

GRACE

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. NORTHERN SCOTLAND - HILLTOP ABOVE CROFTING VILLAGE - DAY

A moody sky. A craggy hilltop. A fierce wind.

On horseback, PATRICK SELLAR, 40s, surveys the crofting (farming) village below with dispassion.

Sellar has icy, intelligent eyes, a commanding presence.

Behind him on horseback are his thugs, PULLIN and MCCULLOCH.

McCulloch is compact and weathered with mean eyes, a scar across his cheek, late 20s.

Pullin is lanky, dull-eyed with a pockmarked face, late 20s.

McCulloch takes a swig from a flask, wipes his mouth with the back of his hand, smirks, then hands the flask to Pullin.

EXT. CROFTING VILLAGE

Plumes of smoke rise from the remains of the village.

Crops smoulder. Embers swirl above collapsed stone cottages.

Police armed with cudgels, guns and whips herd over a hundred tenant farmers (crofters) and their children.

SUPER: "SUTHERLANDSHIRE, NORTHERN SCOTLAND, 1840."

Police prod scores of crofters up a steep, rugged path.

CAILIN'S BROTHER, 3, sobs amidst the rubble. CAILIN MCLONE scoops him up. Her terrified eyes search through the chaos.

She is pale, delicate features, black braid down her back, slight, 13. Blouse torn at the shoulder, skirt bloodied.

Brother in arms, she races toward her parents, early 30s.

CAILIN'S FATHER takes his son, hoists him onto his shoulders.

CAILIN'S MOTHER wraps her shawl around her shamed daughter.

EXT. MONTREAL - RUSSEL HOUSE - ST. PAUL STREET - NIGHT

Smoke rises from the chimneys.

SUPER: "MONTREAL, LOWER CANADA"

A five-storey limestone house. Frost covers its windowpanes.

INT. RUSSEL HOUSE - SECOND FLOOR LANDING

The sound of men arguing. GRACE appears at the landing.

Grace has an arresting face with soulful eyes that exhibit intelligence and spirit, red hair, 27, Scottish.

Grace listens a moment. Eyes concerned, she descends.

INT. PARLOUR

A small fire burns. JOHN RUSSEL, 44, reaches for the crystal decanter, tops up the whiskey glasses of his two guests.

John has an affable face, a confident stance, Scottish.

Bristling, DR. FITCH sits back in his chair.

An intelligent face, kind eyes, glasses, 50s, Scottish.

GORDON MACKENZIE glowers at Dr. Fitch, drains his glass.

A barrel-chested, towering figure, 40s, Scottish.

GORDON MACKENZIE

Have a care, Doctor. You have no grasp of our business, squirreled away in your tidy clinic.

JOHN RUSSEL

(to Gordon)
Cousin. Please.

INT. MAIN HALLWAY

Grace treads along the dimly lit corridor. She stops before she reaches the parlour, cocks her head.

DR. FITCH (O.S.)

It's respectable to earn one's living as a merchant in a fair exchange. But is it morally right to profit from the destitute?

Grace furrows her brow.

INT. PARLOUR

John stiffens.

GORDON MACKENZIE

We cannot give our goods away
simply because penniless people
arrive at our doorstep.

DR. FITCH

The last lot turned out to be an
entire croft from Sutherlandshire -

GORDON MACKENZIE

So?

DR. FITCH

With scarce more than the clothes
on their backs.

JOHN RUSSEL

Gentlemen.

Dr. Fitch presses his lips together, rises, nods to John.

DR. FITCH

I have an early start. Best be on
my way.

John nods to Dr. Fitch. Gordon raises his eyebrow at John.

INT. MAIN HALLWAY

Grace steps back into the shadows.

Dr. Fitch emerges, heads to the foyer.

Grace follows after him.

Fitch dons his coat. His face softens when he sees Grace.

DR. FITCH

Ah, Grace.

GRACE

Am I needed tomorrow Dr. Fitch?

DR. FITCH

I could use a hand.

She hands him his hat. They share a fond smile.

INT. CATHERINE'S BEDROOM - LATER

Grace hums a Scottish lullaby while she covers CATHERINE with her embroidered comforter which is half-off the bed.

Catherine is a lithesome, sweet-faced, blonde beauty, 13.

Grace fingers the satin trim, then stares out, eyes pensive.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Grace sits at her dressing table, brushes her hair.

John enters, closes the door behind him, drops into the armchair near the small fire, stretches.

JOHN RUSSEL

I thought Gordon would never leave.

Grace looks at John through the mirror, sets down her brush.

GRACE

John?

JOHN RUSSEL

Yes dear.

GRACE

Do we profit from the sorrow of others?

JOHN RUSSEL

Of course not. No. I'm a scrupulous merchant Grace. You know that.

John sighs, steps toward her, places his hand on her back.

JOHN RUSSEL

It's late.

John strokes her hair. Grace gives a half-smile.

John sweeps her hair aside, kisses her neck. Grace's eyes close. She melts into his arms.

EXT. THE NORTH SEA - VESSEL WITH HUMAN CARGO - NIGHT

An undulation of inky waves, a full moon in and out of clouds. Moonlit, an aging square-rigged vessel emerges, then rolls into darkness.

INT. VESSEL WITH HUMAN CARGO

Cries and moans. Lanterns sway. Open-faced, coffin-sized boxes, stacked floor to ceiling, form a mausoleum-like canyon. Hundreds of emaciated Gaels are crammed together.

Feverish, Cailin's mother cradles her listless, sweat-drenched boy.

The ship jolts. Its timbers groan.

She lurches against her husband.

He doubles over, vomits into an over-flowing bucket.

Belly swollen, Cailin kneels at his feet, mops his brow.

EXT. MONTREAL GENERAL HOSPITAL - DORCHESTER STREET - DAY

Snow falls. Horse-drawn carts and carriages clip clop by.

Dressed in fur, Grace waits for a clearing, then crosses to the hospital, an imposing five-storey stone building.

INT. MONTREAL GENERAL HOSPITAL CHARITY CLINIC - MOMENTS LATER

Gaelic, Irish and French voices spill from the waiting room.

Grace breezes in. She brushes snow off, gives her outer garments a shake, trades them for a white smock.

She enters the crowded waiting area.

GRACE

Good morning. Bon jour. Which one of you is next?

PASTY-SKINNED MOTHER

(in French)

It's me madame.

Grace goes to the PASTY-SKINNED MOTHER, BABY on lap, LITTLE BOY by her side. His forearm is tied with a blood-caked rag.

Grace crouches to meet the boy's eyes.

GRACE
(in French)
Hello there. What happened to you?

Dr. Fitch bursts out of his examining room.

DR. FITCH
Mrs. Russel! Thank God.

Grace rises, follows him into the examination room.

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM

An INJURED MAN moans on a stretcher. Blood seeps from his bandaged leg. An INJURED TEEN writhes on another stretcher.

DR. FITCH
Change this man's dressing and put pressure on the wound.

Grace gathers bandages, then peels off the bloody one. Blood spurts on her. She takes a step back, then dresses the gash.

Fitch cuts through the boy's blood-soaked sleeve. Bone pokes through his arm.

GRACE
What happened?

DR. FITCH
An accident at the wharf.

INJURED MAN
(in Gaelic)
God damn it! The pain! The pain!

GRACE
Can't we do something for him?

DR. FITCH
The laudanum is on the table. Pour a glass for the lad too.

Grace pours liquid from a flask, hands one glass to Fitch, then takes the other to the man.

GRACE

Try to drink a little.

She cradles his head, puts the glass to his lips. He swallows, then chokes. Grace dabs his mouth with a cloth.

The man closes his eyes. His face relaxes.

INT. MONTREAL - RUSSEL AND MACKENZIE OFFICE - SAME TIME

John hovers over a desk covered in open ledgers. Heavy footsteps approach.

Gordon strides in, swipes the snow off his fur coat.

John looks up, flashes a conspiratorial smile.

JOHN RUSSEL

Cousin Hector finally let me in on the enormous profit he enjoys from his ships. It's time we purchase our own.

GORDON MACKENZIE

Will he hold the debt?

JOHN RUSSEL

Of course he will. There are some advantages in being the old curmudgeon's son-in-law.

Gordon laughs, removes his fur coat and hat, strides over.

John puts his finger on an open page. Gordon peruses it, purses his lips, nods.

JOHN RUSSEL

If we buy THE CANADA we could carry more than a thousand people a year. We'd have our money back in two and pay off our debt to Hector.

GORDON MACKENZIE

Why not borrow enough to purchase THE SOPHIA as well?

JOHN RUSSEL

Good. I'll pay Hector a visit upon my return.

The men grin. Gordon slaps John on the back.

EXT. MONTREAL - GRIFFINTOWN - DAY

Ragged men huddle by a brazier, pass around a flask.

A street of dilapidated tenements bustling with threadbare residents. Raw sewage flows. Pedlars hawk their wares.

Two URCHINS taunt a decrepit horse attached to a junk wagon.

Basket in hand, Grace emerges from a tenement. She descends the rickety stairs. The urchins run to her.

Grace smiles, pats the younger one on the head. Excited, the urchins skip along with Grace to another tenement.

INT. TENEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

A FRAIL OLD WOMAN, A NURSING MOTHER and the urchins watch with eager eyes as Grace removes a parcel from her basket.

Their breath forms a mist in the cold air.

Grace opens the parcel, sets down a sausage and cheese wheel.

GRACE

And something for you laddies.

She hands wool scarves and mitts to the urchins who don them.

NURSING MOTHER

(Irish accent)

Mind your manners.

URCHIN ONE

Thank you missus.

URCHIN TWO

Thank you missus.

Grace looks over at the nursing mother who gives a weary nod.

INT. RUSSEL HOUSE - PARLOUR - NIGHT

A plaintive Scottish piano tune. A fire burns in the hearth.

Rapt, John and their daughters, Catherine and JANIE, listen. John sits in an armchair, the girls on the settee.

Janie is blind with red hair and an expressive face, 10.

At the pianoforte, Grace finishes the tune.

CATHERINE
That was lovely mother.

Grace turns to face her family, smiles at Catherine.
Catherine rises, gives each parent a kiss on the cheek.
John kisses Janie's hand as she rises.

JOHN RUSSEL
Good night my beauties.

GRACE
Sweet dreams girls.

The girls smile. Catherine takes Janie's hand. They exit.
Grace gets up, settles into the settee.

JOHN RUSSEL
Catherine will be a young lady by
the time I return.

Grace and John share a soft look. She hesitates.

GRACE
I'd like to take Catherine with me
on my rounds.

John shakes his head, sighs.

GRACE
She's thirteen John. The same age
I was when we wed.

JOHN RUSSEL
Griffintown is no place for our
daughter.

GRACE
It's no place for anyone.

JOHN RUSSEL
I don't want her exposed to such
rough sorts.

GRACE
It will be good for Catherine to
know more - to understand -

JOHN RUSSEL
About the world of ruffians and
women of ill virtue?

GRACE
How can you say that?

Grace turns her face from John's. He moves to the settee.

JOHN RUSSEL
Dear. Don't be angry at me because
I care.

GRACE
It seems you care more for
society's opinion.

JOHN RUSSEL
Not a fig! I love you Grace. God
strike me should any harm befall
you or the girls.

Grace's expression softens. She faces John, takes his hand.

EXT. NORTHERN SCOTLAND - ROAD TO ALTNAHARRA - DAY

A moody sky. The sound of bleating.

BRIANNA and BRIANNA'S BROTHER, 7, tend a few goats.

Brianna is a wisp of a girl, sweet-faced, fair, 11.

SUPER: "ALTNAHARRA, SUTHERLANDSHIRE, SCOTLAND."

A kid breaks free. The boy chases after it down the road.

A fine carriage speeds around the bend. It tramples the boy.

Brianna shrieks.

The carriage halts. The DRIVER dismounts, taps on the window
of the carriage. The window drops down.

Peeved, Patrick Sellar sticks out his head.

PATRICK SELLAR
Dead?

PATRICK SELLAR'S DRIVER
It seems so, m'laird.

Sellar drops a silver coin in the driver's hand.

The driver tosses it on the dusty road at Brianna's feet.

EXT. ALTNAHARRA - FIELD

This scene is in Gaelic with subtitles.

A crofting village nestled between two mountains on the shores of Loch Naver.

Two brothers and their wives, SIOBHAN AND HAMISH MACKAY and ROWAN and LUCAS MACKAY thresh barley with flails.

The bearded men wear wool caps. The women wear plain head scarves, long braids down their backs.

Siobhan has lively eyes, an expressive mouth, small, mid-20s.

Hamish is wiry with angular features, pensive eyes, mid-20s.

Rowan is slight, fair-haired with a weary face, 30.

Lucas is sinewy with ginger hair, a broad weathered face, 30.

Brianna races toward them.

BRIANNA

Come quick!

The adults look up.

Brianna motions with her hands.

They drop their flails.

ROWAN

Brianna! Where's your brother?

Eyes wild, Brianna turns on her heels. The adults chase her.

They reach the road. The boy lies in a bloody, broken heap.

Rowan shrieks, tears at her hair.

Anguished, Lucas lifts their son. Hamish rushes to help.

Siobhan pulls her sobbing niece, Brianna, into her arms.

EXT. ALTNAHARRA - LUCAS AND ROWAN MACKAY'S COTTAGE - DAY

A bell clangs. A light snow. Smoke rises from a hole in the thatched roof.

Crofters file outside the stone cottage.

INT. LUCAS AND ROWAN MACKAY'S COTTAGE

The sound of wailing. Smoky interior. A coffin rests on two stools. Inside it, Brianna's brother is wrapped in a shroud.

Rowan keens as crofters file through, touch her son's brow.

Siobhan consoles Brianna who sits at Rowan's feet.

Bible in hand, wearing a cross, REV. HUGH MACKENZIE enters, kneels beside Rowan.

Hugh is slim, pale, with gentle eyes, rounded shoulders, 30s.

HUGH

I'm very sorry Rowan. He's with
our Lord now.

Eyes bitter, Rowan extracts the silver coin from her pocket.

ROWAN

The carriage trampled over him and
left my beautiful boy for dead.

She shows Hugh the silver coin in her open palm.

ROWAN

This is what the lairds think my
son's life is worth.

Eyes wet, Siobhan looks up at Hugh. Hugh's face falls.

EXT. MONTREAL - RUSSEL-MACKENZIE WHARF - DAY

A light snow. In fur, Grace holds John's arm as they amble.

JOHN RUSSEL

If you need anything Gordon will
look after you.

A tiny frown crosses Grace's face.

They stop at the foot of the wharf. John takes Grace's hands in his, looks into her eyes.

GRACE

Just promise you'll write as soon
as you reach Glasgow.

JOHN RUSSEL

You know I will. It's going to
feel like a long winter.

He gives her a tender kiss, then releases her. She is teary. He cups her cheek. She nuzzles into his hand.

With a parting soft smile, John turns, boards the ship.

EXT. THE SOPHIA - MAIN DECK

John walks to the taffrail, waves to Grace. The ship catches the wind. The distance between them grows quickly.

INT. LONDON - ALMACK'S CLUB - BALL ROOM - NIGHT

Extravagantly dressed dancers glide under chandeliers.

Clusters of guests gossip, drink, wave fans about.

SUPER: "LONDON, ALMACK'S CLUB."

COUNTESS SUTHERLAND surveys the room.

Countess Sutherland is handsome, full-figured, regal bearing, chestnut hair, late 40s, Scottish.

Her English husband, SIR GEORGE, eyes a cluster of women.

Sir George is a stately bon vivant, a Roman nose, mid-50s.

He spots Patrick Sellar, waves him over.

Sellar bows deeply. The countess smiles.

SIR GEORGE

My dear. If you will excuse us.
Some of your countrymen wish to
meet Sellar.

PATRICK SELLAR

It is indeed an honour Lady
Sutherland.

Sellar bows again. The countess nods, then saunters over to a cluster of guests.

INT. ALMACK'S CLUB - GAME ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Seated in groups of four, boisterous Scottish lairds drink whiskey and play the card game, whist.

The door swings open. Sir George enters with Sellar.

The room falls silent. The lairds stand, heads bowed.

SIR GEORGE

Gentlemen. Allow me to introduce Patrick Sellar. You should find his proposal most lucrative.

Sir George pats Sellar on the shoulder, then exits.

Sellar strides to the front by the hearth. The men sit.

PATRICK SELLAR

If you'll permit me, I will speak plainly. All of you have widely scattered rural populations and, I suspect, stagnating incomes.

RUDDY-FACED LAIRD

(waving his cards)

Had you arrived a moment later sir, these should have provided ample compensation.

A ripple of laughter. Sellar settles the men with his stare.

PATRICK SELLAR

I propose that you relocate your tenant farmers.

SILVER-HAIRED LAIRD

Relocate? At whose expense?

HAWK-FACED LAIRD

You said we were going to increase our profits, not provide charity!

PATRICK SELLAR

I can assure you, after making a modest investment your annual revenue will increase by ten-fold.

SILVER-HAIRED LAIRD

And what of our tenants?

RUDDY-FACED LAIRD

Aye. What are we to do with the crofters?

PATRICK SELLAR

Move them off your property. Their way of life is of no value to you.

Sellar scans his audience, moves down the center of the room.

PATRICK SELLAR

You'll need abundant grazing land
to support a new breed of sheep
that can live in the Highlands -
without care.

RUDDY-FACED LAIRD

You don't say. Clever sheep.

HAWK-FACED LAIRD

Let him speak!

PATRICK SELLAR

Lease your land to a new tenant
under covenant that he drain your
fields at his own expense. And
when he's done - increase his rent
for the improved state of your own
property.

The men nod, murmur approval.

HAWK-FACED LAIRD

So - replace our tenants with sheep
and that will increase our profits?

PATRICK SELLAR

Exactly.

EXT. MONTREAL HARBOUR - DAY

An overcast sky. The vessel with human cargo puts in.

EXT. MONTREAL HIGH STREET - SAME TIME

Laughter spills out of a patisserie. Grace and her daughters
emerge. Catherine points south toward the harbour.

CATHERINE

Look! A ship has put in! May we
go see her?

GRACE

A fine idea.

Grace takes Janie's hand.

EXT. MONTREAL HARBOUR

DOCKERS rush about, tie the vessel to the wharf.

EXT. MONTREAL HIGH STREET

Grace and Janie follow Catherine down the steep street.

EXT. RUSSEL-MACKENZIE WHARF - A LITTLE LATER

Grace and the girls walk onto the crowded wharf. Gordon Mackenzie towers over a bedraggled, emaciated crowd.

GORDON MACKENZIE

No, you cannot stay! I have a ship to unload!

RED-BEARDED GAELIC MAN

But sir. I pray you.

GORDON MACKENZIE

Listen! All of you! This wharf is private property! Clear off!

RED-BEARDED GAELIC MAN

Where are we to go?

GORDON MACKENZIE

That's not my concern!

Grace turns to see Janie's horrified expression.

GRACE

Catherine take Janie home.

Catherine takes Janie's hand, looks back at her mother.

Grace pushes through the crowd.

STOOPED GAELIC WOMAN

But we are penniless!

GORDON MACKENZIE

Sort yourselves out away from here or I'll have to resort to other measures to deal with -

GRACE

Mr. Mackenzie!

Glowering, Gordon turns to find Grace standing beside him.

GRACE

How can you treat your countrymen
thus?

GORDON MACKENZIE

Don't speak foolishness.

GRACE

Look at their faces. Go on, look
at them! Show them some token of
compassion for pity's sake.

GORDON MACKENZIE

Keep your charity work off my
wharf!

GRACE

Charity! You know how far these
people have come.

GORDON MACKENZIE

You wouldn't be half so bold if
your husband were here.

GRACE

Gordon. Cousin. John would not do
less. Assist them and you'll get
the ship unloaded.

They face each other standing nearly toe to toe.

GORDON MACKENZIE

Enough! Do whatever you want.

GRACE

Tell them about the Mohawk
encampment by the river. I don't
see any harm in that. They're
moving on to their winter grounds.

Gordon steps around Grace, pushes his way through the crowd.

Grace steels herself, faces the stooped woman.

The hollow-eyed Gaels stare at Grace.

GRACE

Well - I can only allay some of
your concerns. I believe there is
a place where you can make camp.

STOOPED GAELIC WOMAN

Bless you.

GRACE

Gather your people by the river.
I'll fetch the doctor.

Grace makes her way back through the crowd.

The Gaels pick up their bundles and vacate the wharf.

EXT. LITTLE RIVER, SOUTH SHORE - MOHAWK GROUNDS - SAME TIME

Mohawk people laden with their belongings vacate.

British soldiers stand watch on the other side of the bridge.

EXT. MONTREAL - SOUTH SHORE OF LITTLE RIVER - DAY

Early morning mist floats low in the air. Spirals of smoke rise from small fires. Light frost covers the ground.

The Gaels lay scattered about. Some huddle around fires. Some gather kindling. Some forage for food.

EXT. LITTLE RIVER BRIDGE

Mist rises from the river. Grace and Dr. Fitch cross in a wagon laden with provisions.

EXT. SOUTH SHORE OF LITTLE RIVER

The wagon approaches.

The Gaels stream toward it. They surround the wagon.

Grace and Dr. Fitch share a look. He climbs into the back of the wagon, hands out goods to outstretched arms.

Grace steps down. The crowd parts.

She opens the back of the wagon, distributes bread.

The Gaels wolf it down.

Eyes shell-shocked, Cailin McLone approaches, baby in arms.

Grace takes the newborn from her. Her face crumbles when she sees that the infant is dead. She looks at the half-starved girl as she devours the bread.

INT. RUSSEL HOUSE - BOY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Morning sun streams through the sheer curtains. In bed, Cailin rouses from sleep under a downy quilt.

Grace enters with a tray, sets it down on the bedside table.

Cailin blinks in the dappled light, looks up at Grace with startled eyes, takes in her surroundings.

Grace touches her hand. Cailin's eyes well up.

INT. JANIE'S BEDROOM

Janie sits on the edge of her elaborately carved canopy bed. Her PORCELAIN DOLL, HARRIET, is at her side.

Catherine removes clothes from Janie's wardrobe, stacks them on the bed.

JANIE

But she's your age.

CATHERINE

She's like a scarecrow Janie.

Janie scrunches up her face. She reaches for her doll, fiddles with its hair.

JANIE

Why does she have to sleep in Colin's room?

CATHERINE

Mother says it's an honour to his memory.

Janie's expression softens. She nods.

INT. MONTREAL GENERAL HOSPITAL - CHARITY CLINIC - DAY

Hands on knees, Dr. Fitch sits in a wooden chair by his desk.

Wearing a smock, Grace tidies the examination room.

DR. FITCH

I know. The situation is deplorable but what more can we do?

GRACE
I've been thinking. We could
establish a shelter for those worst
afflicted.

DR. FITCH
That's an ambitious undertaking.

GRACE
We could offer food, clothing,
medicine - even the chance to learn
a trade.

DR. FITCH
What does John know of this?

GRACE
I thought I'd wait 'til he returns.

Lips pressed tight, Fitch removes his glasses, rubs his eyes.

EXT. SCOTLAND - GREENOCK HARBOUR - DAY

Dark clouds loom. THE CANADA is tied at the wharf. Sailors
race up into the rigging of the aging 3-masted barque.

John and HECTOR MACKENZIE walk along the wharf.

Hector is a hulking figure, bushy brows over cold eyes, 50s.

They stop in front of THE CANADA.

JOHN RUSSEL
She was a fine vessel. Grace and I
sailed her the day we were wed. Do
you remember?

Hector grunts.

JOHN RUSSEL
She's in good hands with me.

HECTOR MACKENZIE
So she should be. You're blood.

A sudden downpour. Hector turns, lumbers along the wharf
toward the road. John follows, steps behind.

INT. RUSSEL HOUSE - PARLOUR - NIGHT

Grace, her daughters and Cailin sit in front of the fire surrounded by elegant gift boxes, some open.

Grace extracts an elaborate, stylish hat, laughs.

GRACE
(to her daughters)
Your father is most indulgent.

She dons the hat, strikes a funny pose.

GRACE
What do you think?

Catherine and Janie giggle. Cailin stares off.

Grace notices the faraway look in Cailin's eyes. Grace catches Catherine's eye, gives a slight nod toward Cailin.

Catherine reaches for one of the boxes in front of Janie, hands it to Cailin.

CATHERINE
This one's for you Cailin.

Cailin takes it, extracts a fancy frock. Eyes bewildered, she stares at the dress, attempts a half smile.

EXT. NORTHERN SCOTLAND - A WOODED GLEN - DAY

A moody sky. A musket shot rings out. A red deer stag leaps across a clearing, bolts into the woods.

Sir George hands his musket to LOADER ONE. A doe emerges.

Rev. Hugh Mackenzie swings his musket to his shoulder. He wheezes, splutters, then misfires.

The doe leaps off.

SIR GEORGE
This is splendid sport Reverend,
but we'll get no deer with all your
spluttering.

REV. HUGH MACKENZIE
I do apologize Sir George. Merely
a touch of the asthma.

Hugh hands his musket to LOADER TWO.

SIR GEORGE
You've a fine glen for shooting.

The loaders return the muskets to the men. They start walking. Sir George stops, turns to Hugh.

SIR GEORGE
Say, here's a thought. Assign the glen to me and I'll build you a new manse at St. Andrew's.

REV. HUGH MACKENZIE
We desperately need a new one. But what of the families at Inshverry?

SIR GEORGE
They'll be taken care of.

Hugh stifles a cough.

REV. HUGH MACKENZIE
That is most gracious of you Your Lordship.

Another doe springs into sight. Sir George shoots it dead.

INT. RUSSEL HOUSE - BOY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The sound of moaning. Asleep, Cailin thrashes in bed. Eyes like saucers, she bolts upright.

INT. RUSSEL HOUSE - SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY

Candle in hand, Grace emerges from Janie's bedroom. She hears weeping. Grace taps on Cailin's door, opens it.

INT. BOY'S BEDROOM

In tears, Cailin trembles, holds her knees to her chest.

Grace peeks in. Cailin looks up with haunted eyes.

Grace steps in.

GRACE
Cailin dear. What's the matter?

Grace sits down at the edge of the bed, puts her candle on the bedside table.

Cailin wipes her eyes on the bedsheet.

CAILIN MCLONE
I'm sorry Missus.

GRACE
There, there. What woke you?

Grace strokes Cailin's arm. Cailin stares out.

CAILIN MCLONE
I was by the orchard when I heard the horses.

FLASHBACK

EXT. SCOTLAND - CROFTING VILLAGE - ORCHARD - DAY

The thundering of approaching horses. Cailin drops the fruit gathered in her skirt, scrambles up the nearest tree.

Eyes wide with fear, Cailin watches from her perch.

Frantic crofters scurry.

EXT. THE MCLONE'S COTTAGE

Patrick Sellar and a band of ARMED THUGS with torches, including McCulloch and Pullin, rein in their horses.

PATRICK SELLAR
Anyone inside, come out!

Sellar turns to McCulloch, nods.

McCulloch tosses his torch onto the thatched roof.

Cailin's mother races to the cottage.

CAILIN'S MOTHER
Nooo! My mother is in there!

Pullin dismounts, knocks her to the ground with a cudgel.

PATRICK SELLAR
The old witch has lived long enough.

Cailin's mother springs from the ground.

Pullin restrains her.

PATRICK SELLAR

Leave her. She can burn as well!

Cailin's mother runs into the burning cottage.

EXT. ORCHARD

McCulloch laughs, grabs at Cailin's feet as she clings to the small tree.

EXT. THE MCLONE'S COTTAGE

Cailin's mother emerges with CAILIN'S GRANDMOTHER wrapped in a blanket, an edge smouldering.

EXT. ORCHARD

Lips pulled back in a smile, McCulloch drags Cailin down.

EXT. THE MCLONE'S COTTAGE

Panting, Cailin's father kneels beside his wife and Cailin's grandmother. He wipes ashes from the old woman's face.

The old woman's eyes flutter, then shut.

EXT. ORCHARD

Grinning, McCulloch straightens his breeches, walks away.

Eyes haunted, Cailin is on her back. She pulls her skirt back down, struggles to get up. She winces, presses her skirt to her crotch. Blood seeps through.

EXT. YARD

The thugs toss their torches on the roofs of the barn and grain storage buildings.

The roar of flames. Sellar mounts his horse.

PATRICK SELLAR
That'll do!

Sellar gives his horse a savage kick, rides away through a cloud of thickening smoke. His men trail after him.

EXT. THE MCLONE'S COTTAGE

Cailin's father listens to the old woman's chest. His eyes fill. Cailin's mother sobs.

Breathless, Cailin reaches her family. She sinks to her knees, weeps over her dead grandmother.

BACK TO SCENE

Grace dabs tears from her eyes, then strokes Cailin's cheek.

GRACE
Slide back under your covers. I'll
stay 'til you go back to sleep.

Cailin holds onto Grace's hand. Grace blows out the candle.

EXT. AMERICA - VERMONT - LAKE CHAMPLAIN - DAY

An overcast, blustery spring day. A large American sloop makes good speed.

EXT. AMERICAN SLOOP - MAIN DECK

John Russel gazes out by the leeward quarterdeck rail.

Burly CAPTAIN GREGORY approaches. He stands with John.

CAPTAIN GREGORY
You're nearly home. A long time to
be away.

JOHN RUSSEL
Too long, in truth.

Gregory pats him on the shoulder, continues on sternward.

Across the deck, A ROPY SEAMAN loosens the main-sheet from its capstan.

CAPTAIN GREGORY (O.S.)
Prepare to come about!

A sudden squall fills the sails. The ship heels hard to starboard.

The gust rips the main-sheet from the seaman's hands.

The boom sweeps across the deck. It strikes John, sends him cart-wheeling over the rail.

BRAWNY DECKHAND
Man overboard! Man overboard!

CAPTAIN GREGORY
Throw her to irons!

The GANGLY HELMSMAN spins the wheel.

The ship points into the wind, slows to a stop near the rocky eastern shore.

CAPTAIN GREGORY
Any sign of him lads?

They scan the dark waves as the sails luff above their heads.

INT. MONTREAL - RUSSEL HOUSE - PARLOUR - NIGHT

The sheer curtains flutter around the open window.

Grace reads in an armchair by an oil lamp.

The KINDLY HOUSEKEEPER enters.

KINDLY HOUSEKEEPER
I beg your pardon missus.

Grace looks up, sees the worry in the housekeeper's eyes.

KINDLY HOUSEKEEPER
A Captain Gregory is here.

Grace sets her book on the table beside the armchair.

KINDLY HOUSEKEEPER
He says it is most urgent.

GRACE
Show him in please.

The housekeeper beckons him in and withdraws.

Captain Gregory enters.

CAPTAIN GREGORY
Mrs. Russel?

The captain wrings his cap.

Grace freezes, holds her breath.

CAPTAIN GREGORY
There's been an accident.

GRACE
Oh God.

CAPTAIN GREGORY
Your husband - that is - I am so
sorry ma'am. Mr. Russel is dead.

GRACE
John. John! Oh no! Nooo!

Grace puts her hands to her face, wails.

Captain Gregory lowers his head, backs away.

INT. SECOND FLOOR LANDING

Grace's wails punctuate the house. Catherine appears, then
rushes down the stairs.

INT. PARLOUR

Weeping, Grace slumps in the armchair.

Catherine enters. She treads softly toward Grace whose back
is to her. She places her hand on her mother's shoulder.

CATHERINE
Mother?

Grace lifts her head. Tears stream down her face. She
stifles a sob, faces her daughter, pulls her into her arms.

INT. EDINBURGH - MACKENZIE HOUSE - HECTOR'S STUDY - DAY

Hector withdraws a letter from his drawer. He leans back in
his chair, faces his lawyer.

HECTOR MACKENZIE
An unexpected opportunity has
arisen.

(MORE)

HECTOR MACKENZIE (CONT'D)

It seems that I'll soon have
controlling interest of Russel and
Mackenzie. I'd like to go over the
arrangements with you.

HECTOR'S LAWYER

As you wish sir.

Hector smirks.

EXT. ST. PAUL STREET - DAY

The late afternoon sun casts a glow on the limestone
buildings. A carriage clip clops on the cobblestone.

Dressed in black, basket empty, Grace plods home.

INT. RUSSEL HOUSE - FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

Eyes sad, Grace enters, sets down the basket, removes her
hat, hangs it on the ornate hall stand. She sighs.

INT. PARLOUR

Catherine reads in the armchair. Seated on the settee, Janie
and Cailin do needlepoint. The girls wear summer frocks.

Janie touches Cailin's braid, feels its weight.

JANIE

(In Gaelic)

Can you braid my hair?

A slight smile forms around Cailin's lips.

JANIE

Did I say it right Cailin?

CAILIN MCLONE

Aye. Perfect.

Janie grins, tosses her hair, turns her back to Cailin.

Catherine glances at the girls, returns to her book.

Grace pokes her head in the parlour, smiles to herself.

INT. MAIN CORRIDOR

The housekeeper walks toward Grace.

KINDLY HOUSEKEEPER
A letter's come for you Missus.

Grace takes the letter, nods at the housekeeper, scrutinizes the envelope, ascends the stairway.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Grace hurries through the room to get to the window in the waning light. She breaks the seal, opens the letter.

HECTOR MACKENZIE (V.O.)
Daughter, it grieved me to read of
my cousin's untimely death. Under
the circumstances, I am sure you'll
agree that you and yours should
return home to Scotland.

She leans her forehead on the glass of the window. The letter slips through her fingers, falls to the floor.

INT. RUSSEL HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Walls bare, bric-a-brac gone. A half-full suitcase sits open on the bed.

Eyes misty, Grace stands by the dressing table, touches a photo of her dead son, 3, then places it in the suitcase.

Cailin watches from the doorway.

Grace notices Cailin, shakes her grief, beckons her in.

GRACE
Cailin.

Cailin moves toward Grace with sad eyes. Grace puts her arms around the girl, holds her close, then releases her.

GRACE
I so wish you'd change your mind.
It's not too late.

Teary, Cailin shakes her head.

GRACE

Well then. You're in safe hands
with Dr. Fitch.

Grace wipes a wisp of hair off Cailin's face.

EXT. MONTREAL - RUSSEL-MACKENZIE WHARF - DAY

A coach pulls away. Dressed in black, Grace, her daughters
and Dr. Fitch walk up the gangplank of THE SOPHIA.

EXT. THE SOPHIA - MAIN DECK

The girls explore. Grace and Dr. Fitch gaze at the city.

GRACE

When I first arrived here I knew
nothing of the world.

DR. FITCH

Even then you knew your own mind.

A nostalgic smile. Fitch takes her hands in his.

DR. FITCH

If you were my own daughter, I
could not be prouder.

Teary-eyed, Grace embraces Fitch. He chokes up, pats her
back, releases her, then turns to the girls with open arms.

Dr. FITCH

Now come and give me a hug you two.

He hugs the girls. Janie is last to let go.

Eyes moist, Dr. Fitch turns, walks down the gangplank.

CAPTAIN (O.S.)

Cast off all lines and make sail.

FIRST MATE (O.S.)

Aye Captain. Cast off all lines!

THE SOPHIA pulls away.

Grace and the girls huddle as they watch Fitch disappear and
Montreal recede from view.

EXT. SCOTLAND - FIRTH OF CLYDE - THE SOPHIA - MAIN DECK - DAY
 Grace emerges from below. She shields her eyes from the sun.
 Catherine gazes out. Beside her, Janie warms her face.
 Grace joins them. She wraps an arm around each of them.
 Verdant mountains rise in the distance.
 A hint of a smile spreads across Grace's face.

EXT. NORTHERN SCOTLAND - TONGUE - MARKETPLACE - DAY
 A moody sky. Crofters sell their goods and handicrafts.
 SUPER: "TONGUE, SUTHERLANDSHIRE."
 Siobhan, Rowan and Brianna stand behind their stall.
 Police march in, distribute fine capes and coats.
 Siobhan and Rowan share an anxious look. Rowan puts her arm
 around her Brianna.

ROWAN
 (in Gaelic)
 Stay close child.

Hugh passes the growing crowd herded by police. He frowns.

EXT. ROAD TO TONGUE - SAME TIME

A resplendent open carriage leads a parade of coaches.
 Sir George, Countess Sutherland and Patrick Sellar sit
 inside. They gaze at the green hills.

INT. SUTHERLAND CARRIAGE

Sir George turns to his wife.

SIR GEORGE
 I think you will be delighted with
 Inshverry. It boasts the finest
 hunting grounds in all of Scotland.

Sir George and the countess smile at each other.
 A tiny self-satisfied smirk forms around Sellar's lips.

EXT. TONGUE - SAME TIME

Well-dressed villagers and crofters line the street.

EXT. ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH - FRONT YARD - SAME TIME

A white-washed country church with a blue door.

REV. WILLIAM MACKENZIE, 60s, jovial face, inspects a freshly laid headstone. Brow furrowed, Hugh stands by his side.

REV. HUGH MACKENZIE
It was such an absurd spectacle. I
scarce could believe my eyes.

Rev. William frowns at his son.

REV. WILLIAM MACKENZIE
Where's your loyalty son?

EXT. TONGUE - SAME TIME

The people wave and cheer as the countess's coach approaches.

The strained, gaunt faces of the Gaels wear false smiles as the coaches speed past the village.

INT. SUTHERLAND CARRIAGE

Sir George chuckles.

SIR GEORGE
Lean looking lot.

COUNTESS SUTHERLAND
Aye. The Gaels don't fatten like
the larger breed of animals.

With a little laugh, she pats her stomach. Sir George grins.

Sellar emits a false half-laugh.

EXT. TONGUE

The coaches leave a trail of dust behind.

Police walk along collecting the fine capes and coats leaving the Gaels standing in their threadbare clothes. The Mackays are amongst them.

Police laugh as they grope some of the young women.

Eyes ablaze, Siobhan resists. A policeman clubs her across her shoulder. She falls to the ground.

Hamish lunges after the policeman. Lucas restrains him.

The policeman laughs at them, continues on.

Rowan and Brianna tend to Siobhan.

A scuffle erupts. The police drag away a few of the crofters. Those remaining hurl insults, shake fists.

EXT. EDINBURGH - MACKENZIE HOUSE - DAY

TWO POLICEMEN patrol the street outside the mansion.

INT. MACKENZIE HOUSE - FOYER

HECTOR'S BUTLER and HOUSEKEEPER stand back as Grace and Catherine survey the mansion. Janie leans against Grace.

SUPER: "MACKENZIE HOUSE, EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND."

Janie clutches her doll. Catherine gawks at the opulence.

CATHERINE

It's so grand.

GRACE

Aye. It is. Mind you don't get lost.

Grace gives Janie a squeeze. She and the children laugh.

INT. EDINBURGH - MACKENZIE HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Clad in black, Grace dines with Hector in silence.

Hector's butler serves Grace. She smiles at him.

He withdraws.

Grace clears her throat, feigns cheerfulness.

GRACE

Perhaps the girls can dine with us tomorrow. They would very much like to know their grandfather.

Hector doesn't look up from his food.

GRACE

Janie is so very clever and Catherine -

HECTOR MACKENZIE

Grace, the fact that you are here is by unfortunate chance.

He puts down his utensils.

HECTOR MACKENZIE

But I have taken my dinner alone for the past twenty eight years and I'll not have children under foot.

He rips bread from the loaf, pops it in his mouth. He pushes his chair from the table, stands up to leave.

GRACE

If we mean so little, why did you insist upon our return? We had a good life in Montreal.

HECTOR MACKENZIE

An expensive one. One that you could ill afford.

GRACE

(standing up)

What do you mean? John left me well provided -

HECTOR MACKENZIE

Women should not own property! You do nothing but part your legs to earn it and have no entitlement to its profits. I am your father and I will provide for you well enough!

GRACE

How can you speak so foul? You shame my mother's memory!

HECTOR MACKENZIE

Don't you be bringing her into this. She'd still be alive if it weren't for you ripping her asunder when you entered this world. I wouldn't call that a fair exchange.

He walks out.

Eyes shattered, Grace sinks into the chair.

EXT. ALTNAHARRA - NIGHT

A moonless sky. Smoke rises from a hole in a thatched roof.

INT. SIOBHAN'S AND HAMISH'S COTTAGE

This scene is in Gaelic with subtitles.

Sooty-faced, Siobhan takes a steaming pot off the fire.

Her children watch with spoons ready. Her son, KYLE, 7, her GINGER-HAIRED DAUGHTER, 6, and DARK-HAIRED DAUGHTER, 4.

Siobhan glides to the table, spoons oats into the bowls.

The children gobble. Kyle holds out his empty bowl.

KYLE

I'm still hungry Mama.

SIOBHAN

I'm sorry my little man. We need to save a bowl for your father.

DARK-HAIRED DAUGHTER

Where's Dada?

QUICK FLASH

EXT. FOOTPATH TO ALTNAHARRA - DAY

-- Hamish crouches to watch a rabbit step into his snare.

BACK TO SCENE

Kyle's eyes open wide.

KYLE

Maybe the bad men got him.

QUICK FLASHES

EXT. ROAD TO ALTNAHARRA - DAY

-- A RIDER reins in his steed.

-- A boot slams into Hamish's face, knocks him down.

BACK TO SCENE

Her ginger-haired daughter throws her hands up in the air.

GINGER-HAIRED DAUGHTER
Or a Kelpie!

SIOBHAN
Children. Your daddy is a very
clever man. He can outsmart any
creature.

KYLE
Even a Nuckelavee?

SIOBHAN
Even a Nuckelavee. Come. Snuggle
up and I'll tell you a tale about a
very brave man.

The children slip out of their clothes, scurry to their straw
mat, slide under the rough wool blanket.

INT. SIOBHAN'S AND HAMISH'S COTTAGE - LATER

Siobhan sings a Gaelic tune to herself by the fire, mends a
shawl, casts anxious glances at the door.

It opens. Hamish trudges in, drops his sack on the table.

SIOBHAN
Did you have luck?

He pulls two dead rabbits from his bag, flops them down.

HAMISH MACKAY
The sheriff stopped me on the road.
I managed to hide these from him.

He moves closer to the fire. His face is bloodied.

Siobhan springs from her stool.

SIOBHAN
Hamish! What's happened?

HAMISH MACKAY
He gave me this.

He hands Siobhan a folded piece of paper.

HAMISH MACKAY
It's a rent increase.

SIOBHAN
Do they want us to starve?

Siobhan crumples the paper, hurls it into the fire.

HAMISH MACKAY
No Siobhan. They mean to drive us
out.

INT. EDINBURGH - MACKENZIE HOUSE - PARLOUR - DAY

Grace reads the newspaper, THE SCOTSMAN, over her morning coffee. She turns the page. Her eyes open wide. She places the newspaper on the side table, hurries out of the room.

EXT. EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY - LECTURE HALL - LATER

Rain falls on a sea of umbrellas. Head to toe in black, Grace joins the predominantly male crowd as people file in.

Banners hang by the main doors announcing a lecture: "The Highland Improvements, An Account by Patrick Sellar".

INT. LECTURE HALL

The hall is standing room only. Grace squeezes into a nook at the back.

Patrick Sellar stands at the podium.

PATRICK SELLAR
As I have demonstrated, there is ample evidence that the benefits of The Improvements far outweigh any inconvenience they may cause to the local population.

THOMAS BAKEWELL leaps to his feet, waves sheaves of paper.

He is attractive with intense, passionate eyes, late 20s.

THOMAS BAKEWELL

Liar! I have here in my hand affidavits proving the barbaric treatment of Highlanders at the hands of your so-called sheriffs.

Cat calls and jeers erupt. Sellar smirks.

THOMAS BAKEWELL

Accounts of fire and the lash being used. Accounts of untold suffering while the pockets of the lairds and their minions grow fatter.

Grace claps along with a handful of attendees while the remainder shout Bakewell down.

TWO OFFICIALS herd Bakewell from the floor.

Flushed, Grace moves toward the front, raises her hand.

GRACE

Mr. Sellar! Mr. Sellar!

People turn their heads to stare.

Sellar narrows his eyes.

GRACE

I have a question - please. You speak of the inconvenience to the local population. Isn't that a peculiar word for burning down their homes?

Officials move swiftly from the rear of the hall, grab Grace by the elbows. She shouts over her shoulder.

GRACE

For destroying their crops? For ravaging their daughters?

Murmurs rise as the officials herd Grace out of the hall.

EXT. EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY LECTURE HALL

A clear sky. Grace stumbles out. The doors slam shut. She smooths her clothes, opens her umbrella.

Bakewell and Grace make eye contact.

He smiles, gestures at her umbrella, looks up at the sky.

Grace laughs, closes her umbrella.

Bakewell shares the laugh. They move toward each other.

GRACE

You were brilliant in there.

THOMAS BAKEWELL

I see you got into a bit of a scuffle yourself.

GRACE

Your words spurred me on. I am most eager to help the cause.

THOMAS BAKEWELL

Well - we most certainly need it. Shall we continue away from here?

Eyes bright, Grace nods. They disappear around a corner.

EXT. EDINBURGH - OLD TOWN - PARK - LATER

Dappled light. Grace and Bakewell stroll along the path.

GRACE

If I could only find a way of wresting my estate away from my father's control, we would have the means to fight this.

THOMAS BAKEWELL

Aye. We scarce can afford the cost of printing our pamphlets.

GRACE

We could hire a barrister of our own. Think of what we could do.

Bakewell stops, searches Grace's face.

THOMAS BAKEWELL

You're prepared to forego so much of your fortune?

GRACE

Beyond a doubt.

Bakewell nods. They continue walking.

INT. EDINBURGH - COURTROOM - DAY

Wearing a powdered wig, lips pursed, THE PORTLY JUDGE rests his double-chin on his gavel.

Grace is in black attire with a black crepe veil. She sits beside Bakewell.

HECTOR'S LAWYER

My Lord. The woman is uneducated and surely lacks the skills necessary to administer a sum of one hundred thousand pounds.

Horrified, Grace turns to Bakewell. He pats her hand.

Hector peers at Bakewell.

HECTOR'S LAWYER

It is clearly in her best interest to allow Mr. Mackenzie full administration over her assets. Mrs. Russel's youngest child is feebleminded and there is concern that she, too, may be incompetent.

Grace gasps. Bakewell jumps up.

THOMAS BAKEWELL

Absolute slander and lies.

The judge waves his hand at him. He retakes his seat.

PORTLY JUDGE

I see no reason to object.

He slams his gavel down.

PORTLY JUDGE

I rule in favour of the plaintiff.

Grace leaps to her feet, sweeps the veil from her face.

GRACE

My Lord! I implore you! Do I not get a word?

Face impassive, the judge exits.

GRACE

This is not justice!

The courtroom door slams.

THOMAS BAKEWELL
I'm sorry Mrs. Russel. It appears
your father owns the judge.

Grace glares at her father. Hector looks away.

EXT. TONGUE - ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH - DAY

A soft rain falls.

INT. TONGUE - ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH - RECTORY

Rev. William Mackenzie peruses a letter at his desk.

Hugh walks in, removes his damp hat.

Rev. William looks up, grins.

REV. WILLIAM MACKENZIE
Ah, Hugh. I have just received an
invitation from cousin Hector.
We're to come to Edinburgh for
Hogmanay.

REV. HUGH MACKENZIE
After all these years?

REV. WILLIAM MACKENZIE
I understand his daughter is
recently widowed.

REV. HUGH MACKENZIE
So that's it. Scheming as always.

Rev. William chuckles. Hugh smiles, shakes his head, gazes
out the window at the rain.

INT. EDINBURGH - PLAYFAIR HALL - LIBRARY - DAY

Natural light from the tall windows floods the hall.

Wearing black, Grace sits with Bakewell at a table in a nook
beneath the barrel-vaulted ceiling.

Grace reaches into her bag, pulls out some papers, hands them
to Bakewell with expectant eyes.

GRACE

I've prepared some letters as you suggested. I was thinking THE SCOTSMAN and THE WEEKLY CHRONICLE. Perhaps even THE LONDON TIMES.

Bakewell peruses them.

THOMAS BAKEWELL

These are very fine. Rousing.

GRACE

Do you truly think so?

THOMAS BAKEWELL

Absolutely. You have the rebel spirit in you Mrs. Russel.

His eyes twinkle. She smiles shyly.

INT. EDINBURGH - MACKENZIE HOUSE - HECTOR'S BEDROOM - DAY

A woman's vanity sits by a window.

Hector opens an armoire. His dead wife's clothes hang. He extracts an elegant box.

INT. CORRIDOR

Hector lumbers along. He knocks at Grace's door.

INT. GRACE'S BEDROOM

Grace opens the door. Hector stands at the threshold. He hands her the box, does not make eye contact.

HECTOR MACKENZIE

I'd like you to wear this tonight.

Grace takes the box.

HECTOR MACKENZIE

It was your mother's.

GRACE

Thank you father.

He turns and leaves.

Grace takes a breath, opens the box, extracts a ruby necklace encrusted with diamonds. Her face crumbles.

INT. EDINBURGH - MACKENZIE HOUSE - BALLROOM - NIGHT

Hector entertains Countess Sutherland and Sir George along with twenty well-heeled guests, including Patrick Sellar, the ruddy-faced laird and the hawk-faced laird.

Catherine and Janie watch from the entrance.

The countess notices Catherine who has blossomed.

The countess walks over to the girls. They curtsy. The countess fusses over Catherine. Catherine's eyes sparkle.

INT. MUSIC ROOM

Wearing the ruby necklace and a black gown, Grace plays a Gaelic tune for a few guests. She looks up from the piano.

Hector gestures from the door.

INT. BALL ROOM

Hector introduces Grace to Sir George. She curtsies.

Sir George's face lights up. He takes her hand, holds it too long. She pulls it back, lowers her head to hide her frown.

He offers her his arm as they leave the room.

Catherine and Janie ascend the grand staircase.

INT. DINING ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

An opulent candlelit feast. Chatter fills the air. Servants pour wine from crystal decanters.

Hector is seated at the head of the long table. Next to him is Sir George. Grace sits beside Sir George and across from the countess who sits at Hector's other side.

Sellar converses with the hawk-faced laird at the other end.

Grace surveys the guests, notices Sellar. She tries to maintain her composure. She touches her necklace, then removes her hand as if the jewels were poison.

The countess catches her eye. The countess oozes charm.

COUNTESS SUTHERLAND
You have an enchanting daughter.

GRACE
I am doubly blessed.

COUNTESS SUTHERLAND
You must bring her to London. I
will present her at the Almack's.

SIR GEORGE
The debutante's ball! No doubt
she'll turn many heads.

HECTOR MACKENZIE
That's a capital idea.

GRACE
(to Sir George)
And what brings you from Dunrobin
Your Grace?

SIR GEORGE
The modernization of
Sutherlandshire.

Grace flashes a look at her father.

PINCHED-FACED ENGLISH LADY
Really? Is it very exciting?

SIR GEORGE
Actually, it's all quite tiresome.

GRACE
Tell us more Your Grace.

SIR GEORGE
Well, when you get to the meat of
it, so to speak, it all comes down
to sheep.

PLUMP ENGLISH LADY
Sheep, Your Grace?

SIR GEORGE
Indeed. I've turned most of my
land to pasture for a new breed.
It is the way of the future.

The room grows quiet as Sir George speaks.

GRACE
Are the crofters a part of your
plan?

COUNTESS SUTHERLAND
The crofters?

GRACE

Aye. The ancestors of the brave
souls who laid down their lives for
us at Culloden.

At the other end of the table, Sellar peers at Grace.

HECTOR MACKENZIE

Grace! The Duke and Duchess are
not here to be lectured on Scottish
history.

Beet-faced, he turns to Sir George.

HECTOR MACKENZIE

I apologize.

He turns to the countess, now a duchess.

HECTOR MACKENZIE

My daughter is new to Edinburgh
society.

Hector rises, lifts his wine glass.

HECTOR MACKENZIE

A toast! To the new Duke and
Duchess of Sutherland.

The guests stand, raise their glasses.

Grace hesitates, then stands, head down.

Sellar fixes his gaze on Grace.

HECTOR MACKENZIE

May you live a hundred years more
in our good company.

Eyes fiery, Grace catches Sellar's stare, returns it.

INT. HECTOR'S STUDY - LATER

Hector reads in front of the fireplace.

The door of the study flies open. Grace storms in.

GRACE

I'll not have my daughter paraded
like one of your prize sheep!

HECTOR MACKENZIE

You silly, ungrateful girl.
Catherine is your greatest asset.

GRACE

She has a pure heart. I don't want her corrupted by that woman.

HECTOR MACKENZIE

That woman, as you call her, is head of the most powerful house in this country. And Sir George is a leviathan of wealth.

GRACE

And they've wrought nothing but disaster upon their own people.

HECTOR MACKENZIE

That's utter rubbish.

GRACE

You cannot condone this!

HECTOR MACKENZIE

You're very quick to criticize the industry that made this family.

GRACE

I'm not alone in my thinking.

HECTOR MACKENZIE

Well, whether you like it or not, I am a wool merchant and this is just good business.

Hector stands up and gesticulates.

HECTOR MACKENZIE

Look around you! Open your eyes. All this comes from sheep.

Hector walks over to his desk, drops into his chair.

GRACE

How can you think of profit when you cause others to suffer?

HECTOR MACKENZIE

Grace. Somewhere someone is always suffering. You do not, so don't concern yourself with such things. Now go to bed.

Grace bristles.

HECTOR MACKENZIE

Do as you're told!

Face hot, Grace turns away from him, walks to the door.

HECTOR MACKENZIE
Your beloved John would be turning
in his grave at your foolishness.

Grace freezes. Her face falls. Head high, she walks out.

INT. MACKENZIE HOUSE - MAIN STAIRWAY - LATER THAT NIGHT

Clad in her dressing gown, Grace tiptoes down the stairs.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE HECTOR'S STUDY

Grace creeps to Hector's study, opens the door, enters.

INT. HECTOR'S STUDY

Grace walks to the desk, lights the oil lamp. She rifles through a few drawers, finds a ledger.

She sinks into the chair, turns the pages, stops at one. Her heart skips a beat. She reads. Devastated, she looks up.

GRACE
THE SOPHIA - and THE CANADA. Oh,
John. How could you?

Grace puts her hand to her mouth, closes her eyes.

INT. EDINBURGH - MACKENZIE HOUSE - GRACE'S BEDROOM - DAY

The first rays of dawn stream through the windows. Grace's finery litters the floor.

Clad in her nightgown, Grace yanks the remaining gowns from her armoire, throws them on her bed.

She turns to her vanity, picks up the open jewelry box, stares down at the ruby necklace. She closes the box. Her eyes fill and lips quiver.

EXT. EDINBURGH - ST. ANDREW'S AND ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH - DAY

A blue sky. Dressed in Sunday attire, Grace and Bakewell leaflet passers-by in the square. A few take the leaflet. Most ignore Grace and Bakewell. Some scowl and shove past.

THOMAS BAKEWELL
 Save your souls! Stop the
 evictions!

He flashes a smile at a WELL-DRESSED WOMAN, hands her a leaflet. She takes it, moves on.

Grace approaches a JOWLY GENTLEMAN.

GRACE
 Good morning sir. Please read this
 for your sabbath meditation.

The gentleman barely glances at the leaflet, drops it.

Grace picks it up.

The crowd thickens as church lets out. Grace and Bakewell leaflet the parishioners.

THOMAS BAKEWELL	GRACE
Save your souls! Stop the evictions!	For your Sabbath meditation.

Two policemen push through the crowd toward them.

Thomas catches sight of them. He grabs the leaflets from Grace's hand, throws them to the ground, shoves her into the crowd. Startled, she stumbles.

The wind scatters the leaflets.

The policemen descend on Bakewell.

The BEEFY POLICEMAN grabs him.

Grace pushes her way back through the gathering spectators toward Bakewell and the policemen.

The hawk-faced laird is amongst the spectators.

Bakewell resists. The SNUB-NOSED POLICEMAN knocks Bakewell to the ground with his billy-club.

Grace puts herself between the two policemen.

GRACE
 Stop! Stop it this instant!

The beefy policeman looks at her.

GRACE
 You have the wrong man!

Both policemen look Grace up and down in her fine clothes. They look down at Bakewell, back at Grace.

BEEFY POLICEMAN

Begging your pardon ma'am. This man was causing a public -

GRACE

This man is my cousin. We have just come from church. I believe the man you want ran off that way.

Grace points away from the cathedral, into the crowd.

The policemen share a glance, then rush off.

SNUB-NOSED POLICEMAN

Make way!

Bakewell struggles up, brushes himself off, rubs his shoulder and winces.

GRACE

Are you injured?

Bakewell grins at Grace.

THOMAS BAKEWELL

You continue to surprise me Mrs. Russel.

Flushed, Grace returns the grin.

In the crowd, the hawk-faced laird stares at them and frowns.

INT. MACKENZIE HOUSE - GRACE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Swinging her legs, Catherine sits on the edge of Grace's bed.

Wearing a simple grey dress, Grace examines an embroidered cloth, places it in a box.

GRACE

Such fine needlework. Imagine how Cailin's eyes will shine when she opens your gift.

Catherine beams.

GRACE

I'll fetch my cape.

Grace opens her armoire. It is nearly empty.

Catherine's eyes widen.

CATHERINE
Mother, what's happened to all of
your beautiful clothes?

GRACE
I don't have much use for them.

CATHERINE
But what will you wear to London?

Grace stiffens.

GRACE
I'm not sure what you mean.

CATHERINE
The duchess has invited us! She's
so elegant.

GRACE
Catherine.

CATHERINE
What's the matter?

GRACE
We won't be going to London.

Catherine stops swinging her legs.

CATHERINE
Why not? It's all I can think of.

GRACE
Perhaps I've been wrong to hide it
from you.

CATHERINE
What do you mean?

GRACE
There are things you should know -
about the Sutherlands - about our
family business.

CATHERINE
I don't understand.

Grace sits on the bed beside Catherine.

GRACE
I'm just starting to understand
myself.

Face hot with tears, Catherine jumps from the bed.

GRACE

Please my darling. Don't be angry
with me.

CATHERINE

You can't keep me your darling girl
forever.

Catherine storms out. Anguished, Grace stares at the door.

INT. EDINBURGH - NEW CLUB - NIGHT

Smoke fills the wood-panelled room with inset portraits.

Hector plays cards with THREE GENTLEMEN. He purses his lips.

The hawk-faced laird approaches him, whispers in his ear.

Grim-faced, Hector puts down his cards, nods and gets up.

He walks off with the laird.

EDINBURGH - PLAYFAIR HALL - LIBRARY - DAY

Pamphlets titled "Remember Culloden, Stop The Clearances!"
are stacked on the table.

Eyes pained, Grace stares out at the rain.

Bakewell peruses a pamphlet, looks up at Grace.

THOMAS BAKEWELL

We're all set. Sellar is scheduled
to speak in Stirling this month.
It's time for you to meet the other
comrades.

GRACE

I'm sorry. I can't. Not now.

THOMAS BAKEWELL

What is it?

Grace shakes her head, continues staring out.

THOMAS BAKEWELL

I know I can be full of bluster but
I'm happy to lend an ear.

GRACE
It's my daughter. Catherine.

Grace chokes back tears. Bakewell takes Grace's hand.

EXT. ALTNAHARRA - DAY

This scene is in Gaelic with subtitles.

The sun begins to set. Tendrils of smoke rise from the holes in the thatched roofs. Crofters carry peat stacked in wheelbarrows into their cottages.

Kyle helps Hamish push their wheelbarrow.

INT. SIOBHAN'S AND HAMISH'S COTTAGE

This scene is in Gaelic with subtitles.

Siobhan stands over her daughter, braids her ginger hair, sings a Gaelic tune.

Brianna braids Siobhan's dark-haired daughter's hair.

Hamish enters with Kyle. Kyle puts a block of peat in the fire. Hamish stokes it, looks over at Siobhan.

BRIANNA
You've a lovely voice auntie.

Siobhan smiles at her niece. Hamish's eyes twinkle.

HAMISH MACKAY
Did your auntie tell you how she
beguiled me with her singing?

SIOBHAN
He told your father that I must be
a fairy in disguise.

Siobhan and Hamish share a smile. The children giggle.

The door flies open. Lucas bursts in.

LUCAS
Hamish! Siobhan! Come! There is
trouble. Brianna. Mind the
children.

BRIANNA
Yes Papa.

Hamish and Siobhan rush out the door. Kyle scurries after.

EXT. SIOBHAN'S AND HAMISH'S COTTAGE

They look south at the horizon glowing an ominous orange. Eyes wide open, Kyle leans against Hamish.

LUCAS
It's Grummore.

HAMISH MACKAY
Aye.

Other crofters, including Rowan, join them at the wall.

HAMISH MACKAY
We need to keep watch. Who will
stand with me tonight?

They gather around Hamish. The orange sky intensifies in the waning light.

EXT. EDINBURGH - PARK - NIGHT

Hogmanay revelers dance around a huge bonfire.

INT. MACKENZIE HOUSE - BALLROOM - SAME TIME

A formal party. Hector sits next to his cousin, Rev. William Mackenzie. The reverend regales his companions with stories.

Hugh stands at the edge of the gathering. He hears piano music, seeks its origin.

INT. MUSIC ROOM

Dressed simply, Grace plays a melancholy Scottish folk song.

Hugh lights up when he sees Grace, shyly walks to her.

Grace pulls her hands back from the keyboard.

REV. HUGH MACKENZIE
Please don't stop dear lady. This
is a wonderful occasion made more
so by your playing.

The piece done, Grace stands up and joins Hugh.

REV. HUGH MACKENZIE
How can it be that we have not met
before this?

GRACE
I've spent most of my life in
Montreal, Reverend.

REV. HUGH MACKENZIE
I'm afraid I know little of The
Colonies. I've lived in Tongue my
whole life.

GRACE
And where is that?

REV. HUGH MACKENZIE
It's at the top of the world, in
Sutherlandshire.

Grace's eyes widen.

REV. HUGH MACKENZIE
Do you know it?

GRACE
Only from journals. Are you by
chance acquainted with a man by the
name of Patrick Sellar?

REV. HUGH MACKENZIE
Aye.

GRACE
The one who was tried for arson and
murder?

REV. HUGH MACKENZIE
But exonerated.

HECTOR'S BUTLER (O.S.)
Dinner is served.

Hugh extends his arm to Grace.

INT. DINING ROOM - LATER

The guests banter as they finish the banquet.

Grace and Hugh are locked in heated conversation.

A FOOTMAN is about to fill Hector's wine glass. He waves him
off, stands up.

HECTOR MACKENZIE

Let us adjourn to the parlour and
await the New Year.

Footmen draw the chairs back. The guests drift out.

Hugh and Grace remain seated.

Rev. William notices them, smiles to himself as he rises.

The servants stand back, wait for Grace and Hugh.

GRACE

I simply do not understand your
complacency.

REV. HUGH MACKENZIE

It's not as clear or easy as you
make it sound Mrs. Russel. My
father and I have given our lives
to the ministry. We have looked
after the sick, given succor to the
poor and -

GRACE

Defended them in the face of
tyranny?

REV. HUGH MACKENZIE

That's a decidedly strong word.

GRACE

Surely you can see what The
Improvements mean for the crofters.

REV. HUGH MACKENZIE

And what would you have me do? If
I defy the Sutherlands they'll put
me out as they have done elsewhere.
And then what, I ask you?

GRACE

Are you not an instrument of God?

He opens his mouth to respond but stops when Grace touches
the back of his hand.

GRACE

You can help your people. They're
powerless to fight the writs of
removal.

REV. HUGH MACKENZIE
 You speak bold words easily in
 Edinburgh. I only wish I could
 carry your conviction home with me.

He smiles at her.

INT. LIBRARY - LATER

Drink in hand, Hector sits with Rev. William by the fire.

REV. WILLIAM MACKENZIE
 They seem to be engrossed in one
 another. I couldn't be more
 delighted.

HECTOR MACKENZIE
 Aye. Grace is well suited to be a
 minister's wife.

REV. WILLIAM MACKENZIE
 But will she not find our manse
 rather humble?

HECTOR MACKENZIE
 My daughter has an earnest nature.
 You've no need to worry about her.

REV. WILLIAM MACKENZIE
 Splendid!

HECTOR MACKENZIE
 Well then.

Hector puts his glass down, offers his hand to Rev. William.
 They shake hands. Rev. William beams.

EXT. EDINBURGH - OLD TOWN - DAY

A blue sky. A horse-drawn wagon clip clops along a narrow
 cobblestoned street with ramshackle dwellings.

Faces radiant, Grace and Bakewell weave their way past
 destitute residents.

GRACE
 These encounters sound perilous.

THOMAS BAKEWELL
 Och, I've had a few scrapes -

Bakewell notices Grace's concerned expression. He stops to face her. A playful smile lights his eyes.

THOMAS BAKEWELL
 But nothing serious. Besides, I
 take delight in challenging the
 swine.

Amused, Grace smiles to herself. They continue on.

EXT. EDINBURGH - OLD TOWN - PARK - MOMENTS LATER

Grace and Bakewell face each other on a bench. Grace trills with laughter as Bakewell gesticulates extravagantly.

THOMAS BAKEWELL
 His jowls shook and his fat lips
 quivered. "Renegade! Traitor! I
 will see you swinging by your neck,
 I will!" And then he raised
 himself out of his seat -

Bakewell imitates the man struggling to get up.

Grace chortles.

THOMAS BAKEWELL
 I swear there was murder in his
 eyes - but he was so corpulent, he
 scarce could move quick enough to
 deliver any blows.

Grace laughs so hard that tears prick her eyes.

THOMAS BAKEWELL
 It's nice to hear you laugh. It's
 like music. First the fluttering
 of a little flute and then the roll
 of drums!

He sits back down beside Grace. Grace blushes.

GRACE
 Go on with you. Well that's enough
 jollity for now. Time to get back
 to work.

THOMAS BAKEWELL
 Oh, you are the cruel taskmaster.

Grace giggles, covers her face. Smitten, Bakewell stares at her. A warm smile spreads across his face.

INT. EDINBURGH - MACKENZIE HOUSE - PARLOUR - DAY

Grace sits opposite her father, trembles.

GRACE
But I don't love him. I barely
know the man.

HECTOR MACKENZIE
You didn't know John either.

GRACE
I was only thirteen - a child!

HECTOR MACKENZIE
The arrangements have been made.

GRACE
I have no intention of marrying
him.

HECTOR MACKENZIE
I think you'll change your mind.

GRACE
What do you mean?

HECTOR MACKENZIE
You're clearly unstable. Given to
fits of temper. Perhaps the girls
would be better off at boarding
school in London.

GRACE
You wouldn't dare.

Eyes hot, lips pressed together, Grace meets her father's
cold eyes.

EXT. EDINBURGH - ST. ANDREW'S AND ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH - DAY

A clear sky. Church bells chime. Parishioners spill out.

Dressed in Sunday attire, Grace and Hugh emerge.

Hugh's face is bright. Grace wears a sombre expression.

DR. DAVID WELSH, a distinguished reverend, high forehead,
serious eyes, 40s, taps Hugh on the shoulder.

Hugh turns, lights up when he sees Dr. Welsh.

DR. DAVID WELSH
Hugh? What an unexpected pleasure!

REV HUGH MACKENZIE
Dr. Welsh!

The men shake hands. Grace's eyes brighten.

DR. DAVID WELSH
What brings you all the way from
the north?

Hugh lightly presses Grace's back.

REV HUGH MACKENZIE
I'd like you to meet my fiance.

Dr. Welsh smiles at Grace.

DR. DAVID WELSH
A pleasure.

GRACE
I so admire your work Dr. Welsh.

DR. DAVID WELSH
Reform is long overdue I'm afraid.

Hugh flushes.

GRACE
It's high time the Church took on
the British Crown.

Welsh looks into Grace's eyes, nods with approval.

REV. HUGH MACKENZIE
Indeed.

DR. WELSH
I'm terribly sorry but I must dash.

He turns to Hugh, shakes his hand.

DR. WELSH
Good to see you Hugh. And
congratulations to you both.

Grace looks at Hugh as if for the first time. He takes her
arm. They merge with the crowd of parishioners.

INT. EDINBURGH - TEAHOUSE - DAY

Bakewell slumps in his chair. Flushed, Grace sits stiffly.

THOMAS BAKEWELL
I see. So when do you leave?

GRACE
After the wedding.

THOMAS BAKEWELL
And you're absolutely certain?

GRACE
I know I can give him the strength.

THOMAS BAKEWELL
Strength?

GRACE
Aye. To step out from under his
father's shadow.

THOMAS BAKEWELL
Grace. The church has played a
treacherous role in all this. The
ministers have turned a blind eye.
Out of self-interest. Out of
cowardice. The lairds own them.

GRACE
You don't know Hugh.

THOMAS BAKEWELL
And you do? After such a short
while?

GRACE
Thomas. I want you to wish me
well. I didn't come here for you
to quarrel with me.

She reaches across the table, touches his hand. He places
his other hand on top of hers. They lock eyes.

THOMAS BAKEWELL
Grace. You must know -

Grace withdraws her hand, sits back in her chair. Bakewell's
eyes plead with hers. She avoids his gaze.

THOMAS BAKEWELL
Please.

GRACE
This is God's will. This is what
I'm meant to do.

THOMAS BAKEWELL
So - it's good-bye, is it?

GRACE
Not at all. We must continue our
correspondence. At long last I
will be of use to the cause.

THOMAS BAKEWELL
Aye, you will be well situated.
But you must take heed Grace.
You're about to enter the belly of
the beast.

GRACE
No need to worry for me Thomas. I
assure you I know what I'm up
against.

She pushes away from the table.

GRACE
Be well.

Grace turns, walks away, face flushed, eyes teary.

Bakewell watches her recede from view.

EXT. EDINBURGH - MACKENZIE HOUSE STREET SIDE - DAY

A coach and a loaded wagon stand at the curb.

The front door of the house opens. Catherine holds Janie by
the hand as they make their way to the coach.

INT. MACKENZIE HOUSE - GRACE'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

The box with the ruby necklace sits open on Grace's vanity.

INT. COACH

Catherine sits, a book on her lap. Janie holds her doll.

Grace steps into the coach, takes the seat facing Janie.
Catherine turns her face from Grace.

Hugh gets in, pulls the door shut, sits down beside Grace,
pats her hand.

EXT. MACKENZIE HOUSE STREET SIDE

Hector Mackenzie stands in the mansion's doorway.

INT. COACH

Grace drops the window, gestures as if to wave to her father.

Stone-faced, he looks away.

Eyes wounded, Grace drops her hand.

GRACE
That's it then.

EXT. MACKENZIE HOUSE STREET SIDE

Hector retreats inside. Hector's butler closes the door.

INT. MACKENZIE HOUSE - FOYER

Hector lumbers up the stairs, stops at the landing, stares at a portrait of his wife wearing the ruby necklace. A striking resemblance to Grace.

Hector hangs his head, continues on.

MONTAGE - THE JOURNEY TO TONGUE

-- The coach rumbles along the busy road.

-- Crofters cut dried grasses with hand scythes.

-- A stooped woman with a basket strapped to her back climbs down the rocky hills.

-- Catherine reads to Janie. Hugh sleeps. Grace gazes out.

-- The coach passes the ruins of a croft, the land scorched. Grace's face clouds over.

-- Black-faced sheep dot the slopes in the waning light.

END OF MONTAGE

EXT. TONGUE - DAY

A muddy road. The coach passes the Ben Loyal Hotel. The yellow bloom of gorse cascades down the hills.

EXT. ST. ANDREW'S MANSE - OUTSIDE FRONT

The coach pulls up at the small one-storey stone manse with its attached barn.

Grace and Hugh get out. Grace marvels at the view.

Rev. William comes out of the manse.

REV. WILLIAM MACKENZIE
Welcome, welcome, welcome.

GRACE
Reverend William.

She offers her hand to him. He takes it in both his hands. She takes in her surroundings again, turns to her husband.

GRACE
Oh Hugh. It's just as you said.
We are at the end of the world and
it is beautiful beyond words.

Catherine gets out, helps Janie climb down.

A rainbow appears over the ruins of Castle Varrich.

REV. WILLIAM MACKENZIE
Now that's a magnificent welcome.

JANIE
What is it?

REV. WILLIAM MACKENZIE
A rainbow over the ruins of Castle
Varrich. You can explore it later.

Janie smiles.

The rainbow fades as rain arrives.

REV. WILLIAM MACKENZIE
Come now everyone, inside.

INT. ST. ANDREW'S MANSE - MAIN ROOM

Dimly lit cramped interior. Catherine leads Janie to a chair, sits her down.

REV. WILLIAM MACKENZIE
Welcome to your new home lassies.

JANIE
Thank you sir.

CATHERINE
I never imagined Tongue would be so exquisite.

GRACE
Nor I. Are there rooms for the girls?

REV. HUGH MACKENZIE
There is one, here.

Hugh opens a narrow door. Grace pokes her head in.

GRACE
How will the girls manage in that wee room?

REV. HUGH MACKENZIE
It's temporary, I assure you. A new manse will be built very soon.

GRACE
Is it really so?

Hugh's face reddens. He suppresses a cough.

REV. HUGH MACKENZIE
Aye. Its construction is near completion.

A cow in the adjacent barn moos loudly. Janie leaps up from her chair. She wrings her doll's dress.

JANIE
It smells vile Mother.

Catherine puts her arm around Janie's shoulder to quiet her. Janie shakes her off.

JANIE
(in Gaelic)
No, I won't. It's like a barn!

Catherine shoots at look at her mother.

CATHERINE

We are rather close to the animals.

REV. WILLIAM MACKENZIE

Allay your concerns 'til you know
the place. My good wife, Jean, God
rest her soul, raised our boys in
this manse with no difficulty.

GRACE

Girls. It's going to be fine.

Grace smiles at Catherine, wraps her arm around Janie.

EXT. ALTNAHARRA - DAY

A blue sky. Purple heather covers the hills.

Hugh, Grace and the girls step down from their buggy. Janie
holds a bag. Lucas, Brianna, Hamish and Kyle greet them.

REV. HUGH MACKENZIE

A hearty congratulations to you!
The good Lord has blessed us with a
fine day for a baptism.

He turns to Brianna.

REV. HUGH MACKENZIE

Is this Brianna? You're almost a
young lady now.

Brianna giggles.

GRACE

(to Kyle)

And what is your name?

KYLE

Kyle.

Hamish ruffles Kyle's hair, leads the others to his cottage.

Children, including Siobhan's daughters, dart around the
cottages. Kyle joins them, tries to grab his sister's braid
as she runs.

Brianna lags behind with Catherine and Janie.

Siobhan comes out of her cottage, heads toward the guests.

SIOBHAN
 Fàilte! I've made some girdle
 scones? Will you join us?

Siobhan beckons them inside. They stoop to enter.

INT. SIOBHAN'S AND HAMISH'S COTTAGE

A pan with girdle scones rests on a grate over the fire at the center of the cottage.

Rowan sits by the fire, baby in her arms. Grace coos at the baby, then smiles at Rowan.

The girls sit with Brianna.

GRACE
 What a sweet angel! What name have
 you chosen for her?

ROWAN
 Ashlynn - after my dear mother.

GRACE
 A pretty name for a pretty girl.

Catherine nudges Janie. Janie pulls her doll from her bag.

JANIE
 (in Gaelic)
 It's for the baby. Her name's
 Harriet.

Rowan and Siobhan share a look of surprise.

Janie holds out the doll.

GRACE
 (to Brianna)
 Perhaps you can keep it safe for
 your sister until she's older.

BRIANNA
 Oh, she's beautiful!

ROWAN
 That's very kind, child.

Brianna takes the doll. Janie beams.

INT. SIOBHAN'S AND HAMISH'S COTTAGE - LATER

Hamish pours some whiskey for the men.

HAMISH MACKAY

(in Gaelic)

May your life be fruitful, little
baby. Health, honesty and
happiness be your gifts.

Hamish, Lucas and Hugh raise their cups.

Siobhan gets up, starts to clear the plates. Grace rises
from her stool.

GRACE

Let me help you wash up Siobhan.
Then perhaps you can show me a bit
more of Altnaharra.

SIOBHAN

I would like that very much.

Siobhan, Grace and the girls clear the table.

Rowan stands, half-smiles with her mouth, not her eyes.

ROWAN

I'm in need of some rest now.
Thank you for the lovely baptism
Reverend.

Hugh smiles. Grace beams.

GRACE

I hope to return soon Rowan. You
have a beautiful family.

EXT. SIOBHAN'S AND HAMISH'S COTTAGE

Baby in arms, Rowan walks toward her cottage.

Siobhan, Grace and the girls carry the plates to a cauldron.

BRIANNA

(to Siobhan)

I'll take care of these auntie.

CATHERINE

Janie and I can help.

The women smile at the girls.

Grace and Siobhan amble toward Loch Naver, stop to sit on a
large rock overlooking the water.

GRACE

I'm on your side you know.

SIOBHAN

On our side?

GRACE

Aye. I hope you don't think me bold, but I'd like to lend my support - to challenge the writs of removal.

SIOBHAN

I don't know what to say.

GRACE

Please. Tell me how I can help.

Siobhan looks into her eyes. A smile lights Siobhan's face.

INT. SIOBHAN'S AND HAMISH'S COTTAGE - NIGHT

This scene is in Gaelic with subtitles.

A smoky interior. The three children sleep.

Siobhan, Hamish, Lucas, Brianna and Rowan, baby in arms, huddle around the fire, their faces sooty.

ROWAN

Can we trust her?

SIOBHAN

I know we can. I have a feeling.

HAMISH MACKAY

(to Lucas)

My wife thinks she has magical powers.

BRIANNA

She's so nice - and Janie can speak Gaelic!

ROWAN

Being nice and being trustworthy are two different things my child. You will learn soon enough.

LUCAS

She's not one of us.

ROWAN

She knows nothing of our lives.

BRIANNA

But the reverend is a kind man.

HAMISH MACKAY

Aye, that he is. But he's weak.
He'll never stand up to the
Sutherlands. The duke has his own
throne in their church!

ROWAN

They come here all smiles and
niceties but they return home to
their cosy lives and we are soon
forgotten.

SIOBHAN

Not Grace. She looked me right in
the eye. I could see it. She
wants to help. Of this I am
certain.

The adults look skeptically at Siobhan.

Brianna smiles.

EXT. THE KYLE OF TONGUE - DAY

A blue sky. Villagers gather shellfish at low tide. Some
nod to Grace and Hugh as they stroll.

The couple looks out to sea. Hugh turns to Grace.

REV. HUGH MACKENZIE

You've made me a happy man. Do you
know that?

Grace half-smiles.

GRACE

It's so peaceful here.

Eyes fond, Hugh smiles at Grace. They continue strolling.

REV. HUGH MACKENZIE

It appears that the Mackays are
quite taken with you.

GRACE

I never expected such conditions.
In truth, it pricked my conscience
to take food from their mouths.
They're so very thin.

REV. HUGH MACKENZIE
It pleased them to share what
little they have with us.

GRACE
I could see that. - I must have
Janie teach me some Gaelic.

Hugh nods. He starts to wheeze.

GRACE
We'd best return home. This
dampness doesn't agree with you.

Hugh takes Grace's arm, pats her hand.

EXT. TONGUE - MARKET PLACE - DAY

One stall displays skeins of wool, caps and shawls. Siobhan, Brianna and Rowan, baby on hip, whisper behind it.

Grace peruses a few stalls.

Siobhan casts a wary glance around their group, catches Grace's eye, beckons her over to their stall.

Grace joins them.

Siobhan reaches into a bag laying at her feet, withdraws a rolled document, shows it to Grace. Grace takes it, places it in her basket.

INT. INVERNESS - OFFICE OF THE SOLICITOR GENERAL - DAY

Clutching a crumpled document, COCKBURN peers through his window at demonstrators in the street below.

Cockburn is English, bland-faced with sandy hair, 40s.

EXT. INVERNESS - OFFICE OF THE SOLICITOR GENERAL

Over one hundred crofters choke the street. They wave farm tools, hurl invectives at the imposing building.

SUPER: "INVERNESS, OFFICE OF THE SOLICITOR GENERAL."

Grace stands near the front with Hamish and Siobhan Mackay.

She scans the crowd, lights up.

Bakewell steps up onto the soap box.

THOMAS BAKEWELL
 For shame, the minions of the
 lairds slander you as idlers and
 vermin! I say it is the lairds who
 sit idle as you toil and eke out a
 miserable existence!

The Mackays and Grace hoot and clap along with the crowd.

Siobhan notices Grace's rapt expression.

THOMAS BAKEWELL
 And still they raise your rents!
 And still they blame you for your
 poverty and still they drive you
 out. I say for shame!

Cries of "for shame" echo through the crowd.

THOMAS BAKEWELL
 It is the lairds and ladies of this
 land who romp and frolic as their
 subjects starve! Scoundrels,
 thieves, murderers and liars, their
 day of reckoning will come!

The crowd cheers wildly.

Fired up, Bakewell steps down, heads straight to Grace.

Bakewell pumps Hamish's hand, smiles at Siobhan but can barely take his eyes off Grace.

Behind them, police, their numbers swelled by armed mercenaries, amass on the opposite side of the square.

INT. OFFICE OF THE SOLICITOR GENERAL

Cockburn strides over to his door leading to the outer offices, throws it open. He startles his CLERK.

COCKBURN
 Stiles, get in here!

Cockburn returns to his window. The clerk enters timidly.

COCKBURN
 Who gave you this petition?

COCKBURN'S CLERK
 One of them sir. A woman.

Cockburn looks back out the window. Below, stand Bakewell, Grace, Siobhan and Hamish engaged in conversation.

COCKBURN

Is that Thomas Bakewell down there?

The clerk joins him at the window.

COCKBURN

Find out who he's talking to and
have them watched.

The clerk scurries out.

Cockburn looks back out the window.

EXT. OFFICE OF THE SOLICITOR GENERAL

A policeman fires a gun into the air.

The demonstrators scatter, speed toward the bridge across the
River Ness.

Grace and Bakewell are steps behind Hamish and Siobhan.
Bakewell touches Hamish's arm.

THOMAS BAKEWELL

May I steal Grace for a moment?

Siobhan and Hamish stop and turn to face Grace.

GRACE

I can catch up.

With a concerned look, Siobhan nods. She and Hamish continue
across the river, merge with the crowd.

EXT. ALLEY

Bakewell leads Grace along an alley away from the action. A
gunshot pierces the air. Grace freezes.

Bakewell grabs her by the hand, pulls her into a nook. They
kiss passionately. Breathless, Grace pulls away.

GRACE

I can't.

THOMAS BAKEWELL

Come away with me Grace.

GRACE

This is wrong. It's so wrong.

THOMAS BAKEWELL

What are you afraid of? The scandal?

GRACE

I've taken a vow. And the girls - what kind of life can we offer them?

THOMAS BAKEWELL

A noble one. An honest one.

He pulls her close. She pushes herself away.

GRACE

A selfish one. And I'll have none of it. I'll not forsake my husband nor abandon my friends.

THOMAS BAKEWELL

What if this - us - is part of God's plan?

Grace backs away, steps out from the nook into the alley. Her eyes well up with tears.

GRACE

We can never meet again. It's far too dangerous.

Grace turns on her heels, heads for the street. Tears spill down her cheeks.

INT. ST. ANDREW'S MANSE - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Grace slips in.

Hair ruffled, Hugh comes out of the bedroom.

REV. HUGH MACKENZIE

My dear. It's terribly late.

Grace avoids his eyes. She sinks into a chair.

GRACE

I'm sorry Hugh.

REV. HUGH MACKENZIE

Were you successful?

GRACE

I can't be certain. The petition is in the hands of a clerk. I hope it does some good.

REV. HUGH MACKENZIE
 You look weary. Will you come to
 bed now?

GRACE
 I'll join you soon.

Grace attempts a smile. Hugh plants a kiss on her head.

EXT. TONGUE - CASTLE VARRICH - DAY

Siobhan and Grace walk up the footpath to the ruins.

At the top, they gaze north at the Kyle of Tongue.

GRACE
 I've never known such a place. How
 did you ever manage to wrest
 yourself away?

SIOBHAN
 The others had to coax me. To show
 me their thanks. A whole day of
 idleness.

They wander around the ruins. Grace stops to face Siobhan.

GRACE
 How do you do it Siobhan - the
 hardship - the uncertainty? And
 yet you are more alive than almost
 anyone I've ever met.

Siobhan laughs teasingly.

SIOBHAN
 Almost anyone? And who might that
 other person be?

GRACE
 Other person?

SIOBHAN
 You fancy him, don't you?

Grace smiles, casts her eyes down.

GRACE
 Who?

SIOBHAN
 You know. Must I speak his name?
 Thomas Bakewell. There, I've said
 it!

Grace blushes, covers her face with her hands.

GRACE

Can you tell? Is it so obvious?

SIOBHAN

You'd have to be a block of wood not to see it. There's a light between the two of you. It's in your eyes Grace. Does it pain you?

GRACE

I try not to let it fester. But sometimes the flesh wins when all is quiet and we have nothing but our thoughts. You must think me very wicked.

SIOBHAN

No, you're simply a woman filled up with a longing for the wrong man.

GRACE

And you - how is it with Hamish?

SIOBHAN

Och, I love him fiercely - stubbornness and all.

A white-tailed eagle soars by.

They watch it fly south. Grace waves her hand across the view of the verdant valley.

GRACE

Look out there - it makes my heart leap.

SIOBHAN

You can almost hear the whispering of our ancestors.

They sit perched atop the hill. Siobhan points south.

SIOBHAN

See that cluster of stone walls tucked between Loch Loyal and Loch Naver?

The ruins of a croft litter the scorched earth.

SIOBHAN

That used to be Grummore. Gone. It burned for six days. The wind carried the cries and groans.

Siobhan wraps her arms around her knees, gazes out.

SIOBHAN

It's just a matter of time before
Altnaharra's only inhabitants are
ghosts.

GRACE

Siobhan.

SIOBHAN

We'll not give up, you know. It's
a wretched life but it's all we've
got.

They fall silent. Low clouds gather overhead.

GRACE

Up here, I feel as if I could touch
the face of God.

SIOBHAN

And what would you say to Him?

GRACE

I'd ask why. Why do you let such
good people be treated thus? It is
the most bewildering question.

It starts to rain suddenly. They jump up, run down the hill,
shriek with laughter as the rain drenches them.

EXT. ALTNAHARRA - FIELD - DAY

Catherine, Brianna, and Siobhan's daughters follow a
butterfly as Janie sits on a rock, basks in the sun.

BRIANNA

(in Gaelic)

Janie. Sit very still.

CATHERINE

A butterfly's landed on your
shoulder.

Janie smiles.

BRIANNA

(in Gaelic)

Did you know that they carry the
souls of our kin to a place called
Tir Nan Og? That's where -

JANIE
 (in Gaelic)
 Listen. Do you hear that?

The sound of galloping draws nearer.

McCulloch and Pullin head toward the girls.

They rein in their horses, dismount. McCulloch holds a rolled document.

BRIANNA
 (in Gaelic to Siobhan's daughters)
 Girls. Quick, get our mothers.

Siobhan's daughters dash off.

The men leer and laugh.

MCCULLOCH
 Well, well.

McCulloch and Pullin move in on Catherine. McCulloch strokes her hair. She shakes him off as he slides his hand across her breast.

CATHERINE
 Don't you dare!

PULLIN
 A spirited lass. I like that.

JANIE
 Catherine! What's happening?

Pullin turns his attention to Janie.

PULLIN
 What've we got here? Blind as a bat, are you?

MCCULLOCH
 Let's see if you're of any use.

Pullin laughs as McCulloch lifts Janie's skirt with his crop. Janie shrieks and flails.

Eyes wild, Catherine lunges at him.

CATHERINE
 Stay away from my sister!

Pullin knocks Catherine down.

EXT. ST. ANDREW'S NEW MANSE - DAY

A two-storey stone house sits at the end of a lane.

SUPER: "ST. ANDREW'S NEW MANSE."

Catherine holds Janie's hand as they walk along the lane.

INT. ST. ANDREW'S NEW MANSE - PARLOUR - DAY

Grace paces.

Catherine and Janie enter.

Grace looks up.

GRACE

Girls. Sit yourselves down.

CATHERINE

What is it mother?

GRACE

You won't be accompanying me to Altnaharra - for the time being.

JANIE

But Brianna's my only friend!

GRACE

It's not safe Janie. We'll invite Brianna here instead.

JANIE

But I want to go there!

Catherine locks eyes with her mother.

CATHERINE

Mother's right.

Grace takes Janie's hands in hers.

GRACE

I'm sorry my dear ones. I'm going to help fight this. We won't let our friends down. I promise you.

INT. ST. ANDREW'S NEW MANSE - SECOND FLOOR CORRIDOR - LATER

Grace knocks on Catherine's bedroom door.

Catherine opens it. She can barely look at her mother.

INT. CATHERINE'S BEDROOM

Grace's face is strained.

GRACE
Can we talk?

Catherine nods, sits on the bench at the foot of her bed, lowers her head. Grace sits beside her.

CATHERINE
I wish Father were still alive.

Grace takes her daughter's hand. Catherine faces Grace.

CATHERINE
Did he know?

GRACE
Your father was sweet and gentle.
He only wanted what he thought best
for the family.

Catherine looks into her mother's eyes.

CATHERINE
But did he know?

GRACE
He didn't concern himself with such
things. His only thought was to
spoil us - and I loved him for it.

Grace puts her arm around Catherine. Catherine cries on Grace's shoulder. Grace takes Catherine in her arms.

EXT. ST. ANDREW'S NEW MANSE - GARDEN - DAY

Janie and Brianna chat on a bench.

Catherine helps Siobhan's daughters make garlands of flowers.

Kyle stalks a rabbit in the vegetable patch.

INT. ST. ANDREW'S NEW MANSE - PARLOUR - DAY

Grace and Siobhan sit closely while they knit.

SIOBHAN

I can't stop thinking about it.
Those men.

Siobhan puts her knitting on her lap. She presses her lips together, then looks at Grace.

Grace stops knitting, reaches for Siobhan's hand.

INT. ALTNAHARRA - SIOBHAN'S AND HAMISH'S COTTAGE - NIGHT

Kyle and his little sisters sleep on their straw mat. Sooty-faced, Grace, Siobhan and Hamish sit around the fire.

HAMISH MACKAY

There has to be another way. The
magistrate -

SIOBHAN

Grace. They could throw you in
jail. You can't go alone.

GRACE

No Siobhan. It's too great a risk
if we go together. A group from
the Strath of Kildonan marched all
the way to Golspie to fight their
eviction orders. They were met by
soldiers and the sheriff threw the
lot of them in prison. They won't
dare touch me. I have to go to
Thurso alone.

SIOBHAN

But Grace -

HAMISH MACKAY

Grace is right. We're scum to
them.

GRACE

I'll do my best.

HAMISH MACKAY

Be careful.

Grace gets up to leave. Siobhan holds her tight.

GRACE

I'll be fine. You'll see.

Grace gently extricates herself from Siobhan, nods to her friends, leaves.

Hamish wraps his arm around Siobhan's shoulder as they stare out the open door.

EXT. THURSO - OFFICE OF THE MAGISTRATE - DAY

Grace stares across at the office. Eyes on the document, she steps onto the road. An oncoming wagon almost hits her.

INT. THURSO - OFFICE OF THE MAGISTRATE

Grace enters. Heart racing, she hands the document to the seated magistrate.

GRACE

The sheriff sent his thugs to deliver this. They molested my daughters -

MAGISTRATE

Your daughters! What kind of a mother are you, bringing your girls to such a filthy place?

The door opens. Patrick Sellar strides in.

MAGISTRATE

Mr. Sellar.

Grace freezes. She turns to face Sellar.

PATRICK SELLAR

If I may, your honour, I have knowledge of this woman.

MAGISTRATE

Go on.

PATRICK SELLAR

She may be Reverend Mackenzie's wife but she has brought dishonor to his parish. The woman's sanity is in question.

PATRICK SELLAR

One cannot help but wonder if she is fit to be a mother.

GRACE

How dare you speak ill of me! You - who have done nothing but -

PATRICK SELLAR

As you can see, Mrs. Mackenzie is given to fits of rage.

(MORE)

PATRICK SELLAR (CONT'D)

If she continues to behave as a lunatic, you may have to commit her to an asylum.

MAGISTRATE

The writ of removal stands. Mrs. Mackenzie. I would caution you to rein in your behavior. If you continue this reckless course you leave me with little choice. Go home to your husband.

Grace straightens up, glares at Sellar, leaves.

INT. ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH - RECTORY - NIGHT

Grace writes by candlelight.

GRACE (V.O.)

Dear Ladies of Almack's Club, I appeal to you as mothers. I appreciate that the atrocities I am about to share with you may offend your delicate sensibilities.

Grace looks up from the desk. A shiver runs through her.

GRACE (V.O.)

One story is so brutal in nature that I tremble as I write these words.

FLASHBACK

EXT. GRUMMORE - DAY

Drunken police ransack cottages, set fire to them.

Women tear at their hair, shriek.

GRACE (V.O.)

The policemen were reeking of whisky before they began their desecration of Grummore.

A policeman knocks a pregnant woman down, kicks her belly.

A few others drag away two screaming teenage girls.

A few men run to rescue them. The police bludgeon the men, bind their hands and feet. Smoke fills the air.

GRACE (V.O.)

I am certain that when you read
these accounts your hearts will
break as mine has. I beseech you
to use your persuasion with your
husbands to renounce such villainy.

EXT. GRUMMORE - NIGHT

Two lifeless girls hang from a tree. A woman wails.

EXT. GRUMMORE - DAY

A few crofters cover a freshly dug grave with dirt.

Police return, shove the mourners aside.

They laugh as they urinate over the fresh mound.

BACK TO SCENE

Grace puts down her pen.

She wraps a shawl around her shoulders. Candle in hand, she
walks through the church.

EXT. ST. ANDREW'S NEW MANSE - FRONT YARD

Grace makes her way to the manse in the moonlight.

INT. ST. ANDREW'S NEW MANSE - SECOND FLOOR

She tiptoes down the corridor to Catherine's room, peeks in
on her as she sleeps. Grace mists over, eyes haunted.

INT. ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH - DAY

Hugh is at the pulpit. Grace sits in her chair beside him.
She stares at Sir George who sits in his throne surrounded by
a small entourage of ENGLISH ARISTOCRATS.

Sir George catches Grace's stare. His face sours.

Grace's face reddens. She turns her head.

EXT. ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH YARD

Hugh bids farewell to his parishioners as they leave.

Sir George approaches.

SIR GEORGE
A good sermon Reverend.

Sir George moves nose to nose with Hugh, fixes him with his eyes, lowers his voice.

SIR GEORGE
Mind your wife. She is
incorrigible.

Hugh's smile dissolves.

Sir George steps away, casts him a withering look.

Sir George joins his party in the church yard.

They head toward their waiting carriages.

INT. ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH - NAVE - DAY

Grace opens the back door. The sound of a coughing fit.
Grace rushes to the rectory.

INT. RECTORY

White as a sheet, Hugh slumps over in his chair.

GRACE
Hugh!

She kneels at his side, feels his head and shoulder.

GRACE
You're soaked right through.

Hugh's eyes bulge. He points to an open tin labelled "Asthma Cigarettes." Grace picks it up.

GRACE
Do you want these?

Hugh nods.

Grace grabs a candle off the table, extracts a cigarette, puts it between her lips and lights it. She coughs, then tucks the cigarette between his lips.

Hugh sucks on it, coughs, tries again, splutters. His breathing eases.

GRACE

The asthma seems much worse.

REV. HUGH MACKENZIE

Aye. The doctor told me to try these when I feel the tightness coming on. I just couldn't reach them in time.

He slams his hand down on the desk.

GRACE

Hugh! What is it?

REV. HUGH MACKENZIE

That man has vexed me most foul.

GRACE

Calm yourself. Who has?

Hugh pushes a letter across the desk. Grace scans it.

GRACE

Who are all these people?

REV. HUGH MACKENZIE

Sir George has forced the bishop to elect only ministers who support him. He means to silence dissent in the shire's pulpits.

GRACE

He will discover that we are not dissuaded so easily. But Hugh - what of your position here?

REV. HUGH MACKENZIE

It seems we stay for now.

GRACE

Come along home. You've had enough of this for one day.

Grace helps him to his feet.

EXT. ST. ANDREW'S NEW MANSE - FRONT YARD - DAY

A fine drizzle falls upon the garden. Grace carries a basket of provisions as she heads toward the manse.

INT. ST. ANDREW'S NEW MANSE - PARLOUR - DAY

Grace sets down the basket, removes her damp shawl, drapes it over a chair. Her belly swells with early pregnancy.

Janie puts down her needlework. Catherine holds a letter in her hands.

JANIE

Mother?

GRACE

Yes Janie dear.

JANIE

A letter has arrived from Dr. Fitch!

GRACE

How wonderful!

Catherine hands her the letter.

Eager, Grace opens it, begins to read, smiles.

GRACE

"Cailin has proven herself to be a fine assistant. Rest assured she is thriving."

Janie smiles.

Grace continues to read, puts her hand to her chest, furrows her brow.

GRACE

Oh no. "The Gaels continue to arrive at the port in vast numbers - mostly from Sutherlandshire but from other parts of Scotland too."

Grace shares a sombre look with Catherine.

GRACE

"They've brought the cholera with them and many here have been taken by it."

Grace sighs, looks at Catherine.

GRACE

I should be back home at such a time. I could lend a hand.

CATHERINE

No mother. Your work is here now.
Dr. Fitch would be proud.

Teary, Grace squeezes Catherine's hand.

CATHERINE

Oh, I almost forgot. Another
letter for you.

She hands an unopened letter to Grace.

Grace looks at the writing. She flushes.

GRACE

I'm going to have a rest and savour
every single word.

INT. FOYER

Grace hastens up the stairs.

INT. GRACE'S AND HUGH'S BEDROOM

She tears open the letter with trembling hands.

QUICK FLASHBACK

-- Bakewell stands in a nook as Grace pulls away. His eyes
plead with hers.

BACK TO SCENE

Grace bites down on her lip.

BAKEWELL (V.O.)

Dearest Grace. Please know that I
take no pleasure in the news I am
about to share with you. I met a
man in Ullapool. A woebegone
fellow, a beggar, who told me one
of the saddest tales I have thus
far heard -

INT. ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH - RECTORY - MOMENTS LATER

Blazing, Grace storms in. Hugh looks up from his desk.

GRACE

How dare you lie to me! You've
been lying since the day we met.

REV. HUGH MACKENZIE
I'm not sure what -

GRACE
Were you ever going to tell me
about your exchange with Sir
George? What happened to the
families in Inshverry?

REV. HUGH MACKENZIE
Oh dear. I'm so sorry, Grace. It
seemed a fair exchange at the time.

GRACE
I'm trying to help end this and now
I find you've dealt your glen to
that man! In exchange for a new
manse?

REV. HUGH MACKENZIE
There's no cause to -

Grace fixes Hugh with a withering glare.

REV. HUGH MACKENZIE
I'm sorry Grace. I've had the
weight of it on my conscience. But
how could I tell you?

GRACE
From the beginning. You should
have told me in Edinburgh. You
must think me very foolish.

REV. HUGH MACKENZIE
No. Never. It's been very
difficult Grace. I've tried.

Grim-faced, she stares at him.

REV. HUGH MACKENZIE
But the families are gone. What
can I do?

GRACE
Find a way to make this right.
Find their kin, do something or
you'll no longer call me wife!

Grace storms out. Hugh holds his head in his hands.

EXT. SUTHERLAND MANSION - MAIN GATES - DAY

Hugh plods through the massive gates marked "SUTHERLAND".

EXT. SUTHERLAND MANSION FRONT DOOR

Hugh's breathing is laboured. He yanks on the bell chord.

INT. DRAWING ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Sir George refills his glass with whiskey from a decanter, sneers at Hugh.

SIR GEORGE

I'm looking at you and I hear your wife's voice.

REV. HUGH MACKENZIE

You're driving your own people off their ancestral land. You must -

SIR GEORGE

Don't you dare dictate to me! And over my own land as well. You listen Mackenzie. I own the Highlands and the church you call your home.

Hugh wheezes. Sir George gloats.

SIR GEORGE

I see your asthma is getting the best of you - or is it your wife?

REV. HUGH MACKENZIE

You've let loose a bunch of common thugs -

SIR GEORGE

You'd be wise to hold your tongue or St. Andrew's will enjoy another minister.

REV. HUGH MACKENZIE

You've forgotten that God is leader of the Holy Church and I am guided by His word, not yours.

Sir George is slack-jawed.

Hugh lifts himself up from the chair. Eyes ablaze, he gives Sir George a hard look, walks out.

INT. ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH - NAVE - DAY

Hugh is in the pulpit.

Grace and her girls sit amongst the parishioners.

Grace's eyes widen. She takes Janie's hand, places it on her swollen belly.

Janie lights up. She rests her head against her mother's shoulder.

Catherine stares at Sir George's empty throne.

She meets Rev. William's eyes who stares at the throne from across the nave.

INT. ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH - NAVE - DAY

Grace cleans a stained glass window.

The church door bursts open. Lucas staggers in, blood streaming from his head. He collapses to the floor.

Grace rushes over to him, crouches beside him.

GRACE

Lucas! What's happened?

QUICK FLASHBACK

-- A thug bludgeons Lucas across the head with a truncheon.

BACK TO SCENE

Grace cradles him in her arms.

LUCAS MACKAY

Altna -

QUICK FLASHBACK

-- Amid the flames, a bayonet-wielding thug disembowels a cow.

BACK TO SCENE

Grace wipes the blood from his face.

GRACE

Tell me.

Lucas starts to lose consciousness.

QUICK FLASHBACK

-- A thug bludgeons Siobhan as she tries to protect Kyle.

-- Another thug grabs Kyle by the arm, wrenches it out of its socket. Kyle's arm hangs limp.

-- Two thugs drag Brianna, throw her to the ground.

BACK TO SCENE

Hugh rushes out of the rectory.

REV. HUGH MACKENZIE
Heavens! Lucas!

Hugh kneels down beside Grace.

GRACE
Altnaharra's been attacked!

Grace rips a strip of cloth off the hem of her dress, wraps it around Lucas' head.

She stands, dress bloodied.

GRACE
I'll get Catherine to fetch the doctor. Then we can go.

Rev. William enters and stands in the doorway.

REV. WILLIAM MACKENZIE
We should not interfere!

Grace glares at Rev. William. Rev. William steps closer.

REV. WILLIAM MACKENZIE
It would be imprudent to lay blame.

Hugh and Grace share a look. She encourages him with her eyes. He stands up.

REV. HUGH MACKENZIE
I cannot stand within these walls and claim ignorance for one moment more.

REV. WILLIAM MACKENZIE
We serve the entire parish including the Sutherlands. Do what you can to help this man but don't involve yourselves any further. We can't take sides.

GRACE
Can't take sides?

Disgust in her eyes, she pushes past Rev. William, rushes out the door.

Hugh returns his attention to Lucas.

EXT. ALTNAHARRA - NIGHT

Smoke rises from the burning cottages.

Hugh stops the buggy. Hugh and Grace get down, run into the croft.

The ground is littered with the crofters' belongings.

Harriet, the doll, lies on the ground, her face smashed.

Grace picks up the doll, touches her broken face.

Face bloodied, Hamish limps toward them.

Grace and Hugh rush to him.

REV. HUGH MACKENZIE

Dear God!

GRACE

Hamish! Where's Siobhan?

HAMISH MACKAY

In there with the children.

Hamish points to the barn. Grace hurries inside.

Brianna staggers out of the smoke. Her blouse is torn, her skirt bloodied.

Hugh and Hamish rush to her.

INT. BARN

Siobhan's face is bruised and swollen. She comforts Kyle and her whimpering girls.

Others comfort a cluster of moaning children huddled around a small fire.

Grace tends to an injured man.

Hugh appears in the doorway. Eyes haunted, Hugh clasps his hand around his cross.

EXT. SUTHERLANDSHIRE - A WOODED GLEN NEAR TONGUE - DAY

Sir George, Cockburn and Patrick Sellar ride out of the glen.
TWO LOADERS walk a horse with a red stag draped over it.

EXT. SIR GEORGE'S HUNTING LODGE

The men dismount, head inside.

INT. SIR GEORGE'S HUNTING LODGE - LATER

Heads of dead game line the walls.

The men sit in leather armchairs by the fire and drink.

Sir George laughs. Cockburn and Sellar nod.

Sir George raises his whiskey glass.

SIR GEORGE

I'll leave you to the task, Sellar.
To progress and prosperity!

Cockburn and Sellar raise their glasses. Sellar empties his glass, rises.

PATRICK SELLAR

I'm away.

Sellar dips his head to the duke, then strides out.

INT. ST. ANDREW'S MANSE - GRACE'S AND HUGH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Graces moans and thrashes in bed. Hugh sleeps.

Grace jolts awake, throws off the quilt. A stream of blood pours from between her legs, staining her white nightgown and bedsheets crimson.

Hugh wakes and gasps, cradles Grace. Tears stream down his face as he kisses her brow, wipes away her tears.

Grace breaks away, rocks back and forth.

GRACE

My baby. My baby. My baby.

INT. TONGUE - ST. ANDREW'S NEW MANSE - FOYER - DAY

Grace and Hugh are at the open door. Grace is pale.

GRACE

I wish I could witness the great
moment myself.

She pushes a lock of fallen hair from his forehead.

REV. HUGH MACKENZIE

You're always with me in spirit.

Hugh kisses Grace, then walks out the door. She follows.

EXT. ST. ANDREW'S NEW MANSE

The foliage trembles in the wind.

She touches Hugh's back. He turns, looks into her eyes for a
moment, holds her, then walks away.

Grace stands by the door until he is out of sight.

INT. ALTNAHARRA - BARN - NIGHT

This scene is in Gaelic with subtitles.

Crofters stand shoulder to shoulder. Many talk at once.

Siobhan raises her arms.

SIOBHAN

We must stand together. No more
bickering. No more bickering!

The people quiet down.

SIOBHAN

There is only one way to be heard.
We must go ourselves to the duke.

BANDY-LEGGED MALE CROFTER

You must be mad.

HAMISH MACKAY

She's right.

CRAGGY-FACED MALE CROFTER

She's your wife. Of course you
take her side.

HAMISH MACKAY
Don't be daft.

ROWAN
He's in Tongue now.

SIOBHAN
That's perfect. How far do you
think we can spread the word?

LUCAS
Give us two days. We'll march on
the third.

HAMISH MACKAY
Agreed?

The crofters nod.

MONTAGE - THE CROFTERS ORGANIZE THE MARCH

-- A dark night. A figure appears, knocks on a door. It
cracks open. The light reveals Hamish's face. He speaks to
a man. The door closes. Hamish returns to the shadows.

-- A lonely road. Two groups of travelers come together.
They exchange a few words then continue on.

-- A cluster of women, including Grace, Siobhan and Rowan,
huddle together in the busy market.

END MONTAGE

EXT. EDINBURGH - ST. ANDREW'S & ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH - DAY

Hundreds of clergymen spill outside.

SUPER: "ST. ANDREW'S & ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH, EDINBURGH."

Sickly pale, Hugh walks with Dr. Welsh.

DR. DAVID WELSH
Would you like to take my arm? You
seem unwell.

Welsh offers Hugh his arm.

REV. HUGH MACKENZIE
'Twas a long journey is all.

Amidst the crowd, Dr. Welsh slows his pace for Hugh.

EXT. HANOVER STREET

Hundreds of supporters join the ministers as they march.

People wave handkerchiefs from the windows of tall buildings.

DR. DAVID WELSH
You're in very hostile country. Do
you fear the Sutherland's reprisal?

REV. HUGH MACKENZIE
The situation is most concerning,
Dr. Welsh.

Welsh stops, looks at Hugh.

DR. DAVID WELSH
You're a brave man my friend.
Let's make certain you're among the
first to sign the document.

Hugh smiles weakly.

EXT. TONGUE - ROAD TO THE SUTHERLAND ESTATE - DAY

Men and women carrying farm tools, cooking utensils and metal buckets stream toward a gathering point about one hundred yards from the estate's massive front gates.

Their number swells to two hundred. The noise level rises steadily.

In the crowd, Catherine holds Grace's hand.

EXT. SUTHERLAND MANSION - COURTYARD - SAME TIME

Constables and several squads of soldiers hide behind the estate's high stone walls. They stand at the ready.

EXT. ROAD TO THE SUTHERLAND ESTATE

Hamish, Siobhan, Lucas, Rowan, Brianna and other members of the Altnaharra croft move up the road to lead the march.

Rowan holds Brianna's hand.

Hamish raises his arms to get everyone's attention. The crowd grows quiet.

HAMISH MACKAY

(in Gaelic)

We have come in peace but with
purpose. The English duke will not
have our land!

With a rallying cheer, they advance, bang their utensils.
Grace and Catherine yell and clap.

EXT. COURTYARD

The sergeant marches to the front of the retinue.

SERGEANT

Fix bayonets.

In unison, the soldiers mount the knives on their muskets.

EXT. ROAD TO THE SUTHERLAND ESTATE

The marchers are less than one hundred feet from the wall.

The gates burst open. A sea of red uniforms charges through.

Crofters scatter in all directions. Soldiers and police
shoot, stab, bludgeon. Screams pierce the air.

A constable kicks an old woman with his hobnailed boots.

Another grabs a fleeing woman's braid, hurls her.

A crofter runs as he carries a boy in his arms. Tears stream
down the man's face. Blood streams down the boy's body.

Rowan and Lucas push their way through the fleeing crowd.

A soldier chases Brianna. She runs headlong onto another's
bayonet. She is dumped on the road.

Lucas and Rowan run screaming toward her.

Blood pools around Brianna's lifeless body.

EXT. ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH - FRONT YARD - A LITTLE LATER

Grace and Catherine race to the door followed by dozens of
fleeing crofters.

INT. ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH - NAVE

Grace and Catherine bolt in, allow the others entry.

Tears spilling down her face, Catherine locks the door. She turns to her mother. They fall into each other's arms.

EXT. ROAD TO ALTNAHARRA - DAY

Rowan slumps against Siobhan in the back of a wagon. Eyes haunted, Siobhan stares out as she holds Rowan's hand.

Grim-faced, Hamish holds the reins, stares straight ahead while Lucas slouches beside him.

In the back, Brianna's feet stick out from under a shawl.

INT. ST. ANDREW'S NEW MANSE - PARLOUR - A LITTLE LATER

Grace enters the parlour followed by Catherine.

Janie looks up from the chair.

JANIE

I've been waiting. What took you so long?

Grace kneels beside her, takes Janie's hands in hers.

GRACE

Something terrible has happened.

Grace's voice cracks.

JANIE

Tell me!

GRACE

It's Brianna. We've lost her.

Janie pushes Grace's hands away, hunches over, bangs her head with balled fists and keens.

EXT. TONGUE - MAIN ROAD - DAY

The countryside is still, the road empty. The sound of clip-clops. A coach and its four horses approach Tongue.

EXT. NEW MANSE GATES - MOMENTS LATER

The coach comes to a stop. The brakeman helps Hugh out, tosses his bag to the road. The coach rolls away.

EXT. FRONT YARD

Hugh stumbles down the lane, drags his bag.

Grace and Catherine rush out of the manse toward him.

INT. NEW MANSE - FOYER

Grace and Catherine bring Hugh through the door.

CATHERINE

He's burning with fever.

GRACE

Dear husband. It was just too much, wasn't it?

Hugh leans heavily on Grace as he shuffles up the stairs. Catherine follows behind.

INT. ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH - NAVE - DAY

Grace and Catherine help Hugh climb into the pulpit.

REV. HUGH MACKENZIE

Dear friends. We have chosen a path from which there is no return. I have signed a Proclamation of Separation from the Church of Scotland.

Parishioners gasp. Hamish and Siobhan share a look.

REV. HUGH MACKENZIE

Separation is the only good and just solution to remain free from political manipulation. The bloodletting of our Gaelic brethren must end!

Several storm out of the church.

REV. HUGH MACKENZIE

Our hands are stained - my hands are stained - with the blood of inaction - with the blood of greed.

(MORE)

REV. HUGH MACKENZIE (CONT'D)

We can no longer remain silent
while innocents are torn from their
homes. While innocents are
defiled. While innocents are
slaughtered. This is not the way
of God. It is the work of Satan.

Hugh gasps for breath, sways.

Grace leaps up to help him. Murmurs spread through the hall.

REV. HUGH MACKENZIE

Today we will lock the doors of
this hallowed place.

Grace and Catherine help Hugh climb down from the pulpit.

Hamish rushes to assist. Grace and Hamish lead him outside.

The remaining parishioners follow.

EXT. ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH YARD

Catherine and Janie are last to come out. Catherine closes
the door, locks it.

Grace supports Hugh as he speaks.

REV. HUGH MACKENZIE

The Church of Scotland is now
shuttered. Come tomorrow, we will
begin building our Free Church
together. But now - yes, right now
- let us pray in the plain sight of
our Lord.

Hugh sinks to his knees, clutches his crucifix.

EXT. ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH YARD - DAY

Rain falls. People, including Hamish, Siobhan, Rowan and
Lucas, surround Grace and her daughters at the funeral.

A GRIZZLED MINISTER presides as men lower Hugh's casket.

Frail and stooped, Rev. William looks accusingly at Grace.
She reaches to touch his hand. He pulls away and leaves.

Grace gestures for Catherine to follow him.

Janie and Catherine each take his arm. They lead him toward
the gate.

Grace lingers, eyes puffy and red, face anguished.

EXT. NEW MANSE - FRONT YARD - DAY

Clad in black, Grace hitches the horse to the wagon.

Catherine comes outside.

CATHERINE

Mother! Where are you going?

GRACE

Altnaharra. It was attacked again.

CATHERINE

You can't! You just buried your husband.

GRACE

He doesn't need me now dear. Stay with Janie.

She gives Catherine's arm a gentle squeeze, then climbs in.

GRACE

She'll be troubled if we both leave.

Grace flicks the reins and is off.

EXT. ALTNAHARRA - NIGHT

Smoke rises above the flames. A panicked donkey brays.

The scorched earth is littered with dead animals, slashed grain sacks, the crofters' provisions.

A cow struggles, drowning in a pool of blood.

Grace steps down from her buggy, races toward the huts.

Out of the smoke, Siobhan hurries toward Grace, embraces her, then leads her to the barn.

INT. BARN

Grace and Siobhan enter. Crofters huddle. A woman cradles a dead man, howls above the moans and wails.

EXT. CROFT WALL

Torches appear out of the darkness.

INT. BARN

A GINGER-HAIRED CROFTER rushes in.

GINGER-HAIRED CROFTER
(in Gaelic)
They're coming back!

Siobhan and Grace lock eyes.

Grace suddenly turns, heads for the door, grabs a staff leaning on the wall, heads outside.

Siobhan is steps behind.

EXT. ALTNAHARRA

McCulloch and Pullin lead a gang of armed thugs with torches. They walk toward the croft's outer wall.

Grace runs through the gate to cut them off.

GRACE
Stop where you are!

The thugs stop a few yards away from her.

MCCULLOCH
Get out of my way woman!

Grace steps forward, raises the staff, eyes as big as saucers.

MCCULLOCH
Did you not hear me? I told you to
get out of my way!

He takes a step toward Grace.

GRACE
Stop! I give you fair warning.

She steadies herself, raises the staff higher.

PULLIN
McCulloch. Have a care. That's
the Mackenzie woman.

McCulloch glares at Grace. Siobhan stands with her.
Armed with farm tools, crofters gather behind them.

MCCULLOCH

What do I care who she is? Do you
think a couple of women can stand
against us?

PULLIN

We act for the sheriff! Now stand
aside!

The thugs laugh drunkenly. Grace lowers the staff.

GRACE

Look on these people. Do you not
see that these women could be your
own wives, these children, your own
as well. You are Christians. That
makes these people your brothers
and sisters under God. The Lord is
watching you right now! Go home!
Go home! All of you!

PULLIN

Don't be put off by a woman.

McCulloch draws a sword from his belt, steps forward.

Grace swings the staff. The powerful blow knocks the sword
from McCulloch's hand.

McCulloch and his men stand still, mouths agape.

Grace plants her feet, raises the staff again.

WEAK-CHINNED THUG

God's hand is in this.

McCulloch takes a step toward his sword.

Hamish steps forward, followed by Lucas, then Rowan. One by
one the crofters form an arc around Grace and Siobhan. They
raise their farm tools.

MCCULLOCH

You will regret this Mackenzie.
You will all regret this!

The thugs back away into the night.

The people watch as the torches grow dim with distance.

EXT. NAVER VALLEY - ON THE ROAD - DAY

Smoke rises from the burning ruins.

Grace and Siobhan lead a horse and wagon loaded with children, a few elderly women and their remaining provisions.

A small convoy of women follows on foot.

Rowan holds her baby.

Ash drifts down upon them like snow.

EXT. TONGUE - MARKET - DAY

Grace is in the crowded market.

TOOTHLESS OLD WOMAN (O.S.)
Grace Mackenzie!

Grace turns.

TOOTHLESS OLD WOMAN
You fought off the sheriff's devils
at Altnaharra.

She grins. People gather around Grace.

BEARDED MAN FROM TONGUE
She bested the man with one hand.

Grace flushes. She opens her mouth to speak when she sees McCulloch walk into the square. She points at him.

GRACE
There's one of them. You there!

McCulloch shoots a look at Grace.

GRACE
Your sheriff has an unbridled zeal
for enforcing writs of removal.

McCulloch looks around for possible exits.

GRACE
Will you enforce any today?

A group of women start after McCulloch.

McCulloch tries to flee. A stone hits his head.

The women descend on him.

After a few moments, the battered and bloodied man breaks free, bolts.

Grace looks at the enraged women, then gazes off.

EXT. TONGUE - ROAD TO NEW MANSE - DAY

A foggy day. Clad in black, laden with parcels, Grace stops dead in her tracks.

Bakewell stands by the hotel.

Trance-like, Grace moves toward Bakewell's soulful eyes.

GRACE

Thomas.

THOMAS BAKEWELL

I received word. I couldn't stay away. The world should know.

GRACE

Aye.

She sighs, then rests her parcels on the ground.

THOMAS BAKEWELL

I've been beside myself with worry.

Grace nods. Thomas searches her eyes.

THOMAS BAKEWELL

I return to Inverness tomorrow. Is there a chance we might speak?

GRACE

Not now - I cannot say when.

THOMAS BAKEWELL

I understand.

Grace picks up her parcels.

THOMAS BAKEWELL

How will you manage?

GRACE

I will do my best.

She turns to leave.

THOMAS BAKEWELL

Grace.

She turns around. They face each other in silence.

THOMAS BAKEWELL
Don't forget me.

He reaches out to touch her face, drops his hand, turns.

EXT. ROAD TO NEW MANSE

Dazed, Grace trudges down the road toward the manse.

INT. NEW MANSE - FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

The house is a hive of activity.

Grace enters. Children surround her, including Siobhan's. She attempts a smile, heads to the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN

Catherine and Janie help the women prepare a meal. There is a bounty of food on the table.

Grace enters.

FRECKLED TEENAGE GIRL
(in Gaelic)
Can I take that Mrs. Mackenzie?

The girl takes the parcels from Grace. A terrible pounding resonates through the house. The women freeze. They look around the room at each other.

Grace goes to investigate. The others follow.

INT. FOYER

Grace crosses the foyer, opens the front door.

A blood splattered letter secured by a nail hangs there. Grace rips it down, closes the door. She peruses it, then holds it up.

GRACE
(in Gaelic)
This is a Notice of Eviction from
the Church of Scotland. They've
granted us two weeks.

Grace surveys the worried faces. Her daughters hold hands.

GRACE

Little time to find another shelter
given our number.

SIOBHAN

We'll manage. We always have.

Siobhan's brave smile infects the entire room.

INT. SUTHERLANDSHIRE - FARM HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

A bottle of whiskey and a long knife sit on the table. Blood-stained bandages encircle McCulloch's head and left arm.

McCulloch takes a swig of whiskey. Pullin smirks.

PULLIN

Fancies himself a hero. Didya see
the way he hid behind his wife's
skirts?

MCCULLOCH

The bitch deserves a good ramming.

McCulloch drives the knife into the table.

Pullin makes a lewd gesture, laughs.

McCulloch jumps up, paces.

MCCULLOCH

What's keeping him? Said he'd be
here by now.

PULLIN

He'll come when he comes.

MCCULLOCH

Lives like a laird - pays us
pittance.

PULLIN

What does he care that we have
mouths to feed? He'd better -

The door swings open. Patrick Sellar enters.

PATRICK SELLAR

Good. You're here.

He shuts the door, looks at McCulloch.

PATRICK SELLAR

You're a sight.

McCulloch grunts.

MCCULLOCH
What's the plan?

PATRICK SELLAR
I want you to cut the head off that
band of radicals north of
Strathnaver.

MCCULLOCH
And how do you propose we do that?

Sellar looks at the knife embedded in the table.

PATRICK SELLAR
Any way you see fit.

PULLIN
Do you have our money?

Sellar pulls a purse from his pocket, tosses it on to the
table beside the blade.

PATRICK SELLAR
That's half. You'll get the rest
when it's done.

McCulloch opens the purse, spills ten gold sovereigns onto
the table.

EXT. NEW MANSE - DAY

A coach and a loaded baggage wagon are in the driveway.

INT. NEW MANSE - FOYER

Siobhan tearfully hugs Janie. Catherine waits her turn.

Dressed in black, Grace enters from the kitchen.

GRACE
Girls, are you sure you have
everything? Once we're out the
door, we're not returning.

The bell rings. They all freeze. Siobhan walks over to the
door, opens it.

CATHERINE
Is it the coachman?

Siobhan smiles.

SIOBHAN

No.

Grace joins Siobhan at the door. A boy hands Grace a letter.

GRACE

Thank you laddie. Wait while I
fetch a coin.

DELIVERY BOY

No thank you Missus.

He grins, flashes a look at Siobhan.

DELIVERY BOY

My auntie says no.

GRACE

Your auntie?

The boy laughs, skips away.

Grace looks at Siobhan's grin. She throws her arms open wide, hugs her friend.

GRACE

Siobhan Mackay. Dear sister.
Whatever happens from this day
forward, I promise I will hold you
in my heart 'til the day I die.

Grace closes the door, examines the letter, opens it.

GRACE

It's from my father's lawyer.

Grace's eyes narrow. Her lips part.

CATHERINE

What is it Mother?

GRACE

Father is dead. I am his sole
heir. His sole heir.

Siobhan and Catherine look at each other.

Grace gazes off, begins to weep huge gulping sobs.

SIOBHAN

I am so sorry Grace.

Grace begins to laugh through her tears. Her body quakes. She looks from Catherine to Siobhan.

GRACE

Don't you see? Our prayers have been answered. Girls, remember I told you about the beautiful place where I was born? Cromarty - on the Black Isle?

The girls nod. She turns to Siobhan.

GRACE

It's not far from Inverness. Well, that's our land now - to do with what we please.

Grace and Siobhan fall into each other's arms. They break apart. Siobhan wipes tears spilling down Grace's face.

Grace reaches out for her daughters, pulls them to her.

EXT. HIGHLAND COUNTRYSIDE OUTSIDE TONGUE - SAME TIME

McCulloch and Pullin move quickly across rugged terrain. They come to a brook, run straight through keeping pace.

EXT. TONGUE - MARKET PLACE - SAME TIME

This scene is in Gaelic with subtitles.

Several women talk together in the square.

Near dancing with excitement, Siobhan hurries to the small gathering.

ROWAN

Siobhan. Where have you been?

SIOBHAN

At the manse. Grace is coming. She'll be here soon. You'll never guess what has happened.

The women move in close.

EXT. NEAR TONGUE - FARMHOUSE - SAME TIME

Pullin and McCulloch go inside through a back door. Moments later, they emerge. McCulloch carries a satchel. They run in the direction of town.

EXT. NEW MANSE - LANEWAY - SAME TIME

Grace strides out of the laneway, heads to the market. Her eyes gleam.

EXT. TONGUE - ROAD TO TOWN

Grace walks past the Ben Loyal Hotel with a bounce in her step. She begins to smile.

EXT. TONGUE - FARM FIELD

Pullin and McCulloch get down behind some large rocks that offer a clear view of the road and market. McCulloch unwraps a shortened Baker musket. He loads the weapon, takes his position.

EXT. TONGUE - ROAD TO TOWN

Grace continues along the road past the last farm house. As the market comes into view, she quickens her pace, smiles radiantly.

EXT. TONGUE - FARM FIELD

McCulloch puts Siobhan in his sights.

Hamish joins the women. They talk animatedly.

McCulloch aims at him.

Hamish picks up his wife, spins her around.

EXT. ROAD TO TOWN

Grace appears from over a rise thirty yards away.

EXT. FARM FIELD

Pullin taps McCulloch on the shoulder.

McCulloch swings the musket barrel away from the market, very slowly sweeps it along the length of the road.

McCulloch cocks the weapon, locks Grace in his sight, pulls the trigger. The air explodes with sound.

EXT. TONGUE - MARKET PLACE

The crofters look up at the hill in horror. Siobhan shrieks, her mouth forming the word, "Grace!" Hamish's face is pure anguish, his mouth bellows, "Nooooo!" A cloud of smoke obscures the view.

SUPER: "Between 1780 and 1860, at least 200,000 Gaelic citizens of Scotland were forcibly removed from their homes and deported to distant British Colonies in North America, New Zealand and Australia with only the clothes on their backs and what they could carry.

Thousands died en route, thousands more after they arrived in The Colonies. The true number of dead attributed to The Highland Clearances, the ethnic cleansing of the Gaelic people, will never be known."

FADE OUT.

THE END