

Time Team in "Love is the Key Part One: Infidelity Fetish"

By

Noah Stambovsky & Chris D'Achille

Story & Concepts

by

Noah Stambovsky, Chris D'Achille, & Ian Kuzmik

Open to: INT. The Ship. The team has ended up in an unknown part of Space. Everyone is on the bridge at their stations.

BRAD(interrupting)

Whooo! Did we really just escape from vikings *and then* Shades of Chaos? This is definitely a cause for celebration!

Brad disappears into his ready room. He emerges with a fancy looking bottle of bourbon.

DONNA

Really? I feel like last time the rule was 3 brushes with death.

BRAD

Listen, Donna. First Mate. XO, if you will. You know the deal. We get that close to death twice in a day, and everyone gets to do a half shot of the TC.

Short Brad narration, as the camera zooms in on the bottle in his hand:

"Triple Condor Bourbon. The finest original bourbon from Earth 1. Aged in American oak barrels for 27 years and bottled at barrel proof, its flavor is transcendent, smoothness off the charts, and mouthfeel unmatched. Classified by the intergalactic board of alcohol, nuclear armaments, and gambling as 'Rarest Bourbon in Existence' because the last bottles we're lost in a freak zeppelin accident."

Cut back to wide shot of Brad

BRAD

Or something like that.

CHRIS

Wait! I've heard of that stuff. It's legendary. How do you have a bottle of that?

BRAD

It may have accidentally ended up on the ship while we were on a mission helping-

DONNA(interrupting)

Brad took us to 20th century Kentucky just to steal a bottle. I've actually never seen one of his plans come together so well. When was that cap?

BRAD

About 6 months before we hired Chris, so almost 2 years now.

KURT

Dear god that stuff is smooth. Can I get a full shot this time?

BRAD

Kurt! Do you think I'm trying to go through this stuff like I do with the Bison Trail?

Cut away to Brad's Ready room where dozens of empty bottles of "Bison Trail" Bourbon overflow out of a small office trashcan and onto the floor, possibly flies flying around the bottles.

CHRIS

When do you find time for water?

BRAD

Kurt, You know the rule. Two near-death experiences in 12 hours, we can each have a half-shot. You're lucky I even share it with you.

MEGAN

Not that I don't want to try your fancy Scotch-

BRAD(irritated, interjecting)

-It's Bourbon-

MEGAN(continuing)

-But shouldn't we maybe make sure we are safe first?

BRAD(looks at bottle longingly)

I don't know, should we?

KURT

She's right Cap. I don't even know where we are right now.

DONNA

What do you mean?(to Megan) I thought you said we were safe.

MEGAN

We are! Jumpstarting the drive worked, but something is still wrong with The Ship's sensors.

KURT

Internal scans are detecting a massive amount of feedback, waiting to recalibrate. Hey XT1, what the shit?

BEAT

MEGAN

She's rebooting Kurt, it may be awhile.

The viewscreen has a fuzzy distorted image of a planet, different meters are going off as Megan and Kurt look at their readings.

MEGAN

Sensors rebooted cap. It looks like we're in stable orbit around Earth 47.

DONNA

Oh no.

KURT

What? I mean It's a little out of our way
but-

BRAD

Megan, get us out of here. Double time.

CHRIS

So are we still trying this Bourb-

BRAD(interrupting, yells)

DOUBLE TIME!

MEGAN

Whoa! Calm down, Cap. I can't do anything
while The drive is down. We won't be warp
capable for another few minutes.

CHRIS

I don't get it Cap. What's wrong with
Earth 47?

DONNA

(Sighs) Joe Burton.

KURT

Who's Joe Burton?

BRAD & DONNA

(in unison, Donna mocking)

Just an old acquaintance of mine. We go
way back. Had a falling out of sorts.

An alarm goes off, and the main viewscreen shows
radar, with four dots headed towards the center.

DONNA

That is literally all you have ever said
about your "old acquaintance". And now we
see him and in under 30 seconds he's fired
upon us. 4 swimmers coming in hot.

KURT

Hey Brad, if we have another near-death experience, can we do a full shot?

BRAD

Let's get out of here and we'll discuss it.

XT1

Incoming torpedoes.

WHOLE TEAM

THANKS XT1.

CHRIS

I thought she was rebooting.

DONNA

Megan can you give me thrusters?

MEGAN

Yeah they're online.

Donna jumps into the pilot seat (they usually warp so maybe she even dusts it off first, it is seldom used.)

DONNA

Guys, you're gonna want to strap in to the crash couches.

Everyone straps in at their various stations. The interior of the bridge shows some visual turbulence. We hear an explosion as Donna aggressively moves the pilot stick to one side.

DONNA

That one was close. Hang on.

CHRIS

Captain, if you and this guy go way back, Then why is he trying to kill us?!

BRAD

It's a long story.

KURT

Tales from Captain Vague over here, am I right?

DONNA

Yeah. Maybe now is the time to give us some exposition, Brad. What's his motivation?

BRAD

We were friends! We came up through TCA training together. We had a difference in personalities.

Another near miss, the bridge shakes, maybe something falls off a shelf, or a crashing noise coming from elsewhere in the ship.

CHRIS

What kind of difference?

BRAD

Well I'm the kind of guy that banged his fiance and... he's the kind of guy that doesn't appreciate that sort of thing.

DONNA

Jesus what's wrong with you?!

BRAD

I have an infidelity fetish!

DONNA

You have more fetishes than Kurt has degrees!

KURT

It would probably be easier to list the ones he doesn't have at this point. Squirrels? Tax evasion role play?

DONNA

No he's into that.

BRAD

XT1, munitions report.

XT1

Shock cannon battery at :three percent. Torpedo bay one: empty. Torpedo bay two: empty. Torpedo bay three: empty. Torpedo bay four-

KURT

-Ok ok. We know they're all empty, everyone knows I used all of the torpedos testing our new blast shielding-

DONNA

I did not know that.

MEGAN

Neither did I.

KURT

Well now you do.

CHRIS

Did you know about this Cap?

BRAD

He might have mentioned something about it to me. I wrote down "buy more torpedoes" on a post-it note, it's over there somewhere.

We see a post-it note fall from a cluttered bulletin board on the wall as the ship shakes.

CHRIS

Wait! We never let XT1 finish. What about Torpedo bay four?

XT1

Torpedo bay four: One active payload.

DONNA

Fire it at the hostile ship.

KURT

Wait. No!

We see an external shot of the ship. A stream of fireworks and confetti shoot out of the torpedo bay. The fireworks sizzle then spell out "Happy Birthday Donna"

CUT TO: INT the ship, as the team looks at the fireworks on the viewscreen.

DONNA

Kurt... What was that?

KURT

It was *gonna* be a surprise for your birthday. And now you've ruined it.

DONNA

My birthday was 3 months ago!

KURT

I know. I forgot. I was gonna just leave it in there until next year. Who needs torpedoes anyway?

Another crash, closer call than the last two,
alarms turn back on.

DONNA

I'll admit, the shielding is holding up
well, but y'know what? I'd feel a lot
more comfortable about this whole
situation if we had, I don't know, some
torpedoes!

MEGAN

That last one took out one of the aft
thrusters.

CHRIS

So this is how I die? Not because I
fought alongside vikings, or was
kidnapped by space pirates-

BRAD

(interjecting) A space pirate-

CHRIS

-But because Captain Brad, my captain,
traded a man's friendship for one night
of carnal desire?

BRAD

It was like 3 times. 2 nights. Not that
we're keeping score.

CHRIS (distressed)

And I never even got to try that
Bourbon!

Another crash, the whole bridge shakes, and then
the turbulence slows down.

DONNA

And... there goes another thruster. I can spin us, but other than that we're dead in the water.

XT1

Incoming hail from Joe Burton.

BRAD

Don't answer that.

DONNA

No XT1. Please do answer that. Put him on screen. I want to put a face to the name before he slags our ship.

We see a man in a captain's uniform similar to Brad's, but cheaper looking, onscreen. He has a Mississippi accent. Don't ask why it's just how I imagine him.

JOE

I told you not to come around these parts Wheeler.

BRAD

Joe, now I know you're not happy about how we left things, but maybe we can talk this out eh? You're not a bad guy, and your quarrel is with me, just look at my innocent crew, do they deserve to be victims of your vengeful justice arc?

JOE

Maybe you're right Wheeler. But on the other hand, maybe not. Maybe your crew is guilty by association.

The screen blinks off. Long beat. Then the main viewer shows more dots on radar, accompanied by the foreboding alarms beeping.

CHRIS

(Anxiously) What are we doin' Cap?

BRAD

(more anxious) Uhh... What are we doing Donna?

DONNA

I don't know, maybe you should just apologize?

BRAD

Listen, if it gets us out of here safely I'll do it. XT1, hail-

MEGAN

The drive is back online!

BRAD

Screw apologizing let's get out of here!

CHRIS

Can't he just follow us?

KURT

That's not a timeship.

BRAD

Megan, activate the drive, go to something B.C. Doesn't matter where.

They make the warp. There's a beat, with some relief among the crew.

BRAD

Alright. I think it's Condor ti-

Foreboding beeping. The viewer turns back on,
more torpedoes headed for them.

XT1

Incoming hail from Joe Burton.

BRAD

God damnit! How did he? ... Put him on
screen.

JOE

I've picked up some tricks since you
last saw me, Wheeler. See my ship has
an FTL drive, but no time drive. But
with a handy little device, known as
Rosen's Lasso, I can follow a timeship
through a wormhole. So how are you
gonna save yourself now, Wheeler?

DONNA

We are so screwed.

BRAD

XT1, terminate the connection. Megan,
take us back to the 25th.

They timewarp again.

BRAD

I know we can give them the slip
somehow...

MEGAN

Cap, I have an idea. I'm programming a
warp sequence to buy us some time...

As Megan types away at her keyboard, the viewscreen shows the dreaded proximity warning again. She looks up for a moment then finishes typing.

MEGAN

Ok. Donna, when those torpedoes are within 1 AU, run the sequence. It's right here, ready to go. Kurt, meet me in your lab.

She turns around to leave the bridge. Kurt gives a shrug and follows.

Cut To: Int. Kurt's lab. Megan opens a wall-to-ceiling storage compartment and technological refuse floods out of it. She starts rummaging through all of the components.

KURT

What are you looking for?

MEGAN

Do you have anything we could use as a flare?

KURT

No. Used pretty much all of our explosive ordnance testing those blast shields.

MEGAN

Well I hope it was fun.

KURT

Oh it was.

Megan looks down at the components and takes a moment to think.

MEGAN

Ok. New plan.

The lights dim and the ship starts whirring, the same time travel sequence we have seen starts repeating every 5 seconds as Megan continues to rummage through Kurt's lab.

Cut to: Int. The bridge. Donna, Chris, and Brad are at stations, the viewscreen shows different backdrops every 5 seconds. The first is a magma covered Earth 1, the next, an urbanized Earth 1 with an Arby's satellite orbiting it, the third, Earth 1 with multiple fast food/corporate satellites in ruin, visible environmental decay, and covered in smoking rubble.

BRAD

So now our fates are in the hands of a 22 year old kid who thought that Jesus... had parents... that intentionally named him after a curse word. And she doesn't know Bourbon from Scotch! What are our chances, d'ya think?

Brad turns to Chris and Donna

DONNA

Brad, y'know, if I were you I would shut my mouth about Megan. Are you forgetting we're only in this mess because you had sex with Joe's fiance? I mean, who does that?

BRAD

Oh come on, just because there's a goalie doesn't mean you can't fuck.

CHRIS

That doesn't even make sense.

BRAD

It's a metaphor!

Cut to: Kurt's lab. Megan has more components strewn out over the floor. She arranges them, pauses, then points to some of the components.

MEGAN

Do you see what I'm trying to do here Kurt?

KURT

Make my floor a mess? You *know* we don't have a maid right?

MEGAN

LOOK!

KURT

Holy shit. I can't believe I'm about to say this. Megan, you *may* be a genius.

MEGAN

Now help me build it, the sequence is gonna be over in... do you have the time?

They start constructing something out of the stray components.

CUT TO: INT. the Bridge. Kurt and Megan emerge with a jerry rigged looking ball of wires and components with random pieces of other machines sticking out of it. We're talking a calculator, there's bike gears, some balled up tinfoil. This thing looks JANKY.

KURT
Guys, Megan did it.

MEGAN
We did it!

Chris looks at the device with puzzlement.

CHRIS
Oooh Kurt! Did you guys make a new modular synth?

KURT
(disheartened) No. We actually had to cannibalize my last three to make this beautiful ball of science you see in front of you.

DONNA
It just looks like a ball of garbage from Kurt's lab.

MEGAN
That's what it is! Kind of.

BRAD
And how is that ball of garbage gonna save us?

KURT
Just watch.

Kurt and Megan motion for the team to follow them to the transporter room.

KURT
(to Megan) I'll let you do the honors.

MEGAN

XT1, End the timewarp sequence. Land us
back where we started.

XT1
Affirmative

Megan puts the device on the transporter pad.

XT1
Proximity alert. Torpedoes incoming.

WHOLE CREW
We know.

CHRIS
Ok so I'm still not following, how is
this thing gonna save us?

MEGAN
Watch!

She presses the transporter button, and the crew
rushes back to the bridge. Then a long beat as
Kurt and Megan wait with anticipation. Then, all
of the lights and electronics on the ship turn
off. Kurt and Megan look disappointed.

BRAD
Wait! Was that supposed to happen?

KURT
Yes and no. The device definitely
worked, but it worked *too well*.

DONNA
I'm still not following, what⁷ worked?

MEGAN

We made an EMP! (she turns to Kurt) So I guess the range was a bit higher than we projected?

KURT

Yeah. I think we were supposed to carry a one somewhere.

CHRIS

What's happening? Are we safe?

BRAD

Yeah can we get a sitrep here?

MEGAN

The EMP worked, it knocked out Joe's drive. But disfortunately, it also knocked out our drive.

DONNA

Can we reboot the drive?

KURT

Not really. And that was intended. We meant to strand them here so they couldn't lasso us. But now we're all stuck.

MEGAN

I can get the power back online in a couple of minutes. But if we want to fix the drive, I'm gonna have to go in there.

BRAD

What? No! You can't!

MEGAN

Why not?

DONNA

Didn't work out too well for the last engineer that did that.

BRAD

Which one was it? Jenny?

DONNA

No. Jenny quit on us, which was a mercy. She had enough dirt on you to take The Ship in a sexual harassment lawsuit. Josh talked her down. She works on Earth 7 now. No, it was Albert, no. Anton maybe? Who can remember. Whoever it was, he went in, and he never came out.

CHRIS

First Mate Foreboding over here, am I right?

Chris looks around as everyone else looks down. Somberly, Kurt leans over to Chris.

KURT

Not the time, man.

MEGAN

Look, I don't see another way out of this guys. The tachyon containment chamber has to be refilled manually. I think if I just go into the chronospace manifold I should be able to siphon enough ambient tachyons to fill the chamber. Donna, you and the team always go in the past and do brave heroic stuff-

DONNA
(interjecting)
We really don't-

MEGAN
-While I just stay here on the ship.
Let me be the hero this time!

Brad looks to Donna, Donna hesitates and looks to Kurt.

DONNA
Can she do this?

KURT
I think so. I mean, statistically, no.
But that hasn't stopped us before. And
we don't have another option.

DONNA
(To Megan) You don't have to do this.

MEGAN
I want to. I want to save the day.

Donna looks back to Brad and nods. This is a serious moment for the ship, the leadership signing off on the youngest, most innocent one of them risking her life for the rest of the crew.

BRAD
Megan. Come here hun.

He pours her a half shot of the triple condor Bourbon.

BRAD

Here's your first half shot of Triple Condor. Fix that drive and you get the second half.

Megan takes the half shot.

MEGAN

It's alright, I guess. Not much of a Scotch gal.

Brad looks angry.

BRAD

IT'S BOURB- Y'know what? Fix the ship and you can call it whatever you want.

CUT TO: Int. The Engineering deck. This is where the drive is housed, and also has Megan's machine shop. The drive is large and imposing, taking up the center area of the space, the rest of the shop is a series of platforms and workstations in a "U" shape around the drive. Megan works in the dark on a component at one of the workstations, she runs a cable from the wall and plugs it into the component. Lights start to come on. She puts her hand on the intercom.

MEGAN

Alright. You should have lights, sensors, and life support. And who knows, XT1 might even come back if she feels like it. I'm going in.

[Credits Roll]

POST CREDITS SCENE

Subtitle: Millersburg Kentucky, March 19th 1989.
Condor's Finest distillery. We see aging barrels,

most looks nondescript but a few off in the corner have unique markings, the camera zooms to show that they are labeled "Triple Condor". One worker is followed as he clocks out of work, and heads to an office. In the office is a man in a suit at a desk.

TC WORKER

You wanted to see me boss?

TC MANAGER

Yeah come in Johnson. It's about that last shipment. The distributor tells me two bottles we're missing when it got to the warehouse.

JOHNSON

And you think it was me? It was probably Franklin!

MANAGER

As a driver, Franklin doesn't even have access to the lockboxes. I don't think I have to tell you how serious this is.

JOHNSON

C'mon boss, I am telling you I didn't take it. Where is the trust? 13 years at this distillery and I have never even *tasted* Triple Condor.

MANAGER

Listen Johnson, I have two options I could bring our lawyers into this, or you can resign. No severance, no pension. Up to you.

JOHNSON

(sarcastically) Oh please don't shitcan
me! I really need this awful job where
I'm unappreciated! Here you go.

He puts an ID badge on the desk and walks out of
the office.

CUT TO: Johnson opens his apartment. He looks
around with suspicion before grabbing a single
bottle of Triple Condor from his cabinet. He
pours some into a rocks glass neat and takes a
sip

JOHNSON

Worth it.