

TIMELESS

"HELA"

Episode 3x12

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FADE IN.

LUCY (V/O)

Previously on TIMELESS...

1x01 with Flynn, Wyatt, and Lucy at the Hindenburg, and Flynn's "I know for a fact you're not going to shoot." 2x08 with Flynn telling Lucy that she gave him the journal in Brazil. 3x01 with Future Lucy and Future Wyatt talking to themselves, and Rufus's return to life, as well as the Lifeboat's failure to launch from Chinatown. 3x09 with Emma telling Lucy that she has the journal, and that Lucy will betray Flynn and he will die. 3x10 with Lucy's Heir of Slytherin reveal, and Flynn running off, then Lucy and Wyatt saving Timothy Temple. 3x11 with Flynn's grudging return to the team, Emma asking Nikola Tesla to make something that will enable her to travel on her own timeline, and Lucy and Rufus trying Tesla's machine. Lucy replaying her car accident, Rufus confirming he's not their Rufus, and Tesla's laboratory fire. Emma capturing both Temple and Jessica, and the team opening the Lifeboat door to behold none other than FUTURE LUCY...

FADE TO BLACK.

OPEN ON:

INT. ALT-BUNKER - NIGHT

The team is still staring at Future Lucy, who stares back at them. She looks understandably shocked, as are they.

RUFUS

So... this was definitely the wrong bus stop. I didn't even realize this was on the route.

FUTURE LUCY

It's not. I don't know how you even got here. You need to go right now, before -

Everyone, exchanging gobsmacked looks, decides they should take her advice, go back and sit down hastily in the Lifeboat, strapping in, as Rufus powers back up. The Lifeboat makes a weird sputtering noise, and then all the panels go dark.

Nothing happens. They don't move.

WYATT

Don't tell me we blew a fuse.

RUFUS

We blew something a lot bigger than that. There's no communication, no path back. It's like what happened when you came after me in Chinatown. We've been shut out from our own timestream somehow.

WYATT

You fixed it last time, you got us online and out of there.

RUFUS

Only with a big assist from Jiya! If she hadn't pulled that gravity well trick, we'd be screwed.

FLYNN

Did this happen because you two played with power outlets back at Tesla's lab, or -

RUFUS

I don't know, all right? Maybe. Maybe we messed with our own already very scrambled timelines in just the right way and that meant we -

He stares back at the dead control panel, racking his brains. Pushes a few more buttons, bupkis.

RUFUS (CONT)

Yeah, this isn't good.

LUCY

(faintly)

Maybe I - maybe they have something to fix it? They brought us software modifications for the Lifeboat last time, and if we've already mixed up timelines so much, well -

It's clear they're not going anywhere like this, so the team unbuckles and climbs back out of the dead Lifeboat, looking warily around the dark bunker. It looks a bit like their old one, but clearly isn't. Future Lucy has been watching with her arms folded, grim and worried.

RUFUS

Hey, uh, you have a toolbox? Time machine wrench? We're having some performance difficulties.

Future Lucy looks at him, lips trembling, as it occurs to everyone that this is the first time she has seen a living Rufus in several years - possibly since he died in her reality. Then, shocking everyone, she hugs him. Rufus can't think of anything to do but awkwardly hug her back.

FUTURE LUCY

(letting go of him)

We risked everything trying to save you, and -

She cuts herself off, but not without a half-look at Flynn, which both he and Present Lucy notice. She looks like she wants to go to him too, but doesn't.

WYATT

So - what, is it just you now?
Where'd I go?

FUTURE LUCY

You're still here.

They glance around, but no FUTURE WYATT. He must be sleeping. This place is dark and eerie and not very welcoming.

WYATT

We live here?

FUTURE LUCY

We have to. Out there, Rittenhouse - Rittenhouse has won. They're everywhere. They've almost finished what they want to do, and this is our last chance, ever, to stop them. That is - you are.

RUFUS

So wait. This is the Bad Place?

FUTURE LUCY

For you, for us, for everyone. You were the risk we all took.

RUFUS

Did it work?

FUTURE LUCY

That's the exact thing we're in the process of finding out.

She looks them up and down again, eyes flickering between Rufus and Flynn. Flynn is likewise watching her oddly, as Future Lucy turns and hurries out of sight down the corridor. Awkward silence. Not much to say upon finding out that you're in the future where Rittenhouse won, and no way back.

WYATT

(trying to break the tension)
So, you think I still have that He-Man beard, or...?

A few snorts, shakes of the head, but they're still pretty flattened. It's clear that the Futures aren't having a good time of it, and Rufus - any version of Rufus - never got saved in their reality. And where's the rest of the team?

Another beat, then a sound at the door. Future Lucy has returned, but she's not alone. An equally grungy, hard-edged, short-haired FUTURE JIYA is with her. Rufus's jaw drops.

FUTURE JIYA

(shocked)

Rufus...?

FUTURE LUCY

I don't know how they got here.
They're going to need to get back as
fast as they can, or -

Future Jiya isn't listening. She rushes to throw herself into Rufus's arms. Utterly boggled, he hugs her, blinking hard, as Lucy looks at Future Lucy with a start.

LUCY

I - I remember, we met in the bunker.
You - you told me that Jiya told you
the timeline was collapsing. So it
was true?

FUTURE LUCY

Yes.

LUCY

Where are the rest of us?

FUTURE LUCY

This is everyone.

She pauses, eyes flicking to Flynn again. Flynn shifts his weight and looks away.

RUFUS

So, I need to pull some equations and readouts and specs that, ah, Jiya is going to help me with. We'll see if we can figure out where the problem is and get out of here. I take it nobody's really big on the idea of going out into some 28 Days Later nonsense, so just sit tight?

With Jiya still looking at him like she can't believe her eyes, the two of them hurry off, leaving Future Lucy, Lucy, Wyatt, and Flynn. This is awkward.

LUCY

Are - are we traveling on our own timelines here, or -

FUTURE LUCY

Not technically, you haven't lived this long yet, and don't have any competing experiences in these years. But it's all extremely complicated, and I don't know how much I can tell you. It's too risky.

LUCY

Are you Original Lucy?

FUTURE LUCY

What?

LUCY

The first version of me. The person I was before my car accident was changed. You've fought Rittenhouse all this time, and you lost. Is that why you started a new timeline, with us, with - with me? To give us a chance that you couldn't have?

Future Lucy is visibly taken aback. She looks at Wyatt and Flynn, who are trying to pretend they aren't listening. She debates with herself a moment, then jerks her head.

FUTURE LUCY

Come with me.

Lucy trails off after her, down another dark corridor of the alt-bunker. Rusty, empty, eerie.

FUTURE LUCY

(once they're alone)

You learned more about what you are, Lucy. What we are.

LUCY

I saw some things in Nikola Tesla's machine, yes. I don't understand all of them just yet. Are you?

FUTURE LUCY

(pause, then)

Yes. I am you before your life was altered by time travel in any way. In my sophomore year of college, I had a car accident. Garcia Flynn saved my life. Jumped in and pulled me out.

Lucy stops short, looking stunned.

LUCY

He didn't - I would have remembered -

FUTURE LUCY

He saved me. Not you. As a result of that, we became... entangled. We met Wyatt and Rufus, and we discovered the truth about Rittenhouse. The four of us began to fight them. We damaged them considerably, too. It looked like we were going to win.

LUCY

(glances around)

But something went wrong.

FUTURE LUCY

(bitterly)

Too much to explain. But at the core, we lost Rufus. Without him, we were dead in the water. Then we lost -

She stops, but not in time.

LUCY

Then you lost Flynn.

FUTURE LUCY

Yes. We did. And that was when Rittenhouse gained the ability to travel on their own timeline, and so they went back to that night of the car accident, and changed it. Started a new timeline. Flynn didn't save me. Someone else saved you. You never learned about Rittenhouse, never met Wyatt and Rufus, and carried on living your ordinary life. All the damage that we had done to them went away. But -

LUCY

But I still ended up here anyway, in this war. I still met Wyatt and Rufus. I still -

FUTURE LUCY

Yes. Because we did the same thing. We managed to steal the own-timeline technology from Rittenhouse, which was how we were able to bring it to you to save Rufus.

LUCY

Where did Rittenhouse get it?

FUTURE LUCY

From something Tesla made, I think.

LUCY

But we were just there. Tesla was making something for Emma, but she didn't get it. So that means we can change things? We did change things. In your timeline, Emma got it, but here... was that the first time you used it? Going to us in the bunker?

FUTURE LUCY

No. We used it before that. We did the same thing as Rittenhouse. Took a risk and started a new timeline. A last resort, a final chance.

LUCY

(a little numb as she realizes)
The journal. In Brazil. You went to Flynn, because you knew him already, because his other self was the man you - you trusted, your old teammate. And we are the effects of that. We're still living it out. We don't know how it will end, or if our future will be the same as this one.

FUTURE LUCY

Yes. In this timeline, Rittenhouse tried from the start to split you up. They already knew what a threat you were together. They made Flynn your enemy, they made Rufus spy on you, they brought Jessica back to life, they did everything to prevent you four from finding each other and working as a team. But you did. We already lost, Lucy. We can't bring our Rufus or Flynn back. But as long as yours still exist, we have a -

LUCY

But we saved Rufus and stopped Emma from getting what she wanted from Tesla. Does that mean we'll never lose Flynn? That we're safe?

FUTURE LUCY

I don't know. It happened in different circumstances for us. If you succeed, yours will become the only timeline, and you have to. You don't want this. You don't want ours. This is the reality where we fought as hard as we could, but our friends all died, and Rittenhouse won. But right now - it's all up in the air. Nothing has been decided. You could save everything, or lose it all.

The two Lucys look at each other in the dimness of the corridor. Our Lucy is having trouble wrapping her head around the immensity of it all, still not sure she understands.

LUCY

It's like any other change we've made to history, then? No one else remembers anything different, but we do, because we did it? Your Rufus was never saved, but you helped us save a Rufus? And as a result, technically you never came to us, I didn't remember, but you do? And Wyatt and Flynn and Connor do? Because it still happened somehow?

FUTURE LUCY

Yes. More or less.

Lucy rubs her face with both hands. Time travel. Jesus.

LUCY

So we're the hope you have for winning the war at all. We are already the second chances of you, and we've been that all along.

FUTURE LUCY

You're still you. More, even. You've done things I never did. You've won battles I never did. You have things - people - I no longer do.

(pause, then)

Hold onto them, Lucy. Hold on and don't let go.

Lucy glances at her, but Future Lucy turns away. It's hard to make out her face in the low light, but she might be crying. A towering silence. Everything is different now.

TIMELESS MAIN TITLE - 01291951

RETURN TO:

INT. WHITE ROOM - DAY

Temple and Jessica, battered from their 1775 misadventures, are sitting tensely in a sterile white room. Both in handcuffs, waiting to be trotted out as prizes. Jessica's leg bandaged where Emma shot her, Temple's face bruised.

JESSICA

(low-voiced)

So, you have a plan for getting us out of this, don't you? Don't you?

TEMPLE

I suspect I can come up with one, yes. But you'll have to trust me.

JESSICA

Of course I trust you. But since your last one went how it did -

They're cut off as the door opens, and Emma strides in. She must also still be hurt, but we can't tell. She has planned and prepared and dressed for this moment, sleek and powerful and in command, as she smugly surveys her defeated rivals.

EMMA

So happy to see you looking chipper.

TEMPLE

Ah. Emma. Jessica and I were just discussing how we really wish to help you achieve all your -

EMMA

You can quit wasting your breath, Temple. I don't believe anything that comes out of your mouth. But I have a question for you, and you'd better answer it truthfully for once in your life. The drug that you used on Stanley Fisher, that I modified for you - where did it come from? Originally? Where did the CIA get it? Because you wasted it all for me, and I need to start a new supply.

TEMPLE

The CIA is - well, obviously that is a rather secretive organization, and their various pharmaceutical or other products cannot always be -

EMMA

Quit babbling. Where did you get it? Some leftover whackjob drug from MK Ultra?

TEMPLE

That may have been where it was first experimented with, yes, but as for the present strain...

EMMA

What do you want me to do to little Timmy when I find him, huh?

TEMPLE

I believe the particular sourcing for that drug came from the so-called HeLa cells. Henrietta Lacks. She died in 1951, and MK Ultra began operations in 1953. They used the -

EMMA

The immortal HeLa cell line. Yes.
That would make sense, wouldn't it?
To get something to effectively live
forever? You know, I'm almost
disappointed at how easy you folded.
I was hoping for it to be harder.

TEMPLE

Why would I fight you any longer?
You've clearly won. That makes you
the stronger and better choice to
lead Rittenhouse. I challenged you,
and I failed. I accept my defeat for
the good of the organization.

Emma eyes him narrowly. Possibly sensing something suspicious about this, but right now, she needs to keep moving fast to consolidate her victory.

EMMA

Fine. I'm going to make a trip to
1951 and collect a HeLa specimen
personally. When I get back, we'll
have that press conference I was
talking about. That gives you one
last chance to think about how you
want to spend the rest of your life.

CUT TO:

INT. RITTENHOUSE HANGAR - DAY

Emma, dressed in 1950s clothes, crosses the bay to the Mothership. Checks it over, sees some dings and scrapes from where Flynn and Wyatt were shooting at it in 1895. There are a few relatively significant hits in places. She frowns.

After a moment, shrugs. Nothing too bad, and she isn't in the mood for delay. Climbs inside the Mothership, shuts the door, and with a whirl and a whine, she jumps.

[COMMERCIALS]

RETURN TO:

INT. ALT-BUNKER - NIGHT

Rufus and Future Jiya are working on a pile of equations and circuit boards and the like, trying different patch jobs into the Lifeboat's control panel. Nothing has yet brought it back to life. We pan back to see Wyatt and FUTURE WYATT (beard still intact) watching them from the shadows.

WYATT

Well... at the risk of stating the
friggin' obvious, this is weird.

Future Wyatt snorts. Can't deny that. There's a pause as they look at each other. Didn't exactly click the first time.

WYATT

(very awkwardly)

So... how are things in the...
apocalypse bunker? And... all?

FUTURE WYATT

Come on, man. I know that's not what
you want to ask me.

WYATT

Yeah, but I don't know if you're
going to answer. Last time, you
basically told me I had my head up my
ass, and - well, maybe you were
right, but it seemed like you... like
you knew a lot more than me, you had
a lot more than me, and I didn't know
if I was supposed to be that or not.

FUTURE WYATT

(bitterly)

I have a lot more than you? Living
like a rat in a sewer, with pretty
much nothing left we can do to stop
Rittenhouse? No Jessica or our
daughter, no Rufus, no Lucy, no
chance of a real life again? I just -
I couldn't say this last time, but
screw it, I'm going to. Of course I
didn't want this future for you, and
you were acting like an idiot. You
still have them. All of them. I
don't. Don't waste it. You guys need
to do better than we did, and I - I
want that for you. For us.

Wyatt's startled. They look at each other, Future Wyatt
clearly emotional. Wyatt raises his hand as if to gingerly pat
him on the back, stops.

WYATT

You do still have Lucy, though. You
two live here. Together.

FUTURE WYATT

That doesn't mean I have her. In some
ways, I lost her a while ago. We're a
couple of broken-down old veterans,
playing out the string. You're the
kids called up to the majors, you're
the hope for the team. As for Jess -

At that, Wyatt suddenly frowns.

WYATT

Wait. You said you have a daughter?

FUTURE WYATT

Yes. That's all I know about her. I don't even know what her name is. I've never met her. Jess only ever told me it was a girl. Like she wanted, I guess. Maybe you can do that over too. Be the father ours never was.

Wyatt still doesn't answer. An odd, dazed look is appearing on his face, but he doesn't say what's occurred to him. He paces a few steps away, rubs his mouth, shakes his head.

FUTURE WYATT

You ever figure out what you were fighting for? Like I asked you.

WYATT

(a little stunned)

I'm starting to wonder if I did.

CUT TO:

INT. ALT-BUNKER CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Flynn is standing by himself, leaning against the wall, also watching the ongoing Lifeboat work. Hard to read his face, but at a soft sound from behind, he jumps and whirls around.

FUTURE LUCY

It's just me.

A long, fraught pause as they look at each other.

FLYNN

I suppose I should say it's good to see you again. We didn't have much chance to talk the last time you were in town. But then, you never said much to me, did you?

Future Lucy flinches, even as she knows the bitterness is mostly directed at her other self, and not her.

FUTURE LUCY

Garcia, you know it's complicated.

Flynn closes his eyes, lets out a small sigh. He can't deny that, even as he's struggling to decide what to believe and who to trust. He's come so far and done so much - for what?

FLYNN

Why didn't you put that in the journal? That you were the damn Heir

of Slytherin? Stop me from doing your dirty work if I knew?

FUTURE LUCY

It was always a balancing act to decide what to include and what to leave out. I wrote it for a specific purpose, yes. Because we risked everything to give us all another chance. You were that chance.

FLYNN

I was that tool. That puppet.

FUTURE LUCY

Not to me. You never knew my Flynn. The man who saved my life, who was my teammate and my partner and my - my friend. Who helped me uncover Rittenhouse, who fought at my side with Wyatt and Rufus. We were quite the team. The journal didn't lie about that. You're not that man, but that was why I chose you. I had already known you for years. I trusted you. I trusted you with everything. Maybe it was too much.

It's Flynn's turn to flinch. They stare at each other. It's impossible to define this. Half-strangers, half-old friends, half-Lucy seeing a man she lost, half-knowing this was never him. Odd and tender and terribly painful.

FLYNN

That's why things were sometimes different from how they were written in the journal. At the Hindenburg, at the very start, when I thought Wyatt wouldn't shoot, and he did. He didn't in your timeline, and that was the one I learned about. I've been trying to fit the old version of events into the new one. And that, among many other places, was where I went wrong.

FUTURE LUCY

You were working from the only set of instructions I could give you. Whatever happened, we share the blame. Maybe, ultimately, it's mine.

Flynn turns to look at her, but she doesn't look at him. She gazes across the way to where Present Lucy is sitting on a pile of crates, chin on her hands, quiet and alone.

FUTURE LUCY

(softly)

Forgive her, Garcia. Please. Be angry at me, if you have to. Everything I put you through. At least I knew. It's not an excuse, and you don't have to absolve her, but...

A muscle works in Flynn's jaw. He looks close to tears.

FUTURE LUCY (CONT)

She never meant to hurt you. She knew even less than you did, and she was terrified of losing you, when she'd had everything else ripped away. And now, when we've given all the hope to you and kept none for ourselves - I would give anything to have the man I knew back, and I can't. That's what we want you to understand. Wyatt and I, we've lost everything, everyone. Don't do that. Not again.

Flynn blows out an unsteady breath. He looks at her, might be about to answer, when they're interrupted by Rufus shouting.

RUFUS

Come on - come on - !

The team (and their alternate selves) hurry over, as Rufus feverishly works at a keyboard. Checks some equations, frowns.

RUFUS

Okay, the problem is that the direct path between our timelines is completely kaput. I don't even know how we got here, but Tesla-related weirdness is the official explanation on that. So we can't just take the interstate home, we have to dig out the atlas and find the twisty back roads that wander all over the place. It's basic Feynman's theorem about sub-atomic particles and time-dependent wavefunctions, it should check out, but -

WYATT

And in terms for those of us who didn't go to MIT, that means what? Can we get home or not?

RUFUS

(aggravated)

I was explaining that?

Wyatt makes a "sorry, continue" gesture.

RUFUS (CONT)

So yes, we have to do a lot of quantum road-tripping. Space is three-dimensional, it has shape, like fabric, or a sheet of paper. Instead of going from end to end, in a long straight line, we fold it, and then the distance is shorter. Like this.

He looks around, grabs a piece of paper, holds it flat, then folds it up, to demonstrate the ends are now close together.

RUFUS

That's normally how we travel. Except like I said, this is a highway that doesn't even exist in our system. We can't technically get back because we had no road to get here. Unless we completely wing it and go the scenic route. I can't program that, I'll have to fly it manually. If I do my job right, when we get back, all the dozens of competing timelines, all the changes we've made to history, will be reduced to two. This one -
(he nods at the Futures)
- and ours. One where Rittenhouse won, and one where, we hope to God, they lose. Everything comes down to that. This or that. Them or us.

WYATT

So have you got the route mapped out?

RUFUS

Kind of. Like I said. It's going to be impossible to predict in advance. And we still have to decide where -

At that, the Lifeboat's control panel lights up, flashing insistently. Good to know it works again, but that means they have bigger problems. Rufus frowns.

RUFUS

The Mothership jumped. January 29, 1951. Baltimore, Maryland. So we can't even take a pit stop, we have to keep going right on back to the past. That will make it even harder.

FLYNN

You can pull it off, Rufus. You're the best pilot anyone ever had.

Rufus looks at him in surprise, not used to genuine praise instead of sass. Then he shrugs.

RUFUS

Rittenhouse could be way ahead of us,
and if this is our big last stand,
we've got to get going.

The team looks at each other, then clambers into the Lifeboat, with awkward "bye"-s to Future Lucy, Wyatt, and Jiya. Rufus is last to go, but as he starts toward it -

FUTURE JIYA

Wait. Rufus.

He stops. Looks back at her. Once he leaves, this Jiya is never going to see Rufus again in her life.

RUFUS

Yeah?

FUTURE JIYA

This is why we risked everything to
save you. This is why you were worth
it. Just - know that. If - when - you
get home, and you see me again.

Rufus swallows, looks down. Takes a step, she reaches out, and he kisses her, as tears spill silently down her cheeks.

FUTURE JIYA

(in a whisper)

Go now, my love. Go.

She struggles to smile for him, watching him as long as she possibly can. Then he gets into the Lifeboat, the door shuts, and after a very long whirl and rev, at last, it vanishes.

CUT TO:

EXT. BALTIMORE STREET - DAY

It's been a while, but here we are, back in the 50s. The team has just changed their clothes. Wyatt is wiping his mouth, and everyone else is also a little woozy and trying not to groan.

WYATT

So, we did make it. Nice flying,
Rufus. I'm not sure I can eat for
another week, but we're here.

RUFUS

Yeah, we're here. January 1951,
Baltimore. And Lucy, that means...?

LUCY

If Rittenhouse was going somewhere in
January 1951, I'd have thought it
would be back to Las Vegas. They just

started dropping nukes at the Nevada Test Site a few days ago. But the Mothership already has one, so -

RUFUS

Well, unfortunately for those of us who like to make things go boom, it wasn't. So... other ideas?

LUCY

Let's just go, I might think of something on the way.

WYATT

(grimacing)

Bracing exercise. Great.

Flynn gives him a hand up. The team takes deep breaths, tries to re-combobulate themselves, and set off.

[COMMERCIALS]

RETURN TO:

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - DAY

A 1950s waiting room with a few patients, including HENRIETTA LACKS (31). A young working-class African-American woman, dressed as neatly as she can, holding her purse and looking anxious. She jumps when someone calls her name. This is DR. HOWARD W. JONES, a professional white man.

HOWARD W. JONES

Mrs. Lacks? Henrietta Lacks?

HENRIETTA LACKS

Yes sir, that's me.

HOWARD W. JONES

I'm Dr. Howard Jones. Step this way, please. What brings you here today?

HENRIETTA LACKS

Well, I come because Johns Hopkins is the only hospital nearby that treats colored folk, sir. Last year, I feel a knot in my womb, and my cousins say I was pregnant. I was, but after I have that baby last November, I bled a long time, it ain't right.

HOWARD W. JONES

So you had a postnatal hemorrhage?

HENRIETTA LACKS

(doubtfully)

I suppose that's how you say it?

They step into a consulting room, Jones closes the door.

HOWARD W. JONES

How many children do you have, Mrs. Lacks?

HENRIETTA LACKS

I got five, sir. My oldest girl, Elsie, she... she was placed in the Hospital for the Negro Insane, in Crownsville. Just last year. I was here then, they tested me for syphilis, but I ain't got that.

HOWARD W. JONES

Have you had relations with anyone apart from your husband, Mrs. Lacks?

HENRIETTA LACKS

(startled, affronted)

No sir, that I have not.

HOWARD W. JONES

Just a matter of protocol. Were you born in Maryland?

HENRIETTA LACKS

In Roanoke, sir, Virginia. We move up here ten years ago, so David could take a job in the steelworks.

HOWARD W. JONES

I see. Well, Mrs. Lacks, if you'll disrobe and get up on that table there, we'll see if we can discern the nature of your impediment.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

Jones emerges with a pair of sealed petri dishes containing some cell material. He starts down the corridor, doesn't look at the woman coming the other way, which is his mistake. As she reaches him, she grabs him with a gloved hand and forces him backward into a supply closet.

HOWARD W. JONES

(sputtering)

I beg your - you cannot simply accost me in this -

EMMA

Can it, doc. Are those the tissue samples you took from Mrs. Lacks?

HOWARD W. JONES

I - I don't know how you - but I don't recall that you are - who even are - I cannot -

EMMA

I don't care. Listen to me, here's what's going to happen. You'll give those cells to Dr. George Otto Gey, he'll culture and prepare them, and then you'll give the best sample to me. You can keep the others and do all the things you're going to do, I don't care. You're just going to ensure I get the first pick. Got it?

HOWARD W. JONES

And why should I do that?

EMMA

You're wearing a white coat, you have that little 'Dr.' before your name. I imagine you aren't a stupid man. How long will it take?

HOWARD W. JONES

Even if I deliver the cells to Dr. Gey directly, there's no telling that he will immediately - I do still need to diagnose the patient -

EMMA

Oh, that. She has cervical cancer, she dies. Horribly, and in pain, but that's not important. Trust me, I can ruin your life, your reputation, your entire career, more easily than you can possibly imagine. All of Johns Hopkins Medical School. So just do what I say, and no need to make a mess. Understand me?

A tense pause. They stare at each other. Finally, Jones nods.

EMMA (CONT)

Good.

She lets go of him, steps out of the closet, and shuts the door, leaving him shaken.

CUT TO:

EXT. JOHNS HOPKINS HOSPITAL - AFTERNOON

Henrietta, alone and in pain, is leaving the hospital. She walks stiffly, trying to keep back tears. She begins digging in her purse to distract herself.

HENRIETTA LACKS

(under her breath)

I had me that bus fare, where'd it -

Not looking where she's going, she walks straight into someone, causing both of them to stumble.

HENRIETTA LACKS

Oh Lord, I'm so sorry, I didn't -

She and the camera look up to see Lucy, who looks equally alarmed to see Henrietta crying. She fishes quickly in her purse and offers a handkerchief.

LUCY

I didn't - did I hurt you, ma'am, I didn't realize -

Henrietta is startled to be addressed respectfully by a well-dressed white woman. Rufus, Flynn, and Wyatt are just coming up behind, taking this in.

HENRIETTA LACKS

I'm that sorry, miss, I didn't - it was my fault, I didn't look where I was going. Plumb walked into you. I'm just, I -

She sniffs, wipes her eyes on her coat sleeve, forces the "I don't want trouble" smile common to black folk in the 50s.

LUCY

No, it's all right, it was just as much me. I'm clumsy. Did I hurt you?

HENRIETTA LACKS

No, no. Just crying over some fool hospital thing, that's all.

Lucy starts, looks at her, at the building behind her, and frowns. The name's just at the tip of her tongue. Rufus suddenly looks startled, steps forward.

RUFUS

Excuse me. I'm very sorry if I'm wrong, but by any chance, are you Henrietta Lacks?

HENRIETTA LACKS

(startled)

Yes. Do I know...?

Lucy realizes who she is, an "oh crap" look crosses her face. Flynn's eyebrows also shoot up. Wyatt is the only one still in the dark, but he can tell it's important.

LUCY

Mrs. Lacks, we - we apologize for this. How about Rufus and Flynn take you to get a coffee at the diner, or - or something? Just to keep you s - make sure everything's all right.

HENRIETTA LACKS

(even more startled)

A coffee? No, no, couldn't trouble you none, that's much too -

RUFUS

(oddly fierce)

Actually, yeah, come on. Let us get you a coffee. Are you hungry at all?

HENRIETTA LACKS

I - well, I haven't eaten since this morning, but I don't want to -

RUFUS

Yeah, no, come on. We'll get you something. My super scary friend here will kill anyone who gives you trouble, okay?

Flynn gives him a slightly arch look, but doesn't quibble. With a glance over his shoulder at Lucy, he takes charge of Henrietta along with Rufus, and leads her off.

CONTINUE TO:

INT. JOHNS HOPKINS HOSPITAL - AFTERNOON

Lucy and Wyatt do their best to stroll in like regular patients. Lucy is looking tensely from side to side.

WYATT

(in an undertone)

Henrietta Lacks?

LUCY

She becomes one of the most famous and controversial cases in all of twentieth-century medicine. The doctors here take a sample from a cancerous growth without her knowledge or permission, discover that these cells are unusually long-lived and adaptable, and use them in medical research for decades. They're traded around the world by researchers in countless fields. The HeLa line is used in the creation of the polio vaccine, the development of in vitro fertilization, the first cloning of human cells, the discovery that humans have 46 chromosomes, and much more. They're foundational to modern medical science, and they -

WYATT

Are obtained without consent or compensation from a poor black woman, and then she's left to die? Yikes.

LUCY

Basically, yes. They did try to treat her cancer, but it was too late. She dies just months from now, in a lot of pain. Her family never sees any money from the clinical use of the cells, and they're never informed that they even exist.

WYATT

That is obviously horrible, but then what does Rittenhouse want?

LUCY

They want - they must want - some of the cells themselves. Who knows what Emma could do with that sort of thing? What she could make? Like -

WYATT

(cottoning on)

Like, say, weird drugs that make people come back to life? This cell line basically exists forever, right?

LUCY

Yes. There was a book written about it. The Immortal Life of Henrietta Lacks. So if -

WYATT

Crap. So what, do we stop her? But if Jane is working for Rittenhouse, she has to get hold of it somehow, and bring it to us in Chinatown, and if we interfere with that -

LUCY

Go find Dr. George Otto Gey. He's the one who cultivates the cells and discovers their properties.

WYATT

And you?

LUCY

(a little grimly)

I'm going to look for Emma.

Before Wyatt can remark that this might make more sense the other way around, Lucy is already hurrying off.

CUT TO:

EXT. BALTIMORE STREET - AFTERNOON

Emma is, in fact, nowhere near the hospital. She's walking quickly down a city street, shoulder-checks someone who doesn't get out of her way fast enough, and doesn't apologize. She stops, frowns, then turns and heads off down an alley.

CONTINUE TO:

INT. SHED - AFTERNOON

Emma reaches a rundown shed, removes a padlock on the door, and enters. The Mothership is parked inside. It's clear that Emma is still a little worried about its damage, and she checks it over. Opens the door, steps inside, and notices something flashing on the control panel.

EMMA

What the...?

She looks at it, her scowl instantly deepens. She mutters a curse under her breath, then enters in a few commands. A panel swivels open, and Emma pulls something out: a small leather book. It's been a while since we've seen it, but the LP on the corner is recognizable. It's LUCY'S JOURNAL. Dun dun dun.

Emma stuffs it into her jacket pocket and shuts the compartment, considers, then frowns. Checks something on the control panel again, plugs in a flash drive, and waits for a ping, then takes it out. Closes everything, leaves the shed.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACK ALLEY - AFTERNOON

Emma jogs along another rundown alley to a large tarp-draped shape at the end. She whisks it off with a vicious expression. Underneath is the LIFEBOAT. Oh shit.

Emma spends a few moments working out how to hijack the door code. Finally it opens, and she climbs inside.

CONTINUE TO:

INT. LIFEBOAT - AFTERNOON

Emma wrinkles her nose at the cramped conditions and generally second-rate equipment (and strong smell of Time Team). She boots up the control panel, and scrolls through a long list of complicated calculations.

EMMA

(again to herself)

And where the hell have you been that
would look like th -

She stops mid-sentence. Puts a hand to the journal in her pocket, gets a very scary expression.

Emma pulls out the flash drive and plugs it into the Lifeboat's control panel. It makes a forbidding-sounding noise, but she types quickly, managing to override it. A status bar pops up: QUANTUM DATA TRANSFER 50%...60% ... 70%... 80%... 90%... 100% COMPLETE.

The panel pings again, and Emma pulls the drive out. Gets to her feet and looks around. She doesn't have enough explosives on her to blow the entire thing, and that doesn't quite seem to be her plan. She still needs it intact, for now.

She gets out, shuts the door, redoes the lock, and throws the tarp over the Lifeboat, so it appears undisturbed. Then she looks around once more, and strides quickly away.

CUT TO:

INT. JOHNS HOPKINS HOSPITAL - AFTERNOON

Wyatt comes to a halt in front of a door with a nameplate: DR. G.O. GEY, CHIEF CELL BIOLOGIST. He grimaces, then knocks.

WYATT

Excuse me, Dr. Gey?

There's no answer. He tries the door, which isn't locked.

CONTINUE TO:

INT. GEY'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

There's nobody there; it looks like Gey is either busy in the lab or has stepped out for a smoke. Wyatt looks to every side, shuts the door, tries to decide what to do next. He could just hang out here until the doctor comes back?

He checks the file cabinets to see if they're locked. They are not. The 50s, man. No such thing as medical ethics or basic precautions, apparently. The soldier in Wyatt isn't impressed.

He opens another drawer, and then is startled by a noise from behind him. There was no one in this room a moment ago. He knows there wasn't. And yet.

Wyatt turns around slowly, hands up just in case, and for the first time since Pasadena, sees none other than JANE, standing just inside the office. They stare each other down.

WYATT

I was wondering if we were ever going to run into each other again.

JANE

I - I couldn't be sure.

WYATT

Yeah, I guess you couldn't be. I'm - you know, it almost makes sense, even as it still makes none at all. I don't know which timeline you're from

- even later in the one where we live underground and everyone's dead? Are you also trying to change that one? Never even called home? Your dad misses you, you know. He misses you.

Jane is sharply startled. Opens her mouth, then stops.

JANE

(very carefully)

So you... did you... understand?

Wyatt makes an odd noise. Half a laugh and half a sob.

WYATT

No. Not really. Not all of it.

(beat, not very steady)

But I know who you are. Just not when. Or why. Or anything. I know you're not going to tell me that. Just tell me if I'm right.

Jane looks at him for a long moment. Half of her wants to burst it out, the other knows this is still dangerous - and yet. Tears start to well up, despite herself.

JANE

(in a whisper)

Hi, Dad.

[COMMERCIALS]

RETURN TO:

INT. WHITE ROOM

Jessica is picking industriously at her handcuffs with a paper clip, as Temple watches. After a few moments, she clicks it, pulls them off.

TEMPLE

Oh, excellent. Now me.

Jessica nods, kneels in front of him, and manages to work his handcuffs loose. Temple gets to his feet, rubbing his wrists.

JESSICA

Now what?

TEMPLE

Well, Emma foolishly already played her hand and told me what her plan was. All I need to do is pre-empt her. I'll call the leading members of Rittenhouse, the influential patrons who have been supporting our efforts. We can have the press conference. Except then I'll reveal that Emma has killed Carol Preston, Nicholas

Keynes, and Benjamin Cahill. I'm quite sure there will be no question of keeping her in post after that.

JESSICA

And then what do we do with her?

TEMPLE

(shrugs)

Something fitting will present itself. This way.

They head to the door, test it. It's locked, but Jessica manages to jiggle the latch loose and push it open. They step out into the hallway beyond.

TEMPLE

You're quite adept at this.

JESSICA

Not all of us grew up with silver spoons in our mouths.

TEMPLE

Indeed. You've done exemplary work, Jessica. Which is why I know you'll agree to do it again, and make a necessary sacrifice. For the good of Rittenhouse.

Jessica stops, looks at him in confusion.

JESSICA

What do you mean?

TEMPLE

You see, I am going to need to blame all of this on someone. Give the shareholders proof that I've located the problem. Everyone always knew Emma was grafting and ambitious, this won't be a surprise, and it might look merely as if I was trying to torpedo her for my own good. But if I can provide another accomplice to the plot, and assurances that I have all loose ends under control -

(apologetically)

It really is nothing personal. The opposite. I have the utmost admiration for your skill and dedication. That's why I'm asking.

Jessica continues to stare at him, in something like dawning horror. She takes a step backward.

JESSICA

You - what? You'd kill me? I've spent weeks in that simulator. Weeks. Training to be a pilot, to take over once Emma was dealt with. You promised me that I'd be safe, my child would be safe, we'd -

TEMPLE

To be entirely honest, impressive as it was to see you work at it so hard, I didn't have any intention of promoting you to Emma's spot. These time travel missions have gotten us nothing. Rittenhouse needs to stop this blinkered focus on our long-gone past and begin strengthening our grip on the future. So no, I'm not going to kill you. You're going to put those hard-earned pilot skills to work and make one last jump for us, whenever Emma returns with the Mothership. Then, well. Everything will be straightened out.

JESSICA

Jump? Jump where?

TEMPLE

I'm afraid I can't tell you that. Suffice to say, it will all make sense at the time.

JESSICA

(getting angry)

And what? I don't come back? Like you're just going to leave me in control of my own time machine?

TEMPLE

Oh, no. Rittenhouse would take steps to protect its property and its industrial secrets. Surely that's no surprise. But as you've just mentioned, you're an adaptable woman. You might work around the limitations of your new situation. But then, I'm not the expert. Now, are you willing to play your final part or not?

JESSICA

(choked)

Yes.

TEMPLE

I'm glad to hear it. Now come on. We have to move quickly to have everything ready when Emma returns.

Not looking back, he continues to stride down the hall, as Jessica stares after him. Temple's phone warbles in his pocket. He pulls it out, looks at the screen. TIM CELL.

We focus on Temple's face for a long moment. This isn't an easy or immediate decision, especially since Jessica just mentioned her child being safe. But then -

Temple swipes the button to decline it, puts his phone back in his pocket, and straightens his shoulders. Walks away.

CUT TO:

INT. SAFE HOUSE MEDICAL BAY - DAY

Timothy is sitting on his hospital bed, phone in hand. Looks at it, frowning. Finally, gingerly gets up. He's on the mend, off his IV, but still bandaged.

He crosses the floor, opens the door, and peers down the hall into the safe house. He (and we) can just see Denise, Connor, and Jiya, working hard, clearly worried.

CONNOR

(overheard)

- they were completely offline for a bit, but now they've reappeared, January 1951 in Baltimore. So it seems likely they fixed the problem -

JIYA

The readouts coming through are like nothing we've seen. I don't know if they were offline so much as on an other line, and that's very -

DENISE

Are they transmitting normally now?

JIYA

Yes, I think so, but that was a pretty major incident, we can't be sure that it won't recur -

Timothy steps back into the medical bay, shuts the door. Looks at his phone, conflicted. He could try to call his father again, and tell him where he is, where the team is, anything else. The others are too distracted to stop him.

Timothy opens the 'Dad' contact on his phone. We stare at it on the screen for a few more moments.

We don't see what he does.

CUT TO:

INT. DR. GEY'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

We return to Wyatt and Jane still staring at each other, as Jane struggles to control herself, wiping her cheeks with the back of her glove. Wyatt opens his mouth, shuts it, runs a hand through his hair, tries to think of something to say.

WYATT

Somehow I really saw this going a lot different, you know?

JANE

Yeah.

WYATT

Jesus.

JANE

Yeah.

WYATT

Is that why you keep disappearing, why you're not really - stable? Traveling back this far when it's not even certain that you're going to exist? Because the future hasn't happened in any set fashion, and because I don't know which one you're from, and if it's going to be this one, or if it's the one we left with Bunker Beard, or -

JANE

The science is complicated, but I guess that's the reason.

WYATT

Do you - do you know your mother?

A spasm of pain passes across Jane's face. Wyatt keeps watching her, odd and hungry and heartbroken.

JANE

I can't answer that. I can't really tell you anything about when I came from. I've been trying, I - suffice it to say, the way things happened in the reality I remember made me want to change things. If I could.

WYATT

(a little numb)

Yeah, you come by that honestly. I never stopped doing that. From the damn moment I learned time travel was real.

JANE

(tearing up)

I'm sorry. I've - I've done it so badly. I've interfered with things, I've messed up, caused chaos, I've never told you anything, I've just made it worse. I don't think, in the end, I saved anyone or fixed anything that I set out to, I -

WYATT

Hey. Hey.

She looks up, teary-eyed, as Wyatt moves toward her. Holds out both hands, can't decide, then grabs her shoulders. A small shock passes through them at the touch, the confirmation.

WYATT (CONT)

Look. You also got that from me, kid, all right? The endless screwing up, even with the best intentions. I'm sorry half your DNA came from such a dumbass. But I kept trying, all right? I kept trying and I wanted to make things right and it's hard and it's terrible and I wish I could tell you that it would just go away, but - it won't. And yet. You'll have to go on living, if you get the chance, and you - I do. I want to know you, all right? In whatever bizarre way this is, I know you now, and I want to know you again.

Jane looks up at him. Oh, our hearts. Wyatt holds her, then pulls her forward and kisses her forehead. Then he lets go.

WYATT (CONT)

I think I know why you're here. You gave us the drug to save Rufus in Chinatown. You're trying to steal it now, aren't you?

JANE

I - yes, more or less, it uses the HeLa cells, and I need to -

WYATT

All right then, let's look for it.

He is consumed by determination, leads the way out of Dr. Gey's office, down toward the labs. Jane runs to keep up with him. Both of them keep stealing looks at each other, trying to see themselves reflected in the other's face. They reach a sealed door: NO ACCESS TO UNAUTHORIZED PERSONS.

JANE

I think the cell lab is through there, but we have to let him do whatever he's going to do first.

WYATT

Fine, I guess we could stake it out, though we'll start looking really creepy really fast.

Just then, from behind them -

EMMA

Or you could put your hands up and turn around slowly.

Wyatt and Jane freeze. They don't have much choice but to do this, revolving on the spot to see a pale-faced, furious Emma, holding her gun dead on Jane.

EMMA (CONT)

Yes. I knew it. I figured it out when Connor mentioned some strange young woman, back in 1775. So thank you for confirming that I need to get back and finish killing Jessica. As soon as she's dead and you aren't born, Rufus isn't saved, and none of this happens. But I'm not going to take chances. I'll just go ahead and kill you right here.

WYATT

No, don't -

EMMA

The last thing anyone needs in any situation is to hear what Wyatt Logan thinks. Sorry.

JANE

That's not going to -

EMMA

You know, I remember you. I saw you in D.C. Last year, technically. 1950. You shot Ethel Rosenberg. Pretty ballsy for a teenage girl. But then, I shouldn't be surprised. Your parents like to do the same kind of stupid things, so I'll just -

Her finger tightens on the trigger. Wyatt makes a convulsive move as if to either go for his own gun or throw himself in the way, when from down the hall -

LUCY

Drop the gun, Emma.

She moves out of the corridor, holding a gun of her own, voice ice-cold and very steady, as is her hand. She trains it on Emma's head without a single waver.

WYATT

Lucy - Lucy, where -

LUCY

Decided to bring it back from our friends' place. Frankly, by now, one more intrusion doesn't matter. Emma, I said drop it.

EMMA

Make me, princess.

Lucy raises her own gun as if to shoot, Emma whirls, and points hers at Jane. Cocks - pulls the trigger -

WYATT

NO, YOU CAN'T -

Just as the shot goes off, an instant before it would have hit her, Jane straight-up disappears. She's done this before, of course, but something feels different about this one. Wyatt stares at the place she just was in total horror.

WYATT

Son of a - Jesus, you -

He reaches madly for his own gun, Emma rounds on Lucy, it's a three-way standoff. Then the lab door opens and an assistant sticks his head out.

LAB ASSISTANT

Hey, what's going on here? Thought I heard gunshots. Who are you people?

EMMA

You better go right back in there and get Dr. Gey to finish the cell culture, or you'll hear a lot more.

LAB ASSISTANT

I'm - I'm gonna call the police.

EMMA

Stupid idea, I wouldn't.

The lab assistant takes a step as if to do this, and Emma shoots him without turning a hair. He looks shocked, then collapses. Emma steps over his body into the lab, as Wyatt runs after her. Lucy kneels by the assistant; too late. He's already dead.

EMMA

Dr. Gey!

GEORGE OTTO GEY (52), an eminent doctor in a lab coat and goggles, stares in horror at the body of his fallen assistant.

EMMA (CONT)

If you have a sample ready from Mrs. Lacks's cells, I'll go ahead and take that. Right now.

Behind her, Lucy struggles to her feet, reaches Wyatt, grabs at his arm.

LUCY

Shoot her. Shoot her!

Wyatt still seems stunned, and doesn't react. Lucy fumbles for her own gun, aims at Emma, who lunges at Gey and pulls him in front of her as a human shield. But Lucy is already shooting, and the rack overhead breaks with a clatter of glass.

EMMA

Nice... and... slow.

She drags Gey backward into the work area, gun still jammed to his temple, as Lucy searches madly for a clean shot.

GEORGE OTTO GEY

(points at a sealed petri dish)
There. It's that one.

EMMA

Pick it up and give it to me.

Gey picks it up, passes it to her, and Emma slips it into her pocket. Lucy looks about ready to shoot both of them if necessary, white-faced. On the brink, then -

EMMA

So, Lucy. You go to visit your bumper selves? At least, I think that was the coding I got out of the Lifeboat. I didn't realize they still existed in some alternate time pocket, but now that I do, I'm going to take care of them too.

LUCY

You - you knew, about that, about the car accident, about -

EMMA

I always said I did, remember?

LUCY

(losing it)
How?! Did you do it yourself?!
Changed who saved me?

EMMA

Me? I didn't do it. But Rittenhouse was worried about you almost dropping out of your history studies, they were going to make sure something happened one way or another to prevent that. Only it backfired on them. I learned about this when I went digging in the archives to find out who killed my mother. You want to guess who actually changed it?

Lucy stares back at her, pale and furious. It might as well be just the two of them in the laboratory, even with Emma still holding Gey hostage and Wyatt at Lucy's side. A look of dreadful realization crosses Lucy's face.

LUCY

Stanley. Stanley Fisher did it. He went back to the night of March 21, 2003, and changed who saved my life, pulled me out of the car. But the technology was in beta, it was one of the early tests about traveling on your own timeline, and that's why he went crazy. That was what broke him permanently. Rittenhouse did that.

EMMA

Bingo. Oh, Stanley didn't know it was specifically for that reason, if it helps. He never even saw you. Like you said, he thought it was just another early-stage test. But yes. Now with two timelines crashing permanently in his head, with everything else that happened - he had visions, went psychotic. No wonder he turned against Mason Industries after that, huh?

LUCY

That is - that is barbaric, that is diabolical, that is unforgivable -

EMMA

You're really that upset over what Rittenhouse did to poor crazy Stanley Fish -

LUCY

(screaming)

NO, I'M UPSET OVER WHAT THEY DID TO ME!

Just then, taking advantage of Emma's distraction, Gey grabs at her arm, knocking the gun aside, and twists loose. Emma shoots at him, but misses as he dives for cover, and has to duck as Lucy shoots at her, ferocious, furious. Emma stays low, using the lab equipment for protection, as she makes for the door. Wyatt shoots at her too, it hits something that sounds breakable, a puff of smoke goes up. The last thing they need is another fire like the one at Tesla's.

Emma reaches the door, dodges through, as Lucy and Wyatt shoot at her in unison. Lucy's gun clicks, empty, but she still puts down her head and charges.

WYATT

Lucy, WAIT -

Too late. Lucy runs flat-out, Wyatt on her heels, as they dodge out into the corridor. Obviously, all this gunfire has attracted a lot of attention. Doctors and residents and patients are all in the halls, uniformed cops come storming through. They see Wyatt is armed, go for their weapons.

COP

Let me see your hands, let me see
your hands right now!

WYATT

You need to stop that woman, that
red-haired woman, she just stole
invaluable intellectual property from
Johns Hopkins, and she killed the lab
assistant back there, so -

Lucy is still shouldering madly through the crowd after Emma, reaches the stairwell. Runs through the door.

CONTINUE TO:

INT. STAIRWELL - EVENING

Lucy races down the stairs with single-minded intensity. Emma is considerably ahead of her. She runs faster.

[COMMERCIALS]

RETURN TO:

EXT. BALTIMORE STREET - EVENING

Rufus, Flynn, and Henrietta Lacks have reached her front door. She looks at them in shy confusion.

HENRIETTA LACKS

Well, gentlemen, thank you for the
coffee and the food and the talk, it
was real kind of you, but I don't
have any money.

RUFUS

We wouldn't take a cent from you. Just - tell your family something, okay? Tell them - tell them to ask Johns Hopkins Medical School for some of the money from HeLa, when you're not here anymore. Insist on it. Hire a lawyer, whatever. Clifford Durr from Alabama, he might help them. Just make sure they know that they're entitled to it, all right?

HENRIETTA LACKS

I've got no notion what you mean, sir. HeLa - what's that?

RUFUS

It's you. Your cells. They already took it from you, and that can't be fixed. But it's going to do great things in the world, it's going to help a lot of people, and I just - I wanted you to know that. It doesn't make up for the injustice and for the pain and for everything else that happens to you. But still. Your family should know.

Henrietta looks at him, confused, moved, uncertain. Rufus is visibly emotional. Flynn puts a silent hand on his shoulder.

HENRIETTA LACKS

I - well. That's a curious thing to say. But I'll try to remember it.

RUFUS

I'm sorry we couldn't help you more.

HENRIETTA LACKS

You helped me fine today, when I was sad, in pain. And that's more than I could ask for. You done all right, Mr. Carlin. More than all right.

RUFUS

You've helped us more. So many of us. And it's not fair what happens to you. I just -

He tries to compose himself. Henrietta looks at him curiously. She seems to understand more than he's saying.

HENRIETTA LACKS

These - these cells of mine, you said. That's what they are. Do they help you?

RUFUS

I - I think they might. It's complicated. But I could be alive because of them, yes.

HENRIETTA LACKS

(firmly)

Then I want you to have them.

RUFUS

Are you sure? I mean, you never get a choice in this, and if we just take them, if it's the same as what everyone else does to you, does that make us any different?

HENRIETTA LACKS

If you say they help people, it wouldn't be any good if they couldn't help a fine young man like you. If that's all the choice I get to make, well, I am. Somewhere there's a woman very lucky to have you, I hope?

RUFUS

(choked up)

Yeah. There is, and I'm - I'm trying to get back to her. I have something I need to ask her.

HENRIETTA LACKS

Well then, I'll let you gentlemen be on your way. I don't suppose I'll see you again. You don't have that sense about you, that you're from here.

RUFUS

Not really.

He pauses, then steps forward and shakes hands with her. She pulls him in and kisses his cheek, then turns to Flynn and does the same (having to stand on her very tiptoes).

HENRIETTA LACKS

You two run along.

Rufus and Flynn nod awkwardly to her, watch as she lets herself into her house, and then start off down the street.

RUFUS

Do you think we should head back to the hospital?

FLYNN

Yes, we most likely -

He stops, frowning. Something seems to have occurred to him, but he can't quite put his finger on it. He starts to jog, then almost run, as Rufus hurries to keep up.

FLYNN

Yes, I need to get there right away.
You go to the Lifeboat and get it
ready to jump. Now!

Rufus looks at him, realizes he isn't messing around. Nods once, then scurries away.

CUT TO:

EXT. JOHNS HOPKINS HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Emma bursts out of the front doors. She's almost to the sidewalk when the doors crash open again and Lucy rushes out.

EMMA

It's too late, princess. When I get
back, Jessica's dead, and then you
won't remember any of this happened.
You should just let me.

LUCY

(hysterical)

Is there any limit to what you're
willing to take from me, from us,
what you and Rittenhouse want to -

EMMA

You can thank yourself for this.

With that, she plunges a hand into her pocket, pulls out Lucy's journal, and brandishes it like a weapon. Lucy stares at it; it's the first time she's seen it since 1x16.

EMMA (CONT)

I wouldn't have put the last pieces
of the puzzle together without it.
Don't be sad. You can start some
other existence, where you might
never even have heard of us. Another
Lucy, another life. Again. Why not?

LUCY

I am never going to let you -

Emma turns to run for the Mothership, just as there's the sound of pounding footsteps from the other direction. Emma collides into a full-bore charging Flynn, which is a not inconsiderable impact. The journal and the HeLa cells go spinning away, and Emma lunges for them -

Flynn grabs her, they fight ferociously, as Lucy dives to snatch the journal and cells. She stuffs them into her jacket, just as the hospital doors open and Wyatt runs out.

WYATT

What the - Lucy, are you -

LUCY

Go, we need to go! Flynn!

Flynn sees her, forgets what he's doing, and Emma hits him hard. He dodges, tries to shake it off, turns back on her.

FLYNN

(shouting)

Run. You have it, run! Rufus is at the Lifeboat, he's waiting, go!

Emma spits blood, then scrambles to her feet. She wants the journal and the cells back at any price, goes for Lucy like a missile -

Flynn hits her again -

- there's a whirl and a pop, and the Lifeboat appears. The door cycles open -

RUFUS

(yelling)

Yeah, I didn't think it was a great idea to sit twiddling my thumbs, so how about you just jump in right now?

It's a free-for-all brawl between Flynn and Emma, Wyatt trying to get Lucy to the Lifeboat, everything at stake -

Flynn battles free. Turns to Lucy, who is frozen at the Lifeboat steps. Something crosses over her face and his at the same time, some realization of what's about to happen.

FLYNN

Get out of here. I'll hold her off and delay her as long as I can, I'll give you time. You have to get the journal and the cells back. You have to make sure that no matter what happens, Rufus is saved. Everything else doesn't matter. I'm sorry. For everything I ever did to hurt you. I hope one day you can forgive me.

LUCY

Garcia - no -

FLYNN

I love you.

He ducks his head. Cups her face in both hands, kisses her. It's deep and ferocious and passionate, she clings to it, to him - and then he pulls back. Lifts her into the Lifeboat and slams the door behind her.

PAN TO:

INT. LIFEBOAT - NIGHT

Rufus is stunned, Wyatt reaches for Lucy, Lucy is stricken - We hear multiple GUNSHOTS from outside. A heavy thud. We can't see what's happening. Lucy is in shock.

LUCY

Rufus - Rufus, no, we have to stay,
we can't, we have to -

RUFUS

He told us to jump. He said he'd give us time. I - look. I told him, I made him a promise. Back in 1775, I said if he wanted to leave, I'd let him do that. He's my friend too, Lucy. You know he is. But if this - if this is what he decided to - he said I had to. He said I was going to have to leave him. He made me swear that I would do it, said it was the only way. He wasn't talking about Philadelphia. I'm sorry.

WYATT

No. We aren't doing this. Stop it,
open the door -

Rufus closes his eyes, tears streaming down his cheeks. Then pushes the launch levers, and everything disappears.

CUT TO:

INT. AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

A large selection of Rittenhouse dignitaries and other important people, sitting in an auditorium with a podium at the front. A tense, expectant air, as a curtain rustles and Temple strides out. His face is still bruised, though he's done his best to smarten up with a suit and tie. No sign of Jessica. He reaches the mike, leans down, keys it.

TEMPLE

Good evening. Normally, you only see this many lawyers in a courtroom, and these days, they're usually the ones on trial.

A few obliging chuckles, but the mood remains tense.

TEMPLE (CONT)

I appreciate all of you making it here on short notice, and I know things have been... unsettled in our organization recently. But I'm here

to assure you that that's under control. You see, it's time that all of you - whether those of you who have loyally supported Rittenhouse for decades, or those who are just joining us - know the full truth about what's been happening. We haven't been famous for corporate transparency before, I know. But that's going to change, starting today. Because -

He takes a moment, making sure all eyes are on him.

TEMPLE (CONT)

Our recent story starts with a man named Connor Mason, and the success of his lifelong ambition to make time travel a reality.

A shocked murmur. Some in attendance knew about this, but most didn't. People turning to their neighbors, whispering.

TEMPLE (CONT)

I know, it sounds ridiculous. It sounds sci-fi, far-fetched, supervillain. And it was. I want you to know exactly what I'm saving you from here, what I'm stopping. The deeply fanatical elements that infiltrated Rittenhouse and spread like cancer, who forced their extremist, dangerous, and ultimately ineffective ideas on all of us. Emma Whitmore was the chief proponent of this plan, and ladies, gentlemen, I don't think it'll be any surprise when I tell you what she's done. I'm sure she'll have a different story, but I need all of you to trust me like your lives depend on it. Because, quite honestly, they do.

More whispers, anxious shifting in seats. This is not in the least what all these rich and powerful people expected. Temple sounds half-crazy himself.

TEMPLE (CONT)

Once Rittenhouse is finally and completely secure under my control, this is never going to happen again. We're closing the book on the past and moving toward a more perfect future. All of you, you'll help me

with it. I'm looking forward to seeing what we can accomplish in our bright new world. Participation is no longer voluntary, my friends. It is essential. You'll be coming up with whatever excuses you need, quitting jobs, leaving families, anything else we need. Rittenhouse rises now, and we're not going to stop until -

Just then, a whirl and a whine, growing steadily louder. Temple stops, looks around. Frowns.

TEMPLE

(trying to continue)

Not going to stop until we have realized my vision for the perfection of America and the completion of -

The sound grows deafening. The next moment, in front of hundreds of shocked and staring eyes, the Mothership crashes into existence on the stage, landing hard enough to splinter planks and break Temple's podium. He jumps back, stares.

Everyone gapes at the Mothership, and yet, nobody dares to make a sound. The door hisses open.

Emma appears at the top of the steps. Descends with slow, measured tread, dragging an unconscious Garcia Flynn behind her. Blood wells up from wounds in his shoulder and his side. Utter, trancelike silence as she reaches the bottom.

EMMA

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen.

She gives Flynn a final jerk, displaying him like a trophy hunter's prize, as he sprawls out on the floor.

EMMA (CONT)

I'm here, at last, to announce that the war is over.

FADE TO BLACK.

END CREDITS.