

"Sidestep"

by

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NARRATOR  
The Haven Chronicles - Episode 6 -  
Sidestep.

INT. LAYWERMEN'S CAVE

CHELSEA  
I'm not telling you that.

LAWYERMAN  
Look, Chelsea -- What harm will  
come if I know your last name?

CHELSEA  
Enough Harm that I don't want to  
tell you it. Just stick to calling  
me Chelsea. Or if you need  
something more complete -- put "Her  
Royal Majesty Chelsea of Haven" or  
some crud like that. But I am not  
giving you my last name.

LAWYERMAN  
Okay. Alright. Who sent the  
distress signal?

CHELSEA  
You already know that.

LAWYERMAN  
Yes, But I would like to hear it  
from you.

CHELSEA  
Why?

LAWYERMAN  
Because I'm having difficulty  
understanding the whole story.

CHELSEA  
Why?

LAWYERMAN  
Because the people I'm working with  
are a bunch of chi--...

BEAT.

CHELSEA laughs.

LAWYERMAN (CONT'D)  
Please keep that under-control.

CHELSEA

Why?...

BEAT.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)

Fine. I'll answer your question if you answer mine.

LAWYERMAN

That's not how this works; I'm not here to play games with you.

CHELSEA

I think you are -- Mr. Lawyerman. You're hear to play games, but only if you're the one making the rules. I'm having none of that -- I'm changing the rules; Answer my question and we'll continue.

LAWYERMAN sighs.

LAWYERMAN

Fine. What's your question?

CHELSEA

Why am I locked up here?

BEAT.

LAWYERMAN

Because you're... different.

CHELSEA

So what? They're locking people up for being different? Shouldn't you be in here then?

LAWYERMAN

What?

CHELSEA

Glasses. You're wearing glasses... Nobody wears glasses anymore. Why don't they lock you up in here with me?

LAWYERMAN

Glasses are different.

CHELSEA

That's my point!

LAWYERMAN

Not what I meant -- People who wear glasses don't have a tendency to murder those around them.

CHELSEA

Tell that to the Zodiac killer.

LAWYERMAN

I've answered your question -- now answer mine.

CHELSEA

You answered my question? When? You haven't told me why I'm locked up! I just want to go get some ice cream, god damn it!

LAWYERMAN

How about this -- I'll bring you ice cream if you just talk.

CHELSEA

Isn't that what I'm doing?

LAWYERMAN

(frustrated)

That's not what I meant! Just continue with the story.

CHELSEA

Jeez. Fine.

EXT. RUBBLE - NIGHT

CHELSEA (V.O.)

I was standing on a slab of concrete as Jessica sat in a chair in front of me; It was dark, and cold, and stank of dirty feet. But I had a job to do. and I wasn't going to stop until it was done.

(**WRITERS NOTE:** Any character who isn't Jessica, Chelsea, or any of the established characters on Haven will be 'telepathically' talking in this episode, unless otherwise stated. Need to figure out the SFX for that)

The sound of destruction -- alarms, fire, et cetera -- surround us. As well as a strange whoosing noise.

JESSICA

Can you even see what the hell you're doing?

(MORE)

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Do you know how painful it would be if you cut my ear off?

CHELSEA

Oh cheer up butter cup! It could be worse.

Scissors snipping. Hair falling to the ground.

JESSICA

I'm sure it could be -- but right now, having a slightly psychotic teen flying a pair of scissors around my head like a jetliner... is pretty close to the top of my 'rather-not' list.

The scissors stop snipping.

CHELSEA

You know, I could send you out there to with the clean up.

JESSICA

(under breath)

I might actually prefer tha--OW!

CHELSEA

(shit-eater)

I'm sorry, what were you saying?

JESSICA

(Wonka-esque)

No, please. Don't send me out to the safety of the city, anything but that.

CHELSEA

That's what I thought.

Footsteps

CHELSEA (CONT'D)

Never a moments rest. What do you want?

SCOUT

We found another one down in the basement. Locked up next to the Egg.

CHELSEA

You say that like i'm supposed to know what the hell "The Egg" is.

SCOUT SIGHS.

CHELSEA  
What's his condition?

SCOUT  
Breathing, but barely. Looks like  
he's been through hell... Looks  
like he's a 'nilla.

CHELSEA  
(quietly)  
That just sounds so wrong.  
(louder)  
Put him in with the others.

JESSICA  
How long are you going to keep this  
up?

CHELSEA  
Keep what up?

JESSICA  
Chelsea... You know what I'm  
talking about.

CHELSEA  
I'm not talking about that.

JESSICA  
Well maybe you should -- She killed  
him right in front of you.

CHELSEA  
Oh yeah? I should be mad at her,  
right? Not the sadistic little  
bitch who did this to me?

The Whoosing sound stops and the scissors press against  
Jessica's neck.

JESSICA  
That wasn't my fault.

CHELSEA  
And none of this was mine. So shut  
up about it and let me fix your  
hair!

FADE TO:

EXT. RUBBLE - DAY

CHELSEA

(angry)

What do you mean he broadcast a  
distress signal?

SCOUT

(hesitant)

It means what I said.

JESSICA

(calm)

How did he do it?

SCOUT

If you two don't know, then there's  
no hope the rest of us will.

CHELSEA sighs angrily.

JESSICA

How far?

SCOUT

About six light weeks.

JESSICA

And the nearest ship?

SCOUT

A little over half a light year.

CHELSEA

I guess we better get started,  
shouldn't we.

MUSICAL TRANISTION:

INT. TIER OFFICE

(**WRITERS NOTE:** No need to rerecord this these linse for those  
who've already done it. I'm going to just reuse the old ones)

CHELSEA

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

OATMAN

Didn't seem that phony from what I heard.

CHELSEA

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

In the background we can hear the rest of this scene... meanwhile. **MINDTALK!**

EVA

Uh-uh -- get them the hell out of here! I'm already dealing with three idiots on my end, I don't want to deal with three more!

JESSICA

Calm down, Eva... We've got this undercontrol.

EVA

You mean like how you had the loud mouth under-control? Look at how well that went. If you had just done what needed to be done when i said it needed to be done we wouldn't be in this scenario!

CHELSEA

Shut the fuck up, Eva.

JESSICA

Chelsea... calm it. Keep track of them. We can't let them realize that --

BEAT.

OATMAN

Ma'am?

CUT TO:

INT. LAWYERMAN'S OFFICE

LAWYERMAN

Wait, wait, wait... What happened between that? Where was the rubble located? There's at least a 3 month gap between then and now so how did you...

CHELSEA

I'm sorry... did you want me to tell you the story or did you want me to tell you the story?

LAWYERMAN

Fine. Tell it how you would you kindly just get to the point of the Crash.

CUT TO:

INT. TIER TOWER

GRANDMOTHER

How is it you've made it this far without so much as an attempt of change?

COEUS

BROADCASTING SIGNAL.

GRANDMOTHER

It's not as though you haven't had the chance. You've had that syringe in your pocket for the better half of a day.

CHELSEA

Leave him alone.

GRANDMOTHER

You are an interesting one. You would make a fantastic soldier for us, and yet you have yet to succumb; you have been through the thick of it, through the middle of the battle - I have even instructed a pawn of my own to force it upon you, and yet the fates have allowed you to continue on. Why is that?

ROACH

Fuck you lady.

GRANDMOTHER

That is not an option for you.

EVA

This is no longer your world, Roach-Boy. Truthfully, it ain't never been your world. We just allowed you to use it while we bid time.

(MORE)

EVA (CONT'D)

We watched while you grew and  
now... now our time has come.

ELIZIBETH

You can either join us.

GRANDMOTHER

Or die.

ROACH

You can all burn in hell.

GRANDMOTHER

It'll be you doing the burning.

ROACH

You'll be right there beside me.

A deep rumbling grows closer. Glass shatters. Buildings  
Crumble...

CUT TO:

INTERCUT - INT.

LAWYERMAN

Wait... wait. Back up -- You were  
there when the distress signal was  
sent? didn't you just say...

CHELSEA

I didn't say anything -- those were  
Jessica's words.

LAWYERMAN

Was she not in the room too?

CHELSEA

Ehhhhhhh.

LAWYERMAN

(underbreath)

I never thought I would miss  
talking to Hartman... but her it  
is. Alright.

BEAT.

Weird plinking, glooping, Transformer sound.

LAWYERMAN (CONT'D)

That's a pretty neat trick you've  
got there.

CHELSEA  
This? It's nothing.

LAWYERMAN  
How do you do it?

CHELSEA  
I just do.

Transformer sound continues for a BEAT before the object CHELSEA created from thin air flies across the room and plings into the wall behind her. Shuriken-style.

LAWYERMAN seems unphased.

LAWYERMAN  
So who is this Grandmother figure you keep referencing?

CHELSEA  
She's... complicated.

LAWYERMAN  
Complicated how?

CHELSEA  
Because she is and she isn't and she always has and always will be. She's just... complicated, alright?

LAWYERMAN  
Okay. Continue on, please.

CUT TO:

INT. THE CELL

LEE  
Hello?

WOODS BONKS HIS HEAD; "Ow".

WOODS  
Hello.

LEE  
Yeah, i'm here.

BEAT.

WOODS  
Alright, but where is here?

CHELSEA  
Oh right! Lights!

WOODS & LEE gasp in surprise.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)  
Sorry... I Forget sometimes.

LEE  
Why are we in cages?

WOODS  
Forget that, how did you get us in here?

CHELSEA  
I'm sorry. Was I speaking to you?

WOODS  
You're not doing much of anyth--

BANG!

CHELSEA  
Speak only when you are spoken too!  
(to lee)  
How are you feeling?

CUT TO:

INT. LAYWERMEN'S CAVE

LAWYERMAN  
Wait, how did they get into the cages?

CHELSEA  
I put them there.

LAWYERMAN  
You put them there?

CHELSEA  
(proud of self)  
I put them there!

LAWYERMAN  
But... how? Why? When?

CHELSEA  
(angrier)  
I put them there.

BEAT.

LAWYERMAN

Alright. I've had as much as I can  
take for the day.

CHAIR moves. LAWYERMAN stands up and leaves the room.

The Door swings shut -- clinking jail door style.

MUSIC:

INT. HALLWAY

LAWYERMAN is walking down a fairly busy hallway -- TV's blare their drone as he passes them. (INSERT clips from BARKLEY and NEWS).

INTERNGUY

Dan! Hey Dan!

LAWYERMAN

What do you need Partridge.

INTERNGUY

How did the... *interview*... with  
the girl go?

LAWYERMAN

About as good as you'd imagine; she  
spoke out of order, in riddles, or  
not at all. It's like talking to  
the Sphynx.

INTERNGUY

I'm not fully versed in this case,  
but from what I've heard -- you'd  
probably be better off talking to  
the sphynx.

LAWYERMAN

I'd be better off talking to a  
brick wall. Between her stilted  
talk and Private Wood's Hanna-  
Barbera predilection. I'm starting  
to feel like I'm in a sitcom.

INTERNGUY

If you want, I could help you out --  
I could really use the credit.

LAWYERMAN

I know you could, but I don't think this would be the best thing for you to jump in on. This is a double-black-diamond course...

INTERNGUY

What's that?

LAWYERMAN

It's a skiing thing. Anyway -- I'll keep that in mind, but I need to head out; this day has me beat.

Footsteps. TVs. Doors opening and closing.

BEAT.

BATHROOM DOOR CREAKS and we enter.

INT. BATHROOM

Creaky bathroom door.

Tiled Footsteps. Water dripping. Pants unzip at a urinal.

BEAT.

More Footsteps. Rinse & Repeat. Pants zip, footsteps, sink water, hands washing.

SCOUT

These people are full of it, aren't they?

LAWYERMAN

I'm sorry, do I know you?

SCOUT

Do you honestly believe a single thing they're saying? they're a bunch of loons, am-i-right?

BEAT. Water turns off.

LAWYERMAN

Who are you talking about?

SCOUT

You know who I'm talking about.

LAWYERMAN

I'm sorry -- I don't even know who you are, how the hell am I supposed too --

Soft, squishy noises.

SCOUT

Come on, Man -- you've known me for years, haven't you? Well, maybe I've known you for longer. But you know exactly what we're--*I'm* talking about.

BEAT.

People enter and leave the bathroom as SCOUT and LAWYERMAN are quiet.

SCOUT (CONT'D)

Now... We're--*I'm*--going to need you to let me into the Cage. the Sooner the better. It's about time we get our eyes on the prize here, Am-i-right, dan?

LAWYERMAN

(distant)

Yeah, I'm going back down that way anyway.

SCOUT

Good man. Let's get a move on, what do you say?

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY

Same busy hallway, same busy crowd. INTERGUY runs towards LAYWERMEN

INTERNGUY

Dan! Dan! Wait up!

LAWYERMAN

I'm going as slow as I can, Partridge.

INTERNGUY

(out of breath)

Who's this?

LAWYERMAN

This is David Hahn -- Tier's Representative.

INTERNGUY

Oh, I didn't realize they had someone here.

SCOUT

Funny how that works, right?

INTERNGUY

I guess. You trying to get a plea deal, Dan?

SCOUT

We can't discuss that.

INTERNGUY

Okay. Well, Did you guys hear the presser?

LAWYERMAN

Which presser?

INTERNGUY

The TIER one? The CEO apparently just came out of hiding. I'm sure you know about that -- right Dave

SCOUT grunts in approval.

LAWYERMAN

Alright. Well, we need to get a move on -- something's come up and we need to continue our talks with the rest of the crew.

INTERNGUY

I thought you were heading home?

LAWYERMAN

A man can change his mind, right?

INTERNGUY

Sure, I guess. But You seemed pretty adamant about it when we talked earlier.

LAWYERMAN

Things change, Partridge. Could you do use a favor?

(MORE)

LAWYERMAN (CONT'D)

Run over to the cafe and grab us a couple of coffees. We're going to be here a while.

FADE TO BLACK:

CREDITS.