

OUTLANDER

EPISODE 505
Perpetual Adoration

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&
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BASED ON THE NOVEL BY
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FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT
4th November 2019

OUTLANDER
EPISODE 505 "Perpetual Adoration"

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EPISODE 505 "Perpetual Adoration"

CAST LIST – FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT – 4th November 2019

CLAIRE FRASER
JAMIE FRASER
BRIANNA RANDALL FRASER
ROGER WAKEFIELD MACKENZIE

ANCHORMAN
ARCH BUG
FATHER BEGGS
FERGUS FRASER
GRAHAM MENZIES
JOE ABERNATHY
JOHN QUINCY MYERS
JOSIAH BEARDSLEY
KEZZIE BEARDSLEY
LIEUTENANT HAMILTON KNOX
LIZZIE WEMYSS
MARSALI FRASER
NURSE ATWELL
NURSE JEFFRIES
REDCOAT
SHOPKEEPER
STEPHEN BONNET
TOMMY

EPISODE 505 "Perpetual Adoration"

SET LIST – FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT – 4th November 2019

INTERIORS

Fraser's Ridge
Roger & Brianna's Cabin
Big House
Surgery
Boston Hospital
Hallway
Room
Nurses' Station
Hennessy's Lounge
William Reed's Ordinary
Tavern Room
Bed Chamber
Gloriana
Captain's Quarters
St. Finbar's Church

EXTERIORS

Fraser's Ridge
Big House
Porch
Roger & Brianna's Cabin
Woods
Hillsborough Street
William Reed's Ordinary
Back Alley
St. Finbar's Church
Park

THROUGH THE MICROSCOPE:

Spores of penicillium notatum (now known as penicillium chrysogenum) --

CLAIRE (O.S.)
Marsali, come quickly!

INT. CLAIRE'S SURGERY - DAY

CLAIRE is looking through the microscope on the table with excitement as MARSALI comes over.

MARSALI
What is it?

CLAIRE
Look.

Marsali steps to the microscope and looks through the eyepiece for a moment as Claire waits.

MARSALI
Paintbrushes! 'Tis the
paintbrushes.

She looks up into Claire's eyes --

MARSALI (CONT'D)
Ye found it?

Marsali is almost jumping up and down. Claire smiles at her warmly --

CLAIRE
You're supposed to say "Eureka."

MARSALI
What does that mean?

CLAIRE
That means: "I've found it."

MARSALI
Well then, Eureka, Claire... ye
found yer Penicillin.

Claire grins, Marsali grins back, and the two women embrace in celebration of their achievement.

INT. BOSTON HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY - FLASHBACK (1968)

Under BUZZING fluorescents, the door swings open and in walks DR. CLAIRE RANDALL, striding down the hall with purpose. This is a Claire we haven't seen since Season Three. The lab coat. The '60s flipped bob. The tempered melancholy of life without Jamie Fraser. Claire approaches NURSE JEFFRIES who is standing outside a patient's room.

CLAIRE

How is he this morning?

Nurse Jeffries hands Claire a chart.

NURSE JEFFRIES

Spirited, as usual.

CLAIRE

Fresh, you mean.

NURSE JEFFRIES

I don't mind it, coming from him.

CLAIRE

I'm happy to report it if --

NURSE JEFFRIES

Oh, goodness no. Ruin my only fun?
He's harmless as a kitten.

Claire studies the chart then enters the room.

INT. BOSTON HOSPITAL - ROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK (1968)

GRAHAM MENZIES, 60's, jaundiced, lies in bed pretending to rest. There's a hint of guilt about him. Another patient's bed lays empty on the other side of the room.

GRAHAM MENZIES

Well, it's about time.

Claire pauses as she enters, catching a whiff of the air.

CLAIRE

Is that cigarette smoke?

GRAHAM MENZIES

I don't smell anything.

CLAIRE

You should give it up.

GRAHAM MENZIES

I will if you will...

Claire cracks a wry smile --

CLAIRE

You certainly are chipper this morning. Still giving the nurses a run for their money, I hear.

GRAHAM MENZIES

I canna help it if Nurse Jeffries has taken a shine to me.

Claire pauses, taking in the familiar Scottish accent.

GRAHAM MENZIES (CONT'D)

Go on, give it to me straight. No doctor mumbo-jumbo.

CLAIRE

You have gallstones.

Graham looks relieved.

GRAHAM MENZIES

Gallstones... Is that all. I thought you were going to use the "c-word."

(off Claire's look)

Cancer.

CLAIRE

There is a different "c-word" I have to use, unfortunately: cholangitis -- an infection in your bile ducts.

(then)

We can treat that with antibiotics but the gallstones are quite large. Too large to pass naturally. You'll need a cholecystectomy -- surgery to remove your gall bladder.

Graham takes it in, then --

GRAHAM MENZIES

You've seen me naked, no?

Claire responds with just a look -- skeptical of where this is going.

GRAHAM MENZIES (CONT'D)

Oblige me, then. What you're proposin' seems quite personal to me. Be nice if we were on a first name basis.

CLAIRE

Mr. Menzies, I really need you to focus.

GRAHAM MENZIES

Randall. That's a good English name.

CLAIRE

My married name.

GRAHAM MENZIES

Well, I can tell a Scot when I see one -- you've some Scottish blood running through ye somehow.

Claire, reluctant to engage --

CLAIRE

I consider myself more American now.

GRAHAM MENZIES

No shame in it. I married a yank as well.

CLAIRE

He wasn't a yank actually --

GRAHAM MENZIES

She passed away. My Olivia.

Graham's voice trails off. He puts on a brave face.

GRAHAM MENZIES (CONT'D)

And would ye believe, lived here more than twenty years and still no one understands a damn word I'm sayin'...

Graham's charm manages to bring a smile to Claire's lips... there's something about him.

CLAIRE

You have a knack for getting me off topic. May I tell you more about the surgery without interruption, please?

GRAHAM MENZIES

If ye must.

She must.

CLAIRE

The incision is generally five to seven inches... in the upper right section of your belly, just below the ribs.

GRAHAM MENZIES

You're going to gut me like a fish, then?

CLAIRE

Yes. But first I'd like to start you on a course of antibiotics to treat that infection. I'll send Nurse Jeffries in to run some preliminary tests, for allergies and such.

GRAHAM MENZIES

I don't suppose there are any other options.

CLAIRE

I'm afraid not.

Graham thinks it over, then --

GRAHAM MENZIES

Let's get on with it then. It's but one more scar, nothing worth brooding over.

Off Claire, hearing the voice of a ghost.

EXT. HILLSBOROUGH STREET - DAY (D1)

JAMIE FRASER and his MILITIAMEN ride into Hillsborough. The bedraggled company of fifty men are a mix of Scots, a few are seasoned warriors but most are farmers and laborers. Alongside Jamie, on horseback, is FERGUS and JOHN QUINCY MYERS. In Roger's absence, Myers is Jamie's de facto second.

The men plod their horses down the muddy street, when a YOUNG TEEN dashes out of an alley and PELTS Fergus with a rotten apple. The militia comes to a halt. Fergus starts to veer toward the Boy.

JAMIE
 (to Fergus)
 Hold yer line.

Fergus checks himself, reins in his horse. Jamie watches as a YOUNG MAN defiantly crosses the street right in front of his mount, giving Jamie the stink eye as he passes.

FERGUS
 Not the cordial welcome I'd expect.

JOHN QUINCY MYERS
 Friendly buggers, aren't they?

JAMIE
 They think we're Regulators.

A courageous SHOPKEEPER takes a stance in the middle of the street in an effort to confront the militiamen. Some brave TOWNSMEN gather around him.

SHOPKEEPER
 We don't want trouble again. If you've come to violate the King's peace, there's a brigade of Redcoats at hand, ready to give ye a sound thrashing.

JAMIE
 We've no quarrel with you, neighbor. The contrary. We're a militia assembled accordin' to Governor Tryon's orders.

The Shopkeeper is relieved.

SHOPKEEPER
 Then we welcome you and bless you for your kindness --

JAMIE
 Not kindness alone. The Governor has promised forty shillings to every man who enlists. Is there any man here willin' to take up arms and join us?

SHOPKEEPER
 Is that what our lives are deemed to be worth?

JAMIE
 There's no price that can be put on a man's courage --

The Townsmen confer, grumble quietly. No takers.

JOHN QUINCY MYERS
 (under his breath to Jamie)
 No doubt the strength of spirit
 speaks louder than the strength of
 body.

The Shopkeeper tries to save face.

SHOPKEEPER
 We do aim to keep you in good
 spirits, however, with our shops
 and the like... The Redcoats are
 benefitting from our hospitality as
 we speak --

Jamie understands.

JAMIE
 At the Tavern?

SHOPKEEPER
 (points at building)
 William Reed's Ordinary.

Jamie tips his hat, spurs his horse on. The Shopkeeper and Townsmen step aside to let the militia pass.

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

ROGER and BRIANNA lie entwined in bed after a morning of lusty lovemaking. Roger rolls over and basks in the afterglow. Brianna is happier than we've seen her in a while. The Bonnet scare had her missing Roger more than she's willing to admit. Roger reaches over, gently strokes her cheek. Then finds himself compelled to ask --

ROGER
 Did you... enjoy yourself?

It's clear that Roger did.

BRIANNA
 Aye, Captain.

Roger laughs at her playful jab and the irony it contains.

ROGER
 I'm delighted to have pleased you,
 Mrs. Mac. But if it's a military
 man who takes yer fancy --

Roger's expression conveys "then you're barking up the wrong tree" -- he's no military man.

BRIANNA
 (putting on an English
 accent)
 Methinks you sell yourself short.

ROGER
 If yer father agreed with you, I'd
 be out leading the charge... and
 not sent home from Brownsville --

Roger downplays it, but Brianna can see it's meaningful to him.

BRIANNA
 The Brownsville thing doesn't sound
 all that bad to me. Mama said that
 people were actually singing and
 dancing when they arrived...
 (a beat)
 You know how to get through to
 people. It's no wonder they loved
 you at Oxford.

She nuzzles her nose into Roger's neck --

ROGER
 Well, ye ken, I had time to think
 on the long ride home -- there are
 universities already established --
 Harvard and Yale, MacKenzie
 University...

BRIANNA
 There's no MacKenzie University --

Roger gives her a mischievous grin --

ROGER
 Not yet... but then --

BRIANNA
 (leaning into the idea)
 That's not a bad idea actually --
 I could teach math.

ROGER
 Aye... but what I would teach...

BRIANNA
 History, obviously...

ROGER
More like current events.

Oh right!

BRIANNA
It's not that far-fetched. As crazy as it sounds, we could give it a go... Start small with an elementary school here on the Ridge... With Marsali and Fergus around we'll have to expand in no time --

They laugh... but it's beginning to sound too real a plan to Roger, who'd prefer to think of their future in the twentieth century. He reels it back --

ROGER
Honestly, I was just passin' time, thinkin' about the 'old days'. Things being what they are. But I gave my oath to your father... to be in his militia. And those words mean something to him and to me.

INT. HENNESSY'S LOUNGE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK (1968)

Almost empty. A half-eaten chicken pot pie pushed aside, Claire sits at the end of the bar reading a romance novel entitled 'The Impetuous Pirate.' A few stools over, some PATRONS chat. Claire is oblivious to them as she goes through her evening routine. TOMMY THE BARTENDER approaches.

TOMMY
Whiskey sour with a twist.

CLAIRE
I think I'll pass tonight, Tommy.

Tommy nods, crosses off with the rejected drink. Claire returns to her book.

INT. WILLIAM REED'S ORDINARY - TAVERN ROOM - DAY (D1)

A knife is BURIED in a broadsheet of Murtagh, piercing a hole in the forehead of the rendering. Drunken REDCOATS cheer as we REVEAL the knife thrower to be LIEUTENANT HAMILTON KNOX.

Jamie, Fergus and John Quincy step into the doorway and watch as Knox yanks the knife from the broadsheet.

Jamie pulls some coin from his pocket and hands the money to John Quincy.

JAMIE

Buy a cask of rum. Have the garrison make camp. Then let them drink until the barrel runs dry.

JOHN QUINCY MYERS

(eager and pleased)

Say no more, Colonel -- your command is our wish.

John Quincy crosses to the bar. Jamie and Fergus make their way through the crowded tavern to Knox. The Lieutenant perks up at the sight of Jamie as he plants the knife in the table.

LIEUTENANT KNOX

(to his men)

Did I not tell you the Colonel would arrive as promised? And with daylight to spare.

JAMIE

And wi' a few more men to stand with us, Lieutenant. Fifty or so.

LIEUTENANT KNOX

(clocks Fergus, then to a Redcoat)

Fetch them both some ale.

Jamie nods to Fergus. Go with him. I need a moment alone with Knox. Fergus understands, retreats to the bar with the REDCOAT. Jamie glances again at the broadsheet of Murtagh with its numerous knife marks --

Knox clocks the disapproval on Jamie's face. He is apologetic, thinking Jamie must deem the behavior crass --

LIEUTENANT KNOX (CONT'D)

A little barbaric, I know, but in the absence of more tangible pursuits...

Knox gazes into the bottom of the pewter mug in his hand.

LIEUTENANT KNOX (CONT'D)

He leaves no trace. A shadow in the dark that one.

JAMIE

Aye.

LIEUTENANT KNOX

I'm glad to see you, but there is some unfortunate news I must share.

Knox fishes a document from his coat, hands it to Jamie.

LIEUTENANT KNOX (CONT'D)

From Governor Tryon. He's coming here to Hillsborough to pardon the leaders of the Regulator movement.

JAMIE

(genuinely surprised)
Full pardons? For everyone? Why?

LIEUTENANT KNOX

Exactly. After everything we've done, the progress we've made --

Jamie scans the document.

JAMIE

He makes no mention of why he'd order such a thing --

LIEUTENANT KNOX

Appeasement, perhaps. But I worry... Will it not make us look foolish -- even cowardly -- in the eyes of our subordinates?

JAMIE

Mebbe, aye...

There's something weighing on Knox -- the confession is quiet, anguished --

LIEUTENANT KNOX

As you know, I did something excessive in the jail... I cannot face knowing that it might have been for nothing.

Jamie is genuinely sorry for Knox, but secretly thrilled that Murtagh will be given a new lease on life. He folds the dispatch and hands it back to Knox. He's speaking both of Knox and of the Regulators when he says --

JAMIE

Mebbe it's for the best -- every man deserves a second chance.

Knox looks pained, as he slips the dispatch back inside his coat --

LIEUTENANT KNOX

But if you had taken the life of an incarcerated man and --

JAMIE

Ye must ask the Lord's forgiveness, and receive it. Trust me. There'll be other battles to fight.

LIEUTENANT KNOX

I'm glad to be able to call you a friend... and to confide in you --

(a beat)

I am still holding on to one small hope. I'm expecting a letter which may give an indication as to Fitzgibbons' whereabouts...

Jamie's antenna goes up.

JAMIE

What d'ye mean?

LIEUTENANT KNOX

I petitioned the magistrate for the prisoner rolls at Ardsmuir. I discovered that Fitzgibbons was once incarcerated there.

Jamie realizes where Knox is going with this.

JAMIE

Ye believe there may be fellow prisoners residin' in the colonies who might be hidin' him?

Knox nods in response. Fergus and the Redcoat return with tankards of ale. Knox takes one from the Redcoat and hands it to Jamie. Jamie has got to give it to Knox. He's thorough.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

But as ye say, 'tis all for naught.

So it would seem -- Knox yanks the knife from the table, hands it to Jamie.

LIEUTENANT KNOX

Have a go --

JAMIE

(sardonic)

The pardon doesna extend to the man's image, then?

Knox shrugs and passes the knife to Jamie --

LIEUTENANT KNOX

This may be as close as we come.

Jamie is put on the spot. He takes the knife, feels the weight of it in his hand.

REDCOAT

Between the eyes, Colonel!

The drunken Redcoats egg Jamie on. Jamie takes aim at the broadsheet of Murtagh ten feet away. He steps back and makes what looks like an expert toss.

But the knife MISSES its mark, landing in a bare spot on the wall. GROANS drift through the tavern. What they don't know is that Jamie missed on purpose. Knox gives him a consolatory pat on the back.

LIEUTENANT KNOX

Never mind.

Jamie forces a smile.

EXT. WILLIAM REED'S ORDINARY - DAY (D1)

Jamie and Fergus approach a hitching post and begin untying their horses.

FERGUS

These prisoner rolls that Lieutenant Knox is expecting -- will they not include your name?

JAMIE

If what Governor Tryon proposes is true, then the news of myself and Murtagh imprisoned together at Ardsmuir will be of little consequence. And my godfather will be free to live without a bounty on his head. For that we can be thankful.

Jamie mounts his horse, thinks.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Still. There is cause for concern.

FERGUS

Would you like me to steal the documents, Milord?

JAMIE

Aye. It's a good idea. But you've a family now. I'll not have ye risk your neck. This is my burden.

INT. BOSTON HOSPITAL - ROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK (1968)

Graham is upright in bed, massaging his right side as Claire enters.

GRAHAM MENZIES

Did I pass?

CLAIRE

With flying colors. No allergies.

GRAHAM MENZIES

No excuses, then. Under the knife I go.

Graham reacts with the trademark Scot mix of humor and stoicism. But Claire can see he's struggling.

CLAIRE

I imagine the pain in your side is not letting up. Let's have a look.

Graham winces as he slips out of his gown and lies down on the bed. Claire begins to lightly palpate the upper right quadrant of his abdomen. As she does she notices a thick scar on his right shoulder.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

How did you get the scar?

GRAHAM MENZIES

Hauling lobsters. Got my arm caught in a winch... dislocated my shoulder -- took a chunk of flesh at the same time. My wife said it gave me a bit o' character --

Claire finishes her exam. As she suspected, Graham's gall bladder has indeed gotten worse, more tender and distended.

CLAIRE

I think you have plenty of that. A man in your condition has no right to have such sparkle in his eye.

GRAHAM MENZIES

I possess the mighty genes of a Scotsman.

CLAIRE

And the charm of one too.

Claire studies his face for a moment, reminiscing. She can't help wondering if this is what Jamie would have looked like at this age.

GRAHAM MENZIES

Don't tell me ye're takin' a shine to me now.

She chuckles --

CLAIRE

You remind me of someone I met in Scotland, years ago. We lost touch...

GRAHAM MENZIES

He must have been a fool.

CLAIRE

If he was, I was equally so.

GRAHAM MENZIES

Scotland, aye. Never stopped missing it. Boston's fine, but I couldna call it my home. Always planned to get back to the Western Isles.

CLAIRE

Maybe once you're on the mend.

GRAHAM MENZIES

That time has passed, I'm afraid. My wife Olivia is buried here, God rest her soul. And I could never leave her.

CLAIRE

I understand.

And she does, more than he knows.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I'll get your surgery scheduled.

Claire picks up Graham's chart, prepares to leave.

GRAHAM MENZIES

First you'll need to promise me one thing.

(MORE)

GRAHAM MENZIES (CONT'D)

(off her look)

That I'll be back on my feet by
Friday, four o'clock. It's my
perpetual adoration shift at St.
Finbar's.

CLAIRE

I'm familiar with the rite.

GRAHAM MENZIES

Then you'll know that someone must
be there at all times so the
blessed sacrament is never left
alone. I haven't missed a day
since Olivia died. It's my way of
keeping her close.

Claire is moved by his dedication.

CLAIRE

That's beautiful.

GRAHAM MENZIES

I guess all I'm tryin' to say is
it's Friday or no deal.

CLAIRE

I'll do my best. And you'll need
to do your best to heal quickly.
That means no smoking.

Graham nods.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

We'll start you on penicillin to
clear up the cholangitis. You'll
be ready for surgery tomorrow.

GRAHAM MENZIES

It's a date.

Claire smiles at him, then exits.

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

A CORN HUSK DOLL bobs up and down against the sound of
WAILING. REVEAL an exasperated Roger holding JEMMY who is in
mid-tantrum mode. Roger is using the doll to try to calm the
infant. It's not working. Roger exchanges the doll for a
WOODEN SOLDIER. Jemmy responds with an agonized HOWL.

ROGER

I canna blame you for that one. I
feel the same about it myself.

At wit's end, Roger begins pacing the cabin, gently patting the small of Jemmy's back. In an effort to stop the child from crying, Roger looks for something else that might appease him.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Come now, eh?

Roger crosses to Brianna's jewelry box on a shelf. He opens it up, takes out a SILVER LOCKET and dangles it for Jemmy.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Have a look at this. No?

Jemmy isn't placated. As Roger replaces the locket, Jemmy squirms. Roger shifts the child from one arm to the other and in the process KNOCKS the wooden jewelry box off the shelf. Earrings and trinkets spill onto the floor.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Ah, sod it.

Roger sets Jemmy in his cradle and starts retrieving the contents. As he does something catches his eye -- something SPARKLING from within a shred of muslin cloth. He hesitates, then unwraps the cloth to reveal a BLACK DIAMOND.

Roger picks up the diamond and examines it. There's something strangely familiar about this gem. Then it hits him like a punch in the gut.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - ESTABLISHING - DAY - FLASHBACK (1769)

The Gloriana cuts through water, its sails taut from a stiff wind.

INT. GLORIANA - CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS - NIGHT - FLASHBACK (1769)

The ship CREAKS and heaves, causing a lantern to sway. Underneath the light, Roger and STEPHEN BONNET sit across from each other. On the table between them is a pile of shillings. Each man holds a fan of cards as they engage in a game of Whist. It should be obvious to the audience (but not to Roger) that Bonnet is wearing Claire's LALLYBROCH RING.

ROGER

When do you expect we'll make port
in Philadelphia?

STEPHEN BONNET

(focused on his hand)

If the wind stays at our back, then
tomorrow.

Roger nods. As Bonnet plays his card, he notices that Roger has a heightened sense of expectation.

STEPHEN BONNET (CONT'D)

Ought to keep your mind on the
game... if you're still hoping to
impress that lass of yours.

A tight-lipped Roger gives Bonnet a questioning look. Bonnet gestures at the winnings, explaining --

STEPHEN BONNET (CONT'D)

Women will do anything for
trinkets, coins, jewels -- anything
at all. Yours for a pretty penny.
Or a diamond, or a ring --

Suddenly, Bonnet jams his thumb and index finger into his mouth, roots around and from between two molars he plucks --

-- a BLACK DIAMOND. The gem GLISTENS, even in the dim light.

STEPHEN BONNET (CONT'D)

I was going to wager this rare
beauty --

Bonnet places the diamond atop the pile of coins. Roger adds to the pot, emboldened by the cards in his hand. He declares proudly --

ROGER

My lass is more concerned wi' words
and deeds.

Bonnet clocks Roger's confidence, amused...

STEPHEN BONNET

Is that so --

Roger plays his final card -- Queen of Hearts. Tension fills the air. Bonnet leans forward and locks eyes with Roger... Half conceding the fact that Roger is winning --

STEPHEN BONNET (CONT'D)

Since you'll have no need of the
gemstone... Perhaps you'll be
satisfied with my pearls of
wisdom...

(a beat)

Women are but a tax we men pay on
pleasure.

Bonnet shifts in his chair, drops his arm and -- out of
Roger's sight -- lets the Ace of Hearts fall into his palm.
Then Bonnet slyly lays the card on the table. Roger is
perplexed and suspicious.

ROGER

With respect, Captain, I prefer not
to take advice about taxes from
a... free-trader such as yerself --

Bonnet laughs at that.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Didn't you play the Ace of Hearts
in the last hand?

STEPHEN BONNET

You're mistaken.

A long, uncomfortable silence hangs between them. The look
on Bonnet's face tells Roger that if he continues pressing
the point he'll be hanging from the boom.

ROGER

It must have been the Ace of
Diamonds.

Bonnet nods deferentially then snatches the Black Diamond
from atop the pile of coins --

-- then sticks the gem back in his mouth.

STEPHEN BONNET

You're a wise man, Mr. MacKenzie.

As they continue to play --

INT. BOSTON HOSPITAL - DAY - FLASHBACK (1968)

Claire slips on her lab coat as she approaches the Nurses'
station. She locates a CLIPBOARD with her OR schedule and
scans her workload for the day. Halfway down the list, she
pauses at the sight of:

MENZIES, GRAHAM. PROCEDURE: CHOLESYTECTOMY -- CANCELED

Claire gets the attention of NURSE ATWELL.

CLAIRE

Do you know why Mr. Menzies' surgery was canceled?

NURSE ATWELL

The patient expired last night.

CLAIRE

(shocked)

He -- died? What happened?

NURSE ATWELL

Anaphylaxis. Apparently a penicillin reaction.

Claire is stunned. Nurse Atwell sees her reaction --

NURSE ATWELL (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, Dr. Randall.

Trying to absorb the news, Claire's shock turns into anger. She ignores the instinct to temper herself, lashing out --

CLAIRE

Why on earth wasn't I notified?

Nurse Atwell looks around nervously for support, stammers.

NURSE ATWELL

I -- I don't know. Is that protocol? I'm new here --

CLAIRE

That's no excuse. I should have been called --

Nurse Atwell's eyes begin getting moist. Claire is stymied for a moment. Not knowing where to go. What to do.

Fuming, she shoves the clipboard back at the Nurses station. A couple of NURSES turn and stare -- Dr. Randall??

NURSE ATWELL

I'm so sorry. It'll never happen again --

Claire storms off, troubled both by Graham's death and her own oversized reaction.

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

Brianna enters to find Roger sitting at a small side table by the fireplace, lost in thought. She sets a basket down next to him -- it's empty, apart from a few herbs.

BRIANNA

I wanted to make mushroom soup.

Roger doesn't respond. He's focused on what he holds in his hand. Brianna crosses the room and checks on Jemmy laying in his cradle.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

I didn't think I'd be gone so long... I was looking for Chanterelles... But I couldn't find any...

(re: Jemmy)

Fast asleep. Was he a handful?

Roger sets the BLACK DIAMOND down on the table.

ROGER

What's this?

Brianna can't quite see what he's referring to so she walks toward Roger but -- when she sees it's the black diamond, she stops in her tracks -- staring at it, expressionless.

Her reaction is tantamount to proof, so Roger doesn't wait for a response.

ROGER (CONT'D)

It's Bonnet's, isn't it --

Brianna takes a breath. She's not ashamed, instead she feels a deep sense of relief.

BRIANNA

I've wanted to tell you about this, but I was afraid you wouldn't understand.

ROGER

Try me.

BRIANNA

You know I went to Wilmington to see him. While you were gone.

Roger jumps on that --

ROGER

Gone?! What -- when I ran away
with the Mohawk? You mean sold
into slavery -- gone?

This is not going to be easy -- Roger is wounded and Bree is
going to have to choose her words carefully.

BRIANNA

(correcting herself)
Yes, yes -- that's what I meant.
When you were taken --

ROGER

You said you went to see him
hanged.

BRIANNA

I did. Da had said that
forgiveness would help, but when I
got there, I felt like I needed to
see him in person --

Roger is utterly furious: the only thing holding him back is
that his baby son is asleep nearby --

ROGER

So you spoke to Bonnet. There, in
jail.

BRIANNA

Yes. That's when he gave me the
diamond --

ROGER

And you kept it? A gift from him?

BRIANNA

I kept it for Jemmy. So that one
day he could go back through the
stones. It's his ticket home. Our
ticket home.

Though painful, the rationality behind this idea brings
Roger's rage down a peg or two... But something else
continues to gnaw at him.

He goes to the table and picks up the diamond from where he
left it --

ROGER

Why, though. The Stephen Bonnet I knew wouldn't give up that diamond to save his own mother's life. If he even has one.

A beat as Brianna realizes she's going to have to come clean.

BRIANNA

Because I told him Jemmy was his.

It's as though a million emotions explode in Roger's head and heart at the same time. And Bree can see the mushroom cloud expanding so she rattles off all the reasons that she can muster --

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

He was going to die. I thought it would be of comfort for him to know there'd be -- something of his left in this world -- I'm so sorry -- I didn't know if you'd ever come back -- I was scared and... grieving for you.

Brianna searches Roger's face to see if any of the pain is waning --

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

They were just words. Words you were never meant to hear.

ROGER

Words have consequences --

Brianna reaches out to him but Roger won't allow it.

ROGER (CONT'D)

So forgive me if I can't get that tender moment between the two of you out of my head.

BRIANNA

Tender! What the hell does that mean?

ROGER

All these months since I came back -- at our wedding -- the blood oath -- you were sure the child was Bonnet's?

It's Brianna's turn to feel furious --

BRIANNA

How could I ever know for sure that
Jemmy is his --

ROGER

But you told him so. And you've
never said as much to me.

BRIANNA

I didn't think I needed to.

Roger tries to reconcile his heart with the facts. But he
can't get beyond the pain.

ROGER

In your heart, Brianna. What do
you truly believe?

Brianna finds herself without an answer. Incredulous, Roger
grabs his coat and rifle and walks out.

OMITTED (MOVED TO SCENE A22)

OMITTED (MOVED TO SCENE A27)

OMITTED (MOVED TO SCENE B27)

OMITTED (MOVED TO SCENE C27)

EXT. ST. FINBAR'S CHURCH - DAY - FLASHBACK (1968)

*Claire pulls her car into a spot across the street from the
church. She sits for a moment, not really knowing why she's
there. Resigned, she opens the door and steps out.*

INT. ST. FINBAR'S CHURCH - DAY - FLASHBACK (1968)

*A few WORSHIPPERS are sprinkled about praying. The door
opens and Claire enters. She is met by a NUN who whispers
and points her to the front pews. Claire spots a WOMAN
kneeling at the altar before the MONSTRANCE silently saying
the rosary.*

*Claire shuffles into the second pew feeling a little awkward
and still not entirely sure why she's here.*

She sits and takes in her surroundings -- the arched ceiling, brilliant stained glass windows, majestic altar, rows of flickering votive candles. Symbols of grace, benevolence, humility and pain.

FATHER BEGGS, 38, exits the confessional and notices Claire. He approaches her, leans in and speaks quietly --

FATHER BEGGS

I don't believe I've seen you at the adoration before. Were you a friend of Mr. Menzies?

CLAIRE

Claire Randall. I'm his surgeon -- or would have been. I was due to operate on Graham but he died suddenly, just prior to the surgery.

FATHER BEGGS

Yes, we were all shocked by the news. It was such a tragedy.

He takes a moment to reflect on the bad news.

FATHER BEGGS (CONT'D)

Graham was a rare individual. So dedicated to his family and his faith. Always brought a smile to my face.

CLAIRE

He was quite good at that.

FATHER BEGGS

Do you mind?

Claire gestures for him to join her. Father Beggs genuflects then enters the pew in front of her and takes a seat.

FATHER BEGGS (CONT'D)

Did you know him well?

CLAIRE

Oddly enough, no. Not in the typical sense. To be honest, I'm not even certain why I'm here.

FATHER BEGGS

Sometimes even strangers can find a way into our hearts.

CLAIRE

What little I did know about Graham
is how sacred he held this time.
And the promise that he made to his
wife to be here.

FATHER BEGGS

Outside of the love that God has
for his children... That sort of
love and devotion between man and
wife -- there's nothing like it.

CLAIRE

Yes. It reminded me of someone
that I once shared that kind of
love with. Someone I lost.

FATHER BEGGS

No one is lost who's not forgotten.

CLAIRE

Perhaps I just needed to be
reminded of that.

FATHER BEGGS

May you find peace in knowing that
there is one more angel above us.

Yes, she thinks. There is.

CLAIRE

Thank you for the kind words.

Father Beggs leaves the pew and walks off down the aisle.
The Woman at the monstrance turns and nods to Claire. Claire
stands and walks forward, pausing briefly to genuflect at
the altar. She kneels beside the woman who then blesses
herself and crosses off.

Claire hears the side door of the church CLICK shut. All is
quiet. Her eyes drift to the monstrance in front of her --
its golden sunburst lit by candles that burn without a
flicker. Then Claire senses a feeling of warmth.

Before she knows it, she's overcome -- moved to tears. Maybe
it's being here in this place of solace or Graham Menzies
and his dedication... Or maybe she did truly feel Jamie's
presence.

INT. WILLIAM REED'S ORDINARY - DAY

Knox eats a venison meal, enjoying the food but also
enthused by recent news.

A packet of documents is on the table by his tankard. Jamie stands across from Knox, trying to wrap his head around what he's just learned.

JAMIE

A pardon, for everyone but Murtagh Fitzgibbons.

LIEUTENANT KNOX

Cunning maneuver, isn't it?

JAMIE

(beat, realizes)

Governor Tryon wants to make an example of him.

LIEUTENANT KNOX

Treasonous behavior of this sort is unforgivable. Which is why His Excellency has ordered me to continue the hunt for Fitzgibbons.

Jamie tries to process what this means for Murtagh. And himself.

JAMIE

I'm relieved to hear it... but I fear it will only encourage lawlessness among the Regulators.

LIEUTENANT KNOX

Well, we are but humble servants to the law. Those who follow the path of the righteous shall have their reward.

Jamie has no choice but to agree.

JAMIE

Aye.

LIEUTENANT KNOX

Please, sit. Join me for dinner.

JAMIE

Thank ye, but I've eaten... What will become of the militia?

LIEUTENANT KNOX

You are to stand down and hand over your muster roll. Then you and your men can disband and go home.

(MORE)

LIEUTENANT KNOX (CONT'D)

(slides documents at
Jamie)

On your way you'll deliver these pardons to those living in the counties west of Hillsborough.

JAMIE

But I've no standing. I'm no' a Sheriff.

LIEUTENANT KNOX

No. But you are Scottish, as are many of the Regulators. From one Scot to another, the Governor would like you to impress upon them his desire to be merciful and just.

Jamie reluctantly accepts the task.

JAMIE

My only regret is not being able to assist ye in yer hunt for Fitzgibbons.

LIEUTENANT KNOX

Allow me to worry about him. Return to your family.

Jamie nods in appreciation, but his concern for Murtagh has escalated.

INT. HENNESSY'S LOUNGE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK (1968)

Claire sits alone in a booth nursing a whisky. Some medical journals and 'The Impetuous Pirate' sit unopened on the table. The WHDH evening news glows from a black and white television above the bar. (SEE APPENDIX)

ANCHORMAN (ON TV)

...the suspect is being arraigned on assault and battery charges. In other news, a story in North Carolina has local ties. Police in that state discovered an abandoned vehicle registered to Massachusetts native Robert Springer. Springer, along with Richard Wendigo Donner and three other men whose identities have not been disclosed, have been reported missing since last Tuesday.

(MORE)

ANCHORMAN (ON TV) (CONT'D)

The group calls itself the 'Montauk Five' and claim to be affiliated with the controversial American Indian Movement.

Claire gazes up at the TV, half-listening.

ANCHORMAN (ON TV) (CONT'D)

The men were last seen at a protest for Indian rights held in Long Island, New York. Police are classifying their disappearance as suspicious. Authorities are urging anyone who has information about the men's whereabouts to please contact their local police department... Turning to the weather. It looks like we have a nice weekend in the forecast. Let's go to Dan Roberts for all the details...

JOE ABERNATHY slides into the booth across from her.

JOE ABERNATHY

Thought I might find you here.

CLAIRE

(toasts him)

Joe Abernathy. A doctor and a detective.

Joe spots the title of the novel on the book's spine.

JOE ABERNATHY

'The Impetuous Pirate.'

Claire, a little embarrassed --

CLAIRE

I took it from the surgeon's lounge.

JOE ABERNATHY

Who do you think put it there? Have you reached the point where Valdez has teased aside the membrane of Tessa's innocence?

CLAIRE

I didn't take you for a romance novel kind of guy.

JOE ABERNATHY

Takes my mind off things. Yours too, I'm guessing.

CLAIRE

(beat)

I lost Mr. Menzies.

JOE ABERNATHY

No, you didn't. From what I understand --

CLAIRE

I'm not blaming myself for his death. It was my reaction to the whole thing. I snapped at this poor nurse...

JOE ABERNATHY

Nurse Atwell will survive.

CLAIRE

It's probably the talk of the fourth floor.

JOE ABERNATHY

(wry)

The fifth floor by now.

Claire smiles sheepishly.

JOE ABERNATHY (CONT'D)

So. You going to make me guess?

A beat. Claire confesses --

CLAIRE

Something about Graham Menzies touched me... I let myself get attached to a patient.

JOE ABERNATHY

It happens sometimes. Jesus Claire, we're doctors not robots. Just because they don't teach us how to grieve in Med School doesn't mean we're not allowed to do it.

CLAIRE

It's not just that... I don't know. Do you ever have a feeling as if...

(MORE)

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
 as if everything is pointing towards
 something but you can't quite put
 your finger on it? But you can feel
 it, sense it
 somehow...

JOE ABERNATHY
 What, like a psychic?

CLAIRE
 Do you... believe in signs?

JOE ABERNATHY
 What are we talking here, like
 angels and aliens and shit, or like
 billboards --

Claire laughs --

CLAIRE
 The supernatural kind, I suppose --

JOE ABERNATHY
 I don't know... Why?

CLAIRE
 You must think I've come unhinged.

JOE ABERNATHY
 My one psych rotation doesn't
 qualify me to answer that -- but
 Dr. Lambie is a top-notch
 psychiatrist, he has office hours
 on Thursdays, I think.

CLAIRE
 Not funny.

JOE ABERNATHY
 Look, if you think you've had a
 sign... whatever it is --
 biological, physiological,
 supernatural -- then there's
 clearly something on your mind.
 But in my experience, when people
 start talking about seeing signs
 the problem isn't in the brain...
 the problem is in the heart.

Off Claire realizing he's right.

EXT. PARK - DAY - FLASHBACK (1968)

Claire sits alone on a bench watching a group of COLLEGE HIPPIES parade by, returning from a protest march. A few of them carry protest signs that exclaim: HELL NO DON'T GO and END THE WAR BEFORE IT ENDS YOU.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

I had been waiting for a sign, but I've come to realize that they had been there. They had been happening since Frank died. I can remember feeling things when I was alone and it became clear to me why I chose solitude so often. I just wasn't ready to hear them until now.

Claire looks up to see a carefree BRIANNA, circa 1968, making her way down a path, carrying an armful of textbooks.

CLAIRE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I knew I needed to tell Brianna about Jamie. But how could she ever understand that her real father lived in the 18th century and was now but a memory.

Spotting Claire, Brianna smiles and waves. Claire waves back.

CLAIRE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Would she ever forgive me -- or Frank, for that matter -- for lying to her for so long? I just had no idea how to tell her.

As Brianna approaches, Claire stands and greets her with an awkward embrace.

BRIANNA

Sorry, I'm late.

CLAIRE

We have plenty of time to get to the restaurant.

BRIANNA

Lunch at Jeveli's. One of us must have done something good.

(a beat)

Everything okay? You sounded kind of weird on the phone.

Claire links her arm with Brianna's, starts walking.

CLAIRE

Yes. Well, no actually. I lost a patient.

BRIANNA

Oh Mama, I'm sorry.

CLAIRE

He had an allergic reaction to the penicillin he was given.

BRIANNA

Aren't there tests for that?

CLAIRE

He tested negative. The probability of a false negative is less than five percent -- very rare. He, unfortunately, was part of the percentile.

BRIANNA

Man. You never really know what's coming, do you?

CLAIRE

No, you don't. In fact, I've been thinking a lot about that lately.

(beat)

How would you feel about taking a trip to London with me?

Brianna stops walking, eyes Claire.

BRIANNA

What, now? I have finals --

CLAIRE

After your exams.

BRIANNA

What about the hospital?

CLAIRE

I've already requested a leave of absence.

BRIANNA

You're taking time off? I can't believe it. Why London?

CLAIRE

Your father had planned to take you there before he died. Let me.

Brianna considers it, skeptical.

BRIANNA

I'd have to cancel my summer classes...

CLAIRE

Please. It's important for us to spend this time together.

Seeing how much it means to her mother, Brianna warms to the idea. Claire smiles, knowing that's only the half of it.

OMITTED

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - WOODS - DAY (D2)

Roger dozes against a tree, exhausted from a fruitless night of hunting. Suddenly, a RUSTLING noise causes him to stir. He opens his eyes in time to see swift movement in the woods. Roger slowly picks up his rifle contemplating what's out there -- dinner, friend or foe?

Twigs and branches SNAP. Roger levels his rifle in the direction of the quivering brush. He steadies himself, takes aim, then --

CLAIRE

Roger. Don't shoot!

Claire emerges from the woods, basket in hand. Roger lowers the rifle and takes a breath.

ROGER

Oh God... Probably would've missed you, but still.

Claire chuckles, relieved.

ROGER (CONT'D)

You're out early.

CLAIRE

Couldn't sleep so I thought I'd try to do something productive. I'm looking for some goldenseal to help with the twins' recovery... And I could say the same thing about you?

ROGER
Just hunting. Mostly.

Claire sets her basket down, looks beyond Roger to the makeshift camp he's set up.

CLAIRE
All night?

Roger nods. Claire susses him out, reads between the lines.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Of course it's none of my business
but --

ROGER
But you're not buying the hunting
ruse?

CLAIRE
Call it a mother's intuition.

Roger considers whether to confide in her. Since she's the closest thing he's had to a mother in, well, forever, he dives in --

ROGER
I wish I had a bit of a husband's
intuition.

Claire laughs -- how many millions of men have said that?

CLAIRE
Roger, you haven't been married
long. Intuition comes with
listening and time.

ROGER
I have time in spades.

Rogers stops, Claire is still first and foremost Bree's mama. Claire reads Roger's hesitation --

CLAIRE
I can tell you from experience
marriage is not always easy.

ROGER
Is it ever easy?

CLAIRE
Well, I think you saw just how
complicated marriages can be... or
have you forgotten when we met?

ROGER

Sorry. I didna mean to dredge up old memories --

CLAIRE

No -- I don't mind talking about it. Been thinking about that time a lot lately. And Frank and I did have a complicated marriage, but we made it work for Brianna's sake.

ROGER

But to make it work... you had to lie to Bree most of her life, about her real father.

Roger takes a beat before asking the next question.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Do you ever regret it?

CLAIRE

No... Brianna needed to feel safe and loved by both her parents.

ROGER

But telling her the truth about Jamie has brought the two of you closer.

CLAIRE

It did.

With that Roger feels slightly vindicated.

ROGER

So the moral of the story is honesty is always the best policy.

CLAIRE

Of course it's not. Sometimes the truth really does hurt.

Clearly he didn't expect that answer --

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

You witnessed how devastated Bree was hearing that Frank was not her real father? Now imagine the pain if we had told her that when she was a child.

He can... and he knows she's right. But Claire reminds him of the most salient fact --

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

And Roger, by keeping that from her
is what made Brianna into the woman
you fell in love with.

Roger picks up his rifle and grabs his hunting pouch.

ROGER

I appreciate your honesty, Claire.

Claire smiles. Roger turns, hurries off.

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

Brianna sits on the porch neatly mending Jemmy's torn shirt. Her eyes are red from crying. Nearby, the child sleeps in a cradle. Roger approaches, clutching his rifle and some CHANTERELLE MUSHROOMS -- as many as he can carry.

Without a greeting, Roger takes a seat on the porch next to Brianna and puts down the mushrooms. Brianna remains silent. Finally, she starts examining the mushrooms.

ROGER

(re: the mushrooms)

I waded across the creek and found
some Chanterelles...

An apology of sorts. Brianna cracks a small smile, though a seriousness lingers.

BRIANNA

I want to explain.

ROGER

You dinna need to.

Brianna takes a moment. Roger realizes --

ROGER (CONT'D)

There's something else.

BRIANNA

Stephen Bonnet is still alive.

Roger may have expected a lot of things, but not that.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

He haunts me, Roger. I see him
everywhere.

(MORE)

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

What's worse, Mrs. Bug told me that an Irishman approached her and spoke to Jemmy when we went to Woolam's Creek -- gave Jemmy a coin.

ROGER

That could have been anyone. And Mrs. Bug is a old busybody --

That narrows the possibilities. But for Brianna's sake, Roger guards his reaction. But Brianna is shattering under the weight of her confession --

BRIANNA

That may have not been Bonnet, but Lord John confirmed it at our wedding -- that others have seen him in Wilmington...

Roger is not happy. He's not yet certain what he'll do about Bonnet, but there's one thing he knows for sure --

ROGER

I won't ask you to explain why you didna tell me. It doesna matter. He doesna matter. Because as soon as we know if Jemmy can travel -- we'll use Bonnet's gem to leave... as ye said, it's our ticket home.

Deep down Brianna knows he's right, but she can't bring herself to say the words he wants to hear: to give him her words, her promise. OFF Brianna's uncertainty --

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

Claire holds KEZZIE's face as she examines his mouth and face. LIZZIE dangles a candle lantern to provide light. ARCH BUG and MARSALI stand nearby, watching.

CLAIRE

No swollen tongue. Nor lips.

She tilts Kezzie's head forward, examines the back of his neck. Kezzie trades an awkward glance with his brother JOSIAH who is seated across the room.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

No hives. No rash.

She steps back and eyes Kezzie.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
 Congratulations, Kezzie. It
 appears you're not allergic to my
 penicillin.

MARSALI
 So the mold works?

CLAIRE
 As far as I can tell.

MARSALI
 Ye dinna sound certain, Claire.

CLAIRE
 The test isn't fully reliable.

Claire takes her syringe out of Dr. Rawlings medical kit --
 the brass nameplate obvious -- then draws the syringe full
 of penicillin from a broth bowl.

MARSALI
 But ye think all will be well?

CLAIRE
 Everything you do as a doctor
 involves risk. Even after you've
 done everything you can, there are
 still unforeseen complications.
 Sometimes they can even be fatal.
 But the more you can do to
 alleviate the risk, the greater
 chance you have of saving the
 patient. Now bring me the
 sterilized instruments.

Marsali crosses to grab a pewter plate full of surgical
 instruments as Claire approaches Kezzie with the needle.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
 A healthy dose will start the fight
 against the infection.

Claire taps the syringe with her finger to move the air
 bubbles to the top.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
 Drop your breeches.

Kezzie gives Josiah a wary look. Arch Bug gives Kezzie a
 reassuring pat on the shoulder.

MARSALI
 'Tis only the brush of a rose bush.

Lizzie looks away as Kezzie drops his breeches. Claire wastes no time stabbing the needle into Kezzie's naked buttocks. He winces, drawing a short breath as Marsali sets down the plate of surgical instruments.

CLAIRE

Lizzie, best put a sheet around him.

Kezzie pulls up his breeches, sits back down as Lizzie drapes a sheet around his chest.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

The laudanum.

Marsali passes Claire a tincture of laudanum. Claire tilts Kezzie's forehead back and pours the laudanum into his mouth.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

You'll feel the effects quickly --

As his eyelids get heavy, Kezzie trades a look with Josiah.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Mr. Bug, stand behind Kezzie and hold his shoulders tight. I'll make quick work of it. But you'll need to keep very still.

ARCH BUG

Aye.

Arch Bug gets behind the boy and grabs hold of his shoulders. Claire looks at Lizzie.

CLAIRE

Stay close with the lantern.

LIZZIE

Yes, Mistress.

Claire sets her sights on Kezzie.

CLAIRE

Open wide.

Getting woozy, Kezzie opens his mouth. Claire uses a pair of forceps to hold down Kezzie's tongue then she inserts a cork into one of his cheeks to help hold open his mouth.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
 All right then. Off we go.
 (to Marsali)
 Just as we practiced.

MARSALI
 Scalpel.

Claire smiles as she takes the scalpel from Marsali and inserts the instrument into Kezzie's mouth and PUNCTURES his swollen tonsil. She quickly withdraws the scalpel and in one continuous deft movement, tilts Kezzie's head. He SPEWS blood and puss into a bowl held by Marsali.

CLAIRE
 (to Arch Bug)
 Hold him still.

Arch Bug braces Kezzie. Claire inserts the forceps into Kezzie's mouth and seizes his infected red tonsil.

Kezzie remains still, but his knuckles go white as his fingernails DIG into the arms of the chair.

Claire stretches the layers of inflamed tissue toward her then uses the scalpel to make a quick cut.

Blood DRIBBLES down Kezzie's chin. Claire pulls the bloody gobbet of flesh out of the boy's mouth and PLOPS IT into a basin. SPLAT.

With Marsali's help, Claire swaps the scalpel for another pair of forceps that clenches a sponge. She holds down Kezzie's tongue with the initial pair of forceps and inserts the sponge into his bloody mouth with the other.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
 You're doing splendidly. We just
 need to cauterize the tissue.

Claire snatches a small cautery iron that is heating over an oil lamp.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
 (to Arch Bug)
 Steady now.

Arch Bug tightens his grip on Kezzie. Lizzie, Marsali and Kezzie's eyes all widen as Claire approaches with the cautery iron, its tip RED HOT.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
 Marsali, keep his tongue depressed.

Using the forceps, Marsali nods. Claire glances at Lizzie, who is still holding the lantern, but her eyes are shut tight.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
 (to Kezzie)
 Don't move. This is the tricky part.

Claire inserts the hot iron into his mouth and cauterizes the vessels. There's a HISS and SINGEING SOUND as heat meets flesh.

A WISP of smoke escapes from Kezzie's mouth -- but he doesn't make a sound. Claire withdraws the cautery iron. Then removes the sponge and cork, tosses them in the basin.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
 Done.

Marsali removes the forceps from Kezzie's mouth.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
 Lizzie, you can open your eyes now.

LIZZIE
 Holy mother of God.

CLAIRE
 (to Kezzie)
 Are you alright?

Kezzie swallows hard, nods.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
 You're a brave soul, Keziah. Go and rest now. Lizzie, wash him up and put him to bed.

As Lizzie starts to help Kezzie, the boy GRUNTS. Claire eyes him with concern.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
 Don't speak. You'll only hurt yourself.

Not having moved from the chair, Josiah finally stands. He and Kezzie seem to speak to each other without talking.

JOSIAH
 He insists on stayin' while ye do the same for me.

Claire eyes Kezzie. He grins, his teeth outlined in blood.
Brotherly love.

CLAIRE

Then I suppose we should get on
with it.

INT. WILLIAM REED'S ORDINARY - BED CHAMBER - NIGHT (N2)

Wielding a poker, Lieutenant Knox adjusts some burning logs
in the fireplace. A RAPPING echoes through the chamber.

Knox leans the poker against the hearth and opens the door
to find Jamie, holding a leather-bound ledger.

JAMIE

The muster roll as requested by the
Governor.

LIEUTENANT KNOX

Please, Colonel, come in.

Knox steps back, lets Jamie enter then closes the door.
Jamie hands him the ledger. Knox examines the pages.

JAMIE

You'll find every man who pledged
his oath to the militia.

LIEUTENANT KNOX

Splendid. Since we're parting ways
in the morning, would you consider
a game of chess?

JAMIE

I still have my route to map.

LIEUTENANT KNOX

You bested me the last time.
Please, give me the opportunity to
even the score.

Jamie reluctantly concedes to avoid suspicion --

JAMIE

One game, mebbe.

LIEUTENANT KNOX

That's the spirit. Sit.

Knox sets the ledger on the bed then crosses to the chess
table. Jamie reluctantly takes a seat across from him.

LIEUTENANT KNOX (CONT'D)

Part of me envies you. That you'll soon be home, resuming a citizen's life.

JAMIE

Aye. It'll be a relief to put down the sword and pistol and pick up the ax and shovel.

LIEUTENANT KNOX

One more soldier lost to the land.

Knox moves a pawn.

LIEUTENANT KNOX (CONT'D)

At the risk of sounding sentimental... had we gone to battle there's no man I'd've rather had by my side.

JAMIE

That's kind of ye -- it's a rare thing in this world to meet people of like mind.

Knox smiles and takes a deep breath before revealing --

LIEUTENANT KNOX

Indeed... and I know you share many of my concerns...

Jamie moves a pawn.

LIEUTENANT KNOX (CONT'D)

Principally, that men like Fitzgibbons never change. Our duty is to the law. We will see justice done --

There's a KNOCK at the door.

LIEUTENANT KNOX (CONT'D)

Excuse me.

Knox gets up, crosses to the door and opens it. A MESSENGER hands him a wax sealed parcel. Knox gives the Messenger a penny.

LIEUTENANT KNOX (CONT'D)

For your trouble.

The Messenger leaves as Knox closes the door. Jamie is suddenly concerned about the parcel in Knox's hand.

JAMIE

Is that the document you were expecting from Scotland?

LIEUTENANT KNOX

A transcript of the Ardsmuir prison roll after Culloden. If I present this to the Governor and news of it is circulated then --

Jamie stands, bracing himself, compelled to tell the truth.

JAMIE

You'll find my name on that prison roll.

Knox is taken aback for a moment... then he assumes that Jamie is joking --

LIEUTENANT KNOX

(wry)

Oh, I'm certain it is --

(a beat)

I'm certain there's more than one "James Fraser" in Scotland --

JAMIE

But only one on that list from Broch Tuarach --

Knox realizes that Jamie is serious. Knox cracks the seal and rips open the parcel as Jamie remains stoic. The blood drains from Knox's face as he finds Jamie and Murtagh's names. Incredulous, Knox looks up and locks eyes with Jamie.

LIEUTENANT KNOX

It is written here that Fitzgibbons has the surname Fraser.

JAMIE

He's my godfather. Fitzgibbons is his middle name.

Knox is utterly dumbfounded, gut-punched -- a feeling of complete and utter betrayal.

LIEUTENANT KNOX

What kind of deceitful devil wears the guise of honor and talks of justice and mercy... Everything you did... releasing those men... it was all for his sake.

JAMIE

Believe of me what you will. But
Murtagh Fitzgibbons Fraser is a
good man --

Knox feels pain and fury. He is sick with rage --

LIEUTENANT KNOX

As God is my witness, I'll do what
must be done. Damned if I'll be in
league with a traitor.

JAMIE

I'm no traitor. I've cheated death
in the duty of other men's
ambitions. I've the scars to prove
it. And I've done so without
complaint. But I'll not stand by
and watch my kin hunted like a dog
for protectin' those who canna
protect themselves.

Knox shakes his head in disgust --

LIEUTENANT KNOX

Tryon will have a rope around your
neck.

JAMIE

And tell me, what would you have
done, in my place?

Knox's eyes burn with fury. Now it turns personal.

LIEUTENANT KNOX

I would never break my word, betray
my oath to King and country.

Knox sets the prison roll on an entry table then pulls his
KNIFE.

LIEUTENANT KNOX (CONT'D)

You'll do me the service of
standing down while I call for your
arrest.

Jamie pleads with him --

JAMIE

First and foremost I swore an oath
to my family -- surely ye
understand. Ye're a good man.

At this Lieutenant Knox's rage dissipates, turns almost into a state of shock...

LIEUTENANT KNOX

I took a life in that jail... and you stood by, and pleaded for mercy on their behalf... I believed you were a good man... Which of us is it? Which of us is righteous, then? It cannot be both!

JAMIE

Knox, have ye lost your mind!

LIEUTENANT KNOX

It cannot be both of us --

Knox turns toward the door to call for some Redcoats. What happens next, happens VERY QUICKLY. As Knox puts his hand on the latch, Jamie is on him, SLAMMING his face into the door, while simultaneously grabbing Knox's wrist and BANGING the knife out of his hand.

Then Jamie THROWS a forearm around Knox's neck and begins CHOKING him. Knox flails as Jamie bends him backward against his chest and leans into his ear.

JAMIE

(whispers)

Forgive me for not affordin' ye a soldier's death.

Knox CLAWS and KICKS as his feet dangle inches off the floor. Jamie doesn't let up. He keeps strangling Knox as the wide-eyed Lieutenant GASPS for air. His face draining of color. Finally, Knox's body goes limp. Jamie lets him DROP to the floor like a sack of flour.

Breathing hard, Jamie steps back and takes a moment to process his impulsive act. But there's no time to waste. A series of quick pops as Jamie --

-- Locks the door.

-- Grabs the Ardsmuir transcript and parcel and tosses them in the fireplace. The documents are quickly CONSUMED by flames.

-- Snatches the knife off the floor and slips it back into the sheath on Knox's belt.

-- Lifts Knox's body onto the bed then starts pulling off the boots.

-- Yanks off the dead man's breeches.

-- Arranges Knox in bed so he looks like he's been sleeping.

Next, Jamie crosses to the fireplace, reaches inside the hearth and closes the chimney flue. Smoke starts CLOUDING the room. He grabs the ledger off the bed, hustles over to a window and throws open the sash. He peers down at a covered stable below --

EXT. WILLIAM REED'S ORDINARY - BACK ALLEY - NIGHT (N2)

Jamie leaps down onto the stable roof, reaches up and closes the window. Then jumps down to the ground. As he lands, he hears a MEOW. Jamie peers into the dark and spots a small gray KITTEN staring out at him from behind a pickle barrel.

JAMIE

(wry)

Not a wee word or I'll throttle ye.

The kitten MEOWS again. Jamie smirks at him then tucks the ledger in his coat and dashes off.

EXT. WILLIAM REED'S ORDINARY - NIGHT (N2)

A REDCOAT, holding a handkerchief over his mouth, throws open the top window of the building. Smoke BILLOWS OUT as boisterous SHOUTS and CRIES can be heard escalating in the tavern. Then the door BURSTS open and a wave of REDCOATS and LOCALS flood out.

REDCOAT

Fetch a physician!

Two REDCOATS drag Knox's body out of the tavern and lay him on the ground. They cough, gasp for air. A CROWD begins to gather as a MAN with a water bucket runs into the tavern.

REVEAL Fergus standing at the end of the block gazing at the chaos in the street. He watches as the Redcoat checks Knox's breathing then puts an ear to the dead man's chest. He looks up at his fellow soldiers and shakes his head.

Fergus isn't sure what to do when a hand falls on his shoulder. It's Jamie.

JAMIE

We need to go.

FERGUS

Milord, it's Lieutenant Knox.

JAMIE

There's nothing we can do for him
now.

Jamie crosses off into the shadows with Fergus in tow.

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

Claire is on her knees, planting her herb garden behind the house. The SNUFFLING of a horse causes her to stop troweling. For a moment she is still, listening to the SOUND of hooves quickly approaching. Then she looks over her shoulder to see Jamie riding up on Gideon.

Wasting no time, Claire stands and rushes out to greet him. Jamie hops off the horse. She throws her arms around him and pulls him in tight -- but Jamie seems a bit reticent to embrace her.

JAMIE

Careful, Sassenach.

Claire withdraws, concerned.

CLAIRE

What's wrong? Are you hurt?

Jamie reaches into his coat and pulls out the small gray kitten from Hillsborough.

JAMIE

I found him in an alley wantin' for his mother's milk. I couldna leave him behind. He's been gettin' along on insects and earthworms.

Jamie hands Claire the kitten. She swaddles it in her arms.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

We took an instant liking to one another, did we no', Adso?

CLAIRE

Adso? Is that his name?

JAMIE

It is. 'Twas the name of my mother's cat when I was a wee boy. This one here is identical.

Charmed, Claire strokes Adso's back --

CLAIRE
Insects and earthworms. I'll bet
you'd kill for a saucer of milk.

Claire carries the kitten on the porch as Jamie grabs his belongings and follows her.

JAMIE
That was my intention. He'll keep
the vermin from yer surgery.

CLAIRE
They'd have to be very small
vermin.

JAMIE
He'll grow. Look at his paws.

Claire enters the house as Jamie leans a musket against the railing and sets his saddle bag on the table. Jamie takes a moment to examine his property, noting RIDGE RESIDENTS working on the Big House.

Claire returns with a saucer of milk in one hand and Adso in the other. She sets them both down. Adso immediately begins lapping up the milk. Claire turns her attention to Jamie.

CLAIRE
Thank you for my gift.

Jamie rests his weary eyes on his beautiful wife.

JAMIE
I have much to tell you about
Hillsborough. But first, did you
cure the twins of what was ailin'
them?

CLAIRE
Well, both tonsillectomies were a
success. And I found an infection
in Kezzie's ear which could be all
or part reason for his deafness.

JAMIE
Will he hear again?

CLAIRE
It's possible.

JAMIE
I had no doubt ye'd heal them.

CLAIRE

I'm glad you didn't. I was worried sick about using my penicillin. I feared one of the boys might have a reaction like a former patient of mine. Do you remember me telling you about Graham Menzies?

JAMIE

Aye. You told me his death was but a rare occurrence.

CLAIRE

It was. But as I waited for the outcome of Keziah's test, I got to thinking more about Graham. And I came to realize just how much I owed him.

(off Jamie's look)

His death had a profound effect on me. At the time I couldn't really understand why. I asked for a leave of absence from work and I took Brianna to London. That's where I learned of Reverend Wakefield's passing. Had we not attended his funeral, we never would have crossed paths with Roger. And found you.

Jamie listens intently. He gathers his thoughts, then --

JAMIE

If it hadna been for that, for you taking yer leave -- would you have found another way back? Not to Scotland. But to me?

Claire takes a deep breath.

CLAIRE

Honestly? I don't know.

Jamie has his answer, as uncertain as it may be. But over the years they've learned to abandon the things they can't change.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I'm just glad I did.

Claire reaches up and gently touches his face. Jamie leans in, kisses her deeply. They part and share a moment.

Claire picks up Adso and walks into the house. Then Jamie follows her inside and closes the door behind him.

FADE OUT:

END OF EPISODE

APPENDIX

ANCHORMAN (ON TV)

...the suspect is being arraigned on assault and battery charges. In other news, a story in North Carolina has local ties. Police in that state discovered an abandoned vehicle registered to Massachusetts native Robert Springer. Springer, along with Richard Wendigo Donner and three other men whose identities have not been disclosed, have been reported missing since last Tuesday. The group calls itself the 'Montauk Five' and claim to be affiliated with the controversial American Indian Movement. The men were last seen at a protest for Indian rights held in Long Island, New York. Police are classifying their disappearance as suspicious. Authorities are urging anyone who has information about the men's whereabouts to please contact their local police department... Turning to the weather. It looks like we have a nice weekend in the forecast. Let's go to Dan Roberts for all the details...