



# TIMELESS

"SÃO PAULO"

Episode 3x13

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Airdate: February 17, 2019

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FADE IN.

FLYNN (V/O)

Previously on TIMELESS...

1x06 with Flynn telling Wyatt the story of how his family was killed. 1x16 with him telling Lucy that she gave him the journal, 2x08 as he elaborates that it happened in São Paulo, Brazil, two weeks after his family died. 3x04 with Temple offering to bring back Flynn's wife and daughter if he turns on the team. 3x07 with Emma and Benjamin Cahill's conversation at dinner. 3x12 with Lucy and Future Lucy, Emma stealing data from the Lifeboat, Temple betraying Jessica, Wyatt and Jane, Flynn's love confession to Lucy as he lifts her into the Lifeboat and it leaves without him, and Emma's dramatic and literal crash into Temple's press conference with the Mothership and an unconscious Flynn...

FADE TO BLACK.

OPEN ON:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

CAPTION: JULY 7, 2014

A comfortable upstairs bedroom, crowded with books and boxes and projects, a half-packed suitcase with a European Union passport tossed on top. We pan over the side table, with a framed family photograph, to a couple in bed. Focus in on none other than our own GARCIA FLYNN. He opens one eye, frowns, grabs his phone off the side table.

The woman next to him stirs sleepily. It's LORENA FLYNN.

LORENA

Work still at it?

FLYNN

Just checking something.

LORENA

Mmm, come on, leave it for tonight.

She puts a hand on his back, inducing him to put the phone down, and he sighs and does so. Settles back into the pillows. They lie there for a few moments, when there's a soft sound from outside the door. Lorena lifts her head.

LORENA

Was that Iris?

FLYNN

You can't go running to her every night, she's going to have to grow up eventually. You just told me to -

The sound comes again, a little louder.

LORENA

She's still getting over that cough,  
I'll just check.

She throws back the covers and gets out of bed, crossing the room and stepping outside. Flynn rolls over restlessly, grabs his phone again, looks at it. Something is clearly on his mind, but he shakes his head, rubs his face, puts the phone down. He has just closed his eyes when there's a sound that he, with his military training, recognizes instantly:

It's a gun with a silencer, firing with a muffled thump.

Then it comes again.

Flynn freezes. Then he sits bolt upright and scrambles out of bed, panicking, as he runs to the wall, punches a combination into a safe, and removes his own gun. He slams a magazine in and runs out into the hall. He can hear the noises from Iris's room. Floorboards creak. A red point of light dances over his chest - a sniper's sight.

Flynn throws himself flat just as the shot takes out the wall where his head was. No more need for subterfuge now that they both know the other is here. He crawls frantically, pushing aside Iris's toys left on the floor.

FLYNN

(hysterical whispers)

Lorena! Lorena! Iris... Lorena!

He reaches the open door of Iris's room, still staying low, and looks around the corner.

We don't see what he does, but we pan to his face, and his expression is absolutely terrible. He collapses, sliding down the wall, making breathless gulping noises of disbelief, agony. Then he looks up at the open window.

He staggers to his feet, as more shots go off. Indistinct struggle in the darkness, someone else pounding in from the hallway. Flynn whirls and shoots them. More bullets flying, he ducks with something well beyond instinct. Fights his way out, dodges back into the master bedroom to grab the suitcase and the passport. Then throws himself down the stairs.

CONTINUE TO:

EXT. THE FLYNN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

There is a black van parked on the curb, another hitman on the way out. Flynn shoots him too, veers around the side of the house. He's utterly stunned, running on raw adrenaline, can't stop or he's dead. Blood trickling down his face.

Lights flicker on in the neighboring house. Sound of sirens. Shouts. The black van pulls away with a screech.

His entire world destroyed in minutes, Garcia Flynn RUNS.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Another dark bedroom. Another phone on a nightstand, which buzzes. A hand flails out and grabs it, and as the person sits up, we see that it's EMMA. She answers.

EMMA

What the hell? It's three A.M. What -

(beat)

Oh. Yes. Hello, Mr. Cahill.

(second beat)

I'll be right there.

She swings both legs out of bed, causing the shirtless boy-toy type next to her to murmur a question.

EMMA

Nothing. Work. You should show yourself out before I get back, anyway.

She shoves on her shoes, grabs her keys, leaves.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A car pulls up in an empty parking lot, switches off. Emma steps out, then crosses to where another car is parked. It's the nondescript black sedan favored by BENJAMIN CAHILL, who is leaning against it and waiting for her. Despite the ungodly hour, he's neatly dressed in a suit and tie, looks angry.

EMMA

I take it this really couldn't wait?

BENJAMIN

No, it couldn't. We've just conducted a high-value operation on a target of particular interest, and - well. The first two-thirds went according to plan, but the target himself appears to have fled the scene.

EMMA

Who?

Cahill pulls a file out of his coat. It's Flynn's records, a picture paper-clipped to the top. He holds it out.

EMMA

(reading)

Garcia Flynn, NSA asset mostly based in Eastern Europe, career in the military and private security - so?

BENJAMIN

Four days ago, he was working on some outsourced surveillance. Broke the encryption, discovered the payments Rittenhouse has been making to your other employer, and their intended use. He was foolish enough to flag the transfers to his contact, and a man like that - well. We already know exactly what he's capable of. At any price, Garcia Flynn cannot be allowed to discover Rittenhouse again.

EMMA

(confused)

Again?

BENJAMIN

Let's just say we've been keeping an eye on him for a while. This time we had to take extreme measures. He's fled, gone underground. We don't think there's any way he can fight us now, but we have to be vigilant. We unfortunately cannot send Mr. Fisher back on another correction mission. Given his, ah, condition.

EMMA

Fisher? Stanley Fisher? Isn't he the crazy one Mason had to fire?

BENJAMIN

Madness was an unfortunate side effect of that, yes. But Mr. Fisher did his job. Until this.

EMMA

So you need Flynn dead? Fine, no problem. I can leave tonight.

BENJAMIN

Oh no, Emma. You're too important to risk. We'll send some of our usual people after Flynn, they can handle him. It's time to activate our plan for you. I'm sure you remember.

EMMA

The defector gambit?

BENJAMIN

Exactly. You're going to the nineteenth century tomorrow, and you'll stay there as long as needed.

You'll hide out in deep cover,  
waiting for the perfect moment.  
Whatever happens to Rittenhouse in  
the present, you'll be preserved,  
waiting to strike.

Emma takes that in, face implacable. Then -

EMMA

Very well. I've trained for this.  
Thank you for trusting me.

BENJAMIN

I expect this won't take long.  
Flynn's a broken man. There's no way  
he can find the others again, but -  
(shrugs)

No point taking chances. Wherever he  
went, we'll hunt him down. Once  
Garcia Flynn's dead, there's no one  
to stand in our way. That will be the  
end of it. Then we win.

EMMA

I'll remember that.

They reach out, and in the dark parking lot, shake hands.

TIMELESS MAIN TITLE - 07212014

RETURN TO:

INT. ISOLATION TANK - NIGHT

FOCUS IN on Flynn's face. He's unconscious, strapped to the same contraption that Stanley was in 3x09: the slowly turning gyroscope in a pitch-black room. His wrists and ankles are locked in silver cuffs that administer a mild shock every so often. He jerks, but doesn't wake up. Silence, except for distant, eerie humming, as he continues to rotate.

There's a beep and a click, and MICHAEL TEMPLE, still wearing his suit from the interrupted press conference, enters the chamber. He is clearly on the back foot, sneaks a wary glance over his shoulder as if on the lookout for Emma.

Temple presses the button and mic that he used to wake up Stanley. The blue light rises, and with another shock from the cuffs, Flynn stirs to painful half-consciousness.

TEMPLE

Good evening, Mr. Flynn.

Flynn stares at him balefully, not moving or answering. A derisive sneer twists his mouth as he takes in the lingering effect of his fists from 3x10 on Temple's face.

FLYNN  
(hoarsely)

Go to hell.

TEMPLE

I don't think you're in much position for those sort of statements, but still. I assume the exigency of your situation is plainly apparent. So if you feel like offering any useful information that might mitigate -

Flynn laughs, then coughs, grimacing against the bullet wounds in his shoulder and side. They're patched up - Rittenhouse clearly doesn't want him dying before they can thoroughly pump him for everything he knows.

FLYNN

Look at you. Standing there, acting important, using big words, if that will trick me into forgetting that you're desperate, Temple. You're scrambling. You need something out of me right here, right now, or Emma gets everything she wants. You really think I'm going to help you? Ever?

TEMPLE

Emma is going to kill you.

FLYNN

Emma's welcome to try. Besides, you bastards want information, that's the only reason I'm not dead already. You aren't getting any. So kill me if you're doing it, coward.

TEMPLE

Mr. Fisher chose to be defiant in your position too. You do remember what I offered in D.C.? That we could bring your wife and daughter back to life, if you told us where the team was hiding? We could still do that now. The offer is good. You've been fighting for a long time. Let's end this. Let's give you what you want.

Flynn goes quiet. Finally, he jerks his chin as if inviting Temple to come closer. Temple smiles. He pushes another button to lower the glass, steps through and up to Flynn.

TEMPLE

Very good. Let's talk some shop. So how about we -

He's cut off as Flynn violently spits blood at him, all over his face and collar. Temple jerks backward, pulls out a handkerchief, slowly wipes it off.

TEMPLE

(dangerously)

That was a mistake, Mr. Flynn.

Flynn stares at him, utterly unimpressed, eyes burningly defiant. Temple steps back with measured strides, takes up his position behind the console, and puts his hand on a dial.

TEMPLE

Where is the team hiding now?

Flynn continues to stare at him goadingly. Temple twists the dial, and blue electricity crackles from the cuffs, as Flynn thrashes and jerks. He grunts in pain, but won't scream.

TEMPLE

How did you learn about Rittenhouse?  
What are your sources of information?  
How many of our operatives have you  
killed? Why - didn't - you - take -  
my - generous - deal?

He barely stops between questions, each accompanied by wild cranks of the dial. It's not clear if he really thinks Flynn is going to talk, or he's just Force lightning-ing him because he's a dick. Steam rises, Flynn groans, but turns his head and spits more blood.

TEMPLE

We can keep going for a long time,  
Garcia. I'm a patient man.

FLYNN

You mean, we can keep going until  
Emma gets back. I already told you,  
Michael. You've lost. You're beaten.  
You just don't know it yet.

TEMPLE

Between the two of us, I rather think  
that's you. It's always been coming,  
hasn't it? This? Me or you?

FLYNN

This is what you do? Talk everyone to  
death?

It's clear at this point that there is nothing that will make him break. Temple considers, then reaches into his jacket and pulls out a gun. He cocks it, points it.

TEMPLE

Then I can at least deny Emma her  
grand prize, parading you for the



entire world to see, and make it quick for you. Far quicker than you deserve. One last chance. Yes or no?

FLYNN

Go. To. Hell.

TEMPLE

Very well. Goodbye, Garcia Flynn.

He hesitates an instant longer, then pulls the trigger.

As the shot goes off -

SLAM CUT TO:

INT. SAFE HOUSE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jiya jerks awake, looking shaken, and sits up sharply. Looks around, then gets up. Shrugs on a sweater and slippers, opens the door, hurries out.

CONTINUE TO:

INT. SAFE HOUSE COMMON AREA - NIGHT

The Lifeboat is still missing. Connor is sitting up at the kitchen table, half-asleep, as Jiya reaches him, shakes him.

CONNOR

Whungh?

JIYA

Something's wrong, Connor, wake up.

CONNOR

Something else than our entire team going unaccountably walkabout through all of known time and space?

JIYA

Yes. Flynn - I think Rittenhouse has him, they captured him. I saw him with Temple, in the same place I once saw Stanley, and I saw -

She stops, biting her lip. Connor rubs his eyes, staggers to his feet. But then, they're interrupted by a rush of air, a whine, and the sudden pop of the arriving Lifeboat.

They whirl around, as the door opens and an exhausted, stunned, close-to-tears Lucy, Rufus, and Wyatt climb out. Jiya lets out a small sound of desperate relief and runs to Rufus, who hugs her close and kisses her for a long moment.

JIYA

Oh my God, you're back, you're - what happened, you went totally dark, we couldn't find you at all, we -

RUFUS

Believe me, it is a long and very  
insane story. We just... we...

He trails off. None of the team seem able to say anything, especially not Lucy, who is silently crying. Wyatt looks at her awkwardly, holds out his arms, and Lucy lets him hug her. Connor looks back and forth. No one else is coming.

CONNOR

Did Flynn - run off again?

RUFUS

(heavily)

He pretty much gave himself up to  
save us. He -

JIYA

Rittenhouse has him. Or they will. I  
don't know if it's happened yet, or  
if he's still alive. He was. Then - I  
don't know.

Lucy lets go of Wyatt, takes an urgent few steps forward.

LUCY

Where is he?

JIYA

Wherever Stanley was, the time I saw  
him while we were on the Stonewall  
trip. But then Stanley...

She stops, can't finish the sentence. Then Stanley died.

WYATT

Lucy, don't we have your journal now?  
Original Lucy's journal? Maybe it  
says something about this, right?

Lucy's almost forgotten about that. She fumbles in her pocket, digs out the journal and the sealed dish of HeLa cells.

LUCY

These need to be put in bio-storage  
immediately. They're the basis of  
whatever injection was used to save  
Rufus in Chinatown. Either way, we'll  
be able to do that. Flynn made sure.

CONNOR

None of us are expert biochemists,  
but we'll do our best to -

RUFUS

I'm not dead right now, am I? So if  
that stuff made me un-dead, if we got

a new batch - we could save Flynn too, right? If we had to.

WYATT

I don't want to sound like I'm bagging on the guy, honestly. But you said that that method of bringing you back pretty much shot the timeline to hell. If we did it twice -

LUCY

We are not leaving him! We are not!

She is small, teary, and ferocious, absolutely dead-set. There are plenty of things to say, reasons, explanations, excuses, and yet. It doesn't occur to anyone to contradict her.

JIYA

I'll try to see anything else about where he is.

She steps off, as Lucy stares down at Original Lucy's journal, still in her hands. She's wanted to read this for a long time, she's been bewildered by its influence over Flynn, she has literally met the alternate-self who wrote it and learned why it was - it's too much. But she has to.

Lucy sinks down onto the couch, opens to page one, braces herself. Begins to read.

[COMMERCIALS]

RETURN TO:

INT. MOTHERSHIP - NIGHT

Emma sits inside the Mothership, parked on the crashed stage in the empty auditorium. She scrolls through the computers, as we see CLONED LIFEBOAT DATA ANALYSIS at the top of the screen. She performs a few search commands as endless reams of equations flash by. Finally, a PING. A dialogue box pops up:

POSSIBLE MATCH: JULY 21, 2014. SÃO PAULO, BRAZIL.

Emma's eyes narrow. She types in something, waits. The screen flashes with a green checkmark.

TRAVEL POSSIBLE. NO CONFLICTING TIMELINE.

Emma smiles. But she's still not quite satisfied. She leans forward, keeps working. A few error messages, she dismisses them. Enters in a new command. The screen flashes again.

UNAUTHORIZED FORWARD TRAVEL. CONFIRM OVERRIDE?

Emma confirms it.

She shuts the door, pulls the straps over her head, and with that, leaving nothing but a hole in the stage where it was, the Mothership vanishes.

CUT TO:

INT. ALT-BUNKER - NIGHT

A flash and a flare, a scraping sound, and the Mothership appears, lands... next to the ALT-LIFEBOAT. We're back in the Futures' bunker. And so is Emma. Oh shit.

The door opens, and Emma steps out.

EMMA

I know you're here, princess!

A split second, then a shot goes off, right by Emma's head. She ducks, pulls her own gun, and whirls on a white-faced FUTURE LUCY, who is holding it on her with both hands.

FUTURE LUCY

What are you doing here?!

EMMA

I stole the jump data off the Lifeboat. Followed the same path. It wasn't hard. You see, there's something I need to confirm. July 21, 2014. São Paulo, Brazil. That was it, wasn't it? Where you went and started the new timeline, handed the journal off to Flynn. Or rather, where you're just about to go, because right now, at this moment I've arrived, you haven't actually done it yet. I can go there, because I was in the nineteenth century the first time around. But the others can't. So I guess no one's going to stop me.

Future Lucy doesn't say anything aloud, but it's too late. The expression of shock on her face has given her away.

EMMA

Thought so.

FUTURE LUCY

What are you -

EMMA

I'm tying off all the loose ends. I'm making absolutely sure this one sticks. No more second chances, no more deus ex machinas, no more convenient visits to your alternate selves. No more journals, no more anything. You've lost, princess. Everything you've fought for, you've lost. I'm sorry it had to be this way. Goodbye, Lucy.

With that, she jumps back into the Mothership, just as Future Lucy fires wildly at her, but misses. Emma throws something out, slams the door, and the Mothership vanishes -

- just as the grenade EXPLODES.

A torrent of fire tears through the shot, and the Alt-Lifeboat goes up in an almighty blast. Future Lucy is thrown like a rag doll, disappears in the flame, then lands in front of the camera, eyes staring and blank. Blood pools slowly under her head. She doesn't move. Smoke and destruction everywhere. As the shot lingers, the truth sinks in.

Future Lucy is dead.

CUT TO:

INT. SAFE HOUSE COMMON AREA - NIGHT

Our Lucy has been reading the journal, but she winces, almost drops it, puts a hand to her head. Has to remain there for a few moments before she catches her breath, then gets to her feet, still unaccountably dizzy. The others look over.

WYATT

So, uh, you find anything?

LUCY

No. She - I - don't say exactly what happened to Flynn the first time. Something did, but that's reading between the lines. It just seems clear that he's... not there. Maybe she - I - didn't want to cause it to happen again by making Flynn try too hard to avoid it. I don't know.

WYATT

But does it say that you betrayed him? That was what Emma said, right?

LUCY

(frowns)

Actually, it doesn't.

WYATT

So Emma lied. She planted the idea that you betrayed Flynn and got him killed, whether or not you did, and that it was inevitable. Made it that you couldn't even ask him for the truth without feeling like you would make it happen, so -

LUCY

Because I was too scared, and I said I wouldn't believe her, and then I did anyway. This is still my fault.

WYATT

Well, maybe, but she manipulated you, all right? She knew you and she knew Flynn and she pressed your buttons, because she's evil and she wanted to tear us apart. But there might be time to fix it. To stop her. Where did Flynn get the journal? Does it say that?

LUCY

All I know is that Flynn told me I gave it to him two weeks after his family died. In a bar in São Paulo, Brazil, apparently.

WYATT

It has to be on file when they were killed, right?

LUCY

Where's Denise?

CUT TO:

INT. DENISE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Wyatt, Lucy, Rufus, and Jiya are all in Denise's office, watching tensely as Denise searches on her computer.

DENISE

Lorena and Iris Flynn were killed on the night of July seventh, 2014. He went on the run after that.

WYATT

So does that mean exactly two weeks later, or just in the ballpark? July twenty-something, maybe?

DENISE

What are you talking about? We can't travel to 2014 either way.

RUFUS

We still have the technology that the Futures gave us when they came to visit, right? That allowed you to go back to Chinatown and save me? I uninstalled it, but we have it.

WYATT

We can't just - what, go back to the damn Apocalypse Now bunker and ask them what happened?

RUFUS

Yeah, I think that would be a bad idea. And it might - Lucy?

LUCY

(wincing)

I'm sorry, I just have a headache. Never mind. We were saying?

DENISE

If it's true, what Flynn said about some future version of you giving it to him in the first place, going again would be impossibly risky. You'd exist in the same time, three times over. You could do God knows what. I want to save Flynn too, but -

LUCY

(angrily)

Do you? You were the one who threw him in jail when I tried to give him the chance to save his family! You didn't trust him enough to give him a gun in Salem, so I nearly died! You still thought he might have turned on us after Philadelphia! You don't care if he lives or dies, as long as we somehow come out on top in this demented, this awful, this unbearable war we're fighting, and if you think that's what winning looks like, if anything can justify what we've already done to him, our hypocrisy -

She cuts off, putting a hand to her head again, as Wyatt reaches for her in concern. Lucy staggers a little. Something's wrong, but she doesn't know what.

DENISE

Yes, I want to save him. I just want to do it now, here, in the present. If he's still alive, we can find where Rittenhouse is holding him, there's a chance Wyatt could go in there and pull him out.

WYATT

Because my last solo raid on Rittenhouse headquarters went so well? Look, obviously, I'll do it, if there was any way to be sure. But -

RUFUS

Jiya? Anything else on the Flynn-Cam?

JIYA

I can't get anything. I don't know.  
He could - he could be -

She sees Lucy watching her, stops short. There's a very tense silence - broken by the sound of the jump alarm.

Oh, hell.

CUT TO:

INT. SAFE HOUSE LANDING BAY - NIGHT

The team is gathered around the monitor, frowning deeply.

RUFUS

July 21, 2014. São Paulo, Brazil.  
Yeah. That answers that question.  
They're going after Flynn before Lucy  
can ever give him the journal. If  
that doesn't happen, none of this  
does. We never fight them, we never  
take them down, we never do any of  
it. Rittenhouse wins. The end.

DENISE

How can Emma go to 2014? That's her  
own timeline too, isn't it?

RUFUS

We can argue about bogglingly obscure  
quantum minutia, or we can decide  
what we're doing about it, and my  
vote is to save our friggin' friend  
and teammate. I can re-install the  
software, and hope like hell we avoid  
the glitches of last time, and then -

DENISE

But we still don't know where he is  
in the present. Even if we made sure  
he got the journal in the past, he'd  
be a prisoner of Rittenhouse and -

There's a sound from behind them, and they whirl around, all  
on edge, to behold TIMOTHY TEMPLE.

WYATT

You. Right. Guess you're on the mend?  
Honestly, kid, this is not a good -

TIMOTHY

I heard you - I heard you arguing.  
And I... I just...

He pauses, gathering himself, and then in a rush:

TIMOTHY (CONT)

I can tell you where the place is.



CUT TO:

INT. SAFE HOUSE LANDING BAY - NIGHT

Lucy is pacing back and forth neurotically, watching as Rufus runs checks on the software. Then she stops in her tracks, as the world reels around her. Can't catch her breath.

WYATT

Hey. Lucy. Lucy, are you all right?

LUCY

I - I don't feel that great, but it doesn't matter.

She breaks off and looks at him. Wyatt's in full tactical gear, preparing for a rescue mission. Lucy moves closer.

LUCY

So Denise is trusting what Timothy told her? About where Flynn is?

WYATT

Yeah. We don't have much of a choice, and he - well, I guess he feels like he owes us one. We did save his life. Anyway, Denise and I are on our way out right now, so I -

He stops. They look at each other. It's hard to think what to say in this situation. Both of them emotional.

WYATT (CONT)

I don't know if I'm going to see any of you again, or remember it, or if this is going to work, and I - just. Be careful, Lucy, all right? This is completely out of anyone's depth.

LUCY

I know.

WYATT

I love you.

LUCY

I know.

They smile at each other, very sadly. They hug for a long moment, Lucy kisses his cheek, then let go. Wyatt looks at her again, then as Denise calls, he picks up his gun and gear bag, and the two of them leave. Lucy watches them, arms folded tightly, holding herself together, and then turns to Rufus.

LUCY

Is it ready?

RUFUS

This is going to be a massive, massive crapshoot. I hope I've ironed out all the kinks from last time, but I can't be sure until we're in flight. If we can pull this off on both ends, it'll be a miracle.

JIYA

Well, let's get going.

Rufus and Lucy look at her in surprise. She's dressed for action, clearly intending to go with them. They can use all the help they can get, and Jiya might be able to find Flynn with her visions.

RUFUS

Yeah. Great. Let's.

The three of them climb into the Lifeboat. Look around at the safe house, empty except for Mason, who is watching them solemnly. If this doesn't work, they'll never have been here, never have known this, and may very well be dead. The bleak future where Rittenhouse wins will be the only reality.

Lucy, Rufus, and Jiya sit down and strap in, everyone aware of the empty seat. Rufus puts in the coordinates, and the control panel makes a forbidding noise. He clicks to override.

RUFUS

Everyone ready? This is going to be rough.

LUCY AND JIYA

Yeah.

RUFUS

We who are about to die salute you.

And with that, into the unknown, they JUMP.

CUT TO:

EXT. SÃO PAULO STREETS - EVENING

Rufus, Lucy, and Jiya are buffeted to every side by the crowds, the noise, the lights, the bicycles, cars, motos, more. São Paulo is never-ending. They all look more than usually woozy, and Lucy keeps having to stop and swallow hard.

RUFUS

Well, we made it, but we really need to be as fast as possible. We have like a six-hour window where our return jump is relatively stable, but after that -

He decides not to finish that sentence. They come to a halt. There's no way to randomly find anyone in this maze.

RUFUS (CONT)

You brought the journal, right? Where do you give it to him?

LUCY

It only said a bar in Vila Andrade, between Paraisópolis and Morumbi.

RUFUS

So we just have to find a nameless bar in the eighth-biggest city in the world where we don't speak the language, make sure your future self gets here, gives Flynn the journal, and Emma doesn't kill anyone important. Without dying ourselves?

LUCY

Something like that.

They look around for a street car that they can take toward Vila Andrade. They climb on board, and ride out of sight.

CUT TO:

EXT. VILA ANDRADE - NIGHT

It's getting dark, and this is a rougher part of town. Rufus stays protectively close to Lucy and Jiya, glancing around. A few comments directed at them, which they don't understand. Plenty of bars and other down-at-heel establishments, but if they just walk into every one, it will take all night, and they'll be far too late. And still might not find him.

RUFUS

Jiya, can you at least try Murder Vision? You never know, right?

JIYA

I suppose?

They come to a halt and dart into a side alley, as Jiya concentrates intensely, eyes rolling back in her head. Rufus holds her up, Lucy waits nervously. Her headache is getting worse, but she grimaces and tries to brush it off.

JIYA

(opening her eyes)

I think he's close? It's hard to tell anything about anyone individually in this place. But. This way.

They set off down the street, passing a variety of establishments. It's winter in São Paulo, it's not very warm, and they're starting to shiver by the time Jiya stops.

JIYA

Here. Possibly.

They size it up. It definitely seems like the kind of anonymous dive bar where someone might go to drink their sorrows away. They exchange uncertain looks.

JIYA (CONT)

So now what?

RUFUS

I guess we hide out here and make sure Future Lucy turns up? We can't interfere, we just make sure she hands the journal off. We only have six hours, remember?

LUCY

So we trust that Emma hasn't gotten to her first? I don't like this. There's too much that can go wrong. We should go look for -

RUFUS

The instant we start wandering around here at night, we're screwed whether or not Emma turns up. If this is the place, our best chance is to wait.

They lean against the wall, trying to look like locals. A few intercut shots to show some time passing. Still waiting.

A group of men wolf-whistle at Lucy and Jiya. They can't stand here forever. It's been over an hour now. It's very dark.

RUFUS

Lucy?

Lucy starts to answer, is cut off by a blinding pang that makes her stagger. She goes to her knees, as Rufus and Jiya reach for her in concern. She tries to speak, spits weakly.

LUCY

I - I don't know. I can't be sure. But I just have - something's happening, something's terribly wrong. Everything I remember is starting to collapse. The rug's been pulled out. We escaped before it got too bad, but now -

She looks up at the other two, watching her tensely.

LUCY (CONT)

I don't think I'm coming.

(beat)

I don't think anyone is coming.

[COMMERCIALS]

RETURN TO:

INT. RITTENHOUSE HANGAR - NIGHT

Temple emerges from the isolation chamber, walks down the corridor, and into the empty hangar where the Mothership is kept. He stands there, staring at nothing, for several moments. Then he turns around, takes a step -

And finds himself face to face with JESSICA LOGAN. She's holding a gun on him, and looks ready to use it. After a fraught pause, Temple raises both hands.

TEMPLE

Good evening.

JESSICA

You lied to me.

TEMPLE

Surely that can't be a surprise?

JESSICA

I've believed in you, in all of you, for the longest time. I trusted you. I gave up everything for Rittenhouse, everything you ever asked me to. And you were still ready to throw me away like trash, as long as it saved your own neck.

TEMPLE

I wouldn't say that. You were going to play a very important role in the success of our -

JESSICA

(half-hysterically)

Shut up. Shut up!

TEMPLE

Killing me won't fix anything. They won't take you back. He won't take you back. I know pregnant women can be prone to -

JESSICA

I don't care what Wyatt thinks. I don't care what you think. I'm doing this for myself. I admired you, but I was only ever a pawn. Completely expendable. And now you've abandoned your child, and you know what, Michael? They're right. You're a bad person. All of you abused me, you gaslit me, you lied to me about

everything, but you've done the most.  
So I don't know if it'll fix  
anything, but it might be a start.

TEMPLE

Now, don't do anything -

JESSICA

(a savage whisper)

Rittenhouse made me a killer.

And with that - she pulls the trigger.

The shot goes off.

For a moment, it seems like nothing happened, even as they continue to stare at each other. Then a slow red bloom spreads over Temple's heart. He looks down at it, looks at her, raises a hand to touch it. He seems confused.

TEMPLE

Oh dear.

He folds to his knees, and falls. Depthless, impossible silence. Jessica seems stunned by her own actions.

An alarm starts to beep, cutting through the ghastly stillness. She looks around. She could stay and defend the castle, and yet. She's just killed the king.

Jessica runs past Temple's body, and shoves a door open. In a moment more, she's gone.

A few beats, then movement on the far side of the hangar. Wyatt emerges from the shadows in recon stance, rifle at the ready, as he sweeps, checks, doesn't see anything.

He descends the stairs, looks around, sees the corpse. Recoils, but manages not to make a sound. Moves closer.

WYATT

(into his collar)

I got visual on Temple. He's down.

DENISE

(in his earpiece)

How down?

WYATT

I don't think he's getting up again,  
if that's what you mean.

DENISE

Are you sure?

Wyatt looks at Temple with a ferocious expression, lifts his rifle, and blasts the bastard several extra times. We gotta say, we think Temple deserves it.

WYATT

Yeah. Now I'm sure.

DENISE

Any sign of Flynn?

WYATT

I'll let you know. Mothership's gone.  
But there still could be other  
Rittenhouse members here.

Denise nonverbally acknowledges this, the line goes silent. Wyatt advances very carefully, sweeping, checking, looking for anyone else. Then he stops, staggers, can't catch his breath. Grimaces, puts a hand on the wall. We hear a tinny ringing.

He gulps hard, shakes his head, the world stabilizes again. He advances down the corridor, reaches the door into the isolation chamber. He pushes at it, but it's locked.

WYATT

(to himself)

Oh, to hell with this.

He lifts his gun again and blasts the control panel. It sparks and burns out, and he shoves the door with his shoulder. It opens. Nothing but blackness inside.

Very warily, Wyatt advances. Has to use the scope on his rifle to see anything at all.

WYATT

(whispering)

Flynn?

There's a blue light ahead, but no sound. He blinks. He can see the gyroscope - something - someone strapped to it.

WYATT

Garcia?

He takes another step, just as the gyroscope's occupant rotates into sight. It's Flynn - and his head slumps, blood drying on his face from the bullet wound in his skull.

He's dead.

Wyatt sucks in a breath, briefly loses his balance. Staggers back to lean against the wall. He keeps staring at the body of his nemesis-turned-teammate-turned-sort-of-real-friend. It takes a considerable effort for him to turn on his mic.

WYATT

I got visual on Flynn.

He closes his eyes, struggling to get the next words out.

WYATT

(voice cracking)

He's down.

CUT TO:

EXT. VILA ANDRADE - NIGHT

Lucy is increasingly agitated. A humming sound drones in her ears, cutting in and out. She looks around one more time, in helpless, hopeless anticipation of her future self appearing.

LUCY

Maybe we... it can't be far, if she brought the Lifeboat here and -

RUFUS

Lucy.

LUCY

What?

RUFUS

Do you remember that part in Prisoner of Azkaban? Where Harry sees his dad and keeps waiting for him to come save him from the dementors?

LUCY

Yes, but that wasn't his dad, it -  
(she stops)

No. No, I can't. I don't know what to say. I don't know how to do this.

JIYA

You have the journal.

LUCY

I - yes, but it's still Original Lucy's journal, it's - what if I go in there and then she turns up too? What if it just all - falls apart?

RUFUS

The other choice is that we keep waiting, we run our clock out, we get home or more likely, we don't. Flynn doesn't get the journal, and then none of this happens.

LUCY

Maybe we would be happier. Maybe he would be. He always said that he hated everything that this turned him into. How can I walk in there and get him to believe me and want it for him? He's the one who has to forgive me, for asking this total insanity from him. He would be justified if he never did. And right now, with what I've done to him - I - I can't.



JIYA

If Flynn doesn't get the journal now,  
Rittenhouse wins.

LUCY

I don't -

RUFUS

We can't make you do it. But if we  
come back, and nothing's changed, or  
everything has, and he's dead, and  
they win - Lucy, is that worth it?

A depthless shudder passes through Lucy. She takes out the journal and looks at it. She has read it now, she knows what's in it, she knows that once upon a time, she and Flynn fought Rittenhouse together after he saved her life. That they were such a team that it had to be erased, that Stanley Fisher changed her car accident, that it all went away. That Rittenhouse won. Can win more. Can do this all over again.

They've taken everything from Lucy. We focus on her face. She is asking so much - of him, of them, of everything.

The music rises.

LUCY

All right.

She's still terrified. She doesn't know what's beyond, or if this is the right thing to do, or who the man inside is.

She pushes open the door, and enters.

CONTINUE TO:

INT. SÃO PAULO BAR - NIGHT

It's busy, dim, not terribly clean. A soccer match on TV, a Brazilian flag hung behind the glass rack. Lucy edges through the crowd, looking from side to side. At last, she sees a familiar figure sitting at the bar, hunched and heartbroken. He lifts a shot glass to his mouth, throws it back.

FLYNN

(to the bartender)

Outra bebida. O mesmo.

The bartender looks at him a little skeptically. Flynn puts a crumpled real note on the counter. After a pause, the bartender shrugs and pours another shot. Flynn reaches for it, and then Lucy plucks up her courage. Steps forward.

LUCY

Hello, Garcia.

He jerks upright, whirls around, knocks the glass with his elbow. Bolts halfway to his feet, then staggers. Lucy reaches

out to steady him. He's unshaven, wild-eyed, heartbroken, not like any Flynn she has ever known, and he recoils from her.

LUCY (CONT)

I'm - I'm sorry. How about you sit back down?

Flynn continues to stare at her, utterly on guard, no hint of the softness or trust or affection so often in his gaze when he looks at her. A cornered animal with nothing to lose. If he decided to be, very dangerous.

FLYNN

How... how do you know my name?

LUCY

It's complicated.

FLYNN

If you're here to kill me, Jesus Christ, just get it over with.

LUCY

I'm not here to kill you. My - my name's Lucy. Lucy Preston.

Flynn grunts. Not interested. Nothing means anything.

LUCY (CONT)

I know what Rittenhouse did to your family.

That definitely gets a reaction. Flynn's hand flashes out, grabs her wrist. Lucy tries not to flinch. He's fast and he's strong and he has absolutely no reason not to think she's one of them too. She looks up into his shadowed face, struggles for the right words. She's been trying to guess what her future self said to him. It's not clear if it's working.

FLYNN

What do you know about my family?

LUCY

You told me once that Lorena used to lie on the couch and hum, and it drove you crazy. That she had cold feet, and she played pranks on you. I told you that my sister's shampoo smelled like strawberries, and when she would crawl into my bed, I dreamed all night about milkshakes.

Flynn stares at her. Wets his lips, tries to answer.

FLYNN

I've never met you before. I never told you that.

LUCY

You will.

FLYNN

What the hell is that supposed to mean? I don't know who you are, Lucy Preston, but if you think this is funny, you're -

LUCY

I don't. I'm - I need you to listen to me, and I don't have much time.

Flynn is thrown. His eyes remain warily on her as he sits back down, reaches for the shot glass, but Lucy pushes it away. She takes the stool next to him. Seeing him like this is breaking her heart. She forgets about saying anything, about saving the timeline, about Rittenhouse, and puts a hand on his.

LUCY

Garcia, I'm so sorry.

Flynn shoots her an odd, furtive look under his eyelashes. He can't understand why she's here, why she's caring about him, any of this. He makes a move as if to pull his hand away, but can't quite do it. A few beats of silence, even in the crowded bar, as they sit there together.

FLYNN

Who are you working for?

LUCY

I'm not working for anyone.

FLYNN

What you said earlier about my wife, where did you learn that?

LUCY

You told me.

FLYNN

No, I didn't.

LUCY

In Texas.

(beat)

In the year 1936. We were there to save Robert Johnson, the blues musician, from Rittenhouse.

FLYNN

Wh - Robert Johnson, the King of the Delta Blues? What are you - ? Look, I don't care about any of this nonsense! I just want to destroy the monsters who killed my girls!

Lucy can't think how else to explain this. She takes out the journal. If she's supposed to do this now, maybe she should.

LUCY

This is my journal. I want you to read it. It will tell you how to fight Rittenhouse, it will tell you about - well, it will tell you about a version of us.

Flynn stares at her blurrily. Angry, confused.

FLYNN

You're making no sense at all, and not just because I'm drunk.

LUCY

I'm sorry. I just -

FLYNN

How do you know this?

LUCY

Because I'm from the future. I traveled here tonight to save your life and everything we and our friends have ever fought for.

Despite himself, that catches Flynn short. He rubs his hand over his eyes as if to shake away the alcohol fog, cocks his head. His full attention is on her now.

FLYNN

You're from the future.

LUCY

Yes.

FLYNN

When?

LUCY

I don't think I can tell you. We'll say the relatively near future.

FLYNN

Convenient. No firm dates. So you'll just appear, tell me that time travel is in fact real, that this magic diary of yours will help me, and -

LUCY

Please just - take it, all right? Please.

FLYNN

And it will help me destroy Rittenhouse?

LUCY

Yes.

FLYNN

It will explain who - what - you think you are to me?

LUCY

It will explain some things, yes.

He looks at her up and down. It's not checking her out, exactly - he's been a widower for two weeks, there's no thought or notice for any other woman or anything besides his heartbreak. But something about her draws him.

FLYNN

Do I save them? My girls?

LUCY

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

FLYNN

So I haven't done it by whatever time you supposedly come from?

LUCY

It's complicated.

Flynn lets out an angry sound, turns, and grabs the shot glass. Throws it back, wipes his mouth, gets to his feet.

FLYNN

Good night, Miss Preston.

He leaves the journal lying on the bar as he strides toward the back exit. Lucy panics, scoops it up, runs after him.

CONTINUE TO:

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Flynn shoves out into the dark alley behind the bar, as Lucy emerges in the next moment, close to tears.

LUCY

You have to listen to me. Please, Garcia. Please.

FLYNN

(unspeakably weary)

Why? Why do I have to? Even if you're somehow telling the truth, I - what? What do I do? What do we do? Do we beat them? Do we make any of this worth it? I don't know. It might be easier to just - go away. Sleep.

LUCY

You can't do that. Please.

FLYNN

Why not?

LUCY

(blurting it out)

Because I love you.

Crackling silence. Flynn stares at her. Of everything she's said tonight that sounds unbelievable, that is the first thing that has truly shaken him. He opens and shuts his mouth.

FLYNN

What?

LUCY

I - I'm - with us, in the future,  
it's - I don't know how to define it.  
I don't know if we ever will. But I  
can't lose you too. I can't do that  
and survive. You don't have to  
forgive me for this. What I'm asking  
of you is awful. But I'm down there  
somewhere too. In the darkness. So -  
(in a whisper)

Please.

Flynn looks her up and down again. Finally he steps closer, and takes the journal from her when she holds it out.

FLYNN

I'm supposed to read it.

LUCY

Yes.

FLYNN

We'll see each other again?

LUCY

(struggling for composure)

You'll see me. I - I don't know if  
I'll see you.

Flynn keeps looking at her. Can see her grief, her heartbreak, even in the depths of his own. It moves him.

FLYNN

All right.

He puts the journal in his pocket, nods at her awkwardly, and starts to move off. Lucy stares after him, then -

LUCY

Get in the Lifeboat. Please.

FLYNN

(turns around)

What?

LUCY

(crying in earnest)

In 1951. Please get in the Lifeboat. Please come home with us. I know that you'll be angry, that you'll feel as if there was no way to fix it or us or anything, and I should have told you. That's why you stay behind. You thought it was the only thing to do, the only thing left, to defeat Rittenhouse and make it worth what you gave up. But it's not. Come home.

Flynn keeps looking at her. Doesn't know how to answer, not least because there's nothing he can say. Then he nods again, stiffly, and vanishes into the night.

Lucy hugs herself hard, trying not to completely break down. Then turns to make her way back to Rufus and Jiya -

Something moves in the shadows. Takes form.

Emma emerges, gun pointed directly at her. Lucy freezes.

EMMA

Time to end this. One last time. Permanently.

(almost respectful)

Princess.

[COMMERCIALS]

RETURN TO:

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Lucy and Emma are still facing each other, Lucy's hands up, as Emma paces a slow circle around her. Nobody's coming. This is it. Emma wants to savor this, even as the clock's running.

LUCY

(utterly cool)

You killed my other self. I don't know how, but you did. That's why she isn't here.

EMMA

Yes. And because of that, you're collapsing. You all are. It was her who gave Flynn the journal, and now that she didn't, everything that happened as a result never will.

Lucy's breath catches as she realizes that Emma didn't see Flynn earlier, doesn't know he has the journal anyway, that there's still a chance. She has to protect that, and him, with everything. Including her own life.

LUCY

So what? Now you gloat before you gun me down in cold blood, just like you've destroyed everything and everyone I have ever loved? You've already murdered me once. Go on. Make it twice.

EMMA

You know. I've always thought it was a shame we had to be enemies, Lucy. A pair of ruthless, clever, driven, ambitious, brave women like us? We should have been running Rittenhouse together and making everyone do whatever we said. You could have been the queen. I would have been your knight. Or we could both be queens. Cahill, Keynes, Temple, all these idiotic men doing what men do - it's a tragedy. You know it is.

LUCY

Yes. But we've chosen our paths.

EMMA

(half a smile)

Oh, I know that. And I know you aren't going to join me now, you'd keep fighting, and that's why I have to end it. I've caused you too much damage, and you've done the same for me. And that -

She stops. She's not apologizing, she's not regretting it, she's ready to kill Lucy right now, but at the end, between two mortal enemies, there's some kind of poignant awareness of how much has in fact been wasted.

EMMA (CONT)

This is the only way for us both to be at peace. You could never live after this. You could never have a future. Soldiers come home from battlefields, and they wake up screaming in the night. They're forgotten about. They're overlooked. They're destitute and homeless and nobody gives a crap about them when they aren't a cog in the war machine. Their mothers are long dead. They see ghosts everywhere, they destroy everything they touch. In the end, they jump off a bridge. I respect



you, and I'm going to give you the clean death you deserve. You don't need to waste away like that, Lucy. Close your eyes. You won't feel anything, I promise.

Tears are running down Lucy's cheeks. She goes to her knees. Not fighting. Daring Emma to do it, accepting it, something. She tilts her head back, waiting.

Emma walks over, cocks the gun, and puts it against Lucy's forehead. Her hand is not shaking at all; she has no second thoughts. It is this, then, the culmination.

EMMA

Last words?

LUCY

You can still make a different choice. I know you're a soldier too. You're going to do what a soldier does. Kill her enemies. But if I won't live, if I can't survive without the war any more, I know you can't. And I'm sorry for that, Emma.

EMMA

(in a whisper)

Me too.

She curls her finger around the trigger. She's about to pull it. Lucy closes her eyes.

And then -

A GUNSHOT from down the alley. Emma has just enough time to whip around, and then the shot takes her cleanly through the skull. She topples face-first, almost in slow motion, and then she falls. Lies there. Doesn't rise.

Lucy stares wildly at her, then turns. Locks eyes with Flynn, who's standing at the end of the alley, gun raised. He never saw Emma's face, he doesn't know who it was - all he saw was someone about to kill her, and acted accordingly. Lucy stares at him, heaving for breath, shocked and elated and heartbroken and disbelieving. Neither of them moves. Then Flynn takes a step away, puts his gun back in his jacket, and turns to go.

LUCY

Wait. Wait.

FLYNN

I'll be seeing you.  
(beat)

Lucy.

And with that - he's gone.

CUT TO:

EXT. SÃO PAULO STREETS - NIGHT

Lucy, Rufus, and Jiya are hurrying back, trying desperately to make it to the Lifeboat before their six-hour window closes.

RUFUS

(stunned)

Wait. Emma's - Emma's dead?

LUCY

Yes. Flynn - killed her. To protect me. I - I guess it worked. Whatever I told him.

Rufus and Jiya exchange looks, numb with disbelief, restrained hope, confusion, fear.

JIYA

So what, we're just going to leave the Mothership behind? A working time machine in the middle of a huge city, where anyone could find it? Rufus and I are both pilots. If we could track it down, one of us could go there and pick it up.

RUFUS

Maybe. We are at the outer limit of six hours already, and it would take us God knows how long to go get it, even if we did find it right away. And every minute after that makes it harder to get home.

JIYA

Yes, but if the alternative is just leaving it - and if we've changed major things in the present and Emma somehow isn't dead when we get back -

They turn down another alley, hurry down it to the hidden Lifeboat at the end. Open the door, climb in.

CONTINUE TO:

INT. LIFEBOAT - NIGHT

Lucy and Jiya are strapped in, watching as Rufus powers up. He looks down at the control panel, and frowns deeply.

JIYA

How bad is it?

RUFUS

Seven hours, fifty-six minutes.

LUCY

That's not - that's not too much,  
right? It could be worse?

RUFUS

It doesn't matter if we're two hours  
over or two hundred hours over. Our  
launch window has closed. I can try,  
but I don't know what will happen.

Jiya opens her mouth as if to insist that they go find the  
Mothership. But instead she reaches out, takes hold of Rufus's  
free hand with one, and Lucy's hand with the other.

JIYA

However this goes down, I want to -  
to be here. With you. We've spent  
enough time apart, or with you dead,  
or me lost in the past. I don't want  
to take that risk again. I don't want  
to lose you one more time. I can't.

They look at each other with aching tenderness, tears welling  
up all around, holding on, holding on.

JIYA (CONT)

I guess this was it. The vision I had  
in London. Where there was all of us  
and everything, and then there wasn't  
anything. This is when it happens, or  
it doesn't. It exists, or it doesn't.

RUFUS

Hey. Jiya. Assuming we're anything  
more than disembodied goo when and if  
we ever return to our origin  
universe, I have a question.

JIYA

Yeah?

RUFUS

Will you marry me?

Jiya makes a laugh-crying sound, lets go of Lucy's hand so she  
can cup his head with both, and kisses him as hard as she can.

JIYA

What do you think?

They lean their foreheads together, and then Jiya lets go.

JIYA (CONT)

Give it a try. Get us home.

RUFUS

Yeah, I guess it's kind of hard to  
find a wedding dress to fit goo?

Jiya laughs, sobs, kisses him one more time, and Rufus enters the coordinates for what very well may be their final jump.

RUFUS

Hey. Just so both of you know. I love you. I love you so much. And I love Wyatt and Connor and Denise and Flynn. I'm - you know, I don't regret this. I don't regret a thing.

LUCY

Neither do I.

Rufus sniffs, finishes his calculations, and sets the course.

RUFUS

We are all made of stardust, you know. It's nothing to be afraid of. When I say. Three - two -  
(he takes a deep breath)  
One.

And with that -

Nothing.

We see a MONTAGE of scenes from all three seasons, randomly intercut. It's as if the timeline is trying to decide as if all of this did in fact happen. Lucy, Rufus, Wyatt, Flynn, Denise, Connor, Jiya, their highs, their lows, their losses, their triumphs. It whirls by in parts and pieces - and you know what, it's beautiful. We love these ragtag heroes and we love their story. The music gives us chills.

A slow, lingering FADE.

And then:

RESOLVE ON:

INT. LIFEBOAT

We don't know where the team landed, or what's awaiting them when they open the door. Lucy, Rufus, and Jiya are all slumped in their seats, unconscious, blood running from their noses.

After a long moment, Rufus is the first to stir, very painfully. He still looks concussed. Sits up slowly.

RUFUS

Hey. Guys. Wake up.

Lucy and Jiya slowly rouse, weak and dizzy and confused, as Rufus squares himself up to what might await them outside, and opens the door.

CONTINUE TO:

INT. SAFE HOUSE - MORNING

It's the safe house that they left, and as the three stumble out, jelly-legged, they stare around in desperate hope.

Lucy sees Connor - then Denise, and Wyatt. They're here. She can barely stand up, but she runs.

LUCY

Oh my God. You're back. You're safe,  
you made it home from -

She reaches him and throws herself into his arms, even as a very baffled Wyatt hugs her, blinking.

WYATT

Made it back from where? You should  
talk, where the hell were you?

Lucy pulls back, stares at him. Frowns.

LUCY

You and Denise were at Rittenhouse  
headquarters. You went to - to -

WYATT

We were?

He and Denise look at each other, confused, as Lucy stares around, heart sinking. It's impossible to overlook the remaining very major absence. If Wyatt and Denise never went to Rittenhouse HQ to rescue him, something has changed -

LUCY

Flynn - Garcia Flynn, do you - do you  
know him?

Wyatt does a double take, as if not entirely sure why she's asking that question, even as everyone is belatedly realizing that their memories of whatever just happened do not match up. Lucy's on the brink of panic. Rufus and Jiya are holding each other and looking a little terrified as well, when -

There's a sound in the hallway, and then, with a case of bedhead, wearing pajamas and a sweatshirt, looking extremely cranky at all this noise at ass o'clock in the morning -

FLYNN

(grumpily)

Could the circus possibly keep it  
down? Some of us are trying to sleep.

Lucy stares at him. She blinks very hard, as if terrified that he's going to vanish. Then when he doesn't, is still standing there and looking annoyed, she runs at him and flings herself into his chest so hard that he staggers backward, completely thunderstruck. She clings to him with both arms, as he windmills his own and looks very alarmed. Smooth, Garcia.

FLYNN

Lucy, what the - are you all right?

LUCY

Oh my god, you're real.

FLYNN

Any reason I shouldn't be?

Nonetheless, he finally recollects himself enough to hug her too, still deeply confused, as he and Wyatt exchange a "We definitely missed something" look over Lucy's head.

The instant Lucy lets go of Flynn (which takes several moments) Jiya hurries up and hugs him too. Poor Flynn cannot comprehend. He pats her back as if she might explode.

FLYNN

Did you all get body-snatched?

JIYA

Just - just let us have this. We'll explain later, all right?

Flynn doesn't know what to do with this outpouring of affection, especially since Rufus goes to hug him next.

RUFUS

Yep. Still terrifying. It's good to have you back, buddy.

FLYNN

Well, that would have required me to leave in the first place, but I'll take your word for it.

DENISE

I think we should have some breakfast.

[COMMERCIALS]

RETURN TO:

INT. SAFE HOUSE KITCHEN - MORNING

Everyone is crowded in at the table as Denise makes pancakes and Connor pours coffee. They are all talking over each other and trying to explain, leading to even more confusion.

WYATT

So - wait. If Emma somehow went into the future and killed us before we could change the past, but it still happened and - oh God, my head hurts.

RUFUS

Welcome to time travel.

WYATT

But if it got erased, then how did it happen anyway? All of this?

RUFUS

Because it already happened. That sounds stupid, but it's the best answer I can give. We've discovered that once things have happened, it is really hard to make them completely un-happen. The past always holds more weight than the future. It's concrete, it's done, it can - at least when time-traveling morons aren't involved - be calculated with absolute certainty. The future is only possibilities, could-bes, countless alternate outcomes. So Emma messing with the future, with one future, didn't stop the past entirely, because somewhere, somewhen, it was done. Normative probability is a bitch like that.

JIYA

But - so - our future selves didn't end up doing any of this. Saving Rufus or giving Flynn the journal or any of it. That was all us.

RUFUS

Pretty much. But the memory of them having done those things led us to do them too, so they still existed, in a way. And now - hopefully - the future where Rittenhouse wins is gone.

A pause. It's only occurring to them now that the war might be over, at least as they've fought it for so long. That they might be able to walk out of here and go back to - what?

FLYNN

Wait. So the person I killed in the alley that night - that was Emma?

RUFUS

Yeah. Is she still dead?

DENISE

The Mothership hasn't reappeared in the present, so we're hoping so. We just knew that she went on a jump, and you did, and then you vanished off the computers. You're telling us that Wyatt and I went to Rittenhouse headquarters, and that Flynn was -

FLYNN

(to Wyatt)

See. Told you we were getting along.

WYATT

(fondly rolling his eyes)

Remember, technically didn't happen.

LUCY

But - Rufus, like you said, none of that, with our future selves, may have ultimately happened, but we still remember it?

RUFUS

Yeah. The same as with all the other things we remember that nobody else does. And you know. Nothing is ever lost. Only changed. That's a basic law of thermodynamics.

FLYNN

No. That's faith.

LUCY

Maybe it's both.

A long pause. This is a lot to take in. They've all had very eventful nights, in a variety of timelines.

CONNOR

Pass the jam?

They dutifully pass the jam.

There's nothing but chewing, since insane emotional time-traveling adventures make you hungry, when there's a sound at the door. They look up to see Timothy, shirking back, looking numb, and clearly not sure if he's welcome.

TIMOTHY

Hey. I, uh. I smelled food. I can come back later if you don't -

DENISE

There's plenty here.

He looks hesitant; she looks firm. Mama Denise has clearly already adopted this baby gay and is now going to feed him, dammit. Timothy tiptoes in, sees that there's space next to Flynn, and immediately looks around for room anywhere else.

LUCY

Move over a little, Garcia.

FLYNN

I'm sitting where I'm sitting.



Lucy sighs, the table budes up, and makes a space for Timothy between Wyatt and Rufus. He sits down, still looking shell-shocked, as Denise fills a plate.

DENISE

Is everything all right?

TIMOTHY

My dad's dead.

He doesn't sound sad. Matter-of-fact, like he's trying to take it in or decide how he feels. The table exchanges looks.

WYATT

We, uh. We can't say we're exactly sad to hear that. But you know what, my dad was an asshole too, and I can probably guess a little of what you're feeling, and I'm sorry.

TIMOTHY

Someone shot him and then fled the scene, apparently. Now she's on the run. They think her name's Jessica?

A small stir. More looks. Nobody says anything out loud, and Timothy doesn't notice the reaction.

TIMOTHY (CONT)

We had a weird relationship, but, you know. He was still my dad. I feel like - like I should feel something. Or at least be more upset. But you know, I... I just don't.

DENISE

That's all right.

TIMOTHY

I don't want to be in Rittenhouse. I don't know if I can possibly apologize to you for what my dad did, or anything, but, well. I don't want to be like him. I want to fix things. That's all I really know right now.

Pan along the table to Lucy. She looks proud, happy, heartbroken, tender, unbearably sad all at once.

DENISE

Then whatever that looks like, whatever Rittenhouse looks like after the deaths of your father and Emma Whitmore, we'll be willing to help you do that. I have a few criminal records I need to get expunged, anyway. We can start you fresh.

FLYNN

I hope you're talking about mine.

DENISE

Yes. Mostly yours.

The two of them look at each other. Denise and Flynn have come a long way. They're still stubborn as hell, but there's genuine respect there as well. Even a bit of friendship.

DENISE (CONT)

Though that doesn't mean you can go getting into trouble right away.

Flynn is about to answer, but his eyes are distant. It's hard to say what he's thinking, how he's taking all of this in. The first day of after is hard to get your head around.

FLYNN

Then I guess things really are about to change.

And with that, we leave the team there, on a slow PAN OUT.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - EVENING

CAPTION: ONE MONTH LATER

Flynn, Lucy, Wyatt, Rufus, and Jiya sitting in a booth at a restaurant, drinks and dinner. They're still getting used to living on the outside again, are jumpy, tend to look around at small things. But tonight is a night to enjoy being together. Rufus has his arm around Jiya, who is showing off her ring.

FLYNN

So when's the wedding?

JIYA

We're not sure. It's kind of fun not knowing the future for once. We just want to enjoy this. But actually, I - I did want to ask you something.

FLYNN

Yeah?

JIYA

(shyly)

Whenever we - whenever it does happen, I was wondering if you'd like to give me away? I mean, walk me up the aisle, because a woman isn't property and doesn't need to be transferred from her father to her husband, but just - my dad's dead, and I thought you - might like that.

Flynn is totally floored. Opens and shuts his mouth.

JIYA (CONT)

You won't get a chance with your own daughter, and that's not fair, and I wanted to know if you - I totally understand if you don't -

FLYNN

Yes.

JIYA

Oh.

FLYNN

But I won't be able to do it right away. Or for a while. I'm going away, and I don't know when I'll be back.

LUCY

(upset)

Wait, what? You're leaving?

FLYNN

Amusing as it was to live for months with all of you in a tiny underground tin can, I need some space. I need to work out what I'm doing now. Who I am. I've been a soldier since I was fifteen. And if I'm deciding to give up the effort to bring back Lorena and Iris, even after Rittenhouse's time traveling capabilities have been dismantled, I need to know if I'm at peace with that.

Lucy looks at him, trying to think of something to say. She can't deny him that right, but she clearly hates the idea.

LUCY

Well, I - I mean, you should do whatever's best for you, of course. I don't know what I am. I'm not sure I just want to be a professor again and go back to academia. I haven't worked for a few years, I can't possibly explain the gaps in my CV, and I just - I don't know if I could ever teach history objectively again. Not now. I couldn't separate myself from it, or act like it didn't happen to me. Tenure at Stanford was all I used to care about. Now I can't remember why.

WYATT

Yeah, and I can't just go back to Delta Force and act like nothing changed. But I'm a kid from small-town Texas with no college education and no other marketable skills and an ex-wife on the lam from the law. I don't know that I'm really a hot ticket on the job market.

RUFUS

Sucks to be all of you, because I still fully intend to be an awesome engineer. Once I give a signed Bible to my mom and hope she doesn't ground me for the rest of my life. Even though I'm in my thirties.

They all laugh affectionately, but there are shadows on their faces. This is the end of the Time Team as we've known it, and even in this happiness, we can't help but feel the ache.

LUCY

To possibilities.

They raise their glasses, look around at each other.

TEAM

To possibilities.

And with that, they drink.

We PAN OUT through the restaurant window, looking at them enjoying this last night together, to the sidewalk across the way. Standing there are our old friend JANE - and a pretty dark-haired woman we've never seen before. She's watching the group, especially Flynn, with hawk-like intensity.

WOMAN

Is that him?

JANE

Yes. That's him.

The woman looks at Flynn with something hard to define. Affection, anger, confusion, vulnerability, longing. Then she looks at Lucy, and her expression darkens.

WOMAN

And is that her? Lucy?

JANE

Yes.

The woman clearly does not have warm feelings for Lucy at all, half-looks as if she could do something dangerous from here. Jane puts a hand on her arm.

JANE

You know Amy wouldn't like it.

After a pause, the woman concurs, but still doesn't take that unsettling stare off Lucy. Then she turns.

WOMAN

Very well, it's like you said. Let's get out of here. I want to deal with that job in Paris.

The two women trot off, out of sight from the restaurant, and down a few streets. They turn down a back alley, reach the end.

Pan around to reveal what's waiting for them. It's the MOTHERSHIP. Older and more battered, more grey than white, but still itself. The two climb inside, and the dark-haired woman slides into the pilot seat. Does up her straps. Enters something into the computer, checks it, and nods.

WOMAN

Hang on, Sarah.

And with that -

They JUMP.

FADE TO BLACK.

END CREDITS.