

Timeless 4x05 - "MADAME CHING"

# T I M E L E S S

"MADAME CHING"

Episode 4x05

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FADE IN.

SARAH (V/O)

Previously on TIMELESS...

3x13: Timothy Temple telling the team that Jessica killed his father, and Iris and Sarah outside the restaurant. 4x01: Rufus warning that he's not doing this again forever, and Wyatt telling Flynn that Sarah is his daughter. 4x02: Timothy talking to Wyatt and Denise and mentioning his brother Mike Temple Jr., his father's protégé. 4x03: Flynn in Paris and discovering his brother Gabriel, Connor meeting Ed King in Budapest and Ed asking to visit, Rufus and the ladies of Harvard calculating that the Mothership has come from 2042, and Iris's reprimand from her bosses at Valkyrie. 4x04: The team surviving the hard-fought battle against the Nazis, and Flynn and Lucy's date. Iris with Jasper and Harlow Lewis, Harlow's death, and Iris's breakdown. Ed asking Mr. Temple if this will blow over, Mr. Temple promising it will, and asking Ed to investigate Victoria Marchant. Then Ed arriving on the doorstep of a 20-years-old Jessica Logan, saying that he's from Valkyrie and they need to talk...

OPEN ON:

EXT. CHINA SEA - DAY

CAPTION: SEPTEMBER 21, 1809

MACAU, PORTUGUESE CHINA

FOCUS IN on a battered, leaking rowboat containing an officer of the British East India Company, seven British sailors, and a local Chinese pilot. They have been adrift at sea for four days with no food and are in a bad way, using oars to push off rocks. They enter a channel. In the mist, three large ships - Chinese junks, painted black, flying red flags - become ominously visible, and the pilot lets out a cry.

PILOT

Sir! These are Ladrones, most fierce  
and fearful Ladrones! If they should  
catch us, we will be put to death!

The officer - RICHARD GLASSPOOLE (35) - grabs another oar, as do the men - and row vigorously. It's too late, they've been spotted. Shouts go up, a boat launches, and a few moments later, heavily armed Chinese pirates pile over the side, overwhelm the rowboat, and grab Glasspoole and his men.

CUT TO:

EXT. JUNK - DAY

The pirates haul their captives over the rail and spill them onto the deck of the largest junk. They're dragged toward a chair, where a tall young man in purple silk and a black turban is seated: CHEUNG PO TSAI (26). He addresses the pilot.

CHEUNG PO TSAI

(Cantonese)

*Who are these invaders? What are they doing in the sovereign waters of the Red Flag Fleet? Tell them Captain Cheung Po Tsai asks them this thing, and demands they answer.*

RICHARD GLASSPOOLE

*Tell him we are Englishmen, we have been in distress at sea for four days, we beg provisions and to be promptly returned to our own vessel at Macao, and not harmed in any -*

PILOT

(Cantonese)

*They are Englishmen. We have been hungry at sea for four days, and crave Your Excellency's pardon and to be returned to Macao for -*

CHEUNG PO TSAI

(Cantonese)

*And what business do you do with such creatures? These bad men, these brigands far more shameless than us, this East India Company? No, I will not believe it.*

(to the pirates)

*Put this one to the torture, until he becomes more willing to tell a -*

PILOT

(Cantonese)

*No, no, please, Your Excellency, I was only seeking to feed my family, I did not -*

Several pirates step forward in a menacing fashion, when a voice speaks from near the cabin. Everyone freezes.

CHING SHIH (O/S)

(Cantonese)

*Stop.*

Everyone scrambles to their knees except for Cheung Po Tsai, who springs out of his chair. The Englishmen stare, having not expected such a sight: the beautiful Chinese pirate queen CHING SHIH (34) steps out and walks toward them. She stops before Glasspoole and speaks in English.

CHING SHIH

*Are you the captain?*

RICHARD GLASSPOOLE

I, madam, am Richard Glasspoole, first officer of the Company ship The Marquis of Ely, berthed at Macao, and I ask to be returned promptly from whence I came, or else -

CHING SHIH

And I am Ching Shih, Commander of the Red Flag Fleet, mistress of 300 ships and 30,000 men, undefeated by the Qing dynasty, the Portuguese invaders, or your British Empire. You will write to your captain, and tell him to send us the sum of one hundred thousand dollars, in cash, gold, and gems. Otherwise in ten days, you and your men will be put to death.

RICHARD GLASSPOOLE

What - we don't - the barbarous Cantonese cannot possibly -

CHING SHIH

One hundred thousand dollars. Ten days. Do you understand me?

Glasspoole does not answer. Ching Shih unsheathes her scimitar, puts it to his throat, and delicately twists. A drop of blood rolls down onto his cravat.

RICHARD GLASSPOOLE

Yes, madam.

CHING SHIH

Good.

(to her men, in Cantonese)

*Give them rice, chain them up, and take them below. We sail on the tide.*

An instant scurry to obey her orders, and the junk begins to move off. On the water below, Glasspoole and Co.'s empty, leaking boat spins, tips over, and goes under.

CUT TO:

EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Flynn and Lucy step out of the restaurant, pulling on their jackets. They glance at each other, clearing their throats.

FLYNN

Thanks again for this. I know I've been - I've been difficult to get in touch with. Like I said, it's been overwhelming, trying to do anything other than fighting Rittenhouse and

living like a soldier all the time.  
That's been my existence for my  
entire adult life, I still can't  
always turn it off. And now this new  
nonsense, whatever it is, I don't  
know whether I want it or I don't  
want it or if anything -

He shakes his head, glances at the flowers in her purse.

FLYNN (CONT)

Those were - those were all right? I  
wanted to say sorry, to show that I -

LUCY

They're wonderful. It was wonderful.

FLYNN

(softly)

It was.

They look at each other. A moment of possibility, but neither  
of them want to press. They've had a great night, no need to  
take any chances.

LUCY

Anyway, I should be getting home.

FLYNN

Yeah, me too.

LUCY

Thanks again. So much.

FLYNN

You're very welcome.

He pauses, then leans in and kisses her lightly on the cheek,  
as Lucy stands on her tiptoes. Then he steps back, nods to  
her, and heads off down the sidewalk. Smiling to herself, Lucy  
reaches into her pocket, grabs her keys, and leaves too.

CUT TO:

INT. POD ROOM - MORNING

Iris is in bed, having worn herself out with rage, exhausted  
and heartbroken. She lifts her head very unwillingly at the  
sound of a knock on the door.

IRIS

What?

There's a click and a beep as someone scans their chip, and  
the door opens, revealing SARAH LOGAN, known to us last season  
as the mysterious JANE. She steps inside tentatively.

SARAH

Hey. How are you? Ed wanted me to  
check on you.

IRIS  
(into her pillow)  
Yeah, I bet he did.

SARAH  
What?

IRIS  
Nothing.

She rolls over, but makes no other move to get up, staring at the ceiling.

SARAH  
Come on, you'll be late for work.

Iris grunts, work being the last thing she wants to think about right now. But she struggles to sit up, as Sarah goes to the kitchenette, presses a button to dispense coffee.

IRIS  
Great, who am I taking to Auschwitz today?

SARAH  
I convinced Ed to let you have a break from the AIEs. It's just a regular retrieval this time. I'm off roster today, so -  
(beat)  
I was actually hoping I could go with you.

IRIS  
What? I get a break from people, but you're still coming?

SARAH  
I'm not a tourist. You know I can handle myself.

Iris considers this. Then she shuffles over, takes the coffee from Sarah, raises it in sardonic toast, and slams it back.

IRIS  
Fine. But no running off.

SARAH  
What makes you think I'd run off?

They glance at each other. Iris shrugs, puts the cup in a compactor, and opens her closet, pulling out some clothes.

IRIS  
Just a hunch.

CUT TO:

INT. VALKYRIE HANGAR - DAY

Iris and Sarah, dressed in early 19<sup>th</sup>-century gowns, hats, and parasols, stride toward the waiting Mothership. Iris lowers the stairs, and as they're about to enter -

KING

Heya! Alley-oop! Just a sec!

Iris and Sarah turn around as Ed comes jogging up.

KING

Vicky, great to see you up and at 'em. Sarah, when you get back, hoping you can just nip by my office really quick, brief chat.

SARAH

Am I in trouble?

KING

(chuckling)

Why does everyone always think they're in trouble when the boss asks to talk? No, no. Absolutely not. Just some things to check on, SOP. Anyway, off you go, yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum! Bring back lots and lots of treasure, mateys!

(as he starts off)

Oh, and Sarah, your mom says hi. Nice lady. Anyway! Cheerio!

With that, he gambols out, as Sarah stares after him. What might sound like an innocuous comment is clearly anything but.

IRIS

(in an undertone)

What was that about?

SARAH

Let's just go.

She climbs in, and, frowning, Iris follows her. The door rolls shut, the rotation builds, and the Mothership JUMPS.

TIMELESS MAIN TITLE - 09271809

RETURN TO:

INT. MASON-CARLIN INDUSTRIES - MORNING

Lucy enters with a smile on her face, keeps grinning as she makes her way down the hall and into the office. The only other person there is Jiya, who glances up from a computer and waggles an eyebrow.

JIYA

Fun night?

LUCY

It was just dinner.

JIYA

And a goodnight kiss?

LUCY

Only briefly, and only at the restaurant. And on the cheek.

JIYA

You look awfully chipper for dinner and a kiss on the cheek.

LUCY

It was just really nice to talk to him again. Sort things out.

JIYA

Well, I'm glad you two cleared the air a bit.

LUCY

Yeah. Me too. We decided we should do it again soon.

JIYA

Ooh, second date? Is that even allowed? Mother Mary Prudence at the convent disapproves.

LUCY

(laughing)

Shut up.

JIYA

(also laughing)

It's fine, you don't need to tell me details. Flynn's like my grumpy European dad, it would be weird.

(pause, serious)

But I haven't seen you this happy in a long time, Lucy. That's all. I hope you get to have that.

LUCY

So do I.

(changing the subject)

What are you working on?

JIYA

I was adding what Flynn told you guys in Normandy, about his half-brother, and what Rufus learned at Harvard. Did you catch that? There's been a lot of developments flying around, I can't remember who's up to speed on



what. But the Mothership is coming from ahead of us. To be exact, 2042.

LUCY

2042?

JIYA

Yeah. It sounds science-fictiony, but really, that's only about twenty years. It could have been the Year 3000 or - well, anything else.

LUCY

How on earth are we supposed to deal with someone who's that far ahead of us? We're history to them, they might be able to read all about us, they know twenty years of our own actions when even we don't. Maybe Victoria and her friends want to alter events that haven't even started to happen for us, that we couldn't possibly anticipate or understand.

RUFUS

(entering behind them)

Yeah. It is some Minority Report-style brain-melting nonsense.

He reaches the terminal and bends down to kiss Jiya hello.

RUFUS (CONT)

Fortunately, question mark, it hasn't seemed like these Valkyrie people are into changing stuff a la Rittenhouse, at least not yet. That doesn't mean that what they're doing isn't dangerous. Jiya, show her that article.

Jiya brings up a Wikipedia article, about an unexplained UFO sighting in Normandy on June 11, 1944. Rufus points to the grainy orb in the background of the black-and-white photo.

RUFUS (CONT)

That's the Mothership. Remember when we were responsible for the same thing happening in 1754? That wasn't ideal, but it also doesn't mean that the Nazis almost got a working time machine. Time traveling Nazis is definitely pulp fiction, albeit what kind of already happened with Rittenhouse, but Denise is right. We're not dealing with this the same

way. I know we were really happy when we got back and didn't die, but we never actually saw Victoria or knew what she was doing. We had zero impact on whatever she wanted. I said back in Tangier that I wasn't signing myself up again indefinitely. We need to find Victoria and figure out what the hell she's doing, and if she doesn't want to talk -

Lucy and Jiya look at Rufus askance, who has surprised himself with this steely statement. He stops, but doesn't recant it.

RUFUS (CONT)

Obviously, I don't want to kill her. But killing Emma and Temple was the only way to stop them. Refusing to use violence just because it's quote-unquote bad isn't going to help us.

JIYA

Rufus, are you - ?

RUFUS

Yeah, I'm feeling all right. Really. But even the times Victoria got away from us, we could have caught her. We just bailed out and went back to the Lifeboat instead of trying. Didn't you say that Flynn openly copped to letting her go in London?

A shadow falls over Lucy's face. This is something she has not been able to forget, and a potential stumbling block for whatever might be starting between them. Yet she's also found herself strangely invested in Victoria's fate.

LUCY

Yes, but - in Boston - Jiya, you were there, you heard what Victoria said about Rittenhouse, about her mother -

Jiya is torn. She doesn't want to side against Lucy and with Rufus, or vice versa. She can see the logic of both.

JIYA

No one would deny that we all understand hating Rittenhouse. But Lucy, I'm wondering if this is... more personal for you, after everything that happened with your mom, your family. So that you're constantly willing to excuse anyone else fighting those same demons.

(beat)

I don't know if Victoria Marchant is a bad person. But I don't think we can keep wasting more chances to find out, and expect that it will never have any consequences.

Silence. Then down the hall - the jump alarm.

[COMMERCIALS]

RETURN TO:

EXT. SEA COAST - DAY

Flynn, Lucy, Rufus, and Wyatt are slogging through a deserted stretch of coastline. It's hot, buggy, muggy, and far from delightful. Rufus slaps his neck, makes a face.

RUFUS

Yeah, I'm gonna get malaria out here.

WYATT

Do any of us even speak Chinese?

FLYNN

I do.

(at everyone's looks)

I worked for the NSA in Eastern Europe, which meant I dealt with Russia, which meant I dealt with China. That's Mandarin Chinese, though, and they'll speak Cantonese here. But in 1809, Portuguese might be more useful.

RUFUS

Colonialism, take a shot?

LUCY

Macau was part of the Portuguese Empire, then of modern Portugal, from 1557 all the way until 1999. It's now a special administrative region of mainland China, but that wasn't that long ago. China didn't get Hong Kong back from the British until 1997.

WYATT

Not that it's a good thing, but does it mean we might not be glaringly obvious as Not From Around Here?

FLYNN

We'll still attract attention, but Macau is reasonably cosmopolitan at this point, yes. Not \$20 billion in gambling revenue a year-level just

yet, but still a place where you can find all sorts of amusements.

WYATT

Yeah, Bond went here in Skyfall.

They look down into Macau: a handsome trading port surrounded by green mountains and blue sea, containing both traditional Chinese architecture and European buildings, junks and square-riggers anchored in the bay, hilltop fortresses flying the Portuguese flag. They pick a cautious path through the brush, eyeing it for snakes. Lucy drops back to walk next to Flynn, who looks at her curiously.

FLYNN

What were you and Rufus talking about earlier? Before you got in the Lifeboat, there was some sort of - ?

LUCY

Rufus... doesn't think we're doing enough to stop Victoria.

Flynn's expression flickers. He helps Lucy over a slippery boulder, then as they continue -

FLYNN

And does Rufus have someone especially in mind when he says that?

LUCY

It is true that we haven't pursued her as hard as we could have. We didn't even see her in 1944.

FLYNN

We had other things on our minds, as you may recall.

LUCY

Yes, we did. But this time - maybe we make sure we catch her, we follow through with whatever needs to -

FLYNN

Are you asking me if I'm willing to kill her?

LUCY

Are you?

There's a slightly tense moment as they stare at each other.

FLYNN

I thought you were coming around to the belief that we shouldn't do that.

LUCY

I am. I just - I'm trying to consider everyone on the team, what they want, what they think is best. If it becomes necessary - you shot Emma.

FLYNN

Victoria isn't Emma.

LUCY

We don't know that. And you've always been willing to -

Flynn opens his mouth for a sharp retort about how it's clearly his job to do the dirty work, but bites his tongue. He doesn't want to argue with Lucy, but he can't agree.

FLYNN

I want this to be over too, but -

LUCY

Do you?

Her voice is soft, worried, not accusing in the least, but Flynn visibly closes off for a few moments.

LUCY (CONT)

Because you admitted that this was - it was familiar, it was something you were good at, you knew how to do. And as much as you always swore that you wanted to never take any more of these trips, you came back before we even knew for sure that we needed you, and were the first to volunteer to go after her in Tangier. Maybe you were hoping there was another war.

FLYNN

Would you prefer it if I didn't?

LUCY

Of course not. But you also said you didn't know if you wanted this fight against Victoria or not. I don't really think you do, but it still feels safer than whatever might come after. Easier. So you'll stick to it as long as you can anyway.

FLYNN

I thought your PhD was in history, not psychology.

It's a slightly waspish thing to say, and he regrets it. Lucy flushes and looks away.

LUCY

Okay. I'll leave it alone.

(beat)

I just thought we were actually going to talk to each other again.

Flynn doesn't like that either, looks at her guiltily. But at this point, they've reached the outskirts of Macau, and they need their concentration elsewhere than personal matters.

CUT TO:

EXT. MACAU STREETS - DAY

Lucy is now wearing a dress similar to Iris and Sarah's, while Flynn is in the uniform of a Portuguese Navy officer, and Wyatt and Rufus have been stuck with the clothes of common seamen. Macau is bustling, hot, exotic, people of many nationalities mingling in the marketplace and alleys.

WYATT

What are we looking for, exactly?  
1809, the Napoleonic Wars don't make it all the way over here, do they?

LUCY

No, but Britain does.

They've reached the docks and are looking out at the nearest of the ships. It flies a flag similar to the American one, with red and white horizontal stripes. In the corner, instead of the white stars on blue, is a Union Jack.

FLYNN

The East India Company.

RUFUS

Wait, like the Pirates of the Caribbean villains?

FLYNN

Yes, but far more villainous. They're at the height of their power right now. They rule the entire Indian subcontinent with puppet leaders and private armies of mercenaries, reject any attempt to oversee or moderate them, steal territories even from other colonial powers, and staff their ships with men sold into bondage or serving prison sentences. In a few decades, they start the First and Second Opium Wars to economically blackmail China, and cause large-scale famines with forced production of the drug for export.

RUFUS

Wow, no wonder their flag looks like America's.

FLYNN

Benjamin Franklin suggested that it resemble the Company's specifically. Thought it was an excellent model of hating Britain's tax policies and establishing self-governorship.

RUFUS

Now that we're all depressed, should we just walk up and -

At that moment, they're interrupted as the captain of the ship, BROOK KAY (55), spots them and comes hurrying up, looking deeply indignant.

BROOK KAY

Well, and I say, it is more than time that someone got here! My man was snatched by the Ladrones over a week ago, and the authorities are doing damn-all about it! Shameful and outrageous extortion! I wish to complain, sir. I wish to complain most vehemently.

This tirade is directed at Flynn, the apparent representative of the Portuguese Navy. He raises an eyebrow as if to say that clearly, the captain is complaining now.

BROOK KAY (CONT)

I am Captain Brook Kay of the Company ship, The Marquis of Ely, at berth just there. You - do you even speak English? Are you listening to me?

FLYNN

Unfortunately, yes.

BROOK KAY

As I said, my first officer, Richard Glasspoole, has been captured by the Ladrones, and they think they have the right to demand a huge ransom. One hundred thousand dollars! Mad!

Flynn rolls his eyes to the heavens, but at that, Lucy frowns.

LUCY

Excuse me, Captain Kay, who exactly seized your man?

BROOK KAY

Madam, you are - ?

LUCY

Miss Elizabeth Swann. Who took your man, please?

Ruffled, Kay takes a moment to collect himself.

BROOK KAY

I shudder at speaking of such indelicate matters before yourself, madam, but the Ladrones are the savage Chinese pirates that infest these waters. Men of even weaker moral character and constitution than their yellow brethren, who delight in plundering honest Christian sailors. They call themselves the Red Flag Fleet or some other heathen nonsense.

Lucy raises both eyebrows, though frankly, this could be at anything that Kay just said. Meanwhile, he looks back at Flynn, clearly thinking that he's the man to handle this.

BROOK KAY

I presume you have come from your own ship, Capitão...?

FLYNN

Barbossa, Captain Hector Barbossa. These two are Pintel and Ragetti.

Wyatt and Rufus both glare at Flynn.

BROOK KAY

And do you indeed have a vessel, Captain Barbossa?

FLYNN

It could be arranged. But a Red Flag Fleet implies quite a few of them.

BROOK KAY

Up to 300 ships, the local gossip holds. But the natives are prone to exaggeration and superstition, so I should not credit that unduly. There are enough to pose a threat to the Company's shipping, and both the Portuguese Navy and the Chinese emperor have proven unable to deal with them. If they were not so damnably occupied with Bonaparte back home, they could sort this firmly.

LUCY

Wait. Ching Shih?



BROOK KAY

Who?

LUCY

You may also know her as Cheng I Sao?  
She has command of the fleet.

BROOK KAY

I have heard rumors of some upjumped  
former Cantonese prostitute involved  
somewhere - apologies for the  
language, madam - but I believe their  
leader is called Cheung Po Tsai.

Flynn and Lucy exchange a significant look.

FLYNN

Well, I need to get back and inform  
my superiors about this. Absolutely  
wonderful to meet you, Captain.

With that, and it probably being a good thing that Kay missed  
the sarcasm, the team heads up the quays.

RUFUS

Please don't tell me that we need to  
actually help that racist dickweed.

LUCY

I don't know, but it could explain  
where we need to look. Ching Shih,  
Madame Ching, is arguably the most  
successful pirate in history. She did  
once work in a brothel, but married a  
successful pirate, took over his  
enterprise, and now she rules these  
seas. 300 ships, up to 40,000 men,  
and she retires and dies as a free  
woman. Like Kay said, the Qing  
dynasty and the Portuguese and  
British Empires can't stop her.

WYATT

That explains why the East India  
Company hates her. How the turn  
tables?

LUCY

Indeed. Richard Glasspoole is  
eventually released and writes a book  
about his experience, part of a genre  
known as captivity narratives. The  
whole time, he thinks that Cheung Po  
Tsai - Ching Shih's lover and second-  
in-command - is actually the captain.  
He barely mentions her at all.

RUFUS

So if we want to find her, we - what?  
Also get ourselves captured?

WYATT

That would explain why Victoria's  
here, right? Most successful pirate  
in history has to have a lot of loot.  
Just grab a treasure chest while  
their backs are turned? Seems risky.

RUFUS

Maybe this time we actually chase  
her? That would help.

Flynn glances at him. They look over the sea. Then -

FLYNN

Very well. Let's figure out how to  
get ourselves kidnapped by pirates.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHINA SEA - AFTERNOON

Meanwhile, Iris and Sarah are several steps ahead in this  
plan. They're rowing along the same stretch of coast that  
Glasspoole & Co. traversed not long ago. Sarah pauses to wipe  
the sweat out of her eyes.

SARAH

Are you sure this is a good idea? I  
mean, getting captured by pirates,  
and we're, you know...

IRIS

Ching Shih had an extremely strict  
code of conduct for all her crews in  
regard to women. Rapists were  
instantly beheaded, and even  
consensual sex with captives wasn't  
allowed. If a pirate wanted to keep a  
woman on board, he had to marry her  
as his wife, and she had to agree.  
Otherwise, they were ransomed and  
released. Disobedience of any of  
Madame Ching's orders was ruthlessly  
punished. We should be fine.

(considers)

Though admittedly if we get frisky  
with the treasure, that could change.

SARAH

Stealing something from the greatest  
pirate of all time? How are you going  
to get away with that, exactly?

IRIS

(cocky smile)

Because I'm a professional. Besides, you asked to come along, remember?

SARAH

I - was actually hoping we could talk. Somewhere away from Valkyrie. You know every one of those UltraHome smart gadgets are spying on us.

IRIS

Obviously. Why?

SARAH

(beat, then)

Have you met them?

IRIS

Who?

It's clear, however, that she knows exactly who Sarah means, and does not want to discuss the subject.

SARAH

When I showed you them that one time, it was because - well, I thought you deserved to know. If something else happened, if something else changed -

IRIS

What are you asking me?

SARAH

I don't know. But I can't help but wonder if this is my fault. I - tried to change things. A while ago. I didn't have a machine and I don't know how to pilot anyway, so I had to mess with prototype techniques. They were buggy, they cut out a lot. I - I know I caused problems, but -

Iris glances at her. From her look of startlement and slight fear, she didn't know about this, and isn't sure how to react.

IRIS

Overtly interfering in the time continuum is illegal, remember?

SARAH

Illegal according to who?

Iris opens and shuts her mouth, looking shaken and uncertain. She's been distracted from rowing, and the boat idles to a stop in the waves.

IRIS

If it is, nobody told them, since they're the ones who try - who tried - to keep doing that when nobody asked for any of their -

SARAH

(quietly)

So you have met them.

IRIS

I didn't ask for it, I didn't invite them. I realized there was a chance when I went into years where they were still active, and frankly, I suspected they wouldn't be able to help themselves. But I don't - I don't want anything to do with them!

SARAH

Why not? Your father's there, the same as mine. If there was some chance that you could -

IRIS

My father? My father abandoned me! He left me in that house and he left my mother to die, and all the chances he had to save us, he never did. Or he got distracted, poisoned, persuaded to stop, by her, the Rittenhouse princess! Wherever they are now, wherever they happily retired, do you think I'm just going to pop in on this earlier version of him and be like, "Hey, Dad, it's me, the daughter you never gave a - "

She's almost teary, tries to control herself. They're in the middle of a dangerous situation, she needs to focus.

IRIS (CONT)

No. I'm not putting myself through that. They don't deserve it.

SARAH

Maybe they didn't retire. Maybe that's not why they're not here.

IRIS

Yes, they did. I had a moment of weakness, I went and looked it up in the history feeds. They strolled off into the sunset and haven't bothered to come back, so -

SARAH

You saw that in the history feeds?  
The Valkyrie history feeds?

Iris frowns. Sarah is hinting at something much deeper and more complex - and terrifying - than she understands.

IRIS

Wait, you think Valkyrie is lying  
about what happened to - ?

SARAH

I don't know. I just think they're  
not the type to let the truth get in  
the way of things. Especially  
satisfied customers. And if you  
trusted them, I don't think you would  
have gone to such lengths to ensure  
they never learned your real name.

Iris starts to answer, but given recent experiences, she can't deny this. Troubled, she picks up the oars again.

IRIS

So are you looking into this?

SARAH

Only indirectly. Always related to  
something else. I couldn't do it  
openly, that would raise too many  
questions. But maybe it did. Ed went  
to see my mom. He wouldn't have done  
that without wanting to know  
something, and he thought she could  
tell him. Or would have to.

IRIS

You know I'm grateful for everything  
your mom did for me, but -

At that moment, this potentially fascinating topic is interrupted by a boom, shouting, and a ruckus. Iris and Sarah have crossed the headland into the flagship's anchorage, and been spotted by Ching Shih's pirates. Boats are launched, Iris and Sarah let go of the oars, and as the pirates reach them and use hooks to drag them in, the women raise their hands.

IRIS

Parley?

[COMMERCIALS]

RETURN TO:

EXT. MACAU DOCKS - EVENING

Flynn, Lucy, Rufus, and Wyatt stroll along with nothing-to-see-here looks on their faces. Flynn and Lucy have changed out

of their respectable clothes into something more suitable for getting messy, and Flynn is holding a dark lantern. They reach the docks and dart past the anchored Marquis of Ely.

WYATT

(muttered)

Now what?

FLYNN

Glasspoole probably took the main tender boat, but there should be a smaller one.

RUFUS

Oh god, we're going to get, like, turbo hanged.

Nonetheless, he hurries alongside, as Flynn passes the lantern to Lucy. There's indeed a small boat bobbing behind the Marquis of Ely. Wyatt and Rufus jump in, and unship the oars. Flynn follows them, unsheathes his knife, and cuts the mooring rope. The launch has a collapsible mast and one sail, which he strings up, and as they start to move, he beckons to Lucy.

FLYNN

Jump!

Lucy looks alarmed, as feats of coordination are not her forte, especially when holding a lantern. She takes a running start and hurls herself off the dock - then hits Flynn, who catches her, rescues the lantern, and straightens her up.

FLYNN

You okay?

LUCY

Fine.

FLYNN

I - look, I'm sorry about earlier. It was stupid, I shouldn't have said it.

LUCY

It's - it's all right. I know that it's important for you to -

FLYNN

You matter more.

He cups Lucy's face, half as if he might kiss her. She is very startled but not at all displeased. Their eyes meet in the lantern light, her lips part. A spellbound moment, then -

RUFUS

Hey, are you two gonna help us sail this boat we super-duper 1000% piratically stole, or - ?

FLYNN

Yes, obviously.

He grabs the line, as the small boat sails into the China Sea. The stars are dazzling, but the blackness is deep. No sound except for Rufus ominously humming "A Pirate's Life For Me."

CUT TO:

INT. JUNK - NIGHT

A hatch slams above Iris as she is pushed belowdecks. Muffled voices in Chinese are briefly audible above, then move off. Iris waits until she's sure they're gone, then picks up her skirts and moves quickly.

CONTINUE TO:

INT. HOLD - NIGHT

Iris drops off a ladder into the hold of Ching Shih's flagship. Distant sounds of creaking timbers, dripping water. She spots the dim silhouettes of bags and boxes, heaped treasures, which sparkle enticingly. If she was inclined to take a few pieces for herself, as she's done before, the pickings are rich. But she ignores the gold and silver and opens one of the smaller boxes. Digs steadily.

Iris pulls out a few pieces of ivory, inspects them, puts them aside. Beneath that, after sustained rummaging, she finally unearths a lump of stone that glints green. This would seem to be among the least valuable treasures aboard, but she stuffs it in her corset, gets up, and -

CHING SHIH

What are you doing down here?

Iris jumps, nearly knocks her head on a beam, and turns around to see the pirate commander herself, regarding this bald-faced thievery with both eyebrows arched. She takes a step.

CHING SHIH (CONT)

An Englishwoman and her serving girl in distress upon the high seas, was it? Conveniently and tragically left adrift by their vessel, Miss - ?

IRIS

Bonny. Miss Bonny.

CHING SHIH

Indeed? And what makes you think that you could steal from me, Miss Bonny?

IRIS

I haven't stolen anything.

Ching Shih pushes off the wall and moves closer, intent and beautiful and dangerous.

CHING SHIH

Any man of mine who touches the treasure without permission, or takes a score and does not turn it over to be held and paid out in common, is instantly subject to the penalty of death, Miss Bonny.

IRIS

I'm not one of your men, Madame Ching.

Caught by surprise, the pirate utters a short laugh. Her look turns appraising, as she and Iris are now face to face.

CHING SHIH

You are very unlike any Englishwoman I've ever met, to be sure.

IRIS

I don't doubt it.

CHING SHIH

Be that as it may, my property is not yours to take. You will return what you have presumed to lay hands upon, never venture down here again, and I will forgive this transgression, only once. I am not ordinarily merciful, Miss Bonny. A woman in my position does not remain there by weakness. You will thank me for it.

IRIS

I didn't take anything.

Ching Shih smiles. Moves still closer, their noses brushing, as she reaches out and pushes Iris hard against the hull.

CHING SHIH

(breathing low)

So you are a liar, Miss Bonny. There are also punishments for that.

IRIS

Were there also those in your house of pleasure in Guangzhou?

CHING SHIH

Will you oblige me to strip you and whip you to uncover the truth, then?

IRIS

You could flay me with silken cord.

Their faces are very close, the tension undeniable, when there's a bump from outside the ship, the sound of voices, a muffled disturbance. Ching Shih looks up sharply, then seizes



hold of Iris and drags her out of the hold, up the ladder, and to a holding cell woven of stiff bamboo. Opens the door, pushes her inside, and shuts and locks it. Iris falls forward, hits someone else, who utters a sound of protest.

RICHARD GLASSPOOLE

I beg your pardon, I -

At that moment, he gets a glimpse of her in the half-light, realizes she's a woman.

RICHARD GLASSPOOLE (CONT)

Madam, my profuse apologies. I am Richard Glasspoole, first officer of the Company ship, The Marquis of Ely. Am I to collect that the savages have snatched you as well?

IRIS

The East India Company?

RICHARD GLASSPOOLE

Indeed. I have sent a request for ransom to my captain, though I fear if it is not paid, we shall be done dishonorably to death. But on my honor as an Englishman, I shall ensure that you are released. It chills the blood to think what use they may make of you otherwise, an innocent Christian maid.

IRIS

(acidly)

Thanks.

She wriggles past Glasspoole, trying to find a weakness, but the bamboo is thick, impenetrable. Finally, however, she finds enough of an eyelet in the hull to spot the Time Team's boat being hauled up - and just a few feet away, Flynn and Lucy.

Iris's face goes very strange. She turns away, makes no sound.

CUT TO:

EXT. JUNK - NIGHT

The team is decanted onto the deck of the flagship, where they are also presented for the inspection of Cheung Po Tsai. He strides forward with great hauteur.

CHEUNG PO TSAI

(Cantonese)

*And have you come from the British plunderers to bring us ransom for the officer? Your boat is from his ship.*

FLYNN

(Mandarin)

*If you're asking if we're with  
Glasspoole, we're not.*

Cheung Po Tsai is taken aback. He regards Flynn with surprise and suspicion, and switches to Mandarin.

CHEUNG PO TSAI

(Mandarin)

*You speak - ?*

FLYNN

(Mandarin)

*Very badly. My apologies. We are in  
search of someone your fleet may have  
recently encountered.*

RUFUS

(whispering to Lucy)

Do we have any idea what they're  
talking about?

LUCY

(whispering back)

None, sorry.

CHEUNG PO TSAI

(Mandarin)

*I do not see what business it is of  
yours, unwashed European, whether or  
not we have encountered anyone of -*

At that moment, Wyatt, glancing around the ship and over to the second junk anchored alongside, spots none other than Sarah on its deck. She looks over, sees him, they recognize each other. It goes through him like a lightning bolt.

WYATT

(inadvertently shouting)

HEY - !

He starts to lunge, which is a bad idea, and everyone whirls on him. Two of the pirates grab him and force him to his knees, a third unsheathing his scimitar and looking prepared to behead Wyatt on the spot.

PIRATE

(Cantonese)

*How dare you attempt to assault  
Captain Cheung Po Tsai in the  
presence of all his -*

LUCY

No!

RUFUS

Take it easy, don't -

FLYNN

(Mandarin)

*Hold on, hold on, my man did not mean any insult to your honored person.*

WYATT

How did they get her? Ask him how they got her!

Flynn frowns, as Wyatt tries vainly to point at the other junk. Flynn turns and stares, but Sarah has ducked out of sight, and he doesn't see what Wyatt was talking about.

FLYNN

What? You mean Victoria? Did you see Victoria?

WYATT

(strangled)

No. Not Victoria.

He clearly is not sure if he should say who he did see, but Flynn seems to catch on. He looks startled, mouths Jane?

Wyatt nods.

Flynn turns and stares again, since Jane's appearances in the past have usually presaged some drama for the team. All this odd behavior, however, is making Cheung Po Tsai suspicious.

CHEUNG PO TSAI

(Mandarin)

*You know our other guests, perhaps? Is this a coordinated trick, a distraction for an ambush?*

FLYNN

(Mandarin)

*No, that's not what -*

CHEUNG PO TSAI

(Mandarin)

*The East India Company is sly, cruel, and vicious. They must have followed you out here. We will take no risks, we will set sail at once.*

(to his men)

*Lash them to the mast.*

FLYNN

(Mandarin)

*No, listen, we -*

One of the pirates backhands him hard enough to briefly stun him, and Lucy lets out a squeal of angry disapproval. The team is marched to the main mast of the junk, where the pirates tie them up very firmly. Struggling will get them quite dead, so

there's not much choice but to submit. Once they are trussed up and left there, and the junks are underway at speed -

RUFUS

(to Flynn)

Great. You really made us some friends there. What did you do, call his mother a -

FLYNN

This isn't my fault!

RUFUS

Yeah, Wyatt, why exactly did you decide to attack the guy who -

WYATT

I wasn't attacking him!

RUFUS

Oh yeah? Then what was that about? Did you see Victoria on the other -

WYATT

No. Not Victoria.

(beat)

I saw the girl who saved your life in Chinatown, since you're asking.

RUFUS

And here we are in actual China, so is that relevant, or -

LUCY

Do you mean Jane? Why is she back now? We haven't seen her in a while, is she some kind of omen or -

WYATT

Sarah.

Everyone looks over at him (as much as they can when tied to a mast). Flynn isn't surprised, but Lucy and Rufus are.

WYATT (CONT)

Her real name's Sarah.

(beat)

And she's my daughter.

Well, that's one way to end a conversation. Everyone can do nothing but stare at him, as the two junks continue on, vanishing into the night.

CUT TO:

INT. MASON-CARLIN INDUSTRIES - AFTERNOON

Connor is working away as usual, trying not to doze off, when his phone buzzes. He yawns, picks it up.

CONNOR

Mason.

KING

(over the phone)

Hey there, my man! Back to the daily grind, workin' for a living?

(not waiting for an answer)

Look, how's next week sound?

CONNOR

(trying to catch up)

Ah - Mr. - Mr. King, isn't it? From Budapest?

KING

Sure is! Remember when I said I'd call you to arrange a visit? Can't pop by this week, my pilot's out of town, but next week, say, Tuesday?

CONNOR

Is that quite what we said? I don't recall.

KING

It's what I remember. Hoping you've cleared your deck of a few projects, rolled out the red carpet? If I like what I see, I'll be ready to make the investment offer on the spot. Bring some lawyers, but not too many lawyers. We do want the damn thing signed and sealed, right?

(he chuckles)

Anyway, don't worry about sending a car to pick me up, I've got my own arrangements. Should be there around eleven. Okay, can't wait! Ta now!

With that, the line goes dead, leaving a completely bewildered Connor staring at the phone. He turns around to see Denise standing in the doorway.

DENISE

Who was that?

CONNOR

I'm not altogether sure. I met him in Budapest, at the EIT conference. His name is Ed King, and he was extremely interested in investing in Mason-Carlin Industries. Insistent, really. Especially now that he seems to have invited himself for a tour next week.

DENISE

Ed King? Do you know this person? All your contacts in the tech world?

CONNOR

Not by name, but as my competitors never cease to remind me, I have been out of the game for several years, and in this line of work, that might as well be several hundred. And I can't be expected to know every vice president of finance or midlevel director of mergers and acquisitions that strolls across my -

DENISE

Wait. What did you just say?

CONNOR

(confused)

Vice... president of finance?

DENISE

No, the other part, about mergers and acquisitions.

(beat)

Hold on.

She runs out of Connor's office, leaving him even more confused. In a minute, Denise returns with the business card from 4x01. VALKYRIE ULTRA, V. MARCHANT, ACQUISITIONS.

CONNOR

Wait - you don't think - ?

DENISE

I'm just saying, it would make a lot of sense if they decided to scope out the competition, if they had some inkling that we were thwarting their operative's objectives. Possibly even to enact espionage or outright sabotage, under the guise of a flattering and sudden interest in giving us a lot of money. Make it much less likely that we'd refuse.

Connor stares at her, then at the card, then back at her. Wheels spin in his head as he tries to recall what tipped him off about his meeting with King in Budapest.

CONNOR

That is a clever, if extremely alarming, hypothesis. So what am I supposed to do? Call him back and try to get him to cancel his -

DENISE

I didn't say that. No, you'll do exactly what he wants. You'll roll out the red carpet, you'll give every appearance of welcoming him in, and you'll do what you do best.

CONNOR

Be an invaluable member of the team with a knack for managing delicate interpersonal situations?

DENISE

I was going to say acting like such a smarmy collaborator that nobody would have any reason to suspect that you were a double agent, but that too. I'll fit you with a microphone, I'll manage the entire operation, and we'll do whatever it takes to get some kind of actionable intelligence on who Ed King is, if he works for Valkyrie Ultra or with Victoria Marchant, and everything else. But if that's the case, he's also coming from the future. The year 2042, to be exact. He could even suspect us from the start, have tech we don't. So.

(another grim smile)

This is going to take some planning.

CUT TO:

INT. VALKYRIE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Ed King steps out of a sleek white booth filled with all kinds of switches and gizmos and blinking monitors, the insanely high-tech setup that allows him to call Iris while she's in the past on jobs. Looks very satisfied.

KING

(chuckling)

Time-traveling phone booth. Just like the, the what's-it-called, the TARDIS. The nerds must love that. Absolutely doggone real TARDIS. The future, am I right?

He touches his wrist chip, deactivating the hologram of Mason that's been floating in the air, but not before we see the first line of the biographic entry:

CONNOR RICHARD MASON (1964-2020) WAS A BRITISH-JAMAICAN TECHNOLOGY ENTREPRENEUR, BILLIONAIRE, AND FIRST DEVELOPER OF THE WORLD-CHANGING...

KING

Sure were, buddy. Sure were. And we  
thank you for it.

Whistling, he strides off.

[COMMERCIALS]

RETURN TO:

EXT. CHINA SEA - DAWN

The team has spent an uncomfortable night tied to the mast,  
and dawn is breaking as the junks draw up before a small  
island. Cheung Po Tsai stands on deck, surveying it, as the  
cabin door opens and Ching Shih strides out. She glances at  
the team with cool unconcern, then steps up next to him.

CHING SHIH

(Cantonese)

*That was a precipitous departure. And  
you did not ask me first.*

CHEUNG PO TSAI

(Cantonese)

*Apologies, my lotus flower. But it  
was necessary to escape the Company.*

CHING SHIH

(Cantonese)

*On deck you will call me Commander.  
And answer as any other sailor would.*

CHEUNG PO TSAI

(Cantonese)

*Apologies, Commander. Those ones -  
(points at the team)  
They were some sort of trick to  
retrieve the British officer. They  
came in a boat with his ship's name  
on it. We had to flee to sea before -*

CHING SHIH

(Cantonese)

*Flee? Since when do we flee before  
one miserly longboat? We are the  
greatest power on the seas of China  
since Admiral Zheng He, and you would  
have it rumored that we can be put to  
flight by four ragged -*

Incensed, she raises her hand and strikes Cheung Po Tsai hard  
across the face. He winces, staggers.

CHING SHIH

(Cantonese)

*Never forget, you are very young, and  
were once my husband's son. I rule*



*here. I always rule. If the Company dares to show its face, we will give them the fire of our dragons. Since we are here, we will cache the treasure. Then we will sail back to Macao, and you will pray that your rashness and cowardice has not damaged you in the sight of the men. Or in mine. Barely a week ago you cravenly fled before the Portuguese. Now this. You will redeem yourself.*

*(brief pause)*

*Bring the prisoners.*

She strides off, leaving the chastened Cheung Po Tsai behind her, and shouts orders. Back on the mast, everyone looks at Flynn, the lone Chinese-speaker among them.

RUFUS

So what was that about? She seemed pissed.

FLYNN

She was. I didn't get all of it. I think she was yelling at him for running away from a fight. On September 15, about a week ago, Cheung Po Tsai encountered the Portuguese Navy in the first stage of the Battle of the Tiger's Mouth, the conflict that ultimately brings Ching Shih down and forces her to retire from piracy. He had 200 ships, the Portuguese had three, but he retreated in the face of their firepower, and this latest decision to cut and run didn't help.

At that moment, several pirates cut the team down from the mast, marching them to one of the junk's boats. They are forced into it, lowered down, and hit the glassy sea with a splash. Mist rises eerily as the pirates start to row.

CUT TO:

EXT. ISLAND - DAWN

The team is forced ashore by a dozen pirates, all more than a little concerned that they are about to be shot in the head and buried in a shallow grave.

WYATT

You know, I remember Treasure Island being a lot more fun than this.

PIRATE

Shut up, white man.

FLYNN

(Mandarin)

*Hey. Give us a chance to buy our  
freedom. We could pay you, more than  
you've ever -*

Blank looks, shrugs. The team is made to kneel in the sand - this is looking very bad. With that, Flynn and Wyatt decide that the time for peaceable solutions has passed, and jump to their feet, drawing their guns. The pirates are briefly startled, then go for their own guns. A Mexican standoff ensues. Flynn and Wyatt pull Lucy and Rufus to cover between them, and all four turn in a tense circle.

Flynn and Wyatt don't want to shoot first, since they're still outnumbered and have the other two to protect (not to mention, zillions more pirates on the junks, no escape, general bad idea). Rufus moves closer to Flynn.

RUFUS

C'mon, I could help you take 'em,  
right? Get down to business, defeat  
the Huns, I'm sorry I'm very nervous  
and that soundtrack keeps playing in  
my head?

Flynn gives him an extremely arch look.

FLYNN

Fun as it might be to see you play  
the crocodile to their Captain Hook,  
I highly doubt -

The pirates cock their guns, Flynn and Wyatt cock theirs. This is an instant from really going to hell when the mist parts, and a second boat comes sculling out. It contains Ching Shih herself, a bound and scruffy Richard Glasspoole, and - to the team's disbelief - the woman they still know as Victoria Marchant. She stares at them inscrutably, as their faces lurch with various degrees of shock.

CHING SHIH

One moment.

The boat scrapes on shore, one of the pirates offers her a hand over the edge. She steps down and strides up to the team.

CHING SHIH (CONT)

Lower your guns.

Flynn and Wyatt are disinclined to acquiesce to this request, but her force of personality is considerable. When she nods at her men and they do the same, the two warily follow suit.

CHING SHIH

These are them, Miss Bonny?

IRIS

Yes.

CHING SHIH

(to the team)

The Englishwoman has expressed some interest in purchasing you as slaves. She promises to pay a good price.

RUFUS

Yeah, no, I'm really not too keen on that plan, especially when she -

CHING SHIH

Then you will be shot.

Rufus has already been shot far too many times for anyone's (especially his) liking. He snaps his mouth shut, as Wyatt looks around for anyone else.

WYATT

Where's the girl, the white girl who was on the other ship? Is she -

CHING SHIH

We have harmed none of our prisoners. Not even this one, yet.

She points disdainfully at Glasspoole.

CHING SHIH (CONT)

Are you with the East India Company? Did you come to rescue this man?

FLYNN

The East India Company is one of the greediest and most evil entities ever to exist in all of history. We have no part of it. Or of him.

CHING SHIH

Then why do you know each other? Why would this woman offer to purchase you? What is this artifice, this cunning deception?

Iris and all four members of the team stare at each other. Nobody knows how to answer, they're extremely startled that she's intervening on their behalf, and for that matter, so is Iris. But she's determined not to give anything away or show any weakness. She folds her arms.

IRIS

I think they look like good slaves.

CHING SHIH

And what will you pay me with, Miss Bonny?

IRIS

Take us back to Macau and I'll show you. Whatever it is you wish to see.

Ching Shih considers that. Then - after several nerve-wracking moments - she jerks her fist. The pirates grab hold of the team and march them back onto the boat, start to row.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHINA SEA - DAY

It is high noon by the time the junk anchors on the coast, just out of sight of Macau. The team is offloaded without ceremony and dumped on the rocky shore. After a moment, Iris and Sarah appear, causing some indrawn breaths. Iris speaks to her briefly, then swings down, leaving Sarah on the ship.

WYATT

Excuse me? Are you just - how do you two know each other, what is -

IRIS

She's being held as a hostage for my safe return with the money to buy you four. Maybe we should get going.

With that, she strides to the head of the party, knots up her skirts, and without looking back, starts to walk. Utterly boggled, the team has no choice but to follow.

CUT TO:

EXT. MACAU BEACH - DAY

As the group is reaching Macau, Wyatt can't hold it in, grabs Iris by the elbow. She jerks free, eyes blazing.

IRIS

You do that again and I'm buying only the other three.

WYATT

How do you know my daughter?

IRIS

Oh, you're him. Yes, I can see it. And for your information, we're coworkers. Among other things.

LUCY

Miss - Miss Marchant, we're grateful, but this - whatever's been going on, however you know us or why you're - why are you saving us?

IRIS

Nobody said I was saving you.

LUCY

You stopped Ching Shih's men from shooting us back there. You could have just let us die.

IRIS

Keep talking, all of you, and I could easily decide to do that.

Nonetheless, she comes to a halt, turns around, folds her arms and surveys them up and down. She stares at them with a particular searing, searching expression.

IRIS (CONT)

You seem surprised.

LUCY

You haven't exactly been a fan of us.

IRIS

I have every right not to be.

She can't help herself, glances sidelong at Flynn, who is staring back at her with the same intensity. Lucy observes this, doesn't know how to take it.

IRIS (CONT)

What? You thought I was a monster, needed to be put down? Isn't it amazing how quickly you can demonize your enemies like that?

RUFUS

Look, lady. Whatever you're doing, if you either want to tell us so we can stop running after you, or keep up the enigmatic lone-wolf act until -

IRIS

Fine. You want to know what I'm doing? I'll tell you. See this?

Before the startled eyes of the team, she reaches into her dirty corset and whips out the chunk of green stone that she stole from Ching Shih's treasure earlier.

IRIS (CONT)

A long time ago, something like the eighth century BC, there was a sacred piece of jade, called the Heshibi. It was made into the Heirloom Seal of the Realm for Qin Shi Huang, who was the first emperor of a unified China. He of the terracotta-warrior tomb. Sometime in the tenth century, the

seal went missing, and it hasn't been seen again since. It's China's most priceless lost treasure, and to this day, they are obsessed with somehow recovering it.

RUFUS

So - what? That's randomly the long-lost piece of -

IRIS

(snapping)

Of course it isn't.

Everyone stares at her in complete confusion.

IRIS

This is an expensive and suitable piece of jade that I'm going to go put in a private collection in Shanghai. In the 21<sup>st</sup> century, my clients will find it in the museum that that collection eventually gets donated to, and declare it to be part of the Heshibi. The Chinese government will have it ceremoniously made into a new seal, and the exciting backstory - part of Ching Shih's treasure! Lost somewhere in the struggle against colonialist Western oppressors! - makes it even more news-grabbing. Emotional symbol of a nation returned at last. It's pretty clever, actually. You invent your own history, and you make it work for what you want. Forgeries and frauds and convenient appearances of texts and artifacts have happened as long as there have been people. Now they just have more options.

Lucy stares at her, trying - as the professional historian here - to say something, but can't dispute this. This is indeed what history most often is to people, and facts - as everyone has been noticing - have less and less bearing.

LUCY

Doesn't that - doesn't this bother you? Lying about -

IRIS

Does that bother me? No. No, it doesn't. We're not all as precious as you about history as this pure,

unsullied, innocent object that can't  
be distorted or otherwise -

LUCY

Look, I started out thinking that, I  
was naïve, but that's not what I -

IRIS

And yet, you're still here. Asking if  
it bothers me. You four could have  
ruled the world if you had any shred  
of ambition, don't you realize that?  
You could be the most powerful people  
who ever lived. And yet here you are,  
docilely sitting with your tin-can  
time machine and only ever using it  
when someone else does first.

LUCY

We saw what Rittenhouse did with it,  
and I think you did too.

Iris flinches at the name. She puts the jade back into her  
corset, paces up and down the sand. Flynn continues to stare  
at her; he hasn't said a word this whole time.

RUFUS

Look, is there any chance of  
convincing you to just quit? Take  
whatever big payout they'll give you  
and not do this anymore?

IRIS

I don't see you offering to quit your  
job to make my life easier.

RUFUS

If you mean this one, I'd be happy  
to, if we could be sure that you  
weren't going to -

IRIS

Nobody asked you. Nobody asked you to  
do this. You could go home right now  
and never take another one of these  
trips, and I'm not sure your life  
would change in any way that you or  
anyone would notice. If you keep  
doing this, if you keep chasing me,  
that's 100% your decision. Don't put  
it on me, don't act like I'm forcing  
your hand. And for the record, no.  
I'm not quitting my job. So -

She steps back, grins, tips a sarcastic salute.

IRIS (CONT)

I guess I'll see you out there. So you can either let me walk away, fetch the money, and return to Ching Shih's ship for my companion, or you can shoot me like noble time cops.

FLYNN

Wait -

It bursts out of him, raw and rusty. Iris, who has started to walk away, stops dead in her tracks.

FLYNN

Do I - do you - ? Know?

Iris half-turns, looks him up and down. Flynn has no idea what he's asking, because the idea hasn't consciously crossed his mind, but he can't hold back the terrifying familiarity.

A moment of truth. We have no idea how Iris is going to answer, and yet again, neither does she. She teeters on the brink. She could do it. Part of her desperately wants to.

Then -

IRIS

No, I don't think so. Sorry.

And with that, leaving the team on the beach, she turns and walks off to the city of Macau.

CUT TO:

EXT. JUNGLE - EVENING

The team is bushwhacking back to the Lifeboat, shaken and unsettled and having no idea what to make of this. They're also not going to forget that little bombshell Wyatt dropped.

LUCY

So Jane - Sarah - is your... ?

WYATT

Yeah.

LUCY

How long have you known?

WYATT

I think I suspected for a while, but I didn't get it confirmed until 1951, with Henrietta Lacks.

LUCY

And you didn't tell us?

WYATT

We weren't exactly talking. Any of us. We went our separate ways for six



months, we had other things to worry about, and I had no idea if I was ever going to see her again. I know I don't have a great track record with that kind of stuff, but I didn't... I just had no idea what the hell to do.

Lucy can't blame him for this, all things considered. Her brows are deeply furrowed. She's not convinced by Victoria's claim that she doesn't know Flynn, especially since it's so incongruous with her already knowing (and apparently hating) the rest of them.

LUCY

Do you know where she is now? Sarah?

WYATT

No idea. Somewhere on the run with Jessica, I guess. She's only a baby right now, unless time really has gone off the damn rails. I was trying to get someone to investigate it, I may go back to that.

LUCY

Do you want any help with that?

WYATT

Let's see.

They reach the remote spot where they've left the Lifeboat, heaped over with jungle vegetation, and start clearing it off. Then they climb inside, roll shut the door, and with a whine and a whir, the Lifeboat vanishes.

CUT TO:

INT. VALKYRIE DORMITORY - NIGHT

Iris and Sarah enter the Valkyrie workers' dormitory, and exchange a brief good night. They act as normal as possible, but Iris catches Sarah's eye and they exchange a tiny nod.

Iris starts down to her flat, but as she reaches it, she's surprised to see someone standing outside it, leaning casually against the wall. He straightens up as she comes nearer. She recognizes him as the Big Boss from her meeting re: the death of Harlow Lewis, which does not fill her with delight.

IRIS

I didn't expect to see you here, Mr.  
- Mr. - ?

BIG BOSS

Temple, Mike Temple Jr. I would say Miss Marchant, but then, I don't think that's entirely accurate?

Iris goes still. She looks him up and down, trying to judge what she should do.

IRIS

My name is Victoria Marchant.

TEMPLE JR

Your name is Iris Maria Flynn, DOB 04-30-2009. DOD, at least at one point, 07-07-2014. But as we're only beginning to establish, there's been a whole lot of chronological meddling around you? Hasn't there, Miss Flynn?

Iris flinches as if he's slapped her.

IRIS

Please don't call me that.

TEMPLE JR

Why not? It's your name. And frankly, you don't have any reason to be afraid. I'm a businessman, Miss Flynn. I make business decisions. And your new role at Valkyrie is only beginning. Step in there and get changed, why don't you? Put on something real nice.

IRIS

What - are you arresting me?

TEMPLE JR

Arresting you? No, no. In fact, I'm taking you out to a fancy dinner with our top shareholders.

Iris continues to stare at him. This makes no sense. She thinks he's being sarcastic, or -

TEMPLE JR (CONT)

Reservation's at seven. Hurry up.

IRIS

This - I don't understand -

TEMPLE JR

You're about to become the most popular person at Valkyrie, Miss Flynn. So do your makeup.

(he smiles)

It's a whole new world.

FADE TO BLACK.

END CREDITS.

NEXT WEEK ON TIMELESS...

TIMELESS 4X06: "CALLED STRIKE THREE"

Iris and Temple Jr. step through a door into an extremely swanky, ultra-modern mansion. Iris raises an eyebrow.

IRIS

Someone's rich uncle die, or - ?

TEMPLE JR

Oh no. This is brand-new, and it's all yours. Time to get you out of that cramped apartment, don't you think? All that great work you've done, it should be recognized.

IRIS

You just go handing out McMansions to all your employees?

TEMPLE JR

No, of course not. You're special.

CUT TO:

FLYNN

Maybe stop fanboying and tell us what you think's going on?

WYATT

Fine. It looks like the Yankees are here to play against the -

He leans over and snags a scorecard.

WYATT (CONT)

The Chattanooga Lookouts. Minor league team for somebody, Double-A. I have no idea how they got the Damn Yankees to come here in April for an exhibition game, but -

At that moment, there's all kinds of excited shouting from the kids hanging over the dugouts as the Yankees jog onto the field. They start waving their caps and hands frantically.

KIDS

Hey, Mister! Mister Ruth! Mister Ruth! Mister Gehrig, Mister Gehrig!

CUT TO:

BABE RUTH

So are you the mascot, little lady?

JACKIE MITCHELL

I signed with the Lookouts last week,  
I'm a pitcher. Mr. Dazzy Vance was my  
next-door neighbor growing up, he  
taught me how to throw.

CUT TO:

CONNOR

I'd like to know what you think  
you're implying, Mr. King.

KING

I'd also like to know what you are,  
Mr. Mason.

CUT TO:

TEMPLE JR

Who are those people?

IRIS

No one.

TEMPLE JR

No one, but you're hiding from them?  
What's this about, exactly?

As he stares at the team, Iris sees the realization forming on  
his face. She moves to grab his arm, but too late.

CUT TO:

LUCY

Garcia?

He doesn't answer or react. She reaches out to cup his cheek.

LUCY

Garcia, please, say something.

He doesn't. He just keeps staring. Lucy is about to try again,  
when she is distracted by Jiya's cry.

JIYA

Rufus? Rufus!

CUT TO:

Denise stares at it. Keeps staring at it. Finally sits down in  
the middle of the kitchen floor, drops her keys and her bag  
and anything else. Leans against the fridge, kicks off her  
high heels, and silently, completely crumples.

FADE TO BLACK...