

**OUTLANDER**

EPISODE 401

America the Beautiful

WRITTEN BY  
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&

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BASED ON THE NOVEL BY  
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FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT

11 September 2018

OUTLANDER  
EPISODE 401 "America the Beautiful"

PREVIOUS REVISIONS

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EPISODE 401 "America the Beautiful"

CAST LIST – FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT – 11 September 2018

CLAIRE RANDALL FRASER  
JAMIE MACKENZIE FRASER

FERGUS  
GOVERNOR TRYON  
HAYES  
LESLEY  
MARSALI  
STEPHEN BONNET  
YOUNG IAN

BARON PENZLER  
CAPTAIN FREEMAN  
EUTROCLUS  
MR. LILLINGTON  
MR. STANHOPE  
PHILLIP WYLIE  
PRIVATE GRISWOLD  
SERGEANT HEYNS

CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD  
JUDITH WYLIE  
SERGEANT EVANS

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SET LIST - FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT - 11 September 2018

INTERIORS

Lillington's House  
Dining Room  
Drawing Room  
Port Shed  
Riverboat  
Cabin  
Tavern  
Jamie & Claire's Room  
Main Area

EXTERIORS

Graveyard  
Hayes's Plot  
Lillington's House  
Riverboat  
Deck  
Road  
Back At The Wagon  
Roadside  
Wilmington  
Port Shed  
Wilmington Road  
Military Checkpoint  
Wilmington Thoroughfare  
Wooded Hill (2000 B.C.)  
Woods  
Camp

FADE IN:

**EXT. WOODED HILL - DUSK (2000 B.C.)**

**SUPER: NORTH AMERICA, 2000 B.C.**

CLOSE ON A FLURRY OF HANDS as they heap a variety of multi-colored stones, building a CAIRN. PULL BACK TO REVEAL --

The Cairn is being built by a group of PRIMITIVE MEN who carry armloads of the small, medium and large stones up a small hill, and take turns perching them atop one another into a steeple-like structure, as tall as 15 feet.

We see that there is more than one cairn, indeed there are seven or eight in various sizes. As the men work --

CLAIRE (V.O.)

*For centuries humans have held an endless fascination with circles, attributing meaning where they are found -- from the eternal rotation of the planets around the sun, to the movement of clock hands, to a simple wedding band.*

The structure is finally finished, and just at that moment, as if nature is giving her blessing, a LIGHTNING BOLT cracks through the sky, touching down between the stones, ominously ordaining this mystical location.

PULL UP until we are looking straight down. And we finally see -- the form -- a PERFECT CIRCLE around the tall central MONOLITH, reminiscent of Craigh na Dun. And as we DRIFT AWAY, ANCIENT WOMEN begin to dance with torches, their movements primal -- reminding us of where this journey we call "Outlander" began.

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

*And I, more than most, know full well just how a circle can affect one's life... or death.*

FADE TO:

CLOSE ON THE CIRCLE OF A NOOSE. Pull back to REVEAL --

**EXT. WILMINGTON THOROUGHFARE - DAY (D1) (1767)**

**SUPER: NORTH CAROLINA, 1767**

A HANGING is set to take place. FIND and FOLLOW JAMIE FRASER as he winds through the CROWD and disappears around a corner.

**OMITTED**

**EXT. WILMINGTON - PORT SHED - DAY (D1)**

Jamie makes his way down the street, closing in on a Militia Watchman, armed with a pistol, musket, and dagger -- he's ready for a fight. As Jamie approaches --

JAMIE  
Would you allow me a moment to bid  
farewell to my friend?

The Watchman is reluctant, until Jamie reaches into his sporran and withdraws a COIN. After a quick glance to make sure there are no witnesses, the Watchman opens the door for Jamie, who heads into --

**INT. PORT SHED - DAY (D1)**

As Jamie enters, the Watchman closes the door behind him. Jamie looks among the FOUR CHAINED PRISONERS, moments away from meeting their maker. One of them is GAVIN HAYES (yes, our jovial, good-natured Hayes). He moves to Gavin and leans in close to his condemned friend. They speak in WHISPERS.

JAMIE  
When the guards free you near the  
gallows, Fergus will create a  
stramash to distract them, Lesley  
and I will see to the watchmen,  
then ye run -- as though the devil  
himself was chasing you --

HAYES  
Ye're aff yer heid, Mac Dubh. D'ye  
intend to be hanged as well? Ye  
once told me that if ever ye should  
risk yer life on my account, yer  
wife would kill us both.

Jamie's frustrated. But Hayes is right. Escape is risky if not impossible. Jamie shakes his head.

JAMIE  
I canna let ye die. You came on  
this journey to aid me.

HAYES

Aye. And I dinna regret it.  
 (then, guiltily)  
 But I shoulda listened to ye, Mac  
 Dubh. I shouldna ha' lain with  
 that woman.

JAMIE

Aye. Men do things when drunk they  
 wouldna do when clear-headed.

HAYES

I didna ken she was marrit 'til the  
 husband came upon me with a  
 pitchfork. I kicked him down the  
 stairs only to save my own neck.  
 Now it's with my neck that I'll pay.  
 (then)  
 But there're two things ye might  
 grant me.

JAMIE

Anything.

HAYES

First, whisky. With luck, I'll  
 hardly notice when the rope tightens.

Literal gallows humor. Jamie forces a smile at the ever-  
 affable Hayes. Pulls a flask from his pocket.

JAMIE

Whisky's hard to come by hereabouts,  
 but I do have a bit of rum.

Hayes takes a swig, making a face.

HAYES

My last wee dram has to be this  
 horse pish? Is there no mercy in  
 this God-forsaken land!?

JAMIE

Ye'll share a dram of good Scottish  
 whisky with St. Peter at the Pearly  
 Gates.

HAYES

I'm no so sure those'll be the  
 gates facing me, Mac Dubh, but I  
 appreciate the sentiment.  
 (raising the bottle)  
 To my soul.

As Hayes drinks again, REVEAL a man sitting near Hayes, who's likely clocked most of the conversation; a handsome Irishman we'll come to know as STEPHEN BONNET, late 30s.

STEPHEN BONNET

How about a drop for my soul, as well?

Jamie nods, so Hayes passes the rum back to Bonnet, who gives a toast to the other prisoners.

STEPHEN BONNET (CONT'D)

To all our souls. Sláinte.

Bonnet eyes Jamie as he drinks, then passes the bottle back to the next prisoner. Jamie leans to Hayes:

JAMIE

What was the second request?

HAYES

I'd like the last face I look upon to be that of a friend... smiling at me.

JAMIE

Ye have my word.

The Watchman enters, indicating time is up. Jamie exits.

**EXT. WILMINGTON THOROUGHFARE - DAY (D1)**

FOUR DRUMMERS beat a harsh military rhythm. A ripple of excitement passes through the men and women, a bobbing sea of bonnets and tricornes. An expectant CROWD is gathering.

FIND CLAIRE FRASER standing with MARSALI, who's craning her neck to see down the street.

MARSALI

Ye think Daddy can help him?

CLAIRE

I think he'll do whatever he can.

ELSEWHERE IN THE CROWD, Jamie approaches LESLEY and FERGUS who have been waiting for Jamie.

JAMIE

When they release Hayes, do nothing.



FERGUS  
You have another plan, Milord?

JAMIE  
(grimly)  
No.

Jamie shakes his head regretfully, signaling the escape plan is definitely off. There's nothing more to be done. Fergus and Lesley's faces sink with disappointment.

**BACK WITH CLAIRE AND MARSALI**

Everyone, including children, crane and gawk as the GALLOWS PROCESSION comes into sight. The FLAGS of Great Britain and the Royal Colony of North Carolina come first. Then the Drummers, walking two by two in a slow grim march. Then a SQUAD of MILITIA and in their midst, the PRISONERS, walking four in a row, hands bound in front of them, linked together by a chain that runs through rings on the iron collars about their necks and flanked by a dark-suited CLERGYMAN.

Hayes, first in line, lurches and STAGGERS.

MARSALI  
Hayes looks sickly.

JAMIE (O.C.)  
He's drunk.

Jamie, Fergus and Lesley JOIN Claire and Marsali. Claire asks Jamie:

CLAIRE  
Your doing?

JAMIE  
His last request.

CLAIRE  
At least you've lessened his pain.

The CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD barks an order:

CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD  
Unchain them!

The Watchman removes the chain that binds them together. The drums STOP abruptly. Jamie turns to Claire:

JAMIE  
Ye dinna need to witness this.  
Take Marsali and go to our wagon.

