

OUTLANDER

EPISODE 306

A. Malcolm

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BASED ON THE NOVEL BY
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FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT
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OUTLANDER
EPISODE 306 "A. Malcolm"

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CAST LIST – FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT – 2nd March 2017

CLAIRE BEAUCHAMP RANDALL
JAMIE MACKENZIE FRASER

FERGUS
HAYES
LESLEY
MADAME JEANNE
MR. WILLOUGHBY
YOUNG IAN

DORCAS
GEORDIE
MAN
MOLLIE
PAULINE
PEGGY
SENGA
SIR PERCIVAL

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SET LIST - FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT - 2nd March 2017

INTERIORS

Brothel
 Jamie's Room
 Parlor
Print Shop
 Back Room
The World's End Tavern
 Back Room

EXTERIORS

Brothel
 Courtyard
Edinburgh Streets
High Street
Print Shop
Street Market

FADE IN:

ON A WOMAN'S HANDS delicately tying a neck stock of a very tall man. Their faces are both out of frame until --

INT. BROTHEL - PARLOR - DAY (D1) (1767)

REVEAL the man is JAMIE FRASER and the woman is MADAME JEANNE, the stunningly beautiful proprietor of the establishment. She's French but speaks English well.

MADAME JEANNE

There. Cannot have you strolling along High Street with your stock half done.

JAMIE

Well, ye have the advantage of peering directly at it.

MADAME JEANNE

Or perhaps it takes a woman's touch to do things properly.

JAMIE

I'll no argue that matter.

MADAME JEANNE

Wise man.

Then Jeanne helps him with his coat and if we didn't know any better this would feel like a loving wife helping her husband get ready for the day. But we do know better. Jamie heads toward the front door --

EXT. EDINBURGH STREETS - CONTINUOUS

And EXITS the Brothel into a courtyard, out the doorway onto the streets --

Where he now becomes -- Alexander Malcolm -- printer and bookseller. Just another respectable businessman strolling along the ROYAL MILE on his way to work.

It's early and the TOWNSFOLK are beginning to stir with the sunrise. A few PASSERSBY nod in acknowledgement, seems like a friendly enough place.

EXT. PRINT SHOP - DAY (D1)

Then Jamie ambles onto a narrow street called CARFAX CLOSE. About halfway down the lane, he reaches his destination --

A STOREFRONT. The only thing that distinguishes it from the others is the ORNATE SIGN hanging from the awning protecting the staircase from the weather:

A. MALCOLM, PRINTER AND BOOKSELLER

Jamie pauses for a moment to wipe a splash of grime off the lettering -- that's better. He continues, ascending the stairs leading to the front door --

INT. PRINT SHOP - DAY (D1)

Jamie ENTERS and makes his way forward to the CATWALK -- then freezes. Something's amiss and Jamie immediately goes on high alert. Still not allowed by law to carry a sword, Jamie pulls a KNIFE, hidden underneath his coat, then slowly descends the staircase.

Once on the ground floor Jamie scans the room for anything out of the ordinary. Nothing that he notices -- then he catches a whiff of something. Whatever it is instantly puts him at ease. He slides the knife away --

JAMIE

Ye can come out, the stench of
whisky and seaweed betrayed ye.

Two men, LESLEY and HAYES, skulk from the shadows.

HAYES

Not to worry, Mac Dubh. It's just
us. Young Ian said we could sleep
here last night.

LESLEY

We lost our beds at the boarding
house. Been sleeping in a cosh
down near the docks.

Hayes shakes his head in disgust.

HAYES

Lost? We didna lose our beds. We
were asked no to return -- under
threat of an arrest if we did --
because "this one" kept pawing at
the proprietor's wife.

LESLEY

She's bonny.

HAYES

She's a pie-eater.

LESLEY

I love pie.

Jamie looks mildly annoyed.

JAMIE

Did ye come in the front door?

LESLEY

I told ye he'd be upset wi' us.

JAMIE

Did I no tell ye not to be seen here in daylight? This business canna be associated with the likes of you.

There's no offense taken, because there's no offense intended. All involved understand what it is they are referring to.

HAYES

Dinna fash, *Mac Dubh*... We come when it was pitch black outside. None save an owl coulda recognized us.

JAMIE

Well, since ye're here ye can make yerselves useful. C'mon.

Jamie strides to the far wall, manipulates a PANEL -- a beat later -- the panel swings open revealing a SECRET STORAGE area filled with PAMPHLETS AND BROADSHEETS. Jamie removes a few reams of SEDITIOUS PAMPHLETS.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

These are to go to Arbroath. The owner of The Three Thistles is a papist. Deliver these to him. Once ye've handed 'em over, dinna linger about to be judging the quality of the local women or drink.

HAYES

(disappointed)
We didna plan to.

Jamie closes the panel.

JAMIE

Ye did plan to. That's why I told
ye no to do it.

LESLEY

Ye dinna trust us, *Mac Dubh*?

Jamie looks them in the eye, genuine and sincere.

JAMIE

I trust ye wi' my life. Trouble
is, I dinna trust ye with yer own.

(then)

Be mindful. These are outright
treason. Caught and your necks are
in ropes.

Lesley and Hayes stuff the reams into canvas bags, place
them into boxes and cover them with apolitical posters,
broadsheets.

GEORDIE enters and the sight of Lesley and Hayes instantly
raises his ire.

GEORDIE

I see the rifferaff's here -- again.

HAYES

A pleasant morning to ye as well,
Geordie. That boil on your neck's
getting larger. Ye might want to
have that lanced before ye ignite
the next plague.

GEORDIE

It's a goiter and it's not
infectious.

Geordie does in fact have a goiter protruding from his neck
just under his ear.

LESLEY

Appears ye have a small child
hanging on yer everra word.

Hayes and Lesley crack up. Geordie is far less amused, looks
to Jamie for some redress.

GEORDIE

Since I am in your service I must
come here, but must I also be
subjected to your cohorts' ridicule?

JAMIE
No... you are right.

Jamie shoots Lesley and Hayes a look that could burn wood.

HAYES
We mean no harm by it.

LESLEY
Aye, just means we're fond of ye,
is all.

GEORDIE
Well, pardon me if I don't welcome
that sort of amity.

Geordie moves off to the rear of the shop to prepare for the day. Jamie urges Lesley and Hayes to go.

JAMIE
Out the back now... be quick about
it. Before customers arrive.

LESLEY
Aye, Mac Dubh.

Lesley and Hayes take the boxes out the back and disappear. Jamie finds Geordie.

JAMIE
Before ye start for the day, we
need more soda ash for the presses.

Geordie looks irritated, mostly residual from the insults.

GEORDIE
Of course, perhaps this evening,
before I leave for the day, you
might share any chores or errands
ye'd care to have done, so I can
carry them out on my way into the
shop -- so I'm no retraveling my
steps.

Geordie exits. Jamie goes to work -- as a printer.

MONTAGE OF the printing process:

- setting the type face, then taking a sip from an alepot.
- rolling out the ink.
- pressing a broadsheet.

Until something jams in the press. Jamie removes his apron, then pulls a pair of SPECTACLES from his pocket, puts them on, then grabs a small tool and begins rummaging through the innards of the wooden machine, searching for the trouble.

A moment later the DOOR OPENS, a BELL RINGS, and FOOTFALLS are HEARD on the upper landing.

We see the same scene [from Episode 305] play out -- only NOW it's from Jamie's POV.

Without looking around, Jamie, frustrated with the jammed press and irritated at Geordie's prolonged absence, takes his spectacles off and tucks them into a pocket as 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

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

Jamie straightens up slowly, turns around, looks up -- and sees CLAIRE. 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.

TIME CUT:

FADE IN FROM BLACK:

ON JAMIE coming to, opening his eyes, to see Claire's beautiful face hovering over him. He sits up abruptly.

JAMIE

God in heaven. You're real.

JAMIE G

Thighearna Dhia. You're real.

CLAIRE

So are you. I th-thought you were dead.

Tears begin to well up in Claire's eyes and the two entwine as all time falls away -- a couple trying in this moment to replace twenty years of missed embraces.

JAMIE

Claire...

Jamie repeats her name softly, as if trying to remember how to form the word. They finally part, Jamie glances down.

CLAIRE

What is it?

AN AMBER LIQUID leaks out from between his legs.

JAMIE

I was afraid I'd lost hold altogether and pissed myself, but it's all right. I just sat on the alepot.

He stands to remove his breeches but pauses. Looks at Claire slightly embarrassed.

CLAIRE

It's all right, we're married.
(blushing herself)
At least I suppose we are.

They share a beat just staring at one another, tracing each other with their eyes. Then he smiles.

JAMIE

Aye, we are.

Then he kicks off the breeches and moves for her. This could easily be two teenagers on a first date. Measuring each other, unsure of the right time to move. Both wanting the other desperately but not wanting to go too far -- too soon. He grabs her hands -- touching the silver wedding ring he had made for her.

CLAIRE

(shy)
I never took it off.

JAMIE

I want... I would like very much to kiss you. May I do that?

As tears flood both of their eyes --

CLAIRE

Yes.

Jamie pulls Claire into him, close.

JAMIE

I havena done this for a verra long time.

CLAIRE

Neither have I.

He cups her face gently in his hands and they kiss softly, tentatively. They close their eyes -- two strangers afraid to look at each other.

The kiss turns into a deep embrace and again, they remind themselves of the reality.

JAMIE

I saw ye so many times. Ye came to me so often. When I dreamed sometimes. When I lay in fever. When I was so afraid and so lonely I knew I must die. When I needed you, I would always see ye, smiling, with your hair curling up about your face. And ye never touched me.

CLAIRE

I can touch you now. Don't be afraid --

Claire reaches up to his temple and draws her fingers along his jaw then around to the nape of his neck - lingering, savoring, remembering every texture.

JAMIE

There's the two of us now.

The BELL RINGS and Geordie is standing at the window, staring down at them -- in horror.

GEORDIE

I quit. I'm Free Church. Working for a Papist is one thing -- but working for an immoral Papist is another. Do as ye like with your own soul, man, but if it's come to orgies in the shop, it's come too far.

Outside the TOWER CLOCK and TOLLBOOTH begin to SOUND.

GEORDIE (CONT'D)

God's tooth, it's not even noon!

He turns on his heels -- BELL, SLAM.

CLAIRE

I didn't mean to cause you trouble.

JAMIE

Oh, he'll come back. He lives just across the way. I'll explain to him. God knows how!

CLAIRE

Have you another pair of trousers?

JAMIE

Aye -- in the back. Come wi' me?
If ye dinna think it immoral?

They move to a small back room adjacent to the press room.

INT. PRINT SHOP - BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

It's Spartan at best -- a desk, some printing supplies strewn about, a chest of drawers, and a NARROW COT. Jamie heads to the drawers to find a fresh pair of breeches.

Claire, eyes the single bed and lets out the breath she didn't even realize she was holding. She's relieved to see the sparse room that clearly lacks a woman's touch.

JAMIE

It's verra fine to see ye, Claire.
Thought I never...

Now it's his turn to let out his breath -- afraid to ask, but more afraid to hear the answer.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

The child?

Claire sits at a little table, removes a stack of pictures from a pocket. They're in a small plastic bag.

CLAIRE

Come here.

Her joins her.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I thought you'd like to see your daughter.

Jamie looks at her, incredulous.

JAMIE

My... she... daughter. My daughter. She... knows?

CLAIRE

She does.

Claire shows him the first one.

JAMIE

(re: the photos)

Wha... what the devil?

CLAIRE

They're called photographs...
they're made with something called
a camera. It captures a person's
likeness onto a piece of film...
it's like... painting with light.

He looks back at the photo, incredulous, but hesitates as he struggles to see it clearly. Then turns away from her as he takes the spectacles from his pocket and reluctantly slips them on. Jamie turns back, shyly, and reveals that he's now wearing the glasses.

JAMIE

I'm afraid I'll need these if I'm
to see... Only for reading and
such. For years I had the eyes of
an eagle, but my sight is no what
it once was.

She can see how embarrassed and self-conscious he is.

CLAIRE

You are more dashing than ever.

JAMIE

They don't look... like an old man?

CLAIRE

Of course not. We've both seen a
few years, and all that comes with
it.

Seeing his willingness to be vulnerable charms Claire as she touches her hair, self-consciously. Blurts out a confession.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

My hair has some grey... I dyed it
before I came... I wanted to look
the same as you remembered me.

JAMIE

Time doesna matter Sassenach, ye will
always be beautiful to me.

(MORE)

JAMIE (CONT'D)

(then)

Now, show me my daughter.

Claire shows him the photos again, and Jamie is quickly overcome with emotions. As he gazes upon the photographs of Brianna -- and as any new father might -- Jamie completely falls apart, dropping into Claire's arms, tears flowing down his cheeks. After a beat he recovers, raises his head --

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Her name? What did ye name her?

CLAIRE

Brianna.

JAMIE

Brianna? What an awful name for a wee lassie!

CLAIRE

It is not awful! It's a beautiful name. I told you I'd name her for your father, Brian.

Jamie considers that, then --

JAMIE

Brianna. It's beautiful.

CLAIRE

Glad you like it.

JAMIE

Tell me about her. What was she like as a wee lassie? What did she first say, when she learned to speak?

CLAIRE

"Dog." That was her first word. The second one was "No!"

Jamie smiles.

JAMIE

Aye, they all learn that one fast.

As Jamie studies each PHOTO, mesmerized, Claire narrates:

#1 - Baby Brianna in Claire's arms.

CLAIRE

She was such a tiny thing, and a good sleeper. She used to smile in her sleep, just like you. She has your red hair.

JAMIE

Like her sister, Faith.

CLAIRE

Yes.

They share a look. Jamie's gaze returns to the photographs.

#2 - 7 year old Brianna at Claire's Graduation party (ALREADY SHOT).

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

She was seven here.... at my graduation from medical school. When I became a physician.

Jamie pries his eyes away from the photographs to meet Claire's gaze.

JAMIE

Ye are a doctor now?

CLAIRE

Yes. A surgeon.

JAMIE

Ye always were one, now ye have the title to go wi' it.

#3 - Brianna full grown (at 16). Laughing at a string of fish she's caught.

CLAIRE

She loves the outdoors, she loves to fish and hunt.

JAMIE

(smiles proudly)
Like her father.

#4 - Brianna full grown. Standing at a window.

CLAIRE

This is what she looks like now...

#5 - Brianna full grown. Sitting with her NEWFOUNDLAND. The picture has been cropped and there is a MAN'S HAND on Brianna's shoulder... It's obviously Frank's, but Claire doesn't mention it and neither does Jamie.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

This is her with our dog, Smoky.

JAMIE

What sort of dog is that?

CLAIRE

A Newfoundland.

#6 - Brianna leans on the handle of an axe next to some wood.

JAMIE

She splits wood, does she?

CLAIRE

Boston is almost as cold as Scotland in the winter. But in the summer, she likes to swim... Here's one from when Brianna spent the summer at the coast with her best friend's family.

#7 - Brianna wearing a bikini, standing with a MALE FRIEND. Jamie fixates on this one.

JAMIE

Christ, tell me she doesna swim in this rigging, and with a lad?!

CLAIRE

(laughs)

It's a bikini. All the girls wear them in 1968.

Then he gets up. Goes to the opposite side of the small room. He needs some distance with what he's about to share.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

What is it? If it's the bathing suit, I can assure you that it's really quite modest for the time.

He finds a delicate oval frame, with a painted portrait -- of Willie. A gift from John Grey.

JAMIE

Claire, I must tell ye... I have a son. Willie.

Claire is silent, digesting the news, unsure what it means.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

I have never told anyone about him -- no even Jenny. It was when I was in England, I was in the service of the Dunsany family. It's, he's... I couldna say he was mine. He's a bastard.

He takes the picture back from Claire and cups it gently, almost as if it were a wee baby.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

I havena seen him since he was a wee lad. I never will see him again -- except mebbe in a portrait like this.

CLAIRE

Did you... did you love his mother?

JAMIE

No. She wished me to lie wi' her. I should have refused, but I could not. She threatened harm upon my family. So I did as she insisted, and she died... in childbirth. I am guilty of her death, before God; perhaps the more guilty -- because I did not love her.

Claire takes a deep breath -- Jamie does too.

CLAIRE

What's he like? Your son?

JAMIE

He's spoilt and stubborn. Ill-mannered. Loud. Wi' a wicked temper. And braw and bonny and canty and strong.

CLAIRE

And yours.

JAMIE

And mine.

CLAIRE

I knew when I decided to come back that you would've had a life...

There's something else weighing on Jamie's mind, he hesitates since the apple cart is rolling along nicely... But he can't help but ask --

JAMIE

Claire, did ye leave Frank to return here?

CLAIRE

No. He died a few years ago.

JAMIE

So when ye returned, he took ye back? He still... loved ye?

CLAIRE

Yes.

JAMIE

What did ye tell him... about me?

CLAIRE

Everything.

(off his surprise)

But after that, we never spoke of it again. It was hard for him, but he loved Brianna, and we made it work.

JAMIE

So, ye were happy wi' him?

CLAIRE

I was happy raising Brianna with him. He was a good father to her.

There's a lot more Jamie could ask, but for now, he doesn't. The emotions are too new, too raw. They have to take this reunion slowly. The tollbooth and tower clock RING. It's ONE O'CLOCK.

JAMIE

The tavern! Christ! I've forgotten!

CLAIRE

Forgotten what?

Jamie is up, pulling on his boots.

JAMIE

I said I'd come at noon, but it went out o' my head entirely! Damn! You'll come wi' me?

CLAIRE
Wild horses couldn't stop me.

EXT. HIGH STREET - DAY (D1)

As Jamie and Claire walk down the street --

CLAIRE
Do you remember the last time we
were here together?

JAMIE
Aye, Charles Stuart was addressing
the gathered citizens of Edinburgh.

CLAIRE
Had we only screamed: "*Don't
listen, he's a fool. He's a con
man. He wants the throne for the
glory regardless of the cost.*"

JAMIE
We'd have gone unheard, Sassenach.
The truth doesna matter to some.
For those who believe, perception
is enough.

CLAIRE
Well, he got his just deserts.

Jamie glances to her as they head towards --

EXT. STREET MARKET - CONTINUOUS

Claire and Jamie walk through the bustling market stalls.

CLAIRE
After Culloden he spent months a
hunted man. He disguised himself
as a woman and escaped to the Isle
of Skye before his brother came to
rescue him.

JAMIE
So he's all right, then?

CLAIRE
Oh yes. Present day. He's alive.
But he'll not live a happy life.

MALE (O.C.)
Milady!

Claire sees FERGUS -- all grown up.

FERGUS

Milady! You have returned! A miracle! God has restored you!

CLAIRE

Fergus! Is that really you? Let me see you! Oh my word you've grown into such a handsome man.

FERGUS

Aye... I have.

Same humble Fergus -- only taller.

FERGUS (CONT'D)

I thought I was seeing a ghost! It is really you, then?

JAMIE

'Tis.

Then she notices his hand -- the WOODEN ONE.

CLAIRE

What happened?

FERGUS

Lost it fighting the redcoats, Milady.

JAMIE

(adding)
Bravely.

Claire won't pry, she has all the time in the world to hear the story. But Fergus doesn't share her same decorum.

FERGUS

Where have ye been all these years? We thought you dead.

Claire and Jamie share an awkward look -- neither has thought about a "story" to tell people. They haven't planned that far ahead. Crap! Claire goes with the truth, as much as she can...

CLAIRE

After Culloden... I thought everyone was dead. I didn't want to bring harm to Lallybroch, being the wife of a traitor, so... I went to America.

Fergus was always fidgety -- but now he is downright fraught -- glances at Jamie -- now they share an awkward look.

FERGUS

(to Jamie)

I need to speak with you about our friend, Mr. Willoughby.

(to Claire)

Pardon us, Milady.

Fergus and Jamie walk a few strides away. As soon as they are out of earshot --

FERGUS (CONT'D)

Is Milady staying? With you?

Jamie hasn't considered that question yet.

JAMIE

I dinna ken yet... I hope so.

FERGUS

(glancing at Claire)

What about...?

Whatever Fergus is referencing hits Jamie like an articulated lorry. Jamie glances at Claire.

JAMIE

Aye. Aye. I havena had time to think it through... With Claire back I'm no sure it's even a concern.

(an idea forming)

Get in contact with Ned Gowan -- I need him to advise me on the law.

FERGUS

Aye.

JAMIE

Now what's to do with Willoughby?

BACK WITH CLAIRE

Watching them, wondering what they're talking about. She sees Fergus wave then take off down High Street, as Jamie returns to her.

CLAIRE

Is everything all right?

JAMIE

Oh aye... it's fine. An associate of ours, Mr. Willoughby, has gotten himself into some trouble. And I'm late to meet someone.

CLAIRE

Because of me?

JAMIE

No, because of me.

They share a smile.

CLAIRE

I hope my reappearance didn't upset Fergus too much? I didn't know what to say.

JAMIE

Ye said the truth of it. Ye did go to America.

CLAIRE

I thought it wise to leave out the two hundred years in the future.

JAMIE

A wee transgression.

Jamie takes Claire's arm and continues down High Street.

CLAIRE

Where are we going now?

JAMIE

The World's End.

INT. THE WORLD'S END TAVERN - DAY (D1)

Claire and Jamie enter to FIND said MR. WILLOUGHBY -- a Chinese man -- being accosted by a PROSTITUTE. Jamie sighs -- but he was almost expecting this.

CLAIRE

Please tell me that's not Mr. Willoughby?

JAMIE

I would, Sassenach, but I'd have to lie to ye.

Jamie moves quickly to break up the fray, grabbing Mr. Willoughby by the collar, yanking him nearly off his feet.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

What have ye gotten yerself into?

Willoughby has a good command of English. But when the occasion calls for it -- like this -- he drifts back to his native tongue: *Chinese*.

MR. WILLOUGHBY

I did nothing wrong, Tsei-mi.

MR. WILLOUGHBY C

Ngo mut yau cho, Tsei-mi.

SENGA, one of the regular working girls here at The World's End, is Willoughby's victim. She doesn't speak Chinese but she can certainly read the "I'm innocent" inflection. Jamie pendulums, looking from Willoughby to Senga, even though he's sure of Willoughby's guilt.

SENGA

He licked my elbow. He said he just wanted to rub it. Told him that'd cost a penny a minute. Then he just up an' licked it. Licked.

(an aside)

An' without paying additionally.

Jamie reaches into his sporran, hands Senga a couple COINS.

JAMIE

Payment in full.

Senga nods, satisfied with the compensation, and strides away, leaving Claire, Jamie and Mr. Willoughby standing in an awkward silence. Finally --

CLAIRE

Hello, I'm Claire Ran...

She catches herself before finishing.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I am Claire --

JAMIE

(finishing for her)

-- Malcolm, my wife.

Hearing Jamie say "wife," she's hit with a rush of euphoria. Mr. Willoughby glances to Jamie (by all appearances for confirmation) and then back to Claire.

MR. WILLOUGHBY
Wife?

JAMIE
Aye.

Who is he to argue?

JAMIE (CONT'D)
This is Mr. Willoughby. My
associate.

MR. WILLOUGHBY
A pleasure, Madame Malcolm.

They share nods.

JAMIE
(to Claire)
Would ye mind waiting here? I must
attend to the business I spoke of.
I'll be in the back just there.

CLAIRE
Of course, I don't want to get in
the way.

JAMIE
I waited twenty years for ye to be
in the way. I'll no be long.
(to Willoughby)
Sit and behave. Look after my wife.

MR. WILLOUGHBY
Of course.

Claire and Willoughby sit down at a table.

CLAIRE
(hurry back)
I'll be fine.

Jamie touches her hand to reassure her. Then heads off to
the rear of the tavern. Claire and Willoughby share an
uncomfortable beat before she breaks in:

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
I assume Mr. Willoughby isn't your
given name.

MR. WILLOUGHBY
No. **Yi Tien Cho**. It means "leans
against heaven."

CLAIRE

I don't mean to be presumptuous --
but why don't you use that name?
It's lovely.

MR. WILLOUGHBY

Yi Tien Cho sounds very much like a
coarse Gaelic word, so your husband
thought Willoughby would do better.

Claire understands completely, having butchered a few Gaelic
words in her time.

CLAIRE

So... what is the nature of your
work with my husband?

MR. WILLOUGHBY

(smiles)

Perhaps that is a better question
for Mr. Malcolm.

Claire's smart enough to know she won't get anything out of
Willoughby, without Jamie's consent. So she moves on...

CLAIRE

What brought you to Scotland?

INT. THE WORLD'S END TAVERN - BACK ROOM - DAY (D1)

Nothing special here -- an 18th century storage room,
crates, barrels, and casks of liquor. Jamie finds SIR
PERCIVAL TURNER, an agent of the Crown, charged with the
prevention of smuggling and collecting excise tax. Except
today he's here accepting a bribe to look the other way.

SIR PERCIVAL

Do you suppose I enjoy idling in dank
rooms in unsavory establishments?

JAMIE

I canna say what you enjoy.

SIR PERCIVAL

I should say not -- being unsavory
yourself.

Jamie wastes no time. Hands Percival a COIN BAG. Percival
counts its contents.

SIR PERCIVAL (CONT'D)

Seems a trifle light, Mr. Malcolm.

JAMIE

'Tis the amount we settled upon.

SIR PERCIVAL

At the outset perhaps. But there is word you have branched out from the High Street, as far as Arbroath and Dundee. With that comes further "tax."

JAMIE

I can assure ye that I sell only the agreed amount -- I gave ye my word.

SIR PERCIVAL

Forgive my impertinence, Mr. Malcolm, if I cannot rely on your word. I'll expect a twenty-five percent increase at our next meeting.

JAMIE

Ye'll be disappointed then. I'm only selling on High Street.

Percival considers Jamie for a beat.

SIR PERCIVAL

We shall see, Mr. Malcolm.

Percival exits. OFF Jamie, knowing he won't let this go.

INT. THE WORLD'S END TAVERN - DAY (D1)

Jamie finds Claire and Willoughby getting along swimmingly.

CLAIRE

Mr. Willoughby was sharing how he stowed away on a ship from China. Then when he arrived here, he had to steal food and nearly died -- until you saved him.

JAMIE

Aye, he's a verra interesting man.

CLAIRE

Perhaps we'll see each other again soon.

MR. WILLOUGHBY
 I would like that very
 much...
 (in Chinese)
 ...Honorable First Wife.

MR. WILLOUGHBY C
 I would like that very
 much...
 (in Chinese)
 ...Wing yu dai yat chai ji.

CLAIRE
 What does that mean?

JAMIE
 (eyeballing Willoughby)
 Honorable Wife.

CLAIRE
 You speak Chinese?

JAMIE
 I manage to understand a wee bit.

Claire smiles at Mr. Willoughby. Jamie mad-dogs him.
 Willoughby lowers his gaze.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
 We should go, Sassenach.

Jamie extends a hand to Claire.

CLAIRE
 It was a pleasure, **Yi Tien Cho**.

Mr. Willoughby smiles as Claire and Jamie move off.

EXT. BROTHEL - COURTYARD - NIGHT (N1)

Later, Jamie and Claire enter the courtyard. They enter...

INT. BROTHEL - PARLOR - NIGHT (N1)

Madame Jeanne, the same woman we saw earlier tying Jamie's
 stock, OPENS the door. She KISSES Jamie's cheek in greeting.

JAMIE
 Madame Jeanne...

Something about the woman makes Claire uneasy. She frowns at
 Claire with distaste.

MADAME JEANNE
 Monsieur Malcolm, if I might have a
 word in private with you?

She touches Jamie on the shoulder with a possessive air.

JAMIE

Of course. But first -- allow me to introduce my wife, Madame... Malcolm.

MADAME JEANNE

Your... wife? But Monsieur Malcolm... you bring her here? I thought... a woman... well enough, but to insult our own jeunes filles is not good... but then... a wife...

(then to Claire)

Bonsoir... Madame.

CLAIRE

(in French)

Likewise, I'm sure.

CLAIRE F

(in French)

De même, enchantée.

JAMIE

Is my room ready, Madame? We shall be spending the night.

Madame Jeanne CLAPS her hands for the maid. PAULINE appears.

MADAME JEANNE

Pauline, would you fetch up hot water and fresh linens for Monsieur Malcolm and his... wife.

PAULINE

Right away, Madame.

JAMIE

Thank you, Madame Jeanne. **Bonsoir!**

As Claire and Jamie head upstairs to his room --

INT. BROTHEL - JAMIE'S ROOM - NIGHT (N1)

The room is ordinary, clean, with simple furniture. As Jamie doffs his wool wrap --

JAMIE

I hope the cook's not yet gone to bed. I'm starving.

(to Claire)

Take off your cloak, Sassenach.

Claire instead comes out with the question on her mind.

CLAIRE

So you... live in a brothel?

JAMIE

I'm sorry. I know it wasna right to bring ye here, but we were in need of a hot supper. And well -- it's a good deal more comfortable than my cot at the print shop. But perhaps it was a poor idea. We can leave, if ye feel it's not --

CLAIRE

Why have you got a room in a brothel? Are you such a good customer that --

JAMIE

I'm not a customer of Jeanne's -- she's a customer of mine -- and a good one. She keeps a room for me because I'm often abroad late, attending to business, and I'd as soon have a place I can come to where I can have food and a bed at any hour, and privacy.

CLAIRE

That sounds reasonable enough.

Claire removes her cloak as Jamie stares at her --

JAMIE

Sassenach -- why have ye come back?

Claire reacts -- that's a helluva question.

CLAIRE

Why do you *think* I came back?

JAMIE

I dinna ken. You are the mother of my child -- for that alone, I owe you my soul, but did ye come to be my wife again? Or only to bring me word of my daughter?

CLAIRE

I came now because before... I thought you were dead.

JAMIE

I meant to die. I tried hard enough. How did ye find out I hadna died? Or where I was?

CLAIRE

I had help. A young historian found the records and tracked you to Edinburgh. When I saw "A. Malcolm," I thought... it might be you. I took a chance.

JAMIE

Aye, I see. And then ye came. But still... why?

CLAIRE

Are you trying to tell me something? Because if so... I know you'll have a life now... maybe you have... other ties...

Jamie turns back from the window to stare at Claire.

JAMIE

I have burned for you for so long, Sassenach. Do ye not know that? But I'm no longer the man ye knew, am I? We know each other now less than we did when we were wed.

CLAIRE

Do you want me to go?

JAMIE

No! No, I dinna want ye to go. But... I must know. Do ye want me?

Jamie's face is alive with the troubled question.

CLAIRE

Whoever you are now, Jamie Fraser -- yes. I do want you.

Claire reaches out and touches his cheek. Jamie holds out his hands and she steps into his embrace.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

What about you? How do you know what I'm like? You don't know what I've been doing for the last twenty years, either. I might be a horrible person, for all you know!

JAMIE

(smiling)

I suppose ye might, at that. But, d'ye know, Sassenach -- I dinna think I care.

CLAIRE

Neither do I.

Claire's surprised to find herself shy with him. The twenty unshared years gape between them, and the unknown future which once lay beyond. A KNOCK at the door breaks the tension.

Pauline, the maid, enters.

PAULINE

Good evenin' to ye.

She sets out trays for their dinner. Meat, broth, warm oatbread with butter.

JAMIE

Thank ye, kindly, Pauline.

Pauline leaves. VARIOUS DISSOLVES as Claire and Jamie eat their dinner: she becomes increasingly conscious of his body, watching his strong hands as he pours wine and cuts the meat; watching the twist of his powerful chest under his shirt and the graceful line of his neck and shoulders.

As they finish eating... Jamie drains his wineglass, then meets Claire's eyes. He reaches out and takes her hand.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Will ye... will ye come to bed wi' me, then?

Claire glances at the BED, her breath coming short.

CLAIRE

Yes.

Claire gets to her feet. Jamie does as well, moving to her.

She reaches out and tentatively begins to unbutton his waistcoat, starting a MONTAGE where they shed each others clothes: It's nerve-wracking, a bit awkward, but builds anticipation in both of them as they try to remember how to strip one another down to their undergarments. CLOSE ON:

-- Jamie's hands clumsily unbuttoning Claire's waistcoat.

-- Their nervous/excited smiles.

-- Claire's hands fumbling with Jamie's breeches buttons.

-- Claire's hand pulling a coin purse, bandages and knife from her dress pockets.

-- Jamie helping Claire step out of her skirt, she stumbles, he catches her. They laugh.

-- Jamie's hand pulling down one of Claire's stockings.

-- Jamie hopping on one foot as he pulls off his boot.

-- Claire unpins her hair.

-- We see more of their bodies as each layer is shed
UNTIL --

Jamie stands in his SHIRT and Claire stands in front of him wearing her CHEMISE and ZIPPERED CORSET. Jamie takes her in, she's a vision, then --

JAMIE

I'm sorry, Sassenach, I should have thought ye'd need help wi' your laces.

CLAIRE

Well, it's not laces, but if you'd give me a hand with this...

Claire indicates the ZIPPER on the front of her corset. Jamie slides a finger down the groove along her breastbone.

JAMIE

What's that?

CLAIRE

It's called a zipper. See the little tab at the top? Take hold of that, and pull it straight down.

Jamie slowly unzips the zipper, then lets the corset fall away. Claire stands in nothing but her gauzy chemise. Jamie gently lifts her chemise over her head, savoring the moment. Claire's heart races. She hasn't bared herself like this in years. He stares at her, awestruck.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Will you bloody say something?

He whispers at last --

JAMIE

Jesus. Claire... you are the most beautiful woman I have ever seen.

CLAIRE

You... are losing your eyesight.

He traces the curve of her belly. Claire's a bit self-conscious of her stretch marks.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
You... really don't mind? I've had them since I gave birth to Bree.

JAMIE
Aye, well. Ye bear the scars of your own battles, Sassenach, they dinna trouble me.

Jamie gestures to an eight-inch twist of white scar tissue on his left thigh.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
(re: his scar)
It doesna fright ye, nor sicken ye?

CLAIRE
Of course not.
(then)
I want to see you.

As Claire pulls his shirt over his head, a charge of electricity fills the room. The sight of his naked body takes her breath away.

He glows in the candlelight as if light comes from within him. He has changed -- darker skin and more tightly knit muscles.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Are you as scared as I am?

JAMIE
I suppose I must be afraid, aye?

CLAIRE
When we were afraid of each other before, on our wedding night -- you held my hands. You said it would be easier if we touched.

She touches his chest -- they both shiver with anticipation.

JAMIE
Aye. When we wed, and I saw ye there, so bonny in your white shift -- I couldna think of anything but when we'd be alone, and I could have ye naked, next to me.

CLAIRE
Do you want me now?

JAMIE
God, yes.

He gently lays her back on the bed -- she turns her face upward to be kissed -- at the same moment he abruptly bends to kiss her, when -- CRUNCH. Her nose hits his forehead.

CLAIRE
Ow!

JAMIE
Christ, have I hurt ye, Claire?

CLAIRE
My nose is broken, I think.

He gently feels the bridge of her nose.

JAMIE
No, it isn't. When ye break your nose, it makes a nasty crunching sound, and ye bleed like a pig. It's all right.

He kisses her softly, on the lips, reigniting their chemistry. But as he moves her back on the bed, Claire's hair gets caught under his arm -- they laugh a bit, then readjust -- it's been awhile since they've done this.

Jamie kisses Claire, she pulls him to her, but Jamie PINS HER ARMS ABOVE HER HEAD, then caresses her body, they kiss when --

CLAIRE
(whispering urgently)
Do it and don't be gentle.

Claire arches her body towards him, desperate to have him inside her, and within moments, Jamie plunges into her -- there's a primal urgency to their love making -- a desire to inhabit one another.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Jamie. Don't stop! For God's sake, don't stop!

Claire CLIMAXES, then shudders, waves of pleasure continuing to course through her.

JAMIE
Give me your mouth, Sassenach.

Claire obliges, kissing him, then biting his lip. Jamie groans with pleasure. Her warm, writhing body brings him to CLIMAX as well -- his whole body trembling as he RELEASES.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Oh, Claire. Oh, God, Claire.

He looks down at her with unutterable tenderness. He's wet with sweat and tears, holding himself still as a stone when it's over, and lays down upon her as if dead.

TIME CUT:

ON CLAIRE

Lying in Jamie's arms. She stirs from a contented stupor. They fit well together, her head curled in the hollow of his shoulder, in the moments after they've made love. As Jamie's hand lazily caresses Claire's body --

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Your breasts are like ivory.
Christ, to touch ye, my Sassenach...
You with your skin like white
velvet, and the sweet long lines of
your body...
God, I couldna look at ye, and keep
my hands from you, nor have ye near
me, and not want ye...

Claire smiles remembering their wedding night.

CLAIRE

Is that what you thought the first
time we lay together?

JAMIE

It has always been forever, for me,
Sassenach.

He kisses her, then --

CLAIRE

It's like bicycle riding, I expect.
Did you know you've got lots more
hairs on your chest than you used to?

JAMIE

No. I dinna usually count them.
What's a bicycle?

Claire laughs softly.

CLAIRE

I just meant that we seemed to recall what to do all right.

JAMIE

Did you think that we could forget, Sassenach? I may be lacking in practice, but I havena lost all my faculties yet.

SOUNDS of feet and voices intrude now. Masculine laughs, flirtations by females, coming from the brothel rooms.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

I should have taken ye to a tavern.

CLAIRE

It's all right. Though I must say, of all the places I'd imagined being with you again, I somehow never thought of a brothel.

JAMIE

I'm no a saint, Sassenach. But I'm no a pimp, either.

CLAIRE

Glad to hear it. Do you mean to tell me what you actually are, or shall I go on running down the disreputable possibilities until I come close?

Jamie grins, entertained by the suggestion.

JAMIE

What's your best guess?

CLAIRE

Well, you're not a printer.

JAMIE

Why not?

Admiring his lean body --

CLAIRE

You're much too fit. Most men in their forties have begun to go soft round the middle, and you haven't a spare ounce on you.

JAMIE

That's mostly because I havena got anyone to cook for me. If you ate in taverns all the time, ye wouldna be fat, either. Luckily, it looks as though ye eat regularly.

He pats her bottom, then ducks as she swats his hand. Jamie gets out of bed and goes to pour glasses of wine.

CLAIRE

Don't try to distract me. At any rate, you didn't get muscles like that slaving over a printing press.

JAMIE

Ever tried to work one, Sassenach?

CLAIRE

No. I don't suppose you've taken up highway robbery?

JAMIE

Guess again.

CLAIRE

Well, likely not kidnapping for ransom. Petty thievery? Piracy? No, you couldn't possibly, unless you've got over being seasick. You were a traitor when I last knew you, but that scarcely seems a good way to make a living.

JAMIE

(grinning)

I'm still a traitor. I just havena been convicted lately.

CLAIRE

Lately?

JAMIE

I spent several years in prison for treason. For the Rising. But that was some time back.

CLAIRE

I knew that.

(off his look)

That and a bit more. I'll tell you later. But what do you do for a living these days?

JAMIE

I'm a printer.

CLAIRE

And a traitor?

JAMIE

I have fought wi' sword and dirk many times. The English took them away. But the press was a weapon into my hands again. I've been arrested for sedition six times in the last two years, and had my premises seized twice, but the court wasna able to prove anything.

CLAIRE

And what happens to you if they do prove it, one of these times?

JAMIE

Likely hanging.

CLAIRE

Oh well, what a relief.

JAMIE

I did warn ye.

CLAIRE

You did.

Jamie is suddenly serious again.

JAMIE

Do ye want to leave now?

CLAIRE

No. I didn't come back just to make love with you once. I came to be with you.

He sits up and takes both her hands.

JAMIE

I -- canna even say what I felt when I touched you today, and knew ye to be real. To find you again -- and then to lose ye...

Claire touches his face.

CLAIRE

You won't lose me. Unless I find out
you've been immoral.

Claire's joking, they are in a brothel, but Jamie jerks
sharply at that.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

What is it?

JAMIE

It's just --

CLAIRE

Just what? Is there something else
you haven't told me?

JAMIE

Well, printing seditious pamphlets
isna all that profitable.

CLAIRE

I don't suppose so. What else have
you been doing?

JAMIE

(apologetically)

I do a wee bit of smuggling. On
the side.

CLAIRE

Smuggling what?

JAMIE

Whisky mostly, cognac, brandy, but
rum now and then, and a bit of
French wine.

CLAIRE

So that's what you meant by saying
Madame Jeanne is a customer?

JAMIE

It works verra well. We store the
liquor in one of the cellars below
when it comes in from France. Some
of it we sell directly to Jeanne;
some she keeps for us until we can
ship it on.

CLAIRE

And as part of the arrangements...
you...

JAMIE

The answer to what you're thinking,
Sassenach, is no.

CLAIRE

Mind reader, are you?

JAMIE

You were wondering do I take out my
price in trade sometimes, aye?

CLAIRE

Not that it's any of my business.

JAMIE

Oh, isn't it, then?

CLAIRE

Is it?

JAMIE

Yes.

CLAIRE

And you don't -- with Madame
Jeanne...?

JAMIE

I don't.
(then)
Come here.

Jamie pulls Claire to him.

TIME CUT:

Jamie and Claire LOCK EYES as they make love, facing one
another. This time there's a soul-connected rhythm to their
lovemaking. Letting their bodies talk in their own language.

TIME CUT:

ON CLAIRE AND JAMIE

Intertwined in the molten heat of post-love making. They lay
together, half-doing for a moment. Then she traces his scar
with her finger.

CLAIRE

How?

JAMIE

Culloden.

The one whispered word evoking tragedy, death, futility and the terrible parting that had taken them from each other.

CLAIRE

I'll never leave you. Never again.

JAMIE

Ye were right to leave. Ye did it for Brianna. Ye were a wonderful mother, I know it.

Jamie holds her and strokes her reassuringly.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Ye gave me a child, Claire. She is alive and safe. And because of her, we will live forever, you and I.

(kissing her lightly)

Brianna.

And finally, they fall deeply asleep.

TIME CUT:

INT. BROTHEL - JAMIE'S ROOM - MORNING (D2)

Claire and Jamie wake now. Locking eyes across the pillow. It hasn't been a dream. She touches him --

CLAIRE

Just making sure you are really here.

JAMIE

Maybe I'm a ghost.

He smiles, teasing her.

CLAIRE

A long time ago, you asked me if I knew what it was between us.

JAMIE

I remember. What it is -- when I touch you; when ye lie wi' me.

CLAIRE

I said I didn't know.

JAMIE

I didna ken either.

CLAIRE
I still don't. But --

JAMIE
But it's still there. Aye?

CLAIRE
Yes. It is.

JAMIE
I could watch ye for hours,
Sassenach, to see how you have
changed, or how ye're the same.
Your hair -- **mo nighean donn**, d'ye
recall? My brown one.

Claire looks up at him. Of course, how could she forget?
She wraps Jamie's arms around her, nestling into him as he
spoons her. She holds his left hand, massaging it gently,
like she did many years ago.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
D'ye remember the night when ye set
my hand?

CLAIRE
Sometimes, in my more horrible
moments. My first orthopedic
surgery, that was.

JAMIE
Have ye done a great many things
like that since?

CLAIRE
Yes, a few. I'm a surgeon -- but
it doesn't mean then what it means
now. Surgeons in my time don't
pull teeth and let blood. They're
more like what's meant by the word
"physician" -- a doctor with
training in all the fields of
medicine, but with a specialty.

JAMIE
What is it a surgeon does that's
special, then?

CLAIRE
As best I can put it -- a surgeon
tries to effect healing... by means
of a knife.

JAMIE

A nice contradiction, that; but it suits ye, Sassenach. A knife is verra much what you are, now I think of it. A clever-worked scabbard, and most gorgeous to see. But tempered steel for a core... and a wicked sharp edge.

CLAIRE

Wicked?

JAMIE

Not heartless, but you can be ruthless, strong, when the need is on ye.

CLAIRE

I suppose I can.

They laugh.

JAMIE

I didna think I should ever laugh again in a woman's bed, Sassenach. Or even come to a woman, save as a brute, blind with need.

CLAIRE

Is that what you did? When you had... a need?

Jamie takes a deep breath. It feels like there's something he wants, or needs, to tell her.

JAMIE

Claire... I...

She turns to look at him, recognizing the anguish on his face and can't bear it. Not wanting to spoil their fragile reconnection, or perhaps afraid in the back of her mind of what he might say, she rescinds her question.

CLAIRE

Shh... It's all right. We don't have to rush it.

JAMIE

Are ye sure?

CLAIRE

I have only one question...

He waits.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
 Did you ever fall in love with
 anyone else, after I left?

JAMIE
 No, Sassenach. I've never loved
 anyone but you.

They kiss and things start to heat up again. Jamie starts
 kissing Claire's outer thigh, making his way between her
 legs, beginning to make lazy morning love, when --

There's a KNOCK on the door. It's Pauline.

PAULINE (O.C.)
 (through the door)
 Breakfast, Mr. Malcolm.

JAMIE
 Come back later, if you will.

CLAIRE
 Don't you want to eat?

As he slides his head down between Claire's legs...

JAMIE
 Aye.

TIME CUT:

Post love-making. Claire's rousing from sleep as Jamie is
 finishing getting dressed.

CLAIRE
 Where're you going...?

JAMIE
 Go back to sleep, Sassenach. I've
 got to take care of some business.
 I dinna want to leave ye. But I
 must. Just to remind ye Sassenach,
 ye're Mrs. Malcolm here in
 Edinburgh -- no Fraser.

CLAIRE
 Understood.

JAMIE
 You'll stay here until I return?

CLAIRE
 I'm not likely to go anywhere. My
 legs are like jello.

JAMIE

Jello?

Claire laughs.

CLAIRE

Hurry back, soldier.

He kisses her and he's gone. Claire stretches, yawns. She smells the sheets, taking in the scent of Jamie and sex, then drifts back to sleep.

TIME CUT:

Claire wakes up later. The bed next to her still empty. Jamie hasn't returned. The door opens.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Jamie...?

But it's a YOUNG MAN'S head that pops in. It's YOUNG IAN MURRAY, 16.

YOUNG IAN

Sorry, mistress. Are you Mr. Malcolm's... woman?

Claire stares at the young boy, tall and gangly as a fledgling stork.

CLAIRE

I suppose you could say so. And who are you?

YOUNG IAN

Ian Murray, mistress. I was looking for Mr. Malcolm, but I best be on my way.

He starts to go.

CLAIRE

Wait! Come here. Murray, you say? Are you Jenny and Ian Murray's son?

YOUNG IAN

Aye. How did you know?

CLAIRE

I've known them for quite a long time. Your uncle and I, I mean -- wait a minute. How old are you?

YOUNG IAN

I'm sixteen. Dinna worry, I'm old enough to know -- what sort of place this is. Meaning no offense to ye, mistress.

CLAIRE

None taken. I'm pleased to meet you Ian, I'm... well... your Auntie Claire.

Young Ian looks shocked.

YOUNG IAN

But... you're dead.

CLAIRE

Not yet.

YOUNG IAN

Some of the auld women at Lallybroch say ye were a wisewoman -- a white lady, or maybe even a fairy. When Uncle Jamie came home from Culloden without ye, they said as how ye'd maybe gone back to the fairies, where ye maybe came from. Is that true? D'ye live in a dun?

CLAIRE

No. I... I was in the Colonies. I went there after I thought he'd died in Culloden.

YOUNG IAN

So ye've... come back to him?

Claire laughs.

CLAIRE

I have.

YOUNG IAN

Well, verra pleased to meet you... Uncle Jamie's wife. When ye see him, will ye tell him I'm looking for him?

CLAIRE

I will.

Young Ian gives her one last curious smile, then darts away. With that Claire, hungry again, decides to venture out in her shift, grabbing a shawl Pauline brought her...

INT. BROTHEL - PARLOR - DAY (D2)

Coming downstairs Claire sees that the room has been transformed into a makeshift dining room. Tables have been set up where fifteen WORKING GIRLS -- including DORCAS, PEGGY and MOLLIE -- are sitting around eating.

DORCAS

Dinna be shy. Sit and join us.

Claire does -- taking the open seat at Dorcas' table as everyone takes glances at her; but most lose interest just as quickly and continue eating.

PEGGY

You're the new lass, aye? A wee bit older than Madame usually takes on, she likes 'em no more than five and twenty. But I'm sure you'll do fine.

DORCAS

She's good skin and nice bubbies.

PEGGY

Here we are going on... what's your name, dearie?

CLAIRE

I'm Claire.

DORCAS

Well, I'm Dorcas
(pointing)
That's Peggy and Mollie.

CLAIRE

I'm not --

Dorcas cuts Claire off, offers her a plate of food.

DORCAS

Ye looked famished. Eat something.
Then we can get to know ye.

What the hell? She'll explain after she eats. Claire takes her up on the offer and digs right in.

MOLLIE

Had a rough one for yer first, aye?

Incredulous, Claire glances at herself trying to figure out what she's referring to.

PEGGY

Yer neck... It's red.

DORCAS

An' by the manner ye walked in here, a bit sore between the legs, as well?

They laugh. Claire becomes self-conscious, even embarrassed.

MOLLIE

Ooh look, she's blushing. You are a fresh one aren't ye?

DORCAS

Never mind. After breakfast I'll show you where the tubs are and ye can soak yer parts in warm water, they'll be good as new for tonight.

PEGGY

Make sure ye show the jars of sweet herbs. Put them in the water. Madame Jeanne likes us to smell sweet.

MOLLIE

And a warm bath after helps stop a bairn from coming.

Claire sees an opportunity to offer some more practical birth control advice.

CLAIRE

Actually, mugwort is quite effective for stopping pregnancy. You take it as a warm infusion --

PEGGY

(laughs)

If there's one thing we ken, dearie, it's how to steer clear of a kitling. The girls use a bit of sponge dipped in vinegar or even a bit 'o wine in a pinch. Ye stick that way up in yer nether mouth, ye'll nae get a squeaker.

Madame Jeanne enters at the far end of the room, clears her throat to get the ladies attention. Mollie spots her first.

MOLLIE

Tsk. An early customer. I hate it when they come during breakfast. Canna digest yer food properly.

PEGGY

Ye needn't worry Mollie, it's
Claire'll have to take him. Newest
girl takes the ones no one wants.

DORCAS

(to Claire)

Put your finger up his bum.
That'll bring him off faster than
anything. I'll save a bannock for
ye.

CLAIRE

Thanks.

Just then Madame Jeanne spies Claire sitting with her
"employees" and is horrified.

MADAME JEANNE

Madame, what are you doing here?

She rushes over and seizes Claire's arm; Claire yanks her
arm away just as fast, in no mood to be grabbed at.

CLAIRE

Eating.

MADAME JEANNE

Did no one bring you food this
morning?

CLAIRE

(feeling guilty)

No. Well...

MADAME JEANNE

I am so sorry. I will have that
worthless maid flayed for this.

CLAIRE

That's quite all right. I've had a
wonderful meal and enjoyed talking
with the ladies.

Madame Jeanne swings her head around and throws an accusing
gaze on Dorcas, Peggy, and Mollie, who are just as shocked
and confused as she is.

MADAME JEANNE

If you please. I will have the
rest of your meal sent up to you.

Claire rises, clearly aware her presence here is upsetting
the proprietor.

CLAIRE
No thank you. I'm finished.
(to the ladies)
Nice to have met you all.

Claire heads off back to Jamie's room.

INT. BROTHEL - JAMIE'S ROOM - DAY (D2)

When she OPENS the door and enters the room, Claire sees it's in disarray. She is SHOCKED to FIND a THREATENING MAN already inside, rifling through Jamie's things.

CLAIRE
Who the hell are you?

The man turns, startled, but doesn't answer.

MAN
None of your concern.

CLAIRE
You need to leave. Right now.

MAN
No whore tells me what to do. When I'm finished looking for what I'm looking for... you can earn some coin. Just wait on the bed.

CLAIRE
I think you're mistaken. I don't work here. This is my husband's room.

MAN
Ha! Husband? Is that so? Then you can tell me where he keeps his ledgers.

CLAIRE
I have no idea.

MAN
Maybe if I fuck you, it'll jar your memory.

CLAIRE
Get out.

The man, smelling of tobacco and whisky SLAPS Claire across the face.

She's momentarily stunned as he presses forward, stalking, and when he GRABS her by the THROAT -- Claire knows she's in a fight for her life.

He throws her down on the bed, leers at her body through the shift as he starts to undo his trousers. Claire grabs her KNIFE from the nearby table.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

If you come any closer, I'll...

He laughs.

MAN

You'll what?

(re: the knife)

Oh, I'm going to stick ye with that right after I stick ye with this.

He grabs his cock, then removes his pistol, leaving it on a chair. Then he LUNGES at Claire as she deftly moves off the bed to the floor and blindly thrashes at the man, nicking his leg -- drawing blood. This only riles him up.

MAN (CONT'D)

Now I'm not even going to bed ye, I'm just going to kill ye.

He comes at her -- she FENDS him off with the knife, swiping it through the air, trying to keep him at a distance. The Man quickly backs away, in attempt to avoid being cut again, slightly amused by Claire's wild slashes, but as he moves backwards, he trips, loses his balance, falls and --

Smashes the LEFT SIDE of his head on the stone hearth with a sickening THUD.

He lies on the floor -- motionless.

Just then the DOOR OPENS -- it's Jamie. He scans the room -- astonished to find a bloody Claire, holding a knife.

JAMIE

Sassenach! Are ye all right!?

CLAIRE

It's not my blood.

Jamie stares at the man lying on the floor.

JAMIE

What in the Devil happened?

What happened indeed. Claire's been back less than 24 hours and already their sweet reunion has turned into a crisis to be dealt with -- just like old times for Claire and Jamie.

OFF this troubling tableau --

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE