

OUTLANDER

EPISODE 503
Free Will

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

OUTLANDER
EPISODE 503 "Free Will"

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EPISODE 503 "Free Will"

CAST LIST – FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT – 30th October 2019

CLAIRE FRASER
JAMIE FRASER
BRIANNA RANDALL FRASER
ROGER WAKEFIELD MACKENZIE

AARON BEARDSLEY
ARCH BUG
EVAN LINDSAY
FANNY BEARDSLEY
FERGUS FRASER
GEORDIE CHISHOLM
GERMAIN FRASER
HUGH FINDLAY
ISAIAH MORTON
JOAN FINDLAY
JOHN QUINCY MYERS
JOSIAH BEARDSLEY
KENNY LINDSAY
KEZZIE BEARDSLEY
LIZZIE WEMYSS
MARGARET CHISHOLM
MARSALI FRASER
MURDINA BUG
RONNIE SINCLAIR
RUTH ABERFELDY

EPISODE 503 "Free Will"

SET LIST – FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT – 30th October 2019

INTERIORS

Fraser's Ridge
Big House
Kitchen
Surgery
Unfinished Parlour
Hallway
Roger & Brianna's Cabin
Beardsley Farm
Barn
Cabin
Front Room
Main Room
Loft

EXTERIORS

Fraser's Ridge
Big House
Road
Butchering Table
Outside Claire's Surgery
Front Porch
Roger & Brianna's Cabin
Woods/Road
Camp
Cart
Beardsley Farm
Cabin
Woods Near Findlay Farm

FADE IN:

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

HUNKS OF BREAD are just beginning to MOLD OVER inside multiple cloches and glass domes in the KITCHEN, in the SURGERY: an attempt to regulate an experiment...

In the SURGERY, CLAIRE FRASER enthusiastically instructs her new apprentice MARSALI as they inspect the bread and sprinkle a few drops of water on it --

MARSALI

How d'ye ken what to look for?

Claire is caught out by the question. For speakers of Latin, there's a clue in the etymology of the name, but Penicillin hasn't been discovered, or named, just yet --

CLAIRE

(covering)

That's a very good question...
Just the sort of question you
should be asking, in fact...

Marsali smiles, pleased, but waits expectantly for an answer.

MARSALI

Well?

Still covering, Claire pulls out a tired and tested method -- beloved by all teachers who need an extra moment to think.

CLAIRE

What sort of teacher would I be if
I simply gave you all the answers?
(then)
How do you think I know what to
look for?

MARSALI

From an experiment? Or from a book
-- in Boston -- perhaps? They seem
to have all sorts of newfangled
ideas and things there.

Marsali has said more than she knows. Claire smiles.

CLAIRE

Yes, they do.

MARSALI

The mold is white or grey, ye said,
or...

Marsali thinks, there're other colors but she seems to have forgotten, so Claire helps her out --

CLAIRE

Light blue and sometimes green...

MARSALI

Aye, and we're trying to avoid dark
green or black...

Claire nods.

MARSALI (CONT'D)

Those are the harmful molds...

(apt pupil)

And the more food we have, the more
likely we are to find the kind of
mold that's useful as medicine.

CLAIRE

Very good. Soon we'll start
looking at it under the microscope.

MARSALI

And what then?

CLAIRE

(hopeful)

Then the real work begins.

They cross out of frame. CAMERA stays on the cloches,
PUSHING IN on one in particular. We RAMP to TIMELAPSE as
MOLD BLOOMS ON THE BREAD -- strangely beautiful. To show a
PASSAGE OF TIME, people flit in and out of frame; the light
changes from day to night, day to night.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

*Jamie and I had tried in the past,
and failed, to stop history from
happening. What I was doing now
was different. I was literally
tempting fate, willing events to
happen, bringing the future
forward. Penicillin was one of
those "newfangled" things I hoped
would have a place in the past.*

Finally the TIMELAPSE STOPS: it is ANOTHER DAY.

CLAIRE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*And I was daring history to try and
 stop me.*

CAMERA PANS to find Claire looking into her microscope. She looks up. Disappointment washes over her face.

CLAIRE
 Damn.

FADE OUT:

MAIN TITLES.

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

It's late. JAMIE rides on horseback, exhausted from many days on the road. He's arriving home, alone, from his time in Hillsborough with Lt. Knox [Episode 502]. Up ahead... he catches his first glimpse of the Big House and smiles. Home. A soft glow comes from the kitchen windows, behind closed curtains. Claire. He spurs his horse onwards.

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

The fire is low and Claire is asleep in bed. Jamie enters and watches her for a moment, so glad to be home.

JAMIE
 (Latin)
 Deo gratias --

PUSH IN ON CLAIRE --

She wakes -- and her eyes go wide with joy.

CLAIRE
 Jamie...

She sits up. He kneels down to kiss her. They hold each other, needing one another, breathing each other in.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
 What are you thanking the Lord for?

JAMIE
 For the sight of you, Sassenach --

She can see the gratitude in his eyes -- grateful to be home, to be with her -- but also weariness and deep worry.

INT. BIG HOUSE - KITCHEN - A LITTLE LATER - NIGHT (N1)

Claire adds some wood to the fire. Time has passed. Jamie has told Claire about what happened in Hillsborough, but there's something else.

CLAIRE

You liked Lieutenant Knox.

That's it.

JAMIE

I did. Though he was provoked by Ethan, I didn't think he would act so vengefully, so recklessly.

She returns and sits beside him on the bed.

CLAIRE

You can't feel responsible for the choices others make.

(then)

You made yours by freeing those men. And hopefully it'll make a difference.

JAMIE

That's my fear -- it willna.

(beat)

Those men told me... they've an army now, and I saw with my own eyes they're not afraid to face death.

Claire can see the weight he's carrying and wants to offer him solace and support.

CLAIRE

Murtagh is safe. And you're home. I've missed you terribly. Everyone will be so happy to have you back.

Feeling guilty, Jamie averts his eyes.

JAMIE

Our tenants may not share your sentiments... at least not the men who swore an oath to me...

Claire looks at him, confused.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

I must gather a militia -- as many men as I can -- and return to Hillsborough with all due speed.

CLAIRE

(worried)

To fight?

JAMIE

I hope not. Knox has sent word askin' Tryon for reinforcements -- and if I can gather enough men --

Claire understands where he's going with this --

CLAIRE

A show of force to prevent war.

Jamie nods. Claire is resigned but reassured.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Whatever happens with the Regulators, it can't amount to much -- there's nothing written about it.

JAMIE

The man Knox killed might disagree wi' the historians about what it amounts to.

Claire has to admit that's true. So she makes a decision.

CLAIRE

Then I'm coming with you --

JAMIE

But if there is war with the Regulators --

CLAIRE

-- then you're going to need a physician --

(then)

Tryon, Knox, Murtagh -- they've all made their choices. And I've made mine: you need my help.

Jamie considers that fact and smiles solemnly.

JAMIE

I always have and I always will.

Off the two of them, side by side, together...

OMITTED

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

Establishing the Big House. It's still and quiet, early morning. Everyone will soon wake up...

INT. BIG HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY (D2)

Jamie stands with a cup of coffee, when he notices the moldy bread under cloches. Confused --

JAMIE

Sassenach?

Anticipating his disapproval, Claire stops him --

CLAIRE

When Brianna was little, she liked this fairytale about a boy who had a magic paintbrush. Whatever he painted would come to life... coins, food, animals -- whatever it was would jump right off the page.

Jamie looks at her, puzzled.

JAMIE

Is this the preferred subject matter of a 'still life' in yer time, then?

CLAIRE

No...

Jamie waits expectantly.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I'm hoping to find penicillium mold.

She motions for him to follow her to the SURGERY. As he follows, Jamie realizes the connection to her story.

JAMIE

Penicillium.

(MORE)

JAMIE (CONT'D)
 (catching on)
 From "Penicillus" meaning "little
 tail" -- an artist's fine brush of
 camel hair: a paintbrush...

CLAIRE
 Exactly.

Claire lights and shines the focused beam of her magnifying
 lantern [Episode 502] onto the microscope's mirror and looks
 into the lens...

CLOSE ON: BLACK BREAD MOLD (RHIZOPUS STOLONIFER) OR
 CLADOSPORIUM BREAD MOLDS going in and out of focus under
 magnification. As it snaps into sharp focus --

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
 Here, have a look.

Claire steps back to let Jamie look. Jamie bends to look
 into the microscope. But...

JAMIE
 I dinna see anything that resembles
 a paintbrush, Sassenach.

CLAIRE
 I know. That's the problem. I
 haven't found it yet.
 (then, enthusiastic)
 But the right kind of penicillin
 mold should look like a paintbrush.
 (then)
 It saved your life once --

Jamie looks at Claire as the penny drops --

JAMIE
 That was mold ye put in my arse?

CLAIRE
 It helped didn't it? And if I can
 find the right strain, I can make
 it.

As Claire looks at her microscope again...

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
 I wish you could see what I see.
 Its beauty and potential. One day
 it will save millions of lives.

Jamie can feel the strength of her passion, her drive, the
 urgency. He takes her hand and squeezes it.

JAMIE
What brought this on?

CLAIRE
(a beat)
Leith Farrish died.

This affects Jamie. Farrish was one of his people.

JAMIE
Farrish? How?

CLAIRE
A burst appendix, which I might've
been able to treat if I'd known
about it sooner --

JAMIE
And if ye'd had the penicillin.

Jamie thinks... If penicillin can make this a safer time,
then Brianna might be more inclined to stay. The thought
gives him hope about the future.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Grow all the mold ye want,
Sassenach.

Giving his wife an optimistic look, he exits into the
kitchen. OFF Claire, thinking of her conversation with Roger
[Episode 502] and wondering if Jamie's hope is well-
placed...

OMITTED

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

Jamie drinks coffee and reads the Woolam's Creek newspaper:
the start of a good morning in any century.

GERMAIN
Grand-père!

FERGUS and GERMAIN approach. Germain runs up and hugs Jamie,
excited to see his grandpa for the first time in a while.

Jamie stoops to talk to Germain, who's delighted to see his
grandfather producing a piece of GINGERBREAD for him --

JAMIE

Dinna tell yer Ma... Yer friend
Thomas is here. Go and share this wi'
him --

Jamie and Fergus watch as Germain runs off --

FERGUS

I saw Ronnie at the still. He said
you were gathering the militia.

JAMIE

Aye. I'm glad ye're here; perhaps
ye'd deliver an advertisement to
the printer in Woolam's Creek?

FERGUS

Let me fetch a pen and some paper.

INT. BIG HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER - DAY (D2)

Fergus pokes his head inside, looks around: sees a pile of scrap paper on a cabinet. He picks up a piece that's folded in half and blank on one side, though we may see writing on the other side. In fact, this is a copy of Claire's list of medical advice [Episode 502] with some words crossed out as though it's a discarded early draft. Good enough.

Claire, working at her microscope in the SURGERY, notices Fergus come and go -- but doesn't see him take the paper.

She rises, curious.

INT. BIG HOUSE - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER - DAY (D2)

Fergus stands at a small desk by the front door, ready to receive Jamie's dictation.

FERGUS

Commencez.

JAMIE

"Colonel James Fraser, in command of
a militia company for Rowan County,
raised against the Regulators; to
all good and able men between the
ages of 16 and 60..."

As Jamie dictates, Claire appears in the kitchen doorway and listens for a beat, apprehensively, then turns away...

JAMIE (CONT'D)

"I will be passing through the county commencing on the twenty-first of this month to recruit men..."

FERGUS

So soon?

JAMIE

Aye. Have them print a dozen broadsheets; we'll post them to the settlements hereabouts.

He gives Fergus some coin money.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

I've sent Roger Mac to tell the men o' the Ridge that we'll be leaving in a week. Ye'll be back in time to join us. And we'll be taking yer whisky wi' us -- to share wi' the men who enlist. Finest I've tasted since leaving Scotland.

FERGUS

I'm grateful, milord.

JAMIE

As am I. Go now.
(meaningfully)
And hurry home.

Fergus nods -- energized by the mission. OFF Jamie...

OMITTED

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - ANOTHER DAY (D3)

A WEEK has passed. Jamie, Claire, ROGER and Fergus ready horses for a journey. Jamie walks up to Claire.

He hands her one of his pistols (one of the pair Jocasta gave him in Episode 402).

JAMIE

I'm hopin' ye willna need use of it...

Claire slides it in her belt.

A dozen Fraser's Ridge militiamen are traveling with them -- including: JOHN QUINCY MYERS, ISAIAH MORTON; brothers KENNY and EVAN LINDSAY; GEORDIE CHISHOLM and RONNIE SINCLAIR. All are on horseback and accompanied by a cart filled with provisions and casks of Fergus' whisky.

Jamie turns to Morton and Sinclair.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
We'll gather more men along the way
-- we'll stop in Brownsville first.

Jamie steps away as Fergus approaches with a LETTER.

FERGUS
Milord, a letter for you arrived
from --

JAMIE
I ken who sent it.

Jamie pockets it without opening it.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Thank ye, lad.

Meanwhile, Claire turns to Marsali, carrying Joan and holding Germain's hand.

CLAIRE
Keep up your studies. You may have
to sew up a wound at the very
least, so practice your stitching.
Pig's flesh is a good substitute
for human tissue.

Marsali nods, still amazed by what Claire knows.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
And I've left you some penicillium
drawings. Keep looking in the
microscope like I showed you.

Next, Claire embraces BRIANNA and JEMMY.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Will you help Marsali with her
reading?

BRIANNA
Of course.

CLAIRE

I'll miss you so much. And I'll write you from Hillsborough if it looks like we have to stay long.

BRIANNA

Goodbye, Mama. You be careful too.

CLAIRE

The last time I was going off to war... I was standing on a train platform saying goodbye to your father --

BRIANNA

(cuts her off)

This isn't going to be a war.

(then)

I love you.

There are tears in their eyes.

As Brianna separates from her mother, she sees Roger packing his horse. She walks up to him and leans her head on his shoulder.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

I feel like Scarlett O'Hara. All the men leaving the plantations.

ROGER

You should be honored: Jamie left you in charge of the place.

BRIANNA

What does that even mean?

ROGER

(joking)

Welcome to my world -- where no amount of studying can prepare you for what's to come...

BRIANNA

(then, confident)

But doesn't that apply to life in any time?

He smiles, but clearly Roger is still worried about carrying out the responsibility of being a militia captain.

ROGER

There we are -- that's the pioneering spirit we're looking for. And you have the advantage of being the laird's daughter, so everyone will listen to you.

He can see that she's not convinced, so he does his best to reassure her --

ROGER (CONT'D)

You'll be living the life of Riley... You'll have the whole bed to yourself, and you can do some painting, some drawing --

There's nothing snarky about that. Yes, Roger was troubled by Brianna's drawings of Bonnet [Episode 502], but he knows how much it haunts her and that drawing brings her comfort. Nonetheless, Brianna looks at him a bit funny.

BRIANNA

I don't want a whole bed to myself.

ROGER

Most nights I wouldn't know it. You toss and turn so much my shins are black and blue.

BRIANNA

You hog the blanket! Be grateful nothing else is black and blue.

Roger smiles and kisses her, then Jemmy. They embrace as a family.

A moment later Jamie's militia moves out... a glance back down the drive to --

Brianna and many of the Ridge residents watching them go -- reminding us that this is who Jamie and Claire are truly fighting for.

EXT. WOODS/ROAD - VARIOUS - LATER - DAY (D3)

Jamie, Claire, Roger, Fergus, the militia troupe and their wagon travel along...

VARIOUS SHOTS:

-- The company moves through the beautiful countryside, over hills and across shallow creeks.

-- They stop near a FARMED FIELD, where Jamie recruits two FARMERS, a father and son.

-- Roger, as Captain, adds their names to the MUSTER BOOK as Ronnie Sinclair hands them their FORTY SHILLINGS, and Fergus shares whisky with them. Meanwhile, Jamie reads his LETTER and casts a resigned look at Claire.

-- The troop continues on, the two farmers joining them.

EXT. WOODS - CAMP - LATER - DAY (D3)

The company has just stopped to set up camp for the night.

JAMIE

Ronnie, if ye could take Evan and fetch more wood for the fire... It looks to be a cold night.

RONNIE SINCLAIR

Aye, Colonel.

As men begin to unpack their horses -- bedrolls, pots and pans, etc. -- Jamie holds Claire back for a private conversation. They tie their horses to a tree.

JAMIE

There's something I must tell ye, Sassenach... I couldna tell ye at the wedding, then I left wi' Knox so quickly and I wanted to be certain --

CLAIRE

Enough caveats --

JAMIE

Stephen Bonnet is alive.

Claire's mind begins to race -- the pain that that man inflicted on her family, on her, is immeasurable.

CLAIRE

But the explosion at the jail --

JAMIE

Lord John told me at the wedding that Bonnet's body wasna found among the rubble...

(then)

He made some further enquires --

He hands her the letter that Fergus gave him.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Confirmed sightings of Bonnet in
Wilmington. Smuggling again...

Claire scans the letter, but what's foremost on her mind
is --

CLAIRE
Bree doesn't know, does she?

JAMIE
No.

CLAIRE
That's one small blessing.

JAMIE
Aye. When I thought Black Jack
dead, it allowed me some peace...

Claire can see where Jamie's train of thought is going --

CLAIRE
Peace from contemplating revenge?

JAMIE
Half o' me hopes never to see the
bastard again...

CLAIRE
You don't need to tell me what the
other half hopes -- I can picture
it all too clearly myself...

Jamie nods. OFF the two of them...

EXT. WOODS - CAMP - NIGHT (N3)

Ronnie Sinclair and John Quincy Myers walk through trees
towards a welcoming campfire, around which are gathered the
militia troupe and Claire. The company has built a fire.
They sit on logs or bedrolls and are wrapped in blankets.
Claire and Jamie share a blanket.

JAMIE
(to Roger)
We'll not have time for drills. So
-- we'll teach 'em to fight as
Highlanders do: to gather or to
scatter at my word.

JOHN QUINCY MYERS

All quiet out there, Colonel. Cold as charity, though.

Jamie looks up from his conversation with Roger as Ronnie sits to warm himself, holding his hands out to the flames.

RONNIE SINCLAIR

Fergus and Morton are guardin' the cart from bears n' whatnot.

Myers shivers.

JOHN QUINCY MYERS

Coldest damn spring I can remember. I can barely feel my bollocks!

JAMIE

Aye -- I went for a pish but... I couldna find it.

The men laugh. Claire rolls her eyes. Typical. Ronnie wraps himself in a blanket and lays back to sleep.

KENNY LINDSAY

Dinna lie wi' yer feet to the fire. Scorch the soles o' your boots if ye're too close. See?

He shows the bottoms of his own boots -- one of them has an obviously makeshift sole kept on by much twine.

RONNIE SINCLAIR

Better'n settin' yer hair on fire.

EVAN LINDSAY

I dinna think my brother needs to worry much about that.

He lifts his brother Kenny's hat, exposing a bald head. The men laugh. As cold as it is, there is an atmosphere of camaraderie.

GEORDIE CHISHOLM

MacKenzie on the other hand; he's furred like a bear!

ROGER

Aye. I'll go and give Fergus and Morton the fright of their lives.

Laughter again.

GEORDIE CHISHOLM

How say ye, Mac Dubh? Heads or tails?

JAMIE

Nae bother, lads. I'll sleep warm no matter how I'm laid.

He grins at Claire, his bed companion. She smiles gamely --

CLAIRE

Wrong answer, darling.

-- and pulls the blanket off him, wrapping it around herself. The men laugh again...

EXT. WOODS - CAMP - DAY (D4)

DAWN. The fire has died down to embers. The men sleep soundly. Just then, there's a loud clatter and --

CUT TO:

Isaiah Morton CHASING somebody past the trees, racing along like two wild dogs in the forest.

ISAIAH MORTON

Thief! Thief!

Jamie, Roger, Claire, others wake and run towards the noise.

EXT. WOODS - CART - CONTINUOUS - DAY (D4)

They find Fergus and Isaiah Morton by the cart, a camp fire lit. Morton holds a skinny, disheveled BOY by the arms. Some food is scattered around the cart.

BOY

No! No -- no!

ISAIAH MORTON

Caught him pilferin' provisions.

He shoves the boy towards Jamie, who catches him -- and realizes that the boy is JOSIAH BEARDSLEY, the young hunter he made a land deal with [Episode 501]. He isn't wearing breeches -- just a long shirt. Claire goes to him.

CLAIRE

Josiah?

FERGUS
This is the hunter?

JAMIE
Josiah, what're you doing here?
Where are yer clothes?

Josiah doesn't answer. He looks confused, as though he doesn't recognize any of them -- or understand them.

CLAIRE
Could someone fetch me a blanket?

Jamie seems to sense something deeper in the woods: movement. Without anyone noticing, he slips away into the trees...

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Josiah, what's wrong?

Roger steps up with a blanket, which Claire puts around the boy. Roger notices Josiah's right hand.

ROGER
Didn't he have a scar on his right hand?

Claire looks at Josiah's hand -- the skin is clean and smooth: no "T" scar.

CLAIRE
Yes. He'd been branded a thief.

ISAIAH MORTON
He is that.

They hear the snap of branches on the ground and turn to see Jamie standing with another young boy he just found in the woods -- this one clearly the real JOSIAH BEARDSLEY.

JAMIE
Speak up, lad.

JOSIAH
That's Keziah. My brother.

OFF Claire --

EXT. WOODS - CART - A SHORT TIME LATER - DAY (D4)

Josiah and KEZIAH, now dressed in ill-fitting spare clothes (or simply wrapped in a blanket), sit with Roger by a fire, eating. Claire and Jamie stand apart.

CLAIRE

I don't think he's hurt, though
he's certainly not well-fed.

(beat)

He's deaf -- or very nearly.

The boys eat ravenously (though it hurts a bit to swallow)
as Claire and Jamie join them.

JAMIE

So, Mr. Beardsley, ye've come to
join our militia, then?

Josiah's eyes go wide.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

What're ye doin' a day's ride from
the Ridge wi' a brother I didna ken
ye had?

(off Josiah's silence)

Look, lad. There's a bargain
between us. Ye're my tenant: ye
have my protection. But I have a
right to the truth.

Josiah thinks about it, then decides to tell the truth:

JOSIAH

Kezzie and I are indentured to a
man who lives not far from here. I
ran away a year ago.

JAMIE

(not accusingly)

Wi'out your brother?

JOSIAH

It isn't safe for him in the woods
wi' me; he can't hear nothin'
comin' up on him. I promised to
come back for him when I had a
situation for myself... which I
have now, thanks to you.

(beat)

So I went back for him last night.
We made camp in the woods, and when
I woke up --

(apologetic)

He was half starvin' when I got
'im, Sir, and when he saw your
provisions --

JAMIE

Ye're welcome to the food, lad.

KEZZIE

Jo --

Being nearly deaf and deprived of conversation for years, Kezzie's speech is a bit loud, but he easily communicates with his brother. He gestures to the food.

JOSIAH

He'd like some more.

ROGER

Of course.

Roger scoops them both some food. Kezzie gives Roger a quick smile. It's clear that Kezzie is intelligent, but shy about interacting with strangers. He keeps eating.

CLAIRE

Has he always been deaf?

JOSIAH

Since we were five, Mistress. Our master boxed his ears --

CLAIRE

May I look? Will you ask him?

JOSIAH

He can read yer lips when ye talk, Mistress. And he knows words, only... he's shy about usin' 'em.

Claire takes a mirror out of her medical kit/bag.

CLAIRE

(to Kezzie)

May I look at your ears?

Kezzie reads her lips and nods. Claire angles the mirror to the sun so it reflects sunlight into Kezzie's ear canal.

ROGER

Why isn't he wearing breeches?

JOSIAH

He took 'em off in the barn where he slept -- the barn cat had her kittens on 'em. When I got him last night... he said he didn't want to wake 'em.

That's beautiful and tender and sad. Claire looks at Kezzie with a soft, maternal smile. She stands back.

CLAIRE

Ruptured eardrums... I'm surprised they never healed. Although --
 (to Josiah)
 I suppose your master boxed his ears more than once.

JOSIAH

Aye, Mistress.

JAMIE

Have ye any other family, lad?

JOSIAH

No. We came across on a ship with our parents and four sisters... but all of them perished from illness at sea.

(beat)

So I'm told; we were but two -- Mistress said we kent only our Christian names.

(beat)

That's the first Mistress Beardsley.

ROGER

Beardsley's the name of the man who bought you, then.

JOSIAH

Aye. He's an Indian trader. The ship's captain sold us for a term of thirty years.

Claire and Roger react. It's hard to imagine.

CLAIRE

Thirty years?

JAMIE

And what about that scar on your hand? That have anything to do with your running away?

JOSIAH

I stole a cheese in town and the dairymaid saw me. Sheriff branded me as a warning. But if Mr. Beardsley found out...

Jamie knows a thing or two about excessive punishment and is endeared to Josiah through the telling of this tale.

JOSIAH (CONT'D)

(worried)

You won't send us back to him, will you, Colonel Fraser? He beat us bad. Starved us as ye can see.

JAMIE

I willna send ye back. But I'll need to purchase your indenture so that he has no claim on ye. Is he at home now, d'ye ken? Or away trading?

JOSIAH

I canna say, but... I saw his horse in the barn when I got my brother. Be careful, Sir.

Jamie nods, stands and indicates that Roger should join him for a private conversation...

JAMIE

(to Roger, quietly)

Take these lads and continue with the company on to Brownsville. Fill that muster book of yers with men for my militia.

(beat)

Ye know what's at stake.

ROGER

I do. I won't let you down.

Roger wasn't expecting that. Though nervous about the responsibility, he appreciates Jamie's apparent trust.

JAMIE

Claire and I will go and see this Mr. Beardsley.

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE AND ENVIRONS - DAY (D4)

Establishing the big house.

EXT. BUTCHERING TABLE - SAME TIME - DAY (D4)

Marsali butchers a pig -- drains the blood into a bucket; cleaves the joints; portions out the limbs -- something every 18th century woman knows how to do, but wow she's good.

INT. BIG HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER - DAY (D4)

Brianna and MRS. BUG work at the table, chopping vegetables. Jemmy's propped himself up against a chair, crying.

MURDINA BUG

Tired, lass?

BRIANNA

Jemmy didn't sleep last night.

Marsali enters carrying a canvas sack full of pig parts. Mrs. Bug looks up from her work.

MURDINA BUG

Oh Marsali, ye're as fair an angel
as ever I saw -- bless ye, bless ye
-- comin' wi' pork for the stew --

Marsali doesn't stop.

MARSALI

It's not for the stew. Ye'll have
what's left later --

She continues on to the surgery. Mrs. Bug doesn't protest, but it's clear she's confused by that idea.

EXT. BIG HOUSE - OUTSIDE CLAIRE'S SURGERY - DAY (D4)

LATER, Mrs. Bug is outside disposing of food scraps. She intentionally takes a peek into the surgery through a window and sees... Marsali with thread and needle, closing up a gash in a severed pig's leg, practicing her stitching.

OFF Mrs. Bug turning away, suspicious -- this is starting to feel like eye-of-newt territory here --

EXT. BEARDSLEY FARM - DAY (D4)

Jamie and Claire ride along a narrow wagon road. Jamie has been thinking about something in silence...

JAMIE

I wonder how the dairymaid could be
certain it was Josiah who stole
that cheese.

CLAIRE

You think it was Kezzie? And
Josiah took the blame?

JAMIE

And the punishment -- aye, mebbe.
He's a brave lad.

(then)

Ye must cut that brand off of him,
Sassenach. There are thieftakers
in these parts... Will ye do it?
Like ye did for me?

CLAIRE

Yes, of course.

Claire understands that Jamie is trying to protect as many people as possible.

JAMIE

If we're to buy his indenture... we
must ensure he is truly free of his
past...

On that note... they stop in front of the cabin, which is shabby, rundown and creepy. Many of the windows are broken and covered with ratty stained muslin. A barn stands behind. Boards, shingles, wooden posts and junked barrels are strewn about. It's like the setting of a gothic horror movie.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Ho! The house!

A common greeting, designed to warn inhabitants that you're approaching -- so they don't get surprised and grab guns.

When they get no response, they dismount, tie their horses to a hitching post and stand between the cabin and the barn...

The place seems deserted, but for a wisp of smoke rising from the chimney...

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Someone is home.

CLAIRE

You don't suppose they could be out
looking for the boys?

JAMIE

Perhaps.

CLAIRE

I'll go and look in the barn.

He nods. She moves off.

INT. BEARDSLEY BARN - MOMENTS LATER - DAY (D4)

Claire enters the barn. It's quiet and empty. The only animal is a skinny, ill-treated horse. Looking around, Claire sees where Kezzie must have slept: a pallet in the hay. To think he slept here for some 15 years...

She hears soft cries and finds the barn cat and her litter of newborn kittens nesting on Kezzie's breeches -- just like Josiah said. It's sweet and precious; and the pathos of Josiah's story hits her again.

EXT. BEARDSLEY CABIN - SAME TIME - DAY (D4)

Jamie approaches the cabin. He hears a BANGING coming from inside -- something hard striking wood. BANG, BANG, BANG, then silence. Someone is definitely inside.

Jamie tries to look through one of the windows, but it's too dirty. So he tears away the muslin covering another window -- and covers his nose at a rank smell that wafts out.

He looks inside: the small room is oddly chock-a-block with trade goods -- barrels and crates of foodstuffs, bundles of blankets, furs and hides...

A GOAT wanders amongst all the stuff. Huh. That's weird.

Jamie looks away -- and when he looks back -- startingly -- there's a FACE in the window -- a woman's face, ghostly pale. Startled, Jamie watches as the woman disappears from the window. A moment later, the door opens a crack.

FANNY BEARDSLEY

Go away.

Jamie can see her now -- a large woman swaddled in clothes. This is FANNY BEARDSLEY, late 20s, heavy, world-weary. Her hair, skin, and clothes are clean. She has a broken tooth, a lisp, and a healed scar on her lip.

JAMIE

Good morning to you, Mistress. I'm Colonel James Fraser, of Fraser's Ridge. I must speak with your husband.

FANNY BEARDSLEY

Husband's dead.

JAMIE

I'm sorry to hear that. I must speak
wi' ye then. I've found
myself in possession of yer two
bondservants and would like to
purchase their indenture. I'm
certain we can arrange a --

FANNY BEARDSLEY

Keep 'em. I got no use for 'em.

And she closes the door in his face.

Claire exits the barn in time to see the cabin door close.

Mystified, Jamie walks back to the horses and starts to
untie his mount as Claire approaches from the barn.

CLAIRE

Was that him?

JAMIE

Beardsley's dead. That was his
wife. She told me to keep the
boys, free of charge.

Something isn't sitting well with Jamie. That was too easy.

CLAIRE

That's good, isn't it?

Jamie looks back at the house. Damn. He reties his horse.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

What?

JAMIE

I need their papers. If I dinna
have their indentures, she could
change her mind.

CLAIRE

There's something very strange
about this place, Jamie. Perhaps
we should go?

JAMIE

I'll be quick.

OFF Claire, not so sure about that --

INT. BEARDSLEY CABIN - FRONT ROOM - LATER - DAY (D4)

Claire and Jamie follow Fanny Beardsley through the cluttered front room. Fanny walks with a limp, and grumbles under her breath. Claire watches as the heavy woman turns sideways to squeeze between crates and barrels and shelves of stocked trade goods.

Fanny opens a door and enters. Jamie enters after her.

As Claire approaches the door, she sees hashmark NOTCHES CARVED INTO THE DOORJAMB in groups of seven -- up one jamb and down the other -- the way a prisoner might count weeks. Lots of weeks. It's eerie. Claire goes inside.

INT. BEARDSLEY CABIN - MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS - DAY (D4)

Claire enters. This room, in stark contrast, is swept-clean and spare, and almost completely empty: a dining table, two chairs, a small desk, a cabinet, some dishes... that's it. Well, that and THREE GOATS. Despite the cleanliness, the smell is worse. Claire covers her nose.

FANNY BEARDSLEY

I don't know where Mr. Beardsley
would've kept their papers...

JAMIE

Maybe in that desk there --

She gives him a look, but nonetheless starts searching through desk drawers, grumbling.

CLAIRE

Why do you keep the goats inside?

FANNY BEARDSLEY

Too cold for 'em in the barn.

CLAIRE

Too cold for the goats, but not for
the bondservant?

FANNY BEARDSLEY

(stares at her)

You want them papers or not?

JAMIE

Aye. We do.

Jamie gives Claire a "play along" look. She nods. Fanny gives them a dismissive "pff," and keeps digging.

They look around the strange room. Jamie notices a CRUCIFIX on the wall, and an ornate BROADSWORD hung reverently above the fireplace mantle. Claire has a bad feeling about this place... she wants to leave.

Suddenly -- a loud POUNDING startles them -- the same BANGING Jamie heard before. His hand goes reflexively to his pistol.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

What was that?

Fanny's eyes flit to a closed door in back, under the stairs. It shudders from within -- BANG! BANG! Jamie takes out his gun and cocks it. Fanny laughs -- a child's laugh.

FANNY BEARDSLEY

Oh -- that's just Billy.

Jamie gives Claire a look. Who the fuck is Billy? Another BANG! Cautiously, he goes to the door and opens it.

A big, bearded BILLY GOAT stares back at him from inside a closet. It BLEATS loudly.

FANNY BEARDSLEY (CONT'D)

I have to keep him in there or he ruts with the others.

Jamie exchanges a look with Claire: fucking weird. Suddenly, the billy BOLTS out of the closet. The female goats scatter.

FANNY BEARDSLEY (CONT'D)

Oh, goddammit.

She moves for the goats -- but Jamie stops her.

JAMIE

No. You stay here...

He shoos all of the goats into the outer room.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Keep looking.

He goes out after the goats. OFF Claire, wishing she was anywhere but here...

INT. BIG HOUSE - UNFINISHED PARLOR - SAME TIME - DAY (D4)

The room is still unfinished, but some furniture has been moved in. Brianna lays a sleeping Jemmy into a bassinet.

BRIANNA

Please God, don't wake up.

He doesn't wake up. She steps back. She's exhausted. She sits in a chair and closes her eyes, wanting sweet sleep.

A door closes somewhere. Brianna opens her eyes and waits, dreading the inevitable, but... Jemmy doesn't wake up.

She closes her eyes again, but soon hears the approach of overlapping VOICES outside: "My baby's beautiful hair!" "Dare to strike my son!" "We was only playin' at scalpin'!" "Spawn of Satan! Look what they've done!"

And now -- awakened by the noise -- Jemmy SCREAMS.

INT. BIG HOUSE - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER - DAY (D4)

The door opens and Brianna steps out with Jemmy in her arms. Before her stand Mrs. Bug, MRS. CHISHOLM and her two sons -- both crying, and MRS. ABERFELDY and her daughter RUTHIE, her hair and face covered in brown, stinky GOO courtesy of the boys.

MRS. ABERFELDY

They poured a bucket with pig's shite over my Ruthie!

BRIANNA

Is she hurt?

MRS. ABERFELDY

Well nae, but it is terrible --

BRIANNA

Wash her.

MRS. CHISHOLM

(re: Mrs. Aberfeldy)

She struck my boys --

MRS. ABERFELDY

So she says, but my Ruthie's only wee -- look at her!

MRS. CHISHOLM

With it bein' her word against mine... Well, what would Colonel Fraser say?

Good question -- Brianna wonders what he would say. But in the moment she doesn't care -- she's in charge.

BRIANNA

Would you even bring this nonsense
to my father?

The two women look at her in surprise.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

I don't know what he'd say. But
forgive and forget is what I say.
Think of how well you'll sleep at
night.

Nothing much they can say. Brianna smiles, that was easier
than she thought.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

I know I've already forgiven the
both of you for waking Jemmy: and I
intend to sleep very well tonight,
a whole bed to myself...

Brianna shows them to the door --

EXT. BEARDSLEY CABIN - DAY (D4)

The four goats now graze outside...

INT. BEARDSLEY CABIN - MAIN ROOM - DAY (D4)

Claire is still waiting while Fanny searches for the twins'
indenture papers, muttering. Jamie enters from the outer
room -- from dealing with the goats outside.

JAMIE

Any luck?

CLAIRE

Not yet.

FANNY BEARDSLEY

(frustrated)

Maybe he lost 'em.

Claire covers her nose, because there is a powerful odor
suffocating the room. It's one of those odors that once you
have smelled it - you know exactly what it is -- and you
never forget it.

CLAIRE

That odor, it isn't the goats...

FANNY BEARDSLEY
 (innocent)
 I don't smell nothin'.

Claire scans the room for the origin, then notices a large stain on the ceiling. Small brown stalactites of slime dangle from the cracks between the boards. She realizes they're standing under a loft.

CLAIRE
 When did your husband die?

FANNY BEARDSLEY
 Few months ago.

Fanny is aloof; Claire's not sure she believes her. She looks at the stain, thinking about that smell...

CLAIRE
 What's upstairs?

Fanny looks at her, then up at the stain. A caught expression crosses her face. Claire takes a lantern and climbs the stairs going up to the loft.

FANNY BEARDSLEY
 Don't go up there!

JAMIE
 Sassenach --

INT. BEARDSLEY CABIN - LOFT - CONTINUOUS - DAY (D4)

Claire ascends, lantern held aloft. She crosses the floorboards, swatting away little flies in the air... There's a lump at the far end. She realizes with horror: it's a body partially shrouded under a sheet.

She goes to it, certain that it must be dead Mr. Beardsley. She brings the lantern over the dead man's face -- slack and doughy -- and one of the eyes blinks open and focuses on her.

She recoils with a shout!

INT. BEARDSLEY CABIN - MAIN ROOM - SAME TIME - DAY (D4)

Jamie reacts and heads up the stairs.

INT. BEARDSLEY CABIN - LOFT - CONTINUOUS - DAY (D4)

When he arrives, Claire has recovered from her fright. The man on the floor, clearly alive, hasn't moved a muscle.

CLAIRE

It must be Mr. Beardsley --

AARON BEARDSLEY, 50s, was once a large man, though his chest is now sunken, his arms slack and skeletal. What must have once been the neck of a bull is sinewy and gaunt. One side of his face sags grotesquely, eyelid and cheek drooping to expose far too much of the resident eye. The other eye is terrified and alert behind matted greasy hair. He can't move or speak, though he tries --

AARON BEARDSLEY

Haughhhhh...

A quiet, horrifying moan.

JAMIE

What's wrong wi' him?

CLAIRE

If I had to guess: a stroke -- an apoplexy you would call it. He's lying in his own filth --

-- source of the smell -- that and bedsores turned to pus.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Hold the light for me.

(kneeling, to Beardsley)

Hush, don't try to talk. We're here to help.

Beardsley relaxes a bit. A tear rolls down his cheek.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

He's been here weeks, if not months.

JAMIE

God's judgement do ye think?

CLAIRE

Not entirely God's, no. Look.

She's noticed something: a bowl and spoon. She touches it, the porridge still wet inside...

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
 She's been feeding him -- just enough
 to keep him alive.

JAMIE
 And in misery. Can ye do aught for
 him?

CLAIRE
 Not for the apoplexy, no. But I
 could nurse him back to health...

A creak of floorboards draws their attention to the arrival
 of Fanny. Aaron Beardsley moans again. His one good eye
 stares murderous hatred into his wife's face.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
 You said he was dead.
 (outraged)
 When did this happen? How -- ?

FANNY BEARDSLEY
 He chased me. Struck me. He was
 in a rage, as ever, o' course.

Her tongue darts into the hole made by her broken tooth, and
 Claire realizes that's probably where it came from -- her
 husband's fist. Maybe the limp, too.

CLAIRE
 When?

FANNY BEARDSLEY
 Month ago -- I come up here to get
 away, but he followed. And then he
 fell and lay, writhin'. I couldn't
 move him...

CLAIRE
 Go and prepare some hot water and
 cloths. We're bringing him down.

OMITTED (MOVED TO A24)

OMITTED (MOVED TO B24)

EXT. WOODS NEAR FARM - SAME TIME - DAY (D4)

Roger and company have stopped at a poor farm to recruit two
 more young men.

JOAN FINDLAY, 40, talks to Roger about her sons HUGH, 18, and IAIN OG, 17. Joan's eyes pierce Roger's soul.

ROGER

Governor Tryon's orders. All able bodied men are asked to join His Excellency's militia.

JOAN FINDLAY

Poor men must bleed for rich man's gold. And always will, eh?

She looks at her sons.

JOAN FINDLAY (CONT'D)

Their father has gone to his reward in Heaven or he'd join ye.

ROGER

I'm sorry, Mistress Findlay.

JOAN FINDLAY

Is there a reward for my sons?

RONNIE SINCLAIR

Forty shillings each from the Governor's treasury. And two shillings a day, for as long as they serve.

JOAN FINDLAY

And if they dinna come out of it?

ROGER

(beat)

I'll make sure they come home.

JOAN FINDLAY

Is that so?

Roger immediately regrets making such a bold promise. Ronnie gives him a look.

JOAN FINDLAY (CONT'D)

Well then, Captain MacKenzie -- I'll take yer word for it that if I lend ye my sons, ye'll send them home safe.

ROGER

So far as it lies in my power.

JOAN FINDLAY

Sign the book, lads.

HUGH FINDLAY

Yes, Ma.

Roger adds their names to the MUSTER BOOK and the boys make an X as their mark. Joan's eyes are wet as she prepares to say goodbye to her sons.

OFF Roger, burdened by his promise --

INT. BEARDSLEY CABIN - MAIN ROOM - LATER - DAY (D4)

Mr. Beardsley lies immobile, on the dining table, a warm blanket over his bottom half. As Fanny looks on, Claire examines Beardsley in a better light, washing him...

CLAIRE

He's covered in bedsores, his muscles are wasting away...

She finds MAGGOTS nesting in his bedsores. Jamie cringes at this sight.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

At least the maggots kept his wounds fairly clean...

JAMIE

The man was trading goods; there are barrels of food and bundles of furs outside; yet he lay where he fell -- cold and starving. Why would she no' simply let him die?

Claire has noticed something. Something horrifying.

CLAIRE

So she could do that.

She shows him what she's seen: in addition to bedsores, there are many parallel slashes on his legs: cuts made by a sharp knife -- deep cuts that healed and were then opened again.

FANNY BEARDSLEY

Can he be healed?

Fanny approaches, eavesdropping, feigning interest.

JAMIE

Ought ye not to be lookin' for those indenture papers?

He wants to get rid of her. Fanny makes her pff noise, then goes back to the kitchen, searching in drawers and cupboards.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

(re: the cuts)

She tried to bleed him? To heal him?

Inspecting further, Claire removes the blanket from his feet.

CLAIRE

No. Look at his feet...

Mr. Beardsley's feet, ankles and toes have been burnt beyond third degree. The right foot is gangrenous and fetid.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

She's burnt them, over and over.
She lets them heal, then does it
again. She's torturing him.

Beardsley almost growls -- trying to communicate -- trying to confirm Claire's assessment.

JAMIE

I believe he can understand ye,
Sassenach. Can ye, man? Did yer
wife do this to ye? Blink once for
aye.

Beardsley BLINKS his one good eye once, very slowly and deliberately -- "yes" -- confirming that Fanny, the abused, has become the abuser. Claire's response is chilling --

CLAIRE

(looks at Beardsley)

What you must have done to deserve
this.

MEANWHILE IN THE KITCHEN --

Fanny Beardsley, left to her own devices, has found something in a kitchen drawer: a length of twine. She looks back at Jamie and Claire, who don't notice as she takes the twine in her hands and pulls it taut sadistically...

BACK AT THE DINING TABLE --

Claire and Jamie move out of Mr. Beardsley's earshot in order to talk privately, their backs to the room.
Whispering --

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

His right foot's gangrenous. I'll
have to amputate or it'll spread
and he'll die.

Behind them, the large shape of Fanny Beardsley moves slowly
and ominously through frame. They don't see it.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I need to find a saw and sterilize
it. I can cauterize the wound --

JAMIE

We dinna have time, Claire. To do
surgery... give him time to heal...
I must rejoin the company and go to
Hillsborough.

Claire knows how much this "detour" is weighing on him --
protecting his men, protecting Murtagh, forestalling war.

CLAIRE

I know, but I can't leave him like
this. If I can improve his
condition then perhaps we can take
him to Brownsville and be done with
him, but I have to try --

Suddenly, they hear a sound of struggle behind them and turn
to see Fanny Beardsley choking her husband with the twine!
Mr. Beardsley writhes weakly in desperation-- making wet,
gurgling protestations. Jamie runs to them -- and yanks
Fanny off of the man.

Claire goes to Mr. Beardsley and tries to loosen the twine,
which Fanny has managed to tie tightly.

Fanny thrashes and protests in Jamie's arms.

FANNY BEARDSLEY

Why did you stop me?! He should
die, I want him to die!

JAMIE

Ye could ha' killed him at yer
leisure any time this month past.
Why in God's name wait 'til ye had
witnesses?

FANNY BEARDSLEY

I did not want him dead. I wanted
him to die. Slowly.

(MORE)

FANNY BEARDSLEY (CONT'D)

(to Mr. Beardsley)

Filthy beast! Filthy, stinking,
dirty, wicked --

Struggling, she elbows Jamie in the nose! Jamie throws her to the floor, where she lands hard and slides up against a wall with an audible exhalation of breath. The crucifix falls to the floor. Fanny moans in pain.

JAMIE

A nighean na galladh!

Jamie holds his bleeding nose. Claire finally unties the twine. Beardsley breathes, wheezing, and taking in great sucks of breath. Fanny moans again. It's chaos in here.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

(firm)

Stop. Quiet.

CLAIRE

She thought I'd save him --

FANNY BEARDSLEY

Let him rot! I am his wife.

Another moan -- the woman is in terrible pain, holding her abdomen, bending forward. Another moan, louder.

JAMIE

I said quiet.

But when Jamie looks at Fanny -- he sees WATER SPREADING out in a pool from between her legs. Lots and lots of water. Which can only mean one thing --

FANNY BEARDSLEY

The babe.

A baby?? Claire gives Jamie a look. It couldn't be. Could it? She kneels by Fanny and pulls back her many layers of skirts to reveal... a very PREGNANT BELLY. Holy shit.

OFF Claire, in disbelief --

EXT. ROGER AND BRIANNA'S CABIN - DAY (D4)

LIZZIE is on the deck. Brianna approaches, carrying Jemmy.

BRIANNA

Lizzie, can you watch Jemmy for a while? I'm so tired...

LIZZIE

Aye, of course. I'll take him to
look for rabbits. He loves that.
Don't ye?

BRIANNA

Thank you.

Brianna smiles, grateful, and enters.

INT. ROGER AND BRIANNA'S CABIN - CONTINUOUS - DAY (D4)

Brianna sees her DRAWING PORTFOLIO under some clutter. She gets an idea and turns to Lizzie, still in the doorway.

BRIANNA

Actually... maybe I'll sit outside
for a bit...
(brightens)
I could draw you both.

LIZZIE

I'll sit still for you, Mistress,
but I canna promise the same for
your wee lad!

Brianna opens the portfolio, looking for blank paper, and we see her sketches: Jemmy sleeping, a landscape, a dead goose in still life -- ending on the drawings of Stephen Bonnet.

But she realizes one of the Bonnet drawings is face down. She turns it over -- it's the really dark picture that Roger held in Episode 502 -- black charcoal out to the edges. The back of it shows a smudged fingerprint. It's clear someone hastily put it back this way.

BRIANNA

Have you been looking at my
sketches, Lizzie?

LIZZIE

Course not, Mistress. Somethin'
wrong?

BRIANNA

No... Nothing. I'll be out
shortly.

Lizzie takes Jemmy outside.

LIZZIE (O.C.)

It's a beautiful day. Imagine if
you had oils, not jes charcoal.

And then it hits Brianna: she remembers what Roger said about her drawings. It must have been Roger.

Emotional, she grabs all of the drawings in the portfolio and throws them in the fire -- blank paper as well. As she watches a drawing of Bonnet burn...

INT. BEARDSLEY CABIN - MAIN ROOM - LATER - DAY (D4)

Fanny screams in pain. Claire has her sitting (or lying) on blankets, legs apart -- she's giving birth.

CLAIRE

You're almost there --

Claire does everything she can to help: proper positioning, instructions to push, warm water at the ready. Jamie helps, but mostly tries to stay out of the way.

Mr. Beardsley lies motionless on the table, watching the proceedings with his one creepy, demented eye.

Fanny screams and pushes -- and the baby comes. Claire holds the crying baby, cuts and ties the umbilical.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Jamie, help me. Clean her and wrap her in something warm.

Claire has noticed something (even if we don't yet): the baby's skin is quite dark. She hands the baby off to Jamie, who takes her to a counter to clean her with warm water.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

You have a beautiful baby girl...

Claire tends to Mrs. Beardsley for a moment... then joins Jamie. Jamie has noticed it too:

JAMIE

The baby's skin...

Claire takes a quick glance at Mr. Beardsley to make sure he can't hear. Then to Jamie, quietly:

CLAIRE

It would appear her father was black.

FANNY BEARDSLEY

(weakly)

Let me see her.

Claire takes the baby, now wrapped, to Fanny, who holds her. Fanny notices the baby's coloring as well and starts to cry. But we quickly realize that these are tears of relief.

FANNY BEARDSLEY (CONT'D)

It isn't his... it isn't his...

She's grateful. She shouts --

FANNY BEARDSLEY (CONT'D)

You hear that, you old bastard?
She isn't even yours!

Mr. Beardsley moans that horrible moan -- but this one has a definite note of righteous anger and hatred --

AARON BEARDSLEY

Aaugggghhhhh!

Fanny is laughing now, through her sobs. Jamie and Claire look at each other: What the hell have we gotten ourselves into here?

EXT. BEARDSLEY CABIN - NIGHT (N4)

Establishing the creepy cabin and its environs at night.

INT. BEARDSLEY CABIN - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT (N4)

HOURS LATER, Fanny half sits/half lies in the bed of blankets, nursing her newborn baby girl in silence.

Mr. Beardsley is asleep on the table, his head lolled away from Claire and Fanny. Jamie sits alone by the fire.

CLAIRE

Have you any kin nearby?

She makes her dismissive pff noise again.

FANNY BEARDSLEY

No. He took me from my father's house in Baltimore. To this place.

This place is spoken as if it were the fifth circle of hell. But then, Fanny's demeanor changes. Her shell softens.

FANNY BEARDSLEY (CONT'D)

I miss Baltimore.

CLAIRE

How long ago was that?

FANNY BEARDSLEY

Two years, three months, and five days.

Claire realizes --

CLAIRE

You made the markings on the door.

FANNY BEARDSLEY

No. That was Mary Ann I believe.

CLAIRE

(recalling Josiah's words)

His first wife?

FANNY BEARDSLEY

No, Mary Ann was the fourth one.

CLAIRE

You're his fifth?

FANNY BEARDSLEY

The others are buried in the woods under the Rowan tree. I see their ghosts sometimes, 'specially Mary Ann. She tells me things.

Claire's had her own experience with ghosts; still she thinks this is probably the product of a damaged mind.

FANNY BEARDSLEY (CONT'D)

He killed 'em all, you know, and would've killed me, too. None of us could give 'im a baby.

CLAIRE

(sensitively)

Who is the father, if you don't mind my asking?

FANNY BEARDSLEY

A good man.

CLAIRE

Does he live nearby?

Fanny shakes her head no. Claire doesn't press. She's seeing another side of this woman -- crazy, yes but broken, damaged, lost and alone. Fanny looks at the shape of Mr. Beardsley on the table...

FANNY BEARDSLEY

He beat us terrible, me and those boys, all three.

(then)

If I could find their papers, I'd give 'em to you. They ought to have some happiness, I s'pose.

CLAIRE

So should you. And your baby.

Fanny considers the little one at her breast.

FANNY BEARDSLEY

Even though she's born of her mother's sin?

CLAIRE

Yes. Hopefully born out of love?

FANNY BEARDSLEY

(looks around)

She'll need more than love to get by in this world --

Claire tries to put a positive spin on things --

CLAIRE

You have property... a home here --

Fanny gives Claire a skeptical look -- call this a home?

FANNY BEARDSLEY

This place is her birthright. But to me it's naught but ugliness and evil...

She looks at Aaron on the table.

CLAIRE

We'll take your husband into town. He can't hurt you anymore. You're a mother now --

FANNY BEARDSLEY

Havin' a babe don't make me a mother any more than sleepin' in a stable makes someone a horse --

Claire is not really sure what to say to that --

CLAIRE

Perhaps when you name her and --

(MORE)

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

(then)

What is your name by the way? I never asked...

FANNY BEARDSLEY

Frances. My mother called me Fanny. Suppose' to mean "free" --

(then)

And your name is... Sassenach.

CLAIRE

Just to my husband. But you can call me Claire.

And for the first time... Fanny smiles.

INT. BEARDSLEY CABIN - MAIN ROOM - LATER - NIGHT (N4)

Fanny is asleep. Beardsley too. Claire lays the sleeping baby in a makeshift dresser-drawer bassinet, then joins Jamie by the fire, where he's made a bed of blankets and furs.

JAMIE

Will ye have to stay here long?

CLAIRE

A day or two at least. We'll need to find someone to look in on them.

(off Jamie)

I know you're anxious to get going --

Jamie looks at Beardsley, asleep on the table.

JAMIE

And what are we to do with him?

CLAIRE

I don't know.

(beat)

As a doctor, I can't walk away but I'm not sure you owe him anything.

JAMIE

They are my neighbors.

Claire looks around, sees the sweet baby sleeping...

CLAIRE

What kind of world is this to bring a baby into, Jamie?

JAMIE

The only world.

CLAIRE

No, it isn't.

(then)

Jamie... I want Roger and Brianna to go back to their time. As soon as they know if Jemmy can travel... It's safer there for them -- for Jemmy especially. Roger feels the same way: he wants to go home.

JAMIE

Of course he does.

(then)

Your penicillin will make it safer for them here.

CLAIRE

Only from infection.

JAMIE

Perhaps they would be safer in your time. But they would be without family. Without their blood.

That's a hard thought for Claire to digest. She doesn't know what to say. She leans her head on his shoulder, bone tired.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Come now. Sleep, **mo nighean donn**. Put these thoughts away... I'll watch the night.

OFF the tableau...

INT. BEARDSLEY CABIN - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT (N4)

MUCH LATER. The fire in the fireplace is low. Claire and Jamie are asleep. The bulky form of Fanny Beardsley enters frame. We see Jamie and Claire over her broad shoulders as she considers them ominously. What is she thinking?

She exits frame.

EXT. BEARDSLEY CABIN - DAWN - DAY (D5)

Establishing the dawn of a new day.

INT. BEARDSLEY CABIN - MAIN ROOM - DAY (D5)

Jamie wakes. Has he heard something? He isn't sure. But something's off. Claire rouses, too.

CLAIRE

What is it?

They get up -- and see that Fanny isn't on the blankets.

JAMIE

Fanny --

Grabbing a lantern, Claire looks around. Jamie goes into the front room, then comes back. She's not there either.

CLAIRE

Where would she have gone?

Worried, Claire looks -- but the baby is still there, sound asleep in her dresser drawer.

JAMIE

I'll look outside.

Jamie goes back out into the front room. He closes the door, leaving Claire alone.

Claire throws a couple of logs on the fire. The baby makes a noise and Claire picks her up and rocks her sweetly in the quiet glow. Glancing down, she sees --

A PAPER DOCUMENT in the dresser drawer bassinet. The baby was laying on top of it. It's a PROPERTY DEED: the deed to the Beardsley's farm. Claire picks it up -- and sees something else under it...

A moment later, Jamie comes back in.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

The horse is gone from the barn.
Mebbe she's gone to find help.

CLAIRE

She's not coming back.

She hands him the property deed, recalling Fanny's words from the night before --

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

She left this with the baby.
(beat)
She means for us to keep her.

As Jamie takes that in...

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
She left these, too.

She hands him two more documents -- large scripted words at the top read "THIS INDENTURE..." Josiah and Kezzie's papers, the very thing they came for. OFF Jamie, moved --

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY (D5)

Brianna enters to find ARCH BUG reading and Mrs. Bug cooking.

BRIANNA
Mr. Bug... Will you take me to Woolam's Creek? I need drawing paper. And some other supplies -- Da left a list.

ARCH BUG
("you're the boss")
Verra well. I'll ready the wagon.

BRIANNA
Thank you. A change of scenery will be nice...

She smiles and leaves. Mr. Bug rises from his chair.

MURDINA BUG
All the way to Woolam's Creek for drawing paper?

Mrs. Bug tuts and shakes her head in disapproval --

MURDINA BUG (CONT'D)
Very strange indeed.

ARCH BUG
Cast the beam out of thine own eye before removin' the speck from another's, wife --

Mrs. Bug looks around at all the moldy bread under glass.

MURDINA BUG
Have ye ever seen the like of this? "Medicine"? Worse than any malady I can think of! And Herself and Marsali locked behind closed doors every night after poor Mr. Farrish passed.
(MORE)

MURDINA BUG (CONT'D)

Now she's sewing pig's skin
together?!

ARCH BUG

Yer idle talk is what cost me my
last employ. Cease yer haverin'
and help me ready the wagon.

He heads out the door. OFF Mrs. Bug -- we get the distinct
feeling she won't be able to keep her mouth shut for long.

INT. BEARDSLEY CABIN - MAIN ROOM - DAY (D5)

Jamie and Claire are ready to leave. Jamie has the deed and
indenture papers; Claire has the baby wrapped warmly for
travel. Mr. Beardsley is now awake.

CLAIRE

(re: the baby)

We'll have goat's milk for the
journey. Hopefully there'll be a
nursing mother in Brownsville.

JAMIE

And we'll seek Mistress Beardsley
as we travel. Perhaps --

CLAIRE

We won't find her.

(beat)

What about him?

Mr. Beardsley. Claire realizes Jamie's put on his pistol.

JAMIE

Take the bairn outside. Dinna come
back until I call for ye.

CLAIRE

Jamie --

JAMIE

I'd do it for a dog, Claire. Can I
do less for him?

(a beat)

Go. Let it be his choice. His
will. If -- or if not -- I will
call for ye.

Finally Claire nods in tacit agreement, knowing it's the
only option. She leaves with the baby.

The door closes and Jamie approaches Beardsley...

JAMIE (CONT'D)
 Blink once for aye, twice for no.
 Do ye understand?

Beardsley BLINKS his one good eye -- once.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
 Yer wife is gone. Ye ken the baby
 isna yers.

Beardsley BLINKS again, once.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
 My wife is a healer. She says
 ye've suffered an apoplexy and
 canna be cured of it. Yer foot is
 putrid; if it's no' taken off,
 ye'll rot and die. D'ye
 understand?

Beardsley BLINKS again, once.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
 Would ye have her take your foot
 and tend to your wounds?

Beardsley BLINKS TWICE, very deliberately -- "no." A beat as
 Jamie summons the courage --

JAMIE (CONT'D)
 Do ye ask me to take yer life?

Beardsley BLINKS ONCE, slowly and surely. A tear wells up in
 his eye as it opens.

Jamie pauses. He's noticed the crucifix on the floor. He
 picks it up. Considers it.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
 By all accounts ye were a wicked
 man. But I have no wish to send a
 soul to hell. Will ye pray for
 forgiveness?

Beardsley takes a beat and then BLINKS... and then BLINKS
 again... a defiant "no."

JAMIE (CONT'D)
 No? Then may God forgive us both.

EXT. BEARDSLEY CABIN - DAY (D5)

The goats graze outside as Claire waits out in the cold, talking softly to comfort the baby girl. The newborn reaches for her breast. As Claire redirects the little one's grasp, she is reminded of the simple sensations of new motherhood and, with a pang of longing, knows she will most likely never feel those sensations again. Suddenly -- BANG! --

Claire flinches as a LOUD GUNSHOT rings out from inside the cabin: Jamie has just killed Mr. Beardsley. Thousands of PASSENGER PIGEONS take flight from the surrounding trees, gathering in FLIGHT above her.

The baby starts to CRY. A wind picks up, and Claire turns herself to shelter the infant from the bitter perilous chill.

OMITTED**EXT. BEARDSLEY CABIN - LATER - DAY (D5)**

Jamie and Claire (carrying the baby) prepare to leave on horseback, accompanied by the four goats. Jamie is about to get on his horse, when he stops, something weighing on him heavily. Claire sees it.

JAMIE

I thought apoplexy killed a man outright. I never thought to ask Jenny if... my father suffered --

CLAIRE

She would have told you.

JAMIE

Perhaps.

CLAIRE

She would.

Jamie accepts that with a nod... but he's not quite sure. He gets on his horse. Then --

JAMIE

Swear to me Claire, if it should one day fall to my lot as it did to my father... then swear ye will give me the same mercy I gave this wretch.

CLAIRE

I'll do what must be done.

They start to ride out, finally free of this place. As they go... CAMERA lands on a MOUND OF DIRT -- Aaron Beardsley's freshly dug grave.

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE