

1

INT. VOID - TIMELESSS

1

NARRATOR

Welcome to The Haven Chronicle

CUE MUSIC. Through out this scene, the music grows in intensity.

BORDON

So I guess I should take this from the top, right? Ok. A lot of what I remember has been reconstructed through reports and audio logs, but I'll do my best.

It started about six months ago -- I was stationed on board the Point Advantage under the command of Captain Alec Lighthall. We were scheduled for shore leave at DeCara Four when we received a distress signal.

CUE Roach's Distress Signal, playing faintly over the background music; like a echo of a dream.

BORDON (cont'd)

Of course, we were obligated to respond.

The Music reaches a Crescendo before collapsing into the sound of...

FADE TO:

2

INT. POINT ADVANTAGE BRIDGE - 0400

2

The STEADY HUM of the ships engines lull us into the world; dotted sporadically by the BEEPING and CHURNING of strained computers.

LUCAS

Sécurité, Sécurité, Sécurité.
Haven-Actual, This is the H.E.P
Vessel Point Authority - we have received your mayday and are in route. We request landing vectors, over.

BEAT.

(CONTINUED)

LUCAS (cont'd)
Still nothing Sir. Their Comms'
array may be down, I suggest
sending a Tech team soil side to
fix the issue.

LIGHTHALL
Understood, Officer Lucas. Let's
give it another round before
sending anyone down there. No need
to rush into a blind situation.

LUCAS
Aye, Sir.

LUCAS fumbles around with SWITCHES and tunes DIALS as he
tries to get a better signal.

LUCAS (cont'd)
Sécurité, Sécurité, Sécurité.
Haven-Actual, we have received your
mayday. Landing Vectors are
required for further assistance. If
you are reading us, please reply.

BEAT.

HARTMAN
Sir, preliminary scans show
everything to be five by five.

LIGHTHALL
Is there anything that could be
interfering with their or our
systems?

HARTMAN
Until ERIS's cool-down is over, I
won't be able to give you any more
information, sir. But it appears
there is a storm brewing off the
coast. In theory that could be
causing some interference on their
ends.

LIGHTHALL SIGHS, THRUMMING HIS FINGERS against the arm of
his chair.

LIGHTHALL
Communications, give it one more
go. Sargent Bordon, gather up Delta
Team down in Green Dock; full
munitions.

(CONTINUED)

BORDON
Aye, Sir.

LUCAS
Aye Aye, Captain.

BEAT.

Hefty sound of a clunky RECEIVER being picked up.

LUCAS
Sécurité, Sécurité, Sécurité this
is the HEP Ship Point Advantage
responding to your Mayday, if you
are reading us please acknowledge
immediately.

FADE TO

3 INT. MESS HALL - 0401

3

The sound of the vessels messhall fills the air; dozens of conversations homogenizing into a loud cacophonous roar. It fades and focuses until we can hear only one conversation.

OATMAN
I'm telling you, if i don't get off
this ship soon.

OATMAN pauses and we hear something metallic TAP against the table.

OATMAN (cont'd)
(con't)
I'm going to lose my shit.

WOODS
Wouldn't that require you have shit
to lose?

OATMAN
Hardy-har-har. You know Woods, I
think humor is above your pay
grade.

WOODS
Yeah, what else is new? I can't
even afford new socks, man.

OATMAN
Seriously though -- what has it
been? eight? nine months?

(CONTINUED)

WOODS

More like four months.

OATMAN

However long its been. I haven't had fresh air or fresh food or seen anything worth looking at. and then, when we're finally about to make shore leave -- what happens?

WOODS

We get a distress signal.

OATMAN

We get a *distress signal!* I mean, come on man. it's almost like they fucking plan this shit out.

They fall silent and the sound of the mess hall fills the air once more.

BEAT.

OATMAN (cont'd)

What do you think's happening down there?

WOODS

hm?

OATMAN

Down there, on Haven.

WOODS

Oh -- hell if I know -- i ain't ever even heard of Haven until about thirty-seven minutes ago.

OATMAN

How is that even possible?

WOODS

It's a level of giving a shit you'll never achieve, Oatman. Trust me, it's almost painful to be this ignorant. It takes years of training and *decades* of apathy that would no doubt *boggle* your mind!

OATMAN

Right -- I could achieve that level of not giving a shit with a bottle of Jack and a box of extra-pepperoni pizza.

(CONTINUED)

WOODS

Wouldn't be the same man, it just
wouldn't be the same. You need to
numb your soul for years.

BORDON

That's what I'm here for.

a chair SCRAPs across the floor and WOODS jumps to his feet.

WOODS

Sergeant.

BORDON

At Ease, Private. Corporal
Oatman...

OATMAN

Yeah?

BORDON

(seething)

Is there something your forgetting?

OATMAN

(chewing food, insubordinate)

No-ope. Don't think so, Nate.

BEAT.

BORDON

I have half a mind to lock you --

OATMAN

half's a bit generous...

The mess hall falls silent as a CHIME blasts through the air interrupting BORDON and OATMAN as the INTERCOM buzzes to life. A broken, distorted and compressed voice begins speaking:

INTERCOM

Attention, Attention; All hands to
stations. We are preparing for an
unknown encounter. Squadron's Rico
and Betty report to Green Dock.
Message will repeat.

INTERCOM fades into the background. The noise picks back up as the crowd of soldiers begin emptying the hall. BORDON LICKS his lips as ready to chew out WOODS, but changes direction at the last moment.

(CONTINUED)

BORDON

I'll deal with you later Oatman, in the mean time -- get your asses down to Green Dock, meet up with Gagnon and Taylor.

WOODS

Aye, Sir.

BORDON

And If you see Specialist Lee, tell her to follow suite.

OATMAN

That's unlikely, last I heard she's locked up as Doc Eckelstien's latest guinea pig for some
(bad russian accent)
Groundbreaking Biochemical Implant

BORDON manages to SIGH and GROWL in one motion.

BORDON

(muttered)

you've got to be shitting me.

(Louder)

Alright, I'll deal with the Doc, you two get your asses geared up before I get back or you'll be cleaning the aft deck for the next month.

OATMAN

(sarcastic)
Yes, Sir.

WOODS

Aye, Sir.

CUT TO:

4 INT. AFT-DECK LAB - 0404

4

THE LAB is all-but-silent; the sound of ENGINES is here and intertwined with the distinct sound of water bubble. Something sloshes inside of a fish tank as ECKELSTEIN taps on the glass.

ECKELSTEIN

Brilliant specimen, no? Retrieved it from depths of Homeworld's ocean. Supposedly, it was a previously unknown species -- one which proved fairly important to space travel.

(CONTINUED)

ECKELSTEIN taps on the glass on more time before turning on his heels.

Specialist SARAH LEE begins talking -- her voice muffled and echoing.

LEE

That's... nice, Doctor. but what exactly does it have to do with --

ECKELSTEIN

The network of flesh that make up it's brain contains a small gland. The gland secretes a certain biochemical agent that does one of two things; prevents sleep, or induces it.

Human brain has similar process with melatonin and adenosine. the latter building up all day until the former puts them to sleep. Is a very simply process. But this, this gland takes it to a new level.

You've probably not even realized it's effect yet, no? Do you even have a concept of how long you've been down here?

The Doctor Taps on glass again, this time it resonates louder and deeper.

LEE

What are you on about?

ECKELSTEIN

Sixteen hours, has the desire to sleep past your mind once, Specialist Lee? Do you even crave sleep?

A door SLIDES OPEN and BORDON makes his way into the lab.

ECKELSTEIN (cont'd)

Ah, Sergeant Bordon, always a pleasure to see you. What is it that has brought you here?

BORDON

Uhhh -- is there a reason you have my Specialist locked up in a glass cage?

(CONTINUED)

ECKELSTEIN

Cage is very important to scientific process. It allows specimen to --

LEE

Specimen?!

BORDON

Doctor, I'm going to need you to release her immediately.

ECKELSTEIN

But Sergeant Bordon, we have only just begun to break the surface of this process --

BORDON

I'm not going to ask you twice, doctor.

BEAT.

ECKELSTEIN

Ergh. Fine, you may have her back but she must be watched at all times -- the experiment may come with some unaccountable consequences.

ECKELSTEIN flips a switch and door holding LEE inside the cage slides open. LEE scrambles out of the cube and towards BORDON

BORDON

If any of those 'unaccountable consequences' effect her while we're surface-side, you can be sure there'll be consequences for you when we get back.

ECKELSTEIN

Nothing will come of it, Sergeant. I do however need to know; will my services be required on this mission?

BORDON

No, Doc. You get to stay here in the safe confines of your lab. As you always have and as you always will.

(CONTINUED)

ECKELSTEIN

There will come a day where you
will require my services.

BORDON

You can think that all you want
Doc, but as far as I'm concerned --
you'll never get to leave your lab.

BORDON and LEE start walking away.

LEE

Thank's for getting me out of there

BORDON

Don't thank me. Captain Lighthall's
orders.

LEE

I'll have to buy him a drink some
time.

BORDON

That'll have to wait.

A DOOR opens and they walk into

5

INT. GREEN DOCK

5

TAYLOR and WOODS are chattering with one another as they
gear up. The heavy clinking of their gear echoing through
the otherwise empty dock

BORDON

Everyone geared up, Vest Cam's
rolling? good. Let's get this show
on the road, men.

WOODS

Sir, Private Taylor was just saying
that there's a storm on the
surface that might --

BORDON

(Interrupting, to the group)
Pay no mind to that; ERIS has given
it less than an eight percentage
chance of making landfall.

Besides, we've got bigger fish to
fry -

BORDON pulls an recorder out of his pocket and CLICKS the
bulky play button down.

(CONTINUED)

BORDON (cont'd)

We picked up a that mayday from that beautiful orange-blue ball of life down there. However, since we've got here, nobody has picked up the phone. We have no clue what that means, it might just boil down to a faulty Comms array, but until we have an absolute answer, Captain Lighthall has ordered us to get our asses soil side and figure it out for 'em.

Insert ROACH's MAYDAY HERE.

some rumblings come from the SOLIDERS as BORDON continues on his spiel.

BORDON (cont'd)

Oatman, Woods and Lee -- You are to take the Relevant Control down to the city proper; make your way to their Tower and see if you can't find one of TIER's figure heads -- either John Barkley or Aaron Cooper. Taylor, Gagnon and I will take the Command Speck down to the Dremmins -- i've got an old contact there who might be able to spread some light on the situation.

ALL

Aye, Sir.

CUT TO

6 INT. COMMAND SPEC

6

FADE FROM MUSIC:

The familiar drone of a ships engines roar through the air.

GAGNON

Safe-House Actual, this is the HEP Vessel Command Spec, responding to your mayday. Authorization Tango Bravo Four Four Six. Requesting landing.

BEAT for radio silence then a female voice chimes through.

(CONTINUED)

EVA
I'm sorry, what?

GAGNON and BORDON groan in sync.

BORDON
Give me that

BORDON grabs the handle from GAGNON.

BORDON (cont'd)
Look, who ever you are -- We have
been circling around the city for
the past forty-five minutes. either
clear us for landing or...

EVA
Or what? You'll huff and you'll
puff and you'll blow our house
down?

BORDON
Just who the hell do you think
you're talking to?

EVA
I could ask you the same thing
there, buddy.

BORDON
this is Sergeant a Bordon of the
Human Extension Project, you little
insolent --

EVA
I'm so scared. the big bad man's
coming in to push his extension on
me.

In the RADIO's background, laughing can be heard.

BORDON
I demand that you put Rat on the
line.

EVA
Rat ain't here, buddy. Much like
Elvis, he's left the building.

Beat. Radio silence and increasing static.

(CONTINUED)

TAYLOR

When was the last time you spoke to
your contact, sir?

BEAT.

BORDON

Six, maybe seven years?

GAGNON

(skeptical)

And you're sure he's still here?

BORDON

Of course I'm sure. He's been on
Haven for nearly twice that time.
It's not like he has anywhere else
to go.

BEAT. The ship CREAKS.

EVA

Alright, alright. you know what?
you guys can land. just don't
expect us to roll out the red
carpet, capiche?

BORDON

Alright, I guess that's our sign.
Pulling into dock now. Taylor,
start prepping our gear for
debarkation. Make sure weapons are
primed and ready.

TAYLOR

Aye, Sir.

BORDON

Gagnon, radio the Relevant Control
-- get a sitrep and make sure
everything is in the green.

GAGNON

Aye sir.

CUT TO MUSIC:

7

EXT. SAFE-HOUSE PAD

7

The sound of an angry, bustling city fills the air; car horns honking, traffic, people yammernig on the streets. The occasional report of a gun echoing blocks away. an ever present and slowly increasing WIND hollers all the way through.

BORDON(V.O.)

I exited the Command Speck and onto a Windy landing pad. My eyes burned as they adjusted to the surface light. Standing across the pad, surrounding by a posse of thuggish looking young men, stood an equally as young looking girl; her tight cropped hair still swaying in the wind.

A young woman stands on the pad; staring at BORDON and his crew as they leave the ship. As she speaks, we recognize her as the voice from the RADIO.

EVA

You happy, cry baby? You got to land. Now, what the hell do you want? we're very busy today.

Snickering from behind her.

BORDON

excuse me?

EVA

Oh, i'm sorry -- pardon my parlance -- 'Are you happy now, Cry Baby Sir'

EVA salutes, her clothes FLAPPING in the wind. more snickering from behind her.

BORDON

Who is in charge here?

EVA

That would be me. Totally weird, right?

GAGNON

Sir...

(CONTINUED)

BORDON
Where is Rat?

EVA
I told you, he's not here right now, he left *me* in charge. If you have an issue with that, then take it up with my super--oh wait, that's also me.

GAGNON
sir, i think we have an --

BORDON
(towards the ship)
Not now, Gagnon.
(to EVA)
Now, listen here you little --

The SNICKERING stops and replaced with the sound of cocking riffles.

EVA
Tsk, Tsk now... You wouldn't want to lose your temper here, now would you?

BORDON
If I had even half the
...

GAGNON
Sir

BORDON
What do you want, Gagnon!

As BORDON asks, the sound of blood curdling screaming breaks through the air as TAYLOR begins to break down.

BORDON (cont'd)
What the hell is wrong with her?

GAGNON
I've got no clue -- she walked off the ship, stopped dead in her tracks then just started... screaming bloody murder. Jesus Christ.

EVA
(annoyed)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

EVA (cont'd)
 Good God. alright, fine. get her
 into the house. we'll deal with her
 there.

BORDON
 Do you know what's wrong with her?
 did you do this to her?

BORDON pulls his gun on EVA. her crew pulls their guns in
 reply.

EVA
 who do I look like? Mengele? No, we
 didn't do this. But we can fix it,
 let's get her to the infirmary.

BORDON
 Why in gods name should we trust
 you?

EVA
 because you either listen to us and
 let *us* help or *she* dies. then
 again, dealers choice.

TAYLOR's screaming begins turns to rasping gasps.

BORDON
 Gagnon -- get her to the infirmary
 stat.

GAGNON
 On it.

BORDON
 Don't let her out of your sight.
 (To Eva)

You and I need to have a chat.

EVA
 Yes, we do.

8

INT. SAFE HOUSE

8

BORDON(V.O.)
 I followed the Girl to a small bar
 inside the house -- expensive
 polished wood and shiny glass
 bottles. She sat down behind the
 bar, I sat in front. That close to
 her, if i had my guess, she

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BORDON(V.O.) (cont'd)
couldn't be more than seventeen --
maybe eighteen years old.

BORDON and EVA work their way into the SAFE HOUSE -- a quiet, creaking building. (**WRITERS NOTE:** Throughout this scene, the creaking and such should increase as The Storm grows closer)

BORDON
Alright, talk.

EVA
sorry? Could you be a bit more
specific please?

BORDON
Where the hell is Rat? Why are
there a bunch of god damn kids
running his facility and what the
hell is happening to Taylor?

EVA
How many times does it need to be
said that Rat ain't here?
Seriously, did your ego pop and
burst your ear drum or something?

BORDON
Rat left.

EVA
Th-ats right.

BORDON
and left you in charge?

EVA
ding ding.

BORDON
How old are you?

EVA
Woah, rude -- didn't you're mother
ever tell you not to ask a lady her
age?

BORDON(V.O.)
As she spoke, a shit eating grin
plastered her face.

(CONTINUED)

BORDON

She did. but I'm not sure you fall under the envelope of "Lady". I've got scars older than you.

EVA's chair creaks as she leans back in it. the chair drops back to the ground with a THUD. EVA starts rummaging through a desk until the she pulls out three or four clinking glasses.

EVA

would you like something to drink?

BORDON

I want you to answer my questions.

EVA

(Spiteful)

Your questions have already been answered, Tyler. and it would be greatly appreciated if you would open your god damn ears and listen to what it is we've been telling you since you got here -- I'm in charge here now.

EVA pour two drinks, sliding one across a table and at BORDON who picks it up and drinks it.

BORDON

Fine. Alright. BORDON slams the glass to the table.

BORDON (cont'd)

what do you know about the distress signal?

EVA

ah, much better -- straight to business.

Beat.

EVA Sips on her drink.

EVA (cont'd)

Which distress signal.

BORDON

(angry)

Are you playing games with me?

(CONTINUED)

EVA

Playing games? No! never! You're just not being specific enough in your questions. There have been approximately sixteen dozen distress signals in the past six months -- which one do you want to hear about?

BORDON

God damn it, the one from here. The god damn distress signal from Haven.

EVA

Ah. No clue, didn't hear that one.

BORDON

Either you start giving me answers or --

MOBSTER

ma'am -- our guest has calmed down and is much more compliant. what should we do with her now?

EVA

Set her up in one of the spare rooms. They'll more likely than not be spending a while with us.

MOBSTER

got it.

EVA

Make sure the third member of Mr. Bordon's team is treated with the *utmost respect*. Anything he wants, give it to him. capiche?

MOBSTER

Yes Ma'am.

EVA

Good, now stick around here for a moment --

(to Bordon)

Now, what exactly were you saying? Something about imposing your superior strength over me or something like that, right?

(CONTINUED)

BORDON

Forget it. We're done here; as soon as I can get in contact with my other team, we're leaving.

BORDON Stands up begins towards the door..

EVA

No, no you are not.

BORDON

Is that a threat?

EVA

More like a fact; there's a storm coming our way, there's no way your pea shooter of a ship will make it out of the atmosphere before it hits -- if you don't believe me, just take a gander out the window. But don't worry -- anything you need and desire is right here for you.

(to Mobster)

Escort our friend here to the first available room. Same treatment as his compadres. (to Bordon again) We'd like to thank you for choosing Casa de la Revanants, we hope you enjoy your stay.

BORDON

I doubt that I will.

CUT TO:

9 INT. SAFEHOUSE SPARE ROOM

9

the SPARE ROOM is silent, save for the soft snores from TAYLOR.

GAGNON

She didn't tell you anything?

BORDON

Not a thing, she just ran me around the gauntlet of bullshit. Most I can gather is she and her friends must've over thrown Rat and taken over his place.

(CONTINUED)

GAGNON

Why would they do that? BORDON

I guess that's what we're here to find out, aren't we? Have you heard from Oatman and his men?

GAGNON (cont'd)

No sir, radio's been dead since we got here. I think we may need to see if our hosts 'hospitality' extends far enough to let us use their long range comms to contact the Point Advantage -- get them to send down some better gear.

BORDON

We'll give it a shot in the morning.

GAGNON

Sir?

BORDON

Apparently, that storm is coming in faster than we thought.

As to emphasis this, the wind wipes up again and rattles the ceiling of the building.

BORDON (cont'd)

We're going to have to wait for it to blow over before we leave.

GAGNON

I don't know how I feel about that.

BORDON

what do you mean?

GAGNON

Something just doesn't seem right here. It's like... I don't know how to explain it. There's just something not right and it makes me feel... makes me feel... *wrong*. I think we should find the Relevant Control and her crew and the hell out of here before...

BORDON

before what?

(CONTINUED)

GAGNON

I don't know... before they start shooting up the O K Corral. Before Vesuvius goes Krakatoa. I don't know, sir.

BORDON

Alright, alright, calm down. In the morning we'll catch up with Oatman and his team -- we'll get their view and we'll make a decision from there. But until then, you should try and compose yourself -- we don't want the locals thinking you've gone yellow, do we?

GAGNON

No, sir.

BORDON

Alright. I'm going to catch some Z's now. you should do the same.

GAGNON

Yes, sir.

CUT TO CREDITS: