

**OUTLANDER**

EPISODE 302  
Surrender

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BASED ON THE NOVEL BY  
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FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT  
2nd March 2017

OUTLANDER  
EPISODE 302 "Surrender"

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EPISODE 302 "Surrender"

CAST LIST – FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT – 2nd March 2017

CLAIRE BEAUCHAMP RANDALL  
JAMIE MACKENZIE FRASER  
FRANK RANDALL

CAPTAIN LEWIS  
CORPORAL MACGREGOR  
FERGUS  
IAN MURRAY  
JENNY MURRAY  
JOE ABERNATHY  
MARY MACNAB  
PRIVATE JENKINS  
RABBIE MACNAB  
YOUNG JAMIE

DR. SIMMS  
JERRY NELSON  
MILLIE NELSON

BRIANNA RANDALL (BABY)  
STREET BUSKER  
WEE IAN (NEWBORN)

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SET LIST - FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT - 2nd March 2017

INTERIORS

Claire & Frank's Home (1949)  
  Bedroom  
  Dining Room  
  Hallway  
  Kitchen  
  Living Room  
Harvard Medical School -  
  Anatomy Classroom (1954)  
Lallybroch  
  Blue Room (1744)  
Lallybroch (1752)  
  Blue Room  
  Butchering Shed  
  Dining Room  
  Dovecote  
  Entryway  
  Guest Room  
  Hallway  
  Landing  
  Parlor  
  Small Anteroom  
Scottish Highlands (1752)  
  Cave

EXTERIORS

Boston Park (1949)  
Boston Sidewalk (1954)  
Lallybroch (1752)  
  The Arch  
  Butchering Shed  
  Dooryard  
  Dovecote  
  Entrance Road  
  Establishing  
Scottish Highlands (1752)  
  Cave  
  River Bank  
  Woods

FADE IN:

**EXT. LALLYBROCH - DOVECOTE - DAY (D1) (1752)**

SUPER: SCOTLAND, 1752

FERGUS, 15, and RABBIE MACNAB, 16, creep through the brush at the end of the ENTRANCE ROAD where DOVES are housed. They seem to be on a mission, and speak in FURTIVE WHISPERS.

FERGUS

You're sure it's in the dovecote?

RABBIE

Aye. I saw it with my own eyes. I followed him as he was hiding it. He put it in one of the nests.

YOUNG JAMIE, 10, has tagged along and is nervous.

YOUNG JAMIE

What if Father catches us?

RABBIE

He won't! He's round the back milkin'. Now steek yer gab!

The boys look around to be sure no one is watching them slip inside --

**INT. LALLYBROCH - DOVECOTE - CONTINUOUS**

The boys examine the NOOKS in the stone where the doves nest. In better days, the nooks were full of doves. But now, only a few BIRDS flutter about. Reaching in, they find nothing.

RABBIE

It's here, I swear...

FERGUS

You're lyin'.

Finally, Fergus feels something cold and hard amidst the bird nests and pulls it out -- a FLINTLOCK PISTOL.

RABBIE

Ha! I told ye.

The boys all stare, mesmerized. Young Jamie grabs for it, but Fergus holds it out of reach.

YOUNG JAMIE

It's my father's, so I get to hold it!

FERGUS

You're too young! You don't know how it works.

YOUNG JAMIE

You don't either!

FERGUS

I've been to war. I was at Prestonpans. I killed a filthy redcoat officer!

Rabbie has heard this story before and is in awe of Fergus.

RABBIE

But ye killed him with a knife, aye? And it was bloody.

FERGUS

Aye, bloody. It's much braver to kill a man with a knife. Nothing but flesh and metal between you.

(with bitter regret)

I only wish Milord didn't send me home. I could've fought at Culloden too.

A shadow crosses Fergus' face -- a sore subject for him. He's always wished he could have stayed. The boys are interrupted by what sounds like THUNDER. They look out of one of the OPENINGS to SEE --

**BOYS' POV --**

Rushing past the window is a REDCOAT PATROL -- SIX SOLDIERS on horseback, TWO MORE driving a CART up the ENTRANCE ROAD.

**BACK ON FERGUS**

As he whirls around and hands Rabbie the pistol.

FERGUS (CONT'D)

Redcoats! Hide it, quick!

The boys scramble to stash the pistol back in the dove nest, then race out --

**OMITTED**

OMITTEDEXT. LALLYBROCH - DOORYARD - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

The boys race up through the ARCH to catch up with the soldiers in time to witness --

CORPORAL MACGREGOR, 30s, a Lowland Scot serving in the British army, and PRIVATE JENKINS, 20s, British, already dragging IAN MURRAY toward their wagon where CAPTAIN LEWIS, 40s, British, stands waiting.

Ian struggles to stay on his feet, his wooden leg making it difficult for him to keep pace with MacGregor and Jenkins. But he comes along with them peacefully.

CORPORAL MACGREGOR

(to Ian)

Move, cripple!

The older boys have learned to stay quiet, because as we will learn, this has happened several times before. But Young Jamie, upset, steps toward his father and is roughly BOOTED out of the way by Corporal MacGregor.

IAN

Treat me as you will, but leave the lads be.

CORPORAL MACGREGOR

If ye trained your mongrels better, I wouldn't have to kick 'em to keep 'em in line.

Ian pauses, a bit winded from being dragged quickly from the stables. Jenkins admonishes him.

PRIVATE JENKINS

Keep moving!

CAPTAIN LEWIS

I'm Captain Samuel Lewis, of His Majesty's Tenth Dragoons. I'm here for the Dunbonnet.

IAN

No one here goes by that name.

CAPTAIN LEWIS

I would think not, openly. I have it on good authority that the notorious traitor known as Red Jamie is in concealment nearabouts. And there's gossip in these parts about another man called -- the Dunbonnet.

IAN

We dinna get to the village much, canna say I've heard that.

CAPTAIN LEWIS

No...? Well, he's an outlaw who wears a brown hat to hide his distinctive red hair. I surmise that the Dunbonnet and Red Jamie are one and the same.

IAN

(chuckles)

Ye tell a braw tale there, Captain.

CAPTAIN LEWIS

James Fraser is your brother-in-law, is he not? And this is his clan land?

IAN

It was. These are my son's lands now.

CAPTAIN LEWIS

These are His Majesty King George's lands and all upon them are his subjects, bound by his laws.

JENNY MURRAY, eight months pregnant, comes out onto the front doorstep, having heard the commotion from inside. MARY MACNAB, Rabbie's pretty-but-careworn mother, 30, is right behind her. Jenny sighs, seeing the soldiers.

JENNY

We've not seen nor heard from Jamie Fraser since he left to fight in the Rebellion, six years ago.

Captain Lewis looks past Jenny to Ian, the head of the household.

CAPTAIN LEWIS

Pardon me, sir, if I don't take you or your wife's word for it.

(MORE)



CAPTAIN LEWIS (CONT'D)

I remind you, anyone who harbours  
or renders aid to a Jacobite  
fugitive commits high treason and  
will be hanged under law.

(hard)

Man, woman, or child.

JENNY

Search the house and the grounds,  
if ye please. But I'll tell ye  
same as I told Lieutenant Harding,  
Captain Abbott, Major Mercer, and  
every other government officer  
who's come to command these parts --  
ye'll find no sign of my traitorous  
brother here.

IAN

Nor any follower of the Stuarts.

JENNY

Can we offer you and yer men some  
water or goat's milk? We had a  
poor crop this year, but we can at  
least give ye some fresh bread.

Lewis shoots a look over to Fergus and the others, then back  
to Jenny, considering --

CAPTAIN LEWIS

Your loyalties to the Crown are  
noted, however, there is a  
substantial reward for information  
which leads to the capture of Red  
Jamie. If you know of his  
whereabouts it would be wise to  
turn him in -- now.

IAN

Canna give you what we dinna have,  
Captain.

CAPTAIN LEWIS

Very well. Corporal MacGregor,  
arrest Mr. Murray. Perhaps some  
time in the garrison's cells will  
change his mind.

Fergus hisses under his breath at MacGregor as he shackles  
Ian.

FERGUS

(re: MacGregor)

A Scot in a redcoat. You are the traitor.

He spits on the ground as MacGregor, noting the French accent, takes a swipe at Fergus.

CORPORAL MACGREGOR

You filthy frog-eater. Mind yer tongue! Or I'll cut it out.

IAN

Rabbie, Fergus, finish milkin' and mind your chores.

(then, to Jenny)

Mebbe ye can make a rabbit stew for my return.

Jenny watches Ian depart with the soldiers. As the cart clears the ARCH, the boys and Mary MacNab move to stand with her. Young Jamie wraps his arms around his mother's waist.

MARY MACNAB

He'll be fine, Mistress. Court's released him each time they've seen fit to take him. No reason to think this time's any different.

Jenny rubs her young son's back and lays a hand unconsciously on her pregnant belly, hoping Mary's right.

JENNY

A damnable shame -- Corporal MacGregor.

MARY MACNAB

Aye, a Lowlander. Many a MacGregor fought for the Jacobites, but a few fought for the government during the '45.

JENNY

Now they think they're better than us. And what the daft loons don't realize is -- the British hate them just the same.

MARY MACNAB

The government takes away our weapons, tartans, traditions --

JENNY

They canna take what they canna find,  
Mary.

OFF Jenny --

**EXT. LALLYBROCH - ENTRANCE ROAD - SAME**

FOLLOW the redcoats and the CART carrying Ian as it moves away from Lallybroch. As it clears the bend, the CAMERA PANS UP and holds on the RIDGE above the road. At first, it looks tranquil, uninhabited.

But then we SEE HIM -- a man, barely visible amidst the trees. His BEARD is long and wild, cheeks sunken, his skin rough from prolonged exposure to wind and sun and rain. His breeks and shirt are thin and dirty. He holds a BOW loosely in one hand, and there is a QUIVER with several ARROWS on his back.

If it weren't for the CRYSTALLINE BLUE EYES, recognizable even as dulled by loneliness and too much solitude as they are, we might not know this feral creature is JAMIE FRASER. The years without Claire have stolen his spirit and left him a shadow of his former self. He watches the cart move away, eyes vacant. He turns, pulling out a dull brown hat -- the DUN BONNET -- and placing it on his head as he slips back into the woods.

PAN UPWARD TOWARD THE SUN into the blinding rays of sunlight, then follow those RAYS BACK DOWN as they filter into a window in --

**INT. LALLYBROCH - BLUE ROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK (1744)**

-- and illuminate a SLEEPING JAMIE FRASER, seen from CLAIRE'S POV as she watches him from her pillow. He opens his eyes, focuses on her, and smiles. This is a different Jamie, the one before Culloden. The King of Men. The MORNING SUN washes his skin in light that makes it seem to glow. He rolls out of bed, and she watches as he moves across the room and stokes the fire. Crouching in front of the fire, he looks back over his shoulder, knowing she's watching him. His face with just a bit of stubble, he smiles again, his eyes clear and radiating love and lust. Then he stands and moves back to the bed, his intentions clear. As he slides back under the blankets, next to her, reaching for her --

PRE-LAP the sound of HEAVY BREATHING --

**INT. CLAIRE & FRANK'S HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT (N1) (1949)**

**SUPER: BOSTON, 1949**

REVEAL CLAIRE IN BED, hands beneath the sheets, head thrown back -- then a SILENT WAVE of PLEASURE as she brings herself to climax. Her body relaxes, her breathing slows.

The IMAGES of Jamie have been her fantasy.

As her eyes open, they mirror the loneliness we saw in Jamie's eyes earlier. But she's not alone. She turns her head to see -- FRANK RANDALL, his back to her, sound asleep.

Claire looks up into the darkness now, and heaves a SIGH.

**OMITTED****EXT. SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS - WOODS - DAY (D1) (1752)**

Jamie sits silently in the woods, BOW in his hands, ARROW nocked at the ready. He tips his head to LISTEN and hears a telltale RUSTLE. He inhales through his nose -- musky scent of a STAG wafts over him. He has deliberately placed himself downwind to mask his own scent.

Jamie silently inches the bow string back. He will have one shot -- maybe. His muscles tense as he holds the weight at full draw.

He sees the ANTLERS come into view, sharp and black against the brush, his heart springs to his throat. A STAG comes clear of the undergrowth, exposing itself to Jamie, who is now sighting along the shaft of the arrow, following with his eye. Then, Jamie relaxes just enough tension in his fingers to RELEASE the bowstring. It slaps his wrist with stinging force.

The arrow whistles through the air, arcing perfectly, until -- THUMP -- it finds its mark, a clean shot, into the animal's side, just below the shoulder. Instinctively, the stag bounds off, in flight mode. It's wounded, leaving a clear blood trail into the woods.

Knowing he can't possibly catch the fleeing deer, Jamie walks carefully in the direction it's gone, stopping occasionally to check for -- and find -- blood on the ground. He follows the blood trail, finding the animal a short distance away, on the ground, legs stuck out, eyes glazing.

He kneels next to the deer, pulls out his DIRK. He pauses, saying a quick, silent prayer, then JABS the dirk into a spot on the back of the animal's neck, just below it's head, insuring it's dead by severing the spinal column.

As he begins to slit the belly open --

**EXT. LALLYBROCH - ENTRANCE ROAD - DUSK (D1) (1752)**

Jamie's silhouette crosses under the ARCH, carrying the dressed deer across his shoulders. As he approaches the front of the house, he looks up and sees --

CLAIRE, WITH A BASKET OVER HER ARM, picking herbs in the garden next to the front door. She looks up as he approaches, and gives him a radiant smile.

ON Jamie as he stops, transfixed.

JENNY (O.C.)

Ye scairt the bowels out of me!

**BACK TO THE GARDEN --**

Now it's Jenny, basket over her arm, walking toward him from the garden. He drops the DEAD STAG on a table outside the butchering shed. She wipes her hands on her apron.

JENNY

They've taken Ian again.

Jamie looks at his sister. No flash of anger, no sense of outrage or injustice. Just a dull dispirited nod. And an offering of food.

**INT./EXT. LALLYBROCH - BUTCHERING SHED - NIGHT (N1) (1752)**

A primitive building -- three walls, a roof and a WORK TABLE. Jenny and Jamie BUTCHER the deer. Fergus sharpens a KNIFE for them, his eyes anxiously darting to Jamie. Jamie is focused on the work, rarely looking up and saying nothing.

JENNY

I foolishly hoped they were through  
when two years passed wi' no  
redcoats bedeviling us.

Jamie continues with the butchering, but his motions are by rote and his face a mask of indifference. Fergus hands him the sharpened knife.

FERGUS

We could go after them, Milord! We could slit their throats in the night and free Monsieur Murray.

JENNY

Oh, aye. That's a fine idea. A deed like that would bring the whole garrison to Lallybroch to kill us all, yerself included.

Fergus looks to Jamie for support, but none comes. Dejected, Fergus leaves, throwing a last distressed glance at Jamie. Jenny continues to try to draw Jamie into conversation.

JENNY (CONT'D)

I reckon every new commander has to make a name for himself. Captain Lewis was asking for the "Dunbonnet"... It's what they've taken to calling ye now. Soon enough you'll have ballads sung in yer honor.

Jamie doesn't respond. She keeps up a one-sided conversation, hoping to engage him.

JENNY (CONT'D)

'Tis time to tally the rents. Ian was just about to start on the books... I dinna suppose you could do that for me...?

Jamie nods. Jenny stays his hand with her own.

JENNY (CONT'D)

Brother.

He finally looks up at her. She gives an impassioned plea.

JENNY (CONT'D)

You ken why I can lie to the British and feel at peace? It's because I'm no lying. James Fraser hasna been here for a long, long time.

Jamie wipes the knife on a cloth, picks up his hat, and leaves, stepping out into the darkness without having said a single word. Jenny watches him, tired, worried and exasperated.

INT. CLAIRE & FRANK'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY (D2) (1949)

Claire enters holding a FOUR-MONTH-OLD BRIANNA. She puts her down into a PLAYPEN, on her back. Puts a small STUFFED BUNNY in her arms.

CLAIRE

There you go. And here's your bunny. Let's see what The Globe has to say this morning.

Claire sits on the couch with her coffee and THE BOSTON GLOBE. She unfolds the newspaper to the front page... Brianna starts to COO and GURGLE. Claire reads the headlines aloud, as if to Brianna:

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

"Ireland Joins the Roster of Free Nations."

(reading the article)

"To the roar of guns and the flash of fireworks in the sky, the Republic of Ireland was born today."

Brianna's winding up, making pre-cry noises. Claire glances over and tries to soothe her from afar.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Ssshh... sweetheart. You'll want to hear this. It's history in the making.

But Brianna starts CRYING in earnest now. Finally Claire sighs, puts down the paper, gets up and goes to her. Brianna is now on her stomach.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

(amazed)

You turned over! All by yourself!

Frank, annoyed and wearing just a towel around his waist, water beading on his skin, hurries down the stairs from the bathroom.

FRANK

The hot water cut out in the middle of my shower! Damned boiler pilot light must be out again!

He hits the living room just as Claire snatches up Brianna and pats her back, murmuring to her red-fuzzed head.

CLAIRE

What a clever girl you are!

FRANK (O.C.)

What's that? What's happened?

Claire turns to him smiling.

CLAIRE

She turned over! All by herself!

FRANK

Really?

(beaming with delight)

Isn't it early for her to do that?

CLAIRE

Yes, it is. Dr. Spock says she oughtn't be able to do it for another month, at least!

FRANK

Well, what does Dr. Spock know?  
Come here, little beauty. Give  
Daddy a kiss for being so precious.

He lifts Brianna and kisses her button of a nose. Brianna SNEEZES. Frank LAUGHS. Claire LAUGHS. The first time Claire's laughed in a year and the first time she's laughed with Frank. The sound of it like a sparkling waterfall in a desert. Their eyes meet over the top of Brianna's head -- Frank's eyes, soft and filled with tenderness. Claire smiles, suddenly very much aware that he's all but naked, with water droplets sliding down his lean shoulders and shining on the smooth skin of his chest. Frank senses her staring. An intense moment, she looks away, embarrassed.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Let me see if I can get the boiler  
going before my first lecture.

She watches him as he hurries off into the kitchen --

**OMITTED**

**OMITTED**

**EXT./INT. SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS - CAVE - DAY (D2) (1752)**

FOLLOW JAMIE UP A TRAIL as he returns from fishing, carrying a SACK.



He approaches a CAVE, moves aside a screen of IVY that disguises its opening and makes the cave invisible. A natural shelf on the wall holds several books. A bed of STRAW on the floor. This isn't just a cave -- it's Jamie's home -- and has been for the past six years. The dark place, a representation of the darkness into which Jamie has descended during his retreat from his former life.

He empties the sack on the table, several dead FISH spill out. His senses, highly tuned from his years in the wild, alert him that someone's near. He grabs his dirk and moves silently to the opening of the cave.

He HEARS A DISTINCTIVE WHISTLE (the signal that a friend approaches) and relaxes slightly, but still looks concerned when Fergus appears, coming purposefully through the trees.

Jamie steps out, grabs hold of Fergus, pulls him into the cave -- and fixes him with a wrathful and frightening look. Fergus has come into the lair of a hero he knows, but Jamie isn't that hero anymore.

FERGUS

(off Jamie's look)

I was careful, wasn't followed.

Cut back on myself, just like you taught me.

(beat)

I want to learn to shoot, Milord.

Fergus reaches into his coat and pulls out the pistol. Jamie takes it away from him. When Jamie speaks, his voice is a GUTTURAL WHISPER, as he's not used to talking. And his speech is almost monosyllabic.

JAMIE

Where did you get this?

FERGUS

It was hidden in the dovecote.

Jamie turns away to do something.

JAMIE

You're too young.

FERGUS

No, Milord. I'm old enough. I want to defend our home! I need to be ready.

JAMIE

For what?

FERGUS  
Our next rebellion.

Jamie whirls on him with a ferocity that makes Fergus take an involuntary step back.

JAMIE  
There will be no next rebellion.

FERGUS  
But, Milord --

JAMIE  
No more fighting.

Fergus is disheartened and lashes out.

FERGUS  
Just because you're a coward now,  
doesn't mean I am.

Jamie pushes the pistol into Fergus' chest.

JAMIE  
Weapons are outlawed. Put this  
back, and dinna touch it again.

Jamie returns to the fish. Fergus watches for a long moment; he can't bear to witness the fall of his hero, so he tucks the pistol back in his pocket and leaves, anguished.

**EXT. LALLYBROCH - DAY (D3) (1752)**

Establishing. Another day.

**EXT. LALLYBROCH - DOORYARD - DAY (D3) (1752)**

As Mary MacNab, exits the front door carrying two empty pitchers, she doesn't see Jamie crossing toward her from across the dooryard. She nearly drops one of the pitchers when she DOES see him.

MARY MACNAB  
Oh! Sir! I dinna ken ye were  
expected today.

JAMIE  
I've come to look at the ledgers.  
Where's my sister?

A CRY OF PAIN comes from the upstairs window. Jamie looks alarmed, but Mary smiles reassuringly.

MARY MACNAB

Dinna fash. The bairn had a mind  
to come early. Ye'll soon have a  
new niece or nephew.

(then)

I'll bring ye some ale and oatcakes  
while ye work. They're not as good  
as Mrs. Crook's, God rest her soul,  
but a man needs his strength.

Jamie shakes his head "yes," grateful. She hurries past him.  
Jamie glances up at the window, worried, then heads inside.

OMITTED

EXT. LALLYBROCH - DOORYARD - LATER

Fergus, Rabbie and Young Jamie are doing chores outside  
(e.g. feeding the goats or shoveling out the pen) when they  
hear -- a WAIL of CHILDBIRTH floating out from the upstairs  
window.

RABBIE

The bairn is on the way.

Fergus glances nervously up at the house. He's worried.

FERGUS

Aye.

Suddenly, Young Jamie yells:

YOUNG JAMIE

A raven!

Fergus and Rabbie turn to where Young Jamie is pointing at A  
FAT BLACK RAVEN settling on the ARCH. Rabbie looks alarmed.

RABBIE

My granny says ravens're messengers  
of death. Canna be near the house.  
The bairn will die!

PUSH IN ON FERGUS' FACE -- remembering the pain Claire and  
Jamie suffered when they lost Faith.

He turns on his heel and marches off toward the dovecote, a  
soldier on a mission. The other boys drop their shovels and  
run after him.

**INT. LALLYBROCH - DOVECOTE - MOMENTS LATER**

Fergus climbs up and retrieves the pistol, powder, musket balls, etc. from where he's hidden it. As the other boys arrive, he starts loading it, priming the pan of the pistol with a small amount of BLACK POWDER, then pouring more powder into the barrel.

FERGUS

Hand me the cloth.

Rabbie gives him a square of fabric that Fergus uses to wrap the BALL and push it down into the barrel with the ramrod. Young Jamie looks on as well, fascinated.

RABBIE

Ye sure that's how it works?

FERGUS

I watched Murtagh instructing the soldiers.

Fergus PRIMES the pan of the pistol, the boys looking on with excitement. Then he takes off through the doorway --

**EXT. LALLYBROCH - THE ARCH - A MOMENT LATER**

Fergus hurries up the road, the other boys right behind him. The raven is still there on the ARCH, just above the FRASER FAMILY CREST. He aims and -- BLAM!

The ball connects with the raven, and after a final flutter, the bird drops to the ground, dead. Rabbie and Young Jamie look at Fergus in awe.

**EXT. SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS - SAME**

TWO REDCOAT PATROL SCOUTS on horseback, who are patrolling nearby, WHIP their heads around toward the SOUND OF THE SHOT as it echoes through the trees.

**EXT. LALLYBROCH - DOORYARD/THE ARCH - SAME**

Jamie bursts out of the front door, and through the ARCH, furious. WRENCHES the pistol from Fergus' hand.

JAMIE

Did I no' tell ye never to touch  
this pistol again?

Rabbie and Young Jamie step back.

RABBIE

There was a raven!

FERGUS

We were protecting the bairn.

Fergus looks up into Jamie's eyes, defying him to argue the subject. Jamie doesn't. Mary MacNab, alarmed, hurries out of the house now.

MARY MACNAB

M'Laird, ye have yerself a wee nephew. He's fine and healthy.

Her tone and manner has the effect of bringing Jamie back to earth. Mary holds out her hand for the pistol. Jamie gives it over to her, then wheels and heads back to the house.

MARY MACNAB (CONT'D)

(turning back to the boys)  
Dinna be causing any more trouble!

The boys hang their heads --

**INT. LALLYBROCH - BLUE ROOM - DAY (D3) (1752)**

The room has been prepared for birthing, straw on the floor, etc. Jenny, pale and exhausted, sits propped up in the bed, cradling her newborn infant, WEE IAN, as Jamie enters. Off Jenny's "What the flaming hell is going on out there" look --

JAMIE

The boys found Ian's pistol.

JENNY

Christ.

A beat as Jamie lays eyes on the baby. The first newborn he's seen since he said goodbye to a pregnant Claire. Jenny notices a glimmer of humanity she hasn't seen in her brother for a long time.

JENNY (CONT'D)

Would you like to hold him?

JAMIE

I'm no very clean...

JENNY

Nor will he be for long. He's a boy, ye ken.

Sensing his hesitation, Jenny encourages --

JENNY (CONT'D)  
Go on... he won't break. Besides,  
I need a dram.

Jamie slowly comes over and takes the warm, squirming bundle. The feel of it in his arms is almost painful -- the memories it evokes.

JENNY (CONT'D)  
I thought I'd call him Ian. It's  
time we named one after the man  
who's sired 'em, eh?

She reaches to the bedside table and pours herself a dram. Jamie holds the child as she drinks.

JENNY (CONT'D)  
Ye've always looked braw with a wee  
bairn in yer arms.  
(then)  
How long has it been since you've  
lain with a woman, Jamie?

JAMIE  
Janet... don't.

JENNY  
"She's dead." That's all ye ever  
told me. I dinna ken how or why.  
It's been six years now.

Jamie tenses at the mention of Claire. But doesn't answer.

JENNY (CONT'D)  
Mary MacNab is still young enough  
for more bairns. I couldna have  
run the household without her,  
after Mrs. Crook died. And she's a  
fine mother to Rabbie.

JAMIE  
I'll no marry. Ever again.

JENNY  
(with compassion)  
'Tis God's sorrow that ye never had  
a chance to bring a child into the  
world --

Jamie wants to get away from his nagging sister --

JAMIE  
 Mebbe the babe should meet his  
 brother.

Jamie ducks out of the room --

JENNY  
 (as he goes)  
 -- there's still time! Do ye hear  
 me, brother! I just want ye to  
 have some happiness!

**INT. LALLYBROCH - LANDING - SAME TIME**

Jamie walks down the landing toward the stairs, jiggling the baby gently.

Suddenly, from downstairs -- SLAM! HE SEES:

**INT. LALLYBROCH - ENTRYWAY/PARLOR - SAME**

Captain Lewis, Corporal MacGregor, Private Jenkins and SEVEN OTHER REDCOATS BLAST INTO THE HOUSE, their BOOTS CLOMPING down the HALL.

CAPTAIN LEWIS  
 (to his men)  
 Search the house.

PRIVATE JENKINS  
 Right away, Captain.

Jenkins and the seven soldiers CHARGE toward the back of the house while Lewis and MacGregor move toward the stairs as Fergus, Rabbie and Young Jamie run into the room.

CAPTAIN LEWIS  
 Where's your mistress?

The boys say nothing, but Rabbie reflexively looks up the stairs. It's enough to send Lewis and MacGregor up the stairs toward Jenny's bedroom.

**OMITTED**

**INT. LALLYBROCH - LANDING - SAME**

Frantic, Jamie, still holding the baby, barely has enough time to duck into the SMALL ANTEROOM at the end of the landing.

**INT. LALLYBROCH - BLUE ROOM - SAME**

Jenny tenses as the soldiers can be heard THUNDERING UP THE STAIRS --

**OMITTED****INT. LALLYBROCH - SMALL ANTEROOM - SAME**

It's the room adjacent to the blue room. Jamie cradles the baby, soothing him to keep him quiet. There is a DOOR between this room and the Blue Room. He cracks it open slightly, to hear what's going on. The door is hidden from the Blue Room by one of the tapestries on the wall. He can SEE SILHOUETTES through the tapestry. Meanwhile --

**INT. LALLYBROCH - BLUE ROOM - SAME**

As Lewis and MacGregor ENTER the room, Jenny pushes herself up on the pillows, a sheen of sweat on her face.

CAPTAIN LEWIS

Where's the weapon?

JENNY

Weapon? We have no weapons here, Captain.

CAPTAIN LEWIS

My scouts heard a shot from the vicinity of this estate. So I ask again, where are you hiding the weapon?

MacGregor JERKS the blanket off of Jenny, to see if she's hiding a weapon there. Nothing. She grabs it back.

JENNY

I canna answer for what yer scouts heard, but I'll tell you again, I dinna know of any weapons here. We'd never risk such a thing.

CAPTAIN LEWIS

I remind you, Madam, as an officer of his Majesty's army, I am obliged to search the house should I have the slightest suspicion that the Act of Proscription has been breached. And we shall continue to do so unless you comply with my request.



OFF Jenny as she pales --

INTERCUT WITH:

**INT. LALLYBROCH - SMALL ANTEROOM - SAME**

Jamie stands, clutching the baby tightly to him, willing him to keep sleeping. MacGregor steps close to the tapestry in front of Jamie. Jamie lays his hand on his dirk, in case the man moves the tapestry and discovers the door -- and Jamie's hiding place. Jamie can HEAR every word being said to Jenny and wants to stay nearby in case the soldiers try to hurt her.

**BACK INSIDE THE BLUE ROOM --**

With Jenny and the soldiers.

JENNY

Captain, I have cooperated with every request made by His Majesty's soldiers --

Captain Lewis looks around curiously, his eye stopping for a moment on the soiled STRAW on the floor, the TOWELS and WATER BOWLS and BLANKETS.

CAPTAIN LEWIS

Have you... delivered a child, Madam?

Jenny pauses, she can't hardly deny it.

JENNY

... Aye.

CAPTAIN LEWIS

Where is it?

An awkward pause.

CAPTAIN LEWIS (CONT'D)

Where is the baby?

JENNY

It was a fearsome birth and... the bairn wasna breathing when he came, ye see... he was already gone...

Jenny's eyes fill with tears.

CORPORAL MACGREGOR

Good. One less teutcher we'll have to deal with.

Jamie would love to come barrelling in and smash MacGregor's sneering face. But he jiggles the baby to keep him quiet.

CAPTAIN LEWIS

Hold your tongue, Corporal.  
(to Jenny)  
Where's the body?

JENNY

The midwife took it away, to clean it for burial.

Jenny's vamping and Lewis is suspicious.

CAPTAIN LEWIS

(to MacGregor)  
Find the midwife and have her bring the body.

MacGregor moves toward the door. Jenny watches him, panic rising.

JENNY

Captain, please, I canna bear it.

Jamie grips his dirk tighter, and looks as if he might go through the tapestry, when -- Mary MacNab steps into the room, stopping MacGregor's forward momentum. She's holding the pistol, cupped in her palms.

MARY MACNAB

Here's the pistol, Captain. 'Tis mine.

Jamie freezes.

CAPTAIN LEWIS

Yours?

MacGregor grabs the pistol.

MARY MACNAB

It belonged to my late husband, Ronald. It's the only thing I have left of him, so I kept it. It gave me comfort. Mistress Murray knew nothing of it.

CAPTAIN LEWIS

Then what occasion did you have to fire the weapon?

MARY MACNAB

I... saw a raven land near the house, while Milady was delivering her child. So I shot it dead.

MacGregor SNEERS as he explains to his befuddled boss --

CORPORAL MACGREGOR

Just one of their foolish Highland superstitions, Sir. Believing a common bird could bring ill luck.

As he speaks, Mary glances at Jenny, confused, looking for the baby. Jenny jumps in before Mary can ask the question that will seal their fate.

JENNY

But it was too late. As I told ye, the bairn was born dead.

Mary catches on. She looks at Jenny with such sorrow. Who knew she was such a good actress?

MARY MACNAB

Aye. I'm heart sorry, Mistress.

MacGregor grabs Mary roughly.

CORPORAL MACGREGOR

Should I take her into custody, Captain?

Captain Lewis assesses the situation. He knows Mary is not dangerous.

CAPTAIN LEWIS

We have the weapon. She's no threat. But I warn you once more, Madam, if another violation occurs, there will be no mercy. Incarceration or banishment to the Colonies. And if Red Jamie is captured on Lallybroch land, everyone here will be arrested for treason and hanged.

Lewis turns and walks out, MacGregor reluctantly follows.

**INT. LALLYBROCH - LANDING - CONTINUOUS**

Captain Lewis and Corporal MacGregor leave Jenny's room. Lewis heads to the stairs, but MacGregor STOPS suddenly, cocking his head toward the anteroom. Did he hear the sound of a FUSSING BABY? Then --

CAPTAIN LEWIS  
(hard)  
Corporal, if you please!

A beat. MacGregor throws a final glance toward the anteroom, then follows the Captain down the stairs.

RESUME  
INTERCUT:

**INT. LALLYBROCH - SMALL ANTEROOM/BLUE ROOM - SAME**

Jamie, Jenny and Mary stay still, listening to Lewis and MacGregor on the landing, then to the sound of Lewis ordering his other men out and the door SLAMMING closed.

When it is clear the soldiers have left the house, Jamie pushes aside the tapestry and re-enters the blue room covered in sweat. As Jenny pushes her gown off her shoulder, exposing her breast, preparing to nurse the baby, Jamie hands him to Mary, who brings the babe to Jenny. With shaking hands, Jenny presses the small head to her bosom.

JENNY  
Thank ye, Mary. Ye did well.

Jamie goes to the window, hanging back carefully, so they can't see him from below. We HEAR the sound of horses riding away.

JAMIE  
They're gone.

He share a look with Jenny: They both know how close they came to being found out.

JENNY  
This new Captain -- I can see it in his eyes. He's no one to give up. He willna stop until ye're hanging from the end of a rope. It's time for ye to go -- find yer way to Ireland or the Colonies.

Jamie starts to walk out --

JENNY (CONT'D)

Take a shovel. Dig a grave out in the cemetery, in case they look.

Jamie nods.

**INT. CLAIRE & FRANK'S HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT (N2) (1949)**

Claire lies in bed, staring into space. Frank is next to her, having just fallen asleep. She looks over at him and leans on her elbow, studying his face for a moment. He looks peaceful. She bends and KISSES him lightly on the lips. He fidgets a bit. She kisses him again. His eyes flutter open. He's confused, thinks he's dreaming.

FRANK

Claire... what...?

CLAIRE

I miss my husband.

She kisses him again, and this time, he responds hungrily. They start to make love. As it gets more passionate, Claire closes her eyes...

**OMITTED AND MOVED TO A37**

**EXT. LALLYBROCH - DOORYARD - DAY (D4) (1752)**

Fergus is feeding the GOATS when Corporal MacGregor and Private Jenkins approach with SEVERAL OTHER SOLDIERS on horseback, guarding Ian. Ian is on the back of a cart. Jenkins helps him to the ground.

CORPORAL MACGREGOR

Go and rot, peg leg.

(then)

Half the garrison is searching to the north, and the other half are searching to the south. It's only a matter of time before we find Red Jamie. Then we'll be back for ye -- and yer whole family

IAN

(parting words)

Been a lovely visit, gentlemen.

Ian ignores them, climbs the steps and disappears into the house. But Fergus, working nearby, has overheard the fact that they are stepping up their search. MacGregor clocks it.

Fergus watches as the soldiers ride away -- worried that the redcoats are closing in on Jamie.

**EXT. SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS - WOODS - SAME**

Meanwhile, Jamie is setting his RABBIT SNARES. Unaware of the trap being set for him and the danger headed his way.

**OMITTED**

**OMITTED**

**EXT. LALLYBROCH - DOORYARD - A SHORT WHILE LATER**

Back with Fergus, finishing up his chore. Still angry about the soldiers' threats, he kicks a pail across the dooryard. Convinced that the redcoats are gone, he bolts down the entrance road, on a mission. He passes under the ARCH... and then, a short distance along the drive, REVEAL in the green of the bushes, Macgregor and Jenkins, watching him go.

**EXT. SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS - WOODS - DAY (D4) (1752)**

Fergus hurries through the woods, on his way to warn Jamie.

Unbeknownst to him, the redcoats, MacGregor and Jenkins, follow discreetly, a short distance behind.

Fergus travels for a few beats, and as he nears the cave, he becomes aware he's being followed.

ON MacGregor and Jenkins, still following Fergus.

Fergus pauses, reflexively glances up the hill toward Jamie's cave.

MacGregor and Jenkins pause as well.

Fergus decides NOT to go up the hill, but purposefully heads off in another direction.

MacGregor looks up the hill, wondering if maybe there is something up there, but he and Jenkins continue to follow Fergus.

Fergus grins to himself as he leads MacGregor and Jenkins away from the cave.

TIME CUT:

*Fergus is now in a different area, safely away from the cave.*

*Still following, MacGregor and Jenkins trade exasperated looks, realizing that Fergus is leading them on a wild goose chase.*

**CORPORAL MACGREGOR**

*(angrily)*

*The brat is leading us in circles.*

**PRIVATE JENKINS**

*(equally pissed)*

*I believe he is, sir.*

*Just then, Fergus turns around and taunts them.*

**FERGUS**

*You think you are smart? I knew you were following me! You can't trick me, you imbeciles!*

*He FLICKS his hand under his chin (la barbe) -- an insulting gesture. MacGregor's getting increasingly angry.*

**CORPORAL MACGREGOR**

*Tell me where Red Jamie is! I know that you know! You filthy frog-eater! I'll get it out of you, one way or another!*

*BACK WITH Jamie finishing up his snares, when he HEARS a commotion from the road below.*

**JAMIE'S POV --**

*MacGregor and Jenkins chase after a small figure which he recognizes -- FERGUS. He catches only small SNATCHES OF WORDS, but the lad seems to be ARGUING, taunting the soldiers.*

**FERGUS**

*There is no Red Jamie here! Leave us alone! You are harassing us! We don't want you around here!*

*Back on Jamie, as he takes out his dirk and creeps toward the edge of the ridge, where he can have a better view of the happenings some distance below --*

*JAMIE'S POV as MacGregor advances on Fergus, who's backpedaling and leading them away.*

*FERGUS (CONT'D)*

We don't want you around here! You stink! And your mother stinks too!

*JAMIE*

(under his breath)  
Idiot!

*CLOSE ON FERGUS* as he continues to bait them, gleefully hurling profanity at his pursuers.

*FERGUS*

Go to hell! You are all pieces of shit!

*MacGregor and Jenkins* grow more furious as they pursue and threaten *Fergus*.

*CORPORAL MACGREGOR*

I'll cut yer tongue out!

**ON JAMIE --**

*JAMIE*

(to himself)  
Don't taunt them!

**JAMIE'S POV --**

*Instead of running, Fergus, sure of his own speed, turns and insolently grabs his cock --*

*FERGUS*

Suck cocks! You are so ugly, no women will have you! Go and fuck dogs!

*CORPORAL MACGREGOR*

You brazen little bastard! You'll be sorry!

*INTERCUT WITH:*

*CLOSE ON JAMIE, horrified, as he watches the scene unfold.*

*JAMIE*

Run, you fool!

*Fergus* races backward into a small clearing, faces *MacGregor*, cocky -- slaps his right hand on his left bicep and pulls his forearm up toward his face, his hand in a fist -- a gesture that says "Fuck you!"



**FERGUS**

You dirty Scotchman! You betray  
your own people! The Scots hate  
you for it --

(looking to Jenkins)

And they hate you too! You'll  
never be one of them!

**CLOSE ON MACGREGOR**

His face twisted with rage, as Fergus has struck a nerve,  
humiliating him and giving voice to his worst fears.

**BACK ON FERGUS**

Fergus doesn't see TWO MOUNTED SOLDIERS -- part of  
MacGregor's patrol -- until he nearly collides with them. He  
turns, suddenly thrown off balance, tries to go another way,  
and with A CRY OF SURPRISE AND PAIN, falls over a LOG in his  
way.

MacGregor shouts something to Jenkins -- his mouth forming  
the words that Jamie can't hear -- Hold him! Jenkins pins  
Fergus' body to the fallen log.

Then Jamie sees -- MacGregor pull his HANGAR from its  
SCABBARD, AND GRAB FERGUS' LEFT ARM, STRETCHING IT OUT FLAT,  
PALM UP. Jamie's body tenses itself to spring, but it all  
happens in a matter of seconds -- the SILVER ARC of the  
BLADE SWINGS through the air.

Due to the distance from the melee and the speed with which  
it happens, Jamie can do nothing but watch as the blade  
completes its swing, crashing home with a small  
inconsequential THUNK! SEVERING FERGUS' LEFT HAND FROM HIS  
WRIST in one QUICK AND BRUTAL MOTION.

Jamie hears a ROARING in his ears just before ALL SOUND  
DROPS OUT and his WORLD GOES SILENT.

OVER DEAD QUIET, the following images PLAY:

-- MacGregor stands up, breathing hard, initially satisfied,  
then alarmed -- not because of what he's done, but because  
what he's done may get him in trouble.

-- Fergus looks at his BLEEDING STUMP, unable to comprehend  
what's happened.

-- Jenkins and the other soldiers stare in SHOCK at what  
MacGregor has done.

**CORPORAL MACGREGOR**

Come on, leave him!

PRIVATE JENKINS

But the boy's bleeding quite badly,  
sir --

CORPORAL MACGREGOR

I said, leave him.

PRIVATE JENKINS

If we do nothing -- he'll die.

CORPORAL MACGREGOR

That's an order, Private.

Jenkins looks away from the wounded Fergus.

PRIVATE JENKINS

Yes, Corporal.

MacGregor and Jenkins jump onto the horses, behind the two Mounted Soldiers, and the four of them take off in the opposite direction from where MacGregor, Jenkins and Fergus came.

THE SOUND RETURNS -- BIRDS, the STREAM, Jamie's own BREATHING.

Jamie waits a beat, needing the soldiers to be far enough away so they won't see or hear him, nearly jumping out of his skin as he does so, then he rolls to his feet, SLIDES and CRASHES down to the clearing.

He pulls off Fergus' STOCK and WRAPS IT TIGHT around Fergus' wrist, then grabs Fergus' belt and wraps it around the boy's arm to act as a tourniquet, staunching the flow of blood. As he does, he whispers calmly to Fergus, who's slipping into shock, but groaning in semi-consciousness.

JAMIE

Dinna be feart, Fergus. I watched  
Milady do this many times.

Jamie then scoops the boy into his arms and carries him, running, back down the road, toward Lallybroch.

ON FERGUS' HAND, that small and deft and clever pickpocket's hand, lying still in the mud, palm turned upward in supplication.

OMITTED

OMITTED

OMITTED

OMITTED

INT. LALLYBROCH - PARLOR - NIGHT (N4)

Jamie is pacing, worried sick, beating himself up. Jenny enters. He stops and looks at her with dread, awaiting news about Fergus. But fortunately the news is good --

JENNY

Yer quick actions saved him,  
brother.

JAMIE

I should have stopped them.

JENNY

Then you'd be dead and so would he.  
We would all be dead.

Something inside him CRACKS OPEN. Tears form in his eyes. Jenny senses his raw anguish and pulls Jamie to her, hugging him to her chest, rocking him like a boy, as his tears turn to WRACKING SOBS, releasing a pain that has been held in check for far too long.

INT. CLAIRE & FRANK'S HOME - DINING ROOM - NIGHT (N4) (1949)

Claire and Frank finish up dinner with another couple, their American neighbors, MILLIE [who we met in Episode 301] and her husband JERRY, 30s. A considerable amount of WINE has been consumed and everyone is feeling relaxed. Millie and Jerry have an acerbic, but good-natured repartee. They enjoy busting each others' chops in a playful way that is in stark contrast to Claire and Frank's British reserve.

Jerry savors his last bite of dessert.

JERRY

What do you call this again?

FRANK

Eton Mess.

CLAIRE

A cheerful term for failed Pavlova.

JERRY

Well, it's damn delicious, whatever you call it. Maybe you could give Millie the recipe.

CLAIRE

I'd be happy to.

MILLIE

(to Jerry)

Now, Jerry, when was the last time you saw me bake anything?

(to Claire and Frank)

If I can't buy it in the frozen section at the A&P, we're not having dessert.

JERRY

True. I knew she was no Betty Crocker when I married her.

(winking)

But her talents lie elsewhere.

Millie whacks him playfully in the arm. But she loves it. Their jousting is what makes them hot for one another. He throws an arm around her, pulling her tight.

Claire feels a pang of envy. Apparently Frank feels it too. Without looking at Claire, he lays his hand on hers on the table, giving it a quick squeeze, then gestures to the dessert dishes.

FRANK

Would anyone like more?

JERRY

Twist my arm!

MILLIE

Heck yeah!

As Frank gets up and takes their dishes, heading to the kitchen -- Jerry eyes the bottle of wine.

JERRY

Mind if we kill the bottle?

CLAIRE

It's all yours.

But before Jerry can pour, Millie holds out her glass. He pours most of it for her, and a lesser amount for himself. Even this small, sweet gesture moves Claire.

INT. LALLYBROCH - GUEST ROOM - NIGHT (N4) (1752)

Fergus lies in the bed. His eyes are closed when Jamie enters, but as Jamie moves toward him, they open.

JAMIE

Are ye all right, ye wee fool?

Jamie stands next to the bed. He can scarcely bear to look at the slender forearm that lays across the quilt, its frail bandaged wrist ending in nothing.

FERGUS

I'm sorry, Milord. I thought they were close to finding you. I came to warn you, but they tricked me. It was lucky I heard them following behind me. I tried to lead them away from the cave.

JAMIE

It's all right, lad. You did well. I am the one who is sorry.

You remind me that I have things to fight for.

Fergus looks up into his eyes and sees the old Jamie.

FERGUS

There you are, Milord.

Jamie brushes the boy's hair off his face. Fergus smiles, shifts, grimaces.

JAMIE

Does it hurt much?

FERGUS

A bit. Sometimes it feels warm or scratchy, and hurts like it's still there. But Madame has been most generous with the whisky.

He looks at a glass, nearly full, on the table near the bed.

FERGUS (CONT'D)

(lower voice)

Although you know I prefer the taste of French wine.

Fergus can sense how upset Jamie is.

FERGUS (CONT'D)

Do not trouble yourself, Milord... I have been fortunate. Do you recall the agreement we made in Paris? When you hired me to steal letters for you?

A glimmer of the old Fergus. Jamie is glad to see it.

JAMIE

Oh, aye.

FERGUS

You said should I be arrested or executed you would have Masses said for me for a year. And should I lose an ear or a hand while doing your service...

JAMIE

... that I would support you for the rest of your life. And you may trust me to keep that bargain.

FERGUS

I have always trusted you, Milord. So, I think I am most lucky. In one stroke, I have become a man of leisure, **non?**

The boy's optimism is almost more than Jamie can bear.

**OMITTED**

**INT. LALLYBROCH - DINING ROOM - LATER**

Ian pours a WHISKY and brings it to Jamie, who's sitting and staring at the fire. Ian sits and the two of them drink in silence for a beat.

IAN

My leg. It's not there, as anyone can plainly see. And yet it pains me terrible sometimes... even wakes me up at night. Fergus, the lad, he'll likely feel the same wi' his hand... feeling a hurt in a part of ye that's lost. And that's jes a hand.

(then)

Claire was yer heart.

OFF Jamie, comforted that Ian understands.

**OMITTED**

**INT. CLAIRE AND FRANK'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (N4)**  
**(1949)**

Frank and Claire enter the room, having just said goodnight to their guests. The good feelings from the evening linger.

FRANK

Nightcap?

He moves to a SMALL CART that holds various BOTTLES OF ALCOHOL.

CLAIRE

Please.

(amused)

Which of Millie's talents do you think Jerry was referring to?

FRANK

No doubt her encyclopedic knowledge of the complete works of William Shakespeare.

He pours them each a glass, then holds one out to Claire --

CLAIRE

(smiling)

You are a snob.

FRANK

You asked the question.

-- A shared moment. She takes both glasses, puts them back on the table and KISSES him. He didn't expect it, but kisses her back, passionately. They move toward the COUCH, pulling at each other's clothes as they go --

Frank takes her quickly and urgently. This is what he's been yearning for and it feels so good. He's on top of her, face to face now. He wants that intimacy, to reach her... but her eyes are closed.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Claire... Look at me.

Claire's body responds, moving vigorously underneath him. But her eyes stay shut.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
 (urgently)  
 Look at me, darling... Open your  
 eyes.

But Claire doesn't. It's disheartening. Frank realizes how absent she is from the encounter. He stops, mid-fuck, pulls his pants up.

CLAIRE  
 What...? Why'd you stop?

FRANK  
 You never used to close your eyes  
 while we made love.

CLAIRE  
 It doesn't mean anything. I was  
 enjoying what we were doing...

FRANK  
 Were you? Enjoying what "we" were  
 doing?

CLAIRE  
 Of course.

FRANK  
 Then why can't you look at me?

CLAIRE  
 Frank, if you're not in the mood,  
 just say so.

FRANK  
 When I am with you, Claire, I am  
 with you. But you're... with him.

Her silence is his answer. Frank's world caves in. And he moves past her and out of the room, leaving her feeling like Benedict Arnold -- a tragic ending to their bid for reconnection and intimacy.

**INT. LALLYBROCH - PARLOR - NIGHT (N4) (1752)**

His thoughts heavy, Jamie descends the stairs, having checked in again on Fergus. He crosses Mary MacNab, who's carrying a blanket.

MARY MACNAB  
 I thought perhaps the lad could use  
 another blanket.



JAMIE

Aye.

(then)

'Twas brave, what you did, handing  
over the pistol.

MARY MACNAB

'Twas the only thing I could do.

She smiles humbly. Jamie's eyes go to the CLAN CREST  
TAPESTRY hanging on the wall -- there's a SLASH through the  
fabric, the work of a bayonet.

JAMIE

Who did this?

MARY MACNAB

The soldiers, when they were  
searching the house.

Jamie's eyes flicker with his old anger.

JAMIE

They're never going to stop. The  
redcoats will never stop until they  
find the Dunbonnet.

OFF Jamie, realizing what he needs to do.

**INT. LALLYBROCH - DINING ROOM - LATER**

ON Jenny, gob-smacked.

JENNY

Turn in my own brother?!

REVEAL Jamie standing with her and Ian.

JAMIE

That way ye'll get the reward  
money. And they'll not come after  
ye, because of yer loyalty to the  
Crown.

JENNY

To hell with the Crown!

JAMIE

You'll send word to Captain Lewis.  
Tell him you've heard from me. That  
you know when I will be coming.

(MORE)

JAMIE (CONT'D)

When I do, they'll be here to arrest me and they'll know once and for all that you've no allegiance to Red Jamie.

JENNY

Christ, man, you'll be hangit!

JAMIE

I canna let you risk your lives for me any longer.

IAN

(to Jenny)

The British are no hanging Jacobites anymore -- likely he would only be imprisoned.

JENNY

Only?!

(to her brother)

Jamie, haven't ye seen the inside of enough prisons for one lifetime?

JAMIE

Be little difference to the prison I'm living in now.

**EXT. SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS - WOODS - DAY (D5) (1752)**

Several hundred yards from Jamie's cave, WE SEE the figure of A MAN, moving carefully through the woods.

He stops, reaches down and picks something up, bringing it close to his face for inspection. That's when we see it isn't Jamie -- it's CORPORAL MACGREGOR. The thing he's holding is one of Jamie's rabbit snares. MacGregor smiles -- his suspicions confirmed -- and moves along the ridge, eyes on the ground.

He pushes aside some brush to REVEAL a LARGE BOOT PRINT in the mud. He can barely contain his excitement.

A few more steps, and then he lifts his head, smelling something. Then spots the ASHES of a recent campfire.

He moves more quickly, toward a CURTAIN OF IVY. He frowns, pulls out his pistol, and carefully moves the ivy with the muzzle, lifting it to EXPOSE --

The opening to a cave. JAMIE'S CAVE. It's all he can do to keep from laughing.

In his glee, he doesn't notice a RAVEN, sitting in a tree just above the cave. As he cautiously enters the cave...

**INT. SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS - CAVE - CONTINUOUS**

... and nearly TRIPS OVER JAMIE'S SLEEPING FORM, his back to the opening, the brown cap -- the dun bonnet -- pulled low, covering all his red hair.

MacGregor COCKS the pistol as he stands over the sleeping figure.

CORPORAL MACGREGOR  
Get up, ye traitorous bastard!

The form doesn't move, which makes MacGregor furious.

CORPORAL MACGREGOR (CONT'D)  
Get up, I said! It makes no  
difference if you're dead or alive!

Still no movement, so MacGregor FIRES the pistol. The bullet hits the "body," and IT FLIES APART. It's a DECOY!

Nothing but a straw man with a brown cap on the "head." Like a wild animal, Jamie flies from the shadows and barrels into MacGregor, knocking him out of the cave --

**EXT. SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS - RIVER BANK - LATER**

Where Jamie thrashes MacGregor, punching him in the face, repeatedly. MacGregor fights back, his eyes fill with malice and madness.

CORPORAL MACGREGOR  
You think I came up here alone? We  
have men everywhere. If you kill  
me, they'll know ye're here.  
They'll find my murdered body and  
when they do they'll kill all that  
rabble down below --

But the redcoat is no match for Jamie. He picks MacGregor up and marches him to the water's edge.

CORPORAL MACGREGOR (CONT'D)  
You're the reason they think we're  
barbarians. You bring nothing but  
shame on the Scots.

JAMIE  
Ye're no Scotsman.

Before MacGregor can reply, Jamie PLUNGES HIS HEAD into the icy water. MacGregor's eyes POP open, wide with terror. He struggles mightily against Jamie, but Jamie holds fast. After a few long, agonizing moments, the struggling lessens, and MacGregor's body goes limp.

Jamie releases his grip and rolls the body into the current. He watches as the body travels downstream --

**INT. CLAIRE & FRANK'S HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT (N5) (1949)**

Frank is propped up reading in bed when Claire enters, in her robe, moving across the room as she speaks.

CLAIRE

Bunny was wedged behind the crib again.

He glances up at her, with a distracted smile.

FRANK

I'm beginning to think Bree's trying to tell us something.

Claire drops her robe on the bench at the foot of the bed, and slides under the covers. She turns to Frank, pleasant, but no hint of the passion they once shared, and he answers in kind.

CLAIRE

Good night.

FRANK

Good night.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

The intimacy and bond which Frank and I shared while parenting our daughter didn't translate to our bedroom. It was sex without love and as hard as I'd tried, it never felt right.

Frank watches her for a beat -- wishing they had never gone to Scotland those many years ago. But they did and there's no changing that fact. It's now that we WIDEN TO REVEAL... Claire and Frank aren't together, but are in separate TWIN BEDS. She switches her light off. He continues reading.

**EXT. BOSTON PARK - DAY (DA6) (1949)**

Claire strolls Brianna, now 11 months old, through a park.

CLAIRE (V.O.)  
*For the next few years, I  
 concentrated on being a good  
 homemaker and taking joy from my  
 deep love for my daughter.*

*Brianna looks up and smiles. Claire is enraptured by her.*

**EXT. SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS - CAVE - DAY (D6) (1752)**

Jamie returns to the cave with some greens, maybe Wood Sorrel (a lesson he learned from Claire), surprised to find -- Mary MacNab waiting for him, a covered BASKET over her arm.

MARY MACNAB  
 Mistress Jenny has sent food. Do  
 ye mind the company?

JAMIE  
 It would be... welcome.

Jamie nods, steps aside as Mary enters the cave.

**INT. SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS - CAVE - LATER**

The remains of the lunch Mary brought lie on a BLANKET on the floor. Mary FINISHES SHAVING Jamie's beard with a RAZOR, using soap and water in an ANIMAL-HIDE BOWL.

JAMIE  
 What you did that day, handing over  
 the pistol to the redcoats, was  
 very brave.

MARY MACNAB  
 'Twas the only thing I could do.  
 (smiles humbly, then)  
 Maister Ian was down in Broch  
 Mordha a few days ago. It seems  
 they found the Scottish redcoat who  
 crippled young Fergus.

JAMIE  
 "Found" him, ye say?

MARY MACNAB  
 Oh, aye. Floating in the river.  
 Been there for days, judging by the  
 state of him.

Jamie doesn't react, he's enjoying the shave.

MARY MACNAB (CONT'D)

Maister Ian overheard some of the soldiers laughing about how he must've been drunk and fallen in. No' surprising, being he was a filthy Scotsman, they said.

She finishes shaving him.

JAMIE

Aye, well. I daresay he wilna be missed.

He wipes his face on a cloth, testing the unfamiliar feel of smooth skin with his hand.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

I'm grateful to ye for staying to do the barbering.

MARY MACNAB

'Twas no bother.

He picks up the bowl and steps to the door to toss out the water, speaking as he does so.

JAMIE

Since I am leaving tomorrow, I suppose ye should take this and the books back to --

When he comes back in, Mary is kneeling next to the bedding, wearing only her chemise. He stops, surprised, annoyed and a little distressed to realize the sight of her in such thin clothes has also caused him to feel aroused.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Whose idea was this? Yours, or my sister's? Did she think if we... I would change my mind?

MARY MACNAB

Does it matter?

He picks up her dress, then reaches his hand out and pulls her to her feet.

JAMIE

No, it doesna matter because it's no' going to happen.

She steps closer and kisses him. For a moment, he gives in -- it's been a long time and her lips are soft...

Then he takes her by the arms and moves her away from him, his spirit determined, even if his flesh is sorely tempted.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

All right, if you won't leave, then I'll have to.

He starts toward the door.

MARY MACNAB

Sir, your sister didna ask me to do what I'm doin'...

She steps closer to him, her effect more compassion than seduction. He stands still as she gently touches his arm, her eyes never leaving his face.

MARY MACNAB (CONT'D)

I ken well enough what ye're thinking, for I saw your lady, and how it was between the two of ye. And it's not in my mind to make ye feel ye've betrayed that.

She moves her hand up his arm to his cheek, gently caressing his face.

MARY MACNAB (CONT'D)

What I want, is to share something different. Something less, mayhap, but something we both need. Something to keep us whole, as we move forward in this life.

It all just feels so good, and it has been so long... Tears sting his eyelids and she gently wipes them away. He finally lets his arms go around her, and she steps into his embrace. He touches her face, suddenly shy.

JAMIE

I... havena done this in a long time.

She smiles up at him.

MARY MACNAB

Neither have I. But we'll remember how 'tis.

As he leans down and kisses her tentatively, and then with more passion... but she notices, he has closed his eyes.

MARY MACNAB (CONT'D)

You can look at me if you'd like.

JAMIE

Ye're a bonny lass. It's just  
somethin' I always do...

OFF Jamie, his eyes closed as they embrace --

**INT. CLAIRE & FRANK'S HOME - KITCHEN - DAY (D6) (1949)**

Claire clears the dishes from breakfast, moving them to the sink, an everyday housewife. She pauses to look at a TBD HEADLINE on the NEWSPAPER that was left on the table, which includes a reference to an extraordinary woman of the time.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

I threw myself into my new role as best I could. But there was still something missing in my life. Once I had thought I was whole. I'd been able to love a man, to bear a child, to heal the sick and all these things were natural parts of me. But the man I had loved was Jamie, and for a time, I had been part of something greater than myself. I wanted that again.

Claire picks up a handful of several BUTTER KNIVES from the soapy water, rinses them and then starts drying them with a dish towel.

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

That's why, I knew eventually, I would need to do something more.

CLOSE ON THE KNIVES as Claire dries them with a dish towel --

MATCH CUT TO:

**A SET OF SCALPELS --**

As a female hand picks one up, marveling at its precision. Widen to REVEAL we are inside --

**INT. HARVARD MEDICAL SCHOOL - ANATOMY CLASSROOM - DAY (D7) (1954)**

**SUPER: BOSTON, 1954**

A SMALL AUDITORIUM with seats on an incline, facing a STAGE at the bottom, where there's a CADAVER UNDER A SHEET, lying atop a STAINLESS STEEL TABLE.



Claire holds the scalpel as she stands next to the cadaver. She's just testing it, feeling the weight of the cold steel in her hand.

DR. SIMMS, 60s, an esteemed old-guard Harvard intellectual, enters. He sees her there, thinks she must be lost.

DR. SIMMS  
Can I help you, Miss?

Claire sets the scalpel down.

CLAIRE  
Is this the anatomy classroom?

DR. SIMMS  
It is. Are you looking for someone? I have a class about to start.

CLAIRE  
You must be Doctor Simms.

DR. SIMMS  
(puzzled)  
I am. And you are?

CLAIRE  
Claire Randall. First year.

Dr. Simms looks surprised. He's never had a female student before. Harvard only started accepting women to its med school a few years ago, and it's still unusual to find one in these classrooms.

DR. SIMMS  
(remembering)  
Oh yes. The Dean informed me there was a woman in this year's incoming class. A woman and a Negro. How very... modern of us.

Claire takes a seat. The DOORS at the back open now and a group of STUDENTS, all white males, come streaming in, ready for the centuries-old rite of passage that is Gross Anatomy. They copiously avoid Claire, sitting around her but not next to her. Then:

MALE VOICE (O.C.)  
Is this spot taken?

Claire looks over and sees an AFRICAN AMERICAN man, who we'll later learn is JOE ABERNATHY, early 30s. She nods.

CLAIRE

It's all yours.

He smiles and takes his place next to Claire.

JOE

Thanks. I'm Joe Abernathy.

CLAIRE

Claire Randall.

Dr. Simms's voice rises above the din of conversation echoing around the lab.

DR. SIMMS

All right, gentlemen, let's begin.

Twenty-three gentlemen -- and one lady -- sit at rapt attention as the professor up front, WHIPS the sheet off the cadaver, and PICKS UP his SCALPEL --

**EXT. LALLYBROCH - DOORYARD - DAY (D7) (1752)**

Jenny is feeding the chickens when their plan unfolds.

JAMIE (O.C.)

Jenny.

She turns to see her brother coming toward her from under the ARCH. He WEARS THE BROWN CAP.

JAMIE

Sister, it's me... I am come home!

He moves toward her, joyful. But before he can embrace her --

Captain Lewis, Private Jenkins and the rest of the redcoat patrol steps out from the house, the barn, the woods along the road, RIFLES drawn, surrounding him.

Jamie looks from them to Jenny, uncomprehending. Then, shaking his head in disbelief at his sister's betrayal:

JAMIE (CONT'D)

No... no...

CAPTAIN LEWIS

James Alexander Malcolm MacKenzie Fraser -- otherwise known as Red Jamie -- you are hereby under arrest for high treason against His Majesty, King George.

(MORE)

CAPTAIN LEWIS (CONT'D)

(to his men)

Put him in the irons.

Finally, Jamie, completely surrounded and with no place to run, raises his hands in surrender.

JAMIE

(horrified, outraged)

My own sister! How could you?

She yells back, all her hurt and fury at the true situation aimed at her brother now ---

JENNY

This is your own fault! Ye brought  
this on yerself!

Lewis comes over and hands her a BAG OF COIN, the reward money.

CAPTAIN LEWIS

Well done, Madam. You've done a  
service to the Crown.

JAMIE

Blood money!

JENNY

(back at him)

Ye gave me no choice, brother! And  
I'll never forgive you. Never.

Jenny turns, unable to watch as they manhandle him into the cart. Lewis mounts his horse, as do the others. As the cart pulls away from Lallybroch, Jamie reaches up with his bound hands and pulls off the brown cap, REVEALING the determined, clean-shaven, hair-shorn Jamie Fraser we know and love. He drops the dun bonnet on the road behind him.

The SOUND OF BAGPIPES can be heard over the following --

**EXT. BOSTON SIDEWALK - DAY (D7) (1954)**

*On her way home from class, Claire hears a familiar sound. A STREET BUSKER, plays the ubiquitous "Scotland the Brave," a SUITCASE open in front of him, sprinkled with COINS.*

*Claire stops and listens, the music transporting her 200 years into the past, at least for that moment.*

*She digs in her purse, throws a DOLLAR BILL in the suitcase, and disappears into the Boston morning.*

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE