

Timeless 3x02 - "THE MONTGOMERY BUS BOYCOTT"

# TIMELESS

"THE MONTGOMERY BUS BOYCOTT"

Episode 3x02

Written by qqueenofhades

Airdate: October 21, 2018

All existing TIMELESS characters, story elements, and situations are copyright © NBC Network, Sony Pictures Television, and Eric Kripke and Shawn Ryan. No copyright infringement is implicit or intended.

Unofficial Fan Project.

Not for commercial use or distribution.

FADE IN.

RUFUS (V/O)

Previously on TIMELESS...

2x06 with Rufus' pep talk to Connor. 2x07 with Flynn and Rufus fighting cops together. 2x09 with Rufus and Harriet Tubman. 2x10 with Rufus warning Wyatt that if anything happened to Jiya, he isn't sure he could forgive him, his death, and then the just-completed rescue mission of 3x01, ending with Rufus up alone late at night. As well, the introduction of Michael Temple to Rittenhouse, and Emma's phone call to him...

OPEN ON:

EXT. MONTGOMERY STREET - EVENING

CAPTION: DECEMBER 1, 1955

A shot of the Montgomery City Bus, Cleveland Avenue Line. Pan through the windshield and into the crowded interior, to the WHITES section and, about ten rows back, the COLORED. Four black people sit in the row, including ROSA PARKS (42).

CONTINUE TO:

INT. MONTGOMERY BUS - EVENING

Through the window, we see the bus pull up at the Empire Theater. The door opens, two or three white passengers get on. It's crowded, no seats. The bus driver, JAMES F. BLAKE, gets up and walks toward the four black passengers.

JAMES F. BLAKE

Let me have these seats. There's white folks standing up front.

The four black passengers initially don't move.

JAMES F. BLAKE (CONT)

Y'all better make it light on yourselves and let me have those seats.

After a pause, the man next to Rosa gets up and moves, as do the other two, climbing past her. Rosa moves, but toward the window seat, not to vacate the row.

JAMES F. BLAKE

Why don't you stand up?

ROSA PARKS

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

Blake grabs the COLORED section sign, moves it several rows back, then turns back to Rosa.

JAMES F. BLAKE

Are you gonna stand up now?

TIMELESS 3x02 - "THE MONTGOMERY BUS BOYCOTT"

ROSA PARKS

No, I'm not.

JAMES F. BLAKE

Well, if you don't stand up, I'm going to call the police and have you arrested.

ROSA PARKS

You may do that.

Blake stomps off the bus, to a pay telephone. Rosa sits there calmly and watches. Other passengers give her sidelong looks. A few moments later, a police officer steps on board the bus, glances around, sees Rosa, and walks toward her.

POLICE OFFICER

Heard y'all won't give up your seat.

ROSA PARKS

That's correct.

POLICE OFFICER

Well then, you're under arrest for violation of Chapter 6, Section 11 of the Montgomery City Code. Let's go.

He pulls Rosa out of her seat and cuffs her, then marches her off the bus, out into the winter evening.

ROSA PARKS

(politely)

Why do you push us around?

POLICE OFFICER

I don't know, but the law's the law, and you're under arrest.

CUT TO:

INT. BUNKER CORRIDOR - MORNING

Rufus steps out of the bathroom in tank top and sweats, towel draped around his neck, still shivering. He glances around, heads to the kitchen. It's early. He's the first one there.

Rufus takes a bowl and cereal down from the cupboard, starts to pour it in. But his hand is shaking, and it spills. He winces and puts it down, gripping the edge of the counter.

LUCY (OS)

Rufus?

He jumps and turns to see her, watching him concernedly.

RUFUS

(forcing a smile)

Hey. Lucy. Morning.

She looks tired and red-eyed. Neither of them ask why the other is awake so early.

LUCY

I heard the water running. Boiler back yet?

RUFUS

Nope. Still freezing. Sorry.

LUCY

It was worth it. To get you home.

Rufus grimaces, turns, trying not to let her see his face.

RUFUS

(still with his back turned)  
Hey, so, um. I figured I'd let you move back in with Jiya. Dunno if you've been on the couch or what, but if you wanted the room back -

LUCY

Where will you sleep, then?

RUFUS

Guess I'll bunk with Wyatt again, huh?

There's a bitterness in his tone that he can't quite disguise. Lucy bites her lip. She feels that too, for different reasons.

LUCY

(after a long moment, not just talking about him)  
It's all right if you're still angry about Jessica.

RUFUS

Is it? Well, that's good to know.

Lucy looks at him helplessly. She can see the pain he's in, and wants to help, but doesn't know that she can.

LUCY

Let - let me know if you want to talk, okay?

RUFUS

(trying to humor her)  
Yeah. Sure.

LUCY

We're really glad you're back.

She hesitates, then comes over and hugs him. Rufus tenses, lets her do it, but doesn't quite hug her back.

TIMELESS 3x02 - "THE MONTGOMERY BUS BOYCOTT"

RUFUS

You know, Jiya does know how to pilot the Lifeboat. Since she got you home. So if it was just a matter of needing someone to drive the time machine, you've got that covered.

LUCY

(startled)

What? Of course that's not the only reason we saved you!

RUFUS

Oh? Then why?

LUCY

(opens her mouth, then frowns)  
You're our friend. We love you.

RUFUS

Cool. Yep. Got it.

LUCY

Rufus -

RUFUS

Actually, I don't think I'm hungry. I may just - go back to sleep for a while. Sorry, Lucy. See you later.

With that, he pushes past her and out of the kitchen. Leaving Lucy watching him with a stricken expression.

CUT TO:

INT. BUNKER CONTROL ROOM - MORNING

Connor and Jiya are typing, checking readouts, still trying to get everything back online after the major blowout of the Lifeboat's re-arrival from 1888. They're busy with this when the Mothership jump alarm starts blaring.

CONNOR

(under his breath)

Oh, ballocks.

The team starts appearing, in pajamas or casual clothes. Everyone says "hey" or acknowledges Rufus as they enter.

RUFUS

(embarrassed)

Guys, I told you to quit doing that.

DENISE

So the Mothership finally jumped again? That was an unexpected lag between trips. I didn't think they'd actually stopped, but -

TIMELESS 3x02 - "THE MONTGOMERY BUS BOYCOTT"

WYATT

But maybe we all kind of hoped they did? Fine, whatever. Where'd they go?

CONNOR

(checking the screen)

December 5, 1955. Montgomery, Alabama. Well, even I know that one.

LUCY

The Montgomery bus boycott.

RUFUS

Great. Another visit to the Deep South in the 50s. Just what I wanted to ease back into this job.

DENISE

So Rittenhouse is targeting the civil rights movement?

LUCY

The entire beginning of it. Rosa Parks was arrested on December 1<sup>st</sup>. The boycott starts a week later. It's one of Martin Luther King's first major involvements with the movement. It results in Browder v. Gayle in 1956, the formation of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, everything else going forward. It's foundational.

DENISE

(worried)

They never went this directly for anything before.

LUCY

(with an edge)

Yes, well, they're under new management now, aren't they?

RUFUS

Yay. Can't wait to get spat on by racists again.

CONNOR

(with a glance at him)

You know, I was rather useful, if I flatter myself, on the Robert Johnson mission, and you helped me out of a difficult spot there, Rufus. It might also be nice if you weren't the only black man. I - well. I'm willing to go again. For moral support.

TIMELESS 3x02 - "THE MONTGOMERY BUS BOYCOTT"

FLYNN

Volunteering for a second straight mission, Mason? I might have to start respecting you one of these days.

CONNOR

Yes, well, I've sat on the sidelines long enough. And if it's a matter of politics, I am passably good at that.

WYATT

Okay, fine, Connor takes the fourth seat. I'll go change, then we can -

LUCY

I think Flynn should come with us.

WYATT

(taken aback)

What - you mean instead of me?

Lucy flushes. It's clear she doesn't like doing this, doesn't want to hurt him. But it's also clear that there are consequences to their broken trust, and things are not the same between them just yet.

LUCY

I just think it's better right now. For the mission. You took Chinatown, I was off on that one. You could use the rest, I'm sure.

Nonplussed, Wyatt looks at Rufus, hoping for support.

RUFUS

Yeah, I vote Flynn too. Surprising no one more than me.

Flynn gives a snarky "if the people insist" shrug. Wyatt still looks blindsided.

DENISE

All right, it's settled. You four had better get going.

TIMELESS MAIN TITLE - 12051955

RETURN TO:

EXT. MONTGOMERY STREET - DAY

Flynn, Connor, Rufus, and Lucy on Montgomery Street. Deep South in the 50s. "Whites Only" and "No Coloreds" signs up with Christmas decorations. A few men give Rufus long looks.

RUFUS

(edgily)

Hey, Lucy, can you walk a little further away from me? Emmett Till was killed like four months ago. I don't want to get lynched for being seen with you in public.

Lucy is startled, takes a few steps away.

CONNOR

(eager to be helpful)

So do we suppose they're running the same sort of operation as before? Sleeper agents? Targeting Rosa Parks, MLK, anyone else important?

LUCY

I'm not sure just killing them is what they're after. MLK is an unknown at this point. His death would be a major blow for future history, but the movement could find someone else.

RUFUS

So if Martin Luther King is replaceable, any of us are, huh?

LUCY

That's not what I meant.

Rufus glances at her, then away. Hands shoved in his pockets, shoulders hunched. Doesn't want to be here, isn't comfortable.

FLYNN

I'm guessing they'd want to taint the movement longer-term. Discredit it somehow. Hoover and the FBI spent years wiretapping King for blackmail material. Maybe Rittenhouse is hoping that if they can make it too costly to get involved in the first place, he won't. Him and everyone else.

RUFUS

Sounds like Rittenhouse. Okay, so. Doesn't the meeting at Holt Street Baptist Church take place tonight?

LUCY

Yes. Rosa Parks is in court today. Tonight at 7:00pm, MLK addresses a huge crowd at the church, and the boycott is officially launched. It lasts for over a year, it almost drives the city bus system into

bankruptcy because African-Americans are 75% of its riders. Rufus, Connor, do you want to head for the church? Flynn and I will try to catch the end of Rosa's court appearance.

Everyone nods briefly and splits off. Flynn and Lucy depart in the background; Rufus and Connor continue on.

[COMMERCIALS]

RETURN TO:

EXT. HOLT STREET BAPTIST CHURCH - DAY

Rufus and Connor head up the steps, knock, and when no one answers, let themselves into the sanctuary.

CONTINUE TO:

INT. HOLT STREET BAPTIST CHURCH - DAY

Rufus and Connor look around, not sure if anyone's there, until they hear shouting, a door bursts open, and a group of black ministers emerge, led by the charismatic labor organizer, community figure, and longtime activist E.D. NIXON (56). He's arguing with the others.

E.D. NIXON

- The one-day boycott's already working, and we're going to organize a larger one and stick to it, so y'all can step in line, or -

MINISTER

Mr. Nixon, we respect what you've done for this community, but we can't just go overturning everything, makin' all the whites mad at once -

E.D. NIXON

We're organizing this boycott to do exactly that, sir. Exactly that. Now you agree to back my proposal, or I'm publicly calling you cowards in the papers. President of the local NAACP can pull some strings. So -

Just then, he notices Rufus and Connor staring at them.

E.D. NIXON

(on guard)

Who the hell are y'all?

CONNOR

We apologize for the interruption. This is - we are -

RUFUS

I'm Rufus. That's Connor. We're friends, we're here to help.

E.D. NIXON

You from up north?

RUFUS

Chicago. He's from England, originally, but he lives here.

E.D. NIXON

It already in the papers in Chicago, then? You came down here speedy.

RUFUS

Yeah, we - we heard about it. We're sorry we just kinda busted in here. You're - are you E.D. Nixon?

E.D. NIXON

(a little warily)

I am, sir, yes. What's it to you?

CONNOR

We're very much admirers of yours. All of you, really.

E.D. NIXON

(snorts)

Ain't nothing to admire in these men, Queen Elizabeth. None of 'em willing to stand up and say they want to overturn the white power structure in this town. They want to take small steps, safe measures. Say they're mad and then do jack about it, because better to be polite. And I say again, I'll call all y'all cowards, unless -

VOICE

(from the back of the group)

I'm no coward, Mr. Nixon.

The group parts to look at the speaker: a young Baptist minister. His face is instantly recognizable. It's MARTIN LUTHER KING JR (26). Both Rufus and Connor stare.

MLK JR

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

RUFUS

(blurting it out)

Oh my God, it's you.

TIMELESS 3x02 - "THE MONTGOMERY BUS BOYCOTT"

MLK JR

(confused)

Have we met, sir? I'm the Reverend  
Dr. Martin Luther King, pastor at  
Dexter Avenue Baptist.

RUFUS

I know who you are.

He steps forward and shakes MLK's hand, while the young  
minister is still confused. Connor follows suit.

RUFUS

(excited for the first time)

We need to talk about some things.  
More than you might know about.  
Somewhere we could sit down?

E.D. NIXON

Guess the meeting was over anyway,  
unless you fellas had a come to Jesus  
moment in the last five minutes?

The ministers avoid his eyes. Make excuses and farewells,  
exit, leaving Connor, Rufus, Nixon, and King together.

E.D. NIXON (CONT)

Need to make a phone call. See how  
Rosa's court appearance has gone. One  
moment, gentlemen.

He exits, leaving Connor and Rufus alone with MLK. They're  
both a little star-struck.

RUFUS

So, so, uh, Dr. King, I guess you're  
here to help with this?

MLK JR

It's Mr. Nixon who's done most of the  
work. Picked Mrs. Parks especially to  
test the segregation laws, after  
Claudette Colvin earlier this year.  
I'm just a humble brother here to  
take part in the fight.

RUFUS

You will. You're going to be great.

MLK JR

That's kind of you to say. You're  
involved in the movement yourself?

RUFUS

In a way, yeah.

MLK JR  
(smiles)

Well then, I'm glad to know you.

Rufus is moved. Can't answer. He looks away, fighting his emotions.

CUT TO:

EXT. MONTGOMERY COURTHOUSE - DAY

Flynn and Lucy jostle their way through the growing crowds outside the courthouse. A burst of activity as the doors open and ROSA PARKS emerges, accompanied by her white lawyer, CLIFFORD DURR. People shout questions, comments, less polite things as she passes.

Flynn and Lucy hurry after them, as Rosa and Durr turn the corner and reach a waiting car.

LUCY

Mrs. Parks? Mrs. Parks!

Rosa and Durr look around, confused to see two white people trotting toward them, perhaps expecting trouble.

CLIFFORD DURR

Get in the car, Rosa.

LUCY

No, no, it's all right, it's -

FLYNN

We're friends.

LUCY

(to Rosa, flustered, a little curtsy)  
Mrs. Parks. Mrs. Parks, I'm really honored to meet you.

ROSA PARKS

(amused)

Honored to meet a secretary?

LUCY

You've already been a civil rights activist for several years. You organized the campaign for justice for Recy Taylor in 1944, you work for the NAACP here, you -

FLYNN

(interrupting the fangirling)  
The point is, we're here to help.

ROSA PARKS

(dryly)

Y'all know James F. Blake?

LUCY

The bus driver? No, we -

CLIFFORD DURR

(to Flynn)

It's better if you and your wife aren't spotted with us right now. If you're actually interested, there'll be a meeting later at Holt Street Baptist, the Negro church on Holt and Bullock. My client doesn't have any other comment right now.

With that, he ushers Rosa into the car, gets in after her, and tugs the door shut. The car pulls away from the curb.

LUCY

(disappointed)

Well, that was... a start?

FLYNN

They don't have any reason to trust us, after all.

Lucy glances at him. Trying to think of the right words.

LUCY

The other night, when I said that I wished I never wrote the journal. I didn't - that's not really what I -

FLYNN

Lucy, it's all right. I know why you said it.

LUCY

It's just - the Lucy who came to visit us. Was she the same one who visited you in Brazil? Did she say anything more about the journal? About the timeline? Anything? I feel like there's something important that I can't remember.

FLYNN

(hesitates)

I don't think so. I was drunk and she - you - didn't say anything specific.

Lucy glances at him, sensing the evasion. Fairly sure at this point that he wouldn't deliberately keep her in the dark, but still a little stung and frustrated. Both with him, and her future self, as it keeps getting more impenetrable.

LUCY

Fine, well, if she didn't -

Just then, they're interrupted by a man strolling up in a seersucker suit and Panama hat. We recognize none other than MICHAEL TEMPLE from the Rittenhouse meeting. Flynn and Lucy, of course, don't.

MICHAEL TEMPLE

(in a southern accent)

Mornin', folks. Quite a dog and pony show for a Negro seamstress, huh?

LUCY

(stiffly)

She's an accomplished woman and did a very brave thing.

TEMPLE

(ignoring her, speaking to Flynn)  
New in town?

FLYNN

We're passing through.

TEMPLE

Plenty of people arriving in Montgomery, sure. Some sorts, we'd prefer not to have around. Word is a Mr. Bayard Rustin might be on his way. You folks let me know if you hear anything?  
(he smiles, tips his hat to Lucy)  
Ma'am.

He continues on his way, as Flynn glances at Lucy.

FLYNN

Bayard Rustin? Sounds familiar.

LUCY

He's one of the major activists and strategists of the entire Civil Rights movement. He pretty much single-handedly organizes the March on Washington in 1963, he tutors MLK on nonviolence. He takes a hard right turn into neoconservatism in later years, he splits from the others over ideological differences, but right now, he's very important.

FLYNN

How come nobody knows about him, then?

LUCY

Because he's openly gay, was arrested and charged for it in 1953, and is a

former member of the Communist Party.  
No one can associate with him in  
public, he stays behind the scenes.

FLYNN

So what? They might want to expose  
his presence here, discredit the  
whole movement before it gets off the  
ground?

LUCY

Like you were saying earlier, yes.  
Come on. We should find Rufus and  
Connor.

Flynn pauses, then nods. Turns half back over his shoulder,  
but Temple is gone. He frowns, then strides after Lucy.

CUT TO:

INT. BUNKER KITCHEN - DAY

Wyatt sits at the table, aimlessly tinkering with a piece of  
machinery. Twists the wrench, tries pressing something;  
there's a brief spark and puff of smoke. He throws it down.

WYATT

Yeah. That seems about right.

DENISE

(from behind him)

If you're looking for something to  
do, I have some files from the CDC on  
potential biological agents. You can  
see if anything sounds like what was  
used on Rufus in Chinatown. Or you  
can comb surveillance tapes and  
personnel records to see if there's  
any kind of match on this Jane.

WYATT

I'm supposed to be on the damn jump,  
that's what I'm supposed to be doing.

Denise moves to take the chair across from him.

DENISE

I don't think it's the worst thing in  
the world for you to take an off-day.  
You've been under a lot of pressure.  
Besides, until we know more about  
Rittenhouse's new strategy, who  
they're working with, what they're  
doing, I can see the sense in it.

WYATT

What's that mean, exactly?

DENISE

By your own admission, you went off-book in the rescue mission, once more trying to save Jessica.

Wyatt's clearly uncomfortable with that.

DENISE (CONT)

Wyatt, Jessica is Rittenhouse. You understand that, don't you? You understand the concern that if you came across her unexpectedly on another mission, you might act - unpredictably? That you might -

WYATT

I wouldn't betray the team. Come on, you gotta believe that.

DENISE

I'm sure you wouldn't do it willingly. But right now, bluntly, you're a compromised asset.

WYATT

What, so we're sending Flynn instead? That's my trustworthy replacement?

DENISE

(a little aggravated)

We're not talking about Flynn right now. Wyatt, listen to me. I'm not intentionally trying to bench you. We only have seven soldiers in this fight as it is. But as of now -

WYATT

C'mon. Just let me go out there next time, shake the cobwebs off. It'll help, I promise.

DENISE

And if you do run across Jessica? And by extension, your own child?

Wyatt glances away again, but Denise leans forward, and he looks back at her.

DENISE (CONT)

There are other parents on the team. We understand the terrible choice you'd be facing. And so far as it goes, I don't blame you. But this is what happened. You brought Jessica here, and the fallout has affected all of us. Do you see that?

WYATT

(crumples a little)

Yeah. Yeah, I guess I do. But I want to fix it, I just - I haven't had a real conversation with Lucy or with Rufus since he came back, and now neither of them want me to -

DENISE

(with surprising gentleness)

This isn't going to happen overnight, Wyatt. You've hurt both of them. If you're sincere about mending bridges, it has to start on their terms. Is this about Jessica? Again?

WYATT

I... I don't know what it is, but I don't think so. She's made her choice, and... I don't think I can get her back from that, not unless she decides to leave. Anyway, I thought my future self was kind of a dick, but he asked me what I wanted to fight for, and I said it was my kid. I've got to start somewhere. I know it was a bad situation in the end, but it was - it is - still my child. What kind of father would I be if I threw that away? I'd be my dad.

Denise looks at him, waits patiently.

WYATT (CONT)

So I don't have a clue what's going to happen with that, but if I ever meet them one day, I want to be able to tell them that I at least tried to fight for them, to get them back from Rittenhouse. I know Jessica is our enemy now. But it's complicated.

DENISE

(softly)

If it was my wife and child, when Michelle was pregnant, I don't know. I might have done the same. You take huge risks to save your loved ones, Wyatt. It's an admirable quality in some circumstances. I just need you to think about the team right now. We're your family too.

(back to business)

Anyway. You need to find something better to do with your time if you're not on jumps. We'll see about sending you on the next one. Now, do you want to pull files and review surveillance footage with me, or do you want to scrub the bathroom floor?

WYATT

(gets to his feet)

I'm on my way with you, ma'am.

Denise smiles at him, and Wyatt reluctantly smiles back.

[COMMERCIALS]

RETURN TO:

EXT. HOLT STREET BAPTIST CHURCH - LATE AFTERNOON

A crowd is starting to gather - word's getting out about the speech tonight. Flynn and Lucy maneuver through in search of Rufus and Connor, finally see them coming out. They hurry toward each other.

RUFUS

Hey. Did you find Rosa Parks?

LUCY

Yes, but we don't think it's her that Rittenhouse might be after. There's apparently a rumor that Bayard Rustin's coming.

RUFUS

Rustin? Yeah, he was involved with the boycott, but I didn't think he got here until later.

LUCY

Well, maybe they found a way to convince him to arrive sooner? But it might be a trap. You know why Rustin can't appear openly, right?

RUFUS

The gay thing? And the fact that he's an ex-Communist when McCarthy was last year? So what, they're going to try to out him and whip up a scandal?

LUCY

Rustin was comparatively open about it in private, but he knew it would be a major problem if it was publicly widespread. Flynn and I will try to catch him on his arrival and warn him. You two should stay here.

TIMELESS 3x02 - "THE MONTGOMERY BUS BOYCOTT"

RUFUS

(glances at Flynn)

You know this seems like the kind of major event Rittenhouse would target, right? So if they turn up and start popping off, should we just be left without any protection?

FLYNN

If anyone here starts shooting, it'll be more trouble than it's worth. And neither you nor Mason can be spotted alone with Lucy. But we'll run interference on Rustin as fast as we can, then rendezvous back here. Don't do anything that you did in 1919.

RUFUS

(laughs bitterly)

They've killed me once, what are they gonna do? Kill me again?

FLYNN

Just don't be an idiot.

With that, as Rufus sarcastically salutes, Flynn and Lucy move off. Rufus and Connor join the crowd in the sanctuary as more and more people arrive outside. It's in the thousands. Mostly African-American, a few curious whites. The air is tense and expectant. A sense of history about to happen.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOLT STREET BAPTIST CHURCH - EVENING

MLK Jr, E.D. Nixon, and a few others approach the podium. The crowd has been talking in a loud murmur, but it quickly quiets. We see Rufus and Connor close to the front, glancing around nervously.

E.D. NIXON

(steps to the microphone)

Brothers, sisters, it's so very good to see y'all. Here to speak to us this evening about the situation in Montgomery, the Reverend Dr. Martin Luther King Junior, of Dexter Avenue Baptist Church.

"Yes sir"-s and "amen"-s from parishioners in the crowd.

MLK steps up to the microphone, glances down at his notes. A few beats of tense silence, crackles of feedback. MLK clears his throat, then leans forward.

MLK JR

My friends, we are certainly very happy to see each of you. We are here this evening for serious business. We are here in a general sense because first and foremost we are American citizens, and we are determined to apply our citizenship to the fullness of its meaning.

DISSOLVE TO:

MLK JR (CONT)

Just the other day, just last Thursday to be exact, one of the finest citizens in Montgomery - not one of the finest Negro citizens, but one of the finest citizens in Montgomery - was taken from a bus and carried to jail, because she refused to give her seat to a white person. Now the press would have us believe that she refused to leave a reserved section for Negroes, but I want you to know that there is no reserved section. The law has never been clarified on that point.

DISSOLVE TO:

MLK JR (CONT)

(powerfully, emotionally)

And you know, my friends, there comes a time when people get tired of being trampled over by the iron feet of oppression. There comes a time, my friends, when people get tired of being plunged across the abyss of humiliation, where they experience the bleakness of nagging despair. There comes a time when people get tired of being pushed out of the glittering sunlight of life's July and left standing amid the piercing chill of an alpine November. There comes a time.

We pan around to faces in the crowd, including Rosa Parks and Clifford Durr, who have just arrived. Many tearful, others with hands upraised, swaying. Others clutching Bibles, saying "amen." Rufus and Connor both visibly emotional.

MLK JR (CONT)

But the great glory of American democracy is the right to protest for right. My friends, don't let anybody make us feel that we are to be compared in our actions with the Ku Klux Klan or the White Citizens Council. There will be no crosses burned at any bus stops in Montgomery. There will be no white persons pulled out of their homes and taken out on some distant road and lynched for not cooperating. There will be nobody among us who will stand up and defy the Constitution of this nation. We only assemble here because of our desire to see right exist.

More shouts of "amen!" and "yes sir!". A spellbinding moment. Many wiping tears. We are transfixed by MLK's presence and oration. A long shot on Rosa. Quietly proud.

DISSOLVE TO:

MLK JR (CONT)

And we will not be content until oppression is wiped out of Montgomery, and really out of America. We won't be content until that is done. We are merely insisting on the dignity and worth of every human personality. And I don't stand here, I'm not arguing for any selfish person. I've never been on a bus in Montgomery. But I would be less than a Christian if I stood back and said, because I don't ride the bus, I don't have to ride a bus, that it doesn't concern me. I will not be content. I can hear a voice saying, "If you do it unto the least of these, my brother, you do it unto me."

CROWD

Amen! - Preach the word, brother! -  
Yes sir, yes sir! - Praise the Lord!

Rufus is crying silently. Wipes his face on his sleeve. Connor looks at him. Wants to say something, can't think what -

And then outside, as we hear an alarmed murmur from the crowd, once and then again -

- the crack of GUNSHOTS.

CUT TO:

INT. MONTGOMERY BUS DEPOT - NIGHT

Flynn and Lucy are sitting in the terminal with a few other white passengers.

BUS DRIVER

(overheard in passing)

All them damn uppity Negroes think if they don't ride the buses for one day, we'll bend over backward to -

Just then, headlights fall across the terminal as a bus pulls in. It's a Greyhound. Lucy beckons to Flynn; he gets to his feet and joins her as the door opens and passengers file off. Among them is the tall, bespectacled figure of BAYARD RUSTIN (43), carrying a briefcase. Lucy hurries to catch up with him.

LUCY

(timidly)

Mr. - Mr. Rustin?

He stops. Looks at her, then at Flynn.

BAYARD RUSTIN

You two white folk from the FBI? Got nothing to say to you.

LUCY

No, we need to talk to you. It's urgent, we promise. About the situation here.

BAYARD RUSTIN

I'm aware of the situation here. Also aware it's ironic for a Negro to be riding a bus to it, though we did the Journey of Reconciliation in '47. But not sure what you'd have to say to -

LUCY

We - know. About... you.

BAYARD RUSTIN

(coldly)

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.

Despite himself, that catches Rustin short.

BAYARD RUSTIN

(grudgingly)

Five minutes.

As Lucy and Flynn hurry him out of the depot, the shot REVERSES out the window and to the edge of the bus tarmac. Michael Temple is standing there with a camera and long-range telephoto lens, snapping pictures of the three. He looks pleased. What that means, who knows, but it can't be good...

CUT TO:

INT. HOLT STREET BAPTIST CHURCH - NIGHT

Anxious shouting, some pushing and shoving, as the crowd reacts to the gunshots. People ducking for cover, as we focus on Rufus's face -

- Brief, sharp FLASHBACKS to Rufus being shot by Al Capone in season one, then by Emma in the season two finale - a POV shot of Wyatt and Jiya's faces above him, fading -

RUFUS

(to himself, panicking)

Oh God. Oh God, oh God.

Connor sees it, reaches for him.

CONNOR

Rufus?

Rufus slides off the pew, tries to hide under it. Sounds briefly go faded or intermittent, continue a tight focus on his face, his eyes wide and staring.

CONNOR

(breaking into the white noise)

Rufus!

The world snaps back. Connor is on the floor, offering a hand. Behind him, E.D. Nixon and MLK are appealing for calm. People streaming out the doors, running once in the street. Among them, a harried-looking Flynn and Lucy, trying to get closer.

Flynn scans for an attacker, but there's no one. Lucy runs into the church, spots Connor and Rufus, then MLK. Her face goes a bit shocked - it's the first time she's seen him.

LUCY

(breathlessly)

Dr. - Dr. King? Could you come with us? We have your friend, Bayard Rustin, Mr. Rustin's at a house not far from here. We're with Rufus and Connor. Please. Just until it's safe?

MLK JR

(surprised)

Mr. Rustin's here?

He and Nixon exchange a look - they know this is delicate.

LUCY

Yes, he arrived earlier this evening.  
We think it might be connected to  
whatever just happened here.

MLK JR

Mr. Mason, you know this woman?

CONNOR

Yes, yes I do. You can trust her. And  
I really think it would be wise for  
all of us to get out of here.

MLK isn't pleased, clearly upset, worried about the shots and the abrupt end to his speech. But after another look from Nixon, he nods. Stops to help Connor get Rufus to his feet. They make their way out of the church to where Flynn is waiting. With one more edgy glance, all start to walk quickly.

[COMMERCIALS]

RETURN TO:

EXT. MONTGOMERY NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

MLK, Rufus, Connor, Lucy, and Flynn climb the steps of a small white bungalow. They stand on the porch and knock. A deadbolt unlatches, then an African-American woman opens the door.

WOMAN

Reverend King. Mrs. Betty Williams,  
from church.

MLK JR

We won't be long.

WOMAN

Mr. Rustin's through the back.

Rufus, Connor, and MLK head inside. Flynn nods to Lucy.

FLYNN

You go with them. I need to track  
down whoever was taking potshots at  
the speech.

LUCY

What - by yourself?

FLYNN

Forget who you're talking to?

LUCY

Right. Fine. Be careful. Be back by  
dawn, meet us here, if nothing else  
goes wrong.

Flynn nods again, then heads back down the porch, vanishing down the street, as Lucy opens the door and lets herself into the house.

PAN THROUGH TO:

EXT. BACK GARDEN - NIGHT

Bayard Rustin sits outside, smoking a cigarette. The porch door opens, and Rufus steps out. Goes over to the other chair and sits down, staring at his hands.

BAYARD RUSTIN  
Something on your mind, son?

RUFUS  
(starts to get up)  
Sorry. I can sit somewhere else.

BAYARD RUSTIN  
Didn't say that.  
(glances over)  
Don't think we've been introduced.  
Mr. Bayard Rustin.

RUFUS  
Rufus. Rufus... Carlin.

Rustin nods at him, takes another drag on his cigarette.

BAYARD RUSTIN  
You a friend of Martin's?

It takes Rufus a moment to remember who he's referring to.

RUFUS  
Am I a friend of - no. No, I definitely wouldn't go that far. We only met today. We were over at his speech at Holt Street, when -

BAYARD RUSTIN  
Heard there was some shooting.

RUFUS  
(savagely)  
Yes, there was. There wasn't supposed to be. Wasn't supposed to be.

BAYARD RUSTIN  
Long as nobody retaliated.

RUFUS  
Right, you're the one who's big into nonviolence. Never can fight back, no matter what. No matter how many lumps they dish out, we're just supposed to take them. Turn the other cheek.

BAYARD RUSTIN

I'm no preacher. Leave that to Martin. But that's the idea.

RUFUS

Honestly, it sounds nice. It sounds like taking the moral high ground. But - when it's just going to keep happening, when sixty years from now they're still going to be shooting us, killing us -

BAYARD RUSTIN

You don't know that.

RUFUS

Yes. Yeah, actually, I do know that they will. And when that's the case -

BAYARD RUSTIN

(unsurprised)

You think it sounds completely ineffective and naïve. Most folks do. Even Martin, he preaches about nonviolence, about non-resistance, but right now, he owns a gun, and he's letting his home and family be protected by guns.

RUFUS

(under his breath)

Yeah, and he gets killed by one, too.

BAYARD RUSTIN

Pardon?

RUFUS

Never mind. I just - I respect you, Mr. Rustin. I respect Dr. King too. More than you can ever know. But how can you look at what you're up against, and decide you can never fight back?

BAYARD RUSTIN

See, that's where you're wrong. Nonviolence ain't passive. It ain't sitting there and doing nothing. It's the furthest thing from not fighting back. But it's doing it in a way the hegemony isn't prepared for, and can't counter. There will always be some angry man with a gun. You ain't stopping him with more guns.

RUFUS

But -

BAYARD RUSTIN

(turns to look at him)

Son. Let me ask you something.

RUFUS

Sure.

BAYARD RUSTIN

You think there's anything, anything in the world that scares the United States government, the State of Alabama, the whole South, the structures of white supremacy, more than a community-organizing homosexual socialist anti-colonial black man, who looks at all their guns, their firebombs, their dogs and gas, their nightsticks, their jackboots, their fists, their mobs, their tanks and their police cars and their lynching ropes - all of that - who looks at it, who stands there with just his bare hands, and says he ain't afraid?

Rufus is taken aback. Not sure he agrees, but having to consider it in a new light.

BAYARD RUSTIN (CONT)

Not some airy-fairy ideal I'm talking about. I've been arrested, I've been beaten, I've had my name dragged through the mud. I've not been able to stand up on a stage or in front of my brothers and be acknowledged in public, because of who I am, and that I won't deny. I ain't up in some ivory tower preaching that there's no cost. I know there's a cost. I'm still choosing to pay it, though. Can't decide what you do.

(gets to his feet)

Bit chilly out here. Good night, Mr. Carlin.

RUFUS

(a little numb)

Good night, Mr. Rustin.

He sits there in silence for several moments as Rustin goes back into the house. Then the porch door opens again. Rufus glances around, starts reflexively to his feet.

MLK JR

Mind if I join you? Getting that bit crowded in Betty's kitchen.

RUFUS

I - no. No, definitely of course not.

MLK pauses, then takes Rustin's vacated chair.

MLK JR

You speaking to Bayard, then?

RUFUS

Yeah.

MLK JR

I can see fine you're troubled. Earlier, at the church, when the shots went off. Would I be correct in guessing you were in the service?

RUFUS

I - no, I wasn't in the war.

(beat)

I wasn't in that one.

MLK JR

Which one? If you don't mind my asking, sir.

Rufus is jolted at the use of "sir." Glances at MLK and remembers that presently, he's younger than Rufus himself.

RUFUS

(deep, shaky breath)

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?

MLK JR

Of course. I'm here to listen.

RUFUS

I'm a - a time traveler. From the year 2018. My friends and I, we all came here from the future. Not too long ago, they saved my life, since I died in the year 1888. I died after I was shot. It wasn't the first time. I was shot before, in 1931, but I survived. I've been traveling through time and space and fighting an evil organization called Rittenhouse, and I - I honestly don't know if I can do it anymore. I'm - I'm at the end of my rope, I -

(jumbles to a halt, repeats)  
I just don't know if I can do it  
anymore.

MLK is pardonably surprised. Blinks several times.

MLK JR

Well. That's quite a tale.

RUFUS

I know. You probably think I'm  
insane, but I'm not, I swear I'm not.

MLK JR

God works unseen, unknown miracles.  
It's not for me to say you're lying.

RUFUS

I met Harriet Tubman. In 1863.

MLK JR

(finally startled)

You met Harriet Tubman? From the  
Underground Railroad, of our enslaved  
brothers and sisters - ?

RUFUS

Yes. Her. I met her, and she said God  
gave her visions. That she saw us  
coming, that we - I don't know. I  
don't believe in God. I haven't since  
I was a kid. It was me who got my  
family out of where we were, not God.  
But I don't - I can't do this. My  
family doesn't know that I'm alive,  
or that I was actually dead. I -

(getting choked up)

I want to quit. I want to stop. I  
never wanted to get into this war,  
and now I'm back, I didn't ask to be  
back. Maybe it would be better if I  
stayed dead. It sounds selfish, it  
sounds terrible. But if I'm just -

MLK considers, then reaches out and takes Rufus's hand.

MLK JR

I don't pretend to understand your  
burden. But I can see it's a cruel  
one, and I'm that sorry for it.

RUFUS

(can't really stop now)

And you - in the future. You become a  
hero, eventually. You're made a big  
deal. After they dwell on your

personal failings, and pay lip service to your legacy, and quote the nice parts, the inspirational-Hallmark-card parts, of your speeches, and leave out the raw stuff, the radical stuff. They adopt you and they neutralize you and - it keeps happening. All this, with black folk. Some things get better, yeah. But what I'm seeing here, and what's happened to me, and -

MLK JR

Take a breath.

Rufus does so, painfully. Rubs his eyes with his free hand.

MLK JR (CONT)

I know you said you don't believe in God. That's a matter of your personal conscience. But if it's what you say, if you met Miss Tubman and you've known the life of the world to come, our future, then I can't see you as other than a miracle.

(beat)

Would you permit me to bless you, my brother?

RUFUS

My mom is the one who prays. But she - yeah. All right, I'd like that.

MLK JR

(takes Rufus' other hand, bows his head)

Heavenly Father, Lord Jesus almighty, you know this man more than I do. You know his heart, you know his deeds. You know his struggle, and you know his sacrifice. I ask you to bring him strength, and courage, and peace. I ask you to lift his hands in your work. I ask you to console him in his grief, in the wilderness.

(he looks up at Rufus, tears in his own eyes)

I ask him to believe that I too am touched beyond all measure, that I am honored beyond the right words, to be here in his presence tonight, and to share in this moment together. In Jesus' name we pray. Amen.

TIMELESS 3x02 - "THE MONTGOMERY BUS BOYCOTT"

RUFUS

(can barely get it out)

Thanks.

MLK looks at him, then reaches out, pulls him in, and hugs him. Tears roll freely down Rufus' face as he hugs him back.

RUFUS

(trying to compose himself)

Hey, is there any chance I can get your autograph?

MLK JR

My autograph?

RUFUS

My mom goes to the March on Washington when she's three years old. She sees you there from a distance and she never forgets it. It's her earliest childhood memory.

MLK JR

March on Washington?

RUFUS

It hasn't happened yet.

MLK JR

I'd like to sign a Bible personal for your mother. Maybe hope to hand it to her myself, one day.

(off Rufus' look)

Don't tell me what happens to me. A man lives easier, not knowing.

RUFUS

It's not - it's not fair. You should - you should have so much more time.

MLK JR

Maybe so. Maybe so. But if it means you'll be there, I think the future is in safe hands.

A pause. Rufus wipes his eyes again.

RUFUS

You really don't know how much this means to me.

MLK JR

Likewise, brother. Likewise.

We leave them there, sitting in the garden together, on a slow PAN OUT.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAWN

Lucy is asleep on the couch, covered by a blanket, as the porch steps creak. The front door opens, and Flynn enters the house. Slightly battered and tousled, blood on his sleeves. He looks at Lucy for a moment, then goes to shake her.

FLYNN

Lucy.

Lucy stirs, squints, and wakes up, grimacing.

LUCY

Did you find whoever it was?

FLYNN

I caught some skinny twerp with a modern rifle, yes. Took care of him. But I feel like we're missing something here. The biggest event Rittenhouse has hit yet, and they send one actively pathetic agent to spray a few rounds at the speech? I almost felt bad about killing him.

RUFUS

(from the hallway)

And yet again, Flynn, your definition of "almost feeling bad" has serious, serious problems.

FLYNN

The pacifists among us do things one way, I do them mine. You have a problem with that?

RUFUS

Actually, I'm not sure I do anymore. I'm not clear when that happened, and it seems like something I'll terribly regret, but you're all right. Still crazy, but whatever.

FLYNN

Where are the others?

RUFUS

Connor's still asleep. MLK left a couple hours ago. Rustin's in the guest room. Is he safe to clear out?

FLYNN

We can't tell him not to work with the movement at all, but... are we sure that blackmailing him was Rittenhouse's only plan here?

RUFUS

Unless they whacked Rosa Parks in secret last night...?

FLYNN

I stopped by her house. There was plenty of volunteer security. I'm not saying Rittenhouse couldn't get through it, but it didn't look like they'd tried.

A pause, as the team racks their brains.

LUCY

Do you think Rittenhouse is just waiting it out until we leave? They know we chase them everywhere they go. Why do anything when we were still here to interfere? I'd bet Emma's already gone. Dropped off whoever she was planting here, and left. Now that she's the big boss, she's probably too important to handle fieldwork herself.

RUFUS

We can't live in 1955 until Rittenhouse Mook #82 decides to make his move. Or anywhere.

LUCY

Yes, but think about it. The one advantage we have is that we always know when and where the Mothership jumps. The CPUs are still linked, they haven't managed to disconnect that. So why not compensate for that?

FLYNN

I couldn't figure out how to do that, and believe me, I tried. Get you three to quit following me.

RUFUS

Remind me why we're friends again?

FLYNN

(ignoring that)

Anyway, Lucy does have a point. But even Rittenhouse doesn't have indefinite personnel. They have plenty of lay members, but as far as operatives actively trained for missions in the past, even they have to be running low.

RUFUS

So what, we assume they really just half-assed it this much? Doesn't seem like the big, make-your-mark show Emma was probably hoping for.

Lucy glances out the window, as if Emma might be on the street outside. A tense, unsettled, unfinished air.

LUCY

I don't understand. We got Rustin to safety. Maybe they thought just disrupting MLK's speech would be enough. They haven't targeted anyone for assassination that we thought they might. They could interfere in the boycott later, but the essential events have already happened.

RUFUS

Meaning... what? Do we just pack up and go home?

LUCY

Flynn?

FLYNN

(thinks hard, then)

Who told us Rustin was here?

LUCY

It was - it was that man we met right after Rosa and Durr left the courthouse, wasn't it?

FLYNN

How did he know that Rustin was coming? So far in advance of everyone else? Why tip us off, knowing we'd try to make contact with him?

LUCY

Wait - you can't - no Rittenhouse agent would ever walk up and tell us what their plans were. And then leave without trying to kill us.

FLYNN

Unless blackmailing Rustin wasn't really their plan.

RUFUS

Hold on. What do you mean?

FLYNN

I don't know. But go wake up Connor. I think we need to get out of here.

CUT TO:

EXT. MONTGOMERY MAIN STREET - MORNING

Flynn, Rufus, Connor, and Lucy regrouping after a fruitless search.

RUFUS

Well, "tall man in a hat, Southern accent" describes literally the entire adult male population around here, so that was totally pointless.

LUCY

It's no use. He's long gone by now.

CONNOR

And whatever he's done, we appear to have totally missed it.

FLYNN

(furious)

I knew I didn't like something about him. I knew I should have gone after him then!

LUCY

But why would we have ever expected a Rittenhouse agent to approach us in plain sight?

FLYNN

Well, clearly we should have. We don't know what they did here, and we don't know how. And now we're heading back... and we have absolutely no damn idea as to what.

[COMMERCIALS]

RETURN TO:

INT. BUNKER CONTROL ROOM - DAY

A whir, a pop, and the Lifeboat appears and lands. The door cycles open, and the team rushes out, agitated.

LUCY

What happened in Montgomery, Alabama, in 1955?

DENISE

(confused)

Did something happen in Montgomery, Alabama in 1955?

JIYA

Wait, wasn't there, like...some kind of brief attempt at a boycott?

RUFUS

What happened to the Civil Rights Movement?! Martin Luther King, March on Washington, Voting Rights Act?

JIYA

Nothing happened. What's going on?

The team gathers anxiously around as Jiya opens the terminal and starts typing.

JIYA

(reading)

Brief boycott of the city buses of Montgomery in 1955, following the arrest of Rosa Parks. But a private donor kept the system financed, so the boycott was ineffective. Regarded as one of the early failed episodes in the movement.

RUFUS

It didn't fail before we left.

WYATT

You sure? Because I remember learning that in like, eighth grade.

RUFUS

They teach the Civil Rights movement in the Texas public school system?

LUCY

You don't remember it. Or you do, but it's a fake memory, like with Ryan Millerson, because Rittenhouse did it. They didn't stop the whole movement, but they succeeded at shutting down this part of it. If it was a test, if they - and we still have no idea what -

She stops. Everyone looks worried.

LUCY (CONT)

(bright, brittle smile)

I think I need to go scream for a while. Excuse me.

With that, she turns and leaves without a backward glance. The team stares after her, equally troubled.

CUT TO:

INT. BUNKER BEDROOM - EVENING

Rufus by himself. Glancing around at the room, once more his and Wyatt's, not sure how to react to that. Obviously bad news today, not what they wanted. He paces a few steps, then -

He stops. Looks at his '50s suit jacket on the bed, pulls a small Bible from the inside pocket, and opens it to look at the flyleaf. Then he puts it down, takes out his phone, and taps the screen. Holds to his ear, sits on the bed.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CARLIN HOME - EVENING

Rufus's mother, RHONDA CARLIN, glances over wearily at the ringing phone. Finally she sighs, picks it up.

RHONDA

Good evening, Carlin residence.

Rufus is unable to speak. He opens his mouth, but nothing comes out.

RHONDA (CONT)

(unsure if anyone's there)

Hello?

RUFUS

M... Mom?

Rhonda's face crumples. Shock, disbelief, hope, terror all at once. She presses a hand to her mouth, sinks into the chair.

RHONDA

Rufus? Rufus, baby, is that you?

RUFUS

I can't stay on the line very long, okay? I can't tell you where I am, or what's happened. But I just - I had to call you. I wanted to tell you that I'm alive. I'm alive.

A powerful, defiant statement. Knows he's saying it for all the other unjustly shot black men who aren't.

Tears stream down Rhonda's face. She lifts her eyes to the ceiling, raises her free hand, mouths "thank you."

RUFUS (CONT)

I have a present I want to give you, when I see you again. I'll explain everything to you then. I'm with Connor, and some others. I still don't know what's going to happen, but right now, tonight, we're safe. Give Kevin a noogie from me, okay? I

love you, I love you both so much,  
and I miss you every day. But one  
day, Momma, I'm coming home.

RHONDA  
(sobbing)

I miss you, I miss you too. Rufus, oh  
God, baby. I can't believe it's  
really you.

Rufus snuffles, wipes his eyes with the back of his hand.

RUFUS  
You can't tell anyone that I called,  
and you can't try to call back. Once  
we hang up, erase it from the phone.  
But I'm still out here, and I'm still  
fighting. Okay?

RHONDA  
(whispering)

Okay.

Rufus closes his eyes hard, listening to that. Then takes a  
long, shaky breath, and hangs up.

CUT TO:

INT. EMMA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

A glitzy, hi-tech CEO office, another San Francisco skyline  
view. Emma seated at her desk, Michael Temple across from her.  
A shiny new RITTENHOUSE INC in copperplate lettering on the  
back wall.

EMMA  
So you actually managed to do it? But  
you saw them, spoke to them, and you  
didn't kill them?

TEMPLE  
I'm a former campaign manager, not a  
Navy SEAL. And I told you that if we  
were going to continue the time-  
travel missions, we'd need a  
fundamental shift in philosophy. This  
was a test case. We succeeded  
beautifully.

EMMA  
You didn't stop the whole movement,  
though.

TEMPLE  
That was never the plan, and would  
have been impossible. History doesn't  
work like that, push the switch one  
time to send the trolley onto a new

track and you're done. You need to make it repeated, consistent, long-term. Permanent. Irresistible and inexorable as gravity. You have to collectively train it into the human psyche, over and over.

EMMA

Such as?

TEMPLE

Think about what we did today. All the people who defied the system during the Montgomery boycott, who stood up and saw their efforts matter, now no longer did. Neither did their children, their grandchildren, their wider networks. They tried, and they couldn't do it. So they became disheartened, and didn't try again. They figured it was worthless, and they'd just get used to living this way. You can always kill individuals, but others stand up to take their place. And if you misjudge it, you risk making martyrs, heroes. Even if we did try to take out these anti-American terrorists right now, there would be others.

EMMA

(getting a little impatient)

So?

TEMPLE

So you have to do the opposite.

He removes a manila folder, takes out the black and white photos of Rustin, Flynn, and Lucy.

TEMPLE (CONT)

I dropped these to a few newspapers before I left. Managed to get Rustin split from the movement much sooner, for the March on Washington to draw fewer people. Again, rewriting the whole zeitgeist, not just small choices. But it's not just exposing him, it's creating hostile territory for our enemies. On our next few missions, we do the same. America needs a public enemy. It's how we function. These people think they're saving history. Well. We're going to

get history to hate them. Recognize them on some fundamental, inimical level, and reject them.

EMMA

(admiringly)

You are cold-blooded.

TEMPLE

I'm in this to win. And that means preparing not just for the battle, but the war. You're a great soldier, Emma - can I call you Emma? Washington, Grant, Eisenhower - we tend to look to our generals to rule us when the war's done. But politics aren't quite the same thing. I know that. I want you to rely on me, trust me. I can teach you everything I know. I can make you truly great.

Emma's tempted. Still not enough to unconditionally agree, but impressed by his planning and his ideas.

TEMPLE (CONT)

Besides, are we really going to get beaten by this - this junior varsity squad in the backup time machine? I don't think so. But admittedly, we've mismanaged the situation. Him -

(he taps the photo of Flynn)

- wasn't he the one who stole the Mothership from us? Fought the team constantly, tried to kill them? How is he on their side now?

EMMA

The principle of a common enemy.

TEMPLE

That wasn't inevitable. He did more damage to us alone than those three ever managed together. But I feel like we can still reverse that.

EMMA

Change Garcia Flynn's mind? Good luck with that.

TEMPLE

Why didn't you kill him while you were playing the role of his pilot?

EMMA

(shrugs)

Weren't my orders.

TIMELESS 3x02 - "THE MONTGOMERY BUS BOYCOTT"

TEMPLE

Curious orders. Well, we all know the previous Rittenhouse leadership had its... shortcomings. But we can fix all that now, Emma. Me and you.

He meets her gaze. She stares back.

TEMPLE (CONT)

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

EMMA

(slow smile)

Yes.

(beat)

Yes, I think it is.

FADE OUT.

END CREDITS.

NEXT WEEK ON TIMELESS. . .

TIMELESS 3X03: "NOTORIOUS RBG"

LUCY

I need to find anything else that changed. I need to find out how they did it.

CUT TO:

KID

Hey, lady, I know you from somewhere?

WYATT

No you don't, punk, so how about you mind your business?

CUT TO:

GERALD GUNTHER

How do you know Ruth?

LUCY

We're... work friends.

GERALD GUNTHER

She's never mentioned you.

CUT TO:

RUFUS

(still a little numb)

I think I might be just finding out what I'm willing to do now.

CUT TO:

MARTIN GINSBURG  
You the NYPD? About damn time.

WYATT  
Yes, I am. Mr. Ginsburg?

MARTIN GINSBURG  
Yeah, it's been over an hour!

WYATT  
We're sorry, sir, it's - it's been a busy night. Is your wife at home?

MARTIN GINSBURG  
(frustrated)  
No, she's not at home, that's why I called you clowns! Never came back from work.

CUT TO:

LUCY  
Oh my God. Wyatt? Wyatt!

WYATT  
(runs over)  
What? What?

LUCY  
(pointing frantically)  
That's him. That's the man Flynn and I met in Montgomery. He's getting on that plane!

CUT TO:

We pan in on Flynn's face. A look of sudden and total terror.

FLYNN  
Lucy.

FADE TO BLACK. . .