

Timeless 3x09 - "THE STONEWALL RIOTS"

TIMELESS

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Episode 3x09

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FADE IN.

LUCY (V/O)

Previously on TIMELESS...

1x14 with Lucy and Josephine Baker. 2x08 with Lucy and Jiya posing as a couple and telling Denise about the future of the gay rights movement. 3x01 with Lucy and Future Lucy warning her that the second time, her car accident was not an accident, and Jane injecting Rufus to save his life. 3x02 with Temple talking about the failure of the Montgomery boycott. 3x04 with Jane shooting Ethel Rosenberg. 3x07 with Emma telling Flynn that Lucy should meet her if she wants to know things. 3x08 with Temple taking over from Emma, the team's daring trek to Idaho, Flynn telling Lucy about Emma's offer, and their kiss. Wyatt getting shot, Jiya using her visions to enable the team to escape, Temple wounded by Mary Fields, and the eventful return to the present. Lastly, Emma killing Benjamin Cahill in prison, as we...

FADE TO BLACK.

OPEN ON:

EXT. STONEWALL INN - NIGHT

CAPTION: GREENWICH VILLAGE, NEW YORK

JUNE 28, 1969 - 1:20 AM

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. 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!

CONTINUE TO:

INT. STONEWALL INN - NIGHT

A sudden interruption to the patrons inside. It's a colorful, eclectic crowd. Drag queens, butch lesbians, effeminate young men, cabaret performers. Many young people, people of color. Among them, we pan to the young SYLVIA RIVERA (18), a Latino transgender woman, and STORMÉ DELARVERIE (49), a mixed-race butch lesbian. The music stops, the lights go up. Most patrons are frightened and confused. Nobody moves.

SEYMOUR PINE (CONT)

Line up by the bar, produce your identification, and if you're dressed as a woman, we'll have female officers arriving to verify that.

At that, a few patrons break from the line and bolt, but the officers lunge to restrain them. The crowd is still stunned, but there is a palpable sense of anger.

POLICE OFFICER
(to the first man in line)
Name and identification.

STONEWALL PATRON
Ain't giving no cop no ID.

POLICE OFFICER
Identification, now.

POLICE OFFICER #2
(to a drag queen)
You and the others, step into the ladies' bathroom. We said now.

The drag queen glances at one of the plainclothes officers, who's really getting into patting down one of the lesbians.

DRAG QUEEN
And what you gonna do to us then?

POLICE OFFICER
We're here to seize the bar's liquor, and we also are well aware that this establishment is owned by the Mafia. Once this check is complete, anyone not breaking the law will be free to go. But until then -

DRAG QUEEN
(laughs)
Yeah, we know y'all here because you weren't getting your cut of the blackmail money from those rich pervs on Wall Street.

POLICE OFFICER
Step into the bathroom. Sir.

DRAG QUEEN
(defiantly)
Don't think I'm gonna.

CUT TO:

EXT. STONEWALL INN - NIGHT

The police are roughly pushing patrons out into the alley, with some visible shoving and blows. One police wagon has arrived to transport the seized liquor. Some of the patrons perform twirls and flourishes as they exit, to the applause of the others. The Stonewall employees are herded toward a second police wagon. Onlookers are quickly filtering in.

BYSTANDER
(shouting)

Gay power!

The crowd cheers. The earlier defiant spark is picking up steam. Laughing, fist pumps, jeers.

STORMÉ DELARVERIE is escorted out, in handcuffs. She's struggling, the police officers are having to haul her.

STORMÉ DELARVERIE
These cuffs are too tight, you
sonsabitches.

The police officer doesn't answer. Nearby, his compatriot shoves a transvestite, who whirls around and hits him on the head with her purse. The crowd hisses, boos.

STONEWALL PATRON #2
(singing)

*We shall overcome
We shall overcome
We shall overcome, some day...*

CROWD
(picking up quickly)
*Oh, deep in my heart
I do believe
We shall overcome, some day...*

POLICE OFFICER
You all better shut up.

STORMÉ DELARVERIE
You must be deaf, I said my handcuffs
are too tight.

The officer hits her on the head with his baton, leaving a gash. Blood trickles down her face. She's briefly stunned. Then furious. She lunges at the officer, grabs and scraps at him, pulls free. The cops have their hands full trying to contain her. She pushes, swears.

The momentum is picking up. The mood is turning ugly. Patrons press forward. Things are starting to be thrown. SYLVIA RIVERA emerges from the Stonewall Inn, looks around, sees a familiar face across the way. It's MARSHA P. JOHNSON (24), a flamboyant African-American drag queen.

MARSHA P. JOHNSON
What the fresh hell's going on,
Sylvia? Y'all okay? Heard something
was brewing, rushed down here.

SYLVIA RIVERA
They raided the place. There was a
rumor, but the cops didn't turn up at
the usual time, we thought it was -

Behind them, Stormé is still struggling. More things being thrown. The crowd is pushing and jostling, singing and chanting, as the police begin to look scared. They finally seize hold of Stormé and drag her to the police wagon.

STORMÉ DELARVERIE

(as she's being thrown in,
furious, to the crowd)

WHY DON'T YOU GUYS DO SOMETHING?

That does it. The crowd snaps. They surge forward against the outnumbered police, yelling, throwing things, a human tide, intense and visceral. One of the most raw and ferocious scenes we have ever seen on TIMELESS. Marsha and Sylvia run at a cop side by side. The police knock some more patrons down with their batons, bottles are thrown, the wagons struggle to drive off through the raging crowd. Seymour Pine looks rattled.

SEYMOUR PINE

(over his radio)

Immediate backup requested at
Greenwich Village, Stonewall Inn.
Situation's turned violent. Repeat,
all units, requesting immediate -

The radio is knocked out of his hand, trampled by a pair of glittery plastic high heels, as we focus in on it, and its broken pieces on the dark cement, as the noise fades out.

TIMELESS MAIN TITLE - 06281969

RETURN TO:

INT. TEMPLE'S OFFICE - DAY

Michael Temple is sitting behind his desk, RITTENHOUSE INC on the back wall, looking like any other successful CEO. He's talking on the phone.

TEMPLE

Yep... looking forward to it...
Absolutely. We'll grab a burger.
Study hard, kiddo, I gotta go.

He hangs up and presses a button on his desk. The door buzzes, and rather unexpectedly, Emma enters. She's done her hair and makeup, put on a skirt suit, looks chastened, politely waits.

TEMPLE

Well there. Good morning. I honestly
wasn't sure how you were going to
take all this.

EMMA

I've thought it over, and you're
absolutely right. You're much better

equipped to run Rittenhouse right now than I am. I just want to work with you and help carry out your vision and do everything I can for the organization.

TEMPLE

I'm glad to hear that. You're a very valuable asset, Emma.

EMMA

(smiles, then)

Who was that on the phone?

TEMPLE

My son, actually. I have three. They're all great kids. Perks of this job, I'm actually seeing them more. Except for one, my youngest. Timothy. He's a sophomore at Yale. We've - well, we've had our ups and downs. But he said he wanted to meet up, wanted to talk to me about something, and I said I would. That's where you come in, actually.

EMMA

Oh?

TEMPLE

I've got a pretty good idea what he wants to tell me.

(beat)

Obviously, I don't want to send my own son to some kind of program. I don't even personally have anything against it. But if we're maintaining the new funding source we have coming in from the Vice President's office, it's important we get this one done.

He reaches into a desk drawer, slides a folder across the table to Emma, who takes it and reads it, expressionless.

EMMA

So you have been busy. Working all your old connections for us. I'm glad Rittenhouse is already so productive under your leadership.

TEMPLE

If you can handle this for us, well - you know that things in 1900 didn't exactly go to plan.

A faint, derisive smile appears on Emma's face. Clearly enjoying the fact that Temple also blew it and got hurt in an embarrassing fashion. He doesn't notice, she composes herself.

EMMA

If nothing else, you've seen that there might only be seven of them, but they are a formidable opponent.

TEMPLE

Indeed. I remain confident we can handle them, but they've exhausted all the olive branches we've offered. Admittedly, you're right. Trying to turn Garcia Flynn away, leverage him against them, has failed.

EMMA

I told you that would happen.

TEMPLE

And look at us, relying on each other's advice. Rittenhouse really is the winner after all. So, new orders.

EMMA

And those are?

TEMPLE

I want Garcia Flynn dead or alive, but preferably alive. There's too much we need to know, everything he learned and how. Once we're done interrogating him, he'll be disposed of. Kill the rest of the team, except for Lucy, but capture Flynn and bring him here. And, of course, the rest of it. Do that, and we'll be co-CEOs. I have the press release all ready to go. Understood?

EMMA

(smiles)

Gladly.

CUT TO:

INT. SAFE HOUSE MEDICAL BAY - MORNING

Jiya is lying in a hospital bed, unconscious, hooked up to monitors. Rufus is sprawled in a chair at her side, holding her hand, dozing off, unshaven, unshowered.

Jiya stirs. Cracks an eyelid, looks confused and groggy. Blinks a few times, takes stock. Glances over at Rufus.

JIYA

Rufus?

RUFUS

(starts awake)

Wha? Hngh? Guh - ?

JIYA

How long have you been here?

RUFUS

Ever since we got back.

JIYA

You look terrible.

RUFUS

I wasn't leaving you.

JIYA

(smiles tenderly)

Where's Wyatt? Is he okay?

RUFUS

An intensive course of modern antibiotics, a little spot surgery, and a few nights of sleep in something that was not a vermin-infested pioneer cabin, and he's on the mend. You've been out for almost five days. Take it slow.

JIYA

Actually, I don't feel that bad. I feel - I feel really good. Strange. Like - like I'm... changed, somehow.

RUFUS

Still, Scarlet Witch, take it easy.

He helps her sit up, fusses with her pillows, but Jiya has had enough of being in bed, has an odd energy. Removes the monitor clips, swings her legs over the side, looks around.

JIYA

So this must be our new place.

RUFUS

Yeah. It's a definite upgrade on the other one. We all have our own rooms, the couch isn't cement, and Connor and I have gotten most of the systems online again. The Lifeboat hasn't had any terrible failures in the last forty-eight hours. So, good?

JIYA

We need to get moving.

She strides across the bay, in search of her clothes, as Rufus jumps up and runs after her.

CUT TO:

INT. SAFE HOUSE KITCHEN - MORNING

Jiya, now dressed, walks into the kitchen, as everyone looks around in surprise and appreciation to see her. Wyatt's arm is bandaged and he still looks a little haggard, but as promised, he's on the mend. Flynn, Lucy, Connor, Denise also smile.

DENISE

Jiya! We didn't know you were awake?

RUFUS

(running in)

Yeah, she woke up and turned into Sarah Connor powering out of there. I tried to slow her down, but -

JIYA

I feel much better, actually. Are we ready to go?

LUCY

(puzzled)

Go where?

JIYA

After Rittenhouse.

LUCY

They haven't jumped for the last week or so. Maybe they -

JIYA

No, they've gone. I need more data. I'm willing to pilot, and Rufus needs to sleep, so if you all decide who's up for this, we can -

Everyone is confused. No jump alarm has gone off - yet.

JIYA (CONT)

Guys, why are you sitting there?

CONNOR

We haven't had any alert.

JIYA

They could have found out a way to disconnect it. I just - I know they've jumped, I saw them. There was some kind of bar. Nineteen sixties, maybe? New York. People fighting cops. It looked like they were from a cabaret show or something.

LUCY

Wait, the Stonewall Riots?

JIYA

Maybe? I don't know. It could have been. Stonewall was what started the entire modern LGBT rights movement, wasn't it?

LUCY

(looks at the others)

It would make sense for Rittenhouse to target that.

DENISE

But if you go and they're not there - Jiya, I don't want to say you're wrong, but we can't afford to make mistakes in chasing them anymore. They're just too dangerous.

FLYNN

I can't be the only one who always thought that sitting in a box underground and meekly waiting for Rittenhouse to choose their targets first was a stupid strategy. I vote we air it out. Take a risk. I'm up.

LUCY

I'll go too, of course, but if this is Stonewall -

(she looks at Denise)

That obviously is very personally important for you. Do you want to come along again?

DENISE

(touched)

Lucy, I'm honored, and I can't deny that part of me very much wants to be there. But I trust you, all of you, and you're the ones who are trained for this. Wyatt, how are you feeling?

WYATT

Still a little gimpy, but I can probably hack it.

DENISE

No more getting shot. Or hit by a beer bottle. Jiya - are you sure?

JIYA

(pauses, then)

Yes. I'm sure.

[COMMERCIALS]

RETURN TO:

EXT. GREENWICH VILLAGE - DAY

Flynn, Wyatt, Lucy, and Jiya, dressed in their sixties best, walk through the streets of the Village. Considerable disorder is still visible everywhere. Rubbish, broken glass, cordoned alleys, spray-painted slogans.

WYATT

So what, basically, big surprise, Rittenhouse hates gay people?

LUCY

I wouldn't be surprised, but it's more than that. This is 1969. There are protest movements going on across the country - women's rights, civil rights, anti-Vietnam, and of course, this. Derailing Stonewall has huge ramifications for Reagan, the AIDS crisis, and of course for the modern movement, for all the progress that's been made. It's at the heart of everything Rittenhouse wants to undo.

FLYNN

(snorts)

Reagan actually handling the AIDS crisis worse? Is that possible?

LUCY

The first gay pride marches in the country happen on June 28, 1970, the first anniversary of the riots. Gay rights organizations are quickly founded after that. If there's no public awareness or visibility at all, then yes, a lot more people could die. Rittenhouse managed to shut down the Montgomery bus boycott, but not the whole civil rights movement. If they've refined their technique now, we're in big trouble.

JIYA

So where do we go? The riot already happened early this morning, right?

LUCY

It's not just one event, it's at least two nights of serious struggle, and a week of unrest after that. We should find the Stonewall Inn, yes.

FLYNN

Not like this, we won't. We look way too much like straight people. Anyway, the inn's at 53 Christopher Street, between West 4th and Waverly in Greenwich Village. We'll have to get a lot more fabulous on the way.

CUT TO:

EXT. STONEWALL INN - DAY

The place shows the aftermath of the night's violence. Walls burned and blackened, defaced with defiant graffiti. A crowd of gawkers give the team curious and suspicious looks. Wyatt and Flynn are wearing eyeliner, bedazzled jackets, earrings, while Lucy and Jiya have suspenders, top hats, suits.

CONTINUE TO:

INT. STONEWALL INN - DAY

The bar is trashed, glasses and mirrors and windows broken, payphones, jukeboxes, bar stools smashed and overturned, coats and handbags strewn everywhere, generally a mess. A few people are cleaning up, including Marsha and Sylvia. They stop short at the sight of the team, then Marsha steps forward, holding her broom at the ready like a javelin.

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 little moment to chat?

MARSHA P. JOHNSON

The hell are you?

Flynn throws an arm around Wyatt's waist, snuggles him close, as Wyatt looks briefly horrified and then manages to smile dreamily up at him. Lucy and Jiya cough hastily, then also grab hold of each other and cuddle up.

FLYNN

(loving this drama)

We heard about what happened last night. We want to help.

MARSHA P. JOHNSON

Do you? Never seen you around the Stonewall before. Or any of the other places on the circuit. I'd bet my perky ass the lot of you are cops.

LUCY

Miss Johnson, we're not cops.

MARSHA P. JOHNSON

(surprised)

How you know my name?

LUCY

I've... read about you. You're a very inspiring figure to people.

MARSHA P. JOHNSON

What, lil' ol' me? That's news. Where you folks from?

LUCY

California, but we've been traveling around the country. Protesting, you know. I'm Lucy, this is my girl Jiya, that's our friends Flynn and Wyatt.

WYATT

Yep, that's us. We're definitely together.

MARSHA P. JOHNSON

(amused)

Are you now? Good money you never been in a place like this. Your old man beat you, I'm guessing?

WYATT

(a little startled)

Actually, yeah.

MARSHA P. JOHNSON

That's the case with many of us. My own mother said that to be homosexual was lower than a dog. But no matter. If you've truly come to help, you'll find a home with us queers here. We take in everyone. Still, you understand we got to be wary.

LUCY

Of course. Is there any chance you've seen a red-haired woman with freckles, or a middle-aged white man with glasses? I know that's not much to go on, but still.

MARSHA P. JOHNSON

I seen too many Godforsaken white men
in my life, sister.

LUCY

(smiles)

I feel that. Anyway, their names are
Emma Whitmore and Michael Temple, but
they might be using aliases. If
they're here, they're not to be
trusted. They're trying to - well,
they're no friends to the community.

MARSHA P. JOHNSON

They some of Pine's stooges? Fine, if
I see 'em, I'll keep you in mind. Now
unless you're planning to grab a
broom and help, scat.

The team thanks her and hurries out into the alley, trying to
decide on their next move.

WYATT

So, are we sure Rittenhouse is here?

JIYA

(a little stubbornly)

Yes.

LUCY

Marsha mentioned Pine, Seymour Pine.
He's the deputy inspector that led
the raid on Stonewall. Rittenhouse
might be promising more resources,
more help, whatever, to get the riots
snuffed out after one night.

FLYNN

That was Marsha P. Johnson, right?
Any chance they'd go after her? I
can't imagine Rittenhouse is terribly
fond of black transgender street
workers and gay rights activists.

LUCY

They could, but it might be easier if
there were more of them in one place.
And the movement begins with poor
trans women of color, but it's not
like they don't have enemies already.
Rittenhouse would probably want to
leverage higher-level targets. People
it's harder to get to.

FLYNN

If you say so, but -

They're interrupted as a few patrons pass them on their way into the Stonewall, glancing over their shoulders. Flynn puts his arm around Wyatt and kisses him smarmily on the cheek, causing Wyatt to utter an annoyed noise and push him off.

WYATT

They're gone now, you can cut it out.

FLYNN

Oh, forgive me for not wanting our cover blown right away.

LUCY

Flynn, stop winding up Wyatt. Wyatt, remember where we are and act like it. You two go find Pine.

WYATT

I assume not dressed like this? And Denise did say I wasn't supposed to get into any more gunfights.

FLYNN.

I'll protect you. Honey.

Wyatt gives him a dirty look, but manages not to say anything.

FLYNN (CONT)

We'll meet you back here sometime this afternoon.

The guys head off. Lucy looks over at Jiya.

LUCY

So... what happened? Are you sure you're okay? You were unconscious for five days, you wake up, you just know where Rittenhouse has gone?

JIYA

It's hard to explain. Back in Idaho, I did something, I'm not even sure how, but I used my visions to keep Stanley distracted so he couldn't blow the Lifeboat. Maybe there's something of that link left, so if he knew about Rittenhouse jumping, so did I. I know it sounds out there.

LUCY

Could you... I don't know... read his mind?

JIYA

Like a Harry and Voldemort kind of thing? The thought occurred to me. It would take a lot of concentration, but... maybe.

LUCY

Well, anyway. Maybe we can find where they're holding the people they arrested. That includes Stormé DeLarverie. She's an icon and a leader in the movement for many years, they could do a lot of damage if they get to her.

JIYA

(glances at her)

This means a lot to you.

LUCY

(beat)

Yeah.

With one more look over their shoulders, they too head off.

CUT TO:

EXT. NYPD POLICE STATION - DAY

Wyatt and Flynn, having washed off the eyeliner and changed back into their usual jackets (alas), approach the precinct headquarters. They glance around, then head up the steps.

CONTINUE TO:

INT. NYPD POLICE STATION - DAY

Wyatt and Flynn jostle through the busy station, up toward the receptionist's desk.

WYATT

'Scuse me, is Deputy Inspector Seymour Pine here? We're from the FBI, we have questions about the raid on the Stonewall Inn last night.

RECEPTIONIST

Inspector Pine's very busy. You have any badges on you?

FLYNN

We just came up from D.C. on the train. Mr. Hoover sent us personally. We worked on the lavender business under Senator McCarthy.

RECEPTIONIST

Oh? Well, we did have to get the sex perverts out of the government, they were a security risk.

FLYNN

Exactly. So, you'll tell Pine we're here, then.

CUT TO:

INT. NYPD POLICE STATION - DAY

Flynn strides toward Pine's office door, knocks, and then lets himself in, Wyatt stepping after him. Pine is on the phone, looks worse for wear, looks up with a start to see them.

SEYMOUR PINE

I'll call you back.

(puts down the phone)

Who the hell are you two?

FLYNN

Agent Harvey, that's Agent Milk. Up from the Bureau. Mr. Hoover's very interested in what happened in the Village last night with the raid on the homosexual bar.

Pine is a little unnerved by the mention of Hoover. Everyone in this era is afraid of him. Knows that it might be dangerous to call their bluff.

SEYMOUR PINE

We were simply following federal and state orders. It was all planned and approved by my superiors. That place is owned by the mob anyway, it's involved in blackmailing prominent figures on Wall Street, and besides, we need to get our arrest numbers up. It's easy to nab the gay people, they don't give you any trouble.

WYATT

Yeah, because they're afraid of you destroying their lives if they do. Real fair system you got.

SEYMOUR PINE

Beg your pardon, Agent Milk?

FLYNN

Ah, "just following orders," yes. We did hear that the Stonewall raid happened because the police weren't getting their share of bribe money paid by prominent clients to keep their identities under wraps. Mr. Hoover needs to know who these perverts are. You'll show us your files, tell us about anyone you might have talked to, anyone with an interest.

SEYMOUR PINE

(startled)

I don't think that will -

FLYNN

Are you a homosexual yourself, Mr. Pine?

SEYMOUR PINE

What - of course not. That's entirely absurd. I don't have any problem with them as long as they follow the law, but I'm not one myself. No.

FLYNN

So then, we'll get started. Anyone else come to see you? Anyone wanting to know more about the case?

SEYMOUR PINE

Well - all right, there was one. Earlier. A woman, actually, I didn't get her name. She said it was important that I didn't release any of those arrested.

Flynn and Wyatt exchange looks.

WYATT

And where is that woman now, Inspector Pine, do you know?

SEYMOUR PINE

She left not long before you arrived. What? Why?

FLYNN

We need to talk to her. She may be a known subversive person. Whatever she told you to do, ignore it. Release the perverts without charging them. We're after bigger fish. Hear me?

SEYMOUR PINE

But -

FLYNN

(leans forward)

What am I gonna tell Mr. Hoover about you tonight, Inspector Pine?

SEYMOUR PINE

Got it, Agent Harvey. We'll see to it. Anything else?

Wyatt looks like he's going to say something, but doesn't. Flynn shakes his head, beckons to Wyatt, they get up and go.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DAY

Wyatt and Flynn are walking back toward the Stonewall.

WYATT

Jeez, Pine's terrified of Hoover. I knew he was a pain in the ass, but what's this lavender thing you were talking about?

FLYNN

The Lavender Scare. It was the counterpart to the Red Scare, much less well-known. Started in 1950. McCarthy and Hoover conspired to purge hundreds of gay men and women from their jobs in the U.S. government, called them as much a security risk as the communists. The idea was that the Soviets might blackmail them with the threat of being outed and force them to reveal sensitive information. Plus good old-fashioned homophobia. There were plenty of rumors about Hoover's own sexual orientation swirling around as well, so he mercilessly hunted down anyone who spread them. As long as Pine keeps his promise, we might be all right, but it would be stupid to think that's the only thing Rittenhouse has planned for -

He's cut off from a shout across the way. They turn to see Sylvia Rivera, looking furious, as she stares at them.

SYLVIA RIVERA

Friggin' knew you were pigs! Saw you coming out of the station. Ran right there and turned us in, didn't you?

WYATT

Wait, no. We're not -

SYLVIA RIVERA

You think I'm stupid? Stupid little fairy girl? I'm going to warn the others, and we better not see you sniffing around the Stonewall no more. We served your cop friends real good last night, we ain't afraid to do it again!

WYATT

Come on, you gotta listen to us,
we're not -

Sylvia starts to run, as they break into a sprint after her.

SYLVIA RIVERA

(yelling)

Hey, Village, hey! Cops are after me!
Cops are after me!

People start spilling out from side alleys, nearby doors. A good two dozen or so, still spoiling for a fight. This has the potential to get ugly again fast. Flynn and Wyatt skid to a halt, hold up their hands.

WYATT

Easy, guys. Easy. We're on your side,
we promise.

Flynn reaches slowly under his jacket, pulls out his gun, puts it on the ground. Restless murmur, glances exchanged among the onlookers. Still 75% convinced they're cops, but admittedly haven't seen any cops act like this.

FLYNN

Let's all take a deep breath here.

Some of the tension is defused, but the situation is still very delicate. Wyatt and Flynn remain where they are, hands up, as the crowd eyes them belligerently. Flynn strains, trying to see if Sylvia has gotten all the way to the Stonewall - it's obviously bad if they get themselves banned.

FLYNN (CONT)

Give us a second, and we'll tell you
exactly why we were at the station,
and then -

Just then, Wyatt catches movement out of the corner of his eye, someone stepping up right behind Flynn.

WYATT

Flynn! Hey! Behind -

Flynn whirls around, an instant too late.

A CRACK, and then it all goes dark.

[COMMERCIALS]

RETURN TO:

INT. TEMPLE'S OFFICE - DAY

Temple is once more at his desk, hard at work. He picks up a framed photo, looks at it. It's himself and a teenage boy, clearly his son, Timothy. They're smiling, having a good time.

The office phone rings, Temple starts, picks it up.

TEMPLE

Mike Temple speaking.

Beat. He looks surprised.

TEMPLE (CONT)

Evelyn Cahill, yes, of course. It's good to hear from you. I haven't forgotten about Ben, but with the work we're doing now, I just think it's better not to throw up any -

(beat)

I'm sorry, he what?

(another beat)

Yes, of course, I'm so sorry to hear that. My condolences on your loss. Terrible. Ben and I had a lot of good times in college. Pass on my best wishes to the family. Yes.

He hangs up the phone, sits for a long moment. Hard to read his face. He doesn't seem sad, exactly, but he definitely looks angry. Takes off his glasses, rubs his eyes.

Pause. Puts them back on. Gets up, opens the door, strides sharply away down the hall.

CUT TO:

INT. ISOLATION TANK

A beep, Temple steps through into a pitch-dark chamber, hits a button. Blue lights rise, and we see Stanley Fisher strapped to a full-body brace, turning slowly around and around on a gyroscope. Temple leans forward, keys a mic.

TEMPLE

Time to wake up, Mr. Fisher.

Stanley's eyes open slowly. He looks at Temple through the glass. Clearly exhausted. Not clear what Rittenhouse has been doing to him in here, or how much more he can take.

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.

Stanley continues to stare blankly at Temple. Possible he's also still "hungover" from whatever Jiya did to him last time.

STANLEY

(hoarsely)

Piss off.

TEMPLE

I can get you out of here.

STANLEY

Yeah, you put me in, so that's not the most compelling offer I've ever heard in my life.

TEMPLE

Do this, and we'll call it square. We have several new pilots in training, and you must be getting tired.

STANLEY

Oh look. He's acting concerned.

TEMPLE

I'm not going to ask again.

A long, fraught pause. Then Stanley convulses, eyes rolling back in his head. Temple watches as he goes limp - then starts to shake harder and harder, rattling against the straps. An unsettling scene. Temple folds his arms, waits until Stanley slowly starts to come to, grimacing, gagging.

TEMPLE

Well?

In answer, Stanley laughs. It echoes, eerie, demented.

STANLEY

(breathless, spitting)

Ahahaha. Oh man. Oh man. Screw you dicks. It's exactly what you deserve. You're right. I'm tired of this. And you know what? You can figure it out.

TEMPLE

Mr. Fisher, you'll recall -

STANLEY

Yeah. A lot. Oh god. I'd throw you both middle fingers if my arms weren't strapped down. Oh man. Too good. Screw you. Screw you.

TEMPLE

You're going to tell me, or -

In answer, Stanley laughs harder. Begins to shake again, uncontrollably, and gives himself over to it entirely. His eyes roll up, froth oozes from his mouth, as monitors begin to shrill wildly. Temple's eyes widen. He rushes to the door, unlocks it, runs through into the chamber.

With a final whine, the monitors go flat. Stanley's head slumps. Total silence. Temple approaches him warily.

TEMPLE

Mr. Fisher. Mr. Fisher.

He removes a syringe from his pocket, which looks exactly like the one used on Rufus in Chinatown, and injects Stanley with it. Steps back, waiting for it to work.

Nothing.

TEMPLE

(a little more urgently)

Mr. Fisher, I'm not done with you.

Still nothing. Silence.

Stanley's dead.

SLAM CUT TO:

EXT. GREENWICH VILLAGE - AFTERNOON

Jiya stumbles backward, holding her head, gasping. She goes to her knees, as Lucy grabs at her arm in concern.

LUCY

Jiya? Jiya, are you all right? What's going on?

JIYA

I don't - I need a second. I just - something bad just happened, I need to - I think -

LUCY

What? What?

JIYA

Something happened to Stanley. I don't know, I can't explain it. He was there, and then he was nowhere. Anywhere. At any time. Like he erased himself from every possibility, every future strand, any place he could be found or brought back.

LUCY

(shaken)

Why would he do that? How would he do that? Was it something that Rittenhouse did?

JIYA

No. I think he did it to himself. Self-destructed somehow. I think he was trying to get away from them. It's not clear.

LUCY

So you can't read his mind?

JIYA

No. I was lucky to get out of it, actually. He was somewhere dark, that's all I know. Someone was talking to him. I think it was Temple, and he wanted something from him. But if Stanley's dead - Stanley's erased - I can't exactly get back in and find out.

LUCY

It's okay. We'll think of something else. Are you sure you're all right?

JIYA

(tired of this question)

I'm fine. We have bigger things to worry about, either way. I just -

She stops. A worried frown crosses her face.

LUCY

What?

JIYA

I can't be sure, but... does this sound like what supposedly happened to Rufus in Chinatown? What Flynn and Wyatt and Connor told us about how he was saved? All the trouble we've been having with the Lifeboat and the timeline and whether he should be alive or dead? What if Jane, whatever she is - what if she didn't save our Rufus? What if that injection brought back a Rufus from one of the timelines where he didn't die? Almost but not exactly ours? Just switched the quantum signature, moved an alive Rufus into the place where there was a dead one. It would be possible. It kept looking like magic to us, but it was just an even more advanced kind of time travel. Something we don't have yet. Something Rittenhouse does.

LUCY

But why would Jane use it on Rufus? Rittenhouse wants him dead, right? Wants all of us dead.

JIYA

It's been pretty well established that we don't know what Rittenhouse wants anymore. And Jane herself is

some kind of paradox, something from a different branch of the future. All the interference got started when she shot Ethel Rosenberg in 1950, remember? Right after that was when the Lifeboat really went to hell. Timelines aren't supposed to mix like that, and now we can't undo them.

LUCY

So - what? What does this mean?

JIYA

I'm not sure. You need to ask Wyatt about anything else that your future selves said. They were also a product of the paradox loop, but they started it, or resulted from it, and -

Lucy's head is starting to hurt. She has no doubt that Jiya's onto something very worrisome, but there are other matters.

LUCY

Come on, we were going to check that they'd released everyone arrested.

She helps Jiya to her feet, and they walk up the steps.

CONTINUE TO:

INT. NEW YORK CITY JAIL - DAY

Lucy and Jiya, who are still dressed in their jackets and suspenders, get dirty looks as they proceed to the front desk. Muttered comments don't sound favorable.

LUCY

Excuse me? Hello?

The receptionist looks up at them frostily.

RECEPTIONIST

Can I help you?

LUCY

Everyone arrested in the Stonewall raid, this morning. Are they still here?

RECEPTIONIST

Are you a family member for any of the accused, Miss...?

LUCY

Miss Baker. No, but -

RECEPTIONIST

Then I'm afraid I can't help you. This is a city lockup, not a -

VOICE

(from behind them)

They've been released, if you were wondering. I came by to ask. You young ladies should probably leave, it would be safer.

Lucy turns around to see a middle-aged white man in a suit and tie, neat and respectable. This is FRANK KAMENY (44).

LUCY

Ah, well, thank you, Mr. - ?

FRANK KAMENY

Come with me.

Lucy and Jiya hesitate, then walk with him down the corridor. Kameny leads them outside and down the steps.

FRANK KAMENY (CONT)

You called yourself Miss Baker? I'm Frank, Dr. Frank Kameny.

LUCY

Dr. - oh my, Dr. Kameny? I should have recognized you. Oh. Yes. I see.

FRANK KAMENY

Have you heard of my work?

LUCY

Yes. You were fired from the U.S. government in 1957 for being gay, you founded the D.C. Mattachine Society, you run the Annual Reminder that pickets the White House every year for gay rights. You've done a lot of legal and advocacy work. We're honored to meet you.

FRANK KAMENY

Thank you, Miss Baker, but that's why I had to step in back there. These riots, they're not a good thing for the homosexual community. It makes us look like a bunch of screaming, deviant, misbehaving queens doing conga lines and throwing things at the police. I have campaigned for almost a decade to show that homosexuals are normal people who live normal lives, and that's how we run the pickets. Orderly, civilized. Men wear suits, women wear dresses. No hand-holding, nothing outrageous.

LUCY

With all due respect, Mr. Kameny, these riots have gotten more attention and results in a few days than your pickets have in several years. Power doesn't grant rights to oppressed people because they politely ask. It has to be forced. I used to think like you, in some ways. In many, actually. But now...

FRANK KAMENY

(a little wary)

So, you're a radical?

LUCY

I don't know. I might be turning into one. I don't think this is going to stop because we want it to.

FRANK KAMENY

(to Jiya)

And you are?

JIYA

My name's Jiya. I'm her - we're together. Mr. Kameny, you studied astronomy with Cecilia Payne, right?

FRANK KAMENY

(surprised)

Dr. Payne was my supervisor at Harvard, yes. Brilliant woman.

JIYA

(at Lucy's look, under her breath)
Sorry, she's just one of my science heroines.

Lucy smiles, but turns back to Kameny, undeterred.

LUCY

If the people arrested in the riot were released, we need to get back to the Stonewall and see what's going on. Mr. Kameny, are you sure you don't want to come with us?

FRANK KAMENY

Like I said, Miss Baker, I've staked a lot on proving we're respectable people. If I'm caught in that part of town, doing the things they do, I don't have any moral authority to organize the pickets or petition the president. I don't know if -

LUCY

I think you should come with us.

She is clearly very serious about this, and a little frightening. Kameny considers, torn.

FRANK KAMENY

Well, if you thought you might need me to keep you away from any more cops, all right, I'll try to do that. But I'm not staying long.

LUCY

Thank you. Let's go.

With that, she, Jiya, and Kameny head off down the sidewalk.

[COMMERCIALS]

RETURN TO:

EXT. STONEWALL INN - EVENING

Lucy, Jiya, and Kameny have reached the Stonewall Inn. A large sign defiantly proclaims WE ARE OPEN. Lights are on inside the bar, despite the mess. Kameny regards it carefully. This is not his ballpark. People outside eye them.

JIYA

(looking around)

Where are Flynn and Wyatt? They were going to meet us back here, right?

LUCY

Maybe they got delayed at the police precinct.

She doesn't like it either, however, and glances around nervously. Finally approaches one of the loiterers outside the inn, who doesn't look that happy to see her.

LUCY

Excuse me? We were here earlier, we're looking for our friends, the gay couple we were with?

STONEWALL PATRON

What, you mean the two who were definitely cops? I talked to Sylvia. She said they were after her, there was a scene. One of 'em got dragged off by someone. Probably did us all a favor. You're welcome to go.

LUCY

Wait, they - they what? What - who grabbed them?

STONEWALL PATRON

No idea. Now you want to get out of here, huh? Ain't gonna be a friendly place for Betty Badges and their -

FRANK KAMENY

Excuse me, you don't have to speak to her like that. If we're polite -

The young man eyes him, unimpressed. Lucy turns back to Jiya.

LUCY

(low-voiced)

Something happened to Flynn and Wyatt. Someone grabbed them.

JIYA

Rittenhouse, or - ?

LUCY

I don't know. There's going to be another night of rioting, this won't be safe pretty soon, especially if they think we're with the cops. And honestly, we haven't done much to convince them otherwise.

JIYA

Maybe if we look for them?

LUCY

We should. We're going to have to. Dr. Kameny, maybe if you go with Jiya and make sure nothing - ?

Kameny starts to say something, then thinks better of it, and follows Jiya off down the street. Lucy heads the other direction, turns down an alley, tense and watchful.

LUCY

Garcia...? Wyatt...?

She sees someone moving up ahead, speeds up. Reaches the end of the alley - just as the person steps out into the faint glow of the streetlight, hands up.

It's not Flynn or Wyatt. It's Emma. Dressed in drag-king clothes, leather trousers, suspenders, jacket, red lipstick that could kill a man, probably has. Lucy jerks to a halt.

EMMA

Good evening, princess.

(beat)

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

LUCY

What the hell have you done here?

EMMA

(grins)

Would you believe me if I said nothing?

LUCY

Of course not. You're Rittenhouse to the bone, you and Temple, you'd never turn on -

EMMA

Pretty rich of you to talk about anyone else being Rittenhouse to the bone, princess. You remember what Carol told you, while you were our prisoner? That you're the only remaining direct descendant of David Rittenhouse? Makes you practically the Heir of Slytherin, right?

Lucy goes stiff. She and Emma circle each other warily, gazes locked, like a pair of stalking lionesses.

EMMA (CONT)

But we all know that gift is wasted on you. Admittedly, you're not as pathetic as you used to be. Nonetheless -

LUCY

Flynn said you wanted to talk to me. Is that true or not?

EMMA

Oh, he told you? I honestly didn't think he would.

LUCY

You know nothing about him.

EMMA

I know enough. And I haven't been wrong thus far. I expect to be even more accurate in the future, now that I have the journal.

That throws Lucy badly. She stops, white-faced.

LUCY

You have the journal?

EMMA

You don't think I was going to look for it as hard as I could? So yes. I have the journal. Never imagined reading your Very Secret Diary, Lucy, but the job's the job.

Lucy is clearly furious. Struggling to keep it together, not to attack Emma - or to beg her to tell her. Her fists clench.

LUCY

(spitting the words)

So you called me here to gloat?

EMMA

Not exactly. I wanted to make a deal. And one which I think you'll be interested in.

LUCY

Don't stand there and act like I'd ever believe anything you -

EMMA

Temple. Michael Temple. Right now, he fits the definition of a mutual enemy, don't you think? He's taken over my rightful place, and he's done plenty of crap to you and your band of boy-toys. You don't really want him to stick around, do you?

LUCY

Are you - do you really think we'd, what, help you in a palace coup to put you back in charge of Rittenhouse? You don't like that Temple elbowed you out, so -

EMMA

He's good, princess. He's not going to stop until he has all of you. You might actually prefer me.

LUCY

(savagely)

I prefer all of you dead.

EMMA

(shrugs)

Fair.

(after a pause)

But I have plenty of information to offer. Your dear old dad, Benjamin Cahill, picked and trained me personally. I know more about you now than anyone ever has, Lucy. Including that when all this began for you, it still wasn't the first timeline you were living in.

LUCY

What?

EMMA

Remember your car accident?

LUCY

What are you -

EMMA

Sorry. Reached the limit of the free information I'm willing to give out. But just so you know, that's why I'm not doing anything for Rittenhouse on this mission. It's an important one for Temple maintaining his new position, so I'll make sure it fails. You can consider that another token of my good will, on the house. If you want to make a serious offer after that, I'm sure we'll find each other.

LUCY

Are you - do you think I'd ever - I don't even know what you're asking - in exchange for whatever demented piece of intelligence you're proposing to offer me about -

EMMA

I have all the answers, Lucy. I'm even willing to share them with you. Nobody else seems like doing that, now do they? Oh, if you're thinking of going to ask Flynn, don't bother.

LUCY

What, because he'd tell me that you're lying every time your mouth moves and nothing you say can -

EMMA

(laughs)

No. It's because you're going to betray him, and he's going to die. It should be getting... pretty close now, if the journal's still accurate. Once that happens, I feel like you'll be in a lot more receptive frame of mind. But we'll see.

Lucy is absolutely flattened. Lost for words. Clearly terrified. Her mouth opens and shuts, but nothing comes out.

EMMA

(twisting the knife)

You have a good night, princess.

With that, she saunters down the alleyway and out of sight.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Flynn is chained to a post on the upper floor of a derelict warehouse, wrapped around so many times that he can't get his arms loose. He struggles abortively, but only succeeds in rattling them. Uses his feet to try to lever himself, can't.

FLYNN

(to himself)

Well, this is nonsense.

He looks around for anything he could possibly improvise as a no-handed lock pick. The warehouse is gloomy and deserted. Blood is smeared on Flynn's face from the gash on his head. He snarls in frustration, pulls the chains once more.

Nothing.

FLYNN

(shouting)

If someone's there, how about you show your damn face and get it over with, huh? Come on, cowards!

Still nothing. Flynn leans back against the post, tries to take stock. Realizes that if they haven't killed him by now, they're not going to, but that means they want something else.

A few moments pass. Flynn grimaces, swears under his breath. Closes his eyes, then jerks them open when he hears a muffled thump from downstairs, something that sounds like a gunshot. Then another. He waits tensely, watching the door, as footsteps draw closer.

The next instant, it bursts open. Flynn prepares for whatever kind of fight he can put up, but realizes that it's Wyatt, who looks disheveled and breathless. He still has his gun out, tucks it back into the holster.

WYATT

Thank God. I thought this was the right place, but I've been looking all evening, I'm sorry.

FLYNN

(surprised)

You were?

WYATT

Come on. I'm not leaving my guy behind, am I? Honey.

He smiles wryly as he says it. Flynn is momentarily at a loss for a smart remark. A truly historic occasion.

WYATT (CONT)

Either way, I left enough of my buddies behind in hellholes. So it's not going to be you too.

FLYNN

(quietly)

Which one are you thinking of?

Wyatt looks at him. Remembers that they're both soldiers, have been for a long time, and have seen many friends die.

WYATT

Guy named Nelson. Bobby Nelson, he was from Wichita. We were on the same squadron in Afghanistan. I always thought there was literally no way that son of a bitch was ever dying, he was that tough. Then the IED went off, and he... wasn't. Anymore.

FLYNN

Matej Radić. We were a couple of scared kids in the HV, the Croatian army. We should have been thinking about cars and girls and high school grades, and instead we strapped on rusty old Soviet rifles and decided we were fighting for freedom.

WYATT

(awkwardly)

He, you know. Didn't make it?

FLYNN

No, he made it.

(beat)

But I still lost him.

WYATT

I'm sorry.

There's a long pause, then both of them remember that they don't really have time for chitchat right now.

FLYNN

Anyway, just get me out of these damn chains. Who were you fighting downstairs?

WYATT

(kneels, looks for a key)

Some Rittenhouse goons, I think. I saw them snatch you, but the crowd was giving me hell. By the time I finally got free, you were long gone.

FLYNN

So Rittenhouse wanted to hold me captive, but not kill me? Why? Haven't I made myself enough of a pain in the ass?

(at Wyatt's look)

Go on, you can say it, I know you want to.

WYATT

Yeah, you have. But I'm guessing they wanted to cart you back to the new boss. That Temple dick. Or -

(frustrated, finding no key)

Hold still.

Flynn, with a sardonic look, does so. Wyatt takes out his gun and shoots the padlock, breaking it. Starts unraveling the chains, then gives Flynn a hand to his feet, as Flynn grimaces and rubs the marks cut into his arms.

WYATT

We should get out of here.

FLYNN

(tilting his head)

Do you hear something?

There's some kind of sound from the street below, quickly getting louder. Voices, shouting, smashing, chanting, car alarms, singing, marching. The second night of the Stonewall riots is clearly underway.

FLYNN (CONT)

We go out there when they still think we're cops, it'll be tricky.

WYATT

Maybe they won't notice us.

FLYNN

Maybe not, but still.

WYATT

Well, come on, we can't stay.

CONTINUE TO:

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Flynn and Wyatt hurry down the dim stairs, past the slumped bodies of the goons Wyatt dealt with earlier.

CONTINUE TO:

EXT. GREENWICH VILLAGE - NIGHT

Flynn and Wyatt emerge to a scene of general disorder, celebration, fury. Some people are throwing things at cops,

others chanting, others with their arms around each other, kissing. This is truly revolutionary. Nothing like it has been seen in public. Flynn and Wyatt look at each other, then grab hands and duck, trying to stay low and get through the crowd.

Nearby, Marsha P. Johnson climbs a lamppost and drops a heavy bag onto the windshield of a cop car below. It shatters.

MARSHA P. JOHNSON

I got my civil rights!

Pan through the crowd to Jiya and Kameny, who are not far away, but the confusion means that there's no chance of them spotting Flynn and Wyatt. Kameny is clearly startled by seeing all of this in person, ducks as a flare goes off.

FRANK KAMENY

(shouting)

We should get off the streets!

JIYA

We need to find Lucy! And our other friends!

FRANK KAMENY

It's not safe!

JIYA

I don't care.

She draws herself up, stares around at the surging tide, the sense of freedom, of people openly fighting back against the system that has oppressed them for so long. Likewise, the Time Team has been stuck underground and out of sight, so rarely able to let loose, to be around people who are part of their struggle. Jiya isn't letting this go, especially with what she knows now. Tears fill her eyes.

JIYA

(to herself)

Yes. Yes.

Kameny is staring at the rioters. Both anger and admiration on his face. Part of him likes this too, even as he doesn't think it's civilized. He pulls at his tie, takes it off.

BYSTANDER

Gay power!

Kameny looks at him, realizes that he's there, saying that, as a row of policemen with riot shields are standing a dozen feet away, nightsticks at the ready. That the police are the ones afraid of this bare-handed, defiant young gay man. That for once in their life, nobody has to hide.

FRANK KAMENY

(quietly, then louder)

Gay power.

He's not about to start throwing things, but it's undeniable that this is having an effect on him. He looks around for Jiya, who has spotted something at the far side of the crowd and is making her way toward it. As the human tide parts, Lucy emerges, escorted by none other than STORMÉ DELARVERIE, a little worse for wear, but still as fierce as ever, carrying a baseball bat slung over her shoulder.

JIYA

(hurrying over)

Lucy! Are you - what happened?

LUCY

I'm all right, I got - got lost, and Stormé - Miss DeLarverie? - showed up to pull me out.

STORMÉ DELARVERIE

(gruffly)

All the dykes in this part of town, I look after them. Call me the lesbians' guardian angel. Don't know I'd go that far, but nobody hurts my baby girls on my watch.

LUCY

Thank you.

She turns to Stormé and hugs her, startling the older woman. But after a pause, she hugs Lucy back. Lucy stands on her toes and kisses Stormé. It's a sweet, simple, powerful moment.

Stormé smiles at her, nods, and heads off to rain down hell on some fool messing with another of her girls.

JIYA

Are you all right? Did you find Flynn and Wyatt?

LUCY

No. I - I found Emma.

JIYA

Wha - what did she do - ?

LUCY

Nothing. She said she did nothing. She wants to unseat Temple, he's taken over Rittenhouse, she was trying to get me to help scheme against him, it was... she said...

She stops, chokes, turns away. Jiya looks concerned.

LUCY (CONT)

And reminded me of something else my mother said, and just... all this... I can't mess this up. Not again.

JIYA

Lucy, what's this about? It's more than just Rittenhouse, or - anything about saving history.

LUCY

You're right. It is.

(pause)

For eight months in senior year, I dated a woman. Her name was Carine Leclerc, she was a journalism student from Montreal. She wanted to stay, to make it more serious, but I... I never could tell my mom about her. It's not that I thought she'd actively discriminate, but it just never seemed part of the life she wanted for me. Always talked about a husband and kids. Now I know it was about making sure our Rittenhouse bloodline continued, and -

She stops, shaking her head, as the crowd continues to ebb and flow around them.

JIYA

(anxious)

Lucy, maybe you should sit down.

LUCY

No. I - no. It's just - back then, I wasn't brave enough to stand up for who I really was. I never was, not to my mom. I just did everything she wanted for me. I can't do that again now. Not with everything at stake. I have to fight, and keep fighting. But when Emma just reminded me that no matter how hard I try, I can't get away from my mother and what she said, what she wanted, if that's who I really -

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.

Jiya reaches a hand toward her.

LUCY (CONT)

And that's that I am -

Just then, the crowd parts, and Flynn and Wyatt stagger out, still holding hands. Straighten up at the sight of the women, and run over. Lucy hugs Wyatt in relief, turns to Flynn, catches awkwardly short. The fear of what Emma said is written all over her face.

FLYNN

Lucy? What's wrong?

LUCY

I'm just glad you're all right.
(she catches sight of the blood)
Oh no. Oh no, you're hurt. Garcia,
let me see that.

Flynn starts to protest, then doesn't, as Lucy tears off some of her shirt, wets it in a nearby sprinkler, and tries to wipe the dried blood off his face.

The riots are continuing to every side, but for a long moment, it's just the four of them in a small oasis. Other sounds fade out as the team stands there, battered and shaken and outnumbered, but not defeated, and - for once - surrounded by allies. It's cathartic, poignant, raw. They lift their faces to the sky. Look close to tears.

WYATT

(coming to himself)

Anyway. Some Rittenhouse goons
grabbed Flynn, I had to go look for
him. They're not a problem anymore,
but are we sure we've dealt with
everything they were doing here?

LUCY

(sounding a little sick)

Rittenhouse wasn't here to change
things. That's not what Emma wanted.

WYATT

Then what did she want?

LUCY

I... we should talk about it later.

They turn toward the Stonewall. WE ARE OPEN blazing into the night. Lights on, despite everything. Sounds of conversation, music, laughing. In the middle of the war going on out here, they're standing firm inside.

LUCY

Let's go have a drink.

A pause, and then everyone nods. They follow Lucy across the street, and go inside, as the door shuts behind them.

CUT TO:

INT. TEMPLE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Temple is reading something. Pauses, frowns, reads it again, then puts it aside. Takes off his glasses and rubs his eyes, sits like that, until there's a knock on the door.

TEMPLE

Yes?

It opens, and Jessica steps in.

JESSICA

I'm sorry to disturb you so late.

TEMPLE

No, no, of course not. You're always welcome here, Jessica. I really value your company and your perspective. You're a true asset for Rittenhouse.

JESSICA

That's all I've ever wanted to be.

TEMPLE

And in fact, I could use your advice on a problem I'm facing right now. You see, it doesn't look like Emma succeeded today. I gave her specific orders, and it appears that she deliberately sabotaged them. There's something else that's causing me some concern. Benjamin Cahill is dead.

JESSICA

Benjamin Cahill?

TEMPLE

An old friend of mine. Former chief executive of Rittenhouse, and Lucy Preston's biological father. He turned up dead, just a few days ago. Murdered in his prison cell. I tried to ask Stanley Fisher about it, but Mr. Fisher is... no longer an operational asset for us.

JESSICA

I'm sorry to hear that.

TEMPLE

We got as much out of him as we could, but there was still plenty more we needed to know. As for Benjamin's death, however, I'm not sure it was the team that did it. You see, I think Emma killed him.

JESSICA

Emma? Why would she do that?

TEMPLE

Because she's jealous. She wants her position back, and she thinks I don't know that she's actively plotting against me. I've fed her plenty of promises about cooperation, about working together, but it's clear to me that my position in Rittenhouse will never be entirely safe as long as matters remain how they are.

JESSICA

I'm sure you'll work it out.

TEMPLE

Oh, I will. That's partly why I'm happy to see you. You're good at lying to people, Jessica. Concealing your true allegiances, lying in wait and choosing the right moment. Believe me, I don't want Emma dead, but I'm not sure that we can count on her absolute loyalty to Rittenhouse any more, over her own interests. She just wants to be on top, and she'll take me down to do it, no matter the damage it does to our mission. So...

JESSICA

So?

TEMPLE

You told me that she killed Nicholas and Carol. That was valuable intelligence, and I've been able to make use of it. But you have one last thing to do for me, Jessica. Then you're home free. You can live however you like. After this.

JESSICA

And that is?

TEMPLE

I want you to kill Emma.

(off Jessica's shocked look)

I'm sure you'll find a way to make it look natural. Crime of passion, perhaps. We all know Emma's no friend to you and your child. My Rittenhouse will be best equipped to keep both of you safe.

JESSICA

Is Rittenhouse keeping your family safe now? Your son? Timothy?

TEMPLE

I'm still working on that. You playing your part will help.

JESSICA

I... I see.

TEMPLE

I'm sure you do. I had my doubts about you, as I'm sure you're aware, but I think you're increasingly realizing where your true loyalties lie, and I'm proud of you for that.

JESSICA

Yes, I think I am.

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.

JESSICA

Time for what?

TEMPLE

(smiles)

Time for me to meet David Rittenhouse at long last.

FADE TO BLACK.

END CREDITS.

NEXT WEEK ON TIMELESS. . .

TIMELESS 3X10: "19 CHARLES STREET"

JIYA

Wait. Did they jump twice? Can they even do that?

RUFUS

I - I'm not sure. It's showing up in two locations, on the same date. June 14, 1775. Philadelphia and London.

CUT TO:

FLYNN

So everyone will be here? Hancock,
Franklin, Jefferson, Washington?

LUCY

Almost everyone, yes. Like Wyatt
said. It'll be a candy store for
Rittenhouse. That, or -

CUT TO:

IGNATIUS SANCHO

(surprised)

Rittenhouse?

CONNOR

They are a group of, shall we say...
individuals not conducive to the
public interest.

IGNATIUS SANCHO

You speak quite eloquently, sir. Have
you been in correspondence with the
Sons of Africa?

CUT TO:

THOMAS JEFFERSON

Ah, Mr. Rittenhouse! I have been so
greatly hoping to see you. I am such
an admirer of your work. The lecture
that you gave at the American
Philosophical Society this February,
we found it so inspiring that we had
it printed and a copy supplied to
every delegate here, to guide us in
our thinking. How do you do, sir.

Lucy freezes and whirls around to find herself face-to-face
with David Rittenhouse himself.

CUT TO:

EMMA

You want me to finish the job,
Connor? Want to watch your hero die,
and for it to be all your fault? No?
Then tell me who stole it.

CUT TO:

TEMPLE

This is one of our enemies. One of
Rittenhouse's enemies. Everything
that I've been teaching you on this
trip, all the amazing experiences
you've had, everything I've shown you
about what's possible and what you

can do as one of us - she and her
friends want to destroy it. If I'm
honest with you, I need to show you
everything that's required. So -

He pauses, then reaches into his jacket pocket and pulls out a
gun.

CUT TO:

LUCY
(screaming wildly)
Garcia! GARCIA! GARCIA!

FADE TO BLACK. . .