

**OUTLANDER**

EPISODE 603  
Temperance

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BASED ON THE NOVEL BY  
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FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT  
9th June 2021

OUTLANDER  
EPISODE 603 "Temperance"

PREVIOUS REVISIONS

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EPISODE 603 "Temperance"

CAST LIST – FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT – 9th June 2021

CLAIRE FRASER  
JAMIE FRASER  
BRIANNA RANDALL FRASER  
ROGER WAKEFIELD MACKENZIE

AIDAN MCCALLUM  
AMY MCCALLUM  
DONALD MACDONALD  
EVAN LINDSAY  
FERGUS FRASER  
FISHERFOLK LAD #1  
FISHERFOLK LAD #2  
FISHERFOLK LAD #3  
GERMAIN FRASER  
HIRAM CROMBIE  
HORTENSE MACNEILL  
JOSIAH BEARDSLEY  
KEZIAH BEARDSLEY  
LIZZIE WEMYSS  
MALVA CHRISTIE  
MARSALI FRASER  
MISTRESS MCGREGOR  
MR. MCGREGOR  
MRS. BUG  
PADRAIC MACNEILL  
RONNIE SINCLAIR  
TOM CHRISTIE  
YOUNG IAN

EPISODE 603 "Temperance"

SET LIST — FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT — 9th June 2021

INTERIORS

Fraser's Ridge  
Big House  
    Bedchamber  
    Dining Room  
    Kitchen  
    Surgery  
    Parlour  
    Breezeway  
Fergus & Marsali's Cabin  
McCallum Cabin  
Meeting House  
Christie-ville  
    Tom Christie's Lean-To

EXTERIORS

Fraser's Ridge  
Big House  
    Back Porch  
Fergus & Marsali's Cabin  
McCallum Cabin  
Woods  
River  
    Nearby Woods  
    Marsh Area  
Christie-ville  
    Tom Christie's Lean-To

FADE IN:

**EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - RIVER - DAY (774) (D)**

MORNING. Another day at beautiful Fraser's Ridge. A BASKET suddenly comes into view, gently swirling and meandering with the eddies as it floats down the river --

REVEAL that inside the basket -- is a BABY! Not just any baby, but the dwarf son of Fergus and Marsali Fraser, HENRI-CHRISTIAN, now six months old and swaddled in his blanket.

**EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - NEARBY WOODS - DAY (D1)**

ROGER MACKENZIE is FIXING A FENCE, lost in his work -- until he hears a SHRIEK --

GERMAIN (O.C.)  
He's goin' to drown!

Roger turns, alarmed. He sees FIVE BOYS -- including GERMAIN FRASER -- running along the riverbank, pointing, desperate. Roger drops the log he's holding and races toward the river.

**EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - RIVER - DAY (D1)**

Roger bursts from the trees just in time to see Germain, AIDAN MCCALLUM, FISHERFOLK LAD #1, FISHERFOLK LAD #2, and FISHERFOLK LAD #3 running along the river's edge, eyes fixed on the basket, which is heading off downstream! Aidan turns to the Fisherfolk Lads, with an air of puzzled urgency --

AIDAN MCCALLUM  
And if he falls out? What does  
that mean? What do they say about  
that, then?

Roger bolts to the river and runs into the water. He dives to stop the basket from going over the rapids -- but just misses it. The basket GOES OVER THE RAPIDS. Roger gives chase, running, swimming, as the boys follow from the bank.

As Roger and the basket approach the next bend in the river, they disappear from the BOYS' VIEW. The boys short-cut through the woods to catch Roger at the next accessible spot on the river's edge.

The boys land, they see the basket heading for a WATERFALL. No Roger in sight! The BASKET GOES OVER THE WATERFALL! The miscreant boys watch, struck dumb.

Behind them, an angry Roger suddenly appears from upstream, dripping wet, splashing through the shallows towards them and clutching a near dry HENRI-CHRISTIAN in his arms. It was an empty basket that went over.

ROGER

Right, ye wee bastards! Whose idea was *this*?

The boys spin around, terrified. The biggest boy moves to flee, the others quickly follow --

ROGER (CONT'D)

Don't you dare run.

The boys stop. They look at Roger, holding the baby -- who is crying but is otherwise unharmed by this foolishly dangerous and rather unorthodox experiment.

ROGER (CONT'D)

What happened?

FISHERFOLK LAD #1

Ye shouldna touch him, sir. Ye'll burn yerself!

Roger shoots Germain a stern look -- what are they up to?

GERMAIN

(sheepish)

They wanted to see if he'd float.

AIDAN MCCALLUM

And he did! That must mean he's the devil's seed.

FISHERFOLK LAD #1

Ma and Da said so!

ROGER

He floated -- because he's in a basket!

With a glare, Roger wades almost to the shore, squats, and sprinkles a handful of water over the baby's head --

ROGER (CONT'D)

I baptize thee, Henri-Christian -- in the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost!

(then, to the lads)

His name is Christian, do you hear! He belongs to the Lord!

(MORE)

ROGER (CONT'D)  
 Trouble him again and Satan will pop  
 up and drag you straight down  
 screaming to Hell!

The anger in Roger's voice and eyes is too much for the boys -- they run, falling all over themselves in their urge to escape.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
 Germain!

Germain stops and returns, tail between his legs.

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

CLAIRE and MALVA are arranging SEEDLINGS on a CART and preparing seeds to be planted in the garden.

CLAIRE  
 Can't wait to plant these. A bit  
 of earth under the fingernails is  
 good for the soul.

Malva smiles and helps Claire with the seedlings, agreeing thoughtfully --

MALVA  
 We'll bury them down deep, away  
 from the sun. They hold such  
 promise...

Wistful, with a touch of melancholy, Malva philosophizes --

MALVA (CONT'D)  
 I suppose we reap what we sow?

CLAIRE  
 In this case, I certainly hope we  
 will. It's a shame we don't have  
 the conditions to grow Jesuit bark  
 for Lizzie's malaria. But Blue  
 Lobelia for respiratory conditions  
 and some good old reliable mint  
 will do, along with this elfwort or  
*Inula helenium*... named for Helen  
 of Troy -- said to have sprung up  
 where her tears fell when she lost  
 Paris.

MALVA

I've read about her. The face that  
launched a thousand ships -- drove  
men to war. Because she was, in the  
eyes of many, a whore...

Claire thinks about the infamous seductress and wants to  
soften Malva's view -- make her think about why some might  
view another woman in such a cruel light.

CLAIRE

Or because *beauty* can be a blessing  
and a curse, I suppose. And  
because jealousy is a force to be  
reckoned with...

MALVA

When your mother taught you of  
herbs and healing... is this where  
you imagined your path might take  
you?

CLAIRE

No, not really... My parents died  
when I was very young... I was  
raised by my uncle.

Claire finds herself a bit emotional at this memory, so  
unexpectedly unearthed. Malva carefully takes a seedling.

MALVA

You were but a wee seedling  
yourself, then. As was I when I  
lost my mother... But I'm sure  
they saw how much promise you had.

Claire pauses and smiles wistfully at that. Suddenly they  
are interrupted as MRS. BUG appears:

MRS. BUG

Mistress -- come quick. Somethin's  
happened wi' Marsali's wee bairn --

OFF Claire as she wipes the dirt from her hands and goes --

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

Roger is with JAMIE FRASER and FERGUS FRASER. Germain sits  
in the corner, looking miserable.

Claire and MARSALI emerge from the back room --



CLAIRE

He's safe and dry now, and sleeping. He's not hurt...

JAMIE

All is well, then?

MARSALI

"Well?!" I should drown the lot of them in a well. If they'd harmed a hair on his wee head --

(to Germain)

And you -- I turn my back for one moment! I thought he was safe, sleepin' in his basket but --

ROGER

Those lads convinced Germain --

Roger tries to give him the benefit of the doubt, especially in front of the boy's parents.

ROGER (CONT'D)

It was a test. It seems their parents told them that children like Henri-Christian are... demon-born... and that water rejects their wickedness.

CLAIRE

Thank goodness they didn't think to take him out of his basket.

ROGER

They were afraid to touch him. They thought he'd burn them.

This pains Marsali to hear. Fergus looks at Germain --

FERGUS

And you believed this? You think your brother is a demon?

GERMAIN

I thought they'd leave us alone, once they could see he --

MARSALI

You know better than that!

The raised voices have awakened Henri-Christian, who starts to CRY from the back room. Marsali exits to check on him.

ROGER

(to Fergus)

Superstitious fisherfolk is all.  
I'll speak to them. Don't let it  
bother you.

But Fergus, deeply troubled, exits. Claire follows after him. Jamie taps his fingers on his belt. Then, to Germain --

JAMIE

Find your... associates. Tell them  
they're expected in my parlour  
before supper to receive a  
punishment -- or else I'll come to  
their houses myself and thrash them  
before their parents' eyes.

Germain would rather die. Roger sees it, feels for him.

ROGER

I'll go with you, lad.

Germain nods, grateful for the support.

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

Claire approaches Fergus and sits next to him but is silent for a moment. Fergus starts to speak:

FERGUS

In the mountain villages of France,  
a dwarf child would be left for the  
wolves.

Claire reacts to that terrible thought.

CLAIRE

Well, that's not going to happen  
here. We'll surround Henri-  
Christian with love. We'll protect  
him and treat him like anyone else  
and he'll grow up happy and --

FERGUS

And after he's grown? Will he have  
a happy life? Marry? Provide for  
a family?

CLAIRE

There's no reason why he couldn't --  
or why he can't be educated, learn  
a trade, be able to work at  
something...

FERGUS

*Something.*

Fergus echoes her, the word holding despair and derision.

FERGUS (CONT'D)

With respect, Milady -- you have never seen the life of a dwarf.

CLAIRE

(gently)

You have?

Fergus closes his eyes.

FERGUS

Yes. In Paris. The house itself had girls, of course, and even children. They are the bread and butter of the establishment. But there are always those who desire... the exotic, and who will pay. And so, every now and then, Madame would send for those who dealt in such things...

(in French)

**Le Maître des Champignons.**

CLAIRE

The Master... of Mushrooms?

FERGUS

*Oui.* The Dwarf Master.

Fergus sees a memory -- not enjoying the recollection.

FERGUS (CONT'D)

"**Les Chanterelles,**" we called them... The females. The males were "**les Morels.**" Exotic delicacies, valued for the rarity of their twisted shapes, the strange savor of their flesh...

Claire takes this in, understands the horror of it.

FERGUS (CONT'D)

They were not badly treated, **les champignons.** They were of value. The master would buy such infants from their parents -- or collect them from the streets.

(MORE)

FERGUS (CONT'D)

I knew one of them quite well -- Luc, he was called. We would work together sometimes, pick-pocketing wealthy customers... I found him one day in the alley, with his throat cut. *Madame* sent the doorkeep to fetch the body, then sold it to a physician. They would cut them up and sell their parts for divination.

CLAIRE

I'm so sorry, Fergus.

FERGUS

When I met you and Milord, I found a world beyond the brothel, and vowed never to return to such a place. That my son might find himself in such a life --

CLAIRE

Oh, Fergus... You can't think that Jamie -- that we -- would ever let such a thing happen.

FERGUS

No, you would not, Milady. But you will not live forever, nor will Milord. Nor I. But the child will be a dwarf forever -- and it's *my* fault. I was not there to protect my wife -- and he was beaten in the womb.

CLAIRE

His condition has *nothing* to do with that, Fergus -- this is not your fault, you have to believe me. I'm a physician: I know.

But she's not getting through. Fergus walks away, destroyed.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Fergus!

OFF Claire, watching him go...

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

A heavy-hearted Jamie and Claire walk up leading the horses.

JAMIE

North Carolina is far from Paris.  
We'll see to it that Henri-  
Christian is safe here.

CLAIRE

And Fergus? We knew he was feeling  
guilty, but... how long has he been  
feeling so useless?

JAMIE

A wee while, perhaps. And the  
bairn has reminded him of his past.  
(beat)  
Quarter Day is coming. I'll ask  
him to help me collect the rents.

Clare nods, then we FOLLOW her as she walks up to the  
breezeway while Jamie leads the horses away. She's startled  
to find TOM CHRISTIE glowering at her, his disfigured RIGHT  
hand curled protectively into his chest.

CLAIRE

Mr. Christie.

TOM CHRISTIE

I've been waiting for some time. I  
wasn't sure how long you'd be...

CLAIRE

Some of the youngsters put our  
grandson in the river to see if he'd  
float. I hope you've not been  
encouraging any of this nonsense --

TOM CHRISTIE

Mistress Fraser, I assure you, I  
have not. I am an educated man.  
And I'm sorry that such a thing  
occurred. Is the child well?

CLAIRE

For now.

TOM CHRISTIE

I'll speak to the boys -- and their  
parents. They know I disapprove of  
superstitions.

CLAIRE

My husband is handling the matter,  
thank you. Now, how can I help  
you?

Tom holds up his RIGHT hand.

TOM CHRISTIE  
It's been long enough, my other  
hand is healed... 'tis time.

CLAIRE  
Good. Come in, I'll prepare the  
surgery and the ether.

She leads Tom into --

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

As Tom follows Claire inside --

TOM CHRISTIE  
Ether? I have agreed to the  
operation, but I will not allow you  
to employ your... potions upon me.

CLAIRE  
Why not?

TOM CHRISTIE  
It is the devil's work to use --

CLAIRE  
And I thought it was only  
Highlanders who were stubborn as  
rocks --

Jamie enters now, overhearing --

JAMIE  
Stubborn as rocks, eh?

CLAIRE  
Mr. Christie is refusing --

TOM CHRISTIE  
Mistress Fraser insists --

Words colliding, they both break off, glaring at each other.

CLAIRE  
God wants him to have the surgery,  
but the masochist refuses the  
ether.

TOM CHRISTIE  
Masochist?

CLAIRE  
It's a word for --

She catches herself, tempering the actual definition --

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
-- those who prefer to suffer pain.

Tom cradles the crippled hand protectively against his chest. Jamie shoots Claire a look: *I told ye so, Sassenach.*

JAMIE  
Well, you always were an awkward bugger, Tom. Ye must please yourself -- but I can tell ye from experience that it does hurt a great deal. She means to cut into your hand.

TOM CHRISTIE  
I know that.

JAMIE  
Aye. But ye've not the slightest notion what that's like. I have. Claire healed my hand years ago.

Jamie holds up his left hand -- the back of it toward Tom -- revealing faint scars from Black Jack at Wentworth prison, and from Claire's surgery [Eps 115-116]. He moves his hand to show it functions normally.

JAMIE (CONT'D)  
Hurt like the devil. But hardly shows now. Ye dinna want to suffer like that if there's a choice about it -- and there is.

TOM CHRISTIE  
And I have made my choice.

Jamie looks at him under heavy brows for a moment, then sighs and exits.

**EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - MCCALLUM CABIN - DAY (D1)**

Roger and Germain approach the McCallum cabin: a simple square structure, spare and unadorned. They follow the path to the front door and see Aidan sitting on the porch.

AIDAN MCCALLUM  
Please, dinna tell my Ma --

ROGER

I'm not here to speak with your mother, Aidan.

(off Aidan's reluctance)

Or else he'll come 'round himself to talk to your mother.

A woman's SUDDEN SHRIEK is heard from inside. Roger looks at the door, then back at Aidan, who cowers. To Germain --

ROGER (CONT'D)

Stay here with Aidan, aye?

Roger heads quickly into the house --

**INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - MCCALLUM CABIN - CONTINUOUS - DAY (D1)**

Roger enters and finds AMY MCCALLUM, standing with her back against the wall.

ROGER

Mistress McCallum?

AMY MCCALLUM

(looking skyward)

Oh, thank ye, dear Lord! Ye sent the minister.

She bobs an anxious curtsy to him --

ROGER

I'm not exactly that, you know.

AMY MCCALLUM

Maybe not exactly, sir. But we enjoyed yer sermon this past week -- and they do say as how yer father was a minister. Please, can ye help?

She nods to a large wooden PAIL sitting on the ramshackle table, a muslin cloth draped across it to keep flies out.

AMY MCCALLUM (CONT'D)

Lizzie Wemyss brought me some milk last night. I went to dip a bit out, for Aidan, but it -- well, if it's no' a devil's got into it, it's somethin' else. It's haunted, sir, I'm sure of it!

Roger gingerly lifts the cloth -- lets out a yelp and jerks back, the cloth flying sideways.



MALEVOLENT GREEN EYES glare at him from the middle of the bucket -- then disappear in the milk with a splash.

ROGER

Shit!

Amy claps both hands across her mouth. Roger wipes the splattered cream from his face then reaches into the bucket of milk. After a few tries, he triumphantly pulls a LARGE BULLFROG out of the bucket. Amy SHRIEKS!

ROGER (CONT'D)

It's just a wee bullfrog... well, not so wee, but he's friendly.

Roger takes the frog outside to turn it loose, then quickly re-enters and finds Amy has sat down on the floor in relief. He crouches tentatively, to comfort her --

ROGER (CONT'D)

Miss Wemyss watches over a number of lads on the Ridge; my guess is one of them was playing a trick.

Still sitting on the floor, knees pulled tight to her chest, Amy cries. Roger sits down beside Amy. He's tempted to place a reassuring arm around her, but knows it's not appropriate in this time.

AMY MCCALLUM

Why? Why has God brought me here?

Roger sighs -- he relates more than he'd care to admit.

ROGER

Well... we must trust that He has a plan of some sort. Even if we don't know what it is.

AMY MCCALLUM

To bring us all to this terrible place, take my husband from me and leave me to starve?

ROGER

It's not such a terrible place... And it doesn't rain as much as it does in Scotland.

The inanity of this comment actually makes her laugh, though, through sobs --

AMY MCCALLUM

I'll never see it again, Scotland,  
will I?

He sits with her, searching for a way to reassure her.

ROGER

I can't say... But I won't let you  
starve. That's all I can promise.  
But I do promise it.

He gets to his feet and offers his hand to help her up. OFF  
Amy, taking Roger's hand to rise.

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

Henri-Christian lies bundled in BRIANNA's lap, soft blue  
eyes fixed somewhere far beyond her.

WE HEAR JEMMY MACKENZIE, Joan (3), Félicité (2), and Germain  
playing in the back room with the WOODEN TOY CARS. The  
children laugh and make "vroom" noises.

BRIANNA

I think his eyes might stay blue...  
What do you think he's looking at?

Marsali spins, trying out Brianna's new SPINNING WHEEL --  
complete with a TREADLE that's been added.

MARSALI

The wee ones see heaven, my Ma  
always said. And maybe there's an  
angel sittin' on your shoulder. Or  
a saint who stands behind ye.

BRIANNA

Who's the patron saint of laundry  
and darning? That's who we really  
need.

Brianna puts the baby down in his basket. Small mounds of  
clothing lie scattered about the room or draped over the  
furniture: an ever-growing pile of things needing mending.

MARSALI

Ye'd have to ask Da about that.  
He kens more saints than anybody.

One of the wooden cars rolls out. Jemmy darts out to  
retrieve it, and returns to the back room. Marsali and  
Brianna trade a smile, glad the kids are having fun. Then:

MARSALI (CONT'D)

(re: the spinning wheel)  
This is wonderful. I'll be better  
wi' some practice. My Ma always  
wanted one like this... but I've  
been makin' do. You really made  
this?

BRIANNA

Evan Lindsay helped. He knows what  
wood works best.

MARSALI

(grateful)  
I'll work twice as fast and have  
more time for the bairns.

Her feet flicker up and down under the hem of her dress,  
working the treadle...

Suddenly a SCUFFLE breaks out -- Jemmy and Joan fighting  
over the toy cars. Brianna turns toward the back room:

BRIANNA

(calls out)  
Hey -- no fighting, or we put the  
*vrooms* away 'til tomorrow.

The children quickly quiet down.

MARSALI

Why do you call them "*vrooms*?"

Brianna realizes her slip up -- and scrambles for an answer.

BRIANNA

These? Oh, it's... a sound that  
Jemmy makes, sometimes when he  
plays with them.

(changing the subject)  
I wonder if Roger's having any luck  
rounding up the boys from this  
morning...

MARSALI

Not sure what good it'll do. 'Tis  
the parents who need thrashing.

Marsali glances out the window for a beat.

MARSALI (CONT'D)

I expected them home by now.  
Fergus too. He promised me he'd  
stop drinkin'... so...

Brianna can see that Marsali is cautiously hopeful.

BRIANNA

Good.

MARSALI

I told Da we'd bring Germain and the bairn over for whatever punishment he's thought up.

BRIANNA

I'm sure Fergus'll be here soon.

Brianna lays a hand on Marsali's arm.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

Things will get better. You'll see...

OFF Marsali's look. She's not so sure.

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

Claire sterilizes her scalpel as Tom Christie watches nervously. Jamie enters, holding a Bible and a glass of whisky, both of which he thrusts unceremoniously into Tom's hands.

JAMIE

Ye'll take help where ye can, I suppose?

TOM CHRISTIE

(hesitates, nods)

Thank you.

Claire offers Tom a piece of small block of wood from her medical kit --

CLAIRE

Here -- you may bite down on this for the pain, if you'd like.

TOM CHRISTIE

I'd rather say my prayers.

Before he can talk himself out of it, Tom drinks the dram of whisky, then carefully thumbs through the Bible, landing on a text of suitable inspiration. Then, clearing his throat, he straightens himself up in the chair, and places his hand -- palm up -- on the cloth that's been prepared.

TOM CHRISTIE (CONT'D)

At your convenience, then, Mistress Fraser.

Claire rolls back Tom's sleeve and binds his forearm tightly to the little table, using leather straps. She fastens an additional band, holding back the clawed fingers from the site of operation, and swabs his palm with alcohol.

Claire makes her first incision and Tom lets out a high-pitched GASP. He arches upward out of the chair, jerking the table across the floor with a screech. Claire grabs his wrist in time to prevent his ripping the bandages away -- while Jamie seizes him by both shoulders, pressing him back into the chair.

JAMIE

Be still, man.

Tom's face glistens with sweat. He takes a quick look at his bleeding hand, then looks away fast, white as a sheet.

CLAIRE

You might experience some nausea, so if you do feel the need to vomit, Mr. Christie, here's the bucket.

One hand still on his wrist, the other pressing a wad of sterilized lint hard onto the incision, Claire nudges an empty bucket or basin towards him with her foot.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

(to Jamie)

Shall I stop?

Jamie shakes his head, eyes on Tom's face.

JAMIE

Shame to waste that much whisky.

Jamie presses the cup to Tom's lips, and Tom gulps it down. Jamie takes hold of Tom's forearm with one hand, gripping firmly. With the other, he picks up the Bible, which had fallen to the floor, and thumbs it open.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

"The right hand of the Lord is exalted. The right hand of the Lord doeth valiantly." Well, that's appropriate, no?

Tom's free hand clenches in a fist against his belly.

TOM CHRISTIE

Go on.

JAMIE

"I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord. The Lord hath chastened me sore, but he hath not given me over unto death."

Claire continues her work. Tom's breathing slows a little, as he attempts to recite the passage along with Jamie, pushing through the pain...

JAMIE (CONT'D)

"Open to me the gates of righteousness... I will praise thee, for thou hast heard me..."

TOM CHRISTIE

(murmurs)

"Open to me... righteousness... for thou hast heard me..."

Claire has the aponeurosis laid bare and can clearly see the thickening. A flick of her scalpel frees the edge of it -- then a painful slice, cutting hard through the fibrous band of tissue. The scalpel strikes bone -- Tom GASPS.

JAMIE

"God is the Lord which hath shewed us light; *bind the sacrifice with cords*, even unto the horns of the altar..."

Jamie glances at Claire, amused. That's appropriate, too. She hastily blots away the blood and discards the used cloths in a designated bowl.

Next, Claire trims away the tiny fibers from the surface of the tendon. The clawed fingers twitch, and the exposed tendons move suddenly, silver as darting fish. She grabs the fingers and squeezes them fiercely.

CLAIRE

You mustn't move. I need both hands. I can't hold yours.

Tom's jaw tightens in pain as we catch a glimpse of someone watching through the window...

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

Morbidly curious, Malva peeks into the surgery window. YOUNG IAN approaches and stares at her for a beat. Malva feels his presence and turns.

Instinctively, she feels a slight twinge of guilt at having been caught peeping in. She moves away from the window.

MALVA

I was only coming to ask Mistress Fraser something. But seeing as my father's in there --

YOUNG IAN

All the more reason to go in -- if ye're Auntie Claire's apprentice, surely?

Malva's eyes light up --

MALVA

(pleased and surprised)  
 She called me her apprentice?

Young Ian is charmed by the innocence of her enthusiasm.

YOUNG IAN

That's why ye've been hoverin' about here all the time, is it no'? To learn the ways of a healer?

MALVA

Yes, but don't let my father hear you. He doesn't like me to see him suffer... or to offend my "delicate female sensibilities."

YOUNG IAN

Ye seem strong enough to stand the sight of a wee bit o' blood... And you'd be helping to make him well.

MALVA

He's more worried about the health of my eternal soul. Prefers that I keep my mind on that.

YOUNG IAN

Well, rather than lingerin' out here like two souls in limbo... I'll walk with ye home?

Malva smiles, pleased with the offer -- it's nice to talk to someone with a sense of humor. She teases him --

MALVA

I'm not Catholic so *my* soul won't be in limbo... but, yes, you may walk me home.

OFF Ian as he whistles for Rollo --

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

Tom presses the Bible against his body with his free arm, his eyes tightly closed and face contorted with pain.

JAMIE AND TOM

"The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want... he maketh me to lie down in green pastures, he leadeth me beside the still waters..."

Jamie holds Tom's bound arm tight, his other hand on Tom's shoulder, as he whispers --

JAMIE AND TOM (CONT'D)

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil... for thou art with me..."

Claire knots the last suture, clips the thread, and cuts through the linen bindings. The men's voices stop abruptly.

She lifts Tom's hand, wraps dressing tightly around the palm and, ever so gently, presses the clawed fingers back, straightening them a bit. Tom's eyes widen as he blinks at his hand -- amazed. Claire smiles.

CLAIRE

"Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life."

TOM CHRISTIE

(incredulous)  
It worked.

CLAIRE

You'll have more motion once the wound heals and the sutures are removed. But yes, it worked.

(MORE)



CLAIRE (CONT'D)

(then)

You'd better stay here in the surgery tonight, so I can keep an eye on it...

**EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - WOODS - SHORT WHILE LATER - DAY (D1)**

Young Ian and Malva walk and talk. ROLLO is with them.

YOUNG IAN

Why would yer father ever be worried about *your* eternal fate?

Malva wonders how she should answer -- there are so many reasons...

MALVA

I'm flattered you don't think he *should* be... But why not? Are we not *all* sinners, Mr...? It is Fraser, isn't it?

YOUNG IAN

It's Murray -- my Ma is a Fraser. And, aye, we are all sinners. But a young lass like yerself... surely ye've done no wrong --

Malva smiles a little. She indicates his clothes and his tattoos -- her point proven.

MALVA

Looks can be deceiving.

YOUNG IAN

Aye. I suppose if she could see me, my Ma'd be worryin' about my eternal fate as well.

MALVA

My mother was not so spiritually inclined...

YOUNG IAN

What do ye mean?

Malva takes a beat, she's never said this aloud to anyone before... but somehow she feels safe with Ian.

MALVA

She was hanged as a witch.

Ian stops in his tracks, shocked and sad for her --

YOUNG IAN  
Hanged, for a -- ? When?

MALVA  
I was very young... I hardly  
remember...

Malva changes the subject deftly, obviously troubled by the thought of her mother.

MALVA (CONT'D)  
We're almost home now. My brother  
will be home as well, and he  
wouldn't be pleased to see me  
walking alone with a young man...  
I'll go the rest of the way myself.

YOUNG IAN  
Aye. Of course.

OFF Ian, curious and concerned...

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

DUSK. Germain and the FISHERFOLK LADS, including Aidan, gather nervously, as Jamie warms an IRON POKER in the fire.

JAMIE  
'Tis my understandin' that ye  
wicked wee gomerels were eager to  
play wi' fire this mornin'...

Jamie takes the iron from the fire: burning with a red-hot glow. He singes a piece of wood, pleased with the heat.

JAMIE (CONT'D)  
There -- good and hot.

The lads freeze at the sight, eyes big as saucepans.

JAMIE (CONT'D)  
I have half a mind to burn ye  
myself -- but since ye're growin'  
men, who mean to learn by doin' --

Jamie sets the poker on the hearth, within easy reach, then walks out of the room -- a beat later he returns carrying Henri-Christian in a small bassinet.

JAMIE (CONT'D)  
Ye have a choice...

Jamie places the bassinet on a table set before the hearth.

JAMIE (CONT'D)  
Touch the bairn, or the poker.

The lads gather about, they hesitate -- the poker glows hot.

JAMIE (CONT'D)  
Go on, make yer choice.

FISHERFOLK LAD #2  
You go first!

FISHERFOLK LAD #3  
I dinna want to!

Fisherfolk Lad #2 pushes the smaller boy toward the baby.

One by one, they poke their fingers to touch Henri-Christian's belly, gingerly. The bairn squirms and giggles, and the lads' fear dissipates.

JAMIE  
He's a sweet lad, is he no'? Ye can see that he is.

Henri-Christian makes a cooing sound.

JAMIE (CONT'D)  
See there, ye made him laugh. He likes you.

The boys smile. It seems Jamie's experiment has worked.

GERMAIN  
(to the lads)  
I told you he wasn't a demon.

FISHERFOLK LAD #1  
Is it true, what Mr. MacKenzie said, about the bairn belongin' to the Lord?

JAMIE  
I certainly wouldna argue with Mr. MacKenzie about that. But whoever else he belongs to, Henri-Christian belongs to me as well. Best you all remember it.

FISHERFOLK LADS  
Aye, Mr. Fraser, sir.

Jamie pulls out a tray of bread and honey that he's been saving for this moment.

JAMIE

Now take some bread and honey and  
be on yer way.

The boys quickly grab their treats and rush out, leaving  
Jamie to have a moment with Germain.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Henri-Christian also belongs to  
you, Germain. He's yer wee brother  
and needs yer protection. You  
understand?

GERMAIN

Yes, Grand-père.

Jamie kisses his grandson on the head, proud.

**INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - FERGUS & MARSALI'S CABIN - NIGHT (N1)**

Fergus sits in a chair, idling time away, in the numbed  
state of intoxication that is quickly becoming his status  
quo -- an empty TANKARD in his hands.

Marsali walks through the front door carrying a sleeping  
Henri-Christian. She can hear her children crying/whining in  
their back room. As Marsali lays Henri-Christian down in his  
crib, she's not pleased.

MARSALI

Ye didna feed the children, did ye?

She's determined to be patient, to try -- *for better or  
worse.*

MARSALI (CONT'D)

How much drink have ye had?

Fergus shrugs --

FERGUS

If I'm still talking then not  
enough. Maybe I need another...

MARSALI

You *promised* ye wouldna.

Before Fergus can get up to fetch another, Marsali prevents  
him. She softens, tries to reason with him.

MARSALI (CONT'D)

Ye're so much better than this, my  
love --

Fergus shakes his head, filled with disdain for himself.

MARSALI (CONT'D)

My husband is strong and capable.

FERGUS

You pick two words to describe me  
and one of them is "capable?"

MARSALI

Stop it. 'Tis the truth.

(then, irked)

And I've another truth for ye --  
I've seen what drink'll do to a  
man. I watched my mother put up  
wi' it; Joanie and I suffered  
because of it and, so help me God,  
I willna put up wi' it again. So  
please, Fergus... tell me how to  
help ye, please.

FERGUS

You can't. I'm the one who's  
supposed to help you! To provide  
for you and the children -- to  
protect you and the children!

MARSALI

Then all I'll say is that I thank  
the Lord Henri-Christian was wi' me  
this evenin' and that he drinks his  
mother's milk --

FERGUS

What does that mean? You think I'd  
let any harm come to him?

Marsali can't prevent disdain from creeping into her  
voice --

MARSALI

Well, it's a fine job ye'd do in  
this state! Ye canna protect  
anyone if ye're drunk!

FERGUS

You're right. Only, I wasn't drunk  
when I failed you before.

Seeing his distress, Marsali tries to show him her  
strength --

MARSALI

I can fight for us, too. The burden  
isna only on you -- I can  
protect us as well.

FERGUS

Not against men like Lionel Brown.

MARSALI

Aye. I can. And I did.

Fergus looks at her questioningly. Marsali takes a deep  
breath, makes a decision to tell him something, in order to  
help him --

MARSALI (CONT'D)

Let this be a comfort to ye,  
Fergus, for I mean it to be...  
Lionel didna die... I killed him.

FERGUS

What? What did you say?

MARSALI

He threatened me, he threatened all  
of us -- said he'd burn the house  
down over our heads... so I filled  
a syringe wi' water hemlock and  
stabbed him in the neck.

Marsali meant this to make Fergus feel better. But it  
backfires. He's stunned, and upset.

FERGUS

You... killed him?

MARSALI

I was worried it would haunt me.  
But it doesna. An evil man is gone  
and no harm will come to us.

And not because of him. Once again, he's failed. Fergus gets  
up abruptly, feeling as if he's about to vomit --

FERGUS

I don't need a woman to protect me.  
But I do need a drink.

Furious and full of self pity, he slams his empty tankard on  
the table with a huge bang, a demand that she fill it.

MARSALI

Thirsty, are ye?

Marsali grabs the PITCHER OF ALE and POURS it over his head--

MARSALI (CONT'D)

I hope that's quenched it. Now leave.

Stirred by the cold shock of the ale -- and dripping wet -- Fergus looks at her, incredulous.

MARSALI (CONT'D)

I said "leave."

FERGUS

I'm the man of this house.

MARSALI

Then ye can come back when ye're actin' as one --

(then)

You promised me, Fergus Fraser... and I'll have a whole man, or none at all.

Fergus is in no shape to argue. She's disgusted with him and he's even more disgusted with himself. He exits. Marsali slams the door shut after him. She starts to cry.

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

Claire sits at the vanity putting cream on her hands. Jamie stands behind her, recounting his talk with the fisherfolk lads.

JAMIE

You should ha' seen the lads... as soon as they touched Henri-Christian and he smiled... well, they saw the error of their ways...

CLAIRE

And what would you have done if they'd chosen the poker?

JAMIE

Let them have their punishment.

CLAIRE

Well, I hope they'll go home and tell their parents.

Jamie comes around to her right side and crouches beside her as he jokes playfully --

JAMIE

Aye. On the other hand, if their parents think he's demon-born, and I'm his grandsire and ye're his grannie... what does that say about us?

Claire looks at Jamie (he's in the same spot as he was in Episode 512 when she sat at the mirror after her attack).

But we HEAR Lionel Brown's VOICE ring out, answering the question: *"It says you're of the devil yourself..."*

CLAIRE'S POV: Claire turns back to the mirror. As she does, she sees LIONEL standing behind her in the reflection -- and her face is COVERED WITH BRUISES, just as it was in 512.

Claire startles, puts the cream down quickly and looks over her shoulder -- but Lionel's not there -- it was only a phantom. When she turns back to the mirror, her reflection is normal, but it's rattled her.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

What's wrong, Sassenach?

She composes herself.

CLAIRE

Nothing... I'm going to go downstairs and look in on Tom...

Jamie nods, and Claire rises and heads toward the door.

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

Claire enters and checks on Tom who is sleeping. Satisfied, she turns to go, but spots the Ferguson mask on the counter. She pauses, tempted. She knows it will soothe the nerves stirred up by her vision at the mirror, but she'd never do it with a patient in the house.

TOM CHRISTIE

Mistress Fraser?

Claire gathers herself, and turns back. She approaches Tom and touches his forehead. He stiffens at the candlelit sight of her in a NIGHTGOWN with LOOSE HAIR.

CLAIRE

You're a bit feverish.



She pours him a drink of water, then places a hand behind his back to help him sit and -- the touch of her hand triggers something within him. He JOLTS, drawing in his breath sharply as he jostles the injured hand.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Easy...

She holds the cup for him as he drinks, and then settles his pillows in a comfortable fashion.

She picks up the bandaged hand and he pulls away, obviously made uncomfortable by her touch... and not merely because it's a wound, but because she's a woman.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I only want to see how your hand is coming along.

TOM CHRISTIE

It's throbbing a bit, keeping me from sleep.

He lets her examine it... The hand is swollen, but not excessively so. Gently removing the dressing that covers the wound, she checks for infection.

TOM CHRISTIE (CONT'D)

Why do you never wear a proper kerch or cap?

CLAIRE

Why should I?

TOM CHRISTIE

Because every pious married woman should. And...

(quoting)

"Every woman who prayeth or prophesieth with her head uncovered dishonoureth her head: for that is just as if she were shaven."

CLAIRE

Are we back to St. Paul again? Does it not occur to you that that man had rather a bee in his bonnet when it came to women? Besides, I'm not praying at the moment. And I want to see how this does overnight, before I risk prophesying about it. So far, though, it seems --

TOM CHRISTIE

Your hair. It's... It's...  
There's a great deal of it.

CLAIRE

Yes. There is a great deal of it.

Claire turns her attention back to his hand -- his fingers.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

You must move your fingers  
regularly, to make sure that the  
muscles don't contract as they  
heal. It will be painful at first,  
but you must do it. Let me show  
you.

She takes hold of his ring finger, just below the first  
joint, and keeping the finger itself straight, bends the top  
joint a little inward.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Now, take hold with your other hand  
and try to bend that one joint.  
Yes, that's it. Do you feel the  
pull, down through the palm of your  
hand? That's just what's wanted.

Claire smiles at him. He glances hastily away, down at his  
hand. His stomach growls, startling them both.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Are you hungry, Mr. Christie?

TOM CHRISTIE

A little, I suppose.

CLAIRE

I'll fetch you something. Keep  
trying those exercises for a bit.

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

MOMENTS LATER. Claire cuts some HAM. ADSO appears.

CLAIRE

Hallo, cat. If you think you're  
having any of this ham, think  
again. I might go as far as a  
saucer of milk, though.

Claire pours milk in a saucer, sets it down on the floor and goes about assembling a light supper onto a wooden tray. Then she makes her way back to --

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

Claire returns, surprised to see Tom doing the exercises; his face glistening with sweat.

CLAIRE  
That's very good. Now, let it rest. I don't want you to start bleeding again.

Claire presents the tray and starts to feed Tom, but he insists on feeding himself, clumsily, with his left hand.

TOM CHRISTIE  
Is there someone else in the kitchen? I heard you speaking to someone.

CLAIRE  
Oh. No, only the cat.

Tom eyes Claire with suspicion.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
No, he's not my familiar. He's a cat. Talking to him is only slightly less ridiculous than talking to myself, that's all.

An expression of surprise flits across Tom's face.

TOM CHRISTIE  
I told you -- I am an educated man. I do not think you are a witch.

CLAIRE  
Oh, you don't? So you don't believe in witches? But there are witches mentioned in the Bible, you know.

TOM CHRISTIE  
I did not say that I do not believe in witches. I do. I said I don't think you are one.

CLAIRE  
Well, I'm very much obliged to hear it.

Tom eats for a moment in silence.

TOM CHRISTIE

I want to apologize to you. For my behavior this morning.

CLAIRE

Oh, that's quite all right. I can see how the idea of being put to sleep might seem quite peculiar...

TOM CHRISTIE

I don't mean that. I meant that I... could not keep myself still.

Claire sits beside him, choosing her words carefully...

CLAIRE

I wouldn't expect anyone to hold still when having their hand cut into.

TOM CHRISTIE

(bitter)

Not even your husband?

(off Claire)

He said you'd healed his hand for him. He didn't squirm when you did it, though, did he?

CLAIRE

Everyone's different...

TOM CHRISTIE

You wouldn't expect any man to do as well as him. I know that.

CLAIRE

That's not what I meant. I've stitched wounds and set bones for a good many men -- almost all the Highlanders were terribly brave about it --

TOM CHRISTIE

-- Highlanders. Hmph.

CLAIRE

You seem to think they're no more than Barbarians.

TOM CHRISTIE

Your husband is... certainly a gentleman. He comes from a noble family, if one tainted by treason. But he is also... one of them.

CLAIRE

One of them -- you mean a Highlander, or a Barbarian?

TOM CHRISTIE

The same thing, is it not?

Claire can't help an ironic chuckle -- good grief.

TOM CHRISTIE (CONT'D)

You know your husband bears the stripes of flogging.

CLAIRE

Of course I do.

TOM CHRISTIE

But do you know why?

CLAIRE

I do. But you don't.

She knows he doesn't, from what Jamie said in Episode 601.

TOM CHRISTIE

No. Not all of them, it's true. He arrived at Ardsmuir with a great many stripes. But I know that he earned more -- while we were in prison together. He claimed a bit of tartan. It was forbidden.

CLAIRE

And do you know why?

TOM CHRISTIE

It wasn't his. An old man's, who wasn't of sound mind... It was an act of... extraordinary... courage. Incomprehensible.

CLAIRE

How he could do it, you mean?

TOM CHRISTIE

Not how. Why?

CLAIRE

Well, he'd do anything to protect  
one of his men.

Tom's gaze lands on her for a long moment as he pieces  
something together.

TOM CHRISTIE

Is that why... today? His presence  
here...

(realizes)

Does he think I am one of his men?  
Because I am not, I assure you.

CLAIRE

No. I'm sure he doesn't.

(re: bible)

I'm sure it was simple kindness.  
In both cases. He'd do as much for  
any stranger -- you would yourself,  
wouldn't you?

He nods and lies back, suddenly feeling exhausted. Claire  
pulls the quilt up a bit, then blows out the candle.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

You did very well. Good night, Mr.  
Christie.

With that, she's gone...

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

Claire climbs back into bed, trying not to disturb Jamie,  
but realizes he's already waking, a bit groggy...

JAMIE

How was Tom?

CLAIRE

As well as can be expected.

(a beat, then)

Is he... afraid of women? Afraid  
of -- sinning, I suppose? He  
seemed very uncomfortable with me  
touching his hand. Or me touching  
him at all.

Jamie takes a beat, fully awake now, and thinking back...

JAMIE

Aye. I was like that, too, after Ardsmuir. It was shocking to be touched. Especially by a woman.

Claire looks at him, curious...

JAMIE (CONT'D)

It would be weeks, ye ken, and we wouldna think of it. We were always starved, cold, worn to the bone. But every now and then, something would change. The fog of exhaustion would lift -- a story someone told maybe, or a letter that came from someone's wife or sister. Sometimes it came from nowhere. But ye'd wake to it, in the night, in the dark, like the smell of a woman lyin' next to ye. Memory, longing... need. Some men would reach out to another -- sometimes to be rebuffed wi' shouts and blows. Sometimes not.

CLAIRE

And Tom...?

JAMIE

No. Tom turned inward... I was lucky: you helped pull me back from the darkness. Tom didna have that.

Something dawns on Claire...

CLAIRE

He was there when you arrived, wasn't he? At Ardsmuir. And you left at the same time...?

JAMIE

When the prison closed, aye. Tom was transported to the colonies to serve his indenture. Why?

CLAIRE

Malva must be eighteen at least, I should think... Wouldn't Tom have been at Ardsmuir still, when she was conceived?

JAMIE  
 (thinks about it)  
 Or perhaps he married again when he  
 arrived in the colonies.

They settle in to sleep. After a beat, Claire wonders,  
 tentative...

CLAIRE  
 Did any of the men ever touch you?

JAMIE  
 No. None of them would ever think  
 to touch me. I was their chief.  
 They loved me -- but they wouldna  
 think, ever, to touch me.

CLAIRE  
 Did you want them to?

JAMIE  
 I hungered for the touch of a hand,  
 only that. I longed for it. More  
 than food. More than sleep --  
 though I wished most desperately  
 for sleep. And not only for the  
 sake of tiredness. For when I  
 slept, often I dreamt of you.

Claire lifts her hand and places it on the small hollow in  
 the center of his chest, very lightly. He closes his eyes,  
 sighing, and clasps her hand, hard.

**EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - RIVER/MARSH AREA - DAY (D2)**

A WEEK LATER. Young Ian helps Malva cut MARSH REEDS for  
 later use in making baskets, etc.

MALVA  
 My brother tells me you're a  
 fearsome hunter.

Flattered, Ian tries to be modest, but is secretly  
 pleased --

YOUNG IAN  
 I s'pose. Keeps me well fed.



MALVA

(teasing)

As I used to say when my father'd ask me what I must do to avoid the fiery pits of Hell: be sure to eat well and take good care not to die.

Young Ian laughs. But then...

YOUNG IAN

Yer father is...

(beat)

Well, it must be difficult to live wi' the burden of such high expectations -- always wonderin' if ye've done right or wrong...

Young Ian knows a little something about that himself.

MALVA

Sometimes I think people make mistakes and do the wrong thing... but perhaps for the right reasons.

She searches his eyes.

MALVA (CONT'D)

I s'pose your uncle doesn't mind much what you do?

She glances at his tattoos -- a glaring example of something her own father definitely would not approve of...

MALVA (CONT'D)

...that you have markings on your face? Or that you're... not a Christian, I suppose?

Ian thinks about his answer.

YOUNG IAN

I dinna ken what I am or what I believe. But I'll always have a home with Uncle Jamie. He'd give me the coat off his back if I asked him. Or wi'out askin,' either.

MALVA

He loves you as his own son, then?

The idea intrigues her. She's full of questions for him.

YOUNG IAN

Aye. He's given me some land of my own to farm.

MALVA

Must you pay him rent tomorrow?

YOUNG IAN

No, not yet. I havena been farmin'. I dinna ken if my place is here wi' them -- or for how long...

MALVA

Where else would it be? He must think you very worthy and capable.

Ian can't help but smile at that, but it's bittersweet -- a callback to Episode 413 --

YOUNG IAN

Aye, a man o' worth.

Emboldened, Malva touches the small dots of ink on Ian's face. Ian pulls away slightly.

MALVA

Do they... mean something?

His time with the Mohawk is something he's never talked about with anyone -- and yet he feels like he could tell her.

YOUNG IAN

That I've done much I'm proud of and much that I regret...

She sees the pain beneath the surface, but doesn't press.

MALVA

You've lived, then.

YOUNG IAN

I have. No sin in *that*, I suppose.

MALVA

No. None at all.

That's a kind of revelation to Ian. Saying it out loud, he feels a bit better about his past.

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

Claire is taking stock of her wares when there's a knock.

TOM CHRISTIE (O.C.)  
Your pardon, mistress.

Claire turns, startled.

TOM CHRISTIE  
I came to say... thank you.

CLAIRE  
You're welcome.

He shrugs slightly.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
Please, sit. Let me have a look.

He sits, taking note of a book by the bedside: *THE HISTORY OF TOM JONES, A FOUNDLING*. Claire unwraps his bandage --

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
It's only been a week, but it's healing nicely. You're doing the exercises?

TOM CHRISTIE  
Yes. I look forward to having its use returned to me.

That means more than Claire realizes. Tom still owes Malva a beating [Episode 602] as a means of regaining his pride.

As Claire fetches salve and clean bandages, Tom turns the pages of Tom Jones slowly, lips pursed in concentration.

CLAIRE  
I've been having trouble sleeping.  
I find reading helps.  
(then)  
Do you read novels?

TOM CHRISTIE  
Yes. I -- yes.

CLAIRE  
Have you read *Tom Jones* before?

TOM CHRISTIE  
No. But my wife --

He stops abruptly, having never mentioned his wife before.  
 Claire applies a salve, waiting for him to continue.

TOM CHRISTIE (CONT'D)

She read novels.

Which Claire knows is unusual for the times -- the modern  
 form of the genre still developing and their consumption  
 usually the preserve of wealthy women.

TOM CHRISTIE (CONT'D)

But I did not approve of it. Then.  
 I threw them all away.

CLAIRE

She couldn't have been very pleased  
 about that.

Tom doesn't really want to go there.

TOM CHRISTIE

She was not.

CLAIRE

And what made you change your mind?

TOM CHRISTIE

Ardsmuir.

(off Claire's look)

We had no books there, but Mr.  
 Fraser was accustomed to recount  
 the stories he had read to the  
 other prisoners. Not Tom Jones,  
 but others. And I saw that fiction  
 was perhaps not, as I had thought,  
 merely an inducement of idleness  
 and wicked fancy, a confection of  
 lies.

CLAIRE

There's a difference between lying  
 and telling a distracting tale,  
 don't you think?

TOM CHRISTIE

It was distraction, to be sure. In  
 such conditions, distraction is not  
 evil. While it is, of course, more  
 desirable to escape into prayer.

CLAIRE

Of course.

TOM CHRISTIE

But it drew the men together. You would not think that such men -- crofters, Highlanders -- would find themselves in sympathy with such situations.

His face lightens a little, recalling.

TOM CHRISTIE (CONT'D)

They were starved, cold, covered in sores, separated from their families -- yet they could take comfort in never having suffered such vicissitudes as had befallen these imaginary beings...

Tom actually smiles, shaking his head at the thought. But -- enough reminiscing. He closes the book.

CLAIRE

Would you like to borrow it?

TOM CHRISTIE

Oh, no. I couldn't.

CLAIRE

Please, I insist. It will be a distraction, from your hand. I'll retrieve it in a few days. I'll come by and see what progress you've made.

He takes the book from her, accepting the gift graciously. A PATIENT appears in the doorway, waiting to see Claire.

TOM CHRISTIE

Then once again, I must thank you.

He tucks the volume under his arm and heads for the door. Then he turns back.

TOM CHRISTIE (CONT'D)

I meant to say... Richard Brown came by our settlement this morning...

Claire reacts to this casual news.

TOM CHRISTIE (CONT'D)

He offered us the protection of his Committee of Safety, should we have need of it.

CLAIRE

I hope you refused him. He's not  
to be trusted.

Tom doesn't answer, but there's something in his look that gives Claire a chill. Tom bows and exits, as the patient enters.

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

Jamie is walking along when he sees Malva Christie kneeling in the dirt, examining something under a fallen tree.

JAMIE

Lass?

Malva starts and turns.

MALVA

Oh! Mr. Fraser. You startled me.  
I was looking for wood-ears.

She shows him a basket of mushrooms she's collected.

JAMIE

What will yer father do when ye've  
wed and left his house? He'll need  
someone to do for him I'd expect.

MALVA

I dinna mean to be wed anytime  
soon, sir. We'll manage well  
enough.

JAMIE

No? Surely ye've suitors. The  
lads swoon after ye in droves, I've  
seen them.

MALVA

Please, sir, ye'll say no such  
thing to my father!

JAMIE

(reassures her)  
I willna. I was only teasin',  
lass. Is your father so fierce,  
then?

MALVA

(rather than answer)  
I thought ye knew him, sir.

JAMIE

I did. I'm gettin' acquainted wi' him again.

(doesn't press)

Have ye enough wood-ears there? I saw a good many yesterday, up near the Green Spring. I'm goin' that way, I can show ye.

Malva rises. Jamie takes her basket and carries it for her.

MALVA

You're very kind.

They start down the path together.

JAMIE

Your brother'll leave home too, I suppose. Mebbe go down to the coast? I ken he's no' really a farmer at heart, is he?

MALVA

No, he's not. He grew up in Edinburgh.

Jamie remembers his conversation with Claire: about Malva's age -- and how it could be that Tom conceived her -- but he doesn't come right out and ask her.

JAMIE

Did ye have the same mother... yer brother and you?

MALVA

(surprised by the question)  
Of course.

JAMIE

Was it in Scotland ye were born?  
Or here?

She looks at him for a beat, flattered.

MALVA

Am I such a curiosity to you, sir?

On Jamie, caught off-guard by her question.

MALVA (CONT'D)

'Twas in Scotland.

Jamie realizes half the mystery is solved. But only half.

MALVA (CONT'D)

But I dinna much remember it. Some say this place is like it, though. Do you think so?

JAMIE

Something like. Some parts. The Great Glen, and the forest -- aye, that's verra like this. But there's no peat here, o' course. And no heather either; and no craggy moorland, that's the biggest difference.

They continue, Jamie reminiscing about their homeland...

**INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - TOM CHRISTIE'S LEAN-TO - DAY (D2)**

Tom is alone, relaxing and reading Tom Jones...

TOM CHRISTIE (V.O.)

*"That what is commonly called Love, namely, the Desire of satisfying a voracious Appetite with a certain Quantity of delicate white human Flesh, is by no means that Passion for which I here contend. This is indeed more properly Hunger; and as no Glutton is ashamed to apply the Word Love to his Appetite, so may the Lover of this Kind, with equal Propriety say, he hungers after Women."*

Tom stops and looks up, contemplating the words, which are both provocative and upsetting to him. His expression a myriad of emotion...

**EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - FRONT OF BIG HOUSE - THE NEXT DAY (D3)**

A STREAM OF FRASER'S RIDGE TENANTS trickle in by CART and HORSE, including Tom and Malva Christie. Reminiscent of a Lallybroch Quarter Day [Episode 112], there is a table set up with a couple of ALE BARRELS. The atmosphere is that of an open house. LIZZIE WEMYSS hands out cups of ale to the guests. JOSIAH and KEZZIE BEARDSLEY keep a protective eye on her as she flutters about.

HIRAM CROMBIE

Thank ye, Miss Wemyss. I must drink this before Mr. Christie sees and chastens me.



RONNIE SINCLAIR takes a cup as well and toasts to Crombie.

RONNIE SINCLAIR  
 What auld Tom doesna ken willna  
 hurt him! Lang may yer lum reek!

Lizzie chuckles and helps the next in line.

JOSIAH BEARDSLEY  
 Sure ye dinna want any help, Miss  
 Wemyss? Kezzie and I could pass  
 some o' that ale 'round.

LIZZIE  
 (secretly flattered)  
 Oh, aye? As though every cup I  
 give ye wouldna go straight down  
 yer own two gullets. I'm no fool,  
 Josiah Beardsley.

KEZZIE BEARDSLEY  
 We'll keep watch, then. Make sure  
 no one steals a sip uninvited.

LIZZIE  
 If ye want to be helpful, fetch me  
 another barrel of ale.

She loves their attention. FIND Fergus, as he comes up the side steps onto the porch and slips into the house...

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

Settlers carry small snacks of festive food and drink as they mingle. TENANTS enjoy the cheerful atmosphere, including Brianna and Marsali. Marsali welcomes the distraction.

MARSALI  
 It's so good to have a rest from  
 the children...

BRIANNA  
 Mrs. Bug was happy to watch them.

Fergus slips in, taking sips from his FLASK of something stronger than ale, and avoiding his wife: he's not here with her, and Marsali doesn't see him enter. Fergus tries to ignore a Protestant couple, MR. AND MISTRESS MCGREGOR, who narrow their eyes at him and whisper to each other.

Jamie and Roger are seated at the dining room table as the tenants form a line. PADRAIC MACNEILL, accompanied by his VERY PREGNANT WIFE, HORTENSE MACNEILL, steps up.

ROGER  
Padraic MacNeill.

Roger makes a note of the name in a LEDGER as Padraic offers Jamie his rent in coin.

JAMIE  
Well done, sir. Keep it up and ye'll have more than enough to feed a family o' five.

Jamie's in his element -- pleased his tenants are doing well. Roger notes the absence of the MacNeills' two children --

ROGER  
Aye, where are yer other two wee scamps?

PADRAIC MACNEILL  
They'll be off makin' mischief somewhere.

HORTENSE MACNEILL  
Gone lookin' for sweetmeats, no doubt.

As the MacNeills move away, Jamie spies something and frowns.

JAMIE  
I'd asked Fergus to help today, but it seems he's having too good a time.

Roger follows Jamie's gaze to where Fergus can be seen hitting his flask again. It's EVAN LINDSAY'S turn to step up. Jamie counts the coin as Roger fills out the ledger.

JAMIE (CONT'D)  
Evan. Ye've had a good year.

EVAN LINDSAY  
Aye, Mac Dubh. My crops have been blessed.

MARSALI  
(teasing him)  
Time the good Lord blessed ye with a wife to spend all that money on.

EVAN LINDSAY

Perhaps He'll introduce me to yer  
sister... since ye're spoken for.

Fergus watches all of this with bitter annoyance.

MARSALI

Careful now -- she's far too young  
for the likes of ye. And lives in  
Scotland, forbye.

Fergus watches Marsali tease Evan, then exits. Marsali never  
knew he was there. Brianna whispers to Roger --

BRIANNA

We should set Evan up with Lizzie.  
What do you think?

ROGER

Ha. If he can get past Josiah and  
Kezzie Beardsley that is.

(off her look)

You haven't noticed? They're very  
protective. Your mother says they  
follow Lizzie around like two  
puppies. But it's more like two  
wolves.

Roger squeezes her hand, enjoying the nearness of her.

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

Fergus exits the house, carrying his flask. Claire, talking  
with Hiram Crombie, sees him, but doesn't follow. Mr. and  
Mistress McGregor exit as well and start toward their wagon.  
Again, they stare at Fergus and Fergus has had enough.

FERGUS

Whatever you have to say to me, you  
might as well say it. You've been  
staring at me all morning. Staring  
at me like you stare at my son --

An awkward pause. Mr. and Mistress McGregor are taken aback.

FERGUS (CONT'D)

Have you never seen a man wi' one  
hand before? Or a dwarf?

Mistress McGregor, repulsed by his drunkenness, turns  
away --

FERGUS (CONT'D)

Are we so hideous?

Mistress McGregor can't help herself. She's annoyed to be harassed in this way by a drunkard. She turns back --

MISTRESS MCGREGOR

Hideously *drunk*. But as to your son, I think grotesque may be the word. But you tell us -- if you can bear to look at him yourself.

Fergus tosses a splash of whisky from the flask in her face. Mr. McGregor shoves Fergus back -- and Fergus SNAPS, PUMMELING the man with his wooden hand, unloading months of pain onto Mr. McGregor. Ronnie Sinclair rushes over and pulls Fergus away from Mr. McGregor. Claire and Tom Christie arrive as well --

CLAIRE

Mr. McGregor --

MR. MCGREGOR

This madman attacked me!

Fergus stumbles back, glaring at Mistress McGregor. Claire notices Lizzie standing witness.

CLAIRE

Did you see what happened?

LIZZIE

(re: Mistress McGregor)  
It was *her* fault... *mostly*... She shouldna ha' said what she did about the bairn... but...

RONNIE SINCLAIR

(reluctantly, re: Fergus)  
... but then, throwin' whisky in her face didna help matters...

Claire looks at Fergus, troubled by this.

MISTRESS MCGREGOR

It is surely a curse from God -- for a child to look that way. "Drink is the devil's juice" -- isn't that what you always say, Mr. Christie? Well, the lad's father is never seen without a cup.

TOM CHRISTIE

The Frasers have opened their doors  
to us and we will respect them in  
the eyes of the Lord --

Claire is moved that Tom Christie took their side.

TOM CHRISTIE (CONT'D)

-- with *pity* and kindness

This last comment is meant well, though it stings. *Pity*.  
Meanwhile Marsali has appeared and overheard this. She can  
see there's been some conflict.

She goes to Fergus, reaches out to comfort him, but he  
brushes her off, taking it for *pity* too.

FERGUS

(in French)

Not you as well.

FERGUS

(French)

**Pas toi aussi.**

ON Fergus as he moves sullenly away, alone, and Marsali  
turns to Claire questioningly. As Claire starts to  
explain...

ROGER (PRE-LAP)

*As we all settle in this new land,  
so far from the soil in which many  
of us were born, I want to reflect  
on the words: Thou shalt love thy  
neighbour as thyself.*

**INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - MEETING HOUSE - NEXT DAY (D4)**

MORNING. Roger's at a PULPIT. The Protestants have gathered,  
eager for God's word: Mr. and Mistress McGregor; the  
MacNeills; the McCallums; Hiram Crombie and MRS. CROMBIE;  
the Fisherfolk Lads (#1,#2,#3) and their parents.

Brianna sits off to one side. The Christies have the place  
of honor in the center of the first bench. Malva looks  
demure in a cap sitting between Allan and her father.

ROGER

I feel compelled to tell a story  
about a helpless child who was  
floated down a river in a basket...

The fisherfolk lads squirm a bit and Aidan glances nervously  
at his mother. This is going to be about them. But...

ROGER (CONT'D)

His name was Moses.

Brianna smiles at Roger's clever switcheroo. Amy McCallum gazes at Roger, with open adoration that makes Brianna uneasy when she notices it. As the sermon continues...

**INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - BREEZEWAY - DAY (D5)**

Claire walks out and is surprised to find... her TOM JONES BOOK sitting on the bench with a note from Tom Christie: "This is filth. I thought better of you."

ROGER (V.O.)  
*Pharaoh ordered that all Hebrew boys be thrown into the Nile and drowned -- an edict that almost killed the child who would later lead God's people to freedom.*

OFF Claire, realizing Tom is still Tom...

**INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - TOM CHRISTIE'S LEAN-TO - LATER - (D5)**

Malva is bent over a chair, her skirts lifted, exposing her bare backside, and Tom is whipping her with his belt -- held strongly in his healed right hand -- making good on that promise he made [Episode 602].

ROGER (V.O.)  
*It was fear that made him do it...*

Tom whips and whips -- and Malva takes it with silent, strong, accustomed suffering. She's used to this.

**EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - TOM CHRISTIE'S LEAN-TO - SAME TIME - DAY (D5)**

Outside, Allan listens to Malva's beating... troubled and angry at his sister's suffering, and his father's cruelty.

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

Marsali makes use of her new spinning wheel, distracting herself from her troubles.

ROGER (V.O.)  
*For months, Moses' mother kept him hidden away, risking her own life, until he was too big to hide. She placed him in a basket in the River Nile and prayed. She entrusted him to God, in spite of her fear...*

**EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - DAY (D5)**

Jamie is going out to fish. He notices Fergus walking in the distance and gets a funny feeling.

ROGER (V.O.)

*Many of you are parents. To what lengths would you go, to protect your innocent children...?*

Jamie watches -- can't shake the feeling that something is off... He sets down his gear and follows after Fergus --

**EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - RIVER - DAY (D5)**

Jamie comes through the trees in time to see Fergus rolling up his sleeve. As Jamie watches for a beat, curious -- then shocked to see Fergus take a small KNIFE in his right hand, and SLASH THE VEINS OF HIS LEFT ARM -- blood streaming out --

ROGER (V.O.)

*You never know what you'll be willing to do, until --*

Roger's VOICEOVER STOPS ABRUPTLY.

JAMIE

Fergus!

Jamie bolts down the hill, grabs Fergus and quickly wraps his hand around Fergus' arm tightly, attempting to slow the blood loss -- Fergus yanks away, sad and lost.

FERGUS

No -- milord. Let me be.

Jamie attempts to restrain Fergus, but he keeps struggling, losing blood, until -- Jamie HITS him. Fergus falls to the ground, finally surrendering. Jamie pulls his neck stock off and wraps a tourniquet -- stopping the blood loss.

FERGUS (CONT'D)

Let me die -- this is the only way.

JAMIE

Marsali and the children need you --

FERGUS

*This is for them! Marsali can marry again -- find a man who can provide for her and the children, and protect Henri-Christian. I cannot.*

JAMIE

You can --

FERGUS

-- you know damn well I can't!  
Roger saved him. You protected  
him! I'm nothing -- I'm useless!

He raises his stump. Jamie's heart breaks.

JAMIE

You? Useless?

Jamie makes Fergus look at him. In Jamie's eyes is enough  
love to envelop the Earth -- and it's all for Fergus.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

With only one hand, ye kept our  
family together when I was at  
Ardsmuir. Wi' one hand, ye  
convinced a beautiful girl to marry  
ye -- and convinced me to give her  
away to be yer wife. Wi' one hand,  
ye helped me at my print shop when  
I was grievin' for Claire. And wi'  
that one hand, ye've made some of  
the finest whisky that ever crossed  
my lips -- and ye will again.  
Ye're the *only* one who can show yer  
son what a "useless" man like ye  
can achieve. And how proud he can  
make his father.

Jamie kneels with Fergus, embracing him, wet with blood and  
water, locked together -- as if Jamie might never let go.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Ye dinna ken, lad, that it is you.  
Not what you can give, or do, or  
provide. It is you we need...

JAMIE

(in French)

Do you understand, my child,  
my son? Do you understand?

JAMIE

(French)

**Tu comprends, mon enfant,  
mon fils? Comprends-tu?**

FERGUS

I am not who I once was, Milord. I  
do not know if I can be that man  
again.

JAMIE

You can. You will.



OFF a glimmer of hope returning to Fergus' eyes as he holds onto his father...

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

ON MARSALI, opening the door and looking out to see Fergus arrive, arm now bandaged, with sorrow and love in his eyes.

Jamie and Claire (who has tended to Fergus' wounds) stand behind, hanging back to allow the young couple a tearful moment of tender rapprochement alone.

OFF Marsali as she hands Henri-Christian to Fergus, and Fergus holds his son lovingly... a new start...

**EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - DAY - LATER (D5)**

Jamie and Claire walk to the house. Claire puts a hand on Jamie's arm, knowing the sadness he feels. A CART approaches on the drive -- MAJOR DONALD MACDONALD and his DRAGOONS.

JAMIE

Major MacDonald?

MAJOR MACDONALD

Mr. Fraser. Mistress Fraser. I come bearing gifts.

They join him at the back of the cart, where FOUR DRAGOONS pull a tarp off of two large CRATES. They jemmy the lids off the crates to reveal: 30 RIFLES and MUSKETS.

MAJOR MACDONALD (CONT'D)

Your letter requesting guns was well-received.

He means the letter Jamie wrote on behalf of Bird-Who-Sings-In-The-Morning [Episode 602]. Jamie takes in the sight of the guns, the reality hitting him.

MAJOR MACDONALD (CONT'D)

And it appears the loyalty and readiness of the Snowbird Cherokee could not come at a better time.

He hands Jamie and Claire a broadsheet (newspaper). They read the front page, Claire picking out familiar -- to her -- headline: *Tea Destroyed at Boston Harbour*.

CLAIRE

(quietly to herself)  
... The Boston Tea Party.

MAJOR MACDONALD  
So you've heard.

Jamie realizes Claire has heard (being from the future).

MAJOR MACDONALD (CONT'D)  
I imagine the King will view it as  
an act of outright aggression.  
(returning to the guns)  
Where would you like them?

JAMIE  
We'll store them in the corncrib  
for now.

As MacDonald and his men haul the crates away, Jamie and  
Claire hang back.

JAMIE (CONT'D)  
(re: the newspaper)  
What does it mean?

CLAIRE  
It's starting. The storm. The  
war. It's almost here.

OFF this ominous realization...

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE