

OUTLANDER

EPISODE 310
Heaven and Earth

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BASED ON THE NOVEL BY
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FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT
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OUTLANDER
EPISODE 310 "Heaven and Earth"

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EPISODE 310 "Heaven and Earth"

CAST LIST – FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT – 11th July 2017

CLAIRE RANDALL FRASER
JAMIE MACKENZIE FRASER

BERNARD COSWORTH
CAPTAIN LEONARD
CAPTAIN RAINES
ELIAS POUND
FERGUS
HAYES
LESLEY
MARSALI MACKIMMIE
MR. WILLOUGHBY
SEAMAN JONES

ALOYSIUS MURPHY
ANNEKJE JOHANSEN
BAXLEY
HARRY TOMPKINS
HOGAN
MANZETTI
MR. OVERHOLT
WARREN

JOE HOWARD
SAILMAKER

EPISODE 310 "Heaven and Earth"

SET LIST - FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT - 11th July 2017

INTERIORS

Artemis
 Below Deck
 Store
 Marsali's Cabin
 Passageway
HMS Porpoise
 Captain's Cabin
 Galley
 Hold
 Lower Gun Deck
 Hold
 Brig
 Manger
 Passageway
 Surgeon's Cabin
Tavern Store Room -
Edinburgh

EXTERIORS

Artemis
 Deck
 Cliff [Footage from 308]
 Grand Turk Island
 Beach
 Scrub
HMS Porpoise
 Deck
 Forecastle
 Gun Deck
 Poop Deck
Water - Longboat

FADE IN:

EXT. ARTEMIS - DECK - DAY (D1)

POV -- FERGUS talks to ALOYSIUS MURPHY, the cook. Murphy gives him two pouches of something. REVEAL...

...JAMIE watches Fergus as he sharpens his dirk. He looks from Fergus to starboard, where the British man-o'-war, the Porpoise, looms tall, as when we last saw it when Claire departed to help Captain Leonard with the health crisis aboard the neighboring ship [Episode 309].

The Porpoise and the Artemis are both dead in the water -- by design -- their SAILS BUNTED UP. Jamie is waiting for Claire to return. Fergus steps up holding a small SACHET of herbs.

JAMIE

What dealings have ye with the cook?

(FERGUS)

Rose hips, cloves, lavender, orange peel...

(off Jamie)

A potpourri for Marsali. It may surprise you, Milord, but her cabin is beginning to smell like the ship's bilge. I thought it might impress her.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Why do I feel it is me ye're trying to impress?

FERGUS

Milord --

Fergus's eyes go wide. Jamie turns and sees it too -- the Porpoise is SETTING ITS SAILS! The sails fill beautifully with wind. But this is bad. Jamie looks up: the Artemis's sails are still bunted! He stops a passing WILLOUGHBY.

JAMIE

Has Claire returned?

MR. WILLOUGHBY

No. She is still away.

Instantly worried, Jamie rushes to the QUARTERDECK and grabs a SPYGLASS from BAXLEY the second mate.

BAXLEY

Oy! What --

SPYGLASS POV --

Jamie's POV finds the Porpoise. He sees THIRD LIEUTENANT THOMAS LEONARD (Acting Captain of HMS PORPOISE) on deck instructing his sailors.

JAMIE

The Porpoise -- she's moving away.

BAXLEY

Aye. They have hell's own journey ahead of 'em.

As Jamie scans the Porpoise with the spyglass, suddenly -- Claire comes up on deck and reacts to the fact that they're under way. She storms up to Leonard and lays into him [we saw this moment in Episode 309, but from Claire's POV].

BACK WITH JAMIE

JAMIE

(anxious)

They have my wife! Why are we not following? Topmen! Away aloft. Make sail!

He jumps into action, shouting to Baxley and the CREW, as Fergus arrives with LESLEY, HAYES, Dumez and Girard (nonspeaking) to assist Jamie.

CAPTAIN RAINES (O.C.)

Belay that order!

Jamie turns to see CAPTAIN RAINES approaching, first mate WARREN and MANZETTI in tow. All three now have SWORDS and Warren also carries a PISTOL.

JAMIE

They've taken Claire.

CAPTAIN RAINES

(to Baxley)

Set only the main sail. Helm a-lee and aim sou'-sou'west.

BAXLEY

Aye, Captain. Sou'-sou'west.

JAMIE

That isn't enough sail!

CAPTAIN RAINES

It's all the sail we can safely
carry in this wind.

JAMIE

But we'll lose them, damn you!

WARREN

Hold your tongue!

Baxley and Warren bristle at Jamie's demeanor to their
master, but Raines remains calm and commanding.

CAPTAIN RAINES

The Porpoise has a hundred sick on
board and more dying every day.
Captain Leonard requires a surgeon
for the duration and is making
headway at full sail to ensure the
shortest possible journey. He's
promised to deliver her safely to
us in Jamaica.

And Jamie realizes something -- apoplectic --

JAMIE

You agreed to this?!

CAPTAIN RAINES

He conveyed a message to me.

(off Jamie)

When the captain of a "seventy-
four" asks you for a surgeon, you
give him a surgeon. I have more
than your wife to think about, Mr.
Fraser.

Infuriated, Jamie pushes Raines up against the main mast.
Instantly, Warren and a DOZEN OTHER SAILORS come to Raines's
defense. Fergus, Lesley and Hayes draw their DIRKS, but --

CAPTAIN RAINES (CONT'D)

Scabbard your blades or ye'll spend
the rest of the trip in chains!

JAMIE

(beat)

Do as he says, lads.

They do, though hesitantly and remaining watchful.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

(to Raines)

Jes keep me in sight of her, man.
For all we ken, that young Captain
may change course for the dockyards
in Barbados. We'd never know it.

CAPTAIN RAINES

We haven't the sail to keep up.

JAMIE

Then abandon the stores -- throw
away my cousin's wine!

CAPTAIN RAINES

And how will I pay the men when we
reach Jamaica if we do not deliver
the cargo?

The men react to that. The very idea of mutiny rattles the
Captain, who doubles down.

CAPTAIN RAINES (CONT'D)

We will sail at our pace, Mr.
Fraser, and no faster than is safe.
(to Warren)
Mr. Warren, restrain Mr. Fraser and
take him below.

WARREN

Right away, Captain.

Jamie puts up his hands. Fighting now would cause harm to
his compatriots. But he seethes as Warren roughly pulls his
hands behind his back to tie them. As he is led off, Fergus
makes to follow, but Willoughby stops him: "give it time."

EXT. HMS PORPOISE - DAY (D2)

The man-o-war sails alone on the open sea, its sails full of
wind, as...

EXT. HMS PORPOISE - GUN DECK - DAY (D2)

A SAILOR retches onto the deck of the huge ship. A large
group of VERY SICK MEN are quarantined behind a ROPE.

INT. HMS PORPOISE - LOWER GUN DECK - SAME TIME - DAY (D2)

A MOP SLOSHES STEAMING WATER onto a filthy floor. SAILORS
are cleaning the deck with mops.

Claire, now wearing the late surgeon's APRON, instructs some skeptical helpers, including MIDSHIPMAN ELIAS POUND, 14, and ABLE SEAMAN FREDDIE JONES, 20s [EPISODE 309].

CLAIRE

I need more room to house the infected men. Once this deck is cleaned, the sick can convalesce here.

The men grumble, unaccustomed to taking orders from a woman.

SEAMAN JONES

Where will the rest of us sleep then?

CLAIRE

Everywhere else. We must make use of every inch of space, so that no man sleeps touching another, sick or well. The hammocks must be washed, dried, and restrung with no less than twelve inches between them. We must clean every surface. Typhoid fever is spread by way of hands or food contaminated by infected urine or feces.

SEAMAN JONES

Then we'll all die, if you hadn't noticed. There's shite everywhere.

CLAIRE

Thankfully, Jones, most of this is vomit. Let's get to work.

She hands him a mop, then turns. Pound follows.

SEAMAN JONES

Lady doctor givin' me orders.

ELIAS POUND

What was that?

SEAMAN JONES

Nothin', sir.

ELIAS POUND

It's Captain's orders, Jones: You're to do as the doctor says and pay her every respect.

Jones nods. But he doesn't have to like it. Grudgingly, the men get to work as Pound follows Claire towards the stairs.

CLAIRE

We'll need to get some fresh air
down here. It's foul.

Pound takes a mental note. Pound is a serious, eminently professional "young gentleman" who rarely smiles. But when he does, as he will later, it's magic. Near the stairs, 18-year-old Midshipman Sullivan mans a bucket of AMBER LIQUID.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Thank you, Mr. Sullivan. Let no
one pass, in or out, without first
making them dip their hands.

The midshipman nods. She dips her hands in the liquid and Pound follows suit. As they start up the stairs, Pound sniffs his hands.

ELIAS POUND

Why do we dip our hands in grog?

CLAIRE

(short, frustrated)

Because we don't have pure alcohol.

Pound shrugs and licks his fingers. Claire stops him.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

What did you do?

ELIAS POUND

(caught)

Just a taste of grog, madam. I
couldn't see it going to waste.

CLAIRE

Alcohol kills the contaminants that
spread the fever, Mr. Pound. By
dipping your hands, you'd cleaned
them. But you've fouled them again
by putting them in your mouth. If
you had the disease you could pass
it to another man by touching his
food or even his hand. Now dip them
again.

He does, chagrined. Claire turns back to the midshipman.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

If any man licks grog off his
fingers, make him wash them again.

The midshipman nods.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
 (to herself)
 Children...

Claire and Pound continue on...

EXT. HMS PORPOISE - DECK - MOMENTS LATER - DAY (D2)

...and come out into daylight and open air. The ship is cruising at FULL SAIL and the deck is ABUZZ with activity: DOZENS OF SAILORS clean the planks up here as well, some on hands and knees with BLACK STONES (called holystones because they look like bibles). Clean sleeping hammocks are being dried in the sun as the miserable sick remain quarantined behind a rope. Claire surveys the work, then looks out at the vast expanse of sea.

CLAIRE (V.O.)
 I had been on the Porpoise for less than a day; surely no more than fifty miles separated me from Jamie, yet it felt nearly as far as the 200 years. Still, I was glad he was not here, knowing he would not have been safe from the typhoid raging through this ship.

Elias Pound interrupts her thoughts.

ELIAS POUND
 (making amends)
 Would it be helpful, madam, if you had someone as knew how to distill pure alcohol from rum?

CLAIRE
 You catch on quickly, Mr. Pound.

ELIAS POUND
 We have two men pressed into service out of the Old Tolbooth in Edinburgh. Jailed for distilling illicit whisky. Shall I put them to work in building a still?

CLAIRE
 You shall, Mr. Pound. Although it won't be a popular decision -- I'll speak with the purser about putting the men on half rations of grog.

They move off together.

INT. HMS PORPOISE - SURGEON'S CABIN - NIGHT (N2)

A CLEAR LIQUID drips into a clear glass jug: RUM is being distilled into PURE ALCOHOL in a MAKESHIFT STILL -- copper kettle over a fire -- funnel and tubing made from copper. FIND Claire, Elias Pound and two ex-prisoners busy at their work. The purser, a prissy man named OVERHOLT, 40s looks on, a POMANDER tied round his neck.

MR. OVERHOLT

The men won't like it.

CLAIRE

Would they prefer to die?

(off him)

That pomander of herbs won't stave off fever, Mr. Overholt. The alcohol just might.

MR. OVERHOLT

And what's to keep these two slags from drinking their production?

CLAIRE

We'll set a private of marines to guard them.

Claire is taking an inventory of the dead surgeon's herbs, medicines, and 18th century surgical implements: KNIVES, a BONE SAW... all very mean-looking and crude.

ELIAS POUND

It's the Captain's orders. The doctor must get whatever she wants.

MR. OVERHOLT

Hmph. Well, it seems a mortal waste. But I suppose as we're only 250 leagues from Jamaica now...

(smiles obsequiously)

It can be done. How many casks will you require?

CLAIRE

How many men would you like me to save?

MR. OVERHOLT

(taking her point)

How about four casks to begin with?

CLAIRE

Very good. Now to food.

MR. OVERHOLT

We have ship's biscuit and peas of course, salt beef, oatmeal --

CLAIRE

-- No, they certainly can't eat salt beef. Nor yet peas or oats. Though if we soak the biscuit...

(a thought)

I don't suppose there would be any milk on board.

ELIAS POUND

We have six milk goats. One of the marine corporals -- Mr. Johansen -- his wife tends to them.

CLAIRE

Good. The sick will need vast replenishments of water as well -- boiled water, with salt and sugar. Those with diarrhea especially. That's all, Mr. Overholt.

Overholt huffs and leaves. She turns back to the drip-drip-dripping liquor and --

INT. HMS PORPOISE - LOWER GUN DECK - DAY (D3)

-- Claire dips her hands in the CLEAR LIQUID in the bucket manned by the young midshipman. Pound does the same.

INT. HMS PORPOISE - LOWER GUN DECK - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

The deck has been cleaned and set up as a sick bay. SICK MEN are in their SLEEPING HAMMOCKS, strung twelve inches apart. The room is full of MOANS AND GROANS and many of the sick have a RAISED RED RASH, rosettes, on their torsoes.

Claire feeds a SICK SAILOR from a bowl of WHITE MASH. Pound stands beside her holding a tray of bowls and spoons and a pitcher filled with SUGAR WATER.

CLAIRE

This is a pap of scalded goat's milk and pounded biscuit. You should be able to keep it down.

Pound gives the man a long drink of water from a glass.

ELIAS POUND

Feel better, Mr. Owens.

They move on to the next hammock.

CLAIRE

You may touch the sick if necessary, Mr. Pound. But down here you mustn't ever touch your face or hair or even your clothes. Not until you've washed your hands.

ELIAS POUND

Yes, madam.

Claire considers him for a beat, impressed with him.

CLAIRE

How old are you, Mr. Pound?

ELIAS POUND

Fourteen, madam.

Claire takes that in: Younger than Young Ian, and she's made him second in command of a Typhoid epidemic.

CLAIRE

And what is your first name, if I may ask?

ELIAS POUND

Elias.

CLAIRE

Do you mind if I call you that?

ELIAS POUND

The Captain mightn't like it. 'Tisn't said in the navy, you know.

CLAIRE

I'll be very navy in public. But if you're going to work with me, it will be easier to call you by name. How long have you been at sea, Elias?

ELIAS POUND

Since I was seven, madam.

(Claire reacts)

My uncle's commander on the Triton, which allowed me a berth in her. I join the Porpoise for this voyage alone.

CLAIRE

You're an impressive young man.

She smiles and he smiles back (there it is) -- proud, yet somehow wonderfully pure. It's a sweet moment in the middle of disease... until they come to the next hammock and find a DEAD MIDSHIPMAN inside, eyes open, lifeless. Elias stares.

ELIAS POUND

That's Jim Quigley, madam. We're from the same town.

But there's no time to dwell. Seaman Jones enters, propping up a SICK SAILOR. Two more SICK SAILORS trail behind him.

SEAMAN JONES

Three more have come down with it.

CLAIRE

Set them over there please, Jones. Can you stay and help?

She goes, but the camera stays on Elias... still staring at his dead friend. He reaches out and closes the man's eyes.

CLAIRE (O.C.)

Give them water to drink...

Meanwhile, as Claire and Jones tend to the newly-sick...

CLAIRE (V.O.)

A dozen men had died since I'd boarded the Porpoise. A dozen more had been infected. Of the one hundred sick men under my care, ten wouldn't make it through the night. And how many more cases were presenting, undetected?

She looks over at Elias and the deceased Jim Quigley.

CLAIRE

Elias. I need to see Captain Leonard.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

I had to find the source.

INT. HMS PORPOISE - CAPTAIN'S CABIN - DAY (D3)

Acting Captain Thomas Leonard looks up at us from his desk.

CAPTAIN LEONARD

The surgeon's journal? Yes, we had it transferred when he died. It's just here.

He rises from his desk as Claire looks on in the well-appointed private cabin; Pound isn't with her. Leonard finds the dead surgeon's JOURNAL on a shelf and places it open on his own larger LOGBOOK. Claire comes around to look at it.

CLAIRE

I need to know the first reported cases of the disease.

CAPTAIN LEONARD

Here. Four weeks ago. Ben Cole.

CLAIRE

(reads)

"Ben Cole reported sick this a.m. Headache, bellyache, dry cough, persistent fever." The next was... Steven Cory.

(flips a page)

Two the next day. MacMorrow and Entwhistle. Same symptoms, same --

She's noticed something. Flips back a page to confirm.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

There's a notation beside each name: "c-a-r-p." Is that -- ?

CAPTAIN LEONARD

Carpenter's crew.

CLAIRE

Did they all mess in the same room?

(off Leonard)

As I've explained, Captain, the disease is passed by way of hands and food. Where did they mess?

CAPTAIN LEONARD

The carpenter's store on the Orlop.

CLAIRE

I must speak to all surviving men who mess there.

Leonard pulls another book from the shelf: His MUSTER BOOK. He sets it on the surgeon's journal, pages through.

CAPTAIN LEONARD

The names will be here, if --

He stops. Every name listed under "carpenters" in the muster book has the notation "DD" handwritten next to it.

CLAIRE
What is it? What is "DD"?

CAPTAIN LEONARD
Discharged Dead, madam.

CLAIRE
All of them?

CAPTAIN LEONARD
Yes. All but one. Joe Howard.

CLAIRE
Is he sick now?

CAPTAIN LEONARD
No. He was never ill. He was
reassigned on account of the
deaths. Works in the galley now.

CLAIRE
I need to speak to Mr. Howard this
instant.

CAPTAIN LEONARD
You'll have to speak to the cook
first.

OFF Claire --

INT. HMS PORPOISE - GALLEY - DAY (D3)

A HODGEPODGE ASSORTMENT OF POTS AND PANS BOIL on all of the
stoves as we come in on ARGUING --

BERNARD COSWORTH
Over my dead body!

CLAIRE
It will be your dead body, Mr.
Cosworth, and a hundred next to it,
if you don't listen to me!

Claire is arguing with BERNARD COSWORTH, the misogynist
cook, who can't abide someone intruding on his fiefdom,
especially when that someone is a woman. Leonard and Pound
stand with Claire. Cosworth points a KNIFE at the carpenter-
turned- galley hand, JOE HOWARD, behind him.

BERNARD COSWORTH
Captain, I'll not give up my one
remaining galley hand on account of
a cursed woman's foolish notion.

CLAIRE

It isn't foolish.

JOE HOWARD

I'm fine and dandy.

BERNARD COSWORTH

As you can plainly see Howard has not been taken ill. How can he be a source of the disease?

CLAIRE

A man may have the disease without showing any sign of it and still pass it on to other men.

BERNARD COSWORTH

Ah, she's speaking gibberish. She already has me dedicating all my pots to boiling water an' on half rations of grog so we can wash our hands in alcohol -- and for what? Men are still dying!

CLAIRE

The men are dying because the source of the disease is serving them food!

BERNARD COSWORTH

Cap'n, really! A man is either sick or well, as anyone can see.

CAPTAIN LEONARD

Just because it's beyond our comprehension, Cosworth, doesn't make it less veracious. We must believe her.

(calls out)

Master-at-arms!

The Master-at-arms appears in the door.

CAPTAIN LEONARD (CONT'D)

Take this man into custody.

The Master-at-arms takes Joe Howard by the arm.

JOE HOWARD

What've I done?

CAPTAIN LEONARD

It's not to punish you, Howard, only to keep the men safe.

(MORE)

CAPTAIN LEONARD (CONT'D)
 (then to Claire)
 You had better be right about this,
 Mistress Fraser.

He leaves. Claire takes a breath, exhausted.

CLAIRE
 Mr. Pound, fetch the alcohol. We must
 clean the galley from top to bottom.

Cosworth glares. An enemy has been made.

EXT. ARTEMIS - ESTABLISHING - DAY (D3)

The Artemis's figurehead rises and falls in a swell.

INT. ARTEMIS - BELOW DECK - STORE - DAY (D3)

Jamie has been locked in a small room -- a pantry, really, with a thick, slatted door and a heavy LOCK AND CHAIN. He paces like a caged animal. He looks up as Fergus is let into the outer area by a gruff HOGAN.

HOGAN
 Five minutes.

Hogan goes around a corner to stand guard. Fergus approaches Jamie with a PLATE OF FOOD.

FERGUS
 How are you, Milord? It is very
 close in there, non?

JAMIE
 I'm acquainted with the inside of a
 prison cell, Fergus.
 (a wave of seasickness)
 Though not a floating one.

Fergus slides the plate under the door. There's tension between these two since Jamie expressed his disapproval of Fergus and Marsali getting married [Episode 309].

FERGUS
 Milady will be safe, Milord. I am
 sure of it. You told me it is not
 possible for her to get the
 disease, no?

JAMIE
 There is more than disease aboard
 that ship, lad. There are men.

He says it with the ugliness that men sometimes deserve.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

I lost her once, Fergus. I canna
lose her again.

(then, quietly)

Get me the keys.

FERGUS

The... keys, Milord?

JAMIE

D'ye forget ye're a pickpocket?
Steal the keys from Raines and set
me free. We'll take the ship and
make all sail.

FERGUS

Mutiny? It cannot work, Milord.
The crew, they are not yours. They
will not follow you.

JAMIE

Some will: Dumez and Girard have
long been in Jared's service. And
we have Willoughby, Lesley, Hayes --

FERGUS

Seven against twenty. We'll lose.

JAMIE

Then convince more! Manzetti will
come our way. Others, too.

Fergus considers it, but...

FERGUS

But the Porpoise is a day ahead of
us. We cannot catch them.

JAMIE

Then we'll abandon Jared's wine!
An empty ship runs faster. We'll
catch the Porpoise and --

FERGUS

And what then?

JAMIE

I dinna ken yet. I'll come to
that matter when we catch them!

That's not good enough for Fergus.

FERGUS

No. I love her too, Milord, but --

JAMIE

Och, what good are ye, ye damned cladhaire? I see now I was right to withhold my blessing from ye. It proves ye dinna ken what love is!

FERGUS

You do not mean that, Milord. How can you say it?

Jamie slams the slats with both hands, desperate to be free. Desperate to reach Claire.

JAMIE

Because if ye did, ye'd move heaven and earth; ye'd risk arrest and death -- and hell -- as easily as ye would the prick of a pin. And ye'd set me free of this cage to help me rescue the woman I love from her kidnappers! Until ye'd give all, ye canna speak of love.

That's raw and open and moving.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Get me those keys. Help me break free and I will give ye my blessing to marry Marsali.

And OFF Fergus --

OMITTED - MOVED TO SCENE A25

EXT. HMS PORPOISE - GUN DECK - DAY (D3)12

The DEAD SAILOR we saw earlier (Jim Quigley) is SEWN INTO HIS HAMMOCK by the SAILMAKER; a pair of ROUND SHOT is sewn it at his feet for weight. Ten more DEAD receive the same preparation as Claire watches with Elias. The sailmaker stands and nods to Elias, who kneels, takes the needle and thread, and makes the final stitch -- through Jim Quigley's nose. Claire winces.

SAILMAKER

(to Claire)

The last stitch must go through his
nose, madam, to be sure he's dead.
'Tis always done by a friend.

Claire takes that in, watching Elias. And now...

EXT. HMS PORPOISE - DECK - LATER - DAY (D3)

The ship has slowed for burial. [Note: some sails may be bunted for the ceremony.]

The DEAD BODIES lie on "eight-man" mess tables propped on the gunwale, manned by a burial party of OFFICERS.

The ship's company of SAILORS and MARINES stand at attention, including the Sailmaker, Mr. Overholt, Seaman Jones, who smiles, and Mr. Cosworth the cook, who glares at Claire.

SAILMAKER

Ship's company! Off hats!

The crew take off their various hats as Leonard reads from the Anglican Book of Common Prayer, somewhat haltingly, overwhelmed by responsibility...

CAPTAIN LEONARD

In the midst of life we are in
death: Of whom may we seek for
succour, but of thee, O Lord, who
for our sins art justly displeased?
Thou knowest, Lord, the secrets of
our hearts; shut not thy merciful
ears to our prayer; but spare us,
Lord most holy, O God most mighty;
suffer us not, at our last hour,
for any pains of death, to fall
from thee.

He looks to the burial party, who ready themselves.

CAPTAIN LEONARD (CONT'D)

Therefore, in the sure and certain
hope of the resurrection to eternal
life, we commend to Almighty God
our shipmates and we commit their
bodies to the deep.

He nods to a drummer, who starts a drum roll.

SAILMAKER

Present arms!

A contingent of marines raise muskets and fire a volley of shots into the air. The burial party UPEND THEIR TABLES as one and eleven dead go over the side of the ship, consigned to the sea. Discharged Dead. It is moving and terrible.

Claire stands respectfully as they begin to recite The Lord's Prayer. Elias can't hide his tears.

EXT. HMS PORPOISE - FORECASTLE - NIGHT (N3)

Claire stands at the rail, needing a moment's peace and quiet, when --

BERNARD COSWORTH (O.C.)

Eleven dead.

Claire turns to find Cosworth there, scowling.

BERNARD COSWORTH

That's more'n yesterday. More'n the day before that. And what are you doing about it? Boilin' water and washin' hands...

ELIAS POUND

As you were, Mr. Cosworth.

Cosworth hates answering to a child, but rules is rules.

BERNARD COSWORTH

We'd better see fewer in days to come is what I say -- Doctor.

That's a threat. He moves past her. A beat.

ELIAS POUND

Is there a secret to it?

CLAIRE

A secret?

ELIAS POUND

Remaining so calm in the face of so much death.

CLAIRE

There is in fact -- and a word for it. Compartmentalizing.

(MORE)

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

(off Elias)

It means separating certain areas of your life so that you can do your work. If you let yourself be affected by every death, you would never save a life. Then again, Jim Quigley was not my friend.

ELIAS POUND

I think I see.

CLAIRE

(comfortingly)

This will not be the Porpoise's last burial at sea, Elias... but with a little luck, we'll get through it.

ELIAS POUND

Begging your pardon, madam, but after three days of watching you at your work, I do not think much will be left to "luck."

Claire can't help but smile. She is falling for Elias, in the most innocent and motherly way.

ELIAS POUND (CONT'D)

But if it is to be luck, then you should have this.

He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a RABBIT'S FOOT CHARM (silver bangles attached to a four-toed foot).

ELIAS POUND (CONT'D)

My own mother gave it to me as a boy before I left on the Triton. Luck and health, she said. Well, that is what we need.

He holds it out... and Claire takes it, touched.

CLAIRE

Thank you, Elias. When was the last time you saw her, your mother?

ELIAS POUND

She is dead, madam, God rest her spirit.

He is stoic once again. Claire is moved and resolved. Just then, Jones rushes up to them --

SEAMAN JONES

Begging your pardon, but another man's been taken ill. Mistress Johansen's husband.

CLAIRE

Mistress Johansen?

ELIAS POUND

The lady that tends the goats and provides milk for the men.

CLAIRE

Right. Take me to him.

She pockets the rabbit's foot as they lead her off to --

INT. HMS PORPOISE - HOLD - MANGER - NIGHT (N3)

SIX GOATS munch cut grass in a MANGER in the SHIP'S HOLD. There are PIGS and CAGED CHICKENS as well. Claire arrives with Elias and Jones to find ANNEKJE JOHANSEN, 30s, hearty and zaftig, bent over her husband, Corporal Nils Johansen, 30s, a marine, unconscious on the floor, shirt covered in vomit.

ANNEKJE JOHANSEN

(thick Swedish accent)

He's no breathing.

Indeed, Nils's face is slightly blue. Claire kneels and puts an ear to his mouth, listens.

CLAIRE

Yes, he is, it's just very slow. And he's cold as ice. This isn't fever.

She rolls him onto his side.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

When did he become...

She stops, seeing something in a corner of the room -- a CLEAR GLASS JUG tipped on its side, some CLEAR LIQUID still inside it. She goes and picks up the jug and sniffs it.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Of all the bloody, stupid -- !

ELIAS POUND

Madam?

CLAIRE

Half the men on this fucking ship
are dying of fever and this fool's
drunk himself nearly dead with the
alcohol I need to keep the disease
from spreading!

Whoa. Elias and Jones react. Claire regains her composure.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Sorry, Mr. Pound. I don't mean to
offend your tender ears.

ELIAS POUND

Oh, I've heard many such things
before, madam. Though not from a
gentlewoman.

CLAIRE

I'm not a gentlewoman, Mr. Pound.

We hear CRYING. Annekje is weeping into her hands.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Mistress Johansen -- do you speak
English?

ANNEKJE JOHANSEN

Yah. Little.

CLAIRE

Your husband has alcohol poisoning.
He will live. He will... breathe --
wake up -- yes?

(Annekje nods, sniffs)

Mr. Pound, you'll stay here with
Corporal Johansen -- keep him on
his side and make certain he
doesn't choke on vomit. When he
wakes up, give him plenty of water.

ELIAS POUND

Yes, madam.

CLAIRE

Mistress Johansen --

ANNEKJE JOHANSEN

Annekje. Mine... name.

CLAIRE

Annekje. Thank you for the work
you're doing with the goat's milk.
It's keeping the men alive.

ANNEKJE JOHANSEN

I keep do?

CLAIRE

Yes. Please keep do.

She smiles warmly and turns to leave... followed by Jones.

SEAMAN JONES

Godsokers, Mistress Fraser. Seamen
will drink anything -- spoilt plum
brandy, peaches mashed inside a
boot and left to ferment...

They are only a few feet past the manger, when Claire sees a
TORN PORTUGUESE FLAG tacked to the HULL or BULKHEAD and --

EXT. CLIFF - DAY - FLASHBACK [FOOTAGE FROM EPISODE 308]

As Claire and Jamie react to Young Ian's kidnapping...

*CLAIRE'S POV of the SHIP that took Young Ian -- the Bruja.
As the longboat pulls up to the ship -- PUNCH IN CLOSER ON
the ship's mainmast to see: AN ENORMOUS PORTUGUESE FLAG.*

INT. HMS PORPOISE - HOLD - MANGER - RESUME - NIGHT (N3)

Claire stares at the flag, suddenly laser-focused.

SEAMAN JONES

(continuing)

Why, I've known a sailor, slept
with his head inside an empty rum
barrel just to get a whiff --

CLAIRE

Is that a Portuguese flag?

(OFF JONES -- YES)

Where did it come from?

SEAMAN JONES

Two weeks ago, we boarded a
Portuguese frigate in search of a
surgeon and --

CLAIRE

Where was she heading?

SEAMAN JONES

For the West Indies same as us. But they hadn't a surgeon so we let her away; Mr. Johansen there, he come away with a keepsake.

CLAIRE

What was the name of the ship?
(he shrugs)
Was it the Bruja?

SEAMAN JONES

I wouldn't know. The Cap'n would remember, I wager.

OFF Claire --

INT. HMS PORPOISE - CAPTAIN'S CABIN - NIGHT (N3)

INSIDE THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN. There's a knock and then the door opens to reveal Claire.

CLAIRE

Captain Leonard...?

Claire looks around... the room is empty and dark, a single whale oil lamp lit near the desk. She's about to leave when she notices... the CAPTAIN'S LOGBOOK, OPEN on his desk. She approaches the desk and pages back through the log.

She finds the right page, dates roughly two weeks prior, and traces a finger down the page finding the words: "...met near eight bells with a Portuguese frigate..." She turns the page and continues to read: "...Caçador. Hailed her and boarded with marines..." Claire deflates.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Caçador. Damn.

She starts to flip back through the log -- when something catches her eye and stops her heart. An entry from just three days ago. We see words... "Alexander Malcolm," "seditioner," "Artemis." Claire reads aloud --

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

"Harry Tompkins, able seaman, tells me Alexander Malcolm, wanted seditioner, was seen on board the Artemis. I've deduced he means the man I met as Jamie Fraser, obviously going by an alias..."

Before she can process any further what this means -- she hears FOOTSTEPS outside the door. The doorknob turns. She CLOSES the logbook and steps quickly away from the desk just as -- the door opens.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Captain Leonard, I --

It isn't the Captain. It's Cosworth, the odious cook.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Cosworth. I'm sorry, I was looking for Captain Leonard.

BERNARD COSWORTH
And not finding him, entered notwithstanding.

CLAIRE
Yes, pardon me --

Claire tries to push past him, but he puts out an arm.

BERNARD COSWORTH
You trespass, madam.

CLAIRE
You trespass as well, by all appearances.

BERNARD COSWORTH
No. I've come to fetch Cap'n Leonard's pipe. At his request.

CLAIRE
Then he'll be expecting you.

She tries again to get by, but he bars the way.

BERNARD COSWORTH
I'm also to fetch brandy... which gives me time.

CLAIRE
Let me out of here this instant.

BERNARD COSWORTH
I don't like you, madam. Don't trust you neither.

He backs her up menacingly, without touching her.

BERNARD COSWORTH (CONT'D)
 I have the Captain's best interests
 and I'll know why you're here.

Claire can't say why she's here -- not after what she just
 read in the Captain's logbook.

CLAIRE
 You may have the Captain's
 interests, but I have his trust.
 You think he won't believe me when
 I tell him you tried to violate me
 on his writing desk.

BERNARD COSWORTH
 (stops)
 I did no such thing.

CLAIRE
 And which of us will he believe?
 He'll have you arrested so quickly
 your head will spin. Now let me
 by. Or I will scream.

Cosworth puts up his hands, relenting. And Claire leaves.

INT. HMS PORPOISE - PASSAGEWAY - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT (N3)

Claire pulls the door closed and leans against the jamb,
 shaken. Then she straightens her dress and leaves.

OMITTED

OMITTED - MOVED TO A24

OMITTED

OMITTED

OMITTED

OMITTED

OMITTED

INT. ARTEMIS - MARSALI'S CABIN - DAY (D4)

MARSALI stares at Fergus. They sit together on her bed. Marsali has removed Fergus's WOODEN HAND and is using a cloth to wash his bare stump (which we haven't seen in a while).

MARSALI
He'll allow us to marry?

FERGUS
If I break him loose and help him take the ship. Then yes.

MARSALI
And if ye fail?

Fergus is certain he will fail.

FERGUS
Then I will join Milord in chains.

Marsali's face falls. She looks down.

FERGUS (CONT'D)
It is a risk, mon coeur. But one I am willing to take to be with you.

He kisses her sweetly. Having cleaned his stump, Marsali begins to tie/strap his wooden hand back on.

MARSALI
But ye risk no being with me at all -- I'll be alone on this vessel wi' no one to protect me.

That sets in for Fergus. She's right.

Marsali finishes with the straps and pulls his sleeve down. She kisses him, afraid for him. Wanting him. He kisses her back passionately. This has been a long time coming. She starts to undo his pants, and he her skirts, when --

FERGUS
No. I'm sorry, we cannot.

He stops her. He starts to dress again.

MARSALI
(frustrated)
Why can we no? Daddy is locked up belowdecks, that woman of his is on another ship.
(MORE)

MARSALI (CONT'D)

We've no one keeping an eye on us, if ye hadna noticed. And you about to risk yer life...
Now may be our only chance.

FERGUS

We must wait until we are married. I have promised Milord. And there is true hope for us now.

He kisses Marsali gently. She can't help but smile through her worry and fear...

MARSALI

Ye're exactly like him, ye know. Stubborn -- once ye give yer word, never will ye break it. I suppose I canna fault ye for that...

Fergus smiles bravely and leaves.

OMITTED

OMITTED

INT. HMS PORPOISE - SURGEON'S CABIN - DAY (D4)

Claire cleans implements with alcohol, deep in thought re: what she read about Jamie in the Captain's logbook.

ELIAS POUND (O.C.)

Mistress Johansen's husband is improving.

She turns as Elias enters, nearly asleep on his feet.

CLAIRE

Good. Have you slept at all?

Elias shrugs and sits. But no. He hasn't. His eyes are red and tired. Claire raises the subject on her mind:

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Elias, do you know a sailor on board named Harry Tompkins?

ELIAS POUND

No, madam. But then I wouldn't know every name. We were four hundred strong when we began.

CLAIRE

I see. Thank you.

She turns back and continues to puzzle her problem.

ELIAS POUND

Four new cases today... I should have thought finding the carrier would have ended it.

CLAIRE

There's the incubation period to consid --

She stops. An idea has struck her. Could it work?

ELIAS POUND

Madam?

CLAIRE

I asked about Tompkins because... he may be a second carrier.

ELIAS POUND

Shall I inform the Captain?

CLAIRE

(quickly)

No. I'd hate to stir up trouble like we had the other day with Howard in the galley... But if you could get word out to the crew that I need to see this Tompkins right away. Don't tell them why just yet...

ELIAS POUND

Of course.

Claire can see how pale and tired he looks.

CLAIRE

Thank you. Then get some sleep.

Elias smiles, tips his hat and leaves. Meanwhile...

OMITTED

INT. ARTEMIS - PASSAGEWAY - DAY (D4)

Fergus approaches the door to the captain's cabin. It is open a crack.

He looks in and sees Captain Raines with his back to the door. CLOSE ON: the key ring at Raines's waist, the target of Fergus's intentions. Fergus is about to knock when he hears other voices...

[Note: Most of the dialogue in this scene can be O.C. What isn't O.C. is seen through the crack in the door.]

BAXLEY
Will you free him?

CAPTAIN RAINES
I will not.

MANZETTI
The supercargo is cargo himself now.

They all chuckle at the joke. Fergus eavesdrops, noticing a PISTOL on the table.

HOGAN
The Frenchie still wanders free.

MANZETTI
Who, the cripple? He's no trouble.

BAXLEY
No trouble, no. But I wouldn't mind a taste of his wee lassie.

HOGAN
Lassies is bad luck on ships.

That's darkly threatening. OFF Fergus, worried --

INT. HMS PORPOISE - SURGEON'S CABIN - DAY (D4)

Claire works, stoppering jugs of alcohol. A commotion outside. She opens the door and Seaman Jones and a marine push in a wounded man, HARRY TOMPKINS -- black eye, bloody nose, holding his arm in pain. Elias tails them.

SEAMAN JONES
Your Harry Tompkins, madam.

ELIAS POUND
I ordered them not to beat him, Mistress Fraser, but he tried to hide --

HARRY TOMPKINS

-- As I've naught to do with this
bloody fever.

Claire turns to the man and as we get a closer look, we're SHOCKED because we've seen him before: MILKY BLIND EYE, long PIGTAIL, the left side of his face SCARRED from a BAD BURN. Claire has not seen him before.

CLAIRE

Thank you, gentlemen. You may go.
You, too, Mr. Pound. You're asleep
on your feet. Get some rest.

Elias nods and follows Seaman Jones and the marine. Claire steels herself.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Sit, Mr. Tompkins.

HARRY TOMPKINS

I know who you are, mistress. I
saw Mr. Malcolm from the boat when
I rowed the Captain over. You're
his wife.

She turns to the table of crude surgical implements.

CLAIRE

Yes. I am.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

*And I knew who he was too; for
here, surely, was the "blind-eyed
man" who had surprised Young Ian at
the print shop and discovered
Jamie's seditious pamphlets.*

She sees what she's looking for: an eighteen inch BONE SAW. She turns back to him, like Sweeney Todd. Whoa.

CLAIRE

Now, you're going to tell me what
you know about my husband.

HARRY TOMPKINS

Or what? You'll cut off my arm?
(laughs)

Go ahead. In fact, kill me -- I'll
thank you for it. After the month
I've had, I'll be more'n glad to
see the inside of a casket.

Claire falters for a bit, her upper hand taken away, but --

CLAIRE

If you'd like to compare months,
I'd be happy to oblige you --

HARRY TOMPKINS

Oh? Shall I go first then?

(as Claire balks)

Three months ago, I've both feet on
land, working in the King's Customs
for Sir Percival Turner.

His nose is still bleeding. She hands him a cloth.

CLAIRE

Wipe your nose. Continue.

HARRY TOMPKINS

Well, I follow a boy to Mr.
Malcolm's print shop and uncover a
treasonous plot, don't I? Only,
the little shite throws hot lead in
my face and I'm almost burned
alive. I make it out, scarred for
life, and inform Sir Percival o'
the matter... reckon I'm fit to be
promoted -- instead, I get pressed
into service on a ship full o'
disease. And now they've broke my
arm. So, please, here's my neck. Put
me outta my misery.

CLAIRE

Perhaps I will. They can't arrest
my husband on the Captain's word
alone, nor even Sir Percival's.

HARRY TOMPKINS

Oh, they have yer husband now,
madam, and warrants for his arrest
for murder and high treason.

CLAIRE

Murder?

HARRY TOMPKINS

Well, yes. Guess what we found the
day before the press gang got me...
Inside a cask of crème-de-menthe it
was...

INT. TAVERN STORE ROOM - EDINBURGH - NIGHT - FLASHBACK
[POSSIBLE FOOTAGE FROM EPISODE 309 TITLE CARD]

A CASK is broken open. Green crème-de-menthe pours out -- along with: THE PICKLED BODY OF A DEAD EXCISEMAN.

REVEAL: Harry Tompkins (with week-old burns) and two other excisemen, one of them holding an axe.

INT. HMS PORPOISE - SURGEON'S CABIN - RESUME - DAY (D4)

CLAIRE

My husband didn't kill that man.

Claire knows she killed that exciseman.

HARRY TOMPKINS

The warrants say otherwise. I've told the Captain and he'll be making a report as soon as we land in Jamaica.

CLAIRE

I'll talk him out of it.

HARRY TOMPKINS

Nah, Captain Leonard is an ambitious man. He'll not be pleased to resume his rank as Third Lieutenant when all is said and done. He wants the Admiralty to give him command of his own ship. Little chance of that, o' course. But if he brought in a wanted seditioner, well... they just might.

(smiles)

I wager he won't be talked outta that.

Claire reacts to that tidbit. Tompkins smiles.

HARRY TOMPKINS (CONT'D)

The authorities will be waitin' for your husband when he comes to fetch you in Kingston. And then he'll be hanged. And killing me won't make a difference. So do your worst.

(holds her gaze)

Or otherwise fix me bleedin' arm.

OFF Claire --

INT. HMS PORPOISE - HOLD - BRIG - DAY (D4)

Claire and the marine [Scene 28] bring Tompkins to the Master-at-arms at gunpoint. Tompkins's arm has been set with cloth and wood splints.

CLAIRE

He's another source of the fever.

The Master-at-arms opens one of two iron cages and Tompkins is nudged inside by the marine. The Master-at-arms locks him in. Claire eyes Joe Howard, in the other cage, and whispers to Tompkins through the bars.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Don't stand too close to Howard
unless you want to catch disease.
He actually is the source.

She turns and steps away. At one end of the hold is the manger. Claire sees Annekje working there with her goats. Annekje looks up and smiles endearingly, waving Claire over.

INT. HMS PORPOISE - HOLD - MANGER - CONTINUOUS - DAY (D4)

Claire joins Annekje.

CLAIRE

I hear your husband is doing well.

ANNEKJE JOHANSEN

Yah. Thank you.

She holds out a gift, wrapped in cloth. Claire unwraps it to reveal a lump of GOAT CHEESE. A precious commodity.

ANNEKJE JOHANSEN (CONT'D)

It is... cheese... from goat.

CLAIRE

It smells delicious.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

*And it did. A proper chevre. I
felt guilty taking sustenance from
the sick men, but was overcome with
emotion at the gesture.*

Annekje notices Claire's emotion.

ANNEKJE JOHANSEN

What sad you?

CLAIRE

It's nothing, it's...

(it comes out)

...my husband. He may be in trouble when he arrives in Jamaica, and I have no way to warn him. In fact, they seem to want to use me as bait and I don't know what to do.

ANNEKJE JOHANSEN

You help my hus-band. I help yours.

CLAIRE

That's very kind, but I don't see how you could.

ANNEKJE JOHANSEN

(pointed)

My goats needs grass.

CLAIRE

I'm not sure I understand.

ANNEKJE JOHANSEN

My goats needs grass. So.

Annekje smiles conspiratorially and leaves. OFF Claire, quite certain that Annekje hasn't understood a word...

EXT. ARTEMIS - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT (N4)

The ship sails under a sky full of stars.

INT. ARTEMIS - BELOW DECK - STORE - NIGHT (N4)

Jamie paces, a taut jaguar in its cage. Fergus enters the outer area and Jamie sticks his hand through the slats.

JAMIE

Fergus, lad. Give me the keys.

FERGUS

I do not have them.

JAMIE

You couldna get them?

FERGUS

I did not try.

JAMIE
Why in God's name?

FERGUS
You haven't been on deck, Milord.
You haven't seen the looks or heard
the talk of the men -- If I free
you and we do not succeed, they
won't just arrest you... they'll
throw us both into the sea.

JAMIE
We will succeed!

FERGUS
We will not! They will kill us and
Marsali will be alone!

Jamie looks up at that.

FERGUS (CONT'D)
I will not leave her alone. And I
will not send you to your death.
I know that you will not give us
your blessing now -- but you asked
if I would move heaven and earth
for the woman that I love, and I
will, even if it means I cannot
marry Marsali. I do this for you
as well... Milord.

Jamie can't help but be moved by these words. Fergus
turns... and there are tears in his eyes.

FERGUS (CONT'D)
Perhaps I love too much.

It's the hardest thing he's ever done: Refusing a command
from Jamie in order to save Jamie from himself. He walks
away. Jamie shouts after him, desperate --

JAMIE
Fergus!

INT. HMS PORPOISE - LOWER GUN DECK - DAY (D5)

Jamie's shout echoes here as Claire moves among the sick;
she looks up suddenly as though hearing it... but all is
quiet.

Jones, working nearby, sees her look.

SEAMAN JONES
It's a pleasant sound, isn't it?

CLAIRE
(confused)
It's silent.

SEAMAN JONES
Aye. No moans nor groans for three
days now. No one begging Christ's
mercy for a quick death. Just
sleeping men.
(with confidence)
We're over the worst of it.

Claire realizes that's true. She pulls Elias's RABBIT'S FOOT
out of her pocket, moved. Maybe it worked. She smiles.

CLAIRE
Have you seen Mr. Pound?

SEAMAN JONES
He's off to have some sleep
himself, madam.

EXT. HMS PORPOISE - GUN DECK - MOMENTS LATER - DAY (D5)

Claire moves among SAILORS at their posts. The wind is good;
the mood is fine; men are working and singing a sea shanty
accompanied by fiddle. Claire smiles.

EXT. HMS PORPOISE - GUN DECK - MOMENTS LATER - DAY (D5)

HEALTHY SAILORS sleep or relax at leisure in their hammocks.
There is laughter. Looking for Elias Pound, Claire walks
past swinging hammocks until she comes to his.

His isn't swinging.

CLAIRE
It worked, Elias. Your rabbit's --

She touches the hammock. An arm falls out, covered in RASH.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Oh, God, no.

His shirtfront is covered in vomit. She goes to him and he
whispers, delirious, through parched lips --

ELIAS POUND
Mother...

Claire cradles him. She knows he has but minutes to live.

CLAIRE
Yes, Elias, it's mother. It's time
to come home now.

EXT. HMS PORPOISE - GUN DECK - DAY (D5)

LATE DAY. A dead face faces us: Elias, eyes closed. The Sailmaker is sewing him into his hammock... round shot is added at his feet for weight. Claire watches with Captain Leonard. She holds the rabbit's foot charm.

Before Elias is sewn up completely, Claire kneels down beside Elias's body and puts the rabbit's foot into his lifeless hand. Squeezes it tight.

CLAIRE
For luck and health. Your mother
would be so proud.

She is near tears, just holding them back. Unexpectedly, the Sailmaker offers her the needle and thread. What?

She looks at him, confused, until he reminds her what he said earlier about the last stitch.

SAILMAKER
It should be done by a friend.

With trembling hands, she takes the needle and... puts the last stitch through Elias's nose. It resists, then gives. Claire weeps. She can't compartmentalize this one. She doesn't even try.

CAPTAIN LEONARD (PRE-LAP)
Therefore, in the sure and certain
hope of the resurrection to eternal
life through our Lord Jesus
Christ...

EXT. HMS PORPOISE - DECK - LATER - DAY (D5)

SUNSET. A mess table is tipped over the gunwale and Elias Pound's body, shrouded in canvas, is consigned to the sea.

CAPTAIN LEONARD (O.S.)
...we commend to Almighty God our
shipmate and we commit his body to
the deep.

EXT. HMS PORPOISE - FORECASTLE - NIGHT (N5)

Service over, Claire stands at the rail. Annekje is nearby. Cosworth glowers at Claire as he passes. She doesn't blink. A moment later... Leonard steps up. He seems older, abler somehow. Ambitious.

CLAIRE

I missed the signs. He looked ill,
I thought he was simply tired.

CAPTAIN LEONARD

Your efforts have been heroic.
There has been only one death
today, sad as it may be, and not
one new case. We had three of each
yesterday. More the day before.

CLAIRE

It doesn't matter. The purser told
me we're nearly out of water -- the
sick can't survive without constant
liquids. They'll start dying again
-- to say nothing of the healthy.

CAPTAIN LEONARD

You will do your best, and so shall
I. And together, we'll reach
Jamaica safely. I need to ensure
that you return to your husband
after all.

He smiles and Claire remembers Tompkins' words -- Leonard is an ambitious man who intends to set a trap.

CAPTAIN LEONARD (CONT'D)

I am sorry for your loss, Mistress
Fraser. And I am grateful.

He leaves. Claire turns back to the rail. A beat later she hears a MURMUR among the men. She turns as Jones approaches. Annekje is with him.

CLAIRE

What is it?

SEAMAN JONES

They've caught a whiff. Land.
(off Claire)
You can always smell land before
you see it, madam.

Claire turns into the wind, not sure if she can smell it.

CLAIRE

Jamaica?

SEAMAN JONES

No, madam. But we'll reach Grand Turk in the forenoon, tomorrow. We'll have water for the men.

ANNEKJE JOHANSEN

And grass for mine goats.

She winks -- other people are listening and Claire realizes that the message is meant only for her. She puzzles it out.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

I realized in that moment what Annekje had meant: She could indeed help me find Jamie -- she had a plan.

EXT. HMS PORPOISE - DAY (D6)

A YELLOW QUARANTINE FLAG is raised, unfurling in the wind. REVEAL -- the ship is ANCHORED off a picturesque island (GRAND TURK).

CLAIRE (V.O.)

Her goats needed grass...

OMITTED

EXT. GRAND TURK ISLAND - BEACH - DAY (D6)

Annekje's six goats munch grass in the scrub of the sandy island. The Porpoise is anchored out at sea, quarantine flag waving in the wind as the goats feed.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

As their milk was the only food keeping the men alive, she would be let off on Grand Turk to feed them along with the watering party.

FIND Annekje on the beach with her goats, and then... Claire.

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

And I would go with her.

She looks off at --

ANGLE ON: Down the beach, the men of the watering party haul buckets and empty casks from three beached long boats and up a little stream to gather water. Cosworth stands near Captain Leonard, who instructs his men:

CAPTAIN LEONARD

No one is to leave the beach or surrounding area. I have raised our quarantine flag to protect the island's inhabitants. You are not to go into town.

He moves down the beach.

ANGLE ON: The goats munch away as Annekje whispers to Claire.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

She told me about Cockburn Town -- where there were fast smuggling ships that could take me to Jamaica... to warn Jamie.

ANNEKJE JOHANSEN

You go now. Warn hus-band. I take care men... feed sick.

CLAIRE

Thank you. My friend.

They hug quickly and Claire leaves.

EXT. GRAND TURK ISLAND - SCRUB - LATER - DAY (D6)

Claire runs down a path through scrub brush, making her escape. Suddenly -- someone blocks her path.

CLAIRE

Oh! Captain Leonard.

CAPTAIN LEONARD

Mistress Fraser. The goats are supping well I trust.

CLAIRE

(out of breath)

They are. What are you --

CAPTAIN LEONARD

Making rounds. I had thought some of the men might find their proximity to a brothel too appealing to resist.

(MORE)

CAPTAIN LEONARD (CONT'D)

I had not thought that you, our
doctor --

CLAIRE

I was scavenging for herbs.

CAPTAIN LEONARD

In the direction of the port?

CLAIRE

Am I?

The Captain smiles at her coyness and switches gears.

CAPTAIN LEONARD

This landfall is as much your
victory as mine, madam. I do not
lie when I insist that I am in your
debt. But I cannot let you warn
your husband.

(off her look)

I know what you saw in my logbook.

Claire deflates.

CAPTAIN LEONARD (CONT'D)

I do not relish the task, but I am
duty bound to report your husband's
crimes to the authorities in Jamaica.

CLAIRE

And use me as bait.

CAPTAIN LEONARD

(doesn't bite)

It would be breaking the law if I
did not do it. Perhaps more
importantly... I would break a
solemn oath.

And Claire can't help but think of her own solemn oath that brought her aboard the ship in the first place. She realizes Leonard isn't evil -- but sometimes the man who follows the letter of the law is worse than the one who will break it. Two armed marines appear.

CLAIRE

Please -- just look the other way.

CAPTAIN LEONARD

Marines. Kindly show the doctor to
the ship. She seems to have lost
her way.

OFF Claire, crushed...

EXT. WATER - LONGBOAT - LATER - DAY (D6)

Claire and the marines are on a boat full of water casks being rowed back to the Porpoise. Furious at herself for getting caught, and desperately sad, she watches the island recede as...

INT. ARTEMIS - BELOW DECK - STORE - NIGHT (D6)

...Jamie waits in his pen, looking at the photographs of Brianna and the small portrait of Willie that he keeps with him always. Across the way, Hogan lets in Captain Raines and Marsali. Jamie tenses with fury as Raines approaches.

CAPTAIN RAINES

I expect to be in sight of land by dawn.

JAMIE

What's it to do with me?

CAPTAIN RAINES

Passage between the islands is hazardous year-round, even more so in winter. I need all good and able men if I'm to navigate the shoals.

JAMIE

I'm good and able now, am I?
(off Raines)
What's she doing here?

Raines takes out his key ring, nods to Marsali.

CAPTAIN RAINES

She's persuaded me you'll not rebel.

MARSALI

Aye, but ask him to give you his word. Once he gives it, he'll never break it.

She said the same thing about Fergus, we recall.

It's a subtle jab at her step-father. A manipulative move -- which Jamie knows would bind him to toeing the line.

JAMIE

What are you doing, lass?

MARSALI
 (privately, earnestly)
 Jes give him your word and he'll
 free you.

Jamie hmphs. What good does it do him to be free if he can't
 pursue Claire? Marsali comes closer to him.

MARSALI (CONT'D)
 You canna see what he's done for
 you, can ye?

JAMIE
 Who? Raines?

MARSALI
 No. Fergus.

JAMIE
 What Fergus did, he did for you.

MARSALI
 If you believe that, you dinna
 deserve to be let out of here.

OFF Jamie...

OMITTED

OMITTED

INT. ARTEMIS - BELOW DECK - NIGHT (N6)

Raines exits the store. Marsali follows behind him. And
 then... Jamie exits. He gave his word. Raines let him out.
 They make their way to the stairs. Fergus waits there.

CAPTAIN RAINES
 You may have a moment.

MANZETTI (O.C.)
 (from above deck)
 By the mark! Seven fathoms!

CAPTAIN RAINES
 But as I said: I need all hands.

He goes up the stairs. Jamie looks at Marsali. Then Fergus.

JAMIE

You have my blessing. You can be married in Jamaica.

(before Fergus can reply)

By a priest. And after we find Claire. And Ian. And ye'll remain chaste until then.

Fergus nods, agreeing.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Ye'll have to prove yerself to me as much as to her, and ye'll --

FERGUS

First let us get to Jamaica.

Jamie nods. A new respect between them.

JAMIE

Thank you, lad.

And he means it. Fergus smiles. Jamie heads up the stairs.

MANZETTI (O.C.)

(from above decks)

By the deep! Six and a half fathoms!

CAPTAIN RAINES (O.C.)

Steady, now!

Fergus and Marsali smile at each other -- in love and hopeful -- and go up the stairs, up into the night.

EXT. HMS PORPOISE - POOP DECK - NIGHT (N6)

Claire and Annekje approach the gunwale. The dark mound of Grand Turk sits on the horizon, not too far away, the lanterns of Cockburn Town visible on shore. A sailor disappears down the stairs and they are momentarily alone.

ANNEKJE JOHANSEN

You go now. Co-Burn. You jump.

What?? Claire can't believe what she just heard.

CLAIRE

I'm not jumping into the open ocean at night. I'll drown.

ANNEKJE JOHANSEN

Not drown.

She pulls a tarp to reveal TWO EMPTY CASKS tied together with ROPE. A raft. But oh my God.

ANNEKJE JOHANSEN (CONT'D)

I make trip five time. Angle-land,
Carib. Angle-land, Carib. I know
water. Water move you there --
(points to the lights)
Current -- take you Co-Burn.
Ships! Not far. Go now.

She gives Claire a bag of COIN MONEY. Claire looks at the island. It really isn't that far. But... she steps back.

CLAIRE

I can't. It's crazy, I'm sorry.

She starts to walk away, when --

ANNEKJE JOHANSEN

Your hus-band will hang. Now is
only chance. Please.

They hear laughter and hide behind some crates. It's now or never and Claire makes a decision. In JUMP CUTS, she quickly starts to disrobe, even her boots. Annekje bundles them up with a shawl and hands them to Claire as Claire steps to the rail.

Annekje heaves the cask-raft over the side of the ship. It splashes far below. Claire looks down.

CLAIRE

Jesus H. Roosevelt Christ.

More a prayer than a curse. She takes a breath, steps to the edge... and leaps.

OMITTED (MOVED TO SCENE A48)

OMITTED

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE