

OUTLANDER

EPISODE 201

Through a Glass, Darkly

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FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT
10th Nov 2015

OUTLANDER
EPISODE 201 "Through a Glass, Darkly"

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EPISODE 201 "Through a Glass, Darkly"

CAST LIST — FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT — 10th Nov 2015

CLAIRE BEAUCHAMP RANDALL
JAMIE MACKENZIE FRASER
FRANK RANDALL
MURTAGH FITZGIBBONS FRASER
REVEREND WAKEFIELD
MRS. GRAHAM
LE COMTE ST. GERMAIN
ROGER WAKEFIELD

DRIVER
NURSE
DR. EDWARDS
PHOTOGRAPHER
JARED FRASER
CAPTAIN
PORT OFFICIAL

EPISODE 201 "Through a Glass, Darkly"

SET LIST - FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT - 10th Nov 2015

INTERIORS

Hospital (1948)
Corridor
Claire's Room
Rev. Wakefield's House
(1948)
Library
Hall
Claire's Room
Potting Shed
Parlor
Le Havre Inn
Temp Rooms
Le Havre Warehouse

EXTERIORS

Craigh na Dun (1948)
Hillside (1948)
Road (1948)
Rev. Wakefield's House
(1948)
Garden
Potting Shed
LaGuardia Airport (1948)
Tarmac
Le Havre Dock
Le Havre Inn
Le Havre
Le Havre Warehouse
Le Havre Harbor

OVER BLACK:

CLAIRE (V.O.)
I wished I were dead.

ON CLAIRE

Lying on the grass, eyes closed.

CLAIRE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*And if I'd kept my eyes shut, I
could've almost touched the edges
of oblivion.*

After a few seconds, she opens her eyes, blinks in the sunlight and looks around.

CLAIRE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*But I'd made a promise... and had
to keep it. Even if it meant
living a life I no longer wanted.*

REVEAL:

EXT. CRAIGH NA DUN - DAY

She sits up, her bedraggled and filthy 18th century garments looking somewhat worse for wear. She glares up at the large standing stone in the middle of the circle for a long beat, then looks down at her left hand -- something's wrong! Her wedding rings are both there, but something's missing. She searches frantically in the grass for a moment.

CLAIRE
No... no --

Then she finds it --

CLOSE ON

A MAN'S RING.

CLAIRE

Reacts -- something is still not right.

ECU -- RING

The ring used to have a gemstone set into it, but now there's just the empty spot where it once was.

CLAIRE

Holds it tight, clasps it to her breast for a moment... then puts it in her pocket and, with a final glare at the stone, she walks away.

EXT. HILLSIDE - DAY

A short time later, Claire makes her way down the familiar hillside, as if in a dream. She seems detached now, emotionless.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

*He was gone. They were all gone.
The world I'd left only moments ago
was now dust. Even so, I had to
force myself down the hill and away
from the stones, lest I give into
the temptation to go back... again.*

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Claire walks along a dirt road, her body and mind faraway.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

*But I kept telling myself there was
nothing to go back to. Nothing but
death and horror lay on the other
side now. His death. I couldn't
bear the thought of actually seeing
him die... of finding his dead body
on the bloody battlefield of --*

BEEP-BEEP!

She doesn't hear the sound for a moment. BEEP-BEEP!
Finally, she turns around to see a MOTORCAR idling in the road behind her, the Scottish DRIVER peering at her curiously.

DRIVER

Are ye all right, ma'am?

Claire only stares back at the man.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

Are ye all right? Ma'am?

(beat)

Do ye speak English?

Finally --

CLAIRE
What... year is this?

DRIVER
The year...?

CLAIRE
Tell me what year this is.

DRIVER
Why it's... nineteen hundred and
forty-eight.

She's prepared, but still staggers back a step or two involuntarily. But there's still one more question she needs answered. She gathers herself and tries to keep her voice steady.

CLAIRE
Who won...? Who won... the Battle
of Culloden?

The driver is starting to suspect that this woman isn't really all there.

DRIVER
Do ye not feel well? Perhaps I
could take ye to --

Claire grabs him by the lapels, yanks him nearly through the window and snarls into his face.

CLAIRE
You're going to tell me who won!
Who won the Battle of Culloden!?
TELL ME NOW!

DRIVER
(sputters)
The -- the British! Cumberland and
the British! Let me go!

She drops her hands, sags against the car, emotionally collapsing... SOBS alternating with SCREAMS as she crumples into his arms.

CLOSE ON A DOORWAY - LOW ANGLE

The door OPENS and a pair of men's SHOES come striding through the doors and we FOLLOW them as they click along the WAXED LINOLEUM FLOOR. Whoever he is, he's in a hurry. The feet dodge other people and equipment, finally stopping at a counter. REVEAL:

INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - INVERNESS - DAY

The feet belong to FRANK RANDALL, who nearly grabs the NURSE at the Nurse's Station in his desperation to get her attention.

FRANK

Excuse me -- I said, excuse me?

NURSE

Yes?

FRANK

My name is Randall, Frank Randall.
I received a call from a Doctor
Edwards saying that my --

NURSE

(quickly)

Yes, sir. One moment please, Mr.
Randall.

She disappears through a door, leaving Frank alone. He can barely stand still, runs a hand through his tousled hair. After a beat, the nurse reappears with DR. EDWARDS (50's).

DR. EDWARDS

Mr. Randall, I'm Dr. Edwards --

FRANK

Where is she?

Dr. Edwards exchanges a look with the Nurse, then begins to shepherd Frank down the corridor.

DR. EDWARDS

She's resting comfortably. Some
dehydration and superficial cuts
and bruises notwithstanding, she
appears to be in good health.

FRANK

Good...

DR. EDWARDS

Emotionally, she's... well, she's
better now, I should think. We
gave her a sedative last night and
today she's much calmer.

FRANK

Did she say anything about... where
she'd been?

They stop outside a door.

DR. EDWARDS

She rambled on quite a bit at first. Extraordinary story. I'm afraid your wife has quite the vivid imagination.

(then)

I think it's best that she tell you herself.

FRANK

(flat)

Yes.

The doctor OPENS the door --

INT. HOSPITAL - CLAIRE'S ROOM - DAY

Claire, wearing a hospital gown, sits in bed, staring at the busy STREET outside her WINDOW: PASSERSBY, BUSES, CARS, all the hustle and bustle of 20th century life. A RADIO in her room plays JAZZ. Frank ENTERS, leaving the doctor outside. He stands across the room for a moment, takes in the sight of his long-lost wife. Claire doesn't look up at the sound of his entrance.

CLAIRE

Can you turn off that bloody thing?

He snaps OFF the radio, but the SOUNDS OF THE STREET still come in through the glass.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

It's so... noisy here.

Claire looks up and sees Frank's reflection in the window.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Oh.

FRANK

Claire...?

She closes her eyes briefly, takes a deep breath, then looks up at him at last. Even though she was prepared for this moment, she still can't help recoiling slightly at the sight of the man whose doppelganger was Black Jack Randall.

CLAIRE

Frank. Hello.

(beat)

I'm back...

FRANK
And I'm so very grateful.

CLAIRE
Are you?

She's holding her emotions tight, but Frank's are close to the surface and he struggles to maintain his composure.

FRANK
(husky)
Yes. With all my heart...

She can see the earnest emotion written on his face and something in her begins to melt ever so slightly. She manages a faint smile -- and that's enough to let him walk gingerly across the room to stand next to her.

He tentatively reaches out for her and, for a moment, she looks at his outstretched hand with a feeling of relief. But then, she sees a FLASH of Black Jack Randall reaching out for her and she flinches away. A distressed Frank lowers his hand.

FRANK (CONT'D)
I'm sorry.

CLAIRE
No. It's not you.

But the awkward moment hangs in the air.

FLASH!

They both turn to see a PHOTOGRAPHER standing in the doorway, having just snapped a shot. The Nurse appears and physically rushes him away in outrage.

NURSE
What are you doing?! Get out of here!

PHOTOGRAPHER
Easy now! Just doing my job!
Watch the camera!

The Photographer is hustled away, leaving Frank and Claire still in a bit of shock.

FRANK
I've already spoken with Reverend Wakefield and he's prepared rooms for us while you convalesce. No one will bother us there.

Wakefield's name triggers something in Claire.

CLAIRE

Do you know if Mrs. Graham is still
in his employ?

FRANK

Mrs. Graham? I didn't ask but I
would assume so.

CLAIRE

I need to talk to her.

Claire gets that faraway look again. Mrs. Graham means something to Frank as well -- not necessarily something he wants to think about.

FRANK

I'll give you a few minutes to get
ready.

CLAIRE

I'm going to need some clothes...

Frank follows her gaze as it travels to the LARGE PILE OF 18TH CENTURY CLOTHES lying folded on a chair. Frank picks up the skirt and studies it. He rubs the material between his fingers, noticing the stitching. He's intrigued.

FRANK

Yes.

Claire looks at Frank as he studies the garment. There is so much to say, but for the moment at least, she hasn't the words.

EXT. REVEREND WAKEFIELD'S HOUSE - DAY

Establishing.

INT./EXT. REVEREND WAKEFIELD'S HOUSE - LIBRARY/GARDEN - DAY

Young ROGER WAKEFIELD bolts out the door of the house with the boundless energy of a boy clutching his newest toy, which in this case is a METAL JET, and races into the garden.

Roger takes his jet to his own private corner of the garden, where his newest treasure joins with his other prizes and he immediately loses himself in the world of his imagination.

A short distance away is Claire, who sits at a table munching on a sandwich while she leafs through a BOOK. Several other books lie on a nearby table.

REV. WAKEFIELD (O.C.)

Has she... said anything?

REVEAL: REVEREND WAKEFIELD standing in the library, watching Claire through the window. Frank is by the doorway, a TELEGRAM in his hand. An OPEN PACKAGE of the returned clothes is also in the room.

FRANK

Only pleasantries.

Frank crosses over to Wakefield. Hands him the telegram.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I just received an answer from my friend Professor Atkins.

REV. WAKEFIELD

(perusing the telegram)

"Examined clothing you sent, appears to be an amazing example of authentic eighteenth century Scottish woman's wardrobe. Incredibly valuable, where did you find?

(to Frank)

Good question, that. What are you going to tell him?

FRANK

I'm not going to tell him anything. Not the kind of outfit she could have walked into any shop and purchased, is it?

REV. WAKEFIELD

Yes. Puzzling, that.

Wakefield watches as MRS. GRAHAM brings Claire another armload of BOOKS into the garden. Claire looks over the titles briefly, and the two women talk with a confidential air.

REV. WAKEFIELD (CONT'D)

She's nearly exhausted my collection on Culloden and the Jacobite rebellion. Why this sudden obsession with Scottish history?

FRANK

I have no idea. She never showed much interest in it when she was with me.

REV. WAKEFIELD

So many questions. She's been back nearly a week. Don't you think it's time she gave you some answers?

FRANK

I believe she will. When she's ready.

The Reverend picks up the NEWSPAPER --

INSERT - NEWSPAPER

-- on the front page is the PHOTO taken in the Hospital Room, beneath the headline: KIDNAPPED BY THE FAIRIES?

REV. WAKEFIELD

You're not the only one with questions, ye know.

FRANK

Devil take the press.

REV. WAKEFIELD

Not likely. Even the Devil has standards.

Wakefield tosses the paper aside.

REV. WAKEFIELD (CONT'D)

Well, I have a sermon to write.

He EXITS. Once The Reverend is gone, Frank finally puts down the folio and goes to the window...

EXT. REVEREND WAKEFIELD'S HOUSE - GARDEN - DAY

Claire looks through the books while Mrs. Graham gathers up the remnants of lunch.

CLAIRE

There has to be a fuller account of the Highlander losses somewhere...

MRS. GRAHAM

I must say The Reverend has the finest collection in Scotland.

(MORE)

MRS. GRAHAM (CONT'D)
 Even the curator of Old Leanach
 Cottage himself has been known to
 borrow books from our collection.

A PAIR OF USAF F-80 JET FIGHTERS roar overhead. Claire
 flinches.

CLAIRE
 Must they do that every day?

MRS. GRAHAM
 People say there might be war with
 Russia soon. Stalin's trying to
 block access to West Berlin and the
 Americans are sending more --

CLAIRE
 There's always another fucking war.
 (beat)
 Sorry.

Mrs. Graham just smiles. Claire looks away from the books
 into the distance for a quiet moment.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
 You know, he didn't even know what
 that word meant. I actually called
 him a fucking sadist once and he
 had no idea what I was talking
 about. Had a good laugh about it
 later.

Mrs. Graham smiles. There's an intimacy between them, two
 women who know the secret of the stones.

MRS. GRAHAM
 Whenever ye talk about him, ye
 nearly always mention his fine
 sense of humor.

CLAIRE
 Do I?

MRS. GRAHAM
 Aye. And his smile. And his hair.

Even Claire manages a smile at that.

CLAIRE
 It really is the most extraordinary
 mop of red you've ever seen.

Then Claire's smile fades a bit.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
 Was. It really was the most
 extraordinary mop of red...

Mrs. Graham nods sympathetically. Not the first time this
 has happened.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
 I know. He's dead. Dead and
 buried and moldering in the ground
 for two centuries now.

MRS. GRAHAM
 It's not an easy thing to accept.
 To you it was just a few days ago.

CLAIRE
 Yes.

She picks up a new book, begins to leaf through it.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
 What about the Frasers? Family
 histories or genealogical records
 that might --

MRS. GRAHAM
 I've made calls to Register House,
 Edinburgh, as well as most of the
 public libraries in the Highlands.
 They were all very nice and very
 helpful, but...

CLAIRE
 No record of a James Alexander
 Malcolm MacKenzie Fraser surviving
 the Battle of Culloden.

MRS. GRAHAM
 No.

CLAIRE
 It doesn't mean a record doesn't
 exist. Somewhere.
 (struggling)
 I just want to know... just want to
 find out... if he really -- if he
 really died in the battle...

MRS. GRAHAM
 He told ye he would. Told ye he
 would stand and die with his men on
 that bloody moor. Do ye have any
 reason to doubt his word?

CLAIRE

No...

A beat, then Mrs. Graham reaches over and closes the book in Claire's hands.

MRS. GRAHAM

Ye've had an extraordinary
adventure, Claire. Extraordinary.
One few people could even imagine.
Treasure it. Keep it safe and
secure tucked away in some special
place in yer heart.

(beat)

But don't spend the rest of yer
days chasing a ghost. Not when
there's a man -- a real, flesh and
blood living man -- who loves you
still with all his heart.

Mrs. Graham looks up at the house -- Frank is now standing
in the window. He quickly steps away when she sees him.

MRS. GRAHAM (CONT'D)

He was yer husband once. Perhaps
he can be again...

OFF Claire as she considers that...

INT. REVEREND WAKEFIELD'S HOUSE - HALL - NIGHT

Frank walks down the quiet hall, opens the door to the room
where he's been staying --

CLAIRE (O.C.)

Frank...?

He turns to see Claire standing in the partially opened door
of her own room.

CLAIRE

Would you care to come in? I
thought we could... talk.

He smiles.

INT. REVEREND WAKEFIELD'S HOUSE - CLAIRE'S ROOM - NIGHT

A few minutes later, Claire and Frank sit before the FIRE,
DRINKS in hand. Silence for a beat.

FRANK

This reminds me of that night at Mrs. Baird's. Sitting before the fire, drinking good Scottish whisky. More candles as I recall...

CLAIRE

The power had gone out.

FRANK

You remember.

CLAIRE

Of course. It was our last night.

FRANK

Yes.

Beat.

CLAIRE

Frank, I want to tell you what happened to me after --

FRANK

You don't have to. Whatever happened, wherever you've... been. All that matters to me is that you're back. I don't care about anything else.

Claire looks at him and remembers once more why she loved him so dearly once upon a time. But she still has to do this.

CLAIRE

It's a long story, and I'll try to relate it all exactly as it happened. Please let me tell it at my own pace and keep any questions until the end.

He nods. She takes a deep breath, then looks into the fire and begins...

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

You'll remember that I had gone back to Craigh na Dun that day... looking for a flower I'd seen near the standing stones...

EXT. REVEREND WAKEFIELD'S HOUSE - MORNING

Establishing. The sun hasn't been up very long.

INT. REVEREND WAKEFIELD'S HOUSE - CLAIRE'S ROOM - MORNING

The whisky bottle is NEARLY EMPTY. It's been a long night -- for both of them. Frank throws yet another log on the murmuring fire.

CLAIRE

... He drove me to the hospital and I suppose I became a bit... distraught. I vaguely remember shouting at the staff that I'd just travelled through time or something idiotic like that. They cleaned me up, gave me a sedative, put me on fluids and left me alone. The next day -- or was it two? -- you walked in the room.

(beat)

And that... is everything.

Frank drains the last of the whisky and peers outside.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I know how it must sound. Like I've gone mad.

FRANK

Is that what this fellow... "Jamie" said? When you told him you were... from the future?

CLAIRE

No. He said he believed me.

FRANK

Quite the leap of faith.

(then)

One I'm prepared to make as well.

CLAIRE

Please don't patronize me. It's insane, I know that. It sounds like a fantasy made of magic and fairy dust.

FRANK

Are you trying to argue me out of believing you?

CLAIRE

(loses it)

I'm trying to get you to admit that even as you stand there trying to appear supportive and understanding, that rational, academic brain of yours is screaming out that your ex-wife has either lost her mind or is fabricating a wild story in order to drive you away!

FRANK

(quiet)

My "ex-wife?"

Beat.

CLAIRE

I married another man.

FRANK

Yes. I noticed you're wearing two rings.

Claire looks down at her hands. Her fingers toying with the two wedding rings.

Frank sits back down, rubs his face wearily for a moment. Claire waits.

FRANK (CONT'D)

(beat)

It is hard to... reconcile what you're saying with anything resembling logic or natural law.

(beat)

But I think we're well past that. All that truly matters to me at this point is that you're back.

She struggles, but has to push this further -- has to make him realize just how much has changed.

CLAIRE

Frank, I was with another man for two years. And I loved him. Deeply. As his wife.

FRANK

A point you made several times. I do understand.

(beat)

But I think perhaps you don't

(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

understand my perspective. What it was like to have you torn away.

CLAIRE

I'm sorry, it must have been --

FRANK

Please. You've said a great deal. I only need a few minutes.

(off her nod)

Everyone wanted me to believe you had left of your own volition. With another man. For a time I wanted to believe that so I could fill the void I felt with... anger. Betrayal. Rage.

(beat)

But I couldn't. I knew that whatever had happened, you did not choose to leave me. Knew that something had taken you from me. What you've said to me tonight confirms at least that.

(beat)

In regards to this other man, this "Jamie"... I will not say that I understand your feelings for him. How could I possibly? But I can... accept them. Accept that you did feel that way... that you had this experience with this man... and that leaving him broke your heart. I can accept it.

CLAIRE

Can you really?

FRANK

I believe I can. By your own account, he's dead and buried. If you're willing to leave him there, then so am I.

CLAIRE

I don't think you understand...

He goes to her with the same passion and conviction he did that last night at Mrs. Baird's so long ago --

FRANK

I told you once there was nothing you could say or do to change how I felt about you -- I meant it then and I mean it now. I love you,

(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

Claire. Unconditionally. No matter what. And right now, here, in this time, I am your husband and you are my wife, and we can still have a life together.

She looks and sees the fervor in his eyes and knows he's telling the truth. Still, there is one thing that he doesn't know --

CLAIRE

I'm pregnant.

Frank's immediate reaction is to light up with joy.

FRANK

Pregnant? That's wonderful.
(realizing)
But? How can that be? The father...

CLAIRE

Is Jamie.

Deep, pent-up rage wells up from within Frank. He takes a step toward Claire -- she sees the dangerous look in his eyes, but she was prepared for this moment and doesn't flinch.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I'm carrying another man's child, Frank. You'll need to think about that. About what it means. For all of us.

He nearly shakes with fury as the same violent rage he briefly let loose in Episode 108 threatens to overtake him once more.

Claire isn't afraid. In some ways, it would make things simpler if Frank went completely Black Jack here and just lost it. But Frank isn't that man. He backs away from her and bolts from the room before the darkness within him can leak out.

INT. REVEREND WAKEFIELD'S HOUSE - LIBRARY - DAY

Frank comes down the STAIRS like an animal seeking release from its cage. Mrs. Graham spots him from across the room.

MRS. GRAHAM

Good morning, Mr. Randall. You're up early. Breakfast will be in another...

But he's not remotely listening as he blows through the room, almost knocking over a side table in his haste to get out of this house. He yanks OPEN a door and escapes to the garden, leaving a surprised Mrs. Graham in his wake.

EXT./INT. REVEREND WAKEFIELD'S HOUSE - POTTING SHED - DAY

Frank staggers inside the shed, wild-eyed and very much a man out of control as he slams the door behind him. Now safe from the eyes of the world, he finally gives rein to the feelings boiling up inside with a wild SCREAM of RAGE. He grabs an AXE HANDLE and begins SMASHING anything and everything he can see.

EXT. REVEREND WAKEFIELD'S HOUSE - DAY

Later. Everything is quiet.

INT. REVEREND WAKEFIELD'S HOUSE - PARLOR - DAY

Frank and The Reverend in the parlor.

FRANK

So, I spent ten years ferreting out quartermaster receipts, pay stubs. Hours spent looking through regimental histories to find any scrap of information about my noble ancestor, Captain Jonathan Wolverton Randall. Only to learn that he was a sadistic rapist... and my identical twin. Ironic that.

(beat)

I really am sorry for the... damage. I will, of course, make full restitution.

REV. WAKEFIELD

Think nothing of it. Bunch of old junk I should've put in the bin years ago. Let's focus on what's important. Claire is with child. Do you wish to raise a child? Have ye thought seriously about having children at all?

FRANK

Yes, of course.

He really struggles here, forced to bring up a very private matter.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Claire and I had attempted to start a family before she disappeared, with no success. I became concerned that perhaps I was... incapable. Medically. I visited a doctor in Oxford last year and his examination confirmed that suspicion. I am sterile.

REV. WAKEFIELD

I am sorry, Frank.

FRANK

Yes, it was a blow. But I reasoned to myself that with my wife gone, the question of my fertility was an academic one at best, pushed the subject aside and concentrated on my work.

(beat)

But when Claire told me this morning... that she was pregnant. The first feeling was... joy. A flash of happiness almost hallucinatory in its intensity because somehow in that moment -- madly -- I thought she meant we were having a child. Then I suddenly realized that it couldn't be mine. It had to be... his.

Beat.

REV. WAKEFIELD

Other men have faced this moment. Have faced this situation.

FRANK

I doubt that very much.

REV. WAKEFIELD

When Mary told Joseph that she was with child, and that he was not the father, he too was confronted with a crisis of --

FRANK

(hot)

I am not Joseph, she is not Mary,
and I am quite certain the father
is not Lord God Almighty. He was a
man. A man who slept with my wife!

The Reverend sees something O.C., and Frank follows his look
to see --

ROGER

Hesitating on the stairs with his jet.

REV. WAKEFIELD

Yes, Roger?

ROGER

May I go outside?

REV. WAKEFIELD

Of course. Mind your britches in
the dirt or Mrs. Graham will have
something to say about it.

ROGER

Yes, father.

Roger steals a glance at Frank, then scampers outside and
away from the obvious tension in the room as quickly as he
can.

FRANK

I'm sorry, I hope that's not
awkward...

REV. WAKEFIELD

Nevermind, he's fine. I doubt he
heard very much.

Beat.

FRANK

That's the first time I've heard
him call you father.

REV. WAKEFIELD

He's been doing it more of late.
Children accept the world as it is
presented to them. He does know
I'm not his father, but that's how
he sees me, so I've decided not to
correct him anymore.

FRANK

You're about to connect your nephew to my situation. The words, "God's plan" are about to escape your lips.

REV. WAKEFIELD

At the risk of fulfilling your worst expectations, I will say this: A child without a father and a man without a child have been given a chance to find one another. And yes, I choose to call that one more part of God's eternal plan.

(beat)

What you choose to call it Frank, that's up to you.

Frank nods thoughtfully. He turns and walks through the open doorway into --

INT. REVEREND WAKEFIELD'S HOUSE - LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

Frank walks over to the window and watches young Roger playing outside.

INT. REVEREND WAKEFIELD'S HOUSE - CLAIRE'S ROOM - DAY

Frank talking with Claire in front of the fire.

CLAIRE

Are you sure about this, Frank? Perhaps you should take some time to think about --

FRANK

I've had too much time to think. Two years. Two years to contemplate the prospect of a solitary existence. Without a wife. Without a family. It was... crushing.

He looks at her, searching for some kind of understanding.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Do you hear what I'm saying? I was broken. Do you know what it is for a man to be broken?

And now her heart melts just enough to make the connection of empathy and pain that he's so desperately seeking.

CLAIRE

Yes... yes, I do. And I also know what it is for a man to admit it.

FRANK

I won't ask -- I won't ask.

He walks away from her for a beat, not willing to invite those images -- whatever they might be -- into this room.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I do not -- I cannot -- face that prospect again, now that fate or... some other power, has placed this opportunity before me
(turns back to her)
Before us. I want us to be together. Man and wife. And child.

Now it's her turn to search his face.

CLAIRE

Just like that? We just... pick up where we left off?

FRANK

No. We start over
(beat)
I was offered a post at Harvard, I was going to turn it down, but now I have a mind to take it.

CLAIRE

Boston...

FRANK

The story of "the lady taken by the fairies" will be flogged by the British press as long as you're here.

CLAIRE

(dangerous)
Frank, you will never again use the word "flog" in my presence. Is that understood?

He's not sure why, but decides not to pursue the subject.

FRANK

Yes.

It takes a second for the shadow of Black Jack to leave Claire's mind, but then she relaxes and tries to focus on the matter at hand.

FRANK (CONT'D)

And I do have conditions.
 (off her look)
 We shall raise the child as our own. Ours. Yours and mine.

CLAIRE

Raised in a lie...

FRANK

Raised with a father. A living, breathing, man -- not an echo of a memory they can never catch.

CLAIRE

(remembering Mrs. Graham)
 Not a ghost...

FRANK

Precisely.

CLAIRE

You have other conditions?

FRANK

Only one.

She steps back, as if struck.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I cannot share you with another man while I draw breath on this earth. No more research. No more searching through the libraries of the world hoping to find some reference to him or the lives you once led. You must let Jamie go.

CLAIRE

I know.

That seems like the final word. Frank nods, he was half-expecting that answer. He turns toward the door, but she surprises him yet again.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I promised him I would.
 (off his look)
 You see, he sent me back to you. Sent me back because everything was
 (MORE)

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

lost and he knew that I was ready to die, but he wouldn't let me.

(touches her belly)

Wouldn't let us die. He made me promise that I would go back to you... that I would let him go...

(beat)

And so I will. I accept your conditions.

They look at each other from across the room. The deal has been made, but neither knows what to do next. Frank makes the first move, slowly reaching out his hand...

FRANK

You've made me very happy... and I hope in time it will make you happy too.

She hesitates for a second longer, when she does finally take his hand, it's with the commitment of purpose that is one of her hallmarks.

He takes her in his arms and holds her. After a moment, she returns the embrace, and the two of them stand there in the middle of the room, just holding each other.

Claire takes a breath, pulls away from Frank with purpose, walks over to where the pile of her 18th century CLOTHES lie on the bed, picks them up and hands them to Frank.

CLAIRE

Time to leave the past behind.

Claire starts to take off Jamie's ring, but can't quite. Frank watches her for a moment.

FRANK

It's all right. When you're ready.

Frank exits with the clothes. Claire puts the ring back on her finger.

INT. REVEREND WAKEFIELD'S HOUSE - CLAIRE'S ROOM - DAY

THE NEXT DAY. Claire finishes packing her things into her old SUITCASE. She locks the case, then catches a glimpse of herself in the MIRROR: wearing the same clothes she wore to Inverness back when all of this began. She should be the same, but the face that looks back at her somehow belongs to another woman.

She picks up the suitcase, starts to leave... then goes to the WINDOW and looks down into the backyard --

CLAIRE'S POV

Frank is BURNING the 18th century CLOTHES, putting them one by one into the pyre. Frank looks up and their eyes meet --

ON CLAIRE - LOOKING OUT THE WINDOW

She stares down for a moment, then hears something behind her and moves away -- REVEAL THAT SHE'S LOOKING OUT THE WINDOW OF AN AIRPLANE.

EXT. LAGUARDIA AIRPORT - TARMAC - DAY

PEOPLE are coming down the STAIRS of a PAN AM LOCKHEED CONSTELLATION commercial airliner. Claire steps into the OPEN HATCH and looks around.

WIDER

NEW YORK CITY is spread out before her.

RESUME CLAIRE

She looks down, sees Frank waiting patiently at the bottom of the stairs. She's the last one off the plane. He smiles encouragingly to her and she bravely returns it.

Claire walks down the stairs, then pauses on the bottom step. They look at each other.

FRANK

One more step...

He holds out his HAND --

She takes a deep breath and then reaches out to take --

JAMIE'S HAND.

JAMIE (O.C.)

...to a new beginning.

EXT. LE HAVRE DOCK - DAY - 1744

REVEAL Claire taking JAMIE's hand just as she takes the last step off the wooden GANGWAY leading from the THE CRISTABEL to the dock. His other hand is still in a splint. He is pale and looking a bit worse for wear after the long sea voyage.

CLAIRE

(grins)
A new beginning.
(quick kiss)
I thought you were going to knock
people over trying to get down that
gangway.

JAMIE

My stomach couldna take another
minute on that rolling, creaking,
leaking tub.

CLAIRE

So I guess a trip to Boston is out
of the question?

JAMIE

Not unless ye want to bury me at
sea.

CLAIRE

There were times it did seem like
the merciful thing to do.

MURTAGH comes down the gangway behind them.

MURTAGH

France. Reeks of frogs, jes as I
remember it.

CLAIRE

I believe that's fish you're
smelling and I doubt there's a
seaport in the world that smells
any different.

Murtagh grumbles something to himself in **Gaelic**.

MURTAGH

I'll arrange rooms for us somewhere
-- somewhere away from all the
stink.

Murtagh sees a SAILOR manhandling their BAGGAGE.

MURTAGH (CONT'D)

Careful there! That's no sack of
grain ye're tossing about!

As Murtagh berates the unfortunate seaman, Jamie and Claire
walk along the busy DOCK, where SAILORS and LONGSHOREMEN
load and unload cargo from the many SHIPS in the harbor,
FISHMONGERS haggle, MERCHANTS inspect their wares, etc.

EXT. LE HAVRE INN - NIGHT

Establishing. The Inn is crammed cheek and jowl next to various taverns and shops near the waterfront.

INT. LE HAVRE INN - TEMP ROOMS - NIGHT

The rooms are comfortable, if not luxurious. There's a large bed at one end and a small sitting room area at the other. Claire and Jamie are settling in, undressing and getting ready for bed.

Jamie eases himself into the bed and lies back on the pillow.

JAMIE

Ahhh... a bed that doesn't move.
What luxury...

She kisses his hand, they share a smile, and he closes his eyes -- then snaps them open.

CLAIRE

What?

JAMIE

Sometimes, I feel... his touch...
it's like he's here...

CLAIRE

I'm here... right here with you...
and I'm never leaving...

JAMIE

You're a hard one to get rid of,
that's for sure...

CLAIRE

I'm a stubborn woman... just like
my husband...

He looks into her eyes and finally a smile appears on his lips. Claire leans over and gives him a quick kiss, then stands up with renewed energy.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Now let's talk about the future and
how to change it.

JAMIE

Are you talking about stopping the
Jacobite rebellion?

CLAIRE

That is what we agreed to?

JAMIE

I thought we agreed to think about it?

JAMIE (CONT'D)

If there's going to be a war against the British, shouldn't we be trying to find a way to win it instead of stopping it?

CLAIRE

I don't know enough details about the war to tell you how to do that.

JAMIE

What do you know, exactly?

She paces. Thinks.

CLAIRE

Only the general outlines of history, I'm afraid. I know that Bonnie Prince Charlie arrives in Scotland next year and raises a Jacobite army. At first they have several victories.

JAMIE

Well then that's a start, is it not? Cannot we build on that? Help them keep winning?

CLAIRE

I don't know the tactics. I don't know the strategy. I don't know where the armies were, or why they won, or why they lost. All I know is that eventually, both sides end up on Culloden Moor, and the Jacobites are wiped out. And then the British destroy the Highland culture in retribution. That is the sum total of my knowledge of the war.

Jamie thinks.

JAMIE

That's really not a lot to go on, Sassenach.

CLAIRE

Well, I know. That's why I think we need to stop the rebellion from happening in the first place.

Jamie thinks this over.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

We can start by infiltrating the Jacobite movement here in France. Get close to the key players. Discover where they are getting their money and their arms, and find a way to disrupt their plans.

JAMIE

You certainly have a high opinion of what a crippled Highlander and a pregnant English woman can accomplish.

CLAIRE

Since when were you not up for a challenge? Your cousin Jared lives in Paris, and he's a Jacobite. He could vouch for us and make some introductions.

She waits for his response. He goes quiet.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

What? What are you thinking?

JAMIE

I'm thinking it's not a very honorable path you're laying out for us. It's not just lying to my cousin. We'd be lying to everyone.

That takes some of the wind out of Claire's sails.

CLAIRE

I don't relish the prospect either, but the best way to stop the war is from inside the Jacobite movement. And that means we have to appear to be Jacobites.

JAMIE

Pretending to support a cause so near to the hearts of my fellow countrymen -- and all the while, working to undermine it at every turn.

CLAIRE

But you have to remember the stakes.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

We're talking about tens of thousands of lives, and the future of Scotland itself. Isn't that worth the price?

JAMIE

Even if that price is our souls?

CLAIRE

That won't happen. We won't let it.

Claire takes Jamie's hand.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

We have to trust in this.

JAMIE

(in reference to Claire's hand in his)
In this I do, and in this I will.
I'll send a letter to Jared asking him for his help.

They look at each other. He lies back, closes his eyes.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Mac na galla.

CLAIRE

(concerned)
What?

JAMIE

What the hell are we going to tell Murtagh?

EXT. LE HAVRE - DAY

Murtagh, Jamie, and Claire talk privately somewhere near the water. Murtagh is scowling.

MURTAGH

And that's all ye'll tell me?
Nothing more?

CLAIRE

We can't. I'm sorry.

JAMIE

Ye must trust us.

MURTAGH

I trust ye with my life, ye ken that well. But it seems to me that ye dinna trust me to know the true reason behind this... cloth of lies we are about to wrap ourselves in, like a plaid woven of guile and deception.

CLAIRE

We've told you the reason: to stop the Jacobite rising.

MURTAGH

That is the purpose of the lie, not the reason.

JAMIE

The rising is doomed to failure and it must not happen.

MURTAGH

Again, not the reason. The true reason behind yer certainty remains carefully hid.

CLAIRE

You're right. We are keeping it hidden. And believe me, if there was any way to --

JAMIE

One day I will tell you the reason.

Claire looks at him sharply, but Jamie remains focused on Murtagh.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

I vow to you that I will tell you everything that has happened and why. At the proper time.

Murtagh thinks for a moment, then nods and stands up.

MURTAGH

That'll do.

He and Jamie shake hands, he nods to Claire and then walks away.

CLAIRE

And when exactly will be "the proper time?"

JAMIE

You tell me, Sassenach -- you're the one from the future.

She rolls her eyes at him.

JARED (PRE-LAP)

I admire yer patriotism, to be sure...

INT. LE HAVRE INN - TEMP ROOMS - DAY

JARED FRASER (30's) sits at the small table with Jamie and Claire. Jared is lean and tall, with a shrewd face and the sharp eyes of the true businessman. He's no one's fool and he studies both Claire and Jamie closely throughout.

JARED

... but I am curious as to yer sudden change of heart.

JAMIE

My heart has ever been full of love for my country.

JARED

Aye -- but ye miss my meaning. We've known each other a long time. Ye've lived in my house, eaten at my table, and lifted more than one glass with me at establishments too disreputable to mention in front of yer fair bride.

JAMIE

Dinna fash on her account. She's a sturdy woman.

CLAIRE

"Sturdy." Why Jamie, you do flatter me so.

JARED

Nevertheless, in all that time, I never heard ye once voice even the slightest interest in politics. In fact, I can recall an occasion on which ye fell asleep whilst I tried to instruct ye on the perfidy of
(MORE)

JARED (CONT'D)
 the Hanoverian pretender to the
 throne.

JAMIE
 Likely something I drank. Ye
 always did lay on a fine spread.

JARED
 I'm serious.
 (beat)
 I make no secret of my politics.
 In France, to be known as a
 Jacobite is a badge of honor --
 supporters of the true faith
 against the heretic on the throne.
 But we have enemies, to be sure.
 Enemies who would delight in
 watching us dance a jig on the
 gallows back in England. So while
 the cause has many friends, only a
 few are called brother -- and
 they're the ones with the fire of
 righteousness burning in their
 hearts.

(beat)
 Tell me now cousin, what is the
 fire that burns within you?

A quiet beat.

Jamie pulls his shirt over his head.

Jared is shocked, but can't help but peer at the horrible
 scars on Jamie's back.

JAMIE
 Courtesy of the British army.

CLAIRE
 Along with a crippled hand and a
 dozen other scars scattered across
 his mangled body.

JAMIE
 Now, I ask you plainly: Does any
 man need further reason to rise up
 against a king that would permit
 such horrors to be carried out in
 his name?

The visual argument is pretty compelling, and Jared has
 little choice but to agree.

JARED

No.

(beat, then to Jamie)

The cause can only be strengthened by your sword. I'm sorry I doubted you.

Jamie just shakes his head, dismissing the apology.

JAMIE

Then, will you help us?

JARED

In what way? What is it exactly that you wish me to do?

JAMIE

I want to meet the Jacobite leaders face to face. I want to hear their plans and how they mean to carry them out.

JARED

And why should they meet with you? A wanted man in his own country who's come to France with a price on his head and not much more than the clothes on his back.

JAMIE

I should think the Stuarts would value the support of The Laird of Broch Tuarach and the Fraser clan should they plan on returning to Scotland in the near future.

Jared watches him evenly, giving nothing away for now.

JARED

Perhaps.

(beat)

I shall give it some thought. But in the meantime cousin, I believe we can be of help to one another. I've been delaying a trip to the West Indies until I could find someone trustworthy and competent enough to run the wine business in my absence. You have a fair head for numbers as I recall...?

JAMIE

Aye. But I know little of the wine business, in truth. Beyond the

(MORE)

JAMIE (CONT'D)
drinking, of course.

JARED
I've seen ye drink. You'll do fine. In return, I'll give ye the run of my house in Paris while I'm gone and a share of the profits -- say, twenty-five percent.

JAMIE
Thirty-five percent.

JARED
(grins)
Oh, ye'll do jes fine. Done.

They shake on it.

JARED (CONT'D)
First lesson: always seal a business transaction with a drink. Lasts longer than a handshake, and usually wards off second thoughts by both parties.

Claire pours three glasses of whisky.

CLAIRE
I hope this is acceptable.

JARED
I've not been gone from Scotland so long I'd turn down good whisky.

JAMIE
A toast?

JARED
Yes -- but first, but first...

He grabs a water glass and fills it.

JARED (CONT'D)
(lifts drink)
To our new association, and to His Majesty... over the water.

Jared passes his whisky over the glass of water and then drinks it. Jamie grins, recognizes the gesture and repeats it.

JAMIE
(to Claire)
To His Majesty... over the water.

CLAIRE

(realizes)

Oh! King James. The monarch in
exile...

(passes drink over water)

... across the sea.

JARED

A toast ye'll be making with some
frequency in the coming days.
Trust me, nothing of importance is
done in Paris that is not planned
in the city's salons and dining
rooms. Ye'll be expected to host
many parties and attend even more.
Yer clothes, yer hair, even yer
taste in perfume will be much
talked over and remarked upon.

CLAIRE

(not thrilled)

Anything for the cause.

JARED

That's the spirit.

(gathers his hat)

Jamie, if ye'll accompany me, I
just received a shipment of port,
and this is a fine time to
introduce you to the Foreman.

EXT. LE HAVRE DOCK - DAY

Claire walking along the busy docks.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

*While Jamie inspected the shipment
of port, I went for a walk. I was
beginning to be susceptible to
bouts of morning sickness, and
while the air along the docks
wasn't exactly fresh, it was better
than the close confines of our
temporary rooms.*

She sees a GROUP OF PEOPLE up ahead, clustered around the
GANGWAY of one SHIP -- THE PATAGONIA -- docked at a pier.
There's a commotion, with people starting to SHOUT and
GESTURE.

Curious, Claire comes closer and watches as TWO SAILORS,
with strips of cloth tied around their faces, carry another
MAN off the ship in a crude HAMMOCK made of canvas.

The crowd of on-lookers parts hastily with expressions of fear and worry as the man is brought ashore.

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

The dialects may have been hard to understand, but there was no mistaking their reactions: fear was on their faces. Fear of disease.

The CAPTAIN of The Patagonia comes down the gangway and immediately orders the Sailors to carry the man through the crowd and into a nearby WAREHOUSE. Other Sailors from the ship try to disperse the crowd with SHOUTS and THREATS, but more people are coming, drawn by the scene.

EXT./INT. LE HAVRE WAREHOUSE - DAY

The Sailors deposit the sick man onto the ground and step hastily away. The Captain shouts more orders and the other Sailors try to close the doors on the crowd.

CAPTAIN

Get them out of here! Close the doors! This is of no concern to you! Get out!

CAPTAIN F

Sortez-les d'ici! Et fermez les portes! Ça ne vous regarde pas! Allez-vous en!

But the Captain's orders are largely ignored as people cluster around the doorway and the Sailors themselves look too scared to do much. Claire pushes her way into the warehouse.

CLAIRE

I'm a healer! I'm a healer! Let me through -- let me see him!

CLAIRE F

I'm a healer! Je suis guérisseuse! Laissez-moi passer -- laissez-moi le voir!

The Captain makes a half-hearted effort to stop her, but Claire brushes past him and goes to the miserable man lying on the cold floor. His skin has gone dark red, and scabbed thick with white PUSTULES.

ANGLE ON DOOR

Where Jamie and Jared have now appeared in the crowd.

JAMIE

Claire!

CLAIRE

Stay back -- it's all right. If this is what I think it is, I can't get it, you know why.

Jamie swallows his objections and Claire concentrates on the patient. She OPENS his shirt, exposing more pustules.

CLAIRE
(to Sailor)
**Bring me some water.
Quickly!**

CLAIRE F
(to Sailor)
De l'eau. Vite!

A Sailor fetches her water and she gives it to the sick man.

CLAIRE (V.O.)
*The symptoms were clear: smallpox.
Thanks to my vaccination, I
couldn't contract it, of course,
but I was the only one in this
world with that particular shield.*

A PORT OFFICIAL appears in the crowd, along with a richly dressed man of aristocratic bearing [who we'll come to know as LE COMTE ST. GERMAIN].

The two of them go straight to the Captain of The Patagonia and engage in a hushed, urgent conversation.

Jared eyes St. Germain and knows this is bad.

JARED
(sotto, to Jamie)
This will be trouble.

Claire stands up and faces the crowd.

CLAIRE
I'm afraid it's smallpox.

CLAIRE F
**C'est la variole... la
petite
vérole.**

The reaction is swift: the crowd moves back with fear and expostulations of worry. The Captain throws down his hat in fury and steps toward Claire angrily.

CAPTAIN
**Shut up you stupid fool of a
woman! Do you want to ruin
me?**

CAPTAIN F
**Mais taisez-vous donc, folle
que vous êtes! Vous voulez
ma ruine!**

But Jamie suddenly has his hand around the man's throat and nearly lifts him off the ground.

JAMIE
**I should prefer ye to speak
to my wife with more
respect,
monsieur.**

JAMIE F
**I should prefer ye to speak
to my wife with more
respect,
monsieur.**

The Captain chokes, but nods and Jamie releases him.

The Port Official now bends over the sick man and inspects him while holding a SILVER POMANDER near his own face to ward off the smell. There's another commotion from the crowd as SAILORS bring in another VICTIM on a crude stretcher and lie him on the ground. Claire looks him over quickly.

CLAIRE
He's already dead. **Dead.**

CLAIRE F
He's already dead. **Mort.**

The Sailors drop him hastily and back away.

The Port Official, clucking his tongue with disapproval, looks at the second dead victim and finally turns back to the crowd.

PORT OFFICIAL
It is indeed smallpox.

PORT OFFICIAL F
En effet, c'est
malheureusement la petite
vérole.

The crowd now SHOUTS and YELLS to (unseen) others outside (i.e. "the smallpox is here," "get away," "send them back," "there's smallpox in the city")/(i.e. "c'est la petite vérole," "fuyez," "renvoyez-lez", "la petite vérole est dans la ville"), and hurries to get as far away from the warehouse as possible.

St. Germain quickly goes to the Official.

ST. GERMAIN
This can still be handled
quietly.

ST. GERMAIN F
Cela peut encore se régler
dans la discrétion.

PORT OFFICIAL
It is too late for that, I
am sorry.

PORT OFFICIAL F
Mes excuses, monsieur, mais
il est trop tard pour cela.

Claire is ordering Sailors about.

CLAIRE
We'll need more water. Find
some cots or bedding for the
rest of the victims.

CLAIRE F
On a besoin d'eau. Il faut
aussi des couchettes ou des
paillasses pour le reste des
victimes.

The Sailors are listening to the authority in her voice and obeying her orders, but the Captain steps in.

CAPTAIN
**Stop that! Pay no attention
 to this woman! Back to the
 ship with the lot of you!**

CAPTAIN F
**Arrêtez-ça! N'écoutez-pas
 cette femme! Retournez tous
 au navire, tous autant que
 vous êtes!**

CLAIRE
**We must set up a quarantine
 immediately if we are to --**

CLAIRE F
**Il faut déclarer une
 quarantaine immédiatement si
 l'on veut --**

The Captain turns on her, but Jamie need only take a step in his direction and the Captain backs off.

CAPTAIN
**Damned witch, may the Devil
 take her!**

CAPTAIN F
**Maudite sorcière, que le
 diable l'emporte!**

CLAIRE
 (to Jamie)
 These men must be quarantined. We
 need to contact the local medical
 authorities --

JAMIE
 This is a matter best left to the
 port authorities, Sassenach.

CLAIRE
 Jamie, I can't just --

JAMIE
Claire. Trust me.

She can tell by his tone of voice just how serious this is. St. Germain and the Captain are still trying to persuade the Port Official, but he shrugs them off.

ST. GERMAIN
**We can take the men to a
 quiet place. I have rooms in
 town where no one need
 ever --**

ST. GERMAIN F
**Nous pouvons emmener ces
 hommes dans un endroit
 discret. Je possède des
 chambres en ville où
 personne n'aurait --**

PORT OFFICIAL
 (to St. Germain &
 Captain)
 I am sorry, but the news
 will be all over the docks
 by now. The law is clear and
 I have no choice: I must
 arrange for the destruction
 of the ship and its cargo.

PORT OFFICIAL F
 (to St. Germain &
 Captain)
 Pardonnez-moi, mais la
 nouvelle se sera déjà
 propagée dans tout le port.
 La loi est claire et je n'ai
 pas le choix: il me faut
 ordonner la destruction du
 vaisseau et de sa cargaison.

CAPTAIN
 (wailing)
 This will ruin me! I am
 ruined!

CAPTAIN F
 (wailing)
 Je suis ruiné, fini!

PORT OFFICIAL
 (to all)
 Everyone must leave! Now!
 In the name of The King, I
 order you out!

PORT OFFICIAL F
 (to all)
 Que tout le monde s'en
 aille! Immédiatement! Au nom
 du Roi, je vous ordonne de
 quitter ces lieux!

The Official EXITS with the miserable Captain following in
 his wake, near tears.

Claire turns as the first sick man heaves up suddenly and
 then collapses -- dead.

JAMIE
 We must go. There's nothing more
 for ye to do.

Claire nods reluctantly and turns to leave -- and nearly
 runs into the furious St. Germain.

ST. GERMAIN
 Who are you?

ST. GERMAIN F
 Qui diable êtes-vous?

CLAIRE
 My name is Claire Fraser and
 I am a healer.

CLAIRE F
 Mon nom est Claire Fraser,
 je
 suis guérisseuse.

ST. GERMAIN
 (contemptuous)
 English. I should have
 known. Only an English woman
 would be so ill-bred and
 vulgar.

ST. GERMAIN F
 (contemptuous)
 Anglaise. J'aurais dû m'en
 douter. Seule une anglaise
 saurait se montrer aussi mal
 élevée et vulgaire.

JAMIE

You will watch your tongue, monsieur. I am Lord Broch Tuarach and this is my wife, Lady Broch Tuarach.

ST. GERMAIN

"Lord" and "Lady." The English give out titles of nobility like pearls before swine.

JAMIE F

Surveillez votre langage, monsieur. C'est à ma femme que vous parlez, Dame Broch Tuarach.

ST. GERMAIN F

Un "Seigneur" et sa "Dame." Les anglais accordent leurs titres de noblesse comme l'on jetterait des perles aux pourceaux.

Jamie's eyes flash -- but Jared intercedes between the two men.

JARED

Gentlemen! Squabbling in this place is beneath our dignity.

JARED F

Messieurs! Une querelle en ces lieux serait indigne.

But St. Germain isn't going anywhere yet.

ST. GERMAIN

Who are these people, Fraser?
Is this some scheme of yours?

ST. GERMAIN F

Fraser, qui sont ces gens? Cette manigance est-elle votre fait?

JARED

Lord Broch Tuarach is my cousin and I assure you, our presence here is entirely by chance.

JARED F

Le Seigneur Broch Tuarach est mon cousin, et je puis vous assurer que notre présence à cet instant n'est que le fruit de la fortune.

ST. GERMAIN

(to Claire)
Have you any idea what you have done? Do you?

ST. GERMAIN F

(to Claire)
Avez-vous la moindre idée de ce que vous avez fait? La moindre idée?

CLAIRE

I've done nothing more than stated the truth.
(switching to French)
Those men had smallpox.

CLAIRE F

I've done nothing more than stated the truth
(switching to French)
Ces hommes avaient la petite vérole.

ST. GERMAIN

My entire cargo -- and my ship -- will be destroyed. The cost!

ST. GERMAIN F

Mon bateau et toute ma cargaison vont être détruit. Et à quel prix!

CLAIRE
 The cost is nothing compared
 to letting the disease
 spread through the city!

CLAIRE F
 Dérisoire comparé à celui de
 la propagation de la maladie
 dans toute la ville.

ST. GERMAIN
 You will pay a price. Mark
 me -- you will both pay.

ST. GERMAIN F
 Vous me le paierez.
 Souvenez-vous en -- vous me
 le paierez tout deux très
 cher.

St. Germain turns on his heel and stalks away.

EXT. LE HAVRE DOCK - NIGHT

That night Jared, Jamie, and Claire are walking toward a
 CARRIAGE.

JARED
 It's been a long day, but we'll be
 in Paris in three days, and I think
 you'll find the accommodations much
 more to your liking.

But Claire's thoughts are still on the events of the last
 few
 hours.

CLAIRE
 Did St. Germain really think he
 could get away with hiding those
 men and pretending nothing had
 happened?

JARED
 The Port Official was in his pocket
 and would have gladly looked the
 other way. But when you said the
 word...
 (whispers)
 ... "smallpox." It was heard by
 too many witnesses and...

CLAIRE
 And the cat was out of the bag.

JARED
 The what?

CLAIRE
 It's an expression -- means the
 secret was out.

JAMIE

Why put a cat in a bag?

CLAIRE

Later...

JARED

I've had many run-in's with St. Germain over the years. He's my fiercest competitor. Unfortunately, he has powerful friends at the Court of Louis.

As they approach the carriage, we see Murtagh arguing with one of Jared's FOOTMEN as he loads the BAGGAGE.

MURTAGH

Careful with the lady's medicine box you great lout!
(then in sketchy French)
It's delicate. Delicate. Be careful you French idiot.

MURTAGH F

Careful with the lady's medicine box you great lout!
(then in sketchy French)
C'est fragile. Fragile! Faites attention, bougres de Français.

The Footman doesn't know what to make of him, but gets the idea and is more careful with the box.

Claire sees something O.C. --

CLAIRE

Look --

They all turn to see --

EXT. LE HAVRE HARBOR - NIGHT - INTERCUT

The first FLAMES are appearing on the deck of the PATAGONIA, which has been anchored a safe distance from shore.

JAMIE

It's the Patagonia.

As they watch, the FLAMES shoot up the RIGGING.

JARED

With St. Germain's entire shipment of Spanish port.

JAMIE

Given the supplies at this time of year, that means our port will be worth nearly double in Paris.

JARED

I knew you had a head for business!
 Yes, we'll do very well indeed
 (beat)
 But make no mistake -- The Comte
 will not forget what happened.
 You've made an enemy today.

Jared climbs into the Carriage.

JAMIE

Another country, another enemy.
 Life with you is certainly never
 dull, Sassenach.

CLAIRE

If you wanted dull, you should have
 married Laoghaire.

He chuckles, then guides her up into the carriage. The carriage PULLS AWAY and Claire looks out the window as the PATAGONIA BLAZES UP in the night.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

*I tried not to think about it, but
 inside I knew our mission had
 gotten off on the wrong foot. Our
 plan was difficult enough under the
 best of circumstances... the last
 thing we needed was the enmity of a
 powerful man with a taste for
 vengeance.*

ANGLE -- THE CARRIAGE

As it pulls away, CAMERA FINDS St. Germain standing on the dock, watching his fortune go up in smoke. He turns and stares at the carriage as it leaves the dock and it's clear he won't forget this night...

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE