

OUTLANDER

EPISODE 307
Crème de Menthe

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FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT
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OUTLANDER
EPISODE 307 "Crème de Menthe"

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EPISODE 307 "Crème de Menthe"

CAST LIST – FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT – 11th July 2017

CLAIRE RANDALL FRASER
JAMIE MACKENZIE FRASER

ARCHIE CAMPBELL
FERGUS
HAYES
IAN MURRAY
LESLEY
MADAME JEANNE
MARGARET CAMPBELL
MR. WILLOUGHBY
YOUNG IAN

BLIND-EYED MAN
BRIGHID
MCDANIEL
MR. HAUGH
SIR PERCIVAL TURNER

CAPTAIN
JOHN BARTON

EPISODE 307 "Crème de Menthe"

SET LIST – FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT – 11th July 2017

INTERIORS

Brothel
 Basement
 Entryway
 Jamie's Room
 Parlor
Haugh's Apothecary
Henderson's Hotel
 Campbell's Room
Print Shop
 Back Room
 Main Room
The World's End Tavern

EXTERIORS

High Street
Print Shop
 Establishing
Tavern Alley

FADE IN:

JAMIE (PRE-LAP)
What in the Devil happened?
(then)
Sassenach? Sassenach -- ?

INT. BROTHEL - JAMIE'S ROOM - DAY (D1) (1767)

We pick up ON CLAIRE, adrenaline still coursing through her system in the wake of her life-threatening altercation with the MAN she found rifling through Jamie's room [Episode 306]. Claire looks from the knife in her hand to JAMIE -- his brow creased with concern. Claire looks frightful. She's shaken up, but manages to focus and answer Jamie's question.

CLAIRE
... I was eating downstairs, when I came back... found him rummaging through your things... he grabbed me --

JAMIE
Christ, did he violate ye?

CLAIRE
No -- I managed to fend him off. It all happened so quickly... I didn't mean to hurt him...

JAMIE
Doesna appear he left ye any choice in the matter.

Claire casts a remorseful look at the Man's crumpled body, then notices his chest is still rising and falling --

CLAIRE
He's still breathing.

And even though she's still visibly shaken, her doctor instincts automatically take over -- and she swings into action, starts examining his cut leg --

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
The laceration's not deep -- it's superficial -- it won't require stitches --

Jamie watches her work in utter bewilderment --

JAMIE
Sassenach -- what are ye thinking?

But it's what needs to be done, and Claire's going to do it.

CLAIRE
I can't just stand by and let him
suffer -- I have to do something --

JAMIE
Why? He tried to kill you --

CLAIRE
Because I'm a doctor.

It's clear Jamie thinks this is a mistake, but he knows Claire and knows she's going to do this, whether he likes it or not. Claire notices BLOOD coming from the Man's left ear, then sees the ABRASION where his head hit the stone hearth.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
(rote)
Looks like an epidural hematoma, I
need to reduce the swelling --

There's a KNOCK on the door. Jamie moves to the door, asks --

JAMIE
Aye? Who is it?

FERGUS (O.C.)
Me, Milord. Madame Jeanne is with
me. Some of the ladies said they
heard a struggle in your bed
chamber.

Jamie opens the door and -- FERGUS and MADAME JEANNE enter. Jamie quickly closes the door behind them as they take in the Man lying on the floor.

JAMIE
(explaining)
She was defending herself from this
ruffian.

Madame Jeanne nods, accepting Jamie's explanation. This isn't the first violent incident in her brothel.

MADAME JEANNE
Who is he?

CLAIRE
I don't know.
(then to Jamie)
I need help getting him on the bed.

Claire starts to move the man, but Jamie stands stone still.

JAMIE

I ask ye again, Sassenach. Let God take him.

CLAIRE

Jamie, please -- I have to try and save him. You understand.

Of course he does. But that doesn't mean he likes it. Jamie reluctantly complies, grabbing under the Man's arms as Claire takes his legs, moving him to the bed. Claire pulls a bottle of alcohol and clean bandages from her basket, then starts disinfecting the wound on his leg, as --

Jamie checks the Man's pockets, searching for something to shed some light on who he is --

JAMIE

Ye said he was looking for something in the room...

CLAIRE

He was. Most of this...
(re: the room's disarray)
...is from his searching.

Jamie finds a RECEIPT in one of the Man's jacket pockets. He reads the notes scribbled on the receipt and concludes --

JAMIE

John Barton.
(then, darkening)
He's an exciseman.

FERGUS

This is very bad, Milord.

JAMIE

Aye. Seems Sir Percival is of the mind that I'm not keeping to our agreement.

Claire looks up briefly from bandaging Barton's wounded leg.

CLAIRE

What agreement?

JAMIE

He turns a blind eye to the sale of my illegal liquor in Edinburgh in exchange for a large portion of my profit -- but my business pursuits have expanded and I havena apprised him of the matter --

FERGUS

You think he has word we have been trading as far as Dundee and Arbroath?

JAMIE

Aye. Just yesterday he attempted to extort more money from me --
 (re: Barton)
 He must ha' employed this man to find out where I've stowed my hidden casks.

Claire's wrapping her head around all of this while continuing to bandage Barton's leg.

CLAIRE

So he was a crooked agent of the Crown then.

JAMIE

Aye. It was so I can send more money home to Lallybroch.
 (then)
 When this man doesna return to Percival -- he'll come 'round lookin' for him.

MADAME JEANNE

(pales)
 That is quite a problem, Monsieur Malcolm, considering the casks Sir Percival is searching for are hidden in my basement.

JAMIE

No for long. No harm will befall ye on my account. You have my word.

MADAME JEANNE

Allow me to send one of my more discreet girls to put everything in order right away.

JAMIE

Thank you.

As Madame Jeanne heads out --

CLAIRE

Please ask her to fetch a basin of hot water -- and I will need surgical implements, a trephine. Send her to the barber-surgeon, he will have one.

MADAME JEANNE

Whatever for?

JAMIE

A what?

CLAIRE

A drill, for his skull. I'll need to burr a hole in it in order to relieve the pressure on his brain.

Madame Jeanne masks her horror, managing a polite --

MADAME JEANNE

I will see what I can do, Madame Malcolm.

CLAIRE

Thank you.

JAMIE

(to Fergus)

Gather the lads -- I'll be down to inform them of events shortly --

Fergus nods. He and Madame Jeanne head out.

CLAIRE

(re: the unconscious Barton)

I'll need laudanum and a few other things. Can you stay here with him until I return from the apothecary, in case he wakes?

JAMIE

I see yer need for healing hasna changed since we parted.

CLAIRE

It's the right thing to do.

JAMIE

He doesna deserve yer mercy.

CLAIRE

Maybe not. Afterwards, you can turn him over to the authorities and have justice for what he's done.

JAMIE

I ken ye've only jes returned, so mebbe ye dinna recall the workings of the law in this time -- all they'll see is that you were alone wi' a man, who isna yer husband, in a brothel --

Claire sees where he's going and insists --

CLAIRE

But I'm not a whore --

JAMIE

That doesna matter -- if the City Guard comes here, they'll arrest you for having assaulted the man.

Jamie doesn't like it, but Claire burns with conviction and there's no time to argue.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Stubborn as always, Sassenach. But do what ye must -- I've casks to rid myself of.

(then)

I'll send a man up to watch him while ye're gone.

OFF Claire and Jamie, as they tackle the crisis.

INT. BROTHEL - BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

LANTERNS illuminate the stone-walled space where FIFTY (or so) CASKS OF LIQUOR are lined up in neat rows. Fergus, YOUNG IAN, MR. WILLOUGHBY, LESLEY and HAYES move casks with Jamie. He's just filled them in on the Barton situation.

MR. WILLOUGHBY

I admire a woman who values the sanctity of human life.

JAMIE

Then ye can be the one to go up and
keep an eye on him.

Mr. Willoughby nods, then heads up the stairs.

HAYES

'Tis weak-minded if ye ask me -- ye
canna try to kill him, then heal
him --

LESLEY

I only wish we could kill him --
I've been wantin' to gut a filthy
exciseman for years.

FERGUS

Milady has always been a unique
woman.

JAMIE

Aye.

YOUNG IAN

What about the print shop, Uncle?
If Sir Percival sent men here, he
might look there as well?

JAMIE

Let him look. I dinna keep casks
at the shop.

LESLEY

But ye do keep other items there.

JAMIE

Sir Percival doesna ken that and he
never will. No one will find a
trace of the pamphlets. They're
well hidden behind secret panels.
Besides, movin' the pamphlets now
would be more dangerous than
leavin' 'em be.

HAYES

Particularly now that ye're under
Sir Percival's watchful gaze.

Jamie turns to Young Ian and Fergus.

JAMIE

Which is why I'm entrustin' ye with the selling of these casks wi'out delay on my behalf -- even if it means takin' a loss -- we canna risk them being discovered.

Young Ian is thrilled with the responsibility.

YOUNG IAN

I wilna disappoint ye, Uncle Jamie.

JAMIE

That's why I tasked ye wi' it.

INT. HAUGH'S APOTHECARY - DAY (D1)

Gleaming bottles of herbs and essential oils are nestled neatly against one another in polished WOODEN SHELVES. The air is thick with aromatics. We FIND Claire carrying her basket as she hustles towards --

THE COUNTER where she finds the owner, MR. HAUGH, 30s, conducting business with ARCHIE CAMPBELL, 40s, a slick opportunist who uses flattery to get what he wants.

ARCHIE

D'ye have anything that might calm nerves? I've heard ye have the best tonics in all of Edinburgh. An auld wise woman said that mandrake root would do the trick --

MR. HAUGH

Nae. I dinna keep that root -- it can cause frightful symptoms I'm afraid.

Claire can't help but interrupt --

CLAIRE

I'm sorry, I don't mean to be rude, but I have a situation that requires immediate attention --

MR. HAUGH

Please wait your turn, Madame --

CLAIRE

It's urgent --

ARCHIE

So too is the health of my dear sister.

(then to Mr. Haugh)

And what of hemlock? 'Tis said that it might aid symptoms such as hers.

A desperate Claire barter with Archie to get her way.

CLAIRE

I'm an experienced healer, I'll see your sister myself if you allow me to go ahead of you --

ARCHIE

Free of charge in recognition of my generosity?

CLAIRE

Of course.

Archie steps back, allowing Claire to go ahead of him.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Thank you.

(then to Mr. Haugh)

I need a bottle of laudanum, ground yarrow and tormentil -- please hurry, a man's life is at stake --

As Mr. Haugh heads off to fill Claire's order, Archie is impressed with Claire's confidence regarding what she needs --

ARCHIE

Ye seem to ken yer remedies. What ails the poor man?

CLAIRE

A severe head wound.

ARCHIE

Aye. My sister's condition relates to her head as well -- though 'tis more of a nervous complaint of sorts --

Mr. Haugh returns with Claire's order and hands it to her.

CLAIRE

(to Mr. Haugh)

Thank you.

Claire pays Mr. Haugh, then places the items in her basket --

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
 (then to Archie)
 I must be going, but... perhaps I
 can pay your sister a visit this
 afternoon --

ARCHIE
 I'd be grateful. Ye can call on us
 at Henderson's in Carruber's Close.
 (then)
 Campbell is the name -- Archibald
 and Margaret Campbell.

Claire nods. Then hurries out, continuing her mission...

OMITTED

INT. TAVERN BASEMENT - DAY (D1)

FERGUS and YOUNG IAN speak with MCDANIEL, 50s, the tavern owner. He's barrel-chested and cherry-nosed -- the man likes his drink.

MCDANIEL
 Fifty for the lot of 'em.

YOUNG IAN
 Och, McDaniel -- ye're looking at a
 hundred pounds worth of fine brandy
 here -- French brandy -- imported
 from Cognac itself.

Fergus goes along with Young Ian's pitch.

FERGUS
 It is a truly superior brandy.

YOUNG IAN
 (to McDaniel)
 Ye can charge more for that and
 make a braw profit.

McDaniel eyeballs the casks, doing the math.

MCDANIEL
 Fifty.

YOUNG IAN

I like ye, McDaniel, so I'll no be
put off by yer paltry offering.

(then)

Seventy-five.

MCDANIEL

Seventy. I'll no go higher.

Without the Crown's seal, I'm the
one taking all the risk possessing
your contraband.

Young Ian knows McDaniel has them over a proverbial barrel.

YOUNG IAN

Seventy-five pounds and ye'll have
three casks of crème de menthe as
well.

Young Ian trades a loaded look with Fergus.

YOUNG IAN (CONT'D)

What d'ye say?

MCDANIEL

I'm no a man to refuse liquors at
no charge -- ye have a bargain.

YOUNG IAN

(smiles)

Ye're a good man. Thank you.

McDaniel counts out the payment, then hands it over to Young Ian.

FERGUS

Quelle performance!

(conspiratorially)

You even managed to rid us of the
crème de menthe.

Young Ian smiles at a shared secret between them. Then as they head out to retrieve the casks of brandy, Young Ian, curious about his Auntie Claire, asks --

YOUNG IAN

D'ye remember Auntie Claire all
those years ago?

FERGUS

(nods)

I was no more than a boy, but I
remember her well.

YOUNG IAN

What was she like?

FERGUS

Spirited. And incredibly brave. Milady was unflinching in the battles prior to Culloden. She would heal men who had been cut in half by swords and blown to pieces by cannon fire without flinching. She saved many lives, though there were rumors...

YOUNG IAN

What kind of rumors?

FERGUS

That Milady took a few lives as well. She is not a woman you want to cross, **mon ami**.

Young Ian considers that.

YOUNG IAN

If Auntie Claire was forced to kill men. Likely they deserved it.

FERGUS

Even so, Milady has created a bit of a **catastrophe**, no?

YOUNG IAN

Are ye sure the crème de menthe cask is well sealed?

FERGUS

(nods)

I saw to the matter myself.

OFF Fergus and Young Ian heading out the door.

INT. BROTHEL - JAMIE'S ROOM - DAY (D1)

Claire enters and finds Jamie and Mr. Willoughby restraining a now conscious Barton. They've tied his arms to the bedposts with strips of sheets. Mr. Willoughby holds Barton's legs still while Jamie keeps one hand clamped tightly over the stock he stuffed into Barton's mouth.

JAMIE

The fiend woke and started makin' considerable noise --

CLAIRE
 He's having a lucid interval, which happens with brain injury -- you mustn't wrench his head like that --

JAMIE
 D'ye have a better way to keep him quiet -- ?

CLAIRE
 Yes.

Claire swiftly pulls the bottle of laudanum from her basket.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
 Please remove the stock and hold his mouth open --

Jamie does, reluctantly. Claire tips some laudanum into Barton's mouth as he tries to yell.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
 Now close it.

Jamie does. Within moments, Barton's eyes flutter closed -- the opiate has sedated him. Claire examines his left eye --

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
 (concerned)
 Left eye is dilated -- the pressure is building from the bleeding inside his skull -- I need to operate -- now.

Jamie moves away from Barton as Claire preps for her surgery. She nods at the TREPHINE now sitting on a nearby table --

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
 Yi Tien Cho, please pass me the drill -- and some brandy. I'll need to disinfect it before I begin.

MR. WILLOUGHBY
 Of course, Honorable Wife.

CLAIRE
 And untie his arms.

As Mr. Willoughby obliges, there's a KNOCK on the door --

MADAME JEANNE (O.C.)
 Monsieur Malcolm?

JAMIE

Aye? What is it?

Jamie opens the door, only a crack and sees --

MADAME JEANNE

Sir Percival is here to see you.

Jamie clenches his teeth -- this is the last thing he needs to deal with right now. Claire glances over her shoulder and locks eyes with Jamie -- the stakes are high.

JAMIE

(for fuck's sake)
I'll be down straightaway.

OMITTED

INT. BROTHEL - PARLOR - DAY (D1)

SIR PERCIVAL TURNER waits impatiently with a BLIND-EYED MAN, a shabby-looking man, who has a BLIND LEFT EYE and greasy pig-tail. The Man cranes his neck to peer into nearby BEDS where SEVERAL WHORES enthusiastically entertain CUSTOMERS behind drawn curtains. As Jamie and Madame Jeanne descend the stairs, Sir Percival and the Blind-Eyed Man get to their feet.

Jamie closes in on Sir Percival and the Blind-Eyed Man, but remains calm in spite of the fact that if they discover Barton upstairs, Jamie and everyone else here will be in danger --

JAMIE

Sir Percival, here for a mid-day romp?

SIR PERCIVAL

I can assure you, Mr. Malcolm, my interests today relate only to business.

BLIND-EYED MAN

(quietly to Sir Percival)
Perhaps a quick taste after our business is concluded?

SIR PERCIVAL

(disgusted)
Don't make me regret hiring you.
(MORE)

SIR PERCIVAL (CONT'D)
 (then to Jamie)
 I'm here to search these premises
 at once.

JAMIE
 What cause have ye to do that?

SIR PERCIVAL
 You are withholding from me, Mr.
 Malcolm --

OFF this --

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BROTHEL - JAMIE'S ROOM - SAME TIME

CLAIRE pours ALCOHOL on a clean bandage, then disinfects a spot on the LEFT SIDE of Barton's head as Mr. Willoughby looks on, rapt, but on edge -- will they be caught?

BACK ON JAMIE --

He moves closer to Sir Percival, keeping up his pretense.

JAMIE
 (keeping his voice low)
 Ye're wasting yer time -- ye ken
 well enough I store my casks in
 Queensferry.

SIR PERCIVAL
 (quietly to Jamie)
 And I'm certain that's not the only
 place where you are concealing your
 contraband.

MADAME JEANNE
 I assure you, Sir Percival, there
 is nothing hidden in my
 establishment --

JAMIE
 But dinna take us at our word -- ye
 are welcome to see for yourself.

SIR PERCIVAL
 Of course I am -- I certainly don't
 need your permission.

ON CLAIRE --

As she cranks the TREPINE, BURNING a HOLE into Barton's skull, while Mr. Willoughby firmly holds Barton's head. He watches Claire work with fascination and concern --

MR. WILLOUGHBY
Won't this kill him?

CLAIRE
No, but the pressure on his brain
will if I don't release it.

INT. BROTHEL - BASEMENT - DAY (D1)

Sir Percival carries a lantern as he enters the basement with the Blind-Eyed Man on his heels. Jamie and Madame Jeanne enter behind them. Sir Percival deflates a bit as he investigates the now empty space, desperate to find evidence.

SIR PERCIVAL
(to his henchman)
Don't just stand there! Search
with me.

The Blind-Eyed Man sidles up to Sir Percival, combing over the space.

Sir Percival stops to inspect a PUDDLE near Jamie's feet, waving the Blind-Eyed Man over, unwilling to get his hands dirty.

SIR PERCIVAL (CONT'D)
Get over here.
(then re: the puddle)
Is that brandy?

The Man dabs the puddle with his finger, then smells it.

BLIND-EYED MAN
No, Sir Percival. It's water.

MADAME JEANNE
We have a leak. It is why I cannot
store anything of value down here.

Sir Percival, having discovered nothing in the basement wheels on Jamie --

SIR PERCIVAL

I want to see the rest of the premises immediately -- starting with your room, Mr. Malcolm.

Madame Jeanne's stomach drops. Sir Percival stares Jamie down. It's a face-off, but Jamie remains sphinx-like.

JAMIE

If ye must...

INTERCUT WITH:

ON CLAIRE --

As she gently eases the trephine from the hole she's burred in Barton's skull. Once the drill is removed, BLOOD oozes from Barton's burr hole.

CLAIRE

There. The clot is released.

Claire gently mops up the blood, then requests --

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Hand me the tormentil --

As Mr. Willoughby complies --

INT. BROTHEL - PARLOR - DAY (D1)

Sir Percival follows Jamie through the parlor with Madame Jeanne and the Blind-Eyed Man following closely behind.

JAMIE

Ye'll find nothin' in my room save a wee bed and some stale bannocks --

Jamie heads up the stairs, continuing to bluff his ass off --

JAMIE (CONT'D)

And considerable disarray, I'm afraid --

SIR PERCIVAL

I'm not at all surprised to hear that you keep a slovenly room.

JAMIE

No at my hands -- the disorder was made by the drunkard ye sent here to make inquiries about me --

Sir Percival blanches. Jamie's called him out. Sir Percival takes a beat to recover, then scowls --

SIR PERCIVAL

I'd rather not expose myself to further degradation by extending this already unpleasant stay.

He knows Jamie has outfoxed him regarding the casks, but has no proof. OFF Sir Percival, wheels turning...

INT. BROTHEL - JAMIE'S ROOM - DAY (D1)

Jamie enters and finds Claire and Mr. Willoughby with Barton, who now lies motionless and pale on the bed.

JAMIE

Christ! I was barely able to get rid of Sir Percival -- this must end now, Sassenach --

CLAIRE

He's dead.

Jamie pauses, surprised. Claire seems defeated, her voice even.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

You got your wish.

MR. WILLOUGHBY

Honorable Wife fought hard -- put best foot forward.

Jamie can't help but be relieved.

JAMIE

Well, I'll no grieve for the man who tried to kill my wife.
(then to Willoughby)
Fetch Lesley and Hayes, I'll need help movin' the body.

Mr. Willoughby nods, then leaves as Claire takes her surgical trappings and heads to a BASIN where she rinses them.

Jamie senses she's struggling and tries to comfort her.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

'Tis better this way, Sassenach --
You tried, but God took him.

CLAIRE

God had nothing to do with it. I failed him. If I'd been in a proper hospital, in Boston...

JAMIE

But ye're not in Boston.

Claire looks at Jamie, willing him to understand.

CLAIRE

I've dedicated the past fourteen years to respecting human life and healing people without judgement. I work very hard and it's not often that I lose a patient. I didn't just lose this one, I caused his death.

Jamie rubs Claire's shoulders, reassuring her --

JAMIE

There'll be other chances to put yer knowledge and skills to use. Others to save. Like ye did the last time you came.

Claire absorbs that, she knows it's true.

CLAIRE

You're probably right about that.

And it can't help but make her rethink the wisdom of coming back and her regret at violently upending Jamie's life without warning.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

And I've caused you all this trouble. I've dropped in from the clear blue sky and put your livelihood -- and your life -- in jeopardy.

Jamie takes her hands.

JAMIE

Ye havena, Sassenach. Ye came thousands of miles, and two hundred years to find me. And I'm grateful that ye're here, no matter the cost. I would give up everything I have, if it means we'll be together again. Don't ye see?

(MORE)

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Ever since you left, I've lived in the shadows. And when ye walked into the print shop, it was as though the sun returned and cast out the darkness.

Claire has to smile at that, slightly chagrined. It's a callback to what he told her on their wedding day. And she hasn't forgotten it. She falls into his arms and lets him hold her for a beat. Then finally pulls away, slightly chagrined.

CLAIRE

I have another patient to see. I shouldn't be gone long --

JAMIE

(surprised)

A patient? And who would this be?

CLAIRE

Margaret Campbell. I met her brother at Haugh's and offered to examine her.

JAMIE

But ye dinna ken who these people are -- ye canna go alone. I'll send for Fergus to escort ye --

CLAIRE

As you said, I travelled thousands of miles and two hundred years, I can certainly make it across town.

JAMIE

But Sir Percival --

CLAIRE

Doesn't know who I am. Or what I did to the man who worked for him.

Jamie knows he won't change her mind. But as she goes he grabs her arm gently.

JAMIE

Ye will return -- afterward?

She puts her hand over his and gives him a look that says of course, I will. And Claire goes, determined to put the first crisis they've faced together since they parted two decades ago behind them.

EXT. HIGH STREET - DAY (D1)

Claire walks along, navigating the 18th century foot traffic. It's clear that the day's events are weighing on her.

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

The tavern is starting to fill with PATRONS looking to unwind after the work day. FIND Fergus and Young Ian at a table, swilling pints of ale.

FERGUS

(toasting Young Ian)

To a master salesman! Thanks to you, we made a handsome profit!

YOUNG IAN

Ye think so?

FERGUS

Oui, you have a natural gift when it comes to business, just like Milord.

Young Ian grins, riding high -- there's nothing better than being compared to his hero, Uncle Jamie. He clinks mugs with Fergus, takes a healthy gulp of his ale, then --

YOUNG IAN

I've been meaning to ask ye -- does French brandy really increase the firmness of a cock-stand?

FERGUS

(laughs)

In my experience, the result is quite the opposite, but all that matters is that I convinced the buyer that it does, non?

YOUNG IAN

Aye. Ye had me convinced.

FERGUS

We make a good pair, perhaps we should venture to open a business of our own one day. There is money to be made in this city and...

Fergus realizes that Young Ian isn't listening, he's too busy eyeing BRIGHID, 20, a very pretty and lusty working girl.

FERGUS (CONT'D)
 Ah -- Mademoiselle Brighid. I see
 you watching her every time we are
 here. She is enchanting, no?

YOUNG IAN
 Bonny.

Fergus waves Brighid over. She nods, then sets a couple of
 drinks down for a CUSTOMER.

YOUNG IAN (CONT'D)
 What are ye doin'?

FERGUS
 Tonight is the night you do more
 than just look.

As Brighid starts to cross the tavern towards them --

YOUNG IAN
 (dropping his voice)
 I've never... bedded a lass before.

FERGUS
 Then this is your opportunity,
 brother.

YOUNG IAN
 How old were ye when -- ?

FERGUS
 Fifteen. A ménage à trois'.

YOUNG IAN
 A what?

FERGUS
 Two women, and one moi.

This blows Young Ian's mind.

YOUNG IAN
 Christ!

FERGUS
 (nods in agreement)
 It was a rather religious
 experience.

Young Ian glances at Brighid, excited, but a bit nervous.

YOUNG IAN
 I dinna ken what to do.

FERGUS

The art of seduction can be mastered thus.

Young Ian leans in as if Fergus is about to reveal the meaning of life. And some would argue that he is.

FERGUS (CONT'D)

Firstly, you must look into her eyes and tell her how beautiful she is. Secondly, offer her a drink, whatever her heart desires.

Young Ian nods, committing these steps to memory.

YOUNG IAN

Simple enough.

FERGUS

And the **pièce de résistance** is perhaps the most important --

YOUNG IAN

What is it?

FERGUS

Repeat one and two.

Fergus slaps Young Ian on the back, then leaves. As Brighid sidles up to Young Ian --

BRIGHID

What can I fetch ye?

YOUNG IAN

Nothin'.

BRIGHID

Nothin'? Are ye sure? Yer friend jes beckoned me over.

Young Ian locks eyes with Brighid and follows Fergus's instructions to the letter.

YOUNG IAN

Ye're the bonniest lass I've ever seen. Can I offer ye a drink -- whatever yer heart desires.

Brighid smiles. She's a sucker for a compliment. And a man with money to spend.

BRIGHID

Whisky.

And as Brighid and Young Ian get better acquainted, FIND --

The Blind-Eyed Man, the one with Sir Percival at the brothel, watching Young Ian like a hawk from across the tavern.

OMITTED

INT. HENDERSON'S HOTEL - CAMPBELL'S ROOM - DAY (D1)

Claire enters with Archie and finds MARGARET CAMPBELL, 30, seated at a table with her head resting on her hands. Margaret's sweet face is framed with long pale hair, giving her an ethereal quality.

ARCHIE

Margaret, I've brought someone to see you.

Margaret is slow to respond. Archie gently shakes her.

ARCHIE (CONT'D)

Margaret, will ye no look alive?
We have a guest.

MARGARET

Can they come back later, Archie?
I'm verra tired --

ARCHIE

No a client Margaret, a healer.

As Archie adjusts Margaret to a more upright position, Claire notes Margaret's sedated state --

CLAIRE

What did you give her?

ARCHIE

A few drops of laudanum to keep her calm.

As Claire touches Margaret, checking her wrist for a pulse, Margaret snaps from her lethargy and looks directly into Claire's eyes with a burning intensity.

MARGARET

Gleep gleep. Gleep gleep. D'ye hear 'em? D'ye hear the tree toads lullaby? And the moon -- the moon be chokin' wi' blood.

(MORE)

MARGARET (CONT'D)

Ye must be careful, Abandawe will
devour ye. Abandawe. Abandawe.
Abandawe...

Margaret's lids become heavy again as Claire withdraws her hand from Margaret's wrist. While she's a bit taken aback by Margaret's sudden episode, Claire remains professional.

CLAIRE

Her pulse is strong, but you really
mustn't use laudanum -- it's far
too potent for daily use.

ARCHIE

D'ye ken the meanin' of what she
said?

CLAIRE

Not a word of it.

ARCHIE

I'd be happy to interpret her
vision for a modest fee.

CLAIRE

You're fortune tellers?

ARCHIE

Aye. Margaret is a seer, but isna
able to articulate what it is she
sees. Wi'out me to decipher the
message, her visions are no more
than ravin' gibberish.

Claire looks at Margaret, who looks completely spent. Her heart goes out to the poor woman.

CLAIRE

Does she have trouble sleeping?

ARCHIE

Aye. Some nights she canna rest at
all. Nightmares plague her
fiercely.

CLAIRE

Are there ever times where she sits
still for long periods of time?

ARCHIE

Oh aye, starin' at the walls. When
she's in such a state, I canna get
her to talk, let alone move.

Claire nods, arriving at a diagnosis.

CLAIRE

Mr. Campbell, from what I can discern your sister isn't a seer -- she might just have a mental disorder.

ARCHIE

Oh, aye. As I told ye earlier, Margaret's been soft in the head since she was a bairn.

CLAIRE

Do you have any writing implements?

ARCHIE

Aye. On the desk.

Claire crosses to a desk, takes a porte pencil and jots down a list of remedies --

CLAIRE

These are instructions for how to make green cardamom tea -- next time Margaret is anxious, give her the tea with a few drops of tansy oil. You can also use valerian in a tea, which will help her sleep.

ARCHIE

Are ye sure simple teas will be enough to keep her subdued?

CLAIRE

Subdued? Why would you want to do that?

ARCHIE

Margaret has a great deal of curiosity, when she has her wits about her. She marches up to strangers, touches 'em, then tells 'em things they didna ask to hear. It scares 'em somethin' awful sometimes, puttin' me in a difficult position. Course 'tis different when they come seekin' her talents, then I can charge 'em, ye see.

Claire picks up on the exploitative family dynamic.

CLAIRE

And Margaret enjoys the work?

ARCHIE

Oh, aye -- it's the only way she can engage wi' people that doesna give them a fright.

Claire, unconvinced that Archie has Margaret's best interests at heart, offers --

CLAIRE

I'd like to come back to see Margaret tomorrow.

ARCHIE

That's kind of ye, but we are departing for the West Indies.

CLAIRE

The West Indies? Won't that be an arduous trip for Margaret?

ARCHIE

That's why I need tonics -- I dinna want her carryin' on during our long journey. Sailors are a superstitious lot. I canna risk 'em pitchin' my sister overboard.

CLAIRE

Once you reach the West Indies, you must see that she eats a great deal of fruit -- and no more laudanum.

ARCHIE

(nods in agreement)

No more laudanum. Thank you for yer help.

CLAIRE

You're welcome. Safe travels.

Claire takes one last glance at Margaret, wishing she could do more, but realizes that she's done what she could.

EXT. PRINT SHOP - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT (N1)

It's after hours. The place is empty.

INT. PRINT SHOP - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT (N1)

A drunken Young Ian and Brighid spill into the print shop through the alley door. Young Ian's crush on Brighid has only intensified with drink. He serenades her, as he leads her towards the back room -- singing "Come Hap Me With Thy Petticoat."

YOUNG IAN

(singing)

"O Bell, thy looks have kill'd my
Heart, I pass the day in pain...
when Night returns, I feel the
Smart, and wish for thee in vain."

Brighid giggles. She teases him, but secretly loves it.

BRIGHID

Ian -- ye're a terrible singer.

YOUNG IAN

(singing louder)

"I'm starving cold, while thou art
warm. Have pity and incline --

BRIGHID

(still teasing)

Och -- I dinna think it could get
any worse.

YOUNG IAN

"And grant me for a hap that
charming petticoat of thine!"

Brighid plants a KISS on Young Ian, lighting the lad afire. He leads her into --

INT. PRINT SHOP - BACK ROOM - NIGHT (N1)

The print shop FIREPLACE casts a golden glow onto Young Ian and Brighid as she slips off her shawl. They start to snog. It's sweet and romantic, until Young Ian's desire for Brighid gets the better of him. As he tries to bend her over the COT and lift up her skirts --

BRIGHID

What are ye doin'?

YOUNG IAN

Is this no how it's done?

Brighid giggles, charmed by Young Ian's ignorance.

BRIGHID

I thought ye worked out of a kittle-hoosie?

YOUNG IAN

Aye. I've seen some of the whores do it like this.

BRIGHID

But I'm no a whore tonight, am I?

YOUNG IAN

Nae. Wi'out a doubt ye're the finest lass I e'er set eyes on.

Brighid smiles, then cups Young Ian's hands to her ample bosom. Young Ian exhales, thrilled.

YOUNG IAN (CONT'D)

Jes tell me how ye like it. I'll do whatever ye want.

BRIGHID

Lie down and I'll show ye.

Young Ian complies, reclining on the cot. Brighid slowly undoes his breeks, enjoying the spell she's cast on him. Young Ian loses his mind with anticipation as Brighid hikes up her skirts and straddles him...

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

Jamie finishes counting stacks of COINS, sliding them into a leather pouch when Claire enters, carrying her basket. She's hit with a brief twinge of remorse as she notes that Barton's body has been removed, as well as the blood soaked bedding.

CLAIRE

What did you do with his body?

JAMIE

The lads hid it in a cask of crème de menthe that was sold off with the others.

(off Claire's look)

There are worse places for one's eternal rest.

He downplays the day's events in an effort to cheer her up.

CLAIRE

Surely somebody's going to look
inside that cask sooner or later.

JAMIE

Not for a long while. Alcohol
slows the decay and besides, it's
not likely to be broached, I've
never seen a Scotsman take anything
beyond whisky, ale or brandy.

Claire just shakes her head at the absurdity of it all.
Jamie tries to comfort her.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Dinna fash, Sassenach. 'Twas no
more than a wee bit of chaos --
nothin' we havena seen before.

But it's more than that and they both know it. Yet in this
moment, both decide to try to move forward.

CLAIRE

Perhaps we can find a place of our
own.

JAMIE

And leave the brothel?

Claire gives Jamie a look -- the silence between them is
filled with GASPS and MOANS from the WORKING GIRLS.

CLAIRE

You don't expect us to make a home
here?

JAMIE

No forever perhaps, but for now
we've everythin' we need -- and
there isna any rent to pay. Nearly
every shilling I earn is sent to
Lallybroch --

CLAIRE

I was thinking I could earn some
money as well... as a healer. It
felt good today, seeing a patient.
Perhaps I could work from the back
of your print shop, or even open an
establishment of my own. We could
build a happy life here -- in
Edinburgh.

Before Jamie can respond, there's a KNOCK on the door.

MADAME JEANNE (O.C.)
 Monsieur Malcolm -- a gentleman
 named Ian Murray is here for you.

Jamie addresses Madame Jeanne through the door.

JAMIE
 I'll be down at once.

CLAIRE
 (puzzled)
 Ian? What's he doing here?

There's no time for a long explanation, so Jamie just says:

JAMIE
 He's likely looking for Young Ian.
 Dinna mention that ye've seen him.
 I'll explain later...

OFF Claire's puzzled look, they quickly head down to see Ian.

INT. BROTHEL - PARLOR - NIGHT (N1)

Claire and Jamie walk down the staircase and FIND -- IAN MURRAY pacing the far side of the room, near the entryway. Dark circles are under his eyes. He hasn't slept well in days. Claire is thrilled to see her brother-in-law.

CLAIRE
 Ian --

IAN
 (gob-smacked)
 Claire?

Ian stares -- is his mind playing tricks on him?

CLAIRE
 Yes... It's so good to see you.

As Claire gives Ian a warm hug --

IAN
 It is you, lass. But we thought --

He hesitates then looks to Jamie, not wanting to say they thought she was dead.

CLAIRE

I know what Jamie told you. He thought I'd been killed in the aftermath of Culloden.

IAN

Jenny and I... we grieved over ye for years.

JAMIE

She believed me to be dead as well. It was a terrible misunderstanding that kept us apart.

Ian's trying to absorb the story. They move to a more quiet corner of the parlor for privacy.

IAN

Where on this earth have ye been all these years?

Jamie and Claire trade a look before launching into more of their cover story.

CLAIRE

America. I sailed there when I thought Jamie was dead. I would have returned to Scotland sooner, but only recently learned that Jamie was alive --

JAMIE

That's when she came back to find me -- and I'm more than happy she did. What brings ye here?

Ian, too consumed with his current agenda to poke holes in their story, accepts their explanation.

IAN

It's wee Ian -- the lad's run off again. Have ye seen him?

JAMIE

Nae. He's no here.

Claire shoots Jamie a look, surprised. Jamie shoots her one back -- a warning not to speak up.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

How long has the lad been gone?

Jamie feigns ignorance -- because of course, he knows Young Ian is in Edinburgh.

IAN
 Weeks. Last time my son ran off,
 he came to see you -- are ye sure?

JAMIE
 I havena seen him. No since I sent
 him home with Fergus, months ago.

Claire shifts uncomfortably, not liking being involved in
 this, nor watching Jamie lie to Ian without batting an eye.

IAN
 Christ, Jamie! Where else could he
 be?! Jenny is woefully distressed.
 What if the lad's been taken by a
 press gang? If that were to
 happen, we'd never see him again.

JAMIE
 (reassuringly)
 Dinna fash -- the press gangs
 wouldna be able to thole the lad.
 They'd throw him off before they
 left port. I'm sure he'll appear.

IAN
 Promise me ye'll bring him home
 straight away should he turn up
 here.

JAMIE
 I will.

Claire frowns, displeased at being witness to this lie.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
 Let's no delay yer search any
 longer. I'll see you out.

IAN
 (nods to Claire)

Goodbye for now, Claire.

CLAIRE
 I hope to see you and Jenny very
 soon.

Jamie walks Ian out of the parlor and into --

INT. BROTHEL - ENTRYWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jamie and Ian are out of earshot from Claire --

IAN
 Claire must ha' taken yer news
 well.

Jamie shakes his head.

JAMIE
 I havena told her.

IAN
 That's no somethin' ye want to hold
 onto for verra long.

Leaving us to wonder exactly what that something is.

JAMIE
 She's only jes arrived. I'm
 waiting for the proper time.

IAN
 Ye might be waiting forever then.

JAMIE
 (convincing himself as
 much as Ian)
 All will be well -- ye'll see.

Jamie slaps Ian on the shoulder as Ian heads out the door.

INT. PRINT SHOP - BACK ROOM - NIGHT (N1)

Young Ian and Brighid make love. She's on top of him, doing most of the work, but enjoying it. Young Ian is completely lost in the moment. Brighid is as well, until --

The QUIET CLANK of something tipping over inside the shop. A shuffle of feet. Not loud, but Brighid freezes.

YOUNG IAN
 Dinna stop.

BRIGHID
 (whispers)
 D'ye no' hear that?

YOUNG IAN
 Nae.

So they go back to it. But then a loud -- CLUNK.

Brighid, now thoroughly spooked, hops off of Young Ian, who bolts up in the cot and pulls up his breeks.

YOUNG IAN (CONT'D)

That I heard.

Young Ian moves to the back room window. Brighid falls in behind him. They peer into the main room and see --

A MAN. His back is turned to them. He's searching a corner of the shop near the HIDDEN PANELS by the fireplace. But he hasn't discovered the PANELS -- he's looking for casks.

Young Ian, worried for Brighid's safety, wraps her shawl around her shoulders. Whispers:

YOUNG IAN (CONT'D)

Ye'd better go now.

BRIGHID

But what about you?

YOUNG IAN

I'll be fine. Run out the alley door and dinna turn back.

Brighid nods. Young Ian looks out at the man, who still has his back turned to them.

YOUNG IAN (CONT'D)

Go. Now.

As Brighid sprints out the alley door, the Man turns -- it's the Blind-Eyed Man who was with Sir Percival at the brothel. Young Ian, more angry than scared, confronts him, emboldened by ale and sex.

YOUNG IAN (CONT'D)

What are ye doin' trespassin' in my Uncle's shop?

The Blind-Eyed Man dismisses Young Ian as a threat.

BLIND-EYED MAN

You know fine well what I'm doing, boy. Where are the casks?

YOUNG IAN

There are no casks as ye can see wi' yer own eyes.

The Blind-Eyed Man starts to peek under a table. Young Ian, hot-headed, rushes to him, pushing him with all his weight.

YOUNG IAN (CONT'D)

There's nothing here. Now get out!

The Blind-Eyed Man grabs Young Ian.

BLIND-EYED MAN

I know you're party to your Uncle's
smuggling -- tell me where he's
hiding the liquor!

The Blind-Eyed Man pushes Young Ian hard up against the wall
into one of the secret panels and -- the panel SWINGS open.

He roughly pushes Young Ian aside and investigates what's
behind the panel door.

BLIND-EYED MAN (CONT'D)

What have we here?

YOUNG IAN

Get away from there!

Young Ian rushes the Blind-Eyed Man again, but he grabs
Young Ian and heaves him away HARD -- sending the lad
stumbling backwards, past the forge, landing in a heap on
the floor.

The Blind-Eyed Man opens the panel further, REVEALING boxes
of SEDITIOUS PAMPHLETS. He picks up a handful, scanning
them, realizing what they are...

BLIND-EYED MAN

Your uncle's been a busy man.
Betraying Sir Percival is one
thing. But inciting sedition...

He greedily grabs more pamphlets. Young Ian, desperate to
stop him, gets to his feet, preparing to charge him again.

YOUNG IAN

Leave! Now!

Fed up, the Blind-Eyed Man pulls a PISTOL from his belt and
levels it at Young Ian.

BLIND-EYED MAN

Stand down, or I'll put a ball
between your eyes!

Young Ian glances around for a weapon. As he reaches for the
LEAD LADLE atop a TABLE FORGE on the nearby table, the
Blind-Eyed Man SHOTS at Young Ian --

Ian ducks and the shot goes wide, SHATTERING a POT of
ALCOHOL, spraying ACCELERANT across the table and floor.

BLIND-EYED MAN (CONT'D)
 (cursing the pistol)
 Bloody hell!

The Blind-Eyed Man angrily moves towards Young Ian, intending to bludgeon him with his PISTOL, when --

Young Ian grabs the lead ladle, knocking over the table forge, sending HOT COALS into the accelerant --

Young Ian FLINGS the lead ladle at the Blind-Eyed Man, striking the LEFT side of his face!

The Blind-Eyed Man HOWLS in pain as HOT LEAD sears his flesh as --

FLAMES dance atop the accelerant, spreading quickly across the table and floor between Young Ian and the staircase, creeping towards a POT OF ALCOHOL on the floor.

As the Blind-Eyed Man staggers towards the alley door, still clutching a few seditious pamphlets in his fist, FLAMES IGNITE ANOTHER POT OF ALCOHOL on the floor and --

WHOOSH -- the pot EXPLODES -- reams of paper and other flammable materials within the print shop erupt into FLAMES!

Young Ian backs away from the conflagration into the back room unable to escape as the Blind-Eyed Man, who is on the less intense side of the blaze, manages to flee through the alley door.

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

Jamie enters and finds Claire glaring at him --

JAMIE
 The years apart couldna erase the
 meanin' behind that look --

CLAIRE
 Since when do you lie to your
 family?

She isn't scolding him, just confused and concerned.

JAMIE
 I couldna verra well tell him that
 the lad's been helpin' wi' my
 smuggling, could I?

CLAIRE

At least you could have told him you had seen his son. He and Jenny must be in agony --

JAMIE

But the lad is safe --

CLAIRE

Safe? He's been risking his neck working for you without his parents' blessing --

JAMIE

Och -- ye dinna ken what ye're haverin' about. I've tried to send him home. Twice. He keeps coming back to me. Better he run off to be wi' his Uncle, than to some godforsaken place surrounded by strangers -- on the streets of Aberdeen or Dundee.

CLAIRE

But you could tell them.

JAMIE

Trust me, Claire, Jenny and Ian dinna ken what's best for the lad. I'm the only one teaching him the ways of the world.

He's coming from a good place, but Claire doesn't see it.

CLAIRE

This has nothing to do with the ways of the world. Young Ian ran away from home. Of course Ian and Jenny want to know where their son is. And you lied to them.

JAMIE

Aye. And ye shouldna judge me for it. Have ye forgotten all the deceptions we've colluded in? We lied our way through Paris, did we not? Did we no jes lie to Ian about where ye've been for the past twenty years?

CLAIRE

A white lie to conceal something that Ian couldn't possibly understand is entirely different --

JAMIE

(calling her out)
Well, I didna ken that lies come in shades.

CLAIRE

You have no idea what it's like to be a worried parent -- you're not the boy's father.

JAMIE

(stung)
Nae. I'm Brianna's father. But I didna get to raise her, did I?

Claire momentarily holds her tongue. He's got her there.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

I didna have a say in how you and Frank brought her up, wearin' that wretched thing ye call a "bikini" in front of that gomeril ye say is her "friend". Even whores have enough decency to keep from paradin' about in the like --

CLAIRE

Christ -- I'd forgotten how rigid this century can be -- a woman is either a Madonna or a whore. I suppose if Frank and I had raised her to be a criminal -- taught her how to smuggle booze and write treasonous materials -- then you'd approve?

JAMIE

At least her virtue wouldna be endangered!

CLAIRE

Says the man who lives in a brothel! I'll have you know Frank was a wonderful father to Brianna!

Claire's defense of Frank irritates Jamie. His insecurities about her life with Frank over the past twenty years surface.

JAMIE

Was he now? And was he a wonderful husband to you as well?

CLAIRE

What's that supposed to mean?

JAMIE

Ye didna return to me until after
he died --

CLAIRE

I didn't return to you until I knew
you were still alive --

JAMIE

Ye asked me if I fell in love with
anyone -- did ye fall in love wi'
him? When ye went back?

CLAIRE

I cared for Frank very much and yes
I loved him, but that was before
you --

JAMIE

And yet ye were wi' him for years --
ye said ye were happy wi' him --

CLAIRE

You're twisting my words -- I told
you that I was happy raising
Brianna with him --

JAMIE

Did ye share his bed?

CLAIRE

Yes. For a time. I tried to make
the marriage work -- for Brianna's
sake, but it didn't last. If you
must know -- I slept alone for most
of the marriage!

Claire is near tears, the stress of the day overwhelms her.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I left my entire life to be with
you...

Jamie doesn't know what to say. And right when it seems as
though things couldn't get worse --

MADAME JEANNE (O.C.)

Fire!

Claire and Jamie hear FOOTSTEPS hustling down the hallway.
Jamie opens the door and sees --

Madame Jeanne moving down the hallway, spreading the word --

MADAME JEANNE

There's a fire in Carfax Close!

A FEW WHORES and their JOHNS, in various states of undress hurry out into the hallway, eager to go witness the action.

Jamie looks out the window in his room, noting the origin of the blaze. That's not just any fire in Carfax Close --

JAMIE

The print shop.

EXT. PRINT SHOP - NIGHT (N1)

Jamie and Claire plunge through a crowd of ONLOOKERS gawking at the print shop. It's entirely engulfed in flames. Jamie, suspecting the worst, takes action, dashing towards the print shop steps --

CLAIRE

What are you doing?!

JAMIE

Young Ian sleeps in the back room!

And with that, Jamie charges up the steps, opens the front door, but is quickly driven backwards by a belch of smoke.

Jamie pulls his HEAVY WOOL WRAP up around his head like a hood and charges into the print shop.

As Jamie disappears inside the print shop, the FIRE BRIGADE, made up of SIX strapping Scots, arrives, towing a BRASS FIRE ENGINE. The CAPTAIN of the Brigade orders the crowd to --

CAPTAIN

Make way! Make way!

Claire and other Onlookers part for the Fire Engine. As the Fire Brigade starts dousing the fire, we --

INT. PRINT SHOP - CONTINUOUS

PICK UP Jamie swiftly entering the flame engulfed catwalk and taking in the fire. He glances into the back room and sees --

YOUNG IAN curled up on the floor. Smoke inhalation has rendered the lad unconscious.

Jamie, adrenalized, vaults over the catwalk balcony, landing on his feet.

He quickly packs a TRAY of TYPE SET MOLDS into a BAG, then scoops Young Ian up and heads towards the staircase, when --

Parts of the ceiling fall onto the flame engulfed staircase!

Jamie quickly assesses another escape route, glancing up at the back room window that leads to the front of the shop.

He sets Young Ian down, then performs an impressive feat of strength as he PUSHES a PRINTING PRESS into position underneath the window, intending to use it as a ladder.

Jamie picks up Young Ian and starts climbing up the press.

EXT. PRINT SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Claire anxiously watches as the print shop continues to be devoured by flames when Fergus and Mr. Willoughby join her.

FERGUS

Milady! We came as soon as we heard --

MR. WILLOUGHBY

Left pints behind at the Blue Boar.

Fergus glances around --

FERGUS

Where is Milord?

CLAIRE

He went inside to get Young Ian.

Fergus and Mr. Willoughby take in the fire, now sharing Claire's anxiety.

Claire is desperate for Jamie and Young Ian to appear -- the disagreements she's had with Jamie are a distant memory now that he's in mortal danger.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Where are they?

FERGUS

(pointing)
There they are!

And sure enough, there's Jamie, blackened by smoke and soot, exiting the burning print shop with Young Ian passed out over his shoulder. The lad is covered in grime from the fire.

CLAIRE
Thank Christ.

Claire tries to cut through the crowd towards Jamie with Fergus and Mr. Willoughby in her wake as --

CAPTAIN
(to the crowd)
Get back! Get back! Move
yerselves! The roof's goin'!

Jamie hustles Young Ian to safety as the roof collapses, sending a whorl of incandescent sparks into the night sky.

EXT. PRINT SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

The Fire Brigade continues to extinguish the fire as Claire performs rescue breathing on Young Ian, while Jamie, Fergus and Mr. Willoughby watch. They surround Claire, shielding her from any onlookers.

FERGUS
(worried)
Will he live?

CLAIRE
Yes. His heartbeat is strong.

MR. WILLOUGHBY
How does blowing wind into his
mouth help?

CLAIRE
I'll explain how it works later.

Claire blows more air into Young Ian's mouth.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Come on, Ian -- breathe, dammit...

Young Ian finally gasps for air. A relieved Claire helps him sit up as he coughs violently, catching his breath.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Thank God. Are you all right?

YOUNG IAN
I think so.

Claire examines a mild burn on his right forearm. She digs into a pocket of her dress and pulls out bandages. As she wraps Young Ian's arm, she looks up at Jamie.

CLAIRE

Nothing too serious. I'll need to apply a poultice... but clean bandages will do for now --

YOUNG IAN

(stifling his cough)
Thank you, Auntie Claire, but it isna me ye need to worry about --

Young Ian looks around then lowers his voice for privacy.

YOUNG IAN (CONT'D)

(urgently to Jamie)
A man with a blind eye broke into the print shop, Uncle. He found yer pamphlets!

JAMIE

How?

YOUNG IAN

We started fighting -- he threw me against the panels and they opened!

JAMIE

All right, lad. Calm down.

YOUNG IAN

But the man works for Sir Percival!

Jamie nods, recalling that he saw a blind eyed man.

FERGUS

Milord, if he gives the material to Sir Percival, he will be able to arrest you for more than smuggling.

JAMIE

Aye. Sedition is a far worse. High treason is a capital crime. If Percival arrests me, he'll be awarded a king's ransom.

YOUNG IAN

I'm heart sorry, Uncle Jamie -- I tried to stop him!

JAMIE

Dinna fash, lad. Is no yer fault.

FERGUS
 (concerned)
 What will you do, Milord?

Jamie's devastated, his life in Edinburgh is in ruin.

JAMIE
 I'll take Claire and Young Ian to
 Berwick tonight --

CLAIRE
 Jamie, we need to take Young Ian
 home -- to his parents -- where
 he'll be safe.

While that's the last place Jamie wants to go at the moment,
 he can't argue Claire's logic considering the circumstances.

JAMIE
 Aye. We'll take the lad to
 Lallybroch -- Sir Percival wilna be
 able to trace me there as Jamie
 Fraser -- he only kens me as
 Alexander Malcolm of Edinburgh.
 (then)
 I have business to settle with
 Fergus and Willoughby.

CLAIRE
 Of course.

Claire continues to tend to Young Ian as Jamie pulls Fergus
 and Mr. Willoughby aside, out of earshot of Claire and Young
 Ian. Jamie pulls out his coin pouch and pays Mr. Willoughby.

JAMIE
 Yer profits from the sale of the
 casks -- as well as what is owed to
 Lesley and Hayes -- will ye get it
 to them for me?

MR. WILLOUGHBY
 I will.

JAMIE
 Make sure ye stay out of sight.
 It's likely there's a target on yer
 backs, as well as on mine.

Mr. Willoughby nods, then heads off to execute Jamie's
 marching orders as Jamie hands COINS to Fergus.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

And here's yer share. See if ye can intercept the man wi' the blind eye before he gets to Percival -- lie low while ye do it.

FERGUS

Of course, Milord.

JAMIE

And tell Ned Gowan to bring news regardin' the matter I inquired after to Lallybroch --

FERGUS

(lowers his voice)

Perhaps there is a better place for you to take Milady?

JAMIE

Dinna fash, Fergus -- Balriggan is miles away from Broch Mordha.

FERGUS

Milady does not yet know about -- your other wife?

JAMIE

Nae. No yet.

So that's the secret that Jamie's been keeping from Claire! He glances at her, hit with a pang of conscience, but he pushes it away, he has more pressing issues to deal with.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

But I will explain everything -- once Claire and Young Ian are safely at Lallybroch. Send word when ye can.

Fergus nods, then peels off. Jamie takes in his burning print shop as he heads towards Claire and Young Ian -- his life in Edinburgh is literally going up in flames.

Claire, sensing that Jamie is upset, joins him. He puts on a brave face, but inside he's reeling --

JAMIE (CONT'D)

I ken this isna what ye had in mind when ye returned to me, Sassenach --

Claire takes his hand.

CLAIRE

All that matters is that we're
together.

Jamie forces a smile, hoping to heaven that will still ring
true once he tells Claire about his other wife.

JAMIE

One thing we can agree upon.

Jamie and Claire move to Young Ian and help him to his feet.
OFF Claire, Young Ian and Jamie leaving Edinburgh behind...

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE