

OUTLANDER

EPISODE 206

Best Laid Schemes...

WRITTEN BY
MATTHEW B. ROBERTS

BASED ON THE NOVEL BY
DIANA GABALDON

FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT
18th September 2015

OUTLANDER
EPISODE 206 "Best Laid Schemes..."

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CAST LIST – FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT – 18th September 2015

CLAIRE BEAUCHAMP RANDALL
JAMIE MACKENZIE FRASER
FRANK RANDALL
BLACK JACK RANDALL
MURTAGH FITZGIBBONS FRASER
LOUISE DE ROHAN
LE COMTE ST. GERMAIN
PRINCE CHARLES STUART
FERGUS
MASTER RAYMOND
MOTHER HILDEGARDE
SUZETTE
MAGNUS

MONSIEUR FOREZ
TOINETTE
FOREMAN
DUEL SPECTATOR
ANOTHER SPECTATOR

EPISODE 206 "Best Laid Schemes..."

SET LIST – FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT – 18th September 2015

INTERIORS

Jamie & Claire's Apartment
Parlor
Bedroom
Dining Room
Foyer
L'Hôpital Des Anges
Medical Room
Washroom
Apothecary
Secret Room
St. Germain's Warehouse
Cot Area
Maison Elise
Private Room
Louise's House
Parlor

EXTERIORS

Culloden Moor
Paris Streets
Jamie & Claire's Apartment
Courtyard
French Countryside
Le Havre Docks
St. Germain's Warehouse
Road
Le Havre to Paris
Bois De Boulogne
Woods
Clearing

FADE IN:

EXT. CULLODEN MOOR - DAY

To a HEAVY MIST hovering over a thick layer of heather.

Suddenly, a figure breaks through the shroud. It's JAMIE FRASER, wielding a sword and dirk. He's wearing a tattered shirt and kilt.

Cloaked in the haunting mist, ECHOES of dying Highlanders surround Jamie as he moves relentlessly forward, sidestepping the bodies of his fallen cohorts: HIGHLANDER after HIGHLANDER lies dead on the field. For every twenty-five blood-soaked plaid, there is but one dead REDCOAT SOLDIER.

More DEATH THROES. This is the aftermath of the Battle of Culloden. But it's only a DREAM or NIGHTMARE, depending on which side you are on.

We are with Jamie, fixed in his POV, a mixture of subconscious renderings and Claire's descriptions of the battle.

He looks at his hands and they are now covered in blood. Not his blood, but the result of spatter that comes from a violent 18th century battle.

MORE DEAD HIGHLANDERS on the ground as Jamie pushes on. He steps over a DEAD REDCOAT SOLDIER. More BLOOD begins to cover Jamie; sleeves, chest, and face.

Now the dead and dying are heaped in piles, one on top of the other.

Then a FLASH OF RED in the mist... Jamie hurries to it... It's a BRITISH OFFICER... his back is turned and he's obfuscated by the haze, but it could be BLACK JACK RANDALL.

In a rush, Jamie grabs the back of his shoulder and spins him around... to strike a death blow... but the British soldier MORPHES into PROFESSOR FRANK RANDALL...

CLAIRE (O.C.)
Jamie! Please.

Now CLAIRE, in her red dress, is standing there between her two husbands.

SUDDENLY, the MIST clears completely... behind the trio is hundreds upon hundreds of DEAD Highlanders.

FRANK

It's a shame isn't it...? For a time, Bonnie Prince Charlie and his Highland army had the British on the run... astonishing really, considering he had inadequate funds, inept commanders, heavy desertion rates, and, well, this is Scotland.

Frank begins to stroll away, Jamie and Claire drift in behind.

FRANK (CONT'D)

And despite all that, had it not been for bad luck, bad timing, several bad decisions, this fateful, bleak morning on Culloden Moor may well have ended differently.

Franks steps over a dead body.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Instead, dead Highlanders lay four deep, soaking in rain and their own blood.

Claire whispers into Jamie's ear.

CLAIRE

Sometimes I miss the sound of his voice.

If there's anything that could tear Jamie's guts out, that would do it. Even in a dream.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

A professor's wife. It's a very well-respected position, you know.

Claire slides over near Frank, a proper 1940's couple. It's too much for Jamie, even in a dream.

Frank smiles, reaches out for his wife --

FRANK

Darling, it's time to come home.

The two join hands and begin to walk away. Helplessly, Jamie watches the Claire he knows walking off with a man from another time.

THEN, as suddenly as it disappeared, the HEAVY MIST RETURNS --

OMITTED

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

Jamie BURSTS AWAKE from the nightmare. Disquieted. He has fallen asleep at his desk. He scans the room for his wife, but she is absent. He's alone with his anxiety. But as dreams tend to do, with every waking second, more and more is fading to memory.

A purposeful MURTAGH enters the parlor, a gleam in his eye.

MURTAGH

Randall's been released from the Bastille. I'll meet with his second this afternoon and set terms for the duel. Two days from now at dawn.

Jamie has been avoiding Murtagh since promising Claire not to kill Black Jack. How does he tell his godfather the duel is off? Murtagh immediately picks up on Jamie's hesitancy.

MURTAGH (CONT'D)

Dinna fash, lad, Magnus assures me the woods west of the city are safe. Gens d'armes dinna patrol there.

Still no great reaction from Jamie. So Murtagh prods him.

MURTAGH (CONT'D)

Lad?

JAMIE

Aye.

MURTAGH

Ye need to concentrate. I'll fetch the broadswords, we'll meet in the courtyard to hone your skills...

Murtagh begins to move off, but is stopped by --

JAMIE

I can't.

MURTAGH

Before supper then. Rather no wait
'til tomorrow. Ye need to work wi'
yer bad hand.

JAMIE

I'm no dueling with Randall.
(re: Murtagh's look)
I've already sent word withdrawing
the challenge.

Now a tiger pacing a tight cage, Murtagh is beside himself.

MURTAGH

What? Why?... Why?

JAMIE

It's ower-complicated.

A face off.

MURTAGH

I ken I'm a simple man, but strive
for an explanation.

JAMIE

I canna.

MURTAGH

Ye canna? Yer mind changes like a
woman in flux.

That was intended as an insult, not an observation. And
Jamie knows it well.

JAMIE

Trust I've a sound reason, Murtagh.

Murtagh about-faces and leaves, angry, confused, and
disappointed by Jamie's irrational behavior. He brushes by a
cheery MAGNUS, who enters carrying a BREAKFAST TRAY.

MAGNUS

Good morning, master Murtagh.

MURTAGH

Says you.

Magnus doesn't break stride...

MAGNUS

Tant pis.

(then)

Milady has instructed that you have a proper meal to start your day.

JAMIE

And where is Milady this morning?

MAGNUS

She has gone to L'Hôpital.

JAMIE

Of course she has.

MAGNUS

Pardon?

JAMIE

Nothing. Thank you, Magnus.

Magnus leaves Jamie alone.

OMITTED

INT. L'HÔPITAL DES ANGES - MEDICAL ROOM - DAY

Claire is passing by when the bonesetter, MONSIEUR FOREZ, calls her over. They talk over a PATIENT who is unconscious.

MONSIEUR FOREZ

Madame Fraser, I wonder if you'd be so kind as to look in on this patient for me?

CLAIRE

Certainly. Are you going somewhere?

MONSIEUR FOREZ

I've been summoned by His Majesty to perform my usual duties.

