



TIMELESS

"THE TSAREVICH"

Episode 3x06

Written by qqueenofhades

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FADE IN.

DENISE (V/O)

Previously on TIMELESS...

1x11 with Lucy and Flynn meeting Harry Houdini at the World's Fair, Houdini locking Flynn up. 2x08 with Lucy and Jiya meeting young Denise at the hospital as she mentions her real name. 2x09 with Jiya and Connor's visit to Stanley. 3x01 with Future Lucy telling them that the time stream is collapsing and Connor explaining the existence of a paradox loop. 3x03 with Stanley brought to Rittenhouse, and 3x05 with Wyatt and Rufus finding him in the woods, warning them and asking if Jiya has had another vision. The Lifeboat's grinding, difficult departure from 1590 and Temple's public reveal of Rittenhouse...

OPEN ON:

INT. BUNKER CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Rufus is working late, by himself. Confirmation that the team did make it back from Roanoke, but it looks like it was dicey. The Lifeboat is pitted as if hit by rocks, scorched patches of wiring, makes a weird noise as Rufus hits some keys.

He mutters under his breath and types quickly, adjusting calculations. Looks a little wary of hitting enter. Finally does, gets a foreboding-sounding error message.

RUFUS

(frustrated)

Oh, come on.

JIYA

(from the doorway)

Need some help, Han Solo?

Rufus jumps. He clearly didn't realize she was there. She forces a smile as she steps in, also still dressed.

RUFUS

Haven't you gone to sleep yet? You're pulling ridiculous hours recently.

JIYA

I was worried about you guys. When the Lifeboat came in that hot, for a second, I thought -

(long pause)

Well, anyway, you're fine, but we really need to finish this troubleshooting.

RUFUS

What, were you keeping Lucy awake? Is that why you're out here?

JIYA

Lucy went over to Flynn's. That's not why I'm up. I wanted to see you. Talk to you. For once. We need to work on this together, Rufus. It's just. It's ridiculous.

RUFUS

(still working)

What's ridiculous?

JIYA

Like how you won't even look at me right now! God, Rufus. You came back from the dead. We were planning to spend our lives together. This is a miracle. I know you need space, I know you do, but I spent three years in boomtown San Francisco thinking I was never going to see any of you again, happy if it meant you would live, and now you won't -

She stops, fighting tears, wrapping her arms around herself.

JIYA (CONT)

Now you won't even look at me.

Rufus grimaces. He finishes what he's doing, wheels the chair around, and looks at her a little helplessly.

RUFUS

(quietly)

Maybe I don't know what to say.

JIYA

Anything. You don't have to be smart or old funny Rufus or - I don't care. You can talk to me about all the reasons Star Wars is clearly superior to Star Trek, I don't care. Just - talk to me. Please.

RUFUS

(hesitates, then)

Me and Wyatt met Stanley in Roanoke. Stanley Fisher.

JIYA

(startled)

Stanley Fisher?

RUFUS

Yeah. He was not all there. He said a lot of... well, it was hella disturbing, frankly, but he said

something about the time stream collapsing, and if you'd had another... another vision.

JIYA

You know I haven't. Not since the ones that helped us rescue you.

RUFUS

So they've gone away? Is that good? I know I said I was scared of you having them again, and I am. But if there's something we need to know, that you could find out for us -

JIYA

I'm not sure I can just turn them back on again. My visions were always connected with you. Your future.

RUFUS

Yeah. Me dying. Well, that happened. And we all know it sucked. But it sounded like this might have to do with me as well. So can you, like... get ye olde clairvoyance fired up? That was what you did in San Francisco, right?

JIYA

It doesn't quite work like that.

RUFUS

Yeah, well, Stanley can see the -

JIYA

(shouting)

It doesn't matter what Stanley can do, Rufus!

Pause. Both of them a little shocked by her outburst.

JIYA (CONT)

I'm not a man who's spent years locked up in a psychiatric facility. If Stanley was talking so much about this, why didn't he tell you?

RUFUS

Because I kind of think he might be working for Rittenhouse now. I don't know if it's willingly or not, but it - it was confusing.

JIYA

Rufus, you're... can we just... look.
Like I said, Lucy's out. We have the
room to ourselves. Come to bed.

RUFUS

And take the risk that Rittenhouse
jumps tomorrow morning and this
bucket of bolts just disintegrates
itself and all of us?

Jiya flinches. Then turns and hurries down the corridor. We
hear her muffle a sob.

Rufus sits back and stares after her, clearly feeling
horrible, but not sure if going after her would help. A long
silence, broken only by distant buzzing from the machines.

CONNOR

Lovers' quarrel?

Rufus jumps again and looks up to see Connor, wearing stylish
silk pajamas. It doesn't look like he's entirely sober. He
strolls across the floor only somewhat unsteadily.

RUFUS

How long have you been standing
there?

CONNOR

Wasn't spying, don't mind me. Only
heard you talking, and as I also
heard, your return trip was rather
hair-raising. Thought I'd turf meself
out of my dismal government-issued
bed and see if I could assist.

RUFUS

Connor, you're drunk.

CONNOR

Everyone does their best work when
slightly tipsy.

RUFUS

I'm pretty sure they don't.

CONNOR

(more seriously)

Anyway, Jiya isn't the only one who's
worried about you, Rufus.

RUFUS

I'm fine.

CONNOR

Mmmm.

RUFUS

(trying to change the subject)
So what's wrong with the Lifeboat?

CONNOR

Quite honestly, it could be almost anything. It was never designed for extended use - only to save the crew of the Mothership in the event of a calamity. It could merely be reaching the end of its operational life. It rusted out for 130 years in the middle of nowhere. Then it was recently modified to travel on its own timeline, we all know the minor complication that ensued when it did, and had to be pulled back by an artificial gravity well.

RUFUS

But we fixed that. We rebooted everything. We took out the modifications, we -

CONNOR

The other possibility is that it's not the Lifeboat which is going wrong, but something more. Something much larger and more fundamental.

Rufus looks at him nervously.

CONNOR (CONT)

Perhaps there's some uncertainty about which future it should return to. As if two timelines are running parallel to each other. One, I venture, where you lived, and one where you didn't. The one where you stayed dead is the one where our friends, Future Lucy and Wyatt, were obliged to come back to visit us. When we, to all appearances, saved you, that timeline closed off as a possibility, and hence they vanished. Never made the trip at all, causing a paradox loop, a closed-system singularity. But given the unclear circumstances of your return to life, well. There's a possibility that the universe still regards you as dead, and that timeline is the one we should return to. Not this one.

RUFUS

Connor, if this was supposed to be comforting, it's not.

CONNOR

Only thinking out loud.

The Lifeboat gives off another foreboding-sounding whine. Rufus swivels his chair and types.

CONNOR (CONT)

Or perhaps we are still in a paradox loop. Drawing closer and closer to a moment where a certain choice must be made, to enable our entire reality to keep existing in its present format. That would have started before you, and your death or undeath would have only contributed to the instability. As if something is coming. Some choice we can't afford to get wrong. Some key moment on which it all turns. That, or -

RUFUS

(not sure he wants the answer)
That, or what? Time-traveling mush?

CONNOR

Actually, you'd probably be compressed into super-dense nothingness, like going through a black hole. You'd - well, you know the physics, I needn't extemporize. But it wouldn't be just us. It would be everything. All of us, and this entire history, which is quite far from what it was when we began. Poof.

Rufus is looking as if he too might need a drink.

RUFUS

So that's definitely bad.

CONNOR

Quite horrible, yes.

RUFUS

So how do we fix it? How do we find out what this loop is, how long we've been in it, and what the choice is that we have to make?

CONNOR

(long pause)

I have no idea.

Silence. Then Connor claps Rufus on the shoulder, holds on for a moment longer, shakes him a little.

CONNOR (CONT)

But you do need a break. You can come with us to the new safehouse and start getting the systems set up for the Lifeboat. You've been working very hard, Rufus, and under a tremendous amount of strain.

RUFUS

If there's another jump -

CONNOR

Jiya can pilot it. She wants to help you. We all do.

Rufus doesn't know what to say to this. Then at last, he nods, and lets Connor lead him out of the room, the smoking Lifeboat still sitting silently behind them.

TIMELESS MAIN TITLE - 07161894

RETURN TO:

INT. BUNKER CORRIDOR - MORNING

Rufus emerges from his room, carrying two heavy briefcases of tech stuff. Bumps into Wyatt in the corridor. He's also laden down with gear bags.

WYATT

Oh, hey. You're going too?

RUFUS

Yeah, Connor wants me to start getting the tech stuff set up.

WYATT

I'm supposed to work on security. So what's the plan, we're just hoping Rittenhouse doesn't jump while the Lifeboat still looks like roadkill?

RUFUS

Connor and I talked about that last night.

WYATT

You get anything figured out?

RUFUS

(hesitates)

Yeah. Yeah, we're working on it.

They trudge down the corridor, enter the common room, where the rest of the team is waiting for them.

DENISE

There you two are. You're going with Connor, he knows where the safe house is, and will brief you on the security protocols for the transfer. Once you're established there, we'd prefer that you don't come back here. Minimize trackable movement. The others should be joining you soon, but I want you two to be the vanguard. If you have any goodbyes?

WYATT

Come on, that would be a little silly, wouldn't it? We're just switching bases, we'll all be together again in a day or two.

DENISE

We definitely hope so.

Rufus looks at Jiya, Wyatt looks at Lucy. Neither of them seem inclined to say something major before everyone else. They cough and clear their throats, look at Connor.

WYATT

Okay, yeah, let's get going.

RUFUS

See you around.

They offer feigned-casual waves and truck after Connor down the corridor, out of sight.

FLYNN

(once they're gone)

You're sending Wyatt to make the new place Rittenhouse-proof? Shouldn't we concentrate on making it Wyatt-proof?

DENISE

I'm fairly sure he won't be bringing Jessica into it again.

FLYNN

Yes, we all hope so.

DENISE

Once the transfer's started, we have about forty-eight hours to complete it. I've heard worrying rumors that Rittenhouse has been doing something big here, I don't think they'll be jumping for that time. So once we get the all clear, you three need to be ready to pack up and -

At that very moment, she's cut off by the Mothership jump klaxon. Looks up in alarm.

FLYNN
(sarcastically)
Not jumping, huh?

JIYA
(running to the monitor)
July 16, 1894. London. Lucy?

LUCY
London? European history isn't really my specialty. Flynn?

FLYNN
I have a few ideas. Doesn't matter right now, though. We need to get into that godforsaken tin can that will probably kill all of us and go after them, don't we?

DENISE
We just sent Wyatt and Rufus, we -

FLYNN
We don't have time to get them back. You need to come with us.

DENISE
(shocked)
Me? I've never gone on a jump. I don't - I'm operational command, not field personnel, I -

FLYNN
First time for everything, right?

Denise looks up worriedly at the alarm, then at the battered Lifeboat. Clearly this is not the optimum first time for anyone. But Flynn, Jiya, and Lucy are already striding toward the Lifeboat, and Denise sets her shoulders, follows them, and climbs in. The door cycles shut.

[COMMERCIALS]

RETURN TO:

EXT. LONDON BACK ALLEY - DAY

Denise is leaning woozily against a brick wall, lines of washing strung overhead, sounds of shouting and seagulls. Flynn, Jiya, and Lucy are changing behind nearby crates.

FLYNN
(shouting)
Pick some clothes, get moving.

LUCY

Oh come on, give her one second. And it was a hard landing.

JIYA

I did my best.

LUCY

No, it's not your fault. It's just... you know.

FLYNN

Now you people know why I stole the Mothership.

Denise gives him a look, but decides not to say anything. She looks uncertainly at the clothes. Out of her element.

JIYA

(stepping out, the first dressed)
Come on, I'll help you. I unavoidably know a lot about nineteenth-century women's fashion.

CUT TO:

EXT. LONDON STREET - DAY

Flynn, Lucy, Denise, and Jiya, having all changed, emerge into bustling, noisy, dirty, late-19th century London. Newsies, costermongers, hansom cabs clatter by. Merchants shouting, gentlemen with walking sticks, ladies with bustles and parasols. Tower Bridge has just been opened two weeks ago, still draped with celebratory bunting.

JIYA

(as they look at it)
So what? Maybe Rittenhouse wants to blow up a bridge? Early terrorist attack?

FLYNN

They're a little late for that. Besides, there are more useful things for them to be doing. Summer 1894. The tsarevich of Russia is visiting London, he's about to marry Queen Victoria's granddaughter.

LUCY

The tsarevich? The future tsar? Wait, is that Nicholas II? Nicholas Romanov?

JIYA

As in Anastasia? Those Romanovs?

FLYNN

That movie's total crap, she died with the rest of them.

JIYA

Man, you're no fun sometimes.

FLYNN

(choosing to ignore that)

Anyway, yes, that Nicholas II. He's here in London to marry Princess Alix of Hesse and Rhine. They also attend the christening of the future Edward VIII, who was born something like a month ago.

DENISE

Why would Rittenhouse want to interfere with Nicholas marrying Victoria's granddaughter?

FLYNN

Because the gene for hemophilia is passed down on Victoria's side of the family. Their only son, Alexei, is a severe hemophiliac. It's one of the reasons Alix becomes so dependent on Rasputin, who keeps promising to cure him.

JIYA AND LUCY

(looking at each other, singing under their breaths)

In the dark of the night, evil will find her...

FLYNN

Sorry, is this funny?

LUCY

(quickly)

No, it definitely isn't, go on.

FLYNN

If Rittenhouse disrupts it, Nicholas marries someone else. Rasputin may never have influence over the Russian royal family. The monarchy might not collapse in 1917, and the entire Soviet Union might not form as a result. Don't you think Rittenhouse would love to wipe them off the map? America's biggest rival. Not even to mention Edward VIII, the notorious Nazi sympathizer who is forced to

abdicate in 1936 because he wants to marry Wallis Simpson. Who knows what they want with him - make sure he doesn't do that? Or kill him outright and influence George VI? Rittenhouse could wreck all of the twentieth century as we know it.

DENISE
(alarmed)

So what do we do? How do we find them? I don't think we can just walk into Buckingham Palace, can we?

FLYNN
No, probably not. But we may have to get in anyway. So if we're going to break in -

LUCY
I might have an idea.

They all turn to see what she's looking at. It's a poster for The Amazing Harry Houdini, on his inaugural European tour.

FLYNN
Harry Houdin - ?

LUCY
(with a slight mischievous grin)
I'm sure you remember him.

CUT TO:

EXT. WEST END - DAY

Flynn, Lucy, Denise, and Jiya approach a rather seedy tavern in the West End, not far from the famous Alhambra Theatre.

LUCY
This is where the poster said. I should probably go in and see if he remembers me. But if Rittenhouse is going to try to mess with this on medical grounds, maybe if we had a doctor, we could - I don't know, see if we might -

DENISE
(suddenly looking giddy)
A doctor?

LUCY
Yes.

DENISE
I may have just thought of someone. At the London School of Medicine for

Women, not too far from here. Jiya, you know your way around the nineteenth century, maybe if you come with me? Lucy, we'll meet you in St. James's Park this evening.

LUCY

(surprised, but pleased)

Okay. You two go on.

Denise and Jiya hurry off. Lucy glances at Flynn.

LUCY

Maybe you - uh - should wait outside.

FLYNN

(looks at the seedy tavern)

You really want to go in there by yourself?

LUCY

Just wait here and don't get into any trouble.

Flynn raises both eyebrows at her in a saucy fashion, but shoves both hands into his pockets and leans in an exaggerated fashion against the wall. Lucy sighs, opens the door.

CONTINUE TO:

INT. WEST END TAVERN - DAY

A bunch of out-of-work actors and other theater district hangers-on shooting the you-know-what. Grimy, badly lit. Heads turn to regard Lucy curiously, a few leers. She dignifiedly ignores them and reaches the counter, rapping on the wood.

LUCY

Excuse me?

BARTENDER

(turns, surprised)

What're you doing here alone, love?

LUCY

Is Harry Houdini here?

BARTENDER

(snorts)

What, that traveling circus? Can't get rid of 'im, can I? Please tell me you've come to finally book 'im for something. Get him out of me hair.

LUCY

Yes, I work for Mr. Day, I've been to the Alhambra. They think they might have an opening.

BARTENDER

Through the back.

With one more interested/curious look at her, he jerks his thumb down the corridor. Lucy heads down it to a small, smoky card room at the back. Sure enough, inside is our old friend HARRY HOUDINI, alongside his young manager, HARRY DAY (24). It's clear that the tour is mostly a bust thus far.

HARRY DAY

... I've been talking to everyone in London trying to get you on as a permanent exhibition. Mr. Slater might see you as a personal favor to me, but the Orpheum vaudeville circuit apparently doesn't impress -

Just then, over Day's shoulder, Houdini catches sight of Lucy. Blinks, stares, then jumps to his feet.

HARRY HOUDINI

I beg your pardon - is it - ?

LUCY

(shyly)

Mr. Houdini. I don't know if you remember me from last year, but -

HARRY HOUDINI

The Chicago World's Fair. Of course I remember. How are you?!

He rushes over to shake her hand, they clasp hold. They smile at each other in delight.

HARRY HOUDINI (CONT)

What are you doing in London?

LUCY

I have another job, if it's something you could possibly help us with. It's a little... unusual.

HARRY HOUDINI

(wryly)

Nobody else in the whole city seems inclined to give me a job right now. I've been trying to start my grand European tour, but it is damnably difficult.

LUCY

Don't worry, it'll happen.

HARRY HOUDINI

Well, I thank you for your confidence. What's this job?

LUCY

(with a glance at Day)

I think we'd better step outside.

CUT TO:

EXT. WEST END TAVERN - DAY

Lucy and Houdini are just emerging into the street.

HARRY HOUDINI

(blinking)

You want me to get you in to
Buckingham Palace for something to do
with the Russians?

LUCY

I'm aware it's not much to go on.

HARRY HOUDINI

I want Queen Victoria to appreciate
my magic act, not throw me into -

Just then, he stops short, throws an arm in front of Lucy, and
lets out an exclamation.

HARRY HOUDINI

You again?! I swear, if you grabbed
this poor woman for a second time -

FLYNN

(slightly exasperated)

No. We're working together now. No
handcuffs, if you please.

Houdini looks suspiciously at Lucy, and doesn't drop his arm
until she gives him a nod. He still does not look convinced.

FLYNN

Now that we've acquired the homeless
magician, we should get out of here,
unless we want to be robbed for
absinthe money.

Houdini decides that he can't run the risk of leaving Lucy
alone with this loser. Hurries to keep up (and walk between
them) as they head out.

CUT TO:

EXT. LONDON SCHOOL OF MEDICINE FOR WOMEN - DAY

Denise and Jiya are walking toward the handsome brick
building, with women carrying books passing to each side.

JIYA

Who are we here to see, exactly?

DENISE

(notably excited)

Her name is Rukhmabai. She received her M.D. here, this year. She was - is - one of the first female doctors in colonial India, and a few years ago, she was involved in a landmark legal case about child marriage, leading to the passage of the Age of Consent Act. She's a feminist reformer and lives until the age of 90, she's one of my heroines. I thought that as a woman of color in STEM, you might want to meet her too.

JIYA

Wow, yes, of course I do. But then we drag her into whatever Rittenhouse is doing? We're supposed to make sure Nicholas does marry Alix, right? So we what, get her to lie that hemophilia isn't that bad? I'm sure you wouldn't ask her to do that.

DENISE

Right now, Queen Victoria's favorite servant and closest confidante is her Indian Munshi, Abdul Karim. She trusts him with everything. If we can get a countrywoman to speak to him, convince Victoria that the match can't be called off, it could be hard for Rittenhouse to get around that.

JIYA

(admiringly)

Look at you, getting the hang of this. But -

(as they enter the building,
lowering her voice)

Doesn't that mean we still have to ask her to lie?

DENISE

(hesitates)

We'll work that out.

They approach the desk, as the receptionist glances up.

RECEPTIONIST

Good day, ladies. Do you have an appointment?

DENISE

(clearing her throat)

Ah, actually, we're looking for someone. Is Dr. Rukhmabai here?

RECEPTIONIST

I believe she is, yes. Third floor, left-hand corridor, last door before the end.

Denise and Jiya give each other excited-schoolgirl looks as they thank her and scamper away.

CUT TO:

INT. LONDON MEDICAL SCHOOL FOR WOMEN - DAY

Denise and Jiya approach the door. Denise starts to raise her hand to knock, looks shy.

JIYA

(encouraging)

Go on.

DENISE

(knocks)

E-excuse us? Doctor?

RUKHMABAI

(from inside)

Yes, what is it? Come in.

Denise and Jiya enter. RUKHMABAI (30) is a slight Indian woman in a sari, sitting at her desk and working through a stack of papers, but she turns expectantly at the sight of them.

RUKHMABAI (CONT)

Can I help you?

DENISE

(flustered)

Ah. Hello. I'm - I'm Mrs. Christopher, and this is - is my daughter, Miss Christopher. We - we're very honored to meet you. We have something we need to ask you, about the Russian tsarevich's visit.

RUKHMABAI

(surprised)

I don't know anything about that.

DENISE

We know, but we think that someone's trying to - well. It's hard to explain, but we may need you to speak to Abdul Karim for us.

RUKHMABAI

(even more surprised)

The Munshi? You could arrange a meeting with him? For what?

DENISE

We might be able to. As for why, I - we need you to trust us.

RUKHMABAI

And you thought the Munshi would listen to me? He may, it is possible, but I am a Hindu woman. He is a Muslim man. It is not merely so simple as both of us being Indian.

DENISE

I know.

(beat)

My real name is Dhriti Sirivastava. I was born to Indian parents in America. You've always been a huge inspiration to me, and I don't want to betray that in any way.

RUKHMABAI

An inspiration? I'm flattered, but I am much younger than you.

DENISE

I've read about what you've done. In the papers. It means a lot. To me and my daughter and - all of us.

RUKHMABAI

Thank you.

DENISE

We know this sounds odd, but if you could come with us?

RUKHMABAI

(pauses, then nods)

Let me fetch my coat.

CUT TO:

EXT. ST. JAMES' PARK - EVENING

Flynn, Lucy, and Houdini are waiting for the others.

HARRY HOUDINI

So just to be certain, you two are friends now? How did that happen?

LUCY

It's a long story.

HARRY HOUDINI

He still looks like a scoundrel to me. Are you sure?

FLYNN

Nobody asked you, Criss Angel.

Lucy gives him a recriminatory look. Flynn is possibly about to say something else, when they turn and see Denise, Jiya, and Rukhmabai hurrying toward them.

RUKHMABAI

Wait, aren't you the American magician? On the posters?

HARRY HOUDINI

(delighted)

She recognized me!

FLYNN

Unfortunately, yes. Now can you get us into the palace or not?

HARRY HOUDINI

Yes, but if we're caught, and since I would like to work in this town sometime -

FLYNN

Just consider it your slick viral marketing pitch. Besides, we can't all go. You, me, the doctor, and Denise. Lucy and Jiya, you stay here.

LUCY

And what, let you get arrested without us?

RUKHMABAI

(startled)

Arrested?

FLYNN

(exasperated)

I can't chaperon all of you!

JIYA

Guys, we're wasting time.

LUCY

I don't want to risk being separated. We'll stay out of sight, but we'll go together.

FLYNN

Fine. Come on, David Copperfield. Let's go. And you better be good at this.

HARRY HOUDINI

Oh, I think you know I am.

Flynn gives him a death glare, but doesn't say anything. With one more look around, they all start off for the palace.

[COMMERCIALS]

RETURN TO:

INT. SAFEHOUSE - DAY

Wyatt, Rufus, and Connor in their new place. It's much larger than the bunker, with higher ceilings and somewhat more modern furnishings, but quite a bit deeper underground. No windows, just tall, featureless walls of cement.

RUFUS

Cheerful. What is this, an abandoned mine?

WYATT

Probably a missile silo. Feds built a lot of these, in case the Cold War ever went hot.

RUFUS

Wait, the nuke isn't still in here, right?

WYATT

No, definitely not.

RUFUS

Too bad, actually. Otherwise we could have used it for the Lifeboat.

They pace around, checking the place out, as Connor starts to set up the computer terminals. Rufus sets down his briefcases and opens them, removing various tech gizmos. Then he looks at the screen over Connor's shoulder, and frowns.

RUFUS

Hey, wait a -

He doesn't finish his sentence, as his eyes roll back in his head and he abruptly collapses.

WYATT

(startled, catching him)

Hey. HEY! Rufus! Hey, buddy. HEY!

Connor also utters an exclamation and jumps up. Wyatt carefully lets Rufus down onto the floor, they both slap at his cheeks until he groggily comes around.

RUFUS

What the hell?

WYATT

(rattled, trying to hide it)
Guess you just decided to take a nap
there for a second?

Rufus tries to push himself upright, as Wyatt and Connor grab at his arms. They exchange a worried look over Rufus's head.

RUFUS

Wait, I was looking at something.
Something about the Lifeboat readout.

CONNOR

(soothingly)

No, no, that doesn't matter. Probably
just a technical blip anyway, not a -

RUFUS

I don't believe in technical blips
right now.

Pushing off Wyatt and Connor, he gets to his feet and walks only a little unsteadily to the screen. Looks, frowns.

RUFUS

The Lifeboat's not holding its
charge. The battery's draining more
than it ever has on a jump.

WYATT

Wait, so - Lucy and the others, are
they going to be able to get - ?

RUFUS

Probably.

(pause)

I sure as hell hope so. Hold on. Let
me go get something.

He starts off. Wyatt and Connor look at each other, worried.

WYATT

What the hell was that?

CONNOR

(delicately)

We have been expecting... side
effects ever since our return to
Chinatown.

WYATT

What, so - whatever else is in that
injection might be starting to kick
in? Mason, I swear, if this -

CONNOR

So the Lifeboat and Rufus seem to be
breaking down at once. The conflict

between the timelines is intensifying.

WYATT

So fix it! That's your job, right?

CONNOR

This is far past anything I planned for.

WYATT

Yeah, you built a time machine for Rittenhouse, that's what you planned for. And now it looks like Jane is part of them. See if you can find her. You have to have some tricks left. You once ID'd Rittenhouse's entire leadership in what, a couple days? Got most of them put away?

CONNOR

That was when they thought I was on their side. Let me into their systems. I doubt they'll make the same mistake twice. Or -

He's interrupted as his phone buzzes. Pulls it out, stares at it. Even glib Mason lost for words.

WYATT

What?

CONNOR

Rittenhouse is... in the news. Rittenhouse has never been in the news. The launch of some sort of public history project, thanks to the major new excavation at Roanoke Island. Under their own name. Stepping out of the shadows at last.

WYATT

WHAT? How can that - at Roanoke - Lucy scared them off, they didn't find the colony, they -

CONNOR

Then they played an altogether different game. And that one is only starting.

A long pause. They stare at each other.

CONNOR (CONT)

(quietly, terrifyingly)
We are losing the war.

CUT TO:

INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE CELLARS - EVENING

Flynn and Houdini making their way cautiously along a dark servants' corridor. They have left the women just behind.

HARRY HOUDINI

So what are we doing here, exactly?

FLYNN

Trying to find out where the Tsarevich of Russia is tonight.

HARRY HOUDINI

You live a strange life, you know?

FLYNN

You're one to talk.

HARRY HOUDINI

And if we do find the tsarevich, I suppose you're planning to murder him? Is that it?

FLYNN

Why does everyone always think I'm planning to murder everyone?

HARRY HOUDINI

You just have that look about you, to be frank.

Flynn growls, wonders if he can deny this, decides he can't. They edge around a corner, pull back, wait for some footmen to pass. Then keep going.

HARRY HOUDINI (CONT)

You do seem... somewhat different from the last time we met, I'll give you that. In only one year?

FLYNN

(pause, then)

No. It's been longer.

Houdini is confused, gives him a sidelong look, but doesn't press. They climb a stairway, reach a ground-floor hall, and peer through a window. See a group of aristocratic men stepping into a waiting carriage, including -

FLYNN

(pointing)

There. Right there. That's Nicholas. We need to follow that cab.

HARRY HOUDINI

Right. I'll make sure the others know.

Flynn turns to him with a very suspicious expression, just as Houdini steps away, Flynn tries to do the same, and realizes that he's been handcuffed to a pipe. Déjà vu all over again.

FLYNN

Hey, what the -

HARRY HOUDINI

Sorry. Couldn't take the risk.

He turns and hurries down the corridor, as Flynn furiously yanks at the handcuff, but can't get free.

FLYNN

I absolutely hate magicians.

CUT TO:

INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE CELLARS - EVENING

Lucy, Denise, Jiya, and Rukhmabai are waiting as Houdini hastens toward them.

LUCY

Did you find the tsarevich?

HARRY HOUDINI

Yes, he's just leaving for the evening. We have to follow him.

LUCY

Hold on. Where's Flynn?

HARRY HOUDINI

... Wait, you really didn't want me to leave him trapped this time?

Denise and Jiya hastily smother their giggles. Rukhmabai is confused.

LUCY

No! Go back and get him, run!

Houdini, with a "you try to do a lady a favor..." face, does so.

CUT TO:

INT. HANSOM CAB - NIGHT

Our intrepid team and friends, squashed in a horse-drawn cab, rattle along the cobbles after the Tsarevich and Co.

FLYNN

Well, no thanks to Harry Potter, something good did come of it. I managed to overhear where they're going. The Theosophical Society, 50 Gloucester Place. Some kind of evening event going on.

Houdini and Rukhmabai snort loudly, for different reasons.

HARRY HOUDINI

Oh really? More of that spiritualist nonsense? They won't stop begging me to let them in on my arcane secrets. I told them it's showmanship, not magic, but they won't shut up. Arthur Conan Doyle, the man who writes the Sherlock Holmes stories, all about reason and logic and intuition, is totally convinced I am a sorcerer. It's baffling.

RUKHMABAI

Yes, the Europeans are very fond of supposedly discovering India's ancient wisdom for them.

They exchange a long-suffering look.

LUCY

The Victorians absolutely love anything mystical or spiritual or occult. Like Flynn said earlier, Alix becomes totally dependent on Rasputin, a faith healer. So if they're going to some kind of séance tonight, and if, say, Nicholas is warned not to marry Alix -

FLYNN

(grimly)

He might well take it seriously.

They lean forward tensely, as the cab finally clatters to a halt and the door opens. Flynn hands down Lucy, Denise, Jiya, and Rukhmabai like a proper gentleman, staring at Houdini pointedly the whole time.

LUCY

How do we get in?

FLYNN

We have a magician who wants an act, don't we? He said they love him.

They look up at the handsome brownstone townhouse of the Theosophical Society.

FLYNN (CONT)

It was founded by Helena Blavatsky, a famous Russian mystic, in 1875. Maybe that's why they brought Nicholas here. Think he'll listen to a countrywoman. Hold on.

He bounds up the steps, is stopped by one of Nicholas' guards.

BODYGUARD

No entrance. Private party.

FLYNN

(Russian)

Is the Tsarevich here tonight?

BODYGUARD

(Russian)

What the hell do you want?

FLYNN

(Russian)

We're loyalists, secret agents. We need to warn him there's trouble, a dangerous plan to disrupt his wedding. If you don't let us in, there's going to be -

BODYGUARD

(Russian)

Look, you grafter, I was not born yesterday -

HARRY HOUDINI

I'm the Amazing Harry Houdini!

The bodyguard turns around and looks at him with delight.

BODYGUARD

Is American magician!

HARRY HOUDINI

He recognized me!

BODYGUARD

Yes, yes. Should have said. Great entertainment for our Tsarevich. Knows many secrets. Go on.

He steps aside indulgently as Flynn and Houdini stare at each other some more, Houdini with an air of "nyah nyah mine worked and yours didn't." Oh boys. But no time to waste. The six of them hurry inside.

CONTINUE TO:

INT. THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY - NIGHT

A smoky and eccentric occult club, pictures of odd symbols hanging on the walls, well-dressed Victorian gentry mingling among beaded curtains and red-hued lamps. Vaguely Indian music plucked in the background. Rukhmabai raises both eyebrows.

RUKHMABAI

Ah, yes, the exotic east. It is good to know the British Raj finds their pet idea of us so diverting.

LUCY

(trying to peer over shoulders)
Does anyone see Nicholas? Or Helena Blavatsky?

FLYNN

I think Helena herself died a few years ago, actually, but there has to be someone in charge.

JIYA

(grabbing Flynn's sleeve)
Isn't that him? Nicholas?

They glance over to see, indeed, the future Nicholas II, resplendent in evening wear, a rich young prince. Unaware of the tragedy that awaits his family.

DENISE

Could they just want to kill him now?

FLYNN

Anything's possible.

He hesitates, then starts toward the tsarevich. Clears his throat, bows when Nicholas looks in his direction.

FLYNN

(Russian)

Your Highness? Good evening.

NICHOLAS

(Russian)

Excuse me, sir, do you have some business with me?

FLYNN

(Russian)

It's difficult to explain, Your Highness, but there are dangerous people here, who might be trying to ensure your engagement with Princess Alix is broken. Listen to me, you can't let them do that.

NICHOLAS

(Russian)

(startled)

What is this? What are you -

They are interrupted by a call from the doorway.

MAN IN SUIT

Ladies and gentlemen, Your Imperial Highness, if all of us could step this way into the salon? Madame Eleanora is ready to see you.

Nicholas gives Flynn a wary look and moves away from him, as everyone heads into a small, incense-choked room, hung with curtains and more beads. A veiled woman is sitting at a tea table, her face not visible. Nicholas' servants pull out a chair for the tsarevich to sit before her.

NICHOLAS

Madame... Eleanora?

MAN IN SUIT

(coming to stand at her side)
A most renowned mystic and seer, Your Highness. A special engagement in London, tonight only.

Flynn, Lucy, Denise, and Jiya frown at each other.

LUCY

(whispering)

Do you think that might be Ritten...?

FLYNN

If I make a single move for my gun in here, with all these damn Russians, we're done for.

HARRY HOUDINI

I told you these people were quacks.

FLYNN

Yes, well, that's very helpful right now, isn't it, Mr. -

At the table, Madame Eleanora extends heavily beeringed hands.

MAN IN SUIT

She communes with the spirits in a most unusual way, Your Highness. I will serve as her interpreter. If you would take her hands - ?

Nicholas is briefly confused, but does so. Flynn and Denise shift tensely. Impossible to get off a shot in this crowded, smoky parlor, and as noted, they'd be jumped immediately -
Silence, then -

Madame Eleanora lets out a hoarse cry. Nicholas is startled, tries to pull back, but she holds firm.

MAN IN SUIT

She sees... terrible things, Your Highness. A red tide, surging against the gates of the Winter Palace. Your wife and children cower in a cellar before merciless rebels with guns. Your only son, bleeding and bleeding, with no cure to be had. Your four daughters fallen where they were shot, and cruel men with fists of iron and a sickle flag, marching to take Russia for their own.

NICHOLAS

What is this vision? What is this - what does she mean?

MAN IN SUIT

All this will come to pass if you marry Princess Alix, she says.

Flynn has heard enough. Makes a motion as if to lunge. The man in the suit looks up, sees him, and recognizes him.

MAN IN SUIT

There! Just there! One of the agents of the Red Terror! Seize him!

A pause, then -

Madame Eleanora reaches up and rips off her veil. It's Emma.

Split-second as they stare at each other, and then Emma plunges a hand into her skirt, pulls out her gun. Yells and shouts of terror, one of Nicholas's bodyguards tackles him out of the way. Flynn grabs at the others, yanks them down just as Emma fires. Intense confusion in the smoky room.

Flynn flips a table for cover, shoves the women behind it, draws his gun. Denise draws hers as well, they crawl to either side, as the man in the suit, clearly also a Rittenhouse agent, pulls his. He and Emma shoot at the table, Flynn and Denise return fire. Chaos.

Nicholas and his entourage are panicking. One of them gets caught in the crossfire - impossible to tell who hit him. Shots echo crazily in the parlor. The man in the suit stumbles backward, blood on his shoulder. Emma's eyes flare.

EMMA

(shouting)

Come out and face me if you dare!

Denise slams a new clip into her gun, tries to get a shot square on Emma, but Emma ducks. Lucy starts to stand up - Houdini tackles her, another shot goes off -

Houdini and Lucy tumble to the floor, Flynn panics.

FLYNN

Lucy? Lucy! LUCY!

He crawls frantically over to her on hands and knees.

LUCY

I'm all right, I wasn't hit, but he -
Houdini is pressing a hand to his side, welling red.

HARRY HOUDINI

(weakly joking)

I couldn't quite escape that one, eh?

LUCY

No. No, not you too. Not you.

RUKHMABAI

Is he shot? Was he hurt? Let me
through, let me through.

She crawls toward Houdini, digs in her coat for supplies, starts treating him at once. Lucy looks around wildly, just as, in the smoke and gunshots of a nineteenth-century parlor, Jiya is clearly having a flashback to Rufus's death. Her eyes stare, then go blank, and roll back into her head. She falls, convulsing, as if again in the throes of a terrible vision.

FLYNN

HEY!

He whirls around, trying to catch Jiya before she can hit her head. A bullet hammers through the table and hits the wallpaper, as Lucy lunges to grab Flynn's gun. Raises it, sights at Emma, shoots.

She misses, but only just. It wings Emma's shoulder, sending up a spurt of blood, and she and Lucy lock eyes through the smoke. Emma at a loss for words again. Clear she is beginning to genuinely fear Lucy as an opponent.

FLYNN

(to Jiya, trying to wake her)

Hey. Hey, hey, hey.

Jiya's eyelashes flutter. She looks petrified.

JIYA

No... no... Rufus...

FLYNN

It's all right, Rufus is fine, he's
safe at home, he's not here.

JIYA

No, it was different, it was all
different - we - we have to -

Just then, Nicholas struggles free from his bodyguards' desperate grasp, gets to his feet, shouting.

NICHOLAS
EVERYONE IN THIS ROOM IS UNDER
ARREST! TERROR! TREASON!

Emma's face twists. She raises her gun, pointing it dead at him, about to fire, as Lucy prepares to jump in the way - Another shot goes off first, making Emma stagger backward. Denise gives her a "not my daughter, you bitch" look. Emma is fairly seriously hurt. She needs to get out of here. Grabs at her also-wounded compatriot as they battle through the ranks of angry Russians. More shots. They just slip out. Rukhmabai is still bending over Houdini. Has got the bleeding under control, fashioning a makeshift bandage.

RUKHMABAI
He needs to get to hospital.

NICHOLAS
(storming over to them)
What is meaning of this? What have
you done?

FLYNN
We've just saved your life, Your
Highness!

NICHOLAS
Saved it? You have recklessly
endangered it in first place! What
was that, what Madame Eleanora said?
How did she know you?

LUCY
I - we -

NICHOLAS
Lie to me, I will have you executed.

FLYNN
You speak like that to her, I'll
shoot you before the Bolsheviks ever
get their chance.

Denise drags on his arm. Flynn shakes his head, snaps his mouth shut.

NICHOLAS
The vision she spoke of. She said it
would come to pass if I married
Princess Alix.

DENISE
The woman is a dangerous liar, Your
Highness.

NICHOLAS

But is she wrong about that?

Very awkward pause. They all know she's not.

NICHOLAS (CONT)

She said my only son would bleed and bleed. The disease, it does afflict Queen Victoria's family. Can it be passed down to such a severe degree?

Everyone looks at Rukhmabai, whose hands are still stained with Houdini's blood. Denise realizes she has to ask her to lie, her face falls.

RUKHMABAI

You mean hemophilia, Your Highness?

NICHOLAS

Who is this servant?

RUKHMABAI

I'm not a servant. I'm a doctor. I took my qualification just this year, at the London School of Medicine for Women.

NICHOLAS

They admit those of your - color?

RUKHMABAI

The severity of hemophilia is impossible to predict. If you're familiar with the work of Gregor Mendel, the German who bred pea plants and studied their traits -

NICHOLAS

Is this supposed to mean something to me? Is it serious or not?

RUKHMABAI

It can be very serious, Your Highness, yes.

NICHOLAS

Well then, you must be wrong. I do not know what sort of game you are playing here, but it seems in very poor taste. I must ask my counselors how to proceed, but this is all terrible scandal. I pray no one was badly hurt.

With that, he turns and strides away, as the team watches him go in foreboding.

LUCY

Do you think he's going to break off the engagement?

FLYNN

Nicholas was always ultimately guided by his advisors. Could rarely make up his own mind. A personally good man, perhaps, but incompetent, indecisive, and ruthless to his enemies. It's most likely that they will not want to sacrifice the advantageous match with Princess Alix, on account of some minor drawing-room scuffle.

At that, Houdini groans again, and everyone's attention is turned back to him, as they look around the ruins of the parlor, the ominous silence.

LUCY

Let's get him to a hospital.

[COMMERCIALS]

RETURN TO:

INT. LONDON HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Houdini, bandaged up, is in a hospital bed, a curtain hung up to give him some privacy, as Rukhmabai talks to the doctor a few paces away. Lucy sits down on the edge.

LUCY

How are you feeling?

HARRY HOUDINI

Like I just got punched in the gut.

Lucy smiles, but a shadow passes over her face as she thinks of how he ultimately dies.

LUCY

Thank you for what you did back there.

HARRY HOUDINI

I wasn't going to let you get hurt, now was I?

He smiles at her lopsidedly. Lucy squeezes his hand.

HARRY HOUDINI (CONT)

Besides, it's gotta be good for some publicity, right? Think they'll give me an act at the Alhambra?

LUCY

I think so, yes. Maybe not right away, but they will.

HARRY HOUDINI

Mr. Day will be pleased to hear it.

LUCY

You need to rest up and get better first, all right?

HARRY HOUDINI

Do my best.

(beat)

Any chance we'll see each other again? When all this is over?

LUCY

I don't - I honestly don't know.

HARRY HOUDINI

Well. I hope you have a good life, no matter what. Though I've got to ask - you and that Flynn? Really?

LUCY

Wh - no. No, no, it's not like that. We're friends, teammates.

HARRY HOUDINI

You sure? Because from where I stand, he's in love with you.

LUCY

(shocked)

No, he's not.

HARRY HOUDINI

Suit yourself. But visit me if you're ever back in London. Or - well. Anywhere.

LUCY

I will.

They hold hands for a moment longer, and then she leans down and kisses him on the cheek.

LUCY

I think a lot of people are going to recognize you.

CUT TO:

EXT. LONDON BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

Flynn, Lucy, Denise, and Jiya trudging back to the Lifeboat. Tired, blood-stained, pensive. Jiya is still a little unsteady on her feet, so Flynn drops back to help her.

FLYNN

(in an undertone)

Was it another vision?

Jiya hesitates, lips grim, then nods.

JIYA

Yes, and no. It was - I'm not even sure how to explain it. It wasn't seeing one future, or one thing, or one person. It was just seeing all of us, and we were there, and then we -

She stops. Rubs her free hand over her face.

JIYA (CONT)

Then we weren't.

Flynn considers this. Not sure what to say.

FLYNN

Maybe you should ask Rufus.

JIYA

You know Rufus won't talk to me.

FLYNN

I can pound on him a little until he does. If that would help.

JIYA

I'm pretty sure he'd prefer you didn't.

A pause, as they exchange weary smiles.

JIYA (CONT)

You know, you're a good dad. I don't know if I told you, but mine died a long time ago, and I miss him, and -
(she shrugs, a little shyly)
It's just kind of nice.

Flynn is touched and unsure how to answer. Finally -

FLYNN

I'm missing a daughter too.

They reach the Lifeboat, pull off the concealment, open the door, and go inside.

CONTINUE TO:

INT. LIFEBOAT - NIGHT

Jiya checking the control panel with a frown.

JIYA

There's been some kind of major drain on the battery. Systems aren't looking like they usually do.

DENISE

Is it enough to get us home?

JIYA

It's going to have to be.

She bites her lip, types some things in, as everyone straps in. The Lifeboat revs faster and faster, makes the same horrible dragging noise from Roanoke, and finally vanishes.

CUT TO:

INT. BUNKER - NIGHT

It's quiet. Nobody there, with Wyatt, Rufus, and Connor at the new place, and Flynn, Lucy, Denise, and Jiya on the jump. Deserted. But somebody's moving. A figure walking closer.

Jessica emerges from the shadows, looks around. Dressed in a dark leather jacket and jeans, her pregnancy slightly visible. A small, sad smile crosses her lips.

JESSICA

(to herself)

This old craphole.

She rests a hand on the kitchen counter. Closes her eyes, lips tight as if holding back tears.

A moment, she gathers herself, wiping her eyes. Walks over to the table, takes a small device out of her pocket, and plants it on the underside. Switches it on, it blinks green. She looks at it, then turns and hurries down the corridor, out of sight, just as the air starts to ripple in the way that means the Lifeboat is arriving -

Or trying to arrive.

It's never taken this long before.

The whining is torturous. At last, with a jerk and a flash, the Lifeboat bursts into existence and skids almost the entire way across the landing pad before it bangs into the wall.

A few seconds later, the door opens, and Flynn, Lucy, Denise, and Jiya climb out, dizzy and shaken.

JIYA

(distressed)

Rufus and I were going over this earlier. It's not holding a charge, it's barely working. We are honestly lucky not to be dead. I don't think we can manage another full jump.

DENISE

We have to manage another jump. Rittenhouse isn't going to -

JIYA

We have one shot. We have to go somewhere we can get more power for

it, and if we fail on that mission,
we're never coming back.

LUCY

Where?

JIYA

I don't know. But we have to take the
fight to them.

CUT TO:

INT. MEDICAL BAY - NIGHT

Emma is sitting on an exam table, grimacing, as a doctor
patches up the wounds in her shoulder and side.

EMMA

Watch it, or I'll -

DOCTOR

(nervous)

Sorry, ma'am, it's - it's just a bit
of a mess.

EMMA

(grimly)

Oh, I know.

A rap at the door. Then it opens, and Michael Temple, sleek
and besuited as ever, steps inside.

TEMPLE

I heard you were injured on the jump
today. Is everything all right?

EMMA

Everything's fine, thanks. I'd rather
talk about what you think you're
doing, exactly. Are you sure about
this? Rittenhouse has thrived in
secrecy for so long, and now you're
pulling us onto the stage for a bunch
of jackasses probably moaning about
cuts to the National Endowment for
the Arts. If this backfires -

TEMPLE

I told you, we have nothing to fear
from the public any more. And I'd
like to point out that while you're
losing shootouts on these silly trips
to the past, I'm the one getting
results. Here. Now. In the present.

Emma eyes him balefully, but can't think what to say.

EMMA

Yes, we're all grateful.

TEMPLE

(smiles pleasantly)

I'm glad to hear it. Because this is just the beginning. We'll roll out more of our platform bit by bit, over the next few days. We've already gotten an excellent response in applications. I have the social media aspect in development. All these idealistic, passionate young people thinking they can change the world - see? They're coming to us, they're offering themselves up. We can keep the ones who look promising, and delicately prune out the rest.

Emma considers him. Clearly remembering that if he chose, he could be a threat to her.

EMMA

You've been busy.

TEMPLE

I've made no secret of my intentions to see us take our rightful place.

EMMA

I suppose not.

TEMPLE

And Jessica Logan? That small matter with the team's hideout?

EMMA

It's being taken care of. We're almost ready to move against them.

TEMPLE

With something of such paramount importance, we can't afford any mistakes this time, can we? And with you being laid up, it's better if you let me take the reins on this one.

EMMA

I'm the leader of Rittenhouse. You're still my deputy. That's it.

TEMPLE

Oh yes. But that's the beauty of not having to do it all yourself. What do you think a deputy is for?

EMMA

If you think you're going to ease me out while I'm at a disadvantage -

TEMPLE

Oh no, I had no such intentions. I want to see you healed and back in action as soon as possible. But on this, well. Personally, your record could stand to improve. You managed to lose Julius and Ethel Rosenberg. You got beaten on the Russian gambit today. At this point, which of us is inspiring more confidence?

Emma's gaze flickers. A little rattled, but not wanting to show him that.

TEMPLE (CONT)

What would you give to see Rittenhouse win?

EMMA

Anything.

TEMPLE

Then you let me do this.

EMMA

(long pause)

Fine.

Temple inclines his head, then moves past her toward the door.

TEMPLE

Good night, Emma.

We focus on his face as he shuts the door behind him and starts to walk away. A slow, triumphant, I'm-in-charge-now smile. Chilling.

CUT TO:

INT. SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT

Wyatt and Connor are checking the display readouts, both frowning. A lot of red on the screens.

CONNOR

Well, it does seem that they landed safely, but only just.

WYATT

I hate this. We should be back there, or they should be here. This divide-and-conquer thing, what Rittenhouse is trying to do to us -

CONNOR

I assure you, I'm not fond of it either. But we have to stay here. They'll be joining us tomorrow. Ideally, at least.

WYATT

Tomorrow. Great.

He lets out a frustrated breath, tries not to snap.

WYATT (CONT)

So did you start looking into Jane?
All your old stuff on Rittenhouse?

CONNOR

I did.

WYATT

And?

CONNOR

She's not there.

WYATT

So they recruited her recently. We know they've been on the hunt for new people, with Stanley and whoever else. I'm sure there's something that can give us a lead, if -

CONNOR

No, I mean she's not there. I can, of course, run all the checks again, re-parse all the information, set the criteria even more specifically, every single bit of data that I have, but I'm not sure I'm expecting a different result. She is nowhere within the extant Rittenhouse operation. And more than that, she is nowhere here. There is no match for her face on any surveillance system that I can find. There is no physical trace of her presence, no virtual footprint. She is a cipher. A chimaera. For all intents and purposes, she does not exist.

WYATT

What the hell? Of course she exists, we've met her, I've met her. She saved Rufus.

CONNOR

Yes, and that seems to be not quite as steady as it was, now doesn't it?

WYATT

Wait. Is she - ? Like, I don't know, a serious glitch in the Matrix?

CONNOR

From somewhere else? Somewhen else?
You know.

WYATT

What?

CONNOR

(ghoulish humor)

I actually do think there's a good
chance we're all going to die.

FADE OUT.

END CREDITS.

TWO WEEKS FROM NOW ON TIMELESS - THE MIDSEASON FINALE

TIMELESS 3X07: "PASADENA"

LUCY (CONT)

I'm willing to do that. But if this
might be our last trip ever, we have
to make it count. We have to do what
we've been meaning to.

She looks around at them. Nobody immediately answers.

LUCY (CONT)

We always knew there was a chance it
ended like this.

CUT TO:

JESSICA

And what do I do if I find them?

EMMA

Kill them.

JESSICA

Wouldn't it be more useful to keep
them as hostages?

EMMA

Hostages? For what? This is life and
death. You see Wyatt, you put a
bullet in his head. Am I clear?

CUT TO:

DENISE

The Mothership jumped. Rittenhouse is
onto them. They're both in Pasadena,
California. February 8, 1971.

LUCY

We know when they jump, so do they
know when we jum - wait, did you say
February 8? 1971?

CUT TO:

EMMA

(shouting)

Hey, Flynn. That you?

A long pause. Then he moves into sight, training his gun dead
between her eyes, unswerving, unblinking.

FLYNN

Yeah.

CUT TO:

Rufus and Jiya look at each other in alarm. Then the building
starts to shake more violently, cracks appear in the linoleum
floor, and a chunk of ceiling falls and crashes into a desk.

WYATT

COME ON!

CUT TO:

DENISE

(near tears)

Lucy, I am expendable. In this war.
You're not. I'll hold them off long
enough to give you a chance.

CUT TO:

A brief flash -

- and then a thunderous, fiery, almost beautiful slow-motion
explosion.

FADE TO BLACK.