

NARRATOR
Welcome to The Haven Chronicles.

1 EXT. VOID

1

OATMAN
I really don't see the point in doing this -- isn't this what you guys invested a quadrillion dollars in body cams for? No? Alright, fine. I'll just fill in what Bordon left out.

2 INT.RELEVANT CONTROL - 0420

2

OATMAN(V.O.)
The Relevant Control is probably the shittiest vessel (more like a bicycle and less like a car, in terms of power) I've ever had the misfortune of piloting.

We're spun back into the world as a camera WHIRLS to life. The noise of the ENGINE is much louder here; the whole ship is rattling and metal is creaking as a literal fireball consumes the ship as they enter the atmosphere.

OATMAN
I'm sure it'll be fine -- besides if worst comes to worse we'll be stuck on solid ground for a while, do you know how much I would kill for that?

WOODS replies from the back of the vessel.

WOODS
(to LEE)
The answer to that is usually about a metric ton of cow.

OATMAN
A METRIC TON of cow. I have seriously been cooped up on the Point Advantage for longer than anyone should be.

LEE
You and me both, Corporal. What happens if we crash? What do we do then?

(CONTINUED)

WOODS
(dramatically)
Game over man, Game over!

LEE
Exactly, and I don't thinking
building a fire or singing a couple
of songs will fix anything.

WOODS CAT CALLS from the back.

WOODS
Pretty and gets 80's references? A
girl after my heart.

OATMAN
Shut it, you too. Lee, get on the
wire. Once we drop below the , try
and get Tier air control on the
receiver.

LEE
On it. Tango Alpha Charlie, this is
Hotel Echo Papa Vessel Relevant
Control, Authorization Sierra Lima
Six Two Two. Requesting landing
vectors. Repeat, TIER control this
is HEP Vessel Relevant Control
requesting landing vectors.

Beat. Radio Static.

LEE (cont'd)
Tango Alpha Charlie -- I repeat;
this is HEP Vessel Relevant Control
seeking Landing vectors.

BEAT.

LEE (cont'd)
Still nothing.

WOODS
Must be controls lunch hour.

OATMAN
Would either of you object to me
ignoring the valet and parking
right in the lot?

Silence replies-- well, almost silence, the ship rattles and
creaks again as they hit another wave of turbulence

(CONTINUED)

OATMAN

Alright -- here we go. Lee, while get back on the radio, scan any and all open frequencies until you find something that's squaking back.

LEE

aye sir.

LEE flips switches and tunes DIALS as the radio STATIC flicks between stations. The ship CREAKS again. the ENGINES roar.

OATMAN

Woods, what's the view from back there?

WOODS

(Peering out the window)
Everything looks five-by-five..

OATMAN

Alright, Hold on to your butts!

BEAT.

WOODS

(confused)
What was that?

OATMAN

I said Hold onto your butts; their docks are unresponsive -- but that ain't going to stop me.

The Engines REEVE up and a loud BANG rocks the ship.

LEE

Still nothing -- ever station is dead. I'm not even picking up Control Speck.

WOODS

Weird -- did we fry something during entry?

OATMAN

Doubt it, something would've shown up on the console.

OATMAN undoes his seat belt and heads towards the rear of the ship.

(CONTINUED)

OATMAN (cont'd)
I'm going to need some cover here.

WOODS
I've got your six.

OATMAN pulls the rear hatch release switch, a RUSH of air fills the vessel and the hatch starts lowering to the ground. WOODS is first out, followed by OATMAN, there guns clinking and jangling at they make their way into...

3 INT. TIER TOWER / RECIEVING DOCK

3

A Large Empty dock. their foot steps echo across the floor. Metal beams creak and chains jangle. Somewhere an alarm is sounding.

OATMAN(V.O.)
We left the ship and enter a large dock that mostly empty save for a couple dozen crates with TIER's logo plastered across them. The air was stale and arid enough to turn my tongue into sandpaper.

I took point as me and Woods fanned out.

OATMAN
clear.

WOODS
Well, ain't this a welcoming party.

WOODS takes a few more steps into the room. SNIFFING the air heavily.

WOODS (cont'd)
(disgusted)
Smells like my foot locker back on PA. Doesn't look like this docks' been used in a couple years.

LEE

Wouldn't surprise me; from what i've heard TIER stripped most of this vessel after the landing. I'm honestly surprised they left the dock unchanged. LEE exits the relevant control, fumbling with a backpack and her weapon as she does.

(CONTINUED)

OATMAN

You need a hand with that?

LEE

I'm good.

OATMAN

You sure? That's a rather pricey looking laptop you've got there. I wouldn't want to be on the receiving end when brass finds out.

LEE

I'm sure. Don't worry about it, Corporal -- I'm fully capable of doing my job, and I recommend you do the same thing.

They start walking into the room. their foot steps echoing louder and louder.

OATMAN

Maybe we should split up.

WOODS

Okay, Fred. Great plan -- how about me and Specialist Lee here head on down to the haunted kitchen and eat some god knows how old chicken, while you wander around in the abysmally dark and possibly haunted tower.

LEE

Am I the dog in this, or you?

WOODS

dealers choice. my point is -- splitting up is a bad idea. aight?

LEE

it would allow us to cover more ground, ya know.

WOODS

so would not being horribly dismembered by the miner-forty-niner.

OATMAN

Jesus Christ, stop being such a baby Woods.

(CONTINUED)

WOODS

A baby? Dude, are you seriously telling me you're not getting a "House on Haunted Hill" Vibe here?

LEE

No way, it's Resident Evil.

WOODS

Alright, whatever! You want to split up in the Umbrella Corporations secrete above ground laboratory, go for it. I'll jest head back to the ship.

LEE

aw man, I was looking forward to some ageless chicken and cheese sandwiches.

As WOODS and LEE Bicker back and forth a door slams in the distance.

OATMAN

Quiet!

WOODS

If you want a sandwich, we can bring you back a doggie bag, Jay---

OATMAN

I said quiet!

FOOTSTEPS echo through the hall; high heels on metal. They're not running but by no means are they walking slowly either.

LEE

Shit -- we've got company.

LEE cocks her shotgun.

WOODS

What? Where? shit.

WOODS loads his pistol.

OATMAN

(shushing)

Get down, be quiet. Breath deep.

(CONTINUED)

WOODS

which one is it? Be quite or breath deep, i can't do both.

OATMAN(V.O.)

The footsteps continued to grow closer until finally we could make out a young woman -- late twenties early thirties at the most. She was wearing one of those suit dresses -- the sorta thing a Spook would wa

WOMAN

Um, hello?

BEAT.

WOMAN (cont'd)

This area is off limits, you know. Come out now, or i'll be calling the Authorities.

WOODS

(whispered)

Should we just...

OATMAN stands up...

OATMAN

Hello, sorry -- I'm Corporal Jason Oatman of the Human Extension Project -- we recieved a distress call from someone on Haven and are responding to --

WOMAN

distress call? Nobody's broadcast a distress call. Everything is fine.

OATMAN

Okay ma'am -- by law I we are required to investigate.

WOMAN

Why would you investigate in the dry dock?

OATMAN

I would like to investigate else where but --

(CONTINUED)

WOMAN

I'm not sure that's the wisest
Idea.

OATMAN groans.

OATMAN

alright -- how about you take us to
Doctor Barkley. We can resolve this
issue and get on with our lives.

WOMAN

Doctor Barkley? Um. He's not here
right now.

OATMAN

Alright... Then we'll settle for
who ever is in charge.

WOMAN

Um. Alright, follow me.

BEAT.

As they walk down the hall, they begin to whisper a
conversation.

LEE

Did she seem a bit, off to you
guys?

OATMAN

You mean other than having to pull
teeth to get a conversation?

LEE

Yes, besides that. she seemed a
bit...

WOODS

Invasion of the pod people-ey?

LEE

Exactly.

OATMAN

You think she's hiding something?

LEE

I know she's hiding something.

BEAT.

An elevator chimes open.

(CONTINUED)

WOMAN

Right this way, please.

FADE TO MUSIC:

4 INT. TIER TOWER - LOBBY

4

OATMAN(V.O.)

The elevator took us down to a massive lobby -- like seriously, the place had to be at least three times the size of the dock we'd just left and was cluttered with pictures and greek-style statues of TIER's leaders. It was also entirely devoid of life.

The LOBBY is silent save for the click clacking of shoes on hard metal.

OATMAN

I'm sorry, Miss -- I didn't catch your name.

JESSICA

Hm, me? oh. Yeah -- my name's Jessica.

OATMAN

Jessica. Alright -- mind telling me where exactly it is we are going?

JESSICA

(slow, confused)

To see the person in charge... like you asked?

WOODS

I don't think that's what he meant.

JESSICA

I'm sorry?

OATMAN

What I mean is -- where exactly, in this building, are we going? This is the lobby, correct?

JESSICA

Oh, right -- Sorry. The dock elevator doesn't go directly to the central office. The only elevator

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JESSICA (cont'd)
that does that is that one over
there.

OATMAN
Alright, and what is the name of
the person in charge here?

JESSICA
Chelsea.

LEE
and what of Doctor Barkley? or
Aaron Cooper?

JESSICA
they're... not here.

LEE
I gathered that much -- but where
did they go?

Somewhere down the line, a SOFT WHISPERING comes through the halls; it's too wispy, deep, and intermingled with the rest of the LOBBY's ambience to be understood. It's certainly not a singular voice -- no, it's an on going conversation that seems to take place within it's own breath.

OATMAN raises his gun.

OATMAN
Hold up; what was that?

JESSICA
that's nothing to worry about,
Corporal. We're experiencing
some... technical difficulties
around the city.

WOODS
(under breath)
Pay no attention to the man behind
the curtain.

LEE
what did you say?

WOODS
Never mind.

BEAT. there feet still echoing through the halls. that voice
in the distance glitching away.

(CONTINUED)

WOODS

(to LEE)

I really think we should get out of here.

LEE

would you say you've got a bad feeling?

WOODS

Seriously -- something doesn't seem right here. Where the hell is everyone?

LEE

You said it yourself; it's probably lunch time.

OATMAN

cut the chatter you two.

Elevator's chime open again. they all cram inside a small cart.

JESSICA

it's just a short ride up and we're there.

5

INT. BARKLEY'S OFFICE

5

Loud Music can be heard; muffled by a door

OATMAN(V.O.)

Another change of scenery; shag rugs, expensive wood chairs and desks and dim glowing lights shaded by stained glass. Woods, Lee and I stood behind Jessica as activated an intercom

CHELSEA

(over intercom)

Halt, who goes there?

JESSICA

It's me. I found a couple of visitors down in the dry dock... they're looking for Barkley.

CHELSEA

(through intercom)

Send them in -- i'll sort things out, don't worry about it.

(CONTINUED)

the Door buzzes open and OATMAN, WOODS, and LEE enter the room.

CHELSEA (cont'd)
Please, take a seat.

OATMAN sits down in a creaking chair.

The Music stops.

CHELSEA clears her throat and inhales.

BEAT.

CHELSEA (cont'd)
So... I take it the HEP received
our distress signal?

OATMAN
Yes Ma'am, that's right.

WOODS
Doesn't appear that you guys are in
much distress thought.

CHELSEA
No, no we're not.

BEAT. She clears her throat again.

CHELSEA (cont'd)
That's because the signal was
broadcast in Err. Someone managed
to hack our light relay and
broadcast a phony mayday.

OATMAN
did seem to phony from what I
heard.

CHELSEA
I can assure you, it was nothing
more than a prank from a local
college frat.

WOODS
you're saying the distress signal
was a film students avant-garde
midterm project?

CHELSEA
Not in as many words, but yes. You
pretty much hit the nail on the
head there.

(CONTINUED)

OATMAN

You understand that we can't leave until we've checked out everything on the surface, right?

CHELSEA

I wouldn't have it any other way -- better safe than sorry, right?

OATMAN

(skeptical)

Right. I'm going to need access to everything -- I'm assuming you guys have some sort of access card or code that can open any door in town?

BEAT.

OATMAN (cont'd)

Ma'am?

CHELSEA

(dazed)

Sorry, what did you ask?

LEE

are you alright? you zoned out there for a minute.

CHELSEA

Yes, i'm fine. You were asking for a... key, right? We don't have anything physical but...

(To Computer)

COEUS, give Corporal Oatman and his friends full access to the city.

A Deep MECHANICAL GRINDING CHURNING NOISE accompanied by the sudden, distorted, osculating and eerie voice of the company's AI.

COEUS

Access has been granted.

CHELSEA

Good. There, you should now be able to access anything you need in the city. If you intend on staying more than a couple hours, there are full furnished apartments on levels twenty through thirty. Fully furnished. Is there anything else you need?

(CONTINUED)

OATMAN

No, that should be it, Ma'am. Thank you for your cooperation.

OATMAN stands up, the chair creaking in protest.

OATMAN (cont'd)

Levels twenty through forty?

CHELSEA

No sir, twenty through *thirty*.

OATMAN

alrighty, we'll set up shop down there until we hear back from our commander.

(to the others)

Lets get a move on.

FADE TO MUSIC:

6

INT.SPARE APARTMENT

6

OATMAN(V.O.)

We did a preliminary scan of the Tower -- all one-hundred and seventy-one floors of it -- and only found flies and dust. We crawled our way back to level thirty-three, found an empty apartment and set up camp.

No Footsteps in this scene -- the apartment is carpeted.

WOODS

Fully furnished, eh? Think the fridge will have any food in it?

LEE begins unpacking the communication gear -- loud, clacking plastic and metal noises.

LEE

seriously, what is it with you and food, is that all you think about?

WOODS

Look, I watched Scooby Doo at a very influential age.

A Door creaks open as OATMAN begins exploring.

(CONTINUED)

OATMAN

Sweet Baby Jesus On Fire! A bed! A real, bonafied bed!

WOODS

Dibs!

OATMAN

Uh-hu, no way -- i'm pulling rank on this one, buddy.

WOODS

Bullshit you are! Dibs out weighs rank!

OATMAN

says who?

LEE

Neither of you are getting that bed.

OATMAN

Why's that?

LEE

because "Ladies First" out weighs everything.

OATMAN(V.O.)

So we slept -- me and woods on the couch and floor respectively, Lee spread out like a lump on the luxurious bed and it's glorious nine-hundred count sheets.

We slept, though not well -- stress and new environments tend to toss you weird dreams.

MUSIC TRANSITION

7

INT.SPARE APARTMENT - MORNING

7

OATMAN and WOODS wake up, groaning, creaking, coughing, sneezing. You know, the noises people make after laying in a shitty level of sleep.

WOODS

I never thought i'd see the day where I would actually miss my bunk back on the PA, but holy hell here it is.

(CONTINUED)

OATMAN

Hell must have frozen over, eh?

OATMAN groans as he crawls to his feet.

WOODS

At least you got cushions --
this god damn blanket didn't do a
damned thing for my back.

the BEDROOM DOOR creaks open and LEE shuffles out, yawning.

LEE

(sleepy)

how'd you guys sleep?

WOODS

don't ask.

OATMAN

don't ask.

LEE (cont'd)

O-okay. Well, i slept like crap --
less than a couple hours I guess.

OATMAN

Alright, which one of you do I have
to order to make me a pot of
coffee?

LEE

I'm on it.

OATMAN

Woods, hop on to the radio, try and
get a position on Bordon and his
men.

WOODS

Got it.

OATMAN

And I guess i'll start packing our
gear for the day.

RADIO STATIC hums into the room. WOODS begins the mantra of
radio communications.

SILENCE fills the room, but is slowly interrupted as someone
outside the apartment begins POUNDING on the door as loud as
possibly.

(CONTINUED)

KNOCKER
(pleading, scared)
Jesus Christ, open the door please
open the door. God, please.

The POUNDING becomes more frantic until it dies down into a dull thud ever couple of seconds. The KNOCKER begins to sob uncontrollably.

All this happens as our SQUAD reacts. LEE SHOUTS OUT in surprise as the first round of knocks echoes through the apartment.

OATMAN and WOODS scramble for their guns, dropping everything they're doing as they trip over various objects in the room.

OATMAN
God damn it -- Where's my clip?

WOODS
Right here!

WOODS TOSSES the clip to OATMAN.

OATMAN
Lee, open that door on my mark.

LEE
Got it!

At this point the pounding has slowed.

OATMAN
Mark!

LEE swings the door open and a wet lump of a man falls onto the apartment floor with a soft, wet THUD.

BEAT -- nothing but the rasping, dying breathes of the man. OATMAN freezes -- a low buzzing noise thrums throughout the scene.

LEE
Corporal?

OATMAN(V.O.)
The knocker apparently had been slumped up against the door -- red smears marked the door and drip marks pooled down towards his body. I froze.

(CONTINUED)

OATMAN
That's a lot of blood.

BEAT.

WOODS
Yo, Earth or where ever the hell we
are to Oatman. What. Do. We. Do?

BEAT -- the KNOCKER starts mumbling under his breath:

KNOCKER
Don't let them... don't let them in
the tower. don't let them off this
planet. Please god, don't let them
off this planet. please... help.

LEE, WOODS and OATMAN bicker among each other as he pleads
his dying words.

LEE
I can't... Christ... I can't find a
pulse. Jesus, his blood's getting
everywhere.

LEE crouches down and applies pressure to the bleeding man's
wounds.

WOODS
what the hell happened to him?!

LEE
Fuck. He's bleeding to fast -- grab
the med back, quick./

WOODS lurches across the room and returns with the bulky
medical bag.

LEE (cont'd)
Good, now get me the tourniquet and
Celox. Shit. what's your blood
type?

WOODS
AB positive. Where's the Celox?

LEE
Top pouch, brown bag.

WOODS RIFFLES through the bag.

LEE (cont'd)
Oatman, Can I get a hand here?

Before OATMAN could respond, the KNOCKER grabs LEE by the hand, locks eyes with her starts talking, his words getting weaker and weaker, fainter and fainter with each passing syllable.

KNOCKER
You gotta destroy this city, it's the only way to be safe. You gotta just glass the whole damn place. Do you hear me? You can't let them escape for the love of all that you love -- do. not. let. them. off. this. planet.

LEE
What are you talking about? What happened?

From the hall, a new voice begins to call out:

SCOUT
He went this way for sure.

CHASER
How can you be sure? I ain't see no sign or tail of him.

SCOUT
Just... just trust me on this. He's right up here. I'm telling you.

LEE grabs the KNOCKER by the shoulder and starts dragging him further into the apartment.

LEE
Woods, get the door. Quick.

The DOOR slams shut.

the muffled voices of the Searcher cries out:

SCOUT
There! over there!

WOODS
Bedroom?

LEE
On it.

LEE drags the KNOCKER Into the bedroom. The door closes.

(CONTINUED)

BEAT.

The apartment DOOR HANDLE begins to jiggle.

BEAT.

SCOUT
Try knocking, god damn it.

CHASER
Hey, I don't tell you how to do
your job, so don't fucking tell me
how to do mi--.

CHASER is cut off at the word 'mine' as WOODS opens the door.

WOODS
Can we help you?

CHASER
Yeah, you wouldn't have happened
to've seen a guy come wandering
around here, would'ya?

WOODS
A guy... a guy... You know, you're
gonna have to be a bit more
specific on that.

SCOUT
a *bleeding* guy.

SCOUT taps on the door frame, where the blood is trickling.

SCOUT (cont'd)
You know what blood is, right? It's
the stuff that's all over your
hands and shirt -- maybe a couple
more places if you don't answe--

CHASER elbows SCOUT in the stomach. he doubles over in pain.

CHASER
What my colleague means to say is
that if you have *any* information
that would be of use to us, it
would be... useful for you to give
it... to us.

WOODS
You sir, are a genuine poet with
your words -- but I haven't the
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

WOODS (cont'd)
slightest Idea what you're talking
about.

CHASER
uh-hu. Okay.

WOODS
it's been a *pleasure*, talking with
you. maybe we'll catch you again on
the quad -- but right now, i've got
to get back to my quiche before it
explodes... or something. good day.

WOODS closes the door in their faces as they protest for
more information. meanwhile, OATMAN begins to chant the
phrase: "so much blood" and variations upon it.

He turns towards OATMAN. approaching him and slapping him
across the face.

WOODS (cont'd)
snap out of it, dude.

OATMAN
Ow.

WOODS
What the hell was that all about?

OATMAN
(louder, slightly angry)
OW.

BEAT.

OATMAN (cont'd)
I'm sorry. I don't do well with
blood.

WOODS
Don't do well with...? Boy howdy --
did you pick the wrong career then.
You need to get your act together.

LEE chimes in, muffled by the door.

LEE
I need some help in here, guys.

WOODS
I'm going to go help her, you... do
whatever it is you need to do.

(CONTINUED)

WOODS shuffles off, the door opens and closes.

beat. OATMAN SIGHS.

OATMAN(V.O.)

I.. I went back to packing our bags; prepping the guns, making sure we had enough ammo. When that was done, I tried to get Bordon on the radio once more.

As OATMAN talks, his actions are heard in the background; the ruffling of the bag, the clinking ammo and the works of the gun. the radio static filtering in the back.

OATMAN(V.O.) (cont'd)

all the while my back was turned both the bedroom and front door. The air reeked of copper. I could hear the constant groans of the knocker and the flow of curses and rage from Lee and Oatman as they treated him.

The sounds of their actions slowly over lace his, erratic music lays beneath it all as an undertone.

OATMAN(V.O.) (cont'd)

I'm not sure how long it went on, but eventually the two of them came out.

LEE

He's dead.

OATMAN

Did he at least say anything about what happened?

WOODS

Dude wouldn't shut up, but I'm not sure if any of what he said was useful.

BEAT.

LEE

So what now?

WOODS

Have we heard from Bordon or PA yet?

(CONTINUED)

OATMAN

All we've gotten so far is radio static.

BEAT. Oatman sighs.

OATMAN (cont'd)

I guess we should try and find them, right?

WOODS

do we know *where* they are?

LEE

Yes -- right before we breached Atmo, Gagnon transmitted the position of the Safe House they'd be landing at -- it's over in the dremlins which is --

OATMAN

on the other side of the city.

LEE

Right.

WOODS

Think we'd be able to... 'acquire' A car from our host?

OATMAN

it's worth a shot. Alright, grab your gear -- let's get a move on.

LEE

There is... one more thing. While i was examining his body... I'm not exactly sure how to say this but...

WOODS

Dude had some shit growing in him.

LEE

That... is one way of putting it.

OATMAN

What kind of "Shit?"

LEE

I'm not sure -- whatever it was had solidified in a bunch of his veins. It wasn't like a clot; entire stretches of veins had coagulated,

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LEE (cont'd)
or calcified or crystallized. I
don't know which term to use... but
the point is it was *solid*.

As LEE talks the END MUSIC builds up, capping off with a
stinger before the credits roll.