

OUTLANDER

EPISODE 509
Monsters and Heroes

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BASED ON THE NOVEL BY
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FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT
26th November 2019

OUTLANDER
EPISODE 509 "Monsters and Heroes"

PREVIOUS REVISIONS

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EPISODE 509 "Monsters and Heroes"

CAST LIST – FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT – 26th November 2019

CLAIRE FRASER
JAMIE FRASER
BRIANNA RANDALL FRASER
ROGER WAKEFIELD MACKENZIE

FERGUS FRASER
JEMMY MACKENZIE
JOSIAH BEARDSLEY
KENNY LINDSAY
LIZZIE WEMYSS
MARSALI FRASER
MURDINA BUG
YOUNG IAN

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INTERIORS

Fraser's Ridge
Roger & Brianna's Cabin
Big House
Surgery
Kitchen
Breezeway
Parlour
Foyer

EXTERIORS

Fraser's Ridge
Big House
Woods

FADE IN:

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

CLAIRE FRASER gently places a WOODEN PINARD on MARSALI FRASER'S pregnant belly. This is Marsali's third child and yet the worry never wanes.

CLAIRE
The heartbeat sounds strong.

Next, Claire examines the belly with her fingers.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Feels like the baby's in perfect position. Any day now.

Marsali nods, excited and nervous at the same time. Claire tries to reassure her --

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
After two... you could probably have this one all by yourself --

MARSALI
Mebbe, but it does make me feel better that ye'll be here --

The women exchange smiles and Claire squeezes her hand.

MARSALI (CONT'D)
Not so much as my physician... but to share it with me... as a... as my Ma.

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - DAY (D1)

Claire steps outside with Marsali to join today's activity: preparing BLOCKS OF INDIGO for use with other Ridge women for dyeing cloth. She looks around and spots YOUNG IAN playing with ROLLO. Claire is relieved to see he's no longer looking quite as melancholy as he did upon arrival.

CLAIRE (V.O.)
Time is marked and measured in different ways -- the colors of our lives were changing. The vibrant greens of summer faded beneath the ever-varied canvas of sky... replaced by the russet tones of autumn... brown hues of harvest and blue-violet shades of indigo dye...

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

ROGER MACKENZIE watches BRIANNA MACKENZIE sleep peacefully in the dim light of the fire. Roger knows he should let his wife sleep, but can't help running a finger along her soft skin. Brianna arches at his touch, inviting more. He eagerly pulls off the quilt and moves toward her --

JEMMY

Dada.

ROGER

Shit.

JEMMY MACKENZIE stands in his trundle bed, very much awake. Brianna jerks awake.

BRIANNA

What? What's wrong?

Roger flips the edge of the quilt discreetly back in place.

ROGER

(lies)

Something stung me.

BRIANNA

Oh yeah. Nasty sting you got there. Must be a wasp in here. Want me to blow on it?

ROGER

Ye're a sadist. Must get it from yer father.

JEMMY (O.C.)

Chit.

BRIANNA

And what's this new word? I presume he got it from his father?

Roger sits up in bed, disappointed that he and Brianna have been so rudely interrupted by their young son.

ROGER

Breakfast?

BRIANNA

Ooh... Eggs, please. And I think Jemmy should go to see Lizzie after breakfast...

Her eyes fix on Roger's as her mouth curves in a slow smile. Roger smiles back in loving understanding.

Then -- loud HAMMERING at the door!

JAMIE (O.C.)
Brianna! Roger Mac! Are ye there?

ROGER
Where else would we be?

Brianna hurriedly throws a shawl (or other garment) around herself and Roger pulls up his breeches --

BRIANNA
(loud)
Coming!

As Roger quickly finishes dressing, Brianna opens the door to let in her father, JAMIE FRASER.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)
(stalling)
Da! You're up early...

JAMIE
Move yerselves. It's no time to be lazin' about the house -- Josiah's seen signs of game west of the Ridge.

Roger and Brianna share a glance -- is Jamie inviting them both to join?

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Meat is meat. Would help see us through the winter.
(to Brianna)
We could do with a good marksman...

Roger hides his disappointment -- Brianna clocks this.

BRIANNA
I'm supposed to be helping with dyeing the cloth today -- I've been looking forward to it...
(pointed)
But Roger will go with you --

JAMIE
Aye, if ye're willing, Roger Mac? I need able-bodied men -- and able-bodied ye are.

Jamie gives Roger a once-over and Roger nods, he is.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
I'll wait for ye outside.

EXT. WOODS - DAY (D1)

Roger, now fully dressed, joins the adrenalized hunting party: Jamie, FERGUS FRASER, Young Ian, KENNY LINDSAY, JOSIAH BEARDSLEY. They push through thick trees, looking and listening for signs of the mysterious beasts.

They reach a HIGH POINT OF THE UPPER RIDGE. Josiah steps out onto a rocky ledge, SMELLING for game. Roger watches curiously, then sniffs the air himself, only to grimace in Kenny Lindsay's direction. Roger misses 20th-century hygiene.

Jamie climbs down from the ledge, Josiah rushes to his side, eagerly.

JOSIAH
There! See?

JAMIE
Aye. Well done, lad.

Roger squints and finally sees it; a bush far down the slope moves -- something is feeding on it. Then a quick GLIMPSE OF A DARK BULK.

ROGER
There... What's that?

YOUNG IAN
Somethin' bigger than an ox...

FERGUS
Elk, perhaps? They are very large,
no?

Roger scans again, noting MORE MOVEMENTS. The men never get a clear glimpse of the beasts, but their presence is known by the shaking of the bushes.

JOSIAH
'Tis no' elk -- they have verra
tall antlers...

KENNY LINDSAY
How will it be, Colonel?

Jamie licks a finger and holds it to the breeze, then --

JAMIE

The wind's from the west; we'll
make our way down to the foot of
the slope so as they willna catch
our scent.

Kenny nods slowly. Jamie turns to Fergus:

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Then ye'll spread out. Roger Mac
and I will come around from behind
the herd and drive them toward ye.
We'll take what we can -- take the
horses and do what ye must. We'll
meet again at the Ridge at the end
of the day.

FERGUS

Very good. Allons-y!

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - DAY (D1)

Claire assesses the indigo blocks and checks that there is
enough water and necessary equipment for dyeing cloth and
items of clothing (they will first have to wet the items and
wring them out, to dampen them, for the dye to take). LIZZIE
WEMYSS works nearby, next to other RIDGE WOMEN.

LIZZIE

'Tis a good day for dyeing --

Claire and Brianna share a wry look at Lizzie's homonym and
accompanying serious tone. Lizzie wrings out a piece of
cloth with determination --

CLAIRE

(teasing)

I hope you mean the cloth, Lizzie.

Brianna teases as well --

BRIANNA

Yes -- sounds so ominous...

Lizzie motions to a small splotch of blue-stained skin on
her arm or hand from handling the dye --

LIZZIE

(droll)

Aye, well I must take care not to
go home lookin' black and blue...

Claire and Brianna laugh and take a batch of the damp cloth.

CLAIRE
 (teasing Lizzie)
 A bit of dye won't hurt you. Trust
 me, I'm a... healer.

Brianna and Claire move away from Lizzie and the women.

BRIANNA
 Did you always know you were meant
 to be a doctor?

CLAIRE
 I thought about it. Many women
 did... but I never dreamt of it as
 a career...

BRIANNA
 You seemed pretty single-minded
 about it though, later on.

CLAIRE
 Well, yes... I had to be
 determined... No one was going to
 open the door for me... and if
 you're lucky enough to know what
 you're meant to be --

BRIANNA
 What if you don't know... or worse,
 you do know, but can't do it?

CLAIRE
 (considers the question)
 I suppose, for most men and women,
 life as they find it is often the
 life they lead... Now, is this
 about Roger?
 (a beat)
 Or you?

Brianna is clearly worried about herself too, but --

BRIANNA
 Roger and I talked about him
 teaching, here at the Ridge... But
 it made me think... I can't apply
 my own "calling" here...

Now Claire understands where this is all coming from --

CLAIRE
 Doctor, healer, witch... I'm not
 afraid of what they call me.
 (MORE)

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I was born to be that; I'll be that 'til I die. If I should lose you -- or Jamie -- I wouldn't be quite a whole person, but I would still have that left.

(then)

You're an engineer. Whatever they end up calling you -- find a way to do it.

BRIANNA

What about Da? Does he know what he is?

CLAIRE

Oh, yes. He knows.

BRIANNA

A laird? Is that what you'd call him?

CLAIRE

(teasing)

He's... a laird, a husband, a father... no small thing to be.

Brianna processes Claire's words as they continue their work.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Be patient. If, for whatever reason, going back to your own time isn't a possibility, Roger will find his purpose here.

(then)

And so will you.

EXT. WOODS - DAY (D1)

Roger and Jamie walk onward, primed RIFLES in hand, listening intently. Nothing but the CRUNCHING LEAVES and general sounds of the woods until something mushy gives way under Roger's foot. He takes a look and recoils.

ROGER

I'm no great tracker... but I've stepped in enough of these to know a cow pat when I see one.

Jamie goes to check. It does indeed seem to be COW DUNG.

JAMIE

I'll be damned. But only three cows
on the Ridge. It's not one of
them. And still warm...

ROGER

Couldn't be a buffalo, could it?
That seems improbable...
(off Jamie's look)
Don't suppose Claire has told you
much about the American Wild West --
that's where you'd normally think
of them...

Roger and Jamie continue on, where they do, in fact, see a
BUFFALO. The men stop dead in their tracks. This is the
first time they get a half-decent look at it -- monstrous
and powerful in stance.

ROGER (CONT'D)

(quietly)
My God. It is a buffalo.

With no time to waste, they run towards it --

Just as Jamie reaches the clearing, he kneels to FIRE --

The shot hits the buffalo's HINDQUARTERS... In alarm, it
moves off, running to join its herd... SIX HUGE, SHAGGY
BEASTS, clustering together.

The beasts TURN and FLEE.

JAMIE

We must force them towards our men.

As Roger runs a few yards ahead to take a shot... suddenly,
he hears Jamie cry out in pain --

JAMIE

(Gaelic)
Ifrinn an Diabhuil!

JAMIE

(Gaelic)
Devil's Hell!

Roger turns around and runs back towards Jamie -- he
realizes Jamie has been fighting with a COTTONMOUTH SNAKE...
or what's left of it: its SEVERED HEAD.

ROGER

(horrified)
Did it get you?

Roger sees that Jamie's face is white --

JAMIE

Aye, wee bugger bit me in the leg.

ROGER

Come and sit down. Let's have a look.

Roger helps Jamie, half-stumbling onto a FALLEN TREE. The fang marks are clear -- DOUBLE DARK-RED PUNCTURES in the flesh just above the top of Jamie's boot, inside the knee.

ROGER (CONT'D)

I've got to cut it -- drain the poison out.

Jamie tries his best to mask his nerves -- poison.

JAMIE

Wait --

Jamie yanks out his SGIAN DUBH and takes his SMALL FLASK, hands the knife to Roger --

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Hold out the blade.

Roger does as ordered -- Jamie pours whisky on the blade.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Claire does it when she sets herself to cut someone.

There is no time to lose. Jamie pours a bit of whisky on the bite...

JAMIE (CONT'D)

(braces himself)

Go on, then.

Roger presses the tip of the knife into the skin just above one of the puncture marks. The knife sinks in, an inch or more. BLOOD wells up around the blade. Jamie sits back.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Again. Hard -- and quick -- for God's sake.

Roger STABS hard, cutting one X-MARK between the punctures. BLOOD POURS in thick streams. Roger leans down and SUCKS as hard as he can until blood fills his mouth. He spits out the poison-filled blood. Then SUCKS AGAIN. Jamie pulls him off.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

That's enough. You'll drain me dry.

Roger coughs and gulps for air. Jamie offers his FLASK. Roger swirls a mouthful, spits, then takes a long deep drink.

ROGER

I've made more of a mess than the snake did.

(then)

No sign of anyone. Can you walk?

Jamie's look tells him he isn't sure. Roger feels awkward -- what should they do?

Roger waits as Jamie tries to maneuver himself... and raise himself up, using a tree as support... Jamie seems determined and Roger worries that intervening -- and helping -- in this moment will hurt Jamie's pride.

Instead, Roger looks down at the snake head and feels compelled to pick it up. He examines it for a beat, then puts it in his pocket...

JAMIE

Go... and find the others.

Roger nods and reluctantly leaves Jamie alone at the tree.

Jamie glances down at the bloody wound... Still leaning against the tree, he now places his foot on the ground to see how much pressure he can put on it. It hurts like hell but what worries him most of all is the fear of the unknown... the snake's venom now circling inside his body --

OMITTED

EXT. WOODS - DAY (D1)

SHORT WHILE LATER. Roger makes his way uphill, following the buffalo tracks as long as he can, hoping that it'll lead him to the rest of the men.

But after a while, the tracks are too confusing to follow, going off in different directions. He stands there and looks around, clearly lost.

He hears the faint CRACK OF GUNFIRE in the far distance. The hunting party must be at least a mile away -- too far.

Roger fires his own rifle ONCE... but with the wind swirling above the sound could have been carried the opposite direction. After a beat of waiting --

Roger fires a SECOND TIME.

SILENCE. No one fires back... Damn. He'll never catch up with the others, nor does he know which direction to go. Roger will have to retrace his own steps and find his way back to Jamie.

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - DAY (D1)

The women of the Ridge, Claire, Brianna, Mrs. Bug, Lizzie and Marsali are levering the dripping mass of INDIGO STAINED CLOTHES from the boiling pot with big WOODEN FORKS and TONGS.

Crusts of indigo crackle and blacken the bottom of the pot as the women tip it off the fire, and clouds of acrid smoke rise up around them.

MRS. BUG

They're back!

Claire looks up to see the hunting party return...

-- Young Ian, Josiah, Fergus, Kenny Lindsay, all on horseback, but no sign of Jamie or Roger. The men look dejected at best.

Marsali runs up to Fergus.

FERGUS

No luck.

MARSALI

Nothin' at all?

JOSIAH

We followed a small herd of buffalo but they moved off more quickly than we thought they might --

Young Ian glances around looking for --

YOUNG IAN

Did Uncle Jamie manage to catch anythin' on his way back?

CLAIRE

Oh -- they haven't returned yet. We thought they were with you.

BRIANNA

How far did you go?

YOUNG IAN

To the other side of the Ridge,
near Roger's land. We separated in
the hunt.

(a hint of concern)

We said we'd gather here come dusk.

Fergus offers some sound reasoning.

FERGUS

Perhaps Milord decided to make
camp.

Claire glances over at Brianna, not overly concerned -- yet.

EXT. WOODS - DAY (D1)

A SNAKE SMOLDERS over a CAMPFIRE. REVEAL Jamie, FLUSHED and SWEATING heavily but nevertheless strong enough to cook the snake he bludgeoned. He has tied a handkerchief around his wounded leg.

Roger returns to find him cutting a piece from the snake and biting into it. Off Roger's look --

JAMIE

Fair's fair.

Roger grins despite present worry. Both are trying to maintain good spirits despite the situation.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

No sight of the men?

ROGER

No. But perhaps they'll see the
smoke from our fire...

(then)

How are you?

JAMIE

Well enough...

Roger pushes him a bit.

ROGER

Are ye sure?

JAMIE

Well, aye... I've pins and needles in
my fingers. My lips are numb.
Is that usual, d'ye ken?

ROGER

Have ye been drinking too much
whisky?

JAMIE

(chuckles)

Nay. Thought I might need it more
later.

Now Roger is concerned. He tries to take his mind off his
worry. Focus on a task --

Jamie watches thoughtfully as Roger adds armloads of DRIED
GRASS on the fire, making flames dance and crackle higher.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Did the Mohawk ken what to do for
snakebite?

ROGER

Yes. They had roots and herbs that
they mixed with dung or hot
cornmeal and made a poultice.

JAMIE

Did it heal them?

ROGER

I only saw it done twice. It
worked perfectly once, no swelling,
no pain...

Roger doesn't offer the result of the second time, so --

JAMIE

Are you goin' to finish yer tale?

ROGER

The other time... it didn't.

JAMIE

And what would they do in yer time?

ROGER

They'd inject you with something
called antivenom.

JAMIE

So venom to battle the venom?

ROGER

In a way, aye.

Roger feels Jamie's head, already BLAZING HOT to the touch.

ROGER (CONT'D)
Lie back and rest.

Jamie lies back and winces. Roger inspects his leg, which is now grotesquely swollen, with dark red blotches. Roger stiffens at the sight, then loosens the handkerchief tourniquet.

ROGER (CONT'D)
Better?

Seeing how alarmed Roger is, Jamie lies --

JAMIE
Aye...

Jamie leans back into the rocks, staring at his injured leg, and drifts to sleep, as Roger watches over him --

OMITTED

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT (N1)

Jamie wakes up to see a black sky. Jamie's breathing is shallow at best.

JAMIE
Roger...

Roger, who has been keeping vigil over both the fire and over Jamie, is right there beside him --

JAMIE (CONT'D)
D'ye ken the last rites?

ROGER
No... You won't be needing them anyway. You're not going to die. We both read that obituary --

JAMIE
Aye. I'm to burn in a fire --
(then)
But I feel myself burnin' up as we speak, Roger Mac...

ROGER
I know a prayer for the sick... and before you ask, no, it's not in Latin --

Roger looks at Jamie -- surely this is the venom talking.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Try to rest for a bit --

But Jamie cuts Roger off, wants to convince his son-in-law...

JAMIE

Roger, you must kill Stephen Bonnet. If I canna, then you must do it... He's alive.

(then, off Roger's surprise)

There is a man, Philip Wylie, in debt to me, who arranged for Bonnet to smuggle my whisky if Bonnet will agree to a meeting... Lord John kens the particulars --

ROGER

(confessing)

Brianna overheard you and Lord John talking at the wedding.

Roger looks at Jamie, taking a deep breath --

ROGER (CONT'D)

I don't think I could take another man's life... Even one who's done what Bonnet has done...

JAMIE

You must. If I canna, you must...

(then)

Claire told me that yer father, Jeremiah, fought in the second great war --

Roger nods -- surprised by this evocation of his father.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

You would have fought too... if ye'd been of age?

ROGER

Aye... I suppose... but that's different --

(then)

When a man is standing there before you -- flesh and blood, with fear in his eyes... You shielded me from that, in your militia...

Jamie gives Roger a look but drives over this last comment, explaining --

JAMIE

Bonnet stood before me, once... I saved him from his rightful fate at the gallows. And he murdered my friend, attacked my wife and... Bree...

The words required to finish the sentence are too awful.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

If I had not done this --

ROGER

But you did. And it's done. You can't change it.

Jamie's voice trails away once again, under the weight of this burden. He takes a deep breath --

JAMIE

Perhaps it is why we're here now -- in these woods... It has happened for a reason... The snake...

ROGER

No -- that's ridiculous... you accidentally stepped on a snake, that's all --

JAMIE

And the buffalo? Ye said they were usually out in the west --

ROGER

Yes, I did. In my time they were... but that's not to say that they're not here now -- clearly they are.

Jamie isn't convinced --

JAMIE

Perhaps this is my penance. And, unfortunately for you, the son must pay for the sins of his father, for my mistakes -- you must do this...

Roger looks at Jamie -- a little astonished and heartbroken that he is referring to him as a son when Jamie is asking him to do the one thing he doesn't believe in. Roger tries to brush this off and be lighthearted --

ROGER

Hell of a time to get
philosophical...

JAMIE

No time like the present...
(then, wry)
And ye're a university professor...
or so everyone keeps tellin' me.

Roger shakes his head in disbelief, trying his best to see
the humor in the situation --

ROGER

Ah, so now you're interested -- now
that you're stuck out here with me.

Jamie chuckles in spite of his worsening state. They've
never talked like this before and Roger appreciates it. Then
Jamie leans over and VOMITS. Roger watches him with growing
anxiety, then hands him a handkerchief.

JAMIE

If I am to die tonight, Roger Mac,
promise me ye'll look after
Claire... and the Ridge...

ROGER

Nonsense. We don't have to worry
about any of this because you're
going to live...
(then, solemn)
It's a dangerous path to go down --
vengeance. You told Brianna that
she should forgive --

JAMIE

Jocasta has bequeathed River Run to
yer son. Stephen Bonnet has waged
a war on us. We are defending our
family, our beliefs... the ones who
come after us... wee Jemmy. I have
reason to believe he will try to
claim yer son as his own.

The magnitude of the danger to the family is fully dawning
on Roger now --

JAMIE (CONT'D)

He'll have witnesses from the
tavern that Brianna was willing.
Lay with him for a silver ring...

Roger feels rage slowly building, as his beliefs shift too... and he mentally searches for the verse that will justify future action --

ROGER

"But whosoever shall offend these little ones who believe in me... better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea." Matthew chapter 18, verse 6...

Jamie nods in agreement -- pleased.

JAMIE

Aye. Bonnet's crimes are unforgivable. Better to rid this earth of him, that he may never harm another being...

(after a pause)

There is a thin line between a monster and a hero...

Roger offers Jamie some whisky -- he'll drink to that. But Jamie struggles to grasp the flask... Not good...

Roger helps Jamie with the cork and lifts his chin so he can drink and swallow a good sip.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

You're standing here because of yer love for Brianna, who wouldna be alive if Claire and I hadna changed things. And though I blamed ye for hesitating to come back -- I'm glad ye're here. I have to have faith that the Lord has a plan.

Jamie's words ring true, but Roger refuses to admit it.

ROGER

If you want me to face Bonnet, you'll have to teach me to fight.

Lightheaded, Jamie leans back, fighting to stay awake.

JAMIE

Aye, Roger Mac, I will. If I live.

Roger looks around, determined to not sit here and wait for his father-in-law to fade away and die on him. There must be another way...

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

Young Ian emerges onto the porch. He's the first one up this morning, ready to start the day, when --

He hears WHINNYING. His gaze follows the sound: To his surprise, he sees TWO SADDLED HORSES (Jamie's and Roger's) grazing -- having returned home to feed. Young Ian's surprise turns to worry. If the horses are here, then why aren't Jamie and Roger with them...?

EXT. WOODS - DAY (D2)

Early morning. ON an unconscious Jamie, wobbling to and fro in a MAKESHIFT SLED... He is being dragged by Roger -- who is looking as if he's had his own hellish night -- desperately pulling his father-in-law through the thick forest, across the bumpy terrain.

Finally, Jamie wakes, eyeing what he's being pulled along in.

JAMIE

What is this... the bed of Procrustes?

Thank God. Relief washes over Roger when he hears Jamie's voice --

ROGER

Could be worse, could be Charon's boat.

JAMIE

Well if I'm to go to hell, I'm glad ye're going with me.

These two are bonding -- becoming friends -- unfortunately it is coming at a time when Jamie's on death's door.

ROGER

Thankfully ye haven't lost yer sense of humor.

(then)

I'm not even sure what direction I'm going.

Jamie's voice is weak and fading.

JAMIE

Stop.

Roger does and moves to Jamie's side.

ROGER
What's wrong?

JAMIE
Nothin' more than isna already
wrong...

Jamie stares up at the treetops... listens to the woods
around him. Watches the clouds passing by on the wind.

Roger follows his gaze -- then places his hand on Jamie's
shoulder as if it's anchoring him to this earth.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
If I die... Claire must leave.
Send her. Make her go. Ye should
all go, if the bairn can pass
through the stones...

ROGER
Why? Why should she go?

JAMIE
It is dangerous for her here,
without me...

Jamie pauses -- feeling very tired now.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Tell Bree I'm glad of her. Give my
broadsword to the bairn.

ROGER
Claire?... Is there anything ye'd
have me tell her?

JAMIE
Tell her... I meant it.

Jamie drifts off to sleep, Roger holding his hand. Looks to
the heavens --

ROGER
(quietly)
Almighty God, out of the depths I
cry to you: Lord, hear my voice --
don't let this man die.

But Jamie remains unresponsive.

ROGER (CONT'D)
Lord have mercy...

The thought of telling Brianna and Claire that Jamie has died is too much.

Then he sees it -- the clouds moving across the sky from West to East with the prevailing wind this time of year -- it's as if God is showing him the way.

He musters his strength, wraps his arms in the rope of the sled, pulling with all his might in the right direction.

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

Roger, sweat glistening, powers his way to the crest of the hillside with Jamie in tow.

To Roger's utter relief, he spots Rollo running toward him.

ROGER

Rollo! Ian...
(straining to yell)
IAN! We're here!

Roger grabs a fallen BRANCH and BANGS it against a tree trunk to get everyone's attention.

Young Ian and Fergus hear the CRACK... and turn their horses... a moment later they see Roger --

They dismount and help Roger to move Jamie --

ROGER (CONT'D)

He was bitten by a snake --

YOUNG IAN

Let's get him on the horse.

Young Ian and Fergus help Roger pull the sled over to Fergus's horse. And as they begin to hoist Jamie up --

He can't speak, only GROANS slightly indicating he's still in the land of the living. He opens his eyes as we --

CUT TO:

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

Claire's eyes dance with growing alarm, in an odd state of shock. This is the first time in Claire's career that she is out of her depth, powerless over venom -- and the love of her life is at the center of it all.

CLAIRE

I've never seen anything like this.

REVEAL Jamie on her surgery table, eyes barely open. She assesses the damage. His skin is PUFFY, HOT and RED. Bright red, as though he's been dipped in boiling water.

JAMIE

(mumbles)

Ye canna tell me they've no snakes
in your time.

CLAIRE

They wouldn't call a surgeon to
deal with a snakebite. Closest I
came was when a man was bitten by a
king cobra -- a friend of mine did
the autopsy, and invited me to
watch.

JAMIE

Autopsy... What ye did to Leith
Farrish?

Claire, haunted by the memory, nods. Marsali joins them, laying a damp cloth over Jamie's forehead. Claire studies the PINPOINT HEMORRHAGES under the skin.

CLAIRE

You look like you've been slow-
roasted over a fire...

Jamie, fighting unconsciousness, smiles at Claire.

JAMIE

You need to practice yer bedside
manner, Sassenach.

A concerned Brianna joins Claire with an armful of CLOTHS. They soak them in cool water before laying them on top of Jamie. They need to bring his temperature down or at least keep it from going up.

CLAIRE

Bree, stay with your father.

After that Claire gestures for Marsali to join her in the --

**INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - KITCHEN OR BREEZEWAY -
CONTINUOUS (D2)**

Marsali anxiously trails after Claire, who doesn't want her concern to show --

MARSALI

What will we do? D'ye have
something to give him? I dread to
think what might happen wi' yer
needle bein' broken and --

Claire wracks her brain -- a solution that will not only
help Jamie but also give Marsali something to do...

CLAIRE

Could you ask everyone to look for
maggots?
(off Marsali's look)
To eat some of the dead tissue...
It'll help stave off the infection.

Marsali knows that "infection" is never a good word --

MARSALI

Tell me the truth, is it bad?

Claire turns to Marsali, finding strength to confess --

CLAIRE

Yes.

MARSALI

Can ye... cut it out?

CLAIRE

No, the venom is in his blood, his
body will have to fight it.
(then)
I can make an onion poultice to
help clean the wound and try the
penicillin broth but...

Claire's voice trails off. For the first time in her career,
with limited medical resources, there's only so much Claire
can do. Marsali recognizes the delicacy of this situation.

MARSALI

Roger said Jamie was vomiting but
that seems to have stopped -- and
Fergus said Jamie was making snide
remarks about the sled Roger
built... those are good signs?

Claire looks at Marsali -- doctor to nurse.

CLAIRE

Yes, but the wound could turn
gangrenous. And --

The thought of what comes after "and" stops her and Marsali knows exactly what comes after the "and"...

MARSALI

And I'll have the whole Ridge
looking for maggots.

Claire nods, composes herself as Marsali bolts into action, not letting her pregnant belly stop her.

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

MONTAGE -- of tenants of the Ridge search high and low for maggots -- or DEAD ANIMALS with maggots...

Josiah has found a dead RABBIT. He inspects it for maggots --

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

Claire returns to find Brianna sitting with Jamie, holding his hand as he sleeps. His leg has been carefully bandaged. They share a look of quiet strength. Jamie's eyes open, Brianna offers some water. He sips.

JAMIE

Did any of the men take a buffalo?
I ken I shot one --

Brianna allows a smile. Claire, settling back into doctor mode, quietly pulls SUPPLIES from the cupboard, trying not to interrupt.

BRIANNA

No. They came back empty-handed.
Josiah won't stop berating himself
for letting them get away.

Jamie watches as Claire lays out a SELECTION OF MEDICAL EQUIPMENT and KNIVES, including her FOLDING SAW, meant for field amputation.

Claire fetches her PENICILLIN BROTH, stares down at it --

CLAIRE

It's better than nothing, but I
don't know how effective the
penicillin will be orally...

JAMIE

I've had enough of yer needles for
one lifetime.

Claire administers the penicillin to Jamie orally.

BRIANNA

Is there anything I can do to help?

CLAIRE

Marsali has everyone looking for maggots -- for the wound. I'm sure she could do with more help.

Brianna nods, kisses her father and leaves.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Are you feeling any better?

JAMIE

Aye, well, I did think so. Now I'm not so sure.

CLAIRE

Why?

JAMIE

It's only -- if ye scold me like magpie, I ken it's going to be alright. But when ye're tender as milk... Ye havena called me wicked names or uttered a word of reproach since I came home, Sassenach. Does that mean ye think I'm dyin'?

CLAIRE

Fine, you bloody bastard --
(genuine anger)
Stepping on a snake! Couldn't you have looked where you were going?

JAMIE

Not whilst chasing a thousand-weight of meat downhill!

CLAIRE

You scared the bloody hell out of me!

JAMIE

Ye think I wasna frightened, too?

CLAIRE

You're not allowed. Only one of us can be scared at a time, and it's my turn!

Jamie laughs, though his laughter is succeeded by coughing and a shaking chill.

Claire takes Jamie's head between her hands, his skin is burning hot.

OFF Jamie, now feverish and feeling delirious --

OMITTED

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

Claire examines Jamie, the same worried look on her face. His fever is worse, she puts cold water over his shirt to cool him. He watches her closely, searching for a moment of intimacy, but Claire is all business.

JAMIE

Is there more honey tea?

CLAIRE

Of course.

Claire puts a POT on the fire and hears movement behind her. She turns to find Jamie climbing slowly back into bed.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

What in God's name are you doing up?

Claire spots her AMPUTATION SAW in his hand. She gasps.

JAMIE

I ken what ye're thinking, and I willna have it. I'm no' going to die, and I dinna wish to live with half a leg. I've a horror of it.

CLAIRE

I'm not keen on the idea either! But if it's a choice between your leg and your life?

JAMIE

It's not.

CLAIRE

It damn well may be!

JAMIE

It won't.

CLAIRE

All. Right. Give me the bloody thing and I'll put it away.

JAMIE

Your word.

CLAIRE

My what?

JAMIE

Your word. I may be fevered and lose my wits. I dinna want ye to take my leg if I'm in no state to stop it.

CLAIRE

If you are in that sort of state, I'll have no choice.

JAMIE

Perhaps ye don't, but I do. I've made it.

CLAIRE

Hand it over.

JAMIE

Your word, Sassenach.

It's a standoff.

EXT. WOODS NEARBY - DAY (D2)

An AXE breaks open a ROTTING LOG. Brianna finds Roger chopping through the hollow log -- hoping to find maggots... or perhaps, better still, a rodent that's crawled into the log and died (and is infested with maggots). Seeing his wife, Roger sets the HATCHET down and sits on a nearby log, troubled.

ROGER

I swear I saw a rabbit crawl in there last week...

Brianna sits beside him. Sees that something is bothering him -- takes a guess.

BRIANNA

You did everything you could do.

ROGER

I was hoping that if I could get him home to Claire in time...

BRIANNA

He's going to be fine. He's too bloody stubborn not to be.

Brianna kisses Roger, looking deeply into his eyes.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

Is there something else? Or do I have to pull every word out of you bit by bit?

ROGER

If the worst should happen... He wants me to go to a place called Wylie's Landing.

BRIANNA

For what?

Roger stiffens, kicking himself for bringing it up.

ROGER

A plan has been put in motion to find and kill Stephen Bonnet.

Brianna remains eerily calm.

BRIANNA

Is he insane?

ROGER

Or delirious, which is entirely possible.

Roger looks at Brianna --

ROGER (CONT'D)

Jamie thinks Bonnet could have the right to take Jemmy away from us.

BRIANNA

He...

The word is too awful to utter --

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

-- he attacked me.

ROGER

People of this time see the child as proof that you were... a willing participant. Because God wouldna allow a child to be conceived through... rape.

Brianna looks as if she's been punched in the gut.

BRIANNA

You're Jemmy's father -- we were married already. Doesn't the law protect you?

ROGER

We were alone when we hand-fasted. There were a hundred witnesses to our wedding after Jemmy was born.

BRIANNA

Possession is nine-tenths of the law.

ROGER

The law doesn't mean much to a man like Bonnet.

Brianna is roiling inside --

ROGER (CONT'D)

Say something.

BRIANNA

Let's find these damn maggots.

Brianna channels her emotional energy into the task in hand --

ROGER

There's nothing dead here...

Without another word, Roger goes off to search elsewhere...

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

Lizzie is hanging DARK INDIGO CLOTHES on a LINE as Jemmy sits nearby, playing with a GOURD.

Brianna emerges from the kitchen porch with a cup of milk for Jemmy, on a break from the maggot search.

SUDDENLY -- Lizzie drops the clothes to the ground, and SCREAMS.

Brianna follows her gaze and freezes. She sees -- THE WOUNDED BUFFALO -- the same one Jamie and Roger spotted, and shot in the woods -- bleeding from its hindquarters.

The beast must have wandered onto the property in a desperate search, having been separated from the herd...

Hearing Lizzie's scream, Claire exits the house to see --

The buffalo... which appears startled to find itself in an unfamiliar environment and surrounded by people...

Claire goes and quickly grabs a rifle, as Brianna's instincts compel her to drop everything and run towards Jemmy, desperate to move him to safety or to distract the buffalo away from him...

But the buffalo CHARGES at Brianna... she is forced to run... but it catches her and TOSSES her into the air -- scooping her up like a rag-doll.

Brianna lands on her back with a thud near the butchering table.... As she gathers herself, Lizzie dives for Jemmy.

Claire takes aim and SHOOTS the buffalo --

The beast has a second wind and BELLOWS and starts bucking -- still alive.

Brianna picks up the BUTCHERING KNIFE that sits near the butchering table and rushes over to the beast -- BURYING the blade deep into the buffalo's neck and slicing it open...

The buffalo goes LIMP in her hands.

Claire goes to her daughter --

CLAIRE

Bree, are you all right?

BRIANNA

I think so.

Lizzie -- and Jemmy -- join them. The women take a collective deep breath as they look down at the massive body, lying on its side.

LIZZIE

Mother of God, how on earth are we going to butcher that?

Claire looks toward the house to see --

Jamie, on his hands and knees on the stoop -- mouth open, half-naked. He had crawled out to help but there was nothing he could do...

Jamie COLLAPSES, helpless in crisis for the first time.

OMITTED

OMITTED

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

Claire removes the BANDAGE and the ONION POULTICE from Jamie's wound as Brianna watches.

JAMIE

I thought I'd shot the beast in the arse --

CLAIRE

You did. I dug this out of his hindquarters...

Claire shows off a RIFLE BALL.

Marsali enters, carrying a bowl of squirming MAGGOTS.

MARSALI

Found these in a dead --

Clocking Brianna's queasy expression, Marsali stops --

MARSALI (CONT'D)

Never mind... We have some, is all that matters.

Claire takes the maggots and knows exactly what to do.

Roger enters. He sees the maggots and looks down at Jamie's leg.

ROGER

How is it, man?

JAMIE

I'll do.

Roger touches Jamie's shoulder -- in a brief gesture of comfort that speaks to their newly-strengthened bond. Roger glances over at the maggots --

ROGER

The wee suckers won't hurt... They tickle something fierce, mind.

JAMIE

Ye're a great comfort, Roger Mac.

The men CHUCKLE and share a look, it's clear their long night in the woods has changed their relationship. Brianna likes this new development.

Claire TUCKS THE MAGGOTS, one by one, into the wound on Jamie's leg.

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

The SETTLERS of the Ridge have butchered the CARCASS and are dividing up and distributing parcels of meat to take home for dinner.

Claire has taken a break from the tending to Jamie's wound and watches this, almost in a trance... Brianna comes up behind her, concerned about both her parents now.

BRIANNA

Mama, be honest --

Claire knows exactly what her daughter is asking --

CLAIRE

His body seems to be defeating the venom, but the infection is still there and I'm worried. It's too deep for the maggots to make a difference... If only I had a way to get penicillin into his bloodstream...

Brianna puts her head on her mother's shoulder.

OMITTED

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

Roger is keeping a tired Jamie company, watching over him. Jamie opens his eyes, feeling significantly worse. His leg has been re-bandaged with clean cloth.

JAMIE

Roger Mac...

ROGER

Aye. Do you need anything?

JAMIE

I wish to sleep in my own bed.

Roger swallows, quite sure that Claire wouldn't approve. But at this moment his loyalty is to his father-in-law...

Roger moves over and begins to lift Jamie out of the bed. Roger teases him --

ROGER

Ferrying you about is becoming an everyday affair.

Seems these two have reached the "taking the piss outta each other" stage.

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

The buffalo meat has been distributed, leaving only the carcass and bones behind..

Claire and Brianna approach the butchering table, to assess what can be done with said carcass and how it could be put to good use...

Claire's mind is entirely preoccupied with what can be done to save Jamie.

CLAIRE

The thought of amputating makes me sick --

BRIANNA

Can't we just wait a little bit longer -- to see if the maggots will help?

Claire shakes her head.

CLAIRE

If there's no improvement, I'll have no choice...

(then)

Except I promised him that I wouldn't...

BRIANNA

Well, he'll have to get over it. He'll be alive to be mad at you.

CLAIRE

I know... but every time he looks
down, it will be a constant
reminder that I did it to him.
That I didn't keep my word.

The prospect of mutilating her husband hangs over her...

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

Roger is in the middle of moving Jamie out of the surgery
bed -- which proves rather hard by himself -- when Young Ian
walks in.

ROGER

Ian, come help me --

Young Ian jumps in to help. Together they have a much firmer
grip on Jamie.

YOUNG IAN

Where are you moving him?

ROGER

To his bedroom.

YOUNG IAN

Why?

JAMIE

I want to be in my own bed.

YOUNG IAN

But surely you should listen to
Auntie Claire and stay here, so
that she can heal yer leg
properly...

JAMIE

(gruff)
She says she can only do it by
takin' it off --

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

As Roger and Young Ian help Jamie half-walk half-stumbling.

JAMIE

What good am I without a leg?

YOUNG IAN

Did ye ever say that to my father? Or
to Fergus?

Roger winces -- this is awkward, but where can he go?

JAMIE

Fergus... was but a wee lad when he
lost his hand --

YOUNG IAN

And what difference does that make?

Jamie knows he's digging himself a hole. He drives over
Ian's question --

JAMIE

He and your father... are more
courageous than me.

YOUNG IAN

Or not as proud -- or as stubborn.

Nothing from Jamie.

YOUNG IAN (CONT'D)

They're still the same -- it's
still them...

JAMIE

'Tis a matter of honor --

YOUNG IAN

They each lost hand and leg in
battle. There's nothing honorable
about bein' bitten by a snake --

Roger is feeling increasingly awkward and keen to remove
himself from the situation.

ROGER

Maybe I should go --

YOUNG IAN

No. Stay. I want someone else to
hear this...

(then)

There were times I felt guilty when
I was young... for wishing that you
were my father. I admired you so
much. I ran away to Edinburgh to
be with you. But, ye're right --
now I do see how courageous my
father was and is...

Jamie sighs, touché. Roger can't help but admire Young Ian's moxie. As Young Ian exits --

YOUNG IAN (CONT'D)
I never thought I'd see the day I'd
be ashamed of ye, Uncle.

Jamie feels remorse more than he feels the sting of these words...

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

As Young Ian makes his way through the house, Fergus walks into the kitchen with a pile of BUFFALO MEAT wrapped in neat packages, placing them on the table.

Young Ian casts a glance at Fergus's wooden hand. Fergus notices the stare.

FERGUS
What is it?

YOUNG IAN
Nothin'.

Fergus gives his friend a suspicious look --

FERGUS
You're a terrible liar --

Young Ian shrugs, tries to cover with a half-truth. He's worried that Jamie's current attitude will upset Fergus. He doesn't want to risk Fergus hearing how Jamie feels about losing a limb --

YOUNG IAN
We were talking about you is all...
me and Roger...
(lying)
Sayin' it would be a shame if you'd
left Marsali to walk all the way
here to see Uncle Jamie -- because
he's tired...

FERGUS
But I did walk all the way out here
to see him... and I did leave
Marsali... So I'll go and see him
quickly --

YOUNG IAN
 (still lying)
 I think he's resting... Mebbe wait
 until later --

FERGUS
 What is it? Where is he?

YOUNG IAN
 Auntie Claire thinks she might have
 to amputate, if...

FERGUS
 If it gets worse --

Once he's gotten over his initial shock, Fergus is a little
 cross with Ian --

FERGUS (CONT'D)
 Why don't you want me to see him?
 You don't think I can take it?

But that's not it. Ian only wants to protect Fergus... and
 Jamie too, in a way --

YOUNG IAN
 No -- I ken you can... But I'm not
 sure about him... He's so
 stubborn.
 (then, confessing)
 He doesna want to lose his leg...
 He's acting as if it's the worst
 possible thing that could happen to
 a man... I didna want you to be
 upset.

Fergus sighs.

FERGUS
 In one stroke, he's going to be a
 man of leisure.

A callback to Episode 302 --

YOUNG IAN
 What?

With a sad smile, Fergus explains --

FERGUS
 It's what I told him when it happened
 to me. That I would depend upon him
 and he would be there for me.

(MORE)

FERGUS (CONT'D)

It was our agreement -- if I lost an ear or a hand in his service. I was teasing him.

Young Ian is moved by Fergus's upbeat attitude. Ian tries to be stoic, and teases --

YOUNG IAN

You a man of leisure, eh? Can't wait to hear what Marsali has to say about that --

Fergus smiles --

FERGUS

I'm sure she'll have plenty to say. She's seen what it's like to live with me --

(then, serious)

Marsali and I try not to think about what we lack... but about what we have... You and I have a father and an uncle... We should be there for him when he needs us. That's all we can do.

OFF Young Ian's thoughtful nod...

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - SURGERY - DUSK (N2)

Claire walks into the surgery only to find the bed where she had left Jamie -- EMPTY.

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - PARLOUR - DUSK (N2)

Claire enters the parlour, upset to find Jamie in their temporary bed and Roger having lit a candle by Jamie's bed and closing up curtains for the night.

CLAIRE

What on Earth are you doing?!

Roger defers to Jamie.

JAMIE

I had to move, Sassenach, because I willna have ye sleepin' in the surgery or on the floor... You should be in bed, but I ken that ye willna leave me alone... So that means I must be in bed too --

CLAIRE

That's kind of you, but --

JAMIE

Thank ye, lad. I wish to be alone with my wife.

ROGER

Of course... I'm going to go and see about... that thing --

Having taken his cue, Roger leaves.

CLAIRE

If I was going to sleep, I'd make up a pallet by the fire here.

JAMIE

You will not. Ye'll sleep wi' me.

He lies back on the pillows, eyes closed.

CLAIRE

You don't have to be constantly in charge. You could lie still and let other people take care of things, for once. What do you think would happen, if...

JAMIE

Sassenach.

CLAIRE

What?

JAMIE

Sleep beside me.

Claire draws a breath, disconcerted at the realization that she has been only in doctor mode, too caught up in the emergency. She blinks back tears, then kisses him softly.

CLAIRE

All right.

Jamie watches as Claire undresses and lets her hair down -- then she eases gently into the bed beside him, echoing the curve of his body with her own, careful not to hurt him.

The sun has set and engulfs the room in more darkness.

They lay in silence, Claire presses against his neck, taking his scent as if it will be her last chance.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
How do you feel?

JAMIE
Like a pile of moldy tripe... with
maggots.

CLAIRE
You'd joke on your deathbed,
wouldn't you?

She stiffens as the words leave her mouth.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Do you hurt much?

JAMIE
No. I'm only... tired.

CLAIRE
Little wonder if you are.

JAMIE
Dinna leave me.

His shoulder falls toward her, he tries to lift his head,
but he's too weak to turn over himself.

CLAIRE
I would never leave you.

JAMIE
I'm cold.

Desperate to comfort him, she presses her warm body against
his. She listens to his faint heartbeat, slowing... it seems
to stop. She looks at him worried, his eyes are open, but
he's not breathing. Claire lays her fingers on Jamie's
wrist, unable to find a heartbeat. She whispers...

CLAIRE
Jamie. Jamie, please.

Jamie takes a deep breath, fighting to open his eyes --
then:

JAMIE
Claire.
(softly)
Touch me. If ye can... without
hurting me. Before I sleep.

Claire touches him, knowing it'll arouse him and get his
heart beating faster.

Her hand moves, a steady rhythm in the dark until his heart beats steadily and the warmth returns to his body. Finally Jamie sighs, long and deep.

Claire lies next to him, watching over him -- and will do so all night, if need be.

OMITTED

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

Jamie wakes up, SQUEEZING Claire's hand that rests on his chest. She wakes up from the grip to find him gazing at her. Her hand moves up his wrist to check the pulse. It's weak but steady...

JAMIE

Ye gave me your word, now I'm giving it back...

(a beat)

When the time comes... you can take my leg.

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

Early morning. Another day at the Ridge, but a day that could possibly change Jamie Fraser's life forever...

OMITTED

OMITTED

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - ROGER & BRIANNA'S CABIN - DAY (D3)

We find Brianna and Roger in their cabin. Roger stands before the hearth, examining the SNAKE HEAD he took with him from the Buffalo hunt --

ROGER

I don't know why I even took it... I just felt compelled for some reason... thought maybe if Claire knew the species it might help. It was stupid, really...

He moves near the hearth and is about to throw the snake head into the fire --

BRIANNA

No -- don't!

Brianna takes it from Roger and examines it, her wheels begin turning --

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - TBD - DAY (D3)

Marsali watches as Fergus plays with GERMAIN and JOANIE... when she feels a sudden JOLT --

MARSALI

Fergus! Fergus!

FERGUS

What is it?

Fergus sees the look on his wife's face and knows the baby is coming --

FERGUS (CONT'D)

I'll fetch Milady?

MARSALI

There's no time! This one's no' dilly-dallying! Ye're not going anywhere...

She barely suppresses a SCREAM as another CONTRACTION arrives...

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

Claire stares at the amputation saw, feeling a mixture of sickness and trepidation.

CLAIRE

Where on Earth is everybody? I need another pair of hands for this...

Jamie sits on the surgery bed, looking very ill, propped up on pillows. Young Ian stands by Jamie's side ready to hold him down if need be. Jamie turns to Young Ian.

JAMIE

When it's done, carry the leg away, bury it and never tell me where.

Young Ian nods solemnly -- it must be done.

YOUNG IAN

I'm sorry. I didna mean what I
said to you before...

JAMIE

Ye did mean it, and ye were right
to say it to me.

Jamie and Claire share a look --

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Well, then, we're ready, I suppose.

He stretches out his leg, flexing his toes one last time.
Claire watches, knowing her husband --

CLAIRE

Anyone who would like to pray about
it, please do.

SUDDENLY -- Brianna and Roger burst through the door.
Brianna is holding an odd looking contraption.

BRIANNA

Wait!

She steps to Claire carefully presenting her invention, like
an acolyte presenting bread to a priest. Everyone's neck is
craned for a look as Claire studies it --

A SILK TUBE ATTACHED TO A SNAKE FANG.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

(excited, to Claire)

Did you know pit-vipers have
beautiful engineering. Their fangs
are connected to a venom sac in
their cheek, and so when they bite
down, the cheek muscles squeeze
venom out of the sac... and down
through the fang into the prey.

CLAIRE

Bree!

BRIANNA

Mama, the fangs are hollow.

CLAIRE

Jesus H. Roosevelt Christ. You
made a syringe --

Claire beams -- if this works, she won't have to amputate!

Roger approaches Jamie and puts a hand on his shoulder.

JAMIE
Is that... the same snake?

ROGER
Fair's fair.

Jamie chuckles.

Claire turns to Brianna, who pours carefully, filling the silk tube with ALCOHOL first, to see if the liquid sprays out. It does. Next is the penicillin.

Claire carries the snake-fang syringe to Jamie, then shoots Brianna a look -- here we go.

Claire folds the top, then JABS the fang in, as deeply as she can and forces the liquid out through the fang into the tissue. A sharp intake of breath from Jamie --

Roger and Ian lean in, holding him in place. Claire looks to Brianna, proud.

CLAIRE
Well done. I told you you'd find a way...

OFF Jamie finally allowing himself to hope that everything will be fine...

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - NIGHT (N3)

Establish the sun setting and rising on the Blue Ridge Mountains. Another few days go by on the Ridge.

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

Claire tends to Marsali and Fergus's new BABY GIRL, as Marsali sits in bed.

CLAIRE
(to the baby)
I'm sorry I missed your arrival.
But I'm very glad you're here safe
and sound.

MARSALI
I was glad ye weren't there, in a way --

(MORE)

MARSALI (CONT'D)
 (off Claire's surprise)
 -- they say that when there's a
 death in the family, a bairn is
 born...

Claire hands the baby to Marsali for feeding.

MARSALI (CONT'D)
 (to the baby)
 I'm glad that yer Grandma was busy
 savin' yer Granda's life -- doin'
 what she does best, so that we're
 all here together...

Marsali kisses the baby, then looks up at Claire with a
 radiant smile --

Just then, Brianna comes in carrying Jemmy's old crib.
 Fergus helps her. Brianna explains.

BRIANNA
 Jemmy's old one. Hope this will
 do.

CLAIRE
 Well, are you going to keep us in
 suspense forever?

FERGUS
 We're going to call her Félicité.

BRIANNA
 That's beautiful --

CLAIRE
 Your Grandad can't wait to meet
 you, Félicité.

They all fuss happily over the baby.

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

Roger is at Jamie's bedside. To his relief, color is
 returning to his cheeks and clarity to his eyes. Jamie
 wakes up and glances at Roger.

ROGER
 I wanted to wait, to be sure ye
 were fine... before, well, I'd like
 to point out that you are, in fact,
 alive --

JAMIE

I didna think ye'd be one to gloat,
professor...

ROGER

I wasn't going to pass up this
opportunity, I may never get
another one.

Jamie considers Roger for a beat -- then.

JAMIE

Ken that ye're no longer under any
obligation to fulfill my dying
wish...

Roger understands that he doesn't have to participate in
killing Bonnet.

ROGER

I know, but... I still want to go
with you to Wylie's Landing. I
want to be there when you... meet
Bonnet.

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

Jamie, still bedridden, watches Claire come to clean out a
tray of food -- when something dawns on her.

CLAIRE

Oh, you bastard.

Claire turns to face Jamie.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

You tried to die on me, didn't you?

JAMIE

It wouldna taken much effort. Not
dying was harder.

CLAIRE

I'm serious -- You thought you were
dying -- that's why you made Roger
and Young Ian bring you in here in
the first place!

JAMIE

Well, I didna ken for sure, no.
Though I did feel verra ill.

CLAIRE

Jamie.

JAMIE

I may have resigned myself to die --
but that was before I made my
choice.

CLAIRE

What do you mean you've made your
choice? You've decided not to die,
after all?

JAMIE

You are so verra beautiful, mo
chridhe.

Claire softens under his peaceful gaze.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

When I realized my heart was
slowing, and the pain was growing
farther away -- the fever faded
from both body and mind, leaving
the latter clear. And this is
where I canna really say. But I...
saw.

CLAIRE

Saw what?

JAMIE

(hesitates, then...)
It was as if there was a -- it
wasna a door exactly but a
passageway of some kind. And I
could go through it, if I wanted.
And I did want to. I knew what lay
behind me, too, and realized in
that moment, I could choose: go
forward -- or turn back.

CLAIRE

And that's when you asked me to
touch you?

JAMIE

I knew ye were the only thing that
could bring me back.

Claire fights a lump in her throat...

CLAIRE

Why did you choose to stay?

He pauses, then looks deep into her eyes...

JAMIE

Because... ye need me.

CLAIRE

Not because you love me?

JAMIE

Whether I am dead -- or you --
whether we are together or apart, I
will love ye always. But there is
war coming and God has made me what
I am. He has given me a duty --
and I must do it whatever the cost.

CLAIRE

Whatever the reason, Jamie Fraser,
it was a wise choice.

Claire kisses him gently on the lips and they share a
confident smile about what lies ahead...

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE