

SCRIPT TITLE

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NARRATOR
The Haven Chronicles -- Episode 5 --
Cold Command

INT. ARMORY ENTRANCE

OATMAN
Welp -- that's the last shell box;
looks like everything is here. And
there's no sign of Senior
Intruder... I don't get why we had
to come down here -- Hartman's
crazier than my aunt sally.

BORDON
We came here because the *captain*
ordered us too.

OATMAN
Yeah, yeah. If the Captain ordered
you to jump out the airlock, would
you?

BORDON
If he had a good enough reason too,
yes.

OATMAN
You are a real piece of work.

BORDON
Look who's talking.

OATMAN
What is your problem?

BORDON
What's my problem? How about you,
hm? Why the *hell* do you find it so
hard to follow a simple god damn
order? Why do you have to
constantly be the proverbially
thorn in my ass twenty four seven?

ERIS's alarm starts chiming in and the ship starts to groan
in stress. Another sound as well -- a loud hissing whirl of
decompression.

BORDON (CONT'D)
Well isn't that just dandy. Let's
get to the brig; i'm sure Hartman's
gonna need some help getting the
Doc off the ship.

OATMAN

Uh-hu, No way! You heard the lady --
I'm getting my ass to the nearest
life boat and out of this shithole.

The armory door slides open as Oatman makes an attempted
escape. BORDON slams on the controls and closes it.

BORDON

Apparently I haven't been making
myself clear, so allow me to do so -
- this isn't a democracy; you are
going to follow my orders or I will
end up courtmarshalled.

OATMAN

Fuck you. I *am not* risking my life
for the chain of command.

BORDON

You spinless coward.

OATMAN

You wanna say that to my face?

BORDON

Don't mind if I do; You are a
spineless coward, Oatman. You are
such a weak, pathetic excuse for a
human being that you would rather
get shit-faced then help your
fellow man. We need to help secure
Eckelstein, that is our top
priority; not getting on the life
boat and floating away to safety.

OATMAN

Why? Why is that our god damn
priority? this ship is going to
burn up in the next fifteen minutes
-- so what if the doc is on board
when that happens?

THE SHIP rocks loudly.

BORDON

We don't have time for this.

OATMAN

You're damn right we don't! I'm
getting the *fuck out of* dodge.
Peace out!

OATMAN opens the door again.

BORDON slams on the control panel.

BORDON
You are the definition of a pain in
my ass.

OATMAN
How about this then, you let me out
of here, i take the nearest escape
pod and...

BORDON
And what? Where will you go?

OATMAN
Down to the surface, clearly!

BORDON
Uh hu. Tell me, Corporal -- exactly
how well did that go for you last
time?

BEAT. The SHIP GROANS

BORDON (CONT'D)
That's what I thought.

OATMAN
(snippy, defeated)
Alright, fine. I'll help you round
up the doc.

BORDON
Good. Let's get a move on then!

EXT. VOID - TIMELESS

BORDON (V.O.)
After this is all said and done; I
would like to bring up the matter
of Corporal Oatman's Courtmarshal
if that is --

LAWYER
Please stay on topic.

BORDON (V.O.)
Sorry. It took a plot of poking and
proding, but I eventually got the
Corporal to follow me to the Aft
Lab.

INT. DOC'S LAB

OATMAN
Hello? Anybody home?

BEAT. The ship rocks again. ERIS chimes over the intercom again.

OATMAN (CONT'D)
Nobodies home, alright let's get to
the escape pod.

OATMAN turns around to leave the lab, his lips still flapping as BORDON jabs him in the chest; cutting him off at the word POD.

BORDON
We're not done here. Do you notice
anything out of the ordinary?

OATMAN
(sarcastic, as usual)
Hm, let me see. Oh, yeah -- Where
did all the Sharks with frickin
laser beams that shoot the god damn
Decima virus out of their...

As OATMAN tries to finish his sentence; he steps on a wet patch on the floor. Falling to his ass.

OATMAN (CONT'D)
Mother of christ, what was that?
Ew, god. Is this?

BORDON
Blood.

OATMAN scrambles to his feet, wiping the blood off and onto his pants. stuttering and gagging.

OATMAN
Fucking Hell.

BORDON
Jesus Christ, Oatman, pull yourself
together.

BORDON (V.O.)
I helped Oatman to his feet and
began following the trail of blood.
It looped around the Exam table and
into another hallway.

BORDON

Well great. Oatman, grab some medical gear from the room; looks like we're going to need it.

BORDON exits the room and starts into the hall; The door Slams shut.

INT. HALLWAY

BORDON (V.O.)

As the ship continued on with it's death throes; I followed the trail into the hallway. The river of blood slowly petering out into distant drops. By the time it had run out, I found myself in an unfamiliar part of the ship.

BORDON

Oatman, do you have any idea where we... Oh. Where the hell did he go?

BORDON walks through the hallway, steam pipes BURSTING in generic SCIFI fashion. The ship groaning. ERIS chiming distantly.

BORDON (CONT'D)

ERIS!

BEAT.

BORDON (CONT'D)

ERIS, What is my exact location?

BEAT.

BORDON (CONT'D)

Damn computer must be down again.

BORDON continues to walk. The ship falling oddly quiet as he does.

BORDON (CONT'D)

Where the hell am i?

LIGHTHALL

Your in the heart of the ship.

BORDON gasps from surprise before snapping a salute.

BORDON

Sir! What are you doing here?

LIGHTHALL

Just giving this old girl one final walk through before she's done for good.

BEAT.

LIGHTHALL

What are you doing here? Shouldn't you be helping out Lee and Woods at this point?

BORDON

Sir? You ask me to secure the armory... Then the alarms sounded so I went to investigate the --

LIGHTHALL

Investigate the Doc's lab. As you should've. But you really ought to head on over to the mess deck; Specialist Lee could really use your assistance.

BORDON

Aye, Sir.

BEAT.

BORDON (CONT'D)

You didn't happen to see Oatman, did you?

LIGHTHALL

Don't worry about Oatman, He can handle himself. Just get to the specialist.

BORDON

Aye sir. Where exactly is she?

LIGHTHALL

That way.

BORDON

Are you alright sir?

Half-beat. Maybe the sound of Lighthall carressing the ship somehow? Not sure what that would sound like.

LIGHTHALL

I'm fine. Now get a move on Solider, that's an order.

BORDON

Aye Sir.

EXT. OUTER GATE 9 - NIGHT

(**WRITERS NOTE:** This Scene comes after the credits; a bit of a butt end scene.)

EVA

How many survivors are there?

ELIZABETH

Twenty-Seven. All in various states of... life.

EVA

Is there any sign of him?

ELIZABETH

We're still looking -- but i mean, a couple of them did get away.

EVA

So maybe he's with them.

ELIZABETH

(mean)

If he was, then we'd be able to see them.

EVA

Shut up and keep looking. The New Girl's around here, right? Which means more likely than not so are her friends. Get them all back to the safe house.