

OUTLANDER

EPISODE 412
Providence

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

OUTLANDER
EPISODE 412 "Providence"

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CAST LIST — FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT — 11th September 2018

CLAIRE RANDALL FRASER
JAMIE MACKENZIE FRASER
MURTAGH FITZGIBBONS FRASER

BRIANNA RANDALL
BRYAN CRANNA
FATHER ALEXANDRE
FERGUS FRASER
KAHEROTON (Kah-heh-loh-ton)
JOHN GREY
LIZZIE WEMYSS
MARSALI FRASER
ROGER WAKEFIELD
STEPHEN BONNET
YOUNG IAN

CHIEF TEHWAHSEHKWE (Teh-wah-see-kwe)
JOHIEHON (Jo-yeh-oon)
MALACHI FYKE
PHAEDRE
SATEHORONIES (Sah-teh-ho-loon-yes)
WAHKATIIOSTA (Wah-kah-di-yo-sta)

CORPORAL BENTON
MOHAWK BOY
SERGEANT SCOTT
SERGEANT SOUTHWORTH

EPISODE 412 "Providence"

SET LIST - FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT - 11th September 2018

INTERIORS

Fergus and Marsali's Rented
Rooms
Mohawk Village
Hut
River Run
Parlor
Tavern
Wilmington Jail
Bonnet's Cell
Cell Corridor
Main Corridor

EXTERIORS

Forest
Lake
Mohawk Village
Another Area
Council House
Fire Pit
River Run
Porch
Wilmington
Alley
Alley (Behind The Jail)
Wilmington Jail
Wilmington Thoroughfare
Hotel
Woods
Camp

FADE IN:

EXT. MOHAWK VILLAGE - DAY (D7) (1770)

CLOSE ON ROGER WAKEFIELD as he is dragged behind a HORSE, into the Mohawk Village. The past few weeks have taken a toll, and Roger is running on fumes. As he takes in the village, he can only wonder what fresh hell awaits him. MOHAWK WOMEN glance at him with mild curiosity as they perform chores outside of LONGHOUSES. Roger struggles to keep up with his EIGHT MOHAWK captors, including SATEHORONIES (Sah-teh-ho-loon-yes) and KAHEROTON (Kah-heh-loh-ton) [Episode 410], who spurs Roger on.

KAHEROTON

Keep moving.

FOUR MOHAWK CHILDREN dart up to Roger and take stock of the white man the trading party has returned with.

SATEHORONIES

(to the villagers)

Form a gauntlet!

SATEHORONIES M

(to the villagers)

Tehkehni

sowahtehnonrakwarisehkon!

Kaheroton dismounts his horse and waves the children away as MOHAWK VILLAGERS grab STICKS and WAR CLUBS and form TWO ROWS that face each other, extending 20 yards. This is the GAUNTLET -- an initiation ritual that outsiders and captives must survive if they are to become members of the community, and be respected. Roger warily glances at the gauntlet.

ROGER

What is this? What's going on?

But Roger's questions go unanswered. Kaheroton unties Roger's wrists, then -- PUSHES Roger into the gauntlet.

A MOHAWK swings a WAR CLUB at Roger, but he manages to duck, narrowly avoiding being hit.

The MOHAWK CHEER. Roger quickly deduces that this must be a sort of cultural practice, when --

A STICK to Roger's back sends him lurching further into the gauntlet, where the MOHAWK rain more BLOWS upon his body.

Roger looks down the gauntlet -- fifteen yards till the end. The only way to end the flogging is to keep going.

Roger gets PUMMELED as he valiantly CHARGES forward a few more yards, until --

A WAR CLUB to the LEFT CLAVICLE fractures his COLLAR BONE.

ROGER (CONT'D)

CHRIST!

Roger cradles his left arm in excruciating pain, when a BLOW to the back of his KNEES sends him sprawling to the ground on his UNINJURED RIGHT SIDE. Roger is down for the count.

SATEHORONIES

Enough. He will not make it.

SATEHORONIES M

Tohnikon. Iahtahhakweni.

The Mohawk stop the flogging. Roger struggles to catch his breath, as --

SATEHORONIES

(to Roger)

You remain captive.

A MOHAWK BOY, 8, scampers up to Roger and gives his beard a good yank, declaring --

MOHAWK BOY

Dogface!

MOHAWK BOY M

Ehhaohkonsah.

Kaheroton and the Mohawk laugh and repeat Roger's new nickname, "Dogface," amongst themselves, finding it amusing.

OFF Roger, his pain threshold being tested like never before.

EXT. RIVER RUN - DAY (D7)

Establishing. The plantation's beauty belies its tyranny.

INT. RIVER RUN - PARLOR - DAY (D7)

A six and a half months pregnant BRIANNA enters to find JOHN GREY waiting. She sees the look on his face and senses that he has urgent news, and indeed he does.

JOHN GREY

They have captured Stephen Bonnet.

Brianna stands speechless, staring at Lord John.

JOHN GREY (CONT'D)

Are you quite well? You should sit down.

He attempts to guide her toward the sofa.

BRIANNA

Not the sofa. I'll never be able
to get up.

She levels her gaze --

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

Where? How?

JOHN GREY

He was taken in Wilmington. As to
how, I could not say. Though I
have been apprised of the original
charges against him -- smuggling,
piracy and murder.

BRIANNA

I suppose it's too late to add what
he did to me to that list.

JOHN GREY

That would only bring shame upon
you -- and be of no consequence,
since he has already been sentenced
for his previous crimes.

BRIANNA

Of no consequence?

Grey corrects his bad choice of words --

JOHN GREY

He'll soon pay for all of his
crimes... he is condemned and will
hang next week. I thought you
would want to know.

Brianna takes a deep breath and lets it out slowly.

BRIANNA

Thank you.

John Grey nods. Brianna weighs the news. Then, just before
exiting --

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

I want to see him.

EXT. WILMINGTON THOROUGHFARE - DAY (D7)

Establishing. General colonial hubbub on the thoroughfare.

INT. FERGUS AND MARSALI'S RENTED ROOMS - DAY (D7)

FERGUS bounces GERMAIN on his knee as he meets with BRYAN CRANNA and MALACHI FYKE [Episode 408].

FERGUS
Murtagh has been arrested.

Bryan and Malachi react, worried about the implications for the Regulators --

MALACHI FYKE
Christ!

BRYAN
On what grounds?

FERGUS
He captured a murderous bastard called Bonnet who was wanted himself, and the militiamen got in the way -- recognized Murtagh from the broadsheets. Arrested both of them.

Malachi and Bryan get their hackles up, knowing what's in store for their leader.

MALACHI FYKE
Murtagh won't be granted a fair trial! Tryon will make sure of it --

BRYAN
They'll hang him! That thievin' bastard will do whate'er he must to make an example of Murtagh and send a message to the Regulators.

FERGUS
I was with Murtagh when it happened. He took responsibility. I won't let him hang.

Remembering Murtagh's rousing speech to the Regulators [Episode 405], Bryan offers --

BRYAN
"What's taken from one of us, is taken from all of us." We'll get him back, lads.

OFF the men, committed to rescuing Murtagh --

OMITTEDEXT. RIVER RUN - PORCH - DAY (D7)

John Grey finds Brianna at the railing.

JOHN GREY

No. You cannot go.

Brianna's look says she will not be dissuaded, but Lord John presses on --

JOHN GREY (CONT'D)

Even if your condition allowed travel to Wilmington -- which it assuredly does not -- attendance at an execution could not but have the worst effects on the child. Now I am completely sympathetic to your feelings, but...

BRIANNA

You don't know what my feelings are.

She tries to ease his concerns.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

I don't want to watch him die.

JOHN GREY

Thank God for that.

BRIANNA

I want to talk to him.

He looks at her like she's insane.

JOHN GREY

Your father entrusted me with the task of looking after you. I'm not sure that involves taking afternoon tea with a murderer.

In response, Brianna pulls a letter from her pocket -- the one John Grey gave her, from Jamie. The page is worn, as if it's been read over many times. She hands it to John, who takes it, curious. As he starts to silently read, we hear the letter in JAMIE'S VOICE, and see:

INT. TAVERN - FLASHBACK - DAY

JAMIE sits alone at a table in a corner, writing a letter.

JAMIE'S VOICE

"Daughter... I cannot say if I shall see you again. My hope is that it shall be so and that all will be mended between us."

EXT. WOODS - DAY

ON Jamie, CLAIRE and YOUNG IAN with ROLLO as they travel through wilderness on their way to the Province of New York.

JAMIE'S VOICE

"I've been thinking about your question of whether revenge would heal the wrong done to you. I advise you now, that you must not seek it. For the sake of your soul, for the sake of your own life, you must find the grace to forgive."

EXT. WOODS - CAMP - DAY

Jamie cleans his RIFLE as Claire tends the fire and Young Ian brings back a pail of water with Rollo in his wake.

JAMIE'S VOICE

"Freedom is hard-won, but it is not the fruit of murder. Do not fear that he will escape vengeance. Such a man carries with him, the seeds of his own destruction."

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Jamie, Claire and Young Ian with Rollo continue to RIDE, weary after weeks on the road, but determined to reach their destination.

JAMIE'S VOICE

"If he does not die by my hand, it will be by another. But it must not be your hand. Hear me for the sake of the love I bear you. Your loving father, James Fraser."

INT. TAVERN - FLASHBACK - DAY

Jamie finishes the letter. CLOSE ON HIS SIGNATURE as he signs "James Fraser." He takes a beat, then underneath that, he writes "Da."

EXT. RIVER RUN - PORCH - DAY (D7)

BACK ON John Grey as he finishes silently reading the letter.

BRIANNA

I never said goodbye to him -- to Jamie.

John Grey looks up, sensing her regret.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

But he's right.

(then)

Forgiveness won't change what has happened, but it can change what will be. Whether Roger comes back or not. Whatever happens.

JOHN GREY

You are sure you must see Bonnet?

BRIANNA

If I can say my piece, maybe I can find a way to be free of him... I have to try. For my baby's sake.

JOHN GREY

Very well.

BRIANNA

You'll help me?

JOHN GREY

God knows how. But I'll help you.

Brianna's baby kicks. She places her hand on her belly at the point of impact. Grey clocks this. He reaches out his hand, lightly poised over her stomach --

JOHN GREY (CONT'D)

May I?

Without a word, she takes his hand and presses it on her belly. The baby pushes back against their hands --

JOHN GREY (CONT'D)
My God -- he's real.

John Grey and Brianna's eyes meet -- ruefully.

BRIANNA
Yes, I know.

OMITTED

EXT. MOHAWK VILLAGE - DAY (D8)

TWO WEEKS LATER. Mohawk Villagers go about their day. FIND Roger with his LEFT ARM in an ad hoc DEERSKIN SLING he's fashioned for himself. He struggles to add a KNOT to a STRING that he's been using to keep track of time since his capture [Episode 410]. He's tied on other pieces of string to his original string -- nearly 100 knots in all. As he finishes tying the latest knot --

WAHKATIIOSTA
Dogface.

WAHKATIIOSTA M
Ehhaohkonsah.

Roger quickly hides the string in his sling as WAHKATIIOSTA (Wah-kah-di-yo-sta), 30s, a Mohawk woman, marches up and nudges Roger towards a nearby pile of SMALL LOGS.

WAHKATIIOSTA
Carry wood to Tehwahsehkwe's
longhouse.

Roger quickly loads a FEW LOGS into a BASKET, using his right hand. He manages to pick up the basket and heads off in the wrong direction, not fully aware of who lives where yet. She POINTS her CHIN the other way.

WAHKATIIOSTA (CONT'D)
That way.

As Roger heads in the suggested direction --

JOHIEHON (Jo-yeh-oon), 20s, a beautiful Mohawk woman sidles up to him. She carries a 10-month-old BABY GIRL with BLUE EYES on her hip. Roger braces himself for more harassment but is surprised when Johiehon gives him a smile.

JOHIEHON
Do you speak French?

JOHIEHON F
Parlez-vous français?

Roger lights up, surprised, but thrilled to have someone to talk to.

ROGER
Yes.

ROGER F
Oui.

Johiehon offers him a posy of WINTERGREEN (herbs indigenous to New York that act as an anti-inflammatory).

JOHIEHON
For pain. You chew.

JOHIEHON F
Pour la douleur. Vous mâchez.

As Roger takes the posy of wintergreen from Johiehon, her baby touches his hand. He smiles.

ROGER
(re: baby)
She's beautiful.

ROGER F
(re: baby)
Elle est belle.

Johiehon forces a smile. There's a sorrow she's suppressing.

JOHIEHON
She has her papa's eyes.

JOHIEHON F
Elle a les yeux de son père.

ROGER
(re: herbs)
Thank you...

ROGER F
(re: herbs)
Merci...

Roger, sensing that he has an ally, enlists her help.

ROGER
Can you help me leave?

ROGER F
Pourriez-vous m'aider à partir?

Johiehon frowns.

JOHIEHON
No. You must heal.

JOHIEHON F
Non. Vous devez guérir.

KAHEROTON (O.C.)
Johiehon.

Johiehon turns and realizes that her interaction with Roger has drawn the attention of Kaheroton, who is in love with Johiehon and is protective of her.

KAHEROTON
Be careful.

KAHEROTON M
Sehnikonrawaks.

JOHIEHON
He does not seem dangerous.

JOHIEHON M
**Ahionrehke
iahtehhoronkwetaktehron.**

KAHEROTON
 This man cannot be good. He
 was sold by his own people.
 (then)
 But we shall see --

KAHEROTON M
Kironkwe, iahtehhonkwetiio.
Ronwahtonnihnnon
nehrahohwahtsireh.
 (then)
Watski onionkwatohkonseh.

Johiehon watches, surprised, as Kaheroton approaches Roger and tries to present him with a WAMPUM BRACELET -- a symbol of peace.

A beat as Roger, looks down at the bracelet, taken aback. Unaware of the political significance of the wampum, he makes a gesture to refuse, solely out of politeness -- feeling unworthy of a gift and believing he's being respectful --

ROGER
 No. No, thank you. I can't take
 this --

Johiehon and Kaheroton are surprised -- they cannot comprehend that this ("Colonial") British man could be unaware of the significance of the bracelet (which would have been widely known in our period).

Kaheroton turns to Johiehon --

KAHEROTON
 See -- I told you. This man
 is no good. I offer peace,
 he wants war.
 (then, to Roger)
 That way, Dogface -- over
 there.

KAHEROTON M
Hatski -- Wakonrohri.
Kironkwe
iahtethtonkwetaieron. Ske
non wahhiion, ierehreh
wahtehriio.
 (then, to Roger)
Tononkwa, Ehhaokonsah -- ah
eh ron non.

Johiehon gives Roger a look: GO. Kaheroton and Johiehon watch as a bewildered Roger peels away from them -- completely unable to comprehend the offense he has caused.

Kaheroton looks at Johiehon tenderly and offers the bracelet.

KAHEROTON
 May it bring you peace
 instead.

KAHEROTON M
Ahiawens skenon tsi nah ia
wen.

Johiehon nods, grateful.

JOHIEHON
 Thank you, Kaheroton.

JOHIEHON M
Nia wen, Kaheroton.

She gently places a hand on one side of Kaheroton's temple --

JOHIEHON

But we must remember that peace begins here, as war does. In the minds of men.

JOHIEHON M

Tanon entahon
ontsitehwehiaraneh skenon
tanon watehriiosehra,
tehwahtahsahwenskon,
rononkwe
rahtinikonrahkon.

Kaheroton deflates. He knows, deep down, that Johiehon's heart belongs to someone else. He watches her walk away.

EXT. WILMINGTON THOROUGHFARE - DAY (D8)

Establishing. Just another day in colonial America.

EXT. WILMINGTON THOROUGHFARE - HOTEL - DAY (D8)

John Grey alights from a CARRIAGE that is stopped in front of a HOTEL. He turns and helps Brianna, now seven months pregnant, out of the carriage. As Brianna takes in Wilmington's bustling thoroughfare, she's hit with a flood of memories. The very best -- the night of lovemaking with Roger. And the very worst -- being attacked by Bonnet. She takes a breath in an attempt to settle her nerves, but Grey notes the disturbed look in her eyes.

JOHN GREY

Are you all right?

She tries to mask her feelings, blaming her pregnancy.

BRIANNA

(re: her belly)

This is all so awkward. I thought I'd get used to being this size, but I haven't -- I've become more and more uncomfortable...

She trails off, hit with a sudden wave of sadness she can't mask --

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

Being here is harder than I thought it would be.

JOHN GREY

A baby is expected... but memories
are not -- they simply come.

BRIANNA

(a bit embarrassed)
... I miss my mother.

JOHN GREY

I daresay I find myself missing her
at times as well -- particularly
when I'm ill. In spite of her
unwaveringly direct manner, she is
a most remarkable woman.

A beat.

BRIANNA

I hope she returns before the baby
arrives.

JOHN GREY

Knowing your parents, they will do
everything in their power to return
Roger to you.

Brianna smiles.

JOHN GREY (CONT'D)

Take my arm.

As they start to walk, Brianna holds on to John Grey's arm
for support. He has been a godsend of a friend.

BRIANNA

You are impossible not to like.

OFF Brianna and John Grey, heading into the hotel --

EXT. MOHAWK VILLAGE - DAY (D8)

LATE AFTERNOON. Mohawk Villagers cook meals over FIRES.
CHIEF TEHWAHSEHKWE (Teh-wah-see-kwe), 55, the Mohawk leader,
eats with his DAUGHTER, 16, as Roger approaches to place a
log on their fire.

Roger points to the log and then to the fire, unaware that
pointing is not customary in Mohawk culture (normally a
gesture made with one's chin or by way of lips partially
pursed).

Kaheroton sits at a fire with Johiehon and a few other Mohawk. Kaheroton watches Johiehon give Roger a reassuring smile as Roger moves to place wood on their fire.

KAHEROTON

Put the log --

ROGER

(interrupting)

Here? Yes? Shall I put it here?

Strike three. Interrupting someone who is speaking is especially rude in Mohawk culture. An already irritated and mistrustful Kaheroton has had enough of this boorish man -- who is making absolutely no effort to integrate and learn their ways, as far as he is concerned.

Kaheroton grabs Roger by both arms, meaning to give him a talking to, when Johiehon comes to Roger's defense.

JOHIEHON

Kaheroton. He does not know our ways. He does not know that to point is bad or to speak when another is speaking is an offense --

JOHIEHON M

Kaheroton.
Iahtehhotehriontahreh neh tsi ionkwarihoton.
Iahtehhotehriontahreh neh tohsah iahhatsahton, tanon ahhatahti nonon ahkoron rohtareh --

Kaheroton releases Roger with a light shove. But Roger is so weak that he falls to the ground.

KAHEROTON

Get up.

As Roger struggles, unable to find strength --

KAHEROTON

Get up, Dogface.

KAHEROTON M

Get up, **Ehhaokonsah.**

Roger tries to amble to his feet, but it's agonizing and slow going. Kaheroton looks to Tehwahsehkwe, announcing --

KAHEROTON

He is no good to us.

KAHEROTON M

Iahtehtehhoriwasta.

Kaheroton helps Roger to his feet as Tehwahsehkwe studies Roger. No denying he is worthless looking. Tehwahsehkwe approaches Roger and inspects his injury. Roger tries to remain silent, but can't help from uttering:

ROGER

Please, I'm hurt.

CHIEF TEHWAHSEHWKE
Put him in the hut.

CHIEF TEHWAHSEHWKE M
**Tonon iatsiteron
tinikanonsaah.**

Kaheroton grabs Roger and ushers him past Johiehon --

ROGER
Where are you taking me?

Johiehon gives Roger a sorrowful look, then looks away. As Kaheroton hustles Roger past the longhouses, closing in on a HUT-LIKE structure in the back corner of the village --

KAHEROTON
Where do your loyalties lie? How
did you come to be an outcast?

Roger reels -- what's the right answer here?

ROGER
It was a mistake...

KAHEROTON
Have you no honor? Did you break
your word of honor?

Roger hesitates, in turmoil, how to explain everything, unable to shake thoughts of Brianna -- did he break his word of honor?

ROGER
No... I...

Kaheroton studies Roger -- doesn't believe him, but waits for him to finish.

ROGER (CONT'D)
My loyalties were to a woman...

KAHEROTON
Then you should not smile upon
Johiehon.

As they reach the hut, a MALE MOHAWK, who stands guard, opens the door for Kaheroton.

INT. MOHAWK VILLAGE - HUT - DAY (D8)

Roger is thrown inside the hut as Kaheroton slams the hut's door behind him. Roger gingerly cradles his left arm, then pulls out the herbs Johiehon gave him earlier and chews the leaves, eager to lessen his pain.

He takes in his new surroundings -- a SMALL FIRE, DEERSKINS and WOVEN MATS cover the floor. And sitting in the corner is a thin WHITE PRIEST.

FATHER ALEXANDRE
Good day.

FATHER ALEXANDRE F
Bonjour.

ROGER
Who are you?

ROGER F
Qui êtes-vous?

FATHER ALEXANDRE
Father Alexandre Ferigault.
(re: Roger's accent, in
English)
You are British.

FATHER ALEXANDRE F
Père Alexandre Ferigault.
(re: Roger's accent, in
English)
You are British.

ROGER
Yes, I'm a Scot.
(then, introducing
himself)
Roger Wakefield.

Father Alexandre switches to English. He is as well-versed in that language as he is in French, his native tongue.

FATHER ALEXANDRE
(re: Roger's beard)
You are the man they have
christened "Dogface."

ROGER
So that's what "Ehhaokonsah" means.
Flattering.

FATHER ALEXANDRE
Rather appropriate nickname since
the Mohawk do not keep their
whiskers. And they're rather fond
of dogs --

ROGER
They are? I wouldn't have known
it. But then, I don't even know
where I am.

FATHER ALEXANDRE
You are in the village they call
Shadow Lake.

ROGER
Where is that exactly?

FATHER ALEXANDRE
The Province of New York.

Roger sighs. It's farther north than he thought.

FATHER ALEXANDRE (CONT'D)
How did you come to be here?

ROGER
I suppose you could say I walked
here...
(then)
What about you? Why are you here?

Father Alexandre takes a beat, before answering...

FATHER ALEXANDRE
I fell in love.

OFF Roger, curious now about the priest's tale.

INT. FERGUS AND MARSALI'S RENTED ROOMS - DAY (D8)

FIND Fergus seated at the table with Marsali's SEWING BOX and a variety of household UTENSILS before him. Upturned cups, cutlery, spools of thread, etc., all laid out to represent both men and various buildings in Wilmington -- a makeshift battle-plan of sorts. Germain lies in his WOODEN CRIB, nearby.

As Fergus is busy contemplating a strategy to free Murtagh -- moving various items around to form different strategic combinations -- MARSALI enters, carrying PARCELS. She approaches Fergus and sets down her goods --

MARSALI
What are ye doing?

FERGUS
(re: items on the table)
Oh -- this? You know that Germain likes to play with cups and... spoons...

MARSALI
(tongue-in-cheek)
Aye? And what's yer excuse, then, seein' that our bairn is in his crib?

Marsali moves to look more closely at Fergus's handiwork, immediately guessing what's going on --

MARSALI (CONT'D)
I ken what this is... ye're going to --

Anticipating a serious scolding, Fergus interrupts quickly, deciding his best bet is to come clean right away --

FERGUS
Rescue Murtagh from jail?
(a beat)
Yes.

MARSALI
Good. He shouldna be in there to begin wi'.

FERGUS
(surprised)
You're not angry with me?

MARSALI
Not unless ye're not goin' to try.
(a beat)
We canna allow the man to be hanged.

Fergus is relieved to know Marsali approves. She picks up an item from the table --

MARSALI (CONT'D)
What's this, then? Does this represent a man? A Regulator?

FERGUS
Yes. Bryan and Malachi have found men willing to help. But, even so, it is a dangerous endeavor, I'm not sure if --

MARSALI
You can do this.

A beat. He wants to believe her, but doubt still creeps in.

FERGUS
If only Milord were here...

MARSALI
Claire, too. Ye ken she risked her life to save his, when he was imprisoned at Wentworth...

FERGUS
If they were here... what would they do?

MARSALI
They'd find a way. We will too.

FERGUS

We?

MARSALI

Aye, we. I'll not be cast aside.
 "For better or worse," Fergus
 Fraser. Have faith in yer plan,
 'twill work. And we have the
 Regulators to aid us as well.

They lock eyes. Her belief in him galvanizes him.

FERGUS

You are right, mon amour. Murtagh
 will be freed. And our retreat
 strategy will ensure that none of
 us are discovered.

Fergus contemplates the ramifications of their undertaking.

FERGUS (CONT'D)

Perhaps it is time we leave
 Wilmington and take up Milord and
 Milady's offer to live at Fraser's
 Ridge --

MARSALI

I'll find us a wagon and start
 packing our belongings.

Marsali heads off to get started, when Fergus pulls her
 close and kisses her.

FERGUS

You are an exceptional woman.

MARSALI

Ye ken well that I'd join ye to
 face the Devil himself.

She means it. He knows it. They share one more kiss. OFF
 Fergus and Marsali putting their plan into motion.

INT. MOHAWK VILLAGE - HUT - DAY (D8)

Roger studies Father Alexandre's face intently, as Father
 Alexandre, shares the tale that brought him here.

FATHER ALEXANDRE

... I came here some years ago to
 spread the word of God. Chief
 Tehwahsehkwe heard me preach and,
 being moved of the Holy Spirit,
 (MORE)

FATHER ALEXANDRE (CONT'D)

invited me to return with him to his village. For a time, I lived with them peacefully.

(then)

But a year after I arrived at the village, I was struck with fever. I was prepared to allow God to take me... until I felt a woman's hands upon me... soft, cooling hands. She cared for me with the gentle touch of an angel. Eventually, she healed my body. Then, after I had recovered... there was... sin.

(beat)

You see, my son, her touch... had awakened a desire I'd long fought to suppress... an impure, unholy desire. I thought I had conquered the feeling, thought I was immune to temptation, only to discover how weak was my resolve.

ROGER

A woman stole your heart. A very old story, Father. Maybe the oldest story in the world.

FATHER ALEXANDRE

Our union created a child.

Roger digests that, then --

ROGER

And that offended the Mohawk?

FATHER ALEXANDRE

No. They welcomed both our union and the child with open arms.

ROGER

I don't understand...

FATHER ALEXANDRE

They expected me to... baptize the child, save its soul. But... I could not.

ROGER

Why not?

FATHER ALEXANDRE

I am not in a state of grace. I have broken my vows.

(MORE)

FATHER ALEXANDRE (CONT'D)

And so by the edicts of the Church, I cannot perform the sacrament of baptism.

ROGER

I doubt very much that the Mohawk are perturbed by the niceties of the Church.

FATHER ALEXANDRE

No. But you see, Roger, I am. I have broken faith with my God and my calling. I know that I am damned... I will not also damn this child with the false blessing of a fallen priest. I will not.

Roger looks at him a minute, torn between astonishment and respect. He thinks back to the kind Mohawk Woman with the blue-eyed toddler who tried to heal his shoulder.

ROGER

The child's mother... is the healer?

FATHER ALEXANDRE

(nods)
Johiehon.

ROGER

Do you still love her?

Father Alexandre considers his question, deeply conflicted. It pains him to admit the truth --

FATHER ALEXANDRE

I have prayed that my love for her would abate, that I would stop seeing her face in my dreams... that I would stop feeling the touch of her hand... stop smelling the rainwater perfuming her hair... stop hearing the gentle lilt of her laugh floating on the wind... but my prayers have gone unanswered.

(beat)

I cannot hope that you would understand.

ROGER

Actually, Father... I know exactly what you mean.

Just then, Satehoronies and another MOHAWK WARRIOR enter the hut. Father Alexandre, recognizing the men, greets them --

FATHER ALEXANDRE
(greeting them)
Satehoronies, Kahnontiio --
how are you?

FATHER ALEXANDRE M
(greeting them)
**Satehoronies, Kahnontiio --
ohniotionhakeh?**

SATEHORONIES
You are hidden here because of your
dishonor. You will go naked before
the Lord, your God.

They yank Father Alexandre up and STRIP his ROBE from his body, rendering him NAKED. Roger watches, uneasy.

Even Father Alexandre is troubled by this act of aggression.

FATHER ALEXANDRE
Pray for me, Roger.

Roger watches the Warriors yank Father Alexandre from the hut. Realizing he could be next, Roger knows he must escape.

He studies the hut, focusing on areas where the domed walls meet the ground. Roger finds a CANOE CUP, then moves to an edge of the hut -- a spot that isn't easily seen from the door -- and starts digging quietly.

EXT. MOHAWK VILLAGE - NIGHT (N8)

DUSK. Establishing. A few Mohawk villagers playfully chase Mohawk children into their dwellings for bedtime.

INT. MOHAWK VILLAGE - HUT - NIGHT (N8)

Roger SWEATS as he digs. He's doing his damndest to make headway, but it's painfully slow going. Roger hears FOOTSTEPS outside of the hut. He stops digging and hides his work with a DEERSKIN, when --

The door opens -- two Mohawk throw Father Alexandre, who is still naked, inside. He collapses on the hut's floor, HALF-CONSCIOUS as he instinctively curls up into a fetal position.

Roger moves to him and lays the robe that was stripped from Father Alexandre earlier over his naked body --

ROGER
Father? Are ye hurt?

Father Alexandre is unable to answer. He shudders in pain.

ROGER (CONT'D)
What happened -- ?

Roger gently turns Father Alexandre towards him and is shocked to see --

BLOOD streaming over the priest's face and neck in a shiny RED GLAZE. Roger's stomach drops -- it's a horribly gruesome sight, but he forces himself to find the source of the blood.

Roger pushes back a blood-matted tuft of Father Alexandre's hair and finds that his LEFT EAR and small patch of SCALP is GONE. The raw wound bleeds profusely.

ROGER (CONT'D)
(re: the wound)
Bloody hell.

Roger tenderly staunches the blood with the robe. He recalls the priest's request to pray for him and haltingly recites a prayer he remembers from his days with Reverend Wakefield --

ROGER (CONT'D)
(recollecting as he goes)
... O Father of mercies and God of all comfort... we humbly beseech thee to visit and relieve the sick servant for whom our prayers are desired... look upon him with the eyes of thy mercy... comfort him with a sense of thy goodness...

Roger tries to comfort Father Alexandre and perhaps to quell his own fears. The priest's eyes flutter open and with Roger's help, he sits up. Roger offers him WATER from a GOURD the Mohawks have set inside the hut.

ROGER (CONT'D)
Here. Drink.
(then)
What happened?

Father Alexandre sits up and takes a sip. He's still in pain, but is able to talk with Roger.

FATHER ALEXANDRE
I was offered another chance to baptize the child. My refusal offended them. They have given me until morning to change my mind.

ROGER

And if you don't?

FATHER ALEXANDRE

Then they'll bind me and hold my feet in a pit of burning coals until the pain consumes me and my body fails. I have seen this punishment inflicted on another poor soul... he lingered for three days before finally dying.

ROGER

(horrified)

My God...

FATHER ALEXANDRE

Please. No more blasphemy...

ROGER

Listen to me: these people, they don't know anything about the rituals of the Church or the vows you took or why you hold them so sacred. All they want is to see you pour a little water on the baby's head and say a few words in Latin.

FATHER ALEXANDRE

I can't...

ROGER

Why not? Ye don't have to perform the sacrament, just say the Lord's Prayer or a Hail Mary and be done with it -- they'll never ken the difference!

FATHER ALEXANDRE

But I will. No, my son. I know you are trying to help, but this... this is the Lord's punishment for my great and foul sins.

ROGER

So you fell in love! That's your sin? You're human for God's sake --
 (off his look)
 -- yes, forgive me oh Lord my blasphemy.

FATHER ALEXANDRE

I will not mock the sacrament, even
to save my own life.

Something tears in Roger, and days and weeks of outrage come
pouring out over the bemused Alexandre.

ROGER

You're being an idiot! And yes I'm
saying that to you right here in
the sight of God Almighty. Do ye
know how I can say you're an idiot?
Because I've been an idiot myself!
I fell in love with a girl -- a
beautiful girl who I asked her to
marry me and she said... no. So
what do I do? Instead of walking
away, I actually followed her
across an ocean -- like an idiot I
pursued her through time and space,
determined to prove to myself and
the universe that "I DID LOVE THIS
WOMAN" just like in all those great
love stories written by all those
great idiots.

(beat)

I pursued her and chased her and
finally tracked her down and
convinced her to marry me... and on
the very night when she we were
handfast -- wed in the eyes of man
and the Almighty -- we started to
fight... and we said angry words to
each other... words to regret...
but which can never be taken back.

(beat)

So I left her... intending to go
home... but then I changed my mind
and went back... like an idiot.
And instead of finding her, I found
a man who I now believe was her
father, who beat me near unto
death... and sold me to the Mohawk.

(beat)

And even then, I had yet another
chance to walk away, go home...
against all odds, I broke free of
my captors... found a way home...
all I had to do was reach out and
touch it... but I did I? No. I...
stood there, with freedom within my
reach... and hesitated... like an
idiot.

(MORE)

ROGER (CONT'D)

(beat)

Because after all that, I still loved her.

FATHER ALEXANDRE

Then you do indeed understand the pain I've felt...

ROGER

That's what I'm trying to tell you man -- I understand! But the difference is, I've learned something my from pain. I've changed. There's a saying where I come from: "Look out for Number One!" From now on, that's me. And if you're smart, you'll do the same. Turn your back on love and take your freedom -- save yourself. Because if you don't... no one ever will.

(beat)

While you were gone, I've been digging. Help me. Come with me and we'll both get out of here.

FATHER ALEXANDRE

You still do not understand...

ROGER

I understand that you still have choices in front of you -- find a priest, confess your sin, let God absolve you and you can continue his work. Or we can find Johiehon and take her and the baby with us. You can make a new life as a husband and father. I don't care which you choose, but both are better than staying here and dying a horrible death.

Father Alexandre considers Roger's words as Roger returns to scraping dirt from the hole, with increased intensity when --

ANOTHER SET OF HANDS pitch in. Roger looks up and sees Father Alexandre scooping dirt with a GOURD alongside him.

OMITTED

EXT. MOHAWK VILLAGE - DAY (D9)

Establishing. DAWN starts to break over the Mohawk village.

INT. MOHAWK VILLAGE - HUT - DAY (D9)

Roger and Father Alexandre spent the entire night digging, but the HOLE is still only HALF THE SIZE it would need to be for a man to wriggle through. Roger throws the CUP in frustration.

ROGER

It's hopeless!

FATHER ALEXANDRE

With another hour's work it'll serve.

ROGER

We don't have another hour! It's nearly daybreak and the hole is nae big enough for a cat much less a man!

FATHER ALEXANDRE

You will have time to complete the work when I'm gone.

ROGER

What're you talking about?

FATHER ALEXANDRE

I cannot abandon my family. I am staying.

ROGER

Jesus, Mary and Joseph!

FATHER ALEXANDRE

You need not blaspheme.

ROGER

Aye, I do if you're still determined to stay here and be tortured to death out of some misplaced sense of loyalty. Did ye not hear a word I said?

FATHER ALEXANDRE

I heard every word you said. And I understand your feelings on love and its concomitant idiocy very well.

(MORE)

FATHER ALEXANDRE (CONT'D)
 However, I do not share those
 feelings, Roger, and I must do that
 which my conscience dictates.

ROGER
 Then you're a bigger fool than I
 thought possible.

FATHER ALEXANDRE
 (wry smile)
 That is most assuredly the case.
 (hears something)
 They are coming for me. You must
 hide our work.

There's nothing to cover the hole at hand, so Roger quickly
 SITS down right in front of it right as Kaheroton ENTERS.

KAHEROTON
 Have you decided?

FATHER ALEXANDRE
 Yes.
 (beat)
 I cannot baptize the child. I put
 myself in the hands of the Lord.

Kaheroton grabs him roughly and pulls him out of the hut.
 There's time for one last look with Roger --

FATHER ALEXANDRE (CONT'D)
 God be with you, my friend.

Then he's gone. Roger sits there for a moment, shocked by
 the turn of events. Then he finally stands and tries to peek
 out the gaps in the hut to see what happens, but he can't.

ROGER
 (under)
 Bloody fool...

He goes back to the hole and starts digging madly.

EXT. WILMINGTON - ALLEY (BEHIND THE JAIL) - DAY (D9)

CLOSE ON a MAN'S RIGHT HAND starting to pour GUNPOWDER from
 a bag onto the ground.

EXT. WILMINGTON JAIL - DAY (D9)

DAWN. As John Grey and Brianna close in on the jail, she has his arm squeezed tightly in the crook of hers. He glances at her. Brianna can feel his eyes studying her.

BRIANNA

If you ask me one more time if I'm sure I want to do this, I will scream.

JOHN GREY

While your mind is clearly made up, I couldn't help but notice that the rest of you seems rather apprehensive.

BRIANNA

I've been thinking about this moment and now that it's finally here... I guess I am nervous.

JOHN GREY

Shall we take a moment? Allow you to prepare yourself?

Brianna nods. They stop. She takes a beat to steel herself.

BRIANNA

I am ready.

John Grey and Brianna approach two militiamen, CORPORAL BENTON and CORPORAL OVERTON, both 20s, who stand guard at the jail's entrance.

JOHN GREY

Good day, gentlemen -- I am Lord John Grey and this is my betrothed, Miss Brianna Fraser. Governor Tryon has arranged for us to have an audience with one of your prisoners, Stephen Bonnet.

CORPORAL BENTON

(nods)

His Excellency's secretary sent word apprising us of your arrival.

Cpl. Benton nods to Cpl. Overton who unlocks the MAIN DOOR.
OFF John Grey and Brianna entering the jail --

EXT. WILMINGTON - ALLEY (BEHIND THE JAIL) - DAY (D9)

CLOSE ON the Man's Right Hand, still pouring GUNPOWDER from a bag along the base of a building wall, when -- the Man's WOODEN LEFT HAND is REVEALED -- holy shit, it's Fergus! What the hell is he up to?

OFF Fergus, his head on a swivel, making sure he remains undetected as he finishes pouring out the gunpowder.

INT. WILMINGTON JAIL - MAIN CORRIDOR - DAY (D9)

John Grey and Brianna follow another Militiaman, SERGEANT SCOTT, 40s, down a corridor towards a LOCKED WOODEN DOOR. As Sergeant Scott pulls out a set of KEYS and unlocks the door --

SERGEANT SCOTT

I moved Bonnet to the cell at the end of the corridor -- chained him to the wall for your protection.

Sgt. Scott opens the door, revealing a CELL CORRIDOR lined with WOODEN DOORS. TWO on each side, with ONE at the very end facing them -- that's where Bonnet is locked up. Grey moves to enter the cell corridor, when Brianna stops him.

BRIANNA

I'll see him alone.

JOHN GREY

You will not. If anything were to happen to you --

BRIANNA

He's in chains. He can't hurt me.

Brianna is resolute. John Grey acquiesces.

JOHN GREY

I will be waiting here if you should need me.

He squeezes her arm in encouragement. Brianna nods, then walks into --

INT. WILMINGTON JAIL - CELL CORRIDOR - DAY (D9)

Brianna's stomach tightens with anticipation and dread as she follows Sgt. Scott down the dimly lit corridor lined with WOODEN CELL DOORS.

EXT. WILMINGTON THOROUGHFARE - DAY (D9)

FIND Bryan and Malachi walking swiftly with purpose -- the siege on the jail to set Murtagh free is on. They continue on a few more paces, when --

THREE MORE REGULATORS, all discreetly ARMED with PISTOLS concealed under their jackets, fall in step behind them.

They exchange furtive glances before looking ahead, down the thoroughfare, where they can now SEE --

Fergus and Marsali's WAGON, stopped near the end of the street. Fergus and Marsali see the Regulators approaching --

They lock eyes. It's a dangerous undertaking, but one they are both committed to.

MARSALI

Go on then -- the sooner ye
retrieve the auld coot, the sooner
we can be on our way.

Fergus nods, then hops off the wagon, joining the Regulators. They all turn a corner as --

Marsali checks on Germain, who lies in a basket near her.

MARSALI (CONT'D)

We'll see yer Da in a wee bit.

Marsali urges the horse pulling her wagon to move, heading off to get into position --

EXT. WILMINGTON JAIL - DAY (D9)

Fergus and the Regulators are now SIX MEN strong as they close in on Cpl. Benton and Cpl. Overton, who guard the jail's entrance.

FERGUS

Good sirs, we are here to visit a
prisoner of yours --

CORPORAL BENTON

No visits without prior permission.

Fergus, Bryan, Malachi trade a look, then draw their concealed PISTOLS as the rest of the Regulators follow suit. The Colonial Militiamen are not only surrounded, they're outnumbered and outgunned.

FERGUS

I do not think permission will be
necessary --

INT. WILMINGTON JAIL - CELL CORRIDOR - DAY (D9)

Brianna waits as Sgt. Scott uses his KEYS to UNLOCK the door to Bonnet's cell.

SERGEANT SCOTT

If he gives you any trouble --

BRIANNA

I'll alert you immediately.

Sgt. Scott returns to join John Grey, giving Brianna privacy. As Brianna ENTERS through the now open cell door --

INT. WILMINGTON JAIL - BONNET'S CELL - CONTINUOUS - DAY (D9)

STEPHEN BONNET is seated on the floor with his hands in MANACLES that are CHAINED to a wall. Brianna studies him in silence. Then --

BRIANNA

Do you know who I am?

He cocks his head to one side, considering. His eyes travel slowly over her.

STEPHEN BONNET

The Queen of Sheba?

(then)

I don't think you were after
telling me your name, sweetheart.

A sudden burst of rage takes her by surprise, but she suppresses it --

BRIANNA

Don't call me that.

STEPHEN BONNET

I remember your face -- and a few
other things. But not your name.
I suppose you mean to tell me
though.

BRIANNA

My name is Brianna Fraser.

He gets to his feet and approaches her, within the range that his chains allow --

STEPHEN BONNET

Brianna Fraser. A lovely name, sure. And?

BRIANNA

My parents are James and Claire Fraser. They saved your life, and you robbed them.

STEPHEN BONNET

Yes.

He can't help but toy with her.

STEPHEN BONNET (CONT'D)

If you've come in the hopes of retrieving your father's jewels, I'm afraid you've left it too late. I sold them to buy a ship.

(then)

I recall there was a trinket you were after when we met -- a ring, was it? But you got that back. So, have we business still to do then, darlin'?

BRIANNA

I'm told you're going to hang.

STEPHEN BONNET

I'm told the same thing. You'll not have come from pity though, I shouldn't think.

BRIANNA

No. I'll rest easier once you're dead.

Bonnet laughs.

STEPHEN BONNET

What is it you want from me, then?

BRIANNA

Nothing. I came to give you something.

Brianna opens her cloak, revealing the swell of her abdomen. Bonnet looks at her bulging belly and then at her.

STEPHEN BONNET

I've had whores try to foist their spawn on me before.

But he speaks without viciousness. And there is a new stillness behind his wary eyes.

BRIANNA

I have no reason to lie.

Brianna draws the cloak back around her. He stares into her face, seeing that she speaks the truth -- it's as close as she can come to forgiving him.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

You're going to die -- to hang by the neck until you're dead. If it makes dying easier for you, to know there's something of you left on earth -- then you are welcome to the knowledge.

STEPHEN BONNET

So I am soon to be gone -- but not forgotten.

The brutal truth of his statement guts her, echoing what Jamie told her about the inability to forget trauma [Episode 410]. But Brianna finds strength she didn't know she had.

BRIANNA

I have no choice but to live with what you've done to me.

(then)

But you will be forgotten. My baby will never know your name -- will never know that you existed. While you rot in the ground, I will raise my child to be a good person -- to be nothing like you.

Bonnet is stung, while it's a victory for Brianna, an important step towards healing. Brianna starts to leave --

STEPHEN BONNET

Wait.

Brianna turns. He sticks a finger into his mouth, groping in the recesses of his cheek. He holds something out to her.

STEPHEN BONNET (CONT'D)

For his maintenance.

BRIANNA

I don't want anything from you.

STEPHEN BONNET

A dying man's last wish, then.

Brianna feels some pity for him. It surprises her. She reaches out -- he puts something wet and hard in her palm. Her fist closes around the object he's given her.

STEPHEN BONNET (CONT'D)

Take care of him.

He turns away from her now. She opens her hand and looks down at the wet black diamond that gleams in her palm.

INT. WILMINGTON JAIL - MAIN CORRIDOR - SAME - DAY (D9)

John Grey and Sgt. Scott hear FOOTSTEPS, then SEE --

Fergus, Bryan and TWO REGULATORS swiftly bearing down on them like a freight train. As Grey and Scott prepare to face off against them --

SERGEANT SCOTT

Stand down... halt! Halt, I say!

Regulator #1 STRIKES Sgt. Scott in the face with his PISTOL, sending him collapsing to the floor.

Grey GRABS Regulator #1 and SLAMS him into the wall, when --

Fergus trains his PISTOL on Grey's back. He COCKS it, preparing to shoot if need be --

FERGUS

Unhand him at once.

John Grey does. As he turns, Fergus realizes --

FERGUS (CONT'D)

Lord John.

As Bryan quickly searches Sgt. Scott for his set of KEYS, John Grey remembers Fergus from Jamaica. He'd never forget the face of the man who enlisted his help in rescuing Jamie from the warrants against him [Episode 313].

JOHN GREY

Fergus -- what is the purpose of this attack?

FERGUS
We're here to free a friend --

BRYAN
(then re: the keys)
I have 'em.

Fergus nods, then addresses the remaining Regulators:

FERGUS
(urgently, re: John Grey)
Do not harm him. But do not allow
him to leave until we're safely
away -- his allegiance is to
Governor Tryon.

Then, turning to Grey:

FERGUS (CONT'D)
I am very sorry.

The Regulators narrow their eyes at Grey and place their hands on their PISTOLS, ready to draw. As Fergus and Bryan, carrying Sgt. Scott's KEYS, hustle into the cell corridor --

FERGUS (CONT'D)
(urgent whisper)
Murtagh?

MURTAGH (O.C.)
Fergus?

INT. WILMINGTON JAIL - CELL CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS - DAY (D9)

Murtagh looks out from the small SLOT that provides a wee view in and out of his cell.

FERGUS
Where are you?

MURTAGH
Here, lad --

Fergus and Bryan swiftly close in on Murtagh's cell door. Bryan finds the RIGHT KEY and unlocks the door, as Brianna approaches --

BRIANNA
Murtagh? You were arrested?

Murtagh and Fergus see Brianna --

MURTAGH

What are ye doin' here, lass?

But she's too concerned with why Murtagh is there to answer.

BRIANNA

Had I known you were here, I would
have come sooner --

As the door swings back on its hinges, the KEY RING FALLS from the lock and SKITTERS down the corridor, but no one notices. They're too focused on freeing Murtagh.

FERGUS

We must hurry --

Murtagh exits his cell and sidles up to Brianna as they follow Fergus and Bryan towards the main corridor.

MURTAGH

(quietly to Brianna)
Why on earth would ye come here?

BRIANNA

There was someone I needed to see.

He glances over his shoulder, sees Bonnet, chained to the wall with his cell door ajar.

Brianna nods as they disappear into the main corridor. OFF Bonnet glancing at the KEY RING, freedom within his reach.

INT. WILMINGTON JAIL - MAIN CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS - DAY (D9)

As Fergus, Bryan, Brianna and Murtagh enter the main corridor, John Grey recognizes Murtagh.

JOHN GREY

Mr. Fitzgibbons. I am not entirely
surprised to find you here --

MURTAGH

(re: John Grey, to
Brianna)
I suppose this Devil is the one who
brought ye here to see the villain.

BRIANNA

He's not to blame. I insisted --

Murtagh reaches for Brianna's arm and hustles her towards the jail's entrance.

MURTAGH

Come wi' me, lass -- I'll deliver
ye to River Run.

JOHN GREY

You? Whilst every militiaman and
redcoat in Wilmington hunts you
down? I will escort Miss Fraser --

MURTAGH

O'er my dead body --

JOHN GREY

She will be under my protection.

Fergus sees Grey's logic.

FERGUS

(to Murtagh)

The Crown's protection. If she is
seen with you --

BRYAN

Her neck'll be in ropes.

Murtagh doesn't like it, but it is the best course of
action. He directs his next comment toward Lord John as much
as to Brianna.

MURTAGH

I'll trust ye to Lord John then,
lass.

BRIANNA

Be careful.

Suddenly, Malachi sprints down the main corridor towards
them, announcing --

MALACHI FYKE

Hurry, lads -- we haven't much
time! The powder's been lit!

As Malachi sprints back towards the jail's entrance --

JOHN GREY

(for fuck's sake)

You intend to blow up the jail?

FERGUS

(nods)

A diversion to cover our retreat --
we haven't a moment to waste --

(MORE)

FERGUS (CONT'D)
 (then, to Murtagh)
 Come! Marsali is waiting!

BRIANNA
 (re: Sgt. Scott)
 What about him?

The men trade looks -- what about him?

BRIANNA (CONT'D)
 We can't leave him here to die.

Murtagh nods to the Two Regulators.

MURTAGH
 Get him out of here, lads -- now!

OFF the Two Regulators lifting an unconscious Sgt. Scott to his feet.

OMITTED

EXT. WILMINGTON JAIL - DAY (D9)

Brianna, John Grey, Fergus, Murtagh and Bryan exit the jail ahead of the Two Regulators, who have an unconscious Sgt. Scott slung over their shoulders. Brianna and John Grey run in one direction, while Fergus and Murtagh head towards a nearby alley. The remaining Regulators, upon seeing Murtagh exit the jail, scatter just as --

BOOM! The jail EXPLODES -- sending BRICKS and GLASS flying!

EXT. WILMINGTON - ALLEY - DAY (D9)

Marsali sits behind the reins, as Fergus and Murtagh sprint down the empty alley toward the wagon --

MARSALI
 Hurry! Get in!

Fergus and Murtagh get into the wagon as Marsali conceals them underneath a CANVAS TARPAULIN.

OFF Marsali taking the reins and getting out of dodge.

OMITTED

EXT. MOHAWK VILLAGE - DAY (D9)

OUTSIDE ROGER'S HUT -- a MOHAWK walks by. Once he's gone, there's movement at the base of the hut and then ROGER WRIGGLES through the small HOLE and out of the hut. He keeps low, looks around, hoping that the ceremony will distract from his escape.

From O.C., there's the SOUND of CHANTING or SINGING or DRUMMING (or whatever is appropriate) that tells Roger that something is happening elsewhere in the village. Then there's the SCREAM of a man and Roger knows that Alexandre is being fed to the fire.

Roger tries not to think about that as he creeps through the village, trying to stay low to the ground and use whatever cover is available.

A FEW MOHAWK walk or run past him on their way to wherever Alexandre is being tortured. Each time, Roger is forced to freeze himself in place and hope against hope they won't notice him.

Finally he makes it into the TREES.

OMITTED

OMITTED (MOVED TO SCENE A37)

OMITTED

EXT. WILMINGTON THOROUGHFARE - HOTEL - DAY (D9)

As Brianna and John Grey return to the hotel, a redcoat, SGT. SOUTHWORTH, approaches swiftly. He's been searching for them in the wake of the explosion.

SERGEANT SOUTHWORTH
Your Lordship --

John Grey and Brianna turn to face Sgt. Southworth.

JOHN GREY
Yes?

SERGEANT SOUTHWORTH
You are unharmed?

JOHN GREY
I am.

SERGEANT SOUTHWORTH
And you, Mistress?

BRIANNA
I'm fine.

Sgt. Southworth exhales, relieved.

SERGEANT SOUTHWORTH
I am glad to hear it -- I am told
that you were visiting a prisoner
in the jail prior to the explosion.

JOHN GREY
(nods)
Did you apprehend any of the
insurgents?

SERGEANT SOUTHWORTH
No. They were more prepared than we
could have anticipated. It appears
these Regulators were intent upon
releasing their leader -- Murtagh
Fitzgibbons. Did they mention where
they were taking him?

Brianna looks to Grey. In this moment Grey prioritizes
protecting Jamie over serving the Crown.

JOHN GREY
Unfortunately, the event transpired
with stunning rapidity.
I heard nothing that would aid your
search, though I trust you will
find them.

SERGEANT SOUTHWORTH
We will, my Lord. Governor Tryon
will not allow this to go unpunished.

OFF Brianna and John Grey contemplating the countermeasures
that Murtagh's successful jail break has incurred --

OMITTED

EXT. FOREST - DAY (D9)

Roger is in the woods! He's free! They won't realize he's
gone until morning, and by then he'll be miles away from
here.

But... Roger can still hear the SCREAMS. He tries to blot them out, tries to just keep moving forward.

ROGER

Don't go soft now... he chose his fate... he wanted this... there's nothing you can do...

Roger keeps going. But the SCREAMS echo through the woods, seeming to come from all directions.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Don't be an idiot... not again... be smart... for once in your stupid, idiotic life, just be smart!

He takes a few more steps, but he can't. The piercing SCREAMS are just too much to bear. With TEARS coming to his eyes, he turns around...

ROGER (CONT'D)

Damn you! Ye stupid, stupid fool!

He starts walking back. The tears are rolling down his cheeks.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Fucking hell... fucking hell!

He starts RUNNING back toward the village.

EXT. MOHAWK VILLAGE - FIRE PIT - DAY (D9)

Father Alexandre is TIED to a stake and his feet are buried in a PIT OF BURNING COALS. His head lolls from one side to the other as new waves of agony force him up toward the surface of consciousness. Some of the Mohawk villagers -- including Kaheroton -- watch impassively, knowing this process will take a very long time. Some wander off, losing interest, others sit to watch.

Johiehon rocks her baby and watches, sick with grief at what's happening to the man she loves...

IN THE WOODS

Roger watches from a hidden spot nearby. He's not sure what he can do, but as he watches, the pain forces Alexandre to wakefulness once more and he lets out a SCREAM of pure agony.

Roger tries to think, looks around wildly for something -- anything -- that will let him put a stop to this. But what?

Wait. There.

He sees a WHISKEY BARREL not too far from the fire pit. He gets an idea -- a mad idea, and one that will most likely end with two deaths, but it's the time for mad ideas.

He gathers himself.

ROGER

Once a fool...

Then suddenly he BOLTS from cover, running with all his strength straight into the village.

It all happens very fast, so we go to SLOW-MOTION:

-- Roger bursts into the light from the fire...

-- A few MOHAWK react with surprise to his appearance...

-- Roger grabs the whiskey barrel and lifts it over his head...

-- Kaheroton runs toward Roger...

-- Father Alexandre SCREAMS...

-- Johiehon sees what is happening and jumps to her feet...

-- Kaheroton nearly intercepts Roger...

-- Roger THROWS the whiskey barrel into the FIRE PIT, where it BURSTS OPEN and the alcohol EXPLODES into a FIREBALL...

-- Roger, Kaheroton and the villagers are KNOCKED back from the explosion...

-- The FIREBALL ENGULFS Father Alexandre... giving him the only thing Roger could give him -- a quick and merciful death.

There's a breathless moment as the fireball recedes to merely a ROARING FIRE (fed by other flammable materials that were ignited in the initial explosion.

Kaheroton recovers first and gets to his feet. Roger is can only get to his knees. Both men look with stunned expressions at the BODY OF FATHER ALEXANDRE BEING COMPLETELY CONSUMED BY THE FLAMES.

But then, Roger and Kaheroton see something even more amazing.

SLOW-MOTION:

-- Johiehon walking toward the fire, her baby still in her arms.

-- Kaheroton knows what she's planning and he runs toward her with an anguished cry.

KAHEROTON
No, Johiehon! No!

KAHEROTON M
Iah, Johiehon! Iah!

-- Johiehon is only a step away from the blaze...

-- Kaheroton is nearly there...

-- Johiehon suddenly turns and THROWS the child toward Kaheroton, who has to awkwardly WRENCH himself mid-stride to CATCH the baby and he goes crashing to the ground...

-- Johiehon throws herself into the FIRE, letting the flames cover her as she falls on the burning body of Alexandre...

-- Kaheroton rolls across the ground, the baby still in his arms -- and unharmed. He looks at the blaze as it burns even brighter, gorging itself on the bodies of two people.

END SLOW MOTION

Roger staggers to his feet and stares at the pyre along with the rest of the Mohawk. Everyone is transfixed by the sight for a moment.

Then TWO WARRIORS grab Roger and hustle him away.

ROGER
That's it lads, take me back to the
idiot hut.

Kaheroton looks up at him as he passes, but his expression is unreadable. Roger is hauled away and we go OFF the sight of Kaheroton cradling the child and watching the fire burn.

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE