

OUTLANDER

EPISODE 313

Eye of the Storm

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BASED ON THE NOVEL BY
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FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT
11th July 2017

OUTLANDER
EPISODE 313 "Eye of the Storm"

PREVIOUS REVISIONS

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EPISODE 313 "Eye of the Storm"

CAST LIST – FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT – 11th July 2017

CLAIRE RANDALL FRASER
JAMIE MACKENZIE FRASER

ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL
CAPTAIN LEONARD
FERGUS
GEILLIS DUNCAN
HAYES
LESLEY
LORD JOHN GREY
MARGARET CAMPBELL
MARSALI MACKIMMIE FRASER
MR. WILLOUGHBY
YOUNG IAN

CALLER
HERCULES
MR. OLIVIER
MRS. OLIVIER

ABEEKU
ARMY OFFICER
ATLAS
BAXLEY
HENRY
HOGAN
MANZETTI
SLAVE
TURBANED WOMAN

EPISODE 313 "Eye of the Storm"

SET LIST - FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT - 11th July 2017

INTERIORS

Abandawe
 Inner Cave
 Passageway
Artemis
 Below Deck
 Captain's Cabin
Carriage
Governor's Mansion
 John Grey's Office
Rose Hall
 Courtyard

EXTERIORS

Abandawe
Artemis
 Deck
Beach
Kingston Dock
Jungle
Open Ocean
Rose Hall
 Grounds
 Slaves' Quarters
Sugar Cane Field
 A Clearing
Tavern
 Bedroom
Underwater

FADE IN:

OVER WHITE.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

I was dead.

The whiteness SWIRLS and ROLLS, unfurling like a flag...
REVEALING a WOMAN'S BODY wrapped inside. CLAIRE FRASER.
She's swirling through water...

UNDERWATER - DAY

... Claire, wrapped in a SHIP'S SAIL, is sinking away from the turbulent surface above. Downward, deeper and deeper. Her eyes are open, but unmoving, staring blankly ahead. She's drowning, but she is strangely at peace. It's surreal and beautiful at the same time.

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

Everything around me was a blinding white, and there was a soft, rushing noise like the wings of angels. I felt peaceful and bodiless, free of terror, free of rage, filled with quiet happiness.

Where is she? How did she get here? As she sinks further...

CUT TO:

INT. CARRIAGE - MOVING - NIGHT (N1)

CLOSE ON CLAIRE as she stares out the window at the night. Having left the Governor's Reception earlier this evening, taken Temeraire to his freedom, and then been accosted by Captain Leonard and his marines who arrested Jamie -- Claire is now alone on the road to ROSE HALL, where she's hoping to find Young Ian. **[Note: She has stopped back at the inn and changed out of the gown, and is now in another dress.]**

As the carriage, moving urgently through the night, draws closer to her destination, it comes to a strange sight. The carriage slows to a near stop as --

CLAIRE'S POV --

A STEADY STREAM OF SLAVES walking down the side of the road, moving in the opposite direction of the carriage. A mass exodus of some sort -- leaving Rose Hall.

ON Claire, puzzled, not knowing what to make of this. But it's fucking weird.

INT. CARRIAGE - ROSE HALL - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT (N1)

The carriage arrives at the head of a long driveway leading up to the PLANTATION. The carriage halts and Claire gets out. By now, the slaves are gone, having disappeared into the darkness.

EXT. CARRIAGE - ROSE HALL - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT (N1)

She stands at the end of the road and gazes up at the lights of the great HOUSE in the distance. She turns back to the Footman.

CLAIRE

Wait for me at the bottom of the road. If I haven't returned by daybreak, come to the main house and inquire after me.

The Footman and Driver NOD. Claire moves toward the house. Her plan -- to search the grounds for Young Ian.

INT. TAVERN - BEDROOM - NIGHT (N1)

FERGUS and MARSALI have come from the Governor's Reception earlier and have been looking for Mr. Willoughby as Jamie instructed. When they enter the room, they are disappointed to find it empty, except for Claire's ball gown spread out on the bed -- clearly indicating that Claire has been there and left in a hurry.

FERGUS

Er, I had hoped Mr. Willoughby would be here. Harm may have befallen him.

MARSALI

He's a clever man, he'll ken how to avoid harm. There's naught we can do for him, we dinna ken this island.

Then Fergus spots a folded PIECE OF PAPER tucked under one of the sleeves of the dress. Fergus OPENS it.

FERGUS

It's from Milady.
(reading, then)
Milord has been arrested by Captain Leonard.

MARSALI

We must make haste to the Artemis,
then. We'll need help.

Fergus takes a beat.

FERGUS

Non. There is another way. I must
go now. Wait here for me.

MARSALI

Fergus Fraser, I'm yer wife, I'm
coming with ye.

As Fergus and Marsali take off --

**EXT. ROSE HALL - SLAVES' QUARTERS - A SHORT WHILE LATER -
NIGHT (N1)**

Claire creeps stealthily around the grounds outside the
house, looking for any sign of Young Ian.

She makes her way around the back to the Slaves' Quarters,
but it's very quiet. The place is completely deserted. She
explores the area, seeking any sign of a young boy, but no
luck.

Then, Claire hears what sounds like -- TEARING FABRIC. She
moves toward the sound. In a partially hidden spot between
TWO SHACKS, she notices a SHABBY DOG TEARING at something.
She shoos the dog away and moves closer.

And it's only then she sees what the dog was chewing on: TWO
BODIES. Young boys, with their throats cut, drained lifeless
of blood. It wasn't goat's blood in Geillis's bathtub after
all.

One of the boys is black. His face is half-turned, and we
see it's ABEEKU, who was with Ian in the pit. The other is
white. Claire's terrified. Could this be Ian? She turns
the body over -- it's HENRY. Although she's relieved it's
not her nephew, Claire's shocked and paralyzed.

As she backs slowly away from this horrifying tableau, she's
suddenly GRABBED by two large arms. She GASPS in surprise.

REVEAL HERCULES, Geillis's giant slave, has her in his
clutches. Meanwhile --

INT. ROSE HALL - COURTYARD - NIGHT (N1)

ON YOUNG IAN, exhausted and afraid, but alive. Another one of Geillis's large slaves, ATLAS, keeps an eye on him as he's being interrogated by GEILLIS.

GEILLIS

So ye told me about yer uncle and his interest in the treasure. But ye left something out... ye didn't tell me about yer auntie Claire.

But this is not the passive, frightened Ian we saw before. His friends are dead, he's the only one left and fearing he's next, he begins to show some teeth. He answers, defiant:

YOUNG IAN

What has she to do with this?

GEILLIS

You tell me, boy. It was she who wanted the treasure, wasn't it? Why?

YOUNG IAN

As I told ye -- 'twas to pay a debt!

GEILLIS

Ye're lying. It was the sapphires she wanted, wasn't it? She's learned of the prophecy.

YOUNG IAN

I dinna ken what ye're speaking of! Leave me be!

GEILLIS

What else are ye keeping from me?

YOUNG IAN

Let me go, ye bletherin' bitch! I'll gut ye, I swear it upon my life.

In a desperate rage, Young Ian flies at Geillis -- but Atlas moves quickly, yanking Ian away. Ian kicks and thrashes with all his might, but he's no match for the huge slave. Geillis moves toward him, blood in her eyes. We fear for Ian's life.

Just then, a Female House Slave enters and WHISPERS something to Geillis. Geillis cocks her brow, intrigued. Anger gone. Her mood shifts so quickly that it's jarring.

GEILLIS

(to Atlas)

Take him outside -- discreetly.

Atlas puts Ian in a choke-hold, rendering him momentarily unconscious. Then carries him out a SIDE DOOR.

Hercules ENTERS through the main door, marching Claire in with him. Geillis is not surprised to see her. He whispers in Geillis's ear (presumably where he found Claire).

GEILLIS (CONT'D)

Seems we have a guest.

Claire gathers her wits and acts normal, hoping now that she's inside the house, she'll be able to search more.

CLAIRE

I'm sorry, Geillis, I know it's late... my coachman left me at the bottom of the road... I lost my way trying to find the house.

GEILLIS

Ye're welcome any time. We're friends. Besides, I'm a night owl.

Geillis smiles a mysterious smile. Hercules stands watch, as Claire schemes, wondering how she can use her relationship with Geillis to learn about Ian's whereabouts.

GEILLIS (CONT'D)

I apologize for my manservant's roughness. He must have thought you an intruder. What brings ye here?

CLAIRE

Jamie's been arrested.

GEILLIS

Arrested?

Claire's genuinely distressed about Jamie's arrest [Episode 312], but uses it now to "confide" in Geillis.

CLAIRE

We were accosted on the road by marines when we left the reception. They took him -- claiming to hold a warrant issued in Edinburgh.

GEILLIS

For what crime?

CLAIRE

Murder. Someone has accused Jamie, but he's innocent. They're after me as well, Geillis.

GEILLIS

You must be exhausted. Come, sit.
(to Hercules)
Fetch us some refreshments, boy.

HERCULES

Your servant, Mistress.

Hercules exits to do her bidding.

CLAIRE

I managed to get away but... Could I stay here with you... just until I decide what to do next?

GEILLIS

Of course.

Then, Geillis leads Claire over to a SITTING AREA. As they take a seat, Geillis feigns as if suddenly remembering --

GEILLIS (CONT'D)

But what of yer poor nephew? Ye mentioned earlier at the reception that he'd been kidnapped. Have you any word of him?

Claire is surprised Geillis would be so bold as to bring up Ian, but she quickly covers.

CLAIRE

No, unfortunately.

Geillis takes this in. And without blinking --

GEILLIS

It troubled me, Claire, seeing you so distressed earlier; so the very minute I got home, I had my manservant Hercules speak with the overseer.

CLAIRE

Did he know anything?

GEILLIS

Sadly, no.

Claire pretends to look disappointed. But she knows Geillis has the boy. Geillis pretends to be crestfallen. A game of cat and mouse between two worthy adversaries.

GEILLIS (CONT'D)

I'm truly sorry, Claire. I wish I had better news.

The faint sound of DRUMMING can be heard in the distance.

GEILLIS (CONT'D)

Drums. I love the sound of them, don't you? That'll be my slaves. 'Tis called Obeah, has to do with sorcery and witchcraft. It's been outlawed here in Jamaica, but I allow it -- seems wrong to keep them from their religious practices.

Especially when that religion is witchcraft.

Hercules returns with a TRAY of tea and refreshments, carefully sets it down, then bows and lumbers off to stand sentry in the corner once more, as Geillis POURS the tea and hands Claire a cup, behaving exactly like a hostess at a tea party.

She leans closer to Claire, boasting:

GEILLIS (CONT'D)

My slaves are afraid o' me.

CLAIRE

(they should be)

Whatever for?

GEILLIS

One of the kitchen maids was stung by a bee, she swelled up like a toad and died right before my eyes. The rest o' the slaves spread it around that I'd put a spell on her for burning a cake. Now they think I'm a witch. Verra funny, all things considered, is it not?

Geillis's eyes dance with the irony. Claire, recalling Cranesmuir, does not find it quite as funny.

Geillis scrutinizes Claire. Knowing how Geillis has operated in the past, Claire avoids drinking her tea. Geillis casually broaches the subject of Ian once again, hiding ulterior motives to learn Claire's interest in the treasure.

GEILLIS (CONT'D)

When was the last time you saw your nephew?

CLAIRE

Months ago, when he was taken by pirates from a small island off the coast of Scotland.

GEILLIS

Pirates? Why on earth would they want the boy?

CLAIRE

He was at the wrong place at the wrong time. We didn't mean to, but Jamie and I sent him into harm's way.

GEILLIS

How awful.

Geillis notices Claire hasn't touched her tea.

GEILLIS (CONT'D)

Is there something wrong with the tea? Perhaps some sugar?

OFF GEILLIS, as she tries to dig deeper into Claire's connection to the treasure...

EXT. KINGSTON DOCK - NIGHT (N1)

JAMIE FRASER is shackled and in custody, a prisoner of CAPTAIN LEONARD and his Marines. They are escorting Jamie to a waiting longboat.

JAMIE

A shame you couldna have lost your way and found Havana instead of Kingston.

CAPTAIN LEONARD

You are quite droll for a man in irons, Mr. Fraser. We did have difficulties making our way here, being quite shorthanded, but we are here now. However, that will not be for long -- once we have provisioned and found proper crew, we will transport you home to face trial.

ARMY OFFICER
Halt there, Lieutenant!

Leonard turns to see several Redcoats have arrived. An ARMY OFFICER approaches and speaks to Leonard.

ARMY OFFICER (CONT'D)
We'll be taking Mr. Fraser into our charge.

CAPTAIN LEONARD
(affronted)
By what authority?

Even though they are in different branches of His Majesty's armed forces -- rank is rank. And the Army Officer is clearly a higher one.

CUT TO:

INT. GOVERNOR'S MANSION - JOHN GREY'S OFFICE - NIGHT (N1)

CLOSE ON JOHN GREY who sits across from Captain Leonard. Leonard, with all due respect, confronts Grey as Jamie sits quietly in a chair near the wall, listening to these two men discuss his fate. [NOTE: This takes place an hour or so after the Governor's Reception.]

CAPTAIN LEONARD
Your Excellency, I must respectfully request that you place this man in my custody. He stands accused of murder and of high treason. A warrant has been issued for him in Scotland and I am duty-bound to ensure his return there to face trial.

JOHN GREY
Of course. May I see this warrant?

CAPTAIN LEONARD
I... don't have it in my possession, your Excellency.

Grey reacts with all the imperiousness of a high officer suddenly challenged by an underling.

JOHN GREY
(polite but cold)
You do not have the warrant? Then what do you have, Lieutenant Leonard? Forgive me -- Captain
(MORE)

JOHN GREY (CONT'D)

Leonard. You must excuse my unfamiliarity with the somewhat liberal practices of the naval service -- in so far as conferring rank is concerned. I'm afraid the army takes a somewhat more traditional stance in these matters, preferring to grant a title of command only when it has been earned.

Grey looks the hapless Leonard up and down as if from a lofty height. Leonard fidgets a bit under the scrutiny. Adjusts his uniform unconsciously.

JOHN GREY (CONT'D)

Now, as to your request -- if you are unable to produce a warrant, what have you in support of your claim against this man? Surely you have some evidence to put forward before you dispossess him of his freedom?

Leonard tries to maintain his dignity as best he can.

CAPTAIN LEONARD

A member of my crew encountered this man in Edinburgh, while in the service of the crown -- and can attest to the incriminating activities he saw there...

JOHN GREY

I see. I presume, then, that your witness has made an affidavit, and sworn its veracity before a magistrate? If so, may I see the affidavit?

CAPTAIN LEONARD

Having only just arrived, I have not yet had the opportunity to --

JOHN GREY

Lieutenant -- Captain -- do you mean to say that you have neither warrant nor affidavit to support your claim? Surely you don't mean to arrest a British subject on nothing more than scurrilous gossip from the lower deck?

Leonard, stung, draws himself up to his full height and glares at Grey.

CAPTAIN LEONARD

Your Excellency. I am satisfied as to both the validity of the charge and the identity of this man. And as a senior naval officer on station, I am justified -- under the Articles of War -- in my desire to take him into custody.

JOHN GREY

Indeed, Captain -- were he captured at sea. However, your authority ends at the water's edge, which is precisely where my authority begins.

(beat)

And until such time that I am satisfied as to the validity of this alleged warrant, this man will retain his liberty.

CAPTAIN LEONARD

Your Excellency --

JOHN GREY

Thank you. Captain Leonard.

Leonard gives a last cutting glance at Jamie, and then EXITS. After a beat -- John Grey turns to Jamie, who looks relieved.

JAMIE

Seems I am indebted to you yet again for saving my life.

JOHN GREY

(smiling)

Seems we've been indebted to each other so many times now, I have lost count.

JAMIE

Until the next time, then.

(then)

Goodbye, John.

JOHN GREY

Goodbye, Jamie. And good luck.

And Jamie leaves quickly --

INT. ROSE HALL - COURTYARD - NIGHT (N1)

Back with Geillis and Claire. With a coy tilt of her head:

GEILLIS

That's a braw tale. But ye seem to
have omitted one detail.

In an echo of the moment from the witch trial [Episode 111],
where Geillis asked Claire --

GEILLIS (CONT'D)

Why are you here?

CLAIRE

I've told you everything.

GEILLIS

Twenty-five years ago, you dropped
into my life out of the sky. And
now you appear again, on my
doorstep. Strange how fate keeps
bringing us together.

One pale brow arches over Geillis's acid smile.

GEILLIS (CONT'D)

I've never met another traveler.
Only you. We share a bond,
something even you and Jamie can't
share.

CLAIRE

I suppose we do.

Claire isn't sure where this is going.

GEILLIS

I befriended you, Claire, and
because of that I let my guard down
-- I sacrificed all for you, and
still you come into my home and lie
to me. You've been lying since we
met.

CLAIRE

I'm not lying to you, Geillis.

GEILLIS

I see now -- 'twas you who poisoned
Colum's mind. Ye turned him
against Dougal, and against the
Rising. I just didn't know how far
you'd come to stop me.

CLAIRE
Stop you from what?

GEILLIS
From fighting for a Scot to sit on
the throne.

CLAIRE
I've done no such thing. But
Charles Stuart had his chance.

Geillis's eyes darken.

GEILLIS
Aye. He's water under the bridge.
But I'm not talking about the
Bonnie Prince. I'm talking about
the new King.

Claire looks confused -- because she is. She tries to put
her host at ease.

CLAIRE
Geillis... I don't know what you're
getting at. I was just as shocked
to see you at the reception
tonight.

GEILLIS
Don't play the fool with me,
Claire. Ye knew full well about
the Brahan Seer and the sapphires,
and that I was getting close, close
to getting my people out from under
the oppression of the tyrannical
rule of the English and returning
our homeland to its former glory,
as God meant it.

Claire genuinely has no idea what Geillis is talking about.
There's a malice in Geillis's eyes now that is frightening.

CLAIRE
I think I'd better leave.

Claire stands up and heads toward the door. Hercules crosses
and blocks Claire's way. He grabs the nape of her dress and
drags her back, SHOVING her down on the sofa.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
(to Hercules)
Get your hands off me!

She tries to get up again, but he shoves her down harder.

GEILLIS

Who are you? Maybe I'll allow
Hercules to persuade ye to tell me
the real story? This isn't
Cranesmuir, Claire. There's no one
to defend you, save the truth.

CLAIRE

What is it that you want to hear?

GEILLIS

Why have ye been after me all these
years?

Geillis nods to Hercules, who starts to manhandle Claire.
Fearful for her safety, Claire decides to try and convince
Geillis of the truth.

CLAIRE

Geillis -- I haven't even been in
this time for the last twenty
years.

GEILLIS

More lies.

CLAIRE

Right before Culloden, I went back
through -- to my time, 1948.

GEILLIS

You'd never leave your beloved
Jamie.

CLAIRE

I didn't want to, but he made me
leave. We knew how it would end.

GEILLIS

I don't believe it. Not even war
could part the two of ye.

Geillis nods to Hercules, and he tightens his grip.

CLAIRE

(blurts out)
I was pregnant.

GEILLIS

Pregnant? And ye left your
husband?

CLAIRE

For the child's safety. You know how it was after the '45. The clearances -- the bloodshed. I went back to raise her in my own time, in Boston. Then when she was old enough, I returned here to find Jamie. That was only a few months ago.

GEILLIS

(skeptical)

So ye're claiming ye traveled through the stones three times, and survived it? I've read better stories from Mills and Boon.

Claire senses that Geillis's patience is wearing thin.

GEILLIS (CONT'D)

(to Hercules)

You can have her, do what ye will.

CLAIRE

Christ, I have proof.

Claire pulls the packet of PHOTOS that Jamie handed her during his arrest out of the pocket of her dress [Episode 312]. Geillis stops Hercules with a flick of her wrist.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Look -- this is my daughter.

Geillis is shocked to see this artifact from the future. She takes the photos from Claire.

GEILLIS

I never thought I'd see photographs again.

(flipping through them)

She's a pretty lassie, to be sure.

As Geillis gazes at the photos: Claire holding baby Brianna, mother and daughter posing at the Med School graduation -- Geillis's eyes are alive with calculation.

CLAIRE

How could I be in those photographs if I wasn't telling the truth?

Claire's right, the photos are irrefutable truth that she travelled back to the future. Geillis stares at Brianna's face, which sparks a memory.

GEILLIS

Your daughter looks familiar.
What's her name?

CLAIRE

Brianna. You actually met her at
the university in Inverness in
1968.

Geillis stares at the photo and it starts sinking in --

GEILLIS

(realizing, surprised)
Aye. I did meet her... she was at
the White Roses rally and then
later at the pub... that was your
daughter?

CLAIRE

We were there the night you went
through the stones.

Geillis shakes her head, marvelling.

GEILLIS

That was you who shouted my name
just before...?

CLAIRE

I wanted to warn you about what
would happen at the witch trial.
We tried to stop you.

Geillis realizes this means Claire saw the burned body.

GEILLIS

Then ye must have seen...

CLAIRE

Your husband... Yes, what was left
of him.

Geillis falls into a strange reverie as she recalls Greg.

GEILLIS

He was one of my favorites.
Handsome. Such a lovely cock.
(snaps out of it)
But a sacrifice is required,
Claire. For the sake of the cause.

CLAIRE

I've never needed a sacrifice any
of the times I went through.

GEILLIS

Then how did you do it?

CLAIRE

I don't know. I think it has to do with who is on the other side -- drawing you to them.

GEILLIS

That might be so. But I'd just as soon have blood -- a girl canna be too careful.

Staring at the photo of Brianna as a BABY. The penny finally dropping. Claire's daughter, conceived in 1746 and born in 1948 -- after Claire went back through the stones.

GEILLIS (CONT'D)

A two-hundred year old baby, imagine that.

Geillis smiles, discreetly palms one of the photos (the one of Brianna with her dog), and hands Claire back the rest. Claire tucks them back into the pocket of her dress. Flush with the knowledge that Brianna is the key to the prophecy, and wanting to leave quickly -- Geillis's expression softens.

GEILLIS (CONT'D)

My dear friend, I acted monstrously. But you can understand. Our paths keep crossing so ominously, and, well, it frightens me.

Claire relaxes a bit, thinking that Geillis now believes her and has come down from whatever weird trip she was on. But Claire's still wary as Geillis hugs her.

GEILLIS (CONT'D)

Things havena been easy for me... it's hard to distinguish friend from foe. But I see now that we've been brought together by forces more powerful than ourselves.

(then)

I shall retire now. I'll have a servant show you to a guest room where you can stay as long as you need.

Claire is guarded, but agrees in the hope that by staying the night, she can continue the search for Ian.

GEILLIS (CONT'D)

(as she exits)

Seeing you again was a gift. Truly.

Geillis leaves in a whirlwind up the stairs, Hercules following behind her. Claire waits for Geillis's footsteps to recede. The house maid returns to collect the tea tray -- but it feels like an eternity. When the house maid finally exits, Claire rushes toward the front door but a NOISE catches her attention -- coming from the side window to the right of the staircase. She looks out and sees --

CLAIRE'S POV --

Geillis and Hercules leaving. Hercules has Young Ian over his shoulder. Claire rushes to the door. Tries the handle. It's LOCKED!

She goes to another door -- it's locked as well. She's trapped. Suddenly she HEARS something rattling at the door. Someone's trying to get in.

She looks quickly around the room -- to find a weapon. Unfortunately the decor doesn't hold much in the way of weaponry. But she grabs a LARGE CANDLESTICK and cocks it back, ready to defend herself --

The door BANGS OPEN. She's ready to swing when she realizes -- it's JAMIE! She almost cracked him on the head.

JAMIE

Claire!

CLAIRE

You're free --

JAMIE

Aye. Fergus got word to John Grey.

He scans the room, sees that they're alone.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Are ye all right, Sassenach?

CLAIRE

I'm fine... but Geillis has Young Ian! I've seen him!

Alarmed, Jamie grabs Claire and rushes out of the room --

EXT. ROSE HALL - GROUNDS - NIGHT (N1)

With Claire and Jamie outside. Jamie picks up a TORCH on his way out. He looks around, notices an eerie emptiness.

JAMIE
(for fuck's sake)
I dinna like this place.

CLAIRE
Jamie... I saw... two dead boys.
Their throats cut.

JAMIE
(his jaw tightening)
I saw them as well when I was
looking for you.

CLAIRE
Geillis went that way -- towards
the drums. She had Ian with her.

She indicates the direction of the beating drums.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
The slaves are holding some sort of
ritual.

FOLLOW Jamie and Claire as they WIND through the grounds of Rose Hall, following the DRUMMING, beating in a half-halting rhythm, like the beating of a heart.

EXT. JUNGLE - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT (N1)

They HEAR faint CHANTING now, and see a strange GLOW that indicates a large FIRE in the distance.

As they continue to move quickly through the jungle, they stop suddenly, almost colliding with a LARGE OBJECT hanging on a rope from a tree branch and blocking their path.

JAMIE
What the devil is that?

JAMIE AND CLAIRE'S POV --

The thing is nearly twelve feet long, with an armored body the size of a rum cask. Its underside gleaming white in the lantern light.

CLAIRE
A crocodile.

But something's missing -- it's been decapitated. Jamie pushes it out of the way so that they may pass. The croc swings back as they go by, dangling ominously, a warning of what lies ahead. They continue on, slowing as the jungle turns into a --

EXT. SUGAR CANE FIELD - A CLEARING - NIGHT (N1)

Tall shoots of sugar cane block their view -- the SOUND and GLOW coming from within. They must push on --

They inch forward parting the cane, it's what nightmares are made of -- until they glimpse the light source --

A BONFIRE burns brightly in the center of a clearing.

Around it, a circle of DANCERS, firelight flickering off their faces and bodies -- frenzied, crazed. We recognize them as the group of slaves who were walking away from Rose Hall earlier.

FIFTY or more of Geillis's slaves have gathered for this ancient festival preserved from their lost culture. A savage exultation of voices echoing through the night.

The crowd shakes gourd rattles, bangs iron clappers. Wild.

The hair rises on the back of Claire's neck as she and Jamie hang back in the shadows and watch the ceremony, much like Claire and Frank watched the one at Craigh na Dun.

QUICK FLASHES: THE DANCERS AT CRAIGH NA DUN [EPISODE 101].

CLAIRE AND JAMIE'S POV --

The CALLER, 30s, wears a huge, cold-eyed CROCODILE HEAD (presumably the one that belonged to the body hanging on the jungle path) like a hat, his eyes no more than a gleam in the depths beneath the sharp, jagged teeth.

He pours a bottle of WHITE RUM in a ring around the dancers, then touches his torch to the earth. A RING OF FLAME springs up around them.

The crowd presses closer, necks craning and the drum begins to beat faster. The HUMMING of the crowd rises to a higher pitch. The demonic beat of the drums.

The Caller opens a basket and brings out a COCK, its feathers glistening in the torchlight. It struggles madly, uttering piercing squawks.

A TURBANED WOMAN twists on the ground like a snake, her tongue darting in and out as she makes a HISSING sound.

The Caller hands the bird to the Turbaned Woman, who clutches the bird to her bosom. The rooster, its feet trussed to prevent scratching, stretches out its neck, wattles bright red with agitation, and crows plaintively.

The woman rubs the bird against her breasts as she dances. Then raises the bird to her mouth and BITES it just behind the head. With a grunt of effort, she flings her head up, wrenching off the head of the hapless cock.

The BLOOD spurts into a GOURD, which is then passed around hand to hand through the crowd, each person taking a SIP.

The drum beats on, sounding much LOUDER than before.

Suddenly, two Slaves come from behind and PUSH Jamie and Claire from their hiding place, out of the shadows. They are strangers here, intruding on this sacred space and not at all welcome. The slaves surround them, expressions ranging from guarded curiosity to hostility.

JAMIE

(putting his hands up)

We apologize for intruding. But my wife and I are looking for Mistress Abernathy. She has our nephew. A fair-haired lad.

But the slaves are silent, and hearing their mistress's name only invokes more suspicion. The Caller addresses him:

CALLER

You be going now.

JAMIE

I only want to know if anyone has seen her. Then we'll be on our way.

CLAIRE

Please. We need your help. The boy's in danger.

CALLER

He be gone.

JAMIE

Where? Tell us.

But no one answers. Jamie takes a step toward the Caller, but he's grabbed by other slaves who hold him back.

As he shakes them off -- the others start to press in, in a tight threatening circle around the two white strangers.

Jamie pulls Claire protectively toward him when he hears a familiar VOICE:

MR. WILLOUGHBY (O.C.)

Tsei-mi.

Jamie wheels, surprised, to see MR. WILLOUGHBY, who they last saw at the Governor's Ball [Episode 312]. Willoughby steps in before there can be any hostile altercation.

JAMIE

Mr. Willoughby!

Seeing that Jamie and Claire mean them no harm, the slaves gradually disperse as Willoughby speaks with them.

CLAIRE

What are you doing here?

MR. WILLOUGHBY

I am with Miss Campbell. The servants at the Governor's Reception asked us to come. They believe she has magical powers.

They follow Willoughby's gaze over to --

MARGARET CAMPBELL, sitting on a makeshift BENCH at the edge of the clearing. She's surrounded by slaves and giving fortunes to a mesmerized crowd. One by one, people come forward to ask questions.

CLAIRE

Margaret?

MR. WILLOUGHBY

She is the first woman to truly see me. The man I am. And... I see her. We wish to be together. After tonight, we will go to Martinique. Make a home there.

Two misfits, who have finally found love. Jamie and Claire exchange a glance.

JAMIE

Have you seen Ian?

MR. WILLOUGHBY

I have not.

CLAIRE

Perhaps Margaret has.

The three of them start toward Margaret, who's on the edge of the proceedings. She's just finishing a fortune for a Slave Woman, whose hands she is holding. The rest of the slaves continue their festivities in the b.g.

MARGARET

Your man gives his love to you...
and to three other women besides
you. Find another -- less
generous, but more worthy.

The slave woman departs. Claire gets Margaret's attention.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

Mistress... I was so pleased to see
ye at the Governor's reception.

Margaret appears tranquil, hands folded in her lap. Willoughby stands behind her, one hand tenderly smoothing her hair.

CLAIRE

It's good to see you too, Margaret.

While Margaret is still odd, Claire notes that she seems more relaxed here, not being controlled by her brother, nor using her gift for profit.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

You seem happier... now.

Margaret smiles. She does indeed seem happier.

MR. WILLOUGHBY

Margaret... do you know where
Mistress Abernathy may be?

But before Margaret can answer, her eyes come to rest for the first time on Jamie -- and something clicks. She fixates on him, grabbing his hands. Her eyes widen and her face contorts. She speaks as if possessed -- her voice strangely changing, deep and low.

MARGARET

I see you... in an orchard of
death... sown with blood... I
see... the rabbit.

Jamie's eyes flicker. It's something no one knows but him. The rabbit on the Culloden battlefield.

JAMIE
 (under his breath)
 Christ.

Margaret turns back to Claire now, and takes her hand.

MARGARET
 I see a bird on a windowsill... he
 sings to you... when you are
 sorrowful... but you hear him...

A reference to Claire seeing birds and thinking of Jamie.
 Again, something only Claire knows.

Claire and Jamie share a bewildered look.

Margaret's voice changes again now, to the tenor of A YOUNG
 WOMAN'S VOICE as she looks to Jamie.

MARGARET (CONT'D)
I knew it was you...

Margaret smiles broadly, eyes lighting with recognition.

MARGARET (CONT'D)
*...my father. I've been dreaming
 about you. I love you. You too,
 Mama.*

Suddenly, she leans forward and KISSES Claire on the cheek.
 Just like Brianna did when Claire left.

But Margaret's face creases with dread and fright, as she
 turns back to Jamie, in the girl's voice again.

MARGARET (CONT'D)
*Oh, no... the monster. Don't let
 it hurt me! Help me! Help me!*

Jamie's face goes white with shock. He looks to Claire,
 confused and taken aback.

CLAIRE
*Margaret... who are you talking
 about?*

Margaret turns back to Claire now, grabs her arm and utters
 a single urgent haunting word:

MARGARET
Abandawe.

The same word Margaret said to Claire in Edinburgh [Episode 307] and the name of the mystical cave described by Father Fogden [Episode 311].

CLAIRE

You said that to me once before...
It's a cave, right?

MARGARET

The monster is coming.

Out of nowhere, Claire is shoved roughly to the side by a WOODEN CANE as ARCHIE CAMPBELL appears, pushing between her and Margaret. He's on the war path.

ARCHIE CAMPBELL

MARGARET!

Margaret's eyes widen, petrified. He's furious. Campbell wheels on Willoughby, dripping with contempt.

ARCHIE CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

What have ye done to her, ye wicked
heathen?

A few nearby slaves react, drawing nearer to see what the disturbance is and flanking Margaret protectively.

MR. WILLOUGHBY

You are not welcome here.

ARCHIE CAMPBELL

Fine. We'll be going.
(whirling to Margaret)
Come, sister!

He grabs Margaret's arm and jerks her violently. Claire and Jamie step in --

CLAIRE

Mr. Campbell, please!

JAMIE

Ye'll stand back, sir. Yer
sister came here by her own
free will.

But Archie ignores them, upset that his cash cow is slipping from his control.

ARCHIE CAMPBELL

(to Margaret)
Have you forgotten our patron,
Mistress Abernathy? We will not be
compensated until we have interpreted
the prophecy in its
entirety.

Jamie and Claire trade a glance. Could this have something to do with Ian? Jamie steps toward Archie.

JAMIE

What have ye to do with Mistress Abernathy?

ARCHIE CAMPBELL

(icy)

This does not concern you.

Jamie takes him by the collar, RATTLES an answer out of him.

JAMIE

Your patron has taken my nephew.

ARCHIE CAMPBELL

I know naught of your nephew -- my only interest is the Brahan Seer prophecy and the 200-year-old baby Mistress Abernathy is pursuing...

The words resonate with Claire, having heard Geillis speak them earlier.

CLAIRE

Two hundred year old baby?

Claire drifts back into the alcove, while Jamie continues to interrogate Archie.

JAMIE

Tell us!

ARCHIE CAMPBELL

The prophecy states that a new King of Scotland will rise -- upon the death of a child who is 200 years old on the day it is born.

JAMIE

Ye're not talking sense.

As Archie RANTS on about the prophecy and his money, etc, PUSH IN ON Claire. Archie's VOICE FADES and distorts as Claire turns the cryptic words over in her head. Something's wrong. A chill ripples up her spine. Claire discreetly pulls the packet of photographs from her pocket. She rifles through them quickly, counting them.

CLAIRE

JAMIE!

Jamie releases Archie and moves quickly to Claire.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
 (re: photos)
 There were seven. I know it.

An inexpressible feeling of dread grows in the pit of Claire's stomach. Jamie glances at the stack of photos --

JAMIE
 Aye, seven. I ken them as well as
 I ken yer face. The one of Brianna
 with her dog is no there.

CLAIRE
 Geillis must have taken it.

JAMIE
 Why would she do that?

Claire is suddenly struck by a horrifying realization --

CLAIRE
 She wants our daughter.

JAMIE
 How would Geillis ken who she is?

CLAIRE
 I told her that I had given birth
 in the future... that Brianna was
 your child... she believes Brianna
 is the two hundred year old baby...
 Now she's planning to go back
 and...

They realize Geillis means to kill Brianna.

JAMIE
 And kill her... We have to find
 Geillis. Now.

CLAIRE
 There's a place on the island like
 at Craigh na Dun. Father Fogden
 told me about it. A cave... where
 people disappear... Abandawe.

Jamie turns desperately to another SLAVE.

JAMIE
 Abandawe. Where?

The Slave hesitates then POINTS up the hill.

SLAVE

A bad place.

JAMIE

Take us there?

The Slave shakes his head, as do others. They've heard of this place. No slave will go near it.

SLAVE

The boy there, he die. You follow,
you die.

Jamie and Claire exchange a glance, but their attention is drawn to the RISING VOICES and TENSION as Willoughby and Archie escalate --

ARCHIE CAMPBELL

Do not touch me, Chinaman!

MR. WILLOUGHBY

I am Yi Tien Cho. I know what
you've done to her. You are not
worthy of this woman.

Infuriated, Archie ignores Willoughby and speaks directly to Margaret in a low, vicious voice.

ARCHIE CAMPBELL

Ye'll come with me now. Must I use
the stick?

He brandishes his cane, causing Margaret to flinch like a dog that's been beaten many times. But then she looks up at her brother, and for the first time ever, definitive:

MARGARET

No. You forced me to tell fortunes
in riddles. But I won't do that
anymore.

Archie's CANE whips through the air and lands on Margaret with a LOUD CRACK. The slaves step forward trying to block Archie and protect Margaret from his brutal beating. Both Jamie and Claire move toward him as well, but before anyone can do anything --

Willoughby LUNGES at Archie, grabbing him from behind, yanking the cane away, then hooking his arm around Archie's throat and SNAPPING HIS NECK in one quick and deadly motion.

Archie drops to the ground. Jamie and Claire watch, stunned by the velocity of the violence. The slaves look on approvingly, knowing justice has been done.

And as the
slaves converge on the lifeless body -- lifting it up and
carrying it away, celebratory -- to do God knows what --

Willoughby takes Margaret in his arms, WHISPERING in
Cantonese that everything will be all right, and Jamie and
Claire RUSH toward the hill in the direction of Abandawe --

EXT. ABANDAWE - NIGHT (N1)

Jamie and Claire race through the jungle until they see
it -- a cave entrance.

Claire stops, listening. The call is different here; not
like the beehive sound of Craigh na Dun but a faint HUM like
the vibration of the air following the striking of a great
bell. She closes her eyes and concentrates.

CLAIRE

She's here...

They head toward the opening and go into the darkness.

INT. ABANDAWE - PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT (N1)

As they make their way through a series of labyrinthine
tunnels and chambers, each more bizarre and creepy than the
last. Claire and Jamie's sense of horror and dread only
increases. The hum rises --

CLAIRE

I can hear the hum.

JAMIE

(grabs her hand)

Hold onto me. Don't let go.

CLAIRE

If it takes me -- Jamie, I don't
know if I can come back again.

Jamie holds onto her as they edge along the damp cave walls
until they come to a FORK in the tunnels. Claire listens,
then chooses the left hand tunnel.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

This way.

Jamie stops her and holds her for a beat.

JAMIE

Ye ken that... if anything were to happen to me... ye still must follow her -- ye must go. We've lost Faith. We will not lose Brianna.

Claire nods. She understands.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

You are more to me than life, and I have no regret.

She kisses him like it might be the last time. Then they continue. After only a few paces, they see a GLOW ahead.

INT. ABANDAWE - INNER CAVE - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT (N1)

They enter a large chamber with a POOL OF WATER -- the portal -- that separates the larger chamber from a smaller inner chamber.

As Claire moves toward the pool, the HUM rises, and she feels a sudden shudder in her body. A warning that if she steps into the pool, she could be transported through time. So she gives it a wide berth. She looks to Jamie --

CLAIRE

The portal. It's the pool.

On the ground in the small chamber beyond the pool, Young Ian is on his side, hands bound behind him, gagged with a strip of white cloth. Various GEMSTONES placed around him. They glint from the floor in sparks of color. The PHOTO OF BRIANNA is displayed. It has been burned around the edges.

Nearby, TORCHES have been wedged into crevices and a MACHETE hewed into a piece of wood.

Geillis sees Claire and Jamie. So does Hercules, who exits the inner chamber and appears in the outer chamber PISTOL in hand.

GEILLIS

So ye came, did you?

Jamie pulls his DIRK.

JAMIE

IAN!

Clearly Young Ian is the sacrifice, and Geillis plans to kill him and set him on fire before she goes through, just like she did Greg Edgars [Episode 213].

GEILLIS

(a warning)

Don't come any closer, fox.

Hercules steps forward, menacingly. He trains the pistol on Jamie. And as Jamie inches forward, hand on his dirk, then stops, as Hercules lifts the MUZZLE of the pistol to Jamie's head.

GEILLIS (CONT'D)

Persist and Hercules will put a ball in yer head. I only spare ye because Claire is fond of ye.

Geillis turns to pick up a bottle of brandy; when she does, Hercules glimpses away from Jamie for a millisecond. And that's all it takes. Jamie knocks the pistol from his hand, punches him HARD in the face. But Hercules is unstoppable.

The big slave moves forward with an almost superhuman strength and slams into Jamie, knocking him into the wall of the cave. The two men fight hand-to-hand now. It's bloody and brutal.

As this is happening, Claire rushes into the small chamber.

CLAIRE

Don't do this, Geillis.

GEILLIS

A life for a life, sweet Claire. I saved you from the pyre after the witch trial. Ye owe me a life.

Upon hearing Claire's voice so close, Ian bucks and kicks, making strained noises. Geillis KICKS him in the ribs.

GEILLIS (CONT'D)

Be still!

CLAIRE

Stop! He's only a boy!

GEILLIS

Oh, he's fodder for my passage -- a necessity. It's yer daughter's life ye owe me. I have to, Claire. For the greater good. But I'll leave you and yer man alive, so mebbe ye can have another.

This talk horrifies Claire. Geillis is a madwoman. She looks at Claire, eyes bright as a snake's.

GEILLIS (CONT'D)

We are the chosen -- you and I. We have a responsibility to change history. Come with me, Claire!

CLAIRE

We tried. We tried to stop Culloden. History can't be changed.

GEILLIS

Perhaps you are right, but the future can.

(then)

I gave up my child for the cause. You must do the same.

IN THE OUTER CHAMBER Hercules has gotten the better of Jamie, arm around Jamie's throat, choking him out.

Through the opening between the chambers, Claire can see that Jamie is in dire straits.

GEILLIS (CONT'D)

(taunting)

Who will it be Claire; your husband or your daughter?

Jamie and Claire lock eyes and Jamie manages to mouth -- "Brianna."

Geillis reaches for the torch. The rest happens very fast --

Claire rushes her -- a mother possessed. She knocks the torch out of Geillis's hand and in doing so sends Geillis back into the wall.

At the same time, Jamie EXPLODES, elbowing Hercules repeated in the face until he breaks free. The tide turns quickly from here, Jamie pounding on Hercules. Claire moves to cover Ian in case Geillis finds another torch.

But Geillis, realizing her plan's going to shit, eyes the pool. If she's going she must go NOW. Sacrifice be damned. Geillis rushes toward the PORTAL.

Without thinking, Claire YANKS the machete free, raises it. There is no fear, no rage, no doubt. Only the stroke of the blade --

It STRIKES Geillis in the neck, the blade now red in Geillis's blood.

Geillis takes one step forward and FALLS. The last Claire sees of her face is her eyes: wide, beautiful as gemstones, blue-water-clear and faceted with the certainty of death.

On the other side of the pool, Jamie has bested Hercules and is about to dispatch the slave with all due haste, but when they see Geillis go down -- Jamie releases Hercules.

JAMIE

Go! Ye're free!

He looks from Jamie to Claire, then RUNS.

Jamie races over, and cuts Ian's bonds.

YOUNG IAN

Uncle Jamie! Auntie!

JAMIE

Here, come to me. Dinna be afraid.

Jamie embraces Ian quickly. Ian jumps up and spies the gemstones -- he snatches them up as Jamie moves to Claire, who is still fixated on the Geillis body and the pool. Jamie reaches for her --

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Claire...

-- then pulls her back.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Claire. Let's leave this place!

Before going -- Jamie grabs the photo of Brianna and the three of them flee back into the tunnel, linked together, stumbling through the pitch dark.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAWN (D2)

Jamie, Claire and Ian, still tearing through the jungle at breakneck speed. After a beat, and far enough from the cave, they stop to catch their breath. Ian wipes his sleeve across his streaked face, then turns to Jamie with a tremulous smile:

YOUNG IAN

I knew ye'd come, Uncle Jamie. But ye left it a bit late, aye?

Ian's smile widens but he blinks hard, fighting back tears.

JAMIE

I did then. And I'm sorry, Ian.

Then Jamie looks over, sees that Claire's shaking. She's still holding the BLOODY MACHETE as she FLASHES TO:

**INT. BOSTON HOSPITAL - CLAIRE & JOE'S OFFICE - DAY -
FLASHBACK (PREVIOUSLY SHOT FOOTAGE - EPISODE 305)**

FLASH: Joe and Claire look over the bones arranged on his desk. Joe turns the SKULL gently to and fro.

JOE

Pretty lady. Full grown, mature.
Maybe late forties.

FLASH: Claire holds the skull now. She feels something -- the hair raises on the back of her neck.

CLAIRE

A hundred and fifty year old murder
victim?

JOE

What makes you think she was
murdered?

FLASH: Joe tells Claire:

JOE (CONT'D)

She's from a cave in the Caribbean.
A secret slave burial. But this
lady's no slave, no siree. She
wasn't black. See her tibia?
Short, relative to the femur. This
lady was white.

FLASH: Claire examines the spiky vertebral bones.

CLAIRE

Broken neck?

JOE

More than that. Bone's not just
cracked, fracture plane's right
through the centrum. Somebody tried
to cut this lady's head clean off.
With a dull blade.

EXT. JUNGLE - RESUME - DAWN (D2)

Horrified, Claire realizes -- it was Geillis's skull she held back in Joe's office. Tears start to roll down her face.

JAMIE

Ye're all right now.

He gently pries the machete out of her hand. She speaks low to Jamie, out of earshot of Ian.

CLAIRE

Back in Boston... a woman's bones were brought to my hospital. I held her skull... I knew the woman had been killed. But what I didn't know then, was... the bones were Geillis's and I would kill her.

JAMIE

Ye had no choice, Sassenach. You would've fought the Devil himself to save Brianna and Ian. And ye did.

(whispering softly)

It'll be all right, **mo chridhe**.

Claire takes a deep breath as she tries to recover.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

We must rest then return to the ship. I told Fergus to gather our belongings and have Lesley and Hayes prepare to sail. The Artemis will be waiting for us near the harbor at Port Royal. But for now, I must hold ye both.

He brings Ian and Claire close to him and rocks them gently on his chest. On the three of them, safe now.

OMITTED

EXT. ARTEMIS - DAY (D3)

Establishing. SEVERAL DAYS LATER. Having rescued Young Ian, Jamie, Claire and company (Fergus, Marsali, Lesley, Hayes), as well as the remaining crew of the Artemis, have left Jamaica for good.

The ship is now in open ocean, where they've been sailing for a few days, Scotland-bound.

INT. ARTEMIS - CAPTAIN'S CABIN - DAY (D3)

Claire's in bed (which is now the area just beneath the bank of windows) watching Jamie across the cabin. He's wearing only a long shirt.

CLAIRE

It's generous of Lord John to use his influence to withdraw the warrant.

JAMIE

Aye. It'll be good to return to Scotland, Sassenach.

CLAIRE

(smiling)

It will be good to be home.

Jamie nods, then --

JAMIE

We'll take Young Ian straight to Jenny.

CLAIRE

He might not want to go back after all this adventure.

JAMIE

I dinna care whether he wants to or not. I'll deliver him to Lallybroch, if I must pack him in a hogshead.

Jamie moves to the table and sets down a TRAY with a BOWL OF HOT WATER and SHAVING SUPPLIES, a block of alum, a mirror, a straight razor, soap and towels.

CLAIRE

Oh, don't shave your stubble just yet.

JAMIE

It's four days growth since we left Kingston.

He glances curiously over his shoulder at Claire, and she feels the heat rising in her cheeks as she gets up.

CLAIRE

Funny you haven't more white hairs on your head. But you do here.

She touches him gently on the jaw.

JAMIE

Aye, well, little wonder if I have. I'm surprised I've not a full heid of white hair after all the things I've suffered these past months.

She strokes his face, brushing his stubble with her fingers.

CLAIRE

Well, I like it. It... feels different.

JAMIE

Oh, aye? How different?

CLAIRE

When you kiss me. On my... skin.

Jamie locks eyes with Claire. He leans in and kisses her, very gently brushing his lips down her neck, collarbone and in a slow-moving serpentine motion to the tops of her breasts.

JAMIE

Ye have verra fine skin. Like pearls. Indeed, ye have a lot of verra fine skin, Sassenach. If that's what ye had in mind?

CLAIRE

That's more or less what I had in mind, yes.

JAMIE

I've given much thought to what I want to do to ye, when we arrive on dry land.

Jamie stops kissing her and sloshes water over his face with both hands.

CLAIRE

What's that?

He snorts and shakes the excess water from his face.

JAMIE

I have been thinking of this for
(MORE)

JAMIE (CONT'D)

months, now. Every night, folded up in that godforsaken nutshell of a berth, listening to Fergus grunt and fart across the cabin. I considered, in great detail, just what I would do, if I had ye naked and willing, no one in hearing, and room enough to serve ye suitably.

He lathers a cake of soap vigorously between his palms, and applies it to his face.

CLAIRE

Well, I'm willing enough. And there's room, certainly. As for naked...

JAMIE

I'll see to that. That's part o' the plan, aye? I shall take ye to a private spot, in the heather of a rolling hill, and begin by sitting beside you.

CLAIRE

Well, that's a start all right. What then?

Claire moves next to him, he BITES her ear lobe delicately.

JAMIE

As for what's next, then I shall take ye on my knee and kiss ye.

He abandons the shaving, and pulls her to his lap. He kisses her hard, leaving her wiping soapsuds from her mouth.

CLAIRE

So much for step one. And after that?

JAMIE

Then I shall lay ye down, twist your hair up in my hand and taste your face and throat and ears and bosom wi' my lips. I thought I would do that until ye start to make squeaking noises.

He pushes her down on the bed and climbs atop her.

CLAIRE

I don't make squeaking noises!

JAMIE

Aye, ye do. Here, hand me the towel, aye? Then, I thought I would begin at the other end. I shall lift up your skirt and --

Jamie does everything he's describing, Claire's loving it.

CLAIRE

And what?

JAMIE

And kiss the insides of your thighs, where the skin's so soft. The stubble might help there, aye?

He's kissing her thighs...

CLAIRE

It might. What am I supposed to be doing while you do this?

JAMIE

Well, ye might moan a bit, if ye like, to encourage me, but otherwise, ye just lie still.

But it's impossible to lie still while he's doing... what he's doing. Claire MOANS.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Next, I lie upon my back and have ye stretched at length upon me, so that I can get hold of your buttocks and fondle them properly. God, you've the roundest arse I've ever seen!

He flips over, her on top of him now, and grabs her buttocks.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Should ye wish to kick your legs a bit, or make lewd motions wi' your hips and pant in my ear and make those wee noises at that point in the proceedings, I would have no great objection.

CLAIRE

I do not pant! Or make wee noises!

JAMIE

Aye, ye do -- then I shall spread
(MORE)

JAMIE (CONT'D)
 open your thighs, take down my
 breeks, and --

Breeks are already off and nothing's stopping him.

CLAIRE
 And?

JAMIE
 And we'll see what sort of noise it
 is ye don't make then, Sassenach.

Claire grins, flushed with excitement, as she rides him all the way to climax, cresting with the waves of the ocean.

TIME CUT:

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

Next morning. Jamie wakes, looks to a sleepy Claire, who's just rising. They hear the PATTERN of RAIN.

JAMIE
 The cool air will be a blessing
 after the heat of the island.

He swings the window open and --

JAMIE (CONT'D)
 The skies are turning.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. ARTEMIS - DECK - LATER - DAY (D4)

Jamie's on deck now. It's RAINING HARD, and a heavy sea is running. A sudden GUST of wind strikes the ship sideways, and the Artemis heels over toward the water.

Dumped onto the deck by the motion, the men disentangle themselves as BAXLEY steers the ship, trying to keep it headed into the wind. Seamen, including HOGAN and MANZETTI, scamper aloft, reefing the topsails, as waves crash over the bow, making the work life-threatening.

The wind RISES to an eerie whine, as a staysail is carried away, the scrap of canvas jerked from the mast and whipped away, flapping like an albatross. Flashing lightning ignites the sky.

The Artemis is now in the midst of a full-blown HURRICANE. OMINOUS DARK CLOUDS block out the sun. RAIN lashes at them sideways. WIND tears sails loose from the rigging.

The bowsprit bores into a wave. Then another. The bow slaps down hard enough to rattle bone. The foremast brace weakens, ropes fray. Will it hold?

The ship bobs and turns like a paper boat. Water GUSHES over the gunwale. Giant WAVES CRASH as sailors SLIDE across the deck and GRAB desperately at anything to avoid being washed over the side. One sailor SMASHES into a gunwale, injuring his leg.

INT. ARTEMIS - BELOW DECK - SAME - DAY (D4)

Claire is with Young Ian, Fergus, Marsali, LESLEY and HAYES, who have gathered to take shelter together.

FERGUS

We must help Milord.

MARSALI

Ye'll do as ye've been ordered --
this time.

Claire nods to Marsali, thanking her for the support.

LESLEY

He needs all hands on deck.

Deck -- is the last place on earth Hayes wants to be.

HAYES

Mac Dubh kens what's best.

CLAIRE

He does -- and he wants you to remain here. It is best to allow the experienced sailors to do their duty. I'm afraid you landsmen will be more hindrance than help.

YOUNG IAN

I dinna want to stay below where I'll be tossed to and fro with no notion of what's happening overhead.

CLAIRE

You have no choice in the matter, young man.

Claire starts up the stairs.

YOUNG IAN
Where are you going, Auntie?

CLAIRE
I am still the ship's surgeon and --
I'm going to be with my husband.

Claire disappears up the stairway.

EXT. ARTEMIS - DECK - A MOMENT LATER - DAY (D4)

Claire climbs through the forward hatch and clings tight to the rail as the rain lashes past. It's hard enough to sting the skin, driven almost horizontal by the wind, and so thick that she can barely see.

Jamie is alarmed to see her. They SCREAM to be heard over the wind --

JAMIE
What are you doing here? I told
you to (remain below) --

CLAIRE
I know what you told me, but I'm
not leaving your side!

JAMIE
It's too dangerous!

CLAIRE
Save your breath, soldier.

Unlike Culloden where the two were parted, she's going to fight with him to the end.

Baxley continues to STEER the ship as best he can. Jamie helps him as it's become so hard, it takes two to KEEP THE SHIP FACED into the wind.

Claire spots the Downed Sailor near the front of the ship. She goes to him, trying to help him to the forward hatch, but his leg is broken and it's difficult -- but together they manage.

The ocean has risen to terrifying heights, with swells rolling forty feet high. The Artemis rides them, carried up to dizzy heights, then dropped abruptly into a trough -- SMASHING DOWN --

ON THE FOREMAST -- BREAKING AWAY. What crew remains on deck scurries astern for their lives, dodging the rigging and yardarm.

Falling like a giant tree, the foremast splashes down into the sea... but the RATLINES are still attached -- creating an ANCHOR. The Artemis begins to swing around PARALLEL TO THE WAVES.

Jamie and Baxley fight the wheel to right the ship, but it's no use. Man versus nature and nature is winning.

Jamie shoves Baxley toward the louvered doors, ordering him to take cover.

Now he must get to Claire --

As she inches her way rearward, toward the helm, toward Jamie.

But as they both reach amidships about twenty feet from each other --

A MASSIVE WAVE rises -- Jamie and Claire LOCK EYES as the wall of water hits.

Jamie is slammed to the gunwale, choking and wheezing with seawater in his mouth and throat, and when he looks --

CLAIRE IS GONE.

SMASH CUT TO
WHITE.

UNDERWATER - DAY (D4)

We catch up to our OPENING IMAGE. Claire sinking through the frigid water, wrapped in a SAIL.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

I was dead. Everything around me was a blinding white, and there was a soft, rushing noise like the wings of angels. I felt peaceful and bodiless, free of terror, free of rage, filled with quiet happiness.

OMITTED

UNDERWATER - DAY (D4)

Jamie swims downward, as he follows the sinking rigging, deeper and deeper...

BACK ON CLAIRE, sinking. The waterlogged sails and heavy rigging are dragging her down.

Jamie is swimming after her. He catches up, pulls his trusted knife from his boot, and starts to CUT the ropes. He keeps SAWING at it, faster and faster, and -- finally the ropes unlock their death grip and she's free.

Jamie is running out of air himself -- his lungs burning. Nevertheless, he gives what he has to Claire, BREATHING into Claire's mouth.

EXT. OPEN OCEAN - MOMENTS LATER - DAY (D4)

SPLASH! Jamie surfaces! He has Claire with him and is holding onto her as he gulps in huge lungfuls of air.

The water is placid now and there are even HEAVENLY RAYS OF SUN shining down. Are they dead?

Jamie grabs onto a passing piece of debris, wood -- blessed wood -- something to hold onto in the surging waves, a rescue raft of sorts, and hoists Claire up on it.

JAMIE

CLAIRE!

He shakes her. Has she drowned? Is it too late? He breathes into her mouth as he's seen her do with so many patients, on so many battlefields.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Claire! Don't you leave me!

He looks around: the Artemis has disappeared. They are alone on the open ocean. He turns back to Claire, holding her with a crushing grip.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

God damn you! Damn you, Sassenach!
I swear if ye die here now, I'll
kill you!

Desperation in his voice. But she doesn't wake up.

As Jamie holds her, we pull UP AND AWAY, and only from this HIGH ANGLE do we realize why it's so calm -- Jamie and Claire are in the eye of the storm.

The HIGHER we get, the more we see the DARK, RAGING OCEAN encircling them, until... the storm WIPES THE FRAME and the couple is enveloped by the hurricane. The SWIRLING MASS OF THE STORM becomes...

...THE SWIRLS OF A TIDEPOOL, and WHITE CLOTH BILLOWING.

EXT. BEACH - DAY (D5)

REVEAL the white cloth is the dress on a LITTLE GIRL who is playing in the tide pool, stirring the water with a stick. She glances over -- we follow her gaze to see a LUMP on the beach near the surf.

She goes over, and stares at it, curious. Pokes it with her stick. The lump stirs. It's alive! The little girl startles and runs away.

HOLD ON THE LUMP which sits up. It's Jamie -- he regains consciousness, looks over and sees Claire lying there. He shakes her -- she wakes up!

JAMIE

Sassenach, thank Christ, I thought
ye were dead.

Claire's eyes flutter open and she sees something metallic glinting in the sun. She comes to, lifts her head and sees that the metal is the HORSESHOE nailed to the KNIGHTHEAD, the piece of broken wood lying on the sand next to her -- the same one we saw on the Artemis, which the sailors touched for luck [Episode 309].

As Claire's eyes focus further she sees Jamie, exhausted and disoriented, but overjoyed to see her alive.

CLAIRE

I told you I'd never leave you
again, and I won't.

Jamie reaches out to touch Claire and make sure he isn't imagining her.

JAMIE

Ye scared me half to death.

CLAIRE

Where are we?

JAMIE

I dinna ken.

CLAIRE

(our loved ones?)
The Artemis?

They look to the horizon. The gut-wrenching realization that everyone they knew may be dead. Just then the little girl returns with her parents, MR. and MRS. OLIVIER.

MR. OLIVIER
Are you all right, man?

JAMIE
We have all our limbs.

Olivier helps Jamie to stand as Mrs. Olivier does the same for Claire.

MR. OLIVIER
You must be from the ship, or what's left of it. She's run aground on the mud flats four miles south of here.

Claire and Jamie are hopeful at the news.

JAMIE
There are more survivors?

MR. OLIVIER
Yes, folks have gone down to care for them.

But who lived and who was lost? All we know for now is -- Jamie and Claire survived.

MRS. OLIVIER
What a mercy it is that you were saved! I've never seen such a dreadful blow this time of year.

MR. OLIVIER
I'm Joseph Olivier and this is my wife, Patsy, and our daughter Lucille.

JAMIE
I am James Fraser. This is my wife, Claire.

God, it feels good to say that.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
I trust ye willna think this a strange question -- but could ye tell me where we are?

MRS. OLIVIER
Well, yes. We call it Les Perles.

CLAIRE

Thank you, but what we mean is,
what island is this?

MR. OLIVIER

You are not on an island at all.
You are on the mainland, in the
Colony of Georgia.

JAMIE

Georgia?

CLAIRE

(incredulous, realizing)
America.

OFF Claire's and Jamie's faces --

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE