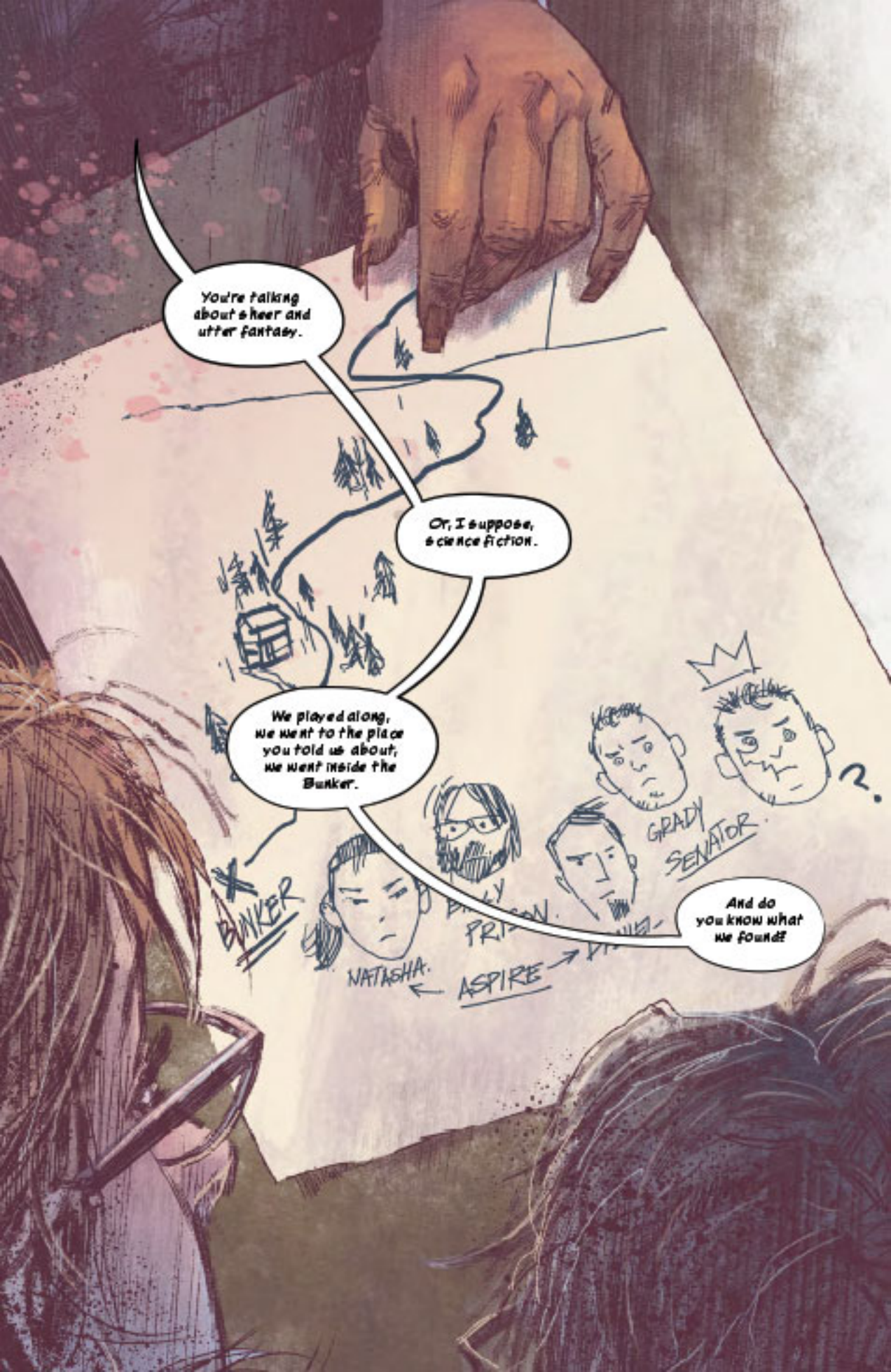
"It's just not good enough."


You're talking about sheer and utter fantasy.
Or, I suppose, science fiction.
We played along, we went to the place you told us about, we went inside the Bunker.
And do you know what we found?
BUNKER
NATASHA.
ASPIRE
GRADY
SENATOR
?.

A ten year supply of MRE's. Meals. Ready. To Eat. From 1946.
Technically still edible, by the way.
That's...
No, it's not.
That [redacted] knew what we were going to do.

That's the thing.
We went back in time—
Poor choice of words.
We tracked backwards through satellite photography the past few days. And, sure enough—
And we found this guy.
Any ideas who he might be?
It's just a blurry little dot.
Yeah, well, that blurry little dot was thumbing around your alibi.
That's the car he came in?
Not a car. A truck. A red pickup.
Daniel Adamson.

"That's his truck."
You doing okay?
You need to relax. I mean, you've got TWO OF US helping.
Yeah. Sure.
Yes. My ex and her time-displaced future self who is my current, working together. Delightful.
Which is why I choose to drink. Want some?
Little early, isn't it?
It's REALLY not.

You need to TALK, Daniel.
There's nothing to talk about. The data is all here, I just can't quite...
Do it.
But I DID do it. That's the thing—
You WILL do it. That's a distinction you need to start making.
I need some air.
I suppose this will stop being weird eventually.
Yeah.
I... I need to ask you something.
This won't go well.
No. It won't.

You need to see a doctor.
I'm fine. Just a headache.

We can't keep doing this, Grady.
Daniel's losing it.
No, he's not.
It's under control.
[redacted]
It's going to kill him just like it did for us—
This time he's got you.
I guess.