


FARSCAPE™



"Premiere"

written by
Rockne S. O'Bannon

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SEASON 1
EPISODE #1

U.S. #10101

AUS. #1

FARSCAPE

"PREMIERE"

written by
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"PREMIERE"

CAST

CRICHTON
AERYN
ZENN
D'ARGO
RYGEL
PILOT

CRAIS
LT. TEEG

JACK
DK
PK #1
PK #2

BIO-ISOLATION SUIT MAN #1
WEAPONS OFFICER
PROPRIETOR (V.O. ONLY)

"PREMIERE"

SETS

INTERIORS

MOYA

/THE COMMAND
/CENTRE CHAMBER
/MAINTENANCE BAY
/THE TERRACE
/CRICHTON'S CELL
/TERRACE
/ZENN'S CELL
/VARIOUS PASSAGEWAYS

CAPE CANAVERAL

/MISSION CONTROL
/ASTRONAUT PREP ROOM
/"CLEAN STREET" TUNNEL

CRICHTON'S MODULE

PROWLER

PEACEKEEPER COMMAND CARRIER
/BRIDGE

COMMERCE PLANET
/BLACK MARKET

EXTERIORS

FLORIDA FLATLANDS

COMMERCE PLANET
/ALLEY
/BACK STREET
/VACANT LOT

OMITTED:

NASA VAN

FARSCAPE

"Premiere Episode"

COLD OPEN

1 EXT. FLORIDA FLATLANDS - DAWN

1

A chainlink fence looms before us, a sign with attitude reads: RESTRICTED AREA. NATIONAL AERONAUTICS AND SPACE ADMINISTRATION. KEEP CLEAR. RESTRICTED AREA.

ANGLE ADJUSTS: in the distance is a NASA launch pad with a huge booster rocket, the Space Shuttle clinging to its side. Heat lightning FLASHES (CG) on the horizon beyond, portending... something? PAN TO a CLOSEUP of JOHN CRICHTON... sitting on the hood of his convertible, leaning back on the glass. There's a look in his eye that also portends... something.

A TRIO OF NASA VANS comes racing this way, skid up. A half-dozen MEN in bio-isolation suits jump out.

BIO-ISOLATION SUIT MAN #1
Commander Crichton! Please step away
from the vehicle!

Crichton isn't surprised... or intimidated. He's... resolved. He climbs down and the suited guys immediately remove his jacket, spray him with something, check his temperature through his ear. Crichton just lets them.

A YOUNG MAN exits a van. This is DK, mid 20s, also wearing a bio-suit, except his suit looks slovenly... the collar of his Hawaiian shirt pokes out.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

CRICHTON

DK...

DK

G'morning, John... Ya know - there was kind of a general freak out this morning when we entered bio-quarantine and Baby Bear wasn't sleeping where he was supposed to be sleeping...

CRICHTON

Had to get out for awhile...

DK

Out? Yeah, sure, okay. But you're -
(checks watch)

- one hour, forty-seven from launch.
(some heat lightning flashes
on the horizon)

And we've got some funky weather we're trying to avoid. What'd'ya say we get you back?

Crichton just nods..

2 - 3 OMITTED

2

4 EXT. LAUNCH PAD - MORNING (CG) 4

The Shuttle awaits. More heat-lightning on the horizon.

5 INT. ASTRONAUT PREP ROOM 5

Crichton being assisted into his space suit by a group of ATTENDANTS. DK lounges on the bench nearby, looking over a clipboard -

DK

...Launch conditions as of oh-five-thirty are optimal. Final checks underway, recovery craft in position.

CRICHTON

How're the CRC numbers?

DK

Mid thirties and holding. Meteorology has some hiccup they're checking out...

5 CONTINUED:

5

CRICHTON

Probably the heat lightning out there
this morning.

Crichton nods... still distracted by whatever made him jump
quarantine. DK tries to provide his own distraction - lifts
a magazine from the bench.

DK (CONT'D)

You see our latest press?
(reading)

'The Childhood Friends Out to Prove a
Theory - can a manned spacecraft
overcome atmospheric friction and
exponentially increase its speed -
using only a planet's natural
gravitational pull?'

Crichton half nods. Still distracted.

DK (CONT'D)

What's wrong with you?

CRICHTON

(pause, then)

You know that feeling you get the
night before something big happens in
your life? Night before you graduate
high school, before you start a new
job? I had that feeling last night in
quarantine...

DK

This experiment that important to
you...?

Crichton shrugs. It's not. He doesn't know what it is.
Beat, then DK sees something across the Prep Room.

DK (cont'd)

Uh-oh. One small Step, bud...

Crichton knows what this means. He turns.

A MAN is entering. JACK CRICHTON, 60s, extremely fit, with
an easy, friendly smile. Several ATTENDANTS move to greet
him. He shakes all of their hands.

JACK

(stepping up)

Hi, DK...

DK paints on a smile.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (2)

5

DK

Sir...

Turns to Crichton, eyes his space suit.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (3)

5

JACK

You're lookin' pretty sharp there,
Commander Crichton...

CRICHTON

Thanks... Dad...

6 INT. "CLEAN STREET" TUNNEL - MORNING

6

Leading to the launching pad. Crichton walks with his father. DK and the Attendants twenty feet behind.

JACK

Talked to Pete Maxwell and everybody at Control. They're gonna take real good care of you up there today...

Crichton nods thanks... though it's unmistakable that his father's intervention bothers him.

JACK (CONT'D)

Heard you went AWOL from the Rat Cage this morning. Man, in my day, if we ever broke quarantine like that...

(beat)

You got rattlers in your stomach?

CRICHTON

Dad, I've been up on the Shuttle before - twice.

JACK

Didn't matter how many times I went up. Every time: rattlers. My first EVA, my first walk on the moon...

CRICHTON

I'm not going EVA, Dad. I'm not walking on the moon. I'm just running an experiment...

JACK

An experiment to prove your own theory. You have any idea how proud that makes me? That's not something I ever did.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

JACK (cont'd)

The guys with the button-collar shirts and ties, they got to use their brains, all I ever used was--

CRICHTON

-- your guts and the seat of your flight suit.

Jack looks at Crichton a long moment.

JACK

I can't help being who I am, son. Who I was...

It wasn't Crichton's intention to hurt his dad.

CRICHTON

It's not who you are, dad. I love who you are. It's... being the son of who you are...

(searches for how to say this)

I can't be the hero you were...

Jack studies Crichton a long moment.

JACK

No, son, you won't be. Every man has to be his own kind of hero. Your time will come. And when it does... watch out. Chances are it's gonna be the last thing you ever expected...

There's something about the way he says this that gives Crichton pause. Moment, then Jack holds something out to Crichton. It's a small (pocket-sized) ring puzzle...

CRICHTON

Your good luck charm. Yuri Gagarin gave you this--

JACK

Hold onto it for me, will ya? You can give it back tonight...

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: (2)

6

Crichton takes it. Is his father sensing something about this mission, too? RUMBLE of rocket engines, then -

7 EXT. LAUNCH PAD - LIFT OFF - DAY (STOCK/CG)

7

8 EXT. EARTH'S ORBIT - THE SPACE SHUTTLE - LATER (CG)

8

The payload doors of the Space Shuttle are open. Crichton's Module, Farscape One, is released.

CRICHTON (O.S.)

Canaveral, this is Farscape One. I am free and flying.

CANAVERAL RADIO VOICE (O.S.)

Roger that, Farscape One.

9 INT. CRICHTON'S MODULE

9

Crichton is crowded into the snug cockpit.

CRICHTON

Are you with me there, Project Control?

INTERCUT:

10 INT. MISSION CONTROL - CAPE CANAVERAL

10

DK, headset on, sits behind his section of panel in his wild shirt, surrounded by NASA TECHs in their button-collared shirts. Jack stands unobtrusively behind them, observing.

DK

Oh yeah, Farscape, I'm reading you loud and clear.

CRICHTON

Authorizing flight computer into acceleration sequencing now.

DK

Roger, Farscape. You are go for insertion procedure.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

Crichton is throwing switches in sequence.

CRICHTON
Approaching maximal velocity in -
twenty-one seconds.

The module begins to shimmy slightly.

CRICHTON
Eighteen seconds.

The Module is really starting to shimmy hard.

CRICHTON (CONT'D)
Entering critical apogee phase.

DK holds his headset to his ear, hearing something.

DK
Farscape One, hold a moment.

Something's wrong. Behind him, Jack stiffens.

The shimmying is rattling Crichton's teeth.

CRICHTON
Hold? Canaveral, what-- ?

DK
(ashen)
Meteorology reports some kind of
electro-magnetic wave! Repeat -- some
kind of wave! John, do you read me?!

*
*
*

Jack, anxious, leans in over DK's shoulder.

11 INT. CRICHTON'S MODULE

11

CRICHTON
Yeah, I read you! What're we talking
here? How severe? Canaveral?
(STATIC)
Canaveral?

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

DK'S VOICE
(through the STATIC)
You've got to abort! John - abort!

The shimmying at its apex. Jack reaches forward, grabs DK's headset.

JACK
Son - you've got to abort! Abort now!

Crichton's rapidly throwing switches. But there's nothing he can do. Through the RADIO STATIC, one last word punches through to him, already ominously distant -

HIS FATHER'S VOICE
Son....!

12 EXT. EARTH ORBIT-CRICHTON'S MODULE-WORMHOLD SEQUENCE (CG) 12 *

Here comes the radiation wave - A HUGE SHIMMERING ENERGY WAVE coming from the direction of the sun! The WAVE slams the tiny module with incredible force!

Space itself begins to TEAR! And in the slit, a multicolored tunnel appearing. The module catches up with the tunnel entrance and -- DISAPPEARS THROUGH!

12A INT. CRICHTON'S MODULE - WORMHOLD SEQUENCE (CG) 12A *

All matter inside the module is pulled like taffy. (CG) *

Crichton just holds on for dear life! He tries to cry out, but his voice is radically distorted. *

13 - 15 OMITTED

13

16 EXT. SPACE (SOMEWHERE ELSE) (CG) 16

A second tear starts to form before us. Crichton's module comes rocketing out! The tear dissolves and --

17 INT. CRICHTON'S MODULE 17

Crichton, pitching and rolling, struggling with his controls. The module starts to stabilize.

CRICHTON

My God! I-- I can't--! Canaveral, this is Farscape One! I'm okay!

Repeat: I'm okay!

(gulping air, recovering)

Wow! You guys get video through all that?!

No reply, only gentle STATIC.

CRICHTON (CONT'D)

Canaveral? DK...? Dad...?

(cranes out the canopy, realizing)

Where are you? Where's...

(beat)

...Earth?

Then he stops - cold. Because he now SEES --

A SPACE BATTLE IN PROGRESS (CG)! Several one-person-sized CRAFT zipping about in front of him, firing laser-like weapons! These craft are black, sleek, and mean-looking as hell (Prowlers).

Crichton stares open-mouthed.

CRICHTON (CONT'D)

(finds his voice)

Uh, Canaveral...

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

18 EXT. SPACE (CG) 18

Right where we left off. Crichton's slow-moving module amidst all these streaking, laser-firing Prowlers!

19 INT. CRICHTON'S MODULE 19

A pair of Prowlers WHIZ PAST, buffeting him (CG). RED LIGHTS and WARNING BUZZERS suddenly GO OFF. Crichton SEES out the canopy: one of Prowlers coming right for him (CG)! He grabs the yoke, frantically wrenches it.

CRICHTON

SHIIIII - !

20 EXT. SPACE (CG) 20

The two ships scrape!

21 INT. CRICHTON'S MODULE 21

Crichton, fighting for control, SEES: the Prowler shattering spectacularly against a passing asteroid (CG)! Crichton barely has time to absorb this as - a DARK SHADOW engulfs his module. He looks out... and his mouth drops open -

Our first view of MOYA (CG) - currently wearing the PK Control Collar. Dwarfing Crichton's module. This huge ship is what all the Prowlers are attacking. Crichton is poleaxed.

CRICHTON

...A ship... ...that big...

Suddenly - his module jerks. Crichton freezes.

A beam coming from Moya has locked onto Crichton's module and is pulling it toward an opening in her side (CG).

Desperate as he is to escape the battle out here, he's also scared shitless at the thought of entering this dark, foreboding opening. The question is moot - here he goes!

22 INT. TRANSPORT HANGER (ABOARD MOYA) (CG) 22

An enormous interior space of radically exotic design. The energy beam deposits the module beside some huge doors.

23 INT. CRICHTON'S MODULE - CRICHTON

23

...staring in awe... and fear. Suddenly, a DRD Service Droid appears outside the canopy, its extendible "eyes" darting out, startling the hell out of Crichton. Then: A NEW ALARM SOUNDS and SMOKE begins curling up from the floor of the capsule! Crichton alternately stamps at the SMALL FIRE at his feet while throwing looks at the DRD! Smoke is fast filling his canopy. He grabs a mini-fire extinguisher, starts spraying between his feet. The smoke is too much, he is forced to - slam the Emergency Canopy Release!

24 INT. TRANSPORT HANGER/MAINTENANCE BAY

24

The canopy springs open with a RUSH of smoke. The DRD that was looking in at him goes flying. Crichton stands up, still spraying the fire. He GASPS for fresh air. Then realizes and catches himself. Holds his breath. Long moment, then he takes another tentative breath. He can breath! *

He looks out, sees the DRD against the far wall... dented, with one eye stalk bent and hanging funny. Crichton stares at this very alien environment. Then he SEES: another DRD has just climbed up the side of is module and is pointing some sort of nozzle at him. It fires. A white stringy substance flies right into LENS (CG).

25 INT. PASSAGEWAY - 2 MINUTES LATER

25

The DRD moves along the floor, pulling Crichton (walking) at the end of a thin strand (same material as the web). Still in his space suit, no helmet, his body is bound tight in the glistening web. Crichton shuffles along awkwardly, scared shitless, struggling against the bonds. EXPLOSIONS continue to rock the ship.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

26 INT. THE COMMAND - ANGLE ON ENTRY

26

Crichton is pulled through the entry. He looks up. And despite his predicament, all he can do is stare at this phenomenal space. Taking it all in. Then he sees something that absolutely floors him...

AN ALIEN WOMAN (ZENN) at one of the control stations. Working the controls before her, she calls out urgently in her natural (alien) language. ("I am trying to drop the security wall, but I can't find the code!")

*
*

ANOTHER ALIEN (D'ARGO) - this one a MALE. At a panel at the side of The Command, prying at the panel's metal cover with his bare hands. He calls to Zenn in his own guttural language ("I don't give a damn about any code! I will not wait for your gentle ways!") Their exchanges are fiery, urgent: (ZENN: "If you damage the ship, we won't need a code!" -- D'ARGO: "The Prowlers are firing with maximum power!" -- ZENN: "They're willing to kill the Leviathan?" -- D'ARGO: "To get to us - yes!")

*
*
*
*
*

CLOSE - CRICHTON. Awed beyond reason. Suddenly the DRDs that hold him tethered begin to BEEP. Zenn and D'Argo turn... and see Crichton. They freeze in place (reacting to his "Sebacean" appearance, though we don't know that yet).

This is a phenomenal moment for Crichton. He is actually making contact with alien life! Crichton stares as they approach... they are so very alien. He releases an involuntary CHUCKLE... full of fear and awe. Tears glisten his eyes. His mouth is so dry he can barely speak--

CRICHTON

H...h...

(swallows)

...hello... My name is John. John Cr-

26 CONTINUED:

26

And instantly - D'Argo's arm flashes out, seizing Crichton by the throat! D'Argo lifts... Crichton's toes scrape the floor. Crichton stares, choking. So much for Spielberg...

D'Argo *GROWLS* at him in his native language ("Explain yourself! Who are you?!").

CRICHTON (CONT'D)

(choking)

I...I c-can't...can't underst--

ANGLE - Yet another DRD scoots up beside Crichton's bound legs. A syringe accordions out, takes aim on Crichton's calf and - pierces easily through the suit! Crichton jolts as - some rust-colored liquid is pumped into his flesh.

CRICHTON (CONT'D)

What was--?? Wha--??

And he instantly feels very weird. A couple of seconds and -

ZENN

(in English; urgently)

I suggest you answer him... quickly.
You know how Luxans can be...

D'ARGO

(tightening his grip)

Your ship -- what kind is it? *

ZENN *

Your ship appeared out of nowhere. We
don't know this technology. Is it
something we can use to escape? *

D'ARGO *

We brought you aboard for one reason!
Tell us... or die with us. *

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: (2)

26

Then - a very large EXPLOSION rocks the ship. Zenn instantly rushes away. D'Argo prioritizes... and drops Crichton, moving with Zenn. Crichton collapses to his knees, GASPING.

D'ARGO (CONT'D)

Pilot! I demand you give me maneuverability - now!

Crichton, on his knees and sucking air, looks up and reacts to the creature appearing on a VIEW SCREEN! This is PILOT.

27 INTERCUT - INT. PILOT'S DEN

27

PILOT

There is nothing I can do - not while the Control Collar is still in place!

Another EXPLOSION. Zenn's panel sparks and goes dead.

PILOT (CONT'D)

Moya can't withstand this assault much longer.

D'Argo ain't gonna just wait to be blown to bits! He rips the rest of the panel cover away and begins pulling sparking wires from inside! DRDs nearby SQUEAL at him in protest.

PILOT (CONT'D)

Those synapses you are tearing out are not wired to the Control Collar!

D'ARGO

Then I will keep pulling 'til I find the ones that are!

Zenn slams in at another control panel beside D'Argo, waves her hand over it, activating it.

ON CRICHTON - Struggling to his feet. Suddenly - something WHIZZES past him. Dodging it, Crichton loses his balance and falls to his knees again! He looks up and reacts -

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

A TINY CREATURE has zipped onto The Command - in some sort of anti-grav chair. This is RYGEL THE XVI, a 26-inch slug-like being. Zenn and D'Argo show signs of dishevelment from years of confinement - but Rygel's really let himself go. Zenn, working anxiously, throws a look at Rygel -

ZENN

The others - where are they?!

Rygel doesn't exude the same urgency as Zenn and D'Argo. His attention is on the Peacekeeper Rations Box open on his lap. He picks through the Box looking for goodies as -

RYGEL

There are no others. I checked every cell level.

(beat)

I found a manifest. We were scheduled for transfer to Terran Raa...

Zenn and D'Argo react.

D'ARGO

That is a lifers' colony.

ON CRICHTON - Regaining his feet... again.

CRICHTON

(to himself)
Prisoners...?

ON RYGEL - sees something in the Ration Box he likes. Then his eyes fall on Crichton, and he freezes, mid-chew. Crichton reacts to this strange creature staring at him.

RYGEL

(low, conspiratorially)

They brought you aboard, didn't they? Worry not. I'll protect you. I take care of you now, you take care of me later... *caw matan* ("...do we understand each other?")

Crichton: Now I've got this creature making deals with me!

ON ZENN - Her fingers on the control panel keys. Her forearms and hands literally vibrate (CG) as they speed through a hundred code possibilities a second? D'Argo is still tearing at wires. Two more big EXPLOSIONS.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: (2)

27

PILOT

Hull integrity is reaching critical
compromise!

The situation is at critical mass! Still running codes, Zenn begins *CHANTING* a prayer. It's loud and - bizarre. It takes her to another level - her hands move even faster (CG). D'Argo - raging - reaches deeper, pulling even bigger handfuls of wires. The DRDs BEEP frantically around him.

ON CRICHTON - He's definitely not in Kansas anymore!

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: (3)

27

D'Argo reaches far to the back of the panel, pulls a large cluster of wire! A fine liquid sprays from them! Zenn stops CHANTING, looks down at her controls.

ZENN

What have you done?!

D'Argo's head swings to her, eyes wide.

D'ARGO

What do you mean?!

ZENN

The coding wall - it's dimming! I've hit the code!!

The panel before Zenn is BEEPING, the red pattern lights beginning to click to green. D'Argo stares at the dripping wires in his hands. Hell - he actually did it!

D'ARGO

(a hushed oath)

Ka-zarr....

PILOT

The Control Collar - it's coming off!

28 EXT. SPACE - MOYA (CG)

28

The Control Collar circuit lights are going off... the huge locking teeth begin to separate...

29 INT. THE COMMAND

29

D'ARGO

Prepare for immediate Starburst!

PILOT

Starburst?! But Moya has been restrained so long... I have been restrained so long. I'm not sure I can...

D'ARGO

She's a Leviathan -- it's the single defensive maneuver she's capable of!

*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

ZENN
(gentle reason)
Does the ship - does Moya - know an
alternative?

Pilot's expression falls... obviously Moya does not. He
turns to the DRDs around him.

PILOT
Claw onto something, people...

30 EXT. SPACE - MOYA (CG)

30

The Collar opens... and Moya separates from it.

31 INT. PROWLER

31

Inside one of the slick, black Prowlers. The PEACEKEEPER
PILOT wears a full Clash Suit (including face shield).

PEACEKEEPER RADIO VOICE
The Leviathan is free of her control
collar! She's preparing for
Starburst! All Prowlers terminate
assault!

32 EXT. SPACE (CG)

32

All the other Prowlers immediately veer off. But not this
one - it continues right for the larger ship. An energy
envelope begins to form around the larger ship.

33 OMITTED

33

34 INT. PROWLER

34

This one unstoppable Peacekeeper Pilot begins firing on the
larger ship. Suddenly his ship is seized.

35 EXT. SPACE - MOYA (CG) 35

This Prowler is trapped inside the energy envelope! Moya's molecules are pulled into a single, thin iridescent line - then this line rockets off at lightning speed. The remaining Prowlers are left zipping around empty space.

36 INT. THE COMMAND 36

Intense acceleration! Zenn and D'Argo hold on! Crichton, unprepared, manages to wedge himself against a bulkhead! Rygel, grasping food in both hands, is caught off-guard. He goes whizzing past Crichton -

RYGEL
IHATESTARBUUURRST...!

37 EXT. SPACE - SOMEWHERE ELSE (CG) 37

The thin iridescent line begins re-forming into the ship. The Prowler is cockeyed, but right there with it.

38 INT. THE COMMAND 38

The acceleration subsides. Everyone's left drained and panting from the experience. On View Screen -

PILOT
We've done it! We've escaped!
(doubly thrilled)
And we're not dead!

D'Argo and Zenn exchange an astonished look. Rygel, in a heap in the corner, looks up, amazed: they actually did it. Crichton is still very wobbly.

PILOT (CONT'D)
One Prowler traveled with us!

D'ARGO
Block its radio! Net it and bring it aboard!

PILOT
(arms flying)
Immediately! As good as done!

ZENN
Pilot - does Moya know where we are?

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

PILOT

Yes, of course. We are -
(checks his readings)
- someplace else. I will get back to
you on the specifics...

ZENN

At least we are free...

ON RYGEL - Still stunned that they are free... however temporarily. Emboldened by their escape, he glares daggers and - spits in Crichton's face. A big purple glob.

CRICHTON

What is... what... (is your problem?!)

D'Argo spins. His reflex is instantaneous: his serpent's tongue LASHES OUT (CG), stinging Crichton in the neck!
Crichton looks shocked - then drops like a stone. BLACK.

39 EXT. SPACE - PEACEKEEPER COMMAND CARRIER (CG)

39

The dark hull of this huge ship MOVES PAST. Leading a convoy of: three Leviathan ships (in Control Collars), a Rear Battle Fighter, and Prowlers buzzing about like sheep dogs.

40 INT. BRIDGE - COMMAND CARRIER

40

Activity - crisp, efficient, cold. We keep the dark-uniformed PEACEKEEPERS in mysterious shadows... never getting a good look (saving the reveal of their "human" appearance for when Aeryn removes her helmet). LIEUTENANT TEEG, 20s, female, moves briskly toward a powerfully-built man leaning over a Scanner Station.

LT. TEEG

Captain. Captain Crais...

He turns. CAPTAIN BIALAR CRAIS, 40s, commander of this Carrier. We SEE his eyes... cold, calculating, dangerous...

CRAIS

Yes, Lieutenant?

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

LT. TEEG

(intimidated by him)

The Prowler Squad has returned. They report... the Leviathan transport has escaped.

Crais is not pleased...

LT. TEEG (CONT'D)

One of the prisoners, the Hynerian royal, somehow secured the key codes for the prisoners' cells and--

(then)

There were casualties, sir. Two ships lost and--

CRAIS

I don't care about casualties. A Leviathan transporting prisoners does not escape while in my custody.

(beat)

Has my brother returned? I will dispatch him in the Rear Battle Fighter to track her down and--

*
*
*

LT. TEEG

Sir...

Afraid to speak further, Teeg indicates a nearby Monitoring Station. Nods to the ENSIGN sitting there.

LT. TEEG (CONT'D)

This is playback from the Recon Satellite monitoring the pursuit of the Leviathan...

ON THE MONITOR: we SEE the Prowlers chasing Moya. Suddenly Crichton's Module appears from the slit in space. Crais leans in, reacting to this phenomenon.

CRAIS

What manner of ship is that?

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED: (2)

40

Then we SEE the ill-fated Prowler heading for the Module.

CRAIS

My brother's Prowler. Excellent. I'm
sure he--

And Crais falls silent as: the Prowler and the Module
scrape. The Prowler spins toward the asteroid and - the
FLASH from the destruction of his brother's Prowler reflects
in Crais's eyes. As hard and cold as Crais is, this has a
profound effect on him.

LT. TEEG

(treading carefully)

We lost a second Prowler, sir. It was
absorbed with the Leviathan when it
went into Starbur--

Crais holds up his hand, silencing her. Then -

CRAIS

I want to see him...

LT. TEEG

S-see him, sir...?

Crais spins on her.

CRAIS

Peel the image. I want to see who is
inside. *

Incensed, Crais throws a finger at the monitor... and the
image of Crichton's module...

41 EXT. SPACE - MOYA - MOVING THROUGH OPEN SPACE (CG)

41

42 INT. THE COMMAND - CLOSE ON DATA SCREEN

42

Scrolling through info, schematics, etc. Zenn's blue hands
are working two different keyboards at the same time with
great skill. D'Argo, beside her, works a keyboard of his
own.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

D'ARGO

This damned Leviathan has no idea
where we are!

Zenn glances over at him, smiles at his youthful bluster.

ZENN

(beat)

I am Pa'u Zotah Zenn. And you - ?

D'ARGO

Ka D'Argo.

(then)

You are a Delvian.

ZENN

A Priest.

He looks at her, surprised.

D'ARGO

I know of your kind's practices.
Your... appetites.

ZENN

(playful smile)

Such as?

D'ARGO

I have heard of something known as
the... Fourth Sensation...

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED: (2)

42

ZENN

I have experienced that.
(alas)
Not lately...

Now D'Argo turns, stares openly a moment. The way a curious teenager might stare at a much-experienced older woman. Then he turns back to his keyboard, covering with -

D'ARGO

Why were you... are you...?

ZENN

Imprisoned? Because on my home world, even among my kind, I was something of an... anarchist.
(pleasant, sly grin)
Actually, the leading anarchist...
And you?

D'Argo stiffens. Does not want to tell. Then -

D'ARGO

I... killed a fellow soldier.
(beat)
My commanding officer...

This is difficult for him.

D'ARGO (CONT'D)

I was intending to make his daughter my mate. He caught us... together. He would've killed me... should've killed me...

The way he says this makes Zenn ask -

ZENN

How old are you?

D'ARGO

Thirty cycles...

ZENN

You are but a boy...

D'ARGO

(bristling)
I am not. I am a Luxan warrior! I have seen two battle campaigns!

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED: (3)

42

ZENN

(gently)

Only two...?

D'Argo deflates slightly. He knows this is not many. Zenn lays her hands onto his, proffering her most reassuring smile. D'Argo looks at her hands on his, swallows... quite aware of those Delvian appetites...

43 INT. CRICHTON'S CELL

43

CLOSE: Crichton... lying on the cell floor. He spasms... coming awake.

CRICHTON

Please... let it all be a dream. A
bad... very twisted... dream...

He opens his eyes. Two DRDs stare back at him (one of them... is the dented DRD from the Transport Hanger). Crichton labors to sit up. Looks around. He notices: his full space suit hanging nearby. He looks down and realizes: he's naked!

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

43

NOISE outside his cell. Crichton looks: Rygel has just landed his ThroneSled in the passageway. He brings out some small screwdriver-like tool and starts prying at a floor panel.

CRICHTON (CONT'D)

Who... where... why...

He can't settle on a question - he's got millions of them.

CRICHTON (cont'd)

Why'd you take off my clothes?

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED: (2)

43

Rygel ignores him. Crichton eases closer to the bars.

CRICHTON (CONT'D)

Hey...

RYGEL

(haughtily)

I am Rygel the Sixteenth... Dominar to over six hundred billion subjects. I do not need to answer you...

CRICHTON

I... I thought you were a prisoner?

RYGEL

Falsely imprisoned! My cousin Bishan, fagh -

(spits at the name)

- stole my throne from me while I slept! A mistake of fate that I will be correcting someday. I vow it.

(then, deigns)

Your garments were removed so that we could examine you.

CRICHTON

Examine - EXAMINE me?! When?

How...??

He immediately checks his body for signs of invasive alien procedures. Scratches his ankle... remembers.

CRICHTON (cont'd)

One of those little mechanical things of your injected me! Right here, it--

RYGEL

Translator microbes.

CRICHTON

Microbes??

RYGEL

(matter-of-factly)

They colonize at the base of your brain, allow us to understand each other. Why you weren't injected at birth I cannot fathom...

CRICHTON

Colonize? Brain?

(then)

Why've you got me locked up in here?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED: (3)

43

CRICHTON (cont'd)

I'm not here to harm you. I wouldn't know how to harm you.

RYGEL

(with venom)

We can no more trust you, than we can trust that...

Crichton looks where Rygel is indicating: behind him. Something lying in the shadows is rising! It's the Prowler Pilot! The Pilot begins undoing the helmet. Crichton grimaces, not anxious to see what's underneath! The Pilot lifts the helmet. Revealing:

AERYN. AS HUMAN IN APPEARANCE AS CRICHTON HIMSELF! Crichton gapes! What's another human doing here?? He remembers his nudity. He quickly tries to cover up.

CRICHTON

I... My name is John, John Cr--

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED: (4)

43

And she springs! In the blink of an eye, she has Crichton down on the cell floor - knees pinning his arms, thighs crushing his throat! Just that fast, this incredible woman is straddling him, cutting off his wind!

AERYN

(hard)

What is your rank and regiment? And why are you out of uniform? Rank and regiment - now.

Crichton can't move, can't speak. All he can do is stare...

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

44 EXT. SPACE - MOYA (CG)

44

45 INT. CRICHTON'S CELL - CONTINUOUS

45

AERYN

Rank and regiment - answer me!

He'd love to answer - but can't! Aeryn sees his expression. She's never seen an expression like that on one of her kind before. Long moment... then Aeryn jumps off him, keeping her distance. He rises, GASPING.

CRICHTON

(barely able to speak)

What is the matter with you?!

He looks over at his hanging space suit. Stumbles to it. Aeryn instantly launches herself at him again! Crichton recoils - but she goes right past him to the bars, RAGING, rattling them savagely.

AERYN

(to Rygel)

Let me out of here, you Hynerian SLUG!

Rygel has pulled a metal box from the floor panel. He glances over at Aeryn, unconcerned.

RYGEL

Your efforts are wasted, Peacekeeper.
You of all people should know that...

Crichton yanks down his space suit. Alien world or not, he's pissed. He pulls out the inner jumpsuit (white, zippered pockets, NASA patches, etc.), starts wrenching it on.

CRICHTON

'Peacekeeper'? You were one of the
ones out there attacking this ship!

(realizing)

They think I'm one of - you.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

AERYN

Officer Aeryn Sun! Special
Peacekeeper Commando, Icarion Company,
Pleisar Regiment. Identify yourself!

CRICHTON

(still pissed)

My rank is Commander. But I'm not
military. Least no military you know.
I'm a damned scientist...

Dressed now, he faces her. She's like a trapped, feral
animal. She paces... her body attitude very animal. Despite
her appearance, this is not a human woman...

Aeryn shrugs out of the Clash Suit. She has on her own inner
suit underneath (hers is black and sleek, with PK insignia).

Rygel has removed some of the contents of the metal box.
Personal belongings: Hynerian jewelry, tarnished with age,
including the ring he barter with later; papers, yellowed by
time... Belying his haughty indifference, seeing these items
from his past spawns real emotion in him.

RYGEL

(under his breath)

It has been so very long...

As Crichton is absorbing this, a NOISE in the passageway
draws his attention. Zenn and D'Argo are entering the cell
block. D'Argo sees Rygel, recognizes the metal box beside
him.

D'ARGO

Our possessions...

And like the young man he is, he rushes to the floor panel,
shouldering past an indignant Rygel, and reaches deep inside.
Zenn steps up, smiles at Crichton and Aeryn serenely.

ZENN

Ah, you are awake. Both of you...

Aeryn hisses at Zenn. Crichton looks at Aeryn. This woman
actually hisses?? Zenn maintains a pleasant expression, but
her eyes betray a less benign sentiment -

ZENN (CONT'D)

(to Aeryn)

A problem, my dear? I don't see why.

(CONTINUED)

ZENN (cont'd)

You should be used to viewing the likes of us - through bars...

Aeryn just stares daggers.

CRICHTON

Please, you've got to listen to me. I'm not what you think I--

ZENN

Not a Peacekeeper? Yes, we know that.

Crichton looks at her: How do they know?

ZENN (CONT'D)

Our examination. For one thing, your body doesn't bear the prescribed Peacekeeper vaccinations. For another, you have some decidedly unfamiliar bacteria living inside you. Nothing harmful to us, but... unfamiliar.

(pleasant smile)

You are not from around here.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*

Crichton's excited. Maybe they'll listen now -

CRICHTON

I'm from a planet called Earth. I'm human. Homo sapien sapien.

*

Zenn holds up a blue hand, stopping him.

ZENN

It is time for us to eat...

Crichton looks past Zenn to D'Argo - who has opened his own metal box and removed his Qualta Blade (dulled with time).

CRICHTON

(he means it)

Eat what...?

47 INT. BRIDGE - PK COMMAND CARRIER

47

CLOSE - A VIEW SCREEN, replaying Crais's brother's death. ANGLE ADJUSTS to reveal Crais. We see him clearly now for the first time. He's watching the replay, over and over. Lt. Teeg steps up. She's hesitant to disturb him...

LT. TEEG

Captain...

Crais looks up at her. A look that chills. Teeg stiffens.

LT. TEEG (CONT'D)

The Techs are completing the imaging of that module's pilot...

Crais is instantly out of his chair.

CRAIS

Show me.

At Teeg's station, A SCAN LINE paints across the View Screen, "peeling away" the last layers of the Module's hull (CG).

LT. TEEG

On the final sweep now, sir.

Finally - Crichton's face is revealed.

LT. TEEG (CONT'D)

He's... Sebacean.

Crais leans in, studying Crichton's image.

CRAIS

Inform the Rear Battle Fighter. They will take charge of the armada. We are going after the escaped Leviathan.

LT. TEEG

But, sir - regulations require--

CRAIS

That is a DIRECT ORDER, Lieutenant!

48 EXT. SPACE - MOYA (CG)

48

49 INT. PASSAGEWAY - MOYA

49

CLOSE on Crichton... looking anything but menacing at the moment, uncertain where he is being taken. His hands are bound (with that web-like substance). Aeryn walks a few paces behind (her hands similarly bound). Rygel leads the way. Zenn walks beside Crichton. D'Argo, holding his Qualta Blade, keeps a distrustful eye on them from behind.

CRICHTON

(to Zenn)

You know I'm not a, a Peacekeeper.
Why won't you untie me?

ZENN

(by way of explanation, she
nods toward Aeryn)

We still do not know your loyalties...

CRICHTON

My loyalties? I just got here!
You're the first extraterrestrial life
anybody from my planet's ever made
contact with.

The awe of where he's standing washes over him.

CRICHTON (CONT'D)

Where are we? What galaxy? Am I
still in the Milky Way? Still in
Orion's Arm?

Zenn smiles at him beatifically.

CRICHTON (CONT'D)

You have no idea what I'm talking
about, do you? I need to see star
charts, find some common reference
points...

He runs his fingers along the textured bulkhead.

CRICHTON (CONT'D)

This ship is amazing. What kind of--?

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

ZENN

She's a Leviathan. A bio-mechanoid.
(off Crichton's look)
A living ship.

Crichton instantly pulls his hand away. Considers his surroundings with different eyes.

*
*

50 INT. CENTRE CHAMBER - AT FOOD DISPENSERS

50

Rygel floats past, his odd-shaped tray stacked high with Food Cubes (like pastel green tofu). Aeryn is loading her tray with Cubes from the Dispensers. Crichton just watches, very uncertain. (Their hands remain tied throughout scene).

ANGLE - ZENN AND D'ARGO. Across the room. D'Argo in heated conversation with Pilot on a Vid Screen -

D'ARGO

You blame me?! If I hadn't pulled those leads, your precious Moya would still be wearing that Collar!

PILOT

Yes, but in doing so, you also caused Moya to hemorrhage most of her iriscentant fluid!

ZENN

(the voice of reason)
Leading to what result, Pilot?

PILOT

Leading to our current maximum speed, which is barely Hetch Two...

Zenn and D'Argo react - this is clearly very slow.

PILOT (cont'd)

Moya and I don't want to return to Peackeeper control.

(low, grimly confidential)

I do not believe Moya will let them put the Collar on her again.

*
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*
*

The implication is clear: Moya will die first. Meaning they all die. D'Argo looks at Zenn, troubled that his actions have brought on this result.

*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

ANGLE - CRICHTON AND AERYN. Seated at one of the tables. Aeryn is already eating her Cubes, fast... her body hunched, feral/military style, her eyes scanning the room. Rygel is eating at another table, his plate stacked high with Cubes.

CRICHTON

Why are they doing this?
(with a disdainful look
towards Zenn and D'Argo)
The blue one and the cowardly lion.
Why are they feeding us?

*
*
*
*

Aeryn looks at him, evaluating. His strange clothes, his innocent, somewhat lost expression... With distaste -

AERYN

They need information if they're gonna survive and they're hoping we'll provide it...

(shoves his plate closer to
him)

Eat. This may be our only chance.

CRICHTON

Our only chance...?

She glares at him - not thrilled with this arrangement, either. Crichton absorbs this. Then - looks down at the Food Cubes. This is food? He breaks off a piece.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED: (2)

50

Doesn't like how they feel, either. And, suddenly, Aeryn slips an eating utensil up her sleeve. Crichton reacts. Before he can say anything - here come Zenn and D'Argo.

ZENN

The ship's Pilot has just informed us we're approaching an inhabited system. With a Commerce planet...

Rygel pipes up from his table nearby -

RYGEL

A Commerce planet. Excellent. I need many things: Hynarian cream soap, definitely; some fresh janeray syrup to get the taste of these food cubes out of my mouth...

D'Argo just glares at him.

D'ARGO

We need iriscentant fluid.

RYGEL

How dare you, you Luxan swine!!

D'ARGO

Silence, your eminence. I have been searching for a reason not to jettison you with the next refuse dump...

RYGEL

You dump me? Why you insolent -- I bribed the Maintenance Drones at the last checkpoint, I secured the cell codes that allowed for your escape!

ZENN

Gentlemen, I suggest we keep our focus on the situation at hand.

*
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*
*

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED: (3)

50

Zenn turns to Crichton and Aeryn. Her expression attesting to the true gravity of their situation.

ZENN (CONT'D)

Before we approach this planet, we must know: is there a Peacekeeper presence in this system?

Aeryn gives Zenn a superior look: "I will never tell you anything". Zenn looks at Crichton. He reacts to the sincerity in her eyes.

CRICHTON

I don't know. I wish I did...

D'ARGO

We are wasting time we do not have!
(indicates Aeryn)

She is infantry - a grunt!
Peacekeeper Command tells them nothing except where to fight and die!

(indicates Crichton)

And this one, he is some kind of...
higher brain function deficient! How--

(his voice suddenly goes very high)

--he escaped the genetic sieving process I do not know!

Crichton looks at him. It's like he just inhaled helium!

ZENN (HELIUM VOICE)

D'Argo...?

CRICHTON (HELIUM VOICE)

(to Aeryn)

What just happened?

Aeryn is staring daggers at Rygel. As is D'Argo. Rygel is instantly defensive.

RYGEL (HELIUM VOICE)

It is a perfectly natural bodily function. And it is odorless...

D'ARGO (HELIUM VOICE)

Your loyal subjects tell you that...?

CRICHTON (HELIUM VOICE)

You fart helium??

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED: (4)

50

RYGEL (HELIUM VOICE)
(defensive)
Sometimes. When I am nervous...
(to D'Argo, pointedly)
...or angry.

*
*

PILOT'S VOICE (OVER COMMS)
Attention. I thought you would want
to know... we are entering planetary
orbit...

ZENN
(voice returning to normal)
Thank you, Pilot.

Suddenly, without warning - D'Argo's hand darts past
Crichton, seizing Aeryn's arm.

CRICHTON
(voice returning to normal)
Hey!

Purely instinctively, Crichton grabs D'Argo's massive arm.
D'Argo turns his fierce look on Crichton. Crichton's
expression shifts - what the hell am I doing?? But he holds
firm. D'Argo, infinitely stronger, shakes him off, hard.
Then D'Argo twists Aeryn's arm and - the eating utensil falls
from her sleeve. Aeryn eyes him defiantly. Crichton's
expression reads: I have got to get out of here...

51 - 52 OMITTED

51

53 INT. CRICHTON'S CELL - MOYA

53

CLOSE on the cell's magnetic lock... as Aeryn tries to work it with her bare hands. Crichton's on the bunk behind her, watching her, looking grim. (Their hands no longer bound).

CRICHTON

Boy, was Spielberg ever wrong...

*

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

53

CRICHTON (cont'd)

(looks over at Aeryn; under
his breath)

Close Encounters, my ass...

(to himself)

If I did come here through a wormhole,
then the only way I'm gonna get back
is to find another wormhole, or create
one. Yeah, right...

AERYN

You want to make one of those
'wormhole' things of yours? How do
you expect to do that from inside this
cell?

Crichton looks at her.

AERYN (CONT'D)

We Peacekeepers are the most
technologically advanced race in a
thousand star systems. If anybody's
going to help you get home to your
pathetic little planet, it's gonna be
our science-techs.

(beat)

I am your kind - not the creatures
aboard this ship. Who would you
rather be with - them, or me?

Not exactly a fair question. Crichton considers all of this.
Long moment... then he decides. He steps forward. She looks
at him curiously. What is he doing? Then he shakes out a
sleeve and... one of the galley utensils falls out. Aeryn
looks at Crichton, surprised. He cocks his head.

CRICHTON

You're not the only one with survival
training...

Then - he drops the utensil and it almost bounces through the
bars! Aeryn traps it with her foot. Gives him a look...

54 INT. BACK PASSAGEWAY - TWO MINUTES LATER 54

Crichton and Aeryn race this way.

AERYN

Which way is the Transport Hanger?

Crichton looks at her: Like I know?! He hurries to a ramp.
Charges up and -

55 INT. THE TERRACE - CLOSE - CRICHTON 55

He immediately reels with vertigo! He's on The Terrace... an exotic platform outside the ship with no walls or ceiling! The huge planet hangs nearby. Stunned, Crichton backs up, bumping into the room's invisible membrane. It "gives", distorting the vista of space beyond...

AERYN (O.S.)

This way! C'mon!

56 INT. MAINTENANCE BAY 56

They explode into the room. Aeryn looks out at Crichton's white module - like Imelda Marcos eying a 1981 Honda Civic.

AERYN

What is that?

CRICHTON

Hey, it's cutting edge back on Earth...

AERYN

We'll take mine.

Crichton eyes her nasty-looking Prowler nearby. Uh-oh.

57 EXT. SPACE - PEACEKEEPER COMMAND CARRIER 57

Now hunting alone...

58 INT. BRIDGE - COMMAND CARRIER

58

Crais, in his command chair, stares off in wrathful thought. Lt. Teeg is at her station, holding her headset to her ear.

LT. TEEG

Captain! We are receiving a transmission from one of the outer systems. It's Aeryn Sun, the Prowler pilot we thought we'd lost...

(listens)

She was taken captive aboard the Leviathan, but she's escaped...

(listens)

And she has the being from the white pod with her!

Crais's head turns toward her like a reptile that's finally spotted its prey.

59 INT. PROWLER

59

Aeryn, pressed tight into Crichton's lap so she can handle the controls, is just removing her headset -

AERYN

Everything is set. They are on their way.

(beat)

And my Captain himself is anxious to meet you...

He doesn't look too sure about any of this.

AERYN (CONT'D)

Trust me. You will be fine...

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

59A EXT. COMMERCE CITY - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

59A *

60 INT. BLACK MARKET - NIGHT

60

The PROPRIETOR holds a piece of Rygel's Hynarian jewelry under a light, evaluating it.

RYGEL ...

You're only exposing your ignorance if you don't concede knowledge of the Hurlian Stone!

The Proprietor GROWLS. Rygel's really pushing it.

PROPRIETOR

Twenty barrels of fluid...

RYGEL

TWENTY?! There was a time you would have been disemboweled with a dull Lashlan Spade for half such an insult to me!

(then, ears dropping, leaning in, shrewdly)

Thirty-five.

The Proprietor GROWLS again. Anybody else would be terrified. Not Rygel. He simply reaches to take back the ring. The Proprietor holds onto it, weighing the offer. Meanwhile...

*

ACROSS THE ROOM - Zenn is seen talking to a 4-FOOT ALIEN, obscured for the most part behind some racks. D'Argo, in f.g., is talking into the COMM DEVICE on his arm -

D'ARGO

Yes, Pilot. Understood.

He hits "off" the comm as Zenn steps up.

D'ARGO (CONT'D)

The female Peacekeeper and the 'human' have escaped. And a full Command Carrier is on approach to this planet.

ZENN

A full Carrier?

(realizes)

Crais? But it makes no sense for him to come after us himself...

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

60

D'Argo weighs this.

D'ARGO

Unless there is something special
about the two who just escaped...

(then)

This barter session is over.

And he starts toward Rygel. Zenn stops him -

ZENN

D'Argo... that local dweller said this
planet is on the outskirts of the
Uncharted Territories...

D'Argo reacts, knows what she's thinking...

D'ARGO

No one enters the Uncharted
Territories by choice!

ZENN

The Peacekeepers have no
jurisdictional contracts there.

D'ARGO

(emphatically)

My home planet is not in that
direction!

ZENN

Nor is mine. But if we don't elude
the Peacekeepers, it will be only our
remains that return to our home
worlds...

She is right. But the idea still disturbs him greatly.

ANGLE - RYGEL & PROPRIETOR. They're still going at it.
D'Argo steps up, leans close to Rygel.

D'ARGO

Trouble. We must go.

Rygel holds up his hand. He's into this. Glancing up and
around at the surrounding shelves -

RYGEL

What're you asking for those Wellan
Glow Crystals-- WAH!

D'Argo's big arm yanks him away!

61 EXT. ALLEY - COMMERCE CITY - NIGHT

61

Aeryn's Prowler is parked/hidden behind some alley debris (boxes, etc.). Crichton, alone, waits outside a garishly lit doorway. A DESOLATE WIND moves his hair.

HIS POV (CG) - The wedge of sky at the end of the alley... dual moons overlapping each other... silhouettes of alien craft traversing the night sky... a FLYING BEAST just disappearing into the cloud cover...

CRICHTON

I'm on another planet...

Then the door behind him slams open, shattering the moment.

AERYN

I've relayed our rendezvous point.
C'mon, we're getting off this -
(looking out at the exact
same vista)
- waste hole of a planet.

She starts down the alley. Crichton inhales - so much for his moment of awe. Suddenly they HEAR the o.s. SOUND of a Transport Pod LIFTING OFF. They look up, SEE - Moya's Transport Pod climbing away toward the clouds (CG).

AERYN (CONT'D)

That's the prison ship's Pod! They're getting away!

CRICHTON

We're about to be rescued any minute anyway. They're no danger to us now. *

AERYN

They are prisoners! Escaped prisoners! They must be captured - *

D'ARGO (O.S.)

- or destroyed.

They spin. D'Argo is there, holding his Qualta Blade at ready! Aeryn immediately stiffens into a defensive posture.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

61

D'ARGO (CONT'D)

(to Aeryn)
Do not tempt me.

CRICHTON

(to D'Argo)
Look - you've gotta get out of here.
(half glances at Aeryn, then)
A ship full of Peacekeepers is on its
way to this planet, right now.

AERYN

(hisses at Crichton)
Traitor...

D'ARGO

That is why I want you both aboard
Moya. As insurance...

*
*
*

CRICHTON

Please - just go. Before--

And he suddenly freezes, looking at something behind D'Argo.
Aeryn smiles at the same thing that Crichton sees.

D'ARGO

You are such fools. I will not fall
for such an ancient ruse.

VOICE

But fall you will, Luxan!

SHOCK CUT - Crais. Standing at the end of the alley...
street steam rising around him. Several PK COMMANDOS (in
full PK Clash Gear) flank him, weapons drawn.

Three Pks seize D'Argo from behind, slapping on MagCuffs.
D'Argo ROARS. His tongue LASHES out - but the PKs know to
keep their distance.

Crais approaches. D'Argo girds himself. But - Crais walks
right past him. Crichton is taking all this in. Maybe Crais
is coming to Aeryn. She snaps to attention.

AERYN

Captain Crais!

Crais ignores her, too. She falls silent, not understanding.
Now they all see the object of Crais's focus. Crichton. He
steps up to the earthman. Crais's manner is inscrutable.

CRAIS

...Your name?

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED: (2)

61

Crichton doesn't understand... why him?

CRICHTON

John Crichton.

CRAIS

And where are you from, Jyawn Cry-tun?

Crichton looks at Aeryn - he's your boss, help me here!

AERYN

Sir - he claims to be a 'human'...
from a planet called Erp...

(Crichton makes a face)

But he's shown himself to be--

CRAIS

To be what, Officer Sun? A most
clever impostor? Accomplice to a ship
full of treacherous escaping
prisoners?

(eye contact with Crichton)

My brother's... murderer?

Aeryn reacts - big.

CRICHTON

Your brother's--??!

CRAIS

You charged my brother's Prowler in
that white death pod of yours.

CRICHTON

Death pod?!

(remembers)

You - you're talking about that near
miss I had the first minute I was
here! That was an accident!

CRAIS

It was no 'near miss' for my brother.

And he nods to the PKs - who seize Crichton roughly.

CRICHTON

Hey - !

They begin binding his wrists. Crichton is scared shitless.
Even D'Argo looks subtly sympathetic, knowing what horrors
Crichton is destined for. Crichton's eyes fly to Aeryn.
Crais gets right up in Crichton's face.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED: (3)

61

CRAIS

A human? That will definitely require some study...

(coup de grace)

I will enjoy personally pulling you apart to see what you are made of...

And he signals the Commandos.

AERYN

Wait!

It erupted from her throat before she could stop it.

CRAIS

Yes, Officer Sun?

She immediately regrets her lack of control.

CRAIS

Something about this - alien?

AERYN

Only that - I have spent time with him. I believe him when he says what happened to your brother was an accident.

(beat)

I don't believe he is brave enough... or intelligent enough... to attack one of our Prowlers intentionally.

Crichton's expression is a combination of: "Thanks alot!" And "Is Crais buying it?!" Crais turns to Aeryn -

CRAIS

Exactly - how much time have you spent with this 'human'?

CRICHTON

(covering for her)

Not alot. Not much at all. Only enough time for us to escape. She--

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED: (4)

61

Crais is staring at Aeryn. Weighing what she has said... weighing Crichton's defense of her...

CRAIS

Because, as you know, Peacekeeper High Command has very clear parameters regarding contact with unclassified alien lifeforms.

(beat)

You may very well have exceeded those parameters, Officer Sun. Which would make you--

AERYN

(terrified)

No, sir! I--

CRAIS

- irreversibly contaminated.

*

The words cut through her! Crichton doesn't know exactly what this means, but he knows it's bad for her. Crais nods to the PKs - who grab Aeryn! Crichton struggles against his restraint to help her. D'Argo muscles forward, getting right in Crais's face -

D'ARGO

Warrior to warrior, I vow one day I will kill you.

CRAIS

(unimpressed)

Take them away. Take them all away.

The PKs lead our trio away. Crais turns to his Troop Leader -

CRAIS (CONT'D)

Deploy your men. We will continue our search and find the others..

62 EXT. SPACE - COMMERCE PLANET & MOYA (CG)

62

63 INT. THE COMMAND - MOYA

63

Things are tense up here. Zenn signals Pilot -

ZENN

Pilot - how is it coming?

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED:

63

PILOT

Fluid tanks are nearly full.
Shouldn't be another minute or two.
(turns to some of his DRDs
nearby)
Get down there and help them!

ZENN

Any word from D'Argo?

PILOT

None. I'm sorry...

Nearby, Rygel holds a tin of some caviar-like delicacy he
added to his bargaining and scoops some out with his finger... *

64 EXT. VACANT LOT - COMMERCE PLANET - NIGHT

64

Two PK COMMANDOS leading Crichton, Aeryn, D'Argo. PK #1 is
roughly going through Crichton's pockets... not procedure,
just scavenging. Aeryn struggles against the MagCuffs.

D'ARGO

(with grim irony)

They are MagCuffs. They cannot be
forced...

Aeryn looks at him. Frustrated... and frightened. She never
dreamed she'd be in a situation like this. PK #1 finds
something in Crichton's pocket.

PK #1

What is this thing?

Crichton sees: it's his father's ring puzzle.

CRICHTON

It's a puzzle. A toy.

PK #1 is poking at it, trying to get it to work. Distracted
by it. Crichton sees this... and an idea starts to form.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

64

CRICHTON (CONT'D)

You take it apart and have to figure out how to put it together again.

PK #1

A field resourcefulness exercise?

CRICHTON

Something like that. Pull that loop - yeah, that one - through there.

PK #1 does it - and the puzzle comes apart.

CRICHTON (CONT'D)

Now put it back the way it was.

PK #1 starts to try. PK #2 glances over. PK #1's not getting it. PK #2 shakes his head.

PK #2

You *hingemot!* Let me try.

And as PK #2 reaches for it, Crichton seizes the moment - snatching PK #1's weapon from his belt! Crichton stumbles back, holding the weapon on them!

CRICHTON

Freeze!

D'Argo reacts to Crichton's boldness. The human actually did something resourceful. Aeryn sees how Crichton is holding the bizarre, un-gunlike weapon -

AERYN

NO! That's not the activator! That--

The PKs move on Crichton and he fires! The yellow Energy Bolt blasts past Crichton's own head! The PKs stumble back... then realize and keep coming! Crichton dodges back, frantically rearranging the weapon in his hand, firing! The bolts whiz past Aeryn and D'Argo, nearly decapitating them!

Finally - the bolts hit the dirt at the PKs' feet! Close enough! Crichton keeps them covered -

CRICHTON

Don't move or I'll fill you full of -
(uh...)
- little bolts of yellow light! On the ground! Now!

The PKs reluctantly comply. Crichton grabs the MagCuff keys, tries to open his own cuffs. But he can't get the key in.

(CONTINUED)

D'ARGO

Unlock me, then I will unlock you!

AERYN

No! Me!

Crichton looks at them both. He's got to trust one of them. But - which one?? Aeryn thrusts her wrists at Crichton -

AERYN (CONT'D)

There isn't time!

Crichton considers, then hands the keys to D'Argo -

CRICHTON

Unlock me.

D'Argo, pleased that Crichton chose him, takes the key - and immediately tries to undo his own cuffs! Crichton rolls his eyes... the tentacled bastard just had to try. One of the PKs moves and Crichton fires a shot near him. A flicker of surprise and pride crosses Crichton's face... he's actually rising to the occasion here.

D'Argo can't get his cuffs unlocked. He holds the key, trying to decide what to do. Crichton holds out his wrists.

CRICHTON (CONT'D)

If you run, you're gonna have to find somebody else to unlock you. Then you're gonna have to explain the Peacekeeper handcuffs...

D'Argo's trapped. Nothing he can do but - unlock Crichton. Crichton's cuffs fall to the ground. D'Argo thrusts the key into Crichton's hands.

D'ARGO

Now me!

AERYN

Crichton, no! He's a criminal!

CRICHTON

We all are now...

She looks at him, the reality of this sinking in. Crichton's mind races. Knows he's got to act fast. He looks at D'Argo -

CRICHTON (CONT'D)

Can you get me away from here?

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED: (3)

64

D'ARGO

What?

CRICHTON

Off this rock and away from these -
over-amped rent-a-cops?

(beat)

Away from Crais?

CLOSE - D'ARGO. He hates being backed into a corner like this. But he also - doesn't know what to do. His youth and inexperience showing again. He's about to speak, when -

CRICHTON (CONT'D)

And we take her, too.

D'ARGO

What?!

AERYN

What?!

D'ARGO

Never! I will take you! You are -
manageable! But she--

Crichton rears back with the key, ready to throw it.

CRICHTON (CONT'D)

If she stays... we all stay...

Crichton clearly means it. Aeryn reacts. D'Argo hates it. But - he has no alternative. Play the moment, then - with great malevolence, he nods. Crichton reaches forward with the key. Looks at D'Argo - can he trust him? The time for discussion is over. Only one way to find out. He undoes D'Argo's cuffs. Once free, D'Argo immediately grabs the weapon from Crichton. Eye contact between the two of them, then... D'Argo turns the weapon on the PKs, covering them. Crichton breathes again. Then turns to Aeryn with the key. And - she pulls away from him!

AERYN

No! I will not come with you!

CRICHTON

You've been 'irreversibly
contaminated', remember?!

D'ARGO

It means death.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED: (4)

64

Crichton looks at her, truly concerned. She sees the way he is looking at her. She's never had anyone look at her like this before. Display concern - for her. She is on overload.

AERYN

I must stay! It's my duty; my breeding. Since birth. It is what I am...

CRICHTON

You can be more...

She stares at him... wide-eyed, uncertain. Showing real vulnerability for the first time... perhaps in her entire life... PLAY this moment between her and Crichton, then -

65 EXT. SPACE - COMMERCE PLANET & MOYA (CG)

65

Aeryn's Prowler approaching the Leviathan's Transport Entry.

66 INT. COMMAND - MOYA

66

ZENN

Say again, Pilot.

PILOT

It is D'Argo in the arriving Prowler!
He is telling us to leave orbit immediately!

ZENN

("Thank God")
Thank Khalaan.

PILOT

The Peacekeeper female and that...
other one... are with him.

Rygel is poised on one of the control panels.

RYGEL

He is under duress! It's a trap!
Pilot, isolate them in the Transport
Hanger - reverse the atmosphere!

Zenn raises her voice for the first time, if only to drown out Rygel -

ZENN

Pilot - break orbit.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

66

PILOT
(throwing switches)
Destination?

D'ARGO (O.S.)
The Uncharted Territories!

All turn. D'Argo sweeps onto The Command. Crichton and Aeryn a couple of paces behind.

Rygel's eyebrows point straight up. What the hell is this?!

D'ARGO (CONT'D)
(to Zenn)
I will explain later...

ZENN
(wry)
I look forward to your explanation...

PILOT
Your attention!

Pilot brings up a Heads Up on the Forward Portal: a rear-view of the Commerce Planet falling away behind them (CG). But what's significant: the huge PK Command Carrier is fast closing on them!

PILOT (CONT'D)
Distance between the pursuing craft
and Moya - sixty metras and closing!
(then)
They are bringing around their Frag
Cannons!!

The others react. Crichton hates the sound of this -

CRICHTON
Frag Cannons??

67 EXT. SPACE - ANGLE ON PK COMMAND CARRIER (CG) 67

As the enormous Frag Cannons roll powerfully into place!

68 INT. BRIDGE - PK COMMAND CARRIER 68

Crais stands over his helmsman, calls out -

CRAIS

Weapons Control! Full charge!

69 INT. THE COMMAND - MOYA 69

Pilot magnifies the image on the Heads Up: "popping in" on the PK Carrier (CG). The turrets moving this way!

D'ARGO

What is the range of the cannons?

PILOT

I'm afraid neither Moya nor I is sufficiently conversant with Peacekeeper technol--

AERYN

Forty-five metras.

Her voice quakes as she reveals this. She looks at Crichton. He nods to her, she did the right thing. Then -

CRICHTON

Can't we just do another of those Starburst things?

ZENN

It is too soon. The Leviathan must restore her energy reserves.

On the Heads Up (CG): the turrets settle in, aimed right at us!

CLOSE - CRICHTON. He looks at the others. Somebody's got to do something! He looks around at all the arcane alien apparatus surrounding him...

ZENN (CONT'D)

Fifty metras!

It builds in Crichton, then just explodes out of him -

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

69

CRICHTON

I need paper!

AERYN

'Paper'?

CRICHTON

To write on!

He pulls his pen. They look at him blankly. Crichton, exasperated, moves to a panel. There's nothing to write on! He just - starts writing on the panel surface! Yells over his shoulder -

CRICHTON (CONT'D)

Turn the ship around! We have to head back toward the planet!

The others stare, no idea what he is doing. Rygel says it for them all -

RYGEL (HELIUM VOICE AGAIN)

Are you are completely INSANE...?!

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

70 EXT. SPACE - THE COMMAND CARRIER AND MOYA (CG) 70

They flash past, pursuer and pursued!

71 INT. THE COMMAND 71

PILOT

Frag Cannons are locking on!

Crichton is frantically scribbling computations!

ZENN

Crichton! What are you-- ?!

CRICHTON

It's a theory of mine... has to do with overcoming atmospheric friction... Dammit - I need to know the mass of this ship!

PILOT

I need to know what you plan to do with Moya--

CRICHTON

What's her mass!!

PILOT

(reluctantly)

Seven hundred, eighty-three thousand, two hundred and forty one sakmars.

Crichton looks up. Sak-whats??! He thinks madly. Then -

CRICHTON

You examined me! How many 'sakmars' do I weigh?

PILOT

Point zero zero zero one five seven.

CRICHTON

(scribbling)

One hundred, eighty pounds equals point zero zero...

He's never worked harder under such pressure in his life. The others watch, their lives in the hands of this very strange, perhaps mentally deficient - human.

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

71

CRICHTON

(to Pilot)

We're gonna have to hit a pretty exact trajectory. Can you do that?

PILOT

(arms flying)

I'm doing all that I can maintaining Moya's regular systems at this speed!

CRICHTON

(spins to the others)

Can this ship thing be flown manually?

D'ARGO

Yes. But--

CRICHTON

Great -- you're gonna fly her!

D'ARGO

I am not trained as a pilot.

Crichton's eyes fall on Aeryn--

CRICHTON

You're the experienced flyer!

AERYN

What?!

RYGEL

This is madness!

ZENN

Our only alternative appears to be death...

D'Argo says nothing, just surprises everyone by grabbing Aeryn! Before anyone can stop him, he drags Aeryn over to the Rear Guidance Station, shoves her in front of it. The Manual Control Yoke rotates into position before her. Aeryn looks at D'Argo. D'Argo nods tightly -- begrudging trust. Aeryn absorbs this. Crichton slams in beside them, now scribbling computations on his hand.

CRICHTON

(to D'Argo)

You charmer...

72 INT. BRIDGE - PK COMMAND CARRIER 72

Crais leans across his WEAPONS OFFICER. With supreme satisfaction -

CRAIS

Fire.

73 EXT. SPACE - PK CARRIER - FRAG CANNONS (CG) 73

They FIRE powerfully! The recoil rocks the massive ship.

74 INT. THE COMMAND - MOYA 74

PILOT

They've fired!!

D'ARGO

Pilot! Evasive maneuver!

PILOT

We may dodge one shot, but never--

ZENN, D'ARGO, RYGEL

DO IT!

75 EXT. SPACE - MOYA (CG) 75

As she makes a sharp turn! The Frag Cannon projectile barely misses!

76 INT. THE COMMAND - MOYA 76

In a hard bank. Aeryn has hold of the Yoke, causing Moya's bank. She's intense, but perfectly comfortable guiding this huge ship. Beside her, Crichton continues his frantic computations, writing on his hand! Crichton continues his frantic computations, writing on his hand! *

77 INT. BRIDGE - PK COMMAND CARRIER 77

WEAPONS OFFICER

Target's banking.

CRAIS

Reacquire!

77 CONTINUED:

77

WEAPONS OFFICER
Banking toward us, sir.

LT. TEEG
She's accelerating Captain, passing us!

*
*

And the Bridge is buffeted. Crais has to hold tight. His eyes narrow. He reaches past the helmsman, hits some controls. The huge ship begins to bank radically.

CRAIS
We end this - now.

78 INT. THE COMMAND - MOYA

78

THROUGH THE FORWARD PORTAL - we're racing pell-mell directly for the equator of the planet (CG)!

D'ARGO
(at another Station)
We're approaching Hetch-8 velocity!

CRICHTON
Just go for the maximum! Let the planet's gravity pull us in! Pilot - do you understand what I mean when I say 'exosphere', 'ionosphere'...?

PILOT
(insulted)
Of course...

CRICHTON
You gotta tell me the precise instant we hit the horizon between them, can you do that?

PILOT
(proudly)
Down to the brell marak constant.

Crichton's expression: has no idea what that means, but it sounds accurate. He's still frantically computing on his hand. Sweat drips in his eye. Suddenly - Zenn begins another loud, bizarre CHANTING prayer! Crichton throws a look - that isn't helping!

*

The Command begins to shimmy, just as Crichton's Module did!

THROUGH THE FRONT PORTAL - the planet is racing madly toward them, filling the Portal (CG)!

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED:

78

D'ARGO

Hetch-9!!

PILOT

WE ARE THERE!

*

Crichton just finishes the computation -

CRICHTON

Twenty-eight to thirty-eight degrees!

He holds out his hand, giving Aeryn a reference of 28-38 degrees!

*

CRICHTON

(to Aeryn)

Twenty-eight to thirty eight degrees -- got it?!

*

*

*

*

She nods.

*

RYGEL

(his teeth rattling from the shimmying)

Do it if you're gonna do it!!

*

*

*

*

And Aeryn turns the Yoke hard!

*

The Command makes a punishing bank! Rygel goes slamming face first into nearest bulkhead!

*

79 EXT. SPACE - COMMERCE PLANET & MOYA (CG)

79

Moya skims along the planet's upper atmosphere, her belly spewing an ectoplasmic shower of colors (reminiscent of the wormhole from the opening scenes).

80 INTERCUT - INT. THE COMMAND - CRICHTON

80

*

Everyone holding on for dear life!

*

81 EXT. SPACE - MOYA (CG)

81

Whipping around the curvature of the planet! Moya actually flattens slightly from the force!

82 INT. THE BRIDGE - PK CARRIER

82

LT. TEEG
Sir, the Leviathan, she--

CRAIS
I can see that, Lieutenant!

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED:

82

LT. TEEG
What is that she's doing?!

Crais stares. He doesn't know.

83 INT. THE COMMAND - MOYA

83

Aeryn holds the madly shimmying Yoke. The ship reaches the apex of the maneuver, and - *

84 EXT. SPACE - COMMERCE PLANET & MOYA (CG)

84

- she flings off into space!

85 INT. THE COMMAND - CRICHTON

85

As he desperately grips the Guidance console to keep from falling! His theory is working! *

86 INT. BRIDGE - PK CARRIER

86

Lt. Teeg frantically leans in past the Helmsman, throwing switches. She looks up... prepared for the worst...

LT. TEEG
She's off our scanners, sir.
(frightened pause)
We have lost her.

CLOSE ON CRAIS - His face reddens... with a rage that will not diminish for a long, long time...

87 EXT. SPACE - MOYA (CG)

87

As she streaks past.

88 INT. THE COMMAND - MOYA

88

Everyone regaining equilibrium as they get used to this speed.

D'ARGO
Pilot - the Peacekeeper ship?!

Pilot listens to his headset. Then, excitedly -

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED:

88

PILOT

Gone, sir!
(spins to the DRDs)
It's gone!!
(spins back)
IT'S GONE!

Astonishment, relief, exhaustion all around. Crichton still has a white-knuckle grip on the console. *

ZENN

You can let go now, Crichton.
(beat)
John...

He finally does. He looks around at the others. They all stare at him, abjectly stunned that he saved them. Zenn takes his head in her blue hands, looks him in the eye. *

ZENN (CONT'D)

Thank you...

And she slowly leans her face toward his... to kiss him. But - a Delvian kiss isn't lips, it's ears. Her face goes past his, and she presses her ear to his ear! She moves her head sensually, eyes closed. To her this is a kiss. Crichton just stares forward, reacting...

Then his eye falls on - Aeryn. He mouths to her: "Thank you". * She has a very strange expression on her face. Relief... but * also uncertainty about what happens now. Crichton's experiencing pretty much the same array of emotions. He offers her a reassuring smile...

89 EXT. SPACE - MOYA (CG)

89

Much later. Traveling along at a peaceful pace now.

90 INT. THE COMMAND

90

Empty, quiet.

91 INT. CENTRE CHAMBER

91

D'Argo is here, using an alien wet stone to sharpen and hone his Qualta Blade...

92 INT. ZENN'S CELL

92

Zenn, in her cell, meditating, vibrating slightly (CG), hovering a dozen inches above the floor. She's nude, her exotic blue back to us...

93 INT. TRANSPORT HANGER - CLOSE ON CRICHTON'S MODULE PANEL

93

A pair of hands muscle the component radio from the panel. It's Crichton. He takes the radio and a flight bag, exits.

94 INT. PASSAGEWAY

94

Aeryn is wandering the ship, restless, ill at ease. Crichton appears, coming this way.

CRICHTON

Hi.

She doesn't know this greeting.

CRICHTON (Cont'd)

Thank you for your help today.

It's obvious that Aeryn has no interest in discussing it. Crichton changes the subject.

*

CRICHTON

I hear we've passed into the 'Uncharted Territory'. Whatever that means.

AERYN

(uncomfortable with the notion)

Peacekeepers have no jurisdictional authority out here.

CRICHTON

But that Captain - Crais - can still pursue us...

AERYN

We can count on it.

Crichton absorbs this. An awkward silence follows. Crichton tries to make a connection -

CRICHTON

So... how're you feeling?

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED:

94

AERYN

Feeling...?

(beat)

I feel like I should be sacked out in my barracks with the rest of my unit... waiting to come down hard on this ship and everybody in it...

So much for any hope of a speedy conversion. She moves off. He stares after her. She's a female of an different species. So what is it about her that he can't get out of his head...?

95 INT. THE TERRACE - CLOSE ON RYGEL

95

He's fast asleep, SNORING like a wino, sprawled haphazardly, surrounded by the alien equivalent of candy wrappers and drink cans (more non-essential comfort items he bartered for)...

CRICHTON (O.S.)

It worked, Dad. DK's and my theory worked...

WIDEN - We're on The Terrace (CG) - the incredible wide-open "room" that Crichton stumbled into earlier. Crichton sits on some boxes in its center, Rygel crashed like Hunter Thompson nearby. Crichton is using tools from the flight bag, fashioning a small makeshift dish antenna from pieces of his module... attaching it to his ship's radio.

CRICHTON (CONT'D)

(into radio mic)

Of course, I didn't exactly test it under conditions I ever anticipated... *

He thinks about that. A DRD is spraying and scrubbing the floor nearby. It's the dented one; one eye-stalk still drooping forlornly. It can't see real well... bumps into the boxes. Bumps again, then scrubs around it...

CRICHTON (CONT'D)

Funny, I was just gonna spend a few hours orbiting Earth. Now... *

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED:

95

A mix of feelings runs through him. His eyes go to the vista of stars...

CRICHTON (CONT'D)

This place is awesome, Dad...

(beat)

And there's this girl. She's...

He has no idea how to even begin describing/explaining Aeryn. He just sits there a moment, thinking about her. Then he shakes it off. He's finished connecting the radio antenna, looks at his handiwork.

CRICHTON (CONT'D)

(re radio)

Look, I know this is crazy, I mean you're never gonna get this message, but I just wanted to... needed to... let you know not to worry. I'm okay...

(long beat, then)

You were so right, Dad. When it comes, it is the last thing you ever expect...

Beat. Then - he feels something. Looks down. The DRD has bumped into his leg. As he watches, it sprays soapy water onto his pant leg, begins scrubbing his shoe. Crichton breathes a sigh.

CRICHTON (CONT'D)

(into radio mic)

For the record, this is John Crichton... somewhere in the universe...

The radio flashes "Send Ready". Crichton hits the button, we HEAR an electronic PING as the message is launched. The light now reads "Send Complete". Crichton looks out at the stars, where his message is headed... Moment, then he looks back at the DRD at his feet. Beat... then he reaches down, scoops it up. It SQUEAKS in mild protest. Crichton sits back on the bench, rummages in his flight bag, comes up with a roll of electrical tape. Tears off a length and begins wrapping the broken eye-stalk.

*

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED: (2)

95

As Crichton works, suddenly Rygel lets loose a particularly
outrageous SNORE. Crichton throws him a look, then looks out
at the fantastic vista of space surrounding him. His new
home... *
*
*

96 EXT. SPACE - MOYA (CG)

96

Banking majestically against the blanket of stars...

###

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