

TIMELESS

"NOTORIOUS RBG"

Episode 3x03

Written by qqueenofhades

Research by allonsy-allonswin

Airdate: October 28, 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.

LUCY (V/O)

Previously on TIMELESS...

1x14 with Flynn and Emma about to shoot down Charles Lindbergh, as she looks at him holding Lucy's journal. 2x09 with Connor and Jiya's visit to Stanley Fisher in the mental hospital, then Jessica's betrayal and defection to Rittenhouse. 3x01, Rufus saved by the injection in Chinatown, 3x02, the team's return from Montgomery to find their mission mysteriously failed, and Emma and Temple talking, as he offers to complete her training in the dark side of the Force...

OPEN ON:

INT. MENTAL HOSPITAL - NIGHT

CLOSE IN on a door, which beeps green as a key card is tapped to open it. It's dark in the hall except for path lights. Three figures in commando gear moving stealthily along, reach a door, then force their way through it. They shove a hood over the head of a struggling figure, duct-tape his wrists, and haul him out to a black SUV. Throw him in, speed away.

CONTINUE TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

The click of handcuffs as the captive is fastened to a chair. The bag is whisked off, and we recognize a tousled STANLEY FISHER, the pilot who taught Jiya how to control her visions. As he looks up, we reverse out to see EMMA standing across the table from him. She nods the thugs out; they leave, door bangs shut. Beat of silence as the two stare at each other.

STANLEY

Well, well. Emma. Couldn't have just sent a card or flowers?

EMMA

Can it with the cute opening lines, Stanley. Then again, you probably haven't had much else to do, strapped in a straitjacket and drooling on yourself. This has to be the most excitement you've had in months.

STANLEY

If you think you're doing me a favor, you aren't.

EMMA

I can assure you, that never once entered into my calculations. Let's talk about the other excitement in your life recently. Connor Mason came to visit you. Brought Jiya along,

didn't he? You apparently had a lot to say to them.

STANLEY

Who told you that?

EMMA

You don't think half the nurses at your nice private psych ward work for Rittenhouse? Fortunately, we already had a plan in place to get Jiya, or we would have taken her then.

STANLEY

Yeah. Heard that worked out well for you.

EMMA

You think this is funny?

STANLEY

I figure I'm probably gonna die either way, so I might as well tell you dicks what I think. I signed up to pilot a time machine because it was the great scientific discovery of our era. Not to join some megalomaniac, world-domination freaky government black ops cult.

EMMA

And now you live your life in a padded cell with a broken brain and make orange the new black. Glad your principles worked out for you.

STANLEY

Honestly, I would rather die than listen to you keep talking.

Emma takes a step closer. Sleek and dangerous. Despite his bravado, Stanley shrinks. She leans down, face close to his.

EMMA

What did you tell Mason and Jiya?
What did you teach her about how to see into the past?

STANLEY

Nothing. I'm crazy, remember?

Emma considers. Then with no warning, hauls off and hits him across the face, turning his head with a crack. Brief, efficient, brutal. Stanley is dazed, tries to gather himself. Weakly spits blood onto the floor.

STANLEY

(hoarsely)

Oh, Emma. Still like to solve all your problems with punching.

EMMA

You're welcome to have another one if you like. You know, Stanley, you're very lucky. Rittenhouse is going to offer you a new lease on life. Now that I've been promoted, we're going to need an extra pilot. There isn't time to train one from scratch. But of course, you're not interested in working for - what did you call us - a megalomaniacal cult?

STANLEY

(laughs)

You must be desperate if you're recruiting actual mental patients.

EMMA

You have a skill that only three other people in the world possess. If it was a salary you wanted, you could name your price.

STANLEY

(sarcastically)

And you aren't worried about -
(he mimics a seizure)
- right in the middle of some terribly important jump?

EMMA

No, actually. I'm not.

She reaches into her pocket and removes a syringe. Focus in - is it the same kind used on Rufus in Chinatown? What is it?

STANLEY

I'm guessing you're not going to obtain a consent form, in line with medical ethics and advised by a licensed professional, before you stick me with that?

EMMA

Still going with the wisecracks. You know, I might even enjoy having you as an employee. Bring some humor to the workplace and all that. But I'm not a nurse, so I won't be doing it myself. Afterward, we'll see how

you're feeling about working for
Rittenhouse.

Stanley's eyes dart to it, then away. He swallows visibly.

Emma nods to the room mirror. The door opens, and a nurse enters, takes the syringe from Emma. She looks back at Stanley, grins ferally.

EMMA

Don't worry. I'll hold your hand.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Emma emerges from the interrogation room, as we see an unconscious Stanley being carried out behind her. She looks pleased. Makes a gesture, and a clean-cut young man in a suit and tie hurries up next to her.

AIDE

Ms. Whitmore?

EMMA

I want a comprehensive survey of all Carol Preston's old things. Send a team to her house, any space she used. All our archives, the remnants of the old headquarters, anywhere you can think of. I'm looking for something. It's important.

AIDE

What is that exactly, ma'am?

EMMA

It's a journal.

(beat)

It's Lucy's journal.

(starts to walk away,
then glances back)

Oh, and it's really more than time that I had a chat with Jessica.

CUT TO:

INT. BUNKER BEDROOM - MORNING

Lucy sits on her bed, surrounded by a pile of books. She opens each one, flips through the pages, checks the index. Occasionally scribbles on a notepad, frowning.

A knock; she looks up. The door opens, Jiya peers in.

JIYA

So did you get Denise to bring you the entire San Francisco public library system, or...?

LUCY

(agitated)

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

JIYA

(quietly)

We seem to be living in increasingly different histories these days, huh? Like we're branching off, we each remember altered pasts that can't all have happened. At least not on one time stream. So whose reality is the real one, or does that even exist anymore?

LUCY

Apparently my own damn future self came here. We saw her, we talked to her - I talked to her - and I don't remember it. Because technically, it never happened.

JIYA

Did you ask any of the guys? Anyone who does remember, because they left while the Futures were still here?

LUCY

I asked Flynn. He wasn't all that helpful.

JIYA

(pauses; delicately)

And... how about Wyatt?

Lucy glances up, doesn't answer. Goes back to paging through the book on her lap. Then -

LUCY

I'm sure if he remembered something helpful, he would have told me.

JIYA

I'm not going to tell you two what to do about that. But it feels like you're going to have to talk to each other again eventually.

LUCY

(a little too brightly)

Yep. Yeah. Definitely, absolutely.

She puts the book aside, grabs the next, turns through it, about to write it off like the others - then stops.

LUCY

Oh no.

JIYA

What? What?

She scrambles to look over Lucy's shoulder. It's one of the photos of Rustin, Flynn, and Lucy that Temple took last episode. Both Flynn and Lucy's faces are clearly visible. The caption reads, BAYARD RUSTIN MEETS WITH COMMUNIST OPERATIES, MONTGOMERY, DECEMBER 1955.

LUCY

Someone was taking pictures. Flynn was right. Rittenhouse wanted us to meet Rustin. We're part of the reason that history was derailed. And who else knows where these pictures were published? Who else saw us?

Jiya looks worried, opens her mouth. Interrupted by the sound of the Mothership jump alarm. Both glance up in apprehension.

CUT TO:

INT. BUNKER CONTROL ROOM - MORNING

RUFUS

(reading off the screen)

December 15, 1960. Brooklyn, New York. Lucy?

LUCY

1960? That's only five years later.

RUFUS

From the last one? Yes. Why?

LUCY

That's not good. The pictures, what if -

FLYNN

What pictures?

DENISE

Explain later, Lucy. What would Rittenhouse want in New York in the winter of 1960?

LUCY

Well, there's a major air disaster right around then. Two planes collide over the city, it kills everyone aboard and some people on the ground. The Park Slope plane crash. At the time, it was the deadliest commercial

aviation incident in history. I'm pretty sure that's December 1960.

RUFUS

Terrorists, plane crashes, New York? This one sounds super fun already.

DENISE

Well if that's the case, you need to get moving and stop 12/15 from really being 9/11.

WYATT

Am I back on board yet?

DENISE

It sounds like it's not a bad idea to take as much firepower as possible on this one. You and Flynn, you're both up. You worked together in Chinatown, make it happen again.

Wyatt and Flynn glance at each other, then nod.

A shot of the Lifeboat door rolling shut and the revolution starting to spin...

TIMELESS MAIN TITLE - 12151960

RETURN TO:

EXT. PARK SLOPE NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

The team strolls down the sidewalk, #squadgoals. It's December in New York. Grey and chilly.

WYATT

Okay, what are we doing, exactly? Just go stake out the control tower at LaGuardia or Idlewild and tell air traffic to be on the lookout?

LUCY

Maybe, but the collision already happened in history. Do they want to stop it? Is there some important Rittenhouse member on one of the flights they want to save, or...?

FLYNN

I can take one of those. Are you - ?

LUCY

(shakes her head)

No, we can't be seen together. That's what I was talking about earlier with the pictures. Someone photographed

the two of us with Bayard Rustin in 1955, and identified us as Communist operatives. If they were published widely then, this is just five years later. It's too risky.

FLYNN

(pauses, then nods)

All right. I'll go with Rufus and see if Rittenhouse is skulking around LaGuardia.

RUFUS

I feel like there's a joke somewhere about how they'd probably feel right at home there. We'll meet you back here later.

With that, Flynn and Rufus head off, leaving Wyatt and Lucy together. They look at each other, then away. It's awkward.

WYATT

(clearing his throat)

So, uh, you hungry? We could grab a hot dog.

LUCY

No thanks. Anyway, there's a lot of things that Rittenhouse could be doing in New York. I think the crash might not be until tomorrow, so if they're trying to influence who's aboard somehow -

At that moment, she's interrupted by a kid, twelve or thirteen, tapping on her shoulder.

KID

Hey, lady, I know you from somewhere?

WYATT

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

Lucy is clearly unsettled by this. Wyatt glares at the kid until he jogs off, not without another glance back.

LUCY

Maybe Rittenhouse handed out more pictures of us. If that's the case, we might need to get out of Brooklyn.

WYATT

You sure? This is where Flynn and Rufus are supposed to meet us.

LUCY

We'll figure that out later.

WYATT

Fine, then let's follow Pee Wee Reese over there. Maybe he was talking to someone, or they paid him to keep an eye out.

They start down the sidewalk at a casual pace, come around the corner, looking around. After a moment, they indeed spot the boy talking to a man in a hat, his back turned to the camera. We don't get a good look at who it is. He claps the boy on the shoulder and moves off, vanishing quickly in the busy street. Lucy and Wyatt realize they don't have a good chance of catching up to him, and make for the boy instead.

LUCY

Excuse me. Who was that man you were just talking to?

KID

Thought you two were none of my business?

WYATT

Don't be a wise guy. It's important.

LUCY

Did he have a southern accent?

KID

Nah. Queens. Wanted to know if I had the time, that's all.

WYATT

You're lying.

KID

Yeah, pal, I don't think you're anyone to talk about -

With sudden, shocking ferocity, Lucy grabs him by the jacket and slams him against a nearby bike rack.

LUCY

Who were you talking to?

WYATT

(startled)

Easy, Lucy! Jeez!

LUCY

What, so only you and Flynn get to push people around?

(to the kid)

Do you want me to ask again?

KID

(intimidated)

I swear! I don't know his name or nothin'! He just gave me a picture of some people who looked like you and told me to keep an eye out!

LUCY

Did he say where he was going next?

KID

Nah. But he had a piece of paper, I saw an address. Columbia University. That's all I know, honest. Now let me go, you crazy b -

LUCY

Say it, and I will hit you.

KID

(meekly)

Can you please let me go, ma'am?

Lucy pauses, then does so. The kid straightens up, runs away.

WYATT

Hey, uh, maybe not the smartest idea when he's already been tipped off that we might be up to no good?

LUCY

And suddenly you're the one lecturing me about calm and reasonable actions? (not giving him time to answer)
Fine. Columbia University. Come on.

[COMMERCIALS]

RETURN TO:

EXT. LAGUARDIA TERMINAL - DAY

A yellow cab pulls up at the departure curb, and Flynn and Rufus get out. Flynn hands the driver a crumpled bill.

FLYNN

Keep the change.

He and Rufus walk into the terminal. Very sixties. Brown-and-yellow décor, stewardesses in matching perky caps and skirts, people smoking, nothing like modern security.

RUFUS

Wow, it would be embarrassingly easy to hijack a plane here.

FLYNN

Oh, people do. Constantly. Between 1968 and 1972, there's an average of

one hijacking every two weeks. It isn't until 1973 that they implement large-scale passenger screening.

RUFUS

(in disbelief)

A hijacking every two weeks? And nobody giving that much of a crap about it? We'd be living in the end times if that happened now.

FLYNN

(grim smile)

The government was worried about invading people's privacy.

RUFUS

Now you're really making things up.

FLYNN

Anyway, we need to see if Rittenhouse is planting people in the tower.

RUFUS

And how do we do that?

FLYNN

Like this.

With that, he flags down one of the passing airport employees and flashes a badge. Probably best not to ask where he got it.

FLYNN

Excuse me? I'm with the Department of Defense. I need to check some of your air traffic control systems. Major upgrade. Mission critical.

EMPLOYEE

Sure thing, sir. Right through here.

He swipes a card to unlock a door, waves them through.

RUFUS

(as it closes behind them)

And yet again, I am absolutely, totally, 100% invisible.

They start to walk quickly down the corridor, push through another door, and cross the tarmac. Distant whine of jet engines in the background.

RUFUS

So if Rittenhouse wants to stop the crash, does that mean we have to make sure it happens? Because I don't think I'm down with that. Maybe you are, but I'm not.

FLYNN

(as they go through another door)
We have to figure out if that
actually is what they're doing first.

RUFUS

(beat, then)

How did I come back to life?

FLYNN

What?

RUFUS

What did you do? What did you change,
exactly? Was I somehow not shot, or
shot not as badly, or - ?

FLYNN

Denise didn't think you needed to
know just now.

RUFUS

And of all of us, you've always been
really concerned with Denise's rules.

FLYNN

Is that why you're asking me? I
wasn't the only one there. I imagine
you're closer with the other two.

RUFUS

Connor wants to protect me, encourage
me to forget, move on. Wyatt -

(pause)

I honestly don't know what's up with
Wyatt.

FLYNN

You're roommates again, aren't you?

RUFUS

That doesn't mean I know what's up
with him.

Flynn glances at Rufus, as they reach the bridge to the
control tower. Flynn grabs a pair of binoculars from a spotter
station, scans it. Nothing looks out of the ordinary. Looks
again. Still nothing. Tense.

FLYNN

(lowering the binoculars)

What the hell are they doing, then?

RUFUS

Maybe it's just so easy to hijack a
plane that they don't see the point
of having someone in the tower?

Flynn grunts, puts the binoculars back. They start back down the hall, see a man in a controller's uniform coming the other way. His hand casually drifts to his pocket. Flynn doesn't appear to react, until all at once, he shoves Rufus out of the way, grabs the gun the man has just pulled, and wrestles it out of his hand.

Brief but intense fist fight between Flynn and the bogus controller on the jetway. Rufus flattens himself to the wall. Flynn quickly overpowers the smaller man, forces him to his knees, draws his own gun and slams it under his chin.

FLYNN

(snarling)

Where are all your friends, huh?
Where's Emma?!

RITTENHOUSE AGENT

(strangled but defiant)

Emma isn't here, jackass. Never was.

That catches both Flynn and Rufus off guard.

RUFUS

What do you mean, Emma was never here? She's your only pilot.

RITTENHOUSE AGENT

That's a fun little mystery for you, huh? I'm not talking, so I guess you'll have to kill me.

FLYNN

Oh, I bet I could make you talk.

RUFUS

Flynn -

RITTENHOUSE AGENT

Go on, do your thing. Not much fun paddling in the kiddie pool with these goody two-shoes, is it? Miss the old days where you could really cut loose?

Flynn stares at him, eyes unreadable, expression thunderous.

RUFUS

(again)

Flynn -

RITTENHOUSE AGENT

Honestly, he can do it. I don't care. What Rittenhouse is now, what it's become, you guys have no chance. You can fight to the bitter end, it doesn't matter. The American people want our future now, not yours. The

people will defeat you, not us. So
why don't you just give up and -

At that moment, the sound of a shot from close range. But it's not from Flynn. We pan back and see Rufus pointing the agent's gun, eyes wide and staring. A grunt, the agent topples over.

FLYNN

Rufus.

Rufus doesn't immediately respond.

FLYNN

(prying the gun from Rufus' hand)
The hell was that about? I didn't realize you were willing to do that.

RUFUS

(still a little numb)
I think I might be just finding out what I'm willing to do now.

FLYNN

Someone will have heard that. We need to get out of here.

He drags the dead agent down to a supply closet, stuffs him in. Then grabs hold of Rufus' arm and hauls him out of sight.

CUT TO:

EXT. COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY - DAY

Lucy and Wyatt emerge from the 116th Street subway stop and walk through the university gates. Lucy gets a few odd looks.

WYATT

Let me guess, still a boys' club?

LUCY

Columbia is the last Ivy to go co-ed. Not for another twenty-seven years. Women go to Barnard for undergrad, and a few are admitted to Columbia's graduate programs. Do you see anyone who looks like the man in the hat?

WYATT

I see a lot of guys in hats. We're gonna need something a little more specific to work with.

LUCY

Well, if you got a good look at his face when I didn't, feel free to -
(she stops, glances at a passerby)
Oh my God, was that Gerald Gunther?

WYATT

Gesundheit?

LUCY

(turning to look after him)
Wait. I think that was definitely
Gunther. A lot younger, but still.

WYATT

I know you know, like, everyone, but
you're going to have to catch me up
on this one.

LUCY

He was a very famous constitutional
law professor at Stanford for forty
years. My - my mom knew him, they did
a collaborative project on the
history of women and the law. He
literally wrote the textbook on his
subject. He died when I was a
sophomore, it was big news on campus.

WYATT

Stanford? So what's he doing here?

LUCY

He was faculty at Columbia Law for
several years. He moved to Stanford
in 1962.

WYATT

So is there any reason you can think
of that Rittenhouse wants to talk to
him? If that's who they're after?

LUCY

Gunther was born in Germany in 1927,
he grew up under the Nazis. He
insisted that free speech and the
open exchange of ideas was the most
vital part of any democracy, and he
refused to put any limits on it. In
1976, he even defended the free
speech rights of American Nazis.

WYATT

Guy grows up under Nazis, defends the
rights of more Nazis? Not sure I work
that one out. But that sure as hell
sounds like someone Rittenhouse would
want to have a chat with. There has
to be a directory or something for
his office, come on.

CUT TO:

INT. COLUMBIA LAW SCHOOL - DAY

Lucy and Wyatt step out of an elevator and hurry down the hall toward Gunther's office. As they come closer, they hear raised voices from inside. The door bursts open and the man with the hat storms through, as Wyatt pushes Lucy out of sight into an empty classroom. Again, we don't get a good look at his face.

Wyatt runs out after him - straight into a pair of law students coming the other way. White shirts, eyeglasses, pocket protectors. They throw out their arms to stop him.

STUDENT #1

Hey, fella, where you going in a hurry?

WYATT

You really need to get out of my way.

STUDENT #2

Hey, don't you look like - Jack, doesn't he look like - ?

The students increase their grip on Wyatt, as he struggles. He twists free, but then one of them jumps onto his back.

STUDENT #2

Grab him, Jack! I'll run out and phone up security!

WYATT

You guys are making a huge -

VOICE

(from behind, German accent)
Gentlemen, let him go.

The students back off in confusion and blink at the newcomer: GERALD GUNTHER (33), a young, tweed-wearing professor.

STUDENT #2

Professor Gunther, this is one of the men in the paper this morning.

GERALD GUNTHER

How do you know that? You're a law student, William. Have you looked at the evidence and presented your case logically? Or are you rushing to make an uninformed and hasty prosecution on weak or circumstantial grounds that's going to blow up on the stand? Now let him go and head off to Trial Procedure, so long as your parents are still spending hard-earned money on your education.

Abashed, the students slink off. Wyatt looks at Gunther, both relieved and frustrated.

WYATT

Thanks, but I really need to know who you were just talking to.

GUNTHER

(pauses, then)

This way.

Wyatt follows Gunther back down the hall and into his office, where Lucy's waiting.

LUCY

Did he get away?

WYATT

(grimly)

Yeah, because the junior lawyer vice squad decided to jump me. You guys know this is why everyone hates you, right?

LUCY

Professor Gunther, we're sorry for the interruption. But we need to know who that was just now.

GERALD GUNTHER

Do you have a warrant? Reasonable grounds for suspicion?

WYATT

If you're going to constitutional-law the crap out of us, honestly, that is not a good -

LUCY

(to Gunther)

We admire your work, and we know this is strange, but I have to repeat that we're not taking no for an answer.

GERALD GUNTHER

He introduced himself as Mr. Temple. He said he was interested in my legal work and representation, as well as one of my former students.

WYATT

What former student? What did you say to him?

GERALD GUNTHER

I told him what I'm telling you, which is that professional confidentiality forbids me from

disclosing anything about any of my clients or associates to an outside third party. He didn't like that very much. So since that's the case -

LUCY

(politely, but with an edge)
I advise we forget about professional confidentiality just now.

GERALD GUNTHER

Where are you people from? Do you have any kind of papers or -

LUCY

(startling both men)

NOW!

Gunther is visibly taken aback. He thinks about it, then -

GERALD GUNTHER

(wryly)

You should apply to the program here, Miss - ? We need more qualified women in the field. You'd definitely get along with Ruth.

LUCY

I'm - wait. Ruth? Ruth Bader Ginsburg?

GERALD GUNTHER

(surprised)

Have you two met, then?

LUCY

(to herself)

Oh no.

(louder)

Professor Gunther, was that the former student Mr. Temple was asking you about? Didn't she - she graduated from here just last year, didn't she?

GERALD GUNTHER

Ruth was class of '59, yes. She's a very bright and talented young woman, but it's been pulling teeth to get her a position. Felix Frankfurter rejected her for a clerkship on those grounds alone.

WYATT

(guffaws)

Felix Frankfurter? Who's that, a Super Mario villain?

GERALD GUNTHER

(strange look)

Associate Justice of the Supreme
Court of the United States?

WYATT

(slightly disappointed)

Oh.

GERALD GUNTHER

How do you know Ruth?

LUCY

We're... work friends.

GERALD GUNTHER

She's never mentioned you.

LUCY

We're here to help her succeed, and
we think Mr. Temple may be trying to
ensure that she doesn't.

GERALD GUNTHER

He was asking a few questions about
her, yes.

LUCY

He works for - at least we think he
does - a very dangerous group of
people, and if he asked you to
possibly represent them -

GERALD GUNTHER

Then I would have to consider doing
it. We must denounce the hateful
ideas of bigots with all our power,
but we must ensure the free
marketplace for their exchange.
Otherwise -

WYATT

(a little sharply)

Sir, with all due respect, I don't
feel like condemning Nazis and
everything they stand for, and making
sure they have no place in public
life, makes us equivalent to Nazis.
It makes us not Nazis.

GERALD GUNTHER

See! This is what it's about. Healthy
debate. Maybe you both should enroll.

LUCY

That won't be possible. Where's Ruth?
We really need to find her.

GERALD GUNTHER

I recommended her for a clerkship with Edmund Palmieri in U.S. District Court, Southern District of New York. I threatened to never recommend another Columbia law student if he didn't hire her. She started a few months ago, I imagine she's there now. Moynihan Courthouse, in Manhattan. You can take the 1.

Lucy and Wyatt are already turning to go with barely a hasty 'Thanks...'

[COMMERCIALS]

RETURN TO:

EXT. LOWER MANHATTAN - AFTERNOON

Lucy and Wyatt walking quickly toward the courthouse.

WYATT

So Rittenhouse might be after Ruth Bader Ginsburg? I thought they were here because of the plane crash.

LUCY

(tensely)

We could be mistaken. We need to find a way to contact Flynn and Rufus.

WYATT

Call LaGuardia and ask one of them to pick up the white courtesy telephone? We can't exactly have them paged by name, especially if -

LUCY

Either way, we need to find Ruth first.

WYATT

She's still alive right now, isn't she? She's on the Supreme Court. So what, they want to make her not be?

LUCY

Ruth Bader Ginsburg, "Notorious RBG" - we can't lose her, all right? We can't. She's only the second woman on the court after Sandra Day O'Connor, and one of fewer than twenty female law professors in the entire United States when she starts teaching. She argues six landmark women's rights and gender equality cases before the

Supreme Court, and wins five of them. She's also a major force in the American Civil Liberties Union in the 1970s, and given how things are right now with the court -

WYATT

No chance of Emma pulling the plug on this one like she did in 1919?

LUCY

(barely holding her anger in)
Emma is in charge of Rittenhouse now. She gets to do whatever she wants. Killing RBG to seriously weaken the ACLU, and everything else she does that Rittenhouse hates - yeah.

She starts stomping toward the courthouse, as Wyatt runs to catch up with her.

CUT TO:

INT. MOYNIHAN COURTHOUSE - AFTERNOON

A busy day in district court. Lucy pushing past important men in suits without apologizing, as they give her askance looks.

WYATT

(panting)

Sorry, sorry about her -

LUCY

(grabbing someone's sleeve)
Excuse me. Excuse me, where's Ruth Bader Ginsburg? She's a clerk for Judge Palmieri. I'd like to speak to her at once, please.

MAN

(stiffly)

I'm a district attorney, miss. I don't have time to answer silly questions from -

VOICE

(from across the way)

Excuse me? Someone asking for me?

Lucy whips around. Sees a young (27) RUTH BADER GINSBURG, holding a large stack of files. A look of total adoration crosses Lucy's face. She opens and shuts her mouth without anything coming out.

WYATT

Uh, Mrs. Ginsburg, I'm guessing?

RUTH BADER GINSBURG

Yes, that's me. If you're here for a trial, you'll need to see the receptionist. That is not me.

LUCY

We - ah - we're not here for a trial, Your Honor.

RUTH BADER GINSBURG

(confused look)

Your Hon - ? Anyway, I'm very busy, I can't stop for chitchat.

WYATT

Has a man in a hat been in here today? Queens accent? Might be named Temple?

RUTH BADER GINSBURG

I'm a law clerk, not a detective. If you need help with an investigation, police station's that way. I'm sure even you can find it.

(at a shout from down the hall)

Yes, yeah, I'm coming!

She hurries off, with one more judgmental look at Wyatt.

WYATT

Hey, wait, ma'am -

Too late. She's gone.

WYATT (CONT)

Jeez. Everyone seems to completely hate our guts on this mission. The kid, the lawyer defense squad, we get friggin' cross-examined by Gunther, now RBG will barely give us the -

LUCY

You stay here and make sure nothing happens to her. I'm going to find a payphone and call Flynn and Rufus.

With that, and a "you hear me, not a hair on her head" look, she turns and hurries out of the courthouse.

CUT TO:

INT. PAYPHONE BOOTH - AFTERNOON

Lucy feeds a few coins in, pulls the rotary.

LUCY

Operator? LaGuardia Airport, please.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. LAGUARDIA TERMINAL - AFTERNOON

Flynn and Rufus trying very hard to look casual. They can't leave now that they know Rittenhouse is here, it's possibly suspicious that they've been wandering around for hours, they know there's a dead guy in the closet by the tower...

ANNOUNCEMENT

Would a Mr. Lincoln please come to the main desk? Telephone call for Mr. Lincoln at the main desk.

Flynn looks up sharply.

FLYNN

(to Rufus)

Stay here. I'll take it.

RUFUS

What? They asked for a Mr. Lincoln?

FLYNN

It's Lucy. Hold on.

RUFUS

How do you -

(exasperated)

Oh yeah. Because you shot him. Right in front of her.

Flynn doesn't pay attention. Strides to the desk, takes the phone, steps around the corner as far as the cord stretches.

FLYNN

Lucy?

LUCY

Oh thank God, it's you.

FLYNN

What is it? Are you all right?

LUCY

Fine. Listen, I don't know if Rittenhouse is here because of the plane crash. We think they're targeting Ruth Bader Ginsburg.

FLYNN

Ginsburg? As in the future Supreme Court justice?

LUCY

Yes, her. So maybe if you pull out of LaGuardia and come here to join us, we're at Moynihan Courthouse in downtown Manhattan. Then -

FLYNN

We can't leave here. Rufus killed a Rittenhouse agent trying to get into the control tower earlier.

LUCY

(visibly shocked)

Rufus k - ?

FLYNN

Long story. There may be more of them. Are you sure they're after Ginsburg?

Tense moment. Both of them remembering how they missed what Rittenhouse was doing in Montgomery.

LUCY

Pretty sure. We can't take the risk. But if they're here and LaGuardia -

FLYNN

(interrupting)

RBG's from Brooklyn, isn't she? Lives there?

LUCY

Yes...

FLYNN

It's called the Park Slope plane crash. What was it - six people die on the ground?

LUCY

(beat; look of total horror)

I'll call you back.

She bangs down the phone, opens the booth door, runs across the street and back into the courthouse.

LUCY

(reaching Wyatt)

Where's RBG? Did you see her?

WYATT

No, she hasn't come back. And I didn't see anyone go after her. What's wrong?

LUCY

I talked to Flynn. He and Rufus are at LaGuardia, he says there was an agent they dealt with earlier. I think Rittenhouse is going to make sure RBG dies in the plane crash.

WYATT

What? How? She isn't on either of the planes, obviously.

LUCY

One of them crashes into Brooklyn. She was born in Brooklyn, she lives there. If they make sure she's where it's going to come down -

WYATT

(gets it)

Crap.

They run down the hall in the direction RBG went.

WYATT

(to a passing aide)

Hey. You know where Mrs. Ginsburg is?

AIDE

She was filing her last cases and then said something about heading home? Third night of Hanukkah or whatever. You know. Jewish.

Wyatt and Lucy exchange a look. Turn and hurry out.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK SLOPE - LATE EVENING

Wyatt and Lucy get out of a cab in a brownstone Brooklyn neighborhood. It's dark and cold. Streetlamps on.

WYATT

So what, just knock on doors Love Actually-style until we find out where she lives?

LUCY

(frazzled)

I don't know if we have time for that. The crash isn't supposed to happen until tomorrow morning, but -

WYATT

Well, that still gives us all night. Come on.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PARK SLOPE - NIGHT

Wyatt and Lucy wearily knocking on another door. It opens.

RESIDENT

No soliciting, get lost.

WYATT

(exasperated)

We're not selling anything. Do you know where Ruth Bader Ginsburg lives?

RESIDENT

Why should I tell youse?

WYATT

Look, you -

LUCY

Just tell us and I promise we will leave you alone.

RESIDENT

Three doors down. That way. You two come back and I'll call the cops.

WYATT

God, I love New York.

They hurry to the door, knock, wait tensely. It is opened by a worried-looking MARTIN GINSBURG (28), Ruth's husband.

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. I called the courthouse and they said she left at the usual time. No idea where she is now.

WYATT

Wait, she's not -?

MARTIN GINSBURG

They hiring idiots at the NYPD now?

WYATT

(feebly)

I'm sorry, we - we just thought... she... would... be.

MARTIN GINSBURG

How about you send the real
detectives, or -

At that very moment, a police car pulls up, lights flashing.

WYATT

... We gotta go.

They run down the steps and off along the sidewalk, after a
few shouts from the arriving cops.

LUCY

(freaking out)

Mr. Temple must have swooped in and
grabbed her on the way home. Probably
has her right under where the plane
hits tomorrow.

WYATT

Where's that?

LUCY

I DON'T KNOW! I DON'T KNOW
EVERYTHING!

Wyatt is taken aback. He hesitantly reaches a hand out, trying
to comfort her, but she jerks away from him.

LUCY (CONT)

We have no shot at finding her by
searching all of Brooklyn on foot, in
the dark. We only have one chance. We
have to stop the plane crash.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Ruth Bader Ginsburg is tied to a chair in the middle of a dark
warehouse, mouth taped, as we pan out and see MICHAEL TEMPLE
standing across from her. Reminiscent of the opening with
Stanley and Emma. Not good.

TEMPLE

(steps over, pulls off the tape)
Glass of water?

RUTH BADER GINSBURG

Go to hell.

TEMPLE

(chuckles)

I do apologize, Your Honor. You're
going to have a great career. Lots to
admire. But it - well. It would just
be easier for everyone if you didn't.

RUTH BADER GINSBURG

That's the second time someone's called me that today. What are you people playing at?

TEMPLE

(very interested)

Oh? Who else called you that?

RUTH BADER GINSBURG

(hesitates)

No one.

TEMPLE

Uh-huh. I'll need to be on my way before long, but it has been a true pleasure to meet you - again. I've come across you at a few mixers and legislative events in Washington. You never seemed to like me very much.

RUTH BADER GINSBURG

I'm quite sure I'd remember meeting you. At what events in Washington? What are you talking about?

TEMPLE

Well, since you're going to die, unfortunately, I suppose it can't hurt to tell you that I'm from the future. You become a Supreme Court justice in 1993, under President - pardon my language - Bill Clinton, and you're still on the bench in 2018. Or you used to.

RBG stares at him, shocked. But then she recovers herself.

RUTH BADER GINSBURG

Yes, I know men like you. I expect I'll meet many more of them. Men who think the world belongs to them, because they were born white, wealthy, and American. Men who never have to apologize for what they do, or to suffer consequences for it. I'm sure you could destroy my life and go on with yours just as you please.

TEMPLE

I wouldn't call it destroying. Necessary correction.

RUTH BADER GINSBURG

Bullshit.

Temple looks at her, a little startled. Grudgingly impressed.

RUTH BADER GINSBURG (CONT)

If it's true what you say, you better hope for your own sake that you're not around when I get there.

TEMPLE

Oh, we'll see about that.

RUTH BADER GINSBURG

You're not special, you know. You're scared. Men like you always are. That one day the rest of the world will ask for a fraction of what you've taken for granted your entire life, what you've felt entitled to lord it over, and so you'll try to grab even more. Like a little boy forced to share his toys on the playground. You're pathetic.

Temple glances at her. Hard to tell what he's thinking, if she's getting to him at all, but he's at a loss for words, albeit briefly.

RUTH BADER GINSBURG (CONT)

And if someone like you is trying to stop me, I'll take it as an honor. I won't back down, and all the people on my side - all the women that men like you have hurt, especially - we won't stop coming. Just think about that. As long as it takes, we're going to fight you. Look how brave you are. Tying me to a chair in the middle of nowhere, then ducking out. Because like I said. Deep down, all of you are fragile cowards, who know you're going to have hell to pay.

Temple inclines his head, though with less amusement, eyes still on her. He clearly isn't underestimating her now.

TEMPLE

(looking at his watch)

Well, as you say, that's my cue. Goodbye, Your Honor. Thanks for your outstanding public service to the nation. Especially now that it won't happen.

He turns, tips his hat, and strides out of the warehouse, as RBG struggles furiously.

CUT TO:

EXT. IDLEWILD AIRPORT - MORNING

Lucy stands in another payphone booth, receiver to her ear, tired and rumpled. Neither she nor Wyatt have slept. The morning is grey, foggy, snowy. Bad visibility...

LUCY

(putting down the phone)

I've called LaGuardia and asked for Mr. Lincoln three times. Flynn knew it was me before. They're not there.

WYATT

Maybe they just couldn't stay in the terminal overnight?

LUCY

One of the planes is inbound to Idlewild, the other to LaGuardia. If Flynn and Rufus aren't there to stop one -

WYATT

Well, we're here now, let's try to stop the other.

They hurry inside.

CONTINUE TO:

INT. IDLEWILD TERMINAL - MORNING

Lucy and Wyatt practically sprinting, looking for the way into the control tower. They reach a glass walkway overlooking the tarmac, where a flight is boarding. Lucy looks down -

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!

Sure enough, we see Michael Temple standing in the queue.

WYATT

Does he have RBG with him?

LUCY

I can't tell. We need to get down there right now!

They start to run again. Wyatt pulls his badge out of his jacket, flashes it at an employee.

WYATT

U.S. Marshal, we need access to that aircraft immediately.

This works just as well as it did at LaGuardia. The door is opened, Wyatt and Lucy run onto the tarmac, up the steps.

CONTINUE TO:

INT. AIRPLANE CABIN - MORNING

Wyatt and Lucy jostle past sleepy travelers. More dirty looks. It's hard to move fast in a crowded, boarding plane.

LUCY

I don't see him.

WYATT

Maybe he's hiding in the bathroom?

LUCY

(raising her voice)

Excuse me? Excuse me! Is Ruth aboard?
Mrs. Ruth Bader Ginsburg?

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

I beg your pardon, who are -

WYATT

I'm a U.S. Air Marshal, is there a Ruth Bader Ginsburg on this plane?

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Sir, we're preparing to depart,
please find your seat.

WYATT

Did you see anyone go into the aircraft lavatory?

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Sir, please take your seat.

Wyatt glances around wildly. Lucy is still fighting her way toward the back of the plane.

WYATT

Lucy. Lucy! Lucy, I don't think he's actually -

A THUNK as the main door shuts. Wyatt stares at it. Glances out the nearest window, sees Temple standing on the tarmac. Their eyes lock. Temple offers a little salute.

WYATT

(as the plane starts to reverse)
Oh, hell.

[COMMERCIALS]

CUT TO:

INT. NEW YORK AIR ROUTE TRAFFIC CONTROL CENTER - MORNING

Flynn and Rufus have managed to make it inside the ARTCC, Rufus practically running to keep up with Flynn.

RUFUS

Could you please explain what we're doing here?!

FLYNN

We haven't heard from Lucy and Wyatt since yesterday. Something's wrong. The ARTCC has jurisdiction over all the airports in the New York area. We need to warn them.

CONTINUE TO:

INT. NY ARTCC TOWER - MORNING

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER

United 826, clearance limit is Preston Intersection via Jet 60 Vector to Allentown direct to Robbinsville, via Vector 123 maintain flight level 250.

There's a sudden BANG as the door flies open and Flynn and Rufus run in.

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER #2

Hey, what in the -

RUFUS

I'm Ted Striker, this is Captain Rex Kramer. We're really sorry, but this is an emergency.

Flynn side-eyes him a little blankly.

RUFUS

Dude, don't tell me you've never seen Airplane!

FLYNN

Not the time!

RUFUS

Look, if we get home, we're watching it, okay?

Flynn is briefly touched. But indeed, it's not the time.

FLYNN

Listen to us. There's going to be an accident.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPLANE CABIN - MORNING

Wyatt and Lucy realize they're trapped on the plane as it's taxiing away from the gate.

WYATT

This can't be one of them, right? One of the planes in the crash? You said they were both inbound to New York.

LUCY

Unless Rittenhouse changed that!

WYATT

Temple tricked us. He guessed we'd be staking out the airports. Now we -

LUCY

There was a third plane.

WYATT

What?

LUCY

I remember reading that somewhere. LaGuardia was tracking a third, unidentified, fast-moving plane during the incident. That's us. We have to be that plane.

WYATT

So - are we going to crash, or keep them distracted long enough so the others crash, or -

LUCY

(voice cracking)

I don't know. I don't know.

She looks up at Wyatt. Both of them trying not to panic.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. NY ARTCC CONTROL TOWER - MORNING

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER

826 cleared to proceed on Vector 30 until intercepting Vector 123 and that way to Preston. It'll be a little bit quicker.

FLYNN

(having just remembered something)
No. No, you can't do that!

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER

Excuse me - ?

FLYNN

The speed-up on the vector to the Preston Intersection. That's what throws United 826 off course and then it hits the other plane. TWA, I think. TWA 266. They're the one coming into LaGuardia.

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER

Captain Kramer, how on earth do you -

FLYNN

If you don't trust me, a lot of people are going to die!

At that moment, crackling on the comms.

COMMS

New York Center, this is LaGuardia Tower. Unknown traffic, twelve o'clock, one five miles, opposite direction, altitude unknown. Urgency. Acknowledge.

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

FLYNN

Lucy.

RUFUS

What?!

FLYNN

Lucy and Wyatt are on that plane!

RUFUS

How the hell do you know that?

FLYNN

It has to be. The unknown plane. We haven't heard from them. And -

RUFUS

Is this something in the journal?

Flynn isn't listening. Looks practically ready to murder the air traffic controller. Close to panic.

FLYNN

Order them to identify, then contact Idlewild Approach Control and tell them you're taking direct management of United 826. Don't under any circumstances let them shortcut to Preston, or proceed after that.

The controller stares at him, as the entire tower is. Then -

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER

LaGuardia Tower, this is New York Center, acknowledged. All traffic, all frequencies. Unknown traffic, twelve o'clock, one five miles from LaGuardia Tower, identify immediately.

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER #2

United 826, maintain original course. Cancel previous intercept to Vector 123. Urgent holding is necessary at Preston. Southwest one minute pattern right turns. Acknowledge.

COMMS

New York Center, this is United 826, approaching Preston at 5,000. Confirm holding at Preston?

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER #2

Confirm. Expedite. United 826, do not proceed until further contact from New York Center. Approach clearance to Idlewild denied. Acknowledge.

COMMS

United 826 to New York Center, acknowledged. Holding at Preston.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPLANE CABIN - DAY

The plane has taken off, is climbing. Lucy is clutching her armrests with both hands, Wyatt is scared too, but trying to hold it together. She turns to him.

LUCY

Look, if we do die -

WYATT

We're not gonna die, okay? We're not gonna die.

LUCY

I don't want to be so mad at you, but I am, and I have every right to be. I did everything to make what happened easier for you, and you did nothing to make it easier for me. I can't trust you the same way I did. I still have feelings, deep feelings, but that doesn't mean I can simply -

She cuts herself off as the plane jounces.

LUCY

Oh God.

WYATT

Hey, let's just - we're gonna live, okay? We're gonna live. We'll talk about it later. We'll get another chance. You can tell me then.

He reaches out and grabs her hand. Lucy tenses, but doesn't pull away. Lets him hold on. They look at each other.

CUT TO:

INT. NY ARTCC CONTROL TOWER - MORNING

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER

Unknown traffic from LaGuardia Tower. Return for immediate landing at Idlewild. Contact Idlewild Approach Control for vector and runway clearance. Acknowledge.

Silence on the comms.

FLYNN

Someone from Rittenhouse is flying that thing. It stole a callsign and it's waiting for the crash to happen. Serving as a distracting radar bogey. Don't do a damn thing with United 826 until TWA 266 lands at LaGuardia.

Unbearably tense. Rufus pacing. Flynn looks like he might faint.

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER

LaGuardia Tower, this is New York Center. Urgent status update on TWA 266 requested.

COMMS

New York Center, this is LaGuardia Tower. TWA 266 cleared for approach on runway 04 ILS. . .

The longest fifteen seconds of everyone's damn life.

COMMS

TWA 266 on the ground, 10:37 am. LaGuardia Tower to New York Center, repeat, TWA 266 down safely. Over.

Cheers and applause break out in the control room. A few people high-five each other. Rufus and Flynn do the same, then Rufus unexpectedly hugs Flynn, startling them both.

RUFUS

Uh, don't tell anyone that happened.

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER

Be damned if I know who you are,
Captain Kramer, but it sure was lucky
you were here.

[COMMERCIALS]

RETURN TO:

EXT. IDLEWILD AIRPORT - DAY

The plane with Lucy and Wyatt aboard has landed, is being met by police as the passengers file off. Flynn and Rufus are waiting on the tarmac, having rushed over from New York Center. Finally, they see Lucy and Wyatt getting off, and start forward. Looks of abject relief on both their faces.

Lucy and Wyatt reach the bottom of the steps, turn to each other, then hug for several moments. Flynn sees it, stops short. Glances down.

LUCY

(reaching them, giddy)

Oh my God. Hey. You're here.

She and Rufus hug each other tightly. Then Rufus looks at Wyatt, clears his throat.

RUFUS

Hey, buddy. I'm glad you didn't die.
Seems like one of us should probably
avoid doing that.

WYATT

Yeah, uh, that seems like a good
plan. I'm sorry I was such a total -
a total jerk. About everything.

They pause, then shake hands. Flynn hangs back. Lucy looks at him, but he avoids eye contact.

RUFUS

(glancing up at the cockpit)

Who the hell was flying that thing
for your little joyride of terror?

WYATT

Honestly, I don't want to go near it
again long enough to find out. We
gotta make sure RBG's okay, and then
for God's sake let's go home. We've
got a lot to fill you in on.

RUFUS

Yeah. So do we.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - EVENING

A small, slightly bland apartment decorated like a motel room. Bars on the windows indicate it's not one.

Emma standing across from JESSICA LOGAN, who is sitting on the couch with her hands knotted together.

EMMA

So you'll be glad to hear that Wyatt survived the adventure. Apparently.

JESSICA

How much longer are you going to keep me in here?

EMMA

No offense, but I just can't trust you. You could change that. You could tell me where the bunker is. Honestly, if you're completely loyal to Rittenhouse as you say, I don't see why you wouldn't.

Jessica doesn't answer. Looks down at her knees.

JESSICA

What would happen to Wyatt?

EMMA

He's one of our enemies. Your baby daddy or otherwise. So guess.

JESSICA

Look, just promise me you'll let him go, and I'll tell you where it is. You can take out the rest of them, I don't care, but -

EMMA

Do you really not care? You and Jiya, you were friends, apparently. You and Lucy somehow got around to tolerating each other. Mason's a pain in the ass, so are Christopher and Flynn -

Jessica flinches. Glances up at Emma.

EMMA (CONT)

Either way, the Wyatt you knew was a terrible husband who you were ready to divorce, took you to his top-secret bunker after he begged you for another chance, flaunted his girlfriend in front of you, knocked you up, let you go in Chinatown, and

hasn't tried to contact you since.
Why are you trying to save him?
Rittenhouse is your family. Remember
what we did for your brother?

JESSICA

Of course I remember. I'm grateful.

EMMA

Are you? We'll see. You know, we have
a new pilot now. Temple brought
something special from his CIA
friends, some kind of new drug. They
use it on terror suspects to make
them more compliant, and he had them
add a few modifications. It's already
worked once, we could try it again.
Though I don't know what that might
do to your tater tot, so -

JESSICA

Please. I'm loyal to Rittenhouse. I'm
loyal to you. I'll prove it.

EMMA

All right. We'll see about that. I'll
take the next mission myself.

(beat)

And you're coming with me.

CUT TO:

INT. BUNKER KITCHEN - NIGHT

Rufus enters the kitchen, sees Jiya there, starts to say
something, then stops. Opens the cupboard and quickly gathers
something to eat, about to leave -

JIYA

Hey, Invisible Man. I still haven't
heard how it went today.

RUFUS

Kind of terrifying, honestly. And a
little weird. But I think we stopped
them this time. I'm going to go to my
room and play airplane-less video
games until I fall asleep. So -

He starts to go, but Jiya catches his arm.

JIYA

Rufus, it feels like you're avoiding
me. Ever since you - you know -

RUFUS

Suddenly became one of the undead?
(he looks down at her)

I still don't know how that happened.
Even Flynn won't tell me.

JIYA

(bites her lip)

Rufus, we're just trying to make it
easier for you to -

RUFUS

To not be dead? To not know why that
is? To not - Jiya, I live in terror
that you'll start having these
visions again, and it'll be me dying
super-permanently, or it'll be one of
the others, or something worse. I
just - it's hard to be around you
when I keep being afraid of that.

JIYA

That's what you see me as? Some kind
of - of doomy vision dispenser?

RUFUS

Of course not. But you lived for
three years in 19th-century San
Francisco. Three lost years. We know
what happened to me. I don't know if
we're the same people. Actually, I
know we're not the same people.

JIYA

Is this why you wanted to have Lucy
move back in with me, and -

RUFUS

I just feel like I need some space to
figure things out.

JIYA

So you - what? Do you want to break
up? Is that what you're saying?

RUFUS

We can't really break up. We live
together anyway. We'll see each other
every day. I still love you more than
anything, it's not that, it's just -
(repeats)

I need some space.

JIYA

(trying to be understanding)

Okay. Whatever you want, of course.

Rufus nods, kisses her forehead, and leaves. Jiya wraps her
arms around herself, visibly struggles not to break down.

CUT TO:

INT. FLYNN'S ROOM - NIGHT

He's sitting in his chair, trying to read a book, clearly not concentrating. A knock on the door. He looks up, an expression of hope on his face. Goes to answer it, opens the door -

It's Denise.

FLYNN

(polite)

Agent Christopher. I thought you'd gone home tonight.

DENISE

Everything that came back from that mission was so worrisome that I'll be putting in a lot more late nights for the foreseeable future.

FLYNN

Pity we don't have a machine that goes there, eh? Only back?

DENISE

That and other things. You did say that you confirmed Ruth Bader Ginsburg was all right?

FLYNN

Yes, we found her three blocks from her house, spitting mad and swearing that she would absolutely dedicate herself to becoming a Supreme Court justice and making certain kinds of people fry.

DENISE

So someone told her about her future? Are we sure that won't -

FLYNN

Lucy told you yours. Having Notorious RBG even more motivated can't hurt. Her description of the man who kidnapped her matched the one Lucy and Wyatt gave of the man they saw at Idlewild, and who Lucy said was the same man that she and I met in Montgomery. That has to be Rittenhouse's new operative. Temple.

DENISE

I agree. I still have some friends in Homeland Security, in D.C. I need to

make a trip and see what I can dig up, and I need you to come with me.

FLYNN

Me? Go to Washington D.C. with you? When I'm still only the most-wanted terrorist in the entire federal government? I'm sure that would go great. Why not take Wyatt?

DENISE

You used to work for the NSA. You know your way around the national intelligence apparatus. You were the one with all the Rittenhouse information. I'll get you an ID with a false name, we'll change your appearance as much as possible, anything else, I promise. You've been a good soldier for us. Thank you.

Flynn is taken aback. Knows that she is finally offering to unconditionally trust him, aware of the significance.

FLYNN

Temple's been a very dangerous enemy on two jumps in a row. If I can help you track him down, I'm happy to.

DENISE

Good. Get some sleep. We'll be leaving as soon as I get everything sorted out.

(she starts to go, pauses)

I heard you stopped the plane disaster today. That was some quick thinking. I wish you'd have been this way from the start. We could have brought you on board sooner.

Flynn starts to say something, stops. Nods instead, Denise nods back, and leaves. Flynn glances around the hallway again, as if in search of anyone else. There's no one.

He closes his eyes briefly, as if in pain, and shuts the door.

FADE OUT.

END CREDITS.

NEXT WEEK ON TIMELESS. . .

TIMELESS 3x04: "MR. AND MRS. ROSENBERG"

GORDON DEAN (CONT)

A month ago, we discovered that Klaus Fuchs, a German refugee and a physicist in Los Alamos, was slipping nuclear secrets to the Russians.

OFFICIAL

We take Fuchs in from the Nazis, he runs straight back to the Russians? Ungrateful bastard.

GORDON DEAN

Seems that way. But he's still German. You can't trust 'em. Julius Rosenberg is an American citizen.

CUT TO:

DENISE (CONT)

We need to know what was used on Rufus in Chinatown. We need to know about this new and improved Rittenhouse. Take him alive.

Flynn stares at her, then jerks his head once.

FLYNN

Fine, fine, no murder.

(grim smile)

Guess it's a spy hunt on both sides.

CUT TO:

WYATT

Look, Jess is - it's never going to stop being what it is with her. Difficult. If I could change what happened with that, I would, I just -

LUCY

Because trying to change things with Jessica has worked so well before?

CUT TO:

FLYNN

(unnerved)

Shut up.

CUT TO:

ETHEL

Julius, run!

JULIUS

Ethel! ETHEL!

FADE TO BLACK. . .