

Timeless 4x03 - "THE GLASS UNIVERSE"

# T I M E L E S S

"THE GLASS UNIVERSE"

Episode 4x03

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FADE IN.

JIYA (V/O)

Previously on TIMELESS...

1x08: Maria Tompkins working at Lockman Aerospace. 2x01: Lucy's great-grandfather, Nicholas Keynes, in WWI. 3x04: Flynn going to D.C. and running into Michael Temple, the offer to return Lorena and Iris. 3x09: Jiya and Lucy meeting Frank Kameny and Jiya mentioning that Cecilia Payne at Harvard is one of her science heroines. 4x01: The mystery about Victoria Marchant/Iris Flynn and Valkyrie Ultra, the phone call with her boss, Ed King, the visit to Gabriel in Paris, and Wyatt telling Lucy that she can talk to him. 4x02: Wyatt and Denise talking to Timothy, Iris and the annoying Dr. Hart, Flynn saving Iris, and the return where Rufus informs them that she has made a recent trip to Paris. Flynn volunteers to go, Connor says he has the EIT conference in Budapest, and Lucy begs Flynn to tell her what's wrong, as we...

OPEN ON:

INT. POD ROOM - MORNING

Iris stands in a sleek white pod, a self-contained studio apartment with bed, desk, kitchenette, bathroom, lots of uber-futuristic chrome gadgets. Everything is branded with the Valkyrie logo. She's looking into the mirror, dabbing at her black eye and split lip, when her super-thin smartphone rings.

Iris looks at it, groans, then reluctantly picks it up. Once again, we see the face of her boss, ED KING, in the video chat, smiling and rubbing his hands together.

KING

Top o' the morning!

IRIS

Hi, Ed.

KING

Hope it's another ultra-great day. Actually, well. It could be a teeny bit better. Your client on the last trip, Dr. Hart? Unfortunately, he's filed a complaint about his customer experience, and we're hoping you can run by in a jiffy to make sure we have the whole story.

Iris groans again, sits down heavily in her chair. Her hair is loose, she's in a bathrobe, sore and tired.

IRIS

I made sure I got him back. It's not my fault there was a disruption at

the performance, but he still got everything he paid for.

KING

According to him, he didn't. He only gave you a three-star rating, and applied for a partial refund. Vicky, you know we love you here at Valkyrie, but that isn't the ultra-great experience we strive to deliver every time, to every client. Pop down here and scan the write-up, okay? Then we can figure out if it's coming out of your pay packet for the quarter. That's all! Gotta jet!

With that, he hangs up, and the screen goes dark. Iris stares at it, runs her hands through her disheveled hair, and looks as if she's thinking about saying several things we can't air on a PG-rated television show.

Finally she gets up, grimaces again, shuffles into the bathroom. The door shuts with a bang.

CUT TO:

EXT. VALKYRIE CAMPUS - DAY

Iris, now immaculately put together, emerges from a sleek white building into a stylishly landscaped office park filled with other sleek white buildings. The Valkyrie name and logo are omnipresent. Other professional people hurry past her, all on some kind of advanced headset or personal device. We're clearly a few decades in the future. Just visible beyond the style, luxury, and pizzazz, on the very outskirts of the campus, is a large sprawl of grim grey warehouses.

Iris scans a chip in her wrist to enter the large glass corporate HQ on the far side of the treed pathway, steps in.

CONTINUE TO:

INT. VALKYRIE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Iris takes the stairs up to the reception area, goes in, knocks on a door. After a moment, it opens, and Ed King sticks his head out. If possible, he's even smarmier in person.

KING

Vicky, super-duper, super-duper. Just wiggle in here and let HR know you agree that you were at fault. After all! The customer is always right!

Iris grits her teeth and steps into the office, where a Valkyrie office drone is waiting with a next-next-generation iPad. She holds it out with an unbearably perky smile.

HR MANAGER

Victoria Marchant, it's so good to meet you. You're truly one of our most unique consumer experience creators here at Valkyrie, and we're sure you'll keep doing it for many ultra-great years to come. Just a quick scan on Dr. Hart's complaint form and we'll get that filed.

Iris holds out her wrist, feeling that she's being railroaded but not wanting the hassle, when the HR manager spots her injuries - not quite disguised with makeup - and frowns.

HR MANAGER

What are those? I'm not sure I remember any physical injuries listed in the report.

IRIS

It's nothing. I'm fine.

HR MANAGER

By Valkyrie company policy, you're allotted seven days of paid injury-illness time per year. But if there has been a workplace accident, you need to file form V-999 within forty-eight hours of the occurrence.

IRIS

Really, it's nothing. What I'm doing, a few bumps are inevitable. Are we going to get this over with or what?

King and the manager exchange a look. When King speaks this time, there's a lot less of the put-on jokeyness.

KING

You know it's critical that you're fully transparent, Victoria. With the responsibility we're giving you, we need to be sure you aren't keeping anything from us. If something's wrong, we're happy to arrange counseling sessions. We're here to support our partners in every way.

IRIS

You don't need to worry about me.

KING

Glad to hear it. So file an amended report with a full explanation of those injuries by the close of business, scan the complaint form,

and we can get on with making more five-star satisfied customers.

(as Iris reaches for the iPad)  
Oh, and I have a quick errand I'd like you to take me on. On your way to whenever you're going next. Dropoff and pickup, shouldn't be a problem. Also, how's Paris?

IRIS

He said he's working on it.

KING

Do we really have to pay for this to be done by hand? I'm sure there's an automation system that could produce indistinguishable results for half the price. And this isn't really the kind of turnaround time we like.

IRIS

I told him that I'd give him the Euromillions winning numbers. So nothing's coming out of Valkyrie's pocket. It's his choice.

King is caught by surprise, then laughs appreciatively.

KING

That's why we love you here. Always looking out for our best interests. But see if he can do it any faster, won't you? This is a big customer, and she's - let's just say we'd do well to keep her happy.

IRIS

Sure.

After a moment, she reaches forward, scans the form, and waits as it beeps. The HR manager gives her another toothy smile.

HR MANAGER

I'll be on the lookout for your V-999, Miss Marchant. Have an ultra-great day.

And with that, she goes.

RETURN TO:

INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

FOCUS IN on Flynn, who is not crammed in economy, thank you very much. His fellow business-class passengers are asleep, but he isn't. It's clear that he's still not used to traveling like this, in the open, and won't let down his guard.

As he reaches for the in-flight magazine, restlessly trying to while the time away, a sudden FLASHBACK from 4x02 -

VICTORIA

You.

Flynn flinches, drops the magazine, stares out the window.

CUT TO:

INT. CHARLES DE GAULLE AIRPORT - MORNING

Flynn is standing in a long queue with other sleepy travelers. He reaches the front of the line and hands a US passport to the French customs official.

CUSTOMS OFFICIAL

Bonjour, Monsieur -

(checks the name)

Flynn?

FLYNN

Oui, c'est moi.

(Yes, it's me.)

The officer looks through it carefully, checking every page. Puts it in the blue-light scanner, looks up.

CUSTOMS OFFICIAL

Votre affaire à Paris, monsieur?

(Your business in Paris, sir?)

FLYNN

Loisir.

(Leisure.)

The official finally stamps the passport and hands it back. Maybe he was just being French, but Flynn's a little rattled.

CUSTOMS OFFICIAL

Très bien. Bonne visite. NEXT!

(Very good. Enjoy your visit. Next!)

Flynn hurries through and tries not to look as if this is an exceptional occurrence. Old fugitive habits die hard. He pulls out his phone to see a text from Lucy:

*Let me know when you're there?*

He considers, types an answer to her, goes to get his bag.

CUT TO:

INT. MASON-CARLIN INDUSTRIES - MORNING

Wyatt is returning from his own trip, duffel bag slung over his shoulder, looking like he could stand to go home and crash. He steps into a staff kitchen, drops his bag, and starts to make coffee. Takes a sip, closes his eyes.

RUFUS

(from behind him)

So how was Connecticut? Anyone kidnap JFK again?

Wyatt jumps, turns around, as Rufus also comes to get coffee.

WYATT

Not that I'm aware of, no. And that was us, we kidnapped JFK.

RUFUS

Oh, right. So, Valkyrie -

WYATT

Not Rittenhouse, as far as we can tell, or at least not anything that Timothy Temple knows about. I'm not sure we didn't piss him off, to boot.

RUFUS

Where's Denise?

WYATT

She went home to change and shower, she'll be back in a couple hours.

RUFUS

Yeah, just like the rest of us. I was supposed to go with Connor to the EIT conference in Budapest, you know. I was looking forward to it for months. Instead, he gets to go, and I get to stay here babysitting the console.

WYATT

I'm sorry.

RUFUS

Hey, for once, this actually isn't your fault. Maybe I'll just -

At that moment they're cut off, from down the hall, by the unfortunately again-familiar sound of the jump alarm.

RUFUS

(black humor)

Yay. Right on schedule.

CUT TO:

INT. MASON-CARLIN INDUSTRIES - MORNING

As Wyatt, Rufus, and Jiya gather in the control room to check out the latest nonsense, it becomes clear that there's another notable absence.

WYATT

Where's Lucy?

JIYA

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

WYATT

Flynn go with her?

RUFUS

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

WYATT

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

(he checks the screen)

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

RUFUS

1918? End of World War I, Spanish flu outbreak, and Codell, Kansas, gets hit by a tornado on May 20<sup>th</sup> for the third straight year?

(at Jiya's look)

Sorry, I read a lot of Cracked.

WYATT

It's not like I want to drag Lucy back here, but since we were just talking about the JFK jump, and that went to hell without her, I think another trip to the early-20<sup>th</sup>-century Northeast means we play it smart.

Rufus and Jiya glance at each other, then Jiya nods.

JIYA

Okay, I'll call her. Rufus, do you want me to pilot, or - ?

RUFUS

No, you took the last one, it's my turn fair and square. Besides, I know

Cambridge pretty well, even if obviously ninety years later. If they're hitting up something at MIT, I should come along.

JIYA

Or at Harvard?

RUFUS

Oh yeah, the other school up the river. Why?

JIYA

Never mind. But I'll come too, since it'll be just the three of you otherwise. Hold on.

She moves off to call Lucy. Wyatt and Rufus, with a deep sigh, finish their coffee and prepare to saddle up.

CUT TO:

EXT. MIT CAMPUS - DAY

It's December in Boston, and while the day is bright, it's frigid and windy. Everyone has their scarves and collars turned up. MIT has just moved to its shiny new purpose-built campus, and Rufus is looking around with slight nostalgia.

LUCY

(shivering)

So you may actually be more help here, Rufus. Is there some big project at MIT going on right now? We're about 14 years too late for Katharine McCormick, but maybe -

RUFUS

I think I've heard of her. Graduated from here in 1904, right? Super important in expanding the number of women enrolled at MIT?

LUCY

Yes, she's one of the most influential feminists and scientists of the entire 20<sup>th</sup> century. She funded almost all the research for the modern birth control pill, smuggled it from Europe while it was still outlawed in America, and did some of the first investigations into the causes of schizophrenia. Anyway, do you think there's something else?

RUFUS

Not sure? I know Harvard made a ton of attempts to merge with or take over MIT during this time period, but we valiantly defeated them. Or -

WYATT

While we're thinking about it, can we maybe do it inside? Or just take the streetcar to Harvard or something? Because no offense, I'm freezing.

RUFUS

Sure, you're from Texas.

JIYA

I'm also pretty cold.

RUFUS

Okay, fine. Streetcar it is.

[COMMERCIALS]

RETURN TO:

INT. STREETCAR - DAY

The team is squashed into a crowded Boston streetcar. Most people are wearing something over their nose and mouth, and signs about the symptoms of Spanish flu are posted everywhere. The newspapers are awash with the end of the Great War on November 11. Lucy notices a black-and-white picture of Woodrow Wilson and banner headline: WILSON SAILS FOR PARIS PEACE CONFERENCE, FIRST SITTING PRESIDENT TO VISIT EUROPE.

WYATT

(also noticing it)

You think that's important? Treaty of Versailles definitely seems like something they could mess with.

(pause)

Of course, it would help if we had the slightest clue who "they" are.

LUCY

Wilson left yesterday. And besides, if they wanted to do that, I think they would have gone to - to Paris.

Wyatt can tell that this is really about something else.

WYATT

Things still weird with Flynn?

LUCY

He said he's not mad at me, but he hasn't explained anything, and he's avoiding me every time I try to talk

to him. We haven't been the same since 1775, and I... I don't know. I'm just so afraid that it's too late, and I've messed everything up.

WYATT

Well, you know. He's a solitary guy. Used to doing things by himself, dealing with it alone. He's probably just not used to asking for help.

LUCY

It's not just that.

WYATT

Oh?

LUCY

During our trip to London, he killed one of Mary Sidney's servants rather than let them hurt Victoria.

WYATT

Wait, what? We don't know who she is, right? He doesn't know who she is?

LUCY

As far as I know, yes. But there's something about the two of them, especially since Victoria hates me and I still have no idea why. And I just - I can't help but -

WYATT

You thought that you were the only person - to be specific, the only woman - that Flynn would do something like that for?

LUCY

(quietly, ashamed)

I... yes.

Wyatt looks at her. He has mixed feelings, could play this to his own advantage, does still carry some kind of a torch for her. But this is the first time she's opened up to him in a long time, and he doesn't want to mess it up.

WYATT

For what it's worth, I don't think Flynn would randomly start dating our new nemesis of the week and then just forget to say anything, especially to you. Doesn't seem like him.

Lucy looks at him, wanting to believe his reassurance, but still troubled. He offers a crooked smile.

WYATT (CONT)

I'll try to talk to him, if you want,  
when he gets back.

LUCY

Thanks.

At that moment, the streetcar stops, the bell rings, and the  
team gets off.

CONTINUE TO:

EXT. HARVARD QUAD - DAY

The team steps onto the vaunted ground of Harvard, which at  
this point in its history is still entirely male. Students  
hurry by in jackets and ties, overcoats. Wyatt looks at Lucy.

WYATT

Do you think this is like what  
happened with Ruth Bader Ginsburg at  
Columbia, the last uppity all-male  
Ivy League we hit up? Is there some  
future famous woman here, or -

JIYA

Wyatt, you're a genius.

WYATT

I am?

RUFUS

He is?

JIYA

This way.

Looking excited, she hurries off, as the other three run after  
her, huffing and puffing in the cold. Lucy catches up with a  
look of dawning comprehension.

LUCY

Wait, the Harvard Computers?

JIYA

Maybe. I don't know for sure, but -

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

RUFUS

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

JIYA

Women. Yes. Annie Jump Cannon, Henrietta Swan Leavitt, Mina Fleming, Antonia Maury, Ida E. Woods, Cecilia Payne - they're some of my scientific heroines. They revolutionize our understanding of the nature of the universe, the material of stars, everything. Mina Fleming started out as a maid in Director Edward Pickering's house, and discovers the Horsehead Nebula in 1888. Ten years later, she's appointed the first Curator of Astronomical Photographs at Harvard. Annie Jump Cannon takes over after her death in 1911 and classifies almost 350,000 stars.

RUFUS

Wow, Lucy, guess we could have left you at home after all.

JIYA

Hush, you. Guys, come on.

CONTINUE TO:

INT. HARVARD COLLEGE OBSERVATORY - DAY

Jiya approaches the receptionist desk, slightly nervous.

JIYA

Excuse me? We're looking for the Harvard Computers?

PASSING MAN

(scoffing)

What, you mean Pickering's harem?

RECEPTIONIST

And those ladies have done more for the cause of science than you ever will, Mr. Roderick, so step along.

(to Jiya)

Up to the stairs and to the left, dear, can't miss them. Are you a new hire? It's Miss Cannon you'll want to find, then. Oh, and remember to make sure she can see your mouth when you speak, same for Miss Leavitt.

Jiya leads the way as the team starts up the stairs.

WYATT

Why are we supposed to make sure they can see our mouths?

LUCY

Because they're both deaf. They lost their hearing to illnesses as young women, so they must lip-read. Do we have any idea what Victoria could want with them? Or someone else. Rufus, do you still have that thing you had in Tangier, that was supposed to detect other time travelers?

RUFUS

Crap. No. I left it behind, since I thought we'd established it was her.

LUCY

It is her, but in London, she had someone else with her, a man. She seems to be the pilot, but she's taken people with her at least once.

RUFUS

(baffled)

What - for sightseeing?

LUCY

I don't know.

They reach the relevant room, and Jiya knocks. After a moment, the door is opened by a handsome dark-haired woman in bustle and skirt: ANTONIA MAURY (52).

ANTONIA MAURY

May I help you?

JIYA

Maury? Professor Antonia Maury?

ANTONIA MAURY

That's me, yes. You are?

JIYA

HimynameisJiya.

RUFUS

Sorry. She's usually a lot more normal.

LUCY

Miss Marri is one of the new computers.

ANTONIA MAURY

The English girl?

LUCY

No, the... other one.

ANTONIA MAURY

Hmm, I hadn't heard we were hiring anyone else. Then again, it would not be the first time that Mr. Pickering decided to do something without consulting me. Inside, dear, come on.

Jiya shoots a panicked look at Lucy, who gives her an encouraging nod. The team steps in. It's a cozy room, decorated for Christmas. Filled with tables and desks and bookshelves, as ladies in long dresses examine photographic plates with magnifying glasses and microscopes, scribble down calculations, make notes, and page through scientific volumes.

ANTONIA MAURY

Annie! We've a new girl.

Someone leans forward to touch Annie's arm, and she gets up. ANNIE JUMP CANNON (55) is one of the most respected astronomers of her day, the co-director of the Observatory, the first woman to receive an honorary doctorate from Oxford University, and as Jiya says, the classifier of most of the visible sky. Jiya goes rather weak in the knees.

ANNIE JUMP CANNON

(warmly)

Welcome! What was your name, dear?

JIYA

(squeaking)

Jiya Marri.

ANNIE JUMP CANNON

And where is it you've trained, Miss Marri? Vassar, Radcliffe, Wellesley?

JIYA

C-Caltech.

ANNIE JUMP CANNON

Can you say that again? I don't think I've understood right.

JIYA

Sorry. It's called Throop College of Technology right now, I think. In Pasadena, California.

ANTONIA MAURY

They're admitting women now? Boston Tech did get to that a few years back, but I had not heard -

RUFUS

(under his breath)

MIT rules, Caltech drools?

Everyone looks at him. Rufus offers an apologetic shrug.

RUFUS

Sorry, I went to MIT - I mean, Boston Tech. We bicker about this a lot.

JIYA

That's my fiancé. I can't take him anywhere.

RUFUS

Tyson, Neil deGrasse Tyson, pleasure to meet you, ma'am.

ANTONIA MAURY

(surprised)

The pair of you must have a rather... singular life, then?

RUFUS

Truly, you have no idea.

ANNIE JUMP CANNON

Are you prepared to continue at the Observatory even after your wedding, Miss Marri? Nettie Farrar had to leave us a while back, when she was married, and we've often decided it's best that we don't keep husbands or children. The work is very time-consuming, less suited for ladies who prefer a family life.

JIYA

Er - sort of.

ANNIE JUMP CANNON

Well, this way. Are you familiar with the classification system for stars?

JIYA

O-B-A-F-G-K-M?

RUFUS

More snappily known as "Oh be a fine girl, kiss me?"

Jiya giggles at him, rolls her eyes, kisses his cheek. We love two science nerds in love. This appears to be them flirting.

ANNIE JUMP CANNON

Correct. Each star belongs to one of these types, and we count the Fraunhofer lines in each image to determine which. You seem well-informed, so perhaps you can assist Miss Leavitt with her observations on Cepheid variables. Henrietta, dear -

She touches the shoulder of the serious-looking, industriously working HENRIETTA SWAN LEAVITT (50). Henrietta looks up.

ANNIE JUMP CANNON

This is Miss Marri, she's just joined us all the way from California. If you needed another girl for your period-luminosity relation problem, she seems very likely, so -

At that, Rufus thinks of something, frowns.

RUFUS

Hey, would it be possible for you to analyze some data for us? I'd have to run back and get it, and I'm not sure you'd recognize all of it, but -

JIYA

(to Annie and Henrietta)

Excuse - excuse me a moment, please?

The team huddles up in a corner.

JIYA

What are you talking about, Rufus?

RUFUS

(to Wyatt)

Didn't you have a crack theory about Victoria the other day?

WYATT

What, that she was from the future? It's honestly not that crack when you think about -

RUFUS

No, not that part. Henrietta Swan Leavitt is the person who discovers the so-called standard candle that astronomers use to measure the distance to galaxies, the space between stars, the literal roadmap of the universe. That's the Cepheid variable project that Annie was talking about. Edwin Hubble used it to establish that the universe is constantly expanding. If we pull some data from the Lifeboat, the record of the Mothership's CPU, is it possible that the computers could analyze it and tell us exactly where - or when - Victoria is from? However many branches up on the tree?

Everyone stares at him, thunderstruck and impressed. Yet again, Rufus's science genius coming in clutch.

WYATT

Won't they notice something's obviously a little weird about it?

RUFUS

We can tell them it's a theoretical experiment. Whatever. I think it's worth a shot, if I run back to the Lifeboat and pull some specs.

WYATT

I'll go with you.  
(to Lucy and Jiya)  
You two gonna be all right here?

LUCY

I'm sure we should be fine.

RUFUS

Okay. Make sure Jiya remembers to, you know, come home when she's done.

Jiya raises an eyebrow, but Rufus grins, happy to see her enjoying herself. Wyatt and Rufus exit, not without some reluctance on Wyatt's part to hit the cold again, and Jiya is quickly absorbed by the women. Lucy finds herself somewhat peripheral, people chattering on a subject she doesn't know much about and Rufus and Jiya in their element on the history. She is indeed wondering if they should have left her at home.

In a few moments, the door opens, and EDWARD C. PICKERING (72), the distinguished, white-bearded Director of the Observatory, enters the room. He is accompanied by a well-dressed, dark-haired woman in furs and hat. The ladies look up to acknowledge him.

EDWARD C. PICKERING

(spotting Lucy)

Good morning, miss. Are you the new girl over from Cambridge? The English Cambridge, that is.

LUCY

Er - no, I don't believe so.

EDWARD C. PICKERING

Not Miss Cecilia Payne?

LUCY

No, that's not me. I'm just - waiting for a friend.

EDWARD C. PICKERING

Apologies, but I'm afraid you'll have to wait downstairs with a cup of tea.

My ladies' time is very valuable, they cannot afford distractions. A loss of one minute in the reduction of each estimate will delay the entire work by the equivalent of the time of one assistant for two years. Why don't you pop down with Mrs. Keynes and -

LUCY

(jarred)

I'm sorry, who?

EDWARD C. PICKERING

Mrs. Elizabeth Keynes. Her husband was killed in France during the Great War, but she's very interested in funding our scientific work, just like the widowed Mrs. Draper.

Lucy stares at the woman. She realizes in dawning horror that this is her great-grandmother: Nicholas's widow, Carol's grandmother. It's a slap in the face. Rittenhouse might be gone in the present, but this can't be ignored.

ELIZABETH KEYNES

Thank you, Mr. Pickering. A cup of hot tea will be most welcome.

(to Lucy)

And were you coming too, Miss - ?

LUCY

(after a very long pause)

Wallace.

ELIZABETH KEYNES

(offering Lucy her arm)

Do let's, then.

With no other option, slightly stunned, Lucy takes Elizabeth's arm and permits herself to be escorted out.

[COMMERCIALS]

RETURN TO:

EXT. PARIS - DAY

Flynn is strolling down the Champs-Élysées, looking outwardly like any other tourist, but he's not here for sightseeing. He takes out his phone, taps the screen.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. BUDAPEST - DAY

Connor Mason, for his part, is enjoying his out-of-the-office time. He's sitting on the bank of the Danube and admiring the

view, drinking a glass of wine, EIT lanyard around his neck, and picks up his phone with some reluctance.

CONNOR

Hello?

FLYNN

Mason, you're in the same time zone right now, yes?

CONNOR

As far as I'm aware. If you're in Paris, that is?

FLYNN

Yes. Was there anything else Rufus came up with, where Victoria was supposed to have gone? I can't search this entire damn city on foot without something more specific.

CONNOR

I only know what you do. Somewhere near the Seventh Arrondissement, as far as the geotag could be narrowed down. It's not a perfect fix.

FLYNN

Great. Just run around and look for a woman with a time machine?

CONNOR

That, Mr. Flynn, I leave to your considerable ingenuity. And if you don't mind, I'll have to go. Waiting for a very important meeting.

Flynn makes a gargoyle face at the phone, but hangs up. He heads into the ultra-chic Seventh Arrondissement, which is what everyone pictures when they think of Paris. Trees, sidewalk cafes, flowers, baroque buildings, museums, monuments. He deliberates, growls under his breath in frustration, then starts for the nearest café.

As he reaches the door, it opens, and a man emerges. As he accidentally clips shoulders with Flynn, the camera fixes on his face. It's none other than Gabriel Tompkins, his half-brother. Yet the encounter means nothing to either of them.

FLYNN

Pardonnez-moi, monsieur.

He continues in without a backward glance, leaving Gabriel confused only insofar as Parisians rarely apologize. He likewise exits down the Rue.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUDAPEST - DAY

Connor is scrolling through his tablet, when a shadow falls over him and he looks up. Once again, we recognize someone the guys do not. In this case - what the hell - it's Ed King, Iris's boss. He's wearing sunglasses and an EIT lanyard, jeans and polo shirt, fancy watch, preppy-techster-cool. Apparently, this was the errand he wanted her to drop him off on.

CONNOR

(getting to his feet)

Ah, you must be Mr. King!

KING

And you must be Mr. Mason!

They shake hands, sit down at Connor's table. King gazes around at Budapest with a faintly nostalgic look.

KING (CONT)

I forgot how nice it used to be.

CONNOR

(slightly confused)

Er, yes, great city. Terribly sorry that my business partner, Mr. Carlin, couldn't make it. He was very much looking forward to the trip, but a last-minute commitment came up at home. You'll know how it is.

KING

Sure do, sure do. Always something else to -

(stops)

Carlin? Would that be Rufus Carlin, by any chance?

CONNOR

Yes, that's him. Why?

KING

Nothing, no reason. Talented guy, couldn't be more excited about the opportunity to go into business together. As I said, I'm interested in dynamic investing opportunities at Mason-Carlin Industries. Your tech is going to do some real life-changing things, make a lot of money for us.

CONNOR

I - ah - life-changing, yes, I suppose you could say that. I hope this new enterprise will go well.

KING

Oh, it will. That's why I'm here. I know you're a billionaire, Mr. Mason, so don't take this the wrong way. But it's been a rough few years for you, and you have a lot riding on the successful launch of MCI. My people can provide a little bit of a cushion during that time. Venture capital, asset flexibility and liability management, regulation compliance, shareholder packages and stock options - all that, and making sure the news cycle stays positive. All things I'm sure a great businessman like you has thought about.

Connor is pleasantly surprised, but wary. The Rittenhouse debacle has taught him some hard lessons.

CONNOR

And you'd just - I'm sorry, who did you work for again?

KING

All you need to know, Mr. Mason, is that we take your success as seriously as our own, because it is our own. We're big fans of you, what a trailblazer you've been, both for those behind you and those still to come. So what do you say? Can we arrange a time for me to visit your campus in the Bay Area? Get a real feel for your operation?

CONNOR

We've - well, we've actually just started a new project that's rather time-intensive and requires a certain amount of proprietary access. I'm not sure we could just -

KING

I'm willing to wait a couple weeks for you to get everything sorted out. But I do want to pop by.

(beat)

Why exactly couldn't your business partner make it out to Budapest?

CONNOR

Ah - software testing.

KING

Good to see he remembers where he came from, still does that kind of thing himself. Not letting fame and fortune go to his head. Well, Mr. Mason, I won't nag you. Enjoy the rest of the conference. And if you do change your mind -

CONNOR

Yes, yes, I'll -

He looks around in expectation of a business card or phone number, but King only gives him a cryptic smile. Gets up and pushes up his sunglasses.

KING

I'll call you.

With that, he strolls off down the promenade. Connor watches him go, some part of him aware that that was a strange encounter. But then again, tech people are often weird and pushy, no reason to read into it unduly. He picks up his tablet again and goes back to sipping his wine.

CUT TO:

INT. OBSERVATORY TEAROOM - DAY

Lucy and Elizabeth Keynes are sitting at a table with steaming cups of tea and iced Christmas biscuits. Lucy is watching Elizabeth like a hawk as they raise their cups and take a sip.

ELIZABETH

Oh, that's lovely. Boston is rather miserable in the winter, I must say. I rode the Union-Pacific Railroad as far as Chicago, and that was even colder. Are you from here yourself?

LUCY

I - no. You came from San Francisco?

ELIZABETH

(surprised)

I did, yes. We - well, I suppose it's just I now - have our house there. It's a bit large for just Ruth and myself, but I've kept hold of it. Rather silly of me, I know, I -  
(she stops, emotional)

My apologies, Miss Wallace. It's just that they only ever told me that Nicholas - my husband - disappeared in France. They didn't find his body. And some small, stupid part of me

thinks there's still a chance he  
could come home, and I have to stay  
there, so he knows where to find us.

A very strange expression crosses Lucy's face. She obviously can't tell Elizabeth that the reason Nicholas disappeared is because he was saved by Carol and Emma and brought to the present to serve as the new leader of Rittenhouse - at least until Emma killed him. But despite herself, she understands this feeling a little too well. After a moment -

LUCY

My - my sister died a while ago too.  
Her name was Amy.

ELIZABETH

Oh dear, I'm so sorry. The influenza?

LUCY

No, something else. But I've also had the strange feeling that she could come back, and that's why I've stayed in my mother's house, even though it was... complicated. Part of me wanted to sell it and leave and never look back, but I had to stay there just in case. So she would know where to find me. I don't know if that was foolish or not. But I couldn't take the chance that she would, somehow, and I'd - I'd miss her.

The two women look at each other in surprise and a certain poignant, undeniable understanding.

ELIZABETH

Please forgive me for speaking so frankly, Miss Wallace. After all, we've only just met, it's not your affair. It's just - I feel as if I know you, I can trust you. Do we - we haven't met, have we?

LUCY

No, we haven't.

(pause)

So what are you doing here? Mr. Pickering said something about scientific investments?

ELIZABETH

Oh yes. Nicholas was very passionate about science, and he had a particular interest in David Rittenhouse, the great intellectual

and inventor of the Founding Fathers' acquaintance. Among his other accomplishments, Rittenhouse was a celebrated astronomer, and Nicholas wished for a suitable institute of astronomy to be endowed in his name. He had so many dreams, my Nicholas. Always writing in his notebooks, his ideas and plans for a better world. I wish he'd gotten a chance to see them through, but I have to do my best when he's not here.

Lucy takes another sip of tea. Once again, she can't share Elizabeth's feelings, knowing exactly what Nicholas was doing with those plans, but this surprises and unsettles her. Should she disrupt this, if the fund Elizabeth establishes is going to directly benefit Rittenhouse in the years to come? Does Lucy have a responsibility to keep fighting them somehow?

LUCY

So you didn't know what exactly Nicholas was doing - who he was associated with? Any other admirers of Mr. Rittenhouse, perhaps?

ELIZABETH

There were a few more of those, yes. Very idealistic gentlemen, very bright, but also somewhat tedious and prone to expostulation and pomposity. From what I could tell, at least. I usually left them to it.

Lucy takes a bite of biscuit, trying to buy time to think. She was expecting another evil, manipulative Rittenhouse doyenne, like her mother or Emma, but Elizabeth is in fact the ordinary woman and loving wife that she appears to be, who doesn't know the full truth about her husband and is just funding Rittenhouse because it was his great ambition.

LUCY

And your daughter, was it? Ruth? Does she - did Nicholas have any wishes about how she would be raised?

ELIZABETH

Isn't that a bit of a personal question, Miss Wallace?

LUCY

Yes, of course. I'm sorry. The observatory here is doing great work, and I know they're always eager for funding, but perhaps if you don't -

ELIZABETH

Nicholas did say he wanted the money to go to the study of the universe, and I can think of no one better fitted than the ladies of Harvard College. Have you met them? They're all so intelligent, I barely felt able to open my mouth.

Lucy smiles, internally writhing with awkwardness. She can't argue with giving the money to the ladies, but this might be one of the reasons that Rittenhouse rises to power - and why her own grandmother, Ruth, raises Carol in it. Perhaps she can't change this, but it goes against every grain of what she's fought for over the last several years to allow it.

LUCY

Yes, they are. And I'm sure you want to honor your husband's memory.

ELIZABETH

It is a hard thing, losing the man you love. I never imagined how much.

Lucy starts to answer, but something gets stuck in her throat. They look at each other again, still in that unexpected, poignant understanding.

LUCY

It is.

Another moment, then Elizabeth pulls herself together, finishes her tea and biscuit, and gets to her feet.

ELIZABETH

(briskly)

Thank you kindly for the conversation and the company, Miss Wallace. I'll go find Mr. Pickering and discuss the bequest. Will you be about?

LUCY

I'm - not sure.

Elizabeth picks up her scarf, retrieves her pocketbook, and leaves the tearoom. Lucy stares after her with an expression of confusion and anguish, utterly uncertain what to do.

CUT TO:

INT. COMPUTERS' ROOM - DAY

Jiya is being given a crash course in star measurement by the ladies, all of whom are eager to help her. Annie carries a photographic plate to the microscope, beckons Jiya over.

ANNIE JUMP CANNON

Each glass plate is coated in silver emulsion and exposed via photometric observations on every clear night. We have a 40-inch telescope with a lens from Mantois the glassmaker in Paris, very best in the astronomical world. Ladies do not normally perform the observations, but I've done it for some time - even spent six months in our station in Peru to view the stars of the Southern Hemisphere. Then if you peer through, like so -

Jiya leans to the microscope, and her eyes go wide. The tiny, smudged image of the star has turned into a dazzling rainbow spectrum, marked here and there with faint black lines. She's seen this before, but it's still startling and beautiful.

ANNIE JUMP CANNON (CONT)

This glass universe offers a great advantage over traditional single-observer visual reports, where the astronomer is relying on nothing but her own memory. By photographing each star repeatedly over an extended period of time, we can quickly and easily compare magnitude, position, brightness, and any other variable that might - yes?

Someone has tapped her on the shoulder, and she and Jiya turn around - just in time to see a pretty brown-haired woman enter, accompanied by Victoria Marchant. Jiya stares - she's pretty sure this is her, but she didn't get a terribly good look in the dim Globe, and she's caught off guard.

ANNIE JUMP CANNON

More new arrivals?

The young woman steps forward: CECILIA PAYNE (23), and offers her hand, speaking with an English accent.

CECILIA PAYNE

Miss Cannon, I presume?

ANTONIA MAURY

She's English, Annie.

ANNIE JUMP CANNON

Oh, heavens, you'll be the English girl. We were confused earlier, when Miss Marri arrived. Miss Payne, at last?

Behind her, Jiya gets an oh-my-god look on her face and has to clap both hands to her mouth. Victoria notices this, and raises one eyebrow. Annie turns to her.

ANNIE JUMP CANNON

And are you also joining the Harvard Computers, Miss - ?

VICTORIA

No, I've just come to ensure Miss Payne arrived safely. I met her at the train station, it seemed indelicate for a young lady of her refinement to be walking alone.

ANNIE JUMP CANNON

Very kind of you. Miss Payne, dear, this is Miss Marri. She's new too, you'll get right along.

Jiya, once more overawed at meeting one of her heroines, shyly offers her hand.

CECILIA PAYNE

Lovely to meet you, I'm Cecilia.

JIYA

I know.

(at Cecilia's confusion)

I've just... heard of you.

CECILIA PAYNE

Have you? That is kind, but I have done quite little to make my mark in the astronomical societies. I read physics and chemistry at Newnham College in Cambridge, but I realized that the only opportunity for real advancement as a woman in the field was to come to America. I am as yet entirely an ingenue.

JIYA

Oh, you'll - I mean - I'm sure you'll be very influential.

She tries not to look at Victoria as she says this, but it's too late. Victoria has been studying her, steps forward.

IRIS

And where have you heard of Miss Payne, Miss Marri?

JIYA

From the - scholarly papers.

As they look each other up and down, Jiya can no longer be in any doubt that this is the woman they're chasing. Her mind

whirls. Rufus and Wyatt are gone, getting data from the Lifeboat, and Lucy is - somewhere, Jiya suddenly isn't sure where. She can also tell that Victoria knows it's them.

ANTONIA MAURY

(sensing the tension)

Is something wrong, ladies?

IRIS

No, nothing's wrong. I'm delighted to visit. My grandmother was an accomplished engineer, in fact. Dreamed of building things to help man actually reach the stars, not just see them from afar.

ANTONIA MAURY

Will she have studied with Maria Mitchell? Mary Somerville?

IRIS

Neither, I'm afraid. Anyway, now that Miss Payne is safely arrived -

She turns on her heel and starts to go, as Jiya is trying to think whether to stop her. But just then, the door opens again. Edward Pickering and Elizabeth Keynes enter.

EDWARD C. PICKERING

Well, Mrs. Keynes, I think the endowment of a scholarship in your late husband's memory would do very well - there is a Rittenhouse Astronomical Society, of course, and we would be honored to place the name of such an esteemed forbear upon -

Unnoticed by both of them - but certainly noticed by Jiya - Victoria whips around at the name "Rittenhouse." She stares narrowly at Elizabeth, who doesn't see her.

ELIZABETH

How kind of you, Mr. Pickering. I'll need to cable my solicitor in San Francisco to sort the full terms of the estate, but the money should soon be available. It's what my Nicholas would have wanted, thank you so much.

She and Pickering shake hands, and she goes to leave. Victoria turns ever-so-casually and follows her out the door.

ANNIE JUMP CANNON

Miss Marri? Miss Marri, dear? If you want to step this way with Miss Payne, we can -

JIYA

I'm sorry, can you excuse me? I -  
need to use the water closet.

With that, not quite sure what she's doing, but just as unsettled by the names "Keynes" and "Rittenhouse," not to mention Victoria's reaction, she hurries out after them.

[COMMERCIALS]

RETURN TO:

INT. OBSERVATORY - AFTERNOON

Jiya hastens down the stairs after Victoria and Elizabeth - and runs into Lucy, who was just on her way back up.

JIYA

(slightly panicked)  
Victoria's here, she went that way,  
she's after some woman, the name  
Rittenhouse came up, I don't -

LUCY

I know.

JIYA

What?!

LUCY

It's my great-grandmother, Elizabeth  
Keynes. Nicholas's widow. I talked to  
her at tea, she's trying to do it for  
him, she's not - at least I don't  
think she is - part of it herself.  
Victoria did - what happened?

JIYA

She knows the name, she didn't like  
it. I'm not sure what she's planning  
to do, but -

They dart out of the Observatory, and wince at the freezing air. They cross the Quad after the other two women, as Victoria tails Elizabeth across the busy street beyond. But then we REVERSE CUT to the Observatory lawn that they just left, as Wyatt and Rufus are puffing up from the other side.

CONTINUE TO:

INT. OBSERVATORY - AFTERNOON

Wyatt and Rufus galumph up the stairs to the computers' room, knock hastily, and let themselves in.

ANTONIA MAURY

Oh, Mr. Tyson. And - ?

WYATT

Uh, Aldrin. Mr. Buzz Aldrin.

Rufus raises an eyebrow at him, Wyatt raises it back.

RUFUS

Actually, we were hoping Miss Leavitt could help us with something? It's about the Cepheid variables.

Antonia is confused, but turns to communicate this to Henrietta. Cecilia Payne glances over, and Rufus's jaw drops.

RUFUS

Holy crap. Dr. Cecilia Payne?

CECILIA PAYNE

Pardon? I'm hoping to take up a doctoral program in astronomy, but I've not yet commenced my -

RUFUS

Yes, of course. I just - it's very nice to meet you, ma'am.

ANNIE JUMP CANNON

That's Miss Marri's fiancé, dear. Mr. Neil deGrasse Tyson.

RUFUS

Er, yes, that's me.

They shake hands, regarding each other in considerable interest. When they step back, Wyatt edges over.

WYATT

(muttering)

So, like, some huge nerd heroine?

RUFUS

That, you philistine, is the author of what is often described as the most brilliant astronomy PhD dissertation of all time. She argues that the stars are made of hydrogen and helium, which goes completely against the accepted scientific wisdom. Henry Norris Russell, some famous astronomer dude, believes that the sun and earth are essentially the same, and discredits her conclusions when they first appear in 1925. It's called "Stellar Atmospheres: A Contribution to the Observational Study of the High Temperature in the Reversing Layers of Stars." It's foundational.

WYATT

Sounds like a page-turner.

Rufus gives him a "you're hopeless" look, then glances around the room and realizes that Jiya and Lucy are missing.

RUFUS

(to Antonia)

Excuse me, where's Jiy - Miss Marri?  
And the other woman with us?

ANTONIA MAURY

Miss Marri just stepped out to use  
the WC. Mr. Pickering sent your other  
companion down for tea.

Rufus and Wyatt are uncertain whether to be concerned, but at that moment, Henrietta Swan Leavitt steps up.

HENRIETTA SWAN LEAVITT

(speaking carefully)

Mr. Tyson? You had a question about  
the Cepheid variables?

RUFUS

Er - yes, we did. I'm not sure how  
much of the data will be transferable  
to your setup here, but -

He follows her over to her workbench. Wyatt realizes he's not going to be much use and turns to Cecilia, with some attempt at a winning smile.

WYATT

So, uh, hydrogen and helium? Very  
important stuff, don't you think?

Cecilia eyes him in confusion and pity. It's probably not the worst chat-up line she's ever been subjected to, but close.

CECILIA PAYNE

I take it you are not an astronomer  
yourself, Mr. Aldrin?

WYATT

No, no I am not.

He looks around again. A slight frown creases his brows. Still no Jiya or Lucy. He can't help but sense something off.

WYATT

(to nobody in particular)

Scuse me.

With that, he turns and hurries out.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMBRIDGE STREETS - AFTERNOON

The sun is getting low and the wind off the Charles River is bitterly cold. Lucy and Jiya almost slip on ice, dodging streetcars, Model T Fords, horses and wagons, and other

traffic. They look frantically around, as we PAN UP through the crowds. Elizabeth is digging in her pocketbook for streetcar fare - as Iris steps up behind her, grabs hold of her, and jerks her violently backward into a narrow alley, throwing her flat among crates, barrels, and sacks.

Elizabeth falls heavily, with a crunch. She stares up at Iris in shock and terror, raising her hands.

ELIZABETH

I don't - please don't -

IRIS

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

ELIZABETH

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

IRIS

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

She picks up a piece of broken crate and steps closer, as if to bash Elizabeth over the head with it. Elizabeth squeals in terror and puts her hands up -

Just at that moment, Lucy and Jiya burst into the alley from the other end, as all four women see each other at the same time. Iris drops the board and plunges her hand into her fur coat, pulling out her gun.

IRIS

Oh, of course it's you.

LUCY

Victoria, what are you -

ELIZABETH

(shocked)

Miss Wallace? You know this woman?

LUCY

I - not really, it's -

JIYA

What is going on? Lucy, is that Elizabeth Keynes?

ELIZABETH

Who is that? How do you know my name? What's this -

The growing confusion is put to an end as Iris cocks the gun, pointing it at Elizabeth, who blanches.

IRIS

Tell me what you were doing at  
Harvard. Now.

ELIZABETH

J-just d-donating money to the  
Observatory, what my Nicholas wanted  
- I don't know what this is, I don't  
know what's going on -

IRIS

What do you know about Rittenhouse?  
What did you enable? What dirty money  
did you -

LUCY

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

JIYA

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

IRIS

(screaming)

RITTENHOUSE KILLED MY MOTHER!

Lucy and Jiya recoil, staring at her. To Lucy especially,  
there's something very familiar about those maddened eyes,  
particularly in someone driven to extremes to find out what  
someone might know about Rittenhouse. For half a second, we  
see the possibility flit across her face, but it is just as  
quickly discarded, because it can't be.

ELIZABETH

(sobbing)

I don't know what you're talking  
about, please let me go -

Iris steps forward with ice-cold intent - but then, surprising  
even herself, Lucy grabs her arm. It's the first time they've  
touched, and a bolt of lightning goes through both of them.  
They stare at each other for a nauseous moment.

IRIS

Of course you're defending her. The  
Rittenhouse princess, the last pure  
heiress, Lucy Preston. Blood always  
wins out, doesn't it? You don't care  
what she's going to do, what her  
money will make possible. Either  
you're taken in by this wounded-doe  
act, or you think that everything is  
exactly what should happen, so -

LUCY

I understand more than anyone what's going to happen. Who it's going to hurt, what it's going to take away.

IRIS

Yes. Maybe you do. And you don't care. You're so beholden to your own righteousness that you won't -

LUCY

Let me help you. Let us help you. Why were you here? It can't have been just to find her, you didn't -

IRIS

Some obsessed presidential collector wanted a newspaper and other memorabilia from Wilson sailing for Paris, and the original notice of JFK's birth last year from the Boston archives. It was pathetically easy. Then I was at the station, and I -

She remembers that she has absolutely no obligation to tell Lucy any of this, snarls, and pulls herself free. Lucy stumbles backward, hitting her head on the brick wall, and reels, as Iris goes for her gun again -

ELIZABETH  
(screaming)

DON'T -

At that moment, another shot goes off from the head of the alley, missing Iris by a whisker. Everyone spins around to see Wyatt, gun out, as Iris recovers herself and fires back. Wyatt dodges, Lucy grabs at Iris but misses -

Total chaos and scuffling. Jiya tries to wrestle the gun from Iris, Wyatt runs closer, Iris fires again, and escapes down the narrow alley, through hanging clothes, sending barrels and crates tumbling to block pursuit. Everyone is breathless and bleeding, but fortunately not from gunshots wounds, as Wyatt reaches the women. He has to do one more recon before he puts his gun away, but it's no use. Once again, Victoria is gone.

WYATT

Jesus, are you all right?!

LUCY  
(stunned)

Yes. Fine.

Wyatt turns in a circle, spots the distraught Elizabeth, goes over to help her to her feet.

WYATT

Ma'am, sorry about this, sorry about  
all this. This your pocketbook?

Elizabeth nods, still sobbing, as Wyatt tries to get her calmed down. Jiya and Lucy are shivering in the deepening shadows, Lucy has banged her head, and windows are opening in the tenements above, people staring down. They edge out of sight as best they can, but don't have long.

JIYA

What the hell just happened?

LUCY

I don't know.

JIYA

Did we do the right thing? Did we  
help Rittenhouse?

Lucy has no idea. She has been deeply shaken by this whole thing, can't get those furious eyes out of her head, that anguished shout - Rittenhouse killed my mother. She and Jiya trundle out of the alley, as Wyatt escorts Elizabeth to the streetcar. Streetlamps flicker on, snowflakes swirling.

WYATT

Let's get back to the Observatory  
before we friggin' freeze to death.  
(looks at Lucy)  
You sure you're okay?

LUCY

Yeah.

They wait for a streetcar going the other direction, climb aboard, as Lucy stares (fittingly) into space.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARIS - EVENING

Flynn has been pounding the pavement all day and come up with a fat lot of nothing for his pains. He's tired, frustrated, ready to be done, when he turns a corner and spots the man he ran into earlier - who is of course, unbeknownst to him, exactly who he's looking for - leaving a stylish white row house. As Flynn moves closer, he sees letters in the window: TOMPKINS & GALLIARD, CONSULTANTS PRIVÉS D'ART ET D'ANTIQUITÉS.

Flynn blinks. He recognizes the name, but still doesn't have any reason to connect the dots to Victoria. It's doubtful he's even thought about it since 1x08, and he has no idea what happened to Gabriel after he saved him. But it's enough to make him head up the steps and go inside.

CONTINUE TO:

INT. TOMPKINS & GALLIARD - EVENING

A plush Paris office space, fancily decorated in vintage knickknacks and paintings, a bored receptionist at the desk.

FLYNN

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

RECEPTIONIST

(not looking up)  
Avez-vous un rendezvous?  
(*Do you have an appointment?*)

FLYNN

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

Flynn's not sure what he's asking. The receptionist plucks a business card off the desk and foists it at him.

RECEPTIONIST

Téléphone pour organiser une consultation. Monsieur Tompkins est très occupé.  
(*Call to arrange a consultation. Mr. Tompkins is very busy.*)

FLYNN

Monsieur - Gabriel Tompkins?

RECEPTIONIST

(annoyed at this idiot)  
Oui, c'est juste là. On ferme bientôt, monsieur, jusqu'à demain.  
(*Yes, it's just there. We close soon, sir, until tomorrow.*)

FLYNN

Attendez une minute, est-il l'Américain?  
(*Wait a minute, is he American?*)

RECEPTIONIST

Jusqu'à demain! AU REVOIR!  
(*Until tomorrow! GOODBYE!*)

She gets up and walks off, conspicuously ignoring him, as Flynn stares at the card, stares at the fancy office, and finally decides to leave before she calls the gendarmes.

He steps outside and looks around. No sign of the man from earlier, and he doesn't know who he was. Still, Flynn's startled, realizing that he did in fact save his half-brother in 1969, and he's living here. Having consequences.

For a minute, Flynn looks like he's about to go back in and try his luck with the receptionist again. But instead he puts the card in his pocket and starts to walk.

[COMMERCIALS]

RETURN TO:

INT. OBSERVATORY - EVENING

Rufus and the ladies of the Observatory, including Annie, Cecilia, and Antonia, are scribbling away, while Henrietta works a complicated equation on a blackboard. Rufus gets up and checks something, then beckons to take the chalk from her. She looks surprised, but hands it to him.

Rufus writes another equation on the board:

$$M_v = (-2.43 \pm 0.12) (\log_{10} P - 1) - (4.05 \pm 0.02)$$

HENRIETTA SWAN LEAVITT

What is that, Mr. Tyson?

RUFUS

It's derived from the Hubble's trigonometric parallaxes, it's the standard formula for measuring intergalactic distances. I absolutely do not want to stand here and mansplain when you discovered it, but if it's not clear, let me know.

HENRIETTA SWAN LEAVITT

Is it the relationship between period  $P$  and magnitude  $M_v$ ? Since the logarithm of the period is linearly related to the logarithm of the star's average intrinsic optical luminosity? That is essentially what Mr. Pickering had published in my paper, but what is the Hubble?

RUFUS

It exists because of you. It's the reason that we realize we're not at the center of the universe, not even close, and that it's bigger and more beautiful than we could ever have imagined. It's the most profound shift in cosmology possibly - well, possibly ever, and it's part of the reason we're here.

Henrietta looks at him, startled. She can't hear the passion in his words, even if she can read them from his lips, but she can tell that this means a lot to him.

HENRIETTA SWAN LEAVITT

Well, thank you.

RUFUS

No, thank you.

This mutual admiration society is interrupted by Cecilia Payne, raising her pencil to get Henrietta's attention.

CECILIA PAYNE

According to the equation, and going on Mr. Tyson's observations, would this be correct? I think it can't possibly, but every time I run the numbers, it keeps coming out.

Henrietta and Rufus hurry over to look. Their eyes drift to the number that Cecilia has circled on the page: 2042.

RUFUS

Wait, do you mean -

CECILIA PAYNE

It sounds quite ludicrous. It breaks all known laws of physics, though of course Mr. Einstein would like to remind us that those are stranger than we ever dreamed. Have you read On The Electrodynamics of Moving Bodies, the third 1905 paper, about what he calls "special relativity?"

RUFUS

Have I read - yes, yes I have.

CECILIA PAYNE

The first, on the production and transformation of light, also might be applicable here, or -

ANNIE JUMP CANNON

The point for Mr. Tyson, dear, the point.

CECILIA PAYNE

Yes, of course. The starlight we see in the sky is millions of years old, it's so far distant that even in all the time there's ever been, it's not enough to reach us. But this light signature is different. It hasn't even been produced yet, but we're seeing it nonetheless, which is - as far as we know - impossible. And it's coming from at least a hundred and twenty-four years ahead of us.

RUFUS

So you mean the year 2042?

CECILIA PAYNE

Yes. As if it's bent backward in the spatial fabric, traveled in reverse from its point of origin, and emerged intact at an earlier chronological moment. Like - it sounds rather pulp-fiction of me, I apologize - time travel. But that's not -

RUFUS

You'd be surprised. Trust me.

The ladies look sidelong at him. But nobody says anything.

RUFUS (CONT)

Can I see your math?

Cecilia offers it to him, and Rufus starts going over it with a pencil, frowning in concentration. Then they are interrupted by the door opening with a bang, startling them. It's Wyatt, Lucy, and Jiya, snowy, shaken, freezing, and bruised.

RUFUS

(rushing over)

What the hell? Are you all right?  
Where have you been? You decide to run out and just -

WYATT

Tell you when we get home. Are you almost done here?

Rufus decides he does need a few minutes to confirm, but regards them with deep concern. He hugs the shivering Jiya.

RUFUS

Yeah, almost. Give me ten or fifteen. Then we'd better get going before it really turns into Hoth out there.

As he returns to finish his calculations, Wyatt, Lucy, and Jiya sit down in the corner. A tense, anxious silence, until -

WYATT

So by the sound of things, we've now had Victoria cornered in an alley three times, and all three times, it went to hell and she ran off.

LUCY

Almost. Except like I said, in London, Flynn let her go.

WYATT

Maybe he just really identified with the whole screw-Rittenhouse vibe she's apparently got going?

LUCY

Maybe.

JIYA

She said something about her grandmother, that she was an engineer. Is there any way we could use that? I know Rittenhouse killed a lot of people, but if we could pull together any kind of list that might match the criteria -

LUCY

An engineer?

JIYA

Yeah.

There's a long pause. Wyatt and Lucy exchange half a glance, as if something is on the tip of their tongue, but not quite there. They weren't in Lockman in 1x08, they don't know that Maria Tompkins was more than just a secretary. This still doesn't make sense to them.

LUCY

I have a headache.

She leans forward, rubbing her eyes, as Wyatt looks at her awkwardly, isn't sure if he should offer comfort. Rufus finishes up his calculations in the background, thanks the ladies, shakes hands, and returns to the group.

RUFUS

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

WYATT

Yeah, I have a funny feeling we will.

With Jiya also darting over to bid farewell to the ladies, the team wearily re-constitutes themselves, and trudges out of the warm Observatory into the freezing Cambridge night.

CUT TO:

INT. GROCERY STORE - NIGHT

Iris, still in her 1918 clothes, cold and distracted and banged up, is in the Valkyrie grocery store. Everything is white and silver and branded with the logo. Can't say they're not consistent. Hologram advertisements like ULTRA-GREAT SAVINGS WITH ULTRA-BUX pop up randomly. Iris groans under her breath, throws things into her basket. She just wants to get home, eat, and crash, also upset by the day's events.

She reaches the checkout and scans her things, then holds her wrist chip to the reader to pay. A pause, then it flashes up red with a buzzing noise.

IRIS

What the hell...?

She tries again, to the same result. Flags down an employee.

IRIS

My Ultrabux account isn't working.

EMPLOYEE

Oh, that happened to me the other month. Just scan through and make sure all your checkmarks are green.

Instead, Iris steps into a corner, pulls out her phone, dials.

KING

(over the phone)

Hello?

IRIS

I'm in the commissary. My Ultrabux account isn't working.

KING

Oh, that's probably because Carrie in HR hasn't gotten your V-999 yet. There's a temporary freeze on all accounts that aren't in compliance with corporate. I did say that had to be filed by close of business.

IRIS

I've been working all day, which you know, because we literally saw each other half an hour ago when I dropped you off. You couldn't say something about this then?

KING

No need to be hostile, Vicky! Super easy to fix. Just fill it in and send it off. It'll be processed first thing tomorrow, and bingo!

IRIS

I need to eat tonight.

KING

Unfortunately, no can do, not my department. Also, couldn't help but notice that you were late picking me up. We parked almost nineteen minutes past your scheduled end slot. That's gonna need to be brought down on your

next shift. Plenty of overhead associated with your equipment, and you're costing Valkyrie money when you're not returning on time.

IRIS

I'm sorry. Can you just authorize a temporary override so I can get my groceries and go home?

KING

Can't, sorry. Isn't company policy. Just send the V-999 tomorrow. It'll be cleared up lickety-split. Ciao!

IRIS

Please - Ed -

Too late. He's hung up.

Iris stares at her phone, then puts it back in her pocket. She bites her lip, swipes her hand over her eyes, and then - without her groceries, abandoned on the checkout - she marches out into the night.

FADE TO BLACK.

END CREDITS.

NEXT WEEK ON TIMELESS..

TIMELESS 4X04: "CODENAME PAULINE"

FLYNN

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

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

FLYNN

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

LUCY

I'd really like that.

CUT TO:

RUFUS

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

WYATT

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

RUFUS

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

FLYNN

I assure you. Not on the agenda.

CUT TO:

RUFUS

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

PAULINE

(testing their reaction)  
Because there's a price of one million Reichsmarks on my head.

RUFUS

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

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

LUCY

Oh my god. Pearl Witherington?

CUT TO:

Flynn can see, just visible through the foggy trees, the unmistakable outline of the Mothership. Freezes.

WYATT

What are you doing, man? Come on!

Gunshots go off, a woman screams. Flynn freezes even harder.

FLYNN

What was - ?

CUT TO:

WYATT

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

LUCY

About twenty minutes from now, yes.

WYATT

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

LUCY

Yes.

CUT TO:

GERMANS

(shouting)

Da! DA! Die Verräter!

*(There! THERE! The traitors!)*

Iris draws her gun. She's used it before, but from the look on her face, it's not clear that she's ever shot to kill in dead earnest. No choice. She fires at their pursuers, and several fall.

CUT TO:

Bloodstained, shaking, Iris scrambles into the pilot seat. The Mothership, in a hail of bullets, vanishes into thin air.

All sound cuts out.

Silence.

FADE TO BLACK...