

# FARSCAPE

"Pilot"

Written by

Rockne S O'Bannon

Writer's first draft

COLD OPEN

EXT. FLORIDA - OFF THE CAPE - DAWN

In the distance, across a broad inlet, a shuttle clings to the side of a massive booster rocket. The sun is low in the sky; it's corona bright and thick, the yellow light diffusing into a hazy red sky. Music is an ominous beating harmonic in the BG. Overall effect is... ominous.

Pan down and left to medium long on a man leaning back against the hood of a red convertible, his back is to the camera. The sleeves of the blue and white cabana shirt he wears flutter in the slight morning breeze. He is silent and unmoving, the music continuing as a slow heartbeat. The man's focus is obviously on the prepared launch.

Cut to close on the man's face. His blue eyes crinkle, squinting into the light of the rising sun, his expression deeply thoughtful, as though the launch site holds some deeper meaning for him. His short light brown hair stirs slightly in the breeze, the light illuminates a darker ring of blue around the blue iris. A young man, perhaps in his middle thirties, fair and nicely attractive, the furrowed brow pronouncing his concern. This is John Crichton- American Scientist and Astronaut-- waiting fate.

Cut to medium long on the launch pad at Cape Canaveral and the shuttle. The sun is a huge white ball perched off to the right of the launch assembly and all is set against that deeply red tinged sky. Music continues. The ominous mood is complete. Something's gonna happen. Something ... bad?

INT. CAPE CANAVERAL - READY ROOM - SOMETIME LATER

Close on a magazine lying folded on a metal table, open to an article captioned: "Childhood Friends Out To Prove A Theory". The article's large photo features John, wearing a blue jacket, pointing at mathematical mumbo jumbo on a huge white board. Another young man stands beside him, this is DK, aforementioned 'childhood friend'. In the photo DK holds a small model of a spacecraft similar in design to the shuttle.

Shot pans away, across the room and up to JC, seated on a short stool and now wearing a bright orange flight suit. Two white clad workers are assisting Crichton, ensuring that all the suit closures are properly fastened. John still looks distracted from his early morning sabbatical. Another man in the FG speaks; John's best friend and partner in what they are about to accomplish.

DK (O.S.)

Launch Conditions as of 0530 are optimal. Final checks underway and recovery craft in position.

John stands, shaking off the attendants, crossing the room to DK. We hear that lovely voice for the first time.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN

How are the CRC numbers?

DK

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

DK's attempt to fend John off the clipboard he's holding fails and John snatches it from his hands, examining the notations. While John reads, DK retrieves the magazine from the table and waves that about instead, throwing a friendly arm over John's shoulder. John does his best to ignore his friend's enthusiasm.

DK (CONT'D)

See our latest press?  
(reading from the article)  
"Childhood friends out to prove a  
theory"...  
(beat)  
"Can a manned spacecraft overcome  
atmospheric friction and  
exponentially increase it's speed  
using only a planet's natural  
gravitational pull?"  
(smirking)  
Huh?

John cocks his head and grabs the magazine, tossing it aside, concentrating again on the data contained on the clipboard. DK sighs, sitting down, evidently concerned over his friend's somber attitude.

DK (CONT'D)

Man, what is wrong with you?

JOHN

(relenting)  
DK... you know that feeling you get  
the night before something really  
big's about to happen in your life?  
(cocking his head, a plea  
for understanding)  
It-It's the night before we  
graduated high school. It's the...  
night before we started this job.  
Well... I had that feeling last  
night in quarantine.

DK doesn't appreciate the import.

DK

This experiment that important to  
you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

John is silent, his expression more concerned than enthusiastic, he attempts a smile. DK sees something behind John, drawing his attention with an arched eyebrow and a slight nod.

DK (CONT'D)

Uh oh, one small step, bud.

John turns as an older man enters, silver haired, dressed casual wearing brown slacks, a green shirt and a blue and yellow baseball jacket. A large ID is hung around his neck on a blue cord; another ID clipped to the jacket. This is 'famous American Astronaut' and 'John's Dad', Colonel Jack Crichton. He smiles warmly as he approaches his son.

COL CRICHTON

Hey, DK.

DK

(grinning faintly)

Sir.

COL CRICHTON

(smiling, obviously proud)

Well, you're looking pretty sharp there... Commander Crichton.

John half-grins, looking back and forth to DK and his father, a bit uncomfortable under the attention, or the praise, or both.

JOHN

Thanks, Dad.

John hands DK the clipboard and circles around his father, heading for the door then turns back to the men in the room.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Let's do this thing.

He exits, followed by two white clad attendants, Jack Crichton and DK.

EXT. CANAVERAL - LAUNCH PAD

Long on the Shuttle. It's into late morning or midday, the sky is an intense blue, the shuttle pristinely white against the brown booster rocket.

INT. CANAVERAL - CORRIDOR

Close on the floor and panning up as John and Jack, walking side by side, advance down a long white corridor split by narrow windows at intervals running from the floor, up the wall and across the ceiling. Their conversation is a bit stilted, perhaps not used to communicating as equals.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

John now carries a gray bag by a long strap over his right shoulder, a white flight helmet in his left hand.

COL CRICHTON

I, ah, talked to Pete Maxwell and the others at Control. They're going to take real good care of you while you're up there.

John walks quietly, not responding to his father's concern other than to look down briefly at his feet, it seems clear that his father's intervention, even in so small a way, bothers him-- he doesn't express it, beyond this bit of uncomfortable body language.

COL CRICHTON (CONT'D)

I heard that you went AWOL from the Rat Cage this morning.

John laughs-- a self-deprecating chuckle.

COL CRICHTON (CONT'D)

Man, in my day, if I'd ever broken quarantine like that they would've....

Behind them, DK and a crowd of white clad attendants enter the corridor, following father and son at a privacy lending distance.

COL CRICHTON (CONT'D)

Son, you got rattlers in your stomach?

JOHN

Ah, I've been up on the shuttle before dad. Twice.

COL CRICHTON

Didn't matter how many times I went up, every time: rattlers. First EVA, first time I walked on the moon...

JOHN

I'm not going EVA Dad, I'm not walkin' on the moon, I'm just runnin' a little experiment...

COL CRICHTON

Yeah, an experiment to prove your own theory. Do you have any idea how proud that makes me? That's something I never did. I mean, the guys in the button down collars and the neckties, they got to use their brains. The only thing I ever got to use was...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOHN  
 (grinning, he's heard this  
 before)  
 ... "guts... and the seat of my  
 flight suit."

COL CRICHTON  
 Son, I can't help being who I am.  
 Who I was.

They slow and stop, turning to face each other. John's tone is weary; he's tired of trying, or being seen as trying, to live up to his famous father.

JOHN  
 It's not who you are Dad. I love  
 who you are. It's being son of who  
 you are.  
 (laughs)  
 Look, I...  
 (looking into his father's  
 eyes)  
 I can't be your kind of hero.

COL CRICHTON  
 No, you can't be. But each man gets  
 a chance to be his own kind of  
 hero. Your time will come, and when  
 it does. . . watch out... chances  
 are it'll be the last thing you  
 ever expected.

After a silent moment Jack offers John a small ring. John looks down at it, his expression showing us the history, the size and significance of the offer of this small object, but he backs slightly, waving it off. He walks away, heading down the corridor again, Jack following.

JOHN  
 Oh, no. That's your good luck  
 charm, Yuri Gagarin gave you that.

COL CRICHTON  
 (smiling)  
 No, listen... you hang onto it and  
 you can give it back to me tonight.

He reluctantly accepts the loan, his expression thoughtful again, speculative gaze on his father as they pass out of shot.

EXT. CAPE - LAUNCH PAD

Close on the booster engines firing, cut to long on the shuttle as it lifts slowly from the launch pad. Cut to close on the side of the shuttle as it rockets upward.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cut to long across the inlet, the water and sky intensely lit by the flare of the boosters, white plumes of smoke stretch across the FG as the shuttle is hurled into the upper atmosphere.

Cut to close on the flames from the side booster rocket as the shuttle climbs upward.

EXT. SPACE - EARTH ORBIT - SPACE SHUTTLE - LATER

A slice of Earth from space, it's outer curve blanketed in blackness. Fade to the shuttle from the rear, hanging in space above the earth, the sun is peeking over the far curve. As the nose of the shuttle begins to drop, preparing to deploy, the voice of a radio announcer is heard.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Ladies and gentlemen of the press.  
At 26:14 on the flight clock we  
begin the major experiment of this  
shuttle mission.

INT. SHUTTLE

The outer doors swing open, the light leaking into the darkness, the narrow shaft widening over the smaller vessel inside. More or less, it is a copy of the larger shuttle, black and white, it's wings folded up against the body to allow for storage and launch from the larger shuttle. The radio announcer continues.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Commander John Crichton will pilot  
a craft of his own design, in a  
dangerous attempt to use our  
planet's gravity as a speed  
booster.

INT. FARSCAPE ONE

Close on John Crichton inside the small cockpit. He's prepping for launch as the radio announce continues, the helmet on his head has a black circle logo on the brow, the legend: "Farscape 1"

EXT. SPACE - THE SHUTTLE

The Shuttle's deployment arm lifts the small ship up and out of the hangar. As the smaller ship moves free of the shuttle doors, the wing tips lower and lock seamlessly into place. The arm continues to deploy the smaller ship until the arm locks, extending the Farscape One perpendicular to the shuttle. Announcer's voice continues.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Sling-shotting him off into space  
at previously unrecorded speeds.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

(beat)

If successful, the results are anticipated as the first concrete step toward interstellar travel.

INT. FARSCAPE ONE

John continues prepping the ship, flipping various switches as the announcer wraps things up.

EXT. SPACE - THE SHUTTLE

Locking bolts blow, releasing the smaller ship from the deployment arm. It floats gently, slightly above the arm.

INT. FARSCAPE ONE

JOHN

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

INT. MISSION CONTROL

Close on DK, headset in place.

JOHN (O.S.)

Are you with me there, Momma Bear?

DK

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

Pan Left and up as DK turns to look at Col. Crichton, standing just behind him, he gives him a nod, the smile on his face replete with pride and affection.

JOHN (O.S.)

Authorizing flight computer...

INT. FARSCAPE ONE

JOHN

...to initiate acceleration sequencing...

(presses a control)

...now.

DK (O.S.)

Roger, Farscape...

Close on DK, his expression is intent for a change, rather than playful.

DK (CONT'D)

...you are go for insertion procedure.

EXT. SPACE - EARTH ORBIT

The rockets of Farscape 1 ignite, the rockets hurling the small ship outward away from the shuttle. Cut to leading shot, the module rocketing toward our POV, the intense blue orb of the earth far below us, cut to INT. Farscape 1 as the ship rockets away, beneath our POV.

INT. FARSCAPE ONE

JOHN

Approaching maximum velocity in 21 seconds...

EXT. SPACE - EARTH ORBIT

Close on the Farscape, friction glide over the earth's atmosphere creating a white corona around the ship's nose and belly.

Long shot across Mission Control, providing a view of three workstations in front of DK, two flanking him. Colonel Crichton leans against a counter behind DK, a row of black manuals just behind him lining the rear of the counter just below a wide window into another room. A few people mill about in the second room, mounted on the far wall is a large blue circle logo, the legend: IASA.

JOHN (O.S.)

...18 seconds...

EXT. SPACE - EARTH ORBIT

The friction and turbulence surrounding the module increases, the white corona turning reddish as the small shuttle skips and bounces across the earth's atmosphere.

INT. FARSCAPE ONE

John's head bobs slightly with the roughness of the ride, not too bad at this point.

EXT. SPACE - EARTH ORBIT

The small ship, streaking reddish/white flame, arcs speedily around the global hemisphere, heading around the horizon.

INT. FARSCAPE ONE

The ride no rougher, John flicks a few controls.

JOHN

...entering critical apogee phase.

EXT SPACE - EARTH ORBIT

Shot is long and down on the small ship, now emitting a long flaring tail as it skates across the atmosphere.

INT. CANAVERAL - MISSION CONTROL

Rapid beeping alarm sounds. DK stands, bending over the display.

DK  
Farscape 1, hold a moment.

JOHN (O.S.)  
Hold?

INT. FARSCAPE ONE

John's bounced about strongly, the racket making it hard to hear.

JOHN  
Canaveral, what?

DK (O.S.)  
Meteorology reports some kind of...

INT. CANAVERAL - MISSION CONTROL

DK  
...electromagnetic wave. Repeat.  
Some kind of wave. John do you read me?

INT. FARSCAPE ONE

JOHN  
Yeah, I read you.

EXT SPACE - EARTH ORBIT

Farscape 1 continues on it's trajectory, buffeted by the interaction with the planets mass.

INT. CANAVERAL - MISSION CONTROL

DK's expression is intense, worried; he can't understand John's transmission, so broken with static, but by his readings, there's serious trouble brewing. John's voice continues, severely distorted by transmission interference.

JOHN (O.S.)  
(over broken transmission)  
What are we talking here... how severe?

INT. FARSCAPE ONE

John waits for an answer, but the transmission he gets is severely broken, unintelligible. We hear DK's voice, but cannot tell what he is saying.

JOHN  
Canaveral?

INT. CANAVERAL - MISSION CONTROL

Frantic urgency now, DK attempts to get a warning through.

DK  
John, abort!

INT. FARSCAPE ONE

JOHN  
Canaveral!

INT. CANAVERAL - MISSION CONTROL

Jack steps forward, deep apprehension on his face.

COL CRICHTON  
Son, you have to abort. Abort now!

EXT. SPACE - EARTH ORBIT

It's too late to abort; the nose of the small shuttle encounters the leading edge of a blue wave and tumbles forward on the impact.

INT. FARSCAPE ONE

John hangs in the straps, barely holding on, his eyes lift and lock on the upper canopy. An unimaginable sight greets him.

EXT. SPACE - EARTH ORBIT

The Farscape tumbles toward a swirling blue vortex, is drawn inside and disappears as the vortex winks out leaving only the blackness of space.

INT. CANAVERAL - MISSION CONTROL

Complete silence and close on Colonel Crichton's shocked expression, cut to close on DK, equally shocked. Something has gone horribly wrong.

## FARSCAPE ONE - WORMHOLE SEQUENCE

The ship's cabin is bathed in blue light, a cacophony of sound and fury as John is hurled wildly against the straps, the ship rocking violently, a prolonged scream tearing from him as his body is subjected to extreme forces.

## INT. WORMHOLE

The ship is tossed and turned about inside a blue and white funnel, racing at incredible speed.

Shot cuts back and forth, inside the shuttle as John is tossed about, pulled by the forces generated by the passage through the wormhole, and the ship is traveling at incredible speed. The mind-blowing trip finally ending as the blue light winks out, the shuttle slowing.

## INT. FARSCAPE ONE

Crichton's drawn out scream tapers off and he gasps, struggling to breathe as the forces on his body decrease. He struggles to reorient himself, gulping air.

JOHN

--oh! Oh, God... I can't...

Gathering his wits, he flicks a switch, silencing the alarm, immediately attempting to contact Mission Control.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Canaveeral this is Farscape One. I'm okay. Repeat. I'm okay.

And maybe he is, but he looks like hell, his exuberance attempting to surface beneath the shock. Still shaken, his voice takes on a severe tone of relief and excitement.

## EXT. SPACE - ELSEWHERE

The small ship floating against a star studded blackness, various asteroids of varying sizes share near space with the ship.

JOHN (O.S.)

Woo-hoo-hoo! Hey, did you guys get video through all that?

John continues flipping switches, monitoring systems. His eyes down on the controls, he hasn't looked up, or out...yet. He gets nothing but static when he switches to receive transmission.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Canaveeral...

(static)

DK....

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



ACT I

EXT. SPACE - FARSCAPE ONE - CONTINUOUS FROM COLD OPEN

Returning where we left off, Farscape 1, just floating where it was spit out by the wormhole. Quick shot of John, watching through the canopy as three of the small black craft, PROWLERS, rocket back toward him, passing overhead. Another Prowler, passing around the edge of the large asteroid behind John's craft, passes much too close and their wings clip! Both ships are thrown into a tumble.

JOHN (O.S.)

Oh, Jeez. Canaveval, I've been hit!

The other ship tumbles toward an asteroid, vaporizing on impact. John struggles with his controls, righting his vessel, exterior retros firing. Inside the module, John continues working with his controls, looking up as his vessel passes near the underside of the large asteroid. As his ship moves into the open he sees a large... vessel, our first view of MOYA; under attack by the Prowlers, the ship is so massive the prowlers appear as tiny specks, their laser weapons, pinpricks against it's hull.

JOHN (CONT'D)

That's big.

More of the ship comes into view as the attack continues. It's massive... the extreme, needless to say, John's never seen it's like.

JOHN (CONT'D)

That's really big.

As he eyes the ship with casual wonder, he fails to note immediately that his ship is being drawn closer to the larger vessel, toward a large open door in it's side.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Oh, hell.

Farscape 1 is so small it cannot be seen against the hull of the Leviathan, or the huge open door in it's side. The attack on this ship continues as John's voice continues over transmission.

JOHN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Ah, Canaveval, Dad... DK, I'm being pulled... ah.

Close on the open exterior door, the view moving inside as John's vessel is drawn within, John's POV as his ship seems to be towed by an elongated black object, floating above the deck of a monstrous cavern. John's voice continues, on the ragged edge of panic.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

The engines not responding and I  
can't break away. Can anyone hear  
me?

(beat)

Canaveral?

Drawn deeper inside the large cavern a massive internal door, black as starless space, lowers at the approach of the docking web and it's burden.

John cranes his neck, looking out the upper canopy. Looking ahead again as the ship is towed beyond the first interior wall and into an even larger arena, the construction strangely exotic, the walls curved, with two levels of platforms following the interior walls. John is gaping, staggered out of his mind.

JOHN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Oh my god.

The docking web tows the module out into the center of this vast arena, the deck far below. John doesn't know 'what' to do with himself.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Um...

He looks 'extremely' worried. Finally registering when his ship is lowered toward the deck, he engages the landing gear and the ship touches down just as they lock in place. Farscape rolls forward on inertia, into a smaller room, the doors closing behind it as it's wings fold up, completing a completely unexpected landing sequence.

INT. FARSCAPE ONE - ON BOARD MOYA - TRANSPORT HANGAR

On automatic pilot, so to speak, John flicks several controls, shutting down systems one would imagine, he's so into ignoring what's happening at this second. Abruptly a pair of eyestalks that seem to peer in at him draws his attention to the upper canopy. A small yellow machine belonging to said eyestalks, rolls onto the canopy, whirring and beeping busily.

While he's gaping at this, a spark flies from the control panel, initiating a cascade failure of some kind. A small explosion of sparks follows and an alarm bleats urgently. John flicks switches trying to cut power but there's a full-blown fire in the panel now. He grabs a fire extinguisher and triggers it, effectively removing the remainder of oxygen from the small cabin. John starts to cough in the cloud of extinguishing agent and his hand hits the canopy release.

The canopy shoots up on a plume of white smoke, carrying an unwilling passenger. John lifts himself up and out, still working on extinguishing the fire.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

White smoke fills the immediately area and he chokes and coughs from somewhere in there.

Still coughing, he leaps out, landing on the deck of the alien vessel, shooting the remaining agent into the ship. Breathless and sweating, he removes his helmet, placing it inside the craft, then looks around, extremely nervous, scared spitless.

INT. MOYA - TRANSPORT HANGAR

Edging nervously around the nose of his module, his ears are assaulted by a plethora of alien sounds; chiefest among them, the squawks of the DRD, working it's way out from under the ejected canopy. The DRD rolls free, one of it's eyestalks is crushed and hangs limply.

The DRD rolls toward him and he edges away, back toward the open canopy, he steps up onto the wing, going who knows where, but is stopped by the presence of another DRD on top of a ship. This one brandishes what looks to be a small weapon at him.

Still focused on retrieving something, we know not what, from the interior of his ship, he 'makes a false move' and the DRD fires at him. White out from the explosion.

INT MOYA - CORRIDOR OUTSIDE COMMAND - COMMAND

Angle down on John's feet, stumbling awkwardly as he's herded by two of the small yellow DRDs. One prods him in the calf with a laser tool when he balks at the sight that greets him on entering Command.

Long across Command, two honest to god aliens stand in front of him, their backs to him, attention focused on a large forward portal or viewscreen as the Prowlers continue their assault on the Leviathan, explosions rock the ship. Prodded by the DRD, John moves forward reluctantly, his hand wandering to his face, briefly across his eyes, he absolutely stunned.

Neither of the aliens seem to take note of him, instead continue a verbal barrage in two different alien tongues unlike any he's ever heard. His attention riveted now on the aliens, awe and wonder overcoming his fear and a small delighted smile sparkles.

Abruptly the DRD on the floor behind Crichton bleeps, drawing all of their attention. John looks down as the alien at the forward control whirls about, several thick tentacles depending from his massive skull whirling. He fastens intense green eyes on the intruder and snarls. John looks up to greet two very hostile aspects. The male tentacled alien and the cold look from the beautiful, bald, blue woman. It's first contact, an incredible moment for him, perhaps dreamed of for years, and the only thing he can think to say is:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN

Um. Hi.

(waves slightly)

Close on D'Argo, decidedly  
hostile, almost growling.

JOHN (CONT'D)

My name's John.

D'Argo crosses the room in a few strides, taking John's  
throat in one hand.

JOHN (CONT'D)

John Cri--!

Words choke off as he's lifted from his feet. Both hands grip  
the large one around his neck, trying to ease the pressure.

D'ARGO

(speaking alien language)

JOHN

(struggling to breathe)

I... can't understand what....

Low angle and close on the DRD rolling up to John's dangling  
left foot. It presses an injector extended from it's casing  
against his boot, a small popping noise as the red substance  
in the injector tube is shot through the leather. Crichton is  
jolted, grunting in pain.

JOHN (CONT'D)

(constricted voice)

What was... that...?

Zhaan is the next to speak, she is impatient, initially  
speaking her own unintelligible language, her words quickly  
piecing together into a language he can understand.

ZHAAN

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

D'Argo pulls John's face close to his. Even if John could  
talk, I'm not certain he'd know what to say in the face of  
this incredible hostility.

D'ARGO

Your ship, what kind is it?

Zhaan speaks and D'Argo yanks the hanging human in her  
direction so she can see him. Oddly courteous for a guy who  
uses hanging as a method of persuasion.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ZHAAN

Your ship appeared from nowhere and we don't know that technology. Is it something we can use to escape?

D'Argo yanks him close to his face again. Why the guy is still conscious is beyond me, he's obviously having problems drawing in oxygen, and that whole hanging by the throat thing -- historically bad for humans.

D'ARGO

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

John can't answer, not a word or a breath escapes. His eyebrows work and he's most decidedly back to shocked and alarmed. Another explosion rocks the ship. D'Argo tosses John across the room and strides to another console, tentacles bouncing vociferously. Crichton hits the ground with a grunt and rolls; his body stopped by the wall.

D'ARGO (CONT'D)

Pilot! I demand you give me maneuverability now!

(beat)

Pilot!

INT. MOYA - PILOT'S DEN

Our first full view of Pilot, in Technicolor and it's a nice one. His massive body perched behind a console, four arms working many controls, large head crowned by a massive crown-like skull in the shape of an inverted abalone shell.

INT. MOYA - COMMAND

Close on a 3-D holo-display image wavering 'on' inside an open clam shaped device, Pilot's head appearing in the image.

PILOT

There's nothing I can do! Not while the control collar is still in place.

Another explosion rocks the vessel. Zhaan ducks back as sparks fly up from the console she's working. D'Argo growls and paces across command, braids dancing madly. John's half reclining on the floor, recovering from his close encounter, hand still tenderly at his throat.

PILOT (CONT'D)

Moya can't withstand this assault much longer!

D'Argo lifts the cover off the console, tossing it on the floor like discarded tinfoil and begins tearing more connectors.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PILOT (CONT'D)

Those synapses you are tearing out  
are not wired to the control  
collar!

D'ARGO

Then I shall keep pulling until I  
find the ones that are!

As D'Argo continues to tear connections, John furtively  
crawls toward the open door, just a few feet away, but he's  
hurled backward as his head intersects with a speeding  
object.

RYGEL

Get out of the way!

Rygel-- a natural New Yorker if not for the whole 'diminutive  
toad-like alien perched on a hovering chair' thing-- glides  
quickly into the room, stopping beside the towering Luxan.  
Zhaan pauses in her attempt to gain control of the ship.

ZHAAN

(to Rygel)

The others, where are they?

RYGEL

There are no others, I've checked  
every cell level.

(beat)

I found a manifest. We were  
scheduled for transport to Terran  
Rau.

D'ARGO

That is a lifer's colony.

Huddled by the wall, still recovering from the latest jolt,  
John comes to a realization.

JOHN

(quietly)

Prisoners.

(beat)

You're escaped prisoners?

D'ARGO

I will not be taken prisoner again.

John presses himself further into the wall, flinching a bit  
as Rygel glides close.

RYGEL

They brought you on board didn't  
they?

(voice lowering  
conspiratorially)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RYGEL (CONT'D)

Don't worry, I'll protect you. I'll  
look after you now...  
(pats John's arm  
reassuringly)  
you look after me later.

We know he can wink, but can't tell that he did, 'cause his back is to the camera, the better to witness John's horrified expression.

PILOT

Attention! Hull integrity is  
reaching critical compromise.

D'Argo continues tearing connectors as the attack continues. Zhaan pauses again, whispering a prayer. Close on the forward portal; prowlers maneuvering close, unleashing a barrage of fire against the ship.

Close on D'Argo's hand, tearing out another cluster of connectors from a control console, white fluid leaks from the torn edges and Moya quivers. Zhaan's prayer breaks off, and she sighs, shaken surprise and relief in her voice.

ZHAAN

What have you done?

D'ARGO

What do you mean?

ZHAAN

The coding wall. It's dimming.

EXT. SPACE - MOYA - PROWLER SQUADRON - ATTACK CONTINUES

Prowlers continue attacking, close on a large black and red object strapped across the nose of the massive ship.

INT. MOYA - COMMAND

Close on Zhaan's hands, moving at incredible speed, almost blurring as they dip into the various control wells on the console before her.

ZHAAN

(stunned surprise)  
I've hit the code, I've hit the  
code.

PILOT

The control collar. It's coming  
off!

A series of explosions and bolts the size of your average Trident missile shoot away from the control collar, in Command Zhaan and D'Argo, much relieved, watch through the forward portal as pieces of the control collar float away.

INT. MOYA - PILOT'S DEN

Long across the room. Four walkways branch away from the neural control center, which is Pilot's home.

EXT. SPACE - MOYA

The control collar floats away from the ship, the sound of energies building as she moves away. She's about to book!

INT. MOYA - COMMAND

D'ARGO

Pilot, prepare for immediate Starburst!

PILOT

Moya . . . has been restrained so long...

D'ARGO

She is a Leviathan, it is the single defensive maneuver that she is capable of.

EXT. SPACE - COMMAND CARRIER - PROWLER SQUADRON

Close on the hull of a large space ship, COMMAND CARRIER.

VOICE (V.O.)

Terminate assault.

Cut to long on three prowlers hanging in space.

VOICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

All Prowlers terminate assault.

INT. PROWLER

Close on the pilot's stubborn face, half obscured by the black helmet she wears.

EXT. SPACE - PROWLER SQUADRON

Two of the prowlers peel off, terminating the assault as ordered. The third Prowler speeds forward, refusing the order.

INT. MOYA - PILOT'S DEN

PILOT

Claw onto something people!

INT. MOYA - COMMAND

PILOT

Prepare for Starburst!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Zhaan and D'Argo move, D'Argo shoves past Rygel and grabs onto the edge of a console. As the ship hums, energy buildup, and...

EXT. SPACE - MOYA

Lights brighten along the exterior hull of the massive Leviathan. The sound of increasing energy buildup as the Leviathan's nose cone extends slightly, pan down showing her full length. A bright glow from her tail and the tips of her 'wings' as they touch. The glow brightens-- a halo of blue/white energy forming as the tips of her wings expand away from her tail. Cut to reverse shot, the intensifying light accompanied by arc lightening effects as the halo of energy expands.

INT. MOYA - COMMAND

Rygel hovers in close again, scowling. D'Argo growls, up close and personal and his eye, er, eyebrows shoot up.

RYGEL  
(muttering)  
I hate Starburst.

EXT. SPACE - MOYA

Gorgeous CGI as blue/white light races along her hull, an energy wave washing up from her tail to her nose. The halo following, rushing up the length of her body, and she bursts forward -- disappearing into the coruscating halo of energy before it also winks out in a flash of white light. And she's gone, Starburst to freedom.

EXT. SPACE - COMMAND CARRIER - PEACEKEEPER ARMADA

The burst of white light fades to close on the Command Carrier. Moving slowly past, prowlers miniscule against her side, large portals lining the side of the ship showing even small lights, the many, many levels of the massive ship, by scale, larger even than the three collared Leviathan's preceding it. A voice, obviously over radio, directs operations.

VOICE  
(low)  
All prowlers