

OUTLANDER

EPISODE 406

Blood Of My Blood

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FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT
11th September 2018

OUTLANDER
EPISODE 406 "Blood Of My Blood"

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CAST LIST – FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT – 11th September 2018

CLAIRE RANDALL FRASER
JAMIE MACKENZIE FRASER
MURTAGH FITZGIBBONS FRASER

LORD JOHN GREY
LORD WILLIAM RANSOM

CHEROKEE WARRIOR
THE RAVEN OF KEOWEE

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INTERIORS

Fraser's Ridge
Cabin
Lean-To

EXTERIORS

Campfire
Fraser's Ridge
Cabin
Back Porch
Privy
Indian Land - Stream
Stream
Woods

FADE IN:

EXT. STREAM - DAY (D7) (1768)

CLAIRE FRASER kneels on a wooden board by the water's edge, filling two buckets with fresh water from a stream -- it's her routine -- how she begins each day.

A weathered hand reaches toward the buckets, and she swats it away. REVEAL MURTAGH FITZGIBBONS FRASER as he reaches in again and grabs the buckets from her. He grimaces -- his very bones seem to ache these days.

CLAIRE
Pride goeth before a fall -- and a
broken back too.

She takes one bucket back.

MURTAGH
Be glad of the help while ye have it.

CLAIRE
Perhaps you should stay then?
You've barely had time to complain
about anything yet. And Jamie's
quite fond of you... I suppose.

MURTAGH
It's a blessing to see ye as well,
Claire.

Claire holds Murtagh's arm as they walk along the stream. It's clear they've returned to the special rapport they once shared -- teasing each other, but underneath an unmistakable care for one another.

CLAIRE
You being here really does make
Fraser's Ridge feel like home...
Are you sure you can't stay?

MURTAGH
I have the forge. And if I'm to
stay here in North Carolina at all
I'll need to pay my taxes... and ye
ken what that means...

CLAIRE
I do -- unfortunately. And it
worries me.

MURTAGH

Dinna fash. Along wi' grey hair,
auld age brings a wee bit of
wisdom.

CLAIRE

And what might that wisdom be?

MURTAGH

As we speak, two of our best men
are presenting our petition to the
Governor for fewer taxes.

CLAIRE

Your Regulator friends? I can't
imagine Tryon will be too pleased
about that.

MURTAGH

He asked for the petition himself,
the bastard -- he better be.
(off her surprised look)
With all the uproar and marching
through the streets -- Tryon had to
do something.

CLAIRE

And if he doesn't listen?

MURTAGH

We've also informed him that any
sheriff attempting to collect taxes
not allowed by law, will do so at
the risk of his life.

CLAIRE

I pray it doesn't come to that.

Before Murtagh can respond --

YOUNG BOY (O.C.)

Papa! PAPA!

Startled, Murtagh instinctively moves in front of Claire.
They set their buckets down and follow the sound of
SHRIEKING around a bend to see --

A frightened young boy, who we'll come to know as WILLIAM,
10, English, innately polite but out of sorts at the moment,
SLAPPING at LEECHES on his legs as he hops to and fro.

MURTAGH

What is it, lad?

Claire leans in for closer examination --

CLAIRE

They're leeches. They won't hurt you.

WILLIAM

Please -- can you remove them -- at once?

Neither Claire nor Murtagh have ever seen this boy before, yet he's oddly familiar. Masking fear with forced composure, the boy lifts his chin.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

They're vile creatures.

CLAIRE

Not so terribly vile. They have their uses... and if you can stand it -- it's better to wait a short while until they drop off by themselves.

WILLIAM

I don't care what use they are -- I hate them -- and I'd rather not wait -- if you please.

CLAIRE

Very well, be still a moment and I'll remove them.

Murtagh holds the lad still as Claire examines his legs. One of the little beasts is already plump with blood. She edges her fingernail under it and POPS THE LEECH OFF into her hand.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Murtagh, please pass me a bucket.

(to William)

Don't want it to go to waste.

(off his look)

They're helpful for bringing down the swelling of bruises.

She gathers WET LEAVES, taking note of the boy's COAT, discarded SHOES and STOCKINGS on the ground.

Claire scoops up a HANDFUL OF MUD, presses the leech gently into it and wraps the gooey blob in wet leaves. Murtagh returns with the bucket.

As she removes a couple more of the creatures:

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Are you alone?

WILLIAM
I'm with my father.

MURTAGH
Where is he?

SMASH CUT TO:

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

LORD JOHN GREY, having just dismounted his horse, stands gazing at -- JAMIE FRASER intently sawing a log, not realizing he's being watched. Then --

JOHN GREY
Jamie.

Jamie looks up, stunned. John Grey bows.

JAMIE
What the devil --

The two men take in the sight of one another.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
What are ye doing in the backcountry?

JOHN GREY
Your letter painted such a beautiful picture that I was determined to see your land with my own eyes. And I've business in Virginia.

JAMIE
(not quite buying it)
Virginia's some ways north, John...

John's caught. They share a laugh.

JOHN GREY
True -- which is why I've sent the men who accompanied us ahead, to Woolam's Creek, to make preparations for the onward journey.

Jamie looks past John. John sees the hope and anticipation in his eyes.

JOHN GREY (CONT'D)
He's here with me, however.

Jamie lights up. John manages Jamie's expectations.

JOHN GREY (CONT'D)

He's waiting by the stream a moment, before I retrieve him. I thought I might have a word with you, alone, first, if possible.

But it's clear he also wanted a private moment for his reunion with Jamie. The last time they saw each other was after the Governor's Ball [Episode 313].

OMITTED

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - CABIN - DAY (D7)

Grey watches as Jamie puts logs on the fire.

JOHN GREY

I wanted to give you a moment to prepare.

JAMIE

Thank ye.

JOHN GREY

I don't know if he'll remember you.

Jamie's a bit hurt, but covers his pain and disappointment.

JAMIE

He was barely six when I left
Helwater -- a lifetime ago, to a lad.
(then)
Best he doesna remember, perhaps. For
his sake.

JOHN GREY

Indeed.
(then)
By the by, he insists we call him
William now.

Jamie is invigorated by the prospect of seeing his son --

JAMIE

We'd be honored if you'd stay for a
while, as guests.

JOHN GREY

That would be delightful.

JAMIE
Is Isobel with you?

John Grey turns away from Jamie, fixing his gaze on the fire. After a long silence --

JOHN GREY
No... Isobel... has died.
On the ship between England and
Jamaica. She and William were coming
to join me there and she took ill.

Jamie takes this news to heart.

JAMIE
John... I am sorry to hear it...
How are you bearing up?

JOHN GREY
As you'd expect... it's been a
trial... for William especially, he
is grief-stricken. But I must keep
my chin up for him.

Jamie can see how devastated Grey is over the loss; he offers a hand on John's shoulder.

JAMIE
She was such a kind soul. And a
wonderful mother to Willie...
William.

JOHN GREY
A true mother to him.

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

Establishing. Claire, William, Murtagh enter the house.

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - CABIN - DAY (D7)

The door opens. Claire and Murtagh appear with William in tow. Jamie eyes William, hopeful the boy will recognize him, but William is focused on John Grey.

Claire spots John Grey too, and she's stunned. She looks to Grey, then back to William, realizing now that she's staring at Jamie's illegitimate son. Murtagh recognizes Grey's face as well -- from Ardsmuir Prison [Episode 303].

CLAIRE
Lord John...

JOHN GREY
 Mistress Fraser.
 (bowing)
 A pleasure to see you again.

WILLIAM
 You know my father?

CLAIRE
 I do.
 (to Grey)
 The pleasure is mine.

Murtagh nods to Grey. The Highlander bows to no man.

JOHN GREY
 A reunion indeed -- Mr. Fitzgibbons,
 you appear well after all this time.

Grey bows again.

MURTAGH
 'Tis the mountain air I expect.

Murtagh is a man of few words. Jamie hasn't taken his eyes off Willie the whole time. Grey turns to William.

JOHN GREY
 I see you have made the acquaintance
 of our gracious hostess, will you not
 also pay your compliments to our
 host...?

William turns in Jamie's direction, looking at him for the first time, cocking his head to the side. The moment of truth has finally arrived -- will William remember Jamie? Jamie and Grey watch anxiously, until --

WILLIAM
 I don't believe I've been given
 your name, sir...

John jumps in --

JOHN GREY
 How impertinent of me... may I
 present Mr. James Fraser.

WILLIAM
 Mr. Fraser, it is a pleasure to
 make your acquaintance.

The boy bows in Jamie's direction. Jamie returns the compliment.

JAMIE

Yers as well, Master William.

Claire notes Jamie's disappointment and grabs a bottle of alcohol --

CLAIRE

The young master encountered some leeches down at the stream. With his father's permission, I'd like to take him to clean his wounds.

John Grey nods, and Claire takes the boy by the arm and leads him out the door, leaving Jamie, Murtagh and John Grey alone. They stare in silence, not sure where to begin, until --

JOHN GREY

(to Murtagh)

William's not aware of the circumstances of how we three met. I'd be grateful for your discretion in the matter.

MURTAGH

Aye. Wouldn't want him to think ye keep dishonorable company...

Grey pauses, uncomfortable...

JAMIE

The past is in the past. Lord John is a trusted friend.

(beat)

And his kindness helped preserve yer life.

MURTAGH

(grudgingly)

Aye. That it did. I'll say nothing of Ardsmuir to the lad.

JOHN GREY

Thank you, Mr. Fitzgibbons.

OFF Murtagh, suspicious of the situation.

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - CABIN - BACK PORCH - MOMENTS LATER - DAY (D7)

William sits on a bench with his leg out. Tiny streams of blood run down his legs; Claire kneels in front of William, dabbing them with a clean cloth, washing the small wounds with vinegar and St. John's Wort to stop the bleeding and the alcohol. She occasionally glances up, studying his face, taking in his blue eyes.

William lets out a deep and tremulous SIGH OF RELIEF as she dries his shins.

WILLIAM

I'm not afraid of blood -- I hunt... it's only...

CLAIRE

... it's only that the sight of one's own blood can be a little disconcerting?

William eyes the strange woman before him -- the manners of a proper lady combined with the skills of a servant. Claire applies some balm on the irritated spots.

Claire takes a clean cloth, dips it in water, and, matter-of-factly, wipes his smudged face. Then, without asking, she smooths out the snarls of his hair using her fingers.

William looks utterly astonished by this familiarity, but beyond an initial stiffening of his spine, makes no protest. As she orders his hair, he lets out another SMALL SIGH.

WILLIAM

I've lost my ribbon.

CLAIRE

Don't worry, I'll lend you one.

Claire finishes plaiting his hair and ties it with a scrap of ribbon, feeling a sense of protectiveness.

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - CABIN - NIGHT (N7)

Claire, Jamie, Murtagh, John Grey and William sit around the table, finishing an awkward family dinner. Wine flowing.

Murtagh finds himself occasionally staring at William. He doesn't know the lad is Jamie's son, but there's something about this kid that draws his attention, something familiar.

JAMIE

Did you sail into Wilmington?

WILLIAM

(the eager student)
New Bern, sir.

JOHN GREY

Governor Tryon was kind enough to
offer us respite at his new palace.

Murtagh's hackles go up at the mention of Tryon's palace --
he shoots Jamie an irked look.

JAMIE

Ye ken the Governor then?

JOHN GREY

We met in London some years ago.
We're both members of the Society
for the Appreciation of the English
Beefsteak.

(to Claire)

A gentleman's club in London.

An awkward pause.

JAMIE

My nephew Ian would laugh to hear
of such a club -- he's out hunting
with some of our Cherokee neighbors
as we speak.

JOHN GREY

I'm very sorry to find him absent --
the young man for whom you crossed
an ocean.

Murtagh refills Grey's wine to the brim.

MURTAGH

The Governor's built himself a
palace, ye say.

JOHN GREY

Yes... when it is complete it will
stand as a symbol of stability in the
Province, a true monument to
elegance.

Murtagh, bristling now, can't help speaking his mind.

MURTAGH

Elegance? Where's the money coming from?

Jamie shoots Murtagh a look.

CLAIRE

An untimely investment perhaps, given the debts of the Province caused by the recent war.

JOHN GREY

I believe the Governor asked the Assembly to allocate funds. Though it appears that some here in the backcountry are rallying against the taxes levied to build it.

MURTAGH

Because the taxes are excessive -- and rising!

JAMIE

No doubt they feel a palace -- or a monument -- is no the best use of their hard earned coin.

JOHN GREY

They? By "they" I suppose you mean the mob -- for that's what they inevitably turn out to be... Take these "Regulators" for instance -- by all accounts they are proving themselves to be unreasonable and dangerous. A menace to the backcountry and given to causing disruption by means of riot.

(to Jamie)

Have you encountered anything of the kind here?

A pregnant pause. Everyone, including Murtagh, waits for Jamie's answer. Then --

JAMIE

There is the backcountry, John, and then there's the wilderness.

CLAIRE

We're not likely to have trouble of that sort at Fraser's Ridge.

Slightly mocking Grey's tone --

MURTAGH

By all accounts it's the Governor himself who's unreasonable and dangerous.

JOHN GREY

(matter-of-fact)

Those "Regulators" tied a sheriff to his horse and marched with his beaten body through Hillsborough... with women and children present.

(to Murtagh)

Would you call that reasonable?

MURTAGH

Exaggeration and falsehood.

JOHN GREY

I'm told there were many witnesses.

Murtagh chuckles at that.

MURTAGH

And who was it told ye that? The same man as gave ye directions to Virginia?

JOHN GREY

(defensive)

The New World is vast...

MURTAGH

Aye. A land of plenty -- when we're no bein' taxed to high Heaven. I've more than rats to eat now, my Lord.

William's eyes widen.

WILLIAM

You have eaten rats, sir?

The last thing Grey wants is for William to learn these men are his ex-prisoners. John Grey waits for Murtagh's response -- but Claire intercedes.

CLAIRE

Mr. Fitzgibbons has a peculiar sense of humor.

Murtagh's stomached enough pleasantries with a redcoat.

MURTAGH

(stands, to Claire)

Thank ye for dinner.

Murtagh glances toward John Grey.

JOHN GREY
A pleasant evening indeed.

As Murtagh leaves, John turns to Jamie --

JOHN GREY (CONT'D)
Can I interest you in a game of
chess?

JAMIE
I'm afraid I dinna have a chess
set.

JOHN GREY
Fortunately, I've brought mine. I
never travel without it.

WILLIAM
(to John Grey)
May I be excused?

William fidgets in his seat... he has to urinate and Jamie
notices the signs --

JAMIE
There's a privy, just behind the
cabin, Master William.

WILLIAM
Outside? Won't someone fetch a
chamber pot?

John Grey gives him a stern look.

JOHN GREY
You must become accustomed to using
the privy while we're guests at
Fraser's Ridge.

WILLIAM
Yes, Papa.

Jamie watches the exchange, impressed by Grey's parenting.

JAMIE
I'll show ye where it is.

Jamie accompanies William outside.

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - PRIVY - NIGHT (N7)

Jamie walks William to the privy. A restless horse WHINNIES.

| | |
|---|--|
| <p>JAMIE (to the horse) There ye are, there ye are, m' darlin'.</p> | <p>JAMIE G (to the horse) Shin u, shin u m' eudail.</p> |
|---|--|

This triggers a memory in William. The boy slows, taking a good look at Jamie --

WILLIAM
Mac?

Jamie freezes -- he's elated that the boy remembers him, but manages to keep his cool.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
Is your name not MacKenzie?

JAMIE
Aye. MacKenzie is one of my given names.

William putting things together.

WILLIAM
Then are you the groom at this estate?

JAMIE
(proudly)
No. Fraser's Ridge is my land, but I tend to the horses -- along with everything else.

They walk a few steps --

WILLIAM
Do you remember me?

JAMIE
Fondly.

WILLIAM
Then why did you not remind me of our acquaintanceship when we were introduced?

JAMIE
(beat)
I dinna ken.
(MORE)

JAMIE (CONT'D)
 (changing the subject)
 Do ye still have the wooden snake I
 carved for ye?

WILLIAM
 I'm too old for toys, sir.

With that, William excuses himself to the privy. OFF Jamie,
 mind racing --

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - CABIN - NIGHT (N7)

Back to John and Claire. A brief silence, then --

CLAIRE
 Where is Isobel's estate?

JOHN GREY
 Lynchburg. Part of her dowry,
 though I was never much concerned
 with it myself -- she, despite
 never having been there, took a
 great deal of interest from afar --
 to the extent that, upon her death,
 the factor asked for her particular
 instructions.

Claire sips her wine.

CLAIRE
 (are you lost?)
 Lynchburg is in Virginia, isn't it?

John Grey offers a wry smile, guessing her thoughts.

JOHN GREY
 Indeed it is. However, after I
 received a letter from Jamie with
 news of the land grant in North
 Carolina, I thought it wise to seek
 a trusted friend's counsel on the
 particulars of life in the Colonies.

CLAIRE
 Counsel for you -- or the Governor?

JOHN GREY
 I beg your pardon?

CLAIRE
 If the Governor sent you to ensure
 Jamie's loyalty, he's already given
 Tryon his word.

JOHN GREY

Perhaps I've had too much wine,
but...

(chuckles)

It sounded as though you suggested
that I'm here to spy upon him?

CLAIRE

Are you?

John Grey quickly rises to his feet, then looks to Claire.

JOHN GREY

If our stay here is proving
burdensome, you have only to say
the word...

Claire knows there is more to his story, but she plays the
ever-gracious host. She stands.

CLAIRE

It's no burden at all. I only wish
I had time to prepare sleeping
arrangements more suitable for you
and the young Earl.

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - LEAN-TO - NIGHT (N7)

Jamie lays BLANKETS on the floor as Claire begins to
undress.

CLAIRE

I can't tell if it's a good thing
or a bad thing that William
remembered you.

JAMIE

When the lad said MacKenzie, my
heart raced -- I wanted to swing
him through the air as I did when
he was a wee lad.

(growing excitement)

He's no so wee anymore -- he's
sprouted, but he's still got the
same cock to his head, that
familiar fire in his eyes...

Jamie's enthusiasm is contagious. Claire lights up --

CLAIRE

He's very handsome.

Jamie looks to Claire --

JAMIE

When the lad was near three, Lord Dunsany brought him to the stables for his first ride.

(chuckles)

He was terrified -- kept screaming his favorite word at the time: mo. Otherwise known as "no." But after I put the lad on my shoulders and gave him a chance to speak with the horse, eye to eye -- Willie embraced him. We couldn't keep the lad away after that -- even had his own way of brushing them with short little flicks.

CLAIRE

He obviously learned that by watching you.

JAMIE

His voice... when he asked me... if I was the groom... it was... the memory of a stranger.

CLAIRE

He just needs to get to know you again.

Jamie looks deep into Claire's eyes. Jamie pulls her into a loving embrace, numbing the pain with pleasure. They kiss, passionately, but only for a moment.

JAMIE

I've been dreaming of a moment alone with ye for weeks.

He kisses her again.

CLAIRE

Isn't your friend waiting for you?

JAMIE

I suppose he is.

CLAIRE

Go and have a good game. But do prepare yourself. When our guests are gone, I'll be expecting your full attention.

Jamie shoots her a look. OFF Claire, watching him go.

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - NIGHT (N7)

Jamie walks toward the main cabin to find Murtagh gathering wood.

JAMIE

Save some for the rest of us, will ye?

Jamie stops to grab a couple logs.

MURTAGH

Ye continued yer acquaintanceship with the warden after Ardsmuir then?

JAMIE

Aye. He saw to my parole.

The rest of the conversation is in hushed tones:

MURTAGH

I've a suspicion Grey's sympathies lie with Tryon -- and his dishonest sheriffs and tax collectors.

JAMIE

My sympathies will be for the rats ye'll be dining on once again when ye're imprisoned for taking the law into yer own hands -- if ye're not careful.

MURTAGH

And we're to stand by and watch a man build a palace while others are left wanting --

JAMIE

I've spoken with the Governor. He wishes to address the matter and to put an end to these complaints.

MURTAGH

So that he can carry on wi' building his monument to elegance! And your guest keeps company with men such as Tryon. A leopard doesna change its spots.

(then an idea)

The Governor has no reason to keep secrets from Grey. Talk to him, find out what he kens.

JAMIE

I'll no take advantage of my
friendship.

MURTAGH

(grimaces)
Friendship with an English redcoat?

JAMIE

(getting heated now)
English or not -- Willie needs him.

MURTAGH

What is it that concerns ye so
about a lad ye barely ken?

JAMIE

Willie has lost two mothers. John
Grey is all he has left.

Murtagh clocks the use of Willie...

MURTAGH

And how does that make the lad yer
responsibility?

Jamie shoots Murtagh a look -- Murtagh's beginning to put
the pieces together.

JAMIE

(lowers his voice even
more)
He's...

As Jamie searches for the words, realization blooms within
Murtagh. The reason William looks so familiar. After all,
Murtagh knew Jamie when he was the boy's age.

MURTAGH

Christ... he's yours, isna he?
(off Jamie's look)
I kent there was something familiar
about his smile.

JAMIE

Ye must keep this to yerself -- ye
ken that the reputation of Lord
William Ransom, ninth Earl of
Ellesmere, would be ruined and that
he would lose all he has, if anyone
were to find out.

Murtagh understands now -- family comes first.

MURTAGH

Ye needn't worry about me keeping
yer secrets. I've kept them, each
and every one.

(then)

Does Claire ken?

JAMIE

Aye.

MURTAGH

(annoyed)

Then when ye find the time, ye can
tell me about his mother. Unless
that's a secret as well.

Jamie watches a disappointed Murtagh head off into the night, his loyalty to Grey driving a wedge between two headstrong men who love each other greatly.

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - CABIN - NIGHT (N7)

William sleeps soundly in the feather bed. Across the room, John Grey and Jamie play CHESS, falling easily back into their old routine. John stares at Jamie, absolutely riveted as Jamie finishes telling him about his adventures with his Cherokee neighbors [Episode 404].

JAMIE

... and now the Indians call me
"Yona dihi", Bear Killer.

JOHN GREY

And there I was thinking a game of
chess would be exciting for you.

JAMIE

This game is a blessing.

John squints at the board, considering. Jamie eyes Grey.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Are ye tired?

JOHN GREY

A little -- I'd forgotten the
strength of mind one requires when
playing such a worthy opponent.

But the look in his eyes belies that Jamie means much more than that to him. Lord John takes his turn, sits back and stretches, as though concluding something.

JOHN GREY (CONT'D)

I envy you, Jamie, removed from such petty difficulties as afflict the merchants and gentry of the lowlands. You have the consolation of knowing your struggles to be significant and heroic.

JAMIE

(snorts)

At the moment, my most heroic struggle is keeping snakes out of the privy.

(then)

Ye really mean to make that move?

Grey narrows his eyes at Jamie, then looks down, studying the board with pursed lips.

JOHN GREY

Yes, I do.

JAMIE

Damn.

With a grin, Jamie reaches out and tips over his king in resignation. Grey laughs, and reaches for the brandy bottle, finding it empty.

JOHN GREY

Damn!

Jamie laughs, then fetches a new bottle from under the bench. He opens it and pours a musical glug of liquid into a cup.

JAMIE

Try a drop of this.

Grey lifts the cup to his nose, inhales and sneezes explosively, scattering droplets over the table.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

It's whisky, John. Ye're to drink it -- not bathe in it.

Grey sniffs again, more cautiously, and essays a trial sip. He chokes, but swallows gamely. He coughs, clears his throat, and sets the cup gingerly on the table, eyeing it as though it might explode. Then, after a beat:

JOHN GREY

Tryon had a few things to say regarding your presence here -- that it was in part meant as a quelling influence upon the growth of lawlessness.

JAMIE

(laughs)

I think it will be some time before there is much lawlessness for me to quell.

JOHN GREY

(laughs)

For now. Tryon believes the Regulators will stop at nothing.

Jamie feels caught between two friends.

JAMIE

Short of being heard.

Grey picks up Jamie's fallen king.

JOHN GREY

Will you redeem your honor with another game? I cannot expect the same trick to work twice, after all.

JAMIE

Aye.

Jamie and John Grey reset the board and drink.

JOHN GREY

Do you feel yourself content?

JAMIE

I have all that a man could want. A home and honorable work. My wife at my side. Good friends. The knowledge that my son is safe and well cared for. I want no more.

ON JAMIE as he glances to William, still sleeping soundly. Grey keeps his gaze on Jamie.

OMITTED

OMITTED

OMITTED (MOVED INTO SCENE 9)EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - CABIN - DAY (D8)

FEW DAYS LATER. The horses are loaded, ready for a journey. There is a luggage horse. William affectionately brushes his own horse with the same short flicking motion that Jamie told Claire about earlier.

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - CABIN - DAY (D8)

Through the window, Jamie watches William with bittersweet pride, knowing he may never see the boy again.

JOHN GREY

Your hospitality these past few days has been much appreciated.

Grey bows unsteadily -- Claire's eyes fix on him with genuine concern, taking note of his puffy eyes.

JAMIE

I'll escort you to the road that'll have ye on yer way to Virginia.

CLAIRE

I don't think that's a good idea.

Claire shows Jamie RED SPOTS on John Grey's neck. She feels John Grey's skin and confirms he is HOT TO THE TOUCH.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

You're burning up.

(then)

There was an epidemic of measles in Cross Creek. Did you travel through there?

JOHN GREY

Yes. Have I got the measles? If so, you must keep William away.

Claire helps John sit down.

CLAIRE

We will. Open your mouth.

Claire discovers small KOPLIK'S SPOTS, clustered white lesions on the lining of Grey's mouth.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Yes. You have the measles. How long have you been feeling ill?

JOHN GREY

I felt somewhat light-headed when I retired last night. I woke with a bad headache but I thought it a consequence of Jamie's so-called whisky.

He smiles faintly at Jamie, then coughs as Claire gropes for a fresh handkerchief.

CLAIRE

Yes, quite. I'll put some willow bark to steep; that will help the headache. Try to rest a bit.

Claire raises a brow at Jamie, who follows her. She cleans their hands carefully with the bottle of alcohol.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

He's very infectious.
(to Jamie)
Have you had the measles before?

JAMIE

Aye, when I was five or six. Murtagh too. So it willna infect me?

CLAIRE

No, nor me either; I've been inoculated. Willie may have been exposed to the same source as Lord John, but show no sign yet. We'll have Murtagh stay with me until John is better and...

She looks out the window toward William, outwardly as healthy as the horse he's feeding.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Perhaps you had better sleep outside with Willie -- stay close for a day or so; if the boy's infected, he'll show signs by then. If not, then he's likely all right.

JAMIE

We can come back then?

CLAIRE

No. You can't bring him back for at least six days. By then, John will either be well on the way to recovery -- or...

Jamie notes the mist of worry in her eyes and swallows hard.

JAMIE

Aye, I'll take the lad on a tour -- show him Fraser's Ridge.

Jamie turns to glance at William, conflicted. Claire puts her hand on his arm.

CLAIRE

At least you'll be able to spend time with William without it seeming strange.

He puts his hand over hers where it lay on his arm. Then Jamie looks to his son, moved by the thought of bonding with him, although difficult under such dire circumstances...

OMITTED (MOVED INTO SCENE 14)

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - DAY (D8)

The ninth Earl of Ellesmere sits in the dirt, protesting. Jamie saddles supplies to his horse, including: a KETTLE, TWO RIFLES, and a FANCY ROD WITH A REEL. The boy's face draws down in a ferocious scowl.

WILLIAM

I'm not leaving!

William climbs to his feet and turns back toward the cabin. Jamie snakes out an arm, grabs the lad's collar, and hauls him back. Seeing the boy draw back his foot for a kick, Jamie knocks the boy's foot neatly away.

JAMIE

Don't kick. It's ill-mannered. It's verra loyal of ye to want to stay by your father, but ye canna help him, and you may do yourself harm by staying.

Jamie takes the Earl by an unresisting arm, and leads him to one of the saddled horses.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Up.

The boy sticks a reluctant foot in the stirrup and swings aboard. Jamie tosses the boy's hat up to him, donning his own, and mounts himself. As a precaution, Jamie keeps hold of both sets of reins as they set off.

WILLIAM

You, sir... are a lout!

Jamie casts a look over his shoulder, to see William leaning perilously to the side, half off his saddle.

JAMIE

Don't try it. I wouldna like to tie yer feet in yer stirrups, but I'll do it, make no mistake.

The boy's eyes narrow, but he straightens up abruptly and glares at Jamie. His jaw stays clenched, but his shoulders slump a little in temporary defeat.

EXT. WOODS - DAY (D8)

Jamie and William ride their horses in silence. William gently pats his horse as he rides.

JAMIE

Ye still have a way with horses.

William sulks in silence.

Jamie slows in front of a SPANISH OAK marked with the INITIALS OF THE COMMISSIONER'S NAMES: JR, RP, JF, AC, JF, and five X's that stand for the Cherokee.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Ye see those initials? Ye'll find similar markings all along this area. They serve as a Treaty Line between Indian land and the King's land. Always stay on this side of the marked trees.

William's curiosity finally overcomes his stubbornness.

WILLIAM

Why are the savages permitted to remain on the land?

JAMIE

They were here first and the Crown has already taken most of it from them. The Indians respect the King's land and we are to respect theirs.

WILLIAM

These Indians -- they are agreeable?

JAMIE

Some. But they can be fierce when provoked.

Jamie guides his horse's head to the side and slows his pace, an invitation for William to ride up next to him. Jamie smiles at the boy as he does so.

TIME CUT:

They ride around a bend. William takes in the view above a valley -- and gives a small EXCLAMATION OF SURPRISED DELIGHT. Against a backdrop of clouds, a RAINBOW arcs from the slope of a distant mountain, falling in a perfect shimmer of light to the floor of the valley far below. A view only found in the mountains of North Carolina.

WILLIAM

Have you ever seen such a glorious thing before, sir?

He turns a wide smile on Jamie, their differences forgotten. William is referring to the view, but Jamie keeps his eyes fixed on his son, a glorious sight indeed.

JAMIE

Never.

OFF Jamie sharing this special moment with William.

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

A FEW DAYS LATER. Murtagh sits on the porch, sipping whisky. Grey's sickly COUGHS echo through the night.

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - CABIN - NIGHT (N9)

Inside, John is getting sicker, with LABORED BREATHING and a BURNING FEVER. More spots have appeared. The willow-bark brew steeps on the stove -- dark and aromatic. Claire pours it carefully into a cup.

CLAIRE

Tea?

Lord John looks up and smiles faintly as she hands him the cup, then pours one for herself. She sits beside him. They sip in silence for a few moments, an odd air of shyness hovering between them.

JOHN GREY

(sipping)

I'm most grateful, Mistress Fraser.

CLAIRE

Claire.

JOHN GREY

Isobel truly believed a cup of tea could cure any ill.

CLAIRE

I'm sorry, I had meant to offer my condolences on the loss of your wife.

JOHN GREY

Thank you. We had known each other all our lives. She might well have been my sister.

CLAIRE

(curious)

And was she satisfied with that -- to be your sister?

He gives her a glance somewhere between anger and interest.

JOHN GREY

You cannot be at all a comfortable woman to live with.

(then, pointedly)

I believe she was satisfied with the life she led. She never said that she was not. I was an adequate husband to her -- in all ways.

CLAIRE

Well. It's not for me to judge.

JOHN GREY

But you don't approve...

(off her look)

If you did, you could not keep thinking of me as you do.

CLAIRE

You shouldn't presume to know what I think.

Claire looks him full in the face for a minute, not troubling to hide anything at all.

JOHN GREY

(matter-of-fact)

You're envious of the time that Jamie and I shared -- together and with William... you're envious of the fact that I'm raising Jamie's son, are you not?

Claire hates that he can see right through her.

CLAIRE

We have a daughter. Her name is Brianna. She's grown up now, and lives in Boston. We were robbed of the opportunity to raise her together because of Culloden.

Grey stares at her. He knew nothing about Brianna.

JOHN GREY

I meant no offense.

CLAIRE

No. But you did want to imply that you and Jamie had something between you that we did not. And perhaps you are right about that.

John sneezes. Claire hands him a handkerchief.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

What if the boy happens to take a good look at Jamie's face and see his own? Don't you think it's possible that he could put the pieces together?

JOHN GREY

Ten-year-olds are not known for their acute perception.

CLAIRE

But if he did learn that he's been lied to for his entire life -- it would devastate him. I cannot for the life of me understand your motive in coming here.

JOHN GREY

The obvious -- to allow Jamie to see the boy.

CLAIRE

And the other obvious -- to allow you to see Jamie.

There is marked silence from the bed. Claire keeps her eyes on her tea as Grey studies her.

JOHN GREY

You are a rather remarkable woman.

CLAIRE

In what way?

JOHN GREY

You are neither circumspect nor circuitous. I don't believe I have ever met anyone more devastatingly straightforward -- male or female.

CLAIRE

Well, it's not by choice -- I was born that way.

JOHN GREY

(softly)
So was I.

Claire doesn't answer; John had not spoken to be heard.

EXT. STREAM - DAY (D10)

SUNSET. William, using a fancy rod with a reel, demonstrates exceptional skill; drawing back his arm, rocking his wrist back and forth, feeding more line, until with a snap of the wrist, he sends the LINE sailing out in a great lazy loop, the FLY floating like a circling gnat. And he waits.

Jamie stands near the bank, focusing on the water.

WILLIAM

I don't understand why they're not taking the bait.

JAMIE

It's a fly.

WILLIAM

Yes, one of the very best.

JAMIE

Aye, but it's the wrong time of year, the fish are wise enough to ken flies are no here. Try a worm.

WILLIAM

I don't use worms.

JAMIE

Ye did when ye were younger. D'ye not recall -- after heavy rains at Helwater, we'd gather the wee beasties.

Jamie lights up at the memory. William doesn't appear to remember, but he's polite.

WILLIAM

I remember some such thing. But I prefer fishing with a fly.

Jamie eyes a fish in the stream. He SQUATS at the water's edge, arms extended under a rock, HANDS SUBMERGED IN THE WATER.

JAMIE

Indians dinna bother with a hook and line. Sometimes they'll put branches across the creek to prevent the fish from passing, then stand with a sharp stick, spearin' them.

WILLIAM

Have you a spear?

JAMIE

No.

WILLIAM

Then what are you doing?

Jamie is still squatting with his hands in the water.

JAMIE

Catching our dinner.

(off Willie's look)

Highlanders can catch a fish with bare hands and a tickle!

Jamie is completely motionless, blue eyes focused intently, his hand TICKLING a brook trout.

WILLIAM
 (doubting him)
 A tickle? Please, sir -- I'm not a
 child.

A SUDDEN EXPLOSION OF WATER AND MOTION -- Jamie SNATCHES A
 BROOK TROUT from the stream, pulling it up from the water as
 it WRITHES and THRASHES. William's eyes widen, impressed.

JAMIE
 Now will ye try, lad?

Hesitant to get in the freezing water --

WILLIAM
 That fish looks large enough for
 both of us, sir.

JAMIE
 Aye. Mebbe you're right. We
 should make camp for the night.
 We'll need to rise before dawn to
 find the best deer.

WILLIAM
 (excited)
 I'm very fond of hunting and good
 with a rifle.

EXT. WOODS - DAY (D11)

DAYBREAK. William and Jamie wait patiently behind a fallen
 tree, holding RIFLES. William catches sight of a deer in the
 distance. Having done this many times before, he confidently
 places the barrel of his rifle into position, taking aim --

JAMIE
 Stand down.

The deer wanders away. The boy gapes after it, turning an
 expression of utter dismay on Jamie.

WILLIAM
 It was clearly a stag -- now you've
 let it get away.

JAMIE
 The distance was too great for a
 rifle.

WILLIAM
 I could have injured it -- slowed
 it down.

JAMIE

And made it suffer. Ye shoot to kill. Ye know how to deliver a fatal shot?

WILLIAM

Yes, sir. Aim for the heart.

Jamie spots the deer returning and brings his finger to his lips. They watch for a beat as the deer approaches.

Once close enough, Jamie nods for William to take the shot. William carefully aligns the barrel of the gun with the deer, licking his lips and setting his jaw in concentration -- BOOM! William and Jamie rush to the fallen deer.

JAMIE

Well done, lad.

WILLIAM

Thank you, sir.

William lays a hand on the deer's coat, confirming its death. Then he starts to walk away.

JAMIE

Where are ye going?

WILLIAM

I am allowing you time to dress the deer.

JAMIE

Yer servants may have dressed the game at home, but here in the New World, we are no hunting for sport. Ye don't prepare the gralloch, ye don't eat.

Jamie pulls out a KNIFE and demonstrates for William.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

(pointing to pelvis)

Begin here. Angle your knife up, like this -- then cut down the middle.

Jamie hands William the knife.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Be sure to pull the meat away from the offal as ye cut -- Mistress Fraser will be upset if ye damage the intestines.

(off his look)

She uses them for her healing and I need a new bow string.

William grudgingly makes the first cut, then looks up for approval --

JAMIE (CONT'D)

That's right.

William carefully slits the deer down the middle, releasing a ghastly smell. The boy grimaces and pulls away, hesitant to finish.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Mebbe ye're not quite old enough --

Jamie reaches for the knife, but William doesn't let it go. Face fixed in a scowl of determination, William finishes cutting the deer open.

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BACK PORCH - NIGHT (N11)

Claire comes from the privy, John Grey's CHAMBER POT in hand, exhausted. She encounters Murtagh waiting on the porch.

MURTAGH

How is he?

Claire shakes her head. Grey is getting worse. Claire stumbles -- Murtagh grabs her arm and steadies her.

MURTAGH (CONT'D)

Ye need rest, lass.

CLAIRE

(shakes her head)

I need to keep him cool, give him a chance to survive.

MURTAGH

I'll take a turn for a wee bit.

His tone tells her he's not asking. Claire, exhausted, hands Murtagh the chamber pot as Lord John moans.

MURTAGH (CONT'D)

I'd love nothing better than to
wipe the warden's arse.

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - CABIN - NIGHT (N11)

LATER. Murtagh watches over a sleeping John Grey, who now has a widespread rash all over his body. Murtagh eyes his things, and spots his journal. He's tempted to look through it until -- Grey wakes, half conscious and wheezing.

JOHN GREY

Claire?

MURTAGH

It's me ye have instead.

Grey has another coughing fit. Murtagh administers more tea then dips a cloth in water and places it back on Grey's forehead. Grey gazes at him...

JOHN GREY

Was there a moment... at Ardsmuir...
when you believed you might die?

MURTAGH

Aye. There was a night when my
breath was shallow and my heart
seemed to slow... but thank Christ,
Jamie was awake. He talked to me
until dawn.

JOHN GREY

Of what did you talk?

Then, seeing an opportunity --

MURTAGH

Of such as makes the heart beat
fastest in a man's chest --
politics.

JOHN GREY

For a man who has spent the better
part of his life serving his country,
politics don't seem to matter now.
If I live through this, I may retire.

MURTAGH

Think ye'll stay in Virginia?

JOHN GREY

Perhaps. But North Carolina is not the only colony in a state of discord.

(then)

I daresay matters will worsen before they improve. Our mother country has little regard for the men here. There are other pressing matters --

MURTAGH

That might be a mistake.

JOHN GREY

It sounds as though the matter bears some significance to you.

MURTAGH

Surely it does -- the Regulators are growing in number. And there are those who view them as honest men.

(then)

The Governor himself requested a petition of their grievances.

John Grey senses Murtagh is aligned with the Regulators, and offers a warning.

JOHN GREY

His Excellency is merely biding his time as he gathers his soldiers -- he will bring to justice any man who persists in taking matters into his own hands.

Murtagh's jaw tightens as he looks Grey directly in the eyes -- they hold a long look, neither giving anything anyway. It's broken by another coughing fit. Lord John pulls the sheet around, and settles in for sleep, too sick to continue this game of charades.

JOHN GREY (CONT'D)

Some advice from a dying man -- move to Fraser's Ridge, be with your family.

Grey moans into his pillow, drifting off into sleep -- leaving Murtagh to stew...

EXT. CAMPFIRE - NIGHT (N11)

CLOSE ON a kettle boiling as Jamie and William sit around the campfire. Jamie cleans the intestines and places them in a pot of cold, salted water. William eagerly chows on cooked venison liver.

JAMIE
How's the liver?

WILLIAM
Delicious, sir.

JAMIE
Aye. My da always said it tastes better when you've earned every bite.

William stiffens at the mention of "da", but Jamie is too busy working to notice. William sets his meat aside.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Ye did well today, lad. There's not a single cut on these intestines. Mistress Fraser'll be pleased.

Jamie drops the last bit of intestine into the pot of water.

A small, CHOKED NOISE catches Jamie's attention. He hears it again -- but this time he recognizes the sound of STIFLED WEEPING. William's weeping.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Willie? Master William?

The sobbing ceases abruptly. William quickly wipes a sleeve across his face.

WILLIAM
... Yes?

Jamie, remembering Claire's instructions to watch for symptoms --

JAMIE
Are ye unwell? Do ye feel warm or feverish?

The boy snuffles, attempting to clear his running nose unobtrusively. Jamie realizes that the boy is grieving.

WILLIAM
I'm quite well, sir.

JAMIE

Did the dried apples no sit well
wi' ye? I've a potion that will
cure ill's of the stomach.

Jamie heads to his sporran, which is near the horses, and sorts through it, giving William a chance to blow his nose. Jamie returns with a small cloth bag of a dried mixture of leaves and flowers.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

It willna take long to brew.

Jamie rubs the fragrant mixture into a wooden cup.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

My wife made it. She's a fine healer.

WILLIAM

She said Papa would live. She --
she gave me her word.

JAMIE

Then ye may depend upon it.

The water begins to rumble in the kettle. Jamie pours a cup and hands it to the boy. The boy fights tears, frustrated. William reluctantly takes a sip and scowls.

WILLIAM

I've had enough of sleeping under
the stars as savages do. I want
to go home.

JAMIE

Dinna fash, my Lord. We'll begin
our journey home in the morning.

WILLIAM

I want to see my papa now.

JAMIE

It's too dark.

William glares at the woods, hating that Jamie is right.

WILLIAM

This is all your fault.

William tosses the tea in the fire, fighting tears. Jamie reaches to comfort him --

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

If my papa hadn't come to visit you,
he would never have fallen
ill. Now he's going to die.

William takes his blanket and lies down on the far side of fire, sobbing himself to sleep, still shivering.

Jamie watches the boy long enough to calm his nerves -- then takes off his CLOAK and lays it over his son. OFF Jamie lying down by the fire, with no cover in the cold, making a sacrifice for the boy who shares his blood but treats him like a stranger...

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - CABIN - NIGHT (N11)

The fire has burned low as John Grey's FEVER SPIKES. Claire strips John's shirt off and places cold rags over his chest, which is almost a solid red. He coughs, eyes squinching shut as the spasms jar his head.

JOHN GREY

Oh God, my head will surely split!

CLAIRE

Acupressure might lessen the pain.

Claire sits on the bed and puts her thumbs into the sockets of his eyes, pressing firmly upward on the ridge of his brows. He makes a low sound of discomfort, but then relaxes.

His hand drifts up and closes on her wrist, big and warm.

JOHN GREY

Am I to die today?

A beat as she considers how to answer. She believes it is possible, but puts him at ease.

CLAIRE

Your temperature is very high, we
need to bring it down.

Grey stares upward, seeking visions among the smoke-stained beams. Then, he struggles to talk...

JOHN GREY

(wheezing)

I must make a confession. When I
heard... that Isobel was dead. I
felt... nothing.

He turns his head away, but continues after a moment.

JOHN GREY (CONT'D)

We shared a life -- I should have
felt something.

(quietly)

But I didn't.

She holds his head and feeds him a cup of the warm infusion,
sip by sip.

CLAIRE

Try to relax.

JOHN GREY

You asked why I came. I came to
see... whether I can still feel.

(eyes fluttering)

Whether it is my own feelings that
have died, or only Isobel.

CLAIRE

Only Isobel?

He lies quite still for a moment, facing away.

JOHN GREY

I can still feel shame, at least.

John falls into a horrific coughing fit. Claire lays her
head on his chest, listening for fluid in his lungs. It
doesn't sound good.

JOHN GREY (CONT'D)

It's hard, watching you... with him.

CLAIRE

Why torture yourself? You knew
coming here that you'd never have
him.

Grey moans, struggling to breath, he closes his eyes. Then,
ostensibly to himself:

JOHN GREY

(through a fevered haze)

-- I could've had him.

CLAIRE

What?

Grey's eyes open and focus through his haze to see --
Claire's puzzlement. Her expression jolts him back to
reality, pounded with regret...

She stares at him, waiting. Unable to take back his words, he realizes he must offer an explanation to clear up any misunderstanding.

JOHN GREY

(wheezing)

In exchange for my commitment to serve as William's father... Jamie offered himself to me.

She's thrown, but she can't fault Jamie for it; she knows Jamie'd do anything to protect his son, but still -- Claire looks as though she's been punched in the gut.

JOHN GREY (CONT'D)

Of course, I refused -- I wouldn't take him on those terms.

Grey coughs again, eyes rolling in fevered anguish.

CLAIRE

Please stop talking.
(doing her best)
You need rest.

OFF Claire...

EXT. CAMPFIRE - DAY (D12)

SUNRISE. Jamie wakes up to find William missing. He follows William's footprints past...

A BIG TREE MARKED with the INITIALS OF THE COMMISSIONER'S NAMES: JR, RP, JF, AC, JF, and five X's that stand for the Cherokee. William's footprints go across the Treaty Line, onto Indian land. This is not good.

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

Through the window, Claire prepares John Grey's breakfast.

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - CABIN - DAY (D12)

MORNING. John Grey wakes to find Claire in doctor mode, all business as she offers a bit of milk. His fever has broken and his rash has lessened.

CLAIRE

Your fever has broken. Can you eat something?

He drinks, relieved to have survived. She serves breakfast.

JOHN GREY

Thank you. And... I must beg your forgiveness. My... lack of discretion it... it... pierces my very core.

CLAIRE

You were very ill.

JOHN GREY

It's no excuse. But you were wrong.
 (off her baffled look)
 Knowing you have him and I never will is not that which grieves me -- it's a truth I've reconciled myself with. It's witnessing the satisfaction on your face that wounds me.

Claire braces herself for the worst, then he surprises her --

JOHN GREY (CONT'D)

(tenderly)

Something I could never give to Isobel.

(then)

Do you know what it's like to love someone, but never be able to give them happiness -- not through any fault of yours or theirs, but only because you were not born the right person for them?

Claire breathes his words, feeling a weight lifted.

CLAIRE

I understand all too well.

(off his look)

When I thought Jamie dead, I lived with another man, a good man, but...

Claire touches John's hand.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I must ask your forgiveness too. You were right, I am envious of the time you spent with Jamie.

(MORE)

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

(then)

Now that you've come here, and seen
him... do you still have...
feelings?

Lord John stares at her, unblinking.

JOHN GREY

I do, yes. God help me.

A beat. Claire considers him.

CLAIRE

When you said you have nothing of
Jamie, that's not true. You have
William.

OFF John, grateful for her kind words...

EXT. INDIAN LAND - STREAM - DAY (D12)

Jamie, alarmed, finds William standing proudly by an Indian
FISH TRAP, with A LARGE FISH SPEARED ONTO A STICK.

JAMIE

William! What are you doing here?

WILLIAM

(re: the fish, smiling)
... It's to break our fast.

JAMIE

I told you --

William's looks past Jamie, eyes wide.

WILLIAM

Savages.

Jamie turns to see a GROUP OF CHEROKEE emerging from the
woods, surrounding them. (Note: This is not Nawohali's clan
but a different group.) William's eyes widen.

JAMIE

Stay calm.
(then, to the Natives)
We mean no harm.

JAMIE C

Stay calm.
(then, to the Natives)
Gesdi dahnawa yogiyahlidoa.

Jamie offers William's catch of fish to the tribe. The
chief, THE RAVEN OF KEOWEE, rejects it.

THE RAVEN OF KEOWEE
The boy fished Cherokee
land. The price is his
blood.

THE RAVEN OF KEOWEE C
Ani tsalagihi atsutsa
tsatsuhvsgei. Giga gvdi
dikwiyvhi.

The Raven of Keowee nods to a WARRIOR to translate.

CHEROKEE WARRIOR
The boy took fish from the place of
the Cherokee. He must pay with his
blood.

WILLIAM
What do they mean?

They grab William and force him in front of the Chief, who
pulls out a TOMAHAWK. Jamie jumps in front of William.

JAMIE
The boy is my son. His blood is my
blood. Take mine instead!

William stares at Jamie, eyes narrowed. The Raven of Keowee
motions for his men; they toss the boy to the ground. Jamie
helps him to his feet.

WILLIAM
I won't go without you!

JAMIE
Yes you will. Follow the stream
back to Fraser's Ridge.

The Cherokee force Jamie to his knees. The Raven of Keowee
RAISES HIS TOMAHAWK above Jamie -- Jamie SIGNS A CROSS OVER
HIS HEART as he recites a silent blessing.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
(whispers)
May the Lord protect her, her and
the children.

Just before the tomahawk drops, William erupts:

WILLIAM
No! He's not my father! He
showed me the boundaries, but I
did not respect them. I alone
stole your fish!

The Cherokee Warrior translates this to the Raven of Keowee,
whose EYES NARROW, testing William. William courageously
stands his ground. Even in this dire circumstance, Jamie
can't help being proud of William's valor. The Chief nods.

JAMIE
Stand down, Willie!

But the lad is stubborn like his dad. The men pull Jamie away as he thrashes. The Raven of Keowee raises his tomahawk over William -- Jamie tries to escape their grip, but it's over in a second -- the blade comes down, CUTTING William's hand, yet only enough to draw a small amount of blood.

In a state of grateful disbelief, Jamie and William watch as the chief smears the boy's blood between his fingers.

THE RAVEN OF KEOWEE
The Scots man and the boy
are brave. We will release
them because of the love
they have for each other.

THE RAVEN OF KEOWEE C
**Asgaya Skatsi nole atsutsa
tsunilitsvyasdi.
Dunadageyuhv iyuyeladi
duniyosgesdi.**

JAMIE
(to William)
I dinna ken the meaning of all
they're saying, but I gather their
mercy is due to you. Your courage.

The Raven of Keowee then steps aside, allowing Jamie and William to pass back into the King's land...

EXT. WOODS - DAY (D12)

Jamie and William ride home in silence, still recovering from their encounter with the Cherokee. The deer is draped over the back of Willie's horse, Willie and Jamie ride together on Jamie's horse.

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - DAY (D13)

Jamie and William approach Fraser's Ridge. Jamie eyes the cabin in the distance, knowing the end of the trip is near.

WILLIAM
Mister Fraser. Do you remember the
day you left Helwater?

Jamie braces himself.

JAMIE
Aye.

WILLIAM
I ran to you, but you did not look
back... why did you not look back
at me?

Jamie takes a beat, to catch his breath. So many things he wishes he could say, but knows he must keep his composure.

JAMIE

I didna look, because... I didna want to give ye false hope. I never expected to see ye again.

William squeezes Jamie tight. OFF Jamie finally connecting with his son...

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - CABIN - DAY (D13)

SUNSET. The last rays shine through the window. Jamie and William arrive home, thrilled to find John on the mend. His rashes have faded but are not gone. He has no fever.

CLAIRE

All is well, he's no longer contagious.

William rushes to John for a HUG. John squeezes the boy as if his life depends on it. Claire greets Jamie at the door.

JAMIE

Hope ye've a taste for venison. William's a born marksman.

CLAIRE

(to William)
How lovely.
(to Jamie)
I hope you saved the entrails for me.

JAMIE

As always.

Claire kisses Jamie, grateful. John Grey smiles at their romantic moment. Then --

JOHN GREY

(to Jamie)
I trust William was well behaved for you.

William looks to Jamie, wondering how much trouble he'll be in for almost getting them killed. Jamie looks to Grey.

JAMIE

William was a very brave travel companion. Ye've raised him well.
(MORE)

JAMIE (CONT'D)
 Ye're a good father, and ye're
 fortunate to have one another.

OFF a thankful John Grey and Jamie exchanging a look...

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - CABIN - DAY (D14)

A WEEK LATER. Jamie helps William load luggage onto a horse. Claire and John walk from the cabin as she gives him provisions for their journey. John's rashes are almost gone.

JOHN GREY
 I'm sorry that Mr. Fitzgibbons left
 before I could thank him for his
 kind attention.

CLAIRE
 Yes, it's a shame.

Grey's eyes narrow, hoping he got through to Murtagh.

JOHN GREY
 When you see him next, please offer
 my sincere thanks.

John Grey eyes Claire with respect.

JOHN GREY (CONT'D)
 How can I repay your kindness?

CLAIRE
 Try to sleep as much as you can, be
 sure to eat well -- foods such as
 liver and carrots... and don't lose
 hope. You too deserve to have the
 look of satisfaction on your face.

Grey smiles.

Jamie has a moment with William.

JAMIE
 Ye sure ye remember the way?

WILLIAM
 Yes, sir.

Jamie helps the boy onto his horse. John Grey and Claire join them. Grey hands Jamie a slim wooden box.

JOHN GREY
 I'd be delighted if you'd accept
 this.

JAMIE
 (recognizing it)
 Yer chess set? No, John, I
 canna...

JOHN GREY
 Please. It will bring me pleasure
 to think of you having a game now
 and then. Perhaps you will teach
 your nephew.

JAMIE
 I look forward to it.

John eyes Jamie, sad as always to say goodbye.

JOHN GREY
 I'm afraid the time has come to bid
 you all farewell.

William bows his head to Claire from the horse.

WILLIAM
 A pleasure, Mistress Fraser.

CLAIRE
 The pleasure was mine.

JAMIE
 Good luck to ye both.

With that, they ride away. Claire wraps her arm around
 Jamie's waist, squeezing into him.

JAMIE
 Farewell.

JAMIE G
 Slan leat.

Jamie watches the distance grow between himself and his son
 once more -- a callback to when Jamie rode away from
 Helwater, unable to look back at William [Episode 304].

But this time -- William LOOKS BACK at Jamie. It's only a
 brief glance, but it's a connection -- a silent promise that
 their story is far from over.

OFF Jamie, watching his son disappear into the distance...

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - CABIN - NIGHT (N14)

Claire soaks in a warm bath in front of the fireplace.
 Jamie washes her hair. It's their first moment alone in ages
 and they are basking in it.

CLAIRE

I do hope Murtagh will come back
and see us again soon.

JAMIE

He'll no stay away now that he's
had a taste of yer cooking.

Jamie lowers Claire's head over a basin and pours water,
rinsing the suds from her hair. Then he takes a washcloth
and runs it over her curves.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

So often I've burned for ye... but
this water on yer skin, caressing
ye -- it's enough to make me
jealous of the rain itself.

CLAIRE

(as though weighing her
options)
Your kisses raining down on me...
hmm... a drizzle or a torrent?

JAMIE

I will bathe you in them.

CLAIRE

Then I suppose I should hurry up...

She reaches mischievously for a towel or cloth as though to
step out of the bath and cover herself --

JAMIE

Ye've no need of cloth tonight,
Sassenach --

CLAIRE

(teasing)
That's not fair... you're still
fully clothed.

JAMIE

There're times when a husband kens
best... and I am yer husband...
(then, kissing her empty
ring finger)
Though ye'd never ken it.

CLAIRE

I don't need a ring to know how
much you love me.

JAMIE
No, but it helps.

Jamie withdraws a small POUCH and opens it, removing...

A WIDE SILVER BAND decorated in the Highland interlace style, with a Jacobean thistle bloom carved in the center of each link. Claire takes it in her hand, turning it over, surprised and moved.

CLAIRE
Jamie... it's beautiful. Where did this come from?

JAMIE
I had Murtagh make it. From one of the silver candlesticks. I ken my mother would've given me her blessing to fashion part of it into a ring for ye.

CLAIRE
I believe she would be proud if she knew that she had raised such a thoughtful son.
(noticing something on the ring)
There's an inscription.
(reading it, in Latin)
Da mi basia mille.

JAMIE
(translating)
Give me a thousand kisses.

Claire leans in and kisses him. He slips it onto her finger.

CLAIRE
I'll give you a thousand more.

Jamie kisses Claire again as he lifts her steaming body out of the tub. He carries her across the room and lays her on the bed, pressing his skin to hers. OFF Claire and Jamie, finally connecting...

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE