

Timeless 4x02 - "LOVE'S LABOURS WON"

T I M E L E S S

"LOVE'S LABOURS WON"

Episode 4x02

Written by qqueenofhades

Airdate: March 8, 2020

All existing TIMELESS characters, story elements, and situations are copyright © NBC Network, Sony Pictures Television, and Eric Kripke and Shawn Ryan. No copyright infringement is implicit or intended.

Unofficial Fan Project.

Not for commercial use or distribution.

FADE IN.

VICTORIA (V/O)

Previously on TIMELESS...

1x08: The team discovering that Flynn had saved his half-brother Gabriel and he now lives in Paris. 1x16: Flynn and young Iris, "I'll always protect you." 2x06 and 3x02 with Connor joining the team on jumps. 3x06: Wyatt and Connor investigating Jane and being unable to find any trace of her. 3x10: Timothy Temple and Lucy and Wyatt saving his life. 3x11: Denise and Timothy bonding. 3x12: The reveal of Jane as Wyatt's daughter and her disappearance from 1951. 3x13: Jane - aka Sarah Logan - and Victoria together outside the restaurant, looking at the team, Victoria saying she wants to get to the job in Paris. 4x01 recap: the mysterious phone call about Amy, the discovery of the Mothership having been used, the jump to Tangier, Lucy and Victoria's confrontation, the introduction of Valkyrie Ultra and Victoria's boss Ed King, Denise and Michelle's argument, and finally, Victoria arriving at Gabriel Tompkins' doorstep in Paris and the bombshell revelation that she is a grown-up IRIS FLYNN...

OPEN ON:

INT. LUCY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

It's very late, but Lucy's not asleep. She's propped up in bed with a stack of books, her laptop, tablet, phone. She types furiously. The bedside clock reads 2:18 AM.

She leans back, rubs her eyes, then reaches for her phone.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CHRISTOPHER HOUSE - NIGHT

Unsurprisingly, Denise isn't asleep either. She is sitting in her home office, in her bathrobe, engulfed in similar piles. She picks up the phone quickly.

DENISE

Have you found anything?

LUCY

No. You?

DENISE

I've gone through just about everything I can access remotely. I thought about a trip to DC, but we have to be strategic about this. I can't just go running in there the instant something flags up, without a clue who these people are or what they're capable of. And Michelle -
(brief pause)

Never mind. Anyway. What is it?

LUCY

I was actually thinking. Timothy, Timothy Temple. We saved his life in 1775, and I seem to recall that you bonded with him. Isn't he at school somewhere in the Northeast?

DENISE

Yale, I think.

LUCY

So if you do go to D.C., could you also visit him? If Valkyrie Ultra is an offshoot of Rittenhouse, there's a chance he could know about it, right?

DENISE

Maybe, but with his father dead, especially after he said he wanted to cut ties, I doubt he's very -

LUCY

It's the only lead I can think of. If you don't want to go, I will, but -

DENISE

No, you're right. I'll look into it. Meanwhile, it's late. You should go to sleep.

LUCY

(wryly)

So should you.

There's a pause, both of them weighing up the likelihood that they are in fact going to do this. Slim.

LUCY (CONT)

You know, sometimes I find myself actually missing the bunker. Even with all its flaws, at least I wasn't alone there. I could just walk down the hall if I wanted someone to talk to. Now I'm here, and it's... empty.

DENISE

This was always going to take some getting used to.

LUCY

Yeah.

Another pause. Lucy is clearly seeking out Bunker Mama's reassurance, even if she isn't entirely sure for what.

DENISE

Well, if that's all for now, good night.

LUCY

Night.

They hang up. Lucy stares at the phone as if she is in fact thinking about calling someone else. Then she plugs it into charge, shoves a few books off the bed, pulls up the covers, and turns off the light.

CUT TO:

INT. GABRIEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Gabriel and Iris are just finishing up whatever she has come to ask him about. He pushes a folded piece of paper at her, she picks it up, reads.

IRIS

And how long would this take?

GABRIEL

I can't be sure. A piece of this complexity - you'd have to bring it to me, I'd need to examine it, there are countless small details that would need to be reproduced perfectly for it to -

IRIS

Good thing you're the best in the business?

Gabriel flinches. Eyes her warily.

GABRIEL

You're lucky my wife and son are out of town.

IRIS

I'm sure you'd come up with an explanation.

There is an uncomfortable pause. Unclear if she's threatening him, exactly. Iris pockets the paper and gets to her feet.

IRIS (CONT)

I can't promise you'll have access to it beforehand. I have to swap it out directly at the point of exchange. So you'll need to make it without references as much as you can. It has to be in an archive somewhere, right? Just use that one to copy off. Easy.

GABRIEL

I don't think this is -

IRIS

Why not? It's a victimless crime. Nobody gets hurt, and only a very few

people would ever suspect the difference, or care about it if they did. I'm willing to give you, say, six weeks, but they're going to be up my ass about it. I can't guarantee any longer. The Paris orders are just so... customizable. And obviously, they're big money. That last one you gave me sold for two hundred million.

She gets to her feet and starts out of the room. Gabriel follows her, clearly eager to have her out of his house. As they reach the front door -

GABRIEL

So - er - how's Garcia? I haven't seen him since he was fifteen, you know.

Something passes over Iris's face. It's hard to tell what. Vulnerability, emotion, anger. But she answers flippantly.

IRIS

No idea. I haven't seen him since I was five.

Gabriel has any number of questions of his own, but doesn't know how to respond to that.

IRIS (CONT)

Anyway, I'll look up what the Euromillions winning numbers are going to be in the draw a few weeks from now, and send them to you. Since I'm guessing your bank wouldn't recognize Ultrabux.

GABRIEL

I'm not sure that's -

IRIS

What? Ethical? That's what you're worried about? Nobody makes anybody play the lottery, including you. If you just happened to have the winning numbers, it's your choice whether to do something about it. Interesting little experiment in fate and free will. Anyway, I need to go. Remember, six weeks. I'll be interested to see what you have for me then. You can listen to the real one if you need inspiration.

With that, she turns on her heel and exits, leaving Gabriel mildly stunned. Finally, he steps back and shuts the door.

CUT TO:

INT. MASON-CARLIN INDUSTRIES - DAY

Lucy, Denise, and Connor are meeting for the results of their Victoria investigation. Clear from the scanty papers and frustrated expressions that they've come up with... not much.

CONNOR

A week of putting absolutely every semi-legal algorithm I have on this, and I'm afraid that 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.

DENISE

I'm leaving for D.C. this afternoon, then heading up to Connecticut when I'm done. Are you sure you've made the adjustments so we'll know if she jumps again?

CONNOR

Possibly, but I cannot, quite frankly, be sure. Now that she encountered the team in Tangier, she knows we're onto her. The frequencies have changed at least twice since then. This is a very clever and very determined woman, or organization. If I do come up with a sustainable detection method, it'll be luck.

DENISE

I'm sure you, Rufus, and Jiya are doing everything you can.

CONNOR

(slight pause)

I think we are, yes.

Denise glances at him, but just then, they are distracted by a knock. The conference room door opens, and Wyatt somewhat hesitantly shows himself in.

WYATT

Hey. Sorry for interrupting. Correct me if I'm wrong, but I'm guessing you haven't found a whole heck of a lot on our new pal Victoria?

CONNOR

How did you guess - ?

WYATT

I - look, I have a theory. It's gonna sound a little wacky, but not any more than the rest of our damn lives. Connor, remember when you and I were looking for intel on Jane, and we couldn't find anything? Absolutely nothing anywhere?

CONNOR

Yes - actually I'm not quite sure we ever solved the Jane conundrum, but -

WYATT

Don't ask me just yet how I know this, but I sort of did. She was - she is - from the future. We couldn't find her because she hadn't happened. Now this. Undetectable frequencies, untraceable tech, codes beyond anything we recognize or have used, and Victoria knows us, but we don't know her. I could be way off the ranch here, but I could not be.

DENISE

(shocked)

You think Victoria's also from the future?

LUCY

It could make sense. I'm surprised it hasn't happened before. We live in a world where time travel is a reality, so we ourselves are history for travelers ahead of us. And time, as Rufus would remind us, is relative. Just because the future hasn't happened here doesn't mean it hasn't happened somewhere else.

WYATT

Yeah, like when your and my future selves either did or did not come to visit us back in the bunker, when we saved Rufus, and stuff got weird.

LUCY

That's... actually a good idea.

WYATT

Hey, they happen every so often.

DENISE

But if Victoria is from the future
and is traveling into the past - why?

LUCY

Maybe she also wants to change
things, but for the better? It's not
like everything is all that great
right now. It could threaten her
world, her existence, just like
Rittenhouse did with ours.

WYATT

If so, how does stealing authors'
notebooks figure into that? Maybe
she's a mercenary. A souvenir hunter.
That's what her card said, right?
Acquisitions. Just go into history
and steal famous stuff. She could re-
sell it, or keep it, or anything.

CONNOR

So we could be dealing with a highly
trained inter-temporal larcenist?

WYATT

Gotta admit that's a cool name.

DENISE

But who would she be stealing for?
And why does she know us?

WYATT

We are kind of famous in the time
travel interference department. Maybe
she learned about us in orientation.

LUCY

Maybe.

DENISE

Either way, we need more information.
I have to get moving if I'm going to
make my flight, so -

WYATT

I'll come with you, if you want. I
wouldn't mind some answers about
whatever the hell happened with
Temple senior and Jess. And with me.

DENISE

If you want to make your own
arrangements, we can rendezvous at
Yale. If it's true what you're

saying, I may not find much in D.C.,
but I'll do my best.

She gets up, and she and Wyatt, bidding farewells, exit. This leaves Connor and Lucy alone in the conference room.

CONNOR

As the one of us who knows Garcia Flynn the best, you don't suppose there's anything he can tell us about all this?

LUCY

(defensively)

If he knew anything, he would have said so already.

CONNOR

One does hope, yes. But he's been gone for six months, and none of us know where or why. I am not casting aspersions on the man. He has more than earned our trust. But he was the last one to steal the Mothership and operate - without regard to the law. He could at least advise.

Lucy doesn't answer. Connor has a point, and it's clear that Flynn's evasiveness on his travels is also bothering her.

LUCY

I'll try to ask him about it when we see each other.

Connor raises a wry eyebrow at her use of "when." An implicit acknowledgment that this is going to happen again.

CONNOR

Sooner, I suspect, rather than later.

TIMELESS MAIN TITLE - 08151606

RETURN TO:

INT. MASON-CARLIN INDUSTRIES - EVENING

Rufus is working late, by himself, and he's not altogether happy about it. He hits a few keys, writes some lines of code, and jumps as a blaring alert flashes up on his screen. He looks at it, then sighs deeply and reaches for his phone.

RUFUS

(under his breath)

Oh, son of a bitch.

CUT TO:

INT. MASON-CARLIN INDUSTRIES - NIGHT

Lucy, Connor, Flynn, and Jiya are gathered behind Rufus, looking at the screen with various degrees of worry.

RUFUS

Good news, 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 William Shakespeare's Macbeth is widely believed to have taken place in that very August. If Victoria is in fact an unauthorized collector of historical miscellanea, it could prove too tempting to resist. Of course, we might also have to -

FLYNN

"We?" So you're coming?

CONNOR

If you think I'm missing this chance, my dear sir, you really do not know me at all.

FLYNN

Great, so we get to pack the Shakespeare fanboy along. And Wyatt and Denise are gone, so -

JIYA

(with a look at Rufus)

I'll go. I don't want you to have to take on too many of these.

RUFUS

You sure? Because it is still my job.

JIYA

Yes. We're both pilots, we should share it equally. I know this is hard for you, and - just let me, okay?

RUFUS

(touched)

Okay. I do need to work on this some more. Better you than me with the

old-dead-boring-white-guy-from-high-school-English, anyway.

CONNOR

(mortally affronted)

I'm sorry, did you say boring -

FLYNN

Pack it in, Professor Buzzkill. We have places to be.

This is true, and Jiya leans down to kiss Rufus. Then she, Connor, Flynn, and Lucy cross to the Lifeboat and get in. The door shuts, the rotation starts to build, and it flashes out of existence, leaving Rufus alone.

RUFUS

(to himself)

To be or not to be, that is the question.

[COMMERCIALS]

RETURN TO:

EXT. LONDON STREETS - DAY

The gang is looking fly in their early-17th-century best. London is confusing, muddy, noisy, and still deeply medieval, with narrow, wandering lanes, half-timbered houses, parish churches. Connor is practically wriggling with excitement.

CONNOR

So, where to? Should we pop off to the Globe Theatre? Anywhere in Southwark will likely be the best place to take in the thriving -

FLYNN

I swear, you only ever come along on these trips because there's someone you want to meet.

CONNOR

I invented the bloody things and caused all this nonsense in the first place. It's my prerogative.

FLYNN

Fair. But we can't be completely sure that she's here for Shakespeare, and we have to be careful. Guy Fawkes of Bonfire Night fame was hanged in January this year, after planning to blow up Parliament. Suspicion against Catholics and foreigners is rampant, there's plague in London for most of the last two decades, and I'm the

only one of us with a gun if things get messy. I can't believe I actually wish Wyatt was here.

CONNOR

No, no, it'll be all right. I'm from London, they can't possibly suspect me. Here, watch -

He flags down a passing fruit-seller, who stops, but looks confused and wary.

CONNOR

Prithee, good fellow, dost thou knowest if the King's Men play at the Globe Theatre this fine day?

The fruit seller stares at him as if he's a Martian.

CONNOR

(trying again)

I mean to say, dost thou know if the players with King James' warrant gather at the -

FRUIT-SELLER

I heard thee. Wilt thou buy a fig, ha'penny apiece, or get thee on?

CONNOR

Er - not the fig, just the -

FRUIT-SELLER

Thou speakest deeply queer. Art thou one of the Moroccans, a Blackamoor? I'm a Christian man, I've no truck with heathens. Nor with players. Drunken wastrels, the lot.

CONNOR

I was born here, I just -

FRUIT-SELLER

GOD YE GOOD DAY, SIR!

He speeds off, leaving Connor in the dust and looking put out. Mason turns around at the sound of sarcastic clapping.

FLYNN

How about you let the historians handle this, eh?

CONNOR

(miffed)

Yes, all right, Elizabethan English sounds quite different, but that does not mean I was completely -

JIYA

Did he ask if you were a Moroccan?
Does that mean something, since you
guys were just in Tangier?

LUCY

It might, but not for that reason. A
few years ago, in 1600, the Moroccan
King Ahmad sent an ambassador, Abd
el-Ouahed ben Messasoud, to Queen
Elizabeth's court. There were high-
level talks of an Anglo-Moroccan
alliance against their common enemy,
Catholic Spain. It didn't work out,
and Ahmad and Elizabeth soon died,
but Abd el-Ouahed is one of the
possible inspirations for the
character of Othello.

CONNOR

Which would be one of the most recent
of Shakespeare's plays, written
around 1603 or 1604, and fresh on the
public's mind?

LUCY

Exactly.

FLYNN

Not like that seems ominous.

CONNOR

Shakespeare is writing some of his
most famous tragedies right now.
Othello, Hamlet, Macbeth, King Lear -
seems like a bit of a down time in
the poor chap's life. Anyway, I still
vote we go to the Globe. Together, if
it would be sensible not to split up?

FLYNN

All right. Let's go.

They get their bearings and set off, dodging carts, oxen,
beggars, horsemen, messengers, merchants, servants. Flynn
takes both Lucy and Jiya by the arm, glancing around warily.
Connor dawdles, distracted by a tempting printer's window.

FLYNN

(sharply)

Mason, no time for sightseeing.

CONNOR

Look, if Victoria is stealing things,
what's to stop me from lawfully
buying a first-edition Don Quixote?

Or any of Shakespeare's works? Though the comprehensive First Folio isn't published until 1623, alas. Or I could snag a copy of Love's Labours Won, the famous lost play. Oh, imagine the cachet I'd have if I brought that back.

FLYNN

Maybe since your ego's big enough, this isn't a shopping trip, and doing whatever our enemies are doing seems like a bad idea.

CONNOR

Yes, well, you wouldn't know anything about that, would you?

FLYNN

And what exactly is that supposed to mean?

CONNOR

Meaning that Lucy and I were both wondering if there was something else you could tell us about all of these... goings-on.

Flynn shoots a slightly betrayed look at Lucy, who winces. Yes, she and Connor were talking about this, but this isn't what she meant. She puts a hand on his arm.

LUCY

Garcia, that's not what we -

FLYNN

I'm done playing games. Either you trust me now or you don't. What, do you think I was off for six months leading some kind of sabotage on -

LUCY

No, no, that's not it at all. We just don't know where you were, and we were worried about you, and you yourself said that you were the last person to do this. Do you recognize any patterns, any parallels, anything that looks familiar?

Flynn is still a little ruffled, but he huffs and tries to focus on the question instead.

FLYNN

Not really. Aside from the fact that she's audacious, and ruthless, but

doesn't seem like the same kind of killer as Emma and Rittenhouse. And I have to admit, setting the Tangier marketplace on fire did seem a bit like me. In the old days, of course.

LUCY

I recall you blew up the Hindenburg when we first met, yes.

FLYNN

(waving that off)

Anyway, if she's in this for mercenary reasons, rather than personal or political, that's different. I'm not sure you could have paid me enough to take those damn trips otherwise, but maybe she likes the adrenaline, the challenge. And I... I don't want to kill her. I don't know why. I can't explain it.

Lucy glances at him. There might be a hint of jealousy, but she doesn't want to say so.

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.

LUCY

Anyway, let's keep going. The only performances at the Globe are during daylight hours, since they don't have any indoor lighting apart from candles. If she is here for Shakespeare, and they're on today, we might catch her.

They keep walking, and reach the crammed London Bridge, which is currently the only way over the River Thames into Southwark. A man on a crate is shouting at passing citizens. He spots Flynn and jumps off the crate, barging up to him.

LONDON MAN

Sirrah, sirrah! A moment of thy regard, a humble moment? Hast thou

the patriotic spirit in thy bosom for
the auspices of an Adventure?

FLYNN

I have spirit in my bosom for plenty
of adventures, but not any of yours.
So if you'll just -

LONDON MAN

(not to be deterred)

The King's Majesty has chartered two
companies for the settlement and
cultivation of Sir Walter Raleigh's
New World. The Virginia Company of
London, and the Virginia Company of
Plymouth. We most urgently seek
likely settlers. A man of thy
strength and stature would be a boon
addition. Thy wife and daughter could
come too, of course. We mean to
establish the Christian faith among
the savages, and to have and enjoy
the gold that lies thick as wrack
upon the shores of the Americas.

FLYNN

Ha. Let me know how that goes for
you. Anyway, I think I'll have to -

The man seizes his arm and practically goes into raptures. He
starts trying to drag Flynn off like a stubborn mule, which
doesn't go well for him. Flynn doesn't budge.

LONDON MAN

A drink and a brief colloquy, my good
man, nay more! If we cannot convince
you of the rightness of our cause,
then depart, but methinks you will
not have any call to -

FLYNN

Look, I've been to Roanoke, so I have
absolutely no intention of -

LONDON MAN

Splendid! You shall be best fitted to
counsel us in the founding of our new
Jamestown, and avoid the errors of
those sad folk and their savage fate.

At that, Flynn and Lucy exchange a look. It is possible that
Victoria could want something with Jamestown, and Flynn,
deeply displeased, realizes that he'll have to let himself be
commandeered so he can investigate.

FLYNN

(to the others)

I'll catch up as soon as I can. Don't
leave the Globe without me, you hear?

With that, he and his interlocutor vanish into the crowd, leaving Lucy, Connor, and Jiya by themselves. They can't help but feel exposed without Wyatt or Flynn. Victoria did shoot at Lucy in Tangier, and Lucy's not sure that she's not a killer.

JIYA

(as they keep walking)

Doesn't everyone in Jamestown also
die? Or something like that?

LUCY

It's the first permanent English
settlement in the New World, it's
founded in 1607. The colonists go
through all kinds of hardships, but
they don't vanish like they did in
Roanoke. The Pilgrims arrive thirteen
years later, in Massachusetts Bay.

JIYA

Thus to start smallpox, genocide, and
religious extremism?

LUCY

Pretty much.

She throws a look over her shoulder, but Flynn and the man are long gone. She again sees Jiya watching her, as they reach the far side of London Bridge and jostle through the crowds.

JIYA

(quietly)

We've missed him too, you know.

LUCY

Mmm.

JIYA

And don't think I didn't notice what
happened back there, when he -

LUCY

Let's just get to the Globe.

Not wanting to discuss it, she keeps walking.

CUT TO:

INT. GLOBE THEATRE - DAY

As it happens, there isn't a performance on, but rather a final rehearsal for the famous Macbeth. A male actor - HENRY CONDELL (30) - dressed as Lady Macbeth stands on stage, declaiming to a few spectators and members of the King's Men:

LADY MACBETH

Out, damned spot! Out, I say! One:
two: why then, 'tis time to do't.
Hell is murky! Fie, my lord, fie! A
soldier, and afear'd? What need we
fear who knows it, when none can call
our power to account? Yet who would
have thought the old man to have had
so much blood in him.

PAN BACK to see, indeed, Victoria Marchant née Iris Flynn, leaning against the wooden gallery and looking mildly interested. Next to her is a professor-type in glasses - DR. HART (40) - scribbling furiously on a notepad as Lady Macbeth speaks. But as she starts to go on, he interrupts.

DR. HART

(raising his voice)

Excuse me? Excuse me, could you do
that part again? I want to make sure
I've got the inflections right.

Lady Macbeth squints at him, thrown off her stride, then dignifiedly ignores him and continues.

LADY MACBETH

The thane of Fife had a wife: where
is she now? Will these hands ne'er be
clean? No more o' that, my lord, no
more o' that: you mar all with -

DR. HART

Excuse me! Isn't it supposed to be
"what, will these hands ne'er be - "

Iris has had enough, reaches out, and gives him a sharp jerk around the corner of the gallery, by the tunnel.

IRIS

Just because you somehow convinced
the department to stump up two
hundred and fifty grand to send you
on this little research trip doesn't
mean you get to be a constant dick
about it, Dr. Hart. So shut up and
watch the play, or we're out of here.

DR. HART

Since my department did pay a quarter
of a million Ultrabux to send me
here, I see no reason not to get my
money's worth. And if they do not do
it perfectly, the quality of my
research may be impacted with -

IRIS

You know what else might impact? My fist. With your nose.

DR. HART

There's no need for that, Miss Marchant. Now if you'll excuse me -

He pulls away from her, marches back into the viewing area before the stage, and opens his notebook again.

LADY MACBETH

Wash your hands, put on your nightgown; look not so pale. I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out one's grave.

DR. HART

(to Iris)

This is where Lady Macbeth, feeling unbearable guilt over her part in urging her husband to murder King Duncan, performatively enacts her grief and insanity to the -

IRIS

Are you actually mansplaining the plot of Macbeth to me?

LADY MACBETH

To bed, to bed! There's knocking at the gate - oh, damnation, WILL!

She stops in the middle of her soliloquy, staring evilly at Iris and Dr. Hart. The curtain rustles, and the harried-looking playwright emerges, none other than the most famous writer in the English language: WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (42).

SHAKESPEARE

What's it about now, Hal?

DR. HART

Oh, it's Henry Condell. One of the founding members of the King's Men, and a principal actor in many of the productions of the early -

HENRY CONDELL

These knaves will not leave off their jabbering, and 'tis most intolerable. Nor do I recall that they've paid for a ticket. Have them out, or I'll not go on with it.

SHAKESPEARE

Darling, it's fine practice for the proper playing, surely? The smallfolk

will talk and jostle and fart through
half the good parts no matter what
you do. Or I, truly.

HENRY CONDELL

I said, have them out!

Shakespeare sighs and moves toward them, as Dr. Hart's eyes
briefly bug out. Iris is faster, pulls her purse out from her
skirt, and drops several coins into his hand.

IRIS

One shilling and tuppence, if tickets
at the highest end sell for six,
should more than cover it, I think?

SHAKESPEARE

I - my thanks, madam, but your man
there is vexing my Lady Macbeth.

IRIS

He's vexing me too, trust me. But I
do dearly hope -

(clink of more coins)

- we can come to some sort of
arrangement, truly?

Shakespeare looks down at the money in his hand, then back at
her. Iris smiles sweetly.

SHAKESPEARE

(defeated)

Very well, Hal, play on and pay them
no mind. Begin again, from "yet
here's a spot," and you be so kind.

Condell throws him a "you are no help at all" look, stalks
off, and resets himself. He's just about to start again when a
young woman with a long brown braid enters, carrying a basket.
This is SUSANNA SHAKESPEARE (23), William's eldest daughter.

SHAKESPEARE

Er, hello, my duckling, but I did not
recall that you were -

SUSANNA

Here's the fruit to be sold in the
galleries, Papa. Though the man would
scarce get to it, all in fits about
some Blackamoor. Is it ready?

HENRY CONDELL

'Twould be more so if I was allowed
to ply my art without all these
barbarous interruptions -

SHAKESPEARE

We are, ah, soon to have it.
(brief pause, a grimace)
And how does thy mother?

SUSANNA

Not dead yet, I'll have you know.

SHAKESPEARE

Alas. The day's still young.

Both Susanna and Iris eye him askance, as Susanna puts down the basket, accepts some of the money from her father that Iris just gave him, and tucks it into her bodice. She sees Iris watching her with interest, and as Condell finally resumes in the background, moves over.

SUSANNA

Good morrow, mistress. I've not seen you before.

IRIS

Only passing through London.

SUSANNA

You have an interest in the theater?

IRIS

Something of the sort.

SUSANNA

A pity they don't let women play upon the stage. Though it happens we've a need for someone to sell those tidbits this evening, our usual girl's down with the croup. Dull work, but good for a few pennies.

IRIS

I just paid your father what he gave you, I've no need -

At that, she catches sight of Dr. Hart looking absolutely outraged that she would deprive him of the chance to see the full premiere of Macbeth, and sighs deeply.

IRIS (CONT)

Perhaps it could be managed.

SUSANNA

Where's it you're from? I've not heard an accent like yours.

IRIS

Not around here.

(beat)

And your father should appreciate your mother more.

SUSANNA

(surprised)

I tell him so myself, but they will fight like cats and dogs. Especially after losing my brother Hamnet and -

(she stops)

Well, none of your worry, Mistress-?

IRIS

Marchant.

SUSANNA

Marchant? That's French, is it?

IRIS

I suppose.

SUSANNA

Is your mother English, if your father is -

IRIS

My mother's dead.

She moves off, clearly not interested in this conversation anymore, as Susanna looks taken aback. Susanna then glances at Dr. Hart with considerable confusion, decides not to say anything, and hurries away.

[COMMERCIALS]

RETURN TO:

INT. GLOBE THEATRE - DAY

Lucy, Connor, and Jiya enter just as Condell is leaving the stage, the players are milling around, and Dr. Hart continues to scribble away. No sign of Iris (or to them, Victoria). Connor gazes around with a rapturous, misty-eyed expression.

CONNOR

You know, all that unfortunate business with Rittenhouse was almost worth it just for this. Much ado about nothing, in the end?

Lucy and Jiya glance at him with raised eyebrows.

JIYA

Glad you're having fun, Connor.

LUCY

Who's that? Over there, making notes. Is he supposed to have a modern pen?

They all glance at Dr. Hart, and frown. Lucy debates with herself, then casually drifts toward him.

LUCY

Pardon me, good sir?

He looks up with a start, as she struggles to think of a plausible reason for interrupting him.

LUCY

(a bit feebly)

It's only, it's a fascinating instrument that you have there.

DR. HART

My pen?

Lucy starts at hearing a modern American accent in 17th-century London. At the same time, he frowns at hearing hers, they glance at each other as if not sure what to do, and then he turns tail and sprints off. Lucy starts after him -

- and crashes right into William Shakespeare, who's just coming out from behind the curtain with a sheaf of papers in his arms. They fly everywhere.

LUCY

I'm so sorry, I didn't -
(she realizes who it is)
Oh my GOD.

There's a loud squeal from behind her that sounds suspiciously like Connor. Sure enough, 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?

Shakespeare glances between them in complete confusion, as Lucy is on her hands and knees trying to pick up the papers. She looks at one, which she (and the camera) read:

KING LEAR

I would learn that; for, by the marks of sovereignty, knowledge, and reason, I should be false persuaded I had daughters.

LUCY

So you're - you must be working on King Lear?

SHAKESPEARE

(even more confused)

That is the name of my present undertaking, yes. I've hoped to have it done for the Christmas season at His Majesty's court.

(glance at Susanna, sighs)

Though God grant I be ultimately more fortunate in my daughters than he.

Lucy follows his gaze, spots Susanna. Finishes gathering the papers up and hands them back. Connor is hovering adoringly, desperate for a few words of conversation with his idol.

LUCY

Apologies again, Master Shakespeare.
If you'll excuse me -

She makes her way over to Susanna, who has been sweeping, tidying up, otherwise preparing for the show.

LUCY

Excuse me? Are you Susanna?

SUSANNA

I am, aye. Are you her sister?

LUCY

What - whose sister?

SUSANNA

The woman just here, though I'm not certain where she's got to. You look like her. Sound it, too. Mistress Marchant?

Brief shock flashes over Lucy's face, but she manages to contain it and answer more or less smoothly.

LUCY

I - yes, that's me. Her sister. I - ah, I'm Viola.

SUSANNA

(amused)

The heroine of Papa's play for the Twelfth Night revels?

LUCY

I - er - no, just - similar.

SUSANNA

Well, I'll look about for her, if you're waiting, but -

LUCY

No, that's all right, you don't need to trouble her. I was only wondering what she was... interested in?

SUSANNA

(blankly)

Interested in?

LUCY

Was she with that man who was making notes? Were they stealing things? Your father's papers, perhaps? She

has recently done so with other
writers, and we thought that -

Susanna eyes her up and down, starting to get suspicious.

SUSANNA

And it's your sister we speak of?
Your own sister? Some petty thief or
rascal who should be in the stocks in
Wapping? Or if she is your kin, how
is it you know so little of her?

Lucy has been, as they say, called out. She opens her mouth,
trying to think of another story - she's a little out of the
habit of doing this on her feet. Susanna eyes her
disapprovingly, picks up her broom, walks off.

Lucy, defeated, moves back toward Jiya. Connor is still
chatting away to Shakespeare, whose eyes are glazing over.

JIYA

(low-voiced)

Should we rescue him, do you think?

LUCY

Who, Shakespeare?

JIYA

Who was that you were talking to?

LUCY

That's his oldest daughter, Susanna.
She's a feisty and independent woman
in her own right, she wins a lawsuit
against a local rabble-rouser
accusing her of adultery in 1613,
gets him found guilty of slander and
excommunicated. She's often thought
to have been Shakespeare's favorite
child, especially after her younger
sister Judith marries a man he
doesn't like. The only son Hamnet,
Judith's twin brother, died in 1596,
and there's a lot of speculation over
whether that influences Shakespeare's
tragedies, especially Hamlet. His
marriage to Anne Hathaway is
increasingly unhappy as a result,
they've been living apart, so maybe -

JIYA

Which is all very interesting, Lucy,
but since you're running the risk of
sounding like Connor, what did you
find out? Is Victoria here?

LUCY

Yes. Susanna mentioned a Mistress Marchant, she asked if I was her sister. We've just missed her, again.

JIYA

Should we go looking for her? If she has a gun, and we don't have Flynn, and she hates you -

LUCY

We might find her anyway. Flynn told us to stay at the Globe until he got here. And whoever that man was, making notes, I think she brought him too. He's American. A scholar, maybe?

JIYA

So there are more of them. These Valkyrie people?

They exchange a look, decide that they can't afford to sit around twiddling their thumbs, and try to be inconspicuous about drifting backstage. They step over heaps of elaborate props, duck through hanging costumes, until -

VOICE

Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more. By Sinel's death I know I am thane of Glamis; but how of Cawdor? The thane of Cawdor lives -
(catching sight of them)
Hey! Who's that there?

Lucy and Jiya stop short to see a tall man in costume, practicing his lines for the title role. This is RICHARD BURBAGE (39), one of the most famous actors of his day and Shakespeare's leading man, looking surprised and unsettled to have been interrupted by two strange women.

RICHARD BURBAGE

And tell me that the pair of you be not two of the Weird Sisters three?

LUCY

I beg your pardon, Master - Burbage?

RICHARD BURBAGE

Do you know me, madam?

LUCY

I - of course, you - we're -

JIYA

We're fans. We're - big fans. We just decided to come backstage and see if we could get... an autograph.

RICHARD BURBAGE

This is most irregular. Whatever mischief befell poor Hal earlier, and now this - it is not to be endured. Dare I say, a foul omen all of itself. I must complain to Will.

He marches off, reaches Shakespeare to deliver his complaint, as Shakespeare throws up his hands in frustration.

SHAKESPEARE

(overheard)

I'm beginning to suspect the bloody play is cursed. One thing after another. I'll see them off, Dick, now just go back and finish the lines.

Lucy and Jiya backtrack quickly - they can't get thrown out of here before Flynn returns, and they've already pissed off Susanna, Burbage, and now Shakespeare. As he starts toward the curtain, they dive behind a prop box and hold very still. He ducks into the backstage area, looks around, sees nothing, frowns. Searches a few moments more, then leaves.

CUT TO:

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

A stylish campus coffee shop, undergrads in Yale sweatshirts, wearing headphones, sipping lattes, working on laptops. Wyatt and Denise are seated across from TIMOTHY TEMPLE.

TIMOTHY

It's good to see you, after - you know. What happened.

DENISE

You too. Are you doing all right?

TIMOTHY

I think so. I'm on honor roll, I'm actually seeing someone, I switched my major from poli-sci because that was always what my dad wanted, and I - mostly. Yeah. I just -

(he trails off, then)

My mom kicked me out of the house.

DENISE

I'm so sorry.

TIMOTHY

It's okay. I was kind of expecting it. My oldest brother, Mike Jr., won't talk to me either. He was always my dad's favorite, his little protégé, so I'm not surprised. Though

my other brother, Dave, he's given me some money now and then. But yeah, Mom... once I told her that I was gay and I wanted to quit Rittenhouse, there was no chance. Poof. Erased.

Wyatt and Denise glance at each other. They can tell that Timothy is not as fine about this as he is pretending to be.

WYATT

I'm sorry, man. Anything we can do?

TIMOTHY

I'll figure it out. The guy I'm seeing, he's helping with rent and stuff. But I'll let you know.

Wyatt grabs a napkin, writes his number on it, passes it over.

WYATT

I'm serious. Text me.

TIMOTHY

(surprised, pleased)

Thanks.

He puts it in his pocket. A pause as they all sip their coffees. Somewhat awkward to raise the subject now, but -

DENISE

We're very happy to see you doing so well, but we also had a question.

TIMOTHY

(surprised, less pleased)

Oh? About what?

DENISE

Recently, some events have made us wonder if Rittenhouse is as gone as we think, after what happened to your father and Emma Whitmore. We were just curious if you knew anything about any offshoot, any splinter group, called Valkyrie Ultra?

TIMOTHY

(completely blank)

Valkyrie Ultra? Is that some kind of streaming service?

DENISE

We were hoping you could tell us.

TIMOTHY

So this isn't entirely because you really cared how I was doing after my dad died, huh?

WYATT

Your dad was -

TIMOTHY

A dick. I know. A terrible, evil, manipulative dick, to everyone, for decades. Not to sound like pity-me white boy, but it was a relief to quit the poli-sci program, so people wouldn't act like I was poison when I walked in the room. My dad had... a legacy. In Washington, even outside Rittenhouse. I'm still learning how much, and it sucks, okay? It sucks. But, like. He was my dad. He took me to see Star Wars and went to my dumb school stuff. Yeah, a lot of our relationship was about what he wanted and expected, but he wasn't a monster to me. That was never how I knew him, and to find out it's this... I don't think it's a loss that he's dead. But sometimes I miss him anyway.

WYATT

Look, my dad was an abusive piece of crap, like I said, and sometimes I miss him too. It's okay that you -

TIMOTHY

Is it true that it was your ex-wife who killed him? Jessica Logan?

Wyatt goes tense. They're friendly with Timothy, they have reason to trust him, but it suddenly impresses upon them that this is the son of one of their most dangerous enemies.

WYATT

We've been trying to piece together what happened, especially after things got... changed.

TIMOTHY

Changed how?

DENISE

That's complicated.

TIMOTHY

I'm pulling a 4.0 at Yale. I get complicated.

WYATT

We're just - we definitely want to know what happened with her, with your dad, with my daughter, and -

He screeches to a halt. Clear that he did not mean to say that, as Denise and Timothy stare at him.

DENISE

Your daughter? We talked about this,
I know it was hard, but how can -

At that, we see it starting to click behind her eyes.

DENISE

(quietly)

Jane.

Wyatt's guilty expression is all the confirmation she needs.

DENISE (CONT)

How long have you known about this?

Wyatt shoots a furtive look at Timothy, suddenly not sure that he wants to discuss this in front of him. Timothy flushes, reaches for his coffee, finishes it off.

TIMOTHY

Look, if I'm only welcome here as long as I might know something about Rittenhouse, I can take a hint.

WYATT

Come on, that's not what -

TIMOTHY

It was good to see you, really. I just have... homework. Sorry.

He gets his things and leaves the café. Wyatt and Denise sit there in recognition that that could have gone better.

WYATT

So he doesn't know anything about Valkyrie, and we made him feel like the only reason we turned up again is because we wanted information on his evil dead father. Great.

Denise glances at him. She can't disagree, but she's also not going to overlook what she's just learned.

DENISE

Jane, the mysterious time-traveling Jane, the one who caused repeated interference, is your daughter.

WYATT

"Repeated interference" is a funny way to describe helping us get our friend back, don't you think?

DENISE

How long have you known?

WYATT

I figured it out in 1951. The jump that's now a giant question mark, whether Flynn came back with us in the Lifeboat, whether you and I went to Rittenhouse HQ to rescue him, what happened to Temple before he died if he didn't have Flynn to torture -

DENISE

Have you seen her again since then?

WYATT

No.

DENISE

Does anyone else know?

WYATT

I told Flynn. In Tangier. He has - he had a daughter too. I thought he would - anyway. We've been getting along a lot better.

DENISE

I'm glad to hear it, but it's been seven months since you worked this out. It's another secret you've been keeping, and you should have -

WYATT

Should I have? Told you, told everyone? If so, I'm sorry, but there was no reason to think we'd be doing this again, and with Jessica, when she was gone and nothing was -

Frustrated, he hits his hands on the table, then pushes his chair back and gets up.

WYATT (CONT)

I gotta get back. I have an early flight, and Rufus probably could use some help anyway.

With that, he also heads out, leaving Denise by herself. Her phone buzzes, she pulls it out, and sees a text from Olivia:

Hey mom where r my converse?? Mama said u'd know. Also hope u get home soon since I think she's mad lol. K bye

A small, sad smile curls Denise's mouth.

DENISE

(to herself)

Daughters.

[COMMERCIALS]

RETURN TO:

INT. GLOBE THEATRE - AFTERNOON

The house is starting to fill up as patrons enter the Globe. Excited talk, chatter, socialization. PAN TO Lucy, Jiya, and Connor among the throng, who have managed to avoid notice by virtue of the increasing numbers. Lucy keeps looking around.

LUCY

Shouldn't Flynn be back by now?

CONNOR

Depends on how much they thought they could convince him to become a founding citizen of Jamestown?

LUCY

He wouldn't be reckless enough to actually tell someone he's a Catholic, would he?

JIYA

Flynn? Reckless? No idea what you mean.

(seeing Lucy's worry)

I don't think so, but there's plenty of other ways he could have gotten into trouble.

LUCY

Thanks.

Just then, there's a rustle at the door, heads turning. A tall, beautiful middle-aged woman in a ruff and gown sweeps through with a train of attendants: MARY SIDNEY (45).

ATTENDANT

Make way for the countess! Make way for Lady Pembroke! Make way!

Lucy's head whips around, with an expression of adoration similar to Connor's fanboying over Shakespeare earlier.

LUCY

Is that Mary Sidney?

Mary reaches the stage, as Shakespeare comes out, spots her, and embraces her warmly, kissing her on both cheeks.

SHAKESPEARE

Lady Pembroke, my dear, absolutely a delight to have you here.

MARY SIDNEY

Come now, of course I must see the new tragedy, Will.

SHAKESPEARE

I only hope it all goes aright. There
have been already a few too many
mishaps for my liking.

He glances around, as Lucy, Connor, and Jiya reflexively duck.

SHAKESPEARE (CONT)

But let us find you the finest seat.
Susanna!

He looks expectant, but his daughter does not appear. He leads
Mary off himself, as Lucy is still gazing after her.

CONNOR

Isn't Mary Sidney one of the supposed
composers of his sonnets, according
to the tedious Anti-Stratfordian
crowd? Since clearly the authorial
voice must be female if some of them
express possible homoerotic desire?

LUCY

She is so much more than that. She
hosts the Wilton Circle at her house,
it's a literary and artistic group
called a "paradise for poets." She's
the greatest female intellectual and
author of the time, she and her
brother Philip complete a
groundbreaking translation of the
Psalms, and as you can see, she is
close friends with Shakespeare. Her
book The Tragedy of Antony is his
source for Antony and Cleopatra,
which appears next year, and she
writes drama and poetry in her own
right. She's just really amazing and
nobody knows about her very much.

A pause, then -

LUCY (CONT)

(slightly squeaky)

I'll just go over and say hi.

Oh, Lucy and her meltdowns over amazing historical ladies,
never change. She starts edging through the crowded seats,
getting dirty looks, and mutters apologies.

LUCY

(reaching Mary's box)

Excuse - excuse me, Lady Pembroke?

Mary turns in surprise and disapproval. A noblewoman is not
used to being addressed by commoners at the theater.

MARY SIDNEY

(icily)

I beg your pardon?

LUCY

I'm so sorry for bothering you. I just - I wanted to tell you how much I admire your work.

MARY SIDNEY

(somewhat mollified)

Well. 'Tis kind of you. You're a lettered woman yourself?

LUCY

Yes. I just - that was all, I -

She starts trying to back up, which is easier said than done. But just then, she spots Victoria across the way, carrying a tray of fruit, oysters, nuts, and other snacks, selling to the hungry masses. As Victoria moves through the crowd, she casually pockets a trinket or a jewel, just like in Tangier.

LUCY

I - Lady Pembroke, I'm sorry, but -
(she points, lowers her voice)
If that woman comes over here, you need to be careful. She's a - I think she's a thief.

MARY SIDNEY

A thief?

This is a serious accusation, and thieves are dealt with harshly. Mary is wearing plenty of jewels, an obvious target.

MARY SIDNEY

(to her attendants)

Keep a close eye, goodmen, and should the lady be light-fingered, see to it that it's not upon me.

They nod, glaring at Victoria. Lucy ducks just in time as Victoria looks back in their direction.

ATTENDANT

If it's a thief she is, she should have her hand cut off, or be shut in the stocks and pillory.

MARY SIDNEY

Not now. I shan't have Will's opening night spoiled.

Lucy shoots a tense look at Victoria. It'll be hard to corner her, there are once again too many people around, and a scene here will be bad for everyone. Keeping low, she beetles back to Connor and Jiya, who haven't seen Victoria before.

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 -

At that moment, they're interrupted as Shakespeare strides on stage, and some of the noise dies down.

SHAKESPEARE

Gentlefolk, lords and ladies, goodmen and goodwives of London, welcome ye to the Globe Theatre, and the playing of the King's Men. Newly sprung from mine own pen and the bloody annals of Scottish history, the dread tale of Macbeth the usurper, many long years ago. A tragedy in five acts. And so -

A flourish, he exits. A dramatic pause, the curtain raises, and with a bang and puff of smoke, the three witches enter.

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.

Lucy, Connor, and Jiya are transfixed. No denying this is a special moment. Then there's a jostling at Lucy's elbow, she whips around - and to her inestimable relief, sees Flynn.

LUCY

What took you so long?

FLYNN

They thought I looked like a really good colonist, I suppose. But I checked up and down, she's not there. I don't think she ever was, so -

LUCY

We know. How did you get away?

FLYNN

Told them I was a Catholic. Then they weren't nearly so keen on me. Et tu, Brute, and all that.

Jiya and Lucy exchange a mildly exasperated look over his shoulder. Connor waggles his eyebrows.

LUCY

Are you sure that was a -

FLYNN

It was that or punch them all, wasn't it? Is Victoria here?

LUCY

Yes, she's right over there. We don't - we're not sure -

They're whispering, but it's still noticeable, and they're beginning to get evil looks and angry hisses from their neighbors. And Flynn did just say he was a Catholic.

LUCY (CONT)

We really can't talk about this now.

They shut up, turn to the play, but keep glancing around.

CUT TO:

INT. GLOBE THEATRE - EVENING

SECOND WITCH

By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes.
Open, locks, whoever knocks!

MACBETH

How now, you secret, black, and
midnight hags! What is't you do?

WITCHES

A deed without a name.

CUT TO:

INT. GLOBE THEATRE - EVENING

LADY MACBETH

Yet here's a spot.

DOCTOR

Hark! She speaks. I will set down
what comes from her, to satisfy my
remembrance the more strongly.

LADY MACBETH

Out, damned spot! Out, I say! One:
two: why, then, 'tis time to do't -

Just as Henry Condell is finally getting his big moment to shine, he is - yet again - interrupted, this time by a scuffle in the crowd. Pushing and shoving.

CROWD

A thief! - Hey, a thief! Mind you
then, she's taken a -

The actors struggle to continue, just as Lucy, Flynn, Connor, and Jiya look over and see Victoria being tackled by one of Mary Sidney's attendants. He slams her head against the floor, and several jewels spill from various pockets.

ATTENDANT

Oh, and indeed, the gentlewoman told
the truth of you, you skiving -

Victoria jerks and kicks, but can't quite break loose. The uproar has sufficiently spread to interrupt the play, Condell looking more outraged than ever.

The attendant wrenches Victoria up; her lip is split, hair hanging in her eyes. He marches her out, clearly not to give her a slap on the wrist and let her go. Flynn briefly looks like he has no idea what he's going to do, then starts wading through the crowd after her.

LUCY

Garcia? Garcia! What are you -

She makes a grab at him, but too late. Stares after him.

CONTINUE TO:

EXT. ALLEY - EVENING

The attendant tries to force Iris to her knees, draws his dagger, grabbing at her hand. She keeps fighting him.

ATTENDANT

There's a price to pay for taking
what's not yours, filthy scut, and
since you thought it'd be the
countess's own jewels -

IRIS

Get stuffed, you -

He backhands her viciously, stunning her and knocking her into the mud. She fumbles in her skirt, pulls out her gun, and points it at him. Can't decide if she should fire, when -

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 and sees Flynn, who seems equally stunned.

IRIS

You.

They stare at each other for a crackling instant. Then she turns and runs off down the alley - just as windows start to open and people shout. Flynn likewise needs to not be here.

CONTINUE TO:

INT. GLOBE THEATRE - EVENING

Looking deeply shaken, Flynn dodges back into the Globe. The whole place is now in complete confusion. Shakespeare is trying to get everyone to calm down so the play can continue. Flynn battles back toward Connor, Jiya, and Lucy.

FLYNN

So I may have just killed one of Mary Sidney's servants, and we should probably leave.

LUCY

One of Mary's - ? Where's Victoria?

FLYNN

She got away.

CONNOR

You did try to stop her, yes?

FLYNN

What - yes, of course.

LUCY

She had a man with her earlier, she might have to come back for him, or at least wait for him to catch up -

She looks around, spots the very confused and disgruntled Dr. Hart, points at him.

LUCY (CONT)

There, that's him, we -

MARY SIDNEY

My fellow, where's my serving man?

FLYNN

Yeah, I'm not so sure we need to stick around and have them find him missing an eyeball.

LUCY

Not now, it's impossible to get out of here, and we'll attract attention. We have to lie low and hope nobody noticed. Mary's servant -

JIYA

You shot him in the head?

FLYNN

He was going to hurt her.

He says this half as if he can't believe it himself, doesn't know what came over him. For her part, Lucy likes it even

less. An uneasy quiet is starting to fall, Shakespeare and Susanna trying to get people back into their seats.

CONNOR

You know, it's just occurred to me that we may be the reason this play is famously considered to be cursed.

FLYNN

You'll be lucky if you aren't the inspiration for Falstaff, Mason.

CONNOR

Ha! The Henriad tetralogy was written between 1597 and 1599, so that's impossible. Amateur.

JIYA

(to Lucy)

Do you have any idea who's winning?

Lucy tugs insistently on Flynn and Connor's sleeves, to remind them that they have more important things than their battle of wits. They hunch down, waiting to see if Victoria is going to return, nobody sure what they'll do if she does. Mary Sidney is still looking for her servant. Finally, she sits.

CUT TO:

INT. GLOBE THEATRE - EVENING

MALCOLM

Producing forth the cruel ministers of this dead butcher and his fiend-like queen, who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands, took off her life. This, and what needful else that calls upon us, by the grace of Grace, we will perform in measure, time and place. So, thanks to all at once and to each one, whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.

The end of the play, thunderous applause, the actors tromp out to take their bows. As the theater starts to empty, the team looks around, but can't see Dr. Hart.

CONNOR

Looks like our man ran off to be sure of a ride home.

JIYA

Or did she sneak back in and get him while everyone was watching the play?

Across the way, Mary Sidney is arguing with her other attendants. Shakespeare makes his way over.

SHAKESPEARE

Mary, what 'tis?

MARY SIDNEY

My serving man, the one who caught
the woman stealing and had her
outdoors, he's not come back.

SHAKESPEARE

An ill-omened opening night, though
to be glad we made at all -

Just then, he spots the team, frowns, points at Connor.

SHAKESPEARE (CONT)

That was the fellow speaking to me
earlier, and - was it not those two
ladies that ran afoul of Burbage?

He starts off, as if to fetch Burbage and have him confirm it.
Mary Sidney looks startled, then frowns at Lucy.

MARY SIDNEY

It was one of them did speak to me, I
know not what she meant by it, but -

Everyone's attention is converging unpleasantly on the team.
Flynn makes a move to put Lucy and Jiya behind him. Then -

SUSANNA

The thief? Was that the strange
Mistress Marchant? That one there did
say she was her sister. Viola.

LUCY

I didn't - well, I did, but -

SUSANNA (CONT)

Though it seemed a fib to me. She
asked me what Mistress Marchant
meant, who she was with, and whether
she was stealing. So perhaps she
meant to warn us of her villainy, not
see us fall prey to it.

SHAKESPEARE

My duckling -

SUSANNA

Leave them be, Papa.

(fiercely)

And you should appreciate my mother
more.

Shakespeare, deeply nonplussed, waves a hand, as if to say
they're free to go. Flynn glances at him, realizes who he is.
He shoos Lucy, Jiya, and Connor along, then steps up.

FLYNN

Grief fills the room up of my absent child, lies in his bed, walks up and down with me. Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words, remembers me of all his gracious parts. Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form. Then, have I reason to be fond of grief? Fare you well: had you such a loss as I, I could give better comfort than you do.

SHAKESPEARE

(startled)

You have seen my King John?

FLYNN

You could say that.

(beat)

I'm sorry about your son.

Shakespeare looks even more startled, briefly emotional. He and Flynn share a poignant, silent understanding.

SHAKESPEARE

You know it yourself, I think? The pain of losing a child?

FLYNN

Yes.

They glance at each other a moment longer, and then Flynn hurries after the others.

CUT TO:

INT. MASON-CARLIN INDUSTRIES - NIGHT

Rufus is dozing off on the console, having worked for hours, when he's jerked awake by the sound of the arriving Lifeboat. Papers blow everywhere, he grumbles and catches them.

RUFUS

Right. Paperweights.

The Lifeboat door opens, and Connor, Flynn, Lucy, and Jiya climb out, still in their Shakespearean duds.

RUFUS

(relieved)

How did ye olde Romeo and Juliet go, or whatever?

CONNOR

Actually, Macbeth, and not at all without unfortunate developments, but we're in one piece. More or less. And I met William Shakespeare.

RUFUS

So you can die happy now?

(not waiting for an answer)

Anyway, I've parsed a metric crapload of quantum data, and it looks like the Mothership has made a couple different visits to Paris. In this year, not in the past. The last one was just about a week ago, right after we got back from Tangier.

LUCY

Do you think that means something?

RUFUS

I don't know. Maybe Victoria just really likes croissants and getting stared at judgmentally. But if we're looking for patterns, anything to start working on, where she's basing out of, it's better than nothing.

FLYNN

I'll look into it.

Everyone glances at him, slightly surprised by the speed of this volunteering. He tips a one-shouldered shrug.

FLYNN (CONT)

I have been traveling. Haven't even unpacked my suitcase yet. I'll wait until Denise and Wyatt get back, to be sure you aren't down a soldier. Besides, I know Paris, ran several ops out of there before - all this.

LUCY

Should I go with you? I just - I speak French, so if you needed a -

FLYNN

Lucy, you know I speak seven languages, right?

LUCY

Yes. Of course.

An awkward pause. Then -

CONNOR

Well, glad that's settled. I'm heading home myself, I also have to fly out for the EIT conference in Budapest. Ta, all.

As he, Rufus, and Jiya leave, Lucy runs after Flynn.

LUCY

Are you still mad at me? For -
everything. What happened in 1775,
finding out that I was
Rittenhouse's... Rittenhouse's heir.

Flynn stops, surprised. He considers what to say.

FLYNN

No. No, I forgave you for that, a
long time ago.

LUCY

Then what is it? Please. Please tell
me what's wrong.

Her voice is cracking. We've rarely seen her this vulnerable,
and Flynn looks back at her a little helplessly.

FLYNN

Nothing's wrong. I've had a lot on my
mind, that's all. I'm sure you have
too.

LUCY

I just want to know if you're all
right. You don't have to say anything
else. Not if you don't want to.

Flynn considers, with a deeply soft, raw, tender look. Then he
crosses to her, takes her by the arms, and kisses her quickly
on the forehead. Steps back, turns away.

FLYNN

Good night, Lucy.

And with that, and one more glance at her, he goes.

FADE TO BLACK.

END CREDITS.

NEXT WEEK ON TIMELESS...

TIMELESS 4X03: "THE GLASS UNIVERSE"

WYATT

Where's Lucy?

JIYA

We told her to take a few days off
and rest after the Shakespeare trip.
She's been having a bit of a hard
time recently.

WYATT

Flynn go with her?

RUFUS

No, he went to Paris. Turns out Victoria made a couple trips there in this year, we don't know why.

WYATT

No Flynn, no Lucy, they're our historians. Any of us really feel confident in taking on -

(he checks the screen)

December 5, 1918, in Cambridge, Massachusetts, without them?

CUT TO:

The team turns a corner, arrive in front of a handsome brick building, with an observatory dome open to reveal a telescope. Brass lettering reads HARVARD COLLEGE OBSERVATORY.

RUFUS

Hold on, if this is what I think, I've definitely heard of these people. They're a big deal in astrophysics. The Harvard system for classifying stars is foundational, and they're all -

JIYA

Women. Yes. Annie Jump Cannon, Henrietta Swan Leavitt, Williamina Fleming, Antonia Maury, Ida E. Woods, Cecilia Payne - they're some of my science heroines.

CUT TO:

IRIS

You're at Harvard to give money to Rittenhouse? Is that it?

ELIZABETH

Miss, take the pocketbook, there's plenty of cash in it - please don't hurt me, I just want to get home to my daughter -

IRIS

I don't want your money, I want to know what you were doing at Harvard!

CUT TO:

LUCY

Victoria - Miss Marchant, please don't hurt her, she's not -

JIYA

Come on, we're not fans of
Rittenhouse either, we're really not.
But you're not going to -

IRIS

(screaming)

RITTENHOUSE KILLED MY MOTHER!

CUT TO:

FLYNN

Excusez-moi. Bonsoir.
(Excuse me. Good evening.)

RECEPTIONIST

(not looking up)

Avez-vous un rendezvous?
(Do you have an appointment?)

FLYNN

Non, seulement un petit question.
Monsieur Tompkins, est-il - ?
*(No, only a small question. Mr.
Tompkins, is he - ?)*

CUT TO:

RUFUS

Okay, let's get going. I think we're
going to have a lot to talk about
when we get home.

WYATT

Yeah, I have a funny feeling we will.

FADE TO BLACK...