

CHRONOLOG
Episode 01.01 - PILOT
'INSERTION'

by

Rob Hackney

EXT. GUAM BEACH - EVENING

On a small tourist beach lined by street VENDORS and makeshift bars, an AMERICAN in his early twenties--dressed in jeans, t-shirt, and a dark blue training jacket with 'CHRONOLOGY' stenciled across the shoulder blades--weaves through the CROWD of locals and foreigners, looking for somebody.

WYATT RAINIER stops as he nears a long jetty that extends the point far out into the choppy sea, scanning the TOURISTS who play and shop there in the fading light.

Wyatt begins to walk out along the jetty, past COUPLES necking between rotting wood pillars, CHILDREN playing, and scattered FISHERMEN, hauling in flapping fish amongst the guts and fins of previous catches.

As he approaches the end of the long pier, another AMERICAN catches his eye--the older man silhouetted in the orange-purple flicker of the sea, chatting with a young local WOMAN.

Wyatt slows now, still approaching, but taking the time to study their body language. The other American leans into her--familiar, smiling--brushing a strand of hair from her cheek.

As Wyatt reaches them, still unnoticed, he clears his throat. The woman looks over, but the man's eyes remain locked on hers.

WYATT

Sir?

The older man blinks, before slowly looking back at him over one shoulder without turning, waiting for Wyatt to speak.

WYATT

Are you Specialist Twomey?

JACK

No.

The man turns back to the woman, continuing to speak inaudibly into the nape of her neck.

Wyatt watches a moment, looking back down the pier, before addressing the man again.

WYATT

Sir I'm Cadet Surveillant Rainier,
I think you're--

Jack Twomey stands now, turning his whole weight and attention to Wyatt, backing him up half a step.

JACK

Hey guy, I'm not Specialist Twomey.
I'm suspended Guam resident Jack,
unfit for duty and officially
inactive. Jack's trying to have a
nice walk with his lady friend, so
if you don't mind...

Jack goes to walk away, but Wyatt places a hand against his
elbow, unpocketing a transparent glass PDA with the other.

WYATT

I think you need to look at this,
sir.

Jack glances down at the hand touching him as Wyatt thumbs
the small dimple on the glass surface of his PDA, producing a
series of overlaid windows, projected above it. He tilts it
towards Jack, who reads briefly.

JACK

Typical.

Jack walks the few steps back to the woman, whispers
something in her ear, then kisses her cheek, before walking
away down the pier, storming past Wyatt, who catches up.

JACK

What's your name, Cadet?

WYATT

Wyatt, sir.

JACK

Get out of the habit of calling me
"sir" the moment we clear the gyro,
okay?

WYATT

Roger that.

JACK

How many times have you inserted,
Wyatt?

WYATT

This will be time number one.

Jack half rolls his eyes.

WYATT

Do you mind if I ask why they
suspended you?

JACK

I kept sleeping with the cadets I was training.

They continue walking a moment in silence, coming back to the foot of the pier, turning left at the beach.

Jack registers the uncertain look on Wyatt's face, softening.

JACK

Don't worry, Wyatt. You're not my type.

Jack flags down a RICKSHAW, patting the DRIVER on the shoulder as they climb in.

JACK

Big gray building on the cliffs, sir.

The small vehicle pulls away, engine whistling to a whine.

EXT. CHRONOLOGY GUAM HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Establishing shot of THE CUBE, a kilometre-square concrete building surrounded by walls and razor wire, patrolled by UN MILITARY POLICE in SUVs and guard towers on the outside, Chronology Enforcement troops on the inside. Home to both Forensic and Dynamic divisions of Chronology.

INT. CHRONOLOGY GUAM CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Jack and Wyatt are led by a uniformed ADMINISTRATOR through a series of cold hallways, to an ARMORY.

The administrator swipes through the main door with her PDA, then into the weapons cage.

While Jack and Wyatt wait in the doorway, she retrieves two locked flat cases from the cage then lays them on a steel bench.

ADMINISTRATOR

Specialist Twomey, unlock is alpha niner alpha one one hash.

She hands the first case to Jack.

ADMINISTRATOR

Cadet Rainier, unlock alpha niner asterisk six three romeo.

She hands the second case to Wyatt, swiping the cage to lock it.

INT. CHRONOLOGY GUAM BRIEFING ROOM - NIGHT

Jack and Wyatt sit in the front row of a university sized lecture theater, watching a presentation of vectors, maps, math, surveillance photos, and profile images of a MAN in his 60's labeled 'Felix Ali Shaheen' on holographic screens up front.

A HANDLER stands at the front of the room, watching the automated section of the slideshow finish.

JACK

It said this guy was a Prince?

HANDLER

From a fairly distant offshoot of the Qatari royals. Was a diplomat based in Kuwait, running two of the family oil companies.

JACK

How was the scene contaminated?

HANDLER

From what they could tell, a scuffle and firefight immediately after the fact.

JACK

It said the family found him?

HANDLER

They were in the suite at the time, but had to hide in the far room after hearing automatic gunfire.

JACK

It says here one shot, back of the head.

HANDLER

They heard several weapons. No slugs found in the walls, but plenty of holes--

WYATT

How does that work?

HANDLER

Shaheen had a private security detachment two rooms down. They're most likely responsible for all the shooting after the fact.

JACK

You think they dug their slugs out of the walls after chasing an unsub from the scene? Why?

The handler shrugs.

HANDLER

That's kind of your job, gents. My guess would be, they were on an unofficial visit to London. Shouldn't have had access to weapons, but somehow did.

JACK

If I had to guess... one of his own guys went rogue, the others took him down, disposed of body, weapons and evidence. Family saw the whole thing, but said nothing.

HANDLER

Oh nice one, now we don't even need to send you two geniuses.

WYATT

(reading)
Quick question...

The Handler turns to him, raising eyebrows.

WYATT

If his men swept the area minutes later, how close are we cutting it here?

JACK

Guy's got a point, Steve. What's our margin?

The Handler hesitates for a brief but perceptible half second.

HANDLER

They're running this one a bit different.

Jack sits taller in his seat, masking concern.

JACK
How different?

HANDLER
You'll fall out of timespace about
three hours before the event.

Jack stands in his chair, Wyatt also reacting with surprise,
more measured.

JACK
Where's O'Connor?

HANDLER
Jack.

JACK
Go get her.

HANDLER
I know this sounds strange but hear
us out, okay?

Jack looks at Wyatt, then slowly sits.

HANDLER
We won't have direct access to the
scene, so you'll set up in an
apartment across the street with
line of sight. You get the event on
record, close-ups on the unsub for
Facematch, and return.

JACK
Just the unsub? You don't want to
know about what went on afterwards?

HANDLER
Only as it relates to the Shaheen
case. Even if it was one of his
detachment, our interest ends the
moment your vic hits the floor.
Those are the terms of our UN
warrant, Jack.

Jack looks down at his PDA screen, jotting a note.

JACK
Can you name a single other
Forensic case where we landed
before the murder?

The handler seems mildly uncomfortable.

HANDLER

I doubt it's ever happened.

JACK

It doesn't, because agents are forced into moral ambiguity when you start doing shit like that.

WYATT

How is this even legal? Aren't we specifically mandated not to arrive *before* the crime?

HANDLER

Three of the UN oversight quorum are here this week observing. They held an emergency session last night, and voted to go this way.

WYATT

So even if we talk to O'Connor...

HANDLER

She's already been overruled.

Jack and Wyatt silently study their PDA notes as the handler shuts down the presentation, packing up his things.

INT. CHRONOLOGY GUAM HEADQUARTERS - LAUNCH FLOOR - NIGHT

Chronology's launch floor sits directly beneath ground level, a long polished concrete hangar housing rows of octangular gyroscope platforms along each wall, large enough for a man to stand on the platform atop stairs, inside three sets of gyro arms.

Jack and Wyatt now wear understated, dark blue one-piece uniforms with leather jackets, belts, and a dark brown leather messenger bag each.

The pair walk unescorted between the two rows of gyros, to a pair of machines with TECH CREWS buzzing about each, prepping them with PDAs and liquid nitrogen cooling units on trolleys.

As they approach, the LAUNCH CHIEF sees them, meeting them to match their stride.

CHIEF

I'm six minutes and counting, you're both clear to proceed?

WYATT

All clear.

Jack gives him a thumbs up and nod. The chief runs back to his people as Jack and Wyatt both go to a yellow painted circle on the floor, one in front of each machine.

Jack pats himself down, doing a final check, while Wyatt nervously does the same.

Slowly, Jack turns back to an observation room overlooking their two units, seeing three MEN IN SUITS observing behind glass.

JACK
(to chief)
Hey, Chief.

The chief looks up from one of his displays, running over.

JACK
Are these the guys from the UN?

The chief follows his gaze to the window, where the three suits all vaguely stir, looking somewhere else momentarily before their attention drifts back to Jack.

CHIEF
Yeah, three of the quorum. Never saw them on Guam before today.

One of the techs in background yells out, drawing the chief's attention. He runs back there.

CHIEF
(shouts)
Three minutes, lads.

Jack watches the suits a moment before returning his attention to the gyro in front of him.

The chief waves to them, then points to Jack. Jack walks to the small set of aviation stairs at the foot of the playset sized unit, climbing them quickly to the circular steel mesh platform inside the gyro arms. The chief points to Wyatt, who takes a deep breath, and does the same.

When Wyatt is on his platform, the chief points to one TECH at a large portable control terminal, who brings it to life with gauges and analytics, all projected above it. He uses holographic touch controls to switch on both gyros.

On Wyatt's platform, he startles with the first crunch of magnetic movement, looking up at the arms as they begin to swing on three axes around him.

Jack tears open a packet of ear plugs, pushing them in. Wyatt sees, doing the same.

With both units' gyro arms ramping up to a blur, their sphere of influence begins to shimmer, and wobble.

CHIEF

(shouts)

Ten seconds!

He points again at the control tech. Both gyros yaw right slightly, then tilt back, in sync.

The bubble of distortion begins to grow larger, until it envelops the gyros completely, masking their motion beneath what settles to become a calm, circular sphere of clear fluid.

The whine of the gyros rises to fever pitch as twin balls of light glow at the center of each sphere.

Suddenly the whine fades again, the light dims, and the liquid drops, splashing on the concrete floor before immediately boiling off as steam, revealing empty gyro platforms, the arms slowly winding down.

EXT. LONDON FINANCIAL DISTRICT - AFTERNOON

Jack and Wyatt materialize in a puff of steam each, half a second apart, in a central London cobbled alley. Jack places two fingers on the nearest wall, while Wyatt staggers, going to one knee, steadying himself over a few seconds. Both men waft steam, like runners on a cold day.

Jack unpockets his PDA, tapping a shortcut, reading scrolling text, before returning it to his jacket. He squeezes his collar.

JACK

Radio check.

Wyatt adjusts a small earbud, then squeezes his own collar, standing again, beginning to look around.

WYATT

Check check.

JACK

Loud and clear.

Both men walk toward the nearest street.

EXT. LONDON STREET - AFTERNOON

Jack and Wyatt walk down a busy London street, unnoticed by the crowd, despite their matching outfits and bags. They could be any pair of carpet cleaners, builders, or garbage men.

WYATT

So when does the training start, Jack?

JACK

This *is* the training. Keep your eyes open, do what I do, or do what they taught you at the academy. There isn't a lot of room to improvise here, the finesse of it is how you conduct yourself in the moments between timeline events. Tread lightly, gather the evidence. Don't be interesting to people in any way.

They cross the street, turning right at the next intersection.

WYATT

How did they find an apartment looking directly into the crime scene? Seems convenient.

JACK

Dynamic Chronology agents would have been sent back to seed it, whenever the lease last expired.

WYATT

Doesn't that change things? Affect the timeline somehow? What if the guy who had lived there was meant to meet the love of his life in the laundry room?

JACK

The timeline tends to go solenoidal in most cases. The times it doesn't are when something irreversible is introduced into the sequence.

WYATT

So what, fate is like gravity? We all fall back into the groove of where we would have been?

JACK

Unless things spiral so far out of control that they leave the rail altogether. Yeah.

Jack points at a building a block down.

JACK

Shaheen's hotel.

WYATT

Where would he be now? Shaheen?

JACK

Not in the room. Probably on his way back, in traffic.

WYATT

What if we were outside, and bumped into him. If we just said, hey buddy, I'm from the hotel, we're fumigating your room. Go get a drink on us, come back later.

JACK

Hah.

WYATT

What would it really do?

JACK

To time?

WYATT

Yeah.

JACK

No one knows. Maybe nothing, maybe everything.

WYATT

There's a slight chance I'd never be born.

JACK

More likely one of the quantum difference engines they run back at The Cube in twenty twenty-six would flag the change, and after they send in Dynamic guys to scout the moment, have your arrest warrant waiting when we retract.

WYATT

Yikes.

JACK

No one gets away with anything in a world where all instants can be retrieved and combed through from all angles by later observers.

They continue walking, stopping near the hotel. Wyatt nods to the skysrise apartment building next door.

WYATT

I guess that's us.

JACK

Let's go in.

Jack walks toward the hotel, Wyatt following a step behind, cautious.

WYATT

To the hotel?

JACK

Sure. We have a few hours. Let's check out the bar.

INT. MCPHERSON HOTEL BAR - EVENING

Jack and Wyatt share a booth near the darkened back section, still able to see most of the hotel's lobby.

Jack nurses a scotch while Wyatt has his messenger bag unpacked on the table, laying out its contents--a camera/monocular, compact like a small telephoto lens with handgrip, a steel baton, a small remote control, water canteen, and the flat locked case they were given in the armory.

Jack watches the hotel entrance and CONCIERGE, opening the door for GUESTS a moment before returning his attention to Wyatt.

JACK

Hey keep the return unit in your left breast pocket. Don't ever put it down. If you're captured and stripped naked, pocket that thing in your ass. It's your one and only ticket home.

Wyatt takes the remote control from the table, putting it in his inner breast pocket.

Jack sits up as a trio of bald-headed, suited MIDDLE EASTERN MEN enter the lobby, speaking briefly with the concierge.

Wyatt turns, looking also.

JACK

The three who just walked in. What do you make of them?

Wyatt watches them leave the concierge, crossing the lobby to an elevator bank.

WYATT

One of them looks familiar.

JACK

Try two. Background of briefing image nineteen. Why is his security detail showing up two and a half hours early?

WYATT

They're smart and dedicated?

JACK

Maybe.

Jack gets up, Wyatt quickly rebagging his items before following. Wyatt tosses cash on the bar, trailing Jack out to the lobby. Halfway across, he throws Wyatt a glance, nodding at the concierge.

Wyatt breaks off, crossing the room toward the concierge, while Jack follows the three security men into the elevator.

INT. MCPHERSON HOTEL ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Jack leans against the back rail of the large gold and brass-lined elevator, the three men silently watching the numbers tick off to 63--70 also lit.

At 63 the doors open and the three file out. Jack takes a quiet step forward, stealthily sliding one toe forward to obstruct the door as he makes a show of slapping the close doors button. With his head bowed to listen, he watches them turn left, then listens as they walk a few paces, swiping open the door two or three down.

Jack leans out slowly, just in time to see the third man's elbow disappear into the third door down.

As it closes behind them, Jack steps into the hall, scouting it a few steps either direction, before sticking his toe back to the door. He stands there a moment, staring at the door--room 6307. With his head low, he listens for any sound, before re-entering the elevator.

Inside, he lets it ascend to 70, then punches the ground floor, squeezing his collar.

JACK

Wyatt, ask the front desk for a room on sixty-three.

A pause. He squeezes again.

JACK

Wyatt.

WYATT (V.O.)

I'm on it.

He descends floors in silence.

WYATT (V.O.)

Jack?

JACK

(into collar)

Yeah?

WYATT (V.O.)

Are we allowed to go off book like this?

JACK

(into collar)

They went off book first. I'm only building a better picture of our surroundings. Like I said, we tread light. We scout the perimeter, and know what's coming in and out of the event theater.

Another pause.

WYATT (V.O.)

Fair.

The elevator dings as it reaches the ground.

INT. MCPHERSON HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Wyatt walks away from the front desk with a room key and wallet in hand, walking to the elevator that Jack holds open. As more people go to enter, Jack holds up a hand to stop them.

JACK
Sorry, lift maintenance.

The doors glide closed.

INT. MCPHERSON HOTEL ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Wyatt and Jack ride in silence, watching the floor numbers.

Wyatt frowns, turning to Jack.

WYATT
Who pays for this?

JACK
For what?

WYATT
The room. My Visa card doesn't bill to Chronology thirty-one years from now, so whose card did they clone?

JACK
No one's card. The numbers are generated based on current timeframe card algorithms. They'll come back invalid in two or three weeks when the hotel reconciles.

Wyatt nods, satisfied.

WYATT
Good to know.

JACK
I wouldn't focus so much on the finer logistics.

Wyatt checks the floor display again.

INT. MCPHERSON HOTEL HALL - FLOOR 63 - NIGHT

Wyatt swipes open the door to room 6310, a few doors down from, and opposite, 6307.

INT. MCPHERSON HOTEL ROOM 6310 - NIGHT

Inside the room, Wyatt goes to the balcony window and looks out over London circa 1995. Jack enters the room and immediately closes the door all but a crack, watching 6307 for a time.

WYATT

What are we doing here?

JACK

Hm?

WYATT

Why are we trailing these three?

JACK

They're the only contact we have so far.

WYATT

A lead? We know what happens, as in where and when. We know where to be. Is this normal?

JACK

Normal?

WYATT

Do you normally dick around like this, before doing the mission?

JACK

They never sent me back with three hours to kill before the event.

Wyatt puts his bag down on one of the twin beds and sits down.

Jack glances over at him.

JACK

The truth is, no one in our time has a good idea of where to look for evidence of a thirty year old cold case. You don't always go where they tell you to. You build context, and find the links that matter.

Jack watches the hall again, opening the door further, before checking his watch.

JACK

Two hours. These guys have gone passive, let's cross the street and set up.

Wyatt snaps to his feet, shouldering his bag.

INT. MCPHERSON HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Stepping out into the lobby, Jack and Wyatt almost walk right into four more SECURITY MEN, dressed in cream tailored suits with shaved heads and sunglasses, similar to the three from earlier.

They walk off to the side and stop, Jack pretending to look for something in his wallet while the men climb aboard the elevator they exited. Jack and Wyatt stall there a while, watching the numbers climb to 69.

JACK

What floor is Shaheen on?

WYATT

Sixty-nine.

JACK

Those four too. Why are the others on sixty-three?

WYATT

Ran out of rooms?

JACK

Go to another hotel.

WYATT

Busy time of year, hard to find somewhere else this nice.

JACK

Hm.

WYATT

What are you thinking?

JACK

No idea. Doesn't fit together yet.

They walk to the exit.

EXT. LONDON STREET - NIGHT

Jack and Wyatt exit the hotel, crossing the street to a modern apartment building.

INT. LONDON APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jack and Wyatt enter a sparsely-furnished apartment, crossing to the window.

Wyatt counts the floors from the top of the building, then windows from the side, pointing to the dark floor-to-ceiling windows opposite.

WYATT

Those three. Still no one home.

Jack hangs his bag on the back of a dining chair, rolling his head to stretch the shoulder and neck.

Wyatt drops his bag at the window, leaning over it to retrieve the monocular, flicking it to night vision before scanning the windows.

Jack walks to the adjoining bathroom, pissing with the door open. He flushes, then returns to the chair, shouldering his bag again.

JACK

I'm going to scout the block. Call me when those lights go on.

Wyatt watches him leave the apartment.

EXT. LONDON STREET - NIGHT

Jack exits the apartment building, strolling along his side of the street with a slow moving group of PEDESTRIANS, to a COFFEE VENDOR on the corner, ordering one, handing over cash while watching the front of the hotel.

He crosses the street, carefully sipping at the steaming cup, walking past the hotel itself, before turning into the alley beside it.

Jack passes a pair of CHEFS smoking at a side entrance to the hotel restaurant, turning into another alley, along the back of the hotel.

Jack stops a moment, looking up at the windows, before continuing, past a nondescript boom gate and car park driveway.

He takes a couple of steps past the boom gate, stops, looks around some more, then comes back to the entrance, leaning in, looking around briefly. Seeing a small garbage can, he walks inside a few steps, stopped by a shout from off screen.

CAR PARK ATTENDANT

Hey!

A CAR PARK ATTENDANT walks toward him, raising a hand.

Jack shows him the cup of coffee, taking the final step to drop it in the bin, then turns back to the exit, waving to him.

The attendant stops, nodding, watching Jack leave before returning to his post, deeper in the car park.

INT. LONDON APARTMENT - NIGHT

Wyatt drinks water directly from the kitchen sink, looking around the darkened apartment as he waits.

His attention is drawn to the hotel room opposite as the three dark windows light up, revealing the living room and kitchen of a three bedroom suite.

FELIX ALI SHAHEEN enters the room carrying shopping bags, followed by his WIFE and two young children, a BOY and GIRL.

They go to the kitchen and drop the shopping bags on the dining table, talking a moment before Felix exits frame.

Wyatt squeezes his collar.

WYATT

Contact on primary.

EXT. LONDON STREET - NIGHT

Jack leaves the hotel side alley, crossing the street again, returning to the apartment building.

INT. LONDON APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jack re-enters, locking the door. He walks to Wyatt's side in the unlit living room, taking his own monocular/camera from his bag, scanning the three windows.

Jack's POV of the kitchen window, then the window that lets them see the main door, and finally the living room window, where Felix Shaheen sits watching TV with his wife and kids.

JACK

I guess they go to bed soon.

WYATT

I hope.

JACK

Think they witnessed it?

WYATT

Wouldn't make sense. The wound was a stealth kill, not going to work with the whole family opposite.

Jack goes to the kitchen and refills his canteen at the sink.

JACK

Hour and a half until this guy eats it.

WYATT

I'm recording, do you want to get a different angle from the bedroom?

JACK

Maybe. I wouldn't mind taking another run at floor sixty-three first.

Wyatt watches the third window in silence.

JACK

Does the wife know, do you think?

Wyatt takes his eye away from the viewfinder.

WYATT

How would I tell?

JACK

Look at her face. Tension points? Micros?

Wyatt goes back to the eyepiece.

WYATT

No. Nothing. She's oblivious.

JACK

They all are.

Jack leaves the apartment again. Wyatt frowns at the closed door, uneasiness rising.

INT. MCPHERSON HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Jack stands waiting for the elevator again.

INT. MCPHERSON HOTEL HALL - FLOOR 63 - NIGHT

Jack exits the elevator, walking slowly to 6310, eyes to the floor as he listens closely.

The vague sound of men's voices from 6307. Jack looks at his watch, taking a long time to pat himself down for the room key.

Jack pulls his room key, about to swipe, when the door handle to 6307 turns, its mechanism conspicuously loud in the quiet hall. Jack quickly pockets his keycard, returning to the act of absently patting himself down for it.

He looks up as the three security men from earlier file out, followed by a thin, BLUE SUITED MAN, who pulls the door shut while the others walk to the elevator, all sizing up Jack at the door.

Jack smiles and nods, finding his key in the pocket, swiping casually.

As Jack leans into the heavy door to push it open, he steals a glance at the fourth man, who is also noticing Jack now as he clears the others. They lock eyes for a brief second before Jack disappears behind the doorframe, closing it.

INT. MCPHERSON HOTEL ROOM 6310 - NIGHT

Jack spins on his heel, pressing his eye to the peep hole, breath quickening, loud against the wood.

Jack's fisheye POV of the three men, the fourth almost trying to hide himself amongst them, before leaning forward slightly, eyes turning to Jack's door. The elevator arrives, and they all step aboard.

When the doors ding closed Jack throws his door open again, running the few steps to where they stood, watching the floor numbers tick up to 69.

Jack squeezes his collar.

JACK
Wyatt, come back.

WYATT (V.O.)
(radio)
Yo.

JACK
Any movement?

A pause.

WYATT (V.O.)
(radio)
Hang on.

Jack presses the elevator's call button, pacing a few steps, looking over at 6307.

WYATT (V.O.)
(radio)
Contact in sixty-nine twelve. The
three security guys from sixty-
three seven.

As the elevator arrives, Jack takes another step toward 6307 and kicks it hard. The door gives slightly, showing damage around the lock. He kicks again, this time sending it splintering ajar.

Jack shoves it the rest of the way open while the empty elevator doors roll closed.

INT. MCPHERSON HOTEL ROOM 6307 - NIGHT

Jack closes the door best he can then continues into the room, bypassing the light switch, removing the monocular from his bag.

He twists it in half, separating the two parts, using the front piece to sweep the dark room with IR light while holding the eyepiece in front of his face, casting a green glow on it.

Finding nothing left behind, the beds still made, room scoured clean, Jack walks to the window, looking out at the dark apartment window opposite, six floors up. He squeezes his collar.

JACK
What's happening?

WYATT (V.O.)

(radio)

Nothing, they're sitting at the kitchen table. Wife is making tea. Felix still on the couch.

JACK

Did a fourth man enter with them? Guy in a blue suit?

WYATT (V.O.)

(radio)

Negative.

Jack turns from the window, looking back at the splintered door where shafts of light spill in. Out in the hall, the lift dings.

JACK

There was somebody else here with the other three.

Jack treads quickly back to the front door, leaving.

JACK

I recognized him.

WYATT (V.O.)

(radio)

One of Felix's guys?

JACK

No. From home.

INT. MCPHERSON HOTEL HALL - FLOOR 63

As Jack turns right, quickly into the hall, he's confronted by the blue suited man, exiting the lift. The man halts, head raising up, reflecting Jack's own frozen body language. Both men stand a few paces apart, letting the moment sink in.

The blue suited man reaches for his hip, telegraphing it enough that Jack has moments to reel backward, stagger to a run, darting left into 6307 while the suited man unholsters a small sidearm and begins unloading slugs into the far side of the destroyed door frame.

INT. MCPHERSON HOTEL ROOM 6307 - NIGHT

Jack slams the door closed as far as it will go and holds it there, looking out through the peep hole.

His POV of the empty hall.

Jack squeezes his collar.

JACK
Shots fired on sixty-three.

WYATT (V.O.)
(radio)
What?

He watches the peep hole, blinking sweat away. With the hand not pressed against the door he opens the bag slung on his shoulder, pulling the flat locked case from it.

JACK
Wyatt, I need you to pull your
strongbox out and unlock it. Quick
as you can.

Jack risks peeking through the crack of the door, opening it slightly wider to peer out.

His POV through the door crack still reveals nothing.

WYATT (V.O.)
(radio)
Okay I have it open. Code book and
another strong box.

Jack pushes the door closed with his foot, pressing his thumb to a recessed touchscreen near the handle of the flat case. It lights up, showing a touchscreen keyboard. He punches the unlock code, then the case clicks open.

JACK
One second.

Jack slides down with his back to the door, opening the case to reveal the same--a small laminated code book, and a smaller locked flat case. He flips the code book open.

JACK
Okay, go to beta-two-two. Sixth
line down.

Jack presses his thumb to the smaller touchscreen, lighting up another keypad.

WYATT (V.O.)
(radio)
I have... foxtrot, zulu, delta,
sierra, sierra, echo.

Jack types in time with Wyatt, the smaller case clicking open also. He swings the lid up to get at a small pistol, and two magazines. When Jack removes it from the case, tightening his hand around the grip, a pair of holographic lenses light up the front and back above its iron sights.

WYATT (V.O.)

(radio)

Jack, who's shooting at you?

JACK

Going silent for a moment.

Jack pockets the two magazines, puts the smaller case back in the big one, and everything into the messenger bag. Sliding back up the door to full height, he pops the internal magazine, checks that it's full, then reinserts it, pulling back the slide.

EXT. MCPHERSON HOTEL HALL - FLOOR 63 - NIGHT

Jack exits the damaged door cautiously, keeping the weapon at his side while leaning out just enough to look both ways down the hall, seeing nothing.

He takes a more steady grip approaching the elevator, calling it with the 'up' arrow.

It takes a moment, then dings its arrival. Jack keeps the weapon trained down the hall, glancing quickly into the empty lift when the doors open.

INT. MCPHERSON HOTEL ELEVATOR - NIGHT

While the doors close, Jack tries hitting floor 69, but it fails to light up. He pulls his door key from a pocket and swipes the pad there, then punches it again--still no good.

He hits ground floor then steps back, leaning against the rear rail, finally taking a deep breath, resting his eyelids.

Looking up at the display again, he hears it ding, quickly safetying the pistol, placing it in the side pocket of his leather jacket while light and noise spill in.

INT. MCPHERSON HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Jack steps out into the hotel lobby, busier than before with TOURISTS and a bus load of AIR HOSTESSES checking in with other FLIGHT CREW.

He scans all the faces briefly while crossing to the exit.

INT. LONDON APARTMENT - NIGHT

Wyatt turns from his place at the window as Jack enters, tossing his bag on the dining table.

WYATT
What happened?

Wyatt steps closer to Jack, noticing the sweat and dirt, with no injuries.

JACK
I don't think we're the only ones here.

WYATT
What do you mean?

JACK
The goons on sixty-three have a handler--someone I recognize from Chronology.

WYATT
An agent?

JACK
No. Administrator maybe.

WYATT
Are you sure?

JACK
I wasn't. Then he saw me coming out of his room and shot at me.

WYATT
His room?

JACK
I broke in there when they left.

WYATT
What did you find?

Jack shrugs, walking to the window.

JACK
No one in there plans to stay the night. What's happening out here?

Wyatt joins him, using the monocular again.

WYATT

The three from downstairs just left. Family went to their rooms, Felix still on the couch.

JACK

Twenty-five minutes.

WYATT

Why would they send an admin here?

JACK

They wouldn't. None of this has happened before.

WYATT

Why would he try to shoot you?

JACK

I'd like to know that too.

Jack and Wyatt watch the window for a time before Jack peels away, walking to the kitchen to drink from the tap.

JACK

Twenty minutes.

Wyatt looks over at Jack, considering his words.

WYATT

Can I speak off the record, sir?

JACK

I told you not to call me that unless you're being ironic.

Wyatt returns his gaze to the monocular.

JACK

Okay go on. At ease, soldier. What's on your mind?

WYATT

Before I went out to find you this afternoon, O'Connor called me into her office and told me to watch you for unusual behavior.

Jack wipes his face, brushing water off his jacket as he returns to the window.

JACK

Sounds about right. Joanne has it in for me.

WYATT

She's our boss, man. She's telling me to report on you. I know you have this rep as a guy who gets into shit for what you do out of hours, but she seemed to imply that you've gone off task before.

JACK

I did, once. To avoid paradox.

WYATT

What kind of paradox?

JACK

I nearly ran into myself. My twenty year old self.

Wyatt watches the window a while before looking at Jack again.

WYATT

You're not... doing any shifty stuff, right? Putting bets on. Buying stocks?

Jack becomes quite serious, a bit surprised.

JACK

I took an oath. I continue to take that part of the job seriously.

WYATT

They say that the biggest offenders are agents. When Dynamic Chronology insert into the timeline, nine times out of ten it's a Chronology agent who just couldn't resist.

JACK

And you believe that?

WYATT

Well is it true?

JACK

Of course not. In the three years from time travel's proof of concept to its international regulation, thousands of incursions were made.

WYATT

By who?

JACK

When the Armsorti team showed it to the UN, the first thing they did was panic, and disband the team. While they took several hundred sittings to agree on the wording of policing the technology, everyone from Armsorti was either forming a startup or selling as yet unpatented gray knowledge to bigger firms.

WYATT

I never knew that.

JACK

They don't like to advertise that the world we live in is, at last estimate, about ninety per cent of what it should be.

WYATT

How would they know?

JACK

You've spent a while training at The Cube, yeah?

WYATT

Sure.

JACK

Ground floor, B1, B2. Did you ever wonder what the other seven floors below us are for?

WYATT

Dynamic Chronology. They launch on B3, right?

JACK

No, B10--with no oversight, from what I can tell. Even the UN quorum can't go that deep.

WYATT

You're saying the department responsible for repairing timeline corruption can launch at any time, any when, with complete impunity.

JACK

Correct. The floors in between our two launch floors are all built mezzanine style around a trio of massive quantum difference engines kept at absolute zero--three alloy cylinders about six floors tall.

WYATT

Those are the Chronologs?

JACK

Yeah. They track every divergence. Some are fuzzy, some solid. From that data, they put together briefings with mission packages for the Quorum to approve, and jump back fully armed, cleared to kill.

WYATT

They can kill people?

JACK

Only NTEs--non-timeline entities.

WYATT

They at least try to arrest them first though?

JACK

Sure. Not very hard, from what I hear. Anyone who's caused significant damage will catch a death sentence back in 2026 anyway.

WYATT

And the appearance of an unidentified dead body in the past doesn't cause ripples?

JACK

Like I said, the timeline mostly goes solenoidal. Minor anomalies are easily written off as such.

They both watch the window a moment through monoculars.

JACK

Still recording?

WYATT

Getting it all. Felix has hardly moved.

JACK

What they tell you at home doesn't always match the facts on the ground, and we're *more* than a million miles from home. One slip, and home can be out of reach for us. So we often play it by ear, maybe even act on pure instinct, then try to justify our choices later under the cold light of analysis.

Wyatt looks at him briefly, nodding.

WYATT

Okay.

Jack's POV of the third window, where Felix watches TV.

Wyatt looks at his watch.

WYATT

Ten minutes. Family still in their rooms... hm.

JACK

What?

WYATT

Did someone leave the kitchen tap running?

Jack's POV, drifting from the third window to the second, zooming in on the sink.

JACK

Yeah.

WYATT

Think it means anything?

JACK

People in nineteen ninety-five don't give a shit about the coming continental dustbowl.

Jack returns to the kitchen, removing the gun from his pocket, laying it on the table beside his monocular. He goes to the bathroom, pissing again with the door open.

Wyatt eyes the weapon, conspicuous there.

WYATT

You're leaving the sidearm out of its locker then?

JACK

Ah huh.

WYATT

Isn't that against regs?

JACK

Sure.

Jack flushes, washing his hands. He returns to the gun and monocular, putting them both back into his pockets.

Wyatt continues watching Felix through his monocular while Jack walks to the fridge, checking it for food. Finding nothing, he goes to his bag, retrieving a ration kit.

As he returns to the window, Wyatt looks at Jack again.

JACK

(watching Felix)

I've never had cause to even take it out of the locker before. You know the gun isn't really about rogue agents trying to commandeer your return unit, right?

WYATT

No?

JACK

Return unit is DNA coded. It can do two jumps, along the axis of the jump you've already made, then it's useless without a charge. What would any timeline entity do with it?

WYATT

So what's the gun for? Shooting an ancestor?

JACK

Shooting yourself, if you're stuck here.

WYATT

Bullshit.

JACK

Some guys have had to shoot their way out, on the Dynamic side. Only because they're chasing NTEs who inserted with comparable weapons in the first place.

Wyatt presses a button on the side of his monocular, popping up a holographic panel, checking focus and light settings, before looking at his watch again.

JACK

Never Forensic though. Even if we accidentally walked in on the unsub, still at the scene, what are we going to do? You can't shoot him. Can threaten him maybe, then flee.

WYATT

Why do they give you three full clips of ammo then? If the gun is only to shoot yourself?

JACK

It'd be a bit conspicuous if they included only a single round, wouldn't it?

Jack's POV (no monocular) of Felix as he stands, stretching.

WYATT

Hey he's moving.

Felix walks to the kitchen, turning off the tap. He walks left of screen, to the bathroom door, not visible beyond the first of the three windows once he goes in.

JACK

Bathroom?

WYATT

Yeah I think so.

Wyatt watches the front door with his monocular, using the holographic screen projected on its side now as a viewfinder, showing it to Jack while zooming in.

WYATT

Door handle's moving.

Jack unpockets his monocular, looking through it.

JACK

Recording.

Through Jack's monocular, zooming in also, the handle can be seen jiggling, then opening fully. The man in the blue suit enters quickly, carrying what looks like a small power drill lock pick, pocketing it while closing the door behind him. He stealthily enters the nearest bedroom door, closing it.

JACK

That's the guy who shot at me. Do you recognize him?

WYATT

Never seen him. Guessing he's our shooter, though.

JACK

So much for the crazy security guard theory. This has... implications.

WYATT

You saw him with them though, on sixty-three?

JACK

Yeah.

WYATT

Is he working them? Would he have told them to leave the tap on?

JACK

Maybe.

WYATT

If we go home and tell them that a time traveller is the killer, we'll get laughed out of the building right?

JACK

We have the footage, hopefully he's on Facematch.

WYATT

Jack.

Jack looks at him, noticing his sudden intensity.

WYATT

Do you think this guy is a time traveller trying to change history, who already successfully changed it, from our perspective on the rail?

Jack returns to the monocular.

JACK

Yes.

Jack's POV of Felix, returning from the bathroom. He resumes his place on the couch, picking up the remote to flick through channels.

WYATT

This is insane. They told us we'd be collecting DNA and fibers.

JACK

I hear that.

WYATT

Should we do something?

JACK

Do what?

WYATT

What happens if he stops the murder? Or if he *is* the murderer, and changes things? You said irreversible events cause... what was it?

JACK

A cascade effect. Catastrophic change to timespace in both directions.

Wyatt watches his display, tilting it to the door where blue suited man disappeared, zooming in tight on it.

WYATT

Is it possible blue suit man is Dynamic Chronology?

JACK

It is. They have undercover guys, not just the big beefers to knock down doors.

WYATT

So it's possible nothing's wrong. Maybe it always went like this. Or they're fixing whatever was wrong.

JACK

The only thing we know for sure-- regardless of which iteration we're watching--it definitely didn't go like this originally.

Wyatt throws a panicked glance at Jack.

WYATT

That's a mindfuck. This could be some huge event nexus of layered manipulation by multiple parties for all we know.

Jack shrugs.

JACK

We'll see.

On Wyatt's viewfinder, the bedroom door handle turns, the door opening only a crack.

WYATT

I've got the bedroom door, stay wide on Felix.

Jack smiles.

JACK

Thanks.

Jack's POV as Felix stands, answering the front door.

JACK

What's this, room service?

WYATT

Uh...

JACK

Did you see him use a phone?

WYATT

Not at all.

Jack's POV through the monocular, Felix takes a couple of steps back, followed into the room by a BEARDED MAN with a gun levelled at his head.

The man turns rapidly, aiming his weapon at the cracked bedroom door. He says something to Felix, who walks to the door, nudging it open.

The blue suited man steps out of the bedroom with his hands raised, gun hanging from a pinky finger. The bearded man snatches it, ordering Felix into the lounge room while pocketing the spare gun, then patting suited man down, gun still held to his head.

The front door suddenly evaporates, three quick puffs of steam surprising the bearded man, who swings his weapon to face three body armored DYNAMIC CHRONOLOGY TROOPS, pointing their own rifles at him, everyone silently screaming.

Wyatt zooms in on the troops' shoulder armor, trying to capture a patch or identifier in the haze of activity.

WYATT

What the fuck is happening?

In the room, Felix crouches behind the couch while his wife and children have opened the far bedroom door, attracting the blue suited man's attention.

The bearded man drops his weapon, spurring the closest troop to move in, cuffing him, handing him off to the second troop, who hauls him out through the front door, followed by the other two.

The blue suited man watches Felix's wife rush to his side, checking him for injury.

Wyatt looks at Jack.

WYATT

What do we do? They're moving on foot.

Jack says nothing, continuing to watch. The man in the blue suit speaks to Felix, who slowly begins listening. The man removes something from his coat pocket, handing it to Felix, before disappearing in a puff of steam.

Jack drops his monocular and returns it to the messenger bag, striding quickly to the apartment's front door.

JACK

Let's motor.

EXT. LONDON STREET - NIGHT

Jack and Wyatt exit the apartment building, walking to the curb, watching the front a moment, seeing the usual groups of PEOPLE.

JACK
Parking garage.

Jack crosses at a jog, followed by Wyatt, running past the hotel front entrance, turning into the side alley he scouted earlier.

WYATT
Why would they be driving if
they're time travellers?

JACK
Why did they take him out the front
door of the room instead of jumping
right back?

WYATT
Point.

Jack darts into the kitchen's side door past two different CHEFS, sitting outside smoking.

As Wyatt follows, they glare at him.

WYATT
Maintenance.

INT. MCPHERSON HOTEL HALL - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Jack exits the kitchen, sprinting into a long hallway with signs designating the parking garage.

INT. MCPHERSON HOTEL CAR PARK - NIGHT

Jack and Wyatt run into the underground car park in time to see a black van peel out, up the ramp to an exit on the opposite side of the building.

JACK
Dammit.

Jack looks around, running to the nearest car--a gray Honda.

JACK
Get in.

Wyatt follows, standing at the passenger side as Jack pulls a small hand drill like the one used by blue suit man to enter the hotel room, unlocking the driver's door with it. He gets in, unlocking Wyatt's side. Jack uses the pick in the ignition while Wyatt climbs in.

The Honda squeals out of the car park, thirty seconds behind the van. The hotel attendant from earlier walks out of his booth in time to see the Honda peel away, giving it a suspicious frown.

EXT. LONDON STREET - NIGHT

The Honda comes hurtling out of the car park exit, weaving through foot traffic then regular traffic, pulling into the flow of vehicles heading out of London.

INT. STOLEN HONDA - NIGHT

Wyatt uses his PDA to bring up maps of the area on projected displays.

JACK

Any major thoroughfare. A highway,
or--

WYATT

Chunnel. It's the only thing in
this direction, unless they're
doubling back.

JACK

Can you buy tickets online?

WYATT

No. It's 1995.

JACK

They're not going to haul their
prisoner and rifles onto a
passenger train, we want to be on
the car carrier. Should be able to
pay with cash onboard.

WYATT

Wait, why are we doing this? We got
the footage, let's go back.

JACK

If this thing has triggered a
cascade, going back might harden
the ripple--

Jack breaks off at Wyatt's confused look.

JACK

They never taught you this?

WYATT

No, I get it. The changes won't set til we return. I just don't think the academy describe it in those terms anymore.

JACK

We don't go back until we know what's really happening.

WYATT

And if Sheehan was meant to die? If it *has* cascaded, then what the hell can we do? We're not mandated to massage the timeline even if it's completely fucked.

JACK

Of course we're not. We go home, provide intel, and hope that Dynamic Chronology have enough to do their job properly.

They drive a moment while Wyatt swipes his PDA closed.

WYATT

Wait a second. What if the guys we're chasing are the Dynamic Chronology troops from later, here to fix whatever went wrong?

Jack frowns.

JACK

I thought of that.

WYATT

And?

Jack shrugs.

JACK

Best guesstimation--they're not. But if they are, I'd have to assume they're operating on intel we provided--identifying the bearded man who *they* just arrested, retroactively.

Wyatt seems confused.

WYATT

We catch up with them, ID the bearded man... so we can tell them in 2026 who they're coming here to arrest.

JACK

Assuming they're the guys sent here on our intel, sure. But why did they leave the blue suit man?

WYATT

He wasn't a threat. Wasn't the unsub. It's what Steve said... Chronology aren't interested in anyone but the killer. So we go back, we tell them a blue suited man snuck in but didn't hurt Felix. Bearded guy came in with the gun... wait. He didn't go for Felix either. He was there for the blue suit.

JACK

Right.

WYATT

Why did they take beardo, but not the suit?

JACK

They were working with blue suit to prevent the murder, it seems.

WYATT

Someone from our time, with access to our intel, Dynamic Chronology tech, making unaccountable jumps. He's a... what, rogue administrator? Using timeline access to wring out some cash?

JACK

Or power. Not uncommon for those middle management types. Even quorum members have been found with bootleg tech, setting up political office in time pockets where the background noise of events masked their activities a while.

WYATT

The footage should ID both unknown men in the room through Facematch.

Jack turns off onto a ramp designating the EuroTunnel.

JACK

Assuming Chronology is there when we get back. What if the guy who invented Facematch came up with Rate My Penis that day instead?

Wyatt chuckles, trailing off.

WYATT

Are you serious?

JACK

I don't even know. Paradox is a thread you don't want to start pulling on.

EXT. CHANNEL TUNNEL ENTRANCE - NIGHT

The stolen Honda follows a long line of cars down the ramp leading to a platform where vehicles drive onto an oversized train.

INT. STOLEN HONDA - NIGHT

Wyatt stands with his upper body out of the car window, pulling himself back in.

WYATT

Don't see it.

JACK

They're here.

WYATT

What makes you so sure they're trying to get out of London?

JACK

We're coming up on a fairly well-known event hub. July twelfth, nineteen ninety-five. Seven AM.

WYATT

I didn't even connect tonight with that day. What was it, one of the first major repairs...

JACK

The records are vague. But if you bring up the time and date on a Chronolog... you'll see a spike that dwarfs everything as far back as the annexing of Burma.

They drive forward into the train, guided by a STEWARD waving glowing wands. They follow the vehicle ahead, slowly traversing the long train's interior.

JACK

I heard there were more than sixty insertions to repair a specific event in London on that day. Whatever they tried, it didn't take, because another unknown party kept retconning the event. If these three have even a passing knowledge of Chronology's history, they'll no doubt be trying to exodus London before seven. They wouldn't risk losing their prisoner in the uncertainty of all those insertions, and the possible event to follow.

WYATT

Is our thing related, then? To that specific hub?

JACK

Probably.

WYATT

What makes--

JACK

Gut feeling.

INT. CHUNNEL TRAIN - NIGHT

Jack and Wyatt exit the car as the internal gates come down between rail cars, leaving sectioned compartments able to be moved between, via sealed, plexiglass doors at the walkway on each side.

PASSENGERS get out of other cars to stretch their legs.

JACK

Walk to the rear and come back, don't stop anywhere.

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

They might have switched vehicles
and come in behind us, so eyeball
every face.

Wyatt walks away, through the compartment door leading to the back of the train, while Jack walks toward the front, eyes scanning each car.

PEOPLE sit in their vehicles, stand around drinking coffee, repack their cars, and chat. Jack weaves between them all, going through one compartment door, then the next, and another.

INT. CHUNNEL TRAIN - CAR TWELVE - NIGHT

Entering the next rail car, he sees the same model black van standing head and shoulders above the other vehicles.

Jack turns quickly, hiding himself behind the rear sedan, turning away, squeezing his collar.

JACK

Contact, black van. Carriage
twelve.

INT. CHUNNEL TRAIN - REAR CAR - NIGHT

Wyatt, walking casually toward the rear of the caboose, stops, turning back, squeezing his collar.

WYATT

Roger. On my way.

Wyatt begins to walk toward the front of the train again, slowing as he passes one of the lead vehicles, stopping there.

He turns, looking down at the driver, sat back with his eyes closed--the man in the blue suit. Wyatt keeps walking, unnoticed. As he opens the compartment door, the man in the blue suit opens his eyes, watching the back of Wyatt's head briefly, before looking around the carriage, then resting his eyes again.

INT. CHUNNEL TRAIN - CAR TWELVE - NIGHT

Jack stands at the rear of car twelve, flipping through items in his wallet, casting glances forward at the unmoving van.

WYATT (V.O.)

(radio)

Hey Jack, guess who else is here.

The van's passenger door opens now, a MAN in jeans and plain white t-shirt climbing out, stretching. He looks around the carriage, instantly noticing Jack at the rear, half-turned away.

JACK

Who?

The man reaches into the black van, coming back with a pistol already aimed and firing at Jack, who pulls back, ducking behind the sedan's bumper while shots spark around him, cracking loud in the enclosed space.

PEOPLE in the cars between them panic, screaming and ducking, those outside of their vehicles scurrying back in.

Jack removes his pistol and thumbs the safety off, hammer back. He squeezes his collar.

JACK

Contact gunman, out of armor now.
Shots fired. Weapons free.

Jack stands, squeezing off two quick shots, forcing the gunman back behind cover of his van.

INT. CHUNNEL TRAIN - CAR SIXTEEN - NIGHT

Wyatt busts through the rear door of car sixteen hard, sprinting past PEOPLE who stagger out of his way.

INT. CHUNNEL TRAIN - CAR TWELVE - NIGHT

Two more MEN in jeans and t-shirt exit the van via its driver door and side door, both armed with the small rifles that they carried before while in Dynamic Chronology armor.

The driver fires a burst at Jack, chewing up the car he shelters behind.

A fresh round of screaming from the panicked passengers.

Jack stands again, firing off three more shots as he walks backward to the rear compartment door, pushing back against it, falling clear when the t-shirted troops begin returning fire, chewing up the plexiglass door and the bigger roller door separating the central vehicle corridor.

INT. CHUNNEL TRAIN - CAR THIRTEEN - NIGHT

Wyatt runs through the rear door of car thirteen in time to see the front door disintegrate, and Jack stumbling clear of it, taking cover behind the front vehicle.

Wyatt joins him there, taking a knee.

WYATT

Still three of them?

JACK

Yep.

WYATT

Might be time for my weapons auth?

Jack opens his messenger bag, taking the small codebook, handing it to Wyatt. While Wyatt fumbles with his flat case and the two books, Jack stands, crossing the carriage to the opposite side, approaching the undamaged plexiglass door.

Peering through it, he sees nothing. The van sits empty with its doors open, while other people remain in their cars.

JACK

I think they went forward.

Wyatt stands with his weapon ready, crossing the carriage to Jack, who is opening the door carefully.

INT. CHUNNEL TRAIN - CAR TWELVE - NIGHT

Jack turns back to Wyatt, indicating for him to go up the left side toward the van, while Jack crouches low, crossing the damaged back of the carriage to move up the right flank.

Wyatt creeps low up the left hand side of the carriage, eyes on the van. He stops beside one of the cars, eyes drawn to the movement of a frightened WOMAN crouching low in the back seat. She looks up at him with pleading eyes, stifling a scream.

He shakes it off, moving onto the next car, one back from the van itself.

Jack reaches the other side of the same car, crouching at its back corner. He holds up three fingers to Wyatt, counting them off one at a time. When only a fist is left, they both run the last few steps to the van with their weapons raised, clearing the driver and passenger seats.

Jack slides open the rear door, finding it empty of all but a single passenger seat, and two cylinders, laid on their side, tied together by a network of copper tubes and electronics.

Wyatt joins Jack at the open side door, the sinking feeling more evident than Jack's.

Jack turns back to the other vehicles, firing his pistol twice at the floor.

JACK

(shouts)

Get out of here! Everyone get out of your cars and run to the rear carriage.

He shoots again, pointing a finger at the people who still watch him from their cars, in turn.

JACK

Go! You need to tell the people running the train that there's a bomb in carriage twelve!

People begin to exit their cars now, dashing to the rear, emptying the carriage. He returns to the van, where Wyatt is performing a cursory inspection with his PDA's sensors.

WYATT

I can't see a timer. No idea of composition. What do we do?

JACK

If they only want to bring down the train, we chase them forward and figure out how to disarm it. If this thing is designed to destroy the tunnel, and they bug out back to whatever year, then we might as well take the time to sit here and kiss our asses goodbye.

Jack leads the way to the front, going through the plexiglass door cautiously with his sidearm raised firm.

INT. CHUNNEL TRAIN - CAR ELEVEN - NIGHT

Wyatt is barely through the door behind Jack when automatic gunfire begins raining down on them from two shooters, either side of the car corridor.

They both drop behind the rear vehicle, letting it take the brunt of the shots before both shooters run dry, reloading.

Jack and Wyatt peel out from either side of the vehicle, running past two more before taking cover behind a third, in time for the gunfire to start pelleting them from front of carriage again.

When they run empty this time, Jack and Wyatt come out of the destroyed car they use for cover in time to see the pair of gunmen exiting forward to the next carriage, on both sides. Jack fires a shot at the plexiglass, catching only the closing door.

Jack reaches it before it latches, taking hold of the handle a moment before the door falls apart in his hand. Jack falls back and to the side to get clear of the third gunman, letting off a burst of auto fire from close range at the rear of carriage ten.

Falling between the lead vehicle and corridor divider, Jack groans, grabbing at his bloody neck. Wyatt drops in beside him, getting a firm hold, dragging Jack to the left side of the carriage while shots hammer down on the roller door's other side, punching through in several places.

Wyatt drags Jack two vehicles back along the left walkway, pulling him in beside a Jeep's rear left tyre.

While Jack struggles to catch his breath, Wyatt pulls back Jack's collar to see three small shards of plexiglass, embedded in the neck.

WYATT

None of these look like they hit an artery. Just plexiglass, no shrapnel I think.

Jack looks him in the eye, bringing things back into focus.

JACK

Glad to hear it.

Wyatt's head snaps up when he hears the front compartment door open, seeing a gunman lean through it on their side of the corridor, half aiming the rifle while looking for them.

Wyatt lays low under the Jeep tyre and steadies, fires a single shot, catching something solid on the gunman, sending him reeling back into the next carriage.

WYATT

I think we should consider going back now.

JACK

This bomb has to be the timeline spike at seven AM.

WYATT

We have three hours then. Can we disarm it?

JACK

Probably not. I don't know anything about bombs, and these guys don't seem willing to assist.

WYATT

I didn't see their prisoner anywhere.

JACK

If we can't ID him direct, we need to take at least one of them alive to interrogate.

Wyatt lets out a half chuckle.

WYATT

Sounds like a plan. One thing though... this train is going to France, but the spike was in London.

JACK

Maybe it turns around, goes back there. Timing is right. What do they normally do with an abandoned vehicle on a service like this?

WYATT

We don't need to disarm the bomb, just make sure it leaves the train. Drive it into the sea by six fifty-five.

JACK

Worth a shot. Keep in mind, though. It's our secondary objective.

WYATT

Are you kidding? We're here investigating one timeline incongruent murder for the corruption it may have caused to timespace.

(MORE)

WYATT (CONT'D)

How would we justify letting hundreds of people be killed by rogue Chronology soldiers in a WMD attack that never should have happened? If one murder is a potential cascade, then this is a roundhouse kick to the house of cards that is timespace.

JACK

It's not our job. Good as our intentions may be, they'll hang us for it if we change anything here. For all we know, this is a meticulously planned Dynamic op we're shitting all over. We're mandated to make arrests, shoot if shot at, and bring at least one of these NTEs back to 2026 for questioning. We'll bend our mandate far as possible in trying to achieve it, but we can't do anything that we know will directly impact the timeline.

WYATT

How *will* we know? If this loop we're in is going Solenoidal, or off the rail completely?

JACK

We probably won't, until we jump. But we'll aim to be certain as possible.

WYATT

How?

Jack stifles a sigh, looking hard at Wyatt.

JACK

Find out who all three parties are. Who they're acting for. One of them was supposed to kill Shaheen but didn't.

WYATT

One more thing.

JACK

Wyatt, just let me--

WYATT

The man in the blue suit is in the rear carriage. Dark gray Mercedes.

Wyatt helps Jack to his feet, handing him his pistol.

JACK

Well at least that gives us someone else to arrest. He seemed a bit easier to take down than these assholes.

They carefully move up the carriage either side, clearing each vehicle bumper to bumper, eyes still on the front always.

Reaching each side of the front divider they peer through the opening, seeing nothing. Wyatt gives Jack a thumbs up.

They go through low and quiet.

INT. CHUNNEL TRAIN - CAR TEN - NIGHT

Jack and Wyatt creep up either side of the carriage again, clearing each vehicle, becoming aware that they're all empty of other passengers.

Wyatt squeezes his collar as they reach the halfway point, leaning into it.

WYATT

(quiet)

Passengers must have all made a run for the front.

They clear the rest of the car in this fashion, looking through the next divider.

Jack's POV of the empty carriage 9.

INT. CHUNNEL TRAIN - CAR NINE - NIGHT

Jack and Wyatt continue into carriage 9, moving along either side of the abandoned vehicles.

Over Jack's shoulder, movement at the next door on his side, someone rushing the plexiglass, a WOMAN busting through. Jack raises his pistol but lowers it right away, letting her run past him screaming.

WOMAN

(French)

Help us! They're shooting!

Jack squeezes his collar.

JACK

Speak any French?

Wyatt stands higher to watch her run through the rear door.

WYATT

I think she said they're shooting.

Jack begins to move more quickly toward the front, Wyatt following his lead. After a short look through the next divider door, they both slip into carriage eight.

INT. CHUNNEL TRAIN - CAR EIGHT - NIGHT

Moving quick and cautious along the right side of carriage 8, Jack is seeing nothing.

On Wyatt's side, a thin blood trail.

Wyatt squeezes his collar.

WYATT

I winged one of them.

Jack reaches the front of the carriage, looking through the door.

JACK

Good initiative Wyatt. Top marks.

Jack ducks suddenly, rolling back behind the carriage bulkhead.

JACK

Stay low, I just saw one in seven.
There's movement behind him, not
sure if it's hostages or his
friends.

Wyatt reaches his door, peering through carefully from cover of the bulkhead.

WYATT

Two on this side, yelling at
someone. I think they're
positioning hostages behind each
car.

Wyatt's POV of the two soldiers, pushing mostly-unseen HOSTAGES into the spaces between vehicles.

Jack watches his guy carefully.

Jack's POV of the gunman, about two thirds of the way down the carriage, leaning his compact rifle on the rear corner of a sedan. The slight movement of people crouched down at the front bumper of each car can be seen from this angle also.

JACK

These guys are trying to use the other passengers as a rolling human shield. If we go in there, they have about a thousand per cent tactical advantage.

Wyatt looks across at Jack, whose face seems apologetic.

JACK

I'm authorizing lethal force on the three armed NTEs.

WYATT

Roger that.

JACK

To be honest, I have no idea how to go about it.

WYATT

What if we use the beanbag gun to take out the rear hostages as they stand, then try to get in a few good shots in the confusion.

JACK

Yeah good point, they're probably not expecting us to shoot the hostages first.

WYATT

Let's go sooner than later, my two guys are still setting up, and one looks to be in some discomfort.

JACK

On three.

Jack reaches into his bag, coming back with the baton.

INT. CHUNNEL TRAIN - CAR SEVEN - NIGHT

Jack enters the seventh carriage taking short, steadied steps forward, already firing his pistol at the first gunman, who begins firing back a volley of tracer fire down the carriage.

Jack darts in behind cover of the rear vehicle, where a pair of nervous-looking PASSENGERS wait crouched. The nearest passenger places a hand on Jack's shoulder.

PASSENGER #1

I'm sorry.

The passenger shoves Jack, back out into the walkway. The gunman begins firing again.

PASSENGER #2

(French)

They said they'd kill us if we don't help.

On the other side, Wyatt is creeping past PASSENGERS between the first and second cars, who begin banging cups and utensils on the car's bumper when they see him.

Up ahead on Wyatt's left side, the two gunmen run to the front vehicle, taking cover behind it.

Jack begins to run low toward the first gunman, who reloads, the PASSENGERS between cars all standing row by row as the gunmen bark orders from the front.

The first gunman finishes reloading and stands, the PASSENGERS in front of him standing also, obscuring him from Jack, running fast toward them, still ten large steps away.

Jack raises the baton in his other hand and fires a shotgun blast of less than lethal "beans" at the five passengers obscuring his angle to the gunman.

The gunman reels back when the passengers ahead of him fall, catching some of the beans himself. The sound of beans pelting cars like hail fills audio for a brief second.

Jack reaches the gunman just as he's steadying to aim again, flinging the Chronology issue pistol up under his armored armpit and firing, tackling him at the same time into the rear of the SUV ahead. They go down together between cars while another burst of automatic fire erupts from the gunman's rifle, pinging and sparking around the right side of the carriage.

Wyatt runs now to where he's just seen Jack go down, passing the space with a brief glance--seeing Jack atop the other guy, blood pooling under them, staining the white shirt.

The third gunman leans out from the front station wagon and shoots tracer fire at Wyatt in controlled bursts, sending him sprawling onto the walkway floor, rolling under a minivan.

Wyatt rolls all the way through, coming out on the right side, five cars back from the front. He sprints it, coming around the front car face to face with the third gunman, who whirls around with the rifle when Wyatt trains the pistol on him. The second gunman sits hunched over against the front bumper, obviously wounded, and fading.

WYATT

Drop the weapon!

GUNMAN #3

Drop it! Dynamic Chronology, you're ordered to stand down!

WYATT

Under statute nineteen of the Chronology mandate, I'm ordering you to drop *your* weapon and surrender.

Jack appears behind the third gunman, dropping him efficiently with a pistol whip to the back of the skull.

WYATT

Thanks.

JACK

You did good.

Wyatt aims his weapon at the second gunman now.

WYATT

Hey. You're under arrest, do you need first aid?

Wyatt nudges the guy, who leans back, showing a blood stained t-shirt, letting a dead man switch DETONATOR roll out of his hand and onto the floor. It beeps twice.

JACK

What's he got?

The whole carriage lurches suddenly, accompanied by a loud boom, echoing through the train and tunnel, then the horrendous screeching of metal on concrete, hammering debris.

Jack drags Wyatt under the station wagon while a shockwave rolls through the carriage from the rear, sending it violently shaking left, right, up, down, in a hail of sparks and cacophony of unpleasant sounds.

The whole carriage leans left, twisting further, shaking hard, then turning entirely sideways. The vehicles all begin to tumble onto their sides, then roofs as the whole carriage twists upside down, before grinding to a complete halt.

When everything stops shaking and grinding outside, the lights flicker back on once, then cut to emergency dimness. Along with the sound of falling pieces of metal, the only movement visible is from fire and smoke, beginning to spread.

Jack crawls out of the upside down station wagon's shattered windshield, pulling himself to his feet, looking around.

Over his shoulder, the destroyed carriage, huge chunks of it torn away to reveal the damaged concrete tunnel. Shattered cars and bodies are everywhere. Fire begins to take over several of the rear vehicles.

JACK

Wyatt?

WYATT (O.C.)

(weak)

Yo.

Jack turns back to the front door of carriage 7, seeing Wyatt crouched in the corner of the divider, braced against it and the outer wall, breath still slowing.

Jack walks to him.

JACK

Are you hurt?

WYATT

Just bruises, I kind of got jammed in here by the decel.

JACK

(shouts)

Any survivors?

Nothing. In the rear, the fire spreads.

JACK

Still think that bomb is the infamous ninety-five spike? Did we trigger it early?

Wyatt stands, looking at the nearest damaged section of tunnel, visible through the torn-open side of the train.

JACK

If it wasn't the spike, then what happens at seven AM?

Wyatt points to structural cracks in the tunnel where water has begun to trickle down.

WYATT

Complete collapse of the Channel Tunnel?

Jack follows his gaze, then looks around the front of the carriage. When he sees the guy who triggered the bomb, sprawled out on what was the ceiling, dead, Jack walks to him, crouching to pat him down for small items, which he takes, before untangling the rifle strap, taking the weapon.

JACK

Find the one I killed, take his weapon and return unit.

Wyatt goes off to find the guy further back, seeing him crushed between two sideways cars.

Jack finds the gunman he pistol whipped laying nearby, weaponless. Jack takes his pulse, then produces a pair of plastic cuffs.

Wyatt finishes pocketing the small items and gets the rifle slung, then returns to Jack, standing over the cuffed, unconscious second gunman, holding the detonator he used.

JACK

I need you to accompany this suspect back to 2026.

Jack hands Wyatt the detonator.

JACK

Log this as evidence.

WYATT

What are you going to do?

JACK

Find the man in the blue suit and extract him before seven.

WYATT

If he's even alive.

JACK

If he's not, I at least want a DNA sample.

WYATT

You think it's safe to jump back after all this?

JACK

No, but I suspect that whatever is coming is probably more lethal. If they've caused significant damage, the onus is ours to make the case to the quorum, whatever it might look like now.

WYATT

Fair enough. I guess I'll see you at home. Or somewhere.

Wyatt removes the return unit from his breast pocket and crouches over the unconscious prisoner, placing a hand on his bare arm.

Wyatt looks up at Jack, then presses the return unit's button, disappearing along with the prisoner--the obligatory puff of steam when air rushes in to fill the void.

Jack turns toward the rear of the train, beginning to walk, breaking into a jog as he passes the burning cars, head low.

INT. CHUNNEL TRAIN - CAR NINE

Jack steps over the wreckage of the torn-apart divider between carriages, finding carriage 9 on its side.

A lot of blood here, BODY PARTS litter the scene, with more spot fires burning quietly, less threatening. A pair of SURVIVORS hunch comforting each other near the completely destroyed rear, where what remains of the carriage opens out into the dimly lit tunnel.

Jack looks down at the two men, then out at the flickering orange bursts of sparks further back from the scattered wreckage of train carriages and vehicles, as far as he can see into the tunnel's slight bend.

JACK

(to survivors)

Are you okay?

One looks up at Jack, saying nothing.

Jack continues, using a peeled-away piece of carriage to walk down onto the rails.

INT. CHUNNEL - NIGHT

Jack looks up at blast damaged sections of the tunnel where water is gushing in above. He moves through the scorched tunnel, toward what's left of the rear carriages.

Jack aims the bright flashlight of his monocular down the bend, seeing more leaking sections, and piles of smoldering scrap metal, twisted around each other--small, identifiable pieces of train, vehicles and people scattered in the dark.

Pull out wide while Jack walks away into the scene, beam swinging ahead to light a path.

INT. CHUNNEL TRAIN - REAR CAR - DAWN

The man in the blue suit awakens upside down, still in his seatbelt.

His eyes adjust slowly while he holds his head, wincing, pulling the hand away to see blood.

He looks up to see more blood, pooling in the ceiling.

Through the windscreen, an SUV faces him right way up, its DRIVER slumped over dead.

He twists back in his seat at scratching sounds and movement from the rear.

The blue suited man fumbles for his seatbelt release.

Behind him, the rear window shatters, falling away. Jack's silhouette appears there, holding his pistol like a club.

Blue suited man finds the release, dropping awkwardly on his bleeding head, rolling to the side, pulling a small pistol from an ankle holster, before struggling to aim it at the rear window, still foggy, arm lagging. He fires two shots into the back seat.

Jack fires his pistol once, clear through the suited man's centre mass. Blue suited man looks down, pats the new place where he's bleeding, then winces again, dropping his weapon absently.

The passenger side door opens beside him, then Jack leans in, hauling the blue suited man out, onto the carriage floor.

JACK
Did you do this?

When his vision clears again, the man blinks at Jack, looking him in the eye.

BLUE SUITED MAN
What?

JACK
Did you blow up the train?

The man turns his head, seeing the destruction now, the upturned CARS and BODIES.

BLUE SUITED MAN
I was ordered to.

JACK
By who?

BLUE SUITED MAN
The emperor's son.

JACK
What is that, a codename? Who's the emperor?

The suited man turns his gaze back to Jack, frowning.

BLUE SUITED MAN
Shaheen sent me. I'm authorized to alter this timeline.

JACK
Felix Shaheen sent you back here to blow up the train?

BLUE SUITED MAN
What? No. I report... to the emperor.

The suited man is beginning to fade, trying to remain conscious. He looks again at Jack, his confusion growing.

BLUE SUITED MAN
I thought they left you on the streets of London. They were... supposed to.

Jack begins to search the man's pockets, finding a small REMOTE.

JACK

Why didn't you activate your return unit, before the bomb went off?

The suited man blinks hard, sweat and blood stinging his eyes.

BLUE SUITED MAN

(aloof)

Well... I didn't even know about *this* bomb. What time is it now?

Jack checks his watch.

JACK

Six.

BLUE SUITED MAN

Mine goes off at seven.

JACK

They went early. The train blew up at six. Are you an employee of Chronology? Did the quorum send you back here?

BLUE SUITED MAN

We need to leave. The London bomb will collapse this entire tunnel.

Jack removes a compact blood sample unit from his bag, flicking out the needle on it, before plunging it into the suited man's exposed arm.

JACK

No, not London. The bomb went off in the Chunnel. Wasn't that always the plan? Why London? Was it something to do with Shaheen as well?

Jack watches the sample vial fill, then removes and seals it.

BLUE SUITED MAN

(weak)

He only authorized it. Allegedly, we planned it together. But he was never a bookish guy. (pause) The bomb gets him where he needs to be, politically, by ninety-nine. It takes out his father, before he can really get his head around the four dimensional potential of the tech itself.

(MORE)

BLUE SUITED MAN (CONT'D)
But the genius of it, is how it masks the significance of a future world leader's death from difference engines. No one will come here to repair Felix's murder after this iteration, because the destruction of London drowns it out on every band.

JACK
What are you talking about? What world leader?

BLUE SUITED MAN
Felix Ali Shaheen.

JACK
I think a lot would have to go right for this guy to be king. Did you come here to save him, or to kill him?

BLUE SUITED MAN
Neither. I came for Alex.

JACK
Alex who?

BLUE SUITED MAN
Alex Shaheen.

JACK
The guy's kid? Why?

The blue suited man coughs, grimacing in pain.

BLUE SUITED MAN
(weak)
To get him clear of the blast and fallout.

Jack pauses.

JACK
What fallout?

The blue suited man smiles, hardening into a mildly pleasant expression, eyes glazing over.

Water begins to pool around them.

INT. CHANNEL TUNNEL - DAWN

Jack searches along the inner tunnel wall with his light, wading through waist-deep water. The sound of gushing water fills audio.

Reaching a SERVICE ENTRANCE, Jack tries the door, finding it locked. He pulls his gun, shooting the lock twice, clicking empty on the third. Jack gives the door a couple of hard shoves with his shoulder, scrambling to get any leverage in the rising water.

Finally the door gives, washing Jack into the small service tunnel that feeds the larger central access tunnel.

He gets to his feet and staggers forward while water rushes past him. Jack lights the monocular again and illuminates the long, narrow tunnel while he half-runs in ankle deep water, flowing fast.

INT. CHUNNEL SERVICE TUNNEL - DAWN

Jack comes out of the smaller tunnel into a wide service tunnel that runs the length of the two large train tunnels, between them. The water is at his chest now, making it harder to move, forcing Jack to pull himself along the side wall.

Up ahead, the dim backup lighting gives way to a single bright shaft of orange sunlight.

Jack wades to the place where sunlight pours in, seeing a man-sized hole in the concrete ceiling twenty feet above, capped by a steel grate. He looks around for a ladder, seeing nothing.

The water rises to his neck, beginning to lift Jack off his feet.

Jack stares up at the grate for a long time, then up and down the tunnel. Finally he leans back with a long sigh, treading water against the rush of the current.

Jack rises with the water an inch at a time, edging towards the grate, having to swim against the water harder while it flows more rapidly into the service tunnel from the damaged train tunnel.

Rising higher, he positions himself directly under the opening, having difficulty keeping his head above the churn and splash of the sea water. When he rises within reach of the grate he grabs hold of it, hauling himself up to take a couple of quick, deep breaths.

Jack pulls his feet out of the water and presses them against the curved tunnel ceiling, shaking the grate, pushing and pulling it. It doesn't give at all. Jack takes another couple of big breaths as the water level rises to consume him and the grate.

Jack holds the grate with one hand while the other fishes in his bag for a GRENADE, which he wedges into the space where grate steel meets tunnel cement, then pulls the pin. Jack pushes hard off the tunnel ceiling, swimming about halfway to the floor before the grenade goes off above, sucking him backwards momentarily before he turns, swimming back up to the clearing gas bubbles and churn of flowing water at the gaping, jagged hole where the grate had been.

Jack grabs its leading edge, breaking a huge chunk of damaged concrete off the tunnel. It snags on his chest and drags him halfway to the bottom before Jack can twist free, swimming doggedly back to the hole, face bright red, strength waning.

EXT. FRENCH SHORELINE - DAWN

Jack bursts from the place where water gushes out of the man-sized hole in grass parkland bordering France's scenic coast. He crawls arm over arm until he's clear of the flooding water, rolling aside, drawing long, grateful breaths.

A pair of JOGGERS slow to observe him briefly before continuing, while a DOG WALKER going the opposite way takes a wide arc around him.

Jack sits up with some discomfort, looking around.

Wide on Jack, the UK side of the channel in background, as a NUCLEAR BLAST lights the dawn briefly brighter. Jack rolls away instantly, shielding his eyes.

Close on Jack when the light dims, realization dawning that this is the once-averted 7AM spike on Chronologs everywhere.

Over Jack's shoulder on the rising mushroom cloud, background audio filling with faint screams and panicking, then the deafening thunderclap of its soundwave, knocking the dust off every surface.

JACK
Son of a bitch.

Jack removes the return unit from his breast pocket, clicking it. He disappears in a puff of steam ahead of the main blast wave from the bomb.

INT. ABANDONED GUAM CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT

Jack appears on the concrete floor of the dusty construction site that was once Chronology's B1 launch hangar in Guam.

The place has been shuttered for years, seemingly abandoned mid-build. None of the gyro units remain, just a long, leaking, empty chamber with raw construction materials scattered about the edges.

He stands, looking up at the structure, walking toward where the elevators once were.

Reaching the open elevator shaft, Jack leans in, looking up at rain pouring in through the open roof a floor above.

Jack walks to a set of concrete fire stairs, ascending to the ground level.

He emerges in a bare wireframe of a building--some walls reinforced with concrete, desk fittings in long, empty rows of cable ends protruding from the concrete floor.

Jack walks to the front of the building and down what was the main driveway, just a dirt access road now. The quiet lapping of the ocean on rocks in background fills audio.

EXT. GUAM BEACH - NIGHT

He follows the dirt road a while, reaching the same tourist area we saw in the opening scenes--empty of all people, the remains of a few food carts visible along the beach walkway, sinking into the sand. The jetty Wyatt had walked along to find Jack is now a pair of wooden stumps at the shore.

Jack pulls out his PDA and thumbs the dimple, producing a glowing sphere with small displays that lift from its surface. Jack pulls up a 'radio' command on one display.

JACK

Overwatch, this is Chronology
Specialist Twomey, come back.

He waits a moment.

JACK

Anyone reading me on this channel?

Jack walks along the water's edge, picking up a stone to skip it across the lapping waves.

He looks around, back toward the centre of town, seeing no light there.

Using his PDA, Jack tries to bring up map data but gets a 'server not available' placeholder graphic.

Jack continues on the same dirt trail toward the centre of town.

EXT. ABANDONED GUAM TOWN - NIGHT

Reaching the outskirts of what had been a town of ten thousand locals and migrant workers, Jack finds it similarly deserted.

Walking on broken paved roads now, Jack can see jungle reclaiming most of the man made structures. Vehicles and bikes have been abandoned in the street, baskets of washing and bundles of newspapers left to rot on the stoops of quiet, rusted store fronts.

Jack tries his PDA again, speaking into it.

JACK
Come back, overwatch.

A SEARCH LIGHT hits Jack from above, the noise and wind of a chopper erupting around him.

Over the roar of its rotors, a voice on loudspeaker.

CHOPPER VOICE
This island is under jurisdiction
of the regime.

Jack holds a hand up to shield his eyes from the wind and light, trying to see it.

JACK
Who's that?

CHOPPER VOICE
Lay down on the ground and place
your hands on the back of your
head.

Jack takes a step backward, halfway out of the blinding light, which tracks him.

Sand kicks up in front of Jack as gunfire cracks from above.

He gets the message, going down to his knees, then onto his face.

Behind him, a twin rotored CHOPPER sinks to Earth, landing nearby, sandblasting the scene.

Three body armored TROOPS emerge from it as soon as the skids are down, covering Jack with their rifles, all shouting.

End of part one.