

T I M E L E S S

"HOMECOMING"

Episode 4x13
Finale, Part 2

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FADE IN.

We CONTINUE from the climactic ending of Part 1: the empty, glowing whiteness, the silence, the sense that we are nowhere and nowhen. It could be any time or place in the past, present, or future. It doesn't really matter.

FOCUS IN on a pair of familiar eyes, currently closed. As we pan out, we see that it's Rufus. His surroundings begin to take more form around him.

RESOLVE ON:

INT. MIT LABORATORY - MORNING

Rufus is sitting in one of his old tech labs at MIT. The windows are full of bright, indeterminate light. He's the only one there. The shelves are crowded with projects, gizmos, inventions. He blinks and looks around. Can't remember what he's doing here or how he arrived.

When it remains silent -

RUFUS

Hello?

He gets up and paces around the room. Tries to open the door, but it doesn't give. Confused but not concerned, he goes over to the tech shelf and begins digging through it. Finds an old project and smiles in fond recognition.

RUFUS (CONT'D)

Well hello, first prize VEX
Robotics World Championship 2004.
Didn't know you were still skulking
around here.

He takes it to a table and starts to tinker.

A few moments pass. Or perhaps more. Rufus is happy, absorbed, not thinking about anything else, until suddenly, there's a sound at the door.

He looks up as it opens - and then, with a flare of shock, he remembers how he got here, and what was happening beforehand. But he can't believe his eyes at the person entering, looking just as he did in 4x06 - the last time we saw him alive.

RUFUS (CONT'D)

(voice cracking)
Connor?

CONNOR

Rufus?

They stare, then run to each other, and hug tightly. Rufus is teary, relieved, euphoric. He pokes Connor, trying to see if he's real - he is.

RUFUS

What are you - ?! Is this - this is some "Harry meets Dumbledore in King's Cross" business, right?

CONNOR

I have no idea. Where are the others? What's - ?

RUFUS

That would take much, much too long to explain. Where - when - what are we? Or is that beside the point?

CONNOR

I was hoping you could tell me.

They walk back to the table and Rufus's robotics project. Connor smiles down at it.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

Ah yes. I remember this one. I was already intending to offer you a job at Mason Industries when you graduated, but this was really ingenious.

He picks up a piece, makes a few adjustments, and it springs to life. Connor and Rufus observe the robot in pride. Then Rufus frowns, and his face falls.

RUFUS

Connor, you need to help me. Something happened, and it's my fault.

CONNOR

No, it can't be, I'm sure -

RUFUS

No, it is. I built it, I unleashed it. Now I know - a little - how you felt when you built the time machines, and you saw what Rittenhouse did with it.

CONNOR

What is it?

RUFUS

It's - it's called the recursion.

(beat)

And I used it to erase all of us.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR - DAY

We're in the bar from the end of 2x03, where Wyatt ran off and found Jessica alive. Its windows are filled with the same bright white light, and it's just as empty. Wyatt sits at a stool, also struggling to remember what he's doing here.

A moment, then -

JESSICA

Waiting for a drink, cowboy?

Wyatt almost jumps out of his skin. He whirls around as she emerges from the back, then stares at her. She's the same older Jessica from throughout the season, twenty years from when Wyatt saw her last. It hits him like a punch.

WYATT

Hey.

Jessica nods to him, goes to the tap, and pulls a beer, then passes it to him. Wyatt looks at it, at her.

WYATT (CONT'D)

Am I dead?

JESSICA

What makes you think I know?

Wyatt decides that either way, he could use a drink, and takes a sip. The beer is good, cold. He keeps staring at her.

WYATT

You got - you got old.

JESSICA

Still no good with actually talking to me, huh?

Nonetheless, it's not said with the intent to hurt him, and she knows it's a shock. She leans against the counter, watching him.

WYATT

What happened?

JESSICA

I had a life. Not the one I ever imagined having, but we never get to choose. I raised our daughter, at least. I raised Iris, too. I saw what happened with Valkyrie. Long story short, I came to Vienna to rescue them, and Emma -

Her voice breaks a little. She glances away.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Then Iris told me to blow her up, ordered me to blow her up, trying to stop Emma, and I don't remember anything after that.

WYATT

Yeah, I don't think it stopped her. At the house, we -

He frowns, trying to remember. Distant sounds of shouting, crashing, the sizzle of Emma's disruptor, bodies hitting the ground. Wyatt winces.

WYATT (CONT'D)

Either way, I guess we're here now.

He keeps looking at her, studying her, the woman he might have seen her become, if they ever did have a life together.

WYATT (CONT'D)

I've - I've met Sarah.

Jessica looks at him sharply.

WYATT (CONT'D)

I've actually known her for a while. She's - a lot like me. Impulsive, and reckless, and determined to do whatever she thinks she can, no matter how stupid. And brave, and stubborn, and smart, and beautiful, and I love her so much, I can't bear it. She must get all that from you.

Jessica looks down at the floor, choked up. She tries to clear her throat, which is only of middling use.

JESSICA

It's a long time ago, for me. When I lost you. It's something I've had to come to terms with, and most days, I have. I don't think about it. Then sometimes I just - I'm so angry. I'm so angry that I can't stand it. Everything Rittenhouse stole from us, the life we could have had, the three of us. I don't know if it was ever real, but I see it. And I would give anything to fix it, but even with a time machine, we can't. We're still here, like this.

WYATT

You killed Michael Temple, and then you went on the run. I tried to find you for months, but you didn't want to be found. All I ever dug up was that record of Sarah's birth, in some Mexican hospital in the middle of nowhere.

JESSICA

I went to São Paulo. I retrieved the Mothership from where Emma left it. It's a long story.

WYATT

I'm guessing we've got time.

Jessica considers, then pulls another glass of beer, moves around the counter, and sits next to Wyatt.

JESSICA

I'm guessing we do.

CUT TO:

EXT. CALTECH LAWN - DAY

Jiya is sitting in her graduation cap and gown, in a row of folding chairs. She looks down in some confusion, not sure why she's wearing it, or why there's nobody else in sight. Then a voice from behind her, from a middle-aged Lebanese man in a suit and tie, holding a huge bouquet of flowers:

JIYA'S DAD

Am I late?

Jiya's mouth drops open. She stares at him, eyes welling up. Then she runs to him, throwing herself into his arms.

JIYA

(sobbing)

How are you - how are you - I don't understand, what's - I don't - you weren't here, you -

JIYA'S DAD

You think I was gonna miss seeing my baby girl get her damn doctorate from Caltech?

JIYA

But that already happened, and you weren't - you died when I was -

She stops, giving up trying to make any sense of it. Jiya's dad hands her the flowers, and Jiya poses with them, as he takes out his phone and snaps a million pictures.

JIYA'S DAD

You look amazing, honey. I'm so proud of you. I'm so proud.

JIYA

Th - thank you.

JIYA'S DAD

So, this Rufus guy. I have questions.

JIYA

(gulping a laugh-sob)

You know, for once in my life, I'm perfectly happy to have you interrogate me about my boyfriend.

They go to the folding chairs together, and sit down.

REVERSE CUT TO:

EXT. HINDU TEMPLE - DAY

A temple decorated for a traditional Indian wedding, the same brightness and emptiness. Denise, wearing a beautiful turquoise and gold sari, is just letting go of an older Indian man - her own father - in breathless disbelief, as he stares down at her in beaming pride.

DENISE'S DAD

Dhriti, my little flower, so good to see you. So good.

DENISE

Daddy, how are you - ?

She likewise decides not to ask, and he offers her his arm. They stroll under the eaves of the temple, as incense rises in lazy, curling spirals. Denise sniffs, wipes her eyes.

DENISE (CONT'D)

My - my name is Denise now, Daddy. Denise Christopher. The police officer who helped me after you - what happened. I decided to take her name. I became a Homeland Security agent, and I - I've tried to be my best.

DENISE'S DAD

I am sure you have. Why are we here?

He gestures at the temple. They come to a halt, and Denise swallows hard, visibly frightened.

DENISE

This is - this is actually the way things looked on my wedding day.

DENISE'S DAD

Ah, your wedding! Yes, yes, tell me all about it. Who is the lucky man?

Denise winces. The words come out in a bit of a rush.

DENISE

It's - it's not a man, Daddy.

He looks at her in confusion, not following.

DENISE (CONT'D)

I married a - I married a woman. My wife's name is Michelle. We have two kids, Mark and Olivia. And I - I'm afraid that I've blown it. We've been having problems for a while, because I'm always so focused on work, and after we defeated Rittenhouse, I thought we'd have time to repair our relationship. But then Valkyrie came along instead, and -

She trails off, aware that absolutely none of this means anything to him, as he continues to stare at her.

DENISE'S DAD
Dhriti, I don't understand.

DENISE
I wrestled with it for a long time,
I thought I could make it go away.
That I could be - normal, or
whatever. But then in 1981, when
President Reagan was shot, I met -

She stops again, trying to screw up the courage to say the main thing, to tell her beloved father the truth.

DENISE (CONT'D)
I married a woman, Daddy. I'm a
lesbian. I have a wife. We have a
family. We are - we were - very
happy. You have two grandchildren,
and I wish more than anything that
you could meet them.

Still, Denise's dad stares at her, blank. A cloud seems to pass over the sun. The temple turns darker.

DENISE (CONT'D)
Daddy... ?

DENISE'S DAD
I think I need to sit down.

He pulls away from her and does so, as Denise looks at him, afraid to ask, afraid to speak.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH - EVENING

A beautiful sunset sea, a red-roofed city on a hillside. By the looks of things, we're somewhere in Croatia.

As we pan along the beach, we come upon Flynn, standing in the shallows and staring over the dark water. He turns at the sound of someone walking toward him - then freezes.

LORENA
Come in, Garcia. It's getting late.

Flynn is floored. His eyes brim with tears. He wipes them roughly, then wades toward her, stepping out onto the sand.

She's casually dressed, a sweater draped over her shoulders, hair windblown. He stares at her, dumbstruck.

LORENA (CONT'D)
(gently teasing)
Always the eloquent one.

Flynn reaches out, hand hovering over her shoulder. He finds her solid, isn't sure what to do.

FLYNN
Sweetheart. You're - you're here?

LORENA
Should I be anywhere else?

Flynn shakes his head, still at a loss for words. Finally he brushes the backs of his fingers along her cheek. She closes her eyes. A breathless, heartbroken moment.

FLYNN
Am I dead, or are you alive?

LORENA
I don't think it matters. Time doesn't mean anything. We could be anywhere you have ever been. Have you found her? Iris?

FLYNN
I - I did. By total accident. But I did, and I -

LORENA
Is she safe?

FLYNN
I don't - I don't know.

He looks around for Iris, but there's no sign of anyone else. It's just them, their hair whipping in the wind, the crash of waves and the distant glow of the city. Lorena offers her hand, and after a pause, Flynn takes it. They start to walk.

FLYNN (CONT'D)
I owe - I owe you an apology. I tried so hard, for the longest time. But I didn't - I never managed to bring you back, to save you. And eventually I chose to stop... to stop trying.

Lorena's face flickers. She looks away, then back.

LORENA
And why was that?

FLYNN
There were - many reasons. But you
deserve to know that I fell in love
with someone else.

It's hard for him to say, it's hard for Lorena to hear. They
stop, the waves crashing around their feet. She gazes out to
sea, doesn't answer at once.

LORENA
I see. Who?

FLYNN
Her name is Lucy.

LORENA
Ah.

The silence remains twisted, painful. Flynn tries to think of
anything else to say to make it better, but he can't really
do that. A tear rolls down Lorena's cheek.

LORENA (CONT'D)
You love her.

FLYNN
I - yes.

LORENA
And did she insist that you - ?

FLYNN
(raw)
No. Never. Over and over, she
offered to leave, to give me up, if
you came back. She would never
dream of telling me to stop looking
for you. For better or worse, it
was my choice, and I never knew how
I would tell you, if I saw you
again. That you would think that I
loved you a minute, a moment, a
breath less than I did.

LORENA
No. I - I wouldn't.

Flynn turns toward her, eyes drowned with tears.

FLYNN
You wouldn't?

LORENA

(also teary)

Garcia, do you really think I don't know how you love people? How you loved me? I doubted many things in my life, but I never doubted that. You are the bravest, most beautiful, most devoted man I ever knew. I saw that in you, even when you couldn't see it yourself. And it will be a cold - a cold day in hell before I think any differently.

Flynn is too overcome to speak. He lifts her hands to his mouth and kisses them, a silent and reverential gesture. Both of them are trying, with no success, not to weep.

LORENA (CONT'D)

So where is she now? Lucy?

FLYNN

I don't - I don't know that either.

They turn to face the dark, starlit sea, the rising moon, as the wind blows the tears off their cheeks.

[COMMERCIALS]

RETURN TO:

EXT. LUCY'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

It's a bright, sunlit afternoon. Lucy walks up the steps to her house. She opens the door, a little confused, and lets herself in. She can hear someone in the kitchen.

CONTINUE TO:

INT. LUCY'S KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Lucy steps into the kitchen, as the person at the sink turns around. It's the handsome middle-aged woman that Lucy saw in 4x09 - Valkyrie. But now she knows who it really is.

There's a dead silence as the sisters look at each other. Lucy opens and shuts her mouth. Amy seems equally flattened.

LUCY

(faintly)

So it is you.

AMY

It's you.

They take a few steps toward each other, trying to wrap their heads around this. They reach out with their fingertips, as if seeing each other through a mirror.

LUCY

You're - older.

AMY

You aren't.

LUCY

Have you - have you always been Valkyrie? Is that why you did this?

AMY

I bought Mason-Carlin Industries after - it must be after this, when all of you died and it was left on the corporate scrap heap. This must be what brought our timelines together, this - reckoning.

LUCY

Our timelines?

(beat)

So in the timeline you remember, you lost me, just like I lost you. And you've been trying all along to find me again, just like I have.

AMY

I - I wish I could say that. At first, yes, when I bought MCI and renamed it Valkyrie, it was about uncovering the truth. I thought it would be a sure thing, if you had worked for it before. Then time went on, and I didn't find you, but Valkyrie got bigger and bigger, and more and more successful. Global. Beyond my wildest dreams. I told myself it was proving to Mom how wrong she was, that of course I could do this. But it -

She stops, as Lucy looks at her. After a pause, they leave the kitchen and go sit down in the living room.

AMY (CONT'D)

That level of power, money, influence, it does things to you.

(MORE)

AMY (CONT'D)

You keep making excuses not to give it up, justifications for why you deserve it. Why you've done better, or just are better, than everyone else. I realized it was happening to me, but I told myself I would do good things. That it was better for me to have this than anyone else. Even when I stepped back, let the board run things -

She laughs bitterly, shaking her head.

AMY (CONT'D)

Of course, the chairman was Michael Temple Jr., and we saw how that went, but we can't blame him for using the apparatus that I built. That was on me. It all was.

LUCY

Do you know - do you know about Rittenhouse? Who Mom really was?

AMY

Yes. It's ironic, isn't it? That by trying so hard to show how much she underestimated me and what I could do, I turned into her instead?

LUCY

I don't know if I'd say that.

AMY

I would.

LUCY

So would you give it up? If you had the choice to undo everything Valkyrie has done? Your life's work, you'd let it go?

AMY

Yes. But you can't wave a magic wand and erase that damage. It still happens somewhere, it's still happening now. Even if Valkyrie disappears, there are a dozen, a hundred companies and governments and oligarchies exactly like it, and it - it just doesn't seem like it matters.

LUCY

Just because we can't defeat all the evil in the world everywhere, all at once, doesn't mean we can't defeat some of it.

Amy looks at her, startled.

LUCY (CONT'D)

It would matter. If you chose to do better, if you chose to give it up.

AMY

But what if it still happens?

LUCY

We can't know if anything will happen. At least, usually.

(beat)

You know, even if these trips to the past are dangerous and difficult, they're - they're comforting. Because I'm a historian, because I know what's going to happen. If I go back to a world where the future is unformed, where I'm not granted the luxury of having studied everything beforehand. Where I have to make it up as I go. I don't know if I'm brave enough to do that again.

She stops, shaking her head, tears rolling down her cheeks. Amy looks at her, reaches out, and for the first time since Lucy lost her in the pilot, the Preston sisters touch in the flesh. They hold hands. Lucy's shoulders tremble.

LUCY (CONT'D)

You're here. You're really here.

AMY

So - so are you.

They lean toward each other, heads resting together. Sitting in their old living room, as the sun fades down the walls. Lucy told Denise once, back in 3x08, that she wanted to go home and find her sister there, for none of this to have happened. The moment remains crystalline, poignant, both of them crying. Lucy wipes her eyes.

LUCY

I'm sorry I didn't find you before.

AMY

I'm sorry you found me like this.
What Valkyrie did to you, did to
all of you.

LUCY

It wasn't - it wasn't all bad.
There were some surprisingly good
things that came from it. Like -

She looks up, glancing around. It's only the two of them, in
the quiet house, but she stands up.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Where's Iris?

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

A small, dingy bedroom in a small, dingy house. There's a
twin bed, a desk, and walls with holes in them. Emma stands
in the middle of the floor, with a slightly unnerved look.

From downstairs, she can hear shouting, crashing, and
thumping, then crying. She flinches.

EMMA

(to herself)

It's not real. They're not actually
here. It's some kind of trick.

She can hear her father yelling, her mother weeping. She
looks at the door, and wonders if she can go downstairs, as a
grown woman and not a terrified girl, and deck the bastard.
Get everything back that he took from her.

EMMA (CONT'D)

They're not here.

She paces in a circle, then sits on the bed. Gets up and goes
to the desk, pulls out a sheet of fifth-grade math homework,
EMMA WHITMORE written on the top. It's all 100%. A teacher
has scribbled, See me about Advanced Placement.

Emma stares down at it. It's hard to read her expression.

There's another crash from downstairs, then silence. A moment
more, and then Emma hears footsteps on the stairs, slow,
pained. She jumps up and leans against the door, holding it
shut. A look of sudden fear.

The footsteps come closer. A voice outside, which we recognize from the flashbacks of 3x07. Sniffling, choked up.

JOANNA WHITMORE

Honey? Honey, are you in there?

Something flickers across Emma's face. Vulnerability, pain, grief. She shakes her head, forcing it down. She doesn't breathe or make a sound.

JOANNA

Honey, I know you must be scared, I just - let me in, all right?

Emma looks down at the latch, how close her hand is to it. It trembles with wanting, but she can't let herself.

JOANNA (CONT'D)

Emma? Emma, sweetheart. Please.

EMMA

(whispering to herself)

It's not real. It's not real. It's not real.

JOANNA

Come home. I forgive you.

Emma looks at it, startled, torn, wavering. Then she reaches out, grabs a heavy math book from the bed, and wedges it against the door, as if her mother might burst in.

She reaches into her pocket, takes out a lighter, and strikes a flame. She drops it on the bed, watches as the quilts catch and begin to burn. The flames spread quickly.

EMMA

This was never my home.

She stands in the middle of the room, watching as it burns.

CUT TO:

INT. MIT LAB - AFTERNOON

The light in the windows has changed. The place seems darker, less coherent. Some of the shelves have vanished.

Connor and Rufus sit at the table, still scribbling. Rufus finishes a column of calculations, holds it out.

RUFUS

Do you think that would work?

Connor takes it, scrutinizes it, marks it with his pencil.

CONNOR

Perhaps, if you could implement it.

RUFUS

With what?

CONNOR

We are in a laboratory, after all.
I daresay you could come up with an
idea.

Rufus glances around, taking in the changed look of the place, the darker and more ominous character.

RUFUS

What's happening?

CONNOR

Even one moment, though it may last
a very long time indeed, cannot
last forever. Everything reaches
its natural end eventually. I
imagine we are poised on the cusp
of one such moment, the cresting
wave of the recursion. Then it will
break, and everything will take a
different shape indeed.

RUFUS

So the dream is collapsing, like
Inception? If this is some BS like
that, or like Lost, where surprise,
they were dead the whole time, I'm
gonna lose my mcfreakin' -

He stops. To his great confusion, he sees Connor smiling at him, looking a little teary.

RUFUS (CONT'D)

What?

CONNOR

Nothing, truly. I've just - I have
missed you.

That catches Rufus dead to rights, and he looks down. It takes him a moment to answer.

RUFUS

I've missed you too. But it's all
right. I've fixed it.

(MORE)

RUFUS (CONT'D)
You'll come home with me, and
you'll be at my wedding. I'll save
you, just like I promised.

Connor gives him a strange look, which Rufus doesn't notice. He gets to his feet, marches over, and begins rummaging in the piles of old tech.

RUFUS (CONT'D)
C'mon, help me with this.

After a pause, Connor comes over, and they sort through the gizmos together. The lab continues to get darker around them.

Connor and Rufus build an improvised machine, plugging in parts and pieces. They carry it to the table, wire up a makeshift power source, a screen, and a keyboard, and Rufus writes in equations and code as Connor checks it. Then Rufus takes a deep breath, squares his shoulders - hits ENTER.

Nothing happens.

RUFUS (CONT'D)
Yeah, that worked the last time.

CONNOR
This isn't the last time, you know.

RUFUS
Maybe there's some connector loose,
or whatever. Hold on -

He gets up, checks all the wires on their jerry-rigged machine, and verifies that it is (mostly) in working order. He confirms the code, hits the Enter key again.

Still nothing.

RUFUS (CONT'D)
Dammit. I must have made a mistake
in the math. It'll take me some
time to redo it, but -

CONNOR
Rufus, you didn't make a mistake in
the math.

RUFUS
Then why isn't it working?

He looks up, and as their eyes lock, Connor gives him a very sad smile. Puts a hand on his shoulder.

CONNOR
(softly)
I think you know why it isn't
working.

[COMMERCIALS]

RETURN TO:

INT. BAR - EVENING

The bar is also darker and less complete, walls eaten away. Wyatt and Jess sit side by side, contemplating their empty glasses, the story finished, the silence hanging over them.

WYATT
Wow. Damn. Jesus.

JESSICA
Yeah.

WYATT
You were on the run from Rittenhouse, or whatever part of Rittenhouse you thought was still after you. And maybe you needed to do that, and maybe you didn't. But you had a pretty amazing life anyway. With the Mothership, the places you took Iris and Sarah - I mean, I'm guessing not many moms can say that they were able to take their girls to the opening night of The Nutcracker in St. Petersburg.

JESSICA
Yeah. We didn't end up staying in 19th-century Russia for that long. Obvious drawbacks.

WYATT
Yeah. The language barrier. The cold. The Bolsheviks.

JESSICA
(deadpan)
In Soviet Russia, ballet dance you.

Caught completely by surprise, Wyatt laughs. It turns into a sob, and he leans forward, gasping, struggling not to completely lose it.

WYATT

I'm so sorry. I'm so sorry that I wasn't there. I'm so sorry I never found you. I'm so sorry we didn't get to have the life together that we used to dream about when we were stupid kids calling on Skype, when I was in Afghanistan or whatever hellhole, and all I could think about was getting home to see you.

JESSICA

You always loved me more when I was gone, you know.

It's spoken simply, unpretentiously, a truth both of them know. She hands him a bar napkin, and Wyatt wipes his eyes.

WYATT

I was such a screw-up husband to you. In so, so many ways. But I loved you. God, I did love you. If nothing else, I want you to know that. And if we are where I think we are, or rather when, then time doesn't matter. Time is nothing. Maybe you could come back, and we could -

JESSICA

Wyatt.

Startled, he looks at her. She considers, then reaches out, and places a hand over his.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

You know I'm not coming back with you, right?

Wyatt did sort of know that, but still. One last time, out of old habit, he has to give her the chance.

WYATT

The life you wanted to -

JESSICA

I've had a life. I've become a person that I'm not always proud of, but I'm still me. I'm not going to give that up, to peel twenty years off as if it's nothing, and come back to the world I left behind long ago.

(MORE)

JESSICA (CONT'D)

I don't know where I might end up,
but I'm willing to find out.

WYATT

Jess -

JESSICA

Do you want to go back to who you
used to be? Even just a few years
ago? Erase everything you've
learned and grown and done and
become? Even with the bad parts?

That hits Wyatt hard. He looks down, then up at her.

WYATT

I - I guess I'd - I'm not sure that
I want to go back to my old self,
no. I was a mess, I was a class-A
jerk, I hurt people that I loved, I
hurt you and Lucy and Rufus and
Flynn and Denise and Connor. And if
it was taken away, I'd be afraid
that I wouldn't know any better, I
wouldn't choose better. That I'd
just ruin it all over again, and I
don't want that.

JESSICA

And see. Nobody deserves to have to
do that twice. It's time to stop,
you know. It was always going to
be. Living in the past.

WYATT

But if you don't -

JESSICA

It's a big world. Eternity's a long
time.

(beat)

It's time, Wyatt. You know it is.
To do it for real, what you've done
long ago, what I have. It's time
for us to let go.

Wyatt opens his mouth as if to disagree, and discovers that
he can't. He looks at their clasped hands, the dark bar. He
gulps hard, composes himself.

WYATT

Yeah, I guess it is.

Jessica smiles at him, tears shining in her own eyes. They sit there, looking at each other, and she leans forward to kiss his cheek. Wyatt closes his eyes hard.

JESSICA

See you around, cowboy.

They squeeze each other's hands, breathless, gulping around the immense ache in their chests, the wrenching impossibility of it, but ready, ready. Jessica pushes back her stool and gets to her feet, as Wyatt blows her a kiss.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

If Sarah doesn't end up with me,
you take good care of her.

WYATT

And you do the same, if - you know,
it's the other way around.

Jessica smiles. Soft, faint, inward-looking.

JESSICA

Call it a gut feeling.

With that, she straightens her shoulders, turns and faces the door, and walks out. It shuts behind her. She's gone.

Wyatt leans back on his stool, in the darkening bar. He looks at the walls, as they're continuing to fade. He picks up his glass, draws another beer, and settles in to wait.

CUT TO:

INT. LUCY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Lucy opens another door, hurries through it. But she has barely gotten a few steps before she realizes that she's just back in her own living room. She stops in frustration.

LUCY

Oh, come on!

AMY

You're not going to find Iris that way, you know. You're not going to find anything, or anyone, outside of where and when we already are.

LUCY

I have to find Iris, I have to bring her back. I'm not letting Garcia lose her again. And you, I'm bringing you.

AMY

I don't know if that's possible, but -

LUCY

If I could. Do you want to come with me? Come home?

AMY

What? Yes! Of course I want to come with you! I just don't know what would happen with our timelines, and if it caused more damage -

LUCY

Timelines.

There's an odd look on her face. She's suddenly thought of something, but can't articulate what.

CUT TO:

EXT. CALTECH LAWN - EVENING

Jiya and her dad sit together, Jiya's head on his shoulder, watching the sun go down. Finally, Jiya's dad shifts, starts to get up, as she utters an indistinct noise of protest.

JIYA

No. Not yet.

JIYA'S DAD

Honey, I wish I could stay for months, for days, for years. But it's time for me to go.

JIYA

It doesn't have to be. If the recursion is happening, everything's fluid, nothing's fixed. All of time is up for grabs. You could -

JIYA'S DAD

Could what?

JIYA

Could be saved. Could come home.

JIYA'S DAD

Could I? And then what? If I didn't die when I did, who knows what would happen to your life? Maybe it would be great. I like to think so. But maybe it changes. Maybe you don't meet Rufus. Maybe you don't save the world. And that seems selfish of me.

JIYA

Maybe not. Dad -

JIYA'S DAD

We had this, didn't we? We had one more day. I saw you here at Caltech, I heard about your life, all about Rufus and grudgingly admitted he's good enough for my little girl. I want more time, but I've had enough.

JIYA

It can't be enough.

JIYA'S DAD

Of course not. But nobody said it was really going to end.

Jiya gets up, facing him, looking into his face, as he cups hers with both hands, looking at her.

JIYA

You said that to me before. In the - in the hospital. The day before you died.

JIYA'S DAD

And I was right, wasn't I? Give your old man some credit.

They hug ferociously hard, Jiya burying her face into his chest, struggling to hold herself together.

JIYA

I love you, Daddy.

JIYA'S DAD

So, this Flynn character. The one walking you down the aisle at your wedding. He sounds like a handful.

JIYA

You have no idea.

JIYA'S DAD

Tell him he better not screw it up.

He kisses her, holds her with all his might, and then lets go. Turns, as Jiya waves at him with both hands, blows kisses, and strides across the dark lawn, into nothing.

The edges of the Caltech campus continue to curl away.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Flynn and Lorena sit on the sand, holding hands. The city has vanished behind them. The stars are blowing out like candles.

Lorena looks around, gets to her feet, pulls Flynn with her.

LORENA

It's time for you to go.

FLYNN

What? Go where?

LORENA

Home.

She smiles, even as her lips are trembling. Both of them know that's no longer with her. Flynn looks stricken to the heart, but he doesn't deny it, or try to contradict her.

Lorena raises herself on her tiptoes, and kisses him on the mouth. Then she takes hold of his shoulders, and turns him around, facing down the beach.

LORENA (CONT'D)

Don't look back. You've done enough.

FLYNN

Sweetheart -

LORENA

It's all right. I love you. I will always love you. But you're free.

As ordered, Flynn doesn't turn around, but he can sense that she is no longer there. Flynn shakes hard, rubs his eyes, and starts to walk.

A few moments pass. Then from up ahead, a voice calls. Another one that Flynn hasn't heard in a long time.

MARIA

Garcia, sweetheart, what are you doing out so late?

FLYNN

Mama?

He comes to a halt, looking in every direction. Her voice sounds as if she should be close enough to touch, but there's nothing.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

Mama, are you - are you happy?

It's another voice that answers. One we recognize from 4x10.

ASHER

I flatter myself that she is, yes.

Flynn can sense them close, even as the wind is rising faster, the dark is pressing in. He can see nothing, but he knows they are nearby. Together. Happy. He smiles.

FLYNN

Good.

CUT TO:

EXT. HINDU TEMPLE - EVENING

Denise looks at her father, who is still sitting, staring out over the grounds. It's not clear how long he's been that way.

DENISE

Daddy, please - please say something. Are you - are you disappointed in me?

He looks up. His eyes are full of tears.

DENISE'S DAD

Disappointed? No. No, I am not. What I do not understand is my own affliction, and not yours. I cannot say I know it all. But -

He gets up, faces her, and takes her hand.

DENISE'S DAD (CONT'D)

You are my own and dearest daughter, Dhriti, Denise, any name you call yourself. You have the breath of Brahma in you, as do we all. It was when I looked at you the first time, when you were laid in my arms, that I truly believed in a thousand gods.

Denise tries to answer, and can't. She's always the tough older woman, the Bunker Mom, the hard-edged Homeland Security agent, but she is entirely a little girl as she gazes at him.

DENISE

(choked up)

So you're not - not angry?

DENISE'S DAD

It would serve no purpose.

He reaches for her other hand, and holds on.

DENISE'S DAD (CONT'D)

Be brave, my dear girl. Be happy. Be blessed. Be at peace. It has come time.

He smiles to himself, and speaks the names as if they are the most precious things in the world.

DENISE'S DAD (CONT'D)

Mark and Olivia.

And with no more ado than that, he's gone.

CUT TO:

INT. MIT LAB - NIGHT

The windows have gone completely dark. Rufus stares at his machine, then at Connor.

RUFUS

What do you mean, I know why it's not working? I've set it to return us to reality, to crash the wave of the recursion up on our own shore. So -

CONNOR

Not quite.

He pauses, then sits down next to Rufus. The next words are visibly difficult for him to say.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

You tried to program it to return to a timeline where I'm alive, and that's not the one you left.

RUFUS

Yes, but that's the point, right? Turn back the clock, literally, and fix -

CONNOR

You and I both know it never works that way. And yes, perhaps you could force it, so that I did come back with you. But how much more damage would it do? If I live, it changes the team's entire trajectory, everyone's actions, the choices made that led up to this very moment. You keep pulling the timeline out of shape, going in the same circles. You and Jiya and the team have to keep doing this, over and over. Maybe fight Valkyrie all over again, or achieve nothing at all. And I know, I know, that you've always said you want, more than anything, to be able to stop.

RUFUS

Connor, what are you saying?

CONNOR

You can't take me home with you, Rufus. Or you could, but I won't let you.

RUFUS

What are you - ?

CONNOR

You see, I'm actually rather selfish. I died as a bit of a hero, and I can't have that mucked up. Very bad for the legacy. Can't take the risk that I just return to my bad old ways, with more money than anyone ever needs and not nearly enough common sense. I've lived my life. I accomplished everything I ever wanted to.

(MORE)

CONNOR (CONT'D)

I could go back - billionaire inventor, philanthropist, etcetera - but what then? Ever since I built the time machines for Rittenhouse, and saw what happened as a result, I've wondered how I can possibly atone for it. You know that.

RUFUS

Connor - come on, we can figure this out. The two of us, we -

CONNOR

I have figured it out. Rufus, it's all right. Call it my wedding gift to you and Jiya. The gift of stopping.

RUFUS

I can't do this without you.

CONNOR

You already did. You saved everyone, and you can finish the job. And you did call this Harry at King's Cross. You wonderful boy. You brave, brave man.

He reaches out and takes hold of Rufus's hands.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

Do with Mason-Carlin Industries whatever you like, but if it's to be broken up to ensure Valkyrie is never formed, I think that's best. I trust you completely to redistribute my fortune to more deserving recipients, after you and Jiya are provided for. And please, no babies named after me. Such a lack of imagination.

Rufus snorts a painful laugh, despite himself. He looks around at the lab, getting darker by the moment.

RUFUS

We're running out of time here.

CONNOR

Yes, we are.

RUFUS

And what would happen if I just let it run out?

CONNOR

I imagine you'd all be swept away
in the river of time. Dead, or
gone, or something else like it.
Another way to rest, and one I'm
looking forward to. A great
adventure. But not one I want for
you, and Jiya, and the others.

(beat)

Change the calculations, Rufus.
Change them now.

RUFUS

And what - what will happen to you?

CONNOR

I'll be here with you. Until the
very end.

[COMMERCIALS]

RETURN TO:

INT. LUCY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Lucy and Amy are experiencing the same decoherence as the
others, the house fading into pieces as they sit together on
the floor, hugging each other. Lucy's brow is furrowed. She
opens her eyes and looks at her sister.

LUCY

I keep thinking of what you said
earlier. About timelines. If we're
in the recursion, in no timeline,
how do we make sure it catches onto
our old one? How do we make sure
that we make the same choices, that
things happen as they did, so that
we arrive where we left? Because
right now, we're slipping past,
ships in the night, and I might
never find out if you live here, or
anywhere, or -

At that, it hits her. She opens her eyes and stares at the
phone across the way. Amy frowns.

AMY

What? Did you think of -

LUCY

I don't know. Maybe.

She gets to her feet and approaches the phone, reaching out for it, even as the disintegration accelerates.

LUCY (CONT'D)

The reason I asked Rufus and Jiya to look into the Mothership, the reason we found that it was active, that we went after Iris in Tangier and started this again, was because I received a telephone call.

She picks up the receiver.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. LUCY'S HOUSE - 4X01 FLASHBACK

The house phone rings, startling PAST LUCY. She wipes her hands, goes to get it.

PAST LUCY

Preston residence.

INTERCUT WITH:

LUCY

Excuse me, does - does Amy live here?

PAST LUCY

No, I'm sorry, Amy doesn't live here anymore. She -

At that, it hits. Her face flares in shock.

PAST LUCY (CONT'D)

(stammering)

I - I beg your pardon? Who's this?
How did you get this number? Why
are you -

The line's dead.

Past Lucy stares at the receiver like a live snake. Almost drops it, fumbling to replace it, then runs into the kitchen, picks up her cell phone. Hits a button, holds it to her ear.

RETURN TO:

INT. LUCY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Lucy looks at the phone in her hand, then puts it back, returns to sit with Amy.

LUCY

It's like when I gave Flynn the journal. It happened because I had already done it.

Her face twists in pain at the mention of Flynn.

LUCY (CONT'D)

I wish he was here. I wish he was with me when this - when we go.

AMY

You'll all be together again soon. One way or another.

She wraps Lucy in her arms. The blackness bursts through the walls and windows and doors, and any trace of a house is swept away.

AMY (CONT'D)

But I'm glad that I'm with you. And I'm ready. I'm ready to give it up.

LUCY

I'm glad I'm with you too.

They clutch each other tighter.

Hold your breath and count to ten.

CUT TO:

INT. MIT LAB - NIGHT

The lab retains only the barest traces of form. Rufus hits the final button, and steels himself. He has to shout over the roaring, rushing sound of the incoming time-wave.

RUFUS

It's done!

Connor gives the thumbs-up, smiling with beaming, bursting pride. Rufus reaches out to hug him one more time, and his hands go through Connor. He's not really here anymore, translucent, immaterial. A look of childlike wonder crosses his face as he gazes at something only he can see.

CONNOR

The immensity. The beauty. My God,
it's more than anyone has ever
dreamed.

He looks back at Rufus and winks.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

All moments end. But they also
begin.

(beat)

I love you, Rufus.

The last thing he's said to Rufus at both their partings, and
the most important. This time, Rufus breathes deep, faces it
on, and makes the choice.

RUFUS

I love you too. Thank you. Thank
you for everything. And I'm not
going to say goodbye. Just until we
see each other again.

He reaches out, his fingers pass through Connor's, and then
in a bright white flash -

Everything is gone.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BEACH - MORNING

The sound of lapping waves, gentle on a beach. Sunlight,
salt, blue sky, someone lying in the sand.

Slowly, Flynn opens his eyes. Crawls forward on his forearms,
finally sitting upright and looking rather drenched and
disreputable. A tourist couple walking on the beach jumps and
hurries away to avoid him. Flynn glares at their backs.

After another moment, he stands upright, brushing himself
off. He looks around. He's on the same beach he was with
Lorena last night, but it's morning. The real world. When?

Flynn jogs after the tourist couple, who look deeply alarmed.

FLYNN

Hey. Hey. Excuse me, hey.

TOURIST MAN

Sorry, we don't have any money.

FLYNN

No, it's not that. What year is this?

The couple exchanges is-this-guy-safe looks.

TOURIST MAN

What... year is this?

FLYNN

Yes, that's what I asked you.

TOURIST MAN

It's, uh, it's 2020, man. Look, if you need help, I don't remember the emergency services number in Croatia, but I'm sure someone -

FLYNN

Thank you. Thank you so much. I really appreciate it.

With that, leaving the couple thoroughly baffled, he hurries away, up the beach.

CUT TO:

INT. LUCY'S HOUSE - MORNING

Lucy is lying on her back, eyes closed, on the floor of her living room, in her real house. FOCUS on her face, as her eyes flicker open. Like Flynn, she sits up slowly, glancing around, not sure where or when she is.

Then she looks over to the side, to the person sprawled on the carpet next to her -

- and sees Amy.

Not Amy the hard-edged older businesswoman, the Amy that she rode out the recursion with, but the Amy that she (and we) remember: the young woman from 1x01. Her eyes are also closed, she looks peaceful, and Lucy is afraid to touch her, to blink, to do anything. Waiting for her to disappear.

As the light touches her face, Amy stirs. Opens her eyes, sits up, and sees Lucy.

AMY

Lucy?

LUCY

Oh my god. It's - oh my god, it's -
it's you. But how - I don't -

Amy looks down at herself, realizes what has happened. Her jaw drops, she stares at it, disbelieving, delighted.

AMY

I guess - I did give it up. I let
go of - of all of it, of everything
that led me to that person, to
Valkyrie, and I'm - I'm here.

LUCY

You remember?

AMY

Yes, it's very bizarre, but I do -

The rest of her sentence is cut off as Lucy throws her arms around her, gulping with such happy, desperate, breathless sobs that she can't speak. Amy clutches her back, crying just as hard. They remain there, puddled, until Lucy pulls back, hiccupping, smiling, wiping her eyes, a mess, the happiest she's ever been in her life, and the most heartbroken.

LUCY

Let's make some breakfast.

Amy gets up and follows her into the kitchen, and the two of them, still in utter awe, start to make pancakes.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR - MORNING

Someone's shaking Wyatt's shoulder. He's lying on the floor, cheek mashed against the tile. He mutters vaguely.

BAR EMPLOYEE

Look, man, I don't care if it was a
hard night, you're gonna have to
get up and go now.

WYATT

'm wake. I'm - what?

He sits up, finds himself in the bar, except now there are people there, it's real, and there's a half-concerned, half-annoyed bar employee frowning down at him for being passed out on the floor when they're trying to open the place up.

Wyatt scrambles to his feet.

WYATT (CONT'D)

Uh, yeah, I'm - sorry, sorry about that, it was - it was a night.

He makes his way to the door, a little unsteadily, and opens it to the busy neighborhood outside. The sun falls on his face, making the tears in his eyes sparkle.

He takes a deep breath, and walks out into the light.

CUT TO:

EXT. CALTECH CAMPUS - MORNING

Jiya wakes up on the lawn where she was with her dad last night. She looks around. The flowers he gave her are lying on the grass, damped with dew.

Jiya stares at them. It wasn't a dream. It wasn't a vision. He was here. He was real. He was with her.

Time is nothing.

She scoops them up, and gets to her feet.

CUT TO:

EXT. HINDU TEMPLE - MORNING

Denise wakes up as well, looks around, hears the morning chatter. She pulls out her phone as she makes her way through the crowds, tucks it under her ear as it rings.

DENISE

Hey. Hey, honey. It's me. Yes, I'm alive. I'm coming home soon. I can't wait to see you and the kids.

(beat)

Where am I? You, well. You remember that Hindu temple we had our second wedding at, after the civil ceremony in Cupertino?

(beat)

Trust me, it is a very long story.

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - MORNING

Rufus opens his eyes. He's lying on the wet grass next to Connor's grave, doubtless looking like a vagrant. He glances around, and sees the Mothership parked nearby.

Rufus sits up, decides he should get the time machine out of here before people ask awkward questions, and looks at Connor's headstone. He manages a smile.

RUFUS

Guess you kept your promise, huh.
With me to the end.

He takes a deep breath and gets to his feet.

CONTINUE TO:

INT. MOTHERSHIP - MORNING

Rufus climbs into the Mothership - and then gets a horrible start. He yells, falling backward.

Emma's standing inside.

RUFUS

What the hell! What did I just do
all that super-heroic math and
sacrifice for, if it wasn't -

Emma looks like she's answering, but her mouth moves and no sound comes out. Rufus frowns. She takes a step, and her outline flickers. She can't seem to come closer.

Recovering himself, Rufus leans forward. He grabs a wrench and waves it at Emma. It passes through her with a small blue fizz. She's a hologram of some sort - not real. Once again, her mouth starts moving, but no sound comes out.

RUFUS (CONT'D)

Oh no, did someone get stuck in the
recursion? Trapped forever in the
processing system of this ship like
its own personal evil Force ghost?
That's a shame.

He hits a button, and Emma vanishes. He gets into the pilot seat, straps in, and prepares for one last jump.

CUT TO:

EXT. COASTLINE - DAY

Somewhere remote on the California coastline. Sun, rocks, waves, screeching seabirds. The Mothership is parked in the sand, and Rufus looks at it. Despite everything, it's not easy to let it go. They made a time machine. They've changed the world. They've done so much.

But it's time.

Rufus looks down at the trigger in his hand, makes sure he's standing at a safe distance, and hits the red button.

With a boom and a plume of smoke, the Mothership explodes.

Rufus stands there, watching, until the last piece of the wreckage is washed out to sea.

His phone buzzes. He pulls it out of his pocket, sees who's calling, then rushes to answer.

RUFUS

Jiya? Jiya! Oh my god. I'm on my way home right now. It'll just take me a little while. I'm gonna have to hitchhike. I'll explain everything when I see you. I love you so much, and I can't wait to finally spend our lives together.

He turns and hurries away, climbing up the narrow path that leads onto the Pacific Coast Highway. He stands with his thumb out, waiting for a ride.

CUT TO:

INT. SFO ARRIVALS - DAY

Lucy stands in the airport, Amy at her side, the two of them exchanging looks and grins. Lucy bounces on her toes, anxious, excited. Finally, she sees a familiar figure making his way toward her, and breaks into a run. Pushes people aside, doesn't stop until she reaches Flynn, and throws herself into his arms. They kiss for so long that we wonder how badly they need to breathe when they break apart.

LUCY

Oh god, Garcia, it's - where did you end up? I didn't - I didn't know if I was going to ever -

FLYNN

Croatia. And this time, it didn't take me six months to decide that the only thing I wanted to do was to come back to you.

They kiss again, attracting a few take-it-elsewhere looks from passersby, but could not possibly care less. Amy makes her way over to them, regarding them with great interest.

AMY

So you're here.

FLYNN

I - yes. Wait, are you - ?

AMY

Yes. It's me, just... different. I'm staying with Lucy right now, but I can clear out if you want the place to yourselves.

Lucy looks around, in anticipation of someone else joining them, but doesn't see anyone.

LUCY

Garcia, where's Iris?

A shadow falls over Flynn's face. He looks away.

FLYNN

I don't know. I haven't seen her. The last time was when Emma kidnapped her from Valkyrie headquarters. During the recursion, I saw others, but I haven't...

He trails off, then looks at Lucy.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

Do you mind if I wait here just a little longer? Just to see if she comes. I'll be home tonight.

LUCY

Stay as long as you want.

She leans up to kiss him again, but can sense that this is something he'd like to do alone. She and Amy pick up Flynn's bags and make their way out of sight, as Flynn leans against the wall, watching the arrivals, waiting, hoping.

The shot dissolves to show hours passing. The airport gets darker, the crowds clear out. Flynn is getting stiff, jet-lagged. He keeps watching, checks the hall over and over.

Iris isn't here. He doesn't know if he will ever see her again. His knees give out a little.

Finally, it's clear that she's not coming. Flynn turns, and with one more long, desperately hoping look, he leaves.

CUT TO:

EXT. ARBORETUM - DAY

CAPTION: ONE MONTH LATER

It's Rufus and Jiya's wedding. A beautiful outdoor location, a perfect day, flowers and decorations. Denise and Lucy are among Jiya's bridesmaids, Wyatt is the best man, Rufus's brother Kevin is the ringbearer, Olivia is the flower girl, and Flynn walks Jiya up the aisle. Among the guests, we see Michelle, Gabriel, Amy, Rufus's mom, Jiya's mom, and others.

Flynn smiles as he reaches the altar with Jiya, so happy that he can't bear it, but he's still more than a little heartbroken. He kisses her cheek, hands her over to Rufus, and goes to assume his place as one of the groomsmen.

It's a beautiful ceremony, and also a nerdy one. There are Star Wars and Star Trek references in the vows. The Time Team watches on with enormous pride and love. There's an empty chair with Connor's name on it.

OFFICIANT

I now pronounce you husband and
wife. You may kiss the bride.

Rufus sweeps Jiya up and lays a much-deserved and passionate kiss on her, as their friends - their beloved family - cheer and clap and whoop.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WEDDING RECEPTION - EVENING

Fairy lights, cake, dancing, toasts. Jiya has taken off her veil and changed into a shorter dress, and Rufus has shucked his tux jacket and bowtie. Denise and Michelle are dancing together, as are Flynn and Lucy. She rests her head on his chest as they sway, then looks up at him.

LUCY

Are you all right?

FLYNN

I - I suppose so. I think I am.
I'll learn how to be.

He looks down at her and smiles, leaning down to kiss her.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

I'm glad that I'm with you.

As the party goes on, we PAN BACK. Two dark figures approach. As the light falls on their faces, we recognize -

- none other than Iris and Sarah.

It's a parallel to the end of 3x13, when the team was together and Iris and Sarah were watching them through the window of the restaurant. Back then, it was anger, confusion, loathing, cold resolve, at least on Iris's part. This time, her face is open, raw, tender, full of hope. They have almost reached the perimeter, when she stops.

IRIS

Wait. We're kind of late. We're not dressed for it, and I'm not sure we were invited. Does this count as crashing? We can wait for -

SARAH

Come on. They're going to want to see us. Trust me.

Iris takes a breath, then nods. There's not any way to do this aside from going for it. They reach the light, step up onto the dance floor, and make their way forward.

Iris reaches Flynn, who has his back to her. She holds back one final moment, then taps him on the shoulder.

IRIS

Excuse me, can I get a -

Flynn turns around, sees her, and lets out a sound like he's been stabbed. Wyatt wheels around as well, and the next instant, both of them hug their daughters so hard that all four of them crumple to the ground. Rufus and Jiya turn to investigate this disruption, then look shocked and run over.

SARAH

(to Rufus)

I'm sorry, we super did crash, so let us know if you want us to -

RUFUS

You are not going anywhere. So
don't even finish that sentence.

Sarah can't say anything else anyway, because Wyatt is still hugging her. Flynn is doing likewise with Iris, teary, shocked, amazed, humbled, dreaming.

IRIS

(sniffling)

Hi, Dad. I'm - I'm sorry it took me
a little longer to get home.

Flynn tries to answer, and utterly cannot. He remains on his knees in the middle of the dance floor, one arm around Iris, and reaches out to scoop Lucy into the other one. He looks up at the heavens, and in that one moment, Garcia Flynn believes in God again. Tears run down his face like rain.

He is the happiest he has ever been in his life.

CUT TO:

INT. SFO TERMINAL - DAY

Flynn, Iris, and Lucy, packed for a trip, are walking with Gabriel, who's on his way home to Paris. He glances rather warily at Iris, who gives him an apologetic look.

IRIS

I promise, no more Valkyrie stuff.

GABRIEL

It's gone, isn't it?

LUCY

As far as we can tell, yes. We don't know the future, and that's its own kind of frightening, but... yes. My sister gave it up, all of it. The Lifeboat and the Mothership have been destroyed, and now there's just... life.

GABRIEL

(to Flynn)

Well, now that we're properly family, we should make an effort to keep in touch more. The three of you are welcome to come visit me in Paris and meet my wife and son. Sometime later this year, maybe?

FLYNN

I'd - I'd like that.

He and Gabriel pause, look at each other, then hug. They clap each other on the shoulder, and Gabriel exchanges handshakes with Lucy and Iris. Then they head to their separate gates.

CUT TO:

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL - DAY

Rufus and Jiya, under a banner reading THE CONNOR MASON MEMORIAL FOUNDATION, are visiting with kids in an inner-city Oakland school. Most of them are black or Hispanic, and as Rufus looks at them, he's clearly seeing himself. The disadvantaged young people who just need a chance to become the next big thing. Someone to believe in them. Connor did that for Rufus once, and now it's his turn.

Jiya looks at him, taps him playfully on the arm.

JIYA

What are you thinking about?

RUFUS

Time. It's weird.

Jiya smiles at him, soft and understanding, and takes his hand, putting her head on his shoulder.

JIYA

Yeah. I know.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAFÉ - MORNING

Wyatt and Sarah are getting breakfast together, still in awe that they actually have a chance to get to know each other. They keep looking at each other, smiling helplessly, working out how to start a conversation.

SARAH

(at last)

Where do you think Mom is?

WYATT

I don't know.

He looks at her, taking in that she's grown up, a young woman, that he missed her childhood - but she's here now, she's staying here, and they have time, real time.

WYATT (CONT'D)

I hope she's having a great adventure.

SARAH

Do you think we'll ever see her again?

WYATT

I don't know that either.

He looks out over the sidewalk, the sunny morning, as if Jessica might be somewhere in the crowd. She's not, of course, but he smiles faintly, poignantly. Then he turns back to his daughter, waiting for him.

WYATT (CONT'D)

But life is long, and it's weird. Especially when it's ours. So you never know. And I'm still not that good at being your dad, and I have a lot to learn, but I hope you'll be patient with me and let me do that. I'm really looking forward to building our life, whatever that is, and I don't know. And for once, that's okay with me. So kick me in the ass if I screw it up too badly, and we'll see what we can do.

Sarah smiles at him, a little tremulously.

SARAH

I'm looking forward to it too.

WYATT

I'm sorry it's not the future. That it's not as fancy and exciting.

SARAH

That future was... a lot different from what you think. Not all it was cracked up to be.

She looks at her wrist, and the small pink scar where her Valkyrie chip has been cut out. Starting over. Wiping clean.

SARAH (CONT'D)

I think we're making a much better one now.

They pick up their menus, and prepare to order.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH - EVENING

A beautiful sunset sea, a red-roofed city on a hillside.
We've seen this place before, but this one's real.

Lucy sits on the beach between Flynn's knees, her back
against his chest, his arms around her, as they watch the sun
go down. The music is orchestral, beautiful, epic.

It's not the past, not the future. There is no war, no loss,
no separation, no pain. Just them and this moment, here in
the present. Perfect. Transcendent.

Iris calls from up the beach. Flynn looks around with a
smile.

He gets up and offers his hand to Lucy, pulling her to her
feet, as she takes his arm. We remain focused on them, a long
shot, as they walk up to where Iris is waiting, and the waves
wash away their footprints in the sand.

And on that, the very last shot of TIMELESS...

A slow, reverent FADE TO BLACK.

END CREDITS.