

OUTLANDER

EPISODE 508

Famous Last Words

WRITTEN BY
DANIELLE BERROW

BASED ON THE NOVEL BY
DIANA GABALDON

FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT
26th November 2019

OUTLANDER
EPISODE 508 "Famous Last Words"

PREVIOUS REVISIONS

Production Draft - 14th July 2019

Blue Draft - 23rd July 2019

Pink Draft - 29th July 2019

Yellow Pages - 12th August 2019 - pp. 16, 17, 21, 22, 24, 27, 27A, 28.

Green Pages - 20th August 2019 - pp. 9, 10, 42, 42A, 45.

Goldenrod Pages - 26th August 2019 - pp. 8, 9, 10, 28, 41, 44, 45, 52, 54.

2nd White Pages - 1st October 2019 - pp. 31, 31A.

2nd Blue Pages - 16th November 2019 - pp. 10A, 10B.

EPISODE 508 "Famous Last Words"

CAST LIST – FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT – 26th November 2019

CLAIRE FRASER
JAMIE FRASER
BRIANNA RANDALL FRASER
ROGER WAKEFIELD MACKENZIE

BUCK MACKENZIE
CHARLES MORGAN
COLONEL CHADWICK
FERGUS FRASER
GERMAIN FRASER
GOVERNOR TRYON
HENRY JONES
JEMMY MACKENZIE
JOCASTA CAMERON
LIZZIE WEMYSS
LORD JOHN GREY
MARSALI FRASER
REDCOAT SOLDIER
REGULATOR
ULYSSES
YOUNG IAN

EPISODE 508 "Famous Last Words"

SET LIST – FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT – 26th November 2019

INTERIORS

Oxford University
Classroom
Fraser's Ridge
Brianna & Roger's Cabin
Big House
Dining Room
Kitchen
Parlour

EXTERIORS

Fraser's Ridge
Family Plot
Brianna & Roger's Cabin
Big House
Porch
Secluded Spot
Breezeway
Back Porch
Under The Trees
Alamance Creek
Hanging Tree
Edge of Forest
North Carolina
Wilderness
Camp
Near Dead Tree
Cliff

FADE IN:

INT. OXFORD UNIVERSITY - CLASSROOM - FLASHBACK (1969)

DR. ROGER WAKEFIELD is on the verge of returning ESSAYS to his HISTORY STUDENTS before the end of class. There's always room for improvement and it's Roger's job to get the best from them. Roger flicks through the essays (which are covered in RED INK) giving them one last look over. The students exchange glances, apprehensive about their grades.

ROGER

(re: the essays)

Fear not, it's not life or death.
Just a bit of red pen.

Roger distributes essays, stopping when he reaches one bright-eyed, bushy-tailed student in particular: HENRY JONES (18).

ROGER (CONT'D)

Or is it, Mr. Jones?

This catches an unsuspecting Henry off guard --

HENRY JONES

Err, sorry, sir?

Just then, the classroom DOOR opens and BRIANNA RANDALL enters. Discreetly, she nods at Roger and goes to sit at an empty desk, trying not to disturb the very end of the lesson.

ROGER

Is it life or death, d'ye think?

HENRY JONES

I don't suppose so, sir --

ROGER

(citing the essay)

But I was wondering, what does it mean when ye write that so and so "was finally able to bury the hatchet"? We all know it means to "make peace" in some way... But have ye ever seen a hatchet? Can ye tell me why anyone would go to the trouble of burying one? What is the origin of the phrase, the true significance of those words?

Henry has no answer. Roger drops the paper on the desk --

ROGER (CONT'D)
 Hmm... disappointing...

Roger watches the students' -- and Brianna's -- reactions carefully. They're surprised to hear him say this: it's out of character. Roger drops the paper on Henry's desk --

ROGER (CONT'D)
 Perhaps ye should just go then?

Henry is taken aback -- did he hear that correctly?

ROGER (CONT'D)
 Unless ye have any last words for us before ye leave?

Henry is stunned to silence. But a cocky student named CHARLES MORGAN (18) holds up his ESSAY for all to see, clearly marked with the word "Distinction" --

CHARLES MORGAN
 "I came, I saw, I conquered."

Some stifled snorts of amusement. Tickled, Roger fires back --

ROGER
 Not quite what I'm looking for, Mr. Morgan. And those were not Caesar's last words, by the way... though he did meet an unhappy end.

Roger turns now to Henry, explaining --

ROGER (CONT'D)
 Stay, Mr. Jones. I wanted to see if ye'd agree with me... because I do believe that it's a question of life and death... Your essays on "famous last words" were forgettable. I wanted you to really think about why people say what they say, and perhaps even to consider what yer own final words would be, given the chance.

The students are amused -- this is the charismatic professor they love, one who's not afraid to use idiosyncratic methods.

CHARLES MORGAN

What does it matter, sir? This is History, not creative writing --

ROGER

Because people live and die by their words: they shape our thoughts and our deeds. Often, they define us. And, like bullets, once fired, we canna take them back. So choose them wisely. Make them meaningful. Live a life worthy of them. Especially your last words. They outlive us.

CHARLES MORGAN

What would yours be, sir?

Roger puts his hands together as if in prayer --

ROGER

It's my dying wish, oh Lord, that my students write structured arguments, supported by evidence, in legible handwriting. Amen.

The students laugh. But Henry calls Roger's bluff --

HENRY JONES

No, really, sir...

Roger thinks for a beat and is serious for a moment --

ROGER

I'd say: let History forget my name, so long as my words and deeds are remembered by those I love.

(then)

That's all for today. Until next week --

The students begin to file out. Brianna clocks a few making doe-eyes at Roger. But Roger only has eyes for Brianna --

ROGER (CONT'D)

You're early --

BRIANNA

How could I resist the chance to see you in action? Plus, if you want to make The Great Train Robbery, we need to get a move on.

Flattered, Roger kisses Brianna and packs up his things --

ROGER

*And you're sure you're all right
with a silent movie marathon?
You're not just humoring me?*

BRIANNA

(teasing)

*I am... but you suffered through
that lecture about suspension
bridges. So fair is fair.*

As Roger is about to turn off the classroom lights --

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

*Would those really be your last
words?*

OFF Roger considering --

FADE OUT.

MAIN TITLES.

FADE IN:

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - FAMILY PLOT - DAY (1771) (D6)

JAMIE FRASER prays silently at a graveside, holding it together as best he can -- hosting a MEMORIAL for MURTAGH.

CLAIRE (V.O)

*People who don't believe in
telepathy have never set foot on a
battlefield or served with an army.
Something passes unseen from man to
man. It struck me that it's the
same at a memorial: a shared grief;
a dark, unspoken camaraderie...
The agonizing realization that it's
time to say goodbye.*

All those present stand solemnly, heads bowed in mourning: CLAIRE FRASER; Brianna; FERGUS and MARSALI FRASER; LORD JOHN GREY; JOCASTA and ULYSSES -- an intimate, private gathering. Emotions are raw as each one of them suffers, albeit in their own way, the excruciating mental wounds inflicted by grief.

Claire bends down to add a STONE to the CAIRN Jamie has built near the mound of earth under which Murtagh's body lies (where he had been buried a few months prior):

CLAIRE

Rest well.

Following Claire's example, a few other members of the group add STONES to the base of the cairn.

Claire and Jamie trade a look... then they take the lead -- indicating that it's time for everyone to start making their way back towards the Big House... Everyone except Jocasta -- and Ulysses -- that is. There is an unspoken understanding that Jocasta needs a moment to say her own goodbyes. We notice that she is wearing the DOUBLE HEART PENDANT which Murtagh gave her [Episode 506].

As the mourners begin to leave, REVEAL ROGER MACKENZIE -- he's been watching the memorial from a slight distance...

After a beat, Jocasta begins to SING a hauntingly beautiful LAMENT to Murtagh, the love of her life, now dead and buried.

Roger lingers, listening to Jocasta's song for a few beats, sorrowful for Murtagh and pained that he can't lend a song himself. He retreats toward home, as Jocasta's VOICE carries on the wind --

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - NIGHT (N6)

Establish a heavy mist forming in the gaps as the sun goes down on the Blue Ridge Mountains.

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - DAY (D7)

Establishing dawn. Ulysses is making preparations to the CARRIAGE that sits outside the house, readying their luggage for departure home to River Run.

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - PORCH - DAY (D7)

Jamie waits with Jocasta. Both are weary with grief and dreading the inevitable goodbye --

JOCASTA

Seems we are destined only ever to meet at weddings or at funerals...

Jamie does his best to lighten the atmosphere with some humor, in so far as that's possible given the circumstances.

JAMIE

Seein' as there's no one of marryin'
age in the family, I hope
I'll no' be seein' ye again soon,
Auntie.

Jocasta finds the strength to smile at the joke. Then --

JOCASTA

Ye built a cairn for Murtagh...

JAMIE

In time, I'll mark it wi' his name,
but for now...

Jamie isn't publicizing the existence of Murtagh's grave.

JOCASTA

Aye... I thought perhaps I could
have had a headstone made for him.

Jocasta intuits Jamie's hesitance from his silence --

JOCASTA (CONT'D)

I ken 'tis no' my place. Murtagh
and I were not husband and wife...

Jamie takes his aunt's hand and squeezes it
empathetically --

JAMIE

Neither were we father and son.
But that doesna make the pain any
less or any easier to bear --

Jocasta squeezes his hand gratefully in return...

JOCASTA

He was as stubborn as yer father.
If only he'd stayed by yer side.

JAMIE

He did. He kept his vow to me --
and to my mother...

JOCASTA

He was loyal above all -- we canna
fault him for that.

Ulysses approaches --

ULYSSES

Your carriage awaits, Mistress.

Jocasta gives a nod of acknowledgment, then turns to Jamie --

JOCASTA
Give my thanks to Claire once more,
and my love to the MacKenzies --

JAMIE
Goodbye, Auntie.

Jamie kisses his aunt on the cheek.

JOCASTA
How careful we'd be if we kent
which goodbyes were our last...

Jamie looks on as Ulysses guides Jocasta to the carriage.

JOCASTA (CONT'D)
D'ye think Murtagh is in Heaven?

ULYSSES
I'm sure your song guided him
there... and if he's waiting for
you at the gates, none of your
husbands will stand a chance --

They are almost at the carriage --

JOCASTA
Ulysses, if I could look back now --

Ulysses looks at the porch, where Jamie now sits, burdened by grief. In his hands is Murtagh's SQUARE OF TARTAN (which Murtagh had kept since his time in Ardsmuir in Episode 303).

ULYSSES
You'd see your nephew, standing on
the porch, strong and proud,
bidding us farewell.

Ulysses helps Jocasta into the carriage --

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BRIANNA & ROGER'S CABIN - DAY (D7)

Roger sits on the bed as Claire examines the scars and bruising on his throat -- a consequence of the cricothyrotomy performed on him in Episode 507. Brianna lingers nearby, waiting for her mother's prognosis.

CLAIRE
(to Roger)
How are you feeling?

A silent Roger only musters the will to shrug. He feels broken and traumatized. Depressed. The reminder of Murtagh's death has only intensified his deep-seated grief.

Claire feels Roger's throat for any issues, or indication of swelling -- more for Brianna's sake than for Roger's...

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Everything seems good. Your throat has healed nicely. The scar is fading. You really should be trying to speak. Roger, do you want to give it a try? Now, you'll sound croaky. Don't worry, that's to be expected.

Roger is hesitant. But Brianna wants to encourage him --

BRIANNA

Maybe try to whisper at first...

But Roger is still unwilling. Brianna opts for humor --

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

Well just know that I'll be teaching Jem to say "sweater" and "aluminum." It's not gonna be "jumpers" or "aluminium."

Roger gives a hint of a smile. But the silence is deafening, overwhelming. Feeling awkward, Brianna glances down at her WEDDING RING, which Murtagh made for her [Episode 501], turning it around on her finger --

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

Seventy percent of communication is non-verbal... so who needs words anyway? Be like we're in one of those silent movies we'd see in Oxford, or at Kenmore Square --

Knowing that Roger is physically fine, Bree's just trying to keep his spirits up.

CLAIRE

Lord John says he's brought some books and gifts for us. Would you like to come back to the house?

Roger shakes his head. He isn't interested.

BRIANNA

I'll come then.

(MORE)

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

(to Roger)

Maybe you can look at the plans I
drew up for the loft while I'm
gone? They're on the table.

Brianna gives him an encouraging look, then follows Claire
to the door and they exit --

OMITTED

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Having come from examining Roger at the cabin, Claire and
Brianna spend some time together, sitting at the table over
some tea, or preparing some food. Claire knows how concerned
her daughter is about Roger, and is wondering if she should
broach the subject, when Brianna suddenly breaks the
silence...

BRIANNA

My roommate at MIT, Gayle... she
had this boyfriend who went to
Vietnam.

Claire stops what she's doing -- looks at her daughter.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

His name was Don. I didn't know
him all that well, but Gayle asked
me to go with her to see him a few
times, after he got back.

The war is always a difficult topic. Claire has an
inclination as to where this is going.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

He'd been back almost a year the
first time I went... I don't know
what I was expecting, but... he was
like a zombie. No life in his eyes
at all. Gayle called it his
"thousand-yard stare."

Claire has unfortunately seen enough traumatized soldiers in
her life to know what this means --

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

He got hit by some shrapnel. He
wasn't seriously injured, but he
saw a lot of other men die...

CLAIRE

They called it "war neurosis" in my day -- and "shell shock" before that...

Now Brianna makes the connection --

BRIANNA

It's been three months now... you said Roger is physically fine... so, maybe it's war neurosis -- it must be mental... psychological...

They both know that there's no telling how long the mental scars will take to heal, if ever...

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

It's like he's been swallowed up by silence... I see the same thousand-mile stare in Roger's eyes. I'm afraid he's lost...

Claire wants to reassure Brianna, and to allay her fears as best she can.

CLAIRE

But no matter how lost he is -- he has you. Have faith that you will find him.

INT. BRIANNA & ROGER'S CABIN - DAY (D7)

Left alone, Roger stands up. The silence hangs heavy in the air... He paces around. He wants to experiment, to formulate sounds. He takes a deep breath. The air rasps in his windpipe -- his face contorts as he struggles, coughs, clears his throat, but it's no good. No sound will come out.

He braces himself to try again. He picks a word -- a name: Brianna. His mouth makes the shape -- but still he can't utter a sound...

And we see that Claire is right, there is a psychological barrier: he is choked by all the things left unspoken, all the things he wants to say: by the fear of the consequences of his words.

Roger closes his eyes, trying to picture Brianna's face, trying to blot out harrowing memories...

We HEAR the WHIRRING CLICKS of an OLD PROJECTOR... as a SILENT MOVIE begins playing out in ROGER'S MIND... part memory, part visual representation of his inner psychological trauma. (NOTE: this is NOT in the comedic style of a Charlie Chaplin or Buster Keaton silent movie.)

EXT. ALAMANCE CREEK - EDGE OF FOREST - DAY - SILENT MOVIE

We are privy to a BLACK AND WHITE sequence: some of the EVENTS AT ALAMANCE, before the HANGING, when Roger was certain he was going to die. Moments we did not see in Episode 507.

"BUCK" MACKENZIE and his men, including the REGULATOR [from Ep. 507] have dragged Roger away from the creek (where he encountered Morag). A dazed Roger lies on the ground as Buck and the Regulator stand over him, deciding his fate --

The classic silent movie "INTER-TITLE CARDS" flash on screen to display dialogue after a character has spoken.

REGULATOR

What do we do? Leave him for dead?

They need to make a choice. No time to waste.

BUCK MACKENZIE

He deserves worse than that. He's a liar or a traitor, and a coward no matter which way ye look at it --

Buck SLAPS Roger across the face to wake him fully.

BUCK MACKENZIE (CONT'D)

Came to warn us, did ye? Wanted to join us, eh? Well, fate is smilin' upon ye today --

Buck pins Roger's YELLOW COCKADE to his own coat --

BUCK MACKENZIE (CONT'D)

Get up --

As the men pull Roger to his feet and start PUSHING him along the trail --

EXT. ALAMANCE CREEK - HANGING TREE - DAY - SHORT WHILE LATER - SILENT MOVIE

Buck, now masquerading as a member of the Militia (still wearing the yellow cockade stolen from Roger) calls out to COLONEL CHADWICK, who's busy with some REDCOAT SOLDIERS --

BUCK MACKENZIE
 Here's one for you, Colonel.
 Caught him near the creek.

Barely glancing over his shoulder, the Colonel gives his order to a Redcoat:

COLONEL CHADWICK
 Put him with the other prisoners.

Dazed and weakened, Roger is too disoriented to protest -- and Colonel Chadwick has not fully seen or recognized him.

Buck summons his two men who, in turn, throw Roger among a DOZEN or so OTHER REGULATOR PRISONERS. The FLAG OF TRUCE, [given to him by Jamie in Episode 507] peeks out of Roger's pocket: a cruel irony. He won't be waving it now.

Just then, GOVERNOR TRYON approaches on horseback. A kneeling Roger, slumped in a pile with the other prisoners, has his back to the Governor.

COLONEL CHADWICK (CONT'D)
 What shall we do with them, your Excellency?

Tryon contemplates this for a beat. Then --

GOVERNOR TRYON
 Pick three. Any three will do.
 Hang them and leave them there as an example to all.

Satisfied that his orders will be carried out, Tryon rides away -- having never come close to recognizing Roger's face.

Before he knows what's happening, Roger is chosen, along with two others. Their hands are quickly tied --

REDCOAT SOLDIER
 (to Colonel Chadwick)
 We haven't pronounced a sentence upon them --

Given no opportunity to speak, Roger is GAGGED, HOODED, a NOOSE around his neck: robbed of his last words.

COLONEL CHADWICK
 A mere formality... but we're not cold-blooded murderers, so --

As the chosen three are rapidly prepared for execution and forced to stand on a barrel, the Colonel proclaims --

COLONEL CHADWICK (CONT'D)
 (reciting the formal
 sentence)

"For your treasonous crimes, you
 are to be hanged by the neck until
 dead. May the Lord have mercy on
 your souls."

The redcoats barely wait for the Colonel to finish before
 kicking the barrels out from under the "traitors" --

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - DINING ROOM - DAY (D7)

CLOSE ON A LETTER marked with TRYON'S SEAL. It's ripped
 open.

LORD JOHN GREY
 Forgive the delay in giving this to
 you... though I hesitate, even
 now... But the Governor said it
 was important.

REVEAL Brianna -- there with Claire, Jamie and John Grey,
 seated around the table. She scans the letter. Her face
 blanches. She hands the letter to her father --

JAMIE
 (reads aloud)
 "I offer my apologies for the
 injury done to your son-in-law. It
 was a most regrettable error."

Jamie glances up, trading looks all around regarding this
 massive understatement. He reads further, then summarizes
 the rest as he announces:

JAMIE (CONT'D)
 Governor Tryon has granted Roger
 five thousand acres in the
 backcountry.

Brianna is taken aback -- not what she was expecting to
 hear.

BRIANNA
 What -- why?

JAMIE
 Compensation.

CLAIRE
 I suppose he thinks he can buy
 forgiveness.

BRIANNA

What will we do with five thousand acres?

LORD JOHN GREY

It won't undo what's happened to Roger, but it's a valuable tract of land, and in time --

BRIANNA

Tryon can keep his land. I don't need land. I need my husband back.

Brianna gets up and leaves. Jamie gets up to go, but John Grey stops him --

LORD JOHN GREY

Allow me --

John Grey goes to the table and opens up a BOX.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - PORCH - MOMENTS LATER - DAY (D7)

Lord John finds Brianna -- who's still upset. He's carrying something -- an ASTROLABE and a BOOK intended to accompany it (in the vein of Chaucer's A Treatise on the Astrolabe).

LORD JOHN GREY

I brought something... for the Ridge... something that always made me feel as if I had the wisdom of the heavens in the palm of my hand. But I wonder if perhaps you and Roger should have it...

John gives Brianna the astrolabe. She studies it carefully.

BRIANNA

This is... amazing --

LORD JOHN GREY

The astrolabe is, in a way, a model of the universe. An instrument you can use to find your position, whether on land or at sea, to find a particular star in the sky, even to tell the time --

Brianna adjusts the instrument -- holds it up to the sky.

BRIANNA

So you'd align the sighting arm here with the sun or the stars to calculate time and distance?

LORD JOHN GREY

Yes.

After a beat, John Grey remembers --

LORD JOHN GREY (CONT'D)

When I was Governor of Jamaica, people would come to me with endless questions... as if I were Solomon the Wise --

Brianna looks at her friend curiously --

BRIANNA

Then.. you can probably guess mine... Do you think that Roger and I should take the land?

LORD JOHN GREY

Well, that's the thing... When I was in Jamaica, I'm not sure it made much difference whether I answered right or wrong. I was the Governor so, as far as everyone was concerned, I was right.

(then)

But I think we should both keep asking questions, even if we don't have all the answers --

Brianna glances down at the astrolabe once more --

BRIANNA

To find our place in the world?

LORD JOHN GREY

Perhaps we start with something small?

BRIANNA

I think I'll start with finding out what time it is.

She steps off the porch and holds the astrolabe up to the sun. Lord John leans intently over her shoulder, pointing at a spot on the outer dial. She moves the inner dial to match.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)
 (flushed with delight)
 It's five-thirty!

LORD JOHN GREY
 Five thirty-five. See there?

John corrects her, grinning broadly and pointing to a symbol on the rim. Brianna smiles. A moment of levity and joy.

BRIANNA
 (amused)
 I wonder why we have such a
 preoccupation with measuring time?

LORD JOHN GREY
 Time is one of the most valuable
 things we have.

BRIANNA
 (teasing)
 That one was a rhetorical
 question...

John Grey smiles. Brianna returns it, feeling empowered to make a choice.

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

Roger holds Brianna's DRAWN PLANS for the staircase and loft, consulting them on how it's to be built. There's a pile of wood nearby that will need to be measured and cut.

Roger turns to the TOOLS. Looking for the saws, he finds them in a simple CANVAS SACK. But just touching the material, sparks another traumatic memory...

EXT. ALAMANCE CREEK - HANGING TREE - DAY - SILENT MOVIE

In the dark recesses of Roger's mind, it's as if the same sequence is playing on repeat. He can't bear to allow the entire memory in all at once. He's stuck on those final moments before execution... only in micro-detail now.

From ROGER'S POV -- the rough hood of burlap over his head... He blinks his eyes furiously, eyelashes rubbing against the material... a bit of light seeping through... and with eyes adjusting to the dark, he can make out some details of the fabric -- its threads. He observes its movement as he breathes in and out... He feels himself roughly maneuvered, forced to stand on a barrel...

He feels himself drop. An elevator ride from Hell. He can feel the rope tightening, the force of the air having less impact on the fabric with every breath... Before losing consciousness, his thoughts are on the words he never got to say to the woman he loves --

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - FAMILY PLOT - DUSK (D7)

Jamie and John Grey have been to the whisky still and now find themselves ROLLING A BARREL OF WHISKY towards the site of Murtagh's GRAVE. This is made slightly more difficult by the fact that both are holding their respective beverage receptacles... and by fact that they are both, by now, INCREDIBLY DRUNK --

LORD JOHN GREY

Do you believe in ghosts?

JAMIE

Are ye afeart that Murtagh will be coming back to haunt ye... for all those fierce political debates?

LORD JOHN GREY

I may not have seen eye to eye with your godfather... But I fear he was right about Tryon after all...

Jamie positions the barrel and TAPS it demonstratively --

JAMIE

A drink for Murtagh. And the other brave ones lost at Alamance. About time.

(then, overcome)

I had to bring him home to bury him. Give Jocasta the chance to join us --

John Grey wishes he could do more -- to go to Jamie, put a comforting hand on his shoulder -- but he knows his place...

LORD JOHN GREY

You've been damned brave, Jamie, to wait this long... to let it all out again...

JAMIE

I've Claire and Brianna and Roger to think of --

LORD JOHN GREY

Poor old Roger --

Jamie looks at John Grey -- a rare moment of vulnerability, exaggerated by the alcohol.

JAMIE

He's no' himself. Mebbe he's a ghost...

LORD JOHN GREY

No, no, no... Roger's not a ghost.
(after a beat)
But there's something else haunting you...

JAMIE

Aye. Something that may come back to haunt them -- Brianna and Roger. Though they dinna ken it --

LORD JOHN GREY

(realizing)
Bonnet... Is capturing him still a priority?

JAMIE

Nay. But killin' him is.

A beat as they both contemplate the seriousness of that.

LORD JOHN GREY

I suppose Murtagh would drink to that... And I'll do whatever I can. You know that.
(then)
I'm glad we could have one last drink together -- all three of us -- before I leave. Slàinte.

JAMIE

No, we canna say that... means "Good Health."

LORD JOHN GREY

Think of something else --

JAMIE

Murtagh, I hope ye got up to Heaven before the Devil kent ye were dead.

Jamie and John POUR WHISKY onto the ground for Murtagh.

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT (N7)

Claire sits in bed reading. Jamie enters, clattering through the kitchen. Claire puts down the book, sees immediately that Jamie is drunk. Understandable given the circumstances.

CLAIRE

I'm glad to see you've found a means of distracting yourself -- it's been a difficult few days...

Jamie doesn't bother to kick off his boots before throwing himself on the bed and putting his head in his wife's lap.

JAMIE

Is there medicine for grief in yer time? Some of yer wee invisible beasties that gnaw away at it?

CLAIRE

I doubt there'll ever be a cure for that. Except maybe "time" itself -- it's why they say "time heals all wounds."

JAMIE

Or mebbe... makes it bearable?

CLAIRE

If there was a cure, I'd be giving Brianna and Roger a big dose -- they're both hurting so much.

JAMIE

Ye said that Roger was gettin' better --

CLAIRE

I did think he'd be talking by now. Time does heal physical wounds, at least.

JAMIE

But no' the sickness in his soul.

Claire nods -- Jamie may be drunk but his diagnosis has cut to the heart of the matter.

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - DAY (D8)

Morning at the Ridge. We watch as Lord John Grey DEPARTS in his carriage. Work continues apace: grass to be cut; animals to feed; railings to be painted at the Big House.

INT./EXT. BRIANNA & ROGER'S CABIN - DAY (D8)

Small wood chips fly off of a LOG that Roger is sawing on the PORCH with much determination and sweat, as he works on the initial stages of the stairway to the loft.

Behind him stands Brianna, holding TRYON'S LETTER in one hand and the ASTROLABE in another. We come in mid-conversation...

BRIANNA

... At first it made me angry too. It felt like... blood money. But the more I thought about it, it's the least he can do for what happened. It's five thousand acres, Roger. How can we say no?

But Roger, focused on the task in hand, simply shakes his head. Brianna sighs.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

(re: sawing)

Can you please stop that and consider this offer?

At that moment, JEREMIAH MACKENZIE walks up and interrupts them both with a request. He says simply:

JEMMY

Da... Sing Clementine.

An awkward beat. Roger looks pained. Brianna takes Jemmy's hand.

BRIANNA

Daddy's working, sweetheart. Let's not bother him.

She brings Jemmy inside. Roger starts to saw again, but is distracted. He HEARS something... He stops and LISTENS to...

From inside the cabin Brianna is SINGING, just like she promised she would, if he never came back [Episode 507].

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

(singing)

Oh my darlin', oh my darlin', oh my darlin' Clementine, you are lost and gone forever, dreadful sorry, Clementine...

Roger watches through the window, devastated. After a beat, he collects himself, picks up his tools and gets back to work.

INT./EXT. BRIANNA & ROGER'S CABIN - MOMENTS LATER - DAY (D8)

Claire and Jamie stand at the door and KNOCK. Claire is carrying a BASKET of leftovers. They can hear the LOUD HAMMERING. A hungover Jamie winces. Not good for his sore head. They knock again. Brianna finally opens the door --

CLAIRE

Hello --

Brianna is surprised to see her parents. Jemmy sits nearby playing. The hammering in the background continues --

BRIANNA

Hi, Mama, Da --

JAMIE

What the Devil is Roger doing?

BRIANNA

He's been working on the stairs for the loft...

CLAIRE

Well, he's up and out of the house.

BRIANNA

And I don't mind the noise so much. Beats the quiet.

JAMIE

(sardonic)

D'ye think he might stop for a wee while...?

CLAIRE

We've brought some leftovers.

JAMIE

And the last of the coffee... Was supposed to be for my sore heid but -- the lad deserves a wee treat.

Brianna forces a smile, touched by her parents' gesture.

BRIANNA

I'll see if I can pry Roger away from his newfound passion for woodwork...

Claire and Jamie enter, as Brianna goes to Roger --

INT. BRIANNA & ROGER'S CABIN - SHORT WHILE LATER - DAY (D8)

Roger helps Brianna prepare to serve the food that Claire and Jamie have brought. Meanwhile, Claire and Jamie are tending to their grandson -- and to the COFFEEPOT in the hearth. As Jemmy reaches towards the coffeepot, Jamie stops the boy and pulls him away from danger --

JAMIE

Sit. Do that again, a **chuisle**, and I'll smack yer bottom.

CLAIRE

A **chuisle**? That's a new one.

JAMIE

It means "my blood."

CLAIRE

I thought that was "m'fhuil."

JAMIE

Aye, it is, but that's blood that comes out when ye wound yerself. A **chuisle** is somethin' ye say to a wee bairn, mostly -- one ye're related to, o' course.

CLAIRE

That's lovely.

Just then, Jamie and Claire are momentarily distracted: pleased to see Brianna and Roger carrying plates of food across the room to serve, as well as cups and cutlery --

So much so that neither one witnesses Jemmy's SECOND ATTEMPT, fast as lightning, to reach for the scalding-hot coffeepot -- But Roger practically LEAPS forward at the sight and ROARS:

ROGER

STOKH!

Jemmy stares up at his father, his hand inches from the hot metal. His face crumples, and he begins to WAIL in fright.

Brianna rushes to Jemmy, her own face pale with shock. Roger is shocked too. He puts a hand to his throat: it hurts, and to Roger's ear, his voice sounds utterly grotesque.

BRIANNA

Roger -- you spoke...

(then)

Can you say something else?

Roger shakes his head -- horrified and ashamed at the sound of his out-of-practice voice. But Brianna is optimistic about Roger's breakthrough.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

Does it hurt? Can you try again?

Come on, just try...

No -- Roger is still upset. Claire and Jamie see that Roger and Brianna need some time.

CLAIRE

We'll take Jemmy out to play --

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - SECLUDED SPOT - SHORT WHILE LATER - DAY (D8)

Jamie and Claire are playing Hide and Seek with Jemmy in a secluded spot among some trees. Jamie "hides" in some foliage and Claire and Jemmy find him --

CLAIRE

Find Grand-da, Jemmy... Where could he be?

Jamie grins mischievously behind some bushes. Jemmy looks around, then discovers him --

JAMIE

Ye found me!

Jemmy laughs with delight.

CLAIRE

Now, cover your eyes...

Jemmy does. Jamie goes to hide again, but as he approaches another bush, he notices something MOVING... the bush appears to be SHAKING...

Jamie's hackles go up... He pauses for a second and takes out his DIRK... Remaining calm, but stern, he calls out --

JAMIE

Claire -- take Jemmy and go to the house. Now.

Claire, seeing Jamie armed and sensing his alarm, snatches up Jemmy...

Jamie braces himself... SUDDENLY a WILD BOAR -- with razor-sharp tusks -- is CHARGING AT HIM.

JUST AS SUDDENLY -- an INCOMING ARROW. And then ANOTHER. The BOAR DROPS DEAD a few paces from Jamie's feet.

All this has happened so very quickly that Claire hasn't gotten very far at all --

Jamie's instinct is to protect Claire and Jemmy. He runs to them, shielding them both with his body. After a beat, Jamie looks up and sees --

A MALE FIGURE standing at the edge of the trees, BOW IN HAND, a large WOLF-DOG at his side --

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Oh, Christ. It's Ian.

Jamie and Claire can barely believe their eyes -- YOUNG IAN and ROLLO have returned from the Mohawk.

CLAIRE

Ian... we thought we'd never see you again --

Claire and Jamie look overjoyed. But Young Ian is reserved. He has changed. Not only does he look different -- wearing Mohawk garb and with his head partially shaved -- but there is a certain air of sadness about him. A solemnity. He carries himself differently: the weight of the world on his shoulders.

But Jamie's immediate concern is safety --

JAMIE

Will anyone be comin' after ye, lad?

Young Ian gestures at the boar --

YOUNG IAN

Not unless he has any vengeful kin.

JAMIE

I'll have some of the men come and butcher it. We'll eat well tonight, in celebration.

At this, Young Ian nods somberly. Jamie and Claire go to him and pull him into an EMBRACE. They hug him tight, and though he allows it, he doesn't return it as fervently.

EXT. BRIANNA & ROGER'S CABIN - DAY (D8)

Jamie, Claire, Jemmy arrive back at the cabin with Young Ian and Rollo in tow. He calls for Roger and Bree.

JAMIE

Bree! Roger!

The couple emerges from the house to see what the fuss is.

Roger stops in his tracks, bewildered to see Young Ian and Rollo approaching him. Out of respect, Jamie, Claire and Jemmy wait a few paces behind.

Roger and Young Ian look one another up and down: their first proper meeting. Roger takes in Young Ian's clothing: the MOHAWK ELEMENTS -- the WAMPUM BRACELET on his wrist. There is an immediate bond: of understanding and survival -- brothers in arms. For Roger, it's one less burden of guilt to carry, one less cross to bear: Young Ian is home.

YOUNG IAN

I kent ye'd forgive Uncle Jamie and me for what we did to ye --

Roger nods, yes. He has forgiven Jamie and Young Ian for selling him into slavery.

The two EMBRACE for a long time. Roger tears up, and cannot seem to let go of the boy-turned-man, who sacrificed himself for Roger's freedom. But then he finally does. Overcome with emotion but bereft of the words to adequately express it, he goes back into the house.

Jamie and Claire trade a glance -- seeing Brianna watching him go... Brianna turns to Ian --

BRIANNA

It's good to see you --

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - DAY (D8)

Claire and Jamie stand in front of the Big House, proudly showing it off to Young Ian -- and Rollo.

JAMIE

Well, what d'ye think, lad?

YOUNG IAN

It's... big.

JAMIE

A lot o' work has gone into it --

CLAIRE

Blood, sweat and tears. Everyone has helped. We're so grateful to the settlers.

An awkward silence. After a beat --

YOUNG IAN

I can butcher the boar for us, if ye like...

CLAIRE

You just got here. Don't you want to rest? Settle in?

JAMIE

If ye're hungry, I'll ask one o' the men to do it... or Marsali -- ye should see her wi' a knife.

YOUNG IAN

I killed him. I'll do the butcherin'.

There's something so matter-of-fact about Ian's tone. Claire notices, but also glances at Jamie, seeing how excited he is to have his nephew home --

CLAIRE

All right, if you'd like.

YOUNG IAN

D'ye mind if I stay outside a bit longer?

JAMIE

Make yerself at home, lad.

Jamie walks away, Claire follows -- clocking Ian, staring at the house, overwhelmed. Can he make himself at home?

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY (D8)

SHORT WHILE LATER. Jamie and Claire fetch crockery and cutlery in preparation for dinner as they take in the return of Young Ian.

JAMIE

'Tis a miracle -- Young Ian being home, Sassenach.

CLAIRE

It is... but I'm not so sure we can call him Young Ian any longer... I don't know who has come back to us...

Still caught up in the general delight of having Ian home, Jamie tries to suppress a niggling feeling...

JAMIE

It doesn't matter --

CLAIRE

But why now? What brought him back to us? He doesn't seem to be in any hurry to tell us... or to talk about it... Or about much of anything really.

A beat as it fully dawns on Jamie --

JAMIE

Aye... He and Roger Mac are quite the pair.

Claire, in turn, recognizes Jamie's pain -- the realization that Ian has changed, that he's different somehow. She glances toward the surgery --

CLAIRE

We could give him our bed in the kitchen... We can move to the parlour until the upstairs is finished.

Jamie is still processing the realization...

JAMIE

Ye're right, Sassenach. There must be a reason. He said that no one was coming for him... Somethin' must ha' made him come home...

(then)

Whatever it was, I'm glad he's here. Losing my godfather was hard to bear, having my nephew back is a blessing.

CLAIRE

I hope he's back to stay --

OFF Claire as she touches Jamie's shoulder, grateful that something has eased the pain of his loss.

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT (N8)

It is Young Ian's "WELCOME BACK" celebratory dinner and everyone is there to eat, drink and see Young Ian -- who's feeling more like a curiosity on display than a family member.

Jamie, Claire, Brianna, Young Ian, as well as Fergus and Marsali gather around the table for this meal -- there's certainly plenty of WILD BOAR for everyone. Roger is not there.

JAMIE

Lord, we thank ye for this meal but above all, we thank ye for bringing Young Ian home to us.

Just then LIZZIE appears, her eyes alight. She's always had a crush on Young Ian. She brings a dish of food to serve him first.

LIZZIE

I made you some special Almond Hog's Pudding. I remember that was one of yer favorites.

YOUNG IAN

It is. Thank ye, Lizzie.

Lizzie blushes, happy Young Ian even remembers her name. Marsali and Fergus can't wait to quiz Young Ian.

FERGUS

What a tale you must have to tell!

MARSALI

Start at the beginning and don't leave anything out --

YOUNG IAN

Ye ken the beginning already. And we are eatin' the ending for supper.

MARSALI

And what about the bit in between?

Everyone waits for Young Ian to speak. He doesn't know where to start. He shrugs.

MARSALI (CONT'D)

Did the Mohawk treat ye well? What were they like? Did they ask ye questions about us?

YOUNG IAN

Aye. A wee bit...
(beat)
They were... good people.

An awkward silence descends as everyone realizes this will be Young Ian's only answer. Jamie and Claire exchange a glance: just what they were thinking -- something very somber about Young Ian.

FERGUS

(teasing)
Did you forget how to speak English? We could try en français? The Mohawk speak some French, no?

Marsali kicks Fergus under the table.

FERGUS (CONT'D)

Quoi? What did I say?

MARSALI

(wry)
Sometimes 'tis better to be silent than to speak the words of a fool.

FERGUS

(to Ian)
We're so happy to see you, that's all --

YOUNG IAN

Where else would I have come?

CLAIRE

Will you be returning to the Mohawk?

YOUNG IAN

(quietly)
No.

Jamie tactfully decides to change the subject. He turns to Brianna.

JAMIE

Have ye discussed the new land deed from Governor Tryon?

Brianna nods, half-hearted.

BRIANNA
We're... still thinking about it.

JAMIE
It would be best to survey it as soon as possible. We canna say what's coming. There may be further unrest in the Colonies --

He gives Brianna a pointed look -- she knows exactly what he means. The Revolution.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
If we are to hold onto this land, and keep it safe for our children, we must have it properly surveyed and registered.

BRIANNA
I'm not sure if Roger would be able to take on something like that just yet.

JAMIE
Mebbe we could send one of our men. If Mr. Myers was no' away tradin'... Or, mebbe Ian would be willing to go wi' him?
(turning to Ian)
Ye ken how it's done, lad? Ye helped mark our boundaries at the Ridge when we first came. Will ye do this for yer cousin? Ye'll be a great help to Roger -- and to us.

Young Ian hesitates to commit. Claire sees it and jumps in.

CLAIRE
Let's let him think about it --
(then to Ian)
We don't have a guest chamber but for now you're welcome to the bed in the kitchen.

YOUNG IAN
Thank ye.

Claire squeezes his arm with a smile, but he almost recoils from her. There is a distrust that wasn't there before.

INT. BRIANNA & ROGER'S CABIN - NIGHT (N8)

Roger is alone in the cabin. He goes to pick up his guitar and sits, mentally bracing himself to give it a try. He strums a few chords of Oh, My Darlin' Clementine, feeling vaguely positive for a beat or two... until he tries to sing:

ROGER
(croaking)
In a cavern, in a canyon...

It's no good. In despair, Roger puts down his guitar, head in his hands.

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - KITCHEN - NIGHT (N8)

Young Ian stands staring at the bed for a long beat.

INT./EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - BREEZEWAY - DAWN (D9)

On his way to the kitchen, Jamie finds Young Ian bedded down on the breezeway floor with a blanket.

JAMIE
Ian... I was on my way to the
kitchen to see how ye were settlin'
in... What are ye doin' out here?

YOUNG IAN
I couldna sleep.

JAMIE
Is the bed no' to yer likin'?

YOUNG IAN
I'm not used to havin' a bed in a
house this grand, Uncle.

It's true. At the Mohawk Village, he slept in a longhouse or under the stars while hunting. Jamie sits down next to him.

JAMIE
We're overjoyed ye're back. But ye
seem out o' sorts -- no' yerself.
What happened with the Mohawk? Ye
can talk to me about it if ye like.

YOUNG IAN
I thank ye, Uncle... But there's a
sayin' among the Mohawk: "A good
chief gives; he does not take."

For a moment Jamie assumes that Young Ian thinks he is prying too much. He tries to reassure his nephew, gently --

JAMIE

I dinna wish to take anythin' from ye, lad --

Young Ian is quick to put his uncle right --

YOUNG IAN

No, Uncle. That wasna what I meant. I may never be a chief -- as ye are -- but 'tis I who canna take from ye, when I have so little to give in return...

JAMIE

'Tis no' so --

YOUNG IAN

(interrupting)

I canna give ye the truth of it now. I dinna have the words.

(then)

You have things ye keep hidden from others. You and Claire both --

JAMIE

Aye. I understand. But it makes me heartsick to see ye so troubled.

YOUNG IAN

Ye need no' worry for me.

JAMIE

But if there is anythin' I can give ye...

YOUNG IAN

Only some rest, Uncle. I'm verra... tired.

Jamie looks at Ian, sees how truly exhausted he seems. Like he hasn't slept for days. Jamie can't bear to leave him.

JAMIE

Well, then, mebbe I'll sit here a wee while, if ye dinna mind.

YOUNG IAN

I dinna mind.

As Jamie sits quietly, HOLD on Ian as his eyes close and he finally lets sleep overtake him.

INT. BRIANNA & ROGER'S CABIN - DAY (D9)

Marsali sits at the table with Roger during a visit. She serves tea.

MARSALI

I was thinking about the MacKenzies
and the Frasers... We've been
through the wars, in more ways than
one, and we dinna ken what lies
ahead... So I had an idea...

Marsali surreptitiously removes a deck of TAROT CARDS from the folds of her dress. As she shuffles through the deck, we catch glimpses of cards: The Magician; Death; Justice, etc. She glances up to the heavens, closes her eyes and offers a small prayer first:

MARSALI (CONT'D)

(talks to God)

I mean no harm, Lord.
A wee game is all. If ye're to
smite me, then ye'll have to smite
Mistress Bug as well, for it's she
who gave these to me, though she'll
never confess it...

Marsali pauses for a second, and unaware of the irony, adds --

MARSALI (CONT'D)

... And I'm no' superstitious,
which is why I'm praying to ye.
Amen.

Marsali opens her eyes.

MARSALI (CONT'D)

(to Roger)

No smiting as yet.

(lowering her voice)

And 'twas Claire who said that He
doesna mind an "autopsy" so I canna
see a few cards would cause much
bother --

She shuffles the deck and closes her eyes again: this time in concentration. Roger looks on, a little bored, but going along with it.

MARSALI (CONT'D)

What does my future hold?

Marsali draws a card, delighted with the results: THE LOVER.

MARSALI (CONT'D)

(laughs)

This one's called The Lover. But
how many bairns is too many, Fergus
Fraser!

Marsali glances over at Roger --

MARSALI (CONT'D)

For Roger MacKenzie, now.

She concentrates again and draws a card: THE HANGED MAN.
They both look down at it. Marsali recoils in surprise. She
snatches the card up, reshuffles and draws again.

To her horror, the same card reappears. Roger stares, glassy
eyed. Marsali's rattled and accidentally SPILLS the cards
all over the floor...

MARSALI (CONT'D)

My mistake, we'll try again.

But Roger grabs the card this time. Marsali tries to climb
out of the hole she's dug for herself --

MARSALI (CONT'D)

At least ye didna get "Death" -- or
the "Devil." Those would be far
worse, would they no'?

Marsali shows an anguished Roger the TWO OTHER CARDS --

MARSALI (CONT'D)

'Tis only a wee game as I said. It
doesna mean anythin' --

But it means something to Roger. Suddenly he feels that
terrible sensation of darkness descending once more when he
closes his eyes... We HEAR the old MOVIE PROJECTOR SOUNDS:
Click, click, click --

EXT. ALAMANCE CREEK - HANGING TREE - DAY - SILENT MOVIE

Roger's story is stuck at the same point. He can't get past
it: three hanged men, one with a flag of truce peeking out
of his pocket... The moment of execution: the BARRELS
supporting the three "traitors" are kicked from under them,
leaving them dangling helplessly from a tree.

An inter-title appears, displaying two words: "THE END."

INT. BRIANNA & ROGER'S CABIN - DAY (D9)

BACK WITH MARSALI AND ROGER. Just then Brianna enters. She sees the tarot cards and feels tension in the room.

BRIANNA
What's the matter? What's this?

MARSALI
Nothin'. A bit o' harmless fun is
all --

But Brianna sees the Hanged Man card in Roger's hand. She's not pleased. She ushers Marsali up and over toward the door.

BRIANNA
I thought you came over to try and
cheer him up. What were you
thinking?!

MARSALI
I didna think he'd get the Hanged
Man -- twice! That's what I get
for dabbling with the devil!

BRIANNA
It's nothing to do with the Devil!
Oh my God! They're just cards.

MARSALI
Even so, perhaps better not to take
the Lord's name in vain.

Marsali cocks a brow and exits. A wave of guilt hits Brianna. It's not Marsali she's upset with. She turns around to Roger. He crumbles the card and tosses it down.

BRIANNA
They are just cards, you know.

Roger doesn't look convinced. Brianna's frustration finally comes out and she gets heated as she confronts him.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)
Come on, you're not going to let
this get to you? Talk to me,
Roger. I know you can. It doesn't
matter to me how you sound. I know
this is hard -- your voice, it's
your gift. But you're still you.
You're still the man I married and
I want him back. It's not even that
you won't talk, you won't engage --
with me, with Jemmy, with the world.

Roger just stares at her.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

I know how badly you were hurt and how scared you must have been. I went through something awful too, something dark and ugly and believe me, all I wanted to do was crawl in a hole and die. Sometimes I still do. But I didn't -- and I don't -- because I have a husband and a son who need me. I fought for us. And now I need you. Jemmy needs you. We've got 5000 acres that needs to be surveyed. I've been patient, but I need to know that you aren't "lost and gone forever." Are you coming back? Are you going to fight for us?

But Roger has no answer --

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - BACK PORCH - DAY (D9)

Young Ian sits on the back porch, whittling. He turns, feeling a stare coming his way. It's little GERMAIN FRASER -- eyeing him with the eyes of an unabashed, curious child.

Germain approaches Ian and touches his face and the shaved side of his head -- fascinated by the unfamiliarity of Ian's Mohawk appearance, especially the dotted tattoos on his face.

GERMAIN

Do they hurt?

Germain shows Young Ian a very tiny circular BRUISE on his arm -- innocently equating it with Ian's tattoos --

GERMAIN (CONT'D)

Mine hurts. From playing.

YOUNG IAN

(re: his tattoos)

They're no' bruises, lad. I chose them.

Marsali, who's returning to the Big House (having come from the cabin), rushes over to reprimand her son.

MARSALI

Germain Fraser, what are ye up to?
 (then, to Ian)
 I'm so sorry --

YOUNG IAN

I dinna mind --

MARSALI

Sometimes it feels as if I'm
 herdin' cats... two bairns is
 trouble enough but wi' another on
 the way... Then keepin' up wi' the
 gardening, the sewin' and helpin'
 Claire in the surgery... I'm at my
 wits' end before noon. 'Course, I
 wouldna have it any other way --

Young Ian looks wistfully at Marsali's belly, it triggers something sad in him but he covers.

YOUNG IAN

Bairns are only lent to us for a
 short time by the Creator -- if
 we're lucky. Accordin' to the
 Mohawk.

MARSALI

I suppose mine are lucky to have
 wee brothers and sisters, like the
 Murrays. I only had my sister,
 Joan. She wasna as strong-willed
 as yer Janet, I recall.

YOUNG IAN

My sister always had a mind of her
 own.

MARSALI

Aye. She was a mischief-maker. To
 tell the truth I was always a wee
 bit jealous -- wi' only my Ma and
 sister for company at Balriggan.

(then)

Ye must miss yer family.

Young Ian nods -- he does miss them, but it feels like a lifetime ago. After a beat, Marsali confesses --

MARSALI (CONT'D)

I do miss my Ma and Joanie -- but sometimes I feel guilty about how happy I am here... and how I've come to be at home with this family. I feel I belong. Is that terrible?

YOUNG IAN

No. 'Tis a good thing.

But at the moment, that's Ian's problem. He doesn't feel like he belongs. Marsali touches her stomach again.

MARSALI

Bairn is kickin' -- be joinin' us before too long. I'm glad ye'll be here to welcome him -- or her.

Marsali returns to her chore, Ian watches her, feeling alienated from the family that was once his own.

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - UNDER THE TREES - DAY (D9)

Jamie and Brianna walk and talk. Brianna is preoccupied, her mind still on her fight with Roger.

BRIANNA

How do you bring someone back?

Jamie knows exactly where this is coming from.

JAMIE

Roger's still not talking.

BRIANNA

It's like he's not Roger anymore... He can talk. But he's choosing not to. I've been patient... But today I gave him both barrels.

Seeing Jamie's brow raise in surprise at her expression --

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

I lost my temper.

JAMIE

(knowing smile)
It's the Fraser in ye.

BRIANNA

He finally agreed to survey the land.

JAMIE

That's good news. I'll ask one of our men to go wi' him.

BRIANNA

But what if he never comes back? I don't just mean from surveying. But if he never... comes back?
(then)
It feels like I'm losing him --

Jamie sees his daughter's fear, wants to comfort her --

JAMIE

How many nights in twenty years. How many hours? I spent that long wondering whether my wife still lived and how she fared. She and my child.

It means a lot to Brianna to hear this. On so many levels.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

And if she had not come back to me... if you had not come, if I had never known... then I would still have lived and done what must be done. And so will you.

Brianna takes this in.

BRIANNA

I know. And I will. But it doesn't stop me from hoping I won't have to.

JAMIE

When two people love each other enough, nothing can tear them apart -- not pain, war, death, or time. I once told your mother that nothing is ever lost, only changed. She told me that was the "first law of thermodynamics." I told her that it was faith.

BRIANNA

Easier to say.

They both chuckle.

JAMIE

Harder to put into practice. But ye must, a leannan.

OFF Brianna, taking in her father's wisdom.

INT. BRIANNA & ROGER'S CABIN - DAY (D10)

Roger is packing some final items before he goes to survey. Brianna is at the table, FOLDING a piece of PAPER, creasing it carefully, purposefully.

BRIANNA

I wanted to give you something to take with you on your trip. You told me you had a toy airplane when you were a boy.

The paper has been transformed into a PAPER AIRPLANE.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

I didn't finish my degree, but I know a little about aerodynamics. A sheet of paper is not made to fly... But sometimes we have to adjust our expectations, to bend and reshape ourselves...

Brianna tosses it and it floats across the room. Roger watches. Gives her a look: What's this about?

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

There's a reason the first wedding anniversary gift is supposed to be paper and, after the pressures of sixty years, it's diamond -- the hardest substance on earth.

(then)

I want our marriage to grow into something that strong. I love you, Roger Mac.

Roger is moved by this send-off. He goes to pick up the plane and, after a beat, walks out of the door... Brianna follows, hopeful.

OMITTED

EXT. NORTH CAROLINA - WILDERNESS - DAY (D11)

Roger and Young Ian -- and Rollo -- survey the five thousand acres of land, adjacent to Fraser's Ridge, setting out STAKES and measuring the distances between them with SURVEYING CHAINS (Gunter chains) and a SURVEYOR'S COMPASS (circumferentor), noting down the results and sketching maps.

They work in silence. It's hard work that also requires cutting through brush and trees to forge a path --

EXT. NORTH CAROLINA - WILDERNESS - CAMP - DAY (D11)

DUSK. Young Ian gathers leaves to create a makeshift mattress under the shelter that he's thrown together. When he has gathered a few inches-worth, he covers the pile with his blanket.

As Ian does this, Roger uses the astrolabe to take more measurements -- latitude etc. -- using the sky (possibly looking at a very early sliver of moon or the north star).

Young Ian watches, intrigued. Roger clocks this, and tosses the astrolabe over to Young Ian so that he can have a look.

YOUNG IAN

Did Brianna no' give this to ye?
And ye trust me not to break it?

Roger nods. He observes Young Ian instinctively touching the wampum bracelet on his wrist. Roger moves toward it, sensing that it's important to Ian and wanting to know more about it. But Ian pulls away, denying Roger a closer look. Whatever it is, there's a painful memory connected to it.

INT./EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - BREEZEWAY - DAY (D12)

Claire exits the surgery and crosses Marsali, who's on her way to the surgery. Claire holds a JAR (or CONTAINER) of WATER-HEMLOCK ROOT that's half empty... only one piece of root left.

CLAIRE

Marsali... did you prescribe water-hemlock to anyone?

MARSALI

No... Why?

CLAIRE

There's quite a bit missing -- only one piece of the root left -- and I wondered if you'd taken some... for someone with a migraine or --

MARSALI

Woulnda touch the stuff, bein' wi' child...

CLAIRE

That's what I thought. It's so dangerous without a physician to oversee the dose --

Marsali examines the container --

MARSALI

I could have sworn we had at least four or five pieces of the root...

There is definitely water-hemlock missing. And clearly it wasn't Marsali who took it. OFF Claire, looking unsettled.

EXT. NORTH CAROLINA - WILDERNESS - NEAR DEAD TREE - DAY
(D12)

Roger, Young Ian and Rollo take a break from their surveying work. As they sit together quietly, they listen to BIRDSONG. Roger is toying with the paper airplane Brianna gave him.

YOUNG IAN

What's that? A paper bird?

Roger shrugs and half-nods. He tosses it and it flies a short distance. Young Ian is intrigued.

YOUNG IAN (CONT'D)

It flies, but doesna sing.

(then)

I couldna always understand the Mohawk tongue... Sometimes I'd talk to the birds, instead, so that I didna feel so alone.

Young Ian demonstrates a few of the BIRD CALLS (or whistles) he taught himself during his time with the Mohawk. Roger smiles, appreciating the talent --

YOUNG IAN (CONT'D)

Have ye ever wondered how they ken which way to go when winter comes?

(MORE)

YOUNG IAN (CONT'D)

They always seem to. And they always
seem to go together. Wish
it was as easy for us as well.

Roger gives Young Ian a sympathetic look -- decision-making
is perhaps one of the curses that comes with being human.

Suddenly, Young Ian takes his BOW AND ARROW and SHOOTs a
different kind of bird -- a WILD TURKEY.

YOUNG IAN (CONT'D)

'Tis a shame they canna tell us
their secrets --

Roger watches, a little taken aback, given Young Ian's
previous comments. Young Ian goes to pick up the turkey.

YOUNG IAN (CONT'D)

But what do birds ken of life and
death? Of pain and sufferin'?
(after a beat)
Do ye think they have souls?

Roger doesn't have an answer for that. He's fighting
thoughts of death and darkness... Ian, fighting his own.

YOUNG IAN (CONT'D)

We'll eat it and put its bones back
into the earth. That's where we
all go in the end, no? Unless ye
can tell me differently? I wish I
kent where we go when this life is
over.
(then)
Perhaps land is the only thing that
truly lasts --

Roger touches the earth, feeling it crumble between his
fingers --

OMITTED

EXT. NORTH CAROLINA - WILDERNESS - CAMP - DAY (D12)

DUSK. Roger wakes up abruptly. He finds himself at a
campsite under a blanket.

Roger's sudden movement has woken up Young Ian -- and Rollo.
Ian is now watching Roger closely. It takes Roger a second
to get his bearings and to understand that nobody is trying
to kill him.

YOUNG IAN
Were you dreaming?

Roger nods. Young Ian takes the astrolabe and aligns it with a star... to make a point -- ascertaining their position.

YOUNG IAN (CONT'D)
Wherever you thought you were,
we're both still here.

The weight of these words lands on Roger -- strangely comforting.

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - PARLOUR - NIGHT (N12)

While they finish the upstairs, Jamie and Claire have temporarily turned (what will be) the parlour into a bedroom.

ADSO the cat is curled up on the MATTRESS in the corner.

JAMIE
Appears we have an intruder. Yer
wee cheetie is warming the bed for
us.

CLAIRE
This room will certainly do nicely
until we finish the work upstairs --

Jamie joins the cat on the bed, making a fuss of him --

JAMIE
Ye can stay so long as ye promise
never to reveal what ye may or may
not see takin' place in here...

The cat obviously doesn't react. Claire smiles, joking --

CLAIRE
Ha. I think it's more likely that
the mice will play while the cat's
away... Sorry Adso.
(then)
It's a good job walls don't talk --

JAMIE
These ones are so green, they'd
have nothin' to say... But we can
soon put that to rights.

But Jamie's joke doesn't really land -- Claire is a little unsettled. Still, she joins Jamie on the bed.

CLAIRE

Hmm. They could talk about the choices we've made... and what's gone into building this house...

Jamie reads the self-doubt in Claire's faltering voice. He wants to reassure her --

JAMIE

Everything we've done has been for those who call this place home...

After a beat.

CLAIRE

I don't want to sound too alarmed... but do you think there's a chance Roger might not want to come home?

JAMIE

Why? Is Brianna still worried?

CLAIRE

There are some herbs missing from the surgery... which are very poisonous if not administered by a physician...

Jamie understands where Claire's mind is going --

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I worry because, when you were... suffering... all those years ago...

JAMIE

I didna want to go on livin'...

OFF Claire and Jamie's concern...

EXT. NORTH CAROLINA - WILDERNESS/CLIFF - DAY (D13)

Another day of surveying for Young Ian, Roger and Rollo. Roger and Ian have a good rhythm, a system that works. Roger holds the stakes while Ian uses the chains and compass, calling out numbers as Roger jots them down.

Today they face an obstacle -- they are working at the top of a cliff.

Roger is busy writing down measurements but runs out of space in his book. He goes to look for a spare notebook amongst their belongings.

He rifles through Young Ian's bag -- sees what is (unbeknownst to him) Otter Tooth's journal, among some other notebooks. He takes it out of the bag and is about to use it --

YOUNG IAN

No -- dinna touch that.

Roger puts back the journal, stung at Ian's harsh tone. Ian senses it.

YOUNG IAN (CONT'D)

Perhaps we should have a rest.
It'll all still be here when we
wake up tomorrow --

Roger nods. He approaches the ledge, trying to get a handle on how much work remains to be done.

Young Ian turns to go. But Roger lingers at the edge.

Annoyed that Roger hasn't moved, Ian goes and grabs Roger by the wrist and pulls him away, glancing over the edge as he does so --

YOUNG IAN (CONT'D)

What are ye doing? What is it ye
see?

Roger takes one last look down at the ground below... The prospect of the drop triggers Roger's memory --

EXT. ALAMANCE CREEK - HANGING TREE - DAY - SILENT MOVIE

The barrels supporting the three condemned Regulators are kicked away. At the last moment, Roger's left hand comes free and, reflexively, goes immediately to his throat -- a barrier between the noose and his neck. An attempt to save himself --

Nearby, Redcoat soldiers watch, alongside Colonel Chadwick. They laugh, as if to say: "Nice try." The Redcoats and Militia start to make a move away from the morbid site --

BACK TO SCENE

Still at the edge of the cliff -- gathering himself -- Roger reaches into his coat for the paper airplane -- sends it sailing over the edge, watches it fly... Still conflicted -- but finally ready to let some of the pain go.

EXT. NORTH CAROLINA - WILDERNESS - DAY (D14)

Birds CHIRP merrily when Roger wakes up in the early morning hours. He opens his eyes to find Young Ian GONE -- but having left all his belongings behind. Rollo -- usually free to roam wild -- is tied with a leash of rope nearby. Very strange.

Roger looks around. Not seeing Young Ian anywhere, Roger decides to look for him elsewhere. He unties Rollo. He can't shake the feeling that something is not quite right...

EXT. NORTH CAROLINA - WILDERNESS - DAY (D14)

ON Young Ian reverently placing his HATCHET into the earth, laying down his weapon with an air of ceremony. Burying it -- the Mohawk way. He has no need of it now.

YOUNG IAN

(in Mohawk)

I pray for peace.

From afar, Roger approaches. He spots Young Ian and the strangeness of his actions, the burying of the hatchet makes him stop and quietly watch.

The "ceremony" ends and Young Ian approaches a small CAMPFIRE, where there is water boiling.

Young Ian places a dried PLANT inside the pot: The water-hemlock -- we recognize the white-looking root (the same as those Claire was missing earlier).

Roger can't really tell what it is -- and water-hemlock might as well be mint, but he knows the meaning of burying the hatchet from his time with the Mohawk -- the symbol for not fighting anymore. A symbol for peace, but also, in this case, for giving up. He has seen enough.

Roger approaches and KICKS over the pot with the tea and the herbs.

Young Ian springs up, furious at the interruption.

YOUNG IAN (CONT'D)

What are you doin'? You dinna ken
what I'm doing --

Roger's face tells us that he does know exactly what Ian is intending. Very quietly, almost inaudible --

ROGER

I do.

YOUNG IAN

Why? Of all people, why would ye stop me? I saw ye looking down at the cliff... I ken what ye were thinking. Ye have everything -- a wife who loves ye -- a bairn -- and still ye dinna want to be wi' them.

Roger shakes his head, but Young Ian presses him further --

YOUNG IAN (CONT'D)

When that rope was around yer neck and ye were dying -- what did ye see? What did ye see in the darkness?

Roger doesn't answer, provoking Young Ian to further ire.

YOUNG IAN (CONT'D)

What did ye see?

CLOSE ON BRIANNA'S FACE - SILENT MOVIE

Brianna looks straight at camera, smiling. No dialogue, no inter-titles.

BACK TO SCENE

After a beat, Roger croaks out the words, his voice still raw from his extended period of silence --

ROGER

I saw my wife's face.

Young Ian breaks down, falling to his knees in grief --

YOUNG IAN

Then... there's no escape, even in death?

Roger guesses there must be a woman involved.

ROGER

What... was her name?

Young Ian glances at him then down at the wampum bracelet, realizing his pain has been discovered.

YOUNG IAN

It doesna matter now.

ROGER

Is... is she dead?

YOUNG IAN

No. But she is lost to me.
 (then, sadly)
 I only wanted the pain to end. To
 be at peace --

Roger nods. Young Ian clams up. This is as much as he will
 divulge right now.

ROGER

Who can say where yer soul might go
 if ye --

-- kill yourself. Roger closes his eyes -- the thought is
 too dreadful to finish.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Ye might be parted forever. Not
 only from her, but from all who
 love you.

This sentiment aggravates Young Ian --

YOUNG IAN

So what now? Go back home? Ye're
 a fine one to talk -- ye buried
 your weapon, your voice -- now you
 dare to use it against me?

ROGER

You're right. I did. And I have
 to pick it up again. And fight.
 Can you?

YOUNG IAN

I dinna ken.

ROGER

Dig up your weapon. And come home
 with me, until you do.

OFF Young Ian --

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - DAY (D15)

From the crest, Roger and Young Ian see the Big House coming
 into view -- they're almost home. Young Ian's first stop is
 the Big House, but Roger is desperate to find Brianna --

OMITTED

OMITTED

Roger enters and finds Brianna; he goes to his wife --

ROGER

Brianna.

Brianna's eyes go wide with joy and disbelief. He said her name. She's speechless --

ROGER (CONT'D)

Dinna tell me ye're at a loss for words now --

BRIANNA

No. I've just... been scared.

ROGER

Me, too. Because even though I was saved... A part of me died that day.

BRIANNA

I know how that feels. Trust me.

ROGER

Everyone wants old Roger back, but I'll never be that man again. I studied history, I taught it. Now I'm living it.

He pauses.

ROGER (CONT'D)

When I saw that tarot card, I thought -- this is who I am now. The Hanged Man. Maybe this is my fate. My own ancestor tried to kill me. Maybe I wasn't meant to be here.

BRIANNA

That's not true.

ROGER

Perhaps not. But I have changed.

Another beat.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Remember when you asked me about my last words? I thought I knew what they'd be.

(MORE)

ROGER (CONT'D)
But what mattered was the last face I
saw -- and that face was yours.

BRIANNA
(overcome)
Roger...

ROGER
I'll always sing for you. No
matter what, no matter where...
whether you are there to hear or
even if my voice isn't able... I
will always sing for you.

Nothing is lost, only changed. As they fall into each
other's arms...

Click, click, click - we're in Roger's SILENT MOVIE one last
time -- the couple share a PASSIONATE KISS...

FADE TO WHITE.

END OF EPISODE