

**OUTLANDER**

EPISODE 605  
Give Me Liberty

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

OUTLANDER  
EPISODE 605 "Give Me Liberty"

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CAST LIST — FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT — 9th June 2021

CLAIRE FRASER  
JAMIE FRASER  
BRIANNA RANDALL FRASER  
ROGER WAKEFIELD MACKENZIE

AIDAN MCCALLUM  
AINSLEY BEESTON  
ALLAN CHRISTIE  
ALLAN MACDONALD  
AMY MCCALLUM  
CAPTAIN CHAPMAN  
CORNELIUS HARNETT  
DONALD MACDONALD  
DUNCAN INNES  
FLORA MACDONALD  
FOGARTY SIMMS  
GUARD  
JEMMY MACKENZIE  
JOCASTA INNES  
JOHN GREY  
JOSIAH BEARDSLEY  
KEZIAH BEARDSLEY  
LIZZIE WEMYSS  
MALE SERVANT (O'NEILL)  
MALVA CHRISTIE  
MARSALI FRASER  
MARY  
MOB GUY #2  
OBADIAH HENDERSON  
PRINCE CHARLES  
REDCOAT  
TOM CHRISTIE  
WHIG MOB GUY

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INTERIORS

Fraser's Ridge  
Fergus and Marsali's Cabin  
McCallum Cabin  
Meeting House  
Hovel  
Wilmington  
The Red Falcon Inn  
Bedchamber  
Tavern  
Elrick Estate  
Entrance Hall  
Main Room  
Jail Cell

EXTERIORS

Fraser's Ridge  
McCallum Cabin  
Riverbank  
Roger and Brianna's Cabin  
Meeting House  
Woods  
Scotland  
Coast  
Wilmington  
The Red Falcon Inn  
Elrick Estate  
Porch  
Gazebo  
Grounds  
Simms' Print Shop  
Thoroughfare

**EXT. SCOTLAND COAST - DUSK - COLD OPEN (1746)**

THE EPIC COASTLINE OF SCOTLAND AND ITS WESTERN ISLES...

CHYRON: **June 27th, 1746, Scotland.**

Silhouetted against a dark blue sky, a small group of TRAVELERS hurry down a path toward the shore, trying not to make any noise. These are: FLORA MACDONALD, 24, her Irish Maidservant, BETTY BURKE, in a hooded cloak, as well as a MALE SERVANT.

Flora is in front with the Male Servant. Betty Burke is winded and falling behind. Flora turns back to Betty --

FLORA MACDONALD

We must hurry, Sire...

"Sire"? REVEAL that "Betty Burke" is PRINCE CHARLES STUART disguised as a woman. The male "servant" is CAPTAIN O'NEILL, the Prince's right-hand man, dressed in civilian clothes...

PRINCE CHARLES

How does one tolerate these cursed bonnets or breathe in these wretched gowns?

Prince Charles adjusts the bonnet, which has been bothering him since the second he put it on.

FLORA MACDONALD

Is not the wearing of a woman's garb a small price to pay for freedom, Your Highness? Certainly better than hiding here on the isles for weeks --

They stop, having come within view of their destination: a peaceful cove with THREE FISHING BOATS on shore. Standing by one of the boats is a FISHERMAN -- and, alarmingly, a group of REDCOATS on patrol, questioning him.

O'NEILL (MALE SERVANT)

(quietly urgent)

Careful, wait --

They look out at the redcoats with immediate fear. The Fisherman they expected; the soldiers are a problem.

PRINCE CHARLES

Confound them. What now?

FLORA MACDONALD

A ship to France is your best hope.

PRINCE CHARLES

But we can't possibly... how...?

FLORA MACDONALD

(bravely)

I will talk. Do not say a word. I beg you.

Prince Charles nods. O'Neill too. What choice do they have? They pluck up their courage as Flora adjusts the Bonnie Prince's bonnet... and they approach the soldiers.

Seeing their approach, CAPTAIN CHAPMAN, the Englishman in command, greets Flora with a curt bow and suspicious glance.

CAPTAIN CHAPMAN

A rather unfavorable hour for a sea voyage, Mistress. I will need to see your papers or a letter of safe conduct.

Flora motions for her manservant (O'Neill) to hand over their official-looking "safe conduct" document.

FLORA MACDONALD

Certainly, sir. I'm making haste to reach Armadale, over the sea to Skye. My mother is gravely ill, and my stepfather begged me to come at once...

CAPTAIN CHAPMAN

You have my deepest sympathy...

Chapman reads the safe conduct document, which seems to check out. But Chapman can't get a good look at the female servant (the Bonnie Prince), whose face is half-concealed by the shawl draped over her bonnet. He can sense nervousness.

CAPTAIN CHAPMAN (CONT'D)

(referencing the document)

Mistress Burke, is it?

"Betty Burke" nods but doesn't answer. Flora plays her part masterfully, feigning mild irritation --

FLORA MACDONALD

(to "Betty Burke")

No need to be shy, Betty --  
(MORE)

FLORA MACDONALD (CONT'D)

(then, to Chapman)

So silent and sullen... Missing Ireland, no doubt. I took her from there, you see... she's famed for her spinning...

(dramatic pause)

... but I fear it is a shroud she'll be weaving now...

Bringing the subject back to Flora's heartache has the desired effect... Chapman nods.

CAPTAIN CHAPMAN

Then you must make haste. I bid you a safe onward journey.

Flora gives him a smile and a nod of goodbye. Relieved, she and her companions turn and walk toward the boat.

CAPTAIN CHAPMAN (CONT'D)

Mistress MacDonald --

Panicked, Flora tries to maintain her composure. Prince Charles and O'Neill stop in their tracks but don't turn... Flora turns to Chapman with a friendly smile once more. But all Chapman wants is to hand the safe conduct document back to Flora, who had forgotten it.

FLORA MACDONALD

Oh, good gracious -- thank you.

They both grip the document for a moment.

CAPTAIN CHAPMAN

Take good care, Mistress... there are traitors about.

Flora nods, takes the document and hands it to O'Neill. As they make their way to the boat which is pulled up onto the shore, Flora feels Chapman's eyes burning a hole in her back.

She notices the Fisherman gawking as "Betty Burke" awkwardly hoists her skirts and petticoats up much too HIGH, as she tries to step into the boat. "Betty" has attracted the attention of the SOLDIERS too. Flora acts quickly, stops Betty from boarding the boat.

FLORA MACDONALD

Have you no shame, my girl?  
Goodness me, I've seen geese  
waddling about with more elegance!

Flora's comment amuses everyone, even Chapman. Betty steps back from the boat, embarrassed. Then, as the boatmen usher the boat fully into the water --

Prince Charles leans to whisper to Flora:

PRINCE CHARLES

I owe you my lifelong gratitude.

FLORA MACDONALD

You owe me nothing, Your Highness.  
You lost the throne... It won't do  
to lose your life as well.

PRINCE CHARLES

Mark me, dear Flora. Your kindness  
will not go unremembered.

BACK ON THE BOAT NOW, with passengers safely inside, the boat starts off toward the Isle of Skye. The boat moves on, toward Skye, conveying the Bonnie Prince and the woman who will go down in history as his savior...

MUSIC OVER MAIN TITLES: "Speed, bonnie boat, like a bird on the wing. "Onward!" The sailors cry. Carry the lad that's born to be King over the sea to Skye."

FADE IN:

**EXT. WILMINGTON - THE RED FALCON INN - DAY (1775) (D8)**

CHYRON: North Carolina, 1775

The port city bustles with life. Only the presence of more REDCOATS than usual hints at possible unrest...

**INT. WILMINGTON - THE RED FALCON INN - BEDCHAMBER - DAY (D8)**

CLAIRE FRASER unpacks luggage for their stay, when JAMIE FRASER enters with a letter.

JAMIE

Cornelius Harnett has invited me to  
share a tankard of ale wi' him  
downstairs and...

(reading from the note)

"...raise a glass to King and  
Country."

CLAIRE

A Son of Liberty toasting the King.



JAMIE

The man has a sense of humor.

CLAIRE

Go. I'll finish packing. And I want to visit the apothecary before we leave for Mistress MacDonald's event.

JAMIE

Aye, we dinna want to be late. I canna wait to see her after all these years.

Claire smiles, knowing Jamie encountered Flora years ago.

CLAIRE

From what you keep telling me, it sounds like you had a little crush on her.

JAMIE

(doesn't know the word)  
A what?

CLAIRE

A *tendresse*.

JAMIE

Dinna be daft. Neither of us could have been more than seven!

CLAIRE

(teasing)  
And yet you're blushing.

Claire laughs. Jamie leans in and kisses her. Then he looks around as though something is missing --

JAMIE

I'm only sorry Fergus couldna join us here. He's such an admirer of Flora and her epic tale.

CLAIRE

It's a shame he had to leave for New Bern, but with the former owner leaving in haste --

It's unclear what they're referring to, but we recall that Jamie sent Fergus to River Run a few weeks ago to help him feel useful again [Episode 604]. Claire looks at Jamie with shared melancholy.

JAMIE

Aye, I'll be having a few words wi' Aunt Jocasta about it when we see her today.

Claire gives her husband a look --

CLAIRE

We're here for a celebration...

JAMIE

Dinna fash. I willna forget.

Claire grows thoughtful as something occurs to her --

CLAIRE

In my time, Flora MacDonald's likeness will be on biscuit tins. Her image, sitting in a boat with the Bonnie Prince, comes to be emblematic of a certain rebellious Scottish spirit...

Jamie guesses where Claire's train of thought is going --

JAMIE

...and yet, she's here to speak in behalf of the Crown to an audience of loyal British subjects... *Highlanders*, like my aunt.

CLAIRE

It is strange to think of former Jacobites so eager to join the loyalist cause.

JAMIE

They've forged new lives. They've land of their own underfoot. Much to lose and verra little to gain.

CLAIRE

If only they knew what was coming.

JAMIE

They willna fight for a dream. Not now. They tried that when they stood behind the Bonnie Prince and found themselves in prison, flogged, and destitute.

(then)

Most have now sworn an oath of loyalty to the Crown. As Flora MacDonald did.

(MORE)

JAMIE (CONT'D)

As did I. An oath I may well have kept  
if I didna ken what ye and Brianna  
have told me.

CLAIRE

But since you do...

JAMIE

Then I must break it.

OFF that sobering thought...

**INT. WILMINGTON - THE RED FALCON INN - TAVERN - DAY (D8)**

Jamie enters. It's a lively lunchtime crowd with PATRONS enjoying their food and drink, and two men playing BILLIARDS. Not knowing who exactly to look for, he goes to the BAR AREA and glances around.

Nearby, one of the patrons, CORNELIUS HARNETT, 53, the "Samuel Adams of North Carolina," is deep in conversation with his peer, AINSLEY BEESTON. Still, they clock the tall Scotsman and, as the BARKEEP serves Jamie some ALE, Harnett raises his own glass and offers a very grave toast --

CORNELIUS HARNETT

God save his most excellent  
Majesty, King George the III.

It's obviously a test. Amused, Jamie can't help but smile -- guessing this must be the man he's looking for. But it's not quite the reaction Harnett was anticipating.

CORNELIUS HARNETT (CONT'D)

Why do you smile like that?

JAMIE

Because I see I am in the company  
of men who have about as much  
respect for the king as I do.

(then)

Mr. Cornelius Harnett, I presume?

Now it's Harnett's turn to smile --

CORNELIUS HARNETT

Forgive me, Mr. Fraser. I wanted  
to be certain it was you. But, may  
I ask... how could you be sure it  
was me?

JAMIE

Oh -- ye were verra convincin' Mr. Harnett. Almost too convincin'.

(then, teasing Beeston)

But it seemed yer companion here might vomit at the mere mention of our good sovereign's name.

Beeston chuckles, knowing Jamie's right.

CORNELIUS HARNETT

You never would have made it on the stage, Beeston. Luckily for us, your talents lie elsewhere.

AINSLEY BEESTON

I'll leave you gentlemen to get acquainted. Please excuse me.

Beeston departs. Harnett waves to the barkeep for more ALE, and he and Jamie move a bit away from the bar, for privacy.

JAMIE

Yer Committee of Correspondence has assembled an impressive group of thinkers. It has been my pleasure to read yer letters.

CORNELIUS HARNETT

As it has been mine to read your very astute responses.

(a beat)

We know what you did at Alamance Creek... throwing down your coat at Tryon's feet and telling him what many only dare to think.

JAMIE

I'm sure reports have been exaggerated. It wasna a speech I had time to prepare, believe me.

CORNELIUS HARNETT

I admire your humility. Still, you must understand that it is a risk for us to seek you out.

JAMIE

I understand how my association with Governor Tryon must have appeared.

Jamie looks down at Harnett's RING on his small finger. It is engraved with a SQUARE AND COMPASS: the Freemason symbol.

CORNELIUS HARNETT

Before I share our plans, I like to look into a man's eyes and get the measure of his character.

JAMIE

And how do you find me?

CORNELIUS HARNETT

Bold. Willing to ask questions.

JAMIE

And I believe a man must question his own motives as well.

CORNELIUS HARNETT

And what are yours?

JAMIE

To do right by my conscience and do my duty by my brothers.

(beat)

There were personal reasons for my change of heart at Alamance. But that it changed, is undeniable.

(then, re: Harnett's ring)

I believe you, too, are for liberty *and fraternity?*

Harnett's eyes light up, noting these Masonic keywords. He holds out his hand under the table for the common MASONIC GESTURE, a brief squeeze of the hands and a tap on the knuckle [Episode 601]. Jamie has passed the test. Harnett keeps his voice low --

CORNELIUS HARNETT

The barkeep here is sympathetic to the cause, and is closing early tomorrow night so the Sons of Liberty can meet. Will you join us?

JAMIE

I look forward to it.

MOMENTS LATER --

As Jamie exits the tavern, he passes something by the fireplace which he gives a passing glance and moves on. A beat later, he steps back into frame.

**JAMIE'S POV --**

A jar of viscous fluid containing two wrinkled grey... yep, those are TESTICLES. A label next to the jar reads: "The Bollocks of the Notorious Pirate Stephen Bonnet taken from His Corpse." Jamie shakes his head and moves on.

**OMITTED****EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - MCCALLUM CABIN - DAY (D8)**

ROGER MACKENZIE examines Amy McCallum's chimney stack. AIDAN MCCALLUM watches him intently.

ROGER  
Needs a bit of reinforcing.

AIDAN MCCALLUM  
Shall I fetch the mortar we mixed?

Roger nods. Excited to help, Aidan rushes off to the stack of bricks and lifts a bucket of mortar they blended from sand, lime and water, the consistency of peanut butter.

AMY MCCALLUM happily exits the cabin with a basket full of GREEN PEA-PODS.

AMY MCCALLUM  
Bless ye and Mistress MacKenzie for these. I hope there's enough left for ye?

ROGER  
We have plenty and we're happy to share.

Amy sits down and starts popping the pea-pods. As she does so, Roger absent-mindedly sings a twentieth-century SONG (albeit a folk song, rather than a pop song, with lyrics merely evoking images of Scotland). But it makes Amy ask:

AMY MCCALLUM  
That's lovely. What is it?

Realizing there is no way Amy could know it, Roger covers --

ROGER  
Oh, I doubt you'd know this one...  
It's from, err...  
(can't say "the future")  
...well, it's a favorite where I come from.

AMY MCCALLUM

How does it go?

ROGER

It's called "The Northern Lights of  
Old Aberdeen..."

(singing)

*"I've wandered in many far-off  
lands, and travelled many a mile,  
I've missed the folk I've cherished  
most, the joy of a friendly smile."*

The lyrics don't give much away -- perhaps it's fine.

AMY MCCALLUM

No, no, I think I know it. There's  
somethin' familiar about it...

Given that it was composed in 1952, it's impossible. It's  
clear that Amy is trying to bond with him -- desperate to  
forge a connection. Roger shrugs it off, trying to be  
kind --

ROGER

Perhaps it's only that the words  
remind you of home...

AMY MCCALLUM

I often find myself achin' for  
it... do ye ever feel that way?

Roger can't help thinking of his former life. As happy as  
he's been, he'll always miss Scotland -- and his own time.

ROGER

Aye...

This encourages Amy, who feels a connection with him.

AMY MCCALLUM

Will ye teach the song to Aidan?

Roger nods, a little hesitant, and continues singing as he  
works. Amy listens, enjoying his voice.

**EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - RIVERBANK - DAY (D8)**

An optimistic BRIANNA FRASER searches for a suitable spot in  
the riverbank -- with an ambitious plan in mind. MARSALI  
FRASER, LIZZIE WEMYSS and MALVA CHRISTIE watch her and wait  
for instructions. Lizzie is looking a little flushed.

BRIANNA

No... this isn't quite right,  
either.

MARSALI

Nor any o' the ten other places  
we've passed by?

LIZZIE

What is it ye're needin' *precisely*?

MALVA

Yes, if you explained it to us in a  
little more detail, perhaps we  
could be of better help --

Brianna takes out a DETAILED DRAWING of a water wheel and a  
cistern -- one of her designs.

BRIANNA

I need to find somewhere with  
enough water to turn a waterwheel --  
It'll turn a screw pump to bring  
water up from the spring; that's  
how I'll fill my cistern once I've  
built it. That's the easy part.  
Getting the water from the cistern  
to the settlements, that's a little  
more tricky --

Malva sighs, perhaps there is such a thing as too much  
explanation in this case.

MALVA

Perhaps Mr. MacKenzie or one of the  
other men might know of a place?

MARSALI

Aye, could ye no' have asked Roger  
to come trudgin' out all this way?

BRIANNA

I thought you all wanted to come  
for a walk...

(then, re: Roger)

Roger is... finishing Mistress  
McCallum's hearth...

The hint of irritation doesn't go unnoticed by Malva.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

So it's only us women. Let's not  
give up yet. We should look down  
there a little ways...



Brianna notices Lizzie looks weary.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)  
Do you need to rest, Lizzie? You  
look a little tired.

LIZZIE  
No, I'm well... thank you.

As the four women walk down-river to where the banks rise, something strange attracts Brianna's attention on one of the rocks: a blackened smudge of CHARRED STICKS in the center...

BRIANNA  
What's this? It's too small for a  
cooking fire...

There are small objects in the ashes. Brianna squats down to look closer.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)  
Bones.

Marsali, Lizzie and Malva come closer to inspect.

LIZZIE  
Of an animal?

MARSALI  
No. Finger bones --

Brianna instantly draws back her hand --

MARSALI (CONT'D)  
There are some charms that use  
grave dust, and some the dust of  
bones or the ashes of a body.

LIZZIE  
Ye think it's a spell?

MARSALI  
(realizing now)  
Dried seaweed, bones and a flat  
rock. I believe it's a love charm.  
The one they call the "Venom o' the  
North Wind."

LIZZIE  
Mebbe it was one of the fisher-  
folk? They're a superstitious lot.

Malva looks around coyly, teasing -- trying to stir the pot.

MALVA  
Aren't you looking for love, Miss  
Wemyss?

A crimson-faced Lizzie turns and splutters --

LIZZIE  
I dinna ken what ye mean...

MALVA  
(teasing)  
A certain Josiah Beardsley? You're  
red as a cherry, falling into a  
swoon --

LIZZIE  
I am not! Perhaps it was Ute  
McGillivray... her daughter Senga  
is unwed --

MARSALI  
Or there's Amy McCallum...

MALVA  
True. She's a widow. Lonely with  
those two young children, no doubt.

Brianna listens to their conversation with growing anxiety.  
Could Amy McCallum be trying to entice her husband?

SUDDENLY -- Lizzie loses her footing. Marsali reaches for  
her and supports her -- feels her pulse and temperature,  
just as she learned from Claire. Malva watches, fascinated.

MARSALI  
Ye're feverish.

BRIANNA  
(worried)  
The malaria? We need to take you  
home. Do we have any Jesuit's bark  
left?

LIZZIE  
No, Mistress. But the gallberries  
seem to help some...

Marsali puts Lizzie's arm over her shoulder and Malva takes  
the other -- between them they help Lizzie walk. A concerned  
Brianna quickly kicks dirt onto the burned finger bones  
charm before she follows them.

**OMITTED**

EXT. WILMINGTON - ELRICK ESTATE - DAY (D8)

A LINE of CARRIAGES have arrived to deposit their GUESTS at a beautiful estate -- belonging to the Elrick family, who are hosting this event. We see Jamie and Claire climbing the stairs toward the house.

INT. WILMINGTON - ELRICK ESTATE - ENTRANCE HALL - DAY (D8)

Claire and Jamie ENTER. Claire looks stunning in her gown. Jamie is in equally fine attire. GUESTS OF HONOR mingle and make merry -- fewer in here than outside. The air buzzes with excitement for the arrival of Flora MacDonald. SLAVES carry platters of food. Armed REDCOAT SOLDIERS are stationed about as guards in case tension in the town erupts.

Jamie and Claire see... LORD JOHN GREY. Since Jamie has been separated from his best friend for quite a while, the smiles on their faces couldn't be more genuine.

JAMIE

I didna count ye among Mistress  
MacDonald's many admirers, John...

JOHN GREY

(wry)  
It should come as no surprise. I  
have a particular fondness for  
reformed Jacobites --

Lord John bows gracefully to Claire who curtsseys in greeting.

CLAIRE

How is William?

JOHN GREY

Nearly as tall as me...  
(to Jamie)  
And he bests me at chess almost  
every time.

JAMIE

I hope to have the honor of playin'  
him one day.

JOHN GREY

It's not only chess... He speaks  
of politics like a politician, of  
history like a historian...  
And his knowledge of literature and  
the modern languages is, well, I  
hardly know where to begin --

John's loving boasts are intended to fill Jamie's heart with pride... but Claire can see how they're both warming Jamie's heart and breaking it to pieces at the same time --

CLAIRE

And is it business or pleasure that brings you to Wilmington?

JOHN GREY

I was in New Bern on a political errand; Governor Martin suggested that I come in his stead -- to welcome Mistress MacDonald. When news reached me regarding your Aunt Jocasta's contributions to the gathering... I agreed at once, hoping I might see you as well.

JAMIE

(teasing)

And should we be glad or worried that both England *and* New Bern can spare you?

John laughs --

JOHN GREY

Glad, I should hope. Mistress MacDonald's willingness to appeal to her fellow countrymen, to make her case for peace... it could not come at a better time. It is a strength of feeling that Governor Martin hopes to be able to count on, to change hearts and minds.

CLAIRE

A Jacobite in the hand is worth two in the bush, as they say.

JOHN GREY

That's all behind us, thankfully. What matters is that Mistress MacDonald has the discernment to judge the right course of action *now*.

JAMIE

Indeed.

It's clear that Lord John is pleased to hear Jamie say he agrees. The worries John felt at the end of Episode 604 are beginning to ease. As Jamie ponders John's words, he catches sight of JOCASTA INNES and DUNCAN INNES.

JAMIE (CONT'D)  
 If you'll excuse us, John, I see  
 the benefactress herself --

JOHN GREY  
 Of course.

ON JAMIE AND CLAIRE as they make their way over to Jocasta.  
 Jocasta's maidservant MARY [Season Four] is with her.

JAMIE  
 Mr. Innes... Aunt Jocasta...

DUNCAN INNES  
 We're delighted ye've come...

Jamie bows and kisses his aunt's hand --

JOCASTA  
 Aye... But why do we never have  
 the pleasure of yer company at  
 River Run?  
 (then)  
 Mr. Bug's been deliverin' all my  
 sweetmeats so ye've no need to come  
 yerselves, is that it?

JAMIE  
 The last time I sent a man to River  
 Run, you bought him a print shop in  
 New Bern... and I lost a son.

So that's what Jamie and Claire were talking about  
 earlier --

JOCASTA  
 Nephew... when Fergus visited, he  
 told me how happy he was workin' in  
 the print shop in Edinburgh, and  
 how desperately he wanted to feel  
 that way again. I had an  
 opportunity to help...

JAMIE  
 An opportunity, certainly --

JOCASTA  
 Do you begrudge the lad his  
 happiness?

JAMIE  
 Of course not, but --

JOCASTA

Then surely ye can have no objections. Once Marsali joins him in New Bern, they will be... safer... from those would think ill of wee Henri-Christian. D'ye no' agree?

Jamie finds he has no answer. Rather than "having words" with Jocasta, she got in most of the words -- and put him in his place. Claire thinks it's time to change the subject --

CLAIRE

It's lovely to see you, Mary. We missed you on our last visit.

MARY

Thank you, Mistress. My mother died. Mistress Innes gave me leave of my duties to mourn.

CLAIRE

I'm sorry to hear that --

JOCASTA

Our Hanna is dearly missed. Mr. Innes, I am in need of refreshment...

DUNCAN INNES

Of course, my dear.

Jocasta is putting on a good face, but Jamie can see: since Murtagh's death, some of the spark has gone out of her.

As conversation continues...

**EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - ROGER AND BRIANNA'S CABIN - DAY (D8)**

Brianna holds out a half-full JAR OF GALLBERRY OINTMENT for JOSIAH BEARDSLEY as KEZIAH BEARDSLEY looks on. In the b.g., we see the low, humped shape of Brianna's completed GROUNDHOG KILN.

KEZIAH BEARDSLEY

Is Lizzie very sick this time?

BRIANNA

She has a fever and the shakes. This ointment will help her. Do you know where to find gallberries?

JOSIAH BEARDSLEY

Aye. Up the mountain. Dinna like  
'em much, bitter as vinegar...

BRIANNA

It's not for her to eat, it's for  
the ointment -- we'll need more.

Brianna stops when she sees Roger returning home. She hands  
the jar off to Josiah.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

But take this to her now. She'll  
know what to do.

With clear marching orders, the twins take off --

**INT. WILMINGTON - ELRICK ESTATE - MAIN ROOM - DAY (D8)**

VARIOUS SHOTS as the party continues. FIND Claire and Jamie  
speaking with guests -- when Jamie notices... MAJOR DONALD  
MACDONALD approaching. Jamie stiffens, caught off-guard.

JAMIE

Major MacDonald.

MAJOR MACDONALD

(coolly)

Mr. Fraser. Mistress Fraser.

All bow in greeting. This is the first time Jamie and Major  
MacDonald have crossed paths since Jamie quit his post as  
Indian Agent, and there is tension under the pleasantries.

MAJOR MACDONALD (CONT'D)

I must say, I was quite taken aback  
to hear of your resignation... And  
from the Governor himself, no less.  
I would have hoped you might have  
given me some warning...

JAMIE

I should ha' told ye first... but I  
trust the Governor was satisfied  
wi' the pledge of loyalty I  
received from the Cherokee?

MAJOR MACDONALD

He was most pleased -- which is why  
we'd hoped for a continued effort.

Before Jamie can say more, the sea of people parts: Flora  
MacDonald has arrived!

Now in her 50s, Flora still exudes beauty. John Grey leads her past the well-wishers with a polite smile. Flora's husband, ALLAN MACDONALD, 50s, a handsome man, accompanies her.

JOHN GREY

You know the Major, of course...

MAJOR MACDONALD

Mr. MacDonald, Mistress MacDonald.

JOHN GREY

I fear I shall need a chart of lineage to distinguish all these MacDonalds from one another...

FLORA MACDONALD

If only that would help. You should see my own family tree. Born a MacDonald. And then I married one!

ALLAN MACDONALD

My good fortune. Different branch, of course.

JOHN GREY

May I introduce Mr. James Fraser and his wife, Mistress Claire Fraser --

Flora locks onto Jamie, unsure how she knows him.

JAMIE

-- formerly of Broch Tuarach...

There is a spark of recognition in her eyes --

FLORA MACDONALD

Last time I laid eyes on you, you kicked me in the shin!

JAMIE

Aye, *Fionnaghal*, because ye took my bridie and pulled my hair!

FLORA MACDONALD

If memory serves, the bridie was well worth it.

Jamie and Flora both laugh at the astonished faces around them -- unaware that this is, in fact, a childhood memory.



JAMIE

(explaining)

We were only wee'uns. Mistress MacDonald's stepfather had come to pay his respects to the lairds as a matter o' business.

FLORA MACDONALD

(greeting Claire)

Mistress Fraser, a great pleasure.

CLAIRE

The pleasure is mine --

FLORA MACDONALD

You're somewhat celebrated here as well, it would seem. Is it true you performed an operation *on stage* at the theatre? It's left quite an impression on the townsfolk...

CLAIRE

It was in the foyer... but yes. I'm surprised to hear that people still speak of it --

FLORA MACDONALD

It is among the Sheriff's favorite anecdotes.

JOHN GREY

You encountered the Sheriff?

ALLAN MACDONALD

Yes... the partial cause of our delay.

Jocasta, Mary and Duncan arrive...

FLORA MACDONALD

When I went to my chamber to dress, I found a thief ransacking my belongings. He stole my necklace.

She touches her neck, where a necklace strung with emeralds catches the light. One emerald is missing.

JOCASTA

What a fright ye must ha' had --

FLORA MACDONALD

Fortunately, two men from the inn apprehended him in the street.

(MORE)

FLORA MACDONALD (CONT'D)

We had to wait for the Sheriff to be summoned.

ALLAN MACDONALD

He was arrested at my wife's insistence.

JOCASTA

(to Flora)

You are very brave.

JAMIE

I see ye retrieved yer necklace. Wi' one emerald missin'?

FLORA MACDONALD

Yes. They failed to find it on the thief. We'll have to have it replaced.

CLAIRE

There's been so much unrest. I was at the apothecary earlier -- which is closing. The Bogues are moving back to England because of the violence.

MacDonald reassures Flora, indicating redcoat presence.

MAJOR MACDONALD

You are safe here, I assure you.

Mary, clearly an admirer of Flora's, takes a bold risk to speak up --

MARY

The night you fled, Mistress -- was the sea as rough as they say?

FLORA MACDONALD

A tempest unlike any other I've ever seen --

Jocasta smiles, as does Flora recognizing a true "fan."

JOCASTA

Mary is quite captivated by your story.

MARY

And what did you do when the soldiers fired upon you?

JOCASTA  
Yes, near Waternish?

Flora smiles coyly --

FLORA MACDONALD  
We ducked, my dear. But I don't  
want to ruin the telling of it.

Duncan smiles at Mary, hoping to quell her curiosity --

DUNCAN INNES  
(quietly)  
Perhaps ye should go and inquire  
about our little surprise, Mary?  
I'll stay wi' Mistress Innes.

MARY  
Yes, sir.

An excited Mary curtseys and makes her exit.

MAJOR MACDONALD  
(to Flora)  
And are you quite prepared... for  
your address?

FLORA MACDONALD  
It's a tale I've told so many times  
before...

JOHN GREY  
And yet it has more relevance than  
ever -- a cautionary tale as it  
were...

FLORA MACDONALD  
Considering my sojourn in the Tower  
of London... cautionary indeed.

Jamie and Claire exchange looks. Flora feels flattered, if nervous now. Jocasta stumbles and reaches for Claire -- then reaches a hand to her forehead in some pain.

Concerned, Claire exchanges a look with Duncan and Jamie, then leads Jocasta to a quieter area...

**INT. ELRICK ESTATE - ENTRANCE HALL - CONTINUOUS - DAY**

As they arrive, discreetly --

CLAIRE  
Is it your eyes?

JOCASTA

The most grievous pain at times --

CLAIRE

It's not uncommon in those who  
suffer with your condition.

Claire remembers something she purchased at the apothecary.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I have something that might soothe  
them...

JOCASTA

Have ye indeed? Somethin'  
unpleasant, no doubt?

CLAIRE

I can fetch it from the carriage...

Flora approaches and is impressed by this exchange.

FLORA MACDONALD

You can tell what ails her simply  
by looking at her?

CLAIRE

Yes. And by knowing her.

FLORA MACDONALD

And what can you tell by looking at  
me, Mistress Fraser? Do you know  
what's ailing me?

CLAIRE

The burden of a great responsibility  
to please, no doubt. And a touch of  
nerves, perhaps?

FLORA MACDONALD

Yes, I think perhaps you're right.

CLAIRE

What I have can ease nerves as  
well. If you'd care to join us?

OFF Flora, looking intrigued --

**EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - ROGER AND BRIANNA'S CABIN - DAY (D8)**

Brianna is working at her KILN, laying SECTIONS of CLAY PIPE  
inside to fire. Roger ruffles JEMMY's head, HUMMING the song  
he was singing to Amy McCallum.

BRIANNA

What song is that? I haven't heard it before.

ROGER

Funny you should say that; Amy McCallum was convinced she *had* heard it. But she couldn't have -- it wasn't composed until the 1950s.

Amy again. Brianna takes a breath... Jemmy moves away and plays by himself, in the distance, while they talk.

BRIANNA

You know... we were out by the river this morning looking for a place for a water wheel, and we came across a pile of... burned human finger bones and seaweed... Marsali said it was a "love charm." Something one of the fisher-folk might have put there...

ROGER

That's strange. Didn't think Presbyterians went in for that sort of thing.

Brianna skirts over this --

BRIANNA

You've been spending a lot of time over there. At Amy's.

ROGER

Just working on the roof.

BRIANNA

And serenading her, apparently...

ROGER

What? No, it's not... I let my guard down for a split second, singing a modern tune... and she liked it so...

Roger gives his wife a look. *What is she implying?*

BRIANNA

I'm just noting that you're over there a lot. And maybe she likes spending time with you.

ROGER

I'm not "spending time with her."  
I'm helping out. I promised her  
she'd have a cabin and wouldn't  
starve and I'm keeping that  
promise.

(realizes)

You think she made that love charm  
for *my* sake?

BRIANNA

What I think is -- she's a lonely  
widow with two children, and having  
a handsome man around at her beck  
and call --

ROGER

She needs me.

BRIANNA

We need you!

ROGER

Do you?

Brianna is taken aback.

BRIANNA

How can you ask that?

But she realizes she once overheard her own parents (Claire  
and Frank) having a very similar conversation.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

(softening)

Of course we need you.

ROGER

You're so... capable. You're out  
making water wheels and clay  
pipes...

BRIANNA

It's nothing the Romans didn't do.

ROGER

But you're the only one here who  
knows how to do it. You're bringing  
indoor plumbing to the Ridge for  
crying out loud. You're amazing to  
me, Bree. I'm just trying to  
contribute something, too. Amy sees  
me as her minister and I -- [need to  
be there for her.]

BRIANNA  
 (interrupting)  
 But you're not a minister.

Brianna softens, understanding where he's coming from.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)  
 To the rest of the world you're a  
 married man who's alone with a  
 widow in her home. For hours on  
 end.

ROGER  
 It's not like that.

BRIANNA  
 Amy needs to find a husband of her  
 own, and she *won't* if you're  
 already the man of the house.

Roger is sure he is in the right; but now he too is trying  
 to shake a sudden uncomfortable feeling about Amy. OFF  
 Roger...

**EXT. WILMINGTON - ELRICK ESTATE - GAZEBO - DAY (D8)**

Claire, Jocasta and Flora sit in a gazebo out of sight of  
 the gathered guests and their privacy shielded by the  
 blinds. Claire opens a small parcel of hemp flower  
 (purchased from the apothecary), breaks it into pieces, then  
 sprinkles it into a PIPE. Jocasta is flummoxed when Claire  
 hands her the pipe and lights it for her with a match.

JOCASTA  
 This is a -- man's pipe?

CLAIRE  
 It will do. Trust me. Take a deep  
 breath and hold it in your lungs  
 for a little bit before exhaling.

Flora watches, intrigued, as Jocasta takes a puff, nostrils  
 flaring. Jocasta COUGHS, getting used to it. Then, she holds  
 it out to Flora.

JOCASTA  
 Mistress MacDonald, would ye care  
 to try it?

FLORA MACDONALD  
 No thank you... Smells...  
 peculiar.

CLAIRE  
It's hemp flower.

Jocasta is the only one smoking. Flora produces a HIP FLASK.

FLORA MACDONALD  
I've brought some wee refreshment  
of my own.

As Flora sips the whisky, Jocasta puffs more naturally on the hemp, which is relaxing her. Flora glances at the pipe and the whisky -- masculine pursuits -- amused.

FLORA MACDONALD (CONT'D)  
We are a veritable gentleman's  
club, I think...

She smiles and passes the flask to Claire --

FLORA MACDONALD (CONT'D)  
To whom shall we drink? Our Bonnie  
Prince?

CLAIRE  
(raising the flask)  
I say we drink to you.

Flora is somewhat taken aback -- and deeply flattered.

FLORA MACDONALD  
I was never much aligned with him  
politically. Do you know people  
thought that we were in love and  
that we lay together...

JOCASTA  
In a boat?

Suddenly, Flora is embarrassed, fearing she's said too much.

FLORA MACDONALD  
I fear that my name will be forever  
associated with him.  
(then)  
Forgive me, I didn't mean to speak  
ill of him -- but Charles Stuart  
was not... a leader of men...

CLAIRE  
I doubt he'd mind much -- last I  
heard he was in Italy, quietly  
drinking himself to death.



JOCASTA

I've always wished to meet a member  
of a Royal Family. Hearin' ye  
talk, mebbe I should count my  
blessings I never did.

(then)

'Course Mistress Fraser's had the  
honor on more than one occasion.

Claire smiles, touched that Jocasta seems so proud of her --

CLAIRE

I would hardly describe Culloden as  
an *honor*. And as for Versailles --

A flicker crosses Claire's face as she recalls her own brush  
with royalty in France: a FLASH of King Louis [Episode 207]  
thrusting; then Lionel Brown telling Claire: "Now you're  
*goin' to repent for your sin*" [Episode 512].

Claire tries to compose herself -- consciously hiding the  
PTSD panic that almost rose to the surface.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

-- well, I won't bore you with the  
details...

Claire is now looking for a way out. A need to get away.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

We don't want to keep you, Mistress  
MacDonald... Will it not be time  
for you to address the crowd soon?

FLORA MACDONALD

I suppose I should go and prepare  
to face them... Wish me luck.

Flora rises and goes to help Jocasta up.

FLORA MACDONALD (CONT'D)

Shall I walk you out?

JOCASTA

Very kind of ye, Mistress  
MacDonald.

Flora goes down the steps to wait outside the gazebo while  
Claire helps Jocasta up --

CLAIRE

Did that help your eyes?

JOCASTA

Aye. I mustn't curse them too much I suppose: I can still recall Murtagh's face from when I was a young lass. Four husbands I've had... some of them made me happy, at times. But until Murtagh...

CLAIRE

I understand. Better than you know.

JOCASTA

Well. One must put on a smile I suppose. Shall we?

Claire squeezes Jocasta's hand, then ushers her to Flora, who waits a few paces away. Then, a thought --

CLAIRE

I was thinking I should find a bit of hemp flower for you to take home... before I forget. I'll be along shortly --

She passes Jocasta's arm to Flora, who leads her away. Claire stays back. Her hand is shaking. She rifles through her medical satchel and sees the small ETHER BOTTLE. She's tempted, but... no. She closes the satchel.

But she doesn't move from where she sits. She's angry at herself. She doesn't want to take the ether. She squeezes her eyes shut, willing it all away: the trauma, the memory, the addiction, the need. But she can't. She opens the satchel back up and takes the ether bottle in her hand. Finds a handkerchief. She pours out the drops.

**EXT. WILMINGTON - ELRICK ESTATE - PORCH & GROUNDS - DAY (D8)**

Flora stands on the porch, giving her speech to the guests who have gathered outside, below her. She seems at ease -- the whisky may have released some inhibitions, too.

FLORA MACDONALD

Did the Bonnie Prince wear petticoats and a bonnet, I hear you ask? Why, yes, he did. Was it a sight to behold? It certainly was. Prince Charles Stuart, in disguise. I recall how he was mocked by country folk as we travelled, "Oh, how manly her gait, how carelessly she carries her dress!"

Some amused chuckles from the audience. Meanwhile, Claire steps up next to Jamie in the crowd, looking herself again. She's missed the first part of the speech due to her detour with the ether. They stand next to Jocasta, who holds onto Duncan's arm.

JAMIE

Where did you disappear to?

CLAIRE

Just needed a rest.

FLORA MACDONALD

...a coward in his disguise? Or a brave soul willing to take a risk? You may, of course, judge for yourselves. A man is often judged by his actions. A woman is more often judged by her appearance. But you've come here to hear about my actions. To judge *my* character. Why I did what I did that fateful night. I chose to see beyond mere appearances -- to see what was ailing this man in his hour of need...

The crowd reacts with awed silence as Flora's speech is about to turn serious.

FLORA MACDONALD (CONT'D)

Today, Mistress Fraser reminded me of something. A gifted physician... and, incidentally, a *woman* -- can you imagine?

Jamie gives Claire a questioning look -- "*What did you tell her?*" Claire shrugs helplessly -- she has no idea.

FLORA MACDONALD (CONT'D)

She reminded me that we must seek to find what ails us, not outwardly, but *within*. And what is ailing us today is the threat of division. We've seen it before. We know the symptoms of this disease. But it is not enough for us to put on a disguise and flee. Peace and unity. That is what is at stake. We've sworn oaths of loyalty to the Crown and are proud subjects of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and, if we are to live in peace in this new land, so must we continue to be.

Jamie and Claire exchange poignant looks. They see Major MacDonald and John Grey listening, very pleased with the loyalist message of the speech.

The end of Flora's speech is met with prolonged APPLAUSE and accompanied by the starting up of BAGPIPES. As the crowd gathers around Flora to congratulate and flatter her --

**EXT. WILMINGTON - ELRICK ESTATE - PORCH & GROUNDS - LATER**  
**(D8)**

John Grey and Jamie share a drink after the speech.

JOHN GREY

Jamie... Governor Martin has concerns. And so I must ask you --

JAMIE

Ask me what?

JOHN GREY

About your resignation as Indian Agent. I assured him of your allegiance, and your presence here has given me every reason to believe that we are in alignment. And yet... I was shown a missive containing a list of names, and yours was among a growing number of men who make no qualms about their affiliation with the "Sons of Liberty."

John Grey's anxiety is palpable --

JAMIE

The Committee of Correspondence has made it no secret that they are eager to consider me an ally...

JOHN GREY

A presumption I am certain you would take pains to correct. You must disassociate yourself from them at once. It is dangerous.

JAMIE

Aye.

JOHN GREY

Though if you did happen to know where they're meeting tomorrow...

Jamie hates to lie, but he must -- to save the lives of those he has decided to fight alongside.

JAMIE

No.

JOHN GREY

Very well. We'll find out soon enough I am sure. The Crown has eyes and ears everywhere.

JAMIE

(a beat)

John, I must tell ye --

Their tense conversation is interrupted by a COMMOTION as Mary reaches Jamie and John.

MARY

Lord John, forgive me --

JOHN GREY

Yes. What is it?

MARY

There's trouble in town --

**EXT. WILMINGTON - SIMMS' PRINT SHOP - DAY (D8)**

An angry CROWD has surrounded the print shop, shouting insults and chants at poor FOGARTY SIMMS (40s), the printer, who has barricaded himself inside the shop as best he can. His frightened face appears in a broken window...

CROWD / VARIOUS

Give yourself up, Simms! -- Tar and feather him! -- Come out, Simms!

A CAULDRON rests nearby, STEAM RISING from the TAR inside.

WHIG MOB GUY

(calling out)

Come out, Simms, you coward! Or shall we smoke you out?

CROWD / VARIOUS

Smoke him out! Smoke him out!

Accompanied by Mary, Jamie and John Grey PUSH their way past the Whig Mob and up onto the boardwalk in front of the print shop. John takes a tar-smearred broom from next to the cauldron.

JOHN GREY

Stand back.

Jamie speaks through the broken window to Simms --

JAMIE

Simms! What's this about?

FOGARTY SIMMS

Your Aunt had me print those to commemorate the day.

Simms indicates some dirty CRUMPLED SHEETS OF PAPER on the ground. Then, looking at Mary --

FOGARTY SIMMS (CONT'D)

She brought me the drawing last week --

MARY

(distressed)

It was for a good cause --

Mary picks one up from among a DOZEN others that have been thrown carelessly onto the ground and hands it to Jamie. John snags one, too, before it blows away.

Jamie glances at the sheet --

A loyalist political PAMPHLET showing a sketch of Flora MacDonald, an etching: Flora in a boat with Bonnie Prince Charlie in his infamous dress. The title reads "God Save the King" with text underneath describing how Flora made a mistake that she'll never make again --

Jamie joins John.

JOHN GREY

It seems these men are not as eager as we to honor our Scottish heroine.

JAMIE

Or the gentleman who printed 'em.

(then)

Mary, you should return to Mistress Innes.

Mary curtseys and hurries away. Jamie grabs his own tar-smearred broom, ready to defend Simms.

WHIG MOB GUY

Give him up, Fraser, or wear feathers with him!

MOB GUY #2  
Come out from there, Simms!

WHIG MOB GUY  
Come, Simms! You can't be hidin'  
up this man's backside all day!

Some in the crowd laugh.

JAMIE  
Better a printer up my arse than a  
fool wi' a torch!

A few more laugh now, even as Jamie swings his broom in a wide arc -- DROPLETS OF HOT TAR flying through the air. The men YELL and push to get out of the way.

JAMIE (CONT'D)  
Ye have no cause to threaten a man  
for doin' an honest day's work.

MOB GUY #2  
We don't want his Tory lies --

Suddenly, the print shop door swings open and Simms stumbles out, wielding a loaded musket at the mob.

FOGARTY SIMMS  
I'll print whatever I damn well  
please!

Jamie grabs the back of his neck, having been hit by a gob of hot tar. Simms' gun escalates the situation. One of the men in the mob points a PISTOL at Simms and SHOOTS. The bullet grazes Simms' arm. He recoils in pain, drops his weapon and holds his arm, the blood seeping through his shirt and fingers.

A BRICK goes through a window. The Mob is about to storm the print shop, but Jamie and John Grey hold them at bay. It's tense -- and close to boiling over. But --

Just then Major MacDonald arrives with the SHERIFF and several REDCOATS under his command. The military presence makes the mob scatter... and eventually disperse.

Among the crowd, however, FIND Ainsley Beeston, Harnett's colleague, who recognizes Jamie and has seen quite enough. He disappears with the rest of the crowd.

Jamie helps a wounded Simms. Simms' adrenaline is running low, he breathes heavily and his hands are shaking.

FOGARTY SIMMS (CONT'D)

Thank you --

JAMIE

Alas, ye canna please all readers  
alike...

Jamie joins John Grey at the steps of the print shop --

JOHN GREY

Any doubt I may have intimated  
earlier... I spoke of presumption,  
when it was I who presumed.

(beat)

News of your support of Mr. Simms,  
which may well have saved his life,  
will reach the Governor.

Jamie presses his lips shut and nods, unwilling to correct  
his friend in the face of the small battle they just fought.

INT. WILMINGTON - THE RED FALCON INN - BEDCHAMBER - NIGHT  
(N8)

Claire uses TURPENTINE to clean the TAR from the back of  
Jamie's neck and cheek. Jamie flinches as she scrubs at the  
tar. But he lets Claire continue, as unpleasant as it may  
be.

CLAIRE

It's just a little tar. At least  
you didn't get shot or stabbed...

JAMIE

The fourth of July 1776 ye said.  
There's still time...

CLAIRE

That's the Declaration of  
Independence. The war will start  
sooner.

Jamie thinks about what his decision to switch sides means.

JAMIE

The settlers on the Ridge... what  
will they say when they learn I've  
broken my oath to the King?

Jamie swallows and looks away from Claire. She reaches for  
his hand and squeezes it hard, as if to ease the  
uncertainty.



JAMIE (CONT'D)

I kent I should have to stand one day against a good many of them. To fight friends and kin. But hearin' Flora MacDonald's words fall upon the crowd today... seein' the resolve grow in them... It was as if a great blade had come down from heaven to cleave us apart.

(beat)

And Lord John... I had to lie to him today.

CLAIRE

You will do what's right by Lord John. And as for the Ridge -- we're involved but maybe they don't have to be...

Claire finishes rubbing his neck -- raw but clean again. Jamie considers his face in a mirror. The man he's become.

JAMIE

I've never lived wi'out allegiance, whether wittingly or not, to a laird or a king...

CLAIRE

I know. But the tide is turning. Our allegiance, now, will be to a new nation.

OFF Jamie and Claire, knowing their side is chosen...

**EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - MEETING HOUSE - NEXT DAY (D9)**

TOM CHRISTIE carries a box of TOOLS and walks with ALLAN CHRISTIE and Roger toward the meeting house, pulling a CART with a BRASS BELL to be installed over the meeting house's entrance.

TOM CHRISTIE

(quoting John Donne)

"Send not to know for whom the bell tolls; it tolls for thee."

Roger can't help but laugh a little at Tom's grave, and somewhat morbid message, delivered so earnestly.

ROGER

I wouldn't worry about that just yet, Mr. Christie, we have to get it up there first...

ALLAN CHRISTIE

(a joke)

Without more help, we may die  
trying.

ROGER

I mean that it's not only for  
funerals. Soon we'll hear the peal  
of wedding bells and christenings,  
ringing out for happy occasions...

ALLAN CHRISTIE

I daresay my father is somewhat  
suspicious of happiness. Are you  
not, Father?

He's kidding, hoping his father will appreciate a friendly  
jape -- hoping to engage him. But as they stop, a short  
distance from the building, Tom doesn't crack a smile --  
only examines the belfry with an expert eye.

TOM CHRISTIE

For whatever occasion it may toll,  
it'll be the finest belfry in Rowan  
County.

(then)

Fetch the rope from inside for the  
pulley, Mr. MacKenzie.

Roger jogs off ahead of them toward the front doors...

**INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - MEETING HOUSE - DAY (D9)**

Roger enters the meeting house on the lookout for said rope,  
when he catches a red-faced Malva there, who breaks off from  
a passionate KISS with an equally embarrassed OBADIAH  
HENDERSON, early 20s. They stare at Roger like startled  
deer. The situation is awkward to say the least. Open-  
mouthed, Roger holds the door closed.

ROGER

Mr. Henderson, have you gone mad?!  
Here of all places?!

OBADIAH HENDERSON

We haven't done anythin', Sir...

ROGER

Doesn't look that way! Miss  
Christie, your father and brother  
are outside!

Out of sheer desperation Malva steps up to Roger, eyes blazing. Her temper changes to determination.

MALVA

A word to my father, Mr. MacKenzie,  
and I'll tell everyone I've seen  
you kissing Amy McCallum. They'll  
all believe me.

Obadiah gulps...

ROGER

I've done no such thing!

MALVA

But everybody knows you spend more  
time with the widow than you do  
with your own wife.

Pale with anger and stunned by the threat, Roger holds the girl's fierce look before making his choice...

**EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - MEETING HOUSE - SAME TIME - DAY (D9)**

Tom and Allan have moved the bell out of the cart. Tom is heading toward the entrance door, when Roger opens it from the inside, carrying the rope.

ROGER

Look who I found inside --

REVEAL Obadiah carrying more rope (or block and tackle).

TOM CHRISTIE

Another pair of hands will be  
useful, Mr. Henderson.

OBADIAH HENDERSON

Pleased to be of help, Sir...

While Tom enlists Obadiah to help him lift the bell, Malva quietly slides out the back door and disappears into the nearby woods.

**EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - MCCALLUM CABIN - DAY (D9)**

Malva's words still ringing in his head, Roger approaches the McCallums' cabin. Aidan runs up to him happily.

AIDAN MCCALLUM

Mr. MacKenzie, I caught a bass! I shredded the worm, as you showed me, and hooked him --

Roger teases the lad, delighted for him --

ROGER

I'll bet your Ma's already cooked him ready for your luncheon?

Amy steps out of the cabin, brightening at the sight of Roger.

AMY MCCALLUM

Please, do come in and eat with us.

ROGER

I don't have much work left to do on the hearth... I should probably finish so I can go home...

AMY MCCALLUM

Let me repay all your kindness... And Aidan canna wait to hear stories of when ye were taken captive by the... Mohawk, was it?

ROGER

Aye, Mohawk...

Reluctant, Roger allows Amy to steer him toward the door.

**INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - MCCALLUM CABIN - CONTINUOUS - DAY (D9)**

What Roger finds inside is a clean table decked out with plates, cutlery and carefully prepared food. Amy walks over to present him with the chair at the head of the table.

AMY MCCALLUM

Will this do, Mr. MacKenzie?

Roger sits down, but though he puts on a polite smile, he feels uncomfortable. He is now the de facto "head of the family" and he realizes the truth in what Brianna said...

**INT. WILMINGTON - THE RED FALCON INN - TAVERN - DAY (D9)**

CLOSE ON the crumpled, blood-smearred pamphlet of Flora MacDonald and the Bonnie Prince in a boat -- held by none other than Flora herself. She stares at it horrified.

Around her, a flurry of GUESTS, amongst them her husband Allan and Duncan Innes, finishing lunch. Jamie and Jocasta sit across from Flora. Mary waits nearby. Jocasta sips a cup of tea, tight-lipped. This isn't at all how she wanted her loyalist pamphlets to be received.

FLORA MACDONALD

All this tumult over my likeness --

JOCASTA

I'm sorry. It was but a token of appreciation for all ye've done.

Flora nods, finished. She rises... then pauses. She touches her emerald necklace, a finger going to the missing gem.

FLORA MACDONALD

I don't think I'll have the gem replaced. It is a reminder that what is precious is hard won. The American colonies are a jewel in the crown.

As Flora moves off, she is approached by admirers who thank and congratulate her for yesterday's speech. WE STAY ON Jamie, who lowers his voice to Jocasta --

JAMIE

Is it true, Auntie, that ye paid for Flora's gathering?

JOCASTA

I've come to the conclusion that it does no good to sit quietly on yer hands, when ye could put them in yer purse to help the cause of peace.

(off Jamie)

These rebellions lead nowhere. As well ye know.

She's talking about Murtagh's Regulator cause and Hector's Jacobite cause -- both of which had fatal consequences.

JAMIE

I ken what ye're doin', Auntie. Wi' Fergus too.

JOCASTA

Och, not this again.

JAMIE

And no doubt he'll feel obliged to do yer biddin' and print yer views, since it's yer money that's bought him the shop. But I dinna wish to hear that he's been hanged for treason, nor tarred-and-feathered for no' bein' treasonous enough --

JOCASTA

He understands the dangers.

JAMIE

Aye. And I understand yer grief, Auntie, but if anythin' should happen to my son...

Jamie doesn't finish. He doesn't have to -- his meaning is clear. Finally he has had his say. Jocasta seems suddenly sad.

JOCASTA

I'm feelin' a wee bit tired.

DUNCAN INNES

I'll take you to your chamber.

Duncan rises to lead Jocasta away. Jamie rises as they leave the table. He watches his aunt with growing concern. Mary joins him, quietly confiding --

MARY

Yer Auntie hasn't been herself since Mr. Fitzgibbons died. Often I find her in her chair by the fire, having a fitful dream... speakin' of money stained by blood, her daughter Morna... and French gold...

(beat)

You don't worry she's losin' her mind, do you, Mr. Fraser?

JAMIE

No. Only that she's lost her heart. Thank ye, Mary.

Mary nods and heads upstairs to join Jocasta.

**EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - ROGER AND BRIANNA'S CABIN - DAY (D9)**

Roger returns from Amy's cabin. He arrives to see Jemmy and Brianna play with a new VROOM -- this one has wings on top of wheels, an "airplane vroom." Jemmy plays "take off" and flies the plane around...

JEMMY

Vroom, vroom!

Brianna gives Roger a look --

BRIANNA

We'll just say it's a very... odd-looking bird.

Brianna grins, happy to see Roger but... a moment of tension as their previous conversation still hangs in the air.

ROGER

You know Obadiah Henderson? Lives up by the Lindsays?

BRIANNA

Yeah...

ROGER

I asked him to look in on Amy, and finish whatever needs doing in the cabin.

Brianna raises an eyebrow. This is very satisfying to hear.

ROGER (CONT'D)

I've a weakness for young mothers...

BRIANNA

Well, that makes sense, you lost your own mother so young, in the Blitz...

ROGER

Aye. I find myself needing to take care of them, I can't help it. But I couldn't see -- maybe didn't want to see -- that I was going down a wrong path.

BRIANNA

You know I was never worried about you.

ROGER

I know. But I'm still sorry.

(then)

I want to spend my time with you  
and Jemmy. Just the three of us.  
But I do need something for myself.

BRIANNA

The *four* of us.

Roger's eyes widen. He glances down at her belly. Then back up to her --

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

Really.

OFF this moment of joy --

**EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - WOODS - DAY (D9)**

A young woman moves through the forest, following some trodden grass that can hardly be called a path. Reveal... Malva Christie. She sees something up ahead and slows...

In front of her is a hovel -- something between a lean-to and a shack -- built up against a sheer rock wall. She enters by the oilskin door, cautiously...

**INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - HOVEL - CONTINUOUS - DAY (D9)**

The hovel is spartan. But this is someone's home. A few pieces of plain furniture, crockery for food. A bed. On the bed lies a MAN, under blankets. We recognize him as the SIN-EATER [Episode 602]. Malva approaches him -- gaunt, pale -- and very clearly dead. Possibly died in his sleep, and been dead for about two weeks.

Malva is not surprised or disturbed. She has been here before. She knew he was dead. She sits before him on a wooden stool as though sitting vigil. CAMERA moves down his body and finds an arm lying outside of the covers...

The Sin-Eater's right hand is missing three fingers. The implication is clear: this is where the love charm bones came from. Malva makes a decision and pulls out a KNIFE and grabs his hand. She sets her jaw, puts knife to his fingers.

As she CUTS OFF his remaining two fingers (out of frame), we HEAR the sound of skin parting from bone. OFF Malva, hard at work, determined to make someone love her...



EXT. WILMINGTON - THOROUGHFARE - DAY (D9)

Jamie approaches John Grey with a heavy heart, knowing he'll have to come clean about his convictions.

JAMIE

John, I must speak wi' ye...

JOHN GREY

Good news -- I'm informed that the Sons of Liberty are meeting at the Red Falcon, late tonight.

Jamie's jaw tightens.

JAMIE

Aye. I'll be attendin' the meeting.

Though unexpected, this strikes John as a good idea --

JOHN GREY

There are soldiers ready and waiting to put a stop to it and catch them in the act, but if you think these men will trust you... perhaps you might glean some information...

He stops, seeing a pained look in Jamie's eye. And suddenly, John understands:

JOHN GREY (CONT'D)

You mean, attend... as *one* of them. God. I am a fool.

JAMIE

John, no...

JOHN GREY

The rumors are true, then... You are for independency?

JAMIE

I have to believe that there is another way -- a better way, to live, perhaps...

JOHN GREY

Better? Better than what? If it comes to war, the rebels will lose. And you may lose your *life*.

JAMIE

Or gain my freedom -- our freedom.

JOHN GREY

Freedom from *what*? From paying your taxes? From tyranny? Is that how I appear to you? The face of tyranny?

JAMIE

No. But I canna disguise how I feel any longer. 'Tis a mistake I've made before.

(then)

Come wi' me, John -- at least hear their side. To understand.

JOHN GREY

I cannot --

JAMIE

Or will not?

JOHN GREY

It is incomprehensible. And inconceivable that the colonies might govern themselves.

JAMIE

Then delay your men. Please. That's all I ask.

JOHN GREY

It's a great deal to ask --

JAMIE

I ken it is.

JOHN GREY

And if I refuse?

JAMIE

Then I will attend the next meeting. And the next. I dinna want this to come between us... but I have made up my mind.

JOHN GREY

You surprise me at every turn. But then, you always have.

John Grey takes a long look at Jamie, full of trepidation. He's never been able to say "no" to his friend.

JOHN GREY (CONT'D)  
 I'll delay the soldiers as long as  
 I can. Be careful.

OFF Jamie --

**EXT. WILMINGTON - THE RED FALCON INN - NIGHT (N9)**

Establish it's now dark outside and the streets are quiet.

**INT. WILMINGTON - THE RED FALCON INN - TAVERN - NIGHT (N9)**

A dozen or so PATRIOTS, all academics and lawyers -- North Carolina's "Sons of Liberty" including Ainsley Beeston -- have gathered around the Billiard table, listening with interest to Cornelius Harnett.

The tavern is dimly lit. Closed for the night. Doors are locked and windows are curtained (or shuttered), a very different atmosphere than the lunchtime patrons earlier.

CORNELIUS HARNETT  
 The first matter to be discussed is  
 our Provincial Congress. We will  
 hold a vote on our delegates, one  
 from each county, and --

Harnett stops, seeing Jamie has come from upstairs, through the inside door. He is regarded with suspicion by all.

CORNELIUS HARNETT (CONT'D)  
 I'm afraid, Mr. Fraser, that you're  
 no longer welcome.

JAMIE  
 (surprised)  
 Why not?

CORNELIUS HARNETT  
 You made your sympathies quite  
 plain when you defended that Tory  
 printer. Mr. Beeston was in the  
 street and witnessed everything.

JAMIE  
 I see.

Jamie eyes Beeston for a moment. But Jamie is not about to give up without a fight.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

So ye'd see an innocent man tarred  
and feathered or... killed?

CORNELIUS HARNETT

That man was printing pamphlets  
preaching reconciliation with  
Mother England, which threatens our  
cause --

Jamie, aware that the clock is ticking, speaks  
passionately --

JAMIE

Mr. Simms owns a printing press.  
It is his right to print what he  
pleases. I came here today because  
I believed I was going to be among  
men who understood that -- even if  
they disagreed. Men who are not  
afraid to hear another man's  
opinion spoken -- because they  
prize that freedom and have faith  
that it will serve the greater good  
in time. But mebbe I was wrong to  
think so... Mebbe there is no  
common decency --

CORNELIUS HARNETT

Common decency, Mr. Fraser?

JAMIE

Aye. And if it truly is to be  
common to all men, then it must  
begin with us. Ye call yerselves  
"Sons of Liberty," but is it  
liberty when a man is cowed into  
silence or threatened into  
submission? Is it liberty if his  
property is taken from him?

Cornelius relents and puts a hand up to stop Jamie. He's  
heard enough -- the others too. They are moved by Jamie's  
honesty, conviction and eloquence. Still --

CORNELIUS HARNETT

How do I know we can trust you?

Jamie looks toward the front door. So far, John Grey has  
kept his word -- but how long the soldiers will be delayed  
Jamie can't be sure. He must act fast.

JAMIE

Because I came to warn you -- very  
shortly, there'll be soldiers  
comin' through that door, hopin' to  
make arrests.

CORNELIUS HARNETT

How do you know this?

Just then, Jamie sees -- through a gap in the curtains -- a  
TROOP OF REDCOATS arriving OUTSIDE. Jamie is firm --

JAMIE

Tell the men to leave -- do it now.  
And unlock the door --

And now Cornelius sees what Jamie has seen -- and quickly  
does as Jamie asks. The men slip out of the BACK of the  
tavern --

Then -- several REDCOAT soldiers enter -- but there is no  
meeting to break up... Only Jamie who pretends to be deep  
into a game of billiards with Cornelius... Jamie looks up at  
the soldiers --

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Good evenin', gentlemen.

REDCOAT

State your name, sir.

JAMIE

James Fraser. I'm a guest here at  
the Inn. I invited my companion to  
a wee bit of late night billiards.

(then)

Anyone else fancy a game?

OFF the Redcoats, thwarted --

**OMITTED**

**INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - FERGUS AND MARSALI'S CABIN - DAY (D10)**

Brianna is with Marsali, who's packing. Brianna looks at  
Henri-Christian, sleeping in his basinet. Then...

BRIANNA

I looked in on Lizzie. She's doing  
much better...

MARSALI

'Tis no surprise -- Kezzie and Josiah Beardsley have been tending to her like a little lost lamb.

Brianna absent-mindedly touches her stomach. Marsali shakes her head in disappointment.

MARSALI (CONT'D)

I dinna believe ye.

BRIANNA

Wha--

MARSALI

Have I no' been a sister to ye?

BRIANNA

Yes, of course --

MARSALI

And ye hear all these bairns runnin' about? Ye think I dinna ken when a woman is wi' child?

Brianna smiles -- understanding now.

MARSALI (CONT'D)

Were ye goin' to let me leave for New Bern wi'out telling me?

BRIANNA

Of course not. But I've only just told Roger. Please don't let on to Mama -- I want to tell her myself in time...

MARSALI

I ken what it is to want to see that look on Claire's face... to give her news of a wee blessin'. Believe me, I'd never take that from ye...

BRIANNA

Believe me -- the last time I gave her that kind of news, it wasn't the best of circumstances.

She's referring to when she was pregnant with Jemmy and believed the baby might be Bonnet's.

MARSALI

But now yer husband is here wi' ye...

BRIANNA

Yes. But my sister is leaving.

MARSALI

Not for a few weeks yet. And not forever.

Brianna leans down to look at Henri-Christian.

BRIANNA

This one won't even meet his new cousin...

MARSALI

Och aye, he will, one day. They'll make plenty o' mischief together, I'm sure of it.

But they both know they cannot be absolutely sure of that. Marsali takes Brianna's hand.

**EXT. WILMINGTON - THE RED FALCON INN - DAY (D10)**

Claire and Jamie are in the wagon, ready to leave. Claire takes a deep breath and looks around: there's a buzz on the thoroughfare. Both she and Jamie can feel it.

CLAIRE

So much change in the wind...

JAMIE

When there is war afoot, Sassenach, men take to the roads.

CLAIRE

Then let's go home.

Claire hears something... WHISTLING. Claire's expression changes slightly as we also recognize the melody -- it sounds a lot like a quintessentially modern tune (i.e. the "Colonel Bogey March" from the 1957 movie *The Bridge On the River Kwai*).

JAMIE

What is it?

Claire listens for more. Whatever it was, it's gone.

CLAIRE

Nothing. Just the wind.

Jamie snaps the reins... and they leave town.

INT. WILMINGTON - JAIL CELL - DAY (D10)

WE PAN ACROSS the grimy, dark cell, where we REVEAL A MAN STANDING WITH HIS BACK TO US, looking out a barred window. His long, dark, wavy hair looks familiar... he is the one whistling the modern tune.

A GUARD bangs on the cell bars with a baton.

GUARD  
Silence, thief.

The whistling stops. After the guard moves away, the man pulls something from a secret pocket -- an EMERALD. He looks down at it, then tucks it back away. We realize: he was the thief who stole from Flora MacDonald. Just before he turns and before we can see his face --

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE