

**OUTLANDER**

EPISODE 311  
Uncharted

WRITTEN BY  
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BASED ON THE NOVEL BY  
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FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT  
2nd August 2017

OUTLANDER  
EPISODE 311 "Uncharted"

PREVIOUS REVISIONS

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CAST LIST — FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT — 2nd August 2017

CLAIRE RANRDALL FRASER  
JAMIE MACKENZIE FRASER

FATHER FOGDEN  
FERGUS  
HAYES  
LESLEY  
MAMACITA  
MARSALI MACKIMMIE  
MR. WILLOUGHBY

BAXLEY  
DAVY  
HOGAN  
MAN  
MANZETTI

EPISODE 311 "Uncharted"

SET LIST - FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT - 2nd August 2017

INTERIORS

Artemis  
Captain's Cabin  
Outside Captain's Cabin  
Fogden's Hacienda  
Breezeway  
Fogden's Bedroom

EXTERIORS

Another Beach  
Another Marsh - Quicksand  
Artemis  
Deck  
Beach  
Fogden's Hacienda  
Patio  
Shed  
Grove  
Jungle  
Marsh  
Marsh Banks  
Ocean  
Outskirts of Jungle/Scrub  
Brush  
Scrub Brush  
Scrub Brush Camp  
Scrub Brush/Jungle

FADE IN:

**EXT. OCEAN - MORNING (D1)**

As the sun beats down on the crystal blue water, FIND CLAIRE, dozing, drifting atop her makeshift raft [Episode 310].

Water splashes her face, snapping her from her daze.

She's in the breakwater. The raft is tossed around until Claire loses her grip. The BREAKERS loosen the ropes on the cask-raft, separating and smashing the casks as they tumble, along with Claire and her SHAWL BUNDLE, in the SURF. A beat later --

Claire catches a wave, but not by choice, as it washes her violently onto shore.

A SHIVERING Claire staggers to her feet and realizes that her BUNDLE and STOCK have washed up on the shore.

**EXT. BEACH - MORNING (D1)**

ON Claire, still SHIVERING as she STUMBLES across the wet sand collecting her soaked bundle and stock.

She takes in the surroundings -- the air is thick with BIRDSONG and BUZZING INSECTS -- a stark contrast to the ship environment of the last few months.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

*I was relieved to find land. But as to what land I'd found... I had no clue. It wasn't Grand Turk, that much was certain: it was far too big and I had floated far too long. And worse, no idea where or how I would find Jamie.*

Claire looks up and down the beach. No sign of human life in any direction. She looks back at the ocean and SEES --

A SHIP (it's not the Porpoise) on the distant horizon, no larger than a thumbnail, but still -- it's a ship!

Claire tries to wave it down, but it disappears. She continues to SHUDDER, hypothermic from her extended time in the water. As she removes her petticoat --

Claire, now only wearing her SHIFT, WRINGS out her clothes and SPREADS them across SHRUBS to dry. Claire rubs her hands vigorously over her cold flesh, warming herself up.

**EXT. BEACH - LATER - AN HOUR LATER - DAY (D1)**

Claire, no longer hypothermic and more clear-headed, spies what's left of the casks that used to be her raft, floating away in the surf. She starts to feel the harsh effects of the sun's unrelenting rays burning her exposed skin.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

*I remembered the rule of threes --  
Humans can survive three minutes  
without air, three days without  
water and three weeks without food.  
My most urgent need was water.*

OFF Claire scanning the nearby high ground --

**EXT. SCRUB BRUSH - NOON - DAY (D1)**

Claire, now dressed in her blouse and skirt (her waistcoat and stock are in her shawl bundle), navigates a narrow path, searching for a stream. No luck there, but she does FIND a bit of water pooled up in a palm frond.

Claire takes a cautious taste. It's RAINWATER, thank God. She drinks it, even though it's only a tablespoon full at best -- not nearly enough to keep her hydrated. And no other water in sight. The sun has become blisteringly hot, Claire spots a bush nearby --

**EXT. SCRUB BRUSH - HOURS LATER - DAY (D1)**

FIND Claire hunkered down under a bush, her skirt now serving as a CANOPY over its branches. She wisely chose to avoid trekking during the hottest part of the day.

Claire finishes tying her blouse around her head (NOTE: the blouse will remain on her head though Scene 16), then gets to her feet and grabs her skirt, ready to press on.

**EXT. SCRUB BRUSH - DAY (D1)**

Claire, now wearing her skirt, continues her trek. She finds a piece of QUARTZ on the ground and picks it up, along with a FEW other STONES.

Claire continues, taking in her surroundings, then LOOKS UP. The sun is starting to set. Daylight is running out. Shit.

CLAIRE (V.O.)  
*To continue to blaze a trail at  
 night would be foolish...*

Claire starts to collect DEAD, DRY LEAVES as she goes --

CLAIRE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
*...to start a blaze of my own was  
 not.*

**EXT. SCRUB BRUSH CAMP - DUSK (N1)**

In a small clearing, Claire, sans skirt, holds one of the few COINS Annekje gave her for passage to Jamaica [Episode 310]. She holds the QUARTZ in one hand and the COIN in the other. She STRIKES the coin against the quartz over a pile of tinder made up of SHREDDED DRIED LEAVES she collected.

CLAIRE  
 C'mon... c'mon...

Again. And again. And again. Her fingers are sore -- she's been at this awhile. Claire manages one weak SPARK, but it doesn't light the tinder.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
 Goddamnit!

Claire takes a deep breath, calming herself, then studies -- HER BUM ROLL -- its stuffing sticks out of a torn seam.

Claire gets an idea. She plucks some stuffing from her bum roll and adds it to her pile of tinder. She strikes the coin against the quartz -- a SPARK flies and falls into the bum roll/dried leaf tinder, starting a small flame.

OFF Claire softly blowing on the flame, coaxing it to build --

**EXT. SCRUB BRUSH CAMP - NIGHT (N1)**

Claire sits next to her small fire, placing pieces of wood in the flames, then adds her bum roll. The fire engulfs her bum roll -- it blazes something beautiful.

An exhausted Claire turns in for the night, using her waistcoat as a pillow and shawl and skirt as bedding. OFF Claire as she closes her eyes --

**EXT. SCRUB BRUSH CAMP - DAY (D2)**

FIND Claire exactly as we left her, but she JOLTS awake to SEARING PAIN. She looks down to discover that FIRE ANTS are swarming her calves, biting her fiercely. Claire LEAPS to her feet, letting out a SCREAM.

CLAIRE

Shit!

Claire swipes at the ants with her shawl, desperate to get them off of her. Each bite stings like hell.

Claire finally rids herself of the ants, shakes what's left of them out her shawl and takes in her legs, which are now dotted with red bites.

Claire tears her stock in two, using it to bandage her legs, it's not ideal, but it's better than nothing --

**EXT. SCRUB BRUSH/JUNGLE - DAY (D2)**

Claire's head pounds from dehydration as she navigates a path, taking her from the scrub brush and into the jungle. She wears her petticoat and shawl bundle tied across her chest (note: she wears her petticoat through scene 16).

**OMITTED**

**OMITTED**

**EXT. JUNGLE - HOURS LATER - DAY (D2)****EXT. JUNGLE - HOURS LATER - DAY (D2)**

ON Claire's FEET as they DRAG through the dirt. Whatever steam she had earlier is rapidly fading. Her search for water continues, but the lack of it in her system shows. She's growing more sluggish. And her throbbing ant bitten legs are making everything worse. She's in a world of hurt.

Claire spots COCONUTS on the ground underneath a tree nearby. She approaches them, hopeful that they might yield some much needed sustenance. But when she turns them over, she's realizes they're rotted -- nothing edible at all.



**EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT (N2)**

Claire moves on, managing a few more steps, then slumps against a tree trunk, head pounding and body aching. Mother Nature is giving her a brutal ass kicking. Claire fights to stay awake, but is too weary to get up and collect kindling, so she can start a fire.

**EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT (N2)**

Claire finishes COCOONING her legs in her SKIRT and SHAWL, in an attempt to protect herself from more insect bites.

She hears TWO MALE VOICES from a distance and rustling amidst the jungle flora, as they drag a dead body. [Note: we don't see this, only hear it.]

MALE VOICE ONE (O.C.)

Stop. I dropped his pocket watch.

(then)

There it is.

MALE VOICE TWO (O.C.)

Let's find a spot to bury him.

Claire remains stock still. It's clear they aren't people who would lend a helping hand. Claire hunkers down against the tree, not wanting to be discovered. She hears the MEN move off. Her eye lids grow heavy. OFF Claire, falling asleep --

**OMITTED****EXT. JUNGLE - MORNING - DAY (D3)**

Claire awakens. The lack of hydration is impacting her mental faculties. Her thoughts come slowly and haltingly in the suffocating heat. And then she FEELS something pressing her hand down. She looks over and sees --

A BOA CONSTRICTOR pass over her arm. Claire forces herself to remain still. Waiting to see what the snake does next. The boa continues across her chest. Claire closes her eyes, willing the snake to move off. And it does.

**OMITTED (MOVED TO A8)****OMITTED (MOVED TO B8)**

**EXT. JUNGLE - DAY (D3)**

As Claire slowly trudges along she steps in silty ground -- and watches her foot sink into quicksand!

Claire withdraws her foot. Close call. If she were moving any faster, her fate would be different. Claire spots a piece of decayed wood nearby and sticks it in the quicksand to see how deep it goes -- the wood is pulled from her hand and swiftly enveloped.

She studies the ground, seeing where the quicksand patch ends, finding hard ground along its edge and presses on...

**EXT. JUNGLE - HIGH NOON - DAY (D3)**

ON Claire, moving at a zombie-like pace. She stops, unable to resist the urge to scratch at her throbbing legs, which are now swollen and blistered due to the bites.

Up the path she spots a CROCODILE SKELETON. Bones picked totally clean. She shudders. Is that how she'll end up?

OFF Claire shoving away her dark thoughts and pressing on, trying to stay positive --

**OMITTED (MOVED TO A13)****OMITTED (MOVED TO A11)****EXT. JUNGLE - LATE AFTERNOON - DAY (D3)**

Claire STAGGERS slowly through the jungle. She COLLAPSES to the ground. Goddamn. Her body is shutting down.

Claire stays down for a second, every part of her is in pain. Then she whispers the name that gave her strength for twenty years, and the nourishment she needs to stay alive --

CLAIRE

Jamie...

As she STRUGGLES to get to her feet --

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

(to herself)

C'mon... get up.

Claire continues on -- with nothing more than the sound of her feet dragging across the ground and her labored breath -- her only guide now is sheer fucking will.

A few steps later, Claire FALLS DOWN again. Too weak to pull herself to a standing position, Claire CRAWLS on her hands and knees, slowly and painfully until she EMERGES into --

**EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF JUNGLE/SCRUB BRUSH - CONTINUOUS - DAY (D3)**

Where Claire HEARS an unlikely sound... a British accent.

BRITISH MAN (O.C.)  
 ... Serve ye the Lord with  
 gladness. Come before His presence  
 with exceedingly great joy.

What the hell...? Claire TURNS her head in an effort to identify the source of the voice, but the bright sun in her eyes impairs her vision.

BRITISH MAN (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
 Know ye that the Lord is God; He  
 hath made us, and not we ourselves.

Claire forces herself to CRAWL toward the voice.

CLAIRE  
 Help... please... help me...

As she gets closer, she SEES the silhouette of a MAN, 40s -- arms raised to his side, almost Christ-like. We will come to know him as FATHER FOGDEN.

FATHER FOGDEN  
 We are His people, and the  
 creatures of His pasture. Enter  
 into His gates with praise...

Claire squints into the sun and that's when she notices -- this man's congregation is... a HERD of GOATS? Are her eyes deceiving her? Is she dreaming?

FATHER FOGDEN (CONT'D)  
 And into His courts with rejoicing:  
 praise Him and bless His Name.

Claire HEARS a dog BARKING as she looks around and SEES a house in the distance -- it wavers in the heat like a mirage.

FATHER FOGDEN (CONT'D)  
 For the Lord is good: His mercy is  
 everlasting, and His truth endureth  
 to all generations...

But before Claire can decipher what is real and what  
 isn't... she passes out. OFF an unconscious Claire as a DOG  
 races over to her, licking her face --

**EXT. FOGDEN'S HACIENDA - ESTABLISHING - DAY (D3)**

A charmingly dilapidated abode, overlooking a goat pen.

**INT. FOGDEN'S HACIENDA - DAY (D3)**

CLOSE ON Claire's eyes as they FLUTTER open. She takes in  
 her view, a cracked ceiling -- and realizes she's lying in a  
 BED. The room is plain, no more than a dining table and  
 night stand, a few chairs and walls in need of a paint job.

Turning her head to one side, Claire SEES a cup of water on  
 the night stand. She stares at it in disbelief before  
 realizing -- this is no mirage. This is real. She REACHES  
 for the cup only for her arm to JERK to a halt.

REVEAL: Claire tied to the bed. WTF? As Claire tries to  
 break free from the cloth ties --

MAMACITA (O.C.)  
 It's no use.

MAMACITA S (O.C.)  
 De nada sirve.

Claire turns and comes face to face with a bowling ball of a  
 woman whom we will come to know as MAMACITA, 60s, Cuban.  
 [NOTE: Mamacita mostly speaks Spanish and since Claire does  
 not speak Spanish, we will not subtitle dialogue in  
 Spanish.]

MAMACITA  
 I tied you up. For your own  
 good.

MAMACITA S  
 Te he atado. Por tu bien.

Claire looks to the water and manages to croak out --

CLAIRE  
 Water?

Mamacita follows her gaze, takes the cup of water and,  
 tilting Claire's head up, starts to pour it in her mouth.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
 Slowly --

But Mamacita either doesn't understand or doesn't care and POURS the water QUICKLY into Claire's mouth. After three days without water, the sudden influx of liquid is too much for Claire's stomach, causing her to VOMIT it back up. Mamacita tries again, gradually giving Claire water, who sips it slowly -- it's the best damn water Claire has ever drunk.

Claire looks to Mamacita, desperation in her eyes as she motions to her bound wrists, lifting them.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Please... untie me...

MAMACITA

**This was the only way to  
keep you from scratching.**

MAMACITA S

**Fue la única manera de  
impedir que te rascaras.**

Mamacita gesticulates toward Claire's legs. Claire looks down. REVEAL: the pus-filled ant bites are now covered with some sort of HERBAL POULTICE.

MAMACITA

**You need to rest. I'll wash  
these.**

MAMACITA S

**Necesitas descansar. Yo  
lavaré esto.**

Claire looks to the water and manages to croak out --

Mamacita collects Claire's grubby bat-suit, noticing the zippered corset. That's weird. She gives Claire a quizzical look before heading out. Fatigue overtakes Claire, she lies back in bed, closing her eyes.

#### INT. FOGDEN'S HACIENDA - DAY (D4)

ON Claire as her eyes flutter open once again. A day has passed. This time she wakes to find a man with a gentle smile standing over her. It's Father Fogden, the man with the goats. He dips his right thumb in holy oil and makes the sign of the cross on her forehead. He's mid-prayer.

FATHER FOGDEN

**...and his most loving  
mercy may the Lord forgive  
you...**

FATHER FOGDEN L

**...et suam piíssimam  
misericórdiam, indúlgeat  
tibi Dóminus...**

AS Claire pulls back --

FATHER FOGDEN

Oh, splendid!

Father Fogden looks down to someone... or something.

FATHER FOGDEN (CONT'D)  
Ludo! She's awake!

Claire peers down to see that "Ludo" is the dog.

FATHER FOGDEN (CONT'D)  
Ludo found you on the path the  
other day. He was gravely  
concerned for your well-being.

CLAIRE  
Where am I?

Fogden takes in Claire's accent.

FATHER FOGDEN  
An Englishwoman? What good  
fortune! I am Father Fogden. Your  
most obedient servant, madam.  
Welcome to Hacienda de la Fuente.

Claire motions to her bound wrists.

CLAIRE  
Would you please untie me?

FATHER FOGDEN  
Of course.  
(then, explaining)  
Mamacita thought it best to keep  
you restrained -- to keep you from  
scratching yourself raw.

Untied, Claire musters as much energy as she can to sit up,  
but she's still very weak. Father Fogden offers an assist.

FATHER FOGDEN (CONT'D)  
Allow me, my dear --

He helps Claire into a sitting position. She looks to the  
nightstand where the cup of water sits. Next to it, a plate  
of roasted plantains and yams.

FATHER FOGDEN (CONT'D)  
I thought you might benefit from  
some nourishment.

Claire gingerly picks up the cup of water.

FATHER FOGDEN (CONT'D)  
Take care not to drink too quickly.

CLAIRE  
I will, thank you. I'm a doctor.

As Claire sips the water --

FATHER FOGDEN  
(doubtful)  
A woman?

CLAIRE  
I'm from the American colonies.  
It's more common there.

She doesn't add... "in two hundred years."

FATHER FOGDEN  
(nods)  
Healer of the sick -- like St.  
Brigid.

This is not the first time that comparison has been made to  
Claire [Episode 303].

CLAIRE  
I assure you, I'm no saint.

FATHER FOGDEN  
(smiles)  
You'll pardon me if I don't believe  
you. It seems that your powers have  
bestowed us with our new arrival.  
Just this morning one of my she-  
goats gave birth successfully -- the  
first newborn we've had in a long  
while. Might I have the honor of  
knowing your name, Madam Physician?

CLAIRE  
Claire Fraser.

FATHER FOGDEN  
How did you come to be here?

Claire thinks. What's the right answer here? Then --

CLAIRE  
Where is here exactly?

FATHER FOGDEN  
The island of Saint-Domingue.

Claire recalls glancing at maps of the West Indies during  
her time spent on the Artemis and Porpoise.

CLAIRE  
This is the island just east... I  
must reach Jamaica.

But as Claire moves to get out of bed, she's hit with a dizzy spell and sits back down. She's too weak to go anywhere.

FATHER FOGDEN

Oh, you poor dear, you mustn't exhaust your strength --

CLAIRE

But my husband... he's traveling to Jamaica... I need to find him...

FATHER FOGDEN

There is a village -- St. Luis du Nord where there are fishing boats that might carry you to Cap-Haïtien, thirty miles distant.

CLAIRE

How long would the journey take?

FATHER FOGDEN

(doing the math)

The village is a day's walk from here -- and to travel from there to Jamaica -- no more than two days with a favorable wind.

CLAIRE

(hopes buoyed)

I might just make it to Kingston in time... if I leave tomorrow...

FATHER FOGDEN

Tomorrow? Oh no, my dear -- Coco says it is too dangerous, even for a lady as gifted as yourself.

Coco? Claire watches Fogden pick up a LARGE BROWN COCONUT that had been resting on the window sill. The fibrous husk darkened with age, and the hair worn off in patches. As Fogden pats the coconut affectionately, Claire realizes he doesn't have a full set of marbles.

FATHER FOGDEN (CONT'D)

Thankfully, Coco just reminded me that if you were to go over land, you might encounter Maroons.

CLAIRE

Maroons?



FATHER FOGDEN

Escaped slaves. Having fled their masters, they take refuge in the remote hills. They can be a rather unpredictable lot. Did you encounter any on your way here?

CLAIRE

No.

FATHER FOGDEN

And what of pirates? Those unscrupulous ruffians are a blight upon our fair isle. Did you see any?

CLAIRE

Pirates? I didn't see any, but might have heard them --

FATHER FOGDEN

Some take their chances alone, ransacking and plundering whosoever they might meet --

Fogden suddenly admonishes Coco --

FATHER FOGDEN (CONT'D)

Ah-ah! Mustn't stare, Coco, it's rude!

(to Claire)

My sincere apologies.

(to Coco)

Yes, she is a pretty lady. Not like my Ermenegilda, but pretty nonetheless.

Fogden then looks to Claire, taking her in --

FATHER FOGDEN (CONT'D)

You will no doubt require clean garments, will you not?

Claire looks down at her raggedy shift.

CLAIRE

I suppose I will.

FATHER FOGDEN

(calls out)

Mamacita!

Mamacita enters in a huff. Father Fogden's Spanish isn't perfect, but very passable.

FATHER FOGDEN  
**Have we something that Madam  
 Physician might wear?**

FATHER FOGDEN S  
**¿Tenemos algo que Madam  
 Physician pudiera poner?**

He hesitates before proceeding with --

FATHER FOGDEN  
 Ermenegilda's dress perhaps?

MAMACITA  
 No! Es too small for that cow!

She looks pointedly at Claire, then back to Fogden.

MAMACITA  
**Give her your old robe if  
 you  
 must!**

MAMACITA S  
**¡Dale tu vieja túnica si  
 quieres!**

Mamacita casts an eye of scorn on Claire's tangled hair, musky scent and mud-streaked face. Wrinkles her nose.

MAMACITA  
**You stink!**  
 (then)  
**Time for you to wash**

MAMACITA S  
**¡Apestas!**  
 (then)  
**Es hora de que te laves.**

And with that Mamacita GRABS Claire by the wrist and rouses her out of bed. Under normal circumstances Claire would bristle at such rough treatment, but she's too weak.

**EXT. FOGDEN'S HACIENDA - PATIO - LATE AFTERNOON - DAY (D4)**

Overgrown fruit trees with interlacing branches shade the patio, where pink paper bougainvillaea leaves scatter the cracked floor. Claire steadies herself against the edge of a wooden tub filled with fresh water as Mamacita sets out a worn towel, a pot of soap, and a shabby robe with a belt.

MAMACITA  
 (re: the robe)  
**For you.**

MAMACITA S  
 (re: the robe)  
**Para ti.**

Mamacita moves off. Claire strips off her filthy shift and starts to bathe.

Her whole body aches, making her movements slow and sluggish. But in this moment, to have water and soap is an incredible gift.

CLAIRE (V.O.)  
*In spite of Father Fogden's  
 questionable mental state, I was  
 hopeful that I would find a way to  
 Jamaica and Jamie -- I just needed  
 to regain my strength.*

And for the first time in awhile, a slight smile starts to spread across Claire's face. Her smile fades a bit when she notices ROWS OF GOAT SKULLS lining a nearby outdoor shelf.  
 OFF Claire, absorbing that oddity --

**OMITTED**

**EXT. FOGDEN'S HACIENDA - ESTABLISHING - LATE AFTERNOON (D4)**

The goats, including a baby goat, enjoy a meal in the pen as Mamacita takes a POT from her outdoor fire and heads inside.

**INT. FOGDEN'S HACIENDA - LATE AFTERNOON (D4)**

A cleaned up, though still enervated, Claire -- now dressed in Fogden's ROBE -- moves cautiously, like a patient hooked up to an I.V. as she makes her way into the dining room. She finds Father Fogden seated at the head of the table as Mamacita carries a steaming clay pot to the table.

FATHER FOGDEN  
 Madam Physician! Please join us.

CLAIRE  
 Thank you.

Claire takes a seat as Mamacita unceremoniously serves dinner, slapping a ladleful of the clay pot's contents onto each plate before herself sitting down.

It's not the most appetizing looking meal in the world, but it's fresh and it's in front of her. Claire takes a cautious bite. A stone-faced Mamacita looks up as Fogden jumps in.

FATHER FOGDEN  
 Fried plantain, mixed with manioc  
 and red beans. One of Mamacita's  
 special dishes.

CLAIRE  
 It's very good.

Mamacita acknowledges the compliment with a glare, so Claire turns her attention to Fogden.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

What brought you to Saint-Domingue?

FATHER FOGDEN

Fifteen years ago, I travelled to the island of Cuba to do the work of God, tending to the needs of the poor and of those whose souls were in peril... until I met her.

(then, wistfully)

Ermenegilda Ruiz Alcantara y Meroz.

Mamacita reacts at the mention of the name.

FATHER FOGDEN (CONT'D)

To my surprise, she longed for me as I yearned to be with her. Our love could not be subdued.

Father Fogden zones out -- lost in an Ermenegilda reverie.

CLAIRE

I imagine it's rather complicated for a priest to... fall in love.

FATHER FOGDEN

Quite right, which is why we ran away, far from the reach of Don Armando, her cruel husband -- a man of great wealth and influence. It was God's will that we escaped Don Armando's grasp unscathed.

CLAIRE

How so?

FATHER FOGDEN

The English invaded Cuba the very day we fled -- it was impossible for Don Armando to locate us amidst the chaos that ensued.

(with a smile to Claire)

I would like to think that it was my loyalty to the Crown which allowed for that stroke of fortune.

Claire returns his smile. Mamacita clocks this moment of warmth between them and bristles as Fogden continues --

FATHER FOGDEN (CONT'D)

We rode to Bayamo and paid passage for a boat to bring us safely here. But soon after our arrival, my Ermenegilda became unwell...

(MORE)

FATHER FOGDEN (CONT'D)  
 (then with sadness)  
 May her soul rest in peace.

CLAIRE  
 I'm so sorry.

FATHER FOGDEN  
 Yes.

But he'd rather not dwell. Mamacita crosses herself, then reaches for a clay pitcher, giving herself and Fogden a healthy pour of the red liquid inside.

FATHER FOGDEN (CONT'D)  
 Would you care for some sangre,  
 Madam Physician?

CLAIRE  
 No, thank you.

Fogden moves to the sideboard and returns to the table with a large wooden pipe.

FATHER FOGDEN  
 Then may I offer you some yupa?  
 It can make one feel quite...  
 euphoric.

CLAIRE  
 I'm fine. Thank you.

FATHER FOGDEN  
 (re: the yupa)  
 It is also most beneficial in  
 aiding digestion --

As he packs the pipe with ground yupa seeds and lime powder --

CLAIRE  
 The village you mentioned earlier --  
 how do I get there? I'd like to go  
 tomorrow morning and --

FATHER FOGDEN  
 Allow you to journey there alone?  
 Good heavens. Coco and I couldn't  
 live with ourselves if you were to do  
 that. No, I shall accompany you --

CLAIRE  
 Thank you. That's very kind --

FATHER FOGDEN

Next week.

Claire doesn't want to be rude to her host, but Jesus H. Roosevelt Christ.

CLAIRE

Next week? Father, I can't wait that long --

FATHER FOGDEN

Nonsense, my dear. You need your rest --

CLAIRE

What I need is to reach Jamaica.

FATHER FOGDEN

Although your spirits seem improved, you are not yet well enough to undertake such a journey -- perhaps in two weeks' time --

Two weeks? Oh hell no.

CLAIRE

I am a doctor for Christ's sake -- I bloody well know when it's safe for me to travel!

Claire's outburst triggers Father Fogden.

FATHER FOGDEN

Madam Physician -- blasphemous language is not permissible in my home! I fear your irritability is due to your fatigue -- travelling would only exacerbate your already delicate condition --

But now Mamacita butts in --

MAMACITA

(with ire)

Let her go, we did our Catholic duty.

MAMACITA S

(with ire)

Déjala ir, hicimos nuestro deber católico.

Mamacita switches to English for Claire's benefit --

MAMACITA

That whore must go!

Her tone indicates that she means business. In the face of Mamacita's raised voice, Fogden attempts to remain calm.

FATHER FOGDEN  
 She is welcome here -- she  
 has brought us good  
 fortune --

FATHER FOGDEN S  
 Ella es bienvenida aquí --  
 nos ha traído buena  
 fortuna --

MAMACITA  
 Why keep her? You wish her  
 to become Ermenegilda? That  
 jezebel could never replace  
 my baby!

MAMACITA S  
 ¿Por qué mantenerla?  
 ¿Quieres que se convierta en  
 Ermenegilda? ¡Esa jezebel  
 nunca podría reemplazar a mi  
 bebé!

Mamacita glares at Claire, but there's some heartbreak  
 underneath her words. Fogden glares at Mamacita -- she just  
 hit a very sensitive nerve. Now Fogden's voice is just as  
 loud as Mamacita's. A good ol' fashioned yelling match.

With as much grace as she can muster, Claire slips away from  
 the table as Mamacita and Fogden continue to argue --

FATHER FOGDEN  
 I didn't say she would! But  
 the goats have flourished  
 since she arrived --

FATHER FOGDEN S  
 ¡No he dicho que lo vaya a  
 hacer! Pero los chivos han  
 prosperado desde que  
 llegó --

MAMACITA  
 You are a fool! She must go!

MAMACITA S  
 ¡Eres un imbécil! Ella se  
 tiene que ir!

**INT. FOGDEN'S HACIENDA - BREEZEWAY - LATE AFTERNOON (D4)**

Claire moves towards Fogden's room.

CLAIRE (V.O.)  
*But I couldn't leave without knowing  
 how to get to St. Luis du Nord -- I  
 had already trekked blindly through  
 the jungle without success. I had  
 to find a way to get there without  
 Father Fogden's help...*

Claire enters --

**INT. FOGDEN'S HACIENDA - FOGDEN'S BEDROOM - LATE AFTERNOON  
 (D4)**

It's impeccably appointed, unlike the rest of the house. A  
 beautifully made bed. A polished candelabrum sits on an  
 equally polished table.

Claire beelines for the desk and starts rifling through drawers, desperate to find a map, but finds nothing other than RELIGIOUS TEXTS, WRITING IMPLEMENTS and a SMALL HAND MIRROR. Claire studies the mirror, then pockets it -- it might come in handy later.

Claire widens her search, looks around the room and sees --  
A SPECTACULAR DRESS, kept in museum-like form hanging on a hook right next to the bed. How odd.

FATHER FOGDEN (O.C.)  
Beautiful, isn't it?

Claire turns, caught --

CLAIRE  
I'm sorry. I was just --

Fogden's copious yupa intake has calmed his demeanor and rendered him oblivious to Claire's search.

FATHER FOGDEN  
(re: the dress)  
I see you are struck by the sight of this, a most eye-catching garment, were you not? It was Ermenegilda's.

CLAIRE  
(covering)  
Yes, the dress is quite beautiful.

FATHER FOGDEN  
(nods, then)  
My apologies for the quarrel you witnessed earlier. You see, Ermenegilda was Mamacita's only child. The agony of losing a daughter haunts her still.

Claire nods with understanding, thinking of her own lost daughter, Faith.

CLAIRE  
I understand.

FATHER FOGDEN  
(nods)  
So a visitor, especially one of the fairer sex... Mamacita fears that I will forget her daughter... which, of course, I could never do.



Father Fogden moves to the dress and TOUCHES it lovingly.

FATHER FOGDEN (CONT'D)

This is all I have left of her.  
Sometimes, when I dream, she is  
with me still... though the dreams  
of her are increasingly fewer and  
far between. When you love someone  
as much as I loved Ermenegilda...  
it never leaves you.

CLAIRE

(thinking of Jamie)  
No, it doesn't.

Claire takes in this heartbreaking tableau. Fogden's story serves as a cautionary tale of what her life could become if she doesn't find Jamie. Losing him once was hard enough, could she endure losing him a second time?

FATHER FOGDEN

You have loved someone so much you  
would risk everything for them.

CLAIRE

(nods)  
My husband.  
(then)  
I've sacrificed everything to be  
with him -- and if I don't reach  
Jamaica, I may lose him forever.

Father Fogden digests that, then reaches out and tenderly takes Claire's hand and gives it a paternal squeeze.

FATHER FOGDEN

Then you must be reunited with him.

A wave of relief washes over Claire -- has she finally gotten through to him?

CLAIRE

Perhaps we should leave for St.  
Luis du Nord first thing tomorrow  
morning?

FATHER FOGDEN

(smiles)  
What a wonderful notion.  
(then)  
I'll consult Coco in the morning.  
He will know if the time is right.

She nods, then turns to go, feeling like a prisoner.

INT. FOGDEN'S HACIENDA - DAY (D5)

Claire WAKES UP to FIND a bundle of clothes on the foot of her bed. It's Claire's bat-suit, cleaned and crudely mended by Mamacita. An unexpected, although nice, gesture. As Claire dresses, we see that the bites on her legs are much better. Claire notices COCO the coconut resting on the window sill and remembers the conversation she had with Fogden the night before. OFF Claire, wheels turning --

INT. FOGDEN'S HACIENDA - BREEZEWAY - DAY (D5)

As Fogden exits his room and heads down the breezeway towards the kitchen, he hears --

CLAIRE (O.C.)  
I'm feeling very well-rested, thank  
you for asking.  
(then)  
Well, only if you think it best.

Fogden's interest piqued, he approaches Claire and finds --

She's having a conversation with Coco the coconut. She's playing on Fogden's belief system in an attempt to convince him that she's well enough to travel.

CLAIRE  
Yes, I will be careful -- though  
I'm sure Father Fogden will be  
looking out for me as well.

Claire "notices" Father Fogden standing in the doorway.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
(brightly)  
Good morning, Father -- Coco has  
just told me that today is a good  
day to go to the village.

But before Fogden can respond, they hear Mamacita shout --

MAMACITA (O.C.)	MAMACITA S (O.C.)
<b>Oh my God! Father! Father!</b>	<b>¡Por Dios! Padre! Padre!</b>
<b>Come quickly!</b>	<b>Ven rápido!</b>

OFF Claire and Fogden hurrying out of the room --

**EXT. FOGDEN'S HACIENDA - DAY (D5)**

Claire and Fogden exit the hacienda as Mamacita approaches, running as quickly as her legs will carry her. They can see that she's STRICKEN.

FATHER FOGDEN	FATHER FOGDEN S
Mamacita? What's the matter?	¿Mamacita? ¿Qué pasa?

Mamacita lifts up her hands, revealing that she's carrying a BLOODY GOAT'S SKULL by the HORNS.

MAMACITA	MAMACITA S
A Chinese sailor killed Arabella! Roasted her on a spit! He ate her!	¡Un marinero chino ha matado a Arabella! ¡La ha asado en pua! ¡Se la ha comido!

FATHER FOGDEN  
(grief-stricken)  
Arabella! My poor Arabella!

Fogden takes what's left of the goat's mangled skull from Mamacita and offers it to Claire, imploring her:

FATHER FOGDEN (CONT'D)  
Madam Physician -- please -- there  
must be something you can do.

CLAIRE  
Me?

FATHER FOGDEN  
You possess the powers of St.  
Brigid, healer of the sick.  
(off Claire's reticence)  
Is that not why you're here?

CLAIRE  
I'm afraid I don't possess any  
magical powers...

FATHER FOGDEN  
But your presence here has blessed  
us -- you're the reason Ruth gave  
birth to Hilda! My last three she-  
goats died giving birth, but that  
changed when you arrived -- please --  
you must heal my Arabella!

Claire's heart goes out to Fogden. Strange as he is, he has been kind to her.

CLAIRE  
 (emphatic)  
 ... I wish I could.

Fogden, crushed, heads towards the shed, carrying the skull.  
 Claire and Mamacita follow --

**EXT. FOGDEN'S HACIENDA - SHED - CONTINUOUS - DAY (D5)**

Fogden sets the skull down on a log. He ducks into the shed and returns with a jar of BEETLES. He pours the beetles on the bloody skull. Claire watches as the beetles CRAWL all over the skull.

FATHER FOGDEN  
 If our Lord cares even for the tiny  
 sparrow, can He fail to care for  
 Arabella?

As the beetles move over the skull, they ingest the blood and tissue in their path. Claire watches.

CLAIRE  
 (amazed)  
 I've never seen such a thing.

FATHER FOGDEN  
 Voracious little fellows. From a  
 sacred cave called Abandawe.

Claire FLASHES TO:

**INT. HENDERSON'S HOTEL - CAMPBELL'S ROOM - FLASHBACK**  
**[FOOTAGE FROM 307]**

*ON MARGARET CAMPBELL'S face as Claire touches her arm.*

MARGARET  
 Abandawe will devour ye!

**EXT. FOGDEN'S HACIENDA - SHED - RESUME - DAY (D5)**

CLAIRE  
 (recalling)  
 Abandawe?

FATHER FOGDEN  
 It is hallowed to the natives in  
 Jamaica, a place of great power...  
 It is said that folk disappear  
 there.

Claire takes this in. But then Fogden turns the conversation back to the skull.

FATHER FOGDEN (CONT'D)

How could those wretched sailors do this to my beloved Arabella -- kill her and roast her on a spit, as though she were some sort of feral animal. To think of her -- a feast for a Chinaman!

CLAIRE

(interest piqued)  
A Chinaman? How do you know? Is that who Mamacita saw?

FATHER FOGDEN

Yes! He murdered my Arabella!

CLAIRE

Is the ship he was on nearby? What else did Mamacita see?

FATHER FOGDEN

(to Mamacita)

What else did you see on the beach?

FATHER FOGDEN S

(to Mamacita)

¿Qué más viste en la playa?

MAMACITA

Many sailors and broken sails in the sand near the cove...

MAMACITA S

Muchos marineros y velas rotas en la arena cerca del caleton.

FATHER FOGDEN

Many sailors and broken sails scattered across the sand --

Claire can't believe what she's hearing. Is the Artemis and therefore Jamie on this island?

CLAIRE

Where is the ship now?

FATHER FOGDEN

A cove, but what does that matter? Those heathens ate my Arabella!

CLAIRE

And I'm sorry for it, but I need to know how to get there --

But Fogden ignores Claire, too upset to be of use. He watches the beetles continue to eat the skull tissue.

FATHER FOGDEN  
Devils! The whole lot of them!

CLAIRE  
Please tell me where the cove is --

Mamacita tugs Claire's sleeve, then points in the direction.

MAMACITA MAMACITA S  
**That way. Por allí.**

Mamacita steers Claire away from Fogden, showing her the way. Claire looks over her shoulder, taking in the bereft Fogden, one last time. He doesn't look up.

MAMACITA MAMACITA S  
**Go. Ahora. Vete. Ahora.**

Claire nods, gathers the strength she has and takes OFF --

**EXT. ANOTHER BEACH - DAY (D5)**

It'd be a slice of paradise, were it not for the Artemis's damaged FOREMAST, TORN MAINSAIL and TANGLED RIGGING strewn across the sand. The Artemis itself bobs peacefully in the ocean off shore, while her crew works to untangle the rigging, repair the foremast and patch up the torn mainsail.

REVEAL JAMIE carrying a piece of timber with FERGUS, heading towards the crew members repairing the foremast. Fergus takes in the damaged mast. Jamie senses his disquiet.

JAMIE  
The sea holds untold dangers.

FERGUS  
Aye, Milord. Those seen and  
unseen. Even knowledgeable  
mariners must be wary of uncharted  
shoals.

JAMIE  
Those gales didna help matters.  
'Tis providential that it was only  
the foremast that fell -- and the  
hull is still intact.

Fergus spots one of Murphy's POTS on the nearby fire, suddenly remembering those who perished in the collision. There's still a disquiet in Fergus's expression.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

There's naught that could have been done for the men we lost -- no shame in grieving for them.

FERGUS

... I do not grieve for them, Milord. There were times during our journey I wished Captain Raines dead... Warren too. Now they lie at the bottom of the sea... with Mr. Murphy. I fear the Lord's wrath for my unholy thoughts.

JAMIE

The Lord is merciful -- ye may have impure thoughts, but wi' a pure heart ye will have His forgiveness.

Fergus takes in the sage words as they approach a spot on the beach where MR. WILLOUGHBY, HAYES, LESLEY, MANZETTI, BAXLEY and HOGAN, are lashing timber to the damaged mast, to reinforce it.

A MAKESHIFT CAMP, including a partially eaten goat on a spit over a fire, is nearby. It's clear they've been stranded a couple of days. Jamie and Fergus hand the piece of timber over to Lesley and Hayes, who are scarlet-faced and overheated, unused to the tropical climate --

HAYES

'Tis hotter than the Devil's arse --

LESLEY

Aye. Must be what it's like to burn in hell --

JAMIE

Dinna fash, lads -- the foremast will soon be mended and with luck on our side, we'll be on our way to Jamaica shortly --

HAYES

Where there'll be plenty of rum and rations.

LESLEY

And lasses!

HAYES

What lass will lie wi' ye? Ye're a tatterdemalion and smell of fartleberries.

LESLEY

Ye dinna look or smell any better!

Lesley and Hayes laugh, enjoying breaking each other's balls.

JAMIE

If ye bletherers worked as hard as ye gabbed, we'd have been long underway.

Hayes and Lesley go quiet. Point taken. As they resume the mast repairs, Baxley approaches Jamie --

BAXLEY

The men are growing restless.

JAMIE

I canna blame them. I'm eager to reach Kingston as well and be reunited wi' my wife.

BAXLEY

I can take the helm, but I shall leave charge of the men -- and the captain's quarters -- to you.

JAMIE

(nods)  
I'll no argue the matter wi' ye.

Baxley looks to the torn mainsail, where a crew member struggles to sew up the tear, making a bit of a mess of it.

BAXLEY

The next tide could serve us -- if we had more hands.

Jamie spots MARSALI nearby, walking along the beach.

JAMIE

I've someone in mind who's a fine hand wi' a needle who can help wi' the mainsail.

**EXT. JUNGLE - DAY (D5)**

Claire runs through the foliage. Branches tug at her clothes and whip her limbs as she goes, but she doesn't care. She's focused on getting to the beach in hopes that Jamie is there.



**EXT. ANOTHER BEACH - DAY (D5)**

Mr. Willoughby, Hayes, Lesley, Manzetti, Hogan, Baxley and the remaining crew have moved the repaired mast. It's now laying in the sand, perpendicular to the surf. They will be towing it out to the Artemis, shortly.

Marsali finishes sewing up the repaired sail as the rigging (now entirely untangled) is being loaded into one of the beached long boats. It won't be long before they leave Hispaniola behind.

**EXT. MARSH - DAY (D5)**

Claire runs up to the edge of a wall of REEDS. She glances for an alternate route, but there's no way around the reeds -- she'll have to go through them. Shit.

Claire heads into the REEDS and soon becomes surrounded. It's disorienting -- is she heading in the right direction? Claire presses on, but is losing her bearings, when the ground beneath her transitions to MARSH LAND. She sinks into MURKY WATER, still surrounded by reeds.

As the water saturates her clothes, it becomes hard as fuck to move through -- it's painfully slow going. And the further she goes, the thicker the reeds seem -- is she still going in the right direction?! It's impossible to tell.

Claire keeps going, but panic starts to creep in -- how much further does she have to go? Everything looks the same!

Claire focuses on thoughts of Jamie -- he is on the other side of this marsh. Claire battles to wade through the water, clinging to the belief that she's going the right way. And moments later, the reeds start to thin out -- the side of the marsh is in view!

**EXT. MARSH BANKS - DAY (D5)**

Claire staggers out of the water, catching her breath. She keeps on trucking in her cumbersome, water-logged clothes, a moment later passing --

**EXT. ANOTHER MARSH - QUICKSAND - DAY (D5)**

-- what she recognizes as ANOTHER POOL OF QUICKSAND and judiciously avoids it.

EXT. ANOTHER MARSH - LATER - DAY (D5)

Claire runs through a bend in the reeds, coming up on --

DAVY, a heavily-tattooed pirate, running a MAN through the with his CUTLASS! He withdraws his cutlass from the Man's chest, sending the Man's body slumping to the ground.

Claire stops in her tracks as Davy pulls a COIN PURSE from the Man's pocket and the RUM from his hand. The Dying Man sees Claire --

MAN

(dying)

Help me.

But there is nothing she can do for him. Davy looks up, noticing Claire.

DAVY

He'll not need any help now, madam.

Davy appraises Claire, taking a pull from a bottle of RUM --

DAVY (CONT'D)

... A lady of means -- this far from Le Capa, and a bit bedraggled to be sure, but I'll have your purse --

CLAIRE

I don't have any money --

Davy takes another swig of rum.

DAVY

(re: the Man's body)

He sang the same song. But my blade proved a liar of him.

He tosses the coin purse in the air, then points his cutlass at her, threateningly.

DAVY (CONT'D)

What say you now?

Claire resolves herself. She's come this far. She'll be damned if this murderous asshole is going to stop her from getting to Jamie.

CLAIRE

All right.

Claire reaches into her pocket and hides her piece of QUARTZ and STONES her hand.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
This is everything I have.

She THROWS the stones into the surrounding vegetation.

Davy turns, believing it's COIN as --

Claire sprints past him!

Davy realizes Claire didn't throw money, she threw stones!  
That bitch tricked him!

Davy tears off after Claire, who now has a head start.

ON CLAIRE as she runs as fast as she can, knowing that she can't outrun Davy forever.

Claire gets an idea. She cuts RIGHT through the reeds, doubling back towards --

**EXT. ANOTHER MARSH - QUICKSAND - DAY (D5)**

As Claire runs towards the edge of where the quicksand begins, she stops and turns to Davy --

CLAIRE  
Please -- don't hurt me --

DAVY  
(sneering)  
I was simply planning to kill you,  
but for forcing me to chase -- I  
will hurt you.

Davy, cutlass in hand, charges Claire, who boldly stands her ground as he closes in on her.

At the last possible moment, she moves aside as Davy slashes at her with his cutlass, SLICING HER RIGHT BICEP as --

She shoves him HARD and he stumbles past her right into the QUICKSAND!

The quicksand IMMOBILIZES Davy, drawing him down into a silty tomb. Claire leaves, heading back the way she came as Davy takes his last gasp --

**EXT. ARTEMIS - LATER - DAY (D5)**

The Artemis's repaired foremast is now in place. The repaired sail is on deck. The crew, including Mr. Willoughby, Lesley, Hayes, Fergus, and Manzetti, re-rig lines. Jamie helps Baxley re-rig lines near the foremast --

JAMIE

How long till we depart?

BAXLEY

If we have her rigging in place -- we can make sail tonight, when it is cooler -- that the tar on the foremast might harden.

Jamie nods, continuing to work with the men, when --

**OMITTED**

**OMITTED**

**OMITTED**

**EXT. ANOTHER BEACH - SAME - DAY (D5)**

Claire spills over the beach dune, with half of her stock tied over her wounded arm, looking for the Artemis. And she spots it -- off shore. Will she get left behind?!

CLAIRE

JAMIE!

Claire realizes with the breakers and off-shore winds, there is no way anyone aboard could hear her. She fishes Fogden's small mirror from her pocket and angles it towards the sun, desperate to signal anyone aboard so she can be seen.

**EXT. ARTEMIS - DAY (D5)**

Jamie catches a flash from the beach from the corner of his eye. He looks towards shore, where another small, but bright flash of light is seen. That's weird.

JAMIE

Baxley -- hand me yer spyglass.

Baxley does. Jamie looks through the spyglass and SEES --

**JAMIE'S POV --**

Another bright flash of light, then... there's Claire signalling the Artemis with the pocket mirror!

**ON JAMIE**

Claire?! The impossible news takes a moment to sink in.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Sassenach!

TIME CUT:

**EXT. ANOTHER BEACH - LATER - DAY (D5)**

Jamie hops out of the beached jolly boat (manned by Lesley, Hayes, Willoughby, Fergus, and Manzetti) and onto the shore where Claire launches into his arms. They hold each other. Both relieved, astounded and filled with joy to have found each other, yet again.

CLAIRE

Jamie.

JAMIE

Thank Christ. I feared I'd lost ye all o'er again.

They pull apart and lock eyes -- both brimming with elation. As he takes in her bloody bandage around her right bicep --

JAMIE (CONT'D)

What happened to ye?

**EXT. ANOTHER BEACH - LATER - DAY (D5)**

CLOSE on a needle as it pierces flesh. REVEAL Mr. Willoughby stitching up the GASH on Claire's right bicep as she leans against a rock. Willoughby uses supplies from a medical kit. Claire has just filled Jamie in on the past few days.

JAMIE

Strange as that priest may have been, Sassenach -- I'm grateful he took ye in -- though part o' me wants to throttle ye for takin' on a pirate -- and I still canna believe ye jumped from a ship into the ocean.

CLAIRE

I had to tell you about the warrants.

Jamie shakes his head, still can't quite believe it.

JAMIE

Sir Percival found the body in the cask of crème de menthe.

Mr. Willoughby shakes his head in disappointment.

MR. WILLOUGHBY

We should've cut that body up -- left nothing to find.

CLAIRE

Jamie -- Captain Leonard is an ambitious young man. He won't stop looking for you.

JAMIE

And I willna stop searchin' for Young Ian. Leonard canna arrest a man he canna find.

(off Claire's dubious look)

Dinna fash, Sassenach -- ye ken I was a hunted man when first we met.

CLAIRE

And I didn't like it back then either.

JAMIE

Then we best get to Jamaica before Leonard does.

Willoughby finishes with Claire's arm.

MR. WILLOUGHBY

All finished, Honorable Wife.

CLAIRE

Thank you, Yi Tien Cho. I couldn't have done a better job myself.

Willoughby walks away to gather the other men. It's Jamie's turn to share some news with Claire.

JAMIE

I gave Fergus and Marsali my blessing.

CLAIRE  
 (surprised)  
 You did?

JAMIE  
 He showed me that he loves her as I  
 do you, Sassenach.

Claire smiles, happy for the lovebirds. But Jamie's face  
 clouds, thinking of the others now.

JAMIE (CONT'D)  
 So much death and suffering. Those  
 on our crew and the ones ye lost on  
 the Porpoise to typhoid. We've  
 time to spare waitin' on the  
 foremast tar to harden. It would  
 be a blessing -- to find a wee bit  
 of joy would it not?

CLAIRE  
 It would. What do you have in  
 mind?

JAMIE  
 A wedding.

Claire considers this for a beat, then smiles:

CLAIRE  
 I think I can help with that.

OMITTED

OMITTED (MOVED TO A32)

OMITTED (MOVED TO B32)

OMITTED

OMITTED

OMITTED

OMITTED

OMITTED

OMITTED

OMITTED

EXT. FOGDEN'S HACIENDA - DAY (D5)

Father Fogden and Willoughby speak, as Claire and Jamie watch from nearby. Willoughby looks contrite as he holds a CHICKEN in a CAGE. Fogden is emotional.

FATHER FOGDEN

Arabella was a beloved member of my flock. We had recently celebrated her tenth year... She was... my favorite. A gentle soul.

Willoughby cuts Jamie a subtle look -- really? I have to apologize to this guy? Jamie nudges him -- do it.

MR. WILLOUGHBY

I am... deeply sorry for the pain I have caused you, Father Fogden.

Jamie gives Willoughby another look -- Keep going.

MR. WILLOUGHBY (CONT'D)

... I did not know of Arabella's importance to you. Where I come from goats are not revered as they are here... and as they should be. Please, forgive my ignorance.

Willoughby bows his head in deference, offering Fogden the chicken. Fogden considers his apology, then --

FATHER FOGDEN

There was a time when I was a stranger in a strange land -- much like you are now. I forgive you, Mr. Willoughby.

(then)

May I offer you some yupa?

Willoughby perks up now, intrigued. Jamie nods.

MR. WILLOUGHBY

I would be honored.



FATHER FOGDEN

Wonderful.

Father Fogden takes the chicken from Willoughby, then passes his pipe. Willoughby takes a puff. He smiles, surprised that he likes yupa. Their beef is settled.

JAMIE

(to Claire)

Looks as though we have a priest.

CLAIRE

(to Jamie)

Now all we need is a bride.

**EXT. FOGDEN'S HACIENDA - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT (N5)**

Crew members from the Artemis light lanterns and candles, preparing for the wedding.

**INT. FOGDEN'S HACIENDA - FOGDEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (N5)**

Claire enters to find Marsali STRUGGLING with her dress.

CLAIRE

Here. Let me help you.

Marsali takes the assistance. As Claire helps her --

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Any nerves?

MARSALI

(bravado)

No. Why would I have nerves?

CLAIRE

Well, marriage involves a serious commitment -- I was nervous on my wedding day. There was so much that I didn't know.

A beat as Marsali's bravado dissipates. In truth, she's an inexperienced teenager who hasn't seen much of the world.

MARSALI

There is one thing I dinna ken...

(then)

When Fergus and I lie together...  
how do I no have a bairn?

CLAIRE

You don't want a child? Seems most young women do.

MARSALI

I would like one. Someday. But at first, with Fergus, I want to...

(an admission)

I want to enjoy it -- Fergus says he kens what to do and I'll like it fine once we're past the first time, but I'm no sure that's true.

CLAIRE

Why wouldn't it be?

MARSALI

After Jamie marrit my mother, I saw how 'twas betwixt them. When he drew her close -- she'd shrink away. But when I saw ye wi' Daddy on the ship, I think ye enjoyed what he was doin' to ye.

CLAIRE

Well... yes. I did.

MARSALI

I want to be happy wi' Fergus -- the way ye are wi' Daddy -- wi'out bein' worrit about a bairn. D'ye ken ways of no havin' children? You bein' a wisewoman I thought ye'd be worth askin'.

Claire takes young Marsali in, of course she gets it.

CLAIRE

I understand why you want to wait before having children.

MARSALI

So there is a way?

CLAIRE

Yes. I'll show you once we're back on the ship.

MARSALI

Mebbe ye're no the Devil after all.

EXT. FOGDEN'S HACIENDA - NIGHT (N5)

The crew of the Artemis has gathered for Fergus and Marsali's wedding. Jamie and Claire watch nearby as Fergus and Marsali stand before Fogden. He gives just the kind of ceremony you'd expect from such an oddball.

FATHER FOGDEN

I bid thee welcome dearly beloved,  
gathered here, I bless you in the  
Name of the Lord.

Fogden turns to Manzetti.

FATHER FOGDEN (CONT'D)

Wilt thou have this woman?

MANZETTI

Not me, sir, no.  
(points to Fergus)  
Him, please.

Father Fogden takes in Fergus.

FATHER FOGDEN

Him? Are you sure? He is missing  
a hand? Will the bride mind?

MARSALI

(pointed)  
I will not.

FATHER FOGDEN

Well, I don't suppose it's an  
impediment -- not as though he's  
lost his cock.  
(then, concerned)  
He hasn't has he?

MARSALI

(to Fogden)  
If ye'd hurry up and get on wi' it,  
I could find out!

FERGUS

(shocked, but amused)  
Marsali!

MARSALI

(to Fergus)  
Ye ken well that I've been waitin'  
to bed ye for months!

FERGUS

(to Fogden)

I am sorry, Father. She speaks her mind. One of the many things I love about her.

FATHER FOGDEN

(to Marsali)

Your name in its entirety my dear? I cannot marry you without it.

MARSALI

Marsali Jane MacKimmie.

FATHER FOGDEN

(enjoying saying her name)

Mar-sa-lee. Mar-sa-lee. Lovely.

MARSALI

For the love of God, Father! Are we to stand about all day havoring about my name? Or d'ye intend to marry me?

FATHER FOGDEN

Wilt thou Mar-sa-lee Jane MacKimmie have this man for thy wedded husband? To have and to hold, from this day forward, forsaking all others --

MARSALI

(cutting him off)

I will.

Fogden then turns his attention to Fergus.

FATHER FOGDEN

And you have a name too? And a cock? I cannot marry you, if you don't. It's not allowed.

FERGUS

Yes. Fergus...

FATHER FOGDEN

(expectantly)

In its entirety, if you please.

FERGUS

(faltering)

It is just Fergus.

FATHER FOGDEN  
 (frowning slightly)  
 Assuredly you have a surname, do  
 you not? I cannot marry you  
 properly without one --

JAMIE (O.C.)  
 Fraser.

Fergus and Marsali glance back at Jamie in surprise.

JAMIE  
 His name is Fergus Claudel Fraser.

Jamie nods with a smile as his eyes meet Fergus's.  
 Incredibly touched by this, Fergus then turns back to  
 Fogden.

FERGUS  
 Fergus Claudel... Fraser.

Fogden looks pleased.

FATHER FOGDEN  
 Wonderful. Wilt thou Fergus  
 Claudel Fraser have this woman for  
 thy wedded wife?

FERGUS  
 (locks eyes with Marsali)  
 I will.

Fergus digs into his pocket, coming out with a small gold  
 ring. He slides it onto Marsali's finger. They look at each  
 other as though they're the only two people here.

FATHER FOGDEN  
 And now... I unite you in wedlock  
 in the name of the Father, Son and  
 Holy Spirit. Amen.

Fergus and Marsali seal the deal with a kiss.

FERGUS  
 Je t'aime, ma femme.

MARSALI  
 I love you too.

FATHER FOGDEN  
 (smiling)  
 May God bless your union.

Father Fogden approaches Claire and Jamie. He makes the sign of the cross over each of their foreheads, blessing them.

FATHER FOGDEN (CONT'D)  
And may God bless your union as well -- and protect you on your journey to Jamaica.

CLAIRE  
Thank you, Father.

JAMIE  
Thank ye, Father.

Fogden nods, then heads inside. Jamie looks to an emotional Claire --

**OMITTED**

**EXT. OCEAN/EXT. ARTEMIS - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT (N5)**

The Artemis cuts across the open ocean at a nice clip.

**INT. ARTEMIS - CAPTAIN'S CABIN - NIGHT (N5)**

Claire ladles another helping of SOUP from a POT into her BOWL. It's a rich green concoction, swimming in butter and reeking of sherry. She has a fresh bandage over her bicep wound. Jamie enters carrying her brown case containing syringes and penicillin.

JAMIE  
(re: the brown case)  
Ye didna take this wi' ye to the Porpoise?

CLAIRE  
There's not enough to treat hundreds of men and I'm afraid this antibiotic wouldn't have done any good against typhoid anyway.

Claire sends a large spoonful of soup down the hatch.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
This soup is delicious.

JAMIE  
Willoughby shall be glad to hear it. He made the wee broth for ye, special.

Jamie sets the case down near Claire, then caresses her flushed face.

JAMIE (CONT'D)  
Christ, you're burning!

CLAIRE  
Yes, I know.

She reaches for the case.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
That's why I need this.

She's a little unsteady as she opens the brown case.

As Claire struggles to fill a syringe with penicillin using her wounded arm --

JAMIE  
I'll help ye.

Jamie takes the syringe and penicillin from Claire.

CLAIRE  
(instructing)  
Push the needle into the top, then  
lift the plunger --

As Jamie fills the syringe with penicillin --

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
That's it. Now pull the needle out  
and press the plunger -- slowly.

He does, clearing the air from the barrel.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
That's enough.  
(then, re: the syringe)  
Here's your chance for revenge, if  
you want it.

JAMIE  
Ye want me to stab ye with one of  
these spikes? In the arse?

CLAIRE  
Yes.

Claire tilts some alcohol onto a bandage and hands it to him, then pulls up her shift, exposing part of her backside.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Clean the area first.

Jamie swipes a spot on her backside with the bandage, while Claire holds the syringe. Once the spot is clean, Claire hands the syringe back to him. Jamie eyes the sharp needle.

JAMIE

The closest thing I've done to this is to spear a man wi' a dirk, but it feels a bit strange to think of doin' such a thing to you, Sassenach.

CLAIRE

Look, I did it to you. So you know what it feels like. Wasn't that bad, was it?

JAMIE

I'm no sure I can do it.

CLAIRE

Just angle the point in -- and push. You might have to jab it a bit at first. Then press down the plunger, slowly -- you don't want to go too fast.

Jamie looks uncertain as he holds the syringe. He can't bring himself to stick her with it.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Never mind. Here, give me that.

Claire quickly wipes her thigh with the alcohol soaked bandage, takes the syringe and jabs the needle into her thigh. Her left hand is awkward with the plunger. Jamie's there with the assist. He grips Claire's thigh firmly with one hand as the other gently presses the liquid from the syringe.

Claire eyes Jamie. His firm grasp on her thigh is extremely arousing -- she's hit with a wave of lustfulness. But Jamie returns to the soup, feeding her once more.

JAMIE

Ye must keep yer strength up.

Claire polishes off another spoonful.

CLAIRE

What kind of soup is this?



JAMIE

Turtle. Manzetti took a big  
hawksbill last night and Willoughby  
wasted no time putting it in a pot.

Claire finishes the bowl.

CLAIRE

I've never had this before, it's  
marvelous. Apparently, turtle is  
an aphrodisiac.

JAMIE

I dinna need turtle to stimulate my  
want of ye, Sassenach.  
(then)  
But that's verra bawdy for a  
respectable marrit woman.

CLAIRE

What do you mean? I'm respectable.

JAMIE

(teasing)  
Are ye now? What wi' you sitting  
there wi' yer hair loose and yer  
nipples starin' me in the eye, the  
size of cherries.

CLAIRE

It's not as though you haven't seen  
them before.

She shoots him a come-hither look. Then:

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Bolt the door.

He catches a whiff of sherry on her breath, realizing --

JAMIE

Bolt the door? What d'ye think I'm  
going to do? Do I look the sort of  
man who would take advantage of a  
woman who's not only wounded and  
boiling wi' fever, but drunk as  
well?

CLAIRE

I am not drunk. I feel much  
better. Besides, you can't get  
drunk on turtle soup!

JAMIE

Ye can if ye've been drinking Willoughby's turtle soup. By the smell of it, he's put at least a full bottle o' the sherry in it.

CLAIRE

You told me once that if you could still stand up, you weren't drunk.

JAMIE

Ye're hardly standing up.

CLAIRE

Stop changing the subject.

JAMIE

Well, ye can just stop talking about it, because --

She grabs his crotch with her hand.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

I wouldna use force on a sick woman, but ye've a damn healthy grip for someone wi' a fever. Besides, it would hurt your arm.

CLAIRE

Let me worry about my arm.

She kisses him, light-headed and reckless. He starts to weaken, kissing her back.

JAMIE

This must be what it's like to make love in Hell. With a burning she-devil.

A KNOCK sounds at the door. They don't stop making out --

INTERCUT WITH:

**INT. ARTEMIS - OUTSIDE CAPTAIN'S CABIN - SAME TIME - NIGHT**  
**(N5)**

-- Willoughby outside the cabin door. Jamie tries to sound as natural as he can as Claire kisses him.

JAMIE

Aye? What is it?

MR. WILLOUGHBY  
Is Honorable Wife feeling improved?

JAMIE  
Verra much.

MR. WILLOUGHBY  
She enjoyed the turtle soup?

JAMIE  
Greatly. I thank ye.

MR. WILLOUGHBY  
It was a fine hawksbill turtle. A most elegant beast.

JAMIE  
Aye. 'Twas. Good night, Mr. Willoughby!  
(to Claire)  
Laugh, and I'll throttle ye.

MR. WILLOUGHBY  
Does she wish to have more? I've made a fresh pot!

Jamie quickly moves to the door to keep him from entering.

JAMIE  
No, she's had quite enough for one evening! Good night!

MR. WILLOUGHBY  
Good night.

Mr. Willoughby leaves, smiling to himself as he continues on.

#### **BACK WITH JAMIE AND CLAIRE**

Claire bolts the door. She and Jamie kiss as they make their way to the dresser facing the MIRROR. She slides out of her shift, then turns her back to him. He pulls off his shirt and drops his breeks, pressing himself against her.

Jamie gasps in ecstasy as he enters her from behind. They make love facing the mirror. She moans loudly with each thrust, the spiked turtle soup having loosened her sense of decorum. He puts a hand over her mouth. She bites him, he winces -- a mix of pleasure and pain. OFF the two of them moving into one another, until they both CLIMAX --

EXT. ARTEMIS - ESTABLISHING - DAY (D6)

The sun shines as the Artemis sails towards us with her sails full.

EXT. ARTEMIS - DECK - DAY (D6)

The sails are trimmed to a full close reach, taking advantage of the stiff wind. Baxley is at the helm as Claire and Jamie cross the deck below.

JAMIE

How's yer arm?

CLAIRE

(hungover)

Better than my throbbing head.

JAMIE

Serves ye right for takin' advantage of me last night.

Claire can't help but laugh. They spy Fergus and Marsali across the deck, beaming at one another -- lovestruck.

CLAIRE

They look as though they slept about as much as we did.

JAMIE

They can do as they please, now that they're wed.

HOGAN (O.C.)

Mister Fraser --

Jamie turns.

HOGAN

We're coming up on Port Royal.

Jamie and Claire make their way with Hogan to the bow.

HOGAN (CONT'D)

Just beyond the palisades is Kingston's harbor. Welcome to Jamaica -- the jewel of the Caribbean.

JAMIE

(to Claire, thrilled)

We're close to finding Young Ian.

They lock eyes. OFF this moment of optimism --

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE