

OUTLANDER

EPISODE 607
Sticks and Stones

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FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT
9th June 2021

OUTLANDER
EPISODE 607 "Sticks and Stones"

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EPISODE 607 "Sticks and Stones"

CAST LIST - FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT - 9th June 2021

CLAIRE FRASER
JAMIE FRASER
BRIANNA RANDALL FRASER
ROGER WAKEFIELD MACKENZIE

ALLAN CHRISTIE
ARCH BUG
HIRAM CROMBIE
JOSIAH BEARDSLEY
KEZIAH BEARDSLEY
LIONEL BROWN
LIZZIE WEMYSS
MALVA CHRISTIE
MRS. BUG
OBADIAH HENDERSON
RICHARD BROWN
TOM CHRISTIE
YOUNG IAN

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INTERIORS

Fraser's Ridge
Big House
Bedchamber
Dining Room
Kitchen
Surgery
Parlour
Breezeway
Hallway
Stables
Meeting House
Roger & Brianna's Cabin

EXTERIORS

Fraser's Ridge
Big House
Garden
Back Porch
Front Porch
Stables
Meeting House
Cemetery
Roger & Brianna's Cabin
Christie-ville
Tom Christie's Cabin
Woodland

FADE IN:

OMITTED

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - WOODLAND - DAY - COLD OPEN (D1)

SOMEONE is running through the woods with a sense of urgency, being pursued -- perhaps even by TWO PEOPLE. It's difficult to make out exactly who it is. In reality it's LIZZIE WEMYSS... chased by JOSIAH and KEZIAH BEARDSLEY. But when we finally do catch a fuller glimpse of Lizzie, breathless and unable to run any further, we realize that there's no danger here. It's fun. Flirtatious. OFF Lizzie's coquettish LAUGHTER as she spins around playfully from one twin to another -- we *think* -- or is it just one of them?

FADE OUT.

MAIN TITLES.

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - GARDEN - DAY - TITLE CARD

CLOSE ON a BUG crawling over the folds in the fabric of a WOMAN'S DRESS. We follow its trajectory for a split second or two as it moves from perfectly ordinary cloth to a patch of deep crimson, blood-soaked fibers...

FADE IN:

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

Suddenly, a HAND swats the bug away -- and we pull back to REVEAL ALLAN CHRISTIE kneeling over MALVA CHRISTIE'S CORPSE. Malva's TINY DEAD BABY rests on her chest. Still lying where she fell, in Episode 606, it's only been a few hours or so since Malva's murder.

We pull back once more to REVEAL that Allan is accompanied by TOM CHRISTIE -- both of whom have been summoned by CLAIRE and JAMIE FRASER. Allan pulls a LINEN CLOTH over his sister and the baby and stands up to rejoin the conversation. He's angry, almost incredulous, as he addresses Claire --

ALLAN CHRISTIE
And you didn't see anyone at all?

CLAIRE
No --

As if on cue, ONE OR TWO SETTLERS hurry by, both afraid and scandalized -- they've gotten word of the tragic news and are gawking, trying to catch a glimpse from afar.

ALLAN CHRISTIE

It makes no sense... you must have seen something -- or someone!

CLAIRE

I was... busy working in the surgery... I thought I saw Malva coming towards the house... She may have knocked... but --

ALLAN CHRISTIE

You didn't answer the door? Why did you go outside, then? And with a knife --

CLAIRE

It's a pruning knife for God's sake... I was going to the garden.

Allan shakes his head in disbelief --

JAMIE

(to Allan)

What are you implyin', lad?

TOM CHRISTIE

Your wife stands before us, up to her elbows in blood. I don't think we're *implying* anything.

CLAIRE

I told you -- by the time I found Malva... whoever did this... they'd gone... She was already dead, but I had to try and save the baby...

A beat as Tom studies Claire's face, skeptical.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

You don't believe me?

Tom's silence speaks volumes. But there's a more pressing question on his mind --

TOM CHRISTIE

Was it swift? I want to hear it from a healer's lips -- how long would it have taken for her to die?

CLAIRE

If you're asking me whether or not she suffered then --

TOM CHRISTIE

Tell me. How long?

CLAIRE

The cut to her throat... It would have been quick...

Claire hopes there's at least a glimmer of comfort in this --

JAMIE

The smallest of mercies.

But Tom only seems more devastated now.

TOM CHRISTIE

No time to pray for forgiveness, then? A short prayer that would have made her right with God?

Claire shakes her head -- and feels a stab of pain in her heart as the flicker of hope in Tom's eyes extinguishes.

TOM CHRISTIE (CONT'D)

We'll bury them out in the woods.

Claire is horrified -- and devastated for Malva, knowing that Tom's concern is more for his daughter's soul rather than for a young life cut short.

CLAIRE

We will not.

TOM CHRISTIE

Can't bury a whore and an illegitimate child beside God-fearing men and women.

Jamie and Claire exchange a surprised glance -- not what they were expecting. Jamie is incredibly firm, but kind --

JAMIE

She was yer daughter --

TOM CHRISTIE

And he was *your* bastard son.

JAMIE

He is not. But whoever he belongs to... We'll lay Malva and yer wee grandson to rest properly.

(then, softening)

I ken ye're goin' through hell --

TOM CHRISTIE

Hell? I'm in *paradise* compared with where her soul's gone now --

CLAIRE

Please, Mr. Christie --

TOM CHRISTIE

What -- and have the angels weeping and demons rejoicing that a sinner has been buried in holy ground? Over my dead body.

JAMIE

No, over *mine*. If Malva and the bairn are to be buried on my ground, at the Ridge, it'll be *after* her funeral and in a consecrated grave.

(a beat)

Have I made myself clear?

Tom nods, acquiescing. But a furious Allan shakes his head in disbelief at Jamie's apparent self-righteousness --

ALLAN CHRISTIE

I s'pose you think you ought to give the damned eulogy as well.

This hits Tom hard, the agonizing prospect of facing the judgment of his neighbors --

TOM CHRISTIE

What are we supposed to stand up and say about her, eh?

Even in her own shock and grief, Claire is outraged --

CLAIRE

That Malva Christie was full of light and life, with fire in her eyes. And when I held her tiny baby, I saw that same light in him. None of us are perfect, but it's our faults that make us need love all the more --

Tom is moved, though his suspicion remains. He relents.

TOM CHRISTIE

But... the state of the body --

CLAIRE

I'll... take care of her.

Allan balks at this and turns away, offended.

JAMIE

We'll gather at the Meeting House
in a few days. My son-in-law will
lead the service.

Tom nods, resigned. As the Christies leave, Jamie scoops up Malva's body to take her to the surgery, Claire by his side.

As they make their way inside, Claire is acutely aware of the sidelong glances from a few emboldened Ridge-folk, overcome by morbid curiosity. It feels as if these people are judging them. Claire feels a veil of suspicion over her --

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

SHORT WHILE LATER. Malva has been laid out on the table, still covered with a sheet. Her tiny baby, wrapped in cloth, is on one of the surgery beds.

Hands trembling, Claire goes to fetch her SUTURING EQUIPMENT necessary to prepare Malva's body for burial, bracing herself to begin the harrowing task. Picking up the NEEDLE, she steadies herself, focusing. She threads it. So far so good. Next, she peels back the sheet, ready to work --

And we FLASH TO Claire's memory of a vivacious Malva coming into the surgery for the very first time, discussing phosphorus and "Lucifer" -- the light bringer [Episode 601].

As she pierces Malva's flesh with the needle, we FLASH TO another 'memory': Malva insulting her in this very room, "You are of the devil..." "Get out," [Episode 606].

How to stop her hands from trembling? Claire moves over to the ETHER and the FERGUSON MASK... So very tempting, but this is not the time... Malva deserves better.

But the next suture triggers yet another memory for Claire, this time, Malva KNOCKING AT THE DOOR before the murder, trying to get in. *But surely it's not real?*

Another suture, and another painful memory: Claire threatening Malva: "I will fucking kill you," [Episode 606].

In reality, this was only a hallucination, but in this moment, Claire isn't so sure... this process is starting to feel like an excruciating form of penance.

MAN'S VOICE (O.C.)

Another day, another dead body on your table.

Claire turns around now to face LIONEL BROWN, who is standing behind her: a product of her subconscious mind, a manifestation of her trauma. After months of flashes and memories, here he is in the flesh. Visible only to Claire, he is a devil on her shoulder, an expression of her deepest, darkest fears and the overwhelming feelings of pent-up guilt and suffering. It may be manifesting itself as Lionel Brown but it could as easily be Black Jack or Stephen Bonnet...

LIONEL BROWN

Plucked up the courage to kill this one yourself, did you?

(then)

Look at the state of you -- guilty as sin.

Claire looks at Lionel, aghast. *How can she dignify a hallucination with conversation?* Then, almost to herself --

CLAIRE

Shut up.

Lionel smirks. There's no way he's leaving.

LIONEL BROWN

Then pull yourself together. You don't want Jamie to rush in and comfort you... He can't save you from yourself.

He puts a finger to his temple, taps, mocking. He's right. And Claire can't get rid of him. He's in her mind.

LIONEL BROWN (CONT'D)

You couldn't fool the father or the brother. What's done is done. And it was you.

Claire is horrified. Realizing she needs a moment to compose herself, she exits the surgery and closes the door --

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

MOMENTS LATER. Still recovering from this horrendous shock, Claire enters the parlour and tries to compose herself.

She pours herself a DRAM of WHISKY. As she finishes gulping it down and begins pouring ANOTHER, Jamie enters. Though he is a little surprised to see Claire drinking like this, he attributes it to her being shaken up by the murder --

JAMIE

I wouldna blame ye if there was none left. I think I'll have one as well.

Jamie puts a comforting hand on his wife's shoulder. Wordlessly, Claire now pours Jamie a whisky, and hands it to him. This is the first moment they've had to themselves.

CLAIRE

Did you find anything?

JAMIE

No. But Ian's still out searchin'. He'll warn Roger and Bree and the settlers. Beardsleys should be wi' him now, too. I pray to God he finds somethin'.

CLAIRE

Who could do something like this?

Before Jamie can answer, a panicked MRS. BUG unceremoniously enters the room --

MRS. BUG

Where is that Lizzie to answer the door? Mr. Crombie's out on the back porch to see ye. He's been pokin' about the garden. What shall I tell him?

Claire looks stricken -- *visitors already?*

JAMIE

He must ha' spoken wi' Tom...

MRS. BUG

Well, I hope ye have an answer for me 'cause there'll be others askin' about what's happened as well...

(MORE)

MRS. BUG (CONT'D)

(then)

I said he should come back later
but he was mutterin' about wantin'
to see the dead lass for himself.

CLAIRE

No --

JAMIE

There's no need. *Malva's* suffered
enough indignity --

MRS. BUG

And what about all of us? To live
wi' such a scandal, blessed Mary!
Not a sin-eater in the land as
could be paid to take away *Malva*
Christie's sins, God rest her soul.
I kent she was trouble from the
first time I laid eyes on her. You
must ha' kent it too, Mistress?

CLAIRE

No... I never thought --

MRS. BUG

(incredulous)

After that dreadful accusation, and
her confessin' to all and sundry at
the Meeting House that it was Mr.
Fraser's bairn she was carryin'?

(almost accusatory)

You must ha' hated her guts.

Claire and Jamie exchange a nervous look -- without really
meaning to, Mrs. Bug is giving life to... a murder motive.

JAMIE

That's enough. Remember that the
dead canna speak for themselves,
Mrs. Bug. It's the livin' we have
to watch --

MRS. BUG

Will I show Mr. Crombie in, then?

JAMIE

Tell him to wait for us outside.

Mrs. Bug exits. Claire glances at her blood-stained clothes.

CLAIRE

I don't really want anyone else to
see me like this, if I can help it...

JAMIE

Dinna fash, *mo nighean*. I'll speak
to Hiram -- find out why he's come.

Claire nods, resigned, but determined to get back to Malva.

They both rise to exit. Jamie makes his way out to the BACK PORCH to greet their neighbor, while Claire heads to the surgery... We follow her, as she lingers a beat in the breezeway as if bracing to enter --

Preoccupied, Claire doesn't pay much attention to LIZZIE WEMYSS -- her hair a little disheveled -- returning to the Big House as discreetly as possible.

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - CHRISTIE-VILLE - DAY (D1)

On horseback, YOUNG IAN rides with only ROLLO trotting alongside him for company. The Beardsley twins are not with him. A few SETTLERS cast suspicious glances his way as he passes by, but no one dares say anything to him. Dismounting from his horse, Ian approaches to ask them some questions instead --

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

Jamie and HIRAM CROMBIE are wrapping up their conversation. Hiram hands Jamie the CHRISTIE FAMILY BIBLE --

JAMIE

I'll be sure to ask Roger to read
from Mr. Christie's Bible durin'
the service. Thank ye again for
comin' by wi' it, Hiram.

That wasn't so bad. Breathing a sigh of relief, Jamie gives Hiram a nod of farewell, as Hiram descends the porch steps --

HIRAM CROMBIE

As I say, I'll never forget Mr.
Christie's face when he told me...
And Allan, that poor lad.

JAMIE

Aye. A terrible shock for us all.

Jamie turns to go inside, but Hiram's voice stops him --

HIRAM CROMBIE

Was it, then?

Jamie's patience is limited. The audacity of it. He turns around to face Hiram.

JAMIE

Speak plainly. If ye're to make unfounded accusations on my doorstep, ye'll do it in no uncertain terms.

Hiram shakes his head in self-righteous disbelief --

HIRAM CROMBIE

You sinned in the eyes of the Lord... Did yer wife forgive ye for lyin' wi' a flower-faced Scottish lass?

A quiet but deadly rage stirs in the pit of Jamie's stomach. Hiram recognizes it.

HIRAM CROMBIE (CONT'D)

Now, Mr. Fraser... Let every man be swift to hear and slow to anger. Are we all to suffer on the Ridge because ye regret marryin' a jealous English woman wi' a sharp tongue and even sharper knives?
(after a beat)
Did yer wife forgive Malva?

JAMIE

Mr. Crombie -- if ye value yer life, choose yer next words wisely.

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

Claire closes the window/door, shutting out Jamie and Hiram from view. It's clear she's overheard what they've been saying and she doesn't want to listen to any more. Lionel is beside her --

LIONEL BROWN

What? Thought Hiram Crombie'd come to beg for a cup of sugar?
(a beat)
He just about has the measure of you -- and he won't be shy about tellin' his friends...

Trying her damndest to ignore him, and refusing to take the bait, Claire focuses on Malva's sutures --

LIONEL BROWN (CONT'D)

(re: Malva)

So what was it about *this* one that made you do it, eh?

Claire looks at Lionel now.

LIONEL BROWN (CONT'D)

Took the life of an innocent young girl to protect that husband of yours, didn't you? When you swore to do no harm.

(then, snide)

Not as if you haven't done that before, though, is it?

Horrified, Claire reaches for the ether. *Surely a few inhalations wouldn't hurt -- just enough to get rid of him?*

LIONEL BROWN (CONT'D)

Selfish, that's what you are. It's all about you and him against the odds. And look how far you've gone -- to what lengths...

(a beat)

It's finally made a murderer of you.

The shock of this makes Claire put the ether down. She closes her eyes, willing Lionel to disappear with every fiber of her being. But it's not going to be that easy.

OMITTED

OMITTED

OMITTED

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

BRIANNA MACKENZIE approaches the surgery door with urgency. She KNOCKS cautiously, however, aware of what her mother is doing, not wanting to disturb her heart-rending work --

BRIANNA

Mama -- we came as quickly as we could. Are you all right?

A beat of silence. Brianna reaches for the doorknob --

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

On the other side of the door, Claire is determined to shield Brianna from the upsetting sight of Malva and to satisfy a somewhat irrational urge to protect her from Lionel.

