

OUTLANDER

EPISODE 208
The Fox's Lair

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FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT
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OUTLANDER
EPISODE 208 "The Fox's Lair"

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CAST LIST – FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT – 14th April 2016

CLAIRE BEAUCHAMP RANDALL
JAMIE MACKENZIE FRASER
MURTAGH FITZGIBBONS FRASER
COLUM MACKENZIE
JENNY MURRAY
FERGUS
IAN MURRAY
LAOGHAIRE MACKENZIE

ALEXANDER KINCAID
ROSS
MRS. CROOK
SERVANT
SIMON FRASER "LORD LOVAT"
"YOUNG SIMON" FRASER
MAISRI
RABBIE MCNAB
WEE JAMIE

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INTERIORS

Lallybroch
Dining Room
Jamie & Claire's Room
Hallway
Parlor
Beaufort Castle
Great Room
Claire & Jamie's Room
Corridor
Dining Room
Lovat's Study
Chapel

EXTERIORS

Lallybroch
Lallybroch Estate
Highlands
Beaufort Castle
Walkway
Gardens
Chapel
Courtyard
Courtyard Laundry Area
Stables

FADE IN:

EXT. LALLYBROCH ESTATE - DAY

Claire finds Jamie, tense, looking out at the land, the Lallybroch manse in the distance, but his thoughts are turned inward, trying to figure out what to do now. Claire is nearly frantic.

CLAIRE

It's all coming to pass. The Jacobite rising... then Culloden... finally the Clearances... and the destruction of all this...

JAMIE

So it would seem.

CLAIRE

We could go to Ireland. Or the colonies.

JAMIE

And what of Ian and Jenny and our nieces and nephews and cousins...?

CLAIRE

We... can take them with us.

JAMIE

All of them? And what of our tenants? Leave them to the "mercy" of the British butchers after Culloden is lost?

No, but --

CLAIRE

Your name on that document brands you a traitor and if the British catch you, they'll hang you as one. We can't stay.

A beat, and then Jamie has an idea.

JAMIE

We know what will happen if the Jacobites lose the war. But what if they won?

CLAIRE

But... they don't. It's the verdict of history.

JAMIE

Have ye given up on changing the future then, Sassenach?

CLAIRE

After Paris? Haven't you?

JAMIE

Aye, Paris was a bitter disappointment. But the future can be changed -- you've proven it. Tammas Baxter lives because of you. Paris was spared an outbreak of smallpox because of you. Louise de Rohan will have the child of Prince Charles Stuart because of you.

CLAIRE

(getting it)

You want to fight for Prince Charles.

JAMIE

For my family and for Scotland. I canna see any other way. Can you?

Claire's shoulders slump. She leans into Jamie, who puts his arms around her.

CLAIRE

Not one we could live with.

(beat)

They say the definition of insanity is doing the same thing over and over, hoping for a different outcome.

JAMIE

I dinna know who "they" are, Sassenach, but I'll wager they never travelled through time.

Claire smiles. They stand together, staring at the tranquil landscape around them, apprehensive but resolved.

EXT. LALLYBROCH - DAY

Several TENANTS arrive, including ROSS and KINCAID, with various WEAPONS/FARM IMPLEMENTS that can be used as weapons. A PONY pulls a CART with weapons and some SUPPLIES loaded on it. Preparations for heading to war...

INT. LALLYBROCH - DINING ROOM - EVENING

CLOSE ON A SCYTHER BEING WAVED AROUND. A MAN'S HAND GRABS THE SCYTHER AND WE PULL BACK TO SEE:

Kincaid takes the scythe from RABBIE MCNAB, who's playfully jabbing it at FERGUS. JAMIE, MURTAGH and IAN are in the room. Murtagh and Jamie inspect a pile of various rudimentary WEAPONS: BROADSWORDS, a few OLD MUSKETS, etc. -- many hidden away since the last uprising in 1715. Ian pores over a ledger.

KINCAID

(re: Scythe)

My grandsire said he slaughtered five of the British bastards with this one in the '15.

JAMIE

Then it will be primed for the battle.

ROSS

As are we, M'laird.

Jamie claps him on the shoulder in thanks as they leave.

IAN

With Daniel Wallace and Duncan MacLennan, ye should have thirty able-bodied men from Lallybroch.

CLAIRE and JENNY enter, carrying SUPPLIES.

JAMIE

(to Murtagh)

I'll need ye to bring the Lallybroch men to Kingussie. Claire and I'll meet ye there in two weeks' time. Then we'll go together to join The Prince at Crieff.

MURTAGH

As ye say.

CLAIRE

And where will we be during those two weeks?

Jamie assiduously avoids looking at Jenny.

JAMIE

Prince Charles has dispatched me to enlist men and support from my kinsman, Lord Simon Fraser of Lovat.

That surprises Murtagh and Ian, and stops Jenny cold.

JENNY

Ye're going to see Lord Lovat? Ask him to do ye a favor?

JAMIE

Ask him to help preserve his country and restore the rightful King to the throne. He does have a history of supporting the Jacobites, ye ken.

JENNY

Oh, aye, and the British and anyone else who might help line his pockets and claim the title Chief of Clan Fraser of Lovat.

As the siblings begin to spar, Murtagh and Ian exchange a look and stay out of the fray. Claire tries to follow what's going on.

JAMIE

A position he was entitled to, and has held now for more than twenty years.

JENNY

Ye're defending the old buzzard now? Father must be birling in his grave!

MURTAGH

Perhaps I should go round up the rest of these men...

IAN

Most of them will be in from the fields by now. I'll go with ye.

The two men hurry off, glad to get away from this brewing Fraser storm. Claire remains.

CLAIRE

Who is Lord Lovat?

JAMIE/JENNY

Our grandsire.

This is not what Claire expected to hear.

JENNY

Whom we've laid eyes on but once in our lives, when he came to visit just after our mother died. Father threw him out before he could cross the threshold.

CLAIRE

I take it there's a story there...

Jenny looks pointedly at Jamie -- is he going to tell her, or should she?

JAMIE

(tight)

Lord Lovat tried to have my mother kidnapped and taken to the Monach Isles in order to prevent my father from marrying her.

(by way of explanation)

There was some bad blood between Lord Lovat and the MacKenzies.

Jenny snorts at the understatement.

CLAIRE

A situation I assume Prince Charles is unaware of...?

JENNY

(to Jamie)

'Tis not only degrading for ye to crawl to that man and ask him for help, 'tis a fool's errand. The Old Fox does nothing that's not in his best interests, and never without a price.

JAMIE

(pissed)

What would be foolish, Janet, would be to let pride stand in the way of doing whatever I can to save Lallybroch and Scotland and everything we hold dear.

(to Claire)

We leave for Beaufort Castle first thing tomorrow.

He strides out, leaving Claire and Jenny to look after him.

INT. LALLYBROCH - JAMIE & CLAIRE'S ROOM - LATER

Claire enters quietly to find Jamie, still pissed, pulling off his clothes in preparation for bed. He struggles with his cuffs and Claire comes to him, taking his arm, helping.

CLAIRE

(carefully)

Why is it so important that we get men and aid from Lord Lovat? Surely there are other clans and lairds with no messy family relations.

JAMIE

Winning the war is our last chance to save the Highland clans. The Prince has dispatched me to get men and aid from my grandfather. I must have The Prince's confidence if I am to influence how he proceeds with the rebellion.

CLAIRE

(getting it)

And you believe it would shake his faith in you if you fail to deliver on his first order.

JAMIE

I know it will.

CLAIRE

I wish I had paid more attention to Frank when he talked about the decisions that led to Culloden...

A long beat, then he looks at her, very troubled, needing reassurance.

JAMIE

Are we fools, Claire? After all we did in Paris, without success, to believe we can change the future now?

CLAIRE

What's the alternative? If we run, if we don't try, we know what the British will do.

(MORE)

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

We know what will happen to Jenny and Ian and their children. To all of the clans. They'll be driven out, or killed.

JAMIE

I know that. But do ye think we can actually change it, if we join Prince Charles and try to win?

CLAIRE

Yes. I believe that between now and April sixteenth, anything can happen.

Her certainty is a comfort to him.

JAMIE

Then we go to Beaufort Castle.

She looks at him.

CLAIRE

There's something else. What is it?

A long beat, then --

JAMIE

I havena been completely honest with ye about my family, Sassenach.

CLAIRE

What do you mean?

JAMIE

My father... was a bastard. Acknowledged by his father, Lord Lovat, but a bastard nonetheless.

CLAIRE

And... who is your grandmother?

JAMIE

Lord Lovat's kitchen maid. She raised my father at Beaufort Castle. I'm sorry Claire. I should've told ye before we wed. It was cowardly of me.

She smiles, puts her arms around him.

CLAIRE

Jamie, you must know your father's
(MORE)

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
parentage makes no difference to
me.

JAMIE
Well, it should.

She kisses him.

CLAIRE
Well, it doesn't.

She lifts his shirt over his head, rests her hands on his
chest. Then she turns her back to him.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Now, help me with these laces, and
then come to bed.

As he does as she asks...

INT. LALLYBROCH - JAMIE & CLAIRE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Claire sleeps. A BABY'S FUSSING, then SOFT VOICES (Jamie and
Jenny), pull her into consciousness. She rolls over to find
the other side of the bed empty, sheets ruffled, covers
thrown back. She waits, hearing a DOOR CLOSE, then FOOTSTEPS
on the stairs. Then quiet. After a moment longer, she gets
out of bed, finds her robe. As she moves toward the door --

INT. LALLYBROCH - PARLOR - NIGHT

CLOSE ON Jamie, barefoot and wearing only his nightshirt,
sits on the couch near the fireplace, feet on the hassock,
his legs raised, forming a backrest for BABY KATHERINE. She
looks at her uncle with dark, attentive eyes. He gently
strokes her cheek with his fingertip and speaks to her in
Gaelic. His voice is low and thick with emotion.

JAMIE
(in Gaelic)
... have a role to play. Yer
role, wee lass, is to grow
strong and happy. Ne'er
forget...

JAMIE
(in Gaelic)
... tha obair agad. 's e an
obair sin, a chaileag, gum
fàs u làidir agas sona. Na
dìochuimhnich...

As he continues UNDER, WE FIND --

INT. LALLYBROCH - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Claire at the bannister, looking over. The sight of Jamie
and Baby Katherine squeezes her heart and makes her pause.

JENNY (O.C.)
The bairn couldna sleep --

Startled, Claire turns to find Jenny standing next to her. Jenny speaks softly, so not to intrude on Jamie and the baby.

JENNY
-- and neither could Jamie. He thought perhaps they could keep each other company for a bit, while Ian and I slept.
(beat)
And he wanted to get back on my good side.

CLAIRE
Did it work?

Jenny looks down at Jamie and the baby and suppresses an affectionate smile.

JENNY
It's a start.

JAMIE
(in Gaelic)
... yer family is all around ye, all the time, even when ye canna see us. Yer grandsire and grandmother, Uncle Willie, me, Aunt Claire. We're in the wood and the stone, and the sounds and smells of this place...

JAMIE
(in Gaelic)
... gu bheil do theaghlach timcheall ort, fad na tìde, fiù 's nach bith sinn ri fhaicinn. Do sheanar 's do sheanmhair, mo bhràthair Uilleam, mi fhéin, Sorcha. Tha sinn san fhiodh, sa chloich agas ann an gach fuaim 's fàileadh an àite seo...

JENNY
You can talk to a wee one in a way you canna anyone else. You can pour out your heart to them wi'out choosing your words, or keeping anything back at all -- and that's a comfort to the soul.
(beat)
It's the way we talk to them before they're born. You'll know?

Claire places her hands gently over her belly, remembering.

CLAIRE
Yes, I know.

JENNY

A man must wait until the child is born. Then they hold their bairn, and feel all the things that might be, and all the things that might never be. And weep not knowing which ones will come to pass.

OMITTED

EXT. LALLYBROCH - DAY

Jamie and Claire prepare to leave. Their horses are saddled and loaded. MRS. CROOK scoots from the house with a last bundle of food to put in one of the packs on the horses, passing Murtagh, who stands on the steps, keeping his distance from the emotional farewells between Ian, Jenny, Jamie and Claire. WE LAND ON Claire and Ian as they share an embrace.

CLAIRE

Take care of your Fraser.

IAN

Aye, and you yours.

ANGLE ON JAMIE AND JENNY

Jenny loops a BEECHWOOD ROSARY around Jamie's neck.

JENNY

Take this. It brought Ian back to me from France.

Jamie is moved. He tries to lighten the mood.

JAMIE

(playful, re: rosary)
Ye gave Ian a token when we went to France, and no' me? And him not even yer betrothed at the time...

JENNY

(poking back)
Dinna make me regret giving it to ye now.

Then her eyes fill with tears and she throws her arms around her brother.

JENNY (CONT'D)
 If ye dinna come back, brother, I
 will ne'er forgive ye.

JAMIE
 Never is a verra long time.

Jenny looks at him as though she will never see him again.

JENNY
 I know.

She dashes the tears from her cheeks.

MURTAGH (O.C.)
 And jes where do ye think ye're
 going?

They all look to see FERGUS, riding a mule, his worldly
 possessions rolled in a blanket strapped to his back.

FERGUS
 (obviously)
 With Milord.

IAN
 Ye're too young to fight, laddie.
 Ye'll bide here with us.

JENNY
 Ye can help Rabbie in the stables
 until Milord returns.

Fergus looks stricken. He turns to Jamie and Claire.

FERGUS
 But I belong with you. Is that not
 what you told me, Milady? That I
 would always have a home with you?

CLAIRE
 Yes, of course, but sometimes --

JAMIE
 He's right. His place is no' here
 without us, nor in France on his
 own.

Claire throws him a distressed look.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
 (to Murtagh)
 Will ye bring the lad with ye when
 ye come with the men?

MURTAGH

Aye. If I havena killed him first.

Jamie moves to Fergus, brushing past Claire as he goes.

JAMIE

(quietly to Claire)

Dinna fash, Claire, we'll keep him
well away from the battle.

Now Jamie bends down to Fergus.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

(re: Murtagh)

The outcome is in yer hands,
laddie. A good soldier must learn
to obey his commanding officer, as
well as his general.

Fergus nods, then Jamie swings into his saddle. Claire gives
Jenny a last hug.

JENNY

Take care of each other. And watch
out for my grandsire.

CLAIRE

I shall do both. Goodbye, Jenny.

As they ride out, Claire looks back, wanting to commit to
memory the place as yet untouched by war.

EXT. HIGHLANDS - DAY

As Claire and Jamie ride toward Beaufort Castle...

CLAIRE (V.O.)

*During our ride to Beaufort Castle,
Jamie filled me in on what he knew
of his grandfather. Over the last
fifty years, Lord Simon Fraser of
Lovat had been alternately loyal to
both the exiled King James and the
monarchs sitting on the British
throne. His personal life was
equally infamous -- Aside from
numerous extramarital dalliances,
Lord Lovat had had three wives, the
first acquired through rape, and
the last by trickery.*

OMITTED

EXT. BEAUFORT CASTLE - DAY

An imposing structure, on the order of Castle Leoch, though a bit smaller. Wide-mouth gun-holes gape at intervals along the base of the outer walls, and the keep boasts a stable opening onto the courtyard. Two SENTRIES, armed with axes, stand at either side of the open gate. They throw curious glances at Claire and Jamie as they approach, but don't move to stop them. Jamie nods slightly to one, who nods back.

INT. BEAUFORT CASTLE - GREAT ROOM - DAY

A SERVANT shows Claire and Jamie into the large, shadowy, worn-but-still-elegant (by Highland standards) room.

SERVANT

Lord Lovat will be with you shortly.

And he exits. Claire fusses with her unruly hair, which has bits of twigs and leaves caught in it. Jamie paces, uneasy.

CLAIRE

I wish we'd had a chance to freshen up a bit before meeting your grandfather.

JAMIE

Ye look bonny, Sassenach. Except ye do have a few teasel heads in yer hair...

As he reaches over to help her remove them --

MAN (O.C.)

Leave them. They suit her.

Claire and Jamie look up, startled as the speaker moves out of the shadows near the window. It's COLUM MACKENZIE! And the wholly unexpected sight of him in this place knocks Claire and Jamie back on their heels.

JAMIE

Colum.

COLUM

I saw ye enter the courtyard from the window.

JAMIE

What're ye doin' here?

COLUM

I arrived just this morning myself.
I'm here to discuss a response to
the rebellion with Lord Lovat, as I
assume you are. War makes for
strange bed fellows.

He's reached Claire and takes her hand, which she allows,
still dumbfounded.

COLUM (CONT'D)

I'm pleased to see ye're well.

Finally over her surprise, Claire extricates her hand.

CLAIRE

I hope you'll excuse me if I find
that difficult to believe.

He looks at her, puzzled.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

The witch trial?

COLUM

You seem to be implying I had
something to do with yer
involvement in that. It is my
impression you were simply in the
wrong place at the wrong time.

Claire tries to hold her temper in check, knowing Colum is
not one to be trifled with, but it's not easy.

CLAIRE

Indeed, I was. Thanks to a message
sent by Laoghaire, your kitchen
maid, who somehow knew just when
and where the arrest was happening.

A dark cloud of anger crosses Colum's features.

COLUM

A gross overstepping of her place,
for which I had her beaten. I
would have thrown her out of Leoch,
but her grandmother, Mrs. Fitz,
persuaded me she would keep the
girl in check. Now I see no need
to labor this subject further.

Claire throws Jamie a look, but he's focused on Colum,
trying to figure out his game.

JAMIE

Is Dougal with ye?

Another dark cloud crosses Colum's features, this one tinged with disappointment.

COLUM

No. It became clear it was best for the clan for my brother to remain at his own estate. Best for him, too.

Jamie studies Colum, trying to figure out what he's up to. Claire, as is her way, goes straight at it.

CLAIRE

But surely it will be Dougal leading Clan MacKenzie in fighting for King James?

COLUM

I'd forgotten what a curious mind ye have, lass.

The door opens as Claire speaks, and a large man in his 70s, in an open shirt and marginally-clean breeks, enters. This is Jamie's grandfather, LORD LOVAT.

LORD LOVAT

So the rumors are true: The grandson of Lord Simon Fraser of Lovat has bound himself to a Sassenach.

When he speaks, he exposes stained, neglected teeth.

CLAIRE

(aside to Jamie)

Why must all of your relatives be such bloody Scots?

She composes her face into a smile as he approaches, giving them both a bald once-over.

LORD LOVAT

But I suppose ye are yer father's son, after all. Foolish to expect the boy to have more sense choosing a wife than did the bastard who made him.

Colum says nothing -- he never approved of the marriage between Ellen and Brian, either.

Making the calculation that this man will respond more favorably to strength than deference, Jamie smiles at Lord Lovat, and responds in kind.

JAMIE
(congenial)
At least I had no need to take a
wife by rape or trickery.

The calculation pays off: Lord Lovat stares at his grandson for a moment, then emits a sharp BARK of laughter.

LORD LOVAT
No' as serious as yer father.
That's good. Good.

He puts his arm around Jamie, who stiffens slightly, then moves him toward Colum, leaving Claire the odd man out.

LORD LOVAT (CONT'D)
Enough wasted breath on women.
(to Claire, dismissive)
Leave us.
(to Colum and Jamie)
It's time to talk politics with my
grandson and my rival.

Claire is momentarily affronted by his dismissal, but after exchanging a look with Jamie, decides to keep her mouth shut. She exits with as much dignity as she can muster.

EXT. BEAUFORT CASTLE - WALKWAY - NIGHT

Claire, her cloak wrapped tight around her, has stepped out for some air while waiting for Jamie to return. She stands at the railing, looking out at the courtyard, lost in thought.

LAOGHAIRE (O.C.)
Mistress Fraser!

Claire turns at the sound of the voice, and is shocked to see LAOGHAIRE approaching her.

LAOGHAIRE
I've been looking for ye since I
heard you were here.

Claire takes a step back, as if she's seeing an apparition.

CLAIRE
Laoghaire --

LAOGHAIRE

Did his Lairdship not tell ye I was with him?

CLAIRE

No.

LAOGHAIRE

My grandmother sent me along to wash his laundry and help out where I'm needed. I wanted to find you, though, because --

She drops to her knees in front of Claire.

LAOGHAIRE (CONT'D)

I need to tell you that I am changed, and I am sorry beyond measure for the horrible wrong I did ye. My grandmother has made me see I canna be right with God until I make amends for the pain my evil actions have caused. I believe it is God brought us together here so I could do so.

CLAIRE

God.

She shakes her head and circles Laoghaire.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

How often I've thought about this moment. Imagined what I would do if I ever saw you again.

Laoghaire puts her head down, ready for the blow.

LAOGHAIRE

Ye can do with me as ye wish, Mistress. It's nothing more than I deserve.

CLAIRE

I fantasized all manner of violent acts I would subject you to. All of them ending with lighting the pyre beneath your feet and dancing on your ashes as you promised to dance on mine.

Laoghaire closes her eyes, preparing for the blow. Claire hesitates, realizing --

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Crainesmuir is... a lifetime ago.

She crouches down in front of the girl, so they are on eye level now. She's discovering her feelings herself, even as she shares them with Laoghaire.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
I don't hate you. I feel sorry for you. What dark places you've inhabited in hopes of getting something you will never have.
(standing again)
As for getting right with God, you'll have to find some other way. I can't help you.

And she brushes past Laoghaire, leaving her on her knees, frustrated and distressed.

OMITTED

INT. BEAUFORT CASTLE - CLAIRE & JAMIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Jamie cleans up for dinner. Claire has just told him about her encounter with Laoghaire. She's in good spirits. Jamie listens, but is distracted.

CLAIRE
Maybe God did bring us together. I feel... lighter.

JAMIE
You're a better man than I Sassenach. I wouldna give that brazen besom the time of day.

CLAIRE
Perhaps.
(lets it go for now)
Will I be joining you at dinner tonight?

JAMIE
Oh, Aye. My grandsire is no' opposed to a bit of decoration at the table, as long as those decorations dinna speak.

Claire looks at him, affronted, saying nothing in the moment. He smiles.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
 (re: her silence)
 Aye. Like that. Come along now.

And he exits, leaving her to follow him.

INT. BEAUFORT CASTLE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

FIFTEEN FRASER TACKSMEN [SLIGHTLY HIGHER CLASS THAN A TENANT], Lord Lovat's nineteen-year-old son, YOUNG SIMON, Claire [the only woman at the table], Jamie, Colum and Lord Lovat sit at a large table laden with the remnants of FOOD AND DRINK. TWO MACKENZIE ATTENDANTS stand a few paces behind Colum. Any resemblance between Young Simon and his father stops at the surface. Lord Lovat is all gnarled bluster and threat. Young Simon is soft, uncomfortable. Reserved to the point of timidity.

Laoghaire helps serve the dinner, paying particular attention to Colum. Laoghaire avoids looking at Claire, but her eyes keep drifting toward Jamie, not quite as changed as she assured Claire she was. He ignores her completely, but Claire clocks it all. She also registers how Young Simon watches Laoghaire with obvious interest.

Jamie is in the MIDST OF ADDRESSING THE ASSEMBLED GROUP. Colum listens intently. Lord Lovat listens, but is distracted by his son's attention to Laoghaire.

JAMIE
 ... Every man in this room knows
 that to most British, all
 Highlanders, no matter their
 allegiance, are the same -- savage
 dogs better put down than let live.
 And after three uprisings, they
 will be motivated to put us down
 for good. To save our clans, our
 country, our way of life, we must
 band together behind our true King,
 King James, fight and win.

The men around the table are inspired by Jamie's speech, but reluctant to be too enthusiastic until Lord Lovat indicates how he feels. But Lord Lovat is distracted, his attention is fixed on his son, whose attention is fixed on Laoghaire.

COLUM
 We are lucky to have such a close
 confidante of his son, The Prince,
 among us. Isn't that so, Lovat?
 Someone to give us an inside view
 of this holy rebellion.

The mention of his name pulls Lovat's attention for a moment.

LORD LOVAT

Aye, though I dinna know how holy it is.

COLUM

Can ye tell us, nephew, how much support the French have agreed to give?

His tone is innocent, but it's a loaded question and he knows it. Jamie tries to put a positive spin on this...

JAMIE

They've already supported us by tying down the British Army in Flanders, depleting the forces they have here at home. The Prince is certain they will want to press their advantage by sending men and artillery to support the Jacobites.

COLUM

(concerned)

So they've not yet committed to Prince Charles.

LORD LOVAT

Always an unreliable ally, the French.

MURMURS of concern move around the table. Jamie tries to reassure them --

JAMIE

We will welcome the French support when it comes, but we dinna need it. The Jacobite army is already nearly 1000 men strong at Crieff. A thousand Highlanders! Think of it! MacDonalds and Camerons and Stewarts and Grants -- with more joining everyday. While the majority of the British troops are still on the continent, licking their wounds.

This gets a positive response from the TACKSMEN -- even Lord Lovat is nodding, much to Colum's displeasure, and Laoghaire is rapt, watching Jamie. Young Simon clocks this and impulsively stands up, full of rebel spirit.

YOUNG SIMON

I have heard the British have offered thirty-thousand pounds for the capture of Prince Charles!

The room goes quiet and everyone looks at him, including Lord Lovat, who turns to his son, his expression dark.

LORD LOVAT

Meaning what?

YOUNG SIMON

(flustered)

Meaning... the British see Prince Charles as... a real threat.

JAMIE

Will ye stand with us then, cousin?

LORD LOVAT

(leaning in)

Or, maybe the British know -- as the rest of us do -- how many cullions there are among the Campbells and the Camerons. Men who'd sell their own grandmothers for half that amount.

Simon is caught between Jamie and his father.

YOUNG SIMON

Well, I...

Laoghaire looks down, embarrassed for him, which only makes him more flustered.

LORD LOVAT

For thirty thousand pounds, the British could end this rebellion before it even gets started. A fair sight less than it would cost them to wage a war.

Colum nods in agreement.

YOUNG SIMON

I... hadn't considered that...

SNIGGERS and THROAT CLEARING around the table. Claire and Jamie exchange a look.

LORD LOVAT

(disgusted)

Then sit down, ye mealy-mouthed wee smout! And dinna speak again until ye have "considered" what ye're about to say.

Humiliated, Young Simon sits. Laoghaire passes behind Lord Lovat. Quick as a snake, Lovat's hand darts out and grabs Laoghaire by the wrist, pulling her close to him. He looks at his son, challenging, as he speaks to her.

LORD LOVAT (CONT'D)

Bring us more wine, my lovely. And a glass of milk for my boy.

(to Jamie and the group,
annoyed)

Enough war talk for tonight!

He lets his hand slip to Laoghaire's ass and gives it a pat. Young Simon, his face even redder, quickly looks away. As he sinks into his chair, angry and frustrated --

EXT. BEAUFORT CASTLE - NIGHT

Claire and Jamie cross the courtyard, post dinner, heading for the stairs to their room. There aren't many people around, but they keep their voices low nonetheless.

CLAIRE

It was my distinct impression that Colum was trying to use you to convince Lord Lovat to stay out of the rebellion.

JAMIE

Aye. If both the MacKenzies of Leoch and the Frasers of Lovat stay out, the smaller clans might follow and the rebellion will collapse.

CLAIRE

Why doesn't Colum just speak to him directly?

JAMIE

Because my grandsire doesna trust my uncle. Using me is a much more effective strategy.

(MORE)

JAMIE (CONT'D)

(beat)

I need to talk to Lord Lovat on my own, without Colum leading me down the garden path to make his arguments for him.

They have arrived at the door to their room, and enter.

INT. BEAUFORT CASTLE - CLAIRE & JAMIE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Claire and Jamie enter, stripping off the most uncomfortable bits of clothing -- shoes, neck cloth, etc... and drop into chairs.

JAMIE

It's too bad Young Simon is such a spineless craitur. I believe he could influence his father's decision if he took a strong stand for our side.

CLAIRE

(surprised)

The man has nothing but contempt for that poor boy.

JAMIE

He's just trying to toughen him up. Make him a viable successor to lead Clan Fraser of Lovat. Ye must have a thick hide and a strong stomach for conflict to be clan chief.

CLAIRE

Public shaming as life lesson. Perhaps Lord Lovat should write a book on how to be an excellent father.

JAMIE

(shrugging)

My father used it to good effect. It was a verra humbling experience to have to bend over the gate and get my arse skelped when I did something wrong. My father explained to me later that this way the tenants would know I understood justice -- at least from the receiving end.

CLAIRE

And just what do you think Young
Simon took away from tonight's
little display?

Jamie shakes his head, conceding it's not quite the same.

JAMIE

That maybe he doesn't want to be the
next Lord Lovat...

Jamie's mind turns back to the puzzle at hand.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

My grandsire had the perfect
opportunity to say no to us
tonight, and he didn't. Perhaps
Jenny's right. He wants something
in exchange.

INT. BEAUFORT CASTLE - CORRIDOR - DAY

Claire, dressed to go outside and carrying her empty BASKET, moves down the corridor, passing the closed doors to the great room, when one is JERKED open and Lord Lovat, enraged, SHOVES a frail old woman, MAISRI, into the corridor. Maisri wears a loose robe and her hair, black with streaks of gray, is loose around her shoulders. There is an otherworldly quality about her. She falls to the floor with a GROAN. Lovat does not see Claire.

LORD LOVAT

(to Maisri)

Ye're keeping something from me, ye
auld hag, and I'll no' have it!

He goes back into the great room and SLAMS the door. Claire moves to Maisri, who is slowly picking herself up.

CLAIRE

Let me help you.

Maisri looks up at Claire, her eyes filled with fear and foreboding. It makes Claire want to take a step back. Instead, she extends her hand. Maisri takes it, her bony fingers wrapping around Claire's arm.

MAISRI

Thank ye, Mistress.

CLAIRE

I'm Claire. The wife of Lord
Lovat's grandson.

MAISRI

Maisri. Lord Lovat's Seer.

Then, with a last look at the great room door, she hurries silently down the corridor, Claire watching her go.

INT. BEAUFORT CASTLE - LOVAT'S STUDY - DAY

A smaller room, more cave-like. Lovat's private space. Jamie watches as Lord Lovat stalks around the room, still agitated by his interaction with Maisri.

LORD LOVAT

The auld hag believes keeping secrets will assure her place here. It'll assure her head on a pike, that's what it'll do.

Jamie waits, patient, for the old man to reveal himself. Lord Lovat considers him, then --

LORD LOVAT (CONT'D)

I'll wager yer father painted a black portrait of my character.

JAMIE

He said verra little about ye.

Lord Lovat considers this, then --

LORD LOVAT

He chose that MacKenzie whore --

JAMIE

-- I'll ask ye to keep a civil tongue when ye speak of my mother --

LORD LOVAT

(ignoring him)
-- over me, his father. Twice. First when I told him not to marry her --

JAMIE

-- And yer kidnapping attempt failed --

Lord Lovat brushes his hand through the air, dismissing this as unimportant.

LORD LOVAT

The second time, she was dead and buried. I was willing to forgive him.

(MORE)

LORD LOVAT (CONT'D)
 Make him my successor, despite the
 fact that he was a bastard... And he
 chose her memory, and that place --

JAMIE
 -- Lallybroch --

LORD LOVAT
 -- over me.

This wound is not healed, his bitterness palpable. He turns
 to Jamie, his eyes narrowing, switching gears to keep his
 opponent off balance.

LORD LOVAT (CONT'D)
 Is it true?

JAMIE
 What?

LORD LOVAT
 That ye've no' pledged yer fealty
 to Colum MacKenzie.

JAMIE
 (getting it)
 That's what ye're after, is it? My
 fealty to you, in exchange for
 sending aid to Prince Charles?

LORD LOVAT
 To be honest, I'm more interested
 in what goes with it.

Jamie, momentarily confused, then --

JAMIE
 And what need have ye of
 Lallybroch? The tenants' rents
 would barely be noticed in a place
 such as this.

LORD LOVAT
 What I do with that damnable place
 would no' be your concern.
 (beat, hard)
 I am yer grandsire, and head of yer
 clan after all. I demand my
 rightful due.

JAMIE
 If I wouldna pledge my oath to
 Colum, who I know to be kin, what
 kind of fool would I be to pledge
 (MORE)

JAMIE (CONT'D)
 it to some auld twister who may or
 may not share my blood.

Lord Lovat's face clouds over with outrage.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
 You made free with yer housemaids.
 Perhaps others did too...

Now Lovat's mouth falls open and he SHOUTS WITH LAUGHTER. He
 laughs so hard, he begins to WHEEZE and COUGH.

LORD LOVAT
 Oh, Christ, laddie.

Lord Lovat pulls the stopper out of a BOTTLE OF WHISKY and
 drinks directly from the bottle. Finally catching his
 breath --

LORD LOVAT (CONT'D)
 Implying yer grandmother's a whore
 to keep what you want? Oh, ye're
 my kin, all right. Would that my
 own son had half yer mettle...

Jamie reddens with anger and shame but holds his ground.

JAMIE
 I will give ye the same pledge I
 gave Colum: My help and good will,
 and my obedience to yer word, so
 long as my feet rest on Lovat soil.

LORD LOVAT
 Did ye no' hear me? It's yer
 father's precious estate I want.

He leans in, looking at Jamie with cold eyes glistening.

LORD LOVAT (CONT'D)
 How about this: Lallybroch for your
 wife's honor.

Jamie shakes his head in disgust and disbelief.

JAMIE
 Go ahead, and when she's done wi'
 ye, I'll send in yer maid to sweep
 up the pieces of ye that're left.

LORD LOVAT
 Not I, lad. Though I've taken my
 pleasure with worse -- your
 grandmother comes to mind -- but
 (MORE)

LORD LOVAT (CONT'D)
 there are many men at Beaufort
 Castle who'd be of a mind to put
 your Sassenach wench to the only
 use she's good for. Ye canna guard
 her night and day.

Beat, then --

JAMIE
 Oh, I think I needna worry,
 Grandsire. For my wife's a rare
 woman. A wisewoman, ye ken. A
 White Lady.

Lord Lovat's eyes widen with alarm.

LORD LOVAT
 The Sassenach?

JAMIE
 Oh, aye. 'Tis true. The man that
 takes her in unholy embrace will
 have his privates blasted like a
 frostbitten apple, and his soul
 will burn forever in hell.

He snatches the BOTTLE OF WHISKY off the table and tosses it
 into the fire.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
 Like that.

As the FLAMES LEAP in response to the alcohol, he turns and
 strides out.

OMITTED

INT. BEAUFORT CASTLE - CLAIRE & JAMIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Jamie paces, having just told Claire about his encounter
 with Lord Lovat.

JAMIE
 My grandsire has great respect for
 the supernatural, if he has none
 for anything else -- but ye should
 still take care in the next few
 days when ye are no' with me.

CLAIRE

He didn't seem frightened of that poor woman he tossed into the corridor.

JAMIE

Maisri's but a Seer, not a practitioner of the magical arts, like my wife.

Claire rolls her eyes.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

She knew something she wasna telling him.

CLAIRE

Your grandfather really is a right pig, isn't he?

JAMIE

A right pig who may soon own my ancestral home.

CLAIRE

Jamie, you can't seriously be considering giving him what he wants.

JAMIE

I dinna see I have much choice, Sassenach. The Prince will hardly put much stock in my opinions about war and managing men if I wasna even able to persuade my own grandsire to support our cause.

Jamie paces, running his hands through his hair.

CLAIRE

What about Young Simon? What if we could get him to stand up to his father? Declare his support for the rebellion?

JAMIE

Then my grandsire might send his men -- if only to protect his heir. But after that scene in the dining room last night?

(shaking his head)

It would take more than the day or two we have to give that boy the confidence to truly defy his father.

CLAIRE
 (an idea forming)
 Perhaps it depends on what you use
 to boost his confidence...

But Jamie is back on his own track, making his own plan. OFF
 this --

EXT. BEAUFORT CASTLE - COURTYARD LAUNDRY AREA - DAY

Laoghaire is hanging out the laundry, her arms and heart heavy. She picks up a man's shirt, pins it up, then looks at it and presses her face into it.

CLAIRE (O.C.)
 Is that Jamie's shirt?

Laoghaire snaps around, sees Claire standing nearby and takes a step back.

LAOGHAIRE
 I've done nothing to it.

CLAIRE
 I didn't mean to imply you had.

Tears of frustration and anger well up in Laoghaire's eyes.

LAOGHAIRE
 I have changed, ye ken. I have
 repented and asked God's
 forgiveness, and it was working. I
 thought He brought ye both here to
 help me. But it was to test me!
 (stricken)
 In the great hall... Jamie didna
 even see me. 'Twas like I didna
 exist...
 (beat)
 Leave me, please! If ye willna avenge
 yerself, you must go and leave me be!

She grabs another piece of laundry, jabbing the pins into it to keep it on the clothes line. Claire is surprised by Laoghaire's distress, which is clearly genuine if misguided, and she softens slightly.

CLAIRE
 I think perhaps I could... find my
 way clear to forgive you...

Laoghaire looks up, wary.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

But Jamie...

Laoghaire looks down again, eyes filling with tears of frustration as she reaches for another wet garment.

LAOGHAIRE

(under her breath)

"Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee. Blessed art thou --"

CLAIRE

(not unkind)

Jamie will never love you, Laoghaire. But, there might be a way to earn his forgiveness. To make him think of you without rancor.

Laoghaire stops praying and looks at Claire, suspicious.

LAOGHAIRE

And why would ye want him to do that?

CLAIRE

We need Lord Lovat to provide men and weapons to fight for Prince Charles. We believe he might do this if Young Simon stands up to him and takes Jamie's side.

LAOGHAIRE

And what has that to do wi' me?

CLAIRE

Young Simon is infatuated with you. You could use that to help persuade him.

LAOGHAIRE

Oh, no. I'll no' sink further into the pit of depravity. I'll no' give up my maidenhead for you.

CLAIRE

(exasperated)

No one is suggesting you give up anything, and it's not for me, it's for Jamie. Not to mention Scotland and the very existence of your people.

Laoghaire looks at her, waiting.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

A woman does have more to offer a man than her body, you know. When a man is in love, he craves his lover's approval. He wishes to please her. To be heroic in her eyes.

A beat, then --

LAOGHAIRE

And... if I do whatever it is ye have in mind, you will speak to Jamie on my behalf?

CLAIRE

Yes.

As Laoghaire considers this and Claire waits --

INT. BEAUFORT CASTLE - GREAT ROOM - DAY

A BOTTLE OF WHISKY and TWO GLASSES sit at the end of the table near the fire. Jamie sits next to the table, but Colum is on his feet. It is painful, but he's too agitated to sit.

COLUM

What is this sickness that plagues you and my brother? It's far more crippling than what afflicts me.

JAMIE

(frustrated)

I canna speak for Dougal, and I canna explain how I know but, I do. Ye must believe me. The only chance of survival for us is to fight and win, and we must have men and weapons to do so. Neutrality will be seen as a treasonous lack of support by whichever side wins!

COLUM

Ye "know"? Ye jest "know"? Ye sound like a madman.

(beat)

History guides my course in this matter. History, not wild beliefs and wishful thinking. The other two risings failed because there was no outside support. That support doesn't exist now, either. If we don't send men to fight, the

(MORE)

COLUM (CONT'D)

rebellion will melt away like snow off a dyke, and we will be left alone, as we were in the past. If the vengeful prize of Lallybroch wasn't dangling in front of his eyes, Lord Lovat would see that, too. He would agree to neutrality.

(beat, a final plea)

Ye were always headstrong, Jamie, but never reckless with the lives of others. For yer sake and the sake of all ye hold dear, dinna make this bargain with that man. Will ye promise me that?

JAMIE

I promise ye, uncle, that I will do what I must to save those things you and I hold dear.

EXT. BEAUFORT CASTLE - GARDENS - DAY

Claire walks along with her arm firmly through that of Young Simon. He's flustered by such close proximity to a woman.

CLAIRE

It was so kind of you to volunteer to show me the chapel, Master Lovat.

YOUNG SIMON

I... believe it was your idea --

CLAIRE

The grounds are so peaceful. Will you change much when you're Laird?

YOUNG SIMON

(guilty)

I've not given it much thought. My father is still a vigorous man...

(attempt at a joke)

Some have speculated he is immortal...

(embarrassed)

And, as ye may have noticed, he doesna have much... respect for me.

CLAIRE

(conspiratorial)

My husband tells me his father sometimes exposed him to public scorn to make him a better leader

(MORE)

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
of men. Apparently fathers often
do this because they want their
sons to fight back.

Young Simon reacts to this foreign notion. They have entered
a copse just outside a small chapel. Laoghaire collects
MUSHROOMS near a fallen log. She looks up, as if startled to
see them. Young Simon freezes, unprepared for this
encounter.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Oh, Laoghaire, I hope we haven't
disturbed you.

Laoghaire feigns surprise.

LAOGHAIRE
Oh, no, Milady. I was just
collecting some mushrooms for the
cook.

Claire pats Young Simon's arm.

CLAIRE
I would like a few private moments
in the chapel. Do you mind waiting
here?

YOUNG SIMON
Oh... well... if Mistress Laoghaire
wouldn't prefer her solitude...

Claire shoots Laoghaire a look that says "encourage him!"
Laoghaire smiles brightly.

LAOGHAIRE
Oh, no, I'd welcome the company.

Young Simon can hardly believe this is happening. Laoghaire
was a little less terrifying when she was more reserved. As
Claire moves off, willing herself not to look back, there's
a long, awkward silence between Laoghaire and Young Simon.
He doesn't know what to say.

LAOGHAIRE (CONT'D)
It's a beautiful/dreicht day.

YOUNG SIMON
Aye.

Another pause.

LAOGHAIRE
Do ye like mushrooms?

YOUNG SIMON

Not much, no.

Another pause, then, he makes a bold move.

YOUNG SIMON (CONT'D)

I like poetry.

LAOGHAIRE

So do I.

Determining "the coast is clear," Young Simon strikes a pose, and begins to declaim from memory Allan Ramsay's "Lochaber No More" --

YOUNG SIMON

(reciting)

"Though Hurricanes rise, and rise
every wind,
They'll ne'er make a tempest like
that in my mind;
Though loudest of thunder on louder
waves roar,
That's naething like leaving my
love on the shore."

As he continues UNDER [see APPENDIX], Laoghaire holding a smile on her face...

INT. BEAUFORT CASTLE - CHAPEL - DAY

It's dark inside, Claire sits on a bench at the back, waiting, trying to determine how much time she should let pass before rejoining Laoghaire and Young Simon. The side door OPENS, admitting Maisri! Unaware of Claire, she goes to the CANDLES and lights one from the FIREPOT at her waist. Claire stands.

CLAIRE

Maisri?

The woman STARTS violently, then moves quickly for the door.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Wait! Please. It's me, Claire
Fraser.

Maisri stops.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

We met in the corridor.

Maisri looks at her, hesitating, considering. She rarely has someone to talk to, and longs for the opportunity.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

It's all right. I won't hurt you.

A beat. Maisri's desire for company outweighs her wariness.

MAISRI

Lord Lovat's tenants dinna like someone like me in the house o' God.

CLAIRE

Why do you come here, then?

MAISRI

This is the only place where my mind goes quiet. I dinna know why.

(beat)

They say you are a White Lady.

CLAIRE

Yes, they do say that.

MAISRI

What brings ye into a church, then?

CLAIRE

(smiles)

It's cold outside.

(beat)

I'm glad to see you're all right. After Lord Lovat was so rough with you the other day.

Maisri tries to calculate just how far she can trust Claire.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

It's all right. We are fellow practitioners, after all.

Maisri decides to further lower her guard.

MAISRI

His Lordship is not an easy master. He asks what I see, and beats me when I tell him things that displease him.

CLAIRE

What you see... does it always come to pass?

MAISRI

Mostly, aye. Although, sometimes, an action can change things.

(beat)

When I still lived in the village, I saw Lachlan Gibbons' daughter's man wrapped in seaweed, and the eels stirring beneath his shirt. I told Lachlan what I'd seen, and he went straightaway and stove a hole in the boy's boat.

She LAUGHS, remembering. A strange sound, coming from her.

MAISRI (CONT'D)

Lord there was a stramash, a right do! But when the great storm came the next week, three men were drowned, and that boy was safe at home, still mending his boat. And when I saw him next, his shirt hung dry on him, and the seaweed was gone from his hair.

Claire takes this in, the idea giving her hope.

CLAIRE

Can you tell me what you saw, just before Lord Lovat threw you out?

Maisri hesitates.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I promise you, I won't tell him you told me.

MAISRI

He was standing there before the fire in his study, but it was daylight. A man stood behind him, still as a tree, his face covered in black. And across his lordship's face, there fell the shadow of an axe.

CLAIRE

If you told him, could he not change his behavior? Perhaps change the outcome?

MAISRI

Aye. Or he might just kill the messenger.

LAOGHAIRE (O.C.)
 (calling)
 Milady! Mistress Claire! Where
 are ye?

Claire turns to call out to Laoghaire.

CLAIRE
 I'll be right there.

When she turns back, Maisri has slipped out the side door.

EXT. BEAUFORT CASTLE - CHAPEL - DAY

Claire exits the chapel. Laoghaire waits a few yards from the door. There's no sign of Young Simon.

CLAIRE
 Where's Young Simon?

LAOGHAIRE
 He ran off like a feart wee mouse.

CLAIRE
 What did you do?

LAOGHAIRE
 (defensive)
 Everything ye said! I flattered
 him, and then I told him how much I
 admired a man who thought for
 himself, who made decisions. Then
 I gave him a keek down the front of
 my dress --

CLAIRE
 I told you it wasn't about sex! No
 wonder he ran off.

LAOGHAIRE
 Well, other than reciting verse, he
 wasna doing much to hold up his end
 of the conversation.

Frustrated, Claire gives the girl a withering look and walks away, leaving Laoghaire angry and distressed.

EXT. BEAUFORT CASTLE - STABLES - NIGHT

Claire finds Jamie grooming DONAS.

CLAIRE

I thought I might find you here.

JAMIE

More and more these days I think I'd prefer to be a beast.

CLAIRE

Perhaps you'll come back as one in another life.

JAMIE

Catholics dinna believe in such things, Sassenach.

CLAIRE

I didn't believe in time travel, but here I am...

(beat)

No luck with Colum, I take it.

JAMIE

No. And you with Young Simon?

Claire shakes her head.

CLAIRE

I foolishly relied on a third party. It's a long and pointless story now.

(beat)

I did find out what Maisri wouldn't tell Lord Lovat, though.

JAMIE

(interested)

Oh Aye?

CLAIRE

Mmmm. She saw his death at the hands of an executioner.

JAMIE

A traitor's death. I dinna suppose she told ye if the executioner was in the employ of King George or King James?

Good question.

CLAIRE

She didn't say.

Jamie SIGHS, putting down the brush.

JAMIE

I promised Colum I'd do what I had to to save the Highlanders. And so I must.

CLAIRE

It's too much, Jamie. Let's just go to Prince Charles with the men from Lallybroch.

JAMIE

I canna go to Prince Charles a failure. And it seems I canna get the men from my grandsire without giving him my lands. So unless ye're planning to declare yerself a visitor from the future and describe what you know will happen if we dinna fight and win, I dinna see I have much choice.

He kisses her on the head and exits. She watches him go, thinking about what he's just said, then follows.

INT. BEAUFORT CASTLE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

TIGHT ON A SMALL STACK OF LEGAL PAPERS on the table. The DINNER DISHES have been pushed aside, the guests, servants and Colum's Attendants -- including Young Simon and Laoghaire -- stand around the table like spectators at a high stakes poker game.

Seated are Jamie, Colum and Lord Lovat. Claire stands off to one side and just behind Jamie. She holds a GLASS OF WINE.

Lovat lays his hand on the legal documents.

LORD LOVAT

I have had my secretary draw up a neutrality pact between the Frasers of Lovat, and the MacKenzies of Leoch.

Colum sits back, relieved. Jamie glances at Claire, confused. Then Lovat, eyes glittering with malice and challenge, SLIDES the document to one side, exposing ANOTHER LEGAL DOCUMENT.

LORD LOVAT (CONT'D)

(to Jamie)

I have also had him prepare a Deed of Sasine for the Lallybroch estate, assigning the property to
(MORE)

LORD LOVAT (CONT'D)
 me. Sign it, and ye'll have yer
 men for King James. Don't sign it,
 and I agree to neutrality with
 MacKenzie here.

He sits back, enjoying this.

LORD LOVAT (CONT'D)
 Which will it be?

Seeing his advantage slip away, Colum takes a shot he thinks
 will provoke Lovat.

COLUM
 Ye'll let this boy -- not even yer
 recognized heir -- decide the fate
 of Clan Lovat?

Lovat turns his gaze on Colum.

LORD LOVAT
 I have made this decision. The boy
 is but an obstacle standing in my
 way...
 (to Jamie)
 What will it be, obstacle?

COLUM
 Dinna be a fool, Jamie!

A beat, then Jamie, feeling trapped, reaches for the pen.

JAMIE
 I do this to ensure the future
 security of my family and my
 people.

He's nearly put pen to paper when -- a GLASS CRASHES onto
 the ground behind him. Startled, the men look around and SEE
 Claire, her wine glass having slipped from her fingers,
 STARING UNSEEING at LORD LOVAT, her EYES WIDE, her LIPS
 PARTED.

LORD LOVAT
 What're ye staring at?

JAMIE
 (concerned)
 Claire...?

She pulls her eyes away from Lovat with great effort.

CLAIRE
 (distressed to Jamie)
 Another vision...

The penny drops for Jamie -- it's a scam -- MURMURS run around the table as Claire's eyes are pulled back to Lovat. They grow wider with alarm. She is seeing something no one else can see. Jamie gets to his feet.

JAMIE
 Claire!

LORD LOVAT
 Leave her be!

JAMIE
 (to Lord Lovat)
 Ye'll no give me orders about my wife.

Claire GASPS, her eyes roll back in her head, and then drops into a faint, Jamie grabbing her as she goes down.

For a moment, the STUNNED CROWD says NOTHING, and then everyone is TALKING AND MOVING AT ONCE as Jamie scoops Claire into his arms and carries her to a settee. Lord Lovat is at his shoulder.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
 Claire! Claire! Mo nighean donn... Please...

LORD LOVAT
 (terrified/urgent)
 What did she see?

Slowly, Claire comes to. She looks at Jamie, playing confused.

CLAIRE
 Jamie...?

LORD LOVAT
 What did ye see, witch?!

JAMIE
 Stay back!

COLUM
 Ah, Lovat, can ye not see this for the pretence that it is?

JAMIE

(to Colum)

A pretence? Ye know yerself she was once tried as a witch by those who didna understand the difference between black magic and the power of the old ones.

More GASPS and MURMURS around the room. Colum reacts, pissed at having his earlier machinations used against him.

Claire shifts her gaze to Lovat.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Ye dinna need to answer him, Claire.

LORD LOVAT

She does if she wants to walk out of this room.

Jamie stands up to face him.

CLAIRE

It's all right, Jamie.

(to Lord Lovat)

I... saw you... standing in bright sunlight. There was a man... behind you... he wore a black hood.

(realizing, horrified)

There was the shadow of an axe across your face.

LORD LOVAT

(to Claire, ignoring Jamie)

Whose man? Whose executioner?! King James or King George?

CLAIRE

I... don't know.

(remembering)

The ground was covered in white roses.

JAMIE

The symbol of the Jacobites!

Claire's eyes flutter as she's "overcome" with exhaustion from her vision. Frightened and pissed off, Lovat GRABS his DIRK and LUNGES at Claire (trying to kill the messenger, as Maisri predicted). Focused on Claire, Jamie doesn't realize at first what is happening. PANDEMONIUM BREAKS LOOSE as he turns, the dirk coming at him, when SUDDENLY a HAND clamps around Lovat's wrist --

YOUNG SIMON

Stop!

Everyone in the room freezes -- including Lovat, who can't believe his mousy son has actually stood up to him. Touched him! It's hard to tell who is more shocked -- Lord Lovat or Young Simon. Lord Lovat finds his voice first, and it is filled with menace.

LORD LOVAT

How dare you thwart me, boy!

A shudder of the old fear runs through Young Simon, but then his eyes fall on Laoghaire, who's looking at him like a hero (grateful he's saved Jamie, although Young Simon doesn't get this part). Bolstered by her admiration, and a good deal of adrenaline, he holds his ground.

YOUNG SIMON

You and MacKenzie are fearful old men, Father, and you are wrong. My cousin is right.

Lord Lovat is momentarily shocked into silence.

YOUNG SIMON (CONT'D)

It is our duty to stand up for our country and our kinsmen. I will fight for King James. I will fight to change the White Lady's vision, even if you will not.

Jamie and Claire share an astonished and joyful look. The crowd isn't sure how to react, looking to Lovat for an indication.

Trapped, conflicted and freaked out, Lord Lovat's eyes dart frantically between Jamie, Claire and his son. Then an idea seems to occur to him. A calm settles on him. A smile twists his lips. He strides to the head of the table, tears up the Deed of Sasine, then picks up the pen and -- much to everyone's SHOCK, SIGNS THE NEUTRALITY AGREEMENT.

LORD LOVAT

(to Young Simon)

I wish ye luck, my boy.

(to Colum)

Come along, MacKenzie. Let's drink to our newly formed alliance.

Colum is as shocked as everyone else, but he's not going to look a gift horse in the mouth. The two old men exit without looking back. OFF the collective WTF just happened...?

EXT. BEAUFORT CASTLE - STABLES - DAY

Claire and Jamie finish loading up their horses as Young Simon swings into his saddle. His horse shies as he does so, and Jamie reaches out, steadying the horse.

YOUNG SIMON
(a little embarrassed)
Thank ye, cousin.

JAMIE
Ye did well, Simon. I'm proud to call ye kinsman, and I'll be proud to fight by yer side.

This means a lot to Young Simon, whose bravery is shakier now, in the light of day.

YOUNG SIMON
(to Jamie)
I'll wait for ye outside the gate.

He moves off.

CLAIRE
At least we saved Lallybroch.

JAMIE
From Lord Lovat. Now we have only to save it from the British army.

They move out into --

EXT. BEAUFORT CASTLE - COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

Colum's Attendants ready A CARRIAGE for him, and a CART for the servants and luggage. As some of the servants finish loading the cart, Colum moves slowly toward the carriage. Claire and Jamie cross his path. He stops, looking at Jamie.

COLUM
Go back to yer home and yer family.

JAMIE
I've told ye, uncle. I canna do that.

COLUM
(to Claire)
Can ye not convince him to listen to reason and go home?

CLAIRE

You've known him longer than I
have. What do you think?

Colum shakes his head, then --

COLUM

(to Jamie)

'Tis a blessing your mother didna
live to see what a reckless fool
she spawned.

(then, gruff)

Give me your hand.

And Jamie does, helping Colum into the carriage. The old man
gives a last look of sorrow and goodbye to his nephew, then
closes the carriage door. A beat, then --

JAMIE

We must away too, Claire. I hope
to get to Kingussie before the week
is out.

Claire glances up and SEES Laoghaire in the laundry area,
putting a few final things into a BASKET. Laoghaire looks
up, making eye contact with Claire.

CLAIRE

Jamie, before we go... I need you
to thank Laoghaire.

JAMIE

Fer what? Not trying to have ye
arrested in the last two days?

CLAIRE

Please, Jamie. For me? I'll
explain it all later.

Jamie hesitates, then moves off across the courtyard to the
laundry area.

EXT. BEAUFORT CASTLE - COURTYARD LAUNDRY AREA - DAY

Jamie approaches Laoghaire.

JAMIE

(stiff)

I've been told to thank ye, exactly
what for, I dinna ken.

(beat)

So... thank ye, Laoghaire.

Laoghaire glances at Claire, who watches them.

LAOGHAIRE
I hope that one day I can also earn
yer forgiveness, Jamie.

Jamie nods, noncommittal, and exits back into the courtyard,
Laoghaire watching him go.

LAOGHAIRE (CONT'D)
(to herself)
And yer love...

EXT. BEAUFORT CASTLE - COURTYARD - DAY

We PULL BACK as Jamie and Claire mount their horses.
Laoghaire runs out of the laundry area and climbs onto
Colum's cart, and everyone starts through the gates of
Beaufort Castle...

EXT. HIGHLANDS - DAY

Claire, Jamie and Young Simon come over a rise a mile or so
away from Beaufort Castle. They STOP when they SEE ONE
HUNDRED OF LORD LOVAT'S MEN, mounted and ready for travel.

CLAIRE
Who're they?

YOUNG SIMON
(astonished)
My father's men...

And Lord Lovat is riding toward them, smiling like the cat
who ate the canary.

LORD LOVAT
(to Young Simon)
Don't sit there gaping at me, ye
glaiket sumph! Go see to your men!

Young Simon hesitates. Impatient, Lord Lovat slaps his son's
horse, who bolts off, nearly unseating Young Simon.

LORD LOVAT (CONT'D)
Turning that one into a soldier
will be a greater feat than beating
the British.

Lord Lovat grins impudently at Claire.

LORD LOVAT (CONT'D)

What vision do ye have of me now,
White Lady?

Jamie shakes his head, his expression a mixture of disgust
and grudging appreciation.

CLAIRE

(mystified)

I don't understand...

JAMIE

Now it will seem that my grandsire
has sent his heir to fight.
The Stuarts will credit Lord Lovat
with supporting King James, should
they win.

LORD LOVAT

They canna execute me fer treason.

CLAIRE

But... what about the neutrality
agreement?

LORD LOVAT

I trust old Colum MacKenzie is
right, and that'll protect me
should the British win.

CLAIRE

And if the British win, what will
you say about your son fighting for
the Jacobites?

LORD LOVAT

(shrugging)

He's a mind of his own, that one.
Ye saw it yourself last night.
Persuaded the others to follow.

(beat)

I thank ye, White Lady. I couldna
have got it all wi'out ye.

JAMIE

Ye didna get Lallybroch.

LORD LOVAT

Not yet.

And he kicks his horse hard, galloping back toward Beaufort
Castle.

JAMIE

Tell me I am nothing like him,
Sassenach.

CLAIRE

I'm afraid I have seen a similarly
devious turn of mind.

He actually cannot argue this point.

JAMIE

I may have to rethink our agreement
not to lie to one another.

He urges his horse forward. Claire smiles and follows him.

EXT. HIGHLANDS - DAY

As the group rides toward Kingussie, Jamie and Claire at the
head of the line, Young Simon just behind them --

CLAIRE (V.O.)

*As we put distance between
ourselves and Jamie's loathsome
grandfather, my heart lightened.
Maisri had said we could change the
future. Perhaps we could. Perhaps
we already had...*

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE