

OUTLANDER

EPISODE 303
All Debts Paid

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

OUTLANDER
EPISODE 303 "All Debts Paid"

PREVIOUS REVISIONS

Production Draft - 8th July 2016
Full Blue Draft - 27th July 2016
Full Pink Draft - 22nd August 2016
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EPISODE 303 "All Debts Paid"

CAST LIST – FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT – 2nd March 2017

CLAIRE BEAUCHAMP RANDALL
JAMIE MACKENZIE FRASER
FRANK RANDALL
MURTAGH FITZGIBBONS FRASER

BRIANNA RANDALL (8, 10)
BRIANNA RANDALL (16, 18)
COLONEL HARRY QUARRY
CORPORAL BRAME
JOE ABERNATHY
MAJOR JOHN WILLIAM GREY

DUNCAN KERR
HAYES
LESLEY
MACKAY
SANDY TRAVERS

CONCERNED HUSBAND
FOOTMAN
PHYSICIAN
PRIEST

EPISODE 303 "All Debts Paid"

SET LIST - FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT - 2nd March 2017

INTERIORS

Ardsmuir Prison (1755)
Governor's Quarters (1755,
1756)
Guards' Room
Large Cell
Boston Hospital (1966)
Hallway
Room
High School (1966)
Auditorium
Claire & Frank's Home
Dining Room (1964)
Front Door Step (1958)
Kitchen (1956)
Living Room (1958, 1966)

EXTERIORS

Ardsmuir Prison (1755)
Establishing (1755, 1756)
Near the Wall
Nearby Moor
The Yard (1755, 1756)
Claire & Frank's Home (1958)
Front Door Step
Helwater (1756)
Stables
Lake District of England
(1756)
Road
Road Near Ardsmuir (1755)
Scottish Moor (1755)
Shoreline (1755)
Western Scotland (1755)

FADE IN:

EXT. WESTERN SCOTLAND - DAY (D1) (1755)

Establishing. If Scotland had a Siberia this would be it. FIND THE WALLED FORTRESS -- ARDSMUIR PRISON. And even though it's not on an island it might as well be, surrounded by moors on three sides and backed by the North Atlantic.

EXT. ARDSMUIR PRISON - THE YARD - DAY (D1) (1755)

FIND the governor of the prison, COLONEL HARRY QUARRY, and MAJOR JOHN WILLIAM GREY, his successor. Quarry is in the middle of giving Grey the two cent tour. This is Quarry's last day as governor. He's overjoyed to be leaving perdition. **[Note: The role of JOHN WILLIAM GREY who appeared in episode 209 will be recast, therefore neither the audience nor Jamie is meant to recognize him at first.]**

JOHN GREY

Does it rain all the time?

COLONEL QUARRY

Chin up, My Lord. The drink here is fine compensation. I've left you a list of booze-merchants...

(winks, then)

Paperwork's the worst of the duty. After that there's not a great deal to do, really, save to hunt for grouse and... Frenchman's Gold.

JOHN GREY

The fortune in bullion that Louis of France sent to Charles Stuart?

COLONEL QUARRY

They say the Highland army hid it somewhere on this moor. I was captivated by it my first year, determined to find it. But after a few years I finally yielded to my better senses. However, whoever does deliver a treasure such as that to London would certainly have the attention of the Crown.

Grey surveys the PRISONERS in the yard, most of them malnourished and ragged as scarecrows.

JOHN GREY

I understand the prisoners to be mostly Jacobite Highlanders.

COLONEL QUARRY

Yes. And docile as sheep. No heart in them after Culloden.

(then)

God, I'll be glad to get back to civilization.

JOHN GREY

Not much in the way of local society, I gather?

COLONEL QUARRY

My dear fellow! "Society" will consist solely of conversation with your officers -- and one prisoner.

JOHN GREY

A prisoner?

COLONEL QUARRY

You've heard of Red Jamie Fraser?

Grey stiffens slightly, but keeps his face immovable.

JOHN GREY

Of course. The man was notorious during the Rising.

COLONEL QUARRY

Well, we have him. He's the only Jacobite officer here and the only one we keep chained. Convicted traitor to the Crown, lasted six years as a fugitive after Culloden. That's him over there...

Grey sees -- JAMIE FRASER on the other side of the prison yard, wearing SHACKLES and surrounded by a group of SCOTS.

COLONEL QUARRY (CONT'D)

The prisoners treat him as their chief. They call him *Mac Dubh*. I don't know what it means -- a sign of respect of some sort. If matters arise, he acts as their spokesman. The guards are afraid of him -- those who fought at Prestonpans say he's the Devil.

JOHN GREY

Poor Devil now.

Grey stares at Jamie, emotion rising to the surface. But why? Rage and humiliation play on his face, as he fights to mask it. He CLEARS his throat.

Jamie looks up, stares back at Grey, studying the man's face, feeling a sense of familiarity, but not able to place him. The prisoners lower their eyes out of respect to the new governor. But Jamie seems neither afraid nor intimidated.

COLONEL QUARRY

You'll need Fraser's good will and cooperation. I had him take supper with me once a week. You might try the same arrangement.

JOHN GREY

I will not dine with that... a prisoner.

Grey's hands are clenched at his sides as he imagines that icicles will grow in hell before he dines with Red Jamie.

COLONEL QUARRY

(pitying)

Do as you wish. I'll leave you to it then. Good luck, Major.

OFF GREY, glancing back at Jamie, as we wonder what his interest is in the tall Scot --

INT. CLAIRE & FRANK'S HOME - KITCHEN - DAY (D1) (1956)

CLAIRE, in her second year of medical school, is at the table, pouring over her medical BOOKS while FRANK makes breakfast. She peeks up, having caught a whiff of something delectable.

CLAIRE

Is that what I think it is?

FRANK

It is. A full English breakfast.

CLAIRE

Black pudding and bread fried in the bacon fat?

FRANK

Of course.

CLAIRE

What's the occasion?

FRANK

Bree came home from school the other day and asked for...

(horrified)

"Eggo" toaster waffles. In that moment, I determined she needed more Englishness in her life.

He brings over a plate and sets it down on the table.

CLAIRE

So your plan now is to feed the American out of her?

FRANK

Well... It's either that or replacing her Dr. Seuss with Dickens.

They both start LAUGHING. She samples the pudding. It's delicious and takes her to a place she hasn't been in forever.

CLAIRE

Oh that's delicious, I've missed that.

FRANK

Perhaps I'm onto something.

It's like old times.

CLAIRE

You know, I don't have class tonight and I've read as much as I care to about gallbladders. Maybe we could go see a film later. Joe said *The Searchers* was fantastic. But if you're not in the mood for a western, *Carousel* might be fun...

FRANK

Sounds lovely.

She brightens.

FRANK (CONT'D)

But actually... I've already seen both of them.

CLAIRE

Both, really?

Then Claire realizes he means... with a date. She feels foolish. Wounded even.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Oh. Sorry.

FRANK

That was what we agreed upon? You have your social life, I have mine. We're free to make plans with whomever we'd like...

CLAIRE

Of course. You're right.

Claire recalls their agreement. But it's one thing in theory, another to be confronted with the reality.

FRANK

I'm being discreet, just as you asked.

CLAIRE

Yes, you have been. Thank you.

The moment is gone now, as quickly as it came. And having nothing more to say, Frank goes back to his cooking as BRIANNA, 8, enters and skips over to Claire.

INT. ARDSMUIR PRISON - LARGE CELL - NIGHT (N1) (1755)

Jamie's now back in a large cell area with a group of prisoners, including HAYES and LESLEY, who grill him about the new governor.

HAYES

Have ye seen the new governor yet?

JAMIE

I had a look at him in the yard. But we havena spoken.

HAYES

Well, better the Devil ye ken, than the Devil ye don't. Handsome Harry was no' sae bad.

LESLEY

No, he wasna. But he was better than that shite-face Bogle, aye?

HAYES

What's your meaning, man?

LESLEY

If Handsome was better than Bogle,
and Handsome was the Devil we didna
ken, and Bogle the one that we did --
you're wrong, man.

HAYES

No, I'm not!

LESLEY

Ye're always wrong! Why d'ye
argue, when ye're never in the
right?

They turn to Jamie, their leader.

HAYES

Mac Dubh, was I wrong?

JAMIE

No, Hayes, ye're no' wrong. But we
canna say if ye're right yet.

Knowing that Hayes and Lesley can go on for hours, Jamie
moves toward a different part of the cell. A dark corner
where a DEEP MALE VOICE comes from the shadows.

MALE VOICE (O.C.)

So ye've seen the new governor,
then? Is it what the neep-heids
are blathering about, is he the
Devil ye know?

JAMIE

Dinna ken what sort of man he is
yet. Seems familiar. Though I
canna place him. Name is Grey...

MALE VOICE (O.C.)

No matter...

Only now does the prisoner step out of the shadows and
REVEAL his face -- and it's definitely familiar. MURTAGH
FITZGIBBONS FRASER. Good news -- he did not die at Culloden
[Episode 301]. He was imprisoned in Ardsmuir for the entire
time Jamie hid in the cave near Lallybroch.

Captivity and time have taken a toll. Murtagh's gaunt face
and raspy COUGH tells us he's suffering from the grippe, a
form of influenza.

MURTAGH

All the mollies look alike. Take
God's own eye to tell one from
another.

JAMIE

They say the same about us.

Jamie's noticed that Murtagh's holding a small SCRAP of
fabric, the FRASER TARTAN.

MURTAGH

They could tell well enough if they
allowed us to wear our tartans.

JAMIE

Ye'd best tuck that away. Ye ken
the punishment for having that.

Murtagh does know. But for him, it's a talisman, something
that reminds him of a home and a time long past. After a
beat, he reluctantly hides it away into a crevice in the
stone.

MURTAGH

So ye took no measure of the man?

JAMIE

He's gey young. Looks scarce more
than a bairn, though I reckon he's
older than he looks. But he
carries himself well. Shoulders
square and a ramrod up his arse.

MURTAGH

Aye. The ramrod is standard issue
in the British Army.

Jamie notices Murtagh scratching at a wound.

JAMIE

Ye've been bitten again.

MURTAGH

The rats are growin' uncommon bold.

Jamie gropes into a BAG and comes up with some WILTED
STALKS.

JAMIE

This'll help with any festering.
And with la grippe as well.

MURTAGH

Och, not more of the damn thistles.
Do ye think me a pig?

JAMIE

Ye're as stubborn as one. It's
only milk thistle. Take the heads
off, and mash the leaves and stems.
I learnt the trick from... a lass
who knew a fair amount about
healing.

Murtagh reacts, he knows Jamie's speaking about Claire,
although he doesn't use her name, and hasn't in years.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

If they're too prickly to eat
spread on a bannock, I'll make ye a
tea and have ye drink it. I've yet
to see pigs drink tea.

MURTAGH

All right. I'll try yer brew. But
I'm no' mashing any damned
thistles.

Their roles are now reversed as Jamie looks out for his
Godfather, something Murtagh gruffly tolerates. But as Jamie
makes the tea, Murtagh studies him, worried for the pain he
knows still haunts Jamie's heart.

INT. ARDSMUIR PRISON - GOVERNOR'S QUARTERS - DAY (D2) (1755)

The Governor's quarters is a combination office/living area.
On one side of the room there is a LARGE DESK and
BOOKSHELVES, on the other side, a DINING TABLE and SMALL
BED.

Grey is absorbed in PAPERWORK when CORPORAL BRAME enters.

CORPORAL BRAME

The prisoner, sir, as commanded.

Grey gestures with his hand without looking up, and Brame
signals the GUARDS waiting just outside the door to enter.
They do, pulling the CHAINS attached to the tall redheaded
prisoner behind him, like an animal on a leash.

Jamie stands in front of Grey, somewhere between at
attention and at ease. Grey is formal with him.

JOHN GREY

James Fraser?

JAMIE

Aye.

JOHN GREY

I am Major John William Grey, the
new governor of this prison.

Grey pauses, waiting for Jamie to recognize his name, to remember the meaningful event they shared at Corrieyairack before Prestonpans almost a decade ago. But Jamie doesn't remember -- or at least he doesn't let on at all. Grey moves on, covering his nervousness.

JOHN GREY (CONT'D)

I believe you and Colonel Quarry
had an understanding?

JAMIE

We did.

JOHN GREY

I would like to continue that. You
acting as spokesman for the
prisoners.

JAMIE

Fine.

JOHN GREY

Very well then.

MACKAY, the Scottish prisoner assigned to be Grey's servant,
enters with a tray of food.

MACKAY

Will you have your supper served in
the sitting room, sir, or in here?

JOHN GREY

In here, prisoner, if you please.

Just as MacKay sets the tray down, there is a SCURRYING
SOUND heard in the corner of the room. Grey looks over and
spots a large RAT.

JOHN GREY (CONT'D)

God damn my eyes! It's after my
supper! Has the prison got a cat?

MacKay glances to Jamie for permission to answer... it's
given with a slight nod.

MACKAY

Aye, sir, there're cats in the storerooms.

JOHN GREY

Well, fetch one up here. At once. Are there many rats in the cells?

Jamie answers this time.

JAMIE

A great many.

MacKay backs up Jamie's claim.

MACKAY

They sometimes scurry across my chest whilst I'm sleeping, sir.

JOHN GREY

If you will, Mr. MacKay, please see that each cell is provided with its own cat.

(re: look on MacKay's face)

Something the matter, MacKay?

Again, it's Jamie who answers.

JAMIE

With respect, sir, I dinna think the men would care to have a cat takin' all their rats.

JOHN GREY

Surely, the prisoners don't... eat them?

JAMIE

Only when they're lucky enough to catch one.

Grey takes that in, uneasy, and Jamie reads it on his face. After a beat, Jamie lets Grey know he's just as much a prisoner as everyone else here at Ardsmuir.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

God knows what you did to be sent here. But for your own sake, I hope you deserved it. Will that be all then, sir?

Grey bristles, shocked by Jamie's bold statement, but unwilling to engage the prisoner at this moment. He opts instead for a cold dismissal.

JOHN GREY

Yes. For now.

As Jamie exits, HOLD ON Grey, feeling like a cell door is being slammed on his life.

INT. CLAIRE & FRANK'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY (D2) (1958)

A party in progress. Claire has just graduated medical school and several of her colleagues from Harvard are there for a casual celebration, including JOE ABERNATHY, whom she met her first day in the anatomy lab [Episode 302]. The GRADUATES wear CAPS and GOWNS, and open CHAMPAGNE.

Frank is there too, along with Brianna, now 10, who's taking photos.

BRIANNA

Mama! Hold up your diploma!

FLASH! FLASH! FLASH! A succession of snap shots capture Claire and Joe, proudly holding up their DIPLOMAS. Then Joe grabs the CAMERA and takes some of Brianna and Claire, then more of Brianna sandwiched in between Claire and Frank. Brianna grabs the camera back from Joe.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

(to Claire)

Just you and Daddy, now.

For their child's sake, Claire and Frank pose awkwardly with their arms around each other, their strained smiles only slightly belying how uncomfortable they are in the moment.

The shutter has hardly SNAPPED before Frank breaks away. He glances at his watch. Then to Claire --

FRANK

Shouldn't you all be leaving for Fontaine's? You wouldn't want to miss your reservation.

CLAIRE

We have plenty of time. It's not until seven.

BRIANNA

You're coming with us, aren't you, Daddy?

FRANK

I wish I could, my angel. But I've got... some work to finish up.

BRIANNA

(whining, disappointed)
No... if you're not going, I'm not going.

She's Daddy's girl all right.

FRANK

I'm sure you'll have a grand time.
(lower, to Claire)
I thought the reservation was at six.

CLAIRE

I'm sorry, it's seven.
(jokey)
We'll be out of your hair soon enough.

Frank goes to the phone to make a call. Joe, who has taken the liberty of mixing TWO MARTINIS, notices the tension and distracts Claire.

JOE

Calling Doctor Randall.
(handing her a drink)
Dr. Joe's salvation elixir.

Claire, grateful for his intervention, lets it all wash off her as she takes the cold glass.

CLAIRE

Is this your prescription for everything?

JOE

Nothing a cold martini won't cure.

CLAIRE

You're going to be a horrible doctor.

They smile. Claire sips her drink. Nothing can ruin this day. Meanwhile, Frank glances nervously at his watch when suddenly the DOORBELL RINGS. He's on the other side of the room, so it's Claire, nearest to the door, who answers it.

**INT./EXT. CLAIRE & FRANK'S HOME - FRONT DOOR STEP -
CONTINUOUS**

A pretty young blonde, SANDY TRAVERS, stands on the porch, anticipating her date, Frank, will answer the door. But when it's NOT him, Sandy is caught completely off-guard and struggles to cover.

CLAIRE

May I help you?

SANDY

Oh... um, I'm sorry... I think I might have the wrong house.

Claire catches Sandy's eyes looking over her shoulder into the foyer; straight at Frank, who has just come up behind her. There's recognition. Sandy and Frank obviously know one another. Claire steps aside to let Frank receive his "guest."

CLAIRE

(curtly)

Your work, I presume?

Then Claire moves back inside to address her guests brightly.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Everyone... I've an idea. Why don't we head over to the restaurant now? If they can't seat us early we can entertain ourselves at the bar.

The guests aren't sure what's going on, but they're happy to continue the party elsewhere. Everyone grabs their jackets, including Claire, who ushers Brianna along with all the guests toward the door. The whole gang files out past a guilty-looking Frank and shame-faced Sandy still hovering in the foyer. Awkward doesn't begin to describe it.

EXT. ROAD NEAR ARDSMUIR - DAY (D3) (1755)

On a quiet road somewhere out on the moorland between the prison and the village, Corporal Brame and MacKay ride on a SUPPLY WAGON, flanked by TWO REDCOAT GUARDS. They stop suddenly when they spot -- a MAN wandering aimlessly on the moor a short distance away.

CORPORAL BRAME

Halt! What in the Devil...?
Bring me that man.

The mounted Guards ride toward the man. One of them dismounts and drags him over to where the wagon has stopped. Brame goes to the man as MacKay watches from atop the wagon. He is dripping wet and MUMBLING DELIRIOUSLY. (We will come to learn later that he is DUNCAN KERR.)

DUNCAN
 (Gaelic)
White witch.
 (English)
 The gold is cursed.
 (French)
The King's son fled.

DUNCAN G
 (Gaelic)
Bana-bhuidseach gheal.
 (English)
 The gold is cursed.
 (French)
Fils du roi s'enfuit.

CORPORAL BRAME
 (to the man)
 Who are you, sir? Speak plainly!

Kerr is Scottish, but rattling off in a mixture of FRENCH and GAELIC, with a word or two of English here and there.

CORPORAL BRAME (CONT'D)
 How do you come by this place?

But the man's eyes roll back and he shakes with fever. He's clearly very ill and out of his mind. His words make no sense. Brame throws a look back to MacKay.

CORPORAL BRAME (CONT'D)
 (to MacKay)
 Can you decipher what he's prattling on about?

MacKay shakes his head, terrified of getting involved. Kerr keeps rambling. But one word stands out from his nonsense. The word "gold." Brame turns to the Guards.

CORPORAL BRAME (CONT'D)
 Take him with us.

As Kerr is dragged toward the wagon...

OMITTED

EXT. ARDSMUIR PRISON - THE YARD - DAY (D3) (1755)

Grey meets with Jamie, still shackled.

JOHN GREY
 Mr. Fraser. I thank you for coming.

JAMIE

You dinna need to thank me when I hadna choice in the matter.

JOHN GREY

Nevertheless. I summoned you because a situation has arisen in which I require your assistance.

JAMIE

And what is that, sir?

JOHN GREY

A man named Duncan Kerr has been found wandering the moor near the coast. He appears to be gravely ill, near death even, and his speech is deranged. However, certain matters to which he refers appear to be of... substantial interest to the Crown. Unfortunately, the man in question has been heard to babble in a mixture of Gaelic and French, with no more than a word or two of English.

JAMIE

And you would like my assistance to interpret for ye what this man might have to say?

JOHN GREY

I'm told you speak both Gaelic and French. We haven't much time.

Jamie speaks respectfully, but with a glint in his eye which is anything but.

JAMIE

I fear I must decline, sir.

JOHN GREY

Might I inquire why, Mr. Fraser?

JAMIE

(politely)
I am a prisoner. Not an interpreter.

Grey's tone hardens.

JOHN GREY

Your assistance would be --
appreciated. Conversely, a failure
to render legitimate assistance --

Jamie's tone even harder.

JAMIE

What is not legitimate, is to
extort my services or to threaten
me.

JOHN GREY

I did not threaten you!

JAMIE

Did ye no'? Well I'm pleased to
hear it. In that case, sir, I
shall bid ye good night.

Jamie turns and walks to the door.

JOHN GREY

Mr. Fraser! If you do what I
ask... I will have your irons
struck off.

Jamie hesitates.

JOHN GREY (CONT'D)

I understand you've been wearing
them for three years. I can't
imagine how heavy they must feel.

ON JAMIE'S SHACKLES --

As they fall from his ankles. From the expression on his
face, we see just how heavy they must have felt, all these
years.

JOHN GREY (CONT'D)

I have, however, two conditions.
You give a full and true account of
whatever the fellow says. And you
will relay to no one save me any
information you glean.

Very slowly, Jamie turns around.

JAMIE

I have but one condition. That you
provide blankets and medicine for
all the men who are ill.

JOHN GREY

A most ambitious request. We are in short supply of both and I can't possibly bring that about.

JAMIE

Then our conversation is over, sir. Return the irons, if ye must.

JOHN GREY

Mr. Fraser, believe me when I say that I would honor your request if I were able.

JAMIE

I would settle for one man, then. My kinsman, Murtagh Fitzgibbons. Been struggling to survive here at Ardsmuir ever since Culloden.

Grey considers, then --

JOHN GREY

I will inquire as to what we have in stores.

JAMIE

You have a bargain, sir.

INT. CLAIRE & FRANK'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (N2) (1958)

CLOSE ON A DOORKNOB turning, and the door opening very quietly. Frank enters, trying not to disturb anyone.

CLAIRE (O.C.)

You invited her here? Where our daughter lives.

Claire's VOICE startles him as he turns to FIND her sitting in a chair, smoking a cigarette, prepared to do battle.

FRANK

You took the car, so... she was picking me up. I thought you'd be gone already.

CLAIRE

Do you really hate me that much? It was my graduation, for God's sake. You humiliated me in front of my new colleagues.

Frank is already hammered. He answers coldly.

FRANK

Welcome to the party then.

CLAIRE

What the hell does that mean?

FRANK

Keep your voice down, for God's sake, you'll wake Brianna.

CLAIRE

(rising)

What does that mean?

FRANK

It means you're not as good an actress as you think you are, Claire.

This conversation has been simmering for years, and finally explodes out in the open.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Do you honestly believe anyone at Harvard thinks we're a happily married couple? You've convinced no one with your indifferent performances. And let's not forget, it was your idea for us to lead separate lives.

Frank POURS himself a SHOT OF WHISKY from the small bar. If he must have this conversation, he might as well get even drunker. The gloves come off --

CLAIRE

But you agreed to be discreet. Having your blonde harlot show up on our doorstep is quite the opposite of that.

FRANK

She's no harlot. In fact, she has a Ph.D. fellowship in historical linguistics.

CLAIRE

I'm sure you two'll have plenty to discuss then.

FRANK

Jealous now, are we? Green is not your color.

CLAIRE

You knew how important this day was. You did this deliberately. You wanted to hurt me.

FRANK

Perhaps I wanted you to have a taste of your own medicine, Doctor Randall.

CLAIRE

Did you fuck her in our bedroom?

FRANK

Our bedroom is far too crowded already, wouldn't you agree?

A dig toward the ghost who's been between them since she returned from Scotland. A different kind of cheating. Claire knows she can't argue, but it infuriates her all the same. She lashes out at him.

CLAIRE

Then let's stop all this pretending then. File for divorce.

FRANK

Divorce?

He can't believe she's thrown the word out. He's deeply offended.

CLAIRE

Why not? You'd have your freedom.

FRANK

When Millie and Jerry divorced a year ago, he gained his freedom but lost his children for it. Remember, the court ruled they needed a mother more than a father. Now he rarely sees them. That will not happen to me and Brianna.

CLAIRE

I would never keep Bree from you. We'd work out a compromise.

FRANK

You'll forgive me, dear, if I'm not willing to risk everything on your goodwill. Or your promises. You've never been very good at keeping them.

(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

And let's not forget who pays the bills.

CLAIRE

I don't need your money. I am capable of supporting myself now.

FRANK

(sarcastically
altruistic)

Really? How successful a medical career do you think you'll have, Claire? It's difficult enough being a woman in a man's profession without tacking "divorcee" onto your MD.

Claire takes a beat. He's right, in 1958 divorce is still very much a stigma.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Is there anything else you'd care to discuss?

Claire shakes her head, retreats to the chair. He follows her over, kisses her forehead --

FRANK (CONT'D)

There's a reason we are so terribly bad at charades, my darling.

-- then slides away.

OFF CLAIRE, feeling trapped in a prison of her own --

INT. ARDSMUIR PRISON - GUARDS' ROOM - DAY (D3) (1755)

Jamie's with Duncan Kerr who's being kept inside one of the spare rooms in the guards' quarters. The furnishings are sparse, just a SMALL BED and TABLE. Jamie kneels on one side of Kerr who lies in the bed, moaning and very sick.

Grey watches from the door, listening to WHISPERS of Gaelic and French, Kerr jumbling his words, struggling to communicate. Jamie comforts Kerr, holding his hand, and wiping his fevered brow.

ON GREY -- oddly touched by Jamie's gentleness with the sick man as he lies dying. From Grey's POV we just get a snippet of the conversation.

JAMIE
 (to Kerr, Gaelic)
 Be still, a **charaid, bi samhach.**
Mo charaid.
 (Gaelic)
**What do you know of the Frenchman's
 gold?**

Duncan answers with a mix of French, English, and Gaelic.
 (SEE APPENDIX.)

DUNCAN
**The gold is cursed. Do ye be
 warned, lad. It was given by the
 ban-druidh, the white witch.**

Jamie's heart leaps. A white witch?

JAMIE
 Who is she? The white witch?

Jamie looks over his shoulder, conscious of Grey watching him. He says loudly, for Grey's benefit --

JAMIE (CONT'D)
 The gold, man. Where is the gold?

He squeezes Duncan's hand, and Kerr rolls his head side to side, muttering crazily. Grey comes over --

JOHN GREY
 What did he say? What?

JAMIE
 (to Kerr)
 Speak to me, man, tell me again!

JOHN GREY
 Wake up! Speak to us!

Grey shakes Kerr's shoulders, but Duncan's eyes roll back in his head as he gives one last raspy whisper --

DUNCAN
She will come for you.

He closes his eyes, squeezes Jamie's hand one last time. Then goes quiet. His hand slips out of Jamie's. Jamie makes the sign of the cross. Kerr is dead.

Grey casts a glance toward Kerr's body as a guard wraps him in sheets. Grey is eager for information.

JOHN GREY
Well, Mr. Fraser. What did he say?

JAMIE
Mostly gibberish, I'm afraid.
Talking of white witches and
selchs.

JOHN GREY
White witch? Selchs? That's all
you remember?

Grey is deeply disappointed.

JOHN GREY (CONT'D)
(suspicious)
You're holding back.

JAMIE
It's the truth, I tell you.

JOHN GREY
You are quite positive?

JAMIE
I keep my bargains, sir.

JOHN GREY
Do you, Mr. Fraser? I suspect
there is more to this story.
(impatient, threatening)
I can force you to talk.

Jamie gives a wry smirk.

JAMIE
There's nothing you can do to me
that hasn't been done before. So,
try if ye must.

JOHN GREY
We will speak again, Mr. Fraser.

OFF Grey's frustration and disappointment, and Jamie
wondering what punishment awaits.

INT. CLAIRE & FRANK'S HOME - DINING ROOM - DAY (D3) (1964)

*There's a CAKE on the table. The old-fashioned Betty Crocker
kind. SIXTEEN candles. Brianna prepares to make a wish as
the BIRTHDAY SONG is sung. Claire smiles and shakes her
head.*

BRIANNA

I know what I'm wishing for.

CLAIRE

Don't waste it on a car. Because you're not getting one.

FRANK

Wish away, you never know.

Frank winks. Bree smiles. Claire gives Frank a displeased glance. But they're caught up in the celebration --

INT. ARDSMUIR PRISON - LARGE CELL - NIGHT (N3) (1755)

Back in the cell, Jamie next to Murtagh who drinks a tea.

MURTAGH

This is worse than yer last putrid concoction.

JAMIE

It's all I can manage, the governor thinks I didna keep to his bargain.

MURTAGH

Dinna use me as a pawn. Ye do what ye must...

(then)

What happened with Kerr? Same fellow who was a MacKenzie tacksman, when you fostered at Leoch?

Jamie fills Murtagh in --

JAMIE

Aye. But his mind was gone. His speech was a mad rant, not much of it made sense. He said the gold was "cursed" and he mentioned something about...

MURTAGH

Get on wi' it, before I die of old age.

JAMIE

A "white lady" who had some connection with the gold.

MURTAGH

A white lady.

Murtagh knows Jamie better than anyone else in the world and knows what Jamie's thinking: Is Claire back?

MURTAGH (CONT'D)

And ye're thinking... after all these years...?

JAMIE

Of course not.

MURTAGH

But... is it even possible?

JAMIE

I dinna ken.

MURTAGH

(a beat, then)

I wish we could know what became of her once you sent her through the stones.

JAMIE

(God knows he tried)

Wishing will no bring her back.

MURTAGH

But I think of her now and then. And about the wee bairn she was carrying.

JAMIE

Try not to think of it... It will only bring ye pain and suffering.

MURTAGH

Can I at least pray them sound?

JAMIE

Aye, that ye can do.

Jamie can feel the heaviness in his heart. Corporal Brame appears --

CORPORAL BRAME

Fraser! Get up.

INT. ARDSMUIR PRISON - GOVERNOR'S QUARTERS - NIGHT (N3)
(1755)

Without warning, Jamie is ushered into the governor's quarters, expecting the worst.

But when Jamie looks around, he sees Grey waiting for him in a small DINING AREA on the other side of the room from Grey's desk. Jamie is unshackled.

JOHN GREY

I am told you used to dine with Governor Quarry. I trust you'll do me the same honor now.

Instead of a punishment, the DINNER TABLE set for two is awaiting him. Grey intends to wine and dine Jamie to get information out of him. On the way to the table, Jamie glances over to a few BOOKS stacked on a small table, boldly picks up the one on top: ROBINSON CRUSOE.

JOHN GREY (CONT'D)

You are interested in novels?

JAMIE

You think yer pleasantness will loosen my tongue?

JOHN GREY

Of course I did not mean --

JAMIE

Ye can return me to the cells, if ye have that in mind.

JOHN GREY

Mr. Fraser, I only ask you to dine with me in an attempt to forge a connection between us better suited to our situation here.

MacKay brings in a PLATTER OF FOOD and sets it on the table.

JOHN GREY (CONT'D)

Lovely.

Grey picks up his fork, but Jamie doesn't eat just yet. He sees an opportunity.

JAMIE

Fine. Then I would ask your leave to hunt for ourselves; since the Crown cannot supply the men with adequate food.

JOHN GREY

Hunt? Give you weapons and allow you to wander the moors? God's teeth, Mr. Fraser!

JAMIE

Not weapons. And not wandering.
Will ye give us leave to set snares
upon the moor when we cut peats,
though? And to keep such meat as
we take? We could also gather
watercresses, sir...

JOHN GREY

What for?

JAMIE

To eat.

JOHN GREY

Why?

JAMIE

Eating green plants will stop ye
getting scurvy.

Grey is impressed by Jamie's worldliness.

JOHN GREY

Wherever did you get that notion?

JAMIE

From my wife.

JOHN GREY

You're married?

A beat.

JAMIE

She is gone.

There is a devastating sadness in Jamie's voice which Grey
has never heard.

JOHN GREY

I see. Well... I shall take your
proposal under consideration, Mr.
Fraser. Now may we please begin?
The pheasant will get cold.

Jamie finally digs in, ravishing his plate.

JOHN GREY (CONT'D)

They're an extremely feeble-minded
bird, all but beg to be shot;
nonetheless, quite tasty in a wine
sauce, wouldn't you agree?

JAMIE

Aye, verra feeble-minded.

JOHN GREY

When you dined with Colonel Quarry,
were the men envious of that?

JAMIE

No. I'd tell them about it.

JOHN GREY

Of course you wouldn't keep it from
them. I didn't mean to suggest you
would.

JAMIE

Is this a vin de Bourgogne sauce?

JOHN GREY

I... um... I'm not sure. Colonel
Quarry left me a case of wine when
he left, but I will inquire as to
what the cook used.

OFF Grey, pondering the unusual man across the table --

INT. ARDSMUIR PRISON - LARGE CELL - NIGHT (N3) (1755)

Jamie is surrounded by Murtagh, Lesley, Hayes and a few
others. Murtagh's getting weaker every day.

JAMIE

We had roast pheasant -- in wine
sauce.

MURTAGH

Red wine?

JAMIE

Aye. Vin de Bourgogne. The bird
was served with carrots and
turnips, with sweet herbs... cruss
of rolls... topped wi' butter --

LESLEY

Slow down, Mac Dubh. I want to
savor every morsal.

JAMIE

Then we had fresh salmon with a
ladleful of crawfish cullis.

For the men this is anything but torture, it's a way to break their bonds, if even for a brief moment.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
 And for dessert, warm spiced
 Shrewsbury Cake with nutmeg and
 cinnamon...

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - AUDITORIUM - DAY (D4) (1966)

A small GRADUATION CEREMONY. This time it's Brianna's -- she's graduating high school. "Pomp and Circumstance" PLAYS.

ON BRIANNA, in traditional CAP and GOWN, as she marches up to the stage --

ON FRANK AND CLAIRE in the audience, standing side by side, but not touching. OTHER PARENTS hold hands or hug each other as their child gets a diploma.

A HEADMASTER hands Brianna hers, and she shifts her tassel to the left and looks out into the audience at her parents. Frank and Claire APPLAUD, beaming.

FRANK
 That's my girl.

CLAIRE
 (mouthing, to Brianna)
 I'm so proud of you.

But as they continue to clap, it's clear their connection is to Brianna, and not to each other.

EXT. SCOTTISH MOOR - DAY (D4) (1755)

Out on the heather-covered moorland, the prisoners are returning from PEAT-CUTTING DUTY. Similar to the crew that went out in the first scene.

The light is fading and two prisoners break off with a guard in tow -- it's Lesley and Hayes. They check the SNARES and TRAPS they were obviously allowed to set early in the day. Seems Grey capitulated after all.

Jamie's a part of the crew as well -- except he's not checking the traps -- he's waiting.

The GUARDS seem more focused (or worried) on what Hayes and Lesley are doing because they lose sight of Jamie for -- a few seconds -- too long.

Quickly, as if it was pre-planned, Jamie peels back a section of HEATHER, like a blanket, and dives underneath -- then the two men following -- speedily cover him up. It's as though the moor swallowed him whole.

INT. ARDSMUIR PRISON - GOVERNOR'S QUARTERS - LATER

A contrite looking Corporal Brame stands in front of an astonished and angry John Grey, who rises from the seat behind his desk --

JOHN GREY
... Escaped?! Hellfire, man.

Grey slams his fist down on his desk.

EXT. SHORELINE - DAY (D5) (1755)

Grey, Brame, and a few GUARDS search the shoreline, looking for Red Jamie -- the now fugitive.

JOHN GREY
Are you sure the patrol caught a sight of him here?

CORPORAL BRAME
Yes, sir. Thought they saw him swimming out to the islands.

JOHN GREY
Spread out! I want the cliffs searched in both directions -- and keep an eye out for boats below; God knows there's room enough to hide a sloop behind some of those islands.

CORPORAL BRAME
If he went in anywhere along this stretch, Major, you'll have seen the last of him. They call this spot the Devil's Cauldron, because of the way it boils all the time.
(then)
Sir, it's been three days now.

JOHN GREY
I do not need reminding, Corporal. Remain here until nightfall then return to the moor.

EXT. ARDSMUIR PRISON - NEAR THE WALL - DAY (D6) (1755)

NEXT MORNING AT DAWN. Grey stands near the high wall, relieving himself. He's in mid-stream when -- someone grabs him around the neck, completely by surprise. Jamie whispers in Grey's ear triumphantly --

JAMIE

That's how it's done, William Grey,
second son of Viscount Melton.

A callback to how Grey failed at sneaking up on Jamie once in the woods. Jamie has finally acknowledged their first meeting.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

How long did it take for your comrades to find you after we tied you to that tree?

JOHN GREY

(stunned)
What?

JAMIE

Were ye there so long as to shite yourself?

Grey's eyes flash as he realizes that Jamie has remembered their meeting years ago just before Prestonpans.

JOHN GREY

You remembered.

JAMIE

Aye, when ye called me to your quarters that first day. I tend to remember anyone who's tried to slit my throat.

JOHN GREY

Why did you not speak before now?

JAMIE

I was waiting for the proper occasion. Why did ye not remind me?

JOHN GREY

I think you must know why.

Jamie tightens his grip. Grey chokes out an answer --

JOHN GREY (CONT'D)

They were the actions of a foolish boy. And I regret them to this day, the mere memory burns shame into my gut. But fortunately for you, my foolishness at Corrieyairack saved your life at Culloden. Did it not?

JAMIE

Aye. Yer brother Lord Melton was an honorable gentleman.

JOHN GREY

And my family debt to you has been discharged.

Jamie reminds Grey --

JAMIE

But not yer promise.

JOHN GREY

Promise?

JAMIE

Aye, when last we parted. You vowed to kill me if we were to ever meet again. Well, here I am.

Jamie releases Grey, and then drops to his knees in surrender. Jamie has clearly allowed himself to be captured -- to Grey's complete bewilderment. Grey composes himself best he can. But as angry and humiliated as he is, he gathers what dignity he has left.

JOHN GREY

I'm not a murderer of unarmed prisoners. Nor shall I harm my charges out of revenge.

(calling out)

Corporal Brame! Come at once!

Brame.

(then, to Jamie)

Why?

INT. ARDSMUIR PRISON - GOVERNOR'S QUARTERS - DAY (D6) (1755)

Jamie, back in chains now, is with Grey, who's demanding to know the reason for his escape. But the stubborn Highlander refuses to say why he escaped or where he went.

JAMIE

It's my private affair.

JOHN GREY

That is possibly the most outrageous thing I have heard in my life!

JAMIE

Your life has been rather brief, then, Major. If you will pardon my saying so.

JOHN GREY

Have you any notion what I could do to you for this?

JAMIE

Aye, I have, Major. But I've prayed to the blessed Virgin and I'm hoping she's intervened on my behalf.

JOHN GREY

You dare to mock me? Come here, Mr. Fraser. Here! Stand here, sir!

JAMIE

I am not a dog, Major. Ye'll do as ye like with me, but I'll no' come when ye call me to heel.

JOHN GREY

My apologies, Mr. Fraser. I meant no offense. I merely wish you to approach nearer. If you will?

Jamie does, reluctantly.

JOHN GREY (CONT'D)

Did your escape have anything to do with the matter of which you learned from Duncan Kerr? I suspect it has to do with the French gold. Why else would you risk such a foolish escape?

JAMIE

I cannot tell you, Major.

JOHN GREY

You have not honored my conditions, Mr. Fraser.

Grey takes a deep breath. Infuriated by the stubborn Highlander.

INT. ARDSMUIR PRISON - LARGE CELL - DAY (D6) (1755)

Jamie's wiping down Murtagh's forehead with a cold rag, nursing him the best he can. Murtagh is getting worse.

MURTAGH

If ye hadn't wished to be captured, ye wouldna been. What in God's name were ye thinkin', ye gomeril? Ye had yer freedom.

JAMIE

That's not what I was searching for.

MURTAGH

And did ye find such a thing?

JAMIE

No. And I must have been daft indeed to believe I would.

He was looking for Claire, it doesn't need to be said.

MURTAGH

In any case, why'd you come back to this wretched place?

JAMIE

For you.

MURTAGH

If I had the strength to smack ye, I would, Mac Dubh.

JAMIE

Of course ye would... But if I hadna returned, ye'd have no one left to scold.

Even in his weakened state, Murtagh manages a smirk. Jamie stares at him. The truth is, he'd never leave his Godfather, especially not while Murtagh is sick.

EXT. ARDSMUIR PRISON - GOVERNOR'S QUARTERS - DAY (D7) (1755)

Brame dumps a collection of pitiful RELICS and anonymous JUNK onto Grey's desk. MacKay is in the b.g. doing some chore.

CORPORAL BRAME

We found the usual rubbish, sir.
But this... is something you may
care to take notice of.

Grey picks up a small strip of TARTAN CLOTH.

JOHN GREY

Who does it belong to?

CORPORAL BRAME

Don't know. Was hidden in the
crevice of the stone.

Grey turns to MacKay, who's trying to edge out of the room
without being noticed. Grey stops him.

JOHN GREY

Which clan wears this tartan?

MACKAY

I... dinna ken, sir.

Grey knows he's lying.

JOHN GREY

The possession of tartan is
strictly forbidden and is a
violation of the Act of
Proscription. If you choose to
withhold the information, I must
assume it's yours. Need I remind
you of the punishment for such
offense?

MacKay, terrified, begins to speak.

MACKAY

'Tis... Fraser tartan.

EXT. ARDSMUIR PRISON - THE YARD - DAY (D7) (1755)

It's quiet. Until TWO GUARDS lead Murtagh out and tie him to
a post. He's frail and unsteady on his feet.

A moment later Grey enters the yard, followed closely by
Corporal Brame, who carries a CAT AND NINE TAILS at his
side.

The prisoners have been drawn up in ranks around the yard,
guards facing them, BAYONETS at the ready in case of
trouble. Everyone knows why they are here -- Murtagh is
going to be flogged. A guard helps Murtagh remove his shirt.

Grey watches from a short distance away. He nods towards two guards, who escort Jamie over to stand with Grey while Brame recites the sentence.

CORPORAL BRAME

In contravention of the Act of Proscription, passed by His Majesty's Parliament, for which crime the sentence of sixty lashes shall be inflicted.

(then, to Grey)
Sir, shall I?

Jamie speaks urgently with Grey.

JAMIE

It's my tartan.

JOHN GREY

I don't believe you, Mr. Fraser. But it's noble of you to lie for your friend.

JAMIE

He's unwell, allow me to take his punishment, then. It will serve the same purpose. The men will understand.

JOHN GREY

No.

JAMIE

He won't survive it!

JOHN GREY

Then tell me the truth, Mr. Fraser. Tell me why you escaped.

Jamie's furious at Grey using Murtagh to extort him. Grey knows Murtagh is Jamie's Achilles' heel. It's a stand off. Jamie eyes Grey hard, searching... for anything behind his eyes... trying to look into his very soul. Then --

JAMIE

If ye are unwilling to bargain. Get on with it then, have yer British justice.

Murtagh smiles and nods proudly, bracing himself for what's to come.

CORPORAL BRAME

Governor? Shall I begin?

Grey hesitates. Jamie is calling his bluff.

JAMIE

Sixty lashes over a piece of worn cloth.

JOHN GREY

Don't test me, Mr. Fraser.

JAMIE

I'm no testing you, Major. We're all here because ye're testing yourself.

After a long tense beat.

JOHN GREY

Return the prisoner to his cell. All the prisoners. Now.

Grey storms away, disgusted with himself. Jamie breathes a sigh of relief as Murtagh is untied... Brame breathes a sigh of relief as well, he wasn't looking forward to doling out sixty lashes.

INT. ARDSMUIR PRISON - LARGE CELL - DAY (D7) (1755)

The main cell door is opened and a PHYSICIAN is led in by Brame.

BRAME

Fitzgibbons is over there.

Brame points to Murtagh. Jamie rises, on guard.

JAMIE

What's this then?

The physician moves over to Murtagh and begins to administer the medicine as Jamie watches over the procedure.

BRAME

The governor ordered me to accompany the doctor here -- to treat your kinsman.

OFF Jamie's surprise, especially after the event in the yard earlier.

EXT. ARDSMUIR PRISON - NEARBY MOOR - DAY (D7) (1755)

Grey walks with Jamie along the moor, just a short distance outside the prison walls. The two guards watch closely nearby, but far enough for Grey's conversation to be private.

JOHN GREY

How did you know I wouldn't go through with the it?

JAMIE

I've looked into the eyes of men who would have someone flogged for stealing a piece of bread -- and no lose a moment's rest over it. Ye dinna have those eyes, sir.

Jamie and Grey stop, turn to each other.

JOHN GREY

Perhaps I don't. But as we stood in that yard, Mr. Fraser, your eyes revealed something as well.

Jamie can't wait to hear this.

JOHN GREY (CONT'D)

You have suffered much pain in your life, but the fact you would endure a flogging for a friend means you would never reveal yourself by force. I might as well have been beating the stone walls.

Jamie considers Grey, who is dead on in his assessment.

JAMIE

So ye thought you'd show me a kindness instead?

JOHN GREY

Well, sir -- yes.

JAMIE

(under his breath)
The Devil ye ken.

JOHN GREY

Pardon.

JAMIE

I told ye faithfully all that Kerr said to me that night. What I didna tell ye was that some of what he said had meaning to me.

JOHN GREY

What meaning was that?

JAMIE

I -- spoke to you of my wife.

JOHN GREY

Yes, you said that she was dead.

JAMIE

I said that she was gone. It is likely she is dead, but -- my wife was a healer. She was a white lady. The word in Gaelic is ban-druidh... it also means witch.

JOHN GREY

The white witch. So the man's words referred to your wife?

JAMIE

I thought they might. And if so -- I had to go. To see for myself.

JOHN GREY

How did you know where to go? Was that also something you gleaned from the vagrant's words?

JAMIE

There is a spot I knew of, the shrine to St. Bride. St. Bride was also called "the white lady." I couldna say what Kerr meant, but I felt I must go. It is thought to be a shrine of great power, Major.

JOHN GREY

I see. And your wife...?

JAMIE

There was nothing there to do with her. She is truly gone.

JOHN GREY

And the gold, Mr. Fraser?

JAMIE

Louis never sent gold to the Stuarts. What I found was an empty box, save for one jewel.

JOHN GREY

It is a moving story, Mr. Fraser. Yet there is no evidence that it is the truth.

JAMIE

Aye, there is, Major. I, too, am a man of honor. And I give you my word that my story is true. I have this as well...

Jamie reaches into the waistband of his ragged breeches, then holds out his hand and drops a small object into Grey's waiting palm. A BLUE SAPPHIRE. Grey chokes with surprise.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

I saved it, thinking that it might be some use, if I were ever to be freed.

JOHN GREY

How did you keep this? You were searched when you returned.

JAMIE

I swallowed it.

JOHN GREY

I see.

JAMIE

A diet of rough parritch has its advantages, now and again.

JOHN GREY

It appears it does, Mr. Fraser.

As the two of them head back toward the prison --

EXT. ARDSMUIR PRISON

Establishing. Snow covers the moor, melts and we move back into spring.

INT. ARDSMUIR PRISON - GOVERNOR'S QUARTERS - NIGHT (N8)
(1756)

INT. ARDSMUIR PRISON - GOVERNOR'S QUARTERS - NIGHT (N8)
(1756)

As Grey and Jamie play chess at a CHESS TABLE in the living area of the Governor's quarters.

JOHN GREY
Good to see your friend,
Fitzgibbons is better.

Jamie's focused on the chess board. Grey moves.

JAMIE
Aye, much.
(re: the move)
Why ye cunning wee bastard! Where
the hell did ye learn that trick?

JOHN GREY
My elder brother taught it to me.

JAMIE
It is Lord Melton ye mean?

JOHN GREY
Yes.

JAMIE
Your brother very stubbornly
refused to shoot me. I wasna
inclined to be grateful for the
favor at the time.

JOHN GREY
You wished to be shot?

JAMIE
I thought I had reason.

JOHN GREY
What reason? I mean no
impertinence in asking. It is only
-- at that time, I -- I felt
similarly. From what you have said
of the Stuarts, I cannot think that
the loss of their cause would have
led you to such despair.

JAMIE
There were those who fought for
love of Charles Stuart -- or from
loyalty to his father's right of
kingship. But you are right, I
wasna one of those.

JOHN GREY

I said that I felt much as you did, at the time. I -- lost a particular friend at Culloden. He was the reason I joined the army. He... inspired me. My brother was there when I found him dying on the field. I couldn't even say a proper goodbye... I would have stayed there with him forever, but Hal dragged me away, he was embarrassed, you see.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. CULLODEN MOOR - BRITISH FIELD HOSPITAL - FLASHBACK

[NOTE: We will INTERCUT John Grey's FLASHBACK of Culloden as he's telling the following story. This was previously shot as an appendix in Episode 301.]

INT. ARDSMUIR PRISON - GOVERNOR'S QUARTERS - RESUME

Back with Jamie and John Grey as he finishes his story.

JOHN GREY

He said I would overcome it -- come to terms with it -- in time. Hal is generally right, but not always. Some people, you grieve over forever. Do you find your life greatly burdensome, Mr. Fraser?

JAMIE

Perhaps not greatly so. I think perhaps the greatest burden lies in caring for those we cannot help. Not in having no one for whom to care. That is emptiness. But no great burden.

JOHN GREY

Your wife -- she was a healer, you said?

JAMIE

She was. She... her name was Claire.

It's the first he's spoken her name in a very long time.

JOHN GREY

You cared very much for her, I think?

JAMIE

I had meant to thank you sometime, Major.

JOHN GREY

Thank me? For what?

JAMIE

For that night at Corrieyairack where we first met. For what ye did for my wife.

JOHN GREY

That was your wife?

JAMIE

Ye were a worthy foe, Major. D'ye blame me?

JOHN GREY

If you found a sixteen-year-old shitting himself with fear a worthy foe, Mr. Fraser, then it is little wonder that the Highland army was defeated!

JAMIE

A man that doesna shit himself with a knife held to his throat, has either no bowels, or no brains. Ye wouldna speak to save your own life, but ye would do it to save a lady's honor. The honor of my own lady. I admire that.

JOHN GREY

I did nothing for your wife. She was in no danger, after all!

JAMIE

But ye didna ken that at the time, aye? Ye thought to save her life and virtue, at the risk of your own. I have thought of it now and again, since I -- since I lost her.

JOHN GREY

I see. I am sorry for your loss.

Having a good bit of sherry in him, and feeling close to Jamie because of their mutual confessions of lost loves, and Jamie's sincere compliment, Grey touches Jamie's hand... Jamie calmly commands Grey --

JAMIE

Take your hand off me -- or I will kill you.

Grey slowly removes his hand as if from an unexploded mine. Jamie rises without another sound and leaves the room. Leaving Grey ashamed and hurt all over again.

INT. CLAIRE & FRANK'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (N5) (1966)

Claire's sitting in the dim light when she hears Frank enter the room.

FRANK

Tough surgery? I can tell by looking at you.

CLAIRE

They all seem tough these days.

FRANK

You've done whatever you could -- worrying about it now won't change... Ah, well, I've said it all before.

CLAIRE

You have.

But he's not here for idle chit-chat, there's something on his mind.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

What is it?

FRANK

I'd like to take Brianna to England.

CLAIRE

That would be lovely. How long will you go for?

FRANK

I've had an offer for a position at Cambridge. A good one.

She processes the implications.

CLAIRE

What about the hospital...? My patients? I can't just leave Boston and move to England...

FRANK

I'm not asking you to leave.
(then)
I'm divorcing you.

Claire reels at the news.

CLAIRE

Divorce? We had this discussion years ago.

FRANK

I know what I said then. But Brianna's eighteen now. And she's coming with me.

It starts hitting Claire now. This is an ambush.

CLAIRE

Does she know about this plan?

FRANK

Not yet. But she'll come willingly. Between med school and the hospital, you haven't spent nearly as much time with her as I have.

CLAIRE

How dare you?

FRANK

Besides, there are fine universities there. Oxford for one, I still have some pull.

CLAIRE

(spits)
What about Candy?

FRANK

Her name is Sandy. I'm going to marry her, as soon as I'm free.

CLAIRE

(gobsmacked, laughs)
Marry her? You can't be serious.

But the look on his face tells her that he is.

FRANK

I'm finished with this, Claire.

CLAIRE

You... bloody... bastard.

FRANK

Do be reasonable.

CLAIRE

*You've been waiting, all this time.
Waiting for the clock to run out.
Well, Bree's my daughter, and
you're not taking her anywhere!*

FRANK

I don't think I'll have to.

CLAIRE

*You want to divorce me. Fine. Use
any grounds you like -- with the
exception of adultery, which you
can't prove, because it doesn't
exist. But if you try to take Bree
away with you, I'll have a thing or
two to say about adultery.*

FRANK

*This isn't about us anymore.
Bree's a grown woman now. She can
make her own decisions. She's got
her own life. And I want to spend
the rest of mine with a wife who
truly loves me.*

*The statement hangs there, Claire doesn't counter it.
Then --*

FRANK (CONT'D)

*You couldn't see Brianna without
thinking of him, could you?
Without that constant memory, I
wonder -- would you have forgotten
him, in time?*

CLAIRE

That amount of time doesn't exist.

*Frank leaves. Claire HEARS a CAR DOOR SLAM, then an ENGINE
ROAR TO LIFE and then FADE AWAY. The phone RINGS --*

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
 (answering)
 Dr. Randall... Yes... Are they
 prepping for surgery...? All
 right, I'm on my way.

-- a call from the hospital. Claire hangs up, it's robotic; perhaps because she's done this a thousand times before or because the prison she lives in just got lonelier.

EXT. ARDSMUIR PRISON - THE YARD - DAY (D9) (1756)

A WEEK LATER. The prisoners are ASSEMBLED. An order is given for them to be marched off toward the gate. Everyone except Jamie who is suddenly yanked from the line by Corporal Brame, pulled away from Murtagh -- healthier now -- without a chance to even utter a goodbye.

JAMIE
 What's happening?

CORPORAL BRAME
 Prison's closing... The prisoners
 are being removed. The fortress is
 to be garrisoned by the Seventh
 Queen's Own Regiment of Dragoons.

JAMIE
 Removed? To where?

But Brame doesn't answer. He delivers Jamie to Major Grey, who's mounted and ready to ride out. Jamie is SHACKLED by his WRISTS (only) and leashed to Grey's horse, and they head away from Ardsmuir.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Where are we being taken?

Grey doesn't answer. Instead, he reins his horse around and heads out of the prison; Jamie being pulled behind him.

Jamie glances back to the other prisoners, who are being marched in the opposite direction. Murtagh looks back as well, and as one final look passes between them --

INT. BOSTON HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - NIGHT (N5) (1966)

Claire's with a CONCERNED HUSBAND --

CLAIRE

Frances is in recovery. Stable and all her vitals are good. The best thing you can do for her now is get some rest...

The husband hugs Claire and leaves. Suddenly, Claire looks up and sees Joe hurrying toward her. Claire takes one look at his FACE -- she's seen doctors deliver the news of death too often to mistake the signs. PUSH IN ON CLAIRE as we hear Joe tell her the awful news...

JOE

Claire... I'm sorry... It's Frank... It was a car accident.

Claire races to --

INT. BOSTON HOSPITAL - ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

FRANK'S BODY lies on a metal table, his face pale and blue. Claire closes her eyes and touches him.

CLAIRE

Frank, if you're still close enough to hear me -- I did love you. Very much. You were... my first love.

Claire exits and walks down the blank hallway, weeping for Frank, heading for the outer doors -- and even though she didn't want it this way -- heading for freedom.

EXT. LAKE DISTRICT OF ENGLAND - ROAD - DAY (D10) (1756)

Jamie walks behind Grey, who's on horseback. They've been traveling for days. The anger and sorrow of his parting from his men, including his Godfather, fresh in his memory, and the anticipation of an unknown destination fills Jamie with dread.

Jamie stops, eyes Grey hard.

JAMIE

It's no better than slavery.

JOHN GREY

A term of indenture is not slavery. The other prisoners will regain their freedom after a term of fourteen years.

JAMIE

If they survive. Why was I not sent to the territories, or the Colonies with them? Why did you keep me here?

JOHN GREY

You are not merely a prisoner, but a convicted traitor, imprisoned at the pleasure of His Majesty. Your sentence cannot be commuted without Royal approval. And His Majesty has not seen fit to give that approval. I couldn't give you freedom, Fraser. This is the next best I could manage.

Jamie looks at Grey, not sure whether to believe him.

JAMIE

Where am I to go, then?

JOHN GREY

It's called Helwater. You will serve Lord Dunsany. I shall visit you once each quarter -- to ensure your welfare.

JAMIE

(dubious)
My welfare?

JOHN GREY

But I caution you... your new host is not well disposed toward Charles Stuart or his followers. You can scarcely hope to conceal the fact that you are a Scot, a Highlander at that. If you will consider a piece of well-meant advice, it might be judicious not to use a name which would be as easily recognized as your own.

And as they crest the ridge, Grey gestures to where the HELWATER LANDS spread out before them. The magnificent view belies its name and it's not what Jamie was expecting.

JAMIE

Why did you do this for me? I didna let ye have yer way?

Grey gets off his horse, UNLOCKS Jamie's WRIST SHACKLES, takes a beat...

JOHN GREY

I regret that particular moment of weakness. It was foolish of me. But I told you about... someone I cared for. And you shared the same. You gave me my life all those years ago. Now, I give you yours. I hope ye'll use it well.

JAMIE

Yer brother discharged that debt.

JOHN GREY

For the sake of the family name. I discharge it for the sake of my own.

The two men share a look... it's not quite brotherly love but there's definitely a mutual admiration.

JOHN GREY (CONT'D)

(back to business)

Now, Mr. Fraser, let's be on our way.

EXT. HELWATER - A SHORT TIME LATER

Grey brings Jamie to the front entrance of the magnificent house where he speaks briefly with a FOOTMAN. Then they're lead to --

EXT. HELWATER - STABLES - MOMENTS LATER

As they approach the area where the horses are kept.

JOHN GREY

You'll serve as a groomsman.

Jamie inhales the aromas of fresh cut hay, leather, and horses that he loves and is instantly comforted by its familiarity. He turns to Grey.

JAMIE

Thank you.

JOHN GREY

You can repay my kindness by not breaking your parole.

(adds)

And by putting down your burdens, and living the best life you can.

Grey turns his horse and rides away. Jamie's finally alone. He walks over to a large STALLION -- and throws his arms around the horse's thick neck. It's not heaven. But it's the farthest from hell he's felt in a long, long time.

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE

APPENDIX

INT. ARDSMUIR PRISON - GUARDS' ROOM - DAY (D3) (1755)

Jamie's with Duncan Kerr who's being kept inside one of the spare rooms in the guards' quarters. The furnishings are sparse, just a SMALL BED and TABLE. Jamie kneels on one side of Kerr who lies in the bed, moaning and very sick.

Grey watches from the door, listening to WHISPERS of Gaelic and French, Kerr jumbling his words, struggling to communicate. Jamie comforts Kerr, holding his hand, and wiping his fevered brow.

ON GREY -- oddly touched by Jamie's gentleness with the sick man as he lies dying. From Grey's POV we just get a snippet of the conversation.

JAMIE
 (to Kerr,)
 Be still, a charaid, bi
 samhach. Mo charaid.
 (whispers a warning)
 All you say will be told to
 the English.
 (Gaelic)
 What do you know of the
 Frenchman's gold?

JAMIE G
 (to Kerr,)
 Be still, a charaid, bi
 samhach. Mo charaid.
 (whispers a warning)
 All you say will be told to
 the English.
 (Gaelic)
 Dé ur n-eòlas air òr an
 Fhrangaich?

Duncan answers with a mix of French, English, and Gaelic.

DUNCAN
 The gold is cursed. Do ye be
 warned, lad. It was given by
 the ban-druidh, the white
 witch.

DUNCAN G
 Tha 'n t-òr est maudit.
 Prenez garde, mon garçon. It
 was donné by the bhan-
 draoidh.

Jamie's heart leaps. A white witch?

JAMIE
 Who is she? The white witch?

DUNCAN

She seeks a brave man. A MacKenzie. It is theirs, she says it, for the sake of him who is dead. She is a soul-eater. She is death. He is dead, the MacKenzie is dead.

DUNCAN G

She seeks a brave man. Fear do chlann 'Ic Coinnich. It is theirs, she says it, pour lui qui est mort. She is a soul-eater. Elle est la morte. Tha esan air bàsachadh, tha MacCoinnich air bàsachadh.

Jamie looks over his shoulder, conscious of Grey watching him. He says loudly, for Grey's benefit --

JAMIE

The gold, man. Where is the gold?

He squeezes Duncan's hand, and Kerr rolls his head side to side, muttering crazily.

DUNCAN

All of them. All dead! Colum, Dougal, Ellen, too. Folk do say, how Ellen MacKenzie did leave her brothers and her home, and go to wed with a silkie from the sea. She heard them, aye?

(looking dreamily)

She heard the silkies singing, there upon the rocks, one, two and three of them, and she saw from her tower, so she came down, and went to the sea to live with the silkies. Aye? Did she no'?

DUNCAN G

A h-uile fear ac'. Tous morts! Colum, Dougal, Eileag, too. "Folk do say, how Ellen MacKenzie na braithrean aice agus home, and go to wed with a silkie from the sea." She heard them, aye?

(looking dreamily)

She heard the silkies singing, air na creagan, one, two and three of them, and she saw from her tower, puis elle s'est descendue, and went to the sea to live with the silkies. Aye? N'est elle pas?

Grey comes over --

JOHN GREY

What did he say? What?

JAMIE

(to Kerr)

Speak to me, man, tell me again!

JOHN GREY

Wake up! Speak to us!

Grey shakes Kerr's shoulders, but Duncan's eyes roll back in his head as he gives one last raspy whisper --

DUNCAN

She will come for you.

DUNCAN G

Thig i gur n-iarraidh.

He closes his eyes, squeezes Jamie's hand one last time. Then goes quiet. His hand slips out of Jamie's. Jamie makes the sign of the cross. Kerr is dead.