

**OUTLANDER**

EPISODE 207  
Faith

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BASED ON THE NOVEL BY  
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FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT  
22nd February 2016

OUTLANDER  
EPISODE 207 "Faith"

PREVIOUS REVISIONS

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Appendix

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EPISODE 207 "Faith"

CAST LIST – FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT – 22nd February 2016

CLAIRE BEAUCHAMP RANDALL  
JAMIE MACKENZIE FRASER  
BLACK JACK RANDALL  
MURTAGH FITZGIBBONS FRASER  
JENNY MURRAY  
LOUISE DE ROHAN  
LE COMTE ST. GERMAIN  
KING LOUIS XV  
FERGUS  
MASTER RAYMOND  
MOTHER HILDEGARDE  
SISTER ANGELIQUE  
SUZETTE  
MAGNUS  
IAN MURRAY

MONSIEUR FOREZ  
BRIANNA  
FATHER LAURENTIN  
GENTLEMAN OF BEDCHAMBER  
RABBIE MCNAB  
MRS. CROOK

EPISODE 207 "Faith"

SET LIST – FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT – 22nd February 2016

INTERIORS

University Library - Boston  
L'Hôpital Des Anges  
Triage Area  
Claire's Bed  
Hildegarde's Office  
Jamie & Claire's Apartment  
Foyer  
Staircase  
Parlor  
Dining Room  
Bedroom  
Hallway  
Servants' Attic  
Maison Elise  
Private Room  
Hallway  
Versailles  
Hallway  
King's Private Apartment  
Cabinet de la Vérité  
Lallybroch  
Dining Room  
Parlor

EXTERIORS

L'Hôpital Des Anges  
Back Garden  
Jamie & Claire's Apartment  
Courtyard  
Versailles  
Graveyard  
Lallybroch  
Field  
Dooryard

FADE IN:

**INT. UNIVERSITY LIBRARY - BOSTON - 1954**

*TITLE CARD: Boston, Massachusetts 1954*

A BEAUTIFUL LITTLE GIRL, a crown of wavy red hair on her head, sits at a table turning the pages of a large color-plate BOOK, something like John James Audubon's Birds of America.

GIRL

Look, Mama. What a pretty bird.

MOTHER (O.C.)

Yes, darling, it is.

REVEAL the mother sitting next to the girl: CLAIRE RANDALL. The young girl is BRIANNA, the daughter of Claire and Jamie, but whom she's raising with Frank.

Brianna lands on a stunning illustration of a regal BIRD, with glorious BLUE-GREY plumage, flying through the sky.

BRIANNA

What kind of bird is this?

CLAIRE

A heron.

BRIANNA

Have you ever seen one in real life?

CLAIRE

Yes, I have.

BRIANNA

Where?

The innocent question stirs a distant memory and before Claire realizes it, she's answered.

CLAIRE

Scotland.

The girl turns and looks at Claire now, a spark of curiosity.

BRIANNA

When were you in Scotland, Mama?

Claire pauses. A cat now out of the bag. She answers honestly.

CLAIRE  
A very long time ago.

BRIANNA  
Tell me more. I want to hear everything.

But Claire remembers her promise to Frank: We shall raise the child as our own. Yours and mine. You must let Jamie go.

Claire gazes into the bright eyes looking up at her, eyes that remind her of the man she will never let go.

CLAIRE  
Someday.

With that Claire stands up, time to go. Brianna stands too, and starts to walk away. As Claire lingers for a beat, looking back down at the illustration of the bird --

DISSOLVE TO:

The WHOOSH of BLUE-GREY WINGS. A heron in flight. Then --

**OMITTED**

**INT. L'HÔPITAL DES ANGES - TRIAGE AREA - EVENING**

CLAIRE'S POV -- Distorted, frightening SIGHTS AND SOUNDS comprise CLAIRE'S HALLUCINATIONS. Urgent SHOUTING and PANIC.

Weak from massive blood loss, Claire's been brought to the hospital after collapsing at the duel between Jamie and Black Jack Randall [Episode 206].

As a cluster of MEDICAL WORKERS race to save Claire's life -- and the life of her unborn baby -- she goes in and out of consciousness, struggling to grasp what's happening through the chaos.

Everything seems to be happening at once -- the metallic FLASH of crude, barbaric-looking MEDICAL INSTRUMENTS; Ghoulish and distorted FACES hover over her, with disembodied VOICES:

MONSIEUR FOREZ shouts orders at his assistants as he works:  
**She is losing much blood / Elle perd trop de sang; We must work quickly / Il nous faut agir immédiatement!; Give me some room! / Faites de la place!; Bring me the tray!**

**/ Apportez-moi le plateau!; Hold her still! / Tenez-là!; Get more rags! / Il nous faut plus de linges!**

MOTHER HILDEGARDE tries to restrain and comfort Claire: Be still, my child; We will take care of you; Monsieur Forez is working; You must stay quiet now, it is best; I am here.

SISTER ANGELIQUE murmurs a prayer over and over: **Lord of Mercy, be with your servant in her time of need. / Dieu de miséricorde, veillez sur votre fidèle servante.**

The only reprieve from the horror which is happening to Claire is her RECURRING FLASH of the soaring heron's wings.

CLAIRE

Where am I? What's happening...  
Jamie... my baby...

OFF CLAIRE, confused and terrified.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

**INT. L'HÔPITAL DES ANGES - CLAIRE'S BED - NEXT DAY**

Claire's asleep under thick blankets, curtains drawn partially around her bed for privacy. Her EYES flutter OPEN. She looks up into --

**THE FACE OF THE VIRGIN MARY**

REVEAL a STATUE of Mary has been placed on a BEDSIDE STAND just next to Claire's head. It's surrounded by flowers and ribbons, a homemade shrine.

Claire glances down the length of her bruised and tender body, then pulls the blankets aside.

Her HANDS travel down and she feels through the cotton of her bedgown, probing her belly, which is sore beneath her fingers. She winces as she moves her hands, and knows instantly something's wrong.

ON CLAIRE'S FACE as she realizes that her womb is empty. She's obviously delivered the baby, but why is it not with her? Claire calls out, panicked:

CLAIRE

Where's my baby?!

She pulls back the curtains and tries to get up. The CLICK OF HEELS hurry to her. Mother Hildegarde appears, along with Sister Angelique and two other nuns.

MOTHER HILDEGARDE  
Chère Madame, do not trouble  
yourself. You must save your  
strength...

CLAIRE  
Where's my baby?

MOTHER HILDEGARDE  
Here. Take a bit of water.

Sister Angelique passes a cup to Hildegarde who tips it to Claire's lips, but Claire turns her head away.

CLAIRE  
I don't want any water. I want my  
baby.

A brief stab of pain creases Hildegarde's brow, but disappears almost at once.

MOTHER HILDEGARDE  
I'm sorry, ma chère. She has  
joined the angels.

A long beat. Claire stares at Hildegarde, not comprehending.

MOTHER HILDEGARDE (CONT'D)  
She was... born dead.

MOTHER HILDEGARDE (CONT'D)  
She was... mort-née.

CLAIRE  
(shaking her head)  
No. No... that's not possible.

Sister Angelique gently touches the statue of Virgin Mary.

SISTER ANGELIQUE  
**The Virgin will comfort you,  
Madame. She, too, lost a  
child.**

SISTER ANGELIQUE F  
**La Vierge va vous  
réconforter, Madame. Elle  
aussi a perdu un enfant.**

CLAIRE  
Bring me my baby. Do you hear me?

Claire looks around at the other nuns, who speak only French. She repeats --



CLAIRE  
Bring me my baby!

CLAIRE  
Amenez-moi mon bébé!

Frantic, Claire gets out of the bed. The nuns and orderlies surround her, uttering COMFORTING WORDS, but Claire loses it. She fights them, starts screaming:

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
My baby! Bring me my baby!

In the struggle, the VIRGIN MARY STATUE FALLS AND SHATTERS on the ground.

SMASH CUT TO:

**INT. L'HOPITAL DES ANGES - CLAIRE'S BED - ANOTHER DAY**

Several days later. Claire's lying in bed, shivering. Hildegarde is there, with her dog, BOUTON. She mops Claire's fevered brow, smoothing cold water over her cheeks and neck.

CLAIRE (V.O.)  
*Mort-née. Born dead. If there was ever a more cruel juxtaposition of words, I couldn't think of one.*

Hildegarde frowns, concerned. Claire, her voice a mere RASPY WHISPER, asks:

CLAIRE  
Where... is she now?

Hildegarde stops wiping. She's sympathetic, but direct.

MOTHER HILDEGARDE  
I baptized her. And gave her a name. Faith. You must understand, it is illegal unless the child is living. But I wanted her to be buried in hallowed ground. This, ma chère, will stay between you, me and God.

Claire takes this in. The shivers run deeper.

CLAIRE (V.O.)  
*A white hotness settled deep in my bones. I knew what it was. Puerperal fever. The baby had come, but part of the placenta had not. It festered inside my womb, a warm place where infection thrives.*

Hurried FOOTSTEPS approaching. Claire looks over to see -- the TALL FIGURE of a man heading toward her.

CLAIRE

Jamie --

FATHER LAURENTIN	FATHER LAURENTIN F
<b>Mère Hildegarde... I came as quickly as I could.</b>	<b>Mère Hildegarde... Je suis venu aussi vite que possible.</b>

The man is not her husband. He's a priest. FATHER LAURENTIN. Mother Hildegarde turns to Claire.

MOTHER HILDEGARDE

This is Father Laurentin.  
(explains)  
It is customary to perform an unction of the sick, ma chère.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

*Last Rites. Mother Hildegarde was convinced there would be two funerals.*

MOTHER HILDEGARDE

It's been several days now. Your fever is very high. It is wise to prepare the soul.

CLAIRE

Where's Jamie? I need my husband.

MOTHER HILDEGARDE

I'm sorry, ma chère. There's been no word.

Claire takes this in. Father Laurentin offers --

FATHER LAURENTIN	FATHER LAURENTIN F
<b>Would you like to make a last confession so that you may unburden yourself of any sins?</b>	<b>Voudriez-vous vous confesser une dernière fois, afin de vous libérer de tout péchés?</b>

CLAIRE

My sins are all I have left. If I die, they go with me.

Hildegarde nods, and Father Laurentin dips his thumb in a small container of OIL, smooths the oil onto Claire's pale forehead, then on her hands and feet:

FATHER LAURENTIN  
 (in Latin)  
**Through this holy anointing,  
 may the Lord in his love and  
 mercy, help you with the  
 Grace of the Holy Spirit.  
 Amen.**

FATHER LAURENTIN  
 (in Latin)  
**Per istam sanctam Uncti6nem,  
 et suam pi6ssimam  
 miseric6rdiam, 6diuvet te  
 D6minus gr6tia Sp6ritus  
 Sancti... Amen.**

Hildegarde again wipes Claire's flushed cheeks. Father Laurentin steps away now and, in the background, VERY SOFTLY RECITES The Lord's Prayer in LATIN [see Appendix].

CLAIRE (V.O.)  
*The truth is I didn't care about my  
 soul. I had already been to hell.  
 I was morte-vivante. Alive-dead.  
 And soon, I would be... dead. I'd  
 lost my child and my husband.  
 There was nothing to live for.*

Mother Hildegarde finishes wiping Claire's cheeks, then points at the foot of the bed with an authoritative finger.

MOTHER HILDEGARDE  
**Bouton! Lie with her!**

MOTHER HILDEGARDE F  
**Bouton! Reste pr6s d'elle!**

The little dog leaps into the bed, curls up at Claire's feet.

CLAIRE (V.O.)  
*And Bouton lay as still as the dogs  
 beneath the feet of the Queens on  
 the tombs at St. Denis.*

Hildegarde joins the priest as the two of them keep vigil...

DISSOLVE TO:

**INT. L'H6PITAL DES ANGES - CLAIRE'S BED - NIGHT**

Wracked with fever, and in the throes of despair, Claire thrashes under her covers in a fitful sleep. Bouton is still lying on the end of the bed, watching Claire intently.

MALE VOICE (O.C.)  
**Come down, little dog. I  
 will take care of her now.**

MALE VOICE F (O.C.)  
**Descends de l6, petite  
 bestiole. Je m'occupe  
 d'elle.**

Bouton stares up at someone. REVEAL A HOODED FIGURE dressed in a FRIAR'S ROBE has arrived.

MALE VOICE  
 (to Bouton)  
**Allow me a few moments?  
 Please.**

MALE VOICE  
 (to Bouton)  
**Peux-tu me laisser un  
 instant? Je te prie.**

Bouton jumps down, but sits nearby, like a sentinel.

The hooded figure's hands gently pin Claire's shoulders --

MALE VOICE (CONT'D)  
 (a low whisper)  
 Be still now.

Claire opens her eyes and sees the man leaning over her.

CLAIRE  
 Jamie...

But one of the hands goes over her mouth.

MALE VOICE (O.C.)  
 Hush, Madonna. If they find me  
 here, I'm done for!

Finally, she recognizes the face under the hood -- MASTER RAYMOND. He removes his hand from her mouth now, throws back the sheet and opens her garment to the waist. He cups his cool hands onto Claire with amazing delicacy.

CLAIRE  
 Master Raymond... what... ?

Raymond moves his hands very slowly over her neck, breasts, arms, squeezing gently at the joints, elbows, wrists and fingers. Claire closes her eyes --

MASTER RAYMOND  
 Tell me what you see, Madonna.

Again, she FLASHES ON -- A PAIR OF LARGE BLUE WINGS. A HERON gliding effortlessly through the sky.

CLAIRE  
 Wings. Blue wings... a heron.

MASTER RAYMOND  
 Ah, blue, the color of healing.  
 The wings will carry your pain  
 away, if you let them.

As Raymond continues to massage her...

CLAIRE (V.O.)

*I could feel the fever as it ebbed and flowed, draining from my bones. And as Raymond's hands moved over the meridians of my body, I could feel the tiny deaths of the bacteria that inhabited my blood, small explosions as each scintilla of infection disappeared. My tortured body relaxed gratefully into the frame of his hands, melting and reforming like molded wax.*

Relief plays on Claire's face, but there's more work to be done. Raymond pauses, his hands pressed around her SWOLLEN BELLY. He lowers his head, listening to her insides, the echoes of her empty womb.

CLAIRE

She's gone. I'm all alone.

Raymond slides one hand UNDER THE SHEET and cups between her legs, the other presses down on her belly. His blunt fingers ease their way inside her. Claire gasps. His hand probes deeper now, palpating the inner walls of her womb.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

*He touched the center of my loss, and held the source of my pain between his two hands as though it were a sphere of crystal, heavy and fragile. Then Raymond did what the doctors and nuns could not, he cleansed my womb.*

MASTER RAYMOND

Now... call to him. Call him.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

*The pressure went on, cracking the crystal sphere, freeing the chaos within.*

Pain grips Claire as Raymond literally purges her of the remnants in her womb, sweeping it into a leather pouch he's brought, the 18th century version of a D&C.

RAYMOND

Call him!

CLAIRE

JAMIE!

CLAIRE (V.O.)  
*A bolt of heat shot through my  
 belly, from one hand to the other,  
 like an arrow through the center of  
 my bones. Raymond's grip relaxed  
 and lightness filled me.*

The CLICK OF HEELS approaching. Raymond ducks down below the bed, barely in time, as the curtains part and Sister Angelique looks in, alarmed --

SISTER ANGELIQUE  
**Madame! Are you all right?**

SISTER ANGELIQUE F  
**Madame! Est-ce que vous  
 allez bien?**

She rests a hand on Claire's cheek, then brow, shocked to find both cool to the touch. At first she thinks Claire may have died, she bends to listen for breath.

CLAIRE  
 (smiles weakly)  
**I'm all right. Tell Mother.**

CLAIRE F  
 (smiles weakly)  
**Je vais bien. Prévenez notre  
 Mère.**

SISTER ANGELIQUE  
**God be praised!**

SISTER ANGELIQUE F  
**Que Dieu soit loué!**

Angelique crosses herself and hurries away. Raymond emerges.

MASTER RAYMOND  
 I must go now. Be well, Madonna.

CLAIRE  
 Why do you call me Madonna still?  
 Even now, when I've lost my child?

Raymond looks mildly surprised.

MASTER RAYMOND  
 I did not call you Madonna because  
 you were with child, my dear.

CLAIRE  
 Why then?

MASTER RAYMOND  
 Everyone has a color about them,  
 all around them like a cloud.  
 Yours is blue, Madonna. Like the  
 Virgin's cloak. Like my own.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

*Raymond had saved my life. A little bit of magic and a medical technique not yet in practice. How could he have known how to perform it?*

Claire rises up and gasps his arm, sliding her hand up his sleeve, feeling the skin for a telltale scar --

MASTER RAYMOND

What are you doing?

CLAIRE

... I wanted to see if you had a vaccination scar.

MASTER RAYMOND

(puzzled)  
Vaccination?

CLAIRE (V.O.)

*Skilled as I was at reading faces by now, I would have seen the slightest twitch of comprehension, no matter how swiftly it was concealed. There was none. But I felt an unmistakable connection with this man.*

Claire grabs his sleeve now.

CLAIRE

You shouldn't have come. There is too much danger.

MASTER RAYMOND

Yes, you were right about The King. He wants blood now, not Hail Marys. The executions have begun.

(then, recalling her words  
to him)

But these are the things we do for our friends.

CLAIRE

Will I ever see you again?

MASTER RAYMOND

As I told you before, we will see each other again. We will all see each other again.

(adds)

**Have faith.**

MASTER RAYMOND F

As I told you before, we will see each other again. We will all see each other again.

(adds)

**Ayez confiance.**

As they hear the nuns returning, Raymond ducks down again and motions for Bouton to return to the foot of the bed.

MASTER RAYMOND  
(to Bouton)  
**Back here! Quickly!**

MASTER RAYMOND F  
(to Bouton)  
**Ici! Tout de suite!**

Bouton leaps back into the bed and curls up at Claire's feet.

Sister Angelique returns now with Mother Hildegarde, whose hand moves from Claire's cheek to brow and back, confirming what Angelique has told her. Raymond slips out unnoticed.

MOTHER HILDEGARDE  
**Yes. The fever has passed.**

MOTHER HILDEGARDE F  
**Oui. La fièvre est passée.**

SISTER ANGELIQUE  
**How can it be? It is a miracle.**

SISTER ANGELIQUE F  
**Comment cela se peut-il? C'est un miracle.**

Mother Hildegarde's astonished as she continues to examine Claire, who looks more clear and rested. Hildegarde looks with curiosity to Bouton -- who's seen everything -- but tells nothing.

MOTHER HILDEGARDE  
**A miracle indeed. God be praised.**  
(then)  
**Would you bring some broth, Sister?**

MOTHER HILDEGARDE F  
**Un miracle en effet. Dieu soit loué.**  
(then)  
**Pourriez-vous aller chercher du bouillon, ma Soeur?**

Angelique exits. Claire's more coherent now. She asks:

CLAIRE  
Has there been any word yet from  
Monsieur Fraser? I don't  
understand why he hasn't come.

Hildegarde pauses, deciding whether she should shield Claire from bad news, but truth is best.

MOTHER HILDEGARDE  
He is unable to come, Madame. He  
was arrested for dueling with the  
English Captain, and is being  
detained in the Bastille Saint-  
Antoine.

Claire takes this news in. Then asks:

CLAIRE  
For how long?



MOTHER HILDEGARDE

Dueling is a serious offense. I'm afraid Monsieur Fraser will remain in prison at The King's pleasure.

(adds)

If your husband had killed his opponent, the penalty would have been much worse.

CLAIRE

He isn't dead? The English Captain?

MOTHER HILDEGARDE

He was badly wounded, and the British ambassador begged for him to be allowed to recover from his injuries in England.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

*So Jack Randall was still alive. The cat with nine lives. And thus so was Frank. But at what cost?*

Hildegarde reads the conflicted emotion on Claire's face.

MOTHER HILDEGARDE

This is fortunate, no?

CLAIRE

Yes. Fortunate.

(then, stoic)

But my husband betrayed me, Mother. Revenge mattered more to him than me, or his child.

MOTHER HILDEGARDE

How so?

CLAIRE

All I asked for was one year of grace, to which he agreed. One year. He may as well have run his sword through me.

Mother Hildegarde senses the anger and sadness in Claire and offers advice.

MOTHER HILDEGARDE

God says we must revel in mercy. Tread sins underfoot and hurl iniquities into the sea.

CLAIRE  
I'm not sure there is a sea deep  
enough.

Claire rolls over with her back to Hildegarde, disappearing into her own envelope of pain.

FADE TO BLACK.

**OMITTED**

**EXT. L'HÔPITAL DES ANGES - BACK GARDEN - DAY**

CLOSE ON A SMALL PATCH OF BLUE WILDFLOWERS. A HAND reaches in, carefully picking the finest ones. REVEAL FERGUS, as he gathers the flowers into a bundle. It's WEEKS LATER.

WIDEN to show two NUNS tending the small green space outside the hospital, and -- Claire, a pale shell of her former self, parked in a CHAIR, staring off into space. Mother Hildegarde thought the fresh air might do her good.

Fergus approaches, holding the flowers in front of Claire.

FERGUS  
For you, Milady.

Claire looks up, surprised to see him. She takes the flowers. Gives a little smile.

FERGUS (CONT'D)  
I am sad for... your tout-petit.

Fergus bows his head and offers a common French condolence.

FERGUS (CONT'D)  
I'm with you, with all my  
heart and soul.

FERGUS (CONT'D)  
Je suis de tout coeur avec  
vous.

CLAIRE  
Thank you, Fergus.

Her voice is weak, raspy, having not spoken for a long while.

FERGUS  
When will you return to Rue  
Tremoulins?

CLAIRE

I don't know.

FERGUS

What about Milord?

(off her silence)

We should help him, no? To come home from the Bastille. Master Murtagh is not expected to return from Portugal for weeks --

CLAIRE

I appreciate your visit, Fergus. But you should go back home now.

FERGUS

A roof does not make a home.

CLAIRE

A hospital is no place for a boy.

FERGUS

I'm not a boy.

(then)

Why? Why won't you help Milord?

CLAIRE

Fergus... this is a private matter between me and --

FERGUS

I do not understand.

CLAIRE

(sharply)

He broke a promise to me. A very important promise.

FERGUS

And you are breaking one to me, Milady. You said that I was needed. But if you never come home, then you don't need me.

(then)

I will return to Maison Elise.

OFF CLAIRE -- as Fergus turns to leave, she grabs his sleeve.

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

The CARRIAGE arrives. Fergus helps Claire out. She's dressed now, but still pale and physically weak from her hospital stay. Fergus takes her arm and steadies her as he leads her toward the FRONT DOOR.

MAGNUS and SUZETTE, along with all the SCULLERY MAIDS AND SERVANTS of Rue Tremoulins have lined up in the courtyard to greet the lady of the house upon her return.

As Claire moves down the line of servants, each BOWS or CURTSIES to her. Claire's immensely touched by their gesture. Second to last is Suzette, who takes Claire's hands and kisses them, tears in her eyes. The last in line is Magnus. He's heartbroken for her loss, yet happy to see her.

MAGNUS  
(emotional)  
Welcome home, Milady.

Magnus starts to bow, but Claire touches his cheek, lifting him back up. Then does a deep curtsy to the man who saved her life.

CLAIRE  
Thank you, Magnus.

Magnus opens the front door and Fergus, like a gentleman, helps Claire through. The servants file in after them.

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

A WEEK LATER. Claire walks to the dining table unaided. She's stronger now, and there's more color in her cheeks. Still being a gentleman and imitating what he's seen Jamie do, Fergus pulls a chair for Claire and pushes her seat in.

The two of them sit alone at the LONG DINING TABLE. The empty chair at the head is an elephant in the room. Fergus fidgets for a beat. Then:

FERGUS  
I... I went to... the warehouse and spoke with the foreman. The shipment of muscadet has arrived.

CLAIRE  
Very well.

A beat.

FERGUS  
And... well...

CLAIRE  
Go on.

FERGUS  
The... grey mare, she is limping,  
Milady. She is in need of new  
shoes.

Claire senses Fergus seems to be struggling.

CLAIRE  
Is that all, Fergus?

FERGUS  
Yes, Milady.

CLAIRE  
Perhaps after dinner, you'll help  
me brush my hair?

Fergus nods, but there is clearly something on his mind.

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

Claire sits in front of her vanity mirror as Fergus brushes her hair. A long quiet beat.

CLAIRE  
Thank you, Fergus. That felt nice.

He finishes and sets the brush down on her vanity, next to some GLASS PERFUME BOTTLES which are there. Fergus is transfixed by the bottles for a beat. Claire clocks it.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
What is it?

FERGUS  
Nothing, Milady.

Fergus hovers there a moment, then leaves.

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

Later that night, as Claire readies for bed, something catches her eye. A WOODEN BOX on one of the tables.

She goes over, opens it. Inside are the APOSTLE SPOONS which Jamie gave her as a christening gift for their baby [Episode 205]. She gazes at them, grief and anger flooding back. She closes the lid and deliberately puts the box away, out of sight, in a CABINET.

Unable to sleep, she pulls her dressing gown around her and goes --

**INT. JAMIE & CLAIRE'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

-- for a walk through the halls.

While walking, she hears what sounds like a CRY, coming from above her.

Claire FOLLOWS THE SOUND through the halls. A WHIMPERING, almost like the sound of a baby in distress. Is she going mad?

**INT. JAMIE & CLAIRE'S APT. - SERVANTS' ATTIC - NIGHT**

Claire enters a small room and finds Fergus, tossing fitfully on his cot, still asleep, but in the grip of a nightmare.

CLAIRE  
Fergus? Wake up...

Claire rustles him awake, he jolts up and GASPS as he sees her there. He's embarrassed.

Claire sits on the edge of the bed.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
You were having a bad dream.

FERGUS  
Yes, Milady.

CLAIRE  
Do you want to tell me about it?

FERGUS  
No, Milady.

Claire looks at him warmly. But Fergus squirms under her gaze.

CLAIRE  
Are you sure?

FERGUS  
It's... not just a dream.

CLAIRE  
What's not?

A beat. He can't hold it in any longer.

FERGUS  
The Englishman, Milady.

Claire's jaw tightens.

CLAIRE  
What Englishman? Fergus, tell me.

The attic room has the quiet intimacy of a confessional. And it's here that the real story comes spilling out.

FERGUS  
I... went with Milord to Maison  
Elise. He was there to see Madame  
Elise... Prince Charles owed money.  
He told me to wait...

**INT. MAISON ELISE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK - INTERCUT**

Fergus accompanies JAMIE into the brothel. Jamie disappears with Madame Elise to sort out Prince Charles' debts.

FERGUS (V.O.)  
*One of the rooms was open and I saw  
a bottle of perfume there...*

**INT. MAISON ELISE - PRIVATE ROOM - FLASHBACK - CONTINUOUS**

Fergus slips into a BEDROOM and heads toward the perfume, which is sitting on a table. A BRITISH OFFICER'S RED COAT hangs on the coat rack nearby.

FERGUS (V.O.)  
*It smelled so nice, I wanted to  
bring it to Milady, as a gift. I  
put it in my pocket...*

Fergus picks up the BOTTLE, made of ribbed glass with a silver top. He opens and smells it, then slips it in his pocket.

**INT. JAMIE & CLAIRE'S APT. - SERVANTS' ATTIC - INTERCUT**

RESUME with Claire and Fergus.

FERGUS

I kept the bottle, but I was too afraid to give it to you, after what happened...

CLAIRE

Where is it now?

Fergus goes and ferrets the GLASS BOTTLE out from under his mattress where he's hidden it. He hands it to Claire. She opens the bottle, sniffs it.

FERGUS

It's lavender, Milady.

Claire recognizes it -- all too well. A sickened look crosses her face.

**INT. MAISON ELISE - PRIVATE ROOM - FLASHBACK - INTERCUT**

*Having pilfered the bottle, Fergus turns around --*

FERGUS

*When I turned around, he was there.  
The Englishman.*

*CAPTAIN JACK RANDALL, a client of the brothel, comes out from behind a dressing screen. It's as if a lion has just discovered a rabbit has wandered into its den. Randall regards his prey.*

JACK RANDALL

*(smiling)  
You're not what I ordered, but  
you'll certainly do.*

*As Jack starts toward Fergus --*

**INT. JAMIE & CLAIRE'S APT. - SERVANTS' ATTIC - INTERCUT**

RESUME. Claire stares at Fergus, horrified.

CLAIRE

*(under her breath)  
Jesus Christ.*



FERGUS

He said, "You, come here." -- He grabbed my arm. I tried to get away, Madame -- I told him Milord was there, but he wouldn't listen. He said that he wanted me to -- I can't say it in front of a lady --

**INT. MAISON ELISE - PRIVATE ROOM - FLASHBACK - INTERCUT**

Black Jack pushes Fergus down onto the table.

**INT. JAMIE & CLAIRE'S APT. - SERVANTS' ATTIC - NIGHT**

RESUME with Claire and Fergus.

CLAIRE

Why didn't you tell me sooner?

FERGUS

I wanted to, Milady, but I was... ashamed...

CLAIRE

It's all right, Fergus...

After so many weeks of fear, guilt and silence, Fergus lets it out --

FERGUS

No, Milady! It's all my fault! I should've kept quiet. I didn't cry or scream at first. But it hurt so much, I couldn't help it. Milord heard me and came running...

**INT. MAISON ELISE - HALLWAY/Private Room - FB - INTERCUT**

ON JAMIE as he hears Fergus' SCREAM. He races down the hall and bursts into the room. Jack Randall looks up, surprised.

JACK RANDALL

Look who it is.

JAMIE

You sick bastard! He's only a child!

A murderously enraged Jamie attacks Randall --

*FERGUS (V.O.)*  
*Milord hit the Englishman in the*  
*face. There was much shouting... I*  
*hid in the armoire.*

JAMIE  
 I'll kill you for this! I swear!

As Madame Elise's BOUNCERS rush in to break up the fight, Fergus slips inside an ARMOIRE to hide.

**INT. JAMIE & CLAIRE'S APT. - SERVANTS' ATTIC - INTERCUT**

RESUME with Claire and Fergus.

FERGUS  
 Then, the fight was broken up. As  
 Milord was taken away, I heard him  
 challenge the Englishman --

**INT. MAISON ELISE - PRIVATE ROOM - FLASHBACK - INTERCUT**

As Jamie is dragged out -- he yells to Randall.

JAMIE  
 You coward, I'll make you suffer!  
 I challenge you to a duel -- unto  
 death.

JACK RANDALL  
 Accepted.

The rest is history.

**INT. JAMIE & CLAIRE'S APT. - SERVANTS' ATTIC - INTERCUT**

RESUME with Claire and Fergus.

FERGUS  
 And Milord was taken away.

**INT. MAISON ELISE - PRIVATE ROOM - FLASHBACK - INTERCUT**

Fergus watches through a crack in the armoire doors, as Jamie is dragged off by the bouncers.

**INT. JAMIE & CLAIRE'S APT. - SERVANTS' ATTIC - NIGHT**

RESUME with Claire and Fergus.

CLAIRE

It isn't your fault, do you hear me?

But Fergus can't hear her. His world has been shattered.

FERGUS

I didn't know! I didn't know he would go to fight the Englishman. And now Milord is gone, and he'll never come back!

CLAIRE

Sssh... it's all right. It'll be all right...

Claire holds the traumatized boy, rocking him until he quiets. HOLD ON CLAIRE, the sickening realization of why Jamie broke his promise.

PRE-LAP the sound of FINGERS DRUMMING --

**INT. L'HÔPITAL DES ANGES - HILDEGARDE'S OFFICE - DAY**

Mother Hildegarde sits at her desk, tapping her blunt fingers on a sheet of music paper, as she considers --

MOTHER HILDEGARDE

A private audience with The King?

REVEAL CLAIRE standing across from her, dressed nicely and looking healthier.

CLAIRE

You have mentioned that you're the goddaughter of the Old Sun King. Surely you have an entrée. Or know someone who does.

MOTHER HILDEGARDE

It is possible.

CLAIRE

I'd like to petition for my husband's release from the Bastille.

Mother Hildegarde pauses, recalling Claire's words.

MOTHER HILDEGARDE

So, chère Madame, you have found a deep enough sea?

CLAIRE

I learned the reason he broke his  
promise. I was angry at him. I  
still am. But...

(simply)

He's the father of my child.

A beat as Mother Hildegarde thinks about this, then --

MOTHER HILDEGARDE

(a warning)

His Majesty is a mercurial man.  
There is a price to such requests.

CLAIRE

Which is?

MOTHER HILDEGARDE

(bluntly)

The King may expect to lie with  
you.

Claire takes this in.

CLAIRE

If it comes to sacrificing my  
virtue, Mother, I'll add it to the  
list of the things I've already  
lost in Paris, where I assure you,  
it will hardly be noticed.

Mother Hildegarde merely holds her stare. Claire nods.

MOTHER HILDEGARDE

Very well. I will arrange it. It  
may take a while. In the meantime,  
I will pray for you... though I do  
wonder exactly who would be the  
proper patron to invoke under the  
circumstances?

CLAIRE

Mary Magdalene comes to mind.

This gets a smile from the old nun.

**OMITTED**

**EXT. VERSAILLES - DAY**

Establishing.

**INT. VERSAILLES - HALLWAY - DAY**

Claire is led through a hallway by a discreet GENTLEMAN OF THE BEDCHAMBER. They arrive at a door. He KNOCKS. The door opens and Claire is ushered inside --

**INT. VERSAILLES - KING'S PRIVATE APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS**

-- the Gentleman of the Bedchamber ANNOUNCES her to HIS MAJESTY KING LOUIS XV.

GENTLEMAN OF BEDCHAMBER	GENTLEMAN OF BEDCHAMBER F
<b>Your Majesty, may I present Madame Claire Fraser, Lady Broch Tuarach.</b>	<b>Votre Majesté, puis-je vous présenter à Madame Claire Fraser, Lady Broch Tuarach.</b>

The Gentleman of the Bedchamber leaves, closing the door behind him.

Claire does a deep curtsy to The King, and he urges her to rise with a hand under her arm. He smiles and she smiles back, but he can sense her nervousness.

KING LOUIS	KING LOUIS F
<b>Do not be afraid of me, chère Madame. I don't bite.</b>	<b>Vous n'avez rien à craindre de moi, chère Madame. Je ne mords pas.</b>

CLAIRE	CLAIRE F
<b>No. Of course not.</b>	<b>Non. Non bien sûr.</b>

KING LOUIS	KING LOUIS F
<b>You will have a sip of warm chocolat from New Spain?</b>	<b>Prendrez-vous une gorgée de ce chocolat chaud venu de Nouvelle Espagne?</b>

Claire looks around and sees that they are completely alone, no servants or guards. The steaming HOT CHOCOLATE, a delicacy, is already poured in a pair of CUPS on a small table near a luxurious VELVET CHAISE LONGUE. The King's ROYAL BED looms nearby.

CLAIRE	CLAIRE F
<b>Thank you, Your Majesty.</b>	<b>Je vous remercie, Votre Majesté.</b>

KING LOUIS	KING LOUIS F
<b>And perhaps an orange from my Orangerie? I have over a thousand trees.</b>	<b>Et peut-être aussi une orange cueillie dans mon orangerie? Je possède plus de mille arbres.</b>

CLAIRE  
That would be lovely.

CLAIRE F  
Avec plaisir.

KING LOUIS  
Sit, please.

KING LOUIS F  
Asseyez-vous, je vous prie.

The King presents Claire with AN ORANGE, another rare treat, in his palm as if it were a multi-faceted jewel.

He sits down on the chaise and gestures for her to do the same. She sits next to him, their physical closeness lending an intimacy to their conversation. As a courtesy, The King switches to English.

KING LOUIS  
Now, tell me what it is that I may do for you.

CLAIRE  
My husband. He's in the Bastille. For dueling.

KING LOUIS  
Your husband has broken a royal decree.

CLAIRE  
Yes, I understand that. But he was... provoked. You know he's a Scot. Men of that country are -- most fierce where questions of their honor are concerned.

Louis finishes his drink, sets his cup down.

KING LOUIS  
Quite so. Quite so, Madame. However...

CLAIRE  
I'd be... most grateful, Sire.

The King takes her hand and makes small circles on the back of it. Claire resists the urge to snatch it away. He traces the line of her WEDDING RING with his finger and asks --

KING LOUIS  
Is this his ring?

CLAIRE  
Yes, Sire.

KING LOUIS  
 (re: Frank's ring)  
 And this other one?

CLAIRE  
 I was married once before.

KING LOUIS  
 Yet you still wear his ring. Your  
 loyalty is... most noteworthy.

He raises her hand to his lips and KISSES it.

KING LOUIS (CONT'D)  
 I am inclined toward mercy, ma  
 chère Madame... but....

Louis lets go of her hand now and regards her for a long  
 beat. A chill strikes Claire deep in her stomach. His face  
 is impenetrable, but he's been king since the age of five,  
 and is adept at hiding his thoughts.

CLAIRE (V.O.)  
*He was called Louis the Well-  
 Beloved. His rule was absolute.  
 He could free Jamie with a word --  
 or kill him. He could do with me  
 as he liked. I waited to see what  
 His Majesty's Pleasure might be.*

Finally, Louis speaks, his eyes gliding down her neck,  
 breasts and body.

KING LOUIS  
 Tell me, if I was to grant your  
 request, to free your husband...  
 would you be inclined to grant me a  
 small favor in return?

Claire meets his eyes squarely and bows her head.

CLAIRE  
 I am at His Majesty's complete  
 disposal.

Her heart pounding so loudly, it almost drowns out his  
 words.

KING LOUIS  
 Ah. Très bien, ma chère. Come  
 with me, then.

The King rises and holds his hand out to her. Claire wills her knees to stand, expecting to be led toward the royal bed. But instead, The King touches her cheek, ever so gently.

KING LOUIS (CONT'D)  
So pale. So fine. I can see why  
they call you La Dame Blanche.

Claire reacts. He knows about her nickname, La Dame Blanche? Before she can refute it, he pulls her toward the wall where -- A SECRET PANEL slides open and they enter --

**OMITTED**

**INT. VERSAILLES - CABINET DE LA VÉRITÉ - CONTINUOUS**

A SECRET ROOM behind The King's private apartment. Eerie and dimly lit by SHAFTS OF SUNLIGHT filtering through a DOMED CEILING, it's filled with MYSTICAL OBJECTS AND SYMBOLS. There are TWO EVIDENCE TABLES with CURIOS, HERBS and BOTTLES. In a separate area, a CAGE sits with a DRAPE OVER IT. The first person Claire sees, she recognizes -- MONSIEUR FOREZ.

CLAIRE (V.O.)  
*When I saw Monsieur Forez, The King's  
Executioner, I knew his presence  
could only mean one thing: there  
would be death here today.*

Monsieur Forez is flanked by THREE HENCHMEN on each side, spread out around the perimeter of the circle, wearing SINISTER HOODS.

Their eyes gleam through holes in the fabric, all focused on Claire -- apparently the guest of honor. Louis turns to her.

KING LOUIS  
The King asks that you give us the  
benefit of your skill this evening.

CLAIRE  
I'm not sure what you mean, Sire.

Louis gestures and two of the hooded henchmen step forward, ushering with them TWO DARK FIGURES, prisoners who had been held in the shadows.

KING LOUIS  
**Observe.**

KING LOUIS F  
**Regardez.**



Claire's shocked as the SHAFTS OF LIGHT from the ceiling illuminate -- Master Raymond and THE COMTE ST. GERMAIN! They stand inside A LARGE CIRCLE WITH MYSTICAL SYMBOLS painted on the floor. Forez puts down TWO MORE CIRCLES -- smaller ones made of ROPE, around their feet, penning them in.

St. Germain's eyes widen. He scowls at Claire. But Master Raymond gives no sign of acknowledgment.

KING LOUIS  
(cold and grim)  
Read the indictment, if you will.

KING LOUIS F  
(cold and grim)  
Veuillez lire les chefs d'accusation, s'il vous plaît.

Forez rises to read the indictment --

FOREZ  
(reading)  
Raymond the Heretic and The Comte St. Germain, you are hereby charged with sorcery and the perversion of the search for knowledge into an exploration of arcane arts. You stand accused of plundering the teaching of ancient alchemists and employing the dark arts for your own agenda.

FOREZ F  
(reading)  
Raymond l'Hérétique et Comte St. Germain, vous comparez pour sorcellerie et pour avoir perverti la recherche du savoir par l'exploration des arts arcaniques. Vous êtes accusés d'avoir pillé les enseignements des anciens philosophes et d'avoir fait usage des forces maléfiques dans votre propre intérêt.

KING LOUIS  
(to Claire)  
We have no quarrel with the proper search for wisdom. But while much good may be found, so, too, may evil be discovered. And the search for wisdom be perverted into the desire for power and wealth for one's own depraved and immoral purpose.

FOREZ  
We must also consider the evidence which has been collected, both from the apothecary of Master Raymond, and the residence of Le Comte St. Germain.

FOREZ F  
Il nous faut aussi prendre en compte les preuves collectées dans la boutique de Maître Raymond, ainsi qu'à la résidence du Comte St. Germain.

Claire glances over at the tables of curios, bottles and herbs, she now realizes are artifacts from Raymond's shop, along with various "suspicious" items belonging to The Comte.

The King holds a hand out toward Claire.

KING LOUIS  
 We have brought here a witness. An infallible judge of truth and purity of heart. La Dame Blanche cannot lie. She sees into the soul of a man, and senses whether evil lies within.

KING LOUIS F  
 Nous avons fait venir ici un témoin. Un juge infallible de la vérité, un coeur pur. La Dame Blanche ne saurait mentir. Elle peut voir l'âme d'un homme, et sentir le Mal qui y réside.

CLAIRE  
 (under her breath)  
 Jesus H. Roosevelt Christ.

The King uses English for Claire and French for the Court.

KING LOUIS  
 (to Claire)  
 I beseech you to use your talents, look into their souls and if there is darkness within, they will be handed over to Monsieur Forez.

Claire glances over at Forez, staring at her with his dark sparkling eyes. She's horrified to be thrust into this position, but knows there is no choice.

CLAIRE  
 Of course... it will be an honor to assist His Majesty in this task.

KING LOUIS  
 Very well. Let us commence. You are free to question the accused.

All eyes are trained on Claire. With no choice, she starts.

CLAIRE  
 Monsieur le Comte. What do you have to say, as to the charges?

St. Germain begins in French --

ST. GERMAIN  
 It is true that there are dark forces at work --

ST. GERMAIN F  
 Il est vrai que des forces maléfiques sont à l'oeuvre --

KING LOUIS  
 You will speak English when addressing my guest.

St. Germain tries not to look disgusted as he appeases The King and begins again, this time in English.

ST. GERMAIN

It is true that there are practitioners of the dark arts who walk among us! But such wickedness does not dwell in the breast of this, his Majesty's most loyal subject!

(pounds his own chest)

I am a courtier of His Majesty, with a respect for all his decrees. For the perversion of knowledge and the use of forbidden arts, you must look beyond your own Court, Sire.

St. Germain glances over to Master Raymond, leveling an accusatory stare.

CLAIRE

Maître Raymond. Do you wish to speak?

Raymond bows his head.

MASTER RAYMOND

I am but a humble servant of the people of Paris. I practice medicine and nothing more. I use knowledge of herbs and other gifts of nature to benefit the afflicted of our fair city.

Claire studies both, as if deciding whom to believe. She turns to St. Germain.

CLAIRE

Monsieur le Comte, I see a shadow behind your words.

Claire closes her eyes and lays her fingers over her lids, as if looking inward. After all, the man did try to murder her.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I see an image... a gang of men in the streets, dressed as aristocrats... but wearing masks... I see a name in your mind, Monsieur, Les Disciples. What do you have to do with Les Disciples?

St. Germain's eyes bulge as he vigorously defends himself. The name of Les Disciples is familiar to The King as well; his dark eyes narrow suddenly to slits.

ST. GERMAIN

I know nothing of these Disciples  
of which you speak.

CLAIRE

I believe you are lying, sir.

ST. GERMAIN

(to The King)

Your Majesty, it is this woman who  
is a liar and a witch! With my own  
eyes, I saw her handle men with  
smallpox, and yet she did not fall  
ill herself. Sire, you know well  
the dangers of smallpox, it claimed  
your family. Your father, mother,  
and brother --

KING LOUIS

Enough.

The King bristles, St. Germain's touched a nerve --

KING LOUIS (CONT'D)

You have no proof for your words.

ST. GERMAIN

This woman has also been known to  
drink poison and survive.

KING LOUIS

And how do you come to this  
knowledge?

In his anger and frustration, it comes spilling out.

ST. GERMAIN

Because I gave her the poison  
myself!

Claire is shocked that he's admitted it. St. Germain continues, trying to justify himself.

ST. GERMAIN (CONT'D)

She tried to ruin my livelihood!  
She had my ship destroyed with her  
false condemnations! She is a  
witch, she doesn't deny it!

His eyes meet Claire's, all bets are off now.

CLAIRE

No, I don't deny it! But La Dame  
Blanche is a white witch and I  
practice white magic, Sire.

The King ponders for a moment. Is Claire in danger? Then:

KING LOUIS

Madame Fraser is not on trial here.  
(then, to Claire)  
Tarry no more, look into these  
men's souls, tell me which is  
clouded with darkness?

Claire stares at St. Germain but stalls as she tries to  
think of another way out.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

*Even knowing St. Germain tried to  
poison me, I found it hard to  
condemn him cold-bloodedly to  
death.*

Finally:

CLAIRE

I do see darkness in his soul.  
(turning to Raymond)  
And his as well.

The room BUZZES, electrified.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

But only the normal darkness that  
lives in the souls of all men.  
Even a King's.

An ASTONISHED GASP in the room -- Louis' eyes narrow.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I mean to say that without  
darkness, there cannot be light.

It's Claire's attempt to get out of here without anyone  
being drawn and quartered. Unfortunately, The King's not  
satisfied. He's not letting anyone off the hook.

KING LOUIS

**Nevertheless, if I am to  
cleanse this city, I must  
make an example. Perhaps we  
can aid your decision.**

(then, orders)

**Take out the serpents!**

KING LOUIS F

**Nevertheless, if I am to  
cleanse this city, I must  
make an example. Perhaps we  
can aid your decision.**

(then, orders)

**Apportez les serpents!**

Claire glances over where the DRAPE is whipped off the CAGE, revealing a coiled and hissing SNAKE. It's terrifying.

KING LOUIS

The Bible claims that a true believer can handle serpents and they will not harm him, for they are the servants of God.

As the hooded men prepare to bring the snake, Claire again catches sight of the evidence tables and strolls deliberately over to them, a plan forming.

She gazes over the two tables, packed with items -- St. Germain's with CRYSTALS, DRAWINGS, BOOKS, etc. And on the other, from Master Raymond's shop -- HERBS, SKULLS, THE ZEBRA SKIN, THE SHEEP KNUCKLES...

CLAIRE

May I suggest another test, Your Majesty?

Louis nods. Then another shocking admission:

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

It's true. I drank The Comte's poison and it did not kill me. Let him drink mine and see what happens. Let them both drink it. With your permission?

King Louis considers, intrigued.

KING LOUIS

Very well.

CLAIRE

May I?

The King nods, then watches with fascination.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

*I decided to take a page out of Master Raymond's book, so to speak. I looked through the "evidence," the remnants from his shop, and found the herb I was looking for. Bitter cascara.*

Claire mixes a concoction of the cascara in a FLASK to make a tonic. She brings it over, with TWO CUPS.

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

*I knew the cascara would make both men ill, but wouldn't kill them. And perhaps Louis, having had his show, would be appeased and let them go.*

CLAIRE

This potion will give you your answer, Sire. We may well see a death. Or two. But I ask one thing -- if both men do survive, they will be set free.

KING LOUIS

We shall see if it pleases The King.

Claire POURS a stream of liquid into the cup. The capricious Louis takes perverse glee in the idea and is very much enjoying the spectacle.

Claire hands the cup to Raymond first. With due ceremony, Raymond SIPS. After a beat, he CHOKES and COUGHS, doubles over and sways on his feet, but remains standing.

Raymond returns the cup to Claire to pass to St. Germain. Claire takes the cup, turns toward St. Germain, but as she does she looks down and notices -- that the crystal necklace, given to her by Raymond [Episode 204] has TURNED BLACK.

The drink is now truly poisoned! Claire remembers Raymond's trick from Episode 204 with the cup and the dice.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

*I never saw Raymond add anything to it, no one had. It was another amazing feat, a sleight of hand, like the one he'd shown me in his shop. I did not know how he did it. All I knew was that this time, inside the cup -- was death.*

Claire looks to Raymond. But St. Germain sees the crystal too -- and the look on Claire's face. He had mentioned at the dinner party [Episode 204] that he knew exactly how the crystal worked. The King is eager.

KING LOUIS

Give him the cup.  
(off her hesitation)  
Hand it to him!

Claire finally hands the cup to St. Germain. He takes it, with full knowledge of what's in store. Of his many flaws, cowardice is not one of them. He looks over with a final CURSE to his enemies --

ST. GERMAIN  
**I salute you, Master  
 Raymond, you evil bastard!  
 And your cunning witch! I'll  
 see you both in hell!**

ST. GERMAIN F  
**Je vous salue, Maître  
 Raymond, suppôt de Satan que  
 vous êtes, vous et votre  
 maudite sorcière! Nous nous  
 reverrons en Enfer!**

St. Germain drains the cup, his eyes fixed on Claire, staying fixed until they glaze over and he hits the floor, writhing.

A LOW HUM of excitement from the hooded men as The Comte DIES a violent death. His corpse is carried away by hooded men.

The King then turns to Raymond, with a wave of his hand.

KING LOUIS  
**Count yourself fortunate,  
 but leave today and never  
 set foot in France again.**

KING LOUIS F  
**Considérez-vous comme  
 chanceux, mais partez dès  
 aujourd'hui et ne remettez  
 jamais plus le pied en  
 France.**

Master Raymond is led away by The King's Guards, who will escort him out of the country. Claire locks eyes with Raymond as he goes, grateful to the man who has saved her life -- not once, not twice, but three times.

CLAIRE (V.O.)  
*Perhaps it was the shock of what  
 I'd been through, but as Master  
 Raymond was led away, what ran  
 through my brain was a line from a  
 film, you know the one -- "I'm  
 going to miss you most of all."*

Raymond gives her one last look, he shares the same feeling.

After he's gone, Claire turns to Louis.

CLAIRE  
 So His Majesty will honor my  
 request?

KING LOUIS  
 First -- there's still a matter of  
 the payment.



OFF Claire's surprise. She assumed her role as La Dame Blanche was payment.

**INT. VERSAILLES - KING'S PRIVATE APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER**

Back in the room where they began, Louis leads Claire to the ROYAL BED, lays her down, and lifts her skirts. He takes a bottle of rose-scented oil from the table and massages it briefly between Claire's legs, preparing to take His Majesty's pleasure.

CLAIRE (V.O.)  
*I'd been married twice, for  
 heaven's sake, I told myself. I  
 closed my eyes and thought of  
 England.*

Claire steels herself as his face flushes with excitement and a little fear -- after all, he's about to bed La Dame Blanche. Then THREE QUICK BUT DELIBERATE THRUSTS of the Royal member. A brief and unremarkable business transaction.

Afterwards, The King escorts Claire to the door, where they exchange a COURTEOUS BOW, before she is handed off to the Gentleman of the Bedchamber waiting just outside.

**INT. VERSAILLES - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

The Gentleman of the Bedchamber leads Claire back down the hall, the same way she came in.

**OMITTED**

**INT/EXT. JAMIE & CLAIRE'S APARTMENT - SHORT MONTAGE**

At Rue Tremoulins, life goes on. Servants cook and clean. The courtyard is swept. Tables are cleared. Clocks are wound. Days pass.

**INT. JAMIE & CLAIRE'S APARTMENT - STAIRWAY/FOYER - DAY**

Claire approaches the top of the stairway and stops in her tracks. She looks down to see the tall figure of -- JAMIE, newly freed, waiting for her at the bottom. He's dirty and unshaven, weeks in the Bastille have taken a toll.

Their eyes meet. Much passes between them. Jamie slowly climbs the stairs and meets her at the top.

She doesn't rush into his arms. She's not angry, but the wound is deep and there's a chasm between them -- gaping, yawning, seemingly impassable.

They stand awkwardly for a beat.

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

Jamie follows Claire to the LIQUOR CABINET, where she pours herself a WHISKY.

JAMIE

I don't deserve yer mercy, so I'll not ask for it.

(then)

But will you at least let me give ye comfort?

Jamie tries to take her hand, but Claire pulls away.

CLAIRE

(quiet)

Can you give me back my child?

Tears fill his eyes.

JAMIE

It was my child, too. I don't even know if it was a girl or a boy.

(off her silence)

Will ye make me beg?

It's hard for Claire to talk about. Finally:

CLAIRE

It was a girl. Mother Hildegarde baptized her. And gave her a name. Faith. Mother Hildegarde has a very odd sense of humor.

Jamie's heart cracks. A girl.

JAMIE

Where is she now?

CLAIRE

She's buried in the cemetery, next to the convent.

JAMIE

I did try to keep my promise.

He's about to tell the story, but she stops him.

CLAIRE  
Fergus told me what happened.

Jamie looks surprised.

JAMIE  
Ye see then, how I couldna let  
Randall go unpunished for what he'd  
done to the wee lad?  
(then)  
D'ye hate me for it, Claire?

She looks at him, his voice choked with grief. His pain is palpable, sharp as crystal spears of ice.

She tells him the truth. Raw and honest.

CLAIRE  
I did hate you.

A long beat. ON CLAIRE'S FACE. Then --

SMASH CUT TO:

**INT. L'HOPITAL DES ANGES - CLAIRE'S BED - DAY - FLASHBACK**

*As we return to the moment we saw earlier -- where the nuns struggle to restrain a frantic Claire, who's SCREAMING:*

CLAIRE  
*Bring me my baby, bring me my baby!*

*THE VIRGIN MARY STATUE FALLS AND SHATTERS on the ground. Hildegarde nods to Angelique, who hurries out.*

MOTHER HILDEGARDE  
*Lie back, Claire.*

*There's a calm authority in the tenor of Hildegarde's voice, and Claire obeys. She quiets for a moment and waits, staring straight ahead, not meeting anyone's eyes.*

*In a moment, Angelique returns, holding a BUNDLE wrapped in white linen. She hands it to Hildegarde, who brings it to Claire, lays it gently in her arms.*

*Claire looks down at the motionless child. Pale and tiny. And still as a doll. She stares at the face a long beat, mesmerized.*

*Mother Hildegarde nods. Then gestures for the others to walk away, and give Claire room.*

Claire sways side to side, rocking the baby very gently.  
Hildegarde stays and watches, tall and strong as the angel  
at the gates of Eden.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

My mother died when I was five. I  
don't have many memories of her.  
But one thing I do remember was how  
she used to sing to me. An old  
music hall song she heard at the  
Tower Ballroom in Blackpool.

And Claire starts SINGING very softly...

CLAIRE

(singing)

Oh, I do like to be beside the  
seaside, I do like to be beside the  
sea, I like to stroll along the  
prom-prom-prom where the brass  
bands play tiddley-pom-pom-pom...  
So just let me be beside the  
seaside, and I'll be beside myself  
with glee...

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

RESUME with Claire and Jamie, who's too stunned and saddened  
to speak. Claire continues.

CLAIRE

The midwives said it was better  
that way, that you see the baby.  
Because that way you don't imagine.  
(then)  
So I don't have to imagine.

**INT. L'HOPITAL DES ANGES - NIGHT - FLASHBACK**

LOUISE stands with Mother Hildegarde a short distance from  
Claire, watching as Claire lies in bed, the baby still  
cradled in her arms. She can hear them speaking low:

LOUISE

How long has it been?

MOTHER HILDEGARDE

Since this morning.

LOUISE

**Holy Mother of God.**

LOUISE F

**Sainte Mère de Dieu.**

The pregnant Louise subconsciously cradles her own belly. Then nods to Hildegarde, then crosses to Claire and greets her kindly and with surprising compassion.

LOUISE  
Ma chère, Claire.

Claire looks up. She's been there for hours, in a grief-induced dissociated state. The baby is wrapped and mostly not visible, except for a small hand that Claire holds. Claire opens the linen, gives Louise a glimpse of her face.

CLAIRE  
(re: baby)  
She's beautiful, isn't she?

LOUISE  
Oui.

CLAIRE  
Ten fingers. Ten toes.

LOUISE  
She's an angel.

Louise comes closer, knowing what needs to be done.

LOUISE (CONT'D)  
May I hold her?

Claire looks up, hesitant. A long beat passes. Claire knows if she lets go, it's forever. She hugs the child tighter.

LOUISE  
It is time, ma chère.

LOUISE F  
Il est temps, ma chère.

Louise bends down. Claire sees Louise's own bulging belly. She reaches out a hand and touches it. And she realizes that what's inside is alive... and the bundle in her arms is not.

Claire nods, glassy-eyed, reluctant... but then lets Louise pull the baby gently from her arms. Louise passes the child to Hildegarde, then goes back to Claire, who starts to shiver.

Louise doesn't say anything else. There are no words to soothe pain of this magnitude. She pulls the blankets over Claire and tucks her in.

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

RESUME with Claire and Jamie. Tears on a heartbroken Jamie's face.

CLAIRE

And she was beautiful. So small.  
I could cup her head in the palm of  
my hand. Her ears stuck out just a  
little -- I could see the light  
shine through them, and through her  
skin as well, like the light a  
pearl has when it's still wet with  
the ocean. Her eyes were closed.  
She didn't have any lashes yet, but  
they were slanted a bit, like  
yours. And she had wisps of copper  
hair.

Claire comes out of her reverie, looks clearly at Jamie now.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I didn't just lose a baby. I  
lost... a lifetime with someone  
that I loved before we ever met.  
(then)  
So yes, I did hate you.

Jamie's destroyed. He understands her anger.

JAMIE

Aye. Ye should have left me there  
in prison.

CLAIRE

Before Fergus told me what  
happened, and even after that, I  
couldn't stop being angry and  
blaming you.

(then, a surprising  
confession)

But... It was me who asked the  
impossible of you. It was me who  
put Frank above our family. It was  
me who made the decision to go  
after you to the woods.

JAMIE

Frank was your family too.

CLAIRE

But he's not here. And now,  
neither is our daughter. It's not  
your fault. It's not Fergus'  
fault, or even Randall's fault.  
Not this time. It's my fault.

Claire starts to cry. Jamie comes to her.

JAMIE

I asked for your forgiveness once.  
You said there was nothing to  
forgive.

(then)

The truth is I already forgave you,  
long before today. For this and  
anything else you could ever do.

CLAIRE

There's something else.

Claire stops crying and looks at him. Another confession.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I slept with The King.

Jamie stares at her. She continues:

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

To buy your freedom.

Claire watches with a certain detachment, as Jamie struggles with this piece of information. To reconcile his 18th century pride with his understanding of the particular circumstances.

JAMIE

You did it to save my life -- just  
like I gave myself to Jack Randall  
to save yours.

Claire doesn't answer. A long beat.

CLAIRE

How can we ever be the same?

JAMIE

We won't be.

(then)

After the floggings, and what  
happened with Randall at Wentworth,  
I didn't think anything could ever  
hurt as badly. But it does.  
Losing our child, it's worse than  
the brand on my ribs or the lash on  
my back. I'll carry it the rest of  
my life. The same as I carry these  
scars.

(then)

The weight of what's happened here,  
it's too much for either of us to  
bear. We're the only two people in  
the world who share this pain...

(MORE)

JAMIE (CONT'D)  
 the pain of losing Faith. The only  
 way to live with it is to carry it  
 together.

CLAIRE  
 Are you sure you want that?

Jamie sinks to his knees before her. Reminds her of their  
 wedding vows:

JAMIE  
 Blood of my blood, bone of my bone,  
 remember? I gave you my body and  
 spirit -- 'til our life shall be  
 done. And it's not done.  
 (then)  
 We've lost our child. But with the  
 grace of God... I might give ye  
 another.

CLAIRE  
 Then let's go home. To Scotland.

JAMIE  
 Aye. But there's something I'd  
 like to do first.

TIME CUT:

**EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY**

Claire and Jamie walk hand in hand through the granite  
 headstones. Finally, they stop in front of a small marker.

**CLOSE ON THE GRAVESTONE**

Faith Fraser

1744

They stare at the tiny grave, Jamie drops to his knees. Runs  
 his hand along the name.

He takes from his sporran a HANDFUL of the APOSTLE SPOONS.  
 He chooses one.

JAMIE  
 St. Andrew.

The patron saint of Scotland. His figure carved on the  
 handle of the spoon, holds the saltire.



JAMIE (CONT'D)

If our daughter must be buried in  
France, let's leave a bit of  
Scotland with her.

He places the St. Andrew spoon next to the headstone, then recites a quote from the Songs of Solomon, a quote on his father's gravestone:

JAMIE

(in Gaelic)

**Til the day breaks and the  
shadows flee away.**

JAMIE

(in Gaelic)

**Gus am bris an la agus an  
teich na sgailean.**

Claire sits down next to Jamie now and leans on his shoulder.

WIDEN until they are small specks sitting next to their daughter's grave, and a waning sun shows they'll spend their last day in Paris with her, before sailing home.

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE