

T I M E L E S S

"THE GREAT UPHEAVAL"

Episode 4x07

Written by

qqueenofhades

Airdate: April 12, 2020

All existing TIMELESS characters, story elements, and situations are copyright © NBC Network, Sony Pictures Television, and Eric Kripke and Shawn Ryan. No copyright infringement is implicit or intended.

Unofficial Fan Project.

Not for commercial use or distribution.

FADE IN.

IRIS (V/O)
Previously on TIMELESS...

4x01: Wyatt and the private investigator trying to track down Jessica and the newborn Sarah. 4x02: Iris and Gabriel's discussion, and Flynn shooting a man in the alley to protect Iris. 4x04: Ed King's visit to older Jessica in future San Francisco. 4x05: Iris and Sarah discussing what might have happened to the team and why they're not around in the present, Sarah saying that she'll look into it, Iris saving the team from being shot by pirates. 4x06: King's visit to MCI headquarters, the confrontation over Valkyrie and the Time Team, the revelation that Valkyrie is actually just Mason-Carlin Industries a few years down the line, Connor's death, the revelation of Iris's true identity and Temple Jr. to Flynn, Lucy, Jiya, and Wyatt, Flynn and Lucy's conversation where he asks to be alone, and Denise's return home to discover that Michelle and the kids have left...

OPEN ON:

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

It's a sunny, windy day, a hillside cemetery overlooking downtown San Francisco. Lots of people in black. PAN TO the front, where we see the team - Flynn, Lucy, Wyatt, Rufus, Jiya, and Denise - also in black, following the hearse. TV cameras have been forced into a fenced-off area, but there's still a murmur of clicking and snapping. Smartphone screens show FUNERAL OF CONNOR MASON UNDERWAY. Rufus looks at them in barely muffled fury, but Jiya takes his hand, holds tightly.

CONTINUE TO:

EXT. GRAVESIDE - DAY

The coffin is unloaded and lowered into the grave. The team takes turns throwing shovelfuls of dirt on. Rufus goes last, stares down for a long moment, then finally does so, as it lands on the camera, which goes dark.

CUT TO:

INT. WAKE - DAY

Subdued talk, people milling around. Smiling portraits of Connor adorn the walls, a video screen plays a highlight reel of his accomplishments. Rufus stands there, staring at it. Someone comes up to shake his hand.

FUNERAL GUEST

Mr. Carlin, so sorry for your loss.

RUFUS

Thank you.

The crowd parts and his mother, RHONDA CARLIN, steps out. She takes one look at his face, comes to hug him hard.

RHONDA

Honey, you okay?

RUFUS

(numbly)

Not really.

RHONDA

(choked up)

That man did so much for you, so much. I'll never forget any of it. And from what you said, he died a hero, saving you. I'm grateful.

Rufus tries to answer, can't, looks away. It's not clear how much he's told his mother about what they've done, that he himself (briefly) died and Connor helped save him then, or that they're now back in the time-traveling business.

Someone else steps up to shake Rufus's hand.

FUNERAL GUEST #2

Mr. Carlin, so sorry for your loss.

RUFUS

Thank you.

RHONDA

Everyone wants to talk to you, huh?

RUFUS

Connor was an only child. His parents died a while ago. No wife or girlfriend, no kids. So the person that everyone is looking for at his funeral to express their deepest condolences is his business partner.

RHONDA

You know you were more to him than that, honey. You were.

RUFUS

Yeah. I guess so.

He glances again at the clicking TV cameras and press coverage, and has to fight an overwhelming urge to run at them screaming. Instead, he turns away.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - EVENING

A ritzy hotel room with tall glass windows, in the upper floors of a high-rise. Still in his funeral suit, collar undone, Flynn is staring out over San Francisco. He's been living here since he returned from his travels: two suitcases on the rack, clothes folded on chairs, food on the counter. He keeps staring at nothing, until a knock startles him.

Flynn turns away, crosses the floor, and opens the door a crack. To his vast surprise, he sees Wyatt on the other side, also in his funeral suit, holding up a six-pack of beer.

WYATT

Hey.

(beat)

You know, if you'd like to have someone in the room to ignore while you get drunk.

FLYNN

How did you find me?

WYATT

I checked your employee file at Mason-Carlin Industries and -

A pause, an awkward moment. He shakes his head.

WYATT (CONT'D)

I guess, uh, it's gonna be Carlin Industries from now on?

Flynn grunts. Doesn't answer. For a moment, it seems like he'll order Wyatt to leave. But he finally steps back, allowing him to enter. Wyatt knows his business, doesn't try to talk or ask Flynn how he is. He tosses him a beer, Flynn cracks it open, and sits down on his bed. Wyatt takes the chair, as they start to drink in silence.

CUT TO:

INT. LUCY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Lucy is curled up on her couch in a blanket. A frivolous TV show is on mute in the background.

A knock on the front door. She lifts her head, a faint look of hope crossing her face. She pushes the blanket off, gets to her feet, pads into the front hall.

She opens the door and sees Denise, looking barely like herself. No makeup, wrapped in a long coat, hugging herself, head ducked.

LUCY
(baffled)
Denise? Are you - ?

DENISE
I'm sorry for bothering you at home
so late. I just - can I come in?

LUCY
Of course.

She steps back to allow Denise inside. They walk down the hall and into the living room. Lucy picks up the remote and zaps the TV off, then looks at Denise, who has perched on the edge of the easy chair as if not sure if she's intruding.

LUCY (CONT'D)
Can I get you some tea, or - ?

DENISE
No thank you.
(long pause)
Michelle left me. She took the
kids.

LUCY
She - oh no. I didn't - Denise, I
didn't know.

DENISE
I didn't say anything. I didn't
want to be a - with the funeral,
with - it's my fault. I ordered
Connor to meet with them, I didn't
act like it was dangerous, like it
was anything to -

She stops again. We've rarely seen Denise so distraught. She isn't breaking down or sobbing, she can just barely speak.

DENISE (CONT'D)
Michelle texted me, she's at her
parents' house in Los Angeles.
(MORE)

DENISE (CONT'D)

She agreed to send the kids back by this weekend so they can finish the school year here, but her sister in Oakland is going to look after them. She didn't think I'd be home.

LUCY

I'm so... I'm so sorry.

DENISE

Thank you.

They sit there in the communal misery that everyone is sharing tonight, as Lucy gets up, goes into the kitchen, makes two cups of tea. Opens a package of cookies and carries them back out. Denise absently takes one.

DENISE (CONT'D)

We - we'd been fighting for a while, since this started up again. I knew she was angry, I just thought - stupidly - that she'd wait and I could deal with it once we were done. Make it up to her.

LUCY

It's ironic how we always think we'll have more time.

DENISE

More time. Indeed.

They sip their tea for a few moments, then -

DENISE (CONT'D)

This is a terrible moment, with what just happened, but I'm going to have to take leave from work and go to LA.

LUCY

What? No, no, of course.

DENISE

I feel horrible about it, and it's the first time I've put anything above the job in - I don't even remember how many years. Especially this job. I just don't want you to feel like I'm abandoning you.

LUCY

Your family comes first. I'm sure everyone will understand.

DENISE

That's very gracious of you, Lucy.
But if something else happens with
Valkyrie or Victoria, if I lost
another one of you, I couldn't -

LUCY

Her name isn't Victoria. We - the
last jump. There was -

DENISE

What? You said something about
thinking her companion was one of
Temple's sons, and that's alarming
enough, but if this is some -

LUCY

Iris. That's what this Mr. Temple
called her. Iris, as in Iris Flynn.
As in our Flynn's daughter. We
don't know for sure. But he -

Her voice catches, and she looks away, then goes on.

LUCY (CONT'D)

He thinks so. And it would... it
would explain a lot. If she was.

DENISE

(shocked)

Flynn's daughter? That can't be -
Flynn's daughter is -

LUCY

Dead. Yeah. But we thought Jessica
was dead too. Until she wasn't.

DENISE

So - somehow this is his grown-up
daughter from the future who's also
alive again, we don't know how, and
she's a danger to - we just learned
that Jane was Wyatt's and now this,
is it some -

LUCY

I don't know.

DENISE

And his wife - what was her name,
Lorena? Is she back too - ?

Denise can tell she's struck a sore spot.

LUCY

I don't know. It would also be twenty years from now, but - I don't think so.

DENISE

Don't think so, or hope not?

Lucy flushes. It's the latter, but she feels like a horrible person to admit it.

DENISE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. That's not my business. I'm sure that no matter what, it's come as quite a shock.

LUCY

Yes. Yes, it has.

DENISE

Garcia once told me that he'd do anything, anything, for five more minutes with his daughter. If this somehow is her - I hope they're able to sort it out.

LUCY

Me too.

And yet, she can't help but fear that if Flynn and Iris do make up, which of course she wants for him more than anything, there might be no room left for her.

Silence, again. Then Denise finishes her tea, gets up.

DENISE

I can go, if you want.

LUCY

No, it's fine. There's plenty of room in the house, and I think both of us would rather not be alone tonight.

DENISE

Thank you. I'll go home tomorrow to pack a bag, then head down to LA to talk to Michelle and pick up the kids. I hope it's only a few days.

LUCY

Take all the time you need.

Denise smiles at her, the best she can, and heads upstairs. Lucy lies back on the couch, and pulls the blankets over her. She leans against the pillows, closes her weary eyes.

TIMELESS MAIN TITLE - 07191877

RETURN TO:

INT. VALKYRIE BOARDROOM - DAY

In a gleaming white room, Iris faces an impressive array of Valkyrie board members. Mike Temple Jr. sits in the middle, officiously shuffling papers. Takes a moment, then looks up.

TEMPLE JR

So, ladies and gentlemen, our best-kept secret, our own in-house superweapon. Love what I've seen, love it. And I have no hesitation about recommending that we kick into the next phase of operations.

(to Iris, a little pointedly)

Miss Marchant, anything you want to say to the board?

It's clear that he's keeping such a prized piece of information as her real identity close to the vest.

IRIS

I appreciate the company's trust in me, certainly.

A female board member raises her hand, Temple nods.

BOARD MEMBER

I'm absolutely in agreement that this is fertile ground for expansion, but we could work our existing market first, couldn't we? If one Mothership is good, what about ten Motherships? Just think how many orders we could pick up, how many AIEs we could run. We have the blueprints, the tech, we could build more. If the waiting list is creeping up on two years, surely -

TEMPLE JR

Absolutely, absolutely. But here's the thing.

(MORE)

TEMPLE JR (CONT'D)

For now, we prefer to keep availability for such an in-demand service at a suitably elite level. Waiting is part of the experience. Makes it feel like something not everyone can have. I do want to get some backup Motherships into production for when the old girl finally goes kaput, but no reason to rush them. You create scarcity, you create competition for resources, you create bidding wars, it drives up our prices. And that, ladies and gentlemen, means more for you and me, and boy, the hippies get mad.

The roomful of besuited professionals chuckles appreciatively.

BOARD MEMBER #2

We could leak news of this to the tech feeds from a backdoor source? Then make a statement, say that we're investing unparalleled new resources into improving our customer experience, and jack up Ultra subscriptions by a buck or two a month? Everyone would pay it.

TEMPLE JR

Hmm. Good thinking, Huggins, I like it. But if we kick manufacturing into overdrive, along with the billions of orders we fulfill every day, we'll have to give things a little nudge.

He looks at Iris again, and something passes between them. Iris narrows her eyes, straightens her spine.

TEMPLE JR (CONT'D)

That means an unusual assignment for you, Miss Marchant, but we have every confidence that you'll rise to the occasion. Plus, the long-term benefits will be immeasurable.

IRIS

And this is?

TEMPLE JR

You ever heard of the "Great Upheaval" in 1877?

IRIS

No.

TEMPLE JR

Otherwise known as the Great Railroad Strike of '77. 45 days of militant workers rioting against their bosses, causing damage and disruption across America - in West Virginia, New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Illinois, Missouri, you name it. Finally, some brave militias and federal troops put 'em down. But as a result, trade unions began to formally organize, and swiftly gained influence and power. I'm sure I don't need to point out that, well, it'd be helpful if they didn't do that.

Iris stares at him. Trying to think of something to say.

IRIS

Isn't it very much against the law to change things like this?

TEMPLE JR

What's anyone going to do? We're Valkyrie. We're untouchable. You know the friends I've got. They'll have a special sitting of Congress to change that law if we need it.

IRIS

So you want me to do - what? I'll need explicit instructions.

Temple Jr. gets to his feet, looks down at her. Both of them are well aware that he's pushing her, testing her loyalty after the confrontation with the team at the end of 4x06.

TEMPLE JR

I want you to shut it down. Discredit the workers, spread information that they're part of a plot against America, assassinate the ringleaders, support militias and the feds, whatever you need. It won't put off the formation of unions forever, but even a good twenty years would help, and without the historical influence of organized labor, Valkyrie can reach new heights of success.

(MORE)

TEMPLE JR (CONT'D)

We know you can do it, Victoria.
You've not even begun to explore
your full talents, and we'd like to
help you. Get it done. Any
questions?

IRIS

(very long pause)

No.

[COMMERCIALS]

RETURN TO:

INT. MASON-CARLIN INDUSTRIES - NIGHT

Another meeting, this one much smaller and much more somber.
Rufus, Jiya, Flynn, Wyatt, and Lucy are sitting around a
table in a semi-lit conference room.

RUFUS

So yeah. I have no idea how I can
continue with this and also take on
Connor's - take on all of Connor's
responsibilities. He did an insane
amount on his own, he didn't even
have a PA. And it's not like I'm
eager to let his company fail as my
last legacy for him. I know we all
voted to carry on at Lucy's place
the other night, but we've been...

He trails off, doesn't need to finish that thought. They've
been knocked for six, scattered, stunned. Nobody seems
immediately able to answer or gather their thoughts.

WYATT

So we'll just stop chasing Vic -

An awkward moment, as he glances at Flynn.

WYATT (CONT'D)

Just going to stop chasing... her
and Valkyrie? They killed Connor,
I'm pretty sure he wouldn't want us
to do that either.

RUFUS

(barely holding it in)

Trust me, I want revenge on them in
the worst way.

Jiya takes his hand, and Rufus squeezes it hard.

LUCY

I told Denise to take off for as long as she needed, so we're already short-staffed. Maybe if we can just - if we establish what was said about Victoria is true or not.

RUFUS

What was said about Victoria?

Oh crap. He wasn't at Engel Stadium, he didn't hear the Iris bombshell, and there hasn't been a good time to tell him. There's a very unpleasant pause.

WYATT

We think there's a chance that she is - well, what's-his-face could be lying. But anyway. There's a possibility that she's Flynn's kid.

RUFUS

(startled)

What? The dead one?

Flynn can barely hear this. Lucy catches his hand as he starts to get up. It takes all his effort to sit down again.

WYATT

Yeah. That one. It's complicated.

RUFUS

So what, after your loved ones came back to life and screwed us over, now Flynn's?

WYATT

Jessica killed Temple and Sarah saved your life. That's not exactly "screwing us over," is it?

There's a moment as if he and Rufus might start shouting at each other, but they both force themselves back to the matter at hand. The air is fraught, fragile, emotional.

RUFUS

Yeah. All right. Fine. Even if so, what are we supposed to do about it? Go offering the welcome wagon? We all agreed it didn't look like she was going to quit these Valkyrie people, and since that's the case -

FLYNN

This is my daughter.

RUFUS

Could be your daughter. And since
it was her boss who killed Connor -

Flynn starts half out of his seat again, as does Rufus.

FLYNN

Oh, now that you've finally lost
someone, you're coming around on
the idea of revenge and doing
anything to anyone in the -

RUFUS

Excuse me? Finally lost someone?
Like my life has been rainbows and
daisies since this absolute - which
you did plenty to send to hell -

JIYA

(close to tears)

Guys, guys, please. Don't fight.

Flynn and Rufus look at her, shamefaced. The moment hangs
from a thread. Then from down the hall, at possibly the worst
time ever, the jump alarm.

Everyone looks around with expressions of dread, disgust,
exasperation, fear. It's too ingrained in them, they can't
sit here and ignore it. Slowly, they get to their feet and
head out one more time.

CUT TO:

EXT. PITTSBURGH STREETS - DAWN

It's a steamy summer morning in the tenements, railyards, and
iron mills of late-nineteenth-century Pennsylvania. A trickle
of workers are trudging to factories and foundries, carrying
lunch pails and shovels, but others are standing on street
corners and muttering angrily. It's a tense environment as
Flynn, Wyatt, Rufus, and Lucy glance around. The boys are in
suspenders, caps, and trousers, Lucy in long skirts.

RUFUS

July 19, 1877, in Pittsburgh, and
everyone looks about as pleased to
be here as we are.

FLYNN

Wasn't there some kind of major economic crash in the early 1870s?

LUCY

Yes. The Long Depression. It starts with the Panic of 1873, a ton of banks going bust, and even temporary closure of the stock market. The Great Depression in the 1930s is only two-thirds the length of the Long Depression. This is 65 straight months of economic recession. Unemployment and inflation skyrocket, wages are slashed, most laborers are out of work, thousands of businesses fail. It's... grim.

RUFUS

Wow, so we never learn anything?

FLYNN

When it comes to capitalism? No.

Wyatt glances at him, as if this might be the usual time to make a crack about the guy raised in communist Eastern Europe, but he doesn't have the heart for it. Instead, he glances at the knot of angry workmen on the street corner.

WYATT

Yeah, those guys don't seem too thrilled either.

He and Flynn look at each other, then head over to the men.

WYATT (CONT'D)

Morning, fellas, what's the news?

The group of men regard these newcomers warily, and one of them stuffs a newspaper out of sight.

WORKMAN #1

You get on.

FLYNN

We've just come to Pittsburgh looking for work. Any to be had?

WORKMAN #2

(eyes Flynn, spits)
You a gypsy?

(MORE)

WORKMAN #2 (CONT'D)

Won't stop pouring into Ellis
Island and taking American jobs, so
the bosses squeeze us even harder.

FLYNN

You boys in the railroad business?

WORKMAN #2

What's it to you, gypsy?

WYATT

Easy.

Surprisingly, Flynn refuses to take the bait. Instead, he
leans against the wall with an air of assumed casualness.

FLYNN

You ever heard of the Knights of
Labor, gentlemen?

The group of men exchange confused glances.

WORKMAN #3

Isn't that some Catholic plot?
Besides, bosses said anyone joining
something like that would be fired
on the spot. Some of us got
families to feed.

FLYNN

The Knights of Labor represent
American workers in all vocations.
Catholic or not, you're welcome to
join us.

The men look even more wary. They edge back.

WORKMAN #3

Don't get me wrong, I don't like
what the bosses are doing. But that
breed of organization, it's
outright revolutionary socialism,
and I don't stand for that either.

FLYNN

Suit yourself.

WORKMAN #1

We'll be getting on now.

With that, they hurry off down the street, shooting
suspicious looks at Flynn and Wyatt. Flynn retrieves their
newspaper. It has a front-page story about major unrest on
July 14, 1877, in Martinsburg, West Virginia.

Striking workers won't allow any coal trains to leave the depot, in response to the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad cutting wages for the third time in a year.

FLYNN

Crap.

WYATT

What?

FLYNN

I think I know what Valkyrie might want here. At least, I would if they were Rittenhouse.

They return to the waiting Lucy and Rufus.

RUFUS

Well? You figure anything out?

Flynn hands the newspaper to Lucy, who takes it with a frown.

FLYNN

Not a lot of opportunities to steal cool souvenirs from that, don't you think? Hard to think of anything they'd want here except for one.

RUFUS

And that is what, exactly?

LUCY

The Great Upheaval. Valkyrie just arrived at the site of the biggest workers' uprising in 19th-century America, the effective birth of full-scale trade unions and labor organizing. This is the epicenter. Pittsburgh sees some of the worst violence and fighting, and...

The team exchanges uneasy looks.

WYATT

When does that start?

LUCY

Later today. Over the next three days, militiamen kill over 40 strikers and injure hundreds more, and half the city is set on fire.

(beat)

We should probably get off the streets.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Iris, in dress, hat, and gloves, is sitting in an armchair with two thug types standing behind her. Across from her, behind a desk, is THOMAS A. SCOTT (54), industrialist, politician, and president of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

THOMAS A. SCOTT

It is good of you to visit, Miss -
Marchant, was it?

IRIS

Yes. The name's French. My father
has substantial land interests and
investments in Louisiana.

This captures Scott's attention. He eyes her shrewdly.

THOMAS A. SCOTT

That so?

IRIS

Indeed. You played a pivotal role
in settling the bitterly disputed
presidential election of '76,
helping convince the Southern
Democrats to accept Hayes' victory.
In exchange, you promised to effect
the end of Reconstruction and the
withdrawal of federal troops.

THOMAS A. SCOTT

I'm no Confederate sympathizer. I
was Lincoln's Secretary of War,
worked intensely on the Union
logistics. But more than that, Miss
Marchant, I'm a businessman, and a
fellow isn't going to convince
those Dixiecrats to fund my
proposed Texas and Pacific Railway
without a bird in the hand.

IRIS

Indeed. And right now, the
Pennsylvania Railroad is the
largest publicly traded corporation
in the world. Believe me, I know
something about that.

THOMAS A. SCOTT

A pretty debutante from Louisiana?
What's your father do, again?

IRIS

We'll get to that. In the meantime,
those strikes in West Virginia, the
railroad disruptions, they're about
to break out in Pittsburgh, and
it'll be bad. You need to deploy
men now, before it's happened, and
get ahead of the situation.

THOMAS A. SCOTT

Say what?

IRIS

The strikes. In West Virginia.
They're going to hit your own
Pennsylvania Railroad, today.

THOMAS A. SCOTT

And how'd you know that?

IRIS

I told you, my father has
connections.

THOMAS A. SCOTT

The possibility did cross my mind.
I've heard that some of the men
called in to control the situation
in West Virginia, they won't fire
on the law-breaking malcontents.
You ask me, every striker should be
given a rifle diet for a few days
and see how they like that kind of
bread.

Iris manages to keep smiling, but it's hard. She is increasingly realizing that Valkyrie no longer has any scruples about what they will ask of her, and she's turning into something she doesn't want to be. But she doesn't know how to stop or get out or even if she should.

IRIS

Yes. Anyway. You send a telegram to
Washington and your new friend
President Hayes, ask for federal
troops to be sent in right now.
It'll help you, and then I'll help
you even more when I return to New
Orleans and convince my father to

(MORE)

IRIS (CONT'D)
back your plans for a Southern
railway system. Your dream.

THOMAS A. SCOTT
Well, Miss Marchant, that is mighty
interesting. Are you in Pittsburgh
long? My wife and I would love to
take you to supper and the theater,
introduce you to our Yankee
society.

IRIS
We'll have to see. I'm due in
Baltimore next. Thank you very
much, Mr. Scott.

They shake hands. Then Iris heads out, as the Valkyrie
bodyguards/bruisers follow her.

CONTINUE TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Iris and the two thugs descend the stairway.

VALKYRIE THUG #1
Damn, I can see what they mean.
That was pretty impressive, the way
you worked him over like that.

IRIS
Thomas A. Scott is fondly
remembered as one of the first
robber barons of the Gilded Age.
All you need to do is appeal to his
greed. Just like Rockefeller and
Carnegie and the rest. John D.
Rockefeller was the richest person
in modern history. His fortune was
equivalent to over \$400 billion. He
founded Standard Oil, the first and
biggest of all American oil
companies. He was also a devotee of
capitalism via social Darwinism and
thought the success of a big
business was about survival of the
fittest. Now the ice skating rink
is just a fun place to go at
Christmas and see the tree.

VALKYRIE THUG #1

\$400 billion? Good for him. But that's not counting as much as he could have had if he didn't give a lot of it away, right?

IRIS

Did you know that his son, John D. Rockefeller Jr., orchestrated the Ludlow Massacre in Colorado in April 1914? He brought in the Colorado National Guard and his private militia to fire machine guns on 1,200 striking coal miners and their families. It's possibly the second most crucial turning point in American labor history.

VALKYRIE THUG #2

Good thinking. So we gotta hit up that one next, right?

They reach the street and step out into the hazy, sticky day. The air is tense, there's a feeling of a coming storm.

IRIS

You keep an eye out. I'll meet you at the Mothership in two hours, and we'll head for Baltimore. Don't provoke anything. We're here to keep it under wraps, remember?

VALKYRIE THUG #1

Got it, ma'am.

VALKYRIE THUG #2

(somewhat reluctantly)
Got it.

Iris gives them one more look, then hurries off.

[COMMERCIALS]

RETURN TO:

INT. HOTEL TEAROOM - DAY

Flynn, Lucy, Wyatt, and Rufus, their working-class clothes out of place in the fancy tearoom, are huddled at a table and looking at the newspaper. They are subject to intense side-eye from the wealthier patrons, but aren't paying attention.

RUFUS

So what exactly are we supposed to do? Go ask some super-rich Scrooge McDuck to please not treat his workers like total scum, or - ?

LUCY

John D. Rockefeller's Standard Oil Company has been clashing with Thomas A. Scott, the president of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Rockefeller wants to develop a pipeline system to move oil across the country, rather than pay Penn to transport it on the railroads. Standard started a price war and held back payments, which has fueled the labor unrest. But I hardly think we could just -

WYATT

Standard Oil? Better known as the granddaddy of every single oil company operating today, including Exxon, Chevron, whatever?
(at everyone's looks)
C'mon. I'm from Texas.

LUCY

Yes. Rockefeller's absolute monopoly and ruthless business practices are exposed in 1904 by a brave woman named Ida Tarbell. She's an investigative journalist, perhaps the first ever. She writes a bombshell exposé, The History of the Standard Oil Company, and the resulting landmark antitrust lawsuit forces it to be broken up in 1911. There are so many things Valkyrie could want here, but I can't see the connection.

FLYNN

I can. Money.

Everyone looks at him.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

That's what this is about. This is a giant nerve center for the future shape of global capitalism.

(MORE)

FLYNN (CONT'D)

Worker strikes, mega-fortunes, labor laws, the question of whether there will ever be any restrictions or moral fetters on a corporation making as much money as they can, at any cost. Valkyrie wants to keep on rigging those rules as much as they can, in their own favor.

RUFUS

So what do we do about that?

Flynn starts to answer, when he is tapped smartly on the shoulder by an uppity-looking bellhop.

BELLHOP

Excuse me. You and your... companions need to exit the premises. This is a respectable establishment, you're disturbing the other patrons.

Flynn stares at this peon with a distinct agent-of-chaos look in his eye. Then he leaps up on the table, making it rock, staining the white tablecloth, and breaking the cups.

FLYNN

(at the top of his lungs)

EVERYONE JOIN THE KNIGHTS OF LABOR!

Lucy throws a "what are you doing?!" look at him. Flynn, ignoring this, reaches down and grabs her with one hand and Rufus with the other, pulling them to stand on their chairs next to him. Flynn raises their clasped hands.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

Agitation and organization for the rights of the working man - and the working woman, and the working Negro! All for one, one for all!

The genteel tearoom is in an uproar. Wyatt looks around, shrugs, and jumps up on his chair too.

WYATT

EVERYONE JOIN THE KNIGHTS OF LABOR!

(hissing to Flynn)

You mentioned them earlier, but who the hell are these -

Flynn doesn't have time to explain. The tearoom door busts open and a pair of uniformed constables run in, blowing their whistles ferociously, followed by several soldiers.

Flynn grins sarcastically, steps down from the table, and permits them to handcuff him without a struggle.

LUCY

What are you do -

FLYNN

Trust me.

Lucy stares after him as the soldiers march him out. Broken china crunches under Lucy's boots as she turns to find herself being glared at sternly by the constable.

CONSTABLE

Is your husband an agitator, madam?

LUCY

He's - well, I don't -

CONSTABLE

If any of you have any association with the Knights of Labor, a known group of Catholic radicals that foment unrest among the American workingman, this would be the -

Lucy considers this. Then she winds up, punches the constable as hard as she possibly can - he staggers backward, shocked more than seriously hurt - and jumps back up on the table.

LUCY

JOIN THE KNIGHTS OF LABOR! RESIST
EXPLOITATION OF THE MASSES! JUSTICE
AND FREEDOM AND FAIR WAGES FOR ALL!

Wyatt and Rufus jump up next to her. They grab hands and raise them. Some of the less well-off patrons are cheering, as are the waiters and staff. Men in the back climb on their own table. More glasses break, chandeliers swing, pushing and jostling. The constables are looking panicked.

RUFUS

(under his breath)
So, we're getting arrested.

CUT TO:

INT. JAIL CELL - AFTERNOON

Lucy, Wyatt, and Rufus have, lo and behold, been arrested. They all have black eyes and split lips, Lucy's hair hanging in her eyes, as they wince and grimace.

RUFUS

(wiping his mouth)

And step two of this plan is what, exactly? Start a jailhouse riot?

LUCY

I'm guessing that was exactly what Flynn was thinking.

WYATT

To do what? Make sure the unrest starts anyway? This isn't exactly our usual play.

LUCY

Nothing's our usual play anymore.

Wyatt can't deny that. He grimaces again, looks at her.

WYATT

You okay? I've never seen you go at someone like that before. Guy didn't know what hit him.

LUCY

I'll be fine. I'm lucky I didn't break my hand.

WYATT

We'll have to teach you how to throw a proper punch if you keep that up.

A pause, as the team tries to collect themselves. Then -

LUCY

Has anyone thought that there might be another way to stop Valkyrie?

Wyatt and Rufus look at her, startled.

RUFUS

It's safe to say we're all ears.

LUCY

Didn't you say that - that when Ed King turned up, he said Valkyrie is just Mason-Carlin Industries twenty years in the future? They're us. They're the inevitable result of what we've already started.

(MORE)

LUCY (CONT'D)

And I was just talking about the antitrust lawsuit against Rockefeller and the breakup of Standard Oil.

WYATT

Wait - what? You're suggesting we break up MCI?

LUCY

It's a thought. You can't deny the damage we've done, that Connor did. He was a billionaire too, and he -

RUFUS

Don't - not when we just -

LUCY

I'm sorry. But you know I'm right. Connor knew I was right. Billionaires don't get brownie points for trying to mop up messes that they caused, especially when their so-called philanthropic giving is just tax write-offs with good optics. Rufus, you and Jiya already have plenty of money. If you dismantle MCI, if you take it apart, how can Valkyrie build on its framework the same way?

RUFUS

There are other mega-corporations. We don't know that they wouldn't just go be best buddies with Jeff Bezos, or -

LUCY

No, we don't. But this is one of the rare cases when we know exactly what we might be able to try. I know you don't want to let Connor's company fail. This isn't letting it fail. This is what he was trying to do, what he died trying to do, in -

RUFUS

Don't.

Lucy, sensing that she's pushing at an obviously raw wound, falls silent. Rufus knows that she has a point, but it's all so overwhelming right now.

WYATT

If we do that, do we erase
everything else that has happened
in Valkyrie's future? Do we erase
Iris?

Lucy flinches. She doesn't know, but she does know that
they'll never get Flynn to agree to it if the answer is yes.
Nor, for that matter, can she.

WYATT (CONT'D)

Yeah, sure, we don't know if it's
actually her. But I'm not sure we
expect Flynn to accept that and...
I don't know, not lose his mind.

Lucy and Rufus look at him, sensing that this is about more
than just Flynn's daughter. Lucy starts to answer, then is
cut off by the sound of approaching footsteps. If it's the
constables back for another beating, or worse -

Wyatt, Lucy, and Rufus jump up and peer through the bars. To
their considerable surprise, they see the group of workers
that Flynn and Wyatt approached earlier. The men are carrying
ropes, grappling hooks, crowbars, and look determined.

WORKMAN #1

Stand back. We're getting you out.

LUCY

My - my husband, have you seen him?
The tall dark one, with the accent.

WORKMAN #2

Who, the gypsy?

WYATT

You need to stop calling him that.

WORKMAN #3

That one was a touch mad, I'll say,
but I'm not sure he was wrong.
Working men need to stand together,
no matter what color or creed, or
all of us will be crushed. The
bosses play us one against the
other, and it's not a Chinaman's
fault when they hire him to pay all
of us less.

RUFUS

That is a surprisingly cogent
philosophy of solidarity, my dude.
Now can you - ?

WORKMAN #1

Hold on.

The men attach ropes and hooks to the bars, put their backs into it, and haul on the cell door, producing a horrible screech of straining iron. Wyatt looks around nervously.

WYATT

Isn't someone going to -

WORKMAN #3

We paid off the warden.

WYATT

And that worked?

WORKMAN #3

No, then he just wanted more, so we knocked him out and left him in his office.

Wyatt snorts. One of the workmen passes him a crowbar through the bars, and he leverages it on the lock from the inside. Finally, the door springs free, and the team piles out.

WYATT

(panting)

Thanks, guys. I take it we're not gonna just go for a beer and -

LUCY

Shh. Listen.

They hear shouting, pops, booms, crackles, marching, banging coming from the street outside the jail. Do you hear the people sing, singing the song of angry men.

WYATT

So it's about to get real hot out there. Success?

LUCY

We need to find Flynn. Is he - ?

WORKMAN #1

Not here, we would have seen him.

The team exchanges looks. That means they have to go out into what, partly thanks to their own efforts, is a swiftly building riot. And Flynn did say to trust him, but Lucy is categorically unwilling to leave him behind.

LUCY

I guess we'll just have to keep
searching the city, then.

She jerks her head at the men, picks up her skirts, and darts
down the corridor. They all sigh and run after her.

[COMMERCIALS]

RETURN TO:

EXT. PITTSBURGH ALLEY - AFTERNOON

Iris is standing in front of the Mothership, concealed in the
rough back alleys of the tenements. She touches her wrist
chip. A small hologram of Mike Temple Jr. pops up, playing a
recorded message of her orders.

TEMPLE JR

... then when that's done, make
your way to Baltimore and initiate
contact with Baltimore & Ohio
president John Work Garrett. Ensure
the Sixth Regiment has sufficient
firepower to overpower the crowds
on Baltimore Street. Then -

Iris stops it, rewinds it, plays it again. Then she hears
footsteps and flicks it off, turns to see the Valkyrie thugs.

VALKYRIE THUG #1

Hey, there you are. Just so you
know, there's a little more action
on the streets than we like. We can
squash it, but if we've got to get
to Baltimore -

IRIS

No. No, we... got new orders.

VALKYRIE THUG #2

We did?

IRIS

Yeah, just came in. We've got to
stay here anyway. One second.

With that, she hurries up into the Mothership, and returns
with several extra guns strapped to a bandolier.

IRIS (CONT'D)

No sense taking any chances, right?

They agree, and - still confused, but ready for action - follow her into the dark, mutinous streets of Pittsburgh.

CUT TO:

EXT. PITTSBURGH STREETS - DUSK

Things are, indeed, getting hairy. Strikers and sympathizers armed with rocks, bricks, and sticks tangle violently with militia and National Guardsmen. The dull orange glow hints that other things are on fire. Wyatt, Lucy, and Rufus are swiftly realizing the futility of trying to search the city.

WYATT

So much for staying off the streets!

RUFUS

Yeah, in that plan we weren't actively poking the bear, but -

Ignoring them, Lucy climbs a lamppost in hopes of a better view, scanning the surging crowd. She can't see anything except for chaos. She doesn't know if they've done the right thing by goading this on, but she's not backing down.

She jumps off, into the mud, as more shots crack. As she looks around, she isn't sure where Wyatt and Rufus are. She's a small, unarmed woman alone, this is getting very dangerous.

She stumbles, someone grabs her, and she looks up to pant a thanks - then stops. It's one of the Valkyrie thugs, and as they look at each other, Lucy can tell in an instant.

LUCY

Let go of me.

VALKYRIE THUG #2

You really think you should be out in the middle of this? There didn't have to be a fight tonight. No need for anything to get messy. But because you had to -

LUCY

What, you and your evil corporate overlords just couldn't resist the chance?! You don't have enough already? So now you'll -

She wrenches her wrist free and stomps on his foot. This is Lucy the tiny ball of spitfire, and we've rarely seen her this angry. The Valkyrie thug loses his grip, falls back.

Lucy spots a heavy picket and snatches it up. She whirls around as a militiaman charges at her - sees she's a woman, and hesitates, which is his mistake. Lucy flat-out wastes the dude, swinging the picket as hard as she can. KTFO. She grabs his rifle, can't quite figure out how to operate the antique mechanism. She uses it as a bludgeon instead, as a National Guardsman bears down on her, decides not to repeat the error of his counterpart, and prepares to fire -

A deafening gunshot at close range, and he goes down hard, inches from Lucy. She stares at him, then looks up, frantic -

LUCY (CONT'D)
Garcia? Garcia?!

It's not. Instead she sees Iris Flynn, gun upraised, who looks as shocked at what she's just done as Lucy feels.

LUCY (CONT'D)
Victoria -
(shakes her head, screams)
Iris! IRIS!

The look on Iris's face is all the confirmation Lucy needs as to whether this is the genuine article. Then there's another shout, Iris spins around, and sees the Valkyrie thug who grabbed Lucy being attacked by five or six strikers.

VALKYRIE THUG #2
Hey! Hey, what are you - hey! What
the - give me a hand, hey - !

Iris remains exactly where she is, staring at him with a chilling expression and making no move whatsoever to assist. Then she turns back to Lucy.

IRIS
That was a one-time thing. I
suggest you get out of here.

LUCY
Iris. Listen to me. That's who you
are, that's who you really are. You
belong with us, you belong on our
side. Your father -

IRIS
If you don't want to make me regret
saving your life, I suggest you
don't talk about him.

LUCY

I don't know what you think happened, which of your memories or timelines got changed, but - come with me. Come with us. We can find out what really - what we -

IRIS

(half a whisper)

I don't think we can.

She raises her gun and matter-of-factly shoots over Lucy's shoulder. Lucy whirls around to see another National Guardsman drop like a stone. She holds out a hand.

LUCY

Iris. Come on. Please.

Iris stares at her, backs up, turns around, and runs.

CUT TO:

EXT. PITTSBURGH STREETS - NIGHT

Iris fights her way through the crowd, stumbling and slipping. A rock clips her on the cheek, snapping her head back and leaving a trail of blood. No use trying to find who threw it. Then all at once, someone grabs her too.

She stamps, instinctively trying to free herself, and looks up into the face of Valkyrie Thug #1.

VALKYRIE THUG #1

Jesus! Let's get out of here! Where the hell is Phil?

Iris doesn't answer, but something about her expression, the flicker in her eyes, catches at him. He tightens his grip.

VALKYRIE THUG #1 (CONT'D)

You know where he is? You saw him?
(as Iris still doesn't answer)

You tell me where he is right -

A sudden, horrible realization crosses his face.

VALKYRIE THUG #1 (CONT'D)

You killed him, didn't you? Or you let these rabid peasants pitchfork him to death. This was a trick. There were no new orders.

(MORE)

VALKYRIE THUG #1 (CONT'D)

We were supposed to go to
Baltimore, but instead you let this
happen? You turned on us?

IRIS

I did my job.

VALKYRIE THUG #1

Yeah, bitch, I don't think so. I
wonder what Mr. Temple will say
when I tell him that you -

All of a sudden, he's not there anymore. He has gone flying
bodily away from Iris, as a number of shifty-looking,
recently jailbroken individuals charge past with improvised
weapons and war whoops. At their head, sleeves rolled up,
face smeared with soot, looking transcendently furious -

Their eyes lock. For a split second, the sound and fury of
the riot goes dead silent.

Then the Valkyrie thug, dazed and bleeding, starts to
struggle to his feet. Flynn pulls his gun and shoots him
without missing a beat, then pivots back to Iris. He shoves
his gun away, takes a step, then another, reaches her.

He raises his hands as if to grip her arms. Tears overflow,
run down his cheeks. Iris stares up at him, flames reflecting
in her glassy eyes. Flynn hovers an inch from touching her.

FLYNN

(choked whisper)

Hey... hey. Hey. Hey.

He doesn't know what else to say. He makes a move as if to
actually take hold of her, and Iris flinches sharply back.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

(crying freely)

Hey. Sweetheart.

IRIS

(voice cracking)

How would you even know if it's
really me? I told you it wasn't,
the last time. I said -

FLYNN

I know. I knew.

Despite the turmoil raging to every side, the two of them are
alone on an island, neither able to speak. For an instant,
Iris looks as if she might break. Then -

IRIS

(screaming)

Why did you abandon me and Mom? Why
did you lie to me? Why did you
leave me to die?

Flynn stares at her, stricken to the heart. Iris gulps, starts sobbing in earnest. He takes another step, wrecked, absolutely unable to see her cry, when a row of militiamen break through across the way, see Flynn, and point.

MILITAMAN

(shouting)

There! There he is! The scabrous
ruffian from the tearoom, the
jailbreaker! Get him!

Flynn grimly rolls up his sleeves, preparing for a throwdown. Iris chokes down her tears with a furious effort. Then she makes a move to leave, and one of the soldiers grabs her arm.

SOLDIER

And you, miss, we have questions
for you too, so you'll be -

That does it. Iris hauls off and punches him as hard as she can, and the dam breaks. Father and daughter have been waiting a long time to finally, epically lose their shit. Flynn wallops guys, rips guns out of their hands, throws one on top of another like bowling pins, as Iris snatches up one of the fallen rifles. She bashes and punches and kicks as ferociously as Flynn - he looks her in half aching pride and half total terror. They end up back to back, turning in a circle, Flynn with his gun out, Iris with the balky rifle.

FLYNN

Careful with the flintlock, those
things aim like total -

IRIS

I don't need you to tell me how to
use a gun! Dad!

Flynn opens his mouth, shuts it, starts smiling like an idiot in the middle of this. He never in his life thought he would hear her say that again, even snarled, angry.

Several of the militiamen have wisely decided that they don't want anything to do with these two lunatics, and there are much easier pickings with the strikers. They turn and run -

- just as Wyatt battles through the scrum in time to see this. Iris jerks away from Flynn and points the rifle at him.

IRIS (CONT'D)
Oh, please let me do it.

Wyatt raises his hands slowly.

WYATT
Hey. You really must be Iris, huh?
I can safely say that you are just
like your dad.

IRIS
It's none of your business who I
am. Either of you, any of you.

WYATT
How do you know Sarah? Really. What
didn't you tell me in China?

Iris hesitates. Then hitches the gun up on her shoulder,
finger curling around the trigger.

FLYNN
Iris - trust me, I once would have
wanted nothing else, but I can't
actually let you kill him.

IRIS
Are you going to stop me?

FLYNN
(quietly, brokenly)
If you try? Yes.

Iris glances between them. Something like vulnerability,
fury, desperate grief passes over her face, as if of course
she couldn't trust him to take her side. She pauses, then
tosses the gun bitterly to the ground, backs up.

IRIS
Guess that's all I really needed to
know. Not that I expected anything
different, but -

She stops, wiping her face furiously on her sleeve, fighting
to control herself. Spins on her heel.

IRIS (CONT'D)
I'll see you in hell.

With that, she strides across the ruins of the square and
vanishes on the far side. Flynn stares after her, completely
silent. Wyatt steps up and grabs his arm.

WYATT

Garcia. Garcia, come on. We gotta get out of here.

Flynn still doesn't answer, staring after her.

WYATT (CONT'D)

Come on. We gotta get back to Lucy and Rufus now, okay? I'm sorry, I'm sorry about that, that it had to happen, that you had to make that choice. That wasn't what I meant.

FLYNN

(not looking around)
Yeah, I know.

After another moment, he lets Wyatt pull him off, not without one more heartbroken glance into the darkness.

[COMMERCIALS]

RETURN TO:

INT. JESSICA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ed King is sitting on the couch in older Jessica's dim, dingy San Francisco apartment, making himself right at home. She is watching him warily, unwilling to initiate the conversation.

KING

Nice of you to invite me by again.

Jessica's face flickers. It's not clear that she actually did that, but she can't quite say no.

JESSICA

You don't want to do this at Valkyrie headquarters? I expect it would be more... comfortable.

KING

No, I'd like to keep this out of HQ. You see, I'm interested in you, and the things you can tell me about Victoria Marchant, and I can't help but feel as if right now, I'm being iced out of those discussions. Demoted. Discarded. And I've worked too hard to let that happen.

(MORE)

KING (CONT'D)

So now that we're all clear, I'd like you to tell me what exactly you have to do with Victoria - or should I say, Iris Flynn - and her true purpose in our organization.

Shock crosses Jessica's face. She starts to get up, but King reaches out, grabs her wrist, pulls her back down.

KING (CONT'D)

I'd think carefully about what to say. Your daughter Sarah works for us, remember? We're everywhere. We can make anything happen. I know you're the one who rescued Iris from her original timeline. Died at the age of five, wasn't it? But here we are. Here she is.

Jessica hesitates, then sits back down with as much dignity as she can muster. She and King stare at each other for a very fraught moment. But the threat to Sarah, still hanging in the air, buckles her under.

JESSICA

Fine.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. RITTENHOUSE HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Emma returns from the HeLa jump to 1951 without Flynn, rather than with him as a prisoner as she did in the original, now-changed ending of 3x12.

JESSICA (V/O)

When Emma Whitmore returned from 1951, she had stolen data from the Lifeboat. She had the software upgrade that allowed someone to travel on their own timeline. Just before she used it to go to 2014, in an attempt to assassinate Garcia Flynn in Brazil, Michael Temple had another request for me.

CUT TO:

INT. RITTENHOUSE HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Jessica and Michael Temple Sr. walk together to the Mothership. Jessica is dressed in black, gets in.

JESSICA (V/O CONT'D)

I had been trained to pilot the Mothership. Temple had long offered Flynn his wife and daughter back if he'd turn against the team. He decided to force the issue. Break Flynn away from them for good. Even if Flynn himself died in São Paulo, Temple had confidence that Iris would prove useful in other ways.

CUT TO:

INT. DC CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A shot of Flynn and Temple from 3x04, with Temple offering that exact thing -

CUT TO:

EXT. FLYNN HOUSE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The beginning of the scene from the opening of 3x13, the attack on Flynn's family in 2014, but from the outside of the house. As the Rittenhouse strike team prepares to go in, Jessica pulls up and orders them to wait.

JESSICA (V/O CONT'D)

My orders were explicit. Only save the daughter. Leave the wife to die. The daughter would be more... impressionable, more willing to accept Rittenhouse as her benevolent savior just like me, and they had learned an important lesson about resurrecting dead wives. Not really worth the trouble.

CUT TO:

INT. FLYNN HOUSE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Among the chaos and gunshots and terror, the strike team swarming in and Flynn fighting his way out of the house, Jessica dives into Iris's bedroom and pushes Lorena's body off the terrified, but alive, YOUNG IRIS. She scoops her up and makes her escape. Flynn never knows the difference.

CUT TO:

INT. RITTENHOUSE HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Jessica arrives back at HQ with traumatized Young Iris, just as Emma is leaving to go to São Paulo in 3x13. Temple sees the terrified young girl, smiles in predatory satisfaction.

CUT TO:

Once more, the scene from 3x13 with Temple and Jessica in the hangar, but this time, Iris is there too.

PAST JESSICA

Rittenhouse made me a killer.

Just as before, she shoots Temple, who collapses and dies. Then she whirls around, grabs Iris by the hand, and runs.

CUT TO:

INT. MEXICAN HOSPITAL - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A heavily pregnant Jessica in labor with Sarah. Young Iris sits by herself in the waiting room, silent and terrified.

JESSICA (V/O)

I did what I had to do.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Jessica is on the run with baby Sarah and young Iris, tucking them into bed in a crappy motel in the middle of nowhere.

PAST JESSICA

(to young Iris)

Keep an eye on her. I'll be gone a little longer this time.

CUT TO:

EXT. SÃO PAULO - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Jessica has a small transmitter in her hand, also stolen from Rittenhouse. She follows it through the endless, bustling streets of São Paulo until she finally finds the abandoned Mothership, left there after Past Flynn killed Emma in 3x13.

Jessica looks at it, climbs in, powers it up, and jumps.

JESSICA (V/O)
I wasn't taking any risks with
letting them have it back. Or with
anyone. Look how that worked out.

INTERCUT WITH:

JESSICA, IRIS, SARAH - FLASHBACK MONTAGE

Jessica and the girls lead an unsettled, nomadic, half-refugee existence. They sometimes jump to places outside the 21st century and stay there for a while. The girls grow up as time travelers from the start. Harder and harder to keep track of when exactly they're returning to the present.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTHERSHIP - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A now-teenage Iris is sitting at the controls with Jessica, getting her first lesson in piloting.

PAST JESSICA
Just in case something happens to
me.

CUT TO:

INT. VALKYRIE HEADQUARTERS - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Grown-up Iris and Sarah arrive in hopes of a job interview. It's clear from their appearance that they really need the work. A perky Valkyrie office drone pops out of a door.

OFFICE DRONE
Miss Marchant? Miss Victoria
Marchant?

Sarah shoots a confused look at Iris, who shakes her head, throws her a just-go-with-it look, gets to her feet.

IRIS
Yes, that's me.

RETURN TO:

INT. JESSICA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Back with older Jessica and Ed, who regards her avidly.

JESSICA

I'm sure you remember the rest. Where you revealed that you knew about the Mothership because Valkyrie's predecessors built it, that turning it over was a non-negotiable part of any job offer for the girls, and that I had to keep silent and not try to... tell them anything dangerous.

KING

That wasn't technically my call. But Valkyrie had been very interested in you for a while. And all the trouble you went to, in order to help Iris manufacture the Victoria Marchant identity - you didn't want us to find out the truth about her. Why?

Jessica eyes him up and down, clearly feeling that she has given him enough information already. He smiles pleasantly.

KING (CONT'D)

You do want your daughter to come home from work, don't you?

JESSICA

Why do you think? I was instructed to save Iris exactly because she was a useful manipulation, a priceless chess piece. I wasn't going to let that happen, and after living for years on the run, never sure if Rittenhouse was still after us, what you people were -

KING

You must have gotten over your scruples, if you let them work here.

JESSICA

Do you think I had a choice?

King considers, then glances around the shabby apartment with a deliberate expression, eyebrows raised.

KING

Pretty poor way to repay you for everything you did, don't you think? Nothing worse than ungrateful kids.

He leans forward, intent, scenting weakness.

KING (CONT'D)

Does Iris know that you let her mother die? Pulled her from the ruins of her house, took her from her father, and never bothered to tell her the truth? For years? Cared for her like a mother yourself, but never enough for honesty? Is that why the two of you don't really talk anymore?

Jessica flinches, looks away. Wrestles her gaze back to his.

JESSICA

Iris is busy. That's why we don't talk much.

KING

So she doesn't know.

Jessica's unwilling, guilty silence is all the answer he needs. He sits back, looking satisfied.

KING (CONT'D)

Can't imagine she'd be too happy with you, if that came out.

JESSICA

I saved her life. I got us all away from Rittenhouse. I raised her. I treated her like a daughter - I love her like a daughter, she -

KING

Yes, it's very touching. But by the sound of things, it wasn't much of a childhood. To grow up chased, hunted, in one century or another, one step ahead of imaginary pursuit, turned into a child soldier, by the woman who kidnapped you and lied to you for decades. Doesn't sound so rosy that way, does it?

JESSICA

What do you want from me?

KING

Not much. I just want assurance of your cooperation, and answers to any more questions I come up with.

(MORE)

KING (CONT'D)

My boss, Michael Temple Jr., he does know that you killed his father, and he seems oddly all right with it, so I'm not here to deal with that. My concern is that in the years where Valkyrie is now operating, Garcia Flynn and the others are once more making themselves a significant impediment to our success. You yourself said that Iris was saved in order to turn him against them, break them up, whatever it took to stop them from causing problems for Rittenhouse. Well, it turns out we're going to need that.

JESSICA

I'm not helping you. I've spent too long trying to reclaim my life, no longer be a pawn for some evil corporation, keep the girls from -

KING

I think you are.

The threat is casual, offhand, no need to rub in the sheer, overwhelming nature of the resources he could call in against her. He stands up, offers her a hand.

KING (CONT'D)

How about we do go down to headquarters? I'm looking forward to seeing how we can work together.

They stare at each other. King smiles, twisted.

KING (CONT'D)

(a mockery of his usual perkiness)

Let's have an ultra-great day.

CUT TO:

INT. VALKYRIE HEADQUARTERS - EVENING

A whirl and a whine, and the Mothership arrives back in the hangar. A dirty, battered, and bloody Iris gets out alone, noticeably without the thugs who accompanied her. She stares up at it for a long moment, stone-faced, then turns to go.

CUT TO:

INT. VALKYRIE BOARDROOM - EVENING

Iris and Temple Jr. are the only ones present, after the meeting with everyone earlier. Clear that Temple Jr. intends that this is only for him to know.

TEMPLE JR

So you failed.

IRIS

I don't think you could say that. I told you that for one thing, this is against the law, and two, trying to change history like that just never works. Never.

TEMPLE JR

What happened to the supporting assets we sent with you?

IRIS

Rioters got them.

TEMPLE JR

Now that we're partners, trusted colleagues, I hope that I can count on your complete cooperation.

IRIS

Of course.

TEMPLE JR

And we both know that there's a lot more going on. You insist that you're all in with Valkyrie, that you have no whisper of divided loyalties, but you know what? I think you do. Your efficiency and focus have gone drastically downhill since the team started interfering, and they're not so good at their job that it's just because of them. Your heart's not in it. There have been accidents. Slipups. That unfortunate death of the Lewis boy. So I'm going to ask you: are you going to forgive them? Him? The father who callously abandoned you and left you to die, him and his toxic do-gooder gang of amateur time cops?

Iris's mouth works. She looks away, fists clenching.

IRIS

No.

TEMPLE JR

I didn't think so. In my experience, the Flynns hold one hell of a grudge. I like what you do, but my patience isn't infinite. So here's your last chance, Iris.

He gets up, scans his wrist chip, and removes a high-tech handgun from a wall safe, then slides it to her.

TEMPLE JR (CONT'D)

Next mission, you kill them. All of them. Due to the AIE that's up next, you might not even need the gun. Big deal, long-awaited. This sold out the instant it went on Ultra. So this is it. Make or break. I want to hear you say it, Iris. I want to hear you say that you understand what I'm asking you.

IRIS

(tonelessly)

You want me to kill them.

She reaches out, in a trance, and takes the gun.

TEMPLE JR

That's right. This is what you've been trained for, you know. This is the reason you were saved. All your life, you were only ever meant to be a weapon.

FOCUS on Iris's face. There's something shocked in her eyes - and worse, something that isn't.

TEMPLE JR (CONT'D)

Say, have you seen your - I guess it would be your stepmother - recently? Jessica Logan?

IRIS

Not for a while.

TEMPLE JR

Doesn't surprise me. You've done great for us, Iris. You really have. But I'm asking you to take that last step. Give into what you truly are. The Flynns are killers.

(MORE)

TEMPLE JR (CONT'D)

It's what they're best at. Once you've done this, you'll finally be at peace. You'll avenge your poor mother. And we can talk about how Jessica lied to you when you get back.

IRIS

What?!

She does in fact look outright dangerous. A Flynn pushed to the brink. Temple Jr.'s manipulation has done the trick. She's hanging by a thread, her expression wild.

TEMPLE JR

Never you mind that. Time to go get some sleep. You can stay in your old room here, if you want. You're leaving bright and early tomorrow. You'll want to dress warm.

He smiles, as Iris remains frozen in her chair, stunned, but beginning to be very, very mad. The storm is coming.

TEMPLE JR (CONT'D)

Have a good night. Oh, and bring back some White Star Line leaflets, a first-class dinnerware set, whatever. It'll sell like crazy.

And with that, he goes.

CUT TO:

INT. PARIS POLICE STATION - NIGHT

An unshaven, manic-looking GABRIEL TOMPKINS is standing in front of a bemused and irritated gendarme.

GENDARME

Monsieur, I cannot arrest you for this - what is it, crime you say has not been committed yet. If you are having problems at home, perhaps, or with drink -

GABRIEL

No, no, you need to understand. I'm working - or I will work - for a company named Valkyrie. Do you know who I am? Gabriel Tompkins, of Tompkins and Galliard? It's my niece, Iris.

(MORE)

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

She works for them, she's traveling here from the future, to get me to forge things for them. Copies of very important, expensive things, so Valkyrie can steal the original and sell them to wealthy clients. My replica is swapped in at the point of exchange, so nobody will ever know the difference.

GENDARME

Monsieur, you are talking raving nonsense. Maybe your wife left you, you need to go take a walk and -

GABRIEL

Listen to me!

He shouts loud enough that the gendarme blinks, frowning.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

I don't know what these Valkyrie people are capable of. I'm not sure how you'd even go about prosecuting this. But she might be back. I'm working on another job for her, and this feels different. Dangerous.

GENDARME

All your lunatic babble about people from the future aside, if you have evidence of an actual crime, I will look into it.

He holds out his hand. Gabriel hesitates, then pulls a paper out of his pocket and hands it over.

GENDARME (CONT'D)

Very well. I will pass it to my superiors. You should go home.

GABRIEL

I can't go home.

GENDARME

And why is that?

GABRIEL

Because once it's done, I think they're going to kill me.

FADE TO BLACK.

END CREDITS.

NEXT WEEK ON TIMELESS...

TIMELESS 4X08: "UNSINKABLE"

RUFUS

April 11, 1912. Queenstown, Ire -
oh, son of a bitch.

LUCY

Oh no.

RUFUS

If they are into time travel
tourism, which it seems like they
are, I'm only surprised that they
haven't hit this one up already.
This must be the holy grail.

WYATT

Wait, April 1912? Isn't that when -

EVERYONE

Yes.

CUT TO:

LUCY

Nobody said we just had to let them
die, you know.

Wyatt and Rufus look around at her, startled.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Nobody said that we just had to get
on this ship and act like we don't
know what's going to happen, to
leave over 1,500 innocent people to
freeze, to drown, to die in terror.

CUT TO:

IRIS

What are you doing here?!

FLYNN

What do you think? I came after
you!

CUT TO:

JAMES MOODY

First Officer Murdoch, lookouts
report ice right ahead.

WILLIAM MURDOCH

Isn't that - that queer American
woman at supper the other day?
Didn't she say something about - ?

JAMES MOODY

Orders, sir, orders?

WILLIAM MURDOCH

Quartermaster Hichens, hard a-
starboard! Ring full astern! Now!

CUT TO:

FLYNN

You run to the Lifeboat right now,
you get in, you take off.

RUFUS

Are you insane?! Without - ?!

FLYNN

Just call it even for Connor.

CUT TO:

WYATT

Lucy, we need to get into a boat.

LUCY

Not just yet.

WYATT

Flynn - you heard what he said.
That we should -

LUCY

I know what he said!

CUT TO:

Crashing, booming, blackness as the ship's lights go out.
Darkness on the face of the deep, except for the screaming.
It doesn't last for long.

FADE TO BLACK...