

OUTLANDER

EPISODE 602
Allegiance

WRITTEN BY
STEVE KORNACKI
&
ALYSON EVANS

BASED ON THE NOVEL BY
DIANA GABALDON

FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT
9th June 2021

OUTLANDER
EPISODE 602 "Allegiance"

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EPISODE 602 "Allegiance"

CAST LIST – FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT – 9th June 2021

CLAIRE FRASER
JAMIE FRASER
BRIANNA RANDALL FRASER
ROGER WAKEFIELD MACKENZIE

AIDAN MCCALLUM
ALLAN CHRISTIE
ARCH BUG
CHIEF BIRD
DONALD MACDONALD
FERGUS FRASER
GERMAIN FRASER
GRANNIE WILSON
HIRAM CROMBIE
KEZIAH BEARDSLEY
LIZZIE WEMYSS
MALVA CHRISTIE
MARSALI FRASER
MRS. BUG
MRS. CROMBIE
SELU
STILL WATER
THE SIN-EATER
TOM CHRISTIE
WALELA
YOUNG IAN

EPISODE 602 "Allegiance"

SET LIST – FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT – 9th June 2021

INTERIORS

Cherokee Village
Lodge
Fraser's Ridge
Big House
Bedchamber
Dining Room
Foyer
Kitchen
Surgery
Parlour/Study
Breezeway
Stables
Church
Fergus & Marsali's Cabin
Bedroom
Roger & Brianna's Cabin
Loft
Christie-ville
Cabin
Tom Christie's Lean-To

EXTERIORS

Cherokee Village
Lodge
Fraser's Ridge
Big House
River
Stables
Back Porch
Church
Fergus & Marsali's Cabin
Christie-ville
Tom Christie's Lean-To
Blue Ridge Mountains

OVER BLACK -- we hear a WOMAN'S UNEARTHLY WAIL cut through the silence, followed by a breathy, rhythmic sobbing and a painful howl of SONG, now sung by several women...

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - CHRISTIEVILLE - CABIN - DAY (774) (D6)

COLD OPEN. In the barely-lit darkness of the small, cramped cabin, a group of WAILING WOMEN has formed a tight-knit circle around the deathbed of an OLD WOMAN.

The other-worldly song of loss and sorrow continues. This is the old tradition of "keening," the wailing women singing their lament for the deceased, passing their song -- and their grief -- from one to another...

REVEAL a few others we now recognize at the bedside... HIRAM CROMBIE and MRS. CROMBIE, along with TOM CHRISTIE, ALLAN CHRISTIE and MALVA CHRISTIE. Tom puts his hand on Hiram's shoulder, to comfort him. As the keening fades out --

MAIN TITLES.

FADE IN:

EXT. BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAINS - DAY (D4)

On horseback, JAMIE FRASER and YOUNG IAN MURRAY crest a ridge and look out. Below them is the destination they have ridden towards the last few days: the remote village of the Snowbird Cherokee. Huts, fires, a council house, Cherokee men and women moving about. They ride on.

OMITTED

EXT. CHEROKEE VILLAGE - DAY (D4)

Jamie sits across from the War Chief, TSISKWA SUNALE DIKANOGISGI (Jee-SKWAH Shoo-nah-LEY Dee-kah-NOH-GEE-skee) which means BIRD-WHO-SINGS-IN-THE-MORNING. He is known as "Bird" for short, or Tsiskwa (Zee-SKWAH) in Cherokee. Young Ian and Bird's entourage, including Bird's younger brother, STILL WATER, or Ama Tohi (AH-ma-toe-HEE), sit listening, and watching the exchange. (Jamie and Ian's horses have been left tethered nearby and they carry no weapons.) OTHER CHEROKEE INDIANS go about their daily activities.

MEN carry slain game while others prepare deerskins. WOMEN weave baskets, garden and cook.

CHIEF BIRD
We want more guns.

Jamie hesitates, then gives in to a sardonic urge --

JAMIE
Who doesna?

CHIEF BIRD
Who indeed. You're here on King
George's behalf... you tell him
this. We want more weapons:
rifles, muskets... guns.

Still Water eyes Young Ian skeptically. *Why is this white man trying to look like an Indian?*

CHIEF BIRD (CONT'D)
What have you to say on the matter,
then?

JAMIE
I say trade goods are certain.
Knives likely. But guns are a
different matter.

Bird mumbles something to Still Water in Cherokee:

CHIEF BIRD
Elihasg nigadanvdvna?

CHIEF BIRD
Is he thinking you and I are
fools?

JAMIE
You must understand, the King may
be hesitant to... arm you against
his own people.

CHIEF BIRD
(wryly)
You must understand -- we can kill
them without guns if we want to.

JAMIE
Of course ye can. But ye are wise
enough not to --

CHIEF BIRD
Not yet --
(then, smiles)
I like you, Bear-Killer. You're a
funny man.

JAMIE
I may be. Give it time.

CHIEF BIRD

Perhaps you have forgotten, the Cherokee have fought with the King before, and we may choose to fight with him again -- if the time comes.

(then)

But that is a decision for another day. Because our war is with those crossing the Treaty Line. They build houses, plant crops, take game from our hunting grounds...

STILL WATER

If the King cannot keep his people where they belong, how can he protest when we defend our land?

CHIEF BIRD

So, Bear-Killer. You will tell the King these things?

JAMIE

I will consider it, certainly.

CHIEF BIRD

Hmph. I've heard such words before...

JAMIE

It's only that... I canna promise it.

Bird stares at Jamie, then nods, satisfied.

CHIEF BIRD

Wa-do -- thank you, for your honesty, at least. I hope you'll stay the night.

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - CHRISTIEVILLE - ESTABLISHING - DAY
(D4)

HIGH AND WIDE ON THE SETTLEMENT that the new fisherfolk settlers are beginning to build: tents and lean-tos to sleep in, a few cabins started, and the skeleton of one larger building that might be a school, but will prove to be a church (no steeple has yet been built).

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - TOM CHRISTIE'S LEAN-TO - DAY (D)

A STRAND OF BLOODY CATGUT is extracted from skin. Malva Christie watches intently, grimly intrigued as CLAIRE FRASER removes stitches from Tom Christie's left hand.

MALVA

Does it hurt?

Claire glances up at Tom, who remains stoically silent.

CLAIRE

I shouldn't think so -- the wound has mostly healed.

(snips last stitch)

There. You should have the left one back to normal in a week or two. Then we can get on to mending your right hand.

But Tom gets up and announces somewhat stiffly --

TOM CHRISTIE

I've decided that I shall leave this hand as it is.

CLAIRE

Why?

TOM CHRISTIE

If this infirmity be God's will, then so be it.

Undeterred, Claire uses Tom's pious words against him.

CLAIRE

Was it the Lord's will that your nanny goat should injure her leg? Because if it was, then you ought to have left her to die, rather than allowing me to mend it.

Malva is surprised and a little impressed by Claire's retort. Cornered, Tom sets his jaw stubbornly.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Do you think the Lord regards you as less deserving than your goats? Seems unlikely to me, what with His famed regard for the tiniest sparrow...

Tom looks at Claire, surprised -- it's an argument he himself used with the men at Ardsmuir Prison [Episode 601].

Malva watches with nervous glee. It's rare for her to see someone take on her father -- especially a woman.

TOM CHRISTIE

Indeed. Then I'm sure you will be familiar with the Letter from St. Paul to Timothy, in which he says --

MALVA

"Let a woman learn in silence. I suffer not a woman to teach, nor to usurp authority over the man, but to be in silence."

Tom throws a look at his daughter, but before he can say anything, Claire gives Malva a sympathetic nod --

CLAIRE

I expect St. Paul ran into a woman who could outargue him, too. Easier to try to put a stopper on the entire sex than to win his point fairly.

Irked, Tom glances at his daughter --

TOM CHRISTIE

The devil finds work for idle hands, Malva. Be off with you.

Given Tom's vexed tone, Malva knows better than to argue. Disappointed, she exits. Claire takes advantage of their privacy, redirects the conversation.

CLAIRE

The truth of the matter is that you're afraid.

TOM CHRISTIE

Afraid?!

CLAIRE

Yes -- that I might hurt you. Or that you'll lose what use you now have of your hand. But I have a medicine called "ether." It will put you to sleep and you won't feel anything. I promise.

Claire reaches out for Tom's contracted hand. He extends it begrudgingly, flinching at her touch. Claire cups his hand in hers, then begins pressing his gnarled fingers back, rubbing her thumb gently over ropey palmar aponeurosis (contracted palm ligament).

Tom relaxes his hand for a moment as she kneads it. Then, he suddenly withdraws his hand and stands, embarrassed.

TOM CHRISTIE

Thank you, but I've much to do today.

OFF Claire, realizing she's being dismissed.

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - TOM CHRISTIE'S LEAN-TO - DAY (D4)

Claire hears a rasping whine as she rounds the side of the lean-to. She runs headlong into Allan Christie, who's busy sharpening his knife on a foot-treadled grindstone. Malva helps him. A few goats stand in the yard as well, one of them with a bandaged leg. Allan gives Claire a nod.

CLAIRE

How is your back?

ALLAN CHRISTIE

Much better, Mistress Fraser. The salve you gave me helped.

MALVA

Only yesterday we were saying how remarkable it is that you're a physician, you being a lady. Weren't we, Allan?

ALLAN CHRISTIE

Yes. We were. Particularly when others might accuse such a woman of witchcraft and the like...

Malva flushes, worried that Claire might take offense, but Claire takes it in stride and teases --

CLAIRE

Well, if I should need to sharpen my broomstick or my surgeon's knives, Mr. Christie, I'll come to you first.

In spite of himself, Allan smiles. But Malva craves Claire's attention for herself --

MALVA

He doesn't take the slightest bit of interest in the subject of healing, whereas I'm eager to learn.

CLAIRE

Would you like to accompany me in the morning? I'll be examining my daughter, Marsali, who's with child. You might find it interesting.

Malva is delighted, but --

ALLAN CHRISTIE

Malva has duties to attend to at home.

Claire glances at Malva but, embarrassed, Malva looks away.

CLAIRE

Perhaps another time, then.

OFF Malva, watching Claire walk away.

EXT. CHEROKEE VILLAGE - LODGE - NIGHT (N4)

Establishing: a thatched, wattle and daub guesthouse. Smoke wisps out of the hole in the roof and drifts into the night.

INT. CHEROKEE VILLAGE - LODGE - NIGHT (N4)

Jamie is asleep under a blanket. Young Ian is next to him, snoring. A sliver of light falls on their faces, as if the door was quietly opened, then closed. There's the hint of a GIGGLE. Underneath the blanket that covers Jamie, something begins to move toward his crotch. Suddenly, Jamie bolts up, clutching a skinny wrist --

JAMIE

Ian! Are ye there?

YOUNG IAN

What is it, Uncle?

JAMIE

There's a woman in my bed.

This gets Ian's attention. He rolls over. Sure enough, Jamie has a firm grip on the naked wrist of a young CHEROKEE WOMAN, SELU (SHAY-loo). And in the shadows, just behind, is ANOTHER CHEROKEE WOMAN called WALELA (Wah-LAY-lah).

YOUNG IAN

(amused)

There are two of them, Uncle Jamie. The other is waiting her turn.

Selu strokes Jamie's bare chest.

JAMIE

Two of them? What do they think I
am? Christ!

Jamie pushes Selu away then stands, wrapping the blanket
around his lower half and distancing himself from the women.

Young Ian notices the women admiring Jamie's physique. The
women exchange a look, smiling mischievously.

YOUNG IAN

Well, no, Uncle, they dinna think
ye're Him. They ken that ye're the
King's Agent and... I s'pose they
think that... it might be an honor
and a privilege to...

JAMIE

Madam! Cease! The two of you!
You are beautiful. But, I canna
lie with you.

Jamie doesn't need to be able to speak Cherokee to get this
particular message across. Walela is clearly taken aback --

WALELA

Tla yigoliga.

WALELA

I don't understand.

YOUNG IAN

I think she wants to know why not?

JAMIE

Tell her there is an oath upon me!
I have sworn -- sworn... my
fidelity to -- my wife.

But Young Ian can only laugh at Jamie's earnest plea. He's
getting a kick out of this -- and Walela's attentions are
getting bolder by the minute.

YOUNG IAN

They dinna seem to care so much --

JAMIE

Well, give them an excuse. And
have them put on some clothes!

YOUNG IAN

I can try but it is Mohawk I
speak... hardly any Cherokee!

JAMIE

Try. Please.

Young Ian hands the women their clothing.

YOUNG IAN

(in broken Cherokee)

**Tsemi usgitsv'i. Unehlnvhi
ulutsv nole kanohehv... Hadi
watali? Yi kalogwe Ugvwiyuhi
Tsiskwa yayohiha, kila ageya
dadvneli?**

YOUNG IAN

Creator came... in dream.
Told him: must not lie with
a woman until... guns to
Chief Bird.

The women slip their clothes on, as Young Ian explains.

YOUNG IAN (CONT'D)

I told them the Creator came to ye
in a dream and instructed ye that
you musn't go with a woman until
you have brought guns to Chief
Bird. At least I hope I did.

JAMIE

Until I *what?*!

YOUNG IAN

Well, it's the best I could think
of in a hurry, Uncle.

SELU

Uyo! Osd dikandi!

SELU

Disappointing. He has a very
nice...

Both women giggle. Walela agrees, impressed, but adds --

WALELA

**Aseno, yeligwo diniyohli
gigage ustiyekv gesesdi.**

WALELA

Though we might have had
red-haired children.

Young Ian translates --

YOUNG IAN

They say they understand. Though,
the one lass is saying it's a
disappointment to her, because you
have a verra nice... er, um...

(indicates Jamie's
privates)

The other is more philosophical.
She says she might have borne ye
children, but they might have had
red hair. I *think*.

JAMIE

What's wrong wi' red hair?

YOUNG IAN

I gather it isna somethin' ye want
yer bairn to be marked with if ye
can help it.

JAMIE

Well, no danger of it now, is there.
(forcing a smile for the
ladies)

Wa-do -- thank ye.

Selu and Walela disappear into the night. Young Ian can't stop laughing.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Ye'd be wise to stifle yer glee.

Barely containing himself, Young Ian rearranges his coverings and lies down, as Jamie pulls the blanket up to his neck and prays for fortitude.

OMITTED (MOVED TO A12)

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - FERGUS & MARSALI'S CABIN - DAY (D5)

The cabin is in slight disarray. JOAN and FÉLICITÉ shriek from underneath the kitchen table as GERMAIN, pretending to be a HIGHWAY ROBBER, holds them captive.

GERMAIN

Yer money or yer life!

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - FERGUS & MARSALI'S CABIN - BEDROOM - DAY (D5)

In the next room, MARSALI FRASER lies stretched out on her bed as Claire palpates her very pregnant belly (PRODUCTION NOTE: her belly need not be bare/exposed). Claire's medical bag sits on a table. The varied NOISES of childish play and laughter carry through --

CLAIRE

What are they up to in there?

Marsali sighs involuntarily -- her face pale, her eyes weary.

MARSALI

One day 'tis highway robbers, the
next 'tis sailors... or worse --
pirates.

There's a KNOCK at the door. The children, in the other
room, go quiet. Then --

GERMAIN (O.C.)

There's someone outside, **Maman**. It
might be an old gypsy or a witch!

Claire and Marsali exchange a look. Claire rises and looks
out into the main room -- as Malva Christie pokes her head
in the door. Claire is pleased.

MALVA

Sorry, I did knock, but --

CLAIRE

Come in. I wasn't expecting you.

MALVA

I was able to finish all my chores.

CLAIRE

You don't mind, do you, Marsali? I
invited Miss Christie to observe --

Marsali realizes with some surprise that she's a bit envious
that Malva seems to be taking on her old role as apprentice.
But she bears Malva no ill will. She smiles --

MARSALI

Well, let this be a lesson, lass.
If you have the misfortune to
marry, dinna let him touch ye -- or
ye'll end up like this.

Marsali indicates her belly, half-teasing. Malva is shocked
by the rather candid statement.

CLAIRE

Here. I'll show you how to examine
her stomach...
(demonstrates the
palpation)
With time and practice we learn how
it feels when the baby is in a
proper position... head down, into
the pelvis...

MARSALI

It seems to *me* that a "proper position" would be out of my womb.

CLAIRE

I couldn't agree more.

(smiles)

All is well -- now we'll check Marsali's pulse...

(rotating Marsali's arm)

...which we do by locating the blood vessel below the thumb...

As Claire rotates Marsali's wrist to take her pulse, she sees a series of faint BRUISES along Marsali's lower arm -- new ones, received since Claire first saw bruises [Episode 601]. Marsali doesn't notice her clocking it.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

If you put your two fingers on the underside of her wrist and press down gently, you'll feel a pulsing... we can count it...

Malva carefully mimics Claire holding her fingers to Marsali's wrist. Feeling the beat, she smiles. In the meantime, Claire fetches a SMALL HOURGLASS from her bag, and starts to count silently while checking the pulse.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

We count the heartbeat for as long as it takes our minute glass to run out. Anywhere from sixty, seventy, even up to a hundred beats per minute is quite normal.

(smiles)

In this case, it's perfect.

A SCREAM from the next room gets everyone's attention. Through the doorway, we see Germain wielding a TOASTING FORK, running toward his imprisoned sisters. He's a pirate now.

GERMAIN

Avast, you bilge rats!

MARSALI

Germain! Put that down or I'll smack your bottom so ye'll no' sit 'til the Sabbath!

Joan bursts into tears. Marsali looks like she might too.

CLAIRE

Malva, would you mind taking the children outside for a bit?

MALVA

Of course, Mistress Fraser.

Malva walks out. Marsali waits until she hears them leave.

MARSALI

I'm at my wit's end wi' them.

CLAIRE

Where's Fergus? Hasn't he been helping?

MARSALI

Oh, aye. Believe me, Fergus is their First Mate.

Claire hears the tone of reproach in Marsali's voice.

CLAIRE

Is everything all right between the two of you?

(then, re: Marsali's arm)

You've more bruises.

Marsali looks at the bruises on her arm.

MARSALI

Och, no. I fell is all. Chasin' after Germain, o' course.

This raises Claire's suspicion -- it's the second time she's seen bruises on Marsali. But Marsali seems so reluctant to talk about it, that she doesn't push.

CLAIRE

Any spotting? Bleeding, I mean?

MARSALI

No, none. But my head aches most days. And my feet are as heavy as lead...

CLAIRE

Yes, I noticed your ankles are a bit swollen...

MARSALI

(clocking Claire's worry)

What does it mean?

CLAIRE

Maybe nothing. But I think you'd better come up to the Big House and stay with us until the baby comes -- I want to be able to keep a closer eye on you.

(then)

Marsali, I have to ask... for your baby's sake... tell me about your bruises. Did Fergus... hurt you?

(gently)

It's no secret he's been drinking more than usual lately...

Marsali knows she has to tell the truth. A beat.

MARSALI

It wasna his fault. He did grab my arms, but 'twas only because... I went after him wi' a stick....

Marsali looks away, ashamed.

MARSALI (CONT'D)

I'm cursed wi' my mother's temper and it got the better of me.

CLAIRE

So he was defending himself.

MARSALI

I was so tired of him bein' gone, bein' drunk.

CLAIRE

Perhaps if we got to the bottom of what's troubling him --

MARSALI

I ken what's troubling him. He's *ashamed*, the fool. He's taken a notion that he should ha' *been* there to defend us when -- what happened wi' that wretched Lionel...

CLAIRE

(surprised)

That wasn't his fault.

MARSALI

I've told him time and time again: How can it be his fault when he wasna there?

(MORE)

MARSALI (CONT'D)

But he willna hear it. He thinks that I shouldna ha' been there. Workin'. And that there's somethin' wrong with the bairn because of the attack. Do you think...

CLAIRE

No. Put that out of your mind.

But in truth it is something that Claire is worried about.

MARSALI

(wiping away the tears)
Look at me, goin' to pieces. I'm sorry. But I've been sick wi' worry ever since that awful day. O' course, that's nothin' compared wi' what happened to you...

CLAIRE sees QUICK FLASHES in her head [Ep. 512] --

Lionel Brown's HIDEOUS GRIN; his fist SLAMMING into her jaw; the ROPE TIGHTENING around her neck; her clothes TEARING as the rapists assault her, etc...

Claire tries to mask her pain, but Marsali sees the effect the memory has on her.

MARSALI (CONT'D)

I didna mean to upset ye...

CLAIRE

No -- a bit of a headache is all.

She covers with a brave smile. OFF Claire -- shaken by the memories...

OMITTED

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - SURGERY - DUSK (N5)

Back home, Claire sets her medical bag down and starts to unpack it, putting items in cupboards -- including her Pinard horn and minute glass when -- she looks up and sees --

A FLASH of LIONEL'S FACE in the window. She winces, knows he's not really there, but it's terrifying nonetheless.

She sits, rattled, and tries to compose herself, her hand shaking.

Her eyes fall onto the DROP-NECK ETHER BOTTLE that we recognize from Episode 601. She hesitates for a moment, then grabs the bottle of ether along with a CLOTH and the FERGUSON MASK.

Sitting down on a bed, Claire quickly pours some droplets onto the cloth-covered mask. She then lies down, placing the mask over her nose and mouth. Inhaling deeply, she drifts away into perfect peace.

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - ROGER & BRIANNA'S CABIN - DAY (D6)

A FEW DAYS LATER. ROGER enters.

BRIANNA's at her work table, her drawing portfolio open in front of her, contemplating a jar made of glass, sealed with a cork, covered with a layer of red wax. An amorphous chunk of something is inside, submerged in liquid. Beside her on the table is a simple kerchief mask.

ROGER

What's that?

BRIANNA

White phosphorus. A present from Lord John.

ROGER

(worried look)

Isn't that -- explosive?

He sits and pages through some of Brianna's recent drawings: DESIGNS for a water wheel, a screw pump, a groundhog kiln and a rudimentary toilet. Off that image --

ROGER (CONT'D)

(only half-joking)

Please tell me this doesn't have anything to do with your flushable toilet idea.

BRIANNA

(laughs)

No. I'm going to make matches. I know how in theory, but it might be a little tricky in practice.

(explains)

Phosphorus doesn't explode. But it does burst into flame the minute it's exposed to air, that's why it's packed in water.

ROGER

Oh is *that* all?
 (looks around)
 Jemmy's with Lizzie I hope.

BRIANNA

Yes. I'm not crazy. And I'll be
 careful, I promise.

She gets up to look for something in a cupboard.

ROGER

I just spoke to Tom Christie...
 Hiram Crombie's mother-in-law died.

BRIANNA

How sad. I'm sure the journey here
 didn't help.

ROGER

Hiram wants a quick funeral. Tom's
 asked me to do it, since their
 minister's been delayed.

But it's clear Roger is feeling a bit of pressure.

BRIANNA

Well, you've done funerals before.

ROGER

Did you know they've already built
 a church? This'll be the first
 gathering there...

Brianna finds a jar of paraffin wax, goes back to her table.

BRIANNA

Do you know what you'll preach
 about?

ROGER

I have absolutely no idea. I'll
 have to pray about it, I suppose...
 That's what the Reverend would have
 done.

Brianna has a moment of pride, partly a joke, partly
 sincere:

BRIANNA

Look at us... finding our place in
 the past.

ROGER

We can make a game of it. You make matches; I'll commune with the Almighty... We'll see which one catches fire first.

Brianna likes the idea. She smiles, kisses him.

BRIANNA

I think I'd better do mine outside.

She leaves, taking the mask and phosphorus jar with her.

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - DAY (D6)

Jamie arrives on horseback and sees the Big House, a welcome sight.

OMITTED

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - BREEZEWAY - DAY (D6)

Jamie walks up onto the breezeway, opens the kitchen door.

JAMIE

Sassenach?

No answer. He peeks into the surgery. No Claire.

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - FOYER - DAY (D6)

Jamie enters from the breezeway. MRS. BUG is there dusting.

MRS. BUG

Welcome home, Mr. Fraser.

But by the time she gets the words out, Jamie's already blown past her and is taking the stairs, two at a time.

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - BEDCHAMBER - DAY (D6)

Jamie finds Claire sitting in a chair writing in her medical journal. She turns, surprised to see him.

CLAIRE

I didn't hear you come in. How was your visit to the Chero --

Jamie's mouth is already on hers, kissing her passionately.

JAMIE

I missed you, Sassenach. I must have ye.

Claire laughs as Jamie presses her up against the bureau.

CLAIRE

Now?

JAMIE

Did I tell ye I missed ye?

CLAIRE

(teasing)

You may have... But just so that we're clear, why don't you show me precisely what you mean...

And so he does, undressing her hungrily. They begin to make love, ravenous and urgent.

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - BEDCHAMBER - DAY (D6)

Afterward, they lie back, enjoying the afterglow...

JAMIE

Ye're smiling to yerself. Nice, was it?

CLAIRE

Just now, I was actually trying to rank "I love you; I like you; I worship you; and I have to have my cock inside you," in terms of their relative sincerity.

JAMIE

I meant every word of it.

CLAIRE

Even the last one?

JAMIE

Especially the last one. The flesh requires a bite to eat and a wee rest before I can think of doin' it again, but the spirit is always willin'. Lucky ye're wed to an auld man, Sassenach, or ye'd be on your knees with your arse in the air this minute.

Claire laughs.

CLAIRE

Nice to be missed. I missed you too.

After a beat, as they lie resting...

JAMIE

I want to ask ye about somethin'. But every time I ask ye about the future... yer answer is --

CLAIRE

Not to your liking? I can't promise anything. But go ahead.

A burden is weighing on Jamie's mind --

JAMIE

In the coming war, do you remember from yer books if the Cherokee side with the loyalists or with the rebels?

CLAIRE

I'm afraid my knowledge of American history isn't that extensive. Why?

JAMIE

The War Chief, Bird Who Sings In The Morning, has requested weapons.

CLAIRE

And you're concerned you might be arming a potential enemy.

JAMIE

(nods)

Before I was appointed Indian agent, I would no' have questioned what a man might need to defend himself. But once again, I'm wrestlin' wi' my conscience.

CLAIRE

If you don't provide them with weapons, then...

JAMIE

Then there's a chance they'll decide to fight wi' the rebels... wi' me. If I do give them guns, they'll likely fight for the Crown.

CLAIRE
 (the sad truth)
 They'll lose either way. Damned if
 you do. Damned if you don't...
 (Jamie nods)
 I know one thing: Richard Brown
 would've made an awful Indian
 agent. You, on the other hand,
 you'll do the right thing.

Young Ian's voice shouts from outside.

YOUNG IAN (O.C.)
 Uncle. Major MacDonald's comin'.

CLAIRE
 No rest for the weary.

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - PARLOUR/STUDY - DAY (D6)

Jamie sits across from MAJOR DONALD MACDONALD. They're mid-conversation. Interested, Young Ian hovers by the door, listening, as the Major rattles off a history lesson of sorts, weighing matters as he goes.

MAJOR MACDONALD
 Then again, they were with us in
 the Tuscarora wars, between 1711
 and 1714. Or was it 1715?

Jamie is about to interject, but --

MAJOR MACDONALD (CONT'D)
 Several prominent Cherokee visited
 King George the second, some forty
 years or so ago...

A little bored by this long-winded account, Jamie rises to get some whisky. Pours some for MacDonald, then himself.

MAJOR MACDONALD (CONT'D)
 And then they fought with us
 against the French, of course.
 That said, there was that trouble
 with the Cherokee Rebellion in '58.
 Although --

Jamie finally interrupts --

JAMIE
 Forgive me for sayin' so, Major,
 but --

MacDonald isn't completely socially unintelligent.

MAJOR MACDONALD

My apologies. You asked one simple question about past allegiances and I bored you half to death with my ramblings --

JAMIE

Well, sometimes we have a better idea of what's to come when we look at what's gone by... But, I was goin' to say that in talkin' wi' them, it seems that they... are undecided as to what they want...

MacDonald is intrigued.

MAJOR MACDONALD

And what do you think they want?

JAMIE

'Tis more a question of what they don't want, it seems. Settlers crossin' the western boundary...

MacDonald's face screws up. He quickly pulls a handkerchief from his coat, SNEEZES into it, then wipes his nose.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

There's an expectation that the Crown will intervene. Take a more... aggressive stance --

MAJOR MACDONALD

Are you proposing that we send soldiers?

Young Ian is frustrated that Jamie hasn't mentioned Bird's request for guns. He can't hold his tongue any longer.

YOUNG IAN

Not soldiers. Forgive me, Uncle, but they did say what they wanted.

Jamie throws Ian a stern look and cuts him off --

JAMIE

Ian --

Young Ian bites his tongue. MacDonald's eyes are watering. He suddenly SNEEZES again. He looks around.

MAJOR MACDONALD
Blast! Have you a cat, Colonel?

JAMIE
(thrown, looks around)
Aye. Wee Adso. Hidin' somewhere
hereabouts.

MAJOR MACDONALD
The plight of the Indian is --

Another SNEEZE. MacDonald stands, dabs at his watering eyes.

MAJOR MACDONALD (CONT'D)
Wretched creatures. I always seem
to suffer in their presence.

YOUNG IAN
(annoyed)
Indians?

MAJOR MACDONALD
Cats -- but some Indians as well.

MacDonald snickers at his own joke, but he's the only one
who finds it amusing.

MAJOR MACDONALD (CONT'D)
Forgive me, I'm in need of some
air... will you excuse me?

MacDonald walks out. Young Ian turns to Jamie, confused.

YOUNG IAN
Why did ye no' mention Chief Bird's
request for weapons?

JAMIE
Because I've decided against it.
And it wasna yer place to speak up
in front of the Major.

YOUNG IAN
'Tis only that ye told the Chief --

JAMIE
I promised him I'd consider his
request. Nothing more.

Ian looks dejected. It's not usual for him and Jamie to be
at odds. Jamie senses this, and softens.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

I've spoken wi' yer Auntie about who the Cherokee will fight for in the coming war. She couldna say wi' certainty.

YOUNG IAN

But she has knowledge of what will come to pass?

JAMIE

The royal provinces will unite to become a new nation. But they will have no king. Claire is certain of that.

YOUNG IAN

Those loyal to the Crown will lose?

JAMIE

Aye.

YOUNG IAN

And us?

JAMIE

There will come a day when I fight with the rebels. They will win the war -- Claire and Brianna came from an America where this happened. But I dinna ken on which side the Cherokee will fight, do you see? If Chief Bird acquires weapons, they may soon be pointed at us.

Young Ian weighs this information. Takes it to heart.

YOUNG IAN

It would be a shame if our Indian neighbors became our enemies. But I will stand by you, Uncle.

Jamie puts a reassuring hand on Young Ian's shoulder.

JAMIE

I trust ye'll keep what I've told ye to yerself, lad. But for those of us who have this knowledge -- of the future -- it must inform our decisions.

YOUNG IAN

Aye, Uncle.

JAMIE

You have it now, too. But take heed... it can be both a blessin' and a curse.

Ian nods, feeling the responsibility. As they exit... FIND ADSO curled up contentedly in a basket of yarn.

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - CHURCH - LATER THAT DAY (D6)

Claire and Jamie approach the church with Germain. The sight of the building gives them pause.

CLAIRE

Wow. They put that up fast.

It's a simple church, almost finished now, windows with thick SHUTTERS but no window glass. Some clapboards still need to be affixed. Scaffolding stretches upward. Other evidence of ongoing work. MOURNERS trickle toward the entrance.

As they approach the building...

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - CHURCH - MOMENTS LATER (D6)

GRANNIE WILSON is laid out on a table with a bandage under her jaw to keep her mouth closed. Candles are lit nearby. A saucer holding a scrap of bread and a heap of salt sits beside her on the table next to a bowl of wine.

A SMALL NUMBER of FISHERFOLK have come to pay their respects, including Tom, Allan and Malva, who stand with Hiram Crombie and the grieving Mrs. Crombie.

Bible in hand, Roger stands over the corpse nervously -- waiting for everyone to finish with a traditional custom of approaching the body and touching it gently, to pay their respects.

Claire, Jamie and Germain enter and take in the low turnout.

CLAIRE

Where is everyone?

JAMIE

(quietly)
I'm told she was an old nag if ever there was one.

(beat)

We'll pay our respects.

Jamie scoops Germain up and joins the line of people.
 Germain spots the bread and salt --

GERMAIN
 Is she going to eat it?

JAMIE
 No, lad. She's dead. That's for
 the Sin-Eater.

GERMAIN
 Sin -- eater?

JAMIE
 (to Grannie Wilson)
 God rest ye.

As Jamie and Germain return to their spot next to Claire,
 the congregation quiets. Claire sees Malva looking at her
 from across the room. They acknowledge each other
 pleasantly. Allan seems mistrustful, as usual. Roger
 begins --

ROGER
 Today we give thanks for the life
 of this woman... a servant of God,
 faithful and true... a fellow Scot
 who came to this Province, but now
 stands before the Lord in Heaven.
 Let us pray.

The gathered mourners stand with heads bowed, eyes closed.
 Roger -- whose eyes are also closed in prayer -- gently lays
 a hand on the corpse's shoulder.

ROGER (CONT'D)
 O, God, our Heavenly Father...

But Germain has kept his eyes open -- and he's noticed
 something. He starts tugging at Claire's skirt --

GERMAIN
 Grannie --

CLAIRE
 Shhh...

ROGER
 ...who art leading us through
 the changes of time to the
 rest and blessedness of
 eternity...

Germain starts tugging at her hand. Claire opens her eyes.

CLAIRE
 (quietly, to Germain)
 Do you need to go to the
 privy?

ROGER
 ...Be thou near to us now, to
 comfort and to uphold...

GERMAIN
 No, look!

ROGER
 Make us know and feel that
 Thy children are precious in
 Thy sight, and that they live
 evermore with Thee...

He points at the corpse of Grannie Wilson. Claire looks and is shocked to see: Grannie Wilson's eyes have opened wide!

Claire rushes forward.

The corpse GASPS for air. Only now do any of the other mourners open their eyes -- and they're astonished to see Grannie Wilson struggling to raise her head -- with Claire helping her! There's a collective gasp -- and an instinctive stepping back, with shrieks of dismay. Most of them assume that this is somehow Claire's doing...

TOM CHRISTIE
 Christ, defend us.

Jamie swoops Germain up to keep him from being crushed.

CLAIRE
 Roger. Help me make her
 comfortable.

Roger and Claire have gotten hold of the erstwhile corpse, and are putting a cushion under her head. Grannie shifts a little and the bread and salt fall to the floor. The crowd presses forward now, excited -- awed.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
 Stay back. Give her some air.

The room is shaking with expectation as Claire bends down and looks into Grannie's eyes. The old woman's breathing is labored and shallow -- but she's definitely alive.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
 Mrs. Wilson, can you hear me?

Grannie's stiff jaw starts moving. In a quavering voice --

GRANNIE WILSON

Where am I?

CLAIRE

In church. Shhh... your family is here with you.

Mrs. Crombie bursts into tears. She leans over her mother...

MRS. CROMBIE

Aye, Mother, I'm here.

Claire clasps Grannie's clammy wrist and looks for a pulse. Tom Christie approaches, trying to take charge.

TOM CHRISTIE

(sharp whisper)

What devilry is this?

Claire and Roger ignore Tom.

ROGER

Claire?

Claire moves her hand to the old woman's carotid and feels a very weak, though rapid, pulse there.

CLAIRE

She has a pulse, but it's weak.

Thinking of something, Claire moves her hand to the old woman's abdomen and feels a thumping pulse there, where no pulse should be, the beat of it visibly bouncing her hand.

Malva watches with rapt attention, admiring Claire's confidence and ability. Claire speaks quietly to Jamie and Roger, though her words only really make sense to Roger.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

She's had an aortic aneurysm. Internal bleeding... likely a slow leak... long enough for her to lose consciousness and feel cold to the touch.

JAMIE

But she lives --

CLAIRE

Not for long. The aneurysm will rupture soon and --

(MORE)

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

(lowers voice)

-- then she really will die. She has minutes at most.

That lands on Roger. But they're interrupted by --

GRANNIE WILSON

What sort of a funeral is this?

Grannie has found the strength to shift onto her side. Mrs. Crombie helps her sit up. Claire knows this will only speed along Grannie's death and objects--

CLAIRE

Mrs. Crombie, I wish you wouldn't --

But Grannie carries on, showing why she isn't well liked--

GRANNIE WILSON

Why, Hiram Crombie, ye shameless skinflint! Have ye laid me out in a barn wi' nothin' but a crust of bread and a drop o' wine for the Sin-Eater?

HIRAM CROMBIE

Skinflint?!

GRANNIE WILSON

And where is my good brooch I said I wanted to be buried with? Stole it for yer own, nae doubt.

HIRAM CROMBIE

Stole it?! Have I not given ye a home these past twenty years? Fed and clothed ye as my own mother. Put up wi' yer wicked tongue --

GRANNIE WILSON

My tongue, wicked? Why --

ROGER

Good people -- *enough*.

There's authority in that voice. Even Tom listens to it.

ROGER (CONT'D)

I'll not have this. It's not fitting, and I won't have it. Mrs. Wilson, do you not know that you stand before God?

GRANNIE WILSON

As do you.

ROGER

I'm afraid you are -- closer.
 (then, gently)
 Your condition is... temporary.
 You are still bound for eternity.
 Let me help you compose your soul.

Kindly, Roger kneels before Grannie REVEALING, behind him, in the doorway, the silhouetted image of a MAN.

MALVA

The Sin-Eater.

Everyone turns and looks at the SIN-EATER standing in the doorway. His presence here doesn't shock or scare them; they were expecting this. But the Sin-Eater himself is surprised to find the deceased *sitting up*. He steps forward, removes his hat, a tall, gaunt, balding man of indeterminate age.

THE SIN-EATER

(confused)
 You are not... dead.

GRANNIE WILSON

What of it? Did not my son-in-law pay ye to eat my sins? Ye *did* pay him, Hiram?

HIRAM CROMBIE

Well, I'm no' going to pay him before he's done the job. What sort of way is that to be carrying on? I have the money -- I brought it.

GRANNIE WILSON

(to the Sin-Eater)
 Then you best be about your business, sir.

She is calm and ready for what's next -- though still scared. Uncertain, the Sin-Eater picks the piece of bread up off the floor. Everyone watches as he eats the scrap.

Grannie manages a smile as the Sin-Eater finishes the bread and drinks the wine. He sets the bowl down, then...

THE SIN-EATER

I give easement and rest to thee;
 and for thy peace, in Christ's name, I pawn my own soul.

He looks at Grannie and bows. And that's it. Simple and powerful. Hiram removes a few shillings and drops them into the Sin-Eater's hands, careful not to touch the man lest the Sin-Eater's load of sin transfer to him.

A heaviness seems to be lifted from Grannie as the Sin-Eater turns and walks toward the door. The Mourners part like the Red Sea, avoiding eye-contact -- respect and appreciation mingling with an instinct to shun. He exits.

Everyone's attention is drawn back to Grannie Wilson. She's now lying back down on the table, seemingly at peace.

GRANNIE WILSON

I forgive ye, Hiram. Ye've been...
a good... lad.

She winces in pain. Claire helps her settle back. Grannie catches Claire's eyes.

GRANNIE WILSON (CONT'D)

I am not afraid.

She grows very still... and dies. Claire feels her abdomen for a pulse, but there's nothing there. But to be absolutely sure, Claire checks Grannie's carotid. Nothing. She gives Roger a shake of the head. Grannie is dead. Roger closes Grannie's eyes and offers a prayer...

ROGER

"I am the resurrection and the
life, saith the Lord. He that
believeth in me, though he were
dead, yet shall he live. And
whosoever liveth and believeth in
me, shall never die."

OMITTED

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT (N6)

Mrs. Bug and LIZZIE serve roast chicken and root vegetables to Jamie, Claire, Marsali, Roger and Bree.

CLAIRE

Thank you, Mrs. Bug. Looks
delicious.

MRS. BUG

'Tis a new recipe I've tried for
the neeps.

MARSALI

Och, I dinna think there's room in my belly for anythin' else.

MRS. BUG

Will Mr. Fraser be joining us?

She means Fergus. An awkward silence follows the question. Fergus' absence has become the elephant in the room of late.

MARSALI

No. He's, erm... at the still.

MRS. BUG

(embarrassed)

Of course he is. Forgive me, dear.

Mrs. Bug leaves. As they all dive into their food, Brianna clears her throat.

BRIANNA

We have some exciting news.

Looks are exchanged around the table. Jamie and Claire spark to it -- is this what we think it is? Jamie eyes Roger.

ROGER

This one's more Brianna than me.

LIZZIE

(blurts out)

Ye're with child!

Shocked, Brianna laughs. Jamie sees that as affirmation and turns to Roger, elated. Claire isn't so sure.

MARSALI

I dinna envy ye, Bree, but I'm happy for ye both.

JAMIE

A toast! Sassenach, get the whisky.

BRIANNA

No! Stop. I'm not with child.

That puts a cork in the merriment. A beat.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

I was going to say... that I have a surprise. I've... invented something.

She hesitates. It seems silly now. But Roger nods. *Go on.* So Brianna produces a small BOX and produces a MATCHSTICK, waxy and homemade-looking. She scrapes it on a strip of roughened metal on the box -- and watches proudly as it ignites.

MARSALI

Wee pieces of flint is it?

BRIANNA

Well, no -- it's easier than flint. It lights more quickly and holds a flame. You can take them with you and light a fire wherever you go.

Quizzical looks spread between Jamie, Marsali and Lizzie.

MARSALI

Never had trouble lightin' a fire.

LIZZIE

Puttin' one out, mebbe...

Marsali and Lizzie laugh, though not unkindly. Still, Brianna is clearly disappointed.

BRIANNA

I'm sorry it wasn't the news you were expecting.

Marsali and Lizzie feel a bit badly.

JAMIE

Not so. Well done, a *leannan*. These matches will be verra useful.

CLAIRE

(genuinely impressed)
It's wonderful, darling. I for one can't wait to use them.
(tactfully pivoting)
And well done to you, too, Roger, for your deft handling of Grannie Wilson's rather strange funeral.

LIZZIE

Aye, so rousin' I hear ye woke the dead.

ROGER

Mr. Christie must've been impressed anyway. He asked if I might preach the sermon on Sunday. Just as a lay-minister, of course.

BRIANNA

He did?

(beat)

Why doesn't Tom do it, if their minister's been delayed?

ROGER

Tom's not a preacher.

BRIANNA

Neither are you...

She's not sure how she feels about all of this.

ROGER

Maybe the Reverend was up there watching me today, proud... It's only temporary.

Claire smiles at that thought. Jamie has some concerns however -- though not about Roger --

JAMIE

Well. If there's preachin' to be done, I'd rather you do it than Tom Christie. I've known him to stir up trouble wi' his beliefs. I willna have it on the Ridge.

ROGER

I'm happy to fill in.

CLAIRE

Well, I was asked never to darken the doorway of the church again.

JAMIE

What?

CLAIRE

It seems Mrs. Wilson's *rising from the dead* has some of the new settlers thinking I'm a witch.

She exaggerates the comment, clearly unfazed by its ridiculousness.

BRIANNA

And that doesn't bother you?

CLAIRE
 (comme ci, comme ça)
 I'm used to it. And I have absolutely
 no intention of complying with their
 demands.

ROGER
 (joking)
 Especially since I'll be doing the
 preaching now. Wouldn't want to
 miss *that*.

Then, before anyone can say more --

MARSALI
 Lord Almighty!

Marsali pushes back her chair, doubling over in pain.
 Everyone jumps up. Brianna rushes to help.

MARSALI (CONT'D)
 Oh, somethin' feels wrong,
 Claire... It feels different than
 before --

CLAIRE
 Quickly, let's take her to the
 surgery.

As Jamie and Roger help Marsali to the surgery --

OMITTED

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER - NIGHT
(N6)

Marsali is on the operating table in the surgery as...

Jamie watches as Claire selects pieces of paper-thin strips
 of brownish-green DRIED SEAWEED (known as "laminaria") from
 a jar. Claire sniffs the jar, checking it's still usable --
 there's a faint smell of iodine.

JAMIE
 Seaweed?

CLAIRE
 Inserted into the opening of her
 cervix, it absorbs moisture and
 forces it to open further --

JAMIE

To help the bairn along? I thought perhaps it was already on its way.

CLAIRE

We had one contraction, but the baby hasn't moved for hours.

Jamie reads the concern on her face --

JAMIE

What is it, Sassenach?

CLAIRE

(re: the seaweed)

This isn't much used in my time except, on rare occasions... to assist in expelling a dead child from the uterus...

(off Jamie's worried look)

I'm trying not to think about that.

JAMIE

I have faith in ye. And in the lass.

Grateful, Claire smiles. But she's more than usually nervous.

CLAIRE

I know... But it could be anything... Obstruction, pelvic disproportion, pre-eclampsia... all of which I'm unprepared to deal with here. I could do a cesarean if I had to -- and possibly save the child, but...

JAMIE

(realizing)

But not Marsali...

(then, angry)

Where the hell is Fergus?!

CLAIRE

I was hoping you'd know. Marsali told me he's feeling guilty about what happened to us with Lionel...

JAMIE

Well, aye, he would.

He says it so matter-of-factly that Claire balks.

CLAIRE

For heaven's sake. Why? It wasn't his fault.

JAMIE

(gently)

Ye think that makes a difference? And if the lass should die -- or mischief come to the child? Ye think he'd no' blame himself?

(beat)

Ye think I dinna curse myself every day for what happened to ye?

CLAIRE

But there's nothing either of you could have done to prevent it. And both of you came to our rescue.

Jamie nods. He knows that's true. But he knows, too, that by the time he rescued her, the damage was done. Claire sees this play on his face. She takes a beat --

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Well, someone should go and find him... and quickly, or else he might have regrets about that too.

Jamie looks in at Marsali with concern.

JAMIE

I'll have Roger fetch him.

Brianna enters with Malva.

CLAIRE

Malva, thank you for coming. If you're truly interested in learning to help me... tonight's the night.

MALVA

I'm pleased to be here, Mistress.

INT. FERGUS & MARSALI'S CABIN - NIGHT

The door BURSTS open and Roger barrels in on a mission. He finds a disheveled FERGUS FRASER there about to pour himself another drink from a whisky bottle. Roger comes over, yanks the drink from Fergus's hand and confronts him.

ROGER

What in God's name are you doing?
Your wife's at the Big House having
your child --

FERGUS

Claire's with her. She can take
care of -- I'd only be in the way.

Fergus is drowning in alcohol and self-pity.

ROGER

Your wife wants you. She needs
you.

FERGUS

What can I do?

ROGER

I don't know what it is you can
do... but she thinks there's
something. She's been crying out
for you.

That registers on Fergus' face. Roger sees it and leaps.

ROGER (CONT'D)

You'll regret it if you're not
there, trust me. Maybe not today,
but there will come a time you're
looking at your child and you'll
kick yourself for not being with
Marsali on this blessed day.

FERGUS

No -- leave me alone -- it's too
late!

Roger grabs him up by the collar and turns Fergus so they're
close, face to face, Roger staring straight into his eyes.

ROGER

Bloody Hell, Fergus! Your wife's
in harm's way -- I don't know what
has you in this state, but it
doesn't matter. Marsali needs you
NOW. So for tonight, pull yourself
together and be the man Marsali
thinks you are, the man you
promised her you'd be -- even if
you have to pretend. And maybe
when you see her, you won't have
to.

OFF Fergus --

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - SURGERY - NIGHT (N6)

LATER, having finished with the laminaria, Claire settles Marsali in one of the surgery beds and makes her comfortable while they wait, propping her slightly on her left side. There is a BIRTHING CHAIR -- ready for the big event.

CLAIRE

There. We'll give the laminaria
some time to do its work.

Marsali scoops up Adso and strokes him, finding comfort in his purring. She's nervous. She watches, wistfully envious, as Malva helps Claire with something, then exits.

MALVA

(to Marsali as she exits)
I'll make some tea...

MARSALI

If I should die, Adso, dinna let
Mistress Fraser be doin' an autopsy
on me. Or Malva Christie, either.

Claire shakes her head -- what nonsense. But Marsali is more serious now.

MARSALI (CONT'D)

I dinna doubt yer skill, Claire,
but I ken ye well enough -- I ken
what ye look like when ye're
worried...

(then)

D'ye think I might borrow some
paper and some ink?

CLAIRE

Of course, why?

MARSALI

I'm thinkin' it would be as well if
I wrote to my mother...

Claire can see that Marsali looks terrified and realizes why she wants to write.

CLAIRE

Marsali... you're going to be all
right...

(MORE)

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I'm going to do everything in my power. But... if it will put your mind at ease, then yes. Of course.

But before Claire can go and fetch any paper or a quill -- FERGUS FRASER walks in. He's sober but unkempt and unshaven. Still, Marsali's eyes light up as he kneels at her bedside.

FERGUS

Mon amour... How... are you?

MARSALI

Better, now. The babe needs to come quickly. Help me, *mon cher*.

FERGUS

Oui, chérie.

Fergus kneels at his wife's bedside. He reaches in his pocket and produces Marsali's ROSARY. He takes her hand and kisses it, folding the rosary inside her palm.

Then, surprisingly, he reaches for the strings of Marsali's shift and draws them down, nearly exposing her breasts. Marsali sighs, relaxed by his touch. Claire is pleased by the immediate positive effect on Marsali -- but she wasn't expecting this sort of "help."

FERGUS (CONT'D)

(off Claire's look)

I suppose you would not have heard of this, milady? When the birth pangs are slow to start, suckling the woman's breasts encourages the womb to move --

CLAIRE

Not exactly the most conventional method... but I have heard of it.

FERGUS

In the brothel, if one of *les filles* had a difficulty, sometimes another would do such service for her. I have done it before -- when Joan came. It helps, you will see.

Rather than be put off by Fergus' technique, Claire is touched by the innocent sweetness of what he's saying, his obvious love and tenderness for Marsali. And Claire's love for both of them means she will take any help at all. Then again, she has no intention of staying to watch: as Fergus exposes Marsali's breasts, Claire turns away.

CLAIRE

I'll just be... um, out here.

Without further ado, Fergus cups Marsali's breast in both hands and takes her nipple into his mouth.

Marsali and Fergus are already too much in their own little world to notice Claire leave. She exits, pulling the double doors closed behind her. The curtains are drawn.

MARSALI

Fergus... I think I may be goin' to die.

FERGUS

You always think you'll die. All women think it.

MARSALI

Aye, that's because a good many of them do.

FERGUS

Not you. I will not let you go.

Fergus leans down and continues...

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT (N6)

Weary, with nothing to do but wait, Claire, Jamie, Brianna and Malva eat the MOLASSES CAKE they never got to at supper.

JAMIE

Are ye sure the lass is well in there wi' him?

CLAIRE

Quite sure.

JAMIE

I didna ken a man could have so much to do wi' this part.

A small grunt and a pleasant sigh inside the surgery gets everyone's attention. A beat.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Well if that's what the wee buggers up to... There's post that needs sortin'.

BRIANNA

I think I'll go for a walk.

Claire is left alone with a blushing, virginal Malva. The pleasant noises inside the surgery continue.

MALVA
They're really...?

CLAIRE
Yes.

MALVA
At first I thought she was in pain.
But some women... like it?

CLAIRE
They do.

But before she can explain further --

MALVA
Sinners, you mean? Whores.

Claire is taken aback by this reductive understanding of sex, which Malva has obviously learned from Tom.

CLAIRE
No. I mean -- when you love
someone. You want to give them
pleasure. And they want to do the
same for you.
(after a beat)
Many women enjoy it.

That's a revelation to Malva. Gentle love is not something she has seen in her world. She finds it hard to believe.

EXT./INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - STABLES - NIGHT (N6)

Pulling a shawl around herself, Brianna walks past the stables. She sees Young Ian, just inside, perhaps looking up at the stars. Rollo is with him. Brianna steps in, but gets the sense that she might be intruding.

BRIANNA
I'm sorry. Were you...

YOUNG IAN
Sayin' a prayer for the bairn.

A beat.

YOUNG IAN (CONT'D)
Can I ask ye about the Cherokee,
cousin?

BRIANNA
What about them?

YOUNG IAN
Uncle Jamie told me of the
Revolution. He spoke of a new
country, after the war.

BRIANNA
The United States of America.

YOUNG IAN
United... Then the Indians will be
a part of this nation?

Brianna's hesitation is telling -- *where to begin?*

BRIANNA
White people will tell them that
they are. But no -- not really.
They'll be forced to live in places
called reservations.
(off Ian's quizzical
look)
Lands far away from their ancestral
homes.

YOUNG IAN
But why? The Cherokee are strong.

BRIANNA
Not strong enough. Settlers have
been coming -- and will continue to
come -- from all over the world.
They'll take what they want and the
Indians will suffer because of it.

Brianna wishes she could give Young Ian some hope. But,
before she can speak--

YOUNG IAN
I'm sorry.

BRIANNA
Why are you apologizing?

In a callback to Jamie's earlier warning --

YOUNG IAN
Because... knowing what happens to
them, I'm responsible too.

A beat. Then Lizzie approaches from the house with news:

LIZZIE
The bairn's comin'.

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - SURGERY - NIGHT (N6)

Marsali is sitting in the BIRTHING CHAIR, mid-contraction. Claire coaches her. Only Malva is with them.

CLAIRE
Push, but not too hard. He has a large head.

Marsali bears down, panting.

MARSALI
Oh... *is that so?*

CLAIRE
Good. Once more...

INT. BIG HOUSE - KITCHEN - SAME TIME - NIGHT (N6)

Fergus and Jamie wait with bated breath as the sounds of Marsali's travails continue inside the surgery. Jamie pours the father-to-be a dram of whisky.

JAMIE
Whatever ye did in there, lad... it seems to have worked.

Lizzie, Brianna and Ian enter, excited.

BRIANNA
Well?

Inside the surgery, Marsali bears down again and SCREAMS.

FERGUS
Listen for yourself --

Jamie pours the new arrivals a dram as well.

CLAIRE (O.C.)
That's it, one more. Last one.

Inside, Marsali groans... and then silence. And then...

One of the greatest sounds on planet earth... the unmistakable sound of a BABY'S FIRST CRY to the world. A smile lights up Fergus' face. Everyone breathes a collective sigh of relief. Jamie gestures to the surgery door.

JAMIE

Papa?

The others hang back, giving Fergus a moment alone to go meet his new bairn.

INT. BIG HOUSE - SURGERY - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT (N6)

Fergus enters as Claire is wrapping his new BABY in a flannel cloth. Malva looks amazed. Fergus goes to Marsali and kisses her sweetly, wiping sweat from her forehead.

FERGUS

Chérie?

MARSALI

Never again, Fergus Fraser.

But she smiles and so does he.

Meanwhile, Claire notices something about the baby in her hands. Her face is hard to read -- it's not exactly worry, but there's clearly something here that she wasn't expecting. The baby cries again.

CLAIRE

Bonsoir, Monsieur.

FERGUS

Monsieur?

CLAIRE

Monsieur.

She smiles, covering her concern, and hands the baby off to his proud father.

Exhausted, Marsali grins as Fergus places the baby near her. But as he unwraps the child, Fergus' joy fades. The baby's head is large, and his limbs appear shortened. Malva clocks Fergus' reaction and eyes Claire. Marsali turns to see a stoic look on her husband's face.

FERGUS

Il est un nain.

Fergus stands frozen for a minute, staring at his baby. Then he walks out. Claire and Marsali look on, troubled as...

Fergus walks past Jamie, Brianna, Lizzie and Ian in the kitchen -- without a word. They know something's wrong, but don't know what.

Stunned, Marsali looks to Claire.

MARSALI
What did he say? *Nain...*? What
does it mean?

Claire takes a beat.

CLAIRE
It means that he is a dwarf...

This is obviously what Claire noticed earlier.

Malva reacts to this, as well, knowing that her father and the other new settlers might take it as a sign of evil.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
He's perfectly healthy.

Claire re-swaddles the infant, then picks him up and hands him to Marsali.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Come and see your *Maman*.

Marsali reaches out for the baby, not knowing what to expect. But as she stares into the innocent face of her newborn, all she can see is perfection--

MARSALI
He's beautiful.

OMITTED

OMITTED

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

A WEEK OR TWO LATER. KEZIAH loads bundles of pelts into the back of a wagon. Jamie speaks with ARCH BUG, who's already seated in the wagon.

ARCH BUG
The fox pelts should fetch a good
sum in Cross Creek.

JAMIE
When ye take the whisky onwards
from there to River Run, I'd be
grateful if ye could see if my Aunt
has any letters for me.

Arch nods. Mrs. Bug approaches with food for the road. Lizzie is with her.

MRS. BUG
Bread and sausage for a week, as requested. I dinna envy yer gut, Mr. Bug. Nor that one's nose.

She tilts her head towards Kezzie.

ARCH BUG
(to Jamie)
Yer humble servant, sir.
(turns to Keziah)
We'd better be on our way, lad.

LIZZIE
Be safe, Kezzie. And hurry back.

KEZIAH BEARDSLEY
Ye mean ye'll miss me, Lizzie?

LIZZIE
A wee bit, perhaps, but dinna let that go to yer head. I'll try to keep yer brother out of trouble.

The banter of good friends. Jamie smiles, watches as Arch and Keziah settle into the wagon. Arch turns to Keziah.

ARCH BUG
I hope ye're not the talkative one.

Jamie smiles to himself as Bug slaps the reins. The horse-drawn wagon trundles off. Jamie heads back toward the house.

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

As Jamie walks toward the house he sees -- Chief Bird, Still Water and some other Cherokee men standing near the river, having recently arrived but waiting respectfully to approach. Their presence isn't threatening, but from the looks of it, they are here on serious business.

Young Ian, who'd been whittling on the back porch, spots them too, and joins Jamie as they move to greet the visitors.

As they meet, Bird doesn't look pleased.

JAMIE
Chief Bird. You are most welcome.

CHIEF BIRD

I'm glad of it... since we gave you
such a warm welcome in our village.

Jamie smiles, a little uncomfortable. Where is this going?

JAMIE

Is there somethin' we can do for
ye?

CHIEF BIRD

Did you convey my request for guns
to your King?

JAMIE

No.

(hesitates)

I have decided against it.

Bird takes that in. It's what he suspected -- but not what
he'd hoped to hear.

CHIEF BIRD

Then tell me what I must do to
acquire more weapons. To persuade
you to do what is right.

(then)

I'm not sure what more we can
offer. More goods? More of our
blood spilled for your people?

JAMIE

No. Bloodshed is the verra thing
I'm tryin' to avoid.

CHIEF BIRD

Then why did you not convey my
request?

JAMIE

You will have to trust me that it
is for the best.

Bird scoffs. A beat.

CHIEF BIRD

No. It is for your best.

Bird glares at Jamie. There's a tense moment as Jamie eyes
the Indians with their bows and what few rifles they have.

CHIEF BIRD (CONT'D)

This is not the last you'll see of
us, Bear-Killer.

He turns and walks off down the path. His Men follow him. Jamie watches them for a beat. Young Ian stands there, something heavy on his heart, but hesitant to speak.

JAMIE

Speak, lad. I see ye want to.

YOUNG IAN

I canna agree with yer decision.

JAMIE

In spite of what I told you before?

YOUNG IAN

Because of what you told me. I have a kinship wi' them.

JAMIE

And what of our kinship? Ye ken well my reasonin', lad.

YOUNG IAN

Ye told me that my knowledge of what's to come must inform my choices --

JAMIE

Aye, so --

YOUNG IAN

Then that's my reasonin'.

(off Jamie)

Brianna told me of the injustices the Indians will face. If that is their fate then they deserve every chance to protect themselves, and if you willna help them, I will.

JAMIE

And where d'ye expect to find guns for them? How will ye pay for them?

YOUNG IAN

I dinna ken. But I will find a way.

Jamie watches as Young Ian walks away.

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - BACK PORCH OR BREEZEWAY -
LATER - DAY (D7)

Jamie's cleaning/oiling his rifle but stops halfway through and is now staring off into space, deep in thought.

BRIANNA (O.C.)
Should we start calling you Atlas?

Jamie turns to see Brianna, approaching.

JAMIE
Hmm?

BRIANNA
You look like you have the weight
of the world on your shoulders.

JAMIE
(gets it now)
Aye. Of Heaven and earth and
everything in between.

Brianna casually takes the gun from her father, admiring his handiwork --

BRIANNA
Whatever it is -- I hope it's not
too serious...

JAMIE
Not sure there's much ever put
right in this world by gunpowder
and bullets... But it seems to be
one of the ways most favored by
men.

Jamie puts down the gun, moving on to more present matters.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Were you up at the fisherfolk camp
this morning?

BRIANNA
Yes. I was with Roger at Amy
MacCallum's. We're building her a
cabin --

Jamie's pleased -- and proud of his children's generosity.

JAMIE
Aye. I heard.

BRIANNA

They're really making progress out there... Tom's almost finished with the church... they're working on the steeple now...

Brianna reads the cloud of frustration that crosses her father's face --

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

You don't seem too pleased...

JAMIE

I'm not. In Tom Christie's hands, a church can become a weapon of war.

OFF Jamie --

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - CHURCH - DAY (D7)

Work is being done on the uncompleted steeple. Hiram Crombie, Allan, and others wield hammers while Tom Christie supervises, unable to work because of his curled right hand. Tom looks up to see... Jamie approaching on horseback. As Jamie dismounts and ties his horse to a post...

TOM CHRISTIE

What do you think?

JAMIE

I thought ye were intendin' to build a cabin here. I didna say anythin' before, out of respect for Mistress Wilson, but --

TOM CHRISTIE

As I told your son-in-law: a man must build a house for God before he builds one for himself.

Jamie smiles tightly. He has to give it to the man -- he's consistently self-righteous, at least.

JAMIE

We've come a long way since Ardsmuir, Tom. That place was enough to make any man lose faith, so I'm glad to see ye've kept God first, but...

(beat)

Well, ye willna ha' forgotten yer Freemason's vow, will ye?

TOM CHRISTIE

Erm, no, I --

JAMIE

Then let this be a meetin' house.
Not Protestant or Catholic, but --
a place where every man, woman and
child can enter freely... wi' God
in their hearts.

TOM CHRISTIE

Every man, woman and child...

JAMIE

Aye. My wife, too, Tom.
(quietly)
And if I hear anyone accusin' her
of witchcraft again...

This is salt in the wound for Tom, especially with his son Allan watching.

TOM CHRISTIE

(bitterly)
I suppose ye'll have me bring down
the steeple, then?

He holds Jamie's gaze. The work has stopped by now, the men waiting for this to be resolved before they continue.

JAMIE

No. 'Tis a beautiful sight. It
should have a bell; one that calls
all to worship... Or to their
lessons. As I said: a meetin'
place.
(beat)
Some windowpanes wouldna go amiss
either.

OFF Tom, quietly seething at playing second fiddle to Jamie once again --

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - TOM CHRISTIE'S LEAN-TO - DAY (D7)
(FORMERLY SCENE 30)

Tom blows through the door in a foul mood. Malva looks up and, sensing that something is wrong, moves to the other side of the room, hoping to stay out of his way. He takes off his coat, then goes to the MILK BUCKET for a drink. He notices:

TOM CHRISTIE

The milk has turned.

MALVA

I'm sorry... I was goin' to make
some butter, but --

TOM CHRISTIE

(accusatory)

Why haven't you?

The birth of Marsali's child is the answer. But, fearful as she is, Malva refuses to put her visits with Claire at risk.

MALVA

It must have slipped my mind...
Mistress MacNeill brought us some
ale, father. Would you like some?

TOM CHRISTIE

I don't want ale. I want milk.
Come to a land of milk and honey,
eh, and what do I have? Nothing.

Not even a church. But he can't say that.

TOM CHRISTIE (CONT'D)

It's because you're spending too
much time with Mistress Fraser.

With his hand feeble, Tom accidentally knocks over the milk bucket trying to put on the lid -- spilling milk all over the floor. This is the last straw. He snaps, enraged. As Malva reaches for a cloth and drops to the ground to sop up the milk --

TOM CHRISTIE (CONT'D)

You have the same dark soul as your
mother. You know what became of
her.

He takes off his belt.

TOM CHRISTIE (CONT'D)

Stand up.

We understand this is more about Jamie than it is about Malva. It's about being emasculated -- and punishing Malva for it. But Malva ignores him, continues to sop up the mess.

TOM CHRISTIE (CONT'D)

I won't ask you again, Malva.

Malva stands, defiant.

MALVA
I didn't do anything.

TOM CHRISTIE
Lift your skirts.

Tom pushes her over a chair and she reluctantly lifts her skirts, exposing her bare backside. She's been here before. But as Tom goes to whip her, the belt (in his right hand) flops out of his weakened grip like a dead snake. He tries to pick up the belt, but his severely disfigured hand will not cooperate. It's useless. He tries with the belt in his left hand, but it's awkward and feeble and soon his injury [Episode 601] starts to bleed slightly.

It's obvious to both that he can't discipline her as he wishes, and he is unable to vent his rage. He's humiliated.

She looks back at him -- partly in pity, partly victorious -- a sly smile on her lips as she pulls her skirts back down. It only enrages him more.

TOM CHRISTIE (CONT'D)
Take that look off your face.
(then)
Clean up this mess.

He leaves.

OMITTED

OMITTED (PARTIALLY MOVED TO E27 AND F27)

OMITTED (MOVED TO A28)

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - FERGUS & MARSALI'S CABIN - DAY (D7)

TO ESTABLISH. LATER THAT DAY. Smoke rises from the chimney. Rollo lies on the porch...

OMITTED

EXT. FERGUS & MARSALI'S CABIN - CONTINUOUS (D7)

Jamie rides up and dismounts. He goes to the porch, surprised to see Rollo outside. He didn't know Young Ian would be here. He stops when he HEARS Marsali inside...

MARSALI (O.C.)
His name is Henri-Christian.

Jamie steps toward an open window and sees Young Ian holding Marsali's newborn baby, sleeping comfortably in his arms. Ian starts WHISPERING IN MOHAWK.

JAMIE'S POV --

YOUNG IAN
Onkehrori neh Kawehra,
tahiehsahnonwahraton, tahnon
neh Kahroniah,
iehshahnahktonnih, tahnon neh
Onehkah, tahnon, ohhontsa,
tahiehsasnieh.

YOUNG IAN
I will call on the wind to
welcome you, and the sky to
give you shelter, and the
water and earth to take care
of you.

MARSALI
What's that ye said?

YOUNG IAN
A sort of blessin'. Ye call upon
the wind to welcome him, the sky to
give him shelter, and the water and
the earth to yield him food.

MARSALI
Oh, that's nice.

Ian closes his eyes, his cheek resting on the baby's head. Then, quietly --

YOUNG IAN
I had a child.

EXT. FERGUS & MARSALI'S CABIN - CONTINUOUS (D7)

Jamie reacts, surprised and deeply touched by this revelation, while inside, Marsali calmly hides her surprise...

MARSALI
Did ye, then?

She puts a hand on his arm, moved. But she doesn't press for details. A long beat.

YOUNG IAN
Believe me, cousin. Your husband
grieves. But he will come back.

Marsali hopes Young Ian is right.

Jamie watches for a moment more, then quietly slips away.

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

Claire is alone, shaking out a rug. She's surprised to see a disheveled Tom Christie approaching, his left hand bandaged with a kerchief.

CLAIRE

(terse)

Mr. Christie. What brings you here?

TOM CHRISTIE

My hand is worse, it's preventing me from... writing.

He swallows. It may be affecting his writing, but also his ability to punish his willful daughter.

TOM CHRISTIE (CONT'D)

I have considered the matter, and prayed upon it. I understand now that God brought you to me for a reason. I will undergo your... operation.

CLAIRE

(ironic)

Well, who am I to stand in the way of the Almighty's plans?

(then, noticing the dab of blood on his bandage)

But as I said, we need to give your left hand a chance to heal.

OFF Tom --

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - ROGER & BRIANNA'S CABIN - LOFT - NIGHT (N7)

Brianna leans over a sleeping JEMMY and tucks the blanket around him, then kisses his forehead before she exits.

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - ROGER & BRIANNA'S CABIN - LATER - NIGHT (N7)

Roger strikes a match and lights a CANDLE. Brianna is there, both of them sitting by the fire. Jemmy is asleep in the loft.

ROGER
 (re: the match)
 Works like a charm.

BRIANNA
 It's pointless, nobody cares.

ROGER
 Come now, what if Edison had said that?

BRIANNA
 Edison was a man. Apparently the only worthwhile thing I can do is get pregnant.

ROGER
 Is that what's really bothering you... or, that we've been trying for a while now with no result?

This is news -- they're trying for another baby.

BRIANNA
 Maybe it's just not the right time. And since we've decided to stay for good, I guess I should be patient.

She gives him a kiss, leans her head on his shoulder. A KNOCK at the door. They exchange a look. *Who's this?* Roger opens the door to find AIDAN MCCALLUM, lip quivering.

ROGER
 Aidan. What's wrong, lad?

AIDAN MCCALLUM
 I was out chasin' rabbits... I tried to make my way home but must've got turned about in the dark.

ROGER
 I fancy a wee walk. Why don't I show you the way?

Roger grabs a lantern and is about to light it from the candle when he has an idea.

ROGER (CONT'D)
 Aidan, would you like to see a marvel? A trick of sorts --

AIDAN MCCALLUM
 Aye.

Roger picks up a matchstick and shows it to Aidan.

ROGER
Watch the stick closely.

Roger holds the match in his palm and SNAP -- strikes the tip of it on his fingernail. He opens his palm to reveal the matchstick on fire. Aidan's eyes go wide.

AIDAN MCCALLUM
How did you do that? It's a miracle --

ROGER
Not a miracle, lad. It's science. My wife made it. She's a genius.

AIDAN MCCALLUM
Have ye more of them, Mistress?

BRIANNA
I do.

Brianna gives Roger a look of gratitude. She knows he did this for her. Aidan is in awe as Brianna uses another match to light the lantern. She hands it to Roger.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)
(quietly)
Thank you.

ROGER
We should be off.

Roger and Aidan walk out into the night.

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - PARLOUR/STUDY - NIGHT (N7)

It's late. Jamie sits at his desk composing a letter. Dressed for bed, Claire approaches.

CLAIRE
I worry the fisherfolk will be suspicious of Henri-Christian.

JAMIE
They will. But we will protect him.

Claire massages his shoulders, peers down at the letter.

CLAIRE
Who are you writing to?

JAMIE

The Governor.

CLAIRE

So you've decided to pass along
Chief Bird's request for weapons.

JAMIE

More than that. I'm recommending
we do as they ask.

CLAIRE

Come what may?

JAMIE

I may have cause to regret it.
But if Governor Martin sees fit,
the Cherokee shall have guns, and
do with them as they please. I'll
give the letter to Major MacDonald
before he leaves.

CLAIRE

What changed your mind?

JAMIE

Ian. He had a child with his
Mohawk wife.

Off Claire's surprise --

JAMIE (CONT'D)

He told Marsali. But said no more
about it.

Claire gives him a sympathetic look, wondering what must
have happened for Ian to keep such a secret.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

He fights for them because they're
his family. His allegiance is to
them. My allegiance is to him.

Jamie returns to writing...

CLAIRE

I think it's the right thing to do.

Jamie signs, then folds the letter. A beat.

JAMIE

Come what may.

He drips candle wax on the flap. He firmly presses the stamp into the hot wax then pulls his hand away, REVEALING the seal with its impression of the phrase: Je Suis Prest.

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - FERGUS & MARSALI'S CABIN - NIGHT (N7)

Marsali is picking up a blanket to bring to the BASINET, where the newborn Henri-Christian sleeps. The other children are in bed. Fergus is nowhere to be seen. As Marsali waits up for her husband, she speaks softly and reassuringly to Henri-Christian:

MARSALI

There, there, *mon beau garcon*, all will be well. There may be times when things are hard... Ye see, folk are afraid of things they dinna understand...

She's putting on a brave front, but her fears are real. She summons her courage.

MARSALI (CONT'D)

But dinna fash, yer Da will be home soon. I ken he will. He loves ye, we both do... and yer family will fight for ye if need be. We'll never let any harm come to ye... I swear it.

OFF her fierce motherly strength...

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE