

OUTLANDER

EPISODE 202

Not in Scotland Anymore

WRITTEN BY
IRA STEVEN BEHR

BASED ON THE NOVEL BY
DIANA GABALDON

FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT
18th September 2015

OUTLANDER
EPISODE 202 "Not in Scotland Anymore"

PREVIOUS REVISIONS

Production Draft - 29th April 2015

Blue Pages - 30th April 2015 - pp. 2, 3, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 27, 38, 44, 44A, 45, 48, 50

Pink Pages - 5th May 2015 - pp. 3, 4, 4A, 7, 13, 15, 16, 17, 19, 20, 28, 29, 35, 36, 36A, 37, 38, 46, 50, 56

Full Yellow Draft - 6th May 2015

Green Pages - 13th May 2015 - pp. 7, 8, 14

Full Goldenrod Draft - 22nd May 2015

2nd White Pages - 26th May 2015 - p. 7

2nd Blue Pages - 28th May 2015 - p. 4

2nd Pink Pages - 26th June 2015 - pp. 29, 30

2nd Yellow Pages - 1st July 2015 - pp. 40, 41, 41A

2nd Green Pages - 7th July 2015 - pp. 26, 27, 28, 28A, 41

2nd Goldenrod Pages - 27th July 2015 - pp. 40, 55, 56

3rd White Pages - 28th July 2015 - pp. 31, 32, 33, 34

3rd Blue Pages - 5th August 2015 - pp. 47, 48, 49, 49A, 51, 52, 55, 56

EPISODE 202 "Not in Scotland Anymore"

CAST LIST – FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT – 18th September 2015

CLAIRE BEAUCHAMP RANDALL
JAMIE MACKENZIE FRASER
BLACK JACK RANDALL
MURTAGH FITZGIBBONS FRASER
LOUISE DE ROHAN
MARY HAWKINS
PRINCE CHARLES STUART
JOSEPH DUVERNEY
THE DUKE OF SANDRINGHAM
KING LOUIS XV
MASTER RAYMOND
DELPHINE
ALEX RANDALL
SUZETTE
MAGNUS
MADAME ELISE

FIRST WIFE
SECOND WIFE
THIRD WIFE
GROOMER
ANNALISE DE MARILLAC
ADVISOR
NOBLEMAN #2
NOBLEMAN #3
NOBLEWOMAN #1
NOBLEWOMAN #2
MINISTER OF HOUSE

EPISODE 202 "Not in Scotland Anymore"

SET LIST – FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT – 18th September 2015

INTERIORS

Le Havre Inn
Temp Rooms
Jamie & Claire's Apartment
Bedroom
Parlor
Staircase
Foyer
Carriage
Apothecary
Madame Elise's Salon
Louise's House
Parlor
Versailles
Halls
Reception Hall
King's Chambers

EXTERIORS

Jamie & Claire's Apartment
Courtyard
A Paris Street
Park
Versailles
Footbridge

FADE IN:

INT. LE HAVRE INN - TEMP ROOMS - NIGHT

CLOSE ON a basin as CLAIRE'S HANDS pour in vials of different unguents.

JAMIE, seated at the table with Claire, cradles his left hand, which is in a leather brace.

CLAIRE
Now give me your hand.

Jamie, with reluctance, holds out his hand to Claire, who begins to unwrap the brace.

JAMIE
Careful.

Claire gently removes the brace, revealing Jamie's maimed and swollen fingers. They're not a pretty sight.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
It's getting worse, isn't it?

CLAIRE
Let's see what we can do.

She lowers Jamie's hand into the basin, laving the oily preparation onto his skin and massaging it into his fingers.

Jamie emits a groan of pleasure.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Nice, isn't it?

Jamie nods. Claire bears down harder, kneading the ointment deeper into the skin.

Jamie's eyes close, his head droops in relaxation.

CLAIRE (O.C.)
There, that's better.

Jamie opens his eyes. His hand, which he's holding up before him, is completely healed. He flexes his fingers in surprised delight.

JAMIE
You're amazing, Sassenach.

CLAIRE
 (hopefully)
 Now will you make love to me,
 Jamie?

The question captures Jamie off guard.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
 Please?

And as her question hangs in the air.

SMASH CUT:

INT. LE HAVRE INN - TEMP ROOMS - MOMENTS LATER

Jamie, SHOT FROM BELOW, is deep in mid-fuck pleasure, his every thrust an expression of intense passion. He gazes down at --

Claire, seen from Jamie's POV, her eyes locked on his as she pulls his every thrust deeper and deeper.

Jamie, all his doubts and fears vanquished, allows himself to be lost in the moment.

THEN WE HEAR, from beneath him --

JACK RANDALL
 God. Don't stop.

Jamie looks down to discover he's making love to a smirking Black Jack Randall.

Jamie EXPLODES in rage. Suddenly there's a DIRK in Jamie's hand. He raises the weapon over his head and PLUNGES it into Randall's chest.

A fountain of blood splashes over Jamie's chest. Jamie stabs again. Thick gouts of blood spew over his body. Randall GARGLES and CHOKES his death rattle, but Jamie continues to stab again, and again, and --

Jack opens his eyes and grins sardonically at Jamie. Jack is still alive.

INT. JAMIE & CLAIRE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

With a terrified SHOUT, Jamie awakens; his chest is drenched in sweat instead of blood. He quickly turns to make sure it is Claire in bed beside him. Claire is instantly awake. This has happened before.

CLAIRE

Another one? Another nightmare?

Jamie, his eyes brimming with tears, cannot manage to speak. He nods mutely. Claire puts a reassuring arm around him.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Randall's dead, Jamie.

JAMIE

He's in me, Claire. Alive in my head. I canna get him out.

CLAIRE

You will. In time. I promise.

Jamie nods, but he's really not buying it. He slips out of the bed.

JAMIE

I won't be getting any more sleep. I'll be going over this week's receipts.

As he exits the room --

CLAIRE

(firmly)

Black Jack Randall is dead.

JAMIE

I know. I'll see you in the morning.

Jamie knows Claire's words to be true. But right now, in the three-AM of Jamie Fraser's soul, Black Jack Randall lives on.

INT. JAMIE & CLAIRE'S APARTMENT - PARLOR - DAY

Claire is walking through the large room of comfortable elegance, the maid SUZETTE following closely on her heels.

SUZETTE

I notice Madame has folded her clothes again this morning.

CLAIRE

(she's heard it all before)

Yes Suzette.

SUZETTE

Why does Madame insist on making her own bed and folding her own clothes?

CLAIRE

I suppose it's habit. I'm not used to having servants hovering about me all the time, looking out for my every need.

INT. JAMIE & CLAIRE'S APT. - STAIRCASE/FOYER - CONTINUOUS

As the two women go down the stairs to the Foyer on the ground floor.

SUZETTE

But a woman of your distinction, and with child no less -- it's just not done.

CLAIRE

Fine. I shall endeavor to be... sloppier in my personal habits.

SUZETTE

Oh, Madame, that would make me so happy.

CLAIRE

I should be gone an hour or two. Plenty of time for you to strip my bed and remake it to your satisfaction.

SUZETTE

Oh, Madame, you are too kind.

Claire walks over to the front door, which OPENS revealing MAGNUS, the butler, who holds out a cloak to place around her shoulders.

MAGNUS

Good morning, Madame. Your carriage awaits you.

Claire rolls her eyes at the ceremony of it all.

CLAIRE

Of course it does.

EXT. JAMIE & CLAIRE'S APARTMENT - COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

Claire is handed up into the elegant CARRIAGE by the liveried FOOTMAN.

CLAIRE (V.O.)
*Running a household full of
 servants had proven more
 complicated than I'd ever imagined.*

The carriage MOVES out through the OPEN GATES.

INT. CARRIAGE - DAY

Claire takes in the sights and sounds of a Paris that is at once recognizable to her, and yet totally new.

CLAIRE (V.O.)
*But even after several weeks, Paris
 itself remained an endless source
 of fascination. The last time I
 had been here was during the
 delirious celebration marking the
 end of the Second World War. I had
 hoped to climb to the top of the
 Eiffel Tower, but the Nazis had
 closed it during the occupation and
 it had yet to re-open. Now I'd
 arrived hundreds of years before it
 existed.*

(then)

*As I gazed upon the quaint city
 streets, I found it hard to believe
 that in a mere forty years the
 French Revolution would turn them
 into rivers of blood.*

EXT. A PARIS STREET - DAY

More of an alleyway, in actuality. Situated in one of Paris' poorer sections. A coach pulls up before a small storefront, which sports a weathered wooden sign that reads, in French, "Raymond the Herb Seller".

The coach's FOOTMAN opens the door and out steps Claire. She surveys the street with a lack of enthusiasm. She was hoping for something a bit more upscale.

CLAIRE
I shouldn't be long.

CLAIRE F
Je ne serai pas longue.

The Footman bows and she enters the shop.

INT. APOTHECARY - DAY

The shop's cramped front room is stuffed with shelves and cabinets filled with stoppered vials, featuring a variety of herbs and medicinal potions. Claire notices a good-sized STUFFED CROCODILE hanging from the ceiling. She gazes at it in amusement.

DELPHINE, a young shop girl, stands behind a wooden counter. She coughs politely to get Claire's attention.

CLAIRE
Mister Raymond?

CLAIRE F
Monsieur Raymond?

DELPHINE
(correcting)
Master Raymond.

DELPHINE F
(correcting)
C'est Maître Raymond.

The girl points to where MASTER RAYMOND is crouched over a hearth, adding pieces of charcoal into the grate. He rises and smiles a greeting at Claire. Raymond is a barrel-chested, bandy-legged gentleman under five feet in height. He has slightly bulbous, friendly black eyes.

MASTER RAYMOND
Madonna. How may I have the
pleasure of serving you?

MASTER RAYMOND F
Madone. Comment puis-je
avoir le plaisir de me
rendre agréable à vos beaux
yeux?

But Claire is too busy staring at this odd character to respond.

MASTER RAYMOND
Madonna?

MASTER RAYMOND F
Madone?

Claire shakes out of her reverie.

CLAIRE
I'm sorry. I was just
wondering... it's silly...

CLAIRE F
Je m'excuse. Je me demandais
juste... C'est idiot...

MASTER RAYMOND
Allow me to be the judge of
that.

MASTER RAYMOND F
Dites-moi, dites-moi,
Laissez-moi en juger par
moi-même.

CLAIRE
(with some
embarrassment)
Well, I was wondering if
you'd ever been kissed by a
beautiful young girl.

CLAIRE F
(with some
embarrassment)
En fait je me demandais si
vous aviez déjà reçu un
baiser d'une belle jeune
fille.

To Claire's relief, Master Raymond grins broadly.

MASTER RAYMOND
**Many times, Madonna. But
 alas, as you can see, it
 does not help.**

(then)
Ribbit.

MASTER RAYMOND F
**Des milliers de fois,
 Madone. Hélas, comme vous le
 voyez cela n'a pas servi à
 grand chose.**

(then)
Croa-croa-croa.

They both share a smile.

MASTER RAYMOND
You are English, yes?

MASTER RAYMOND F
**Vous êtes Anglaise, n'est-ce
 pas?**

CLAIRE
My French betrays me.

CLAIRE F
**Je suis trahie par mon
 français.**

Claire notices a large leather-bound book, its hundreds of pages made of vellum. A very impressive looking volume.

Raymond closes the cover. Claire tilts her head to read it.

CLAIRE
 "Unaussprechlichen Kulten."

MASTER RAYMOND
 Von Junzt. The original German
 text.

(leaning in)
 A very notorious grimoire.

CLAIRE
 A book of spells?

MASTER RAYMOND
 Spells, charms, enchantments. They
 say every devil in hell can be
 found in its pages.

CLAIRE
 And you believe such things?

MASTER RAYMOND
 No. But there are those I know who
 do. Myself, I believe in the
 scolding love of heaven. And I say
 death to all the devils in hell.

CLAIRE
 (with a twinkle)
 Amen.

MASTER RAYMOND

I recently purchased a copy of "Al Azif" by the Mad Arab Abdul Alhazred. I don't suppose you speak Arabic?

CLAIRE

I'm afraid I don't.

MASTER RAYMOND

Too bad. Unfortunately, neither do I.

Claire picks up a JAR from off the counter. On it is a label that reads, in French, "**Crocodile's Blood.**" Gazing up at the crocodile carcass, she removes the stopper and sniffs delicately.

CLAIRE

(nose wrinkling)

Mustard... and thyme. In walnut oil, I believe. What do you use to make it so nasty?

MASTER RAYMOND

Ah, so your nose is not purely decorative, Madonna. As for the smell, well, that actually is blood.

CLAIRE

Not from a crocodile.

MASTER RAYMOND

Such cynicism in one so young. No, in fact, it's pig's blood, Madonna. Pigs being so much more available than crocodiles. Fortunately, the ladies and gentlemen of the Court are more trusting, and foolish, than you are.

Claire accepts the compliment.

CLAIRE

I was wondering if you carry Nepeta Cataria.

MASTER RAYMOND

Someone having trouble sleeping?

CLAIRE

My husband.

MASTER RAYMOND

Is the problem the result of excessive eating? Or drinking perhaps? A nervous disposition?

CLAIRE

Nightmares.

MASTER RAYMOND

I see. Then I would suggest Valeriana Officinalis combined with a touch of Humulus Lupulus.

Master Raymond grabs some vials and, with a mortar and pestle, begins to blend together a mixture.

MASTER RAYMOND (CONT'D)

You have a knowledge of herbs. A professional, are you?

CLAIRE

That depends what you mean by the term professional. I'm a healer.

MASTER RAYMOND

Ah, a healer.

Master Raymond looks up from his work and studies Claire closely. A thought forming in his head.

MASTER RAYMOND (CONT'D)

Yes. The size and overall look is as stated. Your name wouldn't happen to be Claire Fraser, would it?

Claire is surprised to hear a stranger speak her name.

CLAIRE

It is. Are you a mind-reader as well?

MASTER RAYMOND

No, but I have an excellent memory for names, and I've recently heard yours in connection with your rather dramatic arrival on our shores. The Comte St. Germain has told me all about your part in the burning of his pox-afflicted vessel, The Patagonia.

At the mention of St. Germain, Claire immediately goes on guard.

CLAIRE

You're friends with The Comte St. Germain?

Claire waits uneasily as Master Raymond considers the question. After a beat, he breaks into a grim smile.

MASTER RAYMOND

Au contraire. You may, if you like, call us rivals. A pleasant term for enemies, is it not? And since he is your enemy as well, you must in point of fact, be my friend.

Master Raymond, having finished his preparations, hands a vial of the newly mixed herbs to Claire.

MASTER RAYMOND (CONT'D)

Please accept this mixture as my gift to you and your husband. Have him steep the infusion in a cup of tea before bedtime. I guarantee he will keep you awake all night with his snoring.

Claire accepts the bottle gratefully.

CLAIRE

Thank you. I could use a friend. I'm afraid I've only made one since I've been in Paris. **Madame Louise de la Tour Marquise de Rohan.**

MASTER RAYMOND

(a knowing smile)

Ah, yes. She's quite the force of nature, I'm told. Entertaining, but how shall I put it... not a woman of great depth?

CLAIRE

(returns the knowing smile)

That would be her.

MASTER RAYMOND

Then allow this new friend to pass along a friendly warning. St. Germain is not an adversary to be taken lightly. He never forgets, nor forgives, an insult. Neither word nor deed.

(MORE)

MASTER RAYMOND (CONT'D)

(then)

Be on your guard, Madonna. For he
will seek his vengeance.

OFF Claire, happy to have found a new friend, but uneasy at the thought of just what St. Germain's revenge will be.

EXT. PARK - DAY

The CLANG OF STEEL as two SWORDS CRASH together. Jamie and Murtagh meet nose to nose as they work out their frustrations in the best way they know how: some good ol' friendly swordplay. The two men strain muscles as they struggle for supremacy.

Jamie's left hand [smashed by Black Jack Randall in Ep. 115] wears a leather brace and holds his dirk, which is locked against Murtagh's weapon. Jamie's hand is still weak from his injury, and Murtagh's dirk is inexorably moving towards his heart.

MURTAGH

Ye're a dead man, lad.

With a supreme effort, Jamie pivots and with his right shoulder shoves Murtagh back, disengaging the stalemate.

They circle one another carefully, Jamie looking for an opening.

MURTAGH (CONT'D)

That left hand of yers is still
weak as a kitten.

JAMIE

Aye, there's no strength in stiff
fingers.

MURTAGH

Give it time, lad. Give it time.

Jamie goes on the offensive, hacking at Murtagh, who parries. Again they circle.

MURTAGH (CONT'D)

And what of the new sword? Does it
satisfy?

JAMIE

I still prefer a Scottish blade.
This one's a bit lighter than I'm
used to.

MURTAGH

You keep cutting wide, leaving
yourself open.

Murtagh notices a small group of ONLOOKERS, a mixture of common citizens and nobles, who have stopped to watch them. The crowd is scandalized with disapproval at the display before them.

MURTAGH (CONT'D)

For the love of Christ.

Murtagh lowers his blade and advances a few steps towards the crowd. His arms flung open with annoyance.

MURTAGH

(to the crowd)

Have you never seen two men practicing the art of the sword? **Off with you now, the lot of you. Or I'll have yer balls!**

MURTAGH F

(to the crowd)

Have you never seen two men practicing the art of the sword? **Partez, tous! Ou je vous arrache les couilles!**

The crowd quickly disperses. Jamie smiles at his friend's distemper.

JAMIE

You can't blame them for gawking. No doubt they think we mean to run each other through. Dueling is outlawed in France.

Murtagh walks back to face Jamie.

MURTAGH

Another wrong to mark against this misery of a country.

Murtagh, a bit out of wind, takes some deep breaths.

MURTAGH (CONT'D)

Would you look at me? Out of breath after hardly an hour. It's the air. You smell it? Arses and armpits. Too many people.

Murtagh sets himself for another engagement, but Jamie waves him off, flexing his bad hand.

JAMIE

Scotland doesn't exactly smell like a lady's boudoir.

MURTAGH

Aye, but it's an animal smell.
This city reeks of the chamber pot
(then)

Don't you miss it, lad? The smell
of fresh Scottish mud?

(a rueful admission)

It pains me greatly to admit so,
but I even find myself longing for
the company of Lard Bucket and Big
Head.

Jamie has to think about that for a moment.

JAMIE

You mean Rupert and Angus?

(chuckles)

Rupert would call it muscle. But
Angus does sport a curiously large
head. I'm sure they regret the
absence of your sunny countenance
as well. But, rest assured, we
won't be here forever.

MURTAGH

Nay, but it'll feel so. I thought
we came here to prevent a
rebellion. Instead, what have we
become? Wine merchants.

(snorts)

Wine's for drinking, not selling.

Jamie re-sheathes his dirk and stretches out the fingers of
his left hand.

JAMIE

What would you have me do?

MURTAGH

You want to kill a snake, you cut
off its head. And the head of this
rebellion is Charles Stuart. Kill
The Prince and you kill the
rebellion.

JAMIE

I'm no assassin.

MURTAGH

No, but I'm betting there are
plenty here who are willing to earn
that title for a handful of coin.
Hell, I'll do it myself if ye'd but
charge me with the task.

But this is something that Jamie isn't willing to consider.

JAMIE

And what then? Charles' death would still leave his father for us to deal with. Do you propose we should do away with James as well? Is your longing for home worth the murder of a Prince and a King? For all we know, the death of his son would make James even more determined to sit on England's throne.

MURTAGH

I talk of action and you give me logic.

JAMIE

(with a grin)

If it's action you crave --

Jamie charges at Murtagh. The dour Scotsman has no time to set himself and Jamie is able to knock the sword out of his hand. With a GAELIC oath, Murtagh grabs Jamie around the waist and the two men go sprawling onto the grass. And as they gleefully wrestle...

OMITTED

INT. JAMIE & CLAIRE'S APARTMENT - PARLOR - DAY

CLOSE ON Claire massaging Jamie's bad hand.

JAMIE

It's mending.

WIDEN as Claire hurries over to a small table and picks up an envelope with excited anticipation.

CLAIRE

This came for you in today's post.
From your cousin Jared.

Jamie takes the envelope from her as Murtagh enters the room.

JAMIE

Finally.

Jamie reads his cousin's letter.

CLAIRE
Hopefully it's good news.

JAMIE
(grinning broadly)
The guid man.

CLAIRE
Has he arranged an introduction
with the Jacobite leaders?

JAMIE
He's done better than that.

He hands the letter over to Claire, she reads it avidly,
breaking into an excited smile.

CLAIRE
(reading)
Prince Charles Stuart requests the
company of Lord Broch Tuarach,
James Fraser, to discuss such
matters as the current political
situation amongst the Scottish
clans.

This is good news indeed.

Murtagh plucks the letter from Claire's hand, studies it
with disdain.

MURTAGH
(grunts)
More talk.

INT. JAMIE & CLAIRE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Claire enters with a cup of tea that she hands to Jamie.

CLAIRE
Here. Drink this. It should help
you sleep through the night.

JAMIE
That would be a pleasant change.

CLAIRE
Your cousin did well, Jamie. An
entré to The Prince was more than I
had ever hoped for. It will save
us weeks, maybe even months of
working our way up the Jacobite
chain of command
(MORE)

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

(then)

This is your chance to get close to Charles. Earn his trust. Convince him you're committed to his cause. Then, once we know his plans, we can decide the best way to thwart them.

But Jamie doesn't seem to be on board.

JAMIE

Hold a moment, Sassenach. The Prince desires information of the clans' attitude toward rebellion. And that's what I mean to give him: the clans are too divided to support the cause. Maybe if he hears the truth it will cause him to see reason.

Claire is taken aback by Jamie's position.

CLAIRE

I thought we'd agreed...

JAMIE

Aye -- to stop the war before it starts. And I think if The Prince hears the true state of affairs in Scotland, he will think twice about issuing a call to arms.

CLAIRE

You'll be telling him something he doesn't want to hear. Not the best way to gain someone's trust. He may well come to see you as opposing the Jacobite cause and cut off all further contact. Then where will we be?

JAMIE

I don't deny my way has its risks Claire. But when the MacKenzie clan threatened to tear itself apart over Dougal's Jacobite gold, I spoke true words to Colum. Hard words for him to hear. But hear them he did. Maybe His Royal Highness will prove to be as wise and capable a leader as The Laird MacKenzie.

CLAIRE

I'm afraid history says he was far from wise, or capable.

JAMIE

History hasn't happened yet. And if I'm to betray a man, I need to know he's earned that betrayal. First I must try to convince The Prince that his rebellion is unwinnable. If I fail, then I will still convince him I'm a loyal subject only looking out for his best interests and speak whatever lies are necessary to win his ear.

CLAIRE

Where will this fateful meeting take place?

JAMIE

Maison Elise... on the Rue Pelletier.

CLAIRE

Maison Elise? Never heard of it.

JAMIE

Not surprised
(beat)
It's a brothel.

OFF Claire's reaction...

INT. MAISON ELISE - NIGHT

MADAME ELISE, the brothel's proprietor, stands on a small stage, addressing the assembled crowd. A TABLE is set up beside her, draped with an expensive-looking embroidered cloth. Madame Elise is in her mid-forties, a striking woman with great joie de vivre. She has seen much of the wild side of life and likes what she sees. Think Jeanne Moreau circa the mid-60's.

MADAME ELISE

Gentlemen of noble birth and noble distinction, tonight for your entertainment and edification, I present you with...

MADAME ELISE F

Mes nobles et distingués seigneurs, ce soir, afin de veiller à votre divertissement mais aussi à votre édification, laissez-moi vous présenter...

A long pause, followed by a naughty smile.

MADAME ELISE
Your wives.

MADAME ELISE F
Vos épouses.

Those men of noble birth and noble distinction who are in the audience react with nervous surprise and bemusement. Their wives? Here? It cannot be. They come to this place to get away from their significant others.

Jamie and Murtagh are seated at one of the tables, in the company of PRINCE CHARLES STUART. The Prince is twenty-four, a short, handsome, well-attired young man, with the haughty demeanor and manners of the well-bred aristocrat. The Prince speaks with a light Italian accent reflecting the country of his upbringing.

The table in front of them is strewn with empty wine bottles. The majority of whose contents has found their way into Charles' stomach. For a pampered young gentlemen, he holds his alcohol well.

PRINCE CHARLES
 (delighted)
 Look at their faces! Terrified
 every one!

Even Jamie finds himself looking around the room, as if expecting Claire to suddenly show up.

MADAME ELISE
 (to the wings)
Ladies, if you please.

MADAME ELISE F
 (to the wings)
Mesdames, s'il vous plaît.

Three COURTESANS come flouncing onto the stage. They are exquisitely beautiful women, but you wouldn't know it from their current attire. Their faces are rouged and powdered to a clown-like degree. The three women step to the lip of the stage and begin shaking scolding fingers and fists at their audience.

The room relaxes. Thank God, it's all a joke.

MADAME ELISE

Zounds! Such anger, such frustration. And why? Because gentlemen, you are here, and not there. Because you buy love's embrace instead of embracing your loved one. Your wives are lonely. Unhappy. What they need is a gift from their husbands. And I don't mean jewels, or dresses. They need these...

MADAME ELISE F

Morbleu! Que voila donc de la colère, de la frustration! Et pourquoi donc tout cela? Eh bien messieurs, c'est parce que vous êtes ici, et point là-bas. Parce que vous préférez payer pour une étreinte amoureuse plutôt que d'étreindre votre aimée. Vos épouses sont bien seules et malheureuses. Ce dont elles ont besoin, c'est d'un présent de leur époux. Et je ne parle pas de bijoux, ou de robes. Ce dont elles ont envie c'est...

With great seriousness and elan, Madame Elise lifts the embroidered cloth off the table, revealing...

MADAME ELISE

Les Dildos!

MADAME ELISE F

De ces godemichets!

And indeed, three rather formidable dildos are arranged on the table. We intercut with the trio at Jamie's table as needed.

PRINCE CHARLES

Now this is a perfect example of why I admire the French. They're so... wonderfully vulgar. They never allow their exquisite manners to interfere with their baser instincts.

JAMIE

They do find unique ways to enjoy themselves.

Madame Elise picks up a wooden dildo, and holds it up to the "wives."

MADAME ELISE

Dear ladies, does this remind you of your missing husbands?

MADAME ELISE F

Mesdames, ceci vous rappelle-t-il votre mari?

The "First Wife" takes the dildo from Madame Elise, holds it up, and peruses it carefully.

FIRST WIFE
**It does. It does indeed.
 But it's so much... bigger.**

FIRST WIFE F
**Je crois. Cela me le
 rappelle en effet. Mais en
 beaucoup plus... gros.**

She hands the phallus off to the "Second Wife."

SECOND WIFE
So much... longer.

SECOND WIFE F
En beaucoup plus... long.

She hands it off to the "Third Wife," who squeezes it in her hands.

THIRD WIFE
So much firmer.

THIRD WIFE F
Et en bien plus ferme.

PRINCE CHARLES
 And what is so fascinating is it's
 not just the men, the women are
 equally wanton.

MADAME ELISE
 (to First Wife)
**And are you aware of its
 use?**

MADAME ELISE F
 (to First Wife)
**Et savez-vous quel est son
 usage?**

The First Wife grabs the dildo from the third wife and waves it angrily in Madame Elise's face.

FIRST WIFE
**Wives we may be, but dead we
 are not.**

FIRST WIFE F
**Nous sommes peut-être
 mariées mais nous n'en
 restons pas moins...
 vivaces.**

Madame Elise hands the two remaining dildos, one made of ivory, the other of black onyx, to the other wives, so that each holds one up for the audience to see.

MADAME ELISE
**Go then, take them as gifts
 from the husbands you need
 never miss again!**

MADAME ELISE F
**Allez maintenant,
 considérez-les comme un
 cadeau fait par
 des maris qui ne vous
 manqueront jamais plus!**

Now smiling happily, the three wives blow kisses at the audience and then exit the stage, waving their dildos in the air in celebration.

MADAME ELISE

Need I say more? Except to inform you that these items are available in this very establishment. For purchase or for rent. I thank you.

MADAME ELISE F

Que me reste-t-il à ajouter, si ce n'est que ces objets sont disponibles ici-même, dans cet établissement, pour achat ou location. Je vous remercie, messieurs.

And with a bow, Madame Elise exits as well.

The gentlemen in the audience tap their canes on the floor, or rap the table-tops with their knuckles to show their approval. Only The Prince claps enthusiastically, much to the snooty disapproval of the surrounding aristocrats.

PRINCE CHARLES

Bravo! Very clever indeed! Mark me, if I had a wife I'd buy all three. For variety.

MURTAGH

Ask me, the French are a sorry bunch of sodomites who canna please their women.

Prince Charles looks over at Murtagh as if seeing him for the first time.

PRINCE CHARLES

Forgive me, but I don't recall asking your opinion nor inviting you here this evening.

MURTAGH

(indicating Jamie)
Where he goes, I go.

JAMIE

Your Royal Highness, if you'd indulge me for a moment, I'd verra much like to discuss the reason for our meeting here this evening.

Prince Charles removes his gaze from Murtagh and gives his attention to Jamie.

PRINCE CHARLES

I was about to suggest the very thing. My friend Jared Fraser claims you're a man of substance. That you speak your true mind in all matters. Mark me, I hope it is so. I have no desire to add another sycophant to my acquaintances. I

(MORE)

PRINCE CHARLES (CONT'D)
 have about me too many already.
 (then)

Tell me, what is the state of affairs in Scotland? Are the clans prepared to hear my call to arms and rise up against the heretical traitor who dares sit upon my father's throne?

This is the moment Jamie has been waiting for.

JAMIE
 You ask of the clans? Well sire, the truth of it is that the clans canna agree on the color of the sky, let alone put aside their old grievances to band together to fight the British. No, sire -- they are not ready to hear your trumpet call and are not likely to be so for many years to come.

The Prince is taken aback by Jamie's answer. So is Murtagh.

PRINCE CHARLES
 I dare say, if that is the "truth" it's one that I have yet to hear. Damnable defeatist talk is what it sounds like. And very peculiar coming from a supposed Jacobite.

Jamie leans in closer as he speaks truth to power.

JAMIE
 I assure you, sire, I hate the English as much as any man. I carry the scars of two-hundred lashes on my back that remind me everyday of that fact. But you requested the truth, and the truth is what I gave you. Would you rather I poured honeyed words of reassurance in your ear? Words that would lead you, lead all of Scotland, to disaster?

The Prince takes a moment to pour himself more wine.

PRINCE CHARLES
 God demands that a Catholic king sit on the English throne. My father is that king.

JAMIE

I wish for that as well.

PRINCE CHARLES

I am pleased to hear it.

JAMIE

But wishing has proven time and again to be no match for the muskets of the British army -- as it did during The Rising of Fifteen.

Just the mention of the previous disaster causes a shadow to fall over the Prince's features. He gazes into his wine.

PRINCE CHARLES

I will not repeat the mistakes of Lord Mar. He hesitated when victory was within his grasp... above all else, a leader must be decisive.

A quiet beat, then Jamie and The Prince are both surprised when Murtagh speaks up.

MURTAGH

May I ask, Your Royal Highness, if ye've ever been to Scotland?

PRINCE CHARLES

I regret not having had that pleasure, having spent most of my years in Italy where my Father was forced to seek exile.

MURTAGH

Then ken this: Scotland is a beautiful country. Its mountains. Its glens. Its lochs. We are people of the land. Simple people, with no great love of outsiders. We will fight -- have fought -- each other more times than not. But you ask us to shed our blood for what? To place a more sympathetic arse on the English throne? Is that cause enough for a cotter to exchange his scythe for a sword? To leave his home, his crops, and charge into a cannon's blast?

JAMIE

It would appear that ye've now heard the truth from two Scots.

PRINCE CHARLES

And what about God's truth? For His is the only truth that matters, is it not? I tell you both it is God's will that I, Charles Stuart, unite the clans. It is God's will that I be their beacon of light. For I am, by divine right, the outstretched hand of God!

Jamie is at a loss to respond to that pronouncement.

PRINCE CHARLES (CONT'D)

Our cause shall succeed, but it cannot move forward without money. And money it shall have. But to get it, we must win the support of the French Minister of Finance, a certain Joseph Duverney. As I am in this country unofficially, I cannot be received at Court. But you, Lord Broch Tuarach, can go in my place.

JAMIE

Me, sire?

PRINCE CHARLES

(amused)

Perhaps you thought I would have you exiled or even executed for daring to voice your doubts? No. I see now that you have the true heart of a patriot, willing even to risk my divine wrath in order to safeguard your countrymen. I can think of no better man to help me in this time of need.

(pressing)

Go to the Court of Louis. Be my advocate for rebellion. For your Prince. For your rightful King. And for the God that sits in judgement of us all.

Jamie bows his heads slightly to The Prince.

JAMIE

I will, sire.

PRINCE CHARLES

Excellent. Mark me, I have no doubt that when I set foot on Scottish soil, I shall have you on my side.

(then)

And now I am in need of a woman. Maybe two. For sport, nothing more. I've already taken a mistress to my bed. Not a harlot, mind you, a French woman of my own class. Though her behavior during **l'amour** is quite scandalous.

(turning melancholy)

Unfortunately the dear creature is trapped in a loveless marriage, keeping us from the happiness we both desire. But I am convinced that she will be my reward for doing God's will. Pray that day comes soon.

MURTAGH

(to Jamie; in Gaelic)

Not too late to slit his throat.

MURTAGH G

(to Jamie; in Gaelic)

'S mithich thathast sgian air a sgòrnan.

Prince Charles winces in disapproval.

PRINCE CHARLES

I do find Gaelic to be the most abominable language.

An attractive courtesan catches The Prince's eye.

PRINCE CHARLES (CONT'D)

Mark me, is she not a rare beauty?

And with that, Charles stands and follows after his prey, leaving Jamie and Murtagh alone at the table attempting to process their conversation with royalty.

INT. JAMIE & CLAIRE'S APARTMENT - PARLOR - NIGHT

Claire enters and sits down beside Jamie, who is with Murtagh.

CLAIRE

If we're going to Versailles I'll need to have an appropriate dress made. I'll talk to Louise. She'll know which couturier I should visit. She goes to Court often.

(MORE)

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

She could probably introduce you to the Minister of Finance.

JAMIE

Make it soon, if at all possible
(then)

The wine business has proved to be quite profitable. Get yourself two dresses, lass. No doubt you'll make use of both.

That brings a smile to Claire's face.

CLAIRE

I'm proud of you Jamie. You spoke your heart and still won a place at The Prince's side.

MURTAGH

The man's a blockhead. And a dangerous one at that. He'll get us all killed if we don't stop him.

CLAIRE

He's right about one thing: wars cost money. Without funds, Charles is helpless. So we'll have to see to it his war chest remains empty. Let us hope the French Minister of Finance knows a bad investment when he sees one.

Jamie and Murtagh exchange a look. That could work.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

If the Scottish rebellion can be plotted in a French brothel, maybe it can be stopped in the French Court.

INT. LOUISE'S HOUSE - PARLOR - DAY

Claire, in her midday finery, stands before a small baroque cage. Inside the cage, a hyper-active MONKEY leaps about.

CLAIRE

Poor thing. It's a shame she has to be caged up.

OFF SCREEN, we hear the RIPPING OF CLOTH and an indignant SCREAM OF PAIN.

MADAME LOUISE DE LA TOUR MARQUISE DE ROHAN, a young woman of rubenesque stature, reclines on a chaise longue, dressed in a silk robe. She's getting her legs waxed by her personal GROOMER, a man of Turkish origin. It hurts.

LOUISE
(to the groomer)
**Savage of a Turk! Why can't
you be more gentle?**

LOUISE F
(to the Groomer)
**Espèce de sauvage de Turquie!
Ne pouvez-vous donc pas être
plus délicat?**

The groomer has heard this all before.

