

FARSCAPE
"The Peacekeeper Wars, Night One"

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We begin with the final two minutes of Episode 422... Crichton proposes, Aeryn accepts. A ship swoops down and FIRES, turning them to crystal, which shatters to thousands of pieces and drifts to the bottom of the ocean...

UNDERWATER - ALIEN OCEAN FLOOR - CG

The murkiness clears... we're at the bottom among stone formations; exotic flora dances, strange alien fish dart. WE MOVE IN on what looks like little black, shiny pebbles, scattered everywhere.

A grey-green HAND reaches into FRAME. Stubby fingers begin picking up the shiny pebbles. PAN UP TO REVEAL--

RYGEL.

Occasional bubbles escape his nose as he drifts down here with complete ease. He glances at the last of the pebbles, then shoves them into his mouth and swallows.

A small fish swims past his face. Rygel's eyes shift; he regards the fish, then -- his head darts, lightning fast, catching the struggling morsel in his teeth. Gulp.

EXT. SCORPIUS' COMMAND CARRIER - SPACE

The centerpiece of an armada consisting of seven smaller ships, the behemoth carrier is bristling with armaments.

INT. SCORPIUS' COMMAND CARRIER - BRIDGE

TIGHT ON CAPTAIN BRACA as he receives quiet word from his young and very scared Communications Officer. Braca's already drawn face tightens more.

TRACK WITH Braca across the massive bridge, command centre for the entire armada. HIGHEST LEVEL OF TENSION. Everyone as quiet as they can be. Waiting...

BRACA

Sir... Sir.

A lone figure stands silhouetted by the stars out the enormous three-story-tall windows. A very familiar

silhouette. A very calm silhouette.

BRACA

Another deep space contact from
Peacekeeper Strategic Command. Grand
Chancellor Maryk. Again.

The figure doesn't turn. We're forced to sweep around him. And in CLOSE UP, we behold -- SCORPIUS. With nonchalant disdain, he extends a hand. Braca places a COMMS HEADSET into it. Everyone pretends not to listen.

SCORPIUS

Grand Chancellor...

EXT. MARYK'S BATTLE FLAGSHIP - SPACE

In orbit around Peacekeeper Outpost DD-17, a colourful world with fierce weather cover. The massive ship is cocooned by layers of other combat and support vessels.

INT. TACTICAL CORE - MARYK'S BATTLE FLAGSHIP

The Peacekeeper version of the White House's Situation Room. Data screens, deep space comms stations, etc. Nerve center for the entire Peacekeeper military machine.

GRAND CHANCELLOR MARYK stands in the eye of this power room. Answerable only to High Command. Yet even they are intimidated by him. Not so much a man as a force of nature. And at the moment, it takes everything in his power not to explode with the rage that consumes him.

MARYK

(re REPORT he holds)

Ambush a Scarran armada six times
larger than your own, Scorpius?

(exploding)

Where the hezmana in my orders did you
find the phrase "Preemptive Attack"?

INTERCUT:

SCORPIUS

The Scarrans were massing for an impending onslaught we all know is coming. A conflict we are ill-situated to win. By challenging them before they were prepared, we at least have a fighting chance.

MARYK

You were sent there to--

SCORPIUS

With all due respect, I was sent here to perish at the vanguard of this inevitable conflict. I have simply refused to participate on their terms... Or yours.

MARYK

(hissing fury)

Because of your actions, the Scarran Empire has declared war against us. Do you know what that means, Scorpion?

The crew of Scorpion's bridge all suddenly have to pee. Scorpion, however, barely hides his pleasure. He moves near one of the forward stations; manned by a woman with short hair, not dressed like the others. His hand brushes her shoulder gently -- his touch electric to her.

SIKOZU turns to catch his eye. Hers also glint with excitement, sharing his adventure.

SCORPIUS

Has Peacekeeper High Command issued a counter-declaration?

MARYK

Moments ago. We are officially engaged in the last war of our era.

(rueful hatred)

Congratulations.

LOSE INTERCUT as Scorpion tosses his Comms headset to the deck. This is what he's always longed for.

SCORPIUS

Assessment?

SIKOZU

He did not relieve you of
command, and their declaration
response was drafted in
miraculously short time... They know
you're correct.

Scorpius nods; that's his take, too.

BRACA

Sir... As positioned, we're completely
exposed in--

SCORPIUS

A highly magnetic region of space.
(for everyone to hear)
Suit up, Captain, and I'll show you
how to win a war.

And off Braca's reaction...

UNDERWATER - ALIEN OCEAN

Rygel is now swimming upward toward the surface.
Struggling, because his belly is full of pebbles.

Above, A LATTICE FRAMEWORK looms. The underside of some
floating "platform. "Rygel approaches the glassy underside
of the water's surface and--

A POWERFUL HAND plunges in, seizing him.

EXT. BARGE - DAY

Rygel is unceremoniously PLOPPED onto the barge. A pair of
heavy boots beside him. Rygel belches water from his lungs,
purposely onto the boots. With royal disdain--

RYGEL

Thank you ever so for your "kind"
assistance ...

The wearer of the boots kneels into FRAME. It is D'ARGO.

D'ARGO

Always anxious to lend a hand, your
royal loftiness ...

(beat)

Have you recovered all of the
pieces?

RYGEL

(starting to retch)

So often I've proclaimed having a
belly full of Crichton and Aeryn.
Never thought it'd be so literal...

He vomits. Up comes the huge pile of black pebbles... along
with stomach juices, and partially-digested flora and fauna
from the ocean floor, including the alien fish we saw him
eat earlier. Off D'Argo's look--

RYGEL

What -- you don't get hungry... ?

CAA'TA (O.S.)

Is that all of the pieces, Hynerian?

D'Argo and Rygel both look at the O.S.speaker with
identical contempt. D'Argo rises. REVEALING:

THREE EIDELONS stand guard over them. Each holds an Eidelon
rifle. The leader is named CAA'TA. The Eidelons' faces all
sport the telltale segmentation lines.

D'Argo eyes Caa'ta balefully.

D'ARGO

I appreciate your show of concern for
my friends -- considering it was you
who put them in this state.

CAA'TA

Inadvertent. Our weapon only renders a
potential enemy in a temporary
crystalline state. It was their unique
physiologies that caused them to...
shatter... as they did.

(beat)

(MORE)

CAA'TA (CONT'D)

What did you call their species again?

NORANTI scurries up, scoops a fist-full of the gooey pebbles, turns to two palettes laid out on the sand. A large mound of the black pebbles rests atop each palette. Noranti samples the gooey pebbles in her mouth.

NORANTI

This is Crichton -- he is called a human.

(tastes another pebble)

And Aeryn -- Sebacean. Definitely Sebacean.

D'Argo and Caa'ta watch her actions with matching grimaces.

Rygel is struggling to pull on his tunic.

CAA'TA

We need all the pieces to have any chance of reconstructing your friends.

D'Argo grabs Rygel by the tunic which still covers Rygel's head. D'Argo yanks down the tunic. Rygel finds himself eye to eye with the clench-jawed Luxan.

D'ARGO

Have you gotten them all?

RYGEL

From under every rock, every crevice. I sifted the bottom sand with my bare hands -- look at my nails!

One of the Eidelon Guards listens on his comms. Then--

EIDELON GUARD #1

Caa'ta! The Leviathan ship -- it is returning!

CAA'TA

I hope the others of your crew have been successful in their quest.

No one wishes this more than D'Argo, Rygel, and Noranti.

CAA'TA
(to Guard)
Order the concealment canopy lowered.

EXT. SPACE - ABOVE QUJAGAN WATER PLANET - CG

Only the expansive ocean visible from horizon to horizon. Then a shimmering displacement of energy over a particular section of ocean as the Eidelon concealment canopy is powered down, and...

The Eidelon city is revealed. A glistening, metropolis of towering, exotic architecture.

A TRANSPORT POD FLIES in at the TOP of FRAME as the Qujagan barge races over the water towards the city.

EXT. DOCK - EIDELON CITY - DAY

A newly-landed Transport Pod HISSES steam. D'Argo moves to the stairs; Caa'ta beside him, rifle ready. Two EIDELON GUARDS emerge from the Pod, rifles in hand. They spot Caa'ta, nod to him. Then CHIANA pops out of the Pod between the two Guards. A smile appears on D'Argo's lips.

CHIANA
D'ARGO!

She does a Chiana-leap off the ramp, landing in his arms.

D'Argo is startled to see: her eyes are different.

D'ARGO
Chiana... your eyes.

CHIANA
I CAN SEE AGAIN, D'ARGO. I CAN SEE.

Extremely pleased, D'Argo hugs her powerfully.

D'ARGO
What happened?How did you--

CHIANA
WHAT?

D'ARGO
(wincing)
WHY ARE YOU SHOUTING?

CHIANA
I'M NOT SHOUTING. IT'S MY HEARING.
WHEN MY SIGHT WAS RESTORED, MY
HEARING... WELL, HE SAYS IT'S ONLY
TEMPORARY.

D'ARGO
He who?HE WHO?

CHIANA
THE DIAGNOSAN.

D'ARGO
YOU FOUND A DIAGNOSAN? -

STARK (O.S.)
We found one -- yes.

STARK emerges from the Pod. He grins proudly and indicates the statuesque figure behind him. A DIAGNOSAN.

The Diagnosan steps authoritatively from the doorway. Pauses haughtily.

Takes one more step, and -- goes ass over teakettle down the ramp... landing face first in the mud at D'Argo's feet. He MOANS pathetically.

D'ARGO
What's wrong with him?

CHIANA
WHAT?

GRUNCHLK (O.S.)
Nothing's wrong with him. Really...

GRUNCHLK is pushing past Stark. D'Argo's eyes narrow, first in surprise -- followed immediately by contempt.

D'ARGO
Grunchlik. I thought you were...

GRUNCHLK

Dead? Not hardly, mate.

CHIANA

IT'S GRUNCHLK. YOU REMEMBER GRUNCHLK,
DON'T YOU?

Grunchlk is helping the very-unsteady Diagnosan to his feet.

The Diagnosan is pawing at the mud on his tunic.

GRUNCHLK

Here ya go big fella. Upsy-daisy.
Soles get that later. Here...

Grunchlk offers a Raslak bladder to the Diagnosan.

GRUNCHLK

Take a pull on this. Hair of the
dramm...

The Diagnosan reaches with one hand -- and misses.

GRUNCHLK

Two hands, doc, two... there ya
go...Splendid!

The Diagnosan takes a long, long, long drink. D'Argo gives Chiana a disbelieving look. She shrugs, it's the best they could do.

Stark grins, he's proud of the find.

INT. SCORPIUS' COMMAND CARRIER - BRIDGE - MID-BATTLE

BATTLE LIGHTS GLOW RED. CROSS-TALK EVERYWHERE as officers man posts. THE SHIP IS ROCKED BY AN EXTERNAL EXPLOSION.

Out the windows, we see SCORPIUS' FLEET, now augmented by SCORES OF TINIER PROWLER CRAFT, engaged in pitched battle with A MASSIVE NUMBER OF SCARRAN FIGHTERS. In the distance, SEVERAL SCARRAN DREADNAUGHTS fire at us. The overall effect is the Peacekeepers are outnumbered and outgunned.

COMMS OFFICER #1

Sir! The Scarran vanguard has breached
our defense perimeter!

THE SHIP IS ROCKED AGAIN. Focused on her readouts, Sikozu speaks with clipped efficiency, Scorpius behind her.

SIKOZU

We have drawn them in sufficiently.
The trap is set.

SCORPIUS

Sub-particle magnetic pulse cycle?

SIKOZU

Peaking

SCORPIUS

Captain -- initiate the plan exactly
as I gave you.

BRACA

Aye, sir.

INT. BRACA'S PROWLER - FLYING - INTERCUT

Braca in flight suit, at the controls.

BRACA

All pilots -- deactivate targeting and
flight systems. We fly manual from
here.

(leans into turn)

Keshon Red Team, heel close to my
left flank! Blue Team arc right! Upon
signal, execute tiered attack on lead
Scarran Dreadnaught. Confirm.

RED TEAM LEADER

Red Leader confirms plan of attack.

BLUE TEAM LEADER

Blue Team's with you, Captain.

BRACA'S SHIP BEGINS TO SHUDDER, TAKING FIRE. Out his window, A DREADNAUGHT BEGINS TO GROW LARGER. He's flying straight into the enemy's heart.

INT. SCORPIUS' COMMAND CARRIER - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Sikozu's eyes gleam. Scorpius is pure concentration.

SIKOZU

Fly straight in. Their targeting telemetries will be corrupted at least two degrees off-center by the ambient magnetics. Dare them to hit you point-on.

The command carrier is rocked again.

COMMS OFFICER #1

All armada ships now taking heavy fire, sir. They're swarming us.

SCORPIUS

Only for the moment.
Stand position.

INT. BRACA'S PROWLER - FLYING

Outside his window, Scarran fighters zip by, FIRING TRACER LASERS. The Dreadnaught is huge -- he's that close.

BRACA

And... fire !

Braca unleashes MISSILES THAT SLAM INTO THE DREADNAUGHT. More missiles from other Prowlers streak past on either side of him, also ERUPTING IN FIERY EXPLOSIONS.

INT. SCORPIUS' COMMAND CARRIER - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

THE COMMS FILL WITH SHOUTS OF SUCCESS. TEN PILOT'S VOICES ALL TALKING AT ONCE. BRACA CUTS THROUGH--

BRACA

Celebrate later. Regroup on axis Vega.
I want another run.

SIKOZU

Enemy fighters spinning to defense.

SCORPIUS

Captain -- as you circle, concentrate on single pilot craft. You should find their exhaust outlets inviting.

BRACA

Marauder units Decca and Jira hew wide
for stagger assault with Tri-nad
Torpedos. All other craft blow those
frelling Scarran fighters to hezmana!

A CHORUS OF EXCITED SHOUTS FILL THE COMMS. Even the bridge
crew around Scorpius is starrng to understand that they
have a chance here. A good chance.

Sikozu looks with admiration and lust to her man, and...

INT. EIDELON HEALING FACILITY - DAY

The two palettes have been relocated to this Eidelon
"hospital", full of arcane equipment, exam tables, etc.

The Diagnosan stands before a pair of side-by-side
Suspension Cones -- vertical cones of colored light.

Still wobbly, he is nevertheless performing the service he
was brought here for: his hands a blur as he lifts the
pebble pieces and places them in the correct anatomical
position in the vertical cones of light. Once positioned,
the pieces hang in place. It's like a 3-D jigsaw puzzle
suspended in mid-air. Already big sections of Crichton's
and Aeryn's bodies are back together, each in the
respective pose when crystallized.

Noranti hovers over the Diagnosan, proofing his work and
pointing out errors.

OFF TO ONE SIDE: D'Argo stands with Chiana and Grunchlk.

The Eidelons have set out some food -- Grunchlk is
generously helping himself. Meanwhile, D'Argo is dripping
some viscous brownish liquid into Chiana's upturned ear.

CHIANA

I HATE THAT!

D'ARGO

IT'S ULKEEN HONEY. NORANTI SAYS IT
WILL HELP RESTORE YOUR HEARING.

(to Grunchlk)

This is all your fault.

GRUNCHLK

The doc restored the pretty little thing's eyesight -- you think that's a simple matter?

D'ARGO

Those aren't even her own eyes.

GRUNCHLK

Those are Kesslite peepers she's got there -- better than the Nebari ones she was born with...

D'ARGO

(to Chiana)

HOW'S THAT?

Chiana instantly throws her hands over her ears.

CHIANA

Frell...not so loud!

NORANTI

(strident, to the Diagnosan)

No. No! He'll hardly want that in the middle of his face.

(pointing)

Lower.

D'Argo looks over at the wobbly-legged Diagnosan.

D'ARGO

He better get this right.

GRUNCHLK

You're lucky to have him. Diagnosans are going to be at a premium now -- what with the war and all.

D'ARGO

What war?

Chiana finishes wiping her ears. Now her normal voice--

CHIANA

The Peacekeepers and Scarrans have declared war against each other.

D'ARGO

Don't the Peacekeepers know what
they're up against ... ?

GRUNCHLK

Scarrans didn't give 'em much choice.
They were already taking the galaxy by
force... system by system...

D'ARGO

A galaxy-wide war...

Chiana nods. Grunchlk pops some grapes in his mouth--

GRUNCHLK

Splendid profit to be made during
something like this, fella plays his
Tadak tiles right...

D'Argo glares at him. Caa'ta steps up--

CAA'TA

It appears your Diagnosan has nearly
completed the positioning.

NORANTI

(exiting)

I'll go and inspect their life support
system in case this doesn't work.

CAA'TA

Whether this restoration is effective
or not, we expect you gone from our
world by nightfall

D'ARGO

With pleasure.

ANGLE - THE TWO SUSPENSION CONES

When we last saw them, Crichton and Aeryn were in an
embrace... and the two palettes are now rolled together so
that the lovers are once again in that embrace.

A team of Eidelon THERAPEUTIANS ready a laboratory version
of their Stasis Device. The Diagnosan steps back... like an
artist admiring his work. His hand darts out toward
Grunchlk, who is there, ready, with the Raslak bladder. The

Diagnosan takes a long, celebratory draft. Caa'ta nods for the Therapeutians to proceed. They trigger the device and--

The beam hits Crichton and Aeryn. The tiny pebble pieces begin to pulse... to stretch and pull... attracted then repelled from each other...

The kick from the beam plays on D'Argo's face, as well as the others', as they watch with supreme anxiety.

CAMERA PUSHES IN FAST on Crichton and Aeryn's forms... actually traveling inside their bodies... we RIDE the fibers, the tissues, the very molecules of the muscles and organs and bones... as they find their "neighbors" and begin to knit back together... the brain cells reuniting, a spark igniting with every synapse that finds its mate... With one final powerful

FLASH, the Stasis Device powers down--

CLOSE - TWO SHOT ... CRICHTON AND AERYN. Still locked in that kiss. Sensing a change of locale, their eyes open. Even before breaking from the kiss, their eyes shift as they take in the room around them. Flummoxed to find themselves indoors, with an audience!

They instantly break from the kiss and spin down out of the Suspension Cones, each aiming a Pulse Pistol, covering the others back.

D'ARGO

You're alive!

As Caa'Ta and the other Eidelon RAISE THEIR RIFLES in response.

CAA'TA

Lower your weapons!

D'Argo sweeps up Crichton in a huge hug. Chiana throws her arms around Aeryn. Crichton and Aeryn exchange looks past D'Argo's and Chiana's backs: We obviously missed something... Though no one lowers their weapons, Crichton and Aeryn start to put the clues together...

CRICHTON

How long?

D'ARGO
Almost sixty solar days.

AERYN
Where?

CHIANA
Still on that water planet.

CAA'TA
Put your weapons down, now.

CRICHTON
Bad guy?

D'ARGO
Yes... and no. They did let us put you
back together.

AERYN
Put us back together... ?

CHIANA
You were... crystallized. By their
weapon. They said it was an
accident...

CRICHTON & AERYN
Crystallized?

Suddenly -- Caa'ta and his Guards seize Crichton and Aeryn.

CAA'TA
Last warning...

Off D'Argo's nod, Crichton and Aeryn lower their pistols.
Caa'Ta and his pal DO NOT lower theirs.

Rapidfire, as Crichton and Aeryn are led away at gunpoint
in different directions--

CRICHTON
You said "yes."

AERYN
I did.

CRICHTON

It's been sixty days -- any regrets?

AERYN

None.

CRICHTON

We're engaged!

D'ARGO&CHIANA

Congratulations!

INT. SCORPIUS'S COMMAND CARRIER - BRIDGE - MID BATTLE

The conflict still rages outside, but it's FARTHER from us; the Peacekeepers are pushing the enemy back. The bridge crew is energized. It's a renewed Braca who ENTERS, FLIGHT HELMET under his arm.

BRACA

Sir -- as you predicted, their gunners and pilots are no match for ours on manual contro--

Braca stops as Scorpius FREEZES, jolted by something. As if hearing some far-away noise no one else hears.

SIKOZU

Scorpius? What is it?

The tiniest trace of a smile touches Scorpius' lips.

SCORPIUS

Prepare to withdraw.

BRACA

Withdraw?

SIKOZU

Our Marauders and Prowlers are too far flung to recall quickly.

SCORPIUS

Only we withdraw. This Command Carrier. The remainder of the armada is to continue engaging the enemy, covering our escape.

BRACA
(horrified)
Bur, sir -- we're winning.

SIKOZU
(studying him closely)
Without this carrier, all remaining
units will be destroyed.

SCORPIUS
My orders are clear.

BRACA
We're sacrificing our ships, our
pilots... to retreat? From victory?

SCORPIUS
(SCARRAN VOICE NOW)
You may stay, if you choose.

Beat. Braca backs off, shaking; spins to the crew--

BRACA
Plot egress route, hangars closed, rig
for maximum speed!

SIKOZU
(easing close)
Scorpius? What has happened?

SCORPIUS
He's alive, Sikoze. John Crichton...
is still alive.

INT. TACTICAL CORE - PK BATTLE FLAGSHIP

Maryk stares at a message just handed to him.

MARYK
Retreating?

LT JATOS
Scorpius has powered off his on-board
beacon. We have no way to track him.

MARYK

Broadcast this order. Highest priority. The instant his Command Carrier is spotted, it is to be fired upon. No hailing; no offer of surrender. I want that coward Scorpius and all who fly with him erased from existence!

LT JATOS

Aye, Chancellor.

The Comms Officer hurries off.

FEMALE VOICE

Scorpius is many things, Maryk... none of them good. But a coward? Never...

Maryk looks around at the speaker. GRAYZA. Much to our shock, she is pregnant. Her- body language, her close stance to Maryk tells us she is more than a mere advisor.

MARYK

He has initiated this war and then turned and run. How do you define cowardice, Grayza?

(beat)

Perhaps the half-breed bastard has decided to shift allegiances and join our enemy.

Grayza's hand brushes Maryk's.

GRAYZA

Grand Chancellor. Consider my counsel on this carefully. Hatred of the Scarrans is Scorpius's sole consistent trait. It is something else...

Several LIEUTENANTS hover, anxious to speak with Maryk.

MARYK

At this moment, what else is there?

As Maryk spins to his Lieutenants and matters of war. PUSH IN on Grayza. We see that she already has her suspicions...

EXT. SPACE - SCARRAN WAR COMMAND POST - CG

CLOSE ON the muzzle of some huge canon-like gun. WIDEN--

WE are in the midst of the Scarran War Command Post. A fleet of warships protect the single Scarran Decimator at their centre.

INT. SCARRAN WAR NEXUS - DECIMATOR

The stunning centre of the entire Scarran war machine. The Scarran Command LIEUTENANTS are loud, physical (Scarrans being heavily influenced by their reptilian origins). The Charnds who man the support stations are terrified of the Lieutenants who pace behind them.

AS WE MOVE up to the pleased EMPEROR STALEEK --

STALEEK

Excellent. Have our commanders continue to attack civilian targets. It forces the Peacekeepers to divert their precious Command Carriers.

WAR MINISTER AHKNA approaches --

AHKNA

Emperor Staleek--

STALEEK

What is it?

AHKNA

We have received a deep space comms cipher.

STALEEK

We receive tens of thousands of--

AHKNA

This is from a most unexpected source. With a most unexpected message.

(beat)

It is about... John Crichton.

This gets Staleek's attention.

AHKNA

The sender knows the human's current,
location. An out of the way water
planet. No defences to speak of.

STALEEK

Do the Peacekeepers have him?

AHKNA

Not yet.

STALEEK

Your source -- is it reliable?

AHKNA

At the moment? Impeccable.

Staleek stares off, weighing this. Finally--

STALEEK

Have a course plotted. We will take a
full battle contingent.

AHKNA

A full contingent? For one man?

STALEEK

Not for the man. For the knowledge he
possesses.

(dark beat)

Were you questioning my order, War
Minister?

Beat. Ahkna backs away, spins, thrusts a DATA PAD at an
officer--

AHKNA

Plot course to this location.

And as Ahkna addresses her task, PUSH CLOSE on Staleek's
troubled expression...

INT. EIDELON INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Windowless. A chair Crichton refuses to sit upon. He's in
the light; Caa'ta hurls questions from the shadows.

CRICHTON
(perfectly frustrated)
What--? Again?-

CAA'TA
One more time, if you don't mind.

CRICHTON
(duh)
Body Language 101 -- I mind. How many
times you need to hear the same story?

CAA'TA
Until we believe it is sans
fabrication.

Crichton steps aggressively toward the shadows. Caa'ta reacts defensively. He has HIS WEAPON. Crichton stops, peers into the darkness. Sees a SECOND FIGURE watching: PRIESTESS MUOMA, gentle countenance, appraising eyes.

CRICHTON
Are you the Good Cop, the Bad Cop, or
the Meter Maid?

Muoma remains stoic.

CAA'TA
Continue

CRICHTON
Alright -- one last time... My name is
John Crichton, and I was born a poor
black child. My mother ran a bordello
where all the girls were Academy Award
Winners. Dad was a famous Earth --
that's-the-planet-you've-never-heard-
of-but- keep-asking-about-as-if-me-
telling-you-for-the- hundredth-time's-
gonna-make-you-get-it-any-better --
astronaut who worked nights as Michael
Jackson's plastic surgeon...I was an
astronaut, too, and one day, after
getting shot from a giant circus
cannon into space, I was doing some
tests in my experimental module,

(MORE)

CRICHTON (CONT'D)

Farscape One, for what was supposed to be a three hour cruise. But the weather started getting rough, the tiny ship was tossed, and I rode the commode -- which is another way of saying "shot through a wormhole" --and was flushed out here in your end of the galaxy. Blah-blah, blah-blah, I end up on Moya, the Leviathan, our living ship, with those creatures out there, now my friends, who were at the time prisoners escaping from really bad guys. Now, Aeryn, the gorgeous lady you played three-dimensional jigsaw puzzle with? She was one of the evil Peacekeepers -- how 'bout that for a misnomer? -- assigned to recapture them, and me. Why me? Because I landed in the wrong place at the wrong time, Alice. We're all peaceful, we all wanna get back to our respective homes, and we all wanna get satellite TV, but I can't tell you how many times and how many nasty species since then won't let that happen. Bitter? Me?... So life's just been one grand alien anal probe after another since then, culminating with this latest indignity... you.

(beat)

Did that match my previous version?

And off their consternation and Crichton's exasperation...

EXT. EIDELON STREET - DAY

The streets are alive with foot traffic and commerce. We pick up Crichton and Chiana moving through the scene--

CRICHTON

A five hour interrogation?

CHIANA

Calm down. If our stories match, we get to go.

Passing a FOOD STALL, Chiana quickly sees no one is watching and PINCHES SOME for her and Crichton. They eat and walk—

CRICHTON

All this overkill; they worried about the war?

CHIANA

I think paranoid before that. But this is the big one, Crichton. Everybody's getting sucked in, chewed up, and spit out.

(spits out bad tasting food)

CRICHTON

Not my problem.

With a SHRIEK OF JOY, Chiana jumps onto his back.

CHIANA

I knew you'd be smart! I knew you were done.

CRICHTON

I'm done.

CHIANA

No more hero.

CRICHTON

Uh-uh.

CHIANA

No more, "I've got an idea."

CRICHTON

Fresh out.

CHIANA

I love you.

CRICHTON

You're on my list. Where's the woman at the top?

CHIANA

Aeryn? With the Doc. Felt something funny about the baby while they were questioning her.

Crichton stops and stares daggers.

CHIANA

(defensive, indicating)

I'm taking you there...

In zero mood, he grabs her arm and DRAGS HER up the street.

INT. HEALING FACILITY - EIDELON CITY - DAY

Aeryn lies on an exam table. The Diagnosan has his battered implement case open. He traces a palm scanner over Aeryn's body. Grunchlk stands nearby, his back to the procedure... but can't help stealing glances.

Wound tight, Crichton kneels at the side of the table, caressing Aeryn's face. Both are concerned.

CRICHTON

What kind of "funny"?

AERYN

Different.

CRICHTON

Aeryn...

AERYN

I'm not sure. Maybe when we were crystallized ...

Trying to stem his fears, Crichton is up and pacing.

CRICHTON

All I was looking for was a few minutes, a few lousy minutes, to propose. Didn't ask for an hour; a weekend in Tahiti... Just a few stinking minutes where some cantina refugee wasn't shooting at us.

AERYN

It's gonna be alright.

CRICHTON

Bet'cha. Know why?'Cause we're done.
Punching out. Finite. Next Ferengi I
see? Dead first; no questions later.

(calms; strokes her hair)

From this moment on, my one and only
concern... my life... is you... and
our baby.

Aeryn looks into his eyes, smiles, nods. They both turn to
the Diagnosan as he SPEAKS URGENTLY to Grunchlk.

GRUNCHLK

Are you sure?

The Diagnosan holds the palm scanner over Aeryn's abdomen
one more time. Aeryn tries to sit up.

AERYN

What is it? Is the baby healthy?

GRUNCHLK

The doc doesn't know what you're
talking about, missy. There is no
baby.

AERYN

John... ?

CRICHTON

What do you mean no baby?

Grunchlk taps Aeryn's hand, tries for compassion. Tries.

GRUNCHLK

If you had a little passenger
before...it... well, it ain't aboard
the train no more...

Crichton and Aeryn exchange a look of pain and horror. The
Diagnosan scans again. Says something.

GRUNCHLK

Doc says you never were preggers.

AERYN

But I was. I know I was!

GRUNCHLK

Well, there's no baby now. No nothin.

Crichton stares at Aeryn. Then, slowly, a notion dawns--

CRICHTON

We were in pieces... thousands of pieces...

And as the idea sinks in on him--

CUT TO:

EXT. BISTRO - EIDELON CITY

D'Argo seated. Crichton and Aeryn stand nervously over him, having just told him the news.

D'ARGO

Rygel said he got every last piece off the ocean floor.

AERYN

Rygel?

D'ARGO

He was very thorough. We made sure of it. He even carried the pieces up in his stomachs so he was sure not to drop any back dow--

And the realization slowly strikes them all simultaneously.

INT. HEALING FACILITY - EIDELON CITY - DAY

Rygel struggles as Crichton and Aeryn forcibly hold him down allowing the Diagnosan to run a scan over him.

RYGEL

YOUR BABY IS WHERE?

The Diagnosan turns to Grunchlk.

DIAGNOSAN

(IN HIS NATIVE LANGUAGE)

The baby's inside him. Alive and fine.

GRUNCHLK

(to Rygel)

Congratulations, mate. You're a mother.

CRICHTON, AERYN, RYGEL

NO!

GRUNCHLK

Whoa, whoa, keep yourselves calm. The wee babe is doing just fine.

RYGEL

Yeah -- but it's doing just fine inside me! How?!

DIAGNOSAN

(speaks with great difficulty)

Im-plant... in Hynerian... mid-die stomach

CRICHTON

This cannot be happening.

Aeryn seizes the Diagnosan.

AERYN

Do something!

Grunchlk grabs her to separate them. Crichton grabs Grunchlk. Grunchlk gives him a hard look.

GRUNCHLK

Fees about to go up.

Grunchlk releases Aeryn. Crichton, ready to strangle someone, releases Grunchlk. Then, to the Diagnosan--

CRICHTON

Move it back into Aeryn. Now.

AERYN

Whatever it takes. I--.

DIAGNOSAN
(IN HIS NATIVE LANGUAGE)
If I do it, both the baby and Rygel
will die.

GRUNCHLK
Doc won't do it.

Before Crichton or Aeryn can do anything, Rygel grabs
Grunchlk's tunic, yanks hard -- pulling Grunchlk to him--

RYGEL
Won't?! I want this thing removed
immediately.

AERYN
It's not a thing.

RYGEL
Fine -- I want this 'miracle of life'
the frell out of me!

The diagnosan chitters...

GRUNCHLK
(translating)
-- At the end of the first quadmester.
Baby's still too small now. Fragile.

Grunchlk draws his finger across his throat.

CRICHTON
(staying calm)
First quadmester?

Reacting, Rygel grabs the Raslak bladder nearby. He really
needs a drink. It is slapped out of his hand. By Aeryn.

AERYN
No Raslak.

RYGEL
Did you hear what he just said?!

AERYN
Until I get my baby back, you eat and
drink only what I tell you.

Rygel stares harshly. The Diagnosan falls to his knees, trying to save his precious Raslak. Crichton looks from the Diagnosan on the floor, to Rygel who carries his child. Crichton shakes his head in disbelief. Then his eye goes to Aeryn, and her troubled expression sobers him instantly.

EXT. BISTRO - EIDELON CITY

Crichton, Aeryn, D'Argo, Chiana, Noranti and Rygel eating. An EIDELON SERVER delivers food with a jaundiced look. Other Eidelons pass by with unfriendly glances. Chiana reaches over and gently touches Rygel's stomach.

CHIANA

Incredible. What's it feel like?

RYGEL

You tell me.

RYGEL STABS HER HAND WITH AN EATING UTENSIL. Chiana YELPS and pulls away. Aeryn wrenches the utensil from Rygel.

AERYN

Rygel, really what's it like?

RYGEL

Like having a parasite. A large parasite. That's growing.

Her worst fears confirmed, she SWITCHES PLATES OF FOOD.

RYGEL

I hate weebea eggs.

AERYN

Apparently babies love them.

Rygel sees he's not going to win; accepts with a GRUMBLE.

CRICHTON

(re the cold stares)

Is it just me, or is that the only love here?

D'ARGO

Chiana's right -- they're paranoid.

STARK

(arriving)

No. Wrong. Not paranoid. I've been talking to many of them--

RYGEL

Our ambassador. No wonder they're avoiding us.

CHIANA

What's their problem, then?

STARK

Fear. Abject fear.

NORANTI

Of what?

STARK

Their fear extends even to talking about their fear.

D'ARGO

Perfect. I see no reason to exacerbate it by staying any longer.

CRICHTON

Whoa, D, think it over... On the other side of their concealment canopy is Armageddon. We wanna fly into that, right now?

D'Argo looks around the table for other opinions. Realises they're all in agreement with Crichton.

D'ARGO

(sighs, rising)

They won't like it but I'll ask.

Chiana has been playing with her new vision.

CHIANA

Good time to ask.

(off everyone's look)

Their magnetic energy fades by midday. Cool eyes.

STARK

So what we do in the meantime?

CRICHTON

(quietly)

Get married.

Everyone freezes. Aeryn looks up--

AERYN

Pardon.

CRICHTON

Before the baby's born.

Aeryn sees the puppy-dog passion in Crichton's eye. Noranti grabs Aeryn's face like a grandmother would--

NORANTI

You will make a beautiful bride -- I will see to it!

EXT. TEMPLE PLAZA - EIDELON CITY - DAY

Minimalist set up for a wedding. An ARCH, a table with SMALL CAKES and GLASSES OF RASLAK. D'Argo and Stark wait at the designated "altar". Rygel samples the cake. Across the plaza, Crichton approaches with Muoma and Caa'ta.

MUOMA

It is the first time I have presided over the union of soldiers.

CRICHTON

We're not--

(re Caa'ta)

He's the only one carrying a gun.

CAA'TA

Either way, your petition to remain among us has been denied. Upon conclusion of your ceremony, you will all leave, vowing never to reveal our existence.

CRICHTON

If you don't mind my asking, who're you hiding from?

MUOMA
(sweetly)
Everyone.

As they arrive at the altar spot--

STARK
Aeryn's coming! The bride!

They all look up to see Aeryn stepping into view across the courtyard. Her only concession to the process is A FLOWING VEIL fashioned from scavenged pieces of DIFFERENT GAUGE NETTING; everything underneath regular Aeryn leathers. Chiana keeps pace behind, holding the train. Noranti periodically chucks ALIEN FLOWER PETALS up toward Aeryn as they move. As the petals rain down on her, Aeryn swats them away, annoyed and embarrassed.

STARK
(enraptured)
She looks--

D'ARGO
Different.

RYGEL
Ridiculous.

CRICHTON

RICHTON
Bridal shop was closed.

When Aeryn arrives beside him, Crichton takes her hand and stares into her eyes.

AERYN
(way under her breath)
You owe me.

Crichton nods. But can't stop grinning.

CRICHTON
Wish my Mom was here.

AERYN
Glad mine isn't.

MUOMA

Is there any particular invocation you would like me to use?

CRICHTON

Uh... "Dearly Beloved"...

MUOMA

Dearly Beloved...

CRICHTON

(re church)

"We're gathered here under the shadow of this most magnificent"--

Suddenly, THE SHADOW MOVES! THE SHADOW ELONGATES AND CROSSES OVER THEM, ENGULFING THE WHOLE PLAZA AND BEYOND IN DARKNESS, like an eclipse! Everything stops; all eyes go skyward.

THE UNDERSIDE OF A PEACEKEEPER COMMAND CARRIER is seen moving high overhead. Still outside the planet's atmosphere, it is nevertheless a terrifying presence.

AERYN

Command Carrier.

D'ARGO

Peacekeepers!

Furious, Caa'ta grabs Crichton accusingly--

CAA'TA

Lies! All lies!

At a loss for words, Crichton shakes his head numbly.

A SMALLER CRAFT -- A MARAUDER -- is now visible heading down toward this very spot.

Caa'ta pushes Crichton away and begins dragging Muoma toward the temple. The Eidelons are all fighting panic.

MUOMA

They seem to know exactly where we are. How, if the concealment canopy is still in place?

CAA'TA

They know because we have been
betrayed.

As he hurriedly guides Muoma toward the temple, Caa'ta
SHOUTS to some Eidelons nearby---

CAA'TA

Alert the militia!

NORANTI

Oh, preserve us -- what shall we do?

CRICHTON

Go with them.

(to Stark)

You, too. Let 'em know it wasn't us;
keep 'em calm till we sort it out.

Noranti and Stark nod, then follow the Eidelons.

CHIANA

I know you guys don't believe me, but
we are cursed.

AERYN

Hide Rygel. Defend him with your life.

As Chiana drags Rygel off--

RYGEL

(covering their exit)

Your curse is getting worse.

JET WASH from the descending Marauder WHIPS THE SCENE.
Aeryn realizes she's still wearing the veil and rips it
off. A moment later, she produces two PULSE PISTOLS and
hands one to Crichton. D'Argo draws his QUALTA BLADE and
(offscreen) CONVERTS IT INTO A RIFLE.

CRICHTON

Who wants to bet me? It's gotta be.
C'mon, bet me. Somebody...

THE MARAUDER'S LANDING RAMP THUMPS INTO THE PLAZA.
Crichton, Aeryn and D'Argo stand fast in the whipping wind
-- THE NOISE CRESCENDOING as the ENGINES DIE DOWN, STEAM
HISSING.

A long beat, and then a SINGLE PAIR OF BOOTS DESCENDS THE RAMP. Scorpius.

SCORPIUS.

Hello, Crichton.

CRICHTON

Easy money.

INT. TEMPLE DOORWAY - EIDELON CITY - DAY

Shouting orders the whole way, Caa'ta hustles Muoma through the large doors like the Secret Service Agent he is. AS THE DOORS CLOSE, Stark rushes through them--

STARK

Please! You must listen! We knew nothing of this. Crichton and the others - will fix it.

Slowest of all, Noranti arrives just as the doors are swinging shut. Flattening herself to slip through, she watches as the surface of the closing doors passes inches from her face. A bird's eye view of the ORNATE RELIEF SCULPTURE CARVED UPON THEM. A familiar sculpture.

NORANTI

Oh, that's familiar...

As the doors close further, Noranti risks peril to stick her head between them for a final glance at the sculpture.

NORANTI

Where have I seen th--
(a quaking breath)
Eidelons... Of course -- Eidelons!

Bang! The doors shut, all of them inside. Noranti approaches the others, her intensity seizing the moment.

NORANTI

Eidelons! You're Eidelons!

Yeah, this is what they need right now; a lunatic.

MUOMA

Yes, we are.

NORANTI

(matter of fact)

Then you can end this war. So just
stop pretending you can't!

And off the Eidelons' and Stark's stunned reactions...

EXT. TEMPLE PLAZA - EIDELON CITY - DAY

Sikozu has joined Scorpius as they approach Crichton, Aeryn
and D'Argo. In the background, Eidelons run scared.

SCORPIUS

Apologies if this is a bad time, but I
believe we need to talk.

CRICHTON

How did you find me?

Scorpius reaches forward to tap Crichton's forehead.

Crichton bats away the gesture, and we continue to PUSH IN
on Crichton, and suddenly we're--

INT. PRINCETON CLASSROOM, CIRCA 1950 - DAY

The blackboards are filled with arcane math equations, the
centerpiece of which is the world-changing result: $E=MC^2$.
(Buried in the notations are a few obligatory Harveyisms,
such as: $E=MC$ Hammer, and $E=MC^5$). Tin fans RATTLE. A figure
scribbles equations with inspired brio. From the back, it
looks like Albert Einstein, unruly hair and all.

Crichton sits at a school desk, surrounded by dozens of
other empty ones. The figure spins, revealing HARVEY.

HARVEY

Ach, John -- it has been such a long
time, my friend.

CRICHTON

How could you lead Scorpius to me? You
can't contact him directly.

HARVEY

When the neural implant containing my
essence was... "introduced" to your
brain-

Crichton flinches at--

FLASH MEMORY - Crichton screaming as Scorpius shoves a rod into his ear. (Episode 119 or 120)

HARVEY

There were several features built in even I wasn't aware of. When you -- we --were crystallized, Scorpius sensed I was gone. No need for him to chase after a dead man...

CRICHTON

And when they put me back together...

HARVEY

I would surmise the second signal indicating your resurrection, as it were, was enough to lead him here.

CRICHTON

(facetious)

Whattaya think he wants, Harv?

HARVEY

What they always seek from the gifted. If not an equation, then perhaps--

Harvey indicates the $E=MC^2$ on the blackboard, which MORPHS INTO A SWIRLING WORMHOLE.

HARVEY

A wormhole. Or in your case, a wormhole weapon .

CRICHTON

Nobody listens when I tell 'em it can't be done.

HARVEY

Why should they? Before some smartypants figured it out, nuclear weapons were considered impossible. Maybe if they push you a little harder.

CRICHTON

(at the blackboard now)

I can find a wormhole. Predict when it'll open. Even navigate one, push comes to shove. But I can't make it into a weapon.

Crichton crosses a BIG "X" on the blackboard over the wormhole, causing the WORMHOLE TO DISAPPEAR. He breaks the chalk stick and hands it back to Harvey.

HARVEY

All true, John. But you do know where to obtain that knowledge.

(sly)

Doesn't take an Einstein to figure that out, does it?

CRICHTON

(turns away with)

Love the hair.

EXT. TEMPLE PLAZA - EIDELON CITY - DAY

As before; Crichton, Aeryn, D'Argo, Scorpius and Sikozu.

SCORPIUS

It is time.

Crichton reacts; there's that word again.

CRICHTON

For... ?

SCORPIUS

You.

CRICHTON

Really? What? In your sick little plan, my theme music is playing? Heeeeeeeere's Johnny!

SCORPIUS

You must have heard that annihilation war has broken out between the Scarran Empire and Peacekeeper Alliance.

CRICHTON

It made the papers. How much of that
are you responsible for?

Scorpius returns an even look.

CRICHTON

Wonderful. You can go now

Sikozu steps aggressively up to Crichton--

SIKOZU

What does it take to make you realize
your significance in all this?

CRICHTON

I've got no significance, Sputnik.
I'm retired.

SIKOZU

This is not a conflict that allows for
abstentions. You must choose sides.

CRICHTON

Choose sides? Fine. I'll take
coleslaw, beans and corn on the cob.

SIKOZU

The Scarrans will prevail if someone
doesn't--

Aeryn grabs Sikozu's arm sharply, stopping her tirade.

AERYN

Someone else.

Sikozu wrenches herself free. The women glare.

AERYN

Let's you and I have our own little
discussion, Sikozu.

Aeryn begins walking off. After a moment, Sikozu follows.
As they leave, D'Argo leans close to Crichton. -

D'ARGO

I'll make sure the locals don't come out shooting at all of us. We've kind of upset their little Utopia.

Crichton nods as leads Scorpius out into --

EXT. STREET - EIDELON CITY - CONTINUOUS

SCORPIUS

How have you been, Crichton?

Crichton stares; starts LAUGHING at the casualness of it.

CRICHTON

I'm fine, Bob. You? The wife? Kids?

SCORPIUS

Busy.

CRICHTON

I'll bet. Business is booming, huh?

SCORPIUS

Sikozu was correct about one thing. The Scarrans will not lose. Help us build a wormhole weapon.

CRICHTON

Golly gee, Bob, that sounds so reasonable. Only two problems. No matter what you believe, I cannot do it. And, just as important... I don't think the Peacekeepers are any better 'n the Scarrans.

(turning to leave)

We don't validate parking. Piss off.

SCORPIUS GRABS CRICHTON'S ARM and whips him back. This is not civil. Crichton attempts to wrench free, but Scorpius effortlessly holds on in a vise grip. They struggle, then-

SCORPIUS

You will find no serenity during this conflict, Crichton. Examine your choices.

CRICHTON

You're not listening. Wormholes, no.
Weapons, no. Killing, no. Crichton,
no.

SCORPIUS

True. A wormhole weapon may kill many.
But if you do nothing, what greater
number will perish if the Scarrans
advance across the galaxy unchecked?

CRICHTON

Don't lay that on me. I didn't start
this war.

SCORPIUS

But you can end it.

EXT. PLAZA/TEMPLE DOORWAY - EIDELON CITY - DAY

D'Argo is heading towards the Temple Door AS IT SWINGS OPEN. Stark comes charging out followed by a gobsmacked Muoma and Caa'ta. Noranti has just finished explaining something to them all. STARK DANCES AROUND HIM EXCITEDLY; giddy mad.

STARK

D'Argo! D'Argo, a miracle!
(pointing, gesturing)
Eidelons! Jool! Arnessk! Peace!

Stark's very presence is agitating. D'ARGO TONGUES HIM, dropping the bouncing Stykera unconscious. Turns to Noranti.

D'ARGO

What is he talking about?

NORANTI

(herself excited)
Eidelons! Jool! Arnessk! Peace!

D'Argo holds up a palm, stopping her. Takes a deep breath. Turns to Muoma.

D'ARGO

Please?

MUOMA

(weary, defeated)

We are the last Eidelons -- all others
hunted to extinction.

D'ARGO

Hunted... ?

MUOMA

Our ancestors possessed the means to
influence peace. . A gift that has
sadly, not survived to our generation.

D'ARGO

I'm familiar with the history.

CAA'TA

Then you will also know that twelve-
thousand cycles ago, their Great
Temple was destroyed, the Conciliators
within murdered, and all outposts of
our species slaughtered by those who
wished to conquer and enslave.

He points angrily at the Peacekeeper Marauder.

D'ARGO

They're not here to harm anyone.
Believe it or not... they're looking
for a way to stop the war.

NORANTI

Eidelons! Jool! Arnessk!

MUOMA

Arnessk was the center of our
spiritual power; site of the long lost
Great Temple, upon which this very
edifice is modeled. However, today,
Arnessk is a barren and lifeless
world.

D'Argo looks to the fervent Noranti. He gets it--

D'ARGO

Perhaps not... We have been there.

As Muoma and Caa'ta react--

NORANTI

That's what I've been telling them.
But they're too scared to believe.
Pilot can show them. Pilot has the
proof!

And off the moment...

INT. EIDELON CITY - HEALING FACILITY

Crichton and Aeryn are pupils for Noranti's instruction.
She fiddles with a LOCAL VIEWSCREEN.

AERYN

(to Crichton)

D'Argo said after Noranti explained it
all to them, the Eidelons were in
tears.

Noranti spins on them, all bad-teeth and excitement--

NORANTI

Oh, goodness, yes!

CRICHTON

(recoiling)

I'll bet. Ever brush your teeth?

NORANTI

Pilot? Pilot, are you ready?

Pilot appears on screen.

PILOT

Commander, Aeryn... These images are
part of the data upload transmitted by
Jool before we left her on Arnessk. I
have more in the archives, if you
require.

PILOT'S IMAGE IS REPLACE BY FOOTAGE FROM EPISODE 403
showing Arnessk as BARREN. Noranti narrates...

NORANTI

Undoubtedly, you recall--
(to Aeryn, off she goes)
Except you, because you weren't there.
That was right after Crichton
realized he loved you more than
anything, but you were as frizbot as a
scalded kika cat and ran when he--

CRICHTON WHISTLES to get her attention. Points to the
monitor.

NORANTI

Hm... Arnessk...
(refocuses)
Remembering now, the ancient Eidelons
were not long dead as everyone
assumed, just suspended in time for
twelve-thousand cycles. And when we
reversed the device holding them
there, back they came into existence!

ON THE SCREEN - THE GREAT TEMPLE SHIMMERS INTO VIEW.

Simultaneously, the HOODED PRIESTS ALSO REAPPEAR.

AERYN

Sounds exciting.

CRICHTON

I went swimming with the Creature from
the Black Lagoon.

NORANTI

Quite heroic, he was.
(leans in, angry)
But that's not the point, is
it?!

Crichton and Aeryn react like chastened schoolkids.

NORANTI

There can be no doubt that
these Eidelons we see today are the
direct descendants of--

She indicates the screen, where we REVEAL THE HOODED

PRIESTS HAVE FACIAL MARKINGS IDENTICAL TO PIKAL AND THE OTHERS!

NORANTI

The ancient, peacemaking Eidelons of Arnessk!

Aeryn and Crichton exchange looks.

NORANTI

Do I have to explain it all? These legendary ombudsmen created peace as effortlessly as Rygel does gas.

CRICHTON

I'm sure that's their slogan.

NORANTI

Nimbots! Our host Eidelons are clueless zwiks when it comes to peacemaking. However, why could not their ancestors teach them?

All of a sudden, Crichton and Aeryn's look takes on a whole different understanding...

EXT. EIDELON STREET - DAY

Crichton and Aeryn stroll past vendors. Workshopping it.

CRICHTON

It's not our fight.

AERYN

Agreed.

CRICHTON

We have no obligation to take sides.

AERYN

Agreed.

CRICHTON

On the other hand, the ancient Eidelons know how to create peaceful gas.

AERYN

Agreed.

CRICHTON

And even if the MTV Generation here stays clueless, the Arnesskan graybeards could save a lot of lives.

AERYN

Agreed.

CRICHTON

And until there's peace, everyone's gonna chase me, cause they think I can create some winner-take-all weapon.

AERYN

Agreed.

CRICHTON

So helping others make peace, helps me, and you.

AERYN

Agreed.

CRICHTON

I like this new, compliant Aeryn. How long does it last?

AERYN

Until we're married.

(off his look)

We have to leave here anyway. Even if we search for a place to sit out the war, it requires little effort to take a few of these Eidelons to Arnessk. Then, it's their problem.

CRICHTON

Agreed ...

(an evil smile)

And you know what the best reason of all is? It'll piss the hell outta Scorpius.

INT. SLEEP CHAMBER - EIDELON CITY - DAY

Rygel sleeps fitfully. Chiana, bored, picks at the food.

Chiana looks up as the door opens and Scorpius enters. Chiana grabs a candle stick/bottle - whatever is close at hand - to use as a weapon and positions herself protectively in front of Rygel.

SCORPIUS

Crichton and the others are sequestered with the Eidelons.

CHIANA

(shrugs)

It's so secret even I wasn't invited.

SCORPIUS

What are they discussing?

CHIANA

Don't ask me. I'm here with you.

SCORPIUS

Is D'Argo still the captain of your ship?

CHIANA

Much as we have one.

During the last few lines, Chiana has been moving forward and Scorpius has been backing out of the room. Chiana slams the door, locking Scorpius out. She leans against it, shaken.

INT. PILOT'S DEN - MOYA

D'Argo and Muoma, followed by Caa'ta and Pikal, cross the walkway to Pilot.

MUOMA

The most exciting aspect, of course, is the possibility of learning how to influence peace in others.

D'ARGO

A noble aspiration, High Priestess.

MUOMA

We have discussed it among ourselves,
and would be appreciative if you could
- transport Caa'ta and Pikal to
Arnessk as an introductory delegation.

D'ARGO

We have room for many more.

PIKAL

(annoyed with Caa'ta)
As I have repeatedly said.

CAA'TA

(abrupt)
Centuries of hiding in fear do not
melt away suddenly, Pikal.
(to D'Argo)
Many remain skeptical of your motives
and abilities.

D'ARGO

And that's just on our side.
(Caa'ta doesn't smile)
Joke.

It's an awkward moment with a humourless soldier, so D'Argo
turns back to Muoma.

D'ARGO

These two, then?

MUOMA

(nods, then addresses Pilot)
I know something of Leviathans and
their symbiotic Pilots. Peaceful to a
fault, if I recall.

PILOT

To Moya or myself, violence is less
than an option.

MUOMA

Neither is duplicity?
(off Pilot's agreement)
Then I ask a simple query.
(MORE)

MUOMA (CONT'D)

These beings that you ferry; do you trust them?

PILOT

(honest beat)

Within normal circumstances; implicitly.

MUOMA

Then I entrust Pikal and Caa'ta to your care, and pray you a safe journey.

ANGLE - DOORWAY OF HEALING FACILITY - CONTINUOUS

Noranti, Grunchlk and the Diagnosan are in conference with Aeryn. The Diagnosan rummages in his shopworn medical bag, pulls out A CLEAR-SIDED DEVICE. A few mismatched tubes hang from it. Hands it to Noranti.

DIAGNOSAN

(IN HIS NATIVE LANGUAGE)

This will do the trick. It's called a "Tissue Transferal Conductor."

Noranti nods, understanding perfectly.

GRUNCHLK

(for Aeryn's sake)

"Tissue Transferal Conductor." Doc hasn't got all the pieces for it.

(before Aeryn can protest)

You'll probably find everything else you need up on your ship. Doc'll give you detailed instructions.

AERYN

Unacceptable. You're coming with us.

GRUNCHLK

Sorry, but Doc and I aren't going anywhere near Peacekeeper territory. We got some past issues with them...

NORANTI

Aeryn -- this is a relatively simple procedure.

AERYN

My baby is in a Hynerian. It's nowhere near simple.

NORANTI

Nevertheless, a vipp, a vopp, a slip, a slop, the child is yours.

Aeryn stares daggers. CRICHTON APPROACHES.

CRICHTON

What's up?

GRUNCHLK

Baby talk.

They observe the DIAGNOSAN SPEAKING RAPID-FIRE IN HIS OWN LANGUAGE pointing something out to Noranti, who nods, understanding.

NORANTI

Simple, indeed. So elegantly designed, anyone can do it.

(hands the DEVICE to
Crichton,
starts to leave)

Good luck.

AERYN

What?

CRICHTON

Whoa!

Crichton grabs the exiting Noranti by the collar and yanks her back.

CRICHTON

Where you going?

NORANTI

Not with you.

Crichton looks to Aeryn. She hasn't a clue.

AERYN

Why not?

NORANTI

These Eidelons have just absorbed a thunderbolt revelation. I know more about their ancient culture than them. They can benefit from my instruction until you return.

With a "That's final" smile, she EXITS.

Crichton looks at Aeryn.

AERYN

(to the Diagnosan)

Can I do it myself?

The Diagnosan shakes his head emphatically.

Aeryn looks back at Crichton.

The Diagnosan is tilting back for another long drink of raslak. Aeryn grabs the booze while Crichton thrusts the Tissue Transferal Conductor back into the displeased Diagnosan's hands.

CRICHTON

Start over.

And as the Diagnosan and Grunchlk settle in for another round of Baby Transfer 101...

EXT. MOYA - IN ORBIT AROUND QUJAGAN - ESTAB. - CG

... with the PK Command Carrier in similar orbit in b. g. Our TRANSPORT POD enters frame, heading toward Moya.

D'ARGO

Almost home, Pilot. Please trace a course back to the planet Arnessk.

INT. PASSAGEWAY - MOYA

An agitated Crichton moves up the corridor beside D'Argo, followed at a distance by Scorpius and Sikoze. Crichton glances over his shoulder and tries to slow down. D'Argo keeps him moving.

CRICHTON

I don't like it.

D'ARGO

Blame me.

CRICHTON

I do blame you. I don't like it.

D'ARGO

You're a little too preoccupied to make a rational decision.

CRICHTON

Scuse me? You trust him?

D'ARGO

Of course not. But we are flying through Peacekeeper controlled space in a time of war, and he is a Command Carrier Officer.

CRICHTON

Among other things... D'Argo -- I have a baby aboard.

D'ARGO

I'll keep him away. But he does know current passcodes; names to evoke...

CRICHTON

I know a few names to evoke right now, myself.

Crichton spins the other way, eluding D'Argo. Crichton fronts up to Scorpius, in no mood for sass back.

CRICHTON

(ice)

Me. Aeryn. Rygel. Off limits.

Tense beat. Finally, Scorpius nods. Crichton jerks his head, indicating a side corridor.

CRICHTON

You'll find your old cell like you left it. Even the roaches haven't had the nerve to return.

Scorpius and Sikozu EXIT down the corridor.

INT. THE COMMAND/PILOT'S DEN - INTERCUT.

Crichton and D'Argo enter--

CRICHTON

Pilot?

PILOT

Commander -- we've received a message that appears to have been hailing for some time.

D'ARGO

First ... Arnessk?

PILOT

I have enough of a fix that we can begin our journey. I'll refine the exact location from Moya's data banks as we grow closer.

D'ARGO

Excellent, Pilot. Proceed.

PILOT

The message?

CRICHTON

Who what where when why how?

PILOT

Apparently, the Royal Palace of Hyneria. Coming from someone named Bishan.

Crichton and D'Argo exchange looks. CRICHTON mouths theword: BISHAN?

PILOT

Shipwide announcement for our new guests... prepare for StarBurst, people.

EXT. MOYA - STARBURST (STOCK)

Moya banks away as the familiar blue glow engulfs her and

--

FLASH, she is gone into StarBurst.

INT. RYGEL'S QUARTERS - MOYA

Aeryn is helping the uncomfortable and agitated Rygel into his ROBE as he sits on his bed. His belly is now unmistakably swollen, stretching the buttons of his LONGJOHNS.

AERYN

Bishan? Isn't that the one who stole your throne?

RYGEL

My cousin. And after all these cycles, he finally needs me.

AERYN

How do you know?

RYGEL

Why else would he call now?
(composes himself)
How do I look?

Aeryn can only offer a weak smile. Taking it as an encouraging sign, Rygel undergoes an amazing transformation, becoming the Dominar he always was. He nods imperiously toward her and--

AERYN

Ready, Pilot.

THE HOLOGRAM PROJECTOR FLICKERS TO LIFE WITH BISHAN'S IMAGE... an overfed Hynerian in royal dress.

BISHAN

Cousin Rygel?

Emotions rush through Rygel. Primary among them: hatred. Bishan nods in a formal greeting.

BISHAN

Greetings and salutations.
(Rygel doesn't respond)
(MORE)

BISHAN (CONT'D)

You have every right to be...
Perturbed, cousin.

RYGEL

Perturbed? You had me seized from my
imperial chambers in the middle of the
night. By morning, I was on a
Peacekeeper prison barge, and you were
upon my throne.

In the b. g. around Bishan, there are URGENT VOICES. Bishan
speaks to others O.S.--

BISHAN

I understand! We will deal with it! I
am seeking a solution even now!

RYGEL

What is happening there, Bishan?

BISHAN

It is this damned war. The Scarrans
have already taken our outer
territories. Millions are dead.

Rygel is breathing hard, equally incensed and horrified.

AERYN

Do not let yourself get agitated,
Rygel.

RYGEL

Not agitated?!

BISHAN

My subjects... our subjects... are in
a panic... there is chaos throughout
the kingdom...

(beat)

You are a direct descendant of the
royal lineage. If our people will
unite under anyone, it will be under
you.

(beat)

Cousin Rygel... You are welcome to
return to Hyneria. You must return.

As this sinks in on Rygel -- the Hologram fades.

RYGEL

(starts to get up)

If Bishan thinks I will return to a
shared throne, he is beyond deluded!

Aeryn forces him back into bed with a military order.

RYGEL

Some mother you're going to make...

Aeryn looks at him. That packed a greater emotional wallop
than Rygel ever intended...

INT. CENTRE CHAMBER - MOYA - CONTINUOUS

Chiana sits at the table, eating. Pikal sits quietly
meditating, facing the windows.

STARK ENTERS -- and upon seeing Pikal, instantly falls to
his knees, slaps his face to the deck.

STARK

Blessed Eidelon, may I enter and--

CHIANA

Enough.

She kicks him repeatedly in the ribs.

STARK

Oww! Oww!

CHIANA

What is it exactly they can do that
has you so fozbot?

STARK

Are you serious? The Eidelons are
remarkable mediators -- legendary for
bringing the most intolerant enemies
to common ground.

CHIANA

Scarrans aren't going to be reasoned
with.

PIKAL

But they will... if...

CHIANA

If what?

At a loss not only for words, but a way to even explain the concept, PIKAL OPENS HIS FACE.

Chiana recoils with an "Ugh." Stark is fascinated. PIKAL CLOSES HIS FACE -

CHIANA

(to Stark; unsure)

Was he propositioning me?

STARK

No. That's a very special gland.

CHIANA

Small. In a weird place.

STARK

It's like an antenna to feelings, an inner eye. Am I right, Pikal?

PIKAL

Yes. And -- our history leads us to believe -- substantially more.

CHIANA

(wary)

It gets bigger?

PIKAL

(missing her fear)

Not that we know. However, it vibrates.

Chiana rolls her eyes; it's getting worse.

PIKAL

We used to have the ability to generate an energy field that had a calming effect, vallowing individuals to see reason.

CHIANA

But... your little limp thing can't do the trick anymore?

PIKAL

Unfortunately not. Our control of the gland has been dormant for generations. If our ancestors are indeed alive on Arnessk, I can only pray they will somehow show us the way to reignite this attribute within ourselves...

INT. RYGEL'S QUARTERS - MOYA

Rygel sleeps fitfully. Aeryn at his side; Crichton beside her.

Crichton studies Aeryn's expression. He rests his hand on her stomach... then his other hand on Rygel's swollen belly. Play the moment, then ---

CRICHTON

We still need to get married.

Aeryn gives him a look. Now??

EXT. PK FLAGSHIP - SPACE - ESTAB.

INT. GRAND CHANCELLOR'S CHAMBER - PK BATTLE FLAGSHIP

Another male hand rests atop another swollen belly. REVEAL Grayza in Maryk's impressive bed, Maryk beside her. Multiple Comms panel LIGHTS BLINK near them.

MARYK

(wistful)

She has a good, strong kick.

GRAYZA

(eyeing the lights)

Perhaps reminding you you're needed on Command Deck.

MARYK

There is nothing to be done at the moment. You know the situation.

GRAYZA

Situations change.

MARYK

We are outnumbered; outgunned; and our populace has grown adverse to hardship. Peacekeeper military alone will never be able to stand up to the Scarrans' relentless tactics.

GRAYZA

(sits up)

What are you saying, my love? More to the point, what are you not saying?

MARYK

We have now lost every single battle engaged since the start of the war. I seek your opinion... on a truce.

GRAYZA

Scarrans accept no truce. Only surrender.

MARYK

A surrender, then.

GRAYZA

When all is lost. Only.

Maryk rises from the bed, heading for Command Deck.

MARYK

What are the signs, my dear Grayza? That all is lost?

GRAYZA

(studies him a beat)

A military leader who broaches surrender.

MARYK

(stops by the door)

As much as I detest him, being half Scarran, Scorpius was the one commander capable of matching their ruthlessness...

And as he EXITS, PUSH CLOSE on Grayza's troubled reaction to his defeatist attitude...

EXT. SPACE - CG

Now it is the Scarran Decimator which draws into FRAME.

INT. SCARRAN WAR NEXUS - DECIMATOR

STALEEK

Crichton has departed the water planet?

AHKNA

My contact has provided approximate coordinates to his destination.

STALEEK

Fearful flight, or purposeful journey?

AHKNA

He seeks the means to end this conflict.

STALEEK

Wormhole weapon?

AHKNA

Unknown. Though he does now have a traveling companion... Scorpius.

Staleek is electrified, energized, competitive--

STALEEK

How well do they guard Crichton?

AHKNA

(smiles wickedly)

Their Leviathan travels unescorted, though Peacekeepers now protect the water planet they have left.

STALEEK

Order the remainder of our battle contingent to engage the enemy there. Defeat them, and then subdue any inhabitants.

Ahkna smiles, the meaning of "subdue" quite clear.

AHKNA
And this Decimator?

STALEEK
To follow Crichton... and settle old
scores.

Enjoying it all, Ahkna turns to execute the orders.

EXT. MOYA - SPACE - EXITING STARBURST

D'ARGO (O.S.)
Yes, Pilot, I see it.

INT. THE COMMAND/PILOT'S DEN - INTERCUT

D'Argo is looking at a read-out on a panel.

PILOT
We are entering Peacekeeper patrolled
space.

D'ARGO
Tread carefully, Pilot.

PILOT
Indeed... . As soon as Moya is
replenished for another starburst we
shall--
(then, listens to headset)
Ka D'Argo... there is another deep
space communication hailing us.

D'ARGO
From who... ?

INT. RYGEL'S QUARTERS - MOYA

The hologram projector displays STATIC, then -- Bishan's
face appears once again. Stark is with Rygel.

RYGEL
Bishan.

But Bishan says nothing. The communication is badly
distorted, the SOUND garbled.

RYGEL

What now? Calling to rescind your invitation?

Rygel stops as Bishan's head begins to move -- but in a very unnatural way.

STARK

What's wrong with him?

RYGEL

Bishan? Bishan?

Rygel leans closer. Bishan's head rises -- and we SEE: Bishan's head has been severed and is now held on the end of a stick.

Rygel GASPS; Stark SCREAMS.

HYNERIAN SENATOR

Dominar! Dominar Rygel!

Bishan's head is moved out of frame -- and a wedge of the Hynerian palace is revealed behind him. It is in chaos -- overrun with SUBJECTS in panic. A HYNERIAN SENATOR struggles against ripping hands to bring his face into view. He is bloodied and disheveled--

RYGEL

(hushed recognition)

Senator Irram...

HYNERIAN SENATOR

Bishan is dead!

STARK

No dren ...

HYNERIAN SENATOR

Fear of the Scarran advance has your subjects rioting! They have taken the palace... your palace! You must return. Your people need you!

And he is torn from view. The distortion worsens, obliterating the image. Rygel just stares.

INT. COMMAND - MOYA

Crichton waits, the anxious groom. D'Argo is beside him. Sikozu arranges a few pans of goodies and multiple candles.

Nice, but much simpler than the first wedding. Sikozu 'charges' up her hand, it GLOWS, and with a wave of her arm, all the candles IGNITE. Instant atmosphere.

CRICHTON

How are the Eidelons?

D'ARGO

Pikal? Confused. Caa'ta? Suspicious. They've been reviewing and re-reviewing every moment of the time we spent on their ancestors' world.

CRICHTON

Tough concept for 'em.

D'ARGO

(nodding)

Imagine learning your twelve-thousand cycle old relatives were still alive?

(beat)

You think this can work? You think the Eidelons can stop a war this big?

CRICHTON

Who knows? If they can't, I say we find another galaxy to live in.

D'ARGO

Maybe your children's children's children will be alive at the end of that journey.

(probing)

Of course, you could always--

CRICHTON

No. I can't... Really, I can't.

Perhaps for the first time, D'Argo believes him.

D'ARGO

Dren. I was hoping for a shortcut.

LOUD VOICES are heard heading down the passageway. Here come Aeryn, Chiana and Stark -- with Rygel on his ThroneSled. The 'Sled is WHIRRING/STRAINING with the heavier Rygel aboard.

RYGEL

Bishan is dead! My subjects are rioting! I must think of how to help them.

CHIANA

(sensitive)

I know, Ryg. I'm sorry. But there's nothing you can do about that now. Maybe performing the wedding will take your mind off of it.

RYGEL

For hezmana's sake -- why me?

STARK

You're a Dominar. Has to count for something.

RYGEL

Carry their baby; marry them off; what's left-- let them move in?

Crichton and Aeryn take up position. D'Argo in best man position; Chiana the maid-of-honor.

Rygel's ThroneSled starts to sink downward. D'Argo and Chiana leap forward on either side and heft it up to the right level. Their hands touch -- they exchange a look.

RYGEL

(begrudgingly)

So you two really want to do this?

Aeryn still isn't fully vested in this undertaking. But the sparkle in Crichton's eye certainly speaks to her.

AERYN

You honestly want to be saddled with me for the rest of your life? Willing to swear an oath on it?

CRICHTON

If you'll have me.

Aeryn smiles.

RYGEL

Fine. Wonderful. . I'd say that about covers it.

CRICHTON

Rygel...

RYGEL

You really want me to drag this out?

Crichton takes Aeryn's hand. Rygel's attitude softens.

RYGEL

I've traveled with the two of you for quite a while now. Known you since you first met. Over the cycles, there were times you looked like you were going to kill each other. Other times we couldn't have gotten you off each other with a Chelsik fire hose. Sounds like a marriage to me. So...

(beat, more officiously)

Upon my pronouncement, may these two be joined as one, and evermore let nothing come between--

Suddenly -- AN ENORMOUS HARPOON COMES CRASHING THROUGH THE BULKHEAD. Crichton shoves Aeryn away from himself just in time, as the harpoon flies between them, angling powerfully into Moya's deck!

PILOT

We're under attack - - by Tragins!

The very name instantly jolts our people.

AERYN

You hide.

As Rygel reacts and starts to move.

EXT. SPACE - CG

And we SEE the huge, coarse Tragin ship, dwarfing Moya.

Several harpoons, each trailing a hauling line, already piercing Moya's hull.

INT. PASSAGEWAY/PILOT'S DEN - INTERCUT

The herd moves purposefully -- Crichton, Aeryn, D'Argo, Chiana, Sikozu and Stark. All except Stark are locking and loading their weapons as they go.

PILOT

DRDs are reporting multiple harpoon strikes. Each with a hauling line attached.

D'ARGO

Can Moya free herself?

PILOT

There are too many! The Tragin ship is already pulling us in.

CRICHTON

"Tragins?" They like the Charleston Tragins? Old money, department stores, foxy daughter won't come across?

AERYN

We're still in Peacekeeper territory. More than likely, they're conscripts for the war.

CHIANA

What does that mean?

D'ARGO

They'll be much less inclined to take prisoners.

Scorpius arrives.

SCORPIUS

I counted at least seven two-man craft heading toward us.

SIKOZU

One way or the other, this will all be over in half an arn.

AERYN

She's right. They'll attempt to incapacitate Pilot and simultaneously cripple Moya's vital systems.

CRICHTON

Hey, Scorp? If they work for the Peacekeepers, ain't that a bell in your firehouse? Passcodes, names to evoke, shared atrocities to reminisce...

(to the others)

If Fire Chief Bob here can't convince them we're a Peacekeeper ship, you better come up with a good Plan B.

Crichton leads Scorpius away.

AERYN

(indicating D'Argo)

We're Neural Cluster.

(Chiana and Siko zu)

Find Pikal and Caa'ta -- keep them safe.

As Chiana and Siko zu EXIT--

STARK

What about me?

AERYN

How best can you help?

STARK

(beat)

I can stay out of your way.

Aeryn nods. Stark nods. He melts into the darkness as Aeryn and D'Argo head out...

INT. MAINTENANCE BAY - MOYA

AN ALIEN BLOW TORCH completes its job and the Transport Bay

doors open to a rush of steam and the armed TRAGIN BOARDING PARTY emerges. They're huge, brutish creatures with extra large teeth, mouths and vocal boxes.

They're led by a PEACEKEEPER CAPTAIN in full uniform.

INT. PASSAGEWAY #2 - MOYA

Crichton and Scorpius on the move.

CRICHTON

What's the play, Beelzebub? Are we a spy ship? Rum runners? What?

SCORPIUS

This may not go as smoothly as you hope, Crichton.

CRICHTON

Why? Stage fright? Can't do improv?

SCORPIUS

When I received the signal you were still alive, my departure from Peacekeeper service was... less than sanctioned.

CRICHTON

Meaning ... ?

PEACEKEEPER CAPTAIN

You there! Hold position!

Crichton and Scorpius pull up short to see the PEACEKEEPER Captain and FOUR TRAGINS ahead, weapons leveled.

SCORPIUS

Do you know who I am?

PEACEKEEPER CAPTAIN

Should I?

SCORPIUS

Scorpius. Peacekeeper Command Code seven six seven dekka heelon.

PEACEKEEPER CAPTAIN
(suddenly nervous)
Scorpius ... ?

Though the Peacekeeper Captain is unsure what to do, the Tragins couldn't care less, and don't lower their weapons.

Tragin #1 (wearing a TRANSMITTER AROUND HIS NECK) nods to Tragin #2, who punches Scorpius' code into a WRIST DEVICE.

SCORPIUS
I take it you're sentries for this sector?

PEACEKEEPER CAPTAIN
I wasn't informed you were out here, sir.

SCORPIUS
Nor do you know it now; lest it cost you your life. In special service to the Grand Chancellor, I order you to release and vacate this ship.

The Peacekeeper Captain shuffles his feet, unsure.

TRAGIN #1
(gruff, deep, brutish)
That won't happen.

SCORPIUS
And you are ... ?

TRAGIN #1
Crew Chief of my vessel. Young Academy-Bed Wetter here is a recent addition. Our orders are to commandeer any ship not broadcasting a Peacekeeper ident.

SCORPIUS
My mission would be jeopardized should I advertise such a beacon.

TRAGIN #1
Your mission is more than jeopardized. It is over.

CRICHTON

Hate to butt in...

(to the Peacekeeper Captain)

Captain, if this Leviathan dies,
you're a traffic cop at Screwed Street
and Raw Sewage Lane.

Scorpius steps forward; drills the captain with a look--

SCORPIUS

Who's in charge here? Who should I be
addressing? And who will take the
blame?

PEACEKEEPER CAPTAIN

(nervous beat, then--)

Crew Chief... release the harpoons. On
my authority.

Tragin #1 gives a foul look; he hates serving with this
pussy.

As he shoulders his weapon to use the transmitter, the
other three Tragins lower their weapons and assume a less
aggressive attitude.

PEACEKEEPER CAPTAIN

Scorpius. It is an honour to meet you
face to fa--

BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP -- A WARNING SIGNAL comes from Tragin
#2's WRIST COMMS. The tableau freezes.

Crichton and Scorpius trade a look.

Peacekeeper Captain and Tragin #1 both look down at Tragin
#2's offered wrist. Then they, too, trade looks. Beat.
Then--

EVERYBODY'S FIRING AT EACH OTHER SIMULTANEOUSLY.

Crichton and Scorpius dive for cover down a side corridor.

INT. PASSAGEWAY #3 - CONTINUOUS

Crichton backs up down the corridor, firing as he goes.

Scorpius strides protectively between Crichton and the

Tragins, using his body armour as cover.

CRICHTON

What did you do when you left the
Fatherland, steal the sterling?!

SCORPIUS

Deserted my posting.

CRICHTON

To find me?! I'm flattered.

LASER BLASTS HIT THE WALLS AROUND THEM. Crichton fires,
KILLING A TRAGIN as they dive through a doorway into--

INT. PILOT'S DEN - CONTINUOUS

As Crichton and Scorpius scramble across the ramp--

CRICHTON

Hey, Pilot -- anything you can do?

PILOT

Not without killing you, also.

CRICHTON

Hold onto that one.

(beat)

Can you duck?

BLAM BLAM BLAM. The Peacekeeper Captain, Tragin #1, and one
other Tragin are in the doorway FIRING AT THEM. As Pilot
hunkers down, Crichton and Scorpius dive for cover...

INT. PASSAGEWAY OUTSIDE NEURAL CLUSTER - MOYA

Aeryn and D'Argo are positioning themselves to ambush
anyone who comes near. They hear DISTANT PULSE FIRE.

AERYN

(taps Comms)

Who's taking fire?

INT. PILOT'S DEN - INTERCUT

The firefight rages.

CRICHTON

Who's not?

Crichton KILLS ANOTHER TRAGIN IN THE DOORWAY.

AERYN

Are you alright?

CRICHTON

As it goes.

AERYN

We'll get to you when we can.

TWO TRAGINS have rounded the corner coming toward Aeryn and D'Argo's position. One... two... three... AERYN AND D'ARGO FIRE SIMULTANEOUSLY, KILLING BOTH TRAGINS.

D'ARGO

This is not as difficult as everyone else makes it.

INT. PASSAGEWAY #4

Chiana and Sikozu on the move; hear DISTANT PULSE FIRE.

Chiana focuses on a bulkhead and--

CHIANA VISION -- REVEALING THREE "POWER SOURCES" moving several passageways distant.

CHIANA

Three of 'em heading parallel to us.

SIKOZU

You can see that?

CHIANA

(nodding)

The energy signature from their weapons.

Sikozu's impressed. And they continue on, double time...

INT. PILOT'S DEN

FIREFIGHT IN PROGRESS. Crichton gives it everything.

Suddenly, PULSE FIRE is directed at them FROM ABOVE!

CRICHTON

You've got to be kidding me.

SCORPIUS

They've taken position above us.

Crichton just rolls his eyes with disbelief. Now they've got a two front battle... Finally, Crichton throws Scorpius his second PULSE PISTOL. Scorpius immediately starts returning fire at the Tragins.

INT. PASSAGEWAY OUTSIDE NEURAL CLUSTER

Aeryn and D'Argo in waiting. TALK QUIETLY —

D'ARGO

Never saw you as the kind to have a child.

Aeryn gives him a look.

D'ARGO

You, either, huh?

AERYN

He wants it so bad. So do I, I guess.

TWO MORE TRAGINS round the corner. ZING, ZING. D'ARGO TAKES A HIT IN THE LEFT SHOULDER before D'Argo and Aeryn each fire once in return, killing them.

D'ARGO

You'll come round when you see the little guy in person.

AERYN

I hope so.

INT. GUEST QUARTERS - MOYA

Hearing DISTANT PULSE FIRE, Caa'ta is attempting to shove Pikal between two of MOYA'S RIBS.

CAA'TA

You must stay hidden.

PIKAL

And you.

CAA'TA

Your sensitivity makes you much more valuable when meeting our ancestors. My function is to ensure your safe arrival.

PIKAL

But --

CAA'TA.

There is no time to argue.

Caa'Ta can now hear TRAGIN VOICES APPROACHING. Reaching his weapon, he takes a breath and spins into --

INT. PASSAGEWAY OUTSIDE QUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

Caa'ta finds himself less than four meters from THREE TRAGINS, however, he has the element of surprise. Caa'ta FIRES, KILLING ONE TRAGIN instantly. But the other two react much quicker than he expected. THEY CHARGE before Caa'ta can fire again. It's now hand-to-hand combat.

But Caa'ta is strong. He rifle butts one of the Tragins, staggering him back out of the fight.

As the last Tragin and Caa'ta grapple, it becomes clear Caa'ta is going to win. And then-- BOOM. A PULSE BLAST KILLS CAA'TA.

The second Tragin has recovered enough to save his friend.

They position themselves in the doorway to the Quarters -- They exchange knowing looks before Tragin #3 opens his mouth EXTRA WIDE and emits AN INCREDIBLE LOW-VIBRATION RUMBLE OF A PIERCING SCREAM. Ear shattering.

With a CRY OF PAIN, Pikal topples from his hiding place out onto the deck.

The Tragins grab and drag him into the Passageway. Pikal is on his knees, scared.

TRAGIN #3

You know this species?

Tragin #4 shakes his head.

TRAGIN #3

Then dead is okay.

Tragin #3 places his weapon against Pikal 's head, when-- SCREAMING LIKE BANSHEES, Chiana and Sikoze descend upon the surprised Tragins like rabid pumas.

Chiana's an acrobat, leaping to kick one Tragin in the throat before he can HOWL/SCREAM again.

The other Tragin is quick. He spins toward Sikoze and FIRES.

She surprises him no end by RUNNING UP A WALL! As the stunned Tragin adjusts to aim upwards, Sikoze LEAPS OFF THE WALL, landing PIGGYBACK ON HIM. He thrashes, but she quickly BREAKS HIS NECK and he sinks to the deck.

Meanwhile, Chiana is fast as lightning, avoiding being struck by her Tragin while delivering HIT AFTER RAPID HIT, eventually felling him. When he attempts to shoot her, Chiana gives A LITTLE YELP and FIRES, KILLING HIM.

Both Tragins lie lifeless on either side of the shaking, still-kneeling Pikal.

CHIANA

Hi.

SIKOZE

Sorry we're late.

INT. PILOT'S DEN

HELLACIOUS FIREFIGHT. They've still got Crichton and Scorpius pinned from the doorway and above.

CRICHTON

Cover me.

Scorpius FIRES like crazy toward the door as, KILLING ONE MORE TRAGIN as--

Crichton rolls out onto the walkway, landing on his back, FIRING UPWARDS. We hear A TRAGIN DEATH SCREAM and a moment later, the brute's BODY FALLS PAST to an ugly death below.

A BLAST HITS NEXT TO SCORPIUS, KNOCKING HIM DOWN.

Crichton is still on his back.

The Peacekeeper Captain and Tragin #1 use the moment to CHARGE. As they run across the walkway toward Crichton, SCREAMING AND FIRING--

Crichton is dead meat. Nowhere to hide, no time to aim.

BUT SCORPIUS CHARGES OUT FROM COVER, COLDLY FIRING.

The Peacekeeper Captain is HIT IN THE CHEST AND THROWN BACKWARDS, dead. Tragin #1 is hit and -

FALLS OVER THE EDGE IN SLOW MOTION, still wearing the TRANSMITTER.

On Crichton as he watches their only hope disappear into the depths of Moya. Scorpius joins him, and they trade rueful looks.

PILOT
(seeing their reactions)
Is something wrong?

And off Crichton and Scorpius' reaction...

INT. PASSAGEWAY OUTSIDE NEURAL CLUSTER

Aeryn and D'Argo rise from their positions as--

AERYN
That's good news, Pilot.

D'ARGO
Then the ship is clear?

INT. PILOT'S DEN - INTERCUT AS NEEDED

PILOT
No more Tragins aboard, however...

SCORPIUS
They're still reeling us in, and we can't release the harpoons.

INT. PASSAGEWAY OUTSIDE QUARTERS - INTERCUT AS NEEDED

Chiana and Sikoze are assisting the shaking Pikal up.

CHIANA

Why not?

CRICHTON'

Because the gargoyle with the transmitter fell over the edge.

SIKOZE

What's it look like? The Transmitter?

CRICHTON

(REVISE TO FIT)

Triangular, gold, thin...

As Chiana looks on, puzzled, Sikoze rolls her Tragin over to reveal HE TOO IS WEARING A TRANSMITTER. And as Sikoze snaps the chain freeing it from his neck--

CHIANA

(grinning)

Love your work.

EXT. MOYA - SPACE - CG

As the hauling lines begin snapping free of the harpoons.

INT. COMMAND - MOYA.

Crichton, Aeryn and D'Argo come running up to the doorway--

And she continues on, DISAPPEARING, as Crichton and D'Argo enter. The harpoon still pierces down from ceiling to floor.

Through the Forward Portal, they see the TRAGIN SHIP FIRING ON THEM as Moya turns away from her.

PILOT

All lines disengaged. We're free!

CRICHTON

They must know their Captain's dead.

D'ARGO
Pilot -- can Moya StarBurst?

PILOT
(ON CLAMSHELL)
The harpoons extending from her hull
alter our slipstream profile, making
Starburst problematic... but she will
try.

The room is jolted by a tragin hit.

CRICHTON
That's our girl.

As the WHINE OF STARBURST BEGINS TO BUILD.

CRICHTON
Hey...
(off D'Argo's look)
You were right about bringing
Scorpius.

D'Argo nods, and--

EXT. MOYA - SPACE - CG

Harpoons angling from her sides, Moya begins to glow blue.

The glow is irregular, and Moya shudders throughout -- but
she manages to complete the procedure, and she StarBursts.

Leaving the Tragin ship alone in open space...

EXT. SPACE - MOYA - EXITING STARBURST

Elsewhere, later.

PILOT (O.S.)
I'm terribly upset I failed to detect
the Tragins.

INT. COMMAND/PILOT'S DEN - INTERCUT

PILOT
But I was so preoccupied with other
duties, they snuck up on us.

D'ARGO

That's alright, Pilot. You're several thousand mistakes-made behind the rest of us.

D'Argo and Crichton are forced to step out of the way as DRDs maneuver while TORCHING THE HARPOON to cut it apart.

CRICHTON

How much longer will this delay our getting to Arnessk?

PILOT

The answer, Commander, is not at all.

Sensing the tone, Crichton and D'Argo look out the Forward Portal to see Arnessk in the distance.

D'ARGO

Outstanding.

PILOT

Thank you. However, we will need to remove these harpoons before Moya can attempt further travel.

D'ARGO

How much time does that require?

PILOT

Quite a number of solar days, unless we electro-charge the hull to accelerate her healing process.

Crichton gives D'Argo a look re the "electro-charge" bit.

D'Argo holds up a hand, staying the question.

D'ARGO

Whatever you need, Pilot. And try to contact someone on Arnessk -- see if Jool is still there, and let them know we're coming.

EXT. ARNESSK - DAY

As the Transport Pod lands.

EXT. ARNESSK - DAY

Swirling mist. Eerie shadows. Wielding a torch, Crichton forces his way through thorny, painful brush. SOMEONE IS WATCHING; loads a NASTY DART into an ALIEN CROSSBOW. Crichton stops, scans for a bearing. Swats an insect.

CRICHTON

(softly, to himself)

Nothin' but rose bushes, pea soup and malaria.

THE CROSSBOW IS AIMED at Crichton. As he starts forward again, A FINGER closes on the TRIGGER, and the DART FLIES!

It whooshes past Crichton's neck by inches, hitting--

It's intended target: A KNOT OF ALIEN HEMP wrapped taut around a tree trunk. As the hemp snaps free--

THE TRAP IS SPRUNG! Sticky alien vines whip around Crichton's legs and torso like tentacles. He pulls at them, but they adhere tightly.

SPINE-TINGLING, ANIMAL CRY is suddenly moving toward Crichton. He tries to pull Winona -- can't.

He's ferociously tackled; rolling across the ground with a banshee. AN ALIEN KNIFE FLASHES. His attacker is nimble, and determined. Quickly, Crichton is face down, hair pulled up, knife under his throat.

JOOL

(savage hiss)

Your business?

Choking, Crichton has an upside down view of her.

CRICHTON

Hi, Jool.

JOOL'S gone native. Hair a sexy rat's nest. Clothes of local cloth and animal hides. Skin darkened. Eyes alive and wild.

She blinks a beat, then jams the knife into the dirt, and rolls Crichton over, still straddling him.

JOOL

You--?!

CRICHTON

Me, Crichton. You, apparently crazy.

JOOL

Crichton!

(frantically kissing him)

I knew you wouldn't forget me! The more we were apart, the more I knew you'd realize you were meant to be with--

Boots emerge from the shadows. She looks up to see--

JOOL

Aeryn.

AERYN

Jool.

A WHIRRING NOISE as Rygel floats up beside Aeryn.

RYGEL

Get another fantasy, driblox -- they're having my baby.

Jool looks back down at Crichton, who smiles.

EXT. TEMPLE HILL - ARNESSK - DAY

In a valley below, the Great Eidelon Temple rises from the mist. A DISTANT HARMONIC GONG CHIMES. We hear RHYTHMIC CHANTING, a SOFT PURPLE GLOW EMANATING FROM THE TEMPLE IN SYNCH WITH THE PRAYERS. As they crest the ridge, Jool is explaining to Crichton, Aeryn and Rygel--

JOOL

Once they go over the shock of being suspended for twelve-thousand cycles, there was a rededication to calming those in conflict.

CRICHTON

Are they gonna be happy with our special offer.

AERYN

Do the Eidelons know there's a war?

JOOL

We only just found out. I finally repaired their primitive communications equipment.

(off Aeryn's look)

Yeah, how about that? I've had to become pretty resourceful.

CRICHTON

So it's a no-brainer they'll help?

JOOL

Maybe not. Based on everything they've learned from listening to Comms traffic, they're convinced none of their progeny survived. Sorry, I told them as much.

CRICHTON

Pikal should set that right.

JOOL

I hope. They're peculiar; regimented. I can never guess what they'll do.

RYGEL

So explain it. You must have some pull. You hunt for them, cook, repair--(eyes the brevity of the costume) -- and who knows what else.

JOOL

Can I hit him?

CRICHTON & AERYN

No.

Jool stops walking.

JOOL

We need to wait here until morning invocations are completed.

But Crichton, Aeryn and Rygel keep going--

AERYN

We'll make suitable apologies.

CRICHTON

People are dying. They'll be glad we interrupted.

JOOL

You don't understand--

Two steps later, Crichton, Aeryn and Rygel are WRACKED WITH PAIN, CRYING OUT. They've entered a "zone" marked by FIBROUS (CG) ELECTRICAL WEBBING (think walking into a room thick with spider webs). The farther they go, the MORE FIBROUS ELECTRICAL WEBBING ENGULFS THEM. Only by staggering back up the hill to where Jool is can they ultimately get clear.

CRICHTON

What the hell is that?!

AERYN

Rygel?!

RYGEL

I'm alright; baby's alright.

JOOL

Baby?

CRICHTON

What the hell is that, Jool?

JOOL

Each dawn begins by accessing feelings of pain, death and terror unleashed the previous day. It's like research for them.

SCORPIUS

Problem?

Jool spins to see Scorpius emerging from the foliage. She staggers back -- he's a ghost.

JOOL

Scorpius?! You're dead! Your grave's down there. I put a stone on it.

SCORPIUS

Thank you.

JOOL

So you couldn't crawl out.

CRICHTON

Next time, bigger stone.

SCORPIUS

Stark and Pikal are back in the woods.
Should I bring them?

Crichton shoots a look at Aeryn, still displeased.

SCORPIUS

They're safe. I have agreed to your
plan, your timetable, your choices. I
ask for nothing in return but to be
close by when you fail.

CRICHTON

Go get 'em.

Scorpius nods and heads back the way he came. As he does,
the HARMONIC GONG CHIMES STOP, along with the CHANTING.

JOOL

We can descend now. If you put your
weapons aside, keep him (Scorpius)
quiet, and follow my lead, perhaps
you'll get what you came for.

And as Jool begins down the hillside toward the temple...

INT. PASSAGEWAY - MOYA

Sikozu futzing in a JUNCTION BOX as D'Argo approaches.

D'ARGO

Tier Four's grounded.

Zzzt zzzt. SPARKS FROM THE BOX; THE LIGHTS DIM.

SIKOZU

Done here. We shouldn't even feel the
electro-charge.

The following as she finishes up and closes the bcx--

D'ARGO

When the Tragins transmitted Scorpius' Ident Code, they also transmitted our location, am I correct?

Sikozu nods.

D'ARGO

Am I also correct to assume the Scarrans will have intercepted and deciphered that message?

Sikozu nods, watching him carefully.

D'ARGO

And why would Scorpius be way out here in the middle of nowhere?

(beat)

Crichton.

SIKOZU

Very impressive reasoning.

D'ARGO

(knows what she's thinking)

For a Luxan.

SIKOZU

Yes. Which means you're probably capable of the next thought...

(disdain for the situation)

We... are a motionless target.

PUSH CLOSE ON D'Argo as she exits down the corridor.

INT. GREAT TEMPLE - ARNESSK - DAY

Alien, and yet, unmistakably a house of worship. Glittering metals against alabaster marble. Stain-glass style light everywhere; prisms gone wild. Breathtaking. In the background, ROBED EIDELON PRIESTS confer quietly and pray in small groups.

Jool is mid-admonition to the tour group as they herd inside.

Crichton, Aeryn, Stark, Scorpius, Rygel, AND NERVOUSLY AT THE BACK OF THE GROUP, Pikal, react in their own ways to the grandeur of the room.

JOOL

I think it goes without saying you show deference and respect. The Conciliators rarely take audiences in the Great Temple, but for this special circumstance, they've agreed.

(beat)

Please... don't embarrass me.

CRICHTON

(to Aeryn)

I'll bet the acoustics in here are La Scala.

(softly calls out)

Hel-lo...

Hel-lo HEL-LO hel-lo HEL-LO

His voice ECHOES BACK IN A VARIETY OF PITCHES AND VOLUMES—HEL-LO hel-lo hel-lo HEL-LO

The Eidelon Priests all stop praying and look over with annoyance at our group.

Jool can't believe it; hangs her head. Crichton hangs his head. Aeryn shakes her head. Rygel nods his head. What else did any of them expect? It's Farscape.

YONDALAO

Excellent acoustics, are they not?

All eyes find HIERARCH YONDALAO peering down from a FREE-FLOATING PULPIT. Wearing RICH, PRIESTLY ROBES, his wizened face has the austerity of one who knows too much, has seen too much. Like Pikal, Yondalao's features are defined by segmentation lines. As the PULPIT DESCENDS—

YONDALAO

Perhaps you care to lead us in prayer?

RYGEL

(under his breath)

Just once... "Nice to meet you; how can I help?"

JOOL

Apologies, Hierarch Yondalao. I was explaining to them--

LANDING THE PULPIT, Yondalao waves her silent. As he depulpits, STARK BOWS AND KNEELS, excessively respectful.

YONDALAO

So... you are the pilgrims who purport to be our heirs.

CRICHTON

Not all of us. I'm just here for a brain.

(re Scorpius)

Tin Man could use a heart.

(re Stark)

Lion...

(re Rygel)

Toto'd like an easy pregnancy.

(re Aeryn)

And Dorothy could use a new pair of shoes.

As Crichton's been talking, they all step aside to reveal Pikal at the back of the group.

CRICHTON

He's your heir.

YONDALAO

(instantly intrigued)

We understood all of our descendants to be gone... Recommend yourself to me.

PIKAL

Though we trace ourselves to your lineage, my people lack the knowledge --but not the desire -- to influence peace. We... I... was hoping...

YONDALAO

Troubling... and exhilarating.

(beat)
I shall confer with the other
Conciliators, and notify you when the
matter can be assessed.

As Yondalao turns back toward the Pulpit--

STARK
But venerable Hierarch, there's a
great conflict pressing.

RYGEL
Perhaps a healthy currency
contribution from my kingdom...

Yondalao's look puts Rygel in his place.

SCORPIUS
(to Crichton)
I told you this was a waste of time.
Myths are rarely satisfying upon
examination.

JOOL
Hierarch, please!

Yondalao stops at the sound of Jool's voice. Our people
react with hope. Jool steps forward deferentially--

JOOL
You know me. And I know these
travelers. They are honorable. Why do
you turn them away?

YONDALAO
I do not -- I simply require time to
examine the issue...

Head still way down, Stark approaches--

STARK
With respects... what is there to
examine? Pikal is Eidelon, like you.

YONDALAO
Through the ages, many have attempted
to grasp our abilities for their own
(MORE)

YONDALAO (CONT'D)
purposes. Some have even undergone
genetic modification in the vain
attempt to master our skills.

STARK GRABS YONDALAO'S ROBES, a bit too intense--

STARK
But the war- -The deaths-

YONDALAO
(commanding, to Aeryn)
Peacekeeper! Do your duty!

Aeryn doesn't understand. On a hunch, she pulls Stark back
from Yondalao as the old man enters the Pulpit--

AERYN
May I speak?

Yondalao pauses. Crichton gives a "You go, girl" look.

YONDALAO.
The Peacekeeper shall be heard.

AERYN
We apologize for invading your
sanctuary. And realize you have reason
for caution. Our transgressions were
the result of enthusiasm for the
possibilities of peace.

YONDALAO
Even if he's Eidelon, how can this one
supplicant help that cause?

AERYN
Because of the atrocity committed here
so long ago, there are but few of you
left. Pikal's people are many, and may
serve in your legion.

YONDALAO
(to Pikal, softening)
Though the Peacekeeper provides sound
(MORE)

YONDALAO (CONT'D)
council, I sustain reservations that
must be prayed upon.
(to Aeryn, a gentler
command)
Peacekeeper -- clear the temple.

AS THE PULPIT BEGINS TO RISE, Crichton steps to Aeryn --

CRICHTON
Baby, I'm proud'a the way you did
that. I thought you sealed the deal.

AERYN
Thank you.

Crichton whips out Winona and FIRES. The bottom of the
Pulpit ERUPTS IN SPARKS. It tips and CRASHES TO THE FLOOR.

All the Eidelons in the background react to this violence.

CRICHTON
Damn. I always come off the least
civilized of the bunch.
(kneels next to Yondalao)
I normally don't use a firearm in
church. Will you take confession?

YONDALAO
(frightened)
Are you assassin?

CRICHTON
Only in that "ass" appears twice in
that word... Today, I'm Yenta, the
Matchmaker. (NOT
Yentyl!)

Crichton motions for Pikal to come close and kneel.

CRICHTON
This here's your great, great, great,
great, grandkid. Say hello.

Now only inches apart, Yondalao's expression changes. He
traces a shaky finger along the lines of Pikal's face.
Yondalao's voice quavers with disbelief--

YONDALAO

These are not genetic modifications...

CRICHTON

The power of prayer. Hallelujah!

And off the moment as everyone reacts...

INT. PILOT'S DEN - MOYA

CHIANA

Tier Nine's grounded. Will I be safe with you?

PILOT

Up here.

Chiana hops up on the console where he indicates.

CHIANA

You as sick of all this as I am, Pilot? Being chased? Getting shot at? Running scared?

PILOT

I would venture, more so.

CHIANA

Yeah. Maybe time to retire.

PILOT

Retire? What would you do?

CHIANA

Don't know... I don't do anything now.

It's a genuine problem that's just surfaced in her mind.

PILOT

(echoing through the ship)

Attention. Position yourself in grounded locations. Electro-char. ge in three...two... one...

Pilot activates his console and ZZAAAAPPPPPPPPP! A GIANT ARCING, SPARKING BOLT OF ELECTRICITY APPEARS AROUND THEM!

EXT. MOYA - ORBITING ARNESSK (REUSE OF PREVIOUS SHOT)

The hull dances with electricity.

INT. GREAT TEMPLE - ARNESSK - DAY

Aeryn sits at the back of the room, watching as--

Yondalao stands inside A RING OF LIT CANDLES. With him are a very nervous Pikal -- now wearing ARNESSKAN ROBES -- and Stark.

Outside the circle are MANY ARNESSKAN PRIESTS. Stately, reverent, religious...

YONDALAO

For the first time in twelve-thousand cycles, we welcome... Hora-da-lay.

Yondalao raises his arms and simultaneously, the OVERHEAD LIGHTS DIM, leaving us in CANDLELIGHT; and the assembled Priests begin A SOFT, REPETITIOUS CHANT. It is simple and primitive, yet soothing.

PRIESTS

Hora-da-lay Ah-mo-daa-nay
No-ka-oh-tey...

(keep repeating)

Hora-da-lay Ah-mo-daa-
nay No-ka-oh-tey...

Aeryn watches as Yondalao POSITIONS STARK BEHIND PIKAL.

YONDALAO

As youths, we open our faces to the universe, absorbing the joy and anguish all creatures feel. Then, upon maturation, we step to the altar and receive Hora-da-lay -- the ability to encourage rationality and tranquillity in others.

Yondalao is now very close to Pikal; face to face.

YONDALAO

The capacity to influence others toward peace carries great

(MORE)

YONDALAO (CONT'D)
responsibility. Do you accept this
burden for the rest of your days?

PIKAL nods.

YONDALAO
(deadly serious)
Blossom your face.

Scared to death and excited at the same time, PIKAL OPENS HIS FACE. Aeryn and Stark react respectively.

THE CHANTING STOPS. Yondalao closes his eyes and concentrates. A PURPLE GLOW EMANATES. BUILDS. Then— ZOOM! IT ENTERS PIKAL'S FACE RAPIDLY. Pikal SCREAMS SO LOUD even Aeryn flinches.

Overcome, Pikal falls backwards into Stark's arms. Pikal blinks, calms, then, PIKAL CLOSES HIS FACE.

STARK
(breathless whisper)
Are you okay?

PIKAL
(joyous revelation)
So much more than that...

Both Stark and Pikal grin large. Yondalao smiles also.

THE CHANTING RESUMES; BUILDS. WONDEROUS, JOYOUS.

On Aeryn, strangely moved by what she's seen. As the celebration continues, she QUIETLY EXITS...

EXT. TEMPLE GROUNDS - ARNESSK - DAY

Crichton sits with Jool. In the distance, Rygel GROANS uncomfortably and adjusts in his ThroneSled.

JOOL
(awkward about it)
Anyway, uh, congratulations on the
pregnancy.

CRICHTON

Yeah, baby shower oughta be somethin'.
You get what you needed from Pilot?

JOOL

The war hasn't encompassed my planet
yet. Pilot sent a coded signal for
them to come and get me.

CRICHTON

You can always hitch with us...

JOOL

I wanna see Chiana and D'Argo -- may
head up with you later -- but think
I'll stay here when you go. Kinda like
research for me.

CRICHTON

You'll have the big bucks lecture
circuit all to yourself. "My Year With
the Eidelons."

JOOL

Is it horrible I'm thinking that?

CRICHTON

No. You did the hard yards. And it can
only be good people learn the
sheriff's back in town.

JOOL

Thanks. I have some things to take
care of. I'll find you later.

As Jool rises and heads off toward Rygel, AERYN APPROACHES
from the Temple.

CRICHTON

How's it going in there?

AERYN

(moved)

You should see. Incredible.

CRICHTON

Really? Not many things wind you up.

AERYN

It's going to work. With training, Pikal and his kind will be able to influence peace in others.

CRICHTON

No wormhole weapon.

AERYN

You know, John Crichton, that's exactly what I was thinking.

They share large smiles.

AERYN

Moya's been electro-charged. I'll take Rygel and Stark back up. Maybe you can persuade Scorpius to remain here for an attitude adjustment.

CRICHTON

Wouldn't that be nice?

RYGEL

(bad attitude)

Good to see you, too. Now, go away.

They look up to see the uncomfortable Rygel shooing Jool along. As Jool gives Rygel a look and EXITS...

CRICHTON

Is it just me, or is he getting bigger?

AERYN

Geometric pregnancy.

CRICHTON

Please tell me that means we're gonna have a mathematician.

AERYN

Warrior, more likely. But we will have it sooner than you think.

CRICHTON

How sooner?

AERYN

The genetic modifications of someone born into battle, like myself, rapidly accelerate childbirth so we can rejoin the front line quickly.

CRICHTON

How quicklier?

AERYN

We'll be parents in a matter of solar days.

Crichton stares, stunned. Sees the nervousness in her eyes.

Tenderly kisses away her doubts.

CRICHTON

He gets your eyes, kid's gonna be a lady killer.

AERYN

I'd prefer he not commit crimes.

He's about to correct her misimpression when--

CRICHTON

Did you just make a joke?

AERYN

(straight face)

Soldiers have no sense of humour, John. I intend to pass that along, too.

And as she starts toward Rygel, leaving Crichton to wonder how he ever got so lucky...

INT. TACTICAL CORE - PK BATTLE FLAGSHIP

Maryk reacts as Lieutenant Jatos hands him battle reports.

The room carries the weight of repeated bad news.

MARYK

Is there nothing they can do?

Lt . Jatos gravely shakes his head.

MARYK

Then order retreat from the Lelanto
Quadrant. Have Commander Spradek
regroup in defense of our nearest
colonized outposts .

REVEAL Grayza in the doorway, calculatedly watching him.

LT. JATOS

Sir? How can the Scarrans move so
quickly through our forward positions?

MARYK

Because they have been planning this
for many cycles, Lieutenant.

LT . JATOS

But you have a design for turning it
around?

Maryk catches Grayza 's eye--

MARYK

Of course. In due time...

Somewhat mollified, Jatos moves off to comply with the
orders.

Maryk and Grayza maintain eye contact a moment, then she
turns and EXITS.

INT. CENTRE CHAMBER - MOYA - DAY

Rygel (still in Pregnancy Stage #2 and uncomfortably
swollen) gorging on PLATES OF SWEETS AND FATS.

As he holds a half-eaten CREAM-FILLED PASTRY in one hand,
drinks A CUP OF ALCOHOL with the other--

D'ARGO'S HANDS REACH AROUND TO GRAB BOTH OF RYGEL'S,
stopping any further ingestion.

RYGEL

Hey--!

As he sits beside him, D'Argo wrests the pastry and cup of
alcohol from the Dominar.

D'ARGO

You cannot be this hungry.

RYGEL

(avoids his gaze)

The baby is.

D'ARGO

For taygrin fats and raslak? Rygel,
your consumption threatens the
heartiest of offspring, let alone one
half-human.

(gently)

What's wrong?

Beat. Surprisingly emotional--

RYGEL

I was a lousy ruler. Capricious.
Rapacious. The pleas of the common
Hynerian were but a din outside my
palace walls.

D'ARGO

It's a good start to realize that.

RYGEL

When I ascended the throne, I fully
intended to be the greatest leader the
Empire had ever known.

D'ARGO

What happened?

RYGEL

I started to believe I was who they
thought I was.

D'ARGO

And now?

RYGEL

One-hundred and thirty-seven cycles in
exile is a great educator. I'll be
different next time.

D'ARGO

Know what, Rygel? I believe you will.

RYGEL

(hushed; great fear)

I just have to get home before they're all dead. I have to lead them; rally them; save my people.

D'ARGO

We'll get you there as soon as we can. Once Pikal learns the way of his ancestors.

RYGEL

(nods, grateful)

My offer stands, D'Argo. You and Chiana can have your own prowsa fruit vineyard; raise a family in peace.

(MOANS from gut pain)

Just don't ask me to carry a Luxan baby.

Rygel pats D'Argo's hand and EXITS. And off D'Argo's thoughtful reaction...

INT. GREAT TEMPLE - ARNESSK - DAY

Crichton stands partially obscured by a pillar (or other obstruction). He's watching Yondalao and several other Eidelon Priests surround Pikal and attempt to engage him in GROUP MENTAL PRAYER. From this distance, the following is clear -- Pikal is having trouble getting it; and Yondalao and the others buck him up with encouragement. As that is happening--

CHIANA

Crichton?

CRICHTON

(whispers)

Yeah, Pip.

INT. PASSAGEWAY - MOYA - INTERCUT AS NEEDED - CONTINUOUS

Chiana walking down the passageway.

CHIANA

Everyone wants to get moving. How much longer?

CRICHTON

Unsure. It's not something I think we can rush.

EXT. MOYA - SPACE - ORBITING ARNESSK

INT. COMMAND - MOYA

Aeryn alone at a forward console, running diagnostics. The DRDs are still working to remove the Tragin's harpoon.

PILOT

Thank you for your assistance, Aeryn. Independent verification of hull integrity is invaluable to Moya and me.

AERYN

It's quite the least I can do, Pilot.

PILOT

If you'll close the thermal imaging ports, I'll begin cycling to pneumestatic distance calibration, completing our harpoon repairs.

At that moment the DRDs sever the harpoon and it crashes to the deck as the DRDs scurry to get out of the way.

Sikozu appears stepping over the fallen harpoon and walks to the other console beside Aeryn.

AERYN

Back so soon? Tell Scorpius, continuously asking won't change my opinion. Peace is still better than trying to build a wormhole weapon.

SIKOZU

Not spoken like a true soldier.

AERYN

Because I no longer am one.

Moment, then--

SIKOZU

May I broach a personal subject...

Aeryn notes the change in Sikozu's tone.

SIKOZU

With all due respect, Crichton is your inferior. Why would you bear his child?

AERYN

You should leave, Sikozu. And I mean, off the ship.

SIKOZU

When I first met Scorpius, I naturally assumed I was his superior. My training and mental capacity notwithstanding, I have since learned there is a reservoir to his abilities that continually overshadows mine.

AERYN

Same with Crichton.

SIKOZU

You view him as your superior?

AERYN

My equal... Perhaps your under and over estimations of your self are meaningless, Sikozu... Perhaps you are just meant to be together.

Sikozu's eye's soften a moment... then she JUMPS SUDDENLY, staring at the console--

SIKOZU

Pilot? Pilot?!

PILOT

Yes, Sikozu?

SIKOZU

There was a contact at the outer rim of Moya's range. A flash, then gone.

PILOT

Perhaps whatever it is is moving away.

SIKOZU

(hitting controls)

No. It was heading toward us.

AERYN

We're recalibrating that system. False echo?

SIKOZU

I know what I saw.

A beat. Aeryn can't afford to discount her.

AERYN

Pilot. Complete strip and rebuild;
now! I want to know what's out there.

As Aeryn and Sikoze attack the consoles with urgency...

EXT. TEMPLE GROUNDS - ARNESSK - DAY

Crichton exits the temple to see Scorpius in conversation with SEVERAL EIDELON PRIESTS, letting them do all the talking, soaking up information. Scorpius excuses himself and falls in walking beside Crichton.

SCORPIUS

Interesting, these Eidelons.

CRICHTON

Why don't ya tell me, Bob?

SCORPIUS

Despite the fable that's grown around them, they can only affect peace if the combatants willingly allow them near.

CRICHTON

Fascinating. Jool's writing a book -- you could do the foreword.

SCORPIUS

The Scarrans, for certain, would destroy peace makers long before they could get close enough to have any impact.

CRICHTON

I'm not the expert. They are. Let 'em do their thing.

SCORPIUS

Fine. But do yours at the same time.

Crichton stops, turns to him.

CRICHTON

What is it you want, Scorp? Deep down? Me making weapons, that's just a means to your ends. What are they? Really?

SCORPIUS

(honest beat)

Power.

CRICHTON

Duh. But why? To pull chicks? What?

SCORPIUS

I enjoy... the competition.

CRICHTON

(dismissing him)

Play with yourself, okay.

As Crichton starts walking again, Scorpius calls after--

SCORPIUS

We've been here too long. I have a highly developed survival sense, and it's telling me to leave.

CRICHTON

Buh-bye.

AERYN

John! There's a Scarran warship closing on the planet at maximum speed.

Crichton turns to Scorpius, who shows the barest hint of a supremecy-laden "I told you so" look.

CRICHTON
Stryker, or Dreadnaught?

INT. COMMAND - MOYA - INTERCUT

Aeryn at one console, Sikozeu at the other.

SIKOZU
Something new. Much faster. And
bristling with armaments.

CRICHTON
How much time left?

AERYN
(correcting)
How little.

LOSE INTERCUT AS--

CRICHTON
D'Argo?

INT. TRANSPORT POD - STATIONARY INSIDE MOYA - INTERCUT

Action shot. D'Argo leaping over and into the pilot's seat.
As he flips switches and THE ENGINE ROARS TO LIFE--

D'ARGO
On my way to pick you up!

LOSE INTERCUT as Crichton starts toward the Temple.
Scorpius strides with him, then VEERS IN ANOTHER DIRECTION.

CRICHTON
Where you goin'?

SCORPIUS
To remove as much of our presence as
possible. The Scarrans will be hard
enough on these Eidelons as it is.

CRICHTON
They ain't gonna be here, Scorp.
They're coming with us.

INT. GREAT TEMPLE - ARNESSK - DAY

YONDALAO
That is impossible.

CRICHTON
Jool, explain to him what's going on.

Crichton stands winded before Yondalao and Jool. In the background, Pikal -- now in LOCAL ROBES -- with CONCILIATOR EZRANAN, a stately, serene woman. In the distance, a DOZEN OTHER CONCILIATORS listen.

JOOL
He knows.

CRICHTON
Hierarch Yondalao, with respects,
these are not your average crazed ax
murdering cannibal psychopaths coming.

YONDALAO.
We will be alright.

CRICHTON
The big hand says, I don't have time
to argue... Pikal, gotta go.

Pikal looks torn. Glances at Yondalao for leadership.

YONDALAO
He is not yet prepared to instruct
others. His education must continue.

CRICHTON
You need more Conciliators, right?
There's a whole planet of his people
back there. How do we get 'em up to
speed?

YONDALAO
I will instruct them.

CRICHTON
Fine. Jool, you have to come, too.

JOOL
(tempted, but--)
I belong here, Crichton.

She stands on tiptoes to gently kiss him.

Crichton touches her hand. Beat. Then, forcefully grabs Yondalao's arm.

CRICHTON
You're about to get some fabulous
frequent flyer miles.

INT. CENTRE CHAMBER - MOYA

Rygel disdainfully eyes the Tissue Transferal Conductor on the counter amidst all the CAKES AND SWEETS from the previous scene. Stark enters, agitated and just a bit shy of "my side, your side.

STARK
This is not good.

RYGEL
No dren. I'm swollen like an infected Heeligorous, and this frelling thing is supposed to get the baby outta me?... I don't think so.

STARK
Not you -- them.

RYGEL
Who them? There's only me. What? The Scarrans? Look-

He indicates out the window, where the TRANSPORT POD can be seen approaching.

RYGEL
Crichton's almost back. We'll StarBurst and be gone. You wanna worry about someone, worry about my leaderless subjects.

STARK
The Eidelons!

RYGEL

What about them?

Overcome with dread, his back to the bulkhead, Stark begins to REPEATEDLY BANG HIS HEAD AGAINST THE WALL.

STARK

They are good, give them peace. They are good, sleep in peace. They are good, die in peace...

Stark's reaction causes Rygel to sense a bigger concern. He looks with sudden trepidation out the window at the Transport Pod again.

RYGEL

(very worried)

Pilot? Is everything okay?

INT. COMMAND/PILOT'S DEN - INTERCUT

EVERYTHING FAST. Crichton and Scorpius rocket into the room, joining Aeryn and Sikoze. Through the Forward Portal, Arnessk glistens, a solitary jewel against black velvet. From the projector on the strategy table a HOLOGRAM of Jool inside the temple, flanked by Pikal, and the rest of the Conciliators in the background.

PIKAL

(over his shoulder)

Get one of the Conciliators. Hurry!

(turns to camera nervous)

As Peaceful emissaries, we greet all with equal welcome, favoring allegiance to none.

CRICHTON

Why aren't we moving?

Aeryn mouths "Pilot" to Crichton.

PILOT

The Scarrans are close enough to have targeted us.

SCORPIUS

Initiate StarBurst. Outrun them.

SIKOZU

Moya refuses. Before she can fully
power up, we'll be hit.

CRICHTON

Any ideas for a diversion?

In the absence of a Scarran reply, Jool steps forward.

JOOL

Scarran vessel... The inhabitants of
Arnessk are peaceful. We have no
weapons, and pose no threat. Do you
wish to land?

And off the spooky silence...

INT. QUARTERS - MOYA - CONTINUOUS

Listening in on Comms as they go, D'Argo and Chiana rush
Yondalao to his room faster than the old man would like.

CHIANA

No reply. What are they doing?

D'ARGO

Deciding how savage they want to be.

INT. COMMAND/PILOT'S DEN - INTERCUT

CRICHTON

Pilot, we can't just sit here. Moya's
gotta take the risk.

PILOT

At this range, Commander, it's
suicide.

JOOL

Scarran vessel -- may we be of some
assistance?

EXT. SPACE - DECIMATOR

The Scarrans arrive on the scene, in close proximity to the
planet, with Moya situated between the two.

INT. SCARRAN WAR NEXUS - DECIMATOR

Jool still on the hologram.

JOOL
(nervous beat)
Scarran vessel, please respond.

Ahkna at a console, reporting to Staleek, Charrids and Scarrans manning posts.

AHKNA
Coordinate charts show a dead,
uninhabited planet.

STALEEK
Obviously not.

AHKNA
Crichton's presence indicates a
Peacekeeper ally. Possibly a trap. I
suggest Weapons system Cryaka.

Staleek nods his approval. Ahkna spins to the others--

AHKNA
Prepare!

INT. COMMAND - MOYA - CONTINUOUS

Crichton's got a bad gut feeling --

CRICHTON
Jool -- can you hear me?

JOOL
Crichton? Are the Scarrans still here?
Have they responded?

CRICHTON
Get away from the temple. Now.

JOOL
What's going on? John?

EXT. SPACE - DECIMATOR - CONTINUOUS

TWO MISSILE-LIKE PROJECTILES are fired. Streaking toward

Arnessk, they slash toward Moya.

INT. COMMAND - MOYA - CONTINUOUS

SIKOZU

The Scarrans have fired!

AERYN

At us.

CRICHTON

Pilot! Evasive maneuvers!

PILOT

No time!

Having slashed past on either side from behind, the projectiles can be seen through the forward portal rushing toward Arnessk.

JOOL IS STILL ON-SCREEN.

CRICHTON

Sonofabitch. Not us.

Crichton, Aeryn, Scorpius and SikoZu watch -- with JOOL STILL ON-SCREEN -- as the PROJECTILES IMPACT. TWO TINY EXPLOSIVE FLASHES mushroom on the planet's surface--

WHUMP! WHUMP! Jool, Pikal and the others react as CONCUSSIVE SOUNDS reach them

JOOL

What was that?!

Aeryn and Crichton trade mournful looks as they watch--

A DISTANT FIRESTORM SWEEPS RAPIDLY ACROSS A SECTION OF ARNESSK (think the size of France, not the whole planet).

In the hologram, Jool and the Eidelons react to a GROWING RUMBLING, LIKE A FREIGHT TRAIN COMING CLOSER. Pikal is frightened. The other Eidelons shout, panicked. Jool stares at us, calm--

JOOL

If you can, let my family know I love them. That I did something good. Dad would like that.

The firestorm reaches the temple. WALLS EXPLODE! DEAFENING NOISE. MOLTEN FLAME advances with meteoric speed, VAPORIZING EVERYONE AND EVERYTHING IN A HORRIFIC INSTANT!

INT. QUARTERS - MOYA - CONTINUOUS

PUSH CLOSE on Yondalao. Though he lacks a window to see -- he KNOWS his world, his people, are gone.

INT. PASSAGEWAY OUTSIDE QUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

Chiana clings to D'Argo in sadness as they listen to events unfold OVER THEIR COMMS.

CHIANA

We're cursed, D'Argo. Everything we touch.

INT. CENTRE CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

Listening in also, Rygel reacts in horror to the atrocity.

Stark CRIES OUT in shared agony with the temple victims and BANGS HIS HEAD one final time, SINKING TO THE FLOOR.

INT. COMMAND - MOYA - CONTINUOUS

Crichton punches a console with rage. Suddenly, THE WHINE OF IMPENDING STARBURST fills the room--

PILOT

Attention people! Moya's using the atrocity as cover. Prepare for emergency StarBurst.

EXT. SPACE - CONTINUOUS

Moya's tail begins to sparkle with StarBurst.

The Decimator FIRES A LASER BURST, SHATTERING THE TIP OF ONE TAIL FIN. This causes Starburst to misfire, and the great ship lurches VERY HARD SIDEWAYS.

INT. QUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

Yondalao is thrown off his bunk.

INT. PASSAGEWAY OUTSIDE QUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

D'Argo and Chiana are slammed forcefully against a wall

INT. CENTRE CHAMBER - MOYA - CONTINUOUS

Stark slides like a rag doll across the floor as Rygel fights to maintain control of his ThroneSled.

The Tissue Transferal Conductor clatters to the deck amid a SPLATTERING OF CAKES that have slid off the counter.

INT. PILOT'S DEN - CONTINUOUS

Pilot is whiplashed forward, all four arms flailing in one extreme direction.

INT. COMMAND - MOYA - CONTINUOUS

SPARKS AND EXPLOSIONS!As Scorpius and Sikozeu are thrown to the deck, Crichton manages to enclose Aeryn in his arms, protecting her as they fall out of FRAME. Desperate chaos, as we --

WE GO TO BLACK.

EXT. SPACE - SOME TIME LATER

Moya floats sideways, out of commission, the back section of one fin shattered and broken.

INT. MAINTENANCE BAY - CONTINUOUS

RYGEL

But I'm pregnant! Shouldn't I stay here?

Very pregnant Rygel (now Stage #3; ready to burst) resists Aeryn, who's dragging him towards the Transport Pod steps.

AERYN

If anyone remains behind, the Scarrans will destroy Moya. Come on.

INT. TRANSPORT POD - MOTIONLESS - CONTINUOUS

Total tension as Crichton drops into the pilot's seat, Sikozy already running a system's check in the other.

SIKOZY

I've cross-connected the power drive and fuel systems. We can detonate ourselves should we choose.

CRICHTON

Comforting.

IN THE BACK, Aeryn and Rygel enter the cramped space, joining the woozy Stark, Scorpius and stunned Yondalao.

CRICHTON

D'Argo -- last chance to bail.

INT. LOLA - HOVERING - INTERCUT

D'Argo and Chiana just lifting off.

D'ARGO

I'm fairly certain they can't pierce Lo'La's Invisibility Shield. You give us any kind of signal, we'll be there.
(under his breath to Chiana)
I hope.

SIKOZY

Good fortune, and get out of the way

INT. TRANSPORT HANGAR

The Transport Pod LIFTS OFF and turns, aligning itself with LoLa. And together, they head out toward open space, Lo'La SHIMMERING into INVISIBILITY as they go.

INT. TRANSPORT POD - FLYING - CONTINUOUS

RYGEL

Well, when this idiot plan dies, I'd say I'm the first one you rescue.

Rygel pats his pregnant belly as support. When Scorpius and Stark give him a foul look, he references Aeryn.

RYGEL

Ask her.

AERYN

(moment, then--)

Rescue Yondalao first.

SCORPIUS

(disdain)

Isn't he supposed to rescue us?

CRICHTON

How 'bout it? We stride onto the Scarran ship and you make heap big magic? We all smoke peace pipe?

YONDALAO

They are a species unfamiliar to me. I must first sense their fears and desires through proximity.

SIKOZU

You're about to get all the proximity you can handle. Scarran vessel dead ahead.

AERYN

How long do you require to prepare?

YONDALAO

No more than a few arns if they emit strong emotions.

CRICHTON

Strong emissions are their suit.

STARK

(hopeful)

We can stall for a few arns -- we're very good at that.

CRICHTON

Yeah, should take at least that long to get room service sorted out.

And as they fly on in tense silence...

INT. SCARRAN WAR NEXUS - DECIMATOR - CONTINUOUS

Staleek and Ahkna watch as A LONE TRANSPORT POD exits Moya and heads toward them.

AHKNA

One Transport Pod approaching.

STALEEK

Probe the Leviathan. If you discover any life other than its Pilot, annihilate the vessel.

Ahkna nods and sets about the task.

A shrill alarm sounds.

INT. CONTAINMENT QUARTERS - DECIMATOR

THE SHRILL ALARM is coming from a Sentinal (Scarran DRD) as it SCANS Aeryn. She's just entered the room, armed SCARRAN GUARDS on either side. Weapons are leveled at her. Aeryn stops, perplexed, innocent. The weapons are unwavering.

Finally, losing the bluff, Aeryn slowly produces A DAGGER hidden in her boot.

AERYN

Must've overlooked this.

The Sentinal's SIREN CONTINUES. The weapons stay leveled. From under her hair at the back of her neck, Aeryn produces A SMALL WEAPON. She trades a look with Crichton, then is roughly shoved into the room, joining Crichton, Scorpius, Sikoze, Stark, Yondalao and Rygel.

CRICHTON

I won-der whaaat they want... ?

As the tension builds, Yondalao turns QUIETLY to Stark-

YONDALAO

You lived among the Scarrans?

STARK

Most of my life. Assisted their dying rituals -- passage to the other side.

YONDALAO

Then you know their psyche.

STARK

As much as possible. They're
secretive. Primal.

YONDALAO

Assist me with the knowledge, that we
may discover their path to peace.

Stark is about to tell what he knows when the Scarran
guards smartly step aside, allowing STALEEK AND AHKNA TO
SWEEP INTO THE ROOM triumphantly.

STALEEK

Welcome to my flagship.

CRICHTON

That was a temple you nuked down
there.

STALEEK

An act of precaution. Requisite in
times of war. As is truth seeking.

Without prelude, Staleek HEAT-TRUTHS AERYN--

STALEEK

The Luxan and Nebari who were
traveling with you?

AERYN

(instant pain)

Gone. A short while before we came.

Staleek releases Aeryn from the Truth Ray's grip. She
staggers and Crichton steadies her.

Ahkna is near Rygel, whom she notes with curiosity.

AHKNA

Strange. I always assumed His Highness
was male.

RYGEL

(in discomfort)

Tumor. Not long to live.

AHKNA

I would agree.

As Rygel reacts, Staleek indicates to the guards.

STALEEK

Take the Hynerian to separate
barracks.

As the Guards grab Rygel, Crichton and Aeryn attempt to
intervene. The Scarrans violently deflect them.

RYGEL

Stop it! Let go of me!

As RYGEL IS TAKEN FROM THE ROOM, protesting--

STALEEK

I find it intriguing Sebaceans and
Humans can propagate together. And
troubling.

STARK

How did you know he was pregnant with
their child?!

STALEEK

The same way I knew to find you here.

SIKOZU

A traitor.

STARK

But, who? None of us would--

SCORPIUS

Grunchlk.

Staleek smiles; moves to Scorpius.

STALEEK

They say one traitor can always
recognize another.

(fingers Scorpius's
headpiece)

If only you hadn't facilitated
Crichton's earlier escape... there
might be peace now.

SCORPIUS

With you as supreme ruler.

Staleek ACTIVATES SCORPIUS' HEADGEAR, ASSEMBLY EJECTING.

STALEEK

A position I know you dream of,
Scorpius. Perhaps I can facilitate a
return to your fantasy world.

Staleek VIOLENTLY RIPS THE ASSEMBLY FROM SCORPIUS' HEAD.

Scorpius howls and drops to his knees, TWISTED WRECKAGE
dangling from the hole. As Sikoze rushes to comfort him--
Staleek turns on Crichton with focused malevolence.

STALEEK

You are alive for one reason only.
Protestations aside, I will have the
wormhole knowledge you possess. If
not, War Minister Ahkna will pleasure
herself torturing the Hynerian and
abomination in his belly.

Ahkna leers sadistically, punctuating the threat.

STALEEK

(to Aeryn)

Care to watch?

(to Crichton)

You have one arm to decide.

Staleek whirls and exits, followed by Ahkna and the guards.
The DOOR CLOSES, a HYDRAULIC DEADBOLT locking them in.

Scorpius twitches on the ground, rises to a knee. Sikoze
moves to examine the door, searching for a way out. Stark
whimpers, retreats to a corner. Yondalao sits, deep in
concentration, drawing vibes from the encounter.

CRICHTON

Peacekeepers have a word for
predestination?

(off her blank look)

You're gonna do it whether you wanna
do it or not, so you might as well do
it with your middle finger in the air.

AERYN

You can't give him wormhole weapons.

CRICHTON

Yondalao 101 isn't ready. They have Rygel. Tell me I'm wrong.

AERYN

(conflicted beat, then--)

I want that baby, John. But do you know what you're doing?

CRICHTON

Almost never.

As Crichton starts for the door, Scorpius grabs his boot.

SCORPIUS

You... give them... nothing.

As Crichton peels Scorpius' fingers off--

CRICHTON

That should be easy.

Peeling Scorpius' fingers off, Crichton bangs on the door.

CRICHTON

Door number one, Stormtroopers --
let's make a deal!

INT. BRIDGE - SCORPIUS' COMMAND CARRIER

Braca faces the forward window. In the distance. THREE DOZEN TINY DOTS -- WARSHIPS -- are moving toward Qujagan.

BRACA

Grand Chancellor, I assure you. From all indications, this is Emperor Staleek's armada preparing to engage us.

INT. GRAND CHANCELLOR'S CHAMBER - INTERCUT

Maryk is contemptuous. Grayza behind him with interest.

MARYK

Preposterous. What would he be doing
at such a non-strategic coordinate?

BRACA

His ship is not here yet, sir, but--
(hesitates, then)
They're coming for Crichton.

Disgusted, MARYK ENDS THE COMMUNICATION; turns to Grayza--

MARYK

And now you will tell me this one
human holds such fascination that
Scorpius would desert, the Scarran
Emperor would pursue, and we should
all tremble at the power of his
magical wormholes?

Grayza ignores the tirade and begins preparing them TEA.

MARYK

Did you not tell me Crichton was
powerless; his doomsday weapon a myth?

GRAYZA

To my belief... But the moment is not
without opportunity.

MARYK

(proffers a DATA CHIP)

Agreed. Knowing the Emperor's
whereabouts allows us to initiate a
peace proposal before our position is
so eroded as to be laughable.

Grayza pauses. A moment of decision. Then, UNSEEN BY MARYK,
she removes one EARRING and drops it in the tea. IT FIZZES
AS IT DISSOLVES.

Grayza approaches, but DOES NOT OFFER THE TEA yet.

GRAYZA

It also allows us to surprise the
Scarran leader and decapitate his
empire. Sudden chaos within their
ranks could tip the balance.

MARYK

(twiddles DATA CHIP)

And if that fails? He will never entertain an overture to truce. I will not be remembered by history as the commander under whom Peacekeeperdom fell...

Grayza smiles and finally offers him the tea, sure that he is no longer fit to lead. As he SIPS.

GRAYZA

No, my love. You will not.

Maryk reacts, feeling THE FIRST PANGS OF POISON.

GRAYZA

Because despite your station, you are weak.

MARYK CHOKES. DROPS THE TEA. STRUGGLES FOR AIR.

GRAYZA

I say that which I have before -- death is preferable to subjugation under Scarran rule. They must be defeated.

As Maryk sinks to the floor, GASPING NOW, the DATA CHIP slips from his grasp and SLIDES NEAR HER FOOT.

GRAYZA

Desperate times... Peace.

As Maryk TWITCHES, then lies still, Grayza's toe comes downon the DATA CHIP, SHATTERING IT LIKE GLASS. She calmly sips her tea before activating Comms--

GRAYZA

Medical to Grand Chancellor's chamber. He's in some kind of... distress.

And off Grayza's cold reaction to the father of her child lying dead at her feet...

INT. MEDICAL QUARTERS - DECIMATOR

Rygel lies on a surgical table, moaning, swollen. Ahkna

issues instructions to a FEMALE SCARRAN DOCTOR.

AHKNA

The Emperor wants this one maintained.
However, I would consider it a
personal favor should he die of
explainable causes.

The Doctor nods, understanding. Before Ahkna can leave, A SCARRAN OFFICER arrives to hand her DIGI-REPORT. She reacts, darker and more malevolent than we've ever seen.

INT. NEXUS - DECIMATOR

Staleek, examining a console, turns when he hears--

CRICHTON

Hey, Godzilla! Wanna go shopping?
Wormhole Wal-Mart's got low, low
prices every day.

Crichton is straining forward, literally dragging TWO CHARRID ESCORTS who attempt to restrain his progress.

CRICHTON

You win. I surrender. I'll take you to
where wormhole knowledge bubbles up
from the ground like Perrier. But you
let Rygel go.

STALEEK

Give me the coordinates.

CRICHTON

Doesn't work like that. We go in my
ship. Two-door with no back seat. Only
way to get there.

STALEEK

I'm not that imprudent as to travel
with you. I shall send--

Ahkna has just entered with purpose, carrying the DIGI-REPORT she received in the last scene.

STALEEK

Ahkna.

She stops; glares at Staleek. Crichton turns to her.

CRICHTON

Don't look so pale, baby -- I'll make
you more powerful than the Wicked
Witch of the West.

Ahkna gauges his sincerity. Then, SHE HEAT-TRUTHS HIM.

AHKNA

Is this a trick? A trap?

In pain, Crichton shakes his head. Ahkna releases him from
the heat ray with a small smile.

AHKNA

I shall accompany him, your Eminence.

Staleek has reconsidered letting Ahkna grab the power.

STALEEK

No. Prepare a course to rejoin our
battle group at the water planet. I
will go.

CRICHTON

(grins at Ahkna)

Sorry. You stay the dumb Scarran
Minister of Funny Hats.

As Staleek and his guards escort Crichton from the room,
Ahkna glares after her superior with contempt. Then, she
thrusts the DIGI-REPORT to a Bridge Officer. The Officer
studies the report a moment, then reacts: "Holy shit! This
is not good."

She gives him a "Fix it!" Look.

INT. LOLA - INVISIBILITY MODE - CONTINUOUS

CHIANA

(squinting our front)

And a final power source two
compartments forward of the last
magnetic relay...

She shakes off her "alien vision," then examines the fully
detailed CG DECIMATOR BLUEPRINT. Points out an error--

CHIANA

Smaller, more intense. And, here.

D'Argo hits a few controls and a bright point of orange light on the hologram moves location and intensifies.

CHIANA

That's it. That's it!

D'ARGO

(enjoys the moment)

Excellent. I can stop them cold with three perfect shots.

She grins and kisses him as he works.

CHIANA

Why so many? You usually get me with just one.

D'ARGO

Rygel's invited us to Hyneria.

CHIANA

They have a great aphrodisiac snail stew.

D'ARGO

I was thinking I'd like to work with my hands.

Chiana grins seductively, offering herself.

D'ARGO

Maybe plant prowsa fruit. Make wine.

CHIANA

Make love.

D'ARGO

(turns to her, deadpan)

What's on your mind?

She smiles broadly and begins to peel off her tunic...

INT. CONTAINMENT QUARTERS - DECIMATOR

Having peeled back Scorpius' headgear, REVEALING HIS

MANGLED SKULL BENEATH, Sikozu is now tearing a strip of metal apart with her bare hands to make him a protective cover.

Across the room, Yondalao sits as Stark paces before him.

STARK

Yes, yes, I see... If faced with such a moral choice, Scarrans would still choose to slaughter innocents. I must think...

And as Stark wanders off, muttering, Aeryn approaches--

AERYN

Any progress?

YONDALAO

A great deal. I will soon be able to influence their passions.

AERYN

Good... Before, in the temple, when you said, "Peacekeeper, do your duty..." What did you mean?

YONDALAO

I had forgotten that you had forgotten.

(sage beat)

At the dawn of our period of usefulness -- twenty-seven thousand cycles ago -- we developed need of a guard. A race no one had quarrel with. A force to insure harmony prevailed once negotiations had finished.

AERYN

(hushed revelation)

Peacekeepers...

YONDALAO

Apparently, your forbearers attempted to carry on once we vanished. However, lacking our mediation abilities, they kept peace the only way they could -- at the muzzle of a weapon.

AERYN

And for that we're hated.

YONDALAO

It wasn't such at the beginning. We took great care to choose a species no one had met before. We found your kind -- primitive and barely clothed -- far removed on the galaxy's outer spiral. Having brought some of you back, your evolution was accelerated, with generous alterations, until you became our trusted acolytes.

AERYN

It is a pleasure to once again serve.

Yondalao nods, pleased with her understanding. Then --

THE SECURITY DOOR UNLOCKS and Ahkna is revealed in the corridor beyond, flanked by GUARDS. She motions for Aeryn.

EXT. CRICHTON'S MODULE - DRIFTING IN SPACE

As we swing around and move closer...

INT. CRICHTON'S MODULE - DRIFTING - CONTINUOUS

Emperor Staleek is uncomfortable in the back seat; cramped, neck bent. Crichton scans the blackness before them.

STALEEK

I grow weary.

CRICHTON

Yeah? What's that like?

Staleek looks around at the nothingness. Skeptical.

STALEEK

This is the source of your knowledge?

CRICHTON

And the back of cereal boxes.

INT. EARTH CAR - LIMBO - INTERCUT

Crichton and Harvey in the front seat, both costumed and made up like CRASH TEST DUMMIES. Noting Harvey's appearance, Crichton checks himself in the mirror.

During the scene, the car is slowly being RATCHETED BACKWARDS with a series of small, but distinct, jolts.

HARVEY

You know what you have to do, John.

CRICHTON

Actually, yes.

HARVEY

Just fly the module into an asteroid.
No more Staleek.

CRICHTON

No more Crichton. No more Aeryn. No more anybody. You think War Minister Psychodrama's gonna be kinder and gentler?

HARVEY

(grabbing Crichton)

Someone else's problem. But you will have done your duty.

CRICHTON

Pass. And take your hand off'a me.

BACK IN THE MODULE - CONTINUOUS

CRICHTON

I said, take your hand off.

Hand on Crichton's neck; Staleek squeezes harder.

STALEEK

We shall return to my ship -- there is no wormhole here.

CRICHTON

We're catchin' the four-fifteen. It's never late.

HARVEY AND CRICHTON IN THE EARTH CAR - CONTINUOUS

HARVEY

Last chance. Veer into the wall of the wormhole. It'll be over fast.

CRICHTON

Son's gotta have a father, Harv.

HARVEY

Could be a girl.

CRICHTON

Nah.

The backwards ratcheting stops.

HARVEY

Buckle up.

They both buckle their shoulder belts and--

THE CAR ACCELERATES FORWARD, whiplashing them.

INT. CAR CRASH CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

The Earth Car catapults along a rail -- like footage from every Insurance Institute Safety Study you've ever seen -- SMASHING VIOLENTLY INTO A WALL. The dummies inside are crunched into the crumpling dash and exploding glass.

BACK IN THE MODULE - CONTINUOUS

The WORMHOLE OPENS in front of them.

CRICHTON

Cinch up your diaper, big boy -- first time's the worst.

Crichton angles his craft into the gaping maw of the SWIRLING WORMHOLE. Despite his emperor stoicness, Staleek can't help but show fear as they cross the threshold.

INT. WORMHOLE - INTERCUT

The Module corkscrews wildly past. Inside, THE COCKPIT ROTATES INSANELY.

STALEEK
(way concerned)
This... is normal?

CRICHTON
No. The module's overweighted. There's
a fat guy in seat Two-B.

Up ahead, a FORK IN THE WORMHOLE. Crichton fights the
stick.

At the last second - The Module rockets down the left
branch like a missile.

INT. WAR NEXUS - DECIMATOR

Guards shadowing, Ahkna and Aeryn step up to the window.
Moya is visible in the distance; no other ships.

AHKNA
I have been informed you plot escape.

AERYN
We're prisoners, with no weapons.

AHKNA
None here. But, perhaps... out there.

Aeryn looks at the stars. Ahkna studies her coldly.

AHKNA
I promise... you will never be
reunited with your baby.

AERYN
(buries the fear)
I'm sure your mother wished the same
thing.

AHKNA
(grins)
Very brave, you are... No doubt
believing your invisible Luxan ship
will save you.

Aeryn reacts. She knows. Ahkna knows.

AHKNA

Ordnance Officer? Fire.

CANNONS BOOM and Aeryn watches in alarm as SHELLS EXPLODE IN EMPTY SPACE. As the third shell detonates, D'ARGO'S SHIP FLICKERS INTO VIEW, having been hit!

INT. LOLA - INVISIBILITY MODE - INTERCUT

D'Argo struggles with the controls, Chiana holding on for dear life as the ship ROCKS VIOLENTLY. ARCS AND SPARKS!

CHIANA

D'Argo--!

D'ARGO

How the hezmana--?!They know we're here!

As D'Argo wrestles for control, THEY'RE ROCKED AGAIN.

BACK INSIDE THE WAR NEXUS

Aeryn watches in horror as Lola - hit again - FLICKERS ONCE MORE, then RESOLVES, now fully visible. The tail section is FULLY ENGULFED IN FLAMES!

AERYN

Stop it. They can't hurt you now.

AHKNA

Agreed. The Luxans are as Peacekeepers. Soon to be dead or enslaved.

A FINAL SHOT TRIGGERS A FIERY EXPLOSION! D'Argo's ship BREAKS APART, pieces ejected everywhere. Amidst the debris, D'ARGO AND CHIANA TUMBLE OUT UNPROTECTED INTO SPACE!

And as we PUSH CLOSE on Aeryn's helpless reaction...

INT. WORMHOLE

The Module slices past, nearly out of control. And then, before our eyes, IT DISAPPEARS!

EXT. LIMBO BLIZZARD

MASSIVE, SWIRLING SNOWSTORM. HOWLING WIND. The Module sits nearby, enshrouded by snow. Crichton is face down with a mouthful of it. Staleek lays across an icy rise nearby. Both men rouse...

CRICHTON
(spitting out the snow)
Least it wasn't yellow.

As they rise, EINSTEIN has appeared where a moment ago there was no one. Black suit; hollow eyes; not happy. Crichton gives a pathetic little wave; Staleek stiffens.

EINSTEIN
You have violated our trust.

CRICHTON
He has my lady and child.

EINSTEIN
Unimportant to the larger agenda.

CRICHTON
They are my larger agenda.

EINSTEIN
(studies Staleek)
Why have you brought him here?

CRICHTON
It's Armaggedon on our side of the fence. Everyone wants wormholes. Think of this as an educational tour.

STALEEK
Who is this creature?

CRICHTON
Call him Einstein... Nicely.

Staleek raises his hand to HEAT-TRUTH EINSTEIN! Anticipating this, Einstein casually flicks two fingers as if brushing a crumb off someone's shoulders, and AS IF VIOLENTLY STRUCK, Staleek's hand is knocked away.

Staleek growls, again raises his hand and once again

Einstein waves his own, knocking Staleek's to the side.

CRICHTON

Staleek... he can twist time around his little finger. Truth Ray's not going to work.

STALEEK

(ignoring Crichton)

Eyen-stine - - do you possess the knowledge of wormholes?

EINSTEIN

Yes.

STALEEK

Can these wormholes make weapons?

EINSTEIN

Yes.

STALEEK

Then you will give me that power.

EINSTEIN

No.

Now with a fierce roar, Staleek charges Einstein to throttle him. Again Einstein moves his hand through the air, this time freezing Staleek in his tracks.

CRICHTON

Humbling, ain't it?

Staleek struggles to break out of the time warp but ultimately has to bow in recognition of a higher power.

CRICHTON

I can find wormholes. Fly through 'em. Right?

EINSTEIN

With rudimentary knowledge we have given you.

CRICHTON

But can I make a weapon?

EINSTEIN

You cannot.

Crichton gives Staleek a "see" expression.

CRICHTON

Why?

EINSTEIN

No one should have that power.

Crichton makes a SNOWBALL and holds it in front of Staleek.

CRICHTON

Listen up. This is your universe. And
this is your universe on wormholes.

(crumbles the snowball)

Mess with the natural order, you set
off a reaction destroying both our
dimensions. You wanna win the war and
rule the galaxy, be my guest, but you
don't need me to do it.

Einstein motions for Crichton to follow him on A SHORT
WALK.

Staleek, still in the time warp, can't follow.

EINSTEIN

Returning here was wrong.

CRICHTON

He can't come back on his own. And I
needed to save the people I love.
You owe me that for putting this crap
in my head.

EINSTEIN

It may soon be prudent to remove it.

CRICHTON

Amen. I wanna be blonde again.

EINSTEIN

Perhaps when the discord has ended.

CRICHTON

I don't like being your insurance policy. Especially when I don't even know what it's for.

Einstein drills him with a look, and then -- IS GONE!

Crichton turns back to Staleek, now released.

CRICHTON

Happy?

STALEEK

You truly cannot build a wormhole weapon.

CRICHTON

(snaps his fingers)

How quick are you?

(heading to the Module)

Stay if you want. Build a snow Scarran...

With a last look around, Staleek trudges after Crichton...

EXT. SPACE - D'ARGO AND CHIANA FLOATING

Drifting amidst the debris of Lola, now some distance from the Decimator. D'Argo has managed to get to Chiana; holding onto her jersey. She is wild-eyed with fear, cheeks puffed, like she's holding her breath.

After a beat, D'Argo's lungs expand and he places his mouth over hers, BREATHING INTO HER to keep her alive...

INT. CONTAINMENT QUARTERS - DECIMATOR

A solemnness permeates the room. Stark is deep in prayer. With each cadence, he dips slightly and briefly opens a corner of his mask, allowing WHITE LIGHT TO SPILL OUT.

STARK

Enshrine their souls. Anoint with harmony. Dispel all suffering. And guide the passage of Ka D'Argo and Chiana to a place of rest...

Across the room, Aeryn and Yondalao--

YONDALAO

Cannot a Luxan survive in space?

AERYN

For a quarter arn, maybe a little longer.

YONDALAO

Scarran brutality surprises me. They will be difficult to influence.

And off Aeryn' s "Oh, great" look--

SCORPIUS

(weak)

The Scarran blood in my veins knows more than you ever will, Eidelon...

Off to the side, Sikoze is pulling Scorpius' hood back in place, A TEMPORARY PATCH over his ripped apart ear-hole.

SCORPIUS

At the first scent of interference, you will be as dead as D'Argo and the Nebari tralk.

SIKOZU

There's only one path from this prison...we fight our way out.

And off the discord of opinions as to courses of action...

EXT. SPACE - D'ARGO AND CHIANA FLOATING

He no longer has air to give. They trade sad, accepting glances. And as their eyes begin to roll up--

A SPACE-SUITED HAND grabs D'Argo' s arm and spins him around!

ANOTHER SPACE-SUITED HAND grabs Chiana. D'Argo 's eyes go WIDE as he (but not us) sees who his rescuer is...

INT. MEDICAL QUARTERS - DECIMATOR

Rygel is enormously swollen. Colour off, looking terrible,

he shifts continuously, unable to . get comfortable.

RYGEL

Oohhhwww... You have to do something.
It's time to transfer the baby.

FEMALE SCARRAN DOCTOR

When I am instructed.

This is her opportunity. The Doctor prepares a SCARRAN SYRINGE with a special vial of ORANGE LIQUID. A drop of it hits the counter, MARRING THE SURFACE AS IF ACID.

FEMALE SCARRAN DOCTOR

Until then, I can give you something
that will eliminate the pain
completely.

RYGEL

That sounds goo--
(pain spasm)
Hurry!

As the Doctor prepares to INJECT RYGEL'S STOMACH – STALEEK'S HAND grabs her wrist, SNAPPING THE BONE, syringe dropping to the floor.

STALEEK

Who's orders override mine?

FEMALE SCARRAN DOCTOR

(fear and pain)
War Minister Ahkna. I had no
choice.

Staleek swiftly BREAKS HER NECK! As the Doctor slumps to the floor, he turns to the stunned Rygel--

STALEEK

You will die when I order it.

RYGEL

(softly)
Okay.

INT. CONTAINMENT QUARTERS - DECIMATOR

At the back of the room, Stark watches silently as Yondalao

paces, moving as if in A RAPTUROUS TRANCE. Aeryn and Sikozu argue quietly near the door.

AERYN
Absolutely not.

SIKOZU
Our best opportunity is when -- if --
they bring Crichton back through that
door. We have to try and escape.

AERYN
Not until the baby is safe. In me.

Tension between the women as Scorpius approaches--

SCORPIUS
A disagreement past it's time.

He nods toward the cell door. IT SWINGS OPEN and Crichton slips inside. The Guards outside lock it again immediately.

CRICHTON
(angry)
And how was your day?

AERYN
They killed Chiana and D'Argo.

CRICHTON
I saw the wreckage on the way in.

Crichton and Aeryn embrace in sadness.

SIKOZU
You should not still be alive.

CRICHTON
Staleek's gonna keep his word. I took
him -- we get Rygel.

SCORPIUS
(incredulous outrage)
You traded ultimate power for an
unborn offspring?

CRICHTON

I traded bupkis. He can't make a weapon any more than you. This has all been for nothing. D'Argo and Chiana... everything.

SIKOZU

Your ranting aside, we still have no way out.

AERYN

Maybe not...

They follow Aeryn's gaze to where Yondalao stands, eyes closed, face to the ceiling, HEAD ENCASED IN A SOFT PURPLE GLOW THAT EMANATES FROM HIM. Awed, Stark kneels before the holy man.

And off the others' reactions, PUSH CLOSE ON Crichton and Aeryn, hopeful...

INT. WAR NEXUS - DECIMATOR

Ahkna is busy at work when -- THE DOCTOR'S SYRINGE is stabbed into the console beside her. She eyes it without flinching.

Turns to find the fuming Staleek--

STALEEK

If the Hynerian had died, my word is useless.

AHKNA

As differentiated from what?! My father trusted you to lead the army. You gave your word you would support him with your life. Then you took his.

STALEEK

As you may someday take mine... Not today, though. Explain yourself.

AHKNA

The Luxan Stealth Craft I discovered and destroyed.

(MORE)

AHKNA (CONT'D)

The presence of Scorpius, who has already betrayed you once. And the overall ability of these creatures to plague us with resistance. Add them up, and they should die for our own security.

STALEEK

Scorpius is a commander in our enemy's armada; Officer Sun a former pilot. Who knows what information may be "coerced" from them.

AHKNA

And I say it's not worth the risk.

STALEEK

Stop seeing Vitubian Vipers in every shadow.

(dark, dark beat)

And never countermand my orders again.

As he EXITS, Ahkna fumes at the reprimand...

INT. LUXAN STEALTH STRIKER - INVISIBILITY MODE

A sleek, high-tech cockpit with wraparound windows. Aft, a large jump bay -- seats for soldiers, racks hung heavy with weapons, ammo and gear. EIGHT LUXAN COMMANDOS at various positions. Outside the windows -- which SHIMMER IN INVISIBILITY MODE -- the debris of Lo'La, the Decimator beyond, and in the far distance, Moya.

D'Argo and Chiana gasp for breath like landed fish. The Commando who rescued them removes his space suit helmet.

CHIANA

How...? It's not... possible.

JOTHEE

Hi, Chiana. Father.

Jothee grins at his father and the stunned Chiana. D'Argo greets his son by EXTENDING HIS LEGS, CATCHING JOTHEE IN THE MIDSECTION with both boots, SENDING HIS SON CRASHING into the other Commandos. Tension as the Commandos draw

BLADES.

JOTHEE
(recovering)
Not quite a traditional Luxan
greeting, but...

The schism is still raw, especially from D'Argo.

D'ARGO
What are you doing here?

JOTHEE
Right now? Saving your life.

D'ARGO
And I'm grateful.

CHIANA
(nervous)
Hey, Jothee -- real good to see you.
But shouldn't we be running?

JOTHEE
Our Concealment Technology is three
generations beyond yours. We could
pull up beside 'em and they wouldn't
know we're here.

D'ARGO
(looking around)
You're... a Commando?

SERGEANT LEARKO
He's our Kliva -- ain't that right,
Skipper?

Learko pats Jothee on the back as he slides past in the
tight quarters, dropping into the pilot's seat.

CHIANA
Kliva?

D'ARGO
(proud)
An officer with autonomous field
control.

SERGEANT LEARKO

Gotta have brains for that. Rest of us
just like fighting.

The Luxans CHORUS A SHOUT OF "ROO-KAH," a morale building
cry that binds them together.

CHIANA

Why are you here?

JOTHEE

We've been tracking the Emperor for
some time -- then, there you were.
They after Crichton and his wormholes?
(off D'Argo's nod)
That's what I figured. We gotta take
Crown Head out, but his ship's pretty
well insulated.

D'ARGO

One would think.

D'Argo pulls a DATA WAFER from his tunic and the HOLO
DISPLAY OF THE DECIMATOR he and Chiana constructed LIGHTS
UP THE DARK SPACE. The Luxans react.

JOTHEE

Is this accurate?

D'Argo nods. Jothee and Learko trade amazed looks.

JOTHEE

Looks like we should be able to
cripple 'em with four shots.

D'ARGO & CHIANA

Three.

INT. CONTAINMENT QUARTERS - DECIMATOR

Tension. Aeryn, Scorpius and Siko zu.

AERYN

Alright, I agree. If it appears
Yondalao will fail, we attack and try
to obtain weapons.

Scorpius and Sikoze nod conspiratorially, the plan set.

Across the room, as Crichton approaches, Stark gives last minute thoughts to the ultra-centered, calm Yondalao.

STARK

And they loathe "compromise." The only way Scarrans can accept one is to focus on what they gain, minimizing what they give.

YONDALAO

Thank you, Stark -- you have been most helpful.

STARK.

An honor.

Stark nod-bows with respect as--

CRICHTON

You ready champ? Fifteen rounds, heavyweight title time.

YONDALAO

(he is)

This vessel is infused with their anger and hatred, as well as the inadequacies that fuel it.

CRICHTON

And I just thought that was mildew.

Just then, THE DOOR UNLOCKS and an angry Staleek ROUGHLY drags the bloated Rygel in. Misshapen by pregnancy, Rygel lays back on his ThroneSled, barely functional, as Staleek SHOVES HIM into the center of the room.

STALEEK

Here. Have him.

Crichton reaches out and grabs Rygel as he lurches past.

CRICHTON

Hey, easy.

RYGEL
(softly; agony)
Help me.

AERYN
Are you alright? The baby?

As Rygel nods, Aeryn guides him to a private place.

STALEEK
This maintains my portion of the
accord. Beyond, I promise nothing.

CRICHTON
(as Staleek leaves)
Let us go. You have no reason to--

STALEEK
(spinning back)
I need no reason.
(fury in silence, then--)
However... though you cannot make a
weapon of one, you nevertheless
predicted a wormhole's presence. For
that alone, you are valuable.

YONDALAO
(stepping forward)
With deference, Your Dynast... Are
weapons the only way to achieve your
goals?

STALEEK
Who ... are you?

As Yondalao speaks, THE LINES ON HIS FACE PERIODICALLY GLOW
SOFT PURPLE. With each pulse, the HUE INTENSIFIES.

YONDALAO
Hierarch Yondalao, Triumvirate
Council, Eidelon Faction of
Neutrality.

STALEEK
There is no such thing as neutrality.
You travel with my prisoners, you are
a prisoner.

YONDALAO

Great Emperor Staleek. You wish power.
Acknowledgment of your personal
intelligence. And to gain acceptance
in the upper echelon of civilizations.

STALEEK

(interested)

What do you know of my aims?

YONDALAO

Only that there are many paths to
accomplish them.

Crichton is close enough to also be affected by Yondalao's
abilities. He's all of a sudden pussycat nice--

CRICHTON

Look, I can't believe I'm saying this,
but...

Scorpius has staggered over and PULLS CRICHTON OUT FROM THE
PURPLE GLOW Yondalao emanates--

SCORPIUS

You're saying nothing, Crichton. This
is Emperor's business.

From over where she protects the supremely uncomfortable
Rygel, Aeryn gives Crichton a seconding nod.

STALEEK

(uncharacteristically...)

I am listening.

YONDALAO

Violence and war lead to imperial
power, continually challenged by the
subjugated. Attractive from afar, it
carries a long-term drain on
resources, and ultimately
crumbles, leaving the victor worse
than before the conflict.

STALEEK

War is our way. At the peace table, we
know how we're viewed. Brutish;
ignorant...

YONDALAO

Then what greater victory than to
prove them wrong?
(drives the deal home)
And without the loss of a single
Scarran life...

Staleek is totally within Yondalao's sway. Intrigued.

STALEEK

How?

YONDALAO

(indicates the table)
If you will join me.

As Yondalao and Staleek move to sit down, our gang can't help but be frelling impressed with what they're witnessing. Even Scorpius reacts with less skepticism; giving the equally intrigued Sikozeu a look. Now out of the PURPLE HAZE and with a bit more of his wits about him, Crichton turns to Aeryn with a look of "Wow."

INT. LUXAN PENETRATOR - INVISIBILITY MODE

D'Argo sits silently in the co-pilot seat next to Learko. Chiana is in back, trading war stories with the Commandos as they ready gear. Jothee slides forward, taps Learko on the shoulder and indicates they swap positions.

JOTHEE

Can we talk?

D'ARGO

Can we listen?

JOTHEE

To each other? I'm ready.

D'ARGO

I'm not.

JOTHEE

I've spent two cycles Grafting an apology.

D'ARGO

It still needs work -- sit with it awhile longer.

(re uniform)

Special forces ...

JOTHEE

Just like you.

D'ARGO

I never made Kliva.

JOTHEE

It's a war, they're promoting underachievers.

D'ARGO

(proud beneath it all)

Mm-hm.

JOTHEE

(awkward moment, then--)

I have to attack that Decimator.

D'ARGO

(instantly focused)

I told you, Crichton will signal us soon. That's the plan.

JOTHEE

We saw him return through the debris of your ship. He thinks you're dead.

D'ARGO

They'll still try and escape. If you strike sooner, we'll have no chance of rescuing them.

JOTHEE

(no-bullshit commando)

Father... that is not our mission. I may not be able to destroy that

(MORE)

JOTHEE (CONT'D)
vessel's armour, but I'll disable it
until something bigger gets here to
finish the job.

D'ARGO
Please... just a little more time.

And off Jothee's consternation as to course of action...

INT. CONTAINMENT QUARTERS - DECIMATOR

Swollen to bursting, Rygel is shaking uncontrollably. Holding his shoulders to stabilize him, Aeryn divides her attention from concern for the baby to the amazing ad hoc peace conference across the room.

RYGEL
(desperate pleading)
Please... I beg you... take the baby
out of me ...

AERYN
In a moment, Rygel. Be strong.

She watches a seated Crichton, Yondalao, Scorpius and Staleek.

Sikozu stands over Scorpius' shoulder, adjusting his mangled headpiece as she listens. Stark is SERVING BEVERAGES. They're all so calm and familiar with each other they could be playing cards, such is the effect of Yondalao's PEACEFUL PURPLE GLOW.

SCORPIUS
(surprising even himself)
That sounds... so reasonable.

CRICHTON
I gotta agree. It's dot the I's, cross
the t's, we're done.

YONDALAO
(calm, soothing, guiding)
Is that how you see it, Emperor?

STALEEK
Yes. I believe so...

YONDALAO

Could you review the accord that you wish all of us to agree to.

Yondalao is a master, playing to Staleek's ingrained sense of leadership and power. Staleek responds accordingly--

STALEEK

Of course... The core of the matter is the perception that Crichton can manufacture wormhole weapons. If I submit a proposal of armistice to the Peacekeepers with Crichton by my side, they will naturally assume he has bestowed a military edge upon the Scarran Empire.

SIKOZU

Causing them to quake with fear.

Staleek looks to Scorpius for confirmation.

SCORPIUS

The Grand Chancellor is not a gambler. He will indeed accept peace over a war he thinks he will lose.

STALEEK

(aware of the humour in it)
Being "benevolent"...I will then propose an accord that favors us in mining rights and trade balance, while allowing self-rule in Peacekeeper territories.

CRICHTON

I love this, see, cause I'm out of it.

STALEEK

You shall be released upon the signing.

YONDALAO

And a great many lives will be saved by everyone simply-- Agggggggghhhhhh!

A HEAT-TRUTH RAY strikes Yondalao's face. Everyone reacts,

spinning to find Ahkna -- its source -- in the doorway.

AHKNA

(contemptuous)

Do you really wish to broker peace
with an enemy you are certain of
defeating?

Staleek is stunned, like a man coming out of a deep,
hypnotic sleep. As the confusion lifts, he VIOLENTLY PUSHES
AWAY FROM Yondalao, who REMAINS IN THE GRASP OF AHKNA'S RAY

STALEEK

What is this... ? Proposing a treaty
from my position of power is
tantamount to surrendering. And yet..

YONDALAO

(encased in pain)

It is the proper... course of action.

Staleek is disturbed by what's happened; not the least of
which is that Yondalao DOES make sense. But, after all,
Staleek is Scarran, and Scarrans have their way...

STALEEK

Does your kind have a prayer for the
dying?

YONDALAO

We do.

STALEEK

Fill your mind with it now, that you
may be comforted.

Striding toward the door, Staleek motions to Ahkna, who
INTENSIFIES HER RAY. Yondalao buckles to the deck.

Stark cries out in soulful pain. Crichton rises to help;
Scorpius restrains him. Aeryn does not dare leave the
writhing Rygel. Sikoze bristles with caged tension.
Yondalao gurgles in agony and collapses. When Ahkna turns
off the ray, YONDALAO' S FACE IS BURNED AND SMOKING.

STALEEK

Our bargain is kept. I wish you
happiness with your offspring.

PANDEMONIUM ERUPTS inside the room --

STARK

The secret of peace is lost! The
secret of peace is lost! The secret of
peace is lost! ...

Crichton rushes to the fallen Yondalao. Scorpius and Sikoze
strike defensive stances, ready to defend themselves.

Aeryn's first instinct is to rush help Crichton, however,
Rygel begins gagging and gasping for air--

AERYN

Rygel?! Rygel -- ?!

AS THE DOOR CLOSES, we catch a final glimpse of Staleek and
Ahkna in the corridor. She's looking pretty damn superior
at the moment. Staleek -- still shaken by the encounter
with Yondalao -- gives her a look that can only be
interpreted as: "You were right. Kill them." And then, THE
DOOR IS CLOSED AND LOCKED.

CRICHTON

(kneeling with Yondalao)
Not good. Stark -- give him last
rites.

STARK

I cannot! I am beneath him!

CRICHTON

(to Scorpius)
Got any tricks I don't know
about?

Scorpius shakes his head. Crichton looks back toward the
cowering Stark. Crichton stares for a moment; plan forming
in his mind. Then, he rises and approaches Stark--

CRICHTON

C'mon, Astro Boy -- take his power,
protect his gift.

STARK

I cannot--!

Crichton drags the resistant stark toward yondalao.

CRICHTON

You can. You're a Stykera. I've seen
you do amazing things. Snap out of it.
Help him. Help us. Help the whole damn
universe.

STARK

No! No! His knowledge is too great.

CRICHTON

I'm sorry, Starky, I really am, but we
don't have time for psychoanalysis.

(to the others)

Grab a limb.

AERYN

John--?

CRICHTON

Before Yondalao dies! HELP ME!

What follows is horrible. Like rape. Crichton, Aeryn,
Scorpius and Sikoze each grab one of Stark's limbs. He
resists furiously, like a rabid animal. It's violent,
brutal. They hoist him up so he's spread-eagle in the air,
parallel to the dying Yondalao, faces a foot apart.

STARK

Please - no. Please! PLEEAASSSE!

As Stark HOWLS with terror, Crichton PULLS HIS MASK OFF.
Stark thrashes, tries to turn his head. As Crichton and the
others hold him steady, STARK'S LIGHT SPILLS ACROSS
YONDALAO'S DYING FACE.

A PURPLE GLOW begins to RISE UP FROM YONDALAO. After
amoment, the PURPLE GLOW IS SUCKED UP INTO STARK'S FACE!

Stark SCREAMS like death as--

Yondalao dies, a faint, peaceful smile on his face.
Crichton replaces Stark's mask and they lower him to the
deck, where he curls up in a ball, sobbing.

AERYN

What have we done?

CRICHTON

I'm not sure. It was just worth a
shot.

SCORPIUS

Not that it does any good. They will
never let us go.

CRICHTON

(angry; focused)

Yeah, well, from this moment on, we're
not gonna ask anymore. We're just
gonna--

A HORRIFIC BURBLING LIQUID SOUND AS RYGEL THROWS UP LIKE
LINDA BLAIR and begins thrashing about as if in the midst
of a Grand Mal Seizure.

AERYN

(already moving)

John!

Crichton is two steps behind. They get to Rygel and hold
him down. HIS EYES ARE ROLLED UP IN HIS HEAD, virtually
unconscious. THE BODY JERKS ARE VIOLENT AND INTENSE!

AERYN

He's overdue -- we have to transfer
the baby.

CRICHTON

Oh, God.

AERYN

Do you remember what to do?

CRICHTON

Yeah, I think so. Lay him down; lay
down beside him...

(MORE)

(CONT'D)
(looking around)
The first thing I need is--

SIKOZU
GAS!

THICK, DARK-COLOURED, HEAVY GAS BURBLES UP FROM FLOOR VENTS.

During the scene, the level of gas will rise uniformly, as if it were a liquid threatening to engulf them.

CRICHTON
What the hell!

SIKOZU
They're entombing us.

The GAS IS NOW KNEE DEEP. Crichton hauls the whimpering Stark up from the deck where he was being buried and passes him off to Sikozu.

CRICHTON
Door?

Scorpius is at the door. Turns and shakes his head.

CRICHTON
Sonofabitch. SonofaBITCH!

AERYN
John--?!

Crichton looks back to see Aeryn using all of her prodigious strength to hold RYGEL DOWN. HE'S IN FULL SEIZURE NOW!

For the first time in the series, we see PANIC creeping into Crichton's face!

CRICHTON
Staleek! STALEEK! Can you hear me?

INT. CONTROL PANEL - DECIMATOR - CONTINUOUS

Ahkna's eyes are steel as she primes another control panel, lights blinking. After a beat, she activates the system.

INT. CONTAINMENT QUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

THE GAS SPEWS OUT FASTER. WAIST DEEP NOW. Aeryn picks up Rygel's limp form, holding him out of the gas. Scorpius is silent, rubbing the foam between his fingers.

CRICHTON

I'll give you anything, Staleek! Name your price. STA-LEEEEEK!

(frustrated, re gas)

What is this? What's it do?

SCORPIUS

Paralytic embalming agent. Preserves living tissue without killing the brain.

AERYN

Why?

SCORPIUS

Scarrans use it on specimens they wish to dissect while still alive.

They all react. Aeryn has brought the spasming Rygel over. She and Crichton trade looks. THE GAS CHEST HIGH.

As Sikozy steadies Stark and Scorpius emits A RUMBLE OF IMPOTENT FURY, Crichton hugs Aeryn, who's holding Rygel up high. She looks into his face, desperate.

AERYN

We never say goodbye...

Crichton shakes his head, tears of frustration streaming down his cheeks. As he wraps Aeryn tighter in his arms--

THE GAS RISES UP TO ENVELOPE THE STAR-CROSSED LOVERS and--

FREEZE FRAME.

SUPER: "TO BE CONTINUED"

END NIGHT ONE