Claire touches Jamie's hand.

CLAIRE

We'll stay.

Jamie squares his shoulders and moves forward, making sure that he is visible in the crowd. If Hayes is still sober enough to see anything, the last thing he will see on earth will be the face of a friend.

Hayes looks to and fro as they lead him up to the gallows, twisting his neck, desperately searching. Jamie YELLS:

JAMIE

A Ghabhainn! A charaid!

Hayes's eyes find him, and he ceases struggling. He stands, swaying slightly, as the charge is read:

CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD

The said Gavin Hayes, feloniously  
and willfully, did kill and murder,  
against his Majesty's peace, his  
crown and dignity!

(a beat, then)

Does the condemned wish to say as  
to why execution should not  
proceed?

Hayes shakes his head, no.

#### **ON JAMIE AND CLAIRE**

Standing in the crowd. Jamie looks away, frustrated that there's nothing he can do, nothing anyone can say.

#### **BACK ON THE GALLOWES**

The Captain nods and the DRUMS begin a steady roll. The Hangman guides the NOOSE over Hayes's head and fixes it tight. The Captain of the Guard stands poised, saber raised.

Suddenly, Hayes draws himself up straight. Eyes on Jamie. Jamie forces a smile, it takes all his strength.

The SABER flashes in the sun, the drums STOP.

Jamie keeps smiling, looking straight at Hayes. Hayes smiles back. The Hangman releases the trapdoor and Hayes DROPS, his neck snapping in one clean break.

Jamie's smile falls as the life leaves Hayes's eyes.

The body SWINGS, a plumb-bob on its string. A SIGH from the crowd, of awe and release. The Captain of the Guard, motions with his saber for the next man to be brought to the gibbet.

Lesley, overtaken by grief, gives a great WAIL and rushes toward his friend. Watchmen hold him back, but he fights them violently, kicking and yelling.

In the chaos, the THREE OTHER PRISONERS seize the moment to make a run for it. Watchmen and Redcoats grab two of them, but the third -- Bonnet, the Irish prisoner -- slips through the crowd, escaping as people scream: He's gone! There he goes! Stop him! Get him!

The Watchmen and Redcoat Soldiers rush after him, but among the collisions and confusion, Bonnet escapes.

JAMIE

(grim)

It seems my plan might have worked after all.

Claire sees that Jamie is shattered by the tragic irony of what just transpired. She takes his hand.

CLAIRE

I'm so sorry, Jamie. We'll all miss him.

JAMIE

Aye. We'd best find Ian.

(to Fergus)

Fetch Lesley and claim the body. We'll meet back at the tavern.

FERGUS

Of course, Milord.

As Jamie, Claire and Marsali push through the ebbing crowd --

**EXT. WILMINGTON THOROUGHFARE - SHORT WHILE LATER - DAY (D1)**

As the three of them walk along looking for Young Ian...

CLAIRE (V.O.)

*It had been four months since we'd first set foot in America. We carried a small fortune in gemstones that we'd taken from Geillis and salvaged from the wreck of the Artemis -- along with some of our baggage. The irony was we*  
(MORE)

CLAIRE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
*were destitute until we could  
 exchange the gems for coin. We'd  
 travelled north, hoping to sell one  
 of the larger ones for passage  
 home. And after many false starts  
 we'd finally secured an invitation  
 to a dinner party with a number of  
 Wilmington's elite. Hopefully a  
 buyer would be among them.*

They pass some shady types of men. Jamie warns her --

JAMIE  
 Mind your pocket, Sassenach.

CLAIRE  
 It's not my pocket I'm worried  
 about. What about yours?

Jamie brushes his hand near his crotch, where he's carrying  
 the gemstones.

JAMIE  
 Uncomfortable. So long as I dinna  
 meet with a quick-fingered harlot,  
 the gems are safe.

She glances at the bulging front of his breeches. Then  
 towards a Barmaid who exits a tavern with a bowl of slop.  
 Catching sight of Jamie, she gives him a come-hither smile.

CLAIRE  
 You're a walking temptation to  
 harlots. Stick by me, I'll protect  
 you.

They pass a WAGON now filled with HAYES'S BODY and the  
 BODIES of the TWO OTHER CONDEMNED MEN. They glance at it  
 sorrowfully before catching sight of YOUNG IAN MURRAY.

JAMIE  
 Ian!

Young Ian rushes over to them.

JAMIE (CONT'D)  
 What was important enough to keep  
 ye from seeing Hayes off?

YOUNG IAN  
 I was earning this.

Ian dumps a handful of large coins into Jamie's hand.

JAMIE

However did ye come by it?

YOUNG IAN

Dicing. With sailors.

JAMIE

Christ, ye shouldna stake yer life gambling with sailors!

YOUNG IAN

But ye're always at it, Uncle! In every tavern we've seen fit to take rest, ye've wagered our coin.

JAMIE

That's cards, not dice! And I ken what I'm doing!

YOUNG IAN

I won, did I no? We have need of the money.

JAMIE

If yer mother learns of this --

YOUNG IAN

I won't do it again. I promise.

(genuinely sad)

And... I'm sorry, Uncle Jamie... truly, I meant to be here with you. Hayes was a good man.

JAMIE

Aye. He was. Dinna fret yourself, lad. I'd as soon not have seen it myself.

YOUNG IAN

As it happens, the money's not all I won at the dice.

Jamie, Claire and Marsali follow Ian's gaze to see -- what looks like a giant WOLF tied to a post at the edge of the street. Young Ian walks toward it as the others follow.

YOUNG IAN (CONT'D)

Isn't he a handsome dog?

CLAIRE

That is not a dog, Ian. It's a wolf. A bloody big wolf.

The wolfdog sits panting. Jamie bends down and lets it sniff his knuckles.

JAMIE

Broader through the head and chest than a wolf. And not yet full-grown. He's a fine creature, Ian.

YOUNG IAN

His name is Rollo.

MARSALI

Does he hunt?

YOUNG IAN

I dinna ken. Mebbe he'll serve as a faithful protector.

Jamie, Marsali and Claire glance at Rollo, a bit skeptical. The dog appears to be sweet-natured.

JAMIE

We'll see, lad. Now, I'm in dire need of a drink.

**INT. TAVERN - MAIN AREA - EVENING (N1)**

Benches and tables are crowded with sightseers from the hanging and sailors from the docks.

Jamie, Claire, Young Ian and Marsali sit with tankards of gently foaming dark ale. Evidently no stranger to taverns, Rollo is curled up, comfortably asleep under the table.

JAMIE

I spoke with the harbormaster -- the Campagnia sets sail for home in three weeks' time, allowing us to visit my Aunt Jocasta at River Run.

Suddenly, the tavern door FLINGS open and FOUR Redcoats shove their way in. A redcoat, SERGEANT EVANS, announces:

SERGEANT EVANS

We're looking for the man who escaped the gallows this morning! Stephen Bonnet.

Two Redcoats make a circuit of the room, glancing under tables, another disappears into the kitchen. Sergeant Evans remains on watch by the door, eyes flicking over the crowd.

SERGEANT EVANS (CONT'D)

He's a fugitive of the law and a dangerous man -- if you have any knowledge of his whereabouts, we urge you to come forward at once!

Jamie sips his ale calmly, but the hand in his lap clenches slowly into a fist. He will never feel at ease in the presence of a redcoat, and for good reason.

SERGEANT EVANS (CONT'D)

Anyone found harboring a convicted criminal will find themselves subject to the law.

Finding nothing, the soldiers shove their way out, brushing past Lesley and Fergus, who're on their way in. They arrive at Jamie's table. Lesley's disgusted.

CLAIRE

Did you speak with a minister?

LESLEY

Thieving wretch.

FERGUS

He will not have a convicted felon in his graveyard... not without a good deal of recompense for his sins.

JAMIE

An immoral wretch as well, if he's willing to take a bribe.

(then)

Did ye bring Hayes?

LESLEY

Aye. He's in our wagon.

Lesley lifts a tankard to his lips.

YOUNG IAN

We could bury him in the wood.

Jamie considers the options for a beat, then --

JAMIE

Gavin wouldna care for being alone in the woods.

LESLEY

He was mortally scairt of spirits.  
D'ye recall, Mac Dubh, at Ardsmuir,  
how he told us of the tannasg he  
encountered?

JAMIE

(nods)  
We willna let him lie in  
unconsecrated ground. We'll lay him  
to rest tonight in the company of  
other souls.

CLAIRE

That sounds like a good idea.  
We'll all go, together.

Marsali looks pale and is leaning on Fergus's shoulder.

FERGUS

Marsali is very tired, Milord.

JAMIE

Take her up to a room and rest. We  
can manage without ye.

LESLEY

A man such as Hayes should ne'er  
have met wi' such an end! Without  
so much as a proper lament sung for  
him! Well, he shall have a  
caithris!

Without warning, Lesley starts singing:

LESLEY

Och nan och, we are full of  
despondency you left us,  
Gavin. And we are aggrieved  
son of Seamus, son of  
Louisa, you left the place  
where your youth was  
nurtured.

LESLEY G

Och nan och, tha sinn fo  
mhulad Dh'fhàg thu, Gabhain,  
sinn fo leòn Mac Sheumais,  
Mac Louisa Dh'fhàg thu 'n t-  
àit rinn d'arach òg.

JAMIE

(chiming in with Lesley)  
Hear him. Hear him. You  
left us all full of sadness,  
Gavin. Hear him. Hear him.  
It's a pity that you are not  
still very young.

JAMIE G

(chiming in with Lesley)  
Eisd ris. Eisd ris. Dh'fhàg  
thu, Gabhainn, sinn fo  
bhròn.  
Eisd ris. Eisd ris. 'S  
truagh nach eil thu fhathast  
glè òg.

The crowd at surrounding tables notice, Lesley continues --



LESLEY

You were raised in Cill-Mhartainn in the area of Dun Domhull! You were born in the town in 1727!

LESLEY G

Thogadh thu ann an Cill-Mhartainn, ann an sgìre Dhun Domhnuill! Rugadh thu ann am baile breagha seachd ciad deug, fichead agus seachd!

Fergus, Ian, Marsali and the Scots at surrounding tables JOIN in the chorus, singing with Lesley like thunder.

EVERYONE

Hear him! Hear him! You left us all full of sadness, Gavin! Hear him! Hear him! It's a pity that you are not still very young. Hear him! Hear him! You left us all full of sadness, Gavin! Hear him! Hear him! It's a pity that you are not still very young!

EVERYONE G

Eisd ris! Eisd ris! Dh'fhàg thu, Gabhainn, sinn fo bhròn!  
Eisd ris! Eisd ris! 'S truagh nach eil thu fhathast glè òg. Eisd ris! Eisd ris! Dh'fhàg thu, Gabhainn, sinn fo bhròn! Eisd ris! Eisd ris! 'S truagh nach eil thu fhathast glè òg!

OFF this moving memorial to Hayes...

**EXT. TAVERN - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS (N1)**

Establishing. The caithris can be heard from the street.

**EXT. ROAD - NIGHT (N1)**

The group approaches a GRAVEYARD. Ian drives their large wagon with Rollo and Lesley at his side in the front. Jamie and Claire ride alongside on horseback. Hayes's body, wrapped in a shroud, is in the back of the wagon, which is also holds a sack of oats, cuts of meat, and other goods, clothing, equipment -- all covered by a canvas tarp.

JAMIE

The Campagnia is the only ship departing before the weather turns. If we fail to sell the gems, our passage will be delayed until spring. This is our last chance for a long while to return home.

CLAIRE

Lillington's dinner certainly seems promising.

JAMIE

Aye, such jewels should fetch a bonny price from the right buyer. And 'twill be a relief to my bollocks to lighten the load of them from between my legs.

They stop on the side of the road. Jamie and Claire dismount.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

(to Lesley)

Stay with Claire and watch o'er Hayes. Ian and I will find a good place.

CLAIRE

Don't we need a headstone? Surely someone will notice a newly dug grave.

JAMIE

They might. But if the minister wanted money to bury Hayes, I shouldna think he'd trouble himself to dig him up for nothing.

Jamie and Ian leave with Rollo and a spade to find a spot.

**OMITTED**

**EXT. GRAVEYARD - HAYES'S PLOT - LATER - NIGHT (N1)**

A CHURCH is in the deep background, but there's no light in the windows and the place is deserted. Jamie and Ian gleam with sweat in the moonlight as they take turns digging a DEEP PIT. Rollo stands guard nearby.

CLOSE ON Ian as he digs... something is the matter. He becomes agitated, staring down at the dark rectangle of the grave. He digs faster and more frantically, sweating now and breathing hard.

Ian FLASHES TO the dark rectangle that was the blood bath Geillis stepped from back in Jamaica.

JAMIE

Are ye all right, lad?

Ian suddenly drops his spade and clambers out of the grave, looking like he's about to explode.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

(concerned)

Ian? What's the matter?

Ian tries to keep it in, but it bursts out of him --

YOUNG IAN

The Bakra.

Jamie stops. He knows this was a dark time for the boy.

JAMIE

You haven't spoken of her in many months...

YOUNG IAN

I didna want to... summon the memories. But the grave reminds me...

Jamie can see Ian has trouble finding the words.

JAMIE

I, too, held a festering pain inside... until I shared it with your Auntie Claire. Some ghosts can only be banished by speaking their names and foul deeds aloud.

That registers with Ian, who wrestles with his dark feelings as the memory comes pouring out --

YOUNG IAN

When I was taken to the woman ye called Geillis, she was... naked... in a basin of blood. She -- she talked about bedding virgins. As plain as though she were asking did I have parritch for breakfast.

(then)

But I spoke true, and told her I wasna chaste.

Jamie raises a brow, this is news to him.

YOUNG IAN (CONT'D)

The answer was not to her liking. She needed someone chaste... for her purposes. But then she took my hand -- upon my life -- she made me come to bed and lie down and she... did things, unspeakable things.

(MORE)

YOUNG IAN (CONT'D)  
 (then to Jamie, tortured)  
 Have ye ever -- lain wi' someone,  
 when ye didna want to do it?

JAMIE  
 (quietly)  
 I have.

YOUNG IAN  
 Then ye understand how it can be?  
 How ye can do it, without wishing  
 to, detesting it all the while, and  
 -- and still it -- it feels  
 pleasing?

As Jamie so often does -- he tries to ease the other's  
 disquiet by lightening the moment.

JAMIE  
 Well, what it comes to, Ian, is  
 that your cock hasna a conscience,  
 but you have.  
 (then, more seriously)  
 It's no yer fault, lad. Ye did  
 what ye must and survived. That's  
 all that matters.

Ian looks at Jamie, then finally exhales, pent up shame and  
 pain and fear slowly ebbing out of his body. Jamie puts a  
 hand on his shoulder. Ian feels unburdened having told  
 someone. Jamie looks back and surveys the grave.

JAMIE (CONT'D)  
 The hole's deep enough. Come --  
 let's fetch Hayes along then.

Jamie grabs the spade as they leave --

**OMITTED**

**EXT. ROAD - BACK AT THE WAGON - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT (N1)**

As they approach the wagon, Lesley comes around to the rear  
 to help Jamie unload Hayes as Claire holds the reins.

LESLEY  
 (mournful)  
 Gavin and I kent one another for an  
 age -- life wi'out him doesna seem  
 right.

Before Jamie can offer any words of consolation, Rollo GROWLS and launches himself through the dark towards the wagon!

LESLEY (CONT'D)  
Ifrinn an Diabhail! A Dhia, thoir  
cobhair!

The horses STARTLE and the wagon lurches as --

A FIGURE RISES out of the wagon bed, swaying under the canvas cover like a GHOST. Is Hayes rising from the dead?

Ian struggles to hold Rollo back.

YOUNG IAN  
Christ alive! Where did it come  
from?

LESLEY  
From Hell. May it return there at  
once!

And with that -- Jamie swings the spade, into the GHOSTLY FIGURE. The figure falls to the ground. Ian YANKS the cover off and they see their visitor is not a ghost at all, but the condemned man they met earlier -- Stephen Bonnet.

JAMIE  
Not from Hell. From the gallows.

Lesley eyes Bonnet with disfavor. Claire kneels to inspect the damage. She helps him sit up.

CLAIRE  
Are you all right?

STEPHEN BONNET  
Thankin' you kindly, ma'am, I will  
have been better. My apologies for  
frightening you.

JAMIE  
How long have ye been in the wagon?

STEPHEN BONNET  
(rubbing his head)  
Since midovernoon.  
I crawled in once the frog loaded up  
poor old Hayes. I've been keepin'  
him company, hopin' you'd be leaving  
town and takin' me with you.

He gives a wry smile as he rises to his feet, bows to Jamie.

STEPHEN BONNET (CONT'D)  
 Stephen Bonnet. Your servant, sir.

JAMIE  
 (nodding back)  
 Mr. Bonnet.

Bonnet stands easy, balanced on the balls of his feet. No stranger to a fight, his fists are half-closed in readiness.

JAMIE (CONT'D)  
 For what crime were ye condemned?

STEPHEN BONNET  
 Thieving. Smuggling. And piracy.

JAMIE  
 And will ye have killed anyone in the commission of your crimes, Mr. Bonnet?

STEPHEN BONNET  
 None that were not tryin' to kill me first. Same as your friend.

The words are easy, the tone almost flippant, but belied by the dark glint in his eye.

JAMIE  
 Go, then. We will not hinder ye.

STEPHEN BONNET  
 Might I trouble you for conveyance?  
 (off their looks)  
 There will be watchmen and soldiers out tonight -- huntin' me. You could take me safely past them, to the road that leads to the ferry. There's a creek with an outlet to the sea. I can await some associates of mine and you can be on your way, free of the taint of my company. And I won't bother you again. You have my word.

They all study him, digesting this. Jamie can hardly hold the crimes against him, having been a smuggler and thief himself. And the man is likeable, no doubt about it.

STEPHEN BONNET (CONT'D)  
 I beg you, sir, in the name of Gavin Hayes. He said you never turned your back on a friend.

It's Lesley who begins to soften, thinking of the dead friend they couldn't save. He turns to Jamie:

LESLEY  
For a friend of Gavin?

Jamie looks to Claire. She seems agreeable.

JAMIE  
All right. I'll take ye.

CLAIRE  
I'll come along. A husband and wife will seem less suspicious.

JAMIE  
Fine. Once we've laid Hayes to rest.  
(to Lesley and Ian)  
Take the horses and return to the tavern, while Claire and I deliver Mr. Bonnet to safety.

Bonnet nods, relieved. Then:

STEPHEN BONNET  
I'd ask only one more thing. That you allow me to help bury a friend.

OFF Bonnet as he picks up the spade --

**EXT. WILMINGTON ROAD - MILITARY CHECKPOINT - NIGHT (N1)**

Jamie's wagon travels the road, arriving at a checkpoint. Four REDCOATS, armed and alert, order them to stop.

SERGEANT HEYNS (O.C.)  
Halt! Make yourselves known!

SERGEANT HEYNS, 40s, addresses Jamie as PRIVATE GRISWOLD, 20s, holds a lantern to their faces.

JAMIE  
(calmly)  
James Fraser, with my wife, Mistress Claire Fraser.

SERGEANT HEYNS  
What is it that brings you out so perilously late?

CLAIRE  
A family matter.

That sounds slightly dubious.

SERGEANT HEYNS

What have you in the wagon?

The Redcoats inspect the wagon with LANTERNS.

JAMIE

Nothing of worth. What little we have for our own provision: a cut of venison, a sack of oats. And a body.

The sergeant looks up sharply.

SERGEANT HEYNS

A what?

JAMIE

The corpse of one of the men who was hanged this afternoon.

CLAIRE

We are delivering him to his kinsmen so he may be buried among them.

SERGEANT HEYNS

I see.

(studies Jamie's face)

I remember you. You called out to him at the last. A friend, was he?

JAMIE

I knew him. Some years ago.

Heyns nods to his subordinate.

SERGEANT HEYNS

Have a look, Griswold.

Griswold lifts the top canvas cover and raises his lantern to peer into the wagon. He sees a body, tied up tightly in a SHROUD. Jamie wraps his hand around a wooden club stowed behind the seat -- at the ready.

GRISWOLD

Yes, sir, it's a body. Wrapped in a shroud.

SERGEANT HEYNS

Take your bayonet and be sure he's good and dead inside there.



Claire and Jamie exchange a discreet worried glance.

CLAIRE

That is sacrilegious, Sergeant.

JAMIE

Aye. Would ye defile a body so?

SERGEANT HEYNS

(ignoring them)

Get on with it. Stab it in the leg, Griswold. To be sure.

Griswold JABS the leg of the body -- bayonet sliding through the shroud into the flesh. There's no movement whatsoever.

GRISWOLD

Dead as a door nail. Not a twitch.

SERGEANT HEYNS

On your way then, Mr. Fraser. But I'd counsel you to choose your friends more carefully.

Jamie clucks to the horses and they move away.

**EXT. ROADSIDE - A SHORT WHILE LATER - NIGHT (N1)**

The wagon pulls into the trees for privacy. A worried Claire turns to the back of the wagon, yanking the canvas back and revealing Bonnet underneath.

CLAIRE

Are you wounded, Mr. Bonnet?

Bonnet sits up, smiling.

STEPHEN BONNET

Danu the luck giver was with me.  
The venison took the brunt of it.

He holds up the meat, revealing a puncture from Griswold's blade. Bonnet is one lucky sonovabitch.

STEPHEN BONNET (CONT'D)

But it pinked me in the thigh a bit, damn him.

REVEAL Bonnet's leg bleeding slightly.

JAMIE

Let my wife tend yer leg, she's a healer. Then we'll continue on.

## TIME CUT:

Jamie keeps a watchful eye for redcoats as Claire attends to Bonnet. Bonnet notices Claire's hands as she CLEANS the CUT on his thigh.

STEPHEN BONNET

Two wedding bands you wear.

Claire is in doctor mode and answers perfunctorily without looking up. Besides, she's been asked this question before.

CLAIRE

I've been married twice.

STEPHEN BONNET

Two lucky men then. And you've never parted with the ring of the first?

CLAIRE

No.

She BANDAGES his leg, as Bonnet keeps talking.

STEPHEN BONNET

I've never married. But I've always been partial to rings.

(rubs his fingers)

The watchmen dispossessed me of mine. There's something about the notion of an infinite circle that fascinates me.

CLAIRE

The hangman's noose is a circle you'd do well to avoid in the future, Mr. Bonnet.

She gives him a look, they share a small smile. He likes her. Finds himself opening up to her, as he goes into a dreamy reverie, sharing something.

STEPHEN BONNET

It's not a noose I fear, madam. Since I was a lad, I've been plagued by nightmares... of drowning, over and over again. You'd think I'd foresee it and waken, but I never do. Not 'til the waters close over my head. A tide that comes in slowly, though I know it will be the death of me.

(MORE)

STEPHEN BONNET (CONT'D)  
 Gray water, dark with mud, things  
 swimmin' blindly in it -- waiting for  
 the sea to have her way  
 with me, that they might do the same  
 when she's done.

Claire notes the horror in his voice.

CLAIRE  
 Nightmares can't harm you.

STEPHEN BONNET  
 Ah, no. It's the sea herself,  
 pullin' me. Have you ever felt  
 the sea pullin' at you?

A shiver goes through Claire, as she remembers having  
 plummeted in the ocean during the hurricane.

CLAIRE  
 I... almost drowned once. In a  
 storm at sea.

STEPHEN BONNET  
 Then you know what I speak of.

He can see in Claire's face that she does. They lock eyes,  
 forging a small bond.

Jamie, seeing that Bonnet is mended, approaches the back of  
 the wagon --

JAMIE  
 Where will ye go from here, Mr.  
 Bonnet?

As Jamie and Claire help Bonnet from the wagon --

STEPHEN BONNET  
 Some of my associates intended to  
 weigh anchor at the end of that  
 tributary, before the weather  
 turns. I pray I'm not too late.

JAMIE  
 Why is it I have a feeling 'tis  
 pirates ye speak of?

STEPHEN BONNET  
 Certainly the governors of the  
 Carolinas would call them so; the  
 merchants of Wilmington regard them  
 otherwise.

(MORE)

STEPHEN BONNET (CONT'D)

(then)

You'll no doubt be seeking some reward for your assistance? That can be settled.

JAMIE

I saved ye for Hayes's sake. I wouldna seek reward for such service.

STEPHEN BONNET

Thank you, sir. You are a rare gentleman indeed.

(then)

I'd advise you to be wary -- travellers in these woods are often set upon by thieves and outlaws.

Jamie gives Bonnet a grateful nod.

JAMIE

We will. Thank you.

STEPHEN BONNET

I bid you now adieu.

CLAIRE

I hope your good luck continues, Mr. Bonnet.

STEPHEN BONNET

I have found that a man most often makes his own luck.

He bows to them, then LIMPS away like a crippled bear, VANISHING into the night. It's dark and quiet now. Jamie looks back toward the wagon, thinking.

JAMIE

I fear we may rouse suspicion if we pass by the redcoats again so soon. I hate to deprive ye of a warm bed, but we'll have to sleep in the woods tonight.

CLAIRE

I don't mind.

JAMIE

Nor do I.

(then)

Find a quiet spot, Sassenach. Ye can make camp while I see to the horses.

OMITTED (MOVED INTO SCENE 14)EXT. WOODS - CAMP - LATER - NIGHT (N1)

ON CLAIRE sitting on a HEAVY BLANKET, gazing into a small FIRE. She combs her fingers through her hair, then reclines on the blanket, relaxing in the moonlight.

ON JAMIE as he comes up the path toward her... he stops in his tracks, staring at Claire. In the wake of Hayes's death, he has an overwhelming desire to experience something life-affirming. As he approaches her --

She looks over and sees him... and he comes to her quickly, putting his mouth on hers, and she melts into him, mirroring his desire. She needs this as much as he does.

JAMIE

Christ, your mouth is slick and salty as your quim.

He pulls her skirt up and enters her. Both desperately needing to feel alive and connected. They move together with increasing urgency. He whispers in her ear, breathless.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

I can't wait.

CLAIRE

Then don't.

OFF the two of them finishing together in a swift burst of pleasure.

EXT. WOODS - CAMP - DAY (D2)

Early morning. Claire and Jamie awaken. Claire looks up at the pale sky. After a beat...

JAMIE

What are ye thinkin', Sassenach?

She gestures to the trees in front of them.

CLAIRE

You know what's behind those trees?

JAMIE

More trees?

CLAIRE

A lot more. They stretch all the way past a mighty river called the Mississippi, to the Great Plains, vast farmland that ends at the Rocky Mountains. What we're seeing now, it's only the start of what America will become. It'll eventually reach all the way to the Pacific Ocean. And North Carolina will be just one of fifty states.

Jamie listens, his imagination captured.

JAMIE

(boasting)  
Filled with Scots.

CLAIRE

Calm down, there will be all sorts of different people here, from every country in the world. All hoping to live what will be called the American Dream.

JAMIE

Is that the same as our dream?

CLAIRE

I suppose so... a chance to live in a place where the only limitations are a person's own abilities and their will to succeed.

(beat)

They'll come here by the thousands, then by the millions.

JAMIE

And those already here? The thousands of Indians -- what becomes of them?

CLAIRE

(sadly)

They will be driven off their ancestral lands. Killed or made to live on reservations. Not unlike what the English did to the Highlanders.

Jamie considers this thought.

JAMIE

A dream for some can be a nightmare  
for others.

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

Establishing. DUSK, later that day.

**INT. TAVERN - JAMIE & CLAIRE'S ROOM - NIGHT (N2)**

Jamie and Claire ready themselves for the dinner party. She wrestles with her hair, trying to tame it. As she studies her reflection in the mirror --

CLAIRE

Not too much mutton dressed as  
lamb, is it?

JAMIE

Never. The only thing missing  
is... a bit of jewelry.

He draws out a handkerchief from his pocket, and produces a slender lace ribbon with a RUBY, mounted in a setting, on the end.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

I took it to the goldsmith and used  
some of our coin to fashion this  
mount. He hadna time for any but  
the simplest design.

CLAIRE

Simple is best.

Jamie ties the necklace around Claire's neck, where it casts a rosy glow against her white skin. She looks in the mirror approvingly.

JAMIE

I've heard Governor Tryon will be  
in attendance, along with a Baron  
Penzler. It is said that the  
Baron's love of money is  
accompanied by a love for fine  
objects that come with it.

CLAIRE

Let's hope he has a fondness for  
rubies.

Jamie steps back and lets his eyes travel over her, a smile spreading across his face.

JAMIE

Might I request the pleasure of  
your company for dinner, madam?

CLAIRE

You may.

She smiles and takes his arm and they leave for Lillington's.

**EXT. LILLINGTON'S HOUSE - NIGHT (N2)**

Establishing. One of the stateliest homes in Wilmington.

**INT. LILLINGTON'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT (N2)**

Jamie and Claire are seated at opposite ends of a DINING TABLE surrounded by well-heeled COLONIALS. No effort has been spared to impress the Governor. House SLAVES are in attendance, serving, pouring drinks and clearing dishes.

Jamie is in conversation with MR. LILLINGTON, 40s, their host, and GOVERNOR TRYON, 38, at whose right hand Jamie has been seated. Meanwhile --

Claire sips her wine as she chats with her dinner companions. MR. STANHOPE, 40s, and PHILLIP WYLIE, 25, a handsome dandy, are in a conversation about taxes.

MR. STANHOPE

Four shillings poll tax and four pence per gallon rum duty! Will it never end?!

PHILLIP WYLIE

Ha! That is the very least of it, Stanhope -- it's the never-ending expenses incurred in dividing our land from that of the Cherokee savages which worries me... all from our taxes.

BARON PENZLER, 60s, interrupts them, addressing Claire:

BARON PENZLER

It beggars belief does it not,  
Mistress Fraser?

(MORE)



BARON PENZLER (CONT'D)

Though I doubt many women will be familiar with such provincial matters -- or interested in them.

CLAIRE

On the contrary, Lord Penzler. I'm sure that the very thought of inequitable taxes brings out the savage in all of us... I'm particularly savage in my disapproval of taxes which bear disproportionately on the poor.

MR. STANHOPE

Ha ha! Very good! The savage in us all. Ha ha, indeed!

Stanhope has started COUGHING on some crumbs.

PHILLIP WYLIE

You must try not to be so amusing, Mistress Fraser. It may be the death of poor Stanhope.

Seeing that heads are beginning to turn in their direction --

CLAIRE

Perhaps we should change the subject. After all, speaking of taxes at the Governor's table is rather like talking of rope in the house of the hanged, isn't it?

Mr. Stanhope laughs again, choking now in earnest on his dinner. Wylie pounds him helpfully on the back.

Claire turns towards the Baron to display the ruby to best effect. It sparkles against her cleavage.

Wylie's sister, JUDITH, 20s, fashionably gowned and jeweled, indicates Claire's hairdo.

JUDITH WYLIE

Is this the style in Edinburgh, Mistress Fraser? How... charming.

Phillip shoots Judith a look. But Judith continues to eye Claire with dislike. Claire's getting a great deal of attention from the men and Judith is clearly jealous. Finally, the Baron focuses on Claire's ruby.

BARON PENZLER

Such a beautiful stone, Mistress Fraser. You will permit me to look more closely?

CLAIRE

Certainly.

Penzler bends toward her cleavage. Claire removes the necklace and drops the stone into his hand. He lifts the jewel and squints at it like a connoisseur, then pulls a small MAGNIFYING GLASS from his pocket to inspect it further.

BARON PENZLER

Beautiful. Sehr schön. And without flaw.

Claire smiles, pleased the Baron seems to like the gem. She catches Jamie's eyes and nods slightly. Meanwhile --

ON JAMIE, seated with Lillington and the Governor, who's presiding over his end of the table with the charisma of a well-heeled politician. We join them in mid-conversation:

MR. LILLINGTON

The Governor and I have heard that you are the nephew of the widow Cameron of River Run. Have we been correctly informed, Mr. Fraser?

JAMIE

Aye. Jocasta Cameron is my late mother's sister. Are either of you acquainted with her?

MR. LILLINGTON

Yes. I've been acquainted with Mistress Cameron for many years. A most charming woman. Are you familiar with her estate, Your Excellency?

GOVERNOR TRYON

(nodding)

My wife and I passed several days in Cross Creek last year during our tour of North Carolina. I believe River Run is situated on the Cape Fear River at the foot of the mountains.

JAMIE

Aye, my family are Highlanders.  
Mountains are like home to us.

GOVERNOR TRYON

The Blue Ridge mountains are some  
of the most majestic you'll find  
anywhere, Mr. Fraser.

JAMIE

I intend to see them when I visit my  
aunt before returning to Scotland.

The Governor trades a look with Lillington, then to Jamie:

GOVERNOR TRYON

Would you join me after dinner for  
a pipe and some brandy, sir? I've  
had a case imported from France.  
And there is a matter I wish to put  
before you.

OFF Jamie, surprised and perhaps a bit intrigued.

**INT. LILLINGTON'S HOUSE - DRAWING ROOM - SHORT WHILE LATER -  
NIGHT (N2)**

Jamie and the Governor sip imported brandy and smoke pipes.

GOVERNOR TRYON

Mr. Lillington tells me that you  
have been both a farmer and a  
soldier and are very newly come to  
the Colonies. Are you familiar  
with conditions here?

JAMIE

To which conditions might ye refer?

GOVERNOR TRYON

North Carolina, though not yet as  
prosperous as its neighbors, offers  
wealth and prosperity to those  
willing to persevere and work the  
land. The Crown has long  
encouraged settlement by  
industrious, God-fearing families.

JAMIE

His Majesty is wise to encourage  
settlement of lands so rich in  
opportunity, Your Excellency.

The Governor takes another long puff of his pipe.

GOVERNOR TRYON

To this end, there is established a system of land grants whereby a large acreage may be given to men who would undertake to persuade a number of emigrants to come and settle upon a part of it under their sponsorship.

JAMIE

I did hear mention of such grants, sir. Yet is it not true they come with a steep quitrent per acre which must be paid in coin?

GOVERNOR TRYON

That is true, yes.

The Governor taps his ash into a small bowl.

GOVERNOR TRYON (CONT'D)

However, in frankness, Mr. Fraser, There is the law, and then there is what is done.

Jamie turns his glass in his hand.

GOVERNOR TRYON (CONT'D)

It may be possible to dispense with the requirement of quitrents while one acquires settlers. Provided one swears an oath of loyalty to his Majesty the King, if one has not already done so. Without wishing to remind you of any past indignity, it is my duty to ask...

JAMIE

And mine to answer. Being a pardoned Jacobite, I have sworn the oath -- like many others who paid that price to keep their lives.

(then)

It is late, Your Excellency. I must beg to take my leave.

The Governor draws heavily on his pipe, gazing at Jamie.

GOVERNOR TRYON

Good night, Mr. Fraser. Do consider my offer.

OFF Jamie, perhaps a bit intrigued --

**INT. TAVERN - JAMIE & CLAIRE'S ROOM - NIGHT (N2)**

Jamie and Claire get undressed after the dinner party. They are both riding high, having sold the ruby at a fine price.

JAMIE

One hundred pounds sterling. For a single ruby.

(he kisses her)

All thanks to you. The Baron nearly dropped his eyeballs into your bosom, the filthy lecher. I'd a mind to challenge him over it --

CLAIRE

Discretion is the better part of valor. Not that I've ever met a Scot who seemed to think so.

JAMIE

Be that as it may, the Baron's eye for fine gemstones means we've enough money to secure our passage to Scotland many times over. With the money we'll have left, I can purchase a printing press, and ye can practice yer healing.

But there's something gnawing at Claire. Jamie notices.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

We'll be fine, Sassenach. John Grey used his influence to withdraw the warrant. I'm no longer a wanted man.

CLAIRE

No, it's not that. It's nothing.

JAMIE

You're a terrible liar. Ye're thinking so loudly, I can hear ye from here.

CLAIRE

I was thinking about the offer you said Governor Tryon made to you.

JAMIE

Ah. I was thinking on the matter myself.

CLAIRE

And? What do you think about it?

JAMIE

He's no offering me land for the sake of my bonny blue eyes. Bees that have honey in their mouths have stings in their tails. Ask yourself this -- why me? I'm an incomer, wi' few ties and no known loyalties --

CLAIRE

Except, perhaps, to the Governor offering you a large tract of land.

JAMIE

Aye. The man's a soldier -- a man of strategy. He kens me as one too. And I understand there was that wee bit of trouble with the Regulators a year past.

CLAIRE

Regulators?

JAMIE

Men from the wilderness. They've taken offense at what they believe is illegal behavior on the part of Tryon's tax collectors, so they've taken matters into their own hands. Called meetings, drawn up petitions, stirred up a spirit of resistance. The Governor is clearly worried.

CLAIRE

So in case things get more heated, he wants to buy the loyalty and obligation of an experienced soldier for the cost of a few acres of King's land. He's much sneakier than I thought.

(admiring)

Practically Scottish.

Jamie laughs.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Jamie... eight years from now, there's going to be a war. The American Revolution. If you were to accept this land, Governor Tryon would ask you to fight for the Crown, against the revolutionaries.

Jamie considers the ramifications of Tryon's offer, then --

JAMIE

I've fought wars before, Sassenach.

CLAIRE

But this time -- unlike Culloden -- the British will lose. We'd be on the wrong side of history -- again. We'd be branded as loyalists, and the land that Tryon is offering... would likely be taken from us.

JAMIE

These revolutionaries... what is it they fight for? The taxes?

CLAIRE

It starts with taxation without representation in Parliament, but the fight eventually becomes more about independence -- equality and freedom. They win the war and become a democratic country.

JAMIE

And there's never again a British monarch?

CLAIRE

Not as of 1968.

Jamie thinks for a beat.

JAMIE

This will become Brianna's country, will it no?

CLAIRE

Yes, she was born here.

He considers that.

JAMIE

I dinna wish to fight in another war, or have you in danger, Sassenach, but if there is a bit we can do to make it a good land for Brianna... and if my presence here now can be felt by her later, then I've done something.

OFF Jamie and Claire, looking at each other, coming to a decision.

EXT. TAVERN - DAY (D3)

Establishing. The next day. A few people of Wilmington start their morning.

INT. TAVERN - MAIN AREA - DAY (D3)

Jamie and Claire sit with Fergus, Marsali, Young Ian and Lesley. They've just made a big announcement. There's stunned silence for a moment as we REVEAL shocked faces. Fergus is the first to react.

FERGUS

Staying? In America?

JAMIE

Aye. Claire and I have decided...  
to try and make a life here.

Young Ian can hardly contain his excitement.

YOUNG IAN

It's a fine idea! We could stay --

JAMIE

Not "we," lad. Ye'll still be on a ship bound for Scotland.

YOUNG IAN

Please, Uncle. I'll no be a worry to ye, truly I swear it. I'll work to earn my bread. I've a talent for selling -- Fergus will tell ye!

JAMIE

Ye ken I would like nothing more than to have ye with me. But what in God's name will yer mother say?

YOUNG IAN

I dinna ken, Uncle, but she'll be saying it in Scotland, won't she? She kens I'm safe with ye -- ye wrote her back in Georgia.

LESLEY

I canna say that particular bit of knowledge will be over-comforting to her, Ian.



JAMIE

Your parents dinna want a vagrant's life for ye, Ian. They'd have ye grow to be a man of learning and influence -- a man of worth.

Jamie claps Young Ian on the shoulder.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Ye'll amount to something for yer mother's sake -- if it kills us both. Yer life's no meant to be wasted.

FERGUS

Where will you settle?

CLAIRE

We don't know yet. We thought we'd work that out while visiting Jamie's Aunt Jocasta.

Jamie turns to Fergus, handing him a pouch of coins.

JAMIE

Fergus, I want ye to have a portion of our profits from the ruby. It will pay for ye and Marsali's return to Scotland, if that's what ye choose. And a bit for Marsali to take home to her mother, for the alimony I promised. There's enough for ye as well, Lesley.

LESLEY

I appreciate it, Mac Dubh. But I'd have ye keep yer coin, if I may travel with ye a bit longer. This is a wild country, and my place is at your side.

JAMIE

Ye may.

Jamie looks at Fergus, awaiting his decision. Fergus looks to Marsali who smiles.

FERGUS

We would like to stay in North Carolina as well, Milord.

Fergus seems bursting with news of his own.

FERGUS (CONT'D)

Marsali would not be well-suited to  
a long journey.

(announcing)  
She's with child!

JAMIE

What?

Claire is shocked, but happy for Marsali and Fergus. It wasn't that long ago that Claire provided her daughter-in-law with advice on how not to get with child.

CLAIRE

(to Marsali)  
This is certainly a happy surprise.

MARSALI

(pointedly to Claire)  
'Twas a surprise to us as well.  
(covering)  
But of course, we are delighted.

JAMIE

May God bless ye both.

FERGUS

For now, Marsali and I will stay in  
Wilmington.

MARSALI

It's a wee bit bigger than Broch  
Mordha. There's need for garments  
here -- I hope to find work as a  
seamstress, while Fergus seeks  
employment himself.

JAMIE

Ye'll do well, Marsali. And  
Fergus, ye'll be a fine father.

FERGUS

Thank you, Milord.

JAMIE

The Campagnia leaves in under a  
fortnight. Ian and Lesley... ye'll  
accompany us to River Run until then.

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

As the riverboat, Sally Ann, swings slowly out into the waters of Wilmington harbor on its way to River Run.

CAPTAIN FREEMAN, 40s -- a disreputable old wreck who reeks of tobacco -- chats with Lesley near the bow. The Sally Ann has a single hand, an elderly freedman, EUTROCLUS, 60s, who propels and steers the craft by means of a long OAR. Young Ian and Lesley man POLES on either side of the vessel. ON Jamie and Claire mid-conversation.

CLAIRE

After living in Boston for a few years, I was granted American citizenship. And now I'm one of its early settlers. Imagine that.

JAMIE

It's a braw thought, Sassenach.

CLAIRE

So... what is your Aunt Jocasta like?

JAMIE

She's a MacKenzie -- my mother's sister. I haven't seen her since I was a wee lad. She wed John Cameron and left Leoch before my parents married.

CLAIRE

She never came to visit Lallybroch?

JAMIE

Once or twice. Then John died of a flux, and she wed his cousin, Hugh Cameron and then, well, he was killed hunting, and so then she wed Hector Cameron --

CLAIRE

She seems to have had quite a taste for Camerons. Is there something special about them as a clan -- beyond being accident-prone?

JAMIE

They've a way wi' words. The Camerons are poets and jesters.

CLAIRE

Is Hector a poet or a joker?

JAMIE

Neither. He's dead now.

CLAIRE

How did he come to be in North Carolina?

JAMIE

After the Rising, he and Jocasta fled Scotland and came here. He was granted land, built a house and a sawmill, planted tobacco, then died of the morbid sore throat a year past.

CLAIRE

I hope the messenger with your letter arrives before we do.

YOUNG IAN (O.C.)

He'd arrive before we do if he crawled on his hands and knees.

They glance at Young Ian, who is working his ass off nearby. Poling is slow-going and arduous work.

JAMIE

Keep goin', lad.

(teasing him)

I expect ye'll have us in River Run before nightfall, aye?

Ian throws a look to Jamie over his ball-breaking. Claire's gaze drifts to Eutroclus, manning the long oar.

CLAIRE

(to Jamie)

That poor man deserves a rest. An elderly slave shouldn't be forced to be on his feet all day.

CAPTAIN FREEMAN (O.C.)

You needn't worry yourself, madam.

Captain Freeman, having overheard, saunters over, gesturing to Eutroclus.

CAPTAIN FREEMAN

He earns a fair wage for his work. Isn't that right, Eutroclus?

EUTROCLUS

Yes I do, Captain.

CLAIRE

(to Captain Freeman)

You mean to say he's free?

CAPTAIN FREEMAN

He is now. He used to be my  
slave... 'til one day, I fell  
asleep with the lamp still burning.  
Cabin caught fire and Troklus  
pulled me out in time. After that,  
I petitioned the court for his  
release on the grounds of  
meritorious service and offered a  
surety for his freedom.

Eutroclus smiles. Captain Freeman nods.

CAPTAIN FREEMAN (CONT'D)

Been working for me ever since.  
Best waterman on the river.

Claire takes this in, pleased by the act of kindness.

Then suddenly, a small flock of gulls rise in a squawking  
cloud, wheeling out over the river, revealing the object of  
their appetite.

YOUNG IAN

What is that?

Ian stops poling to take a closer look at a stout PINE STAKE  
that has been driven into the mud of the bank, the top of it  
a foot below the dark, weedy line that marks the upper  
reaches of the incoming tide. The tide is still low; it has  
reached no higher than halfway up the stake.

Above the lapping waves of silty water hangs the FIGURE OF A  
MAN, fastened to the stake by a CHAIN around his chest. It's  
hard to tell how long he's been there, but long enough, from  
the looks of him. A narrow gash of white shows the curve of  
skull where skin and hair have been stripped off. Impossible  
to say what he once looked like; the birds have been busy.

CAPTAIN FREEMAN

Pirate.

The Captain spits tobacco juice into the river. Lesley comes  
over to join them in taking in the grisly tableau.

CAPTAIN FREEMAN (CONT'D)

If they haven't been taken to  
Wilmington to be hanged, oftentimes  
they stake 'em out at low tide and  
let the river have 'em.

YOUNG IAN

Are there many of them?

EUTROCLUS

Not so much, any more. The Navy  
does a good job keepin' 'em down.

CAPTAIN FREEMAN

True. But go back a few years,  
why, you could see four or five  
pirates out here at a time. Folk  
would pay to come out by boat, to  
sit and watch 'em drown. Real  
pretty out here when the tide comes  
in at sunset, turns the water red.

Claire winces at the thought. Lesley is disturbed.

LESLEY

I wish ye hadn't put that picture  
in my head, Captain.

But they can't turn away, transfixed by this horrifying  
sight.

TIME CUT:

A sense of peace has settled over the boat. Claire pitches  
in, manning Eutroclus's OAR, as he looks out for river  
shoals nearby. Ian shares his lunch with Rollo. The Captain  
disappears into the cabin to rest. Lesley and Jamie man the  
poles, until Jamie calls out to Ian --

JAMIE

All right, lad. It's yer turn.

As Ian takes Jamie's place, he calls up to Claire --

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Sassenach, will ye join me?

CLAIRE

Of course.

Claire turns the oar back over to Eutroclus and makes her  
way down the ladder as Jamie disappears briefly into the  
cabin. Claire sits on the stern transom. Jamie sits down  
beside her. He sets a box gently on Claire's lap.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

What's this?

She runs her hand curiously over the box, carved of dark  
wood and bearing the marks of heavy use, nicks and dents on  
its polished beauty.

JAMIE

A wee present. Open it.

She does. Inside, MEDICAL INSTRUMENTS gleam, each in its own pocket, carefully fitted and lined in velvet. A small, heavy-toothed saw; scissors; three scalpels -- round-bladed, straight-bladed, and scoop-bladed; the silver blade of a tongue depressor... she picks up a small reflex hammer. She's blown away by the gift. She looks at Jamie, thrilled.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Ye like it?

CLAIRE

I love it! My God, a microscope.

Claire looks further and finds a set of brass weights, a mortar and pestle, glass bottles...

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Who did it belong to?

JAMIE

The man who sold it to me didna ken his name, just that he was from Virginia. He was a boarder who disappeared and never came back for his belongings.

He hands her a black leather BOOK. She turns to the inside cover and a name is written on the first page:

CLAIRE

"Dr. Daniel Rawlings."  
(then to Jamie)  
Where did you find it?

JAMIE

I'd seen the box when I went to the goldsmith's to set the ruby --

He strokes the wedding ring on her hand.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Perhaps one day I shall deck ye in laces and jewels. I havena been able to give ye much, ever, save this wee ring, and my mother's pearls.

CLAIRE

You've given me a lot more than that. Brianna, for one.

(MORE)

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I left the pearls with her. They were an heirloom, after all. Your ring is all I need.

JAMIE

Twenty-four years ago, I married ye, Sassenach. I hope ye willna have cause yet to regret it.

CLAIRE

Not for one single day.

They're as much in love as they ever were. OFF the happy couple as Claire leans her head on his shoulder...

**EXT. RIVERBOAT - NIGHT (N3)**

The boat is tied up at shore as Captain Freeman and Eutroclus sleep on the deck. Dead calm.

**INT. RIVERBOAT - CABIN - NIGHT (N3)**

Suddenly Rollo's EYES SNAP OPEN, and his ears prick up -- they're not alone. He starts to GROWL as --

**"AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL" (a fucking great instrumental version orchestrated by Bear McCreary) PLAYS OVER THE FOLLOWING:**

The FRONT DOOR to the CABIN is kicked in by a MASKED MAN! Rollo runs towards him. The Man grabs the dog and TOSSES him into the WATER as Claire, Jamie, Lesley and Young Ian each jerk awake and struggle to get their bearings as --

YOUNG IAN

Uncle! What's going on?

Jamie springs to his feet, preparing to face off against the intruder. As the Man pulls his mask down -- a FLASH of recognition crosses Claire's face. It's Stephen Bonnet!

CLAIRE

Mister Bonnet?!

STEPHEN BONNET

Mr. and Mistress Fraser. A pleasure to see you again.

JAMIE

I'll kill ye for this, ye bastard.



STEPHEN BONNET

Perhaps one day. But for now, why don't you simply hand over those triflin' stones you carry?

JAMIE

I dinna ken what ye speak of.

STEPHEN BONNET

I overheard you and your beautiful wife speaking of them.

JAMIE

Stay in here, Sassenach.

Bonnet takes a swing at Jamie, who ducks. In a blind fury, Jamie CHARGES at Bonnet, who retreats further onto the deck as Jamie pursues him --

**EXT. RIVERBOAT - DECK - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT (N3)**

Where Jamie is swiftly surrounded by FOUR Pirates who move from around the sides of the cabin. Jamie quickly looks past them and sees -- Captain Freeman and Eutroclus face down on the riverbank, where TWO PIRATES have PISTOLS trained on them. No help for Jamie there. Doesn't matter. He's faced lousy odds before. He's ready for a fight. Bonnet grins; his plan to trap Jamie has worked.

STEPHEN BONNET

Don't kill him lads, but do relieve him of the gemstones.

The Four Pirates lay into Jamie and a BRAWL ensues, as --

**INT. RIVERBOAT - CABIN - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT (N3)**

Claire, Young Ian and Lesley instinctively run towards the FRONT DOOR to aid Jamie, when --

A STOCKY PIRATE and ANOTHER PIRATE block their way. Lesley pulls Claire away from the brawl, towards the BACK DOOR, with Young Ian in tow, when --

CRASH! A TALL PIRATE kicks that door in, knocking Lesley to the floor. His bell is rung. Hard. He's down for the count. Tall Pirate enters with a WIRY PIRATE in his wake. The Wiry Pirate grabs Young Ian and throws him out onto --

**EXT. RIVERBOAT - DECK - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT (N3)**

Young Ian stumbles across the stern's deck. As he recovers, the Pirate aims a PISTOL at Young Ian, keeping him at bay.

WIRY PIRATE

Stay where you are lad, or I'll put  
a ball in your head.

Young Ian freezes as --

**INT. RIVERBOAT - CABIN - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT (N3)**

The Stocky Pirate rummages through a TRUNK. The Tall Pirate goes through Claire's medical box, opening bottles and shaking out the contents, then tossing them to the floor.

CLAIRE

Don't you touch those!

She moves to try and stop him, but the Tall Pirate turns and levels his PISTOL at her. Claire freezes.

TALL PIRATE

Well, aren't you a fiery one.

Claire looks out of the broken FRONT CABIN doors and sees --

JAMIE -- as he's forced to his knees by his assailants.

Jamie manages to wrench his right arm free from one Pirate's grip, and swings his fist at another -- but he's still at a disadvantage, and his captors force him to the deck. His right hand scrapes painfully across the deck's surface.

The Four Pirates take the HIDDEN POUCH of jewels from Jamie's breeks and the COIN POUCH from his sporran. Jamie struggles against them, but the men hold him down.

**BACK ON CLAIRE**

CLAIRE

(to Bonnet)

How could you do this after  
everything we've done for you?!

Bonnet glances into the cabin and smirks at Claire as he pours the gems from Jamie's hidden pouch into his hand, the lantern light glittering off the GEMSTONES. He slips them into his coat pocket as --

The Tall Pirate, having found nothing of value in Claire's medical box, now notices the TWO WEDDING RINGS on Claire's fingers. With a glint in his eye, he steps forward, seizes her hand and wrenches at her rings. Claire fights him, but he persists.

TALL PIRATE

Give 'em up, bitch, or I'll slit your slender throat!

CLAIRE

Get off me!

Lesley comes to, sees Claire under attack and lunges to protect her, knocking the Tall Pirate away from Claire and into a wall, stunning him. Lesley moves to Claire, who shares a grateful look with him, until --

A KNIFE appears at Lesley's throat. REVEAL Bonnet has entered the cabin and has the drop on Lesley --

STEPHEN BONNET

Brought me sorrow to see such good friends parted. Give Hayes my very best when you're reunited at last.

Bonnet SLICES Lesley's neck with one quick, heartless stroke. Claire gapes in shock as Lesley's body falls. Claire moves to help Lesley, but Bonnet smiles and turns his knife on her.

STEPHEN BONNET (CONT'D)

Would you be so kind as to stay where you are, Mistress Fraser. Best hand over the rings now.

Claire twists off Frank's gold ring, trembling with fear and rage. Then Jamie's silver one. Bonnet holds out his hand. Claire starts to give them to him, but at the last second, claps her hand to her mouth, swallowing the rings.

Bonnet is immediately on Claire, bracing her against the wall. His FINGERS pike into her mouth, probing roughly.

STEPHEN BONNET (CONT'D)

Come now, let's not make this any harder than it need be.

Claire struggles against him, trying to bite his intruding fingers, but Bonnet puts his knife to her throat.

STEPHEN BONNET (CONT'D)

Oh, ye won't be wantin' to bite me, sweetheart.

Claire freezes. Bonnet feels around her mouth more freely as she gulps hard, trying to keep the rings from him -- but Bonnet manages to send ONE of the RINGS flying from her mouth and pinging onto the floor. He slowly removes his fingers from her mouth, as she chokes the OTHER ring down her throat.

STEPHEN BONNET (CONT'D)

I suppose one will have to do.

Bonnet steps over Lesley's body to pick the other ring off the floor. He gives Claire one last look.

STEPHEN BONNET (CONT'D)

A woman like no other you truly  
are, Mistress Fraser.

Then Bonnet exits the front cabin door onto --

**EXT. RIVERBOAT - DECK - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT (N3)**

Bonnet steps onto the rail and jumps, landing on the riverbank. His henchmen follow. They are gone as fast as they lit upon them. Rollo runs onto the boat from the bank. He swam to the riverbank after being thrown over! Ian hugs him, thrilled he survived. Jamie gets to his feet and --

**INT. RIVERBOAT - CABIN - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT (N3)**

Jamie rushes to Claire, wrapping his arms around her --

JAMIE

Claire! Are ye all right?

CLAIRE

My ring... I...

As Claire steadies herself, Jamie looks to Lesley's lifeless body, devastated.

Claire chokes as she puts a finger down her own throat and forcibly retches, coughing something up into her hand.

She sees -- Frank's ring. Jamie's ring is gone.

Claire looks down to her finger, empty now, and touches the pale indentation where the key to Lallybroch once fit.

THE SONG ENDS.

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODEAPPENDIXScene 7CAITHRIS (English)

Och nan och, we are full of despondency  
 You left us, Gavin, And we are aggrieved  
 Son of Seamus, son of Louisa,  
 You left the place where your youth was nurtured.

Hear him. Hear him.  
 You left us all full of sadness, Gavin.  
 Hear him. Hear him.  
 It's a pity that you are not still very young.

You were raised in Cill-Mhartainn  
 In the area of Dun Domhnull!  
 You were born in the town  
 In 1727!

Hear him! Hear him!  
 You left us all full of sadness, Gavin!  
 Hear him! Hear him!  
 It's a pity that you are not still very young.  
 Hear him! Hear him!  
 You left us all full of sadness, Gavin!  
 Hear him! Hear him!  
 It's a pity that you are not still very young!

Oh, vulgar Sassenach  
 My big curse on King George  
 The destruction you wrought upon the heroes

I very much prefer the devil himself

CAITHRIS (Gaelic)

Och nan och, tha sinn fo mhulad  
 Dh'fhàg thu, Gabhain, sinn fo leòn  
 Mac Sheumais, Mac Louisa  
 Dh'fhàg thu 'n t-àit rinn d'arach òg.

Eisd ris, Eisd ris.  
 Dh'fhàg thu, Gabhainn, sinn fo bhròn.  
 Eisd ris, Eisd ris,  
 'S truagh nach eil thu fhathast glè òg.

Thogadh thu ann an Cill-Mhartainn,  
 Ann an sgìre Dhun Domhnuill.  
 Rugadh thu ann am baile breagha B  
 liadhna seachd ciad deug, fichead agus seachd!  
 Eisd ris! Eisd ris!

Dh'fhàg thu, Gabhainn, sinn fo bhròn!  
Eisd ris! Eisd ris!  
'S truagh nach eil thu fhathast glè òg.  
Eisd ris! Eisd ris!  
Dh'fhàg thu, Gabhainn, sinn fo bhròn!  
Eisd ris! Eisd ris!  
'S truagh nach eil thu fhathast glè òg!

O a shasunnaich na galladh  
Mo mhallachd mhòr aig Rìgh Deòrs'  
Am milleadh rinn sibh air na gasgaich

B' fheàrr leam Diabhul fhèin gu mòr?

END OF APPENDIX