

T I M E L E S S

"AMADEUS"

Episode 4x12
Finale, Part 1

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FADE IN.

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

4x01: Lucy receiving the mysterious phone call about Amy, and asking Rufus and Jiya about the Mothership, interrupting their wedding planning. 4x01/02 with Iris and Gabriel in Paris, and the 4x10/11 reveal that Gabriel has been making a copy of Mozart's Requiem for none other than Emma Whitmore. 4x06: Connor's death and Rufus insisting that they can bring him back. 4x07: The reveal of Iris's backstory with Jessica and Sarah. 4x09/10: Flynn and Lucy finally getting together, Flynn agreeing to go with Iris to the future, Lucy telling him to come back. 4x10: Iris's anger at Jessica for keeping it from her, Iris and Sarah's conversation about the team dying in 1791 except for Lucy, their question about whether Valkyrie did it, and the reveal that Valkyrie is a grown-up Amy Preston. 4x11: The team agreeing to try the recursion to stop Valkyrie from forming. Flynn and Iris working together in the future, Temple Jr. bringing Emma into the main timeline, Emma stealing the Mothership, and scaring the hell out of the team in 1967. Flynn and Iris's confrontation with Valkyrie/Amy. Gladys West finishing the data tape, Emma stealing it, Emma and Lucy's car chase, Lucy's accident. Emma returning to the future, killing Temple Jr., and kidnapping Sarah and Iris. Flynn recruiting Amy and Jessica to go after them, as the team returns to the present to tell Denise that this is the war for everything...

OPEN ON:

INT. MASON-CARLIN INDUSTRIES - NIGHT

In the semi-dark control room, Rufus, Jiya, Wyatt, and a badly banged-up Lucy sit facing a shocked Denise, the Lifeboat looming nearby. Denise opens her mouth, shuts it, leans forward, and puts both hands over her face.

RUFUS
(grimly)
Yeah. Basically.

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

JIYA
We don't know. But it doesn't
matter. She has the recursion, she
stole it, Lucy didn't get it back.
(MORE)

JIYA (CONT'D)

If she implements it on full scale, she can erase and redo everything, everyone, possibly infinitely. No more restrictions. No more rules. No more inconvenient caveats about your own timeline. Emma wants Valkyrie, she wants this, she wants everything. We only meant to use it once and then destroy it, but I doubt she'll think that way.

DENISE

But you still made it. Surely you knew it was -

RUFUS

Dangerous? Yes! Remember how I said so? I said over and over that this was a monstrous decision! We can't be too surprised that someone wants to put this thing to its natural end. Turn the universe into your own private evil game of The Sims.

WYATT

So why hasn't Emma used it yet?

Everyone glances over at him. Wyatt is pale, but intent.

WYATT (CONT'D)

Think about it. She has it, she has the Mothership, she has us out of the way. If she just wanted to plug the sucker in and hit the reset button, boom, done. No better chance. But the fact that we're sitting here and having this conversation at all means there has to be something more.

LUCY

Maybe Flynn stopped her. Maybe he managed to steal it, or -

WYATT

Flynn has no way of knowing about our 1967 jump or anything we did on it. Or at least, we can't bank on it. And Emma took people with her to 1791. Victims. Or hostages.

DENISE

Which means that she wants us to follow her. You're right.

(MORE)

DENISE (CONT'D)

If she was just going to use it and have that be the end, it wouldn't matter if she had leverage on us.

JIYA

Do you think it has something to do with us? Grace and Gladys did the programming for the recursion, but they're equations that Rufus and I worked out. Maybe Emma needs - ?

RUFUS

What? Us to show up and agree to do the math for her? I doubt she's dumb enough to need our help, or think that we would ever -

LUCY

I think it does matter. We do matter. It's... fate, or gravity, or whatever you want to call it. One way or another, we have to be there. If we weren't, it wouldn't touch us, and Emma wants us gone once and for all.

DENISE

Lucy, look at you. You're in no state to go anywhere. I'll take your place with the others.

LUCY

If you think I'm staying behind, you're out of your mind.

WYATT

But -

LUCY

The fate of the world and everyone we have ever loved is at stake. If we fail, a few bruises and scrapes will make absolutely no difference.

DENISE

I - all right. Fine. But I've spent so long sending you into danger, and I hate the idea of sitting at home. I know there are only four seats in the Lifeboat, and last time someone went without a seat, with Jiya, it caused the visions, but if that's the risk -

RUFUS

I can add a fifth seat. Kind of makeshift, but it only has to work for one trip. I mapped out the coding and the relation to the timestream and everything else in preparation for the recursion, so it wouldn't be that hard.

Denise pauses, then sets her shoulders and nods very firmly.

DENISE

Add it. I'm coming.

LUCY

But if we find Flynn and Iris, how will we -

RUFUS

I can make two trips to bring everyone back. I've done it before, after all. Or it won't matter.

Everyone winces. There are many things that this could mean, and they all know it. The silence hangs heavy for a moment longer. Then Rufus gets up, along with Jiya, and they head to the Lifeboat, climbing in and starting to tinker.

Denise, Wyatt, and Lucy sit and watch in silent foreboding. Lucy is still not feeling very strong. Wyatt glances at her out of the corner of his eye. A few moments, then something occurs to Denise. She gets to her feet.

DENISE

I may be gone for several hours,
but I'll be back as soon as I can.
Don't go anywhere without me.

As a surprised Wyatt and Lucy agree, she hurries out of the control room. The only sound or light comes from Rufus and Jiya working away on the Lifeboat.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MASON-CARLIN INDUSTRIES - DAWN

Wyatt and Lucy are asleep on the floor, in makeshift heaps of blankets, sweatshirts, and pillows. Rufus and Jiya are still working. Rufus gets out and runs a test, frowns, returns to the control panel. He is just about to resume work when there's a sound at the door. Denise enters, with Gabriel Tompkins in tow. He looks intimidated but resolute.

Rufus hurries over to them, and speaks quietly so as not to wake Wyatt and Lucy.

RUFUS

Hey, aren't you Flynn's - ?

GABRIEL

Yes. Agent Christopher turned up at the safe house, and informed me that there was a call for my professional services. If I can be of any help, I am glad to do so.

Jiya spots him as well, and comes over. They greet each other rather more warmly. Gabriel smiles at her.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

I owe you a debt for saving my life, my dear.

JIYA

What else was I supposed to do?

At the sound of voices, Wyatt and Lucy groggily rouse, climb stiffly off the floor, and see the others. They approach.

DENISE

Tell the team what you told me.

GABRIEL

The item I was ordered to make, when my niece Iris came to visit some time ago, was a copy of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart's famous Requiem in D minor. Doubtless you know that all sorts of legends surround this piece, including that it was commissioned from Mozart by a mysterious stranger who would not tell him his patron's identity, and that the composer came to believe he was writing the music for his own funeral. You said that the time machine went to December 1st, 1791? Vienna?

LUCY

Yes. Isn't that when Mozart died?

GABRIEL

Quite soon around then. The fifth of December, I believe.

JIYA

Do you think Emma was the stranger who commissioned it, and one of the greatest pieces in the canon of Western classical music happened because she's trying to make us follow her to 1791?

RUFUS

Who knows? Or maybe she's just that melodramatic, and co-opted the story. I don't think it matters. So that's why Emma's going there? To switch in the fake Requiem, steal the real one, and... what?

GABRIEL

I don't know. I have no idea. But when Agent Christopher said 1791, that was what came to mind.

LUCY

Yes, thank you, that's very helpful. You don't have the fake with you?

GABRIEL

No. I had to leave it in Paris when I fled. I imagine that one way or another, Valkyrie has it now.

There's a brief pause. Then Denise looks at Rufus and Jiya.

DENISE

Did you finish the fifth seat?

RUFUS

I - I think so. Close enough. I guess we're ready to go. I don't know what we're going to find there, or if we'll ever come back, but... it's time.

The team turns to regard the waiting Lifeboat. Denise, Wyatt, Rufus, Jiya, and Lucy nod farewell to Gabriel, cross the floor, and get in, shutting the door. As Gabriel watches in astonishment, for possibly the last time - with the Requiem "Introit" rising in the background - the Lifeboat JUMPS.

RETURN TO:

EXT. VIENNA STREETS - DAY

Emma, Iris, and Sarah make a strange procession into late-18th-century Vienna, which is snowy, beautiful, muddy, dirty, and eerily enchanting. Emma has her disruptor around her neck, and Iris and Sarah's wrist chips still glow a dangerous red. They've not found the right moment to try to attack her, and are wary of endangering the other.

EMMA

So, you girls fans of Mozart?

SARAH

Why does that matter?

EMMA

He's been busy this year. La clemenza di Tito and The Magic Flute both premiered in September, and now the Requiem. Interesting time for Europe. So unsettled. The French royal family just tried to flee the Revolution, in June, and they're prisoners. Until, of course, their heads get cut off.

IRIS

And what? You're planning to do the same to us? Find a nice guillotine?

EMMA

This doesn't have to be messy. You're mostly here to ensure that everyone else comes too. I just wanted you to appreciate the moment.

IRIS

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

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

EMMA

If I hit this, it might not kill you, at least immediately. But it would definitely tear your arm off.

(MORE)

EMMA (CONT'D)

It would be a slow, painful, mutilated way to bleed to death. I don't necessarily need you in one piece. You want to keep talking?

Iris eyes her, expression burning, but doesn't quite have a rejoinder for that. They keep walking, turn a corner into a back alley, and Emma sizes it up. Then she wrenches open a trapdoor into a small stone cellar, and beckons at them.

EMMA (CONT'D)

How about you hop in there?

Iris and Sarah remain where they are. Emma sighs and hits another button. An agonizing shock goes through both of them, knocking them to their knees in the snow.

EMMA (CONT'D)

How far do you want me to go? I don't have all day.

Iris shoots a look at Sarah - their best bet is to get in there and away from Emma, talk, try to figure out what to do. Panting, in pain, they struggle to their feet, cross to the cellar, and climb inside. Emma slams the door, and they hear the clank of chains as she locks them in. They wait in the dark until her footsteps are gone, before they speak.

IRIS

You all right?

SARAH

Yeah. As much as I can be. You?

IRIS

Same. I would give anything for my damn gun, but -

SARAH

Is there a knife? Something sharp? If she can blow us up with the chips, maybe we can cut them out?

IRIS

What? Cut them out? But how would we - how could we do anything?

SARAH

Problem for later.

(beat)

Do you think they'll come? Do you think they'll follow us, try to rescue us? And that's why they die? I had it wrong.

(MORE)

SARAH (CONT'D)

It's not Valkyrie who kills them.
It's Emma. Then she's going to take
over the company, cover it up, and
somehow be even worse than what -

IRIS

Emma seems to be guessing that they
will come, yes. That they won't be
able to leave us behind.

Her voice cracks a little on the last word. She's been angry
for so long about her father supposedly doing that, and now
she wishes he just would. Stay away. Save himself.

SARAH

So even if we did get out of here,
we couldn't just run to the
Mothership and leave. We'd have to
find them. Warn them. Try to stop
it some way. Any way.

IRIS

I - yes.

She stands up, braces her shoulder against the cellar door,
and shoves. It's heavy, well-chained, and does not budge. If
they are going to escape, they will need to be creative.

Iris sits back down. Trying to think clearly while also
staving off low-level panic. They can't stay here long.

The clock is ticking.

[COMMERCIALS]

RETURN TO:

EXT. VIENNA STREETS - DAY

A blue light shines from another back alley. A moment later,
Flynn, Amy, and Jessica tumble out a door and into the
narrow, snowy warrens. They straighten up, look around,
shiver. Flynn immediately glances back at the door.

FLYNN

Can we travel back that way?

JESSICA

No. It's a one-way ticket. It leads
into places, it doesn't lead out.
The only way to get home is with
one of the machines.

FLYNN

Great. Well. No offense, but I don't trust either of you. However, you have those Valkyrie chips. Can you track Iris and Sarah?

Amy taps her wrist, brings up a weak and flickering picture, which immediately dies out.

AMY

I can't be sure. We're in the past, there's no connection to VNet. I might be able to switch to a local data source, but -

FLYNN

You do that, then. Both of you, steal clothes, stay low, find the girls and get out of here. Jessica, you can pilot the Mothership, yes?

JESSICA

Yes.

FLYNN

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

JESSICA

And how are you two getting out?

FLYNN

I'm going home with my family.

Amy glances away, moved by this, then up. There's a faint, poignant look of hope on her face.

AMY

You think Lucy and the team - they're here?

FLYNN

Yes, I do.

AMY

Look, if you find them and I don't - if I don't get a chance to see -

FLYNN

I'll tell her the truth.

His voice is gruff - he'll tell Lucy about Valkyrie, about the mess Amy made, about all that - but gentle as well. He'll tell Lucy that Amy is alive, and misses her.

AMY

Thank you.

They hold each other's gaze a moment longer, then nod crisply and split off. Amy and Jessica exit one way down the alley, and Flynn runs off down the other, out of sight.

CUT TO:

EXT. VIENNA STREETS - DAY

Wyatt, Denise, and Lucy, changed into 18th-century clothes and bundled up against the cold, are trudging through the Vienna suburb of Alsergrund. They look at each townhouse as they pass, trying to judge if it's the right one.

WYATT

You think Rufus and Jiya are going to be all right by themselves?

LUCY

They insisted on staying with the Lifeboat to make sure Emma doesn't steal from it or sabotage it, like she did in 1951. And to make sure if we do retrieve the recursion, we can run it, so -

WYATT

Wait, we're still going to do that?

LUCY

I don't think we had any other ideas about how to stop Valkyrie, did we?

She stops, looking pale, bending over to put her hands on her knees. Wyatt and Denise dart in to grip her elbows.

DENISE

Lucy? Are you sure you shouldn't have stayed with them and -

LUCY

I'll be fine. Let's keep going. I think it's - I think it's up here.

Wyatt and Denise aren't all that convinced, but Lucy straightens up and plows forward to the handsome baroque townhouse in front of them. It shows signs of shabbiness, but the crest of the Holy Roman Empire hangs in the window.

LUCY (CONT'D)

There. Emperors Joseph II and Leopold II were Mozart's patrons, he worked as an imperial court composer and was often involved in its doings.

WYATT

What are we going to tell them? If the guy is dying, it's not the time they'd expect visitors, right?

LUCY

I don't know.

Nonetheless, they climb the steps of the townhouse, lift the heavy brass knocker, and wait tensely. After a few moments, a deadbolt creaks back, and a maid peers out.

MAID

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

WYATT

Äh, guten Tag, Fräulein. Wenn es stimmt, dass die Mozarts hier wohnen, würden wir gerne mit Herrn Mozart sprechen.
(*Ah - good day, miss. If it's true that the Mozarts live here, we'd like to speak with Mr. Mozart.*)

MAID

Der gnädige Herr befindet sich nicht wohl, und die gnädige Frau empfängt Heute kein Besuch.
(*The master is unwell, and the mistress is receiving no visitors today.*)

LUCY

(to Wyatt)

Tell her that it's about the Requiem. That we - we're the ones who asked for it.

Wyatt gives her an are-you-sure-that's-a-good-idea look, but turns back and assumes a darkly portentous expression.

WYATT

Es geht um die Requiem, um das
Meisterwerk des Herrn Mozart. Wir
haben es nämlich bestellt.
*(It's about the Requiem Mass. Herr
Mozart's great work. We are the
ones who requested it from him.)*

The maid is very startled. She considers their strange
appearance, Wyatt's oddly accented German, isn't sure what to
make of them. But she moves aside, beckons them.

MAID

Bitte, dass es nicht dauert.
(Please, be brief.)

Lucy, Wyatt, and Denise step in, glancing around the house.
It has the tense, still air of attendance on a sickbed. There
are noises, muffled voices, and a pale woman in a dress and
shawl appears on the stairs: CONSTANZE MOZART (29).

CONSTANZE

Was soll denn das heißen? Wer sind
diese Personen? Ich habe strengst
befohlen -
*(So what's this? Who are these
people? I gave strict orders -)*

MAID

Verzeiht, gnädige Frau. Sie sagten,
es ginge um die Messe des Herrn
Mozart.
*(Forgive me, Madam. They said it
was about Herr Mozart's Mass.)*

Constanze's eyes sharpen. She comes to a halt at the foot of
the stairs, as Wyatt respectfully removes his hat.

WYATT

Frau Mozart?

CONSTANZE

Yes. That is me. Who are you people
and why do you insist on troubling
Wolfgang? He is very ill.

LUCY

Frau Mozart, we're sorry for the
interruption. But it's important.
Have you received another visitor?
A woman, perhaps, with red hair?

CONSTANZE

No. There has been no such woman.
Is that sufficient?

LUCY

I'm sorry. I hate to ask, but can
we - can we see your husband?

CONSTANZE

Are you ghouls, that you must gape
at an ill man? If you did
commission the Requiem, surely you
will know that he kills himself
faster, slaving over it. Come
upstairs only if you mean to rip
the cursed thing from his hands.

DENISE

I - yes. We want to help you, and
help him. Protect you. If we can.

Constanze eyes her, unsure what to make of this or any of
them. She's understandably stressed and snappish - her
husband is very sick. Then she makes a small, terse gesture,
beckoning them to follow, and starts upstairs.

CUT TO:

INT. MOZART'S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART (35) is propped up in bed, looking
pale and feverish, scribbling away on a pile of papers and
shaking his head, talking to himself.

MOZART

No. No, that does not - confound
it, the little notes, how they swim
away. Leck du mich im Arse, will
they not -

He looks up with a start at the knock on the door, splashing
ink on his rumpled sheets.

MOZART (CONT'D)

What?! Stanzi, I am -

The door opens a crack, and Constanze peers in, the team
hovering in the hall behind her.

CONSTANZE

Dearest, there are some people here
who wish to speak to you.

MOZART

People? I have no time for people.
I must finish the -

CONSTANZE

They said they know about the
Requiem. That they - asked for it.

That gives Mozart pause. He considers, then beckons them brusquely inside. Wyatt, Lucy, and Denise follow Constanze into the bedchamber, wrinkle their noses at the smell.

MOZART

These are my mysterious patrons?
They look quite petty and human for
sparking such divine madness. Tell
me, do you think -

He hums a few bars.

MOZART (CONT'D)

Or perhaps -

He hums a few different ones.

MOZART (CONT'D)

The Introit vexes me, I cannot get
it right. And there are too many
sections left unfinished, some
talentless fool will scribble in
the bits and call it his own! No,
no, no, no. It cannot be abided.

He crumples up the paper that he's working on and tosses it to the floor, falling dramatically back against the pillows. Constanze hastens to his side and checks his forehead.

CONSTANZE

Darling, your fever is rising.

MOZART

Fetch me more wine, it will go down
again. Did you come from Count
Walsegg? I thought he was the one
who asked it.

WYATT

We... it's hard to explain.

MOZART

Tell your master that it is too
much. I cannot finish. I will not
finish. I am certain to die first.

CONSTANZE

Shhh, shhh.

At that moment, there's the sound of a baby crying from somewhere else in the house. Mozart winces.

MOZART

Can that damned nurse not keep Franz quiet?

CONSTANZE

Excuse - excuse me.

With a suspicious glance at the team, as if Mozart drops dead she will know who to blame, she withdraws. Mozart coughs, as does Lucy. Their frail state seems oddly mirrored.

LUCY

Herr Mozart, we - we know this is a bad time. But we wanted to warn you that someone might come here looking for you, for the Requiem, and - try to steal it.

MOZART

Ha! There is nothing to steal, for there is nothing written. I loathe to disappoint my mighty patron, but I am at an end. Take it from me.

Lucy, Wyatt, and Denise exchange a look. They still need him to work on it. They don't understand, but they know that.

LUCY

Maybe you could try again, or - ?

MOZART

No. No, I cannot.

He coughs heavily, pushing the unfinished sheets of music off the bed. Denise picks them up, is slightly awed at what she's holding. Wyatt and Lucy exchange a look. Mozart has closed his eyes and is not moving. They back into the hall.

WYATT

(under his breath)

We didn't just kill the guy, right?

LUCY

I hope not, but if he's not going to write it - if Emma arrives and switches in the fake somehow -

WYATT

Why does that matter?

LUCY

I'm trying to think. But we can't let her do that, I know that much. Maybe it gives her a fixed point in history, something to build the recursion around, or -

Mozart's bedroom door opens, and Denise emerges.

DENISE

He's asleep. Any ideas?

LUCY

If Mozart needs to write it, but he's not going to...

She closes her eyes, thinks hard, sways again. Denise holds her up, worriedly. Lucy opens her eyes.

LUCY (CONT'D)

There's another Mozart. His older sister, Maria Anna Mozart, Marianne. They were very close as children, he called her Nannerl. She was just as much a musical prodigy, but was never able to separate herself from the influence of their domineering father, Leopold. She even sent her son to be raised by him, he died three years ago, but yes. She and Mozart have barely spoken in almost ten years, they fell out after his marriage to Constanze. She lives outside Salzburg, in the countryside, and that's a long way from here. But if we could -

DENISE

What? Find her? Persuade her to finish it? Make up with her estranged brother, or -

LUCY

We have to do something.

She coughs again, sounding disturbingly like Mozart. Wyatt doesn't like the idea of trekking out in search of Marianne, but then they hear a knock on the front door, echoing through the hall. They freeze, flattening themselves to the wall.

WYATT
(hissing)
Emma?

The maid walks to the door, opens it. They can't see who it is, but then, they hear a familiar voice.

FLYNN
Guten Tag, wohnt Herr Mozart hier?
(*Good day, does Herr Mozart live here?*)

Lucy freezes. Then she sprints away, throws herself down the stairs, and past the startled maid. A snowy Flynn, in 18th-century cravat, cloak, and hat, just manages to catch her. She jumps up, wraps her arms around him, and kisses the daylight out of him, as he hugs her tightly, in shock.

FLYNN (CONT'D)
Lucy? Lucy! Thank God! Are you -
what happened, you look -

He's trying to talk and kiss her at the same time, which isn't going very well. As he takes in her injuries, he looks horrified, but Lucy puts a hand to his mouth.

LUCY
I'll explain later. There's no
time.

Wyatt and Denise pile down the stairs. They see Flynn, gape. Then to his astonishment, Denise rushes forward and hugs him.

DENISE
What are you doing here?

FLYNN
What are you doing here?

Nonetheless, it's an important and much-needed moment for them. He lets her go, looks at Wyatt.

FLYNN (CONT'D)
What, you don't want one too?

WYATT
I'm good, but trust me, I'm very
happy to see you. There's a lot we
need to tell you, but -

FLYNN
Same. Is Emma - ?

LUCY

No. Not yet. You know?

FLYNN

Yes. She has Iris and Sarah.

WYATT

She what?!

FLYNN

I sent some people after them. I need to explain that too.

LUCY

Let's go back, rendezvous with Rufus and Jiya, and make sure nothing bad happened. Then we can discuss our options.

The sense of this is swiftly agreed to, but Flynn looks at her anxiously. As they leave the Mozart house, he half-picks her up, supporting her weight, and she doesn't protest.

[COMMERCIALS]

RETURN TO:

INT. DRAWING ROOM - AFTERNOON

A man in a dark wig works at an ornate desk in a gilded drawing room, books and sheet music spilling to every side. The light is grey and dreary, the window is drafty, and he's having trouble keeping his candles lit. He gets up to try again, then is startled by a sudden knock on the door.

MAN

Yes? I am very busy, I -

Without waiting for an answer, the door opens. It's none other than Emma, in a long black cloak and looking suitably villainous. She steps inside and shuts it behind her.

EMMA

Yes, Herr Salieri, I wager you are.

The man - ANTONIO SALIERI (41), of Mozart-and-Salieri fame - looks at her in considerable confusion.

SALIERI

I'm sorry. Have we met?

EMMA

No. But I know who you are, and I would like you to assist me with a very important test. Did you know that Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart is very sick? Dying, even.

SALIERI

What? Oh no. That is unfortunate. I hope he recovers speedily.

EMMA

What are you talking about? Isn't he your great rival? The man who makes your name into a byword for second-best? Overshadows you, eclipses you, keeps you from your rightful place?

SALIERI

Madam, I do not know what you are talking about. Herr Mozart and I competed for some of the same commissions and postings, but I am quite content as Kapellmeister. I admire Herr Mozart's genius. We have even collaborated, on the piece for Fraulein Storace's return to the stage. If he is ill, for the benefit of music, he must recover.

EMMA

Don't lie. I know you hate him.

SALIERI

(even more puzzled)
Respectfully, Fraulein, I do not.

EMMA

Well, I suppose that doesn't matter. Either way, you win. You see this?

She removes something from her cloak - the data tape for the recursion that she stole from Gladys West. She puts it on Salieri's desk, as he eyes it in deep confusion.

SALIERI

What is that thing?

EMMA

As I said, a test. You're going to come with me, and then we'll run this. See if it can all be undone.

(MORE)

EMMA (CONT'D)

Remake history so everyone remembers you as the great genius, not him. Sounds fun, doesn't it?

SALIERI

I - what? This is - I don't understand. I am not sure who you are, madam, but you should leave.

EMMA

I don't think so.

She produces a pistol, cocks it, and holds it on him.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Come on, Herr Salieri. Let's not dawdle on your big chance for fame. Put on your cloak, and let's go.

After a long moment, shocked and confused and unable to think of what else to do, Salieri moves to obey. With that, Emma holding the gun at his back, they leave.

CUT TO:

EXT. VIENNA STREETS - LATE AFTERNOON

Winter dark is coming fast. The snow is thickening. Amy and Jessica have managed to find 18th-century clothes, and are trying to follow the weak, intermittent signal from Amy's chip. It's running only on local or cached data, and can't pick up Iris or Sarah's location with any reliability.

Amy stops at a street corner, glances around.

AMY

This way. I think.

Jessica eyes her, but follows her into an alley that looks vaguely familiar. They can hear muffled rattling, and Amy runs faster. She comes to a halt, looks down at the trapdoor.

AMY (CONT'D)

Hello? Hello?

There's an answering shout from inside. She points.

AMY (CONT'D)

Here!

Jessica finds something to hit the chains with, and bashes them until they break.

She kicks the door open, and hauls out a very cold and disoriented Iris and Sarah, who take a moment to register that they're being rescued.

SARAH

M... Mom?!

JESSICA

Sarah, sweetheart. Iris. Honey.

She hugs both girls at the same time, startling them, as they hug her back, even Iris. They're more than a little hypothermic, and Jessica looks at them in concern.

IRIS

What are you - you got here? You followed us?

She looks over and sees Amy. They exchange a terse nod.

JESSICA

Yes. Now we need to get out. Iris, if you can track us back to the Mothership, then we -

SARAH

We can't leave.

JESSICA

What do you mean?

SARAH

It's a trap. Emma didn't care about actually keeping us captive, that's why she threw us in here and left. We looked it up, we've known it for a while. The entire team dies here, in 1791, except for Lucy. And that may be because she dies first. Emma just wanted to ensure everyone came to this year. We were bait.

AMY

What? Lucy dies? Dies first?

IRIS

It's not like you and Valkyrie have helped that very much!

Amy looks like she's about to fire back, but she can't really deny that. She takes a step, offering a hand to the unsteady Iris, but Iris doesn't take it.

IRIS (CONT'D)

We don't know if we can stop it,
but Sarah and I agreed that we have
to try. You're welcome to leave.

JESSICA

Iris - look, I know we've had our
differences, that I should have
been honest with you, but you're my
daughter too, I can't let -

IRIS

I don't care what you can't let me
do. I've been doing it a long time.

She and Sarah turn down the alley, still shivering, as Amy
and Jessica start after them. There's a certain poignancy in
the four of them being together - the lost loved ones of our
team, the ones they've been trying to get back all along.

AMY

I want to help too, but your father
said that we absolutely could not
risk Emma getting out of this year
with the Mothership. If she does,
she'll have it for good.

IRIS

Yeah, along with a lot of other
things that aren't replaceable.

With that, she breaks into a run. So does Sarah. After a
moment, Amy and Jessica hurry after them.

CUT TO:

INT. COFFEEHOUSE - EVENING

The reunited team - Flynn, Lucy, Wyatt, Denise, Rufus, and
Jiya - are sitting inside a lavish Viennese coffeehouse, all
of them deeply relieved to see each other, but very worried.
Everyone is caught up and trying to decide what to do next.

FLYNN

So it's important that Emma doesn't
manage to steal the Requiem and
replace it with the fake? Why?

RUFUS

I think it's to do with the
temporal anchoring for the
recursion.

(MORE)

RUFUS (CONT'D)

It's the same reason Grace needed Gladys to complete the real-world application. It has to be set into this timeline at a direct, trackable moment. The fake Requiem would be as good as a road map for the next 230 years. It's one of the most famous pieces of music in history. Everyone knows where it is. So that way, Emma has a constant point of reference. And she's a dramatic evil mastermind, so why not go full goth on us?

WYATT

So just to make sure I have this right. Emma plants the fake, that arms the trigger for the bomb.

RUFUS

Basically what it boils down to, yeah.

FLYNN

If she's still interested in reviving Rittenhouse, 1791 is also a useful year to start her new version of history. After all, it was founded in 1780, 11 years ago. Then she links it with Valkyrie, and -

LUCY

Yes. She has mastery over all the timelines. Everything.

DENISE

So we can't let Emma plant the fake Requiem. But if the real one isn't finished either -

RUFUS

It creates a gap. A paradox. A small irregularity that doesn't look like much, but the effect could spread.

LUCY

We need to find Mozart's sister.

FLYNN

Do we have time to do that?

LUCY

We have to make time.

RUFUS

Some of us could take the Lifeboat and jump to wherever she lives, right? It would be faster than riding or catching a coach. The rest of us head back to Casa Mozart and beat up Emma whenever she appears?

WYATT

Don't you remember whatever future tech she had last time? She took out my gun without breaking a sweat.

LUCY

And where are Iris and Sarah?

FLYNN

Safe, I desperately hope.

There's a long pause. They're short on time, stretched in too many directions, unclear on the details, and not sure where their loved ones are. Lucy takes a deep breath, wincing.

LUCY

All right. Garcia, Jiya, and I will take the Lifeboat to St. Gilgen, Austria, where Marianne Mozart lives. We'll try to convince her to come with us and help her brother complete the Requiem. Rufus, Wyatt, and Denise, go back to the house and stand guard. If Emma does arrive and tries to take it -

WYATT

Improvise?

Lucy nods. Outside, dusk is falling fast, as is the snow. The team gets up, shrugs on their cloaks, and prepares to leave. Rufus and Jiya kiss each other quickly. Then the group splits into threes and heads in opposite directions.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELDS - NIGHT

Empty, snow-covered fields, just outside the picturesque little mountain town of St. Gilgen. Then the night is split apart with a peculiar, grinding, whining sound, and the Lifeboat lands with a skid in the snow. The door opens, and Flynn steps out, lifting down Lucy and Jiya.

FLYNN

What was that sound? I don't like it.

JIYA

We had to rig up a fifth seat, to let Denise come along. Rufus didn't totally like the calculations, but we didn't have time to fix them. It just had to hold for one jump, which it did, but -

FLYNN

Technically, that was two.

They move away, but we remain focused on the Lifeboat. There's a spark in the fuselage, a visible strain on the infrastructure.

It starts to spread. Faster and faster.

As Flynn, Lucy, and Jiya reach the top of the hill, the night is split apart with an enormous boom. They whirl around - then stare in unspeakable horror as the faithful old Lifeboat EXPLODES in a spectacular fireball. Lucy's knees almost give out, and she sags against Flynn, who holds her up, but who looks equally horrified. Jiya's face is blank with shock. She's too gutted even to react or make a sound.

Ash and embers begin to sift from the sky. The Lifeboat is still burning. It's nothing but a broken skeleton, a few pieces of twisted metal. It's gone.

They're stranded.

LUCY

Oh... oh no.

With that, as Flynn snatches at her, she really does faint.

CUT TO:

INT. MOZART HOUSE - NIGHT

Rufus, Wyatt, and Denise have, after some haggling, gotten the maid to let them back into the house. They're standing in the drafty front hall, the lamps flickering, a dark menace seeming to stalk the shadowy corridors. They can hear distant coughing from above, on and off. Mozart is getting worse.

WYATT
(muttering)
Not a fan of this.

DENISE
Emma has to come here, right? To
plant the fake, and take the - ?

RUFUS
You'd think so, yeah?

WYATT
So where is she?

Rufus goes to the window and peers into the snowy night. The streetlamps are struggling against the wind, but he sees no dark figure. Then there's a sound behind them, and he nearly jumps out of his skin, whirling around. It's Constanze.

CONSTANZE
Why are you back again?! Truly, can
you not let us rest?

WYATT
Frau Mozart, we're very sorry,
we're trying - to protect you.

CONSTANZE
Protect us from what? Whatever
terrible things you yourselves have
brought to our door? Go, I implore
you, before I must -

Just then, something terrifying happens. The world - and the camera - goes completely blank and black and silent. When our view returns, five seconds later, the pictures on the walls are crooked, and some have gone blank. Rufus, Wyatt, Denise, and Constanze are lying on the floor, and don't remember how they got there.

RUFUS
(very shaken)
What was that? Effin' Poltergeist?!

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

She looks around sharply. Silence from upstairs.

CONSTANZE
Wolfie? Wolfgang!

She runs up the stairs, struggling against the strange, disorienting tilt. As Denise glances after her, another portrait inexplicably wipes itself clean. She stares.

DENISE
Oh no.

RUFUS
What?

DENISE
It's happening. History is being
erased. Emma has the recursion,
either she's running it, or just -

Rufus and Wyatt look at each other in horror. Wyatt reaches out, gripping Rufus's shoulders, half-shaking him.

WYATT
What do we do? What did we miss?
Come on, man, what do we do? You're
the genius here, come on. You've
always known what to do before.

Rufus doesn't react. He looks mildly catatonic.

WYATT (CONT'D)
Rufus! Come on! We need you!

RUFUS
I don't know.

He stares at the strange Escher-esque dreamland that surrounds them, the blank portraits, the tilt, the awareness that something has started and possibly cannot be stopped.

RUFUS (CONT'D)
(voice breaking)
I don't know if it's too late.

[COMMERCIALS]

RETURN TO:

INT. MOTHERSHIP - NIGHT

Emma sits at the console of the Mothership. Salieri hovers in the background, shocked and awed. Emma opens a panel, removes the fake Requiem, and begins scanning it into the Mothership computer. Then once it beeps with a green checkmark, she takes out the recursion tape, plugs it into the console, presses a button, and types.

EMMA

Come on, Tony, take a look. If I'm doing this right, people are forgetting ol' Wolfie as we speak.

SALIERI

Please, madam, if by some mistake I am not dreaming, I beg of you -

EMMA

Here! Now!

Salieri leerily ventures over, stares at the computer screens in complete incomprehension.

SALIERI

Very... very nice, madam.

EMMA

It's only the beta run, it won't take permanent hold until we get the real Requiem. Which is next on the to-do list, so -

Just then, there's a muffled racket from outside. She jumps to her feet, throws on her cloak, and opens the door -

REVERSE CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

PULL BACK to the POV of Iris, Sarah, Jessica, and Amy, who are charging full-speed at the Mothership. Eerie white light flares over the dark alley as Emma opens the door.

EMMA

What the - ?!

Iris reaches the Mothership first, grabs Emma by the cloak, and throws her into the snow. Emma slams down hard, but is barely deterred. She scrambles to her feet, and she and Iris lunge at each other, punching and snarling.

In the middle of the brawl, Iris shouts at the other three.

IRIS

Go! Go, go!

SARAH

We can't - not without -

IRIS

Figure it out later, just GO!

Amy, Jessica, and Sarah clamber into the Mothership, where they run into the vastly confused Salieri.

SALIERI

Excuse me, my good ladies, can someone please explain what is - or conduct me promptly back to the -

SARAH

Not the time, pal! Now get out if you don't want to take a trip to -

She looks around, spots the recursion tape plugged into the console, the flashing lines of code running on the computer screen. She dives for it, pulls, but can't get it out.

Jessica sits in the pilot seat, but can't get herself to start the jump. Iris and Emma's battle royale is clearly audible outside.

JESSICA

(half to herself)

No. Not like this.

She gets to her feet, pushes Salieri aside, and leaps out of the Mothership, running into the night and snow.

Iris and Emma are slugging themselves to a standstill. Emma has Iris in a headlock, Iris is fighting madly. Emma looks around for her disruptor to trigger the explosion of Iris's chip, sees it lying in the snow a few feet away.

She and Jessica leap for it at the same time. There's a wild struggle, and then, rolling away, Jessica comes up with it, her nose bleeding. She stares at them, at Emma still holding onto Iris, who slams her chipped arm against Emma's back.

IRIS

(screaming)

JESSICA, NOW! HIT IT NOW! KILL HER!

Jessica has been waiting literal decades for revenge on Emma, but if she does do it, she'll murder Iris too -

IRIS (CONT'D)
IT DOESN'T MATTER WHAT HAPPENS TO
ME! KILL HER!

Jessica doesn't know that this would stop Emma permanently - she survived death in other timelines, after all - and this is her adopted daughter - but Iris has ordered it, and -

Jessica might be about to press the button, when Emma staggers. Amy has run up and hit her with a broken board. Emma spins around, grappling with her, knocking her violently against the Mothership's hull. There's a sickening bong, and Amy slides to the ground, head sagging.

As Sarah and Salieri observe the melee in horror from the Mothership door, Iris struggles to her feet. Runs and leaps, and tackles Emma from behind, locking her arms around Emma's waist and wrestling them down together.

IRIS (CONT'D)
JESSICA! NOW!

Tears pour down Jessica's face. Brief flashbacks to 4x07, her pushing Lorena's body aside and carrying the terrified young Iris out of the house. Jessica teaching teen Iris how to pilot the Mothership - just in case something happens to me -

Jessica closes her eyes, whispers a silent prayer, and presses the button.

As she does, once more -

Everything goes black.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE - NIGHT

Flynn, half out of his mind with worry, is carrying the semi-conscious Lucy. Jiya stands next to him, still completely out of it. He knocks urgently on the front door of the estate.

After a moment, a groggy servant opens the door, wearing a nightshirt and a blanket, carrying a candle.

SERVANT
Ei was, im Teufels Namen? Es ist ja
keine Stunde für gottfürchtende
Leute herumzulaufen!
*(What in the devil's name is this?
It is no hour for God-fearing folk
to be about!)*

FLYNN

Dies ist wohl das Gut des Herrn
Schiedsrichter Johann Baptist Franz
von Berchtold, der sich mit
Marianne Mozart vermählt hat?
*(Is this the Sonnenburg estate? The
Lord Magistrate, Johann Baptist
Franz von Berchtold, who is married
to Marianne Mozart?)*

SERVANT

Stimmt, aber -
(It is, but -)

FLYNN

Wir müssen herein. Durch einen
Unfall unserer Kutsche ist meiner
Ehefrau in einem schrecklichen
Zustand gekommen, wie du gestehen
kannst.
*(We need to come in. There's been a
carriage accident, you can see my
wife is in a terrible state.)*

Startled, the servant steps aside, and Flynn shoulders past, as Jiya follows. The servant shouts for others. Flynn snaps at someone who tries to take Lucy from him.

JIYA

Garcia, she needs help.

It's the first thing she's said since the explosion of the Lifeboat. Her voice is hoarse, unrecognizable. Flynn looks at her in anguish, but permits one of the female servants to help Lucy off. Then he whirls on the first one.

FLYNN

Wach deine Herrin sofort auf.
Sofort, sage ich! Wir kommen von
Wien her, es geht um ihr Bruder.
*(Wake your mistress immediately.
Now, I said! We've come from
Vienna, it's about her brother.)*

The servant is (further) startled, especially since Marianne has not spoken to Wolfgang in years. But you really don't disobey Flynn when he looks (and sounds) like this. The servant runs off. Flynn and Jiya are left in the dim foyer.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

So it's - the Lifeboat is -

JIYA

Yes.

FLYNN

Is there any chance of fixing - ?

JIYA

You saw it. Do you think we can fix
a few broken ashes?

FLYNN

I... no.

They look at each other in total despair. Jiya's shoulders shake with a muffled sob. Flynn reaches out clumsily and hugs her, holding her hard and patting her back.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

Shh, shh. It's all right, we -
we'll think of something.

The look on his face says he's not altogether sure that they will, but has to keep his head or else.

Just then, they're interrupted by footsteps on the stairs. MARIANNE MOZART (40), in her nightclothes, clutching a shawl around her shoulders, looks at them in confusion and alarm.

MARIANNE

Ich bin Marianne Mozart zu
Sonnenburg. Mein Diener hat mir
mitgeteilt, ihr fragt nach mir?
*(I am Marianne Mozart zu
Sonnenburg. My servant informed me
that you were asking for me?)*

FLYNN

Wir sind von Wien hierhergekommen,
wo Euer Bruder im Sterben liegt.
Ihr müßt jetzt mitkommen, es geht
nicht anders.
*(We've come from Vienna, where your
brother is on his deathbed. You
must come with us, at once.)*
(very belatedly)
Ich bitte, gnädige Frau.
(Please, gracious lady.)

MARIANNE

Wolfgang hat nach mich gefragt?
(Wolfgang asked for me?)

Her emotions play across her face. They were once very close, but the pain of their estrangement is real. Now he's dying?

FLYNN

Ja, ja, das hat er. Kommt ihr jetzt
freiwillig mit oder etwa nicht?
*(Yes, yes, he did. Are you coming
with us willingly or not?)*

He's not opposed to throwing her over his shoulder and
escaping into the night like a bandit if necessary. Jiya
gives him a reproving look. Marianne gathers herself. Then -

MARIANNE

Ja. Ich komme. Erlaubt, dass ich
mich schnell anziehe.
*(Yes. I will come. Please give me a
moment to dress.)*

With that, she retreats up the stairs.

CUT TO:

INT. COACH - PREDAWN

It's very late, verging on early morning. Marianne, Lucy, and
Jiya are wrapped up in furs and blankets, riding inside the
coach. Flynn is on horseback outside, galloping alongside the
driver. The lanterns swing and sputter, the snow swirls.

MARIANNE

Should we have left you behind? My
servants could have minded you. The
carriage accident, what was -

LUCY

No. I have to come. I want - I want
to be with the others. When - if
anything happens.

MARIANNE

How do you know about me?

LUCY

(woozy, struggling)

It's - too hard to explain. But I
know that you and your brother -
you were once very close. I had - I
have a sister. She might be here.
And we haven't seen - for years,
it's also very complicated. But if
I can't bring my sister back, I can
- with someone's else's. I don't
want you to lose it. Not when you
still have the chance to see him
one more time.

MARIANNE

It's nearly two hundred miles to Vienna. You said he was very ill. Like this, with this poor weather, will we - in time?

LUCY

(fragile)
I don't know.

She doesn't know if it'll be in time for this, in time for anything. She stares out the fogged window at Flynn on his horse, cloak turned up against the snow, looking properly highwayman-ish. She closes her eyes and sinks down on Jiya's shoulder, shivering, not really awake. Jiya puts an arm around her, closes her own eyes on lurking tears.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOZART HOUSE - MORNING

It's still cloudy, grey, low. Things continue to not look right. Rufus, Wyatt, and Denise struggle outside into six inches of fresh snow. They glance around as if trying to remember what they're doing out here.

WYATT

Shouldn't Lucy and Flynn and Jiya be back by now? With the sister?

RUFUS

I don't - whatever happened last night, it was very bad. And if they got caught up in -
(beat)
Why are we here again?

DENISE

What are you talking about? We're here for him.

RUFUS

Yes, but who?

DENISE

(unnerved)
For him. The composer, the famous one. Was he famous?

She can't think of Mozart's name. They turn and stare at the house behind them. The Holy Roman Emperor's insignia is missing from the window. The place looks overall shabbier.

WYATT

Wait, Salieri? He was the guy,
right? The one, you know, the Big
Three, Salieri, Bach, Beethoven?

RUFUS

Something about that seems wrong,
but I can't quite -

He stops, shaking his head as if trying to clear it. Then he starts to run. Wyatt and Denise hurry after him.

WYATT

What is it?

RUFUS

That's what Denise said last night.
The recursion is running. We're
entering Emma's new history, that's
why we can't remember the old one.
It's crumbling. If we don't find
the Mothership now -

He starts to run faster, kicking up snow. He doesn't know exactly where he's going, but it doesn't matter. The three of them vanish around the corner, out of sight.

We remain focused on the silent, snowy street for several moments. Then a dark figure emerges from the other corner, cloak swirling, face pale and set.

Emma walks up the steps, opens the door, and lets herself into the Mozart house. It shuts behind her with a boom.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY - MORNING

Rufus, Wyatt, and Denise hunt among various back alleys, getting strange looks and confused expressions from passersby. Someone shouts something unflattering-sounding after them in German, and Wyatt hurries the others on.

RUFUS

What'd he say, or I don't want to
know?

WYATT

Never mind. Hey, is this -

They turn down another warren - and emerge in the alley where the Mothership is parked. They do a double-take at actually finding it, and the clear evidence of a battle.

But the only person they can see is a very shell-shocked Salieri. As they come closer, he jumps up and holds up crossed fingers.

SALIERI

No! No more of this madness, I beg you! Do not trouble me, you foul fiends! Begone!

WYATT

I'm sorry, you're - ?

SALIERI

I am Antonio Salieri, Kapellmeister to His Imperial Majesty, Leopold II. I would like to go home immediately and -

DENISE

The Antonio Salieri?

Salieri squints at her in intense confusion. He's famous enough in his own circles, but nothing to warrant this.

SALIERI

Madam, flattered as I am by your regard, I have only a modest reputation in the musical world. The woman who was here, she -

RUFUS

A woman?

This cuts through some of the confusion. He looks at Salieri urgently.

RUFUS (CONT'D)

A terrifying red-haired woman? Did she do something with a computer? With a - with a machine?

SALIERI

She did, yes. It was an utter mystery to me, but her intentions did not seem honorable. She kept talking about erasing Herr Mozart, and then she left, warning me that the most awful things would happen if I dared to follow. And there were other women. Four others. There was a great fight. I don't know what happened. They were here, and then -

He waves a hand, trying to put a completely indescribable experience into words.

SALIERI (CONT'D)

Then they were not. Some kind of explosion, but not even an ordinary one. It was as if the very nature and substance of time turned back on itself, and collapsed.

RUFUS

You might be closer than you think. These four women - were two of them named Iris and Sarah?

WYATT

(in a strange voice)
Or Jessica?

SALIERI

My good sirs, I do not know. Though yes, I think I heard the name Jessica. One of them was shouting at her. To do something terrible.

Wyatt flinches. He isn't sure he can bring himself to answer - or ask what that was.

RUFUS

And they're gone? All of them?

He turns and stares, as if expecting the women to appear. Nothing. He tries to imagine telling this to Flynn.

DENISE

Maybe they got caught up in the recursion. They were erased too, or they're trapped in some isolated loop of the timeline, or -

RUFUS

Oh, son of a bitch.

He runs past the others, and clambers - for the very first time since Flynn stole it all the way back in 1x01 - into the Mothership. He's a little staggered. But there's no time to dwell on nostalgia. He spots the recursion tape plugged into the console, and yanks at it. This time, it comes free.

Rufus shakes it.

There's no film in it. It's empty.

RUFUS (CONT'D)
(panicking)
Oh, come on.

Wyatt and Denise clamber in behind him, equally stunned.

WYATT
That's it, right? The recursion?

RUFUS
Yeah, but there's nothing on it.
Either it's been used up, or it's
absorbed into the CPU, it's
running, and we can't stop it.
That, or -

Just then, something catches his eye. He stares at it, then
sits down in the pilot seat with a crash.

RUFUS (CONT'D)
Oh no.

WYATT
What?

RUFUS
Unless that readout is
malfunctioning, and I have never in
my life hoped more for technical
difficulties, the Lifeboat is gone.

WYATT
What? What do you mean, gone?

RUFUS
I mean gone. There's no data coming
in from it, no connection, it's -
it's not there.

DENISE
What about the - Lucy, Flynn, Jiya,
are they - are they d - ?

She can't bring herself to say it. Wyatt leans on the control
panel, hands over his mouth. Rufus looks equally numb.

RUFUS
I don't know. If something went
wrong with the fifth seat, if they
were in it when it blew -

WYATT
(with difficulty)
So. What do we do?

RUFUS

Salieri remembers Emma. He said she left. Presumably that's to go to -

He grimaces, struggles, finally remembers the name.

RUFUS (CONT'D)

- to go to Mozart's house and complete the switch. Plant the fake Requiem. Then come back, get the Mothership, and take over the world.

DENISE

But we were just there. We left. Does that mean that -

RUFUS

She tricked us somehow, she lay in wait. You two have to get back right now. It might already be too late, but we have to be sure.

WYATT

And - and you?

RUFUS

We can't let her have the Mothership.

It's spoken simply. So much so that it takes Wyatt a moment to realize what it means.

WYATT

So you're staying here? And if she makes it back, you'll sacrifi -
Rufus, no, you'll -

RUFUS

I've died before. I'm not afraid.
And if Jiya - if Jiya's gone -

For an awful moment, he looks close to collapsing, to completely breaking down. He can't let himself even think about the possibility, but he is very clear.

RUFUS (CONT'D)

I'm ready for us to be together.

DENISE

I'll stay with you.

RUFUS

No. If Emma makes it all the way back, I'm the last man standing. You'll do more good with Wyatt.

WYATT

We'll try not to let her get to you.

The three of them look at each other. They understand that it's a suicide mission, and this is a final goodbye. They try to hold it together. Wyatt reaches out to shake Rufus's hand, then pulls him in, and they hug each other ferociously.

WYATT (CONT'D)

Good - good luck, Luke Skywalker. May the Force be with you.

RUFUS

Rebellions are built on hope.

They look at each other. Denise reaches out and hugs Rufus as well. Both of them shake just a little. Then she lets go. She tries to say something, but she can't.

Wyatt and Denise climb out of the Mothership. Rufus sits down. Stares at the screens, at the end of his rope. Then he spots something. Leans forward.

We pan around to see what he's looking at. The screen reads RECURSION PREPARED. EXECUTE?

Rufus looks down at the Enter key.

Knows what he's going to have to do.

[COMMERCIALS]

RETURN TO:

EXT. TRAVEL MONTAGE - DAY/NIGHT

Marianne's coach races as fast as it can towards Vienna. Flynn continues to ride hard alongside. Lucy remains mostly slumped on Jiya's shoulder, stirring occasionally.

CUT TO:

EXT. VIENNA STREETS - EVENING

The mud-splattered coach, the horses frothed and panting, everyone looking like they've been through hell, rolls into Vienna. They turn up the streets to Alsergrund, and creak to a halt in front of the Mozart residence. Flynn, after two and a half days in the saddle, struggles to dismount. He walks bow-legged to open the coach door and help the ladies down.

LUCY

(mumbling)

Does it look - does something look different? The window.

Flynn, holding her up, glances at the window. Notices the missing imperial seal, the dirt and diminishment.

FLYNN

Something's changed. Something's wrong.

They stagger up the steps, and knock. The maid opens the door, but betrays no sign of recognition, or that she's seen any of them before.

MAID

Was begehren die Herrschaften?
(What does the gentleman want?)

FLYNN

Wir müssen dem Herrn Mozart sprechen. Wir waren vor ein Paar Tagen hier.
(*We must speak with Herr Mozart. We were here a few days ago.*)

MAID

Tatsächlich? Ich kann mich nämlich nicht daran erinnern.
(*You were? I do not remember that.*)

This is proof that something very funny is afoot. Flynn reaches out, grabs Marianne by the arm, pushes her forward.

FLYNN

Frau Sonnenberg, Marianne Mozart. Lass uns doch herein, um der Barmherzigkeit willen.
(*Frau Sonnenburg, Marianne Mozart. For pity's sake, let us in.*)

The maid is startled to see Marianne. She moves aside, and the foursome enters the house. Lucy is barely upright, but she grabs Marianne's other arm and leads them up the stairs.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - EVENING

A knock on the door. Mozart lies in bed, eyes closed. It's hard to tell if he's breathing.

The knock comes again. Slowly, he stirs.

MOZART

So komm, o süßer Geist, dunkler
Engel. Ich weiß, dass du es bist.
Nimm deinen Lohn.
*(So come, sweet spirit, dark angel,
I know it is you. Claim your due.)*

The door opens. Lucy and Marianne peer in, and Marianne lets out an involuntary gasp.

MARIANNE

Wolfie?

MOZART

(stunned)
N-Nannerl?

Marianne bursts into tears and runs to him. She throws herself to her knees, gripping his hands, as Mozart stares at her in shock. A teary, emotional reunion for brother and sister. Lucy stares at them, pleased and heartbroken.

MOZART (CONT'D)

Now that you are here, there is a piece I meant to finish, a requiem mass. But I cannot, I cannot endure. Perhaps if you would - ?

MARIANNE

A piece of music? Yes, of course I will help. It will be as when we were children, and Papa taught us both.

A look of pain passes over Mozart's face. But he beckons her to the desk, and Marianne picks up the papers. She gets quill and ink, rewrites some of the stanzas, prepares to take dictation.

MARIANNE (CONT'D)

When you can begin.

Lucy looks at them - finishing the Requiem together, exactly as the team hoped - and realizes what this means. She backs out of the room, and limps downstairs to Flynn and Jiya. They are staring at the half-blank portraits in the hall.

FLYNN

Something's very wrong here.

JIYA

(to Lucy)

Did you - ? Did they - ?

LUCY

Mozart and Marianne reunited, they're finishing it. But that means that as soon as it's ready, Emma can steal it. Switch it with the fake. And -

They gaze around the eerily empty house. The maid is gone. There's no sign of Constanze - or anyone else.

JIYA

The others, weren't they supposed to be here? Guarding the house, or waiting for Emma? Or - anything?

FLYNN

There's been some kind of heavy timeline interference. The maid didn't remember us. The place looks different. The portraits are erased. And nobody's here. If something happened, we were outside the blast radius, but now we are right in the middle of it.

In deep foreboding, they look at each other. Then, slowly, at a loss for what else to do, they go back upstairs.

CUT TO:

INT. MOZART HOUSE - NIGHT

It's very late. Mozart and Marianne have been working for hours, struggling to get as much done as possible. Flynn, Lucy, and Jiya sit in an anteroom nearby.

FLYNN

What is it - the night of the fourth of December? Almost the fifth? He can't have much time left.

They look through the half-open door, into the bedroom, as Mozart falls back on the pillows, exhausted, grey-faced.

MOZART

Enough, Nannerl. Let me close my eyes, just a moment. Let me sleep.

MARIANNE

Wolfie -

She gets up and goes to him, trying to rouse him.

MARIANNE (CONT'D)

(more urgently)

Wolfie?

Flynn, Lucy, and Jiya get up, Lucy leaning heavily on Flynn, unsure if they should approach. Marianne lets out a cry.

MARIANNE (CONT'D)

Wolfie, wake up!

At that moment, the bedroom door slams behind them, making everyone jump. They whirl around - and freeze.

EMMA

It's about damn time. Could you have been any slower about getting back to Vienna?

She removes the fake Requiem from her cloak, strolls over, and scoops up the real one, leaving the copy in its place.

FLYNN

You... !

Letting go of Lucy, he lunges at her. He's fast, but Emma is faster. She points the disruptor, and Flynn is hit full-bore by the same incapacitating blast that she used on Iris and Sarah earlier, but much stronger. He flies backward, crashes into the wall, and slides down it, motionless. Marianne cowers at Mozart's bedside, terrified. Lucy and Jiya scream.

LUCY

No! Garcia! No!

EMMA

God, I needed to hear that.
Delicious.

LUCY

Where are the others?!

EMMA

They're mine now. Everything is.

As she speaks, we REVERSE through the door, up the hall, up the stairs, and into a dark room at the top of the house. Wyatt, Denise, and Constanze lie on the floor, blood running from their noses, eyes open and empty.

RETURN to Mozart's bedroom. Lucy doesn't know if Flynn is alive or dead. She can barely stand up. It doesn't matter.

With a final, ungodly effort, she charges Emma. She ducks the blast, gets in under Emma's guard, grabs the disruptor, and sends it spinning away. Lucy and Emma roll over and over on the floor, kicking and struggling. Jiya grabs the disruptor and beats it violently with a poker, crushing it. Then she whirls around and is about to stab Emma -

EMMA (CONT'D)

(teeth bared)

It's too late. It's been programmed for days. As soon as the switch was made - as soon as you three were here, the final piece locked into place. There's nothing you can do now. You're dead.

The floor starts to tilt. Jiya goes to her knees. An almighty fist seems to crush her throat.

Emma lets go of Lucy, who lies on her back, barely stirring. She turns over, tries to crawl to Flynn, but can't make it. She collapses, head hitting the floor with a clunk, gone.

Jiya goes down, the poker falling from her fingers. A great roaring blackness is coming up the stairs, engulfing the room, the world. It's happening. Just as Sarah found out. We're watching the entire team die in 1791, and there's nothing anyone can do to stop it. The Requiem "Lacrimosa" plays over the scene. Lacrimosa dies illa...

Emma gets to her feet. She needs to get out of here now, before it traps her as well. She straightens her cloak.

EMMA (CONT'D)

So long.

She stands there in the rising dark, gazing at the bodies of her fallen foes, savoring in her ultimate triumph at last - just an instant too long.

MARIANNE

No! YOU WON'T TAKE IT!

She jumps up from Mozart's body, grabs Emma, and rips the pages of the real Requiem out of her cloak.

As the darkness begins to rush into the room, as everything once more goes black -

SLAM CUT TO:

INT. MOTHERSHIP - NIGHT

Everything is going absolutely haywire. Rufus is typing madly, reprogramming, rerouting, ejecting, transferring. He seems to have ten hands. He is utterly composed, magnificent, heroic, unparalleled. This is his moment. He knows exactly what he has to do. The only question is whether he can.

Rufus, who has spent so long being afraid of death, is not afraid at all. Clear-eyed and calm.

RUFUS
(to himself)
Nothing lost. Only changed.

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

RUFUS (CONT'D)
Out of the black, into the blue.

He closes his eyes, and hits Enter.

The world goes white.

In perfect silence, we FADE OUT.