

OUTLANDER

EPISODE 604

Hour of the Wolf

WRITTEN BY
LUKE SCHELHAAS

BASED ON THE NOVEL BY
DIANA GABALDON

FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT
9th June 2021

OUTLANDER
EPISODE 604 "Hour of the Wolf"

PREVIOUS REVISIONS

Production Draft - 11th December 2020

Blue Draft - 25th February 2021

Pink Draft - 31st March 2021

Yellow Draft - 23rd April 2021

Green Draft - 30th April 2021

Goldenrod Pages - 5th May 2021 - pp. 1, 1A, 47.

2nd White Pages - 10th May 2021 - pp. 1, 1A, 22, 22A, 35.

2nd Blue Pages - 18th May 2021 - pp. 11, 14, 15, 18, 19, 26,
28, 29, 30, 40.

EPISODE 604 "Hour of the Wolf"

CAST LIST — FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT — 9th June 2021

CLAIRE FRASER
JAMIE FRASER
BRIANNA RANDALL FRASER
ROGER WAKEFIELD MACKENZIE

ARCH BUG
CHIEF BIRD
CHIEF TEHWAHSEHKWE
DONALD MACDONALD
FERGUS FRASER
GOVERNOR JOSIAH MARTIN
JOHN GREY
JOSIAH BEARDSLEY
KAHEROTON
KEZIAH BEARDSLEY
LIZZIE WEMYSS
MALVA CHRISTIE
SCOTCHEE CAMERON
TEHHONAHTAKE
TSOTEHWEH
WAHIONHAWEH
YOUNG IAN

EPISODE 604 "Hour of the Wolf"

SET LIST – FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT – 9th June 2021

INTERIORS

Fraser's Ridge
Big House
Bedchamber
Kitchen
Surgery
Stables
Spare Room
Parlour
Dining Room
Mohawk Village
Longhouse
Private Room
Cherokee Village
Lodging
Council House

EXTERIORS

Fraser's Ridge
Big House
River
Blue Ridge Mountains
Woods
Mohawk Village
River
Woods
Longhouse
Cherokee Village
Council House
Woods
Near Fire Pit
Jamie and Ian's Lodging

FADE IN:

INT. MOHAWK LONGHOUSE - FLASHBACK - NIGHT (FBN8)

COLD OPEN. YOUNG IAN is making love to a woman with dark hair. We don't see her clearly -- we may think it's Malva Christie. They lie on furs. Their bodies glisten -- a prolonged moment of love and desire.

*This is a flashback, a memory, but we don't know that yet.
[NOTE: this is the same moment as in Scene 23.]*

We see Ian's WAMPUM BRACELET [Episode 508] on his wrist. We see a small SOAPSTONE CARVING of a wolf's head on a leather thong -- a necklace. The woman moves and we see her face:

It's NOT Malva. It's a beautiful YOUNG WOMAN we've never seen before: a MOHAWK WOMAN.

YOUNG IAN

I love you --

He was about to say her name, but she kisses him, stopping him. As they continue to make love...

OPENING CREDITS.

FADE IN:

OMITTED

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - BEDCHAMBER - DAY (774) (D)

JAMIE and CLAIRE lie in bed, having finished making love a few moments before. They relax under the blankets, in each other's arms, enjoying a quiet moment before starting the day. Afterglow.

JAMIE

"Greased lightning," aye?

CLAIRE

What?

(confused)

Who?

JAMIE

Me, I suppose. Or were ye no'
thunderstruck, there at the end?

Claire laughs, amused.

CLAIRE

Did I teach you that phrase?

JAMIE

I've heard ye use it, aye...

CLAIRE

Well, that particular figure of speech is a metaphor for extreme speed, not lubricated brilliance.

JAMIE

I can be fast, too.

Claire gives her husband a look that asks -- "*Is that so?*"

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Well, no' first thing in the mornin'...

The banter is cute, loving, familiar.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

There are worse ways to wake up though, aye?

As if on cue, the SOUND of someone with very vigorous bladder function FILLING A CHAMBER POT across the landing, followed by a LOUD SNEEZE, are added to the general cacophony of household noises downstairs.

CLAIRE

Yes, *much* worse. Poor old Major MacDonald. Can you imagine being allergic to cats?

JAMIE

Can ye be 'allergic' to house guests?

Claire starts to get out of bed, but --

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Stay in bed, Sassenach.

Claire smiles, so very tempted... In the silence they hear sounds in the house below: Mrs. Bug clattering dishes and then... a man's muffled voice.

CLAIRE

(gently)

We'll have to get up in a minute. Mrs. Bug will have spared no effort making breakfast today.

Suddenly, they hear MORE SNEEZING below them.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Did the Major tell you how much longer he's intending to stay?

JAMIE

He'll leave for New Bern tomorrow... And I must take these guns to the Cherokee.

They both feel the weight of this -- the nearness of the coming war.

CLAIRE

Governor Martin will be pleased.

JAMIE

Aye. MacDonald brought a letter from him praisin' my "celerity and enterprize in drawing the Cherokee into the British sphere of influence once more." I pray the broadsheets dinna get wind of it...

Claire gives him a quizzical look. Jamie grabs two newspapers from his side table. Shows them to Claire...

JAMIE (CONT'D)

They've printed confidential correspondence from the Governor to various folk -- Tryon in New York, General Gage -- askin' for help. Seems he believes he's losin' his grip on the colony.

CLAIRE

I only hope we can keep everyone here out of it.

JAMIE

Aye. Roger and Brianna are happy, Fergus is doin' much better... I'm goin' to send him to Cross Creek wi' the trade goods.

CLAIRE

It'll be good for him to see that you trust him again.

JAMIE

Aye. I'm going to tell him after breakfast.

CLAIRE

Then we should go down before the
Major eats all the honey cakes.

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

Jamie and FERGUS talk by the fire. Jamie still holds the
broadsheets, rolled in his hand.

JAMIE

Ye'll leave tomorrow. Mr. Bug will
come wi' ye... but I'm entrustin'
you wi' it now.

FERGUS

Thank you, Milord.

JAMIE

It's no small task, lad. Men like
the weight o' coin in their purses;
they'll no' want to part wi' it.
But ye're a fine salesman.

FERGUS

I'll try my best.

JAMIE

When ye're finished in Cross Creek,
pay a visit to Aunt Jocasta...
she'll be pleased of yer company.
Take these broadsheets to read
along yer journey.

He hands the newspapers to Fergus.

FERGUS

I know what you're doing.

JAMIE

What am I doin'?

FERGUS

You believe if I can put some
distance between myself and my
worries, I will heal.

JAMIE

With time, aye. I do.

Fergus considers the newspapers in his hand.

FERGUS

I remember when we used to print the news ourselves.

(drifts for a beat)

Do you ever think of our time in Edinburgh?

JAMIE

Now and again.

FERGUS

I miss those times.

JAMIE

I had faith in you then, lad. And I have faith in you still. Now you must try to find faith in yourself once again... **mon fils**.

FERGUS

Thank you, Milord. For everything. You have saved my life more than once...

Jamie looks at Fergus' wooden hand, remembering the lad who sacrificed it for him.

JAMIE

Then I have simply balanced the scales.

Fergus nods and exits. Jamie watches his son, concerned, hoping against hope that this new task will help him heal.

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

Eight MUSKETS and/or RIFLES are fired in clouds of smoke and sparks. The loud report echoes in the woods. It could be the start of the war... but no. REVEAL --

-- Jamie, YOUNG IAN, ROGER, BRIANNA, ARCH BUG, MAJOR DONALD MACDONALD and two DRAGOONS firing at targets. They're field testing the guns MacDonald brought for the Cherokee. There are two crates containing twenty guns in all.

ROGER

(surprised and calmly pleased)

I hit it.

He looks to Brianna, expecting his wife to tease him about his notoriously bad aim, but she seems distracted.

BRIANNA
You've been practicing.

Roger understands: Brianna is worried about the coming war. Jamie notices that something is troubling her as well.

Meanwhile, Ian is pleased to be doing this: Giving these guns to the Cherokee was his idea. As Roger loads another gun...

ROGER
I hear the standard in the army is two rounds a minute, is that right, Major?

MAJOR MACDONALD
Indeed.

JAMIE
'Course there are some who can manage three...

They all begin to load a second round of guns.

MAJOR MACDONALD
(amused)
Is that so, Mr. Fraser? It remains to be seen whether the Cherokee will ever manage that.

ARCH BUG
Aye. Perhaps they ought to keep to their bows. When I was a lad I was so handy wi' one, I'd have someone's eye out before they could blink --

MAJOR MACDONALD
Times have moved on, Mr. Bug. I can't say these guns are new, but they'll kill more, and more quickly than any arrow. That's why the Cherokee want them so badly.
(to Jamie)
You can tell your Chief-Bird-Who-Sings-In-the-Evening that they've been field tested and aim true.

JAMIE
I'll tell him they have yer personal guarantee.

YOUNG IAN
"Morning."

MAJOR MACDONALD

Hmm?

YOUNG IAN

(Bird's Cherokee name)

Tsiskwa Sunale Dekanogisgi. Bird-
Who-Sings-In-The-Morning.

MAJOR MACDONALD

Why they won't take a Christian name
is beyond me.

YOUNG IAN

Aye. A simple name like Donald son
of Donald --

Jamie and Roger smirk at the thrown shade. If MacDonald was looking for accord he's not getting it here.

Brianna seems troubled by this conversation. She sets down her rifle, excuses herself with a brief smile to the others, and walks towards the Big House. Jamie watches her.

MAJOR MACDONALD

In any event. The Governor would like him to swear an oath, this Bird of yours; that he will... fly our way if the King should call upon him.

(pointedly, to Ian)

Morning or evening.

(then to Jamie)

The King is counting on you.

OFF Jamie...

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - SIDE OF BIG HOUSE - LATER - DAY (D1)

Brianna sits apart, watching, as Roger, Ian, MacDonald and the dragoons continue to test the guns. Jamie approaches Brianna, knowing that something is weighing on her.

BRIANNA

(re: the guns)

It won't be enough. To save them.

She trails off. How to say what she knows? Jamie sits.

JAMIE

Tell me, a leannan...

BRIANNA

About... 60 years from now... the government will force the Cherokee off their land. They'll move them a thousand miles from here. Twenty thousand people. It seems impossible, but --

JAMIE

(empathetic)

I ken well what governments are capable of.

BRIANNA

Eight thousand of them will die. They'll call it the Trail of Tears.

She stops.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

They'll say this country is built on the idea that "all men are created equal..." but they don't mean all men.

She's angry. Ashamed. Worried.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

Some of the Cherokee escaped and went into the Smokey Mountains and hid. The army didn't find them. I don't know... it didn't seem right to know and not tell you...

OFF Jamie, taking this in... and the heart with which his daughter tells it...

INT. BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAINS - WOODS - DAY (D2)

ON IAN, lost in thought as he rides his horse through woods. We become aware of a voice saying Ian's name...

JAMIE (O.C.)

Ian. Ian...

Jamie is driving the wagon, bearing two closed CRATES of rifles. Ian finally hears his name and turns. Jamie stops the wagon. We see that Rollo is not with them.

JAMIE

(smiles)

Watch yer horse there, lad -- veer any further north and we'll be deliverin' the guns to Virginia.

YOUNG IAN

Sorry, Uncle.

Ian looks at Jamie, a little sheepish and almost embarrassed to confess --

YOUNG IAN (CONT'D)

When ye called me then... well, sometimes I dinna feel like an "Ian..."

Surprised, Jamie wonders what this is all about...

JAMIE

I was there when yer Ma named ye for yer father. An Ian ye are and an Ian ye'll always be.

YOUNG IAN

Ye ken what it means?

JAMIE

Aye -- God is gracious... merciful.

Ian isn't sure that's necessarily always so.

YOUNG IAN

I had another name chosen for me -- among the Mohawk.

Jamie sees an opening to ask Ian more, but he doesn't want to pry. He smiles -- trying to be good-humored.

JAMIE

Liked that one better, did ye?

YOUNG IAN

(shrugs)

I wonder how many Ians have come before me... And how many'll come after me. How many have walked the same path as I have...

(a beat)

Am I a traitor to my name?

JAMIE

Perhaps if ye told me what happened durin' yer time wi' them...

(MORE)

JAMIE (CONT'D)

(beat)

What name did they give ye?

But Ian looks away. It's not the first time Jamie has tried to engage him on the subject of the Mohawk -- he thinks about what he overheard [Episode 602]: that Ian had a child.

YOUNG IAN

(not answering)

We should continue on.

Jamie knows not to press. They ride on.

EXT. EDGE OF SNOWBIRD CHEROKEE VILLAGE - DAY (D2)

Jamie and Ian approach the village of the Snowbird Cherokee. Before entering, Jamie shouts the greeting he once learned:

JAMIE

Siyo ginali!

EXT. SNOWBIRD CHEROKEE VILLAGE - LATER - DAY (D2)

Jamie and Ian dismount and tether their horses. Leaving their weapons and the wagon, they walk into the village, they see women and children at work and play.

JAMIE

Siyo ginali.

The women smile and nod in return, recognizing the two men. Jamie and Ian walk on.

At first the village seems sort of empty, but then, up ahead, they notice a large circle of men talking animatedly, passing items back and forth between them, including CHIEF BIRD-WHO-SINGS-IN-THE-MORNING and STILL WATER [Episode 602].

Jamie and Ian pass a few horses... belonging to the people of the Snowbird Cherokee. But Ian notices something hanging from one horse's rigging: an IROQUOIS GUSTOWEH -- a type of hat bearing a set number of upright eagle feathers: the Mohawk version in particular bearing three.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

What is it?

YOUNG IAN

It isn't Cherokee. A three-feathered **gustoweh** is...

(beat)

Mohawk.

KAHEROTON (O.C.)
 (in Mohawk)
 Shé:kon, Okwaho'rohtsi'ah.

They turn to see -- KAHEROTON ("kah-heh-LOH-ton"), the handsome young Mohawk who took Roger to Shadow Lake and later helped initiate Ian into life with the Mohawk [Season Four]. He says it again in English -- kindly but with some apprehension...

KAHEROTON
 Greetings, Wolf's Brother.

OFF Ian's shocked face --

EXT. MOHAWK VILLAGE - TO ESTABLISH - FLASHBACK - DAY (FBD1)

-- we are in another place and time. Three women, MOHAWK ELDERS, walk into...

INT. MOHAWK LONGHOUSE - FLASHBACK - DAY (FBD1)

CLOSE ON Young Ian's face. He's seated on a bench, dressed as we saw him at the end of Episode 413. No tattoos, a full head of hair (and a few small cuts from his recent trip through the gauntlet).

We are back in the Mohawk village of Shadow Lake, more than a year ago -- in the time Ian has never spoken about. Ian sits up taller, ready for whatever's about to happen. Nervously excited as...

THE FOLLOWING PLAYS IN A SERIES OF CUTS:

THREE MOHAWK WOMEN prepare Ian for a life-changing ritual: Becoming Mohawk. They dip their fingers in ash and begin to pluck YOUNG IAN'S SCALP clean of hair, meticulously, tuft by tuft, like plucking a turkey. They use the ash to strengthen their grip on his hair. Ian flinches, then sits up taller.

Ultimately, Ian is left with a SINGLE STRIP OF HAIR on top of his head -- a "mohawk." The women now separate this strip of hair into THREE LOCKS, which they plait, stiffen with bear grease, and adorn with beads and feathers.

One of the women takes up a SHARP BONE NEEDLE, using it to prick tiny round holes along Ian's cheek bones, and over the bridge of his nose, leaving behind dots of charcoal dye -- his familiar tattoos.

EXT. MOHAWK VILLAGE - RIVER - FLASHBACK - DAY (FBD1)

Thus painted and tattooed, shirtless and dressed in deerskin pants and silver ARM BANDS, Young Ian kneels on the bank of a river adjacent to the village. THREE YOUNGER MOHAWK WOMEN stand behind and beside him.

A CROWD OF VILLAGERS has gathered on the riverbank. We see CHIEF TEHWAHSEHKWE ("teh-WAH-seh-kwe"); a respected man named TEHHONAHTAKE ("teh-ho-nah-da-ke"); and Kaheroton; as well as TSOTEHWEH ("jo-deh-weh"), a highly respected woman in the village. Tehwahsehkwe and Tehhonahtake wear feathered gustowehs.

The young women begin to pour river water over Ian's head, neck and shoulders. A baptism. Then they roughly scrub his body -- arms, legs, chest and back -- with handfuls of sand.

In the crowd, a beautiful Mohawk girl (18 years old) named WAHIONHAWEH ("wah-eon-HA-weh") watches Ian intently.

When the ceremony is finished, Tehhonahtake presents him with a WAMPUM BELT -- a highly valuable object of important cultural significance -- and a STROUD CLOTH.

Chief Tehwahsehkwe addresses Ian.

CHIEF TEHWAHSEHKWE

My son, by the ceremony that was performed this day, every drop of white blood has been washed from your veins, and you are adopted into our great family. You are now flesh of our flesh, and bone of our bone.

Words surprisingly reminiscent of Highland wedding vows.

CHIEF TEHWAHSEHKWE (CONT'D)

You have nothing to fear from us.
We will love and defend you as we
love and defend one another.

The Chief looks down at ROLLO, sitting faithfully at Young Ian's feet, and smiles -- inspired.

CHIEF TEHWAHSEHKWE (CONT'D)

Henceforth, you will be called
Okwaho'rohtsi'ah. Wolf's Brother.

Pronounced "oh-GWA-ho'-loh'-GEE-ah." Ian beams. He is honored, excited and a little scared about the new life ahead of him. But the fear vanishes in an instant as he catches a glimpse of Wahionhawah in the crowd.

She gives him the most amazing shy smile.

OMITTED (MOVED INTO SCENE 7)

EXT. MOHAWK VILLAGE - NEAR RIVER - FLASHBACK - DAY (FBD2)

WEEKS LATER, Ian has totally embraced his place in this community -- and the Mohawk people have embraced him, too. He makes his way through the bustling village -- and everyone he passes smiles or greets him with a nod.

A LITTLE LATER --

He stops at the RIVER where beautiful Wahionhaweheh crouches in the shallows, carving something out of stone -- dipping the stone in the water to clean it, then carving some more.

WAHIONHAWEH
(Ian's Mohawk name)
Okwaho'rohtsi'ah.

She smiles. She likes him. He likes her back.

YOUNG IAN	YOUNG IAN
Shé:kon... Wahionhaweheh.	Greetings... Wahionhaweheh.

She smirks at his almost-correct pronunciation of her name. He crouches near her.

YOUNG IAN (CONT'D)
(re: carving)
What is it?

She brings the stone up out of the water. It's a wolf expertly carved out of a piece of black soapstone.

WAHIONHAWEH
(in Mohawk)
Okwaho.
(then, translating)
Wolf. My clan.

She hands it to him. Nods for him to take it -- clearly meant as a gift for him.

Ian takes it, amazed by her craftsmanship. Young love occurring before our eyes. She walks away, casting a smile back at him. But Ian sees Tsotehweh, watching. And she isn't smiling.

EXT. WOODS NEAR MOHAWK VILLAGE - FLASHBACK - DAY (FBD3)

Young Ian and Kaheroton hunt together, bows casually at the ready as they walk softly through the undergrowth. Ian asks about the baby Kaheroton was left holding after the death of Father Alexandre and Johiehon [Episode 412].

YOUNG IAN

You are raisin' Johiehon's child?

KAHEROTON

We will all raise her. But she will live with Johiehon's sister.

YOUNG IAN

You loved Johiehon very much, didn't you?

KAHEROTON

I did. But she chose another.

She chose Father Alexandre.

YOUNG IAN

And you? Will ye choose another?

Kaheroton smiles kindly at the question.

KAHEROTON

We do not choose, **Okwaho'rohtsi'ah**.

Meaning "we men." He taps the SOAPSTONE WOLF that now hangs around Ian's neck (given to him by Wahionhaweh).

KAHEROTON (CONT'D)

They choose.

Ian smiles... as they walk on.

INT. MOHAWK LONGHOUSE - FLASHBACK - NIGHT (FBN4)

Ian sits with Kaheroton, Tehhonahtake and other Mohawk men and women around a fire in the common area of the longhouse. They're drinking spruce beer and telling stories as Rollo lies nearby. As Tehhonahtake finishes telling a story --

KAHEROTON

You, Wolf's Brother -- tell us a story.

He hands Ian the jug of beer. Ian hesitates, feeling shy.

YOUNG IAN

*This is my story... bein' here,
with all of ye. What better story
could I have?*

Kaheroton nudges Ian. The two have become good friends.

KAHEROTON

*What of your life before? I want
to hear more tales of your great
journey across the sea and the
woman with green eyes... The
Bakra...*

*Ian has obviously told Kaheroton some parts of this story --
of his journey across the ocean and his time in Jamaica with
the Bakra, Geillis Duncan. But he doesn't necessarily want
to tell everyone.*

*When Ian hesitates, a Mohawk Man reaches for the beer in
Ian's hands -- but another hand slaps the man's hand away.
Ian looks up at: Wahionhawe.*

WAHIONHAWEH

*No. Let my husband have it. He
tells much better stories when he's
drunk.*

*Husband? So that happened. Ian smiles from ear to ear as
Wahionhawe settles next to him by the fire. She grins as
the others laugh at her joke. Ian takes a drink of beer.*

WAHIONHAWEH (CONT'D)

*So, husband. Tell us about this
woman with the green eyes.*

YOUNG IAN

*Aye, well... She was a witch, and a
very wicked woman -- a --*

He searches for the Mohawk words. He knows so few...

YOUNG IAN

Ionkwe...takson.

YOUNG IAN

Wicked... woman...

He sees that not everyone is understanding his English.

YOUNG IAN (CONT'D)

*I'm sorry I canna say it in Mohawk.
I dinna have the words.*

WAHIONHAWEH

(kindly)

Sing for us then. About your home
across the sea...

Ian struggles to think for a moment, before choosing a Scottish ballad called 'Auld Robin Gray.' He starts to SING.

YOUNG IAN

"When the sheep are in the fauld
and the kine at hame, / And a' the
world to rest are gane, / The waes
o' my heart fall in showers frae my
e'e / While my gudeman lies sound
by me."

Ian finds himself directing his song at Wahionhawah, who smiles. As Ian continues to sing (two or three verses), Kaheroton leans in toward him... with an eye toward Wahionhawah...

KAHEROTON

This is your story, Wolf's Brother.

Ian smiles from ear to ear as Wahionhawah listens to him sing, enchanted...

INT. CHEROKEE VILLAGE - LODGING - DAY (D2)

BACK IN THE PRESENT NOW, REVEAL... Ian has been telling his story to Jamie in the privacy of a Cherokee guest house (the same one they stayed before [Episode 602]). A fire burns between them in the center of the room...

YOUNG IAN

(admits with a sad smile)

When I was first learning their language, I couldna pronounce her name properly. I called her Emily, which made her laugh. She was so beautiful...

INT. MOHAWK LONGHOUSE PRIVATE ROOM - FLASHBACK - NIGHT (FBN5)

Ian and Wahionhawah/Emily lie together on hides and furs. Ian names parts of Wahionhawah's body in Mohawk... kissing each as he says it.

YOUNG IAN

Ohhos'kwa, O'sha, Ohraka...

YOUNG IAN

Cheek, lips, eyes...

Wahionhawehe laughs as she corrects a mispronunciation and gestures, emphasizing --

WAHIONHAWEH

(in Mohawk)

Ohkara.

(then, re: his language skills)

But getting better.

Ian pulls down the blanket, revealing Wahionhawehe's now VERY PREGNANT BELLY.

YOUNG IAN

Ohnehkwentah.

YOUNG IAN

Belly.

He kisses her belly now --

YOUNG IAN (CONT'D)

(re: the kiss)

I dinna always need words...

In response, Wahionhawehe places a WAMPUM BRACELET on his wrist [the bracelet Roger noticed in Episode 508, which Ian wears to this day].

WAHIONHAWEH

No... You have this. To remind you... of when we were joined together as one.

She kisses him deeply. There's great love here. Comfort. Happiness. But then she looks at him with a flicker of worry that she could lose him if he felt he didn't belong here.

WAHIONHAWEH (CONT'D)

Do you ever miss your home?

YOUNG IAN

You are my home. Both of you.

He places his hands on her pregnant belly.

EXT. CHEROKEE VILLAGE - JAMIE AND IAN'S LODGING - DAY (D2)

ESTABLISHING the Cherokee Guest House where Ian and Jamie are staying. We are once again IN THE PRESENT DAY.

INT. CHEROKEE VILLAGE - LODGING - DAY (D2)

Ian continues to tell his story to Jamie.

YOUNG IAN

When I was a bairn, I'd waken in my
bed and ken at once where I was,
even in the dark.

(gestures)

The window, the basin and ewer on
the table... The big bed where
Janet and Michael slept... and the
smell of peat smoke from the fire.

Jamie nods, understanding --

JAMIE

I've slept in that chamber many a
time, myself. I felt the same as
ye did, lad. But when I went to
foster at Leoch -- I'd wake up and
for a moment -- have no notion of
where I was.

YOUNG IAN

When we left Scotland... when I was
in Jamaica...

He's thinking of being kidnapped [in Season Three].

YOUNG IAN (CONT'D)

I would awaken and have no idea
where I was, or who... it was as
though I was falling down a well of
blackness...

Jamie knows this feeling, too.

YOUNG IAN (CONT'D)

Even here, wi' you and Auntie
Claire... I ken I wasna myself.

YOUNG IAN (CONT'D)

But when I lay wi' Emily... I kent
who I was again. My soul didna
wander while I slept... when I
slept beside her.

Ian reaches for the right words to say the rest... Tears
forming, he starts to half-sing, half-recite the lyrics from
the earlier song in the longhouse --

YOUNG IAN (CONT'D)

"When the sheep are in the fauld
and the kine at hame..."

EXT. WOODS OUTSIDE MOHAWK VILLAGE - FLASHBACK - DAY (FBD6)

CLOSE ON a delicate budding tree leaf.

Ian and Wahionhaweh (still pregnant) admire the BUD, beautiful and diaphanous.

YOUNG IAN (V.O.)
 "...and a' the world to rest are
 gane, / The waes o' my heart fall
 in showers frae my e'e / While my
 good wife lies sound by me."

She's talking but we don't hear her words. Perhaps she is naming things. She picks the bud and gives it to Ian. There is beauty all around them. They are in love.

INT. CHEROKEE VILLAGE - LODGING - DAY (D2)

Ian looks at Jamie, haunted, echoing the lyrics --

YOUNG IAN
 Did she ever lie sound beside me?

INT. MOHAWK LONGHOUSE PRIVATE ROOM - FLASHBACK - NIGHT (FBN6)

Ian sleeps. He wakes suddenly -- though he's unsure why. What woke him? -- A sound? Intuition? He sits up and looks at Wahionhaweh, rolled onto her side.

YOUNG IAN
 Lass -- love -- is all well?

Ian removes the fur hides covering Wahionhaweh's body to reveal -- there's BLOOD EVERYWHERE. Terror strikes his heart. God, no.

YOUNG IAN (CONT'D)
 Blessed Michael defend us.

He bolts up and out the door, into the common area --

YOUNG IAN
**Tahkehnahwahs! Kehk'sonha,
 wahahkohnekhohsonti!**

YOUNG IAN
 Help me! My wife bleeds!

People are instantly up and out of their own private rooms and beds, racing to help Wahionhaweh. Within moments, Tsotehweh is there, her face set in a grim calm. The women of the longhouse push past Ian and carry Wahionhaweh away. Ian follows them outside...

EXT. MOHAWK LONGHOUSE - CONTINUOUS - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

...but the women ignore him, disappearing into one of the WOMEN'S HOUSES at the edge of the village. In the distance, a WOLF HOWLS in the night.

Ian starts to follow the women, but Tehhonahtake and Kaheroton hold him back --

YOUNG IAN
I must be with her!

TEHHONAHTAKE
(kindly)
It is for the women to help her
now. Be still.

KAHEROTON
If you must do something, go to the
woods and pray.

OFF Ian, frustrated and desperate --

EXT. WOODS NEAR MOHAWK VILLAGE - FLASHBACK - NIGHT (FBN6)

Now dressed, Ian walks -- with only Rollo by his side.

YOUNG IAN
Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord
is with thee. Blessed art thou
amongst women, and blessed is the
fruit of thy womb, Jesus.
(then, touching his
wampum bracelet)
Or if the Mohawk Creator is up
there --

The wind picks up, bending the treetops.

YOUNG IAN (CONT'D)
Please... dinna let this be the
hour of death. Amen.

Ian looks around at the forest full of shadows. Spooky. He stops and looks around, realizing he's lost. Then...

A sound in the trees: the snap of a twig. Rollo hears it too and growls. Rollo's growl is answered by a menacing YIP and HOWL. There's a wolf in the woods. Rollo bolts.

YOUNG IAN (CONT'D)
Rollo!!

Ian HEARS the SOUNDS of a fight -- wolf vs. dog -- all of it OFF-SCREEN. He's terrified for his dog. Then he hears a yelp of pain. Then silence. But which one yelped -- Rollo or the wolf?

Ian creeps through the trees to see... a panting Rollo, BLOOD on his snout, standing beside a DEAD WOLF. Its throat a raw mess of flesh and blood where Rollo bit down hard and shook. Ian approaches, but stops.

The wolf's teats are full, her belly big. This wolf was a female -- and pregnant. Ian weeps.

EXT. WOODS - FLASHBACK - DAWN - DAY (FBD7)

LATER, Ian sits up against a tree. Rollo lies on his side nearby. They've been here a while. Ian looks up as someone approaches: Kaheroton kneels beside the dead wolf sadly.

KAHEROTON

She was with child.

YOUNG IAN

Aye.

(then)

It was Rollo -- he saved me.

Kaheroton excuses the transgression of killing a wolf, knowing it's only due to Ian's ignorance of the culture, and feeling sympathy for Ian's loss. Rollo comes up to Kaheroton looking for a scratch.

After a beat of trepidation, Ian dares to ask --

YOUNG IAN (CONT'D)

She whose hearth I share...

KAHEROTON

She lives.

YOUNG IAN

And my child?

Kaheroton chin-points to the dead wolf.

KAHEROTON

When you have a son -- of the Wolf
Clan -- you will teach him not to
hunt the wolf.

(beat)

This child was a daughter.

Ian nods, accepting this news with tears in his eyes.

OMITTED**INT. CHEROKEE VILLAGE - LODGING - DAY (D2)**

Back with Ian and Jamie.

YOUNG IAN
I never saw her, the bairn. They'd
already wrapped her up. We buried
her in furs...

Jamie takes the story in. He puts a hand on Ian's shoulder.

JAMIE
I'm heartsick for ye, lad.

Jamie can't help but think of his own stillborn daughter, Faith, but he can't bring himself to talk about her right now. Ian looks into the fire for a long beat...

YOUNG IAN
Emily got wi' child again. I was
good at that part.

**INT. MOHAWK LONGHOUSE PRIVATE ROOM - FLASHBACK - NIGHT
(FBN8)**

Ian and Wahionhaweh make love. This is the moment we saw in the opening [Scene A1], but we take it further now.

YOUNG IAN
I love you --

She kisses him. They continue to make love. Finally, as they near completion --

YOUNG IAN (CONT'D)
(*in Mohawk*)
I love you, Wahionhaweh.

They both finish -- ecstasy and sadness in the climax. She holds him tight. In both of their faces, a fierce hope and a fear they cannot quite name, and dare not express.

YOUNG IAN (V.O.)
But it wasna meant to be.

OMITTED

EXT. MOHAWK VILLAGE - RIVER - FLASHBACK - DAY (FBD9)

Ian watches as Wahionhawah kneels in the shallows of the river, carving and polishing something from stone. She smiles at him and he smiles back. As she dips her latest carving in the water, she notices RED RIVULETS in the water, almost beautiful -- blood, emanating from between her legs. As she closes her eyes in sorrow...

YOUNG IAN (V.O.)

After that, everything changed.

OMITTED**EXT. MOHAWK VILLAGE - FLASHBACK - DAY (FBD10)**

ANOTHER DAY. Ian is restringing his bow. He's wearing what we saw him wearing in Episode 508. Rollo pants nearby.

YOUNG IAN (V.O.)

The heart had gone out o' her. As if there was no room for both her sorrow and her love for me...

TSOTEHWEH

Ian.

Ian starts and turns to see Tsotehweh standing behind him. It's the first time we've heard her speak.

TSOTEHWEH

Kats, ietehneh.

TSOTEHWEH

Come with me.

Ian is surprised to be called by this name. Tsotehweh turns and starts to walk away, not waiting for him.

EXT. WOODS OUTSIDE MOHAWK VILLAGE - FLASHBACK - DAY (FBD10)

Tsotehweh walks ahead of Ian and Rollo. Ian is beginning to worry: where is she taking him? They stop at the head of a second trail.

TSOTEHWEH

The Creator tells us that for a woman to conceive, a man's spirit does battle with hers, and must overcome it. If his spirit is not strong enough, the child cannot take root in the womb.

YOUNG IAN

There must be something I can do --
that we can try...

TSOTEHWEH

You have been made Mohawk by an old
custom. But your spirit is not
Mohawk...

YOUNG IAN

What? No. I ken ye dinna believe
that... 'Tis an excuse because ye
think I'm no' worthy --

She hands him a pouch she's been carrying.

TSOTEHWEH

Return to your own people. Among
them, your spirit will be strong.

YOUNG IAN

No --

TSOTEHWEH

Wahionhaweh agrees. Her mother has
already chosen another man for her.

Ian is ripped apart by this. He can't believe it.

YOUNG IAN

No -- no, she would never -- I must
speak wi' my wife.

TSOTEHWEH

(re: the pouch)
You have food for three days. You
are a good hunter.

YOUNG IAN

No. This is --
(pleading)
I am flesh of her flesh. Bone of
her bone --

TSOTEHWEH

(sadly)
What of her flesh? What of her
suffering?

She watches Ian silently, waiting for him to go. Finally,
tears in his eyes, Ian leaves.

EXT. FOREST - FLASHBACK - NIGHT (FBN10)

Ian and Rollo sit alone by a fire. Suddenly, Ian stands up. No -- he's not going to fucking do it. He won't leave.

EXT. MOHAWK VILLAGE - FLASHBACK - NEXT DAY (FBD11)

Ian marches through the village. No one stops him -- they can see he's not a man to be trifled with. He enters --

INT. MOHAWK LONGHOUSE - CONTINUOUS - FLASHBACK - DAY (FBD11)

Ian marches up to the door of his private room. Opens it --
And there is Wahionhawah -- serving a meal to none other than KAHEROTON. Her new partner. Ian is shocked.

KAHEROTON
Wolf's Brother -- Ian.

YOUNG IAN
(correcting him, in
Mohawk)
Okwaho'rohtsi'ah.
(to Wahionhawah)
Is this what ye want?

She hesitates. Kaheroton stands ready to make a move if need be. There is deep sadness in Wahionhawah's eyes.

KAHEROTON
It is what must be.

YOUNG IAN
Let her speak!

In her grief, Wahionhawah struggles to find the English words. She uses the simple English plea --

WAHIONHAWEH
Please.
(then echoing Kaheroton's
words, sadly)
It is what must be.

That's not a yes or a no. But it is definitive: this is goodbye. But it's unclear whether this is her decision or if it's being forced on her by Tsotehweh and Kaheroton. Either way, she is terribly sad. A long beat. What can Ian say? He turns and leaves.

INT. CHEROKEE VILLAGE - LODGING - DAY (D2)

Ian has finished his story. Jamie is beyond moved.

YOUNG IAN

He was my friend -- my brother. He
knew how much I loved her --
(beat)
Was I weak, Uncle Jamie? -- should
I have fought harder for her?

JAMIE

It seems ye fought as hard as ye
could wi'out takin' her by force.

YOUNG IAN

Would you have left -- if it'd been
Auntie Claire?

The answer is "no," of course, but Jamie won't say that.

JAMIE

'Tis no' the same, lad.

Ian knows that's true: there's no comparison.

YOUNG IAN

I dinna think I have it in me to
give the rifles to Chief Bird
tonight. He'll expect a
celebration...

JAMIE

Dinna fash. Sleep now, I'll tell
Bird: we'll do it in the mornin'.

Ian lies down. If we haven't noticed it before, we do now --
the crates of guns are in here with them. Jamie watches his
nephew for a beat, then goes outside.

EXT. CHEROKEE VILLAGE - MOMENTS LATER - DAY (D2)

Jamie walks through the village, seeing the gathered men,
Cherokee and Mohawk: Kaheroton and Tehhonahtake among them.
Kaheroton sees Jamie and raises his chin in acknowledgment.
Jamie barely returns it. He notices that the crowd of men
has gotten bigger.

SCOTCHEE CAMERON (O.C.)

Well, I never -- ye must be Mr.
James Fraser. In the flesh.

Jamie turns to see a white man standing nearby. A dark, weathered man. ALEXANDER "SCOTCHEE" CAMERON (40s) dresses like a mountain man (à la John Quincy Myers) and has a wiry beard (he is an actual historical figure).

SCOTCHEE CAMERON
(in greeting)
Alexander Cameron.

JAMIE
(surprised)
The one they call "Scotchee."

SCOTCHEE CAMERON
Aye. There was a time I was the only Indian Agent who could fit that appellation.

Scotchee is (no surprise) Scottish and has a mild accent. He's a loyalist whose allegiance is to the Crown, although he's lived among the Overhill band of Cherokee (in Tennessee) for years. He's an Indian Agent like Jamie, and his presence here, 200 miles from the Overhill homelands, is curious.

SCOTCHEE CAMERON (CONT'D)
I've heard such tales of ye; fair dyin' was I to meet ye and see if they were true... *Bear-killer?*

Jamie smiles, flattered, but modest. Not wanting to give too much away.

JAMIE
I ken the Cherokee have a deep reverence for bears, so the less I say about that the better...
(then)
Ye're agent to the Overhill Cherokee are ye no'? What brings ye east?

SCOTCHEE CAMERON
Aye. We came to marry off a lass to Chief Bird -- and to trade. I see there are some Mohawk here trading as well.

JAMIE
Aye.

SCOTCHEE CAMERON

Bird canna stop himself from boastin'
about the rifles ye've brought. A
hundred, he said.

JAMIE

Twenty, he'll come to find...

SCOTCHEE CAMERON

(practically salivating)
He also said ye might have brought
some *whisky*...

JAMIE

Aye. One o' my last good barrels.
Care for a wee dram, would ye?

OFF a friendship forming...

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

Claire has gathered LIZZIE, JOSIAH BEARDSLEY and MALVA CHRISTIE together in the kitchen. She's just made Josiah and Lizzie a proposition. A nervous Josiah gestures to a vial of ether.

JOSIAH BEARDSLEY

Ye want to put us to sleep? Wi'
that?

CLAIRE

Yes. But only for a few moments --

LIZZIE

Is it dangerous?

CLAIRE

No. It's quite safe.

JOSIAH BEARDSLEY

And Malva...?

He seems worried about Malva going under too. Lizzie finds the question a little troubling: does Josiah like Malva?

CLAIRE

Malva is my apprentice. That's the reason for the test: I can't easily operate on someone and give them ether at the same time. So Malva will be assisting me; but she needs practice.

JOSIAH BEARDSLEY

I'll go first, Lizzie. In case it goes awry.

MALVA CHRISTIE

That's ever so brave of you, Jo.

There's admiration there -- or perhaps flirting. Lizzie clocks it. And doesn't like it.

LIZZIE

Aye, it is brave, Josiah. Thank ye for yer concern -- for me.

(then, to Claire)

But I'll go first. I'm no' afraid.

Claire smiles, having sensed the protective puppy love between Lizzie and Josiah.

CLAIRE

Very well. Let's get started.

EXT. CHEROKEE VILLAGE - NEAR COUNCIL HOUSE - DAY (D3)

THE FEAST OF GUNS has begun... Jamie has presented Chief Bird with one of the best rifles. The two crates of guns sit nearby, open. Cherokee men and women (Chief Bird's "beloved" men and women) crowd around trying to get a look at the guns. Ian stands with Jamie. All very ceremonial. A FEAST is being prepared for the occasion.

Ian sees Kaheroton, Tehhonahtake and other Mohawk men some distance away. Kaheroton meets his eyes.

JAMIE

(to Bird)

King George and his Royal Governor, Josiah Martin, send you these rifles with their compliments. They hope ye'll be pleased.

CHIEF BIRD

My pleasure is not all they hope for...

JAMIE

No -- a promise of loyalty, as well. I desire it as much as they.

We recall Jamie's dilemma [Episode 602]. Since Jamie will not be fighting for the Crown, the guns he's brought might one day be aimed at him.

He hopes that he might personally have Bird's loyalty (over and above the Crown), but he can't be sure. He'll have to be content with that, since his decision was to stand with Ian and help the Cherokee.

CHIEF BIRD

Today is a day of celebration.
Let's have no talk of war. I'd
like you to greet my new wife.

He chin-points to a BEAUTIFUL YOUNG CHEROKEE WOMAN nearby.

CHIEF BIRD (CONT'D)

(pointedly)
She asks for no promise of loyalty
to anyone but her.

As Jamie walks off with Bird, Ian moves through the crowds of people. But he's stopped by a kind voice: Tehhonahtake.

TEHHONAHTAKE

(concerned)
Where is your faithful brother
wolf?

Ian realizes he's talking about Rollo, and with slight bitterness --

YOUNG IAN

Dinna fear. He's no' abandoned me.
I left Rollo at home wi' my kin.

Tehhonahtake feels guilty --

TEHHONAHTAKE

There are some who did not want you
to leave.

Ian resentfully glances at Kaheroton, a short distance away. There's a question Ian has to ask, he can't help himself.

YOUNG IAN

Do they have a... Did they --

TEHHONAHTAKE

(matter-of-fact)
A son. He brings them much joy.

That's a dagger to Ian's heart.

TEHHONAHTAKE (CONT'D)

He was walking when we left home.

As Ian takes that in --

KAHEROTON (O.C.)

And when we return, he will run to
meet his father --

Ian hadn't noticed Kaheroton stepping up. Another dagger to
Ian's heart, albeit not intentional. Kaheroton is, in fact,
very sincere --

KAHEROTON

I hope you, too, will enjoy this
blessing one day... Perhaps you
have taken a wife among your own
people?

Ian tries to focus but can only see red. *How dare he suggest
such a thing* --

YOUNG IAN

How little ye must think o' me.
And o' her... That I could forget
her so soon.

OFF Ian, thinking dark thoughts...

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

Lizzie lies on the table, cap off, hair spread on a pillow.
Josiah holds her hand. Malva holds the Ferguson mask.

CLAIRE

Put on enough ether to dampen the
wool all through. We'll want it to
take effect quickly.

MALVA CHRISTIE

Aye, Mistress. Oh, it does smell
queer, doesn't it?

CLAIRE

Be careful not to breathe it
yourself; we wouldn't want you
falling over in the middle of an
operation.

Claire holds a minute-glass in her hand, ready to time the
duration of Lizzie's anesthetization.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Now put it gently over her face.
Lizzie, breathe deeply and count
with me. Ready? One... two...

And Lizzie is out. Claire is pleased.

MALVA CHRISTIE

That was fast.

She watches her minute-glass. Josiah worries. After a beat...

CLAIRE

You can feel it when they start to come round, a sort of vibration in the flesh. Put your hand here...

Claire puts Malva's hand on Lizzie's bare shoulder, waits.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

There, do you feel that?

MALVA CHRISTIE

Aye. I do.

CLAIRE

In surgery, we wouldn't want the patient to come round yet. So... two or three more drops please.

Malva adds those to the Ferguson mask, and Lizzie, breathing normally, relaxes anew.

Claire makes a few marks in her notebook. Then she picks up a lancet and pricks Lizzie's finger, drawing blood. Josiah reacts -- and is amazed when Lizzie doesn't react.

JOSIAH BEARDSLEY

She doesna feel it!

MALVA CHRISTIE

(twinkle in her eye)

Mistress Fraser says we could cut someone quite open, slice into them and get at what's ailing them, and they wouldn't feel a thing.

CLAIRE

(watches the time, then...)

Let's bring her back now.

Malva obediently takes the mask off of Lizzie's face. A few beats later, Lizzie wakes up and looks around the room.

LIZZIE

When are ye goin' to begin?

JOSIAH BEARDSLEY

(can't help smiling)

We did it, Lizzie. It's over.

Lizzie realizes the mask isn't on her face any longer. She puts her hands to her face, confused.

JOSIAH BEARDSLEY (CONT'D)
Ye've been fast asleep --

Lizzie looks at her finger, even more confused now.

LIZZIE
I havena --

CLAIRE
I suppose the only way to convince her is to show her.
("your turn")
Josiah?

TIME CUT TO:

Josiah now lies on the table. Malva adds three drops of ether to the mask and leans over him. He nods, ready, and she puts the mask on him. He breathes -- and goes out.

LIZZIE
Jesus, Joseph, and Mary.

Malva giggles, tickled by this power she wields. Lizzie looks at Claire, then back to Josiah. She takes up his hand and lets it drop limply. She's amazed.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)
And he canna wake up until ye take the mask away?

CLAIRE
But you don't want to keep someone under longer than you need to.

LIZZIE
Where does the soul go?

Claire is caught off-guard by the question.

CLAIRE
Why -- it stays with you. You're not dead, only asleep. But it's different for everyone. You might dream... especially as you start to wake up... you might see things... but it's only in your mind...

Malva watches Josiah with intent expression. Claire notices, and it makes her a touch uneasy. She finishes her notations, then takes the mask away from Josiah's face. To Malva --

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
You did wonderfully, thank you.

MALVA CHRISTIE
I've never seen the like. As if we
killed him, and brought him back to
life again.

The thought is marvelous to her. Josiah starts to stir...

MALVA CHRISTIE (CONT'D)
I see now why my father says it's
devil's work. He'd say no one but
God has a right to do such things.

CLAIRE
(typical Tom)
Of course he would. Perhaps you'd
better not tell him, then.

MALVA CHRISTIE
Don't you think it, Mistress. He'd
stop me from coming.

Josiah is awake now. Claire smiles --

JOSIAH BEARDSLEY
I'm ready --
(then, off their looks,
he gets it and smiles)
Oh.

Even Lizzie relaxes and laughs.

EXT. CHEROKEE VILLAGE - NEAR COUNCIL HOUSE - DAY (D3)

THE FEAST OF GUNS continues. Chief Bird stands over the two
crates of guns.

CHIEF BIRD
Na, Ama Tohi, aginutsi.

CHIEF BIRD
For my brother, Still Water.

He passes a musket to Still Water, who holds it reverently,
runs his hand along the polished wood, aims it up into the
trees... Behind them, four other Snowbird Cherokee men wait
to be gifted guns from the beneficent hand of Bird. They are
proud of the honor -- and Bird likes the power this gives
him. Jamie watches. Scotchee approaches, bringing Jamie a
dram of whisky. Amused, Jamie teases --

JAMIE
Bringin' me a dram o' my own
whisky. Very generous.

SCOTCHEE CAMERON

(laughs)

Well, I'm feeling generous today.
And so is the Chief. In givin' him
such a gift, ye've given him the
opportunity to be generous, and
therefore, powerful.

(then)

Sláinte mhath.

They drink for a beat, then:

SCOTCHEE CAMERON (CONT'D)

Do ye miss Scotland very much, Mr.
Fraser?

JAMIE

Every day. But I have a good plot
of land here. Tenants and family.
And the mountains remind me enough
of home to keep the ache away.

SCOTCHEE CAMERON

Away, but never gone.

JAMIE

No. And you?

SCOTCHEE CAMERON

I came here as a lad. Lived among
the Cherokee since I was fifteen.
I have wife and bonnie children,
but...

(wistful)

I dinna have Loch Linnhe. Or Ben
Nevis. So, aye, the ache remains.

As Bird continues to bestow the muskets...

EXT. WOODS NEAR CHEROKEE VILLAGE - MOMENTS LATER - DAY (D3)

Ian has sneaked away with a bottle of whisky, and is
drinking alone, drowning his sorrows. Pacing, angry.

TIME CUT:

He finishes the bottle, holding it upside down to drain the
dregs. He flings the bottle deep into the trees.

YOUNG IAN

Aaaaaghhh!

EXT. CHEROKEE VILLAGE - NEAR FIRE PIT - LATER - DAY (D3)

The Feast of Guns has gotten to the good part. There's much EATING and DRINKING. The Cherokee men who have received guns from Bird, show them off proudly.

Jamie and Scotchee watch the fun. They've had more whisky themselves and Scotchee is quite drunk.

SCOTCHEE CAMERON

I must admit a weakness for the
amber inheritance of our ancestors.
One dram becomes two becomes three
becomes...

(faux confusion)

What's after three?

JAMIE

(laughs)

Twelve. In yer case.

SCOTCHEE CAMERON

I once was so besotted, among
friends, that I signed my name to a
treasonous paper denying parliament
the right to tax its colonies. I
dinna remember doing it, but there
was my name...

(amused with himself)

Dinna fash, I weaseled my way out
of it.

Scotchee laughs. The deeper he gets in his cups, the looser gets his tongue. He floats something to Jamie --

SCOTCHEE CAMERON (CONT'D)

Listen. I've acquired land in
Tennessee, bought from the Overhill
Cherokee. Others are buyin' as
well. I could fetch ye a good
deal, call it a favor for a fellow
Scot.

A beat of silence. Jamie is bothered by this.

JAMIE

'Tis against the treaty, takin'
land so far west. The King made a
promise to the Indians, that we
wouldna settle beyond the treaty
line --

SCOTCHEE CAMERON

But if the Indians *choose* to sell,
then that's a different matter, eh?
'Tis inevitable, this push west.

Jamie doesn't like this. Doesn't want to get involved.

JAMIE

I've enough land. And I dinna wish
to involve myself in illegal
dealings. Neither should ye or
ye're riskin' yer neck.

SCOTCHEE CAMERON

My neck's been through worse. But
I am hoping to interest Chief Bird.
Trouble is, these damned Mohawk
came along. If they hear of it...
they'll cause an uproar, and ruin
my deal.

Before Scotchee can say anything more --

CHEROKEE VOICES

Scotchee! Scotchee!

JAMIE

It seems ye're wanted.

Scotchee stumbles away to join them. The Cherokee love him
and consider him the life of the party. Jamie hangs back...
He looks around at the Cherokee celebrating their guns, and
he recalls Brianna's words: *It won't be enough.*

As he watches Scotchee holding court with the Cherokee,
Chief Bird steps up to Jamie, flush with celebration.

CHIEF BIRD

I will fight with you, Bear-Killer.
Tell your king.

Jamie takes this in -- an answer to a question he asked long
ago; an answer he dreaded. He doesn't tell Bird that he
(Jamie) *won't* be fighting for the king.

JAMIE

Tsiskwa -- there is somethin' I
wish to tell ye.

OMITTED (MOVED TO SCENE A3)

OMITTED (MOVED TO SCENE 38)

EXT. WOODS NEAR CHEROKEE VILLAGE - SAME TIME - DAY (D3)

Ian makes a drunken decision to do something rash. He unsheathes his knife and starts back to the village.

INT. CHEROKEE VILLAGE - COUNCIL HOUSE - A FEW MOMENTS LATER - DAY (D3)

Jamie and Bird enter. They are alone here. A beat as Jamie searches for the right words...

JAMIE

The women in my family are...

(beat)

...those who see in dreams what is to come.

Bird nods: this is something he believes is reasonable.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Both my wife and my daughter have seen somethin' concerning yer people, though it grieves me to tell ye.

(beat)

Some sixty years from this time, yer people will be taken from their lands, from the bones of their ancestors, and removed to a new place, far from here. Many will die on this journey, so that the path they tread will be called...

(finding the right phrase)

...the trail where they wept.

CHIEF BIRD

Who will do this?

JAMIE

It will be white men.

CHIEF BIRD

But I have promised loyalty.

JAMIE

It will not be King George's men.

CHIEF BIRD

The French, then? Or the Spanish?

JAMIE

No. English who are no longer
English -- a man named Winfield
Scott, my daughter says. A
general.

CHIEF BIRD

It is good you have given us
weapons --

JAMIE

No. Twenty muskets against twenty
thousand -- it willna save ye.

EXT. WOODS NEAR CHEROKEE VILLAGE - SAME TIME - DAY (D3)

Knife in hand, Ian is closing in on the village. There is
murder in his eyes. This isn't going to be good.

INT. CHEROKEE VILLAGE - COUNCIL HOUSE - SAME TIME - DAY (D3)

Back with Jamie and Bird.

CHIEF BIRD

Then what is the benefit of your
warning?

JAMIE

I cannot warn many. If I did, they
would think me a madman. But I can
warn you... that you should not go
to this new land; or fight. That
when the time comes, your people
must hide.

CHIEF BIRD

And by hiding, they will escape
what is to come?

JAMIE

I hope so. In the past, there was
a war my wife saw in her dream. We
couldna stop it, but some were kept
from fightin' and did not die.

He's doing for Bird what he did for his Lallybroch men.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

If you pass the warnin' on to yer
descendants, then perhaps they will
escape. And live.

Bird thinks about it.

CHIEF BIRD

Sixty years from now?

(Jamie nods)

I will tell my sons. And my son's sons. We will remember. But we will also use the weapons.

He smiles slyly. Jamie has done all he can.

JAMIE

Whoever you fight with, be it King George's men or our enemies... fight for yerselves.

Bird thinks about this for a moment. Nods. Then...

CHIEF BIRD

This wife you have -- did you pay a great deal for her?

JAMIE

She cost me almost everythin' I had. But she was worth it.

Bird smiles. OFF Jamie...

EXT. CHEROKEE VILLAGE - DAY (D3)

Ian marches through the village, much as he marched through Shadow Lake on his last day there. His target: Kaheroton. Ian wields his knife on the young Mohawk. Other Mohawk men, including Tehhonahtake, prepare to step in.

YOUNG IAN

You turned my wife against me and stole her hand away --

TEHHONAHTAKE

No --

YOUNG IAN

Let's hear that story around the fire, shall we? How you saw one man's happiness, and wanted it for yerself. Just as ye did before -- wi' Father Alexandre.

In a flash, Kaheroton cuffs the knife out of Ian's hand. Then he punches Ian. Ian returns a fist -- and a scrappy, ugly fight ensues, Ian unleashing two years' worth of rage and heartache on the man he sees as his rival.

Jamie has been drawn to the melee, but before he can react, Scotchee grabs Kaheroton by the scalplock and tries to drag him -- with some difficulty -- away from Ian.

SCOTCHEE CAMERON

That's enough. We don't need trouble out of you. Your tradin' is done. Pack and go.

And this could be where it ended, except: Scotchee is very drunk. Still holding Kaheroton by the hair, Scotchee gets Jamie's attention, making a joke of it all --

SCOTCHEE CAMERON (CONT'D)

Ho! Bear-Killer -- ye ken why these lads have a scalplock, do ye? It's a taunt to their enemies. Makes it harder to scalp 'em --

JAMIE

Let him go now, aye? Ye're drunk.

The other Mohawk men are tensed and ready to leap in and rescue their friend -- who feels utterly humiliated and completely disrespected.

Scotchee laughs and lets Kaheroton go. Puts his knife away, joke over. Kaheroton stares daggers of hate and offense. He takes up his WAR-CLUB. Scotchee scoffs.

SCOTCHEE CAMERON

Put that down.

KAHEROTON

An apology first. You insulted me.

A beat of tense silence: it's clear Scotchee has no intention of apologizing. But Kaheroton does not set down his club.

SCOTCHEE CAMERON

If ye want to fight, we'll do it my way... The white man's way.

Scotchee takes out his PISTOL --

SCOTCHEE CAMERON (CONT'D)

Find yerself a pistol. And meet me back here...

A DUEL. Scotchee smirks as Kaheroton realizes that though he has his war-club, tomahawk, bow and arrow... And though there are muskets and rifles aplenty (the guns Jamie's brought), he has no pistol of his own.

JAMIE
Scotchee. Ye dinna mean that --

KAHEROTON
I accept.

Jamie wasn't expecting that. As Kaheroton goes off in search of a pistol, Jamie approaches Scotchee seriously --

JAMIE
Ye're better than this. Surely ye are a friend to the Indians.

SCOTCHEE CAMERON
Not all o' Indians are alike, Bear-Killer. That bastard called me a coward in front o' my brethren. The challenge has been laid down and accepted.

OFF Ian, feeling responsible for this turn of events...

OMITTED

OMITTED

EXT. WOODS NEAR CHEROKEE VILLAGE - DAY (D3)

SOME TIME LATER, Kaheroton sits alone, working up courage. Ian approaches and offers him a pistol.

YOUNG IAN
'Tis my uncle's weapon, the finest there is. Take it.

KAHEROTON
You would do this for me?

YOUNG IAN
It's not for yer sake I offer it. It's for hers... Ye deserve a fightin' chance.
(re: Kaheroton's war-club)
Trade me for it if ye must.

Kaheroton nods in appreciation, deeply moved. He trades his war-club to Ian for the pistol. Ian turns to go --

KAHEROTON
If I die... go to her. And to my son.

Ian is gobsmacked. Here's the chance he was looking for all along, though certainly not under these circumstances. Kaheroton removes a wampum bracelet from his wrist and hands it to Ian.

KAHEROTON (CONT'D)

And give her this --

Ian glances down at his own wampum bracelet. Seeing how similar they are -- a token of Wahionhaweh's affection. It stings. But it also makes Ian realize something -- perhaps Emily and Kaheroton really are in love.

KAHEROTON (CONT'D)

She'll know that I gave it to you.
That you didn't take it from me.
That you helped me...
(off Ian)
Swear you'll go to her. Care for
her. For them.

YOUNG IAN

(solemn)
I swear.

This seems to bring Kaheroton a modicum of peace.

EXT. CHEROKEE VILLAGE - DAY (D3)

With Chief Bird's blessing, Jamie has, somewhat reluctantly, taken on the role of a referee of sorts, eager to ensure that this madness is conducted in as fair a way as possible.

Kaheroton and Scotchee stand back to back -- each armed with their respective pistols.

JAMIE

Gentlemen, can ye no' be
reconciled? I urge ye both to
reconsider --

SCOTCHEE CAMERON

Over my dead body.

KAHEROTON

I will not reconsider.

JAMIE

Then step out the distance... stop
and wait for my command to fire.
(a beat)
One, two, three, four, five --

As Jamie counts, the two men follow his orders, until they are five paces apart. Scotchee stumbles a little, still a bit intoxicated. The men are not yet facing one another.

ON IAN... watching this terrible thing unfold.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Are ye ready? On the count of three --

A tense beat.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

One, two --

ON Scotchee as he turns EARLY! He's about to fire before the command is given. Kaheroton, whose back is turned, doesn't see this -- but Ian does. Ian flings the WAR-CLUB toward Scotchee, knocking the gun from his hand -- it FIRES randomly into the air --

The crowd looks on, aghast. Ian has saved Kaheroton's life!

YOUNG IAN

(defending his actions)

He turned early!

Jamie has no choice now.

JAMIE

Kaheroton, ye may return fire at will.

Furious -- and disgusted by Scotchee's dishonest conduct -- Kaheroton walks towards Scotchee, murder in his eyes, his pistol trained on him all the while. Scotchee is terrified --

SCOTCHEE CAMERON

Don't shoot. I'll leave.

(desperate)

I'm a friend to the Indians, am I not, Bear-Killer? Tell him. Never let it be said that Scotchee Cameron met his end over some whisky and a comment made in jest...

Kaheroton still has the upper-hand; Jamie nods to him to let it lie. Finally, Kaheroton hands the gun to Jamie.

KAHEROTON

He has proven himself a coward.
Let him live with his shame.

Kaheroton turns to go back and join his comrades. The tension immediately dissipates -- even among Scotchee's Overhill Cherokee, who honestly don't want any trouble.

With a last look at Jamie, Scotchee slinks away.

ON Ian as he approaches Kaheroton, holding out the wampum bracelet --

YOUNG IAN
She made this for ye?

Ian can read Kaheroton's expression, knows the answer is yes.

YOUNG IAN (CONT'D)
She chose you.

Kaheroton nods -- it doesn't bring him pleasure to hurt Ian, but it's the truth. Ian hands the bracelet to Kaheroton and walks away.

EXT. CHEROKEE VILLAGE - DAY (D4)

THE NEXT MORNING, Jamie and Ian are saying goodbye to the Snowbird Cherokee and Shadow Lake Mohawk. Ian speaks with Kaheroton. Jamie sits in the wagon, ready to drive.

YOUNG IAN
Protect her, and yer son, from men
like Scotchee. Men like me.

Ian knows he must choose finally to be a white man, come what may, and put the Mohawk part of him aside.

KAHEROTON
You are not like Scotchee,
Okwaho'rohtsi'ah.

YOUNG IAN
My name is Ian Murray.

KAHEROTON
You'll always be Wolf's Brother.

That means more than Ian can say. He turns and takes his horse's reins. Jamie nods to Chief Bird... and they leave.

OMITTED (MOVED TO SCENE A36)

EXT. BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAINS - WOODS - LATE DAY (D4)**SERIES OF SHOTS:**

A PERFECT LEAF on a tree. A BLOSSOM. A FLOWER. SEED HEADS of TALL GRASS bending in a wind.

Jamie and Ian are making camp near a stream, halfway home. Ian has been deep in thought. Jamie strikes one of Brianna's WOODEN MATCHES to light a fire for cooking.

YOUNG IAN

My wee girl... She wasna baptized
or given a name... Christian or
Mohawk, but...

Jamie can see it in Ian's eyes --

YOUNG IAN (CONT'D)

To me, she was Iseabail.
(a faint smile)
Had it been a son, I would ha' called
him James.

JAMIE

I would ha' been honored.

YOUNG IAN

Is it my fault she's gone? Is God
punishing me?

Jamie is taken aback. Is this what Ian has been carrying?

JAMIE

No, lad. Dinna think it. God
doesna punish. He is gracious and
merciful.

YOUNG IAN

If that's true, then where is she?
I canna bear the thought that
Iseabail might be lost,
wanderin'...

(tormented)

I hear her sometimes, cryin', in
the night. I canna help, I canna
find her!

He is weeping.

JAMIE

My daughter, Faith, was also lost. I
never held her either...

(MORE)

JAMIE (CONT'D)

I was in the Bastille, though Claire later showed me her grave...

It brings tears to his eyes.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

I'd chosen to fight Black Jack Randall in a duel, against my word to Claire, a betrayal that --
(cannot go there)
I felt sure then that God was punishin' me for what I'd done.

He thinks for a moment.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

But Claire taught me differently, that what we did... what I did and she did, we did for love. And love is no' a thing to punish.

YOUNG IAN

Then why is my daughter gone?

JAMIE

I dinna ken. Why did that she-wolf cross yer path? Why did Rollo save yer life by taking hers? What need was there for her pups to die? For Faith to die? Or Murtagh, or my father? I dinna have an answer; only... at the end of life is death; and after death we come home to the Lord; but how long the first shall last... we canna say.

(beat)

Come, we'll ask my daughter to look for yours in Heaven. I ken she'll find her there...

Ian nods. As they start to pray...

EXT. BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAINS - WOODS - DAY (D5)

Ian and Jamie have broken camp. Ian stands alone by the stream. He takes something wrapped in cloth out of the shoulder bag he carries, unwraps the cloth to reveal...

The WOLF carved out of soapstone. The one Wahionhaweh made and gave to him.

He carries it to the riverbank and places the carved wolf into the shallow water, where the current washes over it gently. Then he rises and joins Jamie who is packing the horses.

YOUNG IAN

I thought I had to choose who to be
-- Wolf's Brother or Ian Murray. I
know now I can be both.

JAMIE

I've been known by many names, lad.
Call yerself whatever ye wish. The
only thing that matters is who ye
are here.

Jamie taps Ian's heart. And that finally brings Ian peace.

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

A FEW DAYS LATER. Lizzie and KEZIAH BEARDSLEY are cleaning the fireplace. Keziah holds the dustpan while Lizzie sweeps in the ash and dead wood coals. No one else is around.

KEZIAH

What was it like?

LIZZIE

Like sleepin', I suppose, but
without dreams. Then like waking
up... without ever knowin' ye were
asleep.

(beat)

They put a few drops on the mask
and had me breathe it in, and then
it all went dark...

She closes Keziah's eyes with a hand.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)

...that quick.

KEZIAH

Was it fearsome?

LIZZIE

No.

KEZIAH

Ye're no' afraid of much, though,
are ye, Lizzie?

OFF the lad's obvious admiration...

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

Claire and Malva have had another lesson. Claire is writing in her medical journal. Malva is cleaning the microscope. She peeks over Claire's shoulder.

MALVA CHRISTIE

What is it you write in your book?

CLAIRE

Mostly recipes for medicines. But also my surgical notes --

Malva tries to get a better look, past Claire. Claire is amused by the young lady's polite caution.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

You can look if you'd like.

Malva pages through... notations, lists, drawings. A drawing pasted on one page shows a BREECHED BIRTH; another page shows a drawing of a BLACKENED BIG TOE. Malva isn't disturbed, but rather -- captivated. Claire watches, pleased by Malva's interest.

MALVA CHRISTIE

Why do you write down things that you've done? The recipes -- I see how you might forget -- but why do you draw these pictures and write down how you took off a toe with frost-rot and the like?

Claire embraces Malva's curiosity as a teachable moment.

CLAIRE

All bodies are a little bit different. But the most important reason is so that others can learn from what I've learned.

MALVA CHRISTIE

Like me?

The fondness these two have for each other is clear.

CLAIRE

Yes. You're doing very well with it by the way.

MALVA CHRISTIE

My brother doesn't like it, but then...I'll tell him I've had a look at your wee book and there's nothing by way of spells in it.

CLAIRE

Spells? Is that what he thinks?

MALVA CHRISTIE

He warned me not to touch it, for fear of ensorcellment.

Claire laughs. Malva smiles, hands the book back.

MALVA CHRISTIE (CONT'D)

But I do find it enchanting --

CLAIRE

I'm glad.

She smiles, putting a kind hand on Malva's shoulder, their bond deepening. Then she turns. Glancing out the open door, she sees Jamie returning in the wagon, driving toward the stables. She smiles, anticipating being with him.

Malva sees Claire's look and understands, having recently learned that women actually enjoy sex. That's all still a mystery to her... but one that intrigues.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Malva? Would you mind staying to straighten up...?

Malva agrees with a nod and Claire heads out the door.

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - STABLES - MOMENTS LATER - DUSK (N6)

Jamie's wagon horse is in its stall and Jamie is hanging tack in the TACK ROOM when Claire enters. He looks up at her, relieved to be home. She kisses him.

CLAIRE

You're a day later than expected. Was there trouble?

JAMIE

Only a slight delay. There were Mohawk there... Men Ian kent.

CLAIRE

Oh. Did he tell you...?

JAMIE

Aye. He told me everythin' that happened to him. I dinna think I have the strength to tell it now, perhaps tomorrow...

CLAIRE

Of course.

JAMIE

He says he'll always be Mohawk. And he'll always be Scottish. He's found a way to be both.

CLAIRE

That's good, isn't it? You seem troubled by the thought --

JAMIE

I cannot be two things at once, Claire. A rebel and loyalist. An agent for the Crown and an enemy of the King. It's pullin' me apart.

(pats the horse)

It's time to change horses. I'll resign as Indian Agent; I'll write a letter tomorrow.

She leans her head into his chest for a moment... and realizes just how much she's missed him.

CLAIRE

You know... the last time you came home from the Cherokee, you could hardly keep your hands off me...

JAMIE

Somehow I am a wee bit more tired this time.

CLAIRE

Not too tired, I hope.

She begins to kiss him. He cannot resist her. Wanting him badly, Claire takes off his shirt. She starts to lower his trousers as he starts to unlace her bodice, kissing her. As they progress irrevocably toward passionate lovemaking...

CAMERA REVEALS... MALVA CHRISTIE is inside the stables with them, standing unseen in shadows. She watches them make love, eerily undeterred by this breach of their privacy.

END OF EPISODE