GROOMER
**Your discomfort shatters my
soul, Madame. But feel how
smooth.**

GROOMER F
**L'inconfort de Madame m'est
insupportable. Mais voyez
comme c'est doux.**

LOUISE
(rubbing her leg)
**Yes, yes, like a baby's
bottom.**
(sighs)
**And the worst is yet to
come.**
(in answer to Claire)
**Yes, Colette is a cute
little rascal, but she has a
tendency to bite. The bite
of the man is desirable, but
the bite of the monkey not
so much.**

LOUISE F
(rubbing her leg)
**Oui, effectivement, comme
les fesses d'un nouveau-né.**
(sighs)
**Le pire reste à venir,
cependant.**
(in answer to Claire)
**Yes, Colette is a cute
little rascal, but she has a
tendency to bite. The bite
of the man is desirable, but
the bite of the monkey not
so much.**

The groomer slathers beeswax on Louise's other leg.

LOUISE
It is so warm and so comforting
being put on. And so painful when
it is pulled off. Such is life.
(then; loudly OFF SCREEN)
Mary! Mary! You fearful little
child! Stop hiding and come meet a
new friend.
(to Claire)
Such an annoying girl. I regret my
pledge to her uncle to chaperone her
around Paris. Such a bother.

MARY HAWKINS, 17, a slight, shy girl with the china-white skin of a true English lass, enters the room dressed in her chemise and clutching her bodice around her.

LOUISE (CONT'D)
 Stop clutching yourself as if you
 were in a slave market --

MARY
 -- B-but, I'm as good as naked.

LOUISE
 Ignorant child. Must I drop my
 robe to show you what naked means?

MARY
 Please don't.

LOUISE
 Then calm yourself. Your innocence
 is safe with us.
 (then)
 Mary, allow me to introduce a
 fellow Englishwoman, Lady Broch
 Tuarach, Claire Fraser.

MARY
 M-Mary Hawkins, Madame.

CLAIRE
 Mary Hawkins. I'm sure I've heard
 that name before.

MARY
 I don't believe we've met.

CLAIRE
 I suppose it'll come to me. What
 brings you to Paris, Mary?

MARY
 M-my uncle Silas Hawkins is here on
 business.

LOUISE
 Mary's going to wed the Vicomte
 Marigny. A widower of means. Why
 a girl soon to be so wealthy cannot
 even manage a smile is beyond me.

CLAIRE
 Vicomte Marigny. Is he that older
 gentlemen, with all those --

Claire dots her cheeks with a finger.

MARY

Warts. Yes, that's him. And he possesses the b-bushiest beard I-I've ever seen.

CLAIRE

Let me guess, your uncle has arranged this marriage?

Mary nods without enthusiasm.

LOUISE

A most fortunate union, in spite of the difference in age.

The groomer rips the linen from Louise's leg. Louise YELPS IN PAIN.

GROOMER

Is Madame ready for her next bit of torture?

GROOMER F

Madame est-elle prête pour la suite de la torture?

LOUISE

Monster! Give me a moment.

LOUISE F

Vile monstre! Une minute, enfin.

MARY

I think I should get dressed.

LOUISE

You shall do no such thing!
(to Claire)
Her legs are hairier than Colette's, and no Frenchman will suffer to bed a monkey.

MARY

(shuddering)
You say such horrible things.

LOUISE

Smile, you've met a new friend. Claire, you say you wish to go to Court? You shall accompany Mary and me to Versailles. The King has authorized a demonstration of fireworks that I am certain will be wondrous to the eye.

Claire gives a pleased smile.

CLAIRE

Sounds marvelous. May I bring my husband?

LOUISE

If you must. Though I don't doubt you'd have more fun without him. I'll make you an appointment with Madame Tabanou. She'll make you a dress fit for a queen.

And with that, Louise slides further down on the chaise and lifts her legs high, displaying her privates to Claire and Mary. And as the two women watch in curiosity and shock, the groomer slathers beeswax over Louise's genitals. Louise notices their reaction.

LOUISE (CONT'D)

But such incredulous faces. Has no one told you? In Paris, a hairless mount is de reguerre, and the men find it absolutely irresistible.

CLAIRE

(thinking it over)
Well, when in Paris...

And as the groomer rips away the first of several strips...

INT. JAMIE & CLAIRE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jamie is already in bed, as Claire finishes getting into her nightgown and slides in next to him. She tentatively takes his hand under the covers and pulls it to her, places it between her thighs...

Jamie suddenly snatches his hand away and sits straight up.

JAMIE

Claire! What have you done to yourself? Yer honeypot, it's... bare.

CLAIRE

Yes, I know. I was there when it happened.

She pulls back the covers, displaying her legs.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I did these, as well.

JAMIE
That's bad enough. But to rid
yourself of such a lovely forest...

CLAIRE
I thought you'd be... intrigued...
with something different.

Claire guides his hand back under the covers and between her legs.

JAMIE
Aye, it's different all right.
What must it look like?

CLAIRE
See for yourself.

Jamie considers it. Claire ushers Jamie's head down, allows him a moment or two of inspection.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Thoughts?

JAMIE
It's more complicated than it looks
thatched over.

He strokes it with his fingers. Claire smiles with pleasure.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Verra smooth.

CLAIRE
(inviting)
So do you like it?

Jamie hesitates. Truth is, he does like it, but this is more complicated than that. He crawls back up beside her.

JAMIE
You're a daring woman Sassenach. I
suppose it makes me a lucky man...

He kisses her, the first time in a long while. It feels good. But as it grows more passionate, Claire feels his hesitation. The kiss breaks off.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
... but a very tired man.

Claire sees his desolation, knows it's an excuse. But she tried. She manages a comforting smile and graceful retreat.

CLAIRE
Then let's go to sleep.

He doesn't argue with her.

INT. JAMIE & CLAIRE'S APARTMENT - FOYER - NIGHT

The big day at Court has arrived. Both Jamie and Murtagh are dressed in their most formal Highlander wardrobe (Jamie in pants, Murtagh in his best kilt).

JAMIE
(re: Murtagh's attire)
Civilized. Verra civilized.
Though you'll probably be the only
one at Court with a beard.

MURTAGH
Ye expect me to shave for a bunch
of French fops?

JAMIE
Ye could've at least washed your
knees, ye swine.

MURTAGH
I did.

CLAIRE (O.C.)
I see we're all ready to go...

They turn to see Claire, wearing a gorgeous red dress and clutching a small fan, coming down the stairs.

CLAIRE
Murtagh, please try not to insult
too many people tonight.

Murtagh bows slightly, but Jamie is aghast at the cut of Claire's dress.

JAMIE
Are you mad, woman? I can see
every inch of you, down to your
third rib.

CLAIRE
(looking down at herself)
No, you can't.

Jamie peers into her cleavage.

JAMIE

Christ! I can see all the way to your navel. Surely you dinna mean to go out in public like this.

CLAIRE

(bristling)

I most certainly do. I'll have you know I helped design this dress. You've seen how noble ladies dress on the street. You think they cover up at Court?

JAMIE

But ye're my wife. I dinna want other men to look at you like I look at their ladies.

To that, Claire can only smile.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Christ, Sassenach. First your honeypot, and now this?

Murtagh has no desire to hear the rest of this particular conversation.

MURTAGH

I'll wait in the carriage.

Without waiting for an answer, Murtagh beats a hasty retreat.

JAMIE

Claire, we may reside in France, but ye're still an Englishwoman. And Englishwomen are supposed to look proper and obedient.

Jamie places his arms around her.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Not like some hairless trollop.

CLAIRE

I guess that makes me a bit of both.

She places her arms around his neck and pulls him down to kiss her, placing his hand on the swell of her breast. Jamie knows when he's defeated.

JAMIE

I suppose it'll have to do. You could cover up a bit.

CLAIRE

I already thought of that.

She SNAPS open the FAN and uses it to cover her chest.

JAMIE

You're going to need a larger fan.

EXT. VERSAILLES - NIGHT

Establishing. The palace glitters like an enormous jewel in the night.

INT. VERSAILLES - HALLS/RECEPTION HALL - NIGHT

Louise and Mary escort Claire, Jamie, and Murtagh through the massive halls and rooms of Versailles. Eventually, they arrive in a large reception room, where tables are heaped with food served on gold plates and drinks are readily available.

A SERIES OF QUICK VIGNETTES that introduce us to the decadent and depraved world of the French Court. Bloated older men with drink-blotched faces stroll along in the company of heavily made-up women whose fans do little to hide the fact that their breasts seem ready to burst out of their gowns. Some carry POMANDERS: oranges on wooden sticks studded with cloves to hide the thriving smells of body odor and foul breath.

It's quite the spectacle.

CLAIRE

(re: the heaving bosoms
surrounding them)

I do believe I'm overdressed.

MURTAGH

It's a bonnie bit of landscape.
Cannae say the same about the
guests.

Louise ignores Murtagh's observation.

LOUISE

I am intimate with all the noble families, their genealogies, and their allegiances, so if there's anyone you wish to meet...

CLAIRE

I'm told Monsieur Duverney is quite an interesting gentleman.

LOUISE

A man of rather gross sensibilities. But fear not, if he's here, I shall find him.

ANNALISE (O.C.)

Can it be?

ANNALISE F (O.C.)

Se peut-il?

ANNALISE DE MARILLAC, a beautiful young woman in a revealing gown, approaches Jamie with an all-too-welcoming smile.

ANNALISE

My little savage. It is you.

ANNALISE F

Mon petit sauvage. C'est bien toi.

She kisses Jamie on both cheeks. A flustered Jamie can feel Claire's eyes upon him. He hurriedly makes the introduction.

JAMIE

Claire, allow me to introduce an old friend, Annalise de Marillac. Annalise, my wife, Claire Fraser.

JAMIE F

Claire, laissez-moi te présenter... une vieille amie, Annalise de Marillac. Annalise, voici mon épouse, Claire Fraser.

ANNALISE

(to Claire)

Charmed, I'm sure. Let me congratulate you on having won such a strong, passionate man for a husband.

CLAIRE

Yes, I am fortunate, aren't I?

ANNALISE

Tell me, did he fight many duels to win your affection?

Claire is taken aback by the question.

CLAIRE

Actually, he won my heart without having to pull his sword.

ANNALISE

More's the pity. When I knew him, he had quite the appetite for the blade.

JAMIE

(to Claire)

It was one duel. One small, insignificant duel.

But Claire isn't ready to let Jamie off the hook that quickly.

CLAIRE

For the lady's affection, I presume?

JAMIE

As I recall, I merely scratched my opponent.

CLAIRE

Not from lack of trying, I'm sure.

JAMIE

And the ironic thing is, and it's quite funny actually, Annalise ended up marrying the fellow.

LOUISE

How romantic.

ANNALISE

He's dead. Smallpox.

CLAIRE

There's a lot of that going around.

LOUISE

How tragic.

ANNALISE

Not really.

CLAIRE

Then I suppose there's no need for condolences.

A long, awkward silence ensues that is finally broken by Annalise.

ANNALISE

Jamie, how would you like to meet The King?

ANNALISE F

Jamie, que dirais-tu de rencontrer le Roi?

At this point, Jamie doesn't know what to say. He looks at Claire, who merely raises her eyebrows.

ANNALISE
Oh, you must. He's being prepared to make his grand entrance. I'm quite friendly with the Minister of the Royal Household. It's the perfect opportunity.

ANNALISE F
(cont'd)
Oh, il le faut. Il se prépare à faire sa grande entrée. Le Grand Maître de France est un bon ami. C'est l'opportunité rêvée.

LOUISE
It would be quite the honor.

LOUISE F
Cela serait un grand honneur.

ANNALISE
(to Claire)
You don't mind if I borrow your husband for a few minutes... be at ease, I can only bring him to the door of The King's bedroom. The dressing of The King is a male only affair.

CLAIRE
Who could pass up an opportunity to meet a king?
(to Murtagh)
You'll accompany them.

CLAIRE F
Et je ne voudrais surtout pas l'en priver.
(to Murtagh)
You'll accompany them.

Murtagh has had a hard time keeping up with the rapidly spoken French.

MURTAGH
Where are we going?

LOUISE
To witness the dressing of The King, you foolish man.

MURTAGH
(less than enthused)
I wouldn't want to miss that.

Annalise puts her arm through Jamie's and, along with Murtagh, walks off with her prize.

Louise steps up beside Claire as they watch the trio depart.

LOUISE
And to think, you once bragged that you and your husband had no need for lovers. Are you quite sure of that?

MARY

Oh d-dear.

CLAIRE

I wouldn't get my hopes up if I were you.

LOUISE

Come along then. At the very least, you can indulge yourself in some harmless, or perhaps not-so-harmless flirtation.

And as the three women resume their stroll...

INT. VERSAILLES - KING'S CHAMBERS - NIGHT

A small room adjacent to The King's bedchamber. A crowd of nobles stand shoulder to shoulder watching The King, who is blocked from view. Jamie and Murtagh jockey their way toward the front of the milling throng.

ADVISOR (O.C.)

But surely The King is aware that the Church considers astrology to be one of the dark arts.

ADVISOR F (O.C.)

Mais, le Roi n'ignore certainement pas que l'Église considère l'astrologie comme faisant partie des arts obscurs.

KING LOUIS (O.C.)

And surely the Church is aware that The King is divine, and thus, his search for knowledge, wherever it may lead, holds no peril.

KING LOUIS F (O.C.)

Et l'Église n'ignore certainement pas que la personne du Roi est sacrée et que sa quête de connaissance ne saurait présenter de danger, ou qu'elle puisse le mener.

Jamie and Murtagh have made it to the front of the crowd, revealing KING LOUIS XV, seated slumped on a large ROYAL COMMUNE. In his mid-thirties, The King is a tall, baby-faced gentleman with long wavy hair.

Standing before him is a nobleman who serves as The King's ADVISOR for Religious Affairs.

ADVISOR

(pleading)

The Church asks me to remind
The King that it feels for
the immortal souls of the
French people. For the
people whisper that their
King seeks for meaning in
the stars. And thus, some
have taken it upon
themselves to ignore Church
doctrine and indulge in
Lord-knows-what heretical
practices.

KING LOUIS

Then let the Church worry
about keeping the people on
the path of righteousness,
and leave The King alone!
Are you blind? Do you not
see how I suffer?

ADVISOR F

(pleading)

L'Église souhaite rappeler
au Roi qu'elle s'inquiète à
propos de l'âme immortelle
du peuple de France. Il se
murmure que le Roi
chercherait conseil parmi
les astres. Certains de ses
sujets se permettent ainsi
de renier la doctrine de
l'Église et se complaisent
dans Dieu seul sait quelles
pratiques hérétiques.

KING LOUIS F

Que l'Église se préoccupe de
garder le peuple dans le
chemin de la vertue, et
qu'elle laisse le Roi en
paix! Êtes-vous aveugle? Ne
voyez-vous donc pas que je
souffre?

The two Scots take in the scene with curious bemusement.
Murtagh leans over and whispers to Jamie.

MURTAGH

Only in France does a king need an
audience to shite. If ye're lucky,
maybe ye'll be given the honor of
wiping the Royal arse.

Jamie shoots Murtagh a look.

MURTAGH (CONT'D)

Who better, after all. Your time
in the stables has made you an
expert at cleaning up shite.

KING LOUIS

Complaints. All he ever
hears from his Church, from
his ministers, from his
nobles, are complaints. Is
it any wonder he sits here
in despair? Let them sit
upon this throne and they
would learn something about
anguish. Of the tortures of
the damned.

KING LOUIS F

Des doléances. Tout ce que
le Roi peut espérer entendre
de son Église, de ses
ministres, de ses nobles,
c'est des doléances. Est-il
alors étonnant qu'il ne
puisse se relaxer? Laissez-
les donc s'asseoir sur ce
trône et ils apprendront ce
que c'est que l'anxiété.
C'est digne de la damnation.

NOBLEMAN #2

Perhaps if His Majesty would
only relax?

NOBLEMAN #2 F

Si seulement Sa Majesté
voulait bien se laisser
aller.

NOBLEMAN #3

Or concentrate. Bear down
and prove himself a master
of his bowels.

NOBLEMAN #3 F

Ou bien se concentrer. Peut-
être pourrait-il montrer sa
maîtrise de ses propres
intestins.

KING LOUIS

Has not The King tried every
suggestion known to man?
Nothing works. I am cursed.

KING LOUIS F

Le Roi n'a-t-il pas déjà
entendu toutes les
suggestions connues? Rien ne
fonctionne. Je suis maudit.

Jamie makes his way closer to the MINISTER OF THE ROYAL
HOUSEHOLD who stands at The King's side, leans over and
speaks urgently.

JAMIE

I am Lord Broch Tuarach of
Scotland. Be so kind as to
introduce me to His Majesty.

JAMIE F

Je suis Laird Broch Tuarach,
je viens d'Écosse.
Présentez-moi à Son Altesse,
je vous prie.

MINISTER OF HOUSE

I beg your pardon.

MINISTER OF HOUSE F

Je vous demande pardon?

JAMIE

Lord Broch Tuarach. Do it,
if ye wish to relieve His
Majesty's suffering.

JAMIE F

Seigneur Broch Tuarach.
Présentez-moi si vous voulez
que Sa Majesté soit délivré
de ses souffrances.

A KINGLY GROAN of despair sets the Minister into motion.

MINISTER OF HOUSE

(to King Louis)

Your Majesty, may I present
Lord... Brack Terack. Of
Scotland.

MINISTER OF HOUSE F

(to King Louis)

Votre Majesté, puis-je vous
présenter le Seigneur... Brack
Terack. Il nous vient
d'Écosse.

The King's look to Jamie is less than welcoming.

KING LOUIS

So you say. Impudent rascal,
demanding an introduction at
such an awkward time.

KING LOUIS F

Mais bien entendu... un autre
impudent coquin qui demande
à être présenté à cette
heure
délicate.

MINISTER OF HOUSE
I beg His Majesty's
forgiveness.

MINISTER OF HOUSE F
J'implore le pardon de Sa
Majesté.

Jamie bows to The King.

JAMIE
James Fraser, Your Majesty.
Lord Broch Tuarach. If it
pleases His Majesty, may I
suggest he eat only
"parritch" every morning.
Such a meal would ensure his
bowels behave more
obediently.

JAMIE F
James Fraser, Votre Majesté.
Puis-je recommander à Son
Altesse de ne manger que du
"parritch" le matin, si cela
Lui convient. Un tel
déjeuner lui rendrait la
maîtrise de ses intestins.

KING LOUIS
Parritch he says?
(to the Minister of
House)
Pray tell, what is this
"parritch" the man clamors
about?

KING LOUIS F
Parritch?
(to the Minister of
House)
Mais je vous en prie,
qu'est-
ce que ce "parritch" vanté
par Monsieur ?

MINISTER OF HOUSE
(leaning in)
I believe he means
"porridge"
your Highness.

MINISTER OF HOUSE F
(leaning in)
Je crois que monsieur fait
référence au "porridge",
Votre Altesse.

KING LOUIS
(to Jamie)
Porridge, you say?

JAMIE
It is the breakfast of choice in
the Highlands.

KING LOUIS
Is that so?
(thinks it over)
Unfortunately, The King has never
acquired a taste for peasant food.

JAMIE
Perhaps this would be the perfect
time.

The King GROANS loudly.

KING LOUIS
 Before God and man, will
 this suffering not end?
 (to the Minister)
 Alert the kitchen. The King
 will dine on...
 "parritch"...
 for breakfast.

KING LOUIS F
 Pour l'amour de Dieu, ce
 supplice ne s'arrêtera donc
 jamais?
 (to the Minister)
 Faites prévenir les
 cuisines. Le Roi se vera
 servir du...
 "parritch" le matin.

And as Jamie and Murtagh settle in to watch the ordeal
 continue...

INT. VERSAILLES - RECEPTION HALL - DAY

Claire and Louise are mid-conversation with a small group of
 gossiping women.

NOBLEWOMAN #1
 See that gentleman strolling
 past? That's Monsieur
 Toutine, better known as
 L'Andouille.

NOBLEWOMAN #1 F
 Vous voyez ce Monsieur en
 train de déambuler? C'est
 Monsieur Toutine, mieux
 connu sous le nom de
 'L'Andouille'.

CLAIRE
 Dare I ask why?

CLAIRE F
 Oserai-je demander pourquoi?

NOBLEWOMAN #1
 (happy to explain)
 Because he is proven unable
 to keep that appendage in
 his britches whenever a
 pretty damsel is within
 reach.

NOBLEWOMAN #1 F
 (happy to explain)
 Tout simplement parce qu'il
 n'a jamais été en mesure de
 garder son membre dans sa
 culotte si une jolie
 demoiselle se trouvait dans
 les parages.

The other French women TITTER in agreement.

NOBLEWOMAN #2
 Tell us Madame Fraser, what do
 English ladies call a male member?

CLAIRE
 Let me think. I've often heard it
 referred to as "peter", though
 there are some who prefer "prick."

The French women cannot hide their disappointment.

NOBLEWOMAN #1
 Is that the best they can
 do? How infelicitous to the
 ear.

NOBLEWOMAN #1 F
 Est-ce là le mieux qu'elles
 puissent trouver? Comment
 c'est disgracieux à
 l'oreille.

NOBLEWOMAN #1
 But then, what can one
 expect from the English?
 Theirs is such an unmusical
 language.

(to Claire quickly)
 No offence intended, my
 dear.

NOBLEWOMAN #1 F
 Mais après tout, quoi
 d'autre pourrait-on attendre
 de la part des Anglais? Leur
 langage est si peu
 harmonieux.

(à Claire)
 No offence intended, my
 dear.

CLAIRE
 None taken.

Just then, Louise nudges Claire, pointing out Mary, who
 surprisingly is engaged in deep conversation with a young
 Englishman [we'll shortly learn his name is ALEX]. Alex says
 something that actually brings laughter to Mary's lips.

LOUISE
 That wicked little minx. She's
 found herself a lover even before
 the exchange of wedding vows.

CLAIRE
 Hardly that, I'm sure.

Claire has had enough of all this frivolous conversation.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
 Excuse me ladies, but I need some
 air.

Claire heads out of the room. Just then, Louise spots a
 BURLY MIDDLE-AGED NOBLEMAN gulping down three successive
 glasses of champagne, all the while looking around as if in
 fear he might be caught in the act. Louise hurries over to
 him.

LOUISE
 Monsieur Duverney, finally
 you appear.

LOUISE F
 Monsieur Duverney, vous
 voilà enfin!

MINISTER OF FINANCE JOSEPH DUVERNEY, for that is indeed who
 the burly gentleman is, whirls guiltily around, only to
 relax when he realizes who has addressed him.

DUVERNEY
 God's holy blood, you
 sounded exactly like my
 wife!

LOUISE
 My lovely English friend,
 Lady Broch Tuarach, has been
 most anxious to make your
 acquaintance. Most anxious.

DUVERNEY
 (intrigued)
 A friend of yours can be
 nothing less than
 fascinating. Where is she?

LOUISE
 (points her out)
 There. I believe she means
 to take the air. I'll
 introduce you --

DUVERNEY
 No need to bother yourself,
 Madame. I shall manage the
 introductions.

With a sly grin, Duverney heads out the same door Claire
 just exited.

EXT. VERSAILLES - FOOTBRIDGE - NIGHT

A beautiful stone bridge over a stream. The glittering
 palace itself along with other guests and visitors can be
 seen moving about in the B.G. Claire sits on the stone
 balustrade, sighing with relief as she takes off her cramped
 shoes and rubs her feet.

Just then, Duverney appears on the bridge, gazing
 appreciatively at the choice morsal awaiting him.

DUVERNEY
 Lady Broch Tuarach, your
 prayers have been answered.

DUVERNEY F
 Par le sang du Christ, j'ai
 cru un instant que c'était
 ma femme.

LOUISE F
 Ma charmante amie anglaise,
 Lady Broch Tuarach, était
 tellement excitée de faire
 votre connaissance. Si
 excitée.

DUVERNEY F
 (intrigued)
 Elle ne pourra qu'être
 fascinante si elle est l'un
 des vos amies. Où se trouve-
 t-elle?

LOUISE F
 (points her out)
 Par ici. Je crois qu'elle
 souhaitait prendre l'air.
 Laissez-moi vous
 présenter --

DUVERNEY F
 Nul besoin de vous
 inquiéter,
 Madame. Je me chargerai des
 présentations.

DUVERNEY F
 Lady Broch Tuarach, vos
 prières ont été exaucées.

CLAIRE
 Excuse me?

DUVERNEY

I am told you are desirous of the company of Monsieur Joseph Duverney. Since I alone in all of France answer to that name, it is I you have been praying for.

At first Claire is pleased to meet the elusive Monsieur Duverney.

CLAIRE

This is indeed an honor. My husband --

DUVERNEY

Let us not speak of husbands or wives. Instead, let me worship at your feet.

It turns out Duverney is speaking literally. He kneels down in front of Claire and grabs hold of her foot. He begins stroking it.

Claire tries to jerk her foot away. He brings the foot to his mouth and begins kissing the toes with ardor.

CLAIRE

Monsieur, I think you are grossly mistaken...

DUVERNEY

There's no need to play the coquette. Let us take the few brief moments we have and find ecstasy in each other's embrace.

Duverney's hands start to slide up Claire's legs. Claire stands and Duverney rises with her, attempting an embrace.

DUVERNEY (CONT'D)

Come my little mouse, let me hear you squeak.

With all her strength, she pushes him away. He stumbles backward --

-- And into the arms of Jamie, who is now on the bridge.

Jamie takes one look at his wife, and then at the drunkard in his arms, rapidly puts two and two together, and before Claire can reveal the identity of her assailant, Jamie heaves Duverney right OVER THE RAIL. He lands in the stream with a splash that would do a whale proud. Jamie glares at him over the rail as Claire steps up next to him.

CLAIRE

That was the Minister of Finance.

JAMIE

Monsieur Duverney...?

CLAIRE

The same. I wanted to tell you,
but it all happened so fast.

JAMIE

(sour)
Paris.
(then)
I knew that dress of yours would
lead to grief.

She rolls her eyes, then the two of them watch as Duverney slowly clambers out of the water onto the bank.

INT. VERSAILLES - RECEPTION HALL - NIGHT

A short time later. Duverney is still soaking wet and trying to dry himself before the fire while apologizing to Claire and Jamie. Murtagh looks on with barely concealed amusement.

DUVERNEY

Please accept my most fervent
apology for my beastly behavior.

But Claire and Jamie are actually thrilled to be given another chance to become acquainted with the Minister of Finance.

CLAIRE

I am happy to accept your gracious
apology, Minister Duverney.

JAMIE

As am I.

DUVERNEY

Thank you both most sincerely.
What can I say?
I have grown too fond of The King's
ever-flowing champagne. If my wife
had caught me attempting to make
love to yet another woman... my
beloved possesses a fiery temper.

CLAIRE

She need never know.

DUVERNEY

God's blessing on you both.
Perhaps there is some way I can be
of service?

JAMIE

Your friendship is service enough.

DUVERNEY

Then you shall have it. Tell me,
do you by any chance enjoy the game
of chess?

MURTAGH

He's a master.

JAMIE

A master? No. But I've been known
to brood over a board or two.

DUVERNEY

Wonderful! We must have a game.

King Louis suddenly appears alongside one of his many
MISTRESSES, whose bare breasts proudly display nipples
pierced in sparkling jewels.

KING LOUIS

My dear Monsieur Duverney.
Your King appreciates that
you have chosen to follow
his edict that the nobles of
France familiarize
themselves with the
pleasures of the
bath. However, in the
future, be so good as to
conduct your ablutions in
private.

KING LOUIS F

Mon cher Monsieur Duverney.
Votre Roi se réjouit de voir
que vous avez choisi de
suivre Ses édits, et que
comme le reste de la
noblesse de France vous vous
familiarisez avec les
plaisirs du bain. Néanmoins,
dans le futur ayez la bonté
de procéder à vos ablutions
en privé.

The onlookers LAUGH, perhaps a little too loudly. Murtagh
stares openly at the Mistress' bare nipples, while Duverney
bows to The King, careful to not shed water on the royal
wardrobe.

DUVERNEY

It shall be as His Majesty
requests.

DUVERNEY F

Si cela plaît à Sa Majesté.

King Louis turns his attention to Jamie.

KING LOUIS

Parritch.

KING LOUIS F

Parritch, donc.

JAMIE
**On my honor, you will not
 regret it.**

JAMIE F
**Sur mon honneur, vous le
 regretterez pas.**

The King moves off to converse with guests on the other side of the room, but his bare-breasted Mistress lingers just a moment longer, enjoying the fact that Murtagh is still gaping at those pierced nipples. Jamie has to give him a sharp elbow in the ribs to jolt him back to reality. Abruptly brought back to the here and now, Murtagh's gaze suddenly falls on someone across the room.

MURTAGH
 (sotto, in Gaelic)
***Cheating coward of a
 villain!***

MURTAGH G
 (sotto in Gaelic)
A ghealtair mhealltaich!

Jamie clocks Murtagh, who is moving through the crowd over to --

THE DUKE OF SANDRINGHAM, who is sampling a GLASS OF WINE taken off one of the palace servants' trays.

MURTAGH
 Judas!

Upon recognizing Murtagh, the flustered Duke coughs out the wine, splashing the Highlander.

MURTAGH (CONT'D)
 (raising his dirk)
 You'll pay for yer treachery.

Jamie rushes up and gets between Murtagh and The Duke.

JAMIE
 Murtagh! You must never draw a
 weapon in presence of The King.
 It's death.

MURTAGH
 (to the Duke; in Gaelic)
There will come a time.

MURTAGH G
 (to the Duke; in Gaelic)
Thig ar cothrom thathast!

The Duke straightens his clothes, allowing himself to regain composure.

SANDRINGHAM
 If that's an apology, and I do hope
 it is, I accept with all good
 grace. Jamie, dear boy, upon my
 honor, I'm delighted to see you
 looking so... healthy.

The Duke sees Claire approach.

SANDRINGHAM (CONT'D)
And Mrs. Fraser!

He takes hold of her hand, bows over it to plant a kiss.

SANDRINGHAM (CONT'D)
This is a joyful reunion.

CLAIRE
I wish I could say the same.

SANDRINGHAM
You cut me to the quick. But I suppose I deserve it. Let me assure you I had every intention of delivering your Petition of Complaint to The Court of Sessions, as I pledged I would. It was that damned Randall. The brute was most insistent I hand it over to him instead. He left me no choice whatsoever. Can you ever forgive me?

JAMIE
What's done is done.

SANDRINGHAM
Too true. When I heard you'd been sent to Wentworth Prison, I positively wept. How you must've suffered.

JAMIE
As you say, let's not talk of such things.

SANDRINGHAM
I know, I know. But when I think of you caged in that hellish pit... the things I've heard about dungeons. Unpleasant places... so utterly filthy. And I loathe rats.
(then brightening)
But, yes, what's past is past. Now tell me what you're all doing here in France.

That's a good question. One that needs to be carefully answered.

CLAIRE

Jamie's employed by his cousin
Jared.

SANDRINGHAM

The wine merchant! What a
serendipitous surprise. I depart
for England on the morrow. But I
will return shortly, and when I do,
I would be most interested in
sampling some of that rare Belle
Rouge port I've heard he's been
stocking. I must buy a case.

MURTAGH

On credit, no doubt.

SANDRINGHAM

Actually my coffers are absolutely
bulging at the moment. I'd be
willing to pay twenty percent over
your asking price. It's the least
I can do.

JAMIE

Accepted.

SANDRINGHAM

Let us drink to it.

JAMIE

I shall find us something suitable.

Jamie moves off to find something to drink with the Duke.

Murtagh glares at Sandringham for a moment, still not
satisfied. But then he notices a coterie of women WHISPERING
coquettishly among themselves while staring in their
direction.

Murtagh looks around to make sure he's the object of their
attention. Indeed he is. He points a finger at his chest
just to make sure. The women nod, and one of them points at
his kilt, lifting a challenging finger repeatedly up in the
air. Ah yes, the age old question: What does a Scotsman wear
under his kilt?

MURTAGH

Are you daring me, my lovelies?
Well this is one Scotsman who's
never turned down a dare in his
life.

Hoping to fluster the women, Murtagh thrusts out his hips and lifts his kilt high, giving them an unobstructed view of Murtagh Fitzgibbons Fraser, Jr. But, to Murtagh's disappointed surprise, the women are unfazed by his display. Instead they GIGGLE in appreciation; one of them crooks her finger at him, inviting him over. Murtagh lowers his kilt. These bawdy lasses have earned his respect. And as he saunters over to them...

SANDRINGHAM

(re: Murtagh)

Scotsmen!

(to Claire)

Poor Jamie, he must miss Scotland terribly. But I suppose it was no longer a safe haven for either of you.

CLAIRE

Yes. And so here we all are, on the same side, no less.

(off the Duke's
questioning
look)

Supporters of the Jacobite cause. Of course, you being an English aristocrat, such a position makes you a traitor to the Crown.

SANDRINGHAM

I see that time has not dulled the sharpness of your tongue, Madame.

This is not a conversation Sandringham wishes to continue, luckily for him he doesn't have to -- Alex, the Englishman we saw talking to Mary Hawkins, steps up to them.

ALEX

Your Grace, the fireworks are due to begin momentarily.

The young man breaks into a coughing jag. The Duke, his distaste evident, backs away.

SANDRINGHAM

Really, if you must cough on someone, find a servant.

(to Claire)

Did that sound too harsh?

CLAIRE

A bit.

(to Alex)

Are you all right, sir?

ALEX

Your pardon, Madame. It's chronic,
I'm afraid.

CLAIRE

Some Althea Officinalis might prove
soothing to your throat.
(off his nod)
Didn't I see you walking earlier
with Mary Hawkins?

ALEX

You know her? Enchanting girl.

CLAIRE

Yes, isn't she?

SANDRINGHAM

(making introductions)
Where are my manners? Claire
Fraser, my new secretary...
Alexander Randall.

Claire reacts in shock to the name. The name ALEX RANDALL
has a fearfully familiar ring about it.

SANDRINGHAM (CONT'D)

And yes, the surname is not a
coincidence. Alex is the brother
of Captain Jonathan Randall,
Esquire.

(to Alex)

Mrs. Fraser and your brother are
well acquainted.

ALEX RANDALL

I will have to tell Jonathan that I
have met you.

CLAIRE

I don't understand. Isn't your
brother... you mean to say... he's
not dead?

ALEX

I certainly hope not. I received a
letter from Scotland this morning
that he posted only two weeks ago.

Claire has turned pale and shaky.

SANDRINGHAM

Can I be of assistance?

CLAIRE

(recovering)

No, I'm fine. Thank you. I suppose... I'd heard a false rumor of his demise.

ALEX

Jonathan did suffer wounds in the line of duty. They were not insignificant, but luckily my brother is blessed with a much stronger constitution than my own.

Suddenly there's a BOOMING from O.C. The crowd REACTS with delight and goes toward the huge FRENCH DOORS, which servants now OPEN. Everyone crowds for a view of FIREWORKS bursting in the sky over the palace gardens. Sandringham and Alex watch with interest, but Claire has other things on her mind.

SANDRINGHAM

So very beautiful. But must they be so thunderous?

(to Alex)

Have my carriage brought around.

The two men walk off.

ANGLE ON King Louis, Mistress and entourage in tow. The King basks in the adulation of his guests as the grand firework display erupts. Louise and Mary are nearby, with Annalise nestled in amongst the awestruck crowd as well.

And as a wealth of LIGHTS and COLORS rain across the faces of our new cast of characters...

All eyes are on the fireworks, except for Claire's. Instead she looks to where Jamie and Duverney are now toasting each other with glasses of champagne on the other side of the room.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

I barely heard the fireworks. For the first time since we arrived in France our plan to stop the rebellion was taking shape. But what would happen when Jamie found out that Black Jack Randall was alive? Would his need for vengeance eclipse our resolve to prevent the uprising? Should I even tell him? Or would it be better to allow him to go on thinking that Randall had perished

(MORE)

CLAIRE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*in the depths of Wentworth Prison?
But, even if I tried to keep that
appalling news from him, in time,
he'd be sure to learn the truth.
What then?*

And as fireworks rain color in the sky, these questions
continue to roil through Claire's thoughts.

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE