

OUTLANDER

EPISODE 405
Savages

WRITTEN BY
BRONWYN GARRITY

BASED ON THE NOVEL BY
DIANA GABALDON

FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT
11th September 2018

OUTLANDER
EPISODE 405 "Savages"

PREVIOUS REVISIONS

Production Draft - 22nd November 2017

Blue Draft - 28th November 2017

Pink Draft - 4th December 2017

Yellow Draft - 7th December 2017

Green Draft - 13th December 2017

Goldenrod Pages - 8th January 2018 - pp. 10, 11, 11A, 12,
13, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35,
36, 38, 39.

2nd White Draft - 10th January 2018

2nd Blue Pages - 12th January 2018 - pp. 8, 9, 10, 11, 12,
13, 14, 17, 18, 19, 20, 25,
26, 36, 37, 40, 41, 42.

2nd Pink Pages - 22nd March 2018 - pp. 24, 25, 26.

2nd Yellow Pages - 17th May 2018 - pp. 1, 2, 3, 7, 7A, 7B,
7C, 19.

EPISODE 405 "Savages"

CAST LIST – FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT – 11th September 2018

CLAIRE RANDALL FRASER
JAMIE MACKENZIE FRASER
MURTAGH FITZGIBBONS FRASER

ADAWEHI
BRIANNA RANDALL
GERHARD MUELLER
PETRONELLA MUELLER
ROGER WAKEFIELD
ROSEWITHA MUELLER
TAWODI
TOMMY MUELLER
YOUNG IAN

BRYAN CRANNA
DANNY GRAHAM
ETHAN MACKINNON
HESTER
PASTOR GOTTFRIED
PATTY BAIRD
TIM

EPISODE 405 "Savages"

SET LIST – FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT – 11th September 2018

INTERIORS

Fraser's Ridge
Cabin
Mueller Cabin
Woolam's Creek
Barker's Smithy
H. Day Entertainment
Back Room

EXTERIORS

Craigh Na Dun
Fraser's Ridge
Cabin
Inverness
Baird's Bed & Breakfast
Inverness Cab Company
Mueller Cabin
Woods
Woolam's Creek
Barker's Smithy
H. Day Entertainment
Silversmith's Home
Street
Wagon
Woolam's House Of Trades

FADE IN:

OMITTED (MOVED TO SCENE B4)

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - DAY (D1) (1768)

DAWN. Establishing. Claire and Jamie's CABIN stands in a small clearing, the only homestead we can see for miles. Beside the cabin is a LEAN-TO and a SMALL PEN, its THREE HORSES, a GOAT, and CLARENCE the mule. Behind them, in a separate small pen, FIND a large WHITE SOW holding a TRICORNE HAT in its mouth as --

JAMIE (PRE-LAP)

Mo chreach!

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - CABIN - DAY (D1)

CLOSE ON: JAMIE FRASER, dressed for travel, tearing apart the house in search of --

JAMIE

Where's my hat?

REVEAL Claire, also dressed for travel, a few feet away packing her SMALL MEDICAL BOX with HERBS and REMEDIES, including the SACHET from Adawehi. ROLLO sleeps on the bed beside her.

CLAIRE

I don't know, where did you last see it?

JAMIE

If I kent that I'd be wearing it.

CLAIRE

Well, it's worn anyway, you should get a new one while you're in Woolam's Creek -- to make a good impression on prospective tenants.

JAMIE

(indignant)

Offering land without charge, dinna see how the hat on my head will come into it.

CLAIRE

It won't if you don't have one.

(then)

Can you reach the jerky?

Jamie grabs sizeable chip of DRIED BEEF from a shelf and hands it to Claire.

JAMIE

That's the last of it.

Claire tears it into three pieces, giving Jamie a piece and taking one for herself. Leaving one piece remaining on the table.

CLAIRE

There's more in the storehouse, if you return before I do...

Jamie's a bit disappointed knowing she's going to be eating well for a fortnight.

JAMIE

I dinna ken if I envy ye or not.
Mistress Mueller's a fine cook but
having to tolerate Gerhard to savor
a feast at her table -- Clarence is
less stubborn and has more sense.

CLAIRE

I'm sure I can tolerate him long
enough to deliver his grandchild.

Cheese in mouth, Claire turns to finish loading her medical box. With her back turned to him, Jamie surreptitiously opens a cabinet and removes one of his mother's TWO SILVER CANDLESTICKS that Jocasta gave him [Episode 403], slipping it into his satchel as --

The door opens and YOUNG IAN pokes his head inside.

YOUNG IAN

The sow had yer hat, Uncle Jamie...
nearly lost a finger trying to save
it.

Claire's eyes land on something in Ian's hand: Jamie's tricorne hat -- crumpled and a bit soggy.

Jamie moves to inspect it -- works to press it back into its original form, before placing it on his head, despite its slight misshapeness.

JAMIE

If I do return before ye, Sassenach,
I might eat the vicious beast.

YOUNG IAN

Come on then. The sooner we go, the
sooner we'll be home -- I love bacon.

Claire, with her small medical box in hand, turns to Ian.

CLAIRE

(get out)
If you would, Ian, please fasten my
medical box to the horse?

YOUNG IAN

Aye, Auntie.

As he goes, Ian snatches the piece of cheese off the table,
and slips outside. The idea of Claire's leaving eclipses
Jamie's annoyance over the hat.

JAMIE

And if the bairn comes sooner than
ye expect? Are ye sure ye'll no wish
for me to return from Woolam's Creek?

CLAIRE

I've been alone before.

JAMIE

Aye, but that doesna make it easier
to leave ye.

CLAIRE

I have Rollo and the musket to keep
me company.

(off his hesitation)
I'll be fine. Remember to put the
fire out?

JAMIE

I always do.

Jamie, accepting this, holds CLAIRE'S SHAWL open for her,
wrapping her in it. As he does, he leans in and kisses her
neck when... something occurs to him. Claire senses it,
turning around.

CLAIRE

What is it?

JAMIE
 (ruminative)
 Has Brianna a birthmark on her neck?

CLAIRE
 (surprised)
 She has. But, I don't think I ever
 told you about it.

JAMIE
 I saw it in a dream I had last night.
 A wee brown mark, shaped like a
 diamond, behind her left ear?

CLAIRE
 I haven't thought of it in ages.
 It's hidden --

JAMIE
 (as if remembering)
 Under her hair.

CLAIRE
 Yes.

JAMIE
 (softly)
 I kissed her there.

OFF Claire, pondering the loveliness of that...

EXT. INVERNESS CAB COMPANY - DAY (D1) (1971)

An anxious ROGER WAKEFIELD waits while the manager, TIM,
 flips through a LOG on a CLIPBOARD. As Tim stops on a
 page --

ROGER
 Did the driver wait for her or see
 where she went?

TIM
 (reading)
 The log only says it was a one-way
 fare to Craigh Na Dun, ten days ago.

Roger takes that in --

TIM (CONT'D)
 Not much up there. Perhaps she was
 meeting someone?

ROGER

Can you tell me where he picked her up?

TIM

Baird's Bed and Breakfast. Eight o'clock in the morning.

The weight of the information is setting in -- Brianna must have gone through the stones. As Roger leaves --

ROGER

Thank you for your help.

OMITTED (MOVED TO A1)

EXT. WOODS - DAY (D1) (1768)

Claire and the Cherokee healer, ADAWEHI, are together gathering medicinal plants and enjoying each other's company as their nascent friendship blooms.

Adawehi takes the knife from her KNIFE SHEATH she carries around her neck and cuts a few leaves from a PLANT. Just then, a RABBIT hops past them. Adawehi gestures toward it:

ADAWEHI

That is a "rabbit."

ADAWEHI C

Hia "tsistu."

Adawehi can see Claire is trying to understand the words, so she raises two fingers and moves her hand in a "hopping" gesture.

ADAWEHI

Rabbit.

ADAWEHI C

Tsistu.

CLAIRE

Cap?

CLAIRE C

Asdulo?

Adawehi chuckles at Claire's attempt to speak the words -- close, but no cigar.

ADAWEHI

You say "cap."

ADAWEHI C

"Asdulo" hada.

Adawehi pantomimes a cap you wear on your head.

CLAIRE

(laughing)

Oh...

Then Adawehi repeats the correct word --

ADAWEHI
(slower)
Rabbit.

ADAWEHI C
(slower)
Tsistu.

Adawehi pantomimes the bunny again.

CLAIRE
Rabbit.
(then, in English)
Rabbit.

CLAIRE C
Tsistu.
(then, in English)
Rabbit.

Adawehi nods. They both laugh.

Adawehi reaches into her satchel, plucks a SACHET OF HERBS from her BAG and motions around her stomach -- the universal gesture for pregnancy.

ADAWEHI
For the mother...

ADAWEHI C
Utsi uwvdodi...

CLAIRE
For the utsi -- mother?

ADAWEHI
(nods, then in English)
Mo-ther.

Adawehi simulates a pregnant woman in pain, then a gesture of drinking tea.

ADAWEHI
Tea.

ADAWEHI C
Tsungaloga.

Claire nods in understanding this time. Then, heartfelt:

CLAIRE
Tea. Thank you. It will be useful
for Petronella.

Adawehi eyes Claire for a beat, then --

ADAWEHI
Mother? You?

ADAWEHI C
Diniyotlisg detsaka?

Claire's caught off guard. She doesn't usually talk about Brianna to strangers. But she feels a connection to Adawehi.

CLAIRE
(gesturing as she talks)
Yes. A girl... a daughter. But...
she lives far away.

Claire gives a smile that doesn't reach her eyes. Adawehi senses there's more to this. She holds up two fingers ...

ADAWEHI
Two... daughters.

ADAWEHI C
**Tali iyani... tsuwetsi
ageyutsa.**

Claire's surprised by Adawehi's perceptiveness -- emotion rising in her chest at the memory of her first daughter.

CLAIRE
(nods)
Yes. Two. The first... died. Her name was Faith.

Adawehi watches Claire with an intent gaze as Claire wrestles briefly with the unexpected wave of sadness that washes over her. Adawehi comforts Claire.

ADAWEHI
She is here.

ADAWEHI C
Hani edoha.

Claire nods and touches her own heart, believing Adawehi's words to be the well-known platitude.

CLAIRE
(re: her heart)
Yes.

Adawehi smiles. They go back to gathering herbs...

EXT. WOOLAM'S CREEK - DAY (D2)

Establishing. SEVERAL DAYS LATER.

EXT. WOOLAM'S CREEK - WOOLAM'S HOUSE OF TRADES - DAY (D2)

Morning. Jamie and Young Ian emerge onto the street with a sheaf of RECRUITMENT BROADSHEETS in hand.

YOUNG IAN
Myers spoke of a dozen or so Scottish families residing here.

JAMIE
The offer of one hundred acres is likely to attract a fair number of tenants.

YOUNG IAN
(nods, musing)
It will be good to have the company of other families again -- neighbors close by.

JAMIE
 (musing with him)
 Mebbe we'll attract a man wi' a
 talent for chess --

YOUNG IAN
 And a bonnie daughter. Or two.

JAMIE
 (smirks)
 Ye need but one, lad.
 (then, re: the
 broadsheets)
 Place them at the shops and at the
 tavern, will ye?
 (Ian nods)
 And encourage any Scots ye may meet
 to attend our meeting tomorrow.
 I'm off to find Graham MacNeil.

Jamie slings his satchel over his shoulder, and he and Ian
 peel off in opposite directions...

EXT. WOOLAM'S CREEK - SILVERSMITH'S HOME - DAY (D2)

Jamie KNOCKS on the door, but gets no response. He knocks
 again. At last, the door creaks open. The silversmith's
 young, attractive wife, HESTER, peers out -- her eyes
 landing on Jamie with decided interest.

JAMIE
 Good day to ye, mistress.

HESTER
 (smiling)
 A very good day indeed. How may I
 help you?

JAMIE
 I'm here to see Mr. MacNeil. I'm
 told he's the silversmith here in
 town.

HESTER
 He's away in Cross Creek at present.

JAMIE
 Do ye expect him home soon?

HESTER
 Not today.

She cocks a brow and cracks the door open a little wider. Jamie smiles, she's not backwards in coming forward, and not the first woman to give such an invitation.

JAMIE

Aye, well...

(pivoting)

Is there another man familiar with the trade hereabouts? There's something very particular I wish to have made...

HESTER

No one with my husband's talents.

(then, flirty)

In silversmithing.

She gives him an expectant look --

JAMIE

Thank ye for yer time.

Hester closes the door. OFF Jamie, wondering what's next on his to-do list...

EXT. MUELLER CABIN - DAY (D3)

Establishing. The next day. A Spartan homestead in the woods, with just a WAGON out front. Gradually, we pick up WOMEN'S VOICES tenderly SINGING. We can't understand the words -- they are in German -- but the warmth they carry is clear in any language.

<p>WOMEN'S VOICES (PRE-LAP) (singing) Sleep, baby, sleep. Thy father guards the sheep...</p>	<p>WOMEN'S VOICES G (PRE-LAP) (singing) Schlaf, Kindlein, schlaf. Der Vater hüt die Schaf...</p>
--	---

INT. MUELLER CABIN - DAY (D3)

FRAU ROSEWITHA MUELLER, 40s, a German immigrant, CONTINUES SINGING to her newborn GRANDDAUGHTER as Claire, also singing, wraps a tight swaddle around the baby. Behind them, in bed, PETRONELLA MUELLER, 18, sings as well.

<p>ROSEWITHA/PETRONELLA/ CLAIRE (singing) Thy mother shakes the little trees...</p>	<p>ROSEWITHA/PETRONELLA/ CLAIRE G (singing) Die Mutter schüttelt's Bäumelein...</p>
---	--

Remnants of Claire having cleaned the infant off are visible, along with Claire's SMALL MEDICINE BOX and other evidence of today's birth.

<p>ROSEWITHA/PETRONELLA/ CLAIRE (singing) There falls down one little dream. Sleep, baby, sleep!</p>	<p>ROSEWITHA/PETRONELLA/ CLAIRE G (cont'd (singing) Da fällt herab ein Träumelein. Schlaf, Kindlein, schlaf!</p>
--	---

PETRONELLA
Well done, Mistress Claire!

CLAIRE
Had the baby not arrived so soon, I
might have learned the entire song!

Rosewitha scoops up the baby and helps position her to nurse on Petronella.

<p>PETRONELLA (adoringly) She looks like Ingolf, yes?</p>	<p>PETRONELLA G (adoringly) Sie sieht Ingolf ähnlich, nicht wahr?</p>
---	--

Rosewitha makes the sign of the cross.

<p>ROSEWITHA Very much.</p>	<p>ROSEWITHA G Ja, sehr.</p>
---------------------------------	---

Petronella looks up at Claire, explaining --

PETRONELLA
We say she looks like her Papa.
May he rest in peace.

Claire smiles, sympathetic -- she knows the father died some months ago.

CLAIRE
I'm sorry he isn't here to see this
moment, Nella.

PETRONELLA
(heavy-hearted)
Ja.

With the baby nursing on her mother, Rosewitha begins to tidy up. Claire helps her. As they work:

ROSEWITHA
Do you have grandchild, Frau Klara?

CLAIRE
 (a wistful smile)
 Not yet.

Rosewitha slides her arm into Claire's, decided.

ROSEWITHA
 Then you will share mine.

OFF this heartwarming scene...

EXT. H. DAY ENTERTAINMENT - DAY (D3)

Establishing. As Jamie and Young Ian enter --

**INT. WOOLAM'S CREEK - H. DAY ENTERTAINMENT - FEW MOMENTS
 LATER - DAY (D3)**

Jamie and Young Ian are seated at a tavern table with SIX SCOTTISH IMMIGRANTS, including BRYAN CRANNA, ETHAN MACKINNON, and DANNY GRAHAM, 20s and 30s. Two have copies of Jamie's BROADSHEETS in hand, glancing at them as Jamie finishes his pitch to the group.

CLOSE ON RECRUITMENT BROADSHEET

"Fraser's Ridge is a settlement in the Province of North Carolina which, with improvement to the soil, and climate being to its advantage, will offer... Every man choosing to settle therein shall have one hundred acres of land for himself and his heirs..."

BACK ON JAMIE

JAMIE
 It'll be hard work -- as the land's never been cultivated. But any man choosing to settle the land with me will have one hundred acres.

The men trade wide-eyed looks.

ETHAN
 That's a verra impressive offer.

JAMIE
 And no rent until the land yields a good harvest. After that, ye'll pay at most one ha'penny per acre, per annum, in lieu of all demands, to me.

This prompts excited murmuring, until Ethan shoots the men disapproving LOOKS, shutting them down. Ethan subsequently stands, as though eager to say something to the group, but bites his tongue. After a pause, he simply bows to Jamie, hat in hand.

ETHAN

Good luck to ye, Mr. Fraser.

Ethan glances at the men again: time to go. As the group gets up, preparing to leave, we sense their regret. Danny and Bryan are reluctant to go. Jamie catches Ethan's eye one more time as the latter makes his way to the door.

JAMIE

A charaid, ye're a farmer, I ken it from yer hands. Do ye no want a hundred acres for yerself and yer family?

ETHAN

Again, I thank ye. But no.

With that, Ethan hurries away, leaving Danny and Bryan lingering. Jamie turns to Danny --

JAMIE

And ye?

Unable to meet Jamie's gaze, Danny shakes his head and simply says --

DANNY

Come, Bryan.

Danny leaves. Jamie now looks at Bryan -- still hopeful. Bryan sighs.

BRYAN

Tempting as it may be...
(fighting himself)
I've found employment at the cooper's shop. It'd be unwise to leave now.

Young Ian and Jamie look at one another, puzzled. Jamie turns to Bryan once more, a last-ditch attempt, trying to connect with him.

JAMIE

Sir... Brian was my father's name.
Do you ken Broch Tuarach?

Bryan considers Jamie. We sense it's taken everything in him to reject Jamie's offer once -- and he doesn't trust himself to do it a second time.

BRYAN
No, I'm from Banffshire.

JAMIE
Banffshire, aye? Bonnie. At the
mouth of River Deveron.

BRYAN
Aye.

Jamie looks into his eyes -- and sees the eyes of a fellow
solider.

JAMIE
Where were ye imprisoned?

BRYAN
Tilbury Fort.

JAMIE
Ardsmuir.

They understand one another.

BRYAN
Fought with Farquharson's regiment.

JAMIE
Then ye were to my left, Bryan.

In the 18th century it was an honor to guard a man's left --
his unarmed side -- and in a way, Jamie is thanking Bryan
Cranna for helping him survive the battle.

BRYAN
Aye.

Jamie gives him a look of thanks.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
(confessing)
It pains me to refuse ye.

JAMIE
Then why did ye?

BRYAN
Some of us here have spent years
cultivating land...
(MORE)

BRYAN (CONT'D)
 (adding, bitter)
 ...only for it to be taxed when it
 became plentiful.

JAMIE
 We must all pay taxes.

BRYAN
 Aye, our fair share. But the
 Governor's tax collectors came,
 hand out, time and again. When we
 didn't have the funds to pay, they
 seized horses, livestock, tools,
 anything worth a penny. And our
 pleas for recompense fell upon deaf
 ears in New Bern. It's the cause
 of my taking up residence in town.
 Same for most of the men here.

Jamie can barely wrap his head around this.

JAMIE
 All of ye lost yer farms to taxes?

BRYAN
 We gave them up. Better that than
 to continue lining the pockets of
 Tryon's dishonest tax collectors.

Bryan senses Jamie's confusion.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
 There's a meeting soon. If ye're
 interested.

OFF Jamie, his interest piqued...

EXT. INVERNESS - BAIRD'S BED & BREAKFAST - DAY (D1)(1971)

*CLOSE ON THE PORTRAIT OF ROGER AND BRIANNA made at the
 Scottish Festival. PULL BACK to find a worried Roger,
 standing on a sidewalk in Inverness, contemplating the
 image.*

*Roger looks across the street to: MRS. BAIRD'S BED AND
 BREAKFAST -- unchanged from Frank and Claire's visit here in
 the 1940s [Episode 101]. A woman, PATTY BAIRD, 40s, sweeps
 the front walk.*

Roger crosses the street to her.

ROGER
 Mrs. Baird?

PATTY BAIRD
 (correcting him)
 Miss.

ROGER
 Miss Baird. I'm Roger Wakefield.
 I think my girlfriend may have been
 a guest of yours about ten days or
 so ago?

Roger shows Patty the *PORTRAIT* of him and Brianna made at
 the Scottish Festival, and shows it to Patty.

PATTY BAIRD
 Aye. The American. Reminded me a
 bit of Ali McGraw. Sweet girl.

ROGER
 It's quite urgent. Was she -- how
 long did she stay?

PATTY BAIRD
 Just a few days.

ROGER
 Did she leave anything behind?
 Clothes or books or --

PATTY BAIRD
 (too quickly)
 No. Nothing.

Roger exhales, clearly distraught. Patty feels for him.

ROGER
 Thank you. I was hoping I would
 find something.

As Roger turns to go, he looks so defeated and desperate...

PATTY BAIRD
 Wait -- two seconds.

Roger turns. Patty dashes inside the inn. An anxious Roger
 fidgets. After a moment, Patty emerges with a *LETTER* in
 hand.

PATTY BAIRD (CONT'D)
 She asked me to wait a year before
 sending it to ye, but since you're
 here now and I can see she broke
 yer heart...

She gives it to Roger. Relief and terror wash over him: what will he find inside?

PATTY BAIRD (CONT'D)
*Ye're a fine looking lad -- go find
 yerself a good Scottish lass.*

ROGER
Yes. Thank you. Perhaps I should.

TIME CUT:

Roger sits on the bench near the monument. He opens the letter...

EXT. MUELLER CABIN - DAY (D3) (1768)

GERHARD MUELLER, 50, and TOMMY MUELLER, 17, both carrying BUCKETS OF WATER from the creek, make their way to the cabin with Rollo beside them. Suddenly, Rollo bolts for the cabin.

REVEAL why -- Claire has emerged through the front door. Gerhard and Tommy hurry over, with Gerhard calling out:

GERHARD
 How is the baby?

When they arrive eagerly at the door beside her --

CLAIRE
 She's healthy and beautiful. And
 ready to meet her opa.
 (to Tommy)
 And her uncle -- I'm sorry, I don't
 know how to say that in German.

TOMMY
 Onkel.

They all LAUGH. Tommy goes inside. Claire holds the door open for Gerhard, but he pauses at the threshold.

GERHARD
 (heartfelt)
 Danke, Frau Klara.

These are simple but weighty words -- Claire knows that in this era, losing a baby or mother in childbirth was common.

CLAIRE
 You are very welcome, Herr Mueller.
 (MORE)

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

(then)

You have a wonderful family. I will be sad to leave.

GERHARD

You are always welcome here.

CLAIRE

Thank you. I'll return to visit Petronella and the baby in a few weeks. And you may send for me if you need me.

GERHARD

Danke.

(then)

Herr Fraser will be home when you return?

CLAIRE

I expect him back in a few days.

(then)

Come, let's meet your enkelin.

As Claire ushers Gerhard inside...

INT. MUELLER CABIN - A FEW MINUTES LATER - DAY (D3)

Claire LAUGHS with the women as Gerhard dotes over the baby with a booming voice.

GERHARD

How is my little mousie?

GERHARD G

**Wie geht es meinem kleinen
Mäuschen?**

Rosewitha stands beside them. Tommy, a few feet away. Petronella glances at Claire and proudly announces:

PETRONELLA

We've chosen a name... baby Klara.

Claire's eyes widen, touched. Did she hear that right?

CLAIRE

Baby Klara?

The family nods -- evidently they were in on the decision.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I am honored, Nella. Thank you.

Petronella smiles. Claire feels like a part of the family. Gerhard turns to his wife.

GERHARD

Rosewitha, we must christen her soon. I will call on Pastor Gottfried.

Gerhard goes to his SATCHEL and withdraws a CHECKERED CLOTH-WRAPPED BUNDLE. Petronella unwraps the fabric to find a hand-carved WOODEN DOLL. Expensive, and undoubtedly a financial sacrifice for the Muellers.

PETRONELLA

It is beautiful, Papa. Where did you get it?

PETRONELLA G

Sie ist wunderschön, Papa. Woher hast du sie?

GERHARD

Cross Creek.

Gerhard makes the doll dance for the baby when --

Rollo suddenly runs to the door, growling. The Muellers are instantly alert. Gerhard and Tommy move to the window.

GERHARD

Bloodthirsty savages! They're going to the creek!

GERHARD G

Blutrünstige Barbaren! Sie gehen zum Fluß!

CLAIRE

(off Gerhard's anger)
What? What's wrong?

GERHARD

Savages steal our water for their horses!

CLAIRE

Water from the creek -- is that all?

As she turns to the WINDOW --

CLAIRE'S POV --

FIVE CHEROKEES dismounting their HORSES and leading them to a CREEK on the Mueller's property.

Meanwhile, behind Claire, Rosewitha attempts to soothe a distraught Petronella.

PETRONELLA

They're going to kill us, Mama. They're going to kill the baby.

PETRONELLA G

Sie werden uns umbringen, Mama. Sie werden das Kind umbringen.

CLAIRE
 (sensing Petronella's
 fear)
 The Indians mean you no harm.

Although she says nothing, Rosewitha's eyes reveal that she does not believe Claire. She takes her daughter's hand in an attempt to soothe her.

ROSEWITHA
 Come, we will pray to our
 heavenly father. Nella,
 close your eyes.

ROSEWITHA G
**Komm, lass uns beten, zu
 unserem himmlischen Vater.
 Nella, schlieÙe deine Augen.**

Finally, Petronella closes her eyes. Then, with her mother, she begins to recite the "Lord's Prayer" through tears.

ROSEWITHA/PETRONELLA
 Our father, who art in
 heaven, hallowed be thy
 name. Thy kingdom come, thy
 will be done, on Earth, as
 it is in Heaven. Give us
 this day our daily bread...

ROSEWITHA/PETRONELLA G
**Vater, der du bist im
 Himmel, geheiligt werde dein
 Name. Dein Reich komme. Dein
 Wille geschehe, wie im
 Himmel, also auch auf Erden.
 Unser täglich Brot gib uns
 heute...**

While the women pray, Claire watches in horror as Gerhard readies his musket and Tommy reaches for his pistol. She has to do something. Suddenly she notices... TAWODI [Episode 404] among the group --

CLAIRE
 I know these people.
 (urgently)
 Herr Mueller -- why not allow them
 to drink and be on their way?

GERHARD
 (outraged)
 They have no reason to set foot on
 my land!

Gerhard throws open the door.

GERHARD
 Tommy, come!
 (then, to the women)
Stay in the house!

GERHARD G
 Tommy, komm!
 (then, to the women)
Stay in the house!

Before anyone can object, Gerhard and Tommy rush outside. Claire runs after them, shutting the door behind her and following the men out --

EXT. MUELLER CABIN - CONTINUOUS - DAY (D3)

Gerhard and Tommy stride across the CLEARING, brandishing their muskets, aiming them skyward and SHOUTING at the Cherokee and their startled horses.

GERHARD
Go, savages!

GERHARD G
Geht, ihr Barbaren!

IN THE CREEK, Tawodi and the others behave as if Mueller is not there. Serenely, they lead their horses into the creek, their calmness enraging Gerhard further.

GERHARD
Go! Now!

GERHARD G
Verschwundet!

At the CREEK, Gerhard and Tommy move in on the Cherokee.

TOMMY
Leave! Please!

Finally, Tawodi turns... his cool black eyes flicking over Gerhard and Tommy with a muted disdain. His voice is icy.

TAWODI
The horses need water.

His words are not a request and Gerhard, humiliated, SHOUTS back at them.

GERHARD
I will shoot!

Tawodi's had enough. He SIGNALS to his men (two have MUSKETS and two have BOWS).

The Warriors turn to face Gerhard as they begin to raise their weapons, rapidly approaching a deadly stand-off when --

CLAIRE
No! Stop!

Claire RUNS IN BETWEEN the two sides, her arms up.

GERHARD
Go back to the house, Frau Klara!

Claire tries to connect with Tawodi --

CLAIRE
 (to Tawodi)
 Tawodi! It is Claire --
 Claire Fraser. I'm a healer,
 as Adawehi is.

CLAIRE C
 (to Tawodi)
**Tawodi! It is Claire --
 Claire Fraser. I'm a
 ganakti, as Adawehi is.**

Tawodi recognizes Claire --

TAWODI
 Wife of Bear Killer.

CLAIRE
 (relieved)
 Yes! Please don't shoot -- Mr.
 Mueller and his son are good men.

Tawodi holds a HAND to his men, signaling that they should not release their arrows -- yet they do not lower them either. Better than nothing in Claire's eyes.

TAWODI
 We do not expect to see you
 with the fool.

TAWODI C
**We do not expect to see you
 with nudanadvna.**

CLAIRE
 I came to deliver a baby.

Claire shoots a look to Gerhard.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
 Herr Mueller, please, lower your
 musket so that we can talk.

Gerhard lowers his musket an inch. It's a start. Claire turns back to Tawodi.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
 Mr. Mueller is trying to protect
 his land.

TAWODI
 Water belongs to no one.

Tawodi speaks with a quiet intensity. The Cherokee find anger childish and, although they were fierce and deadly fighters, did not act in anger.

CLAIRE
 You're right. But, Mr. Mueller
 does not see it that way. Could
 you take them to another part of
 the creek? To keep peace?

Claire looks at Tawodi pleadingly. After a considering beat, Tawodi SIGNALS his group to put down their weapons, and mount their horses. Then, Tawodi turns to Claire.

TAWODI

I go -- only because you are friend
to Adawehi.

Before Tawodi turns to leave, he dips his hand into his POUCH and SPRINKLES TOBACCO near the creek's edge -- a mysterious action that aggravates Gerhard.

GERHARD

What's he doing?

CLAIRE

He's giving a blessing for the
water.

Claire puts a hand on his arm, holding him back.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

They're leaving.

And they do. One after another, the Cherokee follow their leader into the forest.

Mueller watches them go, lowering his musket only when the Cherokee have disappeared.

OFF Claire, staring into the trees after them, relieved and thankful they're all still alive...

EXT. WOODS - DAY (D-A4)

Claire rides home through the countryside, medical box strapped to her horse, unwinding from a long week. Rollo trails behind her.

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - CABIN - NIGHT (N4)

A FEW DAYS LATER. The door opens and Claire enters with Rollo, weary from travel, but happy to be home. Dropping her bags and cloak, she flops onto the feather bed, arms spread wide. Lovely to be alone at last...

EXT. WOOLAM'S CREEK - STREET - DAY (D5)

Jamie and Young Ian struggle to secure the tarp onto the wagon bed.

JAMIE
Tie it down tight, that's it.

YOUNG IAN
(re. the tarp)
Um... I think it's back-to-front...

Jamie's clearly distracted; he's been ruminating about something.

JAMIE
Three gatherings and no tenants to show for it.

YOUNG IAN
Will Tryon demand that ye return the land if we canna find anyone to settle wi' us?

JAMIE
He willna have to. I canna pay the tax on ten thousand acres myself.
(then)
But I can offer our tenants protection from paying these illegal taxes or having the land seized.

YOUNG IAN
How?

JAMIE
The tax collectors will come to me, will they no? 'Tis my land after all.

YOUNG IAN
And when they do, ye refuse to pay?

JAMIE
Oh, I'll pay -- a fair tax and nothing more.

It's a fine line, but Jamie Fraser is used to walking one. Jamie goes up front to tack up the horses when he notices one of them does not have its BIT RING.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Christ, the bit has broken.
(to Ian)
We'll need it mended before we can travel. Find the blacksmith and dinna take no for an answer.

Ian takes the broken BIT RING and heads away. OFF Jamie as he pulls his satchel and takes out the silver candlestick --

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - DAY (D5)

A SERIES OF SHOTS

-- Claire tosses hay into the horse troughs and hands a carrot to Clarence.

-- Claire hands a grateful goat a handful of grains.

-- She approaches the White Sow with a bucket of table scraps and it begins to GRUNT.

CLAIRE
 (to the sow)
 You have no idea you're just a
 Christmas pork chop, do you?

She dumps the bucket.

PASTOR GOTTFRIED (PRE-LAP)
 Frau Fraser! Frau Fraser!

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - CABIN - FRONT PORCH - DAY (D5)

Claire comes around the corner and finds PASTOR GOTTFRIED, 40s, the leader of the local Lutheran church, knocking on her door. His horse is tethered nearby. He appears distressed, as he removes his hat. He has a heavy German accent.

CLAIRE
 Pastor Gottfried? What are you
 doing here?

PASTOR GOTTFRIED
 Frau Mueller sent me --

CLAIRE
 (immediately alarmed)
 Why? Is everything all right?

Pastor Gottfried shakes his head, no. He glances around nervously.

PASTOR GOTTFRIED
 We should go inside.

They step just inside the cabin and he quickly pulls the door closed behind them.

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - CABIN - MOMENTS LATER - DAY (D5)

They talk hurriedly while standing just inside the door.

PASTOR GOTTFRIED

(grimly)

Petronella and the baby... died. I gave them last rites this morning.

Claire, so fond of the family, is gut-punched.

CLAIRE

What? How?

PASTOR GOTTFRIED

The measles.

CLAIRE

Measles? But, they were healthy when I left them last week. Is anyone else sick -- Frau Mueller, Tommy?

(thinking)

I'll return to the Muellers' farm with you --

PASTOR GOTTFRIED

(suddenly alarmed)

No. No, madam.

(then, grave)

Herr Mueller -- is not ill, he is -- how do you say... insane. Frau Mueller worries he blames you for their deaths and is seeking revenge.

CLAIRE

Blames me? What do you mean?

PASTOR GOTTFRIED

Herr Mueller believes you let the Indians curse their water.

CLAIRE

I told him, that was a blessing.

PASTOR GOTTFRIED

He does not see it that way. I must find him before he does something regretful.

Claire, flustered, is trying to wrap her head around what he's saying. Gerhard could be coming to kill her? It makes no sense.

PASTOR GOTTFRIED (CONT'D)

You cannot stay here, madam. Is there somewhere you can go that is safe?

Claire assuages his concern -- fibbing about Jamie's timing.

CLAIRE

My husband will be home any minute.
And -- and I have a rifle.
(not entirely convinced)
I will be all right.

Pastor Gottfried looks her over, troubled by the decision.

PASTOR GOTTFRIED

God be with you, Frau Fraser.

Claire watches as Pastor Gottfried hurries out the door.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

The truth was it would be dark soon and there was no telling when Jamie would be back. We had no settlers and no other neighbors. The nearest town was an all-night ride away...

As Claire looks out the window...

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

I had no choice but to stay and defend myself and my homestead against Herr Mueller.

EXT. WOOLAM'S CREEK - BARKER'S SMITHY - DAY (D5)

Establishing shot of the forge as Ian enters.

INT. WOOLAM'S CREEK - BARKER'S SMITHY - DAY (D5)

Young Ian pushes through the door and enters the workshop. Across the room, the BLACKSMITH is hunched over an ANVIL, his back to Ian.

BLACKSMITH

(calls out)
My day is done. I'm tired.

Ian decides a little cajoling is in order.

YOUNG IAN

It's a wee task. Just a broken
bit. Can ye mend it?

The Blacksmith GRUNTS and continues to work.

BLACKSMITH

I suppose you didna hear me.

YOUNG IAN

I did, but I wonder, if ye could
make an exception... for a fellow
Scot?

BLACKSMITH

I'd be here all night by that logic.

(beat)

No. No more for me today. Yer
business will have to wait.

The Blacksmith grabs a RAG and wipes his hands. Ian grows
desperate.

YOUNG IAN

Please. We have three days travel
ahead of us, and my uncle will have
my guts for garters if I dinna have
this mended.

Vexed, the Blacksmith stands and spins to face the annoying
little haggler. REVEAL the blacksmith is MURTAGH FITZGIBBONS
FRASER! (The audience recognizes Murtagh as Jamie's
godfather, last seen at Ardsmuir [Episode 303], but Young
Ian and Murtagh have never met.)

As Murtagh makes his way to the door, Young Ian digs through
the coins in his PURSE.

YOUNG IAN (CONT'D)

What'll it cost to keep ye another
hour?

MURTAGH

Ye canna pay it, lad. Now move out
of the way --

YOUNG IAN

Ten shillings? Eleven?

(beat)

Twelve --

MURTAGH

(just to shut him up)

Twenty-one.

YOUNG IAN

That's robbery.

MURTAGH

If ye canna pay then lemme be.

To Murtagh's surprise, Ian hands over his entire PURSE along with the broken bit ring. Murtagh eyes the lad, mildly impressed at his determination.

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - CABIN - DAY (D5)

Claire loads her RIFLE as Jamie taught her [Episode 404], by placing it on the ground, barrel to the ceiling, and pouring the powder charge into the muzzle...

CLAIRE (V.O.)

*Here's to you from morning till
night; here's to the person with
courage to fight.*

A SERIES OF SHOTS

-- She adds logs to a ROARING FIRE and then slides the pot of squirrel stew onto the rack.

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

*The courage to fight and the
courage to live.*

-- She goes into the cabinet, pulls out a silver candlestick and lights it. She searches the cabinet for the other. Strange -- where is it?

-- She eyes a BOTTLE OF WHISKY. She picks it up and considers knocking the entire thing back.

CLAIRE

*The courage to learn, and to love,
and forgive.*

She toasts and drinks.

-- She sits down at the HEARTH, in front of the fire, resting the musket beside her. She reaches into a BASKET at her feet for KNITTING NEEDLES and a bit of VERY SIMPLE KNITTING she's been working on, but -- the needles slip from her grasp. She looks at her hands and is surprised to find them SHAKING.

But we can see in her eyes that she's worried...

EXT. WOOLAM'S CREEK - SILVERSMITH'S HOME - DAY (D5)

Hester is appreciating having Jamie on her doorstep.

HESTER
Old Mister MacNeil hasn't come home yet.

JAMIE
And no word when he might return?

HESTER
(ventures)
If ye'd care to wait inside... I'll serve ye a hearty piece of pie.

JAMIE
(not unkindly)
A kind offer but my wife's expecting me home soon.

HESTER
(envious)
I'd wager she's a good cook.

JAMIE
Verra.

Hester regretfully closes the door. OFF Jamie, turning away, a bit defeated...

EXT. WOOLAM'S CREEK - WAGON - DAY (D5)

Jamie is returning to the wagon when Young Ian is finishing locking the broken hitch to bit ring into the horse's mouth.

YOUNG IAN
Any luck with the silversmith?

JAMIE
No.

Ian and Jamie climb into their seats. Jamie grabs the reins.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Pray nothing else hinders our return home. I feared we'd have to stay another night.

Jamie gives the horse a CLUCK and they set off on the road out of Woolam's Creek. Our hearts are in our throats as Jamie unknowingly leaves Murtagh behind.

YOUNG IAN
I did too. And that blacksmith was
a tough old coot, had to offer more
than I thought.

JAMIE
(glancing at Ian)
What was that?

YOUNG IAN
Fifteen shillings.

Jamie, poleaxed, yanks hard on the reins. The wagon
screeches to a stop in the middle of the road.

JAMIE
I didna hear ye right. Ye gave the
man fifteen shillings for a bit.

YOUNG IAN
Fifteen additional. I paid him
twenty-one shillings in all.

Jamie's eyes widen in alarm.

JAMIE
That was our entire purse!

YOUNG IAN
He was leaving for the day. Twenty-
one shillings was the only thing to
keep him.

OFF JAMIE, not happy --

INT. WOOLAM'S CREEK - BARKER'S SMITHY - LATER - DAY (D5)

THE DOOR BANGS OPEN and Jamie Fraser marches inside. Ian,
trailing behind him, waits near the door. The Blacksmith is
tidying up his workspace -- with his back to us.

JAMIE
You! What the devil's the meaning
of charging a lad twenty-one
shillings for a bit?

The Blacksmith FREEZES, but doesn't turn around.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
I'm speaking to ye!

Jamie grabs the Blacksmith by the back of his shirt and
spins him around to face him when --

JAMIE (CONT'D)
 (in disbelief)
 Murtagh.

A long beat. Then Murtagh glances heavenward, in this moment we see that his prayers were finally answered --

MURTAGH
 Thank you, Lord.

They embrace -- one even bears would envy.

MURTAGH (CONT'D)
 Jamie.

Ian's confused. This confrontation isn't quite living up to what he'd imagined.

YOUNG IAN
 Uncle, ye ken the old coot?

They ignore Ian. They scan one another, flooded by torrents of emotions: confusion, shock, tenderness, loss -- but chief among them JOY. It's a long beat as they take each other in.

Murtagh's eyes glisten with the weight of the moment.

MURTAGH
 I never thought I'd lay eyes on ye again. But how? What brought ye here?

Jamie recovers from his shock enough to wave Ian over.

JAMIE
 We came in search of settlers.
 I've land three days north.
 (re: Ian)
 This is Jenny's son, Ian. Ian,
 this is Murtagh, my godfather.

MURTAGH
 (barely glancing)
 A fine lad, drives a hard bargain.

Ian's taken in by the moment as well.

YOUNG IAN
 Uncle Jamie's told me about all yer adventures together.

Jamie and Murtagh embrace again... then break.

JAMIE
I've so much to tell ye.

MURTAGH
I want to hear every word of it.

After another beat of basking in each other's presence, Murtagh finally acknowledges Ian.

MURTAGH (CONT'D)
Now, who're ye calling an old coot?

And so begins a beautiful relationship.

INT. WOOLAM'S CREEK - H. DAY ENTERTAINMENT - DAY (D5)

After much catching up over ales, Murtagh is finishing telling Jamie and Ian the story of his indentured servitude.

MURTAGH
Aye, twelve years. A short distance from Woolam's Creek.

YOUNG IAN
Was it dreadful? Being indentured?

MURTAGH
Aye, lad. Master Barker was no an easy man to live wi' -- disposed as he was to violent outbursts.
(then)
More than once I considered severing his neck.

YOUNG IAN
Why did ye no?

MURTAGH
The rich old bastard died and his widow agreed to sell me the smithy. I reckon she wouldna have done so if I'd have murdered him.

YOUNG IAN
So he taught ye blacksmithing?

MURTAGH
I mastered all order of smithery.

Something occurs to Jamie.

JAMIE
Silversmithing?

MURTAGH
I can manage a bit.

JAMIE
Could I ask a favor of ye?

Jamie pulls the silver candlestick out of his satchel. Murtagh examines it -- noticing the MAKER'S MARK inside the bottom of the rim.

MURTAGH
(momentarily transported)
This was Ellen's, no?

Jamie nods, reminded of Murtagh's feelings for his mother. Ian pokes his head into the conversation. Conspiratorially:

YOUNG IAN
A surprise for his wife.

Murtagh glances to Jamie, a bit surprised.

MURTAGH
Married again did ye?

JAMIE
Well...

Jamie has some explaining to do.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Fetch us another ale, lad?

YOUNG IAN
I havena any...
(glancing at Murtagh)
He has all our money.

Murtagh smirks and removes Ian's purse from his satchel, handing it to him. As Young Ian takes it and stands up --

MURTAGH
Keep it, lad.

Ian smiles and walks off to the bar, leaving them alone.

JAMIE
Claire returned to me. After
twenty years.
(re: Murtagh's shock)
There're days still I canna believe
it myself.

MURTAGH

And she's here...?

JAMIE

Yes... she's home, at our cabin on Fraser's Ridge.

MURTAGH

And your bairn?

JAMIE

(proud)

A daughter. Brianna. I've no seen her. She's well and is living in Boston in the year nineteen hundred and seventy.

MURTAGH

Old enough to have children of her own?

JAMIE

(shakes his head)

Aye, she is, but she doesna have any yet. Brianna's at university.

Murtagh's a bit surprised.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Women in the future are entitled to do a good deal more than they are now.

MURTAGH

Any daughter of yers would be a canny lass.

JAMIE

Will ye return to Fraser's Ridge wi' us? We have need of a blacksmith with talents such as yer own.

We can see in Murtagh's face that he'd love nothing more. But there's something holding him back.

MURTAGH

(deflecting)

I have my forge here to think of.

JAMIE

We'll build ye one. A ten thousand acre settlement will need it.

MURTAGH

(shocked)

Ten thousand acres? Governor Tryon must think highly of ye.

Jamie picks up on Murtagh's apprehension. Join the club.

JAMIE

I'm mindful he's no well-liked here. We've had a hard time finding tenants because of it.

MURTAGH

Tryon's taxes have left many hereabouts aggrieved. Ye'll no find many Scots in Woolam's Creek willing to settle on land granted by him.

Jamie's surprised to hear Murtagh so strident.

JAMIE

(conceding)

Some of his sheriffs are corrupt, sure enough, but it doesna mean the men should give up. Many Scots have prospered in North Carolina.

(considering beat)

If ye come to Fraser's Ridge, we'll work together -- as we always do.

MURTAGH

I canna go, **no charaid**. I have work here. Grave work.

Jamie is devastated. Murtagh sees it.

MURTAGH (CONT'D)

Come wi' me to the forge to weigh what's to be done with yer silver -- afterwards, I'll take ye to a meeting.

Jamie remembers Bryan's invitation earlier.

JAMIE

What sort of meeting?

OFF Jamie, going to this meeting for sure...

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - CABIN - NIGHT (N5)

Claire, with her musket at her side, is CLEANING the cabin with a SCRUB BRUSH and a basin of water.

TIME CUT:

Claire knits a basic stitch when Rollo suddenly growls. She quickly grabs her musket, ready for action, and peeks out the window. Nothing there. She turns back to Rollo --

CLAIRE
(convincing herself)
Just the wind.

TIME CUT:

Claire, with her musket at her side, gnaws on JERKY, and adds more logs to the fire.

As she reaches to get the bottle down...

INT. WOOLAM'S CREEK - H. DAY ENTERTAINMENT - NIGHT (N5)

Establishing.

INT. WOOLAM'S CREEK - H. DAY ENTERTAINMENT - NIGHT (N5)

Jamie, with Ian trailing, follows Murtagh through the tavern past tables, crowded with the usual PATRONS (both men and women) drinking, laughing, shouting.

But then we notice another set of men -- lingering on the outside of conversations, hovering at the door, watching, listening... guarding. Jamie senses it too -- a current in the air. Something tense and careful.

One MAN shares a brief LOOK with Murtagh. It's a go-ahead of some sort, and Murtagh continues onto --

THE BACK DOOR. TWO MEN look Jamie and Ian over, and then open the door for them, closing it securely behind them.

INT. WOOLAM'S CREEK - H. DAY ENTERTAINMENT - BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT (N5)

The sub rosa current Jamie picked up in the tap room is out in the open here, crackling and electric in this ALL-MALE crowd. Several dozen IMMIGRANTS -- SCOTTISH, IRISH, DUTCH, and GERMAN -- occupy tables and every inch of standing room. Some drink -- but drinking is clearly not the point. There's a fury in the air that reminds us of Scotland. It's kinetic. And dangerous.

MURTAGH

Seat yerselves here. I'll find ye
after.

Murtagh waves Jamie over to a corner where there's room for
Ian and him to stand.

Jamie watches Murtagh make his way through the crowd,
slapping shoulders, exchanging words when Ian elbows Jamie.

Jamie follows Ian's gaze to: Danny, Ethan and Bryan, the men
who earlier rejected Jamie's settlement offers. Before Jamie
has time to acknowledge them --

MURTAGH (CONT'D)

Haud yer wheesht!

A HUSH falls over the crowd as all eyes turn to Murtagh.

ON Jamie and Ian, stunned: Murtagh's leading this meeting?

MURTAGH (CONT'D)

Tonight we drink to the tax
collectors.

Wait? What the hell? Some astounded grunts and grumblings
from the audience.

ON Jamie and Ian, puzzled looks as well.

MURTAGH (CONT'D)

They didna take Harry's horse, nor
Rabbie's cow, nor Johnnie's wagon
from him... och no. No, no. Lies.

A beat as the indignant grumblings from the crowd
intensify -- but Murtagh stands firm, confident with where
he's going.

MURTAGH (CONT'D)

No -- not taken. Stolen from them
they were. Stolen from us. And
what's stolen from one of us, is
stolen from all of us.

Now they all understand where this is going and the crowd
ERUPTS in agreement.

MURTAGH (CONT'D)

So wish yer tax collectors --
sheriffs too -- a fine supper, a good
bottle and a soft bed tonight,
lads -- for soon, soon they'll have
no peace.

(MORE)

MURTAGH (CONT'D)

(beat)

The day is coming -- the day we make plain our complaints and stand for what's right. We'll pay what we owe in taxes by law -- but not a penny more or a penny less. The corruption of the Governor's sheriffs and his tax collectors must end.

ETHAN

The thieving bastards should pay!

MURTAGH

Raise a glass to them tonight, each and every one -- for tomorrow, and from now on, we stand together. Ye'll need yer courage -- a rifle or two couldna hurt either... Soon... the time is coming when we'll march.

As the crowd CHEERS their approval, we've never seen Murtagh so commanding.

ON Jamie, watching the men, chilled by the call to arms -- and by his own rising desire to join them.

TIME CUT:

The crowd has dispersed. The few men who linger, including Murtagh, huddle, planning. After a beat, Murtagh extricates himself and makes his way over to --

Jamie and Young Ian, still waiting in the corner. Jamie's trying to wrap his head around it all, blown away by the emerging leader in Murtagh, and the grievances aired tonight. Ian's just plain delighted.

JAMIE

So, ye're a Regulator then?

YOUNG IAN

And a leader, forbye?

MURTAGH

We dinna have leaders, lad. I'm but an auld man who's been through it before.

(then, to Jamie)

Will ye join us?

Jamie takes a considering beat -- we sense that he is drawn to the movement, but his reservations are too great.

JAMIE

A gathering this size -- it could well become violent.

MURTAGH

We risk what we must for our beliefs.

JAMIE

(wishes he could go)

Aye. But I've Claire to think of. And Young Ian --

MURTAGH

And the land.

JAMIE

(admitting it)

The grant came with my assurance that I would help quell any unrest. I gave my word. I canna in good conscience involve myself with this... not now, with the situation worsening.

Murtagh nods, accepting Jamie's position. They look at each other for a beat. Is this to be goodbye?

JAMIE (CONT'D)

I wilna join ye -- but I wilna try to stop ye either.

Jamie and Murtagh may not be on the same side of this fight, but they're still one at heart.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

I pray ye'll come find me.

OFF Jamie as he and Murtagh part...

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - CABIN - NIGHT (N5)

CLOSE ON Claire still sitting near the hearth. She's sleeping now, her face illuminated by the low, FLICKERING light of the fire. She wakes up to the sound of Rollo's GROWL. Then FOOTSTEPS on the porch -- Claire scrambles for her musket, just as --

GERHARD (O.C.)

Frau Klara! Open the door!

Gerhard POUNDS ON THE DOOR. Claire, trembling, raises the barrel of her musket, aiming at the door, keeping SILENT as the POUNDING CONTINUES --

GERHARD (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Frau Klara! Frau Klara!

For a moment the pounding and shouting stops. Did Claire's silence convince Gerhard that she wasn't home? Her hopes are soon dashed when... the DOOR IS KICKED IN, slamming against a wall, its latch broken. Gerhard marches inside and... finds himself looking down the barrel of Claire's musket.

She's about to shoot when... an expression of relief washes over Gerhard's puffy eyes.

GERHARD

Frau Klara -- you're alive.
Thank God.

GERHARD G

**Frau Klara -- you're alive.
Gott sei Dank.**

CLAIRE

What?

GERHARD

(finding the words)

The measles. I fear I come too late
and it will take you, too.

Gerhard isn't angry -- he's grieving. Claire lowers her musket.

CLAIRE

(overwhelmed)

Thank you for your concern, but I'm
well.

GERHARD

(nods, then)

They are dead. My girl. The
baby. They get the measles
and...

GERHARD G

(nods, then)

**They are dead. Meine
Tochter. Das Kind. They get
the measles and...**

He doesn't finish the sentence, overcome by emotion. Five seconds ago Claire was ready to kill him, but now she wonders if she should thank him for checking on her. Gerhard stifles a sob. Claire can't resist taking his filthy hand in hers.

CLAIRE

I'm so sorry. I wish there were
something that could have been done.

GERHARD

It was no use, the curse was strong -- they die quickly.

Should Claire try to get through to this sad, ignorant man... or let him go on believing in hexes? She decides she has to try -- she can't allow him to be a lost cause.

CLAIRE

Measles is a disease, Herr Mueller. It spreads from person to person.

Unexpectedly, Gerhard nods. He understands.

GERHARD

Ja. It happened to me. And my wife, in Günzburg. We were sick for week.

Claire exhales. Perhaps Gerhard is not as stubborn as she thought. Perhaps he is capable of reason.

CLAIRE

It likely traveled home with you from Cross Creek -- through no fault of your own.

Gerhard stiffens.

GERHARD

No. Nella and baby die too quickly.

CLAIRE

(trying to explain)
Their bodies were weak after the birth. They could've died of the fever --

GERHARD

This is not what happened. They died because of the curse -- the savages hate us and want our land. It is them -- they are supposed to die of pox -- not us. Not the ones who believe in God.

(then)

No matter. It is over now. I take care of them for us... and you.

Herr Mueller digs into his coat and withdraws a CHECKERED-CLOTH-WRAPPED BUNDLE. Claire recognizes it, her mind flooding with memories of Petronella. She touches it, heavy-hearted.

CLAIRE
Baby Klara's doll.

Gerhard hands it to her. Without thinking, Claire unfolds the cloth expecting to find the doll but --

A SHEAF OF WHITE-STREAKED HAIR spills out, along with a KNIFE SHEATH we've seen before. Claire emits an involuntary CRY of horror.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
(anguished)
Adawehi.

Claire reels, trying to process what's happened. In her lap the scalp of a murdered woman, and in front of her, Gerhard, the murderer -- presenting his crime as a gift.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
(dazed)
She was their healer.

GERHARD
(pleased with himself)
She was witch, ja?
(then, as if it's obvious)
There can be no curse without witch.

Knowing how volatile he is, Claire struggles to keep her anger under wraps as Gerhard stands up.

GERHARD (CONT'D)
I go now. Goodbye, Frau Klara.

Gerhard walks to the door, opening it, leaving Claire on the floor, her mind churning through the events that led to this horror. Then she remembers what started it.

CLAIRE
All they wanted was water.

At the door, Gerhard LAUGHS -- a heartbreaking, detached laugh. He waves to the wide open world beyond the door.

GERHARD
(in German)
Water is everywhere, ja? Creek and lake and stream. They do not need to come to my land for water.
(then)
No. The savages come to show that my land is theirs.

With that, Gerhard buttons his coat and exits the cabin. OFF Claire looking down at the bundle in her hands...

OMITTED (MOVED INTO SCENE 26)

EXT. MUELLER CABIN - NIGHT (N-A6)

In the midst of the dark forest, moonlight reveals the tiny cabin -- and the two fresh GRAVES in front of the garden.

Suddenly -- FIRE streaks across the dark, a burning arrow launched without our notice from somewhere in the trees. The arrow arcs and tips, descending earthward to its target, sinking into the ROOF with precision as --

CLAIRE (V.O.)
*I learned when I became a doctor --
 that sometimes no matter what I
 did...*

ANOTHER ARROW rockets past on a second trajectory, plunging through a window. And then another and another, lighting up the interior of the cabin.

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - CABIN - NIGHT (N5)

Claire wraps Adawehi's scalp with loving compassion and places the bundle inside a box.

CLAIRE (V.O.)
*No matter how hard I tried, there
 would always be patients I couldn't
 save...*

She places the sachet of herbs that Adawehi gave her on top of the bundle.

EXT. MUELLER CABIN - NIGHT (N-A6)

Suddenly, Rosewitha appears in the rubble of the DOORWAY. That she's alive at all is astonishing. That she appears untouched is a miracle. But when she steps out of the house we see that her entire backside is a SHEET OF FIRE -- and there's AN ARROW in her back. Dying but propelled by instinct, she takes a step away from the burning ruins. And then, unsteadily, she takes another.

CLAIRE (V.O.)
*I was taught not to despair over
 them...*

Rosewitha is halfway across the clearing, stumbling and falling, then getting back up, trying to make it to the creek...

CLAIRE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*... and to accept that it was just
 their time.*

Just a few feet from the CREEK, Rosewitha finally collapses and is CONSUMED BY FLAMES.

ANGLE ON an edge of forest behind her body where --

GERHARD
 Rosewitha!

Gerhard Mueller bursts through the woods on horseback and leaps off his horse to behold the remains of his wife and beyond that, his burning homestead.

He is horror-stricken as he SPRINTS to -- the burning CABIN, where he runs across the threshold and disappears inside without a moment's hesitation --

GERHARD (CONT'D)
 Tommy!

Tawodi and a group of FIVE BRAVES, on horseback, emerge from the trees in war paint -- no reason to hide any longer -- and take in the CONFLAGRATION they started.

A moment later, the roof collapses -- Gerhard is gone.

TAWODI	TAWODI C
Now he has paid. It will be finished.	Nodi ukwiyvda. Ulskwati gesesdi.

The Braves take their leave in a single-file procession, disappearing silently into the trees.

The flames LIGHT UP THE SKY in a vivid, menacing arrangement, until the night turns into something a lot like day....

CLAIRE (V.O.)
*We said it because it was the only
 way to let them go. And it was the
 only way to survive the loss
 ourselves.*

The cabin burns to the ground. Embers swirl through the air, landing on Petronella and Baby Klara's freshly-filled graves. The doll, now on the baby's grave, catches fire.

Gerhard Mueller's land is now a cemetery, and the cabin is its third tombstone.

OMITTED (MOVED TO A10)

EXT. CRAIGH NA DUN - DAY (D2) (1971)

Roger's car pulls up to the base of the hill and he jumps out, a RUCKSACK over his shoulder and Brianna's letter in his hand. As he RUNS up the hill, we hear BRIANNA'S VOICE-OVER:

BRIANNA (V.O.)
Roger, if you're reading this, it means that I couldn't make it back.

Roger pants, breathless, scrabbling over rocks and roots.

BRIANNA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I found out something terrible is going to happen to my mother and Jamie. If I didn't try to go and help them I would never have forgiven myself.

Roger arrives at the STONES. They are majestic. Lonely, even in the middle of the day. Roger can hear the BUZZING. He knows the power of the stones.

BRIANNA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I need you to know that I cared about you very much. Please don't try to follow me, Roger.

Roger runs from one stone to the next, searching for any sign that Brianna was here. Though calling her defies reason:

ROGER
 (calling out)
 Brianna!

BRIANNA (V.O.)
You once told me to think of my mother happily in the past, and that's how I want you to think of me. Goodbye, Roger. Brianna.

As Roger stands there, lost, he notices... a PIN-BACK BUTTON with a 1970s American slogan or symbol on it. Something that likely belonged to Brianna.

Roger holds the button and leans his head back, gazing into the infinite sky --

OMITTED

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - CABIN - DAY (D6) (1768)

MORNING. It's been three days since the Muellers' death.

CLOSE ON Claire sleeping, when -- Rollo GROWLS and runs to the door -- Claire's eye pop open. Alarmed, she reaches for her musket.

The door creaks open. She raises the musket when --

JAMIE (O.C.)

Sassenach!

Claire sees Jamie in the doorway -- she puts down the musket and rushes to him...

CLAIRE

Jamie...

JAMIE

Mo nighean donn?

Jamie takes her in his arms.

CLAIRE

I'm so glad you're home.

But suddenly he notices Claire is weeping.

JAMIE

What's wrong?

So much to tell, but right now she can't. All she can do is let out her grief for the loss of Petronella, Baby Klara and Adawehi.

CLAIRE

Just hold me.

And he does. She'll share her story later.

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - DAY (D-A7)

FEW DAYS LATER. Claire is sweeping the porch.

She hears WHISTLING IN THE DISTANCE, "Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy." She freezes, recognizing the tune.

She looks up to the surprise of her life --

MURTAGH! Claire blinks, unable to believe her eyes!

CLAIRE

Murtagh..?! Is it really you?

MURTAGH

Well, it's no the boogie woogie
bugle boy.

She DIVES into his embrace and the two long lost friends
reunite through smiles and tears...

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE