

OUTLANDER

EPISODE 411
If Not For Hope

WRITTEN BY
BRONWYN GARRITY
&
SHAINA FEWELL

BASED ON THE NOVEL BY
DIANA GABALDON

FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT
11th September 2018

OUTLANDER
EPISODE 411 "If Not For Hope"

PREVIOUS REVISIONS

Production Draft - 12th April 2018
Blue Draft - 19th April 2018
Pink Draft - 23rd April 2018
Yellow Draft - 2nd May 2018
Green Draft - 3rd May 2018
Goldenrod - 8th May 2018

EPISODE 411 "If Not For Hope"

CAST LIST – FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT – 11th September 2018

CLAIRE RANDALL FRASER
JAMIE MACKENZIE FRASER
MURTAGH FITZGIBBONS FRASER

BRIANNA RANDALL
FERGUS FRASER
GERALD FORBES
JOCASTA CAMERON
JOHN GREY
LIZZIE WEMYSS
MARSALI FRASER
PHAEDRE
ROGER WAKEFIELD
STEPHEN BONNET
ULYSSES
YOUNG IAN

BRYAN CRANNA
JUDGE ALDERDYCE
CAPTAIN MCPETERS
KAHEROTON (Kah-heh-loh-ton)
LIEUTENANT WOLFF
MISS FORBES
MRS. ALDERDYCE

COLONIAL MILITAMAN
COLONIAL MILITAMAN #2

EPISODE 411 "If Not For Hope"

SET LIST - FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT - 11th September 2018

INTERIORS

Fergus And Marsali's Rented
Rooms
 Scullery
River Run
 Behind The Staircase
 Brianna's Bedroom
 Dining Room
 Foyer
 Parlor
 Slave Corridor
Roger's Oxford Flat -
Bathroom
Tent
Wilmington Tavern
 Back Room
 Rented Room

EXTERIORS

River Run
 Porch
Wilmington Alley
Wilmington Street
 Butcher's Shop
Wilmington Tavern
Wilmington Thoroughfare
Woods
 Stream

PRE-LAP THE SOUND OF A SHOWER...

FADE IN:

INT. ROGER'S OXFORD FLAT - BATHROOM - DAY (1971)

ROGER WAKEFIELD basks in the glorious heat and water pressure of the modern era. He must have escaped the pursuing Mohawks and gone back through the stones!

Roger turns off the water, peels back the curtain and removes his TOWEL from a hook. He wraps the towel around him, then steps onto the bath mat and faces the MIRROR over the sink.

His reflection is obfuscated by the steam, but there's a relaxed nature in his countenance.

But as he wipes the STEAM off the mirror, his reflection also reveals KAHEROTON (Kah-heh-loh-ton), the Mohawk who had been chasing him near the stone circle [Episode 410], over his shoulder.

As Roger turns to face him, the latter THROWS some CLOTHES at him.

Roger struggles to process what he's seeing as --

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - DAY (D1) (1769)

Kaheroton, face to face with Roger, who's wet from bathing. The hot shower was only his fantasy: Roger's hesitation at the stones allowed him to be re-captured by the Mohawk. The two men stand not far from a river, with gourds of water nearby. Kaheroton has given Roger new clothes since his old outfit is tattered from his fall down the ravine and escape attempt.

KAHEROTON
Move. We're going. Move.

Kaheroton urges Roger forward; this nightmare is real and far from over.

EXT. WOODS - DAY (D1)

Having begun their journey, JAMIE and CLAIRE are still absorbing the secrets they finally revealed to one another regarding Brianna's rapist and Jamie's beating of Roger [Episode 410].

They stand next to their horses, saddled with goods to barter for Roger: small casks of whisky, pelts, other valuables. Claire still wears the OPAL around her neck, and Jamie's rifle is strapped to his horse. Their eyes stay fixed on something in the distance as they talk.

JAMIE AND CLAIRE'S POV --

YOUNG IAN, with ROLLO at his side, converses with TWO CHEROKEE. He shows them the AMULET he received from the Mohawk in the trade for Roger [Episode 410].

JAMIE

Ye'll have heard about the Mohawk,
no doubt? In yer time...

CLAIRE

Just what I've seen in the
movies... the "moving pictures" I
told you about... but I don't know
very much about them.

A beat as Claire considers that almost every Western movie she's ever seen paints American Indians in a violent, one-dimensional light. She can't help the rather pointed tone in her voice when she adds --

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

It can be hard to separate fact
from fiction sometimes.

JAMIE

When ye dinna have two sides of the
story, aye -- it is.

Claire gives him a look, brushing the subtext of this off --

CLAIRE

Let's just say that portrayals
don't tend to weigh very heavily in
favor of the Mohawk...

A beat. Jamie tests the waters, battling with his guilt --

JAMIE

If there was a "moving picture" made
about us... about me... I'd be seen
as a fearsome brute.

Carrying the burden of her own feelings of guilt and pain,
Claire is in no place to offer solace, though she is
thinking more about her own part in all this when she
says --

CLAIRE

That would only be one side of the
story.

It's clear that they're both so overwrought with stress that
they can't quite connect. A disheartened Jamie returns his
gaze to...

Young Ian, as he rejoins Jamie and Claire.

JAMIE

Did they ken the adornment around
yer neck?

YOUNG IAN

(nods)

They believe it's from a Mohawk
village called Shadow Lake. There's a
good chance Roger's been taken there.

JAMIE

Would they be willing to guide us?

YOUNG IAN

(shakes his head, no)

It's at least two months ride north.

JAMIE

Did ye tell them we will pay them --
wi' whisky, or furs or --

YOUNG IAN

They have no business there, Uncle.
They wilna accompany us.

JAMIE

Then we'll have to find our own way.

YOUNG IAN

We dinna ken what lies ahead...
but... I can speak some Mohawk...
and the Mohawk I traded Roger to
spoke English...

Jamie gives Young Ian a grateful nod for the attempt at reassurance, but as the reality of what they are undertaking sets in, Claire utters what Jamie and Ian are both thinking --

CLAIRE
 It's bloody far and dangerous...
 (a beat, worried)
 And poor Roger didn't have much of
 a fighting chance to begin with...

Jamie buckles under his feelings of guilt.

JAMIE
 We've lived in fear of the unknown
 before. Not knowing if the other
 was dead or alive.

Claire and Jamie suffered those feelings for twenty years. History is repeating itself, but now for their daughter. They both struggle under the weight of the burden they share.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
 And every passing day is one that
 Brianna... suffers through the very
 same thing.

Jamie and Claire share a look, sealing a parental pact: they will face whatever comes to make this right.

YOUNG IAN
 Let's be off then.

The three of them mount their horses before setting off into the woods...

EXT. RIVER RUN - NIGHT (N1)

Establishing. Candles cast a warm glow in the windows.

INT. RIVER RUN - DINING ROOM - NIGHT (N1)

BRIANNA sits alone at the table, with some sticks of CHARCOAL and PAPER, hoping she'll be undisturbed here. She's been sketching a portrait of sorts -- a Picasso-style image of a woman, crying -- akin to his famous "Weeping Woman" -- a symbol of universal suffering.

LIZZIE enters, carrying a TRAY OF REFRESHMENTS (bread, cold cuts, etc.), surprised to find Brianna with her hands and arms covered in charcoal smudges -- her face too, where Brianna's wiped away some tears...

LIZZIE

I dinna mean to disturb ye, but I thought ye might like a morsel of somethin' while ye're drawing.

BRIANNA

Thank you, Lizzie.

As Lizzie steps forward to serve the refreshments, her eyes land on the image that Brianna has drawn -- the dark, disturbing, fragmented woman's face shocks and upsets Lizzie, who's never seen anything like it before.

LIZZIE

God in Heaven!

Lizzie, starts to well up, overcome with despair --

LIZZIE (CONT'D)

What have I brought ye to?
Monstrous darkness -- ye are possessed!

BRIANNA

Lizzie, I'm not possessed... I'm hurt and angry --

LIZZIE

It's all my fault.

Brianna softens, putting the drawing down now.

BRIANNA

No. You made an honest mistake -- you thought you were protecting me.

LIZZIE

But I made such a mess of things.
Will ye ever forgive me?

BRIANNA

Of course.

Lizzie sighs a deep breath of relief.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

It's over. We don't need to talk about it again.

But it's not quite over, as there's something else on Lizzie's mind.

LIZZIE

And what of yer father? Will ye forgive him as well? He wouldna had done what he did, if I hadna been mistaken about Mr. Wakefield.

BRIANNA

Even if I could forgive him for what he did to Roger, I can't forget the things he said to me.

Brianna picks the charcoal back up, signaling she's done with the conversation.

LIZZIE

I'll leave ye to yer drawing then, Mistress.

Lizzie exits. OFF Brianna --

EXT. WILMINGTON THOROUGHFARE - DAY (D2)

Establishing. Colonials go about their daily business.

INT. WILMINGTON TAVERN - DAY (D2)

FIND FERGUS, standing beside a table of drinking SAILORS, midway through a conversation with a CAPTAIN MCPETERS.

CAPTAIN MCPETERS

Crossed paths with him not too long ago. I reckon he'll be in Wilmington in a month's time or so.
(then)

But ye're wasting yer breath if ye think Stephen Bonnet will take on a man with one hand.

FERGUS

It's not why I'm asking --

But the captain has already turned away. Fergus moves off to the door, his eyes catching a BROADSHEET with MURTAGH'S FACE on it and the words "WANTED." He frowns -- he's clearly seen the posting before -- but it's frustrating all the same.

FERGUS (CONT'D)

Merde.

Fergus glances around; coast clear, he rips the broadsheet down and makes his way outside --

EXT. WILMINGTON STREET - BUTCHER'S SHOP - DAY (D2)

Fergus walks down the street, stopping in front of a BUTCHER'S SHOP, debating with himself whether or not to enter. After a beat, he moves off down the street...

INT. FERGUS AND MARSALI'S RENTED ROOMS - DAY (D2)

Fergus enters to find MARSALI in the Scullery. She helps him with his coat and hat.

MARSALI

Any luck today?

Fergus doesn't respond but his sour mood tells Marsali everything she needs to know.

MARSALI (CONT'D)

Still no work at the butcher's, then?

FERGUS

'Tis usually the men that do the butchering...

Fergus holds up his wooden hand --

FERGUS (CONT'D)

Rather than having been butchered themselves. In Milord's eyes I'm whole. But to them, here, I'm less than a man.

(then)

There's no work in Wilmington for someone like me.

Horrified, Marsali shakes her head in disagreement --

MARSALI

But ye've had --

FERGUS

Had other work, yes. And lost it --

MARSALI

But --

Fergus turns away, done with the conversation. He makes his way to the doorway of --

The Parlor -- where MURTAGH drinks ale with his Regulator comrade BRYAN CRANNA. Marsali, having followed her husband, takes Fergus's arm, holding him back, annoyed --

MARSALI (CONT'D)

Here're some men who'd be better served out at work. At least ye're tryin'. They've been in here for hours. I've half a mind to turn them in myself.

FERGUS

(tongue-in-cheek)
Oh, yes? And for what crime?

MARSALI

No need for that cheek, Fergus Fraser. I ken all about the latest hare-brained plan.

FERGUS

Well, keep it to yourself another month... because that's when Stephen Bonnet should be in Wilmington -- so I heard today.

MARSALI

And Murtagh believes he can capture this... murderer?

Fergus nods. Neither one of them knows about Brianna's rape, or even her existence yet. But Bonnet's murder of Lesley is enough.

MARSALI (CONT'D)

I dinna like it. Alongside all this other nonsense with the Regulators. 'Tis burden enough harborin' a wanted man under our roof.

Fergus kisses her, soothing her somewhat.

FERGUS

He would do the same for me.

With that, Fergus leaves Marsali and crosses the room to Bryan and Murtagh, deep in conversation --

BRYAN

If it comes to that then, aye, we must --

MURTAGH

I hope it does. And the more men we have on our side the better.

(then)

Speak to Malachi. Give him the names of those willing to lay down their lives.

Murtagh glances up at Fergus, conscious of his presence, protective of him, anticipating his desire to be involved with the cause --

MURTAGH (CONT'D)

Thank ye, Fergus, for all ye've done... for allowing us to disturb ye, yer wife and child.

BRYAN

Ye've been verra helpful.

Bryan tips his hat to Murtagh and Fergus. Murtagh then takes Fergus aside --

MURTAGH

Have ye news of Bonnet?

As Fergus turns to tell Murtagh that his ship's about to come in...

INT. RIVER RUN - BRIANNA'S BEDROOM - DAY (D3)

SEVERAL WEEKS since we last saw her. Brianna, five months pregnant, lies on her side, facing away from the door, resting. It looks like she's asleep when --

PHAEDRE enters, breathless and buzzing with excitement. She's carrying BOLTS OF FABRIC, which she starts laying out wherever she can find any space in the room --

PHAEDRE

We dinna have much time to get ye ready.

BRIANNA

Ready for what?

PHAEDRE

Mistress Cameron's holdin' a dinner -- next week. I need to fit ye for a new dress.

BRIANNA

Phaedre, could you go and tell my aunt that I don't need a new dress --

PHAEDRE

But ye do, Mistress. And a new dress will help hide yer condition.

BRIANNA

Hide it from whom?

PHAEDRE

The neighbors have likely heard already, but we've got us a lord coming to visit from Virginia. Master of Mount Josiah. Mistress Cameron wants to introduce ye to him, as well as to some of her other friends.

BRIANNA

I don't want to meet anyone.

PHAEDRE

Oh, ye dinna mean that... ye'll soon learn that Mistress Cameron's dinners are the talk of the county. And once ye have a new dress...

Brianna watches Phaedre fussing with the fabric. Brianna studies her for a long beat, her graceful movements, her natural beauty.

BRIANNA

Wait... Phaedre... come over here, by the window.

Brianna ushers a perplexed Phaedre to a chair by the window.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

The light is so pretty right now, the way it hits your face. Stay there.

Brianna hurriedly gathers her drawing materials and starts to sketch Phaedre, who shifts in her seat uncomfortably.

PHAEDRE

What are ye doing, Miss Fraser?

BRIANNA

Drawing you.

PHAEDRE

Why on Earth would you do such a thing?

BRIANNA

You have a beautiful face.

Phaedre is floored; no one has ever said this to her before, much less tried to capture her likeness. But she's afraid of getting in trouble.

PHAEDRE

Thank ye, Miss Fraser, but there's much to be done. Mistress Cameron wilna be pleased if I --

BRIANNA

You let me worry about Mistress Cameron.

OFF Phaedre, fidgety at first, but as Brianna continues to sketch, she settles in and even starts to perhaps like the fact that she's being drawn...

INT. RIVER RUN - BEHIND THE STAIRCASE - DAY (D4)

Brianna sits on a chaise, reading a BOOK. Jocasta approaches, her cane in one hand, some sparkling EARRINGS in the other. She sits down at Brianna's side.

JOCASTA

I have somethin' for ye.

(then)

If I recall correctly, these earrings will look lovely with yer dress.

BRIANNA

They're beautiful, Auntie. But I told Phaedre I didn't need a new dress...

JOCASTA

Aye, she mentioned that... which is why I'm having her alter one of mine to fit ye instead. These are the earrings I used to wear with it.

BRIANNA

That's... very kind of you.

JOCASTA

Ye should really try it on. She'll need to take a few measurements, of course. We want ye to look yer best, dear, for the dinner. It's no every day a lord graces these halls.

Brianna grimaces, and Jocasta doesn't need to see her expression to sense that Brianna is resistant.

JOCASTA (CONT'D)

I ken that ye're consumed with worry... and that bidin' yer time here with naught to do about it is distressin' to say the least. But there is comfort to be found in the company of others. Will ye no enjoy some food and lively conversation?

BRIANNA

Thank you... but I'm happier being by myself and drawing.

But Jocasta's not letting her off the hook. She tries a different tactic.

JOCASTA

I used to paint, before my sight left me. But I was never as talented as yer grandmother, Ellen.

BRIANNA

(intrigued)

I don't know very much about her. She was an artist?

JOCASTA

Aye.

Jocasta reaches over and touches Brianna's cheek.

JOCASTA (CONT'D)

Ye're very much like her. Ye have her spirit.

BRIANNA

(moved)

I do?

JOCASTA

(nods)

She was our father's favorite. She remained unmarried well past the time when a young woman ought to be settled wi' a husband. But he wouldna force her into a marriage she herself wouldna accept.

BRIANNA

How modern of him.

JOCASTA

She was headstrong, and followed her heart. And after our father died, she finally wed the man she truly loved -- Brian Fraser. Father would've been happy for her.

Brianna is enthralled by the tales of her independent-sounding grandmother. She softens.

BRIANNA

You were right. Conversation is good for a worried mind.

Jocasta smiles, pleased.

JOCASTA

Aye, and there's plenty more to be had.

(then, squeezing
Brianna's hand)

I'll have Phaedre bring the dress to yer chamber.

OFF Brianna, realizing Jocasta's not taking no for an answer.

EXT. WOODS - DAY (D4)

It's the end of the day, and a tired and preoccupied Claire, with Young Ian, is setting up camp. Ian glances at Jamie, who is busy tending to the horses -- far enough away that he cannot hear their conversation.

YOUNG IAN

Auntie. Ye should go to him... while we've stopped --

CLAIRE

Does he need help?

Young Ian gives her a look -- "You know what I mean, surely," but she looks doubtful, hesitant.

YOUNG IAN
Ye're still angry with him, then?

CLAIRE
No...

A beat as Claire realizes that her own guilt and self-reflection may have come off a little distant and cold.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Is that what you think?

YOUNG IAN
Aren't ye?

CLAIRE
No --

YOUNG IAN
Go to him, Auntie Claire.
(a beat)
We're going to make this right...

Claire is saddened by the thought of it all --

CLAIRE
I know, Ian. But I wish we didn't have to.

YOUNG IAN
We didna mean to be reckless. We thought --

Claire can see Ian is struggling with this too.

CLAIRE
I know what you thought... what you both thought.
(a beat)
But it's hard not to think about how Brianna... and Roger must feel... when you have a child one day you'll know. You never stop worrying about them.

Ian tries to dig himself out of the hole --

YOUNG IAN
(sheepish)
Oh, well -- I dinna ken about that...

(MORE)

YOUNG IAN (CONT'D)

(then)
But I hate to see ye both sufferin'
so.

OFF Claire and Ian looking at Jamie, watching the man they love...

OMITTED

EXT. WILMINGTON THOROUGHFARE - NIGHT (N4)

Establishing. (Previously shot footage.)

OMITTED

INT. FERGUS AND MARSALI'S RENTED ROOMS - SCULLERY - NIGHT (N4)

Marsali looks down at Murtagh, who is sleeping in a makeshift bed by the door, snoring. She goes to get a CUP, setting it down -- loudly -- on the table. She pours ale into it from a pitcher and sets that down -- loudly, when --

MURTAGH

Trouble sleeping, lass?

Marsali crosses to Murtagh and hands him the cup of ale. As he takes a sip, she sits down.

MARSALI

All this about the taxes with the Governor and the Regulators... D'ye think it will come to anythin'?

MURTAGH

I think mebbe it will.

A heavy sigh from Marsali.

MARSALI

Then I hope ye'll do somethin'...

(then)

Tell Fergus ye want him to fight alongside ye...

This is not what Murtagh was expecting --

MURTAGH

Marriage not all ye hoped it would be, lass?

(MORE)

MURTAGH (CONT'D)

If ye're wantin' rid of him, I could take him out the back and --

MARSALI

If I wanted him shot, I'd do it myself. And it wouldna be Fergus I'd take aim at first. He doesna put his dirty boots on my blankets.

Murtagh removes his boots.

MARSALI (CONT'D)

I'd like ye to ask Fergus to join ye and yer men... to fight. If and when the time comes.

MURTAGH

But, lass...

They share a look -- what about his hand? What about his family?

MARSALI

Aye, I ken.
(then)
Then ye understand why I'm askin'.

MURTAGH

Aye.

MARSALI

I'll have a whole man, or none at all.

Murtagh does understand. He knows what it's like to need to feel part of some larger cause.

Marsali gets up and returns to the Parlor. OFF Murtagh, contemplating what to do...

EXT. RIVER RUN - NIGHT (N5)

Establishing. DUSK. A WEEK LATER.

INT. RIVER RUN - FOYER - NIGHT (N5)

DUSK. Brianna, looking beautiful, pauses at the top of the staircase that leads down into the foyer.

She puts on a brave face and descends to greet her guests:
 GERALD FORBES with his spinster sister, MISS FORBES;
 LIEUTENANT WOLFF; JUDGE ALDERDYCE and his mother, MRS.
 ALDERDYCE. ULYSSES to Jocasta:

 ULYSSES
 Miss Fraser is here.

 JOCASTA
 Ladies and gentlemen, may I present
 my niece, Brianna Fraser...

Brianna takes in the array of bows and curtseys --
 responding in kind.

Gerald Forbes and his sister move towards Brianna as Ulysses
 whispers in Jocasta's ear, guiding her throughout the
 introductions as each guest takes their turn.

 JOCASTA (CONT'D)
 Brianna, this is Gerald Forbes and
 his sister, Prudence Forbes.

 GERALD FORBES
 I've been looking forward to this
 occasion. Are you enjoying your
 time at River Run?

 BRIANNA
 Yes, my Aunt Jocasta has been a
 most generous hostess.

 MISS FORBES
 How do you spend your days here?

 BRIANNA
 Drawing, mostly.

 GERALD FORBES
 Splendid!

He can't take his eyes off her, taken by her beauty. Jocasta
 steps in, beaming proudly --

 JOCASTA
 The lass is quite accomplished.

 GERALD FORBES
 And what sort of things do you
 draw?

 BRIANNA
 I've recently completed a portrait
 of Phaedre.

Jocasta is taken aback, as Miss Forbes brightens --

MISS FORBES

I presume you mean the Phaedre of
Greek mythology -- wife of Theseus?

JOCASTA

Yes, a good, strong, Greek name --

JUDGE ALDERDYCE

I believe Phaedre is one of the
slaves here at River Run...

Eyebrows are raised as Jocasta tries to hide her
displeasure. An awkward beat. Mrs. Alderdyce interjects:

MRS. ALDERDYCE

You mean to say that you draw
Negroes?

Jocasta jumps in, introducing the pair to Brianna --

JOCASTA

Brianna, I don't think you've had the
pleasure. This is Mistress Alderdyce
and her son, the honorable Judge
Alderdyce.

JUDGE ALDERDYCE

How do you do?

Brianna curtseys in response, then looks to Mrs. Alderdyce
and defends her choice --

BRIANNA

(simply)
I draw whatever inspires me.

JUDGE ALDERDYCE

Very courageous. I'd love to see
it.

BRIANNA

I could have Ulysses fetch it --

This is all too much for Mrs. Alderdyce, who's on the verge
of reaching for her smelling salts.

MRS. ALDERDYCE

Heavens, no. What is the world
coming to? To think you'd choose
that as your subject in a beautiful
place such as this -- why not a
landscape?

Jocasta tries to remain upbeat and salvage the situation --

JOCASTA

Young folk today, my goodness.
Whatever will we do with them? I'm
sure Lieutenant Wolff has thoughts
to share... where are ye, my dear
friend?

Lieutenant Wolff approaches, bows, takes Brianna's hand and
kisses it as he admires her beauty.

LIEUTENANT WOLFF

I have newfound empathy for your
great aunt's lack of sight.

Brianna tries her best to be gracious.

BRIANNA

You are too kind.

LIEUTENANT WOLFF

With your aunt's permission, I'd
like to take you on an excursion to
New Bern, to show you some of its
magnificent sights.

BRIANNA

(noncommittal)
Perhaps... sometime.

Forbes cuts in, directing his gaze at Brianna --

GERALD FORBES

Miss Fraser, there is something I
wish to show you. Perhaps you'd be
so good as to accompany me...

He takes her by the arm, leading her into the parlor --

INT. RIVER RUN - PARLOR - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT (N5)

Forbes escorts Brianna to a small table near the hearth,
where a wooden box sits. Ceremoniously removing the lid, he
displays FOUR JEWELS. Lieutenant Wolff, Jocasta guided by
Ulysses, and the other Guests trail behind them, hanging on
Forbes's every word.

GERALD FORBES

I'm thinking of having one of these
stones fashioned into a piece of
jewelry -- a gift.

He smirks, believing that he has stolen a march on the competition -- and judging from the glower on Lieutenant Wolff's face, he has.

GERALD FORBES (CONT'D)

(to Brianna)

Tell me, my dear, which of these pleases you most? The sapphire, the emerald, the topaz or the diamond? With your instinct for loveliness, you would have a most valuable opinion, should you be willing to oblige me by giving it.

He rocks back on his heels, basking in his own cleverness. She pales, not wanting to encourage such a lavish gift. Thinking on her feet, she tries to deflect attention --

BRIANNA

(stutters)

I... I should not like to venture my own opinion without first hearing Mistress Alderdyce's choice.

Brianna forces a smile and a nod toward the Judge's mother, who is caught off-guard by the question. Before Mrs. Alderdyce can answer, Brianna is mercifully saved from this awkward situation when Ulysses appears in the doorway.

ULYSSES

May I present Lord John Grey.

Everyone, including Brianna, turns to see -- LORD JOHN GREY, who bows graciously.

JOHN GREY

Greetings one and all. Very glad to be here. I'm sure a splendid evening awaits us. Mistress Cameron.

Thrilled to have a lord in her presence --

JOCASTA

You are most welcome here, my Lord.

John Grey scans the room. His gaze lands on Brianna, knowing immediately that this is Jamie's daughter.

JOCASTA (CONT'D)

Please, allow me to introduce my niece.

John Grey takes Jocasta's arm and leads her over to Brianna.

JOHN GREY
Miss Fraser. Undoubtedly.

He bows and kisses Brianna's hand.

JOHN GREY (CONT'D)
I'm an acquaintance of your
parents.

She welcomes the escape from Mr. Forbes and visibly relaxes,
feeling at ease with Grey.

BRIANNA
I believe we're to be seated
together at dinner.

JOHN GREY
An honor and a privilege.

Brianna allows Grey to escort her to the dining room.

INT. FERGUS AND MARSALI'S RENTED ROOMS - NIGHT (N5)

Germain pounds CUPS against each other while Murtagh and
Fergus sip ale from tankards, discussing the Regulators --

MURTAGH
I'll need to lay my hands on as
many rifles as possible --

Distracted by the incessant pounding, Murtagh pauses --

MURTAGH (CONT'D)
Though mebbe I should be lookin' to
equip the Regulators wi' cups
instead. Verra effective.

Fergus smiles, amused, and goes to remove the cups from the
baby, crouching down --

FERGUS
(to Germain)
Son, it seems there are some here
who do not appreciate your
contribution to the cause...

Fergus takes the cup away and scoops Germain up in his arms,
kisses him --

FERGUS (CONT'D)
A feeling I know well.

Murtagh watches Fergus doting on the baby.

MURTAGH
Ye're a good father.

Murtagh almost winces in hesitation... but after a beat --

MURTAGH (CONT'D)
Join us, will ye?

FERGUS
What?

Fergus is surprised. And a little suspicious.

MURTAGH
Join our militia...

FERGUS
You want me?

Just then, Marsali enters with a parcel of FISH, having come home from the market. She begins sorting her goods in the scullery when she hears Murtagh and Fergus in the main room.

MURTAGH
Aye. Ye've courage and I trust ye.

Marsali perks up, listening.

MURTAGH (CONT'D)
If I'm to fight Tryon's army, I can think of no man I'd rather have by my side.

The boost to Fergus's ego is visible. Yet...

FERGUS
I am honored that you've asked.
And I will help you find Stephen Bonnet for Milord.
(then)
But my place is here, with Marsali and Germain.

As Fergus gazes at his son, Marsali smiles to herself. She leaves the scullery and approaches Fergus and Murtagh, anxious to tell them the news she has heard in Wilmington --

MARSALI
'Tis here... the ship ye've been waiting for -- the Gloriana -- 'tis in port.

The moment having arrived, Murtagh stands and puts on his coat. Fergus too. Murtagh looks over to Marsali, catching her eye just as fear flashes through it. She shrugs it off.

MARSALI (CONT'D)

Off wi' ye, then. Ye'll be back to traipse mud through the house before I've had a chance to turn around, no doubt.

As Fergus rushes off ahead with a pep in his step, Murtagh gives Marsali a knowing nod. She'll be waiting for their return with bated breath.

MARSALI (CONT'D)

(to Murtagh)

Thank ye.

OFF Murtagh, headed out for a kidnapping...

INT. RIVER RUN - DINING ROOM - NIGHT (N5)

LATER, the would-be suitors and Jocasta's other guests chit-chat amongst themselves over dinner. Brianna is smiling for the first time in a very long time, mid-conversation with John Grey --

JOHN GREY

... and the woman claimed to tell fortunes by holding a personal item... it was quite amusing, I must admit. But not the strangest thing which happened during my time in Jamaica... a very strange place indeed. But that's a story for another glass.

Brianna and the guests chuckle, amused by his story. He's talking, of course, about Margaret Campbell and her odd parlor trick during the Governor's Ball [Episode 312].

JOHN GREY (CONT'D)

(to Brianna)

Your turn. I've embarrassed myself enough for one evening, surely?

BRIANNA

I don't have any anecdotes half as entertaining as yours, and I'm not a fortune teller, but there is something for occasions like this I learned a long time ago... on the subject of psychology -- "the science of the soul" if you will.

The guests, familiar with the word "psychology" -- a term used by philosophers of the period, deriving from the Greek "psyche" (meaning "soul"), are fascinated.

JOCASTA

Sounds intriguing --

BRIANNA

And it only works with strangers --

Miss Forbes cuts in --

MISS FORBES

This does sound interesting...

GERALD FORBES

Might we all partake?

BRIANNA

Of course...

(then)

I'll ask you some questions and I want you to think of whatever comes to mind first... oh, and you might want to close your eyes --

Grey looks at her with interest. He closes his eyes --

JOHN GREY

Happy to oblige.

GERALD FORBES

(to Brianna)

Must I close my eyes when you are before me?

BRIANNA

Yes.

(then)

I want you to imagine that you're walking in a forest, with someone --

(then)

Can you picture the person?

JOHN GREY

Yes. Clear as day.

MISS FORBES

Yes!

BRIANNA

And you encounter an animal...

LIEUTENANT WOLFF

Should we tell you what it is?

BRIANNA

Not yet. Now I want you to imagine
that you reach a clearing...

(then)

You may open your eyes.

MISS FORBES

Is that it?

BRIANNA

Now, one at a time, you'll tell me
what you saw and I'll tell you what
each answer represents, symbolically
speaking.

MISS FORBES

What fun!

BRIANNA

Judge Alderdyce... are you happy to
go first? Who was the person you
saw in the forest?

Judge Alderdyce is feeling rather smug and self-righteous --

JUDGE ALDERDYCE

I was walking with... Christ.

BRIANNA

And the animal you saw?

JUDGE ALDERDYCE

A squirrel.

(then)

One very particular fellow in fact --
frequents my mother's garden each
morning.

BRIANNA

Hmm...

(MORE)

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

(then)

Well, when a person is walking with Christ... it can mean that they're seeking forgiveness or reassurance for something...

He smiles nervously, as the table awaits further verdict --

JUDGE ALDERDYCE

Given my occupation it's no surprise that the notion of forgiveness is often on my mind...

BRIANNA

Yes, but, walking with Jesus yourself... coupled with the squirrel in your mother's garden...

Brianna studies the Judge's flustered expression --

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

You see, the animal you encounter represents life's problems... and because squirrels tend to hoard things away... it may be that your "problems" are... secrets.

Delighted with the game, Miss Forbes jumps in --

MISS FORBES

Something Mrs. Alderdyce doesn't know about, then... since the squirrel is in her garden?

Brianna nods in confirmation.

MRS. ALDERDYCE

I assure you I know everything there is to know about my son.

But Judge Alderdyce rises from the table, flushed --

JUDGE ALDERDYCE

If you'll excuse me -- I must take some air.

GERALD FORBES

Well, well, there may be something in this after all...

As the Judge exits the room, the other guests draw their own conclusions amongst themselves, laughing and thoroughly enjoying the speculation. Jocasta is brimming with pride --

JOCASTA

My niece is a clever lass indeed.

Brianna turns her attention to Grey, lowering her voice a little, as the other guests continue to mingle amongst themselves --

BRIANNA

So, Lord John, dare I ask... who was with you in the forest?

After Judge Alderdyce's experience, Grey hesitates --

JOHN GREY

Oh... uh... well, um... it was... sorry... it was on the tip of my tongue --

BRIANNA

Try not to think too hard about it -- whoever comes to mind first.

Grey knows he should be able to make something up -- anything -- but with Brianna right there in front of him it's hard --

JOHN GREY

Your father. I thought of your father.

BRIANNA

Oh. Why would you think of him?

Embarrassed, John Grey tries to cover --

JOHN GREY

Well you are sitting right here in front of me... and he did ask me to look in on you...

Brianna stiffens.

BRIANNA

Why would you need to do that?

JOHN GREY

He merely wrote to ask that I visit to ensure that all was well... he mentioned that he was about to embark upon a long journey...

BRIANNA

And he gave no reason at all as to why all might not be well?

JOHN GREY

No... but from your response, I'm beginning to suspect that it might not be...

(a beat)

He would never divulge anything that you yourself would not wish to tell me. He's an honorable man...

BRIANNA

Don't talk to me about my father's honor.

Grey is taken aback. Brianna stands.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

If you'll excuse me --

She can't face continuing the conversation -- but, on seeing her get up, Forbes also rises from the table. Damn.

GERALD FORBES

Is it my turn?

(a beat)

I'm eager to tell you who my forest companion was. Perhaps we can go for a walk in the grounds to discuss in more detail?

Brianna has to do something. She doesn't want to be alone with Forbes under any circumstances... and he's approaching, to escort her away... she decides to take drastic action.

BRIANNA

I'm feeling quite unwell --

Grey too, stands up now, concerned... just in time to catch Brianna, who pretends to faint...

INT. RIVER RUN - PARLOR - NIGHT (N5)

Brianna is lying on the sofa, a pillow under her head. Phaedre is putting a shawl over her. John Grey stands nearby, having helped Brianna into the parlor after she fainted.

PHAEDRE

A cold cloth will help.

Phaedre dips a cloth into a nearby bowl of water and places it on Brianna's forehead. Grey looks concerned.

JOHN GREY

I'd be more than willing to ride
out and summon the physician --

BRIANNA

Thank you, but that's not necessary.

Lizzie rushes in --

LIZZIE

Oh, Mistress -- I was so worried
when I heard that ye'd fainted --
and in your condition.

Brianna glances over to Grey -- did he catch that? Realizing
what she's said, poor Lizzie covers her mouth with her hand
for a moment.

BRIANNA

I'm fine, Lizzie.

As Phaedre and Lizzie continue to fuss over Brianna --

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

I'm feeling much better now.

LIZZIE

Would ye like me to go and prepare
yer bedchamber?

BRIANNA

I'd appreciate that.

Lizzie nods and exits. Grey steps up to talk to Brianna
while Phaedre occupies herself at the other side of the
room.

JOHN GREY

Miss Fraser... then you are not ill
as such... am I to understand that
you are to be a mother?

Brianna nods.

BRIANNA

One of the entertaining anecdotes I
decided not to mention at the
dinner table.

A beat. Grey is clearly shocked.

JOHN GREY

Your father didn't tell me about
this, you know...

An awkward silence.

JOHN GREY (CONT'D)
Did you... lose your husband?

BRIANNA
"Lose" is an interesting word...

Grey looks at Brianna, curious.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)
I suppose I did lose him, in a way... my father had him traded to the Mohawk.

John Grey can't believe his ears.

JOHN GREY
I'm sorry, I thought you said --

BRIANNA
I did. It's a long story.
(then)
And now they're desperately looking for him as we speak.

JOHN GREY
That's where they are? Jamie -- your parents -- have gone to rescue this man from the Mohawk?

BRIANNA
Yes. I wanted to go with them, but... my "condition" wouldn't allow for it. I made them promise they'd bring him back to me.

John Grey takes that in.

JOHN GREY
And Mistress Cameron is fully apprised of this?

BRIANNA
She certainly is. And yet, I'm starting to suspect that it's part of the reason for this dinner... she's trying to secure a husband for me.

JOHN GREY
I see. But surely you cannot take another husband -- if you are already married?

BRIANNA

Well, Roger and I were handfast.
With no witnesses.

A beat.

JOHN GREY

That is a predicament.

Grey isn't sure what else to say. But he has something for Brianna. He pulls a LETTER from his coat pocket.

JOHN GREY (CONT'D)

When your father wrote and asked me to come, he also enclosed a letter and said I was to deliver it to you personally.

He hands Brianna the letter. She stares at it, curiously, then tucks it away as Jocasta enters with Ulysses.

ULYSSES

Miss Fraser seems to be feeling well once more.

JOCASTA

Och, I'm pleased to hear it.

John Grey reads the room and sees this as his cue to leave.

JOHN GREY

Well, it's late and tomorrow is a new day. If you'll permit it, we'll speak again in the morning. I'll leave you to rest now.

He bows.

BRIANNA

Good night.

JOHN GREY

(to Jocasta)

Mistress Cameron, thank you for a lovely dinner. You're a most gracious hostess.

JOCASTA

My pleasure, Your Lordship.

John Grey exits. Brianna looks to Ulysses and Phaedre.

BRIANNA

I'd like a word with my aunt.

ULYSSES

Phaedre, let us prepare the
bedchambers for the guests staying
overnight.

Phaedre hurries away, along with Ulysses. Alone now, Brianna
levels her gaze at Jocasta.

BRIANNA

May I speak frankly?

JOCASTA

Of course, dear. Ye've been doing
so all evening.

BRIANNA

I couldn't help but notice that most
of your guests are unmarried men.

JOCASTA

Lord John was married, but his wife
took ill and passed.

BRIANNA

And the rest? You pulled them out
of a hat?

JOCASTA

What a strange expression. They're
my friends. Gentlemen I've been
acquainted with for many years.
Any one of them would make an
acceptable suitor.

Brianna shakes her head. She knew it. Jocasta continues.

JOCASTA (CONT'D)

If we're speaking frankly, Niece,
it's time we found ye a husband.

BRIANNA

What makes you think I want a
husband?

JOCASTA

What does want have to do with it?

BRIANNA

Everything!

JOCASTA

Ye've a bairn coming who needs a
name.

(MORE)

JOCASTA (CONT'D)

Yer time to be particular has long passed. Ye have nothing. Not a penny to yer name. A name at risk of being tarnished at that. Ye must think of yer future, yer security. A marriage to one of these men will be of great benefit to ye.

BRIANNA

And to you as well, no doubt?

JOCASTA

The union of two families is always a blessing.

BRIANNA

And what about love? You said my grandmother married for love.

JOCASTA

Aye, she did. And like ye, Ellen was with child before she married. Our brothers Colum and Dougal tried to arrange a marriage for her. But she outwitted them when she eloped with Brian Fraser.

Brianna looks down at her stomach, realizing she has even more in common with her grandmother than she thought.

JOCASTA (CONT'D)

But -- the important thing was that the bairn was born in wedlock.

(then)

If yer bairn is not, he'll be branded a fatherless bastard -- he can never be accepted as a gentleman or inherit property. Without money or social standing, his only prospects will be to work on the docks or become a common soldier where he'll get himself killed. His life will be ruined.

Brianna's eyes fall onto the BRACELET Roger gave her. She touches the silver heart. Jocasta doesn't need to see the gesture to know what Brianna's thinking.

JOCASTA (CONT'D)

I ken ye once had a man ye loved. But he's gone. It's no what ye want to hear, but he's not coming back.

(MORE)

JOCASTA (CONT'D)

He's with the savages now -- be it
dead or alive.

(then)

The sooner ye accept it, the
better. Ye canna live on hope.

OFF Brianna, realizing there may be truth to Jocasta's
words.

EXT. WILMINGTON TAVERN - NIGHT (N5)

Establishing. (Previously shot footage.)

INT. WILMINGTON TAVERN - NIGHT (N5)

Murtagh, his HAT pulled low, and Fergus keep a low profile
in a dark corner. Captain McPeters sits beside them.

Murtagh drops his head low as TWO REDCOATS pass nearby.

CAPTAIN MCPETERS

There. That's him.

The Captain nods toward the entrance where SIX ROWDY SAILORS
have just burst through the door, shouting and laughing,
their raucous energy taking over the tavern.

Murtagh's eyes fix on STEPHEN BONNET. Bonnet sits and pulls
a whore, ROSE, down onto his lap, his men follow suit.

Fergus slips the Captain a COIN and the Captain heads off.

MURTAGH

We need him alone.

Across the room, Bonnet says something we cannot hear to
Rose, who moves off toward the bar. Bonnet continues with
his men into the Back Room.

FERGUS

I have an idea.

Murtagh nods, allowing Fergus to make the first move. Fergus
makes his way to the bar where Rose is now collecting
several tankards of ale. He chats her up...

INT. RIVER RUN - BRIANNA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (N5)

Brianna lies in bed, unable to sleep. She takes Jamie's
letter out from where she's tucked it away (perhaps a
drawer).

She turns it over in her hands, considering opening and reading it -- but ultimately she doesn't. Whatever he's written, she's not ready to read what he has to say.

Instead, she folds it up and puts it away. She's restless and hungry -- having missed much of dinner. Brianna throws off the covers and heads downstairs for a snack --

INT. RIVER RUN - SLAVE CORRIDOR - NIGHT (N5)

Brianna quietly roots around in the cupboards and finds some CAKE. Her ears pick up a MUFFLED BANGING coming from around the corner. She tiptoes along the slave corridor towards the NOISES, which grow louder. It's obvious now what she's hearing: sex. She can't help herself, she takes a peek around the edge of the corridor and sees --

Lord John Grey and Judge Alderdyce!

Brianna's eyes light up, shocked and somewhat intrigued. John Grey, sensing he's being watched, looks back -- but Brianna is gone.

INT. WILMINGTON TAVERN - RENTED ROOM - NIGHT (N5)

LATER. Bonnet unbuckles and removes his belt and his boots, preparing himself -- eagerly awaiting some alone time with Rose.

The DOOR creaks open, revealing Murtagh -- Rose guided him and Fergus (who's lingering just outside with her) to Bonnet's unlatched door! Bonnet looks at him --

STEPHEN BONNET

My, my, I have been waitin' here
some time, but I must say, you've
aged, darlin'.

(then)

I think you have the wrong room,
sir.

MURTAGH

Aye. Ye're right. I'm lookin'
for a gentleman and you are no
gentleman --

Murtagh SMASHES his PISTOL into Bonnet's temple.

With Bonnet out cold, Fergus and Rose enter. Fergus digs into his purse and delivers SEVERAL COINS to Rose, who gives him a come-hither look...

FERGUS

I'm married.

With a shrug and a self-satisfied smile, Rose simply tucks the coins away in her dress.

Fergus and Murtagh sling Bonnet's arms over their shoulders and exit the bedroom.

INT. WILMINGTON TAVERN - BACK ROOM - MOMENTS LATER - DAY (D6)

DAWN. Murtagh and Fergus hurry through the less-populated back room to the door, an unconscious Bonnet propped up on their arms. The Tavern Keeper eyes Murtagh as they pass --

MURTAGH

(snorts, re: Bonnet)

Man canna hold his liquor.

As they head out the door, we glimpse some of Bonnet's drunken crew -- passed out across tables in the Back Room, oblivious to what's happening to their captain...

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

Fergus and Murtagh carry Bonnet, who's still unconscious, a few paces and set him down, propping him up against a nearby barrel. Murtagh smiles, proud of Fergus.

MURTAGH

(to Fergus)

Bring the horse closer.

Fergus moves to retrieve MURTAGH'S HORSE, tethered nearby as Murtagh ties rope around Bonnet's hand just before --

TWO COLONIAL MILITIAMEN on patrol, emerge into the alley --

COLONIAL MILITIAMAN

(re: Bonnet)

What's all this? What have you done to that man?

Murtagh quickly searches for an escape as the Colonial Militiamen close in on him, raising their rifles.

Realizing there is no way out -- Murtagh grabs Fergus and PUNCHES him in the gut.

FERGUS

(coughing)

What are you doing...?

MURTAGH

(loudly, re: Bonnet)

This bastard deserves what's comin'
to him!

Murtagh SHOVES Fergus against a wall, leaning in, speaking
in an urgent whisper:

MURTAGH (CONT'D)

Return to yer wife and child!

Fergus studies Murtagh's face, realizing what he's doing.
He's making it seem as if Fergus wasn't involved, just a
bystander objecting to the kidnapping --

COLONIAL MILITIAMAN

(re: Fergus)

Unhand him!

Murtagh obliges. Fergus watches, conflicted, while the
Colonial Militiamen move in on Murtagh, apprehending him.
One of the Colonial Militiamen shoves Fergus out of the
way --

COLONIAL MILITIAMAN (CONT'D)

You should go.

Fergus turns away and begins to walk down the street, his
back to Murtagh and the Colonial Militiamen as, behind him:

The Colonial Militiamen study Murtagh's face --

COLONIAL MILITIAMAN #2

Something very familiar about
you...

Murtagh plays innocent --

MURTAGH

Strange. I dinna think we've had
the pleasure.

(then)

But I do think ye'll find there is
somethin' verra familiar about my
companion... Stephen Bonnet.

As Colonial Militiaman goes to untie Bonnet... he takes a
closer look --

COLONIAL MILITIAMAN

The murderer who escaped the gallows.

MURTAGH

Indeed it is.

COLONIAL MILITIAMAN #2
That's enough from you.

The Militiamen study Murtagh, still highly suspicious of him, convinced they've seen him somewhere before.

OFF Fergus, watching Murtagh from a distance, worried for his friend --

INT. RIVER RUN - BRIANNA'S BEDROOM - DAY (D6)

Brianna wakes to find Phaedre, drawing the curtains.

PHAEDRE
Mornin', Miss Fraser. Mistress
Cameron is askin' ye to come down
for some tea. I'm to dress ye in
something especially becomin'.

BRIANNA
Why's that?

Phaedre looks toward the door, then confides in a "you didn't hear it from me" kind of way...

PHAEDRE
Mr. Forbes was quite taken with you
last night. He intends to ask for
your hand in marriage. Mistress
Cameron gave her blessing.

BRIANNA
I'm sure she did.

PHAEDRE
Are ye no pleased?

Brianna forces a smile...

BRIANNA
Of course I'm pleased... but I need
some time to prepare myself, to
take some air. Please tell my aunt
that when you came to wake me -- I
was gone... on my morning walk --

Phaedre hesitates, not comfortable lying.

PHAEDRE
If ye dinna mind my askin', how
long shall I tell the Mistress
ye'll be?

BRIANNA

I'll join them in an hour or so, I promise. And please send Lizzie in to see me.

Phaedre exits. Moments later, Lizzie enters, hopeful.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

I need your help.

LIZZIE

Anything, Mistress.

BRIANNA

Find Lord John and ask him to meet me in the grounds, near the large oak. And be discreet.

Lizzie nods and peels off --

OMITTED

OMITTED

EXT. RIVER RUN - DAY (D6)

Brianna and John Grey walk across the grounds.

JOHN GREY

It's not too cold for you?

BRIANNA

Not at all. You?

JOHN GREY

I enjoy the brisk air.

Brianna glances around them; ensuring that they are quite alone, anxious not to waste any time.

BRIANNA

I would comment on the weather, or ask for your opinion on the grounds... but with time passing... I wanted to ask, instead... if you'll marry me.

Grey smiles, evidently waiting for the punch line... which never comes. He gazes at the daughter of the man he loves, realizing she's serious.

JOHN GREY

Dear God in Heaven.

(then)

I'm not sure this is what your father had in mind when he asked me to look in on you.

BRIANNA

I know -- but if I didn't ask...
For the sake of my child --

JOHN GREY

You are your father's daughter,
that's certain.

Grey is recalling the offer Jamie made him regarding Willie, in Helwater not that many years ago [Episode 304].

BRIANNA

I don't want any of your money.
And you don't need to live with me either, although it's probably a good idea for me to come to Virginia with you, at least for a while.

JOHN GREY

Jamie is one of the people I cherish most on this earth... and I am drawn to you, but I cannot take your hand in marriage --

Annoyed, Brianna tries to remain composed. She needs to be calm for what she's about to say next --

BRIANNA

If you refuse my offer... then it is with deep regret that I'll... have to reveal what I saw you doing last night. With one of my supposed suitors.

John Grey nearly chokes but composes himself.

JOHN GREY

Whatever it is that you think you saw, you were quite mistaken.

BRIANNA

I know what I saw. I'll write letters. To the Governor. To --

Grey feels a mixture of unease, hurt and disappointment.

JOHN GREY

Knowing the severity of the punishment for this crime -- you would do that? My life would be ruined.

It's a wild card, but given what she's learned about him so far, Brianna pulls out what she hopes is her ace --

BRIANNA

I'll tell Jamie --

Though Grey flushes with shame at the thought, he realizes she's clutching at straws --

JOHN GREY

You're assuming he doesn't already know...

He glances at her stomach -- fully cognizant of the fact that her threats are made from desperation, to protect her unborn child.

JOHN GREY (CONT'D)

And, as you said yourself, he is otherwise engaged.

He's right --

BRIANNA

Yes -- in an actual forest somewhere...

She watches Grey's face... his reaction... putting two and two together -- he's more uncomfortable by the minute.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

You imagined him... when I asked at dinner. Pictured yourself with him in the forest... you could have picked anyone. Your late wife for instance...

JOHN GREY

I'm almost tempted to submit to your outrageous proposal. It would certainly teach you to play with fire.

She draws back -- confused...

BRIANNA

That sounds like a threat. Does that mean -- that you -- with women too --

JOHN GREY

I was married.

BRIANNA

It wasn't... an arrangement of convenience, then?

JOHN GREY

I'm perfectly capable of carrying out my husbandly duties, I assure you.

They are both processing -- both at a loss as to what to think...

JOHN GREY (CONT'D)

Come, let's sit for a moment...

They sit down on a nearby BENCH.

JOHN GREY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, Brianna, but I cannot marry you.

Grey sees the despair in her eyes -- her eyes are watering now. She can't believe she's fallen so low.

BRIANNA

I'm sorry. I know that I sound insane. I really wouldn't have said a word to anybody.

But in response, Grey simply closes his own eyes, takes a deep breath, picturing a scene --

JOHN GREY

No... not entirely insane. I do see your father when I close my eyes... but I also see your mother; their devotion to one another, their love...

And that's all he can say. She gets it.

BRIANNA

Does she know, my mother?

JOHN GREY

She's a perceptive woman. As you are.

John Grey states the bottom line.

JOHN GREY (CONT'D)

I agree with your aunt that you should marry. But you understand now why I cannot be your husband.

She grimaces, cupping a hand to the swell of her stomach.

JOHN GREY (CONT'D)

I have faith in your parents. They will bring Roger back to you. You mustn't give up hope.

Brianna turns away, fighting back more tears, resigned to his decision.

JOHN GREY (CONT'D)

There's something else, isn't there...?

BRIANNA

Even if they do bring him back, Roger may not want to... he may not be the...

JOHN GREY

What is it?

Brianna struggles to get the words out, but there is kindness in Grey's eyes.

BRIANNA

The baby... I'm not certain whose... I was violated... by a man called Stephen Bonnet.

John Grey's jaw tightens, processing this -- furious and devastated for her...

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

And now Mr. Forbes is going to propose. If I marry him, I'll be forced to... exchange hope for a broken heart. But I'll do what I must for the sake of my child.

(turning to go)

Jocasta's expecting me.

OFF John Grey, his heart heavy as he watches Brianna go.

INT. RIVER RUN - DINING ROOM - DAY (D6)

Jocasta and Forbes enjoy some TEA.

GERALD FORBES
I'll not forget your part in all
this, Mistress Cameron.

JOCASTA
The union of our families is a
blessing to us all.

The mood is festive and jolly until Brianna enters.

JOCASTA (CONT'D)
Niece?

BRIANNA
Good morning, Aunt.

Forbes stands and bows. Jocasta is beaming.

JOCASTA
Mr. Forbes has a matter to put
before ye.

Brianna is devastated.

BRIANNA
I... I suppose I --

But John Grey hurries in after her, not too far behind --

JOHN GREY
(to Brianna)
Thank you for waiting for me, my
dear. Have you told them our good
news?

Brianna looks at him, surprised and confused.

BRIANNA
... No, I haven't.

JOHN GREY
I've asked for Miss Fraser's hand
in marriage, and she's accepted.

Brianna is overwhelmed with relief and gratitude. Forbes has been bested. Jocasta puts on a bright smile despite her surprise. She's astounded that Brianna managed to land a lord in her condition, but masks her shock well.

JOCASTA
A joyous occasion.

GERALD FORBES
Indeed.

BRIANNA

Had you not encouraged me to find a husband, I would never have opened my heart to Lord John. Thank you, Aunt Jocasta.

Forbes goes to leave, bowing and adding curtly --

GERALD FORBES

(go to hell)
Good day to you all.

JOCASTA

Come to me, my dear.

Jocasta extends her hand, beckoning her niece. Brianna approaches and bends close to her.

JOCASTA (CONT'D)

I dinna ken how ye managed it, but a MacKenzie ye truly are.

OFF Jocasta, beaming with pride; a lord in the family only increases River Run's prestige --

EXT. WOODS - STREAM - DAY (D6)

Young Ian and Claire collect water from the stream for preparation of their meal. Meanwhile, Jamie gathers a WILD TURKEY from a snare, DIRK in hand --

JAMIE

Good God!

JAMIE G

Gu sealladh orm!

Ian and Claire exchange looks. Claire goes to Jamie. He's cut his finger. Trying to slip back into their old dynamic --

CLAIRE

Let me look at that.

JAMIE

'Tis nothin', Sassenach.

Claire frowns, concerned by his aloofness as --

Rollo emerges from the trees gnawing a LARGE BONE.

YOUNG IAN

Rollo! What is that, boy?

Ian pulls it out of Rollo's teeth, examining it. He hands it to Claire, bits of mummified flesh cling to it.

CLAIRE
This bone... it's human.

Rollo, realizing he's not getting his bone back, runs off into --

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS - DAY (D6)

... the woods, where he found the bone. Young Ian -- followed by Claire and Jamie -- chase after him, FINDING --

A CORPSE lying there. As Rollo goes for another bone:

YOUNG IAN
Rollo, get back.

Jamie goes to the body.

JAMIE
Get the shovel. We'll bury him.

But before Young Ian heads off, he notices the MAN'S RIGHT HAND -- it's missing a PINKY and RING FINGER.

YOUNG IAN
(realizing)
I've seen this man before --

Young Ian looks more closely at the corpse's distinctive-looking WAISTCOAT -- it's Caleb! The other prisoner in the Mohawk party [Episode 410], though Jamie and Claire don't know that.

YOUNG IAN (CONT'D)
When I sold Roger to the Mohawk -- that waistcoat... and missin' two fingers. He was with Roger.

OFF Claire and Jamie trading a worried look -- does this mean Roger's body is nearby?

EXT. WOODS - LATER - DAY (D6)

Jamie, Claire and Young Ian regroup, having searched the surrounding woods. Rollo pants at Young Ian's side.

CLAIRE
I didn't find Roger.

JAMIE
Went nearly a mile, nothing.

They look to Ian, who is just returning from his search.

YOUNG IAN

Nothing.

Claire sees this for what it is -- a good sign.

CLAIRE

Then there's hope he's still alive.

OFF Claire, Jamie and Young Ian, the search must go on.

EXT. RIVER RUN - PORCH - DAY (D6)

John Grey and Brianna sit on the porch, drinking wine. They sit in silence a beat, staring off into the distance. Then --

BRIANNA

What a world to bring a child into.
(a beat)
You know, I've said and done things
I never thought I would or could --
and my child is not yet born... it
frightens me.

Grey smiles at her reassuringly --

JOHN GREY

Sometimes people do the wrong thing
for the right reasons.

A beat.

JOHN GREY (CONT'D)

I'm sure your father knows
something about that --

BRIANNA

Please don't... it doesn't change
what's happened.

JOHN GREY

No...

BRIANNA

But I don't know what's worse --
dwelling on the past or thinking
about the future...

JOHN GREY

What do you mean?

BRIANNA

Well, history repeating itself over
and over... the same old
problems... sometimes things get
worse... nothing new under the sun.

JOHN GREY

If you saw my son, William -- his
eyes lighting up with wonder upon
seeing something for the first time
-- you might disagree.

BRIANNA

You have a son? I didn't realize...

JOHN GREY

He's in Lynchburg, Virginia...

BRIANNA

Well if he's anything like his
father, he must be a perfect
gentleman.

But this doesn't seem to please Grey as much as she
anticipates. He looks down.

JOHN GREY

He is indeed. Very much like his
father. But... he's not... we
don't share any blood.

BRIANNA

Oh...
(then)
You are a good man.

JOHN GREY

Good doesn't come into it. I love
him more than life itself...
(then)
I'm sure Roger will too -- love the
child -- if you wait for him.

BRIANNA

I've no doubt he would... but I
love him too much to subject him to
that.

JOHN GREY

Of all people, I can't believe that
I'm the one to say this to you,
but --

She looks at him expectantly --

JOHN GREY (CONT'D)

Have your mother and father taught you nothing?

BRIANNA

I assume you know that my mother... married again, when she thought Jamie dead after the Rising?

JOHN GREY

Yes...

BRIANNA

The man who raised me... I loved him so much. I thought my mother loved him as much as I did... but when I saw her with Jamie --

Grey sees how emotional she is and how difficult this for her...

JOHN GREY

I'm sure the man who raised --

BRIANNA

Frank.

Grey tries to lighten the situation a little --

JOHN GREY

I'm sure Frank was a wonderful man... but I might not be the best person to... I'm a little biased.

Brianna laughs, in spite of her tears --

JOHN GREY (CONT'D)

The thing is... we're here in the "New World," all of us, not because this is "new" -- these lands are as old as any -- it's only "new" because there's hope...

(a beat)

And hope is at the very heart of love.

He squeezes her hand and walks back into the house.

ON Brianna, thinking about John Grey's words, and finally allowing hope back into her heart.

She takes something from her pocket -- the letter from Jamie. She finally opens it, and starts to read.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT (N6)

DUSK. Caleb's body has been laid in a grave, marked with fresh dirt. Jamie, Claire and Ian finish building a small ROCK CAIRN at the head of the grave.

YOUNG IAN

I canna help thinkin' someone'll be missin' him.

Jamie makes the sign of the cross over his heart.

JAMIE

One thing is for certain: he was somebody's child.

Jamie turns and walks back to their camp. OFF Claire, watching him go, worried...

INT. TENT - NIGHT (N6)

Claire joins Jamie. He lies still, but she knows he's not asleep. She slips out of her clothes, down to her SHIFT, intentionally shedding her layers. She catches the shine of his eyes in the dark, open and watching her.

Claire kneels down and slides under the blanket next to Jamie.

CLAIRE

I'm sorry. I was upset. But... not at you.

JAMIE

Who else?

CLAIRE

Everyone. No one. The world. Stephen Bonnet. But not you.

Claire looks at Jamie, saddened, explaining --

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Brianna used to confide in Frank sometimes... and other times in me. But when he died, it was just the two of us...

(then)

And any secrets were our secrets.

Jamie understands.

JAMIE
And no one else's.

CLAIRE
But I'm upset with myself for not
telling you it was Bonnet when I
knew. It might have saved Roger.
(then)
I never thought I could keep a
secret like that from you.

JAMIE
Until Brianna.

CLAIRE
(nods)
When I made that promise to you
there was no one else who would
ever come before you. I don't know
if I can keep that promise any
more.

Jamie mulls this. The love a parent feels for their child.

JAMIE
I understand.
(heartbreak)
I canna be a father to her, Claire.

CLAIRE
Of course you can. You will. She's
just hurt now --

JAMIE
Nae. She doesna need me.
(beat)
I never thought I'd be envious of a
dead man.

CLAIRE
Of a... of Frank?

JAMIE
Ye heard what Brianna said. Frank
wouldna have said those things to
her and made the mistakes I made.

CLAIRE
Frank made plenty of mistakes. All
parents do.

JAMIE
Brianna thinks he was a better man.
(MORE)

JAMIE (CONT'D)

(confesses)

I thought... perhaps ye were
beginning to feel the same,
Sassenach.

CLAIRE

You fool.

Claire runs her hands down the long slope of his back.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Come here.

Claire presses her lips against his. He gives into her kiss.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

She didn't mean it. She doesn't
want you to go to Hell.

JAMIE

Aye, she did. I heard her. I hope
I can bring him back to her, or
she'll never forgive me.

CLAIRE

I heard both of you. She's just like
you; she'll say things in a temper
she doesn't mean. You didn't mean all
the things you said to her, did you?

JAMIE

No.

CLAIRE

Neither did she. You can believe
me. I love you both.

Claire looks at Jamie, desperately wanting to reassure him,
she starts touching him, gently pressing herself into him...

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Warm me.

He responds with a quiet ferocity, needing a connection with
her after a long absence of physical intimacy.

She pulls him into her, some deep wellspring opening as they
comfort each other with their wordless need, a peace
offering -- they set aside their fear and guilt to answer a
call that only their coming together will satisfy.

OFF Jamie and Claire making love slowly and silently in the
dark night...

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE