

OUTLANDER

EPISODE 402
Do No Harm

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FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT
11th September 2018

OUTLANDER
EPISODE 402 "Do No Harm"

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CAST LIST – FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT – 11th September 2018

CLAIRE RANDALL FRASER
JAMIE MACKENZIE FRASER

FARQUARD CAMPBELL
JOCASTA CAMERON
LIEUTENANT WOLFF
MARY
PHAEDRE
ULYSSES
YOUNG IAN

JOHN QUINCY MEYERS
KYLE
LUCIUS GORDON
MACNEILL
OVERSEER BYRNES
RUFUS

CAPTAIN FREEMAN
EUTROCLUS
THOMAS

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INTERIORS

River Run
Dining Room
Foyer
Jamie and Claire's Bedroom
Parlor
Slave Corridor
Staircase
Upstairs Hallway

EXTERIORS

Riverboat
River Run
Dock/Jetty
Jetty Area
Logging Area
Hill
Mansion
Porch

FADE IN:

EXT. RIVERBOAT - DAY (D1) (1767)

CLOSE ON JAMIE, gazing out at the tree thickened shoreline near the STARBOARD SIDE of the RIVERBOAT as EUTROCLUS mans his oar at the STERN. YOUNG IAN poles on the starboard side. The deck and cabin have been cleared of the destruction incurred during the recent robbery [Episode 401]. As CLAIRE approaches Jamie --

CLAIRE
How is your hand?

JAMIE
Better.

As Claire examines his right hand -- the cuts incurred from Jamie's fight against Bonnet and his band of thieves -- his jaw tightens. He's reminded of the friend he lost.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Lesley deserved a decent burial --
not a shallow grave on a riverbank.

CLAIRE
You can't blame yourself for what
happened.

JAMIE
Who else then? Did I no aid Bonnet
in his escape from the noose? I
was a fool to trust him.

Claire won't let Jamie hold himself entirely accountable.

CLAIRE
We both trusted him. He played on
our sympathies -- he knew we were
mourning the loss of Gavin and used
that to manipulate us into helping
him.

JAMIE
And when it mattered, I wasna able
to defeat him. I couldna protect
ye from him --

CLAIRE
You were outnumbered and they were
armed to the teeth.

JAMIE

That may be the truth, but now the
murderous bastard is free to prey
upon others... and that is my cross
to bear.

CAPTAIN FREEMAN (O.C.)

There she is folks, River Run.

Claire and Jamie turn, look up river to where CAPTAIN
FREEMAN is poling off the PORT SIDE and SEE --

A beautiful, two-storied COLONNADED MANSION comes clearly
into view. It's an estate fit for royalty.

Jamie and Claire head towards the BOW for a better vantage
point as Young Ian and ROLLO join them.

YOUNG IAN

Christ, Uncle Jamie -- ye didna
tell us Great-Auntie Jocasta has a
home befittin' a king.

JAMIE

Help us ashore, lad.

Young Ian peels off with Rollo on his heels. Jamie stares at
the mansion with the weight of the world on his shoulders.
Until now, even he wasn't aware of River Run's magnificence.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

When we had coin and the gemstones,
I was a man wi' means of providing,
and now we're penniless.

Claire tries to lighten his mood.

CLAIRE

It wouldn't be the first time. You
didn't have a shilling to your name
when we were first wed.

JAMIE

And I thought ye only wed me for my
wealth, Sassenach?

He smiles at her, but Claire senses lingering apprehension
and tries to reassure him.

CLAIRE

Jocasta is family. We are lucky to
have relatives we can turn to.

OFF Claire trying to mask her concern for their situation...

EXT. RIVER RUN - DOCK/JETTY - DAY (D1)

Claire carries her MEDICAL BOX while Jamie and Ian each hold an end of a TRUNK as they walk down the long JETTY towards --

JOCASTA CAMERON, 60, lively, strikingly beautiful and impeccably dressed. She stands at the end of the jetty, flanked by her manservant, ULYSSES, 50s. Claire sees the slave and steels herself -- she knows this is the first of many slaves she'll see at this plantation.

JOCASTA

Jamie! Welcome to River Run!

JAMIE

Auntie Jocasta.

Jamie is struck by Jocasta's resemblance to his own mother, Ellen, in her manner and style. Jocasta reaches out for Jamie, who sets the trunk down and moves into her embrace.

JOCASTA

Blessed Bride -- ye've grown to be a giant! That'll be the MacKenzie blood flowin' through ye.

JAMIE

I was no more than a bairn the last time ye saw me -- I had nowhere to go but up.

JOCASTA

I recall ye had a most gorgeous heid of red hair. And oh, how yer mother adored ye!

Jamie relaxes, feeling an instant surge of affection for Jocasta. And it's clear that the affection is reciprocated.

JAMIE

She adored ye as well -- always spoke of ye wi' love.

JOCASTA

(wistful)
I miss her still.

JAMIE

As do I.

They share an intimate bond, having loved and lost someone deeply dear to both of them.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Auntie, may I present my wife,
Claire --

CLAIRE

It's a pleasure to meet you,
Mistress Cameron.

Jocasta turns to Claire, following the sound of her voice.

JOCASTA

I hope ye will call me Auntie, my
dear -- we are kin after all.

CLAIRE

All right. Auntie it is then.

JOCASTA

It's lovely to meet ye, Claire.

JAMIE

And this is your great-nephew, Ian
Murray, Jenny's youngest son.

Young Ian bows, then offers Jocasta a bouquet of
WILDFLOWERS.

YOUNG IAN

I'm greatly pleased to meet ye,
Great-Auntie Jocasta.

JOCASTA

Welcome, lad.

But Jocasta is oblivious to the flowers Ian offers. Ulysses
acts as Jocasta's eyes.

ULYSSES

Your grand-nephew has brought a
posy of flowers for you, Mistress.

JOCASTA

Oh, thank ye kindly, Ian.
(then, explaining)
'Tis long since my sight left me.

YOUNG IAN

I'm sorry to hear it, Great-Auntie.

Jocasta is blind. She carries herself well, so it's not
immediately apparent. Jocasta radiates power and grace, with
a sparkling smile; she is instantly likeable.

JOCASTA

Fear not, lad. It's been a blessing -- I am now gifted wi' hearing that would be the envy of many a gossip. And the ability to scent truth from lies, if ye catch my meanin'.

Claire, Jamie and Young Ian smile, charmed by Jocasta. Suddenly, Rollo BARKS and runs off, tearing across the lawn --

JOCASTA (CONT'D)

Goodness -- who have we there?
Another acquaintance to be made?

JAMIE

Young Ian's mongrel, Rollo.
(then to Ian)
Go on, lad -- take hold of yer beast.

Young Ian takes off after Rollo.

YOUNG IAN

Rollo! Come back here!

JOCASTA

(to Jamie and Claire)
Do come in, my dears, and we'll show ye some River Run hospitality.

She puts her arms out to Claire and Jamie, beckoning them to assist her. As they take her arms in theirs --

JOCASTA (CONT'D)

Ulysses, will ye lead the way to the parlor?

ULYSSES

Yes, Mistress.

JOCASTA

(to Jamie and Claire)
How did ye find yer journey up river from Wilmington?

INT. RIVER RUN - PARLOR - A SHORT WHILE LATER - DAY (D1)

An airy room with high ceilings. Paintings and Scottish works of art decorate the room.

FIND Claire, Jamie and Jocasta sitting on polished mahogany furniture, sipping tea and nibbling refreshments served on fine china by HOUSE SLAVES. Claire feels uncomfortable being waited on, but tolerates it for the sake of politeness to Jamie's kin. Jamie finishes telling Jocasta about their ruinous cross with Stephen Bonnet and his band of robbers.

JAMIE

... the thieves stole our coin and gemstones, left us with little more than the clothes on our backs.

JOCASTA

Wicked! Just wicked! To repay yer kindness in such fashion -- Bonnet and his men should be hangit!

JAMIE

He would have been, if not for me.

JOCASTA

Ye sought the good in him and there was none to be found. Pray, think of him no more -- ye're welcome to stay here as long as ye need.

JAMIE

We'll no be a burden to ye. We're only looking to establish ourselves hereabouts.

CLAIRE

We don't intend to stay here long and wouldn't want to impose --

JOCASTA

Bless ye, dears -- ye're kin! 'Tis no a burden to have a man of such strength and mind for business at my disposal. Why, the good men and women of Cape Fear will be clamorin' to engage wi' ye -- especially once they've had the pleasure of making yer acquaintance at a wee gatherin' I intend to hold in yer honor.

JAMIE

(surprised)

Ye're familiar wi' my business dealings?

JOCASTA

I may not have my sight, dear, but I've been keepin' an eye on ye.

(MORE)

JOCASTA (CONT'D)

(then)

Between yer experience in Paris wi' Jared and the trade ye mastered in Edinburgh -- ye're capable of whatever endeavor ye take on. 'Twill no be long before yer fortunes are reversed.

Jamie is uncomfortable with her compliments.

JAMIE

Ye needn't flatter me, Auntie --

JOCASTA

Ye're no fond of flattery. Well, 'tis my right to do so. Who else am I to lavish my attentions upon?

Jamie smiles. Jocasta sniffs the air, then recoils --

JOCASTA (CONT'D)

Och!

Jamie and Claire catch a whiff and wrinkle their noses, reacting to the pungent stench that intensifies when Ian appears at the parlor's open doors with Rollo in tow.

JAMIE

Christ, Ian! What happened to ye?

YOUNG IAN

Rollo chased a creature I'd never seen before -- somethin' akin to a badger, black though streaked wi' white. It lifted its tail and sprayed Rollo wi' a foul liquid from its arse -- the stench burns my eyes.

JOCASTA

Ye encountered a skunk, lad.

JAMIE

A skunk? Are they venomous?

CLAIRE

No. Just malodorous.

JOCASTA

As luck would have it, my friend John Quincy Myers is visiting. He's a man of the wild, who can rid yer mongrel of the stench.

(MORE)

JOCASTA (CONT'D)

He'll be as fresh as a dew drop on
heather when Myers is done wi' him.

YOUNG IAN

(relieved)

Thank ye, Great-Auntie.

JOCASTA

Ulysses, will ye have Myers meet
Ian in front of the house near the
jetty?

ULYSSES

Yes, Mistress.

JOCASTA

But first, Ulysses, show my nephew
and his bride to their bedchamber
where the air will be fresh.

ULYSSES

As you wish, Mistress.

JOCASTA

(to Jamie)

After yer travels, ye'll desire a
bit of rest, will ye no?

JAMIE

Aye. Thank ye, Auntie.

Ulysses leads everyone out of the room.

INT. RIVER RUN - STAIRCASE - DAY (D1)

Claire carries her medical box as she and Jamie follow
Ulysses up the staircase --

JAMIE

It's remarkable, Sassenach.

CLAIRE

What is?

JAMIE

Similarities between Jocasta and my
mother -- the same smile, the same
manner, their voices... always
wished ye had kent my mother.
Well, having ye meet my aunt is
fine.

Claire forces a small smile. While she's glad Jamie is feeling more optimistic, she's not necessarily as hopeful. They continue to follow Ulysses into --

INT. RIVER RUN - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS - DAY (D1)

Ulysses leads Jamie and Claire down the corridor. He stops outside a bedroom door and opens it for them.

ULYSSES

This will be your chamber, sir,
mistress. I trust all is well, but
if a need arises you may call upon
me.

CLAIRE

Thank you, Ulysses.

Ulysses nods, then heads off as Claire and Jamie enter --

INT. RIVER RUN - JAMIE AND CLAIRE'S BEDROOM - DAY (D1)

A beautifully appointed room with a FOUR POSTER BED and large windows. Claire spots PHAEDRE, 20, a house slave laying out fresh LINENS and a BASIN of HOT WATER with help from MARY, 19, a pregnant house slave.

PHAEDRE

(bows her head)
Sir, mistress.

CLAIRE

Please, call me Mistress Claire.
What are your names?

Phaedre and Mary share a glance.

PHAEDRE

I'm Phaedre. That's Mary.
Mistress...
(trying it on for size)
...Claire.

Phaedre and Mary nod politely, then --

PHAEDRE (CONT'D)

Is there anything else you'll be
needin'?

JAMIE

No, thank you.

Phaedre and Mary nod and head out, closing the door behind them.

Claire takes in the immaculate room, then looks out the WINDOW at the SLAVES toiling in the surrounding fields --

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Sassenach, you haven't had much to say since our arrival.

She stays quiet, watching the slaves. Jamie knows what she's thinking and seeks to comfort her.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Claire... as you say, one day it'll all be different.

OFF Claire, finding little comfort in this knowledge.

EXT. RIVER RUN - JETTY AREA - DAY (D1)

DUSK. Young Ian has Rollo tied up near a TROUGH when --

MAN'S VOICE (O.C.)
Is that a wolf masquerading as a dog?

Ian turns to see JOHN QUINCY MYERS, 30s, a bearded mountain man approaching. THOMAS, 8, a slave boy, follows in Myers's wake. He wears a YOKE, carrying TWO BUCKETS of vinegar across his shoulders.

MYERS
I sincerely hope that he isn't partial to human flesh.

YOUNG IAN
Only if ye're thickly bearded.

MYERS
Then I shall take my chances.

Young Ian smiles, liking this man already. As they get to know each other, Thomas pours vinegar into the trough, mixing it with water.

MYERS (CONT'D)
(introducing himself)
John Quincy Myers.

YOUNG IAN
Ian Murray.

MYERS

Pleased to meet you, Ian.

Myers starts to get down to business, removing his SLEEVES.

MYERS (CONT'D)

A dalliance with a skunk is no laughing matter, boy, but Mother Nature, in all her bounty and wisdom, offers us a chance to wash the odor away, bathing in vinegar.

YOUNG IAN

I'll do whate'er it takes. I dinna wish him to go on reekin' like the arse of the Devil.

Ian admires Myers's beard, then rubs his own chin searching for some fuzz.

YOUNG IAN (CONT'D)

I've been allowing my beard to grow. Seems men of the mountains hereabouts have hearty ones.

MYERS

(nods, with some sympathy)
Ye might have a long wait on yer hands. Me, I take after my daddy. My momma does admire a hairy man -- believes them to be a rare comfort on a cold winter's night. And she's not the only one -- the Indian ladies enjoy my hairs well enough.

Young Ian grins. Myers has captured his curiosity.

YOUNG IAN

Indian lassies like their men hairy?

MYERS

Those I've come across certainly do -- though it is perhaps naught but a novelty of my whiskers, come to think of it. Their own men scarcely have bristles on their bollocks, never mind on their backsides. But you take one look at my buttocks and you'd think my daddy was an ape.

YOUNG IAN

What are they like? The Indians?

MYERS

That all depends on the tribe --
some can be friendly -- and some
you'd do well to steer clear of --

YOUNG IAN

I heard there are Indians who will
cut yer heart from yer chest and
devour it whole -- is that true?

MYERS

(laughs)

Can't say I've come across any who
do that exactly -- but there are
some who scalp those they consider
to be outsiders.

YOUNG IAN

There are clansman in Scotland who
would do the same -- ye'll no see a
Campbell and a MacDonald together,
no wi'out it ending in bloodshed --
Indians dinna sound that much
different than Highlanders.

MYERS

That's a fine way of seeing the
world, Ian. It'd serve you well
were we in the wilderness, though
at River Run such sentiments are
best kept quiet. There's few here
who'll want to hear such talk of
similarities.

THOMAS

It's ready, sir.

Myers glances up at the fading sky.

MYERS

Let's bathe that beast of yours
before we lose the light entirely.

EXT. RIVER RUN - MANSION - NIGHT (N1)

Establishing. All is quiet and peaceful.

EXT. RIVER RUN - PORCH - DAY (D2)

THE NEXT DAY. Claire, Jamie and Jocasta, whose arm is linked
through Jamie's, stroll across the porch. Jamie and Claire
take in fields that stretch out as far as the eye can see.

JAMIE

What else do you grow in addition to tobacco?

JOCASTA

Indigo, cotton, pine -- our forests yield two hundred barrels of turpentine monthly. But the greatest source of revenue is the sawmill -- we're able to ship timber along the river as far as Virginia.

JAMIE

Uncle Hector and ye have achieved a great amount here, Auntie.

JOCASTA

We were true partners. Hector never made a decision regardin' our beloved River Run wi'out consultin' me first.

JAMIE

Aye. That sounds verra familiar.

Jamie casts a glance at Claire, but her focus is elsewhere.

CLAIRE'S POV --

SIX SLAVES tilling the soil in a HARVESTED FIELD under the hawklike supervision of OVERSEER BYRNES, 40s, a pot-bellied white man with a BULL WHIP on his HIP.

ON JAMIE

He knows what Claire is distracted by -- the slaves.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

How many slaves work at River Run?

JOCASTA

One hundred and fifty-two.

(proudly)

I purchase them in lots in order to keep those wi' children together. Over the years, I found my slaves to be more productive when treated wi' benevolence.

Claire blanches. That's a lot of slaves. She starts to fume and wants to voice her opinion, but holds her tongue. It's a struggle to do so. Jamie clocks Claire's reaction and tries to give his aunt the benefit of the doubt --

JAMIE

I'm glad to hear it, Auntie -- I ken there are some owners who seem to treat their slaves as livestock.

JOCASTA

Livestock? Goodness, no! They are a great deal more expensive than that, I assure ye. Lord knows where they'd be if I hadna taken them on, given them a home, and a purpose. Why, some are so dear to me, I consider them friends.

Claire can't help but react. Friends?

CLAIRE

Do you think they feel that way?

JOCASTA

(a bit baffled)

I'm no sure I catch the meanin' ye wish to convey, dear --

Claire backpedals.

CLAIRE

Well... perhaps they see things a bit differently... since they're not exactly here by choice...

JOCASTA

My slaves are quite happy here, I assure ye -- why, only a few have tried to run off o'er the years.

(then)

What a curious mind ye have, dear.

Jamie sees Claire's irritation grow, he chimes in --

JAMIE

Aye. One of my wife's qualities that I cherish.

Jamie glances at Claire. She decides to remove herself from the situation in order to keep the peace.

CLAIRE

If you'll excuse me, I've been wanting to tour the garden.

JOCASTA

Of course, dear.

Claire heads inside as Ulysses approaches, announcing --

ULYSSES
Mistress, Lieutenant Wolff has just
arrived.

JOCASTA
Please have him join me here.

Ulysses heads off to fetch Wolff as Jocasta turns to
Jamie --

JOCASTA (CONT'D)
Lieutenant Wolff is the steward of
the naval stores contract River Run
has wi' the Royal Navy.

LIEUTENANT WOLFF (O.C.)
Good day, Mistress Cameron.

Jamie turns to see LIEUTENANT WOLFF, 50s, approaching --

JOCASTA
Lieutenant Wolff -- allow me to
introduce my nephew, Jamie Fraser.

LIEUTENANT WOLFF
Pleasure to meet you, Mr. Fraser.

JAMIE
Lieutenant Wolff.

JOCASTA
What brings ye here, Lieutenant?

LIEUTENANT WOLFF
It is said that wheat is fetching a
good price at five shillings a
bushel -- cultivated on your fallow
lands along the river, it may
fetch you a handsome profit. I
know that His Majesty's Navy is
always looking to buy it.

Jamie isn't impressed with Wolff's pitch. And he can't pass
up a chance to fuck with an officer of the Crown.

JAMIE
The cultivation of wheat along the
river is more likely to bring ye a
bushel of regret.

LIEUTENANT WOLFF
I beg your pardon?

JAMIE

Land along the river is too damp
for that grain to flourish. Rice,
however, would thrive along the
river --

JOCASTA

Rice, yes, at twelve shillings per
hundred-weight 'twould bring a fine
profit, now that I think on it. And
'twould keep the slaves well fed.

Lieutenant Wolff doesn't appreciate Jamie's interference. Or
the familial bond that he and Jocasta share.

LIEUTENANT WOLFF

You seem to have a profound
knowledge of agricultural
practices, Mr. Fraser.

JAMIE

I was raised working the land, so
I ken a fair bit about dirt,
Lieutenant.

Lieutenant Wolff burns inside, but maintains his civility.

LIEUTENANT WOLFF

Undoubtedly.

(then to Jocasta)

I shall return to discuss future
contracts with you when you are not
engaged in hosting kin. Good day,
Mistress Cameron.

JOCASTA

Good day, Lieutenant Wolff.

Lieutenant Wolff heads off. Jocasta lights up.

JOCASTA (CONT'D)

I'd say the Lieutenant hasn't been
spoken to in that manner very often.

JAMIE

I'm sorry if I offended yer guest.

JOCASTA

Ye were right to speak yer mind,
lad. It's a privilege I wish I
could enjoy. But there is a delicacy
that must be deployed in certain
matters, since a woman's unsolicited
views are no always welcome.

Jamie can't help but think of Claire's struggle to follow that particular custom of the day. OFF this...

OMITTED

INT. RIVER RUN - JAMIE AND CLAIRE'S BEDROOM - DAY (D2)

Claire stands facing a mirror in a beautiful garment -- it's made from one of Jocasta's favorite dresses, updated with trim and scraps from other fabrics. Jocasta sits nearby as Phaedre puts the final touches on Claire's gown.

CLAIRE

You really didn't need to go to all of this trouble for me.

JOCASTA

Nonsense. With more time, I'd have sent for some fine cloths from England or France. As luck would have it, I've several gowns that can be altered to fit ye.

Indeed, there is a PILE OF WOMEN'S CLOTHES on the bed.

JOCASTA (CONT'D)

What color is your hair, my dear? I hadna thought to ask. Ye sound a bit fair somehow -- that would serve the garment well. Pray, do not tell me ye're black-haired and sallow!

CLAIRE

It's more or less dark brown.

Jocasta's pretty face creases with concern, trying to discern whether Claire's appearance will suit the dress.

JOCASTA

How does she look, Phaedre?

Phaedre carefully takes Claire in. She's in the habit of giving exacting descriptions to Jocasta.

PHAEDRE

Just fine, Miss Jo. Just fine. She got white skin, white as milk.

JOCASTA

Wi' skin so pale, will she no look washed out?

PHAEDRE

Oh, no, Mistress. She ain't washed out. She has bonny eyes of indigo and a bosom lassies would dream of. And she's tall wi' a thin waist.

(whispers to Claire with a wink)

A great deal taller than Mistress Cameron.

Jocasta chimes in playfully, having heard Phaedre's whisper.

JOCASTA

'Twas the picture in my mind's eye already, dear Phaedre. Though there are men who prefer a more modestly sized woman, no wishin' to be dwarfed by the object of their affection.

PHAEDRE

(mischievously)

Indeed, Mistress. Lieutenant Wolff bein' one of them.

Phaedre is a bit of a pot-stirrer, but Jocasta enjoys it.

JOCASTA

Och, Phaedre. Any amorous intentions Wolff may have towards me are founded only in hearsay and gossip, and we wilna indulge it.

(then)

Now, tell me, Claire, how d'ye find River Run? After months wi'out a home, ye must be greatly relieved to have such fine accommodations.

Claire considers how to respond --

CLAIRE

It's all rather overwhelming...

JOCASTA

Aye. 'Tis a splendid estate to be sure. Many others have marveled at its grandeur. What is it that ye most admire?

CLAIRE

It's difficult to find the words... I've never stayed anywhere quite like it.

JOCASTA

The cadence of yer voice tells me
what ye're no sayin' plainly
enough, dear -- ye harbor some
disapproval.

CLAIRE

Well... yes, I suppose I do.
I... don't agree with keeping
people as property.

JOCASTA

Are ye a Quaker then?

CLAIRE

I'm Catholic --

JOCASTA

Then how is it ye came to share
their views?

Claire realizes how anachronistic her views are to this time
and covers to keep Jocasta from asking too many questions.

CLAIRE

I... healed some Quakers who
expressed their opinions regarding
slavery... and I thought there was
some truth in their beliefs.

Jocasta considers Claire's explanation, then --

JOCASTA

Jenny was right about ye -- ye are
a peculiar lass. She made mention
in her letters that ye were
spirited and headstrong, and that
ye'd not blush to share yer
thoughts on any matter, versed in
it or no.

CLAIRE

Couldn't the same be said of Jenny?

JOCASTA

(laughs)

Oh, aye! Ye are a lively one, are
ye no? It's no wonder my nephew is
drawn ye -- ye've the fire of
MacKenzie in ye.

OFF Claire, cracking a small smile; Jocasta's mirth in this
moment is contagious...

INT. RIVER RUN - PARLOR - DAY (D2)

The parlor teems with SCOTTISH PLANTATION OWNERS and their WIVES. Jocasta holds court across the room with Jamie. FIND Claire and Ian mingling with FARQUARD CAMPBELL, 50s, a local judge, LUCIUS GORDON, 40s, a plantation owner, and Lt. Wolff.

FARQUARD

I heard they were causin' trouble
at the courthouse in Beaufort --

LIEUTENANT WOLFF

(scoffs)

The taxes again? Well if it's
trouble they want, it's trouble
they'll get from His Majesty's Army
-- I'd go so far as to send Marines
if it would quell the whimpering
rogues.

Lucius doesn't share Wolff's confidence.

LUCIUS

Tumultuous times ahead -- between
the Indians and now these
Regulators, it'll be a miracle if
we have a chance to make something
decent of this land.

CLAIRE

Well, you can hardly blame either
group for wanting their voices to
be heard.

YOUNG IAN

Aye. The Indians were on these
lands first, were they no?

Wolff gives Claire and Ian a condescending smile.

LIEUTENANT WOLFF

How charmingly naïve. Were it not
for the Romans, the good natives of
Great Britain would be sheltering
in dwellings little better than mud
huts today -- no roads, no
sophistication of any sort. The
savages should be thankful we're
here to spare them a similar fate.

Jocasta CLINKS a SILVER knife on her CRYSTAL glass, drawing
the guests attention to her --

JOCASTA

Dearest friends, please gather
'round --

The Guests move in towards Jocasta, including Claire and Young Ian, giving Jocasta their undivided attention.

JOCASTA (CONT'D)

'Tis an honor to present my nephew,
James Fraser, his lovely wife,
Mistress Claire Fraser, and my
grand-nephew, Ian Murray.

(a beat)

Although, there is another reason
I've brought ye together on this
fine day.

HOUSE SLAVES enter and move among the Guests with TRAYS OF WINE. Guests pluck glasses from the trays.

FARQUARD

Ye've brought out the good vintage,
Mistress Cameron -- what excellent
news it must be.

JOCASTA

Indeed I have, Mr. Campbell. All
gathered here have kent for quite
some time that I've been agonizing
over the matter of to whom I shall
leave my beloved River Run... well,
ye need wonder no more.

(then)

I am pleased to announce that I've
decided to name my nephew, Jamie,
my heir.

A stunned Jamie manages to cover his surprise and discomfort with a polite smile. The Guests APPLAUD, thrilled for him, except for Wolff, who can't mask the displeasure on his face. Claire is shell-shocked, barely able to process what she's just heard. Jocasta beams.

JOCASTA (CONT'D)

It is my intention that Jamie
should act as Master of the estate
immediately. I leave River Run in
his hands.

(then to Jamie)

The estate, in all its glory, is
yers now.

Jamie locks eyes with Claire. Both are poleaxed.

EXT. RIVER RUN - MANSION - DUSK (N2)

Establishing. Candlelight flickers in the windows, casting small orbs of warm glow as Guests leave the reception.

INT. RIVER RUN - JAMIE AND CLAIRE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (N2)

POST-RECEPTION. Finally alone, Claire and Jamie speak freely.

JAMIE

... to pish on her generous offer and embarrass her in front of her friends would have been verra unmannerly.

CLAIRE

Some humility might do her good.

JAMIE

She's been kind to us -- but there's also no doubt she's a MacKenzie. Publicly naming me heir without telling me first was calculated -- it's something that Dougal or Colum would've done.

CLAIRE

We can't own slaves, Jamie.

JAMIE

That we are agreed upon.
(then, an idea forming)
Though if I were Master of River Run, might we not help the slaves, and free them, as we did Temeraire?

CLAIRE

Free one hundred and fifty-two slaves?

JAMIE

Aye. We'd have to begin with small changes -- allowin' them more rest, seein' that they're well fed and clothed, but we'd work to free them.

Claire gives Jamie a dubious look. He tries to convince her.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Perhaps we canna bring an end to slavery, but maybe we can make a small difference for those in our part of the world -- a wee spark that may light a fuse.

Jamie senses Claire's reticence.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

I canna change River Run wi'out ye, Sassenach. What d'ye say?

They lock eyes. His desire to affect change is infectious.

CLAIRE

Don't fuses lead to explosions?

JAMIE

Aye, but when the dust settles, oftentimes the Devil ye were fighting is gone.

OFF Claire, not so sure about the plan but she supports her husband nonetheless...

EXT. RIVER RUN - DAY (D3)

Establishing. The mansion gleams in the morning sun.

INT. RIVER RUN - PARLOR - DAY (D3)

Jamie pores over River Run's PLANTATION MAP. Next to the map are PLANTATION LEDGERS listing River Run's LIVESTOCK, SLAVES and OTHER ASSETS. As Jamie takes in the massive property he stands to inherit, Jocasta sits nearby, knitting. Farquard sits next to her, puffing contentedly on his pipe.

JAMIE

Wish ye'd given me word in advance, Auntie.

JOCASTA

Aye. I ought to have discussed the matter wi' ye first, but who else am I to share my bounty wi'? My children have passed, and I care for ye as though ye were my own.

JAMIE

I'm grateful.

JOCASTA

Ye are deservin' of it, lad.

FARQUARD

'Twill no doubt please ye to ken
that yer aunt's will and testament
is being drawn up, bequeathin' unto
ye yer inheritance, Mr. Fraser.

Farquard hands a COIN PURSE to Jamie, who considers its heft.

JAMIE

A braw sum.

FARQUARD

Ye'll have need of ready monies to
conduct business, as master of the
estate.

Jamie picks up the LEDGER listing the SLAVES. As he glances down at the long list of names... he sets forth his terms.

JAMIE

There is somethin' I'd ask, before
I'm formally named heir.

FARQUARD

Mr. Fraser, no man ought to look a
gift horse in the mouth.

JOCASTA

Farquard, 'tis expected that the
lad should ha' questions -- any
born leader should.

(then)

What is it, nephew?

JAMIE

I want to free the estate's slaves.

Farquard is shocked. Jocasta remains sphinx-like, masking her surprise well, though she is equally baffled by Jamie's request.

FARQUARD

Have ye lost yer heid?!

JAMIE

My wife and I dinna wish to own
slaves.

FARQUARD

And how do ye propose to produce anythin' wi'out slaves?

JAMIE

It's my intention that all men and women at the plantation should have a fair wage.

FARQUARD

Allow slaves to earn a wage?!

Jocasta holds up a hand to cut him off -- she understands the importance of honoring Jamie's request and sides with him in this moment.

JOCASTA

I see no harm in discussin' the possibility. Perhaps ye'll allow us to benefit from yer wisdom on the matter, Mr. Campbell.

Farquard glances at Jocasta. He's known her long enough to understand that while she betrays nothing, she has a plan.

FARQUARD

If ye must hear the insurmountable obstacles associated wi' the task ye wish to undertake, Mr. Fraser, I will oblige ye.

(then)

First ye'll need to understand that liberty is granted only by permission of the county court.

JAMIE

Reasonable enough.

FARQUARD

Ye must prove that each one of yer slaves has performed a meritorious service, such as the act of savin' a life, for they wilna be granted a warrant of freedom wi'out it. And if we allow that yer slaves have performed a meritorious service, ye'd yet need to post a bond, ensuring the slave's good conduct, and ye'd need to offer sureties -- financial sureties.

Jamie nods to the coin purse.

JAMIE

I believe that can be accommodated.

FARQUARD

A surety to the province for each
and every slave freed -- an
enormously expensive endeavor.

JAMIE

Ye canna put a price on freedom.

FARQUARD

The Assembly can and does. One
hundred pounds sterling a slave.

JAMIE

Then I shall find a way to increase
River Run's revenues.

Farquard realizes that in spite of all the challenges, Jamie won't be deterred. He tries a new tactic. Fear.

FARQUARD

Were ye among Quakers, ye'd find
men of like mind, perhaps. But
ye're newly come to North Carolina
and ye dinna comprehend the
difficulties ye will not only face,
but also bring about, in
entertainin' such outlandish
notions. Ye'll put lives at risk,
not the least, yer own.

(then)

There have been others who shared yer
views on the matter. They've
disappeared, never heard from again.

Farquard's implication is clear -- these people have been killed.

JAMIE

Threat of harm wilna sway my mind,
Mr. Campbell.

Jamie leaves. OFF Jocasta, strangely heartened that Jamie is trying to make her offer work...

EXT. RIVER RUN - PORCH - DAY (D3)

Claire sorts and jars HERBS that she has collected to stock her medical box, digesting all that Jamie has updated her on regarding his meeting with Jocasta and Farquard. Her smaller medical kit is nearby.

CLAIRE

Prove that every slave here has saved a life? That would take decades. We can't expect anything to change when the laws are squarely against us -- justice won't be served until slaves are considered human beings.

JAMIE

Aye. I fear that is the truth of the matter.

Jamie gazes out at the fields. He's been considering his wife's words and her foreknowledge of the world.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

There is another way to become a landowner -- we could reconsider Governor Tryon's offer. I ken ye advised me against it, but with land granted from Tryon, we wouldn't have to own slaves. We could recruit settlers and live on our own terms --

CLAIRE

And we'd live in peace for a time. But Tryon's offer would lead to us fighting in another war --

Before Jamie can respond --

ULYSSES (O.C.)

Mr. Fraser, Mistress Cameron requires your assistance.

Jamie and Claire look down the porch and see a distressed Jocasta approaching with Ulysses and Farquard. Phaedre is in their wake, carrying TWO PISTOLS that belonged to Hector, wrapped in a BELT.

JAMIE

What is it, Auntie?

JOCASTA

There's been an unfortunate event -- a matter of bloodshed -- I need ye to act as my representative in this grave matter of justice.

JAMIE

What happened?

JOCASTA

Overseer Byrnes was attacked by one
of my Negroes --

FARQUARD

He cut the man's ear clean off.

CLAIRE

Then he'll require a physician.
(quieter, to Jamie)

If we hurry there's a chance I can
reattach it.

Jamie nods. Claire quickly packs up her small medical kit.

FARQUARD

D'ye have a pistol, Mr. Fraser?

JAMIE

No.

JOCASTA

Then ye must take two of Hector's.

Phaedre hands Jamie Hector's pistols.

JAMIE

Why?

JOCASTA

Incidents of this nature can stir
some unrest -- there could be more
trouble once ye arrive.

OFF Jamie, Claire and Farquard heading off --

OMITTED

EXT. RIVER RUN - LOGGING AREA - DAY (D3)

Jamie mans the reins as he and Claire drive up in one of
Jocasta's WAGONS. Jamie pulls the wagon to a stop behind
Farquard, who rides his HORSE. MACNEILL, 30s, one of
Jocasta's overseers, approaches as Farquard dismounts from
his horse and Jamie and Claire alight from the wagon --

MACNEILL

Glad ye've arrived.

JAMIE

We came as quickly as we could.

FARQUARD

MacNeill, this is Mr. Fraser, Mrs. Cameron's nephew and appointed representative, and his wife, Mistress Fraser --

CLAIRE

(wasting no time)
I'm a healer -- where is the injured man?

MACNEILL

I'll take ye to him.

MacNeill guides them through the LOGGING area and a CROWD of SLAVES, all in their late teens and early 20s --

FARQUARD

(to MacNeill)
Which Negro drew Byrnes's blood?

MACNEILL

'Twas Rufus.
(adding darkly)
Barked Byrnes like a pine tree wi' his axe, right after Byrnes struck him wi' the lash.

FARQUARD

Is Rufus near and accounted for?

MACNEILL

Ye could say so.

FARQUARD

Mr. Fraser will be aidin' me in the oversight of Rufus's execution.

CLAIRE

Execution? Whatever for?

MACNEILL

The Law of Bloodshed demands it.

FARQUARD

(explaining)
Any slave guilty of the assault of a white man, woman or child, thereby causing blood to be shed shall be put to death wi' a judge and representative present.

Claire's stomach tightens with dread, which only worsens when they look up the hill and SEE through the CROWD --

CLAIRE AND JAMIE'S POV --

A SLAVE, who has been impaled through the LEFT LOWER ABDOMEN with a CRANE HOIST HOOK attached to a ROPE swung over a TREE BRANCH. This is RUFUS, 18. He's in great pain, as two white men, KYLE, 30s, and JOHN, 30s, pull on the HOOK'S ROPE, lifting Rufus off the ground and into the air as --

Byrnes and ANOTHER WHITE MAN watch from nearby. Byrnes has a STOCK crudely wrapped around his head. BLOOD soaks through the stock where his LEFT EAR used to be.

BACK ON CLAIRE AND JAMIE

Claire instantly prioritizes Rufus's injuries over Byrnes's.

CLAIRE
(to Jamie, re: Rufus)
We have to help him.

Claire and Jamie spring into action, leaving Farquard and MacNeill in the dust as they hurry to the top of the hill.

EXT. LOGGING AREA - HILL - CONTINUOUS - DAY (D3)

As Jamie and Claire close in on Byrnes and the white men --

JAMIE
Let the man down at once.

BYRNES
I will not!
(then to Kyle and John)
Keep raising him up!

Kyle and John follow Byrnes's order, hoisting Rufus higher.

JAMIE
That's enough --

Jamie advances on Byrnes, who grabs an axe and wields it --

BYRNES
Stay back, damn you!

Jamie draws TWO PISTOLS, pointing one at Byrnes and the other at Kyle and John.

JAMIE
(to Kyle and John)
Bring him down or there'll be less
of yer friend's face for my wife to
tend.

Kyle, seeing the determined expression in Jamie's eyes, realizes he means business. He locks eyes with John, then nods. They start to release the rope, slowly.

BYRNES

Kyle! John! Don't move that rope!

KYLE

Can ye not see the pistols?

Byrnes wheels on Jamie, furious.

BYRNES

You have no right to intervene in my affairs!

JAMIE

Yer Mistress, Jocasta Cameron, says I do. I'm her nephew, James Fraser, actin' on her behalf.

BYRNES

I don't give a ha'penny who you are -- it is not your business!

Farquard and MacNeill finally catch up to Jamie and Claire.

FARQUARD

No, Byrnes, ye've done wrong -- this was a matter for the law.

BYRNES

I'll not be struck by a Negro, not now, not ever!

FARQUARD

Ye'll have to answer for takin' this into yer own hands. Ye've no right to serve justice on Mistress Cameron's property.

As Rufus is lowered to the ground, Claire helps guide him safely onto his back -- keeping the side where the hook penetrates his abdomen facing up.

BYRNES

I was mutilated by this wretch!

FARQUARD

Yer lawlessness wilna be tolerated, no matter the provocation.

(to the men)

Ye shall answer for this in court!

ON CLAIRE holding the hook steady with one hand --

CLAIRE
Rufus? Can you hear me?

Rufus looks to Claire with glazed eyes. He's in shock.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Remain still.

She examines him, in doctor mode, calm and collected, when Jamie joins her.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
(to Jamie)
His lungs and diaphragm haven't
been punctured.

Claire takes a closer look at the BLOOD OOZING from the point where the hook has pierced the front of his left abdomen.

JAMIE
What d'ye need, Sassenach?

Claire starts stemming the blood oozing from around the hook with bandages from her medical box.

CLAIRE
If we get him back to the house
where I can remove the hook and
operate safely, maybe I can save
him.

Claire casts a wary glance at Farquard and Byrnes, who are still arguing over Rufus's fate.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Do you think they'll let us take
him?

JAMIE
I wilna give them a choice in the
matter.

OFF a determined Jamie as Claire stabilizes the hook penetrating from Rufus's abdomen with bandages...

INT. RIVER RUN - FOYER - EVENING (N3)

The front door swings open as Claire, Jamie and a Male House Slave enter with Rufus. Jamie and the Slave carry Rufus past a GRANDFATHER CLOCK while Claire holds the hook in place.

FOUR FEMALE HOUSE SLAVES, including Phaedre and Mary, freeze mid-task upon seeing Rufus and the hook protruding from him.

As Claire, Jamie and the Male Slave cross the foyer towards the DINING ROOM, Claire enlists help from Phaedre and Mary --

CLAIRE

Phaedre -- I need plenty of hot water, whisky and clean linens. Bring them in here.

Claire indicates the dining room. But Phaedre and Mary can only stare, shell-shocked at the grisly tableau before them.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Now!

Phaedre rushes off, Claire locks eyes with Mary --

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Mary -- have my nephew bring me my medical box immediately.

MARY

Yes, Mistress Claire.

Mary heads off to fetch Ian as Jamie, the Male Slave and Claire head into the dining room with Rufus.

INT. RIVER RUN - DINING ROOM - EVENING (N3)

Jamie, Claire and the Male House Slave enter with Rufus.

CLAIRE

Lay him down gently on the table --

Claire holds the hook steady as Jamie and the Male House Slave lay Rufus down on the dining room table. Jamie nods to the Male House Slave, who exits. Rufus groans, in pain.

JAMIE

(to Rufus)

Dinna fash, lad -- ye're in good hands.

Young Ian enters, carrying Claire's MEDICAL BOX, while Phaedre and Mary enter from the slave corridor. They carry BASINS of hot water, CLEAN LINENS and a bottle of WHISKY. They set the items down on a SIDEBBOARD as Young Ian hands Claire her box. Claire starts preparing herself for surgery, disinfecting her hands, using items from her medical box.

CLAIRE

(to Mary and Phaedre)

Strip the linens into bandages.

(then to Ian)

Ian -- clean my knives and needles.

Ian, immediately grasping the importance of not asking questions right now, obliges. He takes the bottle of whisky and starts to clean the SCALPELS and NEEDLES in Claire's box. A procedure he's familiar with since he helped Claire perform surgery on Jamie's gunshot wounds [Episode 308].

As Mary and Phaedre tear the linens into strips, they cast glances at Rufus's black body bleeding all over the dining room TABLECLOTH. They are impressed and a little scared -- they've never seen anything like this happen before.

Claire removes the now blood soaked bandages she applied earlier, then CUTS Rufus's shirt open, so she can operate on the WOUND. She disinfects the skin where the hook impales Rufus's abdomen. Rufus winces and squirms in pain.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Ian -- hand me the laudanum. I need to sedate him.

Ian does.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Rufus, this will ease your pain.

Claire tips an appropriate dose of laudanum into Rufus's mouth. He swallows and is out within moments.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Phaedre. Put those strips on the table where I can reach them.

PHAEDRE

Yes, Mistress Claire.

Phaedre sets a stack of bandages next to Claire as she locks eyes with Jamie.

CLAIRE

Hold him steady while I remove the hook.

Jamie nods as Claire takes the hook and slowly removes it from Rufus's abdomen, carefully clocking his wound for excessive hemorrhaging. As Claire lifts the hook free --

The WOUND BLEEDS BRISKLY. Claire grabs bandages, applies pressure, then checks the wound again -- blood has lessened.

YOUNG IAN
Is it bad, Auntie?

CLAIRE
(slight relief)
The bleeding's not from a major
vessel.

Claire inspects the wound, using her fingers to determine its depth and realizes that it's deep, she needs more visibility.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Ian. Knife.

Ian hands her a scalpel. Claire CUTS a FOUR INCH INCISION along the trajectory of the WOUND, to create better visibility of what has been damaged. Mary watches, horrified and nearly passes out. Jamie clocks Mary's distress.

JAMIE
Phaedre, take Mary away.

Phaedre hustles Mary out as Claire discovers --

CLAIRE
Arterial bleed from a muscle tear.
(then to Young Ian)
Sutures.
(re: his confusion)
The needle and thread.

Ian passes Claire an already threaded needle. Claire takes it, then reaches for a pair of SKIN RETRACTORS.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
I'm going to need you to hold the
wound open with these --

YOUNG IAN
How?

Claire quickly shows him.

CLAIRE
Like this. One on each side.

Young Ian nods, then takes over, gently pulling the wound open, allowing Claire to start stitching up the muscle.

JOCASTA (O.C.)
Why would they bring the Negro that
attacked Byrnes here?!

Ulysses and Jocasta enter. Ulysses is shocked to see Rufus atop the dining room table. This is a first.

ULYSSES

Seems Mistress Fraser is trying to heal Rufus.

JOCASTA

Heal him? Blessed Bride! Why on earth would she do such a thing?

Claire continues to stitch up the wound as tensions flare.

CLAIRE

I'm a doctor for Christ's sake!

Claire bewilders Jocasta. She asks Jamie for an explanation.

JOCASTA

I ken yer wife's a healer, Nephew, but did she no intend to aid Byrnes?

JAMIE

Byrnes and his men wrongfully impaled the lad. His wounds didna compare to the severity of what was done to Rufus.

JOCASTA

'Tis regrettable that he was treated wi' such violence. Byrnes and his men will have a price to pay for their savage deeds -- but he must be hangit. 'Tis the law!

Phaedre enters, announcing --

PHAEDRE

Mistress -- Lieutenant Wolff and Mr. Campbell have arrived and wish to speak with you and Mr. Fraser.

JOCASTA

Jamie and I will receive them in the parlor.

PHAEDRE

Yes, Mistress.

Phaedre ducks out. Jamie, Jocasta and Ulysses follow. OFF
 Claire continuing to work on Rufus while Ian stands by...

INT. RIVER RUN - PARLOR - EVENING (N3)

Jamie guides Jocasta into the parlor where TWO ROYAL MARINES stand inside the doorway. FIND a fuming Farquard standing near Wolff, who takes deep pleasure in informing Jocasta of Jamie's substantial fuck-up.

LIEUTENANT WOLFF

Your nephew may be a landowner's son, Mistress Cameron, but it is evident that he knows nothing of property, nor how a master of an estate such as this should conduct himself.

JOCASTA

An error of judgment, sir, which has been brought to my attention.

FARQUARD

I understand yer duty to yer nephew, but ye also have a duty to uphold the laws of the land, maintain order and to see justice served at River Run. MacNeill is at this very moment spreadin' word of yer nephew's exploits.

Jocasta frowns, troubled. But Jamie is strident.

JAMIE

It's no business of theirs. Rufus is under my protection --

LIEUTENANT WOLFF

Mr. Fraser, have you no modicum of respect for yer Aunt, her property or that of her neighbors? Your error of judgment is grave, sir. If order is not maintained, there is no telling what riotous behavior could ensue.

JAMIE

And what of the men who mutilated Rufus? Will they no be punished?

FARQUARD

They have been jailed for takin' the law into their hands --

LIEUTENANT WOLFF

And you and your wife may join them for commission of the same crime, Mr. Fraser. For if your intransigence persists, I will insist that Mr. Campbell draw up a warrant for your arrest.

Jamie glances at Farquard, who looks extremely uncomfortable. Clearly he's hoping it doesn't come to that. Jocasta intervenes on Jamie's behalf, desperate to keep him from being arrested.

JOCASTA

My nephew isna yet familiar wi' our laws, Lieutenant. We canna punish Jamie for his ignorance... please afford me an opportunity to put this matter right.

Wolff considers Jocasta's plea.

LIEUTENANT WOLFF

What do you propose?

INT. RIVER RUN - DINING ROOM - NIGHT (N3)

POST-OPERATION. Clean bandages are now wrapped around Rufus's midsection. Rufus sleeps as Claire finishes cleaning the wound from the lash on Rufus's back while Young Ian holds him up on his left side. Young Ian smiles, proud of his Aunt Claire.

YOUNG IAN

I ken ye've told me ye never lived in a dun wi' the fairies, but ye canna convince me that ye dinna have magical powers, Auntie. Rufus is saved thanks to you.

Claire smiles at her nephew, feeling good for the first time since arriving at River Run.

CLAIRE

We must help people when we can.

Young Ian takes that to heart, glancing at Rufus as Claire finishes bandaging Rufus's back.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Let's lay him back down.

They gently roll Rufus onto his back. Young Ian and Claire tidy up, collecting discarded blood-soaked bandages from the table and putting them into a now empty wash basin, until --

YOUNG IAN
(re: Rufus)
He's stirring, Auntie.

Rufus opens his eyes. He winces in pain, then struggles to sit up. Claire comes to his aid.

CLAIRE
Here. Let me help you. Take it slowly, you might feel a bit dizzy.

Rufus is indeed dizzy as he warily takes in Claire and Young Ian as she gently props his head up with a stack of clean linens. Rufus slowly scans the room, confused. He's never been inside the mansion, let alone seen such a palatial room. He dares to ask --

RUFUS
... where... where am I?

YOUNG IAN
Ye're in the mansion.

As that sinks in, Rufus's eyes grow wide with fear.

RUFUS
I... I shouldn't be here --

CLAIRE
It's all right, Rufus. My husband is this estate's heir. He and I brought you here from the timber camp.

Rufus looks down at his abdomen, confused to find clean bandages where the hook used to be.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
I removed the hook and repaired your injuries...

Rufus's head swims as he struggles to process what the hell is going on.

RUFUS
... why... did you heal me, Mistress?

CLAIRE
Why wouldn't I?

RUFUS

... if you was there... you know
why I was put on that hook.

CLAIRE

That doesn't mean what they did to
you was right.

Claire's point of view shocks Rufus. Who is this lady?

RUFUS

... I shed a white man's blood...
broke the law...

CLAIRE

We'll find a way to sort that, from
what I can tell Byrnes is a son-of-
a-bitch, I'm sure you had a good
reason to do what you did.

(off Rufus's stunned
look)

What is it?

RUFUS

... never heard a lady speak like
you.

YOUNG IAN

Ye'll no encounter many ladies like
my Auntie Claire -- oft I've heard
her speak words fit to make a
sailor blush.

Claire remembers what Jocasta mentioned earlier about
keeping slave families intact.

CLAIRE

Is there anyone you wish to see?
Any family?

RUFUS

... my family in... Adjumako...
Africa. Far from here...

YOUNG IAN

Ye were taken from them?

Rufus gives a weak nod.

RUFUS

... my sister too. Abena... men
forced us from the trees where we
played... Parted us on the beach...

(MORE)

RUFUS (CONT'D)
 took us to ships larger than anything
 I had seen before...

There's a sad matter-of-factness to his recollection. While Claire and Ian can't fully comprehend how awful that must have been for Rufus, they are moved by it.

Claire clocks Rufus's eyelids growing heavy. He dozes off.

CLAIRE
 Rufus needs to rest.
 (then)
 And you do too, Ian. Before you
 turn in, please have someone come
 help me move Rufus to my bedchamber
 where he'll be more comfortable.

YOUNG IAN
 (nods)
 I will, Auntie. Good night.

Young Ian heads out. Claire tidies up a bit more, picks up the basin of bandages and exits into --

INT. RIVER RUN - SLAVE CORRIDOR - NIGHT (N3)

Where she runs into Ulysses, who has been standing sentry.

CLAIRE
 Ulysses. It's late. Shouldn't you
 have turned in by now?

ULYSSES
 Mistress Cameron asked me to keep
 an eye on things.

CLAIRE
 I see.

ULYSSES
 How is your patient faring?

CLAIRE
 He survived the surgery.

Ulysses nods, but appears saddened to hear that. Claire senses his disappointment and tries to assuage his concern.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
 I will do everything I can to make
 sure he fully recovers.

ULYSSES
 (re: the basin)
 Allow me to take that, Mistress.

As he takes the basin, Claire notes his trembling hands.

CLAIRE
 Is something bothering you?

While Ulysses is nervous to speak his mind, he's more terrified of what could happen if he doesn't.

ULYSSES
 Forgive me for being forthright,
 Mistress, but persist along your
 path and Rufus will face a fate far
 worse than death.

CLAIRE
 What do you mean?

ULYSSES
 Saving that boy's soul is all that
 can be done for him now -- once the
 overseers come, they will tear the
 limbs from his body and leave what
 little is left behind as a warning to
 the rest of us if we disobey the law.

Hearing this would rattle a lesser woman. But Claire remembers that Ulysses has only known a life of oppression.

ULYSSES (CONT'D)
 It would have been better for all
 had he died on that hook.
 (then, re: bandage basin)
 If there's nothing else. Good
 night, Mistress.

Claire watches Ulysses head off, wondering if she's doing the right thing.

OMITTED

INT. RIVER RUN - PARLOR - LATER - NIGHT (N3)

Jamie pours two glasses of WINE.

JAMIE
 It wasna my intention to make
 trouble for ye, Auntie.

Jamie hands Jocasta a glass. Jocasta nods. She knows.

JOCASTA

Ye have a generous heart, lad. Yer time as a prisoner and a servant have softened ye such that ye look kindly upon those who are lowly -- those who have broken the law.

JAMIE

Ye may be right at that.

Jamie looks out onto the porch where Farquard and Wolff smoke their pipes as the two Royal Marines stand sentry.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Must they stand there all night?

JOCASTA

Dinna be cross wi' Farquard and Wolff, yer actions havena inspired a great deal of trust, lad. 'Twas charitable of them to grant us an opportunity to make matters right.

But Jamie is troubled by what that opportunity entails.

JAMIE

Is there no other way?

JOCASTA

If we dinna deliver what was agreed upon, Wolff and Farquard will be the least of our concerns.

OFF Jamie dreading breaking the news to Claire...

EXT. RIVER RUN - NIGHT (N3)

Establishing. The moon casts an eerie glow over the mansion.

INT. RIVER RUN - JAMIE AND CLAIRE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (N3)

Jamie enters with a TRAY of TEA and FOOD to find Claire checking a sleeping Rufus's vital signs. They speak quietly to keep from waking Rufus.

JAMIE

Thought ye might need some supper.

CLAIRE

Thank you.

As Jamie sets down the tray on a table, Claire joins him, sensing his distress.

JAMIE
We have until midnight, Sassenach.

CLAIRE
To do what?

JAMIE
Turn Rufus over to be executed.

CLAIRE
Jamie... I can't --

JAMIE
I wish there was another way.

Jamie looks over at the sleeping Rufus, who seems stable now.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Do ye think ye can heal him?

CLAIRE
It's possible. I think I've gotten him past the worst of it. But there's always the risk of infection...

JAMIE
So if ye did save him... what then?

Claire tries to problem solve, desperate to save Rufus.

CLAIRE
We could say that he escaped --

JAMIE
And condemn the others? The slaves who worked alongside him that day. It's the law. A way of ensuring that no crime goes unpunished -- if the guilty man doesna take his share of the blame, then his fellow slaves must be punished instead.

Jamie sees lights flickering out of the window. He moves to the window and looks out, then --

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Christ.

Claire follows his gaze out the window and SEES --

A MOB of OVERSEERS and workers from neighboring plantations, including MacNeill. They wield TORCHES, PISTOLS, AXES, and BULLWHIPS while MacNeill carries a ROPE fashioned into a NOOSE. All close in on the mansion with a dark intensity.

ON JAMIE AND CLAIRE

The GRANDFATHER CLOCK in the foyer starts to chime ominously, signaling the arrival of midnight.

A KNOCK on the door sends them into the hallway where --

EXT. RIVER RUN - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT (N3)

Ulysses and Jocasta are waiting for them.

JOCASTA

'Tis midnight. Ye ken what must be done --

Claire remembers Ulysses's warning.

CLAIRE

They will tear Rufus apart!

JOCASTA

And burn River Run to the ground if justice isna served -- ye canna deliver the criminal from his fate!

There is BANGING ON THE FRONT DOOR.

EXT. RIVER RUN - PORCH - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT (N3)

MacNeill bangs on the door as Farquard, Wolff and his two Royal Marines look on, awaiting the inevitable.

MACNEILL

Mistress Cameron and Mr. Fraser,
turn over the lawless Negro!

But the front door doesn't open. MacNeill knocks again, but still, no answer. A few members of the mob alight the porch steps and start to yell: Turn him over! The Negro must be punished! And yet the door remains closed. A particularly irate MAN HUCKS a STONE through one of the windows and --

INT. RIVER RUN - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT (N3)

A LOUD SHATTERING OF GLASS is HEARD from downstairs, followed by screams from a few House Slaves. This is indeed grim.

JOCASTA

Blessed Bride!

(then to Jamie)

Yer wife's foolishness will get us all killed!

(then)

Ulysses, take me to address my neighbors.

Ulysses heads off with Jocasta. Jamie looks to Claire. The impossibility of the situation weighs heavily on her.

JAMIE

I ken ye swore an oath to do no harm.

Claire wrestles mightily with this unbearable dilemma.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Perhaps ye may offer him the same as ye did Colum.

Jamie sees how agonizing it is for Claire to even consider.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Ye ken I'll defend ye and the oath ye took, no matter what cost. But if yer oath is to do no harm -- then isna it a better thing to save his soul before those men tear it from his body.

Claire realizes that there is only one escape for Rufus. She heads into the bedroom.

EXT. RIVER RUN - PORCH - NIGHT (N3)

Jocasta exits the entrance way doors with Ulysses, who tries his best to keep his fear in check. Wolff and Farquard glance at Jocasta, concerned that there's no sign of Rufus.

Ulysses turns to close the entrance doors as the mob reacts to Jocasta's appearance.

MACNEILL/MOB (O.C.)

Mistress Cameron -- where is the Negro?!

Jocasta steels herself, then tries to yell over the mob --

JOCASTA

My nephew... my nephew, Jamie is
preparin' to deliver him to ye --

MACNEILL/MOB (O.C.)

'Tis nearly midnight, Mistress
Cameron!

More MEN in the mob chime in --

MOB (O.C.)

Bring him out! He canna evade
justice! We wilna leave until that
slave is dead!

Jocasta has to shout to be heard above the irate mob.

JOCASTA

Dearest neighbors, I assure ye that
Rufus will pay for his crimes.
Lawlessness wilna be tolerated at
River Run...

But the mob continues to JEER and SHOUT.

JOCASTA (CONT'D)

Blessed Bride -- will ye not allow
me to speak?!

It's apparent that they won't, when A MAN THROWS another
ROCK. It SMASHES another window. Jocasta jumps.

JOCASTA (CONT'D)

Ye needn't defile my property!

Farquard and Wolff intervene on Jocasta's behalf. They wave
at the mob to dial it back down. They do, a bit.

JOCASTA (CONT'D)

My nephew Jamie is a man of his
word -- he will deliver the Negro
at midnight, and no a moment
sooner, as was agreed upon by
Lieutenant Wolff and Mister
Campbell. I intend to serve
justice as the law commands.

And for a moment the mob quiets, believing her. They wait,
somewhat appeased for Rufus's appearance, for a beat,
until --

The GRANDFATHER CLOCK inside the mansion starts to CHIME ominously. When Rufus doesn't materialize, the mob explodes.

MACNEILL/MOB (O.C.)
 Yer time is up, Mistress Cameron!
 'Tis midnight! We're through
 waiting!

Jocasta's brow creases with worry. She's out of excuses and time. And the mob has run out of patience. Ulysses, fearing for her safety (and his own), moves to Jocasta's side and whispers in her ear.

She nods, doing her best to remain calm as her heart races. She places her right hand on Ulysses's left wrist. He leads Jocasta back from the porch's steps, distancing her from the mob.

INT. RIVER RUN - JAMIE AND CLAIRE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (N3)

As Claire enters with Jamie in her wake, Rufus stirs.

RUFUS
 (blearily)
 Mistress --

CLAIRE
 I'm right here, Rufus.

Claire moves to him. Rufus is not entirely lucid, still recovering from his surgery.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
 I'll make you some tea... it will
 help you sleep.

Claire takes a small bottle of ACONITE (in microdoses it's used to treat fevers and pain -- in heavy doses it's a lethal poison) from her box and pours its contents into the tea pot.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
 Tell me about Abena -- what did you
 do as children?

Rufus smiles, thinking about his much loved sister.

RUFUS
 ... fish the river at night for
 butter catfish... Abena's favorite.

CLAIRE
 That sounds lovely.

Claire pours the aconite laced tea into a cup.

RUFUS

... I still fish at night... the way Abena and I did long ago...

She offers the tea to Rufus, who takes a few swallows.

CLAIRE

You miss her.

Rufus manages a small nod.

RUFUS

... I watch moonlight on the water and think... Abena might be somewhere under the same moon...

Rufus's hope moves Claire, deeply. She keeps her tears at bay as she gives Rufus another sip, then --

RUFUS (CONT'D)

... I dream...

He becomes increasingly drowsy --

RUFUS (CONT'D)

... I dream that I might see my sister again someday...

CLAIRE

You will.

Rufus smiles, heartened by that thought as his life gradually slips away. His eyes glaze into a deadened stare. Claire gently closes his eyelids, gut-wrenched by what she's done.

Jamie and Claire share a look, both filled with deep sorrow. Jamie takes Claire's hand, then kneels at Rufus's side. She joins him. Jamie starts reciting a prayer for Rufus --

JAMIE

I am bending my knee in the eye of the Father who created me...

INT. RIVER RUN - STAIRCASE/FOYER - NIGHT (N3)

Jamie appears, carrying Rufus's lifeless body down the stairs as Claire follows him. Jocasta, Ulysses and Young Ian brace themselves for the terrifying MOB as --

JAMIE (V.O.)
*Pour down from heaven, the rich
 blessing of Thy forgiveness... be
 Thou patient with us...*

Claire opens the front door and exits with Jamie as --

EXT. RIVER RUN - PORCH - NIGHT (N3)

The MOB JEERS. Their angry faces ghoulish looking in the torch-light -- like demons from hell.

JAMIE (V.O.)
*Grant to us, Thou Savior of Glory,
 the love of God...*

As Jamie gently lays Rufus's body down, MacNeill and ANOTHER MAN put a NOOSE around Rufus's neck, then DRAG his body to --

A nearby tree where they throw the rope over a sturdy branch, making an ad hoc gallows and hoist Rufus's body into the air.

JAMIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*And the will to do on earth at all
 times as angels and saints do in
 heaven... Give us Thy peace.*

A despondent Claire and Jamie watch Rufus's body swing from the tree. River Run is not the refuge they sought.

Claire, unable to stomach the sight of the horrific tableau any longer locks eyes with Jamie. OFF Jamie and Claire, knowing that they must leave this awful place...

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE