

T I M E L E S S

"CHECKPOINT CHARLIE"

Episode 4x10

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FADE IN.

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

3x10: Timothy joining Temple Sr. on the jump. 3x13: Sarah warning Iris not to hurt Lucy because Amy wouldn't like it. 4x01 and 4x02: Iris and Gabriel. 4x03: Flynn running into Gabriel in Paris and discovering his office. 4x05: Iris and Sarah discussing what might have happened to the team. 4x06 and 4x07: Connor's death and funeral, Denise's leave of absence. 4x07: Temple Jr. trying to get Iris to kill the team and the reveal of the Jessica/Iris/Sarah backstory. 4x08: Iris killing Ed King instead, asking Flynn to come with her, and Iris meeting the mysterious Valkyrie. 4x09: Lucy and Flynn's morning after, the team trying to stop the overthrow of Queen Lili'uokalani, and Denise and Jiya meeting Gabriel at the airport, then their fight against the Valkyrie assassin, sending Gabriel to the hospital. Iris and Lucy's conversation in 1893, as Lucy asks her about Valkyrie, and Iris promises she will look into it. Lastly, the team returning to 2020 and Jiya taking Flynn to meet his half-brother, as the Valkyrie assassin waits outside...

OPEN ON:

INT. HOTEL SUITE - EVENING

A deliberately non-descript, modern hotel suite with the look of a safe house. Gabriel, somewhat worse for wear but alive, is sitting across from Flynn. Both of them eye each other up and down, not sure what to say.

GABRIEL

(finally, awkwardly)

I, ah. It is good to see you after so long, Garcia. Though to be frank, I'm not altogether sure why you don't remember me.

FLYNN

I do remember you. Just not the way you think. It's... complicated.

(beat)

When is the last time you saw me?

GABRIEL

The... sometime in the summer of 1990. You were fifteen. Yugoslavia was about to break apart, and you were dead set on joining the army. Mama couldn't talk you out of it.

(MORE)

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

The two of us left for Paris when the fighting started. You stayed. For months at a time, we weren't sure if you were alive. It almost killed her, the worrying. After that, I suppose we just never reconnected.

Flynn flinches at the thought of causing his mother more pain. Gabriel's tone is level, but there's anger in it.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

A few phone calls here and there, then even fewer as you disappeared into whatever secret wars you were always fighting. The next thing I knew about you, I learned about a year ago. When a woman named Iris Flynn knocked on my door, and told me she was your daughter.

FLYNN

I'm still working that out myself. How she's back, that is.

Gabriel glances at him, confused, but doesn't ask what he means. Another pause. The brothers are very much strangers to each other, Gabriel even more so to Flynn.

GABRIEL

Dare I ask the last time you remember seeing me?

FLYNN

I ran into you in Paris, when I didn't know it was you. I found your firm, I knew you were alive then. But the last time I saw you, actually saw you, was July 20, 1969. You were six.

Gabriel looks even more stumped at the obvious impossibility of this. He starts to interrupt, but Flynn holds up a hand.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

Do you remember, by any chance, a tall dark man who spent the day with you and your mother, asked if you liked ice cream, and after you were stung by a bee, jammed a syringe into your arm?

GABRIEL

Yes - vaguely - but -

FLYNN

That was me. That's why I was there. You know about the time-traveling part, that Iris is coming from... not now. What she has, it's called the Mothership. I had it before she did. In between us, there was an evil secret society called Rittenhouse. It's much longer than I can explain now, but that's why we don't remember the same things. We didn't live the same life. Whatever Garcia you know, I'm... I can't say I'm him.

Understandably, it takes Gabriel a moment to process this.

GABRIEL

You... time-traveled. To save my life.

FLYNN

Yes.

GABRIEL

Why?

FLYNN

I was just hoping that I could make our mother happy again. Somehow.

He thinks about asking what happened to Maria in Gabriel's memories, but isn't sure he can bear it.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

So Mama still moved to Yugoslavia...? I was still...?

GABRIEL

Mama met Asher Flynn at an aerospace conference in 1972. After that, things happened fast. After we left America, we weren't allowed to come back. Not for many years.

There's that anger in his voice again. Flynn looks down.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

They were happy. For a little while, at least. I don't know if anyone should have expected it to end any other way. Unless, for you, it was different?

FLYNN

Asher - my father - disappeared in 1987. I was twelve years old. I still don't know what happened to him. It wasn't until I got the job with the NSA that I was able to take Mama back to Texas to visit your grave.

His voice is low and raw. These are exquisitely private memories that he hasn't talked about with anyone since Lorena. It's Gabriel's turn to flinch. They stare at each other, the weight of their separate and painful, but still somehow shared, family history hanging over them. Gabriel is just starting to realize how bogging this is for Flynn.

GABRIEL

So if you saved my life - there was a chance that you could have completely altered the trajectory of Mama's - she could have never met Asher, never gone to Yugoslavia, never had you - and you were willing to risk all that? Your own existence?

FLYNN

You shouldn't congratulate me. The reason I was in July 1969, a lot of the other things I did with the Mothership... they were necessary, but I'm still haunted by them.

Gabriel tries to think what to say. Flynn gets to his feet.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

And what I'm doing now, what's going on with Iris, that's not finished. You can stay here for the time being - in fact, until we can figure out who or what Valkyrie sent after you, I wouldn't advise leaving - but I need to get back to San Francisco with the others.

GABRIEL

Why? What for?

FLYNN

Because I have a job to do.

He nods stiffly to his brother and starts for the door.

GABRIEL

Wait. My wife, my son, they're back in Paris, they might be in danger too. They'll have no idea what happened to me or if I'm even -

FLYNN

I'll see what Denise can arrange.

With that, and one more awkward farewell, he leaves.

TIMELESS MAIN TITLE - 10261961

RETURN TO:

INT. MANSION - NIGHT

Iris is sitting in the living room of her mansion, not doing much in particular. She looks very tired.

A chime from the high-tech doorbell. She glances up warily, checks her wrist chip, then goes to open it. On the far side, somewhat shifty-looking and wearing a dark hood, is Sarah.

IRIS

What are you doing here?

SARAH

Can I come in?

Iris pauses, then steps aside, allowing Sarah to follow her in. As they reach the living room, Iris taps her wrist chip again, and various screens flicker off.

IRIS

Put them in a feedback loop. No new information of any kind recorded or stored. It'll last for about six minutes before it gets noticeable. So whatever you have to say, you should make it quick.

She nods at the sofa, but Sarah doesn't sit down.

SARAH

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

IRIS

Yes?

SARAH

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

She twists her fingers together, takes a deep breath.

SARAH (CONT'D)

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

Iris's eyebrows fly up. She doesn't immediately know how to respond to this. She can see that Sarah's upset.

IRIS

Valkyrie killed them? Valkyrie the person, or Valkyrie the organization?

SARAH

There's a difference?

IRIS

You haven't met her? Valkyrie? The woman whose company this is? She went with me on the last jump, to 1893. Frankly, I think she's bad news. But I don't know how this -

At that, suddenly, she thinks of something. A look of shock crosses her face. She turns away, shaken.

SARAH

What?

IRIS

The last time I went to Paris, I asked my uncle Gabriel to make a certain replica. A copy of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart's Requiem Mass. Infamously begun but unfinished in 1791, not long before Mozart himself died. A client requested it. A big client that Temple and Ed King were both very concerned about keeping happy, a woman. I would need to travel to 1791, steal the original, and swap in the fake.

(MORE)

IRIS (CONT'D)

Nothing I haven't done before. But this - if they follow me, and then something goes wrong -

SARAH

Is Valkyrie that client? Are you the reason they die? Do you kill them?

Iris can't blame Sarah for wondering. She was about to ask if it's true what King said about Jessica, on the Titanic, but she doesn't.

SARAH (CONT'D)

This is why I interfered once before, and messed everything up. Why I tried to help them save Rufus. If this is something else, what am I supposed to do?

IRIS

Maybe it doesn't matter. They're dead right now. They've been dead for a while. Does it say when this happens? In relation to us?

SARAH

No, but I think... soon.

Iris flinches. She has been telling the team with increasing urgency - especially Flynn - to get out of the way, she can't protect them. She can no longer pretend she actually wants them dead. Now she might in fact be the reason it happens.

IRIS

I'll work on it. I'll think of something. It can't happen if I don't pick up the fake Requiem, right? If I never go to 1791.

SARAH

Maybe.

She doesn't look convinced. A tenuous pause.

IRIS

Why would Lucy be the only survivor?

SARAH

I don't know. Maybe she gets away, or maybe they decide she's important enough to save, or -

IRIS

You said that one time, when I first saw them, that Amy wouldn't let her be hurt. Who is that?

SARAH

As far as I know, Amy is - was - her sister. Sometimes.

IRIS

Sometimes? What does that mean?

SARAH

It means time travel.

IRIS

What happened to her? Amy?

SARAH

I don't know. It's just something Mom told me, soon after I started at Valkyrie. I assumed everyone knew it.

IRIS

Jessica told you that this Amy person wouldn't let Lucy be hurt? Guess your mom has all kinds of secrets she just couldn't be bothered to fill me in on, huh?

SARAH

What are you talking about?

IRIS

Never let anything slip about any other orders she had? About letting my mother die, only saving me, for maximum strategic value?

Her voice is rising. She advances on Sarah, who backs up.

SARAH

Iris, I don't know what you're - you're scaring me.

Iris retreats a step, but does not entirely relent.

IRIS

Just find out more about Amy. If we can figure out who she is, if she can help us with it - they don't have to die in 1791. Any of them. We could save them.

SARAH

I hope so.

A screen flickers. Their feedback loop is about to end. Sarah should leave if she wants this to stay secret.

She pulls up her hood, and slips out.

CUT TO:

INT. VALKYRIE HEADQUARTERS - MORNING

Iris scans into the hangar and glances around. She is the only one there. She crosses to the Mothership, and sees a blinking alert on the computers. She tenses, then pushes it.

She reads it, and her face relaxes, but only slightly. Then at the door opening, she starts and spins around.

Temple Jr. strolls up to her, accompanied by a young man: white, mid-20s, looks - let's be honest - like a douche. He's wearing a suit and fedora, carrying a briefcase.

TEMPLE JR

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

IRIS

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

TEMPLE JR

(chuckles)

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

Iris's face briefly shows what we are all thinking: ANOTHER Michael Temple?! We are all Rebel Wilson. ENOUGH!

She instantly wipes it off, smiles professionally.

IRIS

So I'm taking you to... Berlin?

TEMPLE III

Yeah, you are. Let's go.

He snaps his fingers at her, and climbs up into the Mothership. Real charmer, this one. Iris rolls her eyes, then starts after him, but Temple Jr. grabs her arm.

TEMPLE JR

I heard Ed King had an unfortunate accident on the Titanic.

IRIS

He got separated from us during the sinking. Nothing I could do. It's a tragic loss for Valkyrie.

TEMPLE JR

Yes, you seem very sad. But it's funny that he couldn't get off, when it's now been two missions since I ordered you to eliminate Valkyrie's opponents, and yet they're still alive and well. Meanwhile, the guys we sent with you to Pittsburgh, then Ed - they're not coming back. That's a lot of unfortunate accidents for our own people.

IRIS

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

TEMPLE JR

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

He is cold and stern and deadly serious, and he knows she has something to do with this. Iris is walking a very fine line.

IRIS

I'll look after him.

TEMPLE JR

See to it that you do.

He releases her, still staring at her hard. As she starts up the stairs to the Mothership, he calls after her.

TEMPLE JR (CONT'D)

Maybe you'll remember one of these days who's signing your paychecks, huh? Oh, and stop off in Paris on your way back. You know what year.

(MORE)

TEMPLE JR (CONT'D)

There are some operatives there who
should be ready for exfiltration.

He smiles, waves, and strolls off down the hangar. Iris
stares after him in rising fear. Then she withdraws her head,
shuts the door of the Mothership, and they jump.

[COMMERCIALS]

RETURN TO:

INT. MASON-CARLIN INDUSTRIES - MORNING

The team, still mostly dressed in their 1893 clothes, is
groggy, yawning, tramping back into MCI. Jiya is with them,
her wrist bandaged. She's the first one to hear the sound of
the jump alarm from down the hall.

CUT TO:

INT. CONTROL ROOM - MORNING

The team bends over the console to get the news.

JIYA

Looks like it's been going off for
a while, but we weren't here to
hear it. October 26, 1961. Berlin,
West Germany.

FLYNN AND LUCY

(in unison)

Well, that can't be good.

Jiya glances at them, once more silently remarking on how
especially in sync they seem, then at Rufus.

JIYA

You said I got to take the next one
no matter what it was, remember?
Super double-dog pinky promise?

RUFUS

Yes, but - your wrist is still -

JIYA

My wrist is fine. I jammed it
pretty hard, but it's not a
problem. It's my turn. You go home
and sleep.

RUFUS

Sleep? Like that's gonna happen.

He is not pleased, but he promised, and Jiya will not take it well if he gets in the way again. Flynn, Wyatt, and Lucy are already heading to the Lifeboat. Jiya turns to Rufus.

JIYA

Just see if you can find if there are any more Valkyrie assassins running around, all right? The one at the airport got away.

RUFUS

Presumably not when one of them busts in here and kills me too?

JIYA

No. Not like that.

They gaze at each other a moment longer - it sucks that one of them always has to send the other into danger. Then Rufus nods, and Jiya follows the others to the Lifeboat.

CUT TO:

EXT. BERLIN STREETS - DAY

It's 1961 in Berlin, West Germany. The place looks surprisingly good for having been through a war 15 years earlier. Cafes, restaurants, shops, passing cars. American, British, French flags often visible. The team, having finally managed to change their clothes, strolls down the sidewalk.

WYATT

Isn't this the year the Berlin Wall was built?

FLYNN

Yes. Walter Ulbricht, the leader of East Germany, announced on the 15th of June that they had no intention of building a wall. *Niemand hat die Absicht, eine Mauer zu errichten.* Then by August, almost overnight, the border is closed, the wall is built, the streets are torn up, it becomes a crime to leave East Germany, and Cold War tensions skyrocket.

JIYA

What is it with megalomaniacal old white men and their walls?

LUCY

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

WYATT

(with a glance at Flynn)
Iris wouldn't want to - you know, change that, right? Make someone hit the red button?

FLYNN

I sure as hell hope not.

JIYA

Maybe someone with her is really interested in the Cold War - ?

LUCY

It could be that Valkyrie woman again. Iris was going to try to find out more about her.

This piece of information takes everybody by surprise, particularly Flynn. They stop short and stare at her.

FLYNN

You talked to Iris? In 1893?

LUCY

She came to find me after Lili'uokalani's guards arrested us. We - yes, we talked. I think we had some kind of understanding. Maybe.

Flynn continues to consider her. It's hard to say what's on his face. Finally, he nods shortly.

FLYNN

All right. If we scope the wall out, we have to be very careful. Peter Fechter died in August, shot and bled to death in no-man's-land because nobody could go get him.

(MORE)

FLYNN (CONT'D)

The whole world just watched it happen. This place is crawling with American soldiers, CIA, KGB, Stasi, you name it, and any spark -

He makes a "boom" gesture with his hands.

WYATT

Yeah. Got it.

The team heads off down the street. As they go, we PAN BACK to someone watching them from the opposite corner. He's tall, dark-haired, handsome, young. This is AGENT K (20).

He takes a drag on his cigarette and puts back on his fedora, looking appropriately spy-movie. Then he starts off down the sidewalk, following them at an unsuspecting distance.

Agent K moves through the crowd, keeping the team in sight, until he clips shoulders with someone coming the other way.

TEMPLE III

Hey, watch it, buddy!

Sure enough, it's Iris and her dickish traveling companion. As Agent K and Temple III straighten up and brush themselves off, she makes an apologetic gesture to the former.

IRIS

Verzeihung, mein Herr. Es tut mir wirklich Leid um ihn.
(*I'm sorry about him, sir. Truly.*)

AGENT K

Nicht die Rede wert. Mit so viel los sind die Strassen ja ziemlich voll.
(*Don't mention it. With so much going on, the streets are quite crowded.*)

IRIS

Stimmt.
(*Indeed.*)

The two of them size each other up. Agent K flicks his gaze at Temple III, who looks annoyed but somewhat lost.

AGENT K

Spricht er kein Deutsch, Ihr unhöflicher amerikanischer Freund?
(*Does he not speak German, your impolite American friend?*)

He looks more pointedly at Temple III, who definitely does not speak German and is cottoning onto the fact that they are talking about him in front of his face.

TEMPLE III

(loudly)

I'm an American. An Amer-Ic-An.

AGENT K

Ja. Überraschenderweise habe ich das schon geahnt.

(Yes. Surprisingly enough, I did have some idea of that.)

Despite herself, Iris giggles. What can she say, Temple Three just really deserves to have his chain yanked.

IRIS

Er ist übrigens nicht mein Freund.

(And by the way, he's not my friend.)

Agent K doffs his hat to her.

AGENT K

Sie sind eine Dame raffinierten Geschmacks. Es haben viele der Amerikanern den ich begegnet haben ähnlichen charmanten Manieren. Der gehört vielleicht den Truppen des General Clay an?

(You, madam, are a lady of taste and refinement, so I won't begrudge him. Many of the Americans I've met recently have had similar delightful attitudes. One of General Clay's men, perhaps?)

He asks this lightly, casually, but Iris frowns. He's charming and good-looking (and willing to troll Temple Three), but she'd be an idiot to think that he's not informing for someone.

IRIS

Wir sind nur vorübergehend in Berlin.

(We're just in Berlin for a little while.)

AGENT K

Wenn ich Ihnen während Ihres Aufenthalts irgendwie behilflich sein kann, stehe ich jederzeit gerne zur Verfügung.

(MORE)

AGENT K (CONT'D)

(Well, if I can be helpful in any way during your stay, I am at all times happily at your disposal.)

He passes her a card, which Iris takes, and then continues on his way, with half a glance back. Iris and Temple Three also start to walk again, but he's not dropping it.

TEMPLE III

(belligerently)

Who was that guy? What was he saying? Was it some kind of -

IRIS

Jeez. Give it a break, all right? And maybe act like you aren't going to personally fire a missile at everyone we meet. Half this crisis happens because of American arrogance, so -

TEMPLE III

Allan Lightner, the US Chief of Mission in West Berlin, was illegally detained at Checkpoint Charlie three days ago. Of course they wanted to make a strong response and show that American military personnel can move across the city and not be subject to arbitrary communist -

IRIS

Lightner wasn't "detained," the East German guards just had the audacity to ask to see his papers. General Lucius D. Clay, Kennedy's special advisor in Berlin, repeatedly and intentionally aggravates the situation to make a show of American force, since the whole wall thing caught them off guard. So really -

TEMPLE III

Whose side are you on? Honestly, that's an interesting question.

He grabs Iris by the wrist, pushing her into an alley. Her instant instinct is to fight back, but Temple Jr.'s earlier threat has rattled her. She doesn't quite know what to do.

TEMPLE III (CONT'D)

I know who you are. You better remember who I am. The Temples, three generations of my family, we're the kings of time travel. My grandfather, Michael Temple senior, and then my father, and now me. I'll be your boss eventually, don't you know that? When I get hold of Valkyrie, we're going to make a lot of changes, and if you won't -

Iris is still off guard, not sure if she should punch him in the nose or play along, when all of a sudden, Temple Three goes reeling off her. The reason for this is because Agent K has his arm pinned behind his back, forcing him down.

AGENT K

You really should treat the lady with more respect, you know.

TEMPLE III

What?! You! You do speak English!

It's hard to say which part of this is the most insulting to him. He tries to twist free, but Agent K tightens his grip.

AGENT K

Yes. It's a pity you don't speak German. Or have better manners.

He lets go of Temple III with a shove, spilling him into the mud. Temple III bounces up, ready to square off, but Agent K moves his arm, revealing the holster under his jacket.

AGENT K (CONT'D)

Let's not go picking fights you can't win, yes?

There is a very tense moment as the two young men stare at each other. Unwillingly, Temple III backs down.

TEMPLE III

Fine. Sorry.

AGENT K

To her first, please.

Temple III grinds his teeth, but like most bullies, he is also a coward. He addresses Iris with exaggerated deference.

TEMPLE III

I am very sorry.

AGENT K

See to it you remember that.

Temple III glares at him, but he's a little intimidated. K's manner is cool, unruffled, but clearly dangerous. As Temple III huffs out of the alley, Iris and K are left alone.

IRIS

Thank you. Really. But if you were hoping to stage a gallant rescue so I'd be inclined to tell you something useful, you're out of luck.

AGENT K

Who said I wanted information?

Iris gives him a do-you-think-I'm-an-idiot look. He laughs and shrugs wryly; guilty as charged.

AGENT K (CONT'D)

Suffice it to say, I am interested in the Soviets. You are Americans, so I assume you have the same interest. Perhaps we can help each other.

IRIS

Thank you again. But I can't tell you anything.

She starts off, but he calls after her.

AGENT K

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

IRIS

Flynn.

With that, she excuses herself and follows Temple III. Agent K raises both eyebrows, impressed and intrigued, then flips open the wallet in his hand. It's Temple's, which he nicked.

He frowns at the fancy cards, the futuristic IDs and money, nothing that anyone in the 1960s has. Something is very strange about these people.

K pockets the wallet, waits, and leaves the alley.

[COMMERCIALS]

RETURN TO:

EXT. CHECKPOINT CHARLIE - DAY

Flynn, Lucy, Wyatt, and Jiya emerge before the famous Checkpoint Charlie, careful not to get too close. The American military police face the barbed wire and concrete blocks of the Berlin Wall. A sign warns that you are leaving the American sector, in English, Russian, French, and German.

WYATT

So that's it? Tomorrow, they have tanks rolling in here over some minor diplomatic spat, or - ?

LUCY

Pretty much. The situation is so volatile, anything could do it.

FLYNN

Charlie is the only checkpoint where foreigners and Allied soldiers can cross into East Berlin, but East Berliners can't cross back. This has been the one chink in the Iron Curtain, and now they're trying to shut it off too.

JIYA

Mr. Gorbachev, tear down this wall?

FLYNN

Aside from what Reagan himself did to recklessly aggravate the Cold War all over again, that is -

They start to move on, but they've already lingered there a noticeable amount of time. The checkpoint door opens, and two American soldiers come out, making for the team.

SOLDIER #1

Good day, sirs, ma'ams. This area is property of the United States government, and we'd like to see some papers.

This is particularly directed at Flynn, the most obviously non-American member of the bunch.

FLYNN

We're not trying to cross, you have no need to see our papers.

SOLDIER #2

And where's that accent of yours from, Mr. - ?

JIYA

He's my - my father, he's from... he's from Spain.

SOLDIER #1

Yeah? One of Franco's boys, maybe? Say something in Spanish.

FLYNN

Hay días tontos y tontos todos los días. Por ejemplo, como tú. ¿Es lo suficientemente buena, o debo bailar el tango?
(There are stupid days, and then there are people who are stupid every day. For example, like you. Is that good enough, or should I dance the tango?)

Wyatt, the only other Spanish speaker present, chokes.

SOLDIER #2

What'd he say?

WYATT

He asked if that was good enough to prove he's Spanish.

SOLDIER #1

I don't like your attitude. If you can't tell us what you're doing here, especially after the Soviets think they can just detain our people whenever they want, then you're going to -

WYATT

Hold on, hold on. Look, let's just step into the checkpoint, and I promise, I'll explain.

The soldiers scowl, beckon him angrily to follow them.

CONTINUE TO:

INT. CHECKPOINT CHARLIE - DAY

The soldiers step into the checkpoint after Wyatt and shut the door. Flynn, Lucy, and Jiya wait tensely outside.

SOLDIER #1

You got about one minute to tell us what's really going on.

WYATT

Look, I didn't want to say this in the open. But my name's Solo, Napoleon Solo, and I'm with the CIA. That man out there, all right, you got us. He isn't Spanish, he's Russian. His name is Illya Kuryakin, he's a KGB agent, and I'm trying to get us to a meeting with a man named Waverly, from MI5. Especially the woman, you see her?

He points at Lucy through the glass. The soldiers exchange confused and startled looks, but nod.

SOLDIER #1

What about her?

WYATT

That's Gabriella Teller. Her father was one of the top weapons scientists for the Nazis. She might have critical information on her uncle Rudi, one of their really nasty characters. It was my entire ass to get them out of East Berlin, and it is absolutely vital that they make it to my handlers. The other woman, Victoria Vinciguerra, she's my local contact.

SOLDIER #1

You're in the CIA, Mr. Solo? You have anything to prove it?

WYATT

I was just in East Germany trying to pull out a mole in the KGB and the woman whose father came within inches of making a nuke for Hitler. Do you honestly think I'm that stupid?

The soldiers aren't sure. They scowl at him again, wanting to see some papers, but wary of the possibility of disrupting a sensitive undercover mission.

WYATT (CONT'D)

It's a new strategic initiative. United Network Command for Law and Enforcement. Do I have to explain to a roomful of the top intelligence agents in the world that I was detained getting out of Germany because a couple cowboys decided to throw their weight around, or can we be on our way?

The soldiers exchange a look. Then they reluctantly allow Wyatt to leave, though they follow him out. Wyatt moves toward Flynn and speaks just loud enough for them to hear.

WYATT (CONT'D)

Let's get moving, Kuryakin.

Flynn raises both eyebrows. He glances back at the watching soldiers, offers a smarmy smile and salute.

FLYNN

Do svidaniya.
(*Goodbye.*)

Deciding to leave before they can get into trouble (or Flynn can sass the soldiers any more) the team hurries off.

CUT TO:

INT. CAFÉ ADLER - LATE AFTERNOON

The team is sitting in the Café Adler, facing the checkpoint. They don't want to go too far, but now that they've drawn the attention of the soldiers, they have to be careful.

LUCY

If they see us here, they're going to wonder why we haven't moved on.

FLYNN

Yeah, I'm not sure borrowing the plot of The Man From U.N.C.L.E will work a second time.

WYATT

Hey now, you're welcome. And what else are we supposed to do?

(MORE)

WYATT (CONT'D)

Even in West Berlin, we don't want to move around too much at night.

JIYA

Obviously the standoff ends, right? The tanks face each other all day on October 27th, but they don't actually fire. They back down.

LUCY

Yes. Robert Kennedy and a KGB agent named Georgi Bolshakov play an important role in coming to an agreement for US and Soviet tanks to withdraw on October 28.

At a nearby table, unnoticed by the team, a man turns his head sharply. Listening.

FLYNN

Only for this to happen again, exactly a year from now in October '62 with the Cuban Missile Crisis, once more nearly ending the world.

WYATT

Yeah, JFK had some adventures with the red button.

FLYNN

There has to be the kind of hotel around here that's used for a spy base. I'd feel better if we moved.

He puts some money on the table, and the team gets up and moves for the door. The man at the other table gets up as well and casually follows them out.

CUT TO:

EXT. BERLIN STREETS - DUSK

The team walks through the evening streets of Berlin, trying to look casual. Lucy drops back to walk next to Flynn.

LUCY

How was your meeting? With - with your brother?

Flynn considers that. He still hasn't decided.

FLYNN

Very strange.

LUCY

I can imagine.

She glances at Wyatt and Jiya, who are ahead of them. She desperately wants to have some time just for the two of them, but that, as ever, is a reach.

LUCY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry if you felt that I should have told you about talking to Iris. I wasn't trying to keep it secret. It's just that we had a lot with the trip to LA and then -

FLYNN

Lucy, it's all right. I'm not mad. I just - don't know. It feels like I've gotten what I wanted, Iris is alive again, and I can't ask for anything else. I always said I would leave them forever even if I did save them. But that Iris was a little girl, an innocent. Who could never understand me as anything but a monster.

(half to himself)

I just never imagined getting her back like this. I hate what has happened to her, whatever she's had to do. But if she's an adult, and so much like me that it breaks my heart, I can't quite get rid of the idea that she would understand the kind of man I am now, and that I could have my child back. For one day, for one hour. That she would love me, and we could rest.

Lucy looks at him with troubled tenderness. She reaches out to take his hand, and they hold on tightly.

LUCY

Maybe you can. Even after everything.

FLYNN

I'm afraid to hope for that. I can't survive losing her again. Or if she turns on us -

LUCY

She's listening to us. To me. She'll come around. I know she will.

Flynn gives her a tired, soft smile. They pause under the glow of a streetlamp, looking at each other.

FLYNN

I love you.

LUCY

I love you too.

It is still new, raw, dangerous, exquisite to say aloud.

LUCY (CONT'D)

You know, when we got here, for a moment I had the thought that we could stop the standoff, could keep the Cold War from escalating, and it would somehow end faster. But Lili'uokalani told us something important. We got carried away after the Titanic, like we could just start fixing all the wrongs of history in two days. If we were going to do that, we'd have to live there, stay for years, not just feel good about dropping in for a few hours and thinking that would be enough. But the things with deep roots, those are the ones that endure. Nothing is ever truly lost. Only changed. Rufus called it thermodynamics, the morning after São Paulo. You called it faith.

Flynn looks at her as if he might kiss her, then stops short.

FLYNN

(under his breath)

Someone's following us.

Lucy looks startled, but decides not to ask if he's sure. He doesn't turn around too obviously, but he's on high alert.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

You run and catch up with Wyatt and Jiya. They're probably wondering where we are anyway.

LUCY

And you?

FLYNN

I'll be along in a minute.

Lucy is hesitant, but scuttles off into the dimness. Flynn watches her go, then strides purposefully into the shadows, steps behind a corner, pulls his gun, and whirls around.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

An Ihrer Stelle würde ich stehen
bleiben.
*(If I were you, I'd stop right
there.)*

A pause, and then the man steps out: the one from the café. He has his hands up, but he's not surrendering.

CAFÉ MAN

Guten Abend. Könnten wir uns
vielleicht kurz unterhalten?
*(Good evening. Perhaps we can have
a small chat?)*

Flynn frowns, hearing an accent that isn't German. He doesn't drop the gun.

FLYNN

Boltat ob interesakh Komité
Gosudárstvennoy Bezopásnosti,
vozmozhno?
*(A chat about the interests of the
Committee for State Security,
perhaps?)*

The café man tries not to blink, but too late. Fine. He shrugs, tacitly admitting it; he's a KGB agent.

KGB AGENT

V kafe, zhenshchina s vami, govorit
muzhchina, g-n Bol'shakov, i
opredelila yego v kachestve chlena
direktsii. Ona takzhe zayavila,
chto on nakhodilsya v kontakte s
amerikantsami. Yavlyayetsya li
takaya informatsiya, pravda, krayne
nezhelatel'nykh, chto on dolzhen
byt' povtoren v obshchestvennykh
mestakh. Gde zhe eta zhenshchina?
Ya mogu govorit's ney?
*(In the café, the woman with you
spoke a man's name, Mr. Bolshakov,
and identified him as a member of
the directorate. She also claimed
that he was in contact with the
Americans.)*

(MORE)

KGB AGENT (CONT'D)

Whether or not such information is true, it is most undesirable that it should be repeated in public. Where is this woman? May I speak with her?)

FLYNN

Ty chertovski khorosho ne mogut. (You damn well may not.)

The KGB agent shifts his weight, lowering his hand as if to reach for a gun. Flynn tightens his trigger finger warningly.

KGB AGENT

Mogu ya uznat', pochemu? (May I ask why?)

FLYNN

Pozvol'te mne uvidet', yesli ya mogu ugadat' vash rang, tovarishch. Pervogo Glavnogo upravleniya, chetvertyy otdel? Polevoy agent? Ty ochen' dobrosovestnyye, ya budu pisat' v Moskvu i priznatel'ny vam za eto. No ty dolzhny derzhat'sya podal'she ot etogo. Eto GRU. Spetsnaz GRU. (Let me see if I can guess your rank, comrade. First Chief Directorate, Fourth Department? Field agent? You are very conscientious, I will write to Moscow and commend you for it. But you should keep away from this. It is GRU business. Spetsnaz GRU.)

He says this in a darkly significant fashion. The agent - startled from Flynn correctly identifying his assignment - is as flummoxed as the American soldiers with Wyatt earlier.

KGB AGENT

S-Spetsnaz? Ya ne... (S-Spetsnaz? I did not...)

FLYNN

Menya zovut Kuryakin. Eta zhenshchina vmeste so mnoy, ty znayete, kto ona? Gabriella Teller. Yeye otets - Udo Teller. Amerikantsy posle togo, kak yeye slishkom, mne nuzhno, chtoby poluchit' yeye obratno v Moskvu. (My name is Kuryakin. That woman with me, you know who she is?)

(MORE)

FLYNN (CONT'D)

Gabriella Teller. Her father is Udo Teller. The Americans are after her too, I need to get her back to Moscow.)

KGB AGENT

Udo Teller? Kto etot chelovek?
Svoyego roda -
*(Udo Teller? Who is this person?
Some kind of -)*

FLYNN

Ty prichinyat' nepriyatnostey GRU?
Ya mogu pogovorit's General
Sakharovsky o vas, kogda ya
vernus'.
*(Are you making trouble for the
GRU? I can speak to General
Sakharovsky about you, when I get
back.)*

KGB AGENT

*(realizing he is
outranked)*

Nyet. Nyet, ser, nyet problem. Ya
zhelayu vam udachi s etoy
zhenshchinoy.
*(No. No, sir, no trouble. I wish
you good luck with this woman.)*

The KGB agent salutes, and hurries off down the street. Flynn scouts around a moment longer, then puts his gun back, blows out a breath, and turns to return to the others -

- only to run right into none other than Agent K, who throws a punch that Flynn barely ducks in time. An intense fistfight ensues in the shadows of the alley, Flynn deeply annoyed that he let himself be snuck up on. Agent K is young, fast, and talented, but Flynn has two and a half decades of experience on him. He gets the upper hand, throws Agent K through trash cans that go wildly clattering, and pins his arm before he can get up.

FLYNN

Da ich mich heute Abend
offentsichtlich wiederholen muss,
stehen bleiben!
*(Since apparently I have to repeat
myself this evening, stop there!)*

Agent K turns his head, spits, wipes his mouth with his free hand. He is still remarkably in command of himself.

AGENT K

Ne trat'te vashe vremya, delaya
vid, chto ty odin iz nikh,
tovarishch. Ya slyshal, chto ty
skazal. Spetsnaz GRU, byla li ona?
Kuryakin? Missiya prinyat'
zhenshchina v Moskvu?
*(Don't waste time pretending you
are one of them, comrade. I heard
what you said. Spetsnaz GRU, was
it? Kuryakin? Some mission to take
the woman to Moscow?)*

FLYNN

(utterly exasperated)
And what of it?!

Agent K looks considerably surprised to be addressed in English. There is a long moment as they stare at each other.

AGENT K

Take your foot off my arm, yes?

FLYNN

No.

AGENT K

Take your foot off my arm, please?

FLYNN

Not until you explain why you're so interested in us.

AGENT K

For a GRU officer, you speak good English.

FLYNN

Thank you?

Agent K himself has an accent, something that sounds increasingly familiar to Flynn's ears. All at once, he does take his foot off the younger man's arm and step back.

AGENT K

I'd ask if we know each other, but
I don't keep company with GRU
officers.

FLYNN

No. I suppose not.

Agent K gets up, brushing himself off. The two continue to stare at each other. Agent K frowns.

AGENT K

You're not Spetsnaz, are you? You were lying.

FLYNN

And who exactly are you?

AGENT K

Someone else who prefers to keep an eye on what the Soviets are doing.

FLYNN

For Tito, maybe?

(beat)

KOS, možda? Ili da kažem,
Protuobavještajna služba?

*(KOS, perhaps? Or should I say, the
Counterintelligence Service?)*

Agent K's eyebrows fly up. He looks Flynn up and down.

AGENT K

Znači i vi govorite hrvatski?

Toliko talenata.

*(So you speak Croatian too? So much
talent.)*

FLYNN

Nadam se tome.

(I should hope so.)

A long pause. Flynn realizes it first, keeps staring at Agent K as if he's seen a ghost - he has.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

(choked)

Kako se zoveš?

(What's your name?)

Agent K considers, then shrugs. Thinks of the impressive young woman he met earlier.

AGENT K

Asher... Flynn.

[COMMERCIALS]

RETURN TO:

EXT. BERLIN STREETS - NIGHT

Lucy, Wyatt, and Jiya have had to keep moving, chivvied by the Berlin policeman who is still looking at them suspiciously.

WYATT

Verzeihung, verzeihung, wir gehen ja gleich weiter. Guten Abend.
(Sorry, sorry, we'll just be leaving shortly. Good evening.)

BERLIN POLICEMAN

Sie sollten wirklich ordentlich zu Hause sitzen, statt in den Strassen herumzuspazieren. Es wird spät.
(You really should be sitting properly at home, instead of loitering around the streets. It's late.)

WYATT

Ja, natürlich. Wir gehen ja gleich, wir warten nur auf jemanden.
(Yes, of course. We're going very soon, we're just waiting for someone.)

BERLIN POLICEMAN

Und auf wen warten Sie?
(And who are you waiting for?)

They look down the street, but Flynn does not appear. But if they stay, they will incur the wrath of the policeman. They walk down the block, trying to give Flynn time to catch up.

JIYA

(to Lucy)

Maybe there were just a few more goons than usual.

LUCY

Yeah, probably.

Wyatt glances sidelong at her. They turn the corner and step into an all-night café, finding a seat at a table. As Jiya goes to the bar to order more coffee for them -

WYATT

So, you and Flynn, huh? Officially.

Lucy looks at him, startled, not sure where this conversation is going. She was also still under the impression that they were being discreet. But she answers honestly.

LUCY

Yes.

Wyatt considers that. There are other things he could say, some of which he said to Rufus in 4x09. But when it comes down to it, there's really only one thing that he wants to.

WYATT

Good. No, seriously. Good. I'm happy for you. For both of you. And I promise, I'm not going to get in the way. This... this seems right. And I'm glad you get to have it.

Lucy is touched. Takes his hand, squeezes, lets go.

LUCY

Thank you.

Jiya returns with the coffee, and they settle in to sip and wait, hoping Flynn hasn't gone far.

CUT TO:

EXT. US MISSION BERLIN - NIGHT

Flynn and Asher are standing outside the US Mission, as Asher surveys it with binoculars. Flynn keeps glancing at him, stunned. He himself is now in the same position as Iris: the sudden reappearance of a long-lost father, with so many unanswered questions.

FLYNN

So you were in the KOS the whole time? Non-official cover to the US, or however you met - ? I knew you did something like that, but you never -

ASHER

What? You knew what about me?

He looks around, frowning. Flynn remembers that his father is just 20 years old, and will not meet Maria for another 11 years, much less know anything about him.

FLYNN

Never - never mind.

(beat)

You're young for this job. Why?

ASHER

Because I'm good at it.

Flynn, who himself became a soldier at age 15, isn't sure he can disagree with this.

ASHER (CONT'D)

Anyway, the woman and the idiot with her, they went in here. I doubled back to lose any tail, then I ran into you and your... friend.

FLYNN

He's not my friend. And I'm with others, a man and two women. I need to get back to them soon.

ASHER

Suit yourself, but I'm going to keep an eye on this. Whatever he had on him, it was very unusual.

FLYNN

What did he - who's with her?

Asher considers him, wondering why he should hand over a useful piece of evidence. Then he digs in his pocket, and produces Temple III's wallet. Flynn flips it open, swears.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

Another Michael Temple?! How many of this damn family are the -

A light flickers on in a command post. Someone has heard them, and Flynn and Asher scuttle out of sight.

ASHER

You know that man?

FLYNN

In a very rough manner of speaking.

ASHER

I don't believe I got your name. Unless it actually is Kuryakin?

FLYNN

No.

(pause)

Garcia. Garcia... Flynn.

Asher laughs, taking it as the return of the you-keep-your-secrets, I'll-keep-mine answer he gave earlier.

ASHER

What a coincidence.

FLYNN

Somewhat less than you'd think.

ASHER

It's a good name for men like us, yes? Like Errol Flynn, the swashbuckler, who starred in all those American films. He got into trouble, but he always saved the day. I liked that about him. When he died two years ago, it even made the Zagreb papers.

Flynn glances at Asher again, with a faint, poignant smile.

FLYNN

You're an idealist.

ASHER

I try to do the right thing, yes. So much as I can.

Flynn starts to say something - but the gate of the mission swings open, and a black car with diplomatic plates squeals through in a hurry. Flynn and Asher exchange a look, not sure what their play is, when a second car follows it out. As the floodlights fall on it, they catch a split-second glimpse of Iris through the window. She does not look at all happy.

FLYNN

There, that's it, that's her.

ASHER

You know her?

FLYNN

Yes. She's - she's my daughter. I've been trying to catch up to her. She may be in danger.

Asher is surprised by this. He considers an instant longer, then snaps into action.

ASHER

Then we are going to get her back.

He and Flynn run in the direction that the cars have gone, until they come across another car parked on the curb. Asher forces the doors, and Flynn throws himself behind the wheel, hotwiring it in under thirty seconds. Asher looks admiring.

ASHER (CONT'D)

You have to teach me that trick. It takes me at least two minutes.

FLYNN

Maybe later.

He shifts into gear, hits the gas pedal, and they swerve off into the Berlin streets, in pursuit.

CUT TO:

INT. BERLIN CAFÉ - DAWN

Lucy, Wyatt, and Jiya are the only patrons left in the café, and are getting askance looks from the waitresses. Jiya is asleep on the table. Lucy and Wyatt are also struggling to stay awake, but it's now been all night and no sign of Flynn.

LUCY

We need to go look for him.

WYATT

I don't disagree, but if someone did arrest him - it could have been anyone in this entire city. There are what, six countries, God knows how many intelligence agencies, and that's not even mentioning the part where it's now October 27 and -

With morbidly precise timing, they hear a rumbling in the streets. Lucy shakes Jiya awake, and they run out of the café just in time to see a long line of American tanks chugging toward Checkpoint Charlie. The standoff very much is on.

WYATT (CONT'D)

We go in that direction, so much as sneeze at the wrong time, and -

He doesn't need to spell it out. For the next 24 hours, until - or if - the standoff ends, the entire world will be at the brink of nuclear war, and absolutely anything could tip the balance or set off the Big One.

JIYA

What do we do? We have to find Flynn. Maybe something happened to Iris?

LUCY

I don't know.

They look on in deep foreboding as the last tank rumbles past and out of sight. Lucy looks at Wyatt.

LUCY (CONT'D)

You speak German, maybe we could go to a police station and - ?

WYATT

If it's the same one that cop from earlier works at, I'm not sure he'd be thrilled. Besides, if there are Stasi agents or other informants, I'm sure you know we really do not want to tangle with those guys.

LUCY

Yes, all right, the Stasi are even more efficient, repressive and terrifying than the Gestapo, but -

JIYA

Hey, can we decide this later? We should get off the streets.

A passing car has already slowed down, and they have no idea who is staring at them from the inside. Wyatt grabs hold of Lucy and Jiya, and hustles them into an alley, checking for any door that is un- or partially locked.

LUCY

Any of those double as fallout shelters?

She's only half joking. Wyatt's mouth tightens, he rattles a lock, and pushes a door open into someone's tool shed. Beggars can't be choosers; the three of them get inside.

With a boom, the door shuts, and they're in darkness.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHECKPOINT CHARLIE - DAWN

The cars from the US Mission are just reaching the checkpoint. The Soviet tanks have pulled up on the far side. The standoff is in full swing. Eerily silent.

PAN TO:

INT. CAR - DAWN

Iris and Temple III are sitting in the backseat of one of the American cars. Iris looks utterly irate.

IRIS

So this is what you call
"research?" For your new job? The
world's two nuclear superpowers
have their finger on the launch
button, and you think this is a
great time for -

TEMPLE III

I deserve to be here. I deserve to
see this. Because of the important
information I was able to provide
to the Americans, I'm a vital
consultant at this phase of the -

IRIS

You are the most irresponsible,
entitled, fat-headed piece of -

Temple III grabs hold of her hard enough to make Iris flinch.
He pushes her against the seat.

TEMPLE III

Your German boyfriend isn't here to
save you, remember? You sit here
and wait. I'll be right back.

He lets go of her, undoes his seatbelt, and opens the car
door. He looks set to step outside for a closer look. In the
middle of the Cold War. With tank guns pointed at each other.

IRIS

DON'T, ARE YOU -

REVERSE CUT TO:

EXT. CHECKPOINT CHARLIE - DAWN

As Temple III gets out, we REVERSE to the sight of the car
racing up behind, which contains Flynn and Asher. They park
and jump out. Asher catches sight of Temple III.

ASHER

There! That's him! The idiot!

FLYNN

What the - he's going to start a
nuclear war if he doesn't -

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. NO MAN'S LAND - DAWN

Temple III strides between the parked US tanks. American soldiers lean over to yell frantically at him.

SOLDIERS

Hey! - What the hell! - Are you
crazy?! - Get back, you'll be in
range of -

At the same time -

EAST GERMAN LOUDSPEAKER

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

Temple III - rich young white male Temple family privilege is a hell of a drug - has almost reached the boundary. He really is here because he can be, he thinks he's entitled to it, and this is just a game. He can do whatever he wants, he can get the best vantage point, he's untouchable.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CAR - DAWN

Iris can hear the strident loudspeaker warnings. She has been sternly warned that if she doesn't bring this idiot back alive, it's all going to hell. And it's about to go to nuclear-powered hell, for everyone, in two more seconds.

She hesitates a final instant, then leaps out of the car, running among the American tanks toward Temple III.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. CHECKPOINT CHARLIE - DAWN

Flynn sees this, lets out a bellow of terror.

FLYNN

Don't! IRIS, DON'T!

He can see East German soldiers posted along the barbed wire, ready to fire - this is his worst nightmare, he is going to have to watch her die all over again -

Asher takes two steps past him, pulls his gun - smooth, elegant, almost slow motion. Fires.

Temple III staggers. Buckles at the knees. Falls.

There are ten seconds of the loudest silence anyone has ever heard. Nobody knows what to do. American and Soviet soldiers stare at each other from atop their tanks. Temple III lies face-first on the pavement, dead. Iris stops short.

IRIS

Oh no. Oh no, oh no, oh no.

She wheels around, searching for the source of the shot. American soldiers from the checkpoint run toward her, shouting at her to get out of the way. She seems frozen.

In another instant, to hell with the danger, Flynn is there. He grabs Iris by both arms and lifts her up, carrying her away from the boundary. She doesn't resist, in shock.

IRIS (CONT'D)

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

FLYNN

He was going to start a damn nuclear war, I'm not sure there was a choice!

They reach Asher, who has decided it prudent to get back into the car. Iris and Asher see each other at the same time.

IRIS

What - it's you?! What are you doing with -

ASHER

Miss Flynn, you should come with us. Quickly.

After a split second, running on adrenaline, Iris jumps into the car. Flynn dives behind the wheel, and they tear away.

[COMMERCIALS]

RETURN TO:

INT. CAR - DAY

The three Flynns are sitting in the car, parked out of sight down an alley. Iris is still in shock.

IRIS

Look, I know he was an absolute idiot, but if I come back without him, his father - Temple Jr., he's going to - he'll kill me. He'll do God knows what else. I can't. I can't go back like this.

ASHER

Go back where?

FLYNN

Where we came from.

He twists around in the driver's seat and looks at Iris, a sudden resolve crossing his face.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

You couldn't go back alone, maybe.

IRIS

What are you saying?

FLYNN

What if... what if I came with you? You asked me to. Back on the Titanic.

ASHER

On the Titanic? How is that -

FLYNN AND IRIS

Never mind.

IRIS

(to Flynn)

We don't even know if you can go forward, do we? Or any of it. If you came and something went wrong -

FLYNN

If the alternative is letting you go back alone, for that man to do something terrible to you and everyone, I'm willing to risk it.

Iris looks at him, realizes that he's serious, and also risked starting a nuclear war to rescue her. She looks at Asher.

IRIS

Thank you. For helping me. Both now
and... and earlier.

ASHER

You're welcome. If there's nothing
else, I should be on my way.

FLYNN

I - wait.

As Asher opens the door, Flynn - startling Asher immensely -
reaches over and hugs him, clumsily but ferociously. Asher
pats his arm with a vastly confused expression.

ASHER

I'm glad you feel that this
dramatic little misadventure has
bonded us so deeply, but -

FLYNN

(choked up)

I wish I knew what happened to you.
I wish you and Mama had more time.

Iris stares at them, shock - and realization - on her face.

ASHER

Whatever does happen to me, I don't
think I'll forget you two.

(beat)

Dok se opet ne sretremo.
(*Until we meet again.*)

He pulls free, smiles at them, and gets out of the car. Flynn
and Iris sit there, watching him until he's out of sight.

IRIS

Was that -

FLYNN

Yes.

IRIS

And you lost him. Never knowing
why. Just like I lost you.

Flynn half-turns to look at her, a painful smile on his face.

FLYNN

You haven't lost me yet.

He starts the car, prepares to pull out.

IRIS

So you're really willing to go with me? On the Mothership? Back - ?

FLYNN

Yes. But one thing first.

His mouth tightens. He is not looking forward to this part.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

We need to find the others.

CUT TO:

EXT. BERLIN STREETS - DAY

Flynn, having tracked down Lucy, Wyatt, and Jiya, is standing in front of them, as Iris watches them from the car.

WYATT

So - wait - you're going to the future?

FLYNN

Not looking forward to seeing the Mothership again, but yes, I am. I'll report back if there are any flying cars.

JIYA

Can you even do this? Go forward?

FLYNN

We went forward once, after the Nikola Tesla mission. Remember?

JIYA

Yes, and wasn't that the one where you guys would never have been able to get back if Rufus didn't solve whatever quantum entanglement?

FLYNN

This is different. Probably.

LUCY

How do you know that?

Her voice is ragged. Flynn looks at her, pained - he knows this is hurting her the most, and it's hurting him too.

FLYNN

I don't.

(beat)

I just have faith.

Lucy flinches. She can't stop him, but she steps forward, not caring that the others are watching, and puts both arms around his neck. He draws her close, they kiss. Once, twice.

LUCY

(as they pull away)

You have to come back.

FLYNN

And I intend to.

He ducks his head, touches her nose to his, then turns around, jogging toward the car. The other three watch him go.

CUT TO:

INT. MASON-CARLIN INDUSTRIES - NIGHT

Rufus is working, brow furrowed, typing on the keyboards of his various monitors and trying to keep himself distracted. He keeps scrolling to check mission alerts, frowns.

RUFUS

(to himself)

What? That seems a little...

He tries to forget about it and go back to work, when a soft sound makes him look up.

Someone steps in, and shuts the door behind them.

VALKYRIE ASSASSIN

This is cozy. Just the two of us.

Rufus stares at him. Of all the emotions, annoyance wins out.

RUFUS

Aren't you the dickhead who attacked Jiya and Denise at the airport?

VALKYRIE ASSASSIN

Away from the console. Hands up.

Rufus hesitates, then does as ordered, as the Valkyrie assassin pulls a high-tech gun. Rufus's eyes flick to it, fighting flashbacks. He has already been shot too many times.

VALKYRIE ASSASSIN (CONT'D)

You and I are going to wait here
until your friends get back, and
then we'll take care of business.

RUFUS

You know, right now, this is still
my company, so I'm actually your
boss. Twenty years before you
lunatics take over, so -

He falls silent as the assassin points the gun at him. Five
or ten seconds pass - until Rufus can hear the whir of the
arriving Lifeboat, and begins to panic. If they step out like
this, unarmed, unsuspecting, they'll be sitting ducks.

RUFUS (CONT'D)

(at the top of his lungs)
NO, JIYA, DON'T LAND -

It's ridiculous, it's not like she can hear him -

The Lifeboat spins into existence, and Rufus prepares to
shout, as the door starts to open -

The Valkyrie assassin whirls on it, opens fire -

And then another gunshot, which hits the assassin in the
back. He topples hard. The Lifeboat door opens the rest of
the way, and Lucy, Wyatt, and Jiya utter startled shouts at
the commotion and the sight of a dead man on the floor.

Rufus whirls around, not at all sure who he's expecting to
see. It's Denise, still pointing her gun, dead pale but calm.

DENISE

I thought he'd be coming here. I
was afraid I wouldn't make it in
time.

RUFUS

Not that I am not very, very glad
to see you, but aren't you supposed
to be in LA with - ?

DENISE

Michelle and I agreed that what was
most important was for me to come
back and finish this. Or nothing
else, at all, might matter.

(beat)

You're my family too. And I'm going
to be here until the end.

She puts her gun away, steps forward, and hugs Rufus, who - startled, as Denise isn't really a hugger - hugs her back. They turn around to greet the other three, then immediately frown at the very visible absence.

RUFUS

Where's Flynn? There wasn't - ?

JIYA

Flynn went with Iris. To the - to the future.

RUFUS

The fut - well, never mind, he's coming back, right?

WYATT

Do I want to know why there's a dead guy on the - hi, Denise, but -

RUFUS

Explain in a minute. Flynn is - ?

LUCY

(very quietly)

I very much hope so.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

A grimy, low-slung cement space, an anonymous building basement. The Mothership has just landed, and Flynn, who is helping Iris down, looks around with raised eyebrows.

FLYNN

The future, huh.

IRIS

I - I suppose for you, yes.

FLYNN

Where are we? They actually make you work out of a basement?

IRIS

No. This isn't Valkyrie headquarters. I didn't dare risk landing there with you. But it won't last long. Temple will know something's wrong when I don't come back as scheduled. We'll have to move fast.

As Flynn follows Iris out of the basement and up a staircase, he keeps one hand in his jacket, holding his gun.

FLYNN

So where is this?

IRIS

I don't know if it was a good idea, but it was the only place I could think of. We haven't talked in a while, and I've been pretty mad at her, but it was probably just Ed King trying to get into my -

As she steps into a hallway, we suddenly realize where we are: Jessica's apartment building, standing in front of her door. Iris raises her fist, knocks.

A pause. Then to Flynn's total shock, Older Jessica opens the door. She sees Iris, which is surprising enough, then -

JESSICA

You?!

FLYNN

You?!

Iris glances between them, not sure how they know each other, but she's in a hurry, wants to get into cover.

IRIS

I'm sorry I haven't been in touch. Work's been - you know. Can we just stay for a minute?

Jessica takes slightly too long to answer. Then -

JESSICA

Yes. Sure, sure. Of course.

She steps aside, and they duck in. Flynn stares at her, at the low, dim apartment. Iris shuts the door.

IRIS

We won't take long. Jessica, this is - well, I don't know how, but you two seem to be acquainted.

JESSICA

Yes. Long ago.

FLYNN

Quite a bit longer for you, by the looks of things.

They eye each other up and down. Flynn has never trusted Jessica, and isn't sure of this as a choice of refuge. He glances around, but doesn't sit.

IRIS

(to Jessica)

Look, there's going to be a situation at Valkyrie, and something that Sarah was looking into may help us. If you could get in contact with her and -

JESSICA

Sarah's been arrested.

IRIS

What?!

This rattles her. Flynn's eyes go even narrower. Something isn't right here.

IRIS (CONT'D)

Where - what happened, did anyone -

JESSICA

They found her breaking into classified files. They thought you were going to come here. I had no choice. I'm sorry.

FLYNN

(disbelieving laugh)

When they say old habits die hard, I don't know that they meant quite so hard as you, and betraying -

Jessica flinches at the word. Iris, cottoning on, lunges for the front door, but there's a click as it locks. Then another door opens, and Michael Temple Jr. steps out.

TEMPLE JR

Good evening, Iris. I took the precaution of taking your foster sister into custody, as a counterweight for the safe return of my son. And funnily enough, I don't see him here. Another "accident?" Is that what you're -

IRIS

(starting to panic)

No. No, it's not what you think. I tried to bring him back, I didn't -

TEMPLE JR

And instead you've brought this old dog. That certainly changes things.

Flynn pulls his gun, pointing it at Temple Jr., but the latter raises a hand.

TEMPLE JR (CONT'D)

You do anything to me, and if I don't check in every ten minutes, Sarah Logan is executed. Unless you want to explain to your friend Wyatt that you let his daughter die in order to save yours?

Flynn's face is twisted with hatred, but he lowers the gun. Iris is still staring between Temple Jr. and Jessica, dawning fury in her expression. Then she wheels on Jessica.

IRIS

Did you - ? Is it true? That you only had orders to save me, and let my mother die? And never told me?

Flynn's face twists further, eyes half-closing in agony.

JESSICA

(a whisper)

Yes.

Iris is reeling. Temple Jr. is watching in some satisfaction.

IRIS

And you - long ago. You betrayed all of them, and now you're -

JESSICA

Yes.

Iris looks - painfully - much like Flynn in 1x10, on the brink of killing John Rittenhouse. Flynn himself, recognizing this, takes a step toward her.

FLYNN

Iris, neither of them are worth it, Iris, listen to me -

Iris remains rooted to the spot, staring at them. Jessica's eyes are closed in agony: this is also her worst nightmare, playing out again. That she will never be free from the Temple family and what they can do to her, what they can force from her, in the name of protecting her daughter.

Iris takes a swaying step toward Flynn, who catches her by the arm. He holds her up.

IRIS

Once we find this Amy person -
you're scared of her, I don't know
why, but once we do, you'll be
sorry, you'll be sorry -

Flynn pulls her backward, trying to get her behind him, as they reach the door of the apartment. Jessica takes a step, but Temple Jr. raises a hand.

TEMPLE JR

No, no. Let them go.

The Flynn's break through it, and it slams behind them. The sound of pounding feet descend the stairwell. Then Temple Jr. blows out a breath, turns to Jessica with faux politeness.

TEMPLE JR (CONT'D)

Excuse me, I think I do have to
call Amy. Won't be a moment.

Jessica doesn't answer, as Temple Jr steps into another room and shuts the door. As we saw in 4x06 when Iris first asked him who Amy was, he looks a little intimidated. Then he squares his shoulders, takes out his phone, and makes a call.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

A ringing phone on a desk. A hand reaches down.

As the woman picks it up, we recognize her.

It's Valkyrie.

VALKYRIE

Hello?

A beat. Something crosses her face. But her voice stays level.

VALKYRIE (CONT'D)

Yes, this is Amy.

FADE TO BLACK.

END CREDITS.

NEXT WEEK ON TIMELESS...

TIMELESS 4X11: "COBOL"

JIYA

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

LUCY

Who?

JIYA

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

CUT TO:

JIYA (CONT'D)

Dr. Hopper, I'm also very honored to meet you. I promise, we wouldn't be here if it wasn't incredibly urgent. But we're not actually from Tom - Admiral Moorer.

GRACE HOPPER

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

RUFUS

Yeah. This is weird. But here goes.

CUT TO:

IRIS

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

FLYNN

What? What's going on?

IRIS

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

FLYNN

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

Iris types frantically, then shakes her head.

IRIS

It's not Jessica.

CUT TO:

LUCY

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

CUT TO:

LUCY (CONT'D)

Where is... what is...

WYATT

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

JIYA

We need to take her to a hospital.

CUT TO:

GLADYS WEST

(softly)
Godspeed.

FADE TO BLACK...