



TIMELESS

"CODENAME PAULINE"

Episode 4x04

Written by qqueenofhades

Translation by oldshrewsburyian

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FADE IN.

FLYNN (V/O)

Previously on TIMELESS...

1x04: The team in 1944 Germany, Castle Varlar, Flynn's "do you think I sleep at night?" line, Wyatt mentioning that his grandfather is an American GI near here. 1x15: Lucy and Rufus refusing to kill Maria Tompkins and attacking the Rittenhouse goon. 1x16: Lucy meeting her grandfather Ethan Cahill and arranging for him to spy on Rittenhouse over decades, Lucy and Wyatt visiting old Ethan in the nursing home. 3x08: Emma killing Benjamin Cahill in jail. 3x13: Jessica killing Temple. 4x01: The revelation of Victoria/Iris. 4x02: Flynn saving her outside the Globe. 4x03: Iris' reprimand by the Valkyrie higher-ups, Lucy meeting Elizabeth Keynes, the alley scene with Iris, Elizabeth, Lucy, and Jiya, "RITTENHOUSE KILLED MY MOTHER." Flynn's visit to Paris and discovery of Gabriel Tompkins, and Cecilia Payne's suggestion that the Mothership is coming from the year 2042. Finally, Iris being unable to buy groceries, leaving into the night, as we fade to black...

OPEN ON:

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING BASEMENT - DAY

A flashlight clicks off, a card beeps, and a federal archivist opens a door, showing Lucy into a windowless basement room filled with grey shelves, file boxes, buzzing lights.

ARCHIVIST

The Cahill collection is in here, Dr. Preston. No ink, no pictures, no photocopies, no phones. I'll be back at closing time.

LUCY

Thank you.

She steps inside as the door shuts behind her. She looks at all the boxes, the evidence that Ethan Cahill collected on Rittenhouse over many years. Lucy moves to a computer terminal, swipes her visitor's badge, waits as it powers up. She types MARCHANT into the search engine. 0 results.

Lucy tries a few more combos, still nothing. Realizes that she's going to have to do this by hand. Pushes back her chair and goes to the boxes that begin with the letter M. Carries the first one to the table, opens it, gets to work.

CUT TO:

INT. NURSING HOME - MORNING

Lucy sits across from ETHAN CAHILL, who has declined quite a bit since we last saw him in the Season 1 finale. He has a

blanket over his lap where he sits in his wheelchair, old and frail, and it takes him a moment to speak.

ETHAN

It's good to see you, my dear. It's -
it's been a while.

LUCY

I'm sorry I haven't been able to
visit. I've been - busy. Gone.

(beat)

Defeating Rittenhouse. Or at least so
I thought.

At that, Ethan lifts his head, looks at her a little sharply.

ETHAN

(not quite a question)

Have you.

LUCY

I don't know. I just -

She bites her lip, scoots forward, and tucks the blanket up.

LUCY (CONT)

How have you been?

Ethan takes a moment to think about that. Briefly unsure how
to answer. Then all at once -

ETHAN

Did you know Benjamin's dead?

LUCY

What?

To say the least, she does not have fond memories of her
biological father, but this is still startling.

ETHAN

Murdered in prison. You know that?
Shot in the head. They came here a
while back, they told me that. The
nurses didn't think they should
distress me, said I was an old man
and didn't need to hear the gruesome
details about what happened to my
son. But I made them.

Lucy opens her mouth and shuts it. Half-starts to ask who did
it, then realizes she doesn't need to.

LUCY

If it's any comfort to you, his
killer - Emma - is also dead now.

ETHAN

Comfort. I'm not sure that's how I'd put it. It's a terrible, terrible thing, among all the other terrible things Rittenhouse has done, to make a father's first, split-second reaction on hearing that be relief.

He shakes his head, as a silent tear runs down his wrinkled cheek. Lucy dabs it away, somewhat emotional herself, but for different reasons.

LUCY

The other day. In - in 1918. I met my great-grandmother, on my mother's side. Elizabeth Keynes. It... wasn't what I expected. I wish it was as simple as just hating every member of our family who's been in it, who's done this to us.

ETHAN

1918? So you're still in this dirty job?

LUCY

I was out of it. For a while. But I had to go back.

ETHAN

That's a crying shame. A young lady like you, you should be living your life. Looking to the future. Not stuck in the past. Speaking of which, what happened to the young man who came here with you the last time?

LUCY

Wyatt and I... didn't work out.

ETHAN

I'm sorry. I won't try to tell you what to do. I just hope you get a chance to be happy.

LUCY

Me too.

(beat)

Grandpa, in all your decades of collecting information on Rittenhouse, did you ever hear about a Marchant family? A woman whose mother or mother-in-law was an engineer, and who had a daughter

named Victoria? Who was - who was murdered by them?

ETHAN

Can't be sure. Memory's not what it was. But I don't think so. Why?

LUCY

Because I want to find out who she was. I want to help her daughter. I went to the archive collection with your evidence yesterday, just in case, and searched it all, but I didn't come up with anything.

ETHAN

Nobody I know of. I'm sorry.

LUCY

It's all right.

(half to herself)

I'm starting to wonder if Victoria Marchant is even her real name.

ETHAN

What was that?

LUCY

Nothing.

ETHAN

Why's she matter to you?

LUCY

Maybe I just think that if I can figure out what Rittenhouse did to her family, if I can give her peace, I can find some measure of it for me. It always comes back to this, somehow. To them, to us. Whatever it is, she blames me for it. I'm still not sure that she's wrong.

ETHAN

Hogwash.

Lucy smiles, but it doesn't reach her eyes.

LUCY

Thanks, Grandpa.

She gets up, tidies his blanket again, hands him his book from the table, and bends to kiss his cheek.

LUCY (CONT)

It really was good to see you. I'll try to visit more often, now that I'm back. But I need to get to work.

Ethan eyes her with the same kind of sad smile.

ETHAN

Don't mind me. You take care of yourself.

Lucy nods, smiles at him once more, and leaves. Ethan sits there for a long moment, then closes his eyes, a look of weariness and grief on his face.

CUT TO:

INT. MASON-CARLIN INDUSTRIES - MORNING

Lucy walks down the corridor to what is swiftly becoming the team's new HQ. As she steps out into the control room, she spots Denise, talking low-voiced on her phone, in what sounds like an argument. Lucy stalls, not wanting to walk into this, but Denise senses her presence, hangs up quickly, turns around. She looks relatively normal, but her eyes are red.

DENISE

Ah, Lucy. Good morning.

LUCY

Is - I hate to pry, I just - is everything all right?

DENISE

Everything's fine. Michelle's just not - anyway, we're working on it. Arguments happen. How are you? I've been catching up on everything from the 1918 jump, and I heard you got knocked around.

LUCY

It's fine. I went to the doctor, I don't have a concussion. Just a bit of a goose egg.

DENISE

Victoria Marchant seems to be getting more dangerous. We haven't been treating her with the same intensity as Rittenhouse, and I can't help but worry that it's going to cost us. Jiya said that when you two were in the alley with her, there was pushing and shoving, shooting. That she was prepared to do something -

LUCY

Did Jiya tell you what else she said? About Rittenhouse killing her mother?

DENISE

Yes, but I'm not willing to make excuses for everyone who feels entitled to do what they want to the rest of us because of that. We've all lost things, memories, loved ones, years of our lives to Rittenhouse by now. We're not running amok.

LUCY

She's not running amok. She's doing something, some kind of job, getting things. It's not the wrecking ball through history, it's not -

DENISE

Be that as it may, it doesn't mean she can just take whatever she -

It's not exactly an argument, but voices are rising. At that moment, they are interrupted by a tired, grumpy, jet-lagged Flynn rolling in. Lucy's face briefly collapses in relief.

FLYNN

(reaching them)

I swear, traffic from SFO has somehow gotten even worse. And my damn Uber driver wouldn't shut up. I've never empathized with Sartre more.

DENISE

Good morning to you too, Garcia. Grab some coffee, take ten, then come debrief me on how Paris went. I'll be in my office.

She heads off, leaving Lucy and Flynn together. It's the first time they've seen each other since returning from London in 4x02, and to say the least, a lot has happened on both ends. They look at each other shyly, then away.

LUCY

(to keep the conversation going)
Yeah, the traffic was pretty terrible when I drove over too.

FLYNN

From your place?

LUCY

No, from the nursing home. I went to see my grandfather, Ethan Cahill. You'll remember him.

FLYNN

Indeed. What for?

Lucy has no idea if she should get into the weeds of this possible Rittenhouse connection, and she's more threatened than she wants to admit by Flynn's inexplicable draw to Victoria. But Flynn knows her very well, and frowns.

FLYNN (CONT)

Hey. Lucy. Are you all right? Did something happen on the jump? Connor texted me, said you'd gone to - 1918?

LUCY

Yes, we did. Harvard College Observatory. I think Rufus and Jiya had a wonderful time, actually.

FLYNN

But you didn't?

LUCY

I'm still trying to take it in. Everything that happened.

Surprising her greatly - and almost making her crack - Flynn reaches out and catches hold of her hand.

FLYNN

Hey. I'm sorry I've been so off the grid and out of touch. It's a hard habit to break. But if you ever wanted to get a drink somewhere that wasn't a godforsaken apocalypse bunker and talk to me again -

At that moment, it dawns on him that this might, heaven forbid, qualify as asking her on a real date. He screeches to a halt, short-circuits.

FLYNN

I just - I mean - you don't have to - it wouldn't be anything weird, just what we used to -

LUCY

I'd really like that.

Flynn flushes, has trouble meeting her eyes. He realizes he's still holding her hand, searches for a casual way to drop it - Just then, possibly to his relief for the very first time in his life, the jump alarm goes off.

FLYNN

(gallows humor)

I guess telling Denise about Paris is going to have to wait.

TIMELESS MAIN TITLE - 06101944

RETURN TO:

EXT. NORMANDY BEACHES - DAY

CAPTION: JUNE 10, 1944

OMAHA BEACH, NORMANDY, FRANCE

Quick shot of OMAHA BEACH, covered in wreckage, detritus, corpses, and other remnants of the D-Day landings, some of which are still ongoing as the Allies continue to bring men and material ashore. Distant, sporadic bursts of machine-gun fire. PAN UP the bluffs to where two teenage boys are taking eager pictures with their super-fancy 2042 smartphones. These are JASPER (19) and HARLOW (17) LEWIS, rich white kids and Valkyrie customers on the trip of a lifetime. Iris stands behind them in an Allied nurses' uniform, clearly not happy.

IRIS

Stay back from the edge. This isn't some fancy wargame sim or ReaLife feed. This is the active middle of actual World War II, and you're not getting any do-overs if you get shot.

HARLOW

(still taking pictures)
Yeah, whatever.

JASPER

Dude. Don't be a dick. We'll be careful, Miss Marchant. Honest.

It's not clear if he's actually more responsible or if he has a bit of a crush on her, but Iris will take what she can get.

IRIS

(running through a spiel)
You and your parents have all signed a waiver, so anything that happens to you at any point in this authentic immersive experience or AIE is not, nor can it be legally construed as, the fault of Valkyrie Ultra or its licensed operators in any shape or form. The element of risk is unavoidable and can be minimized by careful attention to all verbal, written, or scanned safety information, and all reasonable -

HARLOW

No way! That guy just got, like, totally nailed.

Iris closes her eyes, breathes in through her nose, out through her mouth. Puts on the painfully perky customer service voice known to retail workers everywhere.

IRIS

So, are you ready to start your Authentic 1944 D-Day Experience?

JASPER

Sure am. It's just like that old movie, Saving Private Ryan.

HARLOW

Hell yeah, let's get going. We can take more pictures, right?

IRIS

(dropping the perkiness)

Be my guest. But if someone catches you, not Valkyrie's fault if your phone gets smashed, or worse. If I tell you we're pulling the plug, we're pulling the plug. You do what I say, when I say it. Or we're going back right now, and you can file all the complaints you want. Got it?

Struck by the ice-cold seriousness in her tone, the boys put away their phones, straighten up, nod.

JASPER

Yes, ma'am.

HARLOW

Yes, ma'am.

IRIS

Good. Fine. Let's get moving.

She very much does not think it's a good idea to take tourists into this, resents being forced into the role of babysitter, and is having serious misgivings. But the boys are here, and she can't really afford more trouble with Valkyrie right now.

IRIS (CONT)

This way.

She looks around warily to be sure that the guns have stopped, beckons them to keep low, and they follow her into the underbrush and out of sight.

[COMMERCIALS]

RETURN TO:

EXT. NORMANDY FOREST - DAY

A deserted glade, which fills with a familiar whining and revving, and an instant later, the Lifeboat flashes into

existence, lands. The door opens, and Rufus, Wyatt, Flynn, and Lucy get out, Flynn stopping to help Lucy down.

RUFUS

Well, I don't recall enjoying our last visit to 1944 all that much, so I'm hoping this one goes fast.

WYATT

(threatening to fanboy)
At least we might get another Bond movie named after us?

RUFUS

(to Flynn)
No playing with Nazis and rockets this time, right, buddy?

FLYNN

I assure you. Not on the agenda.

They look around warily. The woods appear deserted, but they're in the middle of one of the biggest military operations in history, and things could go south fast.

WYATT

What could you steal from here? Some kind of wreckage from a landing boat, or a dog tag, or - ?

FLYNN

Assuming she's still here to steal things.

WYATT

You think we should go down to the beaches? Either way, we gotta find some uniforms, we can't be walking around like clueless tourists.

FLYNN

I'd prefer to stay as far away from the beaches as possible, but if we head inland, the German positions will get stronger. Actually, it might be safest if -

(he glances at Rufus)

What would you say if I did in fact play with Nazis again? Briefly?

RUFUS

I'm not sure I like this plan.

LUCY

Wait, are you planning to pose as a German officer? And say that we're your prisoners?

WYATT

Okay, I definitely do not like this plan.

LUCY

If we meet Allied soldiers, that will get you shot, won't it?

FLYNN

One thing at a time.

They advance carefully through the woods, Wyatt and Flynn with guns drawn. However, Flynn and Lucy have forgotten to let go of each other's hand, and when they reach a clearing, peering down into a half-destroyed village, they do so, abashed.

WYATT

Can't see anybody, but no way we just stroll down there.

RUFUS

Yeah, I've seen the movies. Village equals bell tower equals sniper equals certain death.

FLYNN

(to Lucy and Rufus)

You two wait here, stay low, do not make any noise. I'll find another one when I get down there, so -

He hands Lucy his gun, which she accepts with surprise. She and Rufus take cover behind a large fallen log as Flynn and Wyatt vanish into the trees.

RUFUS

(after a long pause)

So, realizing that this isn't the time, but since we have nothing to do apart from wait here and not die, you and Flynn? Is that finally happening?

LUCY

What? No. Not really. I mean - I don't - I - not exactly.

RUFUS

Look, I'm a neutral party on you three and... whatever that whole thing is. Too much drama. But I thought you were going that way.

LUCY

I don't know. He kind of asked me on a date earlier, and I said I wanted to, but now I'm not sure I should -

RUFUS

Why not?

LUCY

Because I can't do that, I can't ruin everything again. Wyatt and I rushed into things and then they blew up and Jessica came back and it was so much unnecessary stress for me, for you and Jiya, for everyone. I don't want to jump into another relationship with someone on the team, not while this is going on, when we don't -

RUFUS

Going to get a drink or whatever isn't exactly jumping into things.

LUCY

I do want to talk to him. I've been trying since he got back.

RUFUS

So go talk to him.

LUCY

I just -

RUFUS

(quietly)

You're afraid it'll be taken from you anyway. That it doesn't matter how careful you are, whatever you do, you'll just lose it, because that's all that ever happens.

LUCY

I... yes.

RUFUS

I've felt like that ever since I came back to life, you know. It scares me constantly. Whenever I have to go on one of these trips, I'm terrified that this is when my borrowed time runs out, and boom, dead again. I don't know that I'm ever going to not be afraid. But I'm trying to be here anyway, to do this. And to remind myself that if I fought for anything, it's the right to enjoy my life, and still feel like I get to have one. So go have a drink. It doesn't have to be anything else. When we get out of friggin' WWII, that is.

Lucy looks at him, smiles tremulously. They reach out and briefly hold hands.

LUCY

Last time we were here, Wyatt told me to figure out what I was fighting for, and I - I think you have.

RUFUS

I try.

They look for any sign of Flynn and Wyatt returning - or things going badly in the village, though there haven't been any gunshots - but just then, they hear footsteps in the woods, coming closer quickly. They look at each other, then dive under the log, holding still.

Boots crunch through the bracken. We follow them at foot level to just a few yards away from the log, where they stop. A tight shot of Lucy and Rufus's POV: they can't tell if these are Allied or German soldiers.

VOICE

Who's there?

It speaks British English - and more surprisingly, it's a woman. The log is pushed away, and Lucy and Rufus come face to face with four men in an assortment of scruffy clothes and a striking woman in a blazer, skirt, muddy boots, and beret. She is clearly the leader. All of them are pointing well-used rifles at Lucy and Rufus, who hastily raise their hands.

WOMAN

Do you speak English? Parlez-vous Français, sprechen Sie Deutsch?

LUCY

English, English. Don't shoot.

WOMAN

What are you doing out here? Get up.

Lucy and Rufus scramble to their feet, not sure if this is rescue, and obviously not wanting to be separated from Flynn and Wyatt. But as they glance down to the village, clearly hinting there are more of them down there, the woman raises a fist, beckoning to her companions.

WOMAN

Rechercher le village.
(*Search the village.*)

Two men split off and descend the hill, as the other two tie Lucy and Rufus's hands.

RUFUS

Hang on, we're Americans, we -

He hopes this isn't the wrong thing to say, but it doesn't make any difference. The men finish tying them up, take Flynn's gun from Lucy, and the woman motions to keep going. With no more ado, Lucy and Rufus are bundled off as prisoners.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Iris is leading Jasper and Harlow, who are beginning to get a little tired. It's hot, sticky, and still, and right now, there's a distinct lack of explosions.

HARLOW

Can we stop? I want a drink.

IRIS

Your water bottle is in your pack.

Nonetheless, she stops long enough for the boys to gulp down some water. Glances around. The woods are far from peaceful, and she can hear machine gun fire again.

JASPER

I thought the landings were all on the 6th, why's there still stuff happening?

IRIS

The five beaches aren't linked up until the 12th of June, and the Allies don't get even as far south as Caen until July. This is four days after one of the biggest invasions of all time, and you're surprised it's not a theme park?

JASPER

Can we go see the church at Colleville-sur-Mer? The one that got its tower blown off?

IRIS

That's three miles from here, riddled with landmines, barbed wire, machine-gun nests, and battery positions.

JASPER

I'm good, really. Harlow?

HARLOW

Sure, we can see the church, but I was really hoping there'd be a -

What he was hoping, we don't find out. There's a burst of gunfire very near at hand, and Iris shoves the boys flat, just in time to see a band of American soldiers run out of the

trees, firing back at unseen Germans. They're carrying a badly wounded comrade, and one of them spots Iris.

GI

(frantically)

Nurse! NURSE!

Iris hesitates. After all, she isn't actually a nurse, there's heavy fire pinging through the trees, and she doesn't want to get separated from her charges.

GI

NURSE! PLEASE!

Iris comes to a decision, shoots a searing look at the boys warning them to stay where they are, and runs out into the fire, ducking as bullets zing over her head. Jasper and Harlow exchange awed looks, take out their phones, start filming.

Iris throws herself to her knees next to the injured soldier, takes immediate charge. Grabs the first-aid kit, finds the wound, improvises a dressing, gets the bleeding under control. It's hella competent. We're a little in love. So is Jasper.

JASPER

Oh my god, she's amazing.

A few more shots ring through the woods, then stop as the other soldiers kill or chase off the Germans. The wounded GI groans, as Iris tries to assess if she can sew up his injury. There's a lot of blood on her skirt and her hands already.

IRIS

Come on, come on.

She decides to risk it, threads a needle, starts working on it. She finally pulls the stitches tight, ties it off, rolls on a semi-clean bandage.

IRIS

Good job, soldier.

She turns to the GI who shouted for her in the first place, who's clearly in command of the platoon. A young blond man, slight southern drawl, an All-American look.

IRIS

I think that's all I can do for him.

GI

Thank you, ma'am. Thank you truly.
Where are you from?

IRIS

San Francisco.

GI

Odessa, Texas. Staff Sergeant William Logan, Bill Logan. What's your name?

IRIS

Victoria Marchant.

BILL

Miss Marchant, my thanks again. You attached to a regiment?

IRIS

Not right now.

BILL

Not safe for you to be out in the woods by yourself, and we got a lot of injured men back at Saint-Lô. How about you come with us, ma'am?

IRIS

Wait, I've got -

She beckons at Jasper and Harlow.

BILL

Men! Get over here, let's move it!

The brothers get to their feet, hastily stuffing their phones away, but not before Staff Sgt. BILL LOGAN (25) - who we realize must be Wyatt's grandfather - notices.

BILL

What are those? Some kind of spy radar? Give them here.

JASPER

Just, uh, just communications.

BILL

When I give an order, you obey, and you say yes, sir. You're Americans?

He checks the insignia on their fancy replica uniforms, which are both for the 101st Airborne.

BILL (CONT)

No way you two pissants are Screaming Eagles. Ma'am, you sure they're - ?

IRIS

They're brothers, Jasper and Harlow Lewis. They're with me, they're just - they're just not very -

BILL

We'll see about that. All three of you, you're coming with me.

As the wounded soldier is hauled up, Iris, Jasper, and Harlow likewise find themselves encircled by captors and marched off. Something falls from Iris's pocket. We focus on it in the blood-stained grass: a small piece of tech, labeled VALKYRIE.

CUT TO:

EXT. VILLAGE - AFTERNOON

Flynn and Wyatt have had to search for uniforms and guns, away from the others longer than they like. Flynn is now wearing a German officer's uniform and Wyatt an American soldier's uniform. Probably better not to ask where they got them.

WYATT

You know, now this makes no sense.
Why the hell would we be traveling
with each other?

FLYNN

We run into Germans, I pretend you're
my prisoner. We run into Americans -
well, I'll hide and you bluff.

Wyatt raises both eyebrows, but as they turn back to where they left Lucy and Rufus, twigs crack behind them. Flynn grabs Wyatt and throws them both flat, just in time.

WYATT

(as gunshots rattle overhead)
They shooting at you or me?!

FLYNN

I didn't stop to check before saving
your ass, you're welcome!

It's hard to tell, they can't see, and the only way to be sure is to stand up, which is obviously a bad idea. They have no choice. After a brief but intense firefight, Flynn and Wyatt's long training as soldiers wins out, as they each take down one of the two shooters. A few tense moments before they break cover and hurry to the bodies. We recognize them as the two men that Lucy and Rufus's captor sent to search the village.

WYATT

What the - ? Don't look like Allies
or Nazis.

FLYNN

(grimly)

Maquis.

WYATT

What?

FLYNN

Maquisards. Roving bands of French
Résistance guerillas. So they
probably were shooting at me.

WYATT

In other words, we just killed some
good guys. Crap.

FLYNN

The Résistance is active in Normandy for months before D-Day. Blowing up railroads and bridges, cutting communication lines, sabotaging German troop movements, to make sure nothing can get back to the Vichy regime in occupied Paris, and no reinforcements can get in. The maquis are tough and they're ruthless. They have to be. And they don't suffer fools or collaborators lightly.

It occurs to them that these two men probably weren't out on their own. Leaving the bodies behind, Flynn and Wyatt break into a run. It's a way back to the log - which, when they get there, contains no trace of Lucy and Rufus.

WYATT

Oh no.

Flynn doesn't answer. He looks briefly as if his knees are about to give out, before he snaps back into action.

FLYNN

We shouldn't have left them alone.

WYATT

You think the Résistance has them?

FLYNN

Better than the Nazis, but possibly not by much, if they can't explain themselves.

WYATT

We gotta find them.

FLYNN

Not likely we do that before dark, even if we're lucky enough to pick up a trail. These woods are crawling with soldiers who will hate either you or me, but playing both sides is the best chance we have. And we're still going to need help. No way we make it behind the lines otherwise.

WYATT

And what, someone's just going to be willing to do that?

FLYNN

Come on.

Both wearing expressions of steely determination, they take a deep breath and set off into the forbidding woods.

[COMMERCIALS]

RETURN TO:

EXT. MAQUIS CAMP - DUSK

Lucy and Rufus are marched down into a makeshift camp hidden among the trees, in a mossy ravine, numbering about forty men. They're badly armed and under-equipped, raggedly dressed, but they all spring to attention as their leader passes. She raises a hand for a halt, then turns to her prisoners.

WOMAN

Who are you and what are you doing here?

LUCY

We're Americans. We're on the same side. We just -

At that, she struggles for a remotely plausible explanation as to what they're doing in the middle of a warzone, mostly unarmed, dressed in their 21st-century clothes.

LUCY (CONT)

I'm Lucy, that's Rufus. We're with friends, soldiers. Two men, Garcia Flynn and Wyatt Logan. If you find them, please don't hurt them.

WOMAN

That depends.

(after a long pause)

You can call me Pauline. I'm in charge here.

LUCY

Yes, ma'am.

PAULINE

Once again, what are you doing here? You don't look like bounty hunters, but then -

RUFUS

No, no, definitely not bounty hunters. Why would we be bounty hunters?

PAULINE

(testing their reaction)

Because there's a price of one million Reichsmarks on my head.

RUFUS

One million - ? Wow. The Nazis must really hate you. Good job.

At that, wheels turn behind Lucy's eyes. Then -

LUCY

(blurting it out)

Oh my god. Pearl Witherington?

She possibly should not have said this aloud while they can't prove who they are or what they're doing there. One of the maquis lunges at Lucy, grabbing her and holding a knife to her throat, as Rufus yells, diving for a stick.

RUFUS

HEY! LET HER GO!

MAQUIS

How you know this?! Eh!?

LUCY

(squeaking, terrified)

I'm sorry! I'm sorry!

Pauline - PEARL WITHERINGTON (30) - makes a gesture, and the maquis lets go of Lucy, dropping her in the dirt. Rufus rushes to her, puts a protective arm around her, glares stoutly.

PEARL WITHERINGTON

How do you know my name?

LUCY

(thinking very fast)

Diane sent me. Diane and Cuthbert.
From Operation Jedburgh. We're
members of her team.

Rufus quickly attempts to look as if he knows what this is.

LUCY (CONT)

We were sent out for reconnaissance,
and we got separated from the others.
I know we look odd, we've just - not
had many supplies. We've had to
scavenge, make do.

Pearl studies them, hands on hips, face unreadable. Hard to tell if she's buying this. Then an aside, to one of her men:

PEARL WITHERINGTON

Trouvez-leur quelques vêtements.
(*Find them some clothes.*)

The maquis hurries off. Pearl paces a slow circle around Lucy and Rufus, still eyeing them warily.

PEARL WITHERINGTON

Where is Diane now?

LUCY

She was smuggled into Brittany in
March. She traveled to central France
to alert local operatives, but

returned to Normandy in preparation for the landings.

PEARL WITHERINGTON

And how is dear Cuthbert?

LUCY

Very wooden, as ever.

Pearl snorts a reluctant laugh. Whatever Lucy said, it seems to have briefly allayed her suspicions, and Lucy and Rufus are allowed to take the clothes when the maquis returns.

As they're changing on opposite sides of a tree in the dark -

RUFUS

(whispering urgently)

Who are these people? Who's she? Are they going to kill us?

LUCY

I don't think so, but I can't be sure. That's Pearl Witherington, one of the best secret agents and French Résistance commanders of the entire war. She enrolled in the British Special Operations Executive in 1943 and was called the best shot the service had ever seen. She's been working as a secret agent, mostly in central France, since then. She leads up to 1,500 guerrilla fighters, has a million-mark bounty on her head, helps kill over 1,000 German soldiers, and presides over the surrender of 18,000 more. Then she gets turned down for the Military Cross or most major decorations because she's a woman. She dies in 2008, at the age of 93, with only the Legion d'honneur and a CBE.

RUFUS

Sheesh, so she is literally real-life Wonder Woman. What about Diane?

LUCY

That's Virginia Hall. She's another spy and secret agent, American, but also works with British military intelligence. The Gestapo considered her to be the most dangerous of all Allied spies, period.

RUFUS

And Cuthbert?

LUCY

Cuthbert's her wooden leg. She was an amputee before the war even started, so she outruns and outwits the Nazis on one good foot. There's also Nancy Wake, another female SOE agent, who fights with the maquis groups in the Auvergne, kills a SS officer with her bare hands, and dies at age 98.

RUFUS

Geez, what have I done with my life?

LUCY

You've done plenty.

Now changed, they glance at the woods. Nothing moves. It's a bad idea to run away, and for now, they're safer here.

RUFUS

Flynn and Wyatt are definitely looking for us, right?

LUCY

I'm sure they are. Now I just have to bluff long enough for them to get here.

Rufus looks at her, but doesn't say anything. After a moment, they turn and head back toward the camp, not without final looks over their shoulders.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

The sound of heavy boots tramping across the forest floor. A flashlight beam falls on the small silver thing that Iris dropped earlier, and a hand picks it up. It belongs to a German soldier, who examines it, then frowns deeply.

GERMAN SOLDIER

(shouting)

Herr Hauptmann!

(Captain, sir!)

His commanding officer moves over, takes it from him.

GERMAN CAPTAIN

Was haben Sie da, soldat?

(What do you have there, soldier?)

GERMAN SOLDIER

Scheint ein Gerät zu sein. Es steht Walküre draufgeschrieben.

(It seems to be some kind of strange device. It has the word Valkyrie written on it.)

The German captain looks startled, and deeply suspicious. He turns it over in his hand, then:

GERMAN CAPTAIN

Es gibt eine Komplott gegen den
Führer, die seine Sicherheit bedroht
und diesen Namen trägt.

*(There is a plot against the Führer
that threatens his safety and bears
this name.)*

He looks up at his men, crushes the item in his fist.

GERMAN CAPTAIN

In diesen Wäldern gibt es Verräter.
Sie werdet ihnen finden und
umbringen. Keine Gnade.

*(There are traitors in these woods.
You will find them and kill them. No
mercy.)*

At once, double-quick, his men disperse into the darkness.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Flynn and Wyatt tramp through the underbrush as quietly as they can. Distant lights flare, bombers cruising overhead, thuds, gunshots, and explosions. Both of them are trying not to think about what might have happened to Lucy and Rufus.

They reach a wooded dell with a small farmhouse at the end. Some clothes are hung out on a line, an incongruous sight in the middle of a war. Flynn spots it. He breaks into a jog, reaches the door, and remembers that he's wearing a German uniform. He beckons for Wyatt, who looks nonplussed.

WYATT

What, you want me to handle this?

FLYNN

Just knock and see who comes out.

Wyatt looks as if this may be an amusing plot to get him killed, but sighs, as Flynn dodges out of sight, and knocks.

A few moments, then the door is opened by a small woman, dark-haired, dark-eyed, British-Indian: NOOR INAYAT KHAN (30). She is an extremely incongruous person to meet out here, and Wyatt blinks, trying not to look too obviously at Flynn.

WYATT

Uh, evening, ma'am, sorry for
disturbing you. I'm Sergeant Logan, I
was - wondering if you could help us?

NOOR INAYAT KHAN

I'm sorry, who are - how did you - ?

WYATT

(realizing he needs help)
Hold on. I've got a friend with me,
and he's actually wearing a Nazi
uniform, but I promise, he's on our
side. He's just gonna step out here
and explain what we're doing.

NOOR INAYAT KHAN

What is this - ? I don't know what
you're talking about, I've never -

She looks justifiably set to slam the door, but Wyatt sticks
his foot in, grimacing, to prevent her from doing so. He holds
up both hands, nods at Flynn, who moves out, also with hands
up. Noor sucks in her breath at the sight.

FLYNN

Easy. Easy. Not here to hurt you. Are
you Nora Baker?

Noor looks terrified, struggling to think if this is a trap.
She glances between them, trying to make sense of their
disparate uniforms, their random midnight appearance. One
wrong move, any miscalculation, and she's dead.

NOOR INAYAT KHAN

Did you desert from the Germans?

FLYNN

I never was one, but I've helped them
in the past, and I have to pay that
price. We hope that you can help us.
Can we come in?

Noor considers them, eyes flickering back and forth. She's a
woman alone at night, they're two large men.

FLYNN

(trying to put her at ease)
I'm looking for my wife, ma'am,
that's all. I would very much like to
find her.

Wyatt glances sidelong at him, but doesn't say anything. Noor
hesitates, then finally steps back far enough to let them into
her small cottage. She moves to throw a blanket over a
wireless setup in the corner, as Flynn holds up a hand.

FLYNN

We might need that.

NOOR INAYAT KHAN

Who are you?

FLYNN

We're friends, I promise. And we know
you're the best at what you're doing.

That will have to be enough. Is there any chance you can send a message out to the nearby maquis groups, and see if any of them are holding a woman and a black man? Lucy and Rufus.

NOOR INAYAT KHAN

Some of the maquisards have wireless transmitters. Most don't. And the cables have been cut for months.

FLYNN

You're still getting signals out to England, though?

Noor's expression flickers. She can tell that they know (or rather Flynn knows) about her, and that he could blackmail her or otherwise expose her. Reluctantly -

NOOR INAYAT KHAN

Hold on. Let me check something.

She disappears into the other room and closes the door. Wyatt looks at Flynn with an explain-now-please face.

WYATT

She's not going to narc on us to someone, is she?

FLYNN

I don't think so. Her name's Noor Inayat Khan. She's a wireless operator and field agent in occupied France, enlisted in 1943 when the average lifespan for that job was six weeks. Born to an aristocratic family, deeply opposed to violence, derided as too feminine and fragile for this kind of thing, but decided to do her part anyway. She's Britain's first Muslim war heroine.

WYATT

What happens to her?

FLYNN

She gets betrayed to the Germans by a fellow agent, and is tortured, interrogated, and brutally imprisoned in solitary confinement. She never gives anything up. She's transferred to Dachau concentration camp and shot in the head at the age of 30.

WYATT

Jesus.

They sit there until the door opens and Noor re-enters, goes over to the wireless setup, and taps out a message in Morse code. When it's finished, she immediately shuts it off.

WYATT

Don't you need it to get a response?

NOOR INAYAT KHAN

If I stay on the air for any longer than 20 minutes, they can track the signal. I have to move every few weeks, and I have no cover story for the transmitter. If I'm caught with it, I'm dead. I'll turn it on again tomorrow morning, not before.

Wyatt and Flynn realize they're stuck here for the night. They lie down on the floor, rifles in hand. Flynn turns to Noor.

FLYNN

You can go back to sleep. We'll look after you.

She glances at him one more time, decides either to trust him or not push her luck, and withdraws. Restless, half-wakeful, Flynn and Wyatt settle down and wait.

CUT TO:

EXT. SAINT-LÔ - NIGHT

The previously charming seaside village of Saint-Lô has been almost completely flattened by a relentless Allied bombing campaign on the night of June 6-7. Smoke is still rising from the rubble, as Iris stares out at it. She's thinking hard.

BILL

(from behind her)

Ma'am?

Iris jumps, turns around.

BILL (CONT)

Your boys still aren't saying anything about who they are.

IRIS

Have you - you didn't -

BILL

Torture them? No. They're kids, I'm not the damn Nazis. I'm grateful for what you did today with Private Gordon. But I need to know why a nurse without a regiment is wandering around in the Normandy woods with a couple of clueless jokers pretending to be Eagles, before I let you go.

IRIS

Let me talk to them.

Bill hesitates, then nods, and escorts her across camp to one of the tents. They duck inside, and Jasper and Harlow look up with obvious relief. They have not been visibly mistreated, but are scared, hungry, and not sure what's going on.

BILL

Found these on 'em. Whatever they had earlier. Never seen anything like it.

He holds out their phones. Iris glances at him and then the boys, trying to judge their odds of getting out of here.

IRIS

You two okay?

JASPER

Yeah. Yeah, we're fine. Can we have our phones back, sir? Please.

BILL

Telephones? These aren't telephones.

HARLOW

Yeah, they are. Just... where we're from.

BILL

Telephones don't look like this in San Francisco, as far as I'm aware.

IRIS

They're - we're - on a trip. I brought them here because I was paid to do it. As a treat.

Bill stares at her, shaken and disgusted.

BILL

Someone sent children here? On purpose? As a treat? What the hell kind of deranged bullcrap is that?

IRIS

Honestly, I don't know.

BILL

I need to think about this. You -

He beckons Iris, and they step out of the tent together. Bill strides ahead, Iris has to jog to keep up.

BILL (CONT)

Either you're all crazy, or you're lying, or you're not doing either, and right now, I'm not sure what's -

Just then, he's interrupted by a shout, someone waving for him. He frowns, then hurries over, Iris at his heels, as they duck into another tent and behold a woman with a wooden leg, sitting at a wireless setup with headphones on and taking notes. This is indeed the famous VIRGINIA HALL (38), the super-spy that Lucy was just telling Rufus about.

BILL

Diane, what's going on?

VIRGINIA HALL

(removing headphones)

Lot of interesting chatter on the wireless tonight, Sergeant. Something from an observation post inland, transmitted to the local maquis groups, looking for a woman and a Negro. A lot on German frequencies as well. They've found something in the woods, some huge white bomb by the sound of things, they're moving fast to secure it. Think it's part of a plot against Hitler?

Bill and Virginia are both confused, but Iris blanches. The "huge white bomb" has to be the Mothership, and if the Nazis get hold of it, they're screwed - and stranded.

IRIS

I think - I think I know what that is. Look, you -

She whirls on Bill.

IRIS (CONT)

I know you have no reason to trust me, and I know we seem crazy, and frankly, we probably are. But you have to let me and the boys go, you have to let us get back to that before the Nazis find it.

VIRGINIA HALL

Why do we have to do that, exactly? Sergeant, who's this?

BILL

Picked her up in the woods. Not sure where she came from.

IRIS

(a little hysterically)

We came on that white bomb. It's called the Mothership. It's the only way we can get out of here. Look, you

said this was no place for kids. You have them? Back in Texas?

BILL

If I ever get home and marry my Sarah, maybe, but -

IRIS

Sarah Logan?

BILL

(thrown)

Sarah Gardner, currently, but I plan to make her Sarah Logan if I get back to Odessa in one piece, yes.

IRIS

I know a Sarah Logan. I'm pretty sure she's related to yours. It's hard to explain. Please. Please, you can see the boys don't know anything. Let me get them out of here.

Bill and Virginia exchange a look. They obviously don't want the Nazis to have anything bomb-like, Iris is clearly desperate, and this has definitely gotten strange.

VIRGINIA HALL

(in an undertone)

Sergeant, you trust this woman?

BILL

Not exactly, but she did save Private Gordon's behind earlier, and...

(a final waver, then)

Fine. Get those idiots, get out of here, run. Don't stop or talk to anyone or tell them about this.

IRIS

I won't, I won't. Thank you. I just realized who your great-granddaughter is named after. Thank you.

With that, leaving Bill (and Virginia) completely confused, she takes the phones back from him, pushes out of the tent, and runs into the night.

[COMMERCIALS]

RETURN TO:

INT. NOOR INAYAT KHAN'S HOUSE - DAWN

Noor is sitting by the wireless, carefully turning it on and listening, as Flynn and Wyatt sit up and watch her tensely. She scribbles, listens again, then looks up.

NOOR INAYAT KHAN

There's a maquis group just a few miles from here who has prisoners matching your description. Pauline's. Hold on, I'll give you the coordinates.

Flynn and Wyatt let out shaking breaths of relief as she scribbles them down on a piece of paper, hands it over.

NOOR INAYAT KHAN (CONT)

You should go now, before it gets any lighter. The password's "liberté."

Something passes over Flynn's face, but he doesn't say whatever's occurred to him. He and Wyatt scramble to their feet, bundle out of the house into the silent grey woods. Flynn glances back at Noor, watching them from the door.

FLYNN

Thank you. Don't trust Henri Déricourt or Renée Garry.

And with that, they run.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - DAWN

Flynn and Wyatt are moving as fast as they possibly can, reckless about safety, when they hear a commotion nearby. Shouts, screaming, running, gunfire. Flynn jerks his head around, stares. He can see, just visible through the foggy trees, the unmistakable outline of the Mothership. Freezes.

WYATT

What are you doing, man? Come on!

The dark figures converging on the Mothership are obviously German soldiers. Several gunshots go off, and a woman screams. Flynn freezes even harder.

FLYNN

What was - ?

WYATT

(hauling on his arm)

Come on, Garcia, come on, we gotta get out of here.

It's true, but Flynn is haunted by something he can't even explain. He stares into the forest with a shaken expression, then turns and scrambles after Wyatt.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAQUIS CAMP - DAWN

Lucy and Rufus have spent a tense and wakeful night under the eye of the guerrillas. They jerk upright at the sounds of a

disturbance at the edge of camp, raised voices. They scramble to their feet, just as Flynn and Wyatt are marched into sight by the maquisards, hands up.

MAQUIS

(to Pearl, pointing at Flynn)
C'est un Kraut. Nous devrions le tuer
maintenant, avant -
*(It's a Kraut. We should kill him
now, before -)*

LUCY

No - no!

She breaks free and runs to Flynn, placing herself between him and the Résistance, as everyone blinks in surprise.

PEARL WITHERINGTON

(to Lucy)
You said your friends were soldiers,
not German soldiers.

FLYNN

I'm not German. Stole it off a dead
one. One of my less brilliant ideas,
the trouble it's caused.

RUFUS

See, valuable life lesson, playing
with Nazis always goes wrong.

WYATT

(to Pearl)
I swear, we're just here to take them
off your hands. We've had a hell of a
twenty-four hours, so -

At that, someone comes running up to Pearl, waving his arms and looking very agitated. He shoulders through and whispers to her in rapid French, as she listens with a deepening frown.

PEARL WITHERINGTON

Apparently, there are two thousand
Germans advancing in our direction at
this very minute.

Small gasps, crossing of themselves from the forty men. Then they all turn on Flynn, wearing a German uniform and the obvious culprit to have led them there.

FLYNN

We saw them in the woods. They
weren't after us, per se, but they
were coming this way. I swear, I
didn't bring them.

PEARL WITHERINGTON

(to the maquis)

Courez au le camp communiste,
maintenant. Apporter tous leurs
hommes.

*(Run to the communist camp, right
now. Bring all their men.)*

The maquis runs off through the woods, as everyone starts to hear crunching, rumbling, marching of the approaching Germans. Pearl snaps orders, directing her men. If they aren't going to execute the Time Team, they need all the help she can get. She stares at Flynn and Wyatt with their rifles, then:

PEARL WITHERINGTON

Help us not die, and we'll think
about returning the favor. You, get
out of those German rags. Go.

Flynn salutes and vanishes in search of another uniform. Wyatt and Rufus turn on Lucy in mild panic.

RUFUS

Is this supposed to be happening?

LUCY

I - yes. More or less. At eight
o'clock in the morning on June 11,
1944, Pearl's units of a hundred and
forty men are attacked by 2,000
Germans. The battle rages for over 14
hours. They manage to hold them off
long enough to force a retreat.

WYATT

Eight o'clock in the morning on June
11, and that is -

LUCY

About twenty minutes from now, yes.

RUFUS

How many of them die?

LUCY

From the maquis, 24 or possibly 32.
From the Germans, 86.

WYATT

We don't have time to get out of here
ahead of them. We're surrounded on
every side.

LUCY

Yes.

A horrible pause, broken as Flynn returns, changed into a GI uniform to match Wyatt's. He looks between them, then at Lucy.

FLYNN

Did you tell them?

LUCY

(faintly)

Yes.

All four of them look at each other. A whistle and crash through the trees, as the German vanguard spots the maquis camp and starts trying the range. Shells boom and thunder.

FLYNN

You two, take cover. Away from here, if you have to.

LUCY

We're not leaving you again.

They stare at each other, then she picks up the gun he gave her earlier. He looks at her with impossible pride and fear.

FLYNN

I swear, you're going to be the -

He's interrupted by another thundering boom. He and Wyatt look at each other, clasp each other's shoulders, and then run off to take up positions with Pearl and her men.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAQUIS CAMP - AFTERNOON

The battle has been going for hours. The Germans are dug in on all sides, and Pearl and her men fire back doggedly. Flynn and Wyatt are among them, Lucy and Rufus sheltered on the bank below. There's a distant order in German, the gunfire ceases. A thundering, dusty, uneasy silence falls.

FLYNN

(sliding down, breathing heavily)
Christ. Haven't fought with this few men with this crappy rifles since the Homeland War started in '91.

LUCY

(handing him a canteen)
Is there any chance we're getting out of this?

FLYNN

(drinks, wipes his mouth)
Theoretically. If history goes as it's supposed to. But that's overall. About us particularly -

He stops. An equally dusty and exhausted Wyatt slides down next to him, takes the canteen as Flynn passes it over.

FLYNN (CONT)

Look, if for some reason things do go sideways and I don't -

LUCY

Don't say that. Please.

Flynn looks at her, struck by the rawness in her voice. But he has to do this by practical necessity, and bulls ahead.

FLYNN

When I was in Paris, ironically since I'm now right damn back in France, I discovered that my half-brother is alive. I didn't - well, that was the point, but I didn't know for sure. Gabriel Tompkins, my mother's son by her first marriage. He had a fatal allergy to bee stings, he originally died in 1969 at age six, but -

WYATT

(startled)

I remember that. I was in Maria's apartment, I was talking to her about you. I thought for a second you were killing the kid.

FLYNN

No. EpiPen. Anyway, I don't know if it's relevant. I didn't even see his face. I searched Paris for a while longer, but didn't find anything, and I didn't want to drag him into something he knows nothing about, probably doesn't even know me. But if there is some connection there, that's what you should look into.

RUFUS

Maria Tompkins? Right, your mom? We found out at the end of that jump that your brother was living in Paris now, but we didn't even think of it again or -

FLYNN

No, it's fine, you wouldn't have. I didn't. How do you know my mother's name?

RUFUS

Like Wyatt said, he met her in 1969. But she was also the one Rittenhouse wanted us to kill.

FLYNN

What?

RUFUS

When Rittenhouse took over Mason Industries. They issued me and Lucy with orders to kill your mom in 1962, so you'd never be born. We refused. I knocked out a goon and we hijacked the Lifeboat to pick up Wyatt.

FLYNN

I - I didn't know that.

RUFUS

Course, that was the jump where we ended up in 1931 and you got Al Capone to shoot me, so -

Flynn grimaces, closing his eyes. He doesn't have any of his usual sarcastic rejoinders. Finally, he opens his eyes.

FLYNN

I'm sorry. For what I did to all of you back then. I had my reasons, you know I did, but what happened -

RUFUS

Hey, that was the time I only sort of died. And it's okay. It's okay, all right? If it wasn't for you going after Rittenhouse completely by yourself, like the balls-out insane magnificent heroic bastard you are, we'd all be a lot more screwed. Maybe you've been gone because you didn't think you could come back, there wouldn't be a place for you, and that's - it's not true. I love you, buddy. We all do. And we're glad you're with us now.

Flynn starts to answer, is too choked up. Huffs and harrumphs, rubs his knuckles across his eyes, as Rufus and Wyatt both clap him on the shoulder, and Lucy reaches out to hold his free hand. The four of them sit there together.

A boom and thud as the guns resume. The battle isn't over.

WYATT

(to Flynn)

Come on. You're my guy in the foxhole, remember?

And with that, side by side, the boys go back to war.

REVERSE CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - DAWN

A reverse of everything that just happened, rewinding to the moment in the woods with the running, shooting, general chaos around the Mothership. Iris, Jasper, and Harlow are running, trying to reach it, as the Germans converge from all sides.

GERMANS

(shouting)

Da! DA! Die Verräter!

(There! THERE! The traitors!)

Iris draws her gun. We've seen her use it before, but from the look on her face, it's not clear that she's ever shot to kill in dead earnest. No choice. She fires at their pursuers, and several fall, as she shepherds Jasper and Harlow frantically to the Mothership. Jasper reaches it, scrambles in. Iris fires again, taking out a couple more Germans - then hears a shocked gasp and gulp from behind her.

Iris spins around. Harlow slumps down, then topples to the ground. Redness wells from the gunshot wound in his stomach. He reaches for her, a look of panic in his eyes.

HARLOW

Miss - Miss Marchant, I think -

Iris fires again, taking out the soldier that shot him. Her magazine clicks, empty, and she throws the useless gun down. She sprints toward Harlow, nearly gets hit herself.

JASPER

(rushing to help)

Oh god - oh god, is he -

IRIS

Don't look at it, don't look at it.
As long as we get back, we can take
him to the med bay and he'll be -

At that moment, a second shot drills Harlow in the forehead. It's over instantly. He slumps like a broken puppet. Iris screams. It's a horrible sound, undoubtedly what Flynn heard.

JASPER

(also screaming, voice breaking)

Harlow? Harlow! Oh my god! Jesus! Oh
my god! Oh my god!

Iris snaps back to herself, pulls Harlow's body into the Mothership, struggles to strap it in. Hits the lever to close the doors. Bloodstained, shaking, she scrambles into the pilot seat, and - in front of the Germans' astonished faces - the Mothership, in a hail of bullets, vanishes into thin air.

All sound cuts out for twenty full seconds. Blackness.

CUT TO:

INT. VALKYRIE HEADQUARTERS - EVENING

Things fade back in hazily, muffled. Iris, shell-shocked, still in her bloody nurse's uniform, is sitting at a white table across from her boss, Ed King, and a smarmy mid-fifties white male corporate type, who must be HIS boss.

BIG BOSS

Well, Miss Marchant, obviously this isn't the kind of unique customer experience we want to create.

IRIS

(numbly)

I killed him.

BIG BOSS

We've reviewed the relevant footage from the Mothership, and we're confident that the liability rests entirely with hostile third parties. Also, I advise you not to say that outside this room. Did the customers and their parents and/or guardians sign all the risk waivers?

IRIS

Yes.

BIG BOSS

Well then, our asses should be covered. I'll have legal double-check everything, but my biggest concern is whether Mr. and Mrs. Lewis have grounds for a lawsuit against us. Do they have those grounds, due to anything relating to your personal actions and/or negligence?

IRIS

What? Are you serious?

BIG BOSS

This expansion of your role with the company, providing authentic retro-temporal immersive experiences, has proven to be immensely popular. We've got a waiting list eighteen months long. We don't want anything jeopardizing that, so -

He pushes an iPad across the table at Iris, who stares at it.

BIG BOSS (CONT)

No punishment for you. In fact, you scan that, one of the things you get is a substantial pay raise. But you're forbidden to discuss Harlow Lewis's tragic and accidental death, no different from any other high-risk adventure tourism, with anyone for any reason, or make any statements in any format, public or private, that could be seen to implicate Valkyrie.

IRIS

What? You're not firing me?

BIG BOSS

Fire you? You hear the part where I said eighteen-month waiting list? I expect you back here tomorrow morning with a big smile on your face, ready to provide an ultra-great experience to the next one.

A muscle works in Iris's cheek, but she doesn't answer.

BIG BOSS (CONT)

And if this does get out for any reason, it's pretty obvious what happened, isn't it? He was a dumb kid too busy playing on his phone, he ignored your repeated and clearly stated safety warnings, because he thought it was another VR. Frankly, we'd more like to discuss the fact that you're on camera shooting multiple individuals.

IRIS

(absolutely incredulous)

They were Nazis. Trying to kill us.

BIG BOSS

Yes, well, that doesn't mean you can just shoot them. Anyway, as I said, Harlow Lewis is unfortunately responsible for what -

IRIS

No.

It comes out as a growl, something deep and visceral. She has been completely in shock, but now she's angry - furious. She stands up with a jerk, knocking her chair back.

IRIS (CONT)

This is not some case of you getting to sit there and be holier-than-thou about kids these days and their darn phones. This happened because you sent a child into a warzone, as long as he signed something saying it wasn't your fault, and that this was an absolutely fine way to make money. This happened because that child was told his entire life that it was a glamorous and cool and heroic thing to be a soldier at war, wanted to feel like he was part of it. I've hated this expansion from the start. I wanted my job to stay as acquisitions, none of this history-tourist insanity. But what am I going to do? Refuse? Get fired? When there's no other job in this entire country that's not part of Valkyrie?

Both men blink, taken aback. Under the table, the Big Boss's hand strays to a security call button.

BIG BOSS

As you know, Miss Marchant, working for Valkyrie is a privilege, and as the pilot of all these trips, I'd say you've repeatedly consented to take part. Now scan the form, get rid of those clothes before you leave, and we'll shield you from the newsfeeds. This whole thing will never get out, and we'll discredit the Lewis parents if they try. All of Valkyrie will protect you. That's the easy way.

He leaves unspoken the obvious corollary: there is also a hard way. The color drains from Iris's face. A very tense moment. Then she reaches for the iPad, scans it, drops it on the table, whirls, and storms out. The door slams. Silence.

KING

I, ah - I'm real sorry about that, Mike. Recently, I'm - well, I'm not sure what's gotten into her.

BIG BOSS

Oh? What do you mean?

KING

For a few jobs now, she's been... evasive. There was a customer

complaint against her on the last AIE, and some kind of scopes hiccup on a retrieval in Tangier. She also didn't submit a full V-999 for 1606. I'm... let's just say I'm curious if she's telling us everything.

BIG BOSS

And she's currently the only one who can pilot the Mothership, yes?

KING

As far as we know.

BIG BOSS

I don't like her having a monopoly on providing this service for us. I'd like you to do more investigation, Ed. Find out if "Victoria Marchant" might be a fake name, and whatever else she's hiding. Oh, and also -

He touches the chip in his wrist, which beeps. King looks down at his own wrist, blinking with a received file.

BIG BOSS (CONT)

I'd like you to look into this woman. Her daughter works for us too, by the way. Sarah Logan.

KING

(taps the chip, checks the name)
Wait - is this the same one who killed your -

BIG BOSS

(a little grimly)

That's her.

KING

What makes you think she'll work for us, then?

The Big Boss laughs. This is an almost pitifully naïve question, and King shakes his head, a "forget I asked" sort of thing. They both get up.

BIG BOSS

Ed, everyone works for us.

KING

Right. Absolutely. Gosh, they sure do. So you think that Jessica Logan is going to be able to tell us about Victoria?

BIG BOSS

I'm interested to see if she can.

KING

Great. Thanks again, Mike. Sorry to make you come all the way down here on a weeknight. One last thing, do I let the parents see the body?

BIG BOSS

I think it's cleaner if it just gets disposed of. Tidily cremated. They can get the ashes when they scan the NDA. Oh, and make sure the brother doesn't say anything either.

KING

We've got him talking to legal right now. Should cover it. Otherwise - Mr. Temple, you really think this is all gonna blow over?

BIG BOSS

I think you and I will both make sure it does, Mr. King.

With that, he shrugs on his jacket, shakes Ed's hand, and departs the room. The door shuts. The interview is over.

CUT TO:

INT. MASON-CARLIN INDUSTRIES

The Lifeboat arrives, and the team gets out in their filthy uniforms. Denise, Connor, and Jiya are all there to greet them, looking alarmed, but everyone is euphoric, giddy with their survival. Everyone hugs each other several times, back slaps, hands clasped, more hugs, a few tears, even a four-way group hug for the team (our hearts). Everyone grinning, riding high, arms around each other, laughing.

CUT TO:

INT. LUCY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Lucy gets dressed up for a special night out. Does her makeup, puts on jewelry, grabs her purse, gets into her car.

CONTINUE TO:

INT. SAN FRANCISCO RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Lucy enters a bar in search of Flynn for the second time in her life, but it's vastly different from São Paulo. This is a nice place with a harbor view, couples dining at tables with small candles. She spots him, very nervous, holding flowers.

Lucy makes her way over, sits down, as he hands her the flowers with an extremely sheepish look on his face. She laughs and takes them. The waiter arrives, they order.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. POD ROOM - NIGHT

Intercut with scenes of Lucy and Flynn happy and laughing and absolutely smitten with each other on their date, Iris staggers up to her room in the dark, scans her wrist to unlock the door, falls inside. She slides down the wall, then jumps up, screaming, throwing things that smash. Iris rages, breaks everything she can, then collapses, sobbing.

REVERSE CUT TO:

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Ed King is seated in the back of a self-driving car, making its way through future San Francisco. Outside Valkyrie's sleek white campus, things look grim. Well-dressed people sleeping in cars and alleys, lines for stores, crowded sidewalks, signs of ABSOLUTELY NO PUBLIC BATHROOMS. Sirens.

The car stops at an unassuming apartment complex. King wrinkles his nose, taps his wrist to pay his fare, and steps out. He climbs the stairs to a second-floor unit, knocks.

After several moments, the door opens. She's likewise twenty-something years older, grey in her hair and lines on her face, but we recognize JESSICA LOGAN at once. She stares.

KING

Evening. I'm from Valkyrie. Your daughter Sarah works for us.

(beat)

How about we have a talk?

FADE TO BLACK.

END CREDITS.

NEXT WEEK ON TIMELESS...

TIMELESS 4X05: "MADAME CHING"

FLYNN

So, the other night, that was -

LUCY

It was wonderful, I really enjoyed it. Actually, though. Before we left, Rufus - well. He doesn't think we're doing enough to stop Victoria.

FLYNN

And does Rufus have someone especially in mind when he says that?

LUCY

It is true that we haven't pursued her as hard as we could have. We didn't even see her in 1944.

FLYNN

We had other things on our minds, as you may recall.

LUCY

Yes, we did. But this time - maybe we make sure we catch her, we follow through with whatever needs to -

FLYNN

Are you asking me if I'm willing to kill her?

CUT TO:

WYATT

What are we looking for, exactly? 1809, the Napoleonic Wars don't make it all the way over here, do they?

LUCY

No, but Britain does.

FLYNN

The East India Company.

RUFUS

Wait, like the Pirates of the Caribbean villains?

CUT TO:

LUCY

Ching Shih, Madame Ching, is arguably the most successful pirate in history. She did once work in a brothel, but married a successful pirate, took over his enterprise when he died, and now she rules these seas. 300 ships, up to 40,000 men.

CUT TO:

SARAH

Stealing something from the greatest pirate of all time? How are you going to get away with that, exactly?

IRIS

(cocky smile)

Because I'm a professional. Besides, you asked to come along, remember?

SARAH

I - was actually hoping we could talk. Somewhere away from Valkyrie.

CUT TO:

WYATT

(inadvertently shouting)

HEY - !

CUT TO:

CHING SHIH

The Englishwoman has expressed some interest in purchasing you as slaves. She promises to pay a good price.

RUFUS

Yeah, no, I'm really not too keen on that plan, especially when she -

CHING SHIH

Then you will be shot.

CUT TO:

DENISE

Who was that?

CONNOR

Really, I'm not altogether sure.

(beat)

I met him in Budapest, at the EIT conference. His name is Ed King.

CUT TO:

TEMPLE JR

You're about to become the most popular person at Valkyrie. So do your makeup. It's a whole new world.

FADE TO BLACK..