

**OUTLANDER**

EPISODE 502  
Between Two Fires

WRITTEN BY  
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&  
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BASED ON THE NOVEL BY  
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FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT  
30th October 2019

OUTLANDER  
EPISODE 502 "Between Two Fires"

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EPISODE 502 "Between Two Fires"

CAST LIST – FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT – 30th October 2019

CLAIRE FRASER  
JAMIE FRASER  
BRIANNA RANDALL FRASER  
ROGER WAKEFIELD MACKENZIE

ARCH BUG  
BRYAN CRANNA  
CHARLES TURNBULL  
EDMUND FANNING  
ETHAN MACKINNON  
FERGUS FRASER  
GERALD FORBES  
HERMAN HUSBAND  
ISAIAH MORTON  
JOHN EVANS  
LEE WITHERS  
LEITH FARRISH  
LIEUTENANT HAMILTON KNOX  
LIZZIE WEMYSS  
MARGARET CHISHOLM  
MARSALI FRASER  
MR. MARSDEN  
MURDINA BUG  
MURTAGH FITZGIBBONS FRASER  
NONIE FARRISH  
RONNIE SINCLAIR  
RUTH ABERFELDY  
STEPHEN BONNET  
UTE MCGILLIVRAY

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SET LIST – FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT – 30th October 2019

INTERIORS

Fraser's Ridge  
Roger & Brianna's Cabin  
Big House  
Surgery  
Kitchen  
Hillsborough Tavern  
Hillsborough Courthouse  
Hallway Outside Cell Block  
Cell Block  
Jail Cell  
Courtyard

EXTERIORS

Fraser's Ridge  
Big House  
Front Porch  
Roger & Brianna's Cabin  
Cemetery  
Woods  
Road  
Roadside  
Hillsborough  
Courthouse  
Forest

**INT. BIG HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY - EPISODE TITLE**

Two loaves of BREAD bake in the hearth, golden-brown and beautiful. A wooden paddle slides under one of them (armed by Claire, though we don't see her face) and deposits it on the counter next to a row of others. Steam rises from them pleasantly. You can almost smell the deliciousness. Someone's baking a whole lotta bread...

FADE IN:

**EXT. BIG HOUSE - DAY (D4)**

ON BRIANNA as she sits against a TREE, completely absorbed in her DRAWING. From where she's sitting she has a view of the Big House, but her focus is on her pencil strokes, until suddenly --

A CART rides up fast: driven by MRS. NONIE FARRISH (a settler from Fraser's Ridge). Her husband, LEITH FARRISH is slumped over in the seat, barely conscious.

Brianna looks up, instinctively sensing that something is gravely wrong. She takes a beat to look at her SKETCH -- THE FACE OF STEPHEN BONNET -- before SLAMMING her portfolio shut and RUNNING towards the front porch where the cart jerks to a stop.

Mrs. Farrish jumps off --

The commotion draws the attention of a few SETTLERS who are working on the Big House --

MRS. FARRISH  
Help us, please!

MURDINA BUG and ARCH BUG hurry out from within and join Brianna at the cart, along with a couple of the men working on the house -- all coming together to help. As they get him from the cart, Leith is pale, sweaty and clearly very ill. He's having trouble breathing.

ARCH BUG  
(to the wife)  
Mrs. Farrish. What's happened...?

MRS. FARRISH  
Please -- he canna breathe...

MURDINA BUG  
My Lord, he's at death's door...

Brianna knows that something is amiss.

BRIANNA  
Let's take him into the surgery --

Mr. Bug and the workers hoist a weakened Mr. Farrish between them and carry him to the house, followed by Brianna and Mrs. Bug.

**INT. BIG HOUSE - CLAIRE'S SURGERY - DAY (D4)**

MARSALI shows CLAIRE several dresses she's made for her.

CLAIRE  
Exquisite, Marsali -- your stitches are so precise. Thank you.

They look up as the group BURSTS in with Mr. Farrish.

BRIANNA  
Mama! Something's wrong with Mr. Farrish --

Mrs. Farrish is also in distress: panicked, overcome by an impending sense of doom and practically hyperventilating --

MRS. FARRISH  
Oh Lord. Oh my Lord --

Claire swings into doctor mode as she takes charge --

CLAIRE  
Lay him down here --

Bewildered, Mrs. Farrish is frantically seeking sympathy and exoneration --

MRS. FARRISH  
I canna believe 'tis come to this... I've been lettin' his blood, I've given him purgatives... What more could I have done --

Claire and Brianna share a look -- aghast to hear this... If only Mrs. Farrish understood the irony of what she is saying -- the harm she has been doing to her husband. But Claire's priority is examining Mr. Farrish and she has to remain calm.

Mr. Farrish is set down on the exam table. Mr. Bug and the workers back up into the kitchen to watch as Claire feels Mr. Farrish's forehead and face --

CLAIRE

Mrs. Bug, get me a bowl of water  
and some rags -- we must cool him  
down.

Claire examines his abdomen. From the way he's holding himself, she's already narrowed down what could be wrong with him, but any and all information she can glean is vital --

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Mr. Farrish... is it your abdomen?

She touches the area gently. Mr. Farrish is weak and barely lucid. His face is colorless, his lips blue. He speaks with a RASPY WHISPER and indicates his lower right abdomen.

MR. FARRISH

Aye, like a knife in my gut it was.

Claire sees that Mr. Farrish is fading fast -- he's in pain and weakening by the moment. His breathing is LABORED. Claire notices several CUTS on his arms, evidence of Mrs. Farrish's blood-letting. It's not looking good for him --

CLAIRE

There now... Lie still for me --

Claire turns to Mrs. Farrish, intent on extracting information as quickly as possible --

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

You gave him purgatives?

Mrs. Farrish nods diligently --

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

How long ago? And what exactly?

As Claire listens to Mr. Farrish's heart and lungs with a primitive stethoscope...

MRS. FARRISH

Two days ago his belly was swollen  
and he couldn't eat. So I gave him  
some calomel powder to rid him of  
noxious matter --

Mrs. Bug mops his forehead with a wet cloth and Mr. Bug looks on. Claire points to the cuts on his arms --

CLAIRE

But he got worse so you tried blood-  
letting?

MRS. FARRISH  
Aye. And some Blue Mass pills --

Claire's jaw tightens.

CLAIRE  
(low, to Brianna)  
Mercury...

These are obviously not good things to do. Mr. Farrish's face is now an ashen shade of grey. He starts to GASP and make gurgling sounds, a death rattle in his throat --

MRS. FARRISH  
(panicked)  
Does he need more blood let?

CLAIRE  
(gently)  
No.

The truth is that they're losing him and there's nothing she can do about it: she doesn't have the equipment. She does the kindest thing she can. It's also the hardest thing:

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry... there's nothing more I can do for him. Mrs. Farrish, you should say your goodbyes...

Mrs. Farrish looks at Claire, despairing --

MRS. FARRISH  
You can't help him?

Claire shakes her head -- not this time, though it's a knife in her own gut to admit it. Brianna sees her mother's suffering: the agony of helplessness...

Mrs. Farrish whispers softly to her dying husband. Marsali comforts Mrs. Farrish, putting a hand on her shoulder, then steps in to encourage the onlookers to go to the kitchen.

MARSALI  
Come, let us leave them...

Claire notices and gives Marsali an appreciative nod, then checks Mr. Farrish's neck for a pulse. There is none. He is dead. Mrs. Farrish starts to WEEP.

CLAIRE  
I'm so sorry.

Mrs. Farrish lets out a WAIL. OFF this tragic scene --



EXT. ROADSIDE - DAY (D4)

JAMIE FRASER and LIEUTENANT HAMILTON KNOX [Episode 501] have been out "hunting" -- for the fugitive Murtagh Fitzgibbons. They have stopped to have lunch and to water their horses.

With them are Knox's REDCOAT TROOP (8 dragoons with their horses, 6 foot soldiers) and three of Jamie's new MILITIAMEN, including ISAAH MORTON. As Jamie and Knox prepare their HORSES to continue on...

LIEUTENANT KNOX

(wry)

A pleasant meal but not one remarkable enough to be recorded for posterity, perhaps?

Off Jamie's slightly confused look, Knox admits straightforwardly --

LIEUTENANT KNOX (CONT'D)

The governor shared your dispatches with me.

Jamie isn't surprised. But it does bother him a little.

LIEUTENANT KNOX (CONT'D)

You'll not take offense, I hope. He merely wanted me to know the lay of the land -- the ground you've trodden in your search for Fitzgibbons.

Jamie is not buying the ploy.

JAMIE

He merely wanted ye to get the measure of the sort of man I am.

(off Knox)

And did ye arrive at an opinion?

LIEUTENANT KNOX

A man I am pleased to break bread with... an industrious man, certainly.

Your efforts to cultivate the land Tryon granted you is confirmation of your loyalty to King and country. You have brought men and women together -- your gathering was proof of that.

JAMIE

Thank ye -- I'll be sure to mention  
the affable Lieutenant in my next  
dispatch...

A good-natured dig -- which Knox receives with a smile.

LIEUTENANT KNOX

I only hope one day to be granted a  
parcel of land half as prosperous  
as yours... Perhaps when we catch  
Fitzgibbons and see him hanged, the  
governor will be so kind.

The last thing Jamie wants is to capture Murtagh -- but he  
has to feign agreement for now. Still, he can't help liking  
Knox, who is personable and kind -- a man of his word, just  
doing a job. A man much like Jamie.

**EXT. ROAD - DAY (D4)**

Jamie and Knox ride ahead of Morton and the dragoons (the  
other Redcoats and militiamen are on foot). They approach a  
cart being pulled by a mule. Walking in front of the cart is  
a poor FARMER with a hay rake over his shoulder, accompanied  
by his WIFE AND TWO YOUNG CHILDREN. The cart seems to hold  
all of the family's worldly possessions.

Lieutenant Knox nods his head in a greeting as they pass by  
and reaches in his pocket for some COINS. He tosses them  
down to the children. The Farmer and his wife are visibly  
annoyed, though they do not refuse the Lieutenant's charity.  
Nevertheless, the farmer SPITS demonstratively on the ground  
in response and throws Jamie a scowl.

LIEUTENANT KNOX

Charming. These backcountry folk  
are not much for manners, are they?  
It's only civility that keeps us  
all from killing one another.

JAMIE

Then maybe ye should be glad he  
only spat at us -- no time for  
manners when ye've a family to  
feed.

LIEUTENANT KNOX

I have to disagree -- there's  
always a need to respect his  
Majesty's army. Life's under no  
obligation to give us what we expect.

(MORE)

LIEUTENANT KNOX (CONT'D)

We should take what is offered and be thankful it's no worse than it is. And men like you and me offer protection to ensure that it isn't any worse --

JAMIE

Appears he doesn't share your beliefs on the matter.

LIEUTENANT KNOX

(genuinely curious)

And what are your beliefs on the matter?

Dangerous territory, Jamie tries to deflect and keep the conversation light-hearted, joking --

JAMIE

Why? Are ye taking notes for yer own dispatches? Recording my words for posterity?

The Lieutenant laughs --

LIEUTENANT KNOX

No, but if I were?

JAMIE

Then I would have to agree with ye -- we are united in our aim of offerin' protection to those we have sworn to defend...

Lieutenant Knox studies Jamie for a beat. Jamie has spoken truthfully but Knox senses his unease --

LIEUTENANT KNOX

I admire a man who puts duty and honor above all else.

It's difficult for Jamie not to worry about Murtagh, a feeling of guilt tugging at his conscience --

JAMIE

Then ye admire a man who would rather starve than dishonor his conscience?

LIEUTENANT KNOX

Do I detect some sympathy there for the Regulators, Colonel Fraser?

JAMIE

I have sympathy for any man who  
canna afford to eat, Lieutenant.  
And yer generosity wi' coins tells  
me that ye have some as well.

Lieutenant Knox nods --

LIEUTENANT KNOX

I do believe that it is right to  
give to those in need.

(then, joking)

And I suppose it is reasonably true  
that there is never a convenient  
time for death or taxes.

Jamie smiles, is Knox softening his views a little? Jamie  
throws Knox's earlier words back at him, gently mocking --

JAMIE

Do I detect some sympathy for the  
Regulators, Lieutenant?

LIEUTENANT KNOX

You are living confirmation that a  
man can honor both his family and  
his country.

Not much Jamie can say to that. He stares off, perhaps  
thinking of Murtagh.

Just then, one of Jamie's militiamen, RONNIE SINCLAIR, comes  
racing towards them on his horse. He's been sent ahead as a  
scout and now he's rushing back urgently.

RONNIE SINCLAIR

The Regulators have been rioting in  
Hillsborough.

LIEUTENANT KNOX

Are there any wounded?

RONNIE SINCLAIR

Aye, a few... but thankfully, they  
managed to capture three of the  
scoundrels --

Knox throws Jamie a look, energized -- this could be good.

LIEUTENANT KNOX

We must make haste -- our presence  
there will reassure the townsfolk.

OFF Jamie, fearing the worst --

EXT. HILLSBOROUGH - LATER - DAY (D4)

The charred remains of a BURNED CART lay in the road as...

Jamie, Knox, Sinclair, Morton, and two dragoons ride through town... surveying the damage done in the recent riot [Episode 501]. Many of the buildings, including the COURTHOUSE, have BROKEN WINDOWS; some show minor FIRE DAMAGE; a railing has fallen over near a store. Men clean up debris. A woman cries in the street.

A man limps into the TAVERN on a crutch. Many of the tavern's broken windows have been boarded up.

LIEUTENANT KNOX

This is what a world without  
civility looks like.

Jamie and Knox dismount.

JAMIE

(to his men)  
Sinclair, Morton, tend the horses.

ISAIAH MORTON

Aye, Colonel.

Jamie sees someone standing outside the TAVERN -- and recognizes him as Governor Tryon's friend EDMUND FANNING [Episode 408]. Jamie and Knox walk towards him.

JAMIE

I ken that man. He's a friend of  
the Governor's. Mr. Fanning!

EDMUND FANNING

Mr. Fraser... Good to see a  
familiar face.

He bows as etiquette dictates --

JAMIE

Mr. Fanning, may I make you  
acquainted with Lieutenant Hamilton  
Knox.

A nod from Fanning to Knox.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

(to Knox)  
Mr. Edmund Fanning.

Jamie notices that Fanning's face bears a few bruises. Knox bows to Fanning in return --

LIEUTENANT KNOX

I'm sorry to make your acquaintance under such circumstances... Let's hope they'll improve now that we have men stationed in town.

EDMUND FANNING

Thank goodness you're here -- it's getting worse and worse. This country is going to the dogs.

JAMIE

What did they do to you?

EDMUND FANNING

Come with me, I'll show you.

**INT. HILLSBOROUGH TAVERN - DAY (D4)**

Fanning leads Knox and Jamie inside and makes his way through a crowd of angry men who are drinking and trying to make sense of recent events.

EDMUND FANNING

They seized control of the courthouse. The honorable Judge Henderson was forced to hear their complaint under duress, then fled for his life --

JAMIE

They meant to kill him?

EDMUND FANNING

He certainly had reason to believe so. Mr. Evans...

Fanning gestures to a man at a table. This is JOHN EVANS, the Justice of the Peace who was tarred and feathered in the riot [Episode 501]. He is in pain and wears a blanket wrapped around him like a shawl. Fanning is angry.

EDMUND FANNING (CONT'D)

When they did not receive their own particular brand of justice from the court... they did this --

Fanning gently unwraps Evans' blanket to display his bare chest and back. His torso, shoulders and head are covered in terrible burns, caked-on tar, and remnants of FEATHERS, too painfully embedded to be removed. He shivers with pain.

LIEUTENANT KNOX

My God...

JOHN EVANS

(bitter anger)

Paraded through town like a boiled  
goose... For enforcing a tax they  
do not want to pay.

Jamie is affected by the needless brutality -- bearing scars  
of torture himself.

JAMIE

In time ye'll wear yer scars wi'  
honor, knowing ye received them...  
nobly.

That is said as much for Knox as for Evans. Jamie is playing  
a role here --

JOHN EVANS

I pray you're right.

Evans wraps himself again and goes back to downing drinks,  
an attempt to numb the pain.

EDMUND FANNING

William Hooper suffered the same  
fate. He lies abed as we speak,  
unable to move... and may yet  
succumb to his wounds.

LIEUTENANT KNOX

Cowardly dogs.

Violence in time of war is one thing; seeing civilians  
abused so cruelly is another matter.

EDMUND FANNING

I was beaten and forced to watch.  
Though they may as well have  
blinded me, for I can face seeing  
no more. They tore apart my house  
by the timbers...

(to Jamie)

I only wish your wife was with you.  
We could surely employ a surgeon of  
her skill...

Jamie looks around at the abuse and damage done by the  
Regulators, seeing another side of it now. Is this what  
Murtagh and his comrades are about? Was Murtagh a part of  
this wickedness? Knox reads Jamie's look.

LIEUTENANT KNOX  
Still feeling that sympathy, Colonel?

JAMIE  
I didna think them capable of this.

LIEUTENANT KNOX  
(to Fanning)  
We're told you captured three of them.

EDMUND FANNING  
We did --

JOHN EVANS  
And they ought to hang!

This gets a rousing echo of support from the gathered men. Evans pounds the table. Fanning turns to him --

EDMUND FANNING  
And they will, John. For providence has brought us Lieutenant Knox and Colonel Fraser.

LIEUTENANT KNOX  
As it happens, we seek one of the insurgents ourselves -- a leader.

JAMIE  
(worried)  
Aye... Murtagh Fitzgibbons. Do ye ken if he's among the men ye arrested?

EDMUND FANNING  
No. But I can take you to them.

OFF Jamie, about to walk into the lion's den --

**INT. BIG HOUSE - CLAIRE'S SURGERY - LATER - DAY (D4)**

Claire is alone with Mr. Farrish's body. The curtains on all the windows have been closed for privacy. Needing to know what killed Mr. Farrish, Claire has done something we've never seen her do before -- an autopsy.

She's cut the body open with a full "Y" incision -- from the tops of the shoulders down to the pubis. The skin flaps are open, the ribs spread. Claire looks at his face: the first settler to die on the Ridge. There's a KNOCK on the door.



Claire covers Mr. Farrish's face with a cloth. She's careful as she lets Brianna in and locks the door behind her. It's not something anyone from this century would understand.

BRIANNA

I came to see if you needed any help...

Brianna stops short, seeing the body cut open -- a dreadful sight. Her hand goes to her mouth in shock and nausea.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

Oh my God Mama, what did you do?

CLAIRE

An autopsy.

Brianna turns away instinctively, not wanting to look.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

It's okay, darling --

BRIANNA

Mama, there's a dead man on the table. He was alive this morning. And I knew him...

Brianna is not just feeling sick -- this is an emotional response as well.

CLAIRE

I know it's hard to see him like this. But I had to do it. I had to find out what the cause of death was.

Brianna summons the courage to turn around. Claire covers the body with a sheet.

BRIANNA

Practically, intellectually that makes perfect sense in 1969 -- but here? What if someone finds out?

CLAIRE

They won't. I'll make sure of it.  
(then)  
You know the worst thing about it... his wife accelerated his death... His appendix had burst; he was in septic shock.

(MORE)

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Bacteria in his abdomen caused a serious infection -- mercury pills and blood-letting weren't going to do a damn thing except --

Brianna lowers her voice, almost to a whisper, as though she's scared Mr. Farrish can still hear --

BRIANNA

Except kill him faster...  
(then)  
But no one will understand.

CLAIRE

Maybe not. But if I'm going to keep everyone safe, I need to know what's causing their illnesses... I can't watch someone die like this, knowing that if he'd come to me sooner I could have saved him -- an appendectomy is one of the most straight-forward procedures you can carry out if you have anesthesia.

Claire goes and sits down for a moment. Brianna comes and stands behind her, her hands on Claire's shoulders and begins massaging her, trying to comfort the tightness and strain.

BRIANNA

I know how difficult it was for you to lose him... but there was nothing you could have done.

It's not the first time Claire's dealt with medical ignorance in this century. And she knows it won't be the last.

CLAIRE

It's bad enough fighting the disease... I'm also fighting the cure.

As that sets in for Claire... Brianna sees the body again and puts a hand to her stomach, feeling sick.

BRIANNA

I'm sorry, I think I need some air.

She exits. OFF Claire --

**EXT. BIG HOUSE - LATER - DAY (D4)**

Finished with the autopsy, Claire exits the house... and notices Marsali expertly butchering an animal. Marsali looks up and she and Claire make eye contact. Marsali gives her a small sympathetic smile. She knows it was hard for Claire to lose a patient. The sight of Marsali seems to give Claire an idea...

**EXT. HILLSBOROUGH COURTHOUSE - DAY (D4)**

Establishing the courthouse and jail.

**INT. COURTHOUSE - HALLWAY OUTSIDE CELL BLOCK - DAY (D4)**

Fanning leads Jamie and Knox and two dragoons to a bank of JAIL CELLS. Jamie is still trying to work out what he'll do if one of the men inside is Murtagh. He clocks a door in the back -- a rear entrance. An escape route?

Knox, meanwhile, is still angry, still deeply affected by the sight of the tar and feather victim. Jamie hopes he can use this to his advantage -- he stops Knox, out of earshot of the prisoners, whom we don't yet see.

JAMIE

Do ye need some time to... compose yerself? I could speak to them alone?

LIEUTENANT KNOX

No. Sickened as I am by their actions, I will face them.

Knox is clearly resolved. So Jamie changes tack --

JAMIE

But I'm thinkin'... mebbe let me have the first word. Highlander to Highlander. It may loosen their tongues.

Knox nods. Jamie nods to Fanning.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Bring them out.

Fanning nods to a GUARD. Jamie waits nervously as the first prisoner exits his cell and comes to stand before them. It's not Murtagh, but a young man that Jamie doesn't know. His name is LEE WITHERS. He is 18 and scared.

Jamie waits. The Guard unlocks a second cell and two men exit. To Jamie's relief, once again, Murtagh isn't one of them. But then --

Jamie recognizes the two men as BRYAN CRANNA and ETHAN MACKINNON [Episode 405] -- and they recognize him as well. More importantly, Jamie knows that Bryan knows his secret: that Murtagh is his godfather. Their hands are shackled in front of them. Fanning and the Guard leave them alone with the prisoners. Bryan is about to speak, but Jamie jumps in --

JAMIE (CONT'D)

I am Colonel James Fraser, and this is Lieutenant Hamilton Knox --

His eyes search Bryan's and Ethan's, looking for a shared understanding, pleading with them not to divulge his secret.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

We're looking for Murtagh Fitzgibbons, this... leader of yours we've... heard so much about.

A beat of silence. Jamie can't believe that Murtagh would take part in something like this, in the torture of unarmed men. His question is sincerely asked --

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Was it he who put ye up to this? I ken how persuasive a Highlander can be -- I've grown out of the same ground -- a Highlander as well.

Bryan gets Jamie's hints and is willing to play the game -- at least to a certain extent -- though he hedges his bets.

BRYAN CRANNA

And given where ye're standing, I'll bet ye have a few thousand acres of new ground now...

Jamie tries to stay calm and measured -- Murtagh's life depends on it.

JAMIE

I have settlers. Highland folk. Men and women who depend on me...

Bryan studies Jamie, desperate to find encouragement in Jamie's words. Ethan, however, is a little less optimistic. Why should they trust Jamie?

ETHAN MACKINNON  
 (sarcastic)  
 Spoken as a true Laird.

Ethan looks Jamie and Knox up and down with judgement and disdain.

ETHAN MACKINNON (CONT'D)  
 Look at ye, on yer high horses.  
 Ye're no better than us --

Jamie feels anger rising in his chest... But it's Knox who jumps in. He is furious --

LIEUTENANT KNOX  
 How dare you.

Jamie is more measured --

JAMIE  
 Look me in the eyes and tell me  
 that what you did was justified.

Ethan leans back, smug and self-satisfied.

ETHAN MACKINNON  
 Oh, it was more than justified.  
 Crooked thieves and extortionists,  
 all of 'em. I'm only sorry we  
 didn't bathe the whole stinkin' lot  
 of 'em in tar --

Jamie shakes his head in disappointment --

JAMIE  
 Ye canna mean that --

ETHAN MACKINNON  
 We'll wage war on ye if we must.  
 Bring towns down around yer ears.

Knox scoffs at this, disgusted --

LIEUTENANT KNOX  
 Nothing but white-livered  
 miscreants -- as evidenced by your  
 repulsive crimes.

ETHAN MACKINNON  
 Try sayin' that to me again when my  
 hands are untied --

Knox's patience is waning --

LIEUTENANT KNOX

Where are the rest of you hiding?  
Where is Murtagh Fitzgibbons?

ETHAN MACKINNON

I'd rather bite off my own tongue  
than tell ye.

LIEUTENANT KNOX

I will ask you again. Where is  
Murtagh Fitzgibbons?

No answer. Instead, Ethan SPITS in his face. Unbelievable -- the second time in one day. Knox is livid. He unsheathes his sword and points it at Ethan, then at Lee, the youngest and most frightened.

LIEUTENANT KNOX (CONT'D)

I will remind you that I am a  
Lieutenant in his Majesty's army.

BRYAN CRANNA

Dinna threaten the lad --

ETHAN MACKINNON

(re: Knox)

Ha, he canna help himself: blood-  
red coat the color of the devil  
himself --

Knox now has the tip of the sword at Ethan's throat, goading him, daring him --

LIEUTENANT KNOX

If you are truly so brave, I will  
ask one last time: where is Murtagh  
Fitzgibbons?

Ethan steps forward --

ETHAN MACKINNON

Here. I am Murtagh Fitzgibbons.

Jamie reacts, surprised. Knox looks at Ethan: Knox is no fool and that seems too good to be true. He sighs, exasperated --

LIEUTENANT KNOX

Is that so... How little respect  
you have for me.

ETHAN MACKINNON

I'll have even less for ye once ye're  
covered in tar and buried in dirt --

Without warning -- Knox runs Ethan through with his sword. Ethan buckles. Blood wells over Knox's right hand.

BRYAN CRANNA

NO!

Bryan rushes to his dying friend. Lee stands in shock.

BRYAN CRANNA (CONT'D)

I'm here, Ethan.

Ethan coughs blood. Jamie is shocked and pulls Knox away from the prisoners -- as Knox's Redcoats run outside to get Fanning and the Guard. Jamie is hushed, urgent --

JAMIE

What have ye done?  
(then, covering)  
I dinna believe that was  
Fitzgibbons...

LIEUTENANT KNOX

You've seen what they're capable of.

JAMIE

Ye've executed a man wi'out trial.

LIEUTENANT KNOX

(echoing earlier thought)  
Well, there's never a convenient  
time for death or taxes. Let God  
judge his soul and the devil take  
him --

They can hear the Guard and Fanning coming back in.

Knox suddenly looks panicked -- Jamie's words forcing a realization of the severity of what he has done... He has murdered a man. Abused his position. Fanning sees the body and reacts, surprised, but not disapproving --

EDMUND FANNING

They attacked you as well?

Jamie hates to lie about this, but he has to take control of the situation. He looks at Knox --

JAMIE

Aye. Sometimes a man must put  
aside his honor...

Jamie now looks at Bryan, pleading with him to understand. There is a message for each of them in his words --

JAMIE (CONT'D)  
 ...to defend himself.  
 (to the Guard)  
 Take these men back to their cell.

Bryan eyes Jamie accusingly as the Guard pulls him off  
 Ethan, now dead, and leads him back to his cell. OFF  
 Jamie --

**EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - WOODS - DAY (D4)**

CLOSE ON A SQUIRREL searching around on the ground for nuts.  
 BOOM! A shot hits in the dirt, some distance from the  
 squirrel, which now DARTS away.

REVEAL ROGER and Brianna holding RIFLES. Roger's just missed  
 the shot.

ROGER  
 Captain Roger MacKenzie, at your  
 service.

Brianna reads his frustration and tries to reassure him.

BRIANNA  
 They're quick --

ROGER  
 The whole thing is ridiculous. The  
 very fact that somehow I'm a  
 militia captain who can't shoot...  
 and the fact that I'm aiming at a  
 squirrel in the first place --  
 (then, wry)  
 The whole thing goes against nature  
 -- like shooting at Tufty  
 Fluffytail?

BRIANNA  
 Err -- at what now?

Roger shakes his head in mock disbelief --

ROGER  
 Ye never heard of Tufty Fluffytail?  
 Should've known that reference  
 would be lost on my American wife.  
 (explaining)  
 Tufty is a squirrel who teaches  
 children about road safety... Like  
 your Smokey the Bear, sort of, but  
 there are clubs...



BRIANNA

(teasing)

Sounds very exciting. Think I'd rather be in the militia.

ROGER

I'll confess that in my time at Oxford I hadn't read about brigades of squirrels on battlefields.

Brianna gives him a look. Roger starts to reload.

ROGER (CONT'D)

So ye're keeping me occupied hunting small rodents while the real men are away?

BRIANNA

What are you talking about? Da left you here to protect the Ridge while he's gone. We're practicing.

ROGER

Protect it from what? Rabies? The Regulators pose no threat to us here, you know that.

(the truth)

He doesn't respect me, Bree. It doesn't help matters that we had Jemmy baptized by a Presbyterian.

BRIANNA

(teasing)

Well, we already had one heretic in the family, and two are better than one.

He gives her a look -- not funny. He finishes loading.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

Try something that doesn't move. Aim at that pine cone...

She reaches her arms around him to correct his grip. He breathes in the nearness of her, turned on --

ROGER

Now it's you who's driving me nuts...

But when Roger nuzzles her neck, Brianna pulls back as --

A FLASH OF STEPHEN BONNET [Episode 408] pierces her mind.

She covers her emotion, and fortunately at that moment, she hears something in the brush -- an excuse to change the subject. She puts a finger to her lips to shush him.

ROGER (CONT'D)

What?

She points to where a FLOCK OF WILD TURKEYS are scratching on the ground for acorns. She gestures for him to take a shot.

He takes aim... draws his breath then holds it. BOOM! A spray of leaves flies up -- Roger has missed again by some distance. He SWEARS under his breath. The turkeys squawk and fly a short distance and land again.

Brianna sights a bird and BLASTS it. Roger is impressed -- Brianna goes to pick up the turkey. She sees Roger's face.

BRIANNA

You want to go back, don't you?

Roger doesn't say anything. His silence speaks volumes. This is a conversation they've had before but never resolved because Jemmy was too young to travel. It's a minefield for them and they've put off making a decision. But Roger appears to have made up his mind. After a long beat...

ROGER

Who knows? Maybe I want Jemmy to be part of the Tufty club --

BRIANNA

There are plenty of squirrels out here. We'll pick one, name him Tufty or whatever. Done. Welcome to the club.

He gives her a look -- she's being facetious.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

Maybe we should be glad. Jem doesn't need "road safety". Least we know he'll never get hurt in a car accident --

ROGER

Brianna --

BRIANNA

Our family is here.

ROGER

You and Jemmy are my family. Jamie  
Fraser is my Colonel.

BRIANNA

And what about Mama?

ROGER

You don't want to leave them...

And with that, Roger picks up the dead bird and they start toward home, the subject far from resolved between them.

**INT. HILLSBOROUGH TAVERN - NIGHT (N4)**

Jamie sits with Knox drinking ale. He finds himself in a complicated predicament, consoling Knox -- who, although trying to hold it together, is clearly struggling to cope with guilt following his murderous outburst. But has Murtagh also gone too far?

LIEUTENANT KNOX

I should write to the governor  
requesting reinforcements...

(explains)

If lawless men are willing to die  
for their leaders, it will be the  
undoing of us.

Jamie throws that thought back at him, stern, hoping to sow a seed of doubt, of mercy for the condemned Regulators --

JAMIE

And if righteous men such as  
yerself can be driven to act in  
this way -- mebbe there is a case  
to be made for leniency.

(then, pushing)

Unlike them, I see that ye feel  
remorse...

Knox puts his head in his hands. A moment of vulnerability.

LIEUTENANT KNOX

What have I done? I've become the  
very thing I despise. I am a  
hypocrite --

Jamie can't believe he is comforting this man who presents such a threat to his godfather. He takes a deep breath.

JAMIE

What's done is done. Ye must try to  
make amends, perhaps.

This has no effect. Knox seems to fall deeper into despair.  
Jamie continues --

JAMIE (CONT'D)

We can ensure a fair trial for the  
others...

LIEUTENANT KNOX

And they will be found guilty and  
hanged...

Knox suddenly brightens a little, realizing --

LIEUTENANT KNOX (CONT'D)

I gave him a soldier's death.  
The other two will not be so lucky.  
Tomorrow, they will go to New Bern  
to be hanged as proof of the work  
we're doing here to staunch the  
uprising.

JAMIE

Is that what they deserve?

Knox looks at Jamie for a beat. A glimmer of mercy  
flickering, but it quickly fades --

LIEUTENANT KNOX

I gave that man better than he  
deserved.

Jamie's wheels are turning... He studies Knox for a moment,  
wanting to understand him.

JAMIE

Is there no cause you would die  
for, Lieutenant?

Knox looks at Jamie with a touch of suspicion --

LIEUTENANT KNOX

We're here aren't we? To die for  
King and country, for that is an  
oath we both have sworn --

JAMIE

Aye. We have.

Jamie's caught between a rock and a hard place. He thinks of  
Ethan, of Claire, and perhaps of Murtagh, when he adds --

JAMIE (CONT'D)

So let us be the sort of men who  
hold in our thoughts those who make  
their vows to us, knowing we might  
never return.

Jamie ponders that, knowing it's true: even he might not  
make it home to Claire. He vows to make sure he does. He  
raises his glass. Knox does the same.

OFF Jamie, Claire in his thoughts...

**EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - HILLSIDE CLEARING - NEXT DAY (D5)**

ON CLAIRE standing with Mrs. Farrish (and her 14-year-old  
son) near a COFFIN which lies six feet deep in a hole. It's  
the FUNERAL of Leith Farrish. Also gathered are Brianna and  
JEMMY, Marsali and FERGUS with GERMAIN and JOAN, LIZZIE, Mr.  
and Mrs. Bug and a handful of SETTLERS. Roger serves as ad  
hoc minister and SINGS a beautiful hymn...

ROGER

"Abide with me; fast falls the  
eventide;  
The darkness deepens; Lord with me  
abide.  
When other helpers fail and comforts  
flee,  
Help of the helpless, O abide with  
me."

Claire steals a look at Marsali during the song...

ROGER (CONT'D)

"Swift to its close ebbs out life's  
little day;  
Earth's joys grow dim; its glories  
pass away;  
Change and decay in all around I see;  
O Thou who changest not, abide with  
me."

As he continues to sing...

TIME CUT:

The service is now over. As Mr. Bug and other male settlers  
start to shovel dirt onto the coffin, Roger finds Claire. He  
whispers privately as they both look at the casket --

ROGER (CONT'D)

If you need any more help --

CLAIRE

Thank you.

Claire moves toward Marsali, but Mrs. Bug blocks her way.  
Mrs. Bug starts to ramble --

MURDINA BUG

Oh what a blessed shame, a sad day indeed, and he will be missed by all, our Mr. Farrish. He kent what a kind heart ye have and I daresay, he's with the Lord now, looking down saying "Bless Mistress Fraser for all she's done..." Och -- and I appreciate the work you do and the work yer husband has given me and Arch, making him factor --

CLAIRE

(politely interrupting)  
You're very welcome, Mrs. Bug.

As Mrs. Bug takes her leave, Claire walks over to Marsali.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Fergus... can you watch the children for a little while? I need to speak with Marsali.

FERGUS

Oui, of course.

Fergus takes Joan from Marsali. As Claire and Marsali walk away together...

CLAIRE

I want to show you something.  
(hesitates)  
Do you trust me?

It's clear that there's something important on Claire's mind.

**INT. BIG HOUSE - CLAIRE'S SURGERY - DAY (D5)**

Claire and Marsali enter. Once again, the curtains are closed on all the windows. Claire locks the door and goes to the surgery table and pulls back a sheet just a bit REVEALING -- the face of Leith Farrish! We now understand what Roger meant by his offer of help.

Marsali's eyes widen and she's just about to SCREAM, but Claire CLAPS a hand over her mouth -- shushing her.

CLAIRE

Marsali, please -- don't shout --  
you said you'd let me explain.

Slowly, Claire removes her hand. Marsali is still horrified. She doesn't know what to think. She closes her eyes and starts to pray --

MARSALI

Lord have mercy on my soul, on Mr.  
Farrish's soul... Deliver us from  
evil --

CLAIRE

(interrupting)  
Please, Marsali --

Marsali looks at Claire, fearfully rambling on, afraid of what she might discover --

MARSALI

Oh! If my Ma were here she'd drop  
dead from fright and be turning in  
her grave... if ye'd let her sleep  
in it --

(then, sorrowfully)

Dinna make me say it Claire, please  
dinna make me say it... Do I have  
to ask ye...?

(reluctantly)

Was she right, my Ma? Was she?

CLAIRE

I'm not a witch.

(then)

You have more sense than that,  
Marsali. That's why I asked you  
here...

Marsali stiffens at the semi-backhanded compliment, piqued but curious --

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Knowing me as you do... after all  
this time. Why do you think Mr.  
Farrish is on the table behind us?

Marsali doesn't need to think too hard. She glances at the room around, the medical tools. Her eyes concede the point: Claire is a physician. Still she's reluctant to give Claire the answer she's looking for verbally, she hasn't come around just yet. Instead, she demands to know --

MARSALI

Who did we bury?

CLAIRE

No one. Roger and I filled the coffin with rocks --

MARSALI

(snippy)

Should a physician not be more concerned with the living?

CLAIRE

The curse of the living is that they can't tell us the secrets of the dead --

MARSALI

What secrets would those be?

CLAIRE

How to save those who are still with us. How to perform life-saving surgery. We learn by practicing on the dead.

(then)

I think you could be good at it. I've seen you butchering animals...

Claire watches Marsali's expression change... to a strange sort of gruesome satisfaction. Marsali has clearly never thought of butchering that way before.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

You know how to use a knife. You understand the parts of an animal and what those parts are for... People are similar in many ways.

To prove the point, Claire cautiously pulls back the sheet.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

See for yourself.

She covers Farrish's face with the sheet while at the same time revealing the exposed abdominal cavity.

MARSALI

God help us.

Claire tries to persuade her --



CLAIRE

I believe He does... It's a miraculous thing, the human body. And I want to use this body to teach you. So that we can protect God's miracle.

Marsali flushes at the compliment, but is still hesitant.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

You are helpful and caring -- and you have the right instincts...

MARSALI

But ye've... I could never defile a body.

CLAIRE

I didn't defile him, Marsali. I did what's called an autopsy, to find out why he died.

In spite of herself, Marsali is curious.

MARSALI

Ye can find out what killed a man by cutting him open?

Claire nods. Marsali takes that in, intrigued.

CLAIRE

Yes. I couldn't save Mr. Farrish, but this way, his death will mean something -- help save others.

(then)

When I'm finished teaching you, we'll stitch him up and bury him properly, I promise. Roger said he'd help.

MARSALI

"Stitch" him back up. Like a seamstress...?

Claire nods and smiles. Marsali stands up a little straighter. She approaches the body as though drawn to it, and peers into the cavity, enthralled --

OFF Claire, smiling... she's found her apprentice.

**OMITTED**

**EXT. HILLSBOROUGH COURTHOUSE - NIGHT (N5)**

It's the middle of the night. Jamie watches the courthouse jail cell, hidden. He carries a "jemmy" or CROWBAR.

The door to the cell block opens and TWO GUARDS step out carrying Ethan's body between them, covered in canvas. They place the body in a handcart, then haul it down the street. Taking his chance, Jamie enters the courthouse... knowing that he doesn't have much time --

**INT. COURTHOUSE CELL BLOCK - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT (N5)**

Jamie enters. A BLOOD STAIN remains on the floor. Jamie rounds the corner and looks into the cell.

JAMIE

Bryan.

Bryan and Lee look up. Jamie can see by Bryan's wounded expression how angry and betrayed he feels.

BRYAN CRANNA

Ye are bold, coming back here, Mr. Fraser. Or is it Colonel Fraser? Come to finish us off have ye?  
(then, re: Ethan's death)  
If Murtagh had seen ye standin' there --

This is a knife to Jamie's chest. He interrupts --

JAMIE

No. Knox shouldna ha' done what he did. But nor should you have tormented those men. I'm sorry for what happened to Ethan, and for my part in this, but --

BRYAN CRANNA

And what part is that exactly? Money, is it? Tryon's coin?

JAMIE

Tryon has bound me to him. I'm trying to save all of our lives -- Murtagh's too.

LEE WITHERS

(sarcastic)  
How verra noble. Ye're not doin' so well thus far --

JAMIE

(angry)  
Dinna speak to me of what is noble  
after what ye've done.

LEE WITHERS

It is a war being waged. We  
believe in our cause.

JAMIE

And I believe in mine: preservin'  
as many lives as possible. And I  
hope ye'll extend the same mercy to  
others...

(then)

Now stand back. We dinna have much  
time.

He raises the crowbar, JAMS it hard behind the lock box, and  
starts to pry --

**INT. COURTHOUSE - HALLWAY OUTSIDE CELL BLOCK - NIGHT (N5)**

Jamie leads Bryan and Lee toward the rear exit. He looks  
outside to see that the coast is clear, then hands the  
crowbar to Bryan -- so they can break their chains.

JAMIE

Careful. There are Redcoats  
guarding the town.

As they turn to leave, Jamie stops them --

JAMIE (CONT'D)

I told Murtagh to be hard to find.  
I didna count on his friends layin'  
a trail of tar and feathers to his  
doorstep.

BRYAN CRANNA

Murtagh was here with us.

That's something Jamie had hoped not to hear. It pains him.

JAMIE

Then tell him no' to return. Knox  
has an army at his command.

LEE WITHERS

Across the water, mebbe. But we  
have an army of men here. Men with  
nothing left to lose.

(MORE)

LEE WITHERS (CONT'D)

And farmers though we be, we've beat  
our plowshares into swords and are  
trainin' for battle.

(holds Jamie's gaze)

How many men do you have?

Jamie has no answer. Bryan and Lee run off. Bryan's question hangs in the air as it lands on Jamie that Bryan means business -- the Regulators have the manpower. And Jamie doesn't. OFF Jamie --

**OMITTED (MOVED TO SCENE A11)**

**EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - NEAR BIG HOUSE - NEXT DAY (D6)**

Claire's with a SMALL GROUP of the Fraser's Ridge women, including MRS. MARGARET CHISHOLM, MRS. RUTH ABERFELDY and MRS. UTE MCGILLIVRAY (who's German). They are making CANDLES for the community -- a job that requires a lot of hands.

Several women STIR heavy pots, heating rendered tallow until it dissolves. Others CUT cotton wicks into desired lengths. The wicks are DIPPED into the mixture, then pulled out, now showing a thin coating of the tallow. The wicks are TIED, five or six in a row, onto a stick and HUNG to dry.

The women hold completed sticks by both ends and PLUNGE them back in the mixture. They are re-dipped for more coatings, until the desired thickness is achieved... a visually ethereal and beautiful process.

MRS. ABERFELDY

I'll be lightin' a candle for poor old Mrs. Farrish.

MRS. MCGILLIVRAY

Terrible, is it not? If only he could have made it to Cross Creek.

MRS. CHISHOLM

Aye. They say bad things come in threes... and did ye hear? My lad Thomas burnt his hand badly last week at the kiln, so I'll be sayin' my prayers tonight.

MRS. ABERFELDY

Put some honey on it ye ought --

Claire's been listening, and she can't help but speak up -- pleased -- to encourage them.

CLAIRE

Yes -- that might help. It can prevent infection --

MRS. CHISOLM

D'ye think? The physician at Cross Creek told me honey was fer old wives. Bartered for some of that St. James Fever Powder instead -- they say King George himself uses it...

CLAIRE

To ingest? For a burn? But the wound is on his flesh --

MRS. MCGILLIVRAY

Why risk it?

Claire is relieved to hear some common sense...

CLAIRE

Yes, exactly --

But she's spoken too soon -- Claire's optimism is soon dispelled. She and Mrs. McGillivray are at cross purposes.

MRS. MCGILLIVRAY

He may as well take it if it will help.

MRS. CHISOLM

If it's good enough for the King, then it's good enough for my boy.

Claire wonders what to say -- the 'medicine' is actually poisonous --

CLAIRE

But... has Thomas been vomiting at all, Mistress Chisolm?

Mrs. Chisolm is a little surprised --

MRS. CHISOLM

Aye...

Claire is genuinely concerned for these women, who are, after all, in her care.

CLAIRE

St. James powder contains something called antimony, which is a poison...

(MORE)

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

It makes you vomit, which in certain circumstances can make you feel better, but if you take too much --

MRS. CHISOLM

Ye're a fine healer, Mistress. We're blessed to have ye. But Dr. Wilson is a learned physician...

MRS. ABERFELDY

Can ye imagine if it was discovered that the King was bein' poisoned by his own physician...

The ladies chuckle at the notion. Claire bites her tongue -- the irony being that though more "learned" than most, she knows there's no way she's going to change these women's minds...

**INT. BIG HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY (D6)**

Brianna enters and sees CLAIRE writing at the table. She goes over to her mother, curious... and picks up one of the papers, starts reading.

BRIANNA

Uh oh.

CLAIRE

What?

(OFF Brianna's look)

It's just a list -- tips for preventive health care.

BRIANNA

Telling people what to do.

CLAIRE

And, more importantly, what not to do. I'm going to copy as many as I can and take them to our settlers.

BRIANNA

But how are you going to explain how you know these things? I mean it's kinda like Otter Tooth, isn't it?

A flicker crosses Claire's face. She hasn't thought about Otter Tooth in close to a year.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

Are people even going to listen to you?

CLAIRE

I very much doubt it.

Claire's experience at the candle-making proved that.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

But they'll listen to Dr. Rawlings.

Claire holds up one of the lists where she's determinedly written a title at the top: "Dr. Rawlings Recommends."

BRIANNA

(reading the title)

Who's Dr. Rawlings?

CLAIRE

The man who used to own my medical kit and microscope. And now... the good doctor behind these radical new ideas.

BRIANNA

Clever.

(then)

All right. Do you have an extra pen? I mean quill?

Claire smiles. Grateful for the help, she hands Brianna a quill and some paper. Brianna sits down and starts helping Claire copy the list.

**INT. HILLSBOROUGH COURTHOUSE JAIL CELL - DAY (D6)**

Knox, Fanning and Jamie stand before the empty cells. Knox picks up the lock that Jamie broke apart the night before.

EDMUND FANNING

Broken free from without.

LIEUTENANT KNOX

Then there may be yet more traitors in town.

Fanning nods. Jamie does too -- he knows that's technically true: what he did is a traitorous act. He's okay with that. But he needs to control the situation and buy time --

JAMIE

Mr. Fanning... perhaps you could make enquiries?

EDMUND FANNING

Of course.

Jamie waits until Fanning is gone before addressing Knox --

JAMIE

Mebbe it works in our favor. No doubt these men will tell Fitzgibbons what ye're willin' to do to bring an end to this uprising.

LIEUTENANT KNOX

(skeptical)

We sought but one man. I fear now that war is inevitable. After all, one man fighting for his home is worth --

JAMIE

-- one hundred fighting for pay.

Jamie knows the adage -- and it worries him.

LIEUTENANT KNOX

You need more men. I saw those you called at your daughter's wedding -- not enough.

Lieutenant Knox looks at Jamie expectantly. Jamie tries not to sound too crestfallen --

JAMIE

I'll leave tomorrow and gather a militia --

LIEUTENANT KNOX

Meet me here as soon as you are able. Come prepared for war.

OFF Jamie...

**INT. BIG HOUSE - CLAIRE'S SURGERY - DAY (D6)**

CLOSE ON THE LETTER "K" --

REVEAL Roger holding a wooden spoon over his right eye as he reads a handwritten EYE CHART pinned to the wall.



ROGER  
 (reading the chart)  
 K... V... H... R... Z... P

CLAIRE  
 Good.

ROGER  
 (joking)  
 Not to brag, but I'm considered  
 pretty good at reading...

CLAIRE  
 And the other eye, please.

Roger switches the spoon, squints again and reads slowly.

ROGER  
 T... L... M... S... B... G

Claire makes a slight face -- close but not perfect.

CLAIRE  
 Well unfortunately, this test  
 doesn't rely on intellectual  
 capabilities.

For lack of a small flashlight, Claire lights a candle  
 inside a reflective LANTERN. She brings it close to Roger's  
 eyes, illuminating them as she looks through a MAGNIFYING  
 GLASS.

ROGER  
 Oh -- I didn't ask: Did Marsali  
 pass the test?

Claire struggles to hide her delight...

CLAIRE  
 I have an apprentice. Thank you  
 for helping me hide the body.

Roger is pleased for her. He gives her a wink and jokes --

ROGER  
 'The Apprentice and the Root  
 Cellar'... surely that's a Nancy  
 Drew novel begging to be written?

CLAIRE  
 (smiles, then)  
 We have another lesson tonight.  
 (MORE)

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

(then)

Look down. Now into the light...  
Now follow my finger...

Roger follows Claire's finger with his eyes.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Your father... Jerry MacKenzie...  
He was a spitfire pilot? In the  
war?

ROGER

Aye...

CLAIRE

So he didn't wear glasses...

ROGER

(gets it)

No, I s'pose as a pilot he must  
have had perfect vision.

CLAIRE

Hmm -- that makes the chances of  
hereditary vision problems a bit  
less likely.

ROGER

So what's the verdict?

CLAIRE

Well, you're a bit short-sighted in  
your left eye. But not enough to  
cause any real difficulty.

ROGER

So I'm just a terrible shot.

(a beat)

Maybe it's psychological. My  
father may have been in the RAF but  
I was raised by a minister. I  
don't want to shoot anyone.

(then, joking)

Brianna on the other hand... Have  
you seen her with a rifle?

Claire knows that Brianna is well-suited to life at the  
Ridge, but tries to underplay it a little, so as not to hurt  
Roger's feelings --

CLAIRE

She seems to be making do.

ROGER

She's happy here. I think she  
wants to stay...

Roger lets that land, testing the waters, unsure how Claire will react. Claire sees Roger's unease and the rift this could cause between the couple.

ROGER (CONT'D)

And why wouldn't you -- want to  
stay, that is -- if you have all of  
your family around you... The  
Reverend was the last of mine...

Taking a light-hearted approach, Claire wants to make him feel better --

CLAIRE

Didn't you tell me you had some  
many times great-grandparents  
roaming around in America  
somewhere?

ROGER

Aye... I s'pose I do... though if  
we ever cross paths again, tryin'  
to explain to Morag MacKenzie that  
we're kin may be tricky...

CLAIRE

Either way, we're your family,  
Roger. But as much as I love that  
you're all here -- I hope you don't  
stay.

Roger reacts, surprised to hear that. Claire explains:

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I would miss you all terribly...  
But it's safer for all three of you  
in the future. I know you feel  
that way too.

(then, admits)

It's my fault you're all here --  
I'm doing everything I can to make  
this a safe time, but -- it's not.  
Jemmy could scrape his knee and get  
an infection, and I don't know that  
I could save him because I don't  
have something as simple as an  
antibiotic.

It's clear Roger does feel the same way. But...

ROGER

Well, it's a moot point, isn't it?  
Brianna and I can't leave until we  
know whether Jemmy can hear those  
stones.

CLAIRE

(the positive spin)  
That could be tomorrow... or a year  
from now.

ROGER

Or never.

Claire doesn't have a response. She knows it's a  
possibility. Roger takes a deep breath, makes a decision --

ROGER (CONT'D)

It doesn't matter. Until we know,  
I'll do whatever I have to do to  
keep my family safe.

Claire admires her son-in-law's resolve -- and it lights a  
fire of resolve in her as well.

**OMITTED**

**EXT. FOREST - DAY (D6)**

NEAR DUSK. Bryan and Lee move through the forest. Suddenly,  
there's a rifle muzzle at the back of Bryan's head.

MALE VOICE

What're yer names?

BRYAN CRANNA

Bryan Cranna and Lee Withers.

MALE VOICE

And the watchword?

BRYAN CRANNA

If it hasna changed since we've  
been imprisoned: Caisteal dhuni.

That's Clan Fraser's war cry: "Castle Dounie." MURTAGH shows  
himself and lowers his musket.

MURTAGH

It hasna changed.

With Murtagh are two other Regulator leaders: James Hunter and HERMAN HUSBAND -- a tall Quaker minister and Regulator propagandist. Polite, serious and unkempt, Husband's long grayish-white hair and beard are wild. His speech identifies him as a Quaker.

HERMAN HUSBAND

Friend Bryan. Friend Lee. 'Tis good to see thee returned.

LEE WITHERS

Mr. Husband. Mr. Hunter.

HERMAN HUSBAND

Hast thou news for us from Hillsborough? Was thy message there well received?

BRYAN CRANNA

A sorry tale, but I'll tell it --

MURTAGH

Come.

Reveal they are standing at the base of cliffs that hide --

#### **A SECRET REGULATOR CAMP**

REGULATORS (former farmers mostly) and their families live here in tents, having been forced off their rightful lands by corrupt sheriffs. Bryan spoke truth when he warned Jamie of their numbers: there are A GREAT MANY of them. And they have weapons -- muskets, scythes, pitchforks, swords.

#### **INT. FOREST - LATER - NIGHT (N6)**

Bryan, Lee, Murtagh, Hunter and Husband make their way through the camp. Bryan has brought them up to speed on what happened in Hillsborough with Knox and Jamie.

MURTAGH

Though we mourn the loss of Ethan and long to avenge him, my godson is right -- we must bide our time. If he's told us no' to return to Hillsborough, there's good reason --

BRYAN CRANNA

I ken ye trust him, Murtagh... But I canna say he takes our side.

Murtagh hesitates, knows it's risky to defend Jamie. Then --

MURTAGH

He is walking between two fires.

And so is Murtagh -- caught between two causes: the cause of right vs. wrong and the cause of family. Bryan looks piercingly at Murtagh, guessing his thoughts --

BRYAN CRANNA

And ye? Wavering between two fires -- our cause on the one hand and your godson on the other? Where will your allegiance lie when the time comes to fight?

HERMAN HUSBAND

We pray it does not come to that.

MURTAGH

If it does, we'll be ready.

(to Bryan)

I have no say over my godson. And he has no say over me.

LEE WITHERS

But he stands with the crown.

MURTAGH

No. He stands with his people.

And I stand with mine.

He takes in the Regulators milling around him.

MURTAGH (CONT'D)

I'll fight beside ye when the time comes, Bryan. Ye have my word.

But if it comes a fight with his godson... what will he do?

**INT. HILLSBOROUGH TAVERN - NIGHT (N6)**

It's late. The tavern is almost entirely empty. Jamie sits in front of the fireplace, staring into the glowing embers and low, flickering flames, deep in troubled thought.

**INT. BIG HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT (N6)**

Claire also sits by a fire, deep in thought. She holds something in her lap. The events of the past few days have brought her to the threshold of a big decision. The death of Mr. Farrish. Her settlers' lack of knowledge. Roger's resolve. Brianna's warning about Otter Tooth...

What's in her lap is covered in a cloth. She unwraps the cloth to REVEAL... a BONE WHITE SKULL. As she turns it over, we see SILVER FILLINGS glinting in the light of the fire and realize it's OTTER TOOTH'S SKULL [EPISODE 403]. She stares silently at the skull, contemplating a choice...

**OMITTED (MOVED TO SCENE A30)**

**OMITTED**

**INT. BIG HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY (D7)**

THE NEXT DAY, Mrs. Bug leads Brianna into the kitchen...

MURDINA BUG

She's gone mad, she has -- up all night baking. More bread than the Lord when he fed the multitudes with the loaves and fishes.

Brianna sees Claire standing in front of a small mountain of bread -- at least 35 loaves of differing sizes, hastily made. Brianna is perplexed.

BRIANNA

You're not planning to eat all that I hope.

Claire smiles like the cat who ate the canary.

CLAIRE

No. I'm going to let it go moldy.

Brianna gives her a look. So does Mrs. Bug.

MURDINA BUG

What a terrible waste.

Mrs. Bug murmurs and shakes her head as she exits.

BRIANNA

Please tell me you're being sarcastic?

CLAIRE

(wry)  
Me? Never.

Claire waits until Mrs. Bug is gone. Then to Bree --

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I'm making penicillin. Trying to anyway.

BRIANNA

Mrs. Bug's right: you have lost your mind. You can't do that.

CLAIRE

Yes, I can. I think.

Brianna stares at her. Claire's eyes are alight with the promise of her new science experiment.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Not just with the bread. I've sent Marsali to gather scraps from our neighbors, bits of food destined for the pig trough. With luck, I'll find the right strain.

BRIANNA

Mama -- penicillin isn't invented for another hundred years.

CLAIRE

One hundred and fifty-seven to be precise.

BRIANNA

Pretending to be someone else and making lists going against the accepted wisdom of the day is one thing -- this is dangerous. What if this messes with some cosmic balance or breaks some rule of space and time? Isn't this playing God?

CLAIRE

Bree, you played God when you came back to save my life. And I'm very glad you did.

Brianna has to admit that's true. But it worries her.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I change the future every time I save somebody's life here. Your father isn't a time-traveler, but his very presence has affected the future of a lot of people who aren't breathing anymore -- and a few who are...

(MORE)



CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
 (eyes her deliberately)  
 Like you and Jemmy. So... space,  
 time, and history be damned.

OFF Bree, with the dawning realization that her own presence in the 1700's is going to affect things, no matter what...

**EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - CEMETERY - LATER - DAY (D7)**

Claire stands alone in the graveyard, near where Leith Farrish's coffin was buried. She puts down a SHOVEL and picks up Otter Tooth's SKULL.

CLAIRE  
 I hope I have as much courage as  
 you had.

She sets it down into the soft earthen hollow she's made, then piles a small tower of rocks next to it -- a makeshift CAIRN to mark the resting place. She holds the OPAL NECKLACE...

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
 I'm sorry, I don't know how to say  
 it in Mohawk... but in Cherokee,  
 it's...  
 (in Cherokee)  
 Tohi gwadi gesesdi. "Be at peace."  
 (then)  
 You deserve it.

OFF of the OPAL in her hand...

CUT TO:

**EXT. ROGER AND BRIANNA'S CABIN - DAY (D7)**

ON JEMMY. Roger plays guitar and sings to his son. And since Jemmy's given name is Jeremiah, Roger sings --

ROGER  
 "Jeremiah was a bullfrog!"

-- and then those three familiar chords.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
 "Was a good friend of mine  
 I never understood a single word he  
 said  
 But I helped him drink his wine  
 And he always had some mighty fine  
 wine

(MORE)

ROGER (CONT'D)  
 Singin' joy to the world  
 All the boys and girls; Joy to the  
 fishes in  
 the deep blue sea; Joy to you and  
 me..."

Three Dog Night's "Joy to the World" is a modern song, but no one is around to hear it... except for Brianna, who walks up carrying washed clothes in a basket --

ROGER (CONT'D)  
 (to Jemmy)  
 You're not a bullfrog, are you,  
 Jeremiah?  
 (off Jemmy's babbling)  
 But it's true: I canna understand a  
 single word.

Brianna smiles, watching her two boys.

BRIANNA  
 I love that song.

Roger looks up at her and smiles.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)  
 You're a good dad, you know that?

He gets up and goes to her, glad to be right here, right now, with both of them, no matter the century. He kisses her, then takes the laundry basket from her.

ROGER  
 I'll take it inside. You can sit  
 with Jem.

She appreciates the gesture -- and his positive attitude, as compared to yesterday. Roger goes into the cabin.

**INT. ROGER AND BRIANNA'S CABIN - CONTINUOUS - DAY (D7)**

Roger enters and sets the laundry basket on the desk chair. In so doing, he knocks something off the desk, revealing... the corner of Brianna's drawing portfolio poking out of a sort of hiding place under other books and papers. He shouldn't, but he removes the portfolio and opens it.

He flips through the drawings -- various subjects: nature, animals, Jemmy, a still life, a dead goose -- and suddenly there it is, staring back at him: a drawing of Stephen Bonnet. And then another. And another.

These are jarring, semi-demented images, evidence of how awfully this man is still weighing on her. Roger is shocked. And though he might also be hurt, mostly... he is sad. Suddenly -- Brianna's excited voice from outside:

BRIANNA (O.C.)  
Roger, get out here!

Roger quickly puts the drawings back in the portfolio, puts the portfolio back in its semi-hidden place on the desk.

**EXT. ROGER AND BRIANNA'S CABIN - CONTINUOUS - DAY (D7)**

Roger exits to see that Jemmy is walking while holding onto Brianna's fingers. Roger smiles at his son -- but his mind is still reeling from the drawings he just saw.

BRIANNA  
What a big boy!  
(to Roger)  
He's walking! Can you believe it?  
Look at our baby!

Roger half forces a smile. He can't shake what he just saw.

With Brianna's excited help, Jemmy toddles. Roger watches, smiles... but he can't get Bonnet's face out of his mind: the face of a monster that threatens his family's happiness, even in death. Of course, he doesn't know what Brianna does: that Bonnet is alive. OFF Roger...

**INT. COURTYARD - BOXING MATCH - DAY (D7)**

CLOSE ON TWO WOMEN (prostitutes), known as "female bruisers," locked in a ferocious bare-knuckle battle in the midst of a makeshift ring during an underground boxing match, an illicit spectacle, part grudge match, part sporting contest...

REVEAL... a crowd of society gentlemen, side by side with the riffraff, SHOUTING, SWEARING, DRINKING and WAGERING on the violent sport, which draws patrons from all classes.

A BET-TAKER calls out the bets as the women attack each other. They are dirty in appearance, wearing raggedy skirts, leather corsets and possibly no shoes.

FIND GERALD FORBES, wealthy landowner and friend of Jocasta's [Episode 411] among the spectators.

GERALD FORBES

Come on -- let's have it. Put a bit  
of strength into it --

A rich and powerful merchant, CHARLES TURNBULL, approaches,  
and interrupts --

CHARLES TURNBULL

Mr. Forbes -- I'd like to introduce  
you to an associate of mine.

Forbes turns his attention from the ring to greet the  
gentleman standing just behind Turnbull.

This gentleman is dressed in finery, elegantly groomed, with  
impeccable manners and an air of affluence. We almost don't  
recognize him. But there's no mistaking the devil dancing in  
his eyes. Behold STEPHEN BONNET!

CHARLES TURNBULL (CONT'D)

May I present Mr. Stephen Bonnet.

Bonnet nods and bows --

STEPHEN BONNET

Pleased to make your acquaintance,  
Sir.

GERALD FORBES

A gambling man are ye, Mr. Bonnet?

Bonnet smiles, relishing the atmosphere and entertainment.

STEPHEN BONNET

I've been known to bet on the  
cocks, but truth be told, I find  
the sight of two women engaged in  
such violent combat vulgar.

Forbes indicates the two women fighters, one large, one  
scrawny but very much holding her own.

GERALD FORBES

One claims that the other cost her  
twenty shillings -- stole her fancy-  
man two nights in a row. Whoever  
prevails keeps the winnings.

STEPHEN BONNET

(with disdain)  
Far from bein' the gentler sex  
today --

(MORE)

STEPHEN BONNET (CONT'D)

(adds)

Then again -- I'm not one to pass  
up a good wager.

GERALD FORBES

My money's on the fair-headed  
damsel.

STEPHEN BONNET

I put a stake on the red-haired  
harlot.

They watch the FIGHT for a beat -- it's brutal. BLOOD is  
flying. A drunken gentleman of means, MR. MARSDEN, rudely  
cheers on the larger prostitute.

GERALD FORBES

(to Bonnet)

How is it you know Mr. Turnbull?

CHARLES TURNBULL

Mr. Bonnet has facilitated the  
transport of various proprietary  
goods for me and many others who  
wish to avoid the King's levies.  
He's very discreet in his dealings.

STEPHEN BONNET

One good turn.

CHARLES TURNBULL

Indeed, I'm glad we have, how shall  
I put it -- untethered you from  
your past, Mr. Bonnet.

This is a very deferential Bonnet. It's clear he's bought  
himself some protection among some prominent people in  
Wilmington. He's a wanted man after all.

STEPHEN BONNET

It would be a pleasure doing  
business with you, Mr. Forbes,  
should the need arise.

GERALD FORBES

I'll surely keep that in mind.

Bonnet's still working as a smuggler, despite the fact that  
he's keeping more highbrow company.

ON THE PROSTITUTES as they viciously pummel each other.  
The crowd, including Forbes, Turnbull and Bonnet WHOOP and  
CHEER until -- the larger woman goes down unconscious. The  
skinny prostitute raises her arms in victory.

STEPHEN BONNET

What did I tell you? I know a winner when I see one.

As Bonnet collects his winnings, Marsden, who's lost his own wager and is a sore loser, makes a passing snide comment.

MR. MARSDEN

And I know a cheater when I see one.

Marsden eyes the larger prostitute on the floor, being revived by someone.

MR. MARSDEN (CONT'D)

Clearly you know the woman.

STEPHEN BONNET

What are you implying?

MR. MARSDEN

You are in league with her. You knew when she'd go down!

STEPHEN BONNET

I assure you, you're quite mistaken.

Bonnet takes his winnings and attempts to move past Marsden.

MR. MARSDEN

Damn your eyes, Sir. I prefer to lose with honor rather than win by trickery.

STEPHEN BONNET

You've insulted my honor, Sir. Let us settle this like gentlemen.

Fighting words.

**INT. COURTYARD - MOMENTS LATER - DAY (D7)**

The CLASHING OF SWORDS as an impromptu duel takes place between Bonnet and Marsden. Men wager on the outcome of this contest as eagerly as they waged on the bare-knuckle prostitutes.

Bonnet gets the upper hand and disarms Marsden, wounding him in the thigh. Marsden sinks to his knees and yields.

Instead of accepting the surrender, Bonnet shows his true colors, as he performs an act of such cruelty that it makes a deep impression upon all who witness it.

STEPHEN BONNET

'Tis not my eyes that will be  
damned, Sir.

Bonnet has already sheathed his sword, but he takes his KNIFE out now, and draws the blade across Marsden's eyes, twisting it in such a fashion as not only to blind him, but to mutilate him and make him an object of horror and pity.

Marsden SCREAMS in agony then faints. Bonnet wipes his knife on Marsden's shirt, then sheaths it. Forbes looks on, aghast. Turnbull regards Bonnet with confusion.

CHARLES TURNBULL

'Tis unlike you, Bonnet. Why not  
kill the man outright?

STEPHEN BONNET

I considered it. But I must set a  
better example.

Bonnet looks pridefully indignant.

STEPHEN BONNET (CONT'D)

I am a father now.

Bonnet walks away, his words leaving a chill in his wake.

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE