

OUTLANDER

EPISODE 403
The False Bride

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BASED ON THE NOVEL BY
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FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT
11th September 2018

OUTLANDER
EPISODE 403 "The False Bride"

PREVIOUS REVISIONS

Production Draft - 25th October 2017

Full Blue Draft - 9th November 2017

Full Pink Draft - 13th November 2017

Yellow Pages - 15th November 2017 - pp. 20, 21.

Green Pages - 16th November 2017 - pp. 21, 22, 23.

Goldenrod Pages - 17th November 2017 - pp. 23, 24, 25, 26.

2nd White Pages - 18th November 2017 - pp. 23, 24, 25.

2nd Blue Draft - 20th November 2017

2nd Pink Pages - 22nd November 2017 - pp. 8, 14, 15, 27, 40,
40A, 44, 46, 50.

2nd Yellow Pages - 2nd April 2018 - pp. 40, 40A, 41, 42, 43,
43A.

2nd Green Pages - 11th April 2018 - pp. 29, 29A.

2nd Goldenrod Pages - 13th April 2018 - pp. 40, 40A, 42, 43,
47, 48, 49, 50, 51.

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CAST LIST – FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT – 11th September 2018

CLAIRE RANDALL FRASER
JAMIE MACKENZIE FRASER

BRIANNA RANDALL
JOCASTA CAMERON
JOHN QUINCY MYERS
ROGER WAKEFIELD
YOUNG IAN

ERNIE BUCHAN
FIONA GRAHAM BUCHAN
INDIAN WARRIOR (OTTER TOOTH)
PHAEDRE
ULYSSES

ANNOUNCER
ARTIST
CEILIDH CALLER
GORDON CLAN LEADER
STEWART CLAN LEADER

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SET LIST - FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT - 11th September 2018

INTERIORS

Boston Airport
Walkway
Brianna's Car
River Run
Parlor
Staircase
Rustic Cabin
Scottish Festival - Tent
Booth Area
Portrait Booth
Stage Area
Tree Shelter
Wakefield House

EXTERIORS

Boston Airport
North Carolina Highway
North Carolina Wilderness
Trail
North Carolina Woods
Campsite
"The Ridge"
River Run
Front Porch
Rustic Cabin
Scottish Festival
Tent
Wakefield House

FADE IN:

EXT. RIVER RUN - FRONT PORCH - DAY (D) (767)

Sunrise. CLAIRE looks out over River Run. JAMIE joins her at the rail.

JAMIE
Are ye all right, Sassenach?

CLAIRE
I can't believe such ugliness could occur in such a beautiful place.

She's glassy-eyed and numb. Both of them exhausted and drained from the utter horror of last night's events.

They stare out for a long beat, as SLAVES, carrying farm implements, walk past on the road, followed and watched by an overseer on a horse. Finally --

JAMIE
We can't stay here.

Claire nods in agreement. It goes without saying.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
I'll go and speak to my aunt.

Jamie touches her arm, then exits, leaving Claire gazing out, sad beyond words.

INT. RIVER RUN - PARLOR - DAY (D1)

Jamie faces his aunt JOCASTA CAMERON. ULYSSES stands in the corner of the room, letting aunt and nephew have a moment.

JOCASTA
I suppose there's no changing yer mind.

Jocasta shakes her head. She knows better. The mood is somber.

JOCASTA (CONT'D)
Foolish of me to ask that of ye wi' MacKenzie blood in yer veins -- once yer mind's made up on a matter, the Devil himself couldna sway ye.

JAMIE
Aye. We must leave.

Jocasta takes a beat, then offers up something of an apology.

JOCASTA

I wanted so badly for ye to stay.
I thought that perhaps, in time,
ye'd begin to love River Run as I
do and accept the ways that are
different here.

JAMIE

I'm sorry, Auntie, I'll only be
master to my own soul.

JOCASTA

Where will ye go, Nephew?

JAMIE

We'll keep to the plan we had
before we arrived -- take Ian back
to Wilmington to board a ship home.
Then... travel west toward the
mountains. We heard there's a town
with a great number of Scottish
settlers there.

JOCASTA

Aye. Woolam's Creek. The most
ye'll find outwith Cape Fear.

JAMIE

Claire can practice her healing and
I can find work as a printer.

JOCASTA

(raising a brow, a little
dismissive)
A printer.

JAMIE

Aye, I made a fair go of it in
Edinburgh.

But Jocasta's expression doesn't change, belying the fact
that she thinks Jamie's meant for more.

Jamie takes her hand and puts the COIN PURSE given to him by
Farquard into her palm.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

I'll return this.

Jocasta shakes her head, offers it back to him.

JOCASTA

Ye may keep it. I insist.

JAMIE

I canna accept what I didna earn.

JOCASTA

If ye wilna take it for yer own sake, Nephew -- take it for the sake of yer wife -- for the journey ye face.

(then)

Dinna let yer pride stand in the way of your family's security.

A beat. Jamie takes back the purse. Jocasta gets up and indicates that Jamie should follow her to a cabinet.

JOCASTA (CONT'D)

I'll have Ulysses ready some horses for you, and a wagon to carry provisions. That'll get ye where ye're going. Wherever that may be. He'll provide ye with a rifle and pistols as well.

JAMIE

I'm grateful, Auntie.

JOCASTA

And one last thing.

Jocasta opens the cabinet and retrieves a decorative BOX. She holds it for a beat; whatever's inside the box is special to her and it costs her something to part with it.

JOCASTA (CONT'D)

These belonged to yer mother. I ken she would want ye to have them.

Jocasta opens the box and hands Jamie two SILVER CANDLESTICKS. He holds them, touched by the gesture.

JAMIE

I'll treasure them.

Jocasta leans over and touches Jamie's face, running her hands over his cheekbones, his strong nose, his eyes and his lips. Tears welling in her blind eyes.

JOCASTA

No good comes grieving over what's already lost -- but what I wouldna give to look upon yer face just once.

OFF Jamie, as he takes her hands in his and kisses them gently before he gets up and goes.

INT. RIVER RUN - STAIRCASE - DAY (D1)

PICK UP Jamie and YOUNG IAN as they walk down the staircase.

JAMIE

I already told ye no -- I made a promise to yer mother and father to see ye home safe. Ye belong wi' them.

YOUNG IAN

'Twas a promise ye shouldna have made. I dinna belong to anyone --

JAMIE

Ye're too young to be on yer own.

YOUNG IAN

I won't be on my own, I'll be with you and Auntie Claire.

JAMIE

We're takin' ye to the ship.

YOUNG IAN

D'ye no recall that ye sailed to France when ye were younger than I am now? By the time ye were my age, ye were fightin' a war --

JAMIE

It may have been a war, but the country was civilized. There are savages here, and dangers we dinna yet ken --

YOUNG IAN

Dangers we dinna yet ken? And what of those I do ken? The dangers I've already faced! I've been set upon by pirates -- twice. Kidnapped, thrown into a pit, sailed through a hurricane -- and it was naught compared to what the Bakra herself put me through -- ye ken what I speak of, Uncle.

Jamie takes a beat, considering all that Ian has survived over the past months. It's arguably enough for a lifetime.

YOUNG IAN (CONT'D)

Before we came here, I saw things through the eyes of a boy... but the things I've seen have changed me... I'm no the same lad ye kent in Scotland. I am a man, free to call the place I choose -- home.

Jamie is moved by the lad's passion. He nods.

JAMIE

I'll no stand in yer way any longer. I'll write to yer mother and father.

Young Ian claps his Uncle Jamie on the shoulder.

YOUNG IAN

A man writes his own letter, Uncle. Word of my decision to stay in America will come from me.

JAMIE

Go write yer letter. We leave this afternoon.

OFF Jamie -- as he sees a boy starting to turn into a man before his eyes...

OMITTED

INT. RIVER RUN - PARLOR - DAY (D1)

Claire enters the parlor to find Jocasta.

CLAIRE

I wanted to say goodbye.

An awkward beat. But Jocasta maintains civility.

JOCASTA

What happened last night... I wish it had been different.

CLAIRE

So do I.

JOCASTA

I ken we're not of like mind, but I admire a woman of conviction. And blindness doesna prevent me from seeing how much ye love my nephew.

CLAIRE

It doesn't prevent you from much as far as I can tell.

A grudging compliment. Despite how things went down, there is a mutual respect between them. Then, as Claire turns to go, Jocasta takes a parting shot:

JOCASTA

But you're doing him a great disservice, ye ken.

CLAIRE

(turning back)
I beg your pardon?

JOCASTA

You're the reason he wouldna accept my offer. You've a good deal of influence on him, and he's blinded by his passion for you, the same as my sister was blinded by her love for Brian Fraser -- the reason she turned her back on family. If you truly loved Jamie as much as ye say ye do, you'd want him to be the man that he was born to be. To have the things he lost in Scotland -- the chance to be a laird.

Claire takes this in. Then answers with a quiet, even tone, going toe to toe with this strong, regal woman.

CLAIRE

You haven't seen Jamie since he was a child, and you've seen us together all of a few days. You don't know anything about me or my husband.

JOCASTA

I ken my nephew's no ordinary man. To allow him to squander his talents behind a printer's counter would be a dreadful shame.

CLAIRE

Thank you again for your hospitality.

With that Claire turns and makes her way to the door. Jocasta stares into the room as she listens to Claire's footsteps fade.

EXT. RIVER RUN - DAY (D1)

LATER. Jamie and Young Ian load their bags onto the back of a mule named CLARENCE and into a SMALL WAGON pulled by a horse; Ulysses and PHAEDRE help. Two other horses are at the ready, along with ROLLO. Claire arrives as Ulysses is handing the mule's reins to Jamie.

ULYSSES

Clarence is as strong and friendly
and loud a mule as ever God made.

JAMIE

We appreciate it, Ulysses. He'll
serve us well.

Phaedre turns to Claire.

PHAEDRE

Ye'll find some oatcakes and salted
meat for the journey among
yer belongings, Mistress Claire.

CLAIRE

Very kind of you, Phaedre.

JOHN QUINCY MYERS arrives, leading his own horse. Young Ian spots him.

YOUNG IAN

Uncle Jamie, Auntie Claire...
This is John Quincy Myers.

CLAIRE

Pleased to meet you.

JAMIE

I'm told that it's thanks to you
we'll not be travelin' with a foul-
smelling hound among us.

MYERS

Indeed.

YOUNG IAN

What're ye doing here?

MYERS

Auntie Jocasta tells me you're
traveling west. As it so happens, I'm
going that way myself. I'd be happy
to guide you into the Blue Ridge.

JAMIE

Thank you. That would be most useful.

Jamie climbs up into the wagon next to Claire, while Ian and Myers mount their horses. And with that, they're ready to leave. As they start down the road, leaving River Run behind -- Jamie looks back up toward the house where Jocasta stands at the rail, her proud head held high. She may not be able to see them leaving, but her heart is surely tightening in her chest.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

Jamie and I had wanted to light a fuse of change. But the explosion had backfired. Only ash and dust remained. We were once again adrift, holding on to the promise that we might find a place to call home.

PRE-LAP a GUITAR strumming an old Highland tune --

EXT. WAKEFIELD HOUSE - DAY (D1) (1970)

Establishing. The SONG wafts through an open window. A master at practice. There is a REMOVAL VAN parked outside.

INT. WAKEFIELD HOUSE - DAY (D1)

FIND ROGER WAKEFIELD playing his fucking heart out on a GUITAR in his EMPTY childhood home. A GUITAR CASE sits open at his feet, and beside it, a JAR OF SALT and BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE.

The door opens and FIONA enters with a HOUSE PLANT, followed by her good-natured (if somewhat goofy) new husband ERNIE BUCHAN, late 20s, who is loaded down with BOXES.

Seeing them, Roger STOPS playing, abruptly placing the guitar into the guitar case --

FIONA

(eyeing the guitar)

Since when do ye stop playing when ye see me?

ROGER

I was just messing around.

FIONA

It was lovely, carry on and I'll no
hear otherwise...

Ernie sets the boxes down.

ROGER

If there's one thing ye'll learn,
Ernie... Fiona never takes no for
an answer.

Fiona and Ernie share playful smiles. Roger returns the guitar to his hip and begins to play -- a slow rhythm at first but then it turns into a fast, rhythmic strumming punctuated by percussive slaps on the body of the guitar.

Fiona's grabbing Ernie's hand and pulling him into the least coordinated JIG ever danced. When it's over, Ernie and Fiona fall into each other laughing. There's a wistful look on Roger's face -- he's missing his own lass.

ROGER (CONT'D)

My father always said dancing was
good for the heart.

Ernie slips his arm around his wife, kissing her on the cheek. The new couple seems extraordinarily happy. Roger picks up the jar of salt:

ROGER (CONT'D)

Congratulations on your new home.

His childhood home is now her home. It's emotional for him. Roger hands Fiona the jar with a ribbon around it.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Salt, for life's tears. May they
always be happy ones.
And may ye have flavor in your
life.

(then)

You'll need a toast of course.

Ernie takes the bottle, looking it over. It's good stuff.

ERNIE

Let's crack it open.

Ernie goes ahead and POPS THE CORK -- the foam spills onto the floor.

Roger is happy for them -- and longing for Brianna. Fiona glances at the taped boxes. Then back at the bottle.

FIONA
 (drinking from the bottle)
 It'll do among friends.

She passes it to Roger.

ROGER
 May the roof above never fall in;
 may we below never fall out.

He drinks, then hands it to Ernie.

ERNIE
 Here's tae honest men and bonnie
 lassies!

Smiling at Fiona. Roger gets back to business.

ROGER
 I was able to donate or sell most
 of my father's things but I kept a
 few boxes in the attic if that's
 all right? I'll come back for them
 on my next break.

FIONA
 Leave 'em as long as you like.
 Your memories will always be here
 waiting for a visit.

Roger glances around the empty room, filled with emotion. He
 digs into his pocket and extracts a set of KEYS. He hands
 them to Ernie, feeling sentimental. Roger packs his guitar.

ROGER
 I should get going.

FIONA
 Roger's headed to America for a
 Scottish festival.

ERNIE
 (let me get this straight)
 Ye're leaving Scotland... to go to
 a Scottish festival?

ROGER
 (re: guitar)
 I was invited to play.

FIONA
 And...?
 (MORE)

FIONA (CONT'D)

(to Ernie)

Roger's courting a lass in America.
She's studying Engineering at MIT.
In Boston.

Roger blanches and it's not lost on Fiona.

ERNIE

Och. And here I thought driving
from Aviemore was a long distance
relationship.

FIONA

Ernie, will ye be a dear and let the
removal men know where to place the
furniture? I'll see Roger off.

ERNIE

(nods)

Goodbye, Roger. Good luck.

Ernie heads out to the front to supervise the removal men.
Fiona turns to Roger:

FIONA

When's the last time you saw
Brianna?

ROGER

She visited me at Oxford during her
summer break and we spent Christmas
together again in Boston. But it's
been a while... we write and have
the occasional phone call, but with
my teaching and her studies...

Fiona stares at the man she was once so smitten with, sees
the longing on his face. He wants more.

FIONA

Ye have to tell her.

ROGER

Tell her what?

FIONA

I may not read tea leaves like my
Grannie, but I can see ye're in
love with her.

She's right, of course. But --

ROGER

But I don't know if she feels the same about me.

FIONA

Does she touch ye when she's talking to ye? Does she laugh at yer awful jokes?

As Roger listens, his expression checks off the boxes -- yes.

FIONA (CONT'D)

She's head over heels for you, then.

ROGER

Thanks, Fi.

Roger pulls Fiona into a big, farewell bear hug.

FIONA

(whispers in his ear)
Go get her.

Roger picks up his guitar case -- and a SUITCASE near the door. As Fiona walks Roger out the door --

EXT. BOSTON AIRPORT - DAY (D2)

Establishing.

INT. BOSTON AIRPORT - WALKWAY - DAY (D2)

Roger, having exited the plane, bobs through a SEA of TRAVELERS, when his face lights up. Reverse on: BRIANNA standing and waiting for him. She looks up and catches Roger's eye, a smile spreading across her face. She waves.

Roger waves, too, unable to believe his eyes. She's so beautiful, it's almost paralyzing.

They move towards each other. He sets down his suitcase and guitar case. Unsure of what to do, they both reach forward --

for a hug, or a kiss? They share an awkward hug -- but when they part, they move in for a sweet kiss. Then...

ROGER

Hi.

BRIANNA
Hi. It's good to see you.

ROGER
You too.

She smiles. There's an awkward pause. They start to walk.

BRIANNA
How was your flight?

ROGER
Bumpy. I hope your car handles
turbulence better than that
airplane.

BRIANNA
I guess we'll find out.
(beat, smiles)
North Carolina, here we come.

OFF Roger, excited for their long journey. He picks up his cases and off they go.

EXT. NORTH CAROLINA HIGHWAY - DAY (D2)

VARIOUS SHOTS of Brianna's MUSTANG travelling from Boston to North Carolina.

INT. BRIANNA'S CAR - DAY (D2)

Brianna and Roger cruise down the highway, through the backcountry of the BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAINS. They've been on the road for hours and the backseat is littered with fast food wrappers. She is feeding Roger FRENCH FRIES as they drive.

BRIANNA
Britain may have a queen but we
have Dairy Queen.

ROGER
(with a mouthful)
These are the best chips I've ever
had.

BRIANNA
(playfully)
You're in America -- call them
french fries.

ROGER
Of course, that makes perfect sense.

She gives him another fry.

BRIANNA

I can take another shift if you want.

ROGER

I don't mind. But I will have more of that chocolate malt.

Brianna holds up the malt so Roger can drink from the straw. They're having fun, windows down, wind in their hair.

TIME CUT:

They are further into the trip now, sated with fast food.

BRIANNA

The Minister's cat is an androgynous cat.

ROGER

The Minister's cat is an alagrugous cat.

Brianna looks up at him, raises an eyebrow.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Alagrugous -- grim or woebegone.

BRIANNA

The Minister's cat is a brindled cat.

ROGER

The Minister's cat is a bonnie cat.

He smiles over at her, she's the bonnie one.

BRIANNA

That's a draw. Okay... the Minister's cat is a... coccydynious cat.

Roger tries to work that one out with the root word...

ROGER

A cat with a wide backside?

BRIANNA

(laughs)
A cat that's a pain in the ass.

ROGER

That's a real word, is it?

BRIANNA

Uh huh. One of mama's medical terms. Coccydynia is a pain in the region of the tailbone. She used to call hospital administrators coccydynians, all the time.

ROGER

I can think of a number of administrators at Oxford that I'd apply that word to. The Minister's cat is a camstairy cat.

BRIANNA

Another draw. The Minister's cat is a...

Roger looks over and sees that Brianna is staring at him.

ROGER

What?

BRIANNA

You're pretty even though you have ketchup on your nose.

Roger laughs and wipes his nose, thrilled, but...

ROGER

Pretty?

BRIANNA

(re: the ketchup)

You missed it. Here.

Brianna slides over with a napkin, dabs at his face. Roger enjoys feeling her close to him.

ROGER

I mean, "dashing cat" would make sense for our game... "devilishly handsome cat" is a worthy term...

BRIANNA

Shut up and kiss me.

She plants one on his lips as he struggles to keep his head straight and eyes on the highway.

ROGER

You're going to make me run right off
the road, lass.

Roger SWERVES across lanes as their passion revs up. He's so in love with this girl, and he's dying to tell her. But not yet. As they drive pass a ROAD SIGN: "Grandfather Mountain 40 Miles." A tallish peak LOOMS in the distance.

MYERS (PRE-LAP)

That mountain there --

FOLLOW BRIANNA'S CAR down the highway toward it --

MATCH CUT:

EXT. NORTH CAROLINA WILDERNESS - TRAIL - DAY (D2) (1767)

MANY DAYS after leaving River Run, Jamie, Claire, Ian and Myers ride through the same wilderness -- or at least similar to -- where Brianna and Roger are driving through, 200 years earlier, near the same landmark (much like Cocknammon Rock in the pilot). Clarence is tethered to Jamie's horse as he rides beside the wagon. Rollo trots beside them. Young Ian sits in the back of the wagon. Myers, driving the wagon with Claire next to him, points to a tallish peak visible through a break in trees.

MYERS

The Scots of the region gather
there in autumn to trade, after the
harvest is in. You'd find
yourselves at home there I'm sure.

He gestures around them.

MYERS (CONT'D)

This area once belonged to the
Tuscarora. But you don't see them
anymore.

CLAIRE

What happened to them?

MYERS

Some fifty years ago, a war was
waged, bloody it was too. Chief
Hancock of the Tuscarora led his
warriors out to attack settlers.
They did not fare so well. This is
mostly Cherokee land now.

Young Ian hangs on Myers's every word.

YOUNG IAN

The Cherokee are great warriors, no?

MYERS

They fight well and fight with honor. They do what they must to guard their lands from whomever has a mind to take 'em.

JAMIE

I dinna blame them.

MYERS

It's justice for them. Their way of maintaining nvwadohiyadv, "harmony," on Earth.

JAMIE

Ye speak Cherokee yourself, Mr. Myers?

MYERS

Oh, a bit -- words here and there.

YOUNG IAN

(boasting)

Mr. Myers has spent time with many an Indian woman, Uncle.

Jamie glances over with a raised eyebrow.

MYERS

I don't recall as I put a number on it. But there's been a few. Cherokee women choose who they marry, and before that, who they bed with.

YOUNG IAN

I love this land.

He's enraptured by the thought. They ride on.

EXT. NORTH CAROLINA WILDERNESS - VARIOUS

SERIES OF SHOTS -- as the group travels further into the backcountry, passing VARIOUS LANDSCAPES:

-- Valleys crisscrossed with streams, spilling off ridges and trickling down steep rock faces.

-- A waterfall cascades off the side of a distant mountain, arching in its fall to a gorge far below.

-- The Blue Ridge Mountains, beginning to rise up ahead in all their glory.

EXT. NORTH CAROLINA WOODS - CAMPSITE - NIGHT (N3)

They've stopped to bed down for the night. They've eaten, and Clarence and the horses are hobbled. Jamie, Ian and Myers share a nip of whisky by the fire. Claire leans on Jamie's shoulder.

MYERS

I must part with you tomorrow and make my way to a trading house some ways north of here. I have tobacco for the Indians. And they'll have deerskins for me.

YOUNG IAN

Mr. Myers has been kind enough to ask me to go wi' him.

Myers reads Jamie's concerned look.

MYERS

(reassuring)

You've nothing to fear. The Indians who come to trade with the settlers are very civil.

Even so, Claire's still concerned that Young Ian will be trekking through the mountains with a near stranger. Perhaps a graceful interrogation is in order.

CLAIRE

You seem to know these mountains well, Mr. Myers. Have you lived here long?

MYERS

These mountains are old friends to me and those who dwell around them near enough so too.

Myers reads Claire's concern --

MYERS (CONT'D)

Not to worry, mistress, the lad will be safe. I promise you both.

Claire smiles.

JAMIE

Aye, and dinna get yer heids scalped.

OFF Ian and Myers moving away, leaving Claire and Jamie by the fire.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
We'll reach Woolam's Creek soon.

Claire's very comfortable camping.

CLAIRE
I quite enjoy being under the stars.

JAMIE
Ye're sure ye wouldna rather go to a place ye're more familiar with? Boston, say? Somewhere we might start anew?

CLAIRE
Boston would hardly be starting anew -- not for me at least. I've already had a life there. And it will be dangerous there. Tensions will be rising -- the Revolution actually begins there...
(thinking)
I want to make a home together -- a place that's ours.

OFF the two of them, as they settle in for the night.

EXT. NORTH CAROLINA WOODS - DAY (D4)

THE NEXT DAY. VARIOUS SHOTS. Claire and Jamie, continue on alone along the path, through the gorgeous vistas, both on horseback now. Clarence is tethered to Claire's horse.

EXT. NORTH CAROLINA WOODS - DAY (D4)

ON Jamie and Claire riding, mid-conversation --

JAMIE
So she can have her choice of work, then?

CLAIRE
Yes. When I left my time, a woman had more choices than ever before.

JAMIE
Dinna keep me in suspense, what was Brianna's choice?

CLAIRE

Sorry to disappoint you, but she didn't make one. Funny thing, I've always known what I wanted to be. It was clear to me as far back as I can remember.

JAMIE

Ye were born to be a healer, then.

CLAIRE

Yes. And to be honest, it bothered me a bit that Brianna couldn't find something to be passionate about. She'd try something, get bored, and move on.

JAMIE

These times are such that ye're far more likely to take up yer family's work. And be thankful ye have that.

CLAIRE

She tried studying history, like Frank. But later changed her mind.

JAMIE

Did she never want to be a doctor like you?

CLAIRE

Frank spent more time with her, they had a stronger bond. But I think deep down, Frank was never really passionate about history either. In the end it was just how he earned money.

JAMIE

Mebbe Brianna kent that as well and that's why she had no passion for it.

(then)

Ye canna worry. She'll find her way. Ye tell me regularly how sharp-witted she is.

CLAIRE

She is that -- but there'll never be a day I don't worry about our wee bairn.

Jamie smiles, thinking about the child they made together. In the distance, THUNDER RUMBLES.

JAMIE

There's a storm coming. We'll have to abide at a tavern when we reach the town... until we can earn enough to put a roof over our heads.

A chance for a playful jab...

CLAIRE

Or perhaps there'll be a quaint brothel.

JAMIE

Och, will ye hold that over me forever?

CLAIRE

Not forever...

More thunder... they ride on.

EXT. NORTH CAROLINA WOODS - LATER - DAY (D4)

Jamie and Claire have paused on their journey while Jamie works to re-shoe his horse. For most people this would be a chore, but Jamie actually enjoys it.

Claire watches him -- he's as skilled with a horse as Claire is a surgeon. The seed Jocasta planted is starting to take root.

CLAIRE

You love working with horses.

JAMIE

(playful)

Are ye asking? Or are purely making an observation?

CLAIRE

Observation. And printing?

JAMIE

Canna say I loved it, but it kept my mind agile... and my body in good strength too.

CLAIRE

Will that be enough for you now? You were also a smuggler and seditionist.

Jamie looks up, surprised at the direction this is going.

JAMIE

A man should be settled at my age,
no? And I thought you wanted to
live in a town near the backcountry?
Ye said we'd be safer there --

CLAIRE

I did. But I don't want you to
make this decision because you
think it's what I want. There's
this phrase that becomes important
in America, the "pursuit of
happiness..."

JAMIE

Do ye believe I canna be happy
unless I'm a criminal? That I
canna work as an honest man?

CLAIRE

I guess that is what I'm asking.
But it's more than that -- I don't
want you to live half a life. I
did that for twenty years -- we
both did.

After a long pause, contemplating, he says quite seriously:

JAMIE

I'm a violent man and I ken it
well. So do you -- or ye should.
There's nae much to choose between
a man such as Stephen Bonnet and
me, save that I have a sense of
honor that he lacks. What else
keeps me from turning thief? It's
in me to do it -- my grandsire
built Leoch on the gold of those he
robbed in the Highland passes.

CLAIRE

(heated)

Bonnet is a cold-blooded murderer
and the night I watched him slit
our friend's throat still haunts
me... so if you think you have the
slightest thing in common with him,
you're dead wrong.

JAMIE

I was an outlaw when we first met
and an outlaw when ye returned. If
it was only me I could live as an
outlaw and when I was auld lie down

(MORE)

JAMIE (CONT'D)
 under a tree and let the wolves
 gnaw my bones -- but it's not only
 me. It's you, and Ian, and Fergus
 and Marsali. D'ye understand? I
 would lay the world at your feet,
 Claire -- but I have nothing to
 give you.

Claire starts to answer, but before she can --

The WIND suddenly kicks up and a THUNDER CLAP rolls -- much
 closer now. Jamie sees how dark the sky has become as their
 conversation is interrupted by the impending weather.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
 Christ, the storm's upon us. We'll
 make camp here.

There's suddenly a FLASH of bright SHEET LIGHTNING above
 them, followed by a LOUD BOOM OF THUNDER -- at which
 Clarence BOLTS. When they look up, the mule has disappeared
 into the woods -- carrying with him nearly all of their
 things.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
 Damn mule!

Jamie has his horse's hoof between his knees -- the shoe is
 half off, and there's still a bent nail stuck in the hoof.
 He can't ride like this.

CLAIRE
 (re: Clarence)
 I'll get him.

She gets on her horse.

JAMIE
 Claire, no -- he'll no go far.

CLAIRE
 Then he'll be easy to find.

She kicks her horse -- and she's gone.

JAMIE
 Claire!

Jamie shakes his head, and finishes up the shoeing, thinking
 she'll be right back. As the THUNDER CLAPS grow louder --

OMITTED

EXT. SCOTTISH FESTIVAL - DAY (D3) (1970)

-- the BOOMING of DRUMS and the lively sound of BAGPIPES from a pipe and drum band outside a LARGE TENT. Brianna and Roger make their way past a sign reading: WELCOME TO AMERICA'S OLDEST SCOTTISH FESTIVAL.

Highland Games are going on just outside the tent -- female sword dancers, caber toss, shot put, tug of war, and Highland cows.

Roger, looking dashing in a shirt with the sleeves rolled up and a kilt, makes his way to Brianna, who is waiting for him near the tent. She catches her breath as she looks him up and down. There's a "wow" in the way she looks at him. Roger blushes.

BRIANNA

My mother always said men in kilts were irresistible. She was right.

ROGER

You look lovely yourself.

Hold on the moment, the air electric between them. Then they head for the main tent.

INT. SCOTTISH FESTIVAL - TENT - BOOTH AREA - DAY (D3)

Inside, Roger and Brianna walk through as YOUNG WOMEN serving HAGGIS work the CROWD. Children make crafts at small tables while their PARENTS dance amateur jigs. Some are dressed in kilts and other modern takes on 18th century garb, some are in regular clothes.

BRIANNA

I had no idea there were so many Scots in North Carolina.

ROGER

This area was settled by them.

A beat.

ROGER (CONT'D)

I hope it isn't too upsetting, being here.

BRIANNA

No... I'm glad we came. But it does make me think about my mother... I can't help but wonder if she ever found Jamie. If she's happy...

ROGER

I like to believe she did.

Brianna looks to Roger, desperately wanting to share his faith. Their hands brush slightly and she looks down. She hooks a finger around one of his fingers. Then something at the other end of the tent catches Brianna's eye:

BRIANNA

That looks like fun.

A CEILIDH BAND is playing on stage and people are dancing in front of it. It's fast-paced and wild, accompanied by a lot of laughter. A CEILIDH CALLER is helping some of the more novice dancers; other dancers seem quite good.

ROGER

The ceilidh dance? Aye, it's good fun. Bit tricky though.

Brianna consults her FESTIVAL BOOK as they approach the dancers and watch. Finding the entry:

BRIANNA

(reading)

"Try your hand -- and feet! -- at ceilidh dancing. Live a long and happy life."

ROGER

Or die trying.

Brianna watches for a beat or two more, trying to work out the moves, then -- oh, to hell with it --

BRIANNA

Let's do it!

Brianna takes off to join the dance. Roger follows eagerly through the crowd after her --

INT. SCOTTISH FESTIVAL - TENT - MOMENTS LATER - DAY (D3)

Brianna, with Roger trailing, arrives as the Ceilidh Caller sends a couple down the row of dancers (men on one side, women on the other: a dance called "Strip the Willow"). Brianna and Roger stand near the Caller and watch.

CEILIDH CALLER

Next couple!

The next couple shake their heads -- they're not ready.

CEILIDH CALLER (CONT'D)
(to Brianna)

You want to be next?

BRIANNA
Sure!

CEILIDH CALLER
Done it before?

BRIANNA
Never! But he has!

CEILIDH CALLER
He'll be a good partner then. Grab
his hands and spin for sixteen
beats! Go!

Roger and Brianna grab hands and start spinning. And then they're off to the races, going down the row, spinning with outside partners, then meeting in the middle again to spin with each other -- then outside -- then together.

The dance is lively and raucous. Brianna throws herself into it, laughing. As they meet in the middle --

BRIANNA
This is easy! What were you
talking about?

ROGER
You haven't got dizzy yet. You
will.

And they're separated. And then they're back together.

She laughs, loud. They separate again. He watches her as she spins with other partners and she watches him, smiling. And then they're together again, clumsily spinning...

And then they're apart -- and Brianna's next partner flings her a bit too enthusiastically -- and she SMASHES into Roger, SMACKING his face with her head. She exclaims and holds her head in pain. Roger holds his cheek...

TIME CUT:

Brianna sits in a FOLDING CHAIR, a little scuffed up. She has an ice-pack on her head and a worried, doting Roger.

BRIANNA
I think I bit off more than I could
chew.

ROGER

I bit off part of my cheek.

BRIANNA

God, really? I'm sorry, Roger. I have two left feet --

Roger quiets her with a kiss. A good one.

ROGER

You were brilliant.

Brianna looks up at him, melting...

INT. SCOTTISH FESTIVAL - TENT - PORTRAIT BOOTH - DAY (D3)

LATER. An ARTIST finishes up a drawing of a Teenage Boy. The lad takes off a TARTAN SASH and hangs it up on a hook under a label: CLAN GORDON. Brianna sees it.

BRIANNA

I've always wanted to have my portrait done.

ROGER

That makes one of us.

Brianna and Roger peruse a row of modern clan plaids. The Artist chats with them.

ARTIST

So what clan?

BRIANNA

I don't have a clan.
(then, fumbling)
I mean... I guess I'm a Fraser...
But my boyfriend is a MacKenzie.

Roger looks at her when she says "boyfriend." A good sign.

ARTIST

So then -- how about a drawing of the two of you? It'll be a fine likeness; we've got a MacKenzie tartan you can wear.

Brianna shakes off her worries and turns her attention back to the Artist.

BRIANNA

That sounds great. Two MacKenzie tartans.

(MORE)

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

(to Roger)

Come on -- we don't have a single picture of us together.

Roger lights up. Two MacKenzie tartans. To the Artist --

ROGER

Ye better focus on my good side.

EXT. SCOTTISH FESTIVAL - TENT - DAY (D3)

Roger and Brianna walk between the tents. Brianna admires the PORTRAIT of her and Roger before putting it into her satchel.

EXT. NORTH CAROLINA WOODS - DAY (D4) (67)

The WIND is still blowing as Jamie finishes up with his horse's shoe, then puts his tools back into a bag. He hears movement and turns -- as Clarence wanders up without Claire. That's a bad sign.

JAMIE

Claire?

He looks around. But there's no sign of her. Just wind. It isn't raining yet.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Claire!

Nothing. Alarmed now, he quickly ties Clarence to a tree, then mounts his horse and sets out to search for her.

EXT. NORTH CAROLINA WOODS - DUSK (D4)

Claire, on horseback, enters a clearing.

CLAIRE

Come on Clarence, where did you go?

She looks around -- nothing -- just WIND blowing the branches. No rain yet. And suddenly she realizes she's lost. Every direction looks the same. Her horse stamps and whinnies, unhappy with being away from the others.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

(soothingly)

Good boy. That's a good fellow.

She looks around but has no idea where she is -- and it's gotten quite dark.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
 Damnit. Where are we?

She starts to rein the horse back the way they came -- at least she thinks it's the way they came -- when --

A BOLT of LIGHTNING STRIKES A NEARBY TREE. Claire's horse lets out a high-pitched WHINNY and REARS UP, throwing Claire violently to the ground. She LANDS HARD, hitting her head onto the dirt. The horse runs away. OFF Claire, as she loses consciousness...

OMITTED

INT. SCOTTISH FESTIVAL - TENT - STAGE AREA - NIGHT (N3)
(1970)

ON STAGE, Roger plays a short but scorchingly-paced traditional tune, "Devil in the Kitchen." Brianna watches, mesmerized, as he unleashes himself in the throes of the instrumental piece. She's decidedly turned on.

She looks at the PORTRAIT of herself and Roger. It's simple and realistic -- done in pastels that show off the tartan colors. The pose is a bit 1970s, but the style is 1760s. She carries a bag full of things she's bought at the festival. She looks back up at Roger.

This is a new side of her mild-mannered boyfriend. His hair disheveled and eyes wild, he looks not only rakish but mildly dangerous. The SONG ENDS to an eruption of APPLAUSE.

Two Young Women next to Brianna WHISPER and GIGGLE, looking doe-eyed at Roger. Brianna smiles, amused at the lust directed at the man who belongs only to her.

BACK ON ROGER

ROGER
 (into the mic)
 Here's something a little
 different...

Roger starts to play a softer, prettier tune, a love song. "The False Bride," also known as "I Once Loved A Lass."

ROGER (CONT'D)

(singing)

"I once loved a lass, I loved her
sae weel / I hated all others who
spoke of her ill / But now she's
rewarded me well for my love / For
she's gone to be wed to another / I
saw my love to the church go / With
bridesgroom and bridesmaidens they
made a fine show / And I followed
on with my heart full of woe / She
was gone to be wed to another..."

The crowd is taken by him. He is an amazing performer.
Brianna is enraptured by him.

ROGER (CONT'D)

(singing)

"I saw my love sit down to dine /
As I sat down beside her I poured
out the wine / I drank to the
lassie that should have been mine /
Even though she'd been wed to
another / The men o' the forest
they ask it o' me / How many
strawberries grow in the south sea?
/ I answer them a' with a tear in
my e'e / How many ships sail in the
forest...?"

OFF Brianna, melting as she listens --

EXT. RUSTIC CABIN - NIGHT (N3)

Flush with the good vibes of the day, Roger and Brianna
walk, hand in hand, to the ROW OF SMALL RUSTIC CABINS
housing the festival go-ers. Brianna is still swooning from
Roger's performance.

BRIANNA

I still can't believe what a great
musician you are. What other
talents have you been keeping from
me?

ROGER

(playfully mysterious)

I'll never tell.

They arrive at Brianna's cabin and linger by the door. Roger
pulls her in for a long, passionate kiss, leaving Brianna
breathless. Then --

ROGER (CONT'D)
 Good-night, Brianna. Remember, if
 you need anything... my cabin's
 right over here.

He starts to walk towards his cabin next door, when --

BRIANNA
 Wait... I bought you something,
 while you were getting ready to
 perform.

Brianna pulls out a BOOK. Hands it to him.

ROGER
 (flipping through it)
 "A Home from Home: Scottish
 Settlers in Colonial America."
 (then)
 Thank you.

BRIANNA
 I figured you already know about
 the Scots in Scotland.
 (then)
 And... your favorite beverage.

She holds up a BOTTLE OF WHISKY.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)
 Mountain moonshine.

ROGER
 Where'd you get that? It's a dry
 county.

BRIANNA
 I asked around. Shall we?

ROGER
 Maybe just a wee dram.

He follows her inside...

INT. RUSTIC CABIN - SHORT WHILE LATER - NIGHT (N3)

A cozy cabin, complete with a small gas fireplace. The BOTTLE is now half-empty. Brianna and Roger drink from a couple of BEAT UP MUGS. Her boots are off. They are both feeling the effects of the alcohol. Roger eyes a mounted DEER HEAD on the wall as he moves this way and that.

ROGER

His eyes are following me.

BRIANNA

I know. It's creepy. I'll have to put something over his face before I go to bed.

Roger rises and gets closer...

ROGER

He's pretty canty-lookin' for a deer on the worst day of his life.

Suddenly, a BLOUSE lands over the deer's antlers, draping down and covering its eyes. Roger turns, surprised, to find Brianna UNDRESSED. Brianna wraps her arms around him. She presses her warm body to his. He catches his breath.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Christ. You're a sneaky one.

Suddenly, her hand is on the back of Roger's neck, and he KISSES her, feeling heat seep through the fabric of his shirt. Her breasts rise against him and her mouth opens under his.

His hand drifts lower, grasping the swell of buttock. She shies, loses her balance, and the two of them COLLAPSE awkwardly, grappling with each other, trying to stay upright.

Roger's knees hit the floor, and he drags her down with him. She tilts and sprawls, landing LAUGHING on her back.

He lunges over her, kissing her again. His hand on her bare breast, full and soft. His other hand rests at the top of her thigh, close enough that he can feel the heat through her pants.

Despite himself, his hand drifts up her thigh, closer and closer. But with an effort that makes him dizzy, he STOPS.

Her hand is on his arm, pulling him back up, enveloped by desire and surrender.

BRIANNA

What's the matter?

His heartbeat echoes in his head and chest, and he wants badly to sweep her to bed, but his plans for the bigger picture override his desire. He's gotten an idea. He extricates himself from Brianna's tantalizing embrace.

ROGER

Wait... I want this to be perfect.

Brianna sits up, confused, as he heads for his jacket, having made a monumental decision. Brianna covers her nakedness with her arms.

BRIANNA

It is perfect... I don't understand.

Roger removes something from his jacket (or sporran) on the kitchen counter, a few paces away.

He takes her shirt from the deer head and drapes it over her shoulders, gently leading her to the sofa. She slips her shirt on again, then turns back to find Roger holding a VELVET BOX.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

What's this?

ROGER

Open it.

Brianna opens it. It's a beautiful SILVER BRACELET, a flat, delicate silver band, with a small gemstone inset in it and words etched round the inside. She turns it slowly, reading the words which are engraved in French.

BRIANNA

"Je t'aime... un peu... beaucoup...
passionnément... pas du tout."

(then, translating)

I love you... a little... a lot...
passionately... not at all.

ROGER

It's from a French children's
rhyme... they recite it when they
pick the petals from a flower.

Roger takes the bracelet from her and slips it over her hand, onto her wrist. Brianna stares at the bracelet, confused.

ROGER (CONT'D)

It was just supposed to be a
present, but you're right, this is
perfect, this whole weekend's been
perfect. I'll get you a proper
ring soon enough...

Roger's heart hammers in his chest -- it's time.

ROGER (CONT'D)

I want you, Brianna. I cannot say it more plainly than that. I love you.

Roger gets down on one knee...

ROGER (CONT'D)

Will you marry me?

Brianna doesn't say anything, but her face changes, like water when a stone is thrown into it.

BRIANNA

Roger... this is just... very fast.

He knows this must seem impulsive. But he also knows he can convince her by backing off just a little. He's confident.

ROGER

We can have as long an engagement as ye'd like... I just want ye to say yes... I want to give ye my name... I want -- when the MacKenzies stand tomorrow at the Calling of the Clans, for ye to stand at my side, knowing one day you'll be my wife. I want to have a home with you, big enough for four or five wee MacKenzies, a couple of dogs --

BRIANNA

Stop. Wait. I'm not ready for this.

She shakes her head, white as a sheet. Roger gets it. He suddenly feels like he's crashed into a brick wall.

ROGER

Aye, well. Nae bother.

He turns to walk away. She grabs his sleeve.

BRIANNA

Roger.

It's a great effort to turn and face her. He doesn't think he can bear even to look at her, but he turns and she rushes to him, her hands grip his head and she pushes her mouth hard onto his, not so much a kiss as blind frenzy, awkward with desperation. He pulls her hands down, pushing her away.

ROGER

What in God's name are you playing
(MORE)

ROGER (CONT'D)

at?

BRIANNA

You said you wanted me. I want you too, don't you know that?

Something between sickness and fury stirs in Roger's gut, and then erupts.

ROGER

Ye don't want to marry me, but you'll fuck me?

We've never heard Roger swear, but he's wounded and the MacKenzie blood is pounding in his ears.

BRIANNA

You don't have to use that language!

ROGER

You can suggest such a thing, but I cannot say the word?

He grabs her and pulls her to him.

ROGER (CONT'D)

If all I wanted was to have my way with you, I would have had ye on your back a dozen times last summer!

She SLAPS him across the jaw. He grabs her and kisses her, harder than ever before. She struggles, but he kisses her until he is good and ready to stop.

He wipes his mouth and stands back, shaking. There is blood on his hand; she's bitten him and he hasn't felt a thing. She is shaking too.

ROGER (CONT'D)

If you don't care enough to marry me, then I don't care enough to have ye in my bed.

BRIANNA

That makes no sense.

ROGER

Neither do you. What the bloody hell are you talking about?

BRIANNA

You can't just spring a proposal on me... I have school, an apartment, I haven't even thought about kids...

ROGER

Then what d'ye mean by making me such an offer -- a nice Catholic girl! I thought ye were a virgin.

BRIANNA

I am! What does that have to do with it? Don't tell me you haven't had girls, I know you have!

ROGER

Aye, I have!

BRIANNA

Then you're a hypocrite!

ROGER

Because I didn't want to marry them?

BRIANNA

Because you'll have sex with a woman but you'll only marry a virgin? It's 1970! No one I know is saving themselves for marriage.

ROGER

So I'm old fashioned! You're missing the point. The point is I didn't love them! I love you, damn it!

He waits for her to say she loves him too. A long beat.

ROGER (CONT'D)

But you don't love me...

BRIANNA

I didn't say that.

ROGER

You didn't have to.

This was not the answer he was hoping for. Roger storms out.

OMITTED (MOVED TO SCENE A26)

EXT. NORTH CAROLINA WOODS - NIGHT (N4) (1767)

RAIN BEATS DOWN on Claire, still CRUMPLED in a heap on the ground. Her eyes flutter OPEN as she comes to. She draws a breath, reacts -- damn, that hurts. She lies still for a moment, then slowly rolls onto her side, impeded by her wet garments. She pushes herself up into a sitting position and takes in her surroundings.

She gets up and walks a little ways. Finally, Claire spots a large FALLEN TREE. Other trees have fallen in a cluster on top of it, creating a space large enough to provide shelter from the rain. As WOLVES HOWL in the distance, Claire cautiously moves INSIDE --

INT. TREE SHELTER - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT (N4)

Protected now from the rain, Claire sits down and begins to wring out her garments. She removes her wet shoes, setting them aside, but keeps her stockings on for warmth.

Claire settles into her shelter. She shifts around, trying to find a flat patch to lie on and a comfortable position. A GLIMMER OF WHITE buried in the earth catches her eye. Upon closer inspection, she sees it's some sort of hard, white stone and feels compelled to DIG it out. So she does, REVEALING -- A HUMAN SKULL caked in thick dirt. She wipes some of the dirt away, revealing a deep crack in the crown of the skull -- where it was clearly struck by a hatchet or tomahawk many years ago.

The hair on the back of Claire's neck stands at attention, much as it did when she held Geillis's skull [Episode 305].

The wolves continue to HOWL in the distance. Claire tries to overcome her growing fear and panic by talking to the skull to distract herself.

CLAIRE

"How long will a man lie i' the
earth 'ere he rot?"

(then)

Not a fan of Shakespeare, are you?

(then)

Read any good books? No, I suppose
you don't get 'round much anymore.

(a beat)

It seems I've bored you to death.

She smiles at her own joke, but then the smile fades. She knows she's in a tight spot.

EXT. NORTH CAROLINA WOODS - SAME TIME - NIGHT (N4)

FIND a harrowed Jamie cutting through the dense forest in the HARD RAIN, searching for Claire.

Jamie hears a RUSTLING in the trees. He turns to FIND... Claire's horse wandering free. He approaches.

JAMIE

Easy, now.

Jamie grabs the horse's reins. He looks around, calls out.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Claire!

But she's nowhere to be seen. Rain is pelting the ground.

INT. TREE SHELTER - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT (N4)

Claire sets the skull down and looks back to the hole in the ground where she found it. She digs around and pulls out a FLAT OPAL. It's an irregular oval the size of a spoon head. Claire rubs the dirt off, exposing a CARVING on one side -- a glyph in the shape of a spiral, coiling in on itself.

Claire's attention is then drawn outside where she SEES a SOFT GLOW coming from a distance.

CLAIRE

Jamie?

She SPRINGS to her feet and steps out to see --

EXT. NORTH CAROLINA WOODS - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT (N4)

The faint GLOW of a torch's flame. With its carrier hidden, the flame floats through the trees as it makes its way toward Claire. She moves forward, thinking it's Jamie...

CLAIRE

Jamie, thank God you've...

But as the light comes nearer, drifting toward her, the carrier of the torch is REVEALED --

It's an INDIAN WARRIOR, 30s (whom we will later know as Otter Tooth), dressed in traditional Mohawk garb. His hair is tied in a scalplock and a thick stripe of black paint covers his face -- from chin to forehead. And where his arms and legs are exposed, we SEE long stripes of red paint.

It's an intimidating sight, to be sure. But rather than run, Claire stands frozen, that familiar tingling sensation on the back of her neck. And it's then she notices that despite the rain, the torch continues to burn with a soft, steady glow. Peculiar.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

What do you want?

But the Warrior doesn't respond. He holds Claire's gaze.

It's then that she notices that the Warrior wears the SAME OPAL she found with the skull. And inexplicably, it fills Claire with calm.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I can't do anything for you. I know you're there. I can see you. But that's all.

They continue to STARE at each other for a long, surreal beat. Something strange: he is not wet from the rain. No words are spoken, but Claire HEARS something in the wind, in a voice that's not her own, reassuring her:

MALE VOICE

(in American English)

That's enough.

The Warrior has spoken, but without moving his lips. And then, without haste, the Warrior turns. There is a FLASH of lightning and -- when Claire looks again -- the crown of the Warrior's skull is visible, the skin peeled away in a ragged circle: he's clearly been scalped. But it's not bleeding. It is a strangely old wound, though it has not healed.

Claire reacts, shocked -- then she notices --

-- a CRACK in the crown of the Warrior's scalped skull.

Claire looks at the skull she holds -- the same crack in the same place. Could it be the same skull? Is the Warrior a ghost -- and is this the wound that killed him?

There's another bright LIGHTNING FLASH -- and the Warrior is back to normal -- no scalping, just the topknot "haircut" he had before. The Warrior walks away. Claire watches as the light of his torch gets smaller and smaller, into the night.

OMITTED

EXT. SCOTTISH FESTIVAL - NIGHT (N4) (1970)

People are arriving in droves, filling out the various marked CLAN SECTIONS around a STAGE where a WOODEN STAG stands tall. Many of them wear tartan of one kind or another... many hold CLAN FLAGS. This is the weekend's main event. The crowd is fire-lit by braziers.

Then the notes of a SINGLE BAGPIPE come through the air, silencing everything else.

A line of men marches into the glow of the firelight. They hold CLAN BANNERS in their hands and are led by a few men holding TORCHES. In the lead is a Piper -- his notes blending with the oohs and ahhs of the crowd. FIND...

Roger marching with the men, carrying a MACKENZIE BANNER.

Upon reaching the stage, each man peels off to join his clan. Roger goes over and stands near the section of the BLEACHERS where Clan MacKenzie has gathered. He waits while the rest of the Clan Leaders file in and start to take their places.

BRIANNA

Mind if I join you?

Roger turns to find Brianna, approaching. He nods. She smiles hesitantly. Even though they are obviously both still stung from the mutual rejections the night before, Roger takes her appearance as a good sign. They both start to talk at the same time:

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

Look, I'm sorry about last...

ROGER

I didn't mean to...

A beat as they stumble over each others' apologies. Finally:

BRIANNA

I hate the way we left things.

Brianna gazes at him, tenderly.

ROGER

Me too. Have ye changed yer mind?

BRIANNA

No.

Brianna lays her hand on Roger's, but he flinches it away.

ROGER
I can't do this. Pretend
everything's fine.

BRIANNA
I didn't say marriage was out of
the question.

ROGER
That's enthusiastic.

BRIANNA
My mother married the man she loved,
but later found her true soulmate.

ROGER
So you want to wait for someone
better, is that it, eh?

Brianna lowers her voice, feeling the presence of the crowd.

BRIANNA
That's not what I'm saying.

ROGER
Well, what are you saying?

BRIANNA
Maybe I don't believe in marriage
at all.

The pipes stop abruptly. We hear an ANNOUNCER:

ANNOUNCER
Let the calling of the clans begin!
(then)
Clan Gordon!

The GORDON CLAN LEADER approaches the stage, grabs a torch,
and lights it. Raising his torch high, he SHOUTS:

GORDON CLAN LEADER
The Gordons are here!

Loud WHOOPS and CHEERS ring out from the GORDON section of
the crowd, who RAISE THEIR FLAGS and ECHO the shout -- "The
Gordons are here!" Other sections cheer and clap. The mood
in the crowd is excited and electric.

BRIANNA
Roger --

Roger shakes his head, realizing what a chasm there is
between them on this issue.

ANNOUNCER

Clan Stewart!

The STEWART CLAN LEADER steps forward proudly, lights his torch and raises it as well.

STEWART CLAN LEADER

The Stewarts are here!

CHEERS erupt from the section of the crowd that claims kinship with Clan Stewart. They raise their flags high. "The Stewarts are here!" Other sections cheer and clap.

ROGER

Brianna.... I'll have you all, or not at all.

Brianna's heart breaks as Roger focuses on the calling. A long beat before...

BRIANNA

I'm sorry, Roger. Here. You should have this back --

She hands him the bracelet, but --

ROGER

No. Keep it. It was a gift.

ANNOUNCER

Clan MacKenzie!

Roger looks to Brianna -- this is the moment that he had planned she would be at his side, as his future wife. But now she stands silent, holding the bracelet, the tension thick between them... and finally Roger steps forward. He grabs a torch and lights it, then YELLS to the flag-waving MacKenzie crowd:

ROGER

The MacKenzies are here!

Roger fights his pain by throwing himself into the moment -- WHOOPING in unison with the other MacKenzies, who all ECHO his cry of "The MacKenzies are here!" -- save for Brianna.

All of the Clan Leaders have now surrounded the stage, holding their torches aloft. And then, in unison, they THROW THEIR TORCHES at the wooden stag, SHOUTING the war cries of their clans:

STEWART CLAN LEADER

Creag an Sgairbh!

GORDON CLAN LEADER
An Gordonach!

ROGER
Tùlach Àrd!

The entire crowd is now clapping and cheering as the STAG goes up in FLAMES. Roger looks back toward the bleachers to find Brianna gone. OFF ROGER, surrounded by his clan, feeling alone.

EXT. NORTH CAROLINA WOODS - DAY (D5) (1767)

The storm has passed. The woods sit quiet. VARIOUS SHOTS of the forest.

INT. TREE SHELTER - DAY (D5)

Daylight STREAMS in, awakening Claire, who is curled up on the ground. She sits up and rubs her head -- that was quite a fall she took. She then REACHES for her shoes, but they're not there. Huh. Claire gropes around the shelter, covering the small space again and again. But it's of no use. Her shoes are gone.

Claire grabs the skull and the opal, shoving them into her bag. She then gets up and moves out to --

EXT. NORTH CAROLINA WOODS - CONTINUOUS - DAY (D5)

Where Claire notices on the ground... FOOTPRINTS leading from the tree shelter, as though someone walked away in her shoes!

Claire shakes her head, perplexed. OFF Claire, suppressing reason as she puts one foot in front of the other and starts to follow the tracks --

OMITTED

EXT. NORTH CAROLINA WOODS - DAY (D5)

An exhausted Claire, having journeyed quite a distance without shoes, continues to follow the footprints. It seems that she's trekking higher and higher up a mountain -- when the footprints suddenly end. She stops. Then she sees --

Jamie, standing at the bank of a stream. Sensing something, he turns -- and sees her.

Relieved and overjoyed, Jamie runs to hold up Claire's suddenly limp body, her adrenaline now replaced with pure fatigue. She moves her hands from his face to his body, not fully convinced.

JAMIE

For God's sake, are ye hurt?

It's his turn to pat her anxiously, checking for damage.

CLAIRE

No, I'm -- just so glad I found you.

JAMIE

Ye were the one lost, Sassenach. But I'm glad ye had the wits to come back here.

She raises an eyebrow.

CLAIRE

What do you mean "back here?"
(confused)
I've never been here before.

JAMIE

Then how did these get here?

He holds up Claire's shoes.

CLAIRE

(astonished)
Where did you get those?

JAMIE

They were here by the stream, side by side. I wondered why ye'd have gone off in nothing but your stocking feet.

CLAIRE

Did you see anyone nearby? Or any... thing?

JAMIE

Just yer cursed horse.

He indicates their two horses and Clarence hobbled a short distance away. Claire bends down to slip on her shoes.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

I had a devil of a time tracking ye through the woods in the storm. But once it abated, I followed yer footprints here.

CLAIRE

Me too.

Jamie frowns, baffled by what she's saying.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I didn't make these footprints, Jamie. I've never seen this stream in my life. Those are my shoes, but I didn't walk here in them.

JAMIE

Who did then?

CLAIRE

I don't...

She stops, considering what she's about to admit and how insane it'll sound. But she's told him far crazier stuff, so what the heck.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I saw an Indian -- or -- the ghost of an Indian.

JAMIE

A ghost?

CLAIRE

I believe I found his skull.

She lifts the skull out of her bag to show him.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I know it sounds crazy, but I think he stole my shoes and led me -- us -- here.

Seeing it in daylight, it is hardly a prepossessing object, stained from the soil in which it was buried.

JAMIE

I suppose we should be grateful to whatever spirit brought us back together...

CLAIRE

Jamie... all those things you said yesterday -- about Bonnet... and having nothing to give me --

JAMIE

Dinna fash, Sassenach. Ye've had a harrowing night. Why not have a wash and get some rest?

TIME CUT:

Rested and recovered, Jamie is packing up the horses while Claire kneels by the stream, contentedly washing her face and collecting water. She remembers her companion from the night before and pulls the SKULL from her bag.

She begins cleaning it and sees again the crack near the temple, as though the Indian had been struck violently on that side of his head with an axe. Curious, she turns the skull around in her hand, looking for other damage -- and stops cold. Imbedded in one of the skull's molars is --

A SILVER FILLING -- something that will not be invented for more than a hundred years. In fact there are three fillings. A shiver runs over her as she wonders what this could mean.

CLAIRE

My God...

She reels at the discovery, gingerly turning the skull back over so she can stare at the empty eyes and lopsided grin.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

(to herself)

Who were you?

Jamie looks over, seeing her with the skull.

JAMIE

What is it?

He comes over and she shows him the skull -- and the molars containing the fillings. Claire points.

CLAIRE

Do you see this? It's a silver filling. Something that won't be invented for another hundred years.

JAMIE

(realizing)

So... he was...

CLAIRE

I haven't the faintest idea.
Except of course that he has to
have been someone like me, someone
who travelled through time.

JAMIE

Aye, and it means there could be
another Craigh na Dun or Abandawe
nearby.

OFF Claire as that sets in...

EXT. "THE RIDGE" - A MOMENT LATER - DAY (D5)

Jamie and Claire walk along the ridge, when Jamie spots
something... he leans down and grabs at a patch of leaves
interspersed with telltale flashes of red.

CLAIRE

Strawberries!

Claire and Jamie both gather handfuls and eat them.

JAMIE

I haven't seen any in a long time.

(then)

They're an emblem of the Fraser
Clan -- harking back to when a
Monsieur Freselière came across
from France, and took hold of land
in the Scottish mountains.

CLAIRE

(grinning)

Freselière? Mister Strawberry? He
grew them, did he? Or was he only
fond of eating them?

Jamie returns the smile, taking a sprig and dropping a berry
into his mouth -- before kissing Claire deeply -- sharing
the burst of flavor. Then, they look upon an unexpected
vista -- out over the land, to see a wooded valley and river
down below them. They are struck by the magnificence of the
view.

JAMIE

This might be the most beautiful
land I've ever seen.

He stares at the view for a long beat. Claire sees how much
he loves it --

CLAIRE

You can't tear your eyes away from it, can you?

JAMIE

It's good land, no doubt about that. That meadow below would do for a few animals and the land nearer the river could be cleared for crops.

CLAIRE

I know that look on your face, Jamie Fraser. You're in love.

It's clear that Jamie is wrestling with his feelings --

JAMIE

A good man would take the safe road -- we intended to live in town, not here in the wilderness, wi' nothing. But what it is to feel the need of a place...

A long beat. They both know what this would mean.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

But we'd have to accept Governor Tryon's offer and it's a deal with the Devil, we both ken it.

The moment of decision is here. Fear washes over Claire --

JAMIE (CONT'D)

What is it, Sassenach?

There is no point in lying.

CLAIRE

I'm afraid.
(then)
All my life I've wanted a home -- and I want it with you.
(then, apprehensive)
But, I'm afraid that if you take Tryon's offer --

She studies his face --

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Soon we'll find ourselves on the wrong side of another war.

(MORE)

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

And I know if there's a fight to be fought, you'll fight it. You'll get yourself killed.

JAMIE

We dinna ken what will happen between now and then. We have time to decide what to do when the time comes -- if the time comes. We canna live our life afraid.

CLAIRE

I don't want to be without my other half again, I can't bear it.

Jamie takes her in his arms.

JAMIE

Do ye not see how small a thing is the notion of death, between us, Claire? All the time after ye left me, after Culloden -- I was dead then, was I not?

CLAIRE

I thought you were.

JAMIE

I was meant to die at Culloden -- I should have, but I didn't. And ye returned to me. We keep finding each other. Just like we did after the storm. And I could die at any time. Be it Indians, wild beasts, the hangman's rope, or only the blessing of auld age.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

While you were there -- in your own time -- I was dead -- and yet all that time, I loved you.

CLAIRE

I loved you too. I never stopped.

JAMIE

So long as my body lives, and yours -- we are one flesh. And when my body dies, my soul will still be yours. I will not be parted from you. Nothing is lost, Sassenach, only changed.

CLAIRE
That's the first law of
thermodynamics.

JAMIE
No. That's faith.
(then)
Ye trust me, Claire?

CLAIRE
With my life.

JAMIE
And wi' your heart?

CLAIRE
Always.

Claire takes his face in her hands. This time, she kisses him, proving her love for him is never in question.

JAMIE
This will be our home. And we'll
call it Fraser's Ridge.

As they look out in wonder... PULL BACK to show an epic and gorgeous WIDE SHOT of the stunning ridge that will become their new home.

OMITTED (MOVED INTO SCENE 31)

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE