

OUTLANDER

EPISODE 504

The Company We Keep

WRITTEN BY
BARBARA STEPANSKY

BASED ON THE NOVEL BY
DIANA GABALDON

FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT
4th November 2019

OUTLANDER
EPISODE 504 "The Company We Keep"

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EPISODE 504 "The Company We Keep"

CAST LIST – FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT – 4th November 2019

CLAIRE FRASER
JAMIE FRASER
BRIANNA RANDALL FRASER
ROGER WAKEFIELD MACKENZIE

ALICIA BROWN
ARCH BUG
BROWNSVILLE MAN #1
BROWNSVILLE MAN #2
EVAN LINDSAY
FERGUS FRASER
GERMAIN FRASER
HIRAM BROWN
ISAIAH MORTON
JOHN QUINCY MYERS
JOSIAH BEARDSLEY
KEZZIE BEARDSLEY
LIONEL BROWN
LIZZIE WEMYSS
LUCINDA BROWN
MARSALI FRASER
MEG BROWN
MURDINA BUG
RICHARD BROWN
RONNIE SINCLAIR
STEPHEN BONNET

EPISODE 504 "The Company We Keep"

SET LIST – FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT – 4th November 2019

INTERIORS

Fraser's Ridge
Big House
Kitchen
Brownsville
General Store
Tent
Shed
Upstairs Room
Woolam's Creek
Postal Station

EXTERIORS

Fraser's Ridge
Big House
Porch
Back Porch
Brownsville
General Store
Stairway
Courtyard
Road
Woods
Street
Riverbank
Woolam's Creek
Thoroughfare

EXT. WOOLAM'S CREEK - THOROUGHFARE - EPISODE TITLE CARD

CLOSE ON - a MAN's fingers flipping a SILVER COIN, maybe out of boredom. We don't see his face, only grey linen and a black overcoat. He flips it over again and again... then deliberately SLAPS it onto his hand -- HEADS.

FADE IN:

EXT. BROWNSVILLE - DAY (D6)

Chimney smoke drifts up from a cluster of buildings, revealing an outpost-type village. REVEAL a collection of ramshackle huts upon the arrival of ROGER WAKEFIELD and FERGUS FRASER. Close behind them are the twins JOSIAH and KEZZIE and twenty or so MILITIAMEN -- JOHN QUINCY MYERS, ISAIAH MORTON; brothers KENNY and EVAN LINDSAY; RONNIE SINCLAIR; GEORDIE CHISHOLM and some newly-recruited ones, amongst them, the FINDLAY BROTHERS.

Roger halts his horse -- and everyone else follows suit.

Brownsville feels strangely deserted. Not a soul in sight.

Confused by the silence, Roger glances at Fergus, who shrugs, just as clueless. Roger slides off his horse. He heads for the most prominent two-story building...

EXT. BROWNSVILLE - GENERAL STORE - CONTINUOUS (D6)

Roger walks past beer barrels and stacks of hides.

ROGER
Halloo the house!

A CREAK and a CLANG stop him. Roger almost jumps out of his skin, when somebody GRABS him by the arm. It's Fergus, right behind him... Fergus looks at something beyond Roger.

FERGUS
(nod toward the windows)
Attendez. Do not move.

Roger follows Fergus' gaze and now he sees it too: BARRELS of TWO MUSKETS pointing ominously in their direction from a window of the General Store and the dwelling next door.

Very slowly, Roger raises both hands in the air.

ROGER

I am Captain Roger MacKenzie, in command of a militia serving under Colonel James Fraser, of Fraser's Ridge --

MAN'S VOICE (O.C.)

We saw you up the road, Morton, you bastard! You'll pay for what you did!

Not AT ALL the response Roger expected. Do these people think he's "Morton"? He turns, puzzled, looking for Morton amongst his men.

MURMURS spread among the militiamen... WE LAND ON -- Morton, looking pale and as guilty as the day is long, for reasons yet unknown...

Morton is just about to swing his horse around to flee when --

SHOTS! Firing in Morton's direction!

Morton's horse REARS and he falls off -- and all hell breaks loose amongst the militiamen. Cower? Run? Shoot?

Roger and Fergus dive behind a CART for shelter, exchanging stunned looks. Roger calls out --

ROGER

What do you want with Morton?

MAN'S VOICE (O.C.)

None of your concern! Hand 'im over.

John Quincy Myers crawls up next to Roger, hand at his dirk.

JOHN QUINCY MYERS

Do you think they're Regulators?

ROGER

(deadpan)

Not unless Morton's secretly a corrupt tax-collector in disguise...

SUDDENLY a young woman runs down the rickety stairs into the line of fire. This is ALICIA BROWN, 16, eyes wide and wild, her hair undone. She has a cherub's face but it's currently distorted by distress.

ALICIA

Isaiah -- I'm sorry! I had to tell! I couldn't marry Elijah Ford!

Morton hastens to his feet, now torn between the safety of distance and his feelings for the girl.

ALICIA (CONT'D)

Please, Isaiah -- say you'll do right by me!

Roger's head ping-pongs between the two, open-mouthed.

The General Store's FRONT DOOR flies open and Alicia's aunt, MEG BROWN, 40s, resolute and clear-minded, takes hold of a crying Alicia.

ALICIA (CONT'D)

Don't hurt him -- I'd rather die than be without him...

SLAP! Meg Brown lands a full-on smack on Alicia's cheek. It takes immediate effect: Alicia's hysterical fit stops. She holds her burning cheek and gulps for air.

MEG BROWN

Have a shred of dignity -- shouting for all the world to hear of your shame.

Meg Brown drags her back inside the building.

Just then another volley of SHOTS right above their heads coming from the other side of the road! Missing them by a hair!

Roger feels like every militiaman's eye is on him and here he sits, cowering next to Fergus...

ROGER

(mutters to himself)
What can we do...? Lord give me courage --

But then it comes to him -- he has an idea: courage is precisely what this needs.

ROGER (CONT'D)

I s'pose we'd better do as they ask...

Fergus looks at him, horrified --

FERGUS

What? Turn Morton over to them?

Roger nods.

ROGER

We're going to need some of that whisky, Fergus.

FERGUS

(nervous)

Err... Are you sure?

ROGER

Yes, and get a full barrel, please.

Fergus gives Roger a questioning look.

ROGER (CONT'D)

A bit of Dutch courage is all we need...

Roger is authoritative and resolute -- he STANDS UP with his arms in the air to indicate his surrender.

FERGUS

Aye, Captain.

Roger takes a deep breath, hoping he can pull this off --

EXT. RIVERBANK - DAY (D6)

CLAIRE and JAMIE FRASER, emotionally exhausted from their experience at the Beardsley Farm [Episode 503], pause to let the horses drink from the nearby stream. The Beardsleys' GOATS -- tied together, away from the cart -- graze nearby.

Claire holds the dark-skinned BEARDSLEY BABY against her chest as Jamie adjusts her SHAWL around Claire and the baby for better warmth. Claire thanks him with a smile. The sleeping newborn between them only affirms their intimacy: the love and longing in Jamie's voice is evident --

JAMIE

She's a bonnie wee thing --

Claire knows exactly what he's feeling and is emotional herself. Glancing down at the baby with a touch of sadness --

CLAIRE

She is.

JAMIE

To see ye with a bairn,
Sassenach...

Claire smiles. The baby's tiny hand WRAPS AROUND Claire's finger... One of those magical moments that melt your heart.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

I could watch ye hold her all day.

But Claire knows they don't have that luxury; with some trepidation in her voice --

CLAIRE

I hope we're not too far from
Brownsville? She won't do well on
goat's milk alone --

Jamie kisses his wife on the forehead tenderly, wanting to reassure her.

JAMIE

We'll be there before dusk. Dinna
fash, we'll find someone to nurse
wee "Bonnie."

Claire smiles and nods with hopeful anticipation.

CLAIRE

And then? Do we take a newborn
child all the way to Hillsborough?
I'm not sure that's the best way to
put the fear of God into the
Regulators... unless they're afraid
of dirty diapers --

Jamie chuckles.

JAMIE

The surest way to send every man
scurrying for cover.

INT. BROWNSVILLE - GENERAL STORE - DAY (D6)

As the BROWNS MEN and the MILITIA are trickling out of the store to listen to a FIDDLER (O.S.) tuning his instrument and starting to play outside, Fergus takes Roger aside.

FERGUS

Some of the men... Morrison...
Robertson... a few others... are
gone...

ROGER
What? Gone where?

Fergus struggles to find the right words... this is difficult news to deliver... He gestures towards the shed (where they put Morton) --

FERGUS
They don't respect what you did --

ROGER
What I did? I had to do something...

FERGUS
I know... and I agree --

Roger stares at him, taken aback --

FERGUS (CONT'D)
But they didn't... I'm sorry. I tried.

Roger takes a beat to think about what it is the men could've objected to. He has a sinking feeling his means of avoiding conflict and making allies may have misfired...

INT. BROWNSVILLE - GENERAL STORE - DAY (D6)

ON the golden liquid poured into a wooden TANKARD from the Fraser's Ridge barrel. Roger goes to hand the cup to Morton as... LIONEL BROWN, 40s, a scrawny man, easily irritable, watches, unimpressed. The musket he's been using to shoot at Roger and company is strapped over his shoulder. Alicia throws a desperate look toward Morton, but is being led away by Meg through the back door.

ROGER
Only fair to give the lad a drop of Dutch courage before ye... do as ye will with him --

Roger stops abruptly, withholding the tankard from Morton --

LIONEL BROWN
What is it now? Get on with it.
Give him a drink so we can show him what for --

ROGER

It's only... and Fergus will vouch for this... with so few distilleries in the New World, seems a shame to waste this on Morton alone... This stuff's as rare as hens' teeth out here --

Lionel gives a grunt, conceding the point: it's true. Fergus gives Roger a look -- where is this going? Roger takes a sip, enthusiastically savoring the taste, putting on a performance --

ROGER (CONT'D)

Good Lord, it is good, if I do say so myself. And I say that speaking as a true Scotsman.

(to Lionel)

But you're an ale man, as I see... plenty of that around -- perhaps ye're content with that? Me? I like the strong stuff --

Roger takes another small sip, and starts to describe --

ROGER (CONT'D)

The warmth of that hot Carolina sun on barley -- honeyed warmth; rich flavor --

FERGUS

(explaining)

We have a still at Fraser's Ridge...

Some of the Brownsville men look on, practically salivating. Roger tentatively passes the cup to Lionel and gives Fergus a nod to start pouring more whisky and handing it round.

Lionel tastes the whisky. Impressed. But he's drinking it too slowly -- he only took a sip.

LIONEL BROWN

How much for a cask? We'll buy some and you can be on your way...

Damn. Roger needs to get everyone involved and he needs them drunk -- or merry at the very least... He tries to stall...

ROGER

Will you oblige me and have a little more?

LIONEL BROWN

What are you, whisky merchants?

ROGER

No, as I was saying earlier, we're militiamen charged by Governor Tryon to march against the Regulators. And being on the road, it's hard to know if the whisky is good or if it only tastes good to us... I'd love to hear the opinion of a... distinguished, respected man such as yourself...

Flattered, Lionel drinks some more, reluctantly willing to concede --

LIONEL BROWN

It's tolerable, I'll admit --

Some of the Brownsville men are a little jealous, eager for a chance to taste the whisky themselves... Roger clocks this.

Roger fills up Lionel's cup once more --

ROGER

Then perhaps I can propose a toast -- to the men of Brownsville and the men of the Fraser's Company...

With a nod, Lionel allows his BROWNSVILLE MEN to line up. HIRAM BROWN, a young man also holding on to his musket shoots Roger a suspicious glance, then joins the line. Some of Roger's men help to distribute whisky --

With a wink at Roger, Fergus toasts --

FERGUS

Bon Courage!

LIONEL BROWN

And what do we need courage for?

Roger takes a chance -- it's now or never, time to reveal why they're here...

ROGER

We have come to notify you of your obligation to provide men.

LIONEL BROWN

(scoffs)
"Obligation?"

ROGER

Or opportunity, I should say.
Forty shillings and two shillings
every day thereafter for each man --

Just then, Lionel gives a nod to TWO THUGGISH MEN,
presumably more of the Brownsville posse, who approach. They
eye Morton with disgust, waiting for Lionel to say the
word --

LIONEL BROWN

The only pressing obligation I have
is to my daughter... And to these
men, who'll break this boy's neck
without hesitation if I give the
word --

Lionel looks at Morton with hatred --

ROGER

What could a young lad like Morton
possibly have done that canna be
resolved over a drink?

LIONEL BROWN

That bastard has cost me a fortune.
(lowering his voice)
I had a match arranged for my
daughter. Elijah Ford brought with
him ten acres and a decent trade in
tobacco. I tell her the news and
she weeps -- refusing to be wed
because Morton got to her first.
And Ford won't marry a harlot.

ROGER

Maybe Morton isn't as fine a match,
but wouldn't you consider him... a
suitor?

Lionel's face darkens as he repeats --

LIONEL BROWN

He has dishonored my daughter.
(then)
I told her I'd see him dead at her
feet, if ever he dared show his
wretched countenance within ten
miles of Brownsville -- and damn my
eyes if the grass-livered spittle-
snake hasn't the face to ride right
up to my door!

Lionel stares at Morton, full of loathing. He addresses Roger --

LIONEL BROWN (CONT'D)

You and your men can stay the night. But when you go on your way -- Morton won't be joining you.

OFF Roger's worried look to Morton. Roger knows he can't leave a man behind, but how can he convince Lionel otherwise?

EXT. BROWNSVILLE - DAY (D6)

It's late afternoon, when Claire and Jamie finally approach Brownsville on horseback and with the cart transporting the Beardsley goats. They HEAR the faint music of a fiddle, as well as commotion and laughter...

In the distance Claire sees the militia horses.

CLAIRE

(relieved)
They've made it.

JAMIE

I should hope so, Sassenach. If Roger Mac couldna find a village at the end of a straight trail, I'd have my doubts of his wits as well as his eyesight.

EXT. BROWNSVILLE - COURTYARD - DAY (D)

As Claire and Jamie round the corner, they find their militiamen and Brownsville folk mingling in the Courtyard right outside of the General Store, all equally sloshed, singing a rowdy TAVERN SONG -- Roger's clear voice breaking through the loudest.

ROGER

When he drew his gude braid-sword?
Then he gave his royal word?
Frae the field he ne'er wad flee?
Wi' his friends wad live or dee.

Tables overflow with tankards, bumpers and half-eaten plates at this boisterous shindig, where Roger sings his heart out next to a FIDDLER... Nobody pays much attention to Claire and Jamie other than Lionel Brown, who eyes them from afar.

EVERYBODY

On his head a bonnet blue?
Bonnie laddie, Hielan' laddie?
Tartan plaid and Hielan' trews?
Bonnie laddie, Hielan' laddie...

Jamie catches Roger's eye with a friendly nod. Roger knows he'll have some explaining to do but so far so good.

Josiah and Kezzie spot Jamie and Claire and jump up to greet them. Claire clocks Kezzie's reddened cheeks, but can't check -- she has her hands full right now with the newborn.

JAMIE

(to Josiah)

I have secured yer and yer
brother's indenture papers. Ye
willna see Mr. Beardsley again.

Josiah takes a beat to process, understanding the gravity of those words.

JOSIAH

And the Mistress?

Josiah eyes the baby in Claire's arms curiously.

CLAIRE

This is her baby.

JOSIAH

She... was with child?

CLAIRE

Yes, but she's disappeared. She
left the deed to the farm with her.

Josiah turns to Kezzie, who leans in to speak quietly, using his hands to aid with gestures --

JOSIAH

Kezzie thinks the Mistress may have
lain with... There was a man --
former slave. He came lookin' for
work once or twice.

(realizing)

Then... all of us... we're all
free?

JAMIE

Aye, lad.

Claire nods too, glancing at the baby girl in her arms. Poor thing. Josiah suddenly brightens, having realized something:

JOSIAH

Does that mean we can ride on to
Hillsborough with your militia?

JAMIE

Well... How old are ye?

Josiah shrugs; he's not entirely certain.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Ye canna be more than fourteen.

Josiah looks at him funny. He's pretty sure he's older than
that but Jamie's mind is made up.

JOSIAH

I must be older --

JAMIE

(cuts him off)

I'm tellin' ye that ye're fourteen.
Too young to fight.

JOSIAH

(disappointed)

Aye, Colonel...

JAMIE

Ye've already fought hard to earn
yer freedom -- I willna let ye lose
it in death on the battlefield.
Ye'll go home to hunt and provide
for the Ridge.

INT. BROWNSVILLE - GENERAL STORE - DAY (D6)

Jamie finds Fergus in the general store, handing out the
whisky to a few MEN. Claire follows Jamie inside.

JAMIE

Fergus, is that our whisky?

Fergus reads Jamie's perturbed expression immediately.

FERGUS

Oui, milord... There was a small
difficuly --

CLAIRE

(interrupts)

Before you explain, I also have a
small "difficuly" --

Claire points to the fussy newborn baby she's cradling in her shawl. Fergus leans in and frowns curiously -- a baby?

FERGUS
 Quelle virilité, monsieur!
 Congratulations.

Jamie laughs at Fergus's joke.

CLAIRE
 The baby needs milk urgently. Have you seen any nursing mothers here?

FERGUS
 Mothers, no. But the lady of the house will surely be able to help.

Fergus points at Meg Brown by the beer barrels, busy serving ale to the men.

Fergus leads Claire along to introduce her to Meg.

INT. BROWNSVILLE - TENT - DAY (D6)

Moments later, Meg opens the flap to one of the tents on the other side of the street, revealing to Claire a young mother, LUCINDA BROWN, 18, working together with a now calmer Alicia wringing out laundry. Alicia's eyes are still bloodshot from crying.

MEG BROWN
 (to Lucinda)
 This is Mistress Claire Fraser of Fraser's Ridge -- Colonel's wife.

This makes Alicia listen up, instantly connecting Claire to Morton. She eyes Claire's graceful presence with admiration.

MEG BROWN (CONT'D)
 (to Claire)
 My daughter-in-law Lucinda just gave birth. She'll have the milk for the babe.

Lucinda looks at Claire and the Beardsley Baby in her arms with big eyes, strangely distracted at first.

CLAIRE
 I do apologize for intruding. This little one was born a few days ago. We fed her goat's milk on the road but...

Lucinda dares a closer look at the child.

LUCINDA
Such a hale and strong babe!
Beautiful... A girl?
(off Claire's nod)
She needs to be fed properly.

Lucinda generously takes the Beardsley Baby to her breast. It latches on hungrily and Lucinda smiles surprised at the tickling sensation.

LUCINDA (CONT'D)
Does she have a name?

CLAIRE
No. She has no mother or father to christen her.

LUCINDA
Is it... a slave's babe?

CLAIRE
Not quite...

ALICIA
How'd you come by her, then?

OFF Claire thinking up a simpler version of the dark story --

EXT. BROWNSVILLE - COURTYARD - DAY (D6)

The Fiddler hasn't tired, now playing a folk favorite and keeping the room merry and entertained. Jamie has taken Roger aside to be briefed. We catch up mid-conversation:

JAMIE
What's this "difficulty" that Fergus spoke of?

ROGER
A wee misunderstanding upon our arrival.

JAMIE
And ye cleared it up with our whisky?

ROGER
When in Rome, do as the Romans do --

Jamie looks at Roger questioningly, waiting for a more adequate explanation --

ROGER (CONT'D)

When I was a professor, I loved telling my students about words and phrases -- their origins, their meanings. Do you know where the expression "Dutch Courage" comes from?

JAMIE

I'm sure ye're about to tell me. What's it to do wi' Rome?

ROGER

(enthusiastic)

Some say it dates back a century ago, when the British troops would drink to calm themselves before heading into battle. Others say the English witnessed the incredible courage gin gave the Dutch. A number of times in history, advancing soldiers have been stopped by an exchange of alcohol, of goods...

Jamie's ears perk up suspiciously at the word "exchange," but Roger continues explaining --

ROGER (CONT'D)

Take the First World War, for example... There was a daily rum ration on the Western Front --

Jamie rolls his eyes. Darn time travelers... Jamie lets his gaze wander around the space.

JAMIE

Where're Morrison and Scott? Piss drunk already?

Struck by guilt, Roger freezes up.

ROGER

No. They left. And with them three more.

JAMIE

Left? Why?!

OFF Roger's expression of unease we --

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. BROWNSVILLE - SHED - DAY (D6)

Morton. Tied up to a barrel and rendered immobile. Dazed, he squints at the sudden light streaming in.

Jamie stands at the open shed door, stunned. At the edge of the door Ronnie stands guard. Roger lingers behind Jamie.

JAMIE

(to Roger)

Ye allowed Lionel Brown to do this
to one of yer men?

ROGER

(off Jamie's glare of
disbelief)

He wanted to blow Morton to
smithereens. I had to agree to
some kind of temporary confinement!

JAMIE

And what were you going to do once
the whisky ran out?

ROGER

I was hoping you'd arrive before
that happened -- and you did.

Jamie can barely contain his frustration. Roger sees this and goes on the offensive --

ROGER (CONT'D)

I avoided confrontation, kept the
peace --

JAMIE

(pointed)

And do ye ken the meaning of the
word "Captain," Professor
MacKenzie? Is that one ye can
explain to me?

Roger tries to interject, but Jamie doesn't let him --

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Yer men left because ye betrayed
their trust. Those who remain
willna have much faith left. They
swore to follow us into battle, to
risk their lives. As Captain ye
honor their loyalty above all else.

ROGER

What good is loyalty if men are
hurt or worse? I was responsible
for that, too!

Without further ado, Jamie turns to Morton and crouches down
to face him at eye level.

JAMIE

Now -- what disarray have ye and
yer cock brought upon our endeavor?

Morton splutters, unable to answer. Jamie pushes harder --

JAMIE (CONT'D)

If ye have dishonored the Browns'
daughter, ye must marry her and put
matters to rights.

Morton hesitates again.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Ye dinna have much choice, Isaiah.

ISAIAH MORTON

I would, Colonel. But I canna...
(takes a breath)
Regretfully, I already have a wife.

Jamie HUFFS and scratches the back of his head. This just
got a bit more complicated than he expected.

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

BRIANNA FRASER, MR. BUG and MRS. BUG return to the Ridge on
a horse wagon packed with supplies from Woolam's Creek.

In the distance a couple of WORKERS help to finish the
construction of the front porch (though far fewer than we've
seen previously: the majority of the men off with Jamie).

LIZZIE and MARSALI wave from afar, they've been waiting for
Brianna and the Bugs' return. Lizzie runs up to help them
unload. Brianna reaches for JEMMY in his basket and hands
him to Marsali, who carries him to the house.

LIZZIE

How was town, Mistress?

BRIANNA

We bought paper and sugar, to make
cakes and jam. And beautiful
ribbons and cloth --

LIZZIE

Ooh -- can I see?

BRIANNA

Yes, the cloth is for you.

LIZZIE

For me? Thank you, Mistress. I
can make some fine garments --

Bree gives an excited Lizzie a few small packages.

MURDINA BUG

Let's go inside. I'll make us stew
and dumplings... What do you
think, Mr. Bug?

Mr. Bug gives an affirmative grunt. Mrs. Bug gives him a
disapproving look --

ARCH BUG

Go all that way to town for sugar
and it's savory dumplings again.

MURDINA BUG

(gently sarcastic)

Aye -- we can all see that ye are
quite sweet enough, Mr. Bug.

(to Brianna)

Ye'll have to be sure to cover wee
Jemmy's ears, Mistress, so that he
doesna learn such bad behavior --

When Brianna grabs Jemmy's basket, something slips out of
the blanket -- it glitters in the late afternoon sun and
catches Brianna's eye: she fishes out a silver COIN.

BRIANNA

Where did Jemmy get this?

MURDINA BUG

While you were collectin' the
post... A man ruffled Jemmy's hair
and gave him a coin.

BRIANNA

(curious)

Did he say anything?

MURDINA BUG

He only said he was a handsome lad
and asked me whether he took after
his mother or his father...

Well, that was a weird thing for a stranger to ask...

BRIANNA

He just gave him a coin? Did he say anything?

MURDINA BUG

Well, he was Irish ye see and once they're away talkin' about this and that, a whole day goes by...

(then, remembering)

Oh aye... He said the coin was for luck...

(mimics an Irish accent)

"For good luck, my wee man."

Brianna freezes, when she realizes what this means.

BRIANNA

What did he look like?

MURDINA BUG

Well, a gentleman he was. Handsome. Fair.

BRIANNA

How tall?

MURDINA BUG

Of good stature...

BRIANNA

(points atop her left eye)

Did he have a scar here?

MURDINA BUG

I'm sorry, I dinna recall --

Mrs. Bug registers Brianna's growing horror.

MURDINA BUG (CONT'D)

I would never put the bairn in harm's way --

BRIANNA

(covering)

No... I know all about the Irish gift of the gab, that's all -- don't want Jemmy's mind filled with superstitious nonsense about luck. Let's forget about it.

MURDINA BUG

Aye, Mistress. I'll call ye when the
stew is ready.

Mrs. Bug helps Mr. Bug with the packages. Lizzie feels
Brianna's disquiet; Brianna smiles to try to reassure her.

BRIANNA

With so many away from the Ridge,
maybe we should all move into the
Big House with everyone...

LIZZIE

Aye, Mistress. 'Tis nice to have
company.

As they all walk up to the Big House, Brianna can't help a
long, nervous look over her shoulder.

INT. BROWNSVILLE - SHED - DAY (D6)

Fuming, Jamie draws his dirk and cuts through Morton's ties.
Morton feels his aching, liberated hands.

JAMIE

I understand the Browns' wantin' to
see ye drawn and quartered. How is
it that ye have a wife?

ISAIAH MORTON

(defensive)

My marriage was arranged, between
her parents and mine. Ally -- Miss
Brown -- she took a likin' to me on
my travels through Brownsville.
And I took a likin' to her...

(clarifying)

My heart had a mind of its own.
Twas as if I had no say in the
matter.

JAMIE

Still, ye made a vow to yer wife
and broke it. And ye took an oath
to me. How can I be certain ye
willna break it by day's end?

ISAIAH MORTON

My vow to ye was my own will.

JAMIE

Aye, as was yer infidelity?

ROGER

I think we should consider clemency
for the man. After all, "love
makes fools of us all."

Roger eyes Jamie, they share a look -- they've both been
fools for love. Isaiah's eyes widen with hope. But Jamie
has a precarious situation here and he can't let one man's
feelings put everyone in danger.

JAMIE

(to Morton)

Ye must leave. Dinna show yer face
here again.

ISAIAH MORTON

I meant no trouble for ye.

JAMIE

As yer Colonel, I'll take care of
yer trouble.

Jamie helps Morton up. He walks by Roger to scout out the
vicinity through the open door. Ronnie Sinclair steps aside.
They look to see whether anyone is watching... Coast is
clear.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

(to Morton)

What are you waiting for?

ISAIAH MORTON

I'll never see Ally again?

JAMIE

Go. 'Tis better for both of ye.

Morton nods, crestfallen. He joins Jamie at the shed door
and then quietly sneaks off to find his horse tied up at the
gate. Jamie sighs relieved, one problem down...

Roger watches him, unsure he deems Jamie's actions any wiser
than his own.

ROGER

They'll come looking for him.

JAMIE

And they willna find him.

And that's his final word on that.

INT. BROWNSVILLE - TENT - DAY (D6)

Claire drinks a jug of ALE and recounts her experience at the Beardsleys' -- with embellishments -- while the other women listen, fascinated.

CLAIRE

... and so Mistress Beardsley disappeared, leaving us with the child. We found Mr. Beardsley dead and buried in the yard.

MEG BROWN

She probably killed the bastard.

LUCINDA

Ma! You always think the worst of people --

MEG BROWN

(waves her off)

I wouldn't be surprised, is all. The Beardsleys were strange. Came through here once on their way home. Didn't say a word. So the babe's dark. Aaron Beardsley wasn't the father?

CLAIRE

No...

This gives Meg pause for a second, but Lucinda doesn't mind -- she's thinking of Fanny's plight with sympathy. This could happen to any number of women -- to Alicia.

MEG BROWN

Fanny Beardsley may be strange, but she's not the first woman to find herself in... an unsuitable situation and certainly won't be the last --

Feeling awkward in the silence that descends, Claire puts her jug down. As she does so, she spills a little on a NEWSPAPER, the "WOOLAM'S CREEK GAZETTE".

CLAIRE

So sorry...

MEG BROWN

Don't worry. Funny you should spill ale on it, in fact --

(MORE)

MEG BROWN (CONT'D)

(explaining)

I don't know who these physicians think they are these days, writing to the broadsheets with their "wisdom"...

Strange -- that physicians' wisdoms are being printed... But before Claire can say anything, Alicia scans the damp Gazette for the article, lowering her voice --

ALICIA

It also speaks of means to prevent becoming with child...

(reading)

"A woman is most fertile between --"

Claire swallows. She knows those words. She wrote those words. A horrified Lucinda cuts Alicia off --

LUCINDA

Alicia, it isn't proper to speak of such things in company --

CLAIRE

May I see that?

Claire looks at the column title. There it is in black and white: "Dr. Rawlings Recommends." As Claire reads the article in surprise, an exasperated Meg berates Alicia:

MEG BROWN

Trust you to draw our attention to that vulgar nonsense... Have you no compassion for your cousin?

A nod toward Lucinda, who bows her head, not wanting to get involved in this battle. Claire doesn't know what this means but doesn't feel it's her place to ask.

Lucinda removes the happily fed Beardsley Baby from her breast and pats its back. Out comes an enormously loud BURP. The women erupt in laughter. Meg seems delighted at seeing Lucinda bond with the baby.

LUCINDA

There now, my little lady -- you'll do well here with us. We're glad to have you.

MEG BROWN

The babe's a beauty -- we're not here to judge her for her parents' sins -- but it's different when it's your own kin...

Claire notices Meg looking at Alicia pointedly.

LUCINDA

(to Claire)

If you like, Mistress Fraser, I'll
take the babe tonight. It won't do
to be woken up by a screaming child
when I can feed her here.

Claire clocks Lucinda's bond with the baby with a tinge of
regret. Not so long ago the baby was at her own chest -- but
is that really where she belongs?

CLAIRE

Are you sure it's no bother? Your
husband won't mind two hungry
babes?

Lucinda swallows a little at the word "two", but smiles
through it.

LUCINDA

No bother at all. My husband's a
fair man.

ALICIA

A fair man who fired at my Isaiah!

MEG BROWN

He did, and very fairly at that!
No one to blame but yourself! If
your poor mother knew how lowly
you'd fallen...

Tears of embarrassment fill Alicia's eyes. She retreats.

Claire rises and addresses Lucinda with genuine sincerity:

CLAIRE

Thank you for your kindness.
(re: Woolam's Creek
Gazette)
Do you mind if I borrow this?
(off their curious looks)
I can use it to start a fire.

MEG BROWN

That's all it's good for.

EXT. BROWNSVILLE - COURTYARD - DAY (D6)

Clutching the newspaper in her hands, Claire has found Jamie at one of the rickety tables. Jamie finishes supper and a tankard of beer, while Roger has been dragged back to sing.

We gather that Claire has been caught up on what has transpired between Roger, the Browns and Morton... Claire tries to assuage Jamie's anger a little --

CLAIRE

Oh well, if you've only lost a few men --

JAMIE

(interrupts)

Men are what I need for this "show of force" --

CLAIRE

What should Roger have done?

JAMIE

He had command of near two dozen men. One word from him -- the Browns were outnumbered. Instead, he had his men stand down and gave up one of his own. Actions have consequences --

Claire reaches for his hand across the table. She smiles at him sheepishly, she has her own confession to make.

CLAIRE

Yes they do... Both intentional and unintentional. We're muddling through as best we can, and we all make mistakes --

Jamie looks a little concerned... Claire shows him the Woolam's Creek Gazette --

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Look at this...

Claire points to the "Dr. Rawlings Recommends" column. Jamie reads attentively.

JAMIE

Who's "Doctor Rawlings?"

CLAIRE

Me.

JAMIE

Beauchamp, Randall, Fraser... now Rawlings? Have ye another husband I should ken about?

CLAIRE

It's a pseudonym. It belongs to the doctor whose medical equipment you gave me.

JAMIE

Ye wrote to the broadsheets?

CLAIRE

No -- I wrote out some medical advice to dispel certain superstitions. For the Ridge. Who would've submitted it to a printer without my knowing?

Jamie flips the pages and finds the printer details there.

INT. BROWNSVILLE - GENERAL STORE - DAY (D6)

Fergus is mid-conversation with Lionel Brown, who's now drunk enough to slur but not enough to fall flat on his face. Lionel swirls the whisky in his tankard.

LIONEL BROWN

... matured in oak casks, you said?

FERGUS

Oui, the Scottish way... Of course, it doesn't compare to wine from Champagne en France --

LIONEL BROWN

Ha! A damsel's drink if I ever heard of one!

Jamie and Claire enter the store and approach Fergus, who's happy to wrap up his encounter with Lionel.

Fergus glances at the newspaper in Jamie's hands.

FERGUS

Is there a problem? Bad news?

JAMIE

Ye remember the paper ye wrote on? That advertisement ye took to the printer... Was there writin' on the other side?

FERGUS

There was. Why?

Jamie gives Claire a meaningful glance.

JAMIE

The printer must have decided to use it -- a very respectable name, after all... "Dr. Rawlings".

Fergus looks from one to the other, confused. Claire regards her health column with concern.

CLAIRE

Do you think it will cause much trouble? Could anyone associate it with Fergus... and the Ridge?

JAMIE

Only if someone tried to find the author to invite him to speak on...
(reads)
... how "blood-letting is a harmful practice." Sassenach --

But there's no time to worry. Outside the store, a drunken Hiram Brown is looking for Lionel.

HIRAM BROWN

He's gone! Morton's gone!

Lionel's face is ashen with fury.

LIONEL BROWN

Don't you lie, boy! Was no one guarding him?

Roger abruptly stops singing and the Fiddler lowers his bow.

All merrymaking ceases. Lionel grabs his musket nearby. So does every other Brownsville man in the room.

Claire and Jamie exchange alarmed looks and rush outside.

EXT. BROWNSVILLE - COURTYARD - DAY (D6)

The Brownsville men gather around Lionel, mob-like -- Lionel steps out of the shed, where Morton was held, clutching the loose rope in his hand.

LIONEL BROWN

Find him. And when you do, don't wait for me --

Everyone's riled up and drunk enough to loudly agree -- Jamie hears snippets like -- "Get the bastard!" The men head for their horses, when...

Jamie steps up, into the midst of it all.

JAMIE

No.

That there's reluctance amongst the men to waste any time is an understatement.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Morton is a militiaman under my protection.

Claire and Roger stand by, worried, both readying themselves to jump in if need be...

Jamie's militiamen stand beside him with quiet determination. In terms of numbers, this may be an equal fight...

LIONEL BROWN

We are as protective as you, Colonel. Only I protect my own family.

Tense silence between the two factions.

Lionel readies his musket. Jamie's hand inches to the pistol in his holster.

SUDDENLY -- RICHARD BROWN, 50s, arrives back home on horseback, irritated by the chaos around him. He's an imposing man with impeccable posture, exuding arrogance and self-righteousness.

Jamie notices that all the Brownsville men immediately step back in reverence. Including Lionel.

Meg Brown runs out of Lucinda's tent to greet her husband. She takes hold of the horse and Richard dismounts.

RICHARD BROWN

(to Lionel)

What in God's name is going on?

LIONEL BROWN

I had Isaiah Morton. He was here and can't have gone far --

(then)

Did you have any luck with Elijah Ford?

RICHARD BROWN
He couldn't be persuaded --

LIONEL BROWN
Well we can still catch Morton if
the militia will step out of my
way...

Lionel points at Jamie, representing "the militia" --

JAMIE
I am Colonel James Fraser. Any
harm done to Morton will be viewed
as an act of aggression against my
militia, formed by His Excellency,
Governor Tryon. And I will have no
choice but to consider ye traitors
to the Crown -- no better than the
Regulators we've been sent to
disperse.

It's a clever turn on the Browns. As Jamie looks around, he
sees he's swayed a number of Brownsville men.

LIONEL BROWN
Who're you callin' a traitor?

RICHARD BROWN
Stop, brother. You sound foolish.
A drunken fool at that. I want
Morton as much as you do, but I am
going to talk to Colonel Fraser --
and come to an understanding.
(looks around)
Is that clear?

The Brownsville men and Jamie's militiamen are still jumpy
but for the moment Richard has simmered everyone down. Jamie
can't help but admire that quality.

INT. BROWNSVILLE - GENERAL STORE - DAY (D6)

The crowd has dispersed. Claire helps Meg Brown usher the
men outside. Roger and Fergus wheel the barrels of whisky
back to the cart. Richard Brown and Jamie are mid-
conversation. Richard has been briefed on all the
particulars. A grumpy Lionel Brown stands close by.

Richard has thought everything through. He looks at Jamie...

RICHARD BROWN

You keep strange company, Colonel Fraser. Isaiah Morton, eh? Not of the God-fearin' kind.

JAMIE

Little I can do about a man's character.

RICHARD BROWN

There's enough sin and lawlessness each day without counting those Regulators: causing disorder in an already crumbling society. We don't want any trouble with the Governor. If you've come recruiting, you couldn't have found better men anywhere in the Carolinas. We'll march to Hillsborough with you.

An upset Lionel is about to interject but Richard holds him back with a stern glare.

Richard steps up to Jamie, eyeing him with judgment.

RICHARD BROWN (CONT'D)

But they'll all be answering to me.

Jamie considers this. Not having the Brownsville men under his control doesn't sit well with him.

JAMIE

As long as we are in agreement that ye... will be answering to me.

Richard's mouth twitches, irritated.

RICHARD BROWN

Of course.

At this, all tension between everyone eases up. Claire breathes out relieved.

Claire takes Jamie's arm as Richard and Meg Brown walk past them out the General Store. Richard nods at Claire politely.

RICHARD BROWN (CONT'D)

You'll stay the night with us?

CLAIRE

If it's no trouble.

RICHARD BROWN

What kind of man would I be if I
allowed a lady to camp with the
militia in the cold, dark night?

Claire smiles at his hospitality. Meg Brown beams at Claire,
proud of her husband's influence.

EXT. BROWNSVILLE - COURTYARD - NIGHT (N6)

Roger handles the MUSTER ROLL at one of the rickety tables.
One Brownsville man after another lines up to give their
name. None look particularly happy about it, but Richard
Brown's word matters. Next to the table stands Ronnie
Sinclair, who pays each man his wages.

HIRAM BROWN

Hiram Brown.

Roger notes down the name, ignoring the fact that not a few
hours ago Hiram was firing shots at him...

The next BROWNSVILLE MAN steps up.

BROWNSVILLE MAN #1

Abner Brown.

Roger jots down the name. Another MAN approaches.

BROWNSVILLE MAN #2

(speaks very slowly)
Phineas...

ROGER

... Brown?

Brownsville Man #2 doesn't catch on to the sarcasm. He just
nods, impressed with Roger's wit.

EXT. BROWNSVILLE - GENERAL STORE - STAIRWAY - NIGHT (N6)

Claire follows Meg up the stairs. Behind them Alicia carries
a stack of fresh SHEETS. Meg unlocks the upstairs room.

INT. BROWNSVILLE - UPSTAIRS ROOM - NIGHT (N6)

It's a small but comfortable room with a BED against the
slanted wall. A WINDOW overlooks the road and front yard.

MEG BROWN

Will this do for you and your husband?

CLAIRE

It's perfect, thank you.

MEG BROWN

I hope you don't think we're a family of ill repute... With all that's happened...

Meg glances at Alicia --

MEG BROWN (CONT'D)

Perhaps God sent you to bring us the babe for a reason... If you're looking for a home for her, we would care for her as if she's our own --

CLAIRE

Thank you. That's very kind.

MEG BROWN

You see, Lucinda's own was born too little. She passed two days ago.

This hits Claire hard, she had no idea. Lucinda certainly has been hiding it well.

CLAIRE

I'm so sorry...

Meg Brown nods, swallows down this very recent memory.

MEG BROWN

Alicia will help you with the bedding. Come and join us when you're ready.

Meg smiles at her full of hope, then leaves.

Alicia hurries to her chore. She is deeply affected by Meg's words. Claire graciously leans over to assist Alicia with the sheets. Alicia eyes Claire, biting her lip --

ALICIA

Mistress Fraser, I heard... Is Isaiah truly gone?

CLAIRE

Better he stays gone, considering your father's feelings about him.

ALICIA
I know, but...

Embarrassed, Alicia stops herself.

CLAIRE
(encouraging)
But what?

ALICIA
He's my first thought in the
morning and my last thought at
night.

Alicia reddens.

ALICIA (CONT'D)
He never spoke of marriage, but I
wouldn't have... lain with him if
I'd thought...
(tearing up)
Will you ask your husband -- if he
sees Isaiah again... to tell him that
I'll follow him wherever, do whatever
I must --

Claire interrupts her, knowing the girl deserves the truth.

CLAIRE
Alicia... Isaiah Morton isn't
worth leaving your family for. I'm
sorry to have to tell you but...
Isaiah is already married.

Alicia pales. Stands in shock.

ALICIA
What do you mean? To whom?

CLAIRE
I don't know. But he told my
husband.

Alicia's knees buckle under her. She has to sit down on the
half-made bed. Tears are now rolling down her cheeks.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
He isn't worth your tears, either.
Not if he's been deceiving you.

Claire puts a comforting hand on Alicia's shoulder.

ALICIA

What will I do? No one else will ever
want me... And I'll never want anyone
but him --

Alicia puts a hand to her stomach, almost instinctively.

CLAIRE

Are you... with child?

ALICIA

(nods under tears)
I think so... I don't know --

CLAIRE

Your family will look after you.

ALICIA

No. I've disappointed them...
ruined my -- our -- reputation...

Alicia cries even harder now. Claire puts an arm around her.

ALICIA (CONT'D)

I wish I was dead.

Claire strokes Alicia's hair as she lets the girl cry it
out.

CLAIRE

That is the last thing you should
wish for.

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - NIGHT (N6)

The fire in the large hearth is down to a small flame.
Brianna, wrapped in a quilt, pokes the logs but they have
burned to a crisp.

Nearby, GERMAIN encourages Jemmy to practice walking by
snatching away his favorite WOODEN TOP just as Jemmy reaches
it, spinning it in the other direction. Good-natured, Jemmy
doesn't quite catch on and dutifully follows.

Still wrapped in the quilt, Brianna walks out the FRONT
DOOR.

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - PORCH - CONTINUOUS (N6)

Brianna picks up a few LOGS stacked on the side of the
porch.

A SQUEAL. Brianna stops at the strange sound. There it is again, sounding eerie, like a child's wail.

A FOX appears near a tree in the distance -- only for a second -- then returns into the forest. Brianna sighs, relieved: mystery solved.

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - CONTINUOUS (N6)

Upon her return, Brianna sees Germain playing with a different toy, a WOODEN HORSE -- but Jemmy is nowhere to be seen. She drops the LOGS where she stands, panicked --

BRIANNA
Jemmy? Jemmy!

She runs up to Germain and grabs him by his little arm.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)
Where's Jemmy? Where did he go?

Brianna's tone doesn't sit well with Germain. He stares at Brianna wide-eyed and CLAMS up instead.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)
Did you see a man? Did a man take him?

No answer.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)
JEMMY!

All the shouting brings out the other women of the house: Mrs. Bug from her chambers, Lizzie and Marsali from the dining room. Everyone is on high alert.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)
He took him!

MARSALI
What, who?!

BRIANNA
Jemmy! I went outside for a moment, let him out of my sight --

Lizzie's instinct is to calm Brianna.

LIZZIE
He couldna ha' gone far --
Mistress, is this one of yer nightmares?

BRIANNA
No, he's really gone!

Marsali addresses her own son, a little more composed --

MARSALI
Germain, where's Jemmy?

Germain points at the back door -- open only a small
CRACK -- easy to overlook.

GERMAIN
Toy.

Marsali runs to the back door and swings it open to
REVEAL...

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - BACK PORCH - CONTINUOUS
(N6)

... Jemmy... the wooden top in his little hands. Germain
must have spun it far enough that it flew through the crack.

MARSALI
Intent on findin' his precious
trinket, that's all...

Brianna scoops up Jemmy with a huge sigh of relief and holds
onto him for dear life.

MARSALI (CONT'D)
Once they start walkin' 'tis a new
world of trouble --

Marsali clocks how utterly rattled and pale Brianna looks.
She shoos everyone back inside the house.

MARSALI (CONT'D)
There we are -- safe and sound.
Back to bed everyone.
(to Brianna)
Find me in the kitchen. I ken an
honest cure fer waking nightmares.

Brianna nods, still in a bit of shock. Marsali closes and
locks the back door to be safe.

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT (N6)

WHISKY. Poured into two glasses. About two shots each...

With a mischievous grin, Marsali slides a glass for Bree across the table.

MARSALI

Sláinte!

Marsali downs her whisky like a pro. Brianna follows suit, neither one yet aware of the impact of alcohol on pregnancy.

BRIANNA

Sláinte...

The alcohol's warm sting does the trick for Brianna. Marsali waits for her to talk. When Brianna doesn't...

MARSALI

Are ye goin' to tell me what kind of devil ye conjured?

BRIANNA

I did, didn't I... conjure everything up somehow...

MARSALI

I canna help ye if I dinna ken what ye're thinkin'.

BRIANNA

It's nothing. I mean, I hope it's nothing --

MARSALI

Then we'll sit and drink in sacred silence.

Which is awkward at best. Brianna feels she owes Marsali some kind of explanation.

BRIANNA

It was my fault... I shouldn't have let Jemmy out of my sight --

MARSALI

(comforting)
Nothing happened.

A beat as Marsali pours herself another whisky. But Brianna is not easily consoled. Marsali tries another tactic --

MARSALI (CONT'D)

I never told ye... but I killed my father.

Brianna is taken aback -- what the hell? What does this have to do with anything?

MARSALI (CONT'D)

My father -- Simon McKimmie -- he'd beat us. Hand, belt, pot... with whatever was close and whenever he felt the urge -- which was often. Once he broke my lip: I couldna speak for a month.

(beat)

I prayed every night that he would stop. I wished him dead. And one day he was arrested as a Jacobite. He died in prison: I killed him.

Brianna sees Marsali's reasoning, the kindness in her story --

BRIANNA

You didn't kill him --

MARSALI

Though I prayed every night for God to take him? Let my mind be consumed by thoughts of all the terrible things that could happen to him?

Brianna appreciates her words.

BRIANNA

I'm sorry to hear about your father.

Marsali smiles sadly.

MARSALI

You see, thinkin' -- no matter how long or hard, doesna make something come true. Or else I'd be queen of a castle filled with jewels and fine wines. But here I am.

Marsali stares intensely at the whisky in her glass.

MARSALI (CONT'D)

No -- it's still whisky. But we'll make the best of it...

This makes Brianna laugh, too. With a little grin, Brianna nudges her own empty whisky glass toward the bottle and Marsali happily refills it.

EXT. BROWNSVILLE - COURTYARD - NIGHT (N6)

A little drained from Alicia's heartbreak, Claire comes downstairs. Though militiamen and Brownsville folk continue to mingle, the Fiddler takes a break. The Lindsay Brothers are off to set up camp.

Passing Claire by are Josiah and Kezzie, who bow respectfully.

JOSIAH

Our men are putting up the tents for the night, Mistress. Up the road. They need a hand.

CLAIRE

Good...
(suddenly)
Wait. Hold on.

Claire stops Kezzie in his steps. She pulls him closer to a lamp. His face is still ruddy and his eyes glazed over. She feels his forehead. High fever.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Open your mouth. Tongue.

She demonstrates. Kezzie dutifully stretches out his tongue for Claire to examine his throat. She smells the distinct putrid bacterial odor of infected mucous membranes.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Jesus H. Roosevelt Christ. Must you two be alike in every way...?

JOSIAH

Is all well with him?

CLAIRE

Does Kezzie's throat hurt from time to time, like yours?

JOSIAH

Aye, it comes and goes...

CLAIRE

It's nothing I can heal tonight. Have plenty to drink: water or ale. Pitch your tent at fair distance.

JOSIAH

Aye, Mistress.

With a sigh, Claire watches Josiah and Kezzie follow a couple of Militiamen.

INT. BROWNSVILLE - GENERAL STORE - NIGHT (N6)

Claire finds Jamie with Roger and Fergus, going over the muster roll. Her solemn face grabs Jamie's attention.

JAMIE

What is it, Sassenach?

CLAIRE

Kezzie's tonsil is as infected as his brother's, he may have caught it from Josiah somehow in the past few days by sharing food or drink. His fever seems very high. Josiah was strong enough to wait for treatment but I don't think Kezzie is. Tonsillitis often causes middle ear infection, so this surgery could even benefit his hearing...

JAMIE

Can ye perform it here?

CLAIRE

(shakes her head)
I need penicillin.

JAMIE

But ye don't have it?

CLAIRE

Not yet. But I feel I'm close, and I left Marsali with precise instructions of what to look for...

Jamie nods, his mind is made up.

JAMIE

Then ye must return with them to the Ridge. Josiah's no good to me here -- the Ridge needs a hunter -- and Kezzie's no good to anyone dead.

CLAIRE

What if you have an encounter with the Regulators? Won't you need me?

JAMIE

Ye said ye didna ken of any
battle...

CLAIRE

It's what Brianna said, too, but I
didn't want to leave you so soon.

JAMIE

We didna spend a day in hell to
secure the safety of these boys to
let them suffer now.

Jamie brings her hand to his lips and kisses it.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Heal them and then return to me.

Claire nods with mixed emotions. Jamie waves Roger over.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Roger Mac, come dawn, ye'll escort
Claire home.

Taken aback, Roger looks from one to the other --

ROGER

Why?

CLAIRE

I need to take the twins back to my
surgery.

ROGER

What about the militia? And
Hillsborough?

JAMIE

I made ye a captain, Roger Mac,
without time to prepare ye, to
teach ye what the word means --

Defiant -- and not a little offended -- Roger offers a
definition.

ROGER

From the old French -- capitaine --
via the Latin -- one who stands at
the head of others and leads
them...

JAMIE

Then lead my wife home.

Claire studies Roger's expression -- feeling that he's failed his father-in-law -- taking this as a demotion. Jamie goes back to Fergus, but Claire stays with Roger.

CLAIRE

We'll be back with them before you know it.

ROGER

That's not what concerns me. He doesn't have faith in me.

CLAIRE

And yet he's entrusting you with the thing he loves most.

Roger glances at a PISTOL in Claire's holster.

ROGER

Aye -- a lady who knows how to defend herself.

Claire smiles with a gracious nod. She knows Roger is taking this to heart but feels it's for the best, too.

EXT. BROWNSVILLE - COURTYARD - NIGHT (N6)

The Brownsville residents have carved out a dancing circle as the Fiddler plays. The women of the village have taken over the space, showing off their skills to the merry REEL.

John Quincy Myers brings Claire a jug of ALE.

Meg Brown is one of the most enthusiastic dancers. Lucinda sits patiently holding the Beardsley Baby. Hiram Brown leans next to them, not sure how he feels about the new child.

A now tipsy Claire is thrown into the reel with Meg. Jamie watches her and claps along with the music.

Richard Brown enjoys dancing with another WOMAN, but more so with Meg when he finally gets to swing her around.

Alicia is noticeably absent. Lionel looks around, a little concerned, not overly pleased with how well everyone seems to be getting on.

Meanwhile, Roger stands aside, clapping to the beat and relieved the attention isn't on him for a change.

Laughing, Claire hops over to Lucinda and takes the Beardsley Baby into her arms.

CLAIRE

Go on! Go and dance!

Lucinda reluctantly lets go of the child. As she does, she glances over at Hiram --

LUCINDA

I hope my mother-in-law told you that if you are looking for a good home...

HIRAM

We don't mind keeping her.

Lucinda bumps him for his gruffness.

CLAIRE

I have to talk to my husband --

LUCINDA

Of course...

CLAIRE

What about her... parentage?

LUCINDA

It's not her fault how she came into this world. And we have plenty of room to spare, she wouldn't lack for anything. If you'd allow it.

Claire smiles. Happily, Lucinda joins the swing of the Reel. Claire looks at little "Bonnie," admires her adorable face -- a moment which isn't lost on Jamie, watching Claire with the child.

Ronnie Sinclair moves the Fiddler aside and brings out a SINGLE DRUM. The beat of a Scottish SWORD DANCE.

Evan Lindsay tries his luck at the dance but trips over the CROSSED SWORDS on the floor. LAUGHTER and genial insults from the others...

Fergus and Geordie Chisholm seize Jamie by his arms and hustle him into the center of the floor. There's an outburst of CLAPPING and ENCOURAGEMENT.

Jamie's feet strike down on the ground, to the north, to the east and the west, flashing swiftly between the swords. He dances with all the skill of a warrior.

Sweat now pouring down Jamie's forehead he locks eyes with Claire. She smiles at him, entranced by his fierceness and by the beat of the Scottish drum.

EXT. BROWNSVILLE - ROAD - NIGHT (N6)

Jamie and Claire take a relaxed stroll, away from the hustle and bustle of the courtyard as well as the nearby campsite. Jamie wraps his arm around her.

EXT. BROWNSVILLE - WOODS - CONTINUOUS (N6)

Jamie and Claire take a sharp turn away from the road and into the woods. It's a thick beautiful forest that glistens dark-blue and silver in the MOONLIGHT. Claire's head spins from the dancing and the ale.

CLAIRE

Where are you taking me?

JAMIE

Away from prying eyes.

CLAIRE

I must warn you. My husband's as jealous as he is handsome... and you should know I could knock you off your feet, Sir --

Just then, Claire stumbles over a thick off-road branch. Jamie helps her and responds playfully --

JAMIE

Ye're doing a fine job of toppling over on yer own...

CLAIRE

(laughs)

I can't even walk in a straight line...

(then)

Can you recite the alphabet backwards?

JAMIE

I expect so. English or Greek?

CLAIRE

Never mind. If you recite either one forward, you're in better condition than I am.

Jamie stops, struggles to find the right words. Claire regards him curiously.

JAMIE

I've a question to ask ye, Sassenach.

CLAIRE

What is it?

JAMIE

Do ye want wee Bonnie? Do ye want to keep her? We have a big house. And I saw ye with her, Sassenach. I saw how you would ha' looked... with Bree.

The night's alcohol brings Claire's emotions closer to the surface, thinking about what could've been.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

And then I thought that mebbe this might be our last chance to raise a bairn together.

Claire nods, seriously considering this offer.

CLAIRE

And what would you think if she stayed?

JAMIE

Here in Brownsville?

CLAIRE

It was suggested. Lucinda has taken a liking to her. In fact, I think Lucinda might need our 'Bonnie' more than anyone. She would be in very good hands.

JAMIE

She comes with the deed to the Beardsley property -- a welcome addition to their estate considering what they stand to lose with Alicia's indiscretion.

Claire thinks and nods, unsure about this decision.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

I've no life but you, Claire. But if ye do want another child...

(MORE)

JAMIE (CONT'D)

I thought perhaps I could give one to ye, one that ye didna have to suffer carrying.

Claire looks into his eyes, inspired by Jamie's earnestness. She leans into his embrace.

CLAIRE

Please know that if it is possible, I love you more for wanting to take this chance. I also regret that we were never parents together...

Jamie feels a "but" coming.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

But... maybe regret isn't reason enough. I love our life. I love our home with Bree and Roger and Jemmy. We can change diapers any time it pleases us, and leave the sleepless nights to his parents.

Jamie laughs at that.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Are we truly the best home for her? War is coming and who knows what will happen five years from now, or five days from now. Then there's our obituary...

This gives Jamie pause, too. Could they really be gone so soon?

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I'm grateful for every day we have.

JAMIE

As am I.

CLAIRE

And we do have Marsali and Fergus to keep the Ridge sufficiently populated, if that's what you're worried about...

JAMIE

(grins)

The lass is with child whenever Fergus sets eyes on her! And he dares to joke about my virilité.

They're both laughing now. Their hands intertwine and Jamie pulls her toward him. They share a long passionate kiss.

A DULL SHOT in the distance rips them apart.

CLAIRE

That was a gun shot.

Jamie identifies the direction from where the sound came --

ON Alicia Brown in tears at the roots of a tree. The first shot misfired: It tore a FLESH WOUND with burn marks into her upper arm. She's shivering from the pain and the cold in her thin shirt -- now desperately reloading the PISTOL she must've stolen from her father. She's trying to figure out how to reload the weapon, when she hears FOOTSTEPS.

ON Jamie and Claire running to her aid.

ALICIA (O.C.)

I meant the bullet for my heart!
Please leave me -- so I can try
again.

In one swift move Jamie takes the pistol away from Alicia. Jamie takes off his coat and wraps it around the girl.

CLAIRE

(to Jamie)

She's wounded. We must take her
home.

Together, Jamie and Claire walk a reluctant Alicia toward safety...

OMITTED

EXT. BROWNSVILLE - COURTYARD - NIGHT (N6)

No more merriment. VARIOUS FOLK are heading to bed. Unseen, Claire and Jamie carefully cross the road, with Alicia between them, Jamie's coat covering the girl. They climb up the stairs at the side of the General Store.

INT. BROWNSVILLE - UPSTAIRS ROOM - CONTINUOUS (N6)

Once inside, Claire and Jamie help Alicia sit onto the bed. Claire helps Alicia change out of the soiled shirt.

CLAIRE

Why in God's name would you do something so stupid?

ALICIA

(crying)

I'm all alone. I can't live with what I've done. I can't live without Isaiah. My family is ashamed of me. It's better I'm dead.

CLAIRE

You're not alone. And a child, especially one born out of love, is worth living for.

Jamie raises an eyebrow at what he's hearing. Claire notices and confirms with a nod -- yes, Alicia's pregnant.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Jamie, will you find some boiled water so I can clean the wound --

JAMIE

Aye.

Secretly relieved to let Claire handle this sensitive situation, Jamie sneaks out the door.

EXT. BROWNSVILLE - GENERAL STORE - STAIRWAY - NIGHT (N6)

Jamie quietly hurries downstairs. He's about to step off the last stair and turn the corner, when --

-- a HAND grips him by the arm violently and holds on. He spins around to face --

Isaiah Morton. He didn't leave after all... Morton pulls Jamie into the shadows from where he jumped out.

JAMIE

Morton! What in Christ's name are ye doing here?

ISAIAH MORTON

I couldn't go, Sir, not without seeing Ally. Do you know where I can find 'er?

JAMIE

The lass kens ye've a wife already.
If her father doesna shoot ye on
sight, she may stab ye to the
heart, bigamist that ye are. And
if neither of them succeeds, I'll
do the job myself. What sort of
man would slip round a lass and get
her with child, and with no right
to give it his name?

ISAIAH MORTON

With child?

JAMIE

She is. Now ye'd best leave.

Morton's lips tighten. His hand comes out from under his
cloak, holding a PISTOL pointed at Jamie, loaded and cocked.

Jamie freezes, on full alert. Morton's hand trembles, the
pistol is visibly shaking.

ISAIAH MORTON

I'm sorry, Sir. I dinna wish to do
ye harm, but I must see Ally!

JAMIE

(exasperated)

Put it down. Ye ken fine ye willna
shoot me, and so do I.

Morton lowers the pistol.

ISAIAH MORTON

I canna speak ill of my wife, but
neither one of us was happy --

This reminds Jamie of his own chapter with Laoghaire in the
past...

ISAIAH MORTON (CONT'D)

We havena shared a home nor a bed
for two years now and we've no
children. But Ally... err, Miss
Brown... is my heart and soul.

(beat)

Please help me see her.

Jamie mutters underneath his breath, but he can't help being
swayed by Morton's plea...

INT. BROWNSVILLE - UPSTAIRS ROOM - NIGHT (N6)

Claire is still in the middle of talking sense into Alicia.

CLAIRE

... This might feel like the darkest time in your life -- and it may well be -- but this too will pass, I promise. There is nothing in this world worth taking your own life for --

The room door swings open. Jamie enters, yet all too quickly and without the much-needed drinks... He steps aside and instead reveals Morton right behind him.

Morton and Alicia lock eyes. A moment of silence as an unspoken conversation seems to take place. How will everything they've learned about each other steer them?

Like magnets they rush into a fierce embrace, ignoring Claire and Jamie completely. Alicia's almost forgotten about her wounded arm... Their lips lock, madly in love.

ALICIA

(in between kisses)
I thought you were gone.

ISAIAH MORTON

I should be gone...
(in between kisses)
Is it true? You're with child?

ALICIA

(nodding)
Is it true you're married?

ISAIAH MORTON

Yes.

A moment as Alicia is crestfallen. Then --

ALICIA

And you love her?

ISAIAH MORTON

I love only you.

They kiss again, forgetting the world around them.

FOOTSTEPS. Somebody is coming up the stairs.

Inside the room all action stops, and Claire and Jamie scramble to see if they need to hide Isaiah --

The door swings open to REVEAL: Roger. He's carrying the MUSTER BOOK and writing kit under his arm.

ROGER

It's the muster roll, I wanted --

He stops himself when he sees Isaiah together with Alicia and the messy situation at hand.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Morton?

Claire quickly ushers Roger inside and closes the door behind him.

CLAIRE

Come inside before someone notices.

ROGER

(to Morton)

What are you thinking in coming back?

ISAIAH MORTON

I'm a fool. As ye said. As are ye... And...

(this takes a bit more
courage, but)

As is the Colonel.

Morton stands tall -- he's gone this far, there's no going back now...

ISAIAH MORTON (CONT'D)

(to Roger)

Are ye both tellin' me that if someone told ye to leave... told ye that ye could never see Mistress MacKenzie or Mistress Fraser again, ye'd stand for it? That ye'd obey without a fight?

Time to call them out --

ISAIAH MORTON (CONT'D)

If either of ye would go... and leave the women ye love -- with all your hearts -- say it now. Say ye would go and I'll walk out of here without another word --

Roger and Jamie exchange a look. Both have made seriously crazy decisions in the name of love... and neither would ever entertain the thought of leaving their wives.

ISAIAH MORTON (CONT'D)

(to Alicia)

So I was biding my time. I had to wait for nightfall to prove it to you. Will ye have me? It may be bold and reckless and foolish but how can I live without ye?

Alicia nods, comforted and relieved --

ALICIA

I don't think I can live without you...

They kiss again, and it's clear their passion takes full charge. Alicia's chosen a life with Isaiah.

Jamie glances at Claire... what now?

CLAIRE

(quietly)

They can't stay here.

JAMIE

No, they canna.

EXT. BROWNSVILLE - DAY (D7)

Establishing. Quiet. Dawn. Everyone is asleep.

INT. BROWNSVILLE - UPSTAIRS ROOM - LATER - DAY (D7)

Wrapping herself in a woolen throw, Claire stands at the window, looking down and waiting nervously for something...

EXT. BROWNSVILLE - STREET - SAME TIME (D7)

A MILITIA HORSE emerges around the corner, led by Jamie. On its back are Morton and Alicia, dressed warmly, her arm wound tightly bound and a BUNDLE of her things strung to the horse.

Roger stands as a look-out on the other end of town.

So far so good. But the horse walks too closely to one of the hitching posts. When Morton course-corrects, the horse SLIPS on a large stone and kicks a stack of empty BARRELS --

... which then roll down BANGING everything they touch.

INT. BROWNSVILLE - UPSTAIRS ROOM - SAME TIME (D7)

INTERCUT WITH -- Claire sucking in the air. Not good. This will wake up all of Brownsville.

ON Roger clearing the barrels out of the way.

SCUFFLING and THUDS from the homes around... Claire looks back at Jamie.

Jamie gets the horse under control and sends Morton and Alicia off, galloping.

Jamie casts a quick look up at Claire and then DUCKS BACK around a nearby dwelling.

SOUNDS of alarm as Lionel, Richard and the other men must have heard the noise.

ON Claire, ready to race downstairs to help, when --

...about twenty or so HORSES BURST onto the street.

In the midst of this chaos, Claire looks and sees Morton and Alicia ride off into the distance.

BROWNSVILLE MAN #1 (O.S.)

These are our horses!

None of the Brownsville men suspect anything as they scramble to recapture horses left and right.

ON CLAIRE spotting Jamie sneaking up -- the culprit behind the distraction. He has one of the Beardsley GOATS in tow. Richard notices the goat with suspicion.

JAMIE

This wee devil roamin' about.
Must've startled the horses: they
dinna take kindly to our cloven-
hoofed friends.

Sleepy Hiram and Lucinda, holding the Beardsley Baby in her arms, step out of their home to check on what's wrong.

Lionel scratches his head -- unsure how the horses managed to pull themselves off the posts without opposable thumbs.

Jamie glances upstairs to the General Store with a small smile. In the window Claire throws him a quick kiss.

Lionel notices the glance and follows it. He sees Claire in the window and his suspicion grows... though he can't quite put a finger on why.

CLAIRE (V.O.)
 Adultery. Betrayal. Dishonor.
 Excuses could be made, of course.
 I know I made my own when I was
 separated from Frank by a power I
 didn't understand.

BEAUTIFUL SLOW MOTION -- as horses run wild and people chase
 after them...

CLAIRE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 And yet, wherever you are, you make
 choices -- foolish ones or ones
 that save yourself or someone else.
 All you can hope for is that the
 good will outweigh the harm that
 may come of it.

Claire and Jamie exchange conspiratorial smiles from afar,
 while unbeknownst to them the Brown brothers look on.

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE

APPENDIX

Additional Scene - "Bonnet in Woolam's Creek"

EXT. WOOLAM'S CREEK - THOROUGHFARE - DAY

Daily hustle and bustle on a muddy thoroughfare. WE LAND ON
 a small POSTAL STATION.

MR. BUG hobbles the horses, while BRIANNA hands JEMMY to
 MRS. BUG --

BRIANNA
 I won't be long, Mistress Bug.

Jemmy reaches for Brianna --

FROM A DISTANT POINT OF VIEW -- Someone across the street is
 watching Brianna plant a kiss on Jemmy's cheek before she
 enters the Postal Station.

INT. POSTAL STATION - DAY

Brianna stands in line behind other CUSTOMERS. The postal
 carriage must've just arrived as the backroom looks packed
 with letters and packages. She thought she'd be in and out
 but this might take forever...

EXT. WOOLAM'S CREEK - STREET - CONTINUOUS

Meanwhile, Mrs. Bug entertains Jemmy by pointing out various items and objects -- trying to teach him some new words.

Suddenly the SHADOW OF A MAN falls on her and the child.

Mrs. Bug squints at the man, the sun in her eye. The man smiles and we recognize him as none other than STEPHEN BONNET... But Mrs. Bug has never seen him, nor has she heard of him. So she smiles back.

MRS. BUG
Good day, Sir.

STEPHEN BONNET
Good day indeed.

Bonnet RUFFLES Jemmy's hair.

STEPHEN BONNET (CONT'D)
Does he take after his mother or
his father, might I ask?

Quite a bold question for a stranger. Mrs. Bug blushes, embarrassed -- does this man think she is Jemmy's mother?

MRS. BUG
Oh... well he isna mine, sir. But
his mother is indeed a beauty...
(then)
Why do you ask?

STEPHEN BONNET
He's a handsome lad. Often the way
o' things, beauty and grace from
the mother, and nothin' but a name
from the father.

Mrs. Bug feels compelled to jump to Roger's defense --

MRS. BUG
Well a fine name he got from his
father too. Canna do much better
than MacKenzie if ye ask me, Sir.

Bonnet smiles. Mrs. Bug glances at Jemmy --

MRS. BUG (CONT'D)
This is Jeremiah MacKenzie.

Bonnet bows --

STEPHEN BONNET

The pleasure is most certainly all mine.

Ever the manipulator, Bonnet feigns innocence --

STEPHEN BONNET (CONT'D)

MacKenzie, eh? Know a couple myself... though o' course, they are two a penny... Anyone I might be acquainted with?

MRS. BUG

Unlikely, Sir. We live out in the backcountry. Roger Mac's his Da.

STEPHEN BONNET

I see. Well, ye never know, perhaps our paths will cross one day.

With a grin, Bonnet searches for something in his breast pocket. He finds a SILVER COIN and slips it into Jemmy's tunic. Mrs. Bug is surprised, but before she can protest --

STEPHEN BONNET (CONT'D)

A gift. For good luck, my wee man. I insist.

Bonnet taps his HAT and turns on his heels. Mrs. Bug fishes out the silver coin to look at it. Seems like a nice gift... When she looks up again, Bonnet is gone. Disappeared.

Mrs. Bug carries Jemmy up to the windows of the Postal Station to look inside -- Brianna still waits in line.

Brianna hears the playful knocking on the window and waves at them with a big smile.