

OUTLANDER

EPISODE 404
Common Ground

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

OUTLANDER
EPISODE 404 "Common Ground"

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CAST LIST – FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT – 11th September 2018

CLAIRE RANDALL FRASER
JAMIE MACKENZIE FRASER

BRIANNA RANDALL
JOHN QUINCY MYERS
FERGUS
MARSALI
ROGER WAKEFIELD
TAWODI
YOUNG IAN

ADAWEHI
FIONA BUCHAN
GAYLE
GIDUHWA
GOVERNOR TRYON
NAWOHALI
PETER
TSKILI YONA

EPISODE 404 "Common Ground"

SET LIST - FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT - 11th September 2018

INTERIORS

Brianna's Apartment
Den
Cherokee Council House
Fraser's Ridge
Lean-To
Lillington's Mansion
Dining Room
Oxford University
Roger's Office
Wakefield House
Wilmington Tavern

EXTERIORS

Cherokee Village
Council House
Fraser's Ridge
Cabin Area
Lean-To
"The Ridge"
Woods
Hunter's Tent
North Carolina - Road
Oxford University
Wilmington Tavern
Wilmington Street
Woods
Clearing

FADE IN:

INT. LILLINGTON'S MANSION - DINING ROOM - DAY (D6) (1768)

A QUILL PEN scratches across an elegant looking DEED leaving behind the signature of JAMES FRASER. JAMIE sets the quill down and nods to GOVERNOR TRYON. Despite the strings attached to this deal, it's not everyday one gets deeded ten thousand acres of stunning real estate, and it's a rather breath-taking moment. Jamie isn't selling his soul to the British; he's using the British to get back what was taken from him -- land and a home.

GOVERNOR TRYON

A commendable decision on your part, Mr. Fraser.

Tryon signs the document himself.

JAMIE

One I dinna make lightly, Your Excellency.

GOVERNOR TRYON

Of course. With ten thousand acres of his Majesty's land at your disposal, a Herculean task lies before you.

JAMIE

A task I welcome, sir.

Tryon's Secretary slides a parchment MAP over to Jamie.

GOVERNOR TRYON

A chart of your land. My secretary can make arrangements for Mistress Fraser to be accommodated here in Wilmington while she awaits the establishment of your new home.

JAMIE

It's generous of you to consider her, Your Excellency, but she intends to accompany me and help build Fraser's Ridge.

Tryon stares at Jamie, taken aback.

GOVERNOR TRYON

Well then, as you wish. May God give you both the fortitude to overcome the hardships you will undoubtedly face in the backcountry.

JAMIE

I assure you she has a great deal of fortitude, Your Excellency. She's a healer and has seen war, and plague. I couldna do it without her.

GOVERNOR TRYON

You'll have found good men willing to settle there also?

JAMIE

I have my best man here in Wilmington putting out the word.

Tryon motions to his Secretary, who pours them both a brandy, then exits, leaving the men to talk privately.

GOVERNOR TRYON

I encourage you to take your time choosing settlers... It can be difficult to distinguish friend from foe. So called Regulators are stirring up trouble in the Piedmont -- pitting themselves against my tax collectors.

JAMIE

Aye, there's talk in the taverns.

GOVERNOR TRYON

Men of shallow understanding, who believe themselves sovereign arbiters of right and wrong. But what is wrong is their disorderly conduct and continued failure to pay their taxes.

Jamie can see his point and is somewhat sympathetic, but will wait and judge the Governor's intentions after he's seen its effects for himself. For now, he'll play along.

JAMIE

Yer sheriffs canna discourage them from taking matters into their own hands?

GOVERNOR TRYON

I've reason to believe that they too are exacerbating matters. Some of them have proved dishonest. The taxes are not reaching the treasurers.

JAMIE

I see. I'm sorry to hear it.

GOVERNOR TRYON

It is not your sympathy I want, Mr. Fraser.

JAMIE

I meant no -- I'm simply thankful.

Tryon considers Jamie for a beat.

GOVERNOR TRYON

I gather you have supped with princes and paupers.

JAMIE

I have, Your Excellency.

GOVERNOR TRYON

It's said the Highlander has much in common with the Indian savage. Do you think it so?

Jamie shifts his weight, unsure where this is going.

JAMIE

Savagery can exist in many forms, Your Excellency. I've witnessed it in both prince -- and pauper.

Tryon smiles -- touché.

GOVERNOR TRYON

Given your own worldly wisdom, I'm sure you'll agree that those who live in defiance of His Majesty are no better than barbarians. And often, the law is not efficient in containing them.

Reminding Tryon of his own words --

JAMIE

Aye -- there is the law, and there is what is done.

Every time Jamie opens his mouth, Tryon is more impressed.

GOVERNOR TRYON

I'm pleased we understand one another, Mr. Fraser. An agreement with a gentleman is worth its weight in gold. Especially one who knows the world and its troubles so well.

This is the bargain and Jamie kens it well. But --

JAMIE

Let's hope the world keeps its troubles to itself, Your Excellency.

The Secretary reenters and signals to Tryon he's needed elsewhere. Tryon's parting words:

GOVERNOR TRYON

I admire your spirit, Mr. Fraser. You are just the sort of settler North Carolina needs.

OFF Jamie, knowing that what Tryon wants and what North Carolina needs are two very different things.

EXT. WILMINGTON TAVERN - DAY (D6)

Establish the bustling town.

INT. WILMINGTON TAVERN - DAY (D6)

CLAIRE and MARSALI, now five months into her pregnancy, come down the stairs, small luggage in hand.

CLAIRE

That's the last of it.

YOUNG IAN waits at the bottom.

YOUNG IAN

I'll take those, Auntie.

CLAIRE

Thank you, Ian.

Ian exits with the bags and Claire turns to a Tavern Keeper, setting a small basket on the bar.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Have you any bread, cheese and salt
pork we might buy to take with us?

The Tavern Keeper goes into the back to retrieve the goods.

MARSALI

I had a mind to prepare a basket of
provisions for ye, but the very
thought of it... well, I can barely
speak of... a supper... without
feeling as queasy as our time on the
Artemis. You'll have me singing
heave away, my Johnny, heave-a-way.

Claire looks at her, recognizing the familiar refrain from a
sea shanty on the Artemis.

CLAIRE

Chew peppermint, if you can find
it. And eat small meals often,
even if you're not hungry.

Marsali hesitates. Claire senses something weighing on her.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

What is it?

Marsali chokes up a bit, the pregnancy hormones making her
uncharacteristically vulnerable.

MARSALI

I miss... my mother.
(off Claire's look)
I ken ye don't care for her and
there's bad blood betwixt ye. It's
only, with the bairn coming... I
wish she was here wi' me.

CLAIRE

It's not unusual to want your
mother now. But if there's
anything I can do...

MARSALI

That's verra kind of ye. And
there's no other healer I would want
by my side if things were to go
wrong... but there's deliverin' a
bairn and then there's raisin' one.

Claire reacts. Marsali of course doesn't know that Claire
did raise a child.

CLAIRE
 (an admission)
 Well, your mother did a fine job of
 raising you.

ACROSS THE ROOM, Jamie, FERGUS and Ian enter from outside.

JAMIE
 I dinna want any settlers who may
 stir up trouble.

FERGUS
 I will be careful in my selection.

JAMIE
 If ye're able, find Highlanders, and
 the men from Ardsmuir Prison, they'll
 be hereabouts. Bring as many as are
 willing.

FERGUS
 I will look for them, Milord.

They join Claire and Marsali.

JAMIE
 And I trust things are well for you
 here? You've enough money?

FERGUS
 Aye, you must not worry yourself,
 Milord. I've managed some work and
 with Marsali's sewing, we've enough
 for now.

YOUNG IAN
 Well then, the wagon is loaded.

It's time to go. The emotion of the goodbye hits Claire
 unexpectedly as she hugs Marsali.

MARSALI
 We'll write to you the moment our
 bairn arrives.

YOUNG IAN
 And we'll ready a fine cabin for ye.

JAMIE
 Aye. The three of you can join us.

Fergus, Marsali and Ian head out... Jamie turns back to
 Claire as the Tavern Keeper returns with some provisions --
 bread, cheese, meat -- wrapped in cloth.

Claire begins to put the provisions in her basket and pays the Tavern Keeper. Jamie notices the contemplative look on her face.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Ye've a far away look in yer eye,
Sassenach.

CLAIRE

It's nothing, it's just...

JAMIE

Marsali is so radiant with child,
and she is almost the same age as
Brianna.

She gives him a look: you read my mind. Then, reflecting:

CLAIRE

Sometimes I worry if it was right
for me to leave her.

(then)

I don't remember much of my mother,
but I know I missed her dearly when
I had Bree. And I'm not going to
be there for her, or a grandchild.

Jamie sets the basket back down and steps closer to Claire.

JAMIE

When I was without you, I held onto
thoughts of yer face, yer words, yer
heart -- I clung to those memories
when I didna want to stand and I was
thankful for them when I could.

His words move Claire almost to tears.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Our daughter will do the same, I'm
sure of it.

Jamie takes Claire's hand in his own and kisses it. Claire allows herself a small, bittersweet smile.

EXT. WILMINGTON STREET - MOMENTS LATER - DAY - (D6)

Jamie and Claire are in the WAGON, which is loaded with PROVISIONS and a SMALL WHITE BABY PIGLET (later to be known as the white sow) in a crate.

(This is the same horse and wagon from Episode 403.) ROLLO is in the wagon box and Ian is on his horse, eager to get going.

It's not really goodbye, but they all know it will be a while before they see each other again.

FERGUS

Perhaps I'll send so many settlers
there won't be room for us.

JAMIE

There'll always be room for family.

Fergus and Marsali wave. And the group sets off, leaving civilization behind...

OMITTED (MOVED INTO SCENE 2)

EXT. NORTH CAROLINA - ROAD - VARIOUS

A short SERIES OF SHOTS as they travel on their two week journey to Fraser's Ridge.

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - "THE RIDGE" - DAY (D7)

Jamie pulls the wagon up and he and Claire disembark, excited to survey the land which will become their new home. Ian stays back with the horses. He pats his horse.

YOUNG IAN

Good lad, Finley.

Stepping up to the cliff, Jamie breathes in the mountain air -- and takes in the view: granite mountains rising from the valley filled with soft blue mist as far as the eye can see.

CLAIRE

I will never tire of this view. If
it were a painting, people would
say that it wasn't real, that the
artist had imagined it.

JAMIE

Well, we're near enough ye might
speak with God Himself -- and
compliment Him on His brush strokes.

It is indeed stunning, the towering pines and hemlocks. Jamie gestures to a river winding in the distance.

CLAIRE

He has a certain touch.

Below, the valley of FRASER'S RIDGE spreads out before them. They drink it in. Finally, since the first day they met -- they are home.

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - WOODS - DAY (D7)

CLOSE ON A WOODEN STAKE in the ground, a SCRAP OF CLOTH tied to the top of it like a flag in the breeze. A hundred meters further on, we see another stake... and beyond that --

-- a HAMMER comes down onto a five-foot cylindrical wooden PROPERTY STAVE. Jamie's pounding it into the earth, marking the limits of their land, as Claire references a COMPASS along with the MAP Tryon gave them. Rollo sits beside Ian as he ties a SCRAP of CLOTH to the top of the stave.

YOUNG IAN

Good, Rollo. Ye are a fine settler. Where now, Auntie?

CLAIRE

(consults the map)

A hundred yards... that way. Then we must turn towards the south again.

YOUNG IAN

We must have placed a hundred posts!

He runs off with two more staves in hand. They move on, following Ian. Claire leads CLARENCE the mule, laden with many more staves. Despite the sweat on their brows and the ache in their muscles, there's not a hint of weariness on their faces.

JAMIE

(still in awe)

This is all ours. Wondrous, is it no?

Claire quotes a well-known patriotic song:

CLAIRE

"My country, 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty, of thee I sing..."

JAMIE

A poem from yer time?

CLAIRE

A song called "America." It has the same melody as "God Save Great George Our King."

JAMIE

Are ye tellin' me that ye Americans stole it from King George and made it yer own?

A burst of patriotic pride.

CLAIRE

Indeed -- we did.

JAMIE

I heartily applaud it then. You wouldna sing it for me would ye, Sassenach? When ye sing, all proper and polite as though ye're in Church... I confess it makes me want to do indecent things wi' ye.

CLAIRE

Like what?

Jamie gives her a long look.

JAMIE

Where to begin?

CLAIRE

The beginning's always been nice.

JAMIE

I can manage that I suppose. Mebbe I'd press ye up against my --

But just then Ian's voice rings out from the distance.

YOUNG IAN (O.C.)

I've ne'er seen anything so big!

Jamie and Claire look ahead to see --

TWO MASSIVE, OLD-GROWTH BEECH TREES growing side by side, stately limbs stretching wider than anything they've seen in this country before.

JAMIE

Aye, Tryon spoke of this. They're called Witness Trees. They mark the furthest boundary of our land.

As they stand and take in the sight...

TIME CUT:

Jamie uses a KNIFE to carve "F.R." in one Witness Tree -- inside a blaze chopped into the trunk where surveyors have marked it. Stepping back to admire it...

JAMIE (CONT'D)

This will be a sign to all who pass
that they're entering Fraser's Ridge.

Young Ian notices animal SCAT around the base of the tree. It's big enough to be from a bear.

YOUNG IAN

I wonder what animal left this.
Mebbe a raccoon? Myers told me of
such creatures.

Claire stifles a laugh, as Jamie puts down his knife.

CLAIRE

It'd take a whole family of raccoons
to produce such a quantity of
droppings. But there are other
animals roaming North Carolina who
might claim it -- much more dangerous
ones.

Young Ian is rapt with attention now.

YOUNG IAN

Wolves?

CLAIRE

Certainly none as friendly as Rollo.

YOUNG IAN

Lions?

CLAIRE

Try not to look so excited. But yes.
Mountain lions. I believe they call
them panthers in these parts. And
plenty of other wild animals --
bears, though it might be getting
late in the year for them. They bed
down in winter and sleep until
spring.

Suddenly, a ripple of gooseflesh rises straight up Claire's back. It's something we've all experienced: the sense that you are being watched.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

... Jamie?

Her voice sounds peculiar when she says his name.

JAMIE

Aye?

She swallows, feeling the hair rise on her forearms.

CLAIRE

Is there... something... behind me?

Jamie stands in perfect silence. The breeze in the leaves overhead is the only sound they hear, until -- Rollo begins to growl, low and tense, fixated on the distant TREE LINE.

YOUNG IAN

What's got yer hackles up?

JAMIE

Claire...

(cool and steady)

Move behind me. And put my knife into my left hand. Then stay behind me.

Being closest to the where the knife is, she does so.

YOUNG IAN

What is it, Uncle Jamie?

JAMIE

(lowering his voice)

Just there. To the left.

Dimly visible in the treeline are FIVE CHEROKEE WARRIORS, standing still as statues, watching their every move.

YOUNG IAN

What do they want?

JAMIE

I suppose we'll find out.

Jamie starts to move toward them.

YOUNG IAN

They look like Cherokee. The ones Myers dealt with seemed friendly. I'll go with ye.

JAMIE

Ye'll no move a hair.

(MORE)

JAMIE (CONT'D)
 (then to Claire)
 Both of ye, get behind the wagon.

Jamie steps away from Claire and Ian. Calling across to the men:

JAMIE (CONT'D)
 I am James Fraser.

The men make no sign they understand Jamie. Their leader, TAWODI, 20s, stares hard at them. Every muscle in Jamie's body is tense, ready to fight, but --

The Cherokee retreat, without a sound. Only Tawodi hangs back a beat, holding Jamie's stare, before he turns to go. It's intense and eerily threatening. As Jamie returns...

CLAIRE
 If that's their form of a welcome --
 it certainly wasn't a warm one.

Jamie and Claire exchange a worried look. The Cherokee may be gone, but that encounter won't soon be forgotten.

EXT. OXFORD UNIVERSITY - DAY (D5) (1971)

Establishing.

INT. OXFORD UNIVERSITY - ROGER'S OFFICE - DAY (D5)

Lecturer in Early Modern History, ROGER WAKEFIELD, sits at his DESK in the office he shares with his colleague, PETER, early 30s. Roger stares out the window, lost in thought.

PETER
 Why is it that grandmothers seem to
 be in the habit of dying just when
 my students have essays on poetry
 of the first World War to hand in?
 And the diseases -- you'll be quite
 alarmed to know one of my students
 is, at this very moment, recovering
 from rinderpest!

Peter pauses, realizing he's lost his sympathetic ear.

PETER (CONT'D)
 Rinderpest, Roger. German cattle
 plague eradicated in the 1920s.

Roger manages a small smile.

ROGER

Sorry, Peter. I'm a bit
distracted. And busy.

Peter looks at Roger's desk: a few papers, a few books. He begins to pack up his things for the night.

PETER

Well, old chap, when you foresee an
opening in that chaotic diary of
yours, you'll join us for a scotch
and a smoke, I hope. Like old times?

Roger forces an agreeable smile, but the minute Peter leaves, his smile fades.

From the stack on his desk, he pulls out the BOOK Brianna gave him at the festival, "A Home from Home: Scottish Settlers in Colonial America." He slides the PENCIL PORTRAIT of him and Brianna out from between its pages.

It still hurts to look at. He misses her that much. He sets the portrait down with a sigh. Just as he's about to close the book, a PHOTOGRAPH of GRANDFATHER MOUNTAIN (aka Mount Helicon) catches his eye. He skims the BLURB below it...

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - VARIOUS (1768)

SERIES OF SHOTS as Jamie, Claire and Ian throw their energy into CLEARING A SMALL PATCH OF LAND:

- Jamie swings an AXE, over and over, chipping away at a TREE TRUNK.
- Claire and Ian HAUL away brush, branches and rocks. Ian finds a CHEROKEE ARROWHEAD in the dirt, an ominous reminder of their encounter the day before.
- Claire and Jamie lay rough-hewn tree limbs onto the lean-to shelter. They pack moss between the limbs...
- Jamie gives two more good SWINGS of his axe, then...
- An UPRIGHT TREETOP slowly tips to one side -- until with a great CRACK, it TOPPLES toward the forest floor.
- Jamie, Claire and Ian, standing a safe distance away, watch as a CUT DOWN TREE falls to the ground before them.
- Clarence pulls against ropes; guided by Claire, the mule pulls up a TREE STUMP from a tree they've felled.

REVEAL: A CLEARING has started to form where the trees once stood. Over this, we HEAR Roger reading from the book:

ROGER (PRE-LAP)
 "Mount Helicon, now known as Grandfather Mountain, settled in the 1770s by Highland Scots... One nearby settlement, called Fraser's Ridge provides yet another example of a Scottish name in the surrounding area..."

Finished with their backbreaking labor, Jamie, Claire and Ian stand back to proudly survey the spot of their future cabin.

BACK TO:

INT. OXFORD UNIVERSITY - ROGER'S OFFICE - DAY (D5) (171)

Roger stops reading, struck by this particular detail.

ROGER
 Fraser's Ridge...

He flips to the inside cover to check out the AUTHOR'S BIO.

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - CABIN AREA - DAY (D8) (1768)

On the plot of cleared land, a lean-to shelter has been built of rough-hewn tree limbs, sod and moss. A pitched roof over a humble living space will serve as a temporary home until the cabin is built.

Nearby, Jamie is sinking a post into the ground. Three other posts mark the corners of what will be a good sized cabin.

CLAIRE
 Is that a cabin I see before me?

Jamie looks up from his work as Claire approaches.

JAMIE
 It will be, aye.
 (glancing at the lean-to)
 Unless ye'd like to live under moss
 and grass the rest of yer days.

She puts her arms around his waist.

CLAIRE
 Is this the front or the back?

JAMIE

The front, of course, facing south
to catch the winter's sun.

CLAIRE

And what's that over there?

She indicates another set of posts, out in back of the
cabin.

JAMIE

A wee shed for meat. We'll dig a
shallow pit at the back and fill it
wi' embers, to smoke what we can.
Then we'll make a rack for drying.
Myers calls it "jerked" meat.

CLAIRE

They called it jerky in Boston and
it's delicious.

Jamie points to a BUNDLE hanging from ROPE on a high branch
of a nearby TREE.

JAMIE

Ian has tied our stores up. What
meat we have will be kept up there,
away from animals, until the shed
is built.

Claire notices a few posts marking another small area.

CLAIRE

What will this be?

JAMIE

That, Sassenach, is your shed. For
your wee herbs and physician's
knives and such. Mebbe, when we've
settlers, ye can bring patients
here, if ye wish.

CLAIRE

You've thought of everything.

Jamie notes with disapproval that one of the poles on the
meat shed is crooked.

JAMIE

Look there. The pole is crooked
and the shed will be too if I don't
mend it.

CLAIRE

I don't imagine the deer carcasses
will mind.

Jamie shoots her a look of mild shock that she'd think he could just leave it crooked.

Suddenly, the sound of GALLOPING HORSES turns their heads. Young Ian and Rollo come charging out of the woods...

YOUNG IAN

Uncle Jamie! They've returned!

And hot on their heels comes Tawodi and FOUR CHEROKEE HORSEMEN. They thunder in on horses adorned with bells and feathers, WEAPONS strapped to their backs, calling out to each other in words Jamie, Claire, and Ian can't understand.

JAMIE

Stay close to me --

YOUNG IAN

The rifles are at the wagon --

JAMIE

It's too far --

Jamie's hand reaches for a nearby AXE, fingers curling around the handle, ready to hurl it...

The Cherokee drive their horses faster, bearing down, until -- Tawodi and another horseman veer left -- the other horsemen veer right. The horses surround them, stomping, rearing, lunging forward and back threateningly.

Claire can't tell if she's shaking from fear or if the very ground beneath her feet is quaking.

The Cherokee glare down at them with menace, drawing their circle tighter, cutting off any chance of escape.

Tawodi's horse rears -- Jamie raises the axe -- before he can throw it, Tawodi hurls something down at Jamie's feet.

It's a PROPERTY STAVE, stuck into the earth like a javelin.

One by one, the horsemen begin throwing other staves to the ground around Jamie, Claire, and Ian. Tawodi focuses on Jamie, his tone matching his glare:

TAWODI
 Everyone you-all-go-away!
 Now! This is not your home.
 For a long time the Cherokee
 people live on this land.
 You all go away!

TAWODI C
 Nigada witsena! Nogwo! Hia
 gesdi yi ditsiwenvsv! Gohidi
 AniTsalagi gadohi aneho'i.
 Witsena!

Lightened of their load, Tawodi signals to the horsemen.
 They break off and gallop back into the woods, SHOUTING and
 CALLING to each other as they go.

OFF Jamie, Claire and Ian breathless with adrenaline.

INT. OXFORD UNIVERSITY - ROGER'S OFFICE - DAY (D6) (1971)

A MANILA ENVELOPE, post-marked from a Boone, North Carolina
 address, spills a sheaf of papers onto Roger's desk.

REVEAL... Roger sorting through the documents. He finds the
 one he's looking for and studies it for a beat. He can't
 believe what he sees.

ROGER
 My God.

He picks up the phone and dials. He holds it to his ear, a
 ball of nerves, waiting for the Transatlantic connection to
 go through.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BRIANNA'S APARTMENT - DEN - DAY (D6)

MORNING. A TELEPHONE is ringing. BRIANNA, already dressed,
 comes in from her bedroom, and answers the phone:

BRIANNA
 Hello?

ROGER (O.C.)
 Brianna?

She perks up.

BRIANNA
 Roger?

Brianna's roommate, GAYLE, early 20s, appears too now,
 dressed for the day, her French bulldog trotting behind her.

GAYLE
 Who is it?

ROGER

Is it too early? Did I wake ye?

BRIANNA

No, not at all... I'm up. Gayle
and I are going to a rally on the
Common.

Brianna is wearing a pin-back button with a 1970s political slogan, "War is not healthy for children and other living things."

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

(for Gayle's benefit)

Roger.

Gayle's eyes go wide as she mouths, "Roger?!" But Brianna waves her out of the room for privacy. Gayle picks up her French bulldog and heads back to her room.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

How... are you? Is everything okay?

ROGER

Yes, yes... I'm well. And you?

BRIANNA

I'm good. Just busy... with school
and all... but I was just thinking
about you...

ROGER

(not what he expected)

You were?

Brianna is clearly happy to hear from him. In her heart, she's hoping for a reconciliation, but is afraid to say anything lest he reads too much into what she's saying.

BRIANNA

Yeah, just... wondering if you had
a nice holiday...

ROGER

Actually it's next week, but it's
not really a holiday. I'm heading
up to Inverness to get the last few
boxes from the house. Fiona's been
kind enough to store them for me.

Roger grips the phone. So many things he wants to say, but they'll have to wait, because...

ROGER (CONT'D)

I -- Brianna -- I have some news
about your mother.

That's the last thing Brianna expected to hear.

BRIANNA

My mother?

ROGER

Remember that book ye gave me at
the Festival? I was flipping
through it... and... there was a
line. A single mention, really,
about a place called Fraser's
Ridge... So I wrote to the author
to find out more.

BRIANNA

And?

ROGER

Claire found Jamie.

Brianna lets that wash over her. Stunned into silence.

ROGER (CONT'D)

They were reunited. They lived in
North Carolina, from about 1768, at a
settlement called Fraser's Ridge.
It's not far from Mount Helicon --
which is now called Grandfather
Mountain.

BRIANNA

The place where the festival was
held?

ROGER

Aye. The same mountain range.

BRIANNA

So they were early Americans?

She marvels at that new reality. One she'd never considered.
Her face breaks into a smile of pure joy.

ROGER

I have here in front of me a land
grant showing Jamie received ten
thousand acres from the Governor of
North Carolina.

BRIANNA
Ten thousand acres?!

ROGER
And there's a letter -- from a woman to her family in England that mentions a James Fraser and, quote, "his wife Claire, a healer."

Brianna is near tears.

ROGER (CONT'D)
Bree? Are you there.

BRIANNA
I'm here. I just -- Roger... I can't tell you what this means to me. Just to know for sure that she made it back to him.

ROGER
She did.

BRIANNA
Thank you... Thank you for looking. Despite everything that's happened...

Roger flinches, not wanting to go down that road.

ROGER
Of course.

An awkward beat. Both waiting for the other to talk.

ROGER (CONT'D)
Well... I have essays to mark. Goodbye, Brianna.

BRIANNA
Goodbye.

ON both of them as they hang up... Brianna stares at the phone for a long beat, and Roger holding the piece of paper which was his connection to her...

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - LEAN-TO - NIGHT (N8) (1768)

Smoke rises from the lean-to's chimney hole. A small pen nearby holds Clarence, and in another smaller one, the baby piglet.

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - LEAN-TO - NIGHT (N8)

Ian and Rollo are bedded down, restless, but sleeping. Jamie and Claire sit by the fire, unable to sleep.

CLAIRE

We could build somewhere else. We do have ten thousand acres.

JAMIE

This is the place. Close to the stream, where the earth is tillable and we're sheltered from the east wind.

CLAIRE

But perhaps if we moved further from our shared border --

JAMIE

Something so small as a line on a map didna stop them today. If they mean to be rid of us, they'll come for us anywhere we settle on this ridge. And from what ye've told me, there're Indians on all these lands, so wherever we settle, we'll have the same problem.

CLAIRE

Remember the skull I showed you -- the Indian I saw? I thought perhaps he was the one who led us back together, who guided us to this place. But what if it was a warning?

She leans against him, needing his arms around her.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

He's someone like me, remember. Someone who knows the future. Someone who may know what happens here.

JAMIE

Ghost or no, Sassenach, I canna tell ye what it is for me to feel the rightness of this place. 'Twas not only him who brought us here. The mountain spoke to me.

(MORE)

JAMIE (CONT'D)

(then)

The trouble is, if I canna speak wi' this tribe, how can I tell them I mean to honor the boundary lines, and be a considerate neighbor?

(beat, thinking)

It would be wise to extend a gesture of goodwill. I'll speak with John Quincy Myers in the morning.

The glow of the fire is warm on their faces, but Claire can't help but notice it casts ominous shadows just outside.

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - LEAN-TO - LATER - NIGHT (N8)

The fire is down to embers. All is still and peaceful, until -- a series of SHARP BARKS awakens Young Ian.

YOUNG IAN

Rollo?

The dog is gone. The barking becomes frenzied, joined by the sound of SNAPPING WOOD and CRASHING SUPPLIES outside. Jamie and Claire bolt awake.

JAMIE

The Cherokee.

As the destructive noises continue, they hurry to put on boots and coats. Jamie grabs his PENNSYLVANIA RIFLE, Ian reaches for his MUSKET. Claire grabs an AXE. They all rush outside

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - CABIN AREA - NIGHT (N8)

Everyone charges up to the cabin area, including Rollo.

YOUNG IAN

Where are they, Rollo?

Jamie swings his rifle, finding the area clear. No Cherokee. No horses. No more sounds.

CLAIRE

Jamie...

All around them, the cabin and shed posts have been pulled up or broken. Their wagon supplies tossed and scattered.

Ian spots the high branch of the tree and the dangling end of the rope, lightened of the bundle of meat it held earlier.

YOUNG IAN

They took our meat. They mean for us to starve.

Suddenly they hear something -- stomping, huffing, snapping branches. Someone's coming out of the woods! Jamie trains his rifle -- waiting. A tense moment. Then -- an eerie sight -- a large hulking creature stumbles from the dark, misty forest...

It's a HORSE. Are Indians behind it? But none come. Ian recognizes the horse.

YOUNG IAN (CONT'D)

It's Finley!

His horse -- and it's stumbling, injured. Ian goes up to it, to calm it, and they see a shocking and bloody FOUR-CLAWED GASH across its ribs.

YOUNG IAN (CONT'D)

Uncle, look...

Claire realizes:

CLAIRE

This wasn't the Cherokee. This was... a bear.

OFF their collective realization they now have problems with more than one "neighbor."

EXT. HUNTER'S TENT - DAY (D9)

JOHN QUINCY MYERS peels dried MEAT from a DRYING RACK while Jamie helps him hang fresh meat on another RACK.

MYERS

A bear a-roaming, eh? A fearful sight to behold if ever I saw one.

JAMIE

It's doing more than roaming -- it nearly cost me a horse.

MYERS

Come to think of it, the Cherokee did tell me they'd been visited by a Tskili Yona.

JAMIE

Tskili --

MYERS

Tskili Yona. "Yona" is their word for bear. But "Tskili" -- I'm less familiar with... I gather it conjures the notion of "wickedness" or "evil." An evil spirit in the form of a bear, by my reckoning.

JAMIE

They believe it is a monster?

MYERS

They certainly believe it is something more than a mere bear.

Myers nods to the strips of meat.

MYERS (CONT'D)

You'll take those back to your camp since you lost your provisions --

JAMIE

I didna come for charity. I came for counsel.

MYERS

And I'll give you some: without food in your bellies, your minds will be empty too.

Myers hands Jamie a strip of jerky to try.

JAMIE

Claire tells me it's verra tasty.

Jamie takes a mouthful. It's good.

MYERS

You'll come by food again soon enough. Threats from Cherokee however... that's a matter as requires more thought. By returning your boundary posts to you yesterday, I'm a-fearing they've given you a message.

JAMIE

They didna get all of them at least.
(MORE)

JAMIE (CONT'D)

(then)

I hoped we could make them an offering. But I dinna ken what, exactly.

MYERS

Tobacco is always welcomed. And you're in luck, I obtained a goodly amount from your aunt. I'll be happy to oblige you with a portion of it.

He gestures to bundles of TOBACCO LEAVES.

JAMIE

I'll accept only if ye allow me to repay ye. I shall take it to them at once. But I dinna ken their customs.

MYERS

They'll probably know you're there, but it's good manners to call out to let them know anyway. When you do enter, if you want to greet them with respect, say "Siyo ginali."

JAMIE

(trying it out)
Siyo ginali.

MYERS

But the Cherokee are restless now. I'm known to them. It's best if I take the tobacco to them on your behalf.

JAMIE

Thank you, John.

Myers begins to stuff the tobacco bundles into a pack.

MYERS

Truth be told, that bear's coming may have been a stroke of fortune. I'd put off building your cabin until this matter is resolved.

(beat)

The Cherokee gave you a warning; next time they may not be so courteous.

OFF Jamie, grateful for the help, but frustrated that his best move right now, is making no moves at all.

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - CABIN AREA - DAY (D9)

Claire cleans TROUT with a knife while Young Ian mends a fishing net.

YOUNG IAN

Uncle Jamie will be pleased --
we've had a good catch -- apart from
the leviathan that tore through our
net.

CLAIRE

Have you mended it yet?

YOUNG IAN

Aye, almost.

CLAIRE

You've a fine hand for it.

YOUNG IAN

Well, it's akin to knitting. Ma
taught me well. Ye've to be wary
of yer stitches -- if they're too
close together ye'll soon run out
of yarn; too far apart and ye're
walking round with holes where ye
dinna want them.

CLAIRE

I never learned how to knit.

Young Ian's face registers his surprise.

YOUNG IAN

That canna be. Everyone kens how
to clickit.

CLAIRE

I can stitch a dress or a wound.
But knitting is not something I was
ever taught.

YOUNG IAN

And what did ye do for yer winter
stockings in Boston then?

CLAIRE

Bought them.

YOUNG IAN

Since I dinna see any shops about,
I suppose ye'd best learn, aye?

CLAIRE

I suppose so.

YOUNG IAN

Everyone at Lallybroch knits from the time they can hold a needle.

CLAIRE

Even Jamie?

YOUNG IAN

Aye, Uncle Jamie knitted me a fine pair of stockings for my baptism.

Claire smiles. The thought of Jamie knitting baby stockings melts her heart.

YOUNG IAN (CONT'D)

I'd be happy to teach ye, Auntie. When I get my hands on a skein of wool, I'll have ye knitting in no time at all.

CLAIRE

At the moment, I'd better get to cooking our fish.

YOUNG IAN

I'll look in on Finley and tend his wounds as ye showed me.

He starts to leave... but holds back.

YOUNG IAN (CONT'D)

Do ye suppose the bear might still be roaming about?

CLAIRE

With any luck, he's gone back to sleep. But be careful just the same.

YOUNG IAN

You, too. Come, Rollo.

Ian and Rollo leave. Claire starts to prepare the fish. She looks around at the surrounding woods; knowing there's a bear out there automatically makes them spooky. OFF

CLAIRE --

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - CABIN AREA - LATER - DAY (D9)

A small log sits upright on a stump near the woodpile. Suddenly -- a GUNSHOT cracks the silence and the log falls off the stump (but doesn't break apart). REVEAL --

Claire aiming a Pennsylvania Rifle, muzzle smoking.

JAMIE (O.C.)

A shame we canna eat wood or we'd have our supper.

She turns to see Jamie arriving. He's impressed.

CLAIRE

Fortunately, we have plenty of trout.

JAMIE

(re: the rifle)

There's easier ways of fishing, ye ken?

CLAIRE

Well, with that bear around, I thought I'd see if I remembered how to shoot.

JAMIE

Seems ye havena forgotten much.

He puts the log back up on the stump, then takes the rifle from her...

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Though, I dinna think ye packed yer powder well enough.

She watches him pull the hammer back to half-cock, prime the pan, then close it. Placing the rifle on the ground, barrel to the sky, he pours the remaining powder into the muzzle...

CLAIRE

I've always marveled the way soldiers could do that in the heat of battle.

JAMIE

Aye, it's one thing to load when ye have all time in the world...

JAMIE (CONT'D)

But when the enemy's charging at ye it's another matter...

He sites the same log.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
 ...entirely.

FIRES -- and the log EXPLODES, splintering into a thousand pieces.

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - LEAN-TO - NIGHT (N9)

Silence. The lean-to at night.

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - LEAN-TO - NIGHT (N9)

Inside, Jamie, Claire, Young Ian and Rollo sleep as...

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - CABIN AREA - NIGHT (N9)

...the dark SHAPE of a bear moves through the woods.

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - LEAN-TO - NIGHT (N9)

They sleep. Suddenly -- ROAR! It's the bear -- and it's close! Young Ian bolts up. Rollo charges outside in the direction of the roar --

YOUNG IAN
 Uncle Jamie!

But Jamie is already out of bed, on his feet in an instant, having slept in his boots and waistcoat. Claire is up a half second after him. ROAR! ROAR!

Jamie grabs his RIFLE, Claire grabs the PISTOL and a TORCH. They dash out with Ian...

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - CABIN AREA - NIGHT (N9)

Jamie searches... rifle trained. Claire holds the torch. Ian comes in behind them, rifle ready.

YOUNG IAN
 I don't see it --

The three of them look in every direction, into every shadow.

YOUNG IAN (CONT'D)
 Mebbe we scared it away?

They hear a LOW MOAN. They turn. Rollo barks furiously.

YOUNG IAN (CONT'D)
Rollo, what have ye got?

Another MOAN becomes a distinctly HUMAN CRY.

CLAIRE
That's human.

She dashes after Rollo...

Jamie and Ian follow her to where she finds -- MYERS! He's bloody and critically wounded, collapsed on the ground.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Myers.

YOUNG IAN
What's he doing here?

She drops to his side.

CLAIRE
Lie still.

She begins to examine him, opening his coat to see his shirt slashed and a bloody FOUR-CLAWED GASH across his chest.

YOUNG IAN
The bear --

JAMIE
He's been mauled.

CLAIRE
Ian, I need water and rags. Have a look in his pack.

Young Ian runs for Myers's PACK and begins digging for supplies.

Jamie kneels down and takes his friend's hand as Claire tears Myers's shirt open to reveal his wound. Myers GROANS. He struggles to find his voice. He has something to say and he needs to get it out right now.

MYERS
... Tskili... Yona...

The terror in his eyes is frightening to behold. It's as though he now believes the myth. Myers is breathing rapidly, panicking, sweaty, in shock. Ian returns to Claire with water and a thin blanket.

CLAIRE

Tear that up into strips, Ian.

He does as he's told. Claire works quickly, using the remains of Myers's shirt and strips from the blanket to staunch the bleeding. Ian now holds the torch.

YOUNG IAN

He looks so pale.

CLAIRE

He's losing blood. We have to get him to the shelter. I need my medical kit.

As they start to move Myers --

OMITTED (MOVED TO SCENE A24)

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - LEAN-TO - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT (N9)

Myers is laid on the floor of the lean-to, his face pale white. He's stammering, confused. Jamie and Ian look on, worried, as Claire examines Myers for injuries. In addition to the four-clawed slash, there are other nicks and cuts -- and three ugly PUNCTURE WOUNDS and torn tissue below his sternum. The punctures are bleeding.

CLAIRE

He has severe muscle damage. Ian -- hold this.

She has Ian hold the rags to the puncture wounds. Claire checks Myers's pulse at his neck and wrist simultaneously.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Pulse is weak... he's bleeding out.

Just then -- a ROAR echoes again from outside. Jamie stands. Without ever taking her eyes off her work...

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Where are you going?

JAMIE

It's still close.

Jamie grabs his rifle. Looks outside, scanning the woods.

CLAIRE

You'll get yourself killed.

She momentarily removes the rag Ian is holding. As fast as she wipes Myers's blood away, more appears. She reapplies it. Jamie grabs another torch.

JAMIE

If I don't go after it, it will come back --

YOUNG IAN

I'll go with ye --

JAMIE

Ye'll stay with yer auntie and help her. D'ye understand?

YOUNG IAN

Aye.

Claire finally looks up, locking eyes with Jamie. He gives her one last nod, then leaves as she returns her attention to Myers. OFF Myers's wan face bathed in fire light...

EXT. WOODS - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT (N9)

Armed with his torch in one hand and his rifle in the other, Jamie runs through the woods. He pauses, unsure which direction the bear has gone. Then he hears another ROAR. He tuns in the direction of the sound and follows.

EXT. CHEROKEE VILLAGE - NIGHT (N9)

TORCHES move through the woods as Tawodi and his men approach their COUNCIL HOUSE. A thin plume of smoke curls from the chimney. The door opens, throwing the warm glow of firelight into the night. Tawodi and his men enter...

INT. CHEROKEE COUNCIL HOUSE - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT (N9)

A SACRED FIRE burns on a CLAY ALTAR. Seated at the altar is the village shaman, ADAWEHI, late 70s. She wears a KNIFE SHEATH around her neck. Beside her sits her grandson, CHIEF NAWOHALI, 40s, and his wife, GIDUHWA, 30s.

Adawehi smokes, deep in thought as the men take a seat. She adds tobacco to the fire, sprinkling it from above the flames, causing sparks to rise up.

ADAWEHI

Tskili Yona is our responsibility. We pray to be rid of Tskili Yona. We pray for Tskili Yona to leave and never return. Let us make it so.

ADAWEHI C

**Tskili Yona otsadudalv.
Tskili Yona hwena,
otsadadolisdiha. Tskili Yona
hwigatesdi nole nigesvvnv
ihilugi, otsadadolisdiha
Winigalsda.**

Adawehi inhales deeply and blows a plume of smoke. A thrum of nervous tension runs through the council house as they wait for their prayers to be answered.

She stands and begins to sing out an IGAWESDI. (The Cherokee word for "To say one," Igawesdi is a word or phrase spoken or sung four times. Sometimes the Igawesdi is accompanied by an action, IGVNEDHI, to assist the thought.)

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT (N9)

Jamie continues to pursue the bear -- horrible growling SOUNDS coming from the darkness.

Entering an area of fallen trees, he realizes he's moved beyond familiar terrain into a part of the woods he's less sure of. He hears a noise -- a growl, a huff -- close this time. Through the darkness, he sees SUDDEN MOVEMENT behind a fallen tree -- the dark shape of a large loping creature.

Jamie drops his torch to the wet earth and trains his loaded rifle -- but the bear is gone. Jamie spins in the direction it was moving, anticipating where it will reappear... but it doesn't. He searches, hearing the sounds it makes, closer now, behind a different fallen tree. He sets the rifle's hair trigger.

JAMIE'S POV --

Scanning the perimeter -- there it is again, fur moving behind the fallen trees, here and then gone. No shot.

REVERSE POV --

From behind the fallen trees, looking through branches. It's the bear's POV of Jamie -- giving us the sinking feeling that the hunter has become the hunted.

Jamie wipes sweat from his brow and trains the rifle again, looking, scanning, hearing those eerie noises. The bear is getting closer. It sounds crazy. Another flash of fur -- and Jamie fires. Missed. Fuck.

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - LEAN-TO - NIGHT (N9)

Myers appears to be fading fast. Ian holds the rags to the puncture wounds while Claire drums her fingers percussively on Myers's torso -- thump, thump, thump...

YOUNG IAN

What are ye doing?

CLAIRE

Checking for internal bleeding and to see if the bear has punctured his heart or lungs.

YOUNG IAN

And if it has, what can ye do?

CLAIRE

(unfortunately...)

Nothing.

(satisfied)

But it hasn't. He has normal resonance and chest movement: no blood or air trapped inside him. Hand me my bag -- I need to repair the tissue and stitch him up.

Myers's eyes are glassy and unfocused. His head lolls. Claire is alarmed as she notices something.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

He's been bitten...

On Myers's neck, just visible under his beard, is a RED BITE MARK. Claire looks, frowns -- something isn't right.

YOUNG IAN

What is it, Auntie?

She examines it more closely, only two inches apart with close-set flat teeth marks, rather than a bear's savagely gaping maw. She realizes:

CLAIRE

This wasn't a bear.

OFF Claire, fearing for Jamie even more than before as she gets back to work on Myers --

OMITTED (MOVED INTO SCENE 28)

OMITTED (MOVED INTO SCENE 27)

EXT. WOODS - CLEARING - NIGHT (N9)

TSKILI YONA POV -- the bear watches Jamie from the shadows as Jamie desperately works to reload his rifle.

BACK TO JAMIE -- he hears the snapping of branches and looks up. The bear is closing the distance between them.

Jamie primes the pan...

The dark BEAR SHAPE gets closer, still obscured by the fallen trees. Jamie pours powder down the muzzle of his rifle, but will he get it loaded in time...?

Running, the bear suddenly rises onto its hind legs and --

Jamie finishes reloading. He aims at the bear, only --

It's not a bear.

The TSKILI YONA, the evil bear Myers spoke of, is in fact a BEAR SKIN and SKULL worn by a TERRIFYING CHEROKEE MAN -- face PAINTED BLACK, EYES BLOODSHOT. One hand is literally inside the bear's front paw, complete with four deadly claws. It's an eerie, incongruous and terrifying sight.

He's still running at Jamie. But Jamie is shocked -- and in that split second of hesitation -- the beast attacks. Jamie FIRES wide and misses -- the bear knocks the rifle away.

The rifle goes flying.

A fight ensues. The Tskili Yona slashes at Jamie with his claw -- Jamie raises his arms to protect himself.

The Tskili Yona sneers, growls -- a horrible sound to hear coming out of a human being, convincingly like a bear. This is a mad human being who believes he is possessed by a bear's spirit. He fights like a bear -- fueled by his delusions.

Jamie gives as good as he gets -- the fight is intense and violent -- close combat between two equally matched foes. Wrestling, punching, choking, all of it INTERCUT WITH --

INT. CHEROKEE COUNCIL HOUSE - NIGHT (N9)

The SACRED FIRE burns on the CLAY ALTAR. Adawehi continues to smoke and to speak the Igawesdi and perform the Igvnedhi. Tawodi and his men begin to beat on WATER DRUMS and shake RATTLES made of gourds, as --

OMITTED

OMITTED

OMITTED

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT (N9)

The fight continues. Body blows and face mashing. Clawing, grabbing -- life or death stuff. Jamie's doing well for himself and gets the upper hand -- until --

Tskili Yona draws a KNIFE from a hidden sheath and swipes it at Jamie. Jamie jumps back, out of the way. Dirty trick that. When Tskili Yona swipes again, Jamie grabs his wrist and slams it on a tree trunk. The knife falls. But --

Tskili Yona grabs Jamie hard by the neck. Jamie roars in pain and trips backward over a log, hitting his head hard.

Tskili Yona pins Jamie to the ground, his mouth lowering toward Jamie's throat, snapping as he makes a bear-like GROWL. Drool drips from his lips.

Jamie is almost too exhausted to continue. The beast's drooling mouth is getting closer to his neck.

But it's then that Jamie sees something --

JAMIE'S POV --

The fight has brought them close to the huge distinctive WITNESS TREES from earlier, when Jamie was staking out the borders of his land. He sees the F.R. carved into one of them and suddenly he knows where he is -- and how he can win.

With the last of his strength, he shoves Tskili Yona back, breaks loose one last time -- and races toward the tree.

Tskili Yona charges behind him -- gaining on him --

Jamie yanks something out of the ground -- A PROPERTY STAVE. The Cherokee didn't get this one! He swivels around in time to catch Tskili Yona sprinting toward him FAST on two legs. He's close! It seems Jamie is a goner. He falls onto his back and THRUSTS THE STAVE OUT -- DRIVING THE SHARP END INTO TSKILI YONA'S STOMACH -- IMPALING HIM.

THE DRUMMING STOPS AS --

Shock and anger washes over Tskili Yona's face before he crumples to the ground, his life seeping into the soil of Fraser's Ridge. The SCRAP OF CLOTH attached to the end of the stave flutters in the moonlight.

Jamie watches until he's sure the man in the bear skin is truly dead... and then he collapses from the effort.

EXT. WOODS - DAY (D10)

DAWN. Bird song is in the air. An exhausted, injured Jamie trudges through the forest, dragging his dead adversary behind him on an improvised LITTER, bear skin still on...

EXT. CHEROKEE VILLAGE - COUNCIL HOUSE - DAY (D10)

Jamie approaches the village, dragging Tskili Yona. He gives THREE SHARP YELLS, just as Myers had instructed him.

Alerted by the sound, Tawodi and Nawohali come out of the Council House to see Jamie with the body of Tskili Yona. Jamie sees them and quickly assesses that Nawohali is their leader. Then greets him:

JAMIE

Siyo ginali.

The men gather with Tawodi and their Chief, ready for a face-off, but understanding Jamie's greeting, they ascertain that the white man is not a threat at this moment.

Jamie stumbles the last few steps and unceremoniously dumps his burden on the ground. The bear skin falls open, revealing the dead man.

Jamie looks around at the faces. Have they understood? Nawohali looks to Tawodi, who steps forward, surprising Jamie when he speaks in English (which many Native Americans in North Carolina did).

TAWODI

You killed him?

Jamie looks at their faces, realizing that admitting as much could mean his swift and immediate death. Nonetheless --

JAMIE

I did.

TAWODI

(to Nawohali)

Tskili Yona.

JAMIE

He's just a man. No a monster.

TAWODI

Sometimes man is monster.

Jamie knows the truth of that better than most. But Tawodi's meaning is not yet clear...

JAMIE

You knew? That he was a man?

TAWODI

(nods)

Yes. He lived among us. He was once a great warrior.

JAMIE

I dinna understand...

TAWODI

He harmed his woman -- one year ago. He lay with her, against her wishes. That is not our way. So we banished him. To live alone in the woods with no people. He would not accept this and returned to us again and again, but we would not see him.

Tawodi makes a gesture, indicating that the Native became invisible to them.

TAWODI (CONT'D)

So he went deep into the woods and his mind was lost forever. He took the form of a bear. He became Tskili. He came to us again this year, destroying shelters, stealing food... but we could not take his life. He was already to dead to us.

(then)

Now... there will be no more trouble from him.

JAMIE

And from you? Will there be trouble -- for me? For my family?

Tawodi sizes Jamie up.

TAWODI

Death follows white men like the Great Spirit follows AniYunwiya.

In this moment, Jamie begins to understand. All men have the capacity for evil, but in this New World, it is white men who spark to it easily and most often.

JAMIE

I am not Tskili. My family and I wish to live in peace. I give ye my word.

Tawodi and his men look to their Chief. Nawohali watches Jamie, measuring his words and gesture, but revealing nothing of what he thinks.

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - DAY (D11)

A FEW DAYS LATER. ON John Quincy Myers, bandages around his mid-section, as Ian helps him take a short walk near the lean-to as Claire and Jamie look on.

CLAIRE

It's important to walk a bit every day to keep up your strength.

MYERS

I'll do whatever you say, Mistress, I owe you my life.

Young Ian leans in.

YOUNG IAN

(welcome to the club)
We all do.

It's true. Claire has -- in one way or another -- saved each man's life.

MYERS

I didn't wish you to be digging a burying ground before building your cabin.

Ian smiles. Myers's wry sense of humor is one of the things which makes him so likeable. Jamie chimes in:

JAMIE

Ye're welcome to remain wi' us until ye're well.

A flash of movement in the nearby trees draws their eye. Nawohali, Giduhwa, Tawodi, and Adawehi have appeared, silent as ghosts. Jamie puts a protective arm around Claire as the Natives approach.

TAWODI
Our chief, Nawohali.

Nawohali studies his new white neighbors. (As he speaks, Tawodi will translate.)

NAWOHALI
(in Cherokee)
We pray no more blood is spilled
between us.

TAWODI
He prays that no more blood is
spilled between us.

JAMIE
That is our wish as well.

TAWODI
(in Cherokee)
The settlers wish for peace as
well.

NAWOHALI
Yona dihi.

CLAIRE
"Yona dihi?"

The Chief nods toward Jamie --

NAWOHALI
(in Cherokee)
That is how you will be known to my
people.

TAWODI
(to Jamie)
It means "Bear Killer." That is
how you will be known to our
people.

YOUNG IAN
Bear Killer...

Uncle Jamie has had many aliases over the years, but this might be the coolest. As the men continue talking --

ON THE WOMEN now, as Adawehi, still wearing her knife sheath, takes a step closer to Claire, looking her up and down with intense fascination. Giduhwa introduces her.

GIDUHWA

I'm Giduhwa. This is my husband's
grandmother, Adawehi.

Claire smiles, trying for an introduction with the old
woman.

CLAIRE

I'm Claire.

Adawehi nods in greeting, then whispers something to
Giduhwa.

GIDUHWA

She had a dream about you.

CLAIRE

Me?

ADAWEHI

On the night of the full
moon, two moons ago.

ADAWEHI C

**Kali nvdo, tali nvdo
tsigesv.**

Claire looks to Giduhwa. As Adawehi speaks in Cherokee,
Giduhwa translates...

ADAWEHI

The moon was in the water.
You became a white raven.
You flew over the water.
And swallowed the moon.

ADAWEHI C

**Nvdo synoyi ehi ama hawini.
Unega kolanv nihalsdisge'i.
Ama galvladi halawidisge'i.
Nole nvdo hikisge'i.**

GIDUHWA

The moon was in the water. You
became a white raven; you flew over
the water and swallowed the moon.

Claire looks to Jamie, wondering what this all means...

ADAWEHI

The white raven laid an egg
here.

(opening her hand)

When it opened there was a
shining stone inside. The
stone could heal sickness.

ADAWEHI C

**Hani kolanv unega uweti
ahiyisge'i.**

(opening her hand)

**Nvya talugisge'i yi
atsa'isge'i. Na nvya osda
nvwoti.**

GIDUHWA

The white raven flew back, and laid
an egg in the palm of her hand. The
egg split open, and there was a
shining stone inside. She knew this
was great magic, that the stone
could heal sickness.

Something dawns on Claire...

CLAIRE
She's a healer?

GIDUHWA
Yes. A very powerful healer.

Adawehi whispers something to Giduhwa, whose expression darkens, weighing her words.

GIDUHWA (CONT'D)
My husband's grandmother says --
you have medicine now, but you will
have more. When your hair is white
like hers, that is when you will
find your full power.

Claire takes this in. Adawehi leans to Giduhwa once more and whispers. Giduhwa relays to Claire:

GIDUHWA (CONT'D)
You must not be troubled. Death is
sent from the gods. It will not be
your fault.

Claire takes a step back. Stunned.

CLAIRE
I'm not sure I understand her.

But Adawehi doesn't answer. She stares at Claire, a hint of sadness in her eyes. OFF Claire, unsettled.

OMITTED (MOVED TO SCENE A38)

INT. WAKEFIELD HOUSE - DAY (D7) (1971)

FIONA BUCHAN née GRAHAM is putting up MOD DRAPES, fixing up her new home when someone comes around the corner -- Roger.

ROGER
I think this is the last of them.
Thanks for storing them for me.

Fiona beams as Roger takes in the half-finished wall-paper.

FIONA
What do you think?

ROGER
 (it's a travesty)
 It's very... colorful.

He hates seeing his childhood home changed but spares her feelings. Fiona senses his mood. It's clear he's in the doldrums about Brianna and needs someone to talk to.

FIONA
 So. Have you spoken to her?

ROGER
 For all of five minutes a week ago.

He sets the box down so they can talk.

FIONA
 It's a start. First time since...?

ROGER
 Since my proposal. Aye.

FIONA
 And? How did it go?

ROGER
 Fine. Though I'm not sure if she was happy to hear from me or if it was the news I'd found. That her mother... erm...
 (covering)
 ...took a trip and found a lost love of hers.

FIONA
 Ye mean... when she went back in time to find Jamie Fraser?

Roger freezes. Fiona laughs.

ROGER
 Back in...? What do you mean...?

FIONA
 These walls are no as thick as you think.
 (smiles mysteriously)
 I heard ye in the study with Claire and Brianna, speaking of the legendary Highlander. Grannie was a caller at the stones. She led the dances. I ken all the stories of people disappearing.

ROGER
 (astonished)
 So ye knew?! All this time?

FIONA
 Aye. I suspected it would take its
 toll on Brianna. Parting from her
 mother... forever.

ROGER
 She couldn't stop worrying about
 whether Claire found him. So I kept
 looking until I found some proof she
 had.

FIONA
 Brianna must have been thrilled.

ROGER
 Aye, she was. And I thought it
 might be a new beginning. Or...
 something. But then...

FIONA
 Ye havena heard from her.

ROGER
 (shakes his head)
 But at least she knows.

Fiona is holding something back. Roger sees it.

ROGER (CONT'D)
 What?

Fiona goes over to the desk and pulls out a folder.

FIONA
 I wasna sure if I should show you.
 (then)
 Granny used to help the Reverend
 with his research.
 I have some of her papers, that I
 suppose she must never have passed
 along to him. I came across them
 when Ernie and I were unpacking.

She hands Roger a piece of paper. He studies it. CLOSE ON a
 copy of an old OBITUARY from the Wilmington Gazette.

ROGER
 An obituary?

FIONA

Aye.

ROGER

(reading)

"It is with grief that the news is received of the deaths by fire of James Mackenzie Fraser and his wife in a conflagration that destroyed their home on the settlement of Fraser's Ridge..." The date's smudged. Twenty-first January, seventeen seventy... something...

(realizes, looks up)

For all we know they died two years after receiving the land.

FIONA

Aye. They might not have lived to see it become America.

Roger's heart sinks. It's a terrible thought.

ROGER

Brianna will be devastated.

Then, after a beat, he hands the document back.

ROGER (CONT'D)

I can't tell her.

FIONA

But shouldn't she know the truth? Her mother's dead.

ROGER

She's been dead, Fi... for over two hundred years. Brianna knows that much. This will just break her heart all over again.

FIONA

Aye. I supposed ye're right. Better she imagine they had many happy years...

OFF Roger, still troubled...

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - CABIN AREA - DAY (D12) (1768)

The simple FLOOR PLAN of the cabin has been remade, four posts marking the four corners -- as it was before the bear and the Cherokee interrupted. Jamie walks Claire to a spot between two smaller posts that mark a doorway.

CLAIRE

Finally, we can begin building.

JAMIE

Aye.

Surprisingly, he lifts her up into his arms. She whoops.

CLAIRE

What are you doing?!

JAMIE

Carrying my wife across the threshold.

He takes a step past the posts...

JAMIE (CONT'D)

This will be the door, lined with hides to keep out the cold.

He sets her down on her feet again and takes her by the hand, giving her the "tour."

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Over here will be a wee pantry and the hearth -- where I'll perform a hearth blessing.

CLAIRE

Perhaps you should do that sooner rather than later -- we need all the blessings we can get.

JAMIE

(smiles, continues)

Here we'll build shelves for our books. Candles so we can read at night. We can put a fine table in the middle for our dinners. And our bed will go here, facing west so we can see every sunset.

Claire looks around and smiles.

CLAIRE

It's perfect.

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - CABIN AREA - VARIOUS

SERIES OF SHOTS as Jamie, Claire and Young Ian return to the work of building their cabin:

-- Jamie and Ian prep LOGS from the trees they cut down earlier, cleaning away branches with their AXES.

JAMIE (V.O.)
*God bless the world and all
 therein. Bless my spouse and
 children...*

-- Claire carves NOTCHES into the end of the logs.

-- Clarence pulls logs to the build site.

-- The white piglet wanders on a hillock.

JAMIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Bless our flocks and their young.

-- Together, Jamie and Claire LIFT a log into place, fitting it into the notches of the log below it. The first corner is laid...

JAMIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
God bless our neighbors, every one.

-- Having placed the logs, Jamie and Claire trade a look of quiet relief. The threat of the Tskili Yona and the Cherokee is behind them. Peace has fallen upon Fraser's Ridge.

OMITTED (MOVED TO B37)

OMITTED (MOVED TO B37)

INT. OXFORD UNIVERSITY - ROGER'S OFFICE - DAY (D8) (1971)

Weeks later, Roger is alone at his desk. He's trying to grade papers, but can't concentrate. Brianna is on his mind as he stares at the phone. Finally, he picks up the phone, and dials...

INT. BRIANNA'S APARTMENT - DEN - DAY (D8)

Gayle's on the couch studying, her French bulldog curled up next to her. The phone RINGS. She wanders over to answer:

GAYLE
Hello?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. OXFORD UNIVERSITY - ROGER'S OFFICE - DAY (D8)

Back with Roger.

ROGER
This is Roger Wakefield. May I
speak with Brianna Randall?

GAYLE
This is Gayle, her roommate. Is
this the Roger?

ROGER
... It is, aye. Is she at home?

GAYLE
No. She's not. She didn't tell you?

ROGER
Tell me what?

A wave of concern washes over Roger.

GAYLE
She went to Scotland.

ROGER
To Scotland? Why?

GAYLE
To visit her mother.

It's as if the very floor beneath his feet opens up and he's
hurled into the abyss.

ROGER
How long ago?

GAYLE
A couple of weeks ago. I thought
maybe you two would have seen each
other by now.

He's speechless as it all sinks in.

GAYLE (CONT'D)
... Roger? Hello?

ROGER

Thank you, Gayle. I'll... try her
again.

He quietly hangs up. The enormity of those four words, "To
visit her mother..." turning his entire world upside down.
Roger knows this can only mean one thing...

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE