

OUTLANDER

EPISODE 606

The World Turned Upside Down

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

OUTLANDER
EPISODE 606 "The World Turned Upside Down"

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CAST LIST — FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT — 9th June 2021

CLAIRE FRASER
JAMIE FRASER
BRIANNA RANDALL FRASER
ROGER WAKEFIELD MACKENZIE

ALLAN CHRISTIE
LIONEL BROWN
LIZZIE WEMYSS
MALVA CHRISTIE
MRS. BUG
OBADIAH HENDERSON
PADRAIC MACNEILL
TOM CHRISTIE
YOUNG IAN

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SET LIST – FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT – 9th June 2021

INTERIORS

Fraser's Ridge
Big House
Bedchamber
Kitchen
Surgery
Parlour
Stables
Meeting House
MacNeill Cabin
Tom Christie's Lean-To
Roger and Brianna's Cabin

EXTERIORS

Fraser's Ridge
Big House
Garden
Backyard
Woods
Meeting House
MacNeill Cabin
Cemetery
Tom Christie's Lean-To

FADE IN:

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - MEETING HOUSE - DAY (1775) (D6)

ROGER MACKENZIE, acting as a lay minister after being asked by Tom Christie [Episode 602], is at the pulpit. TOM, ALLAN and MALVA CHRISTIE; JAMIE, CLAIRE and BRIANNA are present, as well as LIZZIE and a few other faces we recognize: AMY MACCALLUM, MR. and MRS. MCGREGOR, HIRAM and MRS. CROMBIE.

ROGER

Look around at your brethren here today... none are all-knowing, all powerful, none of noble birth. But God does not require brilliance or power or nobility for us to be true believers. More often than not, those are the very things that keep us from trusting the Lord. That's why --

(quoting a psalm)

"God hath chosen what is foolish in the world to shame the wise, what is weak to confound the mighty and what is low in the world -- to bring to nothing, things that are."

Jamie touches Claire's hand, stroking it gently. FIND Malva Christie, she glances over and notices. She'd love to have a man like that one day.

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - MEETING HOUSE - DAY (D6)

After the service, the congregation spills out, with settlers mingling and chatting. Roger approaches Claire and Jamie.

ROGER

Did you enjoy the service?

JAMIE

I only noticed one person fallin' asleep -- auld Maggie MacCurley, but she's eighty.

Off the chuckles, Brianna takes Roger's arm...

BRIANNA

You were brilliant.

JAMIE
 (sincerely now)
 Aye, ye're doin' a fine job, Roger
 Mac.

Roger smiles, pleased at Jamie's compliment.

ROGER
 I appreciate that, coming from you.
 I know you weren't exactly pleased
 about the church...

JAMIE
 It's only that I wanted it to be
 used for more than the Protestants'
 Sunday worship.

ROGER
 Oh, aye, it is! Tom's been
 teaching the children their letters
 here in the afternoons.
 (then)
 Have any of you seen Mr. and Mrs.
 MacNeill lately?

CLAIRE
 No, why?

ROGER
 They never miss a Sunday.

CLAIRE
 (to Brianna)
 You and I can stop by their cabin
 and look in on them. Perhaps
 Lizzie and Malva will come along
 for the walk.

Claire spots Malva chatting with some fisherfolk, and
 smiles. Malva smiles back eagerly. Brianna cocks a brow.

BRIANNA
 I'm sure Malva will. She's been
 glued to your side ever since you
 started letting her help as your
 apprentice.

CLAIRE
 She's taking to it nicely. But I
 miss Marsali. I miss all of them.

ROGER
 I hope they'll do well in New Bern.

JAMIE

Fergus will be happy there. He'll thrive at the print shop and able to provide for his family. I should have seen it sooner.

CLAIRE

You love them. You wanted them near. There's no shame in that.

OFF Jamie, taking it in, but still feeling wistful.

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - MACNEILL CABIN - LATER - DAY (D6)

Claire, Brianna, Lizzie and Malva approach -- LAUGHING and TALKING amongst themselves. As they near --

LIZZIE

There's an awful smell --

MALVA

Something's dead nearby. In the woods, perhaps. Hear the crows?

They notice CROWS on the roof of the cabin. Claire gets a sinking feeling. They move quickly to the door and KNOCK.

CLAIRE

(calling out)
Mr. MacNeill?

No answer. She pushes the door open --

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - MACNEILL CABIN - CONTINUOUS - DAY (D6)

The smell is unspeakable. The women GASP and cover their mouths. Claire moves across the dark room, rips the hides off the windows. She hears MOANS at the influx of light.

CLAIRE

(to Lizzie)
Leave the door open -- we need light and air. Stoke the fire!

Claire sees HORTENSE MACNEILL with her children -- a BOY, 8, a GIRL, 6, and a BABY. They are clammy-white, glimmering with sweat, legs streaked with reddish brown diarrhea. The father, PADRAIC, is curled in a corner. Claire swings into action, directs Brianna and Malva --

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Help the children first --

The family is desperately ill, clinging to life. Claire and the others rush to work trying to save them. Brianna sits the boy up in the bed.

BRIANNA
Come on, sweetheart, let's clean
you up.

As Brianna and Malva clean the child, Claire goes to the little girl -- can't find a pulse. She's already dead.

CLAIRE
(softly to herself)
Bloody hell.

Claire covers the girl with a blanket and quickly goes to the baby who's not moving, pinches her skin gently, testing for dehydration, and feels her chest for a heartbeat.

BRIANNA
What is this?

CLAIRE
They're dehydrated... could be food
poisoning... or something worse...
Careful... don't touch your face...

Claire looks around, there's an empty GOURD on its side.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Get some water from the stream --
quickly! Then boil it!

Brianna grabs the kettle and runs. Claire kneels by Hortense who is doubled over with cramps and barely breathing...

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Mrs. MacNeill -- what's happened?

Hortense is too weak to answer... Claire wipes her face.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
(under her breath)
Bloody, bloody hell.
(then)
Lizzie! Take my canteen, pour cups
of water while we wait for Bree --

Lizzie goes to do it. Claire kneels by Padraic.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Mr. MacNeill --

He's weak but more alert than the others --

PADRAIC

Mistress Claire... 'Tis the bloody flux... it came on so quickly... My bairns --

CLAIRE

Don't worry, I'll tend to them, then I'll see to you. Your pulse is still strong, you'll be fine for now...

PADRAIC

Thank the Lord ye've come.

Claire returns to the others. Lizzie hands her a cup and she pours water into Hortense's open mouth while Lizzie helps the son try to drink. Malva is holding the baby, but the water is dribbling down her slack cheeks.

MALVA

She can't... she can't...

CLAIRE

Keep trying.

Claire gets some water into Hortense but not nearly enough. Hortense chokes, coughs, retches some of the water back up. Claire is overwhelmed and frustrated.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

(under her breath)

God damnit!

LIZZIE

Can ye stop cursin', Mistress? It's only that the wee ones can hear. We need to send blessings to Heaven, not curses.

CLAIRE

Of course we do.

LIZZIE

Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee... Blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus...

As Lizzie goes on PRAYING softly, Claire feels Hortense's carotid artery, the pulse skipping weakly, beginning to fail. Behind her, she hears Malva who's holding the dying baby... her tone full of anguish...

MALVA

Oh, no. Oh, no, no, please... Don't
go... please...

As if Hortense has heard, her head rolls to the side, her eyes pop open, staring at the now dead child.

LIZZIE

Holy Mary, Mother of God... Pray
for us sinners...

Hortense's eyes look to Claire and the light goes out of them, as if willing herself to die along with her babe.

Malva watches in horror. She cradles the lifeless baby, and looks over at Hortense, somewhat in awe of a mother's love.

MALVA

(quietly)
She wouldn't let her child go
alone.

Brianna has just arrived back with more water in time to see the deaths. Claire puts a hand on Malva's shoulder, knowing the young woman has seen death but isn't used to trying to stop it -- and failing. Lizzie softly finishes her prayer:

LIZZIE

... Now and at the hour of our
death, amen.

Claire looks around at the death surrounding her, full of anguish and despair, knows she needs to find the cause.

OMITTED

OMITTED

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

NEXT MORNING. Claire is back home, having been up all night.

CLAIRE'S MICROSCOPE POV: A NORMAL VIEW, with no clues about what's causing the illness.

ON Jamie as he enters with two steaming MUGS. He hands one to Claire, brushing a kiss across her forehead.

Jamie frowns at several GLASS BOTTLES, next to the beakers and slides, plugged with twists of cloth, each containing a brownish liquid. He sniffs the air.

JAMIE
Is that... shit?

CLAIRE
Yes, it is.

JAMIE
Exactly what are ye lookin' for?

CLAIRE
Well, I'm not sure. But it's possible that it was either a bacillus or an amoeba that made the MacNeills sick. If I can find out, I'll know more about what the disease is, how long it lasts, how contagious it may be, and how to treat it...

JAMIE
Is it one you can catch?

CLAIRE
I don't know, but I'm fairly sure it could be. I've been vaccinated against typhus and typhoid -- so has Brianna. This doesn't look like either of those. I'll have to keep an eye on her, and Lizzie and Malva... that they don't develop symptoms...

Jamie gives her neck a final squeeze. She continues to look at a few slides as they talk... but finds nothing unusual.

JAMIE
Brianna came into the kitchen whilst I was brewin' the tea. She took down the basin and the soap -- then she took the kettle and poured the hot water over her hands.

CLAIRE
I hope she didn't burn herself.

JAMIE
She did. Scrubbed herself from fingertips to elbows...

He pauses, eyes dark with worry. Claire sighs.

CLAIRE
She knows it's contagious.

JAMIE

Aye. She's worried.

Claire takes a pause, and drinks her tea.

CLAIRE

It's different... for her. I was born at the end of a war -- and the year after, there was an epidemic of influenza. People died in hundreds and thousands. The men and women who fought -- the ones who survived bullets and bombs, many died as the MacNeills did -- of illness, because there wasn't any way to stop it.

JAMIE

Bree's never seen plague.

CLAIRE

No. By then, we had better medicines.

JAMIE

It's no' only herself she fears for, aye? It's the wee lad... passing it to Jemmy.

CLAIRE

She's always known it's possible... but to see it happen, to have a child die in front of you from a simple germ...

JAMIE

She's a good mother. So are ye. Ye've been up all night. Go and sleep for a bit, Sassenach. This will wait. I've never known shit to spoil wi' keepin'.

Claire leans against his chest. She closes her eyes, knows there's a fight ahead.

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

The sky lightens and reaches noon and beyond.

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

After resting for a few hours, Claire is back at it, looking for answers. Malva is with her now, as she turns the mirror of the microscope a fraction of an inch further, to get as much light as possible on the slide.

CLAIRE

There. I think I've found our villain.

MALVA

Can I look?!

Claire steps back and lets Malva look into the microscope.

CLAIRE

Do you see it? The big, clear thing in the middle, lobed, with the little flecks in it?

Malva squints into the ocular then gasps in triumph.

MALVA'S MICROSCOPE POV: An AMOEBA with its arm-like projections is now present.

MALVA

I see it plainly! Like a currant pudding someone's dropped on the floor? With arms coming out of it!

CLAIRE

That's it. An amoeba. It's what's causing the bloody flux.

MALVA

How can something so small cause such trouble in something so big as a person?

CLAIRE

Because once inside you, their only job is to destroy your cells... Remember, I showed you the cells from the lining of your mouth?

Jamie enters, having overheard. Recalling Roger's sermon:

JAMIE

"What is weak shall confound the mighty."

MALVA

Will we give the sick folk the penicillin, then?

CLAIRE

Penicillin isn't effective against amoebic dysentery -- that's what you call a very bad flux. I'm afraid we've nothing much save herbs.

JAMIE

Where did this "amoeba" come from?

CLAIRE

It can be spread through tainted food or water... dirty buckets, a contaminated water source...

Lizzie comes to the door.

LIZZIE

Mistress! Mr. Ogilvie's here... he says his wife's fallen sick with the flux. Ye must come quickly...

The news of another sick family causes a pit in Claire's stomach. It's just what she was afraid of. The disease is spreading. She readies her medical kit and herbs. To Malva:

CLAIRE

Fetch several heads of garlic and some honey for honey water.

MALVA

At once, Mistress!

As Malva exits to the kitchen -- Claire tries to calm her own sense of urgency as she packs. Jamie wants to be helpful.

JAMIE

I'll go and search the MacNeill property... look for the source. I'll gather the settlers at the meeting house and warn them to wash their hands and boil their water in the meantime.

CLAIRE

And have each family bring me samples from their wells and springs. Hopefully we can stop this before it spreads any further.

Jamie kisses Claire goodbye and exits. Malva returns quickly and gives Claire several garlic heads bundled in her apron.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Thank you, Malva. You've been a big help.

MALVA

But, Mistress Fraser -- I'm coming with you.

CLAIRE

This is a highly contagious disease.

MALVA

I'm coming with you.

CLAIRE

All right then. We'll do what we can, but brace yourself -- there's no cure.

Impressed with Malva's selflessness, off they go --

OMITTED

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - CEMETERY - DAY (D8)

DAYS LATER. MOURNERS surround THREE COFFINS -- the latest victims of the dysentery epidemic. Roger, Brianna and Lizzie are there.

PAN ACROSS TWO ROWS of WOODEN CROSSES, nearly ten new graves, as the new coffins are lowered into freshly dug holes.

FIND Claire looking on at a small pocket of mourners, Protestants and Catholics alike. Claire's eyes are glazed with sorrow and defeat.

CLAIRE

(quietly to Jamie)

I'm getting terribly tired of funerals.

Jamie puts an arm around her.

JAMIE

I'm sorry we haven't found what's causin' the sickness. But we willna give up.

CLAIRE
No, we won't.

JAMIE
(noticing)
Ye look a bit like a ghost,
Sassenach. Ye havena slept for
days, and ye hardly pause for
food... Let me take ye home.

CLAIRE
I'm fine...

But she doesn't look fine.

BRIANNA
I wonder where the Sin-Eater is?
No one has seen him in a while --

CLAIRE'S POV -- Brianna's words slow and distort and her
face fades...

BRIANNA (CONT'D)
MAMA!

Jamie catches Claire as she collapses to the ground.

Brianna puts her hand on Claire's forehead.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)
She's burning up.

Jamie scoops her up in his arms, runs toward the big house.

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - SURGERY - DAY (D8)

ON Claire, in bed, delirious with fever -- she's never been
this ill before. Jamie and Brianna worry over her. Malva is
there, wiping Claire's forehead with an anxious expression.

CLOSE ON CLAIRE'S FACE as we see inside her mind --

INT. CLAIRE'S FEVER DREAM

-- The fever rolls across her mind like a THUNDERSTORM.
Bursts of brilliance come like LIGHTNING BOLTS. GREY CLOUDS
with pulsing RED VEINS running through them. The sound of
THUNDER, like the beating of a KETTLE DRUM.

-- CLAIRE stands in the midst of the roiling storm. She puts
her hands over her ears and SCREAMS -- but no noise comes
out. And when we CUT BACK TO --

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - SURGERY - DAY (D8)

CLAIRE'S eyes are closed -- she's still unconscious on the surgery bed.

INT. CLAIRE'S FEVER DREAM

-- Claire thrusts her hands through misty grey clouds, into a patch of red and seizes something -- pulls it toward her. It's warm and moist and throbs in her hands. Her OWN HEART. There are NEEDLES piercing its center, like a voodoo curse! She drops it in horror.

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - SURGERY - LATER - NIGHT (N8)

Jamie is with Malva and Lizzie, who are both looking after Claire, still unconscious. They are wiping her brow and trying to make her comfortable. Allan appears in the door.

ALLAN

Malva -- it's late. Let's leave these good folks now. It's time for us to go.

JAMIE

Yer brother's right... ye should take yer rest. Lizzie's here...

MALVA

I won't leave her.

Allan's face hardens, but he's reluctant to argue in front of Jamie. He leaves. Jamie picks Claire up in his arms.

JAMIE

She'll be more comfortable in her own bed...

He starts out of the room; Malva picks up the tray of hot cloths and medicines and dutifully follows --

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - BEDCHAMBER - LATER - NIGHT (N8)

Jamie places Claire down on the bed.

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT (N8)

LATER, Malva brings Jamie a cup of tea as they take a break.

MALVA

Lizzie's with her. Here's some willow bark tea for you.

JAMIE

Thank ye, lass. 'Tis the same tea Claire made for me when I was ill wi' the snakebite.

MALVA

Oh, no, sir... snakebite? Were you badly hurt?

JAMIE

Aye. Nearly lost my leg.

Jamie doesn't feel much like talking, but returns polite conversation with the girl who's helping his wife so much.

MALVA

I'm terrified of snakes. I saw a king snake the other day.

JAMIE

Great rattlers, they are.

MALVA

Maybe so, but they've a wicked bite.

JAMIE

Ye've no been bitten, have ye?

MALVA

No, sir. But Mr. Crombie was. He brought one in a box, to a Sunday meeting once, to make mischief, for he knew the text was *For they shall take up poisonous serpents and suffer no harm*. When he opened it, the snake came out like a jack-in-the-box and bit him on the lip.

JAMIE

Did it, then? I dinna recall hearin' about that.

MALVA

Mr. Crombie was furious. I imagine no one wanted to spread the story, for fear he'd maybe pop with rage.

JAMIE

Aye, I see. And that's why he wouldna come to have my wife see to the wound, I suppose.

MALVA

Oh, he wouldn't do that, sir. Not if he was to have to cut off his nose by mistake.

JAMIE

No? Why not?

MALVA

Well... some say your wife's... a witch, sir...

JAMIE

She is a Sassenach. Folk will always say such things of a stranger, especially a woman. Think so yourself, do ye?

MALVA

Oh, no, sir! Never! I should wish nothing but to be like her! She is so kind and lovely, and so knowledgeable! I want to learn all she can teach me.

JAMIE

Aye, well. She's said often how good it is to have such a pupil as yourself, lass. And... your Da doesna mind that ye spend so much time here?

MALVA

He... he doesn't seem pleased, but no longer says I shouldn't come.

(then)

Is it true, sir, what he told me? That your grandsire was Lord Lovat? Him they called the Old Fox?

JAMIE

Oh, aye. I come from a long line of traitors, thieves, and bastards.

MALVA

I dinna believe it, sir. You seem a fine gentleman to me.

But Jamie is too consumed with worry for Claire to notice the young woman's admiring gaze and flattering words.

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - BEDCHAMBER - NIGHT (N8)

Middle of the night. BACK WITH CLAIRE, still in a delirium.

CLAIRE'S FEVER DREAM POV:

-- The SILHOUETTE of a MAN (Jamie) standing at the window, arms braced on the sill and head sunk on his chest. He's holding a WHISKY BOTTLE. A spasm of grief shakes him. A YOUNG WOMAN (Malva) moves toward him, touches his back, MURMURING softly to him. Her head tilts tenderly toward him and her body sways closer to him in a gesture of intimacy...

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - BEDCHAMBER - DAY (D9)

A WEEK LATER. Roger is sitting with Claire. His eyes are closed as he MURMURS quiet PRAYERS. Claire slowly OPENS her eyes and says softly:

CLAIRE
... Roger?

Roger springs up.

ROGER
Claire?

CLAIRE
(dream-like)
I don't know. Am I?

Claire's too weak to sit up, but the worst is over. She looks pale and gaunt as Roger helps sit her upright against piled pillows. Roger holds a cup of honey water to her dry lips. She feels his hand against her bare neck -- and jerks so hard she spills her cup.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
What? What? WHAT?!

Claire clutches her head -- too shocked to form a sentence. Her long, untamed hair is gone -- shorn off. In its place, SHORT, CHOPPED, UNEVEN LOCKS. Roger stumbles through the explanation --

ROGER

Malva and Mrs. Bug cut it off, day before yesterday. Bree and I weren't here, or we wouldn't have let them, of course -- but they thought it's what you do for someone with a terrible fever. Bree was furious with them, but they truly thought they were helping save your life --

Claire is beyond distraught.

ROGER (CONT'D)

I'll fetch Jamie --

CLAIRE

(grabs his sleeve)

NO! God, no! I don't want him to see me like this!

ROGER

He's... er... he's seen you. It. Already. I mean -- he saw it.

CLAIRE

He did? What -- did he say?

ROGER

He didn't say anything.

(gently)

He -- he just cried.

Claire starts to feel faint, her mind melting into itself again, her eyes close as she starts to drift.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Claire?!

He shakes her arm until her eyes open and focus on him again.

ROGER (CONT'D)

You looked funny for a moment. D'you want more honey water?

CLAIRE

I'm fine. The... sickness. Is it still -- ?

ROGER

No. It's stopped. No one's fallen ill in the last week.

CLAIRE
A week? How long have I -- ?

ROGER
Just about that. You were among
the last to succumb to it.

Claire glances at Roger, who's looking thin and strained.

CLAIRE
Have you eaten anything recently?

ROGER
Not since last night.

CLAIRE
Well. Do. Eat something. Won't
you?

ROGER
Aye. I will.

He starts to leave, but hesitates, takes several strides
back, bends over the bed and seizes her face with his palms,
kisses her lightly on the forehead.

ROGER (CONT'D)
(fiercely)
Nothing could ever make you less
beautiful.

He exits, crossing with Brianna who's on her way in --

BRIANNA
Mama! You're awake!

Relieved, she rushes over, then halts at the foot of the bed
and, with a determined expression, admonishes Claire.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)
You are not allowed to die.

CLAIRE
I didn't think I was going to.

BRIANNA
You scared me, you scared us all.

CLAIRE
Well, I didn't mean to.

BRIANNA

Just... don't do that again. I love you, Mama. And I can't be without you.

Claire smiles and says softly:

CLAIRE

I love you too, darling.

BRIANNA

And... neither can your new grandchild.

Brianna touches her own belly gently. Claire realizes:

CLAIRE

Oh, Bree... when...?

BRIANNA

I waited a bit to tell you, I wanted to make sure it was... real.

They clasp hands. A saved life and a new life to celebrate. Before they both burst into tears --

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

Let's get that hair of yours cleaned up. You look ridiculous.

Brianna smiles, it's only good-natured teasing. Claire can't help but laugh.

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - BEDCHAMBER - LATER - DAY (D9)

CLOSE ON CLAIRE'S FACE reflected in a HAND MIRROR. WIDEN TO REVEAL that she's sitting in a chair next to the bed, inspecting her newly shorn hair as Brianna uses SCISSORS to make the final few snips as she evens it out.

BRIANNA

There. That's much better.

CLAIRE

As good as it gets, I suppose. Thank you, darling.

Brianna notices Jamie hovering in the doorway.

BRIANNA

Now let's get you back into bed...

Jamie comes over and helps Claire to sit back against her pillows. Brianna gives her mother a hug and leaves. Jamie watches Claire a moment with the mirror. It's clear she's still pretty horrified by the vision in the looking glass.

JAMIE

I dinna suppose ye'd think of wearin' a cap? Only until it grows out a bit?

CLAIRE

No, I bloody don't suppose so. And Brianna's done a fair job of evening it out.

She hands the mirror to Jamie.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Still, always good for a laugh, I suppose, seeing the expression on people's faces when they catch sight of me.

JAMIE

Ye're verra beautiful, Sassenach.

Claire raises a brow, picks up the mirror and looks at herself again. He laughs, then kisses her hand.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

I love you.

CLAIRE

Oh. Well, then. I love you, too. And it will grow back, after all.

JAMIE

So it will.

He kisses her hand again. A beat. Claire braces herself.

CLAIRE

Tell me what's happened.

JAMIE

I found a dead elk in the river... it was upstream from the MacNeills and the others who got sick. At least now we have an answer.

CLAIRE

Thank God. But tell me... who's been ill? How are they? And who -- who's died?

JAMIE

Ye're sure ye feel well enough,
Sassenach?

CLAIRE

Knowing is better than worrying
about what I don't know.

JAMIE

Aye, then. Kenny's lost his
youngest, wee Bobby, and Grace is
still ill, but Hugh and Caitlin
didna fall ill at all. Three more
of the fisherfolk have died; a
dozen still ailing, but most are on
the mend. And then there's Tom
Christie. He was still bad, last I
heard. Fever, headaches...

Claire, still a bit lightheaded, closes her eyes.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Ye're no' still delirious, are ye?

CLAIRE

Was I delirious?

JAMIE

Ye were.

CLAIRE

In France, when I lost Faith...
During the fever, I saw birds...
blue herons... Master Raymond told
me blue was the color of healing...
But this time, I saw... storm
clouds... my own heart...
skeletons, and a snake... it was in
the house...

JAMIE

I can promise ye, Sassenach, any
snake that crosses our threshold
will part wi' his head before he
reaches the staircase.

(then)

And ye are well now. So yer wee
blue birds were wi' ye after all.

(then, softly)

But ye tried to die on me, did ye
no'?

He echoes her words from when he was bitten by the snake
[Episode 509]. He kneels and puts his arms around her.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
I would have been so angry, Claire,
if ye'd died and left me.

CLAIRE
I didn't. I won't.

Jamie's arms slide down until his hands rest on her behind.

JAMIE
Christ, Sassenach, ye havena any
bum left at all.

CLAIRE
Well, never mind. I'm sure that
will grow back soon enough.

OFF Jamie and Claire basking in the relief of another near miss with death.

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - BEDCHAMBER - DAY (D10)

NEXT DAY. Claire's still resting in bed. ADSO is curled up beside her. She looks toward the window, stir-crazy, hating to be trapped here. After a beat, she throws back the quilts, swings her legs out of bed. She turns to the cat.

CLAIRE
(to Adso)
Keep the bed warm for me. And
don't tell anyone where I went.

OMITTED

OMITTED

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - SURGERY - LATER (D10)

Claire gazes into her microscope --

CLAIRE'S MICROSCOPE POV: NORMAL VIEW. No amoebas in sight.

BACK ON CLAIRE as she lifts her head... an "aha" expression on her face.

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - TOM CHRISTIE'S LEAN-TO - DAY (D10)

Claire, bundled up and warm, walks up to the door --
knocks --

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - TOM CHRISTIE'S LEAN-TO - CONTINUOUS
(D10)

Claire enters and finds Tom at the table, writing a letter. He looks up, surprised to see her. Especially after she takes off her hat -- revealing her chopped hair.

TOM CHRISTIE
 Mistress Fraser! What in the name
 of God...

She passes a self-conscious hand over her head.

CLAIRE
 Oh. That. You ought to be
 pleased. I'm not going about
 outraging the public by a wanton
 display of my flowing locks.

TOM CHRISTIE
 You look like a monk. Sit down.

She takes a seat on a stool near him.

CLAIRE
 How are you?

TOM CHRISTIE
 How am I? You walked all the way
 here, in a dangerously enfeebled
 condition, to ask after my health?

He draws his shawl protectively around his shoulders. He frowns, looking like an irritable owl.

TOM CHRISTIE (CONT'D)
 You are most unaccountable, madam!

CLAIRE
 No, I am a doctor.

TOM CHRISTIE
 I'm feeling better if you must
 know. You were also very ill, I
 believe.

CLAIRE
 Yes, I have been. But not with the
 same sickness that's been
 afflicting people on the Ridge.

TOM CHRISTIE
 What do you mean?

CLAIRE

It's hard to mistake the bloody flux for headache and fever. I did not have dysentery -- I confirmed it with my microscope. Now -- did you have flux?

He hesitates but curiosity gets the better of him.

TOM CHRISTIE

No. It was as you say -- a headache fit to split the skull, and fever. A terrible weakness, and... and extraordinarily unpleasant dreams.

CLAIRE

It sounds as though you and I had the same illness. A simple viral or bacterial infection perhaps.

TOM CHRISTIE

What difference does it make? We are both recovered.

Agitated, he stands and paces around the lean-to.

CLAIRE

Most disease passes from one person to another -- sometimes by means of shared food or water... But I haven't seen you for a while. How is it that we should both fall ill of the same thing?

TOM CHRISTIE

I do not see why two persons cannot fall ill without seeing each other.

CLAIRE

If I could examine a sample from you under my microscope, I'd know without a doubt whether --

TOM CHRISTIE

(abruptly)
What kind of sample?

CLAIRE

Well, it would be... a small measure of... fecal matter...

Tom looks as if Claire's hit him in the head with a board.

TOM CHRISTIE

Good Lord, woman, how dare you ask
such a thing!

CLAIRE

It's purely for medical purposes --

TOM CHRISTIE

Come outside. I will see you home.
And if you insist upon asking such
vile and intrusive questions, I
suppose -- I cannot stop you.

He takes her hand now, startling her. But his grip is steady
and solid. She actually welcomes it. And his face tells us
there's something pleasing about it to him as well.

CLAIRE

You needn't walk me home. You
ought to be in bed.

TOM CHRISTIE

So should you. Put on your hat
before we go.

With his other hand, he grabs her hat and hands it to her,
then leads her to the door.

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - TOM CHRISTIE'S LEAN-TO - DAY (D10)

Tom and Claire exit, walking hand in hand. An odd couple.

OMITTED

**INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - BEDCHAMBER - MOMENTS
LATER - (D10)**

Jamie brings Claire back into her room, scolding:

JAMIE

What in the name of God possessed
ye, Sassenach?

CLAIRE

Well, I felt much better, and --

JAMIE

Ye're the color of bad buttermilk!
And trembling so ye can scarcely --
let me do that!

He helps her undress --

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Have ye lost yer mind? And to sneak off like that without telling anyone, too! What if ye'd fallen? What if ye felt unwell again?

CLAIRE

If I'd told anyone, they wouldn't have let me go out. And I *am* a physician, you know. Surely I can judge the state of my own health.

He carries her to the bed and puts her in it, admonishing her, much like Brianna did earlier.

JAMIE

You-- are going nowhere. You are not allowed to kill yourself. Do I make myself clear?

CLAIRE

So that's where Bree gets it.

(then)

You know why I did it. I had to. I had to see if Tom needed my help. As it turns out, he was recovered. But I have reason to believe he and I had the same illness -- and it wasn't dysentery.

JAMIE

That's strange.

Jamie sits next to Claire, slides her silver wedding band up and down her finger -- it's loose because she's lost weight.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Ye're so thin, Sassenach... yer rings hardly fit ye...

CLAIRE

Careful. I don't want to lose it.

JAMIE

Ye willna. I swore these rings would never leave yer hands again.

They sit in silence, watching the sun set through the window.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

It's a great comfort to see the sun come up and go down. When I dwelt in the cave, and then when I was in prison, it gave me hope, to see the light come and go, and know that the world went about its business. It gives me the same feelin', Sassenach, to hear ye rustlin' about in your surgery, rattlin' things and cursin' to yourself. If ye were no longer there -- or somewhere -- then the sun would no longer come up or go down.

He lifts her hand and kisses it very gently. He lays it closed around her ring, upon her chest. She turns over and he rubs her back very gently, helping her fall asleep...

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - BEDCHAMBER - NIGHT (N10)

LATER THAT NIGHT. Claire wakes up and runs her hand over the side of the bed. It's empty. There's a stirring in the dark beside the bed. It's Jamie.

CLAIRE

What're you doing down there?

JAMIE

I didna want to trouble yer sleep.

He leans his head on the mattress beside her. She strokes his hair.

CLAIRE

Remember when we were collecting rent? You slept on the floor outside my door.

JAMIE

Aye. Ye stepped on me, Sassenach. Nearly broke my ribs.

She smiles in the dark.

CLAIRE

Come up here.

JAMIE

Are ye sure... ye want me near?

CLAIRE

Always.

He gets into bed with her. They lie, barely touching.

JAMIE

Good. Because I'm not goin' anywhere. At least not for a couple of months.

She looks at him quizzically. He relays some news.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

I've had word from the Sons of Liberty. Details of the next Provincial Congress in New Bern. Cornelius Harnett has asked me to speak in support of the ongoing efforts to cease trade with Britain.

CLAIRE

Having been on the receiving end of your powers of persuasion, I'd say he's made an excellent choice.

She holds Jamie's hand in hers, feeling the hard smooth layers of callus on his palms and knuckles.

JAMIE

I've the hands of a stonemason.

She kisses his hands... the tips of his fingers...

CLAIRE

Calluses on a man's hands are deeply erotic.

She reaches down his body and touches him under the covers.

JAMIE

Well, I'll tell ye, Sassenach, if I havena got calluses down there, it's no fault of yours, believe me.

This makes her smile. He runs his hands through her hair.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Yer short hair... is also... very arousin'.

CLAIRE

You really think so?

JAMIE

Aye. 'Tis but one of the things that draws me to you.

CLAIRE

What are the others?

JAMIE

Well, ye're brave. You were always bolder than was safe. Now ye're as fierce as a badger. And proud as Lucifer.

CLAIRE

So I'm arrogant and ferocious. This does not sound much like a catalogue of womanly virtues.

JAMIE

Well, ye're kind too. And very clean, although not much of a cook.

CLAIRE

Thank you very much!

JAMIE

Remind me of some more virtues, perhaps I've missed one.

CLAIRE

Hmmm... gentleness, patience...

JAMIE

Gentle! Christ! Ye're the most ruthless, bloodthirsty -- and ye're no' very patient either.

CLAIRE

So what is my most endearing trait?

JAMIE

Ye think I'm funny.

CLAIRE

(laughing)
I do not.

JAMIE

Do ye want to know what it is, really?

Claire nods. Can see that he's serious now.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Above all creatures on earth, you are faithful.

She looks in his eyes, can see that he means it.

CLAIRE

Well, so are you. Quite a good thing, really. Isn't it?

OFF Claire's smile as she drifts off to sleep.

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - DAY

CLAIRE (V.O.)

And that was the last of it... Death's dark shadow had finally passed... In the weeks that followed, the fisherfolk and other settlers lived beneath a bright sun once more, their days ruled by its rising and setting, blissfully unaware that the Revolution was edging ever-closer...

SERIES OF SHOTS to indicate A COUPLE OF MONTHS HAVE GONE BY.

-- Settlers working.

-- Meeting house -- Women arriving for a quilting circle, carrying baskets of fabric, etc.

-- A proclamation with a Revolutionary event being nailed to a post as settlers look on.

OMITTED

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - DAY (D11)

Jamie is readying to leave for the Congress. Roger is going to accompany him. Claire and Brianna are helping pack the WAGON, along with Lizzie and MRS. BUG.

JAMIE

(to Claire)

I wish ye were comin' wi' me, Sassenach.

CLAIRE

I've too much to do here, and besides, Roger will enjoy it more. The historian in him will never get over seeing such a significant event.

JAMIE

They'll also be deciding on three delegates to attend the Continental Congress in Philadelphia.

CLAIRE

I'll come with you to that one.

He smiles at her confidence in him.

The CLATTER of a CART coming up the front road draws everyone's attention. The Christie family arrives and alights from it -- it's obvious something is terribly wrong. Tom is grim as a wolf, Allan is flushed with agitation, and Malva has clearly been crying. Young Ian, disturbed, tries to catch her eye, but she won't look at him.

JAMIE

Tom -- ?

TOM CHRISTIE

We'll need to speak with you. Privately.

Jamie trades a look with Claire.

JAMIE

Whatever ye have to say, my wife can hear it as well.

TOM CHRISTIE

If you so choose.

As Jamie and Claire escort the Christies into the house, Brianna and Roger exchange a troubled look. Young Ian doesn't like the sound of this either.

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - PARLOUR - DAY (D11)

Jamie ushers Tom, Allan, and Malva in. Tom wastes no time.

TOM CHRISTIE

My daughter finds herself with child.

Jamie glances at Malva, who has her head bowed and lips trembling. He smiles kindly, trying to put them at ease.

JAMIE

Well, so. Is there some way in which I might help, then?

TOM CHRISTIE

She says -- that she will not name
the man, save in your presence.

He looks at Jamie, thick with dislike.

JAMIE

In *my* presence?

TOM CHRISTIE

I don't know why.

Claire clears her throat and asks:

CLAIRE

How far gone are you, Malva?

Malva doesn't answer, but smooths her hands across her belly, the round bulge of her pregnancy. Allan leans to Malva.

ALLAN

All will be well. Ye must say,
though.

MALVA

(to Jamie)
Oh, sir...

She takes huge gulps of air, but can't bring herself to talk.

JAMIE

Will ye no' tell me then, lass? I
promise ye'll not suffer for it.

Finally she does speak, her voice ringing with reproach.

MALVA

Oh, sir, how can you say that to
me, when you know the truth as well
as I do?

She looks to her father, then points directly at Jamie:

MALVA (CONT'D)

It was him.

Tom's face flushes red with rage at the revelation. Jamie shows neither anger nor fear, denial or surprise. Nothing save the open-mouthed blankness of absolute incomprehension.

JAMIE

What?

He blinks once. Then realization floods his face.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

WHAT?

Malva casts her eyes down, the very picture of virtue shamed.

MALVA

I am so sorry, Mistress Fraser. He -- we -- we didn't mean to hurt you.

Claire stares at her in disbelief as well.

CLAIRE

What the hell are you talking about?

ALLAN

Your husband's ruined her! The child is his!

Allan grabs Jamie's shoulder and yanks him around, throws a punch that glances off the side of Jamie's head. Jamie pushes Allan hard in the chest while hooking a heel behind his calf, dropping Allan with a thud. Jamie clenches a fist toward Tom in invitation, but Tom makes no move toward Jamie.

TOM CHRISTIE

(to Allan)

Get up -- and keep your fists to yourself. No need for that now.

ALLAN

Isn't there? He's made a whore of your daughter!

Allan lunges at Jamie again, and Jamie punches him in the gut, doubling him over with pain. Jamie turns to Malva:

JAMIE

Ye ken well it isna true. So, what mischief is this ye're about, *nighean na galladh?*

A serious insult. Tom stiffens -- he doesn't speak Gaelic but recognizes the slur from his Ardsmuir days.

MALVA

(sobbing now)

How can you speak to me so? How can you be so cruel?

MRS. BUG

Sir?

Mrs. Bug, hearing the racket, has come out from the kitchen and appears in the doorway, eyes wide at the crying Malva.

MRS. BUG (CONT'D)

Will ye... be needin' anythin',
sir?

JAMIE

I thank ye, Mrs. Bug, but no.

She leaves. But she's heard plenty, and she doesn't go far, just around the edge of the door. Malva continues:

MALVA

It was when the sickness came, when
I was here, tending to his wife!
(pleading to Jamie)
Tell them, sir, please -- tell them
the truth!

JAMIE

Oh, I mean to. Ye'll do the same,
lass, I assure ye.

Jamie gives her a black look. The shock of it is beginning to fade. His irritation growing by the moment, and he starts thinking furiously while she tells her tale.

MALVA

The first time was when Mistress
Claire was so ill as we despaired
of her life. It wasn't rape --
only him being off his head with
the sorrow of it, and me, as well.
I came into her room late at night,
to find him at the window, grieving
in the dark. I felt so sorry for
him... I asked if I could fetch him
a wee bite -- maybe something to
drink. But he'd taken drink
already, there was a whisky bottle
in his hand...

ON CLAIRE -

A FLASH goes through her mind: the murky silhouette of a man at the window, holding a whisky bottle, and a girl with her hand on his shoulder...

JAMIE

And I said no, thank ye kindly, and that I'd be alone. Ye left.

MALVA

No, I didn't. Or rather you did say that to me, that you'd be alone, but I couldn't bear to see you in such straits, and -- I know 'twas forward and unseemly, but I did pity you so much!

(to the others)

I... I came and touched him. Put my hand on his shoulder, only to comfort him. But he turned then, and put his arms round me, all of a sudden and grasped me to him. And -- and then... he... he took me.

She turns to Claire --

MALVA (CONT'D)

Against the wall, whilst you lay sleeping. So great was his need.

Claire lifts her arm, draws back and SLAPS Malva across the face. There's a brief moment of shock for Claire, as she can't believe she's hit the girl. FOLLOW Claire as she turns on her heel and walks out into the hall and out the front door. On the way, she brushes past Mrs. Bug, who has been hovering in the hall, eavesdropping --

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY (D11)

Claire takes off running as though the demons of hell are at her heels. No one goes after her. She runs toward the stables.

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - PARLOUR - SAME TIME (D11)

BACK with Jamie and the Christies. Malva is crying.

JAMIE

(to Tom)

Is she mad?

TOM CHRISTIE

She's not mad.

JAMIE

A clever liar, then. Clever enough to
 ken no one would believe a tale of
 rape.

She raises her eyes with a soft, guileless innocence.

MALVA

Oh, no, sir. Never. I should
 never say such a thing of you,
 never! You needed comfort. I gave
 it to you.

JAMIE

(to Tom)

She's wi' child by someone, and not
 by me. Who might it have been?

MALVA

It was you! There's no one else!

TOM CHRISTIE

I know of no one. She says that it
 wasn't only once. That the man in
 question had her a dozen times or
 more.

JAMIE

Then she's lied a dozen times or
 more.

MALVA

Your wife believes me.

JAMIE

(coldly)

My wife has better sense.

MALVA

(a bombshell)

I've seen the scars on your naked
 body. I can describe them.

This declaration brings everyone up short.

ALLAN

No answer to that, have you?

Jamie's irritation has given way to monstrous anger. But
 under that, there's a thread of fear. But he says mildly:

JAMIE

There are a number of folk who've seen my back, including you, Tom. I havena lain with any of them, either.

MALVA

But what of the crescent mark across your ribs? Or the great ugly one, high on your leg, on the inside?

Jamie thinks of both scars, ironically both from Black Jack Randall -- the brand from Wentworth, the sword at Culloden. He doesn't know it, but Malva saw them when she spied on Jamie and Claire making love [Episode 604].

ALLAN

Show us she's wrong! Lower your breeks, and give us a look, then!

Triumph blazes in Malva's eyes. Tom turns to Jamie:

TOM CHRISTIE

So, I suppose you don't intend to put aside your wife and marry her, since you are already married in the eyes of God?

JAMIE

(with fury)
Of course not.

TOM CHRISTIE

Then we'll draw up a contract. Maintenance for her and the bairn. Formal acknowledgement of the child's rights as one of your heirs. You can decide, I suppose, if you wish to take the bastard for your wife to rear, but that --

JAMIE

Get out. Take your daughter and leave my house.

Jamie and Tom stare each other down like dogs. Malva starts whimpering again. Allan puts his hand on his knife. Blood hammers in Jamie's temples. He says to Allan, softly:

JAMIE (CONT'D)

I should like nothing better than to give ye yer head in yer hands. Leave now, before I do it.

Allan looks to his father who is stone-faced. Tom grips Malva by the arm and pushes her out before him -- weeping and stumbling on the way. Allan follows, casting a single angry glance back over his shoulder, hand still on his knife.

Jamie hears the heavy slam of the door. Left alone, he feels like the floor of the room has vanished and he is suspended over a dreadful abyss. He knows he must find Claire.

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - STABLES - DAY (D11)

Claire's sitting by herself, when Jamie appears. He's brought a cloak and wraps it around her. He sits next to her. He takes a deep breath as if he's about to say something, but doesn't.

CLAIRE

I hope you were planning to say something. Because if you don't, I'll probably start screaming, and I might not be able to stop.

He makes a small sound between amusement and dismay.

JAMIE

I've been wonderin', Sassenach, what in God's name I should say. I thought of one thing and another --

CLAIRE

I could think of a few things, I daresay.

JAMIE

What? To say I was sorry -- that's no' right. I am sorry --

Claire's stomach plunges to her feet.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

-- but to say so -- sounds as though I've done somethin' to be sorry *for*, and I have not. There is no way to deny such a charge that doesna carry the stink of doubt about it. And nothin' I can say to you that doesna sound like a groveling apology, and I willna apologize for somethin' I havena done. If I did, ye'd only doubt me more.

CLAIRE

You don't seem to have a lot of
faith in my faith in you.

JAMIE

If I didna have quite a lot of it,
Sassenach, I wouldna be here.

He takes her hand.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Do ye think it true? What Malva
said? Ye ran away.

CLAIRE

It was a shock. And if I'd stayed
-- I might have killed her.

JAMIE

Ye didna think it true, though?

She takes a deep breath and turns to face him.

CLAIRE

I saw you at the window with her...
and the way she touched you... I
thought it was a hallucination,
but... apparently, it wasn't.

JAMIE

Aye, she was wi' me there, but it
was nothin' more.

CLAIRE

Everyone thought I was dying. I
know what happens, I've seen it.
People under the strain of grief.
It's natural to seek solace...

She turns and looks straight at him now:

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

But Jamie Fraser, if you could do
such a thing as that -- and I don't
mean lying with a woman, I mean
doing it and lying to me about it --
then everything I've done and
everything I've been -- my whole
life -- has been a lie. And I am
not prepared to admit such a thing.

JAMIE

What d'ye mean by that, Sassenach?

CLAIRE

I don't belong here. Brianna,
Roger... they don't belong here.
Jemmy, he shouldn't be here. But
here we are, all of us. Because I
loved you, more than the life that
was mine. Because I believed that
you loved me the same way. Because
you do. And I know that. Will you
tell me that's not true?

He tightens his hand on hers.

JAMIE

No. No, I willna tell ye that.
Not ever.

(long beat)

But Claire? I do have somethin' to
tell ye.

CLAIRE

Don't do that. It makes me feel as
though I've been punched in the
stomach.

JAMIE

I'm sorry.

CLAIRE

You said you wouldn't say you were
sorry, because it meant there must
be something to be sorry for.

JAMIE

I did. There isna any good way of
telling your wife ye've lain wi'
someone else. No matter the
circumstances.

Claire feels dizzy, she closes her eyes.

CLAIRE

Who? When?

JAMIE

Well... when ye... when ye were...
gone. Only once.

CLAIRE

Who?

JAMIE

Christ. The last thing I want is to upset ye, Sassenach, by soundin' as though it -- but I dinna want to malign the poor woman by makin' it seem that she was --

CLAIRE

WHO?

JAMIE

Jesus! Mary MacNab.

CLAIRE

(confused)

Who -- the hell -- is Mary MacNab?

JAMIE

Ye kent her, Sassenach. She was mother to Rabbie, stable-lad at Lallybroch --

CLAIRE

I scarcely noticed her, but I gather you did?

JAMIE

No. Not in the way ye mean. 'Twas the night before I gave myself up to the Redcoats -- she came to me, I was in the cave, and brought me supper. And then she... stayed. I tried to send her away. She said she'd seen me with ye, Claire -- and that she kent the look of true love when she saw it. And that it wasna in her mind to make me betray that. But she would give me... some small thing. It was -- and, it wasna. She gave me tenderness. I -- I hope I gave her the same.

Tears come to Claire's eyes, remembering his seven years in a cave, remembering Ardsmuir and Jamie talking about needing to be touched. This was not infidelity, but humanity. Claire reaches gently for his hand now.

CLAIRE

You gave her... tenderness. I know you did. I wish you had told me this...

JAMIE

I couldna think how. How to say it,
that ye'd understand.

CLAIRE

I understand.

And she does. Not just about Mary, but why he told her now.
There was no need. No need but the need for absolute honesty
between them.

JAMIE

So ye believe me about Malva?

CLAIRE

Yes, and not only because of you
and me... but because if it had
happened, you would never turn away
from a child of your blood, no
matter how it came into this world.

He's proven that, with William. Jamie sighs with relief.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

What shall we do now?

JAMIE

Find out the truth -- if we can.
Because by daybreak, the whole
Ridge will ken what's happened.

CLAIRE

No one will believe it.

JAMIE

They'll all believe it, Claire.
I'm sorry.

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - WOODS - DAY (D11)

Roger and Brianna walk and talk.

BRIANNA

That little bitch! I want to just
grab her and choke the truth out of
her!

ROGER

I understand the impulse, but on
the whole -- better not.

BRIANNA

Why would she do this to Mama? Mama's always been so kind to her!

ROGER

Either the real father is someone she doesn't want to marry -- or she's decided to try to get hold of your father's money or property. Or both.

BRIANNA

It isn't true. Da simply wouldn't... would he?

Roger can see the faint doubt at the back of her eyes -- and a slight glaze of panic at the thought.

ROGER

No, he wouldn't. Brianna -- you can't possibly think there's any truth to it?

BRIANNA

Of course not! It's only... You remember when we went to Harvard for the ceremony to honor Daddy?

ROGER

Aye.

BRIANNA

There was a woman there that I recognized... Her name was Sandy. We ran into her once at a bookstore. I saw the way Daddy looked at her. Then she showed up at our house during my mother's graduation party... Mama finally told me... Daddy was in love with her -- he planned to marry her.

ROGER

Frank... was a totally different situation. Your mother loved someone else -- for twenty years. Your father knew it.

(then)

Bree. Jamie's an honorable man, and he loves your mother deeply.

BRIANNA

Well, see, that's the thing. I would have sworn Daddy was, too.

Her inkling of doubt proves that Jamie's right. If even his own daughter has a flicker of doubt -- everyone else will too. God help them.

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - NIGHT (N11)

Establishing. The moon moves over the sky.

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - GARDEN - DAY (D12)

ANOTHER DAY. Claire is working with her PRUNING KNIFE, when -- she hears a rustling in the nearby CORN ROWS.

She looks up and there, amongst the tall stalks, is -- Lionel Brown, grinning down at her.

Flooded with adrenaline, she wields the knife, poised for defense. Her breath comes fast and ragged. She blinks rapidly as if there's something in her eye -- and when she refocuses, she sees -- it's only Ian coming toward her with ROLLO. He sees the knife in her hand.

YOUNG IAN

Sorry, Auntie, didna mean to
startle ye.

Claire lowers the knife, catches her breath, covers --

CLAIRE

If that bloody hound of yours
wrecks my cauliflower, I'll make a
rug of him.

Ian snaps his fingers at the dog.

YOUNG IAN

Rollo!

Rollo trots over to Ian and sits quietly.

YOUNG IAN (CONT'D)

I wanted to ask ye somethin',
Auntie. It's about -- about Malva
Christie.

CLAIRE

What about her?

YOUNG IAN

Well... no' her, exactly. More
what she said -- about Uncle Jamie.

Knowing how Ian idolizes Jamie, she attempts to comfort him.

CLAIRE

Ian, you mustn't worry yourself.
It will... come right, somehow.
Such things always do.

YOUNG IAN

Aye, I suppose it will. It's only --
what they're sayin', about him.
Even his own Ardsmuir men, folk who
should know better! I canna bear to
hear it!

She wonders if Ian's having his own doubts about the matter.

CLAIRE

Ian. Malva's child could not
possibly be Jamie's. You do
believe that, don't you?

YOUNG IAN

I do. But, Auntie... it could be
mine.

The shocking confession lands on Claire as she realizes what he means. She can't believe it at first.

CLAIRE

Are you making this up for Jamie's
sake? Because if you are...

YOUNG IAN

It was only once. She is so
beautiful. And she talked to me,
she wasna shy like other lasses,
she was... curious about my life...
I wanted to feel again. One day I
was with her at the river and...
we... lay together... But later...
it didna feel right. I told her
that I was sorry, but I loved
another... that I still loved
Emily... and it couldna happen
again.

(then)

D'ye think I scorned her, and
that's what made her accuse Uncle
Jamie?

CLAIRE

It's not your fault.

YOUNG IAN

But she's carryin' my child. I'll marry her... I'll be a husband and a father... I'll do it, for the child's sake.

CLAIRE

Ian... it may not be your baby.
(off Ian's look)
Roger told me that he saw Malva with Obadiah Henderson... and there may have been others...

This news is troubling, but Ian is undeterred.

YOUNG IAN

But it *might* be mine. And it isn't *Uncle Jamie's*. Would it help him, d'ye think? I could try and talk to her...

CLAIRE

Don't do anything just yet. Let me talk to Jamie. You don't mind if I tell him?

Ian looks miserable.

YOUNG IAN

I wish ye would, Auntie. I dinna think I could face him, myself.

OFF Claire's nod. She'll tell Jamie...

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - TOM CHRISTIE'S LEAN-TO - DAY (D13)

DAYS LATER. Claire approaches and finds Malva splitting kindling. Malva turns --

MALVA

If ye've come to ask me to take it back --

CLAIRE

I just want to talk.

MALVA

There's nothing to talk about.

CLAIRE

Or I could listen. I doubt you've been able to talk to anyone, even your father and brother --

MALVA

Why would they listen to a whore?

CLAIRE

I don't think you're a whore.

MALVA

What else would you call a woman that spreads her legs for a married man?

(then)

My father made me stand in front of the congregation and confess. Mr. MacKenzie told him not to, but he did it anyway.

Claire closes her eyes -- holy shit. Everyone knows. Still, she maintains her composure and tries to reason with Malva.

CLAIRE

You know what I think? I think you are a young woman who made a mistake. But I don't think it was with my husband.

MALVA

Perhaps it was he who made the mistake. And now I'm carrying the blame for it.

CLAIRE

No. I believe him. Completely. The two of us have gone through more than you can ever imagine -- and this, I promise you -- it won't come between us.

Malva looks away.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry for whatever it is you're going through that made you so desperate that you would do this.

MALVA

(scoffs)

You're apologizing to me?

CLAIRE

I care about you, Malva. I saw in you a clever young woman with curiosity and enthusiasm. I was proud to be your teacher.

Malva is thrown by this. She breaks just a little. Claire tries to appeal to Malva's better instincts.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
It's not too late. You can still
tell the truth.

Malva starts to CRY, silently, tears running down her face. Claire steps forward, to put a comforting arm around her --

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
It's going to be all right.

MALVA
No... it can't be... it can never
be...

Allan comes toward them with a face like black thunder --

ALLAN
Get away from her! What d'you
mean, coming here like this?

CLAIRE
I'm only trying to --

Allan's hands clench with rage. Malva is frozen.

ALLAN
If you hadn't meddled in our
family, and tried to teach Malva
your devilish ways -- this never
would have happened!

CLAIRE
You are ignorant --

ALLAN
She said you make potions to bring
people back from the dead!

He's speaking of the ether. His presence has extinguished any progress Claire made, and Malva's face hardens again.

MALVA
It's true -- I saw it.

Maybe Malva doesn't believe ill of Claire, but Allan cruelly uses the memory of their mother --

ALLAN
She's a witch. And we know what
happens to witches, don't we,
Malva?

MALVA

Aye. We do.

Whatever softened in Malva has become cold and steely. She won't back down from her lie. Claire shakes her head -- frustrated and pained. She looks at Malva, equally steely.

CLAIRE

Stay away from my family.

Claire turns and goes.

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - SERIES OF SHOTS - TIME PASSAGE

CLAIRE (V.O.)

From that day on, we lived under a cloud of darkness... Thank God for Brianna, or I'd have had no one to talk to... We were pariahs. While Jamie was away at the Congress, preparing to revolt against Great Britain, the Ridge was mounting a rebellion of its own...

-- MEETING HOUSE -- as Claire exits, settlers stare with wariness when passing near Claire, their misgivings and doubts written all over their faces.

-- Having heard all the rumors, OBADIAH HENDERSON can't hide his disdain and insults Jamie in front of Young Ian.

OBADIAH HENDERSON

Jamie Fraser -- mouthin' off to us about plowin' and harvestin' when he's been busy sowing wild oats of his own --

YOUNG IAN

Watch it, Henderson -- I willna warn ye again.

OBADIAH HENDERSON

What? Least I have the bollocks to come out and say what everyone else is thinkin'.

Emboldened by his contempt -- and cocky -- Obadiah makes a rude gesture towards Ian, indicating his crotch. Ian throws a punch at Obadiah who swiftly returns a blow -- Settlers pull them apart.

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - BEDCHAMBER - NIGHT

TWO MONTHS LATER. Jamie, having returned from the Provincial Congress, downloads Claire about his trip.

JAMIE

A scholar he may be, but I think Roger Mac hadna realized that all worthwhile business is conducted in the public house over tankards and drams... Especially when it involves declarin' independence from the King...

CLAIRE

(wry)

The sheer amount of alcohol involved in making history...

JAMIE

Aye. Rum punch, shandy, brandywine...

Meanwhile --

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - ROGER AND BRIANNA'S CABIN - NIGHT - INTERCUT

Roger, having returned with Jamie, downloads Brianna.

ROGER

-- persimmon beer, rhubarb wine, cherry bounce, merry brew, and scrumpy... I mean it's amazing anyone could get a straight sentence out. Except for your father of course... Jamie's speech was pretty bold, as you can imagine...

BRIANNA

I'll bet. Did he declare himself for liberty, then?

ROGER

Yep -- said we should be "a free and independent people, under the control of no power other than that of God and the government of the congress."

BRIANNA

Wow. That is bold. Amazing.

ROGER

Unfortunately no amount of liquor dulled these men's senses to the gossip that had somehow beaten us there... people had heard of his alleged indiscretion...

BACK WITH CLAIRE AND JAMIE

CLAIRE

Harnett's right -- you would have been a fantastic representative at the Continental Congress...

JAMIE

'Tis just as well, Sassenach, I've much to do here at the Ridge... and how has it been for ye?

Claire tries to put the best face on it --

CLAIRE

Well, a bit lonely, but I've managed...

BACK WITH BRIANNA AND ROGER --

BRIANNA

The settlers have been awful to Mama... even the sick wouldn't come to her to be healed...

ROGER

Bloody ungrateful, after all she's done for this community, to have so little faith...

BACK ON CLAIRE -- her expression showing how hard she's trying to keep the faith.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

...But still, I kept believing, this too shall pass. Someday people will have forgotten. Until one day, our world turned upside down.

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - SURGERY - DAY (D14)

Claire stands in her surgery, listless. Boredom and depression weighing on her. She looks out into the Breezeway, where there's often a line of patients, but it's empty. She looks out the back porch. No one.

LIONEL'S VOICE

*Lonely, are you? Don't worry...
I'm here.*

A shiver goes up Claire's spine. Needing to silence his taunts, her eyes fall onto the ETHER BOTTLE. Claire hesitates for a moment, then grabs the bottle of ether along with a CLOTH and the FERGUSON MASK. She uncorks the bottle and quickly pours some onto the cloth-covered mask.

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - DAY (D14)

Malva Christie walks toward the house, down the path from the stables, her steps quickening.

BACK TO THE SURGERY

Claire glances out the back door. She sees Malva coming, passing near the garden. She takes a beat, then closes the door, latches it. She doesn't want to deal with this right now. She can't. She latches the door to the breezeway as well, and closes the doors to the kitchen.

She sits on a bed, lies down, draping the mask over her nose and mouth. There's the sound of KNOCKING. Claire ignores it. Inhaling deeply, she drifts away into perfect peace.

FADE TO BLACK.

Suddenly, someone's SHAKING her awake. She opens her eyes and sees a BLURRY FACE come into view. It's Malva.

MALVA

Wake up! Wake up!

Claire wakes up. She's groggy. But she sees Malva clocking the bottle of ether.

CLAIRE

How did you get in here?

MALVA

Never mind. I know what you're doing -- dying and coming back -- you said it was medicine but it's not -- it's of the devil. You're of the devil --

Claire shakes off the fog and pushes Malva away --

CLAIRE

Get out.

MALVA

You must've been beautiful once.
But you're old. Your hair's gone
to grey, it's short and ugly, the
veins stand out on your hands, the
flesh falls away from your bones,
and you're dried up inside. That's
why he's turned to me... I pleased
him so, over and over, he couldn't
get his fill. I'll have him, I'll
have this house, I'll have his child,
everything that's yours will be
mine.

In a burst of adrenaline, Claire grabs a scalpel off the tray and lunges toward Malva, pushing her back against a table and pressing the knife to her throat.

CLAIRE

If you come near me or my husband
again, I will fucking kill you.

CUT TO BLACK.

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - GARDEN - SAME DAY (D14)

HOURS LATER. Establishing. All looks quiet. No one around.
An eerie calm.

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - SURGERY - DAY (D14)

Claire wakes up from her "sleep." Instead of her usual
refreshed, almost euphoric feeling, she's anxious and
troubled. She looks around... no one's there.

Claire stands up, takes a deep breath and shakes it off. She
glances outside. The day is bright. She exits the house --

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - GARDEN - CONTINUOUS (D14)

FOLLOW Claire as she grabs a BASKET and her PRUNING KNIFE
and heads to the garden to cut vegetables. She takes the
knife and cuts a few stalks of corn (or some vegetable).

But as she parts some stalks, she sees a shocking sight:
Malva, lying in the dirt, her throat cut. Blood everywhere.

Claire drops her basket, runs to Malva's side, and feels for
a pulse -- Malva's dead. Her eyes open, blank with surprise.
Claire feels the body -- it's still warm. The bulge of her
belly moves, very slightly.

Claire acts without thought, without fear, without doubt -- and there isn't anything but the knife, the pressure, the flesh parting, and the faint possibility -- the panic of absolute need to save the baby.

Claire slits the belly, pushing hard through the muscle, through the wall of the womb, drops the knife and thrusts her hands inside, seizing the child, wrenching hard to pull it free, to bring it out from sure death, bring it to the air and help it breathe...

As the tiny BABY BOY comes free, she swipes blood and mucus from the tiny face, blows into its lungs gently, two fingers pressing the chest, up and down, as delicate as a watch spring. The baby's heart struggles, a tiny spark of life flickers --

Claire clutches the doll-like body to her breast --

CLAIRE

Don't go.

But the small blue glow that lit her hands for an instant, dwindles like a candle flame, until everything is dark.

ON Claire, crying, holding the dead baby, Malva's butchered body beside her, blood on her hands...

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Malva... what have I done?

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE