

T I M E L E S S

"ALOHA 'OE"

Episode 4x09

Written by

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FADE IN.

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

3x12: Flynn's "I love you" to Lucy before sacrificing himself. 4x01: Flynn's absence and the question of what changed in 1951. 4x02: Iris and Gabriel. 4x03: Flynn encountering Gabriel briefly in Paris. 4x05: Iris and Sarah's conversation about what Valkyrie might be hiding. 4x06: Iris asking Temple Jr. who Amy is and Connor's death. 4x07: Temple Jr. weaponizing Iris, the friction among the team, Denise's leave of absence, the revelation of Iris's backstory with Jessica and Sarah, and Gabriel handing himself in to the Paris police. 4x08: Rufus and Jiya's conversation about whether to break up MCI to stop Valkyrie, the Titanic, Iris rejecting Temple's orders to kill the team and killing Ed King instead, her scenes with Flynn and asking him to come with her. Flynn telling Rufus to go and leave the rest of them, Wyatt and Lucy making it onto a lifeboat, Lucy's reunion with Flynn and the kiss(es). Lastly, Iris meeting a woman named Valkyrie, who wants to talk to her...

OPEN ON:

INT. LUCY'S KITCHEN - MORNING

Lucy, hair tousled, wearing a button-down shirt that is much too large for her over a bra and sweatpants, smiling to herself, makes two cups of coffee in her kitchen.

CONTINUE TO:

INT. LUCY'S BEDROOM - MORNING

We follow Lucy up the stairs and into her sunlit bedroom, where a shirtless Garcia Flynn is fast asleep on one side of the bed (well, most of it). He is still considerably battered, but he stirs at the smell of coffee, rolling over. Lucy can't keep back a smirk.

LUCY
Morning, sunshine.

FLYNN
Mmmmmph.

He pushes himself upright, accepts the coffee, takes a sip.

LUCY
Just so you know, you were a gentle
and responsive lover.

FLYNN

(snorts)

All right, how long have you been waiting to say that?

LUCY

Probably too long, actually.

She sits on her vacated half of the bed, as they sip their coffee in companionable, post-coital silence. Flynn frowns.

FLYNN

Was I gentle? You don't - ?

LUCY

Regret it? No. I just wish - I wish I'd been braver about it. About you. But there's the fact that I remember what happened right after I did this the last time, we know that your daughter's alive, and...

She trails off, hating the fact that she has to have this conversation when they should just be enjoying themselves, but she's been burned too much not to do it.

FLYNN

You were wondering if we'd walk out that door and Lorena would be back, like she never left.

LUCY

I... yes. Or if she's with Iris, wherever she is, and if you - it wouldn't be fair to ask you to - I would understand if you -

This is killing her to get out, but she wouldn't be Lucy if she didn't. Flynn puts his coffee aside, reaches out, and catches her free hand with both of his.

FLYNN

Lucy, I made up my mind. I did a long time ago. And I would not, I promise, have done this if I wasn't completely sure. Time travel be damned.

Lucy musters a small smile, putting aside her own coffee so she can likewise hold both his hands.

LUCY

It's just... I don't know that you ever told me what you remember about the Henrietta Lacks mission, in 1951, when we had that mess with our future selves and Emma and the journal and the HeLa cells. I remember you being captured by Rittenhouse, and that was why I went to São Paulo, but now -

She's babbling and she knows it, trying to stop herself. Flynn waits patiently until she comes to a halt.

FLYNN

Not much. We got the cells and came back to the bunker, and I went to bed. Then there was a lot of noise and nonsense, I came out to shut it up, and you were all very relieved to see me and thought I'd gone somewhere.

LUCY

So you don't - what you said - ? Did you - not do that anymore?

FLYNN

What did I say?

Lucy rolls her eyes. She is crazy for this man, but good lord, the DENSITY. THE DENSITY.

LUCY

That you... loved me.

An ah-that look crosses Flynn's face. We are visited with just the tiniest urge to smack him.

FLYNN

I said that?

LUCY

Yes. And you - you stayed away for a while afterward, and you didn't really talk about where you'd gone or what you'd done. I didn't know if I should push you on it, or...

Flynn considers. Then psyches himself up, takes a deep breath, looks at the door as if Wyatt might burst in and interrupt this one too. Wyatt does not.

FLYNN

Lucy, the reason I stayed away for so long... I was angry over what happened in 1775, I can't deny it. Maybe part of me wanted for there to be something, to know that I could be happy again some other way, that I could make do, that I didn't need you. But...

LUCY

Y-yes?

FLYNN

There wasn't. Anything else that I wanted. Anyone else who mattered more. It was you. It was just you. And that's why I came back.

Lucy stares at him. The woman who has never been put first or been good enough for or prioritized by anyone, including herself. Who has been so afraid of anything with Flynn over the fear he'll choose someone else too, being told there is no one else in the world who matters more. It staggers her.

LUCY

You never said that.

FLYNN

I didn't know how. I'm sorry.

LUCY

I love you. I have for a while. When I thought you were dead on the Titanic, it - I couldn't even imagine it.

FLYNN

(hoarsely)

I've loved you from the moment you gave me my soul again.

They lean in and kiss. Slowly, tentatively, still fearing rejection, two broken people who need time to really trust this, but want to do so more than anything. Then it turns playful, and they're grinning by the time they pull back.

LUCY

You know, you - you can stay here, if you want. With me. It's probably nicer than wherever you've been, and we've lived together before.

FLYNN

We'll decide that later. What are we going to tell them at work?

LUCY

Is it all right if we just... keep this to ourselves? For a little while, at least. There's a lot going on, everything with Rufus and Denise, it might be awkward for Wyatt, and I don't want to be insensitive. But we're going to get Iris back. We're going to stop Valkyrie. All of us, together.

FLYNN

All right. We won't tell anyone just yet. Though I want more sleep first. We spent over a week on the damn Titanic trip and nearly died, and I can't say I've done all that much sleeping since then.

LUCY

(coyly)

Well, if sleeping is really what you want to do...

Flynn gives her a have-pity-on-the-old-man look, they giggle, and settle down for some actual snoozing. PAN OUT on this tender scene, even as we're wondering how long it can last...

TIMELESS MAIN TITLE - 01141893

CUT TO:

INT. MASON-CARLIN INDUSTRIES - AFTERNOON

Wyatt, Rufus, and Jiya are crowded around a computer monitor, with the Wikipedia article on the Titanic open.

RUFUS

So almost a thousand people still died, and it was obviously a big tragedy, but the lifeboats got away almost fully loaded, a decent chunk of passengers from steerage were saved, and it, overall, was almost 500 more than before. Oh, and -

He opens a new browser tab, clicks a YouTube video.

RUFUS (CONT'D)

There are now two characters in the movie based on you and Lucy, played by a young Brad Pitt and Neve Campbell. Apparently you're the hero who wrestled the gate open when the third-class stewards were trying to lock it, along with Leo.

WYATT

What? I didn't do that. I wasn't in steerage any time after we started sinking.

RUFUS

Huh. Do you think it was Flynn?

The three of them glance around, noting that neither Flynn nor Lucy are anywhere to be seen.

WYATT

Maybe. He did go down there, as far as I know. So do I die?

RUFUS

No, Brad Pitt You helps Molly Brown turn Boat 6 back to look for survivors. Leo still eats it, though.

They sit back, regarding the screen in pride, ambivalence, relief, confusion. It's still hard to believe that they all made it through. Jiya kisses Rufus's temple.

WYATT

So we saved 500 extra lives. That's not nothing. And whatever descendants they now had, however many generations down the line. That's worth what we went through. The sinking, and then the trip to New York on the Carpathia was also pretty rough, but since you were there when we arrived -

RUFUS

I didn't want to leave you guys. I wouldn't have, but Flynn - Flynn made me go. I just - I couldn't even think about you not being there, I -

WYATT

Buddy, it's okay. It's okay. We know you didn't abandon us. You did the right thing. It's fine.

There's a pause, then the door opens in the background. At last, carefully walking a foot apart, Flynn and Lucy enter. Jiya looks up, sees them, then runs and jumps into Flynn's arms, as he catches her with a look of confusion.

FLYNN

What's all this about?

JIYA

I'm just really glad you made it.

Flynn smiles wryly, hugs her back, then puts her down. Jiya glances between him and Lucy.

JIYA (CONT'D)

You two get a chance to - rest?

LUCY

Yes, we, uh, we rested. He was just over at my house to -

FLYNN

To sleep. On the couch.

Jiya looks quizzical, but either does not notice how bad they are at this, or decides not to remark on it. Flynn strides to the monitor with an expression of decided eagerness.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

Has Iris gone on a new jump yet?

RUFUS

No, not yet. She had to go through the wringer on that one too. Why are you so chirpy about it?

FLYNN

Because as soon as she does, I'll get to see my daughter again, and I think - I hope - that we're making progress. Then I can find out what happened to her, all of it.

RUFUS

Dude, there has to be a better way for family reunions than you and your equally wrecking-ball kid just deciding to time travel for -

Flynn gives him an arch look, and Rufus raises an eat-me eyebrow. They've mostly reconciled after the moment of truth in 4x08, but a little sharp-edged snark remains.

LUCY

(to Flynn)

Well, if she doesn't, maybe you and I should just head back and -
(remembering the others)
Uh, as work colleagues. To discuss, you know, strategies for dealing with Valkyrie.

Jiya glances at her again, but before she can say anything, just like Old Faithful, the console lights up and the jump alarm goes off. Flynn looks excited.

WYATT

So, you were saying?

RUFUS

January 14, 1893. Honolulu, Hawai'i.

WYATT

Hawai'i? Oh thank God.

LUCY

1893 in Hawai'i? That's not going to be a peaceful beach vacation. That's when the monarchy gets overthrown.

WYATT

Hawai'i had a monarchy?

LUCY

Yes. I'll explain more when we get there, but -

JIYA

Okay, let me grab something, and then we'll be on the way.

RUFUS

No, no. I'm going.

JIYA

No, you're not. You've just been on two brutal jumps, it's my turn.

RUFUS

I just think it's better if I take this one too.

JIYA

What? Why?

RUFUS

Look, I'd - it's just not - after what happened, I don't want you in that kind of danger.

JIYA

Danger? I lived in the 1880s for three years, Rufus, remember? 1893 in Hawai'i is as in my wheelhouse as it gets. You can't just -

RUFUS

I'm not patronizing you! All right? I'm just terrified! I'm completely terrified about losing any more of you, after Connor, after I had to get in the Lifeboat in the flooding Titanic and leave the others behind - I'm having nightmares about the very thought, and it's just -

Everyone stares at him, as he takes a deep breath. He snorts, sniffs, rubs his hand over his face, trying not to cry.

RUFUS (CONT'D)

It's just... easier. For me to face that, rather than asking you to do it. To sit here and wait and wonder if Valkyrie will turn up again, or... I don't know. Just let me take this one, all right? Please.

Jiya stares at him, troubled and tender. It's her instinct to insist on going, but she can tell that this matters a lot to him, even as she won't quite back down.

JIYA

You're going to have to let me go on another jump sometime, you know.

RUFUS

I super double-dog pinky promise that I will let you take the next one, no matter what it is. Just... for now.

JIYA

It's not any easier to stay behind.

RUFUS

Trust me. I know. Maybe call Denise and see how things are going, or something. I need to have this. To bring everyone back this time.

JIYA

(beat)

Okay.

She kisses him quickly on the cheek, and Rufus gives her a tremulous smile. Then he follows the others to the Lifeboat.

[COMMERCIALS]

RETURN TO:

INT. IOLANI PALACE - DAY

CAPTION: JANUARY 14, 1893
IOLANI PALACE, HONOLULU

The interior of a handsome, late-19th-century mansion. Palm trees wave outside an open window, and we can distantly hear the sound of a crowd. Inside, the regal QUEEN LILI'UOKALANI (55) sits at the middle of a long table, flanked by her cabinet ministers. They are facing the furious LORRIN A. THURSTON (35), a white man and a member of the opposition Committee of Safety. The Queen is less than happy to see him.

LILI'UOKALANI

Charming though your company always is, Mr. Thurston, I do not recall that anyone invited you to a privy meeting of my Cabinet? Nor that you can think to offer any voice on the articles before they are put to the legislature for a proper -

LORRIN A. THURSTON

That, madam, is precisely the issue! This so-called "Constitution" you propose is an outrage! How dare you even think of disenfranchising the American and European citizens of this kingdom, in favor of a nameless rabble of Hawaiians and Asians?

(MORE)

LORRIN A. THURSTON (CONT'D)

If you do away with the requirement to own property, every layabout peddling coconuts on the streets will think himself entitled to vote! This is beyond all -

LILI'UOKALANI

What, that Hawai'ians should have the greatest say in their own kingdom, that I should recover the rights of the monarchy, or do this in prejudice of the sham Bayonet Constitution you and your ilk forced on my dear late brother, King Kalākaua, at gunpoint? Additionally, it is customary to address me as Your Majesty.

Enraged, Thurston slams a hand down on the table in front of her. Lili'uokalani does not flinch.

LORRIN A. THURSTON

The American people are not impressed by the trappings and pretensions of tyrannical monarchs, Madam. You may ask old George of England about that.

LILI'UOKALANI

I rule the Hawai'ian people, Mr. Thurston, if the difference has also eluded you. Besides, I was under the impression that the Holy Gospel to which we both adhere advocated the protection and care of the poor?

LORRIN A. THURSTON

How very saintly of you, Your Catholic Majesty. Though I thought it was the Protestant Church that baptized you, so -

LILI'UOKALANI

It was, as you know full well, by the class of missionaries from which you yourself descend. For a so-called man of Christ, Mr. Thurston, this is a poor show.

Angry, she looks at her Cabinet, none of which have said a word and all of whom are avoiding her eyes.

LILI'UOKALANI (CONT'D)

Well, gentlemen? Will you force me to refute this intrusion all on my own? I am almost brought to wonder if one of you informed Mr. Thurston of our meeting, so as to force my hand! I have written this constitution myself and will not be felled at the eleventh hour by cowardice, inaction, or toadying to the interests of -

One of the Privy Council members, another white man, clears his throat. This is the prominent lawyer and jurist, justice of the Hawai'i Supreme Court, SANFORD B. DOLE (49).

SANFORD B. DOLE

Madam, ah - Madam, while Mr. Thurston's manner is indecorous, he is not altogether wrong. If you attempt to impose this document upon the populace, there may well be anarchy. We cannot in good conscience back it as it stands.

Lili'uokalani tilts her head toward the distant sound of the crowd, audible through the windows.

LILI'UOKALANI

Thousands of my subjects wait at this very moment for word of the constitution's ratification. Does that sound like anarchy to you?

SANFORD B. DOLE

The... powerful interests, Madam, the sugarcane producers, the foreign businessmen, all of whom your brother encouraged in their investment in the kingdom, its development of the ties of trade -

LILI'UOKALANI

Yes, and they repaid that warmth and sympathy by forcing him to dance as their pretty puppet. My constitution restores the Kingdom of Hawai'i, of which I am sole and sovereign Queen, to its rightful standing as an independent power. Not a plaything for rich haole men.

LORRIN A. THURSTON

Outrageous. This is simply outrageous. Now she even slanders me to my face. You are correct in refusing to countenance this, gentlemen. It must be retracted, or I make no promises as to the scope of the options we must pursue.

LILI'UOKALANI

Yes, we have all heard your bile and vitriol, Mr. Thurston. Please, will nobody show this carnival barker out?

She gestures, and two pages step up, ready to do so. Thurston disdainfully shakes their hands off.

LORRIN A. THURSTON

This is not over, Mrs. Dominis. You may mark me on that.

And with that, he wheels around and stomps out.

PAN TO:

EXT. PROMENADE - DAY

REVERSE through the window of the palace, away from the crowd, and to a palm-treed promenade, where dignitaries both white and Hawai'ian stroll sedately in sight of the ocean. Among them, in dresses, hats, and parasols, we spot Iris and the woman from the end of last episode: Valkyrie herself. Iris keeps glancing at her, curious and wary.

IRIS

So you're - this is your company? I thought that Temple and the others were in charge of it.

VALKYRIE

Yes. I bought it when it was Mason-Carlin Industries and everyone had left it for dead. I rebranded, reinvested, built it from the ground up. Obviously, I never could have anticipated how big it's gotten. I don't take much of a day-to-day hand anymore, but I still hold the ultimate say-so. A queen myself, I suppose. Fitting.

She laughs. Iris's expression remains noncommittal. She has been through a number of new bosses recently, and isn't rushing to believe anything.

IRIS

And did you get overthrown too?

VALKYRIE

No. I just have better things to do with my time.

IRIS

Like what?

VALKYRIE

Like talking to you, for a start. I've been interested in you and your foster sister since you started here.

IRIS

Have you?

VALKYRIE

Yes. You and Sarah - let's just say that we have some of the same interests. But I was never sure when it would make the most sense to approach you, or even if I should. But now, well. Things have gotten a little out of hand.

Iris mulls that over, her expression implacable.

VALKYRIE (CONT'D)

Iris, I know you killed Ed King.

That stops Iris short, even as she struggles not to let too much guilt or fear show on her face.

IRIS

Ed King died on the Titanic, yes, but it was in the sink -

VALKYRIE

Please. We established that it's a waste of time for you to lie to me, remember? I'm not necessarily going to reprimand you. But I do have to know exactly why it happened.

IRIS

Why?

VALKYRIE

My business.

Her smile bares teeth. Iris is a dangerous woman in her own right, but it's very clear that the founder of a company like Valkyrie has not gotten there by playing nice.

IRIS

Ed King committed the rookie mistake of telling an enemy exactly what he planned to do, and thought she would let him just walk away.

VALKYRIE

Ah. Ned Stark and Cersei Lannister.
(at Iris's confused look)
Sorry, old pop-culture reference.
So you saw Ed as your enemy?

IRIS

Since he was blackmailing and threatening me at the time, yes.

VALKYRIE

Ed King was always in over his head. It's not surprising that he tried to make a power move and got eaten up by a bigger fish. It will make our company more successful if the weaker elements are removed.

Iris glances at her again. It's quickly dawning on her that Valkyrie is, perhaps unsurprisingly, ruthless.

IRIS

Were you the one who told Temple to give me orders to...? Or did he just decide that on his own?

VALKYRIE

Everyone who works for me understands my philosophy. Told Mr. Temple to give you orders to what?

IRIS

Never mind.

They reach the end of the promenade, turn back to look at the gathering crowds before Iolani Palace.

IRIS (CONT'D)

So what are we doing here? I don't think you wanted a tour, if you know how everything works.

(MORE)

IRIS (CONT'D)

Are we supposed to help the revolution against the Queen? She already gets overthrown, and frankly -

VALKYRIE

I obviously have an interest in seeing queens keep their crowns. No, we're here to help her. We can't stave off the American takeover forever, Hawai'i will still go to the States after she dies, but it's good if she gets to rule undefeated, unconquered. Then if we're regarded as the protector of the islands, we'll be able to offer some pretty killer vacation packages to our clients back home, wouldn't you say?

She smiles, adjusts her hat, and starts off. After a moment, Iris, face still inscrutable, follows her.

CUT TO:

EXT. PROMENADE - DAY

Not far away, the team is decked out in their Victorian best, enjoying the sunshine, but can't let down their guard. Lucy is just finishing her explanation of current events.

RUFUS

Just so we're clear. She tries to re-enfranchise her own subjects and take back her power after they illegitimately coerced it from her brother, and a bunch of rich white dudes overthrow her and declare Hawai'i to be part of America?

LUCY

Pretty much.

RUFUS

It's not surprising, but for once, I wish it wasn't terrible.

FLYNN

Our old friend the World's Fair, also starting this year, is a celebration of America's entry onto the world stage as a colonial and imperial power.

(MORE)

FLYNN (CONT'D)

The Spanish-American War spans a few months in 1898, and results in the American acquisition of Guam, Puerto Rico, and the Philippines.

RUFUS

So what do we do? I'm not big on helping the white supremacists, even in the name of history.

WYATT

We just flat-out tried to stop the Titanic from sinking. I'm pretty sure that argument is toast. I'm not advocating that we go crazy trying to fix every historical injustice, but now that we're here? What the hell, why not?

There's something fiery in Lucy's eyes. She's punched police officers in Pittsburgh, furiously fought to save the Titanic, and any shred of her old mindset is long gone.

LUCY

I don't know. It's worth a try. But only if Queen Lili'uokalani wants us to help. Otherwise, we're just more white foreigners - well, most of us are white - trying to force our opinion on her and do what we think is best without asking.

WYATT

Right, sure. Well, if you and Rufus head for the palace, Flynn and I can check out the -

LUCY

(hastily)

Oh, I'll go with Garcia.

Flynn puts his hands in his pockets, attempts to look casual.

LUCY (CONT'D)

We... well, last time, we - I just want to see if everything's -

WYATT

Okay? Uh, sure, come on, Rufus. Let's see if we can find where these jackasses are hanging out.

LUCY

It'll be tonight. Lorrin A. Thurston, part of the opposition Committee for Safety, meets in secret with one of Lili'uokalani's Cabinet ministers, Sanford B. Dole, and the U.S. ambassador to Hawai'i, John L. Stevens. They make a plan to overthrow the monarchy and formally request annexation to America. The coup happens three days from now, on January 17.

WYATT

Got it.

He nods at Rufus, and they head off. This leaves Lucy and Flynn by themselves. They look at each other and giggle.

LUCY

Do you think we're - ?

FLYNN

Playing it cool? Sure, why not?

He offers his arm, and Lucy takes it, eager to be alone with him. They start toward the palace.

LUCY

(as they walk)

You probably know this, but the Hawai'ian monarchy has been the target of attempted weakening, manipulations, coups, and political intrigue for decades. The American missionaries and business interests are often at the forefront. And no, we can't fix everything, but if we're here, and we can just make some of them - what are you doing?

Flynn has stopped short, bent down (well down) and taken her face in his hands, looking her in the eye.

FLYNN

Sorry, I just find it very attractive when you start talking about burning the bastards down.

Lucy giggles, stands on her tiptoes, and kisses him, now that she finally can. They are doing, bless them, an absolutely terrible job at hiding it.

LUCY

Apparently you've been a bad influence on me.

FLYNN

Mmm. Debatable.

But he's grinning too. He takes her arm again, and they resume their progress toward the palace.

REVERSE CUT to the POV of someone watching them, but we don't see who. A faint ominous air.

[COMMERCIALS]

RETURN TO:

INT. MASON-CARLIN INDUSTRIES - DAY

Jiya is trying to clean things, stacking papers, not doing much actual work. She's still brooding at not being able to go on the jump, even if she understands Rufus's reasons.

Just then, in Denise's empty office, the phone rings.

Jiya looks at it warily. She jogs over, pushes through the door, and picks it up on the last ring.

JIYA

Hello?

VOICE

Is this Denise Christopher?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

It's Gabriel Tompkins. We can't see where he's calling from. He looks edgily over his shoulder as someone passes outside.

JIYA

Who is this?

GABRIEL

I managed to get Agent Christopher's name after a - well, that's not important. I'm told she handles - these kind of cases.

JIYA
What cases?

GABRIEL
(pause, then)
Time travel.

He braces, clearly prepared to be told again that he's crazy, but Jiya's eyebrows fly up. All at once -

JIYA
Oh my god. Are you Flynn's brother?

GABRIEL
What? How do you - ? I have a half-brother with that surname, yes, but I haven't seen him in many years, and I don't think it's -

JIYA
He went to Paris a while ago and he said that he saw you, but he didn't think you had anything to do with -

GABRIEL
What?

It is difficult to say which of them is more confused at this point. Gabriel stops, shakes his head, starts again.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)
Is this Denise Christopher or not?

JIYA
No. She's... on leave. My name is Jiya Marri.

GABRIEL
Can you put me in contact with her? Promptly, please. It's urgent.

JIYA
I don't know if -

GABRIEL
It's about something called Valkyrie, if that means anything to you.

That gives Jiya pause. She looks around, digs through Denise's papers for a business card, and pulls it out.

JIYA

I don't know if this is a good idea, but I'll give you her number.

GABRIEL

Thank you.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - DAY

A suburban house in Los Angeles. Denise's phone buzzes on the kitchen counter. She looks at it in surprise, picks it up.

DENISE

Hello?

A long pause. Denise's brows draw down in a frown.

DENISE (CONT'D)

I... I see.

At that moment, Michelle appears in the doorway and looks at her with a too-expectant expression.

DENISE (CONT'D)

To be honest, Mr. Tompkins, this isn't a great time for me, but I understand that this is very -

We hear Gabriel's insistence on the other end of the phone.

DENISE (CONT'D)

No, sorry. Yes, of course I'm very concerned. But if you're a French citizen, I'm not sure that there's anything we can -

An interruption again, Gabriel informing her that he was born in Texas and is also an American citizen, hence entitled to contact Homeland Security for help.

DENISE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, you said your mother's name was Maria Tompkins - ?

At that, we see the realization also crossing her face as to who Gabriel is. Shit.

DENISE (CONT'D)

I'll see what I can do. We'll try to get you here as fast as possible.

(MORE)

DENISE (CONT'D)

I'll meet you at LAX and conduct you to a safe house until we can verify your -

She's scrambling for a pen and piece of paper to write down details, preparing to make arrangements.

DENISE (CONT'D)

Yes. Yes, got it. Just go to the airport, I'll have someone contact you there and get you on the plane. Don't talk to anyone, go home, or use a personal device.

Having finished taking down his info, she thanks him tersely and hangs up, under the continued gaze of Michelle.

MICHELLE

Work?

DENISE

Yes, but I don't have to leave just yet. I'll run out and pick him up when he lands, then -

MICHELLE

You decided to bring him here?

DENISE

It's important. This is - never mind. But he knows something about Valkyrie, and more than that -

Michelle folds her arms, paces back and forth. She doesn't want to be unreasonable, she knows Denise's job is critical, but it can't help but eat at her that this is happening even in the middle of their crunch reconciliation talks.

MICHELLE

Of course he does.

DENISE

Sweetie -

MICHELLE

I'll be out back when you're done.

With that, she leaves the kitchen. Denise looks at the paper, then in the direction Michelle has gone, deeply torn.

Finally, she picks up her phone, and prepares to make a call.

CUT TO:

INT. IOLANI PALACE - DAY

Wyatt and Rufus have managed to make it into the palace, and glance around in search of a secret cabal of conspirators.

RUFUS

Lucy said this meeting wasn't until tonight, right? So are we supposed to learn the hula, or - ?

WYATT

Maybe, or find the cabinet, or, I don't know, just...

He trails off. There's something else on his mind, and despite his best efforts, it comes spilling out.

WYATT (CONT'D)

Do you think Lucy and Flynn slept together?

There's a bang as Rufus walks into a table. He shakes his leg, then turns around with an expression desperate to nope out of this conversation as fast as humanely possible.

RUFUS

Is there literally any part of my face that makes you think I want to talk about this?

WYATT

I'm sorry. I did tell him to tell her how he feels, on the Titanic, and they, uh, they were pretty happy to see each other on the Carpathia. I'm trying not to think about it. I screwed it up a long time ago and that's what it is. I just... maybe one tiny part of me was hoping he would tell her, and she would realize he wasn't what she wanted, and... You can tell me that I'm an awful friend and a selfish jackass. I'll stop talking.

Rufus eyes him. Thinking about their romantic drama is the last thing he wants to do, but it's rare for Wyatt to actually communicate this, and Rufus does care about him.

RUFUS

You want to know what I think?
After seeing them at whenever-o-
clock this afternoon they rolled
in? Yes. Do we have to sit down
while you deal with this, or what?

WYATT

Yeah. Yeah, I - I kind of thought
so too. I just - hoped I was wrong.

RUFUS

Probably not.

Wyatt takes a deep breath, rubs a hand over his face. Rufus
is not unsympathetic, but they have better things to do.

WYATT

I'm going to be a grownup, I
promise. Flynn and I, we really are
friends now, and I think I knew for
a while that him and Lucy - I don't
want to say meant to be, but there
was something about the two of
them. I do want her to be happy.
And it's been good with the two of
us being friends again, able to
work together, none of that
awkwardness. I don't want to mess
that up. I guess I just wanted a
moment to take it in.

RUFUS

Which I get, really, I do, but has
this been enough of a moment, or
what?

Wyatt grins ruefully. He claps Rufus on the shoulder.

WYATT

Thanks, buddy.

RUFUS

For what?

WYATT

For being you.

Rufus raises an eyebrow, but doesn't say anything. They start
walking again, reach the end of the corridor, and then a
busier main hall in the palace. But across the way -

WYATT (CONT'D)

Crap. There's Iris.

Well aware that he is far from her favorite person, and Flynn isn't around to stop her from shooting him, he ducks behind a gilded sofa. Rufus does the same, then frowns.

RUFUS

Who's that with her?

He points at Valkyrie, who is glancing around the hall.

RUFUS (CONT'D)

Some other client, or boss, or - ?
Too bad it isn't Ed King, you could
shoot him from here and make it
look like an accident.

WYATT

Yeah, shooting a dude in the middle
of the queen's palace, three days
before she gets overthrown, would
definitely look like an accident.

RUFUS

Well, not if you say it with that
attitude.

He's still hankering for some kind of revenge over Connor's death, and Wyatt glances at him. They peer out cautiously at Iris and Valkyrie again.

WYATT

You don't recognize her?

Rufus shakes his head.

WYATT (CONT'D)

That's weird, because I thought for
two seconds that I did.

He looks back at Valkyrie again, as the women start to move off. Wyatt and Rufus wait a few moments, then move out from the sofa and follow them at a casual distance.

CUT TO:

INT. DRAWING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Queen Lili'uokalani is doing a cross-stitch. There's still a frown on her face as she thinks about the morning's events. She stabs her thumb with the needle, sucks on it, and glances up with a start at a knock on the door.

LILI'UOKALANI

What is it?

PAGE

There are two people who wish to meet you, Ma'am. If you presently are at leisure - ? They say that it is of importance to the passage of the new constitution.

Lili'uokalani's expression turns sharp, wary, considering. Then she sets the cross-stitch aside and gets to her feet. This could be a trap, but she needs allies.

LILI'UOKALANI

Very well. Five minutes, and make sure that the guards are nearby.

The page retreats. Lili'uokalani straightens her skirts, squares her shoulders, prepares for an audience. A moment later, the door opens, and Lucy and Flynn are escorted in.

PAGE

Mr. and Mrs. Barack Obama, Your Majesty.

Behind him, Flynn looks at Lucy with both eyebrows raised.

LUCY

(whispering)

I'm sorry, it was just the first person I could think of from Hawai'i.

They turn to the queen. Lucy curtsies and Flynn inclines his head. Lili'uokalani regards them with polite skepticism, and nods at the page to excuse himself, which he does.

LILI'UOKALANI

And what brings you here today, Mr. and Mrs. Obama?

LUCY

Ah. Yes. This is going to sound strange, Your Majesty, I don't know any other way to put it. But there's going to be a coup in three days. It's led by Lorrin Thurston, Sanford Dole, and John Stevens. You're forced to abdicate your throne and Hawai'i is annexed to the United States.

(MORE)

LUCY (CONT'D)

President Grover Cleveland's administration concludes that it was unlawful and outrageous and that you should be restored, but when you refuse to forgive the perpetrators, they turn against you too. You never get it back. Hawai'i becomes an American territory, and a state in 1959.

To say the least, Lili'uokalani is startled. Her hand knocks into a water glass. It falls and breaks with a crash.

LILI'UOKALANI

I beg your - ?

LUCY

I can't really explain how I know this, other than that for me, it already happened. A while ago.

Lili'uokalani continues to stare at her. She looks at the bell as if to ring for the servants, but something stops her.

LILI'UOKALANI

And you, Mr. Obama, do you agree with this wild story...?

FLYNN

Yes, I do.

The queen takes a moment to gather herself. She turns away, pours another glass of water and takes a sip, then puts it down and turns back to them, cool and measured.

LILI'UOKALANI

I will admit, it does not surprise me that there could be mischief afoot. This morning, I'm sure that someone on the Cabinet informed Thurston of my plans, and it would not strain credulity to see that miserable man driven to extremes. I thank you for the warning. But why should I trust that you have any better interests at heart? My brother, God rest him, was most concerned with courting the society and good opinion and great wealth of white men. But in the end, they betrayed him, and now they are betraying me. What do you think you're doing here? And why?

Her force of presence is considerable, her dark eyes snapping. She holds herself proud and straight.

FLYNN

We had thought, if you agreed, that we could help you stop the coup.

LILI'UOKALANI

Of course I don't want to lose my throne. Nor am I naïve enough to think that this constitution, which takes back the power the colonizers have stolen from my people, would be easily passed. But some things are worth fighting for.

FLYNN

I couldn't agree more.

Lili'uokalani is caught off guard by the evident and absolute sincerity in his voice. She looks him up and down. There is a tenuous moment. Then she speaks levelly.

LILI'UOKALANI

I was born into a world of white men. I was raised by unhappy Christian missionaries and taught that everything joyful was a sin. I was baptized, I took a Christian name - Lydia, did you know? I went to Queen Victoria's Golden Jubilee. I married a white man, and I do grieve his death. Sometimes I could almost convince myself that it is better to accept the yoke. When one lives with it one's entire life, one sometimes forgets the weight, and decides it a comfort instead.

She paces to the window.

LILI'UOKALANI (CONT'D)

And then I think of my brother, who trusted me, who trusted everyone, who tried so hard to accommodate. Did you know, when he became king, he made the hula lawful to perform in public again? The Christians had banned it for lasciviousness. Our dance, our language, our dress, the very fabric of our nature. The word haole, which they hate so much while they call us far worse, you know what it means? Breathless.

(MORE)

LILI'UOKALANI (CONT'D)
Without breath, without soul.
Because as I have learned, these
people do not have one.

It's a raw, powerful speech. Neither Flynn nor Lucy feel entitled to interrupt or ask if this means she believes them.

LILI'UOKALANI (CONT'D)
And then, what do I do? I kneel
down at my bedside, and I pray to
their God for guidance, because I
was taught from infancy that the
gods of my people were pagan
Polynesian superstitions, and it
would be very wicked of me to
believe in them. And so I still do
not believe in them. I wish I could
undo it, and I cannot. But this
constitution, this redress of the
egregious injustices of 1887, this
I could do, and they propose to
steal that from me too? My crown,
my name, my power?

She clearly expects that this would have scared off any other wealthy white couple by now, and is somewhat taken aback that they're still there.

FLYNN
I'm happy to help any way you want,
Your Majesty. If it's a matter of
removing Thurston or Dole, or -

Lili'uokalani stares at him, a little shocked.

LILI'UOKALANI
Mr. Obama, do you actually think
that proposing to assassinate my
political enemies would - ?

FLYNN
Well, it's no hope and change, but
I find that it works for me.

LILI'UOKALANI
John Stevens ordered the USS Boston
and its Marines stationed in the
harbor, precisely out of fear that
the natives would cause trouble.
You could not overmatch them all.

FLYNN
I could try.

Lili'uokalani is amused, even as she glances at Lucy, wondering if she knows that she married a hooligan. She's leaning toward accepting Flynn's offer, though possibly not for murderous mayhem, when there's another knock on the door.

PAGE

Madam? There are two ladies who wish to know if - ?

Before Lili'uokalani can answer, the door opens wider, and Iris and Valkyrie step inside. The two of them catch sight of Lucy and Flynn at the same time. Iris is knocked back, given her last meeting with Flynn on the Titanic, but Valkyrie's reaction is also surprising. She looks at Lucy with an expression of utter shock, and only barely glances away.

LILI'UOKALANI

I do not recall that I gave permission for a second audience?

VALKYRIE

(recovering herself)
Your Majesty. We're here to offer help in preventing the forthcoming coup against your throne.

Lili'uokalani is startled. As she glances between them, these uninvited white strangers with their strangely similar offers, a dark suspicion crosses her face. This is beginning to whiff distinctly of a trap. Get her to agree to some radical action, then expose and discredit her. Or worse.

LILI'UOKALANI

(shouting)
Guards!

LUCY

No, wait - I don't know who these people are, or at least who she is, but she's not -

She looks at Iris, hoping irrationally for some kind of help. Valkyrie and Lucy's eyes lock for a split second. Then the door opens and the Royal Household Guards rush in. As Lucy and Flynn reach for each other, hands flailing, all four of them are pulled apart and marched away.

[COMMERCIALS]

RETURN TO:

INT. LAX ARRIVALS TERMINAL - NIGHT

Denise and Jiya are standing in the LAX international arrivals hall, trying not to look conspicuous.

DENISE

You know, you didn't have to come all the way down here.

JIYA

It's only an hour from SFO, and I was feeling useless too. Besides, I wanted to see you. Are you and Michelle - ?

DENISE

We're - we're working on things.
(beat)
The jumps, how have they been going? Is everyone - ?

JIYA

Oh. Yes. Yes, we're fine. The - the last one was a bit hairy, but they all made it back, and -

DENISE

What? What was the last one?

JIYA

Well - the Titanic, actually, but -

DENISE

The Titanic?!

She's about to have after-the-fact heart failure, but just then, the door opens, and a crowd of tired, jetlagged passengers floods through. Denise and Jiya glance around.

DENISE (CONT'D)

Do you think he looks like Flynn?

JIYA

I don't know, I've never met him.

DENISE

(a slightly horrible thought)

Do you think he acts like Flynn?

Before she can wonder too much, one of the passengers veers toward them. It's an unkempt, exhausted-looking Gabriel.

GABRIEL
Agent Christopher?

DENISE
Wh - yes, but how did you -

GABRIEL
The DHS agent in Paris showed me a picture. Gabriel Tompkins.

DENISE
Denise Christopher, this is Jiya Marri. We'll save the chitchat for later. Come with us, please.

As she hustles Gabriel along, another man in the crowd waits a few seconds, breaks off casually, and follows them.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAX TERMINAL - NIGHT

Gabriel, Denise, and Jiya are standing on the curb, waiting for a shuttle to the parking lot, as the man from before steps up behind them. Not too close, but closer than usual.

GABRIEL
So am I going to be taken to - ?

DENISE
We'll find somewhere for you, until we look into what you can tell us.

The shuttle arrives. They step on, as does the man behind them. Jiya glances at him with a slight frown.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A dark parking lot on the outskirts of LAX. Denise takes out her keys, clicks to find her car. It flashes and beeps.

As they're reaching it, things happen very fast.

The man lunges - Jiya grabs at him - the flash of a hi-tech knife blade - Gabriel shouts, Denise shouts - Gabriel struggles with the man, Jiya has fallen -

Denise freezes. She hasn't done this since her very earliest rookie days, but she can't move. Violent flashbacks of Connor's death splash across her eyes -

Gabriel tackles the man and manages to wrestle him down. Jiya punches him and sits on his chest. Gabriel pries the knife out of his hand and kicks it away. Then he grabs the man's wrist and holds it out, revealing a glittering chip.

GABRIEL

Are you from Valkyrie?! You followed me?! Are there more of you?!

The Valkyrie minion is breathless, flattened, and sporting a bloody nose from Jiya's punch, but he is undaunted.

VALKYRIE ASSASSIN

Corporate thought there was a chance you would lose your nerve, Mr. Tompkins, yes. So they dropped off a few of us. I was planning to deal with you in Paris, but I realized that if I waited, you might lead me to the rest of them.

With unexpected ferocity, Jiya grabs his collar.

JIYA

They dropped off a few of you? Where? Did Temple Jr. send you?!

VALKYRIE ASSASSIN

None of your business. She's in town, you know. Could have been her. Could come right from the top.

Jiya stares at him, thrown by the realization that Temple Jr. isn't the biggest fish - who is she? But this isn't the time to ponder. The Valkyrie assassin wrenches up and throws her off. Jiya breaks her fall, catches her wrist painfully.

Reacting too wildly, Denise wrenches out her gun and shoots at the assassin, but it's dark, her hand is shaking, and it misses, breaking a car window with a smash. Lights go on in the attendant's booth. They're definitely calling the cops.

Gabriel makes an abortive grab at the assassin, who dodges between the parked cars and runs for it. Denise fires at him again, but the second shot also misses. She remains there, completely frozen, staring.

JIYA

Denise. Denise.

She gets to her feet, cradling her wrist, and tries to take the gun from Denise one-handed, then turns to Gabriel.

JIYA (CONT'D)

How much use are you in a fight?

GABRIEL

None at all. That earlier, that was adrenaline, I don't -

JIYA

How can you be related to Flynn?!

GABRIEL

I am an artist!

JIYA

Yes, well, now that psychotic assassins from the future are after us, you might want to look into -

DENISE

(snapping back to herself)

We need to get out of here.

As she's trying to shepherd them into the car, it's Gabriel's turn to stagger. He reaches out as if about to fall.

JIYA

Are you all right? Did he stab - ?

GABRIEL

No, I didn't think he - it was only a prick, like a sting, a -

He stops, visibly gulping for breath, but can't seem to catch it. His lips are slightly blue. Jiya goes pale.

JIYA

Like an artificial bee sting?

GABRIEL

I'm - how did you know that I -

JIYA

Do you have an EpiPen?

White-faced, Gabriel shakes his head.

JIYA (CONT'D)

We need to get to the hospital now.

She opens the passenger door and pushes him inside, as Denise stumbles behind the wheel. Jiya dives into the back seat and pulls the door shut. With a squeal of tires, they tear out.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Wyatt and Rufus sneak down a corridor outside a smoking parlor. Thurston, Dole, and Stevens, along with a few other white men, are gathered inside. The door is open a crack.

LORRIN A. THURSTON

(inside the room)

The woman has lost her mind. Clearly, gentlemen, the only course of action is plain. I shall alert Mr. Henry Cooper, the Committee's acting head, and have already sent word to the Honolulu Rifles to mobilize. Mr. Stevens, if you can see about landing the Marines from the Boston, in order to protect the safety and property of American citizens, that would be advisable.

JOHN L. STEVENS

Mr. Thurston, are you sure that all diplomatic avenues have been exhausted? When I make a report of this to President Cleveland, I would not wish it to appear that we had crassly -

LORRIN A. THURSTON

This should have been done long ago, if you ask me. I suppose we all made the mistake of thinking a woman would be more tractable. The only solution is to remove her from the throne and appeal to Washington to grant formal territorial status.

Outside the room, Wyatt and Rufus look at each other. They aren't sure if this is the moment to burst in and put an end to this, or if that will just blow up and get them arrested.

SANFORD B. DOLE

I am sure I can discover any necessary legality for our actions, if it should be required. Any American has the patriotic right to remove a tyrant, in order to further the cause of democracy.

Rufus looks at Wyatt, mouths "can you believe these guys?"

Wyatt takes hold of his gun. But he's not sure he can just solve this by shooting them, and if prominent white men turn up murdered, the native Hawai'ians are getting blamed.

LORRIN A. THURSTON

Well, gentlemen, are we in agreement? Shall we pledge to the overthrow of this pernicious woman and the triumph of America's rightful claims to the Kingdom?

JOHN L. STEVENS

I have some concerns, but if you are certain there is no other way, I shall order the landing of 160 Marines at once. Combined with 1,500 Honolulu Rifles, that should give us sufficient firepower to persuade the queen to reconsider. That, or - Mr. Thurston?

Thurston has gotten to his feet, marched to the door, and jerked it open. Wyatt dodges away, but not in time.

LORRIN A. THURSTON

Good evening. And you would be - ?

WYATT

Just - uh - hoping that it wasn't too late to join the cause.

LORRIN A. THURSTON

And you have brought your servant with you to do so?

RUFUS

Look, you racist piece of -

Wyatt throws him a warning look, and Rufus stops, but Thurston's suspicions have not been allayed. He looks at Wyatt again, recognizing a soldier when he sees one.

LORRIN A. THURSTON

Who sent you here? Do you not have sufficient pride to take up with your own race's cause, sir?

WYATT

Pal, you're not making it easy for me to not just -

Thurston looks behind him, just as a dozen members of the white paramilitary Honolulu Rifles come marching down the corridor. This seems bad.

HONOLULU RIFLEMAN

Mr. Thurston, sir, we're armed and ready for action.

LORRIN A. THURSTON

Good. You can start by seizing these two, if you please.

So much for diplomacy. Wyatt pushes Rufus behind him and draws his gun.

WYATT

Sorry, "get arrested by the Ku Klux Klan" isn't on the agenda tonight, assholes. Back off.

The riflemen exchange glances, draw their own guns, and lunge at Wyatt. Several shots go off. Rufus ducks, a look of total terror on his face. There's a brief and intense struggle between Wyatt and the riflemen, more shots, and Thurston staggers. It's not an outright fatal hit, but it's serious.

LORRIN A. THURSTON

You - how dare you - this madness -

Wyatt wrestles free, punches another Rifleman, grabs hold of Rufus, and fires again over his shoulder as they sprint down the corridor. They reach a door and spill out into the night.

RUFUS

Are we ever going to have another jump where things don't go completely to hell?!

Wyatt is wondering that himself. He doesn't quite dare to put his gun away, looking around tensely.

WYATT

I hope Lucy and Flynn found Iris and whoever's with her, after we lost them. And someone shot Thurston, but unless he drops dead in the next ten minutes -

RUFUS

Unless you want to go back in there right now and finish him off, we probably should -

WYATT

Believe me, I'm tempted.

There's shouting coming their way, along with a lot of heavily armed and angry white supremacists. Time to exit.

Wyatt grabs Rufus's arm, and they run.

[COMMERCIALS]

RETURN TO:

INT. DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

Lucy has been handcuffed to a chair and left to wait while the Royal Guards figure out what to do. She struggles vigorously, but only succeeds in getting more twisted around. She gives up in disgust and sits back, trying to think.

LUCY

(to herself)

Just when you'd like to have Harry Houdini around, isn't it?

She smiles wistfully at the thought of her friend, alive in this year and about to head off to the World's Fair, where he will - time travel is weird - meet her and Flynn for the first time, and in rather different circumstances.

Lucy tugs hopefully at the handcuff. Nothing.

Just then, a sound, and she looks up. For a second, however improbably, she thinks it is Houdini. But of course it isn't. The door opens, and Iris Flynn enters.

Iris and Lucy stare at each other for a long moment. Iris shuts the door and leans against it.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Didn't the guards - didn't they arrest you too?

IRIS

What? You think I can't get out of a piddling handcuff?

She looks at Lucy, who clearly can't. The look isn't hostile; it's cool, level, calculating. She isn't in a hurry.

IRIS (CONT'D)

Maybe I thought it was time we talked again.

(MORE)

IRIS (CONT'D)

I'm trying to piece some things together. I should apologize for how things started between us, back in Tangier. I... overreacted. I'm sorry for that.

Lucy watches her without answering. Iris may be sorry for that, but not necessarily for anything else, and Lucy isn't sure what she means by this. Iris pulls up a chair, turns it around, and sits in it, facing Lucy.

IRIS (CONT'D)

You were on the Titanic.

It isn't a question, but she seems to be waiting for an answer anyway. Lucy debates, then nods.

LUCY

Yes. I went there with your father. We all did. He was trying to find you. He wouldn't leave otherwise.

IRIS

I - I know.

Her voice is just that bit less than steady. She looks away.

IRIS (CONT'D)

He found me belowdecks as it was flooding. He made sure I had a way back to the Mothership. I asked him to come with me, but he wouldn't.

LUCY

Iris, your father loves you more than anything in the world. None of us know what happened with you, why you're back, but that never changed. He never stopped.

Iris flinches. Her lips press tight, fingers tapping.

IRIS

I'll admit that he's seemed - desperate to see me. Heartbroken. Not what I expected. But I'm having a hard time squaring that with almost thirty years of never lifting a finger at all. I know what kind of man he is. If he wanted to find me, he would have.

LUCY

It's complicated. I'm still not sure how our timelines relate to each other, but it's been not quite six years for him since he - since what happened to you in his memory. And he's been fighting that whole time, fighting all of time and space, trying to change it.

Her voice is raw, impassioned. Iris cocks her head.

IRIS

So you do love him.

Once again, it's not a question, but Lucy nods again.

LUCY

Yes. Yes, I do.

Iris isn't sure how to answer that. They stare at each other. Iris stands up, moves closer, circles Lucy's chair.

IRIS

So are you the reason he stopped trying to save me and my mother? I always thought you were.

LUCY

I don't know. Maybe I am.

Once again, Iris takes that in in silence. She comes to a halt in front of Lucy, looking down at her.

IRIS

You're pure-blooded Rittenhouse. The last heiress. Everything that he hates, everything that tore his life apart. Why would he love you?

Her tone isn't accusing - it's extremely matter-of-fact, almost curious - but it's Lucy's turn to flinch.

LUCY

Sometimes I'm still not sure.

IRIS

Rittenhouse killed my mother.

LUCY

They killed mine too. Just in a different way. And in the end, just the same as yours.

Iris opens her mouth, looks about to say something, then thinks better of it. After a moment -

IRIS

I told Dad on the Titanic, so I'll warn you too. If you keep interfering with their business, Valkyrie will kill you, and I won't be able to stop them.

LUCY

Aren't you the only one who can pilot the Mothership? If you -

IRIS

Not the only one. Someone had to teach me, and she's still alive.
(beat)
Besides, I'm afraid it might already be too late for that.

LUCY

The woman with you tonight, who wanted to stop the monarchy from being overthrown - why? Who is she? What does she want?

IRIS

Her name is Valkyrie. This is her company, and I met her when I got back from the Titanic. If I knew anything else, I'd tell you.

LUCY

This is her - ?

IRIS

I can try to find out more, but -

LUCY

I think you and I both know that we're going to keep seeing each other, and this may be the only way to know what happened to all of us.
(beat)
Please.

Iris considers that. Then she nods once, shortly.

IRIS

Fine. I'll do some digging. Whenever there's something to know, I'll say so.

LUCY

Thank you.

Iris shrugs that off gruffly, but there has been a moment of real alliance and understanding between them, however brief. With that, she turns and starts for the door.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Hey. Wait. Can you -

IRIS

Can I what?

LUCY

Can you unlock me? Garcia - your father - will be looking for me.

Iris considers that. Then - good god, this girl is SO much like her daddy - she shrugs, shakes her head, and flashes a dark, rakish, not-today-Satan smile.

IRIS

Nah. Sorry. You see, I still want a head start.

And with that, she goes.

CUT TO:

INT. CABINET ROOM - DAWN

It's a grey predawn, mist drifting through the windows. Lili'uokalani, in her dressing gown, sits at the table, facing the team. Wyatt and Rufus look windblown, while Lucy is rubbing her wrist. Flynn looms protectively behind her. The queen considers them, takes a further moment to speak.

LILI'UOKALANI

Well, is there anything else you must upset before I deal with you?

FLYNN

I don't think so, Your Majesty. I apologize for the trouble we've caused.

LILI'UOKALANI

I received word early this morning that Mr. Thurston had expired of a gunshot wound, incurred in the course of a secret plot to overthrow the monarchy.

(MORE)

LILI'UOKALANI (CONT'D)

This is less than an ideal look for my enemies, and the Committee of Safety, all of whom are due at the palace shortly to plead for clemency. I have sent the Royal Household Guard to scour Honolulu for other conspirators. So as far as that went, you were telling the truth. But this is not over.

LUCY

The other woman who was asking you about this, if you wanted her help, do you know - ?

LILI'UOKALANI

I did not trust her, so I had her dismissed. Rather firmly, when she was inclined to refuse. But what if I was to take your offer, Mr. Obama?

In the background, Rufus gets a miffed look as if he should be Mr. Obama. He's probably right.

LILI'UOKALANI (CONT'D)

What if I asked you to remain here for weeks or years, serving as a spy or a general or whatever other useful talents you seem to have? Marshaling my men, defending my throne, making this kingdom your home? You would not, I think, accept that. It seems more as if the four of you arrived and hoped to do some passing good in merely a day. Then considering it sufficient, depart.

This is a not-inaccurate description of what the team were somehow thinking they could do, and it's food for thought.

FLYNN

I - I could not accept, Your Majesty, no. I have to go home. But you honor me by asking.

LILI'UOKALANI

So your offer did not, in the end, mean very much at all.

She gets to her feet and comes to stand in front of them.

LILI'UOKALANI (CONT'D)

Nonetheless, your presence has not meant nothing. You have given me warning of my enemies' plans, and a chance to make a response. Told me how President Cleveland will view this and how I can craft my tactics more wisely when the time comes to retain his goodwill. I will not ask who you really are or how you knew this. For once, I will choose to believe in my own people's gods, and that my ancestors sent you to warn me. So thank you.

The team is once more startled, and deeply humbled. They all incline their heads to her, as Lili'uokalani nods back.

LILI'UOKALANI (CONT'D)

These are the affairs of Hawai'i. I am still, and intend to remain until I depart this life, Hawai'i's Queen. For better or worse, come what may, they are my own to manage. I grant you leave to return to your own place in peace, and to tell my ancestors that I do not mean to fail them.

(beat)

I thank you for your souls.

With that, she offers the traditional nose-touching Polynesian greeting to each member of the team. They are all a little lost for words.

LILI'UOKALANI (CONT'D)

Aloha 'oe. It means farewell, until we see each other again.

LUCY

I - I know. You wrote a song. It's pretty famous. At least it will be.

Lili'uokalani smiles, pleased.

LILI'UOKALANI

And I am glad to know it.

RUFUS

(with huge relief)

Okay. Let me take us home.

With final nods and acknowledgements to Lili'uokalani, who stands there and watches them out, the team leaves.

CUT TO:

INT. MASON-CARLIN INDUSTRIES - NIGHT

It's also the wee hours as the Lifeboat lands, and the team climbs out. Rufus looks around at once.

RUFUS

Jiya?

WYATT

She probably went home too. It's butt o'clock.

RUFUS

Yeah, I don't think so. She normally stays no matter how late it is, especially when she wanted to go on this one. Jiya?

He's starting to get nervous, as he goes up to the console, digs around, and finds his phone. He pulls it out, sees a message on it, and reads it. Then he looks up, shocked.

RUFUS (CONT'D)

Something's happened. We need to get to Los Angeles right away.

CUT TO:

INT. LOS ANGELES HOSPITAL - MORNING

The team, not having had a chance to change out of their 1893 clothes and therefore getting a lot of looks from the people at an ordinary LA hospital, hurries through the corridors.

They reach a desk, aren't sure who they should ask for, when a door opens. They look around as Jiya steps out, face banged up, wrist bandaged, and sees them.

JIYA

Thank god, you're here.

Rufus rushes to her, alarmed, as the others follow with similar noises of concern.

RUFUS

Are you all right?! What happened?

JIYA

It's - I'm not sure how much I should say. Denise was here earlier, but she's kind of a wreck. I told her to go back to Michelle's parents' place and that I'd wait until you turned up. I - Flynn?

Flynn frowns at her, also concerned by her visible injuries and oddly diffident manner.

JIYA (CONT'D)

There's - there's someone you should meet. He almost didn't make it, we had to rush him here while he was in full-on anaphylactic shock, but - anyway, he's alive, and... come on.

She tugs at him with her uninjured hand. Flynn, even more confused, allows Jiya to lead him off, with an apologetic glance at the others. A beat of silence.

FRONT DESK ATTENDANT

So, y'all into cosplay, or - ?

RUFUS

Yeah, something like that.

He's distracted, all of them are, as Lucy stares after Flynn with some fear of her own. Jiya said "he," but who is this person suddenly turning up from Flynn's past, right when Lucy has been paranoid about that exact thing?

They move to the uncomfortable plastic chairs and sit down to wait. The sun continues to come up.

PAN TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES HOSPITAL - MORNING

PAN OUT through the hospital window and to the parking lot outside. The Valkyrie assassin is standing there, arms crossed, gazing up at the building. He taps his wrist chip, then strolls away. Biding his time. They're coming together.

FADE TO BLACK.

END CREDITS.

NEXT WEEK ON TIMELESS...

TIMELESS 4X10: "CHECKPOINT CHARLIE"

SARAH

Remember when we discussed the possibility of finding out what really happened to - to them? The team? Why they aren't here?

IRIS

Yes?

SARAH

I did some digging. Some hacking, really, and most of it was very illegal. I don't want to say too much, just in case. But I found it.

She twists her fingers together, takes a deep breath.

SARAH (CONT'D)

They... they died. They were killed, the whole team, in a jump to 1791. All of them, except Lucy. And I think Valkyrie did it.

CUT TO:

TEMPLE JR

Good morning. Glad we caught up to each other. Do you have a minute?

IRIS

I'm waiting for a client. AIE, 1961.

TEMPLE JR

Actually, that's us. Or rather, my son. Michael Temple III. He's just got a new policy job for the president, and this is some important research. Mike, this is Iris. She'll be looking after you.

CUT TO:

IRIS

They're dangerous missions. The element of risk is -

TEMPLE JR

Let me make myself clear. If another "accident" happens to my son in your charge, things are going to get very unpleasant for a lot of people.

CUT TO:

LUCY

This is October. The Berlin Crisis of 1961 is underway, it started on the 22nd. It escalates until tomorrow, the 27th, where ten American M48 Patton tanks and ten Soviet T55s, fully loaded with live ammunition, face off at Checkpoint Charlie, and almost turn the Cold War a lot hotter.

CUT TO:

AGENT K

You should be careful, if you are staying in Berlin. Things are dangerous just now, Miss - ?

IRIS

Flynn.

CUT TO:

EAST GERMAN LOUDSPEAKER

Halt! Stehen bleiben! Das wird Ihre einzige Mahnung sein. Ein Versuch, Über die Grenze der Deutsche Demokratische Republik zu kommen, könnte tödliche Folgen haben.
(Stop! Freeze! That is your only warning. Any attempt to enter the German Democratic Republic could have fatal consequences.)

CUT TO:

IRIS

No. No, you have no idea. You have no idea what you've done.

FADE TO BLACK...