

T I M E L E S S

"UNSINKABLE"

Episode 4x08

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FADE IN.

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

3x03: Flynn successfully preventing the 1961 Brooklyn air disaster. 4x04: Flynn and Lucy on their date. 4x05: Lucy and Flynn's almost-kiss as they steal the boat. 4x06: Ed King's visit to Mason Industries, the confrontation, and Connor's death, as well as the reveal of Iris's true identity to the team. 4x07: Connor's funeral, Denise's leave of absence to deal with her broken marriage, the team's fight over whether to continue, Temple Jr. explicitly ordering Iris to stop the 1877 strikes. Lucy's suggestion that they break up Mason-Carlin Industries to forestall the formation of Valkyrie, Rufus's resistance to the idea. Rioting in the streets, Iris letting the Valkyrie thug die and saving Lucy, asking Flynn why he abandoned her and then fighting alongside him, being stopped from killing Wyatt, "I'll see you in hell." The revelation of Iris's backstory with Jessica and Sarah, King threatening Jessica, and Temple Jr. telling Iris to kill the entire team on the next mission, on the White Star Line...

OPEN ON:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rufus and Jiya are lying in bed together. Jiya is patching up Rufus's cuts and bruises. He stares vacantly at the ceiling.

RUFUS

So yeah. We made it back. Just. And I honestly have no idea what we're doing now. Or ever again.

JIYA

It - it's definitely her? Iris?

RUFUS

It's her. Bully for Flynn.

His voice is flat, cold, matter-of-fact. He and Flynn are friends - good friends - but this is sorely trying them.

RUFUS (CONT'D)

(deeply bitter)

Wish we could have established that before Connor died, but you know, whatever.

Jiya flinches. She puts her hand on Rufus's face, turns him to look at her, as they rest their foreheads together.

RUFUS (CONT'D)

Lucy said that we should break up MCI. That if it's the company that turns into Valkyrie, we could make sure they never happen by pre-emptively nuking ourselves.

The two of them slide down in bed together, holding hands. Jiya puts her head on Rufus's shoulder.

JIYA

But you don't want to.

RUFUS

No, of course I don't want to. And it makes me feel horrible, like I'm the selfish jackass who's holding up everything and endangering everyone because I can't let my business go. I know, objectively speaking, billionaires are bad and just because I happened to personally like one doesn't mean I get a pass on this. And I definitely don't worry that we wouldn't have enough money. Unless you've blown it on, like, a full-scale model of the Enterprise.

He's trying to make a joke to lighten the mood, and Jiya dutifully giggles, but both of them are still very somber.

JIYA

Cross my heart, no cosplay starships.

RUFUS

I know. I'd have noticed it in the backyard, anyway.

(beat)

But Connor gave me everything. He's the reason I'm not still stuck in that crappy house on the West Side of Chicago, or some grim murder statistic - literally. I don't want to throw his life's work onto the chopping block. And Mason-Carlin Industries isn't just his, it's mine. I built it too. If I give it up, it's like I'm that scared little kid again, in a bad neighborhood with no options and nothing to look forward to.

(MORE)

RUFUS (CONT'D)

It's not true, I know that. But it... feels that way.

JIYA

Connor's not the only reason you're here today. You're the smartest person I've ever met. You work harder than anyone, and you care, you care so much, it breaks your heart. You would have made it without him, and I don't think that he'd be angry if you chose to do this. Or feel that you failed him.

RUFUS

Maybe it does make sense. That Valkyrie is us. Our own Mr. Hyde. All of this started in the first place because Connor agreed to build the time machine for Rittenhouse. We've always caused our own enemies.

JIYA

He knew that, too. He lived with the guilt of that for a long time.

RUFUS

Not long enough.

(another pause)

I miss him. And I'm having a really hard time with the idea that he won't be at our wedding.

JIYA

I know.

They lie there in silence, taking this in.

JIYA (CONT'D)

I'm just saying, maybe the best way to truly honor his memory is to make sure that the bastards don't win. Whoever they may be.

RUFUS

Maybe.

JIYA

I love you.

RUFUS

I love you too. But you're - you're sure?

(MORE)

RUFUS (CONT'D)

Even if I'm not the exact molecular copy of the Rufus you lost in Chinatown?

JIYA

What? What are you talking about? Of course I love you. You're Rufus. Bare-bones biology has never determined who anyone is. Your mind, your heart, your values, your choices, your memories, your actions - those make you Rufus. The real Rufus. And believe me, if I didn't think you were my Rufus, I would not have agreed to marry you.

Rufus is relieved, despite himself.

RUFUS

Even if I'm not - whoever I was when all of this started?

JIYA

None of us are who we were when this started. Is it the same Flynn? The same Wyatt, the same Lucy? The same me? We've had alternate selves, different timelines, past and present, death, survival, all the trauma that we've gone through, that can never be taken back or erased. I had a crush on the boy you used to be, back at Mason Industries. But I truly, deeply love the man you have become.

Rufus leans over and kisses her. They hold on tight.

JIYA (CONT'D)

We need to get some sleep. I have a feeling that whatever this is now, it's only just started.

RUFUS

Yeah.

They kiss again, snuggle close, and turn out the light.

CUT TO:

INT. VALKYRIE HEADQUARTERS - MORNING

A pale-faced, scary-looking, dressed-in-black Darth Iris strides through the corridors, people scattering out of her way. She scans her wrist chip and steps through into the Mothership's hangar. Five people are waiting for her, also in their Edwardian best: two couples and Ed King, clearly to Iris's surprise. She stops short.

IRIS

I wasn't aware you were coming on this AIE, Ed. Especially one that's so in demand. That seat could be filled by a paying customer.

KING

Last-minute cancellation. Unfortunate. And I may no longer be your boss, but we're still friends, aren't we, Vicky?

The way he says it hints that he knows it's not her real name. Iris stares at him, eyes narrowed. King smiles gormlessly back at her, playing up the smarmy idiot persona.

IRIS

You actually want to come along?

KING

Course I do. Vital market research.

IRIS

You know the damn thing sinks, right?

KING

That doesn't have anything to do with us, does it? I'm sure you're not leaving any of us behind. Like you said. Paying customers.

WOMAN #1

(to her boyfriend)

Don't worry, honey, I'll make room for you on the door.

They giggle. As Iris stares at them, we see shades of 1944 flashing behind her eyes: Jasper and Harlow Lewis, Harlow's death. The stiff cost of taking rich, clueless tourists from the future into the middle of huge and famous historical tragedies. But then she smiles, snaps to a decision.

IRIS

Sounds good. All aboard. And if anyone starts singing "My Heart Will Go On," they're swimming home.

The clients all laugh this time, considering it a (ba-dum-tsh) icebreaker. They head up the steps into the Mothership, but as King is about to follow them, Iris grabs his arm.

IRIS (CONT'D)

(low and dangerous)

I know you're up to something, Ed. Don't start with that BS about how you just want to ensure an ultra-great experience. And if you'd like me to give a damn about bringing you back, you better play nice.

King stares at her, startled. Dark Iris is formidable and not to be messed with. But he smiles and collects himself.

KING

Don't worry. We're on the same side, Vicky. Just like always.

IRIS

Are we.

It's not quite a question. Then she lets go of him, lifts her skirts, and makes her way into the Mothership. He follows, and the door shuts, the rotation builds, and they JUMP.

TIMELESS MAIN TITLE - 0411912

RETURN TO:

INT. MASON-CARLIN INDUSTRIES - MORNING

The still-battered, coffee-clutching team, looking as if all they want is to fall back into bed and sleep for a year, is gathered around the monitor with looks of profound concern.

RUFUS

April 11, 1912. Queenstown, Ire - oh, son of a bitch.

LUCY

Oh no.

RUFUS

If they are into time travel tourism, which it seems like they are, I'm only surprised that they haven't hit this one up already. This must be the holy grail.

(MORE)

RUFUS (CONT'D)

If you wanted to pay millions of dollars to drown, that is, but -

WYATT

Wait, April 1912? Isn't that when -

EVERYONE

Yes.

WYATT

Great. And we just fought the entire National Guard the other night, so it's not like we're on top of our game to start with.

JIYA

I'll go. At least one of us -

RUFUS

Absolutely not.

JIYA

It's my turn, you got knocked around in Pittsburgh, and -

RUFUS

Look, I may have any number of terrible flaws, especially when it comes to this company. But if any of you think I'm letting the woman I love set foot on the motherfriggin' Titanic, you are very, very wrong.

Behind him, Flynn casts the briefest of looks at Lucy, which she doesn't notice.

JIYA

It'll be more dangerous for you. Women and children first, remember? They get priority in the lifeboats. Almost all of the men are left aboard. If you go, and we already have to take Flynn and Wyatt, that could mean all three of you -

WYATT

If it comes to that, we're getting out in our own Lifeboat, not one of theirs. No way we go on that ship without taking it along. Hide it in the hold, whatever. The instant we hit the stupid iceberg, we bail.

RUFUS

Yeah, I'm inclined to agree.

JIYA

Or we could just... not go.

Everyone looks at her. She flushes, but doesn't back down.

JIYA (CONT'D)

I mean, think about it. There's nothing saying we have to go after Valkyrie. They want to get on there, take whatever demented vacation they're making money on, let them. Our interference could just make it worse. It's tended to do that already. And if we get in the middle of the most famous shipwreck of all time, Lifeboat or no Lifeboat - I don't know what could happen.

Her voice trembles, and Rufus takes her hand. The team exchanges glances. Jiya does have a point - why voluntarily take this on, knowing what's going to happen, and given how badly the last several jumps have gone?

A pause. Then -

FLYNN

My daughter is going to get on that ship.

More glances, uncomfortable avoiding of his eyes. He still looks like hell, but there's a cold resolution in his face.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

I don't know if she's doing it willingly, if Valkyrie is forcing her to stay, if she does hate me that much, or it's just her job, and frankly, I don't care. My daughter is somehow alive and she is going to get on that ship and she thinks that I abandoned her to die once already. Rufus can take me there and drop me off, if the rest of you don't want to go, but -

LUCY

(shocked, stammering)

No. No, no, no. No, no. We'd never do that, just leave you - no.

Flynn gazes back at her, soft and tender and troubled, as it's slowly dawning on everyone that they are not off the hook. Wyatt heaves a deep sigh, but doesn't say anything.

FLYNN

You don't have to come, Lucy.

His voice is fierce, but also a little fragile. He glances again at Rufus, and despite their recent friction, it's a moment of poignant and painful understanding.

LUCY

Don't be an idiot. Of course I have to come with you. We all do.

She looks around for objections, but there are none. Even in the middle of this Iris catastrophe, Flynn is family.

FLYNN

Just as long as nobody plays that Celine Dion song.

Looking as nonchalant as possible, he starts off for the Lifeboat, Wyatt and Lucy following. Rufus gets up to do the same, then is stopped as Jiya throws herself into his arms and kisses him frantically.

RUFUS

Easy. We're going to be just fine. We know what happens, remember?

JIYA

(a little shaky)

Just come back, okay? Just promise me that you'll come back. All of you.

RUFUS

I promise, it will not be 84 years.

He kisses her again, touches their noses together, then pulls back, gives her a crooked smile, and strides after the others. Jiya hugs herself, trying to put on a brave face, as the doors shut, and in turn, the Lifeboat JUMPS.

[COMMERCIALS]

RETURN TO:

EXT. CORK HARBOUR - DAY

It's a partly cloudy, warm day, with a brisk wind. The team stands on the docks, staring out at the unmistakable RMS Titanic in the harbor. It's too big to dock at Queenstown's modest quays, and passengers gather with their luggage, in anticipation of being ferried out. There's a general admiring chatter. The team are the only ones who aren't excited.

LUCY

How are we going to get on? We don't have tickets. And if we might be aboard for almost four days, before - you know - I don't think we want to stow away.

FLYNN

Leave that to me.

He casts an assessing look at the crowd, cracks his knuckles, and casually slips off. The other three watch him go, leery.

LUCY

Do we really want to know what he's planning to...?

WYATT

With Flynn? Probably not.

RUFUS

Yeah, let's just stand here and look innocent. And keep an eye out for Leonardo DiCaprio.

A tender boat is arriving from the Titanic. It docks, and people disembark with their things.

RUFUS (CONT'D)

(under his breath)

Well, those are the luckiest SOBs alive.

LUCY

Most of the passengers boarded at Southampton, in England, and then a few more at its second stop at Cherbourg, in France. Some had only booked to cross the Channel, so yes, they came off here.

RUFUS

Sheesh. Imagine reading that in the newspaper. It's some Final Destination nonsense.

LUCY
(fiercely)
Nobody said we just had to let them
die, you know.

Wyatt and Rufus look around at her, startled.

LUCY (CONT'D)
Nobody said that we just had to get
on this ship and act like we don't
know what's going to happen, to
leave over 1,500 innocent people to
freeze, to drown, to die in terror.

WYATT
Lucy -

He's not sure what to say, or if he disagrees. They're
interrupted by the return of Flynn. With grim satisfaction,
he flourishes a sheaf of tickets at them.

WYATT (CONT'D)
So how did you get...?

FLYNN
Don't ask questions if you don't
want the answers, Logan.

WYATT
Yeah, never mind. So what? We good?

FLYNN
Almost. Here's the tricky part. The
three of us, you, me, and Lucy, we
go aboard now. Rufus has to wait a
few hours and jump the Lifeboat
into the hold, then come out and
join us.

RUFUS
Jump the Lifeboat on a fine-
precision course into the interior
of a ship I've never seen before,
several miles out to sea into a
tiny moving target, and hope that I
don't crush anything important
and/or sink it right there so James
Cameron never gets to make his
movie? Then sneak out and not be
caught and thrown in boat jail?

FLYNN

Brig. We can't carry the damn thing aboard, obviously, and nobody wants to risk being there without it. So can you do it or not?

RUFUS

Yes, I can probably do it, but -

FLYNN

Good. Here.

He peels off one of the tickets and hands it to Rufus.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

If someone catches you, give this to them and say you got lost. The rooms are on E Deck. Second class.

RUFUS

(looks at the ticket)
Stateroom E54.

FLYNN

Yes. Here's the other one.

He hands it to Wyatt.

WYATT

So where are you two?

FLYNN

E19. Most of the E Deck cabins are technically second-class, but they're also first-class reserve, so the accommodation should be relatively decent. We're forward, you're aft.

LUCY

E54 and E19 aren't exactly close together.

It's clear that she's worrying about whether they'll be able to find each other quickly when things go south. The fear is reflected on the others' faces, but they push it down.

FLYNN

Yes, well, it was the best I could swindle from the limited pickings available. So unless we want to literally keep rearranging the deckchairs on the Titanic -

At that moment, the tender's whistle blasts. All aboard who are going aboard. People pick up their luggage and start to shuffle down the gangway. Lucy, overcome with anxiety, stands on her tiptoes and hugs Rufus hard.

LUCY

We'll see you soon, right? We'll see you tonight.

RUFUS

Yeah, that's the plan. Then we can reinforce why cruise ships have, in fact, always been the devil. Don't have too much fun without me.

He's also struggling with it, trying to act casual, as he watches Flynn, Lucy, and Wyatt move into the queue. The camera follows them as they step aboard the tender boat.

WYATT

(to Flynn)

You know, if Rufus doesn't make it on for any reason, we're gonna be -

FLYNN

We'll be fine. You and I are leaving, so it doesn't matter if gentlemen think we're cads for getting on a boat and not staying behind to die like noble idiots.

(beat)

Besides, of all the things that I'm worried about sinking in the North Atlantic, our Lifeboat isn't one.

Wyatt and Lucy aren't sure they can argue with that. They sit to each side of Flynn as the tender starts to move. Lucy looks around, but doesn't see Iris or the others. If they came aboard at Queenstown, they did it somewhere else.

REVERSE CUT to Rufus on shore, watching the tender pull away with a look of deep worry on his face. Once it's well into the harbor, about to reach the Titanic, he turns his back, starting the trudge to wherever they've left the Lifeboat.

CUT TO:

INT. STATEROOM - DAY

Flynn and Lucy reach the door of stateroom E19, as Wyatt continues down in search of E54. Flynn unlocks the door and pushes it open. They step inside. The room is compact, neat, reasonably luxurious, with berths for three people.

FLYNN

Home sweet home.

LUCY

Are we going to have a neighbor?

FLYNN

Can't be sure, but I don't think so. The ship is substantially under-booked due to the recent coal strike in the United Kingdom, which disrupted the plans of multiple passenger lines. This is Titanic's vaunted maiden voyage, but she's running light. At full capacity, she could carry almost three and a half thousand people, including the crew. She's at maybe two-thirds.

LUCY

And there still aren't enough lifeboats for all of them.

FLYNN

Technically, the White Star Line has provided more than are legally required. There are currently 20. The letter of the law is that ships over 10,000 tons only need 16.

It is clear on Lucy's face, as she looks at this man - this cranky, still-somewhat-criminal, difficult, stubborn man, with a history brain as voraciously encyclopedic as hers, who has gotten on the friggin' Titanic to search for his daughter because he just won't give up - that she can barely breathe with the strength of her feelings for him. She can't answer.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

What?

LUCY

Nothing.

(pause, then)

We could try to stop it, you know.
The sinking.

Flynn glances up at her with an expression that can't quite disguise the fact that he's had the same thought.

LUCY (CONT'D)

I know we always struggle when we're trying to change things, but this isn't history, per se.

(MORE)

LUCY (CONT'D)

This is one event where we know exactly what happens and when. You saved the planes in Brooklyn, remember? The mission with RBG. The crash that was supposed to happen, you stopped it and you saved everyone's lives.

FLYNN

I only did that because I thought - I knew - that you were on -

He stops, but not quite in time. He looks down, a little anguished. You could cut the tension with a knife.

LUCY

And you, albeit with less noble motives, also saved the Hindenburg, at least the first time.

FLYNN

Yes, and that was why you lost your sister.

(beat)

I'm not sure why you've forgiven me for that. I'm not sure sometimes why you've forgiven me for anything.

LUCY

Are you serious? You were the only one of us on the right side all along. I know who you really are. And I'm not sure why you've forgiven me either. The things I've done to you, the sheer awful scope of what I asked from you with the journal and everything else, how I've treated you, the secrets I didn't tell you, the way I put you off. Like I just assumed you would always... you would always be there. No matter what.

FLYNN

(gruff, abashed)

There are worse things to think about a man, I suppose.

They stare at each other, the air burning with things unspoken, before both of them become aware of the need to get back to business, for any number of reasons.

LUCY

Anyway. The Titanic is possibly the most famous historical disaster ever, and it would have a lot more consequences if it was changed, but at heart, isn't it the same thing? Saving people who don't deserve to die this way?

FLYNN

Maybe. So what? We try to insist to Captain Smith that the ship is slowed down, we climb in the crow's nest and yell loudly when we see the iceberg, we warn people and think they'll somehow take us seriously - what?

LUCY

I don't know. I have to work on it.

FLYNN

You can enlist Wyatt and Rufus, when he makes it on the ship. I have to find a way to sneak into first class. I have a hunch that Iris and her Valkyrie friends will be there. Only the best for them, no damn doubt.

LUCY

Garcia, are you - are you all right?

It's a foolish question given their present circumstances, and his mouth tightens. But he answers more or less levelly.

FLYNN

I'll be a lot better when we're all off this godforsaken ship alive.

Lucy nods silently. They unpack what few things they've managed to scrounge, looking out their porthole.

LUCY

E Deck. We're only two levels above the waterline.

FLYNN

Yes. Starboard side. Compartments A through E flood in the collision.

LUCY
(as the realization hits)
We're right where it happens.

FLYNN
(gallows humor)
Let's plan to not be in bed on the
night of April 14th, then.

LUCY
Y-yeah. Sounds like a plan.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOAT DECK - AFTERNOON

Lucy and Flynn climb up to the second-class section of the Boat Deck. They're right by the funnels, and they stagger as the wind hits. On the horizon behind them, they can just make out a rock and a lighthouse, fading fast as they head to sea.

FLYNN
Fastnet Rock, or "Ireland's
Teardrop," because it was the last
part of Ireland that emigrants saw
before they hit the Atlantic.

He glances at the neighboring first-class promenade, the easiest route to sneak in. They stroll in that direction. They reach it, but Lucy is anxious about letting go of him.

FLYNN (CONT'D)
It'll be all right.

He loosens her fingers from his arm, gives her a reassuring smile, then saunters around the corner and out of sight.

Lucy makes her way back along the boat deck, nervous and abstracted, and runs into Wyatt, who has also come topside.

WYATT
Hey, there you are. Where's Flynn?

LUCY
He just went over to first class.
He thinks Iris will be there.

WYATT
He'll be back, right? Before - ?

LUCY
That's three days from now. I'm
sure he'll find her before then.

WYATT

If she wants to be found. I saw her in Pittsburgh. She was - she was pretty mad. She wanted to shoot me, but Flynn didn't let her.

LUCY

(startled)

She saved me. She saved all of us in 1809. Why would she try to kill you?

WYATT

Well, I don't know how serious she was, but I can guess that whatever she knows about me through Sarah, it's not great. Or maybe she thought she was finally gonna settle up with Flynn, and I was just in the way.

Lucy glances at him, hearing Wyatt's own longing for a lost daughter, his confusion and pain over all this.

LUCY

For what it's worth, I'm proud of you. The man you've become. And I hope - I know - that if you ever see Sarah again, properly, she'd feel the same way. From what you said, she - she always did. She believed in you, and she wanted to save us.

WYATT

(lopsided smile)

Thanks.

They stand there, leaning on the railing side by side, as the Titanic steams deeper out to sea.

[COMMERCIALS]

RETURN TO:

INT. HOLD - NIGHT

It's pitch black belowdecks, in the rolling, crowded darkness of Titanic's hold. It's packed with cargo, passenger luggage, sacks of mail, crates, trunks, more. There's not a lot of room to maneuver, and a lot of things to hit.

With a POP, the Lifeboat bursts into existence. Just as it's landing, the ship is jostled sideways by a wave, and the Lifeboat scrapes up a fountain of sparks, with a bang and screech of metal. It skids and hits several more beams before it comes to a stop, resting somewhat rakishly.

After a few moments, the door opens, and a slightly shaken Rufus climbs out. He's relieved to see that he made it - when he can see, blinking furiously until his eyes adjust. Then he immediately goes to inspect the Lifeboat, and realizes that a noticeable amount of wiring has been torn out of the side.

RUFUS

Oh, you gotta be kidding me.

He goes back inside the Lifeboat, climbs out with his patch kit, and tamps the wires carefully into place.

RUFUS (CONT'D)

She'll hold together.

(beat)

Okay baby, hold together.

Any damage to the Lifeboat is the last thing they need. Rufus returns the patch kit, regards it nervously as if wondering if he should try a test jump, then decides that if they only have one shot to get out, he shouldn't waste it.

He leaves the hold, working his way up a few narrow staircases, until he is stopped by a shout from above.

VOICE

Hey!

Rufus freezes. It's one of the crew - the Second Engineering Officer, JOHN HENRY HESKETH - and he looks mad.

JOHN HENRY HESKETH

What are you doing away from your post? Is it boiler or furnaces?

RUFUS

Neither. I'm a passenger, I just got - I got lost looking for my -

As instructed, he pulls out the ticket, but Hesketh barely glances at it. He grabs Rufus by the arm and yanks him back along the corridor toward the nearest boiler room: No. 6.

JOHN HENRY HESKETH

With the fire in the coal bunker, we can afford lollygaggers even less. Get in there, and don't let me find you wandering about again.

RUFUS

Excuse me! Look at my clothes! Look
at my ticket! Look at anything
besides the color of my skin, dude!
I do not work down here!

Still paying no attention, Hesketh spins open a door and shoves Rufus into what looks like the literal mouth of hell. It's blistering hot, deafeningly loud, and manned by sweating, blackened stokers working in their undershirts and shorts, shoveling coal frantically into the boilers.

Rufus takes one look, wheels around, and tries to get out of there. But the chief fireman on duty spots him, marches over, and vigorously indicates him to grab a shovel.

RUFUS (CONT'D)

(shouting over the chaos)
I! DON'T! WORK! HERE!

It's no good. Nobody can hear him, and nobody cares. He needs to hang in here until the shift changes, and escape then.

Rufus starts to shovel.

PAN TO:

INT. A LA CARTE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The atmosphere in the ultra-luxurious, first-class-only A La Carte Restaurant could not be more different. White-aproned waiters serve the richest of the rich, a string trio plays Tchaikovsky. Iris, Ed, and the four Valkyrie clients sit at a table near the center of the room.

WOMAN #1

I can't believe this. This is so
romantic, isn't it, baby?

MAN #1

Just what you wanted, huh?

She simpers on him, while the other couple is equally impressed. Iris, faintly disgusted, takes a sip of wine.

IRIS

I presume you are intending to get
off before the big event?

WOMAN #2

Oh no, not entirely. We did pay for
that, remember?

IRIS

The Mothership is leaving no later than 12:00 am on April 15. If you really have to see it hitting the iceberg, you can do that. But the forward cargo holds, where we're parked, are going to flood almost immediately. I take it your desire to experience the real thing doesn't extend to drowning.

This is ordinarily the place where Ed might have something to say about customer experience, but he doesn't. Iris is still very scary-looking, and cuts an ominous, black-gowned figure.

MAN #2

Can't you move it, then?

IRIS

Can I move a time machine somewhere else, you mean? Maybe haul it on my back? So you can enjoy a few more minutes of what is, until 1948, the biggest peacetime disaster in maritime history? We're leaving by midnight at the latest. If you want to be sure of a ride out, you're coming with me.

MAN #1

I just really want to hear the band playing on deck, you know? It's so iconic.

Iris stares at them evilly, but doesn't answer. The couples exchange well-she's-in-a-bad-mood looks, but start to eat. After a moment, Iris follows suit.

CUT TO:

INT. A LA CARTE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The couples have finished their dinner and gone for presumably romantic starlit strolls. Ed is also gone, and Iris doesn't have the energy to chase him right now. She sits by herself with a drink, flags down a steward.

STEWARD

Yes, madam?

IRIS

Can I have a cigarette?

He stares at her. First-class women do not do such things, and the smoking room is an exclusively male domain.

STEWARD

I - that is - I do not imagine that a lady of such -

IRIS

Just get me a damn cigarette. Or a cigar, or something.

The steward, utterly nonplussed, flees. Iris puts her head in her hands, at the end of her tether, when she's interrupted.

WOMAN

Excuse me. Ma'am?

Iris looks up with a start, to see a wealthy middle-aged socialite with a slight Western accent, and a friendly, brisk, no-nonsense manner. Iris, not entirely sober, squints.

IRIS

Yeah?

WOMAN

Just wondering if everything was all right. You've been here a while now, didn't look all that happy.

Iris snorts humorlessly. Takes another drink.

IRIS

I guess you could say that.

(pause)

Miss Victoria Marchant. From San Francisco.

WOMAN

Mrs. Margaret Brown, from Denver.

Recognition crosses Iris's face, and she laughs, realizing that this is the famous MOLLY BROWN (45).

IRIS

No way. The Unsinkable Molly Brown.

MOLLY BROWN

Beg pardon?

IRIS

Never mind.

MOLLY BROWN

Now that you've good and scandalized that poor man, are you in the mood for a spot of company tonight, Miss Marchant? My daughter Helen was supposed to be with me, but she decided to stay at the Sorbonne. I was traveling with Mr. and Mrs. Astor's honeymoon party in Egypt, but my little grandson's fallen very sick back home, and I - well, I thought I should be there.

IRIS

Why not.

She makes a gesture, and Molly sits down at the table.

MOLLY BROWN

Going to steam back to San Francisco? Be faster to go by the railroads. Or you could stay with me if your travels took you to Denver, there's plenty of room in the house.

IRIS

That's very kind of you, but no.

MOLLY BROWN

Well, you just let me know. I'm a charter member of the Denver Woman's Club, for the betterment of our fellow sisters' lives with suffrage, education, and charity. Thought I oughta do something with all that mining wealth.

IRIS

Your husband was - a gold miner who struck it rich? In Leadville, right?

MOLLY BROWN

J.J. and I separated three years ago, he's not technically my husband anymore, but how do you know that?

IRIS

I just - I heard it somewhere. You're pretty famous. And you should be defined by a lot more than just this.

(MORE)

IRIS (CONT'D)

You fought for the rights of workers and women and destitute children, you learned five languages, you served in soup kitchens to feed your husband's miners, you go to France during the Great War and help rebuild the place and treat wounded soldiers.

Molly stares at her, then at the wine glass, as if wondering just how much Iris has had.

MOLLY BROWN

I sure do love the French culture, admittedly, but I'm not quite clear what war you're talking about.

IRIS

It hasn't started yet. Two more years. Then everyone dies. This is peanuts by comparison.

She's being a little reckless and she knows it, but she's exhausted and heartbroken, and she doesn't care.

MOLLY BROWN

You're awfully strange, Miss Marchant. If you don't mind me saying so. Though I suppose plenty of fine folk find me strange too.

IRIS

I know.

She polishes off her drink and stands up unsteadily. Molly catches her elbow.

MOLLY BROWN

Maybe I should walk you back to your stateroom?

IRIS

No, I'm fine, I just need to -

She staggers, and Molly is not to be deterred. Getting hold of Iris's arm, with her competent and take-charge attitude, she steers them off, as Iris mutters indistinct protests.

CUT TO:

INT. SECOND CLASS DINING SALOON - NIGHT

It's somewhat earlier in the evening, and Wyatt and Lucy have just finished dinner. They keep looking around, but no Rufus.

LUCY

He did make it on board, right?

WYATT

God, I hope so. There wasn't, like, a huge splash? Something big hitting the water, and - ?

He can't finish that sentence, as Lucy winces. Something else occurs to her, and she looks around again. No Flynn either.

LUCY

Not as far as I know, but I seem to recall reading that the absolute highest proportion of casualties, even higher than the third-class men and the crew, were among the second-class men. Something like 92% were lost. Almost all the first-class and second-class women were saved, but...

This is slightly nasty news, and Wyatt flinches, but does his best to buck up.

WYATT

That's good news for you at least, right? If something, God forbid, did go wrong and we had to - you know. Ditch the old-fashioned way.

LUCY

It's not good news for the rest of you, though.

WYATT

Look. Flynn and I already decided we can take people thinking we're cads. We'll get on a boat. But didn't you say something about -

LUCY

Yes. We won't have to evacuate, nobody will, if there's no sinking. We could try to access the wireless room. Or the bridge, or the officers, or anyone else in any position to influence the ship's course, or -

WYATT

Lucy, we're random second-class nobodies, remember? There's no way they're going to talk to us.

LUCY

We don't know that. We haven't tried.

With that, and a ferocious expression, she gets up, Wyatt hurrying in her wake. They cross D Deck toward the first-class saloon on the other side, but are stopped by a steward.

STEWARD

Excuse me. First-class passengers only beyond this point, madam.

LUCY

I am in first class. My husband went over earlier.

STEWARD

Did he, Mrs. - ?

LUCY

Flynn, Mrs. Flynn. If you'll excuse me, I don't have time to be detained by upjumped -

With magnificent haughtiness, she sweeps right past the startled steward, Wyatt still jogging behind her. They cross into the first-class section, as Lucy glances around. Finally spotting a group of the senior officers, she makes determinedly toward them. They break off from their conversation and look at her in confusion. SECOND OFFICER CHARLES LIGHTOLLER (38) is the first to speak.

CHARLES LIGHTOLLER

May I help you, madam?

LUCY

I need to speak to whoever's in charge of the ship's course and speed. It's urgent.

The men are, to say the least, very surprised that this small woman is marching up to advise them how to do their jobs.

CHARLES LIGHTOLLER

I assure you, the Titanic is under the best command. Nothing to concern yourself with, except to enjoy the voyage. The ship is unsinkable, so -

LUCY

That's just the problem! It isn't!

More looks among the men, a few embarrassed coughs. J. BRUCE ISMAY (50), chairman of the White Star Line, leans forward.

J. BRUCE ISMAY

I don't know who has been shamefully misinforming you, madam, but as Officer Lightoller said, there is nothing to concern yourself with. Now please, if you will - retire for the evening, or perhaps a nip of -

LUCY

You need to listen to me, all of you. At 11:40pm on April 14, we are going to hit an iceberg. It immediately floods five watertight compartments, and the ship is only designed to survive the flooding of four. She sinks in just under three hours, at about 2:20 am, causing the deaths of up to 1,600 people. SS Californian is the nearest ship, but she doesn't respond to distress rockets, so the survivors are picked up by RMS Carpathia. The Titanic receives six separate warnings about ice on the morning of April 14, but keeps going full steam ahead anyway.

The table exchanges a very startled look. They aren't sure what Lucy's playing at, this is a lot of disturbingly specific detail, and heads are turning.

J. BRUCE ISMAY

Please, please, madam, if perhaps you are in distress - a woman's delicate disposition, a hysteric complaint -

LUCY

I am not hysterical!

Of course, the act of raising her voice only confirms to them that she is, and they're openly looking around for the attendants now speeding up to grab Lucy, more or less decorously, by both arms and haul her out.

ATTENDANT

If you'll just come with us,
please, madam, that's it -

Lucy looks tempted to kick and scratch, but this is not going to help. She is forced to give in, as Wyatt follows them out, assures the attendants that she won't cause any more trouble, and escorts the still-seething Lucy belowdecks.

[COMMERCIALS]

RETURN TO:

INT. STATEROOM - DAWN

Lucy is lying in her bunk, wakeful and restless, unable to relax. Every creak and rock of the ship makes her jump. Then there's a sound at the door, and she sits bolt upright.

A tired and disheveled Flynn enters, realizes he's startled her, and holds up his hands.

FLYNN

Easy. Just me.

LUCY

Did you find her?

FLYNN

No. I had to hide from the damn nosy stewards, saw John Jacob Astor the Fourth walk past with that 19-year-old wife of his, but no success. I'm wiped. I'll go to sleep and try again when it's dark. You find Rufus? Or convince someone to slow us down?

LUCY

I... no. On both fronts.

Flynn's mouth tightens, but he doesn't say anything. He moves toward the other berth, shucks off his overcoat, suit jacket, and shoes, and crawls in with a muttered curse that it is much too short for him. Within a few moments, he's out.

Lucy looks at him. He doesn't stir. She wearily shrugs back into her own clothes, and leaves.

CUT TO:

INT. THIRD CLASS - MORNING

Lucy and Wyatt descend the last section of the famous Grand Staircase and into the lower decks in search of Rufus. This is third-class, the cabins small and spartan, the passageways winding, the way topside very hard to discern.

WYATT

This is steerage? Doesn't look that bad, considering what I expected.

LUCY

Most steerage sections right now are just open dormitories with crowded bunks. This is technically much nicer than usual, yes. Except for the fact that there are only two shared bathroom facilities for over 700 passengers.

WYATT

And they're all going to die?

LUCY

Over half the women, almost all the men. Most of them don't speak English, so they don't understand what's going on until it's too late. And at least one steerage passenger testifies that the stewards deliberately locked them belowdecks to prevent them from rushing the lifeboats.

WYATT

Wait, so that happened? I thought they made it up for the movie.

LUCY

An Irishwoman named Margaret Murphy, a third-class survivor, wrote in May 1912 that they did, yes. The official records released in 1998, after the movie got popular, claimed that they didn't. Conveniently.

WYATT

Yeah, I think I know who I'm believing there. Why the hell are they shut off down here, anyway?

LUCY

U.S. immigration regulations. First and second-class passengers of transatlantic liners disembark on Manhattan Pier. Third-class passengers are usually poor European immigrants, so they're segregated, checked for disease, and processed at Ellis Island.

They dodge into a corner as several filthy, exhausted stokers tramp by, on the end of their shift, blistered and battered.

WYATT

(once they're gone)
Jesus. Kind of shatters any illusions about this being a romantic place, doesn't it? Ship of dreams not so much. Nightmares, more like.

LUCY

This was always about massive human and corporate arrogance, countless tragic and avoidable deaths, and strictly oppressive class divides. It was only Hollywood that made it romantic.

WYATT

So basically, James Cameron has a lot to answer for?

LUCY

He wasn't the only one. It's been in everything. It's how we make sense of things like this, I guess.

Just then, they spot a fireman coming their way, and Wyatt, throwing caution to the wind, steps up to him.

WYATT

Hey. Excuse me, we're looking for someone. His name is Rufus Carlin, he, uh, he's a Negro man, about thirty-five. We can't -

FIREMAN

What are you doing down here, sir? This isn't an area for passengers.

WYATT

Yeah, and I'm guessing someone assumed that my friend wasn't one, douchebag. Where?!

With that, he grabs the fireman by the collar, slamming him against the riveted wall with a bang.

FIREMAN

I don't know! I can't be sure!
There was a Negro stoker in Boiler Room 6 last night, but I can't -

Wyatt drops him, jerks his head at Lucy, and they run along the catwalk toward the boiler room. They sense the heat and noise belching out of it before they see it. Wyatt wrestles the door open, staggers at the dragon-mouth blast, and looks around frantically, shielding his eyes.

WYATT

(yelling)

Rufus? RUFUS! RUFUS, WHERE ARE YOU?

PAN AROUND. Everyone's face is blackened with soot, but none of them are Rufus. They can't take more than a few seconds off, the boilers are ravenous, and the coal piles are smoking. The stokers start shoveling again.

Wyatt slams the door and looks at Lucy with growing fear.

WYATT (CONT'D)

He isn't here.

CUT TO:

INT. STEERAGE BUNK - DAY (?)

An utterly exhausted, spectacularly filthy Rufus collapses on a narrow bunk in a tiny, windowless room. He's too tired to move his eyes, let alone struggle to his feet and try to escape and find the others again. He lies there in catatonia.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIRST CLASS PROMENADE - EVENING

It's evening, the sun going down to the west, in front of Titanic's bow. Iris and Molly Brown are strolling arm in arm.

IRIS

I do apologize for my behavior last night, Mrs. Brown. I hope it does not cause you to think less of me.

MOLLY BROWN

Nonsense, of course not. We've all had those regrettable moments. And Mrs. Astor is pregnant and not feeling just the ticket, so I'm happy to get out and enjoy the fresh air. Where's your mother, dear, if you don't mind me asking? Or a sister? A young lady like you, traveling with no chaperone or family at all?

Iris looks out at the sunset again, measuring her words. She clearly sees Molly as a surrogate mother figure in some sense, and it's making her more inclined to open up.

IRIS

I'm not alone. I'm traveling with - a colleague, and some clients. My mother is... my mother died. When I was very young. I was raised by my friend's mother instead. It's a long story.

MOLLY BROWN

Well, I'm sorry to pry. But there's something about you that I fancy, Miss Marchant. You seem like a survivor.

IRIS

Coming from you, that's quite a compliment.

(beat)

Flynn.

MOLLY BROWN

What?

IRIS

My name isn't actually Victoria Marchant. That's an... alias I use in business. My real name is Iris Flynn.

MOLLY BROWN

Miss... Flynn, then? Is that how you'd prefer me to call you?

IRIS

You can call me whatever you want. You probably think - well, whatever you think my life is like, it's not close to the truth.

MOLLY BROWN

The world could do with a few more peculiar women, dear, and that's the fact of it. That is - good evening, sir, and may I help you?

The ladies stop short, and Iris whips around, just in time to lay eyes on none other than Garcia Flynn himself. He is standing by the forward lifeboat divots, bundled up against the wind and looking once more like he's seen a ghost.

Molly looks between their faces, and can immediately tell that they know each other. She clears her throat.

MOLLY BROWN (CONT'D)

Friend of yours, Miss Flynn?

IRIS

Not exactly.

MOLLY BROWN

Should I just - ? Meet you for supper later in the saloon?

IRIS

No, don't -

Too late. Molly excuses herself, leaving Iris and Garcia Flynn face to face with no intermediaries. Iris tries to speak. It isn't clear that she expected to see him again.

IRIS (CONT'D)

What are you doing here?!

FLYNN

What do you think? I came after you!

IRIS

It's the Titanic! It's bad enough I have to deal with Ed King and my idiot clients who think it's a -

Flynn flinches at hearing Ed King's name. He knows that Rufus blames King, and by extension Iris and all of Valkyrie (not wrongly) for Connor's death.

FLYNN

Look, in Pittsburgh. I got the message loud and clear, about whatever you think - about whatever I did do to you, in whatever timeline you remember. But in mine, I've been fighting for years to bring you and your mother back, and this... you're here, you...

Despite his efforts, his voice cracks. He reaches out for her again, catches her hand, and a shock goes through both of them. He stares at her, still unable to believe she's real.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

I always imagined you as a child. Five years old. That was how old you were when - when it happened. But you're not, you're a grown woman, you're so strong and fierce and brave and beautiful, and I -

He stops again, stumbling on the words that have never been his strong suit. He raises a hand to cup her cheek, and Iris doesn't stop him. Her eyes half-close, her lips pressed tight with unbearable pain. For a moment they stand there like that. Then she remembers herself and pulls back.

IRIS

No. You left me, you left Mama, you never came back, you never looked for us. You chose your new life, you chose Lucy, over us. Just because your parents are sorry for what they did to you, doesn't mean you have to forgive them.

FLYNN

Iris - sweetheart, please, I don't even understand what -

IRIS

Just get out of here, Dad. Even after what you did to me, I don't want this on my conscience. Valkyrie wants you dead. You've interfered too many times. They gave me orders to kill all of you, did you know that?

FLYNN

What? Who? Who did that?

IRIS

My new boss, after they demoted Ed. Temple, Mike Temple Jr., he -

FLYNN

Michael - Temple - Junior?

IRIS

Yes. Why?

FLYNN

That's the man who was with you in 1931, wasn't it? Mr. Temple, when we first learned your name? God, of course. Listen to me. His father was Michael Temple senior. His father was the head of Rittenhouse.

That name is obviously familiar to Iris, after the events of 4x03 and her nearly killing Elizabeth Keynes. She stares.

IRIS

What? Are you sure?

FLYNN

Very sure. We fought him for a long time, and he - he even kept asking me if I wanted you and your mother back, in exchange for turning on the others. If this is his son - Iris, he's manipulating you, especially if he wants you to kill us, you have to -

IRIS

I don't have to do anything you say.

FLYNN

(anguished)

You're right, you don't. But I can only tell you what I know about those people, and what they do, and how they tried to break us. You don't have to come back, you don't have to ever see me again. I wouldn't ask that, I have no right. Just listen to me about this. For your own sake. Please, moja draga, please.

Iris looks up at him, deeply torn. This is obliterating everything she thought she knew.

One hand drifts to her pocket, to the gun that Temple Jr. gave her. She could still pull it and shoot him, just as ordered. She could.

IRIS

Fine. I'll think about it. But Dad, just - go have the life with Lucy that I always thought you had, all right? Stop interfering. I can't protect you from the rest of Valkyrie. It's better for everyone.

Flynn stares at her, unable to think how to answer. He starts to say something, stops.

IRIS (CONT'D)

Get out of here. Go on. Now.

He nods numbly and vanishes down the promenade. It's getting dark, as Iris turns to join Molly Brown for dinner -

- and runs into Ed King, stepping out from behind another lifeboat divot with an unpleasant look on his face.

KING

So that there, Vicky, that was an interesting conversation. Feel like explaining why you're actively disobeying orders and plotting against Valkyrie with the traitor father you claimed to hate?

IRIS

Ed, you've always been an insufferable, smarmy, pretentiously affected suck-up, but at least you were mostly inoffensive about it. I'm warning you, if you're going to try hardball, that could change.

KING

I know who you are. You're Iris Flynn. I learned everything about you, why you were brought back, what you're really good for. You never knew that Jessica Logan only had orders to save you and explicitly let your mother die, did you? That she went into your house that night in the hail of bullets, pushed your mother's dead body off you, and took you away?

(MORE)

KING (CONT'D)

Kidnapped you, raised you in her own paranoid delusions, and then tried to turn you on -

These words hit Iris like punches. Her eyes reflect the rising moon, utterly blank. She doesn't move or react.

KING (CONT'D)

And now that I've heard you and your terrorist father plotting against Mike, that's just what I need to get back in good at Valkyrie. Once I tell him, let's see how long his patience to keep you on his leash lasts. Unless you do everything I say, run all the missions I choose, pick up all my orders, be my little bitch inside and out, so there's no question who's done the most for this company and is the most worthy of -

Iris snaps back to herself. She laughs, shakes her head.

IRIS

Ed. Ed, Ed, Ed.

He scowls at her, angry that she's not taking this seriously.

KING

What?

IRIS

You're such an idiot.

She plunges her hand into her pocket, draws the gun, aims it straight at him, and pulls the trigger.

King looks briefly confused. Then he is knocked backward by the force of the shot, stumbles, and hits the railing. Blood wells on his chest, and he looks at her, startled, horrified.

KING

You - you shot me!

Iris takes two steps forward, puts both hands on his shoulders, and looks straight into his eyes.

IRIS

Have an ultra-great day.

And with that, she SHOVES.

King falls, falls overboard, and hits the water far below.

[COMMERCIALS]

RETURN TO:

INT. SECOND-CLASS SALOON - MORNING

Passengers are gathered in the saloon for breakfast. There is low-voiced discussion of the multiple ice warnings on the wireless this morning. Among them are the pale, tousled, and extremely anxious Flynn, Wyatt, and Lucy.

LUCY

It's the morning of April 14th. It happens tonight, the ship hits the iceberg at 11:40pm, we still don't know where Rufus is or if he even made it aboard, or if we've changed a single, solitary thing.

WYATT

(glances at Flynn)

At this rate, our best hope might be trying to get Iris to give us a ride out? You said she sort of listened to you?

FLYNN

What? And leave Rufus behind? Are you out of your mind?

WYATT

No, I wouldn't do that, you know I wouldn't. But if he did make it, and he's trapped somewhere in this turns-out-to-be-a-friggin'-nightmare of a ship, he's the only one who has access to the Lifeboat. If worse comes to absolute worst and he has to bail himself out -

LUCY

Rufus wouldn't leave us.

WYATT

No, he wouldn't. Never willingly. He's the best of us. But if it comes to it. He should get in the Lifeboat and go back to Jiya, and we should agree that he has that right.

He looks around as if expecting Lucy and Flynn to protest, but they are grim and grey-faced, and don't answer.

WYATT (CONT'D)

If we got home some other way, we just wouldn't say anything or hold it against him. That's what I mean.

FLYNN

Rufus has always deserved to survive this war. That's why we risked so much to save him.

LUCY

I'm going to go up to the wireless room. I don't know if I can get the operators to talk to me - Jack Phillips and Harold Bride, that's their names - but I have to try.

She shovels one more bite of breakfast into her mouth, chokes it down, then gets up and leaves the saloon. Flynn and Wyatt regard each other. They have rarely felt more powerless.

WYATT

Look, if we don't - if for some reason we can't get off, I just -

FLYNN

This is my fault. I was the one who insisted that we come here.

WYATT

No, you insisted that you'd go alone, because you are, in fact, exactly the kind of noble idiot who would volunteer to die like this. We chose to be here.

He takes a deep breath, forces himself to go on.

WYATT (CONT'D)

And I just want to say that if we do get out of this with our butts intact, you had finally better tell Lucy that you're in love with her, or I will kill you myself.

Flynn stares at him in total shock.

WYATT (CONT'D)

It's time, man, don't you think? Take it from me, it's time. I don't even have to ask if we'll make sure she gets out of here. And for that matter, Iris. It seems like she can handle herself, but just in case.

(MORE)

WYATT (CONT'D)

Just... call it a gentlemen's pact,
all right? So we're not cads. Women
and children first.

Flynn looks away, unable to speak. Then he turns back, and
manages half a nod.

FLYNN

Women and children first. I'll take
care of Iris. But just promise me
that you'll get Lucy off, no matter
what. She won't let you, but do it
anyway. Promise me.

WYATT

I... I promise.

CUT TO:

INT. LADIES' LAVATORY - NIGHT

It's late evening. Lucy's anxiety is through the roof. She is
fully dressed and carrying her lifebelt, reaches the door of
the ladies' lavatory, and pushes it open. Several women are
inside, washing their faces and getting ready for bed.

LUCY

Don't do that. Go get dressed
again, as warmly as possible. Wake
up anyone you're traveling with,
anyone in the rooms next door. Get
your lifebelts and get somewhere
you can easily make it on deck.

PASSENGER

Aren't you Mrs. Flynn from E19?

LUCY

Yes, I am, and you need to listen
to me. In just over two and a half
hours, the ship is going to hit an
iceberg. You need to be ready to
get on the lifeboats as soon as the
call comes. People won't believe
it's serious. They'll insist the
ship can't sink. But it's going to.

The ladies stare at her, then each other, gobsmacked.

PASSENGER #2

But she can't. Titanic is
unsinkable. Didn't you hear what
the White Star Line said?

(MORE)

PASSENGER #2 (CONT'D)
Ice can't hurt modern ships,
they're too advanced, we're
perfectly -

LUCY
JUST LISTEN TO ME!

The ladies are alarmed and confused, but Lucy won't give up. She chivvies them until they agree to go get dressed, wake friends and neighbors, and fetch their lifebelts.

CUT TO:

EXT. CROW'S NEST - NIGHT

Perched high above the deck on an ice-cold, perfectly still night, lookout FREDERICK FLEET (26) checks his pocket watch. It's a few minutes to 11:40. He looks down.

FREDERICK FLEET
(to himself)
Ruddy White Star Line won't even
give us ruddy binoculars, eh?

He looks up - and sees it.

Fleet stares, then scrambles around, rings the lookout bell three times, then picks up the telephone to the bridge.

FREDERICK FLEET (CONT'D)
Oy! Is there anyone there?!

JAMES MOODY
(over the phone)
Sixth Officer James Moody, yes,
what do you see?

FREDERICK FLEET
Iceberg, right ahead!

CUT TO:

INT. TITANIC BRIDGE - NIGHT

There is a fluster of confusion among the officers on deck.

JAMES MOODY
First Officer Murdoch, lookouts
report ice right ahead.

WILLIAM MURDOCH

Isn't that - that queer American woman at supper the other day? Didn't she say something about - ?

JAMES MOODY

Orders, sir, orders?

WILLIAM MURDOCH

Quartermaster Hichens, hard a-starboard! Ring full astern! Now!

ROBERT HICHENS (30) looks panicked. He doesn't immediately respond, until Murdoch shouts at him again.

The Titanic loses speed. Turns only slowly. The bridge swings back and forth, the officers try to brace themselves.

CUT TO:

INT. STATEROOM - NIGHT

Flynn, Wyatt, and Lucy, dressed, ready, lifebelts on, wait together in E19 stateroom, all three of them holding hands.

A split-second of silence, a sense of inertia -

A horrible crashing, popping sound. It grinds along the length of the ship, as the world slews to a stop beyond the porthole. Something huge, white, and ominous glints outside.

FLYNN

Jesus. That's it, all the warning in the world, everything we did, and they still hit the damn thing.

WYATT

That's it, go, go, go.

They push open the door and burst out into the hall.

FLYNN

You two, get as many people out of here as you can, and don't come back. E Deck starts flooding in minutes. Get on a boat, do you hear me? Get on a boat right away. Don't wait for me.

LUCY

Where are you - ?

FLYNN

I'm not leaving without knowing
that Rufus and Iris are safe. Lucy,
I'll see you soon. I swear.

They exchange one more terrible, torn-apart look. Then Flynn turns and runs down the hall in one direction, as Lucy and Wyatt run in the other, banging on doors.

CUT TO:

INT. THIRD CLASS - NIGHT

Flynn runs toward third class. Someone tries to stop him, but he shoves them aside. The realization of what's going on hasn't sunk in for anyone yet. Flynn jumps into another corridor - and lands in three feet of freezing water.

FLYNN

(at the top of his lungs)
JESUS CHRIST!

Winching, he charges through it, until he reaches the end. A few stewards are shouting at the passengers to stay where they are; they are alarmed but blank-looking. Flynn pushes past the stewards, but one of the passengers grabs his arm.

GERMAN PASSENGER

Entschuldigung - entschuldigen Sie,
bitte, mein Herr. Sprechen Sie
Deutsch? Speak German?
*(Excuse me? Excuse me, please, sir?
Do you speak German?)*

FLYNN

(very tersely)
Ja, und?
(Yes, and?)

GERMAN PASSENGER

Bitte, was ist hier los, ist
alles...? Ist alles in Ordnung? Wir
verstehen nämlich kein Englisch.
Was sollen wir...?
*(Please, what is going on, is
everything...? Is everything all
right? We do not understand
English. What should we...?)*

FLYNN

Nein, nein, es ist nicht alles in
Ordnung, und Sie müssen so schnell
wie möglich nach oben.

(MORE)

FLYNN (CONT'D)

Geben Sie den Anderen Bescheid. Und ziehen Sie sich warm an.
(No, no, everything is not all right, and you have to get topside as fast as possible. Tell all the others. Dress warmly.)

Alarmed, the German passenger scuttles off to do as ordered. Someone else calls a question in Serbo-Croatian, and Flynn, with a start, shouts back. This is then repeated in Spanish and Russian. He herds people ruthlessly, lifting children along the line. The water level is rising fast.

He reaches the end of this corridor, looks around wildly - then spots, at last, Rufus, who sees him at the same time. They run toward each other, made difficult by the water.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

Christ! There you are! What the hell happened? Where have you - ?

RUFUS

No time. Are the others with you?

It's clear that they aren't. They stare at the narrow, flooding corridors, crammed with terrified steerage passengers struggling for the decks. There's no way in hell that Flynn can find Wyatt and Lucy and get back here in time.

Flynn closes his eyes, realizes that the moment has come.

FLYNN

You run to the Lifeboat right now, you get in, you take off.

RUFUS

Are you insane?! Without - ?!

FLYNN

(with difficulty)
Just call it even for Connor.

Rufus stares at him, momentarily dumbstruck.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

Go back to Jiya, get married. I love you both and you deserve it.

RUFUS

I'll come back. I swear I'll come back. April 18, 1912, when the Carpathia arrives in New York. You guys better - you better be on it.

FLYNN

I promise.

The water continues to rise. Rufus reaches out and hugs Flynn with all his might, both of them shivering. Flynn lets him go, turns him, and shoves him. Rufus starts to run.

Flynn watches him go, then struggles back to the line of steerage passengers. They reach the route above just as the stewards are arriving, about to lock the hatch.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

HEY! WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING!
THERE ARE PEOPLE DOWN HERE!

STEWARD

If we keep air down here, the
vessel may stay buoyant for -

FLYNN

Bullshit! That's bullshit! You're
leaving them to drown to save the
rich bastards in first class, you -

He muscles his way to the front and rips the hatch free, bracing it with his shoulders, to let the crowd of steerage passengers rush through. One of the stewards yells and tries to stop him. Flynn pulls his gun and shoots him in the head.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

(to the other steward)

You want the same?! Huh?! You're
all about to die anyway!

The steward stares at the body of his compatriot, and backs off, hands up. Flynn holds the gate open as long as he can, then lets it drop. He throws a last look at the surging, icy, pitch-black water. He can only hope Rufus made it out.

He starts to run, when he collides hard with someone. It takes only a stunned instant for him to realize who it is.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

That corridor is totally flooded.
You can't go that way!

IRIS

What?

FLYNN

Here! This way!

He grabs her arm and drags her along to another corridor, where the water is only knee-deep.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

You can get into the hold here, if that's where the Mothership is. Are your clients in there? Why the hell didn't you get out already?

IRIS

I was - I had to make sure that idiot Melody, the one who thought it was so romantic, remembered to actually -

FLYNN

Go, you have to go.

Iris is completely torn for one more instant, then -

IRIS

Come with me.

FLYNN

What?

IRIS

Come with me! There's an open seat, Ed - Ed isn't coming back, he - never mind. We'll fix it, we'll work out what to do about all of this, you can tell me what you remember and -

Every sinew of Flynn wants nothing more than to do this. He looks at her in agony, then grabs her, kisses her forehead.

FLYNN

I can't, sweetheart. I can't. But you have to. You have to go now.

IRIS

What? No! Come with me!

FLYNN

GO NOW BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!

Iris backs up, turns, and with one more look, flees.

CUT TO:

INT. HOLD - NIGHT

The Mothership is sloshing on its struts in four feet of water. The Valkyrie clients are inside, buckled up, and scared. This isn't all that romantic and fun anymore.

Iris appears, staggers and struggles as the water hits her, and claws toward the door, working it open. She scrambles into the pilot seat, shuts the door again as the Mothership is on the verge of flooding, and - just barely - they jump.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOAT DECK - NIGHT

Wyatt and Lucy are trying to direct the crowds as the steerage passengers come surging up. On the starboard side, William Murdoch supervises the lifeboat loading, allowing men in after women and children have boarded, but on the port side, Charles Lightoller refuses to let any men in at all.

CHARLES LIGHTOLLER

Women and children only! Women and children only! Get back, sir, women and children only on the boats!

WYATT

There are twenty empty seats in there, you -

He sees a group of about that many men from steerage, Spanish or Italian by the looks of them, and waves.

WYATT (CONT'D)

Aquí! Vamos, vámonos ahora!
(Here! Come on, let's go now!)

CHARLES LIGHTOLLER

There is no way I will permit a group of - of dagoes, neither British nor of the English-speaking races, to board the boats in advance of -

WYATT

OH, SHUT UP!

The men come running over. Wyatt ushers them into the boat right under Lightoller's nose. The hoist bumps. Away.

It's a much different atmosphere than the largely-unconcern of the first-class passengers on the night of the original sinking. The soaking and frightened third-class passengers make it clear that something bad has happened, and people are getting into the boats much faster. Either that, or they're afraid that the unwashed masses will steal all the spots.

FIRST-CLASS WOMAN

Really, this is frightful, they don't have somewhere else to keep these people - ?

WYATT

Ma'am, either you get on a boat right now, or you stand and complain, and we fill your spot with someone else.

He looks around frantically, sees Lucy directing traffic on the starboard side. The ship is tilting sharply. Perhaps they hit the iceberg at a different angle, but they're definitely going down faster. They aren't making it to 2:20am.

Wyatt slides across the deck toward Lucy, who has just supervised a group of grateful Germans into the nearest boat, including the one Flynn spoke to.

WYATT (CONT'D)

Lucy, we need to get into a boat.

LUCY

Not just yet.

WYATT

Flynn - you heard what he said. That we should -

LUCY

I know what he said!

She whirls on Murdoch, to make sure that he's given the order to lower the boat. It bumps out of sight. Away.

WYATT

Lucy, he made me promise!

LUCY

(screaming)

I DON'T CARE! NOT WITHOUT FLYNN!

WYATT

He's coming! Okay? He's coming! He said he'd get on! But we gotta -

As Lucy struggles, Wyatt pulls her to the lifeboat loading on the port side: Boat No. 6. Molly Brown is urging second and third-class women and children to board it ahead of her.

MOLLY BROWN

I'll be just a minute, you first.

CHARLES LIGHTOLLER
Mrs. Brown, get on the boat.

MOLLY BROWN
IN A MINUTE!

Lucy jerks her head up, recognizing the name. The women in the boat, as it starts to be lowered, shout for more oarsmen.

WOMEN
Please - we need more men, we need
more oarsmen, we -

Lightoller stares loathingly at Wyatt, then turns around to shout at the deck.

CHARLES LIGHTOLLER
Anyone with sailing experience? Any
man with sailing experience!

MAN
Major Arthur Godfrey Peuchen, of
the Royal Canadian Yacht Club.

CHARLES LIGHTOLLER
Fine. Go on.

Peuchen goes over the side, sliding down the ropes. Molly spots Lucy and Wyatt, still caught up in the throng.

MOLLY BROWN
Get them on! Get them on!

It's now or never. They have to go. One of the officers picks up Molly bodily and throws her over the side, into the boat. He's about to throw Lucy too, but Wyatt grabs her himself.

WYATT
One - two - three -

It's a brief but terrifying fall. They hit the bottom of the lifeboat with a thump. It's crowded, and everyone's afraid. Quartermaster Hichens is in command of this boat, but he's still blanking out. Molly is yelling at the top of her lungs.

MOLLY BROWN
Two to an oar! Two to an oar! Get
clear of the ship, she'll pull us
down otherwise!

ROBERT HICHENS
Ma'am - a woman cannot presume to
take command of this -

MOLLY BROWN

You shut your mouth and help these
people or I'll throw you overboard!

People scramble to the oars, including Wyatt and the lookout Frederick Fleet. Lucy stares at the stricken Titanic, as white fireworks - distress rockets - boom and flash overhead. Her face is utterly blank, except for her eyes.

We don't have the budget to show the actual sinking, so the camera remains focused on the people in the lifeboat, and the horrible howling, groaning roar behind them. Crashing, booming, complete blackness as the ship's lights go out.

Darkness on the face of the deep, except for the screaming.

It doesn't last for long.

CUT TO:

EXT. NORTH ATLANTIC OCEAN - NIGHT

The scatter of boats are utterly alone on the dark ocean. Debris and bodies everywhere. Lucy is wrapped in a soaked blanket, staring at nothing. White static. Sounds fade in.

MOLLY BROWN

We need to go look for survivors.

ROBERT HICHENS

Nothing but a bunch of stiffs now.
It's our lives or theirs.

MOLLY BROWN

There are people out there!

ROBERT HICHENS

Dead people, or near enough to it!
We're loaded too heavy as it is,
they'd drag us down!

Sounds fade out again. Lucy doesn't stir.

CUT TO:

EXT. CARPATHIA DECK - MORNING

Survivors are hauled up to the deck of RMS Carpathia, a small one-funneled ship of the Cunard Line, which has raced all night through dangerous ice - visible to every side - to reach the Titanic victims.

Wyatt and Lucy, along with the rest of Boat 6, reach the top and stumble toward the people offering warm soup and dry blankets. Wyatt takes one, Lucy doesn't.

WYATT
(helplessly)
Lucy...

She doesn't answer, she doesn't move. Below, one of the collapsible lifeboats, overloaded, overturned, and in bad shape, has just reached the hoist. It's not clear that everyone clinging to it is alive.

The collapsible reaches the top. Some waterlogged, frozen corpses spill off, but others are staggering, barely able to walk. And among them, caked in ice and rime -

LUCY
(afraid to believe)
G-Garcia?

He straightens up, whirls around, and their eyes lock.

He's limping and lurching, beat to hell, but makes it across the deck far faster than he has any right to move. Grabs her around the waist, lifts her up, and lays the absolute ever-living fuck of a desperate, engulfing kiss on her.

Lucy wraps her arms around his neck, frantic, kissing him back as hard as she can. We've been waiting four seasons for this, and it does not disappoint. Flynn lets go of her only to shift his grip, carry her across the deck, and grab a dry blanket. He pulls it around them.

He stumbles toward the door below. Lucy can't wait that long, and kisses him again, grabbing hold of his face. They make it to a hidden corner, and he sinks down with her in his arms.

In the darkness, they kiss again. And again. And again.

CUT TO:

INT. VALKYRIE HEADQUARTERS - MORNING

The Mothership lands, and Iris and the four clients stagger out. They all stop to shake Iris's hand, deeply chastened by the experience. Iris is polite, but abstracted, eyes restless. She knows what she's done, and that she's just fired the first shots in an all-new war. She starts across the hangar, on the way to - she doesn't know what.

The door opens on the far side, and someone enters. A handsome middle-aged brunette woman we've never seen before. Dressed in a business suit and heels. She steps out.

WOMAN

Iris Flynn?

Iris comes to a halt, wary.

IRIS

It's Victoria Marchant, can I -

WOMAN

It's not. Iris Flynn.

(beat)

I'm Valkyrie. And I would like to talk to you.

FADE TO BLACK.

END CREDITS.

NEXT WEEK ON TIMELESS...

TIMELESS 4X09: "ALOHA 'OE"

LUCY

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

FLYNN

(snorts)

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

LUCY

Probably too long, actually.

CUT TO:

RUFUS

January 14, 1893. Honolulu, Hawai'i.

WYATT

Hawai'i? Oh thank God.

LUCY

1893 in Hawai'i? That's not going to be a peaceful beach vacation.

(MORE)

LUCY (CONT'D)

That's when the monarchy gets
overthrown.

CUT TO:

SANFORD B. DOLE

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

LILI'UOKALANI

Yes, and they repaid that warmth
and sympathy by forcing him to
dance as their pretty puppet. My
proposed constitution undoes the
injustice of 1887 and restores the
Kingdom of Hawai'i, of which I am
sole and sovereign Queen.

CUT TO:

WYATT

Crap. There's Iris.

He ducks behind a sofa. Rufus does the same, then frowns.

RUFUS

Who's that with her?

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

CUT TO:

JIYA

Who is this?

GABRIEL

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

JIYA

What cases?

GABRIEL

(pause, then)
Time travel.

CUT TO:

LORRIN A. THURSTON

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

WYATT

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

Thurston looks behind him, just as a dozen members of the Honolulu Rifles come marching down the corridor.

HONOLULU RIFLEMAN

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

LORRIN A. THURSTON

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

CUT TO:

Rufus pulls his phone out, sees a message on it, and reads it. Then he looks up, shocked.

RUFUS

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

FADE TO BLACK...