

OUTLANDER

EPISODE 501
The Fiery Cross

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FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT
6th January 2020

OUTLANDER
EPISODE 501 "The Fiery Cross"

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EPISODE 501 "The Fiery Cross"

CAST LIST – FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT – 6th January 2020

CLAIRE FRASER
JAMIE FRASER
BRIANNA RANDALL FRASER
ROGER WAKEFIELD MACKENZIE

ARCH BUG
DUNCAN INNES
FERGUS FRASER
GERMAIN
GOVERNOR TRYON
ISAIAH MORTON
JOCASTA CAMERON
JOHN GREY
JOHN QUINCY MYERS
JOSIAH BEARDSLEY
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE
LIEUTENANT HAMILTON KNOX
LIZZIE WEMYSS
MARGARET CHISHOLM
MARSALI FRASER
MURDINA BUG
MURTAGH FITZGIBBONS FRASER
REVEREND CALDWELL
ULYSSES
YOUNG JAMIE

EPISODE 501 " The Fiery Cross"

SET LIST – FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT – 6th January 2020

INTERIORS

Lallybroch
Fraser's Ridge
Roger & Brianna's Cabin
Big House
Surgery
Kitchen
Dining Room
Breezeway

EXTERIORS

Fraser's Ridge
Big House
Porch
Breezeway
Encampment
Jocasta's Tent
Lean-to
River
Lallybroch
Hillsborough
Mountaintop

EXT. LALLYBROCH - DAY - FLASHBACK (1728)

YOUNG JAMIE FRASER (8) is grieving -- the same boy we saw in the title card. He sits on a fallen tree, mourning his mother's death. A younger MURTAGH FITZGIBBONS FRASER approaches.

YOUNG JAMIE
(through tears)
She's gone...

Murtagh kneels before Young Jamie.

MURTAGH
Aye. She is.

Murtagh fights his own sadness, but is determined to be strong -- for Jamie.

MURTAGH (CONT'D)
I swore an oath, Jamie Fraser, when ye were no more than a week old, and a bonny lad at yer mother's breast. I knelt at Ellen's feet, as I now kneel by yers. And I swore to her by the name of the threefold God, that I would follow ye always, to do your bidding, and guard yer back, when ye became a man grown, and needin' such service.
(then)
She's gone now, but I'll always be wi' ye. Always.

MAIN TITLES.

FADE IN:

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - ROGER & BRIANNA'S CABIN - DAY (D1)
(1771)

TO FIND JAMIE FRASER standing next to the table, focused intently on something just out of frame.

Whatever it is -- he desperately wants to help but is being held back only by force of will.

JAMIE
Careful or ye'll lose yer head.

ANGLE: to the other side of the table, where ROGER WAKEFIELD MACKENZIE is attempting to shave with an 18th-century STRAIGHT RAZOR.

ROGER

I'm not accustomed to this type of razor.

He's definitely not. Roger makes a series of short jabbing strokes around his chin. This lack of skill with a razor is a microcosm of Roger's time at the Ridge, and a cause of Jamie's consternation. But Jamie is on his best behavior today.

JAMIE

Ye wouldna ken it.

Roger's over-cautiousness causes the blade to dig into the skin. A small cut begins to bleed.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

It's not called a cutthroat razor for nothin'.

Now Jamie has seen enough. He moves over to Roger, and takes the blade from him.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

We canna have ye looking as if ye've been to war and back. Not today.

Jamie cleans the blade in a basin of steaming water then adjusts Roger's face to get a good angle -- he makes a long smooth, expert stroke.

Under the circumstances, Roger can scarcely refuse the assistance. So he'll have to make the best of the situation.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Nervous?

ROGER

About what the day has in store for me... or that you have a blade to my throat?

Jamie smiles at the joke -- it's clear that Roger is nervous. Trying his best to mask this, in between strokes, Roger attempts small talk, trying to put a positive spin on things.

ROGER (CONT'D)

But for you... a day off from working on the house, at least?

JAMIE

Aye. First in a wee while. But we have a floor under our feet now and a roof over our heads. Couldna ha' done it wi'out the help of some of the men --

A slight dig, since Roger obviously hasn't been helping with the construction.

ROGER

Bree and I can't thank you enough for the gift of this cabin.

JAMIE

Couldna have my grandson sleeping in the woods now, could we?

ROGER

I was thinking of adding a loft... Bree said she'd draw up some plans for me to follow...

Jamie stretches Roger's neck, negotiating the turn in his jaw. He is skeptical.

JAMIE

Have ye the right tools?

ROGER

(joking)

I hear it's a bad tradesman who blames his tools for his lack of --

Lack of skill. Almost as he's saying the words, Roger realizes that this is exactly what Jamie was getting at -- "tools" being a polite substitute for "skills".

ROGER (CONT'D)

Skills... Oh. I s'pose I haven't done a lot of building. Or farming for that matter.

Jamie's silence speaks volumes. But, as far as Roger is concerned, in for a dime, in for a dollar --

ROGER (CONT'D)

Nor do I know how to drive horses, shoot bears, gut deer, or wield a sword.

Jamie eyes his soon to become son-in-law; perhaps with a shade of contempt.

ROGER (CONT'D)
But I'm sure I'll find a suitable trade to provide for my family.

And that's exactly what concerns Jamie as he makes the final stroke.

JAMIE
Until that time, ye'll have to rely on the skills and trades of others...

Speaking of which... Jamie reaches into his coat pocket and takes out a RING --

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Here's the ring ye asked Murtagh to make for Brianna --

Jamie hands Roger the ring, a little begrudgingly --

ROGER
Thank you -- oh... I thought perhaps... I only expected copper and brass...

JAMIE
Well, this one is certainly fit for my daughter...

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - DAY (D1)

FOLLOW a narrow river that flows away from the mountains into thick woods...

CLAIRE (V.O.)
"Home" is a place, a site in which we live, but Fraser's Ridge is much more than that: a community built by the people who live there. Once Jamie and I had chosen a spot for our new home, with the help of the settlers, construction began -- men and women who made us feel at home before the walls of our new house had even gone up...

... the river cuts a path through the trees, until it opens into a lush meadow, where we FIND a house under construction.

CLAIRE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 ... Who stood by us as seasons came
 and went, who looked forward to
 reaping the first harvest with us,
 and to sharing in our daughter's
 wedding -- even if we hadn't quite
 finished the house in time... We
 were making our mark on the land,
 laying the foundations for the rest
 of our lives...

This is the BIG HOUSE: what will be the FRASER family's main home.

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - SURGERY - DAY (D1)

This part of the house is finished... FIND CLAIRE FRASER AND BRIANNA RANDALL FRASER; she'll soon be adding MacKenzie to that moniker.

Claire is helping with the finishing touches to Brianna's WEDDING OUTFIT: an overwhelmingly beautiful sight.

CLAIRE
 It's not the white satin and orange blossom I imagined... but you are even more beautiful. Thank heavens for Jocasta's closet.

BRIANNA
 And your alterations.

Brianna squeezes her mother's hand and Claire starts to cry --

BRIANNA (CONT'D)
 Mama?
 (then, amused)
 Every little thing is setting you off today... I've never seen you like this --

CLAIRE
 Of course I'm crying -- it's your wedding day... Look at you...

But Brianna immediately realizes that there's something more to it than that, so with a slightly inquisitive accusation in her voice, she tries again --

BRIANNA
 Mama...

CLAIRE

I didn't have my mother at either of my weddings. And I dreamt of this day for so long... Of helping you into your dress and doing your hair --

Brianna looks at her mother, who is trying so hard to hold back tears, overcome by bittersweet feelings: a strange mixture of pure joy coupled with overwhelming guilt. But Claire pulls herself together as best she can --

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

That's enough -- I'm not going to cry anymore. This is your day.

Brianna reads her mother's feelings --

BRIANNA

Mama, I'm here with everyone I love. It couldn't be more perfect.

Claire spins Brianna around -- to tweak her hair or the back of her dress. She tries to mask her feelings, and although Brianna can't see it, the look on Claire's face betrays her. She's always going to feel guilty about this, but --

CLAIRE

When you put it that way --

A beaming Brianna turns back around now to face her mother, tears in her own eyes. Claire manages some composure --

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

You know how much I love you...

Brianna nods -- in a way she is glad of a moment alone to compose herself and to steady her nerves. She takes some deep breaths.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I'd better go and see where your father has gone -- it's almost time...

(then one last look)

My baby --

Claire exits to find Jamie --

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - DINING ROOM - DAY (D1)

Jamie is now on a final mission of sorts. There is a STRING OF PEARLS in his hand, which once belonged to his mother. He caresses the pearls and mutters to himself softly --

JAMIE

Old.

He puts down the pearls on the countertop and pours out a few DRAMS OF WHISKY into some GLASSES...

He takes a swig from one and then tops up the glass. He BLANCHES slightly at the taste --

JAMIE (CONT'D)

New.

Next, abandoning the whisky temporarily, he goes to pick up a bunch of freshly-cut FORGET-ME-NOT FLOWERS (that he has obviously brought into the house and set down on the table). He cleans some residual earth from the stems and ties a small RIBBON around them, to create a POSY. He smiles mischievously, pleased with himself --

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Borrowed... and blue...
(inspecting it)
Blue enough --

He lines the items up on a TRAY; pearls, whisky, flowers...

CLAIRE (O.C.)

Jaime --

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - DINING ROOM - DAY (D1)

Claire finds Jamie, dressed to the nines, pacing anxiously in the dining room. Seeing his wife, he stops -- she always takes his breath away.

CLAIRE

Wait until you see her --

She clocks the tray of items --

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

You've been busy...

A bittersweet thought comes over Jamie; a thought which he vocalizes --

JAMIE

Aye, must do what I can for her,
while I have the chance... We've
no' had enough time together --

Claire hears the sorrowful undertone in his voice --

CLAIRE

It was going to happen one day...
We're giving her away to a man who
loves her...

Jamie makes a Scottish noise of disapproval.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

What? You doubt his love?

JAMIE

Did he no' doubt it, himself?

CLAIRE

Regardless, he's here now and he
loves her.

JAMIE

Mebbe that's what I fear -- I ken
what love can make a man do. Gives
ye courage, but not the sense to go
along wi' it. And no good love'll
do either of them if he gets
himself killed.

Claire gives Jamie a peck on the cheek --

CLAIRE

He's a scholar -- not sure his
expertise covers the dangers of the
Carolina wilderness.

JAMIE

I s'pose no amount of time will
prepare him...

CLAIRE

Perhaps not, but he has you to
teach him.

Another Scottish noise.

JAMIE

It's time?

Claire gives him a kiss and exits, ready to take up her
place in the ceremony -- leaving Jamie to find his daughter.

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - SURGERY - DAY (D1)

REVEAL BRIANNA, fully ready and radiant in her WEDDING GOWN. Jamie is surprised by how quickly the tears fill his eyes. Deeply moved, he sets down the tray and steps forward to EMBRACE Brianna --

It's Brianna's turn to feel tearful -- and touched -- as she glances at the items on the tray, immediately guessing the significance of Jamie's efforts --

BRIANNA
You remembered --

JAMIE
"Something old, something new...
something borrowed, something
blue... and a silver sixpence for
your shoe..."

Remembering, Jamie takes a small SILVER SIXPENCE out of his pocket and adds it to the collection of items on the tray --

JAMIE (CONT'D)
From Murtagh.

BRIANNA
I'm sorry he can't be here today.

JAMIE
As is he.

Jamie picks up the pearls and carefully sets them around Brianna's neck...

JAMIE (CONT'D)
I'm glad ye brought these back with
ye. I hoped you'd wear them one
day.

Once he has them fastened, he steps back to admire his work --

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Bonny.
(then)
I dinna imagine it's quite the
wedding you maybe dreamt of when
you were a wee lass.

BRIANNA
Not quite -- but the best thing, I
don't have to imagine you.

JAMIE

Aye, 'tis a blessing ye came to us.

Jamie chokes up. Brianna gives him a look -- what's wrong?

JAMIE (CONT'D)

But havin' just gotten ye back,
must I give ye away so soon?

BRIANNA

Da, no matter where I am... I'll
always be your wee girl.

And with that -- it's time.

JAMIE

Are ye ready, a leannan?

Brianna takes a deep breath and nods -- it seems to her that the Fraser motto was conceived to be used in this very moment: I am ready.

BRIANNA

Je suis prest.

Jamie smiles, touched, and with tears in his eyes, takes his daughter by the arm and guides her out to the porch.

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - PORCH - DAY (D1)

With Brianna still on his arm, Jamie moves to the steps.

A CONGREGATION has gathered in front of the house.

At the foot of the makeshift aisle is a beaming Roger, anxiously awaiting the presence of his bride.

Jamie takes it all in for a beat, then --

JAMIE

The Frasers of the Ridge are here!

The crowd erupts in a CHEER. That cues a BAGPIPER who begins to play.

Claire takes the lead and walks down the aisle: flanked on both sides by friends, family and well-wishers -- LIZZIE holding Roger and Brianna's baby, JEREMIAH; MARSALI and FERGUS and their CHILDREN; JOCASTA and ULYSSES.

In fact, there are faces new and old; familiar, such as LORD JOHN GREY -- who has come all the way from Virginia... and JOHN QUINCY MYERS. And others not familiar at all -- DUNCAN INNES, ISAIAH MORTON, ARCH BUG and his wife, MURDINA BUG.

And one extremely prominent guest -- the ROYAL GOVERNOR, WILLIAM TRYON. Claire makes a small curtsy as she moves past him -- he bows in response.

Then Claire goes to give the anxious groom a final good-luck kiss and a quiet word to put him at ease --

CLAIRE

It'll all be fine...

(then, teasing quietly)

Remember, the two of you together
can conquer the world.

Brianna takes her father's hand, descends the steps, and begins to walk down the aisle towards Roger and REVEREND CALDWELL, a small but personable minister -- the BOOK OF COMMON WORSHIP open in his hands.

Roger is overcome with emotion. He bows and kisses Brianna's hand as she arrives; she promptly curtsies, feeling like a princess.

The couple stand in position, facing each other, hands entwined.

ROGER

You are...

Her beauty has him speechless --

BRIANNA

I love you too.

Jamie has taken a step back, and now stands with Claire.

Claire nudges Jamie; and casts a smile in the direction of Governor Tryon, who is close, but just out of earshot.

In her subtlety, she tries to maintain a smiling, welcoming visage towards their guests --

CLAIRE

The invitation was more out of
courtesy -- I never thought he'd
come all the way out here. Either
he really likes you...

JAMIE

Or his patience has run out.

Both Claire and Jamie's suspicions are aroused. Tryon glances over at them -- they trade smiles.

The BAGPIPES rise to a crescendo, then cease. The ceremony is about to begin... (SEE APPENDIX.)

The Reverend speaks slowly, enunciating every word --

REVEREND CALDWELL

Dearly beloved, we are assembled here in the presence of God. Let us therefore reverently remember that God has established and sanctified marriage, for the welfare and happiness of mankind.

Jamie winces -- this Protestant ceremony is going down like a dose of ill-tasting medicine.

CLAIRE

Brave face, darling.

JAMIE

'Tis as brave as I can muster given that it's not in Latin, performed by a Catholic priest.

Claire smiles even bigger to make up for Jamie's half-grimace.

REVEREND CALDWELL

By His apostles, He has instructed those who enter into this relation to cherish a mutual esteem and love...

The Reverend addresses Brianna and Roger specifically --

REVEREND CALDWELL (CONT'D)

I charge you both, before God, that if either of you know any reason why ye may not lawfully be joined together in marriage, ye do now confess it...

A beat of silence. Phew. With a quick glance in the direction of Jamie and a nervous smile, Roger breathes a sigh of relief -- no objections.

IN THE CONGREGATION: Duncan Innes -- a thin Scotsman, with a lame arm -- stands near Jocasta. He is a prospective suitor of hers.

DUNCAN INNES

(re: Brianna and Roger)

Best years ahead of them. I hope
ours aren't behind us, if ye've
considered my offer --

But it's clear Jocasta is uncomfortable and doesn't really
want to engage with Duncan --

JOCASTA

My best years are almost certainly
ahead of me, Mr. Innes.

Jocasta tugs at Ulysses' arm. Taking the hint from his
mistress, Ulysses reads the situation perfectly --

ULYSSES

Shall I seat you a little closer so
you don't have to strain your ears
to hear...

BACK ON: The Reverend.

REVEREND CALDWELL

Roger Jeremiah, wilt thou have this
woman to be thy wife, and wilt thou
pledge thy troth to her, in all
love and honor, in all duty and
service, in all faith and
tenderness, to live with her, and
cherish her, according to the
ordinance of God, in the holy bond
of marriage?

ROGER

I will.

ANGLE: Marsali and Fergus watching the ceremony, Marsali is
overcome by a sorrowful nostalgia --

FERGUS

What is it?

MARSALI

'Tis my one regret that my Ma and
sister -- and all the folk at home
in Scotland -- didna see us
married...

FERGUS

Not sure your mother was too
pleased with your choice of
husband.

MARSALI

True. But lucky for ye, I am.

ANGLE: on Claire glancing at Jamie, who wears an involuntary SCOWL.

CLAIRE

Look happy, damn you.

He can only respond with a tooth-baring grin of blinding insincerity.

ANGLE: back to Brianna, blinking as she sees her father grinning at her and Roger.

REVEREND CALDWELL

Brianna Ellen, wilt thou have this man to be thy husband, and wilt thou pledge thy troth to him, in all love and honor, in all duty and service, in all faith and tenderness, to live with him, and cherish him, according to the ordinance of God, in the holy bond of marriage?

BRIANNA

I will.

REVEREND CALDWELL

Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?

Claire squeezes Jamie's arm and he steps forward --

JAMIE

I do --

Brianna looks gratefully at Jamie, taking his words to heart, and then turns again to Roger; it seems crazy to her but, with heart racing, she almost feels an effect as powerful as the buzzing of the stones; knowing that, come what may, in whichever time and place, she and Roger are meant to be.

Jamie glances round at the faces in the crowd -- merry with drink -- and back at Claire... Time itself seems at once to slow down entirely and speed up as he is consumed by the present moment -- by his daughter's happiness, by Claire. He hears pieces of the vow-exchange echoing in his ears --

ROGER

... in plenty and in want...

BRIANNA
... in joy and in sorrow...

ROGER
...in sickness and in health...

Claire and Jamie look at one another, remembering their own wedding day, echoing the last part of the young couple's vow.

ROGER/BRIANNA
As long as we both shall
live.

CLAIRE/JAMIE
As long as we both shall
live.

OFF Claire and Jamie grasping hands... then Roger and Brianna's first KISS as lawful husband and wife.

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - DAY (D1)

Post-ceremony, Jamie and Claire and the newly official Mr. and Mrs. Roger MacKenzie wait to receive congratulations from a long LINE of WEDDING GUESTS -- a custom of the time.

The newlyweds stand together, with Brianna flanked by her mother, and Roger by his new father-in-law.

John Grey is among some of the first to approach. He bows --

JOHN GREY
Most sincere congratulations to you
all.

Next, addressing Brianna specifically, he jokes --

JOHN GREY (CONT'D)
I knew you'd make a fine wife one
day. Couldn't have happened to a
better man... or could it?

Brianna laughs remembering their brief betrothal.

BRIANNA
(wry)
You'll have to ask my husband.

ROGER
From what I'm told, you might have
been the one standing here.

JOHN GREY
Let me say this -- there was no one
happier than I to hear of your safe
return.

BRIANNA

John.

A wink, a bow, and then Lord John directs his attention to Jamie... Jamie immediately senses something not quite right from his friend's anxious expression... John has some news, but it's not an appropriate time to share it.

JAMIE

(joking)

If ye're worried Brianna made the wrong choice, John, the time to speak up has passed...

Lord John tries to shrug it off, sounding casual --

JOHN GREY

Ah, yes -- lamenting the fact that it could have been me in Roger's shoes. But... there's something else I need to speak with you about. Perhaps later?

Whatever it is will have to wait.

JAMIE

Go have a drink... I'll find ye.

Guests begin to queue so John Grey moves on --

Next in line is Governor Tryon --

GOVERNOR TRYON

My heartfelt congratulations.

The Governor lingers, directing his attention chiefly at Jamie, as more GUESTS approach to offer further congratulations to the bride and mother of the bride.

JAMIE

Very kind, your Excellency. But if I'd kent ye were coming -- we might have been better prepared to accommodate ye... Offered ye a chamber in the house...?

GOVERNOR TRYON

Your attentions are where they should be today.

(MORE)

GOVERNOR TRYON (CONT'D)

Had I made known my intention to attend, you would have spared no effort in seeing to my accommodations when, in fact, his Majesty has equipped me with pavilion tents to rival the best houses in the Province.

JAMIE

And with my house unfinished, I'm relieved to hear it.

GOVERNOR TRYON

Outside, in the country air -- a ceremony fit for a prince of the days of yore. I expect you'll be planning a hunt, in celebration?

JAMIE

The groom is not much for hunting. He sings like a bird, but not one for shooting them.

Tryon eyes Roger with a bit of uncertainty. Then --

GOVERNOR TRYON

I have a man with me, one Lieutenant Knox -- well, a platoon to be precise...

Jamie pushes aside the nervous feeling at the pit of his stomach.

JAMIE

I hope the men will enjoy themselves.

GOVERNOR TRYON

Oh, it's business that brings them here, not pleasure, unfortunately.

JAMIE

To the backcountry, you mean?

GOVERNOR TRYON

All manner of things can grow out of fallow soil -- as you've intimated in your letters -- and there's an abundance of that out here. Enough to keep a good number of men busy -- including myself.

Tryon pauses for a moment, allowing the words to hang heavy in the air --

GOVERNOR TRYON (CONT'D)

But I ask you, is the man who delays paying his landlord more or less of a thief than, say, the letter-writer who is parsimonious with his words?

A passive-aggressive accusation if ever there was one --

JAMIE

When I write, your Excellency, I aim to provide simple facts.

GOVERNOR TRYON

But I do feel myself robbed of the satisfaction of seeing one particular story brought to its conclusion.

(explaining)

Your dispatches have kept me enthralled these past months... but too many twists and turns of plot for my taste. I like to see a villain get his comeuppance. But... I'm keeping you from your guests.

Tryon has said his piece -- he moves on.

Claire has been keeping a watchful eye on Jamie and Tryon -- and from a distance it looks harmless. *Perhaps he's come merely to offer his best wishes.* Meanwhile, Murdina Bug, matronly housekeeper and resident of Fraser's Ridge, approaches Brianna and Claire --

MURDINA BUG

Many congratulations. I wish ye many happy years.

BRIANNA

Thank you Mistress Bug.

Mrs. Bug turns now to address Claire very specifically and rather cryptically --

MURDINA BUG

I hope, Mistress Fraser, that ye'll come with me...? There's something that needs *seein'* to in the surgery...

CLAIRE

But didn't we already see everyone who needed attention --

Feeling foolish, Claire suddenly remembers -- the wedding cake! A sticky honey cake that she had made especially as a surprise for the newlyweds... They have to go and fetch it to bring it out and serve it to the guests.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Oh! Of course...

As Brianna continues to receive well-wishers, Claire and Mrs. Bug make their way to Claire's surgery...

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - SURGERY - DAY (D1)

An exasperated Lizzie -- today acting as babysitter-in-chief to various young inhabitants of the Ridge -- struggles to corral a gaggle of CHILDREN out of Claire's surgery and away from the WEDDING CAKE, wee JEMMY in her arms. Mr. Bug is on standby, anxiously guarding the cake.

Looking a bit frazzled, Lizzie calls out sheepishly to the children --

LIZZIE

Come, ye wee pudding faces -- out of the way! The cake is safe for now, Mistress Claire.

Claire smiles, relieved -- good. Mr. Bug is equally relieved to see Claire and his wife, Murdina.

ARCH BUG

Bless the Lord. Couldna hold 'em off much longer --

CLAIRE

Thank you, Mr. Bug. I think you've earned yourself a drink.

As Arch takes his leave and Lizzie disappears with the children, we REVEAL a FEW PATIENTS waiting, chancing it -- eager to take advantage of Claire's medical knowledge if possible...

MRS. MARGARET CHISHOLM, one of the settlers on the Ridge, pipes up --

MARGARET CHISHOLM

Congratulations...

She curtseys dramatically, making it clear that there's something the matter with her leg.

MARGARET CHISHOLM (CONT'D)

My ankle is healin'... but I
wondered if I might trouble ye fer
advice -- perhaps ye'd recommend
that I bathe it or perhaps --

Claire is firm but kind --

CLAIRE

It will have to wait until
tomorrow...

As the disgruntled "patients" leave the room, Mrs. Bug
mutters --

MURDINA BUG

And will I ask her to return before
or after the laddie wi' boils and
the gentleman with gout?

(off Claire's
exasperation)

They ken it's Miss Brianna's
wedding day, but a chance to be
seen by a healer such as yourself --
do ye blame them?

CLAIRE

Mistress Bug, I'll see all of them
tomorrow. But for this one day --
"let them eat cake."

But Mrs. Bug looks at her curiously -- an odd turn of
phrase... but she's getting used to not knowing what the
Mistress of the house means most of the time. She sighs, a
little exasperated --

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Something else?

MURDINA BUG

I ken my husband and I are
newcomers to the Ridge, but I'm not
new to keeping house and if ye
allowed me to help more I could
relieve your burden. Is it not why
ye employ me?

As if to continue the train of thought, Mrs. Bug now casts a
pointed glance over at one area of the room, where an array
of Claire's more INTIMIDATING MEDICAL TOOLS are lying about.

Claire sighs.

CLAIRE

I'm not quite settled in here yet.

Mrs. Bug shakes her head disapprovingly, keen to intervene and tidy them away.

MURDINA BUG

Many hands make light work...

CLAIRE

Let's leave it for now. Please
take the cake out to be served --

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - DAY (D1)

Having been ousted from the surgery, the children, who have escaped Lizzie's custody, now run about outside, playing... One or two of them, including GERMAIN FRASER, rush by to Roger -- who is immediately glad to be distracted from so-called "adult" conversation.

GERMAIN

Congratulations, Uncle Roger.

Roger playfully ruffles the children's hair. But, to his surprise, Germain announces --

GERMAIN (CONT'D)

Don't touch our hair --

ROGER

Germain, ye daft thing... Why not?

GERMAIN

Grand-père says you have ticks.

ROGER

Ticks?

GERMAIN

Oui... says all Presbyterians have
ticks in their hair.

The light bulb goes on and we see from Roger's face -- not hair tick but *heretic*. *Jamie* thinks he's a *heretic*. *Great*.

Before Roger can protest, the children run off -- spying the large CAKE which Claire and Mrs. Bug have SET OUT ON A TABLE, ready to be cut and served, alongside some smaller CAKES and various other SWEET TREATS --

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - DAY (D1)

Standing a little apart from the mingling guests, Brianna and Roger are about to CUT THE CAKE...

Jamie raises a toast to the happy couple --

JAMIE

To the bride and groom. Sláinte.

Brianna and Roger take advantage of the relative privacy to catch up, albeit in hushed tones.

ROGER

So your father thinks I'm a heretic?

Roger can't help looking at Jamie, who's still playing the host -- out of earshot.

BRIANNA

Not just you -- he thinks all Presbyterians are.

The unimpressed look on Roger's face makes Brianna laugh.

ROGER

He canna forgive me for not coming back to you right away -- for taking time to think things through. Some of us like to think before we act --

BRIANNA

But you did come back. And that's all that matters.

ROGER

Tell *him* that.

To Roger's surprise, Brianna pushes a large chunk of cake at his mouth, FEEDING him.

BRIANNA

You know, in my America, it's traditional for the bride and groom to feed one another a bit of wedding cake.

As Roger struggles to chew and swallow --

ROGER

Oh, good. I wish you would have told me first...

(MORE)

ROGER (CONT'D)

There was me thinking you were just trying to shut me up for a minute...

Brianna laughs, teasing --

BRIANNA

Should a wife ever dare to contradict her husband?

Roger smiles but now has bits of STICKY HONEY CAKE and CRUMBS over him...

ROGER

My turn --

Roger playfully takes some cake and FEEDS Brianna -- she now has some on her face too. She brushes some crumbs off him.

They are interrupted by Jocasta, who now approaches, guided by Ulysses.

ULYSSES

The happy couple: Mister and Mistress Mackenzie.

JOCASTA

Congratulations. Wed at last.

BRIANNA/ROGER

Thank you.

Jocasta KISSES Brianna, and addresses her when she says --

JOCASTA

I wonder if yer husband would be so good as to speak with me, at my pavilion, before I leave?

Brianna looks to Roger for his answer, who in turn nods --

BRIANNA

Of course...

JOCASTA

I look forward to it. Enjoy the dancing.

Jocasta curtsays and leaves, with Ulysses guiding her.

Brianna isn't sure what it could be regarding... but Roger doesn't seem too bothered, and as soon as Jocasta is out of earshot --

ROGER

At least your aunt likes me.

BRIANNA

Well you do look so dashing --

ROGER

As I'm sure ye've told her... She,
for one, can't see that I have cake
all over my face...

He gives her a teasing look that completes his thought --
Jocasta is blind. They KISS.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Maybe when we go back... we'll do
this all again --
(re: the cake crumbs)
And I'll be a little more
prepared...

Brianna gives him a skeptical look -- but before she can
make any reply, they are delighted to hear MUSIC starting
up... There is an air of celebration and merriment as
further festivities begin.

A spontaneous CEILIDH is now the order of the hour: the
traditional dancing without which a true Scottish wedding is
incomplete.

As SETTLERS equipped with MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS form an
impromptu Ceilidh Band, revelers are pulled by their family,
friends and neighbors into a variety of lively dances.

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - NIGHT (N1)

Meanwhile, per Jamie's instructions, John Grey has found a
TABLE laden with BEVERAGES of all kinds -- BOTTLES and
TANKARDS galore.

Near it -- keen to take advantage of the free-flowing
alcohol -- Fergus, John Quincy Myers, Isaiah Morton and a
few others are currently playing a DRINKING GAME, which
involves drunkenly reciting tongue-twisters. Marsali is also
playing.

The "game" involves throwing around a LEATHER HIP FLASK like
a ball, at random.

The person who catches it must recite a tongue twister, without hesitating too long or making a mistake, thereby winning the approbation of the crowd... or facing a forfeit -- drinking WHISKY out of a QUAICH (laid out on the table). Once a tongue-twister is repeated successfully, a new one must be proposed.

One of the settlers has a go. He slurs his words. Next it's Isaiah's turn. He is struggling to think of anything under the mounting pressure, as John Quincy Myers times him with a small HOURGLASS --

JOHN QUINCY MYERS

Come on, Morton! Time waits for no man --

ISAIAH MORTON

Erm... Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers --

Flawless. The onlookers CHEER in support -- "Sláinte!"

Relieved to have avoided the forfeit, Isaiah takes a sip from the flask, then THROWS it at Fergus who -- panicking -- struggles.

FERGUS

Piter... pecker pucked a pick of packled peppers...

The onlookers join John Quincy Myers in chanting --

JOHN QUINCY MYERS

Forfeit, forfeit --

Fergus is forced to down a shot of whisky. Fergus throws the flask and Marsali catches it --

MARSALI

(to Fergus)

You'd have had more luck in French, my love...

(then)

Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers --

There are cheers. Having got it right, it's now Marsali's turn to suggest another --

Myers flips the sandglass.

JOHN QUINCY MYERS

Quickly -- think of another, Mistress Fraser, else you'll face a forfeit...

MARSALI

Oh... my mind is blank...? Em...

Blushing with embarrassment, Marsali struggles --

MARSALI (CONT'D)

Oh, Heavens -- I... em.

(then, it comes to her)

'Tis mebbe a wee bit vulgar for a lady... May the Lord forgive me...

(then, bold)

There is an old pheasant and he's not too pleasant... And though I'm not a pheasant plucker, I'll be plucking pheasants, 'til the pheasant plucking's done.

She manages it without a single mistake --

FERGUS FRASER

Who taught you that...?

Marsali smiles mischievously.

MARSALI

My Ma.

FERGUS FRASER

I'm sure she'd be very proud.

Fergus KISSES Marsali -- and in her excitement at her success Marsali takes a quick swig from the flask and throws it carelessly...

It is CAUGHT by an unsuspecting -- and rather mortified -- John Grey. In spite of this, with his honor at stake, he tries to salvage his gentlemanly reputation as best he can. He just can't bring himself to try this particular tongue twister in public, especially sober --

JOHN GREY

Um... I must admit... it's with deep regret, in fact, that I must tell you... that I've never... had the pleasure of... I've never plucked a pheasant in all my life --

(then, enunciating perfectly)

But... some Shakespeare instead anyone?

The crowd laughs at his "genteel" response -- then immediately and vigorously call for a "forfeit" and hand him the quaich. John Grey dutifully downs his drink, bows and makes a hasty retreat.

JOHN QUINCY MYERS

No. My throat's drying out. Who's next?

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - NIGHT (N1)

At the ceilidh, Brianna and Roger complete a dance akin to what's known in Scotland as "The Dashing White Sergeant," where pairs of dancers form a long arch with their arms, and couples take turns to proceed underneath it. Once they get to the bottom, the newlyweds KISS and fellow dancers CHEER.

Catching his breath, Roger comments quietly to Brianna re: the dancing --

ROGER

Exhausting no matter what century you're in... As a wise man once said: "no one dances sober, unless he is insane." Let's grab a drink --

Roger is keen to enjoy the dancing as more of a spectator's sport, but Lizzie approaches. She looks at Brianna for permission --

LIZZIE

Mistress, might I...?

BRIANNA

(cheerfully)
Of course, Lizzie --

As Roger and Lizzie take to the floor, an elated Brianna skips over to where her mother is watching the dancing -- a little apart from the edge of the tumultuous crowd -- with Jemmy in her arms.

Brianna playfully yanks her mother and her son into their own private little dance circle, joking --

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

Should we teach Jem how to do the "mashed potato"? Or the "twist?"

Claire laughs, as Brianna tries to do the sixties' dances -- in miniature -- with her infant son.

CLAIRE

Anyone watching you will think
you've gone stark raving mad.

BRIANNA

(joking)

Brides are allowed to be crazy on
their wedding days.

(then re: the sixties'
dance moves)

It's not very easy with this
music... but you know who I'd love
to see giving it a go...

A knowing smile spreads on Claire lips -- obviously Jamie.

CLAIRE

I doubt you'll get a mashed potato
out of your father.

BRIANNA

We'll just see about that.

CLAIRE

Good luck.

Brianna goes to look for Jamie, to ask him to dance, much to
Claire's delight.

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - NIGHT (N1)

Jamie, meanwhile, is hovering on the outskirts of the dance-
area, near the table of refreshments. He is mid-conversation
with John Grey. Both are nursing drinks, and John Grey also
has a FULL BOTTLE in hand.

JAMIE

Willie is well, then?

What with having become embroiled in the drinking game, John
Grey is feeling the effects of the alcohol. He waxes poetic.

JOHN GREY

He'd be dancing with joy unconfined
if he were here. Never a dull
moment -- nor any sleep -- where
youth and pleasure meet. And both
fair youth and pleasure are to be
found in England at the moment.

Jamie smiles and pats his friend on the back affectionately.

JAMIE

I'm always glad to hear your news,
John.

This touches a nerve -- ever so slightly -- in John Grey. *Is this why Jamie wanted him to come? For news?*

JOHN GREY

And I endeavor to bring you only glad tidings... But in your letters, you asked me to undertake something for you...

John Grey pours himself another drink and gulps it down. Not all his "tidings" are "glad." Jamie watches, a little surprised --

JOHN GREY (CONT'D)

Do you want one?

JAMIE

(cautious)

Do I need one?

Neither one of them notices Brianna, approaching from behind, a huge smile on her face, wanting to surprise her father...

JOHN GREY

I'm afraid I have some news. There have been sightings of Bonnet in the Province.

JAMIE

Bonnet --

Jamie processes this. Grey knows how hard it is for Jamie to be in this limbo -- having this knowledge but being powerless to do anything about it.

JOHN GREY

I should have made certain at the time... I don't know why I didn't... I assumed he was dead, in the rubble...

JAMIE

The bastard has an ungodly way of escapin' death. Or maybe Hell is too good for Stephen Bonnet and the Devil willna let him in.

Brianna immediately abandons her attempt to dance with Jamie upon overhearing this, and retreats in shock, quietly and unseen, feeling as though she might throw up at any moment.

Jamie thinks he hears something; footsteps perhaps -- and casts a glance around -- *is anyone listening?* He's reassured to see only a few intoxicated revelers nearby.

JOHN GREY

I know that your new son-in-law served under him, as a member of his crew. Would Roger have any idea where he may --

Jamie's adamant look conveys, very clearly, that he'll not involve Roger in this matter.

JOHN GREY (CONT'D)

You haven't told him yet, have you?

JAMIE

No need. This is for me to resolve.

Brianna, meanwhile, has found her way back over to where Claire is standing, with Jemmy.

CLAIRE

Well? Did he put Elvis to shame?

BRIANNA

I couldn't find him --

Claire senses her daughter's change of mood. Something's up.

CLAIRE

You alright, darling?

BRIANNA

(covering)

Uh, yeah... was just thinking it's a shame cameras don't exist yet --

Claire puts a reassuring arm around her daughter --

CLAIRE

It's been a day to remember, Mrs. Mackenzie, even if we don't have any photographs...

Brianna can't help but let out a sigh -- joy is mingled with sorrow. A large helping of sorrow.

BRIANNA

Y'know Daddy wouldn't have been in them, even if we were in our own time.

CLAIRE

I know, darling. But Frank would have been so proud of you...

Brianna can feel tears stinging her eyes at the thought.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

...and been delighted to see you marrying an Oxford man. We used to joke that, living in Boston, you'd end up with a Chad or a Chip.

Brianna manages a smile. Her mother always knows how to cheer her up.

Seeing them, Roger heads over--

BRIANNA

Well, I've got a Roger. And a Mackenzie to boot.

They both laugh as Roger sidles up --

ROGER

Which one of you lovely ladies wants to cut a rug?

Brianna nods to her mother.

CLAIRE

Don't mind if I do.

As Claire leaves, Brianna picks Jemmy up, holds him tight, smothers him in kisses, finding comfort in his presence -- as she watches her mother and husband, indeed, cutting a rug.

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - TBD - NIGHT (N1)

Footfalls. Two people make their way through the thick woods until they come upon a wooden structure --

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - LEAN-TO - NIGHT (N1)

The door flings open and Jocasta steps into the threshold, Ulysses just behind her. Once she's all the way inside, Ulysses closes the door, leaving her alone --

JOCASTA

You missed a beautiful ceremony.

REVEAL MURTAGH, who's lying low, and has been forced to wait for her here...

MURTAGH

Aye, but I did catch a glimpse from afar... though... was that a redcoat I saw?

JOCASTA

Governor Tryon --

Murtagh grunts in disapproval.

MURTAGH

Then what took ye so long?

JOCASTA

Well, I'm not in the habit of traipsin' out to a shed to see my... acquaintances.

Murtagh is amused by Jocasta's prudish use of the word "acquaintances."

MURTAGH

Who says it's a shed?

JOCASTA

Perhaps I've made a hasty judgement, bein' too generous. But the sound of twigs snappin' and mud squelchin' underfoot does suggest somethin' a wee bit... rustic.

She reaches for his hands -- the hard hands of a working man -- running her fingers over his palms.

MURTAGH

Think of it more as an enchantin' woodland palace -- built by the kindly wood-nymphs who live hereabouts.

JOCASTA

Tush. And what does that make ye? The Fairy King?

Murtagh chuckles.

JOCASTA (CONT'D)

I'm too old for fairy tales.

There is a mischievous spark of delight in Murtagh's eyes.

MURTAGH

Is that so?

Jocasta waits expectantly for him to convince her otherwise -- perhaps for him to tell her that she is his "Fairy Queen," or something of that ilk. She waits for romance but, instead, comes a gruff reply --

MURTAGH (CONT'D)

Good. I've no time for kings and queens or fairy folk.

A beat as Murtagh notes Jocasta's disappointed expression, a smile on his own lips.

MURTAGH (CONT'D)

But give me a real woman -- one who's truly lived and kens what life is -- and I've all the time in the world.

Jocasta is pleased, but wants to put him through his paces --

JOCASTA

Any old woman?

MURTAGH

One who has sense enough to hear in a man's voice that he means all the right things, even if he hasna the right words to say.

JOCASTA

I'll have to take yer word for it.

He presses against her.

MURTAGH

I'll give ye more than my word.

They MAKE LOVE.

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - ROGER & BRIANNA'S CABIN - NIGHT (N1)

Finally alone, in the privacy of their cabin, Roger and Brianna settle down for a romantic night in. It's their wedding night, after all...

Roger is still buoyed by the joyful events of the day, in spite of feeling a tiny bit irked by some of Jamie's comments. But -- trying as she is to fight it -- the dark cloud of the Bonnet revelation is hanging over Brianna.

ROGER

What a day, eh?

BRIANNA

Yeah...

Somewhere deep down, Roger can feel a small surge of anxiety -- is something the matter? Perhaps Brianna's just tired? He puts a positive spin on things --

ROGER

Look at us -- a hundred percent in agreement.

(joking)

It's as if we're meant to be together. This marriage thing is easy.

Brianna puts on a smile.

BRIANNA

Promise me that it will always be easy between us --

ROGER

Aye. I'm already looking forward to tomorrow... and the next day and the next --

BRIANNA

Yes...

They KISS. A FLASH of Bonnet in Brianna's mind -- Brianna pulls away from him... She is suddenly nervous -- a fear of her own sexuality has been triggered; her mind starts to spin. *Bonnet is alive...*

And even though none of it was her fault, the PTSD feelings rush through her -- *perhaps the rape was her fault, perhaps she was too provocative...? Perhaps... perhaps... perhaps...*

She finds some whisky --

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

To all our tomorrows.

-- and takes a swig. Roger wraps his arms around his wife. He looks at her, concerned...

He senses that something is wrong but, whatever it is, he doesn't want it to rock their world tonight -- not on their wedding night. He wants to cheer her up and, joking around, he reaches for his guitar.

ROGER

Sit down...

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - ENCAMPMENT/TENTS - NIGHT (N1)

ROGER (V.O.)

(singing)

"'L' is for the way you look at
me... 'O' is for the only one I
see..."

The festivities are shifting to the encampment area. Pockets of celebrations dot the area: many are still dancing, many more are still drinking.

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - ROGER & BRIANNA'S CABIN - NIGHT (N1)

Back with Roger and Brianna... He's still singing a Nat King Cole song, "L-O-V-E" --

ROGER

"'V' is very, very extraordinary.
'E' is even more than anyone that
you adore can... love is all that I
can give to you... Love is more
than just a game for two... Two in
love can make it; take my heart and
please don't break it; love was
made for me and you..."

Brianna laughs, shaking her head at his antics --

ROGER (CONT'D)

"'L' is for the way you look at me.
'O' is for the only one I see. 'V'
is very, very extraordinary. 'E'
is even more than anyone that you
adore can... love is all that I can
give to you... love is more than
just a game for two... Two in love
can make it; take my heart and
please don't break it; love was
made for me and you..."

(then)

And I'll love you today. And
tomorrow. And forever.

Roger wants so desperately to be close to her...

They KISS and MAKE LOVE.

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - ENCAMPMENT/TENTS - NIGHT (N1)

On the outskirts of the encampment, we FIND the Redcoat tents. A FEW SOLDIERS sit around a fire, drinking the local libations, while OTHER SOLDIERS chat up a few of the local lassies. Everyone is having a good time.

ANGLE: Meanwhile, back near the ceilidh dance-floor, Fergus and Marsali dance alone. We see that she whispers something to him. His face lights up and he touches her belly gently -- it's obviously good news.

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - ROGER & BRIANNA'S CABIN - NIGHT (N1)

Deeply satisfied, Roger falls asleep; Brianna is less so. Unable to sleep, it's clear that she's still not free of her demons...

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT (N1)

Although celebrations have begun to wind down, the faint SOUNDS OF MUSIC and various wedding guests' late-night REVELRY at the encampment can still be heard --

Exhausted, Claire sits on the bed that's been set up in a cosy corner of the kitchen. With construction ongoing in the main house, they are making do. In fact, the surgery is also serving as a makeshift bedroom for baby Jemmy, whose CRADLE sits just behind the doors which separate the two rooms. Jamie stands on the threshold, so that he can tuck his grandson in --

CLAIRE

Your dispatches aren't satisfactory any longer? Tryon certainly isn't subtle for a politician.

Jamie has the weight of the world on his shoulders. Today he gained a son... and so much more than he bargained for... an unwanted visitor and some undesirable news...

JAMIE

When it comes to politics, Sassenach, there's not much difference between havin' the right friends and the right enemies... But I'd rather have Tryon as a friend.

CLAIRE

There's nothing we can do about him tonight. So come and get some sleep... before we're woken by the loud wailing of a certain baby boy.

JAMIE

(mutter)
Loud wailing.
(then)
Like father, like son.

Claire gives him a look of reproach, though she's trying to swallow a laugh.

CLAIRE

Jamie --

"That's not very kind" is what that meant. Jemmy starts to emit muffled, whimpering CRYING NOISES so Jamie scoops his grandson up, soothing him gently.

JAMIE

Hush, my wee laddie. What's troubling ye?

Jemmy cries a bit louder --

JAMIE (CONT'D)

I ken your belly's full. So what's it to be?

As he cradles Jemmy in his arms, rocking him, Jamie addresses Claire.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Are ye to be like your father?
D'ye need some time to think it over? Sleep or cry?

CLAIRE

You're terrible...

Jamie's words may be to Jemmy but the sentiment is aimed at Roger. Claire reads him loud and clear. She reminds Jamie --

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

If it wasn't for Roger, we wouldn't be together --

Even though that's true, Jamie's still reluctant to give Roger credit for it.

Jamie rocks Jemmy in his arms and is wise enough to remain silent on the subject, both for Jemmy's restfulness and his own sake. Instead he recites a blessing.

JAMIE

Bless, O God, the thing on which
mine eye doth rest, Bless, O God,
the thing on which my hope doth
rest.

Finally, Jemmy has made his choice -- SLEEP.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Rest well wee'un.

Jamie tucks him back into the cradle.

CLAIRE

And, if it wasn't for Roger, we
wouldn't have our beautiful
grandchild... Our beautiful
sleeping grandchild.

That gives Claire an idea.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Let's pray he sleeps through the
night... Come here soldier --

Jamie stares at her, so beautiful, as always, in the candlelight. After a beat he marches over and joins her and directs the rest of the prayer to her --

JAMIE

Bless, O God, my reason and my
purpose. Bless to me the bed
companion of my love... Bless, O
bless to me the angeling of my
rest.

They are now desperate to be close to one another. Jamie takes his wife in his arms and caresses her.

There's a cooing from the crib. Jamie places a finger on her lips. They both freeze, listening, waiting, hoping --

All is quiet. So, like two teenagers trying not to laugh, Jamie and Claire quietly MAKE LOVE...

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - ENCAMPMENT - NIGHT (N1)

Establishing. Many of the guests have retired to their TENTS to rest, others are still a little merry -- chatting away, but most of the fires in the camp are beginning to fade.

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - DAY (D2)

Establish the dawning day at the Lean-to.

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - LEAN-TO - DAY (D2)

Morning. Jocasta and Murtagh have woken up -- daylight flooding into the lean-to. After the wonder of the night before, Jocasta asks, almost sorrowfully --

JOCASTA

So where are we now, in the cold
light of day?

Murtagh is very quiet. Jocasta senses his unease --

JOCASTA (CONT'D)

Yer mind's not here in this
enchanted woodland palace -- 'tis
at Tryon's palace -- or his
pavilion...

MURTAGH

Aye. If only that was the stuff of
fairy tales, but it stands, built
on the backs of hard-working men
and their taxes.

Murtagh wants to get up... but Jocasta tries to pull him back to bed, gently. He resists --

MURTAGH (CONT'D)

With a new day comes new duties.

As Mistress of an entire plantation, Jocasta almost snorts --

JOCASTA

Hah. We all have our part to
play... and yet it seems to me that
ye're spendin' yer days dancin' to
Tryon's tune.

MURTAGH

When it comes to Tryon and the
Regulators, I'm doin' my duty.

Murtagh looks at her for a beat -- he knows she wants to hear that he's living for her, but --

MURTAGH (CONT'D)

In another lifetime, you and I
might have had more time together --
perhaps if I was a different man.
'Tis because I ken well what life
is -- ye canna change a man, ye can
only change his circumstances...

Jocasta knows she can't change this man, but perhaps she can change the circumstances --

JOCASTA

My circumstances may soon be about
to change.
(then, revealing)
Duncan Innes has proposed marriage.

That news catches Murtagh a bit off-guard; Jocasta senses it.

MURTAGH

Innes... Jamie and I kent him from
Ardsmuir. I heard he had settled
in North Carolina.
(then)
And what did ye say to him?

JOCASTA

I have yet to give him my answer.

Jocasta waits with bated breath for a response. She wants him to tell her to say no. She wants him to say, "Marry me."

MURTAGH

I'll no' stand in the way of yer
happiness --

Not the reaction Jocasta hoped for. But with Murtagh in no position to make an offer, their silence tells a story...

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - DAY (D2)

Establishing. A few settlers arrive to begin their morning's work on the construction of the Big House.

OMITTED

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - SURGERY - DAY (D2)

As Claire and Mrs. Bug enter, followed swiftly by Jamie, they look out the window to REVEAL A LINE OF PATIENTS waiting to be seen.

MURDINA BUG

I told ye they'd return come morning...

CLAIRE

(under her breath)

Jesus H. Roosevelt Christ --

JAMIE

'Tis a shame there's but one of ye, Sassenach --

TIME CUT --

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - BREEZEWAY - DAY (D2)

Lizzie is trying to keep various children in her care entertained (one of whom has a GRAZED KNEE) as she stands in line, waiting to see Claire in the surgery. The task is made easier to bear by the fact that JOSIAH BEARDSLEY -- a young indentured servant from neighboring parts and a keen hunter (as evidenced by some PELTS he's brought) -- is also in line, and is serving as a welcome distraction.

LIZZIE

What kind of creatures d'ye hunt?

JOSIAH

Whatever I can find. Bear, beaver, fox... hare -- if ye can catch 'im... -- won't get much for 'im though. Stag, buck, doe...

He pauses, blushing self-consciously; Lizzie's eyes have something of the "doe" about them just now, wide with admiration -- she is clearly a little attracted to him.

JOSIAH (CONT'D)

Sure I'm borin' ye, Miss...

Lizzie shakes her head vehemently in disagreement... She curtseys politely, introducing herself.

LIZZIE

Lizzie... Wemyss.

Before she can say any more, Jamie -- who is initially on his way to see how Claire is getting on -- approaches.

JAMIE
Josiah the hunter.

Jamie clocks Lizzie's crimson cheeks. Josiah seems embarrassed as well.

JOSIAH
Mr. Fraser, Sir --

Jamie gives both of them a knowing look. Lizzie wishes the ground could swallow her up. She turns away to tend to the child with the grazed knee --

JOSIAH (CONT'D)
We was only talkin' of skin, of skins and pelts I mean --

JAMIE
Aye. Ye've a talent for huntin'.
I could do no better myself.
I'm hopin' ye'll consider settlin'
here, at the Ridge...

Josiah looks surprised, perhaps a little unsure or reluctant. Sensing this, much to Lizzie's consternation, Jamie jokes --

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Though perhaps I'd be unwise to
leave such a charmin' lad here wi'
the women folk.

JOSIAH
I got more on my mind than kissin'
and what have ye, Mr. Fraser, Sir.
My throat hurts bad.

OMITTED (MOVED TO A31)

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - ENCAMPMENT - JOCASTA CAMERON'S TENT - DAY (D2)

This glamorous tent is definitely a forbearer of "glamping." FIND Jocasta seated outside, being tended to by Ulysses, as HENS roam freely around them. After a beat, Roger approaches and is announced by Ulysses --

ULYSSES
Mr. MacKenzie --

ROGER

(re: the hens)
 Choosing your breakfast, Mistress
 Cameron?

JOCASTA

Aye 'tis the cock that crows, but
 the hens who lay the eggs...
 Well, a married man ye are now,
 come home to roost.
 (a beat)
 Will ye join me, Mr. MacKenzie?

Roger obliges --

JOCASTA (CONT'D)

Did my niece tell ye, that I had
 meant to make her heiress to my
 property?

ROGER

Aye, she did. I'm sure my wife is
 most conscious of the honor,
 Mistress Cameron. But --

JOCASTA

Is she? I shouldn't have thought
 so, to hear her talk. But
 doubtless ye ken her mind better
 than I do. Be that as it may, I
 mean to tell her that I changed my
 own mind.

ROGER

Oh? Well, I'm sure she'll --

JOCASTA

I told Gerald Forbes to draw up a
 will, leaving River Run and all its
 contents to Jeremiah...

ROGER

To... What, to wee Jemmy?

JOCASTA

Ye'll doubtless ken that a woman's
 property becomes her husband's when
 she weds... And I ken also that
 protestants are partial to
 divorce...

(MORE)

JOCASTA (CONT'D)

(then, pointedly)

If ye canna love the lad for himself, I thought ye might treat him well for the sake of his prospects...

ROGER

(realizing her meaning)

Ye think I would harm Jemmy... or that I married Brianna for money? Are ye sayin' that ye don't think I believe that he's my son?

JOCASTA

I didna say as much.

ROGER

You've said a great deal -- and what ye've not said speaks louder than what ye have. How dare you imply such things to me?

Roger's head is spinning, is she blatantly insulting him, implying he'd harm Jemmy for money?

JOCASTA

Well then, I offer ye my apology, Mr. MacKenzie. But it's only to be understood that a man might not feel so kindly toward a bairn his wife's borne to another. But if --

Roger is furious -- if only Jocasta knew how much he had sacrificed to be with Brianna; good health; a well-respected job; life and limb -- it's beyond comprehension.

ROGER

I may not have any property or money, but I have time -- and I'll give it all to Brianna and Jeremiah.

Jocasta shrugs, apparently unimpressed. Roger feels dizzy with rage, and steadies himself --

ROGER (CONT'D)

Let me put this very plainly, I do not want your money. My wife does not want it. And my son will not have it.

(then)

Cram it up yer hole, aye?

In spite of her shock, Jocasta almost laughs. Roger storms off.

In a way, it's the best response Roger could possibly give -- Jocasta now knows for certain what Roger's intentions are. She smiles, satisfied.

ULYSSES

As you hoped, Mistress?

JOCASTA

Aye. Even better.

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - SURGERY - DAY (D2)

Jamie has helped Josiah to skip the queue. Claire is examining Josiah's throat, as Jamie waits for the verdict.

CLAIRE

Hmm. Abscessed tonsils. I can remove them. It'll hurt, but will be better in the long run.

JOSIAH

Ye could do that?

Claire knows that the procedure is possible, though she desperately wants to modernize her medical arsenal first --

CLAIRE

Yes, though I'd prefer to wait until I have all the equipment and the medicine I need --

Josiah looks over at the crude HYPODERMIC NEEDLE nervously.

JOSIAH

That's not it, is it? 'Cause if it is, I'm feelin' better already.

Claire laughs.

CLAIRE

Don't worry. And we don't have to take them out now.

Josiah looks at Claire blankly. Keen to persuade Josiah to settle, Jamie chimes in --

JAMIE

If Claire does this for ye, lad, ye'll settle at the Ridge? Do the hunting when I'm away?

Josiah puts his hands to his throat, as though contemplating the prospective pain -- and the potential relief -- from the proposed procedure...

As he does so, Claire spots a "T-shaped" BRAND on his right hand -- very clearly the result of hot iron on flesh. Claire winces slightly in spite of herself and Josiah puts down his hands in his lap self-consciously.

CLAIRE

We'd be happy to help you.

JOSIAH

Thank ye...

Josiah leaves, and as soon as he does, Claire looks at Jamie, a little concerned. Jamie offers an explanation --

CLAIRE

Did you see the brand mark on his hand? I'm guessing "T" stands for "thief"?

JAMIE

Who has not stolen something in his time, be it a loaf of bread or a piece of cake... wearin' the mark of a thief doesna mean ye are one.

Claire touches Jamie on the back...

CLAIRE

No, it doesn't.

JAMIE

The lad's brought in a great many deer and beaver skins.

(then)

Certainly doesna sing for his supper --

Claire skirts over this remark, made at Roger's expense --

JAMIE (CONT'D)

I'll leave ye to yer patients and to wage war against yer wee invisible beasties.

Claire smiles. She can't fight the urge to correct him --

CLAIRE

Bacteria. But yes, it certainly is war --

Jamie looks at the long line of patients still waiting to see his wife --

JAMIE
Then ye must find yerself a
lieutenant...

Claire smiles.

CLAIRE
Next patient --

Jamie takes his leave of Claire and follows after Josiah, in the direction of the encampment --

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - NEAR THE BIG HOUSE - DAY (D2)

Jamie finds himself walking directly into the path of Governor Tryon and Lt. KNOX.

JAMIE
Your Excellency --

Tryon cuts to the chase --

GOVERNOR TRYON
Glad to see that you're up early,
Colonel Fraser. Early birds and
all that...
(making a pointed joke)
And I do suppose it is a kind of
worm you'll be catching.

Jamie guesses what Tryon is driving at, and doesn't like it one bit. Nevertheless, clarification is needed.

JAMIE
I beg yer pardon, sir?

GOVERNOR TRYON
Out of respect for your daughter's
wedding, I deferred speaking of
this until today. Your endeavors
to cultivate the King's lands have
been admirable. But the time has
come to fulfill your oath -- to the
crown and to me, your benefactor.
It's time for that hunt, Colonel
Fraser.

(MORE)

GOVERNOR TRYON (CONT'D)

(then)

Gather your men, I want Murtagh Fitzgibbons and the insurgents brought to justice -- by rope or by ball. It matters not one bit to me. I want his body hanging in New Bern as a warning to all. This matter is beyond the Province now -- people are mindful of the outcome.

JAMIE

Aye.

GOVERNOR TRYON

Lieutenant Knox and his men will remain to assist you. I must show my face to the local sheriffs -- reassure them that their governor is taking appropriate measures to eradicate this "Regulator" pestilence. The indignities and insults to his Majesty's government must end. I chose you for this task because you know these Scots, because you are one. Do not disappoint me, Colonel.

Tryon turns and heads back towards the encampment.

LIEUTENANT KNOX

(to Jamie)

We should prepare to leave in a week. Will that give you enough time to put your affairs in order?

The question is merely a courtesy -- Jamie knows that, really, it's an order from the Governor.

OMITTED

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - ROGER & BRIANNA'S CABIN - DAY (D2)

Roger enters the cabin to find Brianna seated, with Jemmy in her arms.

Brianna puts her finger to her lips --

BRIANNA

Shh...

Despite his annoyance, Roger falls silent, gaze now focused on his wife and child. Jocasta's words are not easy to forget... Is that what everyone is thinking about him?

Roger looks at Jemmy, trying his best to banish a painful flicker of doubt from his mind... Is Jemmy really his son? But enough is enough.

ROGER

(to Brianna)

Yesterday was a celebration of our love for one another... But today, and every day, from now on... It's us.

BRIANNA

The three of us.

ROGER

Aye.

To Brianna's surprise, Roger takes out his DIRK and makes a small incision on his THUMB...

BRIANNA

What are you doing?

ROGER

Something I should have done a long time ago.

He takes Jemmy in his arms and smears a drop of BLOOD on Jemmy's forehead -- in the shape of a cross.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Jeremiah Alexander Ian Fraser MacKenzie, you are blood of my blood, and bone of my bone. I claim thee as my son before all men, from this day forever.

They're in this together and their will is strong.

OMITTED (MOVED TO 42)

OMITTED (MOVED TO A1)

OMITTED

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY (D2)

Jamie enters to find Claire preparing to come find him.

CLAIRE

And where have you been?

The look on Jamie's face is enough to tell her that something is wrong --

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

What's the matter?

JAMIE

Tryon is leaving a troop to aid me in the hunt. We leave in a week.

Jamie is thinking, considering his options -- if he has any at all.

CLAIRE

And if you refuse to hunt Murtagh, Tryon will take back our land.

JAMIE

He'll brand me a traitor. I signed an oath to the crown.

Claire's frustrated at the situation.

CLAIRE

Please, Tryon would renege on his oath to you the moment it suited him or if he could profit from it.

JAMIE

Aye, and when the war ye tell me about eventually comes I can reconsider my vow. But I dinna have that luxury now because of our family, of our tenants.

(then)

If there is war, I need to ensure the men of the Ridge are loyal to me... And not to Tryon.

But there's something else weighing on him.

CLAIRE

The men of the Ridge would do anything for you.

(then it dawns on her)

Roger.

JAMIE

If I call up a militia, he'll be expected to fight. Being fit and of age.

CLAIRE

He's not ready for that. Can't you keep him out of it?

Jamie looks at her and Claire instantly reads: it's a definitive "no." He has made up his mind, moves to the door --

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Where are you going?

JAMIE

Tryon wants his Scot... I'll give him a Scot.

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - DAY (D2)

In the construction zone, FIND Jamie opening up an old CHEST... We see that there is TARTAN inside, though we may not yet realize that this is a KILT -- something he has not worn since Culloden.

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - BREEZEWAY - NIGHT (N2)

Claire has just finished up a long day of seeing patients. She sits down, exhausted. It's both a physical and mental fatigue as the pall of Tryon's orders hang over the Ridge.

Then something catches her eye, something she hasn't seen in over twenty years. She rises to her feet.

Then we see what she sees -- Jamie now fully rigged out in Highland KILT.

Claire moves to him in the foyer -- she knows if he's decided to put this on, then whatever he's about to do is serious. And she'll stand right by his side.

They share a knowing look. And they walk out the front door.

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - NIGHT (N2)

The sun is setting and the fires around the encampment begin to glow.

After a beat, he marches up to remove a STAVE OF WOOD from a fire, holding it up like a torch --

After a few strides, he throws it --

And we see a flicker of orange light that soon turns to FLAME, growing, climbing --

Until we PULL BACK to REVEAL a fully engulfed FIERY CROSS: the "crann tara," an ancient, Scottish call to arms.

The men and women of the Ridge begin to gather, moths to the flame.

PULL BACK AGAIN to FIND Jamie, who has taken up position near the cross, ready to address the CROWD that has now gathered before him... ready to begin the process of recruiting men for Tryon's militia --

All those from the wedding are in attendance (save Tryon, who has departed).

The men gather before Jamie, as the women present, hover at the edges of the crowd, watching from a slight distance --

JAMIE

In the Highlands of Scotland, when a chieftain would set himself for war, he would burn the fiery cross, sending a sign throughout the lands of his clan. It was a sign for the men to gather their weapons and come to the gathering place, prepared for battle.

(then)

We are friends, neighbors and countrymen, but we are not clan. I am not yer chief... but I hope that, if the time comes, ye will all stand by my side.

Roger is clearly a little uncomfortable -- unsure how this particular "ceremony" will play out. He nevertheless looks to his father-in-law for reassurance, catching Jamie's eye.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

We canna say what might befall us. And we must not only be willing to make oaths to our wives and loved ones, but to our brothers in arms in this new country.

Jamie now looks at Roger --

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Stand by my hand, Roger the singer,
son of Jeremiah MacKenzie --

Jamie beckons for Roger to approach. But Roger pauses, surprised.

Taking advantage of Roger's hesitation, an eager Isaiah Morton hops up to stand before Jamie.

ISAIAH MORTON
I will promise to stand by your
side, Colonel Fraser, Sir.

Jamie is impressed by the boy's enthusiasm --

While the oath is given (SEE APPENDIX.), Claire takes it all in. Bree arrives --

BRIANNA
What's happened, Mama? Why are
they giving their oaths to Da now?

CLAIRE
Since all the men are here, your
father thought it would be wise to
prepare for the future.

BRIANNA
It looks like he's preparing for
war?

Claire blanches, Bree's guess hits too close to the mark.

As Isaiah finishes and bows out graciously -- it's definitely Roger's moment to step up --

JAMIE
Roger Mackenzie. Be a shield for
my family and for yours, son of my
house.

Roger now stands before Jamie, but hesitates. He swallows his pride. Jamie touches Roger's shoulder gently, obliging his son-in-law to kneel --

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Captain Roger Mackenzie.

ROGER
Captain?

Jamie looks at him expectantly --

JAMIE

(quietly)

You'll be safe by my side. Repeat
what I say.

But Roger was paying attention to Isaiah. Roger holds up the dirk, and begins to recite boldly --

ROGER

I swear by the cross of our Lord
Jesus Christ, and by the holy iron
that I hold, to give ye my fealty
and pledge ye my loyalty.
If ever my hand be raised against
ye in rebellion, I ask that this
holy iron pierce my heart.

It is done and the look in Roger's eyes says he means every word.

JAMIE

I want ye all to ken that the act we
are undertaking forms a bond between
us, the founding of a
kinship in this New World. And
just as ye give me your word, I
give ye mine, that I will serve ye,
as ye are swearing to serve me.

(then)

I willna light the cross again --
until the time comes for us to do
battle.

Jamie DRINKS from a QUAICH. The crowd cheers: "*Sláinte!*";
"*To a lasting peace or an honorable war;*" "*Sláinte!*"

As Roger steps away, more men stand ready to take his place,
but Jamie calls on one in particular --

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Stand by my hand, Fergus, son of my
name and my heart.

Fergus smiles and approaches dutifully.

In the distance, Lt. Knox and his men watch the ritual
unfold.

Fergus kneels before Jamie as an ARMY of men now begins to
form, eager to stand before him...

CUT TO:

OMITTEDEXT. NORTH CAROLINA MOUNTAINTOP - DAY (D3)

We fly west TOWARD vast Appalachian Mountains, reaching a craggy overlook, then --

We FIND a new SOLITARY WOODEN CROSS standing as sentry and beacon -- and Jamie and Claire Fraser gazing out at an expanse of open country, both with heavy hearts -- after a beat --

JAMIE

One last thing.

Claire grabs Jamie's hand, channeling strength to him --

CLAIRE

It's time.

EXT. RIVER - DAY (D3)

Having urgently found Murtagh down by the riverside, Jamie has just informed him of Tryon's demands.

MURTAGH

I suppose I should take it as a compliment that he wants to display me so prominently at his palace in New Bern.

JAMIE

Ye've gotten under his skin a wee bit.

They fall silent -- the situation is the furthest thing from funny and they both know it.

MURTAGH

Ye keep tellin' me ye ken how this will end, this war ye say is comin', but ye can tell me nothin' of the Regulators... of how they fare in all this...

JAMIE

No, but if ye wait, we'll be fightin' on the same side. The war will change the face of this land.

MURTAGH

(solemn)

There's always a war coming... But it's for us to decide which ones we fight.

Murtagh picks up a STONE. Then ANOTHER. To Jamie's astonishment, Murtagh is fashioning a SMALL STONE CIRCLE...

JAMIE

What are ye doing...

MURTAGH

I'm fashioning a circle. Perhaps ye can ask those that can travel to and fro, to go back and change things -- make things here different.

Jamie knows that Murtagh is being facetious -- to make a point -- and the point is taken.

MURTAGH (CONT'D)

Claire, Brianna, Roger -- they all came to this time from another... And because they did ye have everythin' ye've ever wanted. And I dinna resent ye for it. But I must do what I must and ye canna resent me for that either.

JAMIE

Nothing could ever make me resent you.

And as the two men face each other -- on different sides of a cause for the first time in their lives -- they both know that it's an impossible situation. That Tryon has Jamie in a vice and he's beginning to twist the lever.

It's Jamie who speaks first --

JAMIE (CONT'D)

'Tis no' safe for ye to remain here. I ken ye stay because of the vow ye made to my mother and to me... I release you from it now.

Murtagh looks at him for a beat, doesn't say a word, eventually gives a slight, resigned nod.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Go -- and please: be hard to find.

Murtagh walks away. A dejected Jamie kicks the circle of stones, and sits down on a nearby FALLEN TREE.

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE