

Timeless 3x10 - "19 CHARLES STREET"

TIMELESS

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Episode 3x10

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FADE IN.

TEMPLE (V/O)

Previously on TIMELESS...

1x10 with the team meeting David Rittenhouse in 1780, Flynn killing him, and Lucy preventing him from shooting John. 1x16 with Carol revealing herself as Rittenhouse to Lucy, and 2x01 with them together. 2x10 with Carol's death and her wish that she had raised Lucy Rittenhouse from the beginning. 3x01 with Jane saving Rufus in Chinatown. 3x08 with Emma killing Benjamin Cahill. 3x09 with Stanley's death, Jiya suggesting that this Rufus is an alt-Rufus, Emma taunting Lucy about the journal, that she's going to betray Flynn and he'll die, and reminding her of her pure-blood Rittenhouse heritage. Lucy trying to tell Jiya, but being interrupted. Temple enlisting Jessica to kill Emma, mentioning his son Timothy, and saying it's time to meet David Rittenhouse personally...

FADE TO BLACK.

OPEN ON:

INT. SAFE HOUSE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rufus and Jiya are lying in bed together, but they've been talking and worrying for a long time, rather than anything more romantic. They are staring at the ceiling, shaken and unsure what to make of any of this.

RUFUS

So... wait. You're suggesting that I'm not really me, but like... my evil clone? From a different timeline where I didn't die, and bringing me into this one is what's caused all this chronological you-know-what?

JIYA

I didn't say evil.

RUFUS

Yeah, but first law of sci-fi, clones are always evil.

Jiya giggles, but her face remains shadowed.

RUFUS (CONT)

So as long as I'm still present here, that could keep going? You needed to save me to stop the timeline from collapsing, but if I'm contributing to it, doesn't that mean -

JIYA

Wh - no. Rufus, no. I can't be sure that you're the problem, anything

like that. I just thought you might want to know what I -

RUFUS

(quietly)

So Stanley just erased himself in every other timeline, so Rittenhouse couldn't get to him. That takes courage. He was crazy, yeah, but... they were using him as a pilot and to spy on us and whatever else, so losing him weakens them. Because he just, you know. Did the right thing.

Jiya rolls over, panicking a little, gripping Rufus's face between her hands and making him look at her.

JIYA

Whatever Stanley did, it's not the right thing for you. We saved you once, and I would do it again. We need you, we always have.

Rufus sighs, closes his eyes hard, then turns his head and kisses her palm. Curls his fingers around hers, looks at her.

RUFUS

Okay. I'm just - I guess I'm just struggling to believe that I could possibly be worth all this.

JIYA

You're worth everything.

RUFUS

I love you.

JIYA

I love you too.

They roll close together and kiss, still holding each other's hands, foreheads resting against the other's, just breathing.

JIYA

Promise me you won't do that. Okay?

RUFUS

(pause)

Okay.

They nuzzle noses again, and roll over to settle down and sleep. Jiya curls into Rufus's arms, and he holds her tight, looks at her with an expression of tender, poignant adoration. Reaches to tidy a lock of hair out of her eyes.

RUFUS

(under his breath)

Only as long as you're safe.

CUT TO:

INT. SAFE HOUSE COMMON AREA - NIGHT

Lucy is sitting alone on the couch with a glass of whiskey, clearly not her first. Her hair is disheveled, and she rubs a hand over her eyes, clearly trying to get up the courage. Takes another slug of whiskey, gets to her feet, unsteady.

She walks down the hallway. Comes to a halt in front of a door, grits her teeth. Raises her hand, knocks.

After a pause, Flynn opens it. He doesn't look like he's gone to sleep either. He stares down at her. A beat.

FLYNN

Lucy.

LUCY

(slurring slightly)

G-Garcia. Garcia, I need. I need to tell you s-something. About me. I should have told you long ago, but I was - I was scared.

FLYNN

(gently)

Not now. Lucy, it's late, you're drunk, we can talk about this sometime else.

LUCY

(in a rush, not making sense)

Emma s-said - back at Stonewall - about the journal, if she - well, if what she said, about b-betraying - me, that is, I betrayed - I don't know if it's right, you said it changed before, but I tried to tell Jiya and then you and Wyatt - anyway, about me, Rittenhouse, I -

Flynn steps out, takes firm hold of her arms, waits until she jumbles to a halt, and makes her look up at him.

FLYNN

Lucy, you need sleep.

She reaches out, grabs his shirt with both hands. Something crackles. A clear moment of tension, need, desire, as their eyes lock. Very fragile between them both. Flynn licks his lips, forces himself to break her gaze.

FLYNN

I... Lucy... we can't.

Lucy is heartbroken, floundering, desperate to feel anything or connect with anyone, stewing in her guilt and fear over

possibly losing him, drunk, driven to her limits. It's not a good moment for this, and Flynn knows it.

LUCY

Garcia. Come on. Don't you want to?
Don't you want me?

FLYNN

(can't deny that)

I - we - Lucy, you're very - I just
don't - come on. Come on.

He reaches down, gently pries her hands off him, turns her around, and gives her a small push down the hall. She gives him a teary look, which clearly almost breaks his resolve, but he shakes his head at her.

CONTINUE TO:

INT. SAFE HOUSE HALLWAY - NIGHT

Lucy staggers toward her room, is almost there, when a door opens in front of her and she stumbles abruptly into Wyatt.

WYATT

(catching her)

Whoa, easy there. Lucy? Lucy, are you
all right?

LUCY

'M fine.

WYATT

You reek of more Jack Daniels than my
old man. What's wrong?

LUCY

(repeated)

'M fine.

WYATT

Saying it twice doesn't actually make
it more convincing, you know. You're
not fine. Lucy, just -

He's cut off as Lucy throws her arms woozily around his neck, pulls herself close, and without another word, kisses him. Wyatt's clearly startled, not unwilling, but he lets it go on for a moment, then pushes her back.

WYATT

Easy, tiger.

LUCY

(frustrated)

Just - just one of you - just - I
don't - I can't be alone. I don't
want to be alone like this anymore. I
can't bear it. I want - I want -

WYATT

It's not me right now, what'll fix your problems. I'll get you a glass of water, c'mon. Then let's just go to sleep, huh? Let's go to sleep.

He takes her arm, as Lucy mutters incoherent protests, and leads her off down the hall.

CUT TO:

INT. SAFE HOUSE COMMON AREA - MORNING

The team is up and dressed. Lucy is sitting in a corner, gingerly sipping water and wincing at loud noises. Flynn and Wyatt both glance over at her, but neither venture an approach.

The sound of the Mothership jump alarm makes everyone start, Lucy groans and covers her ears, puts her head between her knees. Everyone else looks startled and weary. They really needed more time off before this one.

RUFUS

(sitting down at the monitor)

Great, well, let's see what awaits us today. Never a dull moment on this job, right? Or maybe just a -

Just as he's scrolling, the alarm goes off again. Everyone stares up at it in confusion, then back at the screen.

JIYA

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

RUFUS

(frowning)

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

DENISE

So they made two trips?

RUFUS

It looks like they jumped to one and then the other, yes. They're probably dropping off goons in both.

DENISE

We need to send some of you to both places, then. But the Lifeboat only has four seats, so - two in each city? That seems risky.

CONNOR

London? June 1775? I - well, I may have an idea. I volunteer for that half, if necessary. I unavoidably stayed behind while you all roughed it for a month in Montana, so I suppose I rather owe it.

LUCY

(grimacing)

June 14, 1775, in Philadelphia - that's in the middle of the Second Continental Congress. The thirteen colonies have just started the American Revolution. All the Founding Fathers will be there.

(she looks at Flynn and Wyatt)

I think we should take that one.

WYATT

You sure you're good?

LUCY

Let me swallow about a bottle of ibuprofen, then I will be.

RUFUS

All right, I'll drop you three off in Philadelphia, then come back, get Connor, and we'll go to London. Pick you up when we're done.

FLYNN

Don't get killed there, again.

Otherwise we don't have a ride home.

Something passes over Rufus's face, thinking of his conversation with Jiya last night, but he answers flippantly.

RUFUS

Yeah, we all hope that, buddy.

DENISE

Can the new Lifeboat battery take that many jumps without a recharge?

RUFUS

I think it should. It held out in 1900. Not to brag, but I am an amazing engineer. Oh, and Jiya and Margaret Hamilton helped.

(he gets to his feet)

Time to go to a terrible tea party.

TIMELESS MAIN TITLE - 06141775

RETURN TO:

EXT. FIELD - DAY

A whir and a pop as the Lifeboat appears and lands. The door cycles open, and Flynn, Wyatt, and Lucy climb out, looking back at Rufus, who waves at them from the pilot's seat.

RUFUS

Whenever you're done, wait for me back here. Slap Thomas Jefferson in my honor, okay?

With that, he hits the control panel, the door shuts, and with another whine and flash, the Lifeboat disappears again. The trio watch in some foreboding. It's never been quite so clear that they do not have a guaranteed way home. Even in Montana, they still had the Lifeboat (and Rufus) with them.

WYATT

(as they start to walk)
Right, well, steal clothes and then go to a real-life production of Hamilton? Lucy, what's going on, aside from everything?

LUCY

I think they're about to vote on appointing George Washington as commander of the Continental Army. Either that or they just did. The Revolution already started in April with the Battles of Lexington and Concord. We need to go to the Pennsylvania State House, probably. Oh God, my head hurts.

FLYNN

Washington? Is he going to remember us somehow?

LUCY

No, he hasn't met us yet. I'm not sure he'll connect some random passersby in 1775 to the spies he meets in 1780. If we're careful.

WYATT

Well, we all know how that can tend to go. Though since this is probably a candy store for Rittenhouse, we might not have much of a choice.

They keep walking for a few moments, then -

LUCY

I - I owe both of you an apology. For how I acted last night.

Flynn and Wyatt exchange a look over her head.

LUCY (CONT)

I was in a bad place, and I was drunk, and I made it awkward on both of you. So I'm sorry for that.

FLYNN

You have nothing to be sorry for. You've been under a lot of stress.

WYATT

Yeah, you've put up with way worse from both of us.

Lucy looks gratefully at both of them, isn't sure how to respond, but nods. They reach the top of the hill and look down into late 18th-century Philadelphia. Messy, muddy, bustling, church steeples, red-brick buildings, wagons creaking by, wooden signs swinging. Flynn, Wyatt, and Lucy pause, then take a steadying breath and start down.

CUT TO:

EXT. PHILADELPHIA STREETS - DAY

The three have found clothes and are now on their way toward the Pennsylvania State House. The streets are busy and noisy, not helping Lucy's hangover, and Flynn or Wyatt occasionally catch her arm. They keep a vigilant look-out for anyone who might be up to no good, but nothing spotted yet.

FLYNN

So everyone will be here? Hancock, Franklin, Jefferson, Washington, all of them?

LUCY

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

She stops. An oh-no expression comes over her face. Then, hangover or no hangover, she starts to walk very fast, as the men practically run to keep up. In a few moments, they reach the Pennsylvania State House, which has a pair of Continental militiamen on guard outside. They snap to attention and hold out their muskets to bar the trio's entrance.

MILITIAMAN

Off with you three, now.

LUCY

Is General Washington here? It's important.

Flynn and Wyatt look startled and confused, opening their mouths - weren't they just talking about avoiding the guy?

MILITAMAN

And what business would the lot of you have with the general?

LUCY

I'm Anna Strong. That's Austin Roe and Benjamin Tallmadge. We have important things we need to tell him, we - we've been working for him. Privately.

The two soldiers look at each other. After a moment, they move their muskets aside.

MILITIAMAN

Very well, the congress is in recess just the minute, but be quick about it, now.

LUCY

We will. Thank you.

They hurry inside, as both Flynn and Wyatt continue to look baffled and wary.

FLYNN

(in an undertone)

That was risky. The Culper Ring won't be founded for another three years. Besides, I thought we specifically weren't going to talk to Washington?

LUCY

I know, but I couldn't think of anything else. And I just - I suddenly realized that -

She's cut off, however, as they reach the main chamber of the state house. It's busy with milling delegates, some of the most famous faces in American history. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN walks past them in the first few seconds.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

Mr. Hancock, I just cannot imagine that given the state of things -

Lucy cranes her head around, then looks across the room, to the chairs at the far side by the window, and stares.

It's DAVID RITTENHOUSE. Five years younger than when we last saw him in 1780, but no less creepy. Even worse, he's engaged in animated conversation with none other than MICHAEL TEMPLE, who's decked out in his 18th-century-white-landowner best. On Rittenhouse's other side, also dressed in frock coat, cravat, and breeches, is a teenage boy. This is TIMOTHY TEMPLE (19). He's watching the conversation with an awed expression.

LUCY

(trying not to freak out)

Flynn!

She grabs his arm, and he turns around. A startled, horrified, thunderous expression crosses his face, and he turns to stone on the spot. It's the only thing they can see.

WYATT

(somewhat belatedly)

Oh... crap.

[COMMERCIALS]

RETURN TO:

EXT. LONDON STREET - DAY

Rufus and Connor have made their own landing and changed. Late 18th-century London is a maze of grey stone, cut by muddy, crowded streets, narrow medieval lanes and tiny churches, shops, guildhalls, merchants. Mist rises from the Thames, where tall ships sway at anchor, and Connor cocks his head wistfully at the sound of distant bells.

CONNOR

Ah, good old St. Paul's. I must say, it's bloody nice to be home for a day. Even if nearly three centuries before the invention of Tesco.

RUFUS

Is that why you wanted to jump on this leg? Homesickness?

CONNOR

Could you entirely blame me, if so? But no. I can't be certain what Rittenhouse is planning, but I know someone who might be able to help us. He has all sorts of connections in the London literary and political world, and he's something of a personal hero, if I may say so. His shop is in Mayfair, Westminster. 19 Charles Street. This way.

Rufus follows him through a few twisting lanes, stops as Connor frowns and tries to figure his way - he knows the modern city, but this one isn't quite in the same place. At last, they reach a handsome storefront. A gold number 19 is embossed on the lintel, and I. SANCHO, GREENGROCER is painted on the door. Connor gets a look a bit like Denise in 3x06, since London is where the Bunker Parents get to meet their idols, as he pushes the door open.

CONNOR

I say, good morning! Mr. Sancho?

The interior of the shop is wood-paneled and cozy, with coffee, tobacco, tea, and sugar on the shelves, and a few men talking with the proprietor: IGNATIUS SANCHO (45). He is African, a wealthy gentleman, and Rufus blinks in surprise at seeing a black man being accorded obvious respect by his white visitors. At their entrance, Sancho glances up.

IGNATIUS SANCHO

Good morning, sir, sir. May I help you? We've a fine shipment of coffee from the West Indies, just yesterday.

CONNOR

You have no idea how delicious that sounds for any number of reasons, but I'm afraid that's not what we've come for. May we possibly have a word? Privately, if we could be so bold.

Sancho glances at his visitors, who nod politely, clap their hats on, and depart. Sancho moves stiffly toward Connor and Rufus, with the help of a cane.

IGNATIUS SANCHO

Apologies, the gout. I've not seen you before, Mr. - ?

CONNOR

(trying not to fanboy)

Er, Mason. Connor Mason.

He grabs Sancho's hand and shakes it enthusiastically, surprising the other man. Rufus bites a grin.

CONNOR (CONT)

I've been a great admirer of yours for many years, Mr. Sancho. My son and I have recently arrived in London in pursuit of vital intelligence. Your shop has a very broad and well-connected clientele. If you hear anything about something called Rittenhouse, could we arrange an... acquisition of that information?

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? Peter Duley, John Stuart, the rest of our brethren society, who write against slavery in the newspapers and raise the public conscience for universal abolition. Somerset v Stewart finally became law three years ago, but our fight is just beginning. We could use you.

CONNOR

I'm afraid we won't be staying. Rittenhouse is - well, it's also a private intellectual society, but it wants to undo everything the Sons have fought for, and much more.

IGNATIUS SANCHO

I see.

(beat, then)

Well, I shall make enquiries, and if I do hear anything, endeavor to inform you in due course. From one 'extraordinary Negro' to another. Good day, sir.

Connor and Rufus thank him and leave the shop, putting on their own hats against the rain.

RUFUS

Ignatius Sancho? Yeah, I think I've probably heard you mention him?

CONNOR

First black man to vote in British Parliamentary elections. 1774 and then again in 1780. A most influential society figure, literary correspondent, abolitionist, and much more. If there is anything to hear, he'll hear it. Now, how about we find a pub or a proper coffeehouse? Should get to enjoy a bit of home.

RUFUS

Are you sure? Maybe we should keep looking for Rittenhouse. We didn't really come here for you to get all nostalgic.

CONNOR

Coffeehouses in this day and age are influential centers for political gathering and debate. We could easily hear something there. Two birds, one cup, as it were?

RUFUS

Oh God, please don't say it like that.

Nonetheless, he follows Connor to a nearby coffeehouse, and they duck inside.

CUT TO:

EXT. LONDON STREET - DAY

Rufus and Connor emerge, and decide to pay a return visit to Sancho's shop. They walk down the street, but almost as soon as they reach the shopfront, they can see that something is wrong. The glass has been smashed, the place is dark, and the door hangs off its hinges. They exchange an alarmed look, then race inside.

CONNOR

Mr. Sancho? Mr. Sancho!

They jump over the counter, search frantically in the chaos. Everything has been torn off the shelves and dumped everywhere, and they almost stumble over Sancho, who is lying unconscious in the wreckage. A fine trickle of blood seeps from his temple, as Rufus and Connor throw themselves down next to him. After a few frantic moments of trying to wake him, he starts to come around, groggy.

IGNATIUS SANCHO

Oh, my head.

RUFUS

Take it easy, man. You got a pretty good whack. This is our fault, we're sorry. We put you in danger.

CONNOR

Yes - easy does it - easy.

He carefully helps Sancho sit up, pressing a handkerchief to the cut, as Rufus finds a cup of water and hands it to him. Sancho sips it, grimacing.

RUFUS

Did you see who did this to you?

IGNATIUS SANCHO

I did, yes. A red-haired woman. She arrived not long after you and disagreed with my decision not to tell her anything about the pair of you. She was looking for something, as well. She must have done that - (nods at the damage to his shop) in search of it.

RUFUS

Dammit. That's - a red-haired woman, that's who we're looking for, she's the head of Rittenhouse. Did she say anything else about what she wanted?

IGNATIUS SANCHO

Some kind of printing run, I think. Pamphlets, perhaps? She knew about my literary activities, the same as you, and that I had connections in the London press. She was under the impression I might be hiding them.

CONNOR

We need to find her. But if we could get you home first, or anything we could do to make up for -

IGNATIUS SANCHO

If this woman hit me over the head and wrecked my shop, I want to help you find her.

RUFUS

Are you sure about that? She's crazily terrifying.

IGNATIUS SANCHO

I am. Help me up.

Rufus and Connor exchange a look, but assist Sancho to his feet and retrieve his cane. He limps quickly to the back of the shop, pulls on a cloak and hat, and opens a door into the alley. He jerks his head, and the three of them step out. Sancho looks either direction, then starts to walk.

IGNATIUS SANCHO (CONT)

This way.

Rufus and Connor stay close to either side as they vanish down the winding alley and into the murk.

CUT TO:

INT. PENNSYLVANIA STATE HOUSE - DAY

Flynn, Lucy, and Wyatt are still staring at Rittenhouse and Temple. They dart quickly behind a column to avoid being spotted, but there is definitely communal panic happening.

WYATT

Why is he here? Is he supposed to be here? Do we have to kill him again?

FLYNN

(close to a snarl)

I killed him last time! I'm damn well willing to do it again, but how do we know they won't just keep jumping back before each death and -

WYATT

Who's that kid with them? Rittenhouse have another creepy child of the corn that he's training up? Or - ?

FLYNN

I could kill him too, or -

LUCY

Garcia, you - listen, if things have changed somehow, if that's his son now instead of John -

FLYNN

What? You're going to stop me again? I really didn't think that was still who you were, Lucy, but maybe -

LUCY

(grabbing him, turning him around)

Garcia. Listen to me, you - it's not even about the morality of it, it's just - if that's David's son, you - you can't kill him. Because -

FLYNN

(close to spiraling)

Because why?!

LUCY

(voice breaking)

Because I may - I may never be born if you do.

That stuns Flynn like a blow over the head. Wyatt is baffled. Both of them stare at her, as Lucy's eyes fill with silent tears. Flynn is shaken, angry, doesn't know what she's saying.

FLYNN

What? What do you mean? How is that even possible?

LUCY

David Rittenhouse is my - is my direct ancestor. My many-great grandfather. I learned it when my mother was holding me prisoner. Now that she's dead, I'm the last - the last heir of the bloodline, at least in the present day. If you kill him and his son, my entire family - I wouldn't - I would be... gone. That's what I was trying to tell you last night, but I... this is all my fault.

Flynn stares at her with a horrified expression. He pulls himself numbly out of her grasp, runs both hands over his face, starts to say something, stops. Looks at her with an expression of utter betrayal, takes a few steps backward.

FLYNN

Your mother was lying to you. You know she lied.

LUCY

She... she wasn't lying about this. That's why Emma always - always called me princess. I'm a pure-blood descendant of David Ritten -

Flynn can't hear this, looks like he's going to be sick, white-faced, stunned. Keeps shaking his head.

FLYNN

So you lied too. In Roanoke, when you told me there was nothing you were keeping from me. After I asked you, after what Temple said about you knowing far more than you'd ever - I trusted you with my life -

LUCY

(ashen)

I'm so sorry. I'm so sorry.

She reaches out with both hands, but he keeps backing away. Then without another word, he turns and runs across the chamber, out of sight. Lucy makes an agonized noise, starts after him, but Wyatt catches her arm.

WYATT

Lucy, what the - ?

LUCY

(anguished)

Let go of me, let go. I need to - I need to get to him, I need to -

WYATT

Is that true? What you just said?

LUCY

Yes.

WYATT

You... you never told me that.

LUCY

Why would I have told you that? I wasn't going to tell anyone. Until the - the last jump. Emma - well, she said a lot of things, but - I was going to tell Jiya, and then -

(she breaks off)

It doesn't matter. Let me go, I need to make sure Flynn doesn't -

WYATT

What? Kill Rittenhouse again? How many times are we going to have to off this guy?

LUCY

I don't know. I just -

Right then, both Rittenhouse and Temple look up from their conversation, and Lucy snaps her mouth shut. They flatten themselves against the pillar.

WYATT

(whispering)

I think they saw us.

They wait for another crowd to pass, then use it as cover to scuttle further away. By this time, however, Flynn is long gone, and Lucy stares around in despair.

LUCY

(half to herself)

Oh God, it's happening.

WYATT

We can't just let Temple chat with Rittenhouse all he wants, though. Besides, if he's here personally, getting in good with the founder - what's he want to do, bring him to the present like with Keynes?

LUCY

I don't know. I don't know. We might
have to kill them both, I don't know.
Excuse me -

She grabs at the arm of a passing delegate, who turns around
and stares at her with an offended expression.

THOMAS JEFFERSON

Madam, I beg your pardon?

LUCY

I'm sorry, Mr. - Mr. Jefferson. Did
you see a man go this way? Tall,
dark, wearing a burgundy waistcoat?
He might have been - quite angry.

THOMAS JEFFERSON

Many of us are presently most
disgruntled, madam. And this was - ?

LUCY

Roe, Austin Roe, he works for General
Washington. Look, did you just -

Ignoring her, Jefferson addresses someone over her shoulder.

THOMAS JEFFERSON

Ah, Mr. Rittenhouse! I have been
greatly hoping to see you. I am such
an admirer of your work. Your lecture
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. He stares at her in an
unsettling way - what has Temple said to him?

DAVID RITTENHOUSE

Mr. Jefferson. I have enjoyed our
correspondence. Obligated as well, sir.

The two of them shake hands. Lucy catches Wyatt's eye over
Jefferson's shoulder. He's started to draw his gun, but he
can't just shoot Rittenhouse (again) with Jefferson right
there, in the middle of a crowded room.

DAVID RITTENHOUSE (CONT)

And I have a new acquaintance to
commend to your and the Congress's
attention, Mr. Jefferson. May I
introduce Mr. Michael Temple, a
planter from Georgia?

THOMAS JEFFERSON

I was under the impression that the province of Georgia had not yet sent delegates to this assembly?

TEMPLE

They have not, except for Mr. Lyman Hill, and he arrived in a private capacity. I've done the same, as a devoted believer in the Patriot cause. Mr. Jefferson.

They shake hands. Temple looks directly at Lucy and smiles. Oh, this is bad.

TEMPLE (CONT)

And who is this charming friend of yours? Madam.

THOMAS JEFFERSON

I'm not certain, she uncouthly accosted me and asked after a Mr. Austin Roe.

TEMPLE

Did she? Mr. Rittenhouse, Mr. Jefferson, I hope you've had the pleasure. Miss Lucy Preston.

Wyatt's heard enough, starts to shove toward them - just as he's grabbed from behind by the two militiamen from earlier.

MILITIAMAN

Preston? The lady said her name was Anna Strong. I knew you were a pair of sneaking bloody -

TEMPLE

They're Loyalist spies, yes. At least the man is. Miss Preston is of peculiar interest to you, Mr. Rittenhouse. Take the sidekick out back and shoot him, then -

The militiamen haul Wyatt by the arms, as he struggles. The disruption is attracting attention - just as the crowd parts and GEORGE WASHINGTON strides out. Heeere comes the general.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

What the devil is going on here? What's this ruckus?

TEMPLE

General Washington. A true honor, sir. Mr. Rittenhouse and I have just discovered a Loyalist spy in our midst. If we might -

GEORGE WASHINGTON

I heard you giving orders to shoot him. I've just been voted commander of the Continental army. Next time you will not presume the same.

TEMPLE

(false modesty)

Yes, General, of course.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

And I don't believe I've met you either, Mr. - ?

TEMPLE

Temple, Michael Temple. Oh, and may I introduce my son, Timothy?

He turns around and pulls the younger Temple out of the hubbub. Timothy is awed to shake hands with George Washington, as Lucy stares at him with a pained, horrified expression.

TIMOTHY

H-how do you do, sir.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

Yes, yes. Pleasure.

(turns back to Wyatt)

Are you a Loyalist spy?

WYATT

Obviously, I'm going to say no. Look, sir, we're not the problem here. Temple is. Him and Rittenhouse.

THOMAS JEFFERSON

(indignant)

David Rittenhouse is an American treasure. General, you can clearly see this man's deranged.

WYATT

Is this why Rufus hates you?

Jefferson stares at him, confused but insulted, as the standoff stretches to breaking point. Nobody can be sure what anyone else will do, can't openly go after anyone with Washington standing right there, Lucy and Temple staring each other down, Rittenhouse just being creepy, Wyatt still grabbed by the militiamen, no sign of Flynn -

GEORGE WASHINGTON

Take the spy to the city jail. Leave him alive, for now. I want to speak with the rest of you, especially this - Miss Preston, was it?

WYATT

No. No! HEY!

It's no use. He's dragged off by the soldiers, still struggling, as Lucy takes a frantic step after him - and then Temple grabs her arms.

TEMPLE

(smiling, terrifying)

You heard the general, Lucy.

[COMMERCIALS]

RETURN TO:

INT. CELLAR

Rufus, Connor, and Sancho make their way into a dark cellar, lit by the lantern Sancho is carrying. Huge casks are piled to every side, the ceiling is low enough that they have to stoop, and flickering, distant candlelight adds to the eerie vibe.

RUFUS

(under his breath)

Would you like to try my Amontillado?

CONNOR

Where are we going, exactly?

IGNATIUS SANCHO

Up here.

They reach the far side of the cellar and a locked door, as Sancho fumbles in his vest pocket for a key ring.

IGNATIUS SANCHO

The Sons of Africa store some of our more provocative pamphlets and broadsheets in here. It is safer than keeping them on the shop premises. If your - friend was in search of something I may have printed, she could have come here.

RUFUS

Trust me, she's not our friend.

Sancho raises an eyebrow, but unlocks and opens the door. It reveals a small underground room with stacks of booklets, galley proofs, newspapers, and other materials for the Sons' literary and abolitionist activities. Nobody else is there. Sancho sweeps his lantern to be sure, but nothing.

RUFUS

Look like anyone's been in here?

IGNATIUS SANCHO

I don't think so. The door hasn't been forced. But I'm not sure if -

At that moment, there's a sound behind them, they whirl around, but too late. Emma, in dress, corset, and cloak, hair pinned up in high curls, steps through and points her gun at them. None of them have a weapon, they all raise their hands.

EMMA

Thanks for turning up with the key. I could probably have gotten in anyway, but it would have taken longer. Good thing I didn't hit you too hard?

IGNATIUS SANCHO

Madam, I have no notion who you are, but after you assaulted my person and demolished my shop -

EMMA

Shut up, I don't care about you. You were in the way, and you wouldn't talk about those two. But it doesn't matter, here we all are. Just like old times at Mason Industries, huh? Late-night brainstorming sessions with pizza? Remember those?

Rufus is trembling slightly as he stares at her, remembering how it ended up the last time Emma had a gun on him, his own conversation with Jiya earlier about whether it might be better if he had not been saved -

Connor senses he might be about to do something rash -

CONNOR

Rufus, DON'T -

Too late. Rufus lowers his head and charges her, which Emma was not expecting, and it catches her off guard. Rufus tackles her, they hit the deck, and after a brief and vicious struggle, he comes up with the gun, points it at her.

RUFUS

Payback is a bitch, right?

EMMA

You're not going to kill me.

Rufus cocks the gun with a thunk.

RUFUS

Yeah?

EMMA

Like I told Lucy in Stonewall, I have all the answers, and I'm even willing to share them. Don't you want to know how you came back to life, Rufus? Just for a start. Or why I'm here?

RUFUS

Yeah, like you'd -

EMMA

Frankly, this is a booby mission. Temple sent me here so he could do whatever he wanted in Philadelphia. But if I could burn some materials, kill some activists, cripple the abolitionist movement by a few decades, that might have knock-on effects in both Britain and America. That's what he's about. Making long-term changes, disenfranchising and discouraging people systematically and repeatedly, rather than just trying to stop one historical event and call it a day.

Rufus and Connor exchange a somewhat shaken look. Sancho is completely baffled.

IGNATIUS SANCHO

What are you talking about? Why would you want to -

EMMA

(ignoring him)

As for how you came back to life, Rufus, I'm still figuring out how someone stole my invention. I designed it, based on the stuff Temple brought from his CIA contacts. An advanced kind of coercion drug. Just nudge another strand into place, open a different box with a different cat. You ever hear of quantum suicide?

RUFUS

Yes - well - supposedly if you die in one outcome, you live in another one, it's part of MWI -

EMMA

(shrugs)

So that's exactly what it does. Switches the outcome. Science, Rufus. My science. You owe your life to me, isn't that funny? Temple used it just to control Stanley Fisher. That backfired, Fisher's dead, and I want to know how you got hold of that in the first place.

Rufus and Connor exchange a look, clearly thinking about Jane in Chinatown, the long-running mystery as to what she is, why she appears, and the effects she has had on the timeline.

RUFUS

Yeah, well, part of science is the mystery, remember?

IGNATIUS SANCHO

The lot of this is utter lunacy. I think I should be on my way.

CONNOR

Mr. Sancho -

As he starts to go, Emma lunges for him, grabs him, and jerks his cane out from under him. She gets him around the neck and punches the lantern from his hand. It falls with a crash, and hits a pile of nearby papers.

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.

CONNOR

We - we don't know, all this time - it's just been a woman, a young woman, the name she gave us was Jane, but we could never find any record -

The flames are licking into the heaps of paper. This place is a tinderbox, it's burning fast.

EMMA

You're lying. Tell me the truth, or -

At that, she stops short. A sudden, horrible look of realization crosses her face.

EMMA

Oh. Oh. Of course. Unless - no, how would she - ? No. But yes. Well. Thank you. This does in fact make sense. And soon, Rufus, you will be dead no matter whether you get out of here or not. You all will.

She drags Sancho back through the door - Rufus doesn't have a clear shot - he lunges at the door as Emma kicks it shut -

Rufus and Connor throw their weight against it desperately as Emma is snarling and struggling to lock it from the far side. Flames encircle Rufus and Connor to all sides, the blaze roaring as it eats the contents of the cellar. Sparks fly, smoke chokes. Rufus sways, woozy.

CONNOR

OH, HELL NO!

He slams his shoulder into the door one more time, gets a crack, and he and Rufus dig their fingers into it. They scrape it open, stumble out, as Emma is already running up the stairs on the far side. Rufus shoots at her, but he has no idea what he's doing and the bullet goes well wide, ricocheting. It hits one of the casks, spills alcohol on the floor, and flames jump immediately to it. Not good.

Connor stoops to help the battered Sancho to his feet, as they battle across the cellar, fire eating at their heels. Hit the stairs and struggle up, coughing, faces and clothes stained with smoke. By the time they reach the top, Emma's gone.

CONNOR

(still coughing)

Well, that was an unbridled - Mr. Sancho, I'm terribly - Ignatius, I - are you quite all right?

Sancho doesn't answer, mopping his filthy face with his handkerchief. Smoke is still belching from the cellar, there are shouts from windows above, and they have to hurry off, Rufus helping Sancho, who has lost his cane. Once they have reached a smaller side close -

IGNATIUS SANCHO

(whirling on Connor)

Do you know why they call me the 'extraordinary Negro?', Mr. Mason?

CONNOR

I - well, I had some idea, you are most accomplished, a respected man of your community, educated, well-off, and overcame most humble beginnings to do it, and I, I suppose I identified with that -

IGNATIUS SANCHO

Humble beginnings. Humble beginnings. I was born on a slave ship. I have been in England since the age of two, and yet I am only a lodger, and barely tolerated at that. I am called the 'extraordinary Negro' because the belief is that the black race as a whole cannot achieve what I have done. I am the exception, the pet and curiosity, a trained animal. You came and spoke to me and I thought I saw that comradeship in you as well, as you say. So I decided to help you,

knowing nothing else. Now I have been twice assaulted, my shop destroyed, my work and that of my brethren burned to ashes, and if this is what the pair of you meant to accomplish -

CONNOR

No. No, it never was, you have to -

IGNATIUS SANCHO

I do not recollect that I have to do anything further. You never gave me so much as a single honest word of explanation, and I was trusting enough not to ask. If you respected that, or me, or whatever you thought we shared, I would have expected quite different. Now, if you have legitimate business in London, I wish you well of it. But you may count upon no further support or interest from me. Good day, gentlemen.

With that, he claps on his hat and limps off down the alley without a backward glance, leaving Connor looking stunned.

RUFUS

Hey, are you okay? It's - yeah, it's got to suck to have your hero call you out like that.

CONNOR

I - I deserved that. We - I took advantage of him, and it blew up in my face. I did go on this half of the trip because I wanted to meet him, like a child going to Disneyland. These extraordinary trips, being able to meet people who have influenced us, who we have loved and informed ourselves after, have become... well, dare I say, too routine. Like collecting them on a bingo card. Their lives continue after we leave, but we can parachute out after whatever damage we might have caused, dragging them into a war that is none of their knowledge or concern, quite literally far beyond their time. I've been thinking over and over about what I've done, building the time machines at all, and I... yes. He was right to say that to me. Someone should have said it long ago.

Rufus puts a hand on his shoulder. They stand there briefly.

RUFUS

Well, with Sancho or not, we've still got a big problem on our hands. Whatever you told Emma about Jane, she figured out something about how I was saved. She said I would die whether or not we got out of the cellar. Whatever she knows, she's going to try to stop it from happening. Then I die again, and - well. All of this just goes... poof.

CONNOR

(trying to refocus)

Yes. Yes, we do need to attend to that. I suppose I'll have to be our expert guide now, though I have no idea where she might have gone.

RUFUS

(dark humor)

Follow the trail of destruction?

CONNOR

Rather. Come on.

They take a deep breath, square up, and head off.

[COMMERCIALS]

RETURN TO:

INT. STATE HOUSE ANTECHAMBER - DAY

Lucy is seated on a bench. Michael Temple, George Washington, and David Rittenhouse are standing in front of her. Rittenhouse eyes her speculatively, while Washington is suspicious and Temple is smug.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

So your name is in fact Lucy Preston, not Anna Strong. And you lied to gain entrance to the Congress. And will not tell us who you are or where you came from. I don't like the idea of hanging a woman, but if you won't -

TEMPLE

Your Excellency, let me handle this. Why don't you stay here and speak to Mr. Rittenhouse? He has so many wonderful plans for the development of our new country. Thomas Jefferson is a great admirer.

Washington glances at him, still not very warmly - he's not entirely buying the smooth-patter BS that Temple is selling.

DAVID RITTENHOUSE

Indeed. Mr. Temple has put forth that I found a learned society of my own to propagate my ideas, and I must say, I am quite intrigued by it.

Lucy looks up in horror. Is this the reason Rittenhouse is created? Because Temple suggested it today?

LUCY

I don't think you should do that.

Rittenhouse takes a few more steps, sizing her up. Uncomfortably close regard. He grips her chin, turns her head from side to side, as she whimpers in disgust.

DAVID RITTENHOUSE

Fine teeth. Good jawline, lovely physiognomy. An inherent purity of blood. I can see it. She would be a marvelous addition.

LUCY

Let go of me right now.

TEMPLE

Unfortunately, Mr. Rittenhouse, she won't be suitable. She's more of a disappointment than you can imagine.

DAVID RITTENHOUSE

(eyes still on Lucy)

Oh, I suspect there are uses by which she could redeem herself.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

Enough. Mr. Temple, take the woman away and question her, if you insist. I need to find out if there are more of these people somewhere.

Temple steps forward, grabs Lucy by the arm, and pulls her to her feet, marching her into a smaller room. He shuts the door and turns on her. All the charm and urbane manners and self-control are gone. He looks totally terrifying.

TEMPLE

(hissing)

You know, I've really had more than enough of you. Time and again, I have offered to spare you, on account of your Rittenhouse heritage. More than that. That man out there is your sire, your founder, he personally

recognized your noble lineage, and you persist in trying to destroy him and everything he built, everything all of us will do. You disgusting, ungrateful little girl.

Lucy is visibly scared. She is trying to keep her spine straight and stay in his face, but she's completely alone and she knows he's probably about to kill her.

LUCY

If you're trying to get me to stop fighting you, with all your bribes, all your lies, if you think I should be happy with what Rittenhouse did to me and everyone -

Temple bears down on her, eyes molten. Lucy looks around frantically for anything to use as a weapon, when there's a knock on the door.

TIMOTHY

(from the other side)

Dad? Are you in there?

Temple stops short. Thinks about something, whirls around, marches to the door, and opens it, with a hearty fake smile.

TEMPLE

Yes, son, come in. Just a small disagreement. Actually, I think this could be instructive. Here.

He shows Timothy in, then shuts the door behind him. Timothy eyes Lucy in some surprise.

TIMOTHY

Who's this?

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 reaches into his jacket pocket and pulls out a gun. Timothy looks horrified.

TIMOTHY

Wait - Dad. You're not going to kill her, are you? Like, right here?

TEMPLE

I told General Washington I'd take care of his problems, of America's problems, of Rittenhouse's problems. This is no different than putting down a terrorist, Tim. Necessary for the greater good.

TIMOTHY

She's a terrorist? Come on, she's like a hundred and twenty pounds soaking wet.

TEMPLE

She's caused more damage than you can possibly believe.

LUCY

Tim. Timothy, wasn't that your name? Timothy. Timothy, look at me. You and I were both born into Rittenhouse, but it's not inevitable. My own father once told me it wasn't a choice, but it is. Timothy, you don't have to do this, or accept this. This is wrong, and you can say it is.

Timothy looks at her, frightened and flustered. He's nineteen. A college sophomore. He agreed to learn about his dad's amazing job, to time travel, to meet the Founding Fathers and make his friends jealous. Not to this.

TIMOTHY

Dad, come on, we don't have to.

TEMPLE

(aiming the gun)

I've given her chance after chance. She never learns.

TIMOTHY

Dad - Dad, please. Don't shoot her, okay? Don't shoot her.

TEMPLE

You shouldn't be listening to her.

LUCY

Timothy. Timothy, I know what you're going through, what you will go through. Any time you want to turn away - it can be done, all right? You could come with us, we'd protect you. If you just -

TIMOTHY

What? I can't leave my family.
Especially if you are - Rittenhouse
is a good thing, they want to help
people, they want to -

LUCY

No. No, they don't. Do you really
think this would be happening if so?

Timothy divides an uncertain look between her and his father.
Some part of him might want to believe her. He definitely
doesn't want to see her shot. He's a kid.

TIMOTHY

Look, I'm sure this isn't -

Just then, there's a crash at the door. Temple half-whirls,
then spins back on Lucy, pulling the trigger, just as Timothy
lets out a shout and jumps -

The door physically flies out of its frame and lands in
splinters on the floor. There's another crash, an unconscious
militiaman is launched through like a trebuchet, and it's
followed by Flynn, who looks truly spectacular. It's possibly
the angriest we have ever seen him. He's dragging at least
three soldiers, they're all fighting like hell, and he scrapes
one off and knocks him to the floor with a violent punch. They
keep trying to jump on him, but he's unstoppable.

FLYNN

(bellowing)

LUCY!

Timothy's down, clutching his bloodied shoulder. Temple shot
him by accident, when Timothy jumped in the way, and even he
looks horrified. Then he starts to lunge at Lucy -

TEMPLE

I'M GOING TO KILL -

Lucy dodges, just as Flynn peels off the man on his back,
body-slams him into the wall, and hits Temple from behind.
They go somersaulting, Flynn pulls back a fist, and begins to
hit Temple in the face with an ugly crunching sound, over and
over. Grabs him by both shoulders and slams him into the
floor, clearly about to murder him with his bare hands -

- just as more soldiers pile in and grab Flynn by both arms,
dragging him off Temple's twitching form. Lucy runs at them.

LUCY

Don't - don't! Let him go, let him -

It is utter mayhem. Flynn viciously headbutts one of the
soldiers holding him, who staggers backward. Lucy realizes
that getting mixed up in the middle of that will be a
disaster, and she kneels frantically at Timothy's side.

LUCY

Are you okay?!

TIMOTHY

(shocked, in pain)

He - my dad, he - I don't know if he
meant - he, I'm -

LUCY

Shh.

She tears off her kerchief and bandages his shoulder with it, pressing hard in an attempt to stop the bleeding. Flynn spins and delivers a punishing uppercut to the jaw of his last attacker, sending the man flying bodily across the room. He hits the wall with a squelch and slides down, head lolling, as Flynn strides over and seizes Lucy's arm.

FLYNN

WE'RE GOING!

LUCY

We can't leave him!

FLYNN

What? Another Rittenhouse brat who's
going to grow up and just keep doing
everything they always -

LUCY

He saved my life! We can't just -
Garcia. Garcia, I'm so sorry, I'm so
sorry. But please. Please.

Flynn just stares at her, eyes almost blind with rage. It's a side of him we've rarely seen, even in season 1. It's not clear if he even hears her.

FLYNN

We're going.

Lucy struggles to get Timothy to his feet, draping his arm around her shoulders. Flynn doesn't stop her, but he doesn't help her either. Lucy stumbles after him, out of the room, as he blazes the way across the antechamber beyond. George Washington is one of several men laid out flat on the floor, and Lucy stares in horror.

LUCY

Oh my god, you knocked out George
Washington?!

FLYNN

Guess he'll forget us after all then,
won't he?!

He is snarling, scathing, barely controlled. Lucy shifts her grip on Timothy, who groans in pain.

TIMOTHY

Miss, you can't - my dad's back there, I don't know how to get back to the future if you -

LUCY

We have a machine, we'll take you with us, we -

FLYNN

We already don't have enough seats on this trip. If you think we owe anything to some -

LUCY

Garcia, please!

Despite his unrestrained fury and heartbreak, something about that stops him. He stares at her in terrible silence for a few beats, then strides over, heaves Timothy off her, and slings him in a fireman's carry over his shoulder. They burn down the hall to a side entrance and spill out into the muddy alley.

LUCY

They grabbed Wyatt earlier, they took him to the city jail - did you - David Rittenhouse, where -

FLYNN

I have no damn idea. I'll take him here as far as the meadow where Rufus told us to wait. Then I'll go back and find Rittenhouse.

LUCY

Please - you already killed him in 1780, that didn't work, and if you do that now, we don't know if it'll change everything that already -

FLYNN

Want to protect your grandfather now, is that it?!

LUCY

You know - you know I don't, I -

Flynn doesn't answer, storming down the alley. Lucy runs after him, holding back tears, as they reach the street. They barrel around a corner, and almost run into Wyatt, coming the other way. He skids to a halt, staring at the mess.

WYATT

What the hell - ?

LUCY

How - they took you -

WYATT

Come on, an eighteenth-century prison isn't exactly Alcatraz. As soon as the guards left, it took me five minutes to get out. What's going on? Who's this? Flynn?

Flynn is still in a trance. After a pause, he hefts Timothy off his shoulder and shoves him at Wyatt.

FLYNN

You take him. Lucy wants something with him. Go back to the meadow. Wait for Rufus.

WYATT

No, seriously, what the -

Flynn doesn't answer. Lucy grabs desperately for his hand, but he is already turning the other way, racing out of sight. Wyatt shifts Timothy's weight and grimaces.

WYATT

Kid, what happened to you?

LUCY

He got shot saving me.

TIMOTHY

(stammering, in shock)

M-my name's Timothy Temple. I came along on this trip, my dad - my dad said it was time to learn about -

WYATT

Temple? Michael Temple? That's your dad?! Look, I'm sure you're nice and all, but he's -

TIMOTHY

He tried - he tried -

LUCY

He's losing blood. We have to do something for him. If that means going to the meadow - we can try to treat him while we -

WYATT

But Flynn -

LUCY

(utterly heartbroken)

I don't know if we can stop him now.

And with that, because we're cruel -

[COMMERCIALS]

RETURN TO:

INT. LONDON PUB - EVENING

Jessica is sitting in a corner, not drinking, attracting a few askance looks from the mostly male crowd. She opens her pocket bag, looks at the gun inside. Then she glances up with a start as the door bangs open and Emma comes swirling in.

EMMA

You. Let's take a little walk outside.

Jessica hesitates, then gets to her feet and follows Emma out into the alley behind the pub, piled with casks, carts, and ropes. It's dark and chilly.

JESSICA

What's this about?

EMMA

Oh, don't play stupid. I just figured out why Temple insisted you come along on this jump to 'help' me. I've figured out all of it. You have orders to make sure I don't return alive, don't you? Either you or your new buddy think about how that works? Now that Stanley's gone, I'm back to being the only pilot. The trainees aren't ready yet.

JESSICA

I don't know what you're talking about.

EMMA

You're such a liar. But it doesn't matter. I'm going to do what I should have done long ago, and then none of this happens. Rufus won't be saved, Temple won't return to Rittenhouse, and I'll be back where I belong.

She removes a gun from her cloak (of course Emma never carries only one gun) and points it at Jessica. A pause, and then at last, Jessica goes for her own. They aim, circling slowly, daring the other to take the shot.

JESSICA

You're wrong, just so you know. About the pilots not being ready.

EMMA

Oh?

JESSICA

I've been training in the simulator. Training intensively. Michael is waiting for me to pick him up, and then we both go home together.

EMMA

Are you really willing to take the chance that you can nail a jump from 1775 on your first time out of the sim? It took me years to get good. You think playing a few video games make you a real pilot?

JESSICA

You had to troubleshoot all the bugs, the beta tests, when it didn't work. Now the process is streamlined. Perfected. It's not any harder than any other crash course. But you've never trusted me, accepted how smart I am, what I can do, any of it. Michael did that. Now I'm showing him that he was right.

EMMA

(laughs)

So you are his loyal little latchkey girl? That makes this even better. Well, I guess this is -

As she's about to shoot, there's a clatter from down the alley, the massive casks begin to thunder and roll, and they speed toward the women, knocking them apart. Emma is almost crushed, dodges out of the way just in time. She and Jessica exchange a few confused shots, but neither can see each other. Jessica scrambles out and starts to run, as Emma struggles to follow her. If it's true that they both know how to pilot, whoever gets to the Mothership last is SOL.

As the chaos continues, we PAN BACK down the alley to see Rufus and Connor prepared to push another heavy cask. But in another few moments, it's clear that both women are gone.

RUFUS

Do you think that was what it looked like - ? I mean, why would Emma figure out something about how I was saved and then run to take out Jessica? It doesn't make sense.

CONNOR

Unless Jessica is connected to how you're saved? If we were close enough to hear what they were saying -

RUFUS

If that was the case, we'd probably be dead. This is where it's a problem that we don't have Wyatt or Flynn with us. But -

He looks restlessly down the alley again, as if something is on the tip of his tongue. Not trusting that the danger is entirely passed. They make their way down, look around, and then Rufus spots something on the ground, fallen where Jessica or Emma dropped it. It's a pamphlet, and he picks it up.

Focus on the title page:

AN ORATION DELIVERED FEBRUARY 24, 1775, BEFORE THE AMERICAN PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, HELD AT PHILADELPHIA, FOR PROMOTING USEFUL KNOWLEDGE, BY DAVID RITTENHOUSE, A.M., MEMBER OF SAID SOCIETY.

RUFUS

(urgently)

Connor - Connor, look at this.

CONNOR

Bloody hell. Maybe that's also what Emma wanted, when she was looking for something printed? There were a number of copies of these, and she was supposed to ensure that they circulated? Get Rittenhouse's ideas well entrenched on both sides of the Atlantic, build a group of followers in Europe as well as America?

RUFUS

Seems likely.

(beat)

Do you think we should try to tip Sancho off about this? I mean, there's no way he wants to see us again, but we could warn him.

Connor grimaces, but they know that they have to do something and tell someone who could stop these pamphlets.

CONNOR

I - well. The moral of the story this whole time has been to pick ourselves up after bruising defeat and try again. Come on, let's hurry.

They glance around one more time, then trot off down the street, into the dark.

CUT TO:

EXT. SANCHO'S SHOP - NIGHT

Lanterns are lit, Sancho and friends are sweeping up the mess, trying to clean the premises and salvage his products. Rufus and Connor approach warily. They know they aren't welcome.

RUFUS

Mr. - Mr. Sancho?

Sancho breaks off from his sweeping, turns around, sees them, and stops. He regards them up and down, not warmly.

IGNATIUS SANCHO

What do you want now?

RUFUS

Well, to apologize, first off. And to tell you something, if you still want to hear it, or have any reason to trust us. I know you don't, but -

CONNOR

Rufus is being much too generous. It was me who dragged you into this, Mr. Sancho. It's my fault, not his, for what happened. And you don't have to listen to what we have to say now, but we'd be humbled if you did.

Sancho considers them, then sighs, takes a few steps away from the cleanup party.

IGNATIUS SANCHO

What is it?

RUFUS

(hands him the pamphlet)

We found this earlier. These are the people we were talking about, the Rittenhouse secret society. If you see any more of these, or know where they're being printed... we don't want to ask you to do anything you don't want to. We've already caused enough trouble. But if you could do something to ensure they're destroyed or they don't get circulated, again, we'd - we'd really appreciate it.

Sancho takes the pamphlet with an inscrutable look, pages through it. Finally stuffs it in his waistcoat.

IGNATIUS SANCHO

I will confess, I still do not understand the pair of you, and you have caused me considerable grief.

But I can see at least that you believe in what you're fighting for, and those battles never come without struggle, and without sacrifice. I will remember what you've said.

RUFUS AND CONNOR

Thank you. Thank you.

Sancho looks at them a moment more, then reaches out again, takes Connor's hand, and shakes it.

IGNATIUS SANCHO

From one Son of Africa to another.

CONNOR

(a little choked up)

Mr. Sancho.

IGNATIUS SANCHO

Mr. Mason.

They nod at each other, and Sancho turns back to his sweeping with the others. Connor stands there, lets out a slow breath.

RUFUS

You all right?

CONNOR

Yes, I - I think I am. Now come on.

Take me home, then go get the others.

We have a great deal to tell them.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD - EVENING

Lucy, Wyatt, and Timothy are hidden in a copse of bushes near the Lifeboat's previous landing spot. Wyatt is tending to Timothy, who is barely conscious. Lucy is standing up, pacing, staring in the direction of Philadelphia, utterly preoccupied. Finally, she turns back.

LUCY

How is he?

WYATT

I've done all the field medicine I can think of with no supplies. But I'm not gonna lie, we need to get him to an actual hospital.

LUCY

We can make it just a little longer.

WYATT

Sure, maybe we can. This kid, though - Lucy, if you really want to save him, we -

LUCY

Rufus isn't even here yet, we have to wait anyway! We can't leave without Flynn!

WYATT

(a little helplessly)

Lucy, do you - do you really think he's coming back?

LUCY

He's not staying in 1775 forever, of course he's coming back!

She's close to tears, wipes her eyes angrily with the back of her hand, keeps staring hopelessly down the hill.

LUCY (CONT)

Maybe I should go look.

WYATT

You know that would get you in more trouble. Lucy, this must be why Rittenhouse knew we were there to kill him in 1780. He did, remember? He shot Benedict Arnold because of it. Everything that happens five years from now, it's because he remembers us, he knows we already tried this once, and if Flynn -

LUCY

He's coming back!

Just then, the night flashes and hums, and the Lifeboat appears, whirling to a halt a few yards away. Lucy stares at it in dread, as the door opens and Rufus leans out.

RUFUS

Hey, wow, you're here. I didn't know if you would be or not. Everything go okay on this - wait, who's that?

WYATT

(grimly)

Okay is not the word I would have chosen, honestly.

He hefts the now-unconscious Timothy and lugs him toward the Lifeboat, as Rufus balks.

RUFUS

Wait, we're bringing back another wounded kid from the past? We all remember how terribly that went with JFK, right?

WYATT

He's not from the past. He saved Lucy, she insisted we - look, we have to just go if we're going, all right?

RUFUS

(frowns)

Where's Flynn?

He looks over at Lucy, who has made no move to come to the Lifeboat and is still staring down the hill, skirt and hair whipping in the night breeze.

RUFUS (CONT)

Lucy? Lucy, come on.

He gets out of the Lifeboat and hurries toward her, as Wyatt struggles to strap Timothy in.

RUFUS

Lucy? Wait, did Flynn - is he -?

LUCY

I don't know where he is. We can't leave yet, all right? We can't leave. He could still come back.

RUFUS

With what's-his-face in there, we have four seats full already. I'd have to make a second trip anyway. And with all the cross-jumping, we might need some recharge time. If Flynn is out there doing his Flynn thing, let him loose, right? Or -

LUCY

I don't know what he's doing.

RUFUS

What happened? I mean - he's our friend now, right? We've trusted him? So what -

LUCY

(half to herself)

Emma said this was going to happen. That I'd betray him. She has the journal, she knew about this. It's true, everything she said. It's true.

WYATT

(calling from the Lifeboat)

Guys, I'm serious, this kid isn't doing well. If we're going -

Rufus looks at Lucy, then takes her arm, pulls her urgently toward the Lifeboat. Lucy starts to lose it, breaks down in tears, kicks and struggles.

LUCY

Rufus. No. Rufus, we can't -

RUFUS

Lucy, come on, I promise, I'll recharge and then come back and look, we just need to -

LUCY

(shouting wildly)

Garcia! GARCIA! GARCIA!

Rufus gets her the rest of the way to the Lifeboat, Wyatt reaches down to haul her in. Lucy is still struggling.

LUCY

(screaming out the door)

FLYNN! FLYNN!

Nothing. The night is empty. He isn't coming.

The door cycles shut. We pan around one last time, just to check. Nobody's there.

And with that - the Lifeboat jumps.

FADE TO BLACK.

END CREDITS.

TWO WEEKS FROM NOW ON TIMELESS. . .

TIMELESS 3X11: "3.5 MILLION VOLTS"

DENISE

(quietly)

Do you think Flynn's coming back?

WYATT

He was pretty damn pissed the last time we saw him. I want to say yes, but I don't know.

DENISE

You don't think there's any chance he'd turn on us again?

CUT TO:

TEMPLE

And then what? You'll arrange a little prison accident for me, like you did for Benjamin Cahill?

EMMA

Haven't decided. There's something to be said for watching you rot in jail.

TEMPLE

Emma, come on. I still have plenty I could teach you, everything I could -

EMMA

Too late.

CUT TO:

WYATT

Isn't that the guy who makes the electric cars?

RUFUS

No, they're named after him. Nikola Tesla, criminally underrated super-genius, got trolled by Noted The Worst Thomas Edison, inventor of the modern AC electric supply system, induction motor, wireless technology, Tesla coil, X-ray imaging, and so much else. Oh, and he tried to build a death ray at one point, because why wouldn't you.

CUT TO:

LUCY

This machine. You said you could see the past, as if you were there. Your own past?

NIKOLA TESLA

We cannot experience any other past than our own. So yes.

LUCY

(beat, then)

I want to try it.

CUT TO:

LUCY

Yeah, I just feel - I don't feel quite right, maybe it's left over from Tesla's machine, I'm not -

WYATT

You sure it's not just the usual time travel wooziness?

LUCY

No, this feels different. Like - I don't know, almost like -

CUT TO:

The Lifeboat spins over sideways as if hit by a huge wave in heavy seas, tumbling them like a dryer, as they clutch madly onto their restraints and shout in surprise -

CUT TO:

RUFUS

I don't - I don't know where we are.

FADE TO BLACK...