

OUTLANDER

EPISODE 409

The Birds & The Bees

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FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT
11th September 2018

OUTLANDER
EPISODE 409 "The Birds & The Bees"

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CAST LIST – FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT – 11th September 2018

CLAIRE RANDALL FRASER
JAMIE MACKENZIE FRASER
MURTAGH FITZGIBBONS FRASER

BRIANNA RANDALL
LIZZIE WEMYSS
ROGER WAKEFIELD
STEPHEN BONNET
YOUNG IAN

CAPTAIN FREEMAN
EUTROCLUS
GANGSMAN
TAVERN KEEPER

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SET LIST - FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT - 11th September 2018

INTERIORS

Fraser's Ridge
Cabin
Lean-To
Gloriana
Captain's Cabin
Riverboat
Cabin
Willow Tree Tavern
Brianna & Lizzie's Room
Front Room

EXTERIORS

Alleyway
Blue Ridge Mountains - Road
Fraser's Ridge
Cabin
Porch
Lean-To
Road
Small Clearing
Stream
Woods
Gloriana
River
Wilmington
Wilderness
Riverboat
Deck
"The Ridge"
Willow Tree Tavern
Wilmington Dock
Wilmington Thoroughfare
Another Area
Apothecary
Dock Area

FADE IN:

EXT. RIVER - WILMINGTON - WIDE - NIGHT (N1)

Establishing. The moon sits in the sky, its light sparkles over the water. Quiet and tranquil.

INT. WILLOW TREE TAVERN - BRIANNA & LIZZIE'S ROOM - NIGHT (N1) (1769)

CLOSE ON A DOOR CREAKING OPEN. LIZZIE, in bed, leaps up. She'd been lying there, eyes open, unable to sleep.

LIZZIE

Mistress?

BRIANNA comes in, shaking -- shock setting in. But she's not ready to tell Lizzie what just happened -- can't bring herself to utter the words. Instead --

BRIANNA

It's fine, Lizzie.

Lizzie now sits frozen on the bed, afraid to move or speak as a disheveled Brianna takes off her outer layer of clothes in silence. She folds them carefully, part of her unable to shake that twentieth-century police advice that you pray you'll never need: hold onto the evidence. Underneath her clothes are bruises and cuts. Lizzie can see Brianna's face, pale in the candlelight, bloody lip.

LIZZIE

(alarmed)

Mistress, ye're bleeding.

Brianna licks/wipes her lip clean. All the signs of a violent encounter are there, but Lizzie must ask --

LIZZIE (CONT'D)

Ye've been gone a while... were ye with that man?

Truthfully, she's been to hell and back -- but the only thing Brianna can think to say is --

BRIANNA

Yes.

Lizzie creeps out of the bed. She sees Brianna reaching for a jug to pour water into a bowl and wants to assist --

LIZZIE
Mistress, I can help --

She touches Brianna softly on the arm. Brianna flinches, and her tone is disarmingly gentle but firm.

BRIANNA
(don't touch me)
Don't.

Lizzie steps backwards and watches in silence as Brianna pours water in a bowl and splashes it on her face.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)
Go back to bed.

Lizzie reluctantly climbs back into the bed, pretending not to look, but studying Brianna as she takes a cloth, dips it in the water and scrubs herself all over. Once she's scrubbed down, Brianna slides into the bed next to Lizzie and lies there, rigid as a board. Lizzie dares to ask --

LIZZIE
Did he hurt ye?

BRIANNA
(be quiet)
Lizzie, please.

Lizzie doesn't press. She can feel Brianna trembling. There is no weeping, no sound. But shaking hard enough to make the covers ripple. Lizzie reaches out for Brianna's hand --

LIZZIE
Ye have my hand here, and my ear if ye need it.

BRIANNA
(leave me be)
Please go to sleep.

Lizzie's smart enough to not ask about this again.

HOLD ON the two of them lying in the dark. Brianna's breathing slows and her body, exhausted, falls into a fitful slumber. After a beat --

Lizzie rises quietly, slipping out of bed. She goes to the clothes Brianna discarded and examines them.

They are filthy, covered with stains and dirt, riddled with bits of straw. Lizzie's face seems to confirm her suspicions.

With reluctance, she brings the fabric up to her nose and sniffs. Her nose wrinkles with the smell as strong and sour as a rutting goat. She's disgusted.

Lizzie takes the clothes to the basin and plunges them in the water, using a bar of lye soap to lather them. The water turns RED -- from blood on her petticoats.

Lizzie glances back toward Brianna with worry, anger focused on the one person she believes caused this -- that man, the black-hearted devil who took Brianna away.

EXT. WILLOW TREE TAVERN - DAY (D2)

NEXT DAY. Establishing. As seen from street level.

INT. WILLOW TREE TAVERN - FRONT ROOM - DAY (D2)

Speaking of the black-hearted devil -- ROGER WAKEFIELD, enters and approaches the TAVERN KEEPER [Episode 408].

ROGER

Do you know where I might find the young woman I was with yesterday...

TAVERN KEEPER

Haven't seen her this morning. Must be up in her chamber still.

But as Roger looks toward the stairs --

STEPHEN BONNET

MacKenzie!

Roger turns to see STEPHEN BONNET, who has spotted him from a table where he's seated alone, eating a hearty breakfast. Nearby a table full of sailors are playing cards. By the looks of it, they've been at it all night. Bonnet summons Roger over. Roger hesitates, but since Bonnet's not a man to be trifled with, he heads over to the table.

ROGER

Captain.

STEPHEN BONNET

(smiling)
Sit down.

Bonnet gestures to the chair across from him. Roger doesn't particularly want to, but he tentatively takes a seat across from Bonnet, who's taking a break from the CARD GAME.

Next to Bonnet's plate are his winnings: coins, a silver penknife, pewter buttons, a snuffbox, and a few small gemstones.

STEPHEN BONNET (CONT'D)

Pleased you've joined us, because I didn't have the time to send a man out to look for the missing member of my crew before departing.

ROGER

But I intend to stay here.

STEPHEN BONNET

So all was well with your lass, then, eh? Good. Told you to be sure she was worth it...

ROGER

(bitter sarcasm)
Captain knows best.

Bonnet shares an amused glance with his men, bringing them into the conversation for effect.

STEPHEN BONNET

Indeed he does. Especially when it comes to women.

Conspiratorial LAUGHS all around, completely void of guilt or conscience. Roger, of course, has no clue.

STEPHEN BONNET (CONT'D)

But yer lass will have to wait, sailor. Ye'll be coming with us to Philadelphia.

ROGER

I told you I needed find my way to Wilmington.

STEPHEN BONNET

Aye, you did. And I told you it was but one of our ports on the way. You weren't thinking you'd forsake us and abandon your duties before our journey's end?

(then)

Some more sage advice, Mr. MacKenzie: my men do as they please ashore, but if they're not aboard when the time comes to set sail, they often find themselves missing more than their wages.

(MORE)

STEPHEN BONNET (CONT'D)

I have friends in this town.
And I'd sooner see you lose a lass
than a limb.

Roger hesitates -- he knows better than to cross Bonnet.
Finished with breakfast, Bonnet pushes away from the
table --

STEPHEN BONNET (CONT'D)

Ye'll be paid once we unload the
cargo in Philadelphia. After that,
what you do and where you go is
your own business.

He eyes the table of Sailors, who take this as an order --
it's time to leave. Bonnet fills his purse with his winnings
then leads his crew toward the exit.

Roger follows... but wavers, glancing up toward where
Brianna might be sleeping. An impatient Bonnet gives a
warning from the threshold:

STEPHEN BONNET (CONT'D)

Limb or lass, Mr. MacKenzie?

When Roger hesitates, Bonnet nods to a couple of his crew,
who grab Roger and usher him out with the rest of the
sailors. Roger has no choice. As he passes the Tavern
Keeper...

ROGER

(urgent)

Tell the young woman I was here...

The Tavern Keeper shrugs and nods, disinterested. Roger has
more to say, but he's already out the door.

INT. WILLOW TREE TAVERN - BRIANNA & LIZZIE'S ROOM - DAY(D2)

Brianna wakes up, groggy. She has slept late and restlessly.
Lizzie is fluttering around the room, tidying up.

BRIANNA

Is it morning?

LIZZIE

'Tis well past the noon bells,
Mistress.

Brianna, alarmed to have slept so late, gets up quickly now.
She sees that Lizzie has washed and hung her clothes near
the fire to dry.

BRIANNA

You didn't have to wash them... I don't want you to exert yourself. You've been ill.

LIZZIE

'Tis ye who were trembling last night --

BRIANNA

I was cold.

Brianna looks at the clothing -- the very sight of them makes her relive the events of the previous night.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

Besides, I don't want to wear them. Ever again.

Instead she moves to the trunk and rifles through it for a new outfit. She pulls out the green plaid dress.

Lizzie stares at Brianna and musters her confidence.

LIZZIE

Mebbe... if ye took some more rest, ye might feel better?

Brianna starts to get dressed --

BRIANNA

No. I'll feel better when I've found a boat to take us to Cross Creek.

LIZZIE

Not today?

BRIANNA

I can't stay here any longer. I have to see my Aunt Jocasta -- I was promised she'd be able to tell me how to get to Fraser's Ridge.

LIZZIE

But ye need time --

BRIANNA

Time is not on my side. I need to find my mother. We leave today.

Lizzie yields. OFF Brianna's determination.

INT. WILLOW TREE TAVERN - FRONT ROOM - DAY (D2)

As Brianna comes down the stairs, she glances nervously over toward the back of the bar, her skin crawling at the memory of what happened there. Someone emerges from the darkened door, Brianna shudders. But it's only a patron.

Relieved, she heads for the front door... but as she passes the Tavern Keeper -- she hesitates. Then:

BRIANNA

The man who was here with me
yesterday... the Scottish man...
Did he return?

TAVERN KEEPER

Aye. He was here this morning.

Brianna dares to look around -- hoping Roger is still here.

TAVERN KEEPER (CONT'D)

He asked after you, then left with
the crew of the Gloriana.

BRIANNA

Do you know where they went?

TAVERN KEEPER

To the ship.

OFF Brianna as she takes this in, hesitating as she tries to decide what to do. Then, she makes her decision, and exits.

EXT. WILLOW TREE TAVERN - DAY (D2)

Brianna exits the tavern and runs toward the docks, desperate to catch up with Roger --

EXT. WILMINGTON DOCK - DAY (D2)

Brianna hurries up the narrow lane that leads from the town to the docks. She arrives at the docks, out of breath, looks around -- there are a few small boats docked there, but there is no large ship in port.

She crosses over to a GANGSMAN (a dock porter), 30s, English, who's working on the dock. She asks anxiously --

BRIANNA

The Gloriana...?

The Gangsman looks at her and shakes his head.

GANGSMAN

The Gloriana is gone, m'dear. She
left on the morning tide.

Brianna looks out to the horizon where she spots the tiny silhouette of a departed ship barely still in sight. The Gangsman goes back to his work, leaving her devastated. She pulls back her sleeve -- revealing the bracelet Roger gave her. She takes it off, contemplates throwing into the water...

BRIANNA

I love you. A little. A lot. Not
at all...

But she can't; she still loves him. But that doesn't matter now -- Roger is gone.

EXT. WILMINGTON THOROUGHFARE - DOCK AREA - LATER - DAY (D2)

Brianna moves down the street when Lizzie runs up to her.

LIZZIE

Mistress!

BRIANNA

Lizzie, you shouldn't be running,
when you've been unwell -- and it's
unladylike.

Brianna is well aware of 18th century etiquette.

LIZZIE

Ye'll be glad that I'm no lady,
when ye hear what I'm to tell ye
next...

Brianna looks at her suspiciously -- what has Lizzie done?

LIZZIE (CONT'D)

Whilst securing our provisions, I
spoke to a gentleman in the street --

BRIANNA

And you ran to find me for that?

Lizzie smiles triumphantly.

LIZZIE

Indeed. Had the look of a Scotsman about him, so marched right up to him, I did, to ask him if he kent where I might find some good Scottish folk --

BRIANNA

Lizzie --

LIZZIE

Please, Mistress -- we got to talking of this and that, and of all the Scots in North Carolina... and how some of them are doing very well for themselves...

It hasn't quite clicked for Brianna, still impatient --

BRIANNA

I suppose you're going to tell me about each and every one --

Lizzie nods, smug.

LIZZIE

Well, not all of them. Those who make a show of themselves, certainly --

Brianna's impatience rises to the next level --

BRIANNA

What are you talking about?

LIZZIE

At the theatre -- ye'll never believe -- the play was brought to a halt when the wife of a Scotsman... acted as a surgeon and cut a man open, to heal him...

BRIANNA

That sounds like Mama --

LIZZIE

The gentleman said it was very strange, but then the lady-surgeon seemed to be English so he was not as surprised as he might have been. He assured me that the husband was of good Scottish stock... a Mr. Fraser --

BRIANNA
When was this?

LIZZIE
Och, that's the best of it!

She leans forward, eyes wide with the importance of her news.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)
Last night. Here in Wilmington.

BRIANNA
(realizing)
They're... here?

Lizzie points to another area nearby.

EXT. WILMINGTON THOROUGHFARE - DAY (D2)

FOLLOW Brianna as she searches for Jamie... looking up and down the main street, studying storefronts, glancing down side streets, etc. Until --

EXT. ALLEYWAY - MOMENTS LATER - DAY (D2)

Brianna hurries around the corner of a building. She's about to move past when -- she blinks, a movement catches her eye.

BRIANNA'S POV --

A figure stands, half-turned away from her, head bent in absorption. A tall man, lean and graceful, finishes casually relieving himself against a stack of barrels (or other objects), buttons his breeks and turns around.

He sees this young woman staring at him and tenses slightly.

There is no doubt in her mind, from her first glimpse. He's not quite what she imagined, but -- his face, his copper hair, his eyes. She's looking at JAMIE FRASER.

Taken aback to see someone there, he asks --

JAMIE
What d'ye want here, lassie?

BRIANNA
(blurts out)
You.

Her heart is wedged in her throat. His eyes narrow in amusement, and he shakes his head, with a half-smile.

JAMIE

Sorry, lass. I'm a marrit man.

He starts to walk past, but she puts out a hand to stop him.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

No, I meant it. I've a wife.

BRIANNA

Are you -- you're Jamie Fraser, aren't you?

JAMIE

(wary now)

I am. Who asks? Have ye a message for me, lass?

BRIANNA

My name is Brianna.

Jamie frowns, uncertain, something flickers in his eye.

She swallows hard, her voice choking a bit.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

I'm your daughter... Brianna.

Jamie stands stock still, not changing his expression in the slightest. As he slowly takes her in, his mask finally shatters with surprise and a dawning expression of eagerness.

He stares at her with fascination.

JAMIE

It's true? It is you, Brianna?

BRIANNA

It's me. Can't you tell?

She stares at him too, mesmerized, flooded with a myriad of emotions.

JAMIE

Aye. Aye, I can. I hadna thought of you as grown, I had ye in my mind somehow as a wee bairn always -- as my babe. I never expected...

Jamie wrestles with the impossibility of it. He reaches out to touch her, very lightly, his fingers drawing down her face, brushing back the waves of hair from her temple to cheek, tracing the line of her jaw.

Brianna's face cracks and the tears she had been holding back spill down her cheeks in a flood of relief. She falls into Jamie's arms, weeping, overwhelmed, letting out everything -- the nervousness of meeting him, her exhaustion from travel, the traumatic event from last night.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Here, lassie, dinna weep! Dinna weep, a leannan, dinna be troubled. It's all right, m' annsachd; it's all right.

He wipes her cheeks with his thumb.

The words hang in the air between them. They are both stricken with shyness and endearment, unable to look away from each other, unable to find more words. Until --

JAMIE (CONT'D)

What are you doing here... in this time?

Brianna takes a beat. She needs to tell him the difficult news, but it's not the time or place.

BRIANNA

I... wanted so badly to meet you. I've been thinking about it for so long. And I missed Mama...

JAMIE

(realizing)
You'll not have seen her, then?
Christ, she'll be mad wi' joy!

OFF Jamie, filled with joy himself.

EXT. WILMINGTON THOROUGHFARE - APOTHECARY - DAY (D2)

CLAIRE exits the shop with a basket. She steps out into the road and starts to walk when she hears --

JAMIE

Sassenach.

She sees -- Jamie sitting on a bench. Her eyes focus on Jamie's face then shift to the right and for a split second she thinks she's hallucinating. But she's not -- sitting next to Jamie is Brianna.

BRIANNA

Mama!

Claire has no time to even think about it before Brianna is in her arms, and Claire is almost knocked off her feet, both literally and figuratively.

CLAIRE

Bree!

Between the shock and rib-crushing hug, Claire has no breath left. She looks her daughter up and down -- yes, she's real. Claire shakes her head at the wonder of it. Then, she asks --

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

What...?

Brianna's starting to cry again, half with joy, half overcome with fatigue. OFF Claire's bewilderment --

EXT. WILMINGTON THOROUGHFARE - ANOTHER AREA - DAY (D2)

CLOSE ON A COPY OF THE OBITUARY. Pull back to REVEAL it's in Claire's hand and she's just finished reading it.

Claire is with Jamie and Brianna, now in a more quiet area of the street, having found a more private place to talk.

CLAIRE

We die in a fire?

BRIANNA

I knew you'd found each other and I was curious to know more about your life together. I came across an old newspaper with your names. I didn't expect to see...

JAMIE

...news of our death.

Jamie takes the paper from Claire and looks it over.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

A smeared date. An unforgivable mistake by the printer.

BRIANNA

I didn't know if it was ten years from now -- or a few months. But I knew I had to warn you as quickly as possible.

As Jamie and Claire digest this news...

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

I went to Inverness and through the stones... and to Lallybroch... I met Uncle Ian...

Claire and Jamie are astonished.

JAMIE

Well, we have a bit of time either way. Ye'll come wi' us to Fraser's Ridge?

CLAIRE

Of course she will.

Brianna vacillates, she hasn't thought beyond this very moment.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Is there something else?

Of course, there are two large "something elses," but now is not the time to bring them up.

BRIANNA

Um, I haven't really thought about what would happen if or when I finally found you. And now that I have --

CLAIRE

You're coming home with us.

Jamie lights up with excitement as he describes "home."

JAMIE

Aye, we'd love for ye to see where we live. We've a good bit of land, have we no, Claire? Still much to be done, but we've settlers and some crops --

Jamie and Claire share a happy look -- a full conversation contained within and Brianna clocks the closeness. Something that she never saw between her 20th century parents.

BRIANNA

I traveled from Scotland with a young woman, Lizzie. It's a long story, but... she's indebted to me and I'm indebted to her.

JAMIE

She's welcome to join us.

Just then YOUNG IAN walks up with ROLLO.

YOUNG IAN

I've seen to it that our belongings and the casks are on the Sally Ann, Uncle. Captain Freeman says --

He stops short, noticing the young woman with them.

YOUNG IAN (CONT'D)

Pardon, I didna ken ye were with company.

JAMIE

She's no company, lad. She's...

There's nothing to say but the truth.

CLAIRE

...our daughter.

JAMIE

Brianna. Yer cousin.

Young Ian is dumbstruck.

CLAIRE

I know it's a surprise but we'll explain it all later.

YOUNG IAN

When it comes to ye, Auntie, I've learned 'tis better not to ask too many questions.

Then he gives Brianna one of his trademark grins --

YOUNG IAN (CONT'D)

Well then, welcome cousin!

OFF Brianna's smile as she takes in another relative that, until recently, she never knew she had.

EXT. RIVER - WILDERNESS - WIDE - DAY (D2)

The Cape Fear River cuts through an expanse of trees.
Captain Freeman's riverboat floats along...

EXT. RIVERBOAT - DECK - DAY (D2)

The group is now on board the Sally Ann, manned as always by CAPTAIN FREEMAN and EUTROCLUS. FIND Lizzie, Young Ian and Rollo on the riverboat cabin's roof. Lizzie and Young Ian chat and get to know each other. Lizzie is quite taken with Young Ian and hangs on his every word.

LIZZIE
(looking at Ian)
So... handsome.

YOUNG IAN
(oblivious)
His name's Rollo.

Jamie takes a turn at the pole. Meanwhile --

INT. RIVERBOAT - CABIN - SAME TIME - DAY (D2)

Claire and Brianna talk. Brianna's filling her mother in about Roger.

BRIANNA
He followed me here.

CLAIRE
Roger's here in North Carolina?

BRIANNA
Not any more. I didn't want him to follow me, this was something I wanted to do on my own. But somehow he managed to find me in Wilmington... I was angry that he'd risk his life, but also so happy to see him...

CLAIRE
You're in love with him.

A beat.

BRIANNA
Yes. And I told him I loved him...
but we got into a terrible fight.
(MORE)

BRIANNA (CONT'D)
 And now he's headed to Scotland and
 back through the stones.

CLAIRE
 Because of one argument?

BRIANNA
 He was upset, and threatened to --
 and I told him to go ahead -- that
 I didn't need him here. I
 should've gone after him.
 (beating herself up)
 He sailed away this morning -- it's
 my fault.

Brianna starts to cry and Claire comforts her daughter.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)
 Oh, Mama, I've missed you so much.

CLAIRE
 I've missed you, too, darling.

Claire takes both of Brianna's hands in her own. Brianna
 looks down and for the first time notes Claire's new wedding
 ring on her finger. As she hugs her mother even tighter...

EXT. RIVERBOAT - DUSK (D2)

Establishing.

EXT. RIVERBOAT - DECK - DUSK (D2)

Brianna's at the rail, staring out into the dark water.
 Thinking no doubt about meeting her father today -- the joy
 of it. And yet, the memory of the man who assaulted her the
 night before is always near.

YOUNG IAN
 Mind if I join ye, cousin?

She sees Young Ian approaching.

BRIANNA
 Not at all.

He smiles and takes his place next to her at the rail. He
 looks out over the water now, but his smile fades as a
 memory haunts him. Brianna can see he's troubled.

YOUNG IAN

Water's so calm now. The first time we made this journey... I'm glad you weren't here... we were robbed. The bastard and his men took everything we had. But the worst of it is that --

(beat)

-- that Uncle Jamie had helped this criminal to regain his liberty.

BRIANNA

I'm sure he was only trying to do the right thing --

YOUNG IAN

Yes. Couldn't have foreseen it. This man, Stephen Bonnet, had a way about him, Irish charm -- he fooled us all. He slit our friend Lesley's throat in front of Auntie Claire. Took her wedding ring too. Uncle Jamie's never forgiven himself.

Brianna stiffens, realizing these are the details of how her rapist came to have her mother's ring.

Brianna looks away. Young Ian notices her strong reaction and goes to touch her gently, see that she's all right. Brianna flinches.

BRIANNA

You paint such a vivid picture that I can see it clearly in my mind. I'm sorry.

YOUNG IAN

No, I'm sorry, cousin. I didna wish to scare ye. Ye needn't worry -- I'm sure 'tis only in our nightmares he can trouble us now.

Young Ian leaves with no idea just how much his words resonate with Brianna. Brianna takes something out of her pocket -- Claire's WEDDING RING. She stares at it, feeling sick, and haunted by this new knowledge of how it came into Bonnet's possession.

EXT. BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAINS - ROAD - WIDE - DAY (D3)

In among the trees, a dot of a wagon crawls along a dirt road followed by two horses --

EXT. BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAINS - ROAD - DAY (D3)

Claire and Jamie ride a distance behind the wagon.

JAMIE

Did ye hear more last night?

CLAIRE

I couldn't find time alone with her, Young Ian and Lizzie were constantly under foot.

JAMIE

I still canna believe he left her in a shed, alone.

They share a look of concern, as any parent would on hearing that the man their daughter loves simply walked away and left her.

CLAIRE

I hope once we reach the cabin she'll share the full story.

JAMIE

We dinna need it to see she's broken-hearted. But we'll do what we can to see it mended.

Claire nods, agreeing. They keep riding. After a beat:

JAMIE (CONT'D)

So... the news she's brought?

CLAIRE

It's a little disconcerting. However, we could make sure we're never in our cabin on the Sunday before January 21st.

JAMIE

Every year for a decade?

CLAIRE

We'll make a holiday out of it.

JAMIE

I dinna believe it will be that simple.

Then he adds the portent they are both thinking.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
 We havena had much luck changing
 history in the past, Claire.

OFF Jamie, disquieted...

EXT. "THE RIDGE" - DAY (D3)

The Frasers' wagon crests a rise. Young Ian is driving. Brianna's eyes widen as she sees the majesty of her parents' settlement stretching out before her. The group stops. As Jamie and Claire dismount their horses, Brianna gets out of the wagon. Lizzie and Young Ian stay behind as...

Brianna, Claire and Jamie walk up to the view point, and look out, seeing --

CABINS dot the landscape, smoke rising from chimneys, fields starting to be tilled. The settlement is more built up and lively than when we last saw it [Episode 406], and there are Scottish families living there and thriving.

BRIANNA
 It's incredible all this... it
 reminds me of Daniel Boone.

JAMIE
 A man ye ken from yer time?

BRIANNA
 I don't know him... only of him.
 He was...
 (dawns on her)
 No... he's alive now... Daniel
 Boone is a frontiersman -- he'll
 explore the lands farther west over
 those mountains. They'll name
 towns for him.

She catches herself, looks to Jamie then to her mother -- an almost apology for blurting out the future.

JAMIE
 It's fine.

CLAIRE
 He's used to it.

Jamie and Claire share a look. Brianna clocks the effortless way they communicate.

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - ROAD - DAY (D3)

As they head to the cabin now, they pass some of the settlers... men greet Jamie with respect as he passes on horseback out front of the wagon. He's not quite a laird here in America -- but he is their landlord. Brianna watches him, impressed.

BRIANNA

Some respectful neighbors... or do these men work for Jamie?

CLAIRE

They work for themselves. But, hopefully, they'll pay rent -- someday.

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - CABIN - LATER - DAY (D3)

Jamie rides ahead to check on the place -- habit. Making sure it's safe. CLARENCE'S LOUD BRAY can be HEARD from behind the cabin. A warning to all that someone has arrived.

MURTAGH comes out onto the porch as Jamie dismounts --

JAMIE

Good to see ye're still breathing.

MURTAGH

Ye ken by now I'm not an easy man to kill.

JAMIE

When did you arrive?

MURTAGH

Last night. Thanks to you.

JAMIE

Tryon wants to have ye arrested for conspiracy. Ye have a spy among yer men.

MURTAGH

(smiles)

Had.

(then)

Thought it wise to make myself scarce for a while.

JAMIE

There's a fine piece of land, I've
set aside for ye. Give the word and
I'll start on yer cabin.

The wagon is now pulling up the drive.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

I have a surprise for ye...

The wagon with Brianna, Young Ian and Lizzie comes to a
stop. Claire arrives on horseback. Murtagh can't help but
notice the two additional ladies in the cargo area.

MURTAGH

The lad has done well for himself,
bringing home two lassies.

Jamie strides over to help Brianna and Lizzie out of the
wagon. Then brings Brianna over to Murtagh.

JAMIE

This is Brianna... our daughter.
(then to Brianna)
Brianna, my godfather, Murtagh.

Murtagh soaks in the sight of Brianna. A perfect mix of
Claire and Jamie -- of course she would come through the
stones.

MURTAGH

What took ye so long, lass?

OFF Murtagh, the happiest he's been in donkey's years.

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - CABIN - NIGHT (N3)

Everyone but Lizzie is around the table for a lively dinner.
Jamie's attention is fixed on Brianna. He can scarcely get
enough of looking at her. Claire's thrilled to have the
whole family together.

YOUNG IAN

Auntie Claire says ye visited
Lallybroch? Ye met my Ma and Da,
then?

BRIANNA

Your father. Your mother was away,
helping with a birth --
(a bit sheepish)
I'm sorry I don't remember which
one of your siblings it was --

JAMIE

Dinna fash, Brianna, we'll teach ye
all the names.

Jamie's hoping he'll have the time to do just that if she
stays in the 1700s.

YOUNG IAN

Could be ages learning, mind ye.

BRIANNA

(good-naturedly)

I'm having enough trouble with
Fergus and --

She can't find the name. Claire smiles.

CLAIRE

Marsali.

JAMIE

Ye'll meet them when they move here
in the spring.

Brianna remembers something --

BRIANNA

(to Ian)

Oh, your father asked me to convey
a message -- your mother would like
you to write more often.

For all of Ian's declarations of being a man now, Jamie and
Murtagh know he'll always be a boy to his mother. And they
can't help taking the piss out of him.

JAMIE

Yer ma chiding ye from across the
seas.

MURTAGH

And if ye've any sense, ye'll pay
heed, or no doubt she'll cross the
sea to tell ye herself. Been that
way since she was a lass.

BRIANNA

What was Jamie like as a boy?

Jamie gets up -- pours three glasses of whisky -- and places
one in front of Ian, a peace offering, and another in front
of Murtagh.

JAMIE

Best clear the cobwebs if ye're to recall anything from that time.

The wee dig sparks Murtagh into action.

MURTAGH

Well then, there was a time when wee Jamie had been sent to foster wi' Dougal. He was fourteen or so...

Jamie sips his whisky, sheepish; he knows what comes next. Claire hasn't heard this one before and enjoys a good "when Jamie was a boy" story.

MURTAGH (CONT'D)

Dougal had four daughters. Tabitha was the first girl Jamie kissed, aye?

JAMIE

She was the first girl who kissed me. I was carrying two pails of milk for her, and Tib took me by both ears and kissed me. Spilled the milk, too.

CLAIRE

A memorable first experience.

JAMIE

But her mother caught us -- and she told Dougal about it.

MURTAGH

The next morning, Jamie woke up to Dougal standing over him. They had a verra pleasant chat. Dougal said he would hate to think his nephew could take advantage of his daughter's feelings.

YOUNG IAN

That doesn't sound so bad.

MURTAGH

Aye, but all the time he was talking, Dougal had his one hand on his dirk and the other resting on Jamie's bollocks.

The table erupts in LAUGHTER much to Jamie's chagrin.

JAMIE

I didna even think about a girl
again until I was sixteen.

MORE LAUGHTER at the table. Brianna joins in, but ceases laughing before the others. Her mind drifts elsewhere. The spectre of Bonnet always nearby. Claire notes it.

YOUNG IAN

(rising)
I'll tend to the fire in the
shelter. Goodnight, cousin.

He exits, and Claire turns to Brianna.

CLAIRE

You'll never guess who I met.

Claire gives Brianna a look, urging her to guess.

BRIANNA

Um... King George?

CLAIRE

Warm.
(then)
George Washington.

BRIANNA

That's amazing.
(then)
I'd love to hear more about it...
but I'm really tired, if you'll
excuse me. I think I'll go to bed.

Normally Brianna would be over the moon, and she feigns fascination the best she can, but she's exhausted. Claire clocks that but lets it go for now.

CLAIRE

All right, sweetheart.

Brianna gets up. She notices Jamie and Claire holding hands. Tenderness she never witnessed between Claire and Frank. She gives a small smile. Claire gets up too --

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I'll show you to the shelter and
look in on Lizzie.

Claire and Brianna leave. Murtagh turns to Jamie.

MURTAGH

The lass reminds me of yer mother.
Same eyes. Ye dinna need to see
her teeth to ken she's smiling.

JAMIE

(realizing)
Aye, she does.

MURTAGH

And now she's here. Ye've suffered
enough pain for one life. I'm glad
for ye, lad.

Murtagh is taken by the wonder of it all.

JAMIE

I only hope she'll feel that this
is her home. But she's still a
stranger...

MURTAGH

With time, she'll come to ken ye.

JAMIE

Willie was a stranger when he came
here and nearly the same when he
left, and I spent six years helping
raise the lad.

MURTAGH

True. But William didna ken ye're
his father. Brianna does.

OFF Jamie, encouraged by that wisdom.

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - CABIN - DAY (D4)

Establishing.

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - CABIN - SAME - DAY (D4)

The next day, Brianna helps Claire with the morning chores.

CLAIRE

I looked in on Lizzie again this
morning in better light. It could
be malaria. I didn't notice any
jaundice, that's a good sign.
Lymph glands were slightly swollen
but I think an infusion of Jesuit's
bark will help with that.

BRIANNA

I hope so... she's been a good friend to me.

A beat. Then, Brianna offers:

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

Daddy knew...

(off Claire's look)

That you came back. I saw the obituary on his desk years ago. I didn't realize what it was at the time, but I remembered it recently, when I found it again myself. He knew you came back to Jamie.

Claire takes in this new and surprising information. There's nothing to be done about it now. But both of them pause to absorb this revelation about the man they both loved in different ways.

CLAIRE

I didn't know that. But Frank was an astute man -- he always knew my heart was here.

It's clear Claire means with Jamie.

BRIANNA

I see it too... I see why you had to come back to Jamie.

A beat. Then Claire continues their conversation.

CLAIRE

I imagine all of this is a lot to take in... being here. It was for me. It was quite overwhelming. You know that you can be yourself around him. And the others.

Suddenly Brianna accidentally knocks a small basket of herbs from their place. She gets irrationally upset over it.

BRIANNA

Dammit!

It doesn't take a mother to see that something is bothering Brianna -- but it helps to have one right there.

CLAIRE

It's all right... Here, let me help...

Claire helps, then calms Brianna.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
You know, you can talk to me about Roger.

BRIANNA
(brushing it off)
He's gone. There's nothing I can do about that now. It's not like I can phone him.

But Claire knows her daughter well enough to know that it's eating her up inside.

EXT. GLORIANA - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT (N4)

FROM THE PIER, TIGHT ON the Gloriana's stern; she is moored to one of the small docks in the port of Philadelphia.

INT. GLORIANA - CAPTAIN'S CABIN - NIGHT (N4)

Stephen Bonnet sits behind his desk, before which a number of Sailors are lined up to receive their pay. Bonnet hands some coins to the Sailor at the front of the line, who takes them and leaves. Next up is Roger.

STEPHEN BONNET
Mr. MacKenzie.

As Bonnet begins counting out coins from a box on the desk --

STEPHEN BONNET (CONT'D)
So, it's back to Carolina for you?

ROGER
(determined)
Soon as I can find my way aboard another ship.

Roger's mood has changed -- no longer glum and defeated like he was back in Wilmington, he now seems determined and filled with purpose. Bonnet eyes him, curious.

ROGER (CONT'D)
You have Danu, I have Eros.

Bonnet resumes counting Roger's payment. Just as he's about to hand it over, Roger notices a few very small GEMSTONES (likely garnets) nestled amongst Bonnet's collection of coins.

ROGER (CONT'D)
 Forgive me, Captain... but I
 wondered if I might have one or two
 of these small gems, instead of
 coin, as wages.

Bonnet frowns, glancing to the gemstones.

STEPHEN BONNET
 The smaller ones perhaps.
 (beat)
 Eros must be a difficult Lord to
 serve.

Roger is thinking ahead, thinking about going back through
 the stones -- with Brianna, if she's willing. Bonnet just
 shrugs -- Roger's request is of no matter to him. He drops
 the coins back into the box and plucks out two gemstones,
 stolen no doubt.

STEPHEN BONNET (CONT'D)
 (smiles)
 Always a lassie.

Roger's face gives away nothing as he takes the gemstones
 from Bonnet's hand, pockets them, and turns on his heel.
 Bonnet watches, amused, as Roger heads for the door.

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

SERIES OF SHOTS as Brianna partakes in life on the Ridge and
 spends time with Jamie, Claire, etc.

Brianna, Claire and Lizzie do laundry outside.

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - CABIN - DAY (D6)

Brianna brushes Clarence while Young Ian grooms a horse.
 Lizzie brings some hay for the horses, casting a smitten
 glance at Young Ian...

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - DAY (D7)

Tom Burley trades barley with Jamie and Young Ian. Claire is
 with them. She glances back at the laundry area -- where
 Brianna is churning butter, and notices that Brianna is
 staring off into space, disconnected...

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - STREAM - DAY (D8)

Brianna and Murtagh haul water.

At the end of the montage we should feel that at least a month has gone by.

OMITTED**EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - CABIN - DAY (D10)**

Jamie and Brianna practice loading and SHOOTING a RIFLE together outside the cabin. Jamie shoots, hitting the TARGET (marked with an X) square on. Then Brianna shoots, her aim just as good. Jamie is impressed with Brianna's ability.

Claire is in the GARDEN nearby, but can overhear them.

JAMIE

Where in God's name did ye learn to shoot?

BRIANNA

My father.

Claire glances over and sees that Jamie's face is a careful blank.

JAMIE

Frank, I ken his name. Yer mother told me about him.

Brianna glances to Claire, feeling uncomfortable.

BRIANNA

Yeah. Well... he and I would camp out... and he taught me to shoot, that's all.

OFF Claire, seeing both Jamie and Brianna keep practicing, avoiding the difficult subject.

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - SMALL CLEARING - DAY (D11)

Jamie, Brianna, Murtagh, and Young Ian work on the MAKESHIFT POT STILL at the edge of a small clearing, Rollo nearby.

JAMIE

It's a far cry from the still-cellar at Leoch. It does make whisky, though --

YOUNG IAN

Of a sort.

Brianna can see that Jamie's proud of his infant distillery.

JAMIE

The farmers on the Ridge supply
the barley and help distribute the
liquor.

Ian's dumping a burlap bag and scattering fresh barley in a
thick layer over the clear space on the platform, using a
flat wooden spade to flatten and turn the grain.

Brianna helps stir the mash tub, a faint whiff of alcohol in
the air.

BRIANNA

Does everyone always call you
"Young" Ian?

YOUNG IAN

When I was a bairn it was... "Wee
Ian."

BRIANNA

People close to me call me "Bree."

Murtagh clocks the name as Jamie pours him a cup to taste.
Murtagh downs the whisky.

MURTAGH

(to Jamie)
Is that what ye call her, when ye
shorten her name?

JAMIE

Aye.

Murtagh smirks a bit.

BRIANNA

Something wrong with Bree?

JAMIE

(covering)
No, it's a Scots word... doesna
translate well.

OFF Jamie, he keeps working, clearly not wanting to say what
it means.

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

Claire and Jamie get ready for bed.

CLAIRE

A bree means a disturbance?

JAMIE

Aye, among other things.

CLAIRE

Well, you could've told her, she's not a fragile piece of glass that you can break, you know.

JAMIE

I dinna want to hurt the lass, she's heart-sick over this... Roger. But I ken how she feels. When I thought I'd lost ye forever, breathing was a chore.

CLAIRE

That's only part of it -- she doesn't want to hurt you. I've watched you both these last few weeks and you're tip-toeing around talking about -- Frank.

The wheels are turning in Claire's mind.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Perhaps you could take Brianna hunting with you? It'll take her mind off Roger and the two of you can spend some time together -- alone.

As Jamie considers...

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - LEAN-TO - NIGHT (N11)

Jamie watches Brianna sleep. She's smiling, just like he does when he's sleeping. He could watch her there like that for hours, but there's somewhere he wants to take her. Lizzie's still asleep as Jamie puts a hand on Brianna's shoulder. She rouses as he whispers:

JAMIE

I'll be hunting up the mountain, lass. Come wi' me?

OFF Brianna's sleepy nod --

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - WOODS - LATER - DAWN (D12)

Jamie and Brianna make their way through a mountain trail as dawn breaks. Jamie has a leather bag tied to his belt, an ax, a rifle, and a sack slung over his shoulder.

-- They hike on the trail that winds through the woods.

-- They climb a hill and he reaches back his hand to help pull her up behind him.

As they walk --

BRIANNA

So... what are we hunting?

JAMIE

Bees.

BRIANNA

Bees? How do you hunt bees?

JAMIE

Look for flowers.

As they walk along for a few beats, Jamie break the silence --

JAMIE (CONT'D)

It's good to spend time with you, a **leannan, m' annsachd.**

BRIANNA

You called me that before. What does that mean -- a leannan? And the other thing you said?

JAMIE

You'll not have any Gaelic, then? No, of course ye wouldna have been taught.

BRIANNA

(will you teach me)
I'm a quick study... A leannan?

JAMIE

It means "darling." M' annsachd --
"my blessing."

OFF father and daughter blazing a trail, both literally and figuratively.

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - WOODS - SHORT WHILE LATER - DAY(D12)

They sit down together and share apples and bread; the light of morning fills the woods.

BRIANNA
 (then, pointing)
 Look.

Jamie follows her gaze and sees a BALD EAGLE flying overhead. Brianna is enchanted.

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - WOODS - LATER - DUSK (D12)

As Jamie and Brianna continue on the trail -- he leads her to a brilliant patch of yellow flowers and starts to circle it.

JAMIE
 Ye see, hummingbirds like to drink from the long-throated flowers, but the bees canna get inside. They like broad, flat flowers like these. They light on them and wallow, till they're covered over wi' yellow.
 (then)
 Watch and see which direction they go.

Before long, they find what they are looking for. A BEEHIVE.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
 A tree... that's good. Sometimes they hive in the rocks, and then there's little ye can do.

He unslings the ax and his bags.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
 It's best to wait till dark. For then all the swarm will be inside the hive.

BRIANNA
 How will you move the hive?

JAMIE
 Once the bees have gone to their rest, I'll blow a bit o' smoke into the hive, to keep them stunned and wrap it in my bag.
 (MORE)

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Then when we return home, ye'll see,
I'll place them in a bee gum and come
morning, the bees will venture out,
look around, for the nearest flowers.

BRIANNA

Won't they realize they aren't in
their proper place?

JAMIE

And what will they do about it?
They've no means to find their way
back, and they'll have no home left
here to come to. Nay, they'll be
content in their new home.

Is he talking about bees still? Or his daughter? Brianna
senses it and bristles a bit.

BRIANNA

I have a home.

(adds)

And a father. I feel disloyal to
him even being here with you...

Jamie can see how much she's struggling with feelings of
betraying Frank.

JAMIE

I dinna wish to take yer father's
place. He was a good man.

BRIANNA

He was the best.

JAMIE

And I'm grateful to him.

That takes her off guard a bit.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

He raised you for yer mother's sake,
the child of another man, a man he
had no cause to love. He stood by
ye both, and he loved you even
though he didna see himself in you.

(then)

I had to give ye to him. But I
canna say I'm sorry ye came back to
me.

BRIANNA

You're sure I'm not a bree -- "a
disturbance?"

(MORE)

BRIANNA (CONT'D)
 (off his look)
 Murtagh told me.

JAMIE
 Well, ye are, as yer mother was
 before ye. But ye're one that I
 welcome. Ye're my flesh and blood,
 but since ye returned, I'm finding
 ye're my heart and soul as well.
 So, I'll keep calling ye Bree, if
 ye dinna mind it.

They sit and ponder that together for a moment. A beat.
 Brianna's suddenly shy. Then:

BRIANNA
 I don't know what to call you.

Frank Randall had been "Daddy" to her all her life. Jamie
 sees her hesitate and recognizes her trouble.

JAMIE
 You can... call me Da. If ye want
 to.

BRIANNA
 Da? Is that Gaelic?

JAMIE
 No. It's only... simple.

They both stand up. He holds his arms out to her. She steps
 into them and suddenly it is all simple. After a long
 beat --

JAMIE (CONT'D)
 Come then. Let's take the hive,
 and go home.

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - CABIN - PORCH - NIGHT (N12) - MOS

Jamie and Brianna return from their bee hunt. Claire exits
 the cabin as they arrive, arm in arm. She greets them
 joyfully, delighted to see them together and seemingly more
 bonded.

Jamie looks radiant, happier maybe than she's ever seen him.
 Brianna pulls out a golden HONEYCOMB to show Claire, as
 Jamie looks on. They all taste the honey.

OFF the three of them, a family...

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - CABIN - LATER - NIGHT (N12)

Jamie and Claire lie in bed. Jamie's restless.

CLAIRE
Can't sleep?

JAMIE
No.

CLAIRE
Something's bothering you.

JAMIE
Och, it's no more than a foolish regret. These past weeks I've had with our daughter... mean so much to me. Must we lose her? I dinna want her to return to her time, Sassenach.

Claire comforts him.

CLAIRE
I wish she could stay, too, at least for a while. But not forever. She belongs in her own time. It's safer and there're more opportunities for her then.

JAMIE
I shouldna grieve for it -- but...
(then, remembering)
She smiles in her sleep, as ye say I do. I remember Jenny, bending close over each of her newborn bairns, watching them, for hours. I could watch Brianna like that and never tire of it.
(then)
She's a gift... from me to you and you to me.

Claire smiles. It's a lovely thought.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
And... she called me Da.

Claire knows how hard it will be for Jamie to lose Brianna, after finally getting to know her.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
That's the hardest part isn't it?

CLAIRE

Yes, the letting go. But they're always a part of us. We remember Faith.

They rarely speak of the stillborn daughter they lost.

JAMIE

Always.

CLAIRE

I'm sorry that you never saw her.

JAMIE

I see her in you everyday,
Sassenach. As I see Brianna in you.

He puts his arms around Claire, his lips brushing her forehead.

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - LEAN-TO - DAWN (D13)

CLOSE ON A BIRD'S NEST. Huddled inside are three tiny baby birds. PULL BACK TO REVEAL --

Brianna, standing on a small rise looking down into a stand of trees. From her position she can peek into the nest, watching the tiny creatures.

She's deep in thought, wrestling with myriad emotions. Certain realities landing on her as she makes a decision.

LIZZIE

Mistress!

Lizzie comes over to Brianna.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)

Ye're awake so early.

BRIANNA

I couldn't sleep.

LIZZIE

I thought I heard ye crying in the night... are ye all right?

BRIANNA

A bad dream.

LIZZIE

Another one? Ye've been having so many...

BRIANNA

Lizzie. I'm fine. Honest.

Lizzie takes a beat, not believing her but knowing Brianna won't talk about it.

LIZZIE

Very well then. If ye dinna mind... I'll be going with Ian to the mill today.

BRIANNA

That's fine. I'm going to pick herbs with my mother. I'll see you in a while.

Lizzie walks away. OFF Brianna, looking back at the baby birds.

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - WOODS - LATER - DAY (D13)

Claire and Brianna make their way through the woods, foraging for herbs, which they gather in baskets.

Claire's watching Brianna intently, as though studying her...putting pieces together.

They reach the edge of a small stream where they gather wild garlic. After a beat, Claire hands Brianna a canteen of cider and watches her drink. There's a melancholy about Brianna, Claire senses it -- there are just too many peaks and valleys. She's known for a while there is something troubling her daughter. She opens the door:

CLAIRE

You're missing Roger, aren't you?
But it's something more.

Brianna looks up, startled.

BRIANNA

I wondered whether you could still do that.

CLAIRE

Do what?

BRIANNA

Read my mind. I sort of hoped you could.

CLAIRE

I expect I'm a bit out of practice.
But give me a moment.

Claire smooths the hair off Brianna's face. Brianna doesn't meet her eyes.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

(gently)

How far along are you?

Brianna's breath leaves her in a huge sigh. The relief of sharing an unbearable secret.

BRIANNA

Two months... I think.

CLAIRE

Didn't you -- or Roger -- think of taking any precautions?

BRIANNA

I didn't think I needed to pack condoms, Mama.

CLAIRE

I don't suppose Roger knows about this, does he? Since he left so soon after --

BRIANNA

Well, see, it... may not be Roger's.

CLAIRE

What?

BRIANNA

It may not be Roger's baby.

CLAIRE

Then... whose?

They sit down to talk further. This is serious.

BRIANNA

I met... this man at the Willow Tree Tavern. We started talking...

(tenses at the memory)

I didn't fight him. I didn't fight him hard enough! Why did I give up?

Claire's appalled and devastated.

CLAIRE

Oh, Brianna... it wasn't your fault.

BRIANNA

Yes, it was. I was so stupid...

CLAIRE

No. That man, whoever he was, is an animal! You didn't deserve this, nobody does!

(holding Brianna)

I'm so sorry this happened...

After a beat of holding Brianna.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

How certain are you that the baby isn't Roger's?

BRIANNA

I don't know... he um... well... Roger didn't...

Claire gets it.

CLAIRE

Ah. The withdrawal method...

(Brianna nods)

When did the...?

Even in the eighteenth century this is an uncomfortable conversation to be having with one's mother.

BRIANNA

The same night.

HOLD ON the awful reality of those words.

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - CABIN - NIGHT (N13)

Claire and Jamie are finally alone, each finding solace in a book. But Claire has read the same sentence eight times now, clearly something is bothering her.

CLAIRE

Jamie. I need to talk to you...

JAMIE

Hmm?

CLAIRE

... I need to tell you something...

Where to begin? He can see that whatever it is, it's important. He closes his book and puts it down.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
It's about Brianna...

JAMIE
She wants to leave?

No. He can see that's not it, but it's even more serious --

CLAIRE
(long beat)
No... she... she was raped... in
Wilmington, after Roger left. She
told me about it a little while
ago...

Jamie's suddenly struck by all the conversations with Claire about how worried Claire was that there was something amiss with their daughter. It makes sense now.

JAMIE
Is she all right?

CLAIRE
As all right as she can be, for
now.

Jamie is shocked and infuriated as he takes this in.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
There's something else.
(beat)
She's pregnant.

OFF both of them, feeling sadness and helplessness over what's happened to their daughter.

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - DAY (D14)

A FEW DAYS LATER. ON ROGER, approaching on horseback.

REVEAL -- Lizzie and Young Ian nearby, clocking Roger. Rollo is with them. But there are now settlers hereabouts -- a man on horseback isn't anything out of the norm. Roger hasn't seen them, though. He's gotten off his horse and is checking his compass, much like Brianna did [Episode 407].

Then a flicker of recognition. Holy shit! Not only does Lizzie recognize the man, she is petrified of him.

YOUNG IAN
Lizzie, what's the matter?

LIZZIE
It's him. Lord, it's him...

YOUNG IAN
Who?

OFF Young Ian, alarmed by Lizzie's explosion of fear --

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - LEAN-TO - DAY (D14)

Claire enters with a basket under her arm. As she readies to do the laundry, she scoops up some of Brianna's and Lizzie's clothing (petticoats, chemises and linens) and puts them in the basket to wash. She also picks up Brianna's waistcoat and goes to fold it, neatly twice. As she folds it the second time -- something falls out of the pocket. Claire picks it up.

CLOSE ON CLAIRE'S PALM. She finds herself holding the silver "Key to Lallybroch" ring. OFF Claire's stunned face --

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - SMALL CLEARING - DAY (D14)

Jamie's SPLITTING WOOD at the still when Young Ian and Lizzie come riding up, with Rollo beside them. Lizzie's face is pale and pinch-faced. She looks like a scared mouse.

JAMIE
Lizzie, what's wrong?

Lizzie shakes her head, wordless. Young Ian prompts her:

YOUNG IAN
Tell him.

Lizzie takes Ian's arm for support. Jamie's beginning to get alarmed.

YOUNG IAN (CONT'D)
She saw a man that put a fright
into her --

LIZZIE
Near the road, sir.

YOUNG IAN
She kent him, Uncle. She'd seen
him before -- with Brianna.

JAMIE

And?

LIZZIE

At Wilmington. A brute of a man he was! Brianna was afraid of him.

JAMIE

(tensing)
Afraid? Why?

LIZZIE

(tripping and stumbling)
I dinna ken, but she turned white when she met him, sir, and let out a wee skelloch. Then her cheeks were flushed oh, she was agitated, anyone could see it!

JAMIE

What did he do?

LIZZIE

He came close to her, and held her by the arms, and took her away with him. She told me I was to wait, and she would come back.

JAMIE

And ye let her go wi' him?

LIZZIE

I should have gone after her, but I was afraid, sir, and may God forgive me! But I went upstairs as she told me. She -- she didna return nigh 'til dawn. She had bruises and her nose was bleeding... and there was blood on her petticoats... and -- I could smell him on her. His... seed.

Her voice has dropped until she's almost hard to hear. The surge of rage cuts through Jamie like a bolt of white hot lightning. She twists her skirt with her sweaty hands, stares at the ground.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)

She was a virgin when he took her. I am her maid, sir. I saw the blood. Now he's come after her --

JAMIE

Are ye sure this is the same man?

His rage is a dangerous, jagged object searing his chest.

LIZZIE
I'm sure of it!

YOUNG IAN
D'ye think he's come to claim her,
Uncle?

JAMIE
(to Lizzie)
Go to the cabin. Dinna speak a
word about this to my wife or
daughter -- ye understand?

LIZZIE
O dear Mother. O Blessed Mother,
what have I done?

JAMIE
Go!

Lizzie nods frantically and takes off running.

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

As Claire, still in shock, exits the lean-to and heads toward the laundry area, Brianna is returning from a walk.

BRIANNA
Do you need some help?

Claire puts down the basket, stares at Brianna. She holds up the ring.

CLAIRE
Where did you get this?

Brianna sees the ring in Claire's hand. Freezes. She doesn't answer.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Brianna... tell me.

Claire sees Brianna's face and suddenly she knows.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
(thunderstruck)
Stephen Bonnet. He was the man
who... ?

Claire can't even bring herself to say it. The thought is too terrible. But Brianna confirms it.

BRIANNA

I saw him with your ring and offered to buy it from him.

CLAIRE

(putting it together,
horrified)

That's when it happened? Why did you not tell me?

BRIANNA

I couldn't -- not after Ian told me about what happened on the river. I knew you'd feel awful for what happened to me because of the ring. And that Jamie would blame himself, because he helped Bonnet escape. If he knows, he'll try to find Bonnet. I can't let him do that. You met the man, you know what he's like.

A shudder passes over Claire. She knows all too well.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

You have to promise to keep this to yourself. Promise.

OFF Claire and her terrible dilemma --

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - DAY (D14)

ON ROGER, on his horse. As he looks up, there's a large man approaching. Pleased to finally have another settler to ask directions. Roger dismounts.

ROGER

Good day, sir... could ye tell me if Fraser's Ridge is nearby?

But he finds himself staring into the unblinking gaze of a tiger. BAM! And with absolutely no warning, Jamie Fraser SMASHES HIS FIST into Roger's face. Bloody stars and streaks of light explode through the side of his head. Roger drops to the ground on his hands and knees, shocked, bleeding and nearly unconscious. Jamie KICKS him in the face, once, which sends Roger over onto his back.

Jamie kneels down, grabs Roger by the shirt front. Jamie pounds Roger in the face several more times with his right fist -- it's quick, brutal and relentless, until Roger's completely unconscious, never having had a chance to say another word.

Fueled with adrenaline and fury, Jamie would likely kill the man, if it weren't for Young Ian who grabs his arm --

YOUNG IAN
Uncle! Someone's coming!

In the distance, a WAGON of SETTLERS rattles by -- it's Tom Burley, his wife and son. Jamie pauses. Probably not a good idea for his neighbors to witness him beat a man to death, without knowing the story.

YOUNG IAN (CONT'D)
It's Tom Burley...

Jamie stops. He and Ian stay still until the wagon has passed, not noticing them. In that moment's pause, Jamie collects himself enough to stop the beating.

Roger lies in an unconscious and bloody heap on the ground. Jamie looks down at him with cold hatred, then orders Ian:

JAMIE
Get rid of him.

A beat as Jamie helps Young Ian lift Roger and throw him across the latter's horse, quickly tethering him to the saddle.

YOUNG IAN
Should I kill him?

Young Ian mounts his own horse --

JAMIE
I'll no make a murderer of you.
Not that he doesna deserve it.

YOUNG IAN
Then what d'ye want me to do wi' him?

JAMIE
I dinna care, get him out of my sight.

OFF Jamie watching Young Ian ride away with Roger --

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE