

T I M E L E S S

"COBOL"

Episode 4x11

Written by

qqueenofhades

Airdate: May 10, 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.

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

3x07: Margaret Hamilton helping Rufus and Jiya fix the Lifeboat. 4x01: Lucy receiving the mysterious phone call asking if Amy lived there. 4x05: Ed King with the "TARDIS" phone booth. 4x06: Iris asking Temple Jr. about Amy. 4x07 and 4x08: Iris letting the Valkyrie thugs die and killing Ed King on the Titanic. 4x08 and 4x09: Flynn/Lucy developments, the reveal of Valkyrie as the head of the company, Gabriel arriving in Los Angeles, and the attack of the Valkyrie assassin. 4x10: Iris and Sarah's conversation about the team dying in 1791. Temple Jr. warning Iris that all hell will break loose if his son doesn't return. Asher Flynn shooting Temple III before he can start a nuclear war, and Flynn traveling to the future with Iris. Their arrival at older Jessica's apartment to find Temple Jr. Iris confronting Jessica, Flynn getting her out of there, and Temple Jr. calling Amy, to reveal that she is in fact Valkyrie...

OPEN ON:

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO ALLEY - NIGHT

Music pulsing from a nightclub, neon lights, driverless cars, well-dressed people wandering the streets. Future San Francisco is carrying on as usual. PAN INTO a dark side alley. Disheveled, dirty, still in their 1960s clothes, Flynn and Iris sit on the pavement. Flynn has his arm around Iris, who is resting her head on his shoulder, at her wit's end. After a moment, carefully, he leans down to kiss her hair.

IRIS
Mmmph.

Nonetheless, she doesn't pull away or tell him not to.

FLYNN
We have to figure something out. Do you have any money?

IRIS
Just Ultrabux. But I don't know if they've frozen my account. And besides, if I use it, they can track us. Or anything else with my chip.

She holds up her wrist to show him. Flynn inspects it with a mildly nauseated expression.

FLYNN

Does it come out?

IRIS

I don't know. It was implanted. Everyone has one. They're the way you access Valkyrie services, and everything is run by Valkyrie.

FLYNN

I wasn't all that fond of that when it was Rittenhouse, and this almost manages to be more horrifying.

IRIS

Sorry.

(beat)

I'm sorry for everything. I've made such a mess. I kept telling myself that I was smarter than them, that it was just a job, that as long as I knew they were shady, I wouldn't get taken in, but this -

FLYNN

No, no. This is not your fault. Not with what you had to do to survive.

IRIS

It is, though. I live in a terrible system, but I could have made better choices. And now that you're actually here, you know about me, I can't help but wonder if... if you're disappointed.

FLYNN

(very startled)

What? In you? How could I possibly be disappointed?

IRIS

You were fighting to save your baby girl, the sweet little kid, the innocent victim, who - according to you, anyway - died before she could ever do anything wrong. Now you've got me. I'm old, I'm angry, I'm messed up. I don't trust too well. I've killed people, I've stolen things, I've burned my own trail through history, I've caused major damage, and I knew it all along.

(MORE)

IRIS (CONT'D)

I just feel like I wasn't what you expected, and... I'm sorry.

Flynn has tears in his eyes. It takes him a moment to answer.

FLYNN

No. No, sweetheart, no. The only thing I ever wanted was to see you grow up, to have your own life, to become a real person. There's no way I would ever want you to stay five years old forever. And that's what I've been afraid of too. That I've become so unrecognizable, such a monster, that even if you did accept me as your father, you'd want nothing to do with me.

An emotional moment as the two look at each other. Iris ducks her head, sniffs, and Flynn isn't that steady either.

IRIS

Did you - did you love Mom?

FLYNN

From the first moment I saw her. So much that I seriously considered never living without her. So much that when she decided that was it, I was hers now, I almost believed in God again.

He draws a breath, not sure how Iris will take this.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

But I think the best thing for your mother is to let her be at peace. To let her go. Me and - and all of us, what we've done to the world, out of the selfishness of trying to bring our own loved ones back. You are a miracle, you're a gift I had given up hope for, I could never be sorry that I have you. But as you yourself said, you've done a lot of damage, and I've done more. I can't see how it would be wise or right or fair to do it again. How would it be good to drag Lorena into this? Especially when -

He stops, but not quite in time.

IRIS
Especially when there's Lucy.

FLYNN
(can't deny it)
Yes.

Iris weighs what to say. She's been angry about this, thought it was the reason that her father never came back for her, that she lost a whole life she might have had.

IRIS
I'm still working out the differences in our memories, our lives. I'm sorry for what I assumed, even if I don't understand all your choices. But right now, there's no time. We need to get back to the Mothership. Temple - if he gets it, he'll force Jessica to pilot it for him, and that -

FLYNN
Say no more.

As much as they would love to stay here and talk longer, they can't. The fight isn't over. They get to their feet, brush themselves off, and leave the alley at a run.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Temple Jr. is in fact in the process of doing just that. He stands in front of the Mothership, still in the basement where Iris and Flynn left it. He admires it, then turns to Jessica, standing unwillingly behind him.

TEMPLE JR
Must be good to see the old girl again, isn't it? Since Iris Flynn has officially turned traitor, you'll be stepping in. You've just been hired by Valkyrie, congratulations. And since the first order of business is to return to Paris and -

At that, he stops, realizing what Jessica has in her hand. She raises the gun, pointing it at him.

JESSICA

I killed your father just like this. Don't make the mistake of thinking I won't do the exact same thing to you.

TEMPLE JR

That would be foolish. Your daughter - remember what I said about Sarah?

JESSICA

I remember everything you have ever said. Believe me. And right now I'm telling you to get out of here, and not lay a single finger on this ship, or I will kill you.

Temple Jr. hesitates. He does know this is the woman who shot his father in cold blood and went on the run for decades.

TEMPLE JR

Let's not be hasty.

JESSICA

Get. Out.

Temple Jr. pauses again, then backs up as I-meant-to-do-this as he can. Reaches the door and scurries out, as it shuts.

CUT TO:

INT. VALKYRIE HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Temple Jr. strides through the mostly-empty corridors of HQ. Descends into sub-levels, scans his chip, and comes to a halt in front of a cell that looks distinctly Death Star-ish.

TEMPLE JR

Good evening, Miss Logan.

PAN BACK to see Sarah in the cell, laser-cuffed, face battered, as she watches him with silent, baleful eyes.

TEMPLE JR (CONT'D)

Your professional expertise turns out to be required, which means that you're in luck. All that clever work you did, learning how to travel without an actual time machine - and what's that algorithm you were using? The recursion?

Sarah flinches slightly, holds his gaze as much as she can.

TEMPLE JR (CONT'D)

So it's time for us to give it a try. I've been waiting for this.

CUT TO:

INT. VALKYRIE CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Temple Jr. stands in front of the high-tech phone booth that Ed King used in 4x05 to call Connor in the past. It's been upgraded with a number of new gizmos, and blue light fills the interior. Temple gestures Sarah over.

TEMPLE JR

I've put in the specifics of what I want. You just need to make sure they execute properly.

SARAH

And why should I do that?

TEMPLE JR

Like mother, like daughter. I know there's nothing I can offer to make you do it, but I can think of plenty of things I can do if you won't. Either way, I will do it, just as I've been using this back door to send the operatives to deal with Mr. Tompkins. You can make sure it goes right, or you can leave it up to me.

Sarah stares at him with utter loathing. Then she stalks forward, reaches the console, and starts to type.

SARAH

It's temporary. A closed loop. So whatever you think you're doing, or going, it won't last. I kept finding that out the hard way.

TEMPLE JR

Yes, when you tried to help your hapless father and company before? For that matter, it's not what. It's who. And unlike you, I'm pretty sure she's solved that problem.

Sarah throws a startled look at him, reaches for the switches as if to kill the process, but he grabs her wrist.

TEMPLE JR (CONT'D)

I think you two might even know each other. Tangentially.

The screens flash and beep as the process completes. PAN AROUND to the interior of the arch, as someone's head and shoulders take shape in the blue light, and they step out into the room. We don't see who it is, but we see Temple Jr.'s pleased expression - and Sarah's stunned one.

TEMPLE JR (CONT'D)

Good evening, ma'am.

(beat)

And a very warm welcome back.

TIMELESS MAIN TITLE - 08301967

RETURN TO:

INT. RUFUS AND JIYA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Lucy, Wyatt, Rufus, Jiya, and Denise are sitting at the kitchen table, tired and wrung out. There's an empty chair next to Lucy where Flynn would ordinarily sit, and she keeps looking at it, as Rufus finishes his story.

RUFUS

... so that's when Denise turned up and iced the guy. But we can't be sure that there aren't more of them out there, and yeah. This is a mess. You said Flynn went to the future? With Iris?

LUCY

Yes.

RUFUS

I've thought it over, I probably took longer than I should have, and you know what, I'm ready. If dismantling MCI is what it takes to make sure Valkyrie never comes to power, I'm willing to accept that. Connor - you're right, it's the best way to honor him.

He stops, his voice a little unsteady. Jiya squeezes his hand, and Wyatt claps him on the shoulder.

RUFUS (CONT'D)

But we have to do this carefully. We've learned the one-action-has-major-consequences lesson pretty hard, and if we unravel the future in which Valkyrie happens, we could erase some things we'd rather keep. Iris, for one, and Sarah too. We'd need a road map, a customized quantum equation so we could perform a recursion, a controlled demolition. We're taking out a future that already exists, where a lot of people have lived for a long time, and I'm not sure that's not monstrous. Even in the name of sparing them from a Big Brother mega-corporation like Valkyrie.

WYATT

Did we ever find out who founded this thing? Originally bought it from MCI and changed the name and oversaw the expansion and whatever else? Made it into - all this?

LUCY

Sort of. During the jump to Hawai'i. The woman with her, Iris called her Valkyrie and said that she owned the company. And there was a moment when she saw me where I thought - I don't know. Iris said she was going to investigate, but -

RUFUS

Yeah, well, Iris isn't here right now. And God only knows the kind of trouble that two Flynnns could have gotten themselves into.

Lucy winces at the reminder. She's been trying not to think about it. Jiya gives her a sympathetic look.

DENISE

So is there any way to make some kind of schematic? Like the blueprint for a building? Outlining which parts of this future we want to keep, and which we want to undo?

(MORE)

DENISE (CONT'D)

And once we had that, could you execute it?

RUFUS

Maybe, but it would take a long time to do on my own. More time than we have. I just want to make sure that everyone understands what we're agreeing to. We're still redesigning the future according to what we think is best. Reshaping it according to our priorities, the people who are important to us. There could be millions of ordinary citizens living a happy life. We could tell ourselves that they'll be better off when Valkyrie is gone, that we're helping all of them too. But we don't know that. We're making a terrible choice. We have reasons, but I want everyone to acknowledge it. Iris told us once that we could rule the world if we had any ambition at all, and this - yeah.

DENISE

But once Valkyrie is gone, then everything else will -

RUFUS

If they are. If this works. If we don't spawn something worse. I really wish Connor was here. And Flynn. He definitely wouldn't let us give into the "it's all for the greater good" party line.

LUCY

He fought Rittenhouse long before any of us even knew about it. He was willing to do whatever it took.

RUFUS

Yeah, and he never deluded himself that it was anything other than what it was. I'm just afraid that we're way too willing to pat ourselves on the back for this and call it good.

WYATT

If you do have any other ideas,
this would be the time. We're
listening.

RUFUS

Yeah. That's the problem. I don't.
We need to make sure Valkyrie never
forms and never does what it's
done. That means breaking up MCI.
And that means doing it as
carefully as we can, with a full
equation and a plan and everything,
and accepting that it's still a
catastrophic action. That's our
fault - and Connor and the original
Mason Industries' fault and my
fault and Jiya's fault and
Anthony's fault and everyone who
ever worked on it. Just so we know.

He glances around the table. A pause, and then everyone nods.

JIYA

Rufus and I were thinking. Remember
when we went to Pasadena in 1971
and Margaret Hamilton helped us fix
the Lifeboat? What we need is a
full mathematical map of this
decision, and a program to help us
design it. And there's only one
woman who came to mind for that.

LUCY

Who?

JIYA

I'll need you to double-check when
Grace Hopper returned to active
duty in the U.S. Navy, and as
director of the Navy Programming
Languages Group, but we thought it
was 1967. Washington D.C.

LUCY

Grace Hopper? I mean - yes, she was
amazing, but do you think she'd be
able to help with this?

RUFUS

Only one way to find out. She's the
grandmother of modern computer
programming.

(MORE)

RUFUS (CONT'D)

She wrote a ton of software languages that became standard use in the 20th century, including COBOL and FORTRAN. So yeah. We head to 1967, and we try to put together a road map for blowing up the world. Fun.

The team exchanges looks. It's not that different from their other insane plans, and something has to be done.

LUCY

All right. I'll check on the drive over, but I think it was 1967, yes. Let's get going.

With that, she, Wyatt, Denise, and Jiya follow Rufus out.

[COMMERCIALS]

RETURN TO:

EXT. MAIN NAVY BUILDINGS - DAY

Lucy, Wyatt, and Jiya are dressed in their repurposed 4x10 clothes, whereas Rufus is still in his 21st-century shirt and blue jeans. They are walking along the promenade bordering the Main Navy and Munitions Buildings in D.C., which are ugly, borderline-unsafe, and decrepit.

RUFUS

Charming. Any chance you know where the Office of Information Systems Planning is, Lucy?

LUCY

These buildings are demolished in another three years, because yes, they're an eyesore. And no, I don't.

WYATT

Everyone remembers what also happened when we went to Pasadena, right? The earthquake and being held hostage and almost not getting out of there and then Temple destroying the bunker?

JIYA

Yes, we remember that.

WYATT

I'm just saying, one little shake
could definitely take those down.

The team regards the shabby buildings in foreboding, unable to dispute that. Then Wyatt strides toward Main Navy. As the others trot after him, Lucy looks around the park, in search of someone. Jiya falls back to walk next to her.

JIYA

I don't think there's any point in
waiting for Flynn. Him and Iris,
who knows what they're doing.

LUCY

If we get an alert when the
Mothership jumps, maybe they get
one when we jump. They're the most
brilliant people who have ever done
this, and like Rufus said, they
know something about consequences.
If we could possibly get them to -

JIYA

We'll catch up to them later.

Her voice is gentle, but firm. Lucy shakes herself, nods, and focuses on the here and now, the team with her.

LUCY

You're right. One problem at a
time.

She turns her back, and follows Jiya inside the building.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

The door opens, and Flynn and Iris sneak into the basement containing the Mothership. Thanks to Jessica telling Temple Jr. where to stuff it, it's still there.

IRIS

Okay, good. Let me double-check
that I put the biometric lock on.
Then we can decide what we're
doing.

FLYNN

We need to deal with Valkyrie.

IRIS

Yes, and we also need to find Sarah. I just need to make sure nobody can use it while I'm gone.

She climbs into the Mothership, while Flynn keeps watch. Iris enacts her safeguards, then climbs back down. They hurry out.

CONTINUE TO:

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Flynn and Iris climb up the stairs and exit the building, heading back out into the night. A few seconds after they've gone, a hooded figure steps around the corner and enters the building. Something about that saunter seems familiar.

They open the door, descend the stairs, and step into the basement, to the waiting Mothership. Regard it smugly, then stroll across. Open the door, get inside, and -

Hey, what the hell? -

They JUMP.

REVERSE CUT TO:

INT. VALKYRIE CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Temple Jr. is watching this with satisfaction on a bank of CCTV screens. As the Mothership vanishes, under the command of its sinister new pilot, he turns to Sarah.

TEMPLE JR

Excellent. One final thing. We do have to kiss hands, and make sure nobody's noticed anything amiss.

SARAH

I don't -

TEMPLE JR

How would you like to meet Amy?

Sarah isn't sure what to say. But as she explained to Iris, she knows this name, and this hints at the mystery of Valkyrie, of the team's real fate, everything.

SARAH

I'd love to, Mr. Temple.

He smiles, beckons to her, and shows her out. As the two of them leave, the screens go dark, except for one that shows Flynn and Iris on the San Francisco streets, moving fast.

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN NAVY BUILDINGS - DAY

The team is scrutinizing a jungle of directory listings.

WYATT

Bureaucracy, am I right?

LUCY

I think it's this way.

They make their way down several maze-like, dim corridors to the suite at the back: OFFICE OF INFORMATION SYSTEMS PLANNING. They knock and enter a very 1960s reception area.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Excuse me? Is Dr. Grace Hopper here? Director of the Navy Programming Languages Group?

RECEPTIONIST

Where are your badges? What department are you from?

The team remembers that they don't have any identification, and look - to say the least - shifty. It is not a good idea to walk into the middle of a Cold War-era American military office completely unannounced.

LUCY

We - we actually -

WYATT

Admiral Moorer sent us over from the Pentagon. It's extremely urgent, diagnostics from the USS Liberty attack in June. Dr. Hopper needs to take a look right away.

Everyone glances at Wyatt, who is not usually the one to come in clutch with history facts. He shrugs, then looks expectantly back at the receptionist.

WYATT (CONT'D)

Well? You gonna sit there or what?

RECEPTIONIST

Let me see if Dr. Hopper is in.

She gets up and hurries down the hall.

RUFUS

Admiral Moorer? That's the guy?

WYATT

Chief of Naval Operations, commander of both the U.S. Atlantic and Pacific Fleets, big deal during Vietnam. The USS Liberty was a Navy research ship sunk by Israel during the Six-Day War. Moorer got real paranoid about Jews supposedly covering it up and controlling the government as a result.

LUCY

Military history isn't my specialty, so thanks for taking that one.

WYATT

Yeah, no time to get arrested.

At that moment, the receptionist returns, and gestures them to follow her. They trek down to the office and enter.

CONTINUE TO:

INT. DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

DR. GRACE HOPPER (61), a tiny, blonde, five-foot-nothing mathematical powerhouse in a belted dress, is sitting behind a bank of large, bulky computers. She rolls her chair over to her desk as the team enters, snapping her fingers.

GRACE HOPPER

Yes? Whatever busywork Tom's come up with now? I'll take it, please. And tell him that if he wants the roll-out on schedule, he can quit -

LUCY

Er, Dr. Hopper, I'm so honored to meet you, but we actually need to talk to you about something else.

GRACE HOPPER

What? You said you were from -

JIYA

Dr. Hopper, I'm also very honored to meet you.

(MORE)

JIYA (CONT'D)

I promise, we wouldn't be here if it wasn't incredibly urgent. But we're not actually from Tom - Admiral Moorer.

Grace glances up, eyes sharp behind her cat-eye glasses, as Wyatt casually moves over to shut the door.

GRACE HOPPER

You know, that's actually a mark in your favor. But I suggest you explain. Pronto.

RUFUS

Yeah. This is weird. But here goes.

He removes a thick sheaf of papers from his jacket, scribbled with equations and codes, and nods at Jiya. They approach cautiously, as Grace eyes them in massive confusion. They sit in the chairs in front of her desk and spread the papers out.

RUFUS (CONT'D)

We need your help to solve the biggest programming challenge ever, and we don't have much time. It sounds crazy, but if you can hold your questions for the end?

GRACE HOPPER

... Okay?

RUFUS

Cool. Great. Yeah.
(deep breath)
So I guess the place is to start is that we're from the future.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Grace has been brought up to speed, and is still blinking like she's been hit with a two-by-four.

GRACE HOPPER

So let me get this straight. You're from the future, you have a minor time-traveling problem, and you want me to help you write some kind of computer algorithm to get rid of some other future you don't like.

RUFUS

I mean, basically?

GRACE HOPPER

This is insane. What is this, some kind of - are you people from the Soviets, or cranks and time-wasters who think you can just walk in here and pull a ridiculous prank on -

JIYA

Can you at least run the specs and see if they check out? If they're gibberish, we will apologize and leave right away and never bother you again. But if they work, can you think about it? It would mean a lot to me. To us.

Despite her not-wrong conviction that the team is a bunch of kooks, Grace sees that Jiya means it. She is reluctantly curious despite herself.

GRACE HOPPER

What exactly do you know about me?

JIYA

You earned a PhD in mathematics from Yale in 1934, you were a professor at Vassar until World War II broke out, and decided to enlist in the Navy. You had to get an exemption, because you were five pounds under the minimum weight of 120, and they thought you were too old. Then when the war was over, you worked at the Harvard Computational Lab, writing foundational programming languages by 1949. You created COBOL and other data systems, major software testing standards, and so much else. And I know Thomas Moorer is driving you nuts right now, but you're actually going to become an admiral in the Navy too. In 1985. You once said that apart from your work in computers, the most important thing to you was helping young scientists. You were quoted, you said, "They come to me, you know, and say, 'Do you think we can do this?' I say, 'Try it.' And I back 'em up."

Grace stares at her, thrown. Rufus looks at Jiya with an expression of deep admiration and love.

GRACE HOPPER

Well, we could give these a whirl,
but I don't know what you're -

JIYA

Just try it. Please.

Grace wavers, then picks up the papers and rolls her chair back to the computers. Rufus and Jiya hurry over with her. As they're working, footsteps come up the hall, stopping outside the door. Lucy looks up with an expression of hope. She gets up, moves over, and opens it, peering out into the hallway.

The footsteps have just rounded the corner. She can't see who. It's not Flynn. Disappointed, she shuts the door.

A few moments pass.

Lucy hears the footsteps again. Coming back. Waiting. It could just be someone else waiting their turn to see Grace. But she's fighting the urge to stand up and look again.

After a long pause, the footsteps deliberately move on.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Grace, Rufus, and Jiya have been working for several hours. Lucy and Wyatt are bored rigid, dozing off. But they both jump upright as the other three approach them.

WYATT

Wha? Whazit? I'm totally awake.

RUFUS

We've got something, but there's
kind of a snag.

GRACE HOPPER

The equations and the theoretical
modeling more or less check out,
but it's all just that -
theoretical. The code's never been
used to do this before, and it's
just a string of abstract
programming prompts. It has no
relation to physical space or time.

(MORE)

GRACE HOPPER (CONT'D)

If you're going to apply it, you need a lot more precise real-world mapping, and I can't do that.

LUCY

So - so what are you -

GRACE HOPPER

I have a colleague who works on satellite geodesy and radar altimetry, at the Naval Surface Warfare Center in Dahlgren, Virginia. About an hour and a half from here. We might have to track her down at home, but she puts in late hours. If you want to go.

JIYA

Yes, of course we want to go, if you're willing to drive us there -

GRACE HOPPER

If nothing else, you've got me doggone curious.

She beckons, and they scramble up. Grace gets her cardigan and purse. They step out of the office, she locks up.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - LATE AFTERNOON

The team is squashed into Grace's car, Rufus in the passenger seat. Traffic out of D.C. is hellish in any decade. As Rufus is glancing around restlessly, he spots a black car a few slots back, and at the wheel -

He jumps badly, looks around again. Nothing.

WYATT

What is it, buddy? Someone - ?

RUFUS

No. Nothing. Sorry.

Nonetheless, as the traffic finally starts to move and Grace accelerates, he looks uneasily over his shoulder again.

CUT TO:

EXT. NAVAL SURFACE WARFARE CENTER - EVENING

It's a thick, steamy summer dusk as the car turns into the NSWCDD. Grace finds a parking place, and everyone gets out, stiff and sore and trying not to look too groggy. They walk up to the guard kiosk and Grace flashes her badge.

GRACE HOPPER
They're with me.

SECURITY GUARD
Evening, Dr. Hopper. Go on in.

CONTINUE TO:

INT. NAVAL SURFACE WARFARE CENTER - EVENING

The workday crowds are thinning out. Grace leads the team up the stairs to an office at the end. She knocks and opens the door, sticking her head in.

GRACE HOPPER
Gladys? Gladys, you still here?

Rufus suddenly gets a very excited look, as there is an answering voice from inside. A professional African-American woman in blouse and skirt emerges: GLADYS WEST (37).

RUFUS
(stuffing a fist in his
mouth)
Oh my goddddd.

GLADYS WEST
Grace? Good to see you, I didn't
know you were dropping in, but - ?

GRACE HOPPER
I have some people here with an
unusual problem, and if you have a
few minutes, they're hoping you
could take a look at it.

GLADYS WEST
Well, I suppose it can't hurt.
Y'all come into my office, please.

They follow her in, Rufus still with a starstruck look on his face. Jiya digs him in the ribs with her elbow.

JIYA
(whispering)
Gladys West? As in the Gladys West?

RUFUS

Gladys West? Literally the woman who programmed a computer to map the entire Earth? Whose data is the founding basis for modern GPS systems and satellite navigation? It's fine, I'm cool, I'm fine.

Rufus and Jiya try very hard not to flail too obviously. Lucy and Wyatt glance at them with "you nerds are adorable" looks.

CONTINUE TO:

INT. GLADYS' OFFICE - EVENING

The team and Grace enter Gladys' office. Wyatt once more moves to shut the door. Just as he does - which we see but he doesn't - someone enters the atrium of the NSWCDD. Strolls casually across the floor.

GRACE HOPPER

Gotta warn you, Gladys, this is going to sound a little... peculiar. It certainly did to me.

GLADYS WEST

I'm ready.

She clears a space on her desk and looks expectant, as Rufus and Jiya come forward with their calculations.

GLADYS WEST (CONT'D)

Let's see what you got here.

Outside, the faintest creak of someone coming up the stairs.

[COMMERCIALS]

RETURN TO:

INT. VALKYRIE HEADQUARTERS - EVENING

Flynn and Iris, not at all sure of the wisdom of being here but having no choice, make their way stealthily across the main hall of Valkyrie HQ.

FLYNN

So you - you live here?

IRIS

I used to. In the workers' dorm.
Then Temple Jr. figured out who I
was, and I got a big mansion.

Flynn glances at all the shiny, hi-tech branding, the illuminated logos beaming down from every side, with a look of faint revulsion. They head up the stairs.

FLYNN

If we're here, can we intercept the
bastard, or -

IRIS

Maybe. But there's someone else we
could find, who might be more
useful. Temple Jr.'s afraid of her.
She could help us. Her name is Amy.

Flynn stops short, with a thunderstruck look on his face.

FLYNN

Amy Preston? Is that - is that who
you mean? Lucy's - Lucy's sister?

IRIS

Sarah told me about her, right
before I left for Berlin. She said
that yes, she was Lucy's sister.
Sometimes. Time travel.

FLYNN

Amy's here? Do you know her? Have
you seen her?

He's trying to control himself, but the thought of bringing
Amy back with them, somehow, miraculously, for Lucy -

IRIS

No, not that I know of. Maybe that
Valkyrie woman knows where to find
her, the one who was with me in
1893. We might also have to deal
with her, I can't be sure, or -

Just then, she becomes aware of an insistent flashing from
her wrist chip. She taps it, then looks horrified.

IRIS (CONT'D)

What the hell?

She breaks into a run, Flynn hurrying after her.

CONTINUE TO:

INT. VALKYRIE HANGAR - EVENING

Iris bursts into the hangar where the Mothership has been kept. It is empty, but a strident alarm is flashing on the computers. She scans them in disbelief.

IRIS

What? No. No, this can't be possible. I locked it. I locked it!

FLYNN

What? What's going on?

IRIS

Someone stole the Mothership. They stole it, and they jumped. August 30, 1967. Washington D.C.

FLYNN

Jessica? Jesus! I guess she just couldn't break the habit of -

Iris types frantically, then shakes her head.

IRIS

It's not Jessica.

FLYNN

How do you know that?

IRIS

These wrist chips, they're used to track everyone. I just checked Jessica's record. She's still here in San Francisco.

FLYNN

But she's the only other person who can pilot it! Did Sarah - she did some unauthorized traveling, was -

IRIS

No, she never learned, as far as I know. Jessica only taught me. In case something happened to her.

FLYNN

So she - she raised you.

There's an odd, uncertain, pained expression on his face. He doesn't trust Jessica, but if she kept his daughter safe and acted as a surrogate mother to her all these years -

IRIS

Yeah, she did. But it looks like Sarah's still here too. So it wasn't her either.

FLYNN

Then who? Did the Lifeboat go to 1967 too? Was it some kind of -

IRIS

Yeah. And it looks like they went first. The Mothership followed them, instead of the other way around.

FLYNN

But why?!

Iris can't answer. It's killing Flynn to have no idea what's going on with the team. The Mothership being gone is very bad, and if they can't get back -

A sound at the door. Both Flynns jump around, falling into a battle-ready stance. The newcomer steps out of the shadows.

VALKYRIE

Good evening, Iris.

IRIS

You - ma'am, good evening, this is kind of a bad time, but -

VALKYRIE

You lost the Mothership, did you?

IRIS

We - no, we didn't, we -

VALKYRIE

I spoke to Mr. Temple and Miss Logan earlier. They had a few very interesting things to tell me. So interesting, in fact, that I decided it was better if they didn't leave.

IRIS

Where's Sarah? She doesn't know anything about what you're up to, she was just looking for Amy -

A faint smile crosses Valkyrie's face. She remains where she is. Flynn gets it first, completely gobsmacked.

FLYNN

No. No, how could it possibly - ?

IRIS

What?

FLYNN

(to Valkyrie)

It's good to finally meet you, Ms. Preston. But you're really nothing like your sister described you.

IRIS

Wait - that's - ? Amy and Valkyrie - Valkyrie is - ?

She glances even more wildly between Flynn and Valkyrie - or no, it is a grown-up AMY PRESTON (52). To say the least, this is not the freewheeling podcaster encouraging Lucy to defy their mother's authority and chart her own path.

IRIS (CONT'D)

So you've owned this company all along. Have you - what did - in Hawai'i, when you recognized Lucy, did you not realize she was -

Amy's face flickers at the mention of Lucy.

AMY

I've been discovering what actually happened to my family just as much as you have with yours, Iris. It was one of my main objectives in buying the company, in fact. I gave orders that if Lucy was ever found, she shouldn't be hurt. It seems like some people missed the memo.

Flynn also looks stunned, but his brilliant mind is lurching slowly back into life. He takes a step.

FLYNN

So in your timeline, you're the one who lost Lucy, not vice versa? Grew up and turned ruthless and were willing to do anything to anyone, channel that Rittenhouse blood of your mother's?

(MORE)

FLYNN (CONT'D)

You and Lucy have been trapped on opposite sides of a mirror, trying to find each other, but never can, and it's made you into the person that she might have been? If she just gave into it?

AMY

And you must be Garcia Flynn. I thought so.

Flynn jerks his head once, the tersest acknowledgement. He and Amy don't take their eyes off each other.

FLYNN

I'd ask how you were back, but I suppose for you, you never left. But maybe it was -

He stops, shaking his head. Almost laughs.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

The Titanic. It had to be. It would be fitting. In this timeline, it had already happened that 500 extra passengers were saved in 1912, 130 years ago. That was a huge ripple effect across however many people, however many generations. The Hindenburg erased you, but the Titanic brought you back.

IRIS

I met her the first time when I got back from the Titanic, yes. But the company has existed for many years, I learned about Amy before that -

FLYNN

Yes. Because those people had already been saved, long ago, even if it hadn't yet happened for us. Rufus likes to say that all time is not created equal.

AMY

This is very fascinating, but I can't see how it's relevant. We have bigger problems. The Mothership is missing, and that is my highly valuable property, the only way I can find my sister and determine if she's the right -

FLYNN

I don't care if she's the Lucy you remember or not, you're not doing anything to -

AMY

Oh? You want to threaten me? I don't think that's a wise idea. Like I said, we have no time. You have to listen to me. Because of what's happened. The recursion. The one Sarah Logan so-helpfully worked out how to do. But she didn't make it herself. She just dug it up from where it had already been done.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. NAVAL SURFACE WARFARE CENTER - NIGHT

POV SHOT of the person walking up the stairs, closer and closer to Gladys' office. The mysterious thief of the Mothership, the team's shadowy pursuer.

AMY (V.O.)

A recursion is turning the clock back, literally. Anything that's already happened can be changed or erased. On a large scale, or more locally. I know what Temple did with it, what he caused. Who he caused.

The person reaches the door, shoves it open.

Inside Gladys' office, the team whirls around at the interruption -

We see the look of utter, dumbstruck shock and horror on their faces, especially Rufus and Lucy's. As the newcomer saunters forward, the camera finally PANS AROUND, and -

EMMA WHITMORE

(sleek and deadly)

You guys miss me?

CUT TO:

INT. VALKYRIE HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

FLYNN

What - no! I killed - I killed
Emma! In São Paulo, in 2014, before
I actually realized it was her!
When Lucy went back to give me the
journal, that was what ended -

AMY

We've all been dead or missing or
gone in how many timelines now? You
think that was really going to stop
Emma for good?

FLYNN

So Emma stole the Mothership?

AMY

Yes. Temple ran the recursion and
allowed her into this timeline from
a different one, somewhere she's
still alive. I know better than to
underestimate her. She's chased me,
she's hunted me, she's done all
kinds of things to make sure Lucy
and I can never find each other.

FLYNN

(numb)

Yes, Lucy said that Emma boasted
about making sure she could never
find you.

AMY

And it gets worse. Even before the
recursion opened the door for her
to get here physically, she's been
infiltrating Valkyrie a lot longer
than I realized. She's the one who
ordered that copy of Mozart's
Requiem, and for the original to be
stolen from 1791. She'll have gone
to Paris to pick it up. And that
means the trap is set.

CUT TO:

EXT. SEINE RIVERBANKS - NIGHT

A shot of the other Valkyrie assassins sent to deal with
Gabriel. They're all dead, their bodies heaped on the banks.
Emma stands over them with satisfaction. She glances down at
the papers in her hand, an expert forgery of Wolfgang Amadeus
Mozart's Requiem Mass.

She tucks it into her jacket, then strides back to the waiting Mothership. Looks down at the destination for 1967 D.C., jumps.

CUT TO:

INT. VALKYRIE HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

IRIS

(stunned)

You mean - Emma Whitmore was that big client Ed was always talking about? She ordered the copy of the Requiem from my uncle Gabriel? But 1791 - that's where the whole team dies except for Lucy, that's what Sarah told me. That's why I didn't want to get it.

AMY

Emma must have been unable to resist the chance to lure them in with the music for their own funeral.

FLYNN

What?

He is not up to speed on the whole thing about the team dying in 1791, but he doesn't need to be. Behind his eyes, we can see the dominoes falling into place.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

So why the hell are you telling us this? Your damn Valkyrie assassins already tried to kill all of us!

AMY

That was regrettable. And not my decision.

FLYNN

This is your company, how can it not be your decision? Emma might well want to murder us, she always has, and to set an elaborate trap to do it, but all the times we've almost gotten killed - Connor did get killed because of you -

He flashes forward and grabs Amy, shoving her against the wall. Iris looks as if she can't decide whether to restrain him, then folds her arms.

IRIS

Yeah, I'd like an explanation too. For everything I've given to your company, everything I've believed, everything I've done for you.

AMY

I've made many mistakes. I've done terrible things. You're not wrong. But I'm not the only one.

Flynn looks at her loathingly, but remembers that this is some version of Lucy's sister, and he can't be responsible for throttling her. He loosens his grip.

AMY (CONT'D)

As I told Iris, I stepped away from day-to-day operations. I came back when I realized how far the plot to unseat me had gotten. The assassins, Connor Mason, the orders to kill you - all of that came from Mike Temple. But I'm not blameless. You can see what Valkyrie is, and I did my full part in making it that way. I told myself that more power, more money, was better, as long as I was doing something good with it. Making satisfied customers.

FLYNN

And see. That's the Rittenhouse blood in you. Did you ever find that out about Mommy Dearest?

AMY

Yes. That and... other things.

FLYNN

You really think we're going to help you? So you can take back control of this nightmare company, and just go on stealing from history, taking clueless tourists into war zones, whatever else you -

AMY

First, I want to stop Emma. Then we can talk about what happens to Valkyrie. So yes. I need your help.

Flynn chews his tongue, restraining himself from many other things he would also like to say.

AMY (CONT'D)

Because unless I'm much mistaken,
Emma is hunting the team - and Lucy
- down right now. And in that case,
she doesn't even need to lure them
to 1791 to finish the job.

Damn it. They both know immediately that she's hit Flynn's weak spot, and the one thing he's never going to refuse. The horrible thought that the team doesn't know Emma's alive and going after them, if she catches up to Lucy and the others -

FLYNN

(growling)

How? We don't have a machine.

IRIS

We need to find Sarah.

She turns to Amy, jaw set, eyes snapping. Neither of the Flynn's are going to put up with any funny business.

IRIS (CONT'D)

Unless you threw her in the
dungeon?

AMY

This way.

With that, and Flynn and Iris both ready to instantly murder (or at least be very angry at) her at the first sign of treachery, she leads the way out of the hangar at a run.

[COMMERCIALS]

RETURN TO:

INT. GLADYS' OFFICE - NIGHT

The team is completely staggered for a split second longer. Then, á la Han Solo spotting Darth Vader in Cloud City, Wyatt leaps out of his chair, pulls his gun, and opens fire. Emma holds up a hand, which flares with a blue deflector shield, knocking the bullets harmlessly away. She's been taking good advantage of all that future tech.

EMMA

Now, now. What kind of way is that
to greet an old friend?

She strides forward, as everyone is still too horrified to speak. She looks around, sizing up the office, the blank, stunned faces of Grace and Gladys, and smiles.

EMMA (CONT'D)

You two must be Grace Hopper and Gladys West. It's a true privilege to meet you. Don't let me stop you, by the way. Go right on with what you're doing. It's important that you complete the recursion.

RUFUS

How - how do you -

He's almost frozen with horror, but at that, something snaps. He lurches to his feet, looking like he's about to tackle Emma, as Jiya grabs his arm.

RUFUS (CONT'D)

How the hell are you here?

EMMA

You think I was going to let Garcia Flynn stop me permanently? Please. You seemed to survive dying in one timeline, or maybe several. Remember how I invented the drug that saved you? Call it an insurance policy.

Noting the absence, she glances around the office.

EMMA (CONT'D)

I'm looking forward to catching up with him again. If he's back at Valkyrie headquarters, I'll just make sure we connect when I return. Oh, Lucy. Such an itty-witty sad face. You feel bad about that?

LUCY

Get out of here.

She likewise staggers to her feet, pale-faced and furious, fumbling for any sort of weapon. Emma smirks.

EMMA

Oh, I can see it's going to be extra satisfying to kill him in front of you. Or you in front of him. I haven't quite decided. Ladies, like I said. Chop chop.

GRACE HOPPER

Who on earth is this lunatic?
Friend of yours?

LUCY

Decidedly not.

JIYA

How do you know about the - the
recursion? How long have you -

EMMA

I know about the recursion because
of course I do. Twenty years ahead,
remember? Everything you've done is
well-documented history in 2042.
And that means everything keeps
amusingly boomeranging back on you.
You founded MCI, it became
Valkyrie. You created the
recursion, I have all the
information about how to use it. I
can roll everything back, over and
over. Unlimited chances to get it
just the way I want. Sarah Logan
didn't invent it, she just
discovered your schematics. And if
you don't make the recursion,
you're stuck with Valkyrie anyway.
Rock and a hard screw, or however
that saying goes.

Rufus and Jiya exchange horrified looks. Without the
recursion, they have no idea how to stop Valkyrie, and if
they do make it, as Emma says, she can erase every timeline,
every person, over and over. They knew it was dangerous, but
this is beyond their worst nightmares.

GLADYS WEST

I'm calling security.

She reaches for her phone. Emma reaches into her jacket,
pulls out another high-tech, futuristic disruptor, and points
it at the phone. It crumples into smoking pieces.

EMMA

I wouldn't. Or next time I play a
lot less nicely.

Grace and Gladys stare at the team with expressions of
betrayal - they stuck their necks out to help them with this
crazy scheme, and this is what they're getting for it. Rufus
and Jiya feel it the most: these are their heroines.

RUFUS

I swear - we didn't know, we had no idea that she - we don't even know how she's alive, but she's not -

LUCY

(to Emma)

How long have you been back? Toying with us, sadistically stretching us out, coming up with some -

EMMA

I've let you live exactly as long as you needed to, in order to figure out that the recursion was the best solution for your problems and ensure that it got invented. When you're all gone - especially this Amy, the last version I need to wipe out - Valkyrie will be mine. So I can forgive you for taking down Rittenhouse. This one's much better, and you did it all on your own. You heroes.

LUCY

What? What did you say about -

EMMA

Princess, I have eradicated your sister in so many timelines now, I've almost lost track. But this one grew up to be unexpectedly useful, so I held off. Or didn't you know that your sweet, free-spirited baby sister became the founder and CEO of Valkyrie? She bought MCI after you all died, in order to find out what happened. Change it if she could. But power and money and success is a hell of a drug. It kept growing, and growing, and growing. Amy made Valkyrie. You kill it, you kill her.

Lucy reels. She wants to deny this, but she can't. Just as it did with Flynn, it makes too much terrible sense.

LUCY

She's Valkyrie. When I saw her in Hawai'i, when she recognized me -

EMMA

Bingo. I think she'd given up hope of ever seeing you again. So had you. I'll get to destroy that too.

WYATT

Shut the fu -

He's reaching for his gun again, no matter how useless it was last time, but Emma points the disruptor at him. Wyatt yells in pain, shaking his hand, which has been pierced with the shrapnel of his imploded gun. He drops it, goes to his knees.

Dead silence reigns over the office. Emma turns on the spot, lording it over them, then smiles.

EMMA

Man, this feels good.

Eyes burning, fathomless, deliberate, terrible, she strides toward Grace and Gladys, snaps her fingers.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Go on, get to it. This is the last time I'm asking politely.

Neither of the women know what to do. After a long moment, silently, in fear for her life, Gladys starts to work.

CUT TO:

INT. GLADYS' OFFICE - NIGHT

It's very late. Emma is holding the team hostage, prowling around to keep an eye on Grace and Gladys' work, enjoying everyone's terror. Grace hits some keys, Gladys checks.

GLADYS WEST

There. I - I think that's it.

Emma strides over to take a look. She presses some keys, then nods in satisfaction.

EMMA

Good job. I always knew you two were geniuses. Now copy that onto a data tape, hand it to me, and you all get to die another day.

RUFUS

Always done your best work stealing from us, haven't you?

(MORE)

RUFUS (CONT'D)

The software for traveling on your own timeline, and now this? Just can't come up with any ideas of your own, or -

EMMA

Why would I need to, when you make such terrible things by yourself?

Rufus flinches. Gladys begins to copy the data, which takes a while with a 1967 computer. The tension stretches, torturous.

At last, a ping. Gladys holds out the data tape. Emma takes it, then glances around at the team.

EMMA (CONT'D)

I'll be seeing you soon.

With that, she leaves the office. There are five seconds of absolutely terrible silence. Then Lucy lurches to her feet, sprints to Grace's purse, and grabs her car keys.

GRACE HOPPER

Hey! What are you - !

LUCY

I'm sorry.

With that, she runs.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Emma is driving, looking extremely pleased with herself, the data tape sitting in the passenger seat, when she suddenly sees headlights roaring up behind. She frowns.

EMMA

What the -

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Lucy accelerates Grace's car as fast as it will go, knuckles dead white on the wheel. She's a few lengths behind Emma's car, which has a more powerful engine. The two vehicles roar and swerve, a full-out car chase, tires whining and spitting bits of rubber. Lucy redlines, finally managing to pull almost level with Emma. Their eyes lock.

Lucy throws the wheel over, tangling their mirrors. Sparks fly, metal scrapes. Emma snarls at her, teeth bared, both of them barely in control. Dark trees whip past. For a split second, Lucy almost has enough oomph to shove Emma off -

Then there's a BOOM as a tire blows, and she's spinning wildly off the road. Her eyes sear with flashbacks of her car accident in 3x11, the one she relieved in Nikola Tesla's machine. History doesn't repeat, but it rhymes.

CRASH as Grace's car hits a tree. Lucy is slammed back in the driver's seat - then as the door yaws open, thrown free. She lands on the forest floor, bloody and barely conscious.

With the last of her strength, she looks up at the road. Emma is standing on the verge, gazing down at her. She tips a salute, then turns, gets back into her car, and pulls out.

LUCY
(gasping, teary)
No. No. No. No.

The world tilts out under her, and everything goes black.

CUT TO:

INT. VALKYRIE HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Amy leads Flynn and Iris up several staircases and scans them into a secured area. Inside, Sarah is contained in a holding cell. There's another one next to her, but it's empty.

FLYNN
Temple Jr. supposed to be here, by any chance?

AMY
Yes, but -

FLYNN
Looks like he decided to run for it while you were distracted. If he's working with Emma, and he brought her into this timeline -

Amy goes over to Sarah's cell and scans her chip, unlocking it. Sarah runs over to Iris, and they hug.

SARAH
What the hell is going on?! Amy is also Valkyrie, she locked me up, now she lets me out, Temple's gone, and -

IRIS

Did you see where he went?

SARAH

No. I'm not sure this night can get more insane, but -

FLYNN

Ha. I wouldn't bet on that.

He glances at her, taking her in properly, the protective, sisterly way Sarah and Iris stand next to each other. Even if not with him and Lorena, Iris has had some kind of family.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

So do I still call you Jane?

SARAH

I - no, that was just when I didn't think I should tell you who I was.

FLYNN

Yes, well, we know now. Anyway. You're supposed to help us get to 1967 without a time machine. However you traveled before?

SARAH

Maybe. The phone booth, Temple said he rigged it up as a back door. He might be trying to use it himself, for that matter. To escape, or join Emma. He sent assassins after Gabriel Tompkins in Paris, so -

Flynn glances at Amy, begrudgingly forced to admit that she might not be responsible for that, but he still doesn't like her. He sighs, but doesn't argue. Something feels wrong to him. He really wants to get there now.

FLYNN

Fine. Lead the way.

The four of them leave the room in a hurry.

[COMMERCIALS]

RETURN TO:

INT. PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

Flynn, Iris, Amy, and Sarah enter the phone booth area, alive with glowing blue light. They hurry up to the control panel - and Temple Jr., caught off guard, whirls around.

Flynn draws his gun, pointing it at him. Temple Jr. puts his hands up, but doesn't back down.

TEMPLE JR
Let's not be hasty.

FLYNN
We'll see about that.

IRIS
(to Temple Jr.)
You've been working with Emma all along, haven't you? You kept asking me about Paris, how it was going. And you were frightened that Amy would find out about your plot to dethrone her and take over Valkyrie before everything was ready. So you tried to play it cool, act like you were cooperating. But the whole time, this is what you wanted.

TEMPLE JR
Emma Whitmore is an old family friend. Surely you can't be surprised that I would attempt to -

FLYNN
You're an idiot. She fought your father to the death for control of Rittenhouse. She'll get rid of you as soon as you've served your purpose. The only person who will end up top dog in Valkyrie is her.

Temple Jr.'s expression flickers, but it's hard to say with what. His eyes dart between this unusual confederation of opponents: the Flynn, Amy, and Sarah.

TEMPLE JR
She said she's prepared to share power. Once we're ready -

FLYNN
And you believe that?

While he is keeping Temple Jr. talking and distracted, Iris tilts her head significantly at Sarah. Sarah starts edging around behind them, toward the booth.

TEMPLE JR

I'm not the one who built Valkyrie.
I'm just the one who saw the most
potential in it. And if a lot of
other people didn't agree, I
wouldn't have become chairman of
the board.

AMY

You're right. You're not the one
who built Valkyrie. I did that. And
right up until the moment I saw
Lucy in Hawai'i, I managed to
convince myself that there wasn't
actually anything wrong with it.

TEMPLE JR

There is nothing wrong with it.
We're just giving people what they
want, anything they make the
decision of their own free will to
pay for. If I'm lucky enough to
benefit, I've worked hard and I
deserve it. As for the rest -

FLYNN

Come on. You're an intelligent man.
You know that's not how it works.

Temple Jr. swings on him, there's a tense moment. Then to
everyone's surprise, Flynn lowers his gun.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

Believe it or not, I don't want to
kill you. You don't have to be your
father. We're not all just doomed
to repeat generations of past
mistakes, over and over. We can do
better. We can choose better. And
you can start right now.

Temple Jr. stares at him, not sure how to respond, if it's
some kind of trick. Iris watches Flynn, pride and emotion and
love visible on her face. This is him, this is her father,
and they've found their way together despite everything.

Flynn takes a step, holds out his hand.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

Help us put this right. See what it
feels like. I know. I've been
there. Doing terrible things for
what I thought were the right
reasons, and maybe they were.

(MORE)

FLYNN (CONT'D)

But when I did it differently, when
I did it better -

Nobody is sure how Temple Jr. is going to react. Part of him looks almost as if he might want to listen, despite himself. If nothing else, this isn't what he expected. He wavers. Takes a step toward Flynn.

And then -

A gunshot goes off behind them, making everyone cringe. For a terrible moment, it's not entirely clear who it hit. Then Temple Jr. looks down at the spreading well of blood on his chest, confused. He touches it, then falls.

Someone pushes off from the doorway and saunters inside. It's Flynn's turn for the horrified stare.

EMMA

I have been waiting a very long
time to do that. Is that finally
all the Temples dealt with? Good.

She walks up to Temple Jr., who is gravely wounded but still alive. He raises a shaking hand.

TEMPLE JR

Please - I helped you, I brought
you here, I -

EMMA

And I appreciate you for it. But
see, Mikey, the thing is. People
don't change. That airy-fairy, la-
la, you-can-be-anything crap - it's
all a lie. And you're in fact
exactly like your father, except
more of a coward. So this isn't a
loss to anyone.

(beat, then, savagely)

Nighty-night.

She shoots him in the head at point-blank range. Iris, getting her first look at Emma at her most evil and ruthless, is shocked. Emma grins, then turns around, addressing Flynn.

EMMA (CONT'D)

It's so good to see you again,
Garcia. I'd say that Lucy says hi,
but I left her dead in a ditch, so
I can't be sure.

All color drains from Flynn's face. He looks shattered.

FLYNN

What?!

EMMA

Or dying, I'm not sure. Anyway, no time for chit-chat. I want this finished, I've waited long enough.

She removes the disruptor that she used to destroy Gladys' phone and Wyatt's gun, and hits another switch. Sarah and Iris hiss in pain, grabbing their wrists, as the chips flare white-hot, then an ominous red.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Girls, you'll be coming with me. Or I hit this button, and you both -

She waves a hand in demonstration, grinning insanely.

FLYNN

No. No, you -

EMMA

(to Sarah and Iris)

Now. Or I blow you up right here.

Slowly, Iris and Sarah cross the floor toward her. Emma makes sure that Flynn can see her finger on the bomb trigger, doesn't entertain a flicker of a thought of charging her. Once Sarah and Iris have reached her, she grabs them by the arms and marches them out. They're gone.

Flynn and Amy remain frozen for several more seconds. Then Amy breaks the spell, turns to him.

AMY

What - what do we do?

FLYNN

We fight.

AMY

How?

Flynn turns to look at the phone booth, the back door, their only chance of following Emma and the girls - and he has a sickening feeling that he knows to exactly which year. But as Amy starts toward it, he grabs her arm.

FLYNN

Not yet. There's someone else we have to bring with us.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - DAWN

A car pulls off the road at the crash site. Gladys is at the wheel, Grace in the passenger seat, and Rufus, Wyatt, and Jiya pour out of the back, skidding down the leaves. They pass Grace's wrecked car, then find Lucy unconscious on the ground. She stirs only faintly as Rufus and Wyatt lift her up. They hurry her back to the car.

LUCY

Where is... what is...

WYATT

Shh. It's us. You're safe. We've got you. We've got you.

JIYA

We need to take her to a hospital.

LUCY

No... Emma has the recursion, she... we can't let her...

Her head sinks again, only barely conscious. Rufus and Wyatt grip her hands, trying to anchor her to reality.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Dr. Hopper... wrecked your car... everything else... so sorry...

GRACE HOPPER

There are more important things than cars. Save your strength.

Gladys starts the engine and pulls out, racing down the highway. Lucy is in a bad way.

CUT TO:

INT. NAVAL HOSPITAL - DAY

Gladys turns into the local Navy hospital, and Lucy is carried out and rushed inside, whisked away by nurses ASAP. Wyatt, Rufus, and Jiya are all stricken. After a moment, Grace steps up behind them.

GRACE HOPPER

Your friend's tough. I'd guess that she makes it. Sit down.

She leads the numb team into the waiting area, where Gladys is coordinating with the doctors and handling paperwork.

RUFUS

I am so sorry. We are so sorry for dragging you into this, both of you, and now look what we've done.

GRACE HOPPER

Neither of us are in this line of work because we're fainting damsels. I have a feeling we'll survive.

They nod. Rufus and Jiya hold hands. Wyatt stares into space. Gladys comes and sits down on their other side.

GLADYS WEST

Just promise me you'll get that tape back from that horrible woman.

RUFUS

Believe me, we are going to do everything and then some. If - when - Lucy gets released, you'll have to take us back to D.C., our - uh, vehicle is parked there. We need to go back as soon as we can. And there's another one of us who's not here, Lucy's - Lucy's boyfriend. He doesn't know about this.

GLADYS WEST

We'll do whatever we can.

RUFUS

(choked up)

Thank you.

They sit there, still wrecked but at least mostly together, gritted for the wait.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAWN

Flynn and Amy climb the stairs, reach the apartment door, and knock. It takes a long moment until it opens.

Jessica regards them warily. She and Flynn lock gazes.

JESSICA

I... wasn't expecting to see you
back here, if I'm honest.

FLYNN

Emma has our daughters. Yours and
mine. I thought you deserved a
chance to fight with us.

JESSICA

Emma has - ?

There are obviously many terrible questions, answers, and
explanations, all of which she could launch into, but she
doesn't. She doesn't even need to think about it.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

I'm coming with you.

She steps out, looks at Amy. Something like recognition
passes between them, as if Jessica's finally seeing something
she's wondered - or known - all along.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Ms. Preston.

AMY

Mrs. Logan.

They turn and leave, hurrying after Flynn down the stairs and
into the street. The three of them, grim and determined, step
into a driverless car.

FLYNN

Valkyrie headquarters.

CUT TO:

EXT. DC ALLEY - DAY

Gladys's car pulls up to the out-of-the-way spot where the
team has hidden the Lifeboat. Rufus and Wyatt get out,
whisking the tarp off and climbing in. Lucy sits in the
backseat with Jiya, pale, fragile, bruised, and bloodied, but
alive. Grace regards the Lifeboat with great interest.

GRACE HOPPER

Time machine, huh?

LUCY
(hoarsely)
That's it.

Jiya gives her a motherly "let me do the talking" look.

GLADYS WEST
Not sure about sending you off to
fight when you can barely stand up,
honey, but if you're set on it -

LUCY
I have to do this.

She coughs, in a lot of pain, but absolutely, ferociously determined. Rufus and Wyatt return to the car, get in.

RUFUS
The Mothership returned to its base
in 2042, briefly. Then it jumped,
with three people on board, to
December 1, 1791. Vienna, Austria.

JIYA
Three people...?

RUFUS
I don't know who Emma took with
her, but it can't be good.

The team exchanges looks. Then Lucy draws a deep breath, steels herself, and sets her jaw.

LUCY
Then that's where we're going.

RUFUS
As soon as we stop off at home and
make sure Denise knows all this.

The team climbs out of the car, as do Grace and Gladys. Everyone hugs both women, aware that they (literally) owe them their lives and have drawn them into something beyond all reason or anything they should have had to deal with.

GLADYS WEST
Y'all take care.

JIYA
We'll get that tape back, Dr. West.

GLADYS WEST
Doctor?

JIYA

You complete your PhD in the early 2000s, from Virginia Tech, after you retire from a forty-two-year career at NWSC. You're just... really amazing.

Gladys smiles at her. She and Grace step back, as the badly-battered-but-not-broken team heads for the Lifeboat, and climbs in. The door shuts.

As Grace and Gladys watch, the revolution builds, whines, and the Lifeboat flashes out of existence.

GLADYS WEST

(softly)
Godspeed.

We are in for one hell of a finale.

NEXT WEEK ON TIMELESS...

THE CLIMACTIC SERIES FINALE...

TIMELESS 4X12: "AMADEUS" AND 4X13: "HOMECOMING"

DENISE

How can - Emma - the Mothership? And now she's gone to 1791 with prisoners? Who?

JIYA

We don't know. But it doesn't matter. She has the recursion, she stole it, Lucy didn't get it back. If she implements it on full scale, she can erase and redo everything, everyone, possibly infinitely. No more restrictions. No more rules. No more inconvenient caveats about your own timeline. Emma wants Valkyrie, she wants this, she wants everything.

CUT TO:

RUFUS

I can add a fifth seat. Kind of makeshift, but it only has to work for one trip.

(MORE)

RUFUS (CONT'D)

I mapped out all the coding and the relation to the timestream and everything else in preparation for the recursion, so it wouldn't be that hard.

DENISE

Add it. I'm coming.

CUT TO:

IRIS

Yes, psychopaths always want everyone else to know how clever they are.

Emma stops short, turning on her. She removes the disruptor from her neck and places her finger on the trigger.

EMMA

If I hit this, it might not kill you, at least immediately. But it would definitely tear your arm off. It would be a slow, painful, mutilated way to bleed to death. I don't necessarily need you in one piece. You want to keep talking?

CUT TO:

FLYNN

Jessica, you can still pilot the Mothership, yes?

JESSICA

Yes.

FLYNN

Good. If you find it, you take it. On no account run the risk of letting Emma leave this year with it. Leave Amy behind, leave me behind, take Iris and Sarah and go.

CUT TO:

MAID

Wie darf ich Euch behilflich sein?
(*May I help you?*)

WYATT

Äh, guten Tag, Fräulein. Wenn es stimmt, dass die Mozarts hier wohnen, würden wir gerne mit Herrn Mozart sprechen.

(Ah - good day, miss. If it's true that the Mozarts live here, we'd like to speak with Mr. Mozart.)

MAID

Der gnädige Herr befindet sich nicht wohl, und die gnädige Frau empfängt Heute kein Besuch.

(The master is unwell, and the mistress is receiving no visitors today.)

CUT TO:

LUCY (CONT)

There's another Mozart.

CUT TO:

RUFUS

(very shaken)

What was that? Effin' Poltergeist?!

They try to get to their feet, even as the floor seems to unaccountably tilt beneath them. Constanze is too terrified to speak, as Wyatt tries to help her up.

She looks around sharply. Silence from upstairs.

CONSTANZE

Wolfie? Wolfgang!

CUT TO:

Rufus takes a deep breath, steeling himself, smiling as tears spill down his cheeks, fingers hovering over the keys. EXECUTE? flashes on the screen.

RUFUS

Out of the black, into the blue.

FADE TO BLACK...