

OUTLANDER

EPISODE 601
Echoes

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BASED ON THE NOVEL BY
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FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT
14th June 2021

OUTLANDER
EPISODE 601 "Echoes"

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EPISODE 601 "Echoes"

CAST LIST – FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT – 14th June 2021

CLAIRE FRASER
JAMIE FRASER
BRIANNA RANDALL FRASER
ROGER WAKEFIELD MACKENZIE

AIDAN MCCALLUM
ALASTAIR MCLEOD
ALLAN CHRISTIE
AMY MCCALLUM
CAPTAIN THORNTON
DONALD MACDONALD
FERGUS FRASER
GEORDIE CHISHOLM
HARRY QUARRY
HAYES
HIRAM CROMBIE
JAMES MCCREADY
JOSIAH BEARDSLEY
KENNY LINDSAY
LESLEY
LIZZIE WEMYSS
MALVA CHRISTIE
MARSALI FRASER
MRS. BUG
OLD CHARLIE
PRIVATE HUGHES
PRIVATE LAMBIE
RICHARD BROWN
RONNIE SINCLAIR
TOM CHRISTIE
YOUNG IAN

EPISODE 601 "Echoes"

SET LIST - FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT - 14th June 2021

INTERIORS

Ardsmuir Prison
Governor's Quarters
Large Cell
Fraser's Ridge
Big House
Bedchamber
Kitchen
Surgery
Parlour
Dining Room
Fergus & Marsali's Cabin

EXTERIORS

Ardsmuir Prison
Moor
Fraser's Ridge
Big House
Front Porch
Back Porch
River
Corncrib
Stables
Fisherfolk Camp
Woodland

FADE IN:

OMITTED (MOVED TO A10)

OMITTED

EXT. SCOTLAND - MOOR - DAY - FLASHBACK (1753)

The ancient landscape of Scotland -- not quite changeless through the ages, but certainly timeless -- is as majestic as ever, rugged and weather-beaten. Craggy moorland against a backdrop of iron-blue sea.

Some DEAD RABBITS, tied together by the feet, having been gathered up from various snares, are in the hands of a REDCOAT PRISON GUARD, PRIVATE HUGHES (20s). He passes a couple to the MAN walking beside him, TOM CHRISTIE (30s) -- a solemn, moralistic, Protestant Lowlander with an emboldened sense of self-righteousness.

TOM CHRISTIE

(smug)

You wouldn't frown upon a bit of charity, Private Hughes?

PRIVATE HUGHES

If you think they're worth it...

We PULL BACK to REVEAL JAMIE FRASER, watching as Tom somewhat carelessly and mockingly flings a single rabbit at the line of men HAULING ROCKS next to him: all PRISONERS incarcerated at ARDSMUIR.

TOM CHRISTIE

We're all God's creatures, even if those are heathens...

A backhanded utterance if ever there was one. Tom -- who is evidently the de facto leader of the prisoners around here -- looks on, amused, as some of the Catholic men lunge forward to grab the meager morsel... and end up tearing the rabbit to worthless shreds.

-- and we realize now that there is a SECOND LINE OF MEN, more PRISONERS.

They are also laboring at the same task but seem slightly more at ease than the men working next to Jamie...

TOM CHRISTIE (CONT'D)

(to Private Hughes,
re:the rest of the
rabbits)

... But a few more for us of the
true faith, I hope?

...There is clearly division here: Protestants versus
Catholics.

Jamie watches again as Tom -- still accompanied by Private
Hughes -- approaches ANOTHER GUARD, CAPTAIN THORNTON (30s)
and performs a distinct MASONIC GESTURE with him. A squeeze
of the hands and a tap on the knuckle.

CAPTAIN THORNTON

Go on. Take them. Don't say we
don't treat you and yours well,
Christie.

With that, the guards leave the men to it. Knowing that it's
not worth the prisoners' while to try to escape in this
remote wilderness, there's not much for them to do.

Pleased, Tom announces to the second line of men --

TOM CHRISTIE

Here we are, my Protestant friends
-- we shall feast and be merry
tonight. If the Lord provides for
the lowliest sparrow, what will he
not do for us?

Some of the ardently Catholic men laboring next to Jamie are
riled up on hearing this --

Some recognizable faces: LESLEY and HAYES, RONNIE SINCLAIR,
KENNY LINDSAY, and GEORDIE CHISHOLM, outraged, look to
Jamie.

LESLEY

See? I warned ye about that
sermonizin' bastard.

HAYES

(to Jamie)

Aye. Now that ye're here wi' us,
perhaps ye can reason wi' 'im?

Having spent seven years in a cave without Claire, Jamie's
spirit is broken. He just wants to serve his time in peace.

JAMIE

Why would he listen to me?

HAYES

Well... 'cause ye're Mac Dubh. If anyone can put 'im in his place, it's you...

But Jamie only puts his head down to continue working.

JAMIE

Carry on.

RONNIE SINCLAIR

But --

Another man, however, known as OLD CHARLIE (60s) -- driven to mental illness by the horrors of war and confinement in prison -- pipes up now. He believes that he is, in fact, the Bonnie Prince himself.

OLD CHARLIE

(re: the rabbits)

My faithful subjects, how can we bear this injustice? We must have provisions if we are to march onwards to Culloden to face the British Army -- got to keep our strength up!

JAMES MCCREADY (18), a sallow, emaciated young man, who is slowly going blind from lack of nutrition in the jail, steps up. He feels sorry for the delusional old man --

JAMES MCCREADY

Dinna fear, your Royal Highness, I'll fetch one for ye --

OLD CHARLIE

Thank you, young James. Most gracious.

Old Charlie stands expectantly -- and James McCready quickly takes the hint... Some of the Jacobite/Catholic crowd who've been humoring Old Charlie as an act of kindness, have been bowing to him. James BOWS GRACEFULLY --

JAMES MCCREADY

Of course, Sire.

Noticing what's going on, Tom Christie is infuriated -- he shouts at James.

TOM CHRISTIE

Rise at once.

OLD CHARLIE

Why? A true and loyal soldier bows
to his future king -- his Bonnie
Prince.

TOM CHRISTIE

You old fool.

(then)

Get up, James. You're a soldier in
the army of the Lord.

But James doesn't budge. A few other Catholic men even start
to join him -- performing elaborate, over-the-top bows.

TOM CHRISTIE (CONT'D)

Enough! Accept that Scotland's
fate lies in the hands of a
Protestant king --

At this, some of the Catholic men rush forward to the
opposite line to try and take some rabbit from the
Protestants. Before the guards reach them, a nasty BRAWL is
ERUPTING. And things are getting out of hand...

CUT TO:

INT. ARDSMUIR PRISON - GOVERNOR'S QUARTERS - DAY - FLASHBACK
(FORMERLY SCENE 11. THIS SCENE WAS ALREADY SHOT.)

There is a SUPPER for two laid out on the table. Seated
there is the disappointed GOVERNOR of Ardsmuir, HARRY QUARRY
and Tom. Tom salivates over the mouth-watering meal, but
doesn't dare take a bite. Not yet invited to partake, Jamie
stands awkwardly.

HARRY QUARRY

What is keeping you from eating,
Mr. Christie? I'm certain it isn't
a lack of appetite.

Tom looks at Quarry blankly. Quarry looks over at Jamie.

HARRY QUARRY (CONT'D)

Perhaps you think it impertinent of
me not to have asked our fellow
here to dine with us?

Tom glances at Jamie sheepishly, unsure how to navigate
this.

TOM CHRISTIE

Erm... course not, Sir... He's no
different from the rest of them --

JAMIE

I have done nothin' and have no wish to be here, Sir.

HARRY QUARRY

Good. With respect, I don't want to have to see or hear of you more than is strictly necessary.

JAMIE

The feeling is mutual, Governor.

HARRY QUARRY

But when I hear reports of a "James" bowing in homage to --

Tom glances at Jamie and interrupts, assuming that Quarry is leveling an accusation at him. But Tom is priggish in such matters -- a stickler for right and wrong.

TOM CHRISTIE

Not this James, Sir, it was the young lad, James McCready --

Jamie gives Tom a look -- surprised at how quickly Tom gave up that information. Quarry looks at Jamie and smiles --

HARRY QUARRY

Ha. I shouldn't have thought the infamous "Red Jamie" would do such a thing.

Tom feels a slight sting of humiliation at the correction. But Quarry takes this as his cue, addressing Jamie now.

HARRY QUARRY (CONT'D)

But you must be wondering why I requested your presence here, Mr. Fraser? Please, sit.

A command. Jamie reluctantly takes a seat at the table, and a PRISONER (assigned to be Quarry's servant) immediately brings a third meal and places it in front of Jamie.

JAMIE

As I said, I've done nothin'.

HARRY QUARRY

I wanted to introduce myself. And remind you both of the civility I expect. That which is preventing Mr. Christie from taking the first bite: the knowledge that I am your superior.

Quarry searches Tom's face for signs he's been understood.

HARRY QUARRY (CONT'D)

I cannot have prisoners rioting.
Or bowing like "lairds." It's
flagrant disrespect for rank and
order. An insult to His Majesty's
Army, and to me.

JAMIE

If I may, Governor, Old Charlie
is... not of sound mind and --

Quarry doesn't care. He snaps, losing his temper now.

HARRY QUARRY

And I believe myself to be above
consorting with madmen and
degenerate prisoners.

Suddenly Harry motions for the Prisoner to take the
delicious food in front of both Tom and Jamie away. His own
meal remains. He takes his first bite, relishing it --

HARRY QUARRY (CONT'D)

There is nothing stopping me from
doing as I wish, not even the thin
veil of courtesy between us. You
are educated, Mr. Christie. A man
I can reason with.

(then, to Jamie)

I know the men respect you as a
soldier. We were both on Culloden
moor that day. And now we're here
making the best of things. But my
Captain tells me your arrival here
has "excited" the men. Do nothing
to further aggravate them.

Jamie nods in a stiff show of deference.

HARRY QUARRY (CONT'D)

Well then, how shall the men be
punished for their behavior?

A stoic Jamie will not be party to this. Quarry studies him
and smiles -- good. Tom clocks this.

TOM CHRISTIE

I believe they must be taught a
lesson, Governor.

HARRY QUARRY

Hard labor. Tomorrow. For all but the two of you. Consider it a welcome, Mr. Fraser... The guards will escort you back.

Jamie turns to go, but as he does so, he catches a glimpse of a MASONIC GESTURE between Tom and Quarry -- a brief squeeze of the hands and a tap on the knuckle before they part.

Escorted by guards, Jamie leaves the Governor's quarters and enters the grim, dark passageway --

INT. ARDSMUIR PRISON - LARGE CELL - NIGHT - FLASHBACK (1753)
(FORMERLY SCENE 15. THIS SCENE WAS ALREADY SHOT.)

Jamie has returned to his dark corner. Lesley and Hayes resist approaching -- it's clear he wants to be left alone.

But young James -- who's on his hands and knees, feeling his way along the floor -- bumps into Jamie, accidentally putting his hands on Jamie's leg.

JAMIE

Hey --

Jamie's hand instinctively grabs James' wrist... The boy is both embarrassed and apologetic.

JAMES MCCREADY

Sorry... I didna mean to -- slowly been losin' my sight...

The boy keeps feeling the floor, around the area where Jamie is sitting, more or less forcing Jamie to enquire --

JAMIE

What are you doin'?

James guides Jamie's hand towards the empty locket --

JAMES MCCREADY

Lookin' for a lock of hair. It fell out when the guard found this. My Rebecca gave it to me.

JAMIE

Probably long gone, lad.

JAMES MCCREADY

I'm... forgettin' her face.

This is a boy teetering on the edge of a breakdown. His question is innocent, born of a genuine desire for guidance --

JAMES MCCREADY (CONT'D)

That what you did? I heard the men say that yer wife was gone and --

(after a beat)

Mr. Christie tells me to put my mind on God instead...

(then)

D'ye think it's all been for nothin'? What we've been through?

JAMIE

If there's a chance that she's waitin' for ye, then, no. What we have known, some never will.

'Tisna just, or fair, but it's eternal -- and it's ours.

(then)

If she loves ye, as ye love her, she's always wi' ye, lad. Bring her to mind... she'll come.

Encouraged, James closes his eyes, summoning Rebecca...

EXT. ARDSMUIR - MOOR - DAY - FLASHBACK (1753)

Another day of work out on the moor. The rocks that were being hauled previously are being used to build a WALL. An utterly pointless wall, in the middle of nowhere -- this is the hard labor promised by the Governor.

The two distinct groups of prisoners labor at opposite ends. Inattentive, the GUARDS in the background barely keep watch, preferring to sit or chat among themselves.

Trying his best to keep up with his Catholic comrades -- Jamie among them -- Old Charlie is clearly confused.

OLD CHARLIE

This wall -- it'll shelter us from the traitors when we face them on the battlefield?

Hayes glances pointedly at the group of Protestant prisoners, who are better-fed -- and therefore stronger -- than many in the Catholic group... some of whom are struggling with the task in hand --

HAYES

Depends who ye think the traitors
are, Charlie --

Charlie looks over at Tom now who, per the Governor's instructions, is not working. Tom feels both men's glare burning a hole in his back and turns around.

TOM CHRISTIE

What are you looking at? Get on
with your work.

But before Hayes can reply, Tom notices Jamie now -- who's laboring alongside the Catholic group of men. He approaches.

TOM CHRISTIE (CONT'D)

What's wrong with you? Why are you
helping? You heard what the
Governor said --

Jamie shrugs. His motives are two-fold. He can't resist stepping in when others are suffering. He also doesn't want to be treated differently than anyone else -- he wants to be left alone.

JAMIE

I'm doin' what I can to get us back
inside... so I can get on wi'
servin' my time in peace.

KENNY LINDSAY

(to Tom)

And if you had a soul worth a damn
-- since you keep preachin' to us
about 'em -- you'd do the same.

GEORDIE CHISHOLM

Him? Lend a hand to help a lowly
Jacobite? He'd rather see ye fall
at his feet. And spit at you while
ye're down there.

TOM CHRISTIE

Don't tempt me --

LESLEY

Doesna matter. Ye willna break our
spirits, Christie.

LESLEY (CONT'D)

Once a Jacobite, forever a
Jacobite, eh Mac Dubh?

Lesley, begins to SING a popular Jacobite song: 'Hey Johnnie Cope' (recording the defeat of Sir John Cope and the British Army by the Scots at the Battle of Prestonpans).

LESLEY (CONT'D)

"Cope sent a challenge frae Dunbar:
"Charlie meet me an' ye daur;
An' I'll learn ye the airt o' war,
If ye'll meet me i' the mornin'."

It boasts morale -- too much in Tom's opinion. Others begin to join in the rousing CHORUS, belting out the song with gusto.

LESLEY/PRISONERS

"Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye wauking yet? Or are yer drums a-beatin' yet? If ye were wauking I wad wait, to gang the coals i' the mornin'."

RONNIE SINCLAIR

I bet ye dinna ken the words to this one, Christie --

TOM CHRISTIE

You'll all be damned.

The Catholic prisoners are now more focused on their singing than on building their section of the wall -- the Protestants stop to watch and are irritated. And the guards have noticed too.

Jamie continues working --

PRIVATE HUGHES

Get these men in line, Fraser --

-- A feeble attempt to restore some semblance of order. Hughes doesn't get paid enough to deal with nonsense like this. He wanders back towards the other guards. But the song only builds further, almost a taunt.

LESLEY/PRISONERS

"Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye wauking yet? Or are yer drums a-beatin' yet? If ye were wauking I wad wait, to gang the coals i' the mornin'."

Tom wants to take control, but has no presence of command --

TOM CHRISTIE

Silence! For the love of God.
(MORE)

TOM CHRISTIE (CONT'D)

(then quoting the Bible)

The Lord is my strength and my
song... he is become my
salvation... and I will exalt him!"

And now it's starting to turn ugly again -- as some of Tom's men confront the Catholic prisoners. Another FIGHT -- even worse than the last.

In the melee, young James McCready is SLAMMED into the wall with force by one of Tom's men --

This is too much for Jamie. He can stand by idle no longer. Time to take matters into his own hands. At the top of his voice --

JAMIE

(in Gaelic)

SGUIRIBH! ENOUGH --

To Tom's surprise, the prisoners obey, and stop in their tracks. Jamie kneels down by the injured boy, but there's nothing that can be done. Unable to bear the gruesome sight, Tom vomits.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

He's dead.

Old Charlie removes a handkerchief-sized SQUARE OF TARTAN from his pocket.

OLD CHARLIE

A wee bit o' tartan for your
journey onwards, my dear boy.

Private Hughes makes his way over -- followed by Captain Thornton and some of the other guards. He blanches at the sight of James --

PRIVATE HUGHES

What's all this?

A furious Captain Thornton leans down and takes the tartan that Charlie left beside James. The final straw --

CAPTAIN THORNTON

And where did this come from, you
riotous scum? Was it the boy's?

A beat of silence. Thornton glances down at James, seething.

CAPTAIN THORNTON (CONT'D)

I can't punish him, can I? He's
already dead.

(MORE)

CAPTAIN THORNTON (CONT'D)

(then)

One of you had better speak up or
I'll flog the lot of you myself.

Tom looks at Old Charlie, who's almost trembling with fear. Tom raises his hand -- to finger Old Charlie, but Jamie beats him to it.

JAMIE

It's mine. It's my tartan.

OFF a stoic Jamie -- ready to accept the punishment he will now inevitably face.

INT. ARDSMUIR PRISON - LARGE CELL - NIGHT - FLASHBACK
(FORMERLY THE END OF SCENE 17. THIS SCENE WAS ALREADY SHOT.)

SHORT WHILE LATER --

The men stand in stony silence as Jamie is about to be FLOGGED by Captain Thornton. Tom looks on, aghast, and notices the shocking scars on Jamie's back when Jamie removes his shirt... The rest of the men watch, both awestruck and humbled by Jamie's heroic actions. Tom shakes his head in disapproval. Looks at Jamie. It isn't right.

Jamie takes his punishment in silence, just as he did so many years ago at the hands of Black Jack Randall. But there is one difference. When he opens his eyes, he sees --

A VISION OF CLAIRE, standing a short distance away, dressed in white. She watches the flogging, her expression radiating a mixture of empathy and love.

When it's done, Jamie is led away, passing Tom.

TOM CHRISTIE

That wasn't justice.

Jamie gives Tom a pitying look -- which infuriates him.

JAMIE

Was it not?

INT. ARDSMUIR PRISON - LARGE CELL - DAY - FLASHBACK
(FORMERLY SCENE 24. THIS SCENE WAS ALREADY SHOT.)

MORNING. Private Hughes is rousing the prisoners. He rattles the bars of the cell and unlocks the door --

PRIVATE HUGHES

Get up. Time to go --

Tom stands up to comply. But no one else moves. Having been busy washing James McCready's blood from his shirt, Jamie stands up now -- wincing with the effort, thanks to his fresh wounds -- to face Private Hughes.

JAMIE

James McCready has died. No one will be workin' today.

Hughes looks at Jamie and the prisoners -- surely he can't have heard correctly? He meets a sea of stony stares.

INT. ARDSMUIR PRISON - GOVERNOR'S QUARTERS - DAY - FLASHBACK (FORMERLY SCENE 30. THIS SCENE WAS ALREADY SHOT.)

Jamie has been hauled before a furious Quarry for refusing to work and encouraging the other prisoners to resist as well.

HARRY QUARRY

Christie said you'd be a troublemaker. And here we are.

JAMIE

I have no quarrel wi' him. Though he appears to have one wi' me.

HARRY QUARRY

Naturally. You being a Jacobite and him being a more decent sort.

JAMIE

All I want is to be left alone. To serve my time.

HARRY QUARRY

Then why do you defy my orders?

JAMIE

A life was lost. The men here are divided. The whole of Scotland has been torn apart by this rebellion. Some here follow Christie because he's told them that if they change their beliefs, they willna feel afraid... But the fear is still there. They need food and medicine. But they also need some peace.

Jamie glances around at the drab room.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

I think ye want the same thing as me. To fulfill yer duty and move to greener pastures.

Quarry considers for a beat. Jamie has struck a nerve.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

I saw you and Christie, yer greetin'. Make me a Freemason --

HARRY QUARRY

Why? Have you no regard for your Pope? You'd be excommunicated...

JAMIE

The Pope isna here with me and my men. Any man can be a Mason, so long as he believes in a Supreme Being... And I do.

HARRY QUARRY

But why do you want this?

JAMIE

The men will listen to me.

OFF Quarry's surprise -- what on earth is Fraser proposing?

EXT. ARDSMUIR PRISON - MOOR - DAY - FLASHBACK (1753)

DUSK. The prisoners watch as Jamie places a SPRIG OF HEATHER in young James' locket, and places it in a hole in the wall they've all been building. Next, Jamie covers the hole with a STONE.

Some other men step forward, and gently touch the wall in remembrance of the young lad. To Tom's astonishment, Jamie addresses the prisoners.

JAMIE

We'll have no more o' this senseless fightin' -- Catholics versus Protestants.

Jamie motions towards the wall --

JAMIE (CONT'D)

We may not be stone masons but we are, all of us, Scots.

(then)

From now on, this prison is a lodge.

(MORE)

JAMIE (CONT'D)

We will be Freemasons...
united by our belief in the Great
Architect of the Universe... But
any talk of politics or religion is
forbidden.

(a beat)

Who will join me?

Hayes steps forward eagerly. Jamie performs the masonic handshake with him. A few others step forward, eager to side with Jamie, and do the same thing.

Private Hughes approaches, completely bypassing Tom --

PRIVATE HUGHES

Fraser -- the Governor will see you
for luncheon, now.

For a split second, Jamie hesitates. Tom clocks the men looking at Jamie with admiration. Hayes looks at Tom and then back at Jamie.

HAYES

Go, Mac Dubh. Mebbe we'll have
things a bit better...

OFF TOM, watching, crestfallen, as Jamie goes to dine with the Governor, knowing he's been usurped.

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - DAY (D1) (FORMERLY SCENE 7. THIS SCENE WAS ALREADY SHOT.)

On foot, a MAN advances over a slight crest towards the Big House: Tom Christie. He stops for a beat, almost incredulous -- taking in the grandeur of the view, the outbuildings, the property. He takes a deep breath as if bracing himself, swallowing his pride, suppressing a wave of envy, and readying himself to approach the house --

FADE OUT.

MAIN TITLES.

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - SURGERY - DAY (1774) (D1)

JAMIE (O.C.)

Claire, Claire --

REVEAL CLAIRE, lying on one of the surgery beds in a deep sleep. Jamie bends over her, worried.

JAMIE
 Claire... wake up...

Her eyes open slowly as she wakes. Then --

CLAIRE
 Jesus H. Roosevelt Christ. You
 scared me, Jamie.

JAMIE
 I find ye here, barely breathin',
 thinkin' ye've gone to meet Christ
 Himself and I'm the one scarin' ye?

Jamie notes the glimmer of excitement that's now in Claire's eyes. He can tell she's been up to something.

CLAIRE
 I'm all right. Better than all
 right, actually. It worked!

Claire checks the HOURGLASS sitting on a small table next to the bed, which is next to a homemade FERGUSON MASK. She writes in her journal -- a log of quantities and timings.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
 I was only out for three or four
 minutes.

She's delighted with what is obviously some experiment she's conducting. Jamie sees her mind racing.

JAMIE
 What in the devil are ye talkin'
 about?

Claire goes over to the counter where there's a bottle labelled "ETHANOL" and a distilling apparatus -- complete with a GLASS, BUBBLE-SHAPED BEAKER.

CLAIRE
 I won't have to rely on the
 laudanum and the whisky anymore --

JAMIE
 (droll)
 Somethin' to confess, Sassenach?

CLAIRE
 Yes. I've just reinvented
 anesthetic. Well, sort of. It's
 called "ether."

JAMIE
And it sent ye to sleep?

CLAIRE
Something deeper than sleep --

JAMIE
What does that feel like?

CLAIRE
That's the beauty of it -- you
don't feel *anything*.

JAMIE
Is it... safe?

CLAIRE
Safer than dying in agony of, say,
a ruptured appendix -- when I could
operate and the patient wouldn't
feel a thing... Well, until...

JAMIE
Until they wake up? That doesna
sound verra good to me, Sassenach --

CLAIRE
No, it's not -- it's bloody
marvelous...

Now there is a glint in Jamie's eye as he inches closer to
her -- he moves in, as if for a kiss, tempting her.

JAMIE
Be a shame not to feel *anythin'*...

She accepts his advances.

CLAIRE
(re: their kiss)
This is *not* standard treatment to
all my patients...

JAMIE
I hope not...
(after a beat)
Shame ye canna put *everyone* to
sleep for a hundred years but the
two of us.

CLAIRE
And stop time. Wishful thinking --

JAMIE

Aye. Wait for this war to be over.
Forget about the Browns and their
Committee of Safety. Keep to
ourselves.

CLAIRE

Can we do that?

Jamie extracts a LETTER from his pocket -- certainly what he
came to talk to her about before getting distracted.

JAMIE

Major MacDonald has asked me to be
an Indian agent -- to act as a
representative for the Crown --
with the Cherokee hereabouts and to
"improve relations with our Indian
neighbors."

CLAIRE

They want you to persuade them to
keep on fighting for the King.

(then)

New governor, same thumb.

JAMIE

I'll tell him "no."

CLAIRE

Good.

(gathering her med kit)

I should go and look in on Marsali.

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - THE RIDGE - DAY (D1)

A FERTILE LANDSCAPE, populated with a few of the SETTLERS
we've come to know, both young and old, busy at work,
including LIZZIE WEMYSS, the BEARDSLEYS and the BUGS. YOUNG
IAN is preparing DEERSKINS. Others PLOW THE LAND with OXEN,
others MILKING COWS or GOATS, FILLING the NEW CORNCRIB;
FETCHING WATER from a small WELL (another new addition on
the Ridge), and using the recently-built STABLES...

Now FIND Jamie AND Claire riding in a WAGON together, at a
leisurely pace, enjoying the sights and sounds of home.

Claire catches Jamie stealing glances of her as they go.

CLAIRE

I am all right, you know.

JAMIE

Aye. I ken. It's... I take
pleasure in the sight of ye.

Claire knows it's true, except in this case his concern is rooted in his desire to protect her and make her feel safe after the horrific events of Episode 512. She's touched, but knows he can't stay glued to her side forever --

CLAIRE

You've been like my shadow ever
since --

-- no need to finish the sentence, they both know what she's referring to. Instead, putting on a brave face, Claire glances down at her medical kit, teasing --

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Are you going to accompany me on
every home visit from now until
kingdom come?

JAMIE

And long after that, Sassenach.

He grins. She smiles back, despite her "complaint" she's always happy to have his company. They continue on toward Marsali's...

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

BRIANNA MACKENZIE is sorting through various packages, looking for one which she's been expecting.

BRIANNA

I swear Mrs. Bug has a knack for
hiding parcels --

Meanwhile, in a philosophical mood, ROGER MACKENZIE is rooting about for ingredients, making a hot drink for them.

ROGER

Right then, tea or coffee?

BRIANNA

Whatever you can find, I guess --

ROGER

Imagine how many good cuppas went
to waste in that harbor...

BRIANNA

(teasing)

Hey -- whose side are you on?

ROGER

Don't forget that your mother and I were on the losing side...

BRIANNA

But now that you're here... you're obviously a patriot?

ROGER

Of course... if America doesn't become America, then they don't fight alongside the British in World War One and Two... who knows what the world would look like if that didn't happen.

(then)

It's really starting to hit me. The clock is ticking.

BRIANNA

I know. But what can we do?

OFF Brianna as the weight of that lands. The American Revolution is inching closer...

OMITTED

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - FERGUS & MARSALI'S CABIN - DAY (D1)

Claire has come to check in on a heavily-pregnant MARSALI FRASER. Marsali is due to give birth to her fourth child any day, and she's feeling agitated -- a lot on her mind.

CLAIRE

Fergus away at the still?

MARSALI

Aye. Canna seem to keep him away. He wants to have it back as it was...

(after a beat)

To have everything as it was before...

CLAIRE

That will take time. As with all things, good whisky needs time...

Not wanting to dwell, Claire gets to the matter at hand.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Has the baby moved very much, these
past few days?

MARSALI
Not so much as he was... But...

Marsali instinctively touches her stomach --

MARSALI (CONT'D)
But they don't, do they, when
they're nearly ready? Joanie lay
like the dea-- like a millstone, I
mean, the night before the waters
broke.

CLAIRE
Often they do that. Resting up for
their grand entrance, I suppose...

Claire notices a small bruise on Marsali's arm. Marsali
clocks this, and explains --

MARSALI
I've been clumsy of late... Wee
bit tired is all...

Claire examines Marsali's belly. Using her PINARD, she
listens for the baby's heartbeat. She smiles reassuringly as
she pulls Marsali's skirts back. All seems well, just a
routine check --

CLAIRE
You have no pain in your belly?
And there's no bleeding at all?

MARSALI
No.

CLAIRE
Good. We just need to keep a close
eye on you at this late stage.
Make sure Fergus looks after you,
when he's home. You shouldn't be
running around after the little
ones and doing all the housework as
well.

Marsali teases Claire, trying to make light of her obvious
concern --

MARSALI

Ye'll have me back up at the Big House soon, no doubt -- I only wish it wasna as a patient.

CLAIRE

You, a patient? I don't think so.

Marsali glances over at the door and smiles --

MARSALI

I wonder when Da and the wee'uns'll be back from their walk? They love him so much...

(then, serious)

Ye found a good man, Claire.

OFF Claire, feeling a certain underlying unease, hoping that all is well. Meanwhile --

OMITTED (MOVED TO SCENE J2)

INT./EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - BACK PORCH - DAY (D1)

Roger opens the door and is surprised to see a stranger standing there.

TOM CHRISTIE

Good day. And who might you be?

Roger is taken aback at the rather abrupt, entitled question. He steps out onto the porch --

ROGER

I might ask you the same thing. Since you knocked the door...

Eager to speak to Jamie, Tom is curt but polite --

TOM CHRISTIE

I was given to understand that this is Fraser's Ridge, so --

ROGER

I'm Roger MacKenzie. I'm married to Mr. Fraser's daughter --

TOM CHRISTIE

Might I speak with Mr. Fraser, then?

Roger hesitates. Tom looks at Roger expectantly --

ROGER

I'm afraid my father-in-law and his wife are out. But, please, do come in...

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

Tom takes in the magnificence of the Big House, admiring the generously-proportioned and well-appointed interior, as Roger wonders how to make small talk with this stern-looking man.

ROGER

Can I be of service to you, Mr...?

Christie frowns, reassessing Roger's potential.

TOM CHRISTIE

Thomas Christie. And, yes.
Perhaps you may, Mr. MacKenzie.
(then)

I was told that Mr. Fraser might be in a position to put something suitable my way...

Meanwhile, hearing talk in the kitchen, Brianna approaches, carrying a PARCEL. Assuming it's only a neighbor, she absent-mindedly gives an update.

BRIANNA

I found it --

Brianna stops. She too is surprised to see a stranger --

ROGER

This is my wife, Brianna MacKenzie.
Brianna, this is Mr. Christie.

BRIANNA

Nice to meet you.

TOM CHRISTIE

My son and daughter have come with me too. And a few others.
Fisherfolk from the old country...
I've left them a few miles up the river, so that I could speak with Mr. Fraser first... They had nowhere to go... but I did.

Tom produces JAMIE'S BROADSHEET to entice Ardsmuir men to settle his land (Episode 405), and hands it to Roger.

BRIANNA

You know my father from Ardsmuir?

TOM CHRISTIE

I do.

Roger smiles -- feeling sure that Jamie would want to help one of his former fellow prisoners. He's delighted to be able to act, with some authority, in Jamie's place.

ROGER

There are some faces I'm sure you'll recognize. Ronnie Sinclair, the Lindsay brothers... A while since you've seen them, I imagine.

Tom nods, his face registering the familiar names without much enthusiasm.

TOM CHRISTIE

I hope it isn't an inconvenience...

Perhaps not quite the delighted reaction Roger anticipated to news about old comrades. Still, perhaps Tom's nervous.

ROGER

Nonsense. Delighted to have you and glad to help. Any friend of Mr. Fraser's is welcome. Welcome to the Ridge.

BRIANNA

You must be hungry. We'll find you something to eat, while we wait for my parents.

TOM CHRISTIE

Thank you.

Another awkward pause. Roger smiles nervously, praying he's done the right thing.

Brianna cuts up some BREAD and CHEESE to serve to Tom, while Roger pours ALE into a pitcher -- as they wait, somewhat awkwardly, for Claire and Jamie's return.

ROGER

You were indentured, after prison, I take it?

Being a proud man, Tom is curt and to the point.

TOM CHRISTIE

As a schoolmaster. My employer died.

Roger has the sense that Tom isn't overly glad to be here, wonders if there is some underlying problem or hardship.

ROGER

I'm sorry.

TOM CHRISTIE

It's not pity I want, sir.

ROGER

'Course not... I'm something of a schoolmaster myself -- was. Once upon a time.

Tom now looks at Roger with interest -- perking up.

TOM CHRISTIE

Is there a schoolhouse on the Ridge?

ROGER

No... Not yet. But we're intending to build one. For now, I've been teaching my wee lad his letters.

TOM CHRISTIE

As long as there's a church. A man must surely build a house for God before building a home for himself.

Though intrigued by Tom's suddenly more positive attitude, Roger knows there *isn't* yet a church on the Ridge --

ROGER

We don't have a church yet either... but that sounds like something my father would have said. He was a minister. 'Course he was Presbyterian. My side of the family is Protestant.

TOM CHRISTIE

I am not Catholic. There were some of us at Ardsmuir who merely wanted Scotland's interests best served. Rather than the Pope's.

(then)

I take it your father-in-law finds no issue with your creed?

Well, this is awkward.

ROGER

Em, he, err, no, not really --

TOM CHRISTIE

Ah well, he never was one to stand on much ceremony when it came to right and wrong.

BRIANNA

What does that mean?

TOM CHRISTIE

My apologies, I only meant to imply that he is not... overly scrupulous when it comes to questions of... morality. He does what he must.

Just then, back from Marsali's, Jamie and Claire enter --

Flushed with embarrassment, Tom rises and bows. Jamie is astonished to see Tom Christie in his kitchen.

JAMIE

There's a face I never thought I'd see again. Tom Christie.

Tom is a stranger to Claire, but she reads the myriad emotions playing on Jamie's face... and an underlying unease. Tom looks equally uneasy, but smiles politely --

TOM CHRISTIE

James Fraser. I stand before you in humble gratitude --

Jamie and Claire trade surprised glances. Roger is a bit sheepish as he explains to his in-laws --

ROGER

With Mr. Christie being an *Ardsmuir* man, I assumed, err... I welcomed him right away...

A nervous Roger awaits Jamie's reaction. Jamie forces a smile and pats Roger on the back. He's not angry, but both Roger and Claire see that something is bothering him.

JAMIE

Of course. Good to see ye, Tom.

ROGER

(clarifying)
To stay... and settle here...

TOM CHRISTIE
Your daughter was kind enough to
offer me a bite to eat...

Claire and Jamie exchange another glance -- with Claire wondering what the palpable sense of underlying tension is all about...

OFF this --

OMITTED

OMITTED

OMITTED (MOVED TO SCENE C2)

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

Jamie, Roger and Tom prepare some horses and a WAGON, and begin loading it with supplies (sacks of corn etc.) to take out to meet the new settlers.

JAMIE
Some food to tide ye over, until we
can settle everyone.

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

Meanwhile, Brianna helps Claire take stock of the medicines she will need to help the new settlers, etc.

BRIANNA
Do you have enough supplies to
treat all the newcomers?

CLAIRE
I hope so.

As they're packing, Brianna clocks the apparatus for distilling ether --

BRIANNA
Opening a pub?

CLAIRE
Ha... I'm distilling ether for
anesthetic...

BRIANNA
Pretty radical...

There's a mischievous glint in Claire's eyes as she teases --

CLAIRE
I prefer the term "revolutionary."

BRIANNA
Lots of folks will be using that term soon enough. The revolution of hearts and minds.

Brianna is suddenly very serious, and candid.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)
I'm so glad you didn't lose your heart... your spirit. And I hope you're looking after yourself --

CLAIRE
I'm fine, darling.

BRIANNA
There was a time, when someone asked, I'd say "I'm fine" too.

They share a look... both knowing full well "I'm fine" is merely a cover. But Brianna doesn't press. As they gather up their supplies, Claire changes the subject --

CLAIRE
What have you been up to? Are you working on anything new?

BRIANNA
Not really... I mean, I have some more designs but...

Claire knows her daughter is still struggling to find her place and purpose in this time.

CLAIRE
But what? You have some ideas on paper... Are they going to stay that way?

Claire senses Brianna's reluctance --

BRIANNA
I mean... it's just...

CLAIRE

That something's holding you
back...

It fills Brianna with guilt to have to say it, but she knows she can be -- has to be -- honest with her mother.

BRIANNA

With what happened to you...

CLAIRE

This is your home and you can't
live life afraid of being who you
are --

BRIANNA

I know. You're right. I just hope
the folk on the Ridge won't be
afraid of my ideas...

CLAIRE

They might be. But we can't worry
about that. We're trying to make
their lives better... Using our
knowledge as a gift. Some people
will see your inventions as
beneficial, some won't...

Brianna knows her mother is right, but is still hesitant. Claire tries to offer some more upbeat reassurance --

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

If they make a fuss, we'll remind
them that the Romans had plumbing
and underfloor heating...

Brianna laughs --

BRIANNA

Underfloor heating? I'm still at
water wheel stage.

Claire smiles. They are ready to go...

CLAIRE

Let's go and see if any of these
fisherfolk need any help.

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - FISHERFOLK CAMP - DAY (D1)

In the clearing by the river, a group of THIRTY or so FISHERFOLK eagerly await news from Tom.

Among them are HIRAM CROMBIE (40s) -- a fisherman whose face tells of the harsh conditions of a life at sea -- and his wife, MRS. CROMBIE, as well as GRANNIE WILSON (Hiram's mother-in-law). Tom's children, who approach on seeing him, are also present: ALLAN CHRISTIE, 25, who is as sober and strait-laced as his father -- and MALVA CHRISTIE, 18, a beautiful, bright and guileless girl. They watch with interest as the Frasers dismount from their horses, and untie the wagon.

MALVA

We were starting to worry, father --

TOM CHRISTIE

This is my daughter, Malva. And my son, Allan.

MALVA

We need no introduction to you, Mr. Fraser, having heard so much --

ALLAN

A pleasure, sir, to meet such an old *friend* of my father's.

Jamie nods, awkwardly -- not sure how to take Allan's words.

JAMIE

Thank you. The pleasure is mine.
(then)
My wife, Claire Fraser.

CLAIRE

Delighted.

JAMIE

We've brought you some food.

TOM CHRISTIE

Perhaps you might help unload the wagon for Mr. Fraser, Allan?

ALLAN

Yes, father.

As Allan goes to carry out this task --

CLAIRE

Is there anyone who is injured or unwell, Miss Christie? I'm a healer.

Malva is surprised, but promptly obliges and introduces Claire to some of the group -- leaving Tom and Jamie alone.

TOM CHRISTIE
All this land... impressive.

JAMIE
Aye, we're very fortunate... though
we've faced our share of hardships.

TOM CHRISTIE
It's more than fortune, I think?
Seems the *Great Architect of the
Universe* has seen fit to put some
blessings your way.

The Freemason reference is not lost on Jamie. Nor is the
slightly envious undertone in Tom's voice. Jamie teases --

JAMIE
Then perhaps ye can have my share
o' the blessings, Tom... and I can
have some peace and quiet. My wife
would certainly thank ye for it.

ON JAMIE as he watches his wife from afar, working hard,
tending to the fisherfolk --

OMITTED (MOVED TO SCENE D2)

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - BEDCHAMBER - NIGHT (1774)

Jamie and Claire prepare for bed. Claire recalls Allan's
earlier words --

CLAIRE
If Tom Christie is such an "old
friend," why is it that you've
never spoken of him?

JAMIE
Well, he wasna exactly a friend,
Sassenach...

ON JAMIE as he starts to recount their complicated
history --

OMITTED (MOVED TO SCENE F2)

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - BEDCHAMBER - NIGHT (1774)
(N1)

Back with Claire and Jamie. He's filled her in on some of his relationship with Tom. After a beat --

CLAIRE

Given all that passed between the two of you, do you think the Ridge is the right place for him to settle?

JAMIE

When I put out a call to Ardsmuir men, I couldna verra well say all of them but one...

But at the pit of his stomach, Jamie is uneasy. He can't shake the feeling that Tom carries a grudge from their past. Claire tries to be practical --

CLAIRE

Well, we'll need more food to get them going, spare clothes and whatever we have, really. A lot of mend and make do... but we're good at that.

Grateful for his wife's pragmatic approach, Jamie feels an overwhelming wave of love envelop him.

JAMIE

Claire... sometimes I think ye are an angel...

(then, explaining)

I think Tom received word that his wife had died while we were at Ardsmuir... But ye were there wi' me, in the prison. I saw ye. It's what got me through. Ye were always wi' me.

Claire is touched, but is both amused and taken aback by the serious look on his face. She kisses him passionately --

CLAIRE

Would an angel do this?

JAMIE

Aye...

CLAIRE

... and this?

A mischievous hand explores the contours of his body --

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
... or *this*?

JAMIE
(wry)
Mebbe I've died and gone to Heaven.

Melting into his arms, Claire feels as if there's a white cloud around her, a sensation not unlike the ether-induced state she felt in the surgery.

And, as they make love, just as the vision of Claire gave Jamie peace when he needed it, *Jamie* gives Claire peace -- fills her mind with beautiful images:

CLAIRE alone, basking in the warmth of an unseen sun. At her feet, forget-me-nots, she bends to pick them... then a rush of memories: FRAGMENTS of her life going by at rapid fire (various previously shot footage). Then there's nothing -- the sense of peace disappears... only darkness remains...

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - BEDCHAMBER - NIGHT (N1)

Claire wakes from sleep, sitting bolt upright in bed -- unsettled from her dreams. She looks at Jamie, who is fast asleep and -- with the light of dawn seeping under the drapes -- decides to get up.

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

Claire lights the fire, and puts the kettle on to boil.

She checks the CONTAINER used to store TEA but, thanks to the boycott, and trouble with supplies, there's hardly any left.

Claire goes to the surgery to fetch some dried peppermint to use instead, when she hears LIGHT FOOTFALLS coming into the kitchen. She's expecting Brianna. She doesn't turn to greet her daughter, but continues gathering ingredients --

CLAIRE
Morning, darling. How did you get on with that phosphorus Lord John sent you? I might steal some --

But it's Malva Christie. She clears her throat --

MALVA
Mistress Fraser?

Malva enters the kitchen and walks towards the surgery, taking in the fairly unorthodox -- medical -- surroundings.

CLAIRE

Oh -- good morning, Malva. I was expecting Brianna.

MALVA

Lucifer.

(off Claire's look)

Phos-phorus. Greek for "light-bringer" -- or "lucifer " -- in Latin. Da taught me what he knows. Knows a lot about the devil, too.

Claire tries to move away from this subject. The last thing she needs is any more people suspecting her of witchcraft.

CLAIRE

We're lucky to have such educated people joining us. Mr. Fraser knows Greek and Latin, as well.

MALVA

But what did you mean by it? What is it for?

Claire studies Malva's face. Malva is innocent-looking, genuinely intrigued. Claire tries to be nonchalant --

CLAIRE

It's a sort of ingredient... I know your father was a schoolmaster... has he taught you any science?

Malva shakes her head. She looks around -- amazed by all the tools and medical apparatus. Claire is pleased to have such an inquisitive mind in the surgery, but is wary.

MALVA

He prefers theology, history, some natural history... grammar...

(then, tentative)

The name "Lucifer" brings to mind the burning fires of hell... Are you going to use the phosphorus to light a fire?

Claire sees that Malva is a sharp young lady.

CLAIRE

We'll see. But I shouldn't keep you... Did you need something?

Malva is embarrassed by the realization that she has not yet explained why she's come in the first place.

MALVA

Oh, yes. Do you have a loaf of bread? My father wants it... for the congregation.

Claire fetches some bread; Malva smiles in thanks. Mrs. Bug pops her head in --

MRS. BUG

Oh, good day, Miss Christie. Some bread ye're after, is it?

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

Jamie strides out on the front porch, looks down the road to where MAJOR DONALD MACDONALD, 40s, of the British Army -- and his squad of redcoats are arriving. An optimistic and polite Scottish gentleman, MacDonald has only recently come to America. He's determined to impress the Governor.

Jamie heads out to greet him --

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

Jamie and MacDonald walk and talk. In the background, the soldiers water their horses. Jamie's just informed the Major of his decision to decline the offer to be Indian agent.

JAMIE

You have my answer, Major MacDonald.

MAJOR MACDONALD

And you're certain it's the one I should convey to Governor Martin?

(then, mockingly)

"I regret to inform your Excellency, that Colonel Fraser of Rowan County has refused to -- "

JAMIE

Has respectfully declined. And I'm no longer Colonel --

MAJOR MACDONALD

(undeterred)

"Has refused to accept a position as Indian agent in the service of the Crown... and therefore to maintain peace and prosperity in the Province by entering into talks and trading with the Indians."

JAMIE

And as for peace, it's the *only* thing I want.

MAJOR MACDONALD

Then I hope that you will change your mind -- for the sake of *peace*.

JAMIE

My mind is made up, Major --

MAJOR MACDONALD

War is an expensive business. Governor Tryon said he'd defer payment of the tax on your land. Governor Martin owes you no such courtesy.

Jamie takes the threat in stride. He knew his tax waiver from Governor Tryon wouldn't last forever and he's prepared.

JAMIE

If the Governor requires taxes, we will pay our fair share. Our settlers have worked hard... and I've new settlers, arrived this week. Today we're to begin buildin' their cabins...

(then)

But ye're welcome to stay the night in our guest chamber. Your men may quarter in the stables...

MAJOR MACDONALD

That's kind, but I must take my leave of you. I've business in Brownsville.

(then, teasing)

Don't look too relieved. I'll stop by again on my way back -- in case you have a change of heart.

Jamie smiles and nods, assured that he won't. MacDonald turns to go, not pleased with Jamie's decision.

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - FISHERFOLK CAMP - DAY (D2)

SHORT WHILE LATER. The group of new settlers are gathered in the form of a "congregation" around Tom. Malva stands next to her father, who now has a LOAF OF BREAD. Allan is not present. Tom holds the loaf up for all to see, breaks it in half symbolically.

TOM CHRISTIE

Let us pray --

The *settlers bow their heads*. Jamie arrives along with Brianna, Roger and a few of the original settlers (such as the Lindsays). They are surprised to see the new settlers praying in silence, eyes closed.

TOM CHRISTIE (CONT'D)

Jesus fed the five thousand with fishes and loaves. But our own miracle is in coming here. Finding a home. Doing what we can to help in return. We will build them a school. Build them a church -- show them what pious men and women of faith can do...

Jamie and the MacKenzies approach, not quite sure how to feel about this...

ROGER

Sorry we missed your... sermon.

TOM CHRISTIE

I was only giving a word of thanks before we begin our day. It's what we do --

BRIANNA

We hope you'll make yourselves at home.

Though meant sincerely, the ironic undertone of Brianna's wish is not lost on Jamie --

JAMIE

There is much to be done. Has anyone here built a cabin before?

Jamie scans the nervous expressions of the settlers before him -- not their area of expertise to say the least.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

(undaunted)

Well then, Mr. Christie, mebbe I
should explain how we do things
here --

OMITTED (MOVED TO SCENE G2)

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - FISHERFOLK CAMP - LATER - DAY (D2)

SHORT WHILE LATER. Led by Jamie, Roger and Tom, the group finish examining boundary lines on maps and begin distributing tools. As they set off to the woods etc. --

Meanwhile, Brianna talks with Marsali, who has just arrived, as a young, widowed mother, AMY MCCALLUM (20s), her BABY, ORRIE (6 months) and SON, AIDAN (8), linger nearby.

BRIANNA

Shouldn't you be at home, resting?
(glancing around)
Where are the little ones?

MARSALI

Lizzie took them for a walk to tire
them out and I didna want to be by
myself.

Before Brianna can ask where Fergus is, an eager Amy McCallum -- keen to make friends -- can't help wonder if Marsali is in a similar circumstance.

AMY MCCALLUM

Are ye a widow as well?

Marsali realizes how miserable she must have sounded.

MARSALI

No. My husband is... He looks
after the whisky still. It burnt
down, but... we rebuilt it and he's
been tryin' to, erm --

Brianna clocks Marsali's vamping about Fergus, but doesn't know what to make of it.

AMY MCCALLUM

Forgive me. It's been so hard wi'
the bairns and when I heard you say
ye were alone --

MARSALI

I'm sorry for your loss...

As Marsali and Amy bond, Brianna deftly extracts herself from the conversation and goes to Roger.

ROGER

Bloody awful about that one. Her husband died a month ago on the ship over. Left with two young bairns. Keep thinking of you in her place.

BRIANNA

I wish there was something we could do. I could see if any of Jem's old clothes might fit the kids? Not much, but it's a start.

ROGER

That's a good idea. Let's have a think, there may be something more we can do as well.

Brianna nods, eagerly, wanting to do more. As Roger goes to join the other men --

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

In the woods near the Fisherfolk Camp (what will later be known as "Christie-ville") Jamie, Tom, Roger and some of the other men, including Kenny and Evan Lindsay, Ronnie Sinclair and newcomer Hiram Crombie are busy clearing land and hewing wood, turning logs to beams.

ROGER

What about Mistress McCallum?

HIRAM CROMBIE

She'll have to make do sharin' wi' another family.

To Jamie's surprise, Tom seems to have taken a shine to Roger.

TOM CHRISTIE

It would be well for her to settle in a cabin near you, Mr. MacKenzie. Have young, god-fearing neighbors close by.

(then, sermonizing)
-- "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers.

(MORE)

TOM CHRISTIE (CONT'D)

*For what fellowship hath
righteousness with
unrighteousness?"*

Ronnie and Kenny trade looks -- same old Tom. Roger brightens, agreeing -- he has an idea.

Jamie clocks Roger's expression, but before he can say anything --

FERGUS FRASER has come to help with the tasks. But he seems just a bit tipsy. Jamie takes him aside.

JAMIE

You seem very cheerful. Tryin' out the new whisky?

FERGUS

Working -- at the still.

JAMIE

Well, try not to work too hard and mebbe spend a wee bit more time at home, eh, lad?

The rest of the group are staring at them expectantly. There's nothing for it but to make the introductions. Jamie guides Fergus over to the other men.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

This is my son, Fergus Fraser.

Although he doesn't say anything, Jamie can't help but notice Tom's brow rising in judgement. Meanwhile --

EXT. WOODLAND - DAY (D2)

In another part of the woods, just outside Fraser's Ridge, Tom's own son, Allan, is out hunting with YOUNG IAN. Young Ian aims with his BOW AND ARROW and SHOOTs. He goes to pick up the resultant dead RACCOON. Allan is impressed.

ALLAN

You're a good shot with that thing, but I'd prefer to stick with my trusty rifle.

Allan nevertheless takes the bow from Ian and admires it.

ALLAN (CONT'D)

The Mohawk taught you?

YOUNG IAN

Aye. Dinna have to worry about
runnin' out o' gunpowder.

Allan shows Ian an EXPENSIVE-LOOKING POWDER HORN.

ALLAN

I don't have to worry too much
about that -- I have this.

Ian examines the carved horn, clearly impressed by the
engravings --

YOUNG IAN

The carvings... Where did ye get
it?

Allan takes a beat, then brags...

ALLAN

I... made it myself.

YOUNG IAN

Did yer Da teach ye to shoot?

Allan almost laughs.

ALLAN

No.

He does an impression of his father giving a dour speech --

ALLAN (CONT'D)

He'd say, son, "Lay down thy
weapons and take up the shield of
faith, wherewith ye shall be able
to quench all the fiery darts of
the wicked."

Young Ian takes an arrow from his quiver.

YOUNG IAN

Is this one o' the fiery darts? I
imagine he wouldna approve of some
of my customs --

Suddenly, BULLETS FLY PAST -- narrowly missing them, HITTING
A NEARBY TREE instead. Ian and Allan turn to see RICHARD
BROWN and his band of Brownsville men, the so-called
COMMITTEE OF SAFETY, who are out "patrolling the area."

RICHARD BROWN

You ought to be careful, son. Almost mistook you for an Indian -- one who's huntin' on the wrong side of the treaty line.

Ian stands his ground -- not appreciating the close call.

YOUNG IAN

Ye ken well enough who I am.

Brown's smug look tells us he knows exactly who Ian is.

RICHARD BROWN

I do. Ye're kin to the Frasers. Perhaps you should take care to dress in a more civilized fashion... I've heard there's real Indians still a-roamin'. Settin' cabins on fire.

Sensing Ian's outrage, Brown struggles to hide his amusement.

YOUNG IAN

Ye have no proof Indians set any of those fires... If my uncle heard ye --

RICHARD BROWN

We're representing the law. This is my Committee of Safety... we're seekin' justice. I'm sure your uncle wouldn't disapprove.

Richard sneers at the word "uncle." He holds a grudge against Jamie for killing his men, and his brother, Lionel [Episode 512]. All the while, one of the men is staring at Allan -- his powder horn, in particular.

OMITTED

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

Malva brings Tom in to see Claire. Tom has cut himself. He's pale and sweating, with a bloodstained cloth wrapped around his left hand. Feeling uncomfortable -- and finding it hard to bear the sight of blood -- he's a bit ill-tempered and has come only grudgingly, at his daughter's behest.

CLAIRE

What happened?

TOM CHRISTIE
Hand slipped cutting rushes.

He's a little skeptical about being treated by a woman.

MALVA
See? Look at all this, Da -- I
told you she could help.

Tom smiles politely. Doesn't want his daughter to see him showing any weakness, though there're cracks in his facade.

TOM CHRISTIE
Perhaps, Malva, you could see how
Allan is faring? You'll need to
cook whatever he's shot.

MALVA
But --

One stern look from her father is enough.

MALVA (CONT'D)
Yes, Da.

Malva reluctantly exits. Claire directs a nervous Tom to a chair.

Claire puts her thumb on Tom's wrist to slow the bleeding and unwinds the cloth. He has a gash in the base of the thumb.

CLAIRE
These sorts of things always look
much worse than they are...

But Tom's eyes are already rolling back in his head. He's fainting. Not from loss of blood, but shock at blood lost. As Claire moves him to one of the surgery beds --

Jamie, who was returning from the stables, enters the room... and helps Claire to finish maneuvering Tom.

JAMIE
Is it bad?

CLAIRE
He's only fainted. He's already
coming round.
(then, to Tom)
Would you like to lie down?

TOM CHRISTIE

I only felt light-headed for a moment.

Tom is not overly delighted to see Jamie standing over him, beside Claire. As Claire tends to the wound --

JAMIE

Shall I fetch ye a dram, Tom? I ken ye dinna hold wi' strong drink, but there's a time for it, surely?

TOM CHRISTIE

I... no... 'Tis the devil's juice.

JAMIE

"Take a little wine for thy stomach's sake." 1 Timothy 5:23.
Take heart, man, I'll fetch it.
(off Tom's look)
Some of us Catholics can read -- in English too.

TOM CHRISTIE

I hope so, seeing as there aren't many priests in the Province.

Amused, Jamie goes to fetch the wine. Claire tends to Tom.

CLAIRE

Keep this hand raised for now.

She suddenly notices that the fingers on Tom's right hand are abnormally curled towards his palm.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

No wonder the knife slipped. I'm surprised you could even hold it...

Claire is sympathetic, but Tom flushes with embarrassment.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I can correct this --

Claire knows that the condition is -- or will eventually be -- known as "Dupuytren's Contracture."

TOM CHRISTIE

I... I do not want... desire...

Claire takes Tom's left hand and unwraps it once more. She places the injured hand in a bowl of warm water with a few drops of ethanol.

CLAIRE

If you don't let me help, that hand
will be useless in six months.

She gathers her kit to suture the wound on the injured hand.

TOM CHRISTIE

I'll manage.

Jamie returns with the wine. It's awkward for Tom to hold
the glass but he does *manage* -- just about.

JAMIE

Best listen to her.

Tom struggles not to squirm as Claire finishes the suturing,
his distaste evident. It's difficult to bear, especially
with Jamie watching.

CLAIRE

Right then. Keep it clean. I'll
make some fresh ointment for you;
send Malva for it. Come back in a
week and I'll take the stitches
out. I'll take care of your right
hand, then, too, shall I?

JAMIE

Go on, then, Tom. It's naught but
a wee nick. I've had worse.

Jamie's words were casual, but they might as well have been
written in flaming letters a foot high: "*I've had worse.*"

TOM CHRISTIE

At least it will be an honorable
scar, won't it, *Mac Dubh*?

As Tom exits, Claire gives Jamie a look: what was that
about?

JAMIE

By God, he's a stiff-necked
bastard.

CLAIRE

But why would he say such a thing?
They are honorable scars --

JAMIE

That flogging at Ardsmuir... he
saw my back. Must ha' thought I'd
done somethin' to deserve them.

(MORE)

JAMIE (CONT'D)

And he didna like me watchin' him sweat, I expect.

CLAIRE

Then why did you feel the need to stay?

JAMIE

Because I kent he wouldna whimper or faint again if I did. He'd let ye thrust red-hot needles through his eyeballs before he'd squeal in front of me.

Claire shakes her head in mild disapproval --

CLAIRE

It's like wild sheep, butting heads to see who's stronger.

JAMIE

Years he lived wi' men who had the Gaelic, and wouldna lower himself to let a word of such a barbarous tongue pass his lips!

Jamie sighs, wanting to give Tom the benefit of the doubt --

JAMIE (CONT'D)

But I suppose a man stubborn enough to speak English to Highland men is a man stubborn enough to fight beside me if it comes to it.

OFF Jamie as we realize his grudging respect for Tom, despite their differences.

OMITTED (MOVED TO SCENE H2)

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

DAYS LATER. MacDonald has returned and he and Jamie share a dram. They steal a quiet moment to themselves in the parlour -- before a few of the new settlers (including the Christies, the Crombies, Grannie Wilson, and the McCallums) start to arrive: Jamie and Claire are hosting a feast in their honor, to celebrate their first days at the Ridge. Against the backdrop bustle of preparation out in the breezeway, the men raise their glasses --

JAMIE/MAJOR MACDONALD

Sláinte.

JAMIE

Enjoy that -- because I haven't much left of the older stock. You must have heard about my still bein' destroyed by fire.

MAJOR MACDONALD

Richard Brown thinks it was the Indians, you know. He's brought some information to my attention about the fires. And impressed the Governor with his Committee of Safety... which is why I'm offering him the position of Indian agent.

JAMIE

It wasna the Indians. Surely ye dinna believe him? It was *them* -- the Browns. His brother --

The Major suspects there are egos at play here.

MAJOR MACDONALD

Don't do this to me. You're both respected in the Province. It's one man's word against another's.

They are interrupted by the entrance of Tom, Allan and Malva Christie.

TOM CHRISTIE

My apologies, we're a little early for the festivities...

JAMIE

May I present Major MacDonald, who will be joining us. This is Mr. Tom Christie, and his son and daughter, Allan and Malva Christie.

The Major bows in greeting --

MAJOR MACDONALD

Never too early for a celebratory drink... before we eat? So generous of Mr. and Mistress Fraser to host us...

An awkward beat.

TOM CHRISTIE

Err, no whisky, thanks. But, yes, indeed. They have been more than gracious.

(MORE)

TOM CHRISTIE (CONT'D)
 (taking in the room)
 Beautiful house, pity it can't
 accommodate *all* of us newcomers for
 such a thoughtful dinner.

Jamie lets the backhanded compliment go without a blink.

MALVA
 Will Mistress Fraser be joining us?

Her eyes fix on the doors --

MALVA (CONT'D)
 She's been so kind. I'm eager to
 thank her --

JAMIE
 Aye. I believe she's tendin' to
 some final preparations. A wee
 surprise for some of the children.

Allan looks around. He could get used to this. He's keen to
 get a better look at the house --

ALLAN
 You live like a king, Mr. Fraser.

TOM CHRISTIE
 Yes... you've certainly come a long
 way from Ardsmuir.

JAMIE
 Aye. And somehow there always
 seems to be such a long way to go,
 Mr. Christie.

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

There is excitement in the air in anticipation of the feast. Lizzie and Mrs. Bug are preparing a vast amount of food and drink, ready to lay out on the dining room table. Fergus is already drunk and loud. Marsali ushers him into the kitchen in an attempt to line his stomach, before too many more people arrive.

MARSALI
 (re: the Christies)
 Seems the first lot o' trouble have
 arrived... The others won't be too
 far behind us...

MRS. BUG
Hungry, I hope, and ready for a fine
feast...

Marsali gives the women a look -- some assistance might be
needed. They get it. Fergus does not.

FERGUS
What did you bring me in here for?

MARSALI
You've been working hard all day.
Why don't we get some food in that
stomach of yers, eh?

FERGUS
But everyone else will be eating in
the other room...

An eager JOSIAH BEARDSLEY enters and hovers near Lizzie,
wanting to help. Having already been helping carry drinks
and plates to the dining room, he's surprised to see a
number of additional plates ready to go --

JOSIAH
There's more?

LIZZIE
Aye. Where's yer brother gotten
to?

JOSIAH
(teasing)
Why? I thought ye only had eyes
for me.

LIZZIE
Two pairs of hands would be more
useful -- to carry these plates to
the dinin' table.

FERGUS
(self-pitying)
Only one Fergus Fraser with only
one hand...

Fergus gives Lizzie a knowing look --

FERGUS (CONT'D)
But two is better than one, eh,
Lizzie?

Josiah grins. Lizzie blushes, deeply embarrassed, and tries
to get back to work.

LIZZIE
I'm sure I dinna ken what ye
mean...

OMITTED

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

The buffet is set at the table. Roger, Brianna and JEMMY are ready to welcome guests. Amy McCallum, baby in her arms, is nearby, eager to have some of the delicious-looking food. But her son, Aidan, is unhappy and fussing. Allan and Malva are also present.

AIDAN
When can we go home?

AMY MCCALLUM
Home? I dinna ken where yer next
meal is comin' from sweetheart so --

AIDAN
I'm not hungry. Da would have
taken me home.

It's clear that an embarrassed Amy is struggling to manage and to keep Aidan under control.

Stepping up, Allan pops out very quickly to the Breezeway, where some of the men have deposited their weapons. He comes back holding his powder horn --

ALLAN
Aidan -- come and have a look at
this. And as soon as you're a
little bit older, I'll teach you --

But it's no good.

AIDAN
My da was a fisherman, not a
hunter. I want to go home!

Much to Amy's distress, Aidan rushes off upstairs. Amy follows after him, mortified.

Brianna and Roger share a look. They feel so sorry for Amy and want to help. Conscious they are within earshot --

BRIANNA
Did you --

ROGER

Yeah, I thought of something... Do you mind if I --

BRIANNA

Go --

Roger goes into the HALLWAY to find Amy in the STAIRWELL, who is shouting at her son, who is stubbornly refusing to move off one of the steps --

AMY MCCALLUM

Aidan McCallum, you come back down here this instant --

Amy sighs, downhearted -- it's such a struggle. Roger approaches and addresses Aidan --

ROGER

Why don't you have a bite to eat, lad? You'll need all your strength... if you want to help me build you a new home, a cabin. You're man of the house, now.

AIDAN

I can build it with you?

Amy's eyes light up with gratitude. Both Aidan and Amy beam, thrilled.

ROGER

(to Amy)

My wife and I would like to make sure that you are comfortable. I'd like to supervise work on a cabin for you. Everyone will help of course, but since I'm not building one for my own family --

There's a spark of hope in her eyes for the first time.

AMY MCCALLUM

A cabin of *my own*? I never expected... I... could never repay ye.

ROGER

You won't have to...

As Roger, Amy and Aidan start to come back downstairs, they hear some commotion, the thunder of hooves and guests heading through the hallway/foyer to the front door to see --

Richard Brown and his men approach the Big House on horseback, coming over the crest of the hill --

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - DAY

Claire approaches the house from the direction of the Corncrib, carrying a BASKET with some SIMPLE COLONIAL CORN HUSK DOLLS/ STRAW DOLLS (a typical "toy" in the period), which she has made to present to some of the children.

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

MOMENTS LATER. From Claire's POV: Jamie strides out to face Richard Brown, as Major MacDonald and others watch from the porch.

RICHARD BROWN
Mr. Fraser --

Then Brown's eyes meet Claire's -- a loaded moment.

RICHARD BROWN (CONT'D)
Mistress Fraser.

It's the first time they've seen each other since Claire's attack. Brown knows what his brother did to her and it makes Claire feel sick inside. It's unbearable. As Richard Brown dismounts, Claire leaves to go inside the house. The festivities are over before they've even properly begun.

JAMIE
I take it this isna a social call,
Mr. Brown?

RICHARD BROWN
No, it isn't. There's a dark-haired boy here, was out hunting with your Indian... Where is he?

Richard scans the faces of the settlers until he spots Allan. Allan is prevented from going back inside by the throng of people now gathered on the porch.

RICHARD BROWN (CONT'D)
There he is -- he's a thief. We've come to arrest him. Stole a powder horn... And look, the cocky bastard's still wearing it.

Some of Brown's men go to take hold of Allan and bring him to Richard. They rip the powder horn from Allan's grasp --

JAMIE

Oh, aye? And what proof d'ye have?

Richard takes the powder horn -- there are initials engraved on it: "P.B.". He shows Jamie.

RICHARD BROWN

There -- for Phineas Brown. And my man says he took it.

By now, some of the settlers, including Tom, have come to see what the fuss is about. Some of Jamie's men too.

TOM CHRISTIE

Did you do this, son?

Allan is silent. Tom goes to his son, looks him in the eyes.

TOM CHRISTIE (CONT'D)

Where did you get that powder horn?

Tom can read his son like a book -- the guilt in his eyes. He speaks to him quietly now, almost a distraught whisper --

TOM CHRISTIE (CONT'D)

Do you want to end up like your mother?

ALLAN

No...

TOM CHRISTIE

Good. Because she's burning in the fires of hell. Remember, the thief hateth his own soul.

(then, aloud)

Swear to me, before God and these men, that you did not do this.

Allan is not entirely without shame. Terrified, he stammers.

ALLAN

I can't...

Tom is furious and ashamed.

TOM CHRISTIE

Apologize to Mr. Brown at once.

(then, to Richard)

Mr. Brown, please -- this is my son -- do not take him with you... but we will punish him here and now for his sin, you have my word.

RICHARD BROWN

Ten lashes.

Tom processes how extreme a punishment this is.

TOM CHRISTIE

... Then it's settled.

But Jamie is firm and commanding. He wants to de-escalate the situation. There is no need for this.

JAMIE

You have the powder horn back... No harm has been done. I'll remind you all that this is my land. I'll see to it that the lad learns his lesson.

TOM CHRISTIE

My son will be punished, Mr. Fraser.

JAMIE

Aye. We'll see to that together, Mr. Christie.

(then, begrudgingly, to Richard)

Thank you for bringing this matter to our attention, Mr. Brown.

Jamie looks toward the road, a clear invitation to leave.

Allan breathes a huge sigh of relief. It looks as though the Browns are leaving. But Richard turns back.

RICHARD BROWN

Funny how it's gunpowder he stole though, eh, Mr. Fraser? Got me wondering... It's a commodity in these dark times... damned contentious one too.

(off Jamie's expression)

Not harborin' one of those rebels, are ye? I s'pose that's why you want to go easy on him. What d'you think, Major MacDonald?

MacDonald raises a brow, but doesn't take the bait. Hearing this, Tom is mortified by the implication. The sense of shame and humiliation is too much for him to bear.

TOM CHRISTIE

If my son had a bone of treachery in his body, I'd beat it out of him myself. We're loyal to our King.

Tom goes to get the WHIP, but Richard hands it to Jamie.

RICHARD BROWN

Mr. Fraser should carry out the punishment...

(to Jamie)

Since it is your land. We'd better set a good example for the loyal residents of Fraser's Ridge...

Jamie is between a rock and a hard place. But after a beat, he tosses the whip aside, he'll not use it on Allan's bare flesh. Instead, he removes his wide belt --

JAMIE

My land, my means.

He grudgingly metes out a terrified Allan's punishment swiftly as others look on -- trying to limit the pain.

Tom watches the violent spectacle stoically; he isn't enjoying this, but there seems to be an underlying issue at play here -- Tom has a complicated relationship with his son.

Malva wants to avert her eyes, but finds herself unable to look away.

Jamie finishes the dreadful task and turns to Richard.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Go. Take yer men off my land.

Jamie watches as Richard Brown leaves... then makes a decision. He marches over to Major MacDonald.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

I'll do it. If it's between me and him, I canna let him do it. I'll be your Indian Agent.

The Major smiles, pleased Jamie has had a change of heart.

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - STABLES - DAY

Jamie catches up to Tom Christie, who's walking toward the stables. Nearby, in the background, Malva helps Allan -- still reeling from the whipping -- into a wagon, as they wait for their father before making their way back to their camp.

JAMIE

Mr. Christie -- a word, if I may.

The two men come together --

JAMIE (CONT'D)
 What just happened with Allan and
 Richard Brown...

Jamie is, of course, referring to Allan's punishment for stealing the powder horn.

TOM CHRISTIE
 Yes... Not how I imagined the
 beginning of our time at the Ridge,
 I must confess...

It's clear that Tom has no intention of apologizing for his defiance. Feeling that tension, Jamie tries the diplomatic approach --

JAMIE
 Not how I imagined it either.

-- Tom takes that as a slight.

TOM CHRISTIE
 You invited me here... And I am
 grateful to have come --

But Tom's intractable expression belies his words, so Jamie changes tacks --

JAMIE
 I did... At Ardsmuir, we got by...
 lived under someone else's command.
 But that was then, this is now...
 And if ye are to stay... My word
 here at Fraser's Ridge is law.

Tom takes a beat to digest.

TOM CHRISTIE
 God's word is law. We put Him
 first, do we not, Mr. Fraser?
 (then, quoting the Bible))
 "Thou shalt have no other gods
 before me."

Jamie stares at him with a steely smile that says he's heard Tom but isn't going to stoop to argument, then coolly dismisses him.

JAMIE
 You should see to yer son.

OFF Jamie, watching as Tom peels away to go to his children in the wagon.

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - FERGUS & MARSALI'S CABIN - DAY (THIS SCENE WAS ALREADY SHOT.)

Fergus and Marsali have returned from the Big House and have put the children to bed. There is silence -- tension thick as fog between them.

Marsali puts a cup of HOT COFFEE down in front of Fergus, who's sitting at the table. Fergus only stares at it, tortured, agonized -- as if making a decision...

Fergus looks at Marsali. Marsali looks at Fergus, hopeful. *Please, just drink the coffee.*

But, still silent, Fergus reaches for a BOTTLE OF WHISKY and slowly uncorks it (or unscrews the lid). He pours a large slug of the amber liquid into his coffee.

As she watches, a look of disappointment washes over Marsali's face that she simply cannot disguise.

FERGUS

There it is -- that look. The same look you gave me at the gathering.

Marsali's instinct is to comfort her husband. She needs to say how she feels without escalating the situation -- but crossing a minefield would be easier.

MARSALI

Yer drunkenness embarrassed me in front of everyone.

FERGUS

A man needs a drink now and then.

MARSALI

Yer drinkin' is keepin' ye from yer family. From bein' a husband.

FERGUS

Is your husband not sitting here in front of you this very moment...

Someone is sitting there, but both of them know -- in their hearts -- it's not the same Fergus Fraser from that beach in Jamaica.

MARSALI

Is he?

Fergus gulps down his coffee then gets up, abruptly.

FERGUS
I'm sorry I'm such a
disappointment.

Sorrowful, Marsali watches him exit.

OMITTED

I/E. SOMEWHERE/EVERYWHERE IN THE OUTLANDER TIME PERIOD

FLASHES of Claire's memories, rapid-fire -- as we saw earlier. Some good, but now more bad ones leak in... A QUICK FLASH OF LIONEL BROWN from Claire's ordeal in Episode 512 -- being slapped in the face after her hood is removed.

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

Claire wakes... It's the middle of the night. She wraps a shawl around herself for warmth. Goes to the MIRROR. Lights a candle. Jamie stirs.

JAMIE
Sassenach...? What is it? Ye look
as if ye've seen a ghost.

CLAIRE
I'm fine.

JAMIE
Was it the Browns... did they...
unsettle ye?

CLAIRE
I just want a cup of tea. If I can
find any... bloody Tea Party.

She smiles, shaking it off. Jamie watches her as she exits the room with the candle, sensing something is not right, but knowing from his own experience, these things take time... As Claire goes down the stairs to the kitchen --

CLAIRE (V.O.)
*I've never been afraid of ghosts.
I live with them daily. When I
look into a mirror, my mother's
eyes look back at me; my mouth
curls with the smile that lured my
great-grandfather to the fate that
was me.*

OMITTED (MOVED TO A34)**INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT (N3)**

Claire lights a fire and puts the kettle on to boil.

As she prepares a cup and the tea leaves, she is transfixed by the fire for a moment -- she has an idea. There may be something better, more soothing, than tea. She takes the kettle off the boil...

CLAIRE (V.O.)

*Of course it isn't these homely
ghosts that trouble sleep and
curdle wakefulness. Look back,
hold a torch to light the recesses
of the dark. Listen to the
footsteps that echo behind, when
you walk alone.*

FOLLOW Claire into --

INT. BIG HOUSE - KITCHEN/SURGERY - NIGHT (N3)

Claire examines a COLLECTION OF BOTTLES on the countertop. She moves a BOTTLE OF WHISKY, kept for medical purposes, revealing another bottle: "LAUDANUM." She contemplates it. But this isn't what she wants. Buried in the back, she finds ETHANOL.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

*All the time, ghosts flit past and
through us, hiding in the future...
Each ghost comes unbidden from the
misty grounds of dream and silence.
Our rational minds say, "No, it
isn't."*

She places the ethanol in her DISTILLING APPARATUS -- the same one we saw her with earlier -- an alcohol bath bubbling away in its BUBBLE-SHAPED BEAKER. She lights a low flame under it... oil of vitriol (sulfuric acid) starts slicking down slanted glass tubing to create a liquid form of ether. Claire decants this into a BOTTLE (with a cork dropper as a lid).

CLAIRE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

*But another part, an older part,
echoes always softly in the dark,
"Yes, but it could be."*

She finds the Ferguson mask, pours some liquid onto it. She moves to one of the beds, sits down, inhales the vapors --

CLAIRE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*By blood and by choice, we make our
ghosts; we haunt ourselves.*

-- And falls into a peaceful sleep.

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE