

OUT OF TIME

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SCENE 1:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DAY

We fly over massive office buildings, skyscrapers, and other impressive structures - then focus in on a smaller street corner, where FRANKIE LIN is performing a card trick for a group of enraptured tourists.

FRANKIE

Now this one is one of my favorites, ladies and gentlemen. It's one of my favorites because whenever I do this trick, I always get somebody in the audience who thinks that they know how it works. There's always somebody, you know?

Frankie locks eyes with DEV, dressed in a sharp suit and standing at the back of the crowd.

FRANKIE

Like you, man! You in the back, with the nice suit. I bet you've seen a lot of tricks like this, right?

The crowd laughs. Dev says nothing, just gives a stoic nod.

FRANKIE

Uh huh, see, that's what I thought! And I'll bet you've seen a three-card Monty before, right?

Dev nods again.

FRANKIE

Exactly. Here, you know what, I'll get somebody else, too. Anyone interested?

A TOURIST in a visor raises their hand and moves to the table next to Dev.

Frankie sets up the cards: two kings and an ace. She shows them to Dev one by one.

FRANKIE

Alright, watch the ace!

She switches the cards around the table, keeping her eyes on Dev, who is watching the cards. It appears like the ace is in the middle of the table.

FRANKIE

Okay: where's the ace?

After a moment, Dev points to the card on the right. The tourist laughs.

TOURIST

It's the one in the middle! It's gotta be.

FRANKIE

You sure?

TOURIST

Positive!

Frankie flips the middle card to reveal the first king.

FRANKIE

Sorry, man. Better luck next time.

TOURIST

(muttering)

Fucking rigged, man...

FRANKIE

Sorry?

TOURIST

It's fucking rigged! You've got your guy in on this, to make me think I had a chance! I bet there's not even an ace on this table!

The crowd mutters amongst themselves.

FRANKIE

Why don't we find out? What do you think, suit? Where's the ace?

Dev gives her a calculated, slightly smug look and scans the table for a moment before:

DEV

That one.

A tense moment. Frankie flips the card to reveal...the second king!

FRANKIE

Aw, bad luck on both counts! Sorry, guys.

She flips over the final card: the ace.

FRANKIE

That's that, folks. Thank you all for stopping by. I'll be here all week!

The crowd disperses. About half of them drop dollar bills into the cup on Frankie's table.

FRANKIE (to herself)

And all month. And for the foreseeable future.

She starts cleaning up and pocketing the money...until she realizes that Dev is still standing in front of the table.

FRANKIE

...Can I help you?

DEV

That was impressive.

FRANKIE

What, have you never seen a card trick before?

He suddenly grabs her sleeves and shakes them.

FRANKIE

Hey, what the hell -

DEV

You palmed the ace.

He drops her arms.

DEV

Third rotation.

FRANKIE

You've got good eyes.

DEV

How'd you get it to the left spot?

FRANKIE

Hey, a great magician never reveals her secrets. Now if you'll
excuse me -

DEV

I'd like to make you an offer.

He holds up a card: *The Travellers*.

FRANKIE

I'm sorry?

DEV

Give us a call if you're interested. I think you've got something we've been looking for.

Frankie goes back to cleaning up under the table.

FRANKIE

Listen, man, I don't know who you're supposed to be, but if you're done -

She looks back up to find Dev missing - and the business card sitting on the table, clipped to a \$50 bill. Frankie holds it up, her face a mix between confusion, apprehension, and curiosity.

SCENE 2:

INT. FRANKIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Frankie paces around her compact flat, on the phone with her girlfriend, JAZZ.

FRANKIE

I mean, it's gotta be some sort of grift, right? Some dude goes around preying on girls and trying to get them to join his cult or whatever?

INT PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY

JAZZ

I don't know, Frankie, I've been looking for these "Travellers" in every section of our catalog and there's no trace of them. You're sure that's what it says?

INTERCUT FRANKIE/JAZZ

FRANKIE

I mean, I can send you the -

JAZZ

Wait, hold on!

Jazz slides a microfiche into the reader.

JAZZ

March 21st, 1932 - "Gentlemen's club seeking pickpockets and ruffians for paid work. Inquire for the Travellers at 807 Riverside Drive."

FRANKIE

1932? Jesus, how long have these guys been around?

JAZZ

Some of these clubs have been around for ages. I didn't think there were a lot left, much less any that are looking for new members.

FRANKIE

That's so weird...

JAZZ

It's a real club, at least. Kind of strange that this is the only mention of them anywhere.

FRANKIE

And the only public record of them lists their address?

JAZZ

I know, right?

Frankie looks down at the Travellers card on her desk - and the \$50 clipped to it.

FRANKIE

Still...

JAZZ

You're not seriously considering this?

FRANKIE

You know how it's been, Jazz. I wouldn't be playing 3-card Monties on the street if I could afford not to.

JAZZ

Oh wait! I was wrong. There is an obituary here. Yours!

FRANKIE

Listen, I'll bail the first chance I get if it turns out they're some weird murder cult. But if these guys are giving out 50 dollar bills like candy...

JAZZ

Just don't come crying to me if you end up dead in the back
alley of some brownstone.

FRANKIE

Love ya, Jazz.

Jazz sighs.

JAZZ

Love you, too.

Frankie hangs up, picks up the card, and scribbles out the
address underneath the fancy logo.

SCENE 3:

EXT. OUTSIDE THE CLUB - EVENING

Frankie holds up the card again, then lowers it to reveal a plain brownstone, devoid of any signs apart from rusted gold numbers reading: 807.

She looks up at the unassuming building and sighs.

FRANKIE

Here goes nothing.

Frankie moves up the steps to a small door, opens it, and enters the building.

SCENE 4:

INT. THE TRAVELLER'S LOBBY - EVENING

A modest, cozy lobby awaits Frankie as she steps inside. REMY, well-dressed and nervous, is pacing back and forth. He jumps and looks up at Frankie as she enters.

Frankie plops down into a red velvet chair and pulls out her phone. We can see her text conversation with Jazz -

FRANKIE
no murder yet

JAZZ
that's what they want you to
think
how do i know you're not the
murderer typing that?

FRANKIE
you have a mole shaped like
seattle on the inside of your left
thigh

JAZZ
>:(
u could have proved it
another way

FRANKIE
lol
i'll keep you updated

JAZZ
yeah lmk if you get stabbed
in the gut

Frankie laughs and closes her phone - to realize that Remy is staring at her.

FRANKIE

Um...

REMY

Oh, sorry! I don't mean to stare. It's just-

FRANKIE

"Just" what?

REMY

Nothing, nothing, nothing! I've just - what's your last name?

FRANKIE

Lin.

REMY

Of the East Lake Lins?

FRANKIE

I beg your pardon?

REMY

The Long Island Lins, then?

FRANKIE

The Manhattan Lins.

REMY

Ah, I see. I haven't heard of them.

FRANKIE

Listen, buddy, if you're so concerned, what's your last name?

REMY

Remington. Of the -

FRANKIE

Don't tell me. Of the Battery Park Remingtons?

REMY

Oh, you have heard of us!

Frankie puts her head in her hands.

FRANKIE

I knew you people were snooty, but...what's your first name, then?

REMY

Remigius. It's Latin. My friends call me Remy. Or...

FRANKIE

Remy Remington?

Remy laughs flusteredly.

REMY

A little joke on my parents' part.

FRANKIE

Right...I'm Frankie.

REMY

Short for anything?

FRANKIE

Nope, just...Frankie.

The elevator in the middle of the lobby dings and Dev steps out, holding an umbrella.

DEV

Ah, our guest of honor! I didn't think you'd show.

FRANKIE

Just to be clear, you don't mean "guest of honor" as in "we're going to skin and eat her", right?

Dev laughs.

DEV

Good lord, no. You're our newest recruit! Oh, and you too, Mr Remington.

FRANKIE

Look, this is clearly some bougie rich people club, and I'm really not interested in being gawked at by some tycoon's son, or as some sort of entertainment!

DEV

Why don't you come upstairs? I promise I'll explain everything.

Frankie holds up her phone threateningly.

FRANKIE

I've got the police on speed dial.

DEV

If you think you need them...

He enters the elevator and pushes the button for the floor above them. Remy steps into the elevator after giving Frankie a confused look.

DEV

Care to join us, Ms Lin?

After a resigned sigh, Frankie gets into the elevator as well.

DEV

Your life's about to change for the bet-

FRANKIE

Don't push it, man.

DEV

Fair enough.

The doors close and the elevator ascends.

SCENE 5:

INT. THE TRAVELLER'S CLUB - EVENING

The elevator doors open into a similarly cozy sitting room-type hall, with high ceilings. One or two men, dressed to the nines, sit on velvet couches by roaring fireplaces, or peruse tall bookshelves lined with well-preserved novels. Remy and Frankie both look on in wonder.

DEV

Welcome to the Travellers.

FRANKIE

Jesus Christ...

DEV

You've both been selected as members of this elite club for various reasons, the primary one being your skill at the dramatic arts, as well as a proficiency in dextrous tasks. Mr Remington -

Remy snaps out of his awe-struck stupor.

REMY

Y-yes?

DEV

Your father nominated you himself, but you've proven to be a masterful swordsman and thespian. You're going to fit right in.

Remy grins, relieved.

DEV

As for you, Ms Lin - you're incredibly talented at entertaining a crowd, and your sleight-of-hand is far from amateur.

FRANKIE

Oh, come on, that 3-card Monte trick was hardly impressive.

DEV

Oh, don't worry, we've been watching you for quite a while.

FRANKIE

Not exactly the kind of thing paired with "don't worry"...

DEV

Both of you will be valuable assets to our team, I'm sure.

FRANKIE

And that's another thing. You keep talking about these skills.
Why do they matter? What "team" are we on?

DEV

Well, now's when we ask you to take conventional wisdom out of the equation, Ms Lin. You see, the Travellers aren't just your average secret old-money New York gentlemen's club. We've been tasked with a duty, one that defies the laws of space and time.

FRANKIE

Clean the TARDIS?

DEV

Actually, you're not too far off.

He holds up his hand, where we can see a shimmering emerald ring.

DEV

This ring, along with the emeralds worn by our other members,
give us the power to travel through time.

Beat. Frankie bursts out laughing.

FRANKIE

Alright, I was willing to just stick it out for the money, but
this is too much!

Dev and Remy give her blank looks.

FRANKIE

I mean, come on. Seriously? Time travelling rings? You don't actually believe that.

DEV

Why are you so quick to dismiss it?

FRANKIE

Well, time travel doesn't exist, for one thing!

CHARLES

Don't be so sure.

CHARLES, a tall and intimidating man in his early 50s, appears suddenly behind Frankie. She jumps.

FRANKIE

Jesus, man!

CHARLES

These are the new recruits?

DEV

Yes. Be nice, Charles.

CHARLES

Hmmph. Another Remington, are you, boy?

REMY

Y-yes, sir.

CHARLES

Let's hope you're not another accident waiting to happen, eh?

Remy looks down and says nothing.

CHARLES

And you.

He looks disgustedly at Frankie.

CHARLES

We're just taking in riffraff off the street, are we?

DEV

This is Charles. He's the senior curator of our calendars.

CHARLES

Hmph.

DEV

Charles, I was just telling our newest members about the emeralds.

CHARLES

I heard. You, girl. You think time travel isn't real?

Beat.

CHARLES

Are you deaf? Or perhaps dumb? I asked you a question!

FRANKIE

Um, yes...sir.

CHARLES

Do you have any idea where I've just come from?

FRANKIE

N-no, sir.

Charles pulls a mint-condition gold bracelet out of his pocket, revealing that he's missing the ring finger on that hand.

CHARLES

Read the inscription.

FRANKIE

"To my dearest Marilyn."

CHARLES

Any Marylins ring a bell?

FRANKIE

What, you mean - Marilyn Monroe??

CHARLES

It appears there is a brain somewhere in that hollow skull. Yes, Marilyn Monroe. I've just come back from an afternoon spent at her villa.

DEV

Why don't we continue the tour? Charles, drop that off in the cataloguing room.

With one final haughty sniff, Charles walks away.

DEV

Follow me, you two.

SCENE 6:

INT. HALLWAY - EVENING

Frankie lags behind to walk with Remy.

FRANKIE

You don't really believe this stuff, do you? I mean, all the
crap about time travel?

REMY

Of course I do! My father served with the club for years! He
told us all about the emeralds, and the gold, and all of it!

FRANKIE

Wait, what do you mean -

DEV

Here we are!

Dev stands in front of a large vault door.

DEV

Now, before we go in, I realize I still haven't told you what it
is we do here.

REMY (aside)

You're going to love this part!

DEV

The Travellers are an old organization, founded in the early
1900s with one purpose in mind: to rob the richest people in
history.

Beat.

FRANKIE

What?!

DEV

Ms Lin, please -

FRANKIE

No, no! I could handle the creepy back-alley building, I could deal with weird old guys talking about Marilyn Monroe, I can even stomach the fact that you've convinced yourself you could travel through time, but old-timey heists are where I draw the line. I mean, just saying it out loud makes me sound insane!! Enough with the tailored suits and the weird cryptic one-liners, I'm leaving.

Frankie crosses her arms and starts back down the hallway.

DEV

(calling down the hall)

Suit yourself!

FRANKIE

Thanks, I will!

DEV

Mr Remington, would you like to take a look at all the treasure we've amassed so far?

Frankie stops walking.

DEV

(pointedly)

All the gold, diamonds...not to mention the artwork - just stunning.

Frankie creeps back over to Dev and Remy.

DEV

Ms Lin?

FRANKIE

I'm only sticking around so I can give a better testimony when I go to the police with this stuff.

DEV

Whatever you say.

He swings open the safe doors with a flourish.

SCENE 7:

INT. VAULT - EVENING

Treasure fills what was once an extravagant ballroom. Thrones, statues, and other valuables are stacked, almost comically, to the ceiling. Frankie is in awe. Remy is a bit less visibly impressed - he's seen this before.

DEV

Magnificent, isn't it?

Frankie shakes off her amazement.

FRANKIE

Yeah, yeah, really incredible - another bunch of rich assholes hoarding all their money. Real inspiring stuff. Can I go now?

DEV

Nothing was keeping you here. You're free to leave.

Frankie scoffs.

FRANKIE

Great.

She moves to leave, but can't stop staring at all of the gold and jewels around her.

REMY

Are you -

FRANKIE

I'm going, I'm going!

Again, Frankie is drawn back by the treasure.

DEV

Taking our time, are we?

FRANKIE

What's in it for me? If I join this club?

DEV

Besides unimaginable riches?

REMY

The adventure of a lifetime?

DEV

And a chance to change the past, the present, and the future?

FRANKIE

Right. Besides that.

DEV

Well, the Travellers are a pretty old organization. We've got plenty of friends in high places. Anything you need, at any time, there'll be someone who can get it to you.

FRANKIE

So if I was looking for a mansion in the countryside...

DEV

Or a castle in the Highlands?

A moment of deliberation. Finally -

FRANKIE

So how does it work, exactly?

DEV

Why not utilize that old adage - seeing is believing? Mr Remington, if you please?

He hands Remy an emerald tie pin.

REMY

You mean it?

Dev nods. Remy grabs the tie pin and clips it on.

FRANKIE

Wow, fashionable.

DEV

Specially designed for each member. Wait till you see yours.

Remy grabs the tie pin and closes his eyes, concentrating.

REMY

Where to?

DEV

Keep it simple. Let's pay a little visit to our good friend John.

REMY

(concentrating)

February 10, 1872!

Dev grabs Remy and Frankie's hands.

DEV

Hold on to your hat, Ms Lin. History's about to change.

FRANKIE

Wh -

The three of them disappear in a swirl of emerald green smoke.

SCENE 8:

INT. 1800S BALLROOM ENTRY - NIGHT

Frankie, Dev, and Remy appear in a coat-room, suddenly dressed in period-appropriate attire. Both men have green accents on their suits, and Frankie wears a green dress.

FRANKIE
-the fuck?!

ATTENDEES turn and stare, whispering disdainfully.

REMY
Shh!

FRANKIE
Wait, so Remy, when you said "1872"-

REMY
Here we are!

FRANKIE
And when you said "our good friend John"-

The music in the background picks up into a dance number, and a few couples move into the ballroom. As the doors open, Frankie sees a man in a striking suit conversing with some guests. He turns to the door as it opens - he's JOHN D ROCKEFELLER.

FRANKIE
Holy shit.

DEV
Language, Ms Lin, language! This is a different time, after all.

Clearly both Dev and Remy are amused by Frankie's utter astonishment.

DEV

What do you say we take a little spin around the ballroom?

FRANKIE

Wh - but - what about the butterfly effect or whatever? If I eat a bonbon, doesn't that mean I'll be destroying a city or something?

DEV

We each have our own ideas about how this whole "time travel" thing works. Right now, we have an entire team of scientists - including Mr Remington's father - working to understand fully how the emeralds work. For now, let's just say that the only thing you risk by eating that bonbon is the carbs.

FRANKIE

So...

DEV

So, feel free to enjoy the dance! Behave yourselves.

Dev taps his ring, mutters something, and vanishes in another swirl of green smoke. As he leaves, Frankie tries to grab him.

FRANKIE

Wait! You can't just leave us here! What about -

REMY

Come on, let's go!

SCENE 9:

INT. 1800S BALLROOM - NIGHT

Remy grabs Frankie's hand and leads her into an extravagant ballroom, lined with COUPLES in fancy dress. There are tables filled with sweets and drinks, and a live band in the back playing a lively dance number.

REMY

Isn't it all so beautiful?

FRANKIE

Okay, sidebar at the refreshment table.

Frankie storms through the dancers to a table in a far corner, grabs a bonbon, and pops it into her mouth. A bit confused, Remy follows her.

REMY

I don't understand. Aren't you excited about all this?

FRANKIE

I mean, Jesus, it's a lot to take in! Were you excited the first time you found out?

REMY

To be honest, this is technically my first time travelling this far back.

FRANKIE

Then how'd you know the date?

REMY

I've been memorizing them since I was a little kid. My dad's got some old ledgers from when the Travellers was first formed. I used to spend hours turning those dusty pages and reading about all the adventures the original members went on.

FRANKIE

That's another thing...if you guys can travel through time without having to worry about consequences, why do you need new members? Why not just...keep travelling forward from where you were?

A few PARTYGOERS give the two weird looks as they collect refreshments. Frankie and Remy don't seem to notice.

REMY

See, that's the thing. We know for sure that the sweet you're eating isn't going to affect the future in any concrete way. People are trickier, though. If I, say, fell in love in the 1930s, I couldn't take my partner back to 2021 without some serious time consequences.

FRANKIE

Consequences like what?

REMY

At best, an alternate timeline. I read about a few of those in the ledger. Believe it or not, we had some people come to our timeline from the one where Pepsi was the leading cola brand.

He's genuinely tickled by this fact. Frankie plays along.

FRANKIE

Wow, really?

REMY

I know, isn't that wild?

FRANKIE

What's the worst case scenario?

Remy looks uncomfortable.

REMY

At worst...this is just speculation, but they think it'd be the

time equivalent of a black hole. Complete destruction of the
timeline.

FRANKIE
"They?"

REMY
That group of scientists that Dev was talking about.

FRANKIE
That's his name? Dev?

REMY
Devon Angelo Thistlewhaite-McCambridgeshire.

FRANKIE
Gesundheit.

REMY
He's the great-great-grandson of the founder, the original
Angelo Thistlewhaite-McCambridgeshire. So if you think I was
raised around the Travellers...

FRANKIE
Sheesh.

There's an awkward silence.

REMY
Do you wanna -

FRANKIE
(simultaneously)
So what's up with -

REMY
Oh, you go first!

FRANKIE

No, no, it's really stupid. What were you going to say?

REMY

I'm sure it isn't. Go ahead.

Beat.

FRANKIE

Okay, um...what did that creepy old guy mean when he said you were "another accident waiting to happen?"

Remy flinches at this and doesn't respond.

FRANKIE

Sorry, sorry! You see, I told you it was stupid! No need to answer, it's -

REMY

Do you want to dance?

FRANKIE

What?

REMY

Come on, dance with me!

Remy spins Frankie into a waltz and they join the dancers in the middle of the hall. Remy is a surprisingly good dancer, and Frankie does her best to keep up. Eventually the song ends and the dancers bow to each other.

FRANKIE

Wow, that was -

REMY

Shh!

Rockefeller has risen from his seat and lifted his glass.

ROCKEFELLER

Thank you all, esteemed guests and friends. I don't know where I might have been tonight without your endless support, your kindness, and most importantly, your money.

The guests laugh. Rockefeller continues his speech under:

REMY

Now comes the fun part.

FRANKIE

What fun part?

Remy turns to Frankie with a twinkle in his eye.

REMY

We get to steal!

SCENE 10:

INT. 1800S BALLROOM ENTRY - NIGHT

Remy and Frankie sneak back out into the entry hall. Frankie's still a bit confused.

FRANKIE
What's -

REMY
Shh!

FRANKIE
(quieter)
You know, I am getting real sick of people doing that today.

REMY
Sorry.

FRANKIE
What's the plan?

REMY
Oh, I don't know. I just thought, while we're here, we oughta uphold that old tradition.

FRANKIE
Right.

She looks over at a rack lined with coats and has an idea.

FRANKIE
What about those?

REMY
The coats?

FRANKIE

Why not? I'm sure they're worth more than I make in a year!
Plus, they could always buy new coats.

REMY

I don't see why not! How about we each wear one and take two or
three?

FRANKIE

Works for me!

The two sneak over to the coat rack and slide on thick
expensive-looking coats. Remy is grabbing one off the rack when
a hand pops out of the sleeve. He flinches back and the stuffy
PORTER appears from behind the coats.

PORTER

Could I see your tickets, please?

REMY

Um, excuse me?

PORTER

All guests checking out their coats must present the
corresponding ticket.

He shows them a number stapled to the sleeve of the coat Remy
was trying to grab.

PORTER

Your tickets?

REMY

Well, we...um...

Thinking quickly, Frankie steps in.

FRANKIE

We must have misplaced our tickets! Poor Cliff, darling, I'm

sure you'd leave your head behind if it wasn't attached to your shoulders!

She taps Remy's head and he laughs nervously. The porter does not.

PORTER

Begging your pardon, but why do you need multiple coats, madam?

FRANKIE

For...our friends! We're meeting them outside and they forgot their coats! They gave Frank their tickets too, but he must have lost them, didn't you, dear?

REMY

Indeed I did! What a terrible klutz I am. I'm sure I'd lose my head if it -

FRANKIE

Yes, yes, we've already...never mind. If you could let us take these out to our friends, sir, we'll be out of your hair in a moment.

The porter narrows his eyes.

PORTER

If I could just check the guest list...

FRANKIE

Why, whatever for?

PORTER

Just to make sure that you are who you say you are. Who *did* you say you were?

FRANKIE

Well, we're the - um - screw it, just run!

Frankie grabs Remy's arm and together they run out the door.

PORTER

Thieves! Someone stop them!

A few POLICE OFFICERS rush to his aid and follow the two out the door.

SCENE 10:

EXT 1800S NEW YORK - NIGHT

Remy and Frankie duck behind a corner and pause, panting. Frankie's managed to grab one other coat, while Remy only has the one that he put on.

FRANKIE

Remington, you are a terrible liar!

They both look at each other and burst out laughing.

REMY

"I'd lose my head if it wasn't attached to my shoulders!"

FRANKIE

Ohh my god, that was too much!

REMY

Should we go back, then?

FRANKIE

I'd say our work here is done. We did old Stuffed
Shirt-McSomething or Other proud, at least.

She grabs Remy's hand. He blushes.

FRANKIE

What was the date again?

REMY

Date! Ah, right, the date! Um...April 21st, 2021?

Green smoke swirls around them and they disappear again.

SCENE 11:

INT. THE TRAVELLER'S CLUB - NIGHT

Frankie and Remy appear in the middle of the club's main hall, dressed in their regular clothes and clutching the stolen coats. Dev runs over to greet them, with Charles on his heels.

DEV

Welcome back, you - what are these?

REMY

(sheepishly)

Coats?

FRANKIE

We thought while we were there, we might as well snag something for our troubles.

CHARLES

My, are all your new recruits this irresponsible, Devon?

FRANKIE

Hey! We didn't get caught, did we? And as far as we know, there's no huge time anomalies running around, so I'd say we did a pretty good job!

DEV

Are you talking about the multiple time anomalies that were reported shortly after the two of you travelled from the 19th century to here?

Remy and Frankie look shocked and frantic. Dev laughs.

DEV

Joking. Only joking. I'll take those?

He holds out his arm and the two drop their coats onto it.

DEV

Excellent work, you two. You'll be notified when we need you again.

FRANKIE

Hey, I never said I'd join this stupid club!

CHARLES

As if your opinion is worth anything...

Dev ignores this.

DEV

Somehow, Ms Lin, I get the feeling that you'll be coming back here soon enough.

He turns and starts walking towards the cataloguing room.

FRANKIE

Smart-ass...

She heads for the elevator.

REMY

Hey, Frankie!

Frankie turns around.

FRANKIE

Yeah?

REMY

See you soon!

FRANKIE

...you too!

Frankie steps into the elevator and the doors close behind her.

SCENE 12:

EXT. OUTSIDE THE CLUB - NIGHT

Frankie steps back out into the cold night air. Immediately, her phone starts buzzing with calls and texts from Jazz. Frankie winces.

FRANKIE
Yikes...

She clicks on one of the "Missed Call" notifications and calls Jazz. After a few rings:

JAZZ
Where have you been?!

FRANKIE
(apologetic)
Hey, babe.

JAZZ
Do they have caveman reception in that club or something? I swear, I was this close to calling the cops.

FRANKIE
I'm sorry, I'm sorry! I guess I just got...wrapped up in everything.

JAZZ
I'm just glad you didn't get murdered by those rich psychos. So what was it like?

FRANKIE
Well, the good news is, it's not a murder cult...

Frankie continues talking on the phone as she starts walking back home.

SCENE 13:

EXT. NEW YORK STREET CORNER - THE NEXT DAY

Frankie is back in business, setting up another trick for a group of tourists. She fans out a deck of cards in the face of an eager VOLUNTEER.

FRANKIE

Alright, man, pick a card!

The volunteer excitedly draws a card and peers at the suit: the 6 of clubs.

FRANKIE

Now, don't show me. Don't give away the game just yet. Just put it in your pocket for me, okay?

The volunteer does so. The audience titters with anticipation.

FRANKIE

Now, keep your eyes on my hands here...just keep watching...

The crowd watches as Frankie does a complicated hand movement to reveal - the 3 of hearts.

FRANKIE

Is this your card?

VOLUNTEER

(sheepishly)

No...

FRANKIE

Really? Are you sure?

The volunteer nods. Silence from the audience, who are looking around at each other warily.

FRANKIE

Can you check again for me?

VOLUNTEER

Sure.

They reach into their pocket - and pull out the 3 of hearts! The crowd turns back to Frankie, who is holding the 6 of clubs.

FRANKIE

I'm sorry, man, you were right! *This* is your card, yeah?

Thunderous applause from the audience. Frankie bows.

FRANKIE

Thank you! Thank you, I'll be here all weekend, folks!

Patrons drop dollar bills into the cup on Frankie's table. She starts cleaning up, placing some cards under the table - then stops when she sees a pair of polished brown brogues standing in front of her. She rises to see Remy, standing in front of her with a look of awe and excitement.

FRANKIE

Ah!

REMY

Hey!

FRANKIE

...Hi.

REMY

How'd you do that?

FRANKIE

A great magi - wait, this feels familiar.

REMY

Dev told me to come by and watch you do your thing, since we're supposed to be partners.

FRANKIE

Wait, back up?

REMY

Well, I went by the club today, just to check in - and because I had forgotten my coat, but that's not important -

FRANKIE

No, no, I meant the bit about us being "partners?"

REMY

Ohhh, right! So since we're both technically on probation right now, we have to do our first few missions together, and Dev wanted me to see how you work before we get properly called in!

FRANKIE

...Right.

REMY

And now I can totally see why they chose you! I mean, that trick was so cool! When you made that guy look back in [their] pocket...the look on [their] face!

FRANKIE

I can do more than that, you know.

REMY

Like what?

Frankie holds up her hand to reveal Remy's watch hanging off a finger. Remy looks down at his wrist, shocked, then back up at her.

REMY

Wh - h - that's amazing!!

FRANKIE
(smugly)
No biggie.

So what do you do?

REMY
Oh! That's the other part - you're supposed to follow me to
work.

At this point Frankie has finished packing up her equipment into
a sturdy-looking bag. She picks it up.

FRANKIE
"Work?"

REMY
You'll see.

He turns on his heel and heads off down the street. Confused,
Frankie follows him.

SCENE 14:

EXT. DOWN NEW YORK STREETS - DAY

Remy and Frankie make their way through the bustling crowds, dodging pedestrians and small children. As they go, Remy mutters to himself.

REMY

(muttering)

Show starts at 2:30, but call time is 12:00, so we should be able to...

Frankie follows behind Remy, growing increasingly confused.

FRANKIE

Where are we going, exactly?

REMY

Work!

FRANKIE

Ah, work! Of course!

(to herself)

Why do I even ask?

SCENE 15:

EXT. OUTSIDE THE BOTTLENECK THEATER - DAY

At last, the two reach their destination - a stage door at the Bottleneck Theater. Remy pulls out a key card and finally turns to Frankie.

REMY
We're here!

He scans the key card and the two head inside.

SCENE 16:

INT. THE BOTTLENECK THEATER - DAY

Inside the theater, stagehands and actors bustle around backstage, carrying costumes and props. Remy makes his way to the dressing rooms and, after a moment to take it in, Frankie follows him.

FRANKIE
A theater?

REMY
Hey, sleight of hand is your specialty - acting is mine.

He gestures to the house (the main room of the theater where the audience sits).

REMY
Take a seat! We'll be starting in a moment.

Confused but intrigued by the spectacle of the theatre, Frankie makes her way off the stage into the house and takes a seat.

After a moment, the lights go down and a spotlight hits the stage to reveal a CHORUS, dressed in plain robes with old-fashioned makeup caked on.

CHORUS (unison)
Two houses both alike in dignity, in fair...

TRANSITION into a later scene - BENVOLIO and MONTAGUE are reciting dialogue.

BENVOLIO
So please you, step aside. I'll know his grievance or be much denied.

Montague and LADY MONTAGUE exit - enter Remy as Romeo. He winks at Frankie.

BENVOLIO

Good morrow, cousin!

REMY

Is the day so young?

BENVOLIO

But new struck nine.

REMY

Ay me, sad hours seem long. Was that my father that went hence...

A brief MONTAGE of various scenes featuring Remy as Romeo as Frankie watches, transfixed. Finally we arrive at the ending.

REMY

O true apothecary, Thy drugs are quick. Thus, with a kiss, I die!

He does. Frankie applauds. Lights up in the theatre as the actors re-enter and take their bows. The DIRECTOR enters from backstage and begins pulling actors aside as Remy drops down to meet Frankie.

REMY

So...?

FRANKIE

That...was amazing! Where was that last night?

REMY

Yeah...thanks for stepping in with that, by the way.

FRANKIE

Well, now I feel like an amateur. Where'd you learn to act like that?

REMY

My dad's been putting my brothers and I through acting camps since we could talk. Part of the Travellers training program.

FRANKIE

He wanted you guys to get in that bad, huh?

REMY

Gotta follow the family legacy. My grandpa raised my dad the same way.

FRANKIE

And your brothers are already members? Or are they still in training?

Remy's face drops.

FRANKIE

Sorry, sorry - sore subject.

REMY

No, it's fine.

He sighs.

REMY

Can we talk about this in the dressing room?

FRANKIE

Sure.

She follows him backstage.

SCENE 17:

INT. BOTTLENECK DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Frankie follows Remy into the dressing room. Remy sits down in front of the mirror and starts taking off his makeup.

REMY

My brother James was basically a prodigy. He got into the Travellers right out of high school - they wanted to recruit him before, but my dad was adamant about him finishing his education. After that...well, you know when your sibling gets an award or something, and your parents just don't stop talking about it?

FRANKIE

Only child.

REMY

Oh. You're lucky then. Every dinner party, donor ball, family picnic, it was always the same thing. Everyone wanted to hear about James the wonder agent. He lived up to it, too. Did you ever learn about Al Capone's missing fortune?

FRANKIE

Yeah, it was something like, he had made a bunch of money that went missing after his death, right?

REMY

That was James.

FRANKIE

Jesus.

REMY

He was a total machine. And a great brother, on top of it all. Used to give us advice about how to get girls from different decades. "Chicks in the '50s are down for anything, but don't

ask any dame from the '20s to tango or you'll get a fist up your nose!"

He pauses in amusement.

FRANKIE

...what happened to him?

REMY

You remember how I was telling you about the consequences of using the emeralds?

Frankie nods.

REMY

Sometimes people try to come back and they're...missing things. Pieces of themselves. Most of the time it's body parts, like Charles's missing finger, but other times...

An uncomfortable silence.

FRANKIE

Remy, I'm so sorry.

REMY

It wasn't even that he came back different or something. He was just - gone. Like someone had flipped off a switch in his brain.

FRANKIE

Where is he now?

REMY

Dad shipped him off to some care facility in Rhode Island. We haven't seen him since.

Another silence.

FRANKIE

I'm...

REMY

It's fine, you don't need to say anything.

FRANKIE

No, I'm - pissed!

Remy turns around to look at her.

FRANKIE

What kind of an organization would do that? They ruined someone's life - ruined a family - and the family just has to shrug and move on?! That's sick!

REMY

Frankie -

FRANKIE

And that skeeze has the audacity to call you that to your face!
It's so - ugh!!

REMY

Really, it's fine -

FRANKIE

No, it's not! It's really not! God, Remy, I'm so sorry that you had to deal with all this.

She puts a hand on his shoulder and Remy blushes again.

REMY

Really, it's -

DEV

Hello, you two.

They turn to see Dev in the doorway of the dressing room.

SCENE 18:

EXT NEW YORK STREET - DAY

Remy and Frankie sit in the back of a fancy black car. Dev is in the passenger seat.

DEV

So how'd you enjoy your day out? Ms Lin?

FRANKIE (venomously)

It was fine.

DEV

Mr Remington?

Remy just nods.

DEV

Excellent. Well, I'll cut to the chase. We've got something big planned tonight, and, given your performance yesterday, we'd like the two of you to come with us. Don't get too excited - you're still technically on probation, but we've agreed some time in the field will be helpful.

FRANKIE

What happens if something goes wrong?

REMY

Frankie -

FRANKIE

I'm just asking, what if we come back and -

REMY

Frankie, just drop it, okay?

The car drops into an uncomfortable silence.

Eventually the car rolls to a halt and Dev clears his throat.

DEV

We've arrived. I'll brief you when we get inside.

Dev and Remy exit the car. Frankie takes a moment before she joins them outside.

SCENE 19:

INT. TRAVELLERS MAIN HALL - AFTERNOON

Dev strides into the main hall, followed by Remy and Frankie. A few members, including Charles, are milling around, but they turn to listen to Dev as he enters.

DEV

So, we're heading back to an old haunt today. This one's gonna be tricky though - she's not as open to guests as she was last time.

FRANKIE

She?

DEV

You're going to get the chance to meet our good old friend, Her Majesty Marie Antoinette.

Charles scoffs and Dev shoots him a look.

CHARLES

So you were serious when you talked about wanting to bring the brats along?

DEV

Need I remind you how your scouts fared last time we visited?

This makes Charles hold his tongue.

DEV

Now then - Ms Lin, you'll be shadowing Charles here.

Charles turns up his nose a bit at Frankie. She returns it with a grimace.

DEV

You two will be heading in through the side door while you and I, Mr Remington, will entertain our good friend at the front. Mr Hitchcock will be based in 2021, charting our progress as best he can and stepping in if things go wrong.

MR HITCHCOCK, a small and portly man, waves politely.

DEV

Sound good?

Frankie and Remy nod.

DEV

Excellent. Let's get to work, then.

They all gather around Dev's ring, with both Charles and Remy taking steps to avoid Frankie.

DEV

What was it again, Charles? Ah, of course - September 14, 1789.

Now-familiar green smoke swirls as our main party disappears through time.

SCENE 20:

EXT. OUTSIDE THE PALACE - AFTERNOON

The party appears on a front lawn outside the magnificent palace of Versailles, all in period-appropriate dress. Remy and Dev are dressed to the nines, though they're both without powdered wigs, and Frankie and Charles wear more traditional dark peasant clothes. All of them are wearing shades of green, of course. Dev spies a flash of white hair and splendor from the gardens near the palace.

DEV

Ah, good, she's in. Mr Remington, if you please, follow me. Ms
Lin -

FRANKIE

I got it, thanks.

Dev and Remy head off towards the gardens as Frankie stands a bit awkwardly next to Charles.

FRANKIE

So, which way is the -

CHARLES

I feel the need to make something very clear, lest you forget - you are my shadow, with all that the title entails. You do not speak, you do not make a sound without my permission, and you follow my every move. Is that clear?

FRANKIE

Y-

CHARLES

IS that clear?

Frankie almost speaks again, but sighs and silently nods.

CHARLES

Good. You people may be dense but at least you can follow directions.

FRANKIE

Okay, *what* is that su-

Charles shoots her a reproachful look and she shuts up again.

CHARLES

The servant's quarters are through this path. Once we're there, we'll need to blend in until we reach the display room. Have you heard of the Affair of the Diamond Necklace?

Frankie shakes her head.

CHARLES

No, I thought not. Well, to make a tragically long story short, a common thief and a prostitute managed to trick a duke into purchasing a priceless diamond necklace for her Majesty. It's a ghastly thing, quite ugly, and when Marie discovered the ploy she had them hanged, but - she never got rid of the necklace...follow me.

Charles heads off down a side path and, a bit baffled and quite excited, Frankie follows.

SCENE 21:

INT. VERSAILLES BACK HALLWAYS - AFTERNOON

Charles and Frankie duck in between SERVANTS as they make their way through a kitchen, a laundry, and a storage room. Finally they exit out into a lavish velvet hallway, and Charles motions for Frankie to follow him.

They creep down the hallway, stopping once or twice to avoid the watchful eye of a BUTLER or two, until they reach the door that Charles is looking for. He struggles with the lock for a bit. Suddenly Frankie realizes something and twists the handle to reveal that the door is unlocked. Charles shoots her a look that could curdle milk, but heads inside. After a smug (but silent) self-congratulation, Frankie follows him.

SCENE 22:

INT. STORAGE ROOM - AFTERNOON

Charles and Frankie make their way silently into a small, dark room. Chests and other various old knick-knacks are piled up haphazardly, giving the impression that this is where things are thrown when they're no longer needed. The two navigate their way through piles of objects until Charles stops Frankie at a jewelry box sitting on an old stool.

FRANKIE
(whispering)
This is it?

Charles nods and lifts up the lid of the box to reveal an ornate - and seriously ugly - diamond necklace. Frankie makes a face.

FRANKIE
(whispering)
You were right about it being ugly.

CHARLES
(whispering)
She's certainly no looker, but she's worth more than you could possibly imagine. Now here - help me with the dupe.

He pulls an identical box from a pocket in his coat and hands it to Frankie. She opens it - inside is an exact replica of the necklace. She picks up a dangling gem and holds it up to the light to reveal that it's just glass.

CHARLES
(whispering)
Don't touch it, just hold -

Suddenly, there's a voice coming from the corridor.

MARIE

(o.s.)

- zat's precisely what I'm saying, dah-ling! Zat ridiculous little peasant girl and her lover zought zat she could pull ze wool right over my eyes, but she should have known...

Charles and Frankie turn to each other with wide eyes. Quickly and silently, they manage to squeeze behind various piles of things and Dev, Remy, and MARIE ANTOINETTE step into the storage room. The latter two look nervous but are keeping on happy faces.

DEV

That really is an interesting tale, your Highness, but we really don't need to see -

MARIE

Nonsense! You ought to see how zey made it - it's absolutely hideous!

Too late, Frankie realizes she's still holding the fake necklace's box. She glances over as Marie moves to the real box, picks it up, and shows the necklace to Remy and Dev.

MARIE

Isn't it just awful?

DEV

Yes, it's - it really is quite ugly!

Remy nods in agreement.

MARIE

And somehow zey zought zat her Royal Highness would be interested in such a disgusting zing!

She closes the box, but continues to hold onto it. Frankie and Charles make frantic eye contact from across the room. Thinking quickly, Frankie tucks the fake box into her coat and stumbles

out into view. Marie turns around to stare at her as the blood drains from Dev's face.

MARIE

And who exactly are you?

FRANKIE

Your Highness! Forgive me, I was ordered to clear out some space in here. I didn't realize - oh, you have guests!

She curtsies to Dev and Remy. Charles looks like he's going to explode.

A beat while Marie stares Frankie up and down. Frankie spots the real box and holds out her hand.

FRANKIE

May I?

Another long, tense beat, then -

MARIE

Very well.

She hands over the box. Dev, Remy, and Charles collectively breathe sighs of relief.

MARIE

But ze next time you speak out of turn, I'll have your head. Is zat clear?

FRANKIE

Yes, your Highness.

She gives another curtsy. Satisfied, Marie turns back to her guests.

MARIE

Now, as I was saying...

She leads Dev and Remy back out of the room. As soon as the door shuts, Charles leaps out from his hiding place.

CHARLES

(loudly whispering)

What on Earth were you thinking?!

FRANKIE

I got it back, didn't I?

CHARLES

Of all the irresponsible, reckless, idiotic -

He boils over with rage and is rendered speechless. Frankie sighs.

FRANKIE

Look, I'm sorry for that, but we've got the necklace now. Let's just go!

Charles's face goes through about 15 different expressions of rage before -

CHARLES

Very well. At least we've got the blasted thing.

With a satisfied smile, Frankie tucks the real necklace into her coat and they leave the storage room.

SCENE 23:

INT. VERSAILLES BACK HALLWAYS - AFTERNOON

Frankie and Charles exit the storage room and make their way down the hallway quickly. As they do, there's a commotion from down the hall. Suddenly SOLDIERS rush out from around a corner and into the storage room. Charles and Frankie look at each other in confusion.

FRANKIE

Should we be worried about that?

A SOLDIER, slightly behind his peers, comes out from the corner and spots the two.

SOLDIER

Stop right there!

CHARLES

Now we should be.

Rather than run, Charles turns back to the soldier.

CHARLES

Hello sir, what seems to be the problem?

Up close, the soldier is young, maybe a few years younger than Frankie. He's hard-faced, though, and doesn't betray any emotion at Charles's greeting.

SOLDIER

Highness has just discovered spies in the palace. You two wouldn't happen to know anything about that, would you?

CHARLES

Of course not!

The soldier notices the necklace tucked into Frankie's coat.

SOLDIER

What's that you've got there, miss?

FRANKIE

O-onl-

CHARLES

Only this old thing!

He pulls out the necklace's box and presents it to the guard.

CHARLES

We were taking it to be polished. That's no crime, is it?

There's a tense moment where the soldier examines the box - and snatches it out of Charles's hands.

SOLDIER

I'll take it over to the jewellers. Be off with you now, and don't get in our way again.

With a final scoff, he turns and follows the rest of the soldiers into the storage room. Charles quickly grabs Frankie's arm and they hurry out of the palace.

SCENE 24:

EXT. OUTSIDE THE PALACE - EVENING

Frankie and Charles exit the servant's entrance. As soon as they're out, Frankie whirls on Charles.

FRANKIE

When he said "spies", you don't think he meant -

CHARLES

I do.

He looks a bit grave, the first time Frankie's seen him so serious.

CHARLES

Nothing we can do for them now, though. Devon's got the ring and if that Remington boy held onto his tie clip, they'll be able to travel back. All we can do now is hope that they'll meet us in the present.

FRANKIE

But what about the necklace? We've lost everything, how are we supposed to go back now?

At this, Charles scoffs.

CHARLES

Come now, girl, you don't think I would actually give him the real thing?

Frankie pulls out another box from her coat and opens it, holding a gem up to the light. This time, it's confirmed to be a real diamond.

CHARLES

Glass and diamonds tend to have different weights, you see. Now,

come on - there's no time to lose, if you'll pardon the turn of phrase.

He grabs onto Frankie's wrist and holds up his own emerald, welded onto the back of a pocket watch.

FRANKIE

But -

CHARLES

April 22nd, 2021!

They disappear.

SCENE 25:

INT. TRAVELLERS MAIN HALL - EVENING

The sun is setting behind them as Frankie and Charles re-appear in the Traveller's main hall. Frankie immediately turns on Charles, furious.

FRANKIE

How could you just leave them like that?

CHARLES

(calmly)

It's a risk of the profession. There's always a chance that you'll end up trapped in a time that isn't your own. They knew the risks.

FRANKIE

But we could have helped them! Why is it always so "every man for himself" around here?! Are you really so content with letting Remy and Dev rot in some old French dungeon?

CHARLES

Well, the Remington boy should have known something like this would happen after his brothe-

Frankie punches him in the face. Charles, knocked to the ground, is stunned.

FRANKIE

Fuck you.

CHARLES

You know, you punch precisely how I expected you would.

Frankie lifts up her fist for another punch, but Dev grabs her wrist.

CHARLES

You see? I told you they'd be just fine.

Frankie whirls around and realizes that Dev is standing there.

FRANKIE

Where's Remy?

Dev says nothing, but releases her wrist.

FRANKIE

Where is he?

DEV

They separated us after we were discovered. Luckily, I still had my ring on me, so as soon as they left me alone...I don't know what happened to him.

FRANKIE

He had his tie clip, right? He should have been able to get out if he had his -

Dev shakes his head. Frankie's face falls.

FRANKIE

Well, now we just have to get him back!

She grabs Dev's arm.

FRANKIE

What was the date again? September something, 18 -

Dev takes her hand off his arm.

DEV

Ms Lin, we can't. There are risks that come with the -

FRANKIE

Oh, don't you start with that! Not you too! Am I the only one in this whole place who gives a crap about human fucking decency?

She looks around the room to see various members averting their gaze. This is the tipping point.

FRANKIE

You know what? You can find some new bright-eyed pickpocket off the street or something. I'm done.

She storms over to the elevator and leaves. Dev says nothing as he stares after her.

SCENE 26:

INT. JAZZ'S APARTMENT - THE NEXT DAY

Frankie sits next to a worried Jazz on her couch as Jazz flips through Netflix.

JAZZ

Soooo...there's a new season of The Crown out, do you wanna watch that?

Frankie grunts noncommittally.

JAZZ

Or we could rewatch Back to the Future?

Another nonresponse from Frankie.

JAZZ

Alright, seriously, we need to talk about what's going on with you!

FRANKIE

Nothing's "going on with me" -

JAZZ

Really? You knocked on my door last night, out of the blue, crashed on my couch, and you haven't gotten up once since then!

FRANKIE

I made breakfast in the -

JAZZ

That's not the point and you know it! And besides, a Solo cup of black coffee doesn't count as "breakfast" under any circumstance.

FRANKIE

I didn't want to get any dishes dirty...

JAZZ

Babe, listen to me. I'm here for you, okay? Anything you need, anything you want to talk about, I'm ready and willing to listen. No judgement, no weird faces, no disbelief. I promise.

Frankie looks up at Jazz as if she's coming out of a fog, then sighs.

FRANKIE

Okay.

JAZZ

So what's up?

FRANKIE

Well...you remember that club thing that I got recruited into?

JAZZ

The one with the weird rich people, yeah.

FRANKIE

Um, it turns out that they're actually a secret society of trained gentleman thieves who travel through time and steal from famous billionaires.

Beat.

JAZZ

Okay...

Frankie shoots her a look.

JAZZ

Sorry, sorry! No judgement.

FRANKIE

Right, so we went to Marie Antoinette's time last night, and we stole this necklace, but my friend got caught and now he's stuck there, and nobody will do anything about it, and I can't stop thinking about how his brother lost his mind while working at the same club, and now the same thing's gonna happen to him, and it's all my fault because I didn't do anything to help, and he probably hates me, and -

JAZZ

Woah, woah, okay, slow down.

FRANKIE

I'm sorry, it's just - a lot.

JAZZ

I can see why you're so worried about all this.

FRANKIE

And you're not weirded out about the whole "time travel" thing?

JAZZ

I'm working my way up to it.

FRANKIE.

Fair.

A beat of silence.

JAZZ

There's really nothing you can do?

FRANKIE

Unless you've secretly got some time travelling ring or cuff link or some-

She suddenly gets a stroke of inspiration.

FRANKIE

Because that's really all we need, isn't it?

JAZZ

What?

FRANKIE

In the club - the Travellers - everyone's got some little thing with these special emeralds in them, and that's what helps them to time travel! So all we need to do -

JAZZ

-is grab one, and then we can go help your friend!

Frankie looks over at a table and spots a green necklace.

FRANKIE

I think I know a way we can get one, too...

SCENE 27:

EXT. OUTSIDE THE CLUB - DAY

Frankie stands back outside the Travellers brownstone with Jazz. They both stare at the building for a moment.

JAZZ

It's okay if you don't want to do this.

FRANKIE

I mean, I sort of have to.

JAZZ

Fair. You ready?

Frankie nods.

JAZZ

Go get 'em, tiger.

Frankie gives her a look.

JAZZ

(sheepishly)

It sounded cooler in my head.

With a chuckle, Frankie heads inside.

SCENE 28:

INT. TRAVELLERS MAIN HALL - DAY

Frankie arrives in the elevator. At her arrival, Dev turns from what he's doing and turns to her.

DEV

Ms Lin! I didn't expect to see you back here.

FRANKIE

Yeah, save it, okay? I'm just here to drop something off.

DEV

Something?

FRANKIE

My emerald thing?

She holds up the necklace.

FRANKIE

Figured I should give it back before your people track it down.

DEV

Well, I'm glad you recognized that. I don't remember you receiving your own emerald...

FRANKIE

Yeah, I snatched it while we were in the vault. That's why you hired me, right?

DEV

Fair enough. Shall I take it back, then?

He holds out his hand.

FRANKIE

(quickly)

Actually, I'd like to return it with you? Just to get one last chance to look at all that treasure...and stuff.

She and Dev make eye contact and he seems to understand.

DEV

Of course. Follow me.

Frankie does so, avoiding stares from other club members.

SCENE 28:

INT VAULT - DAY

Dev and Frankie enter the vault and Dev closes the door behind them.

FRANKIE

Do you...mind if I have a moment alone with the...treasure?

Dev laughs.

DEV

I must say, you're a very good liar, Ms Lin.

He gives Frankie a look and she drops the facade.

FRANKIE

So what? Do you kill me now?

DEV

Here.

He tosses Frankie a pair of emerald earrings.

FRANKIE

I - um, thanks. Are you sure about this?

DEV

Well, I tried to stop you from stealing those earrings, but unfortunately you used that scepter there -

He indicates it.

DEV

- to knock me over the head. Otherwise, you wouldn't have gotten away.

He hands the scepter to Frankie.

FRANKIE

I don't know what to -

DEV

Go.

Frankie smiles, then lifts the scepter and knocks Dev out. Once he's fallen to the ground, she rushes out of the room.

SCENE 29:

INT. TRAVELLERS MAIN HALL - DAY

Frankie runs from the vault room, avoiding eye contact with the members of the club milling around. She doesn't notice anyone in front of her until she quite literally runs into Charles.

CHARLES

Well, well. Look who's back.

Frankie gets up from where she's fallen and tries to move past him, but Charles blocks her way.

CHARLES

I thought you were done with this little club of ours.

FRANKIE

(hurriedly)

Just needed to drop something off. If you'll excuse me -

CHARLES

No, I don't think I will.

He moves towards her and Frankie steps back instinctively.

CHARLES

You urchins are all the same, you know that? You prance around, thinking you're too good for this, showing no respect for anything! Well, let me tell you something: it always comes back around.

He raises his arm to hit her.

FRANKIE

Okay, fuck this!

She slams her foot into Charles's shin and takes off towards the elevator. He howls and doubles over.

CHARLES

You'll get what's coming to you, you bitch!

FRANKIE

That's funny, I was just about to say the same thing about you!

Charles suddenly spies the earrings in Frankie's hand and his eyes blaze with anger.

CHARLES

Thief! Stop her!

A group of Travellers move towards the elevator, but Frankie is already inside the car and heading down to the street level.

SCENE 30:

EXT. OUTSIDE THE CLUB - DAY

Frankie bursts out of the brownstone and heads for Jazz, who looks up from her phone confusedly at her arrival.

JAZZ
What's -

Frankie grabs her arm in one hand and holds up the earrings in another.

FRANKIE
September 14, 1789!

Jazz and Frankie disappear in a puff of emerald smoke right as Charles and the other Travellers run out into the street.

SCENE 31:

EXT. OUTSIDE THE PALACE - DAY

Frankie and Jazz appear in the same spot as before, dressed in plainer-looking dark green period dress. Frankie wastes no time heading for the servant's entrance, but stops when she realizes Jazz isn't following her. Instead, she's looking around in awe.

JAZZ

Holy shit...you weren't kidding!

FRANKIE

Jazz -

JAZZ

We just travelled through time! I can't believe this!

Although she's frustrated by the lack of action, Frankie allows Jazz to take in the absurdity of the situation.

FRANKIE

Isn't it insane?

JAZZ

Seriously! How is this even possible?

FRANKIE

You're asking the wrong person.

They both laugh.

JAZZ

Okay...okay, so where's your friend?

Suddenly they can hear the sound of a crowd behind them. Both turn to see a group of people crowding around an elevated platform. Prominently displayed is a large structure with a noose.

FRANKIE

Bet you I can guess.

Both she and Jazz hurry down the hill towards the congregation.

SCENE 32:

EXT. IN FRONT OF VERSAILLES - DAY

As Frankie and Jazz move towards the group getting ready for the execution, they catch snippets of conversation from various PEASANTS.

PEASANT 1

- hear who's going to be killed today?

PEASANT 2

I heard from Henrietta it was some kind of spy.

PEASANT 3

That's what I heard, too. Trying to steal the necklace like that Jeanne girl.

PEASANT 2

It's a shame they caught him. I would have liked to see her face when she realized that the stupid thing was gone!

PEASANT 1

First she doesn't want it, then she wants it like mad! What a loon.

PEASANT 3

Either way, we get a hanging out of it, don't we?

They all laugh. Frankie and Jazz push past them and make their way to the front, right as a FOOTMAN walks onto the platform, unfurls a piece of parchment, and clears his throat. The crowd falls quiet.

FOOTMAN

For crimes of espionage against the crown, petty theft, and opposing her Majesty the Queen -

The crowd jeers.

FOOTMAN

- this spy shall be hung by the neck until dead!

Remy is brought out to the platform, flanked by two guards.
Frankie and Jazz share a frantic look.

REMY

Look, you don't understand, this is all a big mistake! I never
meant to steal the necklace! The real thieves are getting away
as we -

He's cut off as one of the guards shoves him towards the noose.

Frankie's brain is moving at a mile a minute so she doesn't
notice as Jazz climbs up onto the stage.

JAZZ

Citizens of Paris!

Everyone stops in their tracks and turns to look at Jazz. She
makes eye contact with Frankie and shrugs in a "this was the
first thing I could think of" way, then turns back to her
audience.

JAZZ

I am the great...Jacindea, teller of fortunes and soothsayer of
the future! Heed my words, as my hand has been guided by God
himself!

The crowd watches, some rapt and attentive and others skeptical.

JAZZ

I have come here today to tell you all of a vision I received. A
vision of this boy's innocence!

She points to Remy.

JAZZ

He is not the spy you seek!

The crowd murmurs amongst themselves.

PEASANT 2
Well, who is?

JAZZ
Um...he is?

She points to the footman. The crowd, who really just wants a hanging, swarms onto the stage and grabs hold of the utterly baffled footman. Taking advantage of the confusion, Frankie rushes over to Remy and frees him.

FRANKIE
Hey. Sorry we're late.

REMY
I thought you weren't allowed to -

FRANKIE
Yeah, screw those guys. Come on!

She takes his head, motions to Jazz, and the three of them make their way away from the commotion.

SCENE 33:

EXT. PARIS BACK ALLEY - DAY

Frankie, Jazz, and Remy stop running in an alley and stop to catch their breath.

REMY

I can't believe you came back! How'd you get Dev to agree?

FRANKIE

I had to come back, man! I wasn't just going to let you get hung
200 years before you were even born!

JAZZ

"Hanged."

FRANKIE

Sorry, hanged. Oh, right - Jazz, this is Remy. Remy, this is my
girlfriend Jazz.

Jazz waves.

REMY

Girlfriend?

FRANKIE

(warily)

Yes...

A tense beat before Remy stretches out his hand for a handshake.

REMY

Well, it's nice to meet you!

JAZZ

Nice to meet you, too.

She shakes Remy's hand.

FRANKIE

Listen, you're okay with this whole -

REMY

Yeah, yeah, of course! I'm just - I sort of thought that you
and...and I...

Remy wants to sink into the ground and die.

FRANKIE

Oh. Oh! God, I'm so sorry, no. I'm -

REMY

No, I get it, all good!

FRANKIE

You're still a really great friend, but -

REMY

Frankie!

He gives her a reassuring smile.

REMY

It's all good.

FRANKIE

Really?

REMY

You just saved my life! I don't really think I could be mad at
you after that.

FRANKIE

Oh, shit! I totally forgot. I'm so sorry about what I said,
about your brother -

REMY

I mean, you were right. Screw those guys. The Travellers weren't exactly chomping at the bit to help me. That sort of changes your perspective on the whole thing. But I can speak for myself, you know?

FRANKIE

Of course.

REMY

We good?

Frankie grins.

FRANKIE

Yeah. We good.

They hug it out.

JAZZ

I hate to ruin the moment but...what are we going to do now?

REMY

It's not like we can exactly go back.

JAZZ

Speak for yourself! I've got a very nice job shelving books all day in the library for minimum w - yeah, we don't really need to go back, do we?

Frankie looks down at the earrings, which are still in her hand.

FRANKIE

Do you guys want to go on an adventure?

CUT TO BLACK.