

OUTLANDER

EPISODE 506

Better to Marry Than Burn

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BASED ON THE NOVEL BY
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FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT
6th November 2019

OUTLANDER
EPISODE 506 "Better to Marry Than Burn"

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CAST LIST – FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT – 6th November 2019

CLAIRE FRASER
JAMIE FRASER
BRIANNA RANDALL FRASER
ROGER WAKEFIELD MACKENZIE

ABIGAIL
COACHMAN
DRAGOON LIEUTENANT
DRAGOON #2
DUNCAN INNES
EVAN LINDSAY
FERGUS FRASER
GERALD FORBES
GOVERNOR TRYON
HECTOR CAMERON
JOCASTA CAMERON
JOHN GREY
JOSIAH BEARDSLEY
JUDGE MARTIN ATTICUS
MARSALI FRASER
MORNA CAMERON
MARGARET TRYON
MRS. LAURENCE
MRS. SHEPHERD
MURTAGH FITZGIBBONS FRASER
QUINCY ARBUCKLE
PHILIP WYLIE
ROBERT BARLOW
RONNIE SINCLAIR
STEPHEN BONNET
ULYSSES

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SET LIST – FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT – 6th November 2019

INTERIORS

Fraser's Ridge
Big House
Parlour
Roger & Brianna's Cabin
Carriage
River Run
Jocasta's Bedroom
Parlour
Dining Room
Stables
Claire and Jamie's Bedroom
Area Behind The Stairs
Stairs/Foyer
Governor Tryon's Pavilion
Tent
Coffee House

EXTERIORS

Fraser's Ridge
Big House
Field
Roger & Brianna's Cabin
Scottish Highlands
Carriage
River Run
Pergola
Stables
Porch
Distant Hillside
Governor Tryon's Pavilion
Tent

FADE IN:

EXT. SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS - ROAD - DAY - FLASHBACK (1746)

A COACHMAN drives a carriage at full tilt down a secluded Highland road. Inside, a YOUNGER JOCASTA CAMERON looks anxiously out the window. At 44 years old, Jocasta's hair is unmarked by grey and her eyes are a clear, unclouded blue.

INT. CARRIAGE - DAY - FLASHBACK (1746)

JOCASTA'S POV: The glow of FIRE can be seen on the horizon. (It's mere hours after Cumberland's victory at the battle of Culloden. Jocasta and her family are fleeing for their lives as Redcoats advance through the Highlands, burning and pillaging everything in their wake.) Across from Jocasta sits her daughter, MORNA CAMERON, 16.

MORNA

Papa, there's fire in the Great
Glen --

Reveal HECTOR CAMERON, Jocasta's third husband. Hector's eyes are fixed anxiously out the window.

HECTOR

They're burning the clansmen's
crofts... the chieftains' houses.
They want to be sure we Jacobites
never again have the heart for
rebellion.

Jocasta puts a reassuring hand on Morna's arm.

JOCASTA

Try and sleep now. We'll be with
your sisters before long.

HECTOR

We're not stopping.

With a surge of panic, Jocasta realizes her husband is abandoning her eldest daughters to the advancing army.

JOCASTA

Hector, you promised. They may not
be yer daughters by blood but... we
must --

HECTOR

Culloden is lost. Seonag willna come
wi'out her husband and Clementina
willna risk her bairns
at sea --

(a beat)

They'll have a rope around my
neck... and God knows what they'll
do to you --

MORNA

(horrified)

We canna leave them? Mama?

Jocasta grabs his arm.

JOCASTA

Hector! Please. I beg you.

But Hector avoids her and fixes his gaze out the window.

EXT. CARRIAGE - DAY - FLASHBACK (1746)

As they round a bend, TWO DRAGOONS on horseback are
galloping straight for them -- there's nowhere to go.

COACHMAN

Mr. Cameron. There are Dragoons
ahead --

The coachman reins the team to a stop.

INT. CARRIAGE - DAY - FLASHBACK (1746)

Before Jocasta can protest, Hector EXITS the carriage.

HECTOR

Stay here and speak as little as
possible.

EXT. CARRIAGE - DAY - FLASHBACK (1746)

Now the Dragoons are upon them...

DRAGOON LIEUTENANT

Make yourselves known.

HECTOR

(affecting an English
accent)

Thank goodness -- a welcome sight.

(MORE)

HECTOR (CONT'D)
 (Hector looks for a rank)
 Lieutenant. We are making our way
 as far from Culloden as possible --

DRAGOON LIEUTENANT
 Whom do I address, sir?

HECTOR
 Where are my manners? I am...
 Samuel Torrington. My wife and
 daughter are inside.

Hector motions to the coach. Dragoon Lieutenant throws a
 glance to his partner.

DRAGOON LIEUTENANT
 Will you have them step out? By
 orders of the Duke of Cumberland,
 we must search every conveyance on
 these roads.

HECTOR
 A wise precaution.

INT. CARRIAGE - DAY - FLASHBACK (1746)

Jocasta squeezes Morna's hand, urging her to stay quiet as
 they dismount from the carriage.

EXT. CARRIAGE - DAY - FLASHBACK (1746)

Dragoon #2 searches the carriage. Morna watches, nervous.

DRAGOON #2
 It's empty, sir.

DRAGOON LIEUTENANT
 Very well.
 (to Hector)
 You should be on your way.

The soldier looks to see that the Dragoon Lieutenant is
 heading back to his horse. As Morna walks back to the
 carriage, her SHOE gets stuck in the MUD.

DRAGOON #2
 Allow me, miss.

The soldier bends down to help her -- as he does, he spies
 something STRAPPED UNDERNEATH THE CARRIAGE: a WOODEN BOX.

ON the Dragoon Lieutenant as he mounts his horse.

DRAGOON LIEUTENANT
Good night, Sir. Travel safely.

HECTOR
Thank you. God save the King.

Hector steps back up into the coach.

DRAGOON #2
And which king would that be?

Hector looks up to see Dragoon #2. He's slid the box out from its fastenings and has opened it to reveal BARS OF GOLD. He holds one up, engraved with a FLEUR DE LIS.

DRAGOON #2 (CONT'D)
Lieutenant -- gold! With the King of France's mark. Must be intended for Charles Stuart. We've found ourselves some Jacobite traitors.

In a single instant, Hector has cocked the hammer and aimed his PISTOL at Dragoon #2's chest.

In the next instant, the Coachman stands, his own PISTOL aimed at the Dragoon Lieutenant while the Dragoon Lieutenant aims his PISTOL at Hector. It's a tense STANDOFF.

DRAGOON LIEUTENANT
Sir, lower your weapon.

Hector's hand is trembling, but he keeps his pistol fixed straight at Dragoon #2's heart.

DRAGOON LIEUTENANT (CONT'D)
I won't ask you again.

Morna sees Dragoon #2's hand go to his SWORD.

DRAGOON LIEUTENANT (CONT'D)
You leave me no choice, Mr. Torrington --

MORNA
Papa!

Suddenly, Morna lunges for her father just as HECTOR FIRES!

As the SHOT rings out, blood splatters across the side of Dragoon #2's face. But... not his own. Jocasta watches in horror as Morna's body collapses to the dirt. Hector missed the Redcoat by an inch and shot his own daughter in the head, killing her instantly!

For a moment, everyone is united in shock. Jocasta SCREAMS. Dragoon #2 turns toward the scream and Hector takes advantage, lunging at him, stabbing him in the throat with his DIRK. As Dragoon #2 falls, the Coachman shoots the Dragoon Lieutenant in the back.

Jocasta runs to Morna. She cradles her daughter's head, tears falling as she strokes her hair.

HECTOR

We must go. Now.

JOCASTA

I will not leave her!

Suddenly, Hector pulls Jocasta up. As mother and daughter are ripped apart, Jocasta grabs wildly for Morna, but only comes away with Morna's BLUE HAIR RIBBON.

JOCASTA (CONT'D)

We canna leave her! Please!

HECTOR

She's dead. Ye canna help her!

Hector forces Jocasta into the back of the coach.

HECTOR (CONT'D)

(to the Coachman)

Drive on!

INT. CARRIAGE - DAY - FLASHBACK (1746)

JOCASTA'S POV: Morna's body recedes from view, crumpled on the side of the road.

BACK ON JOCASTA as the coach gains speed, Hector braces Jocasta as she lets out a gut-wrenching WAIL. Her trembling hands still hold the RIBBON.

INT. RIVER RUN - JOCASTA'S BEDROOM - 1771 - DAY (D4)

Jocasta's hands, decades older. She extracts the frayed and FADED RIBBON from a SMALL BOX. Jocasta's eyes, now a dull milky blue as she runs her fingers over the ribbon. A MAID, ABIGAIL, fashions her hair into a FORMAL UPDO.

JOCASTA

(re: the ribbon)

This must almost be the same color
as my eyes by now --

Before Abigail can answer: A KNOCK at the door.

JOCASTA (CONT'D)

Come in.

It's DUNCAN INNES [Episode 501]. He sees that Jocasta is in the middle of having her hair done. He also spots the ribbon in her hands, but obviously doesn't realize its significance.

DUNCAN

I'm sorry to disturb ye...

Abigail exits the room, past Duncan... who looks suddenly nervous to be alone with Jocasta -- pre-wedding day jitters.

JOCASTA

Ye've something to say to me, Mr. Innes?

DUNCAN

I, em, ken the weddin's tomorrow, but I wanted to give ye this...

He produces a small GIFT, wrapped in linen.

Jocasta puts Morna's ribbon away in its box. She takes Duncan's gift and unwraps it: revealing a SMALL PILLOW. It bears the Latin phrase "LUCEO NON URO" stitched upon it. She brings it to her nose --

JOCASTA

Is that lavender I smell?

DUNCAN

Aye -- to soothe yer nerves, perhaps... I ken a bride will have much on her mind... flowers and frocks and ribbons to choose and --

Jocasta is touched. She runs her fingers over the stitching.

DUNCAN (CONT'D)

It's the MacKenzie motto --

JOCASTA

"I shine, not burn."

DUNCAN

A wee token of my affection...

Duncan is increasingly nervous as he confesses --

DUNCAN (CONT'D)

I ken that perhaps... ye dinna burn
wi' passion for me but --

(a beat)

The name "Innes" comes from the
Gaelic... an island formed by two
branches of a stream, and in time I
hope that we --

Jocasta interrupts, but allows herself a smile --

JOCASTA

Thank ye, Mr. Innes. 'Tis most
kind.

Duncan goes to the WINDOW and looks down on the
festivities --

DUNCAN

All that time ago, at Ardsmuir, I'd
count myself lucky to find a few
scraps for my supper... And now I'm
feastin' like a king... But I hope
ye ken that none o' that matters...
I'd be here regardless.

Duncan turns to see ULYSSES in the doorway --

ULYSSES

Pardon me, Mistress. Your nephew
and Mr. Forbes are waiting for you
downstairs.

DUNCAN

I'll leave you to it, then.

As Duncan exits, Ulysses' eyes follow him. After a beat --

JOCASTA

Do ye really think I canna feel the
look yer givin' the poor man?

ULYSSES

Forgive me, Mistress...

JOCASTA

... But?

Ulysses clearly has an opinion that he's reluctant to
share --

JOCASTA (CONT'D)

Speak now or forever hold your
peace...

ULYSSES

It's not my place, Mistress...
 (a beat)
 I only want you to be happy --

JOCASTA

I thought perhaps you'd be happy
 that I'm marrying a respectable
 man. 'Twas no secret that you had
 little love for Mr. Fitzgibbons...

ULYSSES

And how much love do you have for
 him, Mistress?

JOCASTA

Love doesn't come into it. But, in
 time, Mr. Innes may afford me a bit
 o' peace.

INT. RIVER RUN - PARLOUR - DAY (D4)

JAMIE FRASER waits on a sofa across from GERALD FORBES. The
 men stand as Jocasta ENTERS on Ulysses' arm.

JOCASTA

My apologies, gentlemen.

Jamie takes her by the arm and helps her to the DESK.

JAMIE

No need to apologize, Auntie.
 We've come to River Run for
 celebrations in yer honor -- take
 as long as ye please.

JOCASTA

Thank ye, *a mhic mo phiuthar*.

Ulysses helps Jocasta sit as Mr. Forbes presents the
 PAPERWORK.

JOCASTA (CONT'D)

Come then, shall we begin, Mr.
 Forbes?

GERALD FORBES

How generous ye are, Mistress
 Cameron -- I'm sure Brianna must be
 sensible of the kind attention
 you've bestowed upon her son --

(MORE)

GERALD FORBES (CONT'D)

(then)

You're sure, that Mr. Innes
understands what this means?

JOCASTA

Mr. Innes has graciously agreed to
let me serve as guardian of River
Run until Jeremiah comes of age.
We have no children, after all --

Jocasta dips her QUILL in ink as Ulysses guides her to SIGN.

GERALD FORBES

And the Colonel as witness...

Jamie signs his name to the document.

JAMIE

Well, gentlemen. There ye have it.
River Run has a new master.

JOCASTA

And in his absence, I should attend
to my guests --

PRE-LAP: A BABY cries loudly.

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - ROGER & BRIANNA'S CABIN - DAY (D4)

JEMMY MACKENZIE cries in his cradle as ROGER MACKENZIE
reaches in and wipes his son's RUNNY NOSE with a
HANDKERCHIEF. In the b.g., BRIANNA MACKENZIE tends to the
fire.

ROGER

Come now, laddie. Just a wee
sniffle. It's not so bad.

Roger looks at the handkerchief -- it's covered in snot.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Yech. What I wouldn't give for a
box of tissues --

BRIANNA

Or some baby aspirin --

ROGER

Though I s'pose it wouldn't make
much difference... How is it that
two hundred years from now we have
a man on the moon but still no cure
for the bloody common cold?

BRIANNA

You could have gone to the wedding,
you know. I can handle a kid with
a cold.

ROGER

I know, but I wanted to help.

BRIANNA

Jocasta insulted you at our wedding
so you thought you'd insult her by
not going to hers.

ROGER

Well... two birds with one stone.

Brianna notices ADSO toying with something.

BRIANNA

Adso's brought us a gift...

She picks it up, examining it -- it's a DEAD LOCUST. She
jokes --

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

Just what I've always wanted --

Suddenly, a THWACK. Roger crosses to the WINDOW. A LOCUST
is crawling on the glass. He looks down and sees two more
LOCUSTS crawling on the floor of the porch. A foreboding
pall falls over him --

ROGER

I dinna think it's a gift from
Adso... and I hope it's not a gift
from the Gods --

EXT. RIVER RUN - ESTABLISHING - DAY (D4)

The house has had a new coat of paint and the front yard is
manicured and teeming with flowers. As a carriage pulls up
to the front walk, the CAMERA CRANES down to find a large
PERGOLA that has been erected on the other side of the
river. A bunt boat ferries a COUPLE across the river to the
structure. Inside the pergola, laughter and the clink of
crystal floats through the air as SLAVES in livery carry
platters filled with food and drink. WEDDING GUESTS in all
their finery eat, mingle and converse. A STRING QUARTET
plays as A COUPLE performs a minuet.

OMITTED

EXT. RIVER RUN - PORCH - DAY (D4)

TWO SLAVES open the front doors for Jamie and CLAIRE FRASER as they exit and cross to the railing. They peer across the river at the festivities under the pergola.

CLAIRE

Do you think Jocasta's made the right choice?

JAMIE

I think it should be Murtagh at her side --

CLAIRE

I meant the plantation... it's unlikely that Jemmy will ever be guardian of all this --

JAMIE

Oh. Aye...

The implication of this thought hangs heavy in the air as Claire spots Jocasta and Duncan talking under the pergola.

CLAIRE

At least we know Mr. Innes isn't after Jocasta's money... or if he is, he'll never have any of it --

Jamie's expression doesn't agree.

JAMIE

Perhaps. But he'll be comfortable enough here as long as he lives...

(beat)

And I'm rubbing shoulders wi' the very devils who'd see Murtagh dead.

CLAIRE

You can't be so hard on yourself. You asked him to wait. If Murtagh isn't here today, it's by his own choice.

(takes hold of his arm)

Come on. Let's try and enjoy the day. For Jocasta's sake.

They walk off the porch and head down the front path.

EXT. RIVER RUN - PERGOLA - DAY

FOUR COUPLES perform a contredanse. One of the men is LORD JOHN GREY, doing his best to keep up with the other dancers.

Nearby, Ulysses and Duncan are escorting Jocasta back to the house. As the song ends, Jamie and Claire walk onto the pergola.

Slightly out of breath, LORD JOHN GREY dabs his forehead with a handkerchief and bows in thanks to his dance partner.

Claire smiles as John Grey approaches them.

CLAIRE

I didn't know you were such a dancer --

JOHN GREY

To tell the truth, I'm not certain I am... Though I think I must have danced with every girl in the province.

JAMIE

All of them hoping to secure an advantageous match with Lord John Grey, no doubt.

JOHN GREY

Well, I suppose it is the social event of the year. I'd wager there's not a single young lady in North Carolina who'd forfeit her chance to be worshipped in Cupid's grove tonight.

Jamie spies the Governor heading his way...

JAMIE

Speaking of never missing a chance to be worshipped...

GOVERNOR WILLIAM TRYON and MISTRESS MARGARET TRYON stand nearby, surrounded by a group of SYCOPHANTS and SOCIALITES.

GOVERNOR TRYON

Lord John Grey and Colonel Fraser!
Isn't this an advantageous match --

JOHN GREY

Good day --

JAMIE
Your Excellency.

GOVERNOR TRYON
(bowing to Claire)
Mistress Fraser. Delighted to see
you again.

CLAIRE
Your Excellency. Mistress Tryon.

GOVERNOR TRYON
(correcting)
Her Excellency, if you don't mind.

CLAIRE
My apologies --

Mrs. Tryon curtseys as custom dictates --

MRS. TRYON
(wry)
Pay him no mind, Mistress Fraser, I
usually insist upon the title as a
reminder to him.

Claire laughs --

MRS. TRYON (CONT'D)
And just as he's finally begun
introducing me this way to good
people of North Carolina... we're
leaving for New York... Typical.

CLAIRE
New York?

Governor Tryon looks uncomfortable, changes the subject.

GOVERNOR TRYON
Have you met the Honorable Judge
Martin Atticus?

A middle-aged man, JUDGE MARTIN ATTICUS bows politely. Jamie
bows in return --

JAMIE
Your servant, sir.

The group looks to where ROBERT BARLOW and a Regulator
sympathizer, QUINCY ARBUCKLE, are engaged in a heated
debate.

ROBERT BARLOW

You cannot possibly mean that.
That's the drink talking, surely.
I simply cannot believe you'd
suggest that the Regulators possess
a sense of honor?

QUINCY ARBUCKLE

I do not suggest it, I state it as
fact. And will defend it as such.

As Arbuckle turns to walk away --

ROBERT BARLOW

Do not turn away from me, sir! I
swear if I had my gloves, I'd throw
one down... then we'd see who had
any sense of good old-fashioned
honor --

Jamie and John Grey start to intervene, but a few GUESTS
have already come between the two men.

GOVERNOR TRYON

Good Lord. Who is that man?

JUDGE ATTICUS

(with distaste)
Quincy Arbuckle, Your Excellency.
(then, droll)
Always at least one self-righteous
pillock at a wedding...

Tryon laughs, a little shocked at the exasperated Judge's
choice of words.

GOVERNOR TRYON

I'm surprised to hear such language
from you, your Honor... but I won't
disagree --

JUDGE ATTICUS

What's worse is that I'm certain I
attract them. The moment anyone
discovers I'm a judge, suddenly
everyone in the vicinity is a moral
philosopher and an expert on matters
of law --

GOVERNOR TRYON

(wry)
Well my most recent legislative
victory was a stroke of genius, if
I may say so --

JAMIE

Indeed, we are very fortunate to have a Governor wise and merciful enough to offer pardons to such dishonorable men --

A look passes between Tryon and Atticus.

GOVERNOR TRYON

My, news does travel slowly to the backcountry.

(a beat)

You have a fellow Scotsman, Samuel Johnston, to thank for proposing it: An Act for Preventing Tumultuous and Riotous Assemblies -- prohibiting ten men or more from gathering in certain circumstances.

JOHN GREY

The reasoning being that if men cannot gather, they cannot conspire?

GOVERNOR TRYON

Yes. If only I'd thought to do some such thing sooner.

(then to Jamie)

Lieutenant Knox might have been with us still --

This hits Jamie hard -- could Knox's death have been avoided? Before he can reply, Mrs. Tryon interrupts, scolding her husband --

MRS. TRYON

Good heavens, Your Excellency. Am I to be forever reminding you of proper etiquette. Very sad indeed -- terribly so -- but not an appropriate conversation for such an auspicious day --

Mrs. Tryon takes Claire by the arm.

MRS. TRYON (CONT'D)

Come, let's leave the men to their morbid talk of politics --

(whispering)

I hear there's a game of high stakes Whist taking place later. Shall we go and watch men gamble away their fortunes?

OFF Claire. She wants to hear more about the Riot Act, but it will have to wait.

OMITTED

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - PARLOUR - DAY (D4)

The parlour is packed with MEN and WOMEN of the Ridge. Roger stands in the middle of it all, trying not to look as overwhelmed as he feels.

RONNIE SINCLAIR
Say the word, I'll light a fire!

EVAN LINDSAY
Aye. The crop will be crawling with the devils if we wait any longer... We should burn Mr. Fraser's field and be done with it.

Several "Ayes" echo through the room as men clap and bang their FLAGONS in agreement. In the back of the room, Brianna stands next to FERGUS and MARSALI.

ROGER
Gentlemen, please! If I may --

But no one is paying attention to Roger. Frustrated, he SHOUTS --

ROGER (CONT'D)
FIRE!

The room quiets. Roger explains --

ROGER (CONT'D)
When ye're in danger, you shouldn't scream, or shout "help" -- no one will come except the bravest of men. But if you shout "fire"... that gets everyone's attention...
(beat)
That panic you felt in your chest... that terror... the instinct to protect yourself from danger... Now imagine if there really was a fire...

EVAN LINDSAY
But we'd be rid of the buggers!

ROGER

Perhaps. Until more come along.
But you'd be ridding yourselves of
a lot more as well... One shift of
the wind and your homes could be
reduced to ashes. Are you willing
to take that chance, Mr. Lindsay?

Grumbling among the farmers.

RONNIE SINCLAIR

I wish Colonel Fraser was here. He
would have an answer --

ROGER

Colonel Fraser is ten days ride
away --

EVAN LINDSAY

So what is it that you propose we
do, Captain MacKenzie?

Roger hesitates. He doesn't have the answer --

EXT. BIG HOUSE - DAY (D4)

MURDINA BUG sweeps dead LOCUSTS out of the breezeway as
Roger hurries down the steps holding a spyglass. Brianna
follows him. In the b.g., TWO WOMEN smoke meat over a fire
pit.

BRIANNA

You're doing the best you can.

ROGER

Tell that to Evan Lindsay, or
Ronnie Sinclair.

BRIANNA

They're afraid.

Roger stops, puts the spyglass up to his eye and peers off
into the distance.

ROGER

They should be. If the locusts
swarm their farms, their families
will starve come winter. If your
father were here...

BRIANNA

What would he be able to do any
differently?

Unconvinced, Roger lowers the spyglass and looks at Bree.

ROGER

I wish I knew... but I'm done
trying to outthink him.

Roger suddenly focuses on the women turning the smoking meat. He watches clouds of smoke curl into the sky.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Funny how certain things stick in
your brain...

(the cogs begin to turn)

Locusts... and smoke.

(then)

Aye... this story my father read to
me when I was a boy... It's
coming back to me now... something
about a plague of locusts somewhere
in the American West...

He pauses, remembering...

BRIANNA

I hope there's more.

Roger guides Bree's eyes over to the smoky fire pit.

ROGER

They used smoke to drive them
away... before they could land.

BRIANNA

Do you think that would work...?

ROGER

A lot of stories are based on fact.
Think of all the great writers --
so much truth in fiction. It could
work.

(excited)

We could set fires around the
fields using green wood, and when
the main swarm comes, there'll be
so much smoke, they won't land.
We'd lose some of the crop, there's
no helping that, but, well, if we
could ward off the rest... We'd
just have to create enough smoke to
cover the fields.

OFF Roger, the wheels really turning now...

EXT. RIVER RUN - PERGOLA - DAY (D4)

Claire and Mistress Tryon are walking in the direction of the house when --

Claire spots PHILIP WYLIE [Episode 401] stepping off the ferry. Wylie is dressed in the style of a dandy; his face caked in rice powder and adorned with a BEAUTY MARK.

CLAIRE

Oh my gosh, is that Philip Wylie?

MRS. TRYON

You know him?

CLAIRE

It's hard to tell under all that powder. But, yes, I met him once, at a dinner in Wilmington. He was rather --

MRS. TRYON

Annoying?

CLAIRE

I was going to say persistent --

Mrs. Tryon rolls her eyes in agreement. It's no surprise to her that Philip Wylie would behave in this way --

MRS. TRYON

Ever since he returned from Paris he's become an insufferable dandy. Not to mention a rake. Rumor has it he's in an obscene amount of debt after losing his fortune to gambling and in houses of ill-repute.

CLAIRE

He's coming toward us.

MRS. TRYON

Toward you.

CLAIRE

Perhaps he'll have more on his mind to worry about, then...

MRS. TRYON

Highly unlikely, my dear... but perhaps I can distract him for you...

(MORE)

MRS. TRYON (CONT'D)
 I'm the wife of a politician after
 all -- it's a particular talent of
 mine...

Claire nods gratefully at Mrs. Tryon who crosses off to
 intercepted Wylie.

Claire moves toward TWO women, MRS. LAURENCE and MRS.
 SHEPHERD, and OVERHEARS them gossiping nearby --

MRS. LAURENCE
 You should have seen the look on
 Robert's face when I told that
 there'd be certain times during the
 month from now on when he'd be
 sleeping in the guest chamber...

MRS. SHEPHERD
 And he agreed to it?

MRS. LAURENCE
 What could he say? There it was
 written in plain ink -- the words
 of this Rawlings physician... He
 was cursing the day women were
 taught to read --

She listens, shocked that her article is even being
 discussed here.

MRS. SHEPHERD
 But don't you think it a little
 sacrilegious? A child is a divine
 blessing... If it's God's will...
 what sort of woman would willingly
 prevent herself from bearing one?

Despite her desire to hear more, Claire can't help herself.

CLAIRE
 Perhaps the sort of woman who does
 not have the means to provide for
 an infinite number of "blessings".

An awkward beat as the women just stare at her. Then --

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
 If you'll excuse me.

Claire turns as PHILIP WYLIE runs smack into her, causing
 her to spill her drink.

WYLIE
 Oh! Why, Mistress Fraser!

CLAIRE

Mr. Wylie. I do apologize.

WYLIE

Nonsense, it was my fault entirely.
Deuced clumsy of me. May I fetch
you something to restore your
spirits?

Claire glances over Wylie's shoulder and sees Mrs. Tryon behind him, mouthing "I'm sorry" -- then looks back at Wylie.

CLAIRE

No, thank you. It's good to see
you again.

WYLIE

I assure you, Madam, the pleasure
is entirely mine.

He bows and kisses her hand. Too long.

CLAIRE

You're looking well, sir.

WYLIE

Fortune has smiled upon me this
year. The trade with England has
quite recovered, may the gods be
thanked -- and I've had my share of
it, and more besides.

(then)

May I likewise observe how becoming
you look? As always, you are a
most welcome ornament to this
humble affair.

Mrs. Tryon has seen enough. She steps in and saves Claire.

MRS. TRYON

Excuse me, Mr. Wylie. But Mistress
Fraser's aunt is in need of her
opinion... and we simply cannot
keep a bride waiting --

Wylie nods at Claire, trying to hide his disappointment.
Claire curtseys as custom dictates --

CLAIRE

Mr. Wylie.

Mrs. Tryon leads Claire away as Wylie's eyes go after her.

MRS. TRYON

Forgive my tardy intervention, but
some of the words such men come out
with do tickle me --

CLAIRE

Glad I'm able to keep you
entertained --

OMITTED

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - ROGER & BRIANNA'S CABIN - DAY (D4)

Roger and JOSIAH are shoveling cow manure into a dozen POTS
and CAULDRONS. Brianna approaches with two more pots.

BRIANNA

Here's two more.

She stops and sniffs the air -- something smells awful.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

Are you filling those pots with --

ROGER

Shite, aye.

(beat)

I'm using it to stave off insects.

BRIANNA

Doesn't it usually attract insects?

ROGER

I'm making smudge pots. They've
been used for centuries.

(demonstrating)

Oil and dung goes in here. We
don't have crude oil, obviously, so
we'll use goose fat. When the
pot's heated, smoke will pour out
the top like a wee chimney. If we
place enough of these in the field,
it should cover what the green
fires can't reach.

BRIANNA

Very impressive, Professor
MacKenzie.

ROGER

The only problem is I don't know how we're going to push the smoke from the fire pits out over the field.

JOSIAH

The wind is picking up --

ROGER

But who knows what it'll be like by the time we're ready...

Bree's eyes go to a clothesline where sheets and linens are drying.

BRIANNA

I have an idea for that...

She rips one down, then another...

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

I'll handle this... keep shoveling your shite.

OMITTED

EXT. RIVER RUN - PORCH - DAY (D4)

The lingering sounds of conversation and laughter coming from the pergola as Jamie and John Grey walk onto the porch.

JOHN GREY

For a while I heard nothing. Then, I received word that he was seen a few months ago, dueling a man in Wilmington.

JAMIE

A duel? That seems almost reasonable for a man like Bonnet.

JOHN GREY

Apparently, he's playing the part of a gentleman now. His new friends are, shall we say, men of influence. I fear he's bought their favor in exchange for some measure of protection.

As Jamie thinks on this, John stops.

JOHN GREY (CONT'D)

There's more. After the duel, the man insulted Bonnet. So, the devil blinded him with a dagger. The authorities were not notified. He walked away unharmed.

JAMIE

Christ. The man was always dangerous. But if it's true he has the protection of powerful men...

Suddenly, Jamie is SPUN AROUND from behind by a very drunk and angry QUINCY ARBUCKLE and another REGULATOR SYMPATHIZER.

QUINCY ARBUCKLE

What about you, eh? I've seen you licking Tryon's boots... Did you know what he was going to do, eh? He's a damned hypocrite --

JOHN GREY

Gentlemen, please. That's enough --

But Jamie's suspicions are aroused --

JAMIE

What -- going to do what?

Arbuckle gets close to Jamie, swaying slightly, his breath reeking of alcohol.

QUINCY ARBUCKLE

Ha. You can play the innocent, but I'm no fool. Treachery, is what it is --

JAMIE

What are ye talking about?

QUINCY ARBUCKLE

The sixty-one Regulators Tryon indicted at Hillsborough. Mark my words, when those men hang, their blood will be on your hands too... Colonel.

Arbuckle spits the last word at Jamie's feet as his friend leads him away. OFF Jamie --

EXT. GOVERNOR TRYON'S PAVILLION TENT - DAY (D4)

Establishing.

INT. GOVERNOR TRYON'S PAVILLION TENT - DAY (D4)

Jamie keeps his voice measured as Tryon pours him a drink.

JAMIE

Hanged? I thought ye said the Riot Act outlaws assembly?

GOVERNOR TRYON

It does. It also permits me to indict any man who was seen at the Hillsborough Riots, or at any past riot. Think of it as delayed justice. Those men should have been arrested months ago.

JAMIE

And if they refuse to submit themselves to the King's justice?

GOVERNOR TRYON

I have given the sheriffs leave to discipline any man who resists.

Tryon hands Jamie his drink.

GOVERNOR TRYON (CONT'D)

As I said to you when you first arrived on these shores, Mr. Fraser. There is the law --

JAMIE

And then there is what is done.

Tryon smiles, pleased he remembered.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

I'm glad you think so. But I'm curious... Why do this now?

Before Tryon can answer, Jamie realizes --

JAMIE (CONT'D)

May I ask what your wife meant when she said you were bound for New York?

GOVERNOR TRYON

I begged her to be discreet until it was certain... I've been offered the governorship there. A few minor formalities to be observed, but I have friends who've assured me it's a fait accompli.

JAMIE

And I take it these "friends" know
of our troubles with the
Regulators?

Tryon hesitates, then pours himself a drink.

GOVERNOR TRYON

When I took office in North
Carolina, my wife wept for a week.
I shared many of her reservations.
And yet, I must admit I've grown
quite fond of the place since. It
would pain me to leave it in chaos:
a legacy of lawlessness --

JAMIE

Some of these men are savage at
times but they are not entirely
godless... A legacy of mercy would
surely --

GOVERNOR TRYON

(interrupting)

And they shall have mercy if they
choose it -- best of both worlds:
Heaven or Hell...

(then)

Your insight into the minds of
these men has been invaluable. I
know that when the time comes --
your militia can be counted upon to
bring these traitors to justice.

JAMIE

Of course, Your Excellency.

GOVERNOR TRYON

Good. Now, I'm sure our wives miss
us terribly. Shall we find them?

OFF Jamie, his mind turning as Tryon exits the tent --

INT. RIVER RUN - AREA BEHIND THE STAIRS - DAY (D4)

Claire enters to find Abigail placing some gifts on the
table, one being a BOLT of FINE LACE.

CLAIRE

Abigail, have you seen my husband?

ABIGAIL

No, Mistress. Shall I look for him?

CLAIRE

No, thank you, don't worry --

Abigail smiles and exits. Claire sets her eyes on all the presents, running a finger over the fine lace.

WYLIE

Chantilly lace.

Claire looks up to see Wylie standing over her.

WYLIE (CONT'D)

A favorite of the mistress of King Louis of France, Madame du Barry. My humble gift to the soon-to-be Jocasta Innes.

CLAIRE

... Lovely.

She turns back, hoping he'll go away. He doesn't.

WYLIE

Pity, it would look far lovelier on you --

Claire tries to put him off again --

CLAIRE

I'm afraid such things are hard to come by and of no --

Eager to please, Wylie cuts her off --

WYLIE

The excise duties are quite inconvenient. That is, unless you know the right people.

CLAIRE

As I was saying... Lace is of little use to me out in the backcountry --

WYLIE

And as I was saying... if you knew the right people... you wouldn't be languishing in the backcountry... you'd be enjoying the finer things in life --

(then, low)

I can procure whatever you wish, whatever your heart desires...

(MORE)

WYLIE (CONT'D)

I know a seafaring gentleman who does
business in the port of Wilmington.

Claire's wheels are turning. A smuggler? In Wilmington?
Could it be Stephen Bonnet?

CLAIRE

You mean a smuggler?

WYLIE

Why, Mistress Fraser, you wound me!
Do you take me for a common thief?
I only meant to imply that I have
certain friends who are in the
business of acquiring rare and...
(stepping closer)
...exquisite things.

Claire steps back. Finally taking the hint, Wylie turns to
go. But Claire's mind is still turning. This guy is a
creep, but if he does know something about Bonnet...

CLAIRE

Mr. Wylie, I have something that may
be of interest to you --

He turns back and smiles...

INT. RIVER RUN - DINING ROOM - DAY (D4)

A table laden with HORS D'OEUVRES, along with a decanter of
JAMIE'S WHISKY. Claire pours some whisky into a glass,
offers it to Wylie. As she does so, he notices her TWO
WEDDING RINGS. He sips his drink --

WYLIE

Mmm. It's absolutely sinful.

CLAIRE

My husband makes it.

WYLIE

And which one is he, pray tell?
Silver or gold?

Claire realizes he's indicating her wedding rings.

CLAIRE

Silver. The gold was from my late
husband.

WYLIE

My sympathies.

(MORE)

WYLIE (CONT'D)

(then)

Do you mean to say Mr. Fraser permits you to wear another man's token so near his own?

CLAIRE

My husband is...

WYLIE

Clearly an extraordinary man...

(then)

May I ask when he died? Your first husband, I mean?

Claire hesitates. The simple answer is --

CLAIRE

A lifetime ago.

WYLIE

He must have been quite the man to inspire such devotion after all these years.

CLAIRE

He was.

WYLIE

A star fixed in the firmament of the heart forever.

He lifts his cup.

WYLIE (CONT'D)

To love.

CLAIRE

Indeed.

They both down another.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Mr. Wylie, I was wondering if I might ask your advice?

WYLIE

Certainly. I'm at your service.

CLAIRE

Your advice on a matter of business... This man of yours, this... associate.

Wylie deflates a little at this --

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

If this gentleman knows how to circumvent certain financial inconveniences...

WYLIE

Whatever you want, name it and it's yours --

CLAIRE

On that point I was wondering...
 (off Wylie's hesitance)
 My husband's still is barely breaking even. But... a partner with the right connections...

Claire refills his cup.

WYLIE

Trust me, Mr. Bonnet is possessed of... shall we say... a notoriously unhappy temper. He doesn't do business with people he doesn't know...

Claire tries to maintain her composure -- she was right. She tries to flatter him --

CLAIRE

But thankfully, we --
 (correcting herself)
 I would be dealing only with you --
 (then)
 And you'd have a share in the profits, of course --

Claire waits with bated breath as Wylie considers her.

WYLIE

It does pain me to hear such a dull word as "profit" coming out of those lovely lips.

Claire sighs. This is going to be harder than she thought.

Wylie sighs, frustrated.

WYLIE (CONT'D)

Let's not spoil this lovely evening by talking of such tedious things... You've shown me your pride and joy. Now I want to show you mine.

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - FIELD - DAY (D4)

A SETTLER throws a green log onto a burning smoke pit, causing it to smoke even more. REVEAL a barley field where Settlers are building a row of smoking fires on the edge of the crop. Behind them a DRIVER maneuvers a HORSE-DRAWN CART filled with SMUDGE POTS. Roger and Josiah walk alongside the cart, handing out pots to Settlers who then hurry into the field and place them in a crop row. As the cart trundles along, Roger notices Brianna waiting for him up ahead.

ROGER

See that the rest of these pots are delivered to Evan Lindsay's field. Have your brother help too --

JOSIAH

Aye, Captain.

Roger approaches Brianna. As Josiah and the cart move off, Brianna sees that Roger's confident facade drops.

ROGER

You know, when your father left me in charge, I thought perhaps I'd have to mend a fence or wrangle the odd runaway cow. But no. I get a Biblical plague.

BRIANNA

And you should have some faith in yourself.

(a beat)

The men listened to you --

ROGER

That's what I'm worried about... I can talk all day long -- I teach for a living... But what if I told them to do the wrong thing? What if it doesn't work?

BRIANNA

Have some confidence... Surely you must feel this way when you're in the classroom sometimes as well?

ROGER

Yes but that's different -- their next meal doesn't depend on what I'm teaching them or how well they listen to me... And I teach my students to think for themselves.

Brianna stops, faces Roger.

BRIANNA

The men are thinking for themselves
-- and they think you have their
best interests at heart. And you
do.

Brianna takes Rogers hand. Filled with fear and hope, they
look at the field that is starting to be enveloped by smoke.

OMITTED

EXT. RIVER RUN - JOCASTA'S STABLES - DAY (D4)

Wylie leads Claire inside the stables.

INT. RIVER RUN - JOCASTA'S STABLES - DAY (D4)

Claire and Wylie enter. It's quiet, except for some soft
snorting and shuffling of hooves.

WYLIE

I'd like you to meet Lucas.

Inside a stall, we reveal a STALLION, coat gleaming black as
coal. Claire approaches the horse. It truly is one of the
most beautiful horses she's ever seen.

CLAIRE

He's magnificent.

WYLIE

Isn't he? I believe he's a
descendant of Eclipse of the Darley
Arabian line.

CLAIRE

Eclipse?

WYLIE

One of the most famous racehorses
who's ever lived --

Lucas moves forward, rubbing his nose on Claire's hand.

CLAIRE

Aren't you sweet?

WYLIE

Sweet? A strange choice for such a magnificent creature.

CLAIRE

Charming. Good natured.
Delightful, I might add.

WYLIE

... above all, beautiful.

Wylie kisses her softly on the back of the neck. She spins around. Before she can react, Wylie kisses her on the mouth!

CLAIRE

What the hell are you doing?!

Wylie moves closer. Claire backs up against the rail.

WYLIE

Mistress Fraser. Claire...

He pins her against the rail, clawing at her.

WYLIE (CONT'D)

You madden me...

Claire slaps him. Hard. For a moment, he's stunned. Then, he goes for her again. This time, Claire shoves him with all her strength, knocking him into a pile of HORSE MANURE. Wylie sits there, stunned.

WYLIE (CONT'D)

You bitch --

Just as Wylie lunges for her, he's pulled back and slammed hard against the stable wall! Jamie unsheathes his DIRK and holds it to Wylie's cock.

JAMIE

Say one word and I'll cut off yer bawsack.

(to Claire)

Sassenach --

CLAIRE

I'm fine, Jamie... let him go!

Jamie looks back at Claire. She gives him a look that says: I mean it. Reluctantly, he releases Wylie.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I know what it looks like --

JAMIE

Aye --

Jamie leans in and brushes the back of Claire's neck with his hand, coming away with Wylie's BEAUTY MARK.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

This sniveling wee gomereel tried to violate ye.

WYLIE

She plied me with drink and practically begged me to take her where she stood! The woman's a vile succubus!

CLAIRE

How dare you --

Jamie lunges for Wylie again, but Claire holds him back.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Stop! Are you really going to murder a man at your aunt's wedding?

Begrudgingly, Jamie relents.

JAMIE

If I see ye near my wife again I'll kill ye. Do you understand?

Wylie nods. Then, trying to preserve whatever's left of his dignity, reaffixes his wig and leaves the barn in a huff with manure on his backside.

OMITTED

INT. RIVER RUN - STABLES - DAY - MOMENTS LATER (D4)

Jamie paces, trying to calm down.

JAMIE

What in Christ's name were ye thinking, Sassenach? I leave ye alone for a wee while and --

CLAIRE

He knows Stephen Bonnet.

Jamie stops.

JAMIE
He told ye this?

CLAIRE
Turns out that it's a very small world. The smuggler he employs in Wilmington --

Jamie gives her a look. That's what was going on?

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Wylie's up to his neck in gambling debt so I thought if I could tempt him with a business deal, maybe he'd set up a meeting... I dared to hope it might be Bonnet and it was --

JAMIE
Christ. Speak of the devil and he appears! Ye willna believe this, but Lord John told me that Bonnet put a dagger to a man's eyes, in Wilmington.
(a beat)
Makes you wonder what kind of a man this Philip Wylie is himself to be associated wi' him --

They both take this in.

CLAIRE
But now that I've thrown him in shit and you've threatened to relieve him of his manhood... how do we go about getting him on side...?

Jamie thinks.

JAMIE
Ye say the man likes to gamble?

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - FIELD - DAY (D4)

The SMOKE PITS and SMUDGE POTS have all been lit. The effect is almost ethereal as a thick bank of smoke drifts over the field. Roger, Brianna, Fergus, Marsali and the other SETTLERS tend the fires, watch and wait. The atmosphere is silent, tense. Suddenly, a DISTANT HUM. A huge STORM CLOUD of LOCUSTS moving right at them, casting a pall over the sky.

The Settlers stare at the incoming SWARM, concern on their faces. Roger and Brianna fix kerchiefs over their noses and mouths. Then Brianna grabs a sheet and takes a position behind a smoke pit as Roger hurries along the edge of the field, shouting encouragement --

ROGER

That's it! All together! As hard
as you can!

The BUZZING increases and the LOCUSTS swarm toward the field as we REVEAL the Settlers using sheets, curtains and table linens to fan the smoke towards the field. Marsali frantically flaps a bed sheet. Roger races along.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Keep going!

As the smoke drifts, we find Fergus in the crop field. He looks up from tending a smudge pot and sees the approaching BLACK CLOUD. He lifts a kerchief over his face.

The SOUND of the LOCUSTS is now deafening. Like a runaway freight train, the SWARM descends on the field creating a blizzard of smoke and insects, swirling and darting.

The Settlers stop fanning the fires, now concerned about protecting themselves. Locusts WHIZ by. The smoke makes it almost unbearable to breathe. Roger finds Brianna and wraps her in his body. They crouch low to the ground as the onslaught delivers blackout conditions... Roger and Brianna disappear in the maelstrom, enveloped in the smoke and buzzing --

OMITTED

INT. RIVER RUN - PARLOUR - DAY (D4)

Several games of WHIST are being played at tables in the parlour.

A COIN PURSE is thrown down onto one of the tables --

WYLIE

Back so soon, Mr. Barlow? I
thought you'd had enough.

Wylie looks up from counting his winnings to see, not Barlow, but Jamie Fraser. His face falls.

WYLIE (CONT'D)

Oh. It's you.

(MORE)

WYLIE (CONT'D)
 (indicating the purse)
 If you think that's enough to
 replace my coat, you're sorely
 mistaken. It was given to me by
 the Countess of --

JAMIE
 (interrupting)
 My wife was right. I canna kill a
 man at my aunt's wedding. So...

Jamie sits down.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
 It seems we'll have to settle this
 another way.

WYLIE
 If you're referring to the incident
 in the stables, it's as I told you.
 I was the perfect gentleman.

Wylie goes back to counting his winnings. Jamie glances back
 at Mrs. Tryon who is chatting with some WOMEN nearby.

JAMIE
 Mr. Wylie, you're acquainted with
 the Governor's wife?

Wylie nods, hesitant --

JAMIE (CONT'D)
 A fine woman, but, between you and
 me, not known for her discretion.

Wylie looks up. What's he on about? Jamie gathers up the
 CARDS and starts to shuffle them.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
 One word in her ear and, in a
 fortnight, every man, woman and
 child in the Province of North
 Carolina will know what kind of
 "gentleman" you are.

Wylie smirks --

WYLIE
 I've no doubt that Her Excellency
 thinks me a rake already -- it will
 be no news to her... I'm afraid my
 reputation proceeds me.

It's clear that Wylie is proud of what he considers to be the charmingly foppish and promiscuous reputation he has cultivated --

JAMIE

Oh but she hasn't heard the things
I have to say about ye --

Angered, Jamie slams the deck on the table and cuts it.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

We settle this now. One game of
Whist. If you win, I'll allow you
to leave with your honor intact.

WYLIE

And if I lose?

JAMIE

The stallion. Lucas.

Wylie stares at Jamie for a moment. Then starts to laugh.

WYLIE

Oh, you Scots are all alike, aren't
you? You brutes place far too high
a price on things like pride. The
difference between you and me, Mr.
Fraser, is that given the choice
between pride and gold... I'd take
gold any day.

(then)

Besides, Lucas is worth ten times
this amount to me. If you want to
play at this table, Mr. Fraser,
you're going to have to produce
something... far more valuable.

INT. RIVER RUN - CLAIRE AND JAMIE'S BEDROOM - DUSK (D4)

Claire's GOLD RING in the palm of her hand.

CLAIRE

Have you lost your mind?!

JAMIE

He saw you wearing it earlier. I
dinna ken why, but he says it's the
only thing he'll take for his
horse.

CLAIRE

(realizing)

I told him how much this ring means to me. Don't you see, I humiliated him. This is his idea of revenge!

JAMIE

And, what if it is? Sassenach, if I win this game, we get the horse, and if we get the horse, then we get our revenge. On a man much worse than Philip Wylie.

CLAIRE

Not this. Not Frank's ring.

JAMIE

Claire. Stephen Bonnet --

CLAIRE

Stephen Bonnet tried to pull this ring out of my throat! Or have you forgotten?

JAMIE

That's why I need ye to trust me. This is our chance to get the bastard, Claire. Once and for all.

She studies his eyes. Then, she takes off Frank's ring and places it in his palm.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

I willna lose it, Sassenach.

He starts to go. When he reaches the door --

CLAIRE

What if you do?

JAMIE

What do ye mean?

CLAIRE

Just answer the question. Who are you doing this for?

JAMIE

For Brianna.
(a beat)
For our daughter.

CLAIRE

For her honor, or for yours?

A beat as Jamie processes the question.

Claire takes off her SILVER RING, his ring, and places it in his hand alongside the gold.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

You may as well take both of them.

Both feel slightly betrayed -- feeling as if their trust in one another is ever so slightly shaken. She leaves. OFF Jamie.

EXT. RIVER RUN - DUSK (D4)

SLAVES light BRAZIERS on the path and riverbank.

INT. RIVER RUN - JOCASTA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (N4)

Jocasta sits at her toilette table, taking off her jewelry. A KNOCK at the door. It's Ulysses.

ULYSSES

Mistress. A guest has arrived late. He has a gift for you.

JOCASTA

I'll no' receive any more visitors today. Tell him to leave it downstairs with the others.

MURTAGH

Well, that's a right shame. Seeing as I rode all this way to give it to ye myself.

Hardly believing it, Jocasta stands as MURTAGH goes to her. They embrace one another.

JOCASTA

What are ye thinking, coming here, today of all days, what with the Governor himself downstairs?!

MURTAGH

Lucky for me, I ran into your man outside before I could do anything... rash.

ULYSSES

I felt it wouldn't do, Mistress, to have a man shot the night before your wedding.

Jocasta just puts her hand to Murtagh's face as Ulysses shows himself out.

JOCASTA
Ye're completely mad, ye ken that?

MURTAGH
Aye, well, I suppose that's part of my charm.

He places a sparkling PENDANT ON A RIBBON in her palm. She touches it, taking in its delicate beauty.

MURTAGH (CONT'D)
I didna want to come empty-handed.

Jocasta almost smiles, then stops herself.

JOCASTA
Ye expect me to believe you came all the way here to wish Mr. Innes and me good fortune?

MURTAGH
No.

JOCASTA
Then why have you come?

MURTAGH
To ask something of ye. Something I've no right to ask, but I will, all the same. Because I canna face the rest of my days if I don't.

He takes her hand, getting down on one knee before her.

MURTAGH (CONT'D)
Will you wait for me?

JOCASTA
And ye're asking now? The night before I'm to be wed?

MURTAGH
You've no love for Duncan Innes, any fool can see that.

JOCASTA
Well, perhaps ye could have informed me of that the day I told ye he proposed and ye said that ye wouldn't stand in the way of my happiness.

MURTAGH

Well, I'm standing in the way of it now, aren't I? Or -- Christ, ye ken what I mean.

(then)

I didna think you'd say yes.

Feeling foolish, Murtagh gets up off his knee.

MURTAGH (CONT'D)

If ye'd listen to me --

JOCASTA

To what end? Ye're a wanted man, Murtagh!

MURTAGH

Aye, for now. But... but to have ye by my side in spite of everythin', in spite of what's happenin' --

Jocasta cuts him off, impatient --

JOCASTA

Is that supposed to convince me? Is that an opinion, a reason, a question? What are ye tryin' to say?

MURTAGH

I told ye once that I wanted a woman who could hear in a man's voice that he meant all the right things, even if he hadna the right words to say --

Murtagh waits for her answer. After a beat --

JOCASTA

I'm sorry. I dinna want words --

Murtagh processes her answer.

MURTAGH

Why in God's name would ye choose to grow old with a man like Innes?

JOCASTA

I've long since grown old, Murtagh.
Ye cannot fault me for wanting to
spend the time I have left with a
good man who will be here beside me,
whose only cause will be my
happiness.

Murtagh scoffs. After a beat, Jocasta goes to her TOILETTE
TABLE, runs her hands over the PILLOW Duncan gave her.

JOCASTA (CONT'D)

Luceo non uro. You ken what it
means?

MURTAGH

"I shine not burn."

JOCASTA

My father always told us you could
put a MacKenzie in the hottest fire
of hell itself -- a fire that would
burn any other man to bones - but a
MacKenzie wouldna burn. A
MacKenzie would survive.

(then)

The night we lost Culloden, Hector
came runnin' into the house. He
had a madness in his eyes like I'd
never seen. He told us -- my
youngest, Morna, and me -- to load
up everything we could carry.
We're goin' to America, he said.
To a "better" world. We did as he
bade us and took to the road in the
dead of night.

Murtagh knows some of this story, but he doesn't interrupt.

JOCASTA (CONT'D)

We were bound for the estates of my
daughters, Seonag and Clementina.
Both were grown by then, with
bairns of their own. I kent well
enough what the Redcoats would do
to them if they reached them, drunk
as they were on the blood of
Jacobites. What I didna ken, was
that Hector had stolen a case of
gold. Stuart gold, arrived from
France too late for the battle.
We'd been driving 'till near dawn
when some dragoons came upon us,
and...

Her voice breaks. She thought she could relive the whole story, but she can't.

JOCASTA (CONT'D)

Morna was sixteen. She was so beautiful, Murtagh. And, I left her. There, in the mud, lyin' next to strangers. Her bones may still be there, on that road. Turned to dust while I've sat here thirty years, growing old in a palace built by the gold that took her from me.

Murtagh takes her hand. For a moment, neither of them speak.

JOCASTA (CONT'D)

Seonag and Clementina perished in the fires.

MURTAGH

I'm so sorry.

JOCASTA

Whenever I'd close my eyes, I'd see it. I'd hear Morna screamin', smell the fires burnin' to the North, calling for the last of my children. And when the world grew dim around me, I saw it all the clearer. My blindness was my punishment for leaving her, for looking away...

(then)

Hector believed in the Jacobite cause. Like you, he believed he could change the world. And I lost everything because of it.

MURTAGH

I'm not Hector. I willna risk yer happiness --

We can see in Murtagh's eyes that, even as he says it, he knows it's not true.

MURTAGH (CONT'D)

After the war to come --

JOCASTA

There'll be another. And another. On and on till long after we're gone from this world. You said you wanted a woman who's truly lived.

(MORE)

JOCASTA (CONT'D)

Who kens what life is not what she'd
wish it to be. Well, I ken
what this life is, Murtagh Fraser.
And I ken the sort of man you are.

MURTAGH

And what sort is that?

JOCASTA

The sort who will lose everything
for what he believes in. The sort
of man I swore I'd never give my
heart to again.

It breaks Murtagh's heart, but he knows she's right.

JOCASTA (CONT'D)

Please, go. I must rest for
tomorrow.

She returns the pendant to him, but he gently closes her
hand back around it.

MURTAGH

I love ye, Jocasta MacKenzie. This
world may change, but that willna
change. I only wish I'd been brave
enough to say it sooner.

He leaves. OFF Jocasta, heartbroken --

INT. RIVER RUN - CLAIRE AND JAMIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (N4)

Claire sits on the bed, unable to sleep. She looks at her
hand, rubbing the spot where her rings should be. After a
moment, she stands.

INT. RIVER RUN - STAIRS/FOYER - NIGHT (N4)

Quiet. No servants visible. Her hair still undone for bed,
Claire pulls on an OVERCOAT to cover her dress as she sweeps
down the staircase. She reaches the bottom, walks through
the foyer and out the front doors...

EXT. RIVER RUN - PORCH - CONTINUOUS (N4)

Outside, Claire walks the length of the porch, descends the
side stairs and disappears into the night.

INT. RIVER RUN - STABLES - NIGHT (N4)

Claire enters. She walks to Lucas' stall, observing him, then reaches out to pet his muzzle.

CLAIRE

I hope you're worth it.

After a moment, we see Jamie step into the doorway. He sees Claire, but she doesn't see him. Her watches her, admiring how beautiful she looks, standing in the moonlight with her hair down around her shoulders.

Sensing a man's presence, Claire turns to see Jamie standing in the doorway. He looks slightly disheveled and a little drunk. He approaches her.

JAMIE

I've been looking for you.

CLAIRE

You're drunk.

JAMIE

I had cause to celebrate.

He opens his hand, revealing THE RINGS, then smiles. But Claire doesn't smile back. He goes towards her but she moves away.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Claire --

Claire walks away a few more paces, facing away from him, takes a beat. Then --

CLAIRE

I didn't think there was anything else Stephen Bonnet could take away from us... but he almost took those.

(she indicates the rings)

Because you almost let him.

Jamie instinctively wants to be close to her, but Claire sensing it, moves away. He pockets the rings.

JAMIE

Bonnet had nothing to do wi' it. Ye're condemning me for wanting to make Wylie pay for what he did to you?

CLAIRE

I'm condemning you for letting your hate for Bonnet and Wylie come between us. You let him use your Scottish pride against you.

JAMIE

My pride. What about yours? Ye say and do what you want like. No matter the consequence. You think too much from your own time.

CLAIRE

I don't need you to tell me how to behave.

JAMIE

Aye. But sometimes you need a reminder.

Claire, fuming --

CLAIRE

What are you going to do, spank me again?

JAMIE

You're a woman like no other, Sassenach. But don't forget you're still a woman.

She slaps him -- HARD.

Jamie forces a kiss on Claire but she pulls away... then she turns the tables and forces a kiss on him, almost angrily in return -- he fires a kiss back -- in a way they are using their kisses as blows in this emotional battle of wills.

Claire kisses him again -- then he leads her to the stable wall and presses her hard up against it.

Claire moans, but Jamie claps a hand over her mouth. He whispers into her ear --

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Look. Look down. Watch while I take ye. Watch, damn you.

Jamie wraps his hand behind her head, tilting it down. Claire arches forward, then collapses, biting the shoulder of Jamie's coat to keep her silence as Jamie shudders against her.

OMITTEDINT. RIVER RUN - STABLES - NEXT DAY - MORNING (D5)

Morning light bleeds through the stable window. Claire and Jamie lay on a soft bed of straw. He seems out of sorts --

CLAIRE
What's the matter?

JAMIE
It's just, ye dinna hate me? For comin' after ye like a ravening beast?

CLAIRE
Actually, I quite liked that part. Though, I rather think I have a nasty bruise on my bottom.

She kisses him again. After a moment --

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Part of me wishes I had seen the look on Wylie's face when he lost.

JAMIE
The poor man was almost in tears. Until I told him I'd trade him the beast for a whisky partnership.

CLAIRE
And an introduction to the best smuggler in North Carolina?

JAMIE
Aye. Mr. Bonnet will be meeting personally with Mr. Alexander Malcolm, purveyor of the finest whisky in the Carolinas.

CLAIRE
And here I thought Mr. Malcolm had put his smuggling days behind him.

JAMIE
Believe me, so did I.
(then)
We have him. The bastard will finally pay for what he's done.

After a beat --

JAMIE (CONT'D)

You were right, Claire. I'm not doing this for Brianna. I'm doing it because I want to see the monster who hurt our daughter dead. And not for any other reason but because I need to see it done. Is that so wrong?

CLAIRE

Promise me, Jamie. Promise me that Stephen Bonnet will never take anything else away from us again.

Jamie gently takes her hand and puts the GOLD WEDDING RING on her finger. Then he takes her right hand and slips the SILVER RING onto her other ring finger.

JAMIE

I promise.
 (softer)
 I promise, mo nighean donn.
 (beat)
 That these rings will never leave your hands again. I swear it.

He gently brings her hand up to his mouth and kisses the rings. Then her lips.

INT. COFFEE HOUSE - DAY (D5)

Forbes sits alone in a coffee house, waiting. A MAN sits down across from him. Reveal the man to be STEPHEN BONNET, dressed as a gentleman. A SERVER sets down A COFFEE POT. Bonnet is pleased to be partaking in what is an experience reserved, at this time, for the upper echelons --

The Server pours Bonnet a cup. He sniffs it.

STEPHEN BONNET

Is this what the gentlemen of America are drinking?

GERALD FORBES

(wry)
 I'm afraid they don't serve ale at the coffee house.

Forbes was joking but Bonnet does not like his undertone -- he's working hard to fit in.

STEPHEN BONNET

What makes you think I prefer ale?

GERALD FORBES

Oh no -- it's only... um... I meant nothing by it, Mr. Bonnet... I thank you for coming. I know you're a busy man and I --

Seeing Bonnet's expression darken, Forbes knows he'd better get to the point --

GERALD FORBES (CONT'D)

I've come from River Run. From the wedding of Jocasta Cameron.

STEPHEN BONNET

Cameron? Kin to James Fraser?

GERALD FORBES

The very same... Mistress Innes now of course --

STEPHEN BONNET

Well, give the old bat my heartfelt congratulations.

GERALD FORBES

As a matter of fact, it appears you're to be congratulated. Your son is now the proud owner of River Run.

A smile breaking across Bonnet's face. Then he takes a sip of the bitter coffee... feigns enjoying it.

GERALD FORBES (CONT'D)

It's an acquired taste.

INT. GOVERNOR TRYON'S PAVILLION TENT - DAY (D5)

Jamie enters the pavillion to find Tryon being measured for a new RED COAT by a TAILOR. As he studies himself vainly in a FULL LENGTH MIRROR --

JAMIE

You wanted to see me before you leave, Your Excellency?

GOVERNOR TRYON

I've received some regrettable news. A shame after such a lovely celebration. It is the way of the world, unfortunately.

(MORE)

GOVERNOR TRYON (CONT'D)

(then)

Do you know how many Regulators submitted themselves to the mercy of the courts? Not one man. I had hoped it wouldn't come to this, but... it seems we're going to have our war after all. I've arranged for a convoy of munitions to be delivered to General Waddell. As soon as he is in receipt of them he'll meet with us at Hillsborough. You're to gather your men and find us there within the fortnight. You're free to enjoy the festivities tonight.

(then)

Don't worry, Colonel.

Jamie looks surprised that Tryon has sensed his anxiety --

GOVERNOR TRYON (CONT'D)

It should be a quick fight.

JAMIE

Aye. The Regulators are disorganized and in no way prepared for war against the Crown.

Jamie exits the tent, feeling as if he's been gut-punched.

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - FIELD - DAY (D5)

A few of the fire pits are still smoldering. Fergus, Marsali and some other settlers are extinguishing the remainder of the fires with buckets of water or shovels full of dirt.

Roger wades through the crop field, checking barley stalks, looking to see if any Locusts are feeding on the plants. Nothing. Not an insect in sight.

Roger looks up at Brianna approaching.

ROGER

We lost some beans --

BRIANNA

The corn field was saved. It worked...

Before Roger can say anything he spots Evan Lindsay and Ronnie Sinclair hurrying toward them.

EVAN LINDSAY

Captain MacKenzie!

(then)

I thought this plan of yours was one of the most foolish I'd ever heard of. But I'm indebted to ye --

RONNIE SINCLAIR

I only lost half an acre. My family willna go hungry this winter, thanks to you, Captain.

Ronnie nods deferentially to Roger, for the first time feeling like he may actually deserve the title.

ROGER

We all helped --

Ronnie and Evan nod in agreement as Roger turns to Brianna.

BRIANNA

Maybe when Da returns he'll promote you to Major...

Just then, Brianna spots something that looks suspiciously like a locust...

ROGER

Christ, I hope not.

Brianna takes one of the buckets or an implement lying around -- WHACK. Squashes the locust, killing it --

Brianna laughs as Roger kisses her.

OMITTED (MOVED TO SCENE A45)

EXT. RIVER RUN - PORCH - DAY (D5)

Jamie and Claire stand halfway up the front path, watching Tryon and his wife get into a carriage.

CLAIRE

So, this was Tryon's plan all along? Clean house before he leaves for New York? Tryon never wanted peace, did he?

JAMIE

No. He wants to leave a hero. And now I fear he may get the war he did everything in his power to incite.

Jamie and Claire give Tryon an obligatory wave then the carriage trundles off.

CLAIRE (V.O.)
 "Let them marry. For it is better
 to marry than to burn with
 passion." Or so the Bible says.
 But passion takes many forms.

INT. RIVER RUN - JOCASTA'S BEDROOM - DAY (D5)

Jocasta sits at her toilette table, holding Murtagh's PENDANT as Abigail helps her undo her wedding dress.

CLAIRE (V.O.)
*Love, lust, vengeance, honor. All
 of them wonderful and terrible by
 turns.*

Jocasta places Murtagh's PENDANT in the small box beside MORNA'S HAIR RIBBON and locks them both away.

CLAIRE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*All of them fires that can consume
 a man whole, if he's not careful.*

EXT. RIVER RUN - PORCH - DAY (D5)

Jamie looks out at the horizon, Claire at his side. After a moment, they turn and walk into the house.

CLAIRE (V.O.)
*We had been careful, Jamie and I.
 We had protected our family as best
 we could. But, in that moment, I
 knew -- that despite all we had
 done to prevent it --*

EXT. RIVER RUN - DISTANT HILLSIDE - DAY (D5)

From a distance, Murtagh watches Jamie and Claire enter the house. The doors close. After a moment, Murtagh reins his horse about and gallops full speed away from River Run.

CLAIRE (V.O.)
*-- war and family were about to
 collide.*

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE

APPENDIXINT. RIVER RUN - PARLOUR - NIGHT (N4)

FRANK'S GOLD WEDDING RING is tossed into an ANTE PILE at the center of a card table; the pile consists of COINS, a POCKET WATCH, perhaps a few SHEETS OF PAPER, etc.

JAMIE

(to Wylie)

I have your word, then? About the horse?

MARTIN ATTICUS takes Frank's gold ring and bites it. He nods to Wylie.

WYLIE

On my honor as a gentleman.

Jamie shoots a look at John. This man's honor isn't worth much, but...

JOHN GREY

It will have to do, I suppose.

WYLIE

Splendid.

(gesturing to the seats)

Please.

LORD JOHN GREY and JAMIE sit across from one another so that Atticus and Wylie are seated on either side of them -- two opposing "teams".

WYLIE (CONT'D)

Well. Shall we begin?

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP - John Grey deals THIRTEEN CARDS in four sets on the table. He deals the last card face up -- a NINE OF CLUBS.

JOHN GREY

The trump card is the nine of clubs.

John starts the round by placing an EIGHT OF HEARTS into the center of the table. Atticus follows suit by placing the SIX OF HEARTS. Jamie places a KING OF HEARTS and Wylie a TWO of CLUBS.

Wylie wins the trick with the trump suit. As he collects his cards --

WYLIE

I must admit, Mr. Fraser, I didn't take you for a Whist player. Billiards, perhaps. Or quadrille.

JOHN GREY

Mr. Fraser is adept at many games which require a mind for strategy. Chess in particular.

JAMIE

Truth be told, I've always considered Whist to share some advantage with chess in terms of discovering the mind of one's opponent.

Wylie plays the first card of the next round - a SIX of DIAMONDS. John plays his card next, followed by Atticus.

WYLIE

Is that what this is about, then? Exploring the inner workings of my mind?

JAMIE

I fear that would be a short expedition, indeed, Mr. Wylie.

John Grey smiles as Jamie sets down the WINNING CARD.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Trick.

Wylie fumes as Jamie starts the next round.

WYLIE

Mr. Fraser has quite the sense of humor! Not unlike his charming wife. Tell me, did she take kindly to you asking her for her ring?

Wylie wins the trick.

WYLIE (CONT'D)

Trick. And --

Wylie throws MORE SILVER COINS onto the table.

WYLIE (CONT'D)

I'll raise you.

John Grey and Atticus each see the wager and add their COINS to the pile.

CLOSE ON - Underneath the table, Jamie assesses his own COINS. He only has a few -- plus the SILVER WEDDING RING.

He tosses it all on the table. Wylie eyes the silver ring, recognizing it.

WYLIE (CONT'D)

Hm. It would seem Mistress Fraser did not take it kindly after all. Pity.

(then)

Though, I must say, they do make a lovely set. They'll fetch a fine price no doubt. Perhaps even enough to replace my waistcoat.

Jamie doesn't give Wylie the pleasure of a reaction as the next round of CARDS is dealt.

Wylie deals the KING OF SPADES.

WYLIE (CONT'D)

Trick again.

As Wylie goes to collect his cards, Jamie stops him. He reveals his own card, the THREE OF CLUBS.

JAMIE

Trump suit.

Jamie takes the cards from Wylie, adding them to his own pile. As Jamie deals the next round --

FADE TO:

INT. RIVER RUN - PARLOUR - NIGHT - LATER (N4)

CLOSE ON the KING OF CLUBS is slapped onto the table. Jamie takes the trick and the crowd APPLAUDS.

It's clear from the number of cards collected by Jamie and John Grey, that they're winning by a long shot.

JOHN GREY

Well, gentlemen. That's trick and one more for the rubber, I think.

Across the table, Wylie is sweating slightly. He looks as if he might be sick.

JOHN GREY (CONT'D)
 Are you alright, Mr. Wylie? You
 look as if you've gone quite pale.

An ironic statement given Wylie's heavy use of facial powder. Jamie exchanges a look with John Grey.

JOHN GREY (CONT'D)
 Perhaps Mr. Wylie could use a bit
 of brandy before the next round?

JAMIE
 A fine idea. Perhaps we could all
 use a bit of refreshment.

JOHN GREY
 Allow me.

John Grey starts to stand up --

WYLIE
 (to Atticus)
 Go with him.

JOHN GREY
 Do you question my honor, Sir?

JAMIE
 It's alright, John.
 (to Atticus)
 Go on.

John Grey and Atticus exit the Gazebo, leaving Jamie and Wylie alone. After a moment --

JAMIE (CONT'D)
 Mr. Wylie, correct me if I'm
 mistaken, but it seems to me that
 the score is woefully in our favor.
 Though I suppose, if you were to
 somehow win every trick in the next
 round, then, perhaps --

WYLIE
 You can't have him.

JAMIE
 I beg your pardon?

WYLIE
 You can't have Lucas. I won't let
 you.

JAMIE

Mr. Wylie --

WYLIE

These rings aren't worth half
Lucas' value. You tricked me, you
bloody Scot, you --

JAMIE

Mr. Wylie --

WYLIE

I have debts! If I lose the horse,
it will ruin me! God dammit, I
have a reputation --

JAMIE

Mr. Wylie, I dinna want your horse!

WYLIE

(shocked)
What?

JAMIE

I'll give him back to you. If you
give me something in return.

Jamie leans in close, lowering his voice.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

My wife said you know a man. A
smuggler in Wilmington.

WYLIE

(guarded)
Perhaps I do. What is it that you
want to know?

JAMIE

Let's start --

Jamie takes the RINGS off the table, putting them safely
back into his pocket.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

-- with his name.

OFF Wylie, hesitant to answer...