

Timeless 4x01 - "CASABLANCA NIGHTS"

# TIMELESS

"CASABLANCA NIGHTS"

Episode 4x01

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FADE IN.

LUCY (V/O)

Previously on TIMELESS...

1x01 with Lucy at Stanford and returning to find Amy missing. 1x08 with Flynn meeting his mother and saving his half-brother. Brief recap of s2, Rufus's death, then the season 3 catch-up reel. Saving Rufus, the introduction of Temple, his promise to return Lorena and Iris if Flynn betrays the team, and the mounting danger. 3x01 with Jane helping save Rufus in Chinatown, 3x02 with Rufus and MLK, 3x07 with the destruction of the bunker, 3x09 with Flynn and Wyatt bonding, 3x10 with the revelation of Lucy's Rittenhouse heritage and Flynn's reaction, 3x11 with Nikola Tesla and the revelation of multiple timelines, and the explosive events of 3x12 and 3x13 as puzzle pieces fall into place: Jane as Wyatt and Jessica's daughter, the capture and death of Flynn, Wyatt finding him, Jessica killing Temple, and Lucy, Rufus, and Jiya taking the journal to São Paulo. Past Flynn killing Emma, Rufus asking Jiya to marry him, as they return to find Present Flynn alive, and the last scene of the team in the restaurant. Then Jane and the mystery woman, saying she wants to get to that job in Paris, and the last shot of the Mothership JUMPING...

FADE TO BLACK.

TITLE: SIX MONTHS LATER

This all swirls down into a close-up on the sleeping face of DENISE CHRISTOPHER. Her eyes move back and forth. Her brow wrinkles, she makes a small sound of distress - then all at once - she WAKES.

Denise's eyes flash open. PAN OUT to see her in bed next to peacefully sleeping MICHELLE. Pictures of the kids on the nightstand. Comfortable, quiet, domestic.

Denise runs a hand over her face, shakes her head. She's about to settle back down, when she hears a THUMP from downstairs. Once, and then again.

Denise sits up, gets out of bed, takes a key, and unlocks the desk drawer. Removes her gun, clicks in a magazine, darts for the door.

CONTINUE TO:

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Denise advances down the stairs in recon stance, back to the wall, gun held ready, looking a little frantic.

CONTINUE TO:

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Denise reaches the source of the crashing, outside the patio door. She steps into cover, throws the light switch -

- and sees the culprit: a fat RACCOON stuffing its face from the trash bins, knocking them everywhere. Denise stares at it in relief and consternation. She opens the door and steps out.

DENISE

Shoo. Shoo!

It takes a few attempts, but the raccoon lollops off. Then there's another noise behind her, and she jumps and turns.

MICHELLE

(sleepy, confused)

Honey?

(takes in Denise's state)

Why do you have your gun? Is everything - ?

DENISE

Everything's fine. Just a raccoon. Mark must have forgotten to take the bins out properly again.

Michelle eyes her up and down.

MICHELLE

You know I've said that I'm willing to make an appointment for you.

DENISE

No, it's all right. I'll just -

Muffled noise from the alleyway. She looks around sharply.

MICHELLE

It's just those dumb teenagers from next door. As usual.

(beat)

Denise.

DENISE

Yes, of course.

Michelle steps forward, puts her arms around Denise's waist, kisses the back of her neck.

MICHELLE

Come back to bed.

DENISE

Let me just make sure everything's locked up.

Michelle gives her a slightly long look, nods, withdraws.

PAN OUT on a tracking shot out of the house, the neighborhood, into the city, and out to Silicon Valley. A new cutting-edge technology complex under construction, a sign reading FUTURE SITE OF MASON-CARLIN INDUSTRIES.

PAN THROUGH to:

INT. MASON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

A stylish, glass-walled office, everything as sleek and modern as possible. CONNOR MASON, slightly rumpled and unshaven, drinking coffee, typing on an ultra-cool laptop.

His phone buzzes. Connor looks surprised, then picks it up.

CONNOR

(wary)

Yes, hello?

(jocular)

Leo! Yes, indeed, always so good to take your call. Tomorrow morning in Lake Como, I presume?

(beat)

Yes, yes, lots to do. Very excited about it. Wonderful prototypes for zero-emissions technology I'm hoping to bend your ear about. A few delays, unavoidable, all on track now.

(beat)

Yes, it was blown up, alas. You'll have seen it in the news. I - had to go away for a time. Into the wild, bit of the old R&R. Couldn't be happier to be back.

(he reaches for his planner)

Love to, love to, though I'm already at the EIT conference in Budapest the day before. Hoping to do the showpiece unveiling in Tokyo next month. And a meeting with the new investors in jolly old England before the 30th. You know me. Busy bee. Couldn't be happier to be back.

(beat)

Oh, I did just say that, didn't I? Bit low on sleep. I'll let you get along now. Yes, looking forward to it. Ciao.

Connor hangs up, stares at his screen, rubs his eyes. Opens his diary, jam-packed with events, crossed-off notes, receipts, airline boarding passes, press cuttings about Mason Industries' return from the dead, new projects. Hunts for somewhere to put the new appointment. Spaces out briefly, forgets. Shakes himself, writes it down.

Connor takes another drink of coffee. Keeps typing. Laptop glow reflects on his face.

CUT TO:

INT. PICKUP TRUCK - NIGHT

An indistinct country song playing on the radio. Focus in on WYATT LOGAN behind the wheel. His face is distant, distracted. He taps his fingers absently to the music as he drives.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The truck whizzes down a mostly empty interstate, reaches an exit. Takes a few more turns, comes to a halt under a bridge. Nobody here. Somewhere out in the desert.

Wyatt gets out and leans against the truck, ostensibly casual, thumbs hooked in his belt loops. Then paces back and forth, waiting for someone.

Headlights fall on the cement. A second car pulls up. A woman gets out: young, Latina, leather jacket. Has the look of a private investigator. She carries a manila folder. Her boots crunch on the gravel as she crosses over.

PI

Really had to come all the way out here? I could have found somewhere under the radar in San Diego, honest.

WYATT

I told you, I wasn't taking chances.  
(glances at the folder)  
Well? Do you have something for me?

PI

You gonna pay me first?

Wyatt silently removes a large rubber-banded roll of cash from his pocket and hands it over.

PI (CONT)

Thanks. Wasn't easy, you know. Whatever your wife did, whoever she pissed off, she really didn't want to be found.

WYATT

Ex-wife. And I don't know anything about that.

PI

Relax, of course you don't. Anyway, couldn't find anything in California, even in the States. Finally had to ask my brother, he lives in Mexico City. Took us a while, but we finally found a record from a few months ago

that we think could be hers. Some  
tiny rural hospital in Oaxaca.

She hands over the folder. Wyatt opens it, looks at the page.  
His face goes strange. He stares at it for a long moment.

PI

(almost gently)

Your daughter's name is Sarah.

WYATT

Th - thanks.

He keeps staring at the pages, not sure how to react, as the  
PI waits to see if there's anything else.

PI

So what? She's going on the run with  
a newborn? That doesn't seem like the  
easiest thing to do.

WYATT

Like I said, I don't know. We're not  
in contact. I just wanted to know  
about - about my kid.

PI

Well, good luck.

(beat)

Seems like you both need it.

She turns and heads back to her car, gets in, and pulls out,  
driving away. Leaves Wyatt standing there, alone, in the dark.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - MORNING

This time it's our heroine herself, LUCY PRESTON, wearing her  
green blouse and blazer from 1x01, stuck in a morning Bay Area  
traffic jam. A pile of books and papers on the seat. Lucy  
looks around to see if any lane is moving, and spots the  
obnoxious bumper stickers on the car in front of her. Some of  
the choicer examples include SAVE A LADY, PUNCH A FEMINIST,  
MEN MAKE HISTORY, WOMEN MAKE SANDWICHES, and I SUPPORT  
LIBERALS' RIGHTS TO SHUT THE F\*\*K UP, etc. Charming.

Lucy's lips go thin. A dangerous expression crosses her face.  
She looks like she's thinking about rear-ending him. Checks  
her papers, gets honked at as they finally start to move.  
Mutters under her breath, hits the accelerator.

CUT TO:

INT. HISTORY DEPARTMENT - MORNING

Lucy and her boss, also last seen in 1x01 cancelling her  
tenure meeting, are getting coffee in the common room.

BOSS

I'm sure there's always a few adjunct hours you could pick up, survey courses, that kind of thing. You know we've always admired your work. But you've been off the grid for a while now, haven't you? Couple of the grad students heard some weird stuff about you being dead? Or caught up in some tinfoil-hat anti-government conspiracy? Something like that.

Lucy flashes a we-don't-have-time-to-unpack-all-that smile.

LUCY

I've had a lot going on, yes. But I was once in line for tenure here. I'm pretty sure there's something more useful for me to do than adjuncting.

BOSS

Do you have something published from your little sabbatical? In the works, maybe? Anything I can bring to the next faculty meeting?

LUCY

(pause)

No.

BOSS

Well then, I do wish you all the best, but I just don't think you fit into the department's plans right now. There's a conference on early American political theory in November, if you wanted to submit something. Get back into things.

LUCY

Thanks.

BOSS

Oh, and we were all terribly sorry to hear about your mother. Huge loss to everyone in the department. We were all better scholars, better people, because of Carol. Really, anything else I can do.

LUCY

(frozen)

Thanks.

CUT TO:

EXT. LUCY'S HOUSE - EVENING

Lucy pulls up in the driveway of her old house. She gathers up her things, goes up the walk, heads inside.

CONTINUE TO:

INT. LUCY'S HOUSE - EVENING

The place looks much as we left it in season 1, though it's clear that only Lucy lives here now. She turns on the light, starts to make dinner. Not really paying attention.

The house phone rings, startling her. She wipes her hands, goes to get it.

LUCY

Preston residence.

(beat, automatically)

No, I'm sorry, Amy doesn't live here anymore. She -

At that, it hits. Her face flares in shock

LUCY

(stammering)

I - I beg your pardon? Who's this?  
How did you get this number? Why are you -

The line's dead.

Lucy stares at the receiver like a live snake. Almost drops it, fumbling to replace it, then runs into the kitchen, picks up her cell phone. Hits a button, holds it to her ear.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Our favorite engaged nerds, JIYA MARRI and RUFUS CARLIN, sitting among an intimidating array of wedding-planning stuff. Jiya grabs the buzzing phone off the coffee table.

JIYA

(surprised)

Hey. Lucy?

LUCY

Hey. Jiya.

Slightly awkward. Clear they haven't talked in a little while.

LUCY (CONT)

Am I interrupting anything?

JIYA

Just more wedding stuff. I swear,  
we're going to elope. This industry



is an extortion racket. Also, you need to convince Rufus that we're not having a cake shaped like R2-D2.

Rufus looks miffed.

LUCY

That sounds like your sort of geeky thing, doesn't it?

JIYA

Yes, because obviously it should be the Enterprise.

Rufus pulls a gagging face. Jiya whacks him on the knee.

JIYA (CONT)

Anyway, what's up?

LUCY

Can I - can I just talk to Rufus?

Jiya hands the phone over.

RUFUS

Lucy? Long time no chat, stranger.

LUCY

I know, I'm sorry. I've just been - trying to keep myself busy. Running in circles. I even went hat in hand back to Stanford today, I don't know why. Just because doing anything else seemed preferable.

RUFUS

Oh? How'd that go?

LUCY

A disaster, but never mind. I - look. Just now, I got a call from someone - I don't even know who. They asked if Amy lived here.

RUFUS

(confused)

Amy? Amy as in your vanished sister Amy, who nobody knows ever existed aside from you and by extension us? That isn't possible.

LUCY

(edgily)

Yes, I thought of that. They hung up before I could ask them anything else. If this is some kind of practical joke, it isn't funny.

RUFUS

I agree, but what am I supposed to do about it?

LUCY

I just thought, you still have the Lifeboat and all its equipment, don't you? Some kind of sealed facility on the new MCI site? You could check if there had been some kind of strange spike. Interference from somewhere. We were supposed to have turned all the competing timelines back into one, but what if we -

RUFUS

(gently)

You know this doesn't mean she's back, Lucy. Right?

LUCY

(agitated)

It means something, though. The three of us, we had to leave the Mothership in São Paulo, since Flynn -

She stops. Clear emotion on her face. Takes a moment to compose herself, then goes on.

LUCY (CONT)

Since Flynn killed Emma and it never got piloted back. We knew it was dangerous to leave at large - unless Mason arranged to retrieve it?

RUFUS

We scanned Brazil like eighty million times, trying to pick up its telemetry signal and locate it. Never got anything. It probably went dead.

LUCY

The Mothership was powered by a working nuclear bomb. It shouldn't have gone dead.

Rufus hesitates. He and Jiya glance at each other uneasily.

RUFUS

All right, there's some insanely expensive florist out that way anyway, so I'll drop by MCI and see. But it's probably nothing. Some kind of weird quantum hissing, microwave radiation. Time ghosts.

LUCY

Time ghosts?

RUFUS

I don't know. I'm spitballing. Oh, and speaking of Flynn. You heard from him?

(after a long pause, no answer)

Right, well, I'm sure he's off doing his Flynn thing and terrifying little old ladies on all seven continents.

I'll look into this tomorrow.

A pause. Neither of them quite sure what else to say. They mumble "bye"-s and hang up.

Rufus remains where he is for a long moment, staring down at the phone. Then -

RUFUS

(under his breath)

Oh, crap.

TIMELESS MAIN TITLE - 07201954

RETURN TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Jiya and Rufus enter a number of wildly complex codes, swipe key cards, scan retinas and fingerprints, and finally proceed into a sterile white storage area. A hulking shape is draped in a hi-tech cloth, which Rufus pushes a button to retract, beeping, into the ceiling. Underneath is our old friend, the LIFEBOAT. Rufus studies it with the expression of a man about to get a root canal with no anesthesia.

RUFUS

Well, this just brought back all kinds of horrible memories.

Jiya giggles, but looks concerned as she goes to the computers and switches them on. They power up slowly, dusty, unused. Jiya sits down, starts typing and scrolling.

JIYA

Nothing too weird? This thing needs a serious disk defrag and there are some readout reports to run, but I don't think there's anything that -

She's interrupted by a forbidding-sounding BEEP.

RUFUS

What was that?

JIYA

Probably nothing.

The BEEP comes again. Jiya's face goes still.

JIYA

(slowly)

There is a major data dump of some kind. It's - hold on, it's -

She types faster, frown deepening, as Rufus scuttles over to look, gets the same expression.

RUFUS

That's from the Mothership's CPU.

JIYA

I noticed.

RUFUS

(shaken)

It's active? But we scanned, we checked, we ran remote-kill protocols, we didn't just leave a weapon of mass destruction out for friggin' Captain Crash and the Beauty Queen from Mars to get their -

JIYA

Unless someone figured out how to disable those systems?

RUFUS

You don't think Jessica -

JIYA

I think we should find out what this is, now.

CUT TO:

INT. MASON'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Rufus and Jiya sitting across from a still caffeine-powered and slightly loopy Connor. It's not clear if he's left the office (or showered) in several days. Jiya wrinkles her nose.

RUFUS

Connor, as your now-super-official business partner, may I tactfully suggest Febreze?

CONNOR

(not paying attention)

Fascinating. Potentially deeply terrifying, of course. But still, fascinating.

RUFUS AND JIYA

What?!

CONNOR

It's some kind of completely rewritten coding matrix. Activating a shadow override that even I forgot I put in the damn thing, when I was building it. But it's been changed and expanded upon so I can't really identify my own system keys. I'll need more time to be sure, but -

(he stops, goes on,  
deliberately casual)

This would suggest that the Mothership has in fact been in active use for the last six months, on an entirely new wavelength, and we've known absolutely nothing about it.

RUFUS

(sputtering)

Active use?! That obviously sounds very bad! So Rittenhouse secretly survived and - what, apart from writing the last season of Game of Thrones, is also ruining -

CONNOR

I don't think this is Rittenhouse. Nothing about it resembles anything they used. And of course, the deaths of Emma and Temple didn't end them completely. Just the ones with active time-traveling ability. The others are still out there somewhere.

RUFUS

You're just a fount of comforting information today.

He and Jiya get up and move around to stare at the screen.

CONNOR

What tipped you off?

RUFUS

Lucy called. Said something about her sister. Someone asking for her.

CONNOR

That isn't possible.

RUFUS

Yeah. That's what I said.

Pause. The screen flashes. Connor swears under his breath, tries something else - then stares.

JIYA

Connor...?

CONNOR

I rather think you should call Lucy back. And Wyatt, and Denise.

(beat)

I think they all need to see this.

CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - EVENING

The entire team, sans Flynn, is sitting around a table and staring at Connor, who has just finished giving an ominous PowerPoint. They haven't seen each other in a while, and it's very surreal (and not entirely welcome) to be back here.

WYATT

(to Rufus)

So, buddy, they have your name on the side of the building now too, huh?

RUFUS

Yeah. We all hope someone doesn't blow it off again.

(looks at Connor)

Like whoever this is, maybe?

DENISE

(stressed)

If they've been operating the Mothership unopposed for six months - we'd have to think of some method of possibly cataloguing the changes to history, but I'm not sure we'd have any way of remembering that it was ever any different -

RUFUS

Except the world is... it's not any more terrible than it already is, right? Don't get me wrong, that is very terrible, but if someone like Temple had the Mothership for six months straight, we'd be worm food.

LUCY

I could look into it, but like Denise said, I don't know how I'd even be able to tell. But what if they want it for something else?

WYATT

What else would you want a time machine for?

He and Lucy glance at each other, nod a little sheepishly, exchange awkward half-smiles and waves.

DENISE

Either way, we have to look into this. We have to stop it. However they got the Mothership, whatever they're doing with it, we can't let them continue. We have to -

RUFUS

"We?" Are you volunteering to jump back in that thing and save the known universe on a weekly basis, or - ?

DENISE

This is still our responsibility.

RUFUS

Is it?

A slightly tense silence. Looks exchanged. It's clear that everyone is torn. They're not necessarily all happy in their lives right now, they agree this is very serious, but this is a huge sacrifice to get back into.

Then, a sound at the door, a click, and -

Fifteen minutes late with Starbucks, wearing aviators, leather jacket, and jeans, GARCIA FLYNN struts in (because of course he does), removes the sunglasses, and regards everyone up and down with the Eyebrows of Sass.

FLYNN

So, what'd I miss?

Everyone stares, drop-jawed. Jiya is the first to react.

JIYA

(surprised, relieved)

Flynn?

CONNOR

Excuse me - there are several layers of - how did you get in here?

FLYNN

Your security system has a loophole. You're welcome for the free beta test, by the way.

CONNOR

Be that as it may, you cannot just -

He's wasting his breath, of course, and everyone continues to stare. Then Lucy makes a small noise, jumps out of her chair and knocks it over, and runs to Flynn, throwing both arms around his neck. Flynn hugs her back with one arm, but his attention is still on the others.

FLYNN

Well? What stupid situation did you get yourselves into without me?

LUCY

(letting go of him)

I think you'd better take a seat.

CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - EVENING

Flynn has just been brought up to speed and is looking deeply unimpressed.

FLYNN

So let me get this straight. Someone may have stolen the Mothership and has been using it for six months, and you lot had no idea? At least I had the decency to be sure there was no mistake.

RUFUS

Yeah, well, where have you been? Pole dancing in Zanzibar?

Flynn snorts, grins slightly. Oh, Flufus. We have missed you.

FLYNN

Fair, but nobody was expecting me to keep an eye on it. You were here the whole time.

RUFUS

Notwithstanding what are definitely some very colorful and highly illegal travel stories -

Just then, Connor's computer pings. He goes to look, then gets an unmistakable oh-shit look.

EVERYONE

What?

CONNOR

Well, it's good to know that my improvised decryption key worked, but we've just gotten a new reading. Something came in. It's been used.

DENISE

Where?

CONNOR

July 20, 1954. Tangier, Morocco.



LUCY

Morocco?

CONNOR

Appears so, yes. So we can either sit here arguing over the whys and wherefores, or we can sort it out, as it were, in situ.

FLYNN

Oh God, I have not missed you.

(gets to his feet)

So where do you keep the damn Lifeboat these days? The junkyard?

After a long pause, Lucy, Wyatt, and Rufus get to their feet as well. One by one, they file toward the door.

RUFUS

Come on, I'll show you.

And with that, our tentatively reunited team - on the way to the biggest mystery they have ever faced - EXITS.

[COMMERCIALS]

RETURN TO:

EXT. TANGIER - DAY

Blue skies, palm trees, sparkling sea, white buildings, shady verandas. A mix of well-off Europeans and Americans, and traditionally dressed Moroccans. Cigarette and hookah smoke drifting through lattices, Arabic, French, Spanish, English overheard in snatches. The team - the boys in white leisure suits and hats, Lucy in a strapless black number - stroll along the promenade. Come to a halt under a flowering trellis, as a waiter in a fez passes with a tray of drinks.

WYATT

I mean, if we had to get back into this business, we could do worse than this, huh? This place is pretty much paradise.

FLYNN

Yes, a lot of famous American writers who were very into cocaine and rent boys thought so too. Tangier in the fifties is basically a sleazy bohemian playground for sex tourists and beatniks, especially gay ones, escaping our good friend Joe McCarthy back home. William S. Burroughs, Jack Kerouac, Allen Ginsberg, Truman Capote, bunch of others, they all spent time here. Plus it's the Cold

War, and the city is a known hotspot for international espionage. All kinds of amusements to be found, legitimate or otherwise.

LUCY

But if we have no idea who we're looking for or what they want, how are we even going to get started?

RUFUS

(digging in his pocket)

Yeah, about that. I figured our cutting-edge method of "walk around and ask people if Rittenhouse did crime" could use some help. Because I for one want to get back to the happy time where the biggest thing I have to worry about is color schemes.

FLYNN

So the wedding's still on?

RUFUS

Course the wedding's still on. We haven't set a date yet, though. Jiya wanted to make sure that you'd be there, for some confusing reason.

Flynn gives him a very arch look.

RUFUS (CONT)

Okay, and so maybe I also missed you. Only a little, though.

LUCY

How did you know to turn up right when we -

FLYNN

(scoffs)

You don't think I'd leave you completely in the lurch? Besides, Mason won't shut up. Has to get his mug in every single paper now that he can. Wasn't hard to know where you'd be. And like I said. Security loopholes.

(beat)

Besides, I was on my way back anyway.

Lucy glances at him. She has a lot more questions, but this isn't the time. Rufus has completed his search and is holding up a small silver instrument with a glowing readout screen.

RUFUS

Behold. It's pretty jerry-rigged, since we haven't totally tuned into the Mothership's new frequency, but it should give us an elemental signature on anyone else who isn't from around now. Amateur time-traveler detector, in other words.

FLYNN

So you're just going to walk around holding that thing up like Inspector Poirot? And there's only one. What are the rest of us supposed to do?

RUFUS

Dude, I love you, but you are the biggest bummer. Truly.

FLYNN

Fine. You tootle around with your toy magnifying glass, and I'll go make some enquiries at the Hotel El Minzah.

LUCY

Wait, isn't that the place that was the inspiration for Rick's café in Casablanca?

WYATT

I'm guessing that's another old movie I haven't seen?

Rufus, Lucy, and Flynn all look at him askance.

RUFUS

Dude, Casablanca? 1942? Humphrey Bogart and Ingrid Bergman, people trying to get out of Morocco during World War II, sassy French policeman? Super famous scene where they all sing the Marseillaise to shut the Nazis up?

WYATT

Okay, sure, I definitely support shutting Nazis up, but what? You think we have an evil classic-movie fan on the loose?

FLYNN

I think we have to be creative.

WYATT

Okay. I'll go with Rufus.

Off Lucy and Flynn's surprised looks, he shrugs uncertainly.

WYATT (CONT)

I'm guessing you two have a lot you want to, you know. Catch up on.

This is true, at least on Lucy's end, and she gives Wyatt a grateful look. He nods back, and the team splits up.

CUT TO:

EXT. PROMENADE - DAY

Flynn and Lucy, casually arm-in-arm, stroll toward the Hotel El Minzah, a handsome Moorish-style white building. Lucy keeps looking over at him, unsure how to start the conversation.

LUCY

So while you were away, did you get a chance to... think things through?

FLYNN

(guarded)

A bit, sure.

It strikes Lucy that she doesn't know how the 3x12 mission ultimately went for Flynn, if he was never captured and executed by Temple - only that she came back at the end of 3x13, and he was there. Clearly he went home from 1951 with them, but then what? What does he remember about São Paulo now? Does she really want to ask?

LUCY

I hope it was good for you?

Flynn considers that, as they reach the hotel and step inside.

CONTINUE TO:

INT. HOTEL EL MINZAH - DAY

People milling around the airy lobby. Flynn and Lucy glance around, check the place out, make their way out to the veranda and bar at the back, where a handful of patrons are drinking. One of them - a fortyish bespectacled man - is scribbling in a notebook, and Lucy stops short.

LUCY

Is that William S. Burroughs?

FLYNN

I didn't really take you for a Beat Generation fan?

LUCY

No, not really, but you can't deny their influence. Naked Lunch, it'll be published in 1959. It's partially based on his experiences here, and it's one of the most controversial

books of the entire twentieth century. It's banned and challenged and subject to obscenity trials and heated discussions about censorship. Maybe someone wants to blackmail him?

FLYNN

We're thinking about what Rittenhouse would want, the way they'd operate. I can approach him if you think that would help, but -

Just then, a dark-haired WOMAN in a strappy black dress - who we recognize as none other than Jane's mysterious friend from the end of 3x13 - enters the bar, strolls over, and affects to just notice Burroughs, as Flynn and Lucy dart hastily out of sight behind a large potted palm.

WOMAN

This seat taken?

WILLIAM S. BURROUGHS

No.

He keeps writing, clearly hoping she'll take the hint. Instead she removes a cigarette, lights it up, and sits down.

WOMAN

Whatcha working on?

She leans in, flutters her eyelashes at him. Burroughs finally looks up. She might not be the usual gender he prefers, but he's not totally immune to her look of wide-eyed admiration.

WILLIAM S. BURROUGHS

Just a few thoughts.

WOMAN

Ooh, so you're a writer? That's awfully fascinating.

A waiter comes by, Burroughs flags him down.

WILLIAM S. BURROUGHS

Another drink for me, and one for the pretty girl here.

Behind the palm, Lucy looks rather judgmental.

LUCY

(whispering to Flynn)

Didn't he kill his second wife?

FLYNN

(whispering back)

Maintained that it was a drunken accident. Not that any of them were really known for being terribly respectful to women. He also got deep

into Scientology at some point, though he eventually bitterly repudiated it. One of the stories goes that that introduction happened here, in Tangier. Always willing to believe something insane, Burroughs.

Back at the table, the woman is engaging in light, flirty chitchat, flattering Burroughs, asking about his work. Their drinks arrive, they clink glasses and sip.

FLYNN

Well, she's definitely working him over somehow, but I can't see that it's anything to do with us. Let's keep looking.

They edge out very carefully from behind the potted palm so as not to be spotted, which is rather comical, and return to the front of the hotel. Lucy tries to think how to restart the interrupted conversation.

LUCY

So did you get to do some regular old traveling...?

FLYNN

Sure, yeah. How about you? You get to go home like you wanted?

LUCY

I went back to my old house, yes. Once I didn't even think I'd get to do that. But it's just...

(she trails off)

It's very strange.

Flynn glances sidelong at her. He may finally be about to open up a little, when the door opens and Wyatt and Rufus enter.

LUCY

(startled)

What are you doing here already?

WYATT

This is where Rufus's gizmo led us. You seen anyone who looks like a rogue time traveler?

Flynn and Lucy both get an oh-dammit expression. They jerk their heads at Wyatt and Rufus, and the four of them hurry back to the bar - but the woman's gone. Burroughs has resumed writing and drinking.

FLYNN

(making his way over)

Scuse me. Mr. Burroughs?

WILLIAM S. BURROUGHS?

Beg your pardon? We know each - ?

FLYNN

Never mind. Your charming lady friend just now, did you get a name?

WILLIAM S. BURROUGHS

Why's that anything to you?

FLYNN

We think she might be working for the FBI. Guessing you don't want ol' J. Edgar Hoover getting the full story of what you're up to here? Might make it hard to get home.

WILLIAM S. BURROUGHS

Pretty sure Hoover'll have a fit either way.

FLYNN

Difference between that and waking up in a bathtub full of ice with your kidneys missing.

WILLIAM S. BURROUGHS

Yeah, all right.

(thinks about it, then)

Introduced herself as Victoria. Said she would be interested in meeting me again tonight, and was hoping I'd bring my friends.

FLYNN

Who else is in town?

WILLIAM S. BURROUGHS

Jack's here, I think. Haven't seen anyone else. Look, I'm pretty busy, so if you'd just -

FLYNN

Sure, sure. Thanks.

He leaves Burroughs to it and returns to the others.

FLYNN

Mystery woman's name is Victoria. She's trying to set up a meeting tonight with Burroughs and anyone else from his crowd. No idea why.

WYATT

So what? We just hang out until then and smoke a bowl?

LUCY

If we have a name, maybe we can find out if she's staying here? I'm guessing someone at the front desk is willing to take a bribe.

FLYNN

Worth a shot. You and Rufus stay here.

(to Wyatt)

Let's go check the streets.

They exit. Lucy and Rufus look at each other.

RUFUS

Do we have any Moroccan francs for bribes? Or would it somehow not be weird if we gave them US dollars printed sixty years in the future?

LUCY

A place like this, they're probably not too picky, but -

Just then, she's interrupted by a passing hotel patron, who snaps his fingers at Rufus.

PATRON

Boy, an extra bottle of champagne for room 208, be quick about it.

RUFUS

Yeah, I'm not a waiter.

LUCY

He's not a waiter.

PATRON

Apologies, miss.

He continues his quest for more champagne, as Rufus stares after him with fists clenched. Lucy puts a hand on his arm.

LUCY

I know you really didn't want to get back into this. None of us did, but...

RUFUS

It's just - I'm the co-owner of one of the biggest technology companies on the market right now. I'm getting married. No more shy anonymous nerd Rufus who couldn't talk to a girl to save his life. I make more in a month than that jackass sees in a year, or in his life. I've been shot twice, died once, so entitled white male



douchebags just like him can go on having it easy, and like clockwork, by virtue of standing here while black, I'm still gonna get... this.

LUCY

I'm sorry.

RUFUS

Systematic racism isn't your fault, obviously. And even most of the time, I've gotten used to tuning it out. But sometimes it still gets to me.

LUCY

Well, if we can find Victoria quickly, maybe we won't have to do this again.

RUFUS

I hope so. Because I want to go back to the life I fought so hard to have. And it's not like I feel any better about making Jiya pilot while I sit on my butt at home and worry. I'm here because I love you guys, that's it. But if this turns into another Rittenhouse... I don't know.

LUCY

That's fair. But let's worry about one thing at a time.

Rufus takes a deep breath, nods, musters up a smile for her, and they hurry off to the front desk.

[COMMERCIALS]

RETURN TO:

EXT. TANGIER STREETS - EVENING

It's purple-and-gold dusk, atmospheric and lovely. Hot and somnolent, people filtering into hash dens, clubs, cafes, dance halls, other adult amusements. Jazz music floats from windows, sounds of talk and laughter. Wyatt and Flynn, tired and thirsty, have failed to find any trace of the elusive Victoria, and are ready to go home now.

WYATT

(as they reach the hotel)

Hey, uh. Garcia. Wait a sec.

Startled by the unexpected use of his first name, Flynn turns.

FLYNN

Yeah?

Wyatt shuffles his feet. He's not good at talking about this to start with, and being friends with Flynn is still very uncharted territory.

WYATT

I don't know where you've been or what you've been doing, but I hope - well, I've been trying to figure some stuff out too, and it's hard.

FLYNN

(gruffly)

It is, at that.

Wyatt pauses, working himself up to something, then -

WYATT

You remember Jane?

FLYNN

The last mystery time traveler we had to deal with? Obviously. Why?

WYATT

(in a rush)

On the jump in 1951, with Henrietta Lacks, I found out who she really was. She's - she's my daughter. My kid. From the future somehow. Whatever happened for her, whatever she remembered, she wanted to change it. She helped us save Rufus, with the drug made from the HeLa cells, and then she disappeared, right before Emma was gonna shoot her, and I don't know what -

FLYNN

(thunderstruck)

Your daughter?

WYATT

Trust me, I have no idea how that works either. But I hired someone to check into it, and it looks like Jess gave birth a couple months ago, in some podunk Mexican hospital. No clue where she went after that. She must still be on the run from Rittenhouse after she iced Temple.

FLYNN

Which was a big favor for us.

WYATT

Temple was the worst, it was a big favor for everyone. So... yeah. It was a girl. That much is true. Her real name's Sarah.

FLYNN

So why are you telling me this? Do the others know?

WYATT

No. You're the first one that I've told. After living together for months underground, after everything that happened, we all needed some space. And you, well. You're the other dad here. I just... I thought you'd probably get how I feel right now. That's all.

Flynn surveys him for a long, poignant moment. Then he nods once, and claps Wyatt on the shoulder.

FLYNN

(wry but genuine)

Louie, I think this is the beginning of a beautiful friendship.

They head inside.

CONTINUE TO:

INT. HOTEL EL MINZAH - EVENING

Flynn and Wyatt spot Lucy and Rufus, make their way over.

LUCY

I'm guessing you didn't find her?

WYATT

Nope. You?

LUCY

We don't think she's staying here. And we paid the clerk a lot, unfortunately, so...

RUFUS

Yeah, but then some weird creepy guy with a squeaky voice came up and asked if we knew where to find Miss Marchant? Apparently he'd been told to meet her here.

LUCY

I told you, that was Truman Capote? Breakfast at Tiffany's? In Cold Blood?

RUFUS

Still weird.

WYATT

Wait, so do we think that's her?  
Victoria Marchant?

FLYNN

If she was also approaching Capote,  
after she was talking to Burroughs  
earlier, it seems likely. Especially  
if it was the same place and time.

The team glances at each other, then makes their way to the  
veranda. People mill around, smoke, drink, chat, but there's  
no obvious sign of any of their targets.

WYATT

(frustrated)

Well, this Victoria person might also  
be a ghost, if we can't -

Flynn, the tallest member of the gang, rotates his head  
around, spots someone at the bar.

FLYNN

That's Jack Kerouac.

RUFUS

My opinions about On The Road aside -  
namingly, that a black guy driving  
randomly around America while stoned  
out of his mind would be instantly  
shot or arrested, while white guy  
gets to be Too Cool for School - good  
bet she's hit him up too?

FLYNN

Possibly. Kerouac's one of the few  
men around here right now who are  
interested in women, so -

LUCY

I'll go talk to him.

She makes her way over, slides into the stool next to Kerouac.

LUCY

Bonsoir, Monsieur Kerouac. Comment ça  
va?

JACK KEROUAC

(startled but not disapproving)

Très bien maintenant, merci. Voulez-  
vous à boire avec moi, Mademoiselle?

LUCY

Non, merci. Une question?

JACK KEROUAC

Parlez-vous Anglais?

(at Lucy's nod)

Where are you from, sweetheart?

LUCY

Not from here. I was actually wondering if you'd spoken to another woman tonight?

Kerouac, already more than a little drunk, closes one eye and squints at her.

JACK KEROUAC

Talked to a lot of women tonight, sweetheart. Why, did we sleep together already? You jealous or something? I think I'd remember you, but maybe not.

LUCY

No. There's a woman named Victoria Marchant who's been talking to writers. We thought she might have approached you.

JACK KEROUAC

Huh. Can't be sure. Smoked a lot of weed last night, frankly. What's she want?

LUCY

We think she might be with the FBI.

JACK KEROUAC

Really? Well, you know, good for her. McCarthy, I'm rooting for him. He should take down all those damn communists. If that's what she's after, I'm happy to help.

LUCY

So you haven't seen her?

JACK KEROUAC

Don't think so. Come on, honey. How about you and me have a nightcap?

He puts his hand on her arm. Lucy peels it smartly off, startling him.

LUCY

(closed-mouth smile)

Merci, bonsoir.

She returns to the boys with a slightly disgusted expression.

RUFUS

Fifties white male alcoholic author  
is kind of a pig, film at eleven? At  
least Hemingway was fun.

LUCY

Yes, but never mind that. I don't  
think she's talked to him. Yet, at  
least.

The veranda is very crowded by now, big enough that they can't  
see all the way across it, and it'll be difficult to push  
through. A jazz band is playing, couples are dancing. Lucy  
considers, then grabs Flynn and steers him onto the floor. He  
looks very startled, then takes hold of her, and they do their  
best to dance and look around at the same time.

FLYNN

(under his breath)

Well, this is a disaster.

LUCY

She has to be around here somewhere.

FLYNN

Unless she murdered Burroughs and  
skipped town. Not saying that he  
wouldn't deserve it, but -

LUCY

There's clearly something that we're  
missing. Maybe she picked this hotel  
for a reason? In Casablanca, all the  
characters are trying to get letters  
of transit to allow them to escape -  
those weren't actually a real thing,  
but never mind. Tangier was an  
International Zone until about ten  
years ago, like Casablanca. Outside  
the usual rules and regulations.  
Maybe she's in trouble? Trying to  
convince one of these American men to  
get her out of the country?

Flynn looks down at Lucy with a wry, weary smile.

FLYNN

That's a generous thought, but if  
she's the new owner of the  
Mothership, we're all in a different  
kind of trouble.

LUCY

We don't actually know that it's her.  
Rufus's gadget led here, but we never  
confirmed it. She was gone before we

could be sure. Maybe she really is a fan of counterculture literature, or wants them to think so.

FLYNN

Maybe.

A pause, then -

LUCY

(quietly)

Where have you been, Garcia?

FLYNN

I... here and there. I went back to Croatia for a while. To our old house, to all kinds of places I hadn't been since before they died, places we used to be together. To the cemetery where my parents are buried. Seeing what was left over, wondering sometimes if I dreamed it all. Trying to - trying to let go.

LUCY

And did it - did you? Decide anything?

Flynn looks down at her again. He knows she's asking more than just a simple question, but he doesn't answer.

LUCY

(even quieter)

I've missed you so much.

Flynn opens his mouth, clearly has no idea how to respond, shuts it. After a moment, in a painfully obvious dodge -

FLYNN

So you're a Casablanca fan?

LUCY

I had a huge crush on Ingrid Bergman when I first watched it. I don't know if I realized that at the time, though. And I admire the character of Ilsa. Especially after everything I've been through now.

FLYNN

(half a glance at Wyatt)

Do you think she's in love with Rick?

LUCY

I think she was. In some ways, she probably always would be. But it was at a certain place and time, and that... it changed. She married

Victor Laszlo, she went back to him,  
and she leaves with him, fights with  
him, starts a future with him.

FLYNN

I always thought she pitied Victor  
more than anything. That she loved  
him, but not the same way.

LUCY

I think she loves him the same way.

FLYNN

But it was all about Bogart and  
Bergman's chemistry, even if they  
barely spoke in real life - and Ilsa  
clearly isn't over Rick, she wants -

LUCY

I think Ilsa loves Victor.

FLYNN

But -

It belatedly occurs to him that they definitely aren't talking  
about Casablanca any more. A very strange expression crosses  
his face. He steels himself, draws a breath.

FLYNN

Lucy, I -

Just then, they both look over and see Victoria Marchant  
herself, talking to Kerouac at the bar. Flynn catches Wyatt's  
eye across the room, motions insistently.

Wyatt frowns, looks around, makes a that's her? gesture.

Flynn nods.

Wyatt starts to edge toward them, but the place is packed and  
he can't move fast. As Lucy and Flynn watch, Victoria places a  
casual hand on Kerouac's notebook and slips it into her purse.  
He, ogling her cleavage, does not notice. They chat for a few  
more moments, then she gets up and starts to move off.

Lucy, panicking, tries to think of a way to delay her. Turns  
around, grabs a waiter by the sleeve.

LUCY

Excuse me? That woman over there?  
Please, I need to speak with her.  
Could you say there's a telephone  
call for Victoria Marchant, please?

The waiter is surprised, but shows Lucy to a house phone,  
which she picks up tensely, and she vanishes into the crowd.  
After a few moments, a click. Then -



VICTORIA  
(on the phone)

Hello?

LUCY  
Excuse me? Miss Marchant?

There is a very loud several seconds of silence. Lucy looks out, but can't see Victoria or where she might be standing.

VICTORIA  
(very coolly)  
So this must be the famous Lucy Preston, I take it? Of all the gin joints in the world, etcetera?

To say the least, Lucy is extremely startled.

LUCY  
I - that's not - how did you -

VICTORIA  
I've been wondering when you were going to get here. To be honest, I was expecting you at least half a dozen trips ago. I didn't think you'd really given up interfering. So what do you want to do? Smack my wrist? Because if not, I have a lot to be getting on with. Good night.

LUCY  
Wait - how do you - how do we -

VICTORIA  
(bitterly)  
I think you know.

With that, she unceremoniously hangs up.

Lucy stares at the receiver, finally replaces it, and has to decide whether to get back to the others, or go after Victoria by herself. It's crowded enough that she doesn't have time to do both. After a split second, she turns and runs off.

CUT TO:

EXT. TANGIER - NIGHT

The streets are a lot more seedy by night than they are by day. Groups of drunken men wolf-whistle at Lucy, narrow dark alleys, red-lamp brothels. Lucy is beginning to regret her impulsive decision to run off without the boys. She pauses briefly, then grabs a scarf off a nearby stand and wraps herself in it, in hopes of attracting a little less attention.

Lucy looks around, through the haze of smoke and booze and colored lights - and spots Victoria up ahead, examining some jewelry and likewise pocketing it. An expensive diamond

necklace worn by a passing woman also manages to vanish after Victoria accidentally bumps into her.

Lucy picks up her pace, hurrying through the mazelike alleys and souks. Bangs her head on brass pots that look straight out of the Arabian Nights, ducks under awnings, trying to catch up. Takes a final turn into a courtyard, looks around, and -

VICTORIA

Stay back. No sudden moves.

She emerges from the shadows across the way, gun pointed dead at Lucy's forehead.

VICTORIA (CONT)

It wasn't a very smart idea for you to follow me out here by yourself.

LUCY

(raising her hands)

I'm unarmed. I haven't come to hurt you. I just want to talk.

VICTORIA

(laughs)

You know, if there's anyone in the world I'd almost actually believe that from, it would be you. While you're standing there in your stolen clothes, your stolen scarf, your stolen life, and you - what, want to pretend that you're better than me?

LUCY

What do you want with Kerouac's notebook? And I'm guessing Burroughs, and Capote's, and whoever else you targeted?

VICTORIA

Maybe I'm just a big fan.

LUCY

I don't think so.

VICTORIA

(shrugs)

Fine. Maybe I'm not. But you really don't need to make a mess of this. Go away, back to whenever you came from, and leave me to it. We'll all be much happier.

LUCY

You know I can't just agree to do that.

VICTORIA

You should. You've meddled enough.  
Don't - I said stay back!

Lucy has taken a step forward, and Victoria cocks the gun with an ominous thunk. She definitely knows what she's doing, and there's no reason not to think that she's not a very good shot. A spellbound moment, a standoff - neither of them knows what is going to happen, and then -

FLYNN, WYATT, RUFUS (OS)  
(shouting)

Lucy? Lucy!

Obviously the boys saw Lucy run out of the hotel and have gone after her. Victoria's face flares in shock; it's not clear if she realized that Lucy wasn't here alone. But she doesn't stop to dwell on it. Lucy makes a lunge for her, Victoria shoots, and it hits a lantern, which spills burning oil all over the embroidered hangings and wooden posts. It goes up straightaway with a roar of flames, spreading quickly, as Lucy staggers backward. On the far side, Victoria RUNS.

A few moments later, Flynn, Wyatt, and Rufus appear out of the alley, then skid to a halt, cut off by the fire. Lucy lowers her head and runs - embers fall on her, good thing she has the scarf - hits Rufus, who catches her and hastily pats her out.

Shouts are starting to spread, shutters open, people throwing buckets of water before it can rage out of control. The team really needs to get out of here. But Lucy spots something white on the ground, bends, picks it up.

It's a super-fancy business card, flashing iridescent holograms. A stylized logo of a warrior woman is the only decoration apart from two lines of text:

VALKYRIE ULTRA

V. MARCHANT, ACQUISITIONS

RUFUS

Lucy. Lucy, come on.

Lucy realizes he's pulling at her arm, they need to leave. The four of them run off down the alley.

[COMMERCIALS]

RETURN TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

This almost looks like the old setup at Mason Industries, as the Lifeboat whines and pops back into existence in front of the tensely watching Connor, Denise, and Jiya.

The door opens, and the team climbs out, sooty and bedraggled.

CONNOR

Well, you look rather more rumpled than I was hoping. No chance it was just a nice tropical vacation?

FLYNN

Really. What do you think?

DENISE

Did you find out who it was? Did you stop them?

LUCY

We - sort of.

She removes the card, heads over, and hands it to Denise, who frowns at it in bafflement.

LUCY (CONT)

Her name's Victoria Marchant. She was stealing things, including the notebooks of several famous authors. But she - she knew me. She seemed to have been waiting a while for me to come. Expecting it. And she doesn't like me, I don't know why. I - I don't think she's going to stop. This is just the beginning. Or since she's been at it a while, the middle.

Everyone looks at her in concern and confusion.

RUFUS

You don't have another journal you handed out and forgot to tell us?

LUCY

Not as far as I know. That company, Valkyrie Ultra, does it ring any bells? Some other kind of Rittenhouse? Something worse?

CONNOR

Never heard of it. I'll be looking into it, of course.

DENISE

As will I.

(beat)

You should go home and get some sleep. It seems all too likely that we'll have to ask you to do this again soon.

Small groans among everyone. Tired goodnights exchanged as they start to trudge off. Lucy looks around for Flynn, clearly hoping to talk to him one more time, but he's already gone.

WYATT

I'm sure he's just going through some stuff. Been away, working things out, and - you know. General Flynn-ness.

LUCY

I'm sorry we haven't talked in a while.

WYATT

Nah, it's okay. I think we all needed a break from being up everyone's butts all the time. And if I were you, I can guess that I would also need a break from seeing me. So -

(awkward shrug)

If we're gonna be doing this again, I hope it'll be okay? Between us?

LUCY

I'm sure it'll be fine.

They exchange small smiles. There is still a lot of affection between them, it's just - as Lucy said - changed.

WYATT

Well, hey, I guess I'm gonna be moving back to the Bay Area, so if you want to talk about things, let me know. I'm trying to get better about that. And maybe you could use it too.

(beat)

Do you think Victoria was the one who called you about Amy? Maybe it was some kind of weird ploy to tip you off, make you show your hand?

LUCY

(shakes her head)

I don't think so. It was someone else. It sounded like they were using a scrambler or a modulator or something, I didn't even know if it was a man or a woman. Victoria said that I should know who she was, but I don't. I have no idea.

WYATT

No way she can be as bad as Emma, right?

LUCY

(faint shudder)

God, I hope not.

WYATT

Sorry. But just - let me know if I can do anything. And Flynn, well, I like the guy too. Much as it pains me to admit. I sometimes have this dream, this recurring nightmare, about looking for him somewhere, only I can't find him, and when I do, he's dead. It feels weird, like a memory that I've forgotten, but I don't know why. Obviously, I can't think when that would have ever happened.

LUCY

Before Rufus and Jiya and I went to São Paulo, he had - he was captured by Rittenhouse, you and Denise went to get him. Like we explained, we remembered different things when we came back.

WYATT

(baffled)

Well, I'm glad that didn't happen, but then what did?

Lucy has no answer for him, and it's something she too is wondering. They bid each other good night, and Wyatt leaves. Lucy shrugs off the burned scarf, puts on her jacket over the dress, goes out to her car. Climbs in, backs out, stares straight ahead as she drives. Tears track silently down her face, reflected in the lights, but she doesn't make a sound.

CUT TO:

INT. CHRISTOPHER HOUSE - NIGHT

Michelle is sitting on the couch reading a magazine, but clearly listening hard. At last, the sound of tires in the driveway, she lets out a breath. The key rattles in the front door, Denise enters.

MICHELLE

There you are. You could have texted.

DENISE

I'm sorry, it just ran late.

MICHELLE

What ran late?

DENISE

It looks like I'm going to be - well, I'm sorry, but it turns out that the Mothership isn't quite as defunct as we thought. Someone else has it, and

we're only starting to discover what they might be capable of. I'm going back onto that assignment.

Michelle takes this in, face a little too unreadable.

MICHELLE

So Homeland Security put you on this?

DENISE

Not technically. I put myself on it.

MICHELLE

I thought you'd mostly handled Rittenhouse, or at least pawned it off on the people who are responsible for opening investigations?

DENISE

This isn't Rittenhouse. This isn't anyone or anything we know about. I'm going to have to go to D.C. Start pulling files, double-check everything, intel-wise. I'll have to look over anything that could -

(she cuts off)

Why are you looking at me like that?

MICHELLE

Maybe because you sound awfully excited about something that otherwise seems like very bad news.

DENISE

I'm not excited, I'm just focused. And besides, this means I was right. I wasn't just being paranoid for no reason. Something really is out there and it's not over. So I don't need to do - whatever you were suggesting. I'm fine, see? I'm fine.

MICHELLE

You're fine.

DENISE

What's this about? You supported me the whole time before. You always have. I need you here with Mark and Olivia, I need to know that you're all safe, and that -

MICHELLE

Yes, I stayed home with the kids while you were off in some apocalypse bunker with a time-traveling bunch of

misfits with interpersonal problems who were responsible for saving the world on a regular basis. Had to just sit here and act like I didn't know that and that it wasn't terrifying and that I wasn't petrified for your safety every day, and tell Mark and Olivia that it was just a long assignment, even if we did get to see you now and then. Drive them to soccer practice and violin lessons and school activities and not think every moment that I might wake up one morning not remembering my wife, or that she would never have existed. And now that that's over, that nightmare is finally over and we have a chance to rebuild a new life, a real life, you want to dive right back into it without a second glance.

DENISE

That's not fair. This is my job. You knew that when you married me.

MICHELLE

You worked for the federal government when I married you. Not... this.

DENISE

We're the only people who can do it. It's not like I want it either, but since it's here -

MICHELLE

I think you do want it. I'm not going to tell you not to, not if you absolutely think you have to, but -

(her voice cracks)

I don't. I don't want you to.

DENISE

(a little sharply)

Well, unfortunately, we're not going to get to be selfish.

The instant it's out of her mouth, she regrets it. Michelle rears back like she's been slapped. They stare at each other.

DENISE

Honey, that's not - that's not what I meant. You know it's not. Of course I respect what you've been through, that it's been hard. And as soon as this is done, we can absolutely -



MICHELLE

I'm going to bed.

She turns on her heel and leaves the room without another word, leaving Denise slightly stunned behind her.

Denise stares around at the living room. Clearly wondering if she has in fact forgotten how to live here, is just taking this for granted, if she's choosing the wrong things, if it might be taking a toll that she never imagined.

Finally, she goes into the kitchen, sits down, opens her computer. Face still grim, she starts to work.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTHERSHIP - EVENING

It's our first proper look at the inside of the Mothership. Banks of blinking blue lights, black leather seats, white panels, generally a lot more high-tech than the Lifeboat. Victoria is alone inside it, spreading out her spoils: three notebooks, several pieces of jewelry, other valuable things.

She takes down a small machine, places each item inside it. It's instantly packaged in a super-sleek silver box and stamped with the Valkyrie Ultra logo. She prints out barcode stickers, affixes them to the boxes. Scans them into a database, which beeps with green checkmarks.

As she's finishing, the main screen starts to jingle with an incoming video call. Victoria considers, then clicks to answer it. She, and we, see a jovial, mid-thirties man with sandy hair, square glasses, and preppy-douchebag style.

VICTORIA

Evening, Mr. King.

KING

Now, now, I've told you to call me. Ed. We're all equals here at Valkyrie. I'm your friend, not your boss. Your friend Ed.

VICTORIA

Evening, Ed.

KING

How'd the trip go? We briefly got some funky interference on our scopes at the fulfillment center, so I just wanted to check in and make sure that everything was okie-dokie.

VICTORIA

Everything's fine. I have all the orders, no problems. The customers

should be receiving everything by the next business day.

KING

Groovy. That's what we love here at Valkyrie. Satisfied customers.

(he gets a look at her, frowns)  
Look a little charred around the edges, Vicky. You sure everything's tip-top? We could file a report. Valkyrie takes our partners' safety very seriously.

VICTORIA

It's a little close in those alleyways, had a few adventures. But like I said, nothing to worry about. I'll dispatch these when I get back.

KING

Actually, about that. We had another order come in for Paris. Before you come back, just swing by and pick it up, won't you?

There's a beep on one of the screens as something comes through. Victoria glances at it. Something passes over her face, though it's hard to say exactly what.

VICTORIA

I told you that Paris job was pretty much a one-time offer.

KING

Well, sure, you said that. But we have another order. Remember what we love here at Valkyrie?

VICTORIA

(slightly ironically)  
Satisfied customers?

KING

Darn tootin'.

(beat)

Besides, isn't he your family?

VICTORIA

(evasively)  
Sort of.

KING

Then I'm sure you'll be moseying right along. Remember, fulfillment needs your packaged orders by 11:59:59, and you've got one hour,

twenty-three minutes, eighteen seconds remaining on your shift, Victoria. So you'd probably better get going. Have an ultra-great night!

With that, the call cuts off. After a long pause, Victoria swears under her breath, powers up the Mothership, and JUMPS.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

The lights of Paris sparkle outside the windows of an expensive baroque apartment. A MAN sits on the couch, reading a newspaper, sipping a glass of bourbon. Handsome, dark-haired with liberal flecks of silver, green eyes. Trappings of a successful existence surround him.

A KNOCK on the front door startles him. He looks up, wary.

FRENCH MAN

Oui?

Another, more insistent knock. He sighs and gets to his feet. As he puts the newspaper on the coffee table, it knocks an envelope off. We focus in on the name:

M. GABRIEL TOMPKINS

7<sup>TH</sup> ARR., 75007 PARIS

The man makes his way to the door, opens it to reveal Victoria. He doesn't look altogether happy to see her.

VICTORIA

Good evening. We need to talk about an acquisition.

The man - or, as we must now call him, GABRIEL TOMPKINS, Flynn's half-brother - looks even more unhappy.

GABRIEL

I told you, that was once. I shouldn't have done it even then.

VICTORIA

Then we'll just have to make it twice.

(beat)

Besides, I thought you wanted to have a relationship with your niece?

A long pause. Then Gabriel steps back, beckons her to enter.

GABRIEL

Very well, Iris, you are welcome to come in.

FADE TO BLACK.

END CREDITS.

WHEN TIMELESS SEASON 4 RETURNS IN MARCH. . .

4X02 "LOVE'S LABOURS WON"

CONNOR

A week of putting absolutely every semi-legal algorithm I have on this, and I'm afraid I have very little more to offer than at the start. If Valkyrie Ultra is in fact the organization she works for, or Victoria Marchant is her real name, she has managed to disguise herself to a level inconceivable in the modern world.

CUT TO:

RUFUS

Good news, I think I've finally built a reliable tracking matrix. Bad news, we all now have a much improved chance of dying from plague.

LUCY

August 1606 in London? This is going to be tricky.

CONNOR

1606? London? Not that this is necessarily germane to anything, but the first performance of Shakespeare's Macbeth is widely believed to have taken place that August.

CUT TO:

LUCY

When we saw her in Tangier, with Burroughs, was there anything else you could think of, or - ?

FLYNN

No idea. Never seen her before. She did play him like a fiddle, though, so good for her.

This time, there's definitely admiration in his voice, a small smile. Lucy glances away, lips tight, which Jiya catches.

CUT TO:

LUCY

I'm so sorry, I didn't -  
(she gets a good look at  
him, realizes who it is)  
OH my GOD.

There's a loud squeal from behind her that sounds suspiciously like Connor. Sure enough, the next instant, he comes zooming up, completely failing to play it cool in any remote measure.

CONNOR

Master Shakespeare, our profuse apologies, are you at all damaged?

CUT TO:

LUCY

(pointing)

There. That's her. She's stealing from the audience members, I don't know what else she's doing.

JIYA

How are we supposed to stop her in the middle of the Globe? That, or -

CUT TO:

FIRST WITCH

When shall we three meet again  
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

SECOND WITCH

When the hurly-burly's done,  
When the battle's lost and won.

THIRD WITCH

That will be ere the set of sun.

CUT TO:

A shot goes off at close range, and the man's left eye turns into a red ruin. He topples, dead as a doornail, and Iris stares. Doesn't comprehend. Scrambles to her feet - then whirls around.

IRIS

You.

FADE TO BLACK.