

OUTLANDER

EPISODE 203

Useful Occupations and Deceptions

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FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT
18th September 2015

OUTLANDER
EPISODE 203 "Useful Occupations and Deceptions"

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EPISODE 203 "Useful Occupations and Deceptions"

CAST LIST – FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT – 18th September 2015

CLAIRE BEAUCHAMP RANDALL
JAMIE MACKENZIE FRASER
FRANK RANDALL
MURTAGH FITZGIBBONS FRASER
LOUISE DE ROHAN
MARY HAWKINS
LE COMTE ST. GERMAIN
PRINCE CHARLES STUART
JOSEPH DUVERNEY
FERGUS
MASTER RAYMOND
MOTHER HILDEGARDE
SISTER ANGELIQUE
SUZETTE
MAGNUS
MADAME ELISE

WOMAN PATIENT

EPISODE 203 "Useful Occupations and Deceptions"

SET LIST – FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT – 18th September 2015

INTERIORS

Carriage
Louise's House
 Parlor
Rev. Wakefield's House
(1945)
 Library
Versailles
 Grand Library
Jamie & Claire's Apartment
 Bedroom
 Servants' Quarters
 Staircase
 Parlor
Apothecary
L'Hôpital Des Anges
 Mother Hildegarde's Room
Maison Elise
 Corridor

EXTERIORS

Paris Street
 Louise's House
 Various
Carriage
Versailles
Apothecary
Jamie & Claire's Apartment
 Courtyard
L'Hôpital Des Anges

FADE IN:

OMITTED

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

CLAIRE is alone in bed, asleep. Jamie's side of the bed is undisturbed. After a beat, we hear the noisy clatter of HORSE HOOVES and WOODEN WHEELS on the cobblestones outside. The sound awakens Claire, who looks over to discover she slept alone yet another night. She gets out of bed and walks over to the window.

CLAIRE'S POV -- The carriage barely rocks to a halt before JAMIE disembarks and heads for the door.

JAMIE
(to Coachman)
Feed and water the horses, but keep
them in their traces. We'll be off
again in minutes.

As she waits for Jamie, Claire picks up a brush and begins combing out her hair. After a moment, we hear JAMIE'S FEET coming softly up the stairs, and then he quietly opens the bedroom door. Noticing that Claire is at her dressing table and not in bed, a ragged-looking Jamie enters.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
I didn't mean to wake you,
Sassenach.

CLAIRE
(flatly)
Another long night at Maison Elise.

As they converse, Jamie prepares to leave once again, changing his coat and vest.

JAMIE
Aye. And I fear Prince Charles has
run out of patience with your
husband. Last night he demanded
that I finally arrange that meeting
he's been wanting with Minister
Duverney.
(then)
And he wants it "presto." That's
Italian for right away.

CLAIRE

Yes, I know. I suppose such a meeting had to happen sooner or later. It's impressive that you've managed to delay it all this time.

(then)

Do you think Duverney will even consent to meeting The Prince?

JAMIE

I have no idea. I've avoided bringing it up with Duverney.

CLAIRE

Well, I suppose now you must. Or risk losing Charles' favor.

Jamie goes to a drawer and takes out a handful of GOLD COINS. He holds them in his palm, considering whether he has enough for his needs.

JAMIE

Aye. Even though there would be much to gain in such a loss. In terms of coin anyway. The Prince loves to buy his ladies by the handful but it's my purse he expects to pay the price.

Jamie lets out a mighty yawn.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

I must be away. A government examiner is coming to inspect Jared's warehouse, and then it's a mad gallop to Versailles for another chess match and a blether with Duverney and then another mad gallop, hopefully with the Minister by my side, to Maison Elise and another night of drink and even more blether with that grippe loon of a Prince.

The mere thought of this upcoming day causes Jamie's shoulders to momentarily sag. But he fights off his tiredness with a grin.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

But I suppose stopping Charles' rebellion is worth losing a bit of sleep.

CLAIRE

You've lost more than a bit of sleep, I'm afraid.

JAMIE

Dinna fash, *mo nighean donn*. I'll close my eyes on the journey to the palace. But I appreciate the concern.

He gives her a quick kiss. Her nose wrinkles at the various scents he carries with him. Jamie notices the response.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

I ken. I reek of smoke, don't I?

CLAIRE

And cheap perfume. It doesn't exactly help my morning sickness.

JAMIE

I hung my head out the window on the way here, but all for naught, I'm afraid.

(then)

Go back to sleep, Sassenach. You and the baby need rest. And ye've time before Louise's carriage will arrive to take you to tea.

CLAIRE

I wouldn't want to be late for tea.

JAMIE

It's a tedious business, I grant ye. But you never know -- today could be the day you learn some vital bit of information that will stop any chance of Charles' rebellion once and for all.

It's a pretty thought, but Claire knows better.

CLAIRE

And who's going to give up this vital bit of information? Louise...? Madame Geyer...?

As Jamie places the coins in his sporran, he notices --

JAMIE

(interrupting)

Christ, I don't believe this. Sawney's gone. He's not in my

(MORE)

JAMIE (CONT'D)
 sporran. I've had him since I was
 a wee lad.

CLAIRE
 I'm sure it's in there somewhere.

JAMIE
 Do me a favor, Sassenach. Have the
 servants search the house. It's a
 little wooden snake about this
 big...

CLAIRE
 I know. We'll give the house a
 thorough going over.

JAMIE
 I'll leave it in your capable
 hands.

As Jamie heads for the door --

JAMIE (CONT'D)
 Give my regards to your ladies at
 tea.

Jamie exits. Claire's not in a happy place, calls after him.

CLAIRE
 They're not my ladies.

But Jamie is already gone.

EXT. PARIS STREET - LOUISE'S HOUSE - DAY

Establishing.

OMITTED

INT. LOUISE'S HOUSE - PARLOR - DAY

LOUISE sits at a table across from Claire, playing cards
 (piquet).

Three OTHER LADIES sit on the sofa, sharing tea and gossip.
 One of them is MARY HAWKINS. Claire glances over at the
 English girl.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

Every time I saw Mary Hawkins, I had the strange feeling I knew her somehow, but as yet, I had been unable to place her...

A miserable-looking Mary strolls over to watch the card game. Mary looks around, then leans in, lowering her voice so none of the other ladies can hear.

MARY

I can't possibly m-marry the Vicomte Marigny.

LOUISE

Bah! We have discussed this. He is old, he will bother you less. You can take a lover.

Mary is too focused on her own problems to be scandalized by Louise's flip suggestion.

MARY

I can't marry a Frenchman!

CLAIRE

Is there something wrong with Frenchmen?

MARY

You don't know about Frenchmen? How they --

Mary blushes deeply, tongue-tied.

LOUISE

(to Claire)

You are English. Do you know what she is talking about?

CLAIRE

No, I'm afraid I don't...

MARY

(to Claire)

Well of course you wouldn't. Your husband is so g-gentle and so kind. He wouldn't... I mean I know he doesn't trouble you th-that way.

Louise gets it, begins to laugh. Claire throws her a look.

CLAIRE

(to Mary)

Do you mean...

MARY

What they do in... b-bed.

(a hoarse whisper)

My maid told me that he... a
Frenchman's *th-thing* you know...
They put it between a lady's legs!
I mean right up ins-side her!

LOUISE

(eyes wide)

No!

MARY

Yes!

(to Claire)

An Englishman, or even a Scot...
Oh, I didn't mean it that way. But
a decent man like your husband,
surely he would never dream of
forcing a wife to endure something
like *th-that*!

This sends Louise into another paroxysm of laughter.

CLAIRE

Mary, I believe we need to have a
little talk.

MARY

(defensive, to Louise)

Men don't do things like that where
I come from.

LOUISE

And where is that? The moon?

MARY

Seaford, in Sussex.

Claire suddenly FLASHES ON:

INT. REV. WAKEFIELD'S HOUSE - LIBRARY - 194 - FLASHBACK

Claire looking over FRANK's shoulder, at the inside front
cover of a LARGE BIBLE on the table.

FRANK

*I found it in the attic of my
grandmother's house in Sussex.*

CLAIRE

(teasing)

So even your grandmother was an historian.

FRANK

Most families, historians or not, recorded all the births, deaths, and marriages in the front of their family Bible.

(pointing)

Mine only goes back seven generations. According to this, your darling husband got his start in 1746 when Jonathan Wolverton Randall --

CLAIRE

(reading)

-- married Miss Mary Hawkins.

LOUISE (PRE-LAP)

Ma Chère! Claire!

INT. LOUISE'S HOUSE - PARLOR - DAY

BACK TO SCENE. Claire slumps in her chair, stunned, as Mary and Louise huddle near her, concerned.

MARY

Are you all right? I hope I d-didn't upset you...

LOUISE

You look like you have seen a ghost!

CLAIRE

No, I'm fine, just a little tired. I think I should go.

LOUISE

Of course, I will have Antoine bring your carriage around.

She hurries off. Claire tries giving Mary a reassuring smile.

EXT. PARIS STREET - LOUISE'S HOUSE - DAY

Claire exits Louise's house as the carriage rattles up.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

Somewhere in the back of my mind, I must have known. If Jack Randall had really died at Wentworth Prison, he obviously could not later wed Mary Hawkins and sire Frank's direct ancestor.

The coachman holds open the carriage door for her.

EXT./INT. CARRIAGE - DAY

As the carriage makes its way through the streets, Claire sits, rocking with the motion of the coach, trying to process what she's just remembered.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

And in that case, Frank himself would never exist. Perhaps I hadn't allowed myself to think about it until now... but I was faced with the terrible knowledge that Frank's very existence now depended on Jack living for at least another year. Was that why I hadn't told Jamie the truth? Because I was afraid if I did, he would go back to Scotland and kill him? Killing Frank as well...?

She closes her eyes as a new thought hits her.

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

And what of Mary Hawkins? How in God's name could such a girl end up married to such a monster?

She opens her eyes again, staring out at the Paris streets, her mind roiling.

EXT. VERSAILLES - DAY

Establishing.

INT. VERSAILLES - GRAND LIBRARY - DAY

Jamie and DUVERNEY sit across the chessboard from one another. Duverney is focused on the game. Jamie is winning handily, despite the fact that he is NOT as focused.

DUVERNEY

Our involvement in Austria has depleted our resources. The King is not inclined to fund another foreign adventure. France cannot afford it.

JAMIE

Neither can Britain. If a war broke out in Scotland, they would have to leave Austria to quell the rebellion at home.

DUVERNEY

Yes, yes, increasing our chances for victory in Austria -- I've heard this argument from your Jacobite compatriots many times.

(makes his move)

But I come here to play chess, not to debate politics. And I will have you in three moves.

JAMIE

What is politics, but chess on a grand scale?

Jamie makes a seemingly careless move. Duverney counters. Jamie leans forward, moves a piece. Duverney frowns.

DUVERNEY

How long have you been planning that?

JAMIE

Since you opened with the Spanish Game.

Duverney moves, Jamie pounces again and Duverney is suddenly trapped. Duverney tips over his king.

DUVERNEY

The game is yours. Again.

JAMIE

You played well.

(then)

But if you'd allow me to return to more pressing matters. When you and I first met --

DUVERNEY

(interrupting)

I was worshipping at the alter of your wife's feet. Please, I regret such naughtiness --

JAMIE

-- as I recall, you offered to be of service if I ever needed you.

DUVERNEY

You know James, if you desire my help, it would not be a bad idea to lose a game once in a while.

JAMIE

I respect you too much to allow such a cheap victory.

DUVERNEY

I give you permission to respect me less. Now, how can I be of service?

JAMIE

Tell Prince Charles what you have told me -- that King Louis has no intention of funding the rebellion.

DUVERNEY

You want to discourage Prince Charles from mounting your rebellion? Why?

JAMIE

Scotland and her people canna bear another failed rebellion. We must not invade until we are certain we have the resources and alliances to win.

DUVERNEY

As Minister, I cannot speak officially to the emissary of a monarch not recognized by The King, you know that.

JAMIE

Of course. But if you were to meet with Charles unofficially... in a place where discretion is prized above all...?

DUVERNEY
Which would be...?

JAMIE
Maison Elise.

DUVERNEY
(wistful)
Mmmm. I have not been there in
months... my wife...

JAMIE
... need not know. You can
honestly tell her that you are
simply out with me... playing
chess.

Duverney thinks a moment... then smiles and sets a piece
back on the board -- the king.

OMITTED

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

Claire gets out of the carriage and heads into the
apartment, her mind still churning with the implications of
Frank, Jack and Mary Hawkins.

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

Magnus meets her on the stairs and walks with her.

MAGNUS
Welcome home, Madame. In your
absence, you received three
invitations to dinner parties and
salons for the next week. A thank
you card arrived from Madame
Cholbi. The search for the little
wooden snake creature continues,
but no success as yet. I found
this --
(holds out fichu)
-- in the kitchen. I believe it is
yours?

For Claire, somehow, that's the final straw. She grabs it
out of Magnus' hand.

CLAIRE
I gave this to Suzette to mend.

She pokes her finger through the hole that still exists in the fichu. This is not the day to annoy Claire.

PRELAP a KNOCK ON A DOOR.

CLAIRE (PRE-LAP)

Suzette?

INT. JAMIE & CLAIRE'S APARTMENT - SERVANTS' QUARTERS - DAY

Claire pushes the door open, and HEARS GIGGLING AND SHUSHING FROM BEHIND THE PARTITION. Definitely not in the mood for niceties, Claire PULLS BACK the partition --

CLAIRE

Suzette, did I not ask you to mend --

She stops short -- stunned to see MURTAGH looking back at her from the narrow bed, then SUZETTE peeks sheepishly up from beneath him.

SUZETTE

Did you need something, Milady?

Off this tableau --

INT. JAMIE & CLAIRE'S APARTMENT - PARLOR - MOMENTS LATER

Claire is here when Murtagh ENTERS, tucking in his shirt. Claire shoots him a reproving look.

MURTAGH

I'll no apologize for spending time with yer lady's maid, if ye have a mind to reproach me.

CLAIRE

How you spend your time is your concern.

MURTAGH

Aye. It is.

CLAIRE

(snappish)

But, don't you have anything else to do? Suzette certainly does. It is the middle of the morning, for God's sake...

MURTAGH

As a matter of fact, I don't. And since when did ye become such a priggish scold when it comes to frolicking between the sheets.

CLAIRE

I'll thank you to mind your own business and remember who runs this house!

Murtagh bites off a reply, turns on his heel and is about to stalk out of the room.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Murtagh --

(he stops)

That was uncalled for and unforgivably rude. I'm sorry, I'm not myself.

She turns and steps out onto the BALCONY.

MURTAGH

Aye... you're not...

He hesitates, then goes out on the balcony with her. She stands there a moment, churning over the one thought that's been torturing her. He waits and she finally tells him --

CLAIRE

Jack Randall's alive.

MURTAGH

What? I saw him lying dead with my own eyes, bleeding on the stone floor of Wentworth Prison.

CLAIRE

It would appear that he made a remarkable recovery. When we were at Versailles, I spoke to the Duke's secretary, who, as it happens is Alex Randall... his brother.

Murtagh leans against the railing, trying to take all this in.

MURTAGH

Recovered...?

CLAIRE

"Injured in the line of duty" was how Alex put it.

MURTAGH

Jesus wept. Randall really is the Devil's spawn.

(realizing)

Ye havena told Jamie.

CLAIRE

No.

MURTAGH

Good.

CLAIRE

Is it?

MURTAGH

(obviously)

Aye, unless ye want him running back to Scotland to seek his vengeance. And that would most likely end up with Jamie being arrested and hanged, whether he kills Randall or not.

CLAIRE

It feels like I'm living a lie.

Murtagh puts a hand on her arm.

MURTAGH

Ye're keeping a secret to save his life. And if it'll keep the lad from running off in a blind fury only to meet his maker at the end of a rope, I'll be keeping that secret with ye.

She looks into his eyes and smiles gratefully.

CLAIRE

Thank you.

Dangerously close to having a warm moment, Murtagh grunts in acknowledgement.

MURTAGH

Now if ye don't mind... I've some business with yer maid to finish...

He turns to go.

CLAIRE

I don't suppose you've thought of birth control?

MURTAGH

Control...?

CLAIRE

Nevermind. I'll get something for Suzette.

Not sure what the hell that was all about, Murtagh EXITS.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

I felt a little guilty in the face of his praise, knowing now that it wasn't just Jamie's life I was trying to save, but Frank's as well. I was relieved, nonetheless.

EXT. APOTHECARY - DAY

Claire's carriage pulls up in front. As she steps out, she's unpleasantly surprised to see --

MASTER RAYMOND walking the COMTE ST. GERMAIN out the door. Initially, they do not notice Claire.

ST. GERMAIN

This must stay strictly between you and I.

ST. GERMAIN F

Cela doit strictement rester entre vous et moi.

MASTER RAYMOND

Of course, that goes without --

MASTER RAYMOND F

Bien entendu, cela va sans --

They now notice Claire. Master Raymond brightens, but navigates carefully, knowing the history between his two clients.

MASTER RAYMOND

Madonna! What a pleasure to see you again. I believe you know the Comte?

MASTER RAYMOND F

Madonna ! What a pleasure to see you again. J' imagine que vous connaissez le Comte ?

St. Germain reacts to Claire, his eyes going cold as stone as he gives her a smile. Claire forces herself not to take an instinctive step back.

CLAIRE

Yes, we are acquainted.

CLAIRE F

Oui, nous avons eu l'occasion de faire connaissance.

ST. GERMAIN
 Indeed. And our paths will
 cross again, Madame. I
 promise you.

ST. GERMAIN F
 Oui, en effet. Et nos
 chemins se croiseront à
 nouveau, Madame. Je vous en
 fais la promesse.

He bows to her, kissing her hand before she can pull it
 away, then moves past. Claire turns to Raymond.

CLAIRE
 Are you that friendly with all of
 your so-called enemies?

MASTER RAYMOND
 (he shrugs)
 Sometimes mutual interests force us
 to associate with people we do not
 like or trust.

Claire knows only too well.

MASTER RAYMOND (CONT'D)
 Please come inside and tell me how
 can I help you?

As she follows him in --

INT. APOTHECARY - DAY - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Raymond picks up a porcelain jar marked, like all the
 others, in Latin with a careful script. Hesitating, he turns
 to Claire, who peruses the wares on his shelves.

MASTER RAYMOND
 You do not think mugwort would be
 more appropriate?
 (uneasy, re: her mid-
 section)
 Although I would not recommend it.
 At this... stage.

Claire blanches.

CLAIRE
 I'm interested in stopping a
 pregnancy from happening, not
 terminating one. That's why I
 asked for Queen Anne's Lace. And
 in either case, it's not for me.

Master Raymond smiles, relieved.

MASTER RAYMOND

Ah, Madonna, you did not seem like a woman wishing to rid herself of a burden.

He chooses a jar and brings it to his work table.

CLAIRE

How do you know at what "stage" I am, anyway? Most people can't even tell I'm pregnant.

MASTER RAYMOND

As you may have noticed, I am not "most people."

She can't help but like this strange little man.

CLAIRE

I have noticed.

He smiles, hearing it for the compliment it was intended to be. Claire picks up one of the porcelain jars. Master Raymond looks alarmed and moves quickly to her.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

(reading the label)
Aconitum Napellus. Monkshood.

MASTER RAYMOND

You must take care.

He takes the jar and returns it to its place on the shelf.

CLAIRE

I know this as poison. I'm not aware of medicinal uses for Monkshood.

He smiles.

MASTER RAYMOND

Nor am I, Madonna.

CLAIRE

And yet you sell it in your shop.

MASTER RAYMOND

I have it in my shop. What I sell to my customers who, usually in a moment of passion, want to poison their enemies, is bitter cascara. The effect is most immediate.

(MORE)

MASTER RAYMOND (CONT'D)

The stomach seeks to purge itself...
well, you get the idea.

CLAIRE

So it makes the enemy suffer
visibly, but doesn't kill them.

MASTER RAYMOND

Precisely. The poisoner attributes
the recovery to the intervention of
a priest or some sort of counter-
spell. No one dies. And my
customer is satisfied.

CLAIRE

A canny businessman and a
humanitarian.

Raymond smiles and goes back to his work table to prepare
the Queen Anne's Lace; Claire settles in to watch him work.

MASTER RAYMOND

Who is the contraceptive for, if I
may ask?

CLAIRE

My lady's maid.

He laughs, surprised.

MASTER RAYMOND

It is usually the other way round.
The maid buys the preventative for
her lady, so the lady can maintain
the pretense of fidelity.

CLAIRE

Yes, well, I am an unusual lady.
(beat)
Or at least I used to be.

MASTER RAYMOND

Madonna?

CLAIRE

It's nothing. My life here in
Paris seems to become more
conventional by the day, as, I
suppose, do I. But it's of no
concern.

MASTER RAYMOND

I wonder if you have ever considered
putting your medical talents to use?
(MORE)

MASTER RAYMOND (CONT'D)
L'Hôpital des Anges is always looking
for help.

Claire, her interest piqued --

CLAIRE
What is L'Hôpital des Anges?

MASTER RAYMOND
The charity hospital down near the
cathedral. The nuns who run it do
their best, but they must rely on
medical volunteers, not all of them
as perceptive as you... or as in
need of helping others.

Claire looks surprised. He's struck a chord in her. He
smiles blandly back at her and hands her the jar of Queen
Anne's Lace. Claire takes it, smiling, but her mind is
already turning to something else...

OMITTED

EXT. L'HÔPITAL DES ANGES - DAY

Establishing. The hospital is inside what was once a church.
Claire's CARRIAGE pulls up on the street and she gets out --
now wearing a less refined outfit than the one she wore
earlier.

She smiles at the sight of the place. Murtagh gets out and
looks at the hospital with less enthusiasm.

MURTAGH
This is why ye rushed home and
harried me along with ye?

CLAIRE
You don't even have to go inside,
just keep an eye on the carriage
and wait for me here.

Murtagh eyes the various DISREPUTABLE CHARACTERS in this
area.

MURTAGH
The rich need healing too, ye ken.

CLAIRE
The rich have doctors come to them.
The poor can only come here.

MURTAGH

Jamie willna like this.

CLAIRE

He'll be happy if I'm happy.

Murtagh is not convinced. Claire heads up the steps as Murtagh grumbles and glares at A SUSPICIOUS STREET CHARACTER getting too close to the carriage.

MURTAGH

(clumsy French)

No hands here --

(English, re: hospital)

Or you'll be needing to go
in there.

MURTAGH F

(clumsy French)

Bas les pattes --

(English, re: hospital)

Or you'll be needing to go
in there.INT. L'HÔPITAL DES ANGES - DAY - FEW MINUTES LATER

A large WARD with many PATIENTS in various states of illness. Pallets close together, basic supplies, NUNS (who act as nurses) and ORDERLIES move among the patients, attending them as they can. Two male "DOCTORS" dot the room.

Claire stands next to SISTER ANGELIQUE, young, reserved. Claire looks at the scene with relish.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

*After months of idle hands doing
nothing more challenging than
balancing teacups and pastries, my
fingers nearly itched with the
anticipation of sewing cuts,
dressing wounds, repairing
fractures...*

SISTER ANGELIQUE

Is it what you thought,
Madame?

SISTER ANGELIQUE F

Est-ce que vous imaginiez,
Madame?

CLAIRE

Oh, yes.

(re: men working)

And are those the
physicians?

CLAIRE F

C'est exactement ça.

(re: men working)

Vos médecins, j'imagine?

SISTER ANGELIQUE

They are as close as we get.
They donate their time
because they are interested
in the medical arts.

(pointing)

Monsieur Lovrien is a
butcher by trade, good with
muscle and bones. Monsieur
Parnelle makes trusses at
his own establishment, but
when he is here, he acts as
a urinoscopist.

SISTER ANGELIQUE F

Ou ce qui s'en rapproche le
plus. Ils donnent de leur
temps car la médecine les
fascine.

(pointing)

Monsieur Lovrier est boucher
de profession. Il est notre
spécialiste des muscles et
des os. Monsieur Parnelle
nous fournit en bandages
qu'il confectionne dans son
propre établissement. Il est
aussi notre uromancien.

Then Claire's expression changes as she sees --

CLAIRE'S POV: THE APPROACH OF A SMALL, WIRY DOG.

BACK TO SCENE

CLAIRE

A dog? In the hospital?

CLAIRE F

Un chien? Dans un hôpital?

SISTER ANGELIQUE

It is Bouton. And that is
Mother Hildegarde.

SISTER ANGELIQUE F

C'est Bouton. Et voilà Mère
Hildegarde.

Claire looks up to see Hildegarde de Gascone, better known
as MOTHER HILDEGARDE, 50s, matron of L'Hôpital des Anges.
Nearly six-foot tall, gaunt and rawboned, swathed in yards
of a black wool nun's habit. She has a face of an ugliness
so transcendent as to be grotesquely beautiful.

As she gets closer, Mother Hildegarde plasters on a slightly
condescending smile.

SISTER ANGELIQUE

Mother, this is Lady Broch
Tuarach.

SISTER ANGELIQUE F

Mère Supérieure, voici Lady
Broch Tuarach.

MOTHER HILDEGARDE

Broch Tuarach. You are
Scottish then?

MOTHER HILDEGARDE F

Broch Tuarach. Vous êtes
donc Écossaise?

CLAIRE

English. My husband is a
Scot.

CLAIRE F

Anglaise. Mon mari est
Écossais.

MOTHER HILDEGARDE

(switching easily to
English)

And how can we help you, Madame?
Is one of your servants here today?

CLAIRE

Um, no. As I mentioned to Sister Angelique, I have some medical skills I thought might be useful here...

MOTHER HILDEGARDE

Indeed.

(to Sister Angelique)

Sister, can you find Milady something to do?

MOTHER HILDEGARDE F

Indeed.

(to Sister Angelique)

Ma Soeur, pouvez-vous trouver quelque chose à faire à milady?

INT. L'HÔPITAL DES ANGES - DAY - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Claire trails behind Sister Angelique. Claire holds a large bucket into which the nun empties bedpans.

SISTER ANGELIQUE

There will be many more, Madame.

SISTER ANGELIQUE F

Il nous en reste encore beaucoup, Madame.

She goes to the next bedpan and dumps it into the bucket.

CLAIRE

I understand.

CLAIRE F

Je vois ça.

Another bedpan is dumped.

SISTER ANGELIQUE

The bucket will become full soon.

SISTER ANGELIQUE F

Le seau sera bientôt plein.

Claire glances up and sees Mother Hildegard across the ward, watching closely.

CLAIRE

(to Angelique)

Then I hope you will be kind enough to tell me where to dump it.

CLAIRE F

(to Angelique)

Alors j'espère que vous aurez la bonté de me montrer où vider cela.

Angelique is still a bit skeptical, but keeps going on her rounds, Claire following every step.

INT. MAISON ELISE - DAY

A BOY, 11, sharp-eyed, street toughened [we will later learn he is FERGUS], clears away used glasses and dishes, ignored by one and all. He slips through the crowd, light as a feather, brushing up against people without them ever noticing.

He passes the table where Jamie, Duverney, and PRINCE CHARLES are seated before landing at the bar to deposit the dishes and return for more (he's an 18th-Century busboy).

Mid-conversation --

DUVERNEY

... Spain, although technically our ally, is proving to be yet another burden on The King's treasury...

Duverney's attention wanders as a COMELY YOUNG WOMAN strolls by with a beckoning smile.

JAMIE

(prompting, sotto)
Spain...?

DUVERNEY

Hmm? Oh. Yes. His Majesty has seen fit to approve the Spanish crown's request for a sizeable loan, which in turn...

(distracted again)

... has seen French merchants taking their businesses out of the country to avoid... tax increases we have had to... levy...

PRINCE CHARLES

I understand completely, Monsieur. Wars are expensive.

JAMIE

Aye, verra expensive. In blood and treasure.

PRINCE CHARLES

Exactly.

(casual)

Which is why I would never approach His Majesty, King Louis, with empty promises or empty pockets. Rest assured, I have already secured the vast majority of funds for our cause.

That gets the attention of both Jamie and Duverney.

DUVERNEY

You have?

PRINCE CHARLES

Oh, yes -- funds nearly sufficient to finance the entire campaign, Monsieur.

A LOVELY COURTESAN offers them a tray of drinks. Charles takes one, and sips it with studied indifference. Now he has Duverney's full attention, and this time even the nearby Lovely Courtesan can't distract the French minister.

DUVERNEY

I see.

(glances at Jamie)

Perhaps I misunderstood the position of Your Highness, I hope you will forgive my error and --

PRINCE CHARLES

Please, no apologies are necessary. And please also trust that my good friend Lord Broch Tuarach has not made misrepresentations to you. But there are some things which up until now have, by necessity, remained hidden even from my closest friends and allies.

He takes another deliberate drink, knowing full well that he has his audience of two in the palm of his hand. Then he glances around to make sure no one is listening.

PRINCE CHARLES (CONT'D)

(lowering his voice)

I have been in secret negotiations with several wealthy and highly-influential members of the British aristocracy, who believe my father is the rightful heir to the throne of England. Mark me, these patriots are willing to fund his return to glory and have already pledged an amount to the cause nearly sufficient to accomplish that divine purpose.

Jamie and Duverney both take stock of The Prince for a moment. *What's his game?*

PRINCE CHARLES (CONT'D)

(laughs, re: Jamie)

My friend is astonished. How happy I am to see the look of relief and shock upon your face, James.

JAMIE

Those are the very words, Your
Royal Highness. Relief and shock.

DUVERNEY

I, too, share in happy edification.

He lifts his glass, which elicits a mutual clinking of
glasses and a drink.

DUVERNEY (CONT'D)

But, Highness, in light of this
happy news, I must ask as to the
role you see for my King?

PRINCE CHARLES

Why, the opportunity to share in
the glories of my father's
restoration to the throne.

(beat)

Should King Louis support our
cause, I offer France an alliance
with Britain in the aftermath of
our victory.

Duverney sits back, stunned by the offer.

DUVERNEY

Britain and France? Allies?
It would change the world,
Highness.

Now Charles presses in for what he's really after.

PRINCE CHARLES

Yes. Mark me, France will have to
stand with us now. Add your funds
to those I've already secured.
Help assure my victory. Close the
small gap between what I have and
what I need. And I will give you
the world.

Duverney thinks for a moment.

DUVERNEY

I will speak to The King on your
behalf. But -- I will first need
some evidence of your... English
patriots and their "ample funds."

PRINCE CHARLES

Then you shall have it. Let us
celebrate!

Prince Charles looks around for the Lovely Courtesan.

PRINCE CHARLES (CONT'D)

You shall have the plump juicy one
who brought us our ale! And
Jamie --

Jamie gets to his feet.

JAMIE

-- I'll find Madame Elise and make
the arrangements for you.

PRINCE CHARLES

Good man. Choose someone for
yourself.

(after him)

Tell her I shall have three!

He pounds the table and laughs, enjoying his moment in the sun. OFF Jamie, heading toward Madame Elise, bumping into Fergus as he goes, not believing this turn of events...

INT. L'HÔPITAL DES ANGES - DAY

Claire has been at this most of the day now. She's emptying bedpans into the bucket, then pulling the bucket along. She stands up, massaging her low back, and sees a PARISIAN LADY (like the ones she has tea with), standing next to a FEMALE PATIENT, her servant. The woman has a nosegay pressed to her face, to mask the hospital smells. She says something we can't hear to the woman on the pallet, then hurries out of the ward. Claire watches her, then turns back to the bucket. Her gaze FALLS ON: an oddly-shaped glass vessel brimming with yellow fluid on the floor next to the pallet of a SKINNY WOMAN, (20s), listless. Claire crouches down to get a closer look.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

*It was urine, undoubtedly, but
without chemical tests, or even
litmus paper, what conceivable use
could a urine sample be?*

Claire, completely engrossed with the puzzle at hand, is oblivious to the fact that Mother Hildegarde is now nearby, watching her. Getting an idea, Claire carefully picks up the vessel and then gingerly dips the tip of one finger into the liquid and touches it delicately to her tongue, getting the answer she expected.

MOTHER HILDEGARDE

Can you tell from what she suffers,
Madame?

Claire nearly jumps out of her skin.

CLAIRE

Um, possibly.
(to the patient)
Are you thirsty, Madame?

CLAIRE F

Um, possibly.
(to the patient)
**Est-ce que vous avez soif,
Madame?**

WOMAN PATIENT

**Always, Madame. And always
hungry as well, yet no flesh
gathers on my bones, no
matter how much I eat.**

WOMAN PATIENT F

**Tout le temps, Madame. Et je
suis affamée. Je n'ai que la
peau sur les os, quoi que je
puisse manger.**

She raises a skinny arm, then drops it to the bed, exhausted
by the effort.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

*I suspected the cause straight
away, but I took a moment to recall
the 18th century term for diabetes.*

CLAIRE

I believe she has... sugar
sickness.

If Mother Hildegard is impressed, she isn't showing it. Her
face is unreadable.

MOTHER HILDEGARDE

And can you tell whether she will
recover?

CLAIRE

(lowering her voice)
She won't. She may not last out
the month.

MOTHER HILDEGARDE

That is what Monsieur Parnelle
said. I have never seen a woman
who knew the science of urinoscopy.
(beat)
Perhaps you could help Sister
Angelique dress the wounds of a
young boy with Scrofula?

It seems Claire has passed a test. As they walk toward the
other side of the ward, where Sister Angelique attends to a
young boy with LARGE, OOZING WELTS on his neck.

MOTHER HILDEGARDE (CONT'D)

Many people believe the touch of
the sovereign of England or France
is the only cure for Scrofula.

CLAIRE

I've heard that theory. Personally
I'd start with figwart.

Mother Hildegard lifts her eyebrows, a slight sign of
approval.

MOTHER HILDEGARDE

Precisely what Sister Angelique is
using. You may assist.

She hands Claire bandages so she can assist Sister
Angelique. Mother Hildegard moves off without a backward
glance.

MOTHER HILDEGARDE (CONT'D)

Bouton, come!

The little dog follows after her, and Claire turns back to
the patient filled with pride and a sense of accomplishment.

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

Jamie enters the parlor anxious to talk to his wife, but she
is not there.

JAMIE

Claire.
(a beat)
Suzette!

Suzette ENTERS, quickly responding to her master's call.

SUZETTE

Yes, Milord.
(off his look)
No, she has not returned home from
Madame la Marquise de Rohan's yet.

Jamie is clearly disappointed that he can't share his news
with Claire.

He settles at his desk, maybe he can get some work done. He
starts to write a letter, CRUMPLES up the PAPER and throws
it away.

-- He begins another attempt but makes another mistake,
CRUMPLES up the PAPER and throws it away again.

-- He paces around the room. A tinge of worry.

-- Jamie looks at the CLOCK. His mind is on his wife's whereabouts. *Where the hell is she?*

-- Paces. His worry growing.

Jamie lies on the SOFA/DAYBED, willing time to pass.

JAMIE

Suzette.

Suzette pokes her head in, shaking no, then escapes as fast as she can.

-- Jamie goes to the clock and TAPS the face. *Is this thing working?*

-- Now his worry is beginning to turn to frustration as he jabs at the FIRE with a POKER.

-- Finally, he pours himself a WHISKY, goes back to his desk and waits, hoping that his wife returns home safely.

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

Jamie sits at the desk going over account books when Claire blows in, flushed with excitement from her day. Murtagh follows her in, looking less enthused.

CLAIRE

Oh, Jamie, I'm so glad you're here!
I've had the most wonderful day. I
lanced two boils, changed loads of
filthy dressings and saw my first-
ever case of full-blown scrofula.

MURTAGH

Aye, the carriage ride home was
filled with delightful tales of pus
and blood and gangrenous toenails.

JAMIE

(mystified)
Where've ye been? Certainly not at
tea with Louise.

CLAIRE

L'Hôpital des Anges. Do you know
it?

JAMIE

(wary)
Aye. The charity hospital.
(throws a look to Murtagh)
What took ye there?

Murtagh senses this conversation is going nowhere good.

MURTAGH

I'm going to find myself something
to eat.
(to Claire, as he passes)
I told ye he wouldna like it.

Claire throws Murtagh a look and then goes to pour whisky
for her and Jamie.

CLAIRE

I found out they need people with
my skills, and since I had the time
today, I went to volunteer. Oh,
and the matron, Mother Hildegarde --
a complete force of nature. She
was a musical prodigy and the
goddaughter of King Louis' great-
grandfather. But she's not going to
make it easy for me.
(hands him his glass)
When she saw me tasting urine, the
tide began to turn. I haven't won
her over yet, but I will.

Claire notices Jamie is staring at her with disapproval.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

What is it? I thought you'd be
happy for me?

JAMIE

Did ye now?

CLAIRE

Yes I did. What's wrong?

JAMIE

(isn't it obvious?)
You're with child, for one thing.
Ye could catch a filthy disease.
Risk yourself or the baby. Have ye
not thought of that?

CLAIRE

Of course I have, Jamie. I'll only work on patients suffering from injuries, not diseases -- or at least only with diseases I know I can't catch.

JAMIE

But why take the chance?

CLAIRE

Because it's a long time since I've felt useful. I need to feel a sense of accomplishment. I need to have a purpose.

JAMIE

A purpose? I thought our purpose for being in this godforsaken city was to stop the rebellion.

CLAIRE

It is. That hasn't changed.

JAMIE

Hasn't it? Then tell me how lancing boils and tasting urine will help us save Scotland?

CLAIRE

What would you rather I do, Jamie? Go to Maison Elise with you and Charles? Or do you want me to run the wine business in your place?

JAMIE

What I want is, when I come home with a problem, to be able to turn to my wife for help. Tonight The Prince told Monsieur Duverney he's secured significant funds from several prominent Englishmen with which to finance the rebellion.

Claire, caught off-guard.

CLAIRE

(alarmed)

What? Could that be true?

JAMIE

I dinna ken. But he offered him an alliance with England.

CLAIRE

(skeptical)

That's impossible. Britain and France won't be allies for another century.

JAMIE

All I know is: Charles is more canny than he seems. He's keeping secrets, and I don't know what to do about it.

CLAIRE

I'm sorry, Jamie. Truly I am. I know this has all been my idea: changing the future, stopping the rebellion, all of it. But right now, all of it falls on you, and I'll help you in any way that I can.

JAMIE

So I believed, that's why I came home looking for you. Instead, you were out indulging yourself with poultices and potions.

CLAIRE

I assure you, James Fraser, there was no indulging involved. I was doing something that makes me feel good, that gives my life meaning.

JAMIE

(boils)

What about me? I spend my days and nights wheedling and flattering a man so I can gain his secrets and undermine his cause. For months now I've felt like a traitor, but tonight, Sassenach, you've made me feel like a fool.

CLAIRE

Well, you're certainly acting like one.

Jamie and Claire glare at each other. Finally, Jamie picks up his things and exits, slamming the door behind him.

EXT. JAMIE & CLAIRE'S APARTMENT - STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Jamie, stoney-faced, goes down the stairs in contained fury. As he leaves, CAMERA TILTS UP to find Murtagh and Suzette at the top of the stairs watching after him.

MURTAGH

I knew that wasn't going to go well.

SUZETTE

So sad. How can there be love in the marriage when love leaves the bed?

Murtagh looks at her -- what is she talking about? She shrugs.

SUZETTE (CONT'D)

A lady's maid knows what does, and does not, occur in her mistress' boudoir.

Murtagh looks back after Jamie, concerned...

INT. MAISON ELISE - NIGHT

CLOSE ON A WOMAN dressed as a caricature of a male painter, PAINTING something with a brush. We're too tight to see the surface she is working on, but she is very focused.

ANGLE ON Jamie, as he sits alone at the table watching the strange performance, trying to distract himself.

RESUME with the woman painter, as she continues her masterpiece.

PULL OUT SLOWLY to reveal she's been painting on the willow back of a naked woman. The image she's painting is the FRONT of a woman wearing a corset, garters, stockings etc. The "artist" has painted voluptuous naked breasts peeking out over the top of the painted corset. The "model's" hair has been flipped forward, and a PORCELAIN FEMALE MASK has been attached to the back of her head.

ANGLE ON Jamie, as he takes a drink of his whisky, then his eye catches the boy, Fergus, as he moves past Jamie to pick up more dishes. As Jamie watches, he focuses more closely, noticing the boy is picking up more than dishes. Here and there, the boy is slyly lifting several items from the patrons: a handkerchief here, a coin there, a watch, etc.

No one notices. Having indulged in a bit of thievery in his day, Jamie smiles as he feels a grudging respect for the boy's technique. Then an idea begins to form in his head.

The artist finishes her work with a flourish. The patrons APPLAUD. The model turns around, pulls back her hair to reveal her face, and we see that her naked front has been painted like a corseted back. Model and artist bow. MADAME ELISE steps forward and addresses the crowd.

MADAME ELISE
Magnificent, is it not? And this beautiful piece of art is available for your more intimate inspection.

MADAME ELISE F
N'est-ce pas magnifique? Et cette oeuvre d'art est bien évidemment disponible si vous souhaitez l'admirer... en privé.

The patrons APPLAUD and LAUGH enthusiastically with delight. CAMERA PANS back to Jamie's table, but he's gone.

INT. MAISON ELISE - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Jamie leans against the wall, biding his time. After a few moments, a cocksure Fergus saunters out the door of the main room, feeling very good about himself.

JAMIE
You. Boy.

JAMIE F
Eh, toi! Garçon!

Fergus immediately takes off down the corridor, towards the exit to the street. Jamie follows in hot pursuit.

EXT. PARIS STREET - VARIOUS - NIGHT

Fergus is fast, and he knows his way around the nooks and crannies of the city, but Jamie keeps him in sight, the boy's short legs no match for Jamie's long strides. The chase doesn't last long, but they do manage to up-end a cart and sprint through a good-sized pile of horse dung before Jamie finally gets his hands on Fergus.

FERGUS
Let me go! You dirty English bastard!

FERGUS F
Lâchez-moi! Espèce de salaud d'Anglais!

JAMIE
First of all, I'm a dirty Scottish bastard, and second, I have no intention of letting you go.

JAMIE F
First of all, I'm a dirty Scottish bastard. Et tu n'iras nul part, mon gaillard.

Fergus' eyes narrow, and he switches to English.

FERGUS

Take me to the police and I will
find your wife --

JAMIE

(pleased)
Ah, ye speak English.

FERGUS

I will tell her you rut with
whores.

JAMIE

No police, and my wife would not
believe you. But Madame Elise will
likely not appreciate having a
thief for a servant boy.

Now a look of genuine fear creeps into the boy's eyes, a
flicker of the child beneath the tough exterior.

FERGUS

Not Madame Elise. She will kill me
if she thinks I steal from her
customers.

JAMIE

Aye, she's not the forgiving kind.

FERGUS

I don't do it every night, just
when we are very busy and the
gentlemen are very drunk.

JAMIE

I'm not interested in your methods.
But I am interested in you.

Fergus, believing he has figured out what Jamie DOES want,
tries to jerk his arm away.

FERGUS

I am no whore.

JAMIE

Ach! I don't want that either!

FERGUS

Then what?

JAMIE

I want to offer ye a job, ye wee
fool!

Fergus stops struggling and looks at him.

FERGUS
A job? Doing what?

JAMIE
Exactly what ye've been doing.

Jamie grabs the screaming, flailing boy. He flips him upside down and gives him one good SHAKE. A variety of expensive trinkets fall out: silk handkerchiefs, coins, watches, and other miscellaneous items. Jamie puts the kid back down.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
You can keep all this. But from now on, you're going to do your stealing for me.

Then Jamie notices something on the ground.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
You little bastard. That's my snake.

Beat.

FERGUS
How much do you pay?

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

Claire is in bed trying to sleep, without success. From somewhere in the house she hears a CRASH and SHOUTING VOICES. Not in the mood for any of this, Claire gets up and marches out of the room.

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

Claire marches in and stops short, as she sees Fergus standing in the middle of the room eating a large chicken leg. They stare at each other for a shocked moment.

CLAIRE
Who the hell are you? And how did you get into my house?

FERGUS
You have beautiful breasts,
Madame.

FERGUS F
Vous avez de très beaux
seins, Madame.

Murtagh strides in and cuffs the kid.

MURTAGH

He just said the same thing to Suzette.

CLAIRE

Well that makes me feel less special.

FERGUS

The ladies at Maison Elise were always very generous when I gave them compliments.

MURTAGH

So was Suzette, she gave him the chicken leg.

CLAIRE

Well, that's all very interesting, but I still don't know who this is.

Jamie enters.

JAMIE

(to Murtagh)

Take him upstairs to the servants' quarters. Suzette is preparing a bath, and she has some old bedclothes he can wear.

CLAIRE

Bath? Bed?

Murtagh points to where Fergus should go. As they exit...

FERGUS

Good night, Madame.

JAMIE

And mind your purse, Murtagh.

(to Claire)

He's a pickpocket. His name's Fergus. Actually it's Claudel, but we agreed that wasna very manly.

CLAIRE

And you invited him into our house.

JAMIE

I hired him from Maison Elise.

CLAIRE

Because every fine house needs a pickpocket, I suppose?

JAMIE

It's part of my plan. We need information that I canna get directly from The Prince. And information comes in the form of letters -- from his father, from other potential financiers, and most important, from these wealthy Englishmen, if they do exist.

CLAIRE

So... Fergus steals the letters...

JAMIE

Aye, and we copy them. Then he puts them back before anyone notices they've gone missing.

CLAIRE

(beat)
Good plan.

JAMIE

Thank you.

An awkward moment hangs in the air for a beat.

CLAIRE

Well, good night.

Claire walks into the bedroom and Jamie is left alone.

OMITTED

EXT. PARIS STREET - DAY

A MAN walks down a busy commercial street, carrying a LARGE MESSENGER BAG. After a moment, WE SEE FERGUS dodging around the PEDESTRIANS, HORSES, CARTS, etc... FOLLOWING the man.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

As the days passed, our household settled into a routine that kept us all busy...

The man enters a boarding house. Fergus follows him in. CAMERA FINDS Murtagh waiting a short distance away. A few beats later Fergus emerges from the boarding house, heads for Murtagh, and holds up a letter with pride. The two of them leave together.

CLAIRE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*Fergus spent his time, with
 Murtagh's help, stealing letters to
 and from The Prince.*

INT. MAISON ELISE - DAY

Jamie sits at a table, drinking with several other JACOBITE SUPPORTERS, who listen, rapt, as Prince Charles holds forth, gesturing to the heavens and cajoling.

CLAIRE (V.O.)
*Jamie's days were spent out with
 Prince Charles, who continued to be
 long on rhetoric and short on
 specifics.*

The whores try to distract the men, with varying degrees of success.

INT. L'HÔPITAL DES ANGES - DAY

Claire listening and watching as Mother Hildegarde works with a suffering PATIENT.

CLAIRE (V.O.)
*My days, in between social
 engagements, were spent in the
 hospital, where I began to develop
 an appreciation of Mother
 Hildegarde's medical knowledge.*

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

Jamie is hunched over his desk, copying a letter. Murtagh sits at another table doing the same thing.

CLAIRE (V.O.)
*Jamie and Murtagh's nights were
 spent trying to piece together the
 puzzle of the Jacobite rebellion
 and discover if there really was an
 English conspiracy willing to fund
 the cause, or if it was all a ruse
 by a desperate Prince trying to
 restore his father's throne.*

Murtagh finishes and brings both the copy and original to Jamie.

JAMIE

Nearly finished. Fergus said the messenger stopped for the night at a tavern, but he must get the letters back by dawn so they can be delivered to His Highness.

Jamie looks over at the one he's finishing. The original text is a mass of indecipherable letters.

MURTAGH

(re: paper)

Is that King James' signature at the bottom?

JAMIE

Aye. I recognize his hand by now. Everything else is in code.

Murtagh heats up the back of the wax seal from the letter, careful not to melt it, and gently replaces it on the back of the letter.

MURTAGH

This seal had been removed at least three times before I took it off myself.

JAMIE

We're not the only ones interested in the Stuart correspondence.

MURTAGH

Can you decode it?

JAMIE

Most of their codes are fairly simple. To be sure, they usually are only talking of family gossip and such, but I suppose they'd rather not let everyone know. I think I can work this one out -- when I can see straight, that is.

(beat)

Sometimes I pity The Prince.

MURTAGH

Waste of time.

JAMIE

He canna trust anyone.

MURTAGH

Neither can we.

JAMIE

I can trust you, and Claire, and my sister Jenny, and Ian. I'd trust the four of you with my life -- I have, for that matter, more than once.

MURTAGH

Aye, well, I suppose that's four more than Charles Stuart has.

Murtagh starts gathering the papers. Jamie stretches and yawns. Murtagh sees something strange.

MURTAGH (CONT'D)

What the devil is this?

In his hand, he is holding several sheets of HANDWRITTEN MUSIC. It's entitled "Lied Des Landes," and the lyrics are all written in German. In English, the first line would translate to: "My shepherdess frolics with her lambs, among the verdant hills."

JAMIE

It's music, ye dolt.

MURTAGH

I know music when I see it. But what's it doing in a letter?

JAMIE

I was trying to puzzle that out earlier.

(reading/translating)

"A Song of the Country." The lyrics are all about a beautiful day in a meadow...

MURTAGH

Jes another code?

JAMIE

(frustrated)

Maybe, but I dinna think the code has anything to do with the notes.

MURTAGH

Maybe it's not code. Perhaps some German friend of Charles' just sent him a piece of music to enjoy.

JAMIE

Aye, except this message is written in German, but came from England.

MURTAGH

A code in music...

JAMIE

Well, maybe tomorrow you can ask around and find a music teacher or composer who can speak German?

MURTAGH

Well, I do know someone who could read it... but you're not going to like it.

OFF Jamie's look.

INT. L'HÔPITAL DES ANGES - DAY

Claire examines a MAN who lays on a pallet, his leg is set in a brace, the bowl of broth she has been feeding him forgotten. He's flushed and sluggish. She touches his face, concerned. Mother Hildegarde watches from nearby.

CLAIRE

This man was brought in last week after he dismounted his cart while it was still moving, and got his lower leg caught in one of the wheels.

MOTHER HILDEGARDE

I remember. Monsieur Forez set the bone.

CLAIRE

(re: wound)

The tissue is pink, with good granulation. No bad smell, no dark streaks... but his urine is dark and odorous... and he's very warm.

MOTHER HILDEGARDE

Perhaps a secondary infection? Bladder or appendicitis.

CLAIRE

Perhaps, but there's no abdominal tenderness...

MOTHER HILDEGARDE

Bouton!

The dog cocks his head toward his mistress, who jerks her chin toward the patient. To Claire's astonishment, the dog jumps up on the bed with the patient.

MOTHER HILDEGARDE
A la bouche, Bouton.

MOTHER HILDEGARDE F
A la bouche, Bouton.

The dog carefully walks up to the patient's mouth.

MOTHER HILDEGARDE
(to the startled patient)
Open your mouth.

MOTHER HILDEGARDE F
(to the startled patient)
Ouvrez la bouche.

Not in any condition to argue with this formidable creature, he does as directed. Bouton sniffs his breath, then sits down, looking at Mother Hildegarde.

MOTHER HILDEGARDE
(to Claire)
No, you are right, it isn't that.
(to Bouton)
Have a look elsewhere, Bouton, but carefully. The man has a broken leg.

MOTHER HILDEGARDE F
(to Claire)
No, you are right, it isn't that.
(to Bouton)
Cherche ailleurs, Bouton, mais fais attention. Cet homme a une jambe cassée.

As though he understands every word, Bouton sniffs curiously all over the patient's body, then sniffs the patient's groin, sits down and BARKS, wagging his tail.

MOTHER HILDEGARDE
Good boy, Bouton. There it is.

MOTHER HILDEGARDE F
Bravo, Bouton. Tu as trouvé.

She points to a small brown scab on the man's thigh, just below the inguinal crease.

CLAIRE
But that's almost healed. It isn't infected.

MOTHER HILDEGARDE
No?

She reaches over, placing her fingers on either side of the scab and presses. The man SCREAMS in pain. Her fingers leave deep prints on his skin. A thick ooze of yellow pus pushes out from under one corner of the scab.

MOTHER HILDEGARDE (CONT'D)
You see? A pocket of putrefaction.
Shall I call Monsieur Forez?

A challenge. Claire takes a deep breath.

CLAIRE

No. I can handle this. I need a small scalpel and some alcohol.

Mother Hildegarde signals to a nearby Nurse, who brings them. Claire pours alcohol over the scalpel to sterilize it.

CLAIRE

(to the patient)

This will hurt, but then you will begin to feel much better.

CLAIRE F

(to the patient)

Cela va faire mal, mais vous vous sentirez ensuite beaucoup mieux.

Mother Hildegard gestures to the Nurse to hold the patient down by the shoulders and Claire gently probes the wound. She quickly finds the problem --

CLAIRE

Forceps?

CLAIRE F

Forceps?

The Nurse glances at Mother Hildegarde, who nods, and then supplies these as well.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

While the tiny entrance wound had healed cleanly, the deeper wound had festered and formed a pocket of pus around the intrusion, buried in the muscle tissue where no surface symptoms were visible -- to human senses, at least.

She pulls out a three-inch sliver of wood, coated with blood and slime. She looks up at Mother Hildegarde, who smiles and nods her approval. Bouton's tongue lolls happily. Mother Hildegarde absently pets his head, looking at Claire.

MOTHER HILDEGARDE

Yes, she'll do.

MOTHER HILDEGARDE F

Oui, elle fera parfaitement l'affaire.

Mother Hildegarde pats Claire's shoulder.

JAMIE (O.C)

Excuse me.

Claire and Mother Hildegard turn to see Jamie smiling sheepishly.

CLAIRE

Jamie, what are you doing here?

JAMIE

I need help. Musically speaking.

Claire looks at him, momentarily puzzled, then --

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Ye did say Mother Hildegarde knows music...?

Yes... Claire smiles, still not sure what he wants, but pleasantly surprised he has come to them for help.

OMITTED

INT. L'HÔPITAL DES ANGES - MOTHER HILDEGARDE'S ROOM - NIGHT

The room is sparsely furnished, with a LARGE HARPSICHOARD on one wall. Two wooden chairs, a stool, and a bookcase run the length of another wall, stuffed with works on musicology and hand-stitched manuscripts.

Mother Hildegarde holds the music in her hands, looking it over. Bouton sits at her feet.

JAMIE

I am hoping -- wondering, if there is something... odd about the music. How it's written, perhaps?

Mother Hildegarde looks from Jamie to Claire -- what's this all about?

MOTHER HILDEGARDE

(to Claire)

Can you assure me what you're doing is neither illegal nor dangerous?

CLAIRE

I can assure you Mother, if my husband is asking, it is in service of a good cause.

Mother Hildegarde considers this for a moment, then makes up her mind. She sits down at the bench of the harpsichord, and puts the manuscript on the musical rack. She studies the piece, then HUMS the first three lines --

MOTHER HILDEGARDE

That is the basic melody... it then repeats itself in variations...

(beat)

You know, I have seen some things

(MORE)

MOTHER HILDEGARDE (CONT'D)
 reminiscent of this... yes, an old
 German friend of mine has done work
 very similar to this.

JAMIE
 A German friend?

MOTHER HILDEGARDE
 (nods)
 Herr Bach.

She gets up and looks through her bookcase. This name means
 nothing to Jamie, but Claire...

CLAIRE
 Johann Sebastian Bach?

MOTHER HILDEGARDE
 Yes. I'm surprised you have heard
 of him. He sends me things now and
 again -- He calls them 'Inventions'
 and they're really quite clever.

She brings several pieces of bound music back to the
 harpsichord with her.

MOTHER HILDEGARDE (CONT'D)
 But I am afraid his music is not
 the sort to endure. Clever, but no
 heart.
 (re: Jamie's music)
 This is like a clumsy version of --

She pulls a piece of music from the stack and puts it on the
 rack next to Jamie's piece.

MOTHER HILDEGARDE (CONT'D)
 -- this.
 (German)
Goldberg Variations.

CLAIRE
 The Goldberg Variations.

Again, this means nothing to Jamie. Claire touches the
 manuscript with some awe.

MOTHER HILDEGARDE
 Now see here.
 (pointing)
 Your mysterious composer has
 repeated the same melody as my
 friend Bach -- almost -- but
 changed the key each time.

Something strikes Jamie.

JAMIE

The key.
 (beat)
 And... that's unusual?

MOTHER HILDEGARDE

Yes. Five changes in such a short piece, and some changes for no reason whatsoever.

JAMIE

No musical reason.
 (he stands)
 Thank you, Mother. You have been a great help!

Much to everyone's surprise, he takes the music off the rack. Excited, he heads for the door, pauses and looks at Claire.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

I'm sure you have a lot more work to do. I'll see you tonight.

Claire, touched by his gesture, makes one of her own.

CLAIRE

Mother Hildegarde, can you carry on the rest of the day without me?

MOTHER HILDEGARDE

I'm sure we can.

Claire turns, she and Jamie exchange a warm smile for the first time in a long time.

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

Jamie at his desk, transcribing the words in the music onto a piece of paper. Claire and Murtagh looking on.

CLAIRE

(getting it)
 The key is the key!

JAMIE

Aye.

MURTAGH

(confused)
 What key?

CLAIRE

The musical key. Whoever wrote this had a diabolical sense of humor.

MURTAGH

Oh, aye, "diabolical".

Irritated, he walks over and drops into a chair.

JAMIE

(as he works)

Two flats means you must take every second letter, starting from the beginning of the section. And three sharps means to take every third letter, beginning at the end of the section.

CLAIRE

Does it make sense?

Jamie sits back, unsettled.

JAMIE

Aye. It does.

He hands her the paper.

CLAIRE

(reading)

"I have successfully concluded negotiations with our three partners, all of whom are willing to contribute to our cause."

MURTAGH

So the English conspirators are real...

CLAIRE

"I can guarantee the amount of forty-thousand-pounds will be made available to you."

Murtagh whistles at the sum.

JAMIE

It's a sizeable amount, to be sure. But not enough to fund an entire war.

MURTAGH

So Charles was lying to Duverney.

JAMIE

Exaggerating. Duverney is smart enough to expect a certain amount of that in a business like this. Forty-thousand may not fund the war, but it may be enough to convince Duverney and King Louis that the Jacobites have a chance.

CLAIRE

"I will be back in Paris at month's end, and am eager to finally meet you face-to-face to solidify our arrangement." What's this -- just the letter "S"?

She points to the "S" which stands apart from the rest of Jamie's translation.

JAMIE

(grim)
Aye. There's one letter left over. A signature, I'd reckon.

CLAIRE

"S."

They both think for a beat

CLAIRE/JAMIE

Sandringham?

With building excitement.

JAMIE

It's the Duke. I'm sure of it.

CLAIRE

He's had secret dealings with Dougal MacKenzie for years...

JAMIE

And Dougal is a committed Jacobite.

CLAIRE

The Duke is playing both sides against the middle.

JAMIE

He may well be hedging his bets for and against a Stuart restoration. If Sandringham is coming to Paris at the end of the month to meet with The Prince, we have to be part
(MORE)

JAMIE (CONT'D)
of that meeting, and then find a
way to keep our crafty Duke from
making... an imprudent investment.

CLAIRE
Somehow.

JAMIE
Somehow.

A broad grin of relief breaks out on Jamie's face.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
I can't believe it. We've figured
it out.

CLAIRE
There are still problems to solve.

JAMIE
We'll solve those, too. But right
now, this calls for a celebration.

Jamie leaves the room. Claire, feeling the same sense of
accomplishment and joy, turns to Murtagh, only to see the
dour Scotsman looking at her with a dark expression.

MURTAGH
Sandringham, lass. If Jamie sits
down with him and his secretary...
you know what will happen.

Claire's heart sinks.

CLAIRE
He'll find out Black Jack is alive.

MURTAGH
You need to tell him, and you need
to tell him now.

Jamie enters the room with a bottle of whisky and three
glasses. He quickly pours them each a drink.

JAMIE
I canna tell you how good it feels
to make progress after fighting
feathers for so long.

Each of them take a glass, Jamie lifts his.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

To Mother Hildegarde. Without whom
our enemies would remain unknown to
us. And to my wife. Who is always
there when I need her.

They toast. Jamie drinks, but Claire doesn't. She is trying
to gird herself to say the words that must be said. Jamie
sees the look on her face.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

What is it, Sassenach?

CLAIRE

I... just love seeing you so happy.

Jamie hugs her. As they embrace, her eyes meet Murtagh's.
She knows she is putting off the inevitable. But that's a
problem for another day. She holds her husband.

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE