

OUTLANDER

EPISODE 213
Dragonfly in Amber

WRITTEN BY
TONI GRAPHIA
&
MATTHEW B. ROBERTS

BASED ON THE NOVEL BY
DIANA GABALDON

FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT
14th April 2016

OUTLANDER
EPISODE 213 "Dragonfly in Amber"

PREVIOUS REVISIONS

White Production Draft - 4th January 2016

Full Blue Draft - 13th January 2016

Full Pink Draft - 22nd January 2016

Yellow Pages - 25th January 2016

Green Pages - 27th January 2016

Goldenrod Pages - 4th April 2016

EPISODE 213 "Dragonfly in Amber"

CAST LIST – FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT – 14th April 2016

CLAIRE BEAUCHAMP RANDALL
JAMIE MACKENZIE FRASER
DOUGAL MACKENZIE
MURTAGH FITZGIBBONS FRASER
PRINCE CHARLES STUART
RUPERT MACKENZIE
FERGUS
ROGER WAKEFIELD
BRIANNA RANDALL
GILLIAN EDGARS
GENERAL GEORGE MURRAY
QUARTERMASTER JOHN WILLIAM O'SULLIVAN
ROSS
ANDREW MACDONALD

DONALD CAMERON OF LOCHIEL
MR. BERROW
MRS. BERROW
FIONA GRAHAM
CLERK
TOURIST
WIFE
HUSBAND
WOMAN
GREG EDGARS

EPISODE 213 "Dragonfly in Amber"

SET LIST - FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT - 14th April 2016

INTERIORS

Wakefield House (1968)
Parlor
Claire's Bedroom
Reverend's Library
Storage Room
Claire's Car (1968)
Scottish Highlands
Roger's Car (1968)
Town Hall - Inverness (1968)
Records Room
Inverness College (1968)
History Building
Main Assembly Area
Culloden Visitor Center &
Museum (1968)
The Finch (1968)
Gillian Edgars' House (1968)
Culloden House (1746)
Entryway
HQ Room
Vestibule
Jamie & Claire's Room (1746)

EXTERIORS

Wakefield House (1968)
Lallybroch (1968)
Highland Road (1968)
Fort William (1968)
Courtyard
Lochside
Town Hall - Inverness (1968)
Inverness College (1968)
Culloden Moor (1968)
Gillian Edgars' House (1968)
Craigh na Dun (1746 / 1968)
On the Road by the Car
(1968)
Main Jacobite Camp (1746)
Culloden House
Highlander Camp (1746)
Stand of Trees (1746)

FADE IN:

OPEN ON a scene from "THE AVENGERS," the popular 1960's British spy series. As John Steed and Emma Peel engage in witty banter during an impromptu fencing match in the episode "*The Town of No Return*," pull back to REVEAL --

INT. WAKEFIELD HOUSE - DAY (1968)

A group of children gathered around watching an old BLACK AND WHITE TELEVISION SET, where "The Avengers" plays onscreen.

ROGER WAKEFIELD, handsome, late 20s, dressed in a dark suit, is in a trance, watching along with the children. After a beat, the housekeeper, FIONA GRAHAM (19), gives Roger a gentle nudge, breaking his stupor.

FIONA

You really should get back to your guests. They keep asking for you.

Roger nods, accepts his fate and heads back into --

INT. WAKEFIELD HOUSE - PARLOR - DAY (1968)

The room is crowded with GUESTS. There are REFRESHMENTS and FOOD. Roger is in the center of the room now, talking with MR. & MRS. BERROW (60's). Mrs. Berrow takes Roger's hand.

MRS. BERROW

Your father was such a delightful man. I'll always remember his sense of humor.

ROGER

Thank you.

MR. BERROW

The Reverend helped so many people. He'll be sorely missed.

Roger nods, heartbroken over the death of his father, The Reverend Reginald Wakefield, who was buried earlier today.

The VOICES OVERLAP NOW, washing over Roger like waves: *I'm so sorry for your loss. It must have been a great shock. At least he lived a long life. He's in a better place now.*

Roger suddenly feels like he's drowning.

He looks over and catches a GLIMPSE of a tall, striking YOUNG WOMAN with thick RED HAIR worn loose over her shoulders, standing on the other side of the room, watching him intently. But his view is obscured by the other mourners and he can't really get a good look at her.

ROGER
(to the Berrows)
Will you excuse me for a moment?

Slowly, he makes his way toward the woman, whose shimmering red hair stands out in the sea of dark clothing. He exchanges condolences with other well-wishers along the way.

ROGER (CONT'D)
(to other mourners)
Thank you... thank you... excuse me... let's talk later... excuse me, please... (etc.)

He looks up and now finds that he's lost sight of his quarry. *Where did she go?* He turns around --

-- finds himself looking into the face of BRIANNA RANDALL, who might well be the most beautiful woman he's ever seen. Her luminous eyes focus steadily and deeply into his own, and for a moment he's a deer caught in the headlights.

BRIANNA
Are you Roger Wakefield?

ROGER
Yes. Definitely. That's me. Yes.
Uh, I'm afraid I haven't had the pleasure...?

Before she can answer, ANOTHER WOMAN'S VOICE rings out --

WOMAN'S VOICE
... Roger?

He turns around to see -- CLAIRE RANDALL, now in her late 40s. Still beautiful, with her high cheekbones, a wealth of curly brown hair, with a touch of grey around the edges, and those extraordinary BLUE EYES.

CLAIRE
Is that you?

He doesn't recognize her --

BRIANNA
It's him.

CLAIRE
I can't believe it... after all
these years.

Claire smiles at seeing the boy now a man.

ROGER
I'm sorry, but do I know you?

CLAIRE
You wouldn't remember me, the last
time I saw you, you must have
been... seven or eight years old.
I'm Claire Randall -- I was an old
friend of your father's. I was
devastated to hear of his passing,
I'm so sorry.

ROGER
Thank you.

CLAIRE
I see you've met my daughter.

We realize now that the young woman is Claire's daughter --
Claire and Jamie's daughter -- Brianna Randall, 20.

ROGER
Actually no, we haven't been
formally introduced.

BRIANNA
Brianna. The daughter.

She offers a hand and Roger takes it.

ROGER
A pleasure... Miss Randall.

CLAIRE
We were in London visiting relatives
when we heard. His heart, I
understand?

ROGER
... Yes. Very sudden.
(a little emotional)
I'd just seen him at Christmas and
he was in high spirits.

CLAIRE
I hadn't seen The Reverend for many
years. I was very fond of him.

BRIANNA

So was *Daddy*.

There's the slightest emphasis on "Daddy," which then prompts a silent look between Claire and Brianna, something just beneath the surface crackling between mother and daughter.

CLAIRE

Yes. My late husband -- Frank -- they were very close.

ROGER

(putting it together)
Randall. Frank Randall. Of course.

Roger stops... remembering.

ROGER (CONT'D)

I remember you now -- Claire. Yes, you're... a nurse as I recall.

CLAIRE

(modestly)
Yes, I was... I'm a doctor now.

BRIANNA

A surgeon.

Bree's not boasting, there's another slight dig in her tone.

CLAIRE

Bree and I are over from the States.

ROGER

(re: Brianna)
I thought I detected an American accent.

BRIANNA

Boston to be exact.

CLAIRE

She's a history major at Harvard.

ROGER

Really? I'm on leave from the History Department at Oxford.

BRIANNA

That's nice.

CLAIRE

Is Mrs. Graham still in The Reverend's employ? I haven't seen her yet.

ROGER

Sadly, we lost her a few years ago. But her granddaughter Fiona is here somewhere.

CLAIRE

So much is the same, but so much has changed. Would you mind if I look around the house? There's a lot of memories here.

With that, Claire is gone. Roger finds himself lost in Brianna's eyes again. He rallies after a beat, tries to engage her somehow.

ROGER

First time in Scotland then?

BRIANNA

Uh-huh.

ROGER

Will you have time to take in the sights while you're here?

BRIANNA

We only came up for the day so my mother could pay her respects. We're meant to be heading back to London this evening.

ROGER

Oh. That's a shame. Beautiful, wild country...

Brianna looks out the window --

BRIANNA

'Course, plans can change... I was always curious about Scotland. It was a... special place to my parents... both my parents.

Roger's hopes rise once more, but then Fiona comes to him again. She's pretty, with kind eyes like her grandmother Mrs. Graham, and it's clear she adores Roger.

FIONA

I beg your pardon, but it's time.

ROGER

Yes, of course. Thank you, Fiona.
 (to Brianna)
 You'll excuse me for a moment?

Brianna nods as Roger walks away and there's a quick look between her and Fiona, as the two women size one another up.

ANGLE ON CLAIRE

As she wanders through the room, connecting with the objects there, as she remembers them. She runs her hand along the dark wood mantle... the back of the chair she once sat in and read books while Frank and The Reverend talked of Jacobites.

She gazes over the fireplace, at a portrait of a LONE STAG against the wild Scottish mountains. And a FRAMED SCOTTISH FLAG engraved with the words: *Nemo me impune lacessit* -- "No one attacks me with impunity." The Latin motto of the Royal Stuart Dynasty.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

Mrs. Graham had warned me not to spend my days chasing a ghost. And so I hadn't. But now that I was here, the ghosts were starting to chase me.

CLING CLING CLING, someone taps a fork on a glass and the room QUIETS. Roger addresses the guests.

ROGER

Thank you all for coming. It would've meant a great deal to my father. And if you knew him, you know he was not one to leave anything to chance, including the toast for his own wake.

He raises his glass, the guests follow suit.

ROGER (CONT'D)

"To Death! The jolly old bouncer now. Our glasses, let's be clinking;
 If he hadn't put other out, I trow,
 To-night we'd not be drinking."

A chorus of LAUGHTER at The Reverend's sense of humor. Claire smiles, but she's lost in thought. HOLD ON BRIANNA watching her mother's face.

INT. WAKEFIELD HOUSE - PARLOR - LATE AFTERNOON (1968)

Things are winding down, guests are leaving. Roger's at the door, seeing everyone out. Claire and Brianna approach him.

CLAIRE
We should be going.

ROGER
(glancing at his watch)
Not all the way back to London? At this hour?

CLAIRE
We were going to drive as far as we could and stay at a pub for the night.

Roger glances at Brianna. There's something about this girl, he's only just met her, but he doesn't want her to leave.

ROGER
There's plenty of room here if you'd like to stay.

CLAIRE
We couldn't possibly impose...

ROGER
You wouldn't be. In fact, I'd welcome the company. It's a big house.

BRIANNA
Sounds better than jolting down the wrong side of the road in the dark. Besides, give me a chance to take in the sights -- it's supposed to be a beautiful, wild country.

Roger clocks her use of the exact phrase he used, but keeps it to himself. Claire is a little surprised that Brianna is open to staying, but the truth is she wants to stay too.

CLAIRE
All right. As long as we're no bother...

ROGER
I'll fetch your bags from the car. The guest room's just up --

CLAIRE

-- at the top of the stairs on the left. I remember.

Claire smiles as she heads toward the stairs, Brianna trailing behind her. She passes Fiona on the way and flashes her a smile. Fiona is unamused.

OMITTED

EXT. WAKEFIELD HOUSE - NIGHT

Establishing.

INT. WAKEFIELD HOUSE - REVEREND'S LIBRARY - MIDNIGHT (1968)

It's the middle of the night. Roger enters, surprised to find someone there. The soft light from a lamp illuminates Claire, sitting in a chair, a GLASS OF WHISKY in her hand.

CLAIRE

Couldn't sleep, so I helped myself to a dram. Hope you don't mind.

ROGER

No bother. I'll have one with you.

Claire's not the only one not sleeping. Roger pours himself a whisky, then tops her off. Dressed casually now, he takes a seat on the sofa, unwinds. Downs his drink.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Ah, yes. That's better.

(then)

I pestered him for years to throw things away and clean up the clutter. Now I can't bear to part with any of it.

Claire looks around the room, overflowing with BOOKS, NEWSPAPERS, DOCUMENTS and MAPS.

Sheet after sheet of aging yellow paper cover every horizontal surface. Every corner CRAMMED past bursting point with belongings. With history.

CLAIRE

Lot of history here.

ROGER

Not just the family's either, but
Scotland's as well.

Claire notes some nearby boxes labeled "HIGHLAND CLEARANCES
1746-1748." Scribbled on the sides in magic marker are lists
of clans: *Chisholm, MacLaren, MacDonald of GlenGarry,*
Drummond, Livingstone, MacKenzie.

ROGER (CONT'D)

The college here in Inverness has
asked me to donate his library to
their archives.

He pulls a couple of BOOKS off the shelf.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Not sure I'll donate everything. He
was quite fond of several rare
editions on Prince Charles Stuart
and the Battle of Culloden.

The word cuts like a knife in Claire's heart.

CLAIRE

Culloden.

He mistakenly reads that as a question.

ROGER

Final battle of The '45. My
ancestors fought and died there,
actually.

CLAIRE

(interest piqued)
Really?

ROGER

Yes, my true name's Roger MacKenzie.
My parents were Jerry and Marjorie
MacKenzie. The Reverend adopted me
after they were killed in WWII.

Claire drifts away for a moment.

CLAIRE

MacKenzie... I knew some
MacKenzies... once upon a time...

Each of them is lost in their own memories for a moment.

ROGER

It's a common name here. May I... ask you something personal?

(off her nod)

How did you do it? Finally say goodbye... to that one person you loved most in all the world?

Roger's talking about Frank. But Claire thinks of Jamie.

CLAIRE

I wish I knew. The truth is, I've never been good at saying goodbye. But, that's the hell of it, isn't it? Whether you want to say goodbye or not, they're gone and you have to go on living without them.

(almost an aside)

Because that's what they'd want.

She raises her glass with a sad and bitter smile. Roger studies her, sensing the deep well of pain within. Claire downs her drink.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Thank you for the whisky. Goodnight.

Roger nods and she EXITS...

INT. WAKEFIELD HOUSE - CLAIRE'S BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT (1968)

Brianna's asleep now, but Claire stands at the window looking out at the moon.

Claire walks over to where Bree is sleeping, her lips curled in a slight smile. Claire studies the girl, her red hair, high cheekbones, full mouth, slightly slanted Fraser eyes.

CLAIRE

(whispers to Bree)

God, you are so like him.

Claire smooths a lock of red hair from Bree's forehead, takes a beat, then goes. STAY ON BRIANNA as her eyes flutter open and she stares into the dark wondering just what that meant.

PUSH IN ON BRIANNA'S FACE and --

MATCH CUT TO:

JAMIE FRASER'S FACE

The hair, cheekbones, the eyes -- cut from the same cloth. Father and daughter, no doubt. REVEAL we are in --

EXT. MAIN JACOBITE CAMP - CULLODEN HOUSE - DAY (1746)

TITLE CARD: April 16, 1746. 6:00 a.m.

In the field in front of the house, JAMIE FRASER makes his way through a chaotic mess. HUNDREDS of troops in disarray, suffering exhaustion, hunger and loss of morale after the failed march on Nairn the night before [Episode 212].

Next to him is PRINCE CHARLES STUART, looking worse for the wear. They talk urgently as they walk. Jamie's upset about the aborted march.

JAMIE

I tell you the army is not ready for battle this day. We must retreat to safer ground before the British realize their advantage and destroy us all.

As they arrive at the front entrance of --

INT. CULLODEN HOUSE - ENTRYWAY - DAY - CONTINUOUS (1746)

The Prince stares at Jamie as if considering his words, then smiles as if coming to some important realization.

PRINCE CHARLES

You are my Thomas.

(off Jamie's look)

It was the Apostle Thomas who doubted that The Lord had risen from the dead. Not until he felt the wounds, pressed his fingers where the nails had been... that The Lord said to him -- "Because you've seen, you believe; but blessed are those who have not seen and yet believe."

Jamie swallows the urge to grab The Prince and shake him.

PRINCE CHARLES (CONT'D)

Today is the day, James. And mark me, before this day is over, I will make a believer of you.

The Prince turns and heads through an interior doorway, a worried Jamie has no choice but to follow --

INT. CULLODEN HOUSE - HQ ROOM - DAY (1746)

Jamie and Prince Charles enter where a group of men are already arguing. The high command of the Jacobite army, GENERAL GEORGE MURRAY, QUARTERMASTER COLONEL JOHN O'SULLIVAN plus the Clan Chieftains, including ANDREW MACDONALD and DONALD CAMERON, voices raised like panicked animals knowing they're about to be butchered, because they are.

PRINCE CHARLES

(an announcement)

We shall stand against the British
today on this moor, and we shall win.

The Generals trade looks, they knew it was coming.

MURRAY

Your Royal Highness, they are nine
thousand strong. We are less than
five!

O'Sullivan jumps to Charles' defense as usual.

O'SULLIVAN

The secret sympathizers in
Cumberland's army will assist us.

PRINCE CHARLES

Precisely!

MURRAY

But Sire --

PRINCE CHARLES

I have made my decision! The time
for discussion is over!

That's it. The die is cast.

CAMERON

As you order, sir. "For King and
Country!"

MACDONALD

My men will march from the right!
Let the Camerons go left!

CAMERON

I'll not have a damn MacDonalld tell
me what to do!

As the two clan chiefs lock in fierce debate, along with the Generals, Jamie can feel things spiraling out of control. Jamie turns to Charles --

JAMIE

As I told ye in France, the clans cannot agree on the color of the sky. Well, Sire, I dinna ken what color it is now... but all involved will not contest -- Culloden moor will be flowing red with our blood by end of day.

Jamie takes one last look at the bickering, feuding high command of the doomed army, then plunges out the door --

EXT. CULLODEN HOUSE - DAY - A MOMENT LATER (1746)

Jamie exits and goes to find Claire, who's boiling herbs in the tent.

JAMIE

(in Gaelic)

Good God!

(then)

It's a blessing Colum didn't live to see this dark day.

JAMIE

(in Gaelic)

Gu sealladh orm!

(then)

It's a blessing Colum didn't live to see this dark day.

CLAIRE

The Prince...?

JAMIE

The battle of Culloden will happen today... just as history foretold.

Just then, MURTAGH races up with news for Jamie.

MURTAGH

Sentries have spotted the advance guard four miles out. Cumberland has broken camp and his army is marching along the south side of Kildrummie Moss.

The British are here. The zero hour has come.

JAMIE

(to Murtagh)

Go inside and inform Lord George.

Murtagh leaves. Claire grabs Jamie's arm, frantic --

CLAIRE

There's only one thing left. One possibility.

JAMIE

What's that?

Claire looks around, desperate. Soldiers rush around them, confused and terrified.

CLAIRE

Not here.

Claire takes off back toward their room, Jamie with her --

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. WAKEFIELD HOUSE - PARLOR - MORNING (1968)

Roger, Claire and Bree having tea. Roger glances at Brianna -- still wanting to spend more time with her.

ROGER

I'd be happy to take you around -- show you the sights if you'd like.

BRIANNA

I'm sure you have better things to do than play tour guide.

ROGER

No, just spending the day with mothballs and cobwebs. Bit of fresh air would do me good.

CLAIRE

I suppose it couldn't hurt to stay an extra day... or two.

Brianna shoots Claire a look -- that wasn't the plan.

ROGER

Splendid. Shall we start with a trip to Loch Ness?

BRIANNA

So we can stand around with the rest of the tourists waiting for a glimpse of seaweed we can call a monster? Thank you, no.

ROGER

No seaweed in the lochs, but I take your point.

(thinks fast)

Okay. Well. You study history, I teach it -- shall we all go find some history?

He's charming, but Brianna's indifferent to his charms.

BRIANNA

Sure.

CLAIRE

You two go. I'd like to just poke about in the village, visit some old places that were important to me and... Brianna's father.

Little do they know, the father Claire speaks of isn't Frank.

OMITTED

INT. CLAIRE'S CAR - SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS - ROAD - DAY (1968)

Claire's driving, gazing over the Scottish countryside.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

I had struggled with whether to come near it... but in the end, it wasn't a decision... it was like a magnet, drawing me home... the first real home I'd ever had...

EXT. LALLYBROCH - DAY (1968)

CLAIRE'S CAR glides up the back road, past the lumberyard to LALLYBROCH. She gazes out the window at the grand stone building. From the distance, it doesn't look that different. But as she pulls over, parks and gets out, she's shocked at the condition it's in.

FOLLOW CLAIRE as she walks through the DOORYARD and to the FRONT STEPS.

As she does, she hears a FLURRY OF VOICES in her head: Jenny laughing, kids playing, dogs barking, goats bleating, Ian yelling, Mrs. Crook calling everyone in for dinner, Rabbie excited about potatoes... A SOUND COLLAGE of LIFE AT LALLYBROCH [taken from various episodes].

A faded REAL ESTATE SIGN tacked up near the front door. Windows BOARDED UP. A KEEP OUT SIGN near the DOOR. Claire would go inside but a large beam and debris block any access.

So she sits down on the front steps... closes her eyes...

CLAIRE (V.O.)

I remember Jamie reading a poem to me one night in bed. "Come and let us live my Dear, Let us love and never fear, What the sowrest Fathers say, brightest Sol that dyes today."

A sound, the CRUNCH of footsteps approaching on the road. Claire opens her eyes and gazes out. Something catches her eye... a TALL FIGURE, silhouetted under THE ARCH.

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

"Lives again as blithe tomorrow, But if we dark sons of sorrow, Set then how long a Night, shuts the eyes of our short light!"

JAMIE'S VOICE takes over the next verse:

JAMIE (V.O.)

"Then let amorous kisses dwell, on our lips, begin and tell, a Thousand and a Hundred score, a Hundred and a Thousand more..."

The SILHOUETTE -- a tall Highlander, wearing full rig-out. Claire stares up at him, incredulous. The sun's behind him, so she can't see his face clearly, but she would know him anywhere -- it's Jamie. Her breath catches in her throat --

CLOSE ON CLAIRE'S FACE as rain drops fall on her. She opens her eyes, waking up. She looks around, disoriented from where she'd dozed off on Lallybroch's front steps.

She stands up and looks back at the arch where the Highlander was. There's nothing there. She heads back toward the car.

EXT. HIGHLAND ROAD - DAY (1968)

Establishing. Roger's car drives down a paved road towards Fort William.

EXT. FORT WILLIAM - COURTYARD - DAY (1968)

Roger and Brianna walk through the large empty space in the midst of the abandoned old fortress.

ROGER

Fort William. Built in the 1600's. The Gaelic name for it is *An Gearastan Dubh*, "The Black Garrison." It was used by the British as a command post and prison... intended to control the "savage clans and roving barbarians."

Brianna strolls around on her own, looking up at the imposing grey stone walls that surround her.

BRIANNA

Military history isn't really my specialty...

ROGER

It was your father's though, right? The Reverend has a couple of his books in the library.

BRIANNA

One of my earliest memories is dropping an ice cream cone off the ramparts of Fort Ticonderoga while he held forth on the heroics of Ethan Allen and the Green Mountain Boys.

Then they arrive at the WHIPPING POST where Jamie was once flogged by Black Jack Randall [Episode 106]. It's now been rebuilt, but the weather has taken its toll.

ROGER

Ethan Allen? "I regret I have but one life to give --"

BRIANNA

Nathan Hale. Common mistake.

ROGER

Never quote American history to an American.

BRIANNA

The Revolutionary War is practically a religious text in Boston.

ROGER

With George Washington as the
messiah and Benedict Arnold as Judas
no doubt.

BRIANNA

Benedict Arnold is a deeply
misunderstood historical figure.

ROGER

I thought you didn't like military
history.

BRIANNA

(bad Scottish accent)

We Randalls are a verra complicated
clan, laddie.

ROGER

That is the absolute worst accent
I've ever heard.

She laughs and Roger grins back -- a truly shared spark
between them for the first time. She opens up a little more.

BRIANNA

Do you... remember my father very
well?

ROGER

Bits and pieces. He was a... snappy
dresser. Wore his hat dipped down
over one eye, very dashing.

(then)

And he seemed... very kind.

Brianna says nothing for a long beat.

BRIANNA

He was... the kindest man in the
world. Kind... gentle... always
finding ways to surprise me... to
open my eyes to the world... it was
a gift he gave me... not to feel
trapped in the present...
to always know I was part of a chain
that stretched into the past... and
into the future... so even now, even
here I can reach back and feel the
link that connects me to him...

A long quiet beat in the empty fortress.

ROGER

Your mother seems like a kind woman
as well.

Brianna looks away, her expression hardening slightly.

BRIANNA

My mother... lives in another world.

Then the moment passes and she wraps her arms around
herself.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

This place gives me the chills.

ROGER

With good reason... a lot of blood
was spilled on this ground.

With a last glance at the whipping post, they walk out of the
old fortress.

EXT./INT. ROGER'S CAR - DRIVING - DAY (1968)

Roger driving, Brianna staring out at the countryside for a
moment. Then she turns on him suddenly.

BRIANNA

Do you have any memory of... an
"incident" that happened... with my
parents when they were here?

ROGER

How do you mean -- "incident?"

BRIANNA

I don't know exactly. Something.
Something big that happened between
them when they were here staying
with your father.

ROGER

(avoiding)

I was just a wee lad...

She nods and looks away, disappointed but not surprised.

EXT. LOCHSIDE - DAY

As they walk along the shore...

BRIANNA
Snow, in April?

ROGER
It's Scotland. Seasons are mere suggestions. She does what she wants, when she wants.

Roger decides he is going to share what he knows about the incident --

ROGER (CONT'D)
I don't remember all the details, but I do recall... finding Mrs. Graham crying out in the tool shed... there were a lot of broken things lying about... I think she said that your father had lost his temper and smashed everything up...

Brianna looks back.

BRIANNA
My father smashed...?

ROGER
Yes... but that wasn't why she was crying, I'm certain of that.

Brianna is puzzled, but definitely intrigued.

BRIANNA
My father definitely had a temper, but he kept it tightly under wraps.
(then)
When did this happen? What year?

ROGER
Your mother said I was seven or eight when she last saw me, so it must have been... 1947 or '48.

Something unsettling lands in the pit of Brianna's stomach. It takes her a minute before deciding to take the plunge.

BRIANNA
My father kept a lock-box on the top shelf of his closet. I knew where he hid the key, so one day, I opened it. There were letters in there, from your father. I knew I wasn't supposed to read them, but I did. Mostly academic stuff... but there was one letter...

(MORE)

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

(beat)

The Reverend mentioned an "incident" involving my mother and my father... and the way he phrased it -- made me feel like it was... something big... maybe something terrible... definitely something he didn't want to spell out on paper...

(beat)

It scared me for some reason. I put the letter back in the box, locked it and never looked at it again.

Roger sees an opportunity to bond with her, to fill in some missing pieces. He gets an idea.

ROGER

My father kept a journal. Wrote in it every night after supper. There are boxes of them in the storage room, if you wouldn't mind getting a bit grubby.

BRIANNA

Grubby doesn't bother me. You should see my bedroom.

(realizes)

That didn't come out right --

ROGER

No, but I take your meaning.

They share another grin as they walk back towards the car.

EXT. TOWN HALL - INVERNESS - DAY (1968)

Establishing. Claire's car pulls up in front of a building where Burgh records are kept. As she goes inside, Claire sees GRAFFITI spray painted on a building or other structure:

FREE SCOTLAND. The battle never ended. Perhaps it never will.

OMITTED

INT. TOWN HALL - RECORDS ROOM - DAY (1968)

A short time later, a CLERK is laying out some DOCUMENTS on a table for both her and Claire to examine.

CLERK

I traced the chain of title for the estate known as Lallybroch or Broch Tuarach and found this...

(pointing to a document)

The earliest document in our files -- a Deed of Sasine transferring title to the property from James Alexander Malcolm MacKenzie Fraser to James Jacob Fraser Murray.

Claire looks at the document with the shock of recognition and a thrill of memory. The clerk doesn't notice.

CLERK (CONT'D)

The property was transferred in 1745, witnessed by... Murtagh Fitzgibbons Fraser and Claire Beauchamp...

(squinting)

It's a bit smudged, but I think her surname's Fraser as well.

Claire reacts as she looks down at the SIGNATURES, recalling some MEMORY triggered by the smudge.

CLAIRE

Yes. I do believe it was.

Claire picks up the old parchment, touching the signatures gently for a moment before finding her voice again.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

And after that?

CLERK

Various Murrays, it seems. The property stayed in that family for many generations.

Claire smiles knowing Jenny and her family lived out their days at Lallybroch. The clerk hands Claire an ENVELOPE.

CLERK (CONT'D)

I've made you a copy, so this one's yours to keep.

CLAIRE

One last thing. Is it possible to do a genealogical search?

CLERK

Aye, what's the name?

CLAIRE
 Roger MacKenzie. I'll give you his
 parents' names...

As Claire begins to write them down on a piece of paper...

EXT. TOWN HALL - DAY - A SHORT WHILE LATER (1968)

Claire exits the building holding TWO MANILA ENVELOPES and gets into her car.

INT. CLAIRE'S CAR - DAY - CONTINUOUS (1968)

Before she starts the car, she opens one of the envelopes.

CLAIRE (V.O.)
*I only meant to indulge a curiosity.
 Ever since I'd heard Roger was a
 MacKenzie, I'd wondered if there was
 an ancestral connection to Colum or
 Rupert... but as I studied Roger's
 family tree, I was in for a shock.*

She studies the document inside -- a FAMILY TREE. ON
 CLAIRE'S FACE -- she's stunned by what's on the paper.

INT. WAKEFIELD HOUSE - CLAIRE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (1968)

Claire's sitting on the bed, having taken her shoe off and rubbing her foot from her day of trekking, when Brianna enters. Claire looks up, happy to see her.

CLAIRE
 So, how was your date with Roger?

BRIANNA
 It wasn't a "date."

CLAIRE
 You have to admit he certainly is
 handsome and intelligent. And he
 has a very nice physique.

BRIANNA
 Mo-ther! Who says *physique*? Stop.

CLAIRE
 And his eyes, such a deep blue.

BRIANNA
 Maybe you should date him.

CLAIRE

Where did you end up going?

BRIANNA

Fort William. Have you been?

Claire reacts. The thought of her daughter at the place she was held captive by Randall, and Jamie almost flogged to death. But she quickly covers.

CLAIRE

Once... I didn't care for it.

BRIANNA

So what did you do today?

CLAIRE

Oh, I puttered around the village.

BRIANNA

Places you and Daddy went before?

CLAIRE

Some.

But Claire's evasive tone and lack of elaboration sets off Brianna's radar. She asks suddenly:

BRIANNA

Do you miss him?

CLAIRE

Of course.

But the perfunctory answer doesn't satisfy.

BRIANNA

Sometimes it doesn't seem like you do. Or... that you ever loved him.

Claire's blind-sided by the explosive statement.

CLAIRE

What a thing to say.

A beat. Then more quietly.

BRIANNA

Well, did you? Love him?

CLAIRE

(the truth)
I did.

BRIANNA

And then what? You got married and had me and... what? What really happened between the two of you?

CLAIRE

Nothing happened, I don't know what you're talking about.

BRIANNA

Fine. We can just keep pretending you don't know what I'm talking about for the next twenty years if you'd like.

Claire takes a beat.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

I think we should stay another day -- I want to hang out with Roger at the college tomorrow.

Claire sees that Brianna's retreated now. The walls are up. Claire goes to her MEDICAL BAG and OPENS it.

CLAIRE

I wouldn't mind staying. Dr. Abernathy asked me to pick up some medicinals for his research... I have a list here somewhere...

BRIANNA

Cool.

Brianna EXITS. Claire begins taking out VIALS and BOTTLES from her bag as she searches for the list...

INT. JAMIE & CLAIRE'S ROOM - DAY (1746)

TITLE CARD: 7:30 a.m.

Claire is taking VIALS out of her MEDICAL BOX as Jamie closes the door behind them. She's rushed him here so they can talk privately. Breathless from running, a proposition regarding Charles comes flooding out.

CLAIRE

This battle, this war -- everything that's about to happen -- it all depends on Charles.

JAMIE

Aye.

CLAIRE

If he were to die... now... right now... there wouldn't be a battle. And this bloody rebellion would die with him.

JAMIE

(in Gaelic)

Christ!

JAMIE

(in Gaelic)

A chiall!

Claire finds the VIALS she was looking for in the box.

CLAIRE

I have these. Yellow jasmine. It's poisonous. The same mixture that Colum took last night.
(off Jamie's look)
He asked me for it. Begged me. He knew his time was near.

JAMIE

(reeling)

He took his own life? That's a mortal sin.

CLAIRE

He wanted a quick and peaceful death and I gave it to him.

Jamie absorbs this, then nods. He understands.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Charles has been sickly, suffering from scurvy for weeks. I attended to him before Falkirk, made him tea with rose hips. I can do it again.

JAMIE

In a tea?

CLAIRE

The way it works... it's like drifting off into a deep sleep.

JAMIE

He would never know.

CLAIRE

No one would ever know.

OFF JAMIE and CLAIRE -- looking at each other, anguish in their faces, as they consider the plan --

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. INVERNESS COLLEGE - DAY (1968)

The next morning. Roger and Brianna walk along a PATH. As they approach the History Building --

ROGER

I'm meeting the curator on the second floor. I shouldn't be long, then we can go home and start the great excavation of The Reverend's journals.

BRIANNA

Great. I'll hang out.

INT. INVERNESS COLLEGE - HISTORY BUILDING - DAY (1968)

Roger and Brianna enter the LOBBY. As Roger splits off, Brianna's attention is drawn to a small RALLY happening in the MAIN ASSEMBLY AREA. She HEARS the passionate speech of a WOMAN in the front --

GILLIAN (O.C.)

America, India, Ireland -- all proved it can be done. That independence is possible.

INT. HISTORY BUILDING - MAIN ASSEMBLY AREA - DAY (1968)

A GROUP of students listen to GILLIAN EDGARS. A lithe woman with flowing red hair, Gillian is seen only from behind.

GILLIAN

That an idea can turn into a reality, that a few can become many and rise against a tyrannical government. We can't deny that English needs will always come before Scottish needs. And we can no longer allow their vision to dictate ours.

Brianna stands against the back wall to listen further. A handful of students and a few faculty are at rapt attention.

GILLIAN (CONT'D)

The "Act of Union" in 1707 was a betrayal. When Scotland was united with England, under a single crown,
(MORE)

GILLIAN (CONT'D)

with a single parliament, it was the beginning of the end for us. We lost more than our independence, we lost our spirit. The government in Westminster, the bankers in The City, the newspapers of Fleet Street -- have stolen our money, our voices, our futures.

As she's speaking, PAN around from the back of GILLIAN to REVEAL -- Gillian is in fact GEILLIS DUNCAN. A younger version of Geillis, but unmistakably her.

GILLIAN (CONT'D)

Where are the rulers of old who knew how to look after their people -- the Kings who have become legendary -- Arthur of Wales, Richard the Lion Heart and Prince Charles Edward Stuart, our Bonnie Prince? We've all heard of the battle of Culloden, but imagine how different things would be now if we'd won. Where is our Bonnie Prince Charlie today?

(a call to arms)

I am Bonnie Prince Charlie! You are Bonnie Prince Charlie! Scotland must take her destiny in her own hands!

CHEERS AND APPLAUSE from the crowd. As the speech ends, Gillian is mobbed by supporters.

TIME CUT:

Moments later, Gillian is fielding questions, shaking hands and passing out PAMPHLETS to the crowd. Brianna is in the crowd and catches her eye. As Brianna approaches Gillian, a few staunch supporters finish praising the passionate speech.

THEN --

BRIANNA

I liked your speech.

(then)

But wasn't it the Scottish King James VI, who united the Crowns? And Queen Anne, his Scottish granddaughter who signed the Acts of Union?

Gillian hears the critique immediately, but handles the question smoothly -- she's fielded this one before.

GILLIAN

Aye, but Anne was raised Anglican, already under the influence of Westminster. Prince Charles and his father King James wanted to undo all that.

BRIANNA

Sounds like they would've been just trading one King for another.

GILLIAN

Charles was Catholic and a Scot. Unlike German Geordie and the Hanovers, his loyalty was to us.

BRIANNA

Maybe. Monarchs are monarchs. Doesn't seem much like power to the people.

Gillian's a little taken by this girl who's challenging her while others fawn over her like a rock star.

GILLIAN

You're American. Are you a student here?

BRIANNA

(introducing herself)
Brianna Randall. Just visiting. I'm a history major from Boston.

GILLIAN

(shaking her hand)
Gillian Edgars. Boston? So you know a little about overthrowing distant rule.

BRIANNA

Yes, but America's run by monied interests as well -- Washington, Wall Street...

GILLIAN

Democracy in action.

BRIANNA

An imperfect system, but I don't think monarchy's the answer.

GILLIAN

So why are you here?

BRIANNA

I'm a history student. I like watching history being made.

Gillian smiles, finding a grudging respect for the brash American student.

ROGER (O.C.)

There you are.

Roger appears. Gillian hands Brianna a PAMPHLET with her PICTURE on it and the logo of her organization -- the WHITE ROSES OF SCOTLAND.

GILLIAN

There's another rally later at The Finch, a pub near campus...

(adds)

Where we'll be making history.

Brianna smiles, noncommittal and leaves with Roger. HOLD ON GILLIAN as she watches Brianna walk away --

CLOSE ON PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD STUART

His dapper dress and smirking expression. He's standing unnaturally still. That's because -- this is not Charles in the flesh, but a LIFE-SIZE WAX FIGURE OF THE BONNIE PRINCE. Pull back to REVEAL we are in --

INT. CULLODEN VISITOR CENTER & MUSEUM - DAY (1968)

In a building just adjacent to the infamous battlefield, a group of TOURISTS admire the wax likeness of the leader of the Jacobite Rebellion.

TOURIST

Tall fellow, wasn't he?

CLAIRE (O.C.)

He wasn't that tall in real life.

REVEAL CLAIRE has wandered up beside them, gazing at Charlie. The tourist shoots her a quizzical look. Claire continues:

CLAIRE

He could have been great. He had the name and the cause and the support of good men willing to lay down their lives for him.

(MORE)

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

(beat)

We've taken a fool and turned him
into a hero.

Claire shakes her head, wanders off. She finds herself near an exhibit labeled: WEAPONS AND ARTIFACTS FOUND ON THE BATTLEFIELD. She glances over the variety of SWORDS, MUSKETS, TARGES, and other HISTORICAL ITEMS. Then overhears a HUSBAND and WIFE:

WIFE

(curious)

And what is that thing inside there?

HUSBAND

Hmm... not sure. Looks like a...
dragonfly maybe?

Claire looks and sees the DRAGONFLY IN AMBER given to her by Hugh Munro. Claire gazes at it, filled with emotion.

CUT TO BLACK:

INT. WAKEFIELD HOUSE - STORAGE ROOM - DAY (1968)

POV FROM INSIDE the dark storage room as the DOOR creaks open, letting the LIGHT slash in through clouds of dust. Brianna waves a hand in front of her face, coughing.

BRIANNA

How long since anyone's been in this
room?

ROGER

Ages, I expect.

He shines a FLASHLIGHT, lighting stacks of CARDBOARD CARTONS, CRATES, STEAMER TRUNKS. Finds a dangling STRING, pulls it. The room is suddenly lit by the glare of an oversized BULB. Bree pokes around, finds a stack of LEATHER-BOUND JOURNALS.

BRIANNA

Are these his journals?

ROGER

Aye. If there's anything here about
what happened back in 1948, we
should be able to find it.

She moves the box, a small, grey hairy CREATURE skitters out.

BRIANNA

What was that?! It was huge.

ROGER

Probably a rat.

(hands her the flashlight)

Shine this in any dark places, at least you won't be taken by surprise.

BRIANNA

Thanks a lot.

ROGER

Well, go on then. Or did you want me to do a rat satire on the spot?

BRIANNA

(raising a brow)

A rat satire?

ROGER

An old Scottish custom; if you had rats in your house, you could make them go away by singing to them -- telling the rats how poor the eating was where they were, and how good it was elsewhere.

BRIANNA

You're kidding, right?

ROGER

(singing)

*Ye rats, ye are too many,
If ye would dine aplenty,
Ye must go, ye must go.
Go and fill your bellies,
Dinna stay and gnaw my wellies --
Go, ye rats, go!*

BRIANNA

Did you just make that up?

ROGER

Of course. Any good rat satire must always be original.

BRIANNA

After that performance, there shouldn't be a rat within miles of this place.

They both laugh. Brianna looks at him, warming up a little. But then she spots something, breaking the moment.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

Randall.

Roger follows her gaze to a carton labelled with her family name. They go and open it. It holds an odd assortment of items. PAPERS, LETTERS, PHOTOGRAPHS, ARMY MUSTER LISTS.

ROGER

Now there's an heirloom for you.

He traces a COAT OF ARMS on the head of a sheet.

ROGER (CONT'D)

A letter of commission in the army, signed by His Royal Majesty, King George II. Dated 1735.

BRIANNA

"Jonathan Wolverton Randall." I remember Daddy talking about him. He's one of our ancestors.

ROGER

Looks like he was one of the few British soldiers killed in the Battle of Culloden. The Highlanders lost almost 2000, and the British only 50.

(then)

Here's a letter from your father...

BRIANNA

(scanning it)

The Reverend was doing research on the Captain, but then my father told him to abandon the project. "He's not the man I thought."

ROGER

Odd. Let's bring these boxes inside to the library. Unless you'd like to wait and see if my satire worked.

As they start to haul the boxes inside --

INT. JAMIE & CLAIRE'S ROOM - DAY (1746)

TITLE CARD: 8:15 a.m.

BACK with Jamie and Claire as they continue to discuss a plan to poison Prince Charles...

JAMIE

Make no mistake, this is cold-blooded murder we'd be carrying out.

CLAIRE

To stop a slaughter. Taking one life -- to save thousands.

Just then ROSS rushes in the SIDE DOOR --

ROSS

Jamie! Lord George requests yer presence near the east dyke! Ye're to come at once. They're calling on the men to form lines!

JAMIE

Aye.

Ross exits. Jamie turns back to Claire, time running out.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

We have to move quickly.

CLAIRE

I can mix the Yellow Jasmine into a tea now, bring it to him --

JAMIE

(full of rue)

I spent a year calling the man my friend.

REVEAL DOUGAL MACKENZIE standing just outside the MAIN DOOR, a look of absolute revulsion on his face. Who knows how long he's been there?

Jamie snatches his DIRK from his belt, jabs it into the TABLE, where it stands quivering with the force of the blow.

ON DOUGAL, red with fury at this soul-crushing betrayal. He charges in, CURSING --

DOUGAL

Ye ungrateful son-of-a-bastard! And you filthy... whoring... witch!

Both wheel, shocked to see Dougal MacKenzie. OFF JAMIE AND CLAIRE as they're hit head-on by his wrath ---

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. CULLODEN MOOR - DAY (1968)

FOLLOW CLAIRE as she walks through the grassy field, past the large granite BURIAL STONES which mark the mass graves. CLAN MACGILLIVRAY. CLAN MACINTOSH. CLAN CAMERON. MIXED CLANS.

Claire HEARS FRANK'S VOICE in her head, telling her about Culloden [Episode 105].

CLAIRE (V.O.)

*I came here with Frank in 1945, and
walked among these same gravestones.
But this time I knew the men whose
bones lay under them.*

She stops in front of the last one: CLAN FRASER. A SCOTTISH WOMAN approaches. Lays HEATHER on the grave.

WOMAN

Are ye a Fraser?

CLAIRE

Yes... I am.

WOMAN

We must never forget them. They've made our children proud.

Claire nods. The woman moves off, Claire is alone at the grave. She stands there a beat, then talks to "Jamie."

CLAIRE

I swore I'd never set foot on this horrid place, but here I am. And I know you're here... your bones at least. But I'm not going to cry. You wouldn't want that. Besides, I've come with good news. You have a beautiful daughter... Brianna. Named for your father, just as I promised.

(then)

I was so angry with you, for so long. You made me live a life I didn't care to live. But you were right, damn you. Brianna was safe and loved and raised well. Frank treated her like a daughter, always. It's just her and me now. But sometimes when she turns and I see her red hair or when I catch her smiling in her sleep, it takes my breath away -- because I see you.

(MORE)

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
 She's so beautiful, Jamie... I wish
 you could meet her. She's a Fraser
 all right. Headstrong, stubborn,
 fearless...

As Claire starts to tell Jamie all about his daughter...

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
 She was born at 7:15 on a rainy
 Boston morning...

TIME CUT:

EXT. CULLODEN MOOR - DAY - HOURS LATER (1968)

Claire has finished.

CLAIRE
 That's everything, everything I can
 remember. And no tears. You
 probably didn't think I could do it,
 did you?
 (then, a long beat)
 Remember that day at Craigh na Dun?
 We said a lot of things. But there
 was one thing I didn't say. I
 couldn't. And I haven't, for twenty
 years. But I'm here and it's time.
 So...
 (then)
 Goodbye, Jamie Fraser, my love...
 Rest easy, soldier.

Claire turns and walks away, before the dam breaks.

OMITTED

INT. WAKEFIELD HOUSE - REVEREND'S LIBRARY - DAY (1968)

Roger and Brianna sit on the floor surrounded by boxes as they sort and read through the journals labeled 1948. Roger reads something. His eyes flicker -- he looks alarmed.

BRIANNA
 You find something?

ROGER
 No... ah... nothing yet... we should
 stop for lunch. There are plenty of
 leftovers from the wake...

He closes the journal, but Brianna notices some OLD YELLOWED NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS poking out from within the journal.

BRIANNA
What are those...?

ROGER
Hmm? Oh. Nothing. Just some old newspaper clippings.

BRIANNA
Really? Let's see --

Brianna grabs the journal from him and takes out the clippings. She reads one of the HEADLINES:

BRIANNA (CONT'D)
"Kidnapped by the Fairies?"

She's holding a clipping of the same newspaper with Claire's PHOTO seen in Episode 201. Other clippings describe Claire's initial disappearance and the search for her, and there's a copy of one of the "MISSING" handbills [Episode 108].

BRIANNA (CONT'D)
(reading)
"Claire Randall, wife of noted historian Frank Randall... holiday in Inverness... car found... gone without a trace... police thought she was possibly murdered..."

Brianna looks up, shocked.

ROGER
Obviously not. She turned up.

BRIANNA
Three years later.
(keeps reading)
"Mysteriously found wandering... dressed in rags, disoriented, incoherent..."

ROGER
I think we've found your "incident."

BRIANNA
What about the journal? What did The Reverend say about all this?

ROGER
Are you sure you want to do this? You may not like what you find.

BRIANNA

I want the truth. No matter what.

Roger hands her the journal and Brianna begins to read --

TIME CUT:

OMITTED (MOVED INTO SCENE 37)

EXT. WAKEFIELD HOUSE - DAY (1968)

Establish Claire's car parked in the driveway.

INT. WAKEFIELD HOUSE - PARLOR - DAY (1968)

CLOSE ON THE WHITE ROSES OF SCOTLAND PAMPHLET sitting on the table.

Claire walks past the pamphlet as she makes a CUP OF TEA. She seems more calm and at peace since her visit to Jamie's grave, which has given her a sense of closure.

Claire sets her tea down right next to the pamphlet. Geillis Duncan's face stares right at her, but she doesn't see it.

Brianna enters, having come from upstairs. She's been stewing for hours and she has a sheaf of PAPERS in her hand.

CLAIRE

There you are. Would you like some tea?

BRIANNA

What I'd like is to know exactly what you've been doing the past two days.

CLAIRE

As I told you, I was...

BRIANNA

Puttering around town. Collecting herbs. That all?

CLAIRE

Bree? What's going on?

BRIANNA

Did you see him?

CLAIRE

Him?

BRIANNA

My father. Did you see my father?

Claire's stomach turns over -- how could she know that? She tries to rally, struggles for an indignant tone.

CLAIRE

What -- what the hell kind of question is that to ask?

BRIANNA

Not Daddy -- he's dead, I know that. I'm talking about my father. The man you had an affair with. The man you were with for three years.

She tosses a stack of PAPERS at her feet -- the newspaper clippings, the missing poster -- the scattered evidence of a lie held for two decades. Claire closes her eyes, tries to steady herself. The moment she's always dreaded is here and rushing forward like a speeding locomotive.

CLAIRE

It's... complicated, Bree...

BRIANNA

It's pretty simple, actually. Newspapers say your "miraculous return" was in April 1948. Well, I was born in November '48. Do the math and it turns out you were three months pregnant when the "fairies" brought you back to Daddy.

Silence. Roger walks in at this very moment with some PAPERS in his hand.

ROGER

Bree! I found something else in The Reverend's correspondence. Not sure what it means, but...

He suddenly becomes aware his timing couldn't be worse.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Oh. I'm sorry. I should let you --

BRIANNA

Stay! It's your house and you haven't lied to anyone.

CLAIRE

I really think we should talk alone.

BRIANNA

He's my friend and he stays.

Claire's head is spinning, but she makes a decision.

CLAIRE

Fine.

(beat)

We should all sit down.

They do, including Roger. Claire takes a deep breath:

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

There was... another man. And... I
loved him very much. And... yes, he
was... your real father.

Brianna looks like she's been slapped, but she refuses to
crumble -- more than a little of her mother is in her.

BRIANNA

You lied. All my life... you've
lied to me.

CLAIRE

Frank didn't want you to know...

BRIANNA

(dangerous)

Don't you dare put this on him --

CLAIRE

He wanted to raise you as his own and
I agreed. That's why we moved to
America, to leave all this behind.

BRIANNA

Until you found an excuse to visit
Scotland... is this really why we're
here? So I could have some kind
of... surprise introduction to my
real father?

CLAIRE

No. It's not possible anyway...

BRIANNA

Because he has no interest in
meeting his daughter?

CLAIRE
Because he's dead.

Beat.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
I promised Frank I wouldn't tell you about him, so for twenty years, I haven't even uttered his name out loud. But now you know. So I will tell you about him... about your father... Jamie Fraser.

BRIANNA
I don't want to know anything about him. Not one single thing.

She gets up and starts to leave, but Roger stops her.

ROGER
Bree --
(she stops)
You told me you just wanted the truth, no matter what. Well, this is it.

Brianna looks into his eyes for a long moment -- and Claire notes the trust and bond that's already formed between them. Brianna sits back down and looks her mother right in the eye.

BRIANNA
Let's hear it.

CLAIRE
Jamie loved you -- even though he never met you, he loved you with all his heart. And he would have raised you... if it wasn't for the Battle of Culloden.

BRIANNA
Culloden...? What the hell does that have to do with it?

CLAIRE
Everything.

INT. JAMIE & CLAIRE'S ROOM - DAY (1746)

Title card reads: 8:20 a.m.

BACK WITH Jamie, Claire and Dougal, having overheard their plan to kill Charles.

JAMIE

Dougal. It isna what ye think, man.

DOUGAL

No? Not what I think? The woman's urging ye to foul murder -- to murder your Prince!

CLAIRE

Dougal, please, you must listen --

DOUGAL

(to Claire)

You. I kent you were a traitor, first time I clapped eyes on ye.

Dougal's eyes rake Claire, burning with something between horror and fury. Then starts toward her -- Jamie steps between them --

JAMIE

Careful now.

The MacKenzie chief stops, stares at his nephew and instead of exploding... sags, crestfallen in pain and heartbreak.

DOUGAL

Ye place yer trust in someone, ye give into them with heart and soul. Then to hear him planning murder of our beloved Prince... I'd rather be drawn and quartered.

Somewhere deep in his gut, Dougal resigns, makes a decision.

DOUGAL (CONT'D)

Ye betray us all... what's worse, Jamie, ye betray Scotland herself.

(turning to Claire)

And you. You're nothing but a lying slut, who would take a man by the cock and lead him to his doom, wi' yer claws sunk deep in his balls.

JAMIE

She's my wife! Ye'll no speak ill of her, even in your anger.

DOUGAL

What ye've done to me, we are past anger.

Dougal puts his hand on his sword. He's not stopping.

JAMIE

You're tired, Dougal. Hungry and cold. Go now, and I shall --

But Dougal's drawn his sword and he lunges past Jamie for Claire, who screams and ducks. Dougal grabs her hair and she claws at his face. He raises his SWORD -- ready to plunge it into her -- when Jamie knocks it out of his hand. Jamie's fist strikes Dougal hard in the ribs. Dougal lets go of Claire, then whirls to face Jamie, pulling his DIRK now. Jamie is unarmed. But he matches Dougal, eyes fixed on the point of Dougal's blade.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Put it down, Dougal.

But Dougal jabs upward, a ripping blow. Jamie dodges, agility of youth on his side, but Dougal holds the knife. Dougal rushes Jamie, the dirk sliding up Jamie's side, ripping his shirt, scoring a dark line in his flesh. Jamie hisses in pain and grabs Dougal's wrist.

CLAIRE

(screaming)

Stop it! Please! Don't do this!

Claire grabs a CRATE and smashes it on Dougal's back.

JAMIE AND DOUGAL -- locked now like lovers. Jamie gets the upper hand and is on top of Dougal, but Dougal is still holding onto the blade, rising. There's no stopping Dougal. He'll fight to the death. Jamie fights him off the best he can. But it's steel versus flesh. The dirk rises, two hands grappling for it. Dougal has it clenched in his fist and the point barrels up toward Jamie's heart -- and just before sharp iron meets tartan --

Jamie, using all his strength, twists the blade around, pointing it toward Dougal's heart now. Jamie uses his leverage and weight to slowly drive the blade into his uncle's torso.

Claire takes a step forward, looks at Jamie, then down at Dougal. There's a terrible sound from the MacKenzie chief, a sound of SHOCK and STIFLED BREATH. Jamie pulls him up. Dougal's head lies on Jamie's lap, Jamie's arms locked around his foster father.

JAMIE

I'm sorry, Uncle.
(then, in Gaelic)
Forgive me.

JAMIE

I'm sorry, Uncle.
(then, in Gaelic)
Thoir mathanas dhomh.

Claire kneels beside them, Dougal's body goes limp as the final breath of life leaves him. Jamie and Claire lock eyes --

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. WAKEFIELD HOUSE - PARLOR - DAY (1968)

Claire has just finished telling The Story. Brianna stares at her, having taken it all in. Roger's quiet. Claire holds her breath, waiting for the reaction. Finally --

BRIANNA

Wow... that's... amazing.

Brianna's giving nothing away about her feelings, answering in a flat, unemotional tone. Given the circumstances, Claire is relieved that her daughter's taking it so well.

CLAIRE

I know it must be quite a shock.

BRIANNA

I... don't know what to say.

CLAIRE

You don't have to say anything.
It's quite a lot to take in.

Brianna shakes her head, looks at Roger, then at her mother.

BRIANNA

So how long have you been cooking up this story?

CLAIRE

No... I realize it must sound crazy, but --

BRIANNA

Did you really think I would swallow this... fairy tale? Do you think I'm still five years old?

CLAIRE

It's not a fairy tale.

BRIANNA

The man I grew up with, who loved me for twenty years, isn't my father.

(MORE)

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

My "real" father is some six-foot-three inch red-headed guy in a kilt from the eighteenth century. What is wrong with you?

Claire takes her daughter by the shoulders --

CLAIRE

Listen to me, Bree. Frank was your father in every way that matters, except one: He didn't make you. Jamie and I did.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

You look just like him. Your hair, your mannerisms... And he would have loved you and raised you if it hadn't been for --

BRIANNA

The Battle of Culloden?! Oh my God, stop!

CLAIRE

It's true! Here. Look.

Claire shows Brianna the copy of the Deed of Sasine.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

My signature's on the deed to Lallybroch. Claire Beauchamp Fraser. My maiden name and my handwriting.

Brianna won't even look at it.

BRIANNA

Just admit it! Admit you're not a perfect person. Own up to the fact that you fucked someone else while you were married to Daddy, just like a million other bored housewives!

CLAIRE

(finally flaring)

I was not bored! And what Jamie and I had was a hell of a lot more than fucking. He was the love of my life!

There's a beat, then finally tears spring to Brianna's eyes.

BRIANNA

(heartbroken)

Why are you doing this?

CLAIRE
 (softening)
 Oh, Bree... I'm doing this
 because... because it's the truth.

Brianna looks at Claire, colder now --

BRIANNA
 Only two people know what the truth
 really is. And one of them is dead.
 Too bad it wasn't you.

A dagger in Claire's heart. Brianna turns and walks out.

INT. THE FINCH - DAY (1968)

Roger and Brianna sit at the bar. She pushes back the PAPERS that Roger had brought down earlier, when he interrupted her and Claire talking.

BRIANNA
 That doesn't mean anything.

ROGER
 I don't know what it means, to be
 honest. But The Reverend obviously
 thought it meant something.
 (waves to bartender)
 Two drams. Talisker.

The bartender pours a couple of glasses.

BRIANNA
 She's insane. That's all that
 matters.

ROGER
 She doesn't strike me as insane.

BRIANNA
 Then you weren't listening.

Brianna tosses back the drink, chokes a little. She's not used to drinking whisky straight.

ROGER
 Easy there, lass.
 (then)
 Now don't lash out at me, but that
 Deed of Sasine did look authentic.

BRIANNA

So some woman back in seventeen-whatever had the same name as she does. Or she read about someone and is fantasizing it was her own life.

ROGER

Or... what if there's something to her story?

BRIANNA

Keep that up and I might just lash out at you after all.

ROGER

You told me you could never get close to your mother, that she lived in another world. Maybe she's trying to show you that world.

BRIANNA

So you believe she traveled 200 years into the past? Through a stone?

ROGER

It's not important if I believe it. She believes it.

BRIANNA

Which takes us back to insane.

ROGER

Remember all those boxes in the storage room? They're not all my father's. There's one -- somewhere buried in dust -- that belongs to me. From my birth parents. And I've never opened it. Maybe I want to hold onto the picture I have of them and not have any surprises. Maybe I'm afraid of what I'll learn about myself.

BRIANNA

It's easier to dig into history when it's not your own.

ROGER

I'm just saying, maybe we should keep an open mind.

BRIANNA

How 'bout we keep an open tab
(MORE)

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

instead?

Brianna throws back her drink. Waves for another.

INT. WAKEFIELD HOUSE - PARLOR - DAY (1968)

Claire paces around, frustrated. Worried that she's alienated her daughter for good.

Something catches Claire's eye amongst a pile of papers on the desk -- a familiar face --

SLOW MOTION as Claire zeroes in on the WHITE ROSES OF SCOTLAND PAMPHLET that Brianna brought home from the rally -- GEILLIS DUNCAN'S FACE!

As a stunned Claire picks up the paper --

CLAIRE (V.O.)

There were ghosts around me everywhere since I'd arrived. The red hair, the striking blue eyes. The face was unmistakable. Geillis Duncan. I remembered the date she'd told me at the trial... the year she came through the stones. 1968. This was no ghost. Geillis was here -- a younger version of her -- but she was here.

OFF Claire as she goes over to the desk, grabs a PHONE BOOK, starts flipping through it.

INT. JAMIE & CLAIRE'S ROOM - DAY (1746)

TITLE CARD: 9:00 a.m.

BACK WITH JAMIE AND CLAIRE over Dougal's body... when a voice startles them back to reality --

RUPERT (O.C.)

Great Christ!

Jamie and Claire look up to find RUPERT has just arrived in the doorway in time to see the ghastly tableau.

Jamie, bloody and out of breath, Dougal's head pillowed on Jamie's thigh, his lifeless eyes staring into space.

Rupert reacts with stupefied horror at the empty shell of his great chief. For once in his life, Rupert is struck dumb. He looks at Jamie in complete bewilderment.

JAMIE

Rupert...

But there's nothing to say. Finally Rupert shakes his head.

RUPERT

I'd rip out my one good eye, if it
could have stopped me seeing this.
But seen it I have.

JAMIE

Aye, ye have.

And with that, an entire conversation passes between them. Jamie is his friend -- but Rupert cannot let the murder of his chief be forgiven.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

I ask ye one service... two hours.
There are some things I must see
to... you understand?

Rupert looks over to Claire -- he gets it.

RUPERT

And then?

JAMIE

I shall come back to answer for what
I've done. I give ye my word. Two
hours. Will ye grant me that,
before ye speak?

RUPERT

For the memory of the... friendship
I once had for you and which now you
have murdered as certainly as you
did my chieftain... aye, I'll give
ye two hours, then I'll damn your
soul to the fiery pit.

Jamie gets up, grabs Claire and they head out, leaving Rupert standing over the body of his one and only laird...

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. GILLIAN EDGARS' HOUSE - DAY (1968)

Establishing. Claire's car pulls up and she gets out, noting the WHITE CITROËN already parked there.

EXT. GILLIAN EDGARS' HOUSE - DAY (1968)

Claire KNOCKS on a door. It swings open and she is face-to-face with GREG EDGARS, Gillian's husband. Handsome and rough around the edges, he holds a GLASS OF WHISKY and looks like he just woke up.

CLAIRE

I'm looking for a Miss Gillian Edgars. Is this her residence?

GREG EDGARS

Aye. What is it you want with her?

CLAIRE

I'm an old friend of Gillian's. Claire Randall. You must be... ?

GREG EDGARS

Her husband.

INT. GILLIAN EDGARS' HOUSE - DAY - MOMENTS LATER (1968)

The house is stylish, well it would be if it wasn't a complete disaster area. It reeks of stale cigarettes and take-away food. Greg pours Claire a drink. Plops the glass down on the table in front of her.

GREG EDGARS

Slàinte...

Claire is examining a FRAMED PHOTO on the mantle of Greg and Gillian in happier days. A WEDDING PHOTO.

CLAIRE

I'm not going to be in the area long, do you know where she might be? I'd really love to say hello.

GREG EDGARS

It'll likely be with the Roses, but I've no kept up.

CLAIRE

The Roses? White Roses of Scotland?

GREG EDGARS

Bloody Nationalists. That's where we met.

Greg has definitely had more than a few, and he's in rambling drunk mode as he finds his way unsteadily to a chair.

GREG EDGARS (CONT'D)

Fun at first, ye ken? Toss the bloody English out, join the Common Market on our own... beer in the pub, cuddle in the back of the van comin' home from rallies. The woman's a she-devil in the sack. That's before she went potty.

CLAIRE

Potty?

GREG EDGARS

Aye. Lot of teuchters dressed up in kilts with swords. Fine if ye like it, of course. But Gilly'd always take a thing too far. On and on about the Bonnie Prince, and wouldn't it be a fine thing if he'd won the '45? Blokes in the kitchen 'til all hours, drinking up the beer and arguing why he hadn't. In the Gaelic, too. Now she spends all her time down at the Institute, day and night, spendin' all my money on courses... folklore they call it. She filled up a million notebooks with her "findings."

His eyes are beginning to droop as he nods to the corner where a small WOODEN DESK sits, littered with PAPERS.

GREG EDGARS (CONT'D)

Why not learn to type? Get a job, if she's bored, that's what I told her. So she left. Been weeks now.
(re: whisky)
Another?

CLAIRE

Thank you, no. So you say she's been gone for weeks?

She watches as he bolts down his third glass.

GREG EDGARS

That's what I said. If ye do see Gilly, tell her to come home, eh? Tell her... I love her.

CLAIRE

Of course.

Greg closes his eyes, the alcohol lulling him into SLUMBER. Claire stares at him a beat, actually feels sorry for the man. Claire looks over at the desk --

She slips over and quietly rifles through the papers on top, then the drawers. Finds SEVERAL NOTEBOOKS. She tucks them inside her cloak and goes.

GILLIAN (PRE-LAP)
Brianna... ?

INT. THE FINCH - NIGHT (1968)

Brianna and Roger are still wrestling with Claire's revelations when Gillian Edgars stops by their table.

BRIANNA
Gillian, hi.

GILLIAN
You missed a great rally earlier.

BRIANNA
I'm sorry we missed it. Roger and I are just... having a whisky.

ROGER
(explaining)
Been a bit of a jiggery pokery day.

Gillian looks to Brianna with a raised brow of curiosity.

BRIANNA
My mother's insane.

GILLIAN
(laughs)
A sentiment echoed by daughters everywhere.

Brianna looks at Gillian, she can't help but like her.

BRIANNA
Maybe I'll see you again at the next rally.

GILLIAN
Afraid I'm leaving tonight to... further the cause. But don't stop asking the hard questions. That's the way the world changes.

Gillian smiles. A cryptic message, but Brianna senses she will never see Gillian again.

INT. CULLODEN HOUSE - VESTIBULE - DAY (1746)

TITLE CARD: 9:30 a.m.

Jamie and Claire rush to find Murtagh in the chaos. FERGUS with him. Murtagh, with one look at Jamie's face, knows something's wrong. Jamie leans close to his godfather and says bluntly, without explanation.

JAMIE

I've killed Dougal MacKenzie.

Murtagh's face goes blank for a split second, then clouds back to normal.

MURTAGH

Canna say I'm surprised, only that it took ye this long. What's to do, then?

The tide of history is sweeping them over the waterfall and nothing can stop it. Jamie exits through the front door and returns a beat later carrying a ROLLED PAPER, then spreads it out on something nearby.

CLAIRE

What is that?

JAMIE

Deed of Sasine. It conveys the title to Lallybroch to James Jacob Fraser Murray...

MURTAGH

Givin' the place over to your nephew.

JAMIE

Aye. So the Crown canna take it away. This protects Lallybroch, keeps the estate in the family, and safe from the hands of the British who would seize and plunder it. Held in trust by Jenny and Ian until Wee Jamie is old enough.

CLAIRE

It's dated last year --

JAMIE

Aye. Before the rebellion -- before
I was a traitor. I need the
signature of two witnesses.

MURTAGH

(to Fergus)

Fetch your master ink and a quill,
lad. And quick about it -- go!

Fergus races off -- Murtagh glances around to make sure no
one's listening.

MURTAGH (CONT'D)

Will ye have me take it to Jenny?

JAMIE

Fergus will take it.

Fergus returns with a small inkpot and ragged quill.

FERGUS

Me, Milord?

As Murtagh SIGNS the deed --

JAMIE

(to Fergus)

Aye. You are to ride for
Lallybroch. Ye'll leave now.
This must reach Madame Murray --
without fail. It is worth more than
my life -- or yours.

FERGUS

I don't want to leave you, Milord!
I refuse!

JAMIE

Ye must. Not only for the deed,
but...
no matter what happens here today,
it's important that someone
remembers. You understand, aye?

As Claire signs her name, she's overcome, realizing this may
be the last they see of young Fergus. A TEAR falls onto the
deed as she's signing it, making a watery smudge.

FERGUS

I will not fail you, Milord!

Jamie rests a hand on Fergus' head.

JAMIE

*I know ye won't, and I am grateful.
Stop for nothing, except to sleep,
and when ye do, hide yourself well.
Ye're a soldier now.*

(then)

Mon fils, I love ye, as a son.

Overcome, Fergus kisses Jamie's hand. Then Claire takes Fergus's face in her hands. Kisses his cheeks.

CLAIRE

As our own son.

Jamie hands Fergus the deed. Fergus stands up straighter with the enormity of the responsibility he knows has been given to him. Jamie and Claire watch as Fergus leaves...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. WAKEFIELD HOUSE - REVEREND'S LIBRARY - NIGHT (1968)

Claire has a GLASS OF WHISKY as she pours over Gillian's NOTEBOOKS. She FLASHES BACK TO -- the moment in the orchard where she first laid eyes on Geillis Duncan [Episode 102].

CLAIRE (V.O.)

*For hours I read Geillis' notebooks,
I tried to make sense of the
convoluted pages... they contained
formulas about the art and science
of time travel. Unlike myself,
Geillis had studied and prepared for
her journey. I was stunned to learn
she believed you must have a human
sacrifice to move through the
stones... and gemstones to protect
and guide you...*

Another FLASHBACK -- The Church in Cranesmuir as Geillis is carried away by the angry mob -- the last time Claire ever laid eyes on Geillis Duncan [Episode 111].

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

*From what I could tell, Geillis
planned to pass through Craigh na
Dun -- and soon. Sadly, I knew how
that trip would end -- with Geillis
burned on a pyre in Cranesmuir. I
had to try to stop her...*

Claire finally closes the notebook, using Gillian's PAMPHLET as a bookmark.

EXT. HIGHLANDER CAMP - DAY (1746)

TITLE CARD: 10:00 a.m.

Fergus having gone, Jamie turns to Murtagh now, pulling him aside and hurriedly confiding in his godfather.

JAMIE

Gather the Frasers of Lallybroch together. Then get them out of here. There will be a pell-mell on the moor, wi' troops and horses moving to and fro. Nobody will stop you, wi' the British in sight and the fight about to begin. Tell them the order comes from me -- they will follow without question -- God help them, that's what's brought them here. Then lead them off the moor, and away from the battle. Set them on the road toward Lallybroch and home.

MURTAGH

Are ye sure?

JAMIE

This battle is lost. However righteous, it's been doomed since the start. We did what we could. But it's over. I won't let my kin die for nothing.

MURTAGH

And what are you to do?

JAMIE

I'll take Claire to safety.

Murtagh glances toward the distant hills then a brief acknowledgement passes between them.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Then I'll turn back for Culloden, and fight until it's done.

The ever-loyal Murtagh looks at his godson, shakes his head:

MURTAGH

I've always done what you asked, and I will guide yer men to safety and set them on the path home. But ken this: When ye return, I'll be waiting here to fight by yer side.

JAMIE

I won't have ye dying for nothing.

MURTAGH

I won't be... I'll be dying with you.

Jamie looks at Murtagh and sees there's no changing his mind. He nods. The deal is made.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. WAKEFIELD HOUSE - CLAIRE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (1968)

A calmer, composed Brianna faces Claire as they sit across from each other.

BRIANNA

I don't want to argue. Let's just agree that I have a father... who isn't Daddy.

(then)

I'm not going to discuss your whole time travel delusion. But I do want to know more about this... Jamie Fraser. Tell me about him.

CLAIRE

All right.

Claire takes a deep breath.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

He was tall and had red hair like yours. His father was named Brian, that's where your name comes from. He spoke French, and loved to play chess. He had a sister named Jenny -- your aunt...

Claire breaks off at the impossibility of it.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

It would take a very long time to tell you everything about him. But I will, I promise. Just as I did today, when I went to his grave on Culloden Moor to tell him all about you...

BRIANNA

This is the part where you lose me.

Brianna starts to get up, but Claire reels her back in with the passion she obviously feels.

CLAIRE

I didn't intend to fall in love, in fact, I fought against it. But I couldn't deny what I felt for him. I couldn't. I tried but... it... it was the most powerful thing I've ever felt in my life.

OFF Brianna as she takes in Claire's words, as Roger suggested, keeping an open mind. She sits down again.

INT. WAKEFIELD HOUSE - REVEREND'S LIBRARY - LATER (1968)

Claire comes downstairs and finds Roger in the library having a whisky. Once again she joins him for a drink.

ROGER

How is she?

CLAIRE

We're talking at least.

ROGER

A fair improvement from shouting.

Claire sits down near where she left Gillian's notebook. She holds out the pamphlet.

CLAIRE

Do you know Gillian Edgars?

ROGER

Not really. She gave that to Brianna after --

CLAIRE

Brianna actually met her?

A tired and worn out Brianna appears in the doorway.

BRIANNA

Yeah. Gillian's great. I mean she's a little crazy on the whole Scottish nationalist thing but I liked her.

CLAIRE

(gob-smacked)
Fuck.

BRIANNA

Mama!

CLAIRE

Do you know where she is now?

BRIANNA

No... why?

CLAIRE

Are you sure? I have to find her.
It's important.

Brianna throws a look for Roger to jump in.

ROGER

We just ran into her at the pub, but she said she was leaving town, tonight.

BRIANNA

Something about... going somewhere to "further the cause." It didn't sound like she'd be back.

It hits Claire like a lightning bolt -- tonight is the night Geillis will carry out her plan at Craigh na Dun:

CLAIRE

She's going through the stones.

BRIANNA

What are you talking about?

CLAIRE

Gillian Edgars is Geillis Duncan.
From the witch trial in Cranesmuir.
(holds up pamphlet)
This is her.

Brianna turns to Roger, *here we go again.*

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

She saved my life. And if I can get to Craigh na Dun in time, stop her from going through the stones, then I can save hers. But...
(realizing)
I can't.

Roger tries to understand --

ROGER

Why not?

CLAIRE
... Because of you.

ROGER
Me?

CLAIRE
When I heard you were a MacKenzie...
I looked up your family history.
Your seven-times great grandparents
were William MacKenzie and his wife
Sara, who lived in the village of
Cranesmuir. They couldn't have
children, so one was given to them
to raise as their own. That child
belonged to Dougal MacKenzie and
Geillis Duncan.

ROGER
So you're saying... my ancestors are
actually the war chief you spoke
of... and the witch?

BRIANNA
Why are you dragging Roger into this?

CLAIRE
Because he has the same right as you
to know who he is.

ROGER
If this is all true -- then we have
to stop her, don't we? If she's
going back to be burned alive?

CLAIRE
But what happens to you if she never
goes back, never meets Dougal
MacKenzie, never has a child? What
if... you're never born?

ROGER
How I can not be born? I'm here. I
can't just... evaporate!

CLAIRE
I don't know how it all works.

BRIANNA
Finally, something she doesn't know
about time travel.
(off the look on Roger's
face)
You're not buying this, are you?

ROGER

I don't know... but just to be on the safe side, I say we find her. Warn her at least.

CLAIRE

(seizing upon the idea)
Yes... I can warn her -- tell her not to draw attention to herself in the past by doing anything that smacks of witchcraft.

Brianna looks back and forth between them. Then, to Roger:

BRIANNA

You see what's happening here?
You're feeding her delusions!

Brianna starts to stalk away, Roger follows her and grabs her arm, speaks in a low voice.

ROGER

Maybe I am. But this could be our chance to make her actually face it.

BRIANNA

Face what?

ROGER

Gillian. See what Gillian says about all this.

BRIANNA

And what if Gillian is as crazy as she is? What if she really thinks you can travel through solid stone to the past?

ROGER

Then maybe we all get to watch her slam her head into a five-ton block of granite -- either way, this gives us a chance to put a stop to it all.

Brianna shakes her head, dubious. But she lets him take her hand and lead her back to Claire.

ROGER (CONT'D)

I'll get my keys.

EXT. CRAIGH NA DUN - LATE NIGHT (1968)

Roger's car slows as it turns up the road that leads to the foot of Craigh na Dun. Claire gestures to a WHITE CITROËN, parked at the roadside.

CLAIRE

That's her husband's car.

They leap out of their car, Claire heading into the darkness.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

It's up this way. Come on!

Brianna grabs onto Roger's elbow, follows her up. After a hundred yards or so, WHOOSH! The night LIGHTS UP in a blaze of brightness. There's something burning their nostrils.

BRIANNA

What's that smell?

ROGER

Smells like petrol. And... something else.

BRIANNA

God, it's awful.

They climb faster. Claire is ahead of the two. Brianna turns to Roger --

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

Can you hear that, the buzzing?

ROGER

Yes, it's getting louder.

Claire's forging ahead, doesn't hear them say that. She arrives at the crest just in time to see the slim FIGURE OF A WOMAN silhouetted in front of a FIRE, on the other side of the hill, behind the TALL STONE. It's Gillian, dressed in a long skirt and tight bodice -- the clothes of another time.

Roger and Brianna catch up to Claire in time to see Gillian -- her eyes wide, hair flying. Gillian turns and runs like the wind toward the tall stone -- which is between her and Roger, Brianna and Claire -- her hand outstretched to the rock --

ROGER (CONT'D)

My god...

CLAIRE

(yells)

Geillis! Noooooo.... !!!

Gillian runs until she's obscured behind the giant stone. As though she's running straight into it.

Claire, Brianna and Roger run into the stone circle, but there's no sign of Gillian. Claire bends over, spent with effort and emotion. Brianna and Roger look around in astonishment. Gillian has literally disappeared.

A beat as the shock settles in. They look over to see the flames from the fire, dying down now, to REVEAL an ugly fact:

THEIR POV: THE CHARRED BODY OF A MAN.

Off their faces --

EXT. HIGHLANDER CAMP - DAY (1746)

TITLE CARD: 10:33 a.m.

The sound of PIPERS WAIL, DRUMS BEAT to arms, and TRUMPETS SOUND. Jamie leads Claire through the edges of the camp. Like salmon swimming upstream, they're going one way, as the rest of the camp musters the other direction. No one stops them, there is so much chaos that they are scarcely noticed.

Jamie's concentrating single-mindedly on the task at hand. Claire's still in shock, until they head into a --

EXT. STAND OF TREES - DAY (1746)

Out of sight of the confusion, Claire puts her foot down.

CLAIRE

Where are we going?

Jamie runs his hands through his rusty locks, trying to make light of it.

JAMIE

I'm no exactly inconspicuous, ye ken.
Red Jamie wouldn't get far, I think.
But you -- I can save you, Claire,
and I will.

A few Highlanders run by, either deserting or joining the battle -- hard to say. Once they're gone --

CLAIRE

We could get away! Together! Sail
somewhere, anywhere!

JAMIE

The country is roused, the ports are
closed. I'm no afraid to die,
Sassenach. A musket ball, maybe a
blade. Better than the hangman's
noose or the wrath of the
MacKenzies. I'm a dead man, either
way. I choose the battlefield.

CLAIRE

Then I'll go back with you!

JAMIE

The hell you will.

CLAIRE

At the witch trial at Cranesmuir, if
I'd gone to the stake with Geillis --
would you have left me?

JAMIE

I would have gone to the stake with
you, and to hell and beyond, if it
had come to that.

(then)

But I wasn't carrying your child.

Claire freezes.

CLAIRE

You can't tell that. It's much too
soon.

JAMIE

Sassenach, ye haven't been a day
late in your courses in all the time
since ye first took me to yer bed.
It's been two months now...

CLAIRE

You kept track? In the middle of a
bloody war, you kept track?

JAMIE

How long have you known?

CLAIRE

... A few weeks now.

Claire touches her stomach. It's true. She's pregnant. And the timing couldn't be worse.

JAMIE

This bairn is all that will be left of me... ever. I beg ye, Claire --

CLAIRE

No...

JAMIE

Claire, ye made me a promise. Back when ye asked me to spare Randall's life... you promised me that if it came to this, ye'd go back through the stones, back home...

CLAIRE

You are my home!

JAMIE

And you are mine. But this home is lost. Now you and the bairn need to go to a safe place. To a man who can care for ye both.

OFF CLAIRE -- yes, she did promise. As she makes her terrible decision -- they mount for the ride. Claire takes one last look back at --

THE HIGHLAND ARMY. Forming into chaotic lines to face their doom.

Then Jamie spurs the horse and they RIDE AWAY.

EXT. CRAIGH NA DUN - DAY (1746)

TITLE CARD: 1:00 p.m.

Jamie and Claire arrive on HORSEBACK at the base of the hill where they dismount and leave the horse. They rush on foot up the hill toward the STONE CIRCLE together. They stop, out of breath. The TALL STONE towers ominously over them.

CLAIRE

And how shall I explain all this... when I get back?

JAMIE

To Frank? That I leave to you. Tell him what you will about me. About us. It's likely he'll no want to hear. But if he does -- tell him
(MORE)

JAMIE (CONT'D)

I'm grateful. Tell him I trust him.
And tell him -- I hate him to the
marrow of his bones!

Jamie smiles, trying to stay strong. Claire's ears fill with the awful BUZZING, she's dizzy and her throat closes so tight she can hardly breathe. She covers her ears as if in pain.

CLAIRE

I can hear the buzzing. So loud...
I'm not ready...

(then)

Come with me! Damnit! Come through
the stones!

JAMIE

I can't.

CLAIRE

You can try! You hear it, right?
The buzzing?

JAMIE

I don't hear anything.

As if to prove to her, Jamie lays his palm on the tall stone. Nothing happens.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

And even if I could go through...
it's not my place. My destiny is on
the moor.

(steeling himself)

But I will find you. I promise. If
I must endure two hundred years of
purgatory, two hundred years without
you -- then that is my punishment,
which I have earned for my crimes.
For I have lied and killed and
stolen, betrayed and broken trust...
but when I stand before God, I shall
have one thing to say, to weigh
against the rest. Lord, ye gave me
a rare woman, and God! I loved her
well.

CLAIRE

And I love you.

The urgency of the moment overtakes them and they rush together one last time, MAKING LOVE up against one of the trees. It's over in seconds. Jamie pushes himself away with tremendous effort.

And that's when they hear it -- the distant echo of CANNON FIRE. Jamie looks out over the hills, knowing:

JAMIE
(softly)
It has begun.

Claire looks towards the sound, where she knows so much blood will be shed, including the proud Fraser blood of her husband. Claire pulls an object from her pocket. A chunk of smooth polished AMBER, inside a DRAGONFLY caught in flight.

CLAIRE
The wedding gift from Hugh Munro.
Carry it with you.

She holds it out for him. A talisman, a reminder of her, to carry into battle. He tucks it inside his sporran. She looks in his eyes, whispers their wedding vow.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Blood of my Blood...

JAMIE
... Bone of my Bone.

CLAIRE
So long as we both shall live.

Jamie touches her belly, the life inside. That part of him that will always be with her.

ANOTHER CANNON BOOM.

Jamie quickly pulls a RING from his sporran. A GEMSTONE of some kind, set in gold.

JAMIE
This belonged to my father. Give it
to the bairn, when he's old enough.

Tears in her eyes, Claire slides the ring on the middle finger next to Jamie's wedding band.

CLAIRE
I'll name him... Brian. After your
father.

Jamie grins. The sound of the CANNONS continue, and Jamie turns her back to the tall stone, pushing her towards it --

JAMIE
Goodbye, Claire.

She starts to, but she can't say it back. Claire fights him for a beat, but he stands behind her, covering her hands with his own, he presses her palms on the cold surface of the stone... then lets go.

SMASH TO BLACK.

BRIANNA (PRE-LAP)
So it's true, then? All of it?
Everything you said is true?

EXT. CRAIGH NA DUN - NIGHT (1968)

FIND Claire and Brianna sitting on a log near the stones. Claire nods. Yes, it is all true. Brianna takes this in. Then --

BRIANNA
Was that... her husband?

CLAIRE
I think so.

A beat.

BRIANNA
And... someone has to... die... to travel through the stones... is that how it works?

CLAIRE
Gillian believed she needed a human sacrifice... but no one died when I went through.

BRIANNA
She murdered an innocent man.

CLAIRE
Not for the last time.

BRIANNA
You said she saved your life.

CLAIRE
She did. People are... complicated.

A beat. Brianna looks around at the stones, then asks --

BRIANNA
So this is the last place you saw him? My... father?

CLAIRE

Yes.

BRIANNA

I believe you. I don't understand it, but I believe you.

She takes her mother's hand, pulls her close.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

(intense)

No more lies. From now on... I only want the truth between you and me. All right?

Claire is moved. Words she's heard before.

CLAIRE

So like your father...

(beat)

Yes. Only the truth from now on.

Brianna struggles to believe her, but there's a sense of a new mother/daughter relationship beginning.

EXT. ON THE ROAD BY THE CAR - NIGHT (1968)

Claire and Brianna have come down from the hill and are waiting near the road just as Roger drives up to meet them.

ROGER

I've called the police, anonymously of course. I don't know how long it'll be before they get here, but I think it's best if we leave before they arrive.

Claire takes one last lingering look back toward the stones looming in the distance behind them. Brianna sees how hard it is for her mother to leave this place. She looks to Roger, something on her mind.

BRIANNA

Roger... tell her what you found -- maybe it means something after all.

Claire looks to Roger, quizzically. Roger takes the PAPERS out of his pocket from earlier.

ROGER

Some research The Reverend did at the request of your husband -- your husband Frank. I'm not certain if he ever sent it on to Boston or not.

He hands the papers over and Claire tries to read them, but the light is too dim.

CLAIRE

What does it say?

ROGER

After the battle at Culloden, a few Jacobite officers, all seriously wounded, took refuge in an old house. For two days, then they were all taken out to be shot. But one of them, a Fraser of the Master of Lovat's regiment, escaped execution.

Claire stares at him as the implication sinks in.

CLAIRE

There were... many Frasers on the field that day...

ROGER

But only five Fraser officers. And four of them have their names memorialized on a plaque in the church in Beaully, so we know for certain that they were killed.

CLAIRE

(a whisper)

Who was... the fifth?

BRIANNA

James Fraser. My father.

CLAIRE

Jamie didn't die at Culloden.

ROGER

No. He meant to die -- but he didn't.

CLAIRE

He survived... he survived...

Dawn is fast approaching. Claire staggers away from them for a moment. Brianna and Roger exchange a worried look -- is she going to collapse?

But Claire rights herself after a moment. Stands up straight. Turns and faces them with the steely determination of Claire Beauchamp Randall Fraser.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

If that's true, then...

We TURN with Claire to face the standing stones.

BRIANNA

You have to go back.

Claire's heart and soul already racing up the hill toward the center stone.

SMASH TO BLACK.

"Time Has Come Today" by the Chambers Brothers (1968) plays over the CLOSING CREDITS.

END OF EPISODE