

**OUTLANDER**

EPISODE 510

Mercy Shall Follow Me

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BASED ON THE NOVEL BY

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FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT

26h November 2019

OUTLANDER  
EPISODE 510 "Mercy Shall Follow Me"

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EPISODE 510 "Mercy Shall Follow Me"

CAST LIST – FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT – 26h November 2019

CLAIRE FRASER  
JAMIE FRASER  
BRIANNA RANDALL FRASER  
ROGER WAKEFIELD MACKENZIE

CAPTAIN HOWARD  
CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD  
DUFF  
DUNCAN INNES  
EPPIE  
GERALD FORBES  
GLASS BLOWER  
JOCASTA INNES  
MABEL  
MRS. SYLVIE  
PHILIP WYLIE  
STEPHEN BONNET  
ULYSSES  
YOUNG IAN

EPISODE 510 "Mercy Shall Follow Me"

SET LIST – FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT – 26h November 2019

INTERIORS

Wilmington  
Mistress Sylvie's Brothel  
Tavern  
Wylie's Landing  
Shed  
River Run  
Parlour  
Bonnet's Hideaway  
Bedroom  
Parlour

EXTERIORS

Wilmington  
Thoroughfare  
Smithy Stall  
Glass Blower Shop  
Alley  
Estuary  
Wylie's Landing  
Dock  
Shed  
Road to Wylie's Landing  
River Run  
North Carolina Beach  
Sand Dunes  
Bonnet's Hideaway  
Shoreline  
Road to Wilmington

FADE IN:

INT. WILMINGTON - MISTRESS SYLVIE'S BROTHEL - DAY (D5)

GERALD FORBES and STEPHEN BONNET share a drink at a secluded table as they discuss business. In the background, FEMALE PROSTITUTES, including EPPIE, 20s, entice their customers.

GERALD FORBES

The time has come to approach the magistrate with our request. Obviously your... occupation... makes the matter a bit more difficult.

STEPHEN BONNET

A gentleman *has* no occupation.

GERALD FORBES

Precisely. And that is why, as your lawyer, I'd advise you to be more... discreet in your dealings. You have allies among the wealthy, you've been exonerated for your crimes -- but for now, I recommend that you lie low...

Bonnet's got his eye on Eppie who's smiling at him from across the room with a 'come hither' look.

STEPHEN BONNET

(re: Eppie)

I'd like to lie low underneath that lusty mare there.

GERALD FORBES

People may turn a blind eye to smuggling tobacco or whisky. But there've been rumblings that you're trading commodities of a female nature.

STEPHEN BONNET

My business is none of their business.

GERALD FORBES

Do you want custody of your son or not, Mr. Bonnet?

STEPHEN BONNET

(irritated)

I've made allies due to those very dealings, Mr. Forbes. They owe their wealth and influence in part to me. As do you. So I suggest you behave more as my lawyer and less as my priest.

GERALD FORBES

You have a priest?

It's a subtle dig. Forbes is a smart-ass and can't resist. Bonnet gives him a steely look -- then laughs.

STEPHEN BONNET

I've cut men's tongues out of their heads for less than that, Mr. Forbes. But I do need you to consult with the magistrate. When will we have his signature, sir?

Bonnet's tone makes it clear he's not fooling around. He wants concrete answers.

GERALD FORBES

I've provided him with the names of the witnesses from the tavern, and confirmed that they will attest to the circumstances on said evening. We should have a signature by the end of the week and young Jeremiah will be with his father.

STEPHEN BONNET

From your lips to God's ears, Mr. Forbes.

GERALD FORBES

Now, if we might discuss the matter of my compensation.

STEPHEN BONNET

I'm no fortune teller, but once I claim my son... I foresee an unlucky accident for Jocasta Innes, and her new bridegroom. Such a shame, them being married for so short a time.

It's clear Forbes relishes this idea. He harbors a grudge.

GERALD FORBES

How she chose that old buffoon over me, I'll never know. Then humiliating me during my courtship with her niece --

STEPHEN BONNET

When River Run is mine, you'll get your money.

GERALD FORBES

The agreed upon twenty percent.

STEPHEN BONNET

We'll have a dram on the front porch in celebration.

GERALD FORBES

I look forward to it. In the meantime, Mistress Innes has asked to see me. I'm intending to sail up on the *Sally Ann* to Cross Creek tomorrow...

Bonnet finds this a little worrisome and leans in.

STEPHEN BONNET

Not a word of this or you may find that your good fortune runs out as well.

GERALD FORBES

Confidentiality is my livelihood.

OFF GLASSES CLINKING in celebration -- then Bonnet nods at Eppie, who moves eagerly toward him with a noticeable LIMP.

**EXT. WILMINGTON THOROUGHFARE - SMITHY STALL - DAY (D5)**

ROGER MACKENZIE and JAMIE FRASER examine a basket with swords and a small cart with dirks. Roger picks out a BROADSWORD.

ROGER

(lowers his voice)  
I've seen plenty of these at museums, but never picked one up with the intent of driving it through a human body.

He makes a stabbing motion with it.

JAMIE

Do you favor the weight of it? It looks heavy.

ROGER

Aye. Too heavy.

Jamie picks out a different sword, squints critically down the length of the blade.

JAMIE

This one's a bit battered.  
(hands to Roger)  
But the blade's well-balanced. Try it.

Roger takes the sword and lunges forward in a well-rehearsed drill that he's obviously practiced.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

How do you feel with that one?

ROGER

Like Errol Flynn.

Jamie raises a brow, but he's used to these puzzling future references by now, from Claire and Brianna.

JAMIE

'Tisn't an elegant piece, but serviceable enough.

Jamie pulls out another sword from the basket and gets into position -- *en garde*.

He and Roger SPAR a bit right there on the edge of the street, so Roger can practice. Roger looks strong, though Jamie is limping slightly on one leg: still recovering from the snake bite [Episode 509].

They continue to thrust and parry, attracting attention from a few PASSERSBY, who stop to watch.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Fine form, Roger Mac.

ROGER

I had an excellent teacher.

JAMIE

Ye've learned much these past weeks.



We see that Roger is showing skill. He is a fierce competitor -- especially when motivated by a desire to avenge his wife.

When their practice ends and they hold up their swords, Jamie smiles. Roger breathes heavily, his adrenaline flowing. The onlookers disperse.

Jamie gently lifts Roger's hand and pries his fingers from the hilt of the sword. Roger shakes his arm, it feels too light now without the blade. He flexes his fingers from gripping so hard -- they tingle as the blood comes back.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

(re: sword)

Will it do?

ROGER

Aye, it will do.

JAMIE

Good. So will you.

It's a casual thing to say, but it means the world to Roger. Jamie turns away to pay the smith for the weapon.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

(to smithy)

I'll give you three pounds for it.

OFF the Smithy's nod...

**EXT. WILMINGTON THOROUGHFARE - GLASS BLOWER SHOP - DAY (D5)**

Various glass fixtures and bottles on display in the window. A GLASS BLOWER, 40s, with a quirky personality, examines one of Brianna's drawings: *the glass portion of a syringe*.

Brianna and Claire wait for the Glass Blower's reaction: he is puzzled.

GLASS BLOWER

It is rather... small, is it not?

CLAIRE

The smallest things in life can be the most useful. Like the nails that hold this cart, for example.

GLASS BLOWER

What use do you have for it?

CLAIRE

It will be an... instrument, for a physician. It will hold liquids. Medicinal liquids.

GLASS BLOWER

But it has a hole on each side!

CLAIRE

Indeed. It isn't quite complete. A smith will need to fashion the bottom part and insert a thin needle at the top. It's called a syringe.

GLASS BLOWER

Ah, I've heard of these. Usually a tube, fitted with a piston? Aren't syringes made of brass?

CLAIRE

Usually they are, but I find glass is easier to sterilize.

(off his look)

To clean. Then use it for healing.

GLASS BLOWER

Whatever would you heal with that?

BRIANNA

(chimes in)

Many things. It can even save lives when artfully fashioned by capable hands.

The Glass Blower remains unconvinced, but something about "saving lives" and "capable hands" softens him.

GLASS BLOWER

I did blow a glass tube for a thermometer last spring. I suppose a glass tube is a glass tube...

Claire and Brianna exchange relieved looks. The Glass Blower turns to them -- all business.

GLASS BLOWER (CONT'D)

Come back again in a few days' time. I'll see what I can do.

Claire nods with a warm smile. They part ways from the Glass Blower and walk down the street.

CLAIRE

That's one down. Now let's hope the smith doesn't think we're dabbling in witchcraft when we ask him to make a hollow needle...

BRIANNA

(teasing)

When was the hypodermic needle invented again?

CLAIRE

(sighs)

Not for a while. But you've seen how badly we need one. Your father has a knack for getting himself almost killed every time he gets out of bed. I swear, he's like a cat. Nine lives. Possibly more.

Claire and Brianna laugh out loud. They continue onwards...

**INT. SYCAMORE TAVERN - DAY (D5)**

EVENING. The Frasers and MacKenzies meet for SUPPER before they go their separate ways in the morning. Everyone feels on edge.

Roger shows off his new sword, almost hitting a PATRON he didn't see. He apologizes profusely... *Sorry!* They speak in low tones.

BRIANNA

Wouldn't you be better off just shooting Bonnet?

ROGER

That's the plan. But if that doesn't work, we'll be prepared.

BRIANNA

I have a bad feeling about this...

Roger feels the weight of both his conscience -- the prospect of going to kill a man -- the anxiety that comes with that...

ROGER

I want Bonnet out of our lives. For good. And not anywhere near you -- or our son.

JAMIE

Getting rid of Stephen Bonnet is  
for the greater good.

Claire has been mulling something over --

CLAIRE

I still don't trust Philip Wylie,  
even if he stands to make a lot of  
money off this deal.

JAMIE

He'll keep his word.

CLAIRE

And if he doesn't?

They both use their best gallows humor to ease some of the  
apprehension.

JAMIE

Well, if he doesn't, I'll likely be  
dead -- so if ye could find the  
time, I'd appreciate if ye'd made  
him suffer for it.

CLAIRE

Gladly.

In the b.g., the tavern door opens and SOMEONE walks into  
the establishment. Jamie grins and says --

JAMIE

Ah, here comes our go-between now --  
Mr. Alexander Malcolm! I'm pleased  
you could join us.

REVEAL -- YOUNG IAN. But he has shed his Mohawk accessories  
and is wearing a hat and a nicely-tailored coat over  
breeches and a shirt. The tattoos serve as a reminder of his  
more recent past...

YOUNG IAN

Well, Uncle? Is this what ye had  
in mind?

JAMIE

Even better.

Young Ian nods. He tugs on his new clothes, which feel a  
little uncomfortable, having not worn more overtly European  
clothing for a while.

YOUNG IAN  
 (re: the tattoos)  
 What about my face...?

CLAIRE  
 I can show you how to disguise them  
 with some wet clay. You'll only  
 need to fool him for a short while.

Young Ian joins them at the supper-table and bites into a piece of bread. Jamie turns to face Claire.

JAMIE  
 We must go to Wylie's Landing  
 before the parley. We leave at  
 dawn. If we've no' returned to  
 Wilmington in two days' time -- go  
 back to the Ridge.

CLAIRE  
 If you haven't returned by then,  
 I'm coming to find you --

JAMIE  
 I thought ye might say that. Dinna  
 fash. Bonnet is only a man.

CLAIRE  
 (nods)  
 And no more.

And thus entirely mortal. Claire understands that this is a dangerous but necessary undertaking. She leans in to kiss him.

**EXT. WYLIE'S LANDING - DAY (D6)**

Wylie's Landing is a small hub of illegal activity. It is a short wooden dock with one ramshackle SHED.

Jamie, Roger and Young Ian tie up their horses a short distance away, next to their wagon. As they walk away from their horses, Roger plants his new SWORD into the ground -- easy to grab if the fight should spill outside. Young Ian clocks this with a curious glance.

ROGER  
 (explaining re: the sword)  
 If it comes to it, I'll have it at  
 hand --

They walk up to the landing, spotting the place that will soon be their battlefield.

They enter the shed --

**INT. WYLIE'S LANDING - SHED - DAY (D6)**

-- to discover the place loaded with goods: CRATES and BARRELS. Jamie goes to open a few -- finds TOBACCO LEAVES, WHISKY and FINE LINEN.

ROGER

What if he doesna come alone?

JAMIE

I'm sure he won't. What do ye ken about Bonnet's men, from your sea voyage?

ROGER

They sail with him like they eat scorpion-fish -- only when they're hungry and have no better options. His sailors follow commands out of fear, not love. So long as we take care not to give them reason to think we threaten them, I don't think they'll be troubled much about Bonnet's fate.

JAMIE

Only insomuch as they'll be in need of new employment.

ROGER

Aye.

JAMIE

Keep yer wits about ye. This is our one chance. There may not be another.

OFF Jamie's determination.

**EXT. NORTH CAROLINA BEACH - DAY (D6)**

Claire and Brianna walk on the beach near Wilmington. Claire is wearing a PISTOL for safety.

BRIANNA

All right, let's get to it. What are we looking for exactly?

CLAIRE

Kelp is rich in iodine and certain sea shells, a source of calcium. And if we're lucky, we might find a sponge or two for the surgery.

BRIANNA

I can do shells, and I'll save some for Jemmy too.

They are trying to keep busy, knowing what their husbands are doing.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

Maybe I'll teach Jemmy to say: Claire collects conchs on the Carolina coast. The conchs Claire collects are Carolina conchs.

CLAIRE

Stick with Sally selling seashore seashells, please.

Claire takes the pistol out of her belt and tucks it into her satchel to make it easier to lean down to the sand. As they start picking up shells...

**EXT. WYLIE'S LANDING - DOCK - LATER - DAY (D6)**

Young Ian stands at the top of the dock, looking out at the waters. He is playing his part, which, right now, involves waiting. Meanwhile --

**INT. WYLIE'S LANDING - SHED - SAME TIME - DAY (D6)**

Roger is hiding behind Bonnet's crates, while Jamie stands at the door, ready. Both have their weapons out.

It's quiet. Tense. You could cut the air with a dirk. Suddenly, Roger makes a decision:

ROGER

When he comes... I want to be the one to kill him.

JAMIE

Ye're tellin' me this now?

ROGER

You said it yourself, he's just a man.

JAMIE  
I ken what I said --

ROGER  
I know what you're thinking. I  
have never killed a man, or fought  
in battle. I'm no marksman, and  
only half-decent with a sword.

Roger stops himself and swallows, almost talking himself out  
of the job. But no longer.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
But he's mine. I will take him.  
Brianna's your daughter, but she's  
my wife.

Jamie thinks about this for a long beat.

JAMIE  
Dinna hesitate. Dinna challenge  
him. Kill him the moment ye have  
the chance.

Roger holds Jamie's look. They are in agreement. Then --

JAMIE (CONT'D)  
If you fall, Roger Mac, know I will  
avenge you.

It's a heavy moment and Roger attempts to lighten the mood.

ROGER  
And if you fall, I'll avenge you.  
A bargain, is it?

But Jamie doesn't laugh or take this lightly, only locks  
eyes with Roger. In this moment, Roger understands why men  
would follow Jamie Fraser anywhere...

JAMIE  
A rare bargain indeed.

OFF them, waiting: the hardest part.

**EXT. NORTH CAROLINA BEACH - DAY (D6)**

ON Claire and Brianna still searching for shells in the  
sand. Brianna sees something in the distance.

BRIANNA  
Wow -- is that what I think it is?



She cranes to see, and Claire follows her gaze some distance offshore, where the large FLUKES of a WHALE TAIL appear and disappear. Then again. A POD of WHALES is traveling together. Suddenly a NORTH ATLANTIC RIGHT WHALE breaches the surface and lands in the water with a tremendous splash!

Claire and Brianna are struck by the majesty of the animals.

CLAIRE

For all the complaining I do about lack of running water, chocolate bars and cheeseburgers, it wasn't often I got to see a sight like this in our time.

BRIANNA

There's so much here that's unspoiled.

CLAIRE

To think there are so many now... until the nineteenth-century when whalers all but wipe them out...

BRIANNA

I can see why Melville was inspired to write about them. I remember loving Moby Dick. I remember seeing a whale fluke off of Cape Cod once. Or at least I thought I did.

(then)

Remember we used to race on the beach there when I was little?

Claire smiles and suddenly, both ladies HOIST up their skirts and take off running down the sand. They sprint for several yards, laughing, until they run out of breath and stop. Such fun. Then:

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

I think I'll live dangerously and dip my toes in the water...

CLAIRE

Why not?

(then)

I'll do a little exploring of my own.

**EXT. NORTH CAROLINA BEACH - A MOMENT LATER - DAY (D6)**

ON BRIANNA. Having taken her shoes off, she dips her feet into the cold water.

ON CLAIRE, in the distance, climbing a dune. She looks back at Brianna and waves at her. Brianna waves back.

**EXT. WYLIE'S LANDING - DOCK - LATER - DAY (D6)**

A BOAT approaches, still a ways out. Young Ian gets into position.

YOUNG IAN  
(to Jamie and Roger)  
They're coming.

Young Ian stretches his neck to get a better view.

**INT. WYLIE'S LANDING - SHED - MOMENTS LATER - DAY (D6)**

Roger is now in position, pistol in one hand, dirk in the other.

JAMIE  
How many?

YOUNG IAN  
Three.

Jamie and Roger exchange a look: this is it.

JAMIE  
Aim true, Roger Mac.

**EXT. WYLIE'S LANDING - DOCK - DAY (D6)**

Young Ian steps back as the boat docks with THREE MEN inside. None of them look friendly. None of them look like Stephen Bonnet, either. Young Ian knows quite well what Bonnet looks like from their encounter at the graveyard and on the riverboat [Episode 401] -- although they never spoke.

DUFF, the head honcho, steps up onto the dock, eyeing Young Ian. Behind him are a TALL SAILOR and a STOCKY SAILOR. They stand menacingly close to Young Ian...

DUFF  
Are you Malcolm?

YOUNG IAN

Aye... You must be Captain Bonnet.  
 (feigns cluelessness)  
 Pleased to finally meet you --

DUFF

No. Captain's not coming. He sent us to inspect the goods.

YOUNG IAN

But... that wasn't the arrangement.

DUFF

Arrangement's changed.

YOUNG IAN

Why?

DUFF

He had business elsewhere. You want the whisky put on the ship or not?

Duff glances around -- no barrels. No cart. No horses. He's suspicious. This isn't what he expected.

DUFF (CONT'D)

Where are the barrels?

Young Ian hesitates -- he wasn't prepared to have to stall like this. Duff's patience is running low. He smells a rat. He takes Young Ian by the collar and pushes him against the SHED WALL.

DUFF (CONT'D)

Where are the goods? Do you know whose time you're wasting?

**INT. WYLIE'S LANDING - SHED - CONTINUOUS (D6)**

Roger has been holding his pistol up in anticipation of Bonnet entering. His hand is trembling. Both Roger and Jamie HEAR the commotion outside.

Something's clearly going wrong.

**EXT. WYLIE'S LANDING - DOCK - CONTINUOUS (D6)**

Knowing the jig is up, Young Ian does the smart thing -- he lures them into the shed, where Jamie and Roger can help.

YOUNG IAN

The barrels are in the shed, I'll show you.

Duff lets go of him and walks toward the double doors.

**INT. WYLIE'S LANDING - SHED - CONTINUOUS (D6)17 17**

The shed door swings open and in walks Duff, his two men right behind him. He stares at Roger, who's got a pistol pointed at him.

DUFF

Who the devil are you?!

There's no time to answer that question -- SLAM!!

Jamie swings the shed door from where he is standing and BANGS it into the Tall Sailor, who stumbles back, holding onto a hurt shoulder.

Bonnet's people realize this is an AMBUSH... Duff draws his pistol at Roger and SHOOTS!

Roger ducks just in time and the shot ricochets off one of the barrels... making Roger's own pistol fall in-between the cracks, irretrievable at the moment.

The Stocky Sailor brandishes his own weapon, attacking Jamie. Jamie quickly hits the weapon out of the Stocky Sailor's hands, who now attacks with his fists.

Roger reaches for his dirk instead and throws himself into battle with Duff.

Roger deflects Duff's blows. Roger's training is paying off. Admittedly, his strengths are more in defensive moves than offensive strikes...

The Tall Sailor has recovered from the door slam and wants to help Duff overpower Roger, when -- BANG! ... the Tall Sailor is hit in the back with the end of a MUSKET and falls to his knees.

Behind him we reveal Young Ian.

The Stocky Sailor falls into the water next to one of the dinghies. He struggles to get out but is KICKED BACK into the water by Jamie.

Then Jamie runs up to Roger and bashes Duff in the back of the head, sending him to the ground.

ROGER  
 (out of breath)  
 What took you so long?

JAMIE  
 You were doin' so well, I didna  
 think ye needed the help...

**INT. WYLIE'S LANDING - SHED - LATER - DAY (D6)**

Duff is tied up against a barrel, now conscious. Next to him is a tied up and still unconscious Stocky Sailor, dripping wet. Jamie towers above Duff.

JAMIE  
 Where is Stephen Bonnet?

DUFF  
 Who wants to know?

ROGER  
Where is he?

Duff remains tight-lipped. Jamie has no patience for Duff's resistance. He PUNCHES Duff in the face once. Duff remains resistant. One more punch and then Jamie holds his dirk to Duff's crotch. Duff winces in pain and fear...

JAMIE  
 Answer the question.

OFF Duff's pained expression, ready to talk...

CUT TO:

**EXT. NORTH CAROLINA BEACH - SAND DUNES - DAY (D6)**

Claire gathers more shells. She holds one to her ear, listening for the sound of the sea.

STEPHEN BONNET  
 They say the sea lives inside every  
 shell.

She suddenly snaps up straight as if she has touched a live wire. In front of Claire is Stephen Bonnet! He smiles at her.

STEPHEN BONNET (CONT'D)  
 (re: the shell)  
 Can you hear it? The sea calling?

She drops the shell instead.

CLAIRE

What are you doing here?

STEPHEN BONNET

I was walking down the thoroughfare in Wilmington and I saw you from afar. I thought to myself, "Doesn't she look familiar?" You see, I never forget a face. Neither yours nor your lovely daughter's. She's inherited her mother's beauty it seems. It was quite a picture, the two of you together, strolling arm in arm.

Clearly he's seen them in town, then followed them to the beach, which is not good.

STEPHEN BONNET (CONT'D)

How's my son? Does he resemble his handsome father?

Claire puts her hand on her bag, waiting for the right time to slip the pistol out.

CLAIRE

You don't have a son.

STEPHEN BONNET

You're misinformed. Your daughter told me as much, to my face.

Just then Brianna comes over the crest of the Dune --

BRIANNA

Mama, I think I found some --

Seeing Bonnet, she stops dead in her tracks. Bonnet grabs and holds Claire around the neck, a dirk to her throat. In the scuffle, she DROPS her bag.

CLAIRE

Brianna -- run.

Brianna looks from her mother to Bonnet.

BRIANNA

No.

CLAIRE

Go, now.

BRIANNA  
I'm not leaving you.

Claire realizes Brianna will never leave, so she nods surreptitiously toward the bag. Brianna follows Claire's gaze. Knows the pistol is inside. She lunges for it, gets the pistol out, trains it on Bonnet!

CLAIRE  
Brianna. Shoot him. Right now.

But Brianna doesn't shoot.

BRIANNA  
(to Bonnet)  
Let her go.

STEPHEN BONNET  
Put that down or I'll cut her  
throat on the count of three.

CLAIRE  
SHOOT HIM!

Brianna wavers. She doesn't have a clean shot. She can't risk hitting Claire in the process and Bonnet knows it.

STEPHEN BONNET  
One... two...

BRIANNA  
Wait!

CLAIRE  
He isn't about to let me go and it  
doesn't matter. He'll kill me no  
matter what he says. The only  
thing to do is shoot him.

STEPHEN BONNET  
Such a loyal family. It seems  
blood truly is thicker than water.  
(to Brianna)  
I'll let your mother go, if you  
come along with me, lass.  
It's only my son and yourself I'm  
wanting.

CLAIRE  
Don't go anywhere with him! For  
God's sake, KILL HIM!

Brianna TAKES A SHOT -- it misfires. Bonnet slams the blunt end of the dirk into Claire's head, knocking her out.

Then starts toward Brianna, who can't reload. He grabs her, and she fights like hell, but he DRAGS her with him.

**EXT. NORTH CAROLINA BEACH - SAND DUNES - LATER - DAY (D6)**

Claire regains consciousness and gets her bearings. She immediately makes her way to the direction she thinks Brianna may have been taken!

CLAIRE  
Brianna! Brianna!

Nothing. She runs in the other direction, but Bonnet and Brianna are gone. Claire, cold with fear to her very core, yells into the wind --

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
Brianna!

Eventually, Claire finds Brianna's jacket and boots -- that Brianna removed earlier when she went to dip her toes into the water.

**INT. BONNET'S HIDEAWAY - BEDROOM - DAY (D6)**

Brianna wakes up, rubbing her temple -- where Bonnet must've hit her to knock her out. She finds herself in Bonnet's lair on a DAYBED, in a private room.

When she looks to the side, she GASPS -- Bonnet is sitting right there, waiting for her to wake up. He smiles sweetly -- this is a different Bonnet, seemingly benign and calm, but still rough around the edges. This is a serious attempt on his part -- in his own twisted way, he sincerely believes that he can be a gentleman.

Brianna recoils, horrified.

STEPHEN BONNET  
Please. You're safe. Tea?

Bonnet rises and turns his back to Brianna for a brief moment to pour the TEA. She uses this time quickly to examine herself and take stock -- she doesn't know what he might have done to her while she was unconscious...

Bonnet returns with a cup of tea that Brianna receives and puts aside, without taking even a sip.

BRIANNA  
Where's my mother?



STEPHEN BONNET

I left her on the beach. I've no quarrel with her.

BRIANNA

Well, we have a quarrel with you.

STEPHEN BONNET

Still? It's not because I couldn't remember your name in the jail, is it? Can't we let bygones be bygones?

Brianna is flabbergasted... and doesn't trust him at all. A ticking time-bomb who could explode at any moment.

BRIANNA

Where are we?

STEPHEN BONNET

(ignoring the question)

I have something for you.

He slides over a small WOODEN CHEST. She looks at it suspiciously.

STEPHEN BONNET (CONT'D)

Open it.

She's apprehensive. *What's in there?* For all she knows it's bloody body parts. She doesn't open the lid.

Excited, Bonnet opens the chest himself. Brianna's eyes widen in surprise. CHILDREN'S TOYS. Not what she expected at all.

STEPHEN BONNET (CONT'D)

For our son.

She stiffens.

BRIANNA

He's not our son. His father is my husband, Roger MacKenzie.

STEPHEN BONNET

I know you had to tell him that the boy was his... But you and I know the truth. We made him and there's no denying that. I want to do right by you and him. To be a real father.

Brianna picks up one of the toys, a crudely made doll, and imagines Jemmy playing with Bonnet. It's an outrageous thought.

Bonnet seems oddly sincere. What is going on? But Brianna is under no illusions -- she knows that this coiled snake could strike at any moment.

**EXT. ROAD TO WYLIE'S LANDING - DAY (D6)**

Claire rides her horse down the road like the wind, desperate to get to Wylie's Landing and alert Jamie.

She sees Jamie, Roger and Young Ian heading to Wilmington, riding toward her. Relief washes over her but the panic doesn't dissipate.

They meet halfway, everyone on edge and breathless. Before Claire can explain, Roger intercepts off her distraught expression...

ROGER  
Where's Brianna?

**INT. BONNET'S HIDEAWAY - PARLOUR - EVENING (D6)**

Bonnet has prepared a CANDLELIT DINNER for Brianna... though the table isn't quite properly set -- it's thrown together. Unfamiliar with proper table etiquette, Bonnet has made some of the rules up as he goes along (centerpiece not in center, cutlery in a pile, napkins unfolded, etc.).

Brianna now wears a new dress that Bonnet has provided for her. Bonnet takes Brianna's arm and escorts her to the table. Brianna resists. She is sickened with fear and disgust. She can't believe that this is happening --

Bonnet gestures toward a chair at the table trying his best to be polite...

STEPHEN BONNET  
I'm sorry. Am I supposed to pull  
out the chair for you?

Realizes he may have made a mistake and PULLS OUT the chair for Brianna to sit.

STEPHEN BONNET (CONT'D)  
We'll begin again.

An awkward beat, as Bonnet pauses -- calculated and sociopathic -- almost as if rehearsing for a play.

Brianna is baffled. *Does he think that pulling a chair out will make her want to sit with him?* But Bonnet looks at her, questioning -- and she sees that he is being sincere... in so far as that's possible for him.

STEPHEN BONNET (CONT'D)

Please sit  
 (then, pleading)  
 Please.

Brianna has no choice, so she does sit. Bonnet then seats himself. He passes some dishes of food to Brianna.

STEPHEN BONNET (CONT'D)

When we're at River Run, we'll have servants to do this for us --

BRIANNA

Slaves, you mean.

Bonnet looks at her in surprise. Insecure about his ability to perform the role of a "gentleman", he misinterprets her meaning --

STEPHEN BONNET

Is it the master of the house who does it? I can learn.  
 (then, re: another dish)  
 Should I pass this with both hands?

*Is he serious?* Brianna studies his face. He interprets her continued disdain as snobbery for his coarse dinner-table etiquette...

STEPHEN BONNET (CONT'D)

You'll teach me?

*Teach him? What the Hell?* Brianna isn't sure where to begin... Seeing that he doesn't want to hurt her... her courage grows --

BRIANNA

I don't think anyone can teach you a damned thing.

STEPHEN BONNET

(amused)  
 "A damned thing," eh? I'm surprised to hear that language... from a lady.  
 (then)  
 You think someone lowly like me can't better himself?

Brianna shakes her head in disbelief --

STEPHEN BONNET (CONT'D)  
 What I need is something I can't  
 buy.

BRIANNA  
 A moral compass?

Bonnet drives over her comment --

STEPHEN BONNET  
 We'll make sure our son knows what  
 to do -- how to get on in the  
 world.

Bonnet pours them each a glass of wine.

STEPHEN BONNET (CONT'D)  
 You can show me how to be in your  
 world, and in his.  
 (then)  
 Let's eat --

Bonnet pushes more food at Brianna...

STEPHEN BONNET (CONT'D)  
 Show me what to do, how to be a  
 worthy gentleman. No harm will  
 come to you.

Bonnet sweeps some hair from Brianna's face. She tries hard  
 not to recoil and anger him --

BRIANNA  
 Why do you want to be a gentleman?

STEPHEN BONNET  
 I know you saw something in me.  
 That you were drawn to me...  
 we are drawn to each other.  
 (then)  
 That's why Fate has brought us  
 together again... and again. To be  
 parents to Jeremiah.

Brianna blanches. Bonnet knows her son's name. *What else  
 does he know?* After a beat, Brianna picks up a NAPKIN and  
 places it decisively in her lap. She has to survive this.

Next she picks up both her FORK and KNIFE playing along, for  
 now... perhaps it will be a means of escape...

BRIANNA  
 Elbows off the table in polite  
 society, don't bend down to your  
 food, bring the fork to your  
 mouth...

Bonnet watches her eat carefully, studying her ways and,  
 after a beat, imitates her -- pleased with himself...

**EXT. ROAD TO WILMINGTON - DAY (D6)**

Jamie, Claire, Roger and Young Ian ride to Wilmington as  
 fast as they can, to find someone who can answer the only  
 pressing question they have: *Where can they find Bonnet..?*

**INT. BONNET'S HIDEAWAY - BEDROOM - NIGHT (N6)**

Bonnet escorts Brianna inside --

BRIANNA  
 You know... it's improper for a  
 lady and a gentleman to be alone  
 like this...

But Bonnet only laughs --

STEPHEN BONNET  
 I'll have some of my men come and  
 join us if you'd prefer?

Brianna is not amused at all.

BRIANNA  
 No, thank you.

STEPHEN BONNET  
 What now, then? How do men and  
 women of our standing pass the  
 time..?

Bonnet moves as if to come inappropriately closer, so  
 Brianna racks her brain to think of something -- anything.  
 She spies a pile of BOOKS --

BRIANNA  
 You could read to me. That's  
 something a gentleman would do --

Bonnet flushes with something close to embarrassment.  
 Brianna reads his look and the accompanying silence,  
 guessing his predicament --

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

Or, if you don't know how, I can read to you...

Bonnet tries to swallow his pride -- a big deal for him. After a beat --

STEPHEN BONNET

Is that something... you do for our son? Does he like that?

Brianna nods. She goes to pick up a book she finds among Bonnet's things...

BRIANNA

I love reading. Putting yourself in someone else's shoes... Living with characters -- learning about what *drives* them...

(then)

Usually love, money, or revenge...

Though he fails to grasp the irony in Brianna's comment, Bonnet can appreciate that sentiment -- wanting to learn why people do what they do, what motivates them... Brianna has piqued his interest...

STEPHEN BONNET

And which do you think drives me?

Brianna tests the waters -- attempting to be somewhat playful, or at the very least, to hide her nerves.

BRIANNA

Money. That's why I'm here, isn't it? Because you want River Run --

There is a slight edge to Bonnet's teasing --

STEPHEN BONNET

It isn't lady-like to hurt a man's pride, surely... Thinking me no better than a common thief...

BRIANNA

Well, it isn't love --

(off his look)

Prove me wrong. If it's revenge... I've done nothing to you.

STEPHEN BONNET

There are two sides to every story. You don't know mine.

(MORE)

STEPHEN BONNET (CONT'D)

(then)

If I tell Jeremiah my story, our story... or if I read to him, will he... feel for me? What else should I do?

BRIANNA

You can't *make* someone care about you...

STEPHEN BONNET

I've heard the expression "learn to love." Maybe you can learn to love me, for the sake of our son. I think I could learn to love you.

His misplaced arrogance is overwhelming -- the fiction Bonnet is telling himself. That's not at all what Brianna wants to hear -- in fact, Bonnet's words are making her want to throw up, but playing along is keeping her safe for now...

STEPHEN BONNET (CONT'D)

When you came to me in the jail and told me that there would be something of me left on this earth. I couldn't forget how that made me feel. You didn't come for money... or for revenge...

(then)

So will you teach me how... to love?

She nods and tries to think of something to say, to convince him. Making the best of a bad situation --

BRIANNA

I'll read to you. Like I read to Jeremiah.

We see that the book that she's flicking through is not a novel. It's a manual of some kind. It doesn't matter... he can't read it. So she'll make it up as she goes along... something that might strike a chord with Bonnet...

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

This book is a good one... I think you'll like it...

(after a beat)

The mysterious sea-captain of the *Pequod* was a man named Ahab.

(MORE)

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

He stood on two legs, one of flesh and bone, the other made of the bones of a whale. His leg had been taken during a voyage, by another monstrous, white whale... known as Moby Dick...

(then)

This is one of Jeremiah's favorites...

Bonnet's eyes go wide with interest...

STEPHEN BONNET

So my son likes tales of the sea?

BRIANNA

Captain Ahab nailed a dubloon to the mast of his ship and swore there would be a prize for the first man to sight the whale... and that they would stop at nothing until they found him... and killed him...

OFF Bonnet, mesmerized by Brianna's half-remembered, half-concocted story, her memories of reading Moby Dick...

TIME PASSAGE:

**INT. BONNET'S HIDEAWAY - BEDROOM - NIGHT (N6)**

BRIANNA

... the sailors prepared the ship for the hunt. The harpoons were readied, and the men started singing...

Brianna flips another page and takes a deep breath, bracing herself to continue, when Bonnet stops her.

STEPHEN BONNET

What happens in the end? Does he get the whale?

BRIANNA

You don't want me to tell you now, do you? There's so much more to come...

STEPHEN BONNET

Well, you must be tired. I want to know how this ends.

(MORE)



STEPHEN BONNET (CONT'D)

(after a beat)

I hope Captain Ahab slaughters the monster and gets his revenge --

Brianna closes the book.

BRIANNA

Moby Dick capsizes Ahab's boat... destroys the ship and Ahab is dragged under the sea...

Bonnet processes this, horrified --

STEPHEN BONNET

The monster prevails? And Ahab is drowned, then?

BRIANNA

I suppose it depends which one of them you think is the monster? The man hell-bent on revenge or the whale who is hunted...

STEPHEN BONNET

The sea is a treacherous place where creatures prey upon one another... And the sea herself is hungry for souls...

BRIANNA

What do you mean?

Bonnet talks soft and slow now, describing his recurring nightmare to Brianna much as he once did to Claire [Episode 401].

STEPHEN BONNET

A nightmare. The sea comes for me... Darkness closes in, I cannot move. And no one comes. No one ever comes.

Brianna isn't really sure what to say. Although Bonnet is sharing his deepest fear with her, she doesn't feel any particular sympathy for him nor any pity -- she's living her own worst nightmare. She does her best to placate him.

BRIANNA

It's only a dream.

STEPHEN BONNET

Then you don't think less of me, for telling you this --

Brianna can't help some coldness from creeping into her voice.

BRIANNA

No. I couldn't think any less of you.

Bonnet misses the irony. In fact, this sentiment moves him -- could it really be true? This woman -- this fine lady -- sees something worthwhile in him?

STEPHEN BONNET

Does... Jeremiah get scared? Have nightmares and the like?

BRIANNA

Sometimes. He's only a little boy. He needs his mother.

STEPHEN BONNET

(matter-of-fact)

I never had a mother. Or a father. I was an orphan. How do you comfort him? What would I do to comfort him...

(off Brianna's pause)

Tell me.

This thought is painful to Brianna, but she has to say something, so --

BRIANNA

I go to him... hold him in my arms until he feels safe.

After a beat, Bonnet goes to take Brianna's arm, very gently now, he guides her to the bed.

STEPHEN BONNET

Will you show me?

A flash of terror in Brianna's eyes. She tries to mask it...

BRIANNA

A lady would say "good night" and go to bed. Alone.

Bonnet is disappointed -- his goal of attaining intimacy is slipping away. He therefore simply bows --

STEPHEN BONNET

Then I look forward to bidding you "good morning."

BRIANNA

Me too.

Bonnet smiles at Brianna, though it irks him to leave her alone. He closes the door behind her, then LOCKS it audibly. Brianna sighs with relief, but her trepidation remains. She starts to take off the beautiful garb Bonnet dressed her in.

**INT. BONNET'S HIDEAWAY - BEDROOM - DAY (D7)**

Brianna wakes to see a WOMAN busy setting out breakfast over at the table (in the adjoining area). This is Eppie (from earlier at the brothel). Overseeing her work is Bonnet -- meticulously inspecting the table arrangements. When Eppie accidentally makes a small clanking sound in setting something down or moving cutlery, Bonnet gives her a look that betrays a flash of impatience -- he wants everything to be perfect and he doesn't want to wake Brianna.

But Brianna is now up and wandering towards them --

Eppie takes a curious peek at Brianna, but is sensible enough to make herself scarce --

Bonnet approaches her, in turn, going towards what was Brianna's bed. Discreetly, he tries to avert his eyes -- in case Brianna is in a state of undress... With a bow, trying to be gracious --

STEPHEN BONNET

Good morning, my lady.

He motions for Brianna to join him.

STEPHEN BONNET (CONT'D)

Your breakfast is served --

Having learned his lesson, he immediately goes to pull out the chair for her --

Brianna complies and goes to sit at the table -- bracing herself to put her own plan into action. Bonnet sits as well and follows her lead -- hoping that all is meeting Brianna's expectations and pleasing her.

BRIANNA

Would we... live here?

Bonnet brightens -- *Brianna must want to build a life with him.*

STEPHEN BONNET

We could live anywhere you'd like...  
A house in town if it pleases you --

Brianna nods --

BRIANNA

I was thinking... I should go and  
fetch Jeremiah. Can't be away from  
him too long...

STEPHEN BONNET

I'll come with you.

BRIANNA

Perhaps I should tell him... that  
you are going to be in his life...  
We don't want to upset him... He's  
only young --

Bonnet is a little offended --

STEPHEN BONNET

You don't think I can comfort my  
son?

BRIANNA

No, of course you can... But how  
do you think the rest of my family  
will react? My father and Roger  
are... not like you. It would be  
more prudent for me to go.

Bonnet isn't sure about this --

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

Then I'll come back to you -- fate  
will bring me back to you, as it  
has before...

Bonnet is by now seriously considering this proposal.

STEPHEN BONNET

Is that what you want?

BRIANNA

It's... what we both want, isn't  
it?

Bonnet studies Brianna's earnest expression, almost  
convinced: he has only one remaining concern.

STEPHEN BONNET

And when would you... go? Should we not spend more time together here first? To bond.

BRIANNA

I miss Jeremiah so much... and I know you want to meet him... The sooner I can leave, the sooner I'll return to you.

Bonnet is excited by the prospect -- and we catch just a glimpse of the true Bonnet, the deviousness in his eyes...

He rises from the table and helps Brianna stand to face him --

STEPHEN BONNET

Yes. While you're gone I'll find a place for us in Wilmington.

Bonnet motions at the surrounding room, still excited --

STEPHEN BONNET (CONT'D)

With a parlour and a bedchamber for us... and for our son.

He looks at Brianna --

STEPHEN BONNET (CONT'D)

And we'll seal our promise to one another with a kiss.

Brianna swallows. But she feels she's close to winning this battle... Trying hard to resist the urge to shudder and flinch... Brianna leans in and kisses Bonnet on the lips.

But Bonnet abruptly ends the kiss. And looks into her eyes, searchingly... When we look back at him we see the Stephen Bonnet that we know -- the terrifying mercurial, merciless and ruthless man who's been absent until now...

Bonnet is feeling something unlike anything he's felt before, the pain of unrequited love... Although he doesn't fully comprehend what love is, he certainly knows what rejection is...

STEPHEN BONNET (CONT'D)

If there's one thing I don't need to be taught, it's what a kiss is --

Brianna reels back, but tries to convince him --

BRIANNA

That was only our first --

Bonnet isn't buying it --

STEPHEN BONNET

Don't.

But Brianna is desperate.

BRIANNA

Stephen, we should try again --

But she sees that Bonnet is too far gone, she knows she's losing -- her whole body has betrayed her.

STEPHEN BONNET

I'm not good enough for you, eh?

BRIANNA

No --

STEPHEN BONNET

I'll give you a reason to despise me..

(then)

I hoped you were being truthful...  
Let my feelings cloud my  
judgement... Last time I did that,  
as a young workman, I was fooled  
into thinking the other men liked  
me... but they got me drunk and  
left me for dead in the foundations  
of a cellar I'd helped them dig...

Just then Eppie returns with a small tray of HONEY. She quickly feels the tension in the room but doesn't flinch.

STEPHEN BONNET (CONT'D)

I don't need you. I can have any  
woman I want.

Bonnet gets up with purpose.

STEPHEN BONNET (CONT'D)

I'll show you what you're missing.

Bonnet grabs hold of Eppie, and RIPS at her clothes, exposing her breast. He plants a violent kiss on her lips. While Eppie is a little surprised at first, she's used to Bonnet.

To Brianna's horror, Bonnet has full intercourse with Eppie -- and Brianna has to bear the GRUNTS and MOANING.

Disgusted, Brianna has turned away, but unnatural fascination compels her to glance back every now and then.

Bonnet's bare ass clenches with effort, and he gropes Eppie's breasts. She, in turn, strokes Bonnet's shoulders in a practiced way.

Bonnet finally CLIMAXES, giving a loud groan, his movements suddenly jerky and uncoordinated. Eppie puts a helpful hand on his buttocks, pulling him close. Eppie pats his back matter-of-factly, then pushes him off.

Bonnet is flushed and breathing heavily.

EPPIE

(nod toward Brianna)

For a few pennies more, you could watch me *and* her...

STEPHEN BONNET

That one won't be enjoying herself today.

EPPIE

Then I'll collect my money.

After a beat, with a playful twinkle in her eye --

EPPIE (CONT'D)

But send for me again when it suits you.

STEPHEN BONNET

I'll fetch your coin.

(re: Brianna)

Don't let her out of your sight.

Bonnet leaves and Eppie pulls herself together. Brianna watches Eppie -- could she be of help?

BRIANNA

Do you know where we are?

EPPIE

This place? Okracoke.

BRIANNA

Not the island?

EPPIE

(shrugs)

It's not that far from the shore...

Brianna swallows at the prospect of being surrounded by water. The bars on that window mean nothing anymore. The real bars are the sea. She hides her terror quickly.

BRIANNA

Have you known Mr. Bonnet long?

EPPIE

Yes. He sends for me when the fancy takes him, or brings me out on a boat with him.

(then, wry)

He does like a bit of breakfast in bed... if you take my meaning.

(a look at Brianna)

But I've never known him to have two girls together, or be wanting someone to watch while he's at his pleasure. Was it to your liking?

BRIANNA

You don't understand... He's keeping me here, against my will.

Eppie seems indifferent to that reveal.

EPPIE

Whoever you are, he takes what he wants. And you're better not to cross him.

BRIANNA

I need to get away...

EPPIE

Chances are he'll tire of you in a few days.

BRIANNA

That's not what he wants from me.

EPPIE

Is it money, then? He means to ransom you? I've never known scruples to interfere with the man's appetite...

Brianna holds out her hand with her wedding ring. Eppie admires the ring, curious.

BRIANNA

I'll give it to you if you help me.



EPPIE  
Help you do what?

BRIANNA  
Get word to my husband. His name  
is Roger MacKenzie. He's in  
Wilmington. So is my father, James  
Fraser. Tell them where I am.

EPPIE  
Rich, your family, then, are they?

BRIANNA  
Very.

Eppie considers it a moment, then --

EPPIE  
I'd like to help you, but...

Eppie can't risk it, so she gives the best advice she can:

EPPIE (CONT'D)  
Bonnet is a fair man, long as your  
interest runs with his. If it  
doesn't... there'll be no warnin' -  
one moment whisky and song; the  
next, ye're breathin' blood -- if  
ye're still breathin' at all.

Brianna realizes that this is a lost cause. Eppie feels a  
little sorry for her, but it's not her business.

EPPIE (CONT'D)  
Mind your tongue and all will be  
well.

But Eppie's look tells us that she's not certain it will  
be...

Just then, Bonnet returns with a small PURSE. He finds a few  
coins to pay Eppie, who smiles and nods in thanks -- then  
leaves for good.

**EXT. WILMINGTON - ALLEY - DAY (D7)**

A MAN is suddenly grabbed and slammed against a wall, now  
face to face with Roger. It's PHILIP WYLIE.

Jamie is standing behind him, grim. Young Ian stands in the  
back as a lookout.

JAMIE  
 (to Roger)  
 Dinna kill him -- yet.

Wylie is truly shocked and astonished to find himself in this predicament. Roger eases up and Jamie assumes a more threatening position...

WYLIE  
 What is the meaning of this? Why are you accosting me in the street?

ROGER  
 Tell us where Bonnet is --

JAMIE  
 You said he'd come to us, but he didn't. Did you give us up? Did you tell him my name was Fraser?

WYLIE  
 No! I swear! I don't know where he is... He keeps his goods at my Landing, and all I did was arrange for him to meet you there...

ROGER  
 He has my wife --

Wylie is absolutely reeling.

JAMIE  
 Where is his ship? Where does he make berth?

WYLIE  
 I don't know. If I knew I'd tell you. He's made my life a misery, threatening me with blackmail over business he draws profit from!

Jamie pulls his dirk -- demonstratively inspects the tip for sharpness. Wylie's eyes widen in horror.

WYLIE (CONT'D)  
 (rapid fire to save his life)  
 There's a brothel he frequents. Mistress Sylvie's. He and I have had meetings there in the past... I'm sure you will find someone there who knows... Bonnet... he, he is a creature of habit.

Roger lets Wylie go.

JAMIE  
Make yerself scarce, Mr. Wylie.

WYLIE  
Without a shadow of a doubt.

Wylie scurries away to safety, past Young Ian who now hurries back to Jamie.

JAMIE  
Stay in the tavern -- in case Bonnet or one of his men come looking for us... We dinna ken what he might do. Claire and I will pay Mistress Sylvie's a visit.

As they hurry away --

**EXT. RIVER RUN - DAY (D7)**

Establishing. Another day at River Run. Forbes' carriage pulls up. He makes his way towards the front entrance.

**INT. RIVER RUN - PARLOUR - DAY (D7)**

JOCASTA INNES sits on the sofa. Though a fair amount of time has passed, she's still grieving for Murtagh, and has been struggling to find purpose in life... But today she's excited...

DUNCAN INNES stands before her -- clearly worried about his wife. He studies her face for a moment. He turns to Ulysses.

DUNCAN INNES  
Will ye have Mary fetch in some of her wee cakes, Ulysses?

ULYSSES  
Of course, sir.

JOCASTA  
No need, Ulysses. This is business, not pleasure... We'll eat afterwards...

ULYSSES  
Very good, Mistress.

Duncan plumps a PILLOW on the sofa next to his wife, trying to make her more comfortable -- the same one that he gifted to her before their wedding [Episode 506]. He wafts its lavender at her --

DUNCAN INNES

There --

Jocasta senses his concern for her well-being --

JOCASTA

I'm no' an invalid... I've been looking forward to this.

DUNCAN INNES

But you've been sufferin' wi' yer headaches of late --

Duncan clocks Ulysses going to answer the door --

Ulysses shows Forbes in... Forbes clocks Duncan carefully seating his wife --

DUNCAN INNES (CONT'D)

Ye have my blessin' to do as you wish, my dear... I'll leave ye to it.

ULYSSES

I'll see you're not disturbed.

Duncan bows to Forbes and exits leaving Jocasta and Forbes alone.

GERALD FORBES

A pleasure, as always, Mistress Innes. What can I do for you?

Jocasta finds it hard to contain her excitement...

JOCASTA

My nephew, Jamie, visited not long ago... wi' such happy news from the Ridge... My great nephew, Ian, has returned from the Mohawk...

Forbes subtly takes out his pocket watch --

GERALD FORBES

(feigning enthusiasm)  
Oh, really? How interesting --

JOCASTA

And Marsali's had another bairn -- a wee girl...

GERALD FORBES

Lovely --

JOCASTA

So I was thinkin'... Mr. Innes and I are quite comfortable, and will be for the rest of our days... We dinna want for much. But we canna take any of it with us, when we...

Jocasta doesn't finish her sentence, instead she gives Forbes a suggestive look. Forbes' hackles go up -- what does she mean?

GERALD FORBES

Can't take what with you...?

Jocasta is almost cheerfully matter-of-fact... as if it's the most natural thing in the world...

JOCASTA

Our earthly belongings, Mr. Forbes. I'd like you to help me bestow some gifts on my family...

GERALD FORBES

Gifts? What kind of gifts...

JOCASTA

My fortune.

Forbes is stunned and troubled -- how dare she thwart his plan... and give away HIS money... *what will be left for him when Bonnet finally gets hold of River Run?*

**EXT. WILMINGTON - THOROUGHFARE - DAY (D7)**

Claire -- now equipped with her medical bag -- and Jamie arrive at the brothel that Wylie named earlier --

**INT. WILMINGTON - MISTRESS SYLVIE'S BROTHEL - DAY (D7)**

Claire and Jamie enter. It's surprisingly quiet -- a short period of down-time for the workers. MRS. SYLVIE, the fierce "madam," spots the couple and walks over to greet them...

CLAIRE

Good evening --

MRS. SYLVIE

Can I help you? Unusual to have... husband and wife, is it? But not unheard of... Mabel wouldn't mind, being partial to women...

CLAIRE

No... we're not here for that... but we were hoping to speak to some of the ladies, urgently...

MRS. SYLVIE

I see. Methodists are you... or Baptists? That'll be two pounds for the nuisance...

Jamie and Claire share a look -- it's obviously not why they're here but if they can pay two pounds and save time and trouble --

JAMIE

Not so bad... or is that per girl?

MRS. SYLVIE

Per girl, of course... I'm a generous woman -- they need to make a living...

Jamie plays into Mistress Sylvie's mistaken assumption --

JAMIE

Two pounds per soul? Who would put a price on salvation?

MRS. SYLVIE

I would. A whore knows the price of everything but the value of nothing... or so I've been told.

CLAIRE

And what's the price of one of your girl's lives?

MRS. SYLVIE

Are you threatening me?

CLAIRE

No -- but we're looking for someone... and we think that you or some of your girls might know where this man is... Please.

(then)

We're looking for a man named Stephen Bonnet...

Mrs. Sylvie hears the pure desperation in Claire's voice.

MRS. SYLVIE

Heard of him. But I don't know where he is. There -- I gave you that one free of charge... but why should I let you talk to my girls, if you're not going to pay?

CLAIRE

Because I'm a healer... and I'll make sure the women are... well. That they're safe... and clean...

JAMIE

And ready for the... em, customers, later --

MRS. SYLVIE

Very well --

JAMIE

(to Claire, low)

I dinna want to put them off... I'll wait outside...

Satisfied that Claire will be safe, Jamie exits.

The other women nudge each other at the sight of Claire as Mrs. Sylvie guides her over to them. One of them turns to see what the fuss is about -- it's Eppie. A couple of steps and her LIMP is revealed to Claire.

Claire notes that Eppie KNEADS her hip with her knuckles, massaging her side.

CLAIRE

We're looking for someone.

MABEL

You found me. I'm a ladies' lady, I'll tickle ye for days on end.

The ladies laugh. Claire gives a patient smile.

CLAIRE

I understand that many of you have worked on ships up and down the coast.

The ladies exchange looks.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

We're looking for a man named Stephen Bonnet.

The laughter dies. There it is -- FEAR in their eyes. Claire sees it immediately. The women all glance at Eppie.

EPPIE

(shrugs)

Never heard o' him.

Eppie turns and walks away toward the brothel door, moving with her heavy limp. Claire watches Eppie --

INT. RIVER RUN - PARLOUR - DAY (D7)

BACK with Jocasta and Forbes.

JOCASTA

You'll find paper and writing implements on the table...

GERALD FORBES

Wonderful.

Forbes reaches for the INKWELL, QUILL and PAPER that sit nearby... But he's annoyed.

JOCASTA

For Marsali and Fergus... I'd like to give them a hundred pounds...

Forbes blanches at the amount. He makes a slapdash note of the name and the amount on his piece of paper --

GERALD FORBES

Generous... And you're certain Mr. Innes is amenable to this?

JOCASTA

He is indeed amenable.

GERALD FORBES

You are fortunate to have made such a good match --

Jocasta nods, before continuing on, dictating --

JOCASTA

Then fifty for their son, Germain and of course for Joanie... and twenty for the wee one... And perhaps another twenty for luck?



Jocasta pauses considerably so that Forbes can take notes --

JOCASTA (CONT'D)

Are you recording this?

GERALD FORBES

Of course. Every word.

But Forbes is so angry that he is making only scribbled marks on the page --

JOCASTA

Do stop me if I'm going too quickly.

GERALD FORBES

Not at all...

JOCASTA

And for Young Ian, bless him, something to get him on his feet... a hundred -- no, *two hundred* pounds.

GERALD FORBES

That is astonishingly kind... You hardly know the lad. I understand he's been living with the Indians?

JOCASTA

Nevertheless, he is kin.

GERALD FORBES

Was it not enough to bequeath your property to young Jeremiah MacKenzie?

Jocasta smiles -- there really isn't anything she'd rather do with this money.

JOCASTA

Better to give than to receive.

(then)

And for Brianna and Roger... I'm hoping to give them a sizable sum... perhaps one thousand pounds?

Forbes' frustration is reaching boiling point... And it was supposed to be himself who was going to marry Brianna! He almost coughs in surprise -- one thousand is an enormous sum. He tries to joke, though a slightly scathing undertone remains --

GERALD FORBES

Well, there we are. Miss Brianna  
and her *husband* will be quite  
comfortable as well.

Jocasta senses his frustration.

JOCASTA

Gerald, I had hoped it would be you  
she chose. But 'tis water under  
the bridge by now...

GERALD FORBES

Aye.

It's totally not under the bridge.

JOCASTA

And we mustn't forget Young Lizzie -

GERALD FORBES

The servant?!

JOCASTA

She's a poor sweet thing. Twenty-  
five pounds --

GERALD FORBES

No!

JOCASTA

(taken aback)

"No," Mr. Forbes? Whatever is the  
matter with you?

He can take no more... With pennies rapidly disappearing  
before his eyes -- some of them even going to the  
servants -- he BLURTS OUT --

GERALD FORBES

You can't give away my money!

JOCASTA

Your money?

Panicked, Forbes grabs the nearest thing he can spot... A  
PILLOW -- Jocasta cannot see the imminent danger and before  
she can SCREAM --

Forbes forces the pillow over her mouth, smothering her!

GERALD FORBES

You leave me no choice... You robbed me of my dignity. I would have been a good husband -- to you or to Brianna. You won't rob me of my share in your fortune --

Jocasta struggles, feeling with her foot along the table... She manages to knock the bell over, causing it to clang to the floor.

Forbes sees it happening and stops the clang almost immediately -- but was it enough of a signal for help?

A long, terrible beat as Jocasta struggles for her life. And just as it seems that all is lost --

Suddenly TWO STRONG ARMS encircle Forbes' neck -- Ulysses has lifted Forbes into a chokehold, so tight that he snaps Forbes' neck. Dangling off the floor, Forbes' feet go limp.

Ulysses places the body on the floor and goes to Jocasta, praying that she has survived...

ULYSSES

Mistress... Mistress... Jocasta.

After a beat Jocasta CLASPS Ulysses' hand and he puts his other hand on top of hers.

OFF the tragic tableau of Ulysses comforting Jocasta and Forbes' lifeless body lying on the ground --

CUT TO:

**INT. WILMINGTON - MISTRESS SYLVIE'S BROTHEL - DAY (D7)**

Claire approaches Eppie in a private nook.

CLAIRE

Your hip...

Eppie doesn't like being reminded of her shortcomings.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

(grasping)  
Anisomelia --

EPPIE

What did you call me?

CLAIRE

I didn't call you anything, merely identified what's been causing your hip pain. And also the pain that's in your back and shooting down your legs from time to time.

EPPIE

How did you... Are you a conjure woman?

CLAIRE

No, but I'm a healer.

Eppie's demeanor instantly softens. She dares to hope that Claire might be able to help her.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I can see you're enduring a good deal of pain. May I? Hold up your skirt a little please.

Eppie does. Claire gets closer, placing her hands on Eppie's hips, assessing.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

You do know that you have uneven legs? The left is longer than the right. Let your right heel come off the ground as I adjust you. Good. Now hold onto the doorframe, steady.

Claire kneels to the ground, placing and adjusting a deck of cards to fit underneath Eppie's heel.

Claire checks to make sure Eppie's hips are even, then scoops up the cards and hands them to Eppie.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

(re: the stone)

Any half-decent cobbler will be able to make you a lift of this thickness. Your pain will be greatly reduced. In time, perhaps, even completely relieved.

EPPIE

(scoffing)

I'm no' so popular as to have money going spare for fancy shoes.

Claire gives COINS to Eppie whose eyes widen slightly.

CLAIRE  
I'm willing to make a contribution.

EPPIE  
Why?

CLAIRE  
(pointedly)  
Because when someone is in need,  
and you can help, you help.

Emotion wells up in Eppie; she's torn. Claire presses her --

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
Please. Stephen Bonnet has our  
daughter. She was taken from us.  
She has a husband and a young son.  
We have to bring her home.

EPPIE  
If he ever learned it was me, he'd  
slit my throat.

CLAIRE  
He will never know, I swear it.

After a beat, Eppie makes up her mind.

EPPIE  
You'll need a boat.

**INT. WILMINGTON - TAVERN - DAY (D7)**

Claire, Jamie and Roger are preparing to leave the tavern.  
Roger loads the weapons into his arms...

Young Ian enters to find them, looking his old self.

YOUNG IAN  
I found a boat from a fisherman at  
the dock.

CLAIRE  
What did you pay him with?

YOUNG IAN  
Didna need money, Auntie. The man  
gladly took Mr. Malcom's coat in  
return.

JAMIE  
(nods)  
Verra good. Let's go --

EXT. BONNET'S HIDEAWAY - DAY (D8)

Establishing.

INT. BONNET'S HIDEAWAY - PARLOUR - DAY (D8)

Bonnet leads Brianna -- now wearing her corset and Eppie's skirt -- into the parlour, grasping onto her hand firmly.

CAPTAIN HOWARD, 40s, leathery skin but meticulous in appearance, sets aside his BRANDY and stands as they enter.

Brianna hesitates but Bonnet pulls her forward.

STEPHEN BONNET

Come and greet to Capt'n Howard,  
sweetheart.

Brianna draws herself up to full height.

BRIANNA

Sir! I am being held against my  
will. My husband and my father --

Bonnet twists Brianna's wrist, hard. She YELPS but this silences her.

CAPTAIN HOWARD

Of course you are, I wouldn't be  
here to make a purchase if you were  
here voluntarily --

Brianna is horrified. Captain Howard doesn't bat an eyelid, however, and addresses Bonnet as if Brianna hadn't even spoken.

CAPTAIN HOWARD (CONT'D)

Very lovely indeed. But the red  
hair? I do prefer a flaxen mane.

Captain Howard circles Brianna, examining her. He clamps her buttocks, and Brianna wrenches free with a scowl. Captain Howard is pleased by her energy.

CAPTAIN HOWARD (CONT'D)

I will say the skin is very fine.  
She's in good health. The teeth?

Bonnet grabs a handful of Brianna's hair and jerks her head backward, making her gasp. Captain Howard takes her chin in one hand, poking at her molars with the other hand.

CAPTAIN HOWARD (CONT'D)

Very nice. Has she --

Brianna bites down hard on Captain HOWARD's finger, grinding her teeth. He screams and punches her in the stomach -- she lets go. He looks at his finger --

CAPTAIN HOWARD (CONT'D)

Wild bitch!

He makes to hit Brianna again, but Bonnet catches his hand.

STEPHEN BONNET

Captain, she's not yours yet, is she?

CAPTAIN HOWARD

Mine or not, someone should teach her some manners. I admit I don't often shy away from a challenge: breaking a wild mare.

Captain Howard puts a HANDKERCHIEF around his bloody finger.

CAPTAIN HOWARD (CONT'D)

Six pounds.

Bonnet laughs, offended at the offer.

STEPHEN BONNET

Ye'll have company for your voyage, and she'll fetch a good price in the East. I'm expecting Captain Gilbert before too long and he has a soft spot for redheads. Ten.

CAPTAIN HOWARD

Eight.

Bonnet glances over at Brianna as if to think about the offer. He changes his demeanor altogether, looking her up and down, as if she's a worthless mare.

STEPHEN BONNET

You're an old friend, let's not haggle like this. Take her for six. She's not worth more than that.

CAPTAIN HOWARD

We've agreed then.

STEPHEN BONNET

Yes. She's yours as soon as I see the money.

CAPTAIN HOWARD

Follow me to the boat, Manny has the purse.

STEPHEN BONNET

Very well. How about another drink?

Bonnet pours himself a drink, pleased with the deal.

STEPHEN BONNET (CONT'D)

For you, sweetheart? Brandy? Ye've earned it.

Faced with the hopelessness of her situation, Brianna finally breaks. Her voice catches and the tears soon follow.

BRIANNA

Please... Don't do this. I can't be parted from Jemmy... Please.

Bonnet looks at Brianna, taking in her plea. Captain Howard's expression remains ice-cold. Bonnet flips a coin, then shrugs and sips on the liquor --

STEPHEN BONNET

More for us.

**EXT. SHORELINE - DAY (D8)**

Jamie and Roger drag their BOAT onto the shore. Claire and Young Ian walk onto the remote beach, getting their bearings. Are they even in the right place? Then Claire spots something in the distance... A nod toward Jamie to go check it out...

**EXT. BONNET'S HIDEAWAY - SHORELINE - DAY (D8)**

It's stark and windy. TWO SAILORS who serve Captain Howard wait on the shore next to a ROW BOAT.

Captain Howard walks down the sandy path to meet them. Behind him is Bonnet, dragging Brianna along -- her hands are tied in the back.

Brianna's face is stained by tears, but there's still a fire burning in her eyes.



CAPTAIN HOWARD

Manny, my purse.

MANNY brings out Captain Howard's MONEY POUCH, full of coins.

Captain Howard starts to COUNT silently.

This takes a while. Bonnet throws a look to Brianna, making sure she's staying put. Brianna stares back, which makes him feel surprisingly uncomfortable.

Bonnet averts his eyes and waits for his payment.

Captain Howard stops and FROWNS.

CAPTAIN HOWARD (CONT'D)

Where's the rest, Manny?

Manny looks clueless and scared.

Brianna eyes the situation at hand, waiting for her chance. Will there be one?

CAPTAIN HOWARD (CONT'D)

There's but ten shillings in here --  
where's the rest?

Captain Howard takes Manny by the throat, causing everyone to step away.

Brianna takes a couple of steps back, realizing that the men are distracted.

CAPTAIN HOWARD (CONT'D)

What did you do with the rest? Did  
you think I wouldn't find out?

This distraction is Brianna's chance. JUST THEN -- she makes a RUN FOR IT.

Tied up she RACES down the shoreline as fast as she can -- aiming to reach a safe place.

She HEARS the UPROAR of Captain Howard and Bonnet behind her.

Bonnet cannot let her go. Furious and CURSING, he runs after her.

Bonnet reaches to his side for his pistol, but he doesn't have one -- he did not anticipate having to use it today, and on his own island no less.

Brianna makes it no more than six paces before Bonnet has an arm around her throat.

Brianna digs her heels into the ground hard. Bonnet is trying to strangle her --

BANG. A gunshot --

For a moment Brianna and Bonnet are entwined in a violent push-and-pull struggle when, to Brianna's astonishment, Bonnet suddenly lets go of her... and begins to run.

Roger and Jamie come running into view --

Claire, who had fired the warning shot, isn't far behind.

Roger hands Young Ian his musket and reaches Brianna first to make sure she is safe.

BRIANNA  
I'm fine... Go after him!

Jamie points his musket at Bonnet mid-run and SHOOTS.

The bullet GRAZES Bonnet's leg. He winces and hobbles onward, determined to get away.

Roger charges after Bonnet, making good on his pact with Jamie that he will be the one to take down Bonnet.

Claire catches up to Jamie and Brianna. The parents embrace their daughter, holding her tight.

Young Ian aims Roger's musket at Captain Howard and his sailors, who go for their weapons to defend themselves...

CAPTAIN HOWARD  
(to Young Ian)  
You can't kill all of us with one shot.

Ian focuses his aim on Howard's head.

YOUNG IAN  
No. But ye willna be alive to see what happens next.

This makes Captain Howard rethink his loyalty to Bonnet.

CAPTAIN HOWARD  
Get the boat, lads. We'll go back to the ship --  
(MORE)

CAPTAIN HOWARD (CONT'D)

(then, to Ian)

-- and see you're not disturbed. For our own sake as well as yours...

Slowly, Captain Howard and his men back away from Young Ian to make their exit...

ANGLE ON - Roger is in hot pursuit of Bonnet. He closes in on his target and tackles Bonnet to the ground.

Once Roger has Brianna's rapist and tormentor in front of him, there is no holding him back: Roger pummels Bonnet over and over -- for Brianna, for Claire, for every wrong this man has committed. It is sweet and primal vengeance.

Bonnet goes limp and gives up. Roger has beaten him almost unconscious.

**EXT. BONNET'S HIDEAWAY - SHORELINE - DAY (D8)**

Bonnet is now tied up and propped against the Frasers' boat --

Jamie, Claire, Young Ian and Brianna have joined Roger. The time of reckoning has come.

ROGER

D'ye think his men will come for him?

JAMIE

Not if they have any sense. If they're patient, they'll be rid of him. They'll have a ship and their freedom wi'it. We've saved them the bother of a mutiny.

Jamie flings a HIP FLASK at a dazed Bonnet. A callback to Episode 401, when Jamie first laid eyes on Bonnet.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Have a drop -- for your soul. Know that, whatever happens, the last face you see on this earth willna be that of a friend --

Bonnet just about musters the strength to reply, with the very same toast he gave in Episode 401 --

STEPHEN BONNET

To all our souls. Sláinte.

All eyes are on Brianna, who will seal Bonnet's fate.

BRIANNA

I want to take him to Wilmington.  
I want him to be judged according  
to the law.

CLAIRE

Though they know him for a pirate,  
he's already slipped the noose so  
many times before. And now he has  
allies with influence.

ROGER

Tryon.

The others turn to Roger.

ROGER (CONT'D)

This bastard may have influence  
with businessmen and landowners,  
but surely Governor Tryon outdoes  
them all, even from New York.

JAMIE

Aye. Tryon will always owe us for  
his mistake at Alamance.  
He'll see Bonnet condemned. That I  
am sure of.

Claire and Jamie and Roger and Brianna all stand before  
Bonnet: together, this family cannot be defeated.

**EXT. WILMINGTON - ESTUARY - ANOTHER DAY (D9)**

ON Bonnet, his eyes wide and wild with fear -- he is in the  
estuary, with his arms above his head, shackled to a post.  
This is not a hanging, it is a drowning... The water is at  
shoulder level and inching up by the minute...

Brianna and Roger stand among the crowd that has gathered in  
pockets along the banks of the estuary.

The CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD reads for the crowd --

CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD

Stephen Bonnet, known pirate and  
smuggler, was tried this morning  
before the Wilmington Committee of  
Safety.

(MORE)

## CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD (CONT'D)

And upon testimony of his crimes  
having been presented by a number of  
persons, was convicted of them and  
sentenced to death by drowning.

The water level continues to rise, lapping at Bonnet's chin  
and nose.

LATER --

The crowd has thinned out. In fact, there's no one left but  
Roger and Brianna -- and Bonnet, still chained to his grim,  
watery post.

Bonnet looks towards the shore... Brianna looks out at  
him -- trading looks.

ON Bonnet... He sees something... and there is something  
between a look of resignation and relief in his eyes -- an  
almost imperceptible nod and just the smallest hint of a  
smile...

Then suddenly, a BULLET hits him in the forehead...

ON Brianna, holding a smoking musket... After a beat, she  
hands the weapon back to Roger... Together, they take the  
weapon back to their WAGON.

ROGER

(genuinely curious)

Was that mercy? Or was it to make  
sure that he's dead?

Brianna looks at Roger, but doesn't answer. Maybe she knows,  
maybe she doesn't.

OFF the water rising over Stephen Bonnet's head as he  
finally disappears under the water.

END OF EPISODE