

Timeless 3x04 - "MR. AND MRS. ROSENBERG"

# TIMELESS

"MR. AND MRS. ROSENBERG"

Episode 3x04

Written by qqueenofhades

Research by caffeine-in-an-iv

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FADE IN.

LUCY (V/O)

Previously on TIMELESS...

1x16 with Flynn and Lucy's meeting in the D.C. conference room. 2x10 with Lucy and Emma's confrontation. 3x01 with Jane injecting Rufus in the Chinatown alleyway. 3x02 with Temple and Emma's conversation about changing Flynn's allegiance. 3x03 with Wyatt and Lucy's emotional moment on the flight, as he says they can talk later, followed by Emma informing Jessica that she's going on the next jump, and Denise telling Flynn that he needs to come with her to D.C....

OPEN ON:

INT. GOVERNMENT BOARDROOM - DAY

CAPTION: FEBRUARY 8, 1950 - WASHINGTON D.C.

A gathering of twenty high-ranked government officials sit at a boardroom table, looking grim-faced. Suits and ties, piles of partially redacted typewritten pages. We pan past the nameplate of the man at the head of the table. GORDON DEAN, CHAIRMAN, U.S. ATOMIC ENERGY COMMISSION. He's looking down, reading one of the files, until he finally glances up.

GORDON DEAN

So, gentlemen. You know why we're here today.

(a beat, glances are exchanged)

Julius Rosenberg, age 31. Born in New York City, 1918. Former member of the U.S. Army Signal Corps and Emerson Radio, access to sensitive radar, sonar, proximity fuses, jet propulsion schematics. Brother-in-law worked at Los Alamos National Laboratory, on the Manhattan Project. Contacts, we believe, in the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics and God knows where else, and we'd damn well better find out. Because, gentlemen, for at least seven years, Julius Rosenberg has been passing this information to the Soviet Union.

More glances down the table, worried muttering.

GORDON DEAN (CONT)

A month ago, we discovered that Klaus Fuchs, a German refugee and a theoretical physicist working in Los Alamos, had been slipping nuclear secrets to the Russians. He confessed, named one Harry Gold as

his courier. We think Rosenberg's in that group.

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 anyway. Julius Rosenberg is an American citizen.

OFFICIAL #2

He's a Jew and a former member of the Communist Party. How American can he really be? Even before all this.

GORDON DEAN

We're working on confirming the extent of the Soviet atomic spy network, but it looks as though Rosenberg is the kingpin of a very large ring, and if there is any way of breaking him by having the shadow of a death penalty over him, we want to do it. I turn to my colleague -  
(he glances down the table)  
Mr. Lane?

MYLES LANE is a bluff, strapping jock. Former college football and professional hockey player turned lawyer. Chief assistant attorney of the U.S. Southern District of New York, which we remember from last time, and point man for the prosecution.

MYLES LANE

Thank you, Chairman Dean. Excellent summary. Still, though, one thing you didn't mention. Mrs. Rosenberg, Ethel. We have some circumstantial grounds to believe she's directly involved in this too.

GORDON DEAN

Some circumstantial grounds? Most prosecutors don't like to go to court with that, Mr. Lane.

MYLES LANE

Exactly. We need better proof. Frankly, the case against her isn't too strong, but it's very important that she's convicted too, and given a stiff sentence.

OFFICIAL #3

(looking through the files, frowns)  
They've got young kids.

MYLES LANE

Then they shouldn't have spied for the Commies, huh? We need to think about this. The Soviets ran their first nuclear test in 1949. Nineteen-forty-nine, gentlemen. There's no way that was possible without inside help. We didn't give them jack during the war, but someone else did. If Stalin develops an arsenal of nuclear weapons, if the USSR becomes capable of challenging the USA as the world's pre-eminent superpower -

GORDON DEAN

So that's why you want to make sure we get Mrs. Rosenberg too?

MYLES LANE

We need to set an example. We need to show how seriously we're taking this. I don't care if she's some nice cookie-baking housewife. Give me what I need to get both of them. David Greenglass, Ethel's brother, he's the one who worked at Los Alamos. We're getting the case together for his arrest. There has to be some kind of plea deal, some way we can leverage him to incriminate his sister.

GORDON DEAN

You're the lawyer, Mr. Lane, we'll leave that up to you. My job is to make sure nobody else is handing out top-secret nuclear information to America's enemies. I'll be sending out some files. I need them triple-checked. Anything that flags up as strange, anything, I need to see it right away. Got it?

Heads nod around the table.

GORDON DEAN

(grimly)

Otherwise, gentlemen, we are in for a world of hurt.

CUT TO:

INT. BUNKER KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING

Everyone is gathered in the kitchen in their pajamas for a team meeting. They've just heard Flynn and Denise's plan.

LUCY

Wait. You're leaving?

She looks at Flynn and Denise anxiously. It's clear she doesn't like this at all.

FLYNN

Only temporarily. Besides, I thought you lot couldn't wait to get rid of me.

Wyatt and Rufus glance at each other. Surprisingly, they aren't rushing to make a crack.

RUFUS

You've been actually not-obnoxious recently, what can I say. Though I still can't believe you didn't get Airplane!. Come on, man.

FLYNN

That movie must only be funny if you're stoned.

(turns back to the others)

We need to hunt down Rittenhouse's new point man in D.C. Name of Temple. If they jump while we're gone, even you three must remember what to do.

DENISE

We also desperately need to find a new safehouse. That takes some doing. Places like this, with the right capacity and secrecy, aren't just like checking into a Holiday Inn. It would be a lot easier for me to arrange if I didn't have to worry that anyone I asked might turn me in.

LUCY

So how can this be a good idea? Someone could recognize either one of you. If you don't come back -

DENISE

Then you'll keep on doing this without us.

LUCY

We can't do this without you.

DENISE

You can.

(to the others)

While I'm gone, Lucy is in charge.  
Any assignments, any calls to be made  
on a jump, anything that comes up  
here, she has the last word.  
Understood?

Wyatt, Rufus, Jiya, and Connor nod. Lucy glances up at Denise and Flynn, seems about to say something, then stops. Flynn looks at her, then away.

DENISE

Well then. We have a flight to catch.

TIMELESS MAIN TITLE - 02081950

RETURN TO:

INT. RITTENHOUSE HANGAR - MORNING

Emma and Jessica, dressed in 1950s clothes, stride across a steel warehouse to where the Mothership is parked. Michael Temple, standing next to it, moves out as they come closer.

TEMPLE

Morning, Emma.

EMMA

Temple. You're not up on this jump.

TEMPLE

Oh, I know. But I wanted to see you off. I heard you had our friend along.

(glances at Jessica)

You think you're ready to be back in the field?

JESSICA

I'm ready to help Rittenhouse.

TEMPLE

Good to know. Though since I'm taking an off-day, I'm heading back to Washington. Still nothing you can tell us about where the bunker is?

JESSICA

(uncomfortable)

I've discussed this with Emma.

TEMPLE

That's nice. But as long as you're actively preventing us from locating the one group of people in the world

who are capable of standing in our way, all the lip service and surface-level cooperation won't cut it. If you won't stop what your husband is doing, or if you stand by, Mrs. Logan, that makes you a traitor too.

JESSICA

Don't call me that.

TEMPLE

What, Mrs. Logan? Or a traitor?

(he smiles)

Anyway, I'm sure you ladies will have a great time. I'll see you later.

With that, he strolls out. Jessica turns to Emma.

JESSICA

I'm on your side. You know I am.

EMMA

Do I? Well.

(she gestures at the Mothership)

You can lead the way.

CUT TO:

INT. BUNKER CONTROL ROOM - DAY

The team, sans Flynn and Denise, is gathered around and frowning at the screen.

RUFUS

February 8, 1950. Washington D.C.  
That automatically can't be good.

JIYA

Flynn and Denise just left for Washington. Do you think Rittenhouse is trying to, I don't know -

Rufus and Jiya glance awkwardly at each other, then away. Things have been unresolved with them since the end of 3x03.

WYATT

Like Rufus said, anything Rittenhouse is doing in D.C. can't be good, no matter what year. I guess it's the three of us again then, huh? Just like old times?

LUCY

We have a fourth seat, we can't afford to leave it empty. Connor?

CONNOR

All due respect, but I think I'd better stay behind and hold down the home front.

LUCY

(glances at Jiya)

We - after you already spent three years in the 1880s, we can't really ask you to go again.

JIYA

(troubled look at Rufus)

No. I'll come.

LUCY

Are you -

JIYA

(quietly, firmly)

Yes.

CUT TO:

EXT. WASHINGTON MALL - DAY

It's cold but sunny. Wyatt, Lucy, Rufus, and Jiya are standing in front of the Lincoln Memorial, looking down toward the Washington Monument, in their 1950s suits and skirts.

WYATT

So... no big neon sign for Rittenhouse creeps. 1950 D.C., though, we could probably just walk into the Capitol and find Emma.

Something odd and dangerous passes over Lucy's face.

LUCY

Maybe.

RUFUS

Rittenhouse really seems to be hitting up this whole decade, huh? The civil rights movement, trying to kill RBG, and now this? Should we all just buy saddle shoes and a big house in the suburbs? Might be easier than commuting back and forth. What, they just like the aesthetic?

LUCY

It means they're planning. These missions have all been connected. Because of the photos with Rustin in 1955, they could frame us and delay us in 1960. Now we're five years before they were taken. The paper



said that Flynn and I were Communist operatives when they were published. Why did they think that?

WYATT

Because Rittenhouse told them you were?

LUCY

Possibly, but there has to be another reason. What if -

WYATT

What?

LUCY

What if they start thinking we're Communist agents because of something that happens on this jump? Or at least me, since Flynn's not here?

RUFUS

Wait, what? This jump hasn't happened yet.

LUCY

Yes, but in five years, it will have.

Frowns and mutters as the team tries to wrap their heads around that. Damn time travel...

RUFUS

So we're trying to avoid making people think you're a communist, by doing something other than what we apparently do, which we don't even know what that is yet, so -

LUCY

Communist agents. Or former communists, possibly. Spies - spies - communists, spies, 1950 -

She is looking a little manic, eyes closed, muttering fast. Everyone looks at her with concern. Lucy opens her eyes.

LUCY (CONT)

I think I know who they might be after.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WASHINGTON MALL - PRESENT DAY

The same place, but in 2018. Flynn, wearing a fake beard, sweatshirt, sunglasses, and a baseball cap, stands next to Denise, who is wearing a flowery shirt, a camera and fanny pack, and a hat and glasses of her own. Her phone buzzes, and she pulls it out, then frowns.

DENISE

It's from Connor. Rittenhouse jumped.

FLYNN

When? Where?

DENISE

(with an odd expression)

Here. February 1950.

FLYNN

The Rosenbergs.

DENISE

As in Julius and Ethel? The ones executed at Sing Sing for espionage?

FLYNN

Yes. Can't be anyone else. February 8, 1950. A group of officials met secretly in D.C. to discuss the case, and try to determine how far the spy network extended.

DENISE

So what would Rittenhouse want with that? Trying to enable the Rosenbergs to keep spying, indict more people, or - ? We can't call back and warn the team. They've already left.

FLYNN

I don't know. But Lucy will figure it out.

Denise glances at him, then away.

DENISE

I need to get in touch with my old Homeland Security contacts and see what I can do about the safehouse. Do you think you can find Temple?

FLYNN

I can damn well try.

DENISE

Be careful. Take him alive. We need information.

FLYNN

We also need him to stop hurting us, and the world. Easier if he's dead.

DENISE

Garcia, I'm serious.

Flynn looks around with a bit of a jolt.

DENISE (CONT)

We need to know what was used on Rufus in Chinatown. We need to know about this new and improved Rittenhouse, and who else might have returned to the fold. Take him alive.

Flynn stares at her, then jerks his head once.

FLYNN

Fine, fine, no murder. Even if murder would be richly justified.

(grim smile)

Guess it's a spy hunt on both sides.

[COMMERCIALS]

RETURN TO:

EXT. WASHINGTON STREET - DAY

The team is walking quickly, Lucy ahead of the others as they hurry to catch up. As before, she is angry, determined, cold.

LUCY

Two of us may need to go to New York. There should be a train.

WYATT

(unenthused)

New York? Again? After what we just went through? No airplanes this time at least, right?

LUCY

Most likely not. But that's where Julius and Ethel live. Their trial starts in March 1951. They're both guilty, but the U.S. pushes hard for them to be executed, particularly Ethel, on highly suspect grounds. Her brother David Greenglass cuts a deal and testifies against her to protect his wife Ruth.

RUFUS

So what, we're supposed to protect them? You just said they're guilty, and they've been passing nuke secrets to the Soviets. You know, back when Russia was our enemy and not all buddy-buddy with the president.

LUCY

I don't know if we're supposed to protect them or not. Or if we should - Wyatt?

Wyatt is staring down an alley, frowning.

WYATT

You three go on, I'll catch up. Just a sec.

Lucy, Rufus, and Jiya exchange glances, then keep walking. Wyatt pauses, then runs down the alley, toward the figure hurrying out of sight at the end. He jumps, tackles them against the brick wall with a clatter, as we realize it's none other than JANE, last seen injecting Rufus in Chinatown.

WYATT

Thought that looked like you. What the hell are you doing here? Just skulk in alleys and spy on us?

JANE

I was going to find a way to talk to you. Can you please let me go?

Wyatt hesitates, then does so grudgingly, hand by his gun.

WYATT

What did you do to Rufus?

JANE

(a little defensively)  
I saved his life.

WYATT

Yeah, but for what? How? Is there some second dose you're going to conveniently need to give him? Are you working for Rittenhouse?

JANE

I'm not working for Rittenhouse.

WYATT

Oh? Then who?

JANE

I can't tell you.

WYATT

You have your own machine, or are you hitching rides with Emma?

JANE

I said I'm not with them.

A tense moment as they stare at each other. Wyatt blows out a frustrated breath.

WYATT

Any point asking what you are doing here, then?

JANE

Emma went to the meeting about the Rosenbergs. But she sent Jessica to New York. To their house, to warn them.

WYATT

(rattled)

Jessica's here?

Jane nods, eyeing him carefully.

WYATT (CONT)

And since when is Emma concerned about saving people? What does Rittenhouse really want with them?

JANE

(another slight pause)

I don't know.

WYATT

Yeah? You apparently know a lot otherwise.

JANE

You have to trust me.

Wyatt's clearly about to argue, but can't think of the words. Jane bends down, picks up her purse, and pins her hat back into place. She ducks around him and hurries off, leaving Wyatt confused and unsettled.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK - DAY

Lucy, Rufus, and Jiya have reached a park and are waiting for Wyatt to catch up. Lucy shifts from foot to foot restlessly.

LUCY

We're wasting time.

RUFUS

If you know where to go, keep going. Jiya and I can wait for Wyatt.

Lucy looks at them, the stiff way they're standing, slightly apart from each other.

LUCY

Is everything all right with you two?

RUFUS AND JIYA

(in unison)

Yeah, we're fine.

LUCY

You haven't seemed to be hanging out very much recently.

RUFUS

Yeah, well, no rest for the wicked  
and all that.

LUCY

If you do want to talk -

JIYA

(with a bit of an edge)  
We said we're fine.

Lucy snaps her mouth shut, looking a little hurt. She glances  
anxiously down the street again.

LUCY

Do you think Flynn and Denise are  
somewhere around here? In the future?  
If there was a reason Rittenhouse  
chose D.C. for this jump?

RUFUS

What, that they set some kind of trap  
on both ends? They didn't know Flynn  
and Denise were going. Right?

LUCY

(tersely)

I don't know.

RUFUS

It's actually weird not having Flynn  
on a jump, huh? I'm almost starting  
to like the crazy bastard.

Lucy gives him a "shut up you two are now movie buddies" look,  
but if she's going to say anything else, it's interrupted by  
Wyatt hurrying up.

WYATT

Lucy, you're right. Rittenhouse is  
after the Rosenbergs. Emma's here,  
and she sent someone to their house.

LUCY

(startled)

How do you know this?

WYATT

I talked to someone back there.

LUCY

Who?

WYATT

(hesitates)

Just someone. I promise I'll explain  
later. Look, after last time, I've  
had about all of New York I can take.

Lucy, if you stay here too, Rufus and Jiya can head to the city and try to intercept Je - the Rittenhouse agent.

RUFUS

Wait. Were you about to say Jessica? Jessica is the agent who went after the Rosenbergs?

WYATT

(grimaces)

That's... what I heard. Yeah.

JIYA

The last time I saw Jessica, she kidnapped me and stole the Lifeboat, and I ended up stuck in the nineteenth century for three years. You don't think I could use a heads-up about that?

WYATT

I'm sorry. I just - I don't - fine. I don't trust myself to go after her right now. I did on both trips to Chinatown, and I still don't know what I might have screwed up. If I see her now, I don't know what I...

(he trails off)

This is too important to let my issues mess it up. Just - don't kill her. Stop her, but don't kill her.

RUFUS

Yeah, because murdering your wife is definitely what we'd do.

(he glances at Jiya)

But I guess you deserve a chance to punch her in the nose?

JIYA

(quietly)

I don't want to punch her in the nose. Exactly. It's complicated.

WYATT

(heavy sigh)

Yeah. I know.

RUFUS

Well, I'm not eager for another terrifying near-death experience in New York either, but whatever. Lucy, where do the Rosenbergs live?

LUCY

Somewhere in Manhattan. I don't know exactly.

RUFUS

Fine, we'll figure it out.

With a quick glance at Wyatt and Lucy, and then at each other, Rufus and Jiya hurry off.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAPITOL STEPS - DAY

Wyatt and Lucy climb the steps toward the Capitol building. It definitely looks familiar.

WYATT

Guess we're going to be right back here in '54, huh? McCarthy's goons around to arrest us this time too?

LUCY

Why didn't you go after Jessica? Really.

Wyatt is startled. Opens his mouth, shuts it. Tries again.

WYATT

Like I said. I just... don't think I can face her right now. That was the truth. And if she's out there happy to be working for Rittenhouse, doing the things they do, I... I guess I just don't want to have to see it.

LUCY

So you'll make Rufus and Jiya do it?

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

(sharply)

Would you? Because trying to change everything with Jessica has worked so well before?

WYATT

(long pause)

Not really.

Lucy looks at him. Affection, anger, hurt, weariness, vulnerability all on her face at once. Plenty of things she could say to that, perhaps, but she sighs.



LUCY

Come on. Let's find Emma.

She quickens her pace up the steps, into the Capitol, looking fierce, as Wyatt hurries to keep up with her.

CONTINUE TO:

INT. U.S. CAPITOL - DAY

Lucy elbows her way through the crowd. Glances around, sees a door, and frowns. Pushes through and realizes it's the room from 1x16 where she met Flynn, when she and Wyatt were originally detained by McCarthy's goons. Stops short.

LUCY

(reflexively)

Flynn...?

Of course he's not here.

Lucy looks around the room. Doesn't see much. Moves as if to go - and then the door clicks shut behind her. She whirls around, then freezes.

EMMA

(grinning)

Hello, princess.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAPITOL STEPS - PRESENT DAY

Flynn is also on his way into the Capitol, dressed in a smart suit and tie, carrying a briefcase. Still wearing his fake beard and a pair of wire-rim glasses, he looks like every other important man cruising through here. Deftly steals a government badge from the guy in front of him, uses it to enter the building. Once inside, he makes for a desk staffed by a hip young intern in shirtsleeves.

FLYNN

(in an American accent)

Yeah, hi, I'm looking for Mr. Temple.

INTERN

(not looking up)

You have an appointment?

FLYNN

I just came over from K Street. I was told he has an office here.

INTERN

Name?

Flynn glances down at the ID badge.

FLYNN

Richard Drake.

INTERN

I'll call and see if he's in. Been out of town recently.

FLYNN

That won't be necessary.

The intern finally looks up. Tense moment as he frowns at Flynn, as if trying to place him from somewhere.

INTERN

You said you're Richard Drake?

FLYNN

That's correct.

The intern frowns again, pretty sure Richard Drake doesn't look like that. Starts to go for something. Fast as a snake, Flynn reaches around the desk, grabs the intern's head, and economically knocks him out without making much noise. Leans him forward on the keyboard so it looks like he's napping, pushes through the turnstiles, and heads for the stairs.

CONTINUE TO:

INT. CAPITOL HALLWAY - DAY

Flynn jogs down the corridor, marking off doors. Comes to a halt at the end, spots the nameplate. MICHAEL A. TEMPLE.

Flynn stares at it narrowly, glances over his shoulder. Coast is still clear. He checks if it's locked. Surprising him, it's not. He pushes the door open. Steps in.

CONTINUE TO:

INT. TEMPLE'S OFFICE - DAY

Your average plush D.C. office. Views down the Mall, American flag in the corner, handsome mahogany desk and chairs. Flynn advances warily, hand inside his jacket.

He reaches the desk and looks down. Not many papers on it, except for one. Flynn's reaching for it when the door suddenly shuts behind him. He whirls around, pulling his gun.

TEMPLE

Good morning, Mr. Flynn.

(beat)

I'm glad you stopped by, actually. I was hoping we could have a chat.

[COMMERCIALS]

RETURN TO:

INT. ROSENBERG HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Jessica is sitting in the Rosenbergs' New York kitchen across from ETHEL ROSENBERG (34), an otherwise ordinary 1950s

housewife, with neat dark curls and a flowered apron. They're drinking tea and eating cookies.

JESSICA

These are very good.

ETHEL

(wary)

Who did you say you were working for again, Mrs. Logan?

JESSICA

I know Alexander Feklisov.

Ethel looks up, startled. It's clear she recognizes the name, but it's not a good idea to blurt out how.

ETHEL

(carefully)

Is that one of Julius's friends?

JESSICA

It's all right, I know you've never met him. But Mr. Feklisov is very fond of your husband. He called him the only agent he ever thought of as a close friend. He's at the London Rezidentura right now, but he sent me to help you. Listen to me, Ethel. You need to take your sons and leave. We can help you start a new life.

ETHEL

I can't leave Julius. He's my husband. We're loyal to each other.

A faint look of pain crosses Jessica's face.

JESSICA

I know what Julius does, what you've helped him with. The U.S. government is going to kill you, all right? Unless you cooperate with me, they will kill you and leave your children without a mother.

Ethel flinches. Glances at the living room, where we can hear the sounds of two small boys playing.

ETHEL

Mrs. Logan -

JESSICA

Mrs. Rosenberg. I understand your situation, all right? I understand it more than you could imagine. But you have to do what's best for your

children, even if - even if it means leaving your husband.

ETHEL

I can't do that.

JESSICA

They're going to find you guilty. They're going to kill you. They're bad people. And if you ever let down your guard and forget that -

ETHEL

Is that what you did? Left Mr. Logan?

JESSICA

(winces)

More or less.

ETHEL

They have no proof.

JESSICA

You think they need proof?

ETHEL

If you can save me and the boys, why can't you save Julius? You could get us all out of the country. If Mr. Feklisov did send you from London, we could move there, couldn't we?

JESSICA

It's too late for Julius.

ETHEL

(angrily)

No. No, it's not. Just because you betrayed your husband, it doesn't mean that I'll-

Jessica looks even more pained. Just then, however, there's a knock on the front door, and Ethel jumps. Then she pushes her chair back and stands up.

ETHEL

Excuse me.

We follow her through the house to the door, which she opens a crack to see Rufus and Jiya on the front step.

ETHEL

Can I help you?

RUFUS

Mrs. Rosenberg?

ETHEL

Yes, why?

RUFUS

We need to talk to you. Is there anyone else here?

Ethel regards them suspiciously. Something's definitely off about all these people turning up with an interest in her.

ETHEL

No.

RUFUS

We think a blonde woman might come to see you. Her name's Jessica Logan. She works for a - well, they may offer to help you and your family, but they won't.

ETHEL

I don't know who you're talking about. Why would anyone -

RUFUS

Because you and your husband are Soviet spies.

That rocks Ethel. She shoots half a glance back over her shoulder, which both Rufus and Jiya observe.

ETHEL

You're badly mistaken.

RUFUS

Yeah, no, I'm not.

ETHEL

You need to leave.

JIYA

Mrs. Rosenberg, please, if she's here, or if you've seen here, we really need to find her.

ETHEL

But why would you -

JIYA

She stole three years of my life. Three years. I thought she was my friend, and she betrayed all of us. Don't let that happen to you.

Rufus gives her a confused look. Still not exactly sure if they're supposed to let the Rosenbergs get away here.

JIYA (CONT)

And whatever the people she works for have promised you, that's definitely a lie. So if they've -

She's cut off as we see Jessica in the hallway behind Ethel, having come to see who's at the door. There's a split second as they all catch sight of each other - then Jessica goes for her gun, shoving Ethel aside, as Rufus and Jiya dive to the side. Jessica doesn't shoot, but she aims dead at them.

JESSICA

You guys shouldn't have come here.

RUFUS

Yeah, hey, nice to see you too. You spilled the beans to Rittenhouse about where we are yet? I keep waiting for someone to burst in on me in the shower.

JESSICA

Get out of here, and I won't tell Emma that I saw you.

ETHEL

(alarmed)

What's this? What's Rittenhouse?

JESSICA

They're going to help you. Like they helped me and my family. That's what they're about. Get inside, Ethel.

Ethel hesitates. Jessica points the gun at her in a significant fashion, as Ethel backs up. When Jessica looks back around, however, Rufus is also pointing a gun at her.

JIYA

(startled)

Rufus! Where did you -

JESSICA

Come on, Rufus, put it down.

RUFUS

(fast, furiously)

I killed one of your buddies, did you know that? Last jump, in LaGuardia. I promised Wyatt I wasn't going to shoot his wife, but you know what -

JESSICA

Rufus, you're not a killer.

RUFUS

Yeah, I don't think you get to say anything about what I am now.

JESSICA

I'm sorry. I'm sorry for what happened. I didn't - Jiya, I never wanted to hurt -

JIYA

If you really wanted to make up for it, you'd tell us what Emma wants with the Rosenbergs, whatever else - Jessica, if we were ever friends -

JESSICA

We were. I'm sorry. I really liked you. I do like you. I just - I can't.

With that, she slams the door, just as Rufus lunges at her. There's an angry shout as someone has pulled up and jumped out of the car, running toward the house.

JULIUS ROSENBERG

What the hell? This is my house!  
What's going on? Where's my wife?

RUFUS

(totally done)

Your wife's in there. A secret agent for a time-traveling evil organization known as Rittenhouse is holding her hostage. We're still working out the logistics, but since this seems like the kind of thing the Russians would hack, maybe you, fellow secret agent, can advise?

Julius goggles at him, rushes up, pushes the front door open.

JULIUS

Ethel! Boys!

Rufus and Jiya run after him into the house. The back door is just banging shut, as they reach the window and see Jessica hauling Ethel and the kids through the fence gate, gun pointed at Ethel's head. It also slams behind them.

JULIUS

Oh my G-d.

RUFUS

Well, this really can't be good.

CUT TO:

INT. D.C. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Lucy and Emma are staring at each other. Crackling silence. Lucy is too shocked to move, but it's quickly coming back.

LUCY

(takes a furious step)

What are you -

Emma raises her gun, bringing Lucy to a smart halt.

EMMA

Ah-ah-ah. Where's your pet murderer, Lucy? I haven't seen him on this jump. He's not around to help you.

LUCY

I think I can deal with you myself this time.

EMMA

With what, righteous outrage? Oh, Lucy. Still all talk, still no -

She's cut off as Lucy lowers her head and charges her, completely heedless of the gun in her hand. She hits Emma squarely and they do a somersault over the table, the gun skittering away. They scrabble around, punching each other, until the door bursts open and Myles Lane runs through.

MYLES LANE

Hey! Hey, ladies, break it up! What's going on here? Break it up!

He hauls them apart, glaring at them. Then Emma dives for her dropped gun, Lucy jumps at her, but an instant too late. It goes off with a bang, Lane looks confused, touches the spreading red stain in his chest, and falls on his face.

EMMA

(breathless, snarling)  
Have fun explaining that one, princess. A Communist agent assassinating Myles Lane before he could proceed to the prosecutions of the Rosenbergs? Should be fun.

LUCY

YOU TOTAL -

She runs after Emma, out into the hall, just as Wyatt, having heard the ruckus, is pelting up. He sees Emma, his eyes widen, and he pulls his own gun, managing to get a shot off, but it goes wide. Emma fires back at them, Wyatt pushes Lucy against the staircase, as shouts and running footsteps approach. Emma vanishes around the corner, and Lucy starts after her.

LUCY

I'm going to kill her!

WYATT

Lucy, come on, we have to get out of here!

LUCY

I'M GOING TO KILL HER!

Wyatt grabs her arm and drags her down the hall, as she's still fighting to break free. They vanish into a side corridor



just as a lot of agents with guns and badges run in the direction of the conference room. Wyatt keeps pulling Lucy away, until they spill out a side door and into an alley.

LUCY

Lane, she killed Myles Lane back there. He's the lead prosecutor on the Rosenbergs' case. It's not that I want them to die, but if Rittenhouse wants to make sure they get away -

WYATT

To what, co-opt them, make them their personal spies or whatever? Keep passing Rittenhouse nuclear secrets or proprietary tech or whatever? Yeah, that... would not be great.

LUCY

Why did you stop me? I was going to kill her!

WYATT

Lucy, she would have shot you!

LUCY

Well, maybe it's time I started carrying a gun on these jumps too! I'm tired of letting Emma get away! I'm tired of letting them win!

WYATT

(helplessly)

Lucy -

She looks away, staring down the alley, and doesn't answer him. Folds her arms tightly over her chest.

LUCY

She killed my mother. She permanently erased my sister. She killed Rufus, even if we got him back. She -

WYATT

Believe me, I want her dead too.

LUCY

I know my mother was - who she was, but I can't stop thinking. If maybe she had given up Rittenhouse in the universe where she was dying, where Amy existed. Maybe she turned her back on them, and that was why they let her have terminal cancer, instead of trying to save her. Maybe in that universe she wasn't part of them

anymore, and then I changed things and Amy vanished and she lived and she'd never given them up at all. Maybe I was the reason she became Rittenhouse again.

WYATT

Lucy, it's not your fault.

LUCY

Maybe it was.

WYATT

(beat)

My mom was a meth addict.

Lucy glances over at him, startled. She's never heard him talk about his mother.

WYATT (CONT)

She wasn't using when I was born, but she started pretty quick after. My folks were Texas trailer trash, you know that. She was 17 when she had me. I guess living with my old man was no picnic, and the drugs helped, and... well, one day when I was four, she said she was getting some groceries and she left, and she never came back. It's the first and only memory I have of her. So it was just me and my dad after that, and you... you know how that went. I blamed myself. I kept thinking that there was something else I should have done, as a baby, to make her stay, that it must have been my fault. Sometimes Dad said it too. That I was the reason she left. He was a bastard, like I said. But I... well, I thought so too. For a long time.

LUCY

I'm sorry.

WYATT

No, it's okay. It's just... I couldn't have made her stay, and what happened with your mom, I know it's not the same, but there you have it.

Lucy looks at him for a long moment.

LUCY

I'm sorry about what happened with us.

WYATT

You know it was mostly my fault.

LUCY

Yeah, it was.

They sit down on the back step, side by side. A quiet moment, the first one of simple friendship they've had in a while.

LUCY (CONT)

I meant what I said back on the plane, though. I still have feelings, but I... it's not the same. I don't know what's going to happen in the future. I mean, supposedly we showed up together, right?

WYATT

Yeah, we did. But I think that was more about saving Rufus. Not... whatever. I can't lie, I hope it did mean more, but we don't really know.

LUCY

(curious)

What were they like? Our future selves?

WYATT

(wry smile)

You kinda looked like Lara Croft. It suited you. Tough. Badass. I looked like a hobo. He - I - ordered me to get my crap together, which I didn't really appreciate at first. I don't know if I'm actually doing that, but I'm trying.

LUCY

(gently)

You are.

They look at each other. Still a lot of affection, they just don't know exactly how right now.

LUCY (CONT)

The point is, maybe we try something again, maybe we don't. But that would be starting new. Not from whatever we were in the past. That's over, and it didn't work. It doesn't apply anymore. We're free from that, all right? Both of us. No matter what does happen, I want to start fresh.

Wyatt pauses, then nods.

WYATT

Okay. That's fair.

LUCY

(soft, sad smile)

It's always been possibilities with us anyway.

WYATT

(manages a grin)

Ma'am.

LUCY

Partner.

(pauses)

I'm sorry you didn't get to see Jessica this time.

WYATT

I think that right now I'm where I want to be.

They look at each other for a moment longer, then get to their feet and brush themselves off.

WYATT (CONT)

Well. We still have some spies to catch. We'd better get moving.

[COMMERCIALS]

RETURN TO:

INT. TEMPLE'S OFFICE - DAY

Flynn and Temple still staring at each other. Flynn's finger tightens on the trigger of his gun. It's clearly taking every drop of his effort to remember Denise's orders.

TEMPLE

You can put that down, you know. I'm not going to hurt you.

FLYNN

Like hell you aren't.

TEMPLE

(smiles)

Garcia - can I call you Garcia?

FLYNN

No.

TEMPLE

Probably been a long time since anyone has? You've been fighting a lonely war. Even now. The team keeping you at arm's length, acting like they're so much better than you.

Looking down their noses at you, need you but won't acknowledge you... well. I know what it's like to be underappreciated. We're alike.

FLYNN

We have nothing in common.

TEMPLE

Don't we? You're a man I can respect, Garcia. You fight hard and you fight dirty, if that's what it takes. You understand this struggle better than most people on either side. I've always felt that your case was mishandled from the start. There was no need to kill your family. We could have recruited you, made you one of our star talents. You're good at what you do, very good. Rittenhouse -

FLYNN

I don't want to hear a damn word on what Rittenhouse thinks I could do for them. I'm not doing it.

TEMPLE

And yet, you haven't shot me.

FLYNN

I was told not to.

TEMPLE

What, you're listening to that? You, the man who stole the Mothership and crashed through time and was willing to do anything to anybody to stop us? Suddenly you're tame? Whipped?

FLYNN

I'm perfectly willing to break that if you keep -

TEMPLE

Are you? How much do you want to see your wife and daughter again, Garcia?

Flynn is rocked. It takes a moment to collect himself.

FLYNN

Oh, please. You'd do whatever you did with Jessica. Bring them back as some evil clones of themselves, some version that thought Rittenhouse was the best thing ever, and have them kill me and everyone else who -

TEMPLE

What if I didn't? What if I even let you come along to ensure they came back exactly as they were?

FLYNN

You wouldn't do that.

TEMPLE

What if I did? You must have noticed that things are different at Rittenhouse these days. You got into this line of work in the first place trying to bring them back. Have you given up on that? Moved on, maybe?

FLYNN

I have not given up on them.

TEMPLE

So you're not quite willing to do anything to save your family? Maybe we could make a deal. We save your original-flavor wife and daughter, you tell us where the team's hiding. Lucy's one of us, she'd be safe. I can't imagine you'd be all that sorry to see the back of the rest of them, though. What do you say?

FLYNN

You're dreaming. I'd never trust you.

TEMPLE

And you trust them so much? Lucy knows much more about Rittenhouse, about who she really is, than she's ever told you.

FLYNN

I don't believe you.

TEMPLE

You thought the journal said everything? You've already realized it didn't. Lucy's only ever told you what she wants you to know, in small drips and drabs. Making you into her puppet. Are you really going to dance on her strings forever, Garcia? Don't you deserve some answers?

FLYNN

(unnerved)

Shut up.

TEMPLE

I'm trying to help you. I think it's important that you know the full facts. If you trust Lucy, and she trusts you, why not ask her?

FLYNN

Shut up.

TEMPLE

Or, yes, you'll kill me? What are you so afraid of? That you'll find this whole time that you've been fighting for a lie, and missed the only chance you had to save your family?

(smiles)

Anyway, I should give you some time to think about it. Oh, what you did in 1960 the other day, that was clever. Saving both those planes? So you're a hero now?

FLYNN

I stopped what you were trying to do. That's what I'm going to keep doing.

TEMPLE

(smiles again)

We'll see. Anyway, ta.

He shows himself out, as Flynn remains frozen to the spot. After a pause, he shakes himself and runs after Temple, gun outstretched, but when he pounds out into the corridor, he's already gone. Flynn looks wildly in either direction.

He doesn't see anything. He looks rattled. He takes a deep breath and tries to compose himself. It only halfway works.

After another a moment, almost numbly, he starts to walk. Doesn't look back. Doesn't stop. Just goes.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - EVENING

Julius, Rufus, and Jiya are driving down the highway toward D.C., Rufus in the passenger seat and Jiya in the back.

JULIUS

You're sure this is where they're taking my family?

RUFUS

Yeah.

JULIUS

How can you be certain?

RUFUS

We're time travelers.

(beat)

Oh god, I really am turning into Flynn.

JULIUS

What are you talking about?

RUFUS

Just - we know what happens to you and your wife, okay? You're executed in three years for being Soviet spies. Electric chair, in Sing Sing prison. Right now, for whatever reason, Rittenhouse wants you and Ethel to escape. Stop your whole spy ring from being brought down. Work for them, probably. You shouldn't.

JULIUS

I'll do anything to save my family.

RUFUS

I don't know why you got into spying for the Russians. Honestly, right now, it's not important. But I've already died once in this war, and I'm telling you, it's bigger than that. It's not about the U.S. vs. the USSR, capitalism vs. communism, whatever else. It's more. I don't want you and your family to die, but we can't let you work for Rittenhouse. No matter what.

JULIUS

How do you know all this?

RUFUS

I told you, we're time travelers.

Julius looks at him again, sidelong. Not sure if he's joking. The headlights illuminate a road sign; they're close to D.C.

JULIUS

Where did you say it was again?

RUFUS

(points)

Probably just up there.

They turn off the highway, turn off into a narrower side street, and see the lights of another car ahead of them. Julius guns the engine and pulls up alongside; Rufus looks over and sees that it's Wyatt and Lucy, Wyatt in the driver's



seat. They stare at each other, and acknowledge that this means they're in the right place. Both cars zoom to the end of the pullout, skid to a halt, and everyone jumps out.

WYATT

Wait, who's this?

RUFUS

(a little grimly)

Julius Rosenberg.

LUCY

You brought him here?!

JIYA

He brought us here. Jessica kidnapped Ethel and his sons. As Jessica does.

WYATT

(grimaces, but keeps on)

We're looking for Emma. We followed her here, she was probably waiting to reconnoiter with Jess. If they're trying to get the Rosenbergs out of the country -

JULIUS

Where's my family? Are they here?

They look around. It's a deserted industrial dockland area along the Potomac, badly lit, remote. Rundown warehouses to every side. Nobody seemingly there.

WYATT

Wait...

They lunge back in the direction of their cars, but not fast enough. Gunshots break out from behind the shipping container across the way. We hear a strangled shout.

ETHEL

Julius, run!

The Time Team dive for cover behind Julius's car, pulling him with them. He's frantic.

JULIUS

Ethel! ETHEL!

Bullets pop and bang off the metal siding. Wyatt yanks out his gun and tries to get a sight line, but it's dark and confused.

EMMA

(shouting)

Give us Julius, and you can go!  
Because I'm just feeling so nice  
today. Aren't I, Lucy?

JULIUS

What is it? What does she want?

RUFUS

I said, you can't go to them!

Julius pushes himself upright, looks as if he's about to make a run for it to join his family.

JULIUS

I'm sorry. I gotta do whatever it takes.

With that, he emerges from behind the car, hands up, as the shots from across the way abruptly stop. Wyatt and Rufus make an abortive grab at him; too late. Julius walks out.

JULIUS

I'm here. Where's Ethel? Where are my boys?

EMMA

(moves into view)

The kids are in the car. As for your wife -

She reaches down and pulls Ethel into sight. She looks dazed and disheveled, but unhurt.

EMMA (CONT)

Come with us now, become a valued member of our organization, and we'll get you and your family out of the country. Take you to your old pal Feklisov, in London. You're only what, thirty-one? You'll have a long and prosperous career ahead of you for Rittenhouse.

JULIUS

Ethel, are you all right?

ETHEL

Yes.

JULIUS

Are Michael and Robert really here?

ETHEL

Yes. Mrs. Logan's with them, she - she said she was going to help me, help us. She made us leave, she took us. Julius, she knows about -

JULIUS

(looks back at the team)

I'm sorry.

With that, he starts hurrying toward Emma and Ethel.

WYATT

No. No! Julius! Come on!

He jumps to his feet, about to start toward him - when Lucy jumps up as well, grabs Wyatt's gun, and raises it with both hands. Aims, pulls the trigger.

Julius Rosenberg crumples. He's been shot in the back of the head. Dead almost before he hits the ground.

Stone silence. Emma seems briefly stunned. She looks up, her eyes lock with Lucy's. It's not clear she saw that coming.

ETHEL

Julius?

Lucy bites her lip. Looks down.

ETHEL

(pulling away from Emma, running)  
Julius! Oh no. No, no, no. Julius!  
No! No!

She throws herself to her knees beside her husband's body, lifts him into her arms, his blood smearing her dress. She looks up at Lucy with rage and hatred.

ETHEL

(sobbing)  
You killed him! You killed him!

LUCY

(lips barely moving)  
I'm sorry.

Wyatt, Rufus, and Jiya are staring at her in shock and horror. Lucy is still holding the gun, doesn't seem to know how to lower it.

ETHEL

I'm going to work with these  
Rittenhouse people, I'm going to do  
everything I can to stop you!

She rocks Julius, kisses his bloody forehead, puts him down, and gets to her feet, as Emma holds out a hand for her.

ETHEL

So as soon as I catch up to -

At that moment, there's another gunshot. It comes from above, off to the side, and everyone spins around. Wyatt clearly thinks it's Jessica - looks up - and sees Jane instead, pointing a gun, tears in her eyes.

Ethel sways, falls to her knees. Goes down, doesn't get up. Julius and Ethel Rosenberg are dead.

WYATT

(croakily)

Hey. Hey, what the hell. What the hell!

RUFUS

Who is that?

WYATT

That's the girl who - back in Chinatown, she - she helped us save you, I saw her again earlier. She was following us or something, she -

RUFUS

Yeah, well, she just did a lot more than that!

WYATT

(starting to run)

HEY!

Jane drops the gun and makes a break for it, as Jiya steps up next to Lucy and pries the other gun out of her hands.

JIYA

Lucy.

Lucy looks at Emma, startled by this turn of events and suddenly alone. Emma backs up and clears out, as Lucy starts after her, but Jiya catches her wrist, pulling her back.

JIYA

Lucy, not right now!

LUCY

Oh yeah?! When?!

JIYA

If you go after her alone, you'll get yourself killed. You're not - Lucy, you're not -

LUCY

Not what? I just shot a man who just wanted to see his family again, who only wanted to do whatever he could to save them. You think I'd have any trouble killing Emma?

Jiya stares at her. It's clear she's a little afraid of Lucy.

JIYA

(half in a whisper)

Lucy, let's just go home.

[COMMERCIALS]

RETURN TO:

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

The team, weary, shaken, and battered, is trudging down the back alley to where they've hidden the Lifeboat. Rufus speeds up to walk next to Wyatt.

RUFUS

So the Jane chick got away.

WYATT

(grimly)

Yeah.

RUFUS

And we still have no clue who she is, who she's working for, or what she meant by showing up there or here.

WYATT

Yeah.

RUFUS

What the hell did she do to me?

WYATT

(pause, then)

Injected you with some kind of medicine. Flynn and Connor and I couldn't save you before you got shot, so she... brought you back somehow. Changed things. You were dead, and then you weren't.

RUFUS

Wow. Great. So I'm the real-life Walking Dead. Let me know if any rotting parts fall off, all right?

WYATT

I don't know what it was.

RUFUS

I'll tell you if I feel like brains.

WYATT

(barely listening)

Cool, buddy.

They reach the Lifeboat and pull the tarp off. Rufus opens the door, and they climb in. He sticks his head out warily, looks around one more time, then closes it.

The Lifeboat begins to whir, then with a pop, vanishes.

CUT TO:

INT. RITTENHOUSE HANGAR - NIGHT

The Mothership has just landed, and an equally ruffled-looking Emma and Jessica are getting out.

JESSICA

There. I was loyal, just like I said.  
I did everything you asked me to.

Emma doesn't answer. She's clearly furious.

EMMA

We'll see about that. Give me your brooch.

JESSICA

My brooch?

EMMA

Yes. There was a recording device embedded in it, you see. I'm very curious to hear anything you might have said while you thought I wasn't listening.

Jessica is taken aback. It's clear she didn't know about this, is briefly unsettled. But she nods, undoes the brooch, and drops it into Emma's hand.

JESSICA

I can make some dinner if you'd like.

EMMA

What? Trying to be my wife now, since it's the role you've gotten so good at playing? No. I'm going to go listen to this. And then I'm going to come back and we'll have a talk about anything that came up.

(almost pleasantly)

Then you're going to tell me where the bunker is, or I'll kill you.

With that, she strides across the hangar, not looking back.

Jessica remains where she is for a moment longer. It's clear she has no idea what to do. We can see the conflict on her face. Then she nods, firms her chin, and follows Emma out.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Flynn and Denise, looking tired and wan, are just returning from their trip. Denise is driving.

FLYNN

So did you find a way to get us out of the damn tin can?

DENISE

I think so. We'll need to be very careful about moving, though. It'll have to be in stages. If we go all at once, it'll ping somewhere.

FLYNN

(distracted)

Yes, fine, whatever.

DENISE

What about you? Did you find Temple?

FLYNN

I found his office. There wasn't much there. He's too careful.

DENISE

You didn't catch up to him?

FLYNN

(slight pause)

No.

Denise glances at him, but doesn't press. She turns off, bumps up a dirt road, and they pull into the secluded woodland in which the bunker lies. They open the car doors and get out.

DENISE

It seems strange to think that I might actually miss this place.

FLYNN

Speak for yourself. Prison was worse, but not by much.

DENISE

Let's get inside. I need to know if the team's back yet, anything that went on at that end.

Flynn hesitates again, then nods, follows her to the hatch.

CONTINUE TO:

INT. BUNKER CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Flynn strides wearily in the direction of his room, when he's stopped by the sound of a voice from behind him.

LUCY

Flynn?

He stops, closes his eyes briefly. Doesn't know how to react. Was hoping she'd seek him out at the end of 3x03; now she has, and he is less certain about it.

He turns around.

FLYNN

Lucy.

Lucy pauses, rocks back and forth on her toes, then runs toward him, hugging him awkwardly, tightly. He is completely flattened. His arms windmill uselessly in the air.

LUCY

Flynn - Garcia - I'm - I'm really glad you're - you're back.

A spasm of pain crosses Flynn's face. He pats her back gingerly, clearly clueless at what else to do. After another moment, embarrassed, she lets go of him.

FLYNN

(gruffly)

Eh, it's all right. Nice to get out of here for a while anyway.

LUCY

I was - I was actually hoping I could stay over tonight?

FLYNN

(shocked)

What?

LUCY

Well, you said I could come by anytime, and...

FLYNN

I thought you moved back in with Jiya. Don't have to sleep on the couch.

LUCY

I did, but... I... I need to talk to you, and it's about some things that happened on the mission today, and I thought you might be the person to ask about that, and...

FLYNN

What happened on the mission?

LUCY

I...I killed Julius Rosenberg.

Flynn doesn't know how to react to that. He looks at her with tenderness, but also frustration.

FLYNN

So you wanted to ask my advice on how to deal with it, since I'm the best murderer you know?



LUCY

I - no. Not exactly. I just...

(she trails off)

I don't know. Maybe a little.

FLYNN

I... Lucy, I've had a very long few days, I'm sure you have too. I don't know that I'd be much good company tonight. I'm sorry. Maybe later.

LUCY

(startled)

Garcia?

FLYNN

I think I need to get some sleep.

He smiles at her tiredly, picks up his bags, opens his room door, and steps inside, shutting it behind him.

Lucy stands in the corridor, startled and shaken. He's never really turned away from her like that since he came to the bunker and they started working together. It's clear on her face that she doesn't like it.

She takes a step as if about to knock on his door again, then slowly drops her hand. Turns away, and walks down the corridor, on a slow FADE OUT.

END CREDITS.

NEXT WEEK ON TIMELESS. . .

TIMELESS 3X05: "THE LOST COLONY OF ROANOKE"

WYATT

So Rittenhouse wants to mess with the very start of America? Maybe save the colony, get themselves set up as the country's benevolent protectors from the beginning? When the Pilgrims get there, there's already Rittenhouse America up and running?

LUCY

Possibly. So what? We have to make sure they die again?

CUT TO:

LUCY

Are you - are you avoiding me?

Flynn is startled. Glances at her, raises an eyebrow.

FLYNN

I'm right here. How can I be avoiding you?

LUCY

You know what I mean. Ever since D.C., it just feels like you've been a little. . . distracted.

CUT TO:

RUFUS

Well, this is sufficiently terrifying.

Wyatt nods grimly. There's no one around, but he can't resist the urge to draw his gun anyway.

WYATT

(raising his voice)  
Hello? Anyone here? Hello?

CUT TO:

LUCY

(shaken by his anger)  
I never said you were lying.

CUT TO:

JOHN WHITE

I will not give up on my daughter.

FLYNN

I have never given up on mine.

CUT TO:

LUCY

I'm a witch.

CUT TO:

Temple smiles again. Raises his hands in a grand gesture.

TEMPLE (CONT)

Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to the future. To our future.

FADE TO BLACK. . .