CLAIRE

Ah, yes. Your usual duties.

A tiny shiver goes up Claire's spine, recalling that Monsieur Forez's "usual duties" are as the Royal Executioner.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

And for what crime is the man being
(MORE)

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
executed?

MONSIEUR FOREZ
It is said to be several persons.
Practitioners of the dark arts.

He casts a firm glance at Claire, a warning.

MONSIEUR FOREZ (CONT'D)
And all those who associate with
them.

CLAIRE
When is this to happen?

MONSIEUR FOREZ
Once they are gathered, I suppose.
I thought perhaps they should be
hanged. But The King's pleasure is
to have them drawn and quartered,
so I must be at the ready.

CLAIRE
Pleasure is not a word that comes
to mind.

MONSIEUR FOREZ
Pleasure is not the precise word.
But one should take pride in the
talent God has blessed one with,
no?

(off her tacit agreement)
Make no mistake. To choke a man to
death at the end of a rope -- pah!
Anyone can do that. But to
properly execute the sentence of
drawing and quartering, that
requires great skill indeed.

CLAIRE
I would imagine so.

But Claire doesn't have to imagine, as Forez spells it out
for her as a chef might talk about preparing a fine meal,
taking a break from the splinting and using their passed-out
patient as a model.

MONSIEUR FOREZ
First, the man or woman must be
hanged, but with judgment, so that
the neck is not broken.
One knows by the face. Then the
time for the knife is at hand.

(MORE)

MONSIEUR FOREZ (CONT'D)

You
must work quickly, lest the subject
expire before you have finished.

Forez slides his hand in a cutting motion across the torso.

MONSIEUR FOREZ (CONT'D)

It's a matter of speed and
dexterity. Now -- if you've been
swift in your work, there is a
moment's leisure, as no large
vessels will have been severed.

CLAIRE

So the... subject... can live a bit
longer?

MONSIEUR FOREZ

Mais oui, Madame. I have seen a
strong man live for more than a
quarter of an hour in this state.

CLAIRE

I imagine it seems much longer to
the subject.

MONSIEUR FOREZ

As death approaches, you reach into
the cavity to grasp the heart. The
major difficulty lies in severing
the large vessels above quickly, so
that the organ may be pulled forth
while still beating. You wish to
please the crowd. As to the rest --
mere butchery. Once life is
extinct, there is no further need
for skill.

Claire's face goes white as she watches Forez pantomime the
grasping of a heart, and she feels faint.

CLAIRE

No, I suppose not.

MONSIEUR FOREZ

I have made you pale with this
tedious conversation! Perhaps our
friend Master Raymond would be
better company.

CLAIRE

If you don't mind, I believe he
would. Au revoir, Monsieur Forez.

With that, Claire beats a hasty retreat.

INT. L'HÔPITAL DES ANGES - WASHROOM - DAY

Claire leans over a sink, splashes cold water on her face --

CLAIRE (V.O.)

Hearing in vivid detail the capriciousness of The King, and the punishment that could befall anyone at the pleasure of His Majesty given the right circumstance, hit close to home. The memory of the pyre at Cranesmuir was fresh enough to cause worry, for myself, and for my newfound friend, Master Raymond.

EXT. PARIS STREETS - DAY

Claire's carriage makes its way through the streets... Until it finally stops at the bottom of a winding staircase lined on either side with STREET VENDORS. She rushes up the steps --

OMITTED

INT. APOTHECARY - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Claire enters to find MASTER RAYMOND conducting business as usual, displaying a selection of remedies to a SERVANT GIRL.

[NOTE: The storefront is NOT RANSACKED]

When Claire and Raymond lock eyes... she glances back and forth to the SECRET ROOM DOOR. He instantly reads the urgency of the look.

Raymond hastens the transaction.

MASTER RAYMOND

Make a broth using these hops, give it to your master with a meal and his "cravings" for you should... wither away.

MASTER RAYMOND F

Faites un bouillon de houblon que vous donnerez à votre maître. Ces ardeurs devraient ainsi... s'apaiser.

He ushers the servant girl to the front door, then turns to Claire.

MASTER RAYMOND

What is it Madonna? Your color?
You look as though you've seen a
ghost.

CLAIRE

Not here...

They duck into the --

INT. APOTHECARY - SECRET ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

-- where they can speak in private. Claire doesn't mince words.

CLAIRE

You must leave the city... now.
The King is on a crusade to root
out practitioners of the black arts
from Paris.

Master Raymond tries to digest the news. A concern washes over his face, but he then attempts to give it some historical context.

MASTER RAYMOND

Yes, this has happened before. It
is of no concern. King Louis'
great-grandfather, Louis XIV, did
much the same decades ago.
Plucking heretics from the city as
one might remove weeds from a
garden. It was a veiled
manifestation of his pioussness.
Soon afterwards they were all
freed, a mere renunciation of Satan
as penance.

Claire moves into the pharmacist's face to convey the seriousness of her words.

CLAIRE

I fear this time it's different; I
think The King is looking for
actual blood, instead of Hail
Marys. Monsieur Forez confided to
me that he's preparing for multiple
executions.

That word changes his attitude.

MASTER RAYMOND

If it is as you say, then you
(MORE)

MASTER RAYMOND (CONT'D)
 shouldn't've come here. You've put
 yourself at grave risk.

(then)
 But, I am touched by your concern
 for my welfare.

CLAIRE
 It's what friends do for one
 another.

MASTER RAYMOND
 Merci mon amie, I will heed your
 warning and flee the city at once.

Raymond smiles, in an attempt to ease Claire's worry.

MASTER RAYMOND (CONT'D)
 No matter how often one removes
 them... weeds have a habit of
 reappearing.

(he takes her hand)
 We will meet again, Madonna... in
 this life or another.

CLAIRE
 I certainly hope so... Please be
 careful.

Now Raymond hurries around the room, gathering things he'll
 require for a journey. As he does --

MASTER RAYMOND
 Is there anything I can do for you?
 Some way of repaying your kindness
 with some potions or herbs...?

Claire looks around, realizes that she does, in fact, have
 need of some things in here.

CLAIRE
 Well yes... there are a few things
 I could use...

FOLLOW her gaze over the hundreds of VIALS and BOTTLES.

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

Claire has HERBS and VIALS spread out on a table.

Tension in the room. A wary Jamie sits on the bed, shirt
 undone, like a patient waiting to be probed.

Murtagh's gazing out the window, still upset by Jamie's decision not to kill Randall. Claire focuses on the task at hand, but she feels the heaviness that hangs over the three of them.

FERGUS darts around, poking and prodding; everything's a curiosity. Claire tries not to snap at him.

MURTAGH

Why are we trying to feign smallpox in the lad?

JAMIE

Because the financiers are waiting to see if The Prince succeeds with this wine venture. If it works, they'll be lining up to lend him money for the Jacobite cause.

CLAIRE

But -- if we can have the harbor master at Le Havre condemn St. Germain's warehouse and inventory, as he did with The Patagonia --

JAMIE

Charles will lose his wine -- and his investment.

Murtagh GRUNTS.

CLAIRE

And he'll be running back to Rome with his tail between his legs.

MURTAGH

Or -- we slit the Italian fop's neck and be done wi' it.

CLAIRE

Killing Charles Stuart would just make him a martyr throughout Scotland.

Murtagh's frustrations are about to boil over. Claire hands Jamie a VIAL, gesturing to drink it.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Essence of rosemary and bitter cascara...

He does so, unwillingly.

Claire douses a RAG in an HERBAL OINTMENT and begins to rub it all over Jamie's chest.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
...and a mash of nettles.

JAMIE
If ye must.

Fergus reaches out to tinker with one of the vials, Claire slaps his hands away.

CLAIRE
Stop fooling around! Pay attention.

JAMIE
I feel nothing.

CLAIRE
Give it a minute.

Claire retrieves a large vial containing a reddish liquid.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Rose madder. With luck, the combination will induce severe stomach pains and vomiting.

MURTAGH
Ye're in for a pleasant evening.

CLAIRE
You're sure you can get St. Germain's men to drink it?

JAMIE
I'll break off the corks on a few bottles of cheap wine. Canna sell damaged product. Trust me, the men will no let it go to waste.

CLAIRE
Soon after St. Germain's men drink the spiked wine, they'll flush with fever. The nettle juice on their skin will induce blistering, and the rose madder will produce blood in the urine -- all telltale symptoms.

Jamie finally begins to present: his fair-skinned chest turns bright red, he begins perspiring, the stomach cramps come -- enough to make him double over.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Et Voilà, I give you, smallpox.

MURTAGH
Masquerades and games. What's
next? A rousing game of charades?

FERGUS
The ladies at Madame Elise's play
charades without any clothes on
for the clients.

JAMIE
(in pain)
Quiet, Fergus.

Murtagh stalks OUT. Fergus, reprimanded, exits behind him.

As Claire tends to Jamie's blisters with ointment, they
exchange a look regarding Murtagh's mood --

CLAIRE
He's angry.

JAMIE
I don't blame him.

-- And then, a coming together of sorts.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
We need to tell him.

CLAIRE
Yes, I was thinking that very
thing. You've been protecting
me... my secret. I won't come
between the two of you any longer.
Randall, Frank, Culloden...

JAMIE
(finishing the thought)
Aye. Everything.

OFF Jamie pondering how he's going to come clean to his
godfather and best friend. Then doubling over once more.

EXT. JAMIE & CLAIRE'S APT. - COURTYARD - SHORT TIME LATER

Below the bedroom window, Jamie and Murtagh enter the
courtyard. Murtagh sits down on a bench; he's all ears.

For a long silent beat Jamie contemplates how to begin.

MURTAGH

Did we come out here to smell the
flowers then?

Jamie takes a deep breath --

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

At the window, Claire gazes down on Jamie and Murtagh,
gauging the tenor of the conversation.

ANGLE: Jamie pacing, gesticulating, passionately conveying
the tale of his wife's time-travelling adventure.

EXT. JAMIE & CLAIRE'S APT. - COURTYARD - A MOMENT LATER

Jamie has just finished the story. Murtagh, poker-faced,
hasn't moved an inch. Suddenly Murtagh rises, straightens
his kilt.

MURTAGH

If you believe yer wife to be a
witch, who am I to contradict ye?

Then Murtagh looks Jamie in the eye and hauls off and
punches him square in the jaw.

MURTAGH (CONT'D)

But ye should have trusted me with
that knowledge from the beginning.

That settles it. Well, as much as it can for now. The two
men head back inside, Jamie ensuring his molars are still in
place. The thing about Scots, they are oftentimes
unpredictable, even to other Scots.

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

Claire's on a SETTEE relaxing as Jamie rubs her swollen
feet.

CLAIRE

This was just what I needed.

JAMIE

I remember how much Jenny said it
helped when she was wi' child.

CLAIRE

How's your jaw?

JAMIE

I'll be supping parritch for a while. He was right to cuff me though. I woulda done the same.

A beat. Claire leans back as he presses his thumbs into her arches. But something else is clearly on Jamie's mind.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

I've been thinking...

CLAIRE

About what?

JAMIE

Remember when you said that I owed ye a life, because you'd saved mine? Well, I've saved yours as well, and at least as often. Seems to me we're even.

CLAIRE

"Even."

JAMIE

Aye. So I need you to know I didn't give you Randall's life in payment of debt. I owe Frank nothing. You had free choice between us, you chose me. The fact that you picked me shouldna entitle him to any particular consideration.

CLAIRE

But he's innocent in all this.

JAMIE

I've killed men in battle, some no doubt innocent of any sin other than being at the wrong place wearing the wrong colors. Our choices come down to this: we kill where we must, and we live with it after.

CLAIRE

But this isn't a case of kill or be killed.

JAMIE

There's where you're wrong. What Jack Randall did to me was worse than death. And what lies between him and me will only be settled

(MORE)

JAMIE (CONT'D)
when one of us is dead.

CLAIRE
Then why did you promise to let
Randall live?

JAMIE
Because of Charles Stuart.
(off her puzzled look)
The Prince is a canny, slippery,
man. Yet there's a light in his
eyes that can fool good men into
believing he is God's chosen one,
destined to make the dream of a
Stuart restoration a reality.
(beat)
We've thwarted him all we could.
But we may not be able to stop him
in the end. We could find
ourselves staring into the abyss
awaiting us at the bottom of
Culloden Moor.
(beat)
And if something should happen to
me, Claire...

CLAIRE
Don't talk like that.

Claire doesn't want to think about it, but Jamie presses on.

JAMIE
... I want there to be a place for
you, someone to care for you. And
for our child. I want it to be a
man who loves you...
(then)
It's my turn to ask for a promise.
Promise me that if the time should
come, you'll go back through the
stones. Back to Frank.

CLAIRE
(with little conviction)
I promise.

Jamie lays his head on her stomach, listening to his child's
heartbeat as Claire caresses his head. A family portrait.

CLAIRE (V.O.)
*I hoped in my heart if I was ever
faced with going back through the
stones, to Frank, I could keep the
promise I just made.*

EXT. JAMIE & CLAIRE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Establishing.

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

Jamie and Fergus are ready to leave for Le Havre on their mission to infect St. Germain's warehouse. Claire hands them the SMALLPOX KIT she has prepared.

CLAIRE

Be careful.

JAMIE

I will.

CLAIRE

You always say that. Mean it.

(to Fergus)

You, don't do anything dim-witted.

CLAIRE F

You always say that. Mean it.

(to Fergus)

Et toi, ne fais pas ta tête-brûlée.

Fergus gives Milady a "who me?" look.

CLAIRE

Yes, you.

FERGUS

Oui, Milady. I will watch over Milord as well.

CLAIRE

(unconvinced, to Jamie)

You are in good hands.

They mount their HORSES.

JAMIE

I'll see you in a few days.

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

Claire enters to FIND Murtagh seated at a table, writing something very intently, over and over. Claire steals a glance at the PAPER -- it's filled with random numbers. But as she looks closer, they're not random at all: 1918... 1919... 1920... 1921... all the years to 1945.

Claire and Murtagh share a look, wondering who'll speak first.

Murtagh points to the dates on the paper.

MURTAGH

Ye lived through these years, then?

Claire points to 1939.

CLAIRE

Yes. That's when I became a nurse,
during a world war.

MURTAGH

Ye ken what'll happen to the
Jacobites?

CLAIRE

Yes. I know when The Rising
begins...

MURTAGH

Then ye ken how it ends, too. And
it doesn't end well.

Claire stares at Murtagh. She spares him the details, but she can't lie.

CLAIRE

No.

He looks in her eyes and sees the tragedy there, and the weight carried in her simple one word answer.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Unless we stop it from happening at
all.

Murtagh considers her for a long beat. He's mulling over something important.

MURTAGH

But ye ken all the dates. When
things'll happen. When people
will... die.

Claire senses what he's thinking and places a hand on his to reassure him.

CLAIRE

I don't know... about you, or
Jamie... about any of us.

Not sure why, but that's a comfort to the man.

MURTAGH

Even knowing what ye say ye do... I
wouldna want to bear that burden.

CLAIRE

Trust me, I wish I didn't know
about any of it.

Murtagh slides the paper with the dates in front of her, then gets up to leave. Claire SIGHS with relief; whether he believes or not, Murtagh is not going anywhere, and that's all that matters.

Just then SUZETTE ENTERS, passing Murtagh on his way out, and casting a flirtatious look his way. She hands Claire a FANCY INVITATION.

SUZETTE

Milady, this just arrived for you,
brought by The Marquise de Rohan's
messenger.

CLAIRE

Thank you.

Suzette exits as Claire opens it and reads.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Good God. Not another invitation
to a dinner.

OFF Claire as she tosses it aside.

EXT. FRENCH COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Establish a winding road from Paris to Le Havre. Jamie and Fergus ride steadily along, heading west toward the sunset.

EXT. LE HAVRE DOCKS - NIGHT

Establish the harbor and docks.

INT. ST. GERMAIN'S WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

TIGHT ON: Fergus stealthily winding between barrels of wine and large crates. A mouse navigating a maze.

He pauses -- spies his quarry -- TWO BOTTLES of wine. Not yet. He must wait for TWO WORKERS to pass.

As soon as they're gone -- he darts out, grabs the bottles, and retraces his steps. Back --

EXT. LE HAVRE DOCKS - ST. GERMAIN'S WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

OUTSIDE, somewhere behind the warehouse, in a dark alley.

Fergus CLICKS his tongue. A signal. A beat later a WHISTLE. It's all clear. He FINDS Jamie in hiding.

FERGUS

Are these satisfactory?

JAMIE

Aye.

Working fast, Jamie uncorks the bottles. Takes two vials out of his sporran, eyeballs the liquid.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

D'ye remember how much Milady said to use?

FERGUS

No.

Jamie pours some wine out, then replaces it with some of Claire's magic smallpox elixir. Fergus gestures for Jamie to add --

FERGUS (CONT'D)

More. I should think. The sicklier the better, no?

Good point. Jamie empties the vials into each bottle. Wedges the corks back in, then snaps them off.

JAMIE

Place these where the men are sure to find them.

FERGUS

Oui, Milord.

Fergus disappears in a flash.

Jamie prepares phase two of the operation. From a satchel, he takes out a soft bristle brush and a flask. Then waits. SOUNDS of the docks. SOUNDS of the sea. The thick salt air drifts by.

A moment later, a CLICK. A WHISTLE. Then Fergus appears.

FERGUS (CONT'D)

Done. Fromage pour les rats.
They'll be unable to resist.

JAMIE

Good. Now, take this and brush it
on the insides of their coats and
the rags they use to clean with.
Careful not to get it on your
hands.

Fergus takes the brush and flask and is off. This time WE
FOLLOW --

INT. ST. GERMAIN'S WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Fergus again winds through the barrels. Stops. Moves.
Stops. The little pickpocket is masterful in his movements.
He comes to his target. A COT AREA. When it's clear, Fergus
dashes across the open space and darts inside --

INT. ST. GERMAIN'S WAREHOUSE - COT AREA - CONTINUOUS

A break room of sorts. Workers' coats, shirts and rags hang
from hooks. A table, bits of food, and a cot for napping.

He gets straight to work, first dousing the brush with the
nettle juice, then applying to every fabric in sight: coats,
shirts, rags, and the blanket on the cot.

MEN'S VOICES. He freezes to listen, calculating their
course. Definitely getting closer. His eyes flick around
the space. He must hide. Now!

FOOTFALLS. Almost on him.

THE COT: Fergus rolls to the ground and squeezes underneath.
There's barely enough room for a snake, but the boy manages
to contort himself into the space --

JUST AS the door opens. Only one of the men enters. He
stretches out, then plops down on the cot.

Fergus sits tight. The man FARTS. Fergus blanches.

EXT. LE HAVRE DOCKS - ST. GERMAIN'S WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

It's been a while, and Jamie's getting worried --

INT. ST. GERMAIN'S WAREHOUSE - COT AREA - NIGHT

SNORING. Time to go. Fergus inches out from under the cot and heads for the door. Stops. Turns back and delicately soaks the man's crotch area with the nettle juice. Finished, he peeks out the door, checking for approaching workers -- all clear. He darts away.

EXT. LE HAVRE DOCKS - ST. GERMAIN'S WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Fearing the worst, Jamie lashes a MASK around his face, preparing for a rescue... then halts when he hears Fergus' CLICK. Relieved in more ways than one, he WHISTLES.

OMITTED**INT. JAMIE & CLAIRE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAWN**

Claire is in bed sleeping as Jamie enters quietly, exhausted. Jamie undresses by the light creeping through the window.

CLAIRE (O.C.)

Success?

JAMIE

Didna linger to find out. We'll ken soon enough though.

CLAIRE

It must work. Charles cannot get that money.

JAMIE

Dinna fash, mo nighean donn, if anyone can deliver pestilence and disease, it's us.

Claire giggles. Then Jamie slides into the bed and the couple falls into each others' arms.

INT. MAISON ELISE - DAY - A FEW DAYS LATER

Jamie arrives at the Salon, having been summoned to an urgent meeting.

Upon entering he sees PRINCE CHARLES STUART. The Prince is upset, frantic, drinking wine to calm his nerves.

PRINCE CHARLES
James, finally you are here.
(annoyed)
I have been anxiously waiting.

JAMIE
I came as soon as I received your
message.

ST. GERMAIN (O.C.)
That was hours ago

ST. GERMAIN F (O.C.)
**C'était il y a des heures.
J'ai cru attendre.**

Jamie turns to FIND: THE COMTE ST. GERMAIN has appeared, and is now standing far too close to Jamie.

ST. GERMAIN
He's not the right man for
the position. Too
unreliable.

ST. GERMAIN F
Un choix bien absurde. On ne
peut pas compter sur lui.

Still no love lost between these two.

JAMIE
As I said, Your Royal Highness, I
came straightaway.

PRINCE CHARLES
(to St. Germain)
**I trust Lord Broch Tuarach
with my life.**

PRINCE CHARLES F
(to St. Germain)
**Je confierais ma vie au Lord
Broch Tuarach.**

Using Jamie's formal name for emphasis is not lost on either Jamie or St. Germain.

JAMIE
How can I be of service?

PRINCE CHARLES
There has been a catastrophe in Le
Havre. At The Comte's warehouse.

ST. GERMAIN
**Some of my men have been
stricken down by...**

ST. GERMAIN F
**Certains de mes hommes ont
été atteint par...**

Charles interrupts, making sure smallpox isn't inadvertently spoken aloud, kindling for the gossips waiting to start an inferno.

PRINCE CHARLES

A mysterious illness, which no one has been able to diagnose as yet.

JAMIE

This... illness, is it contagious?

ST. GERMAIN

(definitely)

Perhaps.

ST. GERMAIN F

(definitely)

Qui sait.

That curt Q & A unnerves Charles even more.

PRINCE CHARLES

One should not openly speculate as to the contagion of this malady.

The Comte has been scolded prior to Jamie's arrival -- by his expression, way too many times.

ST. GERMAIN

We have the affected men hidden away for now, but they will soon be missed.

ST. GERMAIN F

Les victimes ont été mise à l'écart pour le moment. Leur absence va cependant bientôt se remarquer.

JAMIE

What about the harbormaster, has he been paid off? Is that not the way you usually handle these things?

ST. GERMAIN

The man's too scrupulous for that.

ST. GERMAIN F

Il a trop de scrupules pour cela.

PRINCE CHARLES

That's why we sent for you, James. We require you to transport the wine at once.

This fortuitous turn was certainly not what Jamie had expected. Nonetheless, he can't appear too excited to participate, so he vacillates.

JAMIE

Now this endeavor could jeopardise my cousin Jared's business.

The Comte explodes.

ST. GERMAIN

I warned you that he would try to gouge us for an exorbitant fee.

ST. GERMAIN F

Je vous avait bien dit qu'il tenterait de nous extorquer quelque fortune.

PRINCE CHARLES

James knows this is not a time for negotiation.

ST. GERMAIN

I still don't trust him.

ST. GERMAIN F

Quand bien même, je ne lui fais pas confiance.

Prince Charles focuses intently on Jamie.

PRINCE CHARLES

James, you know this is not merely for financial gain. The profits from this endeavor are quite necessary to expel the Hanoverian usurpers to my father's throne. Necessary to regain your soil and restore your blessed King.

Persuasive indeed. Charles Edward Louis John Casimir Sylvester Severino Maria Stuart can sure turn on the charm when he needs to.

JAMIE

Of course, Your Royal Highness. I've yet to secure buyers, but I will leave for Le Havre and arrange transfer to my warehouse straightaway.

PRINCE CHARLES

You're a loyal and true patriot. Godspeed, James.

St. Germain is not quite as sold on Jamie Fraser; if he had it his way, the big Highlander would be pushing daisies.

ST. GERMAIN

Along with the Almighty, I will of course accompany you on the journey. To oversee my investment.

ST. GERMAIN F

Je serai bien sûr du voyage, aux côtés du Tout-Puissant. Afin de surveiller mon investissement.

Even though Jamie does his best to hide it, St. Germain's inclusion is unexpected and, moreover, totally unwelcome.

JAMIE

It's a lonely road to Le Havre. Your conversation will be a pleasant diversion.

Not sure the hate these two men share for one another could be any more palpable.

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

Murtagh is trying on one of Jamie's finer "French" outfits. Jamie stands nearby, but it's Suzette that's actually overseeing the fitting.

MURTAGH

These hinder my movements.

Suzette moves in and makes a few adjustments, tucking and buttoning --

SUZETTE

Ye'll get used to it.

MURTAGH

I don't want to get used to it. Playing the jessie is bad enough, doing it in this outfit is unbearable.

-- then stands back to admire Murtagh and her handiwork. And she likes what she sees.

JAMIE

We'll make a proper courtier out of ye yet.

SUZETTE

Indeed.

MURTAGH

Another bleat like that and I'll see to the other side of yer jaw.

Jamie flexes his jaw, in remembrance.

Pacing the room, Claire ignores their mindless conversation.

CLAIRE

Perhaps we can think of an alternative? Can you even trust these men you've found?

MURTAGH

Money will buy anything if ye ken where to look.

CLAIRE

All right, and will these highwaymen even have the proper attire to look the part?

She gestures to Murtagh's finery.

MURTAGH

(they will)

Let's just say it'll be a risky affair for a nobleman strolling along Rue Saint-Honoré tonight.

JAMIE

We don't have time for an alternative, Claire.

CLAIRE

What if you get caught? Either of you plan for that contingency?

Murtagh nods to Jamie: did you? Jamie shrugs.

JAMIE

Aye, don't get caught.

Claire's not pleased with that answer, or their flippant attitudes.

CLAIRE

The whole thing's too dangerous.

JAMIE

'Tis.

CLAIRE

You know, every now and then it's all right for you to lie to me. To put my mind at ease.

JAMIE

I'll remember that next time.

Claire pulls Jamie over by the window.

CLAIRE

I don't feel good about this. It feels needlessly risky, like we haven't thought it through enough. What about St. Germain?

MURTAGH

We do have a plan for him.

JAMIE

I have thought it through, Sassenach, and it'll serve. And it's no me ye should be concerned about anyway. I'm simply a merchant transporting my goods.

(MORE)

JAMIE (CONT'D)

If you feel compelled, say your
prayers for Murtagh. He'll be the one
in the line of fire.

Murtagh GRUNTS, a Scottish noise replete with displeasure. Claire and Jamie glance at him. Grappling with his new attire, Murtagh, instead of looking a dapper French courtier, more resembles a man attempting to escape a straitjacket.

MURTAGH

If, by chance, I do get caught...
would ye be kind enough to kill me.
I refuse to be hanged in this rig
out.

One last fidget.

SUZETTE

Then let me get you undressed,
right away.

Suzette grabs Murtagh's hand and leads him toward the door. Maybe the clothes aren't that bad after all... they exit.

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

It's later that night. Claire is already in bed as Jamie enters.

CLAIRE

I'm sorry for earlier. It's just,
well, bad things tend to happen
when we're apart.

Understatement of the year.

JAMIE

Yet we always seem to find a way
back to each other, no?

Claire pats the bed, an invitation. Jamie doesn't need much prompting. After a verra quick disrobing, Jamie slides into bed next to her. He begins to caress her... touching her stomach and there's a -- KICK.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Was that...? Did he move?

CLAIRE

Yes, she did. It's been happening
much more now.

JAMIE
Can he hear me?

Claire nods yes. Try it.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
(to Claire's stomach)
Wee one, it's your father. I
cannae wait to meet you.

It's the moment -- when a couple, for the first time, knows they are about to become parents. He touches her belly again, mesmerized.

It's a bliss that quickly turns to passion. They kiss. But as things elevate Jamie pulls back, a bit tentative...

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Can we carry on? With the bairn?

CLAIRE
It's fine. You won't hurt us.

Claire takes the lead and we go out on husband and wife making love.

OMITTED

INT. LOUISE'S HOUSE - PARLOR - NIGHT

It's after dinner. Claire is surrounded by a gaggle of HIGHBORN WOMEN as LOUISE leads a gossip session.

LOUISE
**And of course, The Baron
could not rise to the
occasion.**

LOUISE F
**Et bien entendu, le Baron
n'a su se montrer à la
hauteur.**

Holding a cup, Louise wiggles her free pinky for emphasis.

LOUISE
**His mistress feigned
entry... with every thrust.**

LOUISE F
**Sa maîtresse ne pouvait
que... simuler le mouvement.**

The women LAUGH. All except Claire.

None of it is particularly interesting to Claire. In fact, quite the opposite, it's driving her insane that she's sitting here idling with this group of frivolous ladies while Jamie and Murtagh are out risking their lives.

One of the coterie is TOINETTE, a highbrow lady wired into the gossip of the Court.

TOINETTE
 With the Baroness looking like a well-groomed hippopotamus, it's a wonder her husband comes home at all.

TOINETTE F
 Avec la Baronne ressemblant à un pimpant hippopotame, il est étonnant que son mari rentre tout de même chez lui.

More LAUGHTER. However, Louise, not showing yet, rubs her stomach as if she were reminding the ladies that there's a difference between overweight and pregnant.

LOUISE
 The Baroness is filled with pâtisseries, not with a blessed child.

And then they all remember Claire. By no means is she as large as a hippo, but she is very pregnant. Toinette tries to extract her foot from her mouth.

TOINETTE
 Madame Fraser, I did not mean you of course... You are a budding flower preparing to bloom. We all know Lord Broch Tuarach is the only husband in Paris who lays his head on his own pillow each night.

TOINETTE F
 Je ne voulais bien sûr pas vous offenser, Madame Fraser... Vous êtes radieuse, une véritable fleur prête à éclore. Tout le monde sait que Lord Broch Tuarach est le seul mari de Paris à poser la tête sur son propre oreiller toutes les nuits.

CLAIRE
 It's quite all right, Toinette. I do feel as big as a hippo.

CLAIRE F
 Je vous en prie, Toinette. Je me sens en effet ronde comme un hippopotame.

By her expression, Claire wishes she was anywhere but here.

EXT. ROAD - LE HAVRE TO PARIS - NIGHT

It's pitch black, only TORCHES distinguish five HEAVY WAGONS from the nothingness.

Jamie rides shotgun on the second wagon, a DRIVER next to him spurring on the team of horses.

A matching wagon is just ahead, St. Germain perched atop as lookout, pistol at the ready. A DRIVER next to him as well. Riding on the back of each wagon are two additional GUARDS.

With decent night-vision, the horses traverse the timeworn road with ease.

Suddenly, when the wagons reach a narrowing where the road cuts between two stands of trees...

A NUMBER OF TORCHES emerge from the treeline, like so many fireflies dancing in the night. It's an AMBUSH.

The BANDITS are well-dressed, a band of masked thieves -- Les Disciples. The same bandits that raped Mary Hawkins and attempted to rape Claire. Or at least they look the same.

A FLASH of musket FIRE and the driver next to St. Germain drops the reins and goes down.

The bandits step into the road, guns drawn, stopping the wagon's progress --

MURTAGH
Stand and deliver!

MURTAGH F
Halte!

St. Germain holds aim on a bandit (Murtagh), having but one bullet to spend, he must make it count. Murtagh, wielding two pistols, has a slight advantage, holding aim on St. Germain. If this were Mexico, we'd be in a stand off.

MURTAGH
Get down.

MURTAGH F
À genoux.

To conceal his nationality, Murtagh uses monosyllabic French. St. Germain doesn't budge.

Nearer the second wagon in line and doing the majority of the talking, another Disciple, Jared's warehouse FOREMAN, supplements Murtagh's orders. Being a native, he speaks fluent French.

FOREMAN
Off the wagon. Now. Stand fast. Do as ordered and you'll not be harmed. Your lives are not worth a consignment.

FOREMAN F
Descendez. Maintenant. Dépêchez-vous. Faites ce que l'on vous ordonne et aucun mal ne vous sera fait. Vos vies ne valent pas un simple cargaison.

Down the line of wagons, small skirmishes are taking place, bandits displacing St. Germain's guards. It's only a matter of time before the consignment of wine is in Les Disciples hands.

Jamie is off his wagon, running along the tongue shaft between the horses... Then leaps up to the first wagon... Traverses the wine barrels...

Finally he reaches the jockey box... Jamie and Murtagh locks eyes... The next is a pre-planned stunt to "save" St. Germain.

Jamie pushes St. Germain out of the way just as Murtagh fires -- wide.

When the Comte hits the ground his pistol DISCHARGES. As he gathers himself -- ST. GERMAIN'S POV: Jamie and Murtagh wrestling on the ground. After a brief struggle and a few punches, Murtagh pistol whips Jamie into submission.

The remainder of St. Germain's men surrender without a fight, not wanting to commit suicide. The Disciples herd the drivers and guards toward the woods with ropes and blindfolds.

A few feet away Murtagh ties Jamie, as the Foreman attempts to bind a reluctant St. Germain.

FOREMEN

**Your struggle only makes
this more difficult and it
will not alter the outcome.
So, if you please.**

FOREMEN F

**Ne luttez pas, ne rendez pas
cela plus difficile, cela ne
changera rien. S'il vous
plaît, maintenant.**

ST. GERMAIN

**You'll be hunted down and
hanged.**

ST. GERMAIN F

**Vous serez pourchassés et
pendus pour cela.**

Even though Murtagh understands very little French, he's still able to translate St. Germain's TONE.

MURTAGH

Not likely.

MURTAGH F

Pas sûr.

The Foreman blindfolds St. Germain as other Disciples jump on the wagons and pull out.

ST. GERMAIN

Someone will pay for this.

ST. GERMAIN F

**Quelqu'un devra répondre de
tout cela.**

INT. LOUISE'S HOUSE - PARLOR - NIGHT

Now the gossip explodes around Claire like salvos of artillery fire: fat (gros) - ugly (moche) - disgusting (ignoble) - poor (pauvre) - cheap (mauvais) - etc. It's in French, but innuendo and inflection translate to any language.

Claire interrupts, cutting off the trivial and witless conversation.

CLAIRE

Doesn't it distress any of you? The issue this city has with the poor and underprivileged? You must have noticed the staggering numbers of them on the streets we travel everyday. Just yesterday, I saw woman and child dead on the side of a road. It was a horrible sight. We need to do something to change this situation...

CLAIRE F

Cela n'atteint donc vraiment aucune d'entre vous? La condition des pauvres dans cette ville? Vous ne pouvez pas ne pas avoir remarqué le nombre effarant de défavorisés que nous croisons chaque jour dans les rues. Rien qu'hier, j'ai vu une femme et son enfant morts sur le bord de la route. C'était absolument horrible. Il faut que nous fassions quelque chose pour changer cette situation...

Claire, of course, means rectify the situation, to help the needy. She waits for a response... but receives a nonplussed silence. Then --

TOINETTE

Oh, Madame Fraser, you are so very right. We should do something about these people. It is far too upsetting.

(the rub)

None of us should have to witness such horrible sights. We should have our husbands protest to The King.

TOINETTE F

Oh, Madame Fraser, vous avez tout à fait raison. Il nous faut faire quelque chose pour ces gens. C'est bien trop perturbant.

(the rub)

Aucune de nous ne devrait avoir à souffrir cet horrible spectacle. Nous devrions envoyer nos maris se plaindre auprès du Roi.

LOUISE

I agree, the Gen D'Armes should remove them to the less desirable parts of the city.

LOUISE F

Je suis bien d'accord, les gens d'armes devraient les confiner dans les parties de la ville les moins attrayantes.

The women nod in agreement. This is a waste of time. These highborn elites are nothing more than 18th century mean girls. Claire has had enough, erupting from her chair so quickly her skirts fling the table over, sending glasses whirling through the air. Claire hurries toward the door.

Louise, who never imagined the topics offensive, misconstrues the situation completely.

LOUISE
 (re: the baby)
 Oh, my... it is time?

CLAIRE
 (turning around)
 No... It's not the baby. I
 just... I'm sorry, Louise,
 forgive me.

LOUISE F
 (re: the baby)
 Mon Dieu... est-ce l'heure?

CLAIRE F
 (turning around)
 Non... ça n'est pas
 l'enfant. C'est juste que...
 Je suis désolée, Louise,
 pardonnez-moi.

Claire escapes, leaving the women to gossip about the reason.

INT. L'HÔPITAL DES ANGES - NIGHT

FIND Claire wearing an apron, already hard at work treating a patient.

Nearby, Fergus, who has accompanied her, plays toss and fetch with BOUTON.

Claire's mental state has done a 180, but she's physically a wreck.

Upon entering the area, MOTHER HILDEGARDE instantly notices Claire's weary posture.

MOTHER HILDEGARDE
 Claire, you must sit. Come rest.

Claire's happy to see a person of substance.

CLAIRE
 Mother. I will, as soon as I
 attend to a few more patients.

MOTHER HILDEGARDE
 If you don't want to become one
 yourself, you'll do as I say.

The nun won't take no for an answer, guides Claire to an empty bed away from all the others.

MOTHER HILDEGARDE (CONT'D)
 Here. Lie down.

Feeling the weakness come on, Claire does as she is told.

They both see it at the same time. The RED SPOT. It's not big, but it's certainly big enough to warrant an examination.

MOTHER HILDEGARDE (CONT'D)

Lie back.

Hildegarde peeks under Claire's multi-layered dress.

CLAIRE

What?

MOTHER HILDEGARDE

It's nothing to be concerned with. As you know, it's common to leak a bit at this stage. Votre petit is taking a new position, I suspect.

Sounds reasonable.

MOTHER HILDEGARDE (CONT'D)

The hour is late. You'll stay here tonight.

CLAIRE

I...

MOTHER HILDEGARDE

That was not a suggestion.

CLAIRE

I'll need to send word home with Fergus. My husband will worry.

MOTHER HILDEGARDE

I'll see to that. Sleep. Now.

With that, Claire's eyes close, as Mother Hildegarde's betray concern.

INT. MAISON ELISE - DAY

Jamie and St. Germain are in mid-conversation with Charles. The Prince is crestfallen at the news his wine has been stolen.

PRINCE CHARLES

I will be persona non grata with the bankers in Paris. An outcast at worst.

JAMIE

Surely there will always be those
who honor the Stuart name.

PRINCE CHARLES

The French honor only money.

St. Germain's been seething, waiting for an opening.

ST. GERMAIN

The thieves knew our route.

ST. GERMAIN F

Ces bandits connaissaient
notre itinéraire.

JAMIE

'Tis the most common road taken
from Le Havre to Paris.

ST. GERMAIN

True, but their timing was
impeccable.

ST. GERMAIN F

C'est vrai. Mais tout était
trop bien préparé.

PRINCE CHARLES

An ambush is to lie in wait?
A Les Disciple practice, no?

PRINCE CHARLES F

Le principe d'une ambuscade
est bien de se dissimuler et
d'attendre. Une pratique
commune des Disciples, non?

ST. GERMAIN

But that road, at that
precise time, with our
cargo?

(to Jamie)

And you allege mere
coincidence?

ST. GERMAIN F

Sur cette route, à cette
heure précise, et compte
tenu de notre cargaison?

(to Jamie)

Et vous prétendez que c'est
une simple coïncidence?

St. Germain's implication is clear: Jamie conspired with the
bandits.

JAMIE

False accusations can lead to dire
consequences, Monsieur St. Germain.

ST. GERMAIN

I remind you, I am of noble
blood.

ST. GERMAIN F

Dois-je vous rappeler que je
suis de sang noble?

Prince Charles cuts them both off before it gets too heated.

PRINCE CHARLES

Comte, by your own account, Lord
Broch Tuarach's bravery saved you
from injury or even death. Why

(MORE)

PRINCE CHARLES (CONT'D)
 should he risk himself?
 (over the squabbling)
 This discord will not recover my
 wine.

Charles retreats into his cups as he continues a slow descent into self-pity.

PRINCE CHARLES (CONT'D)
 Our King and God have been let
 down. All the sacrifices I have
 made these last months in France,
 lowering myself to commoner,
 begging for money, have amounted to
 naught. Where will the House of
 Stuart stand if our cause fails? I
 will be forced to return to Rome,
 where even the Pope's goodwill for
 my father begins to run dry.
 (a horrible thought)
 Or worse... Mark me, I will take my
 own life if I'm forced to live in...
 Poland.

The Prince is on the brink of tears, moves off into the brothel. As The Prince is preoccupied, St. Germain takes the opportunity to imply Jamie was behind the wine heist.

ST. GERMAIN
 What remains a mystery...
 How could it have been Les
 Disciples? They never
 operate outside of Paris.

ST. GERMAIN F
 Une chose reste un
 mystère... comment se peut-
 il que cela ait été les
 Disciples? Il n'opèrent
 jamais hors de Paris.

JAMIE
 And how does a nobleman such as
 yourself come by that knowledge?

Jamie walks away, sporting a shit-eating grin.

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

A tired Jamie enters. So famished he can't help sampling the plat du jour as he fills his plate. Fergus enters a bit blurry-eyed.

JAMIE
 Where's Milady?

FERGUS
 Staying the night at the hospital.

Jamie, freezes, concerned. Fergus recognizes it.

FERGUS (CONT'D)
 No, no... the hour was late. The
 Mother thought it best Milady
 remain, so not to travel the
 streets at night. I allowed it.

Jamie seems satisfied with that answer, considering the last
 time Claire fared Paris at night, she was almost raped.

JAMIE
 I was wise to leave my wife in your
 charge.

Proud, Fergus' smile bends ear to ear.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
 Hungry?

FERGUS
 Always.

With no one around, manners go by the wayside as they devour
 their food.

FERGUS (CONT'D)
 When will Murtagh be home?

JAMIE
 He's gone to Portugal to sell the
 wine.

FERGUS
 (sounding it out)
 Por-tu-gal?

JAMIE
 It's far. Could be a month or two
 before he returns.

FERGUS
 I will miss his happy face.

JAMIE
 It's best he's not seen around here
 for a time.

FERGUS
 Milady says "out of sight, out of
 mind."

JAMIE
 I ne'er heard her say that.

FERGUS

Says it to me every day.

Jamie catches the subtext, smiles, then keeps eating.
Until... Suzette enters with exigency.

SUZETTE

Pardon, Milord. I don't mean to
interrupt your meal...

JAMIE

It's fine.

SUZETTE

Prince Charles has got himself into
some trouble at the salon. Seems
he's run up a substantial debt and
refuses to pay. Madame Elise has
threatened to send for the gens
d'armes unless restitution is made
immediately.

Jamie pushes away from the table, still hungry, still tired,
and a bit annoyed.

JAMIE

No peace for the wicked.

FERGUS

Shall I go as proxy, Milord? So
you can finish your meal and rest?

JAMIE

It's best if I go myself. We dinna
want the gens d'armes making
inquiries into our business affairs
today, of all days.

FERGUS

Then I shall come with you to guard
your right.

JAMIE

I would be honored.

The two men exit.

INT. MAISON ELISE - DAY

Jamie heads in, searching for the Madame to rectify the
situation with Prince Charles as expeditiously and quietly
as possible.

Fergus in lockstep behind him. Until the boy spies something. A DOOR is opened a crack, just enough for the little pickpocket to spy a BOTTLE of PERFUME resting on a bureau. Fergus glances around, checking if the coast is clear. It is. He slides into...

INT. MAISON ELISE - PRIVATE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Carefully. As Fergus moves deeper into the ROOM, the CAMERA PANS just enough to catch a glimpse of RED FABRIC hanging on the coat rack. Then to --

EXT. PARIS STREETS - DAY

Establish the darker side of Paris, foreboding images, giving us a sense of dread that something terrible is just about to happen.

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

Later that afternoon, Claire arrives home. Feeling better. Rested. The servants avoid eye contact with her as they say their WELCOMES. It's strange behavior, but Claire dismisses it and heads upstairs.

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

Claire enters with Suzette not far behind.

SUZETTE

Milady, forgive me. I didn't know you had arrived home.

CLAIRE

That's quite all right.

SUZETTE

Do you wish a bath? Or perhaps something to eat?

CLAIRE

Milord, where is he?

Suzette putters about the room, avoiding the question. Claire spies Jamie's BRACE on the bedside table.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Suzette! My husband's brace is here... he has obviously returned from Le Havre. Where is he?

The young maid isn't prepared to handle a cross-examination, she blurts out --

SUZETTE

Milord has gone to the Bois de Boulogne.

CLAIRE

Why would he go to... the woods?

SUZETTE

Milord was called to Maison Elise... Prince Charles needed his help... soon after he arrived, Milord got into a fight with an English officer.

CLAIRE

What English soldier?
(rising)
What was his name?

SUZETTE

I wasn't there, Milady. Marie told me at the market this morning. She overheard her master telling his wife the details...

CLAIRE

Goddamnit... What the hell happened?

Suzette pauses for breath -- and possibly to say a quick prayer for Claire's blasphemy.

SUZETTE

The English soldier came hurtling out of a doorway, half-undressed, staggering and smashing into the walls. Then Milord appeared in the threshold, looking like the vengeance of God... that's just as Marie conveyed it.

Then something occurs to Claire. She scans the room... Until she sees -- on a table: a folded white square of paper. Claire's hands shake as she fumbles to unfold the note.

Carefully written in black ink: I am sorry. J I must!

CLAIRE

(sotto)
You must. You promised!

Claire's knees begin to buckle, so she sits down on the settee to regain balance.

SUZETTE
Milady, are you unwell?

CLAIRE
Leave me.

Claire rushes out of the room, Suzette in lockstep behind.

OMITTED

INT. JAMIE & CLAIRE'S APARTMENT - FOYER - A MOMENT LATER

Claire rushes into the foyer.

CLAIRE
Magnus, the carriage. I'm going to
Le Bois de Boulogne.

MAGNUS
Milord wouldn't want...
(realizing there's no
stopping her)
Milady, you cannot go by oneself.

CLAIRE
Then come along, but I am going
now.

Letting her pass, Magnus BARKS ORDERS IN FRENCH for the footmen to prepare the carriage.

EXT. PARIS STREETS - DAY - A FEW MINUTES LATER

As the carriage bounces along the cobbles and potholes, Claire sits in a quiet despair.

CLAIRE (V.O.)
*It was Jack Randall, of course, and
Jamie had gone to kill him. That
was the only clear thought in the
morass of horror and speculation
that filled my mind. Why, though?
What could have made him break his
promise?*

Her thumb involuntarily rubbing over the shimmering gold wedding ring on her left hand.

Out the window, the dense Paris streets begin to thin, houses and buildings becoming more and more sparse.

A seething anger roils. Claire tries pushing it away, but it creeps back into her thoughts.

CLAIRE

How could you do this? You
promised me, Jamie, damn you, you
promised me!

Claire POUNDS the roof.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Allez, allez!

In response, Magnus urges the COACHMAN, who then CRACKS the horsewhip and the carriage immediately picks up speed.

EXT. BOIS DE BOULOGNE - WOODS - EVENING

Near the path at Seven Saints, the Bois, or Wood, a small patch of almost forest perched incongruously on the edge of Paris. A popular place for illicit duels, its dense overgrowth sheltering the participants from detection.

A pain SHOOTs through Claire's back causing her to recoil. The road has been long and bumpy, not to mention the tension building in every muscle.

After a harrowing two hundred yards or so, the carriage comes to a stop. Magnus jumps down and flings open the door.

MAGNUS

This way, Milady.

CLAIRE

Quickly.

Magnus grabs Claire's hand and guides her through the thick underbrush, weaving through the trees.

She hears them before she sees them. The unmistakable CLASH of metal against metal. It's muffled by the thick shrubbery, but clear enough, nonetheless. No bird song, no insects, just the deadly RING OF BATTLE. Claire emerges --

EXT. BOIS DE BOULOGNE - CLEARING - CONTINUOUS

-- Into a large clearing, deep in the wood. It's large enough to accommodate the footwork needed for a serious duel. SEVERAL SPECTATORS have gathered to watch. To place bets, for sure.

Jamie and Black Jack Randall are in shirt sleeves, fighting, the wet fabric clinging to their sweaty bodies.

After a stutter-step, Claire is frozen, stunned, watching.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

I came through the fading night to find this, to stop them. And now having found them, I could not intervene for fear of causing a fatal interruption. All I could do was wait, to see which of my men would die -- Jamie or Frank.

Jamie appears the better fighter; he might be. But Jonathan Randall is no average swordsman either. Randall weaves and dodges, striking back like a hateful viper. Jamie is just as fast, amazing grace in such a tall man, light-footed and sure-handed.

Claire, rooted to the ground, afraid to cry out for fear of distracting Jamie's attention.

Randall and Jamie spin in a tight circle of thrust and parry, feet touching lightly as they navigate the damp grass.

Claire grabs at her back, the pain she felt earlier is deepening, every muscle in her body constricting.

Jamie swings his sword up high. Randall holds his in place to defend against the stroke. Jamie's violent stroke knocks Jack's sword away, leaving him defenseless.

Claire opens her mouth to scream -- to call Jamie's name -- to stop him. She does SCREAM, but the sound is weak and strangled... forced from her, not from fear or anger, but from the PAIN.

Jamie's only focus is on his goal -- to kill Randall -- as his broadsword thrusts, graceful and deadly, cold as death. The point driving into the waist of Randall's breeches, piercing and cutting down. Then a sudden torrent of RED.

ON CLAIRE as the tightening in her body finally lets go, releasing all the tension it held. Releasing the life she was carrying inside of her.

A warm stream of BLOOD rushes down her thighs, drenching her stockings and shoes. Flashes of pain, like lightning explode in her abdomen as she collapses to the ground. Now supine, the blood seeps out from between Claire's legs. She is hemorrhaging -- a large amount. She's losing color fast. Claire fights it, but her consciousness is going, quickly. For a moment, she can hear her name --

JAMIE (O.C.)
 Claire, Claire!

In the distance, VOICES begin shouting, most of them in French, some in English. All of them in alarm. The GENS D'ARMES have arrived en force. The Gen d'Armes immediately restrain Jamie. He struggles, but there's no escape.

JAMIE'S POV: Claire lies in a pool of her own blood, lifeless. From here she's all but dead.

JAMIE
 Claire! Let me to her! Claire!

Magnus glances up to his employer being held at bay. Then down to Claire. There are a SPECTATORS nearby.

DUEL SPECTATOR (O.C.)
 She won't live long.

ANOTHER SPECTATOR (O.C.)
 If she's not dead already.

MAGNUS
 Silence!
 (urgently to Claire)
 I must get you home, Milady!

Despite life draining from her, Claire, pale and weak, manages enough awareness to save herself --

CLAIRE
 No... take me to L'Hôpital des
 Anges... to Mother Hildegarde...

Then uses the last of her strength to glance back, vision fading: Is Jamie still there...?

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
 (barely a whisper)
 Jamie...

Then the darkness takes her...

FADE TO BLACK.