

**OUTLANDER**

EPISODE 305  
Freedom & Whisky

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FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT  
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OUTLANDER  
EPISODE 305 "Freedom & Whisky"

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EPISODE 305 "Freedom & Whisky"

CAST LIST – FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT – 2nd March 2017

CLAIRE BEAUCHAMP RANDALL  
JAMIE MACKENZIE FRASER

BRIANNA FRASER  
DEAN TRAMBLE  
JOE ABERNATHY  
ROGER WAKEFIELD

PROFESSOR BROWN  
SANDY TRAVERS

ANESTHESIOLOGIST  
ANOTHER CABBIE  
BAKER'S BOY  
CABBIE  
NURSE

EPISODE 305 "Freedom & Whisky"

SET LIST - FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT - 2nd March 2017

INTERIORS

Boston (1968)  
Cab - Moving  
Boston Hospital (1968)  
Claire & Joe's Office  
Corridor  
Operating Room  
Claire's Home (1968)  
Bedroom  
Entryway  
Kitchen  
Living Room  
Harvard (1968)  
Classroom  
Faculty Club  
Print Shop (1767)

EXTERIORS

Boston (1968)  
Cab - Moving  
Claire's Home (1968)  
Entryway  
Edinburgh (1767)  
The Royal Mile  
Harvard (1968)  
Cloisters  
Courtyard  
Print Shop (1767)

FADE IN:

**INT. BOSTON HOSPITAL - OPERATING ROOM - DAY (DA1) (1968)**

**SUPER: BOSTON, DECEMBER 1968**

OPEN ON DR. CLAIRE RANDALL in the midst of SURGERY. She's elbow deep in a patient, a 50-SOMETHING FEMALE, as she and DR. JOE ABERNATHY have just removed a tumor from her liver. Claire pokes around inside the patient as Joe finishes tying off a blood vessel.

JOE

We're done here. Let's pack her.

Claire's concerned they haven't yet excised all of the diseased tissue. She keeps working as an ANESTHESIOLOGIST takes the patient's blood pressure.

CLAIRE

Hold on... I think I see some more necrosis... hiding under here...

(to the nurse)

Retraction.

The surgical nurse follows orders. Joe defers until --

ANESTHESIOLOGIST

Systolic's dropped to eighty.

Claire knows this isn't good news, but keeps working anyway.

JOE

We need to control the bleeding and start packing.

CLAIRE

I'll get the necrosis. Then we can tie off the bleeder.

ANESTHESIOLOGIST

... Down to seventy.

Claire can feel Joe's stare. Without looking up --

CLAIRE

Two seconds.

JOE

You don't have two seconds.

CLAIRE

Then one.

Claire and Joe exchange a look across the patient, Claire's eyes fierce and determined. She works quickly, her hands like lightning as she excises the last of the necrosis, tossing it in a pan. Then --

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
 (to the nurse)  
 Forceps.

Claire goes in search of the bleeding vessel as Joe exchanges a worried look with the Anesthesiologist. Joe knows Claire's pushing her luck.

JOE  
Dr. Randall!

Claire ignores Joe, focusing on her patient, whose blood pressure continues to drop. Then --

CLAIRE  
 Found it.  
 (to the nurse)  
 Clamp.

The nurse promptly hands Claire the instrument, which she uses to clamp down the blood vessel. Joe springs into action, tying off it off. As Claire slowly removes the clamp, she and Joe both look expectantly at the Anesthesiologist who continues to monitor the blood pressure. A beat. And then the Anesthesiologist looks up, gives a nod.

ANESTHESIOLOGIST  
 Seventy-five and climbing.

Claire and Joe trade a relieved look over the patient.

CLAIRE  
 Let's pack her.

As Claire and Joe pack the liver, crisis averted --

**INT. HARVARD - CLASSROOM - DAY (DA1)**

PROFESSOR DAVID BROWN, 50s, a charismatic history professor and a favorite with the students, gives a lecture. FIND BRIANNA RANDALL sitting in the class.

But she's not really listening, she's SKETCHING in her notebook. On the page are graceful curves and lines that look like ARCHES of some kind.

PROFESSOR BROWN

"Listen, my children, and you shall hear, of the midnight ride of Paul Revere..." We've all heard Longfellow's immortal verse -- that fateful night of April 18, 1775. "One if by land, two if by sea." Our hero, spreading the warning of the British attack and single-handedly saving the day... Except -- it's a lie.

Now he's got the class's attention.

PROFESSOR BROWN (CONT'D)

Revere did ride that night but he had company, two men, in fact -- William Dawes and Samuel Prescott. Revere made it to Lexington but he was captured by the redcoats. Prescott was the one who completed the mission. But his name is lost to history. Why? Because Revere had a better publicist.

The class LAUGHS. Brianna doesn't. Something about this sounds wrong and strikes a chord deep within her.

PROFESSOR BROWN (CONT'D)

And after the Christmas break we'll continue to examine how fictional prose can alter the perception of history. Have a nice holiday.

As class ends, the students start to file out. Professor Brown gives Brianna a nod, signaling for her to wait.

TIME CUT:

A MOMENT LATER, Brown and Brianna, alone in the classroom.

PROFESSOR BROWN (CONT'D)

You're failing. This can't come as a surprise. I've spoken with your other professors. And it's not just history.

No reaction from Brianna. She's not surprised.

BRIANNA

Maybe I'm just not as smart as everyone thinks I am.

PROFESSOR BROWN

You wouldn't be at Harvard if that were the case.

(then)

Your father was more than a colleague, he was my friend. So I've always felt a responsibility to look out for you. Last semester, your grades were outstanding. What's changed? You can talk to me.

BRIANNA

(stonewalling)

Everything's fine.

He studies her a moment, looking for any crack in the facade, but she's stoic. A friendly warning:

PROFESSOR BROWN

You've got to turn this around, Brianna... or your future here is in jeopardy.

Brianna nods, but then gets up and walks out.

**OMITTED**

**OMITTED**

**INT. CLAIRE'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (NA1)**

Brianna arrives home. She walks into the house and sets down her PURSE and a couple of SCHOOL BOOKS. She stands in the middle of the living room. The house is very still.

-- She goes over to a CHRISTMAS TREE in the corner, decorated with bright lights and shiny ornaments. She touches a ceramic ORNAMENT, handmade, in the shape of a heart. Painted on it: "Brianna's First Christmas 1948."

-- She goes to her father's favorite leather CHAIR, runs her hand across the back.

-- She picks up a small box sitting on a side table, two years after her father's death. She opens it and holds his PIPE, taking in the scent of tobacco.

-- She looks through a box of OLD PHOTOS, pictures of happier times when she was blissfully unaware of the truth behind the history of the Randall family.



ON BRIANNA, feeling strange and disconnected from the life she lived in this house.

**INT. BOSTON HOSPITAL - CLAIRE & JOE'S OFFICE - NIGHT (NA1)**

There's a POINSETTIA on the desk, a SMALL ARTIFICIAL TREE, and a few CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS. Joe pulls a BOTTLE OF WHISKY out of his desk drawer --

CLAIRE  
A tad early, isn't it?

JOE  
'Tis the season!

Joe pours them both a glass. Joe and Claire relax with a bit of whisky. It's been a long day.

JOE (CONT'D)  
You've got that look, the same look you had when you came back from Scotland. You ever going to tell me what really happened over there?

CLAIRE  
Not much to tell really.

But he clocks her wistful smile, the faraway look.

JOE  
Did you meet a man, Lady Jane!?

CLAIRE  
Not exactly.

JOE  
Jesus! I can't believe you held out on me!

The alcohol kicking in and loosening her tongue, Claire finally admits:

CLAIRE  
There was someone... from my past.

JOE  
So he's Scottish?

Claire takes a breath. She's never talked about this with Joe, or anyone except Brianna and Roger.

CLAIRE  
As Scottish as they come.

JOE  
Sounds serious.

CLAIRE  
As serious as it comes.

JOE  
Well, hell, what happened?

CLAIRE  
We went... our separate ways. I thought maybe we would find each other again... but fate had a different idea.

JOE  
Fuck fate.

A NURSE interrupts, bringing in a mountain of CHARTS, which she deposits on the desk in front of Joe --

NURSE  
The post surgical reports you asked for, Doctor.

The nurse exits. Joe sighs at the stack of paperwork which awaits him. Claire gets up now to go, taps her watch --

CLAIRE  
I'm off the clock. See you tomorrow, Joe.

Joe smiles as Claire exits --

JOE  
To be continued, Lady Jane.

**EXT. CLAIRE'S HOME - DAY (D1)**

A CAB pulls up to the CURB. The door opens and ROGER WAKEFIELD steps onto the sidewalk. As the CABBIE fetches the SUITCASE from the trunk, Roger seems nervous but excited.

ROGER  
I've come this far. No turning back now. This is either the most daft thing I've ever done, or the most brilliant.

CABBIE  
Uh huh, yeah. Two-fifty, pal.

Roger pays him and the cabbie drives away. Roger double checks the address, takes a deep breath, then climbs the stairs to the door.

**EXT./INT. CLAIRE'S HOME - ENTRYWAY - SAME**

Roger RINGS THE BELL. No answer. He leans his ear to the door, hears RAISED BUT MUFFLED VOICES coming from inside. He frowns, puzzled. He RINGS AGAIN.

Suddenly, an angry Brianna YANKS the door open.

BRIANNA

What?!

ON Roger -- frozen like a deer in the headlights. Not the greeting he was expecting, but undaunted, he flashes a smile.

ROGER

Happy Christmas.

Brianna's angry expression disappears and her face lights up, thrilled to see him, despite whatever was going on inside.

**INT. CLAIRE'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - A MOMENT LATER**

Brianna enters with Roger in tow. Claire is there.

BRIANNA

Look who's here.

CLAIRE

Roger! What a wonderful surprise!  
It's so lovely to see you. What  
are you doing in town?

Though Claire adores Roger, it's the wrong time for any visitor. She puts on her best face during a very awkward moment. Roger notes Brianna, standing next to a couple of BOXES filled with her belongings and Claire's strained glance to her. Roger knows these two women well, he's seen them at their most raw. He senses the tension.

ROGER

I should have sent word. Clearly  
I've come at a bad time.

CLAIRE

No, not at all. We were just --

BRIANNA

-- yelling.

Claire looks flustered as she politely explains to Roger:

CLAIRE

Brianna's withdrawn from Harvard  
and is moving out.

BRIANNA

Which is my decision to make.

Roger looks back and forth between them. Not the first time  
he's been caught in the crossfire.

ROGER

Ah, well, I...

CLAIRE

(to Brianna)

I'll call Bert Tramble, I'm sure he  
can have you reinstated.

BRIANNA

No. Professor Brown told me I was  
failing --

CLAIRE

Failing? If that's the issue, then  
you don't quit. You buckle down --

Roger watches them back and forth like a tennis match.

BRIANNA

You're not listening. I need a  
break.

CLAIRE

Well, you can't move to Roxbury --  
it's dangerous.

BRIANNA

When you were my age, you lived in  
a war zone.

CLAIRE

All right, fine, take a break from  
school... But don't move out. This  
is your home.

BRIANNA

It's a museum. You haven't changed  
a single thing since Daddy died!

CLAIRE

For you! I wanted to keep it the same --

BRIANNA

But it's not the same, is it?  
Nothing's the same. I'm supposed to just come back to Boston and be who I was? I tried, it's not working.

A CAR HONKS from the street outside.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

I have to go.  
(to Roger)  
I'm sorry. It's good to see you, Roger. Let's hang out tomorrow.

Roger nods. He has no choice. Brianna grabs the duffel bag and she's gone. An awkward beat.

CLAIRE

Let me take your coat.

ROGER

Thank you, but perhaps it's best that I check into my hotel. I don't want to trouble you.

CLAIRE

Nonsense. You can stay here.

As she takes Roger's jacket --

**INT. CLAIRE'S HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT (N1)**

Claire and Roger are finishing up dinner at the kitchen table.

CLAIRE

Have you been back to Inverness?

ROGER

With father gone... well... there's nothing there for me but books and dust.

CLAIRE

(realizes)  
It's your first Christmas without the Reverend.

ROGER

Aye. He always liked to bring toys to the children's home. We were known to sing a rousing round of "O Come All Ye Faithful" for the children, then eat Mrs. Graham's plum pudding.

(beat)

So... I suppose that's why I took this trip. I'd like to try an American Christmas... make some new traditions of my own.

CLAIRE

We'd read A Christmas Carol to Brianna every year. Until she grew out of it, I guess. Or maybe Frank and I did.

Claire gets up, clears some dishes.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

You seem to be a magnet for our family quarrels.

ROGER

(making light)

You were quarrelling? I hadn't noticed.

Roger smiles, there's a reason he doesn't mind their quarrels. Her name is Brianna. Claire sees it.

CLAIRE

You didn't come here just for an American Christmas.

ROGER

Is it that obvious?

He practically blushes, knowing his feelings for Brianna are evident.

CLAIRE

It's good that you're here. She needs someone to talk to, and you're the only other person who knows what she went through this summer.

ROGER

She puts up a good facade.

CLAIRE

Well, I think it's finally hitting her.

As they move into --

**INT. CLAIRE'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Roger moves to the liquor cart.

ROGER

Can I pour you a whisky?

Claire nods, so he does, then hands the drink to her.

ROGER (CONT'D)

I have some news that might put a smile on your face.

CLAIRE

I could use some good news.

They cross to the couch to get comfortable. She looks to him, intrigued. Roger takes a drink, excited.

ROGER

I'm a historian, that's what I do. I pursue -- I'm like a dog with a bone.

Claire stares at Roger.

CLAIRE

What are you saying?

ROGER

I found him. Well... I found an article, written in 1765, in a journal called Forrester's. It advocates the repeal of the restrictions on the import of spirits to the Scottish Highlands.

He shows Claire a COPY OF THE ARTICLE. Points to a section.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Look at this line: For as has been known for ages past, Freedom and whisky gang theqither!

Claire tentatively scans the article.

ROGER (CONT'D)

At the hotel bar in Edinburgh --  
you told us that you quoted this  
line to Jamie.

CLAIRE

(puzzled)

You think... he wrote this article?

ROGER

I do. Look, even in the opening of  
the article he quotes the poem  
again, addressing the ruling  
classes: *Ye knights an' squires,  
wha' represent our brughs and  
shires...*

Claire dismisses the thought.

CLAIRE

It's a poem by Robert Burns. Anybody  
could have known it.

She doesn't want to even entertain this discussion, but  
Roger keeps steering it ahead.

ROGER

Robert Burns was only six years old  
in 1765. The poem wasn't written  
until 21 years later. Only someone  
who had knowledge of the future  
could have quoted lines that hadn't  
been written yet.

Claire scans the article, looking for an author.

CLAIRE

It doesn't indicate an author.

ROGER

Have a look at the printer's name.  
Alexander Malcolm.

Now the weight of this is truly beginning to sink in.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Jamie's middle names, no?

Claire digests this.

CLAIRE

He was a printer?



ROGER

And living in Edinburgh, in 1765.  
According to the parallel timeline  
on our calendar, that's only a year  
ago.

Claire's overwhelmed. Doesn't speak for a moment. Then,  
fighting her emotion, she says sharply:

CLAIRE

I never asked you to do this.

Roger's taken aback.

ROGER

I thought you'd want to know.

Claire closes her eyes as if to shut out the possibilities  
that the knowledge brings.

CLAIRE

I could have lived the rest of my  
life, not knowing.

Roger sees her pain and feels awful.

ROGER

I'm sorry...

CLAIRE

Twenty years ago, I shut the door  
on the past. It was the hardest  
thing I've ever done. Then when  
you told me he survived Culloden --  
that door was flung open. I began  
to have hope -- hope that I could  
go back to him -- that we might  
have a chance at a life together.  
But I closed that door a second  
time. I can't open it again.

ROGER

But this isn't just hope now --  
it's real -- you can go to Jamie.

CLAIRE

And leave Brianna? With what she's  
going through? How? How can I do  
that? I'm her mother, she needs  
me. I can't abandon my daughter.

ROGER  
 (disappointed, but  
 understanding)  
 What can I do? How can I help?

CLAIRE  
 You can help by not telling her.  
 It'll only confuse matters.

ROGER  
 I won't say a word.

But Roger is crushed. Claire softens a bit.

CLAIRE  
 I know you meant well, Roger.  
 That's all Claire has to say on the matter.

ROGER  
 Thank you for a lovely dinner. I  
 think I'll retire now, a bit of jet  
 lag, I'm afraid.

Roger exits and goes up the stairs. OFF Claire, reeling.

**EXT. CLAIRE'S HOME - NIGHT (N1)**

Establishing. As the moon rises over Boston...

**INT. CLAIRE'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (N1)**

A sleepless Claire sits in a chair in the dark room, illuminated only by the soft lights strung on the Christmas tree. REVEAL she's holding the PEARL NECKLACE that Fiona returned to her [Episode 304]. Running her finger across their smooth cool surfaces, as if she's saying a rosary.

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

With Joe and Claire. He's opening a LARGE CARDBOARD BOX as Claire vents about Brianna.

CLAIRE  
 But she's quit school -- and moved  
 out.

JOE  
 Three little words for you.  
 Muhammad Ishmael Shabazz.  
 (MORE)

JOE (CONT'D)  
(off her blank stare)  
That's what Lenny's taken to  
calling himself now.

CLAIRE  
It has a certain flair.

JOE  
I agree. But what's wrong with the  
name he's got? Leonard Steven  
Abernathy? I'll tell you what --  
his mother and I gave it to him.  
It's just his own personal revolt,  
a way of declaring his  
independence. Bree's doing the  
same thing.

CLAIRE  
I wish it were that simple.

Joe can see she's holding something back, but he's busy  
reaching into the box and carefully lifting out a bunch of  
OLD BONES. He takes the SKULL, turning it gently to and fro.

JOE  
Pretty lady.

He strokes the ridges over the eye sockets. He speaks  
softly, as much to the skull as to Claire.

JOE (CONT'D)  
Full grown, mature. Maybe late  
forties.

He sets it down and starts laying out the rest of the bones,  
which are brown and streaked. Claire comes over and picks up  
the skull. She feels something -- the hair raises on the  
back of her neck. As she runs her hands over the skull,  
examining all the nooks and grooves, a feeling washes over  
her -- sadness.

CLAIRE  
What is this? A hundred and fifty  
year old murder victim?

JOE  
You're only off by about fifty  
years. What makes you think she  
was murdered?

CLAIRE  
I... don't know.

Joe stares at her a beat. Then starts laying out a jumble of VERTEBRAE into alignment.

JOE

She's from a cave in the Caribbean.  
There were artifacts found with  
her. I have an anthropologist  
friend who sent her over for a  
second opinion on the cause of  
death.

Joe's got the neck bones lined up now... realizing...

JOE (CONT'D)

(impressed)  
Aha, lookie here. You were right.

Claire examines the spiky vertebral bones.

CLAIRE

Broken neck?

JOE

More than that. Bone's not just  
cracked, fracture plane's right  
through the centrum. Somebody  
tried to cut this lady's head clean  
off. With a dull blade.  
(to Claire)  
How did you know?

CLAIRE

She -- felt like it, that's all.  
(off Joe's curious look)  
A cave, you said?

JOE

A secret slave burial, they think.  
But this lady's no slave, no siree.  
She wasn't black.

Joe taps the femur. Claire studies it.

CLAIRE

The crural index?

JOE

See her tibia? Short, relative to  
the femur. This lady was white.

The hair raises on the back of Claire's own neck -- she has  
no idea why. She just says:

CLAIRE  
Bones don't lie.

JOE  
They tell all. Now. What aren't  
you telling me? About your man in  
Scotland?

Claire sighs, as Joe circles around to their earlier  
conversation. She confides:

CLAIRE  
He's... Bree's real father. And I  
told her while we were there last  
summer. That's why she's  
struggling at the moment.

Joe takes a beat. This is big news.

JOE  
(putting it all together)  
I'm glad you told me. That  
explains a lot.  
(then)  
Do you still love him?

CLAIRE  
I never stopped.

JOE  
No one thought you and Frank were  
Ozzie and Harriet. I've watched  
you live a half-life for fifteen  
years. If you have a second chance  
at love, you should take it.  
Brianna will come around.

Claire smiles ruefully. If Joe only knew.

OFF Claire, torn between her daughter and the man she loves.

**INT. CLAIRE'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY (D2)**

Discouraged by Claire's reaction to his news, and the  
general failure of his trip, Roger is zoned out in front of  
the television. But he brightens when Brianna enters from  
the front door, returning home to see Roger.

BRIANNA  
You're kidding, Dark Shadows?

ROGER

Shh. Barnabas just lost Victoria, Chris is worried he'll change into a werewolf, and Elizabeth thinks she's going to be buried alive!

BRIANNA

What would your posh colleagues at Oxford say if they knew you were rotting your brain on daytime TV?

Brianna crosses to the kitchen and goes into the fridge, Roger calls after her:

ROGER

Those troglodytes wouldn't understand the travails of the House of Collins.

Brianna reenters with a soda, and hovers, still troubled by yesterday's events.

BRIANNA

Sorry about yesterday.

He can see she doesn't really want to talk about it, and doesn't push.

ROGER

I shouldn't have dropped in unannounced.

BRIANNA

But I'm glad you did.

Roger smiles. The first good news he's heard in the States.

ROGER

I came for an American Christmas. And lobster rolls and Boston cream pie, of course.

BRIANNA

Well, I might know someone who can help you with that.

They share a smile.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

There's this thing for my father at Harvard later today... Maybe you could come. We could go early and I'll show you the hallowed halls.

ROGER

I'd be honored.

Roger gets up to go, but Brianna surprises him and plops down on the couch.

BRIANNA

Not until the episode is over!

Roger smiles and sits back down next to her. PUSH IN on them as Brianna focuses on the show, and Roger sneaks a glance at her. When he looks away, she steals a glance at him. Their knees are touching, each very aware of the other, definitely a spark between them.

**EXT. HARVARD - CLOISTERS - DAY (D2)**

Brianna and Roger stroll through the majestic ARCHWAYS on the Harvard campus. Quiet and secluded despite its open arcade. Roger glances at Brianna. She's seemingly more at peace than yesterday. He looks up at the architectural marvel, and we might recognize it too. *These are the arches Brianna was sketching during her history class.*

ROGER

I wonder how many people have wandered through here over the years? The conversations that took place, the secrets etched in its nooks and crannies?

BRIANNA

Funny, I've been coming since I was a kid, my dad used to bring me, and I've never once thought about that.

ROGER

You don't wonder whether John Adams, Teddy Roosevelt or John Kennedy, stood under these same arches?

BRIANNA

(shrugs)

Nope.

(then)

I've always been fascinated with how this was built, that every single piece of stone was held in place by the pressure of the one next to it. It's based on measurements, calculations, precision. There's a truth to this building.

Her face lights up as she gestures to the ceiling with a passion we've never before seen in Brianna.

ROGER

That doesn't sound like the daughter of a historian.

She bristles a bit.

BRIANNA

Well, I'm not, am I? I'm the daughter of an 18th Century Highlander.

What can he say that will help? After a beat...

ROGER

I had few memories of my real father. There were the boxes in the garage -- his things, his letters. But the Reverend told me a story about what he was like as a child -- how he made a martin house, but made the hole too big and a cuckoo got in. A silly story, but he made my father real to me. And knowing my father, helped me know myself. Everybody needs a history.

BRIANNA

But how do you know it's true? What if he made it up to make you feel better?

ROGER

Does it matter?

BRIANNA

That's my point. What is history? Just a story. It changes depending on who's telling it. Like Paul Revere's... like Bonnie Prince Charlie's... like my parents'... like my own. History can't be trusted.

Roger realizes he's inadvertently stirred up some deep feelings. But before he can say anything further:

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

We should get going, the ceremony is about to start.



INT. HARVARD - FACULTY CLUB - DAY (D2)

ON A PHOTO OF FRANK on display. Tables with wine and cheese. Professors and students mingling. Mood is celebratory. Claire is with Brianna and Roger, but there's still tension between mother and daughter. DEAN TRAMBLE, 60s, head of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences, is at a PODIUM.

DEAN TRAMBLE

We're here to honor the exceptional work of the late Professor Frank Randall, who served this university for nearly twenty years -- and to announce the recipient of the newly-named Frank W. Randall fellowship in the field of European Studies. But first, let's talk about Professor Randall and his groundbreaking research...

PUSH IN ON Brianna listening, proud but emotional as she listens to the list of her father's achievements.

TIME CUT:

Post ceremony. Roger and Brianna chat with other guests. Claire stands at the FOOD AND WINE TABLES with Dean Tramble.

CLAIRE

It's wonderful of you to honor Frank like this.

DEAN TRAMBLE

It's the least we could do after all he did for the University.

Tramble notes a BLONDE WOMAN walking past, remembers something and flags her down --

DEAN TRAMBLE (CONT'D)

Professor Travers... I'll need your grant proposal by Monday. The endowment board waits for no man -- or woman.

It's SANDY TRAVERS -- blonde and pretty. Though ten years older, Claire recognizes her immediately as Frank's mistress who once stood on her front doorstep [Episode 303]. She sees Claire and freezes, but answers Tramble.

SANDY

It'll be on your desk first thing, sir.

Tramble realizes Claire's still standing there and introduces the two, who are now trapped together.

DEAN TRAMBLE

Oh, I'm sorry, this is Sandy Travers -- one of Professor Randall's former students. This is his wife, Claire.

SANDY

(a tight smile)  
Pleased to meet you.

DEAN TRAMBLE

Professor Travers is undertaking research on the influence of colonial English on autochthonous languages.

CLAIRE

(equally tight)  
Fascinating.

Tramble spots someone else he needs to speak with and peels off, leaving Claire alone with Sandy. The two stare at each other -- an awkward beat.

SANDY

Frank would've hated all this fuss.

CLAIRE

I rather think he'd be pleased.

SANDY

He always told me, "the work is the reward."

The last thing Claire wants is to hear about Frank and Sandy and their conversations.

CLAIRE

If you'll excuse me...

As Claire starts to walk away, Sandy blurts out:

SANDY

You should have let him go.

CLAIRE

I beg your pardon?

SANDY

All those years... you never wanted him, but you wouldn't give him up.

CLAIRE

I don't see how that's any of your business.

Sandy's hit a nerve. Claire looks like she might hit her. But she can't walk away, she knows there's truth in it.

SANDY

He told me he stayed with you for Brianna. But I knew. A part of him was still in love with you, and always would be, no matter how much you broke his heart. I had to live with that, because he was the love of my life -- and I wanted him even if it meant I had to share him with you.

Sandy breaks a bit now, the regret and sorrow of her lost chance rising in her throat.

SANDY (CONT'D)

I could have made him happy. But you were selfish -- you wanted it all. So you lived a lie -- and you made Frank and Brianna live it too. You threw away twenty years with him. I would give anything to have just one more day.

Sandy walks away, leaving Claire having to absorb her words and the truth in them.

ON BRIANNA across the room, as she looks over and clocks her mother's expression.

**EXT. HARVARD - CLOISTERS/COURTYARD - LATER (D2)**

With Claire and Brianna.

CLAIRE

Where's Roger?

BRIANNA

He's a historian let loose in the oldest university in America. We may never see him again.

Brianna looks at her mother. Asks casually --

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

That blonde woman at the ceremony... I recognized her. Who is she?

CLAIRE

She was your father's student.

BRIANNA

I remember her. We were at this bookstore once and Daddy stopped to talk to her. There was something about it... the way he looked at her... It was the same way he used to look at you. I never thought about it again, until now.

(then)

Back at the stones, we said no more lies, only the truth between us.

Claire takes a deep breath.

CLAIRE

Your father loved her. It went on for many years. He was going to marry her and move to England.

Brianna takes in the story.

BRIANNA

You told me I looked just like Jamie. All my life, Daddy had to look at me and see another man -- the man you really loved. He must've hated me.

CLAIRE

No, darling. You were the only thing that was really important to Frank. Raising you -- that was his life's work, and his greatest joy.

BRIANNA

What about you? Wasn't there a part of you that resented me? I was the reason you lost Jamie.

Claire takes a beat.

CLAIRE

Never. What I resented was leaving Jamie.

(then, softer)

But when you were born, and when I held you in my arms that first time and started nursing you...

Claire pauses, overcome with emotion at the memory.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
... and you looked up at me... I've  
never felt anything else like it.  
I love you, Brianna, for yourself,  
and not for the man who fathered  
you.

Brianna's eyes fill with tears at her mother's confession.

BRIANNA  
You must still think about him.

CLAIRE  
Well, I do.

Claire takes a beat. She has one secret left to reveal.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
Bree... I need to be honest about  
something else.

Claire hands her the piece of paper. It's the article Jamie  
wrote. Brianna peruses it. Her eyes widen.

BRIANNA  
Alexander Malcolm? This is...  
Jamie? You found him?

CLAIRE  
Roger did.

Brianna's gobsmacked.

BRIANNA  
Then... you can go back.

Claire shakes her head.

CLAIRE  
That's not the reason I told you  
this. My life is here. With you.

BRIANNA  
But what about Jamie?

CLAIRE  
I'll always love him. But I had my  
time with him. I'm staying.  
(echoing Bree's words)  
It's my decision to make.

BRIANNA

But you're not making it for yourself. You're making it for me. And I'm going to be okay. I'm grown up, Mama. I can live on my own. I love you, but I don't need you -- not the way I did when I was little.

CLAIRE

But things have been so --

BRIANNA

I know... I've been a mess. But I'll figure it out. I want you to go to the love of your life. You belong with Jamie.

OFF Claire, moved by her daughter's selflessness but not quite able to embrace this yet.

ASTRONAUT (PRE-LAP)

*"And God saw the light, that it was good, and God divided the light from the darkness."*

**INT. BOSTON HOSPITAL - CLAIRE & JOE'S OFFICE - NIGHT (N3)**

Claire and Joe, along with DOCTORS, NURSES, ADMINISTRATORS and JANITORS alike, are gathered in front of a BLACK & WHITE TELEVISION SET to watch NEWS FOOTAGE OF THE APOLLO 8 LUNAR ORBIT. They listen as the astronauts read from Genesis.

ASTRONAUT

*"And God called the light day, and the darkness he called night. And the evening and the morning were the first day."*

Joe shakes his head, mesmerized by the space footage.

JOE

How do you take a trip like that and come back to life as you knew it?

PUSH IN on Claire as she watches the orbit, thinking of Jamie and her own journey and knowing exactly what Joe means in a way he can't imagine.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

*I had been, in many ways, further than the moon, on an even more impossible journey. And the answer was yes, you can come back to your life... but it's never the same. But maybe it was enough, to have gone once. How many people can say they had that?*

The newscast comes to an end, the doctors and nurses celebrating around her. And as the astronauts SIGN OFF, Claire stands among her colleagues, feeling very alone.

ASTRONAUT

*"And from the crew of Apollo 8, we close with good night, good luck, a Merry Christmas -- and God bless all of you, all of you on the good Earth."*

Claire's the only one still watching. She stares at the image of the moon on screen, reaches out, turns the TV off.

**OMITTED**

**INT. CLAIRE'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (N3)**

Claire's home from work now, with Brianna.

CLAIRE

Bree, have you thought this through? If I do go, I may never be able to come back. It's not like an elevator that you can jump on and off.

BRIANNA

You've done it before.

CLAIRE

But there are no guarantees. It's possible we may never see each other again. Can you live with that? Because I don't know if I can. To not be there for your wedding and walk you down the aisle... to not be there to hold my first grandchild and watch you be a mother, with all its joys and heartbreak...

BRIANNA

I know it won't be easy, but...  
I've been trying so hard to figure  
out if I was more Randall or Fraser  
-- what I realized is that I'm more  
you than either of my fathers. And  
if I can turn out to be half the  
woman you are, then I'll be fine.

A bittersweet realization as it sinks into Claire that her daughter really is a mirror image of herself.

CLAIRE

I'm the only one left who knows  
you, better than anyone...

BRIANNA

You know who doesn't know me?  
Jamie. You owe it to him to go  
back. I want you to go, and tell  
him everything.

Claire hesitates. Brianna voices another truth that she's sensed.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

It isn't all about me, is it?  
There's something else still  
holding you back.

Claire, looking apprehensive, finally confides:

CLAIRE

It's been twenty years. What if...  
he's forgotten me? What if... he  
doesn't love me anymore?

BRIANNA

You told me that what you felt for  
Jamie was the most powerful thing  
you'd ever felt in your life. Has  
that changed?

CLAIRE

No.

BRIANNA

Then you have to trust that it's  
the same for him.

Claire looks at her beautiful daughter, grateful for her encouragement and selflessness.



BRIANNA (CONT'D)

You gave Jamie up for me, now I  
give him back to you.

OFF mother and daughter -- coming together like never  
before. But as they hug, HOLD ON Brianna's face, and we see  
just how hard this is for her.

**INT. BOSTON HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - DAY (D4)**

Christmas Day. Claire and Joe walk and talk. Claire's  
holding some CHARTS.

CLAIRE

I need a second opinion.

JOE

What's the case?

As they enter --

**INT. BOSTON HOSPITAL - CLAIRE & JOE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

Now that they're in private, Claire asks her question, but  
it's not about a patient.

CLAIRE

Am I... attractive -- sexually?

JOE

It's a trick question, right?

CLAIRE

No. I need a male point of view.  
And you're the only man I can have  
this conversation with.

JOE

Is this about your man?

CLAIRE

I'm thinking of giving it a go.

Joe beams, happy for her.

JOE

And you want to look like you never  
left.

CLAIRE

I haven't seen him in twenty years.  
Have I changed terribly since I first  
met you?

JOE

You're a skinny white broad with  
too much hair, but a great ass.  
He'll be in heaven when he sees  
you, Lady Jane.

CLAIRE

Exactly what I needed to know.

As Joe starts to leave, Claire looks longingly at him.

JOE

What?

CLAIRE

Nothing. Just... thank you, Joe.

JOE

My pleasure. And Merry Christmas.

CLAIRE

Merry Christmas.

Claire watches him go, knowing that this is goodbye, not  
just to Joe, but to her hospital, her patients, her work.

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

Back home, Claire is tearing open CHRISTMAS PRESENTS with  
Roger and Brianna under the tree. Wrapping paper flying  
everywhere as presents reveal themselves. Claire opens  
one -- it's a box filled with COINS.

BRIANNA

We found this coin collection in an  
antique store. Got the whole thing  
for thirty bucks.

CLAIRE

This is nearly a year's income for  
a small farmer.

BRIANNA

I wanted to give you a flashlight,  
but Roger said you'd end up at  
another witch trial.

Good point. Claire opens another gift. A BOOK OF SCOTTISH HISTORY. She flips through it.

ROGER

I figured this would come in handy.

CLAIRE

I certainly could have made use of this last time around. Thank you both. This is all extremely generous.

BRIANNA

Wait. There's one more.

Claire opens a NECKLACE with an orange-yellow GEMSTONE.

CLAIRE

It's beautiful. Topaz, your birthstone.

BRIANNA

You'll need it when you go through the stones. Gillian mentioned in her notebook that gemstones were necessary.

CLAIRE

She was right about that. I did lose one each time I went through -- my jeweled watch, and the stone from Jamie's father's ring.

Claire produces a few VIALS from her purse, and announces:

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I plan to bring some things of my own.

ROGER

Penicillin. Clever.

CLAIRE

I "borrowed" them from the hospital. I feel a little guilty. But 1766 Edinburgh needs them more than 1968 Boston. Along with a couple of scalpels.

BRIANNA

How are you going to carry all this?

CLAIRE  
I'll have to make something.

BRIANNA  
You're going to make it?

CLAIRE  
After fifteen years of making Halloween costumes and Christmas pageant outfits for you, I think I know my way around a sewing machine, thank you very much.

ROGER  
That's brilliant. And when you're done, you'll have your very own bat utility belt, just like the caped crusader himself.

BRIANNA  
You do watch a lot of TV.

A shared chuckle as the sound of the Batman theme song carries over --

**INT. CLAIRE'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - LATE NIGHT (N5)**

VARIOUS SHOTS as Claire works at a SEWING MACHINE. Everyone else is asleep, but Claire is still awake and hard at work. She's cutting up a pile of RAINCOATS with scissors, and consulting information from Diderot Encyclopedia as she sews like a madwoman.

She struggles with her task, frustrated at times, but determined, as she pieces together her creation on a dressmaker's dummy. In the end, she surveys her work, pleased with the outcome, which we don't yet see. Success!

**INT. CLAIRE'S HOME - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Claire's at her vanity, she studies herself in a MIRROR. She smooths her hair, where the gray has snuck in over the years. Another idea forming.

**INT. CLAIRE'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (N6)**

DAYS LATER. Claire's packing and getting ready to leave for Scotland. Brianna and Roger stare at her; she is still dressed for 1968, but has a SUITCASE open on the floor, with a few items in it.

BRIANNA  
 (realizing)  
 Mama, you dyed your hair!

CLAIRE  
 I just touched up the grey. With a  
 little help from Miss Clairol.

ROGER  
 Looks very natural.

Claire smiles, mildly embarrassed.

BRIANNA  
 Oh, Mama. You look beautiful, with  
 or without Miss Clairol.

Claire reveals the DRESS we saw her sewing before -- and only now do we see the final product on the dressmaker's dummy. It's unique and amazing. Roger and Bree look on in awe.

ROGER  
 Is that it?

CLAIRE  
 This is it. My bat-suit.

Claire takes the JACKET and shows off her clever plan.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
 Secret pockets, sewn on the inside.  
 So I can bring everything I need.

Claire demonstrates by tucking some of the items she received from Bree and Roger into the hidden pockets.

BRIANNA  
 It's made out of raincoats?

CLAIRE  
 It rains a lot in Scotland -- in  
 any century.  
 (fussing with garment)  
 I ran out of buttons, so they're  
 mismatched and the hem is a mess --  
 and for some reason one sleeve is  
 still longer than the other...

BRIANNA  
 Mama, I promise you no one's going  
 to care -- especially Jamie.

Brianna then notes the familiar looking blouse as Roger surveys the rest of the dress (or possibly the handmade corset).

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

Is that my...?

CLAIRE

I may have borrowed your blouse.

BRIANNA

(smiles)

It looks perfect.

ROGER

How do you plan to explain the zippers?

CLAIRE

(laughing)

Zippers will be the least of it.

Claire starts folding parts of the dress and arranging it in the open suitcase as best she can. Roger senses they need a moment, touches Brianna's arm as he exits to the study.

ROGER

Pardon me, I've got to fetch one last minute provision.

Claire watches him go, realizing how much Roger cares for her daughter and that she's leaving Brianna in good hands. She turns to Brianna after he's gone.

CLAIRE

He's a good one.

BRIANNA

I know.

Brianna smiles. Nothing more needs to be said about it. Claire then hands Brianna TWO ENVELOPES.

CLAIRE

Give this to Joe Abernathy, after I'm gone. It contains my resignation. He'll know what to do with it.

(then)

And here's the deed to the house. Your name's on it now along with all the bank accounts.

Brianna takes the letter and deed, grateful, but sad.

BRIANNA

I can't believe you're not letting me come with you to Scotland.

CLAIRE

No, this is how I want it. The first time I went through, I was terrified, the second time I was heartbroken. This time, I want it to be peaceful. If I have to say goodbye to you there, I might never go.

BRIANNA

Well, that's not an option.

CLAIRE

At least we had one last Christmas together.

Claire stares at Brianna, as if memorizing her face.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

My beautiful girl...

BRIANNA

I'm going to miss you so much. But I'll be fine. My life is here.

CLAIRE

Jamie said the same thing to me once... when I had to leave him.

BRIANNA

Find my father and give him this --

Brianna KISSES her mother on the cheek. A kiss for Jamie.

CLAIRE

I will. There's something I want you to have, too.

Claire hands her a small pouch. Brianna pulls out the string of pearls. She's overwhelmed.

BRIANNA

They're... gorgeous.

Claire takes them back from Brianna, doubles them, and puts them over Brianna's head, onto her.

CLAIRE

Scottish pearls. Jamie gave them to me on our wedding day. They belonged to his mother, Ellen, your grandmother. Wear them on your wedding day... if you'd like.

They look smashing. Claire embraces her daughter. Roger reenters, carrying a BOTTLE and THREE GLASSES.

ROGER

(to Claire)

Do you have everything?

CLAIRE

Almost. Thank you for... for being a dog with a bone... and for everything, Roger. I will miss you!

Claire hugs Roger.

ROGER

One last thing. Just a wee nip for the road.

Roger takes the bottle and POURS three DRAMS. They raise their glasses for a toast.

BRIANNA

To freedom and whisky!

OFF Claire, Roger and Brianna as their glasses clink --

**EXT. CLAIRE'S HOME - NIGHT (N6)**

Claire walks down the front steps and stops on the SIDEWALK. ANOTHER CABBIE puts her suitcase in the trunk. She turns and looks back up at the house, for the last time. She WAVES to Brianna and Roger who are watching from the window.

**INT. CLAIRE'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - SAME**

Brianna and Roger watch the cab drive away. Brianna had been putting on a brave face for her mother, but now breaks down a bit. Roger puts an arm around her. After a beat:

BRIANNA

Stay here a minute.

Brianna goes into the kitchen.



ROGER  
Are you all right?

She returns a beat later -- wearing a SANTA HAT and carrying a plate of the local cuisine that Roger had mentioned.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
Lobster roll and Boston cream pie?

BRIANNA  
Maybe later we can watch A Charlie  
Brown Christmas.

ROGER  
What's that?

BRIANNA  
Part of your new American Christmas  
tradition.

He smiles, grabs a single WRAPPED PRESENT that's still under the tree.

ROGER  
I have something for you, too.

Brianna unwraps it. It's a new copy of A Christmas Carol. Brianna's eyes light up. She looks at Roger, perhaps for the first time, seeing him as the man she will someday marry. She kisses him. It's sweet, soft and lasts for a lovely moment, then --

They move to the sofa. As Roger starts to eat his pie -- Brianna nestles next to him, opens the book:

BRIANNA  
(reading)  
"Marley was dead: to begin with.  
There was no doubt whatever about  
that."

OFF Brianna and Roger, beginning their own Christmas tradition.

**INT./EXT. BOSTON - CAB - MOVING - NIGHT (N6)**

CLOSE ON CLAIRE'S FACE as she rides in the cab on the way to the airport. Every nerve in her body buzzing as loud as the stones at Craigh na Dun.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

*When I was small, I never wanted to step in puddles. I couldn't bring myself to believe that the perfect smooth expanse was no more than a thin film of water over solid earth. I believed it was an opening into some fathomless space and that if I stepped in, I would drop at once, and keep on falling --*

Just as Claire's FOOT STEPS OUT OF THE CAB, she looks down --

MATCH CUT TO:

Claire's foot, now in her 18th century BOOT, STEPS INTO A PUDDLE ON A COBBLESTONE STREET --

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

*Even now, when I see a puddle in my path, my mind half-halts -- though my feet do not -- and I hurry on, with only the echo of the thought left behind.*

Pull back to REVEAL she is now on --

**EXT. EDINBURGH - THE ROYAL MILE - DAY (D7) (1767)**

WIDE as Claire marvels at old Edinburgh, taking in the sights, the people, as she jostles and bumps through the city's most famous thoroughfare, crowded even back then.

As she makes her way up the slope of High Street, she gazes up at the stunning beauty of Edinburgh Castle at the end of the cobblestones.

She catches the sleeve of a passing BAKER'S BOY.

CLAIRE

Excuse me, I'm looking for a printer -- a Mr. Malcolm. Alexander Malcolm.

The boy pauses, then points to a lane a short distance away.

BAKER'S BOY

Aye -- just down the way and to your left. Carfax Close, ma'am.

Claire looks up the street with a feeling of mingled dread and excitement. She walks until ---

EXT. PRINT SHOP - DAY (D7)

Claire sees a neat white sign: "A. Malcolm, Printer and Bookseller." Her heart beats hard enough to be heard by anyone listening. Another minute and she will lose her nerve.

She TOUCHES the black letters of the name... then checks her hair in the REFLECTION on the glass.

Claire hesitates, turns for a moment as if she's about to lose her nerve, and almost walks away. But instead she pushes the door open and walks in.

INT. PRINT SHOP - CONTINUOUS

The BELL RINGS as Claire enters and stands on the UPPER LANDING. She looks down. On the work floor, bent over the bulky, angular frame of the PRINTING PRESS is JAMIE FRASER. He's wearing spectacles, but she can't see them, as his back is to her.

She stands there a long moment, watching him. He has a small tool in his hand and is working on the press, which has jammed. Having heard the door, Jamie pauses.

He takes his spectacles off, tucks them in his pocket, and without looking around, he asks --

JAMIE

Is that you, Geordie?

(no answer)

Took ye long enough. Where'd you go to get the soda ash? All the way to Glasgow?

Claire drinks him in, just listening to his voice. Then:

CLAIRE

It isn't Geordie. It's me.  
Claire.

Jamie straightens up slowly, turns around, looks up -- and sees her. He goes pale. They stare at one another a beat, transfixed. Then, Jamie's eyes roll up and he slumps to the floor in a shower of papers that had been sitting on the press, fainting rather gracefully for such a large man.

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE