

OUTLANDER

EPISODE 304
Of Lost Things

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

OUTLANDER
EPISODE 304 "Of Lost Things"

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EPISODE 304 "Of Lost Things"

CAST LIST – FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT – 2nd March 2017

CLAIRE BEAUCHAMP RANDALL
JAMIE MACKENZIE FRASER

BRIANNA RANDALL
GENEVA DUNSANY
ISOBEL DUNSANY
JOE ABERNATHY
LADY LOUISA DUNSANY
LORD ELLESMERE
LORD JOHN GREY
LORD WILLIAM DUNSANY
ROGER WAKEFIELD
WILLIE

BURTON
DORSEY
FIONA GRAHAM
LADY GROZIER
LORD MELTON
MAID
MR. EVANS

ARCHIVIST
BAR PATRON
COACHMAN
GOVERNESS

EPISODE 304 "Of Lost Things"

SET LIST - FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT - 2nd March 2017

INTERIORS

Wakefield House (1968)
Library
Parlor
Stairs
Helwater (1756-1764)
Dunsany Manor
Corridor
Geneva's Room
Landing
Stables
Harness Room
Boston Hospital (1968)
Claire & Joe's Office
Ellesmere Manor (1758)
Doorway
Marble Hall - Gallery
Passageway
National Archives of
Scotland
Reading Room (1968)

EXTERIORS

Hotel Bar-Lounge (1968)
Helwater (1756-1764)
Another Part Of The Path
Dunsany Manor
Front Entrance
Entrance Road
Establishing
Grounds
Lily Pond
Outer Stables
Riding Path
Scottish Countryside (1968)
Road
English Country Roads (1758)
National Archives of
Scotland
(1968)
Ellesmere Manor (1758)
Jet (1968)
Claire & Frank's Home (1968)

FADE IN:

INT. WAKEFIELD HOUSE - LIBRARY - DAY (D1) (1968)

SUPER: SCOTLAND, 1968

The library has been turned into a war room since last we saw it, one month ago at the Reverend's wake [Episode 213].

A dizzying array of historical research covering almost every surface. Books open, files teeter like mini-towers and corkboards full of notes and documents. Someone's obsessed.

ROGER WAKEFIELD stands at a LARGE CALENDAR where he has charted JAMIE'S TIMELINE -- all the dates they've figured out so far -- starting with Culloden.

ROGER

If our theory is correct -- that Claire spent three years in the past, and when she returned three years had gone by here -- it follows that time passes at the same rate in both centuries. Since Claire's been home for twenty years, we have to establish that Jamie is alive twenty years after Culloden. So we're looking for him in 1766.

WIDEN TO REVEAL CLAIRE RANDALL with daughter BRIANNA and busily conducting research, as they have for the past few weeks. They are going through copies of PRISON RECORDS.

BRIANNA

There's no record of him at the Tolbooth. Nothing in Stirling either. Or Arbroath... or Blackness... You're sure they recorded the names of every single prisoner?

FIONA GRAHAM has entered with a TEA TRAY.

FIONA

If Red Jamie was also the "Dunbonnet" from Grannie's tales, he'd have been a very well known outlaw.

CLAIRE

I always enjoyed your grandmother's stories, she was a special friend to me.

Fiona smiles at Claire then offers Roger a PLATE of scones.

FIONA

Have some cream on your scone, Roger. You're much too thin.

Brianna clocks Fiona's interest in Roger as Fiona exits.

BRIANNA

The Dunbonnet is only a legend. Even if such a person existed --

CLAIRE

I found him. Ardsmuir Prison.

Brianna and Roger hurry over to see what Claire's found.

BRIANNA

(reading the roll)
You're right, there he is. James Fraser.

The three of them trade excited looks and perhaps CHEERS of joy. It's a victory! Roger flips through the rolls.

ROGER

1753... '54... '55... his name appears on each of these annual rolls.
(spotting something)
But the prison closed in 1756.

BRIANNA

What happened to the prisoners?

ROGER

I don't know... But this is cause for celebration, no?

Claire stares at the paper, still taking in the news as Roger pours three whiskies. They clink their glasses.

Claire downs hers, as she stares at Jamie's name on the prison roll in her hand. The closest she's felt to him in twenty years.

CLAIRE
(softly, to herself)

Where did you go to next, Jamie?

EXT. HELWATER - ENTRANCE ROAD - DAY (D1) (1756)

SUPER: HELWATER, ENGLAND, 1756

The CLATTER of hoofs as a CARRIAGE travels up the entrance road to a palatial estate in the Lake District of England. Two LUGGAGE CARTS trail. They peel off as we FOLLOW the carriage to --

EXT. HELWATER - DUNSANY MANOR - FRONT ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

SERVANTS scurry around as they line up outside to greet the Dunsany family, who are returning from a trip. REVEAL JAMIE FRASER standing in line with the rest of the staff.

As the carriage finally pulls to a STOP in front of the glorious MANOR HOUSE, Jamie is one of four GROOMSMEN who rush to greet the carriage and tend to the horses.

LORD WILLIAM DUNSANY, 50s, and wife LADY LOUISA DUNSANY, late 40s, step out of the carriage. Followed by their two daughters, LADY GENEVA, 21, and LADY ISOBEL, 20. Isobel is pretty, but plain, while Geneva is a beauty who turns heads.

The servants bow or curtsy as the returning family members pass, until they reach the butler, MR. EVANS, who BOWS.

MR. EVANS

Welcome home, my Lord! Lady Dunsany... We pray that you are all in good health...

(then)

Lady Geneva, Lady Isobel -- so good to have you home again.

Geneva barely acknowledges him. But Isobel --

ISOBEL

Good to be home, Mr. Evans. Italy was far too warm for my taste.

MR. EVANS

I daresay, my Lady.

LORD DUNSANY

I trust that all has been well whilst we've been abroad, Mr. Evans?

MR. EVANS

Indeed, my Lord.

Lord Dunsany catches sight of Jamie, a new face.

LORD DUNSANY

I see that the new groomsman is amongst us.

MR. EVANS

Yes, my Lord.

Lady Isobel gives Jamie a warm smile, while Lady Geneva breezes past, ignoring him completely. Lord Dunsany stares at Jamie, then whispers something to Mr. Evans who goes over to BURTON, the HEAD GROOM --

And as the women go inside and the servants disperse to return to work, Burton catches Jamie.

BURTON

Mr. Evans says that the Master wishes to speak with you.

Jamie nods --

INT. HELWATER - DUNSANY MANOR - CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Lord Dunsany sizes up Jamie as they talk discreetly.

LORD DUNSANY

So you're the Scottish prisoner.

Jamie bows his head, no hint of mockery in his manner, and recalling John Grey's advice to change his name, answers:

JAMIE

Alexander MacKenzie. Your servant, my Lord.

LORD DUNSANY

Major Grey disclosed to me that you were a soldier, and fought in the Rising of '45.

JAMIE

I did, my Lord.

LORD DUNSANY

But he also told me that you were an honorable man, who spared his life before Prestonpans.

Jamie nods, modestly. Dunsany's stare hardens.

LORD DUNSANY (CONT'D)
I lost my only son there. Gordon was a young captain in Bolton's regiment.

JAMIE
Many good men were lost to their families in the rebellion. On both sides.

Jamie braces for a tirade but it doesn't come.

