sir Hildebrand, braying with laughter; the domestic chaplain; the local physician, droning loudly on, mid-story, and six boisterous dogs. The noise is now appalling.

Sir Hildebrand, in his fifties and rather coarsely clad, strides over and wrings Frank's hand.

SIR HILDEBRAND

Frank!...Good to see ya, lad! Good ta see ya! Th'art welcome to the hall! Here's yer cousins: Percie, Thornie, John, Dick, Wilfred and Rashleigh.

He turns and waves to the mob of cousins milling behind him.

Frank smiles, bows, and extends a hand to them variously, but they don't take his hand, and merely grin, nod heads, wave hands, and bob shoulders.

Rashleigh, however, is more civilized, and he comes forwards. He is around 27 yrs, much shorter than his brothers, and is very swarthy and oily of manner.

Rashleigh now bows, shakes hands, and then speaks in a low, extremely musical voice.

RASHLEIGH

I am most pleased to make your acquaintance, sir.

He steps back as Sir Hildebrand thrusts Diana forwards.

SIR HILDEBRAND

And this is the daughter of my wife's sister, my little niece, Di!

Diana smiles

DIANA

We have already met, on the way back from the afternoon's hunt, uncle.

SIR HILDEBRAND

Aye, well, see t' servants make him right, like, ma dear!

DIANA

I will, uncle.

Diana takes Frank's arm and leads him to a place at the opposite end of the table from Sir Hildebrand, while everyone sits down and starts on their soup.

She takes the bottom end of the table, and places Frank next to her, with Thorncliffe on his other side and Rashleigh, beyond Thorncliffe.

Frank and Diana manage to talk under the cover of the diners' general roar, the calls of the servants and the snarling of the dogs eating the scraps thrown to them, as the dinner wears on.

Eventually, when they are finishing their dessert (fruit and nuts) they lean back, in their chairs.

FRANK

Well, I'm obliged to you for your sketches of these domestic characters, Miss Vernon, but you have left out one of your beautiful self.

Diana gives a wry, weary smile

DIANA

Your compliments are utterly wasted on me, sir.

She sadly shakes her head

DIANA (CONT'D)

Did you only know by how much!....

(Sighs)

I don't doubt, however, that you think me a bold romping coquette, ignorant of what The Spectator calls 'the softer graces of the sex', but I am immured here, sir and don't care who knows what I think of my situation. I am, however, infinitely grateful to my uncle and love him for his kindness.

FRANK

You also missed out Rashleigh.

Diana looks suddenly serious and wary

DIANA

Don't discuss Rashleigh unless alone on top of a hill and three inches from your auditor's ear.He hears ev-er-y-thing.

Frank carefully peers around Thornie and sees Rashleigh's empty place.

FRANK

Don't worry. He's gone, now.

DIANA

Well..... he's been chosen to replace you, in your father's counting house. He IS, after all, the only family member who can read and write more than a barbarian can.

FRANK

What's the problem with this?

DIANA

Whether he gains advantage, or not, from this arrangement, he will owe you a grudge. He holds grudges against many, you know, and everyone who dares to oppose him, even in defence, comes to rue it.

The kitchen doors are flung open and more servants flood out with the wine and cheese.

Diana stands up

DIANA (CONT'D)

Ah, the cheese and radishes! ... We ladies and chaplains must leave the table to you quaffing types, now.

She nods at Frank and then the chaplain, and whisks away.

Frank answers a couple of toasts and then, amidst the piggish quaffing, belching, smoking, general rioting and Thornie's loud and terribly noisome farting, Frank steals away through a side door, thankfully.

EXT. OSBALDISTON HALL/GARDEN - EVENING

Frank exits, relievedly, through the small door into the garden. It being a summer's evening, it is still very light and he sees a gardener, in a Scottish bonnet, weeding a bed, nearby.

Frank approaches the gardener, ANDREW FAIRSERVICE.

FRANK

Fine weather for your work, my friend.

The gardener shrugs and continues

ANDREW

(Wheedling Scottish accent)

Aye. ... It's no that muckle to be complained'o.

The gardener looks around and up, from where he crouches.
He sees Frank's clothes and tips his bonnet in respect.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Aye, it's a sight fer sair e'en ta
see a gold-laced jeistiecor in the
garden sae late at night!

FRANK

I suppose there's no such plenty of
good cheer in your country, my
friend, as to tempt you to sit so
late at it.

ANDREW

Hout, sir, ye ken little aboot
Scotland. It's no for lack o' good
fish, fowl and flesh, nor the fruit
of the garden, but that we dinna
engage in gluttonous pursuits. E'n
this family's Catholic FASTINGS
involve the best o' trouts,
grilse's AND salmon, making e'en
their days of penance, days of
luxury and abomination
.....but..... perhaps you,
too, are a Catholic, sir?

FRANK

Not I. I was bred a dissenting
English Presbyterian.

Andrew shoots to his feet, looks pleased, and shakes hands
with Frank

ANDREW

The right hand of fellowship to yer
honour, then!

He offers snuff to Frank, who smiles and gently refuses.

FRANK

Have you worked here for long?

ANDREW

I ha' been fighting wi these beasts
at Ephesus fer nearly twenty foor
years, and been threatening ta
leave fer as long....or my name's
not Andrew Fairservice.

FRANK

So, hard work are they?

ANDREW

They're all as bad: ilk ain un 'em
.... man, or woman!

FRANK
What, even Miss Vernon?

Andrew draws in his cheeks as if he had eaten a bad lemon

ANDREW
Miss VERNON is jest the bitterest
Jacobite in the haill shire!

He nods his.

FRANK
Well, at least, then, she'll be too
busy organizing rebellions to steal
your apricots!

Andrew looks disapproving

ANDREW
Yer honour shouldn't be jesting
abait sich things, sir.

He tips his cap and returns to his digging, and weeding, so
Frank bids him good evening and strolls on up the allee in
the early sunset.

EXT. OSBALDISTON HALL/STABLE YARD - MORNING

Sir Hildebrand is on horseback and several of his sons are
either mounted, or just doing so, as Frank enters the yard
carrying his crop and and yawning.

There are several grooms holding reins and Frank's horse is
already tacked up.

The dogs are milling around, with Wilfred, being his own
huntsman, scolding and cursing them, whilst trying to
assemble them by the arched yard gate, with his large whip. He
has two, already mounted, blue-coated groomsmen with him,
acting as whippers-in, and similarly cursing the dogs.

Frank nods and smiles at his cousins and uncle, some of whom
nod, indifferently, back.

Frank sees them whispering between themselves, jeeringly
about his clean, smart clothes, gold-laced hat, and tack.

FRANK
Good morning, uncle.

SIR HILDEBRAND
Art there, lad?...Aye, well, look
to thysell!..."He that gallops his
horse on Blackstone edge, may
chance to catch a fall", ye know!

He nods cryptically, swings his leg forwards and up, then takes to tightening his saddle girth band, with sighs and groans.

Wilfred mounts and draws to the head of the party.

Diana appears, comes towards them and takes up her skirts as she puts her toe into a groom's stirrups, and swings into the saddle, astride.

She smiles her thanks to the groom, whilst arranging her skirts; throwing them out, behind herself.

DIANA
Good morning uncle, Mr.
Osbaldiston.....cousins!

COUSINS
Morning, Die!

SIR HILDEBRAND
Wilfred! ...Set on! Set on!

Wilfred now trots out, along with his blue-vested 'whippers-in', and the hounds walking a little ahead

Sir Hildebrand nudges his horse forwards, and his sons follow immediately after.

Frank puts his hand out in invitation to Diana to go ahead of him, and, as she walks on, he joins her, abreast.

FRANK
I don't see Rashleigh in the field,
this morning.

Diana smiles, sardonically

DIANA
Oh, Rashleigh's a great hunter
but his game is man!

Sir Hildebrand suddenly now kicks into a smart trot, to catch up with Wilfred and the dogs, and so everyone immediately picks up that pace, as well.

EXT. OSBALDISTON ESTATE - DAY

The hunting party ride here and there searching for a fox: up and down hills, peering into thorny coverts, riding along wooded trails, etc.

Frank and Diana are constantly hounded and supervised by the unwanted company of Thornie, who seems jealously to keep an eye on Diana.

Riding along a wooded track, with Frank riding behind her, Diana turns to Thornie, at her side

DIANA

I wonder, Thornie, what keeps you dangling at my horse's crupper all morning, when you know that the earths above Wolverton Mill are not stopped!

THORNIE

Thes better be, or I'se raddle Dick, the miller's bones fer 'im!

He brandishes his crop

DIANA

Well, do go and check, Thornie. ...We've already lost the fox three times this season ... you wouldn't like to be so remiss again, hum?

THORNIE

I'se be up there in a moment, Miss Di!

He thunders off at a gallop.

Diana watches him go, sighs, slows her horse and turns to Frank.

DIANA

I am raising a regiment, you know, and am busy teaching them all to respond to my commands.

Frank bows, a little amused

FRANK

And have you any commands for ME, most lovely colonel?

Diana peers past Frank, to the party, which is rambling about, desultorily searching.

DIANA

(Absently)

I suppose you could be paymaster to the corps.The scent's gone cold! They won't find for an age, now. Come with me. I have a view to show you.

She turns and trots smartly out of the covert, followed by Frank.

EXT. OSBALDISTON ESTATE/HILL - DAY

Diana canters up the hill which the wooded covert lies at the foot of.

Frank follows hard on her heels.

Diana pulls to a stop at the top, next to a small stand of trees.

She gestures at a nearby hill.

DIANA

Do you see that peaked heathy hill?

FRANK

Yes. At the end of that ridge?

DIANA

That's Hawkesmore Crag and it is in Scotland.

FRANK

Ah. I didn't think we were so near.

DIANA

(Earnestly)

Your horse will get you there in a couple of hours. You may use mine, if yours is too blown.

FRANKS

Um ... thanks. But, er, I have so little interest in being in Scotland, that, if my horse's head were over the border, I wouldn't give his tail the trouble of following.

DIANA

But you would be SAFE there!

FRANK

SAFE there?

DIANA

From the law!

FRANK

The LAW?!

DIANA

Oh, for goodness sake! Do you always copy people when it's an emergency?

FRANK

An emerg.....?

DIANA
...Mr. Osbaldiston!

Frank throws up his hands in complete mystification

DIANA (CONT'D)
Did you meet a man called Morris on
the way here?

FRANK
Well, yes.I had the misfortune
to suffer his company a while.

DIANA
Well, he has lodged a complaint
that you robbed him.

FRANK
ROBBED!!

DIANA
Oh, don't start that again...

FRANK
....And, and you believed him?!

DIANA
Well our uncle and cousins do! This
fellow was carrying money from
government to pay troops, so it is
now high treason, instead of mere
robbery.

Frank starts to turn his horse

FRANK
This is insane!

DIANA
What do you propose to do?

FRANK
Instantly to refute this atrocious
calumny! Before whom was
this extraordinary accusation laid?

DIANA
Before our dear friend Squire
Inglewood, who sent tidings to
uncle presumably to give you
time to get away and....

FRANK
...Then, then where is this
Inglewood?!

Diana starts to turn her horse

DIANA
I shall take you there...

FRANK
.....Oh, um, Miss Vernon, I really cannot include you in what may be a dangerous venture, for yourself and for your good name.

DIANA
My uncle, as a Catholic, has no desire to embroil himself in your affairs. So, I am the only friend you have, if, as you say, you are innocent.....
(Smilingly)
Don't worry, I am not a fine lady to be terrified to death with law books, hard words, or big wigs!

She beckons with her head, and canters off down a gentle broad decline, followed by Frank.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE/SQUIRE INGLEWOOD'S ESTATE - DAY

Diana and Frank canter and then trot across the landscape up to Squire Inglewood's house.

They enter the courtyard where they are met by the groom and his assistant who take their horses.

Diana and Frank dismount and enter the house.

INT. SQUIRE INGLEWOOD'S HOUSE/HALL - DAY

As Diana and Frank hurry into the hallway, they encounter Rashleigh coming out. They are all surprised to meet.

DIANA
Rashleigh, you have heard about Mr. Francis Osbaldiston's affair and have come to speak to the Justice about it?

Rashleigh smiles, in an oily manner, and bows to them both.

RASHLEIGH
Certainly, I have been endeavouring to render my cousin what humble help I can, but I am sorry to meet him here.

FRANK

Where else would I be when the
charge against my reputation
requires me to be on this very spot
as soon as possible?...

RASHLEIGH

...I thought perhaps a
short, 'temporary retreat',
Scotland-wise...??

FRANK

....Well, thank you for your frank
opinion of my honesty, cousin, but
I am here to clear my name...

DIANA

...And I am here to help, and..

RASHLEIGH

...Indeed, fair cousin, but I would
have thought that Mr. Osbaldiston
would have been more, er,
'delicately' supported by my OWN
head than yours...

DIANA

...Were it not that MY head happens
to think Mr. Osbaldiston innocent..

Rashleigh takes her hand and kisses it, lingeringly

RASHLEIGH

...And it's such a pretty head,
too!

Diana snatches her hand back, and then drags him into a
corner where she furiously remonstrates with him in half
whispers

Rashleigh answers in monosyllables and shrugs

RASHLEIGH (CONT'D)

.....It is not within my power

Diana flings away from him and folds her arms

DIANA

I WILL have it so!

Rashleigh turns and shrugs at Frank

RASHLEIGH

My pretty cousin seems to think
that I have some knowledge as to
who perpetrated the outrage on this
Morris fellow.

Di leans forwards towards Rashleigh

DIANA
I'm staying here until you
straighten this OUT, Rashleigh.

Rashleigh sighs and theatrically shrugs again.

RASHLEIGH
I suppose I could have a few
words.....

DIANA
.....And so could I with
Justice Inglewood!

Rashleigh rolls his eyes, gestures his intended co-operation,
and leaves.

Diana turns to Frank

DIANA (CONT'D)
Come ON, Frank.This way.

She dives down a corridor, followed by Frank.

SQUIRE INGLEWOOD'S HOUSE/ANTE CHAMBER - DAY

They arrive in a small ante-chamber from where they can hear
singing in the next room.

Diana turns to Frank

DIANA
Stay here, Mr. Osbaldiston. I'll go
find a servant, as we don't want to
startle Squire Inglewood. He's
quite elderly and might choke on
his dinner.

She flits through another door and Frank looks around,
hearing an old man singing a song, next door. It is SQUIRE
INGLEWOOD and he belts it out with somewhat tipsy aplomb.

SQUIRE INGLEWOOD
(sings)
O, in Skipton-in-Craven,
Is never a haven
But many a day foul weather;
And he that would say
A pretty girl nay,
I wish for his cravat a tether.
(speaks)
Go ON, Morris!....Go ON, man!
Drink, yes, go ON...drink it!
.... Yes, yes!....Now it's YOUR
turn

MORRIS
Um, your honour, I, um....

SQUIRE INGLEWOOD
....SING, man, SING!

Morris starts to sing with a quavery, nasal, voice

MORRIS
Oh, hum.....um,
(sings)
Good people all, I pray give ear
A woeful story you shall hear
'Tis of a robber as stout as ever
Bade a true man stand and deliver
With his foodle doo fa loodle loo

Frank looks outraged and disgusted

He mouths "WHAT?!" but Morris continues from behind the closed door

MORRIS (CONT'D)
This knave, most worthy of a cord
Being armed with pi-istol a-and
with sword...

Frank, being unable to stand this any longer, bursts, angrily into the squire's dining room.

INT. SQUIRE INGLEWOOD'S HOUSE/DINING ROOM - DAY

The squire has his back to Frank, but, Morris who can see him, looks horrified, and slowly stands, quiveringly.

There is also a snuffling, pedant of a middle-aged man who is Inglewood's clerk, JOBSON, sitting across from Morris.

Jobson looks up, outraged

MORRIS
...I, I...It's, it's....

FRANK
....Mr. Inglewood! My name is Frank
Osbaldiston and I am come to defend
my good name against a blackguard's
lies!

Mr. Inglewood cranes round in his chair

SQUIRE INGLEWOOD
Oh, good grief!Do I have to
have so much whining with my
dining?!It's bad enough with
THIS fellow's complaints!

FRANK

I beg pardon for an ill-timed
visit, sir, but as it seems that
dinner is concluded and...

SQUIRE INGLEWOOD

....It is NOT concluded, sir, as I
need at least a couple of hours for
my digestion....

Jobson begins arranging his writing implements, fussily

JOBSON

(Droning insistence)

If your honour will forgive me.
...As this is a clear case of
felony and the gentleman seems
impatient, the charge IS contra
pace domini regis...

SQUIRE INGLEWOOD

...Damn domini regis! I tell you,
Mr. Jobson, that one of these days
I shall send you and the
justiceship to the devil!

He cranes around to Frank, again, and gestures.

SQUIRE INGLEWOOD (CONT'D)

Sit down, man! Sit down! ...Pass
him the bottle!Look here,
Morris ...is this the gentleman you
were accusing?!

Morris looks terrified

MORRIS

Um, um, I say nothing....I, I, I
charge nothing..um, um...

The door suddenly opens and Diana comes in

DIANA

....You keep fine order here,
Justice! ...Not a servant to be
seen, or heard of!

The justice smiles, leaps nimbly to his feet, seizes Di's
hand and kisses her on the cheek

SQUIRE INGLEWOOD

Ah, Miss Vernon! ...The blossom of
the Border! Art welcome here, girl,
as flowers in May! ...Rashleigh
dined here, earlier, then ran away
after the first bottle. ...No
staying power!

(MORE)

SQUIRE INGLEWOOD (CONT'D)
...Sit, sit and I'll have the
scoundrels break another pasty for
you.

DIANA
Thank you, but no, Squire
Inglewood. I am just here to
support my cousin in his defence
against a calumny brought against
him.

The squire, taps the side of his nose and nods, knowingly

SQUIRE INGLEWOOD
Ah! Sits the wind in THAT quarter,
egh?

DIANA
(Wheedling)
If you will be a good kind justice
and despatch young Frank's
business, I'll bring my uncky
wuncky to DINE with you next
week....??

A SERVANT enters and gives Jobson a note, which Jobson reads.

Then he gets up and follows the servant out.

JOBSON
Please excuse me, your worship, but
I have to attend to a will, at a
deathbed....Old Farmer Routledge.

He moves off.

The squire nods, and then points to Frank.

SQUIRE INGLEWOOD
Away with you, then ... and you,
young fellow-me-lad, give back that
portmanteau to this, this Morris
chappy, here!

The servant re-enters

SERVANT
A strange gentleman to wait upon
his honour

Mr Campbell appears, walks around in front of, and bows low
to the squire

CAMPBELL
Excuse this intrusion, Squire
Inglewood, but I ha' come to
exonerate a young gentleman who has
been traduced by this Morris man,
here.

Morris goggles, and goldfishes terrifiedly, at Campbell who
turns to and addresses him

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)
Hae ye not told the justice that I
had joined ye later, on the road?

MORRIS
Well, no....I, I...

CAMPBELL
....And admitted that I was,
therefore, witness to the robbery

MORRIS
Well, no, but...

CAMPBELL
...No, nothing, man!

He stares at Frank

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)
And this, your erstwhile dinner
partner, is now the man that you
accuse?

MORRIS
Ye, yes, but....

CAMPBELL
....But nothing!This man,
pointing at Frank was certainly not
the robber! The robber was a foot
taller, a decade older and had as
gley a visage as you could meet!
....Had he not, Morris?!

Campbell turns to the squire

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)
A reference as to my character,
your worship ... just a line.

He proffers a paper, which the squire reads

SQUIRE INGLEWOOD
The Duke of Argyll! Then
your word's your bond, eh?

The squire turns to Morris and points at Frank

SQUIRE INGLEWOOD (CONT'D)
Out with it, man! Was the robber,
this young man that you see before
you?

MORRIS
Well, I'm not sure it, it WAS
becoming somewhat
crepuscular...and....

Campbell turns to Morris and slits his eyes at him

CAMPBELL
....Aye, AND, Morris, as I live and
have influence in these regions, I
can tell you that, in the dark,
many.... things.... happen... in
these hills..

MORRIS
...oh, ah.....haha, yes, yes...I,
I can quite see that I could have
made a mistake about the look of
the man.

Squire Inglewood shakes his piece of paper

SQUIRE INGLEWOOD
So we can dismiss this accusation,
then?

Morris mutters to himself and shrugs

MORRIS
I suppose so, yes....drat it!

SQUIRE INGLEWOOD
Good!

He lights the paper at the candle next to him

SQUIRE INGLEWOOD (CONT'D)
Perhaps you would see Mr. Morris on
his way, Mr Campbell ... and thank
you....?Now, as to you,
Miss Vernon, about this pasty...

DIANA
(Smiling)
.....Thank you but no, squire, as I
must instantly return to my uncle
to assure him that Mr. Osbaldiston
is now safe from lying accusers.

The squire takes a bottle from the table, and leans back in
his chair.

SQUIRE INGLEWOOD

Then, it's me and my digestion,
.... all alone.....Away with all on
ye!

He kisses his fingers to Diana, waves said fingers in dismissal, at the rest of the guests, and then pours a full glass.

Diana grabs Frank's hand and drags him away, quickly.

Campbell, smiling sardonically, takes the worried Morris firmly under the arm and huddles him away, also.

The justice sighs in relief and drinks his wine.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE/TRACK - DAY

Diana and Frank ride back to Osbaldiston Hall.

FRANK

Soooo, am I allowed to ask if
Rashleigh would have helped protect
my good name if you had not been
there, Miss Vernon?

DIANA

I suspect that, with only the
little I have told you, Mr.
Osbaldiston, you might still be
able to guess the answer to that
question.

FRANK

Um and I suppose that I am to
be left to guess whether Mr.
Campbell had some thing to do with
the portmanteau's purloining...and
the, er, letter for Mr. Jobson
....aaand, the....

A rider comes pounding up at a gallop, with its rider,
Jobson, breathing furiously.

He skids to a halt besides Miss Vernon and glares at her.

Diana smiles brightly at his glaring

JOBSON

Soooo, sooooo. ...I SEE how it is!
Ohhh, YES!....Bail put in during my
absence, egh?!...Heh?!

DIANA

So! Mr. Jobson!How was
Farmer Rutledge, then?

Jobson becomes apoplectic

JOBSON

Farmer Rutledge was FINE. ...if you
didn't already KNOW, madam!!!

Diana puts her gloved hand to her mouth

DIANA

(Simpering affectation)
La, you there now!...Why on earth
should I know, sir?

JOBSON

He called me a pettifogger!!

DIANA

Shocking!

Jobson, in his saddle, leans forward, threateningly to Diana,
pointing his crop at her

JOBSON

And YOU, Diana Vernon, spinstress,
being a convict popish recusant,
are bound to repair to your
dwelling and carry out your own
female duties, under penalty of
being held felon to the king!!

Diana faux blinks and rears back with her hand on her chest
in faux terror

DIANA

A sort of puritan penance for my
wicked catholic errors, I suppose?

Frank angrily nudges his horse forwards between Diana and
Jobson.

FRANK

YOU, Sir, if you do not change your
tone when speaking with a lady of
fashion, will find yourself
chastised!

JOBSON

Chastised?! ME?..... A clerk
of the peace?!

FRANK

Yes! AND, as Farmer Rutledge
says, a pettifogger, as well!I
n neither of these capacities,
however, sir, do you have the right
to be impertinent to a lady!

Diana leans forwards and lays her hand on Frank's arm.

DIANA
Now, Mr. Osbaldiston, I will have
no assaults and battery upon DEAR
Mr. Jobson.

She smiles at Frank

DIANA (CONT'D)
...Not a single touch of your whip!
....Why.... he would live upon it,
at every party and gathering, for
the rest of the year!

She turns to Jobson

DIANA (CONT'D)
Good evening, Mr. Jobson....thou
mirror of clerical courtesy.

JOBSON
I bid YOU a good evening as well!
Watch your speech, however, Madam.
I warn you that the government is
NOT to be trifled with
NEITHER am I!

He then kicks on and canters away, back to the squire.

Diana moves, ruefully shrugs and then turns and smiles at Frank.

She then trots smartly off, back to Osbaldiston Hall,
followed by Frank.

INT. OSBALDISTON HALL/ENTRANCE HALL - EVENING

Diana walks briskly through the hall followed by Frank.

She pauses to address a servant, BETTY, as she passes her.

DIANA
Betty, please will you bring some
supper up to the library for Mr.
Osbaldiston and I?

BETTY
Yes, mum.

The servant curtsies and walks briskly off.

Diana turns to Frank

DIANA
I must provide against your
starving in this mansion of brutal
abundance.

She sets off quickly, still with Frank in tow.

They pass along corridors, go up stairs, pass through low ceilinged ante-rooms and then more corridors.

DIANA (CONT'D)

The library is my only place of refuge, here, against the orang-utans, my cousins.....They never venture in it, as it contains these strange devices known to communicate knowledge Lord forbid that any of this dangerous stuff should rub off on them! Mind you, the only way that knowledge could be communicated to them, from these books, would be if said devices should drop on their stupid heads!

They finally arrive at the library and Diana pushes open the door and goes in.

INT. OSBALDISTON HALL/LIBRARY - EVENING

There is a fire burning, in the library, and the sound of a long case clock.

Diana turns and smiles at Frank and gestures at the room

DIANA

Welcome to my kingdom!

FRANK

All your own?!

DIANA

Well, Rashleigh was joint proprietor, while we were friends.

Diana wanders around taking off her scarf and her hat and gloves, and strewing them around, whilst touching the books, occasionally.

Frank stands warming himself by the fire, watching her.

FRANK

No longer so?

DIANA

Certainly not friends, but through force of circumstances, I am forced to be his ally for a while.

FRANK

Has he always been your ally?

DIANA

More a sort of teacher, as my uncle handed my education over to the sole son who could spell and number.

FRANK

So, Rashleigh has picked up a little learning and passed it on to you, then?

DIANA

Well ... if you think his drilling me in French, and Italian, and then insisting on my being able not only to read the classics in the originals, but to speak them as well, YES he HAS passed his learning on He underwent full Jesuit training, you know. But he hasn't taken the oath, yet.

FRANK

Good grief!

Diana shrugs

DIANA

I CAN'T however make a pudding, or sew decent crewel work, or embroider cushions.

Frank looks around the room

FRANK

(Amusedly ironically)

No. Indeed, I don't see any indications of your domestic accomplishments, I'm afraid.

The servants come in with two laden trays and unload them onto the big library table.

Betty speaks to Diana who answers her.

The servants then light some more table candles and go out.

Diana comes over, indicates where Frank is to sit, which he does, and then she sits and pours the wine.

Diana indicates on the wall, some horse reins

DIANA

There is, however, the model of a new type of martingale which I invented and which I think a great improvement on the Duke of Newcastle's.

She looks around and points to a gun on a distant table

DIANA (CONT'D)
And there is my own fowling piece
for which I devised an improved
fire-lock ... so I am not totally
void of creativity!

She looks back and smiles at Frank, while starting her dinner

They chat happily throughout the meal.

Diana and Frank finally push back their plates and Diana
pours a little more wine.

DIANA (CONT'D)
I have to agree with the vicar's
wife, however, that I have little
to no domestic "varsal skills",
which is a pity, as my grandfather
and father lost everything in their
support of the House of Stewart.
...My mother, a loyal Scotswoman,
died when I was young.

There is a knock at the door and Rashleigh comes
questioningly in at the door, and steps silently forwards

RASHLEIGH
(Impliedly)
I'm not interrupting any.....?

DIANA
(Impatiently)
.....Rashleigh why do you
needlessly knock, when you know
that I am receiving company, and I
already sent a 'yes' to your
request to visit?

Rashleigh bows and smiles, obsequiously

RASHLEIGH
(Oily laugh)
You have always taught me, cousin
to respect your dominion.

DIANA
(Sighs)
What do you WANT, Rashleigh?

RASHLEIGH
I thought simply to relieve your,
what must be tiredness, after a
busy day, rescuing Mr. Osbaldiston,
by asking my cousin up to my room
for a game of piquet ... that IS,
of course, unless you wish to
(MORE)

RASHLEIGH (CONT'D)
er ...' retain' his company,
further...?

He simpers, somewhat, and raises an ironic eyebrow.

DIANA
Gentlemen, I am indeed tired and so
will wish you both a good evening.

Frank stands, turns and bows to Diana

FRANK
Good evening, Miss Vernon. Please
receive my hearty thanks for your
kind intercession with Squire
Inglewood...

RASHLEIGH
.....I trust you will forgive me
when I arrogate a little of these
thanks to myself, cousin, by
informing you that it was I who met
Mr. Campbell, told him of your
dilemma, and prevailed upon him to
come and admit to his knowledge of
this affair.

FRANK
Oh, if you did this, then, indeed,
I owe you a favour, Sir
although ... I read no mention of
this Campbell in the examination
paper....

DIANA
.....I wouldn't prostrate myself in
gratitude to Rashleigh, if I was
you, Mr. Osbaldiston...
(Ironically)
with him, there are always wheels
within wheels!

She walks over to the armchair by the fire, plonks down,
settles in, and waggles a few fingers at them.

DIANA (CONT'D)
Adieu, gentlemen!

The two men bow and go out.

INT. OSBALDISTON HALL/MORNING ROOM - MORNING

Frank comes in to breakfast to find his uncle eating.

He bows

FRANK
Good morning, sir.

Frank goes to help himself from the chusing dishes on the buffet.

SIR HILDEBRAND
Morning, laddy!....Congratulations
on yer rescue from Hexham jail!...A
lucky turn, lad, but do na be over-
venturous, again!

Frank turns

FRANK
Uncle, I had nothing to do with any
robbery and I don't know why you
persist in believing that
calumnious accusation, against the
word of your nephew!

SIR HILDEBRAND
Nery mind, lad....No man's bound to
tell on hisself!

His uncle nods his head, winks knowingly, turns back to the table and stuffs his face full, making piggy grunting and chewing noises, along with his sons.

The door opens and Rashleigh pokes his head around

RASHLEIGH
Cousin, I just come to renew the
invite to piquet that you were too
tired for, yestere'en....?

Frank looks around for an excuse not to join Rashleigh

FRANK
Oh, er, yes...er thank you.

RASHLEIGH
Third room along on the second
floor when you've
finished!?

He goes back out.

Frank sighs, and resumes helping himself to sausages.

INT. OSBALDISTON HALL/RASHLEIGH'S ROOM - DAY

Frank and Rashleigh are playing cards on a table in the window.

RASHLEIGH

You know ... I quite nvy you being here, whilst I am soon to quit the hall for the counting house.

FRANK

I'm sure that you would prefer the amusements of London to the situation of a obscure Catholic priest, however.

RASHLEIGH

Ah, perhaps, but my vocation is as fixed as is that of my fair cousin's ... except I don't have a choice, of course.

FRANK

Miss Vernon?A choice?

RASHLEIGH

Yes Between the stout arms of my older brother Thornie, or the cloisters!

FRANK

Good grief!A convent?!

RASHLEIGH

Oh, yes! It had been agreed by her father, with my father, in her infancy.

FRANK

Has Di er, Miss Vernon no SAY in the matter?

RASHLEIGH

Well, one, or the other of them must support her. ...She has no money of her own, of course!

FRANK

Butshe must have some LEANINGS of her own.....!?

Rashleigh arranges his collar with a feigned modesty.

RASHLEIGH

Well,

(cough)

she IS a headstrong, rather impulsive young woman and did make her intentions, er

(coughs)

(MORE)

RASHLEIGH (CONT'D)
very obvious to me...er, my own
person, you know, but, I, um, saw
where that was going and nipped
things in the bud, in time..... so
as to speak.

Frank is torn between chagrin at what he believes to have
been Diana's behaviour, and repulsion at the thought of the
ugly, oily Rashleigh having been the object of her desires.

Frank abruptly stands up

FRANK
Yes, well....I, I must go write
some letters, if, if you will
excuse me, Rashleigh.

Rashleigh raises his eyebrow and pours some more wine for
himself.

RASHLEIGH
I haven't said anything, um...??

FRANK
No, no!...Just..... got to get them
written.

Frank rushes out and Rashleigh smiles, sardonically, leans
back in his chair and drinks his wine, nodding his head and
grinning at Frank's obvious discomfiture.

INT. OSBALDISTON HALL/DINING HALL/TRAVERSING - EVENING

The family are seated at dinner and Frank comes in as the
servants are serving the soup. He is sullen and wooden-faced.

Diana smiles up at Frank and pats the seat reserved, next to
her.

Frank does not smile back, but nods, dismissively, and sits
down.

Rashleigh, now across the table from them, half smirks, to
himself.

Diana attempts several sallies, but is met with mono-
syllabic, off-hand treatment, and shrugs from Frank.

After several attempts at conversation, Diana gives up, in
puzzlement and pain.

She is just wondering what has effected this change in Frank,
when she catches sight of Rashleigh's momentarily unguarded,
evident enjoyment of Frank's discomfiture.

Diana's eyes narrow and, as the meal is drawing to a close, she puts down her napkin and retires, merely nodding to Frank.

He hardly acknowledges her.

The drinking progresses, as the night descends, and Sir Hildebrand and his sons keep passing the bottle to Frank who becomes drunk.

Frank engages in a heated argument with Rashleigh, and ends by throwing his glass of wine at Rashleigh's face.

Rashleigh stand up, glowering, and draws his sword.

Frank draws his, and charges around the table.

The two manage a few brief thrusts and parries before Sir Hildebrand and his sons manage to separate them.

Frank is dragged off to his room by three of his cousins, roaring defiance to the world.

Frank's cousins throw him onto the bed and leave.

Frank murmurs into his blankets

FRANK
Diana!DiAna!

INT. OSBALDISTON HALL/DINING HALL - MORNING

The following morning, Frank enters slowly and abashedly, into the hall, to attend breakfast. All of the family are there, at buffet, or table, except Diana.

Sir Hildebrand, who is surveying the buffet, spots Frank, comes up to him, and punches him playfully on the shoulder.

FRANK
(Ruefully))
Sir...uncle, I, I am so very sor...

SIR HILDEBRAND
....Tcha, NEvoy!...T'aint no fault
of thee own as thee can't hold thy
wine! Thy cousins 'ed be as milk-
sops as thee, if'n I 'adn't raised
them on the toast and the tankard!

FRANK
Well, thank you, sir.You're very
kind I'll, I'll just say a
word to Rashleigh, though.

Frank turns to Rashleigh who is seated and scowling at him.

FRANK (CONT'D)
I do apologise for behaving
unpardonably, last night, cousin,
and I, I hope that you wi....

SIR HILDEBRAND
.....Of COURSE he'll forgive you,
nevy! A gentleman can't say
more than "sorry", can 'ee, then,
Rashleigh?!

Rashleigh's face undergoes a sudden and complete change, back
to oily.

He stands up and offers his hand to shake.

RASHLEIGH
Of course, of course!I was
just about to apologise, myself,
for fighting with a guest
....shocking ... thoughtless!

The door opens and Diana pokes her head in

They look up.

DIANA
Morning, uncle cousins
.....U m, Mr Osbaldiston, will
you kindly come, after breakfast,
to the library to help me with a
passage in my Dante? ... I won't
keep you long as I know you're all
going badger-baiting this
afternoon?

Frank bows to her and half smiles, shame-facedly

FRANK
An honour, madam.

Diana nods and then closes the door.

Frank stands staring at the door, in thought.

The general noise increases as badger-baiting is then
discussed and the cousins return from the buffet to the table
with their plates piled high.

INT. OSBALDISTON HALL/LIBRARY - DAY

There is a knock at the door and it opens.

Frank stands on the threshold, uncertainly.

Diana is standing over by the window

DIANA
Come in, Sir. I shall not trouble
you for long.

Frank walks up to her and Diana smiles with hard brightness

DIANA (CONT'D)
(Ironically)
Upon my word, Mr. Osbaldiston, I
would not have thought you had it
IN you! I believe that last night's
exhibition was quite a masterpiece!

Frank is chagrined and bows

FRANK
I am quite sensible of my ill-
breeding, Miss Vernon and can only
offer that, yesterday, I received a
communication by which my spirits
were somewhat agitated.

DIANA
I am, I must admit, interested in
knowing why a youth of talents and
expectations has fall into the
slough in which this house nightly
wallows.

FRANK
(Earnestly)
I have but wet my shoes and shall
instantly draw back, Miss Vernon.

Diana turns away and goes to sit by the fire, not inviting
Frank to sit.

He therefore roams up and down, near to her, in embarrassment
and agitation.

DIANA
I have, however, another question
to ask, as well.....

She turns to look him full in the face.

DIANA (CONT'D)
Why were you so rude to me at
dinner, last night?

FRANK
Oh! Rude?! Ah,
yes...Um, I'm sorry, but, it was
just some, some bad news which put
me out of ...um, um....

Diana cocks her head to the side, in disbelief

FRANK (CONT'D)
Well, my father felt that it was
...um, um....

Diana rears back her head and stares, stonily

FRANK (CONT'D)
....As you know, um, anyway, my
affairs are rather... you know
um ... em..

DIANA
...Well, now we've finished the
prologue, shall we progress to the
meat of the matter? ...WHAT... has
Rashleigh.... been saying of me?
...For it is always HE causing the
trouble.

FRANK
Oh, um as, as a gentleman,
I can hardly be explicit in
reporting private conversation,
Miss Vernon.

Diana shoots to her feet and glowers at him, furiously.

DIANA
This SHALL not serve your turn,
sir! I WILL have an answer from
you!I have no-one to defend
MY good name. I am motherless,
friendless and alone in the world!
.....WHAT has he said of me?!

Frank stops pacing and looks at her in alarmed embarrassment

FRANK
He justum, he just intimated
that he, um, broke off your mutual
intimacy, lest you became more
depen ... um, lest it gave rise to
an affection, that...well, you
know...um...well, him destined for
the church, and all.....

DIANA
(Dangerously)
..... Yeeesss! ... HE having to
keep clear from contamination with
this young GIRL who was barely into
womanhood! You FOOL and IDIOT!
.....

(MORE)

DIANA (CONT'D)

THIS, my erstwhile "teacher"
availed himself of the opportunity
of my innocent company to lean and
whisper, and coo, and then lay his
hands on my arms, and then his arms
around my shoulders, and then
and, andit was I, a fifteen
year old who told my uncle that I
was finishing with the teaching,
and I who claimed the library for
my SOLE use..... DIRECTLY to escape
the clutches of this man who would
have groomed me for ... for
GOODNESS knows WHAT!

Frank puts his hand on the hilt of his sword, and heads
furiously towards the door

FRANK

The blackguard!!

Diana runs and places herself between Frank and the door.

DIANA

No, no!!No!Look,
sorry!...Sorry! Stop, stop!....Go
and sit down, Frank! I, I need no
avenger. Rashleigh leads a charmed
life, because other....more
important lives, depend directly
upon him. You must not injure these
others by approaching an open
rupture, with Rashleigh
.....SIT!.....PLEEEEEES!

She points and walks back to the fireplace area.

Frank, still breathing heavily, reluctantly goes to sit in
the armchair opposite that which Diana now resumes.

She tries to explain a few things to him, and he gradually
calms down.

INT. OSBALDISTON HALL/FRANK'S ROOM - DAY

Later, Frank, at his desk, starts writing a letter to his
father

FRANK (V.O.)

Father, I write, whilst still
awaiting further instruction from
you, to warn you against the
character of the relative whom I
discover that you have chosen to
replace me with.

(MORE)

FRANK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
This is not 'sour grapes', Sir, but
a genuine attempt to secure your
and your business's safety.....

He leans back to compose, mentally, and then sees, though the window, the cousins ride off across the park to their badger-baiting, in their old green corduroys.

INT. OSBALDISTON HALL/DINING ROOM - DAY

Rashleigh is studying in the dining room. Frank walks past and nods, as Rashleigh smiles urbanely up at him.

FRANK
How are your "lading computations"?

RASHLEIGH
Oh, soon got the hang of those!
I'll certainly be ready for your
father's enquiries.

FRANK
Good grief! You're a better man
than I, then!

Rashleigh unctuously dismisses the compliment with a humble wave.

INT. OSBALDISTON HALL/HALLWAY - DAY

Frank is walking along the hallway, when he sees Rashleigh come out of the library and walk away. Diana follows him out and then goes off in the direction of the staircase. Frank calls to her

FRANK
Diana? ... I thought you said that
you were going into the village,
this afternoon. If I'd known you
were here, I'd have asked you how
Dante was going.

Diana looks a little furtive and confused

DIANA
Oh, no...Well, I, I just had some
business to conduct with, um,
Rashleigh...it was nothing....um,
sorry...sorry!

She scurries away from him, leaving Frank confused.

INT. OSBALDISTON HALL/MAIN ENTRANCE HALL - DAY

Four servants are going hither and thither loading boxes and trunks into a carriage. The family are all congregated in the hall seeing Rashleigh off to his uncle's in London.

The brothers are glad that Rashleigh is going, but they nod in his direction when he individually has a word with each.

Rashleigh goes to kiss Diana, but she pre-empt's him by thrusting out a hand.

DIANA

Farewell, Rashleigh. God reward you
for the good you have done, and
forgive you for the evil you have
meditated.

RASHLEIGH

(Air of sanctity)

Happy is he whose good intentions
have borne fruit in deeds.

Frank addresses Rashleigh

FRANK

Please don't forget my letters for
my father and Owen, Rashleigh. I
will be obliged to you for passing
them on Good luck in the
counting house, as well!

Rashleigh bows

RASHLEIGH

Certes, cousin....Luck won't be
needed, however, as I have already
mastered the practise of ledger-
entry, and the full method of
accounting for shipping and
warehousing

Frank looks surprised

FRANK

Phew! You've learnt the lot!

Rashleigh smiles, slowly and contemptuously turns away, and
then passes on to his father

Diana turns to Frank

DIANA

Accomplished hypocrite that he is!

Sir Hildebrand shakes his son's hand

SIR HILDEBRAND

Well! Enjoy thy stay, lad and
bring resound on our house. ...Hope
to hear great things, you know.
..Great things in Lunnon!

RASHLEIGH

Thank you, Father.

Rashleigh looks around at them all, individually, studiously
nods, and then follows the last of his trunks out of the
door.

They all heave a sigh of relief.

Diana blows out her lips and addresses Frank

DIANA

Well.... He's gone!Good!....
(Smiles, conspiratorially)
Coming for a scamper?

Frank nods and smiles.

They hurry out to the back of the hall, and head for the
stable yard.

INT. /EXT. OSBALDISTON HALL AND ENVIRONS - DAY/EVENING

Montage:

Library - Frank and Diana poring over a book and Diana
explaining why she doesn't understand. Frank laughs. The very
elderly ex-nurse sits nearby, as a chaperone, sipping her tea
and observing their talk.

A mild incline: Diana's horse sails over a brook, but Frank's
horse comes to a stop and won't jump. Diana roars with
laughter at Frank's discomfiture and lack of control, while
he attempts to urge his horse on.

The dining room: Frank and Diana chat and toast each other,
whilst Thorny glares at them.

The garden: Frank and Diana walk down the allees and then
stop, when they come to Andrew Fairservice, and ask him about
the shrub which he is pruning. Andrew holds forth, pompously,
pointing here and there.

The stableyard: the family gathers for a hunt. Thorny glares
at Frank, as Frank gives Diana a boost up, from under her
foot, and she thanks him from atop her horse. The whole family
trots out, following Wilfred, his whippers-in and his
hounds. It is a beautiful, bright day, as the hall resounds to
their noise of dogs barking, horses' hooves and excited talk.

Lane: Diana's crimson riding habit, with it's green decoration, is a splotch of vivid colour amongst the green of her cousins as the little party rides out along the leafy lanes of the estate.

EXT. OSBALDISTON HALL/GARDEN - EVENING

Frank is walking in the garden, in the dusk, when he comes across Andrew Fairservice, again.

Andrew stands up from his digging, digs in the spade and offers Frank some snuff which Frank politely refuses.

ANDREW

I were having a bit o discussion wi
Mattie Simpson aboot some bit o'
peers, down at the Trinley Knowe,
when the travelling merchant, Pate
McReady, ma cousin, yunno, came nigh
and had a wee bit o' news on
theeself, sir.

FRANK

What me?

ANDREW

Aye.

Andrew sighs and looks around, slowly.

FRANK

(Irritably curious)
Well, what WAS it, Andrew?

ANDREW

Och, well, if ye maun hae't.....
the folk in Lunnon are a clean wud
about this bit job in the north
here.

FRANK

Clean wood? What's that?

ANDREW

Ou, just real daft, neither to
haud, nor to bind, a' hirdy-girdy,
clean through ither, the deil's
over Jock Wabster.

FRANK

(Mystified)
Jock Wabster? What is all
this to ME?!

Andrew pats his own nose with his finger and looks knowing

ANDREW

Just that the dirdum's a' about yon
man's pokmanty!

FRANK

What?....That Morris man?...But
what is this talk about me?

Andrew turns and resumes digging

ANDREW

Weeeeeel, if yer not interested,
then, sirr, a'll jist...

FRANK

.....No! No! I Am interested! WHICH
folk were discussing this calumny?!

Andrew takes his time slowly to down spade, again, and turn
around.

ANDREW

Weell it's said as the
paaliment House o' London,
discussed the theft an the fact
that this Cambell man ha' waved
about a testimonial frae the Duke
o' Argyll!

FRANK

And what happened?

ANDREW

Aye, well, I'll ha' tae ha' a word
wi' ma cousin and ask im the
details..... pit he'll be wanting
us ta buy twa, or so pair o'
hoos...

FRANK

...Yes, yes I'll buy as many
hooz, er, HOSE as he wants...Could
you come and tell me the rest of
the story, Andrew, as soon as you
can get it from him, PLEASE!?
I'll, I'll walk here until you come
back!

Andrew sticks his spade back into the earth.

ANDREW

Aye....go ON! I will, then, and
meanwhile, thou can watch ma
colliflour and kail-blade as
glances sae glegly by moonlight.

He nods, in a lovingly smug manner to his vegetables, and
sets off, while Frank fretfully walks up and down.

While Frank walks, he notices that Diana's light is on, in the turret.

FRANK
(Softly, and lovingly, to
himself)
Diana!

He is then suddenly perturbed to see the apparition of the silhouette of a tall man join her and talk with her.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Who's THAT?....A MAN?...She said
she had a HEADache!

Andrew appears with his cousin, who is carrying his pack.

ANDREW
Thee's nat guin ta like this, sir,
as yer name has been impeached as
using this Campbell man tae hide
yer ain depredations!

FRANK
What?!..... MY depred.....?!

They fall to, in an urgently whispered discussion, in the dark, under the tower.

INT. OSBALDISTON HALL/CORRIDOR - DAY

Frank passes the steward, HAWKINS, in the narrow corridor and asks him a question.

FRANK
Er, Mr. Hawkins, I believe?

HAWKINS
Yes, sir.

FRANK
Um, you are the steward?

HAWKINS
I AM, sir.

FRANK
Has there been any post for me?

HAWKINS
No, sir.

FRANK
NONE at ALL?

HAWKINS
Not that I am aware of, sir.

FRANK
Oh, um....Thank you. Thanks.

The steward bows and marches away, leaving Frank scratching his head.

INT. OSBALDISTON HALL/FRANK'S ROOM - DAY

Frank is seated at the table in his bedroom, concentrating on his writing.

FRANK (V.O.)
....and it is singularly strange,
father, that I have received no
communication from you, or Owen,
upon what I am to do. Now, after
this wicked calumny against me,
however, I think it most urgent
that I come to London to clear my
name. I write to beg your
permission on this head, most
insistently....mnu, mnu, mnu.....

It is a beautiful day outside of the window and Frank's
cousins, without Diana, can be seen riding out, presumably on
yet another killing spree.

EXT. LOCAL VILLAGE/POST OFFICE - DAY

Frank comes out of the post office, carrying a letter.

He impatiently opens and reads it.

OWEN (V.O.)
Dear Mr. Francis,
Mr. R.O. has arrived and I have
taken him to see the Bank and
custom House, showing such
civilities in my power.
Have enclosed for you a goldsmith's
bill for £100, as cash may be
scarce in those parts.
I remain in duty bound, dear Mr.
Francis, your obedient servant
Joseph Owen
Post scriptum - Am sorry
we have received no news
of you. Your father looks poorly.

FRANK
(To himself))
My father? Poorly?
What, ALL my letters? How can....?

He thrusts the letter in his pocket, mounts his horse and
trots, smartly, back to the hall.

EXT. OSBALDISTON HALL/GARDEN - DAY

Frank comes into the garden, removing his riding gloves and is met by Andrew Fairservice trundling an old wheelbarrow of manure, which he puts down.

ANDREW
Good morrow to ye, sir.

FRANK
Good morning, Andrew. Is my uncle out?

ANDREW
Aye. 'ee be down at Trinlay Knowe ta see a wheen middencocks pike ilk ither's harns out.

FRANK
It IS a brutal amusement, Andrew. I suppose you have none such in Scotland?

ANDREW
Na, na!...Never!! Never!
..... Un..unless, of course, it be on Fastern's E'en.....or mebbe. Lamastide.... occasionally, oor... oor the like o' that.

He turns his head and nods at the turret door.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
.....I'se just wondering what it is, 'though, that leaves that turret door open, ya know.

FRANK
The stairs up to the corridor next to Miss Vernon's room?

ANDREW
Aye I mean, now that Master Rashleigh has gone, a canna think who it may be, other than mebbe Father Vaughan, perhaps.

FRANK
Has this priest been long with the family?

ANDREW
Oh, aye 'ee seems to come and go.

Andrew picks up his barrow and trundles off and Franks nods meditatively, to himself.

INT/EXT. OSBALDISTON HALL - DAY/EVENING

Montage:

Dining hall: Frank chats with Diana at dinner. She is somewhat embarrassed under his questioning.

Local lane: Frank and Diana ride out together and chat, although Frank seems a little pained and reserved.

He peeks sideways at her, from time to time.

Main entrance hall: Diana and Frank pass each other and nod, a bit embarrassedly

INT. OSBALDISTON HALL/LIBRARY - DAY

Diana and Frank are seated at a work table covered with books and papers.

Diana holds an old, leather-backed book in her hands and is smiling.

DIANA

Thank you. It is indeed an old copy, but there are few amendments, despite the edition being newer than this library's ancient copy.

As she begins to hand the book back to Frank, a slip of paper falls out which she retrieves and starts to read.

DIANA (CONT'D)

May I?

Frank blushes and stammers

FRANK

Ah, not, not worth you whi...

DIANA

..."Ladies and knights and arms and love's fair flame" There is a great deal of it, I see, and your OWN poetry, too!

She smiles up at him

FRANK

Please! ... Really! It's not worth your...

DIANA
...No!....You're right!...YOUR
talents, Frank....YOUR talents
should be spent on more urgent
matters than poetry, at this
moment.

FRANK
WHAT matters, Miss Vernon? How
could I spend my days better than
in your company?

Diana sits back in her chair and looks serious.

DIANA
In the defence of your and your
father's interests, Frank.

FRANK
Defence?

DIANA
Have you heard from your father
lately?

FRANK
No! There has been a strange
silence.

DIANA
Then you are unaware that he has
had to go to Holland on pressing
affairs?

FRANK
Holl...

DIANA
...and left Rashleigh in the
uncontrolled charge of his affairs,
in the interim....

FRANK
....Rash...

DIANA
....And if Rashleigh continues
long, thus, you may consider your
father's business as ruined....

FRANK
....Ruined?

DIANA
Oh, not Mr. Echo, again!
.....Look!..... You must set off
for London, iMMEDIATELY.

She stands up

DIANA (CONT'D)
NOW! Unless you MEAN to lose
it ALL!

Frank stands and takes her hand.

He kisses it and she eventually pulls it away.

FRANK
And can YOU ask me to leave, thus?
.....The world can offer me
nothing to repay your absence of
company!

He grabs her hand, again, and kisses it.

Diana pulls it away again.

DIANA
This is folly!....It's
MADNESS....Look, I am,
(ironically)
'by solemn contract', the 'bride of
heaven',
(disgustedly)
unless I would accept the brutal
embraces of Thorncliffe, or the
oily villainy of that creature,
Rashleigh.

She shudders, and then suddenly, anxiously looks towards a
large curtain over a door.

This curtain wafts in a small, sudden breeze.

Frank looks too, and starts forwards.

She puts a hand on his arm

DIANA (CONT'D)
Nothing!...It's nothing!
.....Nothing.... A, a rat behind the
arras.Look, get to London,
Frank!...Go!....Go NOW!
.....LEAVE me!

She raises a dismissive hand, turns away and walks to the
other end of the library.

Frank bows low.

FRANK
At your command, then, I will be
off tomorrow morning, Miss
Vernon!...Um, good evening.

Diana nods

Frank goes out.

EXT. OSBALDISTON HALL/GARDEN - EVENING

Frank exits the turret door, into the garden. He starts to pace up the garden path, when he comes across Andrew Fairservice sitting reading next to some bee skeps.

Andrew, upon seeing Frank, removes his spectacles and puts them in his book to save his place.

ANDREW

I was ee'n taking a spell o' worthy
Mr. John Quackleben's "Flower of a
Sweet Savour Sawn on the
Middenstead of this Woruld".

FRANK

Ah ...an, um, interesting
title...but I see that the bees
were dividing your attention with
this, um, worthy book, however.

ANDREW

Aye, the pagans will insist on
swarming on the sabbath and keep
folk at hame from hearing the word
o' god.

FRANK

There was an excellent sermon at
the parish church...

ANDREW

...Och! clauts o' cold parritch -
clauts o' cold parritch!...Yee'l be
sayin' that I should gae and hear
Daddy Docharty mumbling his
catholic mass, next!

FRANK

Well, the hall has its OWN catholic
priest, you could attend.... Is
Father Vaughan not here?

ANDREW

Nay...the man's been away a few
days, in some o thae west-country
haulds.....

FRANK

....So Father Vaughan has been away
for SEVERAL days, now?

Andrew stands up

ANDREW
Och, aye! There's an unco stir
amang them Catholics. Amost as busy
as ma bees..

Andrew looks at his skeps

ANDREW (CONT'D)
....Mind ye, the pagan bodies seem
to have settled for the night, now,
so I'll wuss yer honour good night,
and grace, and muckle o't.

He nods and walks off.

Frank walks up and down, in the deepening gloom, thinking and
looking up at Diana's library window.

Suddenly a light flickers on and Frank comes to a halt.

He comes to a decision and takes a deep breath.

Frank turns and enters the turret door.

INT. OSBALDISTON HALL/TRAVERSING HALLWAYS - EVENING

Frank mounts the stairs, traverses a couple of corridors and
approaches the library.

He catches the sound of a sudden footfall, puts his hand on
the doorknob and knocks at the same time as he opens the
door.

INT. OSBALDISTON HALL/LIBRARY - NIGHT

Diana is standing by the table and looks a little fluttered,
putting her hand to her chest.

Owen heads for their work table and picks up a book.

FRANK
Sorry to bother you, again, Miss
Vernon, but I forgot my Orlando.

He suddenly starts, as he sees a man's large gauntlet glove
on the table.

Diana sees his stare and snatches it up.

DIANA
Ah! (haha!) Just a souvenir I keep
of my grandfather, the, the
(desperately lying)
other glove of whose hand you see
in the painting, there.

She points to a large painting on the wall.

Frank looks at her

DIANA (CONT'D)
....The other, um, the original was
lost, and I just have, er, this
one...you know...as a... a
keepsake...

Frank smiles, ironically, from the painting to the glove.

FRANK
...Then your grandfather must have
had two left hands, I see, Miss
Vernon!

Diana flares up

DIANA
(Sighs, angrily))
Alright! So! ...It's a MAN'S,
then!

She shrugs with her hands out

FRANK
So I seeand in your own,
particular room....alone....at
night.....but, but of course, Miss
Vernon, you are entirely free to
see whom you WILL.

DIANA
Yes....and especially one to whom I
owe everything and who commands all
my respect.

Frank bows low.

FRANK
I am only sorry I interrupted
things.

He coolly turns to go

DIANA
No!....Frank!...Look! I'm, I'm
sorry...wait!..... Don't let's part
enemies just because I can't tell
you of ALL of my acquaintance. You
will just have to trust me and
control youryour.....
jealousy
(Sighs)
I have already told you of my fate,
anyway.....but we can still
.....stay friends.... can we not?

Frank turns back

She puts out her hand and Frank takes it, nodding, sadly.

FRANK

Yes, of course, Miss Vernon.... I'm
I'm sorry.....

DIANA

...Oh, and I forgot, the steward
gave this to me for you, a few
minutes ago.

She takes a letter from her pocket and hands over a letter.

Frank opens and reads it.

Frank suddenly looks aghast

FRANK

Good grief!....No!

He staggers back

Diana snatches the letter from him

DIANA

Is your father DEAD?

FRANK

Not dead, but, but ruined!

Diana reads it half to herself.

DIANA

Mnu, mnu, mnu....mnu.....Oh....Good
LORD!.....

(Still reading)

Rashleigh has run off to Scotland
with your father's effects and
remittances, to take up large
bills, there, within the next week,
or so!

She looks up in amazement at Frank who is pacing the floor
with his hand to his head.

She reads, again

DIANA (CONT'D)

....Mnu, mnu ... Your father's head
clerk has gone up to Glasgow to try
and find him, and this gentleman
...a Tresham?..

FRANK

...My father's sleeping partner....

DIANA
....This Tresham asks you to go and
join this "Owen".

She looks up

DIANA (CONT'D)
Good grief! You've only got a
little while before these bills
come DUE!

FRANK
The shock of this will kill my
father! His business is his
LIFE!I must go!

He bows perfunctorily and turns, unseeingly, to leave

DIANA
Wait!

She turns to a desk and extracts a sealed note which she
gives to Frank.

DIANA (CONT'D)
If you succeed by your own
exertions, fine ... then destroy
this. If you fail, however, you may
open and use the information
contained therein to solve your
problem I rely on your
discretion and integrity not to
injure me and those I love with
this!

Frank bows.

FRANK
No, of courI mean yes!
...Yes!...Thank you!....Thank you,
Miss Vernon.

He rushes out.

INT. OSBALDISTON HALL/FRANK'S ROOM - NIGHT

Frank is frantically throwing belongings in his saddle bags
from the wardrobe and dresser.

FRANK
(To himself)
Scotland! ... Glasgow!
...Socks..... Um...Glasgow,
ummm.... vests.....er...a guide....

He stops and looks up

FRANK (CONT'D)

Andrew!

He rushes out

EXT. OSBALDISTON HALL/GARDEN - NIGHT

Frank hurries through the garden, through a door and up a track to a small cottage snuggled in its own small garden.

Frank loudly knocks on the door and it is opened, warily, by Andrew, wearing spectacles and carrying an enormous book.

Andrew is relieved to see that it is only Frank, and ushers him in.

INT. ANDREW'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Andrew relievedly puts his book and glasses down on the small table where a candle burns.

ANDREW

I ha' just finished the fifth chapter of Nehemiah and, god preserve us, a heard the noise and thought ye were a ghaist!

FRANK

Sorry, Andrew, but I just wanted to know if you could direct me to a town in your country called Glasgow.

ANDREW

Glasgae's a ceety, man, but why de ye want it?

FRANK

I have particular private business there, Andrew.

ANDREW

Hummmm Glasgae!It's no that dooms far frae my ain parish of Dreepdaily that lies a bittock further to the west.

FRANK

But where is...

ANDREW

....I'm thinking....I'm thinking you'd be better wi someone tae show you the road....and yer honour would doubtless consider the time and the trouble for this person...

FRANK
..Oh, yes, yes....I am most urgent
and will pay handsomely...Do, do
you know of anyone?

ANDREW
I do!Myssen!

FRANK
But can you just leave my uncle's
employ?...Won't you miss your
'notice wages'?

ANDREW
Weel, I'm thinking that you will
make this up, and, AND other sich
losses and damages...?

FRANK
...Yes, yes...and you have a horse?

Andrew nods his head and then rubs his lip, consideringly.

ANDREW
Oh, ayeeee.....um, weel.... I ken
where such a naig can be got, an
all..

FRANK
...Then I'll meet you at five in
the morning, at the head of the
avenue, then.

ANDREW
(Furtively)
Uh, no.....uh, sayyyy three.....
as I ken the way so well, the dark
makes nae difference.

FRANK
Three, then, Andrew!

ANDREW
Deil a fear o' me missing my
tryste!

FRANK
Thank you! ... I will ... see you
then!

Andrew hurries away into his bedroom and Frank goes out.

INT/EXT. OSBALDISTON HALL/VARIOUS - NIGHT

Montage:

Bedroom: Frank writes a letter for his uncle and leaves it on the mantle piece. Frank finishes packing. He reverently includes a book of poetry and closes his trunk. Frank buckles up his full saddlebags. He throws himself onto his bed and sleeps.

An owl hoots, a dog fox calls and a rabbit screams.

The clock strikes in the nearby turret and Frank wakes with a start. He hurriedly dresses, takes up his saddle bags and leaves his room.

Corridors: Frank treads quietly along the corridors, in his big boots.

Stables: Frank tacks up and leads his horse into the yard.

EXT. OSBALDISTON HALL/HEAD OF AVENUE - NIGHT

Frank rides to the head of the avenue and sees a mounted figure in the trees.

He calls quietly

FRANK
Andrew!

Silence

FRANK (CONT'D)
Andrew!

Silence

FRANK (CONT'D)
ANDREW!!

A disembodied voice speaks

ANDREW
Aye, I'se warrant it's Andrew

FRANK
(Ironically)
Well, I'm glad YOU know it!
.....Can you lead on, please.....
quietly?

Andrew leads on at a smart trot, on his big hunter.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE/OPEN HEATH - NIGHT

Andrew continues on at a smart trot, or a canter over very rough ground, and in the dark. Poor Frank, who doesn't know the country, nearly comes unseated, several times.

Frank calls repeatedly, and in vain for Andrew to slow down, or to stop, but there is no answer.

Frank tries to catch up to stop Andrew, physically, but, every time he approaches Andrew, Andrew speeds up into a gallop...in the dark!

FRANK

Oh, the DEVIL take him!!....

(Shouts)

Andrew, being as how you don't answer me, I shall have to shoot you off your wretched horse!!

No answer, but the sound of cantering, so Frank takes out his pistol and fires it up into the air.

The sound of horse hooves stop, and so Frank kicks on, at a smart trot, and comes to a smoother, wider track.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE/SMOOTHER TRACK - NIGHT

Frank steps out onto this wider track and finds Andrew and his horse standing still, in the open moonlight.

FRANK

(Angrily)

There you are, you scoundrel! ...
Why did you not wait for me? Why
are you riding so ridiculously
dangerously in the dark, in unknown
country?

ANDREW

Oh, sorry, yer honour, but ma
hearing's non too good and a' had a
stoup or twa o' strang French
brandy ta fortify mysen against the
cold...

They proceed at a walking pace, a while.

FRANK

...French brandy?.... My uncle must
pay you well!

ANDREW

Och, it's not so much the sassenach
employment that feathers the nest
as the delivering o' the spoils o'
mammon wi'out the government
depredations!

FRANK

"Spoils of...."?.....

(Suddenly realizes)

You're a SMUGGLER!

ANDREW

How else did ya think I knew every
stone o' these tracks?

FRANK

And how does a man of your strict
protestant principles reconcile
himself to cheating the revenue?

ANDREW

(Sneeringly)

Ach! ...A mere spoiling o' the
Egyptians!

He pats his horse's neck in the moonlight and Frank,
suddenly, with a start, recognises his cousin, Thornie's
horse.

FRANK

That's Bucephalus, Mr.
Thorncliffe's gelding!...How is
THIS, sir?!Have you STOLEN
it?!

ANDREW

Nay, nay! I hae just arrested her
'jurisdictiones fandandy
causey'...meaning I am holding her
till Mr.Thorncliffe sees fit to
return ma ten pund he borrowed aff
me fer the races ... and didn't
return though I axed repeatedly!

FRANK

He'll pursue us!...It's his good
hunter!

ANDREW

Pursue, perhaps, but ai'm thinking
that he won't hei away o'er the
muirs far on his remaining old
hack. Anyway, they're too busy wi'
their mustering an' enrolling o'
the tenantry and servants fer their
planned rebellionsBut Andrew
Fairservice willna be fighting fer
the hure o' Babylon, or any sich
like. I'll ride in no siccan troop!

FRANK

Jacobites?!

Andrew puts his hand up, superiorly omniscient

ANDREW

A'm saying nothing, but, at the
next toon, a'm contacting a lawyer
to consult on how this bonny
creature can be converted into ma
ain, lawful property!

Andrew kicks on into a canter, followed by Frank.

EXT. AN INN - DAY

Frank is sitting on a bench outside of the inn, drinking a
beer from a tankard, when Andrew, shamefacedly rides up on a
small, tatty pony.

Frank stands up, in mock surprise

FRANK

Is this your new 'lawful property',
then, Andrew?

ANDREW

(Irritably)

Tha wretched pettifogger would e'en
had ha' my own SELF, had a not
argumented wi' him!.....Huh,
attorneys are attorneys on baith
sides o' River Tweed!

Frank remounts his own horse

FRANK

So he wasn't sympathetic, then,
Andrew?

ANDREW

Sympathetic?!.....

(Bitterly)

It's an unco' thing to see hawks
pike out other hawks' een, or to
see ae kindly Scot cheat anither!

Andrew glowers and kicks on into a smart trot, on his little
pony, followed by Frank who smiles, wryly.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE AND GLASGOW - DAY

Montage:

Andrew and Frank ride through woodland, moors, hills, more
woodland, more moors and then the odd cottage starts
appearing, followed by villages that begin to become more
common.

Frank and Andrew ride slowly up a rise to the top of a hill and look down on the old city of Glasgow, where Andrew smiles and nods and Frank is surprised to see the town's large size.

They start off down the hill towards the city.

INT. INN/Common Room - Day

Several churches ring their bells as Andrew and Frank push aside their breakfast plates and the INN-KEEPER'S WIFE comes to side the table.

Frank turns to Andrew

FRANK

I must seek out Owen, this morning,
either in the home, or the counting
house of MacVittie, MacFin and co.

ANDREW

Hout sir! There willna be a living
soul in either!

INN-KEEPER'S WIFE

The Sabbath, sir!...The Sabbath!

ANDREW

They're serious men and will be
where a' gude Christian ought ta be
at sic a time, and that is in the
Barony Laigh Kirk!

INN-KEEPER'S WIFE

The greatest sermons in a' o'
Scotland! Every soul will be
there!

She moves off with the plates

ANDREW

An' if' we're most blessed, we'll
be afforded the lessons o' Mr.
Ephraim MacVittie, himself, an
elder o' kirk!

FRANK

Do you think Owen will be there?

Andrew shrugs

ANDREW

If'n the man's lucky enough!

Frank stands up

FRANK
Right! ...The Barony Kirk it IS
....I'll just get my hat.

Frank heads off up the stairs.

EXT. BARONY KIRK/TRAVERSING - DAY

Yard:

The bells are stopping at the various churches as Andrew and Frank arrive. There are now only a few people going into the church, and Frank looks up at its vast size.

FRANK
What a marvellous building!

ANDREW
Och, aye! It's a brave kirk - nane
o' yere whigmaleeries and
curliewurlies and open-steek hems
about it but solid, weel-
jointed mason-wark!

Frank head towards the main door, but is grabbed by Andrew

ANDREW (CONT'D)
This gate! This gate, sir!...And
hurry, fer if we bide here, the
searchers will be on us and carry
us to the guard-house fer being
idlers in kirk time!

Andrew pushes Frank in at a side door.

Entrance: two sombre men dressed in black with long rods,
stand by the door, and nod them entrance into the stone
passageway.

Stairs: a black-clad man with a black rod opens the door,
disapprovingly, to allow them to go down the stone stairs.

INT. BARONY KIRK/CRYPT - DAY

Frank and Andrew enter into a very large stone crypt where
there are a hundred, or more people standing to hear the
preacher who is droning on, endlessly.

There are the broad hatted Glaswegians, the very large-
bonneted peasants of Lanarkshire, and a considerable number
of highlanders in full plaids, carrying swords. The latter
stare rudely around the room as they don't understand
English, but are Gaelic speakers.

After a brief while of trying to espy a well-dressed merchant, Frank, immediately behind Andrew, pulls Andrew's sleeve

FRANK
(Hisses, quietly)
Andrew!

Andrew continues to stare ahead unhearingly

Frank pulls again, harder

FRANK (CONT'D)
Andrew! I've got to leave and
go look for Mr.MacVittie! he
doesn't seem to be here.

Andrew wrenches his sleeve away

ANDREW
(Peevishly hissing back)
Ya canna leave as the duirs are a'
locked as sune as prayers begin and
the room is full!...Ye canna get
oot!

Andrew returns to virtuously studying the preacher, intently.

Frank turns his hands out, turns his head from side to side, and looks furiously unbelieving at the barbarity of being locked in to a place that one has chosen to come to.

FRANK
(To himself)
LOCKED?!!

Suddenly, there is a whisper in his ear from a male VOICE, behind him.

VOICE
(Scottish accent)
Ye are in danger in this city!

Frank whips around, but can only see several bovinely attentive peasants and a large pillar.

Frank looks to the front, again and the voice returns

VOICE (CONT'D)
Don't look round, as both you and I
are in danger, here. Meet me
tonight on the Brigg, at twelve,
preceesly; keep at home till the
gloaming, and avoid observation.

Frank looks round, again, and sees a mantle-wrapped figure quickly vanish behind the pillar.

The congregation is too thickly packed to allow of pursuit, so Frank sighs and looks back at the preacher, who continues to drone on smacking his hand on the pulpit for emphasis, from time to time.

Eventually, the sermon finishes and the congregation begins to move.

Andrew turns to Frank and points

ANDREW

See....Yonder is Mr. MacVittie with his family an all....Ye can go tell him yer problem, egh?

Mr. MacVittie is a black-clad, sour-looking, tall man who is looking around at everyone with distaste. His family are similar of appearance and disposition.

Frank thinks it best not to address Mr. MacVittie, directly on a point of business, in the kirk, so he answers Andrew

FRANK

Andrew, I don't wish to discuss business in the church. Will you go over to Mr. MacVittie's house and enquire as to where Mr. Owen resides in Glasgow, at the moment, please? DON'T say who asks...DON'T give my name...do you understand?

Andrew shrugs

ANDREW

Hout, aye!

FRANK

Will you bring the address to me at the inn as soon as possible, please?

Andrew nods and pushes his way through the crowd.

INT. INN/DINING AREA - EVENING

Frank sits over his finished dinner and finishes his wine.

He drums his fingers meditatively.

Frank reaches a decision, gets up, takes his hat and goes out of the room.

EXT. PARKLAND ALONG THE RIVER CLYDE - EVENING

The evening is beginning to get late and twilight is becoming dusk.

Frank strolls meditatively along the allees of the park.

He takes out his watch and looks. It is not time yet for his rendezvous. He sighs.

Suddenly Frank hears the loud, nasal voice of Andrew.

Frank looks up and sees Andrew, ahead, talking to a another man in a large hat.

Frank ducks behind the trees of his allee, into a smaller walkway, where he stays hidden, although he can still hear Andrew.

ANDREW

It's e'en as I tell ya. He's no
altigither sae void a sense, but
he's crack-brained and cockle-
headed aboot his nipperty-tipperty
poetry nonsense! He wad rather
claver wi' a daft quean they ca'
Diana Vernon, or any other idle
slut, rather than hear what might
do him good from sich as you and
ME!

Andrew's friend nods, sympathetically and they walk off, with Andrew still drivelling on.

Frank nods ruefully to himself, as all eavesdroppers usually hear something against themselves.

He then looks at his watch, again, and sets off towards the river.

EXT. GLASGOW/BRIDGE - NIGHT

Frank walks up and down the bridge, impatiently.

He keeps trying to see his watch by the moonlight.

Eventually, a nearby church clock sounds, followed by the other Glasgow church clocks.

Frank sees a dark, muffled FIGURE coming towards him.

Frank accosts him

FRANK

You walk late, sir.

FIGURE

I bide tryste and so, I think, do
you, Mr. Osbaldiston.

FRANK

Who are you?

FIGURE

A man who, if you choose to follow
him, can give you some information

FRANK

I don't know you Why should
I follow you?

FIGURE

Do you fear me?

Frank puts his hand on his rapier

FRANK

I fear nothing, but would just know
where you would take me.

FIGURE

I would convey you to prison.

FRANK

(Threateningly)

You shall have my LIFE sooner than
my liberty!

FIGURE

I do not, young man, convey you
there as a prisoner, but as a
visitor. YOUR liberty is little
risked....it is MINE that is in
some peril.....come!

He walks off and Frank, despite his misgivings, sighs and
follows him.

EXT. GLASGOW STREETS - NIGHT

They walk swiftly through a few streets and the man's voice
becomes more Scottish in its accent.

They walk down a street and approach a massive jail.

FIGURE

Muckle wad the provost and bailies
o' Glasgae gie ta hae 'im sitting
wi' iron garters to his hose within
their tollbooth that now stands wi'
his legs as free as the red deer's
on the outside on it!

The man taps on a small door and is answered by a sharp voice
from the jailkeeper, DOUGAL.

DOUGAL

Fa's tat!?Fat a deil want ye
at this hoor of e'en?

FIGURE
Dougal, man! Hae ye forgotten?!
..... a nun Gregarach!

DOUGAL
Haeeee! De'il a bit! ...De'il
a bit!

There is a mad rattling of keys and the door opens.

Rob and Frank are chivvied into the jail by a frantically joyous Dougal.

INT. JAIL/ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Frank is able to see the jailer by the lantern which he holds.

Dougal is a red, shock-headed, and bearded man in full highland garb. He is unable to contain himself, but is letting out a stream of Gaelic, hugging Frank's guide, hugging Frank and generally dancing around in his ecstasy, pawing at and stroking the guide's arms.

DOUGAL
Oigh, oigh!.....Ta see ye here!...Ta
see ye here, Gregarach!.....Oigh
wat will come o' ye, gin the
bailies suld come ta get witting ?
...- ta filthy, gutty hallions, tat
tey are!

FIGURE
Fear nothing, Dougal; your hands
shall never draw a bolt on me.

DOUGAL
Tat sall they no! They wad be
hacked off at the elbows first!
...But ye'll let yer puir cousin-
tho'-only-seven-times-removed, KEN
when ye gaun yonder, again!?

FIGURE
As soon as my plans are settled,
Dougal.

The guide then gives instructions in Gaelic to Dougal, who then calms down, nods, trims his lamp and signs to them to follow him.

Dougal beetles off down a passageway, followed by Frank and the figure.

Dougal opens and closes, locking behind himself, at least three massy doors and finally arrives at a cell, which he unlocks and ushers his followers into.

INT. JAIL/CELL - NIGHT

Frank and his guide enter the cell and Dougal gazes fondly on and bows several times to his guide.

DOUGAL

I'se jist outwith the duir when ye
shall be wanting me!

He goes out, backwards and still bowing, and closes the door.

Frank turns to the figure of an old man on the bed and peers into the gloom of a single lantern to see who it is.

The guide goes to the far end of the cell and sits on a chair, in the darkness.

The figure on the bed sits up, and coughs, woken by the noise of his visitors.

The old man, Owen, recognises Frank

OWEN

Oh! ... Mr Frank! Mr.
Frank!! What have you
brought yourself and the house
to?.....To be shut up in this nasty
Scotch jail!

He gets up and attempts to brush himself down with his hands

OWEN (CONT'D)

Please, you will excuse my
appearance, gentlemen!

He then grabs Frank's hands and wrings them, distressedly

OWEN (CONT'D)

But YOU here TOO, Mr. Frank!!

Owen's elderly frame shakes with emotion and exhaustion, and he coughs, again.

Frank leads him gently to the bed and reseats him.

FRANK

No, no! I'm not incarcerated, Owen,
but am just here to find out why
YOU are here, and what has
happened.

OWEN

Our assets are collapsing due to
the remittances which have been
stolen by Mr. Rashleigh
Osbaldiston. Our house cannot meet
these enormous debts which will
become due in the next few days....

FRANK

..to Messers MacVittie and MacFinn?

OWEN

Largely ... Yes! I rode north to ask for time and to attempt to find our stolen papers, but MacVittie and co. had me cast in jail, although we have done business with their finance house for many years, they know our probity, and they are aware that we have suffered this theft!

FRANK

Have we no agent in this city apart from these predators?

OWEN

Well..... I HAVE sent a message to a Mr. Nicol Jarvie, but I have not much hope of help, from that cross-grained, crabbed man.

Owen throws himself prone on the bed

OWEN (CONT'D)

My poor dear master! Oh what will become of him! But it's God's disposing and man must submit!He MUST submit!

He sobs.

Frank attempts to soothe Owen by patting him on the shoulder.

There is suddenly a noise at the door and Dougal appears with his lantern, looking aghast, and jittering with his legs, on the spot.

He addresses the guide

DOUGAL

She's coming! ...She's comin'!
..... O hon-a-ri! O hon-a-ri,
what'll she do now?!....Mebbe gawn
along the passage and hide
somewhere!....?

He gestures out of the door, frantically to the guide, and looks appealingly at him.

OWEN

WHO'S coming?!

DOUGAL

Ahellanay! It's my lord
provosts, and ta bailies, and ta
guard and ta captain's comin' doon
stairs, too!...Gang away, my own!
Gang awa, Gregarach, or he meets
her! ...He MEETS her!!

They all hear heavy footsteps on the stone and the clanking
of various doors being unlocked, and opened.

They hear a stern male voice calling out.

Dougal steps back out of the cell, and frantically shouts out
to the approaching party

DOUGAL (CONT'D)

Jist comin', yer honour!...Jist
comin', but the locks aer sair
roosted, ye ken!

The guide stands up and steps even further back into the
gloom of the corner of the room.

Owen and Frank both stand up and gape, in apprehension at the
footsteps.

The seconds tick by as the last passage door is finally
opened.

They all take a breath in, as the cell door opens..... and
then a pretty young woman, in her late twenties, enters with
her plaid skirts well kilted up against the filth of the
jail's straw covered floors. She carries a covered basket,
and holds a lantern high up to light the way for the stout,
middle-aged man, MR. JARVIE, who enters after her, in his
heavy wig, and out of breath.

Mr. Jarvie stops and sees all of the occupants of the room,
with a twinkle in his sharp eye, and turns, immediately to
the big soldier looming behind him, in the corridor, blocking
the soldier's sight, and access.

MR. JARVIE

(Scottish: Glaswegian, if
possible)

Er, er.....a, a bonny thing it is
and unbeseeming, that I should be
kept at the jail's main door fer
half an hour, Captain
Stanchells!....I's be making a note
o' this! A will!Noo!
I'll jist be having a crack wi' an
auld acquaintance, here. Thi can
wait withoot!

He dismisses the man, with a few waves, and closes the door
on him.

Frank retires a little from the bed area.

Mr. Jarvie comes over and shakes Owen's hand.

MR. JARVIE (CONT'D)
(Concernedly)
Mr Owen, Mr. Owen, how's a' WI' ye
man?

OWEN
Still struggling on, in body, but
somewhat afflicted in spirit, I
thank you, Mr. Jarvie...Thank you
for coming...Thank you!

MR. JARVIE
Nae doot, nae doot! Ay, ay, it's an
awful whummle...Such a downfall fer
sich an honest man, as Mr.
Osbaldiston!

Owen sobs

OWEN
Never one of greater integrity, or
kindness!

Mr. Jarvie takes Owen's hand and pats it.

MR. JARVIE
My apologies fer not attending ye,
yesterday, but I must keep the
Sabbath, you know. Matty and I hied
here, however, at the crack o'
dawn, as Bailie Jarvie can command
entrance into the tolbooth at any
hour, day, or night, sir.

He makes Owen sit on the bed and Jarvie sits near to him.

MR. JARVIE (CONT'D)
Mattie! ... The pasty! The
pasty...and a little o' that
cordial!

Mattie gets out a clean cloth-wrapped pasty and lays it on a
little table near Owen, whose sobbing subsides.

MR. JARVIE (CONT'D)
Eat, eat! I'se warrant thiv gi'en
ye nay food on the sabbath and ye
mun keep body and sawl together!

Mattie pours some wine out into two pewter goblets which she
has brought for Jarvie and Owen.

Jarvie raises a toast and nods to Owen to do the same

Owen, sniffs, and obligingly raises his, whilst sighing.

MR. JARVIE (CONT'D)

Here's to gettin' yer legs loose by
breakfast, and sortin oot wi the
house o' MacVittie and MacFiin -
shame on their souple snouts!
.....I, I ken that ye'll do yer
best ta repay my own small sum, Mr.
Owen.....?

OWEN

....I WILL, I WILL...just as soon
as I can get OUT, Mr. Jarvie!

MR. JARVIE

...And as for the vultures, and
their questionable business
practises we can tip the nose to
them and buy oursenns time fer to
investigate the intricacies of
these financials.

He pats Owen's arm and indicates that he should eat and
drink, which Owen now does, attempting a small nibble.

Jarvie now gets up, turns to Mattie, takes her lantern, and
approaches the guide at the far side of the room.

Jarvie lifts the lantern and inspects the guide

MR. JARVIE (CONT'D)

Ah! ... Egh! ...Oh!...My
conscience!.....If am no clean
bumbaized!...YOU, the cheat-the-
wuddy rogue...HERE in the toolbooth
of Glasgae!.....What d'ye think's
the value o' yer head, NOW, then,
mon?

FIGURE

Oh...at least, um, four fat
baillies, one stout provost, a town
clerk, six plump deacons....

MR. JARVIE

...ye reivin' villain!.....
Prepare ye!....For if a Aaa say the
wered..

FIGURE

...But ye never will!

MR. JARVIE

...And why suld I not?

FIGURE

Three reasons: first, for auld lang syne, second fer the sake o' my auld wife that made some mixture of our bloods, and third..... that if I really saw signs of your betrayal I would plaster that wall wi' your harns, in a trice!

Jarvie nods his head, and pats the guide, now revealed as Rob Roy, the reiver and cattle dealer, on the shoulder.

MR. JARVIE

Egh, Rabbie! Nae man in a civilized country ever played the pliskies ye had done.....but e'en pickle in yer own pock-neuk, I ha' gien ye warning, noo!

ROB ROY

So ye'll wear a black cloak at Rob Roy's funeral, then, cousin?

MR. JARVIE

Hah!...I canna afford to BUY one, as ye still owe me twa thoosand pund, Scots, ya villain!

ROBY ROY

All in good time, Nicole! I ken I owe ye man, and will do my best..... as ye ken yerself!

Jarvie sighs

MR. JARVIE

Aye, aye.....Weel..... noo..

He turns and holds up the lamp to Frank

MR. JARVIE (CONT'D)

Who's this?!...Another o' yer caterans, then?

Owen speaks up, hurriedly, coughing on a mouthful of pasty

OWEBN

No!...

(Cough cough...swallows)

No, no! Mr. Jarvie, allow me to present the heir of Mr.

Osbaldiston, Mr. Francis, junior.

Mr. Francis, be pleased to meet my long time colleague, Baillie Nicole Jarvie of the city of Glasgow.

Frank removes his hat and bows deeply

FRANK
Your servant, sir!

MR. JARVIE
Well sir, I wad say that I's be
glad to see ye, were I sure that ye
could find the five thousand poond
necessary to pay everyone in the
next ten days!

He nods, and then shakes his head

FRANK
Ten days!....Oh!

He suddenly remembers and withdraws the letter given to him
by Diana.

He cracks the seal open and another sealed note falls out, as
he unfolds the letter.

The smaller note is addressed to Mr. Rob Roy, Esq., and Mr.
Jarvie, with a glance and a smile, picks it up and takes it
over to Rob Roy.

MR. JARVIE
Yours, I think, sir!

Rob Roy starts to open it when Frank speaks

FRANK
Sir, by what authority do you...

ROB ROY
.....Mr. Osbaldiston, jist cast yer
mind back tae the inn, and Mr.
Morris, and the justice, and the
kirk, and then, perhaps ye'll use
yer harns to do some thinking....?

FRANK
Ohhh!..... You're.... oh, you're
Campbell!

MR. JARVIE
Aye, sometimes, but most times,
he's Rob Roy, the Gregarach, as
he's cawd by his followers, all o'
the McGregors: The Children of the
Mist!

Hs turns back to Owen

MR. JARVIE (CONT'D)
Now, Mr. Owen gather up yer
chattels and let's ta my hoos where
Mattie will gie us a late
breakfast, bye and bye.

He knocks on the door and it is opened by Cpt. Stanchell

They all troop out, to the surprise of the captain; Frank and Rob Roy well muffled up.

MR. JARVIE (CONT'D)
Friends o' mine, captain ...
friends o' mine!

Mattie goes first with the lantern and they all follow her.

The captain remains behind, opens the cell door, and peers around in puzzlement, expecting to see yet more people there, lurking in the corners.

He scratches his head.

INT. JAIL ENTRANCE - MORNING

Dawn is now breaking through the two dim windows in the old stone entrance hall and our party looks around itself.

MR. JARVIE
Where's that Dougal creature?...And
where's our means o' egress?!

Rob goes to the door and tries it. It freely opens.

ROB ROY
He has glimmerings o' common sense
frae time ta time, that lad!

They all heave a sigh of relief and troop out.

EXT. GLASGOW/STREETS - DAWN

The dawn chorus is just beginning as they step out into the street.

ROB ROY
I bid ye all good morrow and ask ye
ta remember the Clachan of
Aberfoil, cousin Nicol A place
where good patriots live.

He nods, and dives off up a gloomy alley from where they hear a piercing whistle. This is answered by another.

Jarvie shakes his head

MR. JARVIE
Hear to the Highland deevils! They
think thesselves on the skirts o'
Ben Lomond!

There is suddenly a clash and they all spring back, as something falls onto the pavement near to them.

They are the massive prison keys.

Mr. Jarvie smiles and gently shakes his head.

He then picks the keys up, steps back into the entrance of the prison and hands them over to another jail keeper.

Jarvie then returns to his friends.

MR.JARVIE

Come on!.....Hame it IS!

He takes Mattie's lantern off her and they all follow him through the gradually lightening, but still silent streets.

EXT. GLASGOW/JARVIE'S HOUSE DOOR - DAY

MR. JARVIE

Mattie, I can let myself in; see
Mr. Osbaldiston to Luckie Flyter's
at the corner o' the wynd.

He hands over the lamp and loudly whispers to Frank

MR. JARVIE (CONT'D)

Ye'll no offer incivility to ma
serving wench...? Mattie's a good
girl, and a near cousin o' the
Laird o' Limmerfield!

Frank smiles and gently shakes his head

Mr. Jarvie pats the shoulder of Owen.

MR. JARVIE (CONT'D)

I's'll ha' the company of my long-
time associate, Mr. Owen, and we'll
sort oot the documentation of
escape frae 'holding Owen as
security' by this MacVittie
company. We'll be seeing ye
shortly.

He unlocks his door, and gently ushers the tired Owen through it.

FRANK

Thank you, Mr. Jarvie. I'll be back
in a few hours, then, after I've
had a little sleep.

MR. JARVIE

Aye...sensible, sensible!

INT. GLASGOW/INN HALLWAY - DAY

Frank enters the hallway and is greeted by Andrew, who pumps his hand.

ANDREW

I's sair glad ta see you, Mr.
Frank. I's heard o' yer
incarceration in the tollbooth and
told everyone as ye weren't ta
blame fer that pockmanty an' all!

FRANK

(Ironically)

I didn't see you at the jail,
trying to stand surety for me,
however, Andrew.

Andrew shakes his head.

ANDREW

Nay, weell, it's best ta stay awa
from sich places, you ken!

FRANK

I'm going up for a rest. Can you
come to my room later in the
morning, please?

Andrew tips his bonnet

ANDREW

As yer 'onour pleases!

He scuttles away and Frank goes up to his room.

INT. INN/FRANK'S ROOM - DAY

Frank is standing over by the window when there is a knock at the door.

FRANK

Come in!

Andrew comes in and removes his bonnet

ANDREW

Ye cawd me?

FRANK

Yes, Andrew. Can you give me your
charge for escorting me to Glasgow,
please?

Andrew looks a stricken mixture between avarice and sense.

ANDREW

Er... um....weel, there WERE
demands ower and above....and weel,
I gave up a gude position jist ta
please an...

FRANK

...How MUCH, you rascal?

ANDREW

Well, yer honour wunna think...

FRANK

....HOW MUCH?!

ANDREW

(Very rapidly)

Eighteen-pennies-sterling-per-diem-
that-is-by-the-day er....if
yer honour wuddna think it
unconscionable.

FRANK

It's double the usual rate and
certainly treble your merit,
Andrew, but here is a guinea for
you so you can now get about your
business. Thank you very much for
your work.

Frank nods and turns back to the window

ANDREW

Gude save us!....Is yer honour
mad?!...It's as muckle as yer
life's worth ta part wi ME!

Frank turns back to Andrew with amazement

FRANK

What?!....Are you actually implying
that..... you want to remain with
me..... whether I want to employ
you, or NOT?!

ANDREW

Troth, I WERE e'en thinking sae,
for if yer honour disna ken when ye
ha' a gude servant, a CERTAINLY ken
when a hae a gude master!

FRANK

Andrew!....You know perfectly well
that I did not employ you as a full
time servant, but took you on as a
mere, temporary guide to get me
here!

Andrew rolls his eyes, beseechingly and does his kicked puppy look, wringing his hands, pitiably.

ANDREW

(Whining)

Surely, sir, it isna in yer heart,
or any true gentleman's to pit a
puir lad, like hisself who put
hisself many hundreds o' miles oot
a his way to oblige, tae sich a
hardship as this comes tae!?

Frank sighs and turns back to the window and tries not to smile.

He sighs, again, thinks, and then turns back to Andrew

FRANK

Well.....do you know the roads
and byeways in the north?

ANDREW

Och, aye....I ken maist on 'em
well!

FRANK

Well, then.... I will take you on a
little while longer, but on TEN
pennies per diem and at a week's
notice, only.

Andrew sighs, compliantly

ANDREW

If that's e'en wat yer honour
wishes, it shall be sae!

FRANK

You can tell the landlady, that you
will be keeping your servant's room
while I stay here, then, as well.

ANDREW

E'en sae, yer honour, e'en sae

He tips his bonnet and, when Frank nods, races out, trying to hide his glee.

Frank straps on his sword, takes up his hat and goes out.

Frank's walking away from the inn and off down the Edinburgh streets can be seen through the window.

INT. JARVIE'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Frank follows the bustling Jarvie into his living room, where Owen sits at a big dining table which is just finishing off being laid by Mattie, who smiles at Frank, and then goes out to get another dish.

There are other tables in the room piled high with old books and documents. The fire is lit.

Owen, who looks a lot more clean and tidy, now, still seems, nevertheless, depressed and withdrawn. He gets up, wrings Frank's hand and murmuring the encouragement which he does not, himself, feel, sinks down, again.

Jarvie ushers Frank to a chair at the dining table and urges him to eat, so they all start their late breakfast.

JARVIE

Sir, sit!....Yes....There's aye
gude things here: China tea frae ma
London merchant; coffee frae me own
snug plantation i' Jamaica;
Scottish salmon and Loch Fyne
herrings!There's also
parritch, in the bowl, an all!

Jarvie points and then pours coffee for Frank, Owen and himself.

He then pours loads of cream into his own cup, takes a sip of his own and sighs with satisfaction.

The party, variously helps itself to slices of bread, butter and fish, etc., and begins eating.

Jarvie encourages Owen to eat and chats with him, a while.

Eventually, Frank speaks

FRANK

Mr. Jarvie, do you know much of
this Campbell, er, Rob Roy
character?

JARVIE

Er, well, not really, no, no...not
as sich.

FRANK

I thought he's your cousin?

JARVIE

Oh, many times removed...aye, many
times!

FRANK

What does he do, exactly?

JARVIE

Oh, jist a bit cattle dealing and
sich...

FRANK

Does he have followers?

JARVIE

Aye, well, maybe jist a few o' them
gillies!....Now, er, when yer
finished, you can mebbe walk up the
hill, awhile, and visit jist aboot
one o'the most famous colleges, in
the world!

FRANK

Oh, yes, thank you. I'd like that.

JARVIE

Mr. Owen and myself will grapple
wi' the rare complexities o' the
balances that stand at the debit o'
the house o' Osbaldiston.

Poor Owen looks even more glum, so Jarvie leans across the
table to pat his hand, encouragingly and turns to Frank.

JARVIE (CONT'D)

Dinna ferget ta return ta take part
o' my family chack at ane,
preceesly. There will be a leg o'
mutton and maybe, if yer lucky, a
sheep's head, as well...as thir in
season, you ken!

Poor Owen looks even glummer.

Frank tries to hide his greenness about the gills at this
prospect and tries to smile, hypocritically, at the prospect
of the sheep's head.

They finish off their meal.

Frank then gets up, shakes Jarvie's hand, nods at Owen and
goes out.

EXT. EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY/GARDENS - DAY

Frank, muffled up with a big cloak around the lower half of
his face, walks about the allees of the gardens, looking up
at the great Glasgow university, before him.

He is passed by the occasional gowned academic, or knot of
similarly gowned students.

He then see three men walking towards him and is shocked as he recognises them as Rashleigh, Morris and the sour-faced MacVittie. They haven't noticed Frank.

Frank shrinks his head into his cloak's collar and 'examines' the shrubbery as they walk by.

Frank then turns and follows them.

Eventually, at a crossways of the allees, the other two men leave Rashleigh, and go off.

Frank goes up to Rashleigh, angrily

FRANK

You are well met, sir! I was about to take a long journey in quest of you.

Rashleigh turns his face, calmly and pityingly.

He insolently looks Frank up and down.

RASHLEIGH

I am easily found by my friends, OR my foes....In which category am I to rank you, sir?

FRANK

As a FOE, sir, unless you instantly account for my father's property!

RASHLEIGH

Go amuse yourself in your little world of poetry, young man, and leave the world of commerce to those who understand it.

FRANK

You shall not shrug me off when I owe you a thrashing for the damage you have wrought on my father's house!

RASHLEIGH

And I owe YOU one for your filthy bullying of me at MY father's house...

FRANK

...At least I had the pleasure to aid Miss Vernon in escaping from your clutches!

Rashleigh looks furious and beckons Frank

RASHLEIGH

Come on, then, BOY....let's see you
actually carry out your threats,
then..

He looks around

RASHLEIGH (CONT'D)

...somewhere more private, I think.

He leads the way down the allee, through a few small paths
and eventually into a small tree-surrounded field.

Frank and he draw their swords and fight, furiously, for a
couple of minutes.

As, at one point, they are grappling at each other's
throats, a larger, older man suddenly appears, shoves them
apart and takes Frank by the collar.

ROB ROY

Wat?!Sons o' the same
grandsires shedding ilka ane's
bluid as if strangers?!....By the
hand of my father, I will cleave to
the brisket the man that mints the
next stroke!

He draws his enormous broad sword that makes the boys'
rapiers look like sewing needles, and whistles it around his
head.

The man then shakes Frank, leaves hold his grasp and
addresses him.

ROB ROY (CONT'D)

Maister Francis, de ye think that
ye will re-establish yer father's
credit by cutting yer cousin's
thrapple?

He turns to Rashleigh

ROB ROY (CONT'D)

And do you, Mr. Rashleigh, think
that men will trust their lives and
political interests to ane who gaes
about brawling like a drunken
ghillie?!

Frank suddenly lunges over, grabs Rashleigh's collar and
shakes him

FRANK

I shall NOT leave until this robber
has been made to produce my
father's goods!

Rob Roy strides over and easily lifts Frank into the air by his own collar

ROB ROY

This WILL be sorted, Mr.
Osbaldiston and you WILL be
righted, but there is too much at
stake, here, at this moment, sae I
will have to say "leave go" o' yer
cousin!

He gives a great shake and Frank loses his grip on Rashleigh

ROB ROY (CONT'D)

And you, Mr Rashleigh....make a
pair o'legs worth twa o'
hands....Ye has done this afore
now!

Rashleigh looks blackly at Frank, and then picks up and wipes his sword on the grass (Frank has a bleeding arm).

RASHLEIGH

(Threateningly)
I'll get YOU by yourself, soon
enough, poetry pup!

He vanishes through a nearby hedge.

Rob Roy lowers Frank to the floor, but keeps hold of his other, non-injured arm.

He looks at Frank's injured arm

ROB ROY

Go and get that arm looked to, lad.
I must see that Rashleigh out o'
toon, afore he maks fer more
trouble!.....Mind the Clachan o'
Aberfoil, and I'll see ye again!

Rob Roy then sets off after Rashleigh.

Frank looks at his arm and pulls his cut jacket-arm out of the wound, wincingly.

He re-dons his cloak, picks up his blade and sets off back to Mr. Jarvie's.

INT. JARVIE'S HOUSE/DINING ROOM - DAY

Frank is ushered in by Mattie and finds Owen and Jarvie already sitting at the table.

Mattie brings in the sheep's head with its singed wool.

Jarvie waves Frank to the table.

JARVIE

Ye're late mon! It is chappit ane,
the best feck o' five minutes bye-
gane.

FRANK

I'm so sorry, Mr....

MR.JARVIE

...An why ye've got yer cloak on at
the table, egh?

He shakes his head, pityingly

FRANK

Oh, I just took a bit of a chill
from the jail.

MR.JARVIE

Well some hot food will warm ye up,
then.It's weel fer ye, howsomever,
that it's a SHEEP'S head and not a
tup's, fer the latter canna stand
over-cooking, as my worthy father
used ta say.

Frank murmurs more apologies and sits down where indicated.
he smiles and nods to Owen who smiles back and then eyes the
sheep's head, alarmedly.

Jarvie helps them to pieces of sheep's head, passes down the
plates, and urges that they help themselves to vegetables,
which they do.

Frank adroitly pushes his bit of tough meat and singed wool
around his plate, hiding it under the mash and the swede.

Jarvie urges Owen on, with enthusiasm and poor Owen, who is a
very polite soul, regards his sheep's brain and the eye,
which looks at him reproachfully from his plate, with horror.

Owen takes a mouthful of singed wool and sheep's brain, puts
it in his mouth, and politely chews, while straining to
smile, in a watery way, and trying not to retch, a couple of
times.

Jarvie smiles encouragement and eats his own sheep's head
with enjoyment.

MR. JARVIE

Nae tell me, youngster of all yer
dealings wi ma cousin, Rabbie, and
how yer came ta be here, an all.

Frank tells his tale and Jarvie listens and thinks.

After dining, they retire over to the fire and Jarvie ladles
out punch from the bowl warming by the fire.

JARVIE

I've been claverin wi' my gude friend, Mr. Owen, here, and ae have decided that I will step up the glen a whiles and have a word wi' my cousin, Rabbie, aboot these papers.

FRANK

Why? Do you think that he has got them, Mr. Jarvie?

JARVIE

Well, ai'm sure as it was HE took Morris's papers, but I now suspect that Rashleigh has handed yer father's bills over to him, as weel, ta aid the Stewart's cause.

FRANK

I've certainly heard of rebellion brewin...Does Rob Roy have many followers?

MR. JARVIE

Oo, a few.... mebbe five hundred, or so.

FRANK

Five hundred!?.....Do they help him with his drovin?

MR. JARVIE

More like his reivin o' other people's cattle..... if'n they don't pay his blackmail...

FRANK

Stealing and extortion?!...Why does he live this way?

Jarvie leans over and ladles some more brandy punch into Frank's mug.

Owen politely refuses the offer.

JARVIE

A thief stole Rob's payment for a large head o' cattle to a great man, and, whiles Rob was awa, drovin, this great mon destroyed Rob's house and sair mistreated his wife and bairns....Rob returned frae the Highlands to find his house a' burnt down, his family missing and twa o' his sons buried i' the sod.

FRANK

Poor man.....I suppose that he
doesn't support this government,
then.

MR.JARVIE

Aye, pit whiles Rob thinks all
politicians air hogs wi' their
snouts i' the trough, his awld
mare...

FRANK

...his WIFE?

MR. JARVIE

Aye...his wife...she's a fierce
Jacobite and is determined tae rid
us o' this government and hae the
Stewarts back on the
throne.....Puir woman!....As if
that will bring back her bairns!

FRANK

Well, I must accompany you on this
kind mission, Mr. Jarvie and just
ask if you really think that you
stand a chance of persuading your
cousin.

Jarvie puts down his mug and stands up.

JARVIE

Aye, a think that mebbe I do...and
Mr. Owen here, can continue, back
here, wi' our drawing up o'
documents and proofs, i' the
interim.

Frank stands up, as well.

Jarvie roars through to Mattie

MR.JARVIE

Mattie! Can ye air ma trot-cosy,
see the beast is corned and set ma
riding gear in order!!?

Mattie screams back

MATTIE

Aye, Mr. Jarvie....A will that!

Frank fetches a coat for Owen from the corner of the room.

He beckons to Owen and helps the old man to put on his great
coat.

FRANK

I will install you in a room next
to mine, at the inn, Owen, and Mr.
Jarvie and I'll be back in a day,
or so.

OWEN

Thank you Mr. Frank....Thank you.

Frank buckles on his sword and puts on his hat.

He then gently takes Owen's luggage out of Owen's hands

MR.JARVIE

Be here, at five i' the morning,
and we'll head for those hills,
then, Mr. Osbaldiston.

Frank and Owen shake hands with Jarvie, bow, and go out.

Jarvie watches them from the door, as Frank and Owen walk off
through Glasgow, talking.

INT. INN/A BEDROOM - DAY

The inn-keeper's wife introduces Frank and Owen into a new
bedroom whilst a maid lights a fire.

Frank is carrying Owen's luggage which he deposits on the
floor.

Owen removes his coat, smiles and says thank you to the
landlady and then Frank.

Frank pats Owen on the shoulder and says that he will see him
soon.

Frank and the woman then go out.

Owen sinks down onto the bed and watches the maid set fire to
the sticks in the grate.

EXT. JARVIE'S HOUSE/OUTSIDE FRONT DOOR - MORNING

It is very early on this cool September morning as Frank
arrives and joins Andrew who has brought the horses, and Mr.
Jarvie who is already on horseback.

Frank greets them, checks his girth, lowers a stirrup
leather, and then swings into his saddle.

The three then walk away up the road, Frank re-shortening his
stirrup leather, now.

They are suddenly followed by a young serving boy shouting after them and who, running up, and gives Mr. Jarvie a large silk handkerchief, demonstrating that this is to keep his neck warm, and is from Mattie, back down the road, he points.

Jarvie smiles, embarrassedly at Matty's warm consideration, takes the scarf, and good humouredly waves the servant boy away.

Jarvie ties the colourful scarf on his neck, as they ride away.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Montage:

The three men ride over moors

They ride up heathery hillsides

They ride down treeless hillsides

They lunch in a small cottage, on dried fish and a scrawny moorcock.

More moors

and then a flat, treeless valley.

The light is waning as they cross a high, stone bridge. Jarvie looks reverentially on the river and remarks to Frank, nodding.

JARVIE

This is the start o' our great
river, the Forth!

They approach a small, mean hamlet, with its ramshackle inn, and its 'half hanging off' sign.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE INN/HOVEL - EVENING

The inn which Jarvie has hoped to stay at has a willow wand set diagonally across the door and Andrew, seeing this observes

ANDREW

Ah...some o' thir chiefs are
birling at the usquebaugh and dinna
want ta be disturbed!

JARVIE

But this is a public hostellery and
we must have somewhere ta stay in
this benighted land!

Our party smiles at the half-dressed YOUNG WOMAN who comes from around the back of a nearby hovel to stare, suspiciously at them, and then they smile at another, similarly suspicious rag-clad, YOUNGER WOMAN and ten year old URCHIN that come out of the back of the inn/hovel, itself.

The residents just stare back and then talk amongst themselves in Gaelic.

Frank, Jarvie and Andrew dismount, and attempt to elicit information from the residents, but they only manage to elicit a "Ha niel Sassenach....na, na!!" and some shaking heads.

Jarvie dismounts, gives his reins over to Frank and walks over to the boy, who is wearing a small piece of tattered plaid and a loin cloth.

He offers a coin to him

JARVIE (CONT'D)
If I gie ye a BAWBEE, will ye
understand sassenach, THEN, perhaps?

The boy snatches the coin and smiles

URCHIN
Aye!...I wull that!

JARVIE
Then please will you fetch the
mistress, laddy!

The boy vanishes around the back of the inn and brings out JEANIE MACALPINE, with her soiled, barely decent gown covered by a tattered plaid.

She carries a burning torch and positively denies the party entry, pointing to the wand.

There is considerable argument as Jarvie and Frank gesticulate at the hills and point out how late it is.

Finally, the woman sighs, blows out her cheeks, slowly shrugs her shoulders and gestures them in, resignedly, and then leads Andrew, with his three horses, behind the inn to a byre.

Frank and Jarvie move the willow wand and enter the hovel/inn.

INT. INN - NIGHT

There are three people in bedrolls on the floor around the hut, over by the walls, in the thick gloom of the practically windowless room with its swirling fire smoke.

There are another four rough-looking men, three in highland garb, drinking by the fire. The second of the highlanders is rather muffled up, so as not to be recognisable

As Frank and Jarvie enter, the four at the table, shoot to their feet

HIGHLANDER 1
(Angrily shouting) Did ye no see the
white willow wand, then?!

MR. JARVIE
I did, but as this is the only
hostellery around these parts, I'd
rather stay here, than lie in the
muck, on the hills!... I'se willing
ta stand brandyies t' y' all,
gentlemen.

LOWLANDER
Damn yer brandies!..... Draw, ye
idle English loons!

The lowlander draws his broadsword, as does the huge highlander

The second highlander puts up his hands and stands back.

HIGHLANDER 2
Two on two's ainly fair.... fair
play.... Fair play!

He steps back some more.

The third, muffled highlander remains at the table

Frank and Jarvie draw, but Jarvie's old sword sticks in his scabbard, and so he is forced to grab a small log from the fire, in the centre of the room, which he swings at his huge highlander.

Meanwhile, Frank and the lowlander are exchanging thrusts and parries.

The sleepers half sit up in their beds against the wall, and exclaim, from time to time, "Oigh! Oigh!"

Jarvie manages to set fire to his opponent's plaid and the highlander is forced quickly to undress and jump up and down on his plaid.

HIGHLANDER 1
Ma plaid!... Ma plaid!..... Ma bonny
new plaid!!

The other two stop to watch

LOWLANDER

Haud yer hand! Haud yer
hands!....They has shown thisselves
gentlemen o' honour, my friends,
and naw let's drink and birl our
bawbees around aboot like brethren!

The huge highlander, now in his shift, only, holds up his
burnt, smoking plaid, woefully.

HIGHLANDER 1

And fa's to pay my new ponny
plaid?!

Jarvie throws his brand back onto the fire, and swaggers a
bit at his triumph

MR. JARVIE

Tcha! A new plaid ye shall ha',
laddy and one o' yer ain clan
colours with the compliments o'
Baillie Nicole Jarvie o' Glasgae.

The lowlander steps forwards and inspects Jarvie

LOWLANDER

It's nay him!....Nah!.....Jarvie
mon, it's yer tenant,
Garschattachan!

Jarvie nods

MR. JARVIE

Aye, a had a suspicioning that it
were yesen, Maister
Galbraith!.....Mistress!...

He beckons

MR. JARVIE (CONT'D)

A stoup o' brandy fer the
party...and a few collops gin yer
have them!

Jarvie and Galbraith/'Garschattachan' slap each other on the
back

Frank looks around at the fourth man, and recognises Dougal
from the jail. Dougal is muffled up and after being seen,
quickly turns away and leaves the hovel/inn.

Frank addresses Jarvie, as everyone is sitting back down, and
nods in the direction of the departing highlander.

FRANK

(Aside to Jarvie)
That's Dougal, you know.

MR.JARVIE
I thought as mebbe it ware....Here!
Sit doon and eat.

They sit at the table and the landlady brings brandy, and then starts frying some steaks, while Galbraith and one of the highlanders has an arm wrestle.

Frank look around for Andrew, but Andrew still hasn't appeared, so Frank addresses the landlady, who is seasoning some steaks in a pan.

FRANK
Excuse me, Madam...

JEANIE
....Jeanie MacAlpine, your honour!

FRANK
Er, thank you....um, Mrs.
MacAlpine, have you see my servant,
Andrew, please?

JEANIE
Oh aye....Look a'll tak ye tae him

She grabs a burning brand from the fire and marches out, followed by Frank.

EXT. HOVEL-INN/KAIL YARD - NIGHT

Half way across the kail yard (patch of cabbages, and general filthy tip) Jeanie halts, takes out a letter and hands it to Frank.

JEANIE
One o' the ghillies told me ta gi
ye this!....O' COURSE, I've never
sin it!

She points to a decrepit byre

JEANIE (CONT'D)
Yer hoss and mebbe yer servant air
i' there!

She marches back to the inn

FRANK
Thank you!....Thank you.

INT. HOVEL-INN/BYRE - NIGHT

Frank steps into the byre, and reads the note by moonlight

ROB ROY (V.O.)

Sir, There are nighthawks abroad
and so I cannot meet you at the
Clachan of Aberfoil, but beg that
you and my kinsman follow my guide
to my poor home, where I will be
able to give you the meeting,
perhaps aid you with some papers
and drink a bumper to a certain DV.
I rest, as is wont among gentlemen,
your servant to command, RMC

Frank goes fully inside of the byre where there are four
horses in the Stygian gloom.

FRANK

Andrew!?!.....Andrew!.....ANDREW!!

Andrew eventually emerges from behind some barrels

ANDREW

(Quaveringly)

I am an honest lad, sir!

FRANK

Who the devil questions your
honesty? I WANT you to come and
help us at dinner, Andrew.

ANDREW

Lose, or win, I dare gae nae
further wi' yer honour!

FRANK

Andrew, the inn is only a few feet
across the yard!

ANDREW

Nay!.....On this dangerous quest,
sir!

FRANK

We're only going into the hills a
little w....

ANDREW

...Verily!!....But into the lair o'
the fiercesome Rob Roy!

FRANK

Rob Roy?

ANDREW

Tak care on yer young bluid and gae
nowhere near Rob Roy!.....A heard
the ghillie who left the letter fer
the woman. A have a few words o'
the Gaelic.

FRANK

I don't care whose land this is,
Andrew. I have a job to do and I
have paid you to do yours. Now,
come and do it, please!

Frank turns away and goes out.

Andrew follows him, sulkily muttering about "tough muircocks
legs".

INT. HOVEL-INN - NIGHT

Jarvie and the big highlander are quarrelling as Frank re-
enters the inn.

Frank pauses to listen to what seems to be the sound of
trooping horses and marching feet.

LOWLANDER/GALBRAITH

We'll ha' no quarrelling,
Invershalloch. Whether or no Mr.
Jarvie has any regard fer Rob Roy,
he shall see him in irons before
the next day is oot.

INVERSHALLOCH

A hope sae!..... I didna bring my
men sixty miles fer noot!

The battered door opens and a red coated officer, CAPTAIN
THORNTON, followed by three soldiers enters the inn.

The officer addresses Galbraith/Garschattachan.

CPT. THORNTON

You are, I suppose, Major Galbraith
of the Lennox Militia, accompanied
by two highland gentlemen who will
be working with us?

GALBRAITH/GARSCHATTACHAN

I am.

CPT. THORNTON

Good. Well I also have a connected
commission, to search for and
arrest two men: a young one, and an
elder, guilty of treasonable
practises, in this vicinity.

The big highlander stand up

HIGHLANDER 1

We'll wash oor hands o' THAT! I
came here ta fight agin the red
MacGregor as killed ma cousin seven
time removed. A'll have no hand in
harrying honest shentlemens passing
through on her ain business,
though!

The officer points to Frank and jarvie

CPT. THORNTON

Take them out. Search them!

EXT. INN/OUTSIDE - NIGHT

He strolls out and Frank and Jarvie are also grabbed, taken
outside, and searched

JARVIE

A aim a respected baillie o' the
city o' Glasgae come here to obtain
some stolen bills. This here is
Frank Osbaldiston o' the great
house o' Osbaldiston i' London. We
are baith honest king's men and non
o' yer catholic rebels!

Frank is patted down and his pockets emptied.

Rob Roy's letter is found, which the officer, who has
followed them out, reads.

CPT. THORNTON

...Ah!....In communication with the
traitor, Rob Roy?!.... I shall be
detaining you, gentlemen, whilst I
carry out my orders....You will
sleep outside with my men, here,
and follow us on our journey,
tomorrow.

He nods and returns into the hut/inn.

There are six officers bedding down around the inn and the
sounds of horsemen from beyond the fence at a little
distance.

Frank and Jarvie bed down, uncomfortably, on the ground,
where indicated, in their cloaks, along with Andrew, wailing
to himself.

INT. INN - MORNING

Jarvie, Andrew and Frank are sitting blearily drinking their
morning ale and eating a bit of bread, each at the table.

The original sleepers have gone and Cpt. Thornton is standing at the open door exchanging words with junior officers who come and go.

Suddenly there is a noise of scuffling.

Two corporals enter the hut and throw a man to the ground: it is Dougal.

Capt. Thornton follows them in.

CPT. THORNTON
You have been found as a spy for
Macgregor and will be treated as
such by the British government
.....If you tell us of MacGregor's
whereabouts, you will not be
punished, however, but considered
with leniency.....Where IS he?!

He gestures to one of the soldiers

CPT. THORNTON (CONT'D)
Get him up!

The soldier yanks Dougal to his feet.

CPT. THORNTON (CONT'D)
WHERE?!

DOUGAL
Weell..... a canna be sure aboot
tat!.....She's here an' there a'
the time.

MR. JARVIE
Officer, a'll stand bail fer this
puir man. He's...

CPT. THORNTON
....You'll mind your own business,
sir!

The officer mimes cut-throat to a soldier who gets out a rope, puts the noose around Dougal's neck and throws the other end over the rafter, regaining the end again.

He gives a tug and Dougal goes up on his toes.

CPT. THORNTON (CONT'D)
Your final words.....Where is he,
and how many men does he have?

DOUGAL
Ohon!...Ohon!.....That it suld come
tae this! Ohon!
(MORE)

DOUGAL (CONT'D)

There ...there are ainly six carles
cos the ithers have gan away wi the
lieutenant, agin the western
carles.

CPT. THORNTON

And will you lead us to him?!

DOUGAL

If....if yer honour will swear ta
release me ater ye have taen
'im...?!

MR.JARVIE

Traitor!

CPT. THORNTON

Yes. I will release you. You will
have done your job, by then.

The officer turns to the soldiers

CPT. THORNTON (CONT'D)

Bind him on horse and prepare to
move on.

The soldiers salute and huddle Dougal, who is wailing and
mumbling to himself, outside.

The officer turns to Jarvie's party.

CPT. THORNTON (CONT'D)

If you are the loyal subjects whom
you claim to be, you will be set
free, when I have finished, but,
for the time being, you will have
to consider yourselves under my
ward, gentlemen....So please mount
up and attend us.

The landlady hurries over

JEANIE

That will be eighty nine Scots
pund, sir...wi' all o't' drinking
and fighting and disturbance o' a
decent house.

Jeanie puts out her hand.

The officer looks askance at the price, but pays up and then
they all go out.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE/TRAVERSING - DAY

The party sets off with Galbraith's twenty clansmen, in front
and then Invershallock's forty highlanders behind them.

The soldiers come last, with Jarvie's party having two soldiers behind and in front. Dougal's hand are tied up and he is in front with two soldiers either side of him. There is also a small rear-guard of soldiers. All are mounted, except the Highlanders and Invershallock's clansmen.

The passes, along which they walk, become increasingly narrow and deep.

Andrew Fairservice is lamenting, and sniffing, miserably, to himself.

Jarvie chides him

MR. JARVIE

Fer guidness sake, mon, de ye have
tae act like a schoolboy waitin fer
his thrashing?!

The captain, in front of his soldiers, becomes increasingly uneasy, looking from side to side, for ambush.

He turns to speak to Dougal

CPT. THORNTON

If you have led us wrong,
dog.....you will pay for this with
your life!

Dougal shrugs

DOUGAL

If shentlemen's were seeking ta Red
Gregorach, ta be sure, thi' couldna
expect ta find her, withoot some
wee danger!

The party arrives at a small lake and sets off around the perimeter.

The party starts to ascend a bluff which runs down to a short promontory, out into the lake.

The party hears bagpipes

A corporal calls back to the captain.

CORPORAL

We can see bonnets and guns, sir!

The captain beckons, and, with a small reccy party of a dozen soldiers, pushes ahead through the highlanders.

This small military group trots on, more rapidly up the bluff.

The pipes get louder

Suddenly, a handsome woman, HELEN MACGREGOR, in leather breastplate, and tartan, kilted skirts, in her mid-fourties appears with four highlanders, on the top of the bluff.

She calls in harsh, stentorian tones

HELEN

Stand, and tell me what ye seek in
MacGregor's country!!

Jarvie turns to Frank

MR. JARVIE

Oh, oh!....'Tis Helen Campbell,
Rob's wife!

CPT. THORNTON

We seek the outlaw, Rob Roy
MacGregor Campbell. We make no war
on women. Therefore, offer no
resistance and you will be treated
well.

HELEN

Oh, aye!....I and my bairns am no
strangers to yer tender mercies,
soldier!

The captain turns to his men

CPT. THORNTON

(Shouts)

On, men, for Rob Roy's head and a
purse of gold for it!!
.....Forwards!!

He draws his sword, beckons on and urges his horse up the
slope, disappearing behind part of the bluff, immediately
before the summit.

His reccy party disappears with him, and there is the sound
of a fight.

The corporals, lower down, are shouting instructions to their
soldiers: "Take out grenades", "light grenades", "fall on",
etc..

One of the corporals calls to Jarvie's party

CORPORAL

Look to your own safety gentlemen!

The corporal gets down from his stationary horse and so do
Frank and Jarvie, as Andrew comes beetling forwards to join
them, wringing his hands, and whingeing.

Dougal, along with Jarvie's party, creeps into the bushy
undergrowth.

Dougal then sets off, at speed, through the undergrowth, up an opposing, nearby slope and Jarvie's party attempts to follow him.

The noise of battle with the clashing of swords, the neighing of horses, the cries of men, and the crack of gunfire are heard, from further up the bluff, but largely hidden by the big rock three quarter way up.

Andrew, frantically ascends, the opposite slope, ahead of Frank and Jarvie, and ends up on a small eminence, where he hops up and down and shouts at everyone not to shoot him as he is an "innocent man".

Frank looks around for poor Jarvie, only to find him at a little distance, hanging by his trousers from a tree and shouting for assistance.

Frank cannot get Jarvie down without Andrew's assistance and no amount of Frank calling for help to Andrew will avail.

Meanwhile, the sounds of battle seem to be fading.

Frank manages to scramble high enough, onto another small eminence, nearby, to see what has happened and to seek help for poor Jarvie.

Invershallock's and Galbraith's highlanders have now vanished, as have half of the cavalry and all of the servants and followers.

Looking down onto the summit of the original bluff, held by Helen, Frank can see that there are around ten soldiers dead and the remaining dozen, or so, are standing with their arms in the air, having dismounted.

Looking across the nearby slope, Frank sees that three highlanders have assisted poor Jarvie down, and some others are shooting in the direction of Andrew, in order to bring him down, as well.

Andrew screeches for mercy at them, and then desperately climbs back down the cliff.

Frank hurries over to Jarvie and asks him if he is alright, apologizing for being unable to offer assistance, single-handedly.

Jarvie wipes his brow, inspects his cut clothes and points at Helen.

MR. JARVIE

Thank ye, but ai'm looking for the
Dougal creature, tae act as a go
between, as that virago will muir
likely string us up than listen tae
us, first!

A party of MacGregors strips Andrew of his clothes and leaves him bare-footed, and shivering in his shirt.

Another party comes up to Jarvie and Frank, and starts on the demand for clothes removal, when Dougal appears.

Dougal pushes away his clansmen, in a stream of invective, grabs back their cravats, and returns Jarvie's coat to his shoulders.

EXT. LAKESIDE/PATH- DAY

Dougal herds both small parties back down to the path.

He is solicitous to Jarvie and Frank, but ignores the roared pleas of the shoeless Fairservice.

They ascend the main track to the main summit of the lakeside bluff, in the direction of Helen.

EXT. LAKESIDE/BLUFF SUMMIT - DAY

Jarvie's party arrives before Helen, who stands red-faced, out of breath, somewhat, and holding a bloodied sword, with blood on her arm and the same splashed on her face.

The Highlanders leave go of our party's arms, somewhat roughly, on the track, just below Helen, who glares at them.

MR. JARVIE

(Coughing and out of
breath)

I aim very happy to have this
joyful opportunity to wish ma
kinsman, Robin's wife, a very good
morning.

Helen snarls

HELEN

And you, creeping worm, ARE....?

MR. JARVIE

A aim kinsman tae yer husband, Rob
MacGregor Campbell, Mrs. Campbell.
A aim Baillie Nicole Jarvie.....
Na..... (Pedantically) Rob's first
cousin, Donald, were married to
m.....

HELEN

...No fat baillies came to my
rescue when the English murdered ma
twa bairns...Don't you DARE claim
relation, now!.....Here!.....

(MORE)

HELEN (CONT'D)

Alan, Dougal, bind these Sassenachs
neck and heel together, and throw
them in the loch ta seek fer their
(Ironically)
'Highland kinfolk'.

Jarvie and Frank are brought out onto the summit, near to
Helen.

Dougal rushes forwards and throws himself between Helen and
Jarvie's party

Dougal lets out a stream of pleas, excuses and explanations,
in Gaelic, as to why this should not be done and he finishes
with

DOUGAL

.....And besides..

He looks at the arrested soldiers with their hands on their
heads, and he points with his thumb.

DOUGAL (CONT'D)

T'would be greatly ta the
satisfaction o' t' redcoats to see
ya execute ta honest shentlemens as
were friends to the Gregarach and
came up on the chief's assurance
that nae harm would befall them!

Helen opens her mouth to answer, when there is a doleful wail
from some pipes and two young men (18 and 20 years),
accompanied by the piper, head another small band of twenty
active, rather exhausted-looking young and middle-aged men
around the rock which blocks the view of the lower track.

Helen runs towards them.

HELEN

Robert - Hamish, where's yer
faither?!

The two sons, ROBERT and HAMISH, advance by themselves
towards her, take her hands and say something quietly in her
ears.

She steps back and lets out a terrible shriek

HELEN (CONT'D)

Taken?!.....Taken?! My lord is
TAKEN?!.....Oh that you should show
your living faces before me when
your lord and master has been
taken!.....SHAME on you all!

She shouts at the young men who abashedly emerge from behind
the rock and come out onto the summit.

Hamish tries to take his mother's hand again, unsuccessfully.

HAMISH

The MacGregor had been called out
upon a tryst wi a Lowland hallion,
mither. Our faither kept this
Morris as surety against his ain
self's return. When faither did not
return, we went tae spy the place,
but found it surrounded by
soldiers, sae we returned here for
help.

Helen looks vengeful

HELEN

Help?.....There'll be nae help fer
that traitor that tricked ma lord!
.....FETCH the filth here!

Morris is dragged forwards from behind some of the new
clansmen.

Morris falls to the ground and tries to clasp Helen's ankles.

He whinges, yelps and mumbles, piteously.

Helen kicks him away, points, and gives a short order to her
men, in Gaelic.

Morris is bound at the ankles and wrists, and then has his
pockets filled with stones.

He is then dragged to the edge of the bluff and, amidst his
struggles and rising shrieks, is thrown off, into the loch.

Everyone rushes to the edge to see his demise, but his body
sinks and all that is left is a few bubbles, which eventually
cease.

Helen turns to Jarvie

HELEN (CONT'D)

AND, Baillie Jarvie, if YOU were
called into a court o' law to swear
about me, wha would ya say abune
this deed?

MR. JARVIE

(Coughs)

A'm sorry, kinswoman, but there wud
be a problem wi ma declaring that
this deed were, indeed, lawful!

She turns to Frank

HELEN

And you, boy!...Are you that
Rashleigh creature...or friends
with such?

FRANK

We are kin, Mrs. Campbell, but he
is my sworn enemy and still has my
blood on his sword. I am FRANK
Osbaldiston, a friend to your
husband who has already helped me
greatly.

Helen nods.

HELEN

Ah....I recall hearing some
such..... A will send you doon wi'
Hamish ta give a message ta the
predators below, and a will keep
this Jarvie mon here, as
security.....Tell the commanding
officer that, if the MacGregor is
not set at liberty within the day,
a will send doon this baillie, this
captain and ilk ane o' these
prisoners, chopped into little
pieces o' meat, and dripping in ilk
ane's plaid.....the following
morn!

The captain suddenly speaks up

CPT. THORNTON

Please, Mr. Osbaldiston, also
present Captain Thornton's
compliments and tell the commander
to secure the prisoner, and not to
waste a thought on myself, or my
men!

MR. JARVIE

(To Thornton)

Wisht, mon!....Are ye weary on yer
life sae much?....

(To Frank)

Gae ON, Frank.....A'll be fine
here, but fer God's sake take that
wingeing loon wi ye!

He points to Andrew who is hopping up and down, and
whingeing, dolefully, with chattering teeth.

Dougal hands some old brogue/sandals and a scrap of plaid to
Andrew who takes them and rapidly puts them on, whilst
moaning.

Helen nods to Hamish

HELEN
Gae aff, now!

Hamish signals to Frank and Andrew and they descend the track, on foot, Andrew's shirt fluttering around his matchstick legs, wearing the donated brogue/sandals, and with a bit of tattered plaid across one of his shoulders.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE/TRAVERSING - DAY

Hamish leads Frank and Andrew a route march along small paths and over a couple of hills until they see the main body of soldiers encamped in the large valley, below, dotted with small copses.

Hamish comes to a halt, points down to the encampment, warns Frank not to betray his, Hamish's, whereabouts, and dismisses Frank and Andrew.

Frank and Andrew walk on down for ten minutes, or so, until they are met by a soldier whom they ask to lead them to the commander.

The soldier nods, suspiciously, and drives them on, before him, with his gun trained on them.

EXT. NEXT TO A COPSE - DAY

Frank and Andrew are driven forwards by the soldier who whispers to the two guards standing a little before a group sitting on blankets on the ground, and eating some bread and cheese, with wine.

The group comprises a senior commander, the DUKE of ARGYLL, with polished brass breast plate and sash, plus several other officers. Frank also sees Galbraith and Invershallock there, plus several other well-dressed gentlemen.

The group is surrounded by six bewigged servants in livery, pouring wine and offering cheeses, etc.

One of the GUARDS pushes Frank forwards, with Andrew a little behind him.

GUARD
Your grace, a spy and his servant
comes with a message for you.

DUKE
A spy?!

Frank bows

FRANK

I am no spy, your grace, but, with my companion and servant have been taken hostage by part of the MacGregor clan. They are keeping my partner, a Mr. Jarvie of Glasgow, a prisoner, until I give this message.

DUKE

And what is this message?

FRANK

Mrs. MacGregor says that if you do not free her husband within the day, she will execute the prisoners, my friend, Mr. Jarvie, Captain Thornton, and his remaining soldiers.

DUKE

How interesting....Your name, sir!

FRANK

Frank Osbaldiston of London, sir. I come to Scotland in pursuit of stolen papers from my father's commercial house.

DUKE

Um.....

(To another soldier)

Bring Mr. Campbell here!...Then he can know of his fate.

FRANK

Your grace...I really do think that Mrs. Macgregor will kill my friend if we do not release her husband. She has...

DUKE

....leave the decisions to ME, Mr. Osbaldiston! You have done your job.

He gestures Frank aside and so Frank and Andrew move back.

Rob Roy is brought in, shuffling, tied up around the arms and the legs.

The two guards remain behind him, with pointed guns.

DUKE (CONT'D)

I bring you here, Mr. Campbell, to tell you that you will be taken for questioning to Duchray and from there doubtless to a place of execution to be decided by our judiciary. If, however, you wish, meanwhile, to avert the complete destruction of your family and clan, you will send a note to your, er, enthusiastic wife to hold off from butchering her prisoners.....Who will take this note?

A GIGANTIC HIGHLANDER appears from nowhere

GIGANTIC HIGHLANDER

I will, my lord!

DUKE

Loose the arm bonds, and give the prisoner pen and paper.

Rob Roy writes something on a note which is then given to the highlander.

Galbraith speaks aside to Invershallock

GALBRAITH/GARSCHATTACHAN

Ya do realise he is probably giving instructions for an attack.

INVERSHALLOCK

Wild as he is, I dunna think the Gregarach is THAT stupid!

Rob Roy says something to this messenger, in Gaelic.

The highland messenger nods and leaves.

The duke looks at Frank.

DUKE

You will also accompany us, for the time being, Mr. Osbaldiston, but as a free man, however.

He nods and Frank and Andrew are led away, by the original guard.

EXT. UPPER VALLEY APPROACHING WOODLAND - EARLY EVENING

The leaders, and twenty odd cavalry, followed by some thirty allied highlanders, on foot, and then followed by a motley band of servants, including Andrew, in the rear guard, riding small ponies, walk off, uphill, towards the woods.

Frank is on horseback, directly behind Rob Roy, who is fastened by a leather belt to a Scottish servant of the duke, and sitting on the same horse as this giant retainer, EWAN.

As they all ride off, Frank can't quite hear some snatches of words that Roy addresses, intermittently, to Ewan.

EXT. BANK OF THE FORTH RIVER - EVENING

The evening is quite advanced, now, as the sun has nearly set.

Half of the cavalry have crossed the river, but the rest are attempting to keep their formation, which is difficult, as the servants and the highlanders are milling around, amongst them on the near bank.

The officers are vainly trying to keep some order, and are shouting commands, whilst Rob Roy doubles down on his words to the Scotsman he is strapped to.

ROB ROY

It's a sair thing that Ewan O'
Brigglands whom Roy MacGregor has
helped with hand, sword and purse,
suld mind a gloom frae a great man,
mair than a friend's life.

Ewan groans and attempts to shrug.

They hear the duke's voice from across the river

DUKE

Bring over the prisoner!

Roy tries once more with Ewan, speaking low and urgently into his ear.

ROB ROY

Never weigh a MacGregor's bluid
against a broken wang o' leather,
lad!

Ewan groans, again, and kicks their horse on and they trot forwards into the water, hidden in the gloom of night.

Frank also starts to walk forwards, similarly, but two officers calls him back.

OFFICERS

Not yet, sir! Not yet!

Frank can hear the duke, on the other bank, trying to attain some order from the landing soldiers, highlanders and servants. There are several people in the water, now, almost indistinguishable from each other, in the dusk.

Frank hears a sudden loud splash and a call from an OFFICER

OFFICER
Prisoner's in the water!

DUKE
The DOG!

The duke fires at the area where Rob Roy and Ewan were, and the servants in the water start screaming, afraid that they will be shot, or that the prisoner will attack them.

Other officers start firing into the water and the pandemonium becomes general, with the duke now desperately trying to stop the shooting before all of the followers get killed.

Soldiers and English-allied highlanders start running up and down the bank, looking for the prisoner, and then they see a plaid, floating off in the current.

Several of the soldiers chase the plaid down stream, firing at it.

In the gloom, Frank hears

VOICE 1
Where is the English stranger?...It
was HE gave Rob Roy the knife to
cut the belt!

VOICE 2
Cleave the pock-puddin' to the
chafts!

VOICE 3
Drive three inches o' cold airn
intae his breaskit!

Frank, with alarm, hears soldiers galloping to and fro, looking for him, as well.

Frank slips from his horse and runs into the woods, nearby.

EXT. WOODS WITH UNDERGROWTH - NIGHT

Frank sets off running, through the wood.

He is torn by the whipping branches, and can hear voices and footsteps coming into the wood behind him.

The feet and voices eventually cease, however, as does the distant firing, and Frank is alone.

Frank wanders on, in the gloom.

He finally stands, in a glade and peers, through the tress,
at a track going across his route.

FRANK
Aberfoil?....Where's Jarvie,
though?

He sighs and the wind moans in the trees, in the partial
moonlight.

It is cold. Frank holds himself, rubs his arms and thinks.

He sets off, hopelessly, towards the espied track.

EXT. TRACK - NIGHT

Frank walks along the track accompanied by the rising wind,
the sound of thrashing trees and the occasional rushing
torrent.

He is whistling a tune.

The sound of one of these torrents masks the sound of hooves
approaching, so that Frank is very surprised when two muffled
RIDERS suddenly draw up, one on each side of him.

A stern, mature English male voice addresses him.

MALE RIDER
So ho, friend, wither so late?

Frank stops and looks up at the silhouettes

FRANK
To my supper and bed at Aberfoil.

MALE RIDER
Are the passes open?

FRANK
I,I don't know, but I was an
unwilling witness to a skirmish in
one, earlier.

MALE RIDER
You weren't engaged in it,
however?....What is your name?!

Frank carries on walking

FRANK
I hope that you will excuse me,sir,
but I fail to see why I should
answer an interrogation from
strangers!

He is suddenly startled, however, by the tones of Diana Vernon

DIANA

Ah yes...but Mr. Francis Osbaldiston should not whistle his favourite airs when he wishes to remain undiscovered!

Frank staggers back and then peers at the other figure dressed in male garb.

FRANK

Good God!....Can it be you, Miss Vernon? In such a place, at such a time and in such...such...

DIANA

...masculine attire, I think you were going to say...?

FRANK

Well, I...

He turns to the first figure, as the moon emerges from a cloud, and he sees a tall, late middle-aged man.

MALE RIDER

.....Diana, give your cousin his property and let us not spend time here!

Diana gets out a box, from under her mantle, and hands it over.

She bends down and speaks quietly to him

DIANA

You see, coz, I was born to be your better angel. Rashleigh has been compelled to yield up his spoil.... We missed you at Aberfoil, last night, I'm afraid...

FRANK

...But how....

DIANA

...Do not run uselessly into any more dangers, Frank.Please!...
(Quietly)
For me!

She takes his hand and presses his cheek with her own which is wet with tears.

Diana sniffs

MALE RIDER

Diana! The evening grows late!

DIANA

(Cough)

I am coming, sir! I am coming!

(To Frank)

This is a permanent farewell,
Frank, for I go where you cannot
follow. There will be a permanent
gulf between us, now, my dear.
Farewell!.....Be happy!

MALE RIDER

Diana!

She smiles, sadly, nods, and trots away, followed by the
first rider.

Frank remains stupefied, on the track.

FRANK

Diana!

He stares after them and, eventually, starts to cry.

Frank roughly wipes the tears away, but can't stop himself,
while he walks on.

Eventually he is crying so much that he is forced to sit on a
rock, by the side of the road.

The documents box falls to the ground

Frank covers his face with his hands and rocks, silently, in
grief.

EXT. WOODLAND - NIGHT

Frank walks along the track, which is smaller, now and has
woodland, on either side.

He sighs and is lost in sad thought, when, suddenly, a hand
is clapped on his shoulder.

It is the large figure of Rob Roy.

ROB ROY

A braw naight, Mister Osbaldiston;
we have met at the mirk hour afore
now!

Frank is surprised, looks around, smiles and shakes Rob's
hand.

FRANK

Oh, it's you!...Congratulations on your escape, Mr. MacGregor...or, or Campbell.

Rob shakes his head

ROB ROY

MacGregor on me own ground, l addy, and regarding escaping, there is as much between the craig and the woodie as there is between the cup and the lip.....And am glad ta see yeself free, an all!Noo.....tell me o' your own adventures What happened at Aberfoil?

They walk on through the wood, whilst Frank recounts his adventures. Rob roars laughing at Frank's account of Jarvie burning the plaid.

ROB ROY (CONT'D)

Burnt his plaid like a singed sheep's head!....Wonderful!

FRANK

Yes, but then Captain Thornton came and arrested us. I don't know who they were looking for, in the first place, but then they found your note on me.

ROB ROY

As I live!..... They had mistaen my friend the Baillie fer his Excellency, and you for Diana Vernon!

FRANK

(Hesitantly)

And, and, the gentleman, um, er... "his excellency" is, is related...

ROB ROY

...Oh, aye! She is under lawful authority, now...the daft hempie.

Frank slumps and groans

Rob claps him on the shoulders.

ROB ROY (CONT'D)
Th'art none too well, egh?. I see
that the day has been ower muckle
for thee, lad.....We'll be in
Aberfoil, soon.....Na, tell me
about Helen's attack on the
captain. Were YOU there?

FRANK
Yes....

He proceeds to tell the tale, as they continue the walk, and
Rob listens intently, nodding.

ROB ROY
I promise you that the Morris
chield will nat be freed wi'out a
ransom after his betraying me to
the soldiers.

FRANK
(Hesitantly)
I'm....Um, I'm afraid that he, um,
Mr. Morris.... is dead, Mr.
Campbell.

ROB ROY
In the skirmish, I hope?

FRANK
(Even more hesitantly)
I'm, um, I'm afraid that he
was...he was slain in cold
blood....

He looks at Rob

FRANK (CONT'D)
....AFTER the battle.

ROB ROY
Why?...How?

FRANK
I'm afraid that your wife, upon
hearing of your capture, had him
bound and thrown into the lake.

Rob Roy stops walking and strikes the ground with his gun in
anger.

ROB ROY
I vow to god such a deed might make
one foreswear kin, clan and
country!....For GOD'S sake!!

He slowly shakes his head and mutters to himself, speeding up
as he walks.

Eventually

ROB ROY (CONT'D)
I could have wished a different
death for the faulse loon,
.....
(Deep sigh)
but I suppose naeboddy will deny
that Helen MacGregor has deep
wrongs to avenge Every wight
has his weird, after a'!

He sighs, deeply, again, and then nods at the box which Frank
is carrying, as he resumes walking, and so does Frank.

ROB ROY (CONT'D)
So..... his Excellency got the
papers to ye, finally?

FRANK
Yes....Was, was this the person
living at Osbaldiston Hall?

ROB ROY
Yes, there was business ta be
transacted with the like o' that
devil, Rashleigh.

They start to emerge out of the woodland, towards a track.

EXT. TRACK TO ABERFOIL - NIGHT

Suddenly three highlanders appear and present firelocks.

HIGHLANDER 1
Halt and tell yer business!

ROB ROY
Gregarach!

A wild yell erupts and the three highlanders throw down their
arms and dance around Rob, hugging him, and punching him on
the shoulder. One of them totally impedes any walking by
throwing himself on the ground and wrapping his arms around
Rob's legs, muttering in Gaelic, with intermittent screams of
joy.

The other two men then race off to give the news, as Rob is
trying to walk forwards, thus impeded, and Frank is trying
not to smile at such an exhibition of devoted rapture.

A few minutes later, there is a wild screaming and ululation
of many voices, from the village down the vale.

A multitude of clansmen of all ages, and both sexes come
racing, screaming and shouting up the track to greet Rob.

Rob grabs Frank's hand to keep him safe, as they pour around jabbering in Gaelic and yelling their joy.

Rob raises his and Frank's hands and tells them, in Gaelic, that Frank is a friend and is not so well.

Upon this, six great highlanders, grab Frank and hoist him onto their shoulders and the whole party returns to the clachan at the double.

They approach a more seemly cottage than the inn, at Aberfoil.

EXT. OUTSIDE ABERFOIL COTTAGE - MORNING

Dawn is coming up as the villagers put Frank and Rob on the bench, before the cottage, give them some ale and make them tell the tale of Rob's escape.

An old lady tucks a plaid around the knees of Frank 'the invalid'.

There is great attention and many a wailing, and then yelling with triumph, as they hear the tale of Rob's river adventure.

Finally, as the sun appears, Rob manages gently to get rid of his clan, and he takes Frank into the cottage.

INT. ABERFOIL COTTAGE - DAY

Frank and Rob enter the cottage to find Jarvie, largely asleep, sitting drinking ale, in front of the fire.

Jarvie is surprised to see them, and he stands, hugs Frank and shakes Rob's hand.

They all sit on the settle and stools by the fire, and help themselves to a pan of hot ale.

They bring each other up to date.

Eventually

JARVIE

As a'm here, Rob, I'se jist wish ta
make an offer to ye, fer yer sons,
as ye may nat wish them to enter
into sich a trade as the blackmail,
thesselves..

He shrugs

JARVIE (CONT'D)

...or mebbe Helen won't...Jist in
case.....

(MORE)

JARVIE (CONT'D)
I'd like to offer ta tak them both
as apprentices fer the weaving
trade, as I have coming on weel, in
Glasgae, now.

ROB ROY
Apprentices?!....Ma
sons?!....Weavers?!....

Rob Roy shoots to his feet and paces up and down the room.

ROB ROY (CONT'D)
I wad see every loom in Glasgae
burnt in hell fire, sooner!

Jarvie starts to argue his case, but Frank puts his hand on Jarvie's arm and makes a face for Jarvie not to pursue the subject.

Rob Roy is muttering to himself, in Gaelic, as he strides about.

Eventually, Rob sighs, comes over, and grasps Jarvie's hand and shakes it.

ROB ROY (CONT'D)
Ye meant weel, Jarvie, mon, and,
and I'll keep it i' mind
(Sighs)
.....Now, I have twa thousand
merks I owe ye and ye sall ha' it!

He shouts out

ROB ROY (CONT'D)
Here, Eachin! Bring me ma sporran!

A large highlander enters with the sporran and Rob Roy counts out the money for Jarvie, onto the table.

JARVIE
Ye are sure that the monies are not
blood monies, Rob?

ROB ROY
It's jist gud French gold,
cousin. Ye needn't worry.

Rob sits down, again, by the fire, and takes up his tankard.

Jarvie wraps the money up, in a handkerchief, removing three coins from the hoard, first.

JARVIE

Then I thank ye fer the return o'
this and fer the interest as we
arranged.....Here, a little
something fer yer wife to buy
anything she might want..

He adds hastily

JARVIE (CONT'D)

...except gunpowder!

Rob smiles and raises his tankard, in toast at the gift

ROB ROY

I thank ye on my wife's behalf and
will limit her jist ta cutlasses,
dirks and whingers, then.

Jarvie looks darkly at Rob

MR.JARVIE

It's nae joke, cousin!

There is a knock at an interior door and eight villagers
enter carrying plates of food which they put on the table.The
spread looks very appetizing.

ROB ROY

Now, gentlemen, eat and then ye can
get some sleep.

He nods his thanks to the clan who sigh with pleasure at
having their chief back again and shunt their way backwards
out of the room as if he were a king; the old women holding
out their scrawny arms to him as if threatening to grab and
hold him.

Jarvie, Frank and Rob sit at table and have a belated
breakfast.

INT. COTTAGE/BEDROOM AND TRAVERSING - MORNING

Jarvie and Frank both have paillasses on the floor.

Frank wakes up, gets up and goes to his papers box on the
small table.

He opens it and looks at the papers.

Frank then goes across to Jarvie and gently wakens him.

Jarvie wakes with a jerk.

JARVIE

Oh, egh, what?!

He sits up

FRANK

Good morning, Mr. Jarvie....Sorry to waken you, suddenly, but the papers were returned to me, yesterday and I was thinking that I had better get them back to Owen, before the bills are called in, perhaps.

Frank points to the box on the table

JARVIE

The papers!...Ye've found them!....Ohhh....Praise be!!

Jarvie gets up and goes over to the table, sits on the small stand chair, nearby, and starts riffling through the papers.

He compares the box contents with a memorandum given to him by Owen, which he gets out from his pocket.

JARVIE (CONT'D)

Right, right....the real thing! Pollock and Peelman. ...twenty three, exact!...Aye, aye...Grub and Grinder ...better men cannot be...Thirty seven, all told, aye, aye and then....

There is a knock at the door and Rob Roy comes into the bedroom.

ROB ROY

Guid morning, gentlemen. I hope that ye slept more easy than recently....I's jist come over ta invite ye ta my hoos for a a couple o days, and...

JARVIE

...Na, na! We canna stay, mon! these papers must be got back ta the limits o' Glasgae toon afore the debts are a' called oot!

Jarvie wrings Rob's hand.

JARVIE (CONT'D)

Thanks fer the kind offer, tho', Rabbie. Perchance yer wife and yersen may come for a wee bit o' drap and bit, if ever ye're in the toon, though, as I'd like to keep in touch wi' my highland kin, now I've met yer, in yer ain land...so as ta speak...?

Frank shakes Rob's hand

FRANK

And the same from myself, Mr.
Campbell. Thank you for getting
these papers back from Rashleigh.

ROB ROY

Well, I wouldn't like ta see ye
ruined just to support our own aims
of restoring the rightful king....

(Smiles)

Ye canna HELP being prods and
heretics!

JARVIE

I don't suppose ye know of wat
happened tae our horseflesh, then?

Rob beckons them out to the front door with him, to the
threshold.

He opens the door and there is Dougal on horseback and
holding the reins of their horses.

Dougal is wearing stolen garments with a gold-laced hat and
smart merchants clothes, including a wig. He looks almost
unrecognisable and very smug; patting his wig, affectedly,
whilst the young clansmen, nearby, hoot with laughter at him,
mimicking effeminate walks.

ROB ROY

I's sending your ain nags to the
ferry wi' Dougal and saving yer own
seats a further pounding.
(Smiles) Dougal is in disguise as a
merchant's man.

They all look amazed

JARVIE

I wadna ha' kend the creature!

ROB ROY

I will accompany you some of the
'much easier way' back, but first

He draws out a flask and offers it to Jarvie

ROB ROY (CONT'D)

.....a dram for the road

Jarvie takes the flask, and raises it in toast to Rob, before
drinking

JARVIE

Ma father said that spiritous
liquors should never be taken
except as a cordial agin the
morning mist.

He drinks

ROB ROY

Very true, kinsman, for which
reason we, who are "The Children of
the Mist" have the right ta drink
whisky from morning till night!

They all laugh and Frank has a drink, as well, trying not to
cough at the eye-watering strength of the stuff.

EXT. ABERFOIL CROSSROADS - MORNING

There are six young clansmen (twenties and early thirties)
waiting with Rob's and his party's highland ponies.

They mount and ride off along with these clansmen.

Rob rides up to Frank.

ROB ROY

I jist think as I'd better warn ye,
that it were yer cousin, Rashleigh
who, when we relieved him of yer
papers, rode to Glasgae and turned
kings evidence against his
Excellency. Diana and he could have
lost their lives...e'en though
Rashleigh wanted her for his ain!

FRANK

That's cutting off your nose to
spite your own face!

ROB ROY

The man's a dog i' the manger, and
a traitor at that!

They ride off.

EXT. LAKE EDGE - DAY

They ride for miles along the edge of a lake.

Eventually, Jarvie pulls up next to Frank

MR. JARVIE

A heard aboot the outcome o' the
prisoners, ye ken, after they
brought me doon.

FRANK

Oh! I forgot to ask! Was Captain Thornton freed?

MR. JARVIE

Yes, an' all o' his soldiers. Once Rob got amangst them, he gave justice ta the puir wights as were only doing as they were ordered.

FRANK

That's a relief. Mr. Campbell DOES seem a fair and a kind man...and he HAS been treated so badly.

MR. JARVIE

Aye, he has that!

The party comes, eventually to the feeder stream and the land opens up into a greensward approaching some trees.

As they approach this area, they see a double column of MacGregor clansmen drawn up forming an alley leading to a party of women by the trees.

As Rob Roy draws near, first, there is a clash of arms as the men draw to smart attention.

Rob smiles and nods at these hundred, or so men, as he leads Frank and Jarvie to what turns out to be a large picnic spread on white cloths on the grass.

EXT. PICNIC PLACE BY TREES - DAY

As they pull up and dismount, Helen MacGregor steps forwards and hugs Jarvie in a full, fierce hug and his hat and wig fall off, as he is smothered.

HELEN

Kinsman ye are welcome, and you, too, stranger.

She nods seriously at Frank.

HELEN (CONT'D)

Come! Break yer fast.

She signals to them to sit down and her maids come forwards and start pouring ale.

A piper starts a melancholy pibroch on the small pipes, at a little distance.

Rob, Frank and Jarvie eat their breakfast which is an excellent spread of venison haunch, a large salmon, bread, butter, and a large cheese, plus honey, porridge and cream. This is served with ale.

They eventually get up to leave. The bagpipes have stopped.
Helen, gives a ring to Frank.

HELEN (CONT'D)
This comes from one whom ye will
never see more. Her last words were
'Let him forget me forever'.

FRANK
And can she suppose that that is
possible?

HELEN
All may be forgotten!.....ALL, but
the sense of dishonour and the
desire for vengeance!

Rob is standing by his horse where he stamps with impatience

ROB ROY
Seid suas!

Two sets of great pipes now start up, full blast, next to
them, and they have to shake Helen's hand in gratitude and
communicate in a dumb show, as they leave.

Jarvie is cringing at the loud noise of the pipes.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE/TRAVERSING - DAY

The party rides away, with Rob Roy, to the sound of pipes,
back down the alley of clansmen who have waited there as they
breakfasted.

Frank is very downcast about Diana, looks at the ring, in his
hand, and finds it difficult to respond to Jarvie's comments.

They traverse wild country for quite a while. This is moor,
and woodland.

Finally, they ride along a tiny stream, which gradually get
bigger.

As they come around a corner, they see a boat, ahead, pulled
up on the shore, of a vast lake, Loch Lomond. There are four
clansmen standing waiting, at attention, next to it.

EXT. LOCH LOMOND - DAY

Rob Roy supervises Jarvie and Frank dismounting and leads
them to the boat.

Jarvie and Rob hug and kiss one another and Jarvie seems a
little overcome, nodding his head to his cousin.

MR. JARVIE

If ever a couple a' hundred pund
would put ye, or yer family in a
settled way, Rabby, jist send a
line tae the Saut Market, now, will
ye?

Rob smiles, grasps his sword's basket hilt, and rattles it.

He shakes Jarvie's hand with his other hand and looks mock
fierce.

ROB ROY

And if anyone should afront ye,
Nicole, ye mun jist let me ken and
I wull stow his lugs out of his
head fer ye.... should he be the
richest man in Glasgae!

He nods at them, dismisses, in Gaelic, his four men to start
rowing, and then climbs onto a nearby rock to get a good view
of the boat.

As the boat pulls away into the middle of this vast lake,
they see Rob standing there, watching them, with the little
feather in his cap waving in the breeze.

The little boat takes them all of the way down the big lake .

One of the rowers sings a rhythmic Gaelic chant and the three
other rowers join in the chorus, to keep their rowing
together.

Frank is still depressed, but Jarvie enjoys the scenic
journey.

Eventually, a couple of hours later, they see Dougal on the
opposite shore, standing with their horses.

There is a picturesque castle ruin near to the shore.

Dougal waves to them as they approach.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE/TRAVELLING - DAY

Frank and Jarvie traverse moors and valleys, which Frank
begins to awaken to the beauty of.

FRANK

It IS beautiful country, isn't it?
You don't see this wildness in
England...well, not to the same
extent.

MR. JARVIE
Am sorry, Mr. Francis, a ken that,
as a young gentleman, this may be
very fine to you, but I wouldna gie
the first sight we ha' seen i' the
Highlands, fer the first keek o'
the Gorbals, i' Glasgae!

Frank smiles

FRANK
Oh, Mr. Jarvie....how can you not
appreciate this land's
magnificence?

MR. JARVIE
Na!....Nought shall take me out o'
sight o' St. Mungo's steeple,
again!

FRANK
At least I shall always be easily
able to find you, Mr. Jarvie!

Jarvie nods, earnestly

JARVIE
Aye!....Ye wull that!!

They both laugh, companionably, and ride on over a ridge

Eventually they emerge from the mountains, and ride on along
gently rolling hills and then enter the town, as sun is
setting.

Frank shakes hands with Jarvie and rides on to his inn, in
the dark.

INT. INN/OWEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Frank knocks, hesitantly, at the door, unsure if Owen is
asleep.

The door is opened, suddenly, by Owen, who gives a cry.

OWEN
Mr. Frank!

There is another man in the room who rushes forwards.

It is Frank's father

MR. OSBALDISTON
Frank! My son!

He shakes Frank's hand, and then, in emotion, draws Frank into an unaccustomed hard embrace, whilst Owen holds Frank's hand and kisses it and rubs it on his cheek.

MR. OSBALDISTON (CONT'D)

My son!....We thought you were dead!...Andrew told us such terrible things!

FRANK

Father, father!....You shouldn't have listened to the scoundrel....He's here, is he?

OWEN

Yes, and we bought him a special funeral outfit, as he was your guardian and had suffered so terribly at the hands of those highland devils, while he fought them off you!

FRANK

Shush, Owen....They are NOT devils and Andrew has certainly NEVER been my guardian!

They draw Frank to sit by the fire and Mr. Osbaldiston pours hot wine for Frank.

MR. OSBALDISTON

Owen, ring for some dinner. We must celebrate my son's return....

FRANK

...yes, and with all of the bills, regained, father!

His father is thunderstruck

MR. OSBALDISTON

The bills?!!

Owen throws up his hands

OWEN

Ah!....We are SAVED!....We are saved!!

Mr. Osbaldiston leans across the hearth rug, takes Frank's right hand and grips it hard.

He smiles, overcome with relief and pride, in his son.

INT. INN/FRANK'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Frank is woken up by the curtain being drawn.

He rubs his eyes and opens them, to find Andrew putting a cup of tea on the bedside table.

FRANK

Andrew!

ANDREW

Goo' morning, Mr. Osbaldiston.

FRANK

I see that you managed make your way back, then?

Andrew sighs and rolls his eyes.

ANDREW

Aye. A puir serving lad, whose master had deserted him, managed to find a small sheltie tae bring him back here.

Frank sits up and starts on his tea.

FRANK

And you met my father and Owen?

ANDREW

Well, someone had to tell the puir gentleman that his son had vanished i' the dark waters of that turbulent river!

FRANK

Well, when you had no actual proof of your assertion, it was hardly fair of you to frighten my poor father, like that.

ANDREW

Someone had tae prepare the puir gentleman fer the funeral an' all.

Frank nods with his head at Andrew's costume

FRANK

And I see that you had my father pay for preparing you, as well.

ANDREW

Ach, a ween moiety in reparation fer the disrobing a puir sairvant suffered at the hands of the fierce Malachites in the service o' his son...who, I hope is tae continue said servant's services a while mair...?

Frank smiles

FRANK

Well, I'm glad that you weren't injured, Andrew, and that you managed to get back. Yes, of course you can continue in my service for a while. We'll see how things go.

Andrew smiles and nods

ANDREW

Weel, yer father requests yer company to gae with him, this morning, and thank Mr. Jarvie fer his work.

Frank scrambles out of bed.

FRANK

Of course!...Tell him I'm coming!

Andrew nods and goes out.

INT. JARVIE'S HOUSE - MORNING

Frank, Owen and Mr. Osbaldiston are joyfully welcomed into Jarvie's living room.

Many hands are wrung in gratitude, as the visitors are ushered to table, where there is a big breakfast spread.

The visitors are urged to partake of the various viands.

Mattie then brings in the crowning offering...a sheep's head.

She puts it down near to poor Owen and Jarvie urges Owen to help himself. Owen looks sickened, and panicked, at Frank, so Frank hastily moves the burnt head which is crazily eyeing Owen.

Frank slides the plate over to Frank's own other side and pretends to help himself, whilst Owen sighs with relief and Mr. Osbaldiston demands an account of the adventure, from Mr. Jarvie.

The friends have a merry breakfast.

INT. INN/FRANK'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Frank is pulling on his waistcoat, when Andrew comes in, jiggling about in glee and chanting

ANDREW

The kiln's on fire - the kiln's on fire - the kiln's on fire, she's a' in a lowe...

FRANK

....Andrew!....What IS it?

ANDREW

The Hielands air clean broken out,
in support o' t' Stuart king. That
Rob Roy and a' his breekless bands
will be down upon Glasgae within
the day!

Frank grabs his coat

FRANK

I must....

The door opens and Frank's father and Owen rush in

MR. OSBALDISTON

..Frank, there is a Stuart
rebellion and there will be an
invasion of England! We leave
immediately, as our commercial
house will be needed to help
finance the English army.

Frank's hair is wild, his waistcoat is buttoned greatly awry,
and he grabs his stock, hastily starting to tie it.

FRANK

I shall offer myself to the
government in a volunteer corps,
father.

Mr. Osbaldiston smiles gently, and a little ironically, at
Frank's dishabille.

MR. OSBALDISTON

Um...it might be an idea to dress
more like a sane than a madman,
first, if you want them to accept
your offer, son!

Frank looks down at his clothes.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE SCOTLAND AND ENGLAND/TRAVERSING - DAY

Mr. Osbaldiston accompanied by his son, Owen, and two
servants, including Andrew, takes the mail coach for London.

They see various musterings of volunteers in various villages
and towns, as they stop at inns.

The coach eventually comes to a rise and pauses at the top
for the passengers to look down, finally, at London and its
various landmarks.

EXT. OSBALDISTON LONDON HOUSE/FRONT DOOR - MORNING

Frank is in uniform and is mounted outside of his father's front door, along with two sergeants and four corporals. Andrew is also at the back, but is not in uniform.

The door opens and Frank's father comes out.

He comes up to Frank's horse with a smile and pats the horse's neck.

Mr. Osbaldiston hands over a sealed letter to Frank.

MR. OSBALDISTON
Your commission, CAPTAIN
Osbaldiston.

Frank nods and smiles

FRANK
Thank you, sir.

MR. OSBALDISTON
Your junior officers are men from our own estate, and, when you join the rest of your men, at General Carpenter's encampment, you will find that most of the rest of your soldiers are also from our estate.Loyalty counts, son....Look after them.

FRANK
I will, father!...Thank you.

MR. OSBALDISTON
Go on, then, Frank!..... Get away with you, and look after yourself, as well!

Frank smiles and salutes, while his father pats his leg and then goes in.

Frank trots around and then rides up the front sweep in the bright sunshine, towards the gate.

He takes a big breath of excitement and the men follow him.

INT. A BANK/BOARDROOM - DAY

There is a large table with important looking MEN around it. Mr. Osbaldiston and Owen are also there and fierce arguments rage about financing the army.

A senior politician asks for votes and half vote one way and then a lesser number votes another way.

The CHANCELLOR smiles, nods

He then stands up, takes his wine glass, and offers a toast to the king.

All of the men stand up, raise their own wine glasses, and say

MEN

THE KING!

They drink.

INT. GEN. CARPENTER'S ENCAMPMENT/FRANK'S TENT - DAY

Andrew comes in with a wash basin for Frank who is pulling his under shirt on.

ANDREW

Sir, I jist heard that a' of yer
cousins are awa i the wars on the
side o' the Stuarts.

FRANK

I supposed they WOULD be!.....I
suspect that my father is not going
to be happy with a brother who is a
traitor, though!

ANDREW

Aye! A heard the news from ma
cousin, the pedlar, ye recall him?
He says that if yer wantin' any
hoose or sich artic...

FRANK

...Well, thanks for the news,
Andrew, but I'll pass on the
question of hosiery, as the last
lot he sold me were in holes within
the week.

He starts to lather for shaving

ANDREW

Aye, he WILL buy them of English
wooll, when he knows that the guid
Scots wooll lasts longer!

FRANK

Yes, about as long as my patience
lasts when I am STILL waiting for
my clean shirt.

Andrew looks shifty

ANDREW

Ah, weel noo, aboot that shirt.....

Frank looks challengingly hang-dog at him.

INT. INN/MAIN ROOM - DAY

Frank, in uniform, is sitting with his father at a table.

The innkeeper's maid has just taken their lunch order and she smiles, bobs and leaves.

MR. OSBALDISTON

Thank you for seeing me, Frank. I know that you are busy, but I just thought that I should tell you something in person, as it's not a seemly thing to tell a person by letter.

Frank looks worried

FRANK

What is it, father?

MR. OSBALDISTON

Well, you just ought to know that your uncle, has made you his sixth heir, in line, by dint of excising Rashleigh. He can't forgive Rashleigh, for stealing my money and then turning king's evidence against his own family, and I can't say I blame him.

FRANK

Oh.

He shrugs

FRANK (CONT'D)

Well,.....huh.....I can't see how this will affect me, father.

MR. OSBALDISTON

In times of war, Frank, these things shouldn't be left to hang. You are now an heir and should be avised of it.

FRANK

Oh well....um,thanks father.But

(Smiling)

uncle has a large robust family and so there's no fear of me becoming involved in any way.

MR. OSBALDISTON
There's also a provision in my
brother's will, for the late Miss
Diana Vernon...

Frank looks shocked

FRANK
.....LATE?!!

MR. OSBALDISTON
...Who is now LADY Diana Vernon
Beauchamp, in which he leaves her
some diamonds and a silver ewer.

FRANK
(Relieved)
Oh!
(Sighs)

...Lady!.....Um, diamonds, er, yes.Mr. Osbaldiston looks up
at the arriving soup

MR. OSBALDISTON
Now, eat up, Frank! Army food must
be somewhat meagre, I suspect.

EXT. ENCAMPMENT/PICKET LINE - DAY

Frank is inspecting some picketed horses, with one of his
sergeants. He points out that the lengths of some of the
halter ropes tied to the rope picket line, are too short.

The sergeant tells one of the two accompanying corporals to
do something about these short halters.

Andrew Fairservice comes up and gives a letter to Frank, who
tells the sergeant to continue with the inspections and then
turns away and opens the letter.It is from Owen.

OWEN (V.O.)
Dear Mr. Frank,
I hope that this finds you well.
This is just a brief note as I
thought that you should be told the
contents of a letter that arrived
for your father in his absence in
Holland. I have, as you know, been
given rights of execution of his
private affairs during his absence,
thus my writing to you.
I write to tell you of the deaths
of your two cousins, Thorncliffe
and Percival. The former died in a
duel about a woman and the second
died whilst trying to fulfil a
drinking wager.
(MORE)

OWEN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Their loss will be a heavy burden
to your uncle, at this time, I am
sure.
I offer you my own condolences, Mr.
Frank and remain your affectionate
servant,
Owen.

Andrew, remains, craning nosily, and trying to see the
letter.

Frank looks up, frowns, and nods his dismissal

FRANK
Er, thank you, Andrew!

Andrew rolls his eyes in whipped dog mode, sniffs, and walks
off, huffily.

INT. BARRACKS/OFFICERS' MESS - DAY

Frank is seated at a desk writing, with his jacket off and
his sleeves rolled up.

Seven, or eight other OFFICERS are smoking, drinking and
playing cards.

One OFFICER sits down to read the newspaper.

He looks at the front page and exclaims

OFFICER
(Drawlingly)
Looks like the game's up for the
rebels, lads! They've just lost a
major battle at Long Preston and
are either dead, or in Newgate
.....Ummm..... quite a list of
the traitors !.....Oh! There's a
couple of Osbaldiston's here, Frank
.....Any relations of yours?

FRANK
Who?

OFFICER
Um.....a Sir Hildebrand and his
son, John, who is injured....Oh,
and apparently, the old boy had
already just lost another couple of
sons, one jumping a gate and
another that was actually slain in
the Preston battle.

Frank jumps up

FRANK
Sir Hildebrand is here? In London?

OFFICER
Well last time I looked, Newgate
jail WAS in London.

FRANK
Thank you....thanks!

He races out.

INT. BARRACKS/COLONEL'S OFFICE - DAY

Frank, with his helmet under his arm, is explaining his need to attend to his relations and asking for the surrender of his commission to be accepted, with the end of the rebellion.

The colonel acquiesces, smiles, gets up, and shakes Frank's hand.

Frank hands over his commission paper, and places his military sword on the colonel's desk.

He bows, and leaves.

INT. NEWGATE JAIL/INFIRMARY - DAY

There is a dour guard, standing by the door and a doctor tends another prisoner who is nearby.

Frank comes in, peers at the two beds in the small, semi-room and sees his cousin, John.

John is very bandaged and half awake. He recognises Frank, however and slightly, moves his hand.

Frank sits by his bed and takes John's hand.

John whispers one, or two things, and then suddenly dies.

Frank looks at the doctor, interrogatively, and calls him over.

Frank stands up.

The doctor comes over, feels John's neck and then shakes his head.

The doctor draws the sheet over John's face.

Frank slowly shakes his head, in disbelief at all of his cousins' deaths.

EXT. CHURCHYARD - DAY

Frank, his father, the priest, and another three mourners leave the burial sites of two people.

Frank and his father walk up the path away from the two graves, while a single bell tolls.

MR. OSBALDISTON

I didn't think that my brother would long withstand the loss of nearly all of his sons.

FRANK

He still had Rashleigh.

MR. OSBALDISTON

Yes, a traitor, hiding out in France.

FRANK

Maybe Rashleigh will come home, one day.

MR. OSBALDISTON

The Osbaldiston estate is now yours, Frank. There is nothing for him to come 'home' to! You now represent my father's house and must act upon the will of my brother.

Frank shrugs

FRANK

Well, I don't want to act with any indecent haste, or...

MR. OSBALDISTON

.....There is nothing indecent about claiming your own. Only a fool allows his possessions to slide from him in fear of seeming forwards!

FRANK

Well, I'm, I'm not too sure of what papers I...

MR. OSBALDISTON

.....You leave for Northumberland, tomorrow, Frank. Owen has booked your and Andrew's seats in the mail, as far as Darlington, where you will take horse.

Frank nods in acquiescence.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE/VARIOUS - DAY

Frank gets into a carriage and Andrew gets up on top.

The carriage thunders out of London.

The carriage thunders through, into, and out of various towns and villages.

The carriage hurtles along, finally arriving at Darlington, where Frank and Andrew walk over to two horses being held by a groom, nearby.

Andrew affixes the small saddle bags which he has brought, to his own horse.

Frank thanks and then tips the groom.

Then they mount up and trot off.

EXT. OSBALDISTON ESTATE/HILL TOP - DAY

Andrew and Frank stand at the top of the hill, looking down at the old house.

They finish looking at the hall, and start riding down the low slope towards it.

They arrive at a crossroads, but then Frank takes the track going off the other way from the hall.

ANDREW

Ah, sir! A think mebbe ye's
fergotten yer affairs!

FRANK

No...I haven't Andrew. I just want
to see Justice Inglewood, first, to
ask about taking possession.

Andrew scratches his head, under his bonnet.

ANDREW

I wadna think as thir was much ado
abun it....Ye jist knock at the
duir and tell tha steward that he's
na working fer YOU!

Frank smiles, shakes his head and rides on, followed by a puzzled Andrew.

INT. SQUIRE INGLEWOOD'S HOUSE/LIBRARY - DAY

The justice receives Frank with much kindness.

He gets out the will and unrolls it on the table

JUSTICE INGLEWOOD
Yes, indeed, Mr. Osbaldiston, this
will is totally sound and without
Flaw. The estate is indubitably
yours.

He pours out some wine and they sit by the table.

JUSTICE INGLEWOOD (CONT'D)
Allow me to propose a toast to your
new arrival.

He raises his glass to Frank and then drinks.

JUSTICE INGLEWOOD (CONT'D)
And now you can join me in a toast,
to the lamented departure of that
'rose of the borders', Miss Diana
Vernon!

FRANK
Miss?....But she's married now, so
is...

JUSTICE INGLEWOOD
....Married? No!.....Not SHE!

FRANK
NOT?!!.....But his "Excellency"!?

JUSTICE INGLEWOOD
Oh, you mean the sham "Father
Vaughan", her ACTUAL father?

Frank shoots to his feet.

FRANK
Her FATHER??!!

JUSTICE INGLEWOOD
Yes!Did you think him more?

Frank puts down his glass and looks wildly around for his hat

FRANK
I, I thought she was...you
know....Um, I've, I've got to write
a....No.....No! I'll go over to the
hall... now!

JUSTICE INGLEWOOD
Yes, I would, if I was you. I've
heard that Rashleigh is now in the
area and is planning something with
that dreadful Jobson fellow who I
finally managed to get rid of.

Frank finds his hat and snatches it up.

He bows to the justice.

FRANK

Thank you! Thank you, Squire
Inglewood.....Thank you!

JUSTICE INGLEWOOD

Tush! Ye've to call me "neighbour",
now!

Frank rushes out.

EXT. OSBALDISTON HALL/COURTYARD - DAY

Andrew and Frank trot, into the deserted courtyard.

The place is silent and there are weeds, everywhere.

All of the shutters appear to be closed.

They come to a stop, in the silence.

Somewhere, a shutter bangs, however.

Frank remembers his uncle and cousins with their horse's
caracoling and the hounds baying with excitement before
leaving for the hunt.

Andrew, officiously and swaggeringly gets off his horse, puts
his hands on his hips and looks proprietorially around.

ANDREW

Na, where's that awld papist,
Syddall?

Frank remains on his horse, remembering Diana, being given a
boost up to her horse, with all of her crimson velvet habit
falling down, around the horse, because she often rode
astride. He remembers her laughing and fighting with the
folds of velvet, saying that it was easy for him and his
cousins, in their breeches.

Meanwhile, Andrew goes round the ground floor shutters
banging on them and calling "Syddall!"

Frank dismounts, and starts to walk towards some shutters
that are opening.

SYDDALL the butler, timidly opens these shutters and peers
out.

SYDDALL

Can, can I help you, gentlemen?

ANDREW

(Outraged)

It's I, Andrew Fairservice and yer
new master, Mr. Osbaldiston,
junior! We've come ta tak yer
charge aff yer hand. Ye may gie up
yer keys as sune as ye like....Ilka
dog has its day!

The poor old butler looks confused and reluctant to let them
in; shaking his head, a little.

FRANK

Andrew!...Will you...

ANDREW

.....Ilka path has its puddle!.....

(Thought)

And ye can sit at the bottom o't'
table, like Andrew Fairservice, the
lowly gardener was made to do.....
nat sae lang sin'!

He emphasizes with a jabbing finger

FRANK

Mr. Syddall, I am the new heir and
I request entrance to my own house,
please. Your refusal will oblige me
to apply to Justice Inglewood for a
warrant.

The old butler looks pained, but nods his head, in silent
acquiescence, and closes the window, again.

Andrew and Frank go across the yard to a small door which
they hear being rattled and which the butler now opens,
gingerly.

SYDDALL

I hope, sir, that you will excuse
me in the perhaps over cautious
discharge of my duty.

Frank smiles and pats his shoulder.

FRANK

Of course, Mr. Syddall. I admire
your caution.

INT. OSBALDISTON HALL/YARD ENTRANCE AND TRAVERSING - DAY

Syddall leads the way through to the main entrance hall.

SYDDALL
It's very dreary here, sir....Er,
perhaps you may care to visit
Justice Inglewood for dinner?

FRANK
No. I've just come from there. Can
you light a fire in the library for
me, please?

Syddall looks alarmed

SYDDALL
Oh, but the library fire smokes
terribly, sir!

ANDREW
One's ain fire reeks better than
ither folks' fires! His honour
likes the library as it contains
wisdom, in books that papishers
canna appreciate!

Syddall leads the way, slowly to the library.

As they are just about to enter, he slows down, even more

SYDDALL
I'LL JUST SHOW YOU IN HERE, THEN,
SIR!

ANDREW
Wat?

SYDDALL
OH!.....I'VE JUST REMEMBERED THAT I
LIT A FIRE IN THE LIBRARY, ALREADY,
SIR!

He spends an age fumbling at the handle and then very slowly
opens the door, looking apprehensively around the library as
he enters.

INT. OSBALDISTON HALL/LIBRARY - DAY

Frank goes to stand by the fire.

FRANK
Andrew, can you go down to the
village, please, and secure a
couple of stout fellows? Sir
Rashleigh is in the neighbourhood,
and we don't know what he is
planning.....Syddall can you send a
boy over for the steward....now,
please?

Syddall bows

SYDDALL
Certainly, sir.

Andrew swaggers out, followed, humbly, by Syddall.

Frank paces up and down the library and looks out of the window, occasionally.

The STEWARD appears and they attend to many papers which Frank signs. Estate maps are looked at, and inventories counted up.

Syddall eventually brings in some dinner, along with a maid, and the steward and Frank eat at the other large working table.

The steward then packs up his papers and leaves.

Frank watches him ride away through the window.

INT. OSBALDISTON HALL/LIBRARY - EVENING

Frank returns to the fire burning in what is now a dark room, as the dinner candles have burnt out.

He kicks a log with the toe of his boot, and then sits down, with his back to the door, facing across the room.

He sighs

FRANK
(Bitterly)
And this is the progress and issue
of human wishes!

Suddenly he hears a big echoing sigh and peers across the room, in the gloom.

He sees there, Sir Frederick VERNON and Diana, standing by the tapestry, and is rooted with astonishment.

VERNON
We are your suppliants, Mr.
Osbaldiston, and we claim the
refuge and protection of your roof,
until we can pursue a journey where
dungeons and death gape for me at
every step.

Frank leaps to his feet,

FRANK

Good grief!..... Sir Frederick!
.....Surely, sir, you cannot
believe that I would be capable of
betraying anyone, much less someone
who has been so kind as yourself
and Miss Vernon!

VERNON

We should not wish you to be placed
in any danger on OUR beha....

Suddenly, they hear Andrew

ANDREW

....I've have the candles here,
sir!.....Ye can light them as ye
please!

Frank rushes across the room and, as the door opens, slams it
back, in Andrew's face.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

(Calls)

Huh!.....Ye can git yer AIN
candles then! A'm havin' ma
dinner wi' ma friends!He starts to
walk away, when Frank suddenly
realizes the threat of Andrew's
talking with these villagers.

Frank opens the door and calls to him.

INT. OSBALDISTON HALL/LIBRARY CORRIDOR - EVENING

FRANK

Er, Andrew! ...Andrew!!

Frank steps out into the corridor

Andrew, part way down the corridor, jumps and looks back

Frank holds out some coins to Andrew

FRANK (CONT'D)

Umcan you pay the, er, two
village men for their time, and say
thank you, but Mr. Syddall has not
got any beds made up for them, so
I'll, I'll contact them later, if
needed.

Andrew nods, confusedly

ANDREW

Aye....I can then... if yer wish it.

He looks dubious, shrugs, and walks off, huffily.

Frank steps back into the library.

INT. OSBALDISTON HALL/LIBRARY - EVENING

Frank walks towards Sir Frederick and Diana, over by the tapestry.

Diana smiles at Frank

DIANA

You now know why Rashleigh, having
my father's safety in his keeping,
was able to rule me with a rod of
iron.

Frank smiles sadly

FRANK

Indeed, Miss Vernon!

He turns to Sir Vernon

FRANK (CONT'D)

Sir, I will vacate the library, if
you like. It may...

VERNON

....We have our rooms back here,
furnished by the kindness of
Syddall, but, if you could make
yourself a bed in the library, Mr.
Osbaldiston, we might be safer...?

FRANK

Of course! of course!

Frank bows, deeply.

Sir Frederick bows and Diana executes a small curtsy.

Sir Frederick takes Diana's arm and withdraws behind the tapestry, again.

Frank paces up and down, and then calls for a maid to whom, when she arrives, he gives instructions.

Syddall then comes in with a couple of maids, some candles and a paillasse, a pillow, and some blankets.

The servants make up a bed and then they leave.

Frank removes his jacket, beds down, and blows out the candle, nearby.

The light from the moon streams in at the large window, as Frank falls into a restless sleep.

INT. OSBALDISTON HALL/LIBRARY AND CORRIDORS, TRAVERSING - NIGHT

Frank is awoken by a violent knocking at the main front door, followed by repeated loud demands, by two VOICES, that the door be opened in the king's name.

Frank jumps up, grabs his sword and belt and runs through the corridors, whilst buckling the belt on.

He can hear Syddall and then the officious tones of Andrew

SYDDALL
(Quavering raised voice)
Who ARE you and what do you want at
this time of night?

VOICE 1
(Shouting)
We are here in the king's name to
demand entry!

More banging

SYDDALL
But WHY do you...

Andrew is heard to push him away and to start pulling back the four big bolts.

ANDREW
...Away wi' ye, awld man! D'ye nat
hear as it's the king's men?!.....
(Calls out)
Dinna fash, gentlemen! There's a
gud protestant mon, here, an' a'll
have ye in, in nae time!

Loud knocking, again.

VOICE 2
Let us in, in the KING'S name!!

ANDREW
Fear nat, sirs, we are neither
papists not Jacobites, here!

Two more bolts are pulled back and Frank, still in his breeches, and untucked shirt, only, skids to a halt, realizing that he's not going to reach the door, in time.

He turns and races back towards Diana and her father, in the library.

INT. OSBALDISTON HALL/LIBRARY - NIGHT

Frank falls into the library and barricades the door with tables and heavy chairs.

He then races over to the tapestry just as Diana emerges.

She grabs his hand

DIANA

We will go out through the garden,
we have the keys of the door, into
the wood....Keep them a few minutes
in play, and once more, Frank.....
fare thee well!

She squeezes his hand and vanishes back behind the tapestry.

There is now a loud thundering at the library door and
someone tries to force the door open, against the barricade.

FRANK

You robber dogs! If you do not quit
my home, I will fire this
blunderbuss through the door at
you!

Andrew calls through the door

ANDREW

Sir, it's clerk Jobson wi' a legal
warrant...

JOBSON

(Calling)

...To search for, take and
apprehend the bodies of certain
persons charged with high treason
under the Thirteenth of King
William, Chapter Third!

More knocking

FRANK

I am rising, gentlemen...Desist
your damage upon my door. I will
inspect your warrant, and, if it
seems legal shall escort you around
my house, appropriately.

Frank slowly puts on his jacket and shoes, and goes to open
the door.

Jobson races in, with six soldiers, and across to the
tapestry

JOBSON
WHERE is that attainted traitor and
his papist whore of a daughter?

ANDREW
God save great George, our king!
A's told ye, ye'll find nae
Jacobites here!

INT. OSBALDISTON HALL/TURRET ROOM - NIGHT

They all follow Jobson through, behind the tapestry, and
tumble into a big room with unmade paillasses on the floor.

JOBSON
The traitors have fled!

They hear a scream from the garden and a struggling noise of
steps and female exclamations in the turret stairs.

The turret door opens and Rashleigh and a big servant come
in, with Sir Frederick.

Rashleigh is smiling and holding Diana by her hair and an
arm.

Diana is struggling

DIANA
Get OFF my hair....ratface!

RASHLEIGH
(Drawling)
COUSIN, dear!.....Sorry, Sir
Frederick,
(ironic anxiety)
or is it his most Excellent Lord
Beachamp?

SIR VERNON
You TRAITOR, Rashleigh!

RASHLEIGH
Tut tut! My loyalty to my king
comes first!

Diana manages angrily to reclaim her hair and arm.

DIANA
Which ONE?!.....Oh, yes! You've
suddenly swapped kings because this
one is where the money is!

Frank steps forwards

FRANK

Rashleigh! You're a blackguard and
shall rot in hell for this!

Rashleigh takes up a candlestick with a burning candle and
inspects Frank.

RASHLEIGH

Ah, gentle coz! Welcome to
Osbaldiston hall....MY home! It
must be SO hard to lose an estate
AND a mistress in one night!

He turns to Jobson.

RASHLEIGH (CONT'D)

I have provided the family coach
for your prisoners, Jobson.....
Take them away!

Jobson nods, satisfied

JOBSON

I shall with pleasure, Sir
Rashleigh.

The servants and four of the soldiers take the Vernons away,
and Andrew, as he departs, wrings his hands and turns to
Frank

ANDREW

Sir, I only said that my master was
surely speaking to a ghaist i' the
library to my old friend, Lencie!
.....A'll, a'll be doon
at the Trinley Knowe in the village
if ye are wantin me, yer
honor!...Am very sorry fer a' this!

He pulls his forelock and creeps away, while Frank turns
away, in disgust.

Andrew goes out.

Rashleigh turns to Frank and smiles, brightly

RASHLEIGH

ALL traitors into the carriage,
please!

Jobson, Rashleigh and Frank go back into the library, as
well, followed by two of the soldiers.

EXT. OSBALDISTON HALL/WOOD ALONGSIDE FRONT DRIVE - NIGHT

Andrew leaves the front drive and is hurrying away, on foot, through the wood, when he notices that some cattle have got in to the wood.

He shakes his head in pity, at the cows

ANDREW

Aye, there's nai-one ta mind aboot
the puir things, naw.

Suddenly, he is surrounded by four large HIGHLANDERS and one has a dirk at his neck.

A well-known voice hisses at him

ROB ROY

Oh, I think that ye'll find that
there IS!...Especially wi' that
Rashleigh aroond!....WHERE are the
prisoners being taken?

ANDREW

(Terrified)

I dinna ken, but they took Master
Frank, as well!

ROB ROY

Bring him alongside us!

A couple of other Highlanders roughly bind Andrew's arms and he is prodded along, in the half moonlight.

The cattle are driven out onto the drive, just before the gate.

Some felled trees are pulled across the road just outside.

They all walk further back towards the house and crouch low, waiting, inside of the woods.

EXT. OSBALDISTON HALL/TRACK - DAWN

The coach rumbles off down the drive, towards the gates

These gates, however, are suddenly closed by HIGHLANDMAN 1

Another emerges and bawls

HIGHLANDMAN 2

Who DARES abuse our cattle?!
....SHOOT HIM, ANGUS!!

Rashleigh sticks his head out of the coach

RASHLEIGH
A rescue!...A rescue!

He fires at the second Highlander, damaging the man's hand.

HIGHLANDMAN 2
AGH!!

ROB ROY
CLAYMORES!

A dozen highlanders burst out, from behind shrubs, along the drive and shots are fired.

Rashleigh is shot in the chest.

He falls back into the coach.

There is screaming from the accompanying two servants and four redcoats.

They all leap off the top and the back of the coach, and run away.

Jobson is dragged out of the carriage and hurled, roughly to the ground, where he lies, foetally inert, cowering and hiding his head with his two hands.

The Highlanders gently extract Diana and her father and start to hurry away with them.

Rob Roy comes around to Frank, and beckons Frank out of the coach.

Frank smiles and descends

Rob Roy puts an arm around Frank's shoulders and squeezes him.

Rob Roy pats Frank's chest and addresses him

ROB ROY (CONT'D)
Mister Osbaldiston, ye have nought
ta fear, but a must look to those
as HAVE. Your friends will soon be
in safety. Farewell, and forget not
the MacGregor!

He smiles and nods.

Then, with the remainder of his men, he vanishes into the woods, as the sun is coming up.

Frank sighs with relief and bends down to pick up Jobson.

FRANK
Get up, man, and give me a hand
with Sir Rashleigh.

Jobson needs quite a bit of encouragement with Frank's foot and eventually gets into the coach to help Rashleigh, who is half hanging out of the carriage window and is now bleeding everywhere.

Frank mounts the carriage and drives it back to the house.

INT. OSBALDISTON HALL/DINING ROOM - MORNING

Frank and the servants gently half carry Rashleigh into the dining room and put him in a chair, where he groans and bleeds, heavily.

The old NURSE appears, with towels for the blood, and inspects Rashleigh's wound.

Frank asks her, in a whisper.

FRANK

Should we try and take him up to his room?

The nurse looks grave and slowly shakes her head.

Rashleigh half opens his eyes and focuses on Frank

RASHLEIGH

You can't take me where I am going, BOY! But before I leave, I want you to know that I HATE you as much, now, as I ever did!

FRANK

Why?..... What did I ever do to YOU?

RASHLEIGH

In love and ambition, you have crossed me at every turn. May the curse of a dying man cleave to you!

He spits down, but fortunately misses Frank.

Rashleigh suddenly seizes and then slumps.

His eyes are glazed.

Frank turns to one of his servants

FRANK

Your master is dead.

(Sighs)

.....Put his body in the gun room, please, and call Dr. Bolus.

Frank turns and smiles kindly at Syddall

FRANK (CONT'D)
Syddall, can you send a lad for
Justice Inglewood, please?...

He looks over at Jobson

FRANK (CONT'D)
And YOU..... stay there!

He points to a stand chair near to the body, which Jobson
then perches on, uncomfortably.

Frank strides off to the library.

EXT. OSBALDISTON'S LONDON HOUSE/GARDEN - DAY

Frank is walking and talking with his father in his father's
garden, when a servant arrives with a letter on a silver
salver.

Frank excuses himself with a word, turns away, opens and
reads the letter.

It is from Diana

DIANA
My dear Frank,
Be not afraid, as my father and I
are now in safety.
I have been placed, permanently, in
the convent of Cluny, and my father
has started his voyage out to the
indies to elude his
pursuers.....Mnu, mnu, mnu..

Frank looks up

FRANK
Excuse me, father..... I
have..... to go to France!

His father's jaw drops as Frank runs pell mell across the
lawn.

INT. CLUNY CONVENT/ABBESS'S OFFICE - DAY

Frank stands before the abbess's desk. There is the sound of
Gregorian chant and a double file of young women, in white,
slowly processes along a garden path, outside.

Frank looks nervously and enquiringly at the abbess, who
smiles

ABBESS
Yes, our latest young women have
just become the Bride's of Christ.

Frank looks dismayed

FRANK
And has... and has Miss Vernon, er,
Lady Diana become....a....a

ABBESS
....I'm afraid that....

There is a knock at the door and a nun enters with a note on a plate.

The abbess takes and reads it.

She looks up at Frank

ABBESS (CONT'D)
Lady Diana is in the small parlour
and wishes to see you, Mr.
Osbaldiston.

Frank looks suddenly hopeful and follows the new nun out, as indicated.

INT. CLUNY CONVENT/SMALL PARLOUR - DAY

Frank enters the parlour and sees Diana standing there, dressed in her normal clothes.

She turns to him and smiles, delightedly

Frank stops, surprised.

FRANK
You're not....you're not a..

She holds out her ring, on the palm of her hand, the ring which she HAD given to Frank and looks up at him

DIANA
Dougal visited me with this and
said just one word...."Wait"!

Frank smiles

FRANK
Well, the waiting has finished now
my love!

He rushes across the room, takes her in his arms and kisses her.