

Timeless 3x01 - "CHINATOWN, PART 2"

TIMELESS

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Episode 3x01

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FADE IN.

LUCY (V/O)

Previously on TIMELESS...

We run the Season 2 catch-up reel. Wyatt, Lucy, and Jessica. Flynn breaking out of prison, becoming part of the team, and bonding with Lucy. Rufus and Jiya, Jiya's visions. The events of the season finale, including Carol's death and Emma's confrontation with Lucy. Rufus dying. Last, the shocking appearance of the DUPLICATE LIFEBOAT, as someone steps out...

FUTURE LUCY

So, do you guys want to get Rufus back, or what?

FADE TO BLACK - THEN

OPEN ON:

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

CAPTION: AUGUST 26, 1888

We open on JIYA AND WYATT still crouched over Rufus's body in the darkness of Chinatown. Both are stricken.

JIYA

(hopelessly)

Rufus? Rufus?

WYATT

(none too steady himself)

He's gone.

The strength runs out of Jiya. She silently crumples, as Wyatt reaches forward to close his friend's eyes. Then at the sound of footsteps approaching, he jumps up and whirls around. Except it's not RITTENHOUSE. It's a battered and bloodied FLYNN, half-carrying an almost catatonic LUCY.

FLYNN

Hey. Just us.

WYATT

Where's Emma?

Flynn and Lucy exchange half a guarded look.

FLYNN

She got away. I suggest we do the same.

WYATT

We can't leave Rufus here. We have to take him back, we have to -

JIYA

(quietly, but with a terrible edge)

We have to leave him here.

Everyone stares at her.

JIYA (CONT)

We have to leave him. The Lifeboat calculations are for four people. Alive or dead, it doesn't matter. I told you not to come for me. I told you not to come.

WYATT

We - we can make another trip, or -

JIYA

We can't make another trip.

Wyatt starts to say something else, but he's cut off by a gunshot, from not far down the alley. The danger isn't over. He tries to pull Jiya to her feet. She's still clutching Rufus' hand. We focus on their fingers slipping free. Jiya makes an agonized noise.

FLYNN

She going to be all right to drive us home?

Wyatt gives him a look, but doesn't answer. The wounded, fractured team doesn't even have the luxury of a proper goodbye. They have to leave their friend there in the darkness, as they run.

We remain focused on Rufus' body. Zoom into his face, to his closed eyes. Light and shadow pass over him. Sounds fade out.

Then all at once - is this a dream? Something else? We aren't sure -

His eyes fly open.

TIMELESS MAIN TITLE - 08261888

RETURN TO:

INT. BUNKER CONTROL ROOM - DAY

It's moments after the arrival of Future Lucy and Wyatt. They reach the bottom of the ladder and glance around, as everyone remains too stunned to speak.

FUTURE WYATT

(to himself, not too warmly)

You.

Wyatt opens and shuts his mouth. We can't really blame him.

DENISE

This can't be possible.

FUTURE LUCY

We can't stay for long, and we know
you have questions we can't answer.
But we've come with this.

She holds out a flash drive toward Jiya and Connor. Neither of
them move to take it.

FUTURE LUCY (CONT)

These are the calculations to modify
the Lifeboat to travel on your own
timelines. It's extremely dangerous,
and you have to be very careful. But
you have to travel back to Chinatown.
You have to save Rufus.

CONNOR

(clearly sad and angry)

And we're supposed to trust that this
isn't some - some sort of underhanded
trick? You two - whatever you are -
turning up out of thin air with a
magical solution to our problems? I
made those machines, I oversaw all
the tests, all those pilots who came
back gibbering or in pieces -

LUCY

(speaking for the first time)

It's possible.

Everyone turns to stare at her.

LUCY

(addressing herself)

Did you go to Brazil four years ago?

Slight reaction from Flynn, as we pan to his face. He
continues to look stunned, but there's something else at play.

FUTURE LUCY

(in answer)

You went, Lucy.

WYATT

Okay, can someone explain what this
whole Freaky Friday situation even -

FUTURE WYATT

How about you don't talk.

A tense moment as the two Wyatts glare at each other. Surreal.

LUCY

(to everyone)

I've - I've heard about it. I don't
know how, it's hard to explain, but

it's already happened. Can we at least hear them out?

DENISE

You do remember what happened the last time someone unauthorized turned up in the bunker and -

A communal wince. Nobody needs any reminder of Jessica.

DENISE (CONT)

We'd have to run a full decrypt and deep scan on the software, any proper test alone would take weeks -

Jiya, who hasn't moved or spoken this whole time, now does. Marches forward, practically rips the drive out of Future Lucy's hand, and takes it to the control console. Plugs it in.

DENISE

(makes a move, as Flynn raises his uninjured arm to stop her)

Jiya -

Jiya scrolls through the data, expressionless. After a moment, Connor moves to join her, leaning over her shoulder.

JIYA

It's real code. Not gibberish.

More looks. Everyone is sympathetic to her loss, but not sure if she's grasping at straws. Future Lucy and Wyatt have not moved to come any closer. A few beats of awkward silence as Jiya works. Connor takes a notepad out of his pocket and begins to scribble equations.

CONNOR

Who programmed this?

FUTURE LUCY

We've already said we can't really answer your questions.

WYATT

You've come all the way here, and you're worried about spoiler alerts?

FUTURE LUCY

It's complicated. We've always known that.

FLYNN

(surprising everyone)

For what it's worth, I believe you.

Lucy and Future Lucy look at him. Flynn avoids their eyes.

DENISE

Obviously, if it's legit, I want to use it as much as anyone. But look at you. You're all injured. You barely made it out the first time. If we send you on some wild-goose rescue mission and we lose the whole team -

FUTURE LUCY

You have to save Rufus. Everything depends on it.

WYATT

(frustrated)

What, we'd - stop him from getting shot the first time? Have you done it? Do you know how? Do we get any kind of mission debrief, or just -

FLYNN

Easy.

FUTURE WYATT

Quit shouting at Lucy. She's trying to help.

WYATT

I'm sorry. But this is just -
(he shakes his head)
You're asking a lot.

FUTURE LUCY

We always have.

The Wyatts and the Lucys all glance at each other. It hasn't escaped anyone that this is an awkward situation. Jiya and Connor remain engrossed in the code. Flynn and Denise look at each other a little helplessly.

DENISE

(trying to play mediator)

If the testing does work, and the modifications are good, we'd still need time for the team to heal. We can't just -

FUTURE LUCY

(shakes her head, urgent)

You have to go now.

LUCY

(startled)

Why?

FUTURE LUCY

(beat, and then)

Because the timeline is collapsing.

[COMMERCIALS]

RETURN TO...

INT. BOARDROOM - DAY

A sleek, gleaming corporate office, a table lined with leather chairs. About half full with smartly dressed professionals. The chair at the head is empty. Just down from it sits MICHAEL TEMPLE - trim, late middle age, successful businessman to a T. He and the others glance up as the door opens, and -

EMMA WHITMORE strides in. Victorious, assured, arrogant. A queen walking into the throne room for the first time. She makes eye contact with everyone as she passes. Most glance down, except for Temple, who smiles slightly.

EMMA

(reaching her chair, glancing
at the empty ones)

Good morning.

A few murmured responses, fiddling with pens and coffee cups.

EMMA

(pointedly)

GOOD MORNING.

ROOM

Good morning!

EMMA

Honestly, I thought you learned that
in grade school.

She takes the head seat. Slight stir. It isn't clear how everyone feels about her being there.

EMMA

I assume you read the briefings.
Heard about how they murdered Carol
and Nicholas in 1888. I didn't ask
for this position, but I'm here to
take it up. This signals the start of
a bright new future for us. Our
operating parameters have changed.
Their pilot is dead too. Rufus.

Something passes over her face. She and Rufus were friends...
once. Did a hazardous job. But she still shot him.

EMMA (CONT)

And it's time we took the training
wheels off. We all respected
Nicholas' vision, but spending weeks
printing out Wikipedia? Taking orders
by telegraph? Our pickled-egg-eating,
hundred-year-old fearless leader?

She utters a short, disdainful laugh.

EMMA

As I said. It's time for bigger things.

MICHAEL TEMPLE

I completely agree.

Emma is surprised. Not clear if she was expecting support.

EMMA

I've been a little busy. You are - ?

MICHAEL TEMPLE

I'm an old friend of Benjamin Cahill's.

(at Emma's narrow look)

Don't worry. I've been in Rittenhouse for decades. But I've been in my day job in Washington until now. Then I heard about the change in leadership, the dynamic shift in organizational philosophy, and -

(he holds out a hand)

Mike Temple. Looking forward to working with you.

EMMA

(doesn't return it)

I take it you're the Mike Temple?

TEMPLE

(chuckles, avuncular)

That's me. In which case, you'll know the campaigns I've worked on, the lobby groups I've overseen. I'm here to help build Rittenhouse's new global brand.

EMMA

We don't have one. That's the point.

TEMPLE

As you just said, we're getting rid of all the old ways of thinking. Everything we've been stuck in before. Rittenhouse is mainstream now. We're not eighteenth-century zealots in smoky back rooms. We can step out and take our proper place. I'm talking a Rittenhouse app for your smartphone. Big sponsorships in photogenic charities. The logo on your television screen after your favorite Super Bowl ad.

EMMA

You've come here to be a PR salesman?

TEMPLE

You know what I do. Who I can call. I'm telling you, if you want to make your mark, I'm here to help you do it. And I also want to tell you that there's no need for fear anymore. America is Rittenhouse, Rittenhouse is America. Our enemies are broken, scattered. They have to hide. But we don't. Not anymore.

Looks from along the table. Temple is an experienced politician. They're listening despite themselves.

TEMPLE

To co-opt a phrase, it's time for us to come out of the closet.

Emma stares at him. Scenting a rival, but aware that he's getting a response.

TEMPLE

In one sense, we don't need to keep running these, frankly, absurd, labor-intensive, and costly time-travel missions to take over the world.

(smiles)

I'm here because we already have.

CUT TO:

INT. BUNKER CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Jiya and Connor continue to work intently. Flynn and Denise watch them, as do Future Lucy and Wyatt. Lucy stands several paces away. After a moment, Wyatt steps up next to her.

WYATT

(in an undertone)

So what do you think? Can I pull off a beard?

Lucy glances at him. Unsure whether to smile, still fragile.

LUCY

(trying to make a joke of it)

I don't know, you think I look like Lara Croft?

WYATT

(smiles briefly, then serious)

Do you really think that's us?

LUCY

(hesitates, then nods)

Yes.

WYATT

But it's been the rule from the start that we can't travel on our own timelines. Can't just head back and redo every mission we blow, every loss we -

LUCY

I've heard about it.

WYATT

(startled)

Where?

LUCY

(weighs her words)

Flynn said that I gave him the journal. Two weeks after his family died, in 2014. If that was true, it involved me - her - going back to a time I definitely already existed.

WYATT

Wh - you gave Flynn the journal? I always kind of figured he stole it.

LUCY

(shakes her head)

He didn't.

A pause. Another awkward subject.

WYATT

(another look at themselves)

How long do you think they're staying? This bunker's already pretty small.

LUCY

They said it wasn't for long.

Wyatt might be about to say something else, but his future self catches his eye in a meaningful way and jerks his head at him. Wyatt grimaces, thinks about it, and then drifts in his direction. They step around a corner, away from the team.

WYATT

(trying to pretend everything's normal about this)

Yeah, hey man, what's up?

FUTURE WYATT

I thought we could use a chat.

WYATT

About what?

FUTURE WYATT

About Lucy. Well, including Lucy, but mostly about us.

WYATT

(rubs his hands over his face)

Sure. Why not.

FUTURE WYATT

You need to give her some space. Look. We both know you messed it up, and you don't know how to fix it. You told her once to figure out what she was fighting for. What are you fighting for, exactly? What do you want? Is it always going to be back and forth between Jessica and Lucy, whichever one you don't have right now? You can't do that. You can't.

WYATT

I was guessing lumberjack from the beard. Not time-traveling shrink.

FUTURE WYATT

(a little roughly)

Cut it out, huh? All right? Cut it out. Your whole life, our whole life, I know. Small-town Texas. Dad who liked to hit. Acting out, drug smuggling. Then into the military. You don't talk about things. You aren't a sissy boy. For God's sake, you said that you drove your dad's car into a lake and you were fine.

WYATT

I was fine.

FUTURE WYATT

You were not fine at all.

WYATT

(uncomfortable)

I don't get what this has to do with whatever you -

FUTURE WYATT

What do you want? Right now. What do you want?

Wyatt opens his mouth, then stops. He honestly doesn't know how to answer the question.

WYATT

(at last)

I gotta save my kid. I can't let Rittenhouse have them, for whatever horrible things they'd do to them. I can't be like my old man that way. And I'm guessing you can't tell me anything about that either.

FUTURE WYATT

Because I don't know if you will or not.

WYATT

What the hell does that mean? You're from the future. Why wouldn't you?

FUTURE WYATT

You already know the past can change. So can the future. Different choices result in different outcomes. You choose differently, I change.

WYATT

I have had more helpful Miller six-pack dreams than you and your broken 8-ball bull-

Future Wyatt glances at him ironically, but before either of them can say anything else, they're interrupted by a shout.

CONNOR

Yes!

Everyone hurries over to hear the news.

CONNOR (CONT)

Still need to run it again to be sure, but it checks out. A one-time trip, and our window is narrow, but theoretically, three of us could indeed return to Chinatown and, to coin a hashtag, save Rufus.

DENISE

Jiya would have to pilot, that leaves two spots. But it's inhumane to make her go back there, and -

FUTURE LUCY

She doesn't have to. The course has been programmed into the Lifeboat. You've already visited that time and place, you don't need a new landing paradigm. It's how we came here. You would just have to call it up in the

computer and punch it in, the system would do the rest.

WYATT

(ready to get out of here)
Well, I'm taking one of the spots.
Lucy?

LUCY

(hesitates)

I think I should stay behind. You don't need a historian on this trip, you know what happened. If it's just a matter of enough firepower -

WYATT

But who else is going to -

FLYNN

I'll go.

WYATT

You got shot last time. You're still hurt. Last thing I need is to haul two stiffs home.

FLYNN

Unless you're inviting Wild Wild Wyatt to really make it a double act, I'm your only option.

(a crooked smile)

Besides, I thought we were finally getting along.

Wyatt is eager enough to get away from his future self that even Flynn sounds like a better choice.

WYATT

Fine, but then who's -

CONNOR

(taking himself aback)

I am.

(louder, as everyone stares)

I am. I am able-bodied, which is rather more than can be said of everyone else. I won't be crossing my own timeline again, which has to lower the entanglement factor. I can advise on the unique technological and chronological complications of the operation. And we are saving Rufus. It's worth the risk.

JIYA

It'll take me a few hours to implant the modifications successfully. Maybe I can help somehow from here. Otherwise -

(she looks at the three)

I hope you know what you're getting yourselves into.

A reverse shot over the two Lifeboats, over the other side...

CONTINUE TO:

EXT. CHINATOWN - DAY

Flynn, Wyatt, and Connor, the former two once more in their dirty, bloody Chinatown suits and Connor in his 2018 clothes, walk nervously down a grimy alley, trying to fly casual.

WYATT

Well, I was hoping to see this place again never.

Flynn raises an eyebrow, but doesn't answer.

WYATT (CONT)

I assume there was a good reason we couldn't just take their Lifeboat? Save us some time, at least?

CONNOR

Because technically if we succeed, they won't ever have come to visit us in the first place.

At that, both Wyatt and Flynn look at him. Connor shrugs.

CONNOR

Think of it logically. If Rufus never dies, they never need to travel back to help us save him. They presently exist in a closed-system singularity, which collapses when we close the circle. Our taking their Lifeboat would trap us in that crumbling causation. Like pulling a loop of film out of the cassette, unable to be wound back in.

WYATT

I take it that's a bad thing.

CONNOR

(serious)

We'd better hope for all we're worth that they're gone when we get back.

Wyatt looks as if he agrees, but doesn't say so.

FLYNN

And if they aren't?

CONNOR

Are we saving Rufus or aren't we?
When does he get shot?

WYATT

Not now. Later. After - after Jess
and Emma get away.

(he pauses)

You don't think we could -

CONNOR

We have to change as little as
possible. Apart from, of course,
Rufus.

WYATT

(after a moment too long)

Yeah. Got it.

Flynn glances at him, then away. The tension is clear as they reach the end of the alley and step out into Chinatown...

[COMMERCIALS]

RETURN TO:

EXT. CHINATOWN - AFTERNOON

We return to our ragtag rescue team. People are glancing at them as they pass. Connor has managed to steal a suit, but they're still conspicuous.

WYATT

We gotta find somewhere to stay out
of sight. They might have already
seen us passing through earlier.
Flynn, Connor, you stake out Jiya's
tavern. I'll run recon.

CONNOR

You can't do anything that causes
your past selves to do anything than
what you already did. Otherwise, the
timeline we're trying to alter, as
well as the one where you all made it
home and are waiting in the bunker -

WYATT

Got it. I'll be careful.

Flynn turns to look over his shoulder with an "I'm watching you" expression as he and Connor vanish in the crowd.

Wyatt waits a few moments, then...

...starts to run. Shoves his way through narrow dark alleys, until he reaches the courtyard where PAST WYATT AND JESSICA are having their confrontation. As Past Wyatt begs her to come home, Wyatt shifts his weight, as if to burst out and stop her from leaving -

There's a noise, a clatter of falling crates, from the end of the alley. Wyatt looks around sharply, hand going to his gun, at the sight of a dark hooded figure dodging out of sight around the corner. He makes a move, and -

Something very strange happens. The air ripples as if in extreme heat. Wyatt takes a woozy step, as the world fades into a ringing in his ears -

Wyatt blinks, rubs his face, comes back to himself, and turns back to the courtyard. Past Wyatt and Jessica aren't there. It isn't clear if they left, or if they somehow never were.

WYATT

What the -

He scans carefully, but everything's quiet. He's unsettled.

WYATT

(not sure he wants an answer)

Jess?

(a little louder)

Jessica?

Nothing.

Wyatt is spooked. He looks away, glances around for the hooded figure, and gets out of there.

CUT TO:

EXT. TAVERN - EARLY EVENING

Flynn and Connor are standing against a brick wall, trying not to be noticed among the crowd.

FLYNN

(suspiciously)

I don't like leaving him alone.

CONNOR

I suppose you could have always gone with him?

FLYNN

(laughs shortly)

With my arm like this? I can't babysit. We'll be lucky if I can shoot.

CONNOR

And yet you did come along.

FLYNN

Somebody had to.

CONNOR

Even though you got Rufus shot the first time? Only sheer good luck he didn't die then. Or perhaps you wanted to -

(he stops)

I'm sorry. I'm just still wondering at the utter incredulity of how we've wound up as professional colleagues. After you stole my time machine.

FLYNN

I stole it from Rittenhouse.

CONNOR

Fair.

(beat)

And I shouldn't cast too many stones at who the team now consists of, given as I was the one who built the damn thing for them in the first place. If we can pull Rufus out of this, that's all that matters. Speaking of which, when do you lot go in that tavern?

FLYNN

It shouldn't be much longer. But if we burst in and drag him off so he's never shot in the first place -

CONNOR

You drastically alter the actions of your past selves, yes, thus leading them to an entirely different mission outcome and a different future than the one we left.

FLYNN

(growls)

God, I hate time travel.

Connor is about to say something else when they turn to see Wyatt making his way toward them, looking worried.

FLYNN

There you are. What were you doing, getting takeout?

WYATT

I - never mind. Back there, though. Something weird happened. I saw someone and then - reality snapped

somehow, like a stretched rubber band. A software glitch.

FLYNN

(exasperated)

All right, what the hell did you do?

WYATT

It wasn't me! There was someone else there, someone else interfering! And if we figured out how to travel on our own timelines, what if Rittenhouse did too? What if they sent someone after us? Who won't ask permission each time they want to change something?

Flynn and Connor exchange a look.

FLYNN

We're going to be coming this way soon. We need to move.

The three of them duck around under the stairs and out of sight - just as our PAST TEAM appears in the street, already battered, on their way to find Jiya. Everyone has a slight intake of breath at seeing Rufus alive. The stairs creak as the team climbs over Flynn, Wyatt, and Connor hidden below.

WYATT

(in a whisper)

Anyone else really feel like that one part in Harry Potter?

FLYNN

Does that make Rufus Buckbeak?

Wyatt's clearly surprised.

FLYNN

(not looking at him)

I used to read the books to my daughter.

CONNOR

Yes, well, if you two are quite finished -

They prepare to break from cover - they don't really know what they're going to do here -

Someone shouts, pointing at them, as they step out into the glow from the tavern windows.

BYSTANDER

Hey! There they are!

WYATT

Oh, son of a bitch.

He and Flynn pull their guns, with considerable pain on Flynn's part, and dive behind a wagon, dragging Connor with them. Shouts, running footsteps. A shot hits close to them, splintering boards. Wyatt tries to find a spot to return fire, can't see a clear target.

WYATT

Come on, come on -

More shots, as they duck. They're clearly reluctant to run away from the tavern, away from Rufus. But the old wooden wagon isn't much cover.

Flynn pulls Connor to his feet and beckons to Wyatt. Staying low, they retreat down the alley. More people arriving. A flash of light on red hair - it's Emma. Flynn raises his gun, and Connor grabs at him.

CONNOR

If you shoot her now, even if you could actually make it -

FLYNN

(insulted at the idea he'd miss)
Well for one thing, she couldn't kill Rufus, could she?! Not to mention all the other problems it would solve!

CONNOR

Yes, then once again, your actions are altered, and maybe we don't come home to what - to who - we left.

FLYNN

I swear, why did we even bring Professor Buzzkill.

Nonetheless, he takes Connor's point and lowers his gun. In the tavern courtyard, Emma turns her head sharply, as they frantically flatten themselves against the alley wall.

FLYNN

(staring accusingly at Wyatt)
Shouldn't Jessica be with her?

WYATT

Maybe she's coming.

Someone near Emma points at them and shouts, beckoning for reinforcements. They've been spotted. No time to find out. Flynn pushes Connor behind him and returns fire a few times, then grimaces and stops. Wyatt shoots as well. But this isn't a good position. They need to get out now.

As more gunshots clatter, even though it is away from Rufus - they run.

CUT TO:

INT. BUNKER COMMON ROOM - DAY

Everyone's too nervous to concentrate. Denise is wandering around, trying to knit standing up. Jiya is pacing, hand pressed to her mouth. Lucy is near the couch. Unused to being left behind, hating it.

FUTURE LUCY

(from behind, startling her)

I know what you're going through.

Lucy jumps. Turns around.

LUCY

Right. Because you are me?

FUTURE LUCY

Something like that.

LUCY

Where's Wyatt?

FUTURE LUCY

Checking our Lifeboat. We may need to make a quick getaway.

LUCY

(not sure how to respond to that)

Is it even worth asking where the rest of us are, if you two were the ones who traveled here?

FUTURE LUCY

I know this must be frustrating.

(beat)

I know it is frustrating.

Lucy doesn't answer. Fists clenched, blinking tears away.

FUTURE LUCY

I know you didn't go back to Chinatown because you didn't trust yourself not to completely blow the operation and go after Emma no matter what.

LUCY

(bitter)

So do I write that in the journal too, then? Or do you?

FUTURE LUCY

The journal's complicated.

LUCY

Somehow I knew you were going to say that.

Future Lucy pauses. Moves a few steps closer.

FUTURE LUCY

(softly)

So by lashing out at yourself like this - is that the person you're the most angry at? You?

LUCY

What's this, now you're my counselor? Some sort of split-personality hallucination where I'm playing psychologist to myself?

FUTURE LUCY

Someone should. And who knows you better than you?

(off Lucy's look)

I'm proud of you, you know. You've already been so brave. So strong.

LUCY

(almost inaudibly)

I'm not sure it feels that way.

FUTURE LUCY

I know.

(pause)

And I'm sorry to have to put more on you, but I still have to warn you. Ever since you all started these missions, ever since the Hindenburg, you've made changes to history. Large and small, contained and cumulative. It's not the world that it was when you began, and you are the only ones who remember that. It's branched off, it's forked, it's weakened. And if it reaches a critical point -

LUCY

Who told you this?

FUTURE LUCY

(beat)

Jiya.

It's not clear if this is our Jiya, a FUTURE JIYA, or someone else entirely.

LUCY

(thinks about it)

That's why you said everything depends on saving Rufus. Because he's the only one who can work out how to stop it.

FUTURE LUCY

Yes.

Lucy looks at her counterpart. The grunge and post-apocalyptic attire.

LUCY

Has it happened already?

FUTURE LUCY

(avoiding the question)

It's happened before. When events reach critical mass - when choices are forced to change - with your car accident in college, when -

LUCY

(whips around, shaken)

What?!

FUTURE LUCY

The second time, it wasn't an accident.

A very long pause. Lucy is clearly trying not to panic. She rubs her hands over her face - as the air ripples around her the way it did around Wyatt earlier. Less sharply - Lucy doesn't look up or seem to notice.

We pan around behind her to where Future Lucy was standing. She's gone.

[COMMERCIALS]

RETURN TO:

EXT. CHINATOWN - NIGHT

Flynn, Wyatt, and Connor making their way back through the alley. Realizing time is running short.

WYATT

We're in there now. We've gotta be coming out any minute.

Flynn starts to speak. Interrupted by the sound of gunshots, breaking glass, screams.

FLYNN

(angrily)

That definitely sounds like us!

WYATT

(also angry)

Connor, if you don't mind, we're gonna need to know when it's okay to start changing stuff!

CONNOR

(panicking)

We can't be precisely sure that -

(beat)

OH, TO HELL WITH IT.

With that, he starts full-on kamikaze sprinting down the alley, right toward the source of the fight. Flynn and Wyatt exchange aghast looks, then run after him.

The scene in front of the tavern is chaos. Frightened patrons trying to escape from the gunfire inside. Windows broken. A few drunk prospectors trying to drag off a young Chinese woman. Without breaking stride, Flynn and Wyatt each shoot one in unison; they drop like stones. The woman looks around, stunned and confused, then runs off.

Connor struggles up the steps of the tavern, against the crowd crush. Loses his balance, almost trampled, until Flynn hauls him up. There's fresh blood on his suit jacket. That shoulder wound doesn't look good. Wyatt charges up behind him. The three of them muscle their way inside -

Immediate aftermath of the shootout. Card tables still overturned where Past Wyatt and Flynn used them as barricades. They almost trip over the cowboy with spurs on his boots that Jiya just shot to save Rufus.

WYATT

(pointing)

We're just going out the door now -

A few of the terrified customers goggle at Flynn and Wyatt, having just seen them run through with three others.

FLYNN

Too many witnesses!

Nothing they can do about it. They run as fast as they can after Connor, knowing that they have just moments until the Past Team emerges into that alley and Emma shoots Rufus (and for that matter, Flynn).

CONNOR

(at the top of his lungs)

HEY!

The three of them clatter up the steps - then skid to a halt, running into each other, at the sound of gunshots from outside.

WYATT

Oh... crap.

CONNOR

(stunned)

We're too late.

WYATT

No. No!

They crowd to the window, peer through. Rufus is down, Past Wyatt and Jiya crouched over him. Past Wyatt shouts at Past Flynn, who jumps up and runs off in the direction of the departed Emma and Lucy.

WYATT

(starting to lose it)

What if we just - just burst out there and scared ourselves off and grabbed him? He's still alive. We did not come this far to - are we just going to stand here and watch him die again? I'm guessing we don't get a third chance!

For once, Flynn doesn't have something wise-ass to say. The three of them stare at each other a little wildly. Pile to a side exit and clatter down the stairs. Look up at Rufus, Jiya, and Wyatt just above. Still a lot of noise and shouting. Nobody quite sure what to do.

A few beats - shots that cut to show a short time passing -
As they look back -

PAST JIYA

(overheard)

Rufus? Rufus?

PAST WYATT

(overheard)

He's gone.

He reaches out to close Rufus's eyes. We're back in the scene from the start of the episode.

We look up to see PAST FLYNN half carrying Lucy past the trio's hiding place. The discussion about whether to take Rufus home happens as before.

WYATT

(under his breath)

Why aren't we leaving?

Understanding crosses Flynn's face. He pulls out his gun and fires a shot into the barrels.

Reverse cut to the PAST TEAM'S POV, hearing the gunshot that made them leave. The instant they're gone, Flynn, Wyatt, and Connor break cover and run to Rufus.

WYATT

(desperately)

Come on, buddy. Come on.

FLYNN

Whatever you did earlier. However you made things glitch, reset -

WYATT

I can't just make reality glitch at will, Flynn!

CONNOR

(looks up sharply)

What was that?

Another movement from nearby, just down the alley. The same hooded figure that Wyatt saw earlier. The three men stare at it as it comes closer. Unsure whether to shoot.

The figure reaches them. Kneels down, and its - her - hood falls off. It's a YOUNG WOMAN, late teens or early 20s, that we've never seen before. She pulls out a syringe.

YOUNG WOMAN

Take it.

WYATT

I'm sorry, who the hell are -

YOUNG WOMAN

Just take it!

Flynn and Wyatt stare at her. An instant more, then Connor grabs the syringe. His hands are shaking, and he almost drops it. The young woman catches it, pulls down the collar of Rufus' jacket and shirt, and - as Wyatt makes a grab for her - (but Rufus is already dead, what else can it do?) injects him in the arm. Pushes the plunger down.

YOUNG WOMAN

(getting to her feet)

It'll take a few minutes to work. I need to go.

WYATT

I'm sorry, who the hell are -

YOUNG WOMAN

You can call me Jane.

With that, she takes off down the alley. Wyatt starts to rise to his feet, but Flynn yanks him back down. They stare tensely at Rufus. Close in on his face, as before, and then his eyes - Which - suddenly - FLY OPEN.

Coughing and gagging, Rufus rolls onto his side, retching, spitting, wheezing, as Flynn, Wyatt, and Connor utter sounds of shock and relief, grabbing for him.

RUFUS

(feebly wiping his mouth)
What in the f -

WYATT

Easy. Take it easy.

RUFUS

(groggy, confused)
Where are Jiya and Lucy?

WYATT

We sent them ahead.

RUFUS

Connor? What did - what are - how
long have I been out?

CONNOR

(teary smile)
We'll explain later.

RUFUS

(squinting)
Oh. Hey. Flynn. I can honestly say
it's good to see you.

FLYNN

(with a nod)
Likewise.

The three of them help him up. Rufus is unsteady and needs Wyatt and Connor to support him. With Flynn leading the way, they start off down the alley.

Pan back into the shadows. Jane watches them leave. Then puts up her hood again, and vanishes.

CUT TO:

INT. SHED - NIGHT

The boys enter the dim shed where they've hidden the Lifeboat. Rufus has been getting a little stronger as they walk, and he glances around, confused.

RUFUS

Where are Lucy and Jiya? Aren't they
supposed to meet us here?

WYATT

They're safe.

RUFUS

Hold on. How did you all get here?
Did Jiya pilot? There's now six of
us, and four seats - did you make two
trips? Also, I'm pretty sure I was
shot. Definitely remember that.

FLYNN

Just get in the damn Lifeboat.

RUFUS

Wait. Is this another trip? Is this a second trip? Is that why Connor is here and Lucy and Jiya aren't?

(beat)

Did I - did I die?

FLYNN

You're not dead now, clearly. So what's the problem?

RUFUS

Yeah, Flynn, you're the expert on that. Thanks.

CONNOR

Rufus, I promise we will bring you up to speed as soon as we get home, but I do suggest we do that now.

RUFUS

(doesn't budge)

I think I'd like to be brought up to speed now.

CONNOR

There really isn't time.

RUFUS

So we're not waiting on Lucy and Jiya.

CONNOR

That is correct.

Rufus eyes them, as if trying to figure out who learned how to pilot the Lifeboat overnight. Finally, he goes to the hatch, opens it, and climbs in. The others follow.

CONTINUE TO:

INT. LIFEBOAT - NIGHT

Flynn, Wyatt, and Connor sit down and strap in. Rufus goes to the pilot seat and powers up the console, then frowns.

RUFUS

What the hell is all this? I've never seen this interface before.

FLYNN

Who cares, you can still fly it, can't you?

RUFUS

Flynn, right now I'm still happy to see you. If you keep talking, that could change.

WYATT

We made some modifications.

RUFUS

(presses a button, frowns)
Did anyone even beta-test this thing?

CONNOR

It's still essentially configured the same. Its CPU has just been tweaked.

RUFUS

If your time machine breaks down, you can't pull over on the side of the highway and wait for AAA, remember?

WYATT

It's not broken, we got here okay.

RUFUS

There's no coordinate for the return jump. It's usually locked in before we leave.

FLYNN

So generate another one.

RUFUS

I was just trying to tell you, I'm working on that!

(he types madly)

Next time, guys, just let me do this.

FLYNN

It wasn't an option.

RUFUS

(staring at the screen)

Our internal gyroscope is completely whacked. It's giving me a thousand different readings all at once, like we're -

CONNOR

(gets an "aw hell" look)

Like we're not solidly located anywhere. In time or space.

FLYNN AND WYATT

What?!

CONNOR

(almost laughs)

We have no arrival point because now that we've been successful, according to the universe, we never actually left. It's exactly what I was talking about before. We're in a closed-system singularity. A slowly tightening vise of pure paradox that needs to be resolved, and can't. A tormented Möbius strip.

FLYNN

I can kill you with one good hand, Mason.

CONNOR

In short, for all intents and purposes, we're nowhere. Nowhen. The film spooled out of the cassette, unable to be wound back in.

RUFUS

(tersely)

Connor, you know nobody uses cassettes any more, right?

CONNOR

(rattled)

Sorry. Showing my age.

FLYNN

So all this scientific woolgathering means - what, exactly?

CONNOR

It means we've been bumped ajar from general relativity, out of the main timestream, and the pocket is collapsing. We can go neither forward nor back. We have no quantum signature, no elemental weight.

(beat)

We're trapped.

[COMMERCIALS]

RETURN TO:

INT. BUNKER - LATE EVENING

Jiya is sitting on the couch, staring at nothing. Too tired to do anything else, but too worried to sleep. She starts to get up, and then -

Her brow furrows. Her eyes roll back in her head. Several moments pass as the vision takes her.

JIYA

(returning to herself, alarmed)
Denise? Lucy?

She jumps to her feet, stops, and glances around, frowning.

LUCY

(emerging from down the hall)
What? What?

JIYA

Do you have the weird feeling that
someone else is supposed to be here?

LUCY

(starts to speak, frowns)
I feel like I was having a
conversation with someone earlier? Or
was it...

(trails off)

Never mind, I must have just been
talking to myself.

JIYA

Where's Denise? Something's wrong.

LUCY

(worried)

With the mission?

JIYA

Where did Flynn, Wyatt, and Connor
go?

LUCY

They went -

(frowns)

They're on a jump, aren't they?

JIYA

Which jump?

LUCY

(unnerved, can't quite
bring it to mind)

The jump.

It's frightening. Both of them stare at each other, aware that
this situation is very wrong. As we pan around, we see no sign
of Future Lucy, Future Wyatt, or the second Lifeboat.

DENISE

(stepping out of a corridor)
Jiya? Were you calling?

JIYA

(again, urgently)
Something's wrong.

She whirls and runs to the computers, seats herself, and starts typing, as Lucy and Denise hurry to catch up with her. Reams of data flash by on the screen.

JIYA

We're experiencing some kind of temporal slippage. Like history is caught between an old version and a change, but it hasn't been made. We used to know what was happening, and now we don't.

Lucy and Denise exchange worried glances.

LUCY

Doesn't history usually just... change?

JIYA

I've never seen this before. It's like Schrödinger's cat, do you know what that is?

LUCY

Wait, the thing where the cat is supposedly both alive and dead at the same time, until you look in the box? The observer effect, that chooses which probability locks into place?

JIYA

Yes. That one. It's like it's happening right now, and we're in the epicenter. Like we -

She stops. Her eyes roll back into her head again. Another vision, more powerful. She convulses. Lucy and Denise grip her shoulders in concern.

JIYA

(opening her eyes)

We have to create an artificial gravity well.

LUCY

What?

JIYA

The Lifeboat can't fly, it's trapped! I couldn't get all the details, but we need to give it something to aim for. I can try to transmit the coordinates once we establish it -

LUCY

What do you need us to do?

JIYA

Give me a second.

She types even faster, as the lights start to flicker weirdly. Pops of light and darkness, a whine and hiss like microphone feedback or badly tuned radio. Everyone winces.

JIYA

Lucy, go stand over there. Denise, over there. By those generators.

Lucy and Denise run to do as indicated.

JIYA

I'm basically going to overload the entire grid, so if it's cold showers for the next two weeks, I'm sorry.

LUCY

Whatever you have to do.

JIYA

When I say go, pull those big master switches. Three - two - one -

Lucy and Denise grab hold. Frightened but steely resolute, determined to bring the boys home.

JIYA (CONT)

GO!

Lucy and Denise pull the switches.

A concussive shockwave silently booms and spreads outward -

FLASH INTO:

INT. LIFEBOAT - NIGHT

The gyration is whining madly, slamming everyone against their crash webbing, as Rufus' fingers fly over the keys.

RUFUS

(shouting)

Either we're about to make the Kessel run in less than twelve parsecs, or we're all gonna be a lot thinner.

WYATT

(also shouting)

Was that two Star Wars references in one sentence?

RUFUS

Yeah, well, I'm nervous!

FLYNN

(strained)

Where are you even getting that data? Did the system suddenly reboot?

RUFUS

Some feed came online, I don't know from where. We got some kind of dump. I'm triangulating the new coordinates, and maybe I can lock in and ride, like -

WYATT

Like the tractor beam on the Death Star, pulling the Falcon.

RUFUS

Yeah, sort of similar to what saved our bacon in 1754.

FLYNN

I did say sorry for that.

RUFUS

No, actually, you didn't, but never mind that right now.

The control panel flashes yellow, then green. Rufus grabs the launch levers.

RUFUS

HOLD ON!

With that, as the interior of the Lifeboat fills with hot white light, rattling madly, he shoves them forward.

Pitch darkness. No sounds. One, two, three beats -

We resolve on the interior of the Lifeboat. Everyone looks some degree of nauseated. They have no idea where they've landed, but at least they're in one piece.

WYATT

(breathing hard)

Yeah. Glad we worked out the kinks.

They slowly begin to unstrap themselves, grimacing and groaning, and struggle to stand up. Rufus makes his way to the door latch and undoes it. It opens to reveal -

INT. BUNKER CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Absolutely everything is on the fritz. Lights blinking, alarms droning, steam rising. But from RUFUS' POV, there's only one thing we see. Jiya standing at the central console, hands to her mouth, staring at him in shock and disbelief.

JIYA

(an echo of the first line)

Rufus? Rufus?

Rufus scrambles out of the Lifeboat and runs to her, as Jiya bursts into tears and does the same. They meet halfway, and he lifts her off her feet for a good old-fashioned fairytale

spinning kiss. Swelling music. It's epic and beautiful and well-deserved. We remain tightly focused on them as Rufus puts her down, but they touch foreheads, cup cheeks, kissing each other's palms. Teary, euphoric, grateful.

JIYA

Rufus, you're. . . you're. . .

Pan back to Flynn, Wyatt, and Connor climbing out of the Lifeboat as well, grimy and unsteady. Wyatt pauses to hold hard onto the strut and try vigorously not to be sick.

WYATT

And I'm guessing that's why you don't travel on your own timeline.

FLYNN

(glances around)

Speaking of which, where are our friends?

LUCY

(clearly relieved to see them, but puzzled)

What friends?

CONNOR

If they're gone, that's a good thing, but do you not remember their visit at all?

DENISE

Connor, what are you talking about?

CONNOR

Look, everyone's very confused, very tired, and very much in need of a very stiff drink, so - that's me off the clock, chaps.

With a smarmy wink, he claps Wyatt on the shoulder, nods at Flynn, and exits, as Lucy runs forward to hug Rufus.

LUCY

Oh my God, you're real. You're here. You're alive.

RUFUS

Should I not be?

LUCY

You were -

(she frowns, completely uncertain; looks at Flynn and Wyatt for help)
Was he? I do remember it happening, but then it's all -

DENISE

I'd like a mission report from you two, if you please. Then I'll pour you a drink myself.

Flynn and Wyatt glance at each other, then follow her out. Rufus and Jiya kiss again, as we focus on Lucy, standing there and staring at the Lifeboat by herself. Knowing that she has forgotten something very important. Unsettled.

CUT TO:

INT. BUNKER OFFICE - NIGHT

Flynn and Wyatt are facing Denise, seated behind her desk, having just told her the whole story.

DENISE

So you're saying that Rufus is only alive because of an unknown individual who appeared, caused undetermined effects to the time stream, and used an unspecified substance on him? Surely you have to understand that I'm very concerned.

WYATT

Our job was to save Rufus. We did that.

DENISE

Yes, but at what cost?

FLYNN

Would you prefer it if he was still dead?

DENISE

Of course not. I'm relieved at your success. But by your description, she can only be another time traveler. Is there a third party? Another functional machine? Someone else with an agenda to change history? We have seven people to fight all of Rittenhouse. It's not like we can assign a task force to this. If we have a new enemy -

WYATT

She could have just left him dead, right?

DENISE

So she saved him with this substance that we don't know what it does, how it works, if it might break down or

degrade or require more doses that only her employers have? If it's some kind of active biological agent? We should have put Rufus in quarantine the instant he returned.

FLYNN

Yeah, that's a great way to make him grateful he was rescued. Turn him into a medical freak show.

DENISE

I'm just trying to be thorough.

FLYNN

Agent Christopher, you are annoyingly dedicated to your job. But you need to think about this a little bit less like Homeland Security right now.

DENISE

No, I need to think about it exactly like Homeland Security.

A pause as they all exchange looks.

DENISE (CONT)

But you also said that when you left, there were future versions of Lucy and Wyatt here. That they gave you the technology to travel back, and when you returned, they were gone.

FLYNN

(slightly too polite)

Yes, that's correct.

DENISE

This is unprecedented. We're getting into territory we know nothing about, with effects we can't possibly predict. You made it back at all because of Jiya. I think we need to uninstall those modifications before we use the Lifeboat again.

WYATT

What if we need to go back like that for a second time?

DENISE

What, if someone else dies? I sincerely pray we don't.

WYATT

Obviously, so do I. But we should at least make a backup copy. It's too

valuable to delete outright. We need to be prepared.

DENISE

What if Rittenhouse gets their hands on it? Jessica could have told them where the bunker is. We can't trust that we're safe here any longer. We're going to need to plan on relocating, soon.

Wyatt flinches at the mention of Jessica, and the reminder that he doesn't know what happened with her on this last trip.

WYATT

Guess we'll have to make sure that they don't.

DENISE

(sighs)

I still do have trust issues with you, Wyatt.

FLYNN

Finally. Common ground.

DENISE

(slightly exasperated look)

You've had a very long day. I suggest you two get yourselves patched up, have a bite to eat, and go to bed. Thank you for your service, gentlemen.

Flynn and Wyatt hesitate, then nod, get up and exit. We leave Denise in her office. Even she looks very tired. Finally, once she's sure that she's alone, she puts her head in her hands and doesn't make a sound.

CUT TO:

INT. BUNKER CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Flynn emerges from the medical bay in his trousers and undershirt, fresh gauze and bandages wrapped around his wounded shoulder and his arm back in the sling. There's a light on in the kitchen. He glances at it, then follows it.

Lucy's sitting at the table, a cold cup of tea next to her. She doesn't look around as he enters.

Flynn goes to the cupboards as if in search of a midnight snack, when she speaks, startling him.

LUCY

I take it you didn't kill Emma.

FLYNN

(brief hesitation)

No.

LUCY

This is my fault. I shouldn't have let her get away. Now she's going to hurt all of us, even more. It's not going to stop. It's never going to stop. We saved Rufus today, but we might lose another one tomorrow.

FLYNN

How could it be your fault? You weren't even there.

LUCY

The first time.

FLYNN

So you remember that? In the alley?

LUCY

Yes. It's only afterward that it starts to. . . I don't know. I remember Rufus dying, but every time I try to think exactly how, I can't. It shouldn't have happened. I shouldn't have let it.

Flynn hesitates, then moves around to stand across the table from her. She lifts her head slowly to look back.

FLYNN

(gently)

You did your best. The only thing you could have.

LUCY

I don't know that I believe that anymore.

(beat)

What happened to the journal? Did you ever find out?

FLYNN

(surprised)

I don't know. The last time I saw it was when I was giving it to you. Before -

LUCY

(dully)

Before you got arrested and thought it was my fault.

FLYNN

(trying awkwardly to make a joke)
Well, we seem to have gotten past
that, haven't we?

LUCY

I still had it when I went to my
mom's house. Maybe Rittenhouse has
it. Maybe they read it, maybe that's
how they knew to target us. To bring
back Jessica, try to tear us apart
from the inside. Maybe that's my
fault too.

FLYNN

There's no way that's because of you.

LUCY

Did you see my mother on the jump?

FLYNN

No. We were only there for Rufus.

LUCY

Maybe Rittenhouse buried her. Since
they're her family. Or maybe they
just left her there too.

Flynn makes a move as if to reach for her hand where it lies
on the table, thinks better of it, and pulls back.

FLYNN

What is written in the journal isn't
always exactly what happened. It's
been changed. So has the past, the
present, the future. It's not
infallible for any of us. Trust me, I
had to learn that the hard way.

LUCY

I half wish I never wrote it. Or that
I never do.

Flynn looks down. That stings.

LUCY (CONT)

And now, once again, you know
something about me that I don't. That
it's what Denise said, my future self
came to visit. Again, apparently. You
remember that, and I don't. I know
that I should. I know I need to.

FLYNN

(sensing her pain and anger)
Lucy -

LUCY

I want to kill Emma.

FLYNN

I can't say I'd mind either.

LUCY

(gets abruptly to her feet)

I'm sorry. I need to go to bed.

Flynn watches her leave with a troubled expression. Then he sighs, grimaces, and after a few moments, heads away down the corridor to his own room.

CUT TO:

INT. BUNKER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rufus and Jiya are tucked into bed together, Jiya snuggled into Rufus' chest. She's fast asleep. Rufus isn't. He stares at the ceiling, eyes wide open.

We hear the distant sound of shouting, shots fired, and Jiya screaming Rufus' name. Rufus shudders.

He glances at Jiya, still - finally - sleeping peacefully. Tears track silently down his cheeks. After another moment, he eases out from her embrace, and climbs out of bed. Opens the door, and steps out into the finally-empty bunker.

No one is up. It's very late. Rufus walks to the console, sits down, and starts scrolling aimlessly through it. Trying to calm his mind with the rote and familiar.

Another echo of shots and screaming. He stands up.

Slow pan out on Rufus in his tank top and pajama pants, wandering down the corridor, as only the fluorescents buzz.

CUT TO:

INT. PENTHOUSE APARTMENT - NIGHT

Emma stands at a wall of tall windows, gazing over the glittering lights of downtown San Francisco and sipping a glass of red wine. Her apartment is dark, minimally furnished.

Something dings on her computer. Emma scowls, puts down the wine glass, and goes over to open it.

She reads for a few moments. Her eyes go very narrow. She slams the laptop shut, strides over, and picks her phone up off the kitchen counter. Taps the screen, holds it to her ear, and waits as it rings.

EMMA

(when it's answered)

Temple?

(beat)

I'd like to talk.

FADE OUT.
END CREDITS.

NEXT WEEK ON TIMELESS. . .
TIMELESS 3X02: THE MONTGOMERY BUS BOYCOTT

JAMES F. BLAKE
Why don't you stand up?

ROSA PARKS
I don't think I should have to stand
up.

CUT TO:

MLK JR
I'm no coward, I'll stand with you,
and we're gonna do this right.

RUFUS
(blurting it out)
Oh my God, it's you.

CUT TO:

MICHAEL TEMPLE
(in a southern accent)
Mornin', folks. Quite a dog and pony
show for a Negro seamstress, huh?

CUT TO:

BAYARD RUSTIN
So you are from the FBI? Well, you
can tell Hoover to kiss my black -

FLYNN
I can understand why you think that,
Mr. Rustin, but we're not. You're in
danger, and everything that you work
for is in danger, if you don't listen
to us. It won't take long.

CUT TO:

RUFUS
Can I tell you something? Something
that's going to sound really, really
crazy, and you won't understand all
of it, but - if I could?

CUT TO:

TEMPLE (CONT)

Past. Present. Future. Isn't it time
we finally lived up to that?

EMMA

Yes. Yes, I think it is.

FADE TO BLACK. . .