LORD DUNSANY
I respect a man who fights for his cause. Gordon gave his life for what he believed -- I take heart from this. You were defeated, our quarrels are bygone.
(then)
I cannot say Lady Dunsany feels the same. She carries a great hatred for any Jacobite. She's never overcome Gordon's passing.

JAMIE
The pain of losing a child never leaves you. I've... lost two children myself.

Lord Dunsany senses his sincerity.

LORD DUNSANY
Well then... I'll simply tell Lady Dunsany that you are a groom heartily recommended by Major Grey, not a prisoner. You'll receive a small stipend for your services.
(then)
But you are a prisoner, MacKenzie. Mind you don't forget it.

OFF Jamie, he won't forget.

EXT. SCOTTISH COUNTRYSIDE - ROAD - DAY (D1) (1968)

Roger and Brianna had been driving somewhere when they had car trouble. The hood's up on Roger's car and he's working on the engine as Brianna leans on the fender and watches.

BRIANNA

"Have some cream on your scone, Roger?" You know she has a crush on you.

ROGER

Fiona? Och, no. She just... likes being helpful.

Brianna raises a brow. Then:

BRIANNA

Move aside.

He pauses, then moves out of the way and Brianna ducks under the hood. Both are being fun and flirty.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

At first, I thought maybe Fiona was your girlfriend.

ROGER

Girlfr --? No... I have girls who are friends, but not one I'd call a "girlfriend."

BRIANNA

No one back in Oxford?

ROGER

Well, there's Mrs. Wellington who runs the Cock n' Bull near my college. She's 47 but pours a healthy dram, I'm quite fond of her.

Brianna smiles. As she fiddles with the motor --

ROGER (CONT'D)

So... how're you doing... with all these revelations? I remember when the Reverend told me about my parents... It was a lot to take in.

BRIANNA

(brushing past it)
I'm fine. The important thing is helping my mother find Jamie.

Roger doesn't believe it's quite so easy to find out your parents aren't who you thought they were, but he doesn't press the issue.

ROGER

Your mother's a very determined woman. All I know is, that James Alexander Malcolm MacKenzie Fraser must have been something to deserve her.

BRIANNA

Do we have to say all five names all the time? Can't we just call him Jim or Jimmy or Jimbo or J.A.M.M.F.?

ROGER

Aye, that just rolls right off the tongue.

Brianna comes up from under the hood.

BRIANNA

Try it now.

Roger looks skeptical but gets in the car. It starts!

ROGER

What'd you do?!

BRIANNA

Distributor cap was loose.
(off his look)
Daddy kept an old Morris Minor that he loved... I always liked seeing how things work.

ON Roger, impressed.

ROGER

What do I owe you?

OFF Brianna as she cocks a brow --

INT. HELWATER - STABLES - DAY (D2) (1756)

Jamie works quietly, saddling a horse. (We will later learn this is Geneva's horse.) And though he's among strangers and far from his homeland, here with the horses, he's found some sense of peace.

BURTON (O.C.)

MacKenzie! Time to draw straws!

Jamie looks up as Burton, steps in, beckoning him.

JAMIE

For?

BURTON

(with a snicker)

You'll see.

EXT. HELWATER - OUTER STABLES - MOMENTS LATER

THREE GROOMS, all English, gather around and draw straws. Jamie draws a LONG STRAW, while DORSEY draws the SHORT ONE. The other grooms HECKLE him, and Jamie soon sees the reason --

Lady Geneva marches over. In her spoiled, autocratic tone:

GENEVA

I'm ready for my ride.

DORSEY

I shall accompany you, my Lady.

GENEVA

(to Jamie)

Fetch my palfrey. At once.

JAMIE

Right away, my Lady.

Jamie fetches the horse, but not quickly enough.

GENEVA

Hurry up, you useless Scotchman!

Jamie tucks away his pride as he helps her mount. As he does, Geneva sizes him up. She and Dorsey then ride off.

JAMIE

A boot to the hindquarters is what that one needs.

ISOBEL (O.C.)

The horse, or my sister?

Jamie spins around, embarrassed at having been overheard.

JAMIE

Pardon, my Lady, I meant --

ISOBEL

I know exactly what you meant. But I doubt it would do her any good.

Jamie appreciates the graceful out she's given him.

JAMIE

May I saddle yer horse?

ISOBEL

I only come down to look at the horses, admire their beauty.

JAMIE

Aye, they are magnificent.

ISOBEL

It pains me that my father confines such splendid creatures.

JAMIE

I've seen a great many stables. Helwater's are the finest I ever beheld.

ISOBEL

A cage is still a cage.

Jamie smiles. He can't help but like a girl who champions freedom. Isobel inquires, shyly:

ISOBEL (CONT'D)

How long were you in the employ of Lord John?

JAMIE

I was... in his charge for a bit over a year.

ISOBEL

I've known the Major since we were youngsters. I find him to be a rare and interesting person. I imagine he'll make someone a good husband...

Jamie realizes Isobel is sweet on Grey, but is hesitant to encourage the girl, knowing Grey's preferences.

JAMIE

Forgive me, my Lady, but the military and marriage are not easy bedfellows...

(trying to discourage her)

The Major's passion lies... in soldiering.

ISOBEL

His dedication to King and Country
is one of the things I admire most
about him.

Isobel smiles and her eyes sparkle.

INT. HELWATER - STABLES - HARNESS ROOM - NIGHT (N2) (1756)

End of the day, back in his makeshift quarters amongst the
bridles and saddles, a tired Jamie lights a CANDLE and says
a quiet prayer in front of a small wood carving of ST.
ANTHONY.

JAMIE

(praying softly)

St. Anthony, watch over Jenny, Ian
and the children... and if you'd
see fit to keep Murtagh out of
harm's way, wherever he may be...
and please... keep Claire safe...
her and my child.

MATCH CUT:

OMITTED

INT. WAKEFIELD HOUSE - PARLOR - NIGHT (N1) (1968)

A sleepless Claire sits by the fire as she stares at a CROSS
on the wall. She closes her eyes for a silent PRAYER. Just
then a telephone JANGLES nearby.

ROGER (O.C.)

Wakefield Residence.

(then)

One moment.

Roger steps over to Claire.

ROGER

It's the hospital in Boston.

Claire nods her thanks, goes to the phone as Roger moves
off.

CLAIRE

(into phone)

This is Dr. Randall.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BOSTON HOSPITAL - CLAIRE & JOE'S OFFICE - DAY (D1)
(1968)

DR. JOE ABERNATHY, the man who Claire met in medical school [Episode 302] and is now a good friend, sits at his desk, on the PHONE, surrounded by TAKE-OUT CONTAINERS. He smiles wide, happy to have reached Claire.

JOE

Lady Jane.

CLAIRE

(warmly)

Joe... it's so good to hear your voice.

JOE

Guess what I'm eating?

CLAIRE

Let's see, it's Tuesday so I would have to say... chicken cacciatore.

JOE

You may not miss me, but I know you miss Jeveli's.

CLAIRE

I miss both.

JOE

So I'll make a reservation for two, when should I say...?

CLAIRE

... Soon.

JOE

What month is soon in?

CLAIRE

I can't say yet.

JOE

Italian food aside, the reason I called -- I saw Harry Greenbaum today for abdominal pain.

Claire's voice goes soft, clearly there's a fondness there.

CLAIRE

Harry...? What'd you find?

JOE

Positive Murphy's sign and calcifications on the x-ray. I've scheduled the surgery for next week.

CLAIRE

You can handle it, Joe.

JOE

Of course I can. And I will...
But I'm just surprised you aren't insisting on doing it yourself.

Silence from Claire. Joe senses there's more going on here, but doesn't push it.

CLAIRE

Let me know how it goes. Goodbye, Joe.

Claire hangs up the phone, the stress etched on her face.

EXT. HELWATER - DUNSANY MANOR - FRONT ENTRANCE - DAY (D3)
(1757)

SUPER: HELWATER, 1757

Jamie works to remove a stone from the hoof of a horse hitched to the carriage when a visitor, LORD ELLESMERE, late 50s, a wealthy landowner, exits the house with Lady Geneva, Lord and Lady Dunsany and Isobel. Ellesmere is unpleasant, loud and arrogant. Jamie can't help overhear their conversation as he works. They're celebratory.

LADY DUNSANY

I can't tell you how pleased I am with this arrangement. Geneva will be a fitting bride, Your Lordship.

LORD DUNSANY

We're certain this match will bring good fortune to both our families.

Lord and Lady Dunsany are beaming. Ellesmere looks smug and satisfied while Geneva looks as though she's been sentenced to life imprisonment. Even having Isobel there doesn't help.

ELLESMERE

My sister advised me to seek in marriage a lady... less pettish. However, I find Geneva's disposition appealing.

LORD DUNSANY
 My daughter will not disappoint
 you, sir.

Geneva isn't even afforded the dignity of a word. It's like she's not there. Ellesmere turns to Jamie:

ELLESMERE
 Am I to wait all day?

JAMIE
 I'm almost finished, my Lord.

ELLESMERE
 (re: Jamie, to the others)
 My God, if a child of mine had hair
 of that color, I'd drown him before
 he drew a second breath.

With all the grace of a gorilla, Ellesmere yanks Geneva's arm almost out of its socket and slobbers a kiss on her hand.

ELLESMERE (CONT'D)
 Farewell, my dearest. A mere
 fortnight until you are mine.

Jamie finishes with the horse and looks up to see Geneva shrink from Ellesmere's touch. Lord and Lady Dunsany bid Ellesmere goodbye as he boards the carriage and pulls away.

Lord and Lady Dunsany, along with Isobel, head back inside the house. Geneva notices Jamie looking at her. He looks away, but she knows he's witnessed this spectacle. Jamie turns and heads back to the stables... she watches him go.

INT. HELWATER - STABLES - DAY (D4) (1757)

CLOSE ON A HANDFUL OF STRAW -- as once again the grooms draw for who will accompany Lady Geneva. She arrives in her usual impetuous manner.

GENEVA
 I'm ready for my ride.

But when the "losing" groom steps forward, she pointedly turns her back and glances around. Her eyes land on Jamie.

GENEVA (CONT'D)
MacKenzie. Fetch my palfrey.
 You'll accompany me today.

And with that, Geneva moves out as the losing groomsman hurries off, feeling fortunate. Jamie feeling less so as he reluctantly heads out with Geneva's horse.

EXT. HELWATER - RIDING PATH - LATER

Jamie rides next to Geneva in silence. Then --

GENEVA

What do you think of my betrothed,
the Earl of Ellesmere?

JAMIE

It's not my place to give an
opinion, my Lady.

GENEVA

I demand your opinion, MacKenzie.

JAMIE

He appears fond of you.

GENEVA

His most attractive quality is his
wealth. What do you find
attractive?

JAMIE

I don't think about such things, my
Lady.

GENEVA

(smiles coyly)
Liar.

Geneva's horse trots ahead, while Jamie has stopped his. A beat, and then Geneva turns back.

GENEVA (CONT'D)

Aren't you coming?

JAMIE

(having had enough)
We should turn back, my Lady.
Before it gets dark.

GENEVA

We have time. Besides, you have to
do my bidding.

Geneva spurs her mare and charges off. Jamie watches her go, but then loses sight of her as she rides around a bend. Frustrated, he shakes his head and sighs, annoyed at having to argue with her, when he hears a SCREAM. OFF Jamie as he kicks his horse into a gallop in search of Geneva --

EXT. HELWATER - ANOTHER PART OF THE PATH - MOMENTS LATER

Jamie spots Geneva's horse -- with no rider. He looks further down the path and sees Geneva, in a heap, appearing to have fallen off and passed out. He dismounts and scoops her up. As he does, Geneva "wakes up" smiling, her arms around his neck.

GENEVA

I knew you would do as I told you.

Jamie has had enough. He drops her into a giant puddle of mud. Geneva is shocked -- how dare he! But then LAUGHS. Jamie mounts his horse and rides off, fuming. Geneva SHOUTS in his wake --

GENEVA (CONT'D)

I look forward to our next ride!

The lady does have a spark of life after all.

INT. WAKEFIELD HOUSE - LIBRARY - DAY (D2) (1968)

Roger spreads an array of files before Claire and Brianna.

ROGER

*Ardsmuir Prison closed in 1756.
The prisoners were then shipped off
to various British territories --
indentured as servants, and served
up to fourteen years.*

BRIANNA

Another term for slavery.

Roger passes out the documents between them.

ROGER

*I've unearthed records for forty-
two different ships that left
western ports that month... bound
for a number of Colonies -- South
Africa, the West Indies, America...*

*Claire's more anxious than last we saw her. She can't stay
in Scotland forever.*

CLAIRE

Let's get started.

They start scanning the passenger lists, eager to locate Jamie. But Claire's patient's surgery weighs on her mind...

TIME CUT:

They search the lists. Claire speeds through, tossing each page aside when done and frantically moving to the next. Finally, her expression wanes.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I don't see his name... anywhere.

ROGER

It's not on any of mine either.

Claire considers worst-case scenario -- that Jamie's dead.

CLAIRE

This could mean...

ROGER

Let's not speculate.

BRIANNA

He's got to be here somewhere.

OFF Claire, feeling the clock ticking.

EXT. HELWATER - LILY POND - DAY (D5) (1757)

FIND Jamie and LORD JOHN GREY bent over a CHESS BOARD that's been laid on top of a tree stump or flat rock in a private area of the grounds.

JOHN GREY

King's pawn to king four.

JAMIE

Queen's knight to bishop three.

Though it's been a while since they've seen each other, the civil rapport they once had in the prison over chess is still there as they play whenever Grey visits.

JOHN GREY

The Dunsanys are pleased with your work.

JAMIE

So even after all these months, ye've
come all the way to Helwater
for the sake of my welfare?... Or
is it because ye canna find anyone
else to play chess wi'?

JOHN GREY

(smiles)

No one suitable.

Jamie nods at the compliment. But both men are aware that Grey's heart still leaps in his chest at the sight of the tall Scot, despite his unrequited attraction.

As Grey moves his next piece...

MAN'S VOICE (O.C.)

Johnny...

They look over to see COLONEL LORD HAROLD "HAL" MELTON, Grey's brother, heading toward them with Geneva and Isobel.

JOHN GREY

(good natured grumble)

It appears as though my next move
will have to wait.

Both Grey and Jamie get up from the board. Melton stops dead when he recognizes Jamie. Jamie stiffens too. As does Grey, who becomes formal in the presence of his elder brother. Geneva picks up on this awkwardness and seems to relish it.

GENEVA

Colonel Melton, you must remember
MacKenzie?

Melton is civil, but his disapproval of his brother spending time with a known Jacobite is just under the surface.

LORD MELTON

MacKenzie. Yes, although it's been
some time now.

JAMIE

Aye, we're... acquainted, my Lady.

ISOBEL

(to Melton)

Major Grey was good enough to
recommend Mr. MacKenzie to us.
He's a master of the horses.

GENEVA

(aside)

If only he were as good with the people as he is with the horses.

ISOBEL

How has your family managed without him?

LORD MELTON

(rife with subtext)

If it were up to me, I would never have let such a man go, but then, I'm not my brother.

GENEVA

Come, Lord Melton, we do have much to catch up on. Why don't we do it over a game of cribbage?

LORD MELTON

It would be my pleasure.

Geneva holds out her arm and Melton takes it and leads her away. She glances back at Jamie, something up her sleeve.
OFF Jamie, worried --

EXT. HELWATER - OUTER STABLES - DAY (D6) (1757)

A few days later. A CART FULL OF MANURE as it's being dumped into a heap. Jamie and a few other grooms work to pile up manure and hay for the gardeners.

Jamie sees someone approaching -- Lady Geneva. He stops what he's doing and gives her a polite nod.

GENEVA

You needn't stand on ceremony for my sake, MacKenzie. What are you doing?

JAMIE

Spreading shit...
(adds)
My Lady.

GENEVA

(shocked by the language)
Goodness.

The other grooms, believing this could get ugly, slip away to other chores, leaving Jamie alone with Geneva. But instead, she toys with him.

GENEVA (CONT'D)

You understand I could've told my father you left me in the mud. You're very fortunate I have a merciful heart.

JAMIE

Aye, verra fortunate, my Lady.

GENEVA

As you know, my wedding is in three days.

JAMIE

I wish ye every happiness.

GENEVA

Married to a man old enough to be my grandsire? It's a vile agreement.

(then)

Have you ever been married, MacKenzie?

JAMIE

(jaw tightening)

Aye.

GENEVA

You'll know what to do, then. When you to come to my bed. Tonight.

JAMIE

You have lost your mind. If ye had one to lose.

GENEVA

How dare you speak that way to me!

JAMIE

How dare ye speak that way to me? A lassie of breeding, making indecent proposals to a groom?

She glares at him, her chin set.

GENEVA

I am damned if my maidenhead will be given to a depraved old goat like Ellesmere!

JAMIE

Good day to ye, my Lady.

But Geneva smiles, knowing she has a trump card left to play.

GENEVA

I couldn't fathom why someone of Major Grey's standing would spend so much time with a common groom... Colonel Melton was tight lipped at first. But after a few -- well, quite a few -- glasses of port, I was able to coax a very interesting tale from him.

JAMIE

Ye shouldna have done that.

GENEVA

Mama would not be at all pleased to know her "groomsman" is in truth a notorious Jacobite soldier who fought in the army responsible for my brother's death. I'm very sure she'd have your parole revoked, incarcerating you once again.

JAMIE

Ye filthy wee bitch!

GENEVA

That language suits you, Red Jamie.

JAMIE

I'm sorry yer brother died. Truly. But I'll not return to prison.

GENEVA

You'd run back to Lallybroch? What a quaint little name. I suppose they would post soldiers...

The last thing Jamie wants is redcoats at Lallybroch.

GENEVA (CONT'D)

Come to my room.

Seeing no way out, he finally nods, angrily, already dreading his deal with the devil.

INT. HELWATER - DUNSANY MANOR - LANDING - NIGHT (N6) (1757)

A shadowy figure climbs over the balcony ledge, moving past a window. A beat and then --

INT. HELWATER - DUNSANY MANOR - GENEVA'S ROOM - MOMENTS
LATER

Jamie slips into the French doors to find Geneva waiting, her hair loose around her shoulders and wearing only a ROBE.

GENEVA

I'm glad you came... Jamie.

JAMIE

Having brought me to your bed by means of threats against my family, I'll not have ye call me by the name they gave me.

GENEVA

What must I call you, then?

JAMIE

Alex. It's my own name, as well.

GENEVA

You may disrobe.

Knowing why he's there and determined to just get it done, Jamie starts to undress. Geneva watches him, wide-eyed, curious and apprehensive. When he meets her eyes, she quickly looks away, embarrassed.

JAMIE

You've not seen a man naked before?

GENEVA

... No.

JAMIE

(gruffly)

You can watch me if you'd like.

Geneva turns back to Jamie, mustering as much confidence as she can --

GENEVA

Continue.

Geneva watches as Jamie removes his clothes, her face a flush of emotion. Then, she notices his scars and GASPS.

JAMIE

It's all right. It doesna hurt. We should get on wi' it. May I touch you, my Lady?

She nods, too breathless to speak. He hesitates, then pulls the robe open... revealing her pale smooth skin. It's been a very long time since Jamie has seen a woman's naked body, and though he tries not to stare, she's lovely. He touches her cheek, then her neck, travelling down, slipping his hand inside the robe to her breasts, and kneading them gently.

GENEVA

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

This is probably the first time Geneva has ever felt -- or admitted -- such a thing. Revealing a previously unseen vulnerability. Jamie uses this opportunity to give her a chance to back out.

JAMIE

We don't have to do this. It's all right to change yer mind.

Geneva takes a beat -- a moment of truth. She's attracted to Jamie and won't let her nervousness deter her. She takes charge, determined to control her fate --

GENEVA

I'm doing this for myself and I intend to see it through.

(then)

I want my first time to be with... someone like you.

Jamie spots a DECANTER of wine and moves to it, pouring TWO GLASSES.

JAMIE

Aye, well, the first time is often... vexing. Let's have some wine. It will relax us both.

Jamie hands her a glass. As they drink --

GENEVA

Will you... show me how it's done?

Jamie takes her hand and places it on his chest, guiding her. She looks at him, then puts her other hand on his chest, then tentatively starts exploring his shoulders, pecs, arms. It feels good to both of them.

He runs his hands down her arms, sending a shiver through her body, then cups her buttocks in both his hands, pulling her to him. She GASPS as they make contact, stiffens slightly. He notices she's shaking.

GENEVA (CONT'D)

Will it... hurt much?

JAMIE

I think not. If I take my time.

He kisses her. Then again. Their kisses grow more urgent, their minds giving way to their bodies.

After a few moments, he lays her down on the bed, slipping her robe all the way off, kissing her neck, her breasts, and then stroking her thighs. She groans with pleasure and surprise. Then, feeling bolder...

GENEVA

May I touch you... there?

Jamie nods. She reaches down and takes hold of him. Jamie draws a sharp breath, aroused. He has an extraordinary mixture of feelings, but more than anything, there is a primal lust.

JAMIE

All right. Be still now...

He speaks to her in a rough whisper, almost like he's calming a wild filly, as he takes charge...

It's been years since Jamie's lain with a woman. As he enters her, his mind shuts down as the physical sensations take over. Geneva gives a SMALL GASP --

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Move with me...

She lies back, instinctively wrapping her arms around him as he moves into her, first slowly and then with greater urgency. To his surprise, she matches his movements, losing herself in the pleasure. Jamie moves faster and faster until he climaxes with a groan.

AFTERWARD, he opens his eyes to find Geneva staring at him, with marvel in her eyes.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Have I hurt ye?

GENEVA

It was painful at first. But then... I liked it.

She nestles against him. He stares at the ceiling, feeling spent and guilty.

GENEVA (CONT'D)

I love you, Alex.

Jamie looks at her, realizing again how young and vulnerable she is despite her bravado. He tries to explain.

JAMIE

It isna love, my Lady. It's only the feeling I've roused in your body. It's strong, but it isna the same thing as love.

Geneva looks at him blankly. Age and immaturity keep her from grasping the subtly of what he's talking about.

GENEVA

What's the difference between them?

JAMIE

This, what you feel for me, ye can have with any man. It's not particular. Love is when you give your heart and soul to another -- and they give theirs in return.

Only one person. He pushes the thought of Claire firmly away, lest he die right here. OFF Jamie as he pulls his clothes on --

OMITTED

EXT. HELWATER - DUNSANY MANOR - FRONT ENTRANCE - DAY (D7)
(1758)

SUPER: HELWATER, 1758

Jamie and another Groom greet Ellesmere's CARRIAGE as it pulls up. Lord Ellesmere and Geneva, married now, step out, as they come for a Sunday visit with the in-laws. They aren't exactly the picture of a happy couple.

However, as staff greet the carriage, Isobel steps out to greet Geneva who is sporting a LARGE BABY BUMP -- she's eight months pregnant and proud of it. She catches Jamie's eye, putting her hand on her belly, indicating the secret she now has from Ellesmere. The look is clocked by Isobel before the front door opens and they disappear inside.

HOLD ON JAMIE'S WORRIED FACE as it sinks in that Geneva is carrying his child.

INT. BOSTON HOSPITAL - CLAIRE & JOE'S OFFICE - DAY (D2)

Joe sits at his desk, on the PHONE.

JOE

He's talking about replacing you.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. WAKEFIELD HOUSE - PARLOR - NIGHT (N2) (1968)

On the other end of the line is Claire.

CLAIRE

Were those the Chief's actual words?

JOE

I withheld the expletives.

CLAIRE

But he approved my leave!

JOE

And he's extended it. Twice.

(then, softer)

What are you doing, Lady Jane?

Claire closes her eyes, struggling mightily.

CLAIRE

It's just something I have to do, Joe.

JOE

Okay, but I can only cover for you for so long.

CLAIRE

I understand. Thanks for letting me know.

Claire hangs up the phone, deeply torn. She hears the floorboard CREAK and turns to find Fiona approaching.

Claire shakes off the call as best she can and puts on a brave face as a smiling Fiona hands her a small POUCH.

FIONA

I believe these belong to you.

Curious, Claire opens the pouch and pulls out a STRING OF PEARLS -- the ones Jamie gave her on their wedding day.

CLAIRE

(overcome)

I never thought I'd see them again.

FIONA

My grandmother told me of your special friendship as well. And she left the pearls to me, but I know she'd want you to have them back.

CLAIRE

Thank you, Fiona. Truly.

Fiona nods to Claire with a smile and moves off. A beat as Claire clutches the necklace, touched by the memories. Placing them back into the pouch, she then moves into --

INT. WAKEFIELD HOUSE - LIBRARY - NIGHT (N2) (1968)

Where Brianna looks to Claire with a grin.

BRIANNA

Great news! We just found out the National Archives has the most extensive collection of manifests in the country... We can take the train to Edinburgh tomorrow!

CLAIRE

That's wonderful.

But Brianna can tell by her face, something's wrong.

BRIANNA

Mama, are you all right?

Suddenly Claire grabs Brianna and hugs her tight. Brianna's surprised at the ferocity of it.

CLAIRE

You haven't called me that in a long time.

OFF BRIANNA, feeling more connected to her mother than ever.

INT. WAKEFIELD HOUSE - PARLOR - LATER

Brianna has joined Roger by the fire.

BRIANNA

I'm a terrible person.

ROGER
 (jokingly)
 Finally, something we agree on.

Roger looks to Brianna, what gives?

BRIANNA
 Ever since my mother told me about
 Jamie it's like this wall between
 us has started to come down. Now,
 the closer we get to finding him,
 I'm starting to get afraid of
 losing her.

ROGER
 I think that just makes you a
 daughter who cares about her
 mother.

BRIANNA
 What if something happens to her
 there? What if she can't come
 back? Or doesn't want to?

ROGER
 Well, if you're a terrible person,
 then so am I.
 (off her puzzled look)
 Part of me doesn't want to find him
 either... because once we do...
 you'll go back to Boston.

They stare at each other a beat. Roger hesitates, then
 suddenly Brianna leans in and kisses him.

ROGER (CONT'D)
 That was....

BRIANNA
 (surprised herself)
 Unexpected.

ROGER
 Yes... unexpected.

She gets up, and they both pretend it didn't happen.

OMITTED

EXT. HELWATER - OUTER STABLES - DAY (D8) (1758)

Isobel RUNS past, moving quickly into the stables.

INT. HELWATER - STABLES - A MOMENT LATER

Isobel heads up the stairs toward the Harness Room.

INT. HELWATER - STABLES - HARNESS ROOM - A MOMENT LATER

A POUNDING on the door, and Isobel's voice from outside it, alerts Jamie, already up and dressed in trousers and boots.

ISOBEL (O.C.)
MR. MACKENZIE! MR. MACKENZIE!

He goes to the door to find --

ISOBEL
(breathless)
Get the horses and prepare the carriage! You must accompany us to Ellesmere!

JAMIE
Right away, my Lady?

ISOBEL
(panicked)
My sister... she's in distress!
We've word that she's about to give birth... All is not well with her,
we must make haste!

Now Jamie looks worried as well.

**EXT. HELWATER - DUNSANY MANOR - FRONT ENTRANCE - DAY (D8)
(1758)**

Jamie tends to the horses, now hooked up to the COACH. As the COACHMAN gets into position, Lord and Lady Dunsany and Isobel burst out the front entrance and head toward the awaiting coach. Jamie quickly helps them in and then jumps on, riding shotgun next to the Coachman. As they head out --

EXT. ENGLISH COUNTRY ROADS - VARIOUS SHOTS - DAY (D8) (1758)

The COACH, driven by the Coachman with Jamie sitting next to him, carries Lord and Lady Dunsany and Isobel on a several hour journey to the Ellesmere estate.

EXT. ELLESMERE MANOR - DAY (D8) (1758)

Nearing the end of the day, the coach arrives. Jamie escorts Lord and Lady Dunsany and Isobel up the front steps where a MAID opens the door for them. She is flanked by a Butler, a Footman and another Maid. The coach pulls around to the back of the house as they enter.

INT. ELLESMERE MANOR - MARBLE HALL - GALLERY - MOMENTS LATER

Lord and Lady Dunsany and Isobel rush upstairs toward Geneva's bedside, along with the Butler, Footman and Maid. Numb with cold, fatigue and hunger, Jamie peels off behind the Maid who answered the door to --

INT. ELLESMERE MANOR - PASSAGEWAY - A MOMENT LATER

As Jamie follows the Maid --

MAID

Poor fellow, you've gone right blue wi' the cold. Come in here, and have a hot morsel and a bit o' brandy to warm your bones.

JAMIE

Aye, thank ye kindly. How is Lady Geneva?

MAID

She's still got the bleeding, God bless her.

JAMIE

And the babe?

MAID

Oh, he's a fine healthy boy.

Jamie takes this in. Then bows his head, and says a silent prayer for Geneva before heading to the kitchen to eat.

EXT. ELLESMERE MANOR - DAY (D9) (1758)

After a long day and night of waiting, Jamie ventures outside at dawn to get some fresh air. He looks tired, taking a deep breath and shaking off his worry and exhaustion when he encounters Lady Isobel, who's outside sobbing.

JAMIE
Are ye all right, my Lady?

Isobel stops crying and stares into the mist.

ISOBEL
My sister's dead.

Jamie's sobered by the news. Shock and grief choke him.

ISOBEL (CONT'D)
We thought she'd be all right... she was sitting up, holding the baby, laughing. But she started to bleed again. The physician did everything he could...

Jamie crosses himself.

JAMIE
(in Gaelic)
God rest her soul.

JAMIE G
(in Gaelic)
Sìth Dhé air a h-anam.

Then he tries to comfort Isobel -- but she turns and SLAPS HIM IN THE FACE. It shocks him to the core.

ISOBEL
Ellesmere knew the child wasn't his. I knew it too, Geneva told me they had never shared a bed.

Isobel gathers herself best she can. But continues.

ISOBEL (CONT'D)
Do not feign ignorance. She was in love with you -- she said that you lay with her! She made me swear not to tell anyone.

The realization hits Jamie -- as he suspected -- the child is his. Just then the kitchen Maid races up, out of breath --

MAID
(to Jamie)
Your master is asking for you!
Come quickly! There's trouble!

Alarmed, Jamie and Isobel follow the Maid into the house.

INT. ELLESMERE MANOR - DOORWAY - A MOMENT LATER

Jamie and Isobel enter behind the maid, who now peels off as Jamie and Isobel head up the DOUBLE STAIRCASE toward the sound of RAISED VOICES coming from --

INT. ELLESMERE MANOR - MARBLE HALL - GALLERY - CONTINUOUS

They find Lord Dunsany and Ellesmere in a terrifying stand off. Dunsany is pointing a PISTOL at a raging DRUNK Ellesmere who is holding the baby in one arm and in his opposite hand, a sharp LETTER OPENER.

ELLESMERE

You promised me a virgin. What I got was a whore!

LADY DUNSANY

(astonished)

How dare you?

Jamie quickly moves up the stairs toward Lord Dunsany as the baby starts BAWLING.

ELLESMERE

It's a bastard she's given me! And I'll not grieve for a woman soiled by the cock of another man!

LORD DUNSANY

(shaking with rage)

That you can have the sheer heartless effrontery to make such accusations! And my poor lamb not yet cold in her bed! You blackguard, you poltroon!

ELLESMERE

You seem damn sure of your daughter's purity. Are you certain the brat isn't yours?

Before Lord Dunsany is able to act on his rage, Jamie steps in, hoping to diffuse the situation.

JAMIE

(to Dunsany)

Hand me the pistol, my Lord.

(to Ellesmere)

We shall put down our weapon. But we need ye to do the same, sir.

Jamie looks back to Lord Dunsany.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Please. For the baby.

Eyes fixed on Ellesmere, Lord Dunsany reluctantly hands Jamie the pistol. As Jamie places it next to him on a side table, he looks across to Ellesmere.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

My Lord.

ELLESMERE

You will go.

JAMIE

We shall, but --

LADY DUNSANY

Your Lordship, let us take the child so you may mourn in peace.

ELLESMERE

Go to Hell! I will kill the bastard before I let you have him!

Ellesmere points the letter opener toward the baby's body. Just as Ellesmere raises his arm, ready to fatally stab the child -- Jamie, seeing Ellesmere's intent, past all conscious thought or fear of consequence, acts on the instinct that has seen him through a dozen battles. Jamie grabs the pistol from the table, points it at Ellesmere's head and FIRES.

The CRACK of the shot silences everyone. Even the child. The bullet strikes Ellesmere on the side of his head, causing him to fall backward and drop to the floor. DEAD.

Everyone stands, frozen. Jamie races to the other side of the gallery and takes the baby from Ellesmere's DEATH GRIP. A near tragedy averted, Lady Dunsany starts to shriek hysterically.

Jamie stands, eyes closed tight, unable to move or think, arms wrapped tight around the bundle that contains his son.

EXT. HELWATER - ESTABLISHING - DAY (D10) (1758)

TWO WEEKS LATER. The family is back home.

CLOSE ON THE BABY'S FACE --

Looking healthy and cherubic. WIDEN TO REVEAL --

EXT. HELWATER - GROUNDS - DAY (D10) (1758)

The BABY is tucked into an old-fashioned PRAM, being strolled by Isobel. A GOVERNESS (previously seen as a Housemaid) trails. Jamie and three other grooms approach on horseback, returning from exercising the horses. He spots Isobel and averts his gaze, assuming she's still angry. But she calls out. The Governess keeps her distance, allowing for some privacy.

ISOBEL

MacKenzie.

Jamie dismounts, hands the reins to another groom who leaves.

JAMIE

Lady Isobel. How is... the wee one?

ISOBEL

We named him William. After my father. I call him Willie.

The name of his brother who died when they were young.

JAMIE

'Tis a fine name.

She lifts the baby from the pram and holds him in her arms. Jamie can't take his eyes off William. His own flesh and blood. Wisps of GOLDEN HAIR and the BLUEST EYES.

ISOBEL

I must apologize, I was angry that morning, mad with grief. I needed someone to blame. But it wasn't your fault. My sister was a difficult woman and you were kind to her.

Just then Lady Dunsany approaches. Isobel tucks the baby back in the pram, and walks to greet her, leaving Jamie a quick moment alone with his child. Jamie bends down --

JAMIE

(whispers to the baby)

You're a braw laddie, but you're so wee. Dinna fret yourself. I am here.

Isobel continues to the house. Lady Dunsany approaches.

LADY DUNSANY

I asked Isobel to allow us a moment.

Jamie nods, slightly unsettled as he's unsure of Lady Dunsany's intentions.

LADY DUNSANY (CONT'D)

The court of the coroner has met.
Its verdict was that the Earl of
Ellesmere met his death by
misadventure. The coroner's theory
is that he was... distraught...
over his wife's sudden death and
therefore met his own end.

Her voice quivers but does not break.

LADY DUNSANY (CONT'D)

We are grateful to you, Mr.
MacKenzie.

JAMIE

(relieved)

Thank ye, Your Ladyship.

LADY DUNSANY

I know who you are. Not your name,
but that you're one of Major Grey's
Jacobite prisoners. Lord Dunsany
found the courage to tell me.

JAMIE

I hope you will forgive the
deception, my Lady. His Lordship --

LADY DUNSANY

Wished to save me distress. Yes, I
know.

(then)

My husband still has considerable
influence in London. I'm sure he
would speak on your behalf... to
have you released from the
conditions of your parole. So I've
come to ask you, would you like to
go home... to Scotland?

Jamie feels breathless, like he's been punched in the gut.
To be a stranger no longer. To go away from hostility and
loneliness and home to Lallybroch!

But to go away and never see or hear of his own child again?

He looks down at the child, then back to Lady Dunsany, who
has no idea of the turmoil her offer has caused within him.
He takes a beat, then answers:

JAMIE

I thank ye, Your Ladyship, but -- I think I shall not go... just yet.

LADY DUNSANY

Why not?

Lady Dunsany is surprised. Jamie needs a good reason.

JAMIE

Times are hard there, my Lady. I've been able to send a bit of money to them. I'd like to continue in your service, if you have no objection?

LADY DUNSANY

As you wish, Mr. MacKenzie. But when you are ready to leave, you have only to ask.

She turns and goes, strolling the pram back with her. The door to his prison flung open, Jamie has chosen to stay.

EXT. NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF SCOTLAND - DAY (D3) (1968)

Establishing shot of the Edinburgh office.

INT. NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF SCOTLAND - READING ROOM (D3) (1968)

Claire, Brianna and Roger continue their search, pouring over large LEDGERS of ship manifests for any scrap that would show Jamie was alive after Ardsmuir, and hopefully in 1766. A tightly wound Claire knows she's on borrowed time. But as they turn through the final ledger which they hope holds the magic answers...

ROGER

Here's the last one.

CLAIRE

(puzzled)

What are these?

Roger examines the documents --

ROGER

Ship manifests, all right...

CLAIRE

But the dates... they're wrong.

ROGER
1635... 1636...

BRIANNA
All of them?

Frustrated, Claire flips the cover of the ledger closed and reads the label on the spine --

CLAIRE
They're off by -- over a hundred years!

BRIANNA
There must be a mistake...

ROGER
Let me check.

Roger moves to talk to the ARCHIVIST. STAY ON Claire wanting to find Jamie, but fearing it's a lost cause. Roger returns.

ROGER (CONT'D)
They said those are the only manifests they have.

A beat as this lands on Claire. And then --

CLAIRE
CHRIST!

Heads turn and eyebrows raise as several patrons stare. The Archivist comes over --

ARCHIVIST
I'm sorry, but I'm going to have to ask you to leave.

OFF Roger and Brianna as they usher a distraught Claire out.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. HELWATER - GROUNDS - DAY (D11) (1764)

SUPER: HELWATER, 1764

Now a lad of six, WILLIE's once golden locks are turning a deep chestnut as he grows, and his eyes are dark blue and clear. He has a blinding smile, and could charm the birds from the trees if he'd like. Jamie teaches him how to ride. The boy's a natural, just like his father. Jamie's on the ground in the middle of the paddock, directing Willie, who's mounted on a SMALL PONY and circling him.

JAMIE

There ye go... steady now... loosen
the reins, give him his head a bit.

(Willie does)

Keep yer back straight... that's it.

Lady Dunsany stands at the fence watching, along with her
visiting friend, LADY GROZIER.

LADY GROZIER

The young Earl of Ellesmere is a
handsome little boy, and such a
lovely rider.

LADY DUNSANY

Oh, yes, Willie loves his pony.
And he's even more fond of his
groom. We joke sometimes that he
spends so much time with MacKenzie
that he's starting to look like
him!

LADY GROZIER

Why you're right! How funny!

OFF Jamie, troubled, as he overhears this --

EXT. HELWATER - OUTER STABLES - LATER

Jamie brings Willie over to a COACH. Hands him a CLOTH.

JAMIE

Help me wipe it down.

Willie takes the cloth and starts cleaning the windows.
Jamie works beside him. It's been a long time since Jamie
Fraser looked at himself, but there's something he needs to
see. Jamie gazes deliberately at his REFLECTION in the glass
-- alongside Willie. It's by no means a complete
resemblance, but in the makeshift mirror, the similarity is
true enough. OFF Jamie struggling with a realization -- it
may be time to move on.

INT. HOTEL BAR-LOUNGE - NIGHT (N3) (1968)

*A somber Claire struggles with a similar realization as she
drinks with Brianna and Roger. It's "Spoken Word Night," and
in the b.g., a female BAR PATRON recites Robert Burns'
famous "The Author's Earnest Cry and Prayer." (See
Appendix.)*

BAR PATRON

"Bring a Scotchman frae his hill,
Clap in his cheek a Highland gill,
Say, such is royal George's will."

ROGER

Rabbie Burns. The old bard knew
how to turn a phrase.

Brianna notices that some of the other patrons are giving
them curious looks.

BRIANNA

Why are people staring at us?

CLAIRE

We aren't supposed to be sitting at
the bar. You and me.

BRIANNA

(re: the poetry)
What are you talking about?
There's a woman right there.

ROGER

She's the entertainment. Maybe we
could move to the other lounge...
where women are... more accepted?

CLAIRE

(like hell)
This is 1968. I have as much
right as a man to sit here.

Claire is in no mood. A beat. Brianna and Roger try to lift
a dejected Claire's spirits.

ROGER

It was just a little set back. We
can always go to each port of call
on the western coast...

BRIANNA

We'll find him. We have to.

Claire listens to the poetry for a beat.

BAR PATRON

"Ye tine your dam; Freedom an'
whisky gang thegither! Take aff
your dram!"

She chuckles softly to herself. Knocks back her drink.

CLAIRE
*"Freedom and whisky." I used to
 quote that poem to Jamie.*

BRIANNA
We're not giving up.

CLAIRE
(smiles, rueful)
You remind me of your father.

BRIANNA
Jamie?

CLAIRE
*Frank. His perseverance was
 astounding.*
(shaking her head)
*But this is what Mrs. Graham warned
 me about. Spending my life chasing
 a ghost.*

She raises her glass.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
To all of those who we have lost.

They all click glasses.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
It's time to go home.

EXT. HELWATER - OUTER STABLES - DAY (D12) (1764)

Willie walks next to Jamie, trotting to keep up with the groom's long stride as Jamie carries water buckets.

JAMIE
It's time for me to go home.

WILLIE
*What do you mean, Mac? This is
 your home.*

Jamie clears his throat, speaks to Willie matter-of-factly.

JAMIE
This is your home.

WILLIE
Where are you going? For how long?

JAMIE
Back to Scotland.

WILLIE
I want to come with you. I could
ride Rosie.

JAMIE
No. And I've told ye a thousand
times, she's too big for ye yet.

WILLIE
You have to do what I tell you!
I'm your master.

JAMIE
(temper rising)
I suspect "no's" a word ye've not
heard much of, but ye'll hear it in
the world and ye best get used to it.

Willie's face goes red, he knocks over the water buckets,
shrieking, waving his arms and kicking the stall doors.

Jamie grabs the boy by the collar and smacks him on the rear
several times. Willie trembles with rage.

WILLIE
I hate you!

JAMIE
I'm no verra fond of you just now
either, ye wee bastard!

WILLIE
I'm not a bastard! Take it back!

Jamie kneels, takes his handkerchief, wipes Willie's tears.

JAMIE
I take it back. I shouldna have
used the word. I'm sorry...
(wiping his face)
Allow me, my Lord.

WILLIE
Must you truly go, Mac?

Jamie finally grabs the boy against his shoulder, to hide
his own tears. Willie's arms go around Jamie's neck and
cling tight. As the boy sobs, Jamie murmurs in GAELIC to
him.

JAMIE
 (in Gaelic)
 Don't cry, my lad... It'll
 be all right...

JAMIE G
 (in Gaelic)
 Na bith còin' a bhalaich...
 Bithidh e glè cheart...

INT. HELWATER - STABLES - DAY (D13) (1764)

John Grey and Lady Isobel are taking a walk through the stables, chatting with one another. Isobel has a basket of apples over her arm and finishes passing them out to the horses, when Grey spots Jamie. Isobel smiles, looking happy and flushed as she breaks off and heads toward the house. Grey approaches Jamie.

JOHN GREY
 I hear that Willie is most
 displeased with you. You told him
 you were leaving.

JAMIE
 Aye.

Grey feels a slight thickening in his own throat at the news, but swallows it and continues:

JOHN GREY
 I'll be sorry to lose my chess
 partner, but... you're right to go.
 (then, quieter)
 We all have our secrets. Yours is
 walking around. Anyone with half
 an eye could see it.

Grey glances back at a nearby stallion --

JOHN GREY (CONT'D)
 Some sires stamp their get. The
 boy has the same cock to his head,
 the same set to his shoulders. And
 he's got your eyes. It won't be
 long before young Willie sees it
 himself.

Jamie already knows Grey's right.

JAMIE
 Will you walk with me?

EXT. HELWATER - GROUNDS - MOMENTS LATER

As Jamie and Grey walk --

JAMIE

I wish to ask a favor of ye.

JOHN GREY

If you think I would tell anyone...
I won't.

JAMIE

No, I dinna think ye would. But I
would ask... Would ye look out for
Willie? It would mean a great deal
to me if you could spend time with
him... serve as his father.

Grey pauses. Jamie offers what he believes Grey wants.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

In return... if you want... I would
be willing to... that is...

It's a struggle for Jamie, but it's his love for Willie that
leads him to offer himself. Grey is inscrutable.

JOHN GREY

Are you actually offering your body
to me in payment for my promise to
look after Willie?

JAMIE

Aye, I am.

Grey almost laughs.

JOHN GREY

Dear God. That I should live to
hear such an offer!

JAMIE

(relieved)
Ye dinna want me, then?

JOHN GREY

I shall probably want you until the
day I die. But tempted as I am --
do you really think I would accept?
I should feel my honor most
insulted, save that I know the
depth of feeling which prompted it.
(then)
I came to tell you some news of my
own -- I am to be married.

JAMIE

Married? To a woman?

JOHN GREY

I think there are not many alternatives. But yes, since you ask, to the Lady Isobel.

JAMIE

Christ, man! Ye canna do that!

JOHN GREY

I can. I made trial of my capacity in London; be assured that I shall make her an adequate husband. Besides, there is more to a marriage than carnal love. I'm also truly fond of Isobel.

JAMIE

I have no right to think ill of you, if ye mean no dishonor to the lady.

JOHN GREY

Certainly not. Besides, it means I will be able to care for Willie.

Grey's pledge is an act of love toward the man he knows he can never possess. Jamie knows it too.

JAMIE

I'm grateful to you. And you shall always have my friendship, if that has any value to ye.

JOHN GREY

A very great value indeed.

OFF Jamie and Grey standing silent for a moment, a fleeting impression of tenderness and strength held in check.

INT. HELWATER - STABLES - HARNESS ROOM - NIGHT (N13) (1764)

Jamie prays in front of ST. ANTHONY when he hears a noise. He turns and is surprised to see Willie.

JAMIE

What are ye doing? Does your governess know ye're here?

WILLIE

I wanted to see you. Can't I stay for a bit?

Jamie takes in the boy. His face is hard to say no to.

JAMIE

For a bit.

Willie notices the ST. ANTHONY and the candle burning.

WILLIE

Grandmama says only stinking
Papists burn candles in front of
heathen images.

JAMIE

Well, I am a stinking Papist. And
it's no heathen image -- it's St.
Anthony, the patron saint of lost
things. I light the candle, and
pray for the ones I've lost.

WILLIE

Who do you pray for?

JAMIE

My brother. His name was Willie.
Like you. And my sister, my
Godfather... my wife.

WILLIE

You haven't a wife.

JAMIE

Not anymore. But I remember her.
Always. And one day, ye'll have a
wife of yer own.

WILLIE

I don't want a wife.

JAMIE

Trust me, lad. There's a woman
who's meant for ye. Ye'll find her
one day. Or... she'll find you.

He smiles, remembering the day Claire walked into that cabin
where he sat by the fire with a wounded shoulder.

WILLIE

I want to be a stinking Papist, too.

JAMIE

Your grannie would go mad.

WILLIE

I won't tell her. Please, Mac! I
want to be... like you.

Jamie splashes some of the liquid from a flask he keeps onto his fingers and rubs a small drop on top of Willie's head.

JAMIE

I baptise thee William James... in the name of the Father, and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost.

WILLIE

Why did you call me William James? My name is William Clarence Henry George Ransom.

JAMIE

Ye get a new name when you're christened. James is your special Papist name. It's mine, too.

WILLIE

I'm a stinking Papist now.

Then Jamie pulls something from a hiding place. He gives it to Willie. It's a small WOODEN SNAKE.

JAMIE

I carved this for you. My brother Willie gave me one just like it. I etched your name on the bottom, see. Keep it to remember me by.

Jamie turns the snake over and shows him: "Willie."

JAMIE (CONT'D)

And for God's sake, dinna tell anyone you're a Papist.

WILLIE

I won't. But I haven't got anything for you to remember me.

Jamie leans down, his heart squeezed tight.

JAMIE

Dinna fret, my lad. I'll remember ye.

OFF WILLIE, looking up at the man whose eyes mirror his own.

SINGER (PRE-LAP)

(singing)

Oh where have you been, my blue-eyed son? And where have you been, my darling young one?

"A Hard Rain's a-Gonna Fall" by Bob Dylan PLAYS OVER --

OMITTED

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE

APPENDIX

INT. HOTEL BAR-LOUNGE - NIGHT (N3) (1968)

It's "Spoken Word Night," and a female BAR PATRON recites Robert Burns' famous "The Author's Earnest Cry and Prayer."

BAR PATRON

"But bring a Scotchman frae his hill,
Clap in his cheek a Highland gill,
Say, such is royal George's will,
An' there's the foe!
He has nae thought but how to kill,
Twa at a blow."

The CROWD cheers, roused by the claims of Highland skill.

BAR PATRON (CONT'D)

"Nae cauld, faint-hearted doubtings
tease him;
Death comes, wi' fearless eye he sees
him;
Wi' bluidy hand a welcome gies him;
An' when he fa's,
His latest draught o' breathin lea'es
him
In faint huzzas."

Respectful silence, the crowd raises their glasses to the good Scottish men who died in service to the British crown.

BAR PATRON (CONT'D)

"Sages their solemn een may steek,
An' raise a philosophic reek,
An' physically causes seek,
In clime an' season;
But tell me whisky's name in Greek
I'll tell the reason."

LAUGHTER. The final verse is a comical call to action:

BAR PATRON (CONT'D)

Scotland, my auld, respected mither!
Tho' whiles ye moistify your leather,
Till, whare ye sit on craps o'
heather,
Ye tine your dam;

(MORE)

BAR PATRON (CONT'D)
Freedom an' whisky gang thegither!
Take aff your dram!

The crowd erupts in laughter and cheers.