

PILOT

TITLE:  
LAW & ORDER  
CHRONOCIDE DIVISION

FADE IN:

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
In the intergalactic criminal justice system, time murder is considered especially disgusting. In New York City, the detectives who investigate these fun felonies are members of an elite squad known as the Chronocide Division. These are their stories.

Musical sting.

CUT TO:

EXT. QUIET MORNING JOGGING ROUTE IN CENTRAL PARK

RUNNING WOMAN  
A recent study of joggers found that, while jogging, most of their time is spent thinking about how painful their jog is going.

RUNNING MAN  
No way. We should stop jogging forever.

WALKING WOMAN.  
Oh yeah. Definitely.

WALKING MAN.  
Stop. What's that body-shaped lump in that ravine over there?

WALKING WOMAN.  
Oh God.

Violin music rises.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRUESOME CRIME SCENE IN CENTRAL PARK

Through a strobe of red and blue light, an OFFICER and DETECTIVE SHONDA HUTCHINSON walk up to the body.

OFFICER  
We found the body in the ravine. Our Jane Doe is a 5' 9" Russian lady. She was shot twice in the chest in a different location and brought here.  
(MORE)

OFFICER (CONT'D)

There were signs of a struggle. No hits on the DNA and fingerprint samples yet. No ID, no phone.

OFFICER flips a couple pages in his notebook. Oh, a tattoo of a real weird-looking bottle on her navel. None of the guys had seen anything like it before.

HUTCHINSON

That's a Klein bottle, Stevens.

OFFICER chuckles admiringly.

OFFICER

Captain said they'd send someone from Chronocide. I asked him, "When is he going to arrive?"

HUTCHINSON

And?

OFFICER.

He said to me, "You'll know."

HUTCHINSON stops at the corpse while the OFFICER keeps walking. MOLLY WIRE is crouched. She takes off a blue latex glove. A tarp is placed over the corpse.

WIRE

Badgering the uniforms again, Hutch?

HUTCHINSON

They keep making them younger and younger. What do we got here?

WIRE

The physical damage isn't as nearly as bad the chronic damage. Her time fields have been shredded apart.

HUTCHINSON pales.

HUTCHINSON

Jesus.

WIRE

That's not all of it. Most of her chronons have been drained. Forensics found a toroidal pattern on her spine. She was bled and butchered.

WIRE stands up.

HUTCHINSON

How do you say stuff like that so  
matter-of-factly?

WIRE

You ever been to the Sahara, Hutch?

HUTCHINSON

(exasperated)

No, Wire, I've never been to the  
Sahara.

WIRE

In the desert you find the best  
skipping rocks. Not a lake to be  
found for miles and miles, but you  
walk through it the entire time  
wishing you could skip those goddamn  
rocks. You know why that is?

HUTCHINSON shakes her head. She gets into the passenger  
side of their car. WIRE takes driver.

INT. CAR INTERIOR

WIRE

The sand. The sand makes the rocks  
smooth. When that's not enough the  
sand turns the rocks to pebbles.  
When that's not enough, the sand  
turns the pebbles to more sand. The  
job's the sand. You're the rock.

Angle on his adjusting the fuzzy hourglass decorating his  
rearview mirror.

CUT TO:

TITLE SEQUENCE.

Electronic jazz music plays as we see a montage of  
detectives, lawyers, and clocks.