

**OUTLANDER**

EPISODE 407

Down the Rabbit Hole

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

OUTLANDER  
EPISODE 407 "Down the Rabbit Hole"

PREVIOUS REVISIONS

Production Draft - 22nd January 2018

Blue Draft - 30th January 2018

Pink Draft - 4th February 2018

Yellow Draft - 8th February 2018

Green Draft - 14th February 2018

Goldenrod Pages - 20th February 2018 - pp. 2, 6, 11, 13, 15, 21, 32, 36, 36A.

2nd White Pages - 27th February 2018 - pp. 11, 22, 23, 23A, 35, 36, 36A, 37, 38, 45, 45A, 45B, 46.

2nd Blue Pages - 5th March 2018 - pp. 16, 17, 17A, 17B, 18, 19, 22, 26, 26A, 29, 29A, 30, 31, 34.

2nd Pink Pages - 14th March 2018 - pp. 16, 17, 17A, 18, 19, 26.

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CAST LIST – FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT – 11th September 2018

FRANK RANDALL

BRIANNA RANDALL  
FIONA BUCHAN  
IAN MURRAY  
JOAN MACKIMMIE  
LAOGHAIRE MACKIMMIE FRASER  
LIZZIE WEMYSS  
ROGER WAKEFIELD  
STEPHEN BONNET

AILEEN  
CLODAGH  
ISOBEÀIL  
JOSEPH WEMYSS  
KILLIAN  
MARION  
MORAG  
SEAMUS

CAPTAIN O'BRIAN

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INTERIORS

Ayr Harbor  
Tavern  
Balriggeran Cottage  
Bedroom  
Parlor  
Staircase  
Claire and Frank's Home  
Brianna's Bedroom  
Frank's Car  
Gloriana  
Below Deck  
Captain's Cabin  
Hold  
Steerage  
Harvard  
Frank's Office  
Lallybroch  
Entryway

EXTERIORS

Ayr Harbor  
Tavern  
Balriggeran Cottage  
Garden  
Boston Street  
Cemetery  
Craigh Na Dun  
Gloriana  
Lallybroch  
Driveway  
Roger's Car  
Scottish Countryside  
Scottish Highlands  
Scottish Woods

FADE IN:

**EXT. SCOTTISH COUNTRYSIDE - DAY (D1) (1769)**

BRIANNA RANDALL'S POV: a stunning Scottish vista. Replete with natural beauty but empty of humanity.

An exhausted BRIANNA holds a COMPASS as she gazes upon the landscape. The familiar standing stones of Craigh na Dun are nowhere in sight and her filthy clothes confirm she's been walking for some time.

She's searching for something -- then she finds it -- a waypoint: a distinctive landmark to guide her direction of travel. **(NOTE: Exact mark will be determined on location.)**

She pulls out a MAP and jots down a few notes in the margins. On it "Ayr" has been circled and from the looks of it, she has a long way to go.

**EXT. SCOTTISH COUNTRYSIDE - DAY (D1)**

LATER. Brianna makes her way across the countryside when she sees a CARRIAGEWAY in the distance. She picks up the pace over the uneven terrain and... loses her footing, causing her ankle to roll. As she tumbles and falls, her bag spills and she SCREAMS out in pain:

BRIANNA

Ahhh!

Brianna pulls herself up, WINCING. She takes a step. Ouch! She's injured her ankle. The pain is considerable.

Brianna gathers up her things: CHANGE PURSE, COMPASS, MAP, WAX-PAPER-WRAPPED SANDWICH, PATCH KNIFE and WATERPROOF MATCHES. Stuffing them back into her purse, she limps to a STREAM. She pulls the BOOT off her injured foot and bracing herself, dunks the foot into the icy water -- in essence, icing the injury. OFF Brianna, as we're reminded she's the daughter of a doctor...

**EXT. SCOTTISH COUNTRYSIDE - SHORT WHILE LATER - DAY (D1)**

CLOSE on Brianna's feet as she limps onto a road. She walks along for a beat when she hears the LOUD CLOPPING of an approaching 18th CENTURY WAGON behind her.

Eventually, the wagon arrives at her side and stops. Inside is a FAMILY of TINKERS -- KILLIAN, 30s, CLODAGH, 30s, SEAMUS, 16, and AILEEN, 12. Killian glances around looking for an escort.

KILLIAN  
Are you alone, Mistress?

BRIANNA  
I am.

KILLIAN  
Have you far to go, then?

BRIANNA  
I'm going south. Toward Ayrshire.

Father and son exchange a LOOK.

KILLIAN  
We're going that way. Might we offer you conveyance?

Brianna hesitates -- she doesn't know these people. She looks at her aching foot. As she hops aboard --

CUT TO:

**EXT. SCOTTISH COUNTRYSIDE - LATER - DAY (D1)**

HIGH AND WIDE as the wagon rattles along across a different piece of terrain and we hear a FAMILY SINGING:

FAMILY (O.C.)  
(singing)  
One night as I lay on my bed, I  
fell into a dream,  
Some rugged paths I thought I trod,  
and to a sheepfold came;  
Down by a brook, with scrip and  
crook, a youth I did espy,  
I asked his name, from whence he  
came: he said, a Shepherd's Boy.

**EXT. SCOTTISH WOODS - LATER - DAY (D1)**

LATER. Brianna's in the wagon, relaxed and enjoying herself as she listens to Killian finish a joke.

KILLIAN  
... And I kept telling him it's  
Ireland, not our land.

The wagon hits a BUMP, causing Seamus to fall forward and knock Brianna over with him, the two of them ending up in a heap on the floor of the wagon. The others quickly help Brianna back into a sitting position.

Suddenly, Killian pulls the wagon to a stop.

KILLIAN (CONT'D)  
 (to Brianna)  
 The coast is yon...

CLODAGH  
 Go south when ye come to it and  
 ye'll soon find yerself in  
 Ayrshire.

Brianna recognizes her cue and stands up.

BRIANNA  
 Thank you for your kindness.

Brianna exits the wagon which turns around a bend.

Limping along, she reaches into her bag for her compass -- shock -- something's amiss. She turns it upside down and shakes it. Finally, a smushed SANDWICH in wax paper wrap -- with WATERPROOF MATCHES stuck to it -- drops out. She turns the bag inside out. Nothing.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)  
 No. No, no, no, no, no!

Map, money, compass, knife -- everything's been stolen. Alarmed, she pats the inside pocket of her dress --

BRIANNA (CONT'D)  
 (relieved)  
 Oh, thank God.

She glances at the BRACELET on her wrist. Luckily her sleeve covered it from the Tinkers' view. For a moment, she's too overwhelmed to move. But then, she recovers herself. She has to. Taking a deep breath, she replaces the sandwich and matches into her bag and forces herself to put one foot in front of the other...

**EXT. SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS - DAY (D1) (1971)**

A BLACK MORRIS MINOR zips along a gorgeous country road --

**EXT. CRAIGH NA DUN - DAY (D1)**

The Morris Minor stops at the base of Craigh Na Dun.

**EXT. ROGER'S CAR - PARKED - DAY (D1)**

The doors open. ROGER WAKEFIELD, in 18TH-CENTURY APPROPRIATE CLOTHES, steps out on the driver's side as FIONA BUCHAN, steps out of the passenger's side. Looking up at the stone circle of CRAIGH NA DUN, Roger hesitates. This is without doubt the most harrowing moment of his life and fear has taken hold. But as any historian worth his salt would, Roger attempts to steel himself with history...

ROGER

"Time is not a reality, but a concept or a measure." So said the Greek orator, Antiphon.

Fiona comes around the car and puts her hand out. Roger sighs and hands over the CAR KEYS. Fiona pockets them.

FIONA

Well, for yer sake, I hope that time travel is a reality.

(then)

In the meantime -- d'ye have everything?

Roger looks into his satchel.

ROGER

Money, map, compass, knife, gemstone, aye.

They exchange a look: it's time. He's terrified. She is too, but determined to hide it for his sake.

**EXT. CRAIGH NA DUN - A FEW MOMENTS LATER - DAY (D1)**

THE CIRCLE OF STANDING STONES comes into view as Fiona and Roger approach the high point. ROGER'S POV as the BUZZING grows LOUDER with every step.

ROGER

Do you hear anything?

Fiona shakes her head, no -- though from the wistful look on her face we can tell she wishes she heard it.

FIONA

The stones dinna call to me.



They make it to the top. This is goodbye. Roger gives her an embrace and then digs into his pocket for the BROOCH with the gemstone. Holding it, he walks to the tallest stone. Slowly, he REACHES for the portal, squeezing his eyes shut and bracing for impact...

**EXT. SCOTTISH WOODS - NIGHT (N1) (1769)**

Brianna has set up a small camp for herself. She carefully places tinder under a teepee-like structure of branches in a makeshift fire pit. Then she takes out the WATERPROOF MATCHES. She lights the tinder, blowing on it until... FIRE. Even though she's shivering and exhausted, a primal euphoria swells from starting a fire in the wild. Unfortunately that doesn't last and fatigue sets in again. She picks up the smushed sandwich and unfolds the wax paper. She takes a bite. OFF Brianna, not sure what tomorrow will bring but hanging in there...

**EXT. SCOTTISH COUNTRYSIDE - DAY (D2)**

NEXT DAY. Brianna is shivering, pale and sick, as she limps along the road. Suddenly, her eyes widen. BRIANNA'S POV: in the distance -- a thin line of GRAY SMOKE climbing into the sky. And where there's smoke there's fire -- and people. She hobbles toward it...

**EXT. SCOTTISH COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT (N2)**

Hours later. Brianna's pace has slowed considerably and the shivering has worsened. Now she can see the provenance of the smoke -- A DISTANT COTTAGE. Or is it just her mind playing tricks on her? She finds a place in the moss off the carriageway to rest her aching muscles as fatigue overwhelms her again and soon she falls asleep.

**INT. FRANK'S CAR - NIGHT (N-A1) (1958)**

FROM BLACK --

*Brianna's POV: A young BRIANNA wakes up after having fallen asleep in the front passenger seat. FRANK RANDALL leans into the car from the passenger side to scoop her up. Brianna mumbles an apology for falling asleep --*

FRANK

*That's all right, sweetheart, we're home now.*

INT. BALRIGGAN COTTAGE - BEDROOM - DAY (D3) (1769)

NEXT DAY. BRIANNA'S POV as she stirs, opening her eyes, flooding with relief, believing herself to be in her own bed, back home! As she snuggles into her pillow and drifts off --

WOMAN (O.C.)

Lass?

Brianna's eyes open in alarm. Only now does she register the peculiar BLANKET on top of her. And the hand-carved BED. The barrelled ceilings. Where the fuck is she?

BRIANNA

Where...?

LAOGHAIRE

Ye're in my home.

REVEAL LAOGHAIRE MACKIMMIE FRASER is in the doorway! She holds a tray with ROASTED POULTRY and BANNOCKS.

LAOGHAIRE (CONT'D)

Ye were lying in the moss, cold as ice. We had no choice but to bring ye home wi' us. Here, I've brought ye some morsels to eat.

Reeling, Brianna pulls herself up to a seated position. She's still wearing the Gutenberg dress... this certainly wasn't the plan, but she's famished.

BRIANNA

Thank you.

Laoghaire crosses the room, setting the plate on a table beside the bed. Marsali's younger sister JOAN [Episode 308] sets a PLAIN DRESS over a chair and returns to the doorway, slightly wary of this stranger.

Brianna takes a bite of this fresh from the farm food. Nothing like she's ever tasted.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

This is the most delicious chicken I've ever tasted...

LAOGHAIRE

If only... thank ye -- it's roasted pigeon.

Brianna stops. WTF? Pigeon? She covers her shock.

BRIANNA

It's not prepared this way in...  
England.

We know Brianna isn't from England -- this is her cover story. Laoghaire smiles, pleased as Brianna tucks into it -- despite her modern aversion to pigeons. Laoghaire studies Brianna. Her hair, and striking features.

LAOGHAIRE

Ye've come from England? And ye're  
all alone?

BRIANNA

I'm trying to reach Ayr Harbor. My  
parents are in the Americas and I'm  
going to meet them.

JOAN

(from the doorway)  
Marsali's in North Carolina.

LAOGHAIRE

(explaining)  
My eldest daughter. She's marrit  
now --

JOAN

To a frog!

Laoghaire winks at Joan, warm, maternal.

LAOGHAIRE

Aye, he is at that, but he's the  
father of my grandchild, as well.  
(turning back to Brianna)  
Ye're a fair way from any port I  
know of, lass. Were ye truly of a  
mind to walk by yerself?

BRIANNA

(hesitating)  
I traveled some of the way with a  
family of tinkers...

LAOGHAIRE

Oh?

BRIANNA

(ashamed)  
But they robbed me and left me.

LAOGHAIRE

Bless ye! Ye've to be wary of who ye trust.

(a beat)

I'm Laoghaire and this is my daughter, Joanie.

Brianna smiles. This family feels like one she can trust.

BRIANNA

Brianna.

Laoghaire stands up.

LAOGHAIRE

Dinna fash, Brianna. Ye may stay as long as ye need. Take some rest now.

With that, Laoghaire and Joan exit. Brianna, still exhausted, begins to take off her dress. OFF Brianna, comfortable and hopeful for the first time in days --

**EXT. BALRIGGAN COTTAGE - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT (N3)**

The remote cottage at night.

**INT. BALRIGGAN COTTAGE - BEDROOM - LATER - NIGHT (N3)**

Brianna, still in bed, sleeping now in her bra and panties, awakens to the SOUND of an argument coming from the parlor. She listens for a moment, hearing Laoghaire's voice and a MALE VOICE growing louder.

Brianna can only hear snatches of the words, but the situation is tense. It triggers a memory, as she FLASHES TO:

**INT. CLAIRE AND FRANK'S HOME - BRIANNA'S BEDROOM - FLASHBACK - NIGHT (N1) (1958)**

*CLOSE ON 10-YEAR-OLD BRIANNA RANDALL -- lying in her bed under the covers, clutching her STUFFED BUNNY RABBIT, wide awake as she listens to an ARGUMENT coming from downstairs.*

*The words of the argument are MUFFLED, so she can only hear pieces of it -- but the audible snatches of dialogue are enough for the audience to recognize the argument as CLAIRE AND FRANK'S FIRST FIGHT ABOUT DIVORCE [Episode 303]. We're now learning that Brianna was awake, listening to the fight.*

**(NOTE: We can plug in pieces of the following off-screen dialogue from the cut of Episode 303 as needed.)**

CLAIRE (O.C.)

Do you really hate me that much? It was my graduation, for God's sake. You humiliated me in front of my new colleagues.

FRANK (O.C.)

Welcome to the party then.

CLAIRE (O.C.)

What the hell does that mean?

FRANK (O.C.)

Keep your voice down, for God's sake, you'll wake Brianna.

CLAIRE (O.C.)

What does that mean?

FRANK (O.C.)

It means you're not as good an actress as you think you are, Claire.

As Frank continues, Brianna squeezes her eyes closed, shutting out the hurt and pain of her parents' anger, which is a knife through her small heart.

CLAIRE (O.C.)

You knew how important this day was. You did this deliberately. You wanted to hurt me.

FRANK (O.C.)

Perhaps I wanted you to have a taste of your own medicine, Doctor Randall.

Brianna covers her ears as the fight continues, echoing through the walls -- not enough clarity for Brianna to learn about Sandy, her parents' infidelity, or that divorce was a possibility -- but she hears enough to know that her parents' marriage isn't as happy as they've been pretending it is.

**INT. BALRIGGAN COTTAGE - BEDROOM - NIGHT (N3) (1769)**

BACK with Brianna at Laoghaire's cottage, still listening to Laoghaire's argument.

She steps out of bed, and glances at her BRUISED ankle, WINCING at the pain. Wrapping a blanket around herself, she slips out the door and --

**INT. BALRIGGAN COTTAGE - STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT (N3)**

Brianna, with the blanket around her, descends the spiral staircase and peeks around the wall to find --

**INT. BALRIGGAN COTTAGE - PARLOR - SAME - NIGHT (N3)**

IAN MURRAY is arguing with Laoghaire. He's trying to calm her down.

LAOGHAIRE

It's no right! He promised more than this!

IAN

Ye ken he's a man of his word. If he had more, he'd send more.

LAOGHAIRE

I'm tired of his excuses. We canna eat excuses. We're in need o' the money.

A floorboard CREAKS under Brianna's feet. Ian and Laoghaire look over, they see: Brianna peering around the wall at them.

IAN

Who's the lass?

LAOGHAIRE

A traveler I took in. A pitiful sight she was, cold and weary, could barely stand on her feet.

Ian glances at Laoghaire, taken aback by her generosity.

IAN

(to Brianna)

Apologies, lass. I didna mean to awaken ye.

BRIANNA

Oh... no... I'm sorry to interrupt.

LAOGHAIRE

It's nae bother.

(MORE)

LAOGHAIRE (CONT'D)  
 (gesturing to go back)  
 Ye need rest. Have another lie  
 down.

Brianna does as ordered, disappearing back into the bedroom.  
 After the door closes, Ian pulls a few coins from his  
 pocket.

IAN  
 (re: the coins)  
 We dinna want to see ye goin'  
 without. Take this for now --

Laoghaire cuts him off, sharply --

LAOGHAIRE  
 I'll not take a penny from a Murray  
 when it's a Fraser who owes me.  
 (a beat)  
 I still have my pride.

OFF Ian, leaving... and with him, the chance to know how  
 close he was to his niece.

EXT. CRAIGH NA DUN - DAY (D1) (1971)

Roger is GONE and Fiona is staring at the stone through  
 which he went. She turns and begins down the hill when... A  
 MAN'S GROANS stop her. She glances back to the stones,  
 alarmed.

FIONA  
 Roger?

ROGER is flat on his back under the stone Fiona was just  
 staring at.

He's dazed, looking up at the swirl of sky as Fiona arrives,  
 her face bobbing into frame above him. He lies, palms up --  
 the brooch is in the grass beside him, missing its gem.

FIONA (CONT'D)  
 Christ. Are ye all right? Can ye  
 hear me?

ROGER  
 (beat, then he croaks)  
 Aye. It's still now, then? How  
 long was I gone -- ?

FIONA  
 You vanished into the stone but only  
 for a moment or so...

Roger struggles to sit up. He rubs his head.

ROGER

I was thinking of my real father --  
I was remembering a photograph I  
have of him... and suddenly, I was  
there with him, and then... I was  
back here.

Fiona takes that in, both of their minds blown. Then, an  
idea occurs to Fiona.

FIONA

Perhaps you have to think of the  
person you're going back for.

That lands on Roger. He whispers:

ROGER

Brianna.

FIONA

Aye. Keep saying it. Granny  
always said, there's power in a  
name --

ROGER

Fi.

Fiona looks up. There's a strange look on Roger's face.

ROGER (CONT'D)

(to Fiona)

I felt something. When I said her  
name...

(feeling it)

It's... still pulling me.

He stands up, his eyes fixed on the stone.

ROGER (CONT'D)

I'm going to try again.

FIONA

So soon? Mebbe we should determine  
what happened before --

ROGER

Now. "Time is not a reality, but a  
concept or a measure" -- I know now  
what time cannot measure...

FIONA

Love.



Fiona sees that he means to do it with or without her.

ROGER

Aye...

(then)

Brianna, I love you.

As Roger steps up to the stone, Fiona's eyes fall on the brooch in the grass. Picking it up, she sees the stone is gone.

FIONA

Wait! You need another gemstone --

Roger glances at the brooch, registering what happened as Fiona rips off her engagement ring and presses into his hand.

ROGER

Fi, that's your engagement ring.

FIONA

Ye can return it when ye bring yer lass home -- now off ye go.

ON FIONA'S FACE as she watches Roger disappearing through the stone! She's breathless and awestruck. It worked! (Note: We should not actually see Roger disappear, only Fiona's reaction.)

REVERSE OVER FIONA'S SHOULDER -- Roger is gone.

BACK ON FIONA -- She looks at the stone in wonder. She touches it herself, but nothing happens. She smiles wistfully:

FIONA

Luck to you, dear friend.

FIONA G

Beannachd leat, a charaid choir.

OMITTED

EXT. BALRIGGAN COTTAGE - GARDEN - DAY (D4)

NEXT DAY. Brianna emerges wearing the PLAIN DRESS that Joan had laid out for her. Something about the way it hangs or is tied is wrong, a reminder to us that Brianna is a woman out of her time. (Her hair may also slightly askew.)

BRIANNA

Good morning.

Laoghaire and Joan, weeding, look up.

LAOGHAIRE  
 A good mornin' to ye, lass.  
 (re: the weeding)  
 Keeps the garden lookin' neat.  
 Though if I'd kent I was to have a  
 visitor I'd have --

Laoghaire stops in her tracks, suddenly embarrassed.

LAOGHAIRE (CONT'D)  
 I hope ye'll forgive the intrusion  
 yesterday --

BRIANNA  
 (surprised)  
 What? It's me who's intruding --  
 you've been so kind.

Laoghaire shakes her head modestly.

LAOGHAIRE  
 (explaining)  
 Ye must have thought me uncouth --  
 to be at my door, arguin' wi' a  
 man...

BRIANNA  
 (unsure if she should ask)  
 Is... is he your husband?

LAOGHAIRE  
 Och, no! A messenger only. Comes  
 bearin' ill tidings each month.  
 (off Brianna's confusion)  
 Kin of my former husband, who comes  
 to remind me that the money owed to  
 me wilna be paid.

BRIANNA  
 I'm sorry. That must be difficult.

LAOGHAIRE  
 Times are hard, I wilna lie.

Laoghaire brushes off her hands and stands up, admiring her own handiwork on the altered dress.

LAOGHAIRE (CONT'D)  
 The dress fits ye well. Ye're  
 nearly the same size as my Marsali.

Brianna runs her hands over the material -- touched, especially given Laoghaire's financial circumstances.

LAOGHAIRE (CONT'D)

Och, wi' yer own garment in tatters, and not fit to keep ye warm... something woolen'll better serve ye... for yer voyage at sea.

BRIANNA

Thank you.

LAOGHAIRE

I hope someone would do the same fer my girls.

A beat as Brianna wonders how on earth she's going to find the money to buy passage now.

LAOGHAIRE (CONT'D)

(re: the dress)

Flattering indeed -- is it no, Joanie?

(to Joan, sorrowful)

Soon ye'll be full grown enough fer such a dress too... ye'll leave me to be married no doubt.

Feeling embarrassed and awkward, Joan changes the topic --

JOAN

(to Brianna)

Will ye help me with the garden?

LAOGHAIRE

Now there's a thought -- I'll put on some stew.

Laoghaire disappears inside the cottage, leaving the door open behind her. Sensing that Joan has a lot on her mind, Brianna goes out on a limb.

BRIANNA

Is it your father who doesn't send the money?

JOAN

My Da. Aye.

A beat as Joan stops to think, adding sadly --

JOAN (CONT'D)

I call him Da but... my own father left when I was wee. I dinna

(MORE)

JOAN (CONT'D)  
remember him.

Joan hands a (TBD) flower (or greenery) to Brianna. Brianna takes in its scent.

BRIANNA  
(an idea forming)  
Do you ever put flowers in your hair?

Joan laughs -- in winter? What a strange idea.

JOAN  
Nae. Not this time o' year.

BRIANNA  
I'll braid it for you! It's such a beautiful color...

JOAN  
Like yours.

As Brianna works on a very 1960s-esque, flower-child braid, incorporating a sprig or two of the flowers/greenery --

BRIANNA  
I'm told it's like my father's... though I've never met him.

They share a look.

JOAN  
Ma says that men are louts. Do ye ken if he's a lout?

BRIANNA  
(laughs)  
I don't know, but I don't think he is... I hope to find out for myself one day.  
(then)  
Is it your Da she thinks is a lout?

JOAN  
(nodding)  
He was good and kind to me. Always. But he broke Ma's heart. He didna love her as she loved him.

BRIANNA  
I could say the same about the man who raised me... my mother didn't love him the same way in return.

As these step-sisters realize how much they have in common...

**OMITTED**

**INT. HARVARD - FRANK'S OFFICE - FLASHBACK - NIGHT (N2)**  
**(1966)**

BRIANNA, 17, enters her father's office with purpose. She's concerned --

BRIANNA

Why didn't you answer the phone?  
Mama and I were worried.

Triggered by the reference to Claire, Frank crosses to his desk and pours a tall glass of whisky. Before him, on the desk is a LETTER FROM REVEREND WAKEFIELD and with it, a copy of JAMIE AND CLAIRE'S OBITUARY, the one Roger found [Episode 404]. The letter begins: "Dear Frank, I found evidence to answer your question..."

Brianna sees his eyes lingering on the letter.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

(re: letter)  
What's that?

FRANK

Research from a colleague in  
Scotland.

Brianna picks up the obituary and starts to peruse it -- but to her "Jamie Fraser and wife" means nothing.

BRIANNA

Who died?

Frank gently takes it from her -- and considers how to answer without telling her everything.

FRANK

It's complicated.

Those two words will echo in her ears a few years from now when spoken by her mother. Frank folds the letter and obit, and slides them into a drawer.

Brianna senses his bad mood but is feeling confident that she can turn it around. She usually can.

BRIANNA

Do you want to talk about it? You know, "complicated" is a relative term, Daddy... depends on your perspective.

Frank does his best to inject some good-natured cheer into his voice for his daughter's sake --

FRANK

My daughter the psychiatrist.

Brianna smiles and reaches for a pen and notepad on Frank's desk -- ready to play the part assigned to her. She assumes position on the couch and jokingly deepens her voice --

BRIANNA

So Professor Randall, it seems you've been working very hard lately...

FRANK

You could say that.

BRIANNA

And your research is, hmm... let me think... what's the term that Freud would use?

(teasing)

Going nowhere?

FRANK

You could say that as well.

Caught off guard by his abruptness, Brianna replies in her normal voice --

BRIANNA

That doesn't sound like you, Daddy

(then)

What is it?

Frank considers her. Considers his life to this point.

He joins her on the couch and takes her hand. This must be huge. They sit side by side -- oh god, is this it? Is this the moment he tells her the truth about everything?

FRANK

Listen, Brianna...

A beat as Frank vacillates. Where to begin? How does he shatter the life of the most precious person in his world?

FRANK (CONT'D)

I... there's something I want to tell you...

Brianna studies him carefully -- is he talking about research or about something else entirely? She urges him to open up.

BRIANNA

You can tell me anything.

Sharing the truth could possibly set him free. A beat. But in the end he cannot risk destroying her.

FRANK

I'm sorry. Not this.

Brianna is getting annoyed now, this is probably the first time in her life that Frank has rebuffed her.

BRIANNA

I'm not a child you know.

Frank can't help but break a little, offering a glimpse of the suffering he has suppressed for so many years.

FRANK

Sweetheart, please.

There's a hint of teenage angst in her voice when she says --

BRIANNA

Whatever you were working on was obviously very important to you.

FRANK

It was everything to me. Besides you.

BRIANNA

(corrects him)  
... and Mama.

FRANK

You should be getting home. Your mother will be worried about you.

BRIANNA

She'll be fine --

FRANK

Go home.

*Stung, Brianna gets up and grabs her coat.*

BRIANNA  
You can trust me.

*As she goes to the door --*

FRANK  
Someday, I promise, you will  
understand everything.

BRIANNA  
Maybe someday, I won't care.

*Beat. Frank is clearly not going to tell her. Resigned, she pulls the door closed. Frank picks up a pen and begins to write.*

**INT. BALRIGGAN COTTAGE - BEDROOM - NIGHT (N4) (1769)**

*Brianna is getting ready to go to bed when there's a knock at the door, and Laoghaire pokes her head inside.*

BRIANNA  
Come in, please.

*Laoghaire enters, and takes out the WARMING PAN to heat the bed. Brianna's amazed by the contraption -- but tries to hide it.*

LAOGHAIRE  
Your bed should be warm now.

*Brianna runs her hand over the bed.*

LAOGHAIRE (CONT'D)  
(confesses)  
My nest here will be empty before  
too long... course I hope Joanie  
will marry, in time... to a good  
man. If there's such a thing --  
she's seen them come and go.

BRIANNA  
There are good men. She's a lovely  
girl and I'm sure that, when the  
time comes, she'll find someone  
who'll do anything for her --

LAOGHAIRE  
As her ma, I'd do anything for  
her... but a husband, hard to be  
sure --



Laoghaire develops a wistful look on her face.

LAOGHAIRE (CONT'D)

There was a time when my last husband would ha' done anythin' for me. When I was a young lass he took a beating for me. And he would steal kisses from me whenever he had the chance. He loved me once...

Then a darkness overcomes her mood.

LAOGHAIRE (CONT'D)

Until he was bewitched by another woman. 'Tis her fault his heart hardened against me.

Brianna may not believe in "bewitching" but she understands the pain of loss. She lived it with Frank.

BRIANNA

I'm sorry.

LAOGHAIRE

Ye've nothin' to be sorry for, lass.

(then)

Though, I do miss him.

BRIANNA

I know the pain of missing someone.

A beat.

LAOGHAIRE

We were a family.

The yearning in Laoghaire's voice is excruciating.

LAOGHAIRE (CONT'D)

Come nightfall, we would sit together, round the fire. Joanie on his knee. Marsali at his side. And he and I would tell a tale or two from the Bible. There was so much joy then. But since he left us, I canna bring myself to recite them... it pains Joanie.

Brianna considers this -- and how her parents must've felt when she began to pull away.

BRIANNA

What is Joanie's favorite story?

LAOGHAIRE

She loved the story of Naomi and Ruth.

Beat.

BRIANNA

Would you tell it to me?

Laoghaire hesitates for a slight second but swiftly understands Brianna's act of kindness. She pulls up a chair, and recites the tale from memory.

LAOGHAIRE

In the days when the judges ruled, there was a famine in the land. So a man from Bethlehem in Judah, together with his wife and two sons, went to live for a while in the country of Moab...

Joan pokes her head around the door to see what's happening. After a moment or two, without a word, she goes to sit on the bed next to Brianna.

LAOGHAIRE (CONT'D)

The man's name was Elimelek, his wife's name was Naomi...

OFF this unexpectedly heartwarming scene...

**EXT. AYR HARBOR - DAY (D2)**

The Gloriana moored in port. FIND Roger moving through the bustling crowd. Roger clocks the ship.

**INT. AYR HARBOR - TAVERN - DAY (D2)**

The Tavern Keeper looks at the ILLUSTRATION of Brianna and shakes his head, then points across the room to a table of sailors. Roger crosses to the table. He addresses a person we don't yet see.

ROGER

Excuse me, are ye the captain of the Gloriana?

MAN'S VOICE

Indeed, I am.

REVEAL STEPHEN BONNET -- a stranger to Roger, but not to the audience.

ROGER

I'm seeking passage to the Carolinas.

STEPHEN BONNET

No luck here. I intend to sail to Wilmington, though I'll be dropping my anchor at some other ports as well, on the way to Philadelphia. Takin' no one else aboard.

ROGER

Sir -- Captain. Please. I'd do anything... my lass is there and I need to find her.

STEPHEN BONNET

Not able to find one here? None so handsome as an Irish woman, I grant you...

(then, with a shrug)

Still, ye'll have to try -- as I've said -- takin' no one else aboard.

Bonnet pushes out his chair, stands and leaves the tavern. As Roger hurries out after Bonnet --

EXT. AYR HARBOR - TAVERN - CONTINUOUS - DAY (D2)

Bonnet heads to his CREW -- each man carrying two good-sized water casks, one on each shoulder. It looks fucking hard, but it gives Roger an idea. He sidles up Bonnet --

ROGER

Would you take me on as a member of your crew?

Bonnet GRABS Roger's hands, looks at the palms and drops them like dead fish.

STEPHEN BONNET

Your hands are better suited to writing letters than sailing.

Bonnet starts off again down the dock toward the Gloriana -- with Roger keeping pace. Desperate, Roger heads to the stock of casks and HOISTS one onto each shoulder.

ROGER

Captain!

(MORE)

ROGER (CONT'D)  
 (when Bonnet turns)  
 Where do you need it?

Roger makes his way toward Bonnet, who plays with a COIN. Bonnet doesn't answer. Instead, he flips the coin. Removing his hand, he smiles at the results.

STEPHEN BONNET  
 What's your name?

ROGER  
 Roger... MacKenzie.

STEPHEN BONNET  
 Twenty shillings a month, Mr. MacKenzie. You're free to leave the ship while in port, and you'll be paid once the cargo is unloaded. Sailors'll show you where to go.

Roger falls in line and moves the casks down the dock with the rest of the sailors. It's physically taxing work, but Roger holds his own.

STEPHEN BONNET (CONT'D)  
 And lad -- four ports before  
 Wilmington. I hope she's worth it.

And with that Bonnet moves away. OFF Roger, victorious --

INT. BALRIGGAN COTTAGE - DAY (D5)

THE NEXT DAY. Brianna, wearing the same plain dress, is not adept when it comes to traditional domestic chores, and is fixing SOMETHING Laoghaire hasn't been able to solve while Laoghaire prepares MUTTON.

Laoghaire glances over and takes in Brianna's progress.

LAOGHAIRE  
 Is yer ankle better?

BRIANNA  
 Almost. I'll be on my way soon.

LAOGHAIRE  
 Ye've been a blessing, lass.  
 (re: what Bree is fixing)  
 That has been broken since my  
 husband lived here. Ye're nearly  
 as skillful wi' a tool as he was.

BRIANNA  
I'm happy I could help.

Joan enters with a BASKET of herbs for the stew, braids with flowers still intact. Laoghaire smiles, amused --

LAOGHAIRE  
Look at ye? Not like you, Joanie,  
to keep yer braid for another day.  
(to Brianna, fondly)  
She's taken a liking to ye.

Joan smiles, touching the braid happily. Brianna smiles at the sight of the slightly anachronistic braid.

BRIANNA  
(singing or speaking  
softly)  
"If you're going to San Francisco,  
be sure to wear flowers in your  
hair..."

JOAN  
Oh, I dinna ken that one...

Joan has obviously never heard it before and has no idea where San Francisco is either... but she laughs, enjoying Brianna's company. Brianna smiles -- a memory of Claire.

BRIANNA  
(re: the song)  
It's one of my mother's favorites.

LAOGHAIRE  
Some of the girls at Lallybroch put  
flowers in their hair in summer...

This piques Brianna interest.

BRIANNA  
Lallybroch?

LAOGHAIRE  
Aye. It's no far from here.

BRIANNA  
My mother's relatives lived there...  
I've never met them, but she always  
spoke of them fondly.

Laoghaire eyes her suspiciously.

LAOGHAIRE  
And who might yer mother be? I may  
(MORE)

LAOGHAIRE (CONT'D)  
 have kent her, spendin' a bit o'  
 time at Lallybroch myself.

BRIANNA  
 Claire Fraser.

Laoghaire's head spins. Is it possible? Fucking Claire.  
 She tries to mask her ire, not wanting to tip her hand.

LAOGHAIRE  
 Ye never said yer name was Fraser.

BRIANNA  
 It's not, it's Randall, after  
 Frank, the man who raised me.

LAOGHAIRE  
 I see, the husband yer mother didna  
 care for.  
 (off Brianna's surprise)  
 I heard ye and Joan speaking about  
 it in the garden.

BRIANNA  
 (thrown)  
 She cared for him, but she --

LAOGHAIRE  
 -- didna love him as she loved this  
 other man. Yer true father.

Brianna nods, conceding it. Laoghaire plays it cool.

LAOGHAIRE (CONT'D)  
 Must be a good man, this Frank  
 Randall. To have raised a daughter  
 such as you.

BRIANNA  
 Yes... he was... he died. Some  
 years ago.

LAOGHAIRE  
 I'm sorry to hear it. And it  
 sounds as though he'd never leave  
 ye by choice, only by God's hand.

As Brianna thinks about that...

**INT. HARVARD - FRANK'S OFFICE - FLASHBACK - DAY (D3)(1966)**

REVEAL Brianna tiptoeing into the office, laden with pastry  
 BAGS and TEA.

She glances to the sofa, where the morning light shines in through the windows falling softly onto Frank, still asleep underneath a blanket.

A beat and then he starts to rouse. He sees Brianna.

FRANK

You're up early.

She goes to the coffee table and begins to set up. SCONES, JAM, CLOTTED CREAM, TEA. Frank looks at the container of cream, impressed.

BRIANNA

I decided a cream tea necessary.  
(then)  
I'm sorry, Daddy.

FRANK

It's you who deserves an apology.  
I was not myself last night.

Brianna slices the scone in a layer and applies the jam.

BRIANNA

No... I shouldn't have pushed you.

FRANK

I fear after seventeen years in America, I'm still too British.

She gets it -- he'll share when he's ready. She finishes spreading the cream, then hands him the scone.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Nothing a good cup and tea and a scone can't fix.

He takes a bite. Gazing upon his daughter -- pleased at his life's work --

BRIANNA

How is it?

She asked about the scone, but his answer is about his daughter.

FRANK

Perfect.  
(then)  
Have you ever thought of studying abroad? There are some excellent universities --

BRIANNA

*I'm sure there are. But Harvard's  
here and you're here.*

*He's planted the seed and there's hope -- she surely  
wouldn't want to be parted from him, she's Daddy's girl  
after all...*

*She smiles back. OFF this sweet moment --*

**INT. BALRIGGAN COTTAGE - PARLOR - DAY (D5) (1769)**

Laoghaire and Brianna continue their conversation.

LAOGHAIRE

Do ye believe the story yer mother  
told ye? About your true father  
and why he couldna raise ye?

Being aware of the existence of time travel, Brianna thinks  
nothing of this comment -- she knows exactly why Jamie  
couldn't be with her mother.

BRIANNA

Of course. I've no reason to doubt  
my mother... why do you ask?

LAOGHAIRE

Oh -- well, folk talk. At  
Lallybroch. Course I wouldna wish  
to repeat what they say -- it bein'  
about yer father...

BRIANNA

What do they say about him?

LAOGHAIRE

(manipulative)  
Och nothin' -- forgive me, lass,  
for speakin' of it.

BRIANNA

Please -- tell me.

LAOGHAIRE

Well, I dinna like to repeat such  
things, myself -- but there are  
folk that say that there was no  
room in his heart for a bairn...  
and that he sent yer mother away  
upon findin' she was wi' child...



BRIANNA

They were married and in love --  
why wouldn't he want a child?  
Wouldn't want... me?

LAOGHAIRE

'Tis but the whisperin' hereabouts.  
I shouldna ha' told ye... but I  
didna want ye to hear this from  
folk elsewhere... people gossip  
hereabouts.

BRIANNA

Even after all this time?

LAOGHAIRE

Oh, aye. A tale such as that, why --

Now it's Brianna's head that spins. Laoghaire is "poisoning the well" -- spoiling Jamie for Brianna -- quite successfully. Clocking her success, Laoghaire reverts to being sweet, maternal.

LAOGHAIRE (CONT'D)

Think no more of it, lass. I only  
hope he doesna turn ye away for a  
second time.

That hits Brianna like a truck, but she carries on...

BRIANNA

I have to find them. Even if he's  
what you say.

Laoghaire's disappointed. Her poisoning of the well clearly didn't work.

LAOGHAIRE

What is it that's so pressing?

A beat. Finally, Brianna decides to confide:

BRIANNA

This will sound strange, but they  
need my help... I can prevent their  
deaths if I go to them now. There's  
going to be a fire.

LAOGHAIRE

How would ye ken such a thing?

BRIANNA

I can't explain it --

Laoghaire's blood boils. This girl is keeping something from her and without thinking she blurts out --

LAOGHAIRE

If there's somethin' that will prevent me from receiving my alimony, ye'd best speak of it!

BRIANNA

Your alimony? What does this have to do with you?

LAOGHAIRE

How dare ye come into my home and treat me --  
(raging)  
How dare ye.

Brianna is thrown -- she has no clue what Laoghaire's talking about or where the rage is coming from. Laoghaire is livid.

BRIANNA

What? You brought me here --

LAOGHAIRE

Did they send ye here -- is that what's happened? They sent ye here to laugh at me? Or did ye bewitch me yerself?  
(beat)  
Ye're a witch like yer ma.

Laoghaire's years of pain and anger over what she views as Jamie's abandonment of her bubble over. What the hell?

BRIANNA

You... know my mother?

LAOGHAIRE

I ken her well. Yer mother is the thievin' whore who stole my husband and left me destitute.

Joan, having heard the commotion, appears in the doorway.

JOAN

Yer mother is... Claire?

BRIANNA

Yes, but she never wanted to leave Jamie, she --

LAOGHAIRE

Went home to another man? And when he died, she came back for my Jamie! Bewitched him, she did, with a lovespell that made me invisible.

Brianna is angry and hurt -- but knowing what an ignorant, heartbroken woman Laoghaire is, she tries to contain it.

BRIANNA

She didn't mean to hurt anyone.  
She wouldn't. I... I'm sorry.  
(then)  
I can see I'm no longer welcome.

With that, Brianna turns on her heel and exits --

**EXT. BOSTON STREET - FLASHBACK - NIGHT (N4) (1966)**

*Brianna walks down the street with a couple of FRIENDS, talking, when she spots FRANK'S CAR. She's a bit surprised, but waves her friends off, and comes over, opening the car door. Brianna leans in.*

BRIANNA

Daddy. What are you doing here?

FRANK

I need to talk to you, sweetheart.

*Brianna sees the serious look on his face, gets in and closes the car door.*

BRIANNA

Is everything okay?

FRANK

Do you remember when I mentioned going to university abroad?

BRIANNA

Yes...

FRANK

How would you feel about going to school in England?

*Brianna's stumped. This was not what she was expecting.*

BRIANNA

England?

FRANK

I've been offered a position at Cambridge. I want you to come with me.

Brianna picks up one word: you. She knows the answer, but she still has to ask:

BRIANNA

What about Mama? She's all right with this?

FRANK

Your mother and I... are getting a divorce.

BRIANNA

What are talking about? Don't be silly, you're too old to get a divorce.

Brianna's head swims. She can't be hearing this.

FRANK

Bree, listen to me --

BRIANNA

I don't want to listen to you.

FRANK

Darling.

BRIANNA

So you don't always get along, who does? But you don't just get divorced. You love each other. You can't throw that away. We're a family.

FRANK

You're my family. And that will never change. But your mother and I...

(then)

This cannot be a complete surprise to you.

BRIANNA

(sarcastic)

It is...

(then)

So poof you're over and I get no say?

FRANK

You are at the center of our lives always... we both love you very much and that will never change either. But your mother and I have decided that this is the best way forward for the two of us.

BRIANNA

You decided this -- tonight?

Holy shit -- we now realize this is the same night as Frank's car accident and death.

FRANK

Yes, but it's not for want of trying.

And now, Brianna's tears start to fall. Seeing her pain, Frank wraps his arms around her.

Frank nods, but we know this is different. He is oddly tranquil, on a path to a new life and Brianna is the last piece of the puzzle he needs to fall into place.

At last Brianna sits back up and wipes her eyes.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Will you come with me?

Brianna isn't going to let him off that easy.

BRIANNA

We had a plan. We were supposed to go to Harvard together, Daddy. I'm studying history and we were going to share your office --

FRANK

I know we did, and a thousand years ago your mother and I had a plan as well. But sometimes life takes unexpected turns. And when it does, we soldier on.

Frank is trying to put on a brave face, to make real positive change in his life. But Brianna is angry, and lashes out.

BRIANNA

So giving up is what you call soldiering on, then?

Brianna looks out the window to where her friends are waiting.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

I have to go.

Frank sighs. This didn't go exactly as he wanted, but he's aware these things take time to process.

FRANK

Can we talk later?

Without a word, Brianna opens the door --

FRANK (CONT'D)

Bree?

(when she looks back)

No matter what you decide, I love you.

Brianna doesn't return the words -- she's angry and wants him to feel some of the pain she feels. OFF Frank, watching her slip out of the car into the night...

**OMITTED (MOVED INTO SCENE 24)**

**INT. BALRIGGAN COTTAGE - BEDROOM - DAY (D5) (1769)**

The door is open as Brianna gathers her things. She looks up to find Laoghaire in the doorway, pure hatred in her eyes.

LAOGHAIRE

Claire Fraser should ha' burned at the stake in Cranesmuir.

Brianna's eyes alight now with recognition. Laoghaire MacKenzie! Christ!

BRIANNA

Oh my God -- you're the one who tried to have my mother killed!

LAOGHAIRE

And she would be dead if she wasna a witch.

BRIANNA

I'm sure believing that must be easier than facing the truth -- and the truth is Jamie Fraser has never loved you.

LAOGHAIRE  
A curse upon you!

LAOGHAIRE G  
**Bas orst!**

Shaken, Brianna grabs her Jessica Gutenberg dress off the chair to pack it, catching it on the chair's arm and... tearing the secret pocket open. Laoghaire's stunned, as CLAIRE'S PEARLS tumble out on the floor and Laoghaire lunges for them --

LAOGHAIRE  
Robbed were you?

BRIANNA  
Don't you touch them! They're my mother's -- Jamie gave them to her on their wedding day.

Laoghaire gets the pearls. A struggle ensues, a pushing and shoving match, as Brianna reclaims the pearls from Laoghaire during this physical altercation.

LAOGHAIRE  
You are the spawn of a witch.  
(beat)  
Ye wait until I tell the priest and the Justice of the Peace what ye've told me -- this premonition of yers.

BRIANNA  
I'll deny it.

LAOGHAIRE  
Spoken as a true witch. For how else could ye ken of such a fire -- perhaps it's you plannin' to light it. A confession of intended murder. My Joanie will bear witness to it.

BRIANNA  
You're insane. Why would anyone believe you?

LAOGHAIRE  
What will ye say, then? What tale will you tell? That you were robbed? I'll tell them the truth -- Brianna Fraser came to seek revenge on the father who abandoned her. I'll soon have ye in a jail and those pearls will be mine.

Laoghaire pulls the door closed and locks it from outside. Brianna rushes to it, trying to open it, but she can't. She pounds on the door.

BRIANNA

Open the door! Let me out!

Brianna looks around -- no windows to escape through. As she breaks down crying...

**OMITTED (MOVED INTO SCENE 27)**

**EXT. CEMETERY - FLASHBACK - DAY (D5) (1966)**

*Brianna stands at her father's GRAVE the day of the funeral. The burial has already happened. She is the only person left.*

BRIANNA

*I keep thinking, if I'd just stayed  
in the car with you that night...  
that you would still be here...*

*Emotional, she kneels down beside the fresh mound of earth.*

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

*If I would've just agreed to go to  
England with you, maybe we would've  
gone to celebrate and you wouldn't've  
had... the accident. And then we  
could have talked Mama into going  
with us too. But you changed our  
plans by dying... one unexpected turn  
too many. I'm going to soldier on --  
like you said. You're my hero,  
Daddy.*

*Brianna picks up a flower from the grave, and puts it in her pocket. As she turns and heads off...*

**EXT. GLORIANA - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT (N2)**

The ship cuts through the ocean on what will be a months-long journey.

**INT. GLORIANA - STEERAGE - NIGHT (N2)**

CLOSE ON a REPAIR Roger is finishing.



He moves on, looking for other battered areas while also taking in the passengers -- many of whom look exhausted despite the journey having just begun. Roger pauses to watch a girl, ISOBEÀIL, 6, as she plays with a doll while reciting:

ISOBEÀIL

(chanting)

Seven herrings are a salmon's fill,  
Seven salmon are a seal's fill,  
Seven seals are a whale's fill,  
And seven whales the fill of a  
Cirein-cròin!

She catches Roger's eye.

ISOBEÀIL (CONT'D)

D'ye think there are any Cirein-cròins in this sea?

ROGER

Nae. Sharks, maybe. But no sea monsters.

Isobeàil's mother, MARION, late 20s, steps over.

MARION

I told her as much, but the lass... she doesna listen.

They share a smile. As Isobeàil continues to sing, Roger spots a damaged timber. He sets about to repair it when a baby blanket FALLS near him.

He picks it up and hands it to a mother, MORAG MACKENZIE, 22, whose baby, JEREMIAH (JEMMY), squirms in her arms.

MORAG

Thank ye.

Baby Jemmy smiles at Roger. Morag notices.

MORAG (CONT'D)

That's the first smile from him in days. He likes ye.

As if on cue, Jemmy starts to cry again. As they escalate to WAILS, Roger looks up to notice that Bonnet has made his way over. He brazenly takes the crying baby from Morag.

STEPHEN BONNET

Hush... hush... little one.  
(off Jemmy's WAILS)  
Aren't you a fussy thing.

Bonnet takes a small FLASK of whisky from his pocket, pops the top off. He dips his finger in and proceeds to rub it onto Jemmy's gums, instantly calming him. And while Roger does not notice, the observant audience member may clock Claire's silver wedding ring on Bonnet's pinky [Episode 401].

Bonnet hands Jemmy back to a now grateful Morag.

MORAG

I thank ye, Captain.

Suddenly, we hear a SCRAPING. Morag's eyes widen in fear.

MORAG (CONT'D)

What was that?

STEPHEN BONNET

Whales. They scratch themselves against the ship to rid their skins of barnacles. We are no more to them than a floating stone.

MORAG

Are we in danger?

STEPHEN BONNET

Who knows? Any one of the beasts might sink us, should he have a mind for mischief.

ROGER

You don't seem troubled by it.

STEPHEN BONNET

A wise man leaves those things beyond his power to the gods -- and prays that Danu the Luck-Giver will be with him.

And with that Bonnet moves off.

**OMITTED**

**OMITTED (MOVED TO SCENE B28)**

**INT. BALRIGGAN COTTAGE - BEDROOM - DAY (D5) (1769)**

Back with a tearful Brianna as -- she hears the SOUND of a key in the lock.

Brianna jumps up off the bed and, grabbing a JUG, braces herself for another run-in with Laoghaire when the LOCK RATTLES FREE and the DOOR OPENS!

To Brianna's shock, it's Joan!

**OMITTED**

**INT. GLORIANA - BELOW DECK - NIGHT (N3) (1769)**

A SCREAM awakens Roger. Then ANOTHER SCREAM. He leaps out of his hammock, alarmed, buckling his pants and chasing the sound to --

**INT. GLORIANA - CAPTAIN'S CABIN - LATER - NIGHT (N3)**

Where Roger finds Bonnet's quarters packed with FRENZIED PASSENGERS and SAILORS who attempt to quell them. The cold sea air blows in through the large cabin windows, which are wide open. Near the windows is Bonnet, who stands before Isobeàil's mother, Marion, in HYSTERICICS.

MARION

Ye canna do this! I wilna let ye!

Wrapped in her arms is... Isobeàil, now emaciated and covered in pustules -- clutching her doll in one hand and her mother with the other.

ROGER

What's happened?

Bonnet clocks Roger. Given the choice, he'd rather not touch Isobeàil's pustule ridden body.

STEPHEN BONNET

The lass has smallpox. It spreads quick as lightening. None of us will live to make landfall if we don't take out the sick. Throw her overboard.

Roger stares at him -- are you fucking kidding me?

MARION

(wails)

No! I beg of ye, please!

ISOBEÀIL

(terrified)

Ma!

ROGER

I canna do that -- she'll drown!

STEPHEN BONNET

Ye said ye were willing to do  
whatever I might need. Do as I  
command.

Before Roger can protest, Bonnet RIPS Isobeàil from her mother's clutches. The First Mate restrains Marion as a Brawny Sailor restrains Roger, who also lunges towards Bonnet, trying to stop him --

ROGER

Wait! No!

ISOBEÀIL

No! Please! Ma...

Bonnet THROWS the SCREAMING child out the window! Marion SCREAMS, her wails lancing the silence, piercing wood and heart alike. It will haunt Roger for years to come.

ROGER

(reeling)

My God! Have you lost your mind?

STEPHEN BONNET

I've given five over to the sea  
already. And I'll do the same for  
each who --

Marion, bereft, wrenches herself free and RUNS to the open window and THROWS HERSELF OVER, after her daughter. FUCK! The other passengers react -- outraged as Roger rushes to the window, wanting to help, but again, he's held back by the Brawny Sailor. Horrified doesn't even begin to cover it.

ROGER

How could ye? She was a child for  
God's sake --

STEPHEN BONNET

(matter-of-fact)

She was. And of no value.

ROGER

No value to you perhaps!

STEPHEN BONNET

You will forgive my putting my  
ignorant opinion above your own,  
Mr. MacKenzie, but I'm the captain  
here.

(MORE)

STEPHEN BONNET (CONT'D)  
 (to the First Mate)  
 Continue to examine every passenger.  
 Anyone who is ill or shows signs of  
 a rash -- bring them to me.

OFF Roger, realizing he can help someone elsewhere --

**INT. GLORIANA - STEERAGE - NIGHT (N3)**

Roger moves through -- eyes darting to and fro. He notices the First Mate inspecting PASSENGERS, checking their faces and arms for RASH. The First Mate waves over TWO SAILORS, then nods at a SHORT RASH-RIDDLED WOMAN. She is dragged off by TWO SAILORS. Roger leans in to a MALE PASSENGER.

ROGER  
 Have ye seen a young mother...  
 bonny lass with a wee bairn?

The Male Passenger shakes his head. Roger moves through the crowd, frantically continuing his search.

He makes his way to the rear of the steerage area, finally clocking --

Morag. She's seated on a crate, cradling her baby.

Roger glances over his shoulder -- the First Mate is occupied wrangling ANOTHER PASSENGER with a RASH. He approaches Morag who is now distrustful of the sailors under Bonnet's command. She shrinks from Roger and clutches Jemmy close with a terrified whisper --

MORAG  
 Please! I beg ye, sir. Ye canna  
 do it! I ken where they're takin'  
 us -- ye canna send him to his  
 death!

Roger reaches out a tentative hand, to calm her.

ROGER  
 I'm not here to hurt your baby. Is  
 the child sick?

Roger has noticed Jemmy's cheeks -- splotched with reddish pustules, topped with white. With fear in her voice, Morag quickly explains --

MORAG  
 It's naught but a wee rash! Jemmy's  
 teeth are comin' in. Ye saw for  
 yerself -- it's no smallpox --

Roger looks into Morag's eyes, believing her --

ROGER

If ye come with me, I can help keep  
you hidden -- I'll get you food and  
drink.

Morag, deeply grateful for Roger's protection, realizes --

MORAG

I dinna ken yer name.

ROGER

Roger.

MORAG

Morag MacKenzie. And this is  
Jemmy. What will ye swear on?

ROGER

I'm a MacKenzie as well. I'll  
swear on my own woman's life. This  
way...

As Roger leads Morag and Jemmy into the ship's shadows --

**EXT. LALLYBROCH - DRIVEWAY - DAY (D5)**

Joan, with Brianna beside her, drives the WAGON up the  
driveway toward the ARCH. It was Joan whose key was in the  
lock! Joan saved her!

As they approach the arch, Brianna looks up at the stone  
edifice, awestruck despite her circumstances.

JOAN

We're here -- Lallybroch.

BRIANNA

I'm so grateful to you, Joan.

JOAN

Ye're a kind soul. It's no yer  
fault yer mother is a witch.

Brianna lets that last line go.

JOAN (CONT'D)

When ye find our Da... mebbe ye'll  
ask him to come home?

As we realize that this is the reason Joan has rescued  
Bree --

JOAN (CONT'D)

Uncle Ian!

REVEAL: Ian coming around the front of the gate. Ian looks up, surprised, and makes his way over to the cart. Recognizing Brianna:

IAN

Joanie. What's the traveller doing with ye?

Ian holds his hand but Joan jumps off the wagon. Brianna accepts his hand and climbs down.

JOAN

She's Jamie Fraser's daughter.

If there were such a thing as an 18th-century record scratch moment, this would be it.

**INT. LALLYBROCH - ENTRYWAY - DAY (D5)**

Brianna follows Ian through the hallway. Brianna, who can't hide her awe at all she's seeing, is well into her story of Laoghaire. Ian is troubled -- if not surprised. Ian is holding the pearls --

BRIANNA

... I couldn't allow her to take them... they are all I have of my parents.

IAN

These pearls were your grandmother's.

Ian gazes upon Brianna, as he hands her back the pearls.

IAN (CONT'D)

Ye have her eyes, ye ken.

(then)

I had given up hope I'd ever look upon a child of Jamie's. And now here ye are standing in front of me. It's a shame my wife's not here to meet ye.

BRIANNA

Aunt Jenny?

IAN

Aye... she's away helping birth a grandchild. And I ken she'll have

(MORE)

IAN (CONT'D)  
 my hide for no keeping ye here, but  
 we should have ye on a ship as soon  
 as we can.

With that, Ian stands up and makes his way over to a shelf,  
 from which he removes a BOX.

IAN (CONT'D)  
 I'm sure Jamie had his reasons for  
 not telling us. But I do ken,  
 ye're an unexpected blessing, lass.

He opens it and lifts out a COIN PURSE.

IAN (CONT'D)  
 This should be enough to buy you  
 passage to North Carolina -- as  
 well as room and board once you've  
 arrived.

BRIANNA  
 I can't take your money.

IAN  
 Aye -- ye can. You're family.

Brianna smiles and takes the money, grateful.

BRIANNA  
 Thank you, Uncle Ian.

IAN  
 Make sure ye ask after yer Auntie  
 Jocasta when ye arrive in  
 Wilmington, at a place called River  
 Run. She'll ken where to find yer  
 parents.

TWO MURRAY GRANDCHILDREN -- boys -- arrive in the doorway,  
 carrying a TRUNK. They set it down.

IAN (CONT'D)  
 Thank ye, lads.

The boys disappear.

IAN (CONT'D)  
 The clothes inside belonged to yer  
 mother. I ken she'd want ye to  
 have them.

OFF Brianna, the next leg of her journey all but certain...



**EXT. AYR HARBOR - DAY (D6)**

Ian is walking with Brianna -- now wearing the GREEN PLAID DRESS and CLAIRE'S FUR HOODED COAT -- through the crowd. She changed into them from the trunk before Ian brought her to the dockyard. A Man walks behind them with the TRUNK.

IAN

I do have one request if ye dinna mind. My son Ian -- yer cousin -- is there wi' yer father.

(pointed)

His mother would be glad if he wrote more often.

As Brianna realizes Ian would also be glad, they arrive at the door of the Tavern...

**EXT. AYR HARBOR - TAVERN - CONTINUOUS - DAY (D6)**

This is goodbye.

IAN

Are ye sure I cannot accompany you inside to buy yer passage?

BRIANNA

You've done enough for me already.

IAN

Then I shall see to it that the trunk is aboard.

(then)

To think yer auntie missed meeting ye.

Ian takes her hands in his.

IAN (CONT'D)

Ye have Jamie's fire. And I dinna mean his red hair. Ye're a Fraser through and through. And yer father's going to be so happy to meet ye.

Brianna knows Ian is speaking of Jamie, but she can't help thinking about her other father -- Frank.

BRIANNA

Thank you, Uncle Ian.

As Ian moves off, Brianna opens the door and steps into --

INT. AYR HARBOR - TAVERN - DAY (D6)

Before Brianna takes three steps inside the room, she is stopped by a nervous man, JOSEPH WEMYSS, 40s.

JOSEPH WEMYSS  
Excuse me, miss... I'm Joseph  
Wemyss. Are ye travelin' alone?

Learning her lesson from the tinker experience, Brianna answers with a resounding --

BRIANNA  
No, my uncle is outside.

Brianna looks into the room, trying to determine which man in this place is a captain. Joseph presses on, undeterred.

JOSEPH WEMYSS  
Should ye be in need of a servant,  
might ye consider my daughter?  
She's a fine cook and a rare hand  
wi' a needle.

BRIANNA  
I have no need of one --

JOSEPH WEMYSS  
I beg you. Please. There is a man  
who desires her as a...  
(can barely utter the  
word)  
...concubine.

Brianna's taken aback by the horror of it.

BRIANNA  
Then don't let him have her.

JOSEPH WEMYSS  
I ha' no choice. Her contract, and  
mine, have been bought by a broker,  
who is plannin' to sell her to the  
man, unless I find someone else  
willing to secure her passage.

BRIANNA  
I'm going to North Carolina.

JOSEPH WEMYSS  
Better she be gone from me forever  
to a wild place, than to meet  
dishonor. Please meet her.

Joseph pulls forward his reluctant, shy daughter, LIZZIE, 16.

JOSEPH WEMYSS (CONT'D)

This is Elizabeth.  
 (with a gentle prod)  
 Do your duty to the lady, Lizzie.

LIZZIE

Your servant, Mistress.

OFF Brianna, taking in this poor wisp of a girl...

TIME CUT:

A man moves away from the table and Brianna steps up, taking her turn to speak with the captain of the Phillip Alonzo -- CAPTAIN PATRICK O'BRIAN, 40s to 50s. O'Brian has a SHIP'S LEDGER in front of him on the table.

BRIANNA

I would like to buy passage on the Phillip Alonzo... for two.

As Brianna hands over nearly all the money Ian gave her, REVEAL Lizzie standing beside her.

CAPTAIN O'BRIAN

Yer name?

Beat.

BRIANNA

Brianna Randall.

Brianna watches as Captain O'Brian writes her name down.

**EXT. AYR HARBOR - LATER - DAY (D6)**

Brianna's with Lizzie now, as they move toward the ship -- Lizzie looks back at her father, Joseph, in the crowd. He's waving a handkerchief at his daughter, Lizzie waves back.

Brianna starts to turn when in the crowd, she SEES Frank Randall. Frank smiles and gives her a little WAVE. With tears in her eyes, Brianna waves back.

OFF Brianna as she moves toward the ship, ready to start the next leg of her journey --

EXT. GLORIANA - ESTABLISHING - DAY (D4)

The ship moves through the water at a clip.

INT. GLORIANA - HOLD - DAY (D4)

A FEW DAYS LATER. Roger makes his way to where Morag has been hiding out with Jemmy. Roger reveals a small store of food tucked in his shirt.

MORAG

Thank ye, Roger --

As he gives it to Morag, he notices that Jemmy is rash-free.

ROGER

The bairn looks well.

Roger is relieved, but Morag suddenly looks scared.

ROGER (CONT'D)

What is it?

She looks past Roger. He follows her gaze and is stunned to see... Bonnet. As he steps out from the shadows --

STEPHEN BONNET

Imagine my surprise when a galley hand went lookin' for the salt pork, but found a lassie and a babe instead.

(then)

I said a wise man does not trouble himself with the things beyond his power -- but on this ship, everything is in my power.

Bonnet motions to the rations Morag has squirrelled away.

STEPHEN BONNET (CONT'D)

Including the distribution of rations. And she's hiding down here while others suffer above. That's not fair, is it?

A tense beat as Roger and Morag wait for the other shoe to drop. Roger exchanges a worried look with Morag as Bonnet pulls a silver shilling from his pocket and rubs it between his fingers.

STEPHEN BONNET (CONT'D)

I was just seventeen, the youngest of a crew of workmen, hired to  
(MORE)

STEPHEN BONNET (CONT'D)  
 build a house. I could not say why  
 it was they hated me.

Roger looks to Morag -- he sure could think of a few reasons.

STEPHEN BONNET (CONT'D)  
 They were a whey-faced lot, so  
 mayhap it was my manner, or the way  
 the lasses smiled on me. But I  
 knew I was unpopular with them.

ROGER  
 Captain, if I may --

But Bonnet continues on as if to say, no, you may not.

STEPHEN BONNET  
 On the day the foundation was to be  
 laid, a few of the lads had a bottle,  
 and urged me to drink with them. I  
 should've known better, for they had  
 never been friendly. But I did  
 drink, and by the time 'twas full  
 dark, I was reelin' drunk.  
 They tossed me over a half-built  
 wall, into the damp dirt of the  
 cellar I'd helped dig.  
 (then)  
 They meant to kill me.

MORAG  
 (in Gaelic)  
 Oh my God.

STEPHEN BONNET  
 They needed a sacrifice for the  
 foundation, lest the earth tremble  
 and the walls collapse. But they  
 started arguin' about if I should be  
 the sacrifice, or if Daft Joey would  
 be a better choice. One of the men  
 suggested tossin' a coin.

Bonnet continues to turn the shilling over in his hand as he looks to Roger to make sure he's listening.

STEPHEN BONNET (CONT'D)  
 "Will ye take heads or tails,  
 then?" He asked me, laughin'. I  
 was too sick to speak, so he said  
 by Geordie's head should I live,  
 and by his arse I should die. And  
 he threw the shilling in the air.  
 (MORE)

STEPHEN BONNET (CONT'D)

I had nae the strength to look.  
They rolled me on my face and hit  
me. When I came to, I found the  
shilling in my pocket. Ah, they  
were honest men, to be sure.

(then)

Years later. I found them. One at  
a time. But I found them all.

A chill shoots up Roger's spine.

STEPHEN BONNET (CONT'D)

Would you say you were a gambling  
man, MacKenzie?

ROGER

(horrified)

You're not going to toss that coin  
for Morag and Jemmy's lives?

STEPHEN BONNET

Not theirs. You supplied the  
rations, you should pay. A  
gentleman's wager shall we call it?  
Heads you live, tails you die.

Bonnet takes the coin he's been holding and tosses it into  
the air. Roger closes his eyes and whispers to himself --

ROGER

I'm sorry, Brianna.

Bonnet catches the coin and places it on top of his hand. He  
looks at it and smiles.

STEPHEN BONNET

It seems Danu is with you tonight,  
sir.

And with that, Bonnet moves off. And only then does Roger  
realize he hasn't taken a breath.

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE