



TIMELESS

"STAGECOACH MARY"

Episode 3x08

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FADE IN.

LUCY (V/O)

Previously on TIMELESS...

We run the first half of the season. The introduction of Michael Temple, the increasing danger for the team, the mystery over Jane's identity and Rufus's return to life. Temple's challenge to Flynn in 3x04 about not knowing Lucy's real identity, followed by Emma in 3x07 taunting him about possibly finding the journal and daring him to tell Lucy. 3x06 with Jiya's vision. 3x07 with Wyatt telling Jessica that she will have to leave Rittenhouse, and her warning him about the bug. Benjamin telling Emma her mother died in an accident. The frantic scramble to get out of Pasadena, Rufus rescuing Denise and Lucy in the nick of time, and the bunker blowing up, as we close on Temple's chilling "I'm coming for you."

FADE TO BLACK.

OPEN ON:

EXT. WILDERNESS - DAY

The sound of a chattering stream. Sunlight through trees, bird calls, wind. Remote, rugged, seemingly idyllic, as we pan back to see distant mountains, pine trees, rocks. We hear footsteps crunching through bracken. PAN UP to reveal LUCY, wearing a 19th-century calico dress, hair messily pinned back, carrying a basket of clothes and a washboard.

She kneels down by the stream, dips her hand in the water, grimaces - it's freezing. Sticks the washboard in, drapes the clothes over it, removes a chunk of grey soap, and starts scrubbing. Her hands are raw, she looks gaunt and tired. She grates her knuckles, grimaces.

CUT TO:

EXT. CABIN - DAY

Lucy, lugging the basket of wet and semi-clean clothes, trudges up a steep trail and out into a small clearing. A prospector's log cabin sits surrounded by tall pines, smoke drifting from its chimney. Flynn and Wyatt are chopping wood out front, also dressed in 19th-century clothes. They both glance up at Lucy's arrival.

LUCY

Laundry delivery.

The cabin door opens; Denise emerges in long skirt and apron, hair pulled back in a bun, looks a bit like Ma Ingalls. She's holding a dead, half-plucked bird in one hand and a spoon in the other, has clearly been handling the cooking.

DENISE

Did you see anyone?

LUCY

Of course I didn't see anyone.
There's no one here. Where are Rufus
and Jiya?

DENISE

They went off to look at the Lifeboat
again this morning. They've scavenged
enough non-essential wiring to mend
the infrastructure, but actually
getting back is still a problem.
Something to do with the computers.
They'll have a report later.

FLYNN

Four and a half weeks of living with
you lot in a one-room frontier cabin?
I wouldn't blame them for jumping in
that thing and never coming back.

DENISE

That reminds me, it's your turn to
muck out the outhouse.

Flynn groans, drops his hatchet into the block, and wipes his
forehead with the back of his arm. Rolls his eyes dramatically
and swishes out of sight.

WYATT

You know, I'm with him on this one.
Playing real-life Oregon Trail was
fun for a couple days. But now -

LUCY

(brittle)

We didn't exactly have a choice,
remember? The bunker's definitely
gone. We have no way to make contact
with Connor, know if they got him
too, or if we could return. And since
I've just scrubbed everyone's vintage
underwear, again, I think I need
something to eat.

She strides through the mud and into the cabin. Lack of food,
rough living, and no information, hiding in the past as
fugitives from Rittenhouse, is making everyone edgy. Wyatt
looks after her, sighs, turns back to chopping.

CUT TO:

INT. CABIN - DAY

Lucy and Denise are both working, as we get a look at the Time
Team's impromptu hideout. It's definitely small. One bed for
the women to share, two rough bunks for the guys; the third

one switches off sleeping on the floor. A fireplace, bundles of plants drying from the ceiling, grease-paper windows that whistle where the wind comes through. Low, smoky, cramped.

DENISE

Most of the snow has probably melted by now. We could try going into town tomorrow.

LUCY

Rufus said he chose 1900 Montana exactly because he thought it wouldn't be near anyone or anything to draw Rittenhouse's attention. Which has worked for hiding, but as far as finding someone to help us -

DENISE

We have to try something. Like Flynn said, it's been over a month. Who knows what they could have done in that time, without our interference?

LUCY

(tired)

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

Denise glances at her. Puts down the bird.

DENISE

We have to believe that there's still something left to fight for. Otherwise -

LUCY

Otherwise all of this has been for nothing, and we might as well stay here and learn how to pan for gold. God. This is just so unfair to Jiya, especially. She has to come back here and live in this time again, and -

DENISE

(gently)

You always think about the rest of us before yourself, Lucy. It's what makes you who you are. But you've been running yourself ragged.

LUCY

We all have to work. Just keeping everyone alive and safe in a rural homestead at the turn of the century takes most of our daily effort. I know this, I read it in books, how

the pioneers lived and the challenges they faced, and now this...

(trails off, almost inaudible)
I want to go home.

DENISE

(confused)

You mean back to the twenty-first century? We all do, Rufus and Jiya will come up with some way to -

LUCY

No. Home. I want to walk up to the door of my old house, and for my sister to be there, and wrap up in quilt on the couch with a good book, and to sleep in my own bed, and see sunlight on the floor, and -

(she stops)

Even if we do make it back, I can't have any of that again.

DENISE

You could make a new one. Someday.

Lucy smiles, but not with her eyes. She stares out the window, gaze vacant, expression very old.

LUCY

I don't know.

CUT TO:

INT. CABIN - EVENING

Rufus and Jiya have returned, windswept and muddy. The team is crammed around the table, eating stew, as the wind howls mournfully outside. A sense of desolation, isolation, cold.

RUFUS

So as far as the infrastructure and software goes, it's running. Thankfully, Rittenhouse didn't manage to hit the new power source. That's not our issue.

FLYNN

So what is our issue?

RUFUS

Yeah, I was getting to that. The Lifeboat has only made one jump to our new safe house, when you picked us up for our super fun trip to Pasadena. It's like pointing a satellite at deep space. You can pick something up, but you have to know

exactly what you're looking for and where, and right now, none of that is transmitting from the safe house.

DENISE

Does that mean Rittenhouse got to Connor too?

RUFUS

Not necessarily. If he was smart, and realized what happened to us, he probably switched everything off right away. If Rittenhouse is monitoring signals traffic or looking for unusual radar patterns, anything broadcasting constantly from a specific location would be a target.

DENISE

But as long as it stays off, we can't get back, because the Lifeboat has no connection to the home computers.

RUFUS

(grimly)

Yeah.

WYATT

Connor might figure we're dead. He'd have no reason to switch it back on, if he thought he was the only one left alive to fight Rittenhouse.

FLYNN

Could we get back even without the computers? You said the Lifeboat is otherwise running.

RUFUS

Yeah, after we modified it with a still mostly-untested experimental power source, it got shot a thousand times, and I literally used a tin can to patch some bullet holes. Without the computers, it would be like driving a go-kart into a black hole.

FLYNN

So we have to get Connor to turn them on again.

RUFUS

With no way to contact him or prove we're alive or any certainty that this wouldn't immediately also tip

off Rittenhouse to the safe house,
yeah. Any great ideas?

LUCY

Where are we, exactly? You only said
Montana.

JIYA

About eight miles out of Cascade, I
think. I found a survey map.

LUCY

Where's the safe house?

DENISE

It's in an old nuclear silo in Idaho.
Not too far from Mountain Home AFB.
It's been officially registered as
abandoned and decommissioned, but -

LUCY

Idaho - that's somewhere we could at
least theoretically get to. One state
over. Is there any way we could do
something like when we got Flynn out
of jail? Leave something there that
Connor will find later?

DENISE

Maybe... but anything we did hide
there could easily be dug up or
destroyed during the Cold War or
confiscated by the government or - or
anything. Construction won't even
start for another fifty years. It's
nothing but wilderness.

WYATT

Connor's a smart guy, right? And he'd
be looking for any signs from us? I
vote we try Lucy's plan. No offense,
but I really want to get out of here.

RUFUS

Between you bitching and Flynn
snoring, it's a wonder I ever get any
sleep at all.

They glare at each other, as Denise clears her throat in a
significant manner - children.

DENISE

We might be able to get to Idaho, but
that's still close to six hundred
miles from here, and we don't even
have a single horse.

FLYNN

I could steal us some.

DENISE

They hang horse thieves.

WYATT

That's a downside?

FLYNN

Shut up, Logan.

RUFUS

Yep. This is definitely the worst summer camp I've ever been to.

DENISE

As I was saying.

The boys snap their mouths shut and look meekly at her.

DENISE (CONT)

If we can get to Idaho, and if we could hide something that Connor might find, then there's a chance he decides to risk powering up again, yes. But we know nothing about what Rittenhouse is doing now, what intel they might have stolen from the bunker, if Connor is even safe, or anything whatsoever.

LUCY

Like you said earlier. That is the risk we have to run.

The team glances at each other in the firelight. They're scared and uncomfortable and unhappy, nobody wants to risk staying here forever, and despite everything, they aren't ready to give up.

LUCY (CONT)

All in favor?

Without a word, slowly, everyone raises their hands.

LUCY (CONT)

Good.

TIMELESS MAIN TITLE - 04151900

RETURN TO:

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Michael Temple is sitting at a desk heaped with the intel that Rittenhouse managed to recover from the bunker: papers, files, software terminals, personal effects, all the relics of the

Time Team's life. He sorts through it with a noncommittal expression, occasionally jotting down notes, until the door suddenly opens with a bang.

TEMPLE

(glancing up)

Sorry, Emma. Didn't hear you knock?

EMMA

You can't summon me to a meeting. I'm the boss, remember?

TEMPLE

And yet, here you are. Besides, just as a free bit of advice, the more you have to say you're in charge, the less you actually are.

EMMA

I'm not really in the mood for more of your wise-old-Gandalf act. You said it was important, and since I've decided to humor you -

TEMPLE

(smiles)

Humor me. Yes. Anyway -

(he beckons at a chair)

Sit down. Shouldn't take long.

Emma's mouth tightens. She roundly dislikes being ordered around again, but after a pause, pulls the chair out and sits.

TEMPLE

Good to see you're on the mend from your injuries. But I have something else to ask you about. Back in Chinatown, 1888. The deaths of Carol Preston and Nicholas Keynes. At our first meeting, you blamed our enemies for murdering them.

EMMA

Because they did.

TEMPLE

Oh, Emma. We both know you killed them.

That takes Emma off guard, despite herself. There might be a flicker of fear on her face, if only briefly.

EMMA

Who told you that?

TEMPLE

You aren't the only one who sees Jessica Logan as a valuable source of

information. I've been cultivating her. Your constant threats and intimidation are backfiring, you know. Making Jessica feel unwelcome in Rittenhouse is the surest way to make her think about defecting again - and with what she knows now, she could be very dangerous. I'm just reminding her of who we really are, the good people who helped her family. Offering a sympathetic shoulder, a chat and a coffee, advice about parenting. Henceforth, I'll also be managing her, by the way.

EMMA

Excuse me - ? So now Jessica's telling you that I - ?

TEMPLE

(mildly)

Is she lying?

EMMA

(long pause)

No. But Carol and Nicholas were just slowing us down. Carol was obsessed with wooing Precious Princess Lucy back into the fold, and Nicholas - well, he was an experiment we all knew had to end. We'd never have gotten to your modern vision if not.

TEMPLE

One which is starting to pay tremendous dividends, by the way. There was a front-page story in the Wall Street Journal. Fox News loves us, of course. I've been contacted by interested investors, leading academics, and tech magnates in Silicon Valley. Now that Connor Mason has forsaken us, it's time to recruit more of those, I think.

EMMA

You've clearly thought a lot.

TEMPLE

That's because I know how to manage things. Plan for the future. You're a good soldier, Emma. I told you that a while ago. But you're - well, let's be frank. You're not qualified to run

this organization as anything more than a crude time-traveling hit squad. How is that going, by the way?

EMMA

Excuse me?

TEMPLE

You've done great work. It won't be forgotten. You managed us most capably in the interregnum. But I think your usefulness as leader has reached its natural end.

Emma starts to get to her feet, enraged. Temple raises a hand.

TEMPLE (CONT)

For my part, absolutely, I understand why you killed Carol and Nicholas. But the rank and file, half of whom already see you as an outsider, who clawed and grafted her way to the top without the benefit of royal Rittenhouse blood, may not be so forgiving. So let's make this simple. You announce that you're stepping aside as CEO and naming me in your place, effective immediately. You'll continue to serve as my deputy, and you'll do whatever I ask. Otherwise, this and other compromising information may find its way out, and I couldn't be responsible for what happens if it does.

EMMA

You're blackmailing me, you think I'll just accept -

TEMPLE

You said you'd do anything for Rittenhouse, many times. Refusing to agree to this would call that claim into question. And if you think you'd arrange a convenient accident for either myself or Jessica, I wouldn't advise that either. Actions have consequences, Emma. It's always been the law of the world. Now I'm afraid you're facing yours.

A tense, crackling silence as they continue to stare at each other, Emma furious and Temple placid.

TEMPLE (CONT)

Now, if you please, you'll get to finding where and when the team has gone, how we can effectively manage them before they return, and think hard about how to avoid any unfortunate repeats of their escape from 1971 and then the bunker. I'll expect your resignation announcement on my desk this afternoon.

Emma's jaw clenches, she isn't sure how to respond. She's very good at this, but Temple is better. She needs more time to work out how to strike back.

EMMA

Sounds... good.

[COMMERCIALS]

RETURN TO:

EXT. CASCADE DOWNTOWN - DAY

Flynn, Lucy, and Rufus tramp through the chilly, rutted mud of the road on their way into Cascade, Flynn with a musket slung over his shoulder. Cascade is a Montana boomtown: saloons, general store, hitching post, churches, boarding houses.

LUCY

(to Rufus)

So you're sure we couldn't use the Lifeboat like we did in Roanoke? Just jump to Idaho a few minutes from now?

RUFUS

We've already used it two or three times without charging, there are all the other complications I mentioned, and whatever else. If we did, I can't guarantee we'd have enough battery to get home, even if the computers did come back online. We need to find something else.

FLYNN

So what are we looking for?

LUCY

There has to be something through here - a stagecoach service, a mail route, anything with horses.

RUFUS

Pony Express?

LUCY

They only ran in 1860 and 1861,
unfortunately. We'd still need to
figure out how to pay for anything,
but one problem at a time.

They eye the general store, trying to decide if they should
walk in as strangers and start asking questions. They don't
think Rittenhouse knows where they are, but word could spread.

LUCY

Come on.

She pushes through the door, as Flynn and Rufus exchange a
look, then follow her. They haven't gotten more than a few
steps when there's a shout from behind the counter.

SHOPKEEPER

Hey, feller. No guns inside!

Flynn stops short, rather miffed. Glances at Lucy.

FLYNN

(under his breath)

I thought this was the Wild West?

LUCY

Most frontier communities had strict
gun laws. Newspapers wrote editorials
about it, some towns required you to
check your weapons in with the
sheriff when you arrived. The most
gun deaths that Tombstone, Arizona
ever had in a year was two.

FLYNN

So all those Tex Willer comics were
damn liars.

SHOPKEEPER

You deaf, feller? I said no guns!

FLYNN

(sarcastically)

Yes, excuse me, right away, sir.

He steps outside to put the musket down (or maybe just stand
there threateningly with it, who knows) as Lucy approaches the
counter. Rufus steps up behind her.

LUCY

Excuse me. We're looking for someone
who might have places for hire on a
stagecoach, or something similar.
We're trying to get to Idaho.

SHOPKEEPER

You folks from around here? Never seen you before.

LUCY

We've been homesteading outside town. Snow's only just melted.

SHOPKEEPER

Well, if you're sure, it's Mrs. Fields you'd ask for. Carries the mail for Cascade and the surrounding towns. Used to work at St. Peter's Mission, but you can find her down the stables, if she's back.

LUCY

Mrs. Fields - ?

RUFUS

Wait. I think I might actually know who that is.

They thank the shopkeeper and hurry out.

CUT TO:

INT. STABLES - DAY

Flynn, Lucy, and Rufus enter the stables, glancing between the stalls. They can hear someone working nearby.

LUCY

Hello? Mrs. Fields?

A pause, then the worker steps out, brushing off her hands and regarding them coolly. She is a tall, strong African-American woman, in her late sixties, but it's hard to tell. This is MARY FIELDS (67). A powerful, take-no-shit presence.

MARY FIELDS

Y'all looking for me?

RUFUS

Mary Fields?

MARY FIELDS

Can't be too many other colored women like me. You with these white folk?

RUFUS

Yes, this is my friend Lucy and the weird guy who hangs out with us. We were told we'd find you here.

MARY FIELDS

You done that. You got some mail that needs carrying? Next post leaves Monday. Ten cents per piece.

RUFUS

Actually, we were hoping you might be able to take us to Idaho.

MARY FIELDS

(surprised)

Why the hell would I go to Idaho? Ain't on my route.

RUFUS

You're the best damn driver in Montana, that's why, and you got this job because you were the fastest applicant to hitch a team of six horses. You never miss a day, that's why they call you Stagecoach Mary.

MARY FIELDS

You know something about me, then?

RUFUS

(pleased)

Yeah, a little.

MARY FIELDS

I got my mail delivery to do. Can't just up and head off to Idaho. What's there that you'd need?

RUFUS

It's... important.

MARY FIELDS

That ain't much of an answer. What about these two, the lady and that tall feller who looks trigger-twitchy? They coming with you too?

RUFUS

Yes, them and our other friends.

MARY FIELDS

What, y'all some traveling minstrel show? That'd cost you double. And I won't have no tomfoolery on my coach.

RUFUS

We'll work that out. So should we meet you back here, or - ?

MARY FIELDS

Haven't said I'd do it.

RUFUS

We'd really appreciate it.

MARY FIELDS

Appreciation don't pay no bills.

RUFUS

We're good for it, I promise.

Mary mulls it over, looks at Flynn suspiciously. Her own musket is propped on the stall where she's been working, a .38 Smith and Wesson revolver is belted around her waist.

MARY FIELDS

Fine. Bring y'all back here tomorrow, twelve o'clock, we'll talk some shop. Oh and you give me any monkey business, I'm happy to shoot you right in the rump. Done it before. Now scat, I got me horses to feed.

Rufus, Lucy, and Flynn thank her and step outside.

LUCY

Stagecoach Mary - wait, I might have heard of her. First black woman to serve as a star-route mail carrier in America, right?

RUFUS

Yep, that's her. And I know she talks tough, but she once opened a restaurant and served anyone whether or not they could pay. So even if we can't come up with the money, she'll probably help us.

LUCY

Wait, though. We can't all go with her. Even if we made it to Idaho and signaled Connor, we need someone to stay with the Lifeboat. If it only had to take one person on one extra trip, rather than six on several, that would save battery, right? So if we left someone with it, to jump and join us when the drop was done -

RUFUS

If that was the case, it would mean me or Jiya, since we're the only ones who can pilot it. No way we're leaving Jiya by herself in the past again, and as for me -

LUCY

It's that, or driving all of us to Idaho and back again, and leaving the Lifeboat completely unguarded the whole time. Even if Rittenhouse

doesn't find it, there are plenty of other dangers.

RUFUS

(unenthused)

So Jiya and I get to draw straws for which of us is left alone in the creepy frontier cabin?

LUCY

We could leave one extra person, someone to protect you.

Rufus glances at her sidelong. He's still not very excited about this idea, but he knows they might not have a choice.

RUFUS

Let's talk it over with the gang.

CUT TO:

INT. CABIN - EVENING

Another council of war for the team. We hear a wolf howling outside the window, not far away. This is a dangerous place.

LUCY

I'm sorry to have to ask this, but we all know our options are slim.

JIYA

I'll do it.

(off everyone's looks)

If nothing else, I am used to it. And having some time alone to concentrate means that I can try to get deeper into that vision I had in 1894. I don't know if I can, but I have to.

DENISE

I'll stay with you. I can handle a gun, and I'd take up less power than Wyatt or Flynn on the jump.

Jiya looks at her gratefully - this is true, but she also knows that Bunker Mama doesn't want her to be alone again.

JIYA

Thanks.

FLYNN

So that's settled? You two stay here with the Lifeboat, jump down to join us. Rufus, Wyatt, Lucy, and I ride with Mary to Idaho, and work out how to signal Connor at the future site of the safehouse. Any way we might know exactly where the hell that is?

DENISE

You're going to have to wing it. I'll draw you as much of a map as I can, but it's a gamble by necessity.

RUFUS

And if Rittenhouse does turn up again while we're gone? We know what happened last time you and someone else stayed behind.

DENISE

(pause)

Then we'll do what we have to.

Rufus and Jiya exchange a long look. Their hands catch each other's and hold on. They never seem to have enough time.

LUCY

We should get some sleep.

CUT TO:

EXT. CASCADE STABLES - DAY

Rufus, Wyatt, Lucy, and Flynn, packed and dressed for traveling, tramp into sight of the stables. Flynn and Wyatt both have muskets slung over their shoulders and hunting knives at their belts. Rufus steps up to rap on the door.

RUFUS

Mrs. Fields?

At the sound of a voice from inside, they make their way into the stable, where Mary cocks an eyebrow at all the weapons.

MARY FIELDS

Looks like y'all are expecting trouble.

FLYNN

We aren't taking any chances.

MARY FIELDS

It's a dangerous road, for sure. The Indians don't give me no trouble, we know each other, but I can't say the same for the wolves. Could be bandits too, and this early in the year, there'll be snow left in the high places. You still got no money?

RUFUS

Sorry. No.

MARY FIELDS

(thinks, then)

Oh, all right. I'll do it anyway, long as your crazy white people don't

get me killed, son. Coach is through
the back. I'll get hitched up.

The team thanks her and hurries out to Mary's coach. Flynn goes to help her with the horses, as Wyatt, Rufus, and Lucy clamber inside. Not much room with all the sacks of mail.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Cascade is swiftly dwindling in the valley. It's cold and sunny and brisk. Flynn is sitting next to Mary on the running board, as she expertly drives her six-horse team. They rattle and thump along at a good clip.

MARY FIELDS

You come over from Europe, then?
Through Ellis Island and out west to
work the railways?

FLYNN

Something like that.

MARY FIELDS

Can appreciate me a man who knows his
horses and his guns. And who yearns
to breathe free. Out here on these
plains, there ain't nobody to tell
you they're your master, but you.

FLYNN

You know something about that.

MARY FIELDS

(laughs shortly)

Course I do. I was born a slave.
Hickman County, Tennessee. Round
about 1832. Maybe my masters weren't
so bad, as masters went, but they
still owned me, and a body don't
forget that feeling. Became friends
with the mistress' sister, though.
She's an Ursuline nun, Mother Mary
Amadeus. Reason I came out here.
Works at the Indian girls' school in
St. Peter's mission. We're birds of a
feather, in our way.

FLYNN

You and your old mistress's sister?

MARY FIELDS

Trust me, I didn't come out here not
one bit because anyone ordered me.
Came because I liked her, she was ill
and I nursed her back to health. I

was the forewoman at the school for several years, but then some fool gave me hassle, I didn't care for it, and I shot him. The bishop made me leave after that.

FLYNN

(amused)

I can see that.

MARY FIELDS

Didn't kill him. Just made it a right pain to sit down for months.

FLYNN

So now you do this instead?

MARY FIELDS

Why wouldn't I? I'm my own lord and master here. And Cascade, they close the schools on my birthday every year, which is whenever I feel like having one. They passed a law saying women couldn't go into no saloons, the mayor gave me an exception. Think of that. White folk respecting a colored lady. I don't regret nothing.

Flynn gets a thoughtful, pensive look. Doesn't answer immediately. Glances back at the coach.

FLYNN

I suppose that's all any of us can ask for.

Mary looks at him, then back at the road. Scans the horizon, checking for threats, as Flynn instinctively does the same. They're getting deeper into the wilderness. For now, nothing, but we PAN OUT behind them, as if someone watching.

[COMMERCIALS]

RETURN TO:

EXT. CAMP - EVENING

The coach is parked under a dense pine thicket, the horses unhitched and tied up, as the team is getting a campfire ready and Mary digs out some food. Their breath shows silver in the air, they sit on logs close to the fire.

WYATT

So how far is it to Idaho?

FLYNN

We made about sixty miles today. That's a good pace, but we can't count on it. If the terrain gets

rougher, or there's snow, or attacks, or anything, it could slow us. It'll be at least ten days, and that's assuming we cover this much ground on each of them.

WYATT

Ten days. Great.

FLYNN

We've already been here for over a month. Like that's going to make much of a difference.

WYATT

I obviously don't want to leave Rufus and Lucy unprotected, but if you and I took two of Mary's horses and rode ahead, could we make it faster?

FLYNN

No way you could keep up with me.

WYATT

I could try.

RUFUS

Whoa, whoa. I don't want to keep splitting into smaller and smaller groups. Seems like a great way to wind up permanently separated.

WYATT

Just thinking out loud.

LUCY

I don't want us apart.

WYATT

(looks at her)

Okay. We'll stay.

MARY FIELDS

(shouting from nearby)

Any of you lazy asses gonna give me a hand with this or what?

Wyatt and Rufus jump, get to their feet, and dutifully scurry off to assist, leaving Flynn and Lucy sitting together on the log. They glance halfway at each other, then away.

FLYNN

(awkwardly)

How - how are you?

LUCY

I'm fine.

FLYNN

You know you always say that.

LUCY

Well, it's true. Anything else doesn't matter right now.

FLYNN

Until we get back and you have the next crisis, the next fight against Rittenhouse, to distract you, and never have to stop and think about it. It'll always be later.

LUCY

It would be selfish for me to give into anything before then.

FLYNN

You're not a machine. You have to stop sometime. You have to -

LUCY

(gently, but firmly)

You don't need to tell me what to do, Garcia.

FLYNN

Fine. I suppose not. But I -

He pauses. We can see him wrestling with this, the sheer danger of whether to tell her, if he can live with himself if he doesn't, everything it means or could mean.

FLYNN (CONT)

Lucy, there's something you should probably know.

She looks at him, startled.

LUCY

What?

FLYNN

I talked to Emma in Pasadena, in 1971. She said - she hinted, at any rate - that she knew about you. Your car accident. Your sister. The -

(he closes his eyes briefly)

The journal. I don't know. I think she was looking. She might have found it. If there was some way you -

LUCY

(rattled)

What? Emma knows - she - ?

FLYNN

I can't be sure. I don't think she thought I was going to tell you. Or if I did, that you'd -

LUCY

Like hell I'd ever trust anything Emma could tell me. Does she think I'd run to meet her and beg to know? It's obviously a trap. But if Rittenhouse does have the journal somehow - Garcia, you have to tell me. Is there anything in it that they could specifically use to target us?

FLYNN

I don't even know that. If it's changed, if it's the same one that I read, or - anything. I don't think so, but -

LUCY

She already said she erased my sister. That she can't come back. She's trying to lure me, or force me to jump at juicy bait.

FLYNN

So you're not going to talk to her?

LUCY

(beat)

I didn't say that.

A brief, tense moment of silence. Flynn doesn't like this idea, but also knows he can't stop her if she does.

LUCY (CONT)

I'm starting to forget her. Amy.

Flynn keeps looking at her, expression sad and tender.

LUCY (CONT)

All this time, I've told myself that there's no way I could ever be content with anything less than saving her. That I had to get her back, no matter what. I still feel that way. But I don't exactly remember things that used to be clear. I keep trying to recall certain details about her, about things we did, and I can't do that anymore. I can sometimes go days without thinking about her, and I feel guilty when I remember. I

just... it's like she's been missing for a while, but she's starting to be truly gone, and this time, it's my fault. Does this - is it just me?

FLYNN

(hoarsely)

I know the feeling.

LUCY

I don't know what to do with it. I need it to stop, but sometimes I'm relieved that it doesn't hurt as much, and then I just - it feels like I have to save her now, or I won't want it enough to take the risk later. I can't get my real home back, and if I let this happen -

Flynn continues to look at her with great gentleness, sadness. He doesn't know what to say. Then:

FLYNN

If there's ever a time when you do have the chance, if there's a moment when you are in fact going to take the journal back to me in Brazil... you can choose to go back and save your sister instead. I'd - I'd understand. You've always said that you and Future Lucy don't feel like the same people, and you and I, well, it's been complicated. If you don't want to do that, if you want to go to Amy, and for none of this to happen, I'd absolutely -

Just then, he's cut off as Lucy leans over a little recklessly, grabs hold of his face -

- and KISSES HIM. Holy crap. What?

Flynn is totally stunned. Can't react in the least. It doesn't last long enough for him to, anyway. Lucy's already pulling back, wiping her mouth on the back of her hand.

LUCY

I'm - I'm sorry, I shouldn't have done that.

Flynn still can't answer, just as footsteps crunch and Wyatt appears out of the darkness. Not clear if he saw that.

WYATT

Hey. Mary thinks there's something in the woods.

FLYNN

(struggling to focus)

What? Wolves?

WYATT

I'm not sure, but we might need to move.

Flynn and Lucy get to their feet, as they peer into the thick trees. There might be something moving, it's hard to tell. A brief flash that could be metal.

FLYNN

Yes. We should get out of here.

The three of them hurry toward the coach, where Mary is hastily unhobbling the horses and hitching them up. Rufus and Lucy scramble into the coach, as Flynn grabs Mary by the arm.

FLYNN

Let us take two of those. If someone is on our tail, we'll be a sitting duck otherwise.

Mary looks at him sharply, but doesn't have time to demur.

MARY FIELDS

Saddles in the trunk.

Flynn opens the chest on the back of the coach, pulls out the tack, saddles two horses. He and Wyatt swing up. They're wearing cowboy hats and bandanas, muskets in hand - maybe it's a proper Western in here after all.

Mary climbs into the driver's seat, as we hear rushing and crackling from the woods.

MARY FIELDS

Those ain't no wolves.

FLYNN

Drive like hell.

Mary cracks her whip. The horses are tired; they've already been going all day. The coach is loaded with mail, heavy and unwieldy. It rolls down the hill slowly, as Flynn and Wyatt unsling their muskets.

FLYNN

You sure you can do this?

WYATT

Are you crazy? I grew up in Texas. Of course I can do this.

They kick their horses into a gallop, flanking the coach on either side. Bushes rustle, as three or four riders on horseback burst out of cover and charge toward them. Mary is now driving flat-out, and the coach rocks and rolls, dust

kicked up by pounding hooves. The foremost rider pulls out a gun, opens fire. Just misses.

FLYNN

To hell with this!

He grabs his modern gun out of his jacket, and fires over his shoulder. Wyatt does the same.

WYATT

HEY! On your six!

Flynn whirls around to shoot the guy trying to take him from behind. Nails him, but the guy somersaults headlong off his horse, which almost crashes into Flynn's. A lot of chaos. It's dark and nobody can see very well. Flynn rides faster. More shots. Hard to tell if the pursuers are Rittenhouse or just ordinary bandits - could be either.

After a few minutes of a full-blown horse chase, coach thundering through the brush and shots zinging and popping to every side, the others start to fall behind. Flynn slows his horse to a fast trot.

FLYNN

Wyatt?

WYATT

(nearby, strained)

Here.

He canters into view, free hand clamped over his left arm.

FLYNN

You all right?

WYATT

They winged me, it's not bad.

FLYNN

We've got to put some distance between us and here. Can you manage another five miles?

WYATT

I'm fine, let's keep going.

Flynn glances sidelong at him again, but they can't stop, just in case. The coach rolls out of sight ahead of them, and they kick their horses back to a canter, vanishing into the night.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

The coach rattles and grinds to a halt, the horses exhausted, as Flynn reins in. Glances over at Wyatt; his entire sleeve is red. Flynn jumps down and manages to catch him as he starts to slide sideways off the saddle.

FLYNN

Hey. Sit down.

WYATT

I'm fine. Honest.

LUCY

(scrambling out of the coach)
What's wrong?

(sees Wyatt)

Oh my god, you're hurt.

WYATT

Yeah, I got hit back there, it's probably just a scratch.

Flynn drags him to a boulder as Mary and Rufus also get off the coach. Mary starts unhitching, Rufus hurries over.

RUFUS

That does not look like a scratch.

WYATT

(a little annoyed)

It's not the first time I've gotten shot on a jump, remember? You dug a bullet out of my gut in '65.

(to Flynn)

That was your fault, by the way.

FLYNN

Yeah, yeah, later. Mary, you have anything like a medical kit?

Lucy pulls at Wyatt's shirt, tears the sodden sleeve away, locates the wound and puts pressure on it with both hands. Terse and efficient.

WYATT

(weakly joking)

I remember when you used to hate blood.

LUCY

If nothing else, I'm definitely past that now.

They exchange a brief, poignant look. Flynn glances away, signals to Mary, who comes hurrying over.

MARY FIELDS

What's this, now? Who the hell were those varmints, anyway? Lucky they didn't kill one of my horses.

FLYNN

Yeah, well, we have another problem. You got any clean cloth, water we

could boil? We'll have to dig that bullet out.

WYATT

If my arm's messed up, I won't exactly be able to shoot. Not to mention the other fun parts about nineteenth-century field surgery.

FLYNN

Well, your arm isn't going to get any less messed up if we ignore it.

He gets up and heads off to help Mary, as Lucy continues to put pressure on Wyatt's wound. Rufus glances at it, clearly thinking about being shot himself, then away.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Flynn has just finished digging the bullet out and sewing up the wound. Bites the thread off, starts wrapping torn rags around Wyatt's arm and knotting them in place. Lucy is holding his good hand, Rufus is passing the boiled rags over on a stick. It's a genuine team effort. Mary watches thoughtfully.

MARY FIELDS

Y'all been together a while, then?

LUCY

Yeah. A while.

MARY FIELDS

Well, it's good to find your family.

All four of them look over at her, startled, but don't demur. It's a strange idea, but not a bad one, and it's something they've known implicitly for a while.

WYATT

(to Flynn)

So it's fine now, right?

FLYNN

You definitely can't be shooting. And I had to dig a lot to get it out. You need proper antibiotics, or it'll infect, fast. Blood poisoning will definitely kill you.

WYATT

So we get home as soon as we can. Just like before.

FLYNN

It's over a week to Idaho, like I said. That's too long.

Lucy, Rufus, and Wyatt exchange looks. They've already gone too far to turn back, have no way to communicate with Jiya, and don't know if Rittenhouse will be coming back, if that was them at all, or anything.

WYATT

Well then, we just keep going.

(beat)

I guess we have to.

CUT TO:

INT. CABIN - EVENING

Jiya sits on the bed, eyes closed, meditation pose, trying very hard to clear her mind and summon up her vision.

Brief flashes, indistinct images. We see FUTURE LUCY AND WYATT as they appeared in the premiere, and then don't. Rufus dead, then alive. JANE flickers in and out, as does Flynn.

Jiya furrows her brow, concentrating harder. Then she sees STANLEY FISHER, who turns his head abruptly as if sensing her presence. He looks directly at her.

STANLEY

Hey, Jiya.

Jiya is so startled that she almost loses the connection - she's never actually spoken to someone like this before.

STANLEY (CONT)

Figured you were going to give this a try earlier.

JIYA

I've - I've been busy.

STANLEY

Where are you now? Or more like when?

JIYA

I'm not sure I should tell you.

STANLEY

Probably a good idea.

Jiya glances around. They're standing in a formless white room, a bit like Stanley's room in the mental hospital.

JIYA

Are we out of time, somewhere?

STANLEY

We could be wherever you want. Remember? You can walk anywhere, any time. But you're looking for something now. You're looking for the place where the timeline cracks.

JIYA

Maybe.

STANLEY

You can't find it this way. All your interference, yours and anyone, changes the breaking point. It's like swimming around in a cave, kicking up more and more silt, until you can't see the bottom, or the entrance, or any way out. You're just trapped, blinded. Until your air runs out, and you die. All of you.

JIYA

I'm not going to let that happen. Not again. You have to tell me what to do. You have to tell me how the visions work, if they're just possibilities, or some kind of actual future that can be changed, or -

STANLEY

Can't. Sorry.

JIYA

(a little desperate)

You helped me before.

STANLEY

Can't trust me now.

He starts to fade, as Jiya runs after him.

JIYA

Wait. Wait!

Her eyes jerk open, she's back in the cabin, with Denise looking at her in concern. Just as:

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Stanley is strapped into a chair, wired up to a polygraph machine, as Temple watches him. He jerks, convulses, opens his eyes. Grimaces and retches, as Temple waits.

TEMPLE

Well?

STANLEY

(hoarsely)

I don't know where they are.

TEMPLE

(glances at the polygraph)

Lie.

STANLEY

Come on. I don't know.

TEMPLE

Another lie. I can give you another dose, Mr. Fisher, or we can try other methods of persuasion. I am a patient man, but only to a point, and not with this. Where are they?

STANLEY

(long pause)

Montana.

TEMPLE

When?

STANLEY

Early 1900s. Can't be sure when.

TEMPLE

You're going to need to be more specific, Mr. Fisher.

A faint shudder passes through Stanley.

STANLEY

1900.

TEMPLE

Where in Montana?

STANLEY

Somewhere near Cascade. I saw a cabin. Lifeboat's not far away.

Temple considers, then smiles. Pats Stanley on the shoulder.

TEMPLE

Thank you for your service. We'll be leaving shortly.

CUT TO:

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Denise is sitting next to Jiya, who is still looking rather pale, sipping water, hand on her forehead.

DENISE

Did you see something?

JIYA

Sort of. A few things. Someone. I spoke - I spoke to Stanley Fisher.

DENISE

Stanley Fisher? The one who's now working for Rittenhouse? Their backup pilot?

JIYA

Yeah. I didn't tell him where we are, but I don't know what he could have done. He said we couldn't trust him.

DENISE

I don't like this. I don't want to wait until Rittenhouse is storming up like they did back at the bunker with me and Lucy. We should get out of here. If we have to wait a few days for the others in Idaho, that's fine.

JIYA

(hesitates)

Maybe.

DENISE

What?

JIYA

Nothing.

(she gets to her feet)

I think you're right. We should go.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - EARLY MORNING

Denise and Jiya, hastily packed, warmly dressed, hurrying through the woods toward the Lifeboat, leaving the cabin that has been their refuge for the last month. Reverse to a POV SHOT, watching them. But who, we don't see.

[COMMERCIALS]

RETURN TO:

EXT. WILDERNESS - DAY

The team has been on the road for several intense and difficult days. They've been pushing to make the best time possible, running everyone ragged. Flynn on horseback alongside the coach, Mary driving.

CONTINUE TO:

INT. STAGECOACH - DAY

Wyatt doesn't look very good. His face is pale, his arm wrapped in bloody rags. Drenched in cold sweat, eyes unfocused. Lucy and Rufus are sitting on the bench across from him, but as the coach hits a jolt and he almost falls, they both reach out to steady him.

RUFUS

Hey, come on, buddy, only like another day or two.

WYATT

(hoarsely)

Yeah. Yeah, I got it.

LUCY

You have a fever.

She gets up and moves to sit next to him, reaching for a handkerchief and trying to wipe his face as Wyatt tries to push her away, but can't really muster up the strength for it.

WYATT

Look, if for some reason I don't make it, you'll be fine, won't you? You've got the others. I was a pain in the ass for a long time anyway. So if I should -

LUCY

No. No, I'm not ready to lose you.

Wyatt gives her a soft, crooked smile.

WYATT

Acknowledged, Ma'am.

Lucy smiles very tremulously back. He closes his eyes and leans against the coach seat with a painful sigh.

WYATT (CONT)

Honestly, though, if you just want to take me out behind the woodshed and shoot me, it might be preferable to any more of this.

Lucy doesn't answer. Just reaches out to take his hand, they hold on without saying anything.

CUT TO:

EXT. WILDERNESS - DAY

The coach rattles down into a shallow depression, among blowing grass and distant hills. Flynn takes out his compass, checks a few things, scribbles them down.

FLYNN

(to Mary)

We're about ten miles from Bruneau. We can get there today with one last push.

MARY FIELDS

What in damn tarnation you want out here anyway? There ain't nothing.

FLYNN

We want to find the site where something is going to be built.

At that, something in the middle distance catches his eye. He reins up, shades his eyes, and peers down. It's hard to tell, but that sure looks like the Lifeboat.

FLYNN (CONT)

(to himself)

What the hell are they doing here
already...?

At least it confirms that they're in the right place, and he jerks his head at Mary, who cracks the reins over the horses' backs. They pick up speed again, head down the hill.

CUT TO:

EXT. PLAINS - DAY

Denise and Jiya are standing outside the Lifeboat as the coach drives up. Mary gapes at it.

MARY FIELDS

What in the hell is that?

FLYNN

(dismounting)

Time machine.

Mary stares squiggle-eyed after him as he strides toward Denise, as Lucy and Rufus try to help Wyatt out of the coach.

FLYNN

What are you two doing here already?
Did you find the site?

DENISE

There was some kind of incident with
Jiya's vision, back at the cabin. We
thought it was better to be safe.

(catches sight of Wyatt)

Is he all right?

FLYNN

He got shot on the drive. I think it
was just regular bandits, not
Rittenhouse, but that doesn't matter.
We made the best time we could. Are
we anywhere close?

DENISE

As far as I could check latitude and
longitude, yes, we should be in the
near vicinity. But we still haven't
figured out how to leave some kind of
message that Connor will -

FLYNN

Yeah, well. Now's the time to figure
that out.

CUT TO:

EXT. IDAHO PLAINS - DAY

The whole team, excepting Wyatt (who's being looked after by Mary), is tramping up and down the field with makeshift metal canisters in their hands, trying to figure out how to hide a message for Connor through time.

LUCY

(catching up to Flynn)

This is hopeless. Wyatt needs to get to a hospital. Rufus could figure out some way to do that and then come back for us.

FLYNN

(tersely)

Maybe, but you'd have to ask him about that. As for the rest of us, if we don't want to play permanent Little House on the Prairie -

Just then, he's cut off by a distinctive whir, hum, and blue glow, as the team whirls in alarm. The air bends, and the MOTHERSHIP lands just a dozen yards from the Lifeboat. The team stares, then scramble to each other, as Mary's jaw drops.

MARY FIELDS

Y'all got problems.

Flynn and Denise, the only two members of the group who can currently shoot, raise their guns, shielding the others behind them. Flynn checks his pistol, curses.

FLYNN

I used up most of my modern ammo during the raid. I'll be down to the musket in no time if this goes bad, and that's no damn use against -

The Mothership door hisses, opens, as Mary draws her Smith and Wesson revolver and steps up to Flynn's other side.

MARY FIELDS

Ain't just you two can handle a gun.

Flynn gives her a grateful look, but everyone's wondering if they're about to die. Someone in a nice suit steps out of the Mothership, moves toward them at a deliberate pace, hands up.

TEMPLE

Good afternoon.

MARY FIELDS

(aiming her pistol)

Y'all can trot right on out of here, no-good white man.

TEMPLE

I haven't had the pleasure of an introduction. But never mind that. I thought the situation warranted my personal intervention.

(calling to the Mothership)

Stanley, make sure our CPU is fully linked into the Lifeboat's. If they shoot me, detonate the control panel.

Flynn, who was raising his gun in preparation to do just that, stops. If the Lifeboat's control panel blows, they are totally screwed. Can't take the risk it's a bluff. Jiya looks stricken, clearly feels that this is her fault.

DENISE

You. Michael Temple. You're the one who led the assault on the bunker.

TEMPLE

That's me, yes.

LUCY

Where's Emma?

TEMPLE

She's been put on administrative leave. Warranted, don't you think?

RUFUS

What the hell? Are you running Rittenhouse now?

TEMPLE

Really, Rittenhouse belongs to the American people. I'm just its current caretaker. But in that capacity, I'm here to discuss terms. We can end this war right here, you know. What can we offer you to make you stand down? I do have some ideas, but you can tell me if I'm in the ballpark.

LUCY

We're not taking anything from you.

Temple eyes her in amusement. He doesn't seem too fussed. God, this guy is the worst.

TEMPLE

(faux caring)

Oh, I'm fairly sure we have plenty we could offer you. You have lost so much, Lucy, haven't you? And Mr. Flynn, have you told them about all our discussions?

Everyone looks at Flynn, startled.

DENISE

Wait. You said you never met Temple in D.C. Have you been talking to him?

FLYNN

No. We met once. He said some stupid things, I didn't listen, that was the end of it.

TEMPLE

Of course that's your recollection of it, or at least your story.

(to the rest)

You didn't really think he could be trusted, did you?

LUCY

Flynn - Garcia - what's he talking about?

FLYNN

I have no idea what the hell he's talking about. I told you in Roanoke, that was nothing.

LUCY

Actually, in Roanoke, you were -

TEMPLE

Like the part where he agreed for us to try to bring his wife and child back, if he told us where the bunker was? That is how we found it.

Eyes turn to Flynn, disbelieving, appalled, confused. They're pretty sure Temple's lying, but what the -

FLYNN

That is not what happened!

WYATT

I met Jessica in Pasadena, she said she planted the bug. She knew where the bunker was, it was her. Flynn didn't give us up.

TEMPLE

Mmm. We'll see. We still have other matters to discuss, though. You, Mr. Logan, you're not looking so well. We could have you in a state-of-the-art hospital within the hour.

WYATT

Yeah, in that case, definitely going with death.

TEMPLE

(less amused)

Gang of true-believer diehards? I must say, I'm surprised. Rittenhouse could give you back everything you've been fighting for, this whole time. You could have it. If you persist in this war, you're going to lose even more, everything and anything that could possibly be taken from you. It's foolish to resist, and you'll only have yourself to blame at the end. I'm being generous. Don't you want to see your loved ones again? Your homes?

As Temple is talking, Lucy turns her head, catches Rufus's eye. Tilts her head at the Lifeboat.

Rufus gets it. The Lifeboat and the Mothership are currently linked - he might be able to transmit some kind of emergency beacon to Connor by borrowing the Mothership's frequency. He starts stealthily edging backward.

TEMPLE (CONT)

So if we cannot come to an accommodation now, frankly, there will not be another one offered, and you can all -

Just then, he notices Rufus scrambling into the Lifeboat, and his eyes flare.

TEMPLE (CONT)

(shouting)

Stanley! They're trying to -

Jiya charges forward, as her eyes roll back into her head. Energy crackles around her, the air shudders with the force. She is clearly using her visions offensively, to distract and entrap Stanley. The Lifeboat and the Mothership both rock dangerously on their struts, Temple takes a step, Flynn raises his gun and trains it dead on his forehead.

FLYNN

Oh, please give me a reason.

TEMPLE

Lorena and Iris send their regards.

Flynn is thrown. But Mary, suffering from no such inhibitions, aims and fires, just as Temple is turning back toward the Mothership. Temple is hit square in the ass, he jerks and stumbles. Blood runs down his trouser leg.

MARY FIELDS

Feels like I oughta make that a
trademark?

It's a violent standoff. Jiya is poised with hands
outstretched, eyes white, air tornadoing around her. There's a
ping from the Lifeboat, as Lucy and Denise hurry Wyatt toward
it. Flynn turns and runs after the others.

RUFUS

(from inside the Lifeboat)
I think I'm getting something!

FLYNN

(shouting)

Jiya!

Jiya can't be distracted - if she is pulled out of her vision,
Stanley will be able to remotely blow the Lifeboat's controls.
Flynn realizes there's not enough space anyway - it has to
leave two people behind and (hopefully) come back for them.

FLYNN

If you're getting something, if the
computers are back on, go! GO!

PAN TO:

INT. LIFEBOAT - DAY

Lucy, Denise, and Wyatt strapped in the seats, Wyatt
struggling to stay conscious. Rufus working frantically.

RUFUS

I'm transmitting on every available
frequency. I think Connor heard us,
the computers are back on.

DENISE

What about Jiya and Flynn?

RUFUS

I have to come back for them.

LUCY

But Temple and the Mothership are
right there, if they get them, if
they take them -

RUFUS

It's not like I want to do it either,
but we have to go!

With that, he looks at the door with an expression of terrible
pain, then cycles it shut, locks, and the engine revs. The
next instant, the Lifeboat vanishes.

CUT TO:

INT. SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

Connor, unshaven, red-eyed, wearing crumpled clothes, has clearly had a bad time of it by himself, frantically flipping switches on the control bank as screens power up.

CONNOR

Come on, you bastards, come on -

A flash, a pop, the Lifeboat appears and lands. Connor stares at it. Not sure he believes his eyes, clearly wondering if this was a Rittenhouse trick to get him to give away his location, but then the door opens.

CONNOR

(voice cracking)

Rufus?

Rufus, scrambling down and helping Wyatt out, can't really spare the time for an emotional reunion.

RUFUS

We need to get him to the med bay ASAP. And I need to go back. We'll explain everything later.

Lucy and Denise jump out as well, barely have time to nod at a flabbergasted Connor, helping Wyatt down the corridor. Rufus scrambles back into the Lifeboat. Barely a minute after it landed, it's gone again.

CUT TO:

EXT. IDAHO PLAINS - DAY

Jiya is still struggling to maintain the vision, but it's taking a terrific amount out of her. She crumples, as Flynn darts toward her and catches her, lifting her up.

The ignominiously wounded Temple has reached the Mothership. He scrambles stiffly on board, just as Mary raises her gun and shoots his hat off his head.

MARY FIELDS

(shouting)

I told y'all to get lost!

Temple actually looks cowed, as well as angry, realizing that he's let them get away. The door shuts, the Mothership revs up and jumps, with a backwash hard enough to make Flynn and Mary stagger. A few moments of ringing silence.

FLYNN

(shifting Jiya's dead weight)

Hey. Hey, they're gone. Wake up.

Jiya doesn't stir.

Mary wipes her forehead with her arm. Even she looks rather intimidated, staring at the place the Mothership used to be.

MARY FIELDS

That's definitely the strangest thing I ever seen, and I seen some strange things. I need a damn cigar.

FLYNN

I'm guessing so.

Another few moments of gasping silence. Then another buzz and hum, and the Lifeboat flashes into existence once more.

MARY FIELDS

Oh, hell no, not again?

FLYNN

That one's ours.

They jog over, Flynn holding Jiya protectively against his chest, as Rufus opens the door, breathing hard.

RUFUS

I got the others back. What - what happened to Jiya? Is she all right?

FLYNN

I'm sure she's fine.

He hefts Jiya up to Rufus, who takes hold of her, grunts, and carries her unconscious body into the Lifeboat. Looks worried, kisses her hair, as Flynn turns to Mary.

FLYNN

We can't thank you enough for your help. We'd be dead otherwise. And the man you shot - trust me, you could have aimed a little higher.

MARY FIELDS

Get that feeling.

They look at each other, then she pulls him in, and kisses him on the cheek. Once more, Flynn is totally stunned.

MARY FIELDS (CONT)

Never felt the need to be married myself, but as men go, you ain't the worst. Ain't the worst by a long shot. Take care, now. Wherever it is you're going.

Flynn nods awkwardly, smiles at her, then clambers into the Lifeboat. The door swings shut, and Mary stands there, watching it go.

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON - EVENING

We follow a figure striding down a prison corridor, past cell doors, to the one at the end. Comes to a halt. We pan around to see it's EMMA, dressed all in black - leather jacket, skintight jeans, heels. She looks scary.

Emma presses a button, lets herself in, as the inmate sitting on the bunk looks up. It's BENJAMIN CAHILL, in prison scrubs. He manages a weak version of his obsequious smile.

BENJAMIN

Emma. I actually thought you'd come to see me sooner. Now that you're, as I heard, in charge of Rittenhouse?

EMMA

Actually, I'm not. Your old friend, Michael Temple. Busy trying to ease me out.

BENJAMIN

Mike - Mike Temple?

There's a brief flicker across his face, though he keeps smiling. If Cahill is scared of this guy...

BENJAMIN (CONT)

Well, with all the history we have, I did expect you'd come to get me out. I can help you, Emma. Like always.

EMMA

Mmm. Like you helped my mother?

BENJAMIN

(startled)

What are you talking about?

EMMA

Since Temple insisted that I step aside for the good of the organization, I decided to do some research. Dig into old case files. You know, I started wondering about my mother's accident. Joanna. You remember her. A fall at home, was it?

BENJAMIN

(sweating slightly)

Yes. You know it was a terrible -

EMMA

You ordered her killed.

BENJAMIN

What?

EMMA

(not entirely holding it together)
My. Mother. You ordered her killed.
What was she doing, asking too many
questions about where I was? Insisted
on contacting me? Began to get
suspicious about our secret
organizational aims? Huh?

BENJAMIN

(definitely sweating)
Emma. Emma, come now. You can't
possibly think that I would order the
mother of my favorite -

EMMA

I think it's exactly what you did.
And you and Temple are the same mold.
It's time for you both to know what I
am. What you made me. So -

BENJAMIN

Emma. Please.

EMMA

Oh, I like that. Ask me not to kill
you. Come on.

BENJAMIN

Please don't kill me.

Emma regards him for a moment longer. Then without a change of
expression, she plunges a hand into her jacket, whips out a
gun with a silencer attached, and SHOTS BENJAMIN CAHILL IN
THE HEAD. There's a muffled click and thump. He looks
momentarily stunned. Then a red wound blooms above his right
ear, and he falls off the prison bunk. Dead at her feet.

A few beats of terrible silence. Emma smiles.

EMMA

(to his body)
Good evening, Mr. Cahill.

She turns, steps out of the cell with unhurried strides, walks
away with a little smile on her face. Doesn't look back.

FADE TO BLACK.

END CREDITS.

NEXT WEEK ON TIMELESS. . .

TIMELESS 3X09: "THE STONEWALL RIOTS"

The now-iconic exterior of the Stonewall Inn - a dive bar in Greenwich Village, a modest low-rise, neon letters burning in the STONEWALL sign. Disco music pulses from inside, lights strobe the windows. We PAN BACK to see four plainclothes officers in suits, two uniformed officers, a police detective, and DEPUTY INSPECTOR SEYMOUR PINE (50). At his signal, they storm forward to the bar doors and shove them open.

SEYMOUR PINE

Police! We're taking the place!

CUT TO:

MARSHA P. JOHNSON

(not very friendly)

Can I help you?

WYATT

Yeah, hi, good morning, we're wondering if -

He's interrupted by Flynn, digging an elbow hard into his ribs. Wyatt, bless his Texas-boy, U.S. Military heart, could not look more like an undercover cop if he tried.

WYATT

(much more camp)

Good morning, darling, wondering if you had a moment to talk?

CUT TO:

TEMPLE (CONT)

You need to find out who killed Benjamin Cahill. He's dead, apparently. Murdered in prison. All the security cameras conveniently went dark. I need to know which of our enemies got to him.

CUT TO:

EMMA

Good evening, princess.

(beat)

Lucy. See, look. Hands up. No guns this time. Easy.

LUCY

What the hell have you done here?

CUT TO:

JIYA

Lucy. Lucy, what is it?

Lucy stares at her for a long moment. Visibly trying to summon up the courage. Still terrified, can't do it, but rocks herself up, trying to say it.

LUCY

Look, there's something that none of you know about me.

CUT TO:

TEMPLE

Good. We don't want to be hasty, to make a move prematurely. Especially not with this next mission. Everything depends on it. On establishing the real Rittenhouse, the right Rittenhouse, once and for all, and everything that name means. It's time, I think. It's time.

FADE TO BLACK. . .