CLAIRE

(to Brianna)

Don't come in, darling. I haven't finished. I wouldn't want to subject you to this...

LIONEL BROWN

Why not? She knows what you get up to in here... and that no good deed goes unpunished when it comes to you. She grew up with it -- the lyin'; the loveless marriage; leavin' when you should have stayed, stayin' when you should have gone...

OFF Claire, reeling from these supposed "truths."

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

SHORT WHILE LATER. Brianna and ROGER now sit at the dining room table feeling at a loss -- how to be most helpful? Not too eager to be overheard, they speak in low voices.

ROGER

Let's go and see Tom and Allan soon... I should be comforting them in their hour of need --

BRIANNA

Don't worry, I doubt they're expecting you... They probably need some time alone with their grief... They know you're not the minister --

It wasn't intended that way, but Roger is surprised at how much that stings. He swallows his pride. Brianna and Roger turn to see Jamie coming to join them --

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

Da. Is there anything we can do?

JAMIE

Aye. I think it's yer turn to try and pacify Mrs. Bug...

He has barely sat down when Lizzie races in after him --

JAMIE (CONT'D)

What is it now, lass?

LIZZIE

Obadiah Henderson at the door, askin' about Mr. Murray --

Jamie sighs.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)

I did say he wasna here, but --

Jamie rises, ready to go out -- it's not Lizzie's fault. Suddenly he notices something. Brianna clocks it too, she gently removes a piece of GRASS/LEAF from Lizzie's hair.

BRIANNA

What have you been up to, Lizzie?

JAMIE

Mrs. Bug was lookin' for ye earlier. We were worried.

Lizzie feels her cheeks turn crimson. She's a terrible liar. We won't realize what it is just yet, but there is a reason why she can't be entirely honest about her whereabouts...

LIZZIE

I was... erm... feedin' the horses. But I came back to the house as soon as I heard the terrible news --

JAMIE

I dinna want ye goin' out alone. We dinna ken who's about.

Lizzie nods weakly, relieved to be let off the hook. Seeing how beleaguered Jamie is, Roger is eager to help --

ROGER

I'll go with you --

JAMIE

Come on, then, Roger Mac.

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

Knowing that Roger caught him in a compromising position with Malva [Episode 605], OBADIAH HENDERSON is immediately on his guard when he sees Roger approaching with Jamie.

JAMIE

Mr. Henderson.

Annoyed, Obadiah cuts to the chase --

OBADIAH HENDERSON

Why is Murray roaming 'round like the damned Spanish Inquisition? What right does he have, eh?

(then)

You know he hit me a few months ago? Gave me a black eye -- because of Malva?

ROGER

I understand how upset you must be. My condolences, Mr. Henderson. It's a very difficult time for everyone who knew Miss Christie --

Obadiah is increasingly irritated --

OBADIAH HENDERSON

I offer my deepest sympathies to her family. But you don't need to offer me your condolences.

ROGER

I only mean that... I know that you were friends... perhaps more?

OBADIAH HENDERSON

(in disbelief)

What are you suggestin'? You think I had somethin' to do with this? Is that what you told Murray?

(then, glancing at Jamie)

And you have the gall to say that to me in front of him?

JAMIE

Mr. MacKenzie's not suggestin'. Askin' is all.

OBADIAH HENDERSON

Everyone on the Ridge has questions. About you and your wife...

(MORE)

OBADIAH HENDERSON (CONT'D)

Is it true that she cut the baby out of Malva's belly before she slit her throat? Or was it the other way around?

Jamie is trying incredibly hard to keep calm. He doesn't want to legitimize these rumors in any way --

JAMIE

We're glad to have ye on the Ridge, Mr. Henderson, but --

OBADIAH HENDERSON

But what, Mr. Fraser? Are you goin' to threaten me? Same as you threatened Mr. Crombie --

What? Concerned that Jamie is about to do something he might regret, Roger tries to de-escalate the situation.

ROGER

I saw you with Malva, as you know --

OBADIAH HENDERSON

I hadn't seen her in weeks. I told your nephew the same thing. And he'd better not forget it, unless he wants a black eye in return --

JAMIE

(icy)
We'll bear that in mind. Good day, Mr. Henderson.

OBADIAH HENDERSON

Maybe Murray oughta start askin' questions a little closer to home.

Jamie and Roger exchange a glance as Obadiah walks away, and Jamie moves to close the door --

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - STABLES - DAY (D1)

DUSK. Having searched the Ridge from top to bottom, Young Ian is returning his horse to the stables for the night --

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - STABLES - DAY (D1)

Meanwhile, in one of the stalls, Lizzie is tending to GIDEON, one of the HORSES.

LIZZIE

I'm sorry I lied about feedin' ye
earlier, Gideon. D'ye forgive me?

Hearing Ian entering with his own horse, Lizzie turns from
her equine friend. Ian is relieved to see her.

YOUNG IAN

Lizzie -- have you seen the
Beardsleys anywhere? Uncle Jamie
wanted them to search the Ridge wi'
me but I couldna find them.

LIZZIE

Erm, well, not really... But they
should be home by now, I think --

Ian scrutinizes Lizzie's flustered expression --

YOUNG IAN

Is there somethin' ye're not
tellin' me?

Lizzie hesitates, her face now scarlet.

LIZZIE

Surely ye couldna think that
they... 'Tis only that I dinna
want them to be in any trouble...

YOUNG IAN

What trouble would they be in? I
dinna ken what ye're hidin'... But
you have to tell me the truth.
Uncle Jamie's going to be askin'
why they weren't with me. Lizzie,
if you know somethin' or saw
somethin' --

OFF Lizzie, panicking -- realizing that if she doesn't
reveal what she knows, suspicion could fall on the
Beardsleys.

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT (N1)

LATER. There's a SIMPLE SUPPER on the table: a few cold
dishes to pick at. Jamie and the MacKenzies are joined by
Young Ian. No one has much of an appetite.

ROGER

It's hard to imagine anyone on the Ridge would do such a terrible thing... Could it have been someone else? An outsider?

BRIANNA

But maybe if Obadiah Henderson didn't want anyone to find out about them? Malva being with child and all... and if the baby was his... who knows? I guess we can never predict what someone might do, to protect their reputation... their honor.

Lizzie enters with a few more DISHES --

LIZZIE

Some cold potatoes wi' butter.

She sets them on the table, rather slowly, eager to linger --

LIZZIE (CONT'D)

Shall I set a plate for Mistress Fraser?

JAMIE

Thank ye, Lizzie. She's upstairs restin'...

(then, back to the matter at hand)

Canna rule anyone out.

ROGER

Except Obadiah already knew that I knew about them. Unless someone else disapproved of their, erm, relations...

Lizzie starts clearing away some plates.

YOUNG IAN

That bastard never had any intention of marryin' Malva.

Having confessed to sleeping with Malva himself [Episode 606], Young Ian suddenly feels a little embarrassed --

YOUNG IAN (CONT'D)

Well, I think we know it wasna that old hermit livin' out on the edge of the woods... Not a pretty sight when I found him... Poor man -- must ha' died all alone in his hut.

JAMIE

Johnny Brewster? I'm sorry to hear it. I hope the Beardsleys helped ye bury him decently?

About to take the empty plates to the kitchen, Lizzie stops dead in her tracks.

YOUNG IAN

Erm... no... They thought it best to conduct a search of their own... in another part of the woods...

We may not realize why just yet, but Ian is covering -- unwilling to reveal Lizzie's secret or shame her publicly.

JAMIE

Aye. That's prudent. Cover more ground that way.

Breathing a sigh of relief, Lizzie sends a grateful glance in Ian's direction, before exiting.

BRIANNA

I wonder what Johnny Brewster died of?

YOUNG IAN

Looked as if he might ha' passed away in his sleep... But the strange thing was... that his finger bones were missing on one of his hands...

BRIANNA

(shocked, recalling)
His finger bones? You're sure?
I wonder if it has anything to do with that love charm we found --

YOUNG IAN

Ye think it was a jealous woman who made it... and killed Malva?

ROGER

Circumstantial evidence might point towards it... But proving it beyond reasonable doubt?

BRIANNA

Where's Perry Mason when you need him, eh?

ROGER

I know. Where do we start? It's not as if we can call the police or report this murder to anyone...

YOUNG IAN

Who's Perry Mason?

BRIANNA

A lawyer from our time who defends the falsely-accused...

Having come down the STAIRS and into the HALLWAY, Claire enters --

ROGER

I think the question *he'd* be asking is... who would have had the means, motive, *and* the opportunity?

There is a glimmer of concern in Claire's eyes as she realizes -- she had all three.

CLAIRE

Me.

All eyes are on Claire. Though it's what they've all been tiptoeing around, they can't believe it's been spoken aloud.

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

SHORT WHILE LATER. We find Jamie and Claire getting ready for bed. Both are still processing the conversation that took place over dinner.

JAMIE

Ye didna do it. How can ye even suggest somethin' like that, Sassenach?

A beat as Claire realizes it's time to come clean --

CLAIRE

I have this feeling... like when you leave the house and think you've left the oven on -- or a candle burning, I mean. You know you probably haven't, you've never done it before... but what if this time, you did? And this is the time that the house burns down, and you just can't shake the thought...

Jamie is flummoxed by Claire's insistence. He sees her distress and can tell there's something more --

JAMIE

What are ye sayin'?

CLAIRE

I... used some ether on myself... when I saw Malva coming towards the house...

JAMIE

Christ, Sassenach. You put yerself to sleep?

CLAIRE

I didn't want to speak to her, so I just had a little bit and then I went to lie down...

Jamie gives her a look of concern -- Claire knows she's going to have to explain herself...

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I have this... half-remembered dream... a nightmare really -- I *think*. Malva was banging on the door and she got into the surgery somehow. She shook me awake and I lost my temper... threatened her...

JAMIE

Malva must ha' been killed before she got to the house. Yer mind is playin' tricks on ye. Ye didna harm her. Ye're no' capable.

CLAIRE

But you heard Roger -- it's about who had a motive, the means and the opportunity... If we were looking at it from the outside... I had all three. Everyone *thinks* it's me.

JAMIE

So what if they do? It doesn't matter what they think --

CLAIRE

They didn't think much of Dr. Rawlings either.

JAMIE

Aye -- and after what Lionel Brown did to ye, and he was here in this very house, ye honored yer physician's oath, to help him...

CLAIRE

That's not the point --

Taking a breath, Claire quickly refocuses --

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Where I'm from, if enough people think you did something... Convincing twelve jurors in court is all it takes... And when everyone thought you'd slept with Malva... you said it didn't matter that you *hadn't*, it was what people believed.

Jamie takes Claire's hand. He knows she's right.

JAMIE

We'll keep lookin'. Whoever it was, we'll find them.

Claire desperately wants to believe this, but isn't so sure.

LATER -- Claire lies in bed, wide-awake, while Jamie sleeps beside her... Lionel is in the room, sitting in the corner. Claire closes her eyes, but can't shake the memory of cutting Malva open to save the baby, blood streaming out [Episode 606].

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

DAWN. We follow the ombré snake of river as it moves towards the Big House. Silhouetted against the sky, the Big House is gradually illuminated by the increasing daylight.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

Funny we never say that we're "only human" when we've done something good or worthy of praise --

Standing at the bedroom window is Claire -- a pale, almost ghost-like apparition.

CLAIRE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*Instead, it's what we tell
ourselves to excuse our mistakes --*

Still in her shift, Claire opens the window, needing air in her lungs to feel awake...

One or two settlers come to collect some sacks of grain (or other item) from Mrs. Bug -- and quickly look away when they see Claire, clearly talking about her...

CLAIRE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*-- An effort, perhaps, to convince
ourselves that the person we see
looking back at us in the mirror
really isn't so bad...*

And we see a SERIES OF SHOTS:

-- ROGER & BRIANNA'S CABIN -- Roger at the desk with the BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER open, beginning to write his sermon. Brianna brings him some morning coffee.

-- CHRISTIE CABIN -- accompanied by Josiah and Kezzie, Lizzie has come to collect a dress for Malva (for burial) and has brought a BASKET OF FOOD (and GAME from Josiah). They knock. Tom hands one of MALVA'S DRESSES to Lizzie and closes the door on them. They leave their own offering on the doorstep.

-- Allan, near the cabin, making some simple COFFINS for Malva and the baby.

CLAIRE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
But who was I now? What was I now?

-- And we're back at the BIG HOUSE once more. Through the window, PUSH IN ON --

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

Claire at the MIRROR, solemn and introspective. It's time to get ready, to prepare for the day ahead, and to dress.

CLAIRE (V.O.)
*Claire Elizabeth Beauchamp. Dr.
Randall. Mistress Fraser. Wife.
Mother. Grannie. Witch.
Murderer?*

She studies her reflection for a beat... Suddenly, Lionel's REFLECTION is beside hers, he's here, echoing her thoughts --

LIONEL BROWN
Murderess suits best.

But Claire's thoughts are interrupted, as we pull back to REVEAL Jamie has finished dressing on the other side of the room --

JAMIE
Sassenach?

This name grounds Claire. She gets up. As they go to head downstairs for breakfast --

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

Claire and Jamie are making their way downstairs when they see Ian pacing anxiously in the hallway. Waiting for them.

YOUNG IAN
Uncle Jamie, Auntie Claire...
There's somethin' I must tell ye...

JAMIE
Is it to do wi' Malva?

YOUNG IAN
It's Lizzie --

Ian's grave look tells them it's something serious --

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

CONTINUOUS. As Jamie ushers Ian and Claire into the parlour and closes the doors behind them, Ian drops a bombshell --

YOUNG IAN
She's... with child.

JAMIE
(shocked)
Is it... yers?

YOUNG IAN
No, Uncle... but --

JAMIE
Then who's debauched her? Give me his name.

YOUNG IAN

Beardsley.

JAMIE

Beardsley? Which of them was it?

YOUNG IAN

She doesn't know which one is the father...

Claire reads the sheepish look on Ian's face --

CLAIRE

You mean... *both* of them?

Ian nods, feeling guilty for revealing Lizzie's secret, but wanting to arm his uncle and aunt with knowledge.

JAMIE

We'll have the two of them in and find the truth of it --

It takes a moment for the implication of Ian's news to truly land. This is the last thing they need. More scandal.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

And that's what they were doing when you couldna find them...? *In the woods?*

(then)

Christ. If word o' any o' this spreads...

YOUNG IAN

Aye. I'm sorry. I couldna say anythin' at dinner. I didna want to embarrass Lizzie, but wi' folk speculatin' about Malva bein' killed because she was unwed and wi' child, I thought ye should know...

CLAIRE

I'll speak to her.

Jamie and Claire share a look, knowing they'll have to deal with yet another -- potentially explosive -- matter.

JAMIE

I'll see one of them wed to her or both Beardsleys dead at her feet.

As Jamie and Ian leave to find the twins --

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - ROGER & BRIANNA'S CABIN - DAY (D2)

Roger awakens, turns his head and sees that Brianna is awake too. She lies there, looking upward. He touches her hand.

ROGER

What is it?

BRIANNA

It's here.

(off his look)

*"Listen my children and you shall
hear, of the midnight ride of Paul
Revere."*

This hits Roger with some force, as he recalls Longfellow's famous poem --

ROGER

Of course. *"On the eighteenth of
April, in Seventy-five, Hardly a
man is now alive, Who remembers
that famous day and year."*

(then, with irony)

Ha. Hardly a man.

BRIANNA

That's the one. Every kid in
Boston learned that poem by fifth
grade.

ROGER

They don't write them like that
anymore.

BRIANNA

(joking)

Especially since it *hasn't* been
written...

Roger ponders the significance of today's date for a moment...

ROGER

Puts things in perspective, doesn't
it? Eight hundred troops
gathering somewhere north of us,
while we're busy raising our
children and burying our dead.

They share a look, realizing that, in spite of what's going on in the world, there is much to be done. After a beat --

ROGER (CONT'D)

I want to give Malva and her baby a fitting farewell...

OFF the two of them, ready to soldier on --

OMITTED (MOVED TO B21)

OMITTED

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

Having returned from Tom Christie's with the DRESS for Malva's burial, Lizzie enters and finds Claire -- and sees the anxious look on her face. Before Lizzie can say anything, Claire looks at her empathetically --

CLAIRE

Lizzie, sweetheart... we should talk... Let's sit down...

LIZZIE

Ian told ye, then?

CLAIRE

He did... But only because he cares about you -- we all do.

LIZZIE

I know... I'm sorry. I wanted to tell ye, but...

CLAIRE

(gently)

Do you know how far along you are?

LIZZIE

A few months or so mebbe...

CLAIRE

And is he right? Both of the Beardsleys?

LIZZIE

You see, it all started when you and Mr. Fraser were away, and Mr. and Mrs. Bug were doin' the milkin' and, well... I swear I hadna done it before... I'd mebbe come close a time or two, but... the malaria came back...

CLAIRE

Lizzie...

LIZZIE

The *first* time, I was in bed... and I could feel the fever comin' for me. My blood runnin' hot and cold. My teeth were clackin' so hard together I thought they'd break, and then the Beardsley lads arrived with my gallberry ointment and I said that they must rub it all over... And then one of the lads said that he might spoil his shirt... so I said perhaps better to take it off...

CLAIRE

I see...

LIZZIE

And then... well...

CLAIRE

One thing led to another?
(then, realizing)
Both at once?

Lizzie nods sheepishly. A beat as this lands.

LIZZIE

I, err, didna mean to... I mean I did, but --

There's no judgment only profound shock in Claire's voice --

CLAIRE

Elizabeth Wemyss. I'm not sure it's possible to choose to engage in sexual relations with two men without meaning to. One, maybe, but two? Or do you mean that you thought it was one twin but they fooled you --

Lizzie reads Claire's concern.

LIZZIE

Oh, no, Mistress. Ye couldna think that Jo or Kezzie would do such a thing?! It was my choice, I swear.

Claire takes this in... realizing that Lizzie was not assaulted and that she knew what she was doing.

CLAIRE

Well, that's a relief, I suppose...
But I had to ask.

Lizzie is oblivious to the gentle irony in Claire's voice.

LIZZIE

Oh, it was more than relief! I
felt... *safe*. Wi' arms around me.
I remember openin' my eyes and
seein' a chest before my face, and
the dark curlies all 'round his
paps, wee and brown and wrinkled,
like raisins. They're identical
everywhere if ye take my meanin'...
I kent well enough what I was
doin', but we were slippery wi' the
ointment and naked under the
quilts, and it... happened.

CLAIRE

And went on happening --

Lizzie leans towards Claire and whispers, as though
imparting an important secret --

LIZZIE

Aye. It did. And more than once
with each of them since then. It
feels... so nice, Mistress.

CLAIRE

That may well be, and I'm glad that
you've been enjoying yourself,
but...

LIZZIE

(interrupting)

I ken it seems... strange. And I
suppose I ought to have said
somethin', or done somethin', but I
couldna think what. And really...
it didna seem wrong at all.
They're different, aye, but at the
same time, so close to each other,
well, it's as if I was touchin' the
one lad and talkin' to him... only
he's got the two bodies.

CLAIRE

Yes. That's the difficulty you
see, the two bodies part.

(MORE)

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

(then)

You're risking a huge scandal...
Hiram Crombie, for one, would stone
you for fornication, if he found
out --

LIZZIE

Why? It's no' harmin' anyone. And
it's no one's business but ours.

CLAIRE

Everything that happens here is
everyone's business, you know that.
And now that you're with child --

A delighted smile spreads on Lizzie's lips.

LIZZIE

Aye -- 'tis a miracle is it no'?

CLAIRE

Have the three of you worked out
any sort of plan at least? You
know there's only one thing to be
done in Mr. Fraser's book -- he'll
expect you to marry.

Lizzie appears almost startled by this revelation.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

You can't have both of them. It
doesn't work that way.

LIZZIE

But we've been so... happy...

CLAIRE

If both Beardsleys are still alive
after Mr. Fraser finds them, he may
take matters into his own hands and
solve the problem for you.

LIZZIE

No. I beg you. I must think what
to do... *Please*.

CLAIRE

I can try to convince Mr. Fraser
to give you a little time. But
you'll have to decide -- and soon.

Lizzie nods, worried but grateful for Claire's
understanding. Claire sighs. It's not ideal but what else
can she do?

A beat as Claire glances at Malva's dress, bracing herself for what's next --

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - ROGER & BRIANNA'S CABIN - DAY

Meanwhile, sitting outside near the KILN for a bit of fresh air, Roger is working on his sermon when Brianna approaches.

BRIANNA
How's the sermon coming?

ROGER
It's coming...

Brianna glances at the kiln, feeling guilty --

BRIANNA
Well, you've done more work than me... I just don't feel up to it... with all that's happened... And now...

ROGER
What?

Brianna hates bothering Roger with more bad news, especially when he's working on the sermon, but...

BRIANNA
Jemmy just told me that he heard Mr. Bug telling Mrs. Bug that murdered people turn into ghosts... and it's really frightened him.

ROGER
The old fool. But does Jem even know what that really means? We'll just tell him there's nothing to be afraid of... and to say a quick prayer if he thinks he's seen a ghost --

BRIANNA
I did... and then he asked me... if that would stop his grannie from turning him into a ghost too...

Roger is appalled.

ROGER
Who told him that?! Who said it was Claire?

BRIANNA

The fisherfolk, apparently...

Brianna and Roger share a concerned look.

OMITTED

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

Alone with her thoughts once more, Claire is immediately in a darker place. She now has the clean dress ready to bury Malva in.

Absorbed in her sadness, she stares at Malva, and almost doesn't notice Lionel hovering behind her.

LIONEL BROWN

You led Malva astray with your meddling. You bring pain to everyone around you. Your daughter got a good taste of it when she came back here -- to save you. Findin' herself in a dark room in the back of a tavern, with a babe in her belly she never planned to have.

CLAIRE

Stop it, stop it --

But Lionel can't be reasoned with. He interrupts --

LIONEL BROWN

And look at Lizzie. Can't even tell you who the father of her child is. How are you going to make that right, eh?

Claire has had enough. She picks up the Ferguson mask, pours a few drops of ether onto it and inhales, just once or twice. Not enough to induce sleep, just enough to calm herself.

She sits and closes her eyes. Everything goes black. We HEAR a cacophony of voices -- intrusive thoughts, echoes from the past. Familiar lines from previous episodes spoken by old villains. A devilish symphony in Claire's head.

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - DAY (D2)

It's lunchtime. Brianna and Jamie are about to eat some HAM SANDWICHES. But Jamie is clearly agitated -- his mind occupied with his attempts to locate the Beardsleys, which have all been in vain. He glances around, hoping to spot them somewhere, or Ian.

JAMIE

Has Ian returned yet?

But Jamie doesn't get his answer. A pensive Roger, who was also about to take a bite of his own sandwich, gets up when he notices MR. BUG passing.

ROGER

Mr. Bug --

Meeting each other halfway, Roger tries to be discreet --

ROGER (CONT'D)

Somehow or other, Jemmy's got it into his head that there are some souls with a lot of unfinished business here on the Ridge...

ARCH BUG

(realizing his mistake)

Oh. The wee scamp heard that, did he?

ROGER

Yes. And he's terrified. Can you be a bit more careful around him, please?

ARCH BUG

That's life for ye. Canna shelter the lad from such things forever... In fact, there's a sow to be slaughtered if ye're to have any bacon before Mrs. Bug and I take the whisky to River Run.

(then, droll)

I'd ask ye to help, but I dinna want to spoil yer luncheon.

Roger looks at his sandwich, suddenly put-off. He notices that Jamie's barely eaten any of his own sandwich --

JAMIE

Carry on, Mr. Bug. Roger Mac, come wi' me --

OMITTEDEXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - DAY (D2)

MOMENTS LATER. Roger is glad to have Jamie's company as they take a short walk but, given all that's happened, it seems almost impossible to make small talk.

JAMIE

Ye havena seen the Beardsley's have ye?

ROGER

No... Why?

Jamie sighs, as angry as he may be with the twins -- he can't risk telling anyone just yet.

JAMIE

Never mind.

Jamie still seems very agitated and distracted to Roger --

ROGER

I noticed you didn't want your sandwich, either... Not hungry?

Roger tries to fill the beat of silence --

ROGER (CONT'D)

Probably sounds ridiculous to you, but in the future there are some who are opposed to eating animals altogether --

JAMIE

Aye. Claire told me.
(then, with mild disdain)
"Vegetarians."

A puzzling notion to Jamie...

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Are ye goin' to tell me that ye've joined their ranks?

Roger smiles: it's clear that Jamie is teasing.

ROGER

No. But I don't know why I struggle so much with the thought of all that sort of thing when we both know that I've...

Jamie suddenly realizes that there's something more on Roger's mind too --

JAMIE
 Killed a man?
 (then, solemn)
 God alone is yer judge, Roger Mac.

A pause as that lands. Roger suddenly feels vulnerable, but this is a chance to ask something that's been gnawing at him.

ROGER
 What I did... to that Brownsville man... isn't it the same as what happened to Malva?

JAMIE
 No.

ROGER
 But... "Thou shalt not --"

JAMIE
 'Tis no good to quote "thou shalt not *kill*." In the Greek and Hebrew scriptures the word "*murder*" is used... Malva was murdered.

ROGER
 Makes me wonder where God is in all this. And where I stand. How can I preach to others when --

JAMIE
 I can see ye want to take care of them, the folk here.

ROGER
 I don't *want* to. It's the last thing I thought of, growing up in a minister's house. It's all the burying and the christening and... maybe just being able to *help*, even by listening and praying... I don't think there's a minister coming. And if there is, maybe we should tell him not to... *Someone* has to do it...
 (a big reveal)
 I'm thinking it's me...

JAMIE
 I've eyes to see it, lad.

A beat as this lands --

ROGER

I'd have to see about getting ordained... There might be a way to do it quickly... But you know what's coming -- the war. It's already here, in fact...

JAMIE

As a wise man once told me, there's always a war comin'.

ROGER

Which is why... I haven't told Brianna yet. I don't want her to think me a coward...

JAMIE

D'ye think she would? D'ye mean to turn Quaker? I've fought by the side of a priest before, granted he wasna much of a swordsman --

ROGER

I couldn't fight with an army, I don't think... But I *could* take up arms to defend those in need...

JAMIE

That's enough for me.

(then)

Your wife -- she has eyes too.

OFF Roger, grateful for Jamie's acceptance. They've come a long way since their "hair tick"/heretic days.

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - MEETING HOUSE - DAY (D3)

NEXT MORNING. The BELL of the Meeting House TOLLS. Jamie and Claire approach the door. Claire's anxiety is building.

JAMIE

We're goin' to a funeral,
Sassenach, not to stand trial.

CLAIRE

Do you really believe that? We're going to meet my prospective jurors. To be tried in the court of public opinion.

JAMIE

But that's all it is -- *opinion*.
And we willna be dignifyin' any
rumors wi' a response. What is it
ye tell the bairns? "Sticks and
stones may break my bones but names
will never hurt me."

CLAIRE

I've never cared much about what
people thought of me, except for
you and Brianna of course, but
this...

Claire thinks of Lionel's taunts -- fueled by the
accusations on the lips of various members of the
community -- the hurt it's causing her. Causing both of
them.

JAMIE

If anyone's to say anythin' to ye,
Sassenach, they'll have to say it
to me first.

A beat as Claire collects herself and takes Jamie's arm,
ready to enter, dignified, head held high --

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

A few CANDLES have been dotted around the room but there are
no flowers. To Claire and Jamie's astonishment, there's
hardly anyone present. Tom, Allan, Hiram Crombie and MRS.
CROMBIE. Young Ian is also in attendance; Brianna sits alone
in a pew. The space feels desolate, cavernous and cold.

Jamie and Claire sit together. TWO COFFINS sit before the
pulpit, where Roger waits to begin.

SLIGHT TIME CUT --

ROGER

Who among us is not a sinner?

*This is INTERCUT WITH: MALVA CONFESSING IN THE MEETING HOUSE
[which would have taken place in the timeline of Episode
606]. Sounds of COUGHING/REACTION etc., indicate that the
room is packed, but we stay on Malva only.*

MALVA

I'm standing before you today to tell
you that the devil is real.

(MORE)

MALVA (CONT'D)

They say he comes in the guise of an angel, but he spoke to me in the guise of a man. Seduced me.

BACK IN THE PRESENT --

ROGER

Malva was a daughter, a sister and a friend. She might never have been called "mother" or "wife," but those are not the things by which to judge someone's worth -- God most certainly does not. It doesn't matter who we are, what we've done or what has been done to us. God forgives.

CUT TO MALVA -- *crying.*

MALVA

I lost my innocence. It was stolen. Taken by someone I trusted. Who made promises. Who was supposed to be kind to me... My baby will be a bastard in your eyes. I hope you can see it in your hearts to treat us kindly.

BACK WITH ROGER --

ROGER

Lord, you alone are our judge.

Roger glances at Jamie, a nod to their earlier conversation.

ROGER (CONT'D)

-- We commend Malva's soul to your care. Please stand, before we go outside to lay Malva's body, and that of her baby son, to rest.

The PALLBEARERS go to lift Malva's coffin -- Tom, Allan, Hiram. But they can't... One missing. *Who is the fourth?* Jamie instinctively gets up to go and help --

ALLAN CHRISTIE

No, not him.

Out of respect, Jamie steps back and Young Ian -- annoyed at this insult towards his uncle -- goes to take his place. They lift up the coffin and proceed down the aisle.

Claire notices that the baby's coffin has been forgotten, goes to collect it, and follows. Allan notices, horrified --

ALLAN CHRISTIE (CONT'D)

You put that down -- they're dead
because of you.

With Allan distracted -- the other men put Malva's coffin
down on the floor.

Though Tom has his own suspicions, he flushes with shame --

TOM CHRISTIE

Allan --

Allan goes to Claire, snatches the tiny coffin from her and
spits at her feet.

ROGER

May I remind you that we stand
before God!

Immediately protective, Young Ian inserts himself between
Claire and Allan -- and pushes him.

ALLAN CHRISTIE

You bastards. You took my sister
from me and still you get to carry
on with your perfect, happy little
lives, as if nothing's happened.
We should be dancing at Malva's
wedding, and look at us, *here.*

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - CEMETERY - DAY (D3)

Standing slightly apart from everyone else in the small
funeral congregation, Jamie and Claire watch as the last of
the earth falls on the coffins. Holding hands, they begin
their silent, sad walk home.

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE -- FRONT PORCH - DAY (D3)

LATER. Fingers tapping: Jamie stares into space,
contemplating someone's fate -- which appears to be hanging
in the balance... He's bracing himself for the rather
unpleasant conversation he's going to have to have with
Lizzie --

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

Jamie enters to find Claire, waiting patiently with a
nervous and rather condemned-looking Lizzie. Jamie speaks
without any of the joy that would typically accompany such
an announcement --

JAMIE

Ye'll need to be wed, and the sooner the better. Which of them is it to be, then, lass?

LIZZIE

I canna... I dinna want to choose. I love them both.

JAMIE

It's no' a matter of whom ye love, now. Ye've a child in yer belly. Nothin' matters but to do right by it. And that doesna mean paintin' its mother a whore --

Lizzie's cheeks flush with anger --

LIZZIE

I'm not a whore!

JAMIE

I didna say ye were. But others will when it gets around what ye've been up to, lass. Spreadin' yer legs for two men and married to neither of them? And now wi' a bairn, and ye canna name its father?

LIZZIE

I can name him. His name will be Beardsley.

(then)

Ye dinna understand. They're one soul in two bodies.

JAMIE

If ye care for the fate of that soul, I'd better have those two bodies standin' before me. *Imminently.* Now, where are they?

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - STABLES - DAY (D3)

Claire and Jamie have accompanied Lizzie to the stables, where the Beardsley twins had been feeding the horses. Jamie plucks some PIECES OF STRAW from their surroundings, and puts his hand behind his back as he organizes them. Lizzie looks at Josiah and Kezzie, pleading with the Frasers --

LIZZIE

Please, Mr. Fraser... Are we goin' to do it here in the stables?

JAMIE

Christ was born in a manger. It was good enough for Him --

Jamie is not negotiating. He offers the straws to the twins.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Since ye canna choose among yerselves... short straw weds her.

The twins gape at Jamie, open-mouthed.

KEZZIE

What? But --

JOSIAH

But Mr. Fraser, sir --

But they can see that he is in no mood to be argued with. Lizzie looks on nervously -- who will it be?

Bracing himself for the inevitable, Kezzie closes his eyes and plucks a piece of STRAW from Jamie's hand. Josiah does the same. The twins open their eyes in unison: Kezzie has drawn the short straw. Jamie glances at Lizzie.

JAMIE

Take her hand... Now, d'ye swear before these witnesses that ye'll take Elizabeth Wemyss as your wife?

Kezzie nods emphatically --

KEZZIE

I do.

He glances over at Josiah, signing their symbol for "always."

JAMIE

And do you, ye wee besom, accept Keziah Beardsley -- and ye are Keziah? Ye'll take him as your husband?

LIZZIE

Aye. I will.

JAMIE

Good. Ye're hand-fast. When we find a priest, we'll have it properly blessed. Until then, ye'll speak to no one of this. No one must know. D'ye understand me?

LIZZIE

That's it?

JAMIE

Aye.

(then, to Josiah)

And you. 'Tis better that ye leave tomorrow and dinna come back 'til the child is born.

OFF a conflicted Lizzie, as she watches Josiah leave the stables, heartbroken...

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - ROGER & BRIANNA'S CABIN - NIGHT (N3)

LATER. At home now after a long day, Brianna and Roger sit by the fireside. Brianna is folding some of Jemmy's clothes.

BRIANNA

Makes me so sad that some won't believe Malva's baby is in Heaven because he wasn't baptized... Do you think he is?

Roger looks at his wife in surprise -- glad that she's brought this up. Maybe this is his chance. He goes to her --

ROGER

As a *husband* I'd say that I want to believe it with all my heart... As a minister? I'm not certain... but I'd like to find out...

BRIANNA

Well, I'm glad you're more husband than minister.

Brianna kisses him tenderly. But after a beat, Roger takes a deep breath, making his decision to confess --

ROGER

But... what if it's my calling here, Bree? What if I want to make the preaching... official?

Brianna is a little taken aback --

ROGER (CONT'D)

I get the same thrill as I do when
I teach, only I feel it stirring
something in my soul --

BRIANNA

And you're good at it. I get it.
But what would that mean for our
family?

ROGER

I suppose that's why I'm asking...
I could at least find out what it
would take to be ordained?

BRIANNA

You were raised by a minister. We
both know what it's like to have
parents constantly on duty, called
away at all hours... Mama would
leave at the drop of a hat when her
patients needed her and we suffered
because of it.

ROGER

Looks like things turned out all
right from where I'm standing...

(then, after a beat)

I swear to you, Bree, whatever I'm
called to -- I was called to be
your husband first. And a father.
Whatever I do, it will not be at
the price of my family.

Brianna knows that promise will be hard to keep. She studies
Roger's face -- his cheeks aglow with hope.

BRIANNA

You really want this, don't you?

Roger nods -- he wants it so desperately. He goes to her,
puts a hand on her belly.

ROGER

Just think how amazing it would be
if I could baptize our baby myself.

(then)

I've heard there's a Presbytery in
Edenton...

BRIANNA

I suppose we do have some time
before the baby comes...

ROGER
 (delighted)
 Is that a "yes"?

BRIANNA
 (sighs)
 People crying at our kitchen table
 day and night... What would I
 serve them? I'm not that good at
 baking... Oh, and I'm Catholic...

Taking this as a "yes", Roger is delighted, adding wryly --

ROGER
 Hmm. That last one throws a wrench
 in things. If only my father-in-
 law had reminded me at some point.
 I already knew about the baking.

Brianna jabs him playfully.

BRIANNA
 But do you think your, um... flock
 would mind? You wouldn't need me
 to convert?

ROGER
 If they have a problem with it they
 can... go to Hell?

BRIANNA
 Sure. As long as they don't return
 the compliment --

They share a look -- and some half-hearted smiles. It's been
 a difficult few days.

ROGER
 (re: both Hell and Malva)
 All this talk of eternal
 damnation... Too soon, isn't it --

BRIANNA
 Yeah... maybe a little. Will you
 send up another little prayer for
 Malva and her baby for me?
 (then, teasing)
 As for your parishioners, let's
 hope you have a more diplomatic
 line ready when the time comes.

ROGER
 We'll start packing tomorrow and
 leave as soon as we can.

OFF the two of them, grateful to have a plan of action.

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - BEDCHAMBER - NIGHT (N3)

Claire and Jamie are in bed. Claire fears another sleepless night, the day's events on repeat in her brain. She goes to get up but, sensing her anxiety, Jamie stops her with a look.

CLAIRE

I just need a cup of tea.

Jamie's heard that excuse before, and has seen that look. Claire reads the concern on Jamie's face, his suspicion --

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

What? A cup of tea makes the world right as rain. A truth acknowledged by every English person who ever lived.

JAMIE

Then I thank the Lord I'm Scottish.

Serious now, Jamie takes Claire's hand --

CLAIRE

It was a difficult day... for everyone...

OFF Jamie, knowing his wife needs a moment, and that this is not the right time to talk.

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - DAY (D4)

NEXT MORNING. Claire finds a forlorn Lizzie washing windows.

CLAIRE

Good morning... Why do I have the distinct feeling that you're avoiding me, *Mrs. Beardsley*?

LIZZIE

Does Josiah really have to go away?

An awkward beat. Lizzie's obviously upset to have had her hand forced in choosing one of the twins -- but is also feeling immensely guilty. But what can Claire do?

CLAIRE

Mr. Fraser has made up his mind...
and with all that's going on here on
the Ridge...

LIZZIE

I'm sorry... I was goin' to tell
ye... the day Malva died. I
knocked at the door, but...

Claire, interrupts, shocked to hear this --

CLAIRE

You knocked?

LIZZIE

I banged and banged...

CLAIRE

You're certain it was that morning?

LIZZIE

Aye. Did I do somethin' wrong?

Quite the contrary, Claire is beyond grateful to know that
it was Lizzie and not Malva who was banging the door --

CLAIRE

No -- I'm very glad you told me.

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY (D4)

With relief -- confirmation that she did not kill Malva,
Claire enters the kitchen. It's something she knew in her
heart, but still, the proof is nice to have -- a weight has
been lifted: it wasn't me.

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - SURGERY - DAY (D4)

MOMENTS LATER. Claire picks up her BOTTLE OF ETHER, then
puts it away with the others for now. But, as she does so,
she feels Lionel's presence behind her...

Claire blinks in surprise. *Will this torture never end? How
can he still be here?*

CLAIRE

But... I didn't do it.

Lionel laughs, half-charmed by her guilelessness -- *is
Claire really so naive to think that this would be the end
of him?*

LIONEL BROWN

That doesn't change a damn thing.
 You think you can get rid of me?
 This isn't over, Claire.
 The girl may not have died by your
 hand, but you led her to her grave,
 sure as the sun rises. Doesn't
 absolve you of your guilt, not for
 this, not for any of it.

It's intolerable. Claire can't take it anymore. Turning on her heels, she goes back to the kitchen and slams the door shut behind her and leans against it, her back to Lionel --

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY - CONTINUOUS
(D4)

As Claire catches her breath, Jamie enters -- having heard the door slam. *What is she doing?*

JAMIE

Sassenach?

Claire steps away from the door, then glances behind her, hoping that Lionel is gone. But he's peering through the door, pressing his face up against the glass. To Jamie, Lionel is obviously invisible and inaudible. Lionel puts a finger to his lips --

LIONEL BROWN

Shhh. We won't say a word. It's
 our little secret.

Concerned by Claire's unusually anxious demeanor, Jamie instinctively goes to open the surgery door --

CLAIRE

Don't --

But it's too late --

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - SURGERY - DAY - CONTINUOUS
(D4)

Jamie is in the surgery now, with Lionel still present. He looks around, but can see nothing concerning (at least anything that is visible to him). He turns back to Claire -- who's followed him in. She immediately reads his distress.

CLAIRE

You won't believe me. It sounds...
 crazy...

A beat as Claire realizes she's not ready to mention Lionel.
She changes tack --

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

For the first time in my life, I
don't recognize myself... Like
there's a part of me -- a darkness
-- and I can't bear for you to see
me that way...

(then)

I didn't kill Malva... but what if
I *would* have... for us?

JAMIE

But ye *didna* --

CLAIRE

No, but... what if... some small
part of me wanted to?

(then, remembering)

I was kneeling by her in the
garden, her body was still warm,
but there was no pulse... I acted
without thought, without fear,
without doubt -- to save the baby.
But after all Malva had done to
hurt us... was there something in
me that thought she deserved it?

Jamie shakes his head, not really believing this, but before
he can refute it, Claire presses on...

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I felt the same way about
Laoghaire. I wanted to hurt her
when she tried to have me killed...
But I took you from her, so how can
I blame her? I would have done the
same, if she tried to take you from
me...

JAMIE

We all have a darkness in us,
Sassenach --

CLAIRE

But I'm possessed by it, it's
eating me alive. I keep hearing a
voice... Lionel Brown... taunting
me. The ether is the only thing
that drowns him out.

Jamie takes this in, pained by her anguish.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I've tried for so long... to compartmentalize... It was the only way to cope. Keeping things in neat little boxes. Frank. My patients. Past. Present. You. Grief... But now it's as if the floodgates are opening. Everything I've ever kept inside --

(then)

It's my fault. All of it. Not just Malva. Brianna's attack, Roger being sold into slavery -- everything that's happened from the moment I came to this time... because of my selfishness in wanting so desperately to be with you.

JAMIE

Do ye think Brianna feels that way? She would never have been born. What about Roger? Yer "selfishness" has given him a wife and son. If we'd never gone to France, found Fergus, he wouldna have Marsali... So although there's pain, yer selfishness has brought much to so many. Without ye, our whole world crumbles to dust.

CLAIRE

Jamie, I don't know how to make this voice go away... without the ether -- there are no magic words to make this right, I'm not going to suddenly be better.

JAMIE

After Wentworth, you found me in the dark. And I let ye into my mind, and my soul. Let me do the same. Dinna lock me out. Let me join ye... But I canna do that when ye put yerself to sleep. We have to face this, together.

(off Claire's look)

Dinna sentence yerself for crimes no one is chargin' ye with. If ye're selfish, let me be accused of the same crime.

(MORE)

JAMIE (CONT'D)

I dinna care what the right and the wrong of it may be, so long as you are here wi' me. If it was a sin for you to choose me, then I would go to the Devil himself and bless him for tempting ye to it.

It comes to Claire, a bit more clear now.

CLAIRE

The weight of my guilt... that burden will never go away. And I'll carry it like you carry your scars. Because I would do it all again -- and more -- to be with you...

As they embrace, it's just the two of them now. Lionel Brown has faded away. A step in the right direction.

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - ROGER & BRIANNA'S CABIN - NIGHT (N4)

Establisher. All is peaceful and quiet... Almost --

ROGER (PRE-LAP)

You want me to do *what*?

INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - ROGER & BRIANNA'S CABIN - NIGHT (N4)

Standing inside by the fire -- and taking great care to be quiet (so as not to wake a SLEEPING Jemmy) -- an astounded Roger and Brianna (who've been roused from bed) react to a bold request from Lizzie and the Beardsley twins.

ROGER

You want me to marry you?! *Now*?
Er, to whom?

LIZZIE

It's me and Jo, if ye'd be so kind.
Kezzie's come to be witness...

ROGER

You don't want a priest to do it?

Seeing Lizzie so staunchly determined, Brianna wonders --

BRIANNA

Are you... in trouble, Lizzie?

LIZZIE

I'm wi' child, aye. We want to be married before the babe comes... But it may be a while before we find a priest.

BRIANNA

Oh my God, Lizzie. Are you happy?

LIZZIE

We love each other so very much.

JOSIAH

Please. We want to do right by each other, and since the Frasers told us ye're leavin' for Edenton in the morning --

Brianna gives her husband a pleading look and, softly --

BRIANNA

Go on... Do it for them -- *please?*

Something about this feels off... but Roger is swayed by the eager faces before him. How can he say no?

ROGER

It won't be a marriage exactly, but you can be hand-fast I suppose...

LIZZIE

Oh, thank ye, Mr. MacKenzie.

JOSIAH/KEZZIE

Thank ye, sir.

ROGER

Let me put my breeches on. I'm not conducting my first wedding bare-arsed...

A delighted Lizzie and the twins wait as Roger grabs his breeches and Brianna finds some candles, and her matches.

EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - ROGER & BRIANNA'S CABIN - DAY (D5)

NEXT DAY. Jamie and Claire have come to bid Brianna, Roger and Jemmy farewell as they load their WAGON, before traveling to Edenton. Brianna goes to fetch a SMALL SILVER BROOCH.

BRIANNA

I didn't have the chance to give this to Lizzie when she and Josiah were handfast. Could you give it to her for me? Just a little something as a wedding gift.

CLAIRE

What do you mean?

BRIANNA

Roger married them last night...

Claire and Jamie exchange a glance of mutual disbelief.

JAMIE

What?

CLAIRE

Jamie hand-fasted Lizzie and Kezzie yesterday *afternoon*.

(then, still incredulous)

Did you really --

ROGER

(interrupting)

God help me, I did. But if she's hand-fast with Kezzie too... I suppose it isn't exactly valid as such --

Jamie is furious, his hand instinctively touching his belt --

JAMIE

It's certainly as valid as the hand-fasting I did. We'll be havin' words wi' them. I swear -- the three o' them. God help them.

ROGER

It's an *unholy* trinity, certainly... What can I say? The Lord works in mysterious ways...

The MacKenzies are now in the wagon and ready to get going.

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

A FEW DAYS LATER. Jamie and Claire are about to sit down for a MEAL, before they speak to Lizzie and the twins -- who are coming to talk about the "bigamy."

JAMIE

I'll tell them that marriage is a serious undertakin', that requires patience and sacrifice...

CLAIRE

And *monogamy*. Maybe start with that.

JAMIE

Aye. It was Kezzie first and Kezzie she'll stay wed to, come Hell or high water. And that's all anyone on the Ridge needs to know.

They can hear the NOISE of HORSES approaching the house.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

That's no' Lizzie or the twins --

Jamie hurries out through the breezeway, Claire follows him --

INT./EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - BACK PORCH - DAY (D6)

MOMENTS LATER. Jamie and Claire see RICHARD BROWN and his COMMITTEE OF SAFETY, some TWENTY or THIRTY MEN, some on HORSES, and with TWO WAGONS, approaching. Once they are within earshot --

RICHARD BROWN

Mr. Fraser. We've come for your wife.

Jamie looks at Richard -- *what the hell?*

JAMIE

Well, you can be on yer way then.

RICHARD BROWN

Now, see, there you're wrong, Mr. Fraser. We've come to arrest her for the murder of Malva Christie.

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE