

T I M E L E S S

"CALLED STRIKE THREE"

Episode 4x06

Written by

qqueenofhades

Airdate: April 5, 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.

CONNOR (V/O)
Previously on TIMELESS...

3x13: Sarah warning Iris that Amy won't like it if she hurts Lucy. 4x01: Denise and Michelle's argument, and Michelle's displeasure over Denise going back on this assignment. 4x02: Iris asking for something from Gabriel Tompkins and saying she'll return in six weeks. 4x03: Connor meeting Ed King. 4x04: Flynn and Lucy's date, the death of Harlow Lewis and Iris's reprimand from Valkyrie, Ed King's visit to older Jessica. 4x05: Iris and Sarah's discussion and Sarah's suspicions about what happened to the team, Iris saying that her father abandoned her. Flynn telling Lucy that she is the most important thing to him. Iris saving the team, their conversation on the beach, and Iris refusing to quit her job and denying that she knows Flynn. Ed King calling Connor and announcing that he's coming to visit, Denise planning a sting operation, and the line in Connor's biography that lists his date of death as 2020. Finally, Temple Jr.'s visit to Iris, revelation that he knows her real name, and promise to make her the most popular person in the company, as we...

OPEN ON:

INT. LUCY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The entire team - Lucy, Flynn, Wyatt, Rufus, Jiya, Denise, and Connor - is gathered around Lucy's dining room table, and has been there for a while. It's full-on crisis mode meeting, and nothing's been decided.

LUCY

So that's that. She did help us in 1809, we may owe our lives to her, but she flatly refused to quit her job with Valkyrie or her trips through time. As it stands, I'm not sure there's anything we can offer her to change her mind. Or, frankly, if we can stop her without another full-scale time war.

RUFUS

Maybe she screwed up? She said she was giving the jade to China for them to do whatever with, and we haven't heard anything about that...?

WYATT

Yeah, well, we wouldn't. She's operating twenty years ahead of us, remember? They both are.

Everyone glances at him. Wyatt is tense, arms folded, fingers tapping restlessly on his elbow. The Sarah factoid has now come out to everyone, and it's unclear how it's gone down.

CONNOR

So we really are tilting at windmills. Attempting to prevent developments in a future we cannot foresee, shaped by factors we cannot understand, and with no idea whether it is for good or ill. Because we have appointed ourselves the supreme arbiters of the chronological continuum, and dare I say, most rashly. Rittenhouse -

DENISE

We're not Rittenhouse. I don't believe that. We're using this power for good, we always have. We wouldn't have returned to it if Victoria hadn't forced us to -

FLYNN

And I'm sure that makes you feel better about yourself, does it?

Everyone looks at him, startled. Flynn and Denise have never been buddy-buddy, but they have an understanding - she usually calls him Garcia now, after all - and this is pricklier than he's been with her in a while.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

As the person whose reward for trying to stop Rittenhouse all along was six months in solitary, where I doubt I'd have ever been let out if you didn't realize that I was useful, forgive me if I can understand why Victoria might not want to flock to your loving and forgiving arms.

DENISE

Nobody was talking about arresting her.

FLYNN

Oh? Then what were we talking about, shooting her? Yes, I already got asked about that. Either way, much as it surprises me to agree with Mason, I unfortunately have to. Why are we judge, jury, and executioner to someone who, as far as I can tell, is just trying to make some kind of damn living?

DENISE

By time travel. By stealing things. By being involved with unknown people whose interests are directly impacting on ours, coming from the future with no regard for -

FLYNN

Now you know how everyone on our trips must feel when we arrive. If we ever told them the truth. Or is stealing and lying all right when our side does it? Your side?

LUCY

Garcia.

She reaches out, putting her hand on his. Flynn huffs, still upset and unhappy, but subsides into mutinous silence.

JIYA

Is there any other way she could be persuaded to talk? If she saved you, it's clearly not as simple as just hating you and wanting you out of the way at any cost.

LUCY

I don't know. But she's right about one thing. She said it was on us if we chose to keep chasing her, that we had to own that decision and the consequences. And if we are being fair, we have to hear from everyone. Anyone who doesn't want to do this can quit, and they don't have to explain why.

Rufus and Jiya exchange a glance of their own. As pilots, they're the only ones who are completely indispensable, and the others would be SOL without them. They're also the ones who stand to lose the most from continuing the missions, and Rufus has been vocal about opposing them.

RUFUS

I'm not sure. It's obvious that I'm not a fan, but I'd feel guilty about quitting. I've said before that it isn't our responsibility, but isn't that the kind of thinking that has so screwed us otherwise? Especially with things like climate change. People who aren't immediately affected by it, who can just kick the can down the road for it to be a future generation's problem and act like the rest of us are stupid for caring... I don't want to be one of them. It sucks and I don't like it, but I have to keep doing this.

JIYA

If Rufus is in, I'm in.

WYATT

These assholes have my daughter. They have my kid. I don't know what or how or if it's changed from the last time we saw her, or even what she was doing in the first place. I'm going to keep trying to find her in the present, but I can't give up on her, that's just that. So yeah. Me three.

DENISE

I obviously feel that we have to continue, that this is more dangerous than we can imagine if we just stand back, so I'm in favor.

CONNOR

With the aforementioned caveats, so am I. And I do want to know just what this Ed King fellow is up to, so... I plead, so to speak, the fifth.

LUCY

This is connected to Rittenhouse somehow, it's connected to me. Victoria has always seemed to hate me the most. I'll continue as long as I have to, to make it right.

Everyone looks at Flynn, the only one who has not yet spoken.

FLYNN

We already discovered that you had absolutely no ability to do this without me, so I'd like to see what state you'd be in if I said no.

DENISE

Are you saying no?

FLYNN

No.

(beat)

No, I'm not saying no, but I'm also not sure that I'm saying yes.

RUFUS

Come on, buddy. You promised you weren't going to leave us in the lurch again, and I don't think you will. You don't say yes, I don't say yes. And then Jiya doesn't say yes, so...

Flynn smiles a little, despite himself, at this show of loyalty. But he's still not convinced, angry for no reason he can entirely articulate, not liking the feeling.

FLYNN

Even if we stop her, what then? Is another time-boogeyman going to pop up, and another, and another? Is this going to be the rest of our lives? And will anyone besides me ever be held accountable for their actions, or accept the necessity of doing it? The problem with you lot was that you decided from the start that you were the good guys, and someone who never seriously asks if they aren't is somebody who probably isn't.

WYATT

Well, we were kind of -

FLYNN

You were working for Rittenhouse the whole time you were chasing me. Every single one of you. Knowingly or unknowingly. Maybe that's water under the bridge. Maybe it was ends-justify-the-means, for all of us.

(MORE)

FLYNN (CONT'D)

I have as much to answer for as anyone. But I did. You still haven't.

WYATT

Come on, you're going to hold us hostage over an apology for bad things in the past? Isn't that a little beside the -

FLYNN

(half-laughing)

And yet again, that's exactly what I thought you'd say.

He pushes his chair back, gets to his feet.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

I need to sleep on this. I'll let you know. In the meantime, if there are jumps, feel free to go without me.

Lucy flinches. As he strides out of the kitchen, she gets up and hurries after him.

CONTINUE TO:

INT. FRONT HALL - NIGHT

Flynn is looking for his shoes and jacket among the pile in the front foyer, when Lucy steps in after him.

LUCY

Garcia. Please don't go. Not like this, not when -

(beat)

Haven't we spent enough time running away from each other by now?

Flynn is startled. He straightens up and stares at her.

FLYNN

I just don't think -

LUCY

You told me that I mattered more.

Her voice is raw, impassioned, but there's anger behind it, and fear. As she said to Rufus in 4x04, she's afraid that nothing she ever does will be enough to stop her from losing everything, and everyone, that she cares about.

LUCY (CONT'D)

I know you and Denise have ideological differences. I know what - what she had done to you, and I still hate that it happened. You were right, you were absolutely right, about everything you said back there. And if we do go forward, we'd be well advised to keep it in mind. When we talked in Macau, you - you kind of shut me out, whether you still wanted this war or not. If you truly want to, you can go. I just -

(beat)

I just really hope you stay.

Flynn looks away from her. Lucy folds her arms over her chest, trying to look composed, to wait. Flynn searches for the words, struggling to say what he means, to know it.

FLYNN

I don't want to leave you, all right? Any of you. That's not what I want. I never meant to bail on this before it was done for good, and it's not. I just - I don't know. What are we missing? Who's Victoria? Why is any of this happening? Because I don't want to do this forever. I want to walk away. But I've thrown my entire reason to keep existing into this. And without it, I am afraid that I have nothing else left. So I'm... stuck. Either way, I lose.

LUCY

That's not true. I promise you. We will find the way to make it end, and what our lives look like afterward. And the only way we're going to do that is if we keep trying, no matter how hard it is. I want to do that, I want to put it right. And like you said, we can't do that without you.

(beat)

I can't do that without you.

She hunches her shoulders, fingers twisting in her sweater, trying not to plead with him too openly not to go. Her lip trembles, and Flynn crumbles a little, moves closer.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Okay. That's what I came to say. If you do still want to go and think about it some more, I'll -

She steps back, starts to turn away.

FLYNN

No. No, Lucy.

Their eyes meet, a charged moment. Flynn steps closer again, and tucks a strand of hair behind her ear. Then he allows her to take his hand, and they walk back to the kitchen.

As they enter again -

FLYNN (CONT'D)

Slept on it. I'm in.

Relieved smiles from the rest of the team, long breaths. Flynn resumes his vacated chair, and Rufus claps him on the back. Reunited, the team puts their heads together, coming up with their next move, as we PAN OUT.

TIMELESS MAIN TITLE - 04021931

RETURN TO:

INT. MANSION - MORNING

Iris and Temple Jr. step through a door into an extremely swanky, ultra-modern mansion: tons of glass, steel, chrome fittings, black leather furniture. Iris raises an eyebrow.

IRIS

Someone's rich uncle die, or - ?

TEMPLE JR

Oh no. This is brand-new, and it's all yours. Time to get you out of that cramped studio apartment. All that great work you've done for us, it should be recognized.

IRIS

You just go handing out McMansions to all your employees?

TEMPLE JR

No, of course not. You're special. What do you think? Like it?

IRIS

It's very... large.

TEMPLE JR

You'll get used to it. We can add a special hi-tech annex for the Mothership, so you won't even have to come to campus. If you want.

IRIS

Won't that make it hard to pick up orders and clients? It's all right, I'll just come in. Since Ed might -

TEMPLE JR

Ed? That hokey small-timer? Sweetheart, you got a promotion. You now outrank him by about three levels, you take your orders directly from me and the rest of the board. We're very excited about this. So he's just going to have to ultra-suck it up and deal with it.

Iris half-smiles, circling her new living room. She's not immune to the lure of getting to live here instead of her tiny white pod, but she's much too smart to think that this comes without significant strings attached.

IRIS

What are you expecting for this? You find out I've been working at your company under a fake name for months, and you're not - ?

TEMPLE JR

Mad? Nah. Not when the truth is so much better. And as far as the rest of Valkyrie is concerned, you're still Victoria Marchant. All this, it's our little secret. Well, I'll leave you to get settled in. So that's me off, have a -

As he starts for the door, Iris calls after him.

IRIS

So who's Amy?

Temple Jr. stops short. We see his face, but Iris doesn't, and it's hard to read his expression. Startled, angry, but also - perhaps surprising - fear. Whoever Amy is, even he doesn't want to mess with her, or have Iris asking questions.

He turns around, expression back to normal.

TEMPLE JR

Where did you hear that name?

IRIS

Just on a job.

TEMPLE JR

Nothing that you need to worry about. Once you come to work, I'll tell you how things are going to go from now on. I hope you enjoy the new place, Iris. You've earned it.

He smiles, puts on his hat, and heads out. Iris stands there, watching him go. Then turns around, starts to explore.

[COMMERCIALS]

RETURN TO:

EXT. WOODS - DAY

The Lifeboat is parked in a sunny, wooded glade, as Flynn, Lucy, Wyatt, and Jiya climb out of it.

JIYA

(as Flynn lifts her down)

Are we sure that Denise and the others are going to be okay with this visit from Ed King? Maybe we should have left one of you behind?

WYATT

What, you think he'll roll in and start popping caps in people's butts?

JIYA

If he is with Valkyrie, and they know that we're trying to stop Victoria -

FLYNN

I'm sure it'll be fine. Even if something does go wrong, Denise is there, and she can handle a gun. She'll protect Connor and Rufus.

He's clearly trying to be diplomatic after his fight with her the other night, and Lucy looks at him gratefully. The four of them start to walk.

JIYA

(anxiously)

Rufus had two hard jumps in a row, it was my turn to take this one, but I - I don't know. I have a bad feeling about leaving him behind.

She glances back at the Lifeboat, as if this is her last chance to climb in and head home. Lucy frowns.

LUCY

Like a vision? Did you see - something happening to him? Again? He's already died once, he can't -

JIYA

Not exactly. Not like that. I just - I don't know. I'd prefer it if we could get this one done quickly.

WYATT

April 2, 1931. Chattanooga, Tennessee. I gotta say, after all the running around the world - Morocco, London, France, China - it's nice to be a little closer to home.

They emerge into Depression-era Chattanooga. Storefronts boarded up, lines for soup kitchens. They're conspicuous, and they dodge behind a house to raid clothes off a washing line.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHATTANOOGA STREETS - DAY

The team, now changed into humble working-class outfits, is still trying to figure out what's going on.

WYATT

(under his breath)

I hope nobody sees us walking around in nice Mrs. Smith's laundry, or we're gonna get -

At that moment, they come around a corner and reach a fancy new baseball field: ENGEL STADIUM. Red-white-and-blue bunting, an air of excitement despite the down-at-heel surroundings.

People step up to buy tickets, filing through the turnstiles. A huge banner reads, ONE DAY ONLY EXHIBITION GAME! SEE THE MIGHTY NEW YORK YANKEES! APRIL 1ST 1931!

Everyone stops and stares up at it. Wyatt grins broadly.

WYATT (CONT'D)

A ballgame? Man, it's been ages.

LUCY

Wait, April first? That was yesterday. What's everyone so excited about if it's only - ?

They glance down the concourse, spot several old-fashioned buses parked outside the stadium, all bearing the Yankees name in script. Men in wool uniforms are heading in, along with teen attendants in short-sleeved shirts and bowties, head honchos in suits and fedoras. Talk and laughter.

FLYNN

Looks like they're still here.

They head up to the ticket window. Wyatt clears his throat.

WYATT

Four, please?

TICKET SELLER

Ten bucks.

WYATT

In the Depression? Geez.

TICKET SELLER

It's the Yankees, pal. They're gonna mark 'em up.

WYATT

Yeah, you're telling me.

He pays, the team takes their tickets, and enters the stadium. The universal atmosphere of baseball: hot dogs, popcorn, someone playing "Take Me Out To The Ball Game" on a fiddle, excited kids. The stadium is made of wood, with white grandstands and the word LOOKOUTS stenciled on the outfield wall, along with a few vintage ads. Wyatt looks around, grinning even more widely, in his element.

WYATT (CONT'D)

If they're here for something else, I'm gonna be so disappointed.

FLYNN

Maybe stop fanboying and tell us
what you think's going on?

WYATT

Fine. It looks like the Yankees are
here to play against the -

He leans over and snags a scorecard.

WYATT (CONT'D)

The Chattanooga Lookouts. Minor
league team for somebody, Double-A.
I have no idea how they got the
Damn Yankees to come here in April
for an exhibition game, but -

At that moment, there's all kinds of excited shouting from
the kids hanging over the dugouts as the Yankees jog onto the
field. They start waving their caps and hands frantically.

KIDS

Hey, Mister! Mister Ruth! Mister
Ruth! Mister Gehrig, Mister Gehrig!
Hey, over here! Over here!

The team looks over to see two of the most famous ballplayers
ever: the portly, genial BABE RUTH (36), and the tall,
elegant LOU GEHRIG (28). They are wearing their now-retired
#3 and #4, wave and smile to their adoring public as they
pick up bats, take warm-up swings, grab their gloves and
start playing catch. Wyatt might have a stroke.

WYATT

Oh my god, it's Babe Ruth.

JIYA

Are we going to need to apply extra
peanuts and beer for fortification?

LUCY

Even I know who that is, and I have
absolutely no interest in sports.

WYATT

The Yankees right now are some of
the best of all time. Their 1927
team is called "Murderer's Row,"
they win the World Series pretty
much this whole decade, and yeah,
sure, everyone hates them because
they're the Yankees.

(MORE)

WYATT (CONT'D)

But anything from the Bambino and the Iron Horse would be instant jackpot for a sports fan.

LUCY

So Victoria could just grab any of their stuff and have it be worth a lot back home?

WYATT

Yeah, something like that. You think I could get them to sign a ball?

FLYNN

What's the appeal here, exactly?

WYATT

Just because you were raised in friggin' Yugoslavia and have no respect for America's national pastime -

JIYA

You always struck me as more of a football guy.

WYATT

Yeah, I also like football. What? People can like two things!

FLYNN

Aside from the fact that it's not football when you only use your hands to -

WYATT

How's it "the beautiful game" when they're always falling down and -

LUCY

GUYS.

Startled from their sports warfare, Flynn and Wyatt jump and look over at her guiltily.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Do we or do we not think that Valkyrie is trying to steal memorabilia from Ruth and Gehrig? And why do it here? Is it just because it's easier to get to them in rural Tennessee than in New York?

WYATT

I'm trying to figure that out.
Let's go find seats.

They move off down the third-base line, behind the Yankees' dugout. After a few glances, they sit down to wait. Wyatt still looks like a kid on Christmas, amusing the other three.

WYATT (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Babe Ruth.

CUT TO:

EXT. ENGEL STADIUM - DAY

On the other side of the ballpark, near the first-base dugout, Iris and Temple Jr. are standing next to the Lookouts' general manager, JOE ENGEL (38). Tall, tan, talkative, a former ballplayer born to make a buck.

JOE ENGEL

Real nice of you to come down here,
Mr. Temple. Game got rained out
yesterday, we had to reschedule.
Expecting a big crowd, for obvious
reasons, but I've got something
extra. You and your daughter will
be glad you made the trip.

(to Iris)

You a fan, Miss Temple?

Something crosses Iris's face. It's not clear that she likes being addressed this way. But she answers smoothly.

IRIS

I've seen a couple games, sure.

JOE ENGEL

The ladies are especially going to
enjoy this. I betcha they'll call
it a gimmick, but that's what I
like to do. Once I traded a
shortstop for a twenty-five pound
turkey, roasted it up and served it
to all the sportswriters who'd been
giving me the bird. I tell you, we
enjoyed that turkey a hell of a lot
more than we ever enjoyed that
shortstop.

He chuckles, leaning on the rail and clapping as the Lookouts start jogging out onto the field.

TEMPLE JR

You been in this business long, Mr. Engel?

JOE ENGEL

This one particularly? Only a couple years, but I've been a ballplayer my whole life. I was a batboy and a mascot for the Senators before I ever threw a pitch for 'em. Then I got sent to the minors, old Griffith told me to swap myself for someone who could play ball, and I sent him back a catcher he liked so goldurn much that he turned me into a scout. I came to take over the Lookouts in '29, opened up this place last year. You in the job yourself?

TEMPLE JR

Oh no. But I'm a businessman, like hearing about what works.

JOE ENGEL

Always be more interesting than the competition, that's what I say. And from time to time, a little crazier.

TEMPLE JR

Looks like you've got that nailed down.

JOE ENGEL

Most of these poor bastards won't get a sniff of Washington, but the ones that do'll make me rich. Hey, why don't you come down onto the field? I'll introduce you to our special guests.

He opens the gate and steps onto the grass, offering Iris a gentlemanly hand. They stroll across the field as Engel shouts and waves, and someone comes trotting in from the Lookouts' bullpen, in full uniform, hat, and cleats. To everyone's surprise, it's a tiny teenage girl - five-foot-five and 130 pounds - JACKIE MITCHELL (17).

JACKIE MITCHELL

Mr. Engel, sir, good morning.

JOE ENGEL

G'morning, Jackie. These are Mr. and Miss Temple, some new friends of mine. And this here is Jackie Mitchell, a crafty southpaw born and raised right here in Chattanooga.

JACKIE MITCHELL

Sir. Miss.

She shakes hands with both of them, as Iris regards her appraisingly. Engel puts a hand on her shoulder and escorts her to the Yankees' half of the field, as Iris and Temple Jr. trail after them. Ruth and Gehrig turn around, greet Jackie with surprise and amusement, shake hands and pose for a picture with her as a cameraman snaps away.

BABE RUTH

So are you the mascot, little lady?

JACKIE MITCHELL

I signed with the Lookouts last week, I'm a pitcher. Mr. Dazzy Vance was my next-door neighbor growing up, he taught me how to throw.

BABE RUTH

Ol' Dazzy? Sure, I remember the sonuvabitch. Played for us a time or two back in the teens. I'm sure you throw real good for a lady.

JACKIE MITCHELL

I like to think so, sir.

She poses for one more picture with Ruth and Gehrig, then heads off. Ruth chuckles, slaps Gehrig on the shoulder.

BABE RUTH

Signing little girls to baseball teams, Lou, what will they think of next?

At that, he looks up and sees Iris, in whom he is much more interested. The Bambino famously loves beer, hot dogs, cigars, and pretty women.

BABE RUTH (CONT'D)

Hell-o, what have we here?

LOU GEHRIG

Good morning, ma'am. Don't you mind my colleague over there, he's a real class act.

IRIS

Morning.

JOE ENGEL

Gentlemen, may I present Mr. Temple and his lovely daughter.

(to Iris and Temple Jr.)

Gonna take a wild guess and say you know who these two jokers are.

Ruth and Gehrig laugh good-naturedly, exchange handshakes. Ruth holds lingeringly onto Iris's.

BABE RUTH

You and your father in Chattanooga for long, Miss Temple?

IRIS

No, not long.

BABE RUTH

I see. Well, the Yankees are staying at the Read House Hotel, if you wanted to step by for a drink after.

LOU GEHRIG

Christ's sake, Babe, her pa's right there.

TEMPLE JR

Afraid I can't permit any tomfoolery with my daughter, sir, no.

BABE RUTH

(winks at Iris)

Can't blame a fella for trying. You're staying for the game?

IRIS

As far as I know, yes.

BABE RUTH

I'll hit a home run for you. Though that's a hell of a poke to center field. Do my best, though.

JOE ENGEL

All right, all right, we'll leave you boys to get ready. Mr. Temple, Miss Temple, step this way, we'll find you the best seat in the house.

With Ruth throwing one more hopeful look at Iris, she and Temple Jr. follow Engel off the field.

REVERSE CUT TO:

EXT. ENGEL STADIUM - DAY

The team has been watching this meeting, not quite close enough to hear everything that was said but recognizing Iris/Victoria well enough. They look at each other warily.

LUCY

Who's that with her, do you think? We haven't seen him before.

FLYNN

Should we have?

WYATT

You sure? He seems familiar, but I can't put my finger on it.

JIYA

Should we go after her? That hasn't worked out well for us, and this isn't exactly life-threatening. Is it the worst thing in the world if we just let her take a baseball or a bat or whatever? We could head back faster if we did.

WYATT

I mean, I want one, but -

Flynn is glancing off in Temple Jr. and Iris's direction, faintly troubled, and doesn't answer.

FLYNN

Guess we should hang around and see if that's what she really wants?

LUCY

It's a pretty small stadium. If we stay here after everyone else has left, she'll spot us.

From the look on Flynn's face, he's not sure that's a bad thing, but he's still distracted and frowning.

FLYNN

Hmm. Yes, of course.

Lucy glances at him, but she's interrupted by the blare of a brass band, the crowd rising to their feet, as the managers and umpires stride onto the field and the teams line up on the fresh chalk baselines. The game's getting ready to start.

[COMMERCIALS]

RETURN TO:

INT. MASON-CARLIN INDUSTRIES - DAY

Connor is standing in the reception area of MCI, trying not to draw attention to the microphone embedded in his lapel.

CONNOR

(muttering into it)

You're there, yes?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Denise and Rufus, wearing headphones, look at the video bank that shows Connor from all directions, the foyer, the entranceway, etc. Rufus spots something, keys the mic.

RUFUS

We're here. They're coming.
Remember, play it cool. You don't suspect anything.

CONNOR

Right. Cool as a cucumber.

The glass doors swish open, and Ed King enters, trailed by a large suited man in dark sunglasses. He spots Connor, makes a beeline for him. Connor smiles welcomingly, they shake hands.

KING

Mr. Mason! So good to see you Stateside, so glad this little rendezvous could happen. You ready to show me around? Don't mind me if I ask a lot of questions, just let me know if I'm being too annoying.

He chuckles, rubbing his hands together. This is typical for Ed, but he seems more neurotic than usual, trying too hard.

CONNOR

Right, step this way. I'll have visitor badges for you and your - ?

KING

Oh, that's Igor. Don't mind Igor, bosses insisted he come along. Personal protection and all that.

CONNOR

I see. Of course.

They head to a console, Connor taps a screen, and prints out two laminated badges. He hands them to King and Igor, who put them over their heads, and leads them inside.

CONTINUE TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

King speeds up to walk next to Connor as they walk down a long white corridor lined with closed doors.

KING

Don't mind me saying so, but you look kinda tired, my man.

CONNOR

Oh, I've just been busy. Looking forward to getting some proper rest soon, once everything's sorted.

KING

Is your business partner here? Mr. Carlin? You said he couldn't come to Budapest because - software testing? Like to meet him before I pull the trigger on a deal.

CONNOR

Yes, a deal on - what exactly?

KING

What I said back at the conference. Full suite of services designed to maximize your potential and your profit margin.

Connor considers this. As they reach the end of the corridor and step down onto the main operations floor, currently empty of the Lifeboat -

CONNOR

Yet in all this largesse and this urge for cooperation, Mr. King, I don't believe I've ever heard the name of the company you work for?

KING

Oh, you know how it is. All these mergers, these joint-ownership schemes, who knows who works for anyone? It's all percentiles and -

CONNOR

Is the name of your company, by any chance, Valkyrie Ultra?

In the control room, Denise and Rufus sit up straight and look at each other in alarm. Not clear that Connor revealing that was on the agenda. Rufus leans forward.

RUFUS

(hissing)

Connor, what are you doing?

Back on the floor, King stops short, as does Igor. It's clear from his reaction that he did not expect Connor to know that.

KING

(false laugh)

Valkyrie Ultra? Who told you that?

CONNOR

You'd expect that I'd conduct my own background checks on someone so interested in controlling-stake investments, surely.

KING

Sure, sure. Absolutely. Fine, Mr. Mason, I see we're being frank with each other. Mr. Carlin, Mr. Rufus Carlin, you mentioned him earlier. The other members of your team, the ones working on the secret project - any of these names sound familiar? Agent Denise Christopher? Dr. Lucy Preston? Dr. Jiya Marri? Sergeant Wyatt Logan?

(MORE)

KING (CONT'D)

And - not quite sure what he is these days, but didn't he have an extensive felony record? - Mr. Garcia Flynn?

Connor manages to keep his face straight, but with a struggle. In the control room, Denise and Rufus look at each other in even more alarm. Rufus makes as if to get to his feet, but Denise grabs his arm.

CONNOR

They may have worked with us in the past, I can't be sure. Mason Industries, as it was back in the old days, had so many clients and contractors, I'd have to look into the personnel files. But most of those were destroyed in the explosion, so -

KING

You're such a bad tech mogul that you don't keep copies of all your data offsite, in the cloud? Not that I think you need it right now.

His tone is less friendly, and Igor shifts his weight in a menacing fashion. In the control room, both Denise and Rufus get up this time, leaning forward in agitation.

CONNOR

I'd like to know what you think you're implying, Mr. King.

KING

I'd also like to know what you are, Mr. Mason.

A deeply tense moment as they stare at each other. King glances at the setup for the Lifeboat, strolls over to the computer banks. Connor runs after him, tries to corral him.

CONNOR

Everything's in beta, and besides, this is hardly the best place to get a proper taste of our -

KING

Is Mr. Carlin absent because he's out somewhere? Somewhen?

That does it. Rufus bolts out of the control room, as Denise hesitates, then runs after him.

He clatters down the stairs, remembers he can't go bursting in and reveal that he's been listening the whole time. He looks around, grabs an armful of random papers, then pushes through the door, doing his best to look busy and distracted.

RUFUS

Hey, Connor, could you check these schematics when you - oh, hey, didn't realize we had company.

He looks guilelessly at Ed and Igor, blinking as if surprised. He shifts the papers to the other arm, advances with his hand out. Ed has nothing to do but shake it.

RUFUS (CONT'D)

Rufus Carlin, pleased to meet you. What can I help you with?

KING

Ed King. I met Mr. Mason at the EIT conference in Budapest. Surely he mentioned that I was interested in dropping by for a visit?

RUFUS

Oh yeah, he did say something about that. But as you can see, our campus isn't even complete yet. We just went public a couple months ago. Not looking for new shareholders just now, so -

KING

A start-up tech outfit not looking for shareholders? Even one launched by a billionaire? You surprise me.

Another tense pause. King glances again at the place where the Lifeboat should be, removes his smartphone.

KING (CONT'D)

Mind if I take a few pictures?

CONNOR

We'd really rather you not. This is highly proprietary, and since you are, at this point, nothing more than a visitor, I cannot allow -

KING

Just need to check a few things.

CONNOR

I said no.

It's the most assertive and threatening we've ever heard Connor sound. Rufus blinks. We PAN BACK, see the door open a crack, and Denise leans in, very tensely.

KING

Well now. We're all friends here.

Connor takes a step. Then another. Not backing down.

CONNOR

Are we? I want a straight answer, Mr. King, who you are and what you're doing in my facility and why you approached me in the first place. Do you or do you not work for Valkyrie? Do you have some kind of association with a woman known as Victoria Marchant? Did you come here to spy on us and try to handicap us from our work in your same - field?

King blinks, now entirely thrown. Igor steps up next to him, scowling heavily, and makes a motion indicating they should leave. King ignores him, turns on Connor.

KING

Actually, Mr. Mason, I really did come to make a substantial investment in your company and your technology. You want to know why? Because MCI is everything that Valkyrie is built on. Everything we do, all the services we offer, the cutting-edge innovations we provide for our clients, none of that would be possible without the framework that you made first. We're here because you created us. We are you. It's bought out and renamed a few years down the line, but everything that it is, at heart, all the groundwork's already been laid. It's the same company. I work for you, in the strictest sense. We just call it something different.

Connor, Rufus - and from the door, Denise - stare at him, horrified. Nobody knows how to answer that.

KING (CONT'D)

I know what else you did. Invented the time machines, then ran desperate interventions once your own creation rampaged out of control and turned on you, and you're probably thinking that this is the same thing again. You're wrong. Valkyrie is perfect, it fixed all those problems. This isn't some conspiracy-theory secret society meddling in the depths of history. We're giving people what they want, when they pay us to do it, and that's just one of the services we offer. Ultra is our premium subscription package, but Valkyrie is the triumph of the free market. Biggest company in the world. Created hundreds of millions of jobs for people around the globe. You should feel proud of what you've done, Mr. Mason. You're the godfather of it all. And why you and your band of bleeding-heart idealists want to retroactively sabotage your own success, I don't know, but I suggest you quit.

RUFUS

What the - so you do know Victoria?
What are you, her -

KING

Yeah, I know Victoria. And I think I've finally figured out just why she's been acting so strange on her recent jobs. She's met you and she hasn't told us, and I don't know why, but I'd like to find out.

There's a sound at the door as Denise steps in, prepared for shit to go down. King snaps around, looks at her.

KING (CONT'D)

And this would be the one and only Agent Denise Christopher, I'm guessing? That makes three? The other four must be on the jump?

RUFUS

(furious)

Look, you - get the hell out of here before we have to -

KING

I can tell you exactly what this campus will look like one day, when it's done, when it's Valkyrie headquarters. So once again, you're only hurting yourselves if you -

RUFUS

GET OUT!

He starts toward Ed with a look of transcendent fury on his face. Igor grabs Ed and pulls his gun, looks set to use it -

Denise panics, runs in, draws her own. Connor yells, pushes Rufus behind him -

As several gunshots go off at once -

SLAM CUT TO:

EXT. ENGEL STADIUM - DAY

A crowd of four thousand people has filled the ground, the game is underway. A radio announcer with headphones and stand microphone is in the press row not far from the Time Team.

RADIO ANNOUNCER

Your reporter from the Washington Post live here in Chattanooga, where the Senators' Double-A team is taking on the mighty New York Yankees. It's top of the first, nobody out, Earle Combs on second after that double off the wall. Lyn Lary at the dish. Barfoot has the sign, he deals.

The pitcher winds up and throws. The batter swings, hits a sharp single, and the runner scores easily.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

And it's 1-0 Yankees, as Lary singles up the middle to score Combs. Oh, and here comes Engel to the mound. That sure is a quick hook for Lookouts starter Clyde Barfoot, he's coming out of the game now. Engel tapping his left arm, he's bringing in the -

A sound of curiosity, excitement, confusion from the crowd. Everyone cranes forward as the small figure jogging confidently to the mound is none other than -

RADIO ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

(laughing)

This, ladies and gents, is exactly one of the shenanigans that Joe Engel is known for. I have to say, oh heavens, this seems a little cruel. It's the girl pitcher, Jackie Mitchell, to face the great Babe Ruth and Lou Gehrig. Without even powdering her nose or checking if her lipstick is on straight, Jackie strides to the mound.

In the crowd, Lucy glances at Wyatt, who looks suddenly struck by a revelation.

WYATT

Wait. Jackie Mitchell. I'm pretty sure I've heard that name. It must have been her earlier, on the field. This is some kind of -

On the field, Jackie takes a few warm-up tosses. Ruth is openly smirking as he steps to the plate, glances up the first-base line, and makes eye contact with Iris, as if to say this is where he'll hit that home run he promised. He digs in with a swagger, as Jackie winds up and unleashes.

Babe Ruth takes a big swing at the breaking ball -

- and MISSES.

RADIO ANNOUNCER

Whoa Nelly! Ruth takes a big hack at the first offering from Mitchell, and it's a whiff. Can't imagine we saw that coming. Miss Mitchell is tryin' real hard to look like a pro out there. Here comes her second pitch, and -

Another swing, another miss. Ruth doesn't look happy. He turns to the umpire as the Lookouts catcher is about to throw back.

BABE RUTH

Hey now! I want that ball inspected! You look at it right now, pal, you see if she's throwing a spitter!

The umpire pushes up his mask, takes the ball, and examines it quizzically. He shrugs.

UMPIRE

Looks regulation to me, Mr. Ruth.

He hands it back to the catcher, who throws it to Jackie. She steps briefly off the rubber, then back on.

RADIO ANNOUNCER

It's 0-2 on Babe Ruth, Miss Mitchell ahead in the count. She steps in, she winds, and -

Jackie fires one dead down the middle, completely freezing the Babe in his tracks. The umpire hesitates, then pulls an emphatic "out on strikes" gesture as the crowd roars.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

Oh my stars! That's a called strike three on Babe Ruth! Not one of the highlights of his career, I'm guessing! Golly, the Bambino doesn't like that one bit. Slams down the bat and stares daggers at the ump, and he's storming back to the Yankees' dugout. I repeat, Joe Engel's girl pitcher, Miss Mitchell, just struck out Babe Ruth, it's a heckuva gimmick. Here comes Lou Gehrig, Gehrig at the box, it's lefty on lefty. He digs in. First pitch and - it's a strike. Strike one on Lou Gehrig! This sure is a strange day at the ballpark, folks!

Lucy looks surprised and delighted as they watch Lou Gehrig swing (and miss) on pitch two.

LUCY

Wait, is this the girl who -

She's interrupted as Mitchell sets and deals, Gehrig swings and misses a third time, the crowd roars again, and Gehrig looks equally befuddled as the umpire rings him up.

RADIO ANNOUNCER

Geez Lou-ise! And Gehrig strikes out on three pitches too! Though Mr. Gehrig's known as one of baseball's gentlemen, I'm guessing he just did it to be polite. He's walking back to the dugout, Tony Lazzeri to the plate. Two down.

(MORE)

RADIO ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

Holy cow, you can almost hear
Jackie's little girlfriends
squealing.

Lucy leans forward and claps vigorously, as Lazzeri ends up walking on four pitches and Engel trots out to the mound. Jackie waves to the cheering crowd as she makes her exit.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

Engel out to pull Miss Mitchell.
She must have remembered by this
time that she's a woman, and after
all the excitement she undoubtedly
wants to go off and have a good
cry, so they let her retire from
the game.

Lucy stares evilly up at this idiot, not that he can see her, as Jackie jogs off the field to the home dugout. As the new pitcher enters and the game resumes, Lucy looks at Wyatt.

LUCY

Jackie Mitchell, who struck out
Babe Ruth and Lou Gehrig? Is that
it?

WYATT

Yeah, that's it. Of course, they
argue for years about whether it
was authentic or just a pre-
arranged publicity stunt, because
how dare this tiny teenage girl
strike out two of the greatest of
all time. Gehrig's gonna lead the
AL in home runs this year, I think.
The story goes that Kenesaw
Mountain Landis, the baseball
commissioner, voids her contract
the next day and declares that
women are unfit to play baseball,
but I seem to remember she's around
a while longer. She insists until
she dies in 1987 that those
strikeouts were genuine.

LUCY

(fiercely)
Good for her.

With that, they turn back to the game.

[COMMERCIALS]

RETURN TO:

EXT. ENGEL STADIUM - AFTERNOON

The game is over, the final score - Yankees 14, Lookouts 4 - displayed on the hand-operated scoreboard. Iris and Temple Jr. get up from their seats as the crowd filters out. He pops a final handful of popcorn into his mouth, chews, swallows.

TEMPLE JR

So walk me through it. It was fun to go to that game, absolutely. But how do you retrieve the order, make money for the company?

IRIS

Like this.

She leads the way down to the first-base dugout, waves until she catches Engel's attention. He looks around, jogs over.

JOE ENGEL

Miss Temple? How about that, huh?

IRIS

Great fun, loved it. Actually, could you send a ball over to the Yankees' dugout, get Ruth and Gehrig to sign it? Then have it brought back and get Miss Mitchell to sign it too?

JOE ENGEL

Well, I suppose I could see if -

IRIS

I'd very much appreciate it. And have the boy see if Mr. Ruth is still up for drinks at the Read House Hotel? Tell him it's Miss Temple asking.

For good measure, she flutters her eyelashes. Engel can't see the harm in it, and heads off to grab one of the Lookouts' batboys. Temple Jr. regards Iris admiringly.

TEMPLE JR

That's pretty slick, for sure. So what's the holdup with Paris? Why haven't you filled the order yet?

IRIS

Because not all historical artifacts are created equal. Something like this, an autographed baseball, all you have to do is convince the right people to sign it, then take it away. Nobody will ever notice or think about it again. But if you want something famous, where the absence will cause alarm, where you need the artifact itself to endure so people know what you have, then you need to do it differently. If you were going to steal the Mona Lisa, you'd need there to still be a Mona Lisa, otherwise nobody would know what it was and wouldn't care that you had it. History is created by time and memory. You take out something special, you leave a void, you need something to put back in.

TEMPLE JR

So that's what you're having your contact in Paris do? Elaborate deepfake, a replica to switch in?

IRIS

Pretty much, yeah.

TEMPLE JR

Hey, could we get the Mona Lisa? My wife's a big Da Vinci fan.

IRIS

(laughing)

Yeah, no, that was just a hypothetical. I don't think -

TEMPLE JR

Same process as the others, right? It'd be in Paris already, and you said he works in the high-end art world. Could find some reason to get into the Louvre, and we'd provide the tech to deal with the security. Easy enough to make the switch, if we had a good replica.

To her consternation, Iris can see that he's actually serious about this, and does not know what to do with it, or whether she should spend time arguing him out of it.

IRIS

Aside from the fact that nobody could make a forgery of the world's most famous painting convincing enough to stand up to the scrutiny of eight hundred experts, anything goes wrong and we're exposed. That goes against the interference rule.

TEMPLE JR

I sit on the board, you don't need to remind me about our company policies. And from what I've seen, there's nothing saying we can't flex that a little. My father -

IRIS

All due respect, your father never ran this company.

TEMPLE JR

Ed King did tell you that this is an important client, right? For the Paris job and the order that goes with it. I personally am very invested in keeping her happy. So I'm going to push you a little on giving me an exact deadline.

IRIS

Why?

TEMPLE JR

Planning.

IRIS

Planning for what?

TEMPLE JR

Important decisions that I don't want you to worry about. She's what you might call an old friend, so -

At that moment, he's interrupted as Joe Engel returns with the signed ball, holding it up for Iris.

JOE ENGEL

Here you go, Miss Temple. The boy said that Mr. Ruth sure did hope you'd make it to the hotel.

IRIS

Thank you so much, it's perfect. We'll be on our way.

She tucks the ball into her handbag, and they start out of the grandstand, into the concourse.

TEMPLE JR

Think I'll grab one last hot dog
for the road. You want one?

IRIS

I'm good.

He steps off to a concession stand. Iris looks around at the thinning crowd, spots Flynn and Jiya coming this way. A very strange expression crosses her face, and she hides behind a beam, as a group of drunk workmen shout crudely at Jiya.

FLYNN

(overheard)

Hey, you leave my daughter alone,
or you'll get it.

Iris's expression gets even stranger. She closes her eyes hard. To her own confusion, she's fighting tears. She has the wrong father, he has the wrong daughter - she didn't expect this to bother her so much, but it does.

She peers out, as Flynn and Jiya wait until Lucy and Wyatt join them, both clutching signed baseballs of their own.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

You two get to meet her? Fine, how
about we get out of here before -

Someone taps Iris on the shoulder, and she jumps a foot. She turns to see Temple Jr., holding his hot dog and frowning.

TEMPLE JR

Who are those people?

IRIS

No one.

TEMPLE JR

No one, but you're hiding from
them? What's this about, exactly?

As he stares at the team, Iris sees the realization forming on his face. She moves to grab his arm, but too late.

TEMPLE JR (CONT'D)

Excuse me!

He steps out, as the team whirls around. He strides toward them, as Flynn and Wyatt snap onto their guard.

WYATT

Sorry, do we -

At that moment, they spot Iris, who has emerged from her hiding place, and all get very odd expressions of their own.

WYATT (CONT'D)

(to Flynn)

Crap, that's the guy who was with her on the -

FLYNN

Yeah, I noticed.

TEMPLE JR

And you four must be the famous Time Team? Though it looks like you're missing Rufus.

LUCY

I beg your -

JIYA

How do you know Rufus, did you -

TEMPLE JR

I feel like you've had a few warnings about meddling in Valkyrie's business, haven't you? It was cute, but I have to say, you've hit the end of our patience. We've had a nice day, so I don't want to spoil it, but if we run into you again, things will change.

FLYNN

And who are you exactly, asshole? Some sort of -

TEMPLE JR

(gesturing to Iris)

It's more like, who's she. I've only recently found out myself, but it made a lot of sense. Or don't you know already?

Everyone's heads swivel to stare at Iris. Shock is the predominant emotion, but Lucy seems to be getting it first. It doesn't make sense, it can't be - but the pieces are falling into place, and as she opens her mouth, horrified -

TEMPLE JR (CONT'D)

Come on, Iris. Time to go.

Flynn's face goes utterly blank, then looks like he's been stabbed in the gut. The strength runs out of him, he can't make a sound. Very slowly, he goes to his knees.

Iris remains frozen. Then she moves toward Temple Jr.

IRIS

Mr. Temple, I don't think -

It's difficult to tell which of these names hits the team the hardest. Lucy and Jiya utter noises of horrified disbelief, Wyatt a much louder one. Flynn remains catatonic on his knees, then goes to all fours. He still doesn't make a sound.

TEMPLE JR

I said, come on, Iris.

He takes her arm, as she is staring at Flynn, and - without any of the team in any mental state to go after them - they vanish down the concourse and out of the stadium.

With that -

CUT TO:

INT. MASON-CARLIN INDUSTRIES

Denise and Rufus are kneeling frantically on either side of Connor, who has been shot in the chest. King and Igor are gone. Rufus is putting pressure on the wound, but there's no denying that it's very bad.

RUFUS

Come on, Connor, hang on. We called the ambulance, they'll be here, they'll be here really soon, okay? Hang on. It's fine, it's fine.

CONNOR

Rufus... Rufus, this is all my fault. You have to...

RUFUS

No. No, it's not. We're going to deal with this. Mason-Carlin Industries, remember? Partners?

CONNOR

We thought... Valkyrie had to be Rittenhouse... but it's not. Of course. It's us. Like Flynn said... if you never ask if you aren't the good guys, if you just assume...

He fades, head slumping, as Rufus lifts him into his arms.

RUFUS

No, no. You're not going anywhere.
We save each other, remember? We
saved me and we saved Flynn and if
we have to, we'll save you.

CONNOR

(struggling for breath)
Rufus.

RUFUS

(close to tears)
Yeah?

CONNOR

I love you. And I am... so proud.

He reaches up to touch Rufus's cheek, but his hand falls. As Denise and Rufus stare on in dumbstruck horror, Connor Mason closes his eyes, settles in Rufus's arms, and DIES.

A long, depthless moment. Silence. Then -

RUFUS

No. Connor, no. Come on, Connor.
Wake up. Come on.

DENISE

Rufus, I'm so sorry, he's - he's
gone.

RUFUS

No. No, he's not. We save each
other, remember? We'll just - we'll
change things, and he'll be fine.
It'll be a few seconds, then it'll
reset, and we won't even remember
that he was ever -

He stares down at Connor's face, in shock. Can't cry because he doesn't think he's gone, but it's slowly sinking in that he is. Rufus keeps staring, then looks up. Shock is being replaced by quiet, burning, absolute rage.

RUFUS (CONT'D)

You and I kept saying this. That we
weren't taking this seriously
enough, that it was going to cost
us. We could have ended this
several jumps ago. We should have.

(MORE)

RUFUS (CONT'D)

But because for whatever fricking reason, Victoria's off-limits, we've lost the closest thing to a father I've ever -

Denise stares at him with hollow eyes. She was indeed also saying this, but she can't answer. She goes off to meet the arriving paramedics, as the world turns dreamy and slow around Rufus. He sits back, numb, as Connor's body is loaded onto a gurney, covered with a sheet. Noise, hubbub, people distantly asking Rufus if he wants to give a statement. He stares straight ahead as their voices waft over his head.

Flashing lights. Connor is wheeled out. Rufus supposes that he should get these people out of here in case the Lifeboat comes back, tries to clear the room. Finally, goes up to his seat behind the control panel, collapses into it, puts his head in his hands, and does not move.

[COMMERCIALS]

RETURN TO:

INT. MASON-CARLIN INDUSTRIES - EVENING

It's dark, the only light falling dimly on Rufus, who is still sitting with his head in his hands. He looks up half an inch at the familiar whir of the arriving Lifeboat, but doesn't otherwise move or react.

CUT TO:

INT. LIFEBOAT - EVENING

The Lifeboat lands, the door opens, and Jiya and Wyatt get out, running on autopilot. Flynn is still sitting in his seat, having made no move to unbuckle, staring at the wall. Lucy hangs back, looking at him in anguished sympathy.

LUCY

Garcia?

He doesn't answer or react. She reaches out to cup his cheek.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Garcia, please, say something.

He doesn't. He just keeps staring. Lucy is about to try again, when she is distracted by Jiya's cry.

JIYA
Rufus? Rufus!

CONTINUE TO:

INT. MASON-CARLIN INDUSTRIES - EVENING

Jiya, Wyatt, and Lucy, who scrambles out of the Lifeboat, run up to Rufus. He looks up at them very slowly, as if having trouble remembering who they are.

JIYA
Rufus! Are you - are you all -

RUFUS
(almost matter-of-factly)
Connor's dead.

Shocked breaths, stares, horrified disbelief.

JIYA, WYATT, LUCY
What?! How?! What did - are you -

RUFUS
Those Valkyrie people killed him.
Ed King's private security thug.
King knew who we were. There was a
confrontation. Connor was trying to
protect me. He got shot.

WYATT
Jesus, I - what - Connor - no. It's
fine, we'll just figure out how to
change whatever we have to. We
saved you, Flynn, we'll -

RUFUS
Yeah. That's what I said.

LUCY
But of course Valkyrie did it, if -
on the jump, we found out, they're
part of Rittenhouse, or evolved
from it. There's a Mr. Temple, I
don't know who it is exactly, but I
think it's one of Temple senior's
sons, one of Timothy's brothers.
Twenty years in the future, but
it's Rittenhouse, it has to be
related to them somehow -

RUFUS
Valkyrie isn't Rittenhouse.

LUCY

What?

RUFUS

Valkyrie is us. Mason-Carlin Industries a few years down the line, once we're bought out, change our name, and get a nice makeover. Everything they do, everything that's happening now, we don't get the luxury of blaming it all on Rittenhouse. It's us. We did it. We brought this on ourselves.

Everyone flinches at the raw, terrible force of his words. Rufus gets to his feet, knocking his chair back.

RUFUS (CONT'D)

And since Victoria is apparently someone we can't touch, I'd like to know how we're going to -

LUCY

Look - on the jump, we - I don't know how it's possible, but there's a chance that she's actually -

RUFUS

Yeah, I don't care who she is.

He stalks away. Jiya throws an agonized look at Lucy and Wyatt, then hurries after him. They can hear her calling his name, echoing in the rafters. Wyatt looks at Lucy, helpless.

WYATT

Do you - do you want me to help you talk to - ?

Lucy struggles to get up enough breath to speak.

LUCY

You - you go on home. I'll - I think I have to do this myself.

Wyatt hesitates, then nods. He reaches out, they hug briefly, and then he also makes his way out of sight. Lucy turns around and stares at the Lifeboat. Flynn is still sitting in it, right where she left him. She screws up her courage, crosses back to it.

CONTINUE TO:

INT. LIFEBOAT - EVENING

Lucy climbs into the Lifeboat and sits down across from Flynn, the two of them lit by the glow from the control panel. He doesn't react or respond. At last, as the boys have done for Lucy several times the other way around, Lucy reaches out, undoes his seatbelt, pushes it aside.

LUCY
Garcia, talk to me.

FLYNN
What do you want me to say?

His voice is a hoarse, deep rasp, torn out of his chest. He lifts his head. He looks just as wrecked as Rufus, barely breathing, doesn't know what's up and what's down.

LUCY
We - we don't know for a fact that it's true. Victoria said she didn't know you, in Macau. Mr. Temple could have been playing mind games with us, just like his - well, it must be his father. It could be someone else with the same name, it could be...

She trails off, aware of how indescribably feeble this sounds, as Flynn barks a disbelieving laugh.

FLYNN
Is that supposed to make me feel better?

LUCY
I just... I... no.

She doesn't know what to say or do. She finally reaches out and takes hold of both his hands. Flynn doesn't stop her, doesn't grip back, just continues to sit there in a daze.

LUCY (CONT'D)
If it is her, if she's back, after all this time, how hard you fought, and - this is obviously a horrible and shocking way to learn about it, but it still might not really be -

FLYNN
It's her.

His voice cracks, and he struggles to keep his composure, ducking his head. Both of them are close to tears now.

FLYNN (CONT) (CONT'D)
I just... I know. I've felt it,
I've known it somehow ever since
London. But I didn't think about
it, it didn't cross my mind, I
didn't take it seriously, I didn't
- because how? How could she be
alive?

LUCY
I don't know.

FLYNN
And the fact that if she is alive -
I didn't do it! I don't know who
she is now, what she thinks about
me - it sure doesn't look good,
let's put it that way. When I went
away for six months to decide if I
could give up on her and her
mother, and came around to the fact
that I could - how can she possibly
forgive me for that? No wonder she
hates us. No wonder she hates me.

LUCY
Garcia, no, she -

FLYNN
Don't. Don't pretend. Not with us.

Lucy flinches. His grip tightens on her hands, and they lean forward, foreheads brushing, breath ragged. They sway, close to breaking down, struggling to absorb this.

A moment more, then Flynn pulls back, gets to his feet.

FLYNN (CONT'D)
I think that I - I need to be alone
for a little while. I'm sorry. I
promise, I'm not going to leave
again. I just need some space to
try - to possibly process this.

LUCY
Okay. That's completely
understandable. Whatever you need.

He tries to smile for her, but his eyes are drowned. Then he climbs out of the Lifeboat, and as Lucy watches him stride into the darkness, he vanishes.

CUT TO:

INT. VALKYRIE HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Ed King has the hologram biography of Connor up, projected from his wrist chip. He scrolls down, a frown on his face, which deepens as he reaches the bottom. He closes it, turns away, paces. Then his phone rings, and he jumps, answers it.

KING

Hello?

TEMPLE JR

(over the phone)

Surprising lack of pep in that greeting, Ed. How'd everything go? (not waiting for an answer)

Either way, I can confirm that it's them. We had an inadvertent little meeting on the trip today. So turn over what intel you pulled on them, anything else you have on Victoria, and I can put it together for the board to decide what we're -

KING

I didn't realize it was me.

TEMPLE JR

What?

KING

I didn't - well, of course I knew that Connor Mason died that year, I just - I didn't realize that it was because of me. He is - well, he was a very important figure to us, our founder, so it's just a bit -

TEMPLE JR

Because of you? Now, Ed. We just went through this with the Lewis kid. You're not wussing out now, are you?

KING

No, Mr. Temple. Absolutely not.

TEMPLE JR

Good. Well, I think I've got a pretty good feel for these operations now. That girl's dynamite, I'm glad we've got her.

(MORE)

TEMPLE JR (CONT'D)

I still want to know as much as possible, so keep up your investigations. But like I said, I'm taking over direct management of all AIEs, acquisitions, and general uses of the Mothership, and I like to run a tight operation. So make sure you turn in your security clearance card tomorrow.

KING

What? You're firing me? You just asked me to keep up the -

TEMPLE JR

No, no, not firing you. Just downsizing. I'll want you to stop by my office and scan a couple NDAs, just so everything's under lock and key. This is a crucial phase for the company, Ed. You're a loyal man. You know how it goes.

KING

Sure do, sure do. I'm happy to help Valkyrie any way I can.

TEMPLE JR

That's what we like to hear. See you tomorrow.

With that, he hangs up.

Ed stares at the phone. Puts it away. Then after a moment, he re-opens the Connor Mason hologram, sits down in a chair, and starts to read it again.

CUT TO:

INT. CHRISTOPHER HOUSE - NIGHT

Denise, exhausted, still with blood on her clothes, unlocks her front door and steps inside. She's at the end of her rope, has had to hold it together until now, but is cracking swiftly. Wants to collapse. She has lost a member of the team for good, for the first time, and she's reeling.

DENISE

Hello?

The house is quiet. Too quiet. She can't hear anyone. She panics, runs into the kitchen, finds it clean and tidy - and empty, except for a framed family photo sitting atop a sealed envelope.

At the sight of it, something drains out of Denise. She knows what it is, her hands fumble as she tries to tear the envelope. She pulls out a notecard, opens it.

Inside, handwritten:

I'm sorry.

I love you, but I can't do this.

Michelle.

Denise stares at it. Keeps staring at it. Finally sits down in the middle of the kitchen floor, drops her keys and her bag and everything else. Leans against the fridge, kicks off her high heels, and silently, completely crumples.

Called strike three, indeed.

Our team has rarely faced a darker hour.

A slow, lingering, solemn PAN OUT.

FADE TO BLACK.

END CREDITS.

NEXT WEEK ON TIMELESS...

TIMELESS 4X07: "THE GREAT UPHEAVAL"

FUNERAL GUEST

Mr. Carlin, so sorry for your loss.

RUFUS

Thank you.

He is clearly desperate to get out of here, as the crowd parts and his mother, RHONDA CARLIN, steps out. She takes one look at his face, comes to hug him hard.

RHONDA

Honey, you okay?

RUFUS
(numbly)
Not really.

CUT TO:

LUCY
Can I get you some tea, or - ?

DENISE
No thank you.
(long pause)
Michelle left me. She took the
kids.

CUT TO:

TEMPLE JR
That means an unusual assignment
for you, Miss Marchant, but we have
every confidence that you'll rise
to the occasion. Plus, the long-
term benefits will be immeasurable.

IRIS
And this is?

TEMPLE JR
You ever heard of the "Great
Upheaval" in 1877?

CUT TO:

LUCY
There are so many things Valkyrie
could want here, but I can't see
the connection.

FLYNN
I can. Money. That's what this is
about. This is a giant nerve center
for the future shape of global
capitalism. Worker strikes, mega-
fortunes, labor laws, the question
of whether there are ever going to
be any restrictions or moral
fettters on a corporation making as
much money as they can, at any
cost.

CUT TO:

Things are, indeed, getting hairy. Strikers and sympathizers armed with rocks, bricks, and sticks tangle violently with militia and National Guardsmen. The dull orange glow hints that other things are on fire.

CUT TO:

FLYNN (CONT'D)
(crying freely)
Hey. Sweetheart.

IRIS
(voice cracking)
How would you even know if it's
really me? I told you it wasn't,
the last time. I said -

CUT TO:

Iris reaches out, half in a trance, and takes the gun.

TEMPLE JR
That's right. This is what you've
been trained for. This is the
reason you were saved. All your
life, in one way or another, you
were only ever meant to be a
weapon.

FADE TO BLACK...