

HALF-SUNK

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INT. POINT ADVANTAGE BRIDGE -0945

(
Writers note: this episode doesn't
start with the narration
introduction, or the 'title
sequence' until after the first
scene)

We return to the bridge of the point advantage. The beeping,
typing, and general beeping is still on going and steady.

HARTMAN

Sir -- We've got incoming on the
radar. Looks like the Command Spec.

LIGHTHALL Open a line.

RADIO BURST

LIGHTHALL (CONT'D) Command Spec --
this is Captain

Lighthall. What is your situation?

GAGNON

Everything is okay, sir - Private
Taylor experienced a minor medical
situation but it is under control.
We're all heading back to the Point
Advantage, requesting docking
authorization.

LIGHTHALL

Granted. Once you've arrived, join
me in my quarters. I want a full
briefing immediately.

GAGNON Will do, sir.

RADIO CUTS OUT. Lighthall sigh grunts? Grunt sighs? as he
stands up and starts to leave.

HARTMAN

Sir, I really think we need to
discuss the results of ERIS's
latest scan.

LIGHTHALL

There's nothing to discuss.

HARTMAN

Nothing to discuss? All our scans at every level scream that we just sent six of our people to a planet that doesn't even exist and you think there is nothing to discuss?!

LIGHTHALL paces towards the bridge view port.

LIGHTHALL

Officer Hartman, I want you to take a good hard look outside.

BEAT.

LIGHTHALL (CONT'D) You see that rock down there? Do you see anything wrong with it?

HARTMAN

No, it just looks like a hunk of rock to me, sir. But I'm pretty sure that's why we have scans. Can you tell when a taco is going to give you the shits? Or when a drink is going to suck?

LIGHTHALL (UNDER HIS BREATH)

You insufferable jackass.

HARTMAN What was that?

LIGHTHALL I'll take your warning under advisement, Officer Hartman. In the meantime, you have the bridge.

LIGHTHALL paces back towards the DOOR which slides open and closes.

HARTMAN

Eris, let's do another scan of the surface. As soon as they're in full range, do a scan of the ship too.

ERIS

Initializing Surface Scan.

LUCAS

Do you think the scans could actually be right?

.

HARTMAN

I don't know anymore, man. But my gut is telling me they are. I mean, there's no reason why a storm should be knocking out all comms, right?

LUCAS

Anything's possible, I guess.

HARTMAN sighs in frustration.

LUCAS (CONT'D) Maybe you're reading too much into this, you know - like what happened back at Mayberry.

HARTMAN

Oh for the love of god, don't say Mayberry.

HARTMAN (CONT'D) Great. Thanks for reminding me of that fuck-up.

LUCAS

Reminding you? Well, I sure as hell haven't forgotten...-

HARTMAN Ugh, God.

LUCAS (CONT'D)

-what was it you called Congresswoman Serpico? A monster in a thrift store costume? You're lucky that Lighthall was there or you'd probably never have seen the light of day.

HARTMAN

... You're really getting a kick out of this, aren't you?

LUCAS You know I am.

ERIS chimes into the intercoms.

ERIS

Surface scans complete; surface population: zero. Planetary

Classification: Zero, Zero, Zero.

cut to title sequence.

HARTMAN-NARRATOR
The Haven Chronicles - Episode 4:
Half-Sunk.

INT. VOID TIMELESS

HARTMAN(V.O)
My name is Robert Hartman. Warrant

Officer for the Human Extension Project. At the time of -- what are we calling it? The event? The catalyst? --I was stationed aboard the Point Advantage and tasked with maintaining communications and regulating our stubborn AI, among other things.

I would like it on the record that, despite me being in charge at the time, I was not the reason it all went downhill. That was not my fault, okay?

I would like it said on record that, despite me being in charge at the time -- I was not the reason it all went down hill. That was out of my control.

INT. POINT ADVANTAGE BRIDGE -1000

ERIS
Scans of the Command Spec are complete. All systems are fully operational. Life support operating at one-hundred percent and sustaining five life signs.

BEAT.

LUCAS
See? Everything's fine. You're just overreacting.

HARTMAN
No, I'm really not. Eris, how big was the landing party sent down to Haven?

ERIS
The landing party consisted of

SergeantSeargant Bordon, Specialist Lee, Corporal Oatman, Private Woods, Private Gagnon.

HARTMAN
(interrupting ERIS) No, No. I don't need a list. I need a count. What was the number of people sent down to Haven.

ERIS
The Landing Party consisted of six people.

HARTMAN and how many people are returning?

ERIS (CONT'D)
There are Five crewmen aboard the Command Spec.

LUCAS
So what? Someone is staying back on the surface.

HARTMAN
True, maybe. Buuuut - Eris, could you play back the last transmission?

ERIS beeps and boops.

GAGNON
(over radio, replay, same message)
Everything is okay, sir - Private Taylor experienced a minor medical situation but it is under control.

HARTMAN
If you had to leave one of your own behind on a weird and possibly hostile planet, do you think you'd not mention it and say "everything is under control?"

LUCAS
I think you're reading too much into this.

HARTMAN
I don't think you're reading into this at all.

BEAT
LUCAS Well, doesn't really matter much now, does it? If something was going to go wrong it would've by now.

HARTMAN Please for the love of god tell me you didn't just say that. Sure, just invite cosmic irony...

CHASER Excuse me gentlemen. How do i get to the armory from here?

HARTMAN See, this guy gets it. Lock and load, right?

LUCAS Are you authorized to use the armory?

CHASER Why not?

LUCAS ... uh huh.

HARTMAN

Cut the guy some slack, Lucas. (to Chaser)

The Armory is down by the brig.

CHASER

Right, right. And where exactly is the brig?

HARTMAN Jesus, this your first day on the job?

CHASER You could say that.

LUCAS

What-

HARTMAN

The brig is on the aft deck. Do you know where the aft is?

HARTMAN (CONT'D) Because if you don't, that's a whole nother issue.

CHASER

Aft deck. Yes. That's the rear of the ship, right. Of course it is. Thank you.

the bridge door opens and closes as CHASER leaves the bridge.

LUCAS ...Seriously?

HARTMAN What?

LUCAS

Seriously dude... after all that paranoid talk and you don't even...

HARTMAN Don't even what?

LUCAS (CONT'D)
Hartman, Who was that?

HARTMAN
That was... um... Chaser Smith,
right?

LUCAS Seriously?

HARTMAN Yeah, Smith!

LUCAS
Okay, where did he come from?

HARTMAN What?

LUCAS (CONT'D)
Lighthall left, what, twenty
minutes ago? He put you in charge
of the bridge and left the two of
us alone.

HARTMAN Ye-ah.

LUCAS (CONT'D)
The two of us. Alone. So where the
hell did Smith come from?

HARTMAN (realizing his mistake) ...Fuck.

INT. CAPTAINS QUARTERS - 1045

The Quarters are quiet save for some soft, classical music
playing in the background. The door BUZZES.

LIGHTHALL Come in.

The DOOR slides open and GAGNON and OATMAN walk in.

LIGHTHALL (CONT'D) take a seat.

BORDON
I'll stand, if that's alright sir.

OATMAN
I've got no problem sitting.

OATMAN pulls a chair out and flops his ass down.

LIGHTHALL
How did things go on the surface?

OATMAN

Oh, you know -- toured the city,
talked with and killed two locals,
realized my CO may be batshit
crazy.

BORDON

You've got no room to speak,

Corporal.

(to Lighthall))

Sir, things...didn't go according to plan.

LIGHTHALL Explain. Now.

OATMAN

Well, for starters-- The whole time
we were down there, I didn't see a
single person above the legal
drinking age.

BORDON

And yet you still managed to kill
two civilians.

OATMAN one word -- Self-defense.

BORDON (CONT'D)

That's two words, you morron.

OATMAN

(insulted and unsure) Is it?

LIGHTHALL

Gentlemen -- can we please continue
with the matters at hand.

OATMAN With all due respect, shit is fucked up down there,
sir..

The door BUZZES again and HARTMAN enters.

HARTMAN Sir, we um...may have a small issue.

OATMAN

Don't tell me, there's a wolf in
sheeps clothing somewhere on the
ship.

HARTMAN growls.

HARTMAN No... We... uh... may have an intruder.

LIGHTHALL
An intruder? What...how'd they get
in?

OATMAN
(quietly, joking to
himself)
Probably in tru da window.

HARTMAN I... No clue sir.

BORDON
Have you sounded any alarms?

LIGHTHALL
Wait, that might not be necessary,
Sergeant.

(to hartman)

LIGHTHALL (CONT'D)
Did this intruder say where he was
going?

HARTMAN
Um, well, yes, sir. He did.

LIGHTHALL Good, that gives us a starting place. Where was he
heading? Beat.

LIGHTHALL (CONT'D) Officer Hartman?

HARTMAN (CONT'D)
Well, um, sir...he...is heading to
the armory.

OATMAN Wait, what?!

BORDON
And you didn't think to mention
that before?!

HARTMAN
Look --

LIGHTHALL
Bordon, Oatman -- get to the Armory
stat.
(to ERIS)
Eris, put out an all stations
alert. We're on lock down until
further notice.

BORDON

What about the Doc? The armory's
right around the corner from him.

LIGHTHALL

(angry)

Goddammit. Right. Hartman, you go
deal with the Doc. Secure him and
his lab; nobody is allowed in or
out of the lab until I give the all
clear. Hartman, you go deal with the
Doc. Secure him and his lab; nobody
is allowed in or out of the lab
until I give the all clear.

HARTMAN

Sir, i'm sorry --

LIGHTHALL

No time for that, get a move on!
Now!

INT. AFT-DECK LAB - 1100

An alarm is blaring throughout the room -- we hear Iosif
scrambling and muttering as he works and fiddles with
something electronic.

a moment passes and the Alarm is cut short with the sound of
sparks.

IOSIF Much better.

He marches back to the table and proceeds to unzip a body bag
and flips on a recorder.

IOSIF (CONT'D) Most peculiar; large fungal-like growths have
begun to grow all over subject but...they appear crystalline
in nature. Attempting to remove one now..

Gross Slosy and metal on glass noises as the Doctor pulls
one of the spores out of the patient.

IOSIF (CONT'D) Hm. They appear to be deeply rooted, growing
off major arteries and veins. Growths look similar to
Lycoperdon perlatum from Earth but they are definitely made
of a strange crystalline substance and... gah.

At this point IOSIF becomes a bit... disjointed from reality.
Mumbling something in russian.

IOSIF (CONT'D) ...what do you need?

IOSIF is quiet, as if he is listening to the other end of a conversation that we cannot hear. A deafening silence fills the air.

IOSIF
I'm uncertain I would be able to.
Yes...yes, that would work. But it
would be...I understand urgency
but...

BEAT.

IOSIF (CONT'D) Niet. That path will only cause more delays. Perhaps a more direct route would be ideal. Green Dock, no??

BEAT. The Doctor pounds away on the keyboard. A moment later the lab door slides open and Hartman walks in.

IOSIF
Ugh, what is it you want?

HARTMAN
I'm just here to secure the lab,
Doc. Keep doing whatever you're
doing.

IOSIF
If you must-- make it quick, we are
in the middle of important
conversation.

HARTMAN
We?... you know what? never mind.
Not worth it.

Hartman proceeds to close and lock the door with a very loud BEEPING KEYPAD. He DRAGS a METAL CHAIR from a nearby desk and plops his large ass into it; the chair creaks as he does.

Beat.

HARTMAN (CONT'D) So...what's up down here, Doc? Anything exciting? Or, you know, terrifyingly inhumane? Either/or.

IOSIF grunts in reply.

HARTMAN (CONT'D) What about the stiff? He saying anything interesting?

IOSIF grunts again.

HARTMAN (CONT'D) Right. Man of many words.

HARTMAN Stands up and saunters over to the Doctor as he's hunched over his computer.

HARTMAN (CONT'D) Huh...so, what's so interesting over here, anyway?

IOSIF

It does not concern you. We are busy with things that aren't for you.

HARTMAN

Okay, Gollum. What's up with this third person shit?

IOSIF It is not third person, is collective

HARTMAN (CONT'D)

Right, but there's only two people in this room...me and you..

IOSIF

Yes... yes that's right.

IOSIF stops typing as he hits the enter key loudly.

HARTMAN Alright, so...?

IOSIF (CONT'D)

Sorry, Officer Hartman. I was just confused. English is such a petulant language. I just...confused words.

HARTMAN Uh hu.

IOSIF (CONT'D)

What was it you were saying?

HARTMAN

I was asking you what is up with the stiff? You were examining, right?

IOSIF

Ah, yes, right. Subject is fine -- slight peculiar anatomy developments but nothing worth noting, would be very boring for you, yes? Anyway, I am in need of supplies from next room.

the DOC starts walking towards the door.

HARTMAN

Hold it, Doc. We're on lockdown. No one is leaving this room. Not you, not me, not the stiff.

IOSIF

Niet, we're not on lockdown. See, alarm is not sounding.

HARTMAN

You mean the alarm that's hanging by a wire? That thing's only good for lighting a smoke at this point.

IOSIF

(defeated, distant) Oh... yes, right.

HARTMAN

Are you feeling okay, doc? I was kidding with the Gollum thing before but you're acting weird...I mean, weird for you.

IOSIF

I am just suffering from sleep deprivation. Is part of another boring experiment.

HARTMAN

Come on, Doc. Might as well share. It's just you and me down here and we've got time to kill before we get the all clear.

IOSIF

It is very technical, Officer Hartman. If you could even begin to understand it...you would be one locked in here, not I..

HARTMAN sighs. DRUMS HIS FINGERS on the metal chair.

beat.

the DRUMMING intensifies, joined now by tapping feet.

IOSIF (CONT'D) Ack, fine! If it will get you to cease your noises, I will tell you.

IOSIF (CONT'D)

No...no, I will show you. Come, come.

HARTMAN stands up from his chair, lead towards the table by the doctor. The Doctor fully unzips the body bag; exposing the corpse with in.

HARTMAN

Well that's disgusting...Christ, man, what killed him?

IOSIF

That is interesting thing. Reports from Oatman and Woods both say subject shot in dark alleyway. Neither of them saw actual bullet enter or exit but saw subject collapse.

the doctor grabs a scalpel.

HARTMAN

Don't tell me you're going to cut this guy open.

IOSIF

What is matter, Officer Hartman? Weak stomach? Niet, scalpel is not strong enough to cut through him...not now.

HARTMAN

Is that like some rigor mortis thing?

IOSIF

If that is what you want to believe, so be it, but...

The Doctor taps on the corpse, a loud glass clinking noise.

IOSIF (CONT'D)

No bullet wound, no sign of blood - not just from wound, but no blood inside body either. Initial assessment supports hypothesis that entire circulatory system has calcified.

HARTMAN

What the hell is growing on him?

IOSIF

Pay no mind, Officer Hartman. What is more interesting is the eyes-da, yes, come looksee.

HARTMAN(V.O) The Doc waved me in closer to the corpse. With one hand he peeled the dead guy's eye lid open. With the other, he tapped the scalpel against the eye.

IOSIF (CONT'D)

Is almost as though entire body has been converted to same strange material -at least, the fleshy soft parts, have not yet had opportunity to fully examine subject. Perhaps once lockdown procedure is over, I can convince Captain Lighthall to allow me usage of certain medical saws to begin further examination.

HARTMAN(V.O) The Doc continued on ranting about some medical crap and I continued staring down at the corpse's open eye. It hung open, staring blankly into the void until-

HARTMAN (CONT'D) Jesus christ!

IOSIF (CONT'D)

What is it, Officer Hartman?

HARTMAN

His eye just moved!

IOSIF What? No, no, is most likely chemical reaction in muscular tissue. Happens time to time during decomposition.

HARTMAN (CONT'D)

I'm telling you, Doc, his eye just fucking moved and looked directly at me.

IOSIF

He is dead, Officer Hartman.

HARTMAN unholsters his gun.

IOSIF (CONT'D)

Put down the gun, Officer.

HARTMAN

I will, as soon as you step away from the him.

IOSIF

The Patient is not going to murder you, Officer.

HARTMAN

Sure. Now Step. AWAY. From. Him.

The Doctor drops the scalpel on the table and moves away.

IOSIF
Are you happy now?

HARTMAN
Delighted. Stay where you are.

HARTMAN(V.O) (CONT'D) I approached the body bag, the sight of my gun never leaving the head of the - what did Eckelstein call him? The Subject? - let's go with that. I approached the subject, gun drawn, staring at him for any more signs of movement. After what felt like an eternity, I finally let me guard down.

Hartman SIGHED as a different, more dire alarm sounds.

IOSIF
Did I not tell you?

From the table, we hear as the patient picks up the scalpel and drive it into Hartman's Kidney. The Alarm screaming the entire time.

HARTMAN
Gah, son of a bitch!

IOSIF
No, I spoke well...he is not going to murder you. Murder does not fit motif. Your kidney may be a bit damaged now, though.

Laughter from the patient. HARTMAN grunts/groans and knocks over a tray of medical instruments which clatter to the ground.

HARTMAN
What the fuck are you doing?

Footsteps as the Patient stands up and out of the body bag. a fire ignites, wells up and flies through the air, splashing against the wall. A moment later the fire alarm sounds.

IOSIF
I am taking what is rightfully mine. Freedom.

FADE TO BLACK; END OF PART 1

INT. HALLWAY - 1030

LEE(VO)

We disembarked from the Command

Spec and split ways -- Bordon and

Oatman went off to meet with Captain Lighthall, Woods, Gagnon and I followed alongside Lee to the Medical bay.

Her eyes transfixed on the ceiling as we pushed a gurney down the hallway.

WOODS

What happened to her?

GAGNON

Ugh, I'm not even sure. She was fine going down to the planet, then not fine on the planet. something happened the second we stepped off the ship.

BEAT.

GAGNON (CONT'D) Can I ask you two a question? Did you really not see the rain?

WOODS

No, It was a beautiful day. Sun shine and all.

LEE

Well -- I wouldn't go so far as saying it was beautiful. there was that whole dead guy thing.

WOODS

(correcting)

Dead guy who we didn't kill.

LEE

Right. But other than that -- yeah, it was nice out.

GAGNON

See -- we got stuck in a storm. Heavy downpours and strong winds, and you lot say you didn't see a drop of rain? That's now how storms that size work.

WOODS

It's a different planet man --
different weather patterns and
such.

The Gurney clutters to as a group of soldiers stomps past.

GAGNON

No, It's not that -- i studied
xenoclimatology back before...
well, you know. Haven's weather is
pretty well documented. I don't
think a storm that size would cut
down the middle of the city that
precisely.

The gurney juts and groans as they turn into...

INT. SICKBAY - 1045

SICKBAY ambience noise -- beeping monitors and occasional
coughs.

LEE(VO)

The Sickbay was outfitted with one
of those fancy Apollo Auto-docs. As
we walked into the bay, ERIS chimed
into life.

ERIS

Please state the nature of the
medical emergency.

WOODS

Jeez, where do we start?

LEE

Try starting with Shock and work
our way up from there.

ERIS

Acknowledged, please position
Patient inside Auto-doc.

LEE

(straining)
Gimme a hand here you too.

The Gurney creaks as TAYLOR is lifted from the bay, groaning.
The AutoDoc hisses shut, loud screaming motors buzz to life
as the machine begins to heal her.

GAGNON
Is shock serious?

WOODS and you call yourself a solider?

LEE
Circulatory shock is pretty bad --
but I don't think that's what she
has... What exactly happened to
her?

GAGNON
How many times am I going to get
asked this question? I've told you
everything I know.

LEE
Alright, she walks off the ship and
starts screaming and you don't
question why?

BEAT.

LEE (CONT'D) What was she saying?

GAGNON
Something along the lines of "what
is this?" or "What's going on?"

LEE
Mhm. Did you see anything out of
the ordinary?

GAGNON
No, it was just a bunch of kids! A
bunch of kids and that girl. That
snarky little child.

WOODS
That sounds oddly familiar.

LEE
Was the girl in charge?

GAGNON
It seemed that way, yes.

WOODS what are you thinking?

LEE
I'm not sure. I've just got a
feeling.

The Whirling motors and buzzing stops as the AutoDoc hisses open. Taylor groans.

ERIS
Treatment complete; Recommend
fullbed rest until further notice.

WOODS
Welcome back to the land of the
living.

TAYLOR groans as she sits up and out of the bay.

TAYLOR What happened?

LEE
We were hoping maybe you could fill
us in on that.

LEE(VO) (CONT'D) We helped Taylor out of the machine; her legs weren't entirely steady but we managed to get her to a seat.

TAYLOR
The Last thing I remember was...
talking to the safe house.

GAGNON That's it?

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
Yeah, that's it. Bordon told us
about his contact and then I woke
up here.

GAGNON
You don't remember landing? being
rushed to the house? Nothing?

TAYLOR Nothing.

BEAT.

TAYLOR (CONT'D) Can i get something to eat? I'm starving.

WOODS
Yeah -- it's almost lunch time,
let's skedaddle our way down to the
mess.

INT. MESS HALL - 1100

THE MESSHALL is quiet, save for the now blaring sound of the alarm. They fumble with their trays as they make way to a table and sit down.

(
WRITERS NOTE: The Alarm should be
played through this entire scene)

WOODS
Should we be concerned about that
alarm?

TAYLOR
Probably, but I couldn't care less -
i'm starving.

TAYLOR starts shoveling food into her mouth. Chugging her coffee. Eventually finding the forks and knives ineffecient she just begins ham-fisting the food with her hands.

LEE
Jeez, Zoe. You may want to slow
down.

TAYLOR Screw that.

(to woods)

You gonna eat that?

WOODS Um, no.

TAYLOR snatches a slice of cake from WOODS's tray.

GAGNON are you feeling okay, Taylor?

TAYLOR
Yeah -- i feel great. I'm just
really hungry.

LEE
That's obvious.

WOODS
You plan on saving enough for our
trip back home? Six months without
food would be a real downer.

LEE(VO)
Taylor must've eaten at least three
trays worth of food.
(MORE)

LEE(VO) (CONT'D)

Which is impressive considering I can barely stomach half a tray. At one point, she took a pot of coffee -- the whole carafe -- and downed it in one go.

WOODS

Whoa there, Taylor. You really oughta slow down there. Isn't that hot?

TAYLOR makes that sound people make when they've just had the singular most delicious drink in their life time.

TAYLOR

Didn't bother me. So, when are we going back to the surface?

LEE

We just got back. And until we know exactly what happened to you down there -- we're staying put.

LEE(VO) (CONT'D)

Taylor's face twisted into anger.

TAYLOR captain's orders?

WOODS

Friends' orders.

TAYLOR

And what gives you the right to do that?

TAYLOR smashes her fists into the table, the empty Carafe crashes to the floor and shatters.

LEE

Taylor, We're just looking out for you.

TAYLOR

Well, stop it! I can handle myself just fine.

TAYLOR angrily picks up an apple and bites into it with a loud crunch.

WOODS

Maybe we should get her back to the medbay.

GAGNON

Or perhaps have her confined to quarters.

TAYLOR

Fuck that, i'm ready for some action! Let's get back down there and kick some ass!

LEE

Whose ass would we be kicking, Taylor?

TAYLOR

Their ass! The ones down on the planet!

WOODS

You mean the people we're here to help?

TAYLOR

(mocking)

You mean the people we're here to help.

LEE

Taylor, there's no need for that -- we're just trying too...

TAYLOR

Trying to what? Help me? Make sure i haven't gone "Back Shit Insane"? Who the hell do you think you are?

TAYLOR slams her fist into the table.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

I am so-oooo done with listening to you idiots meander about, trying to grip your little minds on what the fuck is going on down there. Let me tell you, you don't have the first clue!

GAGNON And you do?

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

You're god damn right!

BEAT.

From somewhere in the ship, a loud, rattling echo cries out as the ship groans. The Speakers glitch, for a brief moment ERIS's fluttering voice can be heard issuing a warning; but it dies faster than it can come.

LEE

Ohhhh-kkayy. Why don't you fill us in then? What happened to you down on Haven?

TAYLOR

I told you. I don't remember.

WOODS

Yet you seem pretty damn sure about wanting to kill everyone on the surface.

TAYLOR

Shut your god damn mouth, you have no room to talk here.

LEE Taylor...

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

You too! I'm so sick of all of you!

The Warning Alarm comes again -- this time lasting a bit longer. and growing in strenght.

ERIS

Danger: Orbital Threshold Failure.

Atmospheric Entry imminent; Please Report to proper stations.

WOODS What? What's going on?

GAGNON That doesn't sound good at all.

Another long, rattling cry as the ship begins to stress.

WOODS (CONT'D) Can this ship even withstand reentry?

GAGNON

Technically speaking, it's not re entry. It's just entry.

WOODS

Does that really matter?

CHAIR SLIDES out, TAYLOR stands up and starts walking away.

LEE

Hey! Where are you going?

Beat.

WOODS Taylor?

Beat. Taylor's steps getting further and further away as the ship groans.

LEE (V.O.)

Taylor stopped in front of the door. Pivoted on her heel and turned to us. Her expression distant and her eyes... god her eyes. Inhuman doesn't begin to describe them.

TAYLOR

I am sick. Sick of you trying to control our actions. Just let us be, let us do what it is we're here to do!

Taylor walks out the mess hall as the door slams shut. ERIS chimes back in with her alarm.

ERIS

Emergency, Emergency; This is not a drill. All hands report to evacuation routes. Repeat, all hands report to evacuation routs.

WOODS

ERIS -- what's going on?

ERIS

Atmospheric Entry In-progress. All Hands report to Evacuation routes.

GAGNON

What about Taylor, shouldn't we follow her?

WOODS

Do you think we have time for...

WOODS stumbles before saying "that" as the whole ship hurdles and groans. WOODS, GAGNON and LEE shout out in surprise.

ERIS

WARNING, WARNING, WARNING. CRASH

LANDING IMMINENT. CURRENT TRAJECTORY ESTIMATES SIX MINUTES UNTIL CRASH.

LEE

We need to get to the escape pods

GAGNON

Agreed.

(to ERIS)

ERIS -- where are the nearest available escape pods?

WOODS

Nearest ones are by the brig, right?

LEE

I believe so. Let's get a move on!

The ship groans and creaks again.

LEE (V.O.)

We rushed our way out of the mess hall and into the main deck of the ship.

INT. MAIN DECK/HALLWAY

Typical Spaceship hallway, hissing steam pipes, mt_rand() computer noises, the works. ERIS's warning continues to echo through the hall.

GAGNON

It's quite... quiet out here don't you think?

WOODS

Everyone must've made it to the escape pods already.

LEE

Let's hope there's still some left.

Another metal groan, or is it something more?

BEAT.

LEE and WOODS check the pod bay doors -- finding them all locked.

WOODS Nothing.

LEE
Fuck, they're all locked.

GAGNON
What do we do now?

BEAT.

GUNSHOTS ring out in the distance. LEE and WOODS withdrawl their weapons.

LEE
Where did that come from?

More gunshots -- unidentifiable screaming.

WOODS The brig?

LEE (V.O.)
The gunshots and screaming grew louder. heavy footsteps soon joined them. I took a deep breath and raised my weapon just as a figure turned around the corner.

LEE FREEZE!

HARTMAN
Whoa there! Calm down.

LEE
Jesus Christ, Hartman. What the hell are you doing down here?

HARTMAN
The captain sent me to watch The Doc. What the hell are you doing here?

WOODS
Well, we were watching taylor, she ran off, the alarms went off, and now we're here.

HARTMAN Where's Taylor?

WOODS We didn't find her.

LEE
Were there any pods left where you came from?

HARTMAN No, I was hoping there were some down here.

LEE (CONT'D)
(under her breath) Shit.

GAGNON
Maybe we should head to one of the other decks, surely there must be at least one pod left.

WOODS
Sounds like a good plan, and don't call me surely.

LEE
Woods, cut the crap with the jokes - this isn't the time.

(to Hartman) Did you check every bay door? Because if you didn't...

HARTMAN Um, no -- I didn't really have the time too.

LEE (CONT'D)
Great. We're heading back that way then -- not that we've got a choice really.

HARTMAN
I don't think that's a great idea.

LEE
And why exactly is that?

HARTMAN
The whole area back there's gone to shit. The Doc escaped and left everything to shit back there -- he's got a friend too. I don't know how but he does.

LEE
How did he escape?

Beat.

LEE (CONT'D) Hartman, how did he escape? He can't leave his lab.

Beat.

HARTMAN
He, um. I think he um... I think He may have killed me.

WOODS What?

HARTMAN (CONT'D)
No, wait. Did I fuck up? I fucked
up didn't I.

BEAT. Music cue.

LEE
Hartman, are you alright?

HARTMAN
Yeah -- Yeah I'm fine.

His voice changes slightly here. Morphing. From the distance,
we can hear another voice, echoing through the halls.

LEE
What do you mean, he killed you?

HARTMAN
Yeah, um. Just ignore that --
nothing to worry about at all. I'm
fine.

WOODS
Yeah, just walk off your death --
like a real man!

LEE
Shut it, Woods.
(to Hartman)
What happened?

HARTMAN
He stabbed me with a scapel, weird
right? Got me right in the kidney.

WOODS
You walked all the way here, with a
scalpel in your kidney?

HARTMAN
Uhhh, yeah I guess I did.

Somewhere down the line we hear a loud, cacophonous BANG,
followed by a flurry of gunshots. ERIS's alarms ground to a
stop, as if someone had slammed their hand down on her record
player. A slow rolling evil.

HARTMAN (CONT'D)
Is that weird?

GAGNON

Was that an *actual gun shot*? Arent' guns supposed to be *on lockdown*? If one of those knicks the hull.

WOODS

Forget that -- *who's firing the guns?*

LEE

Sounded like it's coming from the brig.

WOODS

And let me guess, we're going to go investigate.

LEE

We're heading that direction anyway.

HARTMAN

Oh, we are? That way might not be safe.

LEE

Why's that?

HARTMAN

See "Scalpel in kidney".

LEE

We have guns and -- from the looks of it -- you still have their Scalpel. that gives us the upper hand.

Hartman sighs. The ship makes another god awful sound.

LEE (CONT'D)

Let's get moving before this shit starts heating up.

LEE (V.O.)

We made our way closer to the brig as the ship continued to turn into an oven. By the time we reached the main door of the brig, I was sweating buckets. The screaming had stopped by then and an eerie silence had taken over.

INT. BRIG

The BRIG door slides open.

WOODS
I've been thinking.

HARTMAN
That's dangerous.

WOODS
How do they get the prisoners off
the ship during an emergency?

LEE
I imagine they're escorted to an
escape pod.

GAGNON
That seems a bit risky.

WOODS
Right -- besides, they've got ankle
bracelets on, right? They'd have to
take those off and...

BEAT.

WOODS (CONT'D)
(to hartman)
You said that The Doc escaped?

HARTMAN
Yeah -- i don't see what that has
to do with this

WOODS
(Emphasising each word)
He has an ankle bracelet.

HARTMAN
So what? the whole ships acting up
maybe it's malfunctioning.

Something crashes and scatters across the floor ahead. the
GANG stops dead in their tracks.

LEE
Hartman, if there's something
you're not telling us..

HARTMAN
I'm telling you everything that
that I know.

Another crash, mixed in with the groaning of the ship and ERIS's speaker malfunction.

LEE

This isn't a fucking game --
Taylors acting bat shit crazy, ERIS
is malfunctioning, if we throw the
Doc into this mix then everything
is FUBAR.

HARTMAN

What do you want me to say? Hm? I
got stabbed, I crawled out of the
lab. and now i'm here!

A third crash, soft moaning in the distance; death rattles.

WOODS

I think we've got company.

LEE

Right, okay. *Who stabbed you?*

HARTMAN

What?

LEE

Did i stutter? Who. Stabbed. You?

HARTMAN

He did.

LEE

Who?

The death rattles grow closer; soft whispers echo through the deck. WOODS and GAGNON have a conversation while HARTMAN and lee bicker

WOODS

You hear that?

GAGNON

Sounds like someone's coming our
way.

WOODS and GAGNON start walking towards the voices.

HARTMAN

The. The. The Guy from the lab?

LEE

The Doctor?

HARTMAN
No, no the *other* guy.

From the background we hear WOODS and GAGNON call out in confusion.

WOODS
Lee, I think we've got a situation here.

LEE
What *Other* guy.

WOODS
(!Important)
Lee!

LEE (V.O.)
I looked to see Bordon and Oatman walking out of the shadows. They had a bloodied corpse of a man between them. Underneath the matted hair and broken skin, I recognized -
-

LEE
Hartman?

HARTMAN-PRIME and HARTMAN-BETA start to desync in voice;
HARTMAN-BETA slowly morphing into CHASER.

HARTMAN-BETA
Oh damn it. You were supposed to die!

HARTMAN-PRIME
(coughing, near dead)
Who the hell do you think you're fooling?

LEE
What the hell is going on?

FADE TO BLACK.

NARRATOR
The Haven Chronicles will be back in two weeks for it's midseason finale. If you want to hear more of the Haven Chronicles -- head on over to tiercorporation.com and consider backing us on Patreon!