

**OUTLANDER**

EPISODE 608  
I Am Not Alone

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

OUTLANDER  
EPISODE 608 "I Am Not Alone"

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CAST LIST - FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT - 9th June 2021

CLAIRE FRASER  
JAMIE FRASER  
BRIANNA RANDALL FRASER  
ROGER WAKEFIELD MACKENZIE

ALLAN CHRISTIE  
CHIEF BIRD  
CURTIS BROWN  
EZRA  
HIRAM CROMBIE  
JACK  
JACOBY  
JOHN QUINCY MYERS  
LIZZIE WEMYSS  
MR. MCGREGOR  
MRS. BUG  
MRS. MCGREGOR  
AMON OAKES  
OBADIAH HENDERSON  
RICHARD BROWN  
SHERIFF TOLLIVER  
TOM CHRISTIE  
YOUNG IAN

EPISODE 608 "I Am Not Alone"

SET LIST – FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT – 9th June 2021

INTERIORS

Fraser's Ridge  
Big House  
Front Entry/Stairwell  
Parlour  
Dining Room/Hallway  
Bedchamber  
Breezeway  
Upstairs Hall  
Wilmington Jail  
Women's Quarters  
Covered Wagon  
Tent

EXTERIORS

Fraser's Ridge  
Big House  
Side of House  
Breezeway  
Blue Ridge Mountains  
Forest Road  
Forest Road  
Outskirts of Salisbury  
River  
Trading Post  
Roadside  
Camp  
Horse Trail Through Trees  
Crossroads  
Road/Various Roads  
Wilmington  
Streets  
Jail  
Cape Fear River  
Riverbank  
Woods  
Camp  
Countryside  
Roger & Brianna's Wagon  
Road

FADE IN:

**EXT. BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAINS - FOREST ROAD (1775) - DAY (D6)**

COLD OPENING: A horse and cart have stopped along the side of a road in the scenic beauty of unsettled North Carolina.

Three figures make their way from a stream back towards the wagon: ROGER and BRIANNA MACKENZIE and their son JEMMY...

Jemmy holds a "vroom" car -- this one more angular, with a raised square roof -- like a Ford Mustang. Bree and Roger carry water in canteens, having made a pit stop for a drink. They are mid-conversation...

BRIANNA

Lexington and Concord, the Siege of Boston, Ticonderoga... those've happened. Bunker Hill's right around the corner. And no one knows it but us. It'll seem like the end of the world...

Brianna can see a subtle glint in Roger's eye.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

You wish you could be there, don't you? In the middle of it all?

Jemmy breaks into a run to get back to the wagon.

ROGER

What historian wouldn't? Until recently I'd have sold my soul to be up there. But my soul is being pulled another way now.

(looks at Jemmy)

And as a father... Well, that's one benefit of "knowing the rest." I'm pretty sure there won't be any battles at the Edenton Seminary. We'll all be safe.

Brianna considers her son lovingly. Jemmy itches his head.

BRIANNA

When do we tell him? Or do we tell him?

ROGER

About the war?

BRIANNA

About how we know. About the things that haven't happened yet.

ROGER

Time travel. Maybe we don't. Christ, how do you tell a kid something like that?

BRIANNA

Wouldn't you tell a kid if he was adopted? Or if there's some family scandal, like his favorite uncle's not dead, he's in prison? If you tell them early, it doesn't mean all that much to them, I don't think; they're comfortable with it as they get older. If they find out later, it's a shock.

Roger thinks of Brianna's history with her parents.

ROGER

You'd know.

BRIANNA

So would you.

(beat)

At least for you, it wasn't a choice. It's not like the Reverend could have told you what you were -- but didn't.

ROGER

You think your parents should have told you sooner?

BRIANNA

Yes. And no.

(beat)

I mean -- I can see why they didn't. Daddy didn't believe it, to start with. As for what he *did* believe... well, whatever it was, he did ask Mama to let me think he was my real father. She gave him her word. I guess I don't think she should have broken it, no.

ROGER

Well, maybe it won't mean that much to Jemmy if we tell him early on, but it's definitely going to get the attention of his friends when he starts telling *them*. We're lucky he doesn't remember going to the stones that time.

BRIANNA

We'd have to wait until he's old enough to realize he can't tell people. That it's a secret.

Roger looks again at his son...

ROGER

But there's another risk for us in telling him...

BRIANNA

What's that?

ROGER

He could decide to leave us one day.

OFF Brianna, watching her son, beautiful in the sunlight, so full of life, and promise, and magic. And the power to break her heart...

CUT TO:

**OPENING TITLES. THEN...**

OVER BLACK, WE HEAR THE END OF EPISODE 607: *"We've come for your wife." / "Well, you can be on your way then." / "Now, see, there you're wrong, Mr. Fraser: We've come to arrest her for the murder of Malva Christie."*

FADE IN:

**EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - BREEZEWAY - DAY (D6)**

We come in moments after the end of Episode 607. JAMIE stands at the bottom of the breezeway stairs, CLAIRE behind him looking out at RICHARD BROWN and his COMMITTEE OF SAFETY: twenty men or more, some on horses, and two wagons -- one with supplies (covered) and one carrying men with guns.

Brown has just asked Jamie to turn over his wife to be arrested for murder.

Yeah right.

JAMIE

Ye'll leave my land, sir. And  
ye'll do it now.

RICHARD BROWN

Oh, we'll leave. Hand over your  
wife and we'll be gone. Vanished  
like the morning dew.

Claire hears MRS. BUG enter the breezeway behind her.

MRS. BUG

Bride save us.

CLAIRE

Mrs. Bug, go get help --

Mrs. Bug is gone, running through the door to the entryway,  
through the main house, and away.

Richard looks at Claire over Jamie's shoulder, open dislike  
mingling with triumph. It's tense. Jamie rests his hand on  
the hilt of his dirk in plain threat.

JAMIE

By what right do you come here?

RICHARD BROWN

I'm only doin' what I must.

"...what I must" is ominous code between Jamie and Brown --  
it's what Brown told Jamie he would eventually do to avenge  
his brother Lionel's death [Episode 512]. Jamie gets it.

JAMIE

I ken what ye're doin'.

RICHARD BROWN

I'm the Committee of Safety, Mr.  
Fraser; I've a responsibility to  
the people in these parts.

JAMIE

I've a responsibility as well.

RICHARD BROWN

I know it. I'm a married man  
myself -- I didn't expect you to  
just give her up. But you will  
soon enough. You'll see.



JAMIE

I own a great many rifles, Brown.  
All of 'em loaded and primed.

Brown looks around at his men, including his stoic, cold-hearted second in command, AMON OAKES.

RICHARD BROWN

And I have a lot more.

OAKES

And a *hell* of a lot more men to  
fire 'em.

JAMIE

You dinna ken how many men I have  
in here. We were all about to sit  
down to dinner.

RICHARD BROWN

That so. Who? Your Indian nephew  
is it? Or them twins? You expect  
me to be afraid of some mangy ol'  
beaver hunter?

JAMIE

Takes the same thing to shoot a man  
as it does a beaver, Mr. Brown.

Jamie sees LIZZIE WEMYSS and KEZZIE BEARDSLEY emerge from their quarters, connected to the stables. They see what's going on, making eye contact with Jamie. Jamie subtly nods to them and they nod back, then dart around the corner of the stables and disappear.

RICHARD BROWN

Funny, I haven't found that to be  
the case.

With one last glance at Jamie, Claire runs back down the breezeway and into --

**INT. BIG HOUSE - HALLWAY OFF DINING ROOM - DAY (D6)**

Claire enters and flings open the hutch where they keep some of their GUNS -- primed, loaded and ready to go. She grabs a FOWLING PIECE (shotgun), then stuffs TWO PISTOLS into the pockets of her apron.

**INT. BIG HOUSE - ENTRY/STAIRWELL - MOMENTS LATER - DAY (D6)**

Thus armed (holding the fowling piece in both hands), Claire comes out of the dining room and into the front entryway. Coming past the stairs, she hears a voice --

EZRA

Stop there.

She doesn't recognize the intruder, EZRA, who has his own gun trained on her from just inside the breezeway door. He smiles proudly. Because he's about to be the hero.

CLAIRE

Don't shoot...

Claire holds the fowling piece awkwardly in her left hand, pointed up at the sky to indicate she won't shoot.

EZRA

Hand me that fowling piece.

CLAIRE

All right. I will.

She cautiously offers him the shotgun, still pointed up. The man reaches for it -- and Claire pulls a pistol out of her apron pocket and shoots him -- BANG!

The man stumbles back a few paces. The smile doesn't leave his face so much as it dissolves into confusion. He drops his gun and puts a hand to his side... looks down at his blood-smeared hands.

EZRA

Goddamn. You shot me.

CLAIRE

I did.

She puts the pistol in her pocket and aims the fowling piece.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

And I'll bloody do it again if you don't get out of here!

The man doesn't wait to see if she means it, but whirls and crashes into the doorframe, then stumbles through, leaving a smear of blood on the wood.

Claire's hands are shaking. She is suddenly aware of a commotion of GRUNTS and ANGRY VOICES.

She looks down the length of the breezeway -- but doesn't see Jamie. She runs for the stairs.

**EXT. BIG HOUSE - SIDE OF HOUSE - CONTINUOUS - DAY (D6)**

Arriving, Claire sees that Brown's men have dragged Jamie away from the house.

He's in the middle of a tangle of men trying to immobilize him. He's fighting for his life. There is hardly any noise at all, save for small grunts and the impact of flesh. Claire knows: they mean to kill him.

Claire levels the fowling piece at the edge of the crowd, away from Jamie, and FIRES. The scene flies apart -- people scattering. Many of Brown's men have been peppered with bird shot -- not mortal wounds, but enough to send them running.

Jamie is not hit. He pulls his dirk and thrusts it into one man's leg; lashes it across another man's (JACK'S) forehead, leaving a score line. Someone grabs him by the arm, and he backhands the hilt of his dirk into the man's nose with a bloody pop.

Claire sees Richard Brown -- sheltered protectively behind a barrel, raising his pistol.

CLAIRE

Jamie!

Jamie ducks and protects his head, but --

Jamie isn't the target! Brown squeezes his trigger and the surgery WINDOW behind Claire SHATTERS, a near miss. Claire flinches, realizing she was the target.

Jamie runs for the house. For Claire. Behind him, Brown's men are scattering, running for cover.

Jamie takes Claire's hand and leads her gently and urgently up the breezeway stairs. A MUSKET BALL rips into one of the stair risers, missing Jamie and Claire by inches.

INSIDE THE BREEZEWAY, they run for the main house door.

**INT. BIG HOUSE - ENTRY/STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS - DAY (D6)**

Jamie and Claire enter from the breezeway. Jamie shuts and locks the glass-paned BACK DOOR as MUSKET BALLS ZIP into the wall of the breezeway. He is dirty, sweaty and scraped up. He wipes blood from a cut inside his mouth.

CLAIRE

Bloody hell! Are you all right?

He nods. She hands him her unused pistol. Jamie sees --

JAMIE

The front door.

The front door hangs open from Mrs. Bug's escape. As Claire goes to close it, a MAN appears -- racing up the front steps!

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Claire!

Claire ducks. Jamie fires the pistol -- the man flies back, grabbing his shoulder in pain -- but not before squeezing off a SHOT of his own. The ball goes wide, HITTING a stairway spindle. Jamie closes and bolts the front door.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Are ye hurt?

Claire shakes her head no. The crack of GUNFIRE retorts -- once, twice, three times. It's a fucking shootout.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Help me --

MOMENTS LATER --

ANGLE ON the heavy dining table being grabbed and placed by Jamie and Claire in front of the glass back doors, barring them from intrusion. Then --

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Close the shutters, aye?

Claire nods. She quickly opens windows and uses a pole to start pulling the shutters closed.

Meanwhile, Jamie bars other windows with other pieces of furniture. A MUSKET BALL breaks glass, nearly missing Jamie's hand. He ducks out of the way. Damn --

JAMIE (CONT'D)

We need more guns!

Claire continues to close shutters as MUSKET BALLS hit the house. She ducks low to protect herself.

Jamie peels back the rug in the middle of the foyer floor, revealing something we didn't know was there: A TRAP DOOR. He opens the hatch and drops down into --

**THE PRIEST'S HOLE**

A secret hiding place lined with brick. There are chests down here, crates for keeping valuables and family heirlooms, and more guns. (This is what we saw in the title card.)

A BARRAGE OF GUNFIRE CRACKS -- MUSKET BALLS RIP through glass and wood -- one impacting the wall near the stairs.

JAMIE (CONT'D)  
(hearing the barrage)  
Claire!

CLAIRE  
I'm fine!

Jamie grabs GUNS and SHOT and POWDER from the shelves, handing some of it up to Claire and --

**INT. BIG HOUSE - PARLOUR - CONTINUOUS - DAY (D)**

They lay the guns out on the couch: four pistols, the fowling piece and a bunch of rifles -- more than we knew they owned. Jamie hands Claire a loaded rifle and two loaded pistols. Gunfire outside.

JAMIE  
Go to the dining room, cover the south and east if ye can. Let 'em think Josiah's in here wi' us.

Jamie drags a writing desk in front of a window, using it to rest his rifle as he aims out the side and back of the house. He nudges a shutter open with his rifle, giving himself a crack to look out of... hiding himself at the same time.

A musket ball BREAKS A WINDOW PANE in another window, shattering a VASE on a table.

JAMIE (CONT'D)  
Go now, Claire.

Jamie FIRES out the window as Claire crosses to the dining room with her three loaded guns.

**INT. BIG HOUSE - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS - DAY (D6)**

The food Jamie and Claire set out earlier is still on the table. NOTE: the door that leads out to the breezeway (both here and in the parlour) is locked.

Claire enters and kneels by a window.

She sees TWO MEN -- Oakes and CURTIS BROWN -- hunched over and running in front of the house. Claire aims and fires her rifle -- but she misses the men. Jamie can be heard firing in the other room.

JAMIE (O.C.)  
Get back, ye bastards!

Musket balls are returned by Oakes and Curtis, breaking glass. Claire fires a pistol, which squibs off a tree. She fires the second pistol and hits Curtis in the foot. But now all of her guns are spent.

**INT. BIG HOUSE - PARLOUR - MOMENTS LATER - DAY (D6)**

Jamie fires and starts to reload. Claire enters and grabs a fresh rifle. She looks out the window over Jamie's shoulder:

Brown and his men are taking cover behind wagons, tables, barrels, whatever's to hand. Some gather farther back -- farther than rifles can fire. Their horses are with them.

Claire crouches and starts to reload the spent weapons.

JAMIE  
This is what he wanted -- not to  
arrest ye but to have cause to kill  
ye. Kill us all.

Something gives Jamie pause.

JAMIE (CONT'D)  
It's a good thing the wee ones are  
all safe away. If Brown kent it  
was Marsali who killed his  
brother...

CLAIRE  
So that's what this is about.

JAMIE  
Malva's death is but an excuse for  
revenge.

Jamie is looking out the window at something...

JAMIE (CONT'D)  
(sotto)  
Come that wee bit closer, man. One  
shot, that's all I ask...

Claire looks -- and sees Richard Brown approaching at a distance. He pulls a white kerchief out of his breeches and waves it above his head as he moves gingerly forward.

RICHARD BROWN  
(shouting)  
Fraser! Fraser! Can you hear me?

Jamie fires -- and the ball hits a few feet in front of Brown, raising a sudden puff of dust from the dirt path. Brown leaps in the air as though stung by a bee.

RICHARD BROWN (CONT'D)  
What's the matter with you, man?!  
Haven't ye ever heard of a *flag o'*  
*truce*, you horse-stealin' Scotcher?

JAMIE  
If I wanted ye dead, Brown, ye'd be  
coolin' this minute! Speak yer  
piece!

What Jamie does want is plain: he wants Brown's men wary of coming any closer to the house. Jamie hands the rifle to Claire to reload. She hands him another, loaded.

Richard Brown takes off his hat and wipes his brow. From his perspective, he can't quite see where Jamie is firing from.

RICHARD BROWN  
You know what I want. I want that  
goddamn murderous witch of yours.

Jamie fires again. Brown jumps again, but not so high.

RICHARD BROWN (CONT'D)  
Goddamn it!

Jamie and Claire swap rifles -- spent for loaded.

JAMIE  
Can't quite reach him.

RICHARD BROWN  
Look you, we ain't going to hurt  
her! We only mean to take her to  
Salisbury. There's a court there;  
she'll be given a fair trial.  
That's the law, ain't it?

Jamie FIRES a third time -- through Brown's hat, which flies back out of his hand. That's a little better.

Brown throws up his hands in an exaggerated pantomime of a reasonable man tried beyond endurance, leans to pick up his hat, and stamps back to his men in their protected positions. Though frustrated, he knows he has time on his side.

RICHARD BROWN (CONT'D)  
(to his men)  
Hold your fire!

Seeing Brown retreat, Jamie relaxes a little and sits back. Through the window he can see Oakes helping a wounded Curtis back to the others gathered under the trees, where Richard waits. Quite suddenly -- all is eerily quiet.

**EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - SAME TIME - DAY (D6)**

Brown and his men hold their position, content to wait out their quarry. NOTE: At least six of Brown's men are injured: Ezra; the three men Jamie got with his dirk; Curtis; and the man Jamie shot through the doorway. No one has been killed.

**INT. BIG HOUSE - BEDCHAMBER - LATER - DAY (D6)**

Claire is upstairs. She looks out a window, towards the back of the house. She sees that some of Brown's men have set up positions on this side of the house as well: two groupings, watching all sides. Claire and Jamie are surrounded.

**INT. BIG HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALL - CONTINUOUS - DAY (D6)**

Claire exits and locks the bedroom door. She checks the other doors -- all locked. She goes down the stairs.

**INT. BIG HOUSE - PARLOUR - DAY (D6)**

Claire enters. Jamie keeps watch out the window.

JAMIE  
Is there water?

CLAIRE  
Yes, here...

She pours him a cup from the ewer. He drinks it thirstily.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
Shall I get more?



JAMIE

No. This'll do. It's no' going to be a long siege, Sassenach. It's gettin' late.

CLAIRE

What do you mean by that? What do you think they'll do?

JAMIE

Fire the house as soon as it's dark, I suppose.

CLAIRE

You mean *burn* it?

JAMIE

It's what I'd do, in their shoes. Smoke us out.

CLAIRE

Or burn us alive.

JAMIE

Aye.

They realize it at the same time: the obituary. Could this be the day of their predicted death?

CLAIRE

It *can't* be -- can it? The obituary said the Sabbath before the 21st of January. It's *May* for heaven's sake.

JAMIE

I was a printer, Claire. Ye canna trust everything ye read in the broadsheets --

CLAIRE

Well, that's reassuring.

JAMIE

Then again, to be off by more than four months...

CLAIRE

All right, so -- they smoke us out. What do we do? Fight to the death?  
(darkly facetious)  
I'm not going with him, Jamie. I'd rather die than --

-- than be alone in the woods with another gang of Browns.

JAMIE

I would never let ye go.

CLAIRE

So what's our plan?

JAMIE

I'm still thinking on it.

(beat)

Mrs. Bug got away?

CLAIRE

I think so.

JAMIE

She'll ha' gone for Arch first thing. If she finds him, he'll run for Kenny Lindsay; he's nearest... Lizzie will ha' gone for Ronnie.

CLAIRE

Lizzie?

JAMIE

Aye. I saw her at the stables. She ran east.

(off Claire's concern)

Dinna fash, *mo nighean donn*; she'll be safe: she had her husband wi' her. Well -- one o' them.

He makes the sign of the cross, still ashamed of his role in that debacle. After a beat...

JAMIE (CONT'D)

The food's full of glass and shot I suppose?

CLAIRE

(no idea what he's talking about...)

Food?

JAMIE

In the dining room. I'm fair starvin', Claire. It's quiet now, but we'll need our strength for what's to come.

As Claire reacts to that ominous thought...

**EXT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON - DAY (D6)**

WIDE ON SCENE. Time has passed. Brown and his men wait for darkness. Ominously, they have built a fire.

PRELAP the clink of forks on plates...

**INT. BIG HOUSE - PARLOUR - SAME TIME - DAY (D6)**

Jamie and Claire eat from plates the meal they had set out earlier in the day, sitting on the floor. The light of late afternoon is beautiful, coming in through the shutters and the bullet holes, despite the dire circumstances.

ADSO is curled comfortably amongst the guns. Jamie keeps a rifle in the window and an eagle eye on Richard Brown and his men outside. So far there's no movement out there.

CLAIRE

The condemned ate a hearty meal.

JAMIE

Hmm?

CLAIRE

It's an American tradition -- in my time. A prisoner condemned to death is allowed to request whatever he wants for his last meal.

JAMIE

Whatever he wants?

CLAIRE

Within reason. No alcohol I think. And nothing too expensive.

JAMIE

The two things ye'd most desire.

CLAIRE

I've heard it's often something they remember from their childhood, something their mothers made for them...

JAMIE

What would you choose?

CLAIRE  
 (enjoying the thought)  
 Tortellini portofino... garlic  
 bread... and... a Baby Ruth for  
 dessert. That's a type of candy.

Jamie lifts a forkful of meat from his plate.

JAMIE  
 I wouldna want anything sweeter  
 than *this*, Sassenach -- this very  
 meal, wi' you, in our home.

She smiles, touched. They eat. It tastes so good, Claire  
 closes her eyes and relaxes.

CLAIRE  
 I'd always thought being in danger  
 of death would make one too nervous  
 to eat. Apparently not.

Claire sets her finished plate on the floor and Adso starts  
 to lick it happily. Claire moves to a front-facing window.  
 She peeks out toward the river, worried...

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
 Where on earth is Ian? Surely he'd  
 be here if he'd heard gunfire?

JAMIE  
 Aye. Hunting maybe.

CLAIRE  
 And where is everyone else?

JAMIE  
 If they're no' here by now, Claire,  
 they'll no' be comin'.

CLAIRE  
 But they wouldn't turn Mrs. Bug or  
 Lizzie away at their doors. Why  
 wouldn't they help us? Unless they  
 really do believe that I did it.  
 Killed Malva.

Jamie doesn't want to think about that possibility.

JAMIE  
 Come away from the window, Claire.  
 Lie down, *mo chridhe*...

Jamie holds out a hand to her. She sits beside him, all at once exhausted, the adrenaline of emergency burned away. She puts her head in his lap.

CLAIRE

There's nothing we can do now, is there? Nothing but wait.

His fingers move through the curls of her hair.

JAMIE

I suppose I might say an Act of Contrition. We did that, always, the night before a battle. Just in case.

CLAIRE

All right. Just in case.

She reaches up... and Jamie's good hand closes around hers. He continues to watch outside as...

JAMIE

**Mon Dieu, je regrette --**

CLAIRE

Wait. You say it *French*?

JAMIE

Aye. I was fighting wi' French mercenaries then; I didna want to stand out. I can do it in Gaelic or English if ye prefer.

CLAIRE

English, please. Just this once.

JAMIE

O, my God, I am heartily sorry for having offended Thee, and I detest all my sins because of thy just punishments... but most of all because they offend Thee, my God, who art all good and deserving of all my love...

Claire listens for a moment: the world is silent. The sun is getting even lower now. It's warm and lovely and sad.

Claire closes her eyes, exhausted. After a little while...

JAMIE (CONT'D)

How many times, would ye say, have I come close to dying?

Claire stares at him for a moment, not sure she likes the question. She think for a second...

CLAIRE

I don't know. You were dreadfully ill at the abbey, after Wentworth.

She watches him for a reaction.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

And after Culloden. You said you had a terrible fever then, from your wounds, and thought you might die, only Jenny nursed you through it.

JAMIE

*Forced* me through, more like.

CLAIRE

And then Laoghaire, when she shot you --

JAMIE

-- and you forced me through it. Likewise when the snake bit me.

Claire smiles at the word "forced."

JAMIE (CONT'D)

So four?

CLAIRE

Do you count the shipwreck?

JAMIE

You nearly died, then. No' me.

CLAIRE

Have it your way. Of course there's your...

JAMIE

My back, aye. So five then.

CLAIRE

You're a hard person to kill, I think. That's a great comfort to me. So... dare I ask why you've brought this up?

JAMIE

I was thinking about France... a thing that happened to me in Paris when I lived wi' Jared. I was wi'

(MORE)

JAMIE (CONT'D)

friends, drinking in a tavern near the university. There was an auld fortune-teller readin' palms in a corner. I didna want it done, but the others insisted, and she grabbed my hand and spat into my palm before I could object.

(beat)

She rubbed in the spittle, then bent so close I could smell the ancient sweat of her. She peered into my hand... and traced the lines of it with a finger...

(beat)

'T'es un chat, toi,' she said.

CLAIRE

She said you were a cat?

JAMIE

I tried to pull away, but she held firm and said... 'Neuf.' She said she saw the number nine written in my hand, aye? And also death.

CLAIRE

So you think you have nine lives.

JAMIE

I hope so. She said the dyin' wouldna hurt when it came. That's what Murtagh told me, too.

CLAIRE

And you believe them?

JAMIE

I dinna ken. But if we're only to five, then tonight willna be the night I find out.

Claire closes her eyes.

CLAIRE

I never would have thought a litany of your near death experiences would bring me so much peace.

(then)

Maybe it's just the nearness of you...

And she drifts off to sleep.

**INT. BIG HOUSE - PARLOUR - NIGHT (N6)**

AN HOUR LATER... Claire has fallen asleep on the floor... She wakes up and blinks her eyes. It's now officially past dusk, the sun behind the mountains. She is confused for a moment, uncertain of where she is -- and why she's here. Then it all comes back.

She hears voices. Not angry or loud, just... voices.

JAMIE  
Folk are coming.

Claire sees Jamie at the window, looking out.

CLAIRE  
Brown?

JAMIE  
No.

Claire looks out, toward the side-and-back of the house...

**CLAIRE'S POV --**

The crowd outside is suddenly bigger -- not just Brown's men anymore, but some of the settlers as well, including women -- mostly Protestants.

JAMIE (CONT'D)  
It's the fisherfolk...

CLAIRE  
Looks like Brown got himself a human shield, the coward.

A man with a torch approaches at the head of the group. Jamie aims his rifle, sinking it tight against his shoulder.

JAMIE  
Halt there! I'm armed.

HIRAM CROMBIE  
The whole world kens ye're armed, Mr. Fraser.

They both recognize HIRAM CROMBIE'S voice.

JAMIE  
Hiram Crombie. That's good.

CLAIRE  
Is it? I don't exactly think he's taking our side in all of this.



Jamie turns and really sees Claire for the first time this scene -- and he smiles, an expression of extraordinary love and tenderness coming over his face at the sight of her.

JAMIE  
Ye're very lovely, Sassenach.

The circumstances make her all the more precious to him. But there are more pressing matters at hand --

JAMIE (CONT'D)  
But, aye -- it is good. Whatever Hiram might think of us, he willna allow Brown to set the house afire nor hang us in the dooryard.

Jamie peeks out the window again...

JAMIE (CONT'D)  
I dinna see Tom.

HIRAM CROMBIE  
We require ye to come out, Mr. Fraser. And yer wife. And anyone else ye have in there with ye.

JAMIE  
Ye're suggestin' I descend into the lion's den, are ye?

HIRAM CROMBIE  
I'm suggesting we dinna want more bloodshed. Mr. Brown's asked that I talk to you... see if we canna negotiate the matter.

JAMIE  
What assurance do I have of our safety?

HIRAM CROMBIE  
I have placed myself between you and these men. That should be assurance enough.

Jamie thinks about it. Then to Claire, seriously --

JAMIE  
What do you think? It seems we are at a stand-still...

Claire nods. But it's not an easy choice.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

(to Hiram)

Very well! But know that we remain armed.

He turns from the window, towards Claire. His hair has come loose over the course of the fight.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Will ye tie back my hair, Sassenach?

CLAIRE

Of course.

She knows he wants to look presentable -- as Laird. Jamie turns, and by candlelight, Claire ties back his hair...

**EXT. BIG HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT (N6)**

Arm in arm, Jamie and Claire walk out into the breezeway and down the steps to stand before the angry crowd.

VOICES IN THE CROWD

Murderer! Heartless killer!  
Desecration!

Jamie wears his dirk and broadsword. He stands there, bloody and battered, but dignified, daring anyone to attack again. Both he and Claire still boldly carry guns.

Hiram steps closer. Jamie meets his eyes.

JAMIE

Hiram.

HIRAM CROMBIE

Mr. Fraser.

JAMIE

I'll tell ye what I told him: ye'll take my wife over my dead body.

MR. AND MRS. MCGREGOR, the suspicious couple who insulted Fergus [Episode 603] are in the crowd. So is OBADIAH HENDERSON [Episodes 605, 607].

MRS. MCGREGOR

Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live!

A stone whistles through the air and bounces off the wall of the house -- close to Claire -- thrown by Mrs. McGregor.

HIRAM CROMBIE

Stop this! Be still!

JAMIE

My wife is no witch. Nor is she a murderer --

MR. MCGREGOR

If she didna do it, who did?

OBADIAH HENDERSON

I say if it wasna her, it was him,  
the *fear-siûrsachd*!

Meaning "lecher." As other VOICES ERUPT --

HIRAM CROMBIE

Be still, I tell you!

The man Jamie slashed across the forehead (JACK) stands in the crowd -- his open wound still fresh. The man Claire shot (Ezra) is there too; it seems she only grazed him. He smiles malevolently. Claire searches for a friendly face but finds only PADRAIC MACNEIL [Episode 606].

MR. MCGREGOR

Justice! Justice for the murdered lass and her innocent bairn unborn!

CLAIRE

I tried to save her and her child!

Shouts of "Justice!" from the crowd.

JAMIE

Justice is mine, sayeth the Lord.

RICHARD BROWN

Then let justice have its day, Mr. Fraser. I wish to take her for trial. Anyone accused is entitled to that, are they not? If she is innocent how can you refuse?

HIRAM CROMBIE

That seems reasonable to me, Mr. Fraser... What say you?

JAMIE

I say, if I surrender her to the hands of this man, she willna live to stand a trial -- he blames me for the death of his brother.

(MORE)

JAMIE (CONT'D)

He'll slaughter her out of hand for  
the sake of revenge upon me.

(re: Brown)

Look at him. He has no more to do  
with justice than with honor.

RICHARD BROWN

You lay with a woman not your wife,  
Mr. Fraser. If that's honor,  
then... I concur.

Suddenly a new voice -- ALLAN CHRISTIE is in the crowd.

ALLAN CHRISTIE

Take *him*! Put *him* to a trial!  
It's *him* debauched my sister, and  
killed her, I told you, Mr. Brown --

It's not lost on Jamie or Claire what that implies -- that  
Allan was the one who alerted Brown to the crime. But  
there's no time to think about it now.

MRS. MCGREGOR

No, it's *her*! A man might kill a  
lass he'd got wi' child, but no man  
would do such wickedness as steal a  
babe unborn from the womb! None  
but a witch would do that!

The situation seems perilously close to degenerating into  
riot, currents of hysteria and violence in the air.

OBADIAH HENDERSON

Take them both, I say!

Hiram considers this new idea. Then he turns to Brown.

HIRAM CROMBIE

Aye, you *could* -- take them both,  
that is. Mr. Fraser, you'll go  
along to see that no harm comes to  
your wife. And if it should be  
proven that she's innocent, then --

He stops, realizing the implications.

CLAIRE

If *I'm* proven innocent, they can  
try *him* in the next moment. How  
very convenient.

(then)

I *am* innocent. So is he.

A MURMUR rises among the crowd. Jamie and Claire turn to see: Mrs. Bug, ARCH BUG, Lizzie, Kezzie and JOSIAH BEARDSLEY returning with Jamie's Ardsmuir allies KENNY and EVAN LINDSAY and RONNIE SINCLAIR. They stand off to one side, away from the fisherfolk and Brown's men, armed and ready.

But Jamie was hoping for more than just these. He knows his men would fight for him if he called them. But he also knows there are too few. To call on his men would provoke only a bloody riot, and leave the deaths of innocents upon his conscience.

Claire sees Jamie come to this conclusion, and his mouth tighten. He puts his head behind Claire's to whisper.

JAMIE

We canna win, Claire. The men came, but not enough. 'Twould be a fight to the death...

(beat)

We must go. Together. I dinna see another way.

Claire nods her agreement. But God, it's a hard decision to come to. Jamie turns to Hiram.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

If you deliver us into this devil's hand, Mr. Crombie, then our blood be upon your head. Ye'll answer for our lives upon the Day of Judgment.

TOM CHRISTIE (O.C.)

And I'll answer for them now.

They turn, surprised to see TOM CHRISTIE. Is this a rescue or further condemnation? He walks like an old man, hunched and halting, looking at no one. The crowd gives way before him, respectful of the grief etched on his face. He's let his beard and hair go unkempt and uncombed. His eyes are pouched and bloodshot.

He moves through the crowd, past Allan (as though he isn't even there), and up to Brown. [Tom first met Richard Brown in Episode 601 -- but if Brown expected solidarity from that encounter, he was wrong.]

TOM CHRISTIE

Let them both be taken if you will. I will travel with them, as surety that no further evil will be done. Surely justice is mine if it be anyone's.

Brown is taken aback by this declaration -- it isn't what he'd had in mind. But the crowd murmurs its agreement with this solution. Everyone has compassion and respect for Tom. Richard Brown doesn't have much choice.

From the look in his eye, it seems Jamie might prefer to take his chance at killing Richard Brown... but beggars can't be choosers. He acquiesces as gracefully as he can.

JAMIE

Aye...

HIRAM CROMBIE

(relieved)

Thank the Lord.

Jamie lays down his guns. Claire follows suit.

LIZZIE

No -- Mr. Fraser --

JAMIE

Lizzie, bide.

Jamie gives his Ardsmuir men a look as well. They nod, sad and resigned: they'll bide too.

TOM CHRISTIE

If it will suit your convenience, Mr. Fraser, perhaps we will leave in the morning? There's no reason you and your wife should not rest in your own bed.

JAMIE

I thank ye, sir.

Jamie nods to Tom. It occurs to him that Tom has finally gotten what he's always wanted: power over Jamie.

TOM CHRISTIE

I shall set a guard to watch the house.

RICHARD BROWN

As will I.

(then)

Pack what belongings you'll need. We'll leave at first light.

Completely ignoring Brown and Hiram Crombie, Jamie puts a hand under Claire's elbow and they turn and enter the house for what might be their last night spent under its roof.

**INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - BEDCHAMBER - NIGHT (N6)**

CLOSE ON: A HOLE PUNCTURED IN WINDOW GLASS -- compliments of a musket ball. FIND CLAIRE standing at the window, looking out, dressed in her shift. A full moon lights the winding river. She turns to look at her vanity mirror and sees a spiderwebbed fracture in its glass...

Going to the vanity, she finds the culprit musket ball on the table and picks it up between two fingers. Such a tiny little destroyer of worlds...

Jamie enters the candlelit bedchamber and stands beside her, holding her. She rests her head on his shoulder.

CLAIRE

We have a beautiful home.

JAMIE

This will no' be the last time we see it by moonlight, Claire. I promise you wi' my life.

**INT. FRASER'S RIDGE - BIG HOUSE - BEDCHAMBER - NIGHT (N6)**

Jamie and Claire lie side-by-side in bed. Jamie's eyes are closed. Claire's are open -- and terrified. She turns to him, climbing onto him, and starts to make love to him -- desperately. Tears stream down her cheeks...

**EXT. WOODS - CAMP - NIGHT (N6)**

Brianna and Roger have made camp for the night. The horse is tethered near the wagon. Set back from a smoking fire, a tent has been pitched, lit by candlelight from inside.

**INT. TENT - NIGHT (N6)**

Brianna puts a sleeping Jemmy under some blankets and kisses him goodnight. She turns and walks through two flaps of canvas separating one half of the tent from the other.

In this other half of the tent, Roger lies under some blankets. He's holding the new "vroom" he made for Jemmy, spins its wheels. Brianna sits on the blankets next to him, dressed in her shift.

BRIANNA

You should be a woodworker.

ROGER  
Instead of a minister?

BRIANNA  
In addition. Like Jesus.

ROGER  
(smiles)  
It is a good one, isn't it?

BRIANNA  
Looks like yours. The one we drove  
in Scotland?

ROGER  
Actually, I was thinking of that  
Mustang of yours. Remember driving  
up into the mountains that time?

She lies down on her side, facing him.

BRIANNA  
I do. You nearly drove off the  
road...

ROGER  
Because ye thought it was a good  
idea to kiss me at seventy-five  
miles per hour.

Roger "drives" the car along her shoulder, down her arm and  
over the curve of her backside. After a beat...

ROGER (CONT'D)  
We almost broke up that weekend.

BRIANNA  
We *did* break up that weekend.

ROGER  
True. But then I pursued you...

BRIANNA  
Through time...

ROGER  
The usual story.

BRIANNA  
(reacting to the "vroom")  
Whoops -- watch where you're  
driving there, Ace.



ROGER

I thought ye found speed erotic.  
 (whispers in her ear)  
 Vroom vroom.

He drives the car down her bare leg. She laughs quietly. Roger drops the car and surprises her by moving on top of her, pinning her gently, kissing her. She kisses him back, wanting him just as badly. But...

BRIANNA

We'll wake up Jemmy.

ROGER

Nah. You couldn't wake him with a  
*real* Ford Mustang.

Brianna smiles. Roger kisses her neck for a while...

BRIANNA

Do you think we'll ever go seventy-  
 five miles per hour again?

Roger reaches for the vroom but can't find it.

ROGER

Now where'd I put that car?

BRIANNA

What do you want it for?

ROGER

Oh, I was going to explore the  
 terrain a bit more.

BRIANNA

You could do it on foot.

ROGER

Maybe I could.

Leaning back, he walks his fingers slowly up her bare legs...

ROGER (CONT'D)

Takes a wee bit more time.

BRIANNA

Mm. Did you have a long journey in  
 mind?

ROGER

Oh aye, the scenic route.

As they make love...

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

ON JAMIE AND CLAIRE, sitting across from each other in a COVERED WAGON, stress, sadness and determination etched on their faces. REVEAL...

They have been placed "in custody" inside Richard Brown's covered wagon -- for transport to Salisbury. Richard Brown and his men, wet and cold, sit on their horses, ready to depart. They have their guns visible, reminding us what kind of journey this is going to be.

Lizzie and Kezzie and Josiah have come to say goodbye, along with Mr. and Mrs. Bug. Ian is still mysteriously absent.

Brown approaches the open back of the wagon with Oakes, both on their horses, and speaks in to Jamie and Claire --

RICHARD BROWN

This here's Oakes. His task is to keep an eagle eye on you.

Oakes nods, steely-eyed and calmly confident.

RICHARD BROWN (CONT'D)

Leave this wagon and there'll be hell to pay.

Nearby, Tom Christie sits on his horse, ready to play his part. Brown eyes him with suspicion and annoyance.

RICHARD BROWN (CONT'D)

Roll out!

And with that -- the Committee of Safety starts off, a line of men on horses snaking away from the Big House -- Jamie and Claire in their wagon in the middle of the pack; Oakes and Ezra and Jack behind them; and Tom at the rear.

Lizzie, the Beardsleys and the Bugs look on soberly...

AT THE CREST OF A HILL, Jamie and Claire take one last look at their home... and then it's gone, obscured by trees.

**EXT. FOREST ROAD - LATER - DAY (D7)**

RIDING SHOTS. Brown stares ahead, piecing out a plan in his head. Claire and Jamie ride alone in the wagon, rocking with the ruts in the road. A mobile jail cell.

Claire looks out the back of the wagon -- the wounded men, Ezra, Curtis and Jack (a bandage across his forehead) stare daggers.

Tom Christie rides like a man in a dream, deep in thought, speaking to no one -- more alone than Jamie or Claire.

**EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF SALISBURY - LATE DAY (D7)**

The Committee of Safety, Jamie, Claire and Tom, have made camp. The town of Salisbury (VFX) is visible at a distance in a valley. Jamie and Claire sit under a tree, being watched by Oakes.

Ezra is in charge of scooping out and distributing bowls of stew for supper. He winces with the effort due to the wound in his side where Claire shot him.

CLAIRE

(to Jamie)

I should offer to tend their wounds.  
I have my travel kit...

JAMIE

Ye dinna owe them anythin'.

CLAIRE

I know. But it won't exactly help  
matters for us if they die of  
infection.

Ezra approaches, a bowl of stew in each hand. He spits thickly into one bowl, and hands it to Claire. She takes it, not knowing what else to do. Ezra drops the other bowl at Jamie's feet, spattering his legs with stew.

EZRA

Oh no.

Amon Oakes and others chuckle at the show. Jamie contracts sharply, like a snake coiling, but Claire grabs his arm before he can strike.

CLAIRE

Never mind. Let him rot.

Ezra turns to Claire, glaring, and she holds his glare.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

You heard me.

Ezra isn't used to a woman with no fear. He didn't have a next move anyway. So he returns to the cook fire.

TOM CHRISTIE  
Allow me, Mistress Fraser.

Tom Christie steps up and takes the fouled bowl out of Claire's hands, having seen it all. He dumps the contents into a bush and hands her a fresh bowl -- his own.

CLAIRE  
But --

Tom turns away.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
Tom.

JAMIE  
Eat, Sassenach. It's kindly given.

More than kind. Perhaps the only kindness in these woods on this day. Claire and Jamie start to eat.

Tom retreats to a tree, sits against it and wraps himself in a blanket to settle in for the night to come. He pulls his hat over his eyes, but we can tell: he's paying attention.

CLAIRE  
(to Jamie)  
You know, Brown hasn't thought this through at all. Who exactly does he mean to hand us over to?

JAMIE  
The sheriff of the county I expect, or a justice of the peace.

CLAIRE  
Yes, but he has no evidence, no witnesses. How can there be any semblance of a trial?

JAMIE  
Was there evidence when ye were tried as a witch?

CLAIRE  
(realizes)  
No...

JAMIE  
Ye forget how it works here, Sassenach... in this time. But I remember. I was tried in Inverness, ye ken. After I turned myself in.

CLAIRE  
And what happened?

JAMIE  
They made me stand up and asked my name. I gave it and the judge said: "Condemned." And that was that. The next day we began walking to Ardsmuir.

CLAIRE  
They made you walk there? From Inverness?

JAMIE  
I wasna in any great hurry, Sassenach.

The dire implications hit Claire. What can they do?

There's a commotion as Richard Brown rides up on horseback, having been to Salisbury. He's not pleased.

OAKES  
What news?

RICHARD BROWN  
None. We keep on.

Jamie and Claire clock the looks and murmurs of obvious discontent among Brown's men.

RICHARD BROWN (CONT'D)  
Salisbury won't do for us: the sheriff quit a week ago, and the circuit court's ceased operations. A matter of politics, so says the judge: the town is split on the question of independency.

JACK  
But it's nothin' to do with independency -- this is murder for God's sake!

Oakes cuffs Jack across the top of his head.

OAKES  
You think he doesn't know that? You heard the man: *there's no court!*

RICHARD BROWN  
We continue on to Wilmington.

CURTIS

(shocked)

Wilmington? That's a hundred miles! Why not Cross Creek?

RICHARD BROWN

(points to Jamie)

Because his aunt lives near Cross Creek, you fool, and the justice there's a friend of hers. We'd never have a fair trial.

CURTIS

We been ridin' for three days!

The men grumble. This is quickly becoming something they didn't sign up for. Oakes shouts over the noise --

OAKES

Quit yer carping! We make camp tonight. Tomorrow we ride for Wilmington. That's that.

Oakes looks at Claire, blaming her for this, and spits in disgust. Richard Brown approaches Jamie and smiles calmly. He doesn't seem too rattled by this setback.

RICHARD BROWN

Don't worry, Fraser. They may not have a court but I made sure the whole town knew your wife was guilty. Word's spreadin' like wildfire now.

Brown walks away. Jamie watches him go, then catches sight of Tom Christie sitting under his tree, staring at them. No: staring at Claire alone -- with a look of such naked anguish and longing that it gives Jamie pause. Tom doesn't even realize Jamie has caught him looking.

**EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - R&B'S WAGON - NEXT DAY (D8)**

Roger and Brianna continue on their journey. Jemmy rides in the back. Roger slows the wagon to allow some MEN on foot to pass them on the road, leading a flock of SHEEP.

BRIANNA

Are we there yet?

ROGER

Jemmy's the one who's supposed to say that.

Brianna smiles -- she was kidding.

BRIANNA

It's amazing, isn't it? A day's drive in our time is weeks here...

ROGER

Oh, hey, look under the kettle in back. I saw it in Salem.

Brianna reaches into the back of the wagon. Under a kettle is a NEWSPAPER. She grabs it and reads the masthead.

BRIANNA

*The New Bern Union.*

ROGER

Look again.

BRIANNA

The *Onion*? Wait, is this -- ?

ROGER

Fergus' maiden effort.

Indeed the newspaper is called *The New Bern Onion*. Now that they've stopped, Jemmy climbs up front between them and lays his head in Brianna's lap. He's itching his head again.

BRIANNA

That's great! But why *Onion*?

ROGER

Well, he explains that in his *Remarks by the Proprietor*. It's to do with onions having layers -- complexity -- and the, erm --

BRIANNA

(reading)

"...Pungency and Savor of the Reasoned Discourse always to be exercised herein..."

(beat)

Very French of him!

Jemmy is now having an animated, whispered conversation with Brianna's pregnant belly -- his baby brother or sister.

ROGER

And there's a Poet's Corner. Fergus couldn't have done it, he's no ear for rhyme at all. Was it Marsali, do you think? "*On the late Act against retailing Spirituous Liquors...*"

Brianna starts to read it, but notices that Jemmy won't stop itching his head.

BRIANNA  
Does your head itch, honey?  
(Jemmy nods)  
Come here, let me look...

Brianna sits Jemmy up between them. She inspects his hair and quickly confirms her fear, pulling away a LOUSE. Great.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)  
He's got lice. Where'd he get lice?

ROGER  
It was going 'round the fisherfolk village about a week ago...

BRIANNA  
And Jem plays with Aidan and Rabbie.

JEMMY  
I got 'em, too?!

He's pleased to be like his older friends.

BRIANNA  
Looks like it, mister.

JEMMY  
I'll give it to baby?

BRIANNA  
No. Baby isn't going to be here for a while yet. If you've still got lice by then, we're in trouble. We're gonna have to cut your hair.

JEMMY  
Like Grandma?

BRIANNA  
(laughs)  
Even more.

ROGER  
We could try to comb 'em out. Get the nits...



BRIANNA

It never works. You have to do it over and over every few days and if you miss a few that grow big enough to hop around... No. We have to cut his hair.

ROGER

(to Jemmy)

Lucky for you, kiddo, I brought my kit.

As Roger goes to get shears from his shaving kit --

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

YOUNG IAN and JOHN QUINCY MYERS return to the Ridge from a week of hunting, dressed and armed for wilderness -- John in his cart, Ian on horseback. ROLLO is with them. Ian looks up at the Big House -- and sees Lizzie exiting the kitchen door like a shot. She sprints across the lawn to meet them. Myers notices the broken and boarded-up windows, bullet holes in the Big House walls...

JOHN QUINCY MYERS

Something's amiss.

As Lizzie arrives, winded --

YOUNG IAN

Lizzie -- what happened?

**EXT. RIVER - DAY (D8)**

The Committee of Safety travels beside a river: a line of men on horseback, and two wagons. Brown's men are tired, sore, wet and unhappy. Up ahead, clusters of poor VILLAGE FOLK work beside the river and along the path: tanning hides, butchering meat, making potash, etc.

INTERCUT WITH:

**INT. COVERED WAGON - DAY (D8)**

Jamie and Claire talk quietly to keep from being heard by Oakes and the others, riding close behind them.

JAMIE

Brown's losing control of his men.  
They expected to be able to hang us  
and have the chance to loot our home;  
not this... They're as tired  
as we are.

CLAIRE

None so tired as Tom.

Behind Oakes, Tom rides hunched over and tired.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

What's his purpose in all of this  
do you suppose? Is he really  
protecting us only to see me  
hanged?

Jamie has an idea about that, remembering the way Tom stared  
at Claire the night before. But before he can answer --

OAKES

Here they are, friends! Here's the  
depraved murderers you've heard tell  
of, caught by your Committee of  
Safety.

CROWD

Hang 'em! -- Damn 'em to hell!

OAKES

Oh, rest assured, the end of this  
journey is the end of a rope.

Jamie and Claire don't know what they're riding into.

Outside, the people try to get a look inside the wagon at  
the prisoners, and start to move alongside the wagon. Claire  
and Jamie can see only flashes of movement and faces.

CROWD

Murderers! Sinners!

OAKES

Murderers and sinners are our stock  
in trade, good people.

CLAIRE

He plays the snake oil salesman  
well, don't you thi--

Something hits the outside of the wagon, punching the canvas  
inward with a sudden loud THWACK. Then another THWACK.

The third ROCK makes it through -- striking Claire! She shouts in pain as Jamie goes to her.

JAMIE

Claire!

Claire puts a hand to her hairline, pulls it back in pain -- her fingers red with blood.

Another ROCK sails through a slit in the tarp, striking Jamie in the arm. Then another. Holy hell has been loosed. The crowd SHOUTS. They pound the wagon with their fists.

A JEERING BOY (16 years old) is running behind the wagon now, wielding a large stick. Tom Christie can be heard shouting.

TOM CHRISTIE

Stop! Stop this!

Claire SCREAMS, startled, as a YOUNG MAN appears in a gap in the tarp behind Jamie. Jamie turns and struggles with him.

With Jamie thus distracted, the Jeering Boy jumps up and attempts to climb in through a gap on the other side of the wagon, near Claire, playing to the crowd.

All of the fear and uncertainty of the last few days boils over in Claire and she PUNCHES THE KID in the face! Twice. The kid wasn't expecting that. With a third punch, Claire hears a CRACK in her own hand and grabs her arm in pain.

The Jeering Boy falls back into the mud.

Jamie goes to help Claire. A brick hits him in the head. By now the wagon and the horses have stopped. Brown is trying to regain control --

RICHARD BROWN

Cease! All of you!

But no one is ceasing. Jamie covers Claire with his body as sticks and stones rain down on him.

JAMIE

Holy Mother.

TOM CHRISTIE

Stop this, all of you, in Christ's name! This is not justice! Mr. Brown, get hold of your men!

There's a lot of shouting going on. Women yelling and screeching, the horses rearing and whinnying wildly.

Claire manages to look out at Tom. He points a pistol in the air and FIRES. And finally there is silence.

The village folk scatter, a few of them nursing wounds.

Jamie sits up slowly, drawing in his breath with a catch. Claire rises on a shaky arm, nearly falling. She's bleeding, though not badly. Her hand and shoulder throb. They stare out at the scene...

Brown's men calm their horses, gather up scattered bits of belongings from the path.

Tom Christie shakes his head, overwhelmed and winded.

Richard Brown stands in the road, his face white with anger. He's bleeding, himself. It's time for a new plan.

**EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - R&B'S WAGON - DAY (D8)**

Tufts of downy hair fall onto the grass and flowers by Brianna's feet. REVEAL...

Jemmy sits on a log near the parked wagon. Brianna has nearly finished cutting his hair with Roger's trimming shears. Jemmy's hair is now essentially a buzzcut.

ROGER

Barber, barber, shave a pig. How many hairs to make a wig?

BRIANNA

Lots. And he had such beautiful hair...

ROGER

It'll grow back.

A few more snips and Brianna is satisfied.

BRIANNA

Done. Clean-up on aisle five.

Roger smiles and wipes his son's head and shoulders with a towel. Brianna notices something.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

What's that?

She runs a thumb over something on the back of Jem's head. Roger leans in to look at what she's seen: above the hairline and behind Jem's left ear is a round, flat, brown mole about 2cm in diameter. They didn't know it was there.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

(worried)

I guess it's just a mole, right?

ROGER

Aye. It's nothing... only a nevus.  
They're not dangerous.

BRIANNA

But where did it come from? He  
wasn't born with it...

ROGER

They don't develop until you're two  
or three years old -- or older. A  
doctor told me once.

(beat)

I've had one just like it, ever  
since I was a kid...

Instinctively, Roger sends a hand to the back of his head,  
something significant emerging from the depths of memory.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Just here...

He spreads the hair behind his left ear above the hairline  
to show Bree: a round flat mole, almost identical to  
Jemmy's.

And now he remembers something else the doctor said:

ROGER (CONT'D)

They're hereditary.

The upshot of that lands on them. They lock eyes. Neither  
one needs to say what this means: proof that Roger is  
Jemmy's biological father.

BRIANNA

(gobsmacked)

Roger...

He's always known, deep down. But to have proof is beyond  
amazing. His eyes are glistening. Brianna's too.

Roger makes a decision, looks at his son and says,  
deliberately loud --

ROGER

I do believe I've picked up a few  
lice myself.

Jemmy hops down off the log as Roger unties his hair and hands the shears to Brianna.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Like father, like son, I suppose.  
Give us a hand, aye?

As Brianna takes the shears, full of profound joy... Roger sits on the log. Jemmy grins, delighted at his father's turn in the "barber chair." OFF the three of them --

**EXT. ROAD - LATER - DAY (D8)**

The beleaguered Committee of Safety rides on...

**EXT. ROADSIDE NEAR TRADING POST - DAY (D8)**

AT DUSK, Jamie and Claire and Richard and company pass through a temporary TRADING POST populated by hunters and traders. There are no permanent built structures, but rather a collection of STALLS, SHACKS and SHELTERS. The HUNTERS and TRADERS -- rough men -- bet on some bare knuckle fighting.

**EXT. ROADSIDE CAMP NEAR TRADING POST - LATER - NIGHT (N8)**

A MOONLIT NIGHT. The troupe has made camp just down the road from the trading post, where the traders continue to bet on fights, drunk on moonshine in the b.g. One man laughingly kicks the burning embers of his fire at another.

The covered wagon sits on the side of the road...

**INT. COVERED WAGON - SAME TIME - NIGHT (N8)**

Jamie and Claire sit inside the wagon, one canvas side rolled up for fresh air... Richard Brown, Oakes, Tom, Ezra and the rest can be seen by a fire not far away, keeping an eye on the prisoners. Jamie massages the swollen knuckles of Claire's punching hand.

JAMIE

When ye go to hit someone,  
Sassenach, ye want to do it in the  
soft parts. Faces have too many  
bones. And then there's the teeth  
to be thinkin' of.

CLAIRE

Thanks for the advice. And you've broken your hand how many times hitting people?

JAMIE

Your hand's not broken, a *nighean*.

CLAIRE

How would you know? I'm the doctor here.

JAMIE

If it were broken ye'd be white and puking, not red-faced and crabbit.

CLAIRE

Crabbit, my arse!  
(a beat, then)  
Yes, I'm crabby! We were just stoned!

JAMIE

The sight of ye, Sassenach. Pounding that wee boy in a fury of rage, the look o' blood in yer eye. I'll treasure it.

CLAIRE

I'm so glad I amuse you.

Raucous laughter wafts over from the traders.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

What is this place anyway?

JAMIE

'Tis a meat camp.  
(off Claire)  
Hunters from the lowlands dress and store their game hereabouts before heading back to their homes.

CLAIRE

(re: the boxing)  
They do seem to like their games.

Jamie looks at Richard Brown sitting by the fire, his cut (from the roadside stoning) still red. He wipes some blood away with his hand.

JAMIE

I daresay Brown's regrettin' his choice of spreading gossip and hatred about us. He may want us stoned to death, but I dinna think he intended to be caught in the middle of it.

Jamie gingerly touches a cut on his face.

CLAIRE

My turn.

She finds a small jar of ointment in her kit and puts some on his cuts, tenderly. It's quite sexy under the circumstances. After a beat...

JAMIE

Sleep now, *mo nighean donn*.

Claire snuggles into him for comfort and warmth. She closes her eyes. Sleepily...

CLAIRE

How far to Wilmington do you think?

JAMIE

Ten days, mebbe less. Why? Have ye got somewhere to be?

A joke. Getting no response, he looks and sees that she's fallen asleep. He smiles.

TIME CUT:

LATER, TWO DEER MICE eat from a plate of stew left on the floor of the wagon. Claire is alone.

**EXT. ROADSIDE CAMP NEAR TRADING POST - SAME - NIGHT (N8)**

Jack leads Jamie to a copse of trees and scrub brush.

JACK

Have a piss then.

Jamie holds his gaze. He's not gonna piss with Jack watching. The laughter of the drunk traders draws Jack's attention to the fighting nearby. He looks over at Claire, sleeping soundly in the wagon, visible through the open side.



JACK (CONT'D)

I don't suppose you'll run without your wife. I'll give you a moment.

He turns and takes a few steps closer to the fight. Looks back once while Jamie pees on a tree.

Jamie hears the HOOT of an owl. A look crosses his face. He looks at Jack, who hasn't heard it and hasn't turned. The owl hoots again and Jamie peers into the underbrush...

Two human eyes materialize out of the darkness and Young Ian steps forward silently, hidden behind thick cover.

JAMIE

(quietly)  
Christ.

YOUNG IAN

(smiles, gestures at himself)  
-- Yer guardian angel, more like.

They talk in whispers, keeping a furtive eye on Jack and Richard and Claire, careful not to wake a soul, knowing Jack could turn at any moment. For now, Jack remains turned away from them, watching the fight -- but it's nervous-making.

JAMIE

We need a host of them, lad.

YOUNG IAN

I'm not alone. Say the word and we'll come out...

JAMIE

No' yet. But stay close.

Jamie looks again at Jack, who shouts through cupped hands at the fighting. Jamie knows he could turn at any moment.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

The Ridge... Is all well?

YOUNG IAN

Idle talk... rumors.

JAMIE

Aye, there would be.

YOUNG IAN

I heard about the stoning --

JAMIE

Brown's been spreadin' the story as  
we go --

YOUNG IAN

Ye wouldna countenance some of the  
things I've heard, followin' in yer  
tracks.

(beat)

There's cover in the hills nearby;  
we could be safe hidden by dawn.

JAMIE

It wouldna do. Wi' folk roused  
against us -- they'd do Brown's  
work for him. To run would seem an  
admission of guilt. Fugitives --  
wi' a price on our heads.

YOUNG IAN

Then I'll bide, and watch.

JAMIE

God go with ye, Ian.

YOUNG IAN

And you, Uncle.

Ian turns and he's gone, disappearing back into the black of  
night. Jack hasn't noticed.

The MICE eat on...

**INT. COVERED WAGON - MORNING - DAY (D9)**

Claire wakes. Jamie is already up. Brown's men are getting  
ready to depart -- seen through the open side of the covered  
wagon. But something's different this morning:

A NEW MAN -- well dressed and therefore out of place --  
stands talking with Richard Brown.

CLAIRE

What's going on?

JAMIE

Brown went away in the early hours  
and came back wi' a friend.

CLAIRE

Who is he?

JAMIE

I dinna ken, but he looks familiar.

OFF Claire, concerned by this mystery --

**EXT. HORSE TRAIL THROUGH TREES - LATER - DAY (D9)**

RIDING SHOTS. The Committee of Safety, Jamie, Claire and Tom Christie ride on, through mist and mud.

Behind the wagon rides the ever-present Oakes. Behind Oakes rides Ezra (the man Claire shot) slumped in his saddle and clinging to his horse. Richard Brown and the new man, JACOBY, ride behind Oakes.

INTERCUT WITH:

**INT. COVERED WAGON - DAY (D9)**

Jamie looks back at Jacoby and Brown...

JAMIE

I remember how I know him. He's a merchant wi' dealings in Cross Creek. Roger Mac and I met him once, wi' Philip Wylie.

CLAIRE

And now he's got dealings with Brown.

JAMIE

Aye.

(beat)

Brown's settin' somethin' in motion, but I dinna ken what.

Jamie looks out a flap in the side wall of the wagon. Then... quietly...

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Ian sneaked into camp last night.

CLAIRE

Why didn't you wake me -- ?

JAMIE

There was no chance to run. He said he'd follow, but I dinna see him...

Suddenly, outside, Ezra slides off his horse and lands in the mud and doesn't get up. Jack sees it happen.

JACK

Halt! Halt!

The company halts. Oakes and Jack get off their horses and stoop beside Ezra for a beat. Claire and Jamie watch.

JACK (CONT'D)

Dead as a doornail.

Jamie looks at Claire, worried that she might take this hard, but there's no guilt in her eyes. Just resignation.

JACK (CONT'D)

(to Oakes, hopeful)

He's a friend, I know his family.  
I should take him home, see him  
buried...

But it's Richard who answers --

RICHARD BROWN

Let the dead bury the dead. Tie  
him across his horse. We ride on.

As Jack and Oakes heave dead Ezra across his horse --

**EXT. CROSSROADS - LATER - DAY (D9)**

The troupe arrives at a crossroads with a small well. As they come to a stop, Oakes opens the wagon flap.

OAKES

(to Jamie)

Get out and get yourselves a drink.  
(Claire starts to rise)  
You stay here. We won't be long.

Jamie climbs down from the wagon. Curtis is handing out gourds and canteens for water -- but oddly, about half of the men stay on their horses. Tom is down from his. Jamie takes a canteen and Oakes leads him to the well...

OAKES (CONT'D)

Hurry up.

Jamie starts to draw water from the well. Suddenly -- Oakes and Jack grab him from behind and pull him away, the canteen dropping to the ground. Jacoby (the new man) watches.

JAMIE  
What're ye -- lay off me --

JACOBY  
Easy, Fraser -- easy!

Jamie rages. TWO OTHER MEN help bring him to his knees.

INSIDE THE WAGON, Claire hears the commotion --

CLAIRE  
Jamie!

TWO MEN jump into the wagon to subdue Claire -- a coordinated separation of man and wife. The man driving the wagon whips his horse and the wagon lurches forward.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
Let go! Jamie! Jamie!!

Half of the troupe thunders down the road behind the wagon -- including Richard Brown.

The others stay with a struggling Jamie (ten or so men in each group). It happens so fast that Tom Christie is caught completely off guard, gourd of water in hand -- and doesn't know where to turn.

JAMIE  
Claire!

Tom scrambles for his horse, mounts clumsily and rides away in pursuit of Claire -- as Oakes knocks Jamie out with the butt of a gun.

**EXT. ROAD - MOMENTS LATER - DAY (D9)**

The party absconding with Claire thunders around a curve in the road and slows, Claire still inside the wagon.

Richard Brown catches up with them and they slow.

CLAIRE  
What are you doing? -- Where are you taking Jamie?

RICHARD BROWN  
That's none of your concern.

He trots ahead.

CLAIRE  
You bastard! You petty bastard!

Brown's face tightens. He turns his horse and comes back to Claire and holds her gaze dangerously.

RICHARD BROWN

I know you think I'm doing this because of what happened to my brother, but I'm not. My brother was a lout. What he and them others did to you was cruel and unforgivable. But you committed murder, Mistress Fraser -- an innocent girl and her unborn child. I need no other cause.

He turns his horse in the right direction again, but stops.

RICHARD BROWN (CONT'D)

Then again, he was my brother. And I loved him.

And that says it all. Claire is terrified by the ominous ambiguity of it. Suddenly --

Tom Christie rounds the curve on his horse, out of breath and frazzled. Richard Brown's shoulders slump.

CLAIRE

Tom -- go back -- he's going to kill Jamie!

The men holding Claire pull her into the depths of the wagon.

RICHARD BROWN

You're a persistent guardian, Mr. Christie, I must credit you.

TOM CHRISTIE

What's the meaning of this? -- You are sworn not to hurt them on my account.

RICHARD BROWN

I'm not hurting no one. Mr. Fraser is simply being... sent home.

TOM CHRISTIE

(to Brown)

A word with you, sir.

They separate themselves and talk quietly together on their horses... as Claire watches. Richard sniffs and spits.

Finally, Tom returns to Claire.

TOM CHRISTIE (CONT'D)  
 They will not kill nor harm him.  
 Mr. Brown's word of honor he says.

CLAIRE  
 And you believe him? You have to  
 go back --

TOM CHRISTIE  
 I have sworn to protect you,  
 Mistress Fraser. I know your  
 husband; he can take care of  
 himself.

He seems worn out.

CLAIRE  
 Mr. Christie --

TOM CHRISTIE  
 To go back would mean letting you  
 out of my sight. And that I cannot  
 do.

RICHARD BROWN  
 Ride on!

And as the party continues on...

CLAIRE (V.O.)  
*He was right of course. Without  
 Tom as my persistent guardian, I  
 was as good as dead.*

**EXT. VARIOUS ROADS - VARIOUS DAYS (D10)**

Riding shots. Claire in the wagon...

CLAIRE (V.O.)  
*As it was, the journey to  
 Wilmington passed in a blur of fear  
 and discomfort. While I wondered  
 what was to happen to me... my  
 constant thought was for Jamie.*

Tom rides in silence and worry.

CLAIRE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
*Tom Christie was plainly my only hope  
 of learning anything, but he avoided  
 my eyes and kept his distance -- and  
 I found that as alarming as anything  
 else. He was clearly troubled.*  
 (MORE)

CLAIRE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
*I was terribly afraid that he knew or  
 suspected that Jamie was dead, but  
 would not admit it -- either to me,  
 or to himself...*

**EXT. WILMINGTON STREETS - ANOTHER DAY (D11)**

DUSK. The company transporting Claire enters town. Signs of unrest are everywhere... BRICKS and BROKEN WINDOWS, old burnt EFFIGIES and PEOPLE walking in fear along the streets. They stop in front of a house of whitewashed brick.

RICHARD BROWN  
 Your accommodations, Mistress  
 Fraser.

TOM CHRISTIE  
 Who lives here?

RICHARD BROWN  
 The jailer, Sheriff Tolliver, and  
 his wife live up front. The jailed  
 reside in the back, with the rats.

**INT. WILMINGTON JAIL - WOMEN'S QUARTERS - DUSK - DAY (D11)**

Greasy, unshaven SHERIFF TOLLIVER leads Claire through the back office into the WOMEN'S QUARTERS. Two FEMALE PRISONERS stare at Claire from a cell on the left. Another WOMAN washes her armpits in a cell at the end of the aisle.

Tolliver opens a barred door on the right to let Claire into the remaining cell. He's not a friendly man.

SHERIFF TOLLIVER  
 You missed supper. But there's  
 always tomorrow.

The Sheriff shuts the door behind her with a clang. Claire looks around. A LARGE RAT scurries along a wall.

RICHARD BROWN  
 A word with you, Sheriff.

Richard Brown exits with the Sheriff, but Tom approaches Claire. He passes a COIN PURSE to her through the bars.

TOM CHRISTIE  
 For your maintenance.

Claire accepts the gift, surprised but too tired to show it.



CLAIRE

Tom --

TOM CHRISTIE

Believe me, your husband is alive.  
I would not have his death on my  
conscience -- nor yours.

CLAIRE

But where --

TOM CHRISTIE

Trust in God. He will deliver the  
righteous out of danger.

CLAIRE

(bitterly sarcastic)  
You think I'm righteous?

TOM CHRISTIE

I will not leave town, Mistress  
Fraser. You may trust that, too.

And with a hard and unexpected squeeze of her hand, he goes.  
The door to the office closes and a key grates in the lock.

**EXT. WILMINGTON JAIL - WOMEN'S QUARTERS - NIGHT (N11)**

The jail looks even bleaker in the night. REVEAL...

Tom Christie keeping watch over the jail across the road,  
true to his word. But what is playing out in his mind?

CLAIRE (V.O.)

*My one small hope was this...*

**EXT. ROAD - R&B'S WAGON - MOVING - DAY (D12)**

Brianna, Roger and Jemmy ride along in their wagon, still en  
route to Edenton. Jemmy leans his head against Roger's side.  
We see his short-shorn "buzzcut." WIDEN OUT to see Roger and  
Brianna. We see that Roger's beard is shaved and his hair  
shorn short in a "buzzcut" as well. Like father, like son.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

*If news of my arrest had reached  
Wilmington ahead of me, then maybe  
it would reach Roger and Brianna in  
Edenton as well.*

*(beat)*

*Or would it simply die before it  
got there...*

CUT TO BLACK.

CLAIRE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 ...like a shout on the wind?

OVER BLACK, we HEAR water lapping on the shore. Then FOOTFALLS... and VOICES... approaching.

SUDDENLY, a blinding daylight -- a beat for the world to come into focus.

**EXT. SOMEWHERE NEAR THE CAPE FEAR RIVER - DAY (D12)**

Jamie is tied to a PIRATE POST near the lapping waters. He averts his eyes from the sun.

Oakes, holding the HOOD that was covering Jamie's head, stands in front of Jamie. Jack joins him and together they hoist Jamie onto his feet and forcibly walk him to --

**EXT. CAPE FEAR RIVER - RIVERBANK - CONTINUOUS - DAY (D12)**

-- where six or seven of Brown's men wait.

JAMIE  
 Where's my wife? What've ye done  
 wi' her?

Jamie's eyes have fully adjusted to the daylight as Oakes and the other man walk Jamie to the water's edge.

The new man Jacoby stands nearby. A SHIP is anchored in the deep water beyond. *His* ship. A BOAT rowed by sailors is coming from the ship toward them.

OAKES  
 I haven't done nothin', Mr. Fraser.  
 Though what *Mr. Brown* may've done,  
 well... it's not my place to say.  
 All the trouble that bitch has put  
 us through, I hope she dies.

Jamie struggles, but he's bound tight around the arms. Oakes punches him in the gut hard. Jamie drops to his knees.

OAKES (CONT'D)  
 And as for you -- you're goin'  
 aboard that ship. And then that  
 ship is taking you home to Scotland  
 where you belong.

JACOBY

*The Firmament of God.* My flagship,  
Mr. Fraser... We depart for  
Edinburgh within the hour.

OAKES

And you'll never see your witch of  
a wife again.

JACOBY

I trust you have my money, Mr.  
Oakes. Mr. Brown said --

AN ARROW THWACKS into Jack (the other man holding Jamie),  
and he falls dead into the water. Oakes and Jacoby stand  
stunned for a moment. Jamie looks around.

From out of the trees ride Ian, John Quincy Myers, and FOUR  
CHEROKEE HORSEMEN: CHIEF BIRD-WHO-SINGS-IN-THE-MORNING,  
STILL WATER, and two others [established in Episodes 602 &  
604]. Ian has a bow and arrow; the rest have RIFLES.

This is who Ian meant when he said he wasn't alone!

Still Water aims a rifle at one of the men on shore -- and  
shoots him dead. The other men scramble for their weapons --  
Myers shoots one through the torso. A flurry of GUNFIRE and  
all of the bad guys are dead but Oakes and Jacoby.

It happens fast.

The men rowing the boat start rowing back to the ship --  
Jacoby dives into the river and starts swimming for the  
boat! This isn't his fight. Only Oakes is left standing.

Chief Bird aims his rifle at Oakes with an audible snap.  
Cornered, Oakes fumbles for his sidearm, but --

JOHN QUINCY MYERS

I wouldn't do that, friend.

Myers takes aim as well.

JAMIE

Don't! He kens where Claire is!

For a moment, Oakes is relieved, thinking his life may be  
spared if he remains useful. But then --

YOUNG IAN

So do we, Uncle.

The reprieve is gone. Oakes knows he's fucked. Desperately,  
he puts up a hand in protest, but --

CRACK! Chief Bird FIRES a ball through Oakes' palm. His hand drops, revealing --

The bullet has gone through Oakes' hand and into his eye. He slumps onto the ground in a heap, dead.

Smoke seeps from the muzzle of Bird's rifle.

Jamie is unharmed, though blood spattered and shocked. Bird nods to him meaningfully with the hint of a smile.

CHIEF BIRD  
I told you I would fight with you,  
Bear Killer.

A reference to what he said in Episode 604.

And thus, the guns Jamie feared would be used against him have come to his *defense* instead. The chance he took by doing the right thing has paid off.

Today Karma is his friend.

MOMENTS LATER:

Jamie, Ian, Myers and the Cherokee ride off together -- on their way to rescue Claire.

SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE