

THE CENTER

By

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Productions

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(**Writers Note:** This is a weird episode; it may end up being a "half-episode" like the Redacted one. I appologize for the monologue in advance, Dan. )

EXT. WASTELANDS

1

Oatman is groggy. He has a right to be -- he's been laying on his back for god knows how long and is now in an unknown part of Haven.

Well, Unknown to him.

OATMAN (V.O.)

When I came too, I was in the middle of no where, surrounded by a mass of debris and a ginormous cloud of smoke and dust that clogged the air.

DOOR UNHINGES. Oatman Coughs.

OATMAN (V.O.)

My lungs burned as I crawled my way out of the pod. I started to run -- mostly out of fear that I'd made my way all the way to the surface, only to die in a poisonous vapor cloud. Partly because it felt good to have solid ground beneath my feet again.

OATMAN running. Fires burning. Maybe weird metal creaks as the ship wreckage settles down.

OATMAN (V.O.)

I ran for a long while -- or at least what felt like a long while. Eventually coming out of the cloud and into clean air.

OATMAN heavy breathing.

OATMAN

(out of breath)

Alright... Jason... Which way are we going? Where are we...

BEAT. Footsteps on hard sand.

OATMAN

Is that a... Yes! A road!

Heavier footsteps, running!

(CONTINUED)

OATMAN (V.O.)

I stumbled across an old road -- or at least one that rarely gets any use. It stretched as far as the eye could see; to the left -- an unending stretch of pavement that stretched into an unforgivng infinity. To the right -- a bleak snake of rock that continue into forever. One way would lead me back to Haven, the other would probably lead me to my death... I had to make a choice...

OATMAN

Heads I got left, Tails I go right...

SOUND OF A COIN FLIPPING... can i just steal the one from The Dark Knight rises?

OATMAN

Left it is then. Alright.

OATMAN (V.O.)

I walked. And walked... and walked. Through the debris field, through the never ending desert, through the pain of my legs burning from strain. I was dead set on finding my way back to the city.

OATMAN

Okay... So you landed a little bit farther than you thought you did. Have no food, no water, no shelter for the night... No big deal! I'm sure you'll find your way to Haven in *no time*. We'll find Woods and Lee, and we'll all laugh at this over a couple of beers. Everything will be...

SOMETHING calls out in the night. Like a metallic cat.

OATMAN (CON'T)

(uncertain, unsteady)

Fine.

BEAT.

(CONTINUED)

OATMAN (V.O.)

Morning came, and I set my eyes on the horizon; With no idea how far to the city, or if any of my "colleges" were even still alive. I carried on. There was significantly less debris at this point -- at least debris from the Point Advantage. There was some... older wreckage... Some of which may have been buildings; or at least were the size of buildings.

OATMAN

I'm beginning to think... I'm going the wrong way.

OATMAN (V.O.)

I set my eyes on a... relatively clean piece of wreckage. Scrawled across it's surface was the name "T.S Eliot".

CUT TO:

INT. T.S ELIOT

2

The Interior is a stark contrast to the outside; utterly silent save for the echoing clacks of Oatman's boots on the metal surface.

As He walks into to the ship -- parts of it hum to life; and an AI chimes into existence through out the ship/

TAKEI

Alert. Alert. Critical Systems Failure; Unable to locate... Any functional sub-systems, crew, or cabins.

CHURNING COMPUTER NOISES, Like an old Pentium II trying to run Diablo III. Before TAKEI chimes back in, closer to OATMAN.

TAKEI

Hello, You are not a registered crew or warden of the Eliot. This vessel requires black clearance. However, as my Networking systems are currently down -- I cannot update the crew roster.

GLITCH.

(CONTINUED)

TAKEI

How may I be of assistance.

OATMAN

Um. Do you know where I am?

TAKEI

You are in section one-twenty-six  
of the forward holdings.

OATMAN

Alright. Let's try that again --  
what is the... *eliots* current  
position?

TAKEI

The current position of the Eliot  
is unknown. Last positional update  
was twenty-six thousand two-hundred  
and eighty hours ago.

(**Writers note:** If it helps to see that number in numbers:  
26280)

OATMAN

Great... Are there any functional  
comms systems on board?

TAKEI

There are no functional sub-systems  
on board this vessel.

OATMAN

Is there anybody else I could talk  
to on this vessel? Can I speak with  
your manager?

TAKEI

There are no lifeforms on this  
vessel.

OATMAN

Great. Thanks.

TAKEI

You are most welcome.

OATMAN

P-Oh-Nine Zero-One-One-A. P-Ten-B.  
What the hell is this? A  
distrubtion warehouse?

A soft beeping comes in through the distance.

(CONTINUED)

OATMAN

Alright Jason. What now. What to do, what. to. do. Oh, I know -- let's continue walking through the creepy ship! Yeah, sounds like a bad plan? And yet -- that's exactly what we're doing. And why is that?... Why is that....

OATMAN starts elongating the words in "why is that"; Somewhere between Doctor Cox and Jim Carrey.

OATMAN

What is that?

OATMAN (V.O.)

The beeping lead me to a semi-functional terminal with a smashed keyboard and cracked screen. I dusted it off a little bit and in the process must've activated something.

The beeping stops -- replaced by a loud hissing sound

OATMAN

Oh shit! what did I do?

TAKEI

Cell Number sixty-five sixty-one activating.

BARKLEY COUGHS.

OATMAN

Are you okay, dude?

BARKLEY COUGHS AGAIN.

OATMAN

It's alright, let it out. Shit, that can't be good for you.

BEAT.

BARKLEY

(tired, recovering)

Yes, I am quiet alright... Where am I?

OATMAN

I was about to ask you the same question. I'm trying to find my way back to the city.

(CONTINUED)

BARKLEY  
(more confident)  
So we're on the surface?

OATMAN  
Unless the void of space is  
starting to look like a desert.

BARKLEY  
(Urgent)  
We need to get back to the city,  
post-hast.

OATMAN  
I'm not disagreeing with you, but  
unless you know some secret passage  
from here to the city -- it's going  
to take some time.

BARKLEY  
TAKEI, activate emergency protocol  
twenty-seven dash sierra.

CLICK.

LOUD SCREAMING (Note: Not quiet this  
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-jvpy4go9cM> )

CUT TO:

INT. LABYRINTH

3

OATMAN panting heavily.

OATMAN(V.O)  
Just like that, the decrepit ship  
disappeared around me; replaced by  
a dark, abandon office space.

OATMAN  
What the actual fuck was that?!  
Jesus christ, where are we?

Heavy Footsteps as Barkley walks casually away from the  
transport.

BARKLEY  
COEUS, Activate protocol nineteen.

**BEAT.**

(CONTINUED)

BARKLEY

COEUS -- I repeat, Activate Protocol Ninteen. Damn, they must have already deactivated it.

(to Oatman)

Son, I'm going to need you to answer me a couple of questions.

OATMAN

Like what?

BARKLEY

Who do you represent?

OATMAN

Pardon?

BARKLEY

I gather you're not from Haven. So that leaves one of two options -- Either you are representing a special interest group such, or you are a member of the Military. Judging by the tatter of clothing you are wearing, I'm going to assume the latter -- so which one is it? Freelancer? United Earth Alliance? Human Extension Project?

OATMAN

I'm with H.E.P... But what does that have to do with this?

BARKLEY

What brought you here?

OATMAN

A distress signal...

BARKLEY

From whom, exactly?

OATMAN

I don't know! Some dude, it was audio only. Look, can that freaky teleporter thing of your send me to DaCara Four? I'm long over due for a break.

BARKLEY

It's only a site-to-site transporter, sadly. However, if you are willing to help me out in this

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BARKLEY (cont'd)  
particular scenario. I would be  
more than willing to give you  
access to my personal vessel.

OATMAN  
Personal Vessel you say?

BARKLEY  
Yes -- it is a Oak Ridge Class  
Yacht. Slip space travel. You could  
be at Dacara Four within the hour.

OATMAN  
Deal. What do you need?