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FARSCAPE

"Family Ties"

Written by

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FARSCAPE™



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SEASON 1
EPISODE #22

"Family Ties"

CAST

CRICHTON

AERYN

ZHAAN

D'ARGO

CHIANA

RYGEL

PILOT

CRAIS

SCORPIUS

LT. BRACA

"Family Ties"

SETS

INTERIORS

MOYA

/PASSAGEWAY

/COMMAND

/MAINTENANCE BAY

/LABSECTION

/PILOT'S DEN

/TRANSPORT POD

/CENTRE CHAMBER

/PASSAGEWAY OUTSIDE CENTRE CHAMBER

/QUARTERS

TRANSPORT POD

PROWLER

COMMAND CARRIER

/CRAIS' QUARTERS

/LIMBO SET

LEVIATHAN OFFSPRING

/COMMAND

EXTERIORS

SPACE

/MOYA (STOCK CG)

/MOYA IN ASTEROID FIELD (CG FROM EP. 21)

/TRANSPORT POD (CG)

/PROWLER (CG)

/PEACEKEEPER COMMAND CARRIER (CG)

/GAMMAK BASE ASTEROID (CG)

/LEVIATHAN OFFSPRING IN ASTEROID FIELD (CG)

F-A-R-S-C-A-P-E

EPISODE 22

"Family Ties"

COLD OPEN

1 EXT. SPACE - MOYA IN ASTEROID FIELD (CG FROM EP. #21) 1
Establish Moya and Offspring hiding amidst the asteroids.

CRICHTON

Tell me you're kidding, Zhaan--

2 INT. MOYA - PASSAGEWAY 2

*This episode is about desperation. Life and death
desperation. The energy and pace begins... right here.*

CRICHTON rounds the corner in stride, his whole presence a
coiled, adrenaline-charged spring. Into his Comms--

CRICHTON

Tell me there's a sick punchline
coming.

INTERCUT WITH:

3 INT. MOYA - COMMAND 3

A concerned ZHAAN stands at the forward console, CHIANA
agitatedly beside her. The mood is extremely tense.

ZHAAN

Unfortunately, John -- it's true.

CRICHTON

Great. Just abso-frelling-lutely
great!

As he picks up the pace, a murderously enraged D'ARGO enters
the Passageway in full stride beside Crichton.

D'ARGO

We must go after him!

CRICHTON

Two Pods out there will just compound
the problem.

ZHAAN

No change in his course. He's
accelerating away from Moya.

(CONTINUED)

AERYN turns into the Passageway, falling in step-for-step with Crichton and D'Argo.

AERYN

Please. Let's be anything but surprised. The weak link is often the smallest.

CHIANA

Can't we do something? He's about to exit the asteroid field.

ZHAAN

The Peacekeepers haven't spotted him yet, but they will shortly. Pilot!

PILOT APPEARS ON HIS (Command) CLAMSHELL, equally anxious.

PILOT

I shall attempt to contact him again.
(hint of desperation)
Rygel -- please respond...

4 EXT. TRANSPORT POD - SPACE (CG) - CONTINUOUS 4

It flies out of the asteroid field and into open space.

5 INT. TRANSPORT POD - CONTINUOUS 5

With a steely gaze and steady hand, RYGEL sits in the Flight Chair, virtually willing the craft to go faster.

PILOT (OVER COMMS)

Your Eminence, I beg you -- respond.

But Rygel shows zero inclination to do so.

6 INT. MOYA - COMMAND - CONTINUOUS 6

Crichton, Aeryn and D'Argo enter with pace -- Aeryn heading straight for a console.

AERYN

Moya's baby has weaponry -- perhaps we can use him to shoot down Rygel's Pod.

PILOT

Rygel's already too distant -- and the asteroids block a clear salvo.

D'ARGO

Rygel, listen carefully... *Tre bawk ru fishalto--*

6 CONTINUED:

6

INTERCUT WITH:

7 INT. TRANSPORT POD - CONTINUOUS

7

D'ARGO

--*chenias prami bukeko!*

RYGEL

(scornful reaction)

Hah--!

CRICHTON

(grabs D'Argo)

What did you just say?

CHIANA

(translates)

Something about his corpse and a
bodily function.

CRICHTON

(pushes D'Argo away)

Thanks for helping.

ZHAAN

Rygel, what you are doing is wrong.

RYGEL

For you maybe.

AERYN

They'll tear your head off. Whatever
deal you cut -- Crais will never honor
it.

Rygel reacts -- that possibility is clearly on his mind.

CRICHTON

Yo, Rygel -- cut your engines, float
dead, maybe they won't see you. Let's
talk about this.

RYGEL

That's the point, Crichton. All you
people do is talk. I am a Dominar of
action.

CRICHTON

Even if your actions hurt others?

STAY WITH Rygel as he SHUTS OFF COMMUNICATION. Jaw set
sternly, he steers toward the biggest gamble of his life...

8 EXT. PEACEKEEPER COMMAND CARRIER IN SPACE (CG) - (STOCK) 8
Establish the giant ship waiting silently. Ominous.

9 INT. COMMAND CARRIER - CRAIS'S QUARTERS 9
CRAIS hovers near his instrument console like an over-caffeinated junkie nearing the end of a short rope.

CRAIS
One unarmed transport? Flying
straight toward us? It makes no
sense?!

SCORPIUS stands nearby. With no qualms, he casually reaches past Crais, pressing some of console's controls--

SCORPIUS
A pity you cannot trace its trail back
to the Leviathan.
(beat)
Any other vessels in motion out there?

CRAIS
Just our outbound Marauder with the
alien girl you "adopted."

This reminds Scorpius momentarily--

SCORPIUS
Have you found my missing Security
Officer assigned to watch her?

CRAIS
(shakes "no;" then--)
Why would the Hynerian come alone?

SCORPIUS
Perhaps he wishes to become part of
your collection.

Scorpius nods toward the MOUNTED HYNERIAN HEADS on the wall.

CRAIS
This is all a game to you, isn't it?

SCORPIUS
On the contrary. I care a great deal -
- about one thing: the knowledge of
wormholes that the human Crichton
carries locked in his memory.

Just then, the sound of CADENCED FOOTSTEPS echoing from the unseen corridor. Scorpius turns nonchalantly/confidently as Crais squares himself toward the door.

(CONTINUED)

The difference between the two couldn't be more pronounced. LIEUTENANT BRACA leads a contingent of SIX HEAVILY-ARMED CLASH TROOPERS into the room. Three to a side, they flank--

RYGEL -- who hovers facing Crais and Scorpius.

BRACA

Sirs. This Hynarian Royal was alone aboard the Leviathan transport.

Duties completed, Braca smartly steps aside, allowing the principals to study each other. A slug on a mission, Rygel doesn't even wait for them to speak first.

RYGEL

You want the Leviathan, the Leviathan's gunship offspring, the other escaped prisoners, the defector Aeryn Sun, and especially... you want the one called Crichton...

Rygel glides forward, past his guards, boldly in control.

RYGEL

Well, I want my freedom.
(beat; stares them down)
Interested?

PUSH CLOSE on Crais and Scorpius's reactions, then back to Rygel and--

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

10 INT. MOYA - MAINTENANCE BAY

10

Crichton, Aeryn and D'Argo enter at full speed and full volume, the closest to chaotic panic we've ever seen them--

D'ARGO

I don't care that they're not coming yet -- they will be coming.

AERYN

If the Peacekeepers knew where we were, they'd be here already.

CRICHTON

Is it possible that Rygel's stalling them... for us?

All three of them give each other looks -- then immediately dismiss it.

CRICHTON

Alright, look -- let's think this through. Whatta we know--?

D'ARGO

The map of this asteroid field you took from the botanist has allowed Pilot to plot a StarBurst path away from the Peacekeepers...

AERYN

But Moya won't leave her offspring--

CRICHTON

--who is too young to StarBurst along with her.

D'ARGO

Is there any way we can use the offspring's weaponry to our advantage?

AERYN

(shakes her head)

Until he's fully grown, it'd be like throwing stones.

They are at an impasse. Beat, then Crichton speaks softly--

CRICHTON

I won't be taken alive.

(off their looks)

I've been in that damned Aurora Chair of theirs. It's not gonna fry my brain again...

(CONTINUED)

D'ARGO

I know of the concept, but there is no Luxan word for--

AERYN

--"suicide".

CRICHTON

I'm not gonna kill myself. But... it looks like... we're not getting out of this one. Not this time...

They all realize the truth of this. Crichton looks at them--

CRICHTON

I guess I'd rather go down fighting...

D'Argo puts a hand on Crichton's shoulder.

D'ARGO

Then we shall do so together.

AERYN

Ah, just to be in the warm glow of all this testosterone...

(off their looks)

The smallest ship Crais and Scorpius send can overpower us effortlessly.

Silence. Reality. Dwindling options. Then--

CRICHTON

What did we just see? Rygel flew a Transport right into their ship.

D'ARGO

Presumably squealing "I surrender" all the way...

CRICHTON

Exactly. What if one of us did the same thing, but at the last second, veered straight into their bridge. A Trojan Horse!

AERYN

It wouldn't cripple their operations.

CRICHTON

What if the Transport were packed to the gills with explosives? What if someone blew holy hell out of their nerve center?... Would that buy enough chaos so the rest of us could get away?

And off everyone's reactions as Crichton's plan hits home...

11 INT. COMMAND CARRIER - CRAIS'S QUARTERS

11

Rygel sits at the table ravenously scarfing FOOD FROM SERVING PLATTERS arrayed around him. Crais and Scorpius sit silently and stare, waiting for the gorge-fest to subside. Crais grows more agitated as the moments pass, while Scorpius studies the other two with detachment.

CRAIS

That's your third serving.

RYGEL

It's for my third stomach... That's what happens -- by the time it's full, the first one's empty again.

SCORPIUS

Dominar Rygel... my Gammak Base is but a short distance away. Once seated in my Aurora Chair, hunger pangs would be the least of your... "discomforts"...

RYGEL

With all due respect... Wrong. You wouldn't get what you want. Ask him -- my physiology won't tolerate it.

CRAIS

(agreeing)

He would be dead almost instantly.

SCORPIUS

No need to travel to accomplish that.

RYGEL

If I were afraid, I would not have come... Pass the terleum mollusks.

SCORPIUS

(passing the plate)

I believe your offer was the capture of John Crichton in exchange for your own freedom.

CRAIS

And the Leviathan and the other--

SCORPIUS

(sharply to Crais)

Insignificant, Captain...

Rygel notes the dynamics between the two Peacekeepers; keeps eating. As Crais simmers, Scorpius leans close--

(CONTINUED)

SCORPIUS

It's a simple deal, to which... I agree.

INTERCUT WITH:

POV - "SCORPIUS VISION" OF RYGEL

ALMOST BLACK-AND-WHITE, color drained away. As Rygel speaks, a YELLOW GLOW emanates like an aura around his head (CG).

RYGEL

Hardly simple. I also require a ship. A qualified crew. Negotiable currency. Map to my home world. A full pardon--

SCORPIUS

You're lying.

The self-assured way Scorpius says it, and the piercing gaze he projects, unnerves Rygel slightly.

RYGEL

Well, I could forgo the cash...

SCORPIUS

You're lying about why you're here.

RYGEL

No, I'm not.

THE YELLOW AURA EMANATES AROUND RYGEL again (CG).

SCORPIUS

We're wasting our time. Imprison him. We will capture the others in due course.

RYGEL

I don't think so.

SCORPIUS

Lying, again.

RYGEL

(desperate to be believed)
I know him. Crichton won't be taken alive.

With the last line, Rygel's AURA TURNS GREEN!

SCORPIUS

(to Crais)
Now he's telling the truth.
(to Rygel)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (2)

11

SCORPIUS (cont'd)

And are you willing to help me capture
the one Crichton?

RYGEL

(long beat)

Yes.

LONG MOMENT, then... his AURA IS GREEN. Truth! PUSH CLOSE
on Scorpius's satisfied look, then Rygel's troubled one...

12 INT. MOYA - MAINTENANCE BAY - LAB SECTION

12

Zhaan mixes FOAMING CHEMICALS in her beakers and jars as
Crichton stands at her side.

CRICHTON

How volatile is this lutra oil?

ZHAAN

Not at all. But when injected into
containers filled with kronite
shavings -- of which there are plenty
on the floor of Moya's cargo holds --
the mix becomes highly explosive.
Almost anything will set it off.

CRICHTON

Like... a high speed collision?

Zhaan looks at him. They both know the consequences of his
plan...

ZHAAN

John, are you sure there is no other
way--

Crichton doesn't want to get into it, cuts her off, picks up
one of the bubbling beakers as distraction--

CRICHTON

No wonder you were such a good
anarchist back on your home world...

Zhaan studies him a moment, then accedes to his wish not to
discuss it. Instead, she smiles gently--

ZHAAN

(holds up the solution)
For the corporeal doors my
spirituality couldn't blow open.

As she sets it down, the smile melts from her face. She has
to say it--

(CONTINUED)

ZHAAN

I have made a new "family" here,
John... surrounded by all of you...
And I sense it is all coming to end...

Crichton absorbs this. It is coming to an end. Beat, then--

CRICHTON

For what it's worth...

(beat)

You are family.

As she solemnly nods, Crichton gently kisses her cheek and then EXITS. PUSH CLOSE on Zhaan's troubled expression...

13 INT. MOYA - PILOT'S DEN

13

Aeryn stands beside an extremely uneasy Pilot.

PILOT

I appreciate your concern Officer Sun,
but I no longer require a chaperone...

AERYN

You were quite upset.

PILOT

Yes. Moya is terrified for her
offspring, and herself. That anxiety
translates through her being into
mine. Combine it with my own fear,
and--

AERYN

Pretty potent adrenaline surge for
you. I understand...

Pilot considers her a moment. Then--

PILOT

Officer Sun... Aeryn... You and I...
we've shared quite a lot in the time
we've been together...

AERYN

(small ironic smile)

DNA, for one. You've helped me learn
some rudimentary science...

PILOT

You kept me alive when no one else
could...

(then)

There's no reason we all need to be
recaptured. You have your Prowler...

AERYN

(softly)
Don't think the option hasn't crossed
my mind...

(beat)
I'm not going anywhere.

Play the moment between them. Then--

PILOT

Moya wants to know... Have you come up
with a name for her offspring yet? In
case something happens...

(beat)
...she doesn't want her son named by
the Peacekeepers...

Aeryn absorbs this.

AERYN

Please tell Moya it remains my honor
to name her son. It will be a good,
strong name he will bear proudly... in
freedom, if I have anything to say
about it.

PILOT

I will tell her...

AERYN

Toward that end -- we need the DRDs to
begin scooping up *kronite* shavings
from the cargo holds...

Pilot nods, business superseding emotion, he starts working
his controls...

14 INT. MOYA - TRANSPORT POD

14

Chiana angrily throws HAND RESTRAINTS at D'Argo's feet--

CHIANA

I will not -- and you can't make me!

D'ARGO

Listen to me, Chiana -- it is the only
way.

CHIANA

You'll be dead then, so what do you
care?!

She spins away, scared and feeling alone. D'Argo retrieves
the restraints, sensitive to her pain.

(CONTINUED)

D'ARGO

You are the only one among us who the Peacekeepers do not hunt.

CHIANA

You forget I went down to their base with Crichton. They know who I am.

D'ARGO

That's why you must take the restraints.

CHIANA

(gallows humor)

I doubt I can subdue them all with these.

D'ARGO

When they board Moya, lock yourself in one of the cells and slip these on. Maintain -- as often as they ask -- that we forced you to help.

CHIANA

C'mon, D'Argo -- don't tell me how to create a lie. It's one of the things I'm best at.

D'ARGO

(gently turns her around)

You are an enormous pain in the eema... but... one which I have grown to enjoy.

Tears in her eyes, Chiana HUGS D'Argo. Momentarily rattled, he returns the gesture. As they hold tight to each other--

CHIANA

I would rather not live if you're all dead.

D'ARGO

Nonsense. You're a survivor... Stay alive, Chiana -- for all of us.

And off the moment of their connection and pain...

15 INT. MOYA - CENTRE CHAMBER

15

Crichton sits alone in the dark, MINI TAPE RECORDER in hand. The silence is long and troubling as we PUSH IN CLOSER. Finally, Crichton clicks on the recorder--

(CONTINUED)

CRICHTON

Hey, Dad... This is probably my last note-in-a-bottle to ya. Things've gone bad here and...

Crichton CLICKS OFF THE RECORDER, rewinds it. Sits silently. This has clearly gone on for some time. Again--

CRICHTON

Dad. It's John. Look, I don't know how -- but I'm pretty sure I know when I'm gonna die...

He CLICKS OFF THE RECORDER, disgusted with himself.

CRICHTON

Great! Why don't I just start screaming and leave him with a really happy memory.

Crichton notices Aeryn standing in the shadows at the entry.

AERYN

Is he anything like the man I met?

It takes Crichton a moment to realize what she means--

CRICHTON

The "man" you met was really an alien who'd taken the form of my father.

Aeryn eases into the room...

AERYN

But his mannerisms were designed from your memory. Was it accurate?

CRICHTON

Mostly. Maybe a little idealized.

AERYN

You're fortunate.
(sits; feels his gaze)
I feel very unconnected.

CRICHTON

No one to leave an awkward message to?

AERYN

Have I ever told you about my origins?

CRICHTON

You haven't told me about anything, Aeryn. Every time I ask, you have to change the oil and rotate the tires on your Prowler.

AERYN

I mentioned I was born and raised on a Command Carrier? That I never knew my parents?

CRICHTON

Yes.

AERYN

While that's true... I think they knew me.

(off Crichton's gaze)

When I was very young, one night, a soldier appeared over my bunk. Battle hardened, scarred -- the kind of warrior we dreamed of being as kids.

CRICHTON

Your dad?

AERYN

(beat, then)

Mother...

(pause, lost in the memory)

She said that I was not simply an accident -- or a genetic birthing to fill the ranks. She -- and a male she cared about -- had chosen to yield a life... Mine.

CRICHTON

(gently, realizing)

And you're such a hard-ass 'cause you've been trying to live that down, haven't you? Being different from your peers.

Aeryn doesn't deny it. Can't deny it.

CRICHTON

Your mother... have you ever tried to find her again?

AERYN

Every transport ship, every new assignment, I search the faces...

Pause, then...

CRICHTON

What about your father?

AERYN

I know even less...

Moment. Crichton hands her the recorder. Rises to go.

(CONTINUED)

CRICHTON

Leave him a message... You never know
-- he just might hear it.

He places a hand on her shoulder. She knows what he's trying to do... the good place in his heart it comes from.. She places her hand atop his and squeezes. Finally, he EXITS... leaving Aeryn alone with her memories, and her fears...

16 INT. COMMAND CARRIER - CRAIS'S QUARTERS

16

Rygel sits in the bathtub, soaking, an ALIEN LOOFAH in one hand. He HUMS SOFTLY as he scrubs himself and studies his surroundings. Then suddenly, he stops short upon seeing the mounted Hynerian Warlord Heads. Just then -- Crais ENTERS and crosses to him.

RYGEL

Do you mind?!

CRAIS

You have eaten, you have bathed...
what's next? A nap?

RYGEL

As a matter of fact--

Crais grabs the loofah out of Rygel's hand and flings it.

CRAIS

We must talk... about your future.

RYGEL

You are clearly not the one to decide
my future, Crais.

CRAIS

What do you mean?

RYGEL

You've lost control here -- not that
it troubles me... This Scorpius is
obviously the power now.

Crais is chagrined that Rygel can see this. Rygel sees this moment of weakness, and exploits it--

RYGEL

The de-boned waluth on my plate could
see it.

CRAIS

Be that as it may, allow me to make a
case for my value in these
negotiations, Your Highness.

(CONTINUED)

RYGEL
(flattered)
All right -- but only a moment.

Crais nods with great respect, and then -- viciously grabs Rygel by the neck and DUNKS HIS HEAD UNDERWATER, holding it there! Rygel flails, splashing water everywhere! Just when it seems Crais surely intends to kill Rygel, he hauls the Hynerian -- sputtering and gasping -- from the water!

RYGEL
You madman! Assassin!

CRAIS
Do you know what this is?

Crais shows Rygel an INFORMATION CRYSTAL.

CRAIS
It's your death certificate. Proof you expired.

RYGEL
You're early -- come back tomorrow.

CRAIS
I am not your Reaper. Scorpius is.
(off Rygel's look)
Did you really think you could strike an honest bargain with a Scarran half-breed like him? The moment Crichton is in custody, he's ordered your execution to show everyone what he thinks of traitors.

Rygel takes the crystal in hand, numb and shaken.

RYGEL
No ship? No crew? No pardon?

CRAIS
Slow death.

RYGEL
Why... why tell me?

CRAIS
(difficult to get out)
Because, ironically -- we find ourselves in similar situations... No matter what I do, I have no future beyond court martial, incarceration... execution...

Rygel stares at Crais, this tormentor laid low. He knows what he says must be true. Which begs the question--

RYGEL

So what do you want?

CRAIS

To survive, as I know you do.

RYGEL

And how do we do that...?

CRAIS

I'll take care of my end.

(dramatic pause)

Yours is to grant me asylum... aboard
your ship. The Leviathan... Moya...

And off Rygel's abso-frelling-lutely stunned expression--

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

17 INT. MOYA - MAINTENANCE BAY

17

Raw-edged tension as Crichton, D'Argo, Zhaan, Aeryn take up defensive positions aimed at the CLOSED Transport Hanger doors, Pulse and Qualta Rifles in hand. DRDs with lasers ready roll into position--

AERYN

What the frell is he doing back?

D'ARGO

You know what he's doing back -- it's a trap.

ZHAAN

He kept assuring Pilot that it wasn't.

CRICHTON

And you believe him?

ZHAAN

He wasn't followed.

D'ARGO

Which makes no sense -- which means it's a trap.

AERYN

(agreeing with D'Argo)

They wouldn't just let Rygel go -- I'm sure of that.

D'ARGO

(deadly serious)

If given provocation, I will shoot him in such a way that he lives long enough to answer your questions.

O.S. SOUNDS OF A TRANSPORT POD DOCKING are heard.

ZHAAN

He's docked... Pilot? Chiana?

INTERCUT WITH:

18 INT. MOYA - THE COMMAND - SIMULTANEOUS

18

Pilot on his Clamshell, Chiana at a console, both anxiously monitoring the Maintenance Bay conversation--

CHIANA

No Peacekeeper tail ships so far.

(CONTINUED)

PILOT

Moya's senses detect no military activity directed toward us.

CRICHTON

Yet...

THE GIANT HANGER DOORS BEGIN TO OPEN. When they're wide enough, Rygel tentatively rounds the corner -- and stops col upon seeing gun muzzles pointed his way!

RYGEL

Well, yes, of course -- I would've demanded such precautions myself.

AERYN

Off the ThroneSled, Rygel. Face down on the ground.

RYGEL

Hardly... Then I would miss your reaction to what's next. Though I caution -- it should not involve weapons fire.

Rygel moves to the side and Crais steps into view! A half-second of stunned silence is replaced by SHOUTING VOICES -- "It's a trap!" "He's betrayed us!" "You bastard!" "Don't move!" "Hands in the air!" "Watch for others!" Finally, one voice cuts through the others--

RYGEL

Don't shoot! DON'T SHOOT!... We're alone!

With gallons of adrenaline pumping, fingers poised to kill, everyone manages not to fire. As silence descends--

CRAIS

Clearly an awkward situation. However, I have asked Dominar Rygel for asylum, and he has accepted.

BIG REACTIONS all around.

ZHAAN

By the goddess -- that's insane.

AERYN

What do you need asylum from?

CRAIS

Before answering your questions, I would feel safer in protective custody -- with passions calmer.

CRICHTON

Protective custody's the best you can hope for, Crais.

AERYN

Pilot -- have the DRDs check the Transport for tracking devices.

BACK ON THE COMMAND:

PILOT

At once... Chiana -- reinstate the cell door functions on Tier Seven.

CHIANA

(jumps to another console)
With pleasure.

DOWN IN THE MAINTENANCE BAY, the DRDs whir past into the Transport Hanger as Aeryn leads the others forward.

AERYN

Hands atop your head.

With Crichton covering her, Aeryn quickly frisks Crais.

RYGEL

How about that, huh? I bet you never thought I'd come back with-- Yaaaahh!

Zhaan ROUGHLY GRABS RYGEL OFF HIS THRONESLED.

RYGEL

Put me down--!

ZHAAN

Until we know what's going on, that's exactly where you're headed -- down to a cell.

As Zhaan DRAGS THE PROTESTING RYGEL FROM THE ROOM, Crais reacts to Aeryn frisking him.

CRAIS

As you can see, I'm unarmed.

D'ARGO

And so am I.

D'Argo hands his Qualta Rifle to Crichton, then --ATTACKS CRAIS, slamming him to the floor violently! Instantly, Crichton and Aeryn are on them.

CRICHTON

What are you doing?! D'Argo--!

(CONTINUED)

AERYN

Get off him!

As they're pulled apart, Crais holds his bruised face (no makeup) while D'Argo, in Crichton's grasp, spews--

CRAIS

(shaken)

You always said you would kill me.

D'ARGO

You knew. You knew all along. Tell them. Tell them!

Everyone waits, all eyes on Crais. Then--

CRAIS

Ka D'Argo did not commit the crime he was imprisoned for. His mate was killed by... someone else...

AERYN

Her own brother... a Peacekeeper...

We see in Crais's eyes: he knew all of this.

CRICHTON

You knew, and you kept him imprisoned?

CRAIS

No matter what I knew... only a Tribunal Order can release a convicted murderer.

CRICHTON

Easy answer...

CRAIS

There is much in life that is unfair. We are all proof of that.

CRICHTON

Talk about unfair -- wait till you see the accommodations.

And as Aeryn and Crichton reach for Crais simultaneously--

19 INT. MOYA - QUARTERS - JUMP CUT

19

Crais is flung forward -- away from CAMERA -- into the cell. Crichton slams the door control, Aeryn keying an AUDIBLE CODE into the panel, locking Crais in.

AERYN

Is there anything you want to say to me?

(CONTINUED)

CRAIS

I think we covered it all when you left me for dead in the Aurora Chair.

AERYN

Good.

(to Crichton)

I'll search their Transport -- if there are any tricks, I'll find them.

She EXITS as two DRDs take up sentry positions outside the cell, their lasers at ready.

CRICHTON

Why are you here, Crais? Really?

CRAIS

I believe my best chance is to let the Hynerian explain my position to you.

CRICHTON

If you're letting Rygel be your advocate, you're worse off than I thought...

Crichton sees it in Crais's eyes... Crais feels this, too. Off Crichton, we--

20

INT. MOYA - CENTRE CHAMBER

20

TIGHT ON Rygel, munching FOOD as he works to explain himself to an unmoved Zhaan and Chiana -- who now cradles Zhaan's Pulse Rifle like a teenage revolutionary.

RYGEL

If you'd seen Crais aboard his own ship, you'd know it was no act. This Scorpius character was carrying Crais' *mivonks* around in his hip pocket...

ZHAAN

(distrustful)

So you took pity on poor Captain Crais?

Rygel spits out his food in disgust.

RYGEL

I don't take pity on orphans, much less that butcher. However, as the mind that engineered our original escape and virtually every correct decision since then -- I recognized his value.

(CONTINUED)

CHIANA

Like Crais is really gonna help us.

RYGEL

No choice. He was a walking corpse on his own ship.

ZHAAN

Even more reason for Scorpius not to let him go.

RYGEL

(rolls his eyes)

Again... for the teeny part of your brain that calculates strategy: We didn't present it that way!

(takes an aggravated bite)

Crais told Scorpius that if he came here under a flag of truce, he'd be able to convince you all to surrender.

Zhaan and Chiana trade skeptical looks.

RYGEL

Then lock me up, already. Survive on your own.

CHIANA

(to Zhaan)

Crais must know what they're planning. That could be helpful to us, right?

ZHAAN

Possibly.

(suspicious, to Rygel)

But something must've gone wrong. You went there to sell us out.

RYGEL

Bet your shiny blue ass... But I didn't. So make the most of "now."

CHIANA

Still pretty scummy, frog-lips...

Rygel just shrugs: "Your point...?"

21

INT. COMMAND CARRIER - CRAIS'S QUARTERS

21

Scorpius sits in Crais's chair, reading a document like the room was always his. Braca ENTERS.

SCORPIUS

Report, Lieutenant?

(CONTINUED)

BRACA

As the vector narrows, our search team is confident of locating the Leviathan within several arns.

SCORPIUS

Excellent. You will keep me informed.
(off Braca's nod)
Any word from Captain Crais?

BRACA

None, sir.

Scorpius looks back to his document, Braca starts to EXIT, hesitates, stops.

BRACA

Sir -- permission to speak fr--

SCORPIUS

Of course, Lieutenant. If you weren't free to, I wouldn't have you here.

BRACA

If you suspected the Captain might not return of his own volition -- why did you let him go?

Scorpius likes Braca -- his candor; his competency.

SCORPIUS

We all have windows of usefulness. Either we take advantage of them, or our careers fade. For example... my sense is your career may be on the rise.

(beat)

Should the Captain fail to return, would you have a problem if I assumed control of the ship?

BRACA

It would be an honor, sir.

Scorpius smiles... definitely on the rise...

SCORPIUS

Find Crichton, Lieutenant. Destroy whatever stands in your way -- no matter what uniform it wears.

Braca understands. He nods curtly, EXITS -- another minion born. As Scorpius returns to his reading...

22 INT. MOYA - TRANSPORT POD

22

The craft is halfway packed with LARGE CONTAINERS. D'Argo GRUNTS with effort as he wrestles them into tight formation. He calls over his shoulder as someone enters--

D'ARGO

Zhaan, do I inject the catalyst into every container of kronite shavings, or only the first row?

AERYN

She didn't say.

D'Argo turns to find Aeryn instead of who he expected.

D'ARGO

Perhaps she doesn't know. Maybe that's why she won't TELL ME!

Dropping a heavy container with a METALLIC THUD, he shouts the last words, hoping Zhaan will hear them.

AERYN

There won't be a lot of time later.

D'ARGO

I know.

AERYN

We've had our differences.

D'ARGO

I know.

AERYN

But -- you've become someone I rely on.

D'ARGO

I know... I have been affected similarly.

AERYN

I'm sorry I didn't get to meet your son. Jothee?... A good strong, male name.

D'ARGO

In my mind, I see him growing through adolescence every day. I lament my curse of not being there.

AERYN

Your blood beats through him, D'Argo --
influence enough... I'll bet he's
just like you.

D'ARGO

Hopefully... his mother's nose.

Aeryn smiles. *

D'ARGO

(softly reflective)
I always thought I'd live longer.

AERYN

I never thought I'd live this long.

As they release, D'Argo looks toward the exit--

D'ARGO

ZHAAAAAAN--?!

23 INT. MOYA - QUARTERS

23

Crais on the bunk, his life a shambles. Crichton approaches,
speaking into his Comms--

CRICHTON

I think I've got one in my quarters,
Pilot. What're the specs?

PILOT (OVER COMMS)

Voice-activated preferable. There's
no time to have the DRDs build one.

CRICHTON

Got it.
(to Crais)
You alright?

CRAIS

Why would you ask?

Crichton can't believe this asshole.

(CONTINUED)

CRICHTON

I look at you, I'm so homesick, I'm actually desperate for some "human" male-to-male conversation. I figure football and cars are outta the question...

Crais studies Crichton a moment...

CRAIS

Do you think it's an accident our species are so much alike?

CRICHTON

(hoping)
You know the answer to that?

CRAIS

No. It's one of the mysteries I will miss solving...

CRICHTON

Being here makes you feel mortality up close and personal, doesn't it? It's how we've been living every minute with you riding our asses...

Crais rises and walks to the bars that separate them.

CRAIS

I understand you didn't mean to kill my brother. It was an accident... out of your control...

(weary exhale)

I realize that now, as I look back and try to understand it all...

Crichton looks at him -- then makes an enraged grab through the bars, practically has tears in his eyes from anger--

CRICHTON

Do you know what you put me through?
All of us though?!

CRAIS

(reflective)

I thought it was about my brother. It should have been about my brother... I rose through the Peacekeeper ranks just so I could better protect him. But somewhere my priorities decayed... and I realized I'd become more concerned with my own image and career...

Angry as he was, Crichton can't help but see Crais's pain. Play the moment, then -- Crichton taps the control panel (AUDIBLE BEEPS), OPENING THE CELL DOOR. Crais readies himself, expecting to be attacked. But instead--

CRICHTON

You really mean to help, now's the time.

And off the moment of their tension and history...

24 INT. MOYA - MAINTENANCE BAY

24

Exhausted from loading the Storage Containers they sit on, Crichton, Aeryn, Zhaan, Chiana, Rygel and Crais --alone to one side -- take a break and eat meat jerky as D'Argo paces, laying out his plan.

D'ARGO

The Transport is nearly loaded. Zhaan assures me there's enough *lutra* oil to trigger an immense chain reaction.

AERYN

(to Crais)

How long is Scorpius likely to delay attacking us?

CRAIS

Once he discovers your location -- expect no delay.

D'ARGO

Against my every instinct, I have run our plan past--

(can't dignify Crais by name)
--our prisoner. He steadfastly claims it will not work.

CRAIS

Fly a Transport into the bridge of a Command Carrier? Suicide. Ship's sensors will detect explosive content. You'll be destroyed well out of range.

Zhaan holds up a SYRINGE-LIKE DEVICE.

ZHAAN

The *kronite* won't be active until the catalyst is added. It'll seem like a normal Transport.

CRAIS

(askance look)

Weighted down by tonnage, moving slow--
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CRAIS (cont'd)
(to Aeryn)
What do you think, Officer Sun?

AERYN
(knows he's right, but)
It's a long shot, but it's the only
one we've got.

D'ARGO
No. I have another idea.
(off their looks)
What does Scorpius value more than
this Leviathan?... I would wager his
precious research base on that
asteroid.

They stare at him, each beginning to see his new plan--

CHIANA
The oil-covered asteroid.
Brilliant... Light his world on fire!

RYGEL
Scorpius is no fool -- he'll never let
you do that.

D'ARGO
Perfect. If Scorpius is as clever as
you all say -- he'll see the weight
and explosive content for what it is--

ZHAAN
A flying ignition source.

D'ARGO
--Which will force him to do what?

CRAIS
Theoretically, turn to port and pursue
-- closing range to destroy you.

D'ARGO
And when they break current position--

CRICHTON
Moya has the time she needs to get
clear of the asteroid field and
StarBurst to freedom.
(to D'Argo)
It's good.

CHIANA
What about Moya's baby?

CRICHTON
He nuzzles in close to Moya and gets
pulled through StarBurst with us.

ZHAAN

But... somebody still has to fly it.

D'ARGO

One of us will sacrifice for the
others...

And as we PAN ACROSS THE ASSEMBLED FACES, knowing one is soon
to die, this would be the end of the Act, except--

CRAIS

The plan is flawed.

(off their hateful looks)

Scorpius will not chase your Transport
because there's one thing he values
even more than his "precious base"...

Crais turns and drills Crichton with a dark look, Angel of
Death personified. And off Crichton's reaction, knowing that
Crais is talking about him...

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

25 INT. MOYA - TRANSPORT POD

25

In no mood to be messed with, D'Argo wrestles another Storage Container into an available space. The ship is quite packed now, with only thin walkways for movement. Aeryn grunts under a sheen of sweat as she drags another container in.

D'ARGO

It is not open to discussion.

AERYN

You're being ridiculous. We were going to draw lots and--

D'ARGO

I drew them. I lost. Matter closed.

AERYN

You are not the captain here.

D'ARGO

Correct. No one is. It's anarchy. Today is my day to rule.

AERYN

D'Argo...

D'ARGO

Time is short, my temper more so. Fetch me more *kronite*.

Knowing she won't sway him, Aeryn squeezes her way out...

26 INT. MOYA - MAINTENANCE BAY - LAB SECTION - MOMENTS LATER

Storage Containers are everywhere, DRDs buzzing about as they (OFF-CAMERA) fill them with *kronite* shavings. Aeryn approaches Zhaan at work with her apothecary--

AERYN

D'Argo insists on flying this suicide mission. He said I was needed to deal with Moya's offspring.

ZHAAN

And he is right. You are the only one of us the baby trusts... Have you selected a name for him yet?

AERYN

No... Any suggestions?

(CONTINUED)

ZHAAN

I'm afraid christening a warship is
out of my purview.

Aeryn stares at Zhaan a moment, factoring the dichotomies.

AERYN

(with respect)
You amaze me, Priest. To live in a
violent world and somehow manage to
hold your center.

ZHAAN

(pauses working a moment)
The instant I committed murder, I
sacrificed my right to exist. Since
then, I view every moment as a
generous... and undeserved... gift
from the goddess...

AERYN

Even your time in Peacekeeper prison?

ZHAAN

Especially... Without that solitude,
I would not have evolved into the semi-
flawed individual you see today.

AERYN

I wish I had your perspective.

ZHAAN

You do -- but tailored to Aeryn Sun.
(off her quizzical look)
Trained as a killing machine, you have
also searched the corners of your soul
for a better person...
(sincere)
I gaze upon her today.

Aeryn is moved by what amounts to a blessing. She touches
Zhaan's arm, both knowing they may die soon. Then--

D'ARGO

Aeryn--! More kronite!

The two women share a smile. Then, as Zhaan returns to her
lab work, Aeryn hoists another Storage Container and heads
back into the Transport Hanger...

Crichton sits, once again trying to compose a message to his
father. Speaks into his tape recorder--

CRICHTON

...I'm having a hard time putting it
in perspective, Dad. It all seems
like a dream -- but I know it's real.
(searching)

How bizarre to think that today is
probably the last day of my--

THE DOOR OPENS and Chiana enters. She came looking for
Crichton, but now, seeing his exasperation at being
interrupted, loses her nerve and decides to leave--

CHIANA

Am I interrupting?... Of course I'm
interrupting. I'm always
interrupting. I'll go.

CRICHTON

Stay.

CHIANA

No, it's alright, I'll--

CRICHTON

Stay.

Chiana halts her exit, back toward him. Is she shaking?

CRICHTON

(sensitive to her)
What's the matter, Chiana?

CHIANA

You're gonna go flying with the crazy
Luxan, aren't you?

CRICHTON

You heard Crais. Scorpius wants me.
If I'm in that Transport, it's the
best way to draw the Command Carrier
away from the rest of you.

Chiana approaches and stands before him. Despite everything,
the sexual tension between them is undeniable.

CHIANA

What if other people want you, too?

CRICHTON

(reads the moment, then--)
This some sort of hero's send-off?

And she presses herself into him.

CHIANA

Call it what you want. It's... all I
have to offer you, for what you're
doing...

At first Crichton is reluctant (this is quite an odd, alien
custom), then for the moment (because of the moment), he
succumbs. Finally... he gently holds her away. Smiles...

CRICHTON

Never before the big game...
(tenderly touches her face)
But thanks...

Chiana tries to hide tears--

CHIANA

My people. We don't... saying good-
byes... we aren't real good at--

CRICHTON

Doesn't have to be good-bye, Chiana.
Aeryn has a plan to rescue us...

He doesn't say it with much conviction -- even he knows there
isn't much hope for it.

CHIANA

(bitter)
Rygel's offering a trillion to one
odds...

Crichton stares past her, putting together the concept that's
been rattling around inside him for some time.

CRICHTON

There are worse things than death,
Chiana.
(off her scoffing reaction)
You're too young. You don't know.

CHIANA

No one ever says that when they want
to take me to bed.

CRICHTON

I've been in Scorpius's Aurora Chair.
That's worse than death... I've seen
mind and flesh tortured hideously;
watched insane animals twist the life
out of freedom...

(overwhelmed by it)

Nothing we don't have back home, mind
you -- but there's so much more
"creativity" out here.

(CONTINUED)

CHIANA

Still -- better to be alive.

CRICHTON

And you will be. And I'll try, too.

Chiana steps into another embrace. This one isn't sexual... it's a young girl clinging to someone she's discovered she cares for a great deal. As Crichton holds her -- and he can't see her face -- SHE LETS THE TEARS COME.

CHIANA

You saved my life.

CRICHTON

Pass it on.

CHIANA

What?

CRICHTON

Return the favor for someone else when called upon... Pass it on.

She leans back from the embrace -- still in each others' arms -- she can look him in the face. They study each other for a long, caring moment, and then -- SHE KISSES HIM... A tender, sensitive, brief kiss. And then--

Chiana breaks from his embrace without another word and EXITS. PUSH CLOSE on Crichton, moved and troubled. He looks at his tape recorder like he might try to continue, then realizes the moment has passed -- and puts it down...

28 INT. COMMAND CARRIER - CRAIS'S QUARTERS

28

Scorpius rests in Dormant Position. His eyes open well before Braca enters -- a sixth sense or incredible hearing.

BRACA

High Command has responded to your communique, sir.

(holds out a data disc)

Due to his now prolonged contact with the fugitives aboard their vessel, Captain Crais is officially pronounced Irrevocably Contaminated. You are authorized to take control of the situation as you see appropriate.

(beat)

Congratulations, sir.

He continues holding out the data disc. The merest trace of a victorious smile crosses Scorpius's lips. He rises... ignores the data disc (doesn't need to see it).

(CONTINUED)

There's something slightly different in his demeanor now...
he's in command now.

SCORPIUS

Let us prove them correct, Lieutenant.
Search status?

BRACA

Any moment and we'll have them. I
suggest we broadcast an appeal for
surrender.

SCORPIUS

Since that can only trigger an act of
desperation, we attack unannounced.

BRACA

Orders of engagement?

SCORPIUS

Cripple the Leviathan so she can no
longer function. If her offspring
responds to our signals, take it into
custody. If it attempts to retaliate
or flee -- destroy it.

BRACA

(knows it)
You want Crichton.
(off Scorpius's nod)
What of the other fugitives? Captain
Crais?

SCORPIUS

Insignificant. Dispensable.

Knowing a hardass -- and liking it -- when he sees one, Braca
snaps into a sharp Peacekeeper salute (previously
established) and EXITS. As we PUSH CLOSE on Scorpius...

28A EXT. LEVIATHAN OFFSPRING (CG) - ESTABLISHING SHOT 28A *

29 INT. LEVIATHAN OFFSPRING - COMMAND 29

Crais turns full circle, amazed. Aeryn watches over him,
Pulse Rifle slung easy, but available.

CRAIS

Magnificent.
(under his breath)
Kal tanega, chivoko.

AERYN

A crowning glory for "who"?

(CONTINUED)

CRAIS

Us, Officer Sun... The Peacekeeper
minds that believed a warship-
Leviathan hybrid was possible.

AERYN

Do you know of other attempts to breed such a ship?

CRAIS

Numerous. All ending disastrously, with the death of both mother and child. And I now know why...

AERYN

(educated guess)

Because the other Leviathans were in captivity -- wearing a Control Collar - - and this one was free when she gave birth?

CRAIS

(impressed)

Your intelligence would qualify you for significant promotion...

AERYN

Pity. I don't think a referral from you will mean much now.

Aeryn's reminder of his status sobers Crais.

CRAIS

To answer your question... this vessel will have zero effect on Scorpius, no matter how it is used.

AERYN

Unlike his mother, this ship responds to direct voice command.

CRAIS

By design. What captain would want a Pilot such as the one on Moya to interpret his commands?

AERYN

This ship will never have a Pilot?

CRAIS

It can support one... but why? Why dilute the direct command-and-response possibilities?

AERYN

There'll be no possibilities if we don't escape from Scorpius.

CRAIS

Agreed. But this ship will play no part in our -- and I repeat, our -- escape. Not till it's fully grown.

(CONTINUED)

Now it is Aeryn's turn to react -- reminded that she is now in league with this evil man.

AERYN

Then we shall leave him out of it.

Aeryn shoves the reluctant Crais toward the exit. It's clear he doesn't want to go, but she leaves him no option...

30 INT. MOYA - QUARTERS

30

TIGHT ON Crichton's helmet. As it is lifted off its resting place, REVEAL RYGEL sitting behind it, an amazed look on his face. Crichton is gathering his space suit as--

RYGEL

You're not joking? I can have your possessions?

CRICHTON

If you survive and I don't, yes.

RYGEL

(suspicious)

Why?...

CRICHTON

You're a material kinda guy -- have some material.

RYGEL

(indignant)

What does that mean?

CRICHTON

It means, Sparky, that you're a soulless *prabakto*.

RYGEL

I am not.

CRICHTON -

Hey, if you're lucky, maybe we'll all die and you can have everybody's stuff.

RYGEL

That's not fair.

CRICHTON

From the toad who tried to sell us out.

RYGEL

But I didn't, did I?

(CONTINUED)

CRICHTON

They weren't buying, were they?

Rygel is caught out; emotionally drained. Suddenly, there isn't any fight left in him; the facade too hard to maintain.

RYGEL

No. I became convinced that after I turned you in -- I would be next.

CRICHTON

Whoaa! Rock my world... Honesty.

RYGEL

Aren't you afraid?

CRICHTON

Most all the time.

RYGEL

Then you react better than I do... I know I'm selfish. But if I catch myself in time, I usually...
(lets it hang)

CRICHTON

What? Do the right thing?

RYGEL

Yes.

CRICHTON

The right thing starts at the beginning of the day, Rygel -- not after you've been caught.

Rygel can't meet his eye; not used to being so exposed. Crichton has finished collecting the items he needs and heads out of the room.

RYGEL

(quietly; but heartfelt)
Thank you for your possessions.

And off the moment...

31 INT. MOYA - PASSAGEWAY OUTSIDE CENTRE CHAMBER

31

Chiana stands with her back to the CLOSED DOOR, Aeryn, D'Argo, Zhaan and Crais before her.

AERYN

Chiana, why did you call us here?

CRICHTON

One last thing, Dad... Remember the day I left? You told me every man gets a chance to be a hero...

INTERCUT WITH:

34 INT. MOYA - CENTRE CHAMBER - SIMULTANEOUS

34

As Chiana, Zhaan, D'Argo, Aeryn, Crais eat heartily -- perhaps their last meal -- Rygel is just tucking in at the table. Chiana nods to the plate before him and he digs in with gusto.

CRICHTON

Well, I'm probably not ever comin' home, so I'll never get a ticker-tape parade like you did...

INTERCUT VISUALS OF THE OTHERS EATING AS CRICHTON CONTINUES.

CRICHTON

And I'm not gonna have a chance to be a father now, so I won't be a hero to my kids... But I think I understand what you mean...

(quiet beat)

I have a strange kind of life here. Different... but my own...

OVER A SHOT OF CHIANA eating; smiling--

CRICHTON

There are people who rely on me, Dad...

OVER AERYN tearing a piece of sinew--

CRICHTON

People who I care about...

OVER ZHAAN inhaling an aroma deeply--

CRICHTON

People I look up to...

OVER D'ARGO pensively chewing--

CRICHTON

People who've become allies...
(admits)
...friends.

OVER RYGEL gulping food selfishly--

(CONTINUED)

CRICHTON

Some that teach me patience...

OVER CRAIS eyeing the others guardedly--

CRICHTON

Even some I've learned to forgive.

LOSE INTERCUT - STAY CLOSE ON CRICHTON.

CRICHTON

(muted pride)

You said my time would come and -- I think it has. I have a job to do, and I'm unafraid... That's what you used to say when they asked what it was like to land on the moon.

(emotionally heartfelt)

You did good, Dad. You trained your little boy well... I love you.

And Crichton shuts off the recorder. After a beat -- lump in his throat -- he reaches the recorder out to--

ONE-EYE, (THE DRD WITH THE TAPED EYE-STALK FROM THE PREMIERE), waiting faithfully at his feet. One-Eye grasps the recorder with a CLAW TOOL, CHIRPS, then spins and rolls out of the room. CAMERA RIDES THE DRD'S BACK, and as Crichton gets smaller and smaller in the background...

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

35 INT. MOYA - MAINTENANCE BAY

35

CLOSE ON Zhaan, hands sweeping over her head in prayer--

ZHAAN

*...Ka dare-e sincono, apudax a-helio,
frotar li pluro sincono.*

PULL BACK TO REVEAL everyone -- Zhaan, Aeryn, Chiana, Rygel -- in a makeshift prayer circle, the focus of which is D'Argo and Crichton, the latter in his Peacekeeper space suit. Crais hangs on the periphery, not participating.

ZHAAN

(translates solemnly)

"In the eyes of the Goddess, all are equal, all are worthy."

(to Crichton and D'Argo)

May your journey bear the fruit of safety... and success. Any blessings earned over time by my soul... I extend to you now...

Zhaan touches both Crichton and D'Argo's foreheads in invocation. Crichton and D'Argo accept this stoically. Then, Chiana steps forward... kisses both gently, tears in her eyes.

CHIANA

Come back to me -- both of you.

D'ARGO

(sotto to Crichton)

I hate these ceremonies.

CRICHTON

(sotto return)

Chicks love 'em.

Rygel steps up, awkward at these occasions.

RYGEL

I would've done the same for you if it made sense.

(frowns)

That didn't come out right...

CRICHTON

We get the idea, Rygel. Thanks...

Rygel backs away. Crichton moves to Crais.

CRICHTON

Any advice?

(CONTINUED)

Crais studies his former prey. Then--

CRAIS

Our pilots are trained to expect evasive maneuvers. Fly a direct course.

Crichton studies his former pursuer. Believes him. Nods thanks.

ANGLE - D'ARGO AND ZHAAN. D'Argo pulls the CHIP from his chest and hands it to her. She recognizes it.

ZHAAN

This holds the holo-image of your mate Lolaan and your son...

D'ARGO

Jothee. If you're able -- see that he remembers me.

Zhaan touches his cheek tenderly, nods solemnly. Before showing emotion, D'Argo spins to join Crichton. As they head away from the others toward the ALREADY CLOSING HANGER DOORS, Aeryn catches up and walks between them--

AERYN

If you do this right, the Peacekeepers'll be so focused on the Transport Pod, they'll never notice the two of you.

CRICHTON

There is like, zero margin for error.

AERYN

I'll be there.

D'ARGO

I can only survive a quarter-arn in--

AERYN

(interrupting)

I'll be there.

D'Argo GROWLS in nervous displeasure and continues on. Crichton stops and faces Aeryn. The moment is tense. They both start to speak at once... and stop. Each pauses for the other. Then -- they do it again. A tense smile/laugh. Crichton looks into her eyes...

CRICHTON

I wasn't going to say "goodbye."

AERYN

Neither was I.

(CONTINUED)

Crichton puts a hand up, palm toward her, fingers splayed. She raises her hand similarly and presses it to his. Long final moment, then she takes a step back -- into the Maintenance Bay. Crichton steps in the other direction -- into the Transport Hanger... THE GIANT DOORS CLOSE BETWEEN THEM.

36 INT. COMMAND CARRIER - CRAIS'S QUARTERS

36

Scorpius studies information at the desk when--

BRACA (OVER COMMS)

(with urgency)

Sir! A Leviathan Transport has emerged from the asteroid field -- just out of cannon range. Heading silka vector nine, axis apalon four.

SCORPIUS

Toward our Gammak Base?

BRACA (OVER COMMS)

Apparently, yes. I can engage the--

SCORPIUS

Do nothing, Lieutenant -- until you give me more information. It could be Crais... It could be anything...

But the slow PUSH IN on his face tells us he's worried.

37 EXT. TRANSPORT POD - FLYING THROUGH SPACE (STOCK CG)

37

As the ship whizzes past us, we go--

38 INT. TRANSPORT POD

38

D'Argo and Crichton in the flight chairs. As he flies, D'Argo hands across an industrial-sized INJECTION-SYRINGE containing--

D'ARGO

Zhaan says inject this lutra oil into the largest containers to begin the chain reaction.

CRICHTON

How much time do we have after it starts?

D'ARGO

She was vague to the point I suspect she does not know.

(CONTINUED)

CRICHTON
(facetious)
Oh, good.

PILOT (OVER COMMS)
Commander Crichton, Ka D'Argo -- come
in.

D'ARGO
Pilot! What happened to Comms
silence?

INTERCUT WITH:

39 INT. MOYA - PILOT'S DEN - SIMULTANEOUS

39

PILOT
Pointless now. Peacekeeper voice
traffic indicates they are aware of
your presence and your destination.

CRICHTON
Are they following us?

PILOT
Negative. They remain poised to
discover us at any moment...
(beat)
Good luck to you both.

LOSE INTERCUT - STAY WITH CRICHTON AND D'ARGO

Crichton looks across to D'Argo, the mood unsettled.

CRICHTON
How you doin'?

D'ARGO
(after a beat)
I have to pee.

Crichton laughs. If he's gonna die, this is the guy he wants
to do it with. He starts throwing switches...

CRICHTON
Should'a done it before we left.
(takes a breath, girds
himself)
Too late now, big fella...

40 INT. COMMAND CARRIER - CRAIS'S QUARTERS

40

Braca bursts in with TRANSPARENT SCHEMATICS in hand.

BRACA

Sir--! The visual image is still processing, but our Intra-Scan reveals the Luxan and the human to be aboard the Transport!

PUSH CLOSE on Scorpius, and suddenly intuitively -- HE KNOWS!

SCORPIUS

Break position. Go after them. And notify the base -- tell them to expect to come under attack.

BRACA

But, sir, it's only one unarmed trans--

And Scorpius shoves Braca powerfully toward the exit.

SCORPIUS

(more dead-eye evil than we've ever seen him)

Do it!!

Braca, shaken, whirls and EXITS. Scorpius hits a control on the console before him--

SCORPIUS

All pursuing Prowler Commanders -- this is Scorpius. The occupants of that transport are to be taken alive. That is my direct, inviolate order.

PUSH CLOSE on Scorpius's extremely troubled expression...

41 INT. MOYA - THE COMMAND

41

Zhaan and Chiana stand at the forward console, Rygel seated at the Strategy Table, Pilot on his Clamshell, Crais standing unobtrusively off to the side, out of the way.

ZHAAN

(excited; re: readouts)
That did it! The Peacekeepers are withdrawing to chase Crichton and D'Argo.

RYGEL

Is there enough room for us to StarBurst to safety yet?

CHIANA

Not yet. And we're gonna give Aeryn every chance to rescue them.

(CONTINUED)

RYGEL

Should we risk it? They volunteered
for--

ZHAAN

Enough, Rygel. Quite enough.

As Rygel simmers in displeased silence--

ZHAAN

Pilot -- make sure the Leviathan
offspring understands that once Moya
StarBursts, he must stay close enough
to be sucked along behind us.

As Pilot disappears from his Clamshell and Zhaan turns her
attention back to the forward console, CAMERA SHIFTS to where
Crais was standing. Was... He is now GONE, nowhere on The
Command. And no one notices!...

42 INT. TRANSPORT POD - FLYING THROUGH SPACE

42

D'Argo is in his flight chair, Crichton standing between the
kronite-filled containers, looking out a rear portal.

CRICHTON

Fly faster, tentacle boy -- they're
launching a fleet of bogies.

D'ARGO

If I could fly faster, don't you think
I would?

CRICHTON

It's a figure of speech.

D'ARGO

Figure less -- speak less. You should
arm the kronite shavings.

CRICHTON

Whatta you think -- up here, or down
in the hold.

D'ARGO

When the containers behind us explode,
they will blow downward, igniting the
rest.

Then, as Crichton uses the INJECTION-SYRINGE to squeeze lutra
oil into several of the kronite-filled containers--

CRICHTON

Just in case this goes wrong, D'Argo --
I wanted you to know...

(awkward beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CRICHTON (cont'd)
There's a lot of people I've known
longer -- but none I could count on
more... Thanks for being there.

D'Argo reacts, steering hard. He's clearly moved; not used
to the emotion. After a beat, haltingly--

D'ARGO
On first meeting... I decided to kill
you at an appropriate moment.

Still injecting *lutra* oil behind him, Crichton reacts.

D'ARGO
But, then... something happened...
(searching for the words)
I never imagined I would ever say
this, much less feel it, but... It is
an honor to die with you.

Now it is Crichton who is moved. After a beat, he looks back
out the rear portal.

CRICHTON
They're gaining.

D'ARGO
(sentiment gone)
So arm the frelling kronite!

43 INT. PROWLER - FLYING THROUGH SPACE

43

Aeryn flies -- helmet off -- with great intensity.

AERYN
(to herself)
C'mon, you guys -- do it. Do it.

PILOT (OVER COMMS)
Officer Sun -- the offspring is not
responding to my entreaty. Perhaps
you should--

AERYN
Call him by his name, Pilot.

INTERCUT WITH:

44 INT. MOYA - PILOT'S DEN - SIMULTANEOUS

44

PILOT
You have chosen a name for him?

AERYN

Yes... Talyn [pronounced Talon].
(emotional beat)
It was my father's.

PILOT

(moved)
I believe he will like that. I shall
try it...

LOSE INTERCUT AND STAY WITH AERYN. PUSH CLOSE on the emotion washing over her as she continues to fly toward what is possibly her own death...

45 INT. COMMAND CARRIER - CRAIS'S QUARTERS

45

Scorpius paces as PEACEKEEPER MILITARY CROSS-TALK fills the room -- Prowler pilots communication back and forth; officers on the bridge coordinating the chase of Crichton and D'Argo, etc. Suddenly, Braca flies into the room, breathless--

BRACA

Sensors indicate an explosive device aboard the transport has just been armed. What should we do?

SCORPIUS

(not happy about it)
...Admire Crichton his strategy. If he ignites the oil surface of that asteroid, we'll be forced to abandon our research and evacuate the base.

BRACA

Should we shoot him down, sir?

SCORPIUS

I can't risk killing the knowledge he possesses... And he knows that.
(death curse)
Das-trak krjtor.

Furious, Scorpius sweeps from the room, imperiously motioning for Braca to follow...

46 EXT. GAMMAK BASE ASTEROID - SPACE (CG)

46

(CG PLATE FROM PREVIOUS EP.)

Shiny and magnificent in its starkness against the blackness beyond. And then -- the Transport Pod slides into view.

47 INT. TRANSPORT POD

47

Injection-Syringe in hand, Crichton finishes adding the last of the *lutra* oil to various containers. Three of the containers now have A FAINT RED GLOW (CG or practical effect). He tosses the syringe aside with--

CRICHTON

Kronite armed and cooking. I don't think we have much time till it blows.

D'Argo hits a few final controls and rises from his seat.

D'ARGO

I've locked a collision course with the asteroid. Time to go.

As Crichton LATCHES HIS HELMET into place--

CRICHTON

Why am I not afraid?

D'ARGO

Fear accompanies the possibility of death; calm shepherds its certainty.

CRICHTON

(wry)

Man, I love hangin' with you...

As they move to the door, Crichton produces his father's GOOD LUCK CHARM.

D'ARGO

Your father's luck medallion. Does it really work?

CRICHTON

So far. I'm still alive.

Crichton proffers one end of it. Superstitious D'Argo quickly grabs hold. They exchange a look. This is it.

CRICHTON

Kirk and Spock couldn't've ended it better...

D'ARGO

Kirk and-- ?

CRICHTON

Another time...

D'Argo nods. Long beat, then they both brace. Crichton punches a wall control and--

- 48 EXT. TRANSPORT POD - FLYING THROUGH SPACE (CG) 48
With the Gammak Base oil asteroid looming to the side, the door of the Transport Pod BLOWS OFF -- Crichton and D'Argo are sucked out into the vacuum of space TOWARD CAMERA!
- CRICHTON
AaahhhhhhHHHHHHH--!
- 49 INT. MOYA - PILOT'S DEN - SIMULTANEOUS 49
PILOT
They've ejected, Officer Sun!
- 50 INT. MOYA - THE COMMAND - CONTINUOUS 50
Zhaan and Chiana at the forward console, Rygel behind.
- ZHAAN
Go get them, Aeryn -- D'Argo can only breathe for--
- 51 INT. PROWLER - CONTINUOUS 51
AERYN
Yes, I know. Searching now.
- 52 INT. MOYA - THE COMMAND - CONTINUOUS 52
As Zhaan and Chiana study the console, Rygel looks around, suddenly realizing--
- RYGEL
(to himself)
Where's Crais...?
- 53 EXT. SPACE - ON CRICHTON AND D'ARGO FLOATING (CG) 53
With the Gammak Base oil asteroid as a backdrop, they drift gently, each with a hand gripping the other's forearm, staying connected. The good luck charm floats/dangles from their locked arms.
- CRICHTON
Aeryn, can you hear me?
- INTERCUT WITH:

54 INT. PROWLER

54

AERYN

Yes, but I don't see you yet! How's D'Argo?

Crichton gives D'Argo an "Are you okay?" Gesture, and D'Argo returns with the Luxan equivalent of thumbs-up.

CRICHTON

He's good. But we may've screwed up... The transport should've crashed into the oil sea by now, but nothing's-

Suddenly, A FLASH OF ORANGE ERUPTS on the oil asteroid's surface (CG). Explosive flames! Within seconds, the orange flames spread like ripples in a pond to cover the entire sphere (except where there are fortress-like land masses).

CRICHTON

Whoo-hooo! Ignition! Look at that mother burn!

Grinning madly, Crichton and D'Argo slap hands, the world on fire behind them. Then, Crichton grows serious--

CRICHTON

Now StarBurst the hell outta here, guys. Don't let this be for nothing.

AERYN

You relax -- we get one chance to grab you. That was the plan.

55 INT. MOYA - THE COMMAND - CONTINUOUS

55

CHIANA

The Peacekeepers are still moving away from us, John. Find 'em, Aeryn -- there's time.

Rygel appears next to Zhaan; whispers--

RYGEL

Crais is gone.

Zhaan spins, reacts. Incredibly concerned, Zhaan grabs up her nearby Pulse Rifle and stalks from the room rapidly.

56 EXT. GAMMAK BASE ASTEROID (CG)

56

Burning wildly; the plan a complete, distracting success.

57 INT. COMMAND CARRIER - LIMBO SET - SIMULTANEOUS 57

OVERLY TIGHT on Scorpius, ORANGE GLOW ON HIS FACE, as if he's looking out an unseen window at the burning asteroid. His asteroid. His base. His research. His credibility. His anger and his hatred...

58 EXT. SPACE - ON CRICHTON AND D'ARGO FLOATING (CG) 58

The Gammak Base oil asteroid still burning behind them, CAMERA PUSHES CLOSE first on D'Argo, then PANS OVER TO Crichton.

CRICHTON

(softly; just for himself)

Hey, you bastards... John Crichton was here.

And off the power of the moment...

END OF ACT FOUR

TAG

59 EXT. SPACE - ON CRICHTON AND D'ARGO FLOATING (CG) 59

Several minutes after we last left them. Crichton and D'Argo are still floating before the burning Gammak Base asteroid. D'Argo looks worse, showing signs of oxygen deprivation and interna-thermia (frost on his beard, etc.)...

CRICHTON

(concerned)

Aeryn... We're losing D'Argo. Where are you?

60 EXT. PROWLER - FLYING THROUGH SPACE (STOCK CG) 60

61 INT. PROWLER 61

AERYN

I see you, John, but there are too many other Prowlers around. If I swing in to pick you up, they'll spot my maneuver and shoot us down.

(troubled beat)

Try to hang on.

62 INT. MOYA - THE COMMAND - CONTINUOUS 62

Rygel is at the front console as Zhaan and Chiana reenter with urgent pace.

ZHAAN

We can't locate him. Crais is gone.

CHIANA

If the DRDs can't find him -- where could he be?

PILOT APPEARS ON THE CLAMSHELL.

PILOT

I believe the answer is not good! The offspring Leviathan -- Talyn -- has broken from Moya's side and is operating independently!

HUGE REACTION from everyone as--

63 INT. LEVIATHAN OFFSPRING - COMMAND 63

Crais stands at the forward console, interacting with the ship -- who communicates via LIGHT FLASHES.

(CONTINUED)

CRAIS
(giving commands to the ship)
Ship -- deeper into the asteroid
field... where the debris is
densest...

RYGEL (OVER COMMS)
Crais--! What the yotz are you doing?

CRAIS
Saving myself, Your Eminence. I'm
sure to your envy.

INTERCUT WITH:

64 INT. MOYA - THE COMMAND - CONTINUOUS

64

ZHAAN
Talyn is not mature enough to
StarBurst! If you attempt it -- he'll
be damaged! He may die!

CRAIS
Thank you, Priest, but I know that.
We'll be fine -- where no one can
follow -- you or the Peacekeepers.

INTERCUT WITH:

65 INT. PROWLER - CONTINUOUS

65

AERYN
Crais -- you listen to me. Stop what
you're doing. Leave that ship now.

66 INT. LEVIATHAN OFFSPRING - COMMAND - CONTINUOUS

66

CRAIS
Officer Sun... If by some quirk you
survive your current situation and we
manage to encounter one another again
- I hope that our relationship, away
from the Peacekeepers, can be a much
different one next time...

AERYN
You cannot take a child from it's
mother!

CRAIS
You forget -- it was done to me; and
it was done to you...
(final beat)
Goodbye, Officer Sun.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CRAIS (cont'd)
(to the ship)
Ship. Continue course. Sever
communications.

AERYN IN HER PROWLER, horror and frustration on her face--

AERYN
Nooooooooo--!

ZHAAN ON THE COMMAND, echoing Aeryn's plaintive cry--

ZHAAN
--Nooooooooo!

Chiana and Rygel watching in agony...

67 EXT. LEVIATHAN OFFSPRING (TALYN) - IN ASTEROID FIELD (CG67

The hybrid warship slides around a large asteroid and effectively disappears. Nothing in view now but floating hunks of rock. The Leviathan Offspring and Crais are GONE!

68 INT. MOYA - THE COMMAND

68

Suddenly Chiana's attention is seized away by--

CHIANA
Oh, my Veen (God)! The Command
Carrier -- it's coming back!

PILOT
Chiana is correct! Peacekeeper
Command Carrier is locked onto our
position and is moving in!

INTERCUT WITH:

69 EXT. SPACE - ON CRICHTON AND D'ARGO FLOATING (CG)

69

D'Argo is extremely weak now, clearly barely hanging on.

CRICHTON
You have to go! StarBurst away!

ZHAAN
We can't just leave you and D'Argo.

RYGEL
(firmly, admirably rising to
the occasion)
No. We can't -- and we won't.

CRICHTON

This is not the time to abandon
selfishness, Rygel! We knew this was
a possibility!

CHIANA

But Aeryn's not back yet, either!

INTERCUT WITH:

70 INT. PROWLER

70

AERYN

I'm not leaving John and D'Argo!

CRICHTON

Aeryn-- !

AERYN

Pilot -- StarBurst now! Save as many
as you can!

After a long, silent beat--

PILOT

I believe that, too, is now
impossible!

EVERYONE AT ONCE

Why--?!

PILOT

Because Moya will not leave without
her offspring. She fears Talyn does
not understand what he is doing by
listening to Crais' orders.

A series of shots shows the frustration and helplessness on
everyone's faces. Chiana studies her console--

CHIANA

The Peacekeepers are nearly in
position to block our path -- it's now
or never!

CRICHTON

Pilot -- patch me through to Moya.

PILOT

(confused, but obeys)
Done.

CRICHTON

Moya -- it's Crichton... We know how
much your baby means to you. We feel
the same.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CRICHTON (cont'd)
That's why we've gone to all this
trouble -- not just to save ourselves,
but you and him, too.
(passionate beat)
Please, understand... The only chance
you have of rescuing him is to save
yourself first...

AERYN
Moya, he's right...

CRICHTON
Thanks for everything, Moya.
(emotional beat)
Now do what you have to.

Silence. Nobody breathes. It's all up to Moya.

CHIANA
(reading console; alarmed)
Fifteen microts and it doesn't matter
anymore.

More silence, then..... RESONANT RUMBLE OF BEGINNING
STARBURST IS HEARD!

PILOT
(amazed and scared)
Prepare for StarBurst, people!

As they grab hold for the acceleration, in abject shock--

RYGEL
(barely audible, a tear runs
from his eye)
Goodbye, brave warriors...

71 EXT. MOYA - SPACE (STOCK CG)

71

Moya begins the StarBurst process and rockets away!

72 INT. PROWLER

72

Aeryn shuts her eyes and lowers her head, defeated.

CRICHTON (OVER COMMS)
Aeryn?

AERYN
Still here.
(beat)
But I still can't get to you...

73 EXT. SPACE - ON CRICHTON AND D'ARGO FLOATING (CG)

CRICHTON

It may not matter...

(beat)

D'Argo's lost consciousness...

As Crichton reaches over to touch his friend, his father's good luck charm comes free from their grasp, and IT FLOATS GENTLY AWAY.

Then, as we PUSH CLOSE on Crichton's reaction to everything...

THE END OF SEASON ONE