

OUTLANDER

EPISODE 308
First Wife

WRITTEN BY
JOY BLAKE

BASED ON THE NOVEL BY
DIANA GABALDON

FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT
2nd March 2017

OUTLANDER
EPISODE 308 "First Wife"

PREVIOUS REVISIONS

Production Draft - 7th September 2016

Full Blue Draft - 20th September 2016

Full Pink Draft - 23rd September 2016

Yellow Pages C 27th September 2016 - pp. 44, 45, 46, 47

Full Green Draft - 29th September 2016

Goldenrod Pages - 3rd October 2016 - pp. 14, 29, 30, 40, 41,
42.

2nd White Pages - 19th December 2016 - pp. 13, 13A.

EPISODE 308 "First Wife"

CAST LIST – FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT – 2nd March 2017

CLAIRE BEAUCHAMP RANDALL
JAMIE MACKENZIE FRASER

FERGUS
IAN MURRAY
JENNY MURRAY
JANET MURRAY
JOAN MACKIMMIE (10, 12)
LAOGHAIRE MACKENZIE MACKIMMIE FRASER
MARSALI MACKIMMIE (16, 18)
NED GOWAN
YOUNG IAN MURRAY

YOUNG JAMIE MURRAY

ANGUS MURRAY
ANTHONY MURRAY
MURRAY GRANDCHILDREN
TWO SAILORS

EPISODE 308 "First Wife"

SET LIST - FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT - 2nd March 2017

INTERIORS

Lallybroch (1766)
Dining Room
Entryway
Guest Room
Parlor
Parlor Steps
Lallybroch (1764)
Parlor

EXTERIORS

Cliff (1755)
Lallybroch (1766)
The Arch
Dooryard
Field
Front Steps
Rocky Cliffs (1766)
Silkie Island (1766)
Silkie Island (1755)
Ruin

FADE IN:

EXT. LALLYBROCH - DOORYARD - DAY (D1) (1766)

JENNY MURRAY stares at CLAIRE FRASER, standing in front of her like a ghost. Myriad emotions play across Jenny's face: Shock. Disbelief. Longing. Relief. Love. Joy. Anger. All of these and more FLICKER in her eyes, her trembling lip and the set of her jaw. Finally, she speaks:

JENNY
Never thought I'd see ye grace my
front step again.

CLAIRE
(overcome)
Me neither.

JENNY
When Ian told me ye were alive, ye
might have knocked me down with a
feather.

CLAIRE
I know that it must be quite a
shock... But here I am.

JENNY
Here ye are.

IAN MURRAY is there along with JAMIE FRASER and YOUNG IAN, 16, Jenny and Ian's errant son who's returned from Edinburgh, where he'd run away to be with his Uncle Jamie.

CLAIRE
It's so good to see you again,
Jenny... and Lallybroch...

Claire gazes up at the house that was once her home, moved by the sight of the stone edifice, still tall and striking against the grey sky.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
I've missed you all so much.

Claire steps forward and hugs Jenny. Jenny's arms come up perfunctorily around Claire.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
You look well. How are all of your
children?

JENNY

(pointed)

Grown now, some with bairns of
their own.

Speaking of children -- Jenny snaps her head toward Young
Ian now, gives him a mama bear hug --

JENNY (CONT'D)

Ye had me worried half to death.

Then fixes him with a withering look, and CRACKS him upside
the head. (NOTE: This is 1766, not only is this allowed,
it's expected.)

YOUNG IAN

I dinna mean to worry ye, but...

Ian sees his son about to launch into excuses.

IAN

Better get inside, lad, before your
tongue gets ye in more trouble.

Everyone marches toward the house, Jamie and Claire trading
looks as they follow. Their hope for a happy homecoming
fading fast.

INT. LALLYBROCH - PARLOR - MOMENTS LATER

Jenny and Ian face off with Jamie as Claire and Young Ian
look on.

IAN

(to Jamie)

Why didna ye jes tell me he was
with you? Your sister was out of
her mind with worry!

YOUNG IAN

Because if he had, ye'd have
brought me back home.

JENNY

Aye, he'd have brought ye home!
Where ye belong!

YOUNG IAN

Feeding chickens when I could be
earning a wage in the city?

IAN

So that's what ye were doing? Earning a wage, eh?

YOUNG IAN

Aye! And I was good at it, too! Fergus said so! Said I was a natural. Sold twenty casks of brandy before we were forced to flee after the fire!

Jenny and Ian both turn to Jamie:

JENNY

Ye had my son selling liquor, consortin' with criminals?

IAN

What fire? And why did ye have reason to flee?

JAMIE

I told Ian I would look out for the lad and I did.

(reluctantly admits)

But then there was a wee fire at the print shop...

IAN

Wee? Ye wouldna be standing here if it was wee. There's nothing left, then?

Jamie shakes his head no.

JENNY

So that's why ye're home, tail dragging. And with a stray. Have ye told Claire about everything that's happened over the past twenty years?

Jamie shoots her a look.

JAMIE

No all of it. She's only jes returned, I've been explaining things to her as we go.

Jamie knows what Jenny's alluding to -- his second marriage -- and his comment is an indication to Ian and Jenny that he hasn't yet told Claire.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

But things were fine in Edinburgh, Janet, until an agent of the Crown began extorting me. He sent his ruffian after Claire...

YOUNG IAN

Auntie Claire stabbed him. Killed him on the spot!

Not sure what unsettles Jenny more, her child witnessing a murder or that he called Claire "Auntie."

JENNY

Get outside. Now.

IAN

And you better be where I can find ye when it's time for your thrashin'.

Young Ian exits, and Jenny turns to confront Claire --

JENNY

Ye stabbed a man, in front of my boy?

CLAIRE

Young Ian wasn't there when it happened. The man attacked me -- I had no choice. There's more to it...

JENNY

Oh, well then, mebbe we should all gather around the fire, I mean, if we're to listen to a tall tale.

JAMIE

Ye didna complain about the money I sent every month... And ye ken fine well that it wasna coming from printing copies o' the Psalms!

JENNY

I do ken how ye make yer money. But that's you, brother. You could have taught Young Ian the printing trade... not how to be a criminal.

JAMIE

I promise ye, I cared for him as if he were my own son.

IAN

Then ye can punish him as yer own.

Ian holds out a BELT for Jamie, but Jamie doesn't take it.

JAMIE

Mebbe there's another way he can
make it up to ye.

OFF Jamie, an idea forming.

EXT. LALLYBROCH - FIELD - DAY (D1)

Young Ian's sweating as he shovels from a PILE OF MANURE, mixing it with water and STRAW, then shaping it into round flat disks with his bare hands.

YOUNG IAN

Och, I hate this. It stinks like
the devil's arse!

Young Ian wipes his brow. JANET MURRAY, 17, stands nearby, enjoying her brother's punishment.

JANET

If Ma hears yer cursing...

YOUNG IAN

No one likes a wee clype, Janet.

JANET

Ye're getting covered with muck.

YOUNG IAN

Well, you're covered with foxtails,
so there.

JANET

'Tis no fair. Ye run away and ye
don't even get yer thrashin'.

YOUNG IAN

This is a boy's task! Matthew
should be doing this! I'd rather
get a thrashing!

JANET

You've even got muck 'round yer
mouth.

Young Ian swipes at his face.

YOUNG IAN
Isna muck, it's whiskers!

JANET
(incredulous)
Whiskers? You?

ON JAMIE AND IAN

A short distance away, as they watch Young Ian work out his punishment.

IAN
(re: Ian's punishment)
Ye may have been right.

JAMIE
As were you -- I shoulda sent word,
told ye he was wi' me, and I didna.
I'm sorry.

IAN
It's only that the lad loves ye,
Jamie. Follows ye around like a
pup, hanging on your every word.
He regales us with yer exploits as
if you were Rob Roy himself.

JAMIE
Ach, it's common for a lad to want
a bit of adventure, no? You and I
rode to war at his age. Or have ye
forgotten?

IAN
(re: his wooden leg)
I recall it every time I look down.
I went to war, but I don't want the
same for Young Ian. I don't want
him hirpling around on one leg or
worse, carried home in a box.
Mebbe if ye'd raised a lad of yer
own, ye'd understand.

JAMIE
Ye ken I wouldna let any harm come
to him.

IAN
Ye already have... Ye gave the lad
a taste of adventure.
How'd ye feel if your child was
living under the influence of
others not yourself?

JAMIE
 (heartfelt)
 I wouldna wish that for anyone.

Jamie feels terrible, thinking about how both of his children were raised by other men.

Ian turns to Jamie, changing the subject now.

IAN
 So what are ye thinkin', comin'
 back here without tellin' Claire?

JAMIE
 I tried to, in Edinburgh. It's no
 a simple task.

IAN
 I can imagine.

JAMIE
 I was biding time on the law of it
 from Ned... but then we had the
 fire and... well, it just didna
 seem proper with Young Ian riding
 with us.
 (then, resolved)
 I've decided. I'll tell her after
 supper.

Ian nods his approval. It's a good idea.

INT. LALLYBROCH - PARLOR - DAY (D1)

MURRAY GRANDCHILDREN dart in and out of rooms and down the stairs, playing tag. Claire enters and finds Jenny trailing ANGUS, 6, and ANTHONY, 5, who stuff their cheeks with bread from the kitchen.

JENNY
 That'll be your supper, then!

CLAIRE
 You certainly have a full house.
 And who are these little fellows?

JENNY
 Angus and Anthony.

CLAIRE
 Pleasure to meet both of you fine
 Scottish gentlemen.

They eye her suspiciously, then run away to play.

JENNY

They're Maggie's. Ye remember holding her in this very room?

CLAIRE

Of course, I remember! You were so sure Maggie would be a boy. But then, there was a lot of whisky consumed that day, wasn't there?

(nothing from Jenny)

I can't believe she's old enough to have boys of her own now.

Claire smiles, trying to engage Jenny in the memory of the time she helped birth the breech baby.

JENNY

That's what happens when twenty years go by.

MAN'S VOICE (O.C.)

I heard we had visitors.

The women look up to see a handsome young man come down the stairs with a BABY in his arms. YOUNG JAMIE MURRAY, 25.

YOUNG JAMIE

I'm James Murray.

CLAIRE

Wee Jamie! Well, not so "wee" anymore. What a handsome man you are. The last time I saw you, you weren't even tall enough to peek over a washtub.

Young Jamie looks to his mother for an introduction.

JENNY

This is Claire. She used to live here at Lallybroch when you were about Matthew's age.

Jenny takes the baby from Young Jamie.

JENNY (CONT'D)

Our Jamie's now husband to Joan; father to Henry, Matthew, Caroline and new wee Benjamin.

Her mother's pride is a way of putting Claire on notice that things have changed. Young Jamie smiles modestly.

YOUNG JAMIE

I'll away out and see my uncle
then.

He exits this awkward situation. Jenny looks down at the baby who's started to cry.

JENNY

Och, he's wet himself.

CLAIRE

May I help?

JENNY

Dinna want to bewilder the bairn
wi' a strange face, now.

Jenny whisks the baby away, not giving Claire a chance.

EXT. LALLYBROCH - DOORYARD - LATER

Jenny crosses Jamie, who apprises her of Young Ian's efforts.

JAMIE

Young Ian's already made enough
dall for a month's stock of fuel.
The lad's paying for his crimes.

JENNY

Our father would've had you over
the gate.

JAMIE

A thrashing isn't the only way to
teach a lesson.

JENNY

Ye're an authority on bringing up
bairns now?

JAMIE

No. But I am an authority on being
a sixteen-year-old boy that lives
on a farm. Ye treat him as a child,
but he's a man.

(then)

Ye ought to give the lad a taste of
freedom now -- while he still
thinks it's yours to give.

Jenny ponders that sage advice -- then:

JENNY

Listen to you -- telling me what I should do. Ye must ken it's a mortal sin to take another wife while the first still walks the earth.

JAMIE

I never woulda taken a bride if I'd thought Claire was still alive.

JENNY

Since you believed her dead, why did ye never share yer grief wi' me?

JAMIE

I barely wanted to breathe let alone speak of it.

JENNY

I ken. But ye must speak of it now. I need to know what happened.

Jamie takes a deep breath. Tries to explain.

JAMIE

I was prepared to die on the battlefield at Culloden. With me dead it would've been dangerous for her to stay. So I arranged for her to hide out at an inn, and gave her money for safe passage to the Colonies when things settled down. I heard later that the British came through that village and killed everyone -- man, woman and child.

JENNY

But she got away?

JAMIE

Aye. She thought I had died in battle. So she boarded a ship to the Colonies. I didna ken it at the time.

But Jenny pokes holes in the story.

JENNY

I sat on these very steps watchin' this very road with Claire when you were taken by the redcoats -- when you didna come home, we rode together to find you. The Claire I kent would never have stopped looking for you.

OFF Jenny, things not adding up.

INT. LALLYBROCH - GUEST ROOM - NIGHT (N1)

Jamie's with Claire, getting ready for bed.

JAMIE

We could build a cottage, on the western edge of the land... we could make a life here, Claire.

Claire thinks about that. It sounds wonderful, but...

CLAIRE

Jenny can barely tolerate the sight of me. Maybe we should just tell her the truth.

JAMIE

We say ye traveled from another time, ye may as well try to convince her ye're a mermaid.

CLAIRE

Murtagh understood.

JAMIE

Aye, it was a risk we had to take. With a man who's been out in the world and who takes my word without question. My sister's never left this farm and we're always at loggerheads. She'll be full of questions, about things that we have no answer for.

CLAIRE

But if I never tell her the truth, there will always be a wall between us. Jenny casts a very warm light on those she trusts and a very cold shadow on those she doesn't.

Jamie pats the bed beside him. Claire moves to him. He wraps his arms around her.

JAMIE

Sometimes I still canna believe
ye're truly here.

(beat)

I went searching for ye once...
The day I escaped from Ardsmuir.

CLAIRE

You... escaped?

JAMIE

Aye. There was a man named Duncan
Kerr. He claimed there was
treasure hidden on an island. He
was fevered, he kent he was dying,
it was his only chance to tell
someone he thought he could
trust... His last words were that
the treasure was guarded by a
buidseach bàn.

Claire hasn't forgotten all of her Gaelic.

CLAIRE

A white witch.

Jamie nods.

JAMIE

My heart nearly stopped when he
said it. I thought, maybe... that
you'd returned... and ye were out
there...

OMITTED

EXT. CLIFF - DAY - FLASHBACK (1755)

*Jamie walks to the edge of the surf and looks out at the
cold, grey Scottish sea. In the distance he sees a ROCKY
OUTCROPPING OF ISLANDS.*

JAMIE (V.O.)

*There are hundreds of isles all
down that coast, but only one place
where the selchs live... Silkie
Island.*

*The water is so cold, the way so murky, it'd take a miracle
to survive a swim. His resolve hardens.*

EXT. SILKIE ISLAND - DAY - FLASHBACK (1755)

Jamie drops to the sand, numb from cold. He can barely catch his breath for all the shivering. He surveys his surroundings.

JAMIE (V.O.)

I swam to the island. I was out of my mind with cold.

EXT. SILKIE ISLAND - RUIN - CONTINUOUS

Inside the ruin wall, Jamie searches with growing desperation, CALLING CLAIRE'S NAME as he does. There's no sign of life here. No sign anyone has been here for a very long time. Jamie stops in despair.

JAMIE (V.O.)

Of course, I didna find you there. I realized how foolish it was to think you'd come back.

(beat)

If Kerr hadna been dead already, I would've gone back and killed him myself. For giving me hope.

Jamie rests on a kind of makeshift altar. Across from him, Jamie notices a rock slightly out of place from the others with a crude etching on the front. The MacKenzie crest. He moves to it and wrenches the rock free.

Inside the shallow crag he FINDS a WOODEN BOX with a small sliding panel that unlocks the main lid. He tinkers with the box til it opens.

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

And then I noticed it, the MacKenzie crest, etched into a stone, just like Kerr had told me. That's where... I found the treasure. At least he had been right about that.

Inside the box are DOZENS OF ANCIENT COINS and ASSORTED GEMS. Diamonds, pearls, emeralds -- and in particular, a set of THREE DISTINCT SAPPHIRES. Jamie plucks a sapphire from the pile and holds it up for closer inspection. It's unique and beautiful.

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

The box was full of ancient coins and gems -- rubies, emeralds, three large sapphires... I took one of them. I gave it to the governor of the prison, but I didn't tell him about the rest.

INT. LALLYBROCH - GUEST ROOM - RESUME (N1)

BACK WITH Claire who is awestruck at Jamie's tale.

CLAIRE

You were free. You had treasure.
Why did you go back to the prison?

Isn't it obvious?

JAMIE

I had no way to take it with me.
Besides, I didn't go to the island
for treasure. It meant nothing to
me. Neither did my freedom,
without you to share it with.

Claire takes that in.

CLAIRE

I wasn't on an island, but I was out
there... hoping for you to find me.
(embarrassed)
When I heard birdsong, I'd pretend
it was you talking to me.

JAMIE

Ye ken that the greylag mate for
life? If ye kill a grown goose,
hunting, ye must always wait, for
the mate will come to mourn. Then
ye must try to kill the second,
too, for otherwise it will grieve
itself to death, calling through
the skies for the lost one.

He gazes at her, and she feels herself melting. He brushes his fingers across her lips, down her neck. They kiss. Then he pulls slightly away, looking at her, troubled.

CLAIRE

What is it?

JAMIE

There's something I've been meaning
to tell ye, Sassenach -- It hasna
been easy keeping it from ye...

Now Claire sits back, concerned.

CLAIRE

I'm listening.

JAMIE

Ye must listen with yer heart.
It's verra complicated. I was
hoping to speak with Ned Gowan
before I told ye, to see if the law
was in our favor --

CLAIRE

Ned Gowan's still alive?

Before he can say more, the BEDROOM DOOR FLIES OPENS, and
a young red-headed lass, JOAN, 12, rushes into the room,
launching herself at Jamie, wrapping herself around his
waist. She's followed by her sister, MARSALI, 18.

JOAN

Daddy!

Jamie is stunned and horrified at the intrusion, but what
he's feeling is nothing compared to what Claire is feeling.
The world seems to tilt under her feet.

CLAIRE

Daddy?

MARSALI

Daddy, who is that woman?

Before he can respond --

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.C.)

Sassenach witch!

They turn to see LAOGHAIRE MACKENZIE MACKIMMIE FRASER,
standing in the doorway. The lasses are her daughters.

JAMIE

Laoghaire, what in the bloody hell
are ye doin' here?

But Laoghaire has eyes only for Claire.

LAOGHAIRE
 (to Claire)
 Ye're supposed to be dead!

Claire instinctively takes a step back.

LAOGHAIRE (CONT'D)
 How could ye do such a thing to me,
 Jamie Fraser? Slip home behind my
 back? Put yer prick in that whore?

Joan gasps. Marsali pulls her back, but Joan shakes her off.

MARSALI
 Ma, please... we shouldna be here.

JAMIE
 Be still, Laoghaire. I've done
 nothing to ye!

JOAN
 Daddy, stop! Ma --

Joan folds into a corner in the room and starts to cry.

LAOGHAIRE
 (to Claire)
 He didna tell ye? He's my husband,
 now.

Claire looks at Jamie, horrified, unable to breathe, let
 alone speak.

LAOGHAIRE (CONT'D)
 Have ye no shame, you adulterous
 bitch? Go back to the hell ye came
 from.

Laoghaire moves for Claire. Jamie blocks her. She
 struggles, but he marches her back through the door.

LAOGHAIRE (CONT'D)
 Let me go. Let the English cunt
 stand up for herself.

JAMIE
 Get yerself downstairs.
 (then to Claire)
 Wait here.

He forcefully escorts Laoghaire out, Marsali following. Claire feels as though she's been punched in the stomach. She becomes aware of someone SOBBING, and realizes Joan is still in the room, crying and staring at her from the corner. Claire, shattered, takes a ragged breath as she looks at the girl. They hear the sounds of SHOUTING and DOORS SLAMMING downstairs. Claire doesn't know what to do about the girl.

CLAIRE

Perhaps you should find your --

Joan shrinks back, and begins to sob harder. Claire can't help but note her red hair. Then, to herself:

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Goddamn you, Jamie Fraser...

The door opens and Jamie steps in.

JAMIE

Sassenach --

CLAIRE

Don't call me that.

She looks to Joan and he follows her gaze --

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Your daughter needs your attention.
She's very frightened -- Daddy.

Jamie is desperate to explain things to Claire, but knows she's right -- the young girl comes first.

JAMIE

Joanie, come w' me, lass...

He puts an arm around her, ushers the still sobbing girl out.

INT. LALLYBROCH - PARLOR STEPS - A MOMENT LATER

Jamie sits next to Joan on the steps leading up to the landing. Joan looks up at him with a tear-streaked face.

JOAN

Who's that woman? Why'd she grieve
Ma so?

JAMIE

That woman is Claire, my wife... my first wife. I thought she was dead, but by the grace of God she came back to me. I planned to tell you and yer sister about her, but I didna have a chance.

JOAN

What about Ma?

JAMIE

I tried hard to be a husband to her, but yer Mother and I never had a bond that keeps people together forever.

JOAN

An' ye have that bond wi' that other woman?

JAMIE

Aye...

JOAN

Now ye'll go away... forever.

JAMIE

No, Joanie, dinna fash. I care verra much for you and yer sister. I'll see you again, I promise. Now go find Marsali. She'll take ye home to yer Ma. She needs ye.

He hugs the girl, she hugs him back like she'll never let go.

INT. LALLYBROCH - GUEST ROOM - A SHORT WHILE LATER

Jamie returns to the bedroom to find Claire, dressing, still in her chemise, fumbling with her stockings. The hurt, shock, and fear have coalesced into an icy anger.

JAMIE

Claire -- Will ye no let me explain?

CLAIRE

It's a little late for that.

JAMIE

I dinna live with her. She and the girls live at Balriggeran.

(MORE)

JAMIE (CONT'D)

I didna think they'd come here. It was a great mistake -- the marriage between Laoghaire and me.

CLAIRE

With two children? Took you a while to realize, didn't it?

JAMIE

The lassies aren't mine -- I'm not their father.

CLAIRE

Oh, really? The little one with the red hair...?

JAMIE

There are other reid-heided men in Scotland, Claire.

(then)

Laoghaire was a widow wi' two bairns when I wed her. It's been less than two years, and we've lived apart most of that time --

CLAIRE

And that makes it all right?! To marry Laoghaire? The woman who tried to have me killed?

JAMIE

Ye're the one who asked me to be kind to the lass!

CLAIRE

I told you to thank her, not marry her! Now move out of my way.

He steps between her and the door.

JAMIE

You aren't going anywhere.

CLAIRE

You can't stop me.

He reaches out and grabs her by both arms.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

You lied to me. You told me that you didn't fall in love with anyone else!

JAMIE

I didna fall in love!

She jerks against him, but he won't let her go. She's half-sobbing with rage.

CLAIRE

You told me you had a son! Why in hell couldn't you tell me about this? Why?!

JAMIE

Why? Because I am a coward! I couldna tell ye for fear ye would leave me! I couldna bear the thought of losing ye again.

Jamie wheels on her, matching her fury.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

I wanted you so badly that nothing else mattered. I would sacrifice honor or family or life itself to see you, lie wi' you, even though you left me.

He might as well have slapped her, the statement is so shocking, so outrageous to her.

CLAIRE

Left you? You forced me to go back! I would have died with you at Culloden! And now you want to blame me for it?

JAMIE

I don't blame you! I had to for Brianna's sake. I canna regret that.

CLAIRE

But you blame me for coming back.

There it is. The thing Claire fears most about her return.

JAMIE

No, yes, God no! Do ye know what it is to live twenty years without a heart? To live half a man, and accustom yourself to living in the bit that's left, filling in the cracks wi' what mortar comes handy?

CLAIRE

Do I know? Yes, you bastard, I know that! What did you think, I'd gone straight back to Frank and lived happy ever after?

JAMIE

Sometimes I hoped ye did. And then sometimes I could see it -- him with you, day and night, lyin' with ye, taking your body, holding my child! And God, I could kill ye for it!

He smashes his fist into an OAK DRESSER, sending a EWER crashing to the floor.

CLAIRE

I don't have to imagine Laoghaire. I've bloody seen her!

JAMIE

I dinna care about Laoghaire, and never have!

CLAIRE

You'd marry a woman without wanting her, and then throw her aside the minute --

JAMIE

Hold your tongue, ye wicked wee bitch! I'm damned the one way or the other! If I felt anything for her, I'm a faithless womanizer, and if I didna, I'm a heartless beast.

CLAIRE

You should have told me!

He grabs her hands and jerks her to her feet, so they are eye to eye.

JAMIE

And if I had? You'd have turned on your heel and gone without a word. And having seen ye again, I would do far worse than lie to keep you!

He presses her against his body and kisses her long and hard -- with neither affection nor desire, but a blind passion to possess. She pulls back and SLAPS him hard across the face. He throws her on the bed, pinning her there.

She pushes at his face, pulls at his clothes, trying to get him off of her, but he's on top of her, hands on her body, in her hair.

CLAIRE

Damn you!

She kicks at him, sending them both rolling from the bed to land on the floor in a heap of sheets and pillows.

JAMIE

I love you! Only you!

She fights him, but this time she welcomes him too. He holds her down, pressing into her until she begins to arch and reach for all of him.

They're locked in a blind, passionate rage so deep they don't see the DOOR OPEN. COLD WATER hits them both in the face. They gasp, leaping apart to see Jenny glaring down at them, holding the pitcher she used to throw water on them.

JENNY

Stop it! Both of ye. Fighting and ruttin' like wild beasts and not carin' if the whole house hears ye!

Claire storms out past Jamie --

INT. LALLYBROCH - PARLOR - SHORT WHILE LATER

Janet has given a towel to Claire, who struggles for composure. She hovers, looking guilty as Claire dries off.

JANET

Would ye like a whisky?

CLAIRE

I could do with one.

Janet pours a glass for Claire, who drinks it, grateful. She doesn't meet Janet's eyes, still shaken and embarrassed by what has just happened. By what everyone knew but her.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I apologize. For disturbing the household.

JANET

I should be apologizin' to you.

Claire looks at Janet now, puzzled.

JANET (CONT'D)

I told Auntie Laoghaire ye were here. That's why she came. I didna have it in mind tae cause such a kebbie-lebbie, truly not.

CLAIRE

I suppose one of us would have found out sooner or later.

(beat)

Why did you tell her?

JANET

Mother told me to.

Just as Claire realizes Jenny has betrayed her, she sees Jenny move through from the kitchen, a broom and dust pan in hand. Janet slinks out of the room. Claire's furious.

CLAIRE

(to Jenny)

You asked for Laoghaire to come?

JENNY

She's his wife.

CLAIRE

I'm his wife.

JENNY

Are ye? Then why did ye no try to find him after the war? Why did it take ye twenty years to come back here?

CLAIRE

I thought he was dead.

JENNY

In a way he was -- it took an age for him to start livin' again. Now you're back no more than a week, and ye killed a man, his print shop is razed to the ground and he's on the run from the law.

CLAIRE

And you think that's my fault?

JENNY

There's no denying trouble finds my brother, but ye sure didna help matters much.

CLAIRE

I only wanted to come back and be a part of the family.

JENNY

Well, family writes letters, telling one another they're alive. D'ye think we were all frozen in time, waiting for ye to return?

Claire decides she owes Jenny an explanation. But Claire can't tell the truth, so she sticks to what's true enough.

CLAIRE

I... had another husband in America.

Claire lets that land.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

It was a matter of survival. I tried to accept my new life even though it didn't fit.

Jenny digests this. Wonders:

JENNY

Does Jamie know?

CLAIRE

Yes.

JENNY

Did ye have any bairns?

CLAIRE

(carefully choosing words)
I never had any children with him.

A beat.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

When he died, I decided to come back. I thought I'd visit Jamie's grave. Instead I found him alive.

Jenny studies Claire's face, searching for truth.

JENNY

I hear truth in what ye're saying, but I can see in yer eyes, there's something ye're keeping from me. I don't know if I can or even want to put my trust in you again.

(MORE)

JENNY (CONT'D)

(then)

When a horse breaks its leg -- ye must put it out of its misery, because it will never heal properly. And neither will we.

This lands on Claire as Jenny leaves.

INT. LALLYBROCH - GUEST ROOM - A SHORT WHILE LATER

Jenny is straightening the furniture, picking up the broken pieces of ewer when Ian enters.

JENNY

If my mother was alive, this would kill her all over again.

Ian starts to help her clean up.

IAN

Jamie's retired to the stables and Janet's given Claire blankets in the guest chamber.

JENNY

This doesna bother you? Him laying with both wives!

IAN

He and Laoghaire are not living as man and wife and ye ken it.

JENNY

He makes a fool of this family.

IAN

Ye're the only one being foolish. If there's a pot of shite on to boil, ye stir like it's God's work.

JENNY

This is my fault then?

IAN

D'ye forget I hear yer prayers every night? All ye ask for is Jamie's happiness, after all the sorrows he's seen. And here he is, but ye canna let him have it.

Jenny looks around at the broken ewer, the tangle of sheets on the floor...

JENNY

Does this look like happiness to you?

OFF Ian and Jenny, both knowing Jenny has a point.

EXT. LALLYBROCH - THE ARCH - DAY (D2)

The next morning Claire exits the house, dressed for travel, her bag in hand. Jamie approaches her from the ARCH, having just come from the barn.

JAMIE

Claire, please...

CLAIRE

I should never have come back.

JAMIE

I can't take back those twenty years and the life I lived. But I mean to make things right.

CLAIRE

I knew coming back was a risk, that you could be a different person -- that we both could be different people. I knew it wouldn't be a fairy tale.

JAMIE

I'm the same person you fell in love with.

CLAIRE

"When you tell me something, let it be the truth. And I'll promise ye the same." Those were your words. We could have secrets, but not lies.

JAMIE

I'm so sorry, Claire. Truly. I've only known one love in my life, and it was with you.

LAOGHAIRE (O.C.)

There's the truth of it, then?

Suddenly, Laoghaire appears with a PISTOL in hand.

JAMIE

Laoghaire... I told you to go home and stay there. Now put the pistol down...

LAOGHAIRE

No... I didna ride through the night just to let her walk away with ye. I'm here to protect what's mine.

Laoghaire AIMS the barrel at Claire.

JAMIE

Laoghaire! Put the pistol down! This isna Claire's fault.

LAOGHAIRE

It's time for her to leave things be. To stay out of our lives.

JAMIE

You and I have not dwelt in the same house for many a month.

LAOGHAIRE

Mebbe it wasna perfect, but you were mine. If not under my roof, ye provided for me and my girls. You broke our hearts.

Laoghaire aims at Claire. Jamie steps in front of Claire.

JAMIE

Please, I beg you. Put the pistol down.

LAOGHAIRE

At Leoch, ye took that beating for me. Now ye'll take a bullet for her?

Jamie LUNGES toward Laoghaire, as she FIRES. BIRD SHOT explodes from the muzzle, peppering Jamie's bicep and just below the armpit with pellets.

The BLAST knocks Jamie off his feet, and Laoghaire stumbles back from the kick of the pistol. Driven by instinct, Claire rushes to her. They struggle over the pistol. (It's a single shot weapon, so she can't fire without reloading.) Claire yanks it from her hands and tosses it to the ground.

Claire pushes and wrestles Laoghaire, kicking her ass until Laoghaire pulls away and sprints off into the darkness.

It may feel longer to the participants, but it all happens in a matter of moments. As Claire turns back to Jamie, she hears the SHOUTS of Young Ian and Young Jamie as they exit the house. As they all RUSH over to Jamie --

CLAIRE (PRE-LAP)
Alcohol! Brandy! Whisky! Get me something! Quickly!

INT. LALLYBROCH - DINING ROOM - DAY (D2)

Young Ian helps an irritated Jamie to the DINING ROOM TABLE. Young Jamie dashes in with a bottle of the requested alcohol.

JAMIE
(to Young Ian)
Och, what's a few more scars?
Leave me be? I'm fine.

He jerks his arm away from Young Ian and flinches as PAIN shoots through his arm. Claire reaches for the buttons on his waistcoat.

CLAIRE
Take this off.

As she helps him remove his waistcoat and shirt, the boys start out of the room going for more supplies --

The shirt is off now, revealing his ARM and side, below his armpit, a mess of blood and bird shot holes.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Lie down on the table. Now.

He does as he's told. As she begins to wipe away the blood and examine him, Ian and Jenny enter. Jenny gasps, crossing herself.

JENNY
We heard a shot --

IAN
Who did this?

CLAIRE
(pointedly to Jenny)
Laoghaire.

The women exchange a loaded look. Jenny feels awful.

JAMIE

It's nothing Claire canna fix.

CLAIRE

I need my healing supplies.

Jenny and Ian head off for the supplies. Claire examines the holes in Jamie's arm as he tries to sit up and look down.

JAMIE

Musta only been bird shot. Nothing serious.

CLAIRE

Have you forgotten what I've told you about germs?

She pours him a whisky -- 18th-century anesthetic.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I suggest you drink this, stop moving about, and lie down on the table.

Paling noticeably, Jamie does as he's told. She begins cleaning the wounds, carefully examining them as she does.

Jamie was always in awe of his wife's medical skill -- now twenty years on, he'd be even more impressed if it wasn't his arm she was probing.

TIME COLLAPSES around Claire as she painstakingly works --

-- WASHING her hands in the hot water

-- OPENING a leather envelope from her medical kit, revealing small, 20th-century scalpels (she brought them with her in her dress).

-- MAKING small incisions that allow her to remove the pellets from the less-serious wounds with tweezers.

She places each bloody piece of lead shot she removes into a DISH. Young Ian is at her elbow, watching, fascinated.

YOUNG IAN

Those're verra fancy knives ye've got there, Auntie.

Momentarily distracted by his observation, Claire glances quickly at her 20th-century equipment.

CLAIRE

I... knew a very fine cutler in the Colonies.

She focuses back on her patient, probing the hole beneath Jamie's armpit, approaching the final pellet the one over the artery. She backs off when the blood Oozes, goes deeper when it ebbs.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

(to Young Ian)

This is the one I'm concerned with... next to the artery. If the pellet penetrates it, he'll bleed to death, and there will be nothing I can do about it.

She finds the pellet, and plucks it from Jamie's arm.

YOUNG IAN

Did it penetrate the... artery?

CLAIRE

No. He was lucky.

She pushes the flesh back to be sure she's gotten everything, then pours WHISKY into the wound. Jamie moans. Claire takes a few small stitches. As she finishes, Young Ian offers her a brandy bottle.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

He's had enough alcohol for the time being. But thank you.

YOUNG IAN

Is not for Uncle Jamie, Auntie. It's for you.

He pours her a glass. She takes it.

CLAIRE

You're the only one who's called me that.

She's pleased, yet there's a sadness in her voice, wishing that the others were accepting her the way Young Ian has.

YOUNG IAN

Fergus told me how brave you are -- that ye never fainted at the sights of war. Even when men were cut in half with swords or had their heads blown off by cannon. Uncle Jamie's lucky you're here.

OFF Claire as she gives him a small smile.

INT. LALLYBROCH - PARLOR - DAY (D2)

Jamie wakes to find himself on the sofa. He tries to sit and feels a sharp pain under his arm. His arm is bound tightly to his body in a sling. Claire is standing nearby.

CLAIRE
(with an edge)
She made a nice Swiss cheese out of
you.

JAMIE
I dinna ken what Swiss cheese is,
but if it looks like this, I
wouldna want it on my bread.

Jamie's trying to be light, but Claire's holding onto some anger. She's matter of fact with him.

CLAIRE
The pellet is out. Your artery is
intact.

JAMIE
Christ, I need a whisky.

CLAIRE
You've had enough whisky. You need
liquids. Water. Broth.

JAMIE
Whisky's a liquid, no?

CLAIRE
No.

Claire hands him a cup of water.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
I'll never understand what you saw
in that woman.

JAMIE
Well, she wasna toting a pistol when
I chanced upon her again.

CLAIRE
That's it?

JAMIE

You truly wish to hear? You won't get angry?

CLAIRE

I haven't stopped being angry. So you might as well explain yourself.

A long beat, then --

JAMIE

I'd been away for so long, and when I came back from England, everything was different. Jenny's bairns didna recognize me. I was a ghost, if ye ken what I mean.

Claire can't help but remember her own "re-entry" period, after she left Jamie just before Culloden.

CLAIRE

Yes, I do.

JAMIE

I was here, but I wasna home. And I suppose I was lonely.

Jamie gets a faraway look in his eyes.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

It was the first Hogmanay I spent at Lallybroch since I was a boy.

Jamie waves his good hand at the room they're in as he starts to tell the story. And suddenly the parlor transforms --

INT. LALLYBROCH - PARLOR - NIGHT - FLASHBACK (1764)

It's snowing outside, but the inside of Lallybroch radiates heat and light. The house is decorated for HOGMANAY. Candles everywhere, mistletoe and juniper strung about.

JAMIE (V.O.)

Everything about Lallybroch was shining and warm. Jenny had dressed the parlor, every table laden wi' food and drink. I'd never seen it so beautiful.

The table is piled with steak pie, shortbread, black buns, booze. The clinking of glasses and tankards is almost as loud as the merriment of the GUESTS. It's very FESTIVE.

JAMIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*The fiddler was by the window there
 playing jigs and reels.*

A FIDDLER plays a Yule song while Ian spins a flush-faced Jenny around the parlor to roars from the crowd. FIND Jamie, sitting in a corner by himself, just watching.

JAMIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*I could feel my father and mother
 there... and my brother Willie... I
 was filled with joy and loneliness
 at the same time.*

TWO YOUNG GIRLS approach him. MARSALI, 16, and JOAN, 10. Joan offers him a plate.

JOAN
Do you like figs?

JAMIE
Aye.

She hands him the plate and he takes a bite.

JOAN
Would you like to dance?

JAMIE
It's been some time since I tried.

MARSALI
We can teach you.

Jamie hesitates. But each girl takes a hand and pulls him up. They join the dance floor. Jamie feels awkward at first, but he catches Jenny's eye across the dance floor and she nods and smiles, encouraging him. So he dances, spinning the girls around until he's feeling light-hearted and one with the festivities.

JAMIE (V.O.)
*After a few moments, my heart felt
 lighter and the music wrapped
 around me and I was laughing... I
 realized I hadn't truly laughed
 since that last time... well, the
 last time I was wi' you.*

ON JENNY'S FACE as she sees her brother laughing. It almost brings tears to her eyes to see him happy. The song ends and Jamie follows the girls back to a table of food.

JOAN

Ye're a bonny dancer!

JAMIE

So are you, and ye've worked up my appetite.

He eats more from the table now, along with the girls.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Are you cousin Aileen's daughters?

MARSALI

No. Our mother is Mistress MacKimmie.

Jamie follows their gaze to see -- LAOGHAIRE standing across the room. The girls are her daughters. She looks older, harder, she's been through rough times. But she's still pretty, her pale hair shimmering in the candlelight. She smiles shyly.

JAMIE (V.O.)

So there she was... twice widowed
and two bairns aching for a father,
that was plain enough. And I
found... something to fill the hole
I had in me. Jenny kent it as
well, and urged me to make a match.

INT. LALLYBROCH - PARLOR - RESUME (D2)

BACK WITH Jamie who returns his gaze to Claire.

JAMIE

I wanted to be a father, a husband,
all the things I thought the future
held when I was with you. All the
things I had to forget when I said
goodbye to you at the stones. To
care for Willie or Brianna, to watch
them grow, show them how to be in the
world. I thought if I married
Laoghaire, I could have those things.

CLAIRE

And did you?

JAMIE

My fondness for Marsali and Joan
grew and that was a special time
for me. Not always easy, but that
was all right.

CLAIRE

Then what happened? Why were you living in Edinburgh?

Jamie shakes his head.

JAMIE

There were days, weeks when she'd not speak to me. To be honest, I didna mind that. Meant we wouldna be fighting about this or that.

He looks at her, checking to see how she's reacting. Her expression is neutral, unreadable, but not as angry.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

I tried to be gentle with her, but it was no use. Maybe it was her first husband, Hugh, or her second, Simon -- no one kens what goes on in a marriage bed. Something hurt her. I could see the fear in her eyes. So I left. I couldna bear someone being afraid of my touch.

Moved by his honesty, and relating to the loneliness he's describing, she reaches up and brushes his hair from his forehead. Her eyes widen in alarm.

CLAIRE

Christ, you're burning up! Why didn't you say something!

He looks up, and she sees his eyes are a little glassy now.

JAMIE

I thought it was just the heat of shame...

Claire quickly scrambles around in the pockets of her dress. His speech is getting a little slurred.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

If ye'll no stay with me, I'd rather just die and be done with it, if it's all the same to you.

CLAIRE

I'm not going to let you die, greatly as I might be tempted.

Claire looks around to make sure they're alone, then pulls a small PACKET out of her one of her pockets.

She opens it to reveal A HYPODERMIC NEEDLE and FOUR VIALS OF CLEAR LIQUID.

JAMIE

What in God's name is that? It looks mighty sharp.

CLAIRE

Roll onto your good side, and pull up your shirt. Hold still, relax.

He does as she asks. She JABS the needle into his backside. Jamie stiffens.

JAMIE

Would ye care to tell me why jabbing pins in my arse is going to help my arm?

CLAIRE

Germs are no match for penicillin.

Claire pulls the blanket over him and he closes his eyes. She puts away the packet of medical supplies and looks at him, concerned, now not just as a doctor, but through the eyes of someone who still loves him.

OMITTED

EXT. LALLYBROCH - FRONT STEPS - DAY (D2)

Claire is outside, getting some fresh air, when Jenny comes around the side of the house from the stable area, and they see each other. Jenny starts up the steps, then turns and sits down. She looks at Claire -- an invitation. After a beat, Claire decides to accept it and sits next to her.

They sit in silence a beat. Jenny finally speaks.

JENNY

I had a vision of ye, ye ken. When Jamie wed Laoghaire, them standing by the altar -- ye were there wi' them, standing betwixt him and Laoghaire.

(then)

I didna ken who ye were, or... what. We didna ken your people, or your place. Even when Jamie told me you might tell me things, that might no make any sense I dinna question ye.

(MORE)

JENNY (CONT'D)

Ye said to plant potatoes -- I did as told. The crop kept us alive more than one winter after Culloden. Ye saved us. And I never asked ye about any of it, did I? Jamie chose ye, that was enough.

CLAIRE

But it's not enough now?

JENNY

I suppose ye'll never tell me the whole story.

CLAIRE

I can tell you that I love your brother and I never forgot him -- or any of you. I never once took off my wedding ring.

Jenny looks at the ring on Claire's finger. The key to Lallybroch.

JENNY

I loved you. You were a sister to me.

Claire can see that Jenny is heartbroken.

CLAIRE

I loved you too, Jenny. Still do.
(then)
I'm just hoping for a second chance.

OFF Claire making her appeal to Jenny.

INT. LALLYBROCH - PARLOR - DAY (D2)

FERGUS shakes the room with an AWFUL SNORE. Jamie's still lying on the sofa, watching him, until Jamie tosses a bannock, hitting Fergus in the head -- waking him.

JAMIE

How can you sleep while you make that horrible racaid?

FERGUS

I rode four days to get here, I was just resting my eyes, Milord.
(a bit groggy)
Are you in pain? Do you need anything?

JAMIE

Water, if ye please.

FERGUS

Of course. I do have a glorious bottle of Vin du Pape I traded with a smuggler from Avignon. It tastes like a kiss from a fine lady.

JAMIE

Mebbe a bit later.

FERGUS

I've brought good news from Edinburgh. I combed the city and never found a hair of the man Young Ian caught in the fire. I don't think we will hear from that rat coward again.

OFF Jamie, relieved.

INT. LALLYBROCH - DINING ROOM - DAY (D2)

Claire's cleaning up the dining room from when she worked on Jamie, when she notices Joan coming through the hall, looking around, and intercepts her.

CLAIRE

(softly)

Hello.

Joan looks up at her. She's wary of Claire, but her concern for Jamie compels her to speak.

JOAN

Did you heal Daddy?

CLAIRE

Yes, I did.

JOAN

Ma's the one who hurt him?

CLAIRE

She is.

Claire extends her hand to Joan, who hesitates. So Claire pulls a chair out for her. Joan takes a seat, and Claire sits next to her, so she's closer to Joan's eye level.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I know a little girl with red hair,
just like you. And I know that
mothers are sometimes confusing and
can do things that you don't
understand. But this didn't have
anything to do with you. It's
between your mother and Jamie and
no matter what happens, I know they
both love you.

Then Marsali appears in the doorway.

MARSALI

Joan MacKimmie, ye snivelin' sneak.

CLAIRE

It's all right, Marsali. She's
just worried about Jamie.

MARSALI

She needs to stay away from you,
you witch, and come home wi' me,
now.

CLAIRE

Marsali, please, I'm only trying to
help.

Marsali shoots a look at Claire.

MARSALI

It's because of you that our life is
shite!

Fergus enters, hears that last part, just as Marsali grabs
Joan by the hand and nearly runs him over, dragging her out.

FERGUS

Pardon, mademoiselle! We do not
want trouble, no?

Marsali shoots him a defiant look. Fergus stares back with a
pleading we won't yet understand. Marsali and Joan are out
the door before anyone can note the hint of recognition that
Marsali and Fergus seem to share.

OMITTED

INT. LALLYBROCH - ENTRYWAY - DAY (D3)

NED GOWAN enters, sees Claire; it takes his breath away.

NED
My dear, it's truly you...

CLAIRE
Ned.

So much between these two. The last time he saw her, she was almost burned at the stake. He's overjoyed.

NED
You are a feast for these old eyes.
As she gives him a hug, he's practically weeping.

NED (CONT'D)
Pardon me, I'm a trifle overcome.
Claire is thrilled as well to see her old friend.

CLAIRE
You look exactly the same. What's your secret?

NED
(a wry smile)
I never married.

As they move into --

INT. LALLYBROCH - DINING ROOM - DAY (D3)

Jamie sits beside Claire, facing Ned.

NED
With the return of the first Mrs. James Fraser, legally, the marriage to Laoghaire MacKimmie is invalid.

Jamie glances at Claire, who smiles at him, although there is a slight sadness to her smile.

NED (CONT'D)
You'll need to make reconciliations with the Church, mind ye.

JAMIE
A price I'm willing to pay.

NED
Funny you mention that. Laoghaire has made a complaint to the Justice of the Peace for distress and loss of support.

JAMIE

How can she do that?

NED

"... nor hell a fury like a woman scorned."

CLAIRE

But she shot him!

Ned folds his hands. Savoring this wrinkle.

NED

Indeed. And in the Highlands, as you know, the Disarming Act means that owning a firearm is a criminal offense. Where is the weapon now?

JAMIE

Young Jamie has it hidden in the stables.

NED

Any way of proving it belongs to Laoghaire?

JAMIE

Other than Claire and I bearing witness and the five holes in my arm -- no.

Ned's eyebrows shoot up.

NED

All right then. Hmmm. So if a trial were to proceed or you were summoned to court she may be indicted. We could arrange to have the weapon turned over to the British.

JAMIE

What would happen to her?

NED

If found guilty, she could be transported to the Colonies. Virginia most likely.

CLAIRE

I hear Richmond's nice this time of year.

JAMIE

No. We will not turn the gun over.

CLAIRE

Jamie, she should be punished for this! She tried to murder you. Actually, she tried to murder me -- and not for the first time.

JAMIE

Aye, ye're right. Laoghaire does deserve to be punished. But I willna do this to the girls. They're already losing a father. I willna have them lose their mother as well.

(then)

What does Laoghaire want?

NED

I believe her chief desire, is to see ye castrated and your bollocks mounted on her wall. But I suspect she'd be amenable to alimony.

JAMIE

How much?

Ned takes out a fresh piece of paper and dips his quill, as he writes down a figure...

OMITTED

INT. LALLYBROCH - PARLOR - DAY (D3)

Jamie, Jenny, Ian and Claire locked in conversation -- Jamie is in AN ARM SLING.

JENNY

Twenty pounds! That's two years' wages!

JAMIE

And ten pounds a year to maintain her household for the girls, until they're properly wed.

IAN

That's an outrageous sum.

JAMIE

Aye, I ken. And I'll no put that
burden on ye.

JENNY

Where do you intend to get the
money to pay Laoghaire?

He hesitates, looks over at Claire. Then --

JAMIE

I know of a place... there's a box
with ancient coins and gems... on
Silkie Island. I saw it once... I
could go back and get it.

CLAIRE

(stepping in)

You're not swimming anywhere with
that arm.

Young Ian comes in from the parlor door, having overheard.

YOUNG IAN

How far is it?

JAMIE

Mebbe a quarter mile.

YOUNG IAN

I can swim that. I'm a better
swimmer than either of my brothers.

JENNY

(ignoring her son)

What good are gems and ancient
coins in the Highlands? Laoghaire
canna use them for food or rents.

Jamie glances at Claire -- they've discussed this. She gives
him a smile of support, but is there something not entirely
committed about it? Jamie pushes on.

JAMIE

I'll take them to France. Cousin
Jared will know how to trade them
for sterling, and he's family.
He'll be discreet. I'll bring the
proceeds back to Laoghaire.

Jenny and Ian exchange a look -- it's not a bad plan.
Then --

JAMIE (CONT'D)

I'd like to take Young Ian to France as well. He's old enough to see a bit of the world outside Scotland, Jenny.

(to Ian)

You and I had our time in France. Better that than war.

A long beat. Jenny and Ian trade a glance. Jenny ruminates hard on this one, remembering her earlier talk with Jamie.

JENNY

I suppose it's best we give him his freedom while he still thinks it's ours to give.

IAN

But you'll take better care of him this time, aye?

JAMIE

We will. You can trust us.

A small admission from Jenny that Jamie was right. And a look to Claire -- a step towards trust. Jamie nods at his sister, pleased at the meeting of the minds.

EXT. ROCKY CLIFFS - DAY (D4)

SILKIE ISLAND, a small rocky outcrop in the distance, dominated by a crumbling RUIN. Jamie, still in a sling, and Claire watch through a SPYGLASS as Young Ian SWIMS -- he's almost to the island.

CLAIRE

That water must be freezing.

JAMIE

'Tis, but it's the current that's the worst of it.

Ye must surrender to it, but as ye come nearer the island, ye must free yourself of it or be carried to the New World.

Claire looks worried.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

(dinna fash)

Ian's a braw swimmer.

A moment later Young Ian breaks through the invisible wall of water created by the outgoing current and arrives. He wades out of the water, onto the shore, and starts up toward the ruin.

Jamie tries to meet Claire's eyes, but she looks away.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

We've scarce been alone since we left Edinburgh. Now, we're the only two people on this cliff and ye canna meet my eye.

Claire's been oddly quiet, but it comes spilling out.

CLAIRE

I'm afraid... I made a mistake. I don't know if we belong together anymore.

JAMIE

How can ye say that?

CLAIRE

We both had lives. Families. It wasn't what I'd planned, but I didn't hate Boston. I had a career, a home, friends. You had your print shop in Edinburgh. Things weren't so bad, were they?

JAMIE

Being a printer is nothing compared to being your husband.

CLAIRE

I wanted that too. But ever since I've arrived, things have been much harder than I imagined.

JAMIE

When has it ever been easy? But I've apologized. I've done all I can do to make this right. Ye belong wi' me. We're mated for life, Sassenach. Will ye risk the man that I am, for the sake of the man that ye knew?

They hold each other with a look, unsure of how they'll overcome the distance they're both feeling. Claire's eyes grow wide as she suddenly sees something over Jamie's shoulder.

CLAIRE

Jamie!

She points out to a headland near Silkie Island...

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. SILKIE ISLAND - SAME TIME

(NOTE: There will be minor time cuts as the scene plays out.)

Just beyond the headland, a THREE MAST FRIGATE has come into view.

Jamie and Claire look back to the island. Jamie uses the spyglass to scan the rocks and SEES TWO SAILORS getting out of a longboat on the beach.

JAMIE

Christ...

CLAIRE

Where's Ian?

JAMIE'S POV through the spyglass, moving quickly, scanning for Young Ian -- who finally emerges from the ruin, carrying a small box.

JAMIE

(pointing)

Just there -- making his way down!

ON Jamie and Claire -- waving their arms, gesturing toward the sailors, who haven't yet seen Young Ian, and he hasn't seen them.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Ian!

CLAIRE

Hide!

But Young Ian can't read their gestures at this distance. He moves down the cliff, and Jamie and Claire watch, rigid with apprehension, as he gets closer to where the sailors came ashore.

The two sailors GRAB the treasure AND Young Ian. He struggles as they pull him toward the longboat.

Jamie drops the spyglass and tears across the cliff toward the path to the beach.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Jamie! Jamie, you can't! You're hurt!

Claire glances back at the Island as the sailors hit the struggling Young Ian on the head and pass his limp body into the longboat.

EXT. BEACH - DAY (D4)

Jamie emerges onto the beach, Claire right behind him.

Jamie RIPS OFF THE SLING and runs to the edge of the water, frantic, but Claire catches up with him.

JAMIE

IAN!!!

As the longboat, Young Ian and the sailors are pulled up onto the ship. Atop the mainmast waves a large PORTUGUESE FLAG.

Jamie and Claire can only watch helplessly from the shore as the ship turns downwind and the massive sails billow as the frigate begins to sail away.

BACK WITH Jamie and Claire. The horror and shock hitting them as they watch the ship grow smaller in the distance -- and Young Ian along with it.

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE