

OUTLANDER

EPISODE 205

Untimely Resurrection

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FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT
18th September 2015

OUTLANDER
EPISODE 205 "Untimely Resurrection"

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EPISODE 205 "Untimely Resurrection"

CAST LIST – FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT – 18th September 2015

CLAIRE BEAUCHAMP RANDALL
JAMIE MACKENZIE FRASER
BLACK JACK RANDALL
MURTAGH FITZGIBBONS FRASER
MARY HAWKINS
LE COMTE ST. GERMAIN
PRINCE CHARLES STUART
DUKE OF SANDRINGHAM
KING LOUIS XV
FERGUS
ALEX RANDALL
MAGNUS
MADAME ELISE

FOREMAN
ANNALISE DE MARILLAC

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SET LIST – FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT – 18th September 2015

INTERIORS

Jamie & Claire's Apartment
Dining Room
Parlor
Bedroom
Hawkins Estate
Mary's Bedroom
Jared's Wine Warehouse
Maison Elise
Carriage

EXTERIORS

Paris Streets
Various
Hawkins Estate
Public Garden
Versailles
Royal Stables
Gardens
Carriage
Jamie & Claire's Apartment
Courtyard

OVER BLACK:

A mantel clock TICKS AWAY like a heartbeat. A relentless, rhythmic PULSE cutting through the blackness...

FADE IN:

INT. JAMIE & CLAIRE'S APARTMENT - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

SERVANTS scurry to clean up the aftermath of the chaotic brawl that erupted at the end of Episode 204. The table is cleared of LEFTOVER FOOD and WINE from a meal cut short. WHISPERED FRENCH GOSSIP fills the air as we MOVE through to --

OMITTED

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

MAGNUS directs another group of SERVANTS, quietly cleaning up toppled furniture, spilled trays, various broken items --

CLAIRE stares out into the night, so still she almost blends into the window tapestry. The mantle clock's bells RING OUT, signaling midnight -- ECHOING throughout the apartment.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

I hadn't noticed the noise of the clock before that evening. But in that moment, each annoying tick filled my head, reminding me that Jamie wasn't there. After our dinner party disintegrated into a brawl, the gens d'armes had come and arrested everyone. But it was all a misunderstanding; Alex Randall hadn't raped Mary Hawkins, and Jamie had nothing to do with any of it. He would soon be released from the Bastille. I just had to keep reminding myself of that...

Eyes transfixed, Claire's hands instinctively fall to her stomach, sheltering the tiny life forming inside her.

As the servants finish up the cleaning and slip quietly from the room --

FERGUS (O.C.)
I've made the rounds of the house,
Milady. All is locked up.

Claire's reverie is interrupted by Fergus' voice.

CLAIRE
Thank you, Fergus.

FERGUS hovers by the door, doing his best to mask his own concerns regarding Jamie's absence.

FERGUS
You should rest, Milady. I will
watch over things until Milord
returns.

A whisper of a smile crosses Claire's lips as she takes in Fergus and his attempt to fill in for his idol, Jamie.

CLAIRE
That's very kind of you. But I
can't sleep.

FERGUS
Then I will stay by your side.

Claire sits down on a nearby chair and begins the arduous task of removing the hairpins from her curls. Fergus still hovers uncharacteristically in the doorway, a distance away.

CLAIRE
Well, come on in.

FERGUS
Those men who attacked you... you
say they called you La Dame
Blanche. Is it true? Are you...
her?

CLAIRE
You mean there really is such a
person?

FERGUS
La Dame Blanche est une sorcière.

CLAIRE
A sorceress?

FERGUS

The stories are old. It's said she sees to the center of a man, and if evil is found, she will turn his soul to ashes.

CLAIRE

Let me assure you, I am no fairy tale sorceress.

FERGUS

This was my thinking. But the ladies at Maison Elise are a superstitious lot.

He comes over to Claire now --

FERGUS (CONT'D)

Here, Milady.

Fergus takes a HAIRBRUSH and masterfully begins combing out her tangles. Claire's surprised at Fergus' proficiency.

CLAIRE

You've got a gentle touch. Not an easy task with my hair, I'm afraid. Where did you learn such a skill?

FERGUS

From the ladies at Maison Elise.

CLAIRE

How did you come to live at... such a place, Fergus?

FERGUS

I was born there. That is what Madame Elise told me.

CLAIRE

So your mother...?

FERGUS

I used to wonder which of the ladies was my mother, but I never found out.

Claire's heart breaks as she listens to Fergus' story.

FERGUS (CONT'D)

Madame Elise allowed me to sleep under the stairs, and they shared
(MORE)

FERGUS (CONT'D)
 their food with me sometimes.
 (then, proudly)
 The pig knuckles were my favorite.
 You could not find better in all of
 Paris.

CLAIRE
 They must miss you very much.

FERGUS
 Perhaps. But I am needed here.

CLAIRE
 Yes... you are.

FERGUS
 Frankly, I don't know how you and
 Milord would manage without me.

That elicits a much-needed laugh from Claire.

CLAIRE
 I don't know either, Fergus.

Fergus returns to work, comforting her with every brush
 stroke.

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

The new day's light creeps in through the oversized windows.

Fergus has passed out on the floor, a shawl draped over him.
 Claire remains awake, staring at the fireplace's glowing
 embers. But the sound of FOOTSTEPS snaps her back to life.

JAMIE stands at the door's threshold.

Claire's stoic facade fades as she sees him. Jamie grins,
 tired, but happy to see her. And for a long moment, all they
 do is drink in the welcome sight of each other. Then Jamie
 comes over --

JAMIE
 (kissing her forehead)
 Have ye sat up all night long then?

CLAIRE
 I wasn't the only one.

Claire nods to Fergus curled up on the floor. Jamie smiles,
 then scoops the sleepy Fergus up in his arms.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
He just fell asleep.

JAMIE
Come on, laddie. Ye've done well
to guard your mistress.

As Jamie carries Fergus off to bed --

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

Claire, now in her dressing gown, sits on the bedroom's canapé as Jamie fills her in.

JAMIE
It was fortunate the Captain of the
Guard arrived with Duverney on his
heels, ordering them to release us
at once.

CLAIRE
It's good to have powerful friends.

JAMIE
Are you and the bairn well?

CLAIRE
We're both fine now that you're
home. What of Murtagh and Alex?

JAMIE
Murtagh's downstairs washing off
the stink of the French prison.
Alex didna fare so well. Silas
claims he saw him attack Mary. His
release will require word from the
lass herself.

CLAIRE
Silas has made sure that won't
happen. He had Mary promptly
whisked off to their estate.
(then)
The Bastille is no place for Alex
in his fragile health.

JAMIE
I'll shed nae tears for any man
named Randall.

CLAIRE
Jamie, we have to help him. You
saw the way he tried to come to
(MORE)

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Mary's aid. He's not like his brother. Couldn't The Duke vouch for him?

JAMIE

Sandringham? He'll let Alex rot before he lifts a finger to help, now that his secretary has been publicly disgraced. He sent a dispatch to the Bastille releasing Alex from his service.

CLAIRE

Hopefully The Duke had a similar reaction to Charles.

JAMIE

I saw him watching The Prince during dinner, and I believe he sees Charles for the poor investment he is.

CLAIRE

Unfortunately, I saw The Prince and St. Germain leave together.

JAMIE

Nothing good can come of that pairing. I'll set Murtagh to follow St. Germain, see if there's anything suspicious. If he had anything to do with the attack, we'll find out. Can ye remember anything else about last night?

CLAIRE

Well, their French sounded like aristocrats, and they wore fine clothes and shoes --

JAMIE

How did ye get away?

CLAIRE

They mistook me for some mythical creature called La Dame Blanche. Fergus said it's witch nonsense --
(off his look)
You've heard of this?

JAMIE

I... might have mentioned once that... I was married to La Dame Blanche --

CLAIRE

You what?

JAMIE

At Maison Elise... Charles was pushing trollops into my arms -- I wanted to stay true to ye without anyone thinking me unmanly.

CLAIRE

And calling me a witch was your best idea? After what we went through at Cranesmuir?

JAMIE

There was a fair bit of drinking involved.

Claire shakes her head, flummoxed.

CLAIRE

How many people heard you?

JAMIE

Only a few -- but I imagine it was a good piece of gossip to share.

CLAIRE

Then perhaps the assailants are customers at Maison Elise.

JAMIE

And if we can find them, they may lead us to St. Germain. Heaven help him if he's responsible.

Jamie collapses onto the sofa next to Claire --

CLAIRE

It's been a long night for all of us.

JAMIE

Indeed. And right now, all I wish is to shed these filthy clothes and lie with ye in my arms.

OFF Jamie and Claire, as they relax and recuperate from the insanity of the previous night.

OMITTED

EXT. PARIS STREETS - VARIOUS - DAY

Claire's carriage moves through the Paris streets on her way to see Mary Hawkins.

OMITTED**EXT. HAWKINS ESTATE - DAY**

Establishing. A stately three-level residence, presently displaying its internal disorder with subtlety. All shutters are sealed tight, and no servants mill about the front door -- all an attempt to fight off prying eyes.

INT. HAWKINS ESTATE - MARY'S BEDROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON A LETTER being written. REVEAL MARY HAWKINS sitting at a bedside table, scribbling away on a piece of paper.

Claire enter the dark cave-like room, drapery drawn tight. Mary rushes to cover up what she's working on, but promptly drops all hesitation when she sees that it's Claire.

MARY

Claire!

Mary runs to Claire, wrapping arms around her in jubilation.

MARY (CONT'D)

Uncle Silas allowed you in?

CLAIRE

He has no idea I'm here. I was able to convince your aunt that a medical examination is a pressing matter.

MARY

He refuses to let me out of the house. And he's insisting that I l-leave Paris once I recover.

Mary returns to the desk, hurriedly finishing her letter.

MARY (CONT'D)

I was so relieved to hear Jamie and Murtagh were released. But will you do me the favor of delivering this to the authorities at the Bastille?

(MORE)

MARY (CONT'D)
 (re: the letter)
 The details of the attack...
 explaining Alex's innocence.

CLAIRE
 Of course, I'll see it delivered at
 once.

MARY
 T-thank you. Alex is a good man,
 with a kind heart. You know, of
 course, of my feelings for him.

CLAIRE
 I understand. How are you feeling?

MARY
 Ashamed. Like I'm a different
 person n-now. And I will never be
 the same.

CLAIRE
 You have nothing to be ashamed of.
 What happened is not your fault.

Claire reaches out, placing a warm hand on Mary's.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
 How are you feeling physically?

Claire examines Mary's face, turning the pale girl towards
 the room's singular shaft of sunlight.

MARY
 I... bled a bit, but it stopped.

CLAIRE
 That's normal. I brought some
 herbs that will help.

Claire lays out the remedial vials next to Mary's bed.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
 They're to be brewed in hot water,
 and once the infusion cools you can
 apply it with a cloth.

Mary takes Claire's instructions in with quick nods, but her
 mind is clearly focused elsewhere.

MARY
 (blurting out)
 Am I going to have a baby?

CLAIRE

No, I don't believe so. Your attacker, he wasn't able to... finish.

MARY

I'm so grateful for all you've done, Claire. At least -- at least now they can't force me to marry that dreadful man, The Vicomte. Uncle says he would n-never take a soiled bride.

CLAIRE

And good riddance to him. You are far too pretty, not to mention sweet, for such a warty old thing.

MARY

I j-just know that once freed, Alex will return to me. We're hoping to be married.

That information hits Claire hard, as Mary seals and hands Claire the letter.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

Marriage? When Mary mentioned Alex Randall at the hospital I thought it nothing more than a young girl's crush... If Alex and Mary were to wed, what would become of the lineage Mary and Jack Randall supposedly ensure? What becomes of Frank?

OFF Claire's pensive face, her mind thrown into turmoil --

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

Claire stands alone in front of the grand stone hearth, Mary's missive in hand. Deep in thought, her eyes pour over the letter, illuminated by the firelight.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

Did I hold the key to Frank's existence in the palm of my hand? Could I simply release my grasp, dispose of the letter and allow fate to carry out its plan?

Claire's arm begins to lower, the paper now dangerously close to the flame's lick.

CLAIRE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*But could I condemn Alex Randall to
 prison without the utmost certainty
 it would ensure Frank's existence?*

And as Claire weighs this seemingly impossible conundrum...

INT. JARED'S WINE WAREHOUSE - DAY - ONE WEEK LATER

Jamie and Murtagh are huddled in hushed conversation as WORKERS roll large wooden barrels of wine past.

MURTAGH
 St. Germain was easy enough to
 track. But I've seen nothing
 suspicious.

Not the news Jamie was hoping to learn.

JAMIE
 And did ye learn anything at Maison
 Elise?

MURTAGH
 A wench there told me of several
 customers, members of a gang.
 Masked men, called "Les Disciples."
 Aristocrats that prowl the streets
 in search of prey.

JAMIE
 Claire said the assailants were
 well-spoken, and wore fine clothes.

MURTAGH
 Aye. And the way into this gang?
 A maidenhead. Mary was a virgin,
 was she not?

Jamie confirms with a somber nod. They're interrupted by the warehouse FOREMAN.

FOREMAN
 The new shipment has arrived. We
 should sample it.

JAMIE
 Start without me. I'll join you
 later.

FOREMAN
 Very good.

As the Foreman moves off, Murtagh shakes his head, full of guilt and self-loathing that he's been carrying since the attack. He looks exhausted.

JAMIE

Ye look like a clarty midden, man.
Get some sleep.
(off Murtagh's silence)
What is it?

MURTAGH

I failed you.

JAMIE

Ye've done no such thing.

MURTAGH

Ye gave me yer trust, yer wife, and
yer child unborn to guard. And the
English lassie as well...

JAMIE

You were outmanned.

MURTAGH

I can't bear the shame of what
happened in that alley...

Murtagh trails off, tormented.

JAMIE

Then keep after him. If St.
Germain was behind it, we need to
connect him to Les Disciples.

MURTAGH

I will lay just vengeance at your
feet or be damned.

Jamie puts a hand on Murtagh's shoulder. He knows he will.

PRINCE CHARLES (O.C.)

James, my good man!

Both men turn to see PRINCE CHARLES gliding toward them with royal confidence. Murtagh exits, a perfunctory nod to The Prince as they pass. No love lost between the two.

JAMIE

Your Royal Highness.

PRINCE CHARLES

The female haze that once clouded my mind has lifted. Open a bottle of your finest Burgundy! I have excellent news!

Jamie moves to a nearby crate, his mind swimming as he selects the appropriate bottle to quench his growing concern.

JAMIE

(fishing)

Is this to do with your English investors?

Jamie opens the wine and pours two large glasses.

PRINCE CHARLES

Make no mention of those English scoundrels. They have shown their true colors.

(holding up his glass)

What if I were to tell you we're about to come into the possession of ten thousand pounds, sterling?

JAMIE

I'd say... this is what we've been waiting for.

PRINCE CHARLES

I have dispatched a letter to my father informing him of our good fortune. Mark me, James, The King has lead a dolorous life. But now I stand poised to lay at his feet the world's most treasured gift. The British Throne.

JAMIE

Who is it that offers us such a prize?

PRINCE CHARLES

The Comte St. Germain.

The Prince doesn't notice Jamie's reaction to the name.

PRINCE CHARLES (CONT'D)

He's ready to buy a large shipment of Portuguese Madeira. However, The Comte is short of funds and in need of a business partner!

JAMIE

So what does The Comte require?

PRINCE CHARLES

(with elation)

I've secured a bank loan to provide half the funds to buy the shipment. Once we sell the wine, we'll earn ourselves a rich profit.

JAMIE

Not enough to finance an army.

PRINCE CHARLES

But enough to begin securing ships, weaponry, fighting men for our Holy Cause! And when your friend Duverney sees what we accomplish, he'll have proof for King Louis that it's a worthy investment.

Charles takes a hungry gulp of his wine.

PRINCE CHARLES (CONT'D)

With French money, we will gather the clans -- Macdonalds, Camerons, Mackinnons and yes, James, your own Frasers as well. And I will lead them all to the gates of London, and to glory!

JAMIE

Good news indeed, although... the thought of a partnership with St. Germain leaves me uneasy.

PRINCE CHARLES

I'm no fool, James. I am well aware of his damnable reputation.

JAMIE

Then ye've heard he's said to dwell in circles of... a heretical nature... demonic even...?

PRINCE CHARLES

Rumor and innuendo! I pay no more attention to that than I do to the rumors about your wife. He is no lover of our cause, but he is a man of business. And I've arranged for you to be the one to sell the wine.

JAMIE

Me?

PRINCE CHARLES

Who better than you to secure the buyer, and keep a wary eye on St. Germain?

JAMIE

When can we expect this shipment?

PRINCE CHARLES

(with a wave of the hand)

Do not plague me with merchants' concerns. You will meet St. Germain at Maison Elise to discuss the particulars.

(holding up his glass)

To the glorious day when the rightful King sits upon the British Throne once more!

They CLINK glasses.

JAMIE

The glorious day.

Charles sips his wine with delight, while Jamie disappears his glass in one swift, nervous slug.

OFF Jamie, all the hard work he and Claire have done since arriving in Paris vanishing into the ether before his eyes...

EXT. PUBLIC GARDEN - DAY

As we TRAVEL through the ornately garish botanical splendor of an upper-class Parisian garden, we FIND:

Claire and ALEX RANDALL, walking and talking in deep conversation.

ALEX

I cannot fully express my gratitude to you for your help. The Bastille was a... frightening experience...

Claire isn't unsympathetic to the young man, but she has to be a bit hard-nosed here in order to keep him away from Mary.

CLAIRE

I'm sure it was. But now we must be practical. You must look to the future -- Mary told me of your plans to wed.

ALEX

Yes, isn't it wonderful?

CLAIRE

Of course. But, I can't help but wonder about your lack of gainful employment now that The Duke has discharged you from his service. Word of your arrest will have spread throughout the French nobility by now... I'm concerned about your ability to find another position in Paris.

ALEX

(grasping)

I thought to return to England. Mary's mentioned she has relatives with a farm. Perhaps I could find work there --

CLAIRE

From the same family that sent Mary to France to wed a gentleman of title? I'm not certain you'll receive a warm welcome from them, let alone employment.

Suddenly Alex is struck by a brief but violent coughing fit. He pulls out a handkerchief and wipes his mouth.

ALEX

I beg your pardon.

Claire seizes the opportunity:

CLAIRE

I worry, too, that your condition has not improved with time. I imagine you don't want Mary robbed of her youth playing nurse?

That causes Alex to stop, struck by her frank words.

ALEX

Of course not.

CLAIRE

It might be prudent to consider what type of a life you could offer her?

(off his look)

I'm sorry. I don't mean to pry, but Mary is my friend. She's young and impressionable. My only concern is for her well-being -- a concern I trust you share?

ALEX

But of course.

CLAIRE

Then you may want to set aside your feelings and think about whether travelling from city to city as you seek a position, living a hand-to-mouth existence, never sure of where tomorrow's meal is coming from, is the future she envisions. You must think realistically about what's best for Mary.

A long pause as the impact of Claire's sentiment is felt. The beautiful fantasy Alex had constructed -- the life, the future -- crumbles before him.

ALEX

Condemning Mary to a life of penury is something I would never dream of.

Alex considers the options and makes a decision.

ALEX (CONT'D)

I love her enough to want her to have the life she deserves.

(then, pained)

She's going to be devastated, you know.

Claire places a consoling hand on Alex's.

CLAIRE

Absolutely. She loves you. But she's a strong woman. In time, she'll move on from this.

He's devastated as well, but is convinced it's for the best.

ALEX

Thank you for your candor, Madame Fraser. Mary is fortunate to have a friend as caring as you.

With that, Alex walks away.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

It broke my heart to break his. Alex and Mary clearly loved one another, and I was robbing them of happiness... But what choice did I have? I forced myself to focus on the evidence: Mary Hawkins and Jonathan Randall were to have a child together. I saw the proof of that with my own eyes... Alex and Mary simply could not be. For Frank's sake.

OFF Claire, a sense of relief mixing with guilt...

INT. MAISON ELISE - EVENING

MADAME ELISE makes her way through the crowd, setting a pair of drinks down on a table.

REVEAL Jamie and THE COMTE ST. GERMAIN across the table from each other as they grab their drinks.

MADAME ELISE

**Will that be all, gentlemen?
Can I interest you in a
lady, or two?**

MADAME ELISE F

**Est-ce que ce sera tout pour
ces messieurs? Puis-je vous
offrir une de ces Dames? Ou
peut-être deaux?**

JAMIE

Not tonight, Madame.

JAMIE F

Pas ce soir, Madame.

St. Germain waves her away, he's there for business.

MADAME ELISE

(smiling)
Suit yourselves.

MADAME ELISE F

(smiling)
Comme vous voudrez.

Madame Elise saunters away. Jamie leans in and speaks to St. Germain cheerily. The lightness of his attitude is in purposeful contrast with the seriousness of his words.

JAMIE

I don't wish to be joined together in business, nor sit in your presence longer than needed, so let's get on with it, shall we?

St. Germain answers, equally casual and unconcerned, smiling at his enemy as if they are old friends. After all, they are in a public place.

ST. GERMAIN

I share your distaste for our partnership. My memory is long. I haven't forgotten your wife's callous attempt to ruin me.

ST. GERMAIN

Je partage votre dédain pour notre association. Ma mémoire est sans faille. Je n'ai pas oublié que votre femme a ignoblement tenté de me ruiner.

JAMIE

Since you brought up my wife, let me make this clear: someone tried to poison her, then attacked her on the street and raped her friend. My memory is as long as yours. When I find the man responsible, he will die a verra slow and verra painful death.

ST. GERMAIN

Your personal life is of no interest to me.

(then)

I alone will procure the shipment. It will be secured at my warehouse until you have buyers in place. Contact me then and not before.

ST. GERMAIN F

Je n'ai que faire de votre vie privée.

(then)

Je serai en charge de faire livrer la cargaison. Elle restera en sécurité dans mon entrepôt jusqu'à ce que vous trouviez des acheteurs. Alors seulement nous nous reverrons.

St. Germain takes some coins out of his pocket and tosses them on the table before exiting.

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

As Claire and Jamie have a drink --

JAMIE

If this wine venture is successful, and The Prince manages to secure other investors, I have no doubt he'll set sail for Scotland straightaway.

CLAIRE

Then it's simple: Charles must not get his hands on that money. We need to find a way to dispose of that shipment before it's sold.

JAMIE

(facetious)

Maybe St. Germain will do us a favor and bring in another ship infected with smallpox.

The wheels are turning for Claire. After a moment, Jamie reads her face.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

I know that look, Sassenach. But I was merely joking about the smallpox.

CLAIRE

(a gleam in her eye)

I'm not.

JAMIE

Ye have a bottle of smallpox in yer potions, do ye?

CLAIRE

Not the actual disease. But there may be herbs that can make it appear as though smallpox is present in St. Germain's crew. Convince everyone that the shipment is tainted and must be destroyed.

JAMIE

Is such a thing even possible?

CLAIRE

I'll look into it tomorrow.

JAMIE

Don't forget we're due at the Royal Stables. I agreed to help The Duke with the purchase of some horses.

CLAIRE

Is that tomorrow? You owe that man no favors, Jamie.

JAMIE

But neither do I wish to be the subject of his disfavor.

A beat. Jamie goes to the desk. He rifles through a drawer and comes out with A DECORATIVE BOX hidden there.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

I've been waiting for a good time to surprise you with this...

He hands Claire the box, she opens it. Resting inside are a set of TWELVE SILVER SPOONS, each with a specially carved stem, in the shape of an apostle.

CLAIRE

How unique. What are they?

JAMIE

Apostle spoons. One for each of the twelve apostles. A christening gift, for the bairn.

CLAIRE

(touched)

Where did you get them?

JAMIE

They've been handed down in my family for years. I wrote to Jenny when we arrived, to send word of our good news and ask for the spoons for our wee bairn. She said she was so full of excitement she could hardly keep the quill steady in her hand.

Jamie also produces a small WHISKY BOTTLE.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

She sent this as well, said ye'll be needin' it when the time comes. She said ye'd know what she means.

Claire smiles, recalling the birth of Maggie and how Jenny had a few drams. She's quiet as she studies the spoons. Somehow, the tangible gift in her hands brings home the reality of the child that's on its way.

CLAIRE

I know it sounds ridiculous, but I can't help wonder if I'll be good at... being a mother.

JAMIE

Of course you will...

CLAIRE

I'm a nurse. So I know how to deliver babies, how to feed them, how to care for them when they're ill... but that's not being a mother. I only have a vague memory of my own mother... nothing to guide me... my God, Jamie, what if I'm terrible at it?

JAMIE

You will not be terrible. That I know.

CLAIRE

How?

JAMIE

I know it -- just as I knew Jenny would be a good mother.

CLAIRE

Your sister is a natural. To see her with wee Jamie and then Maggie --

JAMIE

-- is nothing like seeing her before. A hellion she was. With not an ounce of maternal feeling or instinct anywhere to be seen.

CLAIRE

Or at least none that her brother could see.

JAMIE

Or that she could see in herself. She worried about the same things you do. Worried she would not know how to mother and care and so on... but I never doubted it. I knew it was in her nature to be a kind and loving mother... just as I see it in you, *mo nighean donn*.

(beat)

The things you don't ken, ye'll learn. We'll learn. Together. Remember, this is only the first of many.

Claire smiles back now, feeling better.

CLAIRE

Oh, is that so?

JAMIE
One for each spoon.

CLAIRE
You want twelve children?

JAMIE
Why not?

CLAIRE
Good lord...

JAMIE
Let's go up to bed.

He grins and kisses her neck, and Claire smiles despite herself...

OMITTED

EXT. VERSAILLES - MORNING

Establishing. In all its opulent glory.

EXT. VERSAILLES - ROYAL STABLES - DAY

Claire and Jamie approach the large, well-appointed stable where twelve of The King's SPANISH HORSES are on display. Other NOBLES and SERVANTS walk about.

Jamie takes in his surroundings with boyish delight, deeply inhaling the mixture of horse, harness, and manure.

JAMIE
I do miss the smell of a stable.

CLAIRE
That makes one of us.

Just then, THE DUKE OF SANDRINGHAM spots them.

DUKE OF SANDRINGHAM
Jamie, my lad! And your glowing
bride... my dear, your condition only
enhances your ravishing beauty...

He takes her hand and kisses it gallantly.

CLAIRE
I may be ill.

The Duke drops her hand quickly.

DUKE OF SANDRINGHAM

Oh?

CLAIRE

Nothing contagious. But you'll
excuse me gentlemen... I should
like some... fresher air.

Claire and Jamie AD LIB good-byes as she makes a quick exit.

EXT. VERSAILLES - STABLES/GARDENS - DAY

Claire leaves the stable area with relief and drinks in the fresh air. There's plenty of activity out here, with GUESTS milling about various tables and SERVANTS offering refreshments. She grabs a glass of water from a passing tray and puts some distance between her and the stables.

EXT. VERSAILLES - ROYAL STABLES - DAY

Sandringham and Jamie walk along the row of beautiful HORSES that are either tethered or being held by GROOMSMEN.

JAMIE

Now there's a bonnie lad.

Jamie runs his hands along the side of one of the horses.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

A fair, strong back. Straight-
legged and sound in the hip. Aye,
he's grand, Your Grace.

DUKE OF SANDRINGHAM

Excellent, this one will do.

(then)

I was most displeased to learn of
your legal woes -- and after such a
lovely dinner. The Bastille...
perish the thought.

Sandringham shudders at the very idea. They move on to another horse. Jamie runs his hands down the horse's legs.

JAMIE

This one...
 (to himself in Gaelic)
 ... not good.
 (explains to the Duke)
 Dull in the eyes... and
 splints. Pass.
 (beat)
 I only spent a few hours in
 the Bastille. Other poor
 devils have been there for
 decades...

JAMIE

This one...
 (to himself in Gaelic)
 ... Chan fhóghain e.
 (explains to the Duke)
 Dull in the eyes... and
 splints. Pass.
 (beat)
 I only spent a few hours in
 the Bastille. Other poor
 devils have been there for
 decades...

DUKE OF SANDRINGHAM

(who cares)
 Yes, well, life can be harsh.

EXT. VERSAILLES - GARDENS - DAY

Claire is grabbing a small bite to eat from a table surrounded by a group of COURTIERS, who are chattering away with the latest gossip. Claire manages to discreetly disengage from the group, seeking a bit of solitude by heading for a secluded area of the gardens.

ANNALISE (O.C.)

**Madame Broch Tuarach, what a
 pleasure!**

ANNALISE F

**Madame Broch Tuarach, quel
 plaisir!**

Claire turns to find ANNALISE DE MARILLAC [Jamie's blonde acquaintance she met at Versailles in Episode 202].

CLAIRE

**Lovely to see you again,
 Annalise.**

CLAIRE F

**C'est une joie de vous
 revoir, Annalise.**

ANNALISE

**I was about to take a walk
 through the garden. Will you
 join me?**

ANNALISE F

**J'allais justement me
 promener dans les jardins.
 Vous joindrez-vous à moi?**

CLAIRE

It would be a pleasure.

CLAIRE F

Ce sera avec plaisir.

Going for a stroll with Jamie's ex may not be a "pleasure" exactly, but Claire puts on a smile as they begin to walk...

EXT. VERSAILLES - ROYAL STABLES - DAY

RESUME with Jamie and The Duke, moving down the row of horses.

DUKE OF SANDRINGHAM

It may please you to know that your dinner was not a wasted effort, Jamie. It allowed me to take the measure of your Prince.

JAMIE

And what was your assessment?

DUKE OF SANDRINGHAM

In my considered opinion... he's an utter arse.

Music to Jamie's ears, but he keeps up appearances.

JAMIE

Well, I'm sorry to hear yer opinion of The Prince is such.

DUKE OF SANDRINGHAM

(pointed)

I would imagine you are.
Especially since you seem to have pledged yourself to his service.

Looking to deflect, Jamie sidles up to the next horse, grabbing him by the muzzle and parting his lips to examine his teeth -- the measure of a horse's age.

JAMIE

They claim he's a three-year-old, but by the looks of his teeth, he's seen a few more seasons than that.

DUKE OF SANDRINGHAM

Your knowledge astounds me. But I do wonder how someone who is such a good judge of horseflesh could be such a bad judge of men.

JAMIE

I see The Prince for who he is.
But his father is the true King.

DUKE OF SANDRINGHAM

Nobly said.

JAMIE

(re: another horse)

Now here is truly a fine stallion.

DUKE OF SANDRINGHAM

I really should see just a few more.
I'm a man who cherishes... options.
Don't you?

Jamie nods, as they move on to the next horse...

EXT. VERSAILLES - GARDENS - DAY

Claire and Annalise walk through the garden.

ANNALISE

Tell me -- you have lived in
Scotland. Do you find life there
to be simpler?

CLAIRE

In some ways. Not in others. The
politics and manipulations among
the clans and lairds can sometimes
rival even the intrigues of
Versailles.

ANNALISE

James was never a man for intrigue
-- at least not in those days. He
was direct. Honest. Simple.

CLAIRE

I wouldn't call Jamie simple.

ANNALISE

Not today -- now he is a man of
business...

(with distaste)

... of politics. Like all the
others. It saddens me to think of
him like that.

CLAIRE

He's still Jamie... I doubt he'll
ever lose sight of who he is at
heart.

ANNALISE

When I knew him, he was impulsive.
Headstrong.

CLAIRE

He still is.

ANNALISE

Ah, but when I knew him, he was a boy. You've turned him into a man.

(then)

Speaking of men, there's a rather dashing one over there staring at us. He seems quite taken with you.

(then)

Here he comes now...

Claire turns with a smile -- which freezes on her face as her heart is suddenly gripped by a fist of ice.

CAPTAIN BLACK JACK RANDALL is walking right up to her with an astonished look.

JACK RANDALL

Claire...?

Claire and Jack stare at each other, and it's hard to say who is more surprised at this moment. A genuine smile spreads across Jack's face.

JACK RANDALL (CONT'D)

You... never fail to astonish me.

Claire can't find words right now and Jack is similarly stunned, so it's left to Annalise to break the moment --

ANNALISE

I take it you two are... acquainted?

JACK RANDALL

(recovering)

Very much so. Allow me to introduce myself --

He sweeps off his hat and bows -- with a noticeable grimace of pain.

JACK RANDALL

**Captain Jonathan Wolverton
Randall, Esquire, of His
Britannic Majesty's 8th
Dragoons. At your service,
Madame.**

JACK RANDALL F

**Capitaine Jonathan Wolverton
Randall, 8e Compagnie des
Dragons de Sa Majesté, le
Roi d'Angleterre. À votre
service, Madame.**

He straightens up -- again with some difficulty.

ANNALISE
**Annalise de Marillac. A
 pleasure to make your
 acquaintance.**

(switches to English)
 Are you in discomfort,
 Captain?

ANNALISE F
**Annalise de Marillac. C'est
 un plaisir de faire votre
 connaissance.**

(switches to English)
 Are you in discomfort,
 Captain?

JACK RANDALL
 I... met with an accident some time
 ago.

Claire finally manages to pull herself out of shock.

CLAIRE
 Excuse me, I'm not feeling well
 suddenly, I think I shall go home.

But before Claire can escape --

ANNALISE
 I am so sorry, ma chère. I will
 call for your husband.

CLAIRE
 No. That won't be necessary.

But before Claire can finish her sentence, Annalise has
 hurried away to find Jamie, and Claire's stuck with Jack.

JACK RANDALL
 Jamie... he's here? Where?

CLAIRE
 You should go before he sees you
 and cuts your throat.

Jack glances around the grounds quickly, scanning for any
 sign of Jamie.

JACK RANDALL
 That would be a lethal mistake.
 Drawing a sword in the presence of
 The King is punishable by death.

Since Jack's not going anywhere, Claire tries to move away.
 Randall steps forward abruptly, blocking her path.

CLAIRE
 Get out of my way.

But Jack stays right where he is, wanting to wait for Jamie,
 and grinning with amazement.

JACK RANDALL

It's unbelievable. The fates are toying with us now -- setting our feet on seemingly divergent paths that still somehow converge in the most unlikely of places?

Claire tries again to leave, but Jack grabs her arm.

JACK RANDALL (CONT'D)

Claire -- surely you of all people can step outside of the passions of the moment to appreciate the sublime preposterousness of a universe that would guide us to a meeting at the French court?

CLAIRE

Let go of me.

He regards her calmly, his amusement still evident. Then slowly lets go of her arm.

JACK RANDALL

(low)
The King...?

CLAIRE

Fuck The King.

Jack bows to someone O.C., and Claire turns to see KING LOUIS has arrived, attended by THREE GUARDS, and his RETINUE of ADVISORS. Claire has no choice but to hurriedly curtsy and hope he didn't hear that last remark.

KING LOUIS

Madame Fraser, The King takes great pleasure in seeing you again.

KING LOUIS F

Madame Fraser, il plaît au Roi de vous revoir.

CLAIRE

As I do you, Your Majesty.

CLAIRE F

À moi aussi, Votre Majesté.

Louis looks questioningly at Jack, who in turn looks to Claire. It takes a beat for her to realize that protocol demands she make the introduction. [NOTE: We will assume that Claire was formally introduced to the King at some point.]

CLAIRE

Your Majesty, may I present to you, Jonathan Wolverton Randall, esquire, Captain of His Britannic Majesty's 8th Dragoons?

CLAIRE F

Puis-je présenter à Votre Majesté Jonathan Wolverton Randall, Esquire et Capitaine de la 8e Compagnie des Dragons de sa Majesté le Roi de Bretagne?

KING LOUIS

Captain Randall. Welcome to Versailles.

KING LOUIS F

Capitaine Randall. Bienvenue à Versailles.

JACK RANDALL

Thank you, Your Majesty. It is a great honor to be here.

JACK RANDALL F

Je vous remercie, Votre Majesté. C'est un honneur de me trouver en ces lieux.

The attendants smirk and TITTER at his accent, but Louis silences them.

KING LOUIS

None of that.

(switching to English)
You will forgive the rudeness of these children, Captain. The French language is not easily mastered by the English.

KING LOUIS F

N'en faites rien.

(switching to English)
You will forgive the rudeness of these children, Captain. The French language is not easily mastered by the English.

JACK RANDALL

I took no offense, Sire.

KING LOUIS

(realizing)

Oh! But perhaps The King himself has offended you, Madame Fraser -- I assure you that your accent is flawless as always.

KING LOUIS F

(realizing)

Oh! But perhaps The King himself has offended you, Madame Fraser -- Je puis vous assurer que votre accent est parfait, comme toujours.

He takes her hand and kisses it gallantly. He's obviously taken with her, casting an appreciative eye over her figure.

CLAIRE

Your Majesty is far too kind.

CLAIRE F

Votre Majesté est trop bonne.

Louis continues holding her hand just a little too long.

ANGLE ON JAMIE

Who has just emerged from the stables and is looking for Claire. He gazes around for a few seconds before seeing her talking with The King -- and then he sees Jack Randall.

Jamie's face darkens and he starts walking quickly toward them...

RESUME WITH CLAIRE, JACK, AND THE KING.

The King has returned his attention to Jack.

KING LOUIS

The King admires your uniform, Captain. So seldom seen at his court.

(beat)

Such bold colors... as befit the brave soldiers of your sovereign.

(an edge)

A pity that your countrymen are usually too busy slaughtering each other to exchange such pleasantries.

JACK RANDALL

Speaking as a soldier of many years, I must say I find war to be preferable to politics. At least in war, you know your enemy.

KING LOUIS

The King finds some truth in what you say. However, we hope your affection for carnage does not ultimately prove fatal for you.

A quiet, icy beat.

ANGLE ON JAMIE

Getting closer, his hand now on his sword hilt...

RESUME WITH CLAIRE, JACK, AND THE KING

Who are still talking.

KING LOUIS (CONT'D)

You and the Captain are friends, Madame?

CLAIRE

We're acquainted.

KING LOUIS

Does that not present difficulty with your husband? He is, after all, a proud Scottish warrior and great supporter of my cousin's rightful claim to the British throne.

(to Jack)

Or perhaps you have not met Lord Broch Tuarach?

The King gestures O.C. and they all turn to see Jamie standing there, his hand still on his sword. Claire goes white. Jack stiffens, his own hand going quietly to his sword hilt. But then Jamie smiles broadly.

JAMIE

The Captain and I have met several times, Your Majesty.

(to Jack)

Are you well? I heard you had an unfortunate encounter with some... sheep, was it?

JACK RANDALL

Cattle, actually.

JAMIE

But now you've recovered?

JACK RANDALL

Mostly. I still have a bit of difficulty getting out of bed on cold mornings.

JAMIE

Really? Well I understand the weather here in Paris is going to remain quite warm all week.

JACK RANDALL

Then there's no need for any concern about my health.

JAMIE

I am delighted to hear it so.

Claire steps in and takes Jamie firmly by his other arm and pulls herself close to him, wanting to put a little more physical distance between the two men.

CLAIRE

Pray tell us why you are here, Captain?

JACK RANDALL

I'm on an errand of mercy. To aid my brother. Until recently, he was in the employ of The Duke of Sandringham -- I'm here to ask His Grace to reconsider his position.

KING LOUIS

Perhaps you should beg.

Jack looks at him sharply -- a little too sharply.

JACK RANDALL

Beg?

KING LOUIS

Yes. On your knees. To ask such a favor of a man like The Duke would not be possible. To beg him, however -- that is a different matter.

(beat)

On your knees.

The King stares at him and Jack suddenly realizes that they're all looking at him. Now? The King's guards are right here and they're watching him closely. And after a beat, Jack drops to his knees before The King. The King waits a beat... and then laughs.

KING LOUIS (CONT'D)

Not now! Oh! You English are so literal!

All the retinue laughs and Claire seizes the opportunity to get the hell out of there.

CLAIRE

Your Majesty, I am feeling unwell. With your permission, may I retire?

CLAIRE F

Votre Majesté, je ne me sens pas bien. Puis-je me retirer, avec votre permission?

KING LOUIS

Of course, of course. Be well, Madame Fraser.

KING LOUIS F

Bien sûr, bien sûr. Reposez-vous, Madame Fraser.

Looking with some amusement at Jack --

KING LOUIS

The King gives you leave to rise. It would be a shame to stain such pretty britches.

The King walks away, still chuckling over his joke. Claire takes Jamie by the arm as Jack slowly gets up in the B.G., burning silently in humiliation.

ON CLAIRE & JAMIE

Walking away...

JAMIE

Are you really unwell, Sassenach?
Is it the baby?

CLAIRE

No. No, I'm all right.

JAMIE

You're sure?

CLAIRE

Yes. I just wanted us to --

JAMIE

Then wait here.

He drops her arm and spins around, walking quickly back the way they came.

STAY ON Claire, as she watches Jamie go right up to Randall. The two men have a short, but apparently pleasant conversation. At its conclusion, the two men bow deeply and formally to one another and then Jamie heads back to Claire as Jack goes his own way.

CLAIRE

What happened? What did you say?

JAMIE

I challenged him to a duel, and he accepted. He said he owed me a death.

He smiles, takes her arm and guides her away.

EXT./INT. CARRIAGE - DAY - LATER

The carriage plods through the streets of Paris as a long, anguished silence elapses between Jamie and Claire.

The only sound is of HORSE HOOVES MEETING COBBLESTONE, thumping away like a drum beat.

Jamie watches the scenery go by with a contented, happy look on his face.

But Claire's mind is reeling, desperately seeking a way to stop this duel from happening, as thoughts of Frank and Black Jack irreconcilably linked together in time fill her head...

EXT. JAMIE & CLAIRE'S APARTMENT - DAY

The carriage arrives home.

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

The carriage barely comes to a stop in the courtyard before Jamie exits. He positively bounds out of the carriage and naturally assumes Claire's following behind him without a look back.

Fergus comes running out the front door, excited to welcome them home, but Jamie stops the boy before he manages a word.

JAMIE

Great day Fergus my lad!

FERGUS

Is it?

JAMIE

You have no idea. Run and fetch Murtagh at once.

FERGUS

Yes, Milord.

Fergus runs off to do as he's told, and Jamie disappears inside the apartment, his mind fixed on the task at hand.

Claire struggles to think, her breath growing frantic.

After a beat her eyes suddenly light up and she hops back into the carriage.

CLAIRE

(yelling to the coachman)
Take me to the Bastille with
all due haste!

CLAIRE F

(yelling to the coachman)
Emmenez-moi à la Bastille à
toute vitesse!

EXT. JAMIE & CLAIRE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Later that night. Establishing.

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

Jamie meditatively runs an oiled soapstone along the lethal edge of his broadsword as he and Murtagh discuss the details of the duel.

MURTAGH

I'll arrange the particulars with his second. As the challenged, Randall selects the weapons.

JAMIE

Aye.

Murtagh's eyes fall to Jamie's sword with a scowl.

MURTAGH

And what if it's pistols? What then?

JAMIE

He won't take pistols. It's too quick, and too far apart. He'll want to look me in the eye.

MURTAGH

Aye, but don't err in judging the man's skills. Ye don't get to be Captain of Dragoons without knowing how to handle a blade.

CLAIRE (O.C.)

There's not going to be any duel.

Jamie and Murtagh turn to find an exhausted Claire.

CLAIRE

Black Jack is locked away in the Bastille.

JAMIE

On what charge?

CLAIRE

I swore an accusation against him, saying he was responsible for the attack on Mary and me.

Jamie did not see that coming. Murtagh either.

MURTAGH

Christ, woman, what have ye done?

CLAIRE
Murtagh, please --

JAMIE
Are you mad? Swearing a false
charge --

CLAIRE
They won't be able to hold him for
long, and I'll say I must have been
mistaken. But it's long enough to
get you to listen to me. You can't
go through with this, Jamie.

Jamie's barely able to look at his wife as a wave of
betrayal and unimaginable questions washes over him.

JAMIE
Why would you do such a thing,
Claire?

CLAIRE
Dueling is outlawed in France. If
you're caught, you could spend the
rest of your life behind bars. Or
worse. I won't risk that. You're
about to be a father, Jamie. Think
of me and your child.

JAMIE
There are places in this city where
the gens d'armes are not present.

MURTAGH
He'll not get caught. I'll see to
it.

CLAIRE
Murtagh, would you please leave?
This is between Jamie and me.

Murtagh does so reluctantly.

JAMIE
You gave me a gift Claire, when you
told me Randall was alive -- of
knowing I will be the one to end
that bastard's life. Now I can
claim that gift.

CLAIRE
Please listen to me, you can't kill
Randall --

JAMIE
 Claire, there's no reason --

CLAIRE
 (blurting out)
 Because of Frank.

Frank. The name cuts through the air like a dagger.

Jamie looks up at Claire in utter astonishment, believing his ears to have failed him.

JAMIE
 Frank?

CLAIRE
 If you kill Jack Randall now, then Frank... he won't exist. He won't be born.

JAMIE
 What are you talking about?

CLAIRE
 Frank once showed me his family tree... and on it was the name Jack Randall and his wife... Mary Hawkins. Together they are supposed to have a child... that child is Frank's ancestor.
 (beat)
 If you kill Black Jack before he has a child with Mary... Frank will never exist. It will be as if you killed him too.

Jamie stares at her as if she's insane -- and right now, Claire isn't too sure he'd be wrong on that assessment.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
 It... it's meant to happen.
 It's... a part of history.

JAMIE
 (tight)
 I thought we were here to change history.

CLAIRE
 Frank's innocent in all this. You can't kill an innocent man!

JAMIE
 Innocent?

CLAIRE

He's committed no crime against either of us.

JAMIE

And for that Jack Randall should live?!

(then)

Aye. I can stand a lot. More than most. I've proven as much. But must I bear everyone's weakness? Can I not have my own?

Claire moves to him, but Jamie's pacing.

JAMIE

(cursing in Gaelic)
Black devil of the seven
middens!

JAMIE

(cursing in Gaelic)
Donas dubh nan seachd
sitigean!

Before Claire can speak --

JAMIE (CONT'D)

You of all people couldna be asking this of me, Claire. You were there... you saw what he did to me.

Claire knows all too well the images swirling around Jamie's mind, and she struggles to keep her own emotions at bay. But before she can speak, Jamie swiftly unsheathes the dirk from his belt and thrusts the handle into Claire's hand.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

You may have yer choice. Him, or me? I canna live while Randall lives. If ye wilna allow me kill him, then kill me now yerself!

Jamie squeezes Claire's hand, forcing her grip around the dirk. It's all too much as Claire finally breaks into hot tears, throwing down the knife.

CLAIRE

A delay is all I ask. One year. The child -- Randall's, it will be conceived by then. After that I'll help you bleed the bastard myself!

No response from Jamie. Claire's own anger begins to build.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

You owe me that much, Jamie Fraser. I saved your life -- not once but twice. You owe me a life.

That grabs Jamie's attention, forcing him to meet Claire's sobbing eyes.

JAMIE

I see. And you claim yer debt now?

CLAIRE

I can't make you see reason any other way!

JAMIE

Jesus God, Claire! You'd stop me from taking my vengeance on the man that made me play whore to him? The man who's lived in my nightmares and in our bed? The man who nearly made me take my own life?

(then)

You know I'm a man of honor. I pay my debts. So tell me now, is that what you're asking of me? To pay you with the life of Black Jack Randall?

The questions hang there, and Claire has no choice but to answer:

CLAIRE

Yes.

Jamie looks at her. He takes his sword and returns it to the place he keeps it.

JAMIE

A year. Not another day more.

Claire moves to him, needing to connect. But Jamie's icy words stop her:

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Dinna touch me.

Claire steps back, the air ripped from her lungs.

WIDE, husband and wife on either side of FRAME, the room suddenly appearing impossibly large.

And OFF Jamie and Claire, a rift between them like never before...

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE