

OUTLANDER

EPISODE 512
Never My Love

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BASED ON THE NOVEL BY
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FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT
5th March 2020

OUTLANDER
EPISODE 512 "Never My Love"

PREVIOUS REVISIONS

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CAST LIST – FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT – 5th March 2020

CLAIRE FRASER
JAMIE FRASER
BRIANNA RANDALL FRASER
ROGER WAKEFIELD MACKENZIE

ARVIN HODGEPILE
CUDDY BROWN
FERGUS FRASER
GARRICK
HANLON
JOCASTA FRASER
JOHN QUINCY MYERS
JOSIAH BEARDSLEY
LIONEL BROWN
LIZZIE WEMYSS
MARSALI FRASER
MURTAGH FITZGIBBONS FRASER
RICHARD BROWN
TEBBE
WENDIGO DONNER
YOUNG IAN

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SET LIST – FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT – 5th March 2020

INTERIORS

Mid-Century Modern Home
Living Room
Dining Room
Kitchen
Front Door
Fraser's Ridge
Big House
Bedchamber
Surgery
Stairway/Upstairs Hall
Brianna & Roger's Cabin
Brownsville Tavern

EXTERIORS

North Carolina Woods
Clearing
First Campsite
Tree
Creek
Second Campsite
The Stone Circle
Road
Waterfall
Fraser's Ridge
Big House
Back Porch
Boston Harbor
Ship

FADE IN:

INT. MID-CENTURY MODERN HOUSE - DAY - (DREAM-ESCAPE)

A SLOW TRACKING SHOT AS THE CAMERA MOVES through a mid-century modern house -- flat planes, clean lines, simple and symmetrical. A minimalistic aesthetic, popularized in the 1960s. We move slowly down the halls with polished wood floors and through rooms with grand, gleaming glass letting in natural light.

INT. MID-CENTURY MODERN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY - (DREAM-ESCAPE)

FIND a WOMAN sitting on a sofa, in the quiet, with her back to us. On the table is a lone ORANGE.

The woman is CLAIRE FRASER. She's dressed as we've seen her before, circa 1968.

She's staring at an ABSTRACT PAINTING of a house on the wall opposite her -- a splash of color in an otherwise monochrome setting. Those who look closely might recognize that the house in the painting is the Big House at Fraser's Ridge.

After a beat, there's the CLICK of a KEY IN A LOCK. Somewhere in the house, a door opens and there are footsteps in the hall. Claire looks up --

JAMIE FRASER enters the room: his hair short and dressed in an ambiguously out of time wardrobe. He smiles. She smiles back.

A song plays. "NEVER MY LOVE" by The Association. It continues over the FOLLOWING --

INT. MID-CENTURY MODERN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY (DREAM-ESCAPE)

Claire and Jamie slow dance. Her head is on his shoulder, her eyes CLOSED. Time and space drops away and, in this moment, it's only the two of them, moving to the music.

Then suddenly -- it's not. Claire's eyes open and she sees what Jamie doesn't -- LIONEL BROWN is lurking in the backyard, watching them through the window.

The SONG ABRUPTLY STOPS --

EXT. NORTH CAROLINA WOODS - CLEARING - DAY (1772) (D8)

The HOOD is yanked off Claire's head. She has already been beaten, and is unconscious.

THEN -- someone SLAPS her in the face, trying to wake her. Her eyes OPEN as she comes-to -- looking around, disoriented, trying to get a sense of where she is.

The first face she sees is Lionel Brown.

LIONEL BROWN
Wake up, Dr. Rawlings.

Claire's taken aback. Lionel relishes the moment. He saw the doctor's name on Claire's medical box [Episode 511].

We realize now the earlier scenes are Claire's DREAM-ESCAPE -- an escape from the pain and horror she's facing. An attempt to take control of a situation in her mind, when she has no control at all in reality.

Lionel stares at her with steely eyes and a smirk, enjoying having her under his power.

Surrounding her is his GANG of TWENTY-SIX ruffians, the men who abducted her in Episode 511, including -- an ill-tempered and vicious, English army-deserter, ARVIN HODGEPILE; Lionel's nephew -- a scruffy, gangly teenager, CUDDY BROWN, 17; a large and quiet mixed-race free man, TEBBE; and a bushy-haired, half-Native American, WENDIGO DONNER.

Claire realizes that Lionel is the one who orchestrated her abduction. His gang of ruffians has delivered her to him at this rendezvous spot.

The memory of pregnant Marsali slumped over like a ragdoll and left for dead is seared into Claire's brain and Claire's first thought is for her. Claire confronts Lionel angrily:

CLAIRE
The woman you assaulted -- she's my daughter and she's with child!

A callback to when Marsali told Claire she thought of her as a mother [Episode 509]. Claire bargains:

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
She needs the attention of a physician or she may die, along with her baby.

LIONEL BROWN

Is that so?

CLAIRE

Let me go and help her, and I won't say a word. I swear it. We'll pretend this never happened.

LIONEL BROWN

We're not bargaining.

CLAIRE

My husband will come for me. And when he does, God help you.

GARRICK, a nervous sort, speaks up.

GARRICK

She's right, Lionel. You don't want this woman. Have you forgotten? It's James Fraser's wife, for Christ's sake!

LIONEL BROWN

I know who she is.

HANLON, rattled, chimes in.

HANLON

Hodge said we were only gonna rough her up. He didn't say we were gonna take her! Set her free before Fraser finds us.

MURMURS of agreement from some of the others.

LIONEL BROWN

I told Hodge to bring her to me.

HANLON

Your brother won't like it.

A sudden vicious THUNK as Lionel slams his pistol butt square into Hanlon's face.

LIONEL BROWN

My brother isn't here.

That puts to rest any dissension in his gang and any question of who's in charge. Hodgepile offers a better idea:

ARVIN HODGEPILE

I say we kill her. Leave her for the
beasts... they have to eat too. If
Fraser finds us, we don't know
nothing.

After Lionel's show of violence, the others grunt their
approval. Claire glances around, thinks about running.

ARVIN HODGEPILE (CONT'D)

Run and we'll hurt you bad --
you'll wish yourself dead.

(then, to the men)

You know Fraser has his hands full
for a while.

Claire puts it together. To Lionel:

CLAIRE

The fire at the still. That was
you.

LIONEL BROWN

You're a sly one. You didn't think
anyone would find out about your
little newspaper column, did you?
Just as you thought I'd never find
out that you helped my daughter run
off with Morton. But I know you
had something to do with that.
Well now, you're goin' to repent
for your sin.

CLAIRE

I was only trying to help people --
to share medical knowledge.

LIONEL BROWN

You mean spreading dangerous ideas.
Pretending to be a man, and
thinking you're as good as one.
Telling women how to deceive their
husbands? Tellin' my wife to avoid
my bed. I saw that doctor's name
on your medical box. And I'm going
to take you to Brownsville where
you'll confess to the womenfolk and
let them see you for the charlatan
that you are.

CLAIRE

And if I do? Then you'll let me
go?

LIONEL BROWN

Then -- I'll have no use for you at all.

Lionel turns to his gang --

LIONEL BROWN (CONT'D)

Hanlon, since ye're so afeared of Mr. Fraser, take Garrick and four others --

GARRICK

(bolder now)
I'm staying.

LIONEL BROWN

(nods, then to Hanlon)
-- take the others on the upper trail. That'll keep Fraser off our scent if he does come lookin'. We'll see you in Brownsville. Once we get there, he's no threat to us. Even if he does show his face.

The SIX MEN mount their horse and ride off down one fork.

As the others prepare to ride, Claire surreptitiously MARKS A ROCK -- scratching a "C" into the face of it -- a clue for Jamie as to which way she's being taken. Claire inhales a deep breath -- she knows he will find her. All she has to do is survive until he does. A hand seizes her by the hair and jerks her head around painfully, JAMS the hood back on her.

ON the gang as they ride off --

OMITTED

OMITTED

EXT. NORTH CAROLINA WOODS - FIRST CAMPSITE - DUSK (1772)
(D8)

Claire leans over a bucket, SPLASHING water on her face. Having stopped for the night, Claire's captors make camp now.

The men stare lasciviously at Claire as she cleans herself, and she stares back, refusing to be cowed.

Her hair is now loose, wild, and tangled as the men swirl around her, making her feel like a bullseye in the center of a target.

As Hodgepile approaches her, Claire picks up the bucket of water and throws it in Hodgepile's face -- then makes a RUN for it, darting past trees and over bushes, but only gets a short distance away before she's tackled to the ground by Hodgepile and two others, then dragged back to Lionel.

ARVIN HODGEPILE

We need you alive, but we don't need you whole.

Hodgepile, furious and humiliated, pulls his knife, presses the blade against her lips, jams the tip up her nose. Lionel looks on, amused.

ARVIN HODGEPILE (CONT'D)

The one thing we won't cut off is your tongue. You take my meaning?

Hodgepile draws the blade down her chin, along the line of her neck, and circles the curve of her breast. He makes a CUT on Claire's chest, just above her breasts. Claire jerks out of his grasp, and cries out in surprise and pain:

CLAIRE

You fucking bastard! You're going to rot in hell for this! I'll see to it myself!

The men freeze, not having heard a woman swear in this way before. Wendigo Donner stares oddly at Claire. Cuddy, the teenager, stares at her bosom, drop-jawed with fascination. Tebbe steps back, alarmed.

TEBBE

It's a curse! Hodge, you've done it now. Don't touch that woman! And don't draw her blood! I've heard talk of her -- she's a conjure woman.

Claire gives a nasty laugh at the absurdity of this. But knowing she can't escape, seizes the opening to try a different tack, one that's worked before -- pretending to be a witch. She SWIPES her hand in her blood and SMEARS a cross on Hodgepile's face.

CLAIRE

Curse, is it? How's this? Touch me again and you'll die by sunrise.

Enraged, Hodgepile quickly wipes his face. Tebbe makes a sign toward Claire with one hand, warding off the evil. Hodgepile draws back his fist to strike her, but Tebbe catches him by the wrist, with a cry of fear:

TEBBE

Don't do that, she'll kill us all!

ARVIN HODGEPILE

I'll kill you now, ya half-breed.

Hodgepile lunges toward Tebbe with his knife. Lionel steps between them.

LIONEL BROWN

Quiet -- both of you.

(then)

Tie her up, over there.

Lionel gestures to a tree on the edge of camp. Donner grabs Claire's arm and hauls her away.

AT THE TREE

As Donner ties Claire hand and foot, he talks with her, curious, polite and somewhat friendly, but keeping his voice down so the others don't hear.

WENDIGO DONNER

Where do you come from?

CLAIRE

You know where I come from. You bloody kidnapped me.

WENDIGO DONNER

Where did you come from -- before you settled here?

(then, to help her)

I'm from up north myself.

Donner catches Claire eying Hodgepile.

WENDIGO DONNER (CONT'D)

You don't want to cross him, believe me.

Hodgepile must feel the eyes because he glares back.

Claire averts his stare, wondering if she did the right thing. Superstitious fear can be an effective weapon, but a dangerous one. If she truly frightens them, they might just kill her.

WENDIGO DONNER (CONT'D)

(re: the sky)

Did you have a clear night sky like this -- where you came from?

Claire gives him nothing.

WENDIGO DONNER (CONT'D)

I can't tell one star from another like some can... but the moon is the same wherever you go. It looks like a man on the moon... looking back at us.

Claire glances at him. A strange remark, but she can't make anything of it. He leaves. Claire wriggles and slithers along the ground, moving as far as she can from the men.

EXT. FIRST CAMPSITE - TREE - LATER - NIGHT (1772) (N8)

Claire lies shivering, in the cold darkness. She freezes at the sound of FOOTSTEPS in the shadows nearby, as if one or more of the men are trying to work up their courage to assault her. Someone pokes through the dry leaves, looking for her. She holds her breath.

Perhaps put off by Tebbe's insinuation that she's a conjure woman, they ultimately leave her be. As the footsteps fade and she's alone, Claire finally allows herself to drop her fiery bravado. The threat of imminent death has receded, but her stomach is knotted at the thought of things worse than death which may befall her.

In this vulnerable moment Claire WEEPS -- a mixture of relief and fear. It starts to RAIN. She looks up to the sky and in the pale moonlight, she sees the RAINDROPS falling through the leaves above --

INT. MID-CENTURY MODERN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (DREAM-ESCAPE)

Claire stands at the large picture window, looking out into the night as RAINDROPS hit the glass outside. She SHIVERS, haunted by some unseen force. Jamie comes up behind her and wraps a SMALL BLANKET (perhaps a throw from the sofa) over her shoulders and holds her from behind, warming her.

JAMIE

You're shaking so hard it's making my teeth rattle.

She leans back against him, closing her eyes, taking comfort in the warmth and safety of his arms.

In the REFLECTION IN the WINDOW - we see what was making Claire shiver: Lionel and his men are sitting around a campfire -- as if they are in Claire's backyard. Drinking, joking, spitting tobacco and looking over at her, leering...

OMITTED

EXT. NORTH CAROLINA WOODS - DAY (1772) (D9)

NEXT DAY. The gang moves through the forest, Lionel in the lead. Claire rides further back in a WAGON with Tebbe.

TEBBE

Hungry?

Claire nods. Tebbe covertly places a lump of BREAD in Claire's hand. She devours it hastily. It's a kind gesture, but there's an agenda behind it.

TEBBE (CONT'D)

My name is Tebbe. You remember that -- Tebbe. Remember I was good to you. Tell your spirits they don't hurt Tebbe, he tried to help.

CLAIRE

Yes, Tebbe, I appreciate that.
(then)

Do you know how much longer it'll be before we reach Brownsville?

TEBBE

Two days after we cross the creek.

Forty-eight hours for Jamie to find her, before Lionel reaches reinforcements and completes his godless mission.

OMITTED (MOVED TO SCENE A16)

EXT. NORTH CAROLINA WOODS - CREEK - LATER - DAY (1772)(D9)

The gang approaches the creek. Tebbe helps Claire down.

TEBBE

We'll swim the horses across. You come with me.

Thinking quickly, Claire decides to cultivate Tebbe and try to turn his superstitious beliefs to her advantage. She leans in close and whispers secretively...

CLAIRE

You shouldn't go with them. Lionel Brown, Hodgepile, they're going to die. So will all those with them.

(then)

You've heard of kelpies? Water-horses?

Tebbe's eyes widen. He touches an AMULET hanging on a string beneath his shirt.

TEBBE

They take you down, drown you, and eat you.

CLAIRE

That's right. But the water horse is my friend. When we go into the creek, let go your hold. A water-horse will rise up to carry me away.

(then)

Just stay clear, once we're in the water. Keep well away and let me go... and then it will not harm you.

Tebbe thinks about this, it makes sense to him. He nods. Claire squeezes Tebbe's arm in gratitude.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Thank you...

He glances down, disconcerted by her touch, but smiles uncertainly. Just then, Hodgepile steps in out of the brush and grabs Claire's arm.

ARVIN HODGEPILE

I'll take her across.

The menace in his dark eyes and his tone make his intentions clear. The creek is shallow but fast. He could drown her easily and claim it was an accident.

CLAIRE

(re: Tebbe)

I'm going with him.

Claire takes shelter behind the bigger man. Hodgepile snorts and spits to one side. Then grabs Claire's arm.

TEBBE

No!

Tebbe, fearing the water-horse, fights for the right to escort Claire. He clutches Claire's other arm. A literal tug-of-war.

CLAIRE

Jesus H. Roosevelt Christ! Let go of me!

Before Claire can be split like a wishbone, Tebbe lets go of her arm and grabs her around her body, kicking at Hodgepile. Lionel sees the commotion and comes over to intervene. In the ensuing scuffle, Lionel slips down into a ravine. The other men rush over to haul him out.

LIONEL BROWN

Damned woman!

Lionel's furious at the trouble caused by Claire. He's limping now on his ankle.

CUDDY BROWN

She's cursed you again, Uncle!
She'll curse us all!

Lionel's not sure he believes in curses, but can't take the chance. He seizes Claire's jaw, forces open her mouth and crams a wadded kerchief in it.

LIONEL BROWN

Not a word more. Not to them. Not to me. Now let's go.

As they start across the creek --

OMITTED (SCENE MOVED TO A16)

EXT. NORTH CAROLINA WOODS - SECOND CAMPSITE - LATER - DUSK (1772) (D9)

Claire is still GAGGED with hands tied but feet unbound. The men are cooking nearby over the campfire. Claire is staring at Lionel, infusing her gaze with as much scorn as possible. He clocks it and comes over to her, squats down. He tries to stare back but can't do it. His eyes keep slipping away.

This makes him even angrier, so he punches her. Bloodies her nose.

LIONEL BROWN

Stop looking at me! I'll put you where you can't stare, bitch.

Lionel stands up, grabs her by the arm, yanks her to her feet, and marches her past the fire, shoving her ahead of him. He finds a tree out of sight of the men, and ties a crude slipknot noose around her neck, and a loop of line wrapped around her waist with her hands fastened to it.

LIONEL BROWN (CONT'D)

So you won't wander away.

Claire sags against the tree trunk. She has about two feet of line between the trunk and the noose, which means she has enough room to turn from side to side or lie down.

As she huddles up next to the tree, she sees a flicker of movement -- a RABBIT sitting up on its hind legs a few feet away, nose twitching. As she blinks away tears, the rabbit is gone.

EXT. NORTH CAROLINA WOODS - SECOND CAMPSITE - NIGHT (1772)
(N9)

LATER. Claire can hear the men, who have settled into their supper. They are far enough away that she can't hear particulars, but only a stray word or phrase borne on the breeze, the whispering and lewd comments: Her legs aren't tied; But what if? Won't matter... she can't scream; Ride her hard... The voices escalate, sniggering and snorting.

Lionel's punch earlier has caused Claire's nasal tissue to swell and become congested with blood. The gag is uncomfortable and she's GASPING for breath. Combined with the tightness of the rope around her neck, she's in danger of suffocating.

Claire scrapes her face against the bark of the tree, trying without success to dislodge the gag. But no luck.

She sobs in panic and frustration as she struggles for air. Blood from her nose drips down her face.

She hears rustling in the bushes and, as she gurgles with horrible shallow breaths, teetering on the verge of unconsciousness, a HAND comes down on her arm.

Claire butts at the man with her head -- whimpering, making desperate noises and shaking her head violently to indicate she is choking. The man unties the gag and pulls it from her mouth. She instantly throws up, then sucks air in with huge greedy lung-bursting gulps.

He WHISPERS something: perhaps Ringo Starr?

Claire lifts her head, staring at him as he goes *IN AND OUT OF FOCUS*. His words are garbled, as if she's underwater.

CLAIRE

What did you say?

The ragged, lion-haired silhouette comes into focus. Wendigo Donner. He leans closer.

WENDIGO DONNER

I said, does the name "Ringo Starr" mean anything to you?

Claire wipes her split lip on her shoulder, beyond shock.

CLAIRE

He's... a drummer...

WENDIGO DONNER

Oh, God.

He lunges forward and catches her in a hard embrace. She writhes away from him. He rambles on in an *URGENT WHISPER*.

WENDIGO DONNER (CONT'D)

I knew you had to be! I knew it, but I couldn't believe it! I knew that advice from Dr. Rawlings didn't come from anyone in this time. I didn't think I'd ever find another one, not ever --

CLAIRE

You mean... you're...?

WENDIGO DONNER

From the future. Like you.

Relief floods Claire's face at his stunning revelation. If he truly has this connection with her, it could be her only chance of escape.

CLAIRE

Then, un...tie me. Please.

WENDIGO DONNER

I can't.

Claire glances toward the men at the campfire.

CLAIRE

You know what they're planning.

WENDIGO DONNER

Don't worry, that's mostly talk.
Most of them are scared to death of
you, they think you're a witch. I
know you're not, but -- who are
you?

CLAIRE

You know who I am! I'm Claire
Fraser. Who are you, what are you
doing here?

WENDIGO DONNER

My name is Wendigo Donner. I
travelled back with a group of
American Indians from 1968...

CLAIRE

(realizing)
You came with Otter Tooth.

WENDIGO DONNER

Who?

CLAIRE

(trying to remember the
name)
Robert... Springer. The Montauk
Five. I have his journal... I read
all about you...

WENDIGO DONNER

You know Bob? We got separated,
along with the others. I thought I
was alone. Where is he?

CLAIRE

He's... dead.

WENDIGO DONNER

(stunned, saddened)
What? How?

CLAIRE

He arrived years before you did.
He was killed by the Mohawk...

WENDIGO DONNER

But why? That was the whole point,
to find Native Americans and try to
save them --

CLAIRE
 (seizing on the
 opportunity)
 I'll tell you everything I know --
 if you help me.

Wendigo may have once had a noble cause. But at the moment,
 he's lost and desperate. And possibly dangerous. Still,
 he's Claire's only hope.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
 I need you to get us two horses...
 then cut me loose --

WENDIGO DONNER
 I don't know... Lionel, he's crazy.
 He'll kill me. He'll kill us both.
 Listen, I need to go home! I've
 been trying for so long -- but I
 need gemstones --

CLAIRE
 I have some... and I know where the
 stone circle is... once we're safe,
 I'll help you get home. Let's not
 trouble with the horses, let's just
 go -- now.

Donner's hooked in, he wants this bad, but is afraid.

WENDIGO DONNER
 Wait 'til they're asleep. Then
 maybe I'll try and --

But before he can finish, a VOICE comes out of the darkness,
 heading their way:

LIONEL BROWN
 What the hell are you doing over
 there, Donner?

WENDIGO DONNER
 Just making sure she's tied tight!

He stuffs the gag back into Claire's mouth. Then leans down
 whispering a last bit of advice:

WENDIGO DONNER (CONT'D)
 I shoulda known what you are, even
 before Dr. Rawlings or you saying
 "Jesus H. Roosevelt Christ." You
 don't act afraid of men. Most of
 the women from this time do. You
 oughta act more afraid.

With that, Lionel is now upon them. He's got a bottle of whisky in his hand and his arm around his nephew, Cuddy Brown.

LIONEL BROWN

I promised Cuddy here a bit o' fun.

Wendigo smells trouble and slinks back to the campfire. Lionel shoves Cuddy toward Claire --

LIONEL BROWN (CONT'D)

Go on, now. Shoot 'twixt the wind and the water.

Claire grunts behind her gag as a nervous Cuddy approaches.

CUDDY BROWN

Shhh... Don't fight me now...

He reaches a nervous hand toward her thigh. He grasps her by the shoulders, trying to make her lie down. Claire struggles hard, kicking and kneeling at him and he loses his grip, falls on his backside. He seizes her ankles and yanks, jerking her flat, pulls his pants down, then flings himself on top of her, pinning her with his weight.

CUDDY BROWN (CONT'D)

Hush! Hush now! Be still --
you're gonna like it --

He wedges a knee between her thighs, puts his forearm across her throat and grabs her breast as he moves his hips against her, poking around, having no clue about female anatomy. Then, before any actual penetration --

CUDDY BROWN (CONT'D)

Oh. I... uh... oh.

The wiry tension goes out of him in a rush, and he flags like a limp balloon, as he loses himself on her in panting ecstasy. Claire rolls to the side, dumping him off and he scrambles to his feet. Embarrassed, the boy darts away.

LIONEL BROWN

Sorry about my nephew. He's one sorry lobcock. But he's only a boy. You've been pretending to be a man, I'll show you what a real man is like.

Lionel draws back his arm and SLAPS her. The blow makes her eyes water and she tries to stand, but is brought up short by the noose. The rope tightens and Lionel begins to viciously beat her, punching, slapping and kicking.

BACK ON THE MEN AT THE CAMPFIRE

Talking and laughing amongst themselves. They hear what's going on -- and do nothing.

BACK WITH LIONEL

He unbuckles his pants and mounts Claire, savagely, riding her rough and hard. She can feel the violence pulsing in him and knows she can't escape or prevent him -- so she escapes into her head, a psychological coping mechanism, protecting herself against this horrific act by wrapping her family around her like a blanket...

INT. MID-CENTURY MODERN HOUSE - DINING ROOM - DAY (DREAM-ESCAPE)

The long table is beautifully set for several people. Claire puts the finishing touches on it, arranging Autumn foliage in a VASE in the middle. Harkening back to Episode 101 -- the vase represents her dream, the home she's always wanted. She steps back and looks at her arrangement. It's lovely.

But as she looks up, she sees a wet spot on the ceiling -- a LEAK IN THE ROOF.

Jamie enters.

JAMIE

The table looks ready.

CLAIRE

Did you check on the turkey?

JAMIE

I did. That bird gets bigger every year.

CLAIRE

So does our family.

A beat.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

There's a leak in the ceiling.

Jamie follows her gaze up to the ceiling and sees it. He frowns.

JAMIE

I'll take care of it tomorrow.

It's obvious they're expecting guests for a feast. There's excitement in the air. The SOUND OF A DOORBELL --

**INT. MID-CENTURY MODERN HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - A MOMENT
LATER - DAY (DREAM-ESCAPE)**

Jamie and Claire swing the door open to find --

MURTAGH and JOCASTA FRASER on their doorstep. Yes, they are both wearing wedding rings and are happily married. Jocasta carries a pie.

JAMIE

Happy Thanksgiving!

JOCASTA

Happy Thanksgiving, nephew.

(to Claire)

Claire, I love what you've done with the place. You have such an eye.

Yes, Jocasta can see.

CLAIRE

Thank you.

(re: the pie)

I'll bet I can guess what that one is.

JOCASTA

My famous lemon meringue.

JAMIE

Come on in --

MURTAGH

Look who we found out here.

As Murtagh steps inside, REVEAL YOUNG IAN, following behind, with ROLLO. Ian, sporting short hair and wearing the military uniform of a Marine corporal.

CLAIRE

Ian! You're back! When did you get in?

IAN

Flew in this morning. Then took the train. I didn't want to miss this.

CLAIRE

You look so handsome.

JAMIE

Are you on leave for the holiday?

YOUNG IAN

No, I've finished my tour. I'm home.

This is the best news ever. Happy embraces all around.

YOUNG IAN (CONT'D)

Where's my cousin and the professor?

CLAIRE

They are on their way, with Jemmy. Their flight was overbooked, holiday rush. So they're driving.

Just then, more guests arrive --

ON FERGUS and MARSALI FRASER as they approach the doorstep. Fergus is holding seven month old Félicité in his arms. GERMAIN (5), JOAN (2), are with them. As he holds his young daughter, we see that Fergus clearly has TWO HANDS.

FERGUS

Happy Thanksgiving!

CLAIRE

So glad you could come! The playroom is set up for the kids.

Germain and Joan run giggling past Claire.

JOCASTA

First -- I want my kiss!

Jocasta leans down and gets a hug and kiss from both kids before they run giggling past and toward the backyard to play, as they greet the couple.

Marsali holds up a DISH she's brought.

MARSALI

Are you goin' to leave me standing here with this casserole or are you going to invite us in?

JAMIE

Of course, come in...

CLAIRE
 (re: the casserole)
 This looks delicious.

FERGUS
 (blurts out)
 We're having another baby!

The whole group is taken aback but after the initial shock of the announcement, beam with joy.

CLAIRE
 Congratulations! That's wonderful news!

MARSALI
 (playfully slaps Fergus)
 I thought we decided we weren't going to tell anyone yet!

FERGUS
 (brimming with joy)
 I couldn't help it!

He hands Félicité to Murtagh, who clearly adores the young lass. Fergus embraces Jaime who's happy for him.

JAMIE
 (proudly)
 Another wee Fraser on the way.

INT. MID-CENTURY HOUSE - DINING ROOM - LATER - NIGHT (DREAM-ESCAPE)

Everyone is gathered around the table for the Thanksgiving feast. The food looks heavenly. The children are at a kids' table nearby. Claire looks up and sees that the LEAK in the roof has gotten BIGGER.

As Jamie makes a toast --

JAMIE
 First, I want to thank you all for being here today. I'm grateful for my family and fortunate to be surrounded by the people I love most.

Claire's eyes shift over to the THREE EMPTY SEATS. She's missing Brianna and her family who haven't yet arrived...

JAMIE (CONT'D)

*I'm grateful for my beautiful wife,
blood of my blood and bone of my
bone. My life is yours. My heart
has been yers since I first saw ye.
And ye've held my soul between yer
two hands and kept it safe.*

Everyone TOASTS. Claire smiles at Jamie and raises her glass. As she does, she notices something out of the corner of her eye --

CLAIRE'S POV -- Lionel Brown is sitting in a chair at the table. He raises his own glass and smiles, joining the toast. She looks alarmed --

YOUNG IAN

(re: the food)

Let's dig in --

Claire looks at Ian and when she looks back, Lionel stands up and grabs her. Claire SCREAMS! But no one reacts.

Lionel PULLS her from her chair and DRAGS her away from the table. Claire kicks and fights him. But the family keeps eating oblivious to what's happening with Claire. Lionel hauls her all the way out of the dining room and out the door, as the family eats and laughs like nothing is amiss.

EXT. NORTH CAROLINA WOODS - SECOND CAMPSITE - LATER - NIGHT
(1772) (N9)

Lionel finishes with Claire and stands up. He buckles his pants with a disgustingly self-satisfied smile.

LIONEL BROWN

Not so high and mighty now, are we?

Then calls back toward the campfire --

LIONEL BROWN (CONT'D)

All right, who else wants a turn
with the hedge whore?

Most of the men want nothing to do with rape, although they do nothing to stop it. But Hodgepile moves to the front, undoing his breeches. Claire sees him approaching, closes her eyes --

INT. MID-CENTURY HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT (DREAM-ESCAPE)

And is back at the table as if nothing happened. Various dishes of food are passed around. Drinks are filled and refilled. Rolls are buttered. Everyone's eating and enjoying the meal.

FERGUS

Marsali and I have already been thinking of names...

MURTAGH

(raising his glass)
'Murtagh's' a fine name.

JAMIE

'Tis, but no' as fine as 'James' --

YOUNG IAN

It's got to be 'Ian' --

Marsali and Fergus share a look. Then --

MARSALI

We were thinking of something more hip -- like 'Ringo.'

As the men guffaw at this --

JOCASTA

And what if it's a girl? Nothing finer than 'Jocasta' -- you can call her 'Jo' --

OMITTED (MOVED INTO SCENE 15)

OMITTED

OMITTED

EXT. NORTH CAROLINA WOODS - SECOND CAMPSITE - LATER - NIGHT (1772) (N9)

Hodgepile finishes and gets off Claire.

ARVIN HODGEPILE

Who's next?

As Garrick approaches...

ON CLAIRE -- lying there. Her eyes glazed over. Her body is there, but her mind is somewhere else. It's the only way to survive this.

INT. MID-CENTURY MODERN HOUSE - DINING ROOM/KITCHEN - NIGHT
(DREAM-ESCAPE)

The dinner is now over. Jamie and Ian help bring in the empty plates and help clean up. Murtagh and Jocasta PLAY with the kids nearby. Marsali helps Claire wrap leftovers.

CLAIRE

Marsali, would you help me put
aside three plates? And extra
sweet potatoes on Jemmy's, they're
his favorite.

MARSALI

Of course.

There's a LOUD KNOCK at the door.

CLAIRE

(excited)
They're here! I'll get it!

Claire hurries to the door --

INT. MID-CENTURY MODERN HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - A MOMENT
LATER - NIGHT (DREAM-ESCAPE)

Claire, with Jamie right behind her, opens the door anticipating Brianna and Roger, but instead is greeted by the solemn faces of two POLICE OFFICERS -- a closer look REVEALS the officers are a cleaned-up version of Lionel Brown and Arvin Hodgepile.

POLICE OFFICER/HODGEPILE

Mrs. Fraser?

CLAIRE

... Yes.

POLICE OFFICER/LIONEL

I'm sorry to have to tell you this
at Thanksgiving. But there's been
an accident...

The rest of the scene plays MOS, as SCORE takes over. (See appendix for Policeman/Lionel additional dialogue) We see Claire COLLAPSE with grief, it's clear what the news is... Brianna, Roger and Jemmy are dead.

Jamie rushes to the door and grabs Claire --

The "police officers" continue with the details. OFF the shock and misery of this devastating news --

EXT. NORTH CAROLINA WOODS - THE STONE CIRCLE - DAY (1772)
(D7)

Suddenly, we are BACK IN TIME with Brianna, Roger and Jemmy -- the day they went through the stones! We PICK UP where they have just LANDED, disoriented. (Note: This scene is a direct continuation of the scene in Ep. 511.)

They look around taking stock of the surroundings. The rope they used to fasten themselves lies in tatters on the ground and the light is different. Time has passed. Roger opens his fist and the gem he held is gone. They did it -- traveled back through the stones!

Brianna can't believe they're actually, finally back home in their own time. And yet, though excited, she can't hide her regret.

Then, Roger notices something odd about the stones, and the trees around it, something not quite right. They hear FOOTSTEPS. They look towards the tree line and their jaws drop. Jemmy WAVES and smiles.

ROGER

What the devil?

REVERSE to show YOUNG IAN there. They've landed right back where they started -- in 1772!

YOUNG IAN

You're back! How...?

BRIANNA

I don't know... I was thinking about... home.

ROGER

(admitting)

So was I...

OFF their faces as they realize fate has other ideas.

TIME CUT:

EXT. NORTH CAROLINA WOODS - ON THE ROAD - DUSK (1772)(D8)

Brianna, Roger and Jemmy back on the road, on the way back to the Ridge with Young Ian, riding back the same way they came.

YOUNG IAN

We can make camp here, or forge ahead.

ROGER

Let's make camp and rest. Then we can surprise them tomorrow.

As they start to dismount, etc. Something catches their eye.

In the far distance they see... a FLAME ignited on the RIDGE -- they know that's where the beacon cross is...

BRIANNA

Da lit the cross. Oh, God...

ROGER

He said he wouldna light it again unless...

They trade looks -- knowing that if Jamie is burning the cross, there's something terribly wrong -- they need to go.

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - DAY (1772) (D9)

EARLY MORNING. Jamie, now wearing his KILT, has gathered his men and they are preparing for the hunt for Claire. JOHN QUINCY MYERS, FERGUS, RONNIE SINCLAIR, JOSIAH BEARDSLEY. Lizzie helps pack supplies.

LIZZIE

I've packed some salted meats for you and the men, sir.

JAMIE

Thank you, Lizzie.

She looks up and sees -- a WAGON arriving.

LIZZIE

It's Mistress Brianna and Mr. MacKenzie!

Jamie looks up to see Roger, Brianna and Young Ian arriving. He's shocked. The wagon pulls up and Brianna and Roger disembark. She goes to her father.

BRIANNA
We decided to stay.

ROGER
On the way back, we saw the
cross...

Jamie's glad of it, but there's no time to talk about it
now. His face is etched with worry.

JAMIE
There was an attack on the Ridge.
They've taken your mother.

BRIANNA
Who?

JAMIE
I think it was the Browns. We're
going to get her back.

BRIANNA
I'm coming with you!

JAMIE
No, a leannan. It's too dangerous.
I'll take ten of the men, and leave
the rest here to guard the Ridge.

YOUNG IAN
I need but a moment, Uncle.

Young Ian peels off. Josiah approaches Jamie.

JOSIAH BEARDSLEY
I want to come.
(off Jamie's hesitation)
I'm the best shot on the Ridge, ye
said so yerself. And this isn't
war, it's for Mistress Claire.

Jamie takes a beat, then nods. Roger chimes in.

ROGER
I'm coming, too.
(off Jamie's hesitation)
You called me. At the Gathering.
At the fire. Stand by my side, son
of my house. Did you mean that?

JAMIE
Ye ken that I did.

ROGER

I meant it, too. There are times for men of peace, and a time for men of blood, as well. I will stand by you.

A SERIES OF SHOTS: Everyone gets ready. Knives, guns, etc. Young Ian paints his face red. The color of war. He's going full Mohawk.

EXT. NORTH CAROLINA WOODS - SECOND CAMPSITE - NIGHT (1772)
(N9)

Garrick is now finished and leaves Claire. He was the last. But it's no comfort. At this point she is mentally broken and in survival mode.

In her dark night of the soul, she's finally facing the reality that Jamie may not find her in time and she may die here.

Mentally and physically exhausted, she drifts into sleep.

INT. MID-CENTURY MODERN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (DREAM-ESCAPE)

Claire stands once again at the picture window, alone. Somewhere in the background we hear the rest of the family. Jamie comes up from behind her again -- this time he's 1770's Jamie and he's wearing his KILT. He wraps her in his PLAID.

JAMIE

Dinna be afraid. There's the two of us now.

EXT. NORTH CAROLINA WOODS - SECOND CAMPSITE - NIGHT (1772)
(N9)

Claire JOLTS awake to -- CHAOS!

Lionel and his gang are under attack! SCREAMING. Shots FIRED. Smoke thick and hot in the air. Someone YELLS: Indians! But an unearthly HOWL rises out of the dark -- Claire recognizes it -- the Highland Yell. The same one she's heard a hundred times during the '45.

She peers around the tree and sees them -- shrieking with the madness of Hell. The glint of firelight on the blades of knives and axes.

ON JAMIE as he cuts the swathe toward her, killing three men along the way... He's laser-focused.

BACK ON CLAIRE

Someone CRASHES toward her, blundering in the dark --

Reveal it's -- Jamie.

Jamie reaches for Claire and pulls her to her feet --

JAMIE

(urgently)

You are alive, you are whole, mo
nighean donn?

She nods weakly as he cuts the ropes that bind her. Jamie clutches her hard against him, energy pulsing through him hot and violent.

Jamie stays with Claire and never leaves her side, as -- the grunt and thud of bodies locked in combat happen all around them. A dazed Claire looks out and sees flashes of the fight as the Ridge men overtake Lionel's gang, killing most of them during the onslaught.

Claire sees -- Young Ian, in full Mohawk battle regalia, tearing his way through the campsite -- he SMASHES Arvin Hodgepile in the head with a TOMAHAWK. Payback, not only for Claire, but for Hodgepile blaming "the savages" for the Dutch Cabin fire [Ep 511].

Josiah Beardsley aims his RIFLE and shoots a man through the heart.

And then what looks like Roger MacKenzie... Roger? Is she hallucinating?

He takes his SWORD to one of the ruffians, runs him through. Kills a man, for the first time in his life. A turning point for Roger Mac...

Finally, the sounds of battle die away. The Ridge men have prevailed and the half-dozen surviving prisoners, including Tebbe and Cuddy Brown, kneel on the ground before Jamie.

John Quincy Myers approaches Claire and offers her a KNIFE, hilt-first.

JOHN QUINCY MYERS

There are some left still alive.
Will ye have your vengeance upon
them?

Claire grasps the knife, hands shaking. Jamie's hand comes down upon the knife and takes it from her.

JAMIE

She is bound by an oath. She may not kill, be it for mercy or her life. It is myself who kills for her.

YOUNG IAN

And I.

FERGUS

And I, Milady.

Jamie turns back to Claire, sees the blood and bruises, her torn clothes. He knows what transpired. He asks calmly in a matter-of-fact voice, as if he were inquiring as to the number of guests expected for dinner.

JAMIE

How many?

CLAIRE

I don't know. They -- it was dark.

Jamie turns to his men.

JAMIE

Kill them all.

Jamie glances at the knife he's holding as though to ensure it is in good order. He wipes the blade clean, and hands it back to Myers. He stays with Claire.

HOLD ON CLAIRE

She stands still next to Jamie. There are SOUNDS of violence and slaughter. But she pays no more heed to them than to the rush of the wind overhead. After a beat, Ian arrives.

YOUNG IAN

(to Jamie)

It is done.

Jamie nods. Motions to Claire.

JAMIE

(to Ian)

Stay with her.

BACK AT THE CLEARING

Jamie inspects the dead. Roger motions to the bodies of Lionel's men littering the ground.

ROGER

What do we do with them?

JAMIE

(cold)

Leave them.

As they start to walk away, without burial or word of consecration --

Roger's eyes fasten on one of the bodies at his feet. Sees his chest rise, very slowly. Lionel Brown. His eyes are shut, his face bruised and swollen, but the expression of barely suppressed panic is plain on his battered features. He's the sole survivor of the night's carnage.

Josiah puts a pistol to Lionel's temple. Cocks it. Is about to blow his brains out. John Quincy stops him.

JOHN QUINCY MYERS

There are questions. Should we let him live long enough to answer them?

Jamie stands still as a stone as he stares at Lionel, throbbing with something slow and inexorable. Merely to stand near him is terrifying.

JAMIE

Can he travel further? Or will the journey kill him?

JOHN QUINCY MYERS

(leaning down, then)

I say he will live. You wish to take him with us, or ask questions now?

If Lionel could see Jamie's eyes, he would leap up, broken leg or no, but his eyes remain shut. Jamie kneels and puts his hand on Lionel's chest. Lionel's breathing comes now quick and shallow. Jamie stays motionless for a long beat, then rises with a snort of disgust.

JAMIE

I want to get Claire home. We'll go on ahead. You and Sinclair take him. See that he lives. For now.

EXT. NORTH CAROLINA WOODS - WATERFALL - NEXT DAY (1772)
(D10)

Claire washes her face at the bank beside Jamie. She looks strange and primal. Her eyes remote. Finally she gathers enough strength to ask:

CLAIRE
 Marsali...?

JAMIE
 She's alive, Sassenach. She and
 the baby. She felt it kicking
 strong in her belly.
 (then)
 But Geordie is dead.

Claire reacts with relief for Marsali and sadness for Geordie all at once. A beat. Claire thinks about Wendigo Donner.

CLAIRE
 Was there... an Indian... with wavy
 hair...?

JAMIE
 An Indian? No, why do you ask?

CLAIRE
 I met him... He was from the
 future.

JAMIE
 Did he harm you?

CLAIRE
 No. But he didn't help me either.

JAMIE
 He's gone now, whoever he was.

CLAIRE
 I... thought that I saw Roger. My
 mind must be playing tricks on me.

JAMIE
 Ye didna imagine it. He and
 Brianna and Jemmy. They've come
 home.

Claire looks up at Jamie, unbelieving at first. The crushing disillusionment of her daydream had her convinced they were "lost and gone" to her forever. Claire's stunned, and overcome with emotion.

DISSOLVE TO --

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - DAY (1772) (D10)

The group approaches the Big House. Brianna's on the porch when she sees them coming. She sees Roger -- the blood on his clothes. But before she can react, she sees her mother coming and runs to her. Claire takes her daughter into her arms. Tears of joy.

CLAIRE

I thought I'd never see you again.

BRIANNA

Shhh... Mama... I'm home.

Between sobs of joy and relief, Claire looks up and sees Marsali standing nearby -- a few bruises, but otherwise unharmed. Someone else she thought was lost and gone.

Claire opens her arms and Marsali joins the embrace. Claire tearfully holds her "two daughters."

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - BEDCHAMBER - DAY (1772) (D10)

In somber silence of the bedroom, Claire is in the BATHTUB in front of the hearth -- as Brianna finishes lathering soap in the ends of her mother's hair and then pours fresh hot water over her back.

Claire uses a cloth to clean her hands meticulously, in spite of the soreness -- thoroughly cleaning under each fingernail -- in the practiced way of an experienced surgeon. Before she can rub her hands raw -- Brianna gently pries the cloth away to rinse it in a separate basin for further use.

As Brianna does this, Claire gently explores her own facial features with her hands, taking stock: gently pressing here and there; opening and closing her jaw... her fingertips touching the contours of her face... testing for loose teeth and broken bones... tracing the line of brow, nose, lip and chin...

It's clear to Brianna that Claire needs a moment alone to collect herself... Brianna returns the cloth to Claire.

As Brianna moves to the door, intent on offering her mother some privacy --

BRIANNA

You have my hand, Mama, and my ear
if you need it.

-- the same simple words of comfort Lizzie spoke in Episode 409, when Brianna was suffering and in need.

Claire nods solemnly and wordlessly in thanks. Next, she begins scrubbing her hands again, cleaning them anew, before going on to examine -- as if to verify the existence of -- her neck, arms, elbows and knees in the same way as before... as well as the rest of the beaten mortal frame that houses her weary soul.

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - BEDCHAMBER - NIGHT (1772)
(N10)

A fretful Jamie finds his wife -- who has finished bathing and is now dressing in clean clothes -- in their bedroom. He approaches tentatively, taking a careful step towards her, eager to comfort her but mindful that she may be in need of space.

And indeed she is -- she pulls her garments around her, eager to cover what she perceives to be the ugliness of the marks and bruises which color her body.

He touches her face very gently -- Claire reflexively braces, trying not to flinch away from his touch. Jamie sees this, and draws back his hand so that it hovers over Claire's skin...

JAMIE

Oh, God, **mo nighean donn**. Oh
Christ, your lovely face.

CLAIRE

You can't bear to look at it?

JAMIE

No, it's no' that... it's jes...
the sight of ye tears my heart.
And fills me with such rage that I
think I must kill someone --

Claire sees the vengeful rage in her husband's eyes. She winces slightly -- thinking not only of the men whose lives Jamie has already taken, but also of Lionel, who is presumably still somewhere at Fraser's Ridge...

She closes her eyes and FLASHES ON:

EXT. NORTH CAROLINA WOODS - NIGHT - FLASHBACK (1772) (N9)

Claire is waiting with Young Ian, having heard the last moments of the slaughter, when Jamie reappears from having inspected the dead.

He now takes Claire by the hand and leads her, a blood-soaked Adam and a battered Eve, into the clearing. He brings her from one body to another, letting her inspect them as well.

JAMIE

You see that they are dead?

She nods, knowing why he's shown her -- so she needn't fear their return or their vengeance. Jamie then wraps her in his plaid, picks her up, and walks to his horse.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - BEDCHAMBER - NIGHT (1772) (N10)

Claire breathes deeply and composes herself, as Jamie looks on, concerned --

CLAIRE

Lionel... is he still...?

JAMIE

(nods)

In the surgery, tied up... The lads gave him quite a beating --

(then)

I will ask questions -- and have answers. Find out what they were planning... If they were coming back to the Ridge again --

CLAIRE

Then... you might let him live?

JAMIE

If he dies by my hand, it will be before witnesses who ken the truth of the matter, and him standing upright -- I willna have it said I killed a helpless man, whatever his crime.

(after a beat)

How would that be for ye?

Claire takes a deep breath, uncertain how to begin answering that question.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Is your oath so strong, then?

CLAIRE

I'm glad the others are dead...
and I hate it. I hate that I am.
And I'll remember them. And feel
guilty they're dead because of me.

JAMIE

They're dead because of me,
Sassenach. And because of their own
wickedness. If there is guilt,
let it rest upon them. Or on me.

CLAIRE

Not on you alone. You're blood of
my blood, bone of my bone. What
you do rests on me, as well.

JAMIE

Then may your vow redeem me.

Jamie sighs, eyes full of concern -- and longing to be close to his wife, but fearful of causing her distress...

CLAIRE

You mustn't worry about me. I'm
only a bit... shaken. I don't want
you to worry.

But how can he not worry? Jamie understands all too well --

JAMIE

Claire, I ken how it feels to be --

But Claire stops him. Shows her resolve:

CLAIRE

I have lived through a fucking
world war. I have lost a child. I
have lost two husbands. I have
starved with an army, been beaten,
wounded, patronized, betrayed,
imprisoned, and attacked. And I
have survived. And now I should be
shattered because of this?

(then)

Well, I won't be.

INT. BRIANNA & ROGER'S CABIN - NIGHT (1772) (N10)

Brianna enters and finds Roger asleep on the chair with Jemmy in his arms. Roger looks up, blinks, disoriented as Brianna carefully takes Jemmy --

BRIANNA
 (to Roger)
 I didn't mean to wake you, sorry --

Roger doesn't mind at all -- he's glad to have his wife home safe and sound, glad to see her. Brianna takes Jemmy up to bed in the loft...

A MOMENT LATER - Brianna returns.

ROGER
 How is Claire?
 (after a beat)
 Is she able to... tell you what...
 to talk about it?

BRIANNA
 She hasn't yet... but it's so
 raw... Though, to be honest, I
 don't know that she ever will.
 Perhaps she'll tell Da, one day.

Roger nods -- and although it's not quite the same, he, at least, knows what it's like to suffer through something without having the words to explain --

ROGER
 What a horrific combination of
 words for anyone to have to find
 within themselves... and utter to
 another being.

In the silence, they both feel the weight of this utterance -- traumas which have afflicted them both. After a beat --

ROGER (CONT'D)
 You haven't asked me what happened.
 Did your father tell you?

Brianna hears the concern, the nervousness in Roger's voice. There's obviously something on his mind --

BRIANNA
 No.

He kneels down before her, like a medieval painting of a sinner kneeling, head bowed in confession and remorse.

ROGER
Brianna... I --

BRIANNA
What's wrong?

ROGER
Will ye hear me?

BRIANNA
You know I will. What is it?

ROGER
Listen to what I must say. And
then -- please God -- tell me I
have done right.

She whispers softly, with forgiveness not yet earned.

BRIANNA
You don't have to tell me anything.

ROGER
I do. Put out the candle?

She does.

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - SURGERY - DAY (1772) (D11)

Claire enters the surgery where Marsali is already putting on her apron, ready to help tend to Lionel Brown. Lionel is loosely restrained on the patient table.

The two women share a look of solidarity and determination -- they will do this -- they will get on with their work.

Gone is Lionel's cockiness and venom. The fact that Claire can face him now means she's won. And he knows it. But still, Lionel takes full advantage of this opportunity with Claire to plead his case as she walks past him --

LIONEL BROWN
Have mercy on me --

Claire's back is to him now as she stands cleaning some instruments. Her hands shake ever so slightly, a subtle indicator of the fear she's fighting in order to be here.

Marsali can't help piping up:

MARSALI
Oh, be quiet.

Marsali gestures at Claire and the surrounding room,
dumbfounded --

MARSALI (CONT'D)

What d'ye think this is, if not
mercy?

But Lionel is too consumed by a desire to preserve his life
to take any real notice. He's looked into Jamie Fraser's
eyes and is frightened of what he's seen there.

LIONEL BROWN

Don't let him kill me, that husband
of yours --

Claire remains stoic as she turns around now and directs
Marsali --

CLAIRE

Marsali, would you please put some
comfrey to steep and then examine
his injuries?

Marsali goes to do as Claire asked, muttering at Lionel
under her breath --

MARSALI

Wastin' good medicine on the likes
of ye.

Marsali takes out a number of different jars and arranges
them on the counter, until she finds the one she appears to
be looking for... she puts some water on to BOIL in order to
make a liquid solution.

LIONEL BROWN

(to Claire)

I implore you, Mistress Fraser.

A beat as Claire studies Lionel's face -- sees his fear.

CLAIRE

I'll not do you harm.

Marsali takes some alcohol, dabbing it onto a cloth, and
begins cleaning Lionel's wounds. Lionel writhes in pain.

Although Claire is telling the truth, she is a little shaken
from the effort of facing this wretched man, she almost
feels as if she's been contaminated by Lionel --

Claire and Marsali share a look. Marsali sees how much Claire is suffering -- the incredible feat of strength it takes to face this man -- and knows she's the only one who can properly assist Claire in these tasks --

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

(to Marsali)

Dress his wounds... and administer the comfrey when it's ready. Some penicillin as well --

MARSALI

Aye.

Claire knows how brave Marsali is being. Suddenly she feels guilty. Although her skin is crawling, and she's desperate to get away from Lionel --

CLAIRE

Thank you, Marsali...

Touched, Marsali manages a smile. Claire leaves Marsali to her work and exits into the breezeway or back porch, needing some air --

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - STAIRWAY/UPSTAIRS HALL - DAY (1772) (D11)

FOLLOW Claire up the stairs, then lose her for a moment as she reaches the top. FIND her again in the hallway... Having been strong for so long, a wave of panic and grief overtakes her unexpectedly -- and in a private moment, away from the world -- she breaks down... the weight of her trauma, bearing down on her... She braces herself against the wall, the small space closing in on her, she sinks to the floor...

A flash of what feels like all-encompassing darkness -- a second of blacking out... remembering the sounds and grunts of the men in those woods... but Claire fights through it...

Then, recalling Jamie's words when he found her in the North Carolina woods, and echoing them --

CLAIRE

I'm alive. I am whole.

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - SURGERY - DAY (1772) (D11)

Back with Lionel and Marsali. Lionel watches as Marsali works --

LIONEL BROWN
 How about a bit o' mercy on my poor
 old appetite?

MARSALI
 You'll take what you get, when you
 get it --

LIONEL BROWN
 (. with a smirk)
 I always do --

MARSALI
 You might want to watch your
 words...

Lionel is amused, he almost chuckles --

LIONEL BROWN
 Since you're busy tendin' to my
 wounds, I hardly think I need to
 worry about that...
 (then, mocking)
 Damned women. I prefer my supper with
 a smile, thanks very much, so, when
 you're ready --

Marsali feels a blood-curdling anger rising in her veins...
 She goes over to the various jars of herbs we saw her
 preparing earlier -- and the solution she put on to steep...

She prepares to place some of the solution in the syringe --

LIONEL BROWN (CONT'D)
 (matter-of-fact)
 And if I'm not well treated, my
 brother will come with his men, and
 slaughter you and burn the houses
 over your heads as you sleep...

Marsali tries to maintain a measured tone --

MARSALI
 Then I s'pose we must see to it
 that ye return home hale and
 strong...

Lionel glances at the syringe --

LIONEL BROWN
 What's that for?

MARSALI
 Mistress Fraser has taught me
 (MORE)

MARSALI (CONT'D)
 well... Been learning the art of
 healin' from her...

Marsali takes the syringe -- flicks the needle and squirts a little solution out, just as Claire has taught her.

MARSALI (CONT'D)
 She took an oath to do no harm.

Marsali THRUSTS the syringe into Lionel's CAROTID ARTERY.

MARSALI (CONT'D)
 (with venom)
 But I have taken no such oath.

After a beat, looking at Lionel square in the eyes --

MARSALI (CONT'D)
 You've hurt me, my family, my ma.
 I'll see you burn in Hell before I
 let you harm another soul in this
 house --

REVEAL the jars on the counter... it's not comfrey or penicillin but HEMLOCK Marsali has used -- the poisonous root from Episode 508.

OFF Lionel, realizing that he is not long for this world.

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - SURGERY - DAY (1772) (D11)

SHORT WHILE LATER. A shocked Jamie enters to find Marsali staring at Lionel -- whose DEAD BODY she has now covered with a sheet --

JAMIE
 Marsali --

A beat as Jamie tries to make sense of what's happened and ensure that Marsali is all right --

MARSALI
 He thought me no better than the dirt under his boot... a mere woman. Of no consequence. He thought that he could --

Jamie notes the assortment of jars on the counter, the syringe -- he realizes what's happened.

JAMIE
 Enough.

Just then, Claire enters... she takes in the scene too, realizing Lionel's dead and who's responsible. Jamie goes over and hugs Marsali.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

What's done is done.

Suddenly, the idea of having to make peace with God with what she has done becomes very real to Marsali -- the terrifying gravity of the situation and the magnitude of the action she has committed is setting in. She is afraid. Still in Jamie's arms, she asks:

MARSALI

Will this... will he... haunt me?
Am I going to Hell?

JAMIE

Ye've nothin' to fear, lass...

Claire goes to her -- comforts her as well.

CLAIRE

You've already been to Hell and back, and you've come out alive.
And so have I.

Hearing these words of reassurance from Claire and Jamie touches Marsali deeply --

OMITTED (MOVED TO SCENE C44)

EXT. NORTH CAROLINA WOODS - DAY (D11)

Jamie rides towards Brownsville with body slung over horse.

EXT. BROWNSVILLE - DAY (1772) PREVIOUSLY SHOT - [V.O. ADDED]. (D12)

JAMIE (V.O.)

I have lived through war, and lost much. I know what's worth the fight, and what is not. Honor and courage are matters of the bone, and what a man will kill for, he will sometimes die for, too...

(then)

A man's life springs from his woman's bones, and in her blood is his honor christened. For the sake of love alone, would I walk through

(MORE)

JAMIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
fire again.

A lone figure on horseback appears at the edge of the settlement: JAMIE FRASER. He rides into town leading a packhorse -- a SHROUD-WRAPPED BODY slung over its back.

A handful of settlers and traders out on the road stare as he rides past them, sounds of their conversations dying away to silence as their eyes dart between this outsider and his morbid cargo.

Jamie rides, impervious to the stares of the men on either side of the street, his face a mask. But underneath he carries a fury from the harrowing events which preceded this moment.

He brings his horse to a halt before the Brownsville Tavern and dismounts, tension thick in the air as he moves to the packhorse and unties the body. He hoists it onto his shoulder and walks determinedly into the Tavern on a grim mission.

INT. BROWNSVILLE TAVERN - DAY (1772) (D12)

Jamie approaches RICHARD BROWN who was there drinking with several of his men -- Hanlon is there, he's seen Jamie coming and hurried inside to warn Richard. He's informing Richard as Jamie enters -- Brown looks up expectantly.

RICHARD BROWN
 Fraser.

Jamie drops the body on the ground with a THUD at Richard's feet. Then, levelly:

JAMIE
 A band of men came upon my land.
 They burnt my whisky still. They
 assaulted my daughter, who is with
 child. They abducted and violated
 my wife.

Brown's men all stare at Jamie. There's the metallic click of a pistol being cocked. Jamie remains fixed on Richard, who begins to speak, but Jamie raises a hand, commanding silence.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
 I followed them, with my men, and I
 killed them.

Richard's eyes go to the body on the ground. His face goes white --

JAMIE (CONT'D)

My wife tended to your brother, but
he is dead. I have brought him to
you, so that you may bury him.

Richard's eyes flash, he is sickened and sad. He holds no love for Jamie Fraser, but knows this vigilante justice is deserved. Unlike his impulsive brother, Richard considers his words carefully.

RICHARD BROWN

I thank you for that. Lionel
reaped what he sowed. And you did
what you must. So will I... when
the time comes.

The two men look at each other -- hard. We know this isn't over.

EXT. NORTH CAROLINA WOODS - DAY (D12)

Jamie rides back from Brownsville without the body.

SERIES OF SHOTS - TIME PASSAGE

Life goes on at the Ridge.

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - BEDCHAMBER - NIGHT (N13)

TWO WEEKS LATER. The house is quiet, except for the soft plunk of rain. Claire lies awake staring at the ceiling. There is a SMALL LEAK there. Jamie is asleep.

Jamie stirs and opens his eyes. He sees Claire awake beside him, still staring at the ceiling. The rain drums on the roof overhead, like the beat of a heart.

Concerned about her, he reaches to comfort her -- then pulls away, not wanting to encroach on her this soon after the attack. She sees his hesitation, and refusing to be robbed of intimacy with her husband, she reaches out and takes his hand now...

Claire puts his hand on her chest where the first cut happened. He leaves it lightly lying there for a beat.

JAMIE

Christ, ye are a brave wee thing.

CLAIRE

(closing her eyes)

Am I?

He bends toward her and kisses the spot, brushing his lips upon it as soft as a feather.

She closes her eyes, feeling some lifting of pain. She pulls her shift back, revealing more of the ugly purple bruises.

He kisses them all, one by one, moving up and down her body, as if drawing out the pain from each site of violence with his lips. The beginning of healing.

Claire's body relaxes with every kiss. Just as his scars never mattered to her, her bruises don't make her any less beautiful and the warmth of his kisses show he'll let nothing come between them.

She turns slowly until she's facing him and he lies next to her, facing her, enveloping her until nothing does come between them, intertwining until the two are literally one.

JAMIE

How do you feel?

CLAIRE

Safe.

Claire closes her eyes, takes a deep breath. Her body relaxes and she vanishes into the depths of sleep.

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - DAY (1772) (D14)

FEW WEEKS LATER. An ordinary day at the Ridge. Settlers at work. Children playing -- and others helping their parents with chores.

Roger and Brianna walk and talk, as they approach the house from the main driveway, having been for a stroll --

ROGER

There was a time -- not so long ago
-- that I wasn't sure we'd ever be
walking up to this house again...

(then)

But here we are, always seem to be
on the road less travelled.
Nothing's ever easy --

BRIANNA

(quoting the poem)

"I shall be telling this with a
sigh, somewhere ages and ages
hence: two roads diverged in a
wood, and I - I took the one less
traveled by, and that has made all

(MORE)

BRIANNA (CONT'D)
the difference."

They share a knowing look. Roger teases --

ROGER
Show off.

Brianna shrugs and smiles --

BRIANNA
We've definitely tried to take a
few different roads...
(after a beat)
Are you disappointed?

ROGER
No.
(then)
We wanted the stones to take us
home... and they did.

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - BACK PORCH - DAY (1772)
(D14)

Meanwhile, Claire and Jamie sit together on the steps of the home they have created, built from nothing. They look out at the scene before them --

Still an ordinary day, settlers going about their business -- gardening etc. Lizzie getting fresh air -- playing with Jemmy; Marsali, Fergus and their little ones... Soon Brianna and Roger join in the fun --

Claire sighs and gestures towards a wonky fence post serving as part of the border of the garden --

CLAIRE
That post over there is crooked.

JAMIE
(relieved)
Is that all?

Jamie kisses his wife's forehead.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
I'll mend it now.

Claire smiles once more, touched by her husband's desire to do anything in his power to please her --

CLAIRE
No -- don't. Not right now. We'll
(MORE)

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
do it tomorrow... It will be
another wonderfully ordinary day, a
day at home, won't it?

Jamie smiles in return at the hopefulness in Claire's
voice --

JAMIE
I should hope so.
(then)
Each day has enough trouble of its
own -- we'll worry about tomorrow
when the time comes...

CLAIRE
You're right... but I can't help
thinking about war and the
Revolution... about Brianna and
Roger -- we all know what's coming.

Jamie quotes something from the pages of his memory.

JAMIE
"The bravest are surely those who
have the clearest vision of what is
before them, glory and danger
alike, and yet notwithstanding go
out to meet it."
(then, wry, off her look)
Was Thucydides who said that, not me.

CLAIRE
Well, you'd know about that --

JAMIE
It's only brave if there's a choice
ye must make.

CLAIRE
You don't think we have a choice?

JAMIE
Not this time.

CLAIRE
I suppose not. What is coming,
shall come. And we'll meet it as
best we can.
(then)
What about the other choices? All
the ones we made that brought us
here? Those were real -- and bloody
well brave, if you ask me.

JAMIE
 Ye'd know about that, now, wouldn't
 ye, Sassenach?

A long, quiet beat -- gazing out at their family.

CLAIRE
 I love you.

Jamie takes her hand. They sit side by side, watching the clouds rolling over the river, like a threat of distant war.

JAMIE
 When the day shall come, that we do
 part... if my last words are not 'I
 love you' -- ye ken it was because
 I didna have time.

Claire gazes back at him, puts her hand over his. Then they look out -- watching the gathering storm clouds, looming ominously on the horizon.

A war is coming... one they cannot escape. But they will fight it together.

FADE OUT.

END OF SEASON

APPENDIX

Scene 23 -- POLICE OFFICER/LIONEL

POLICE OFFICER/LIONEL
 I'm sorry to have to tell you this
 at Thanksgiving. But there's been
 an accident...

CLAIRE
 No...

POLICE OFFICER/LIONEL
 There was a snowstorm, the
 conditions on the highway were
 extremely treacherous -- a truck
 lost its brakes and there was a
 collision involving Mr. MacKenzie's
 vehicle... Paramedics arrived and
 worked to save him and his
 family... but unfortunately, their
 injuries were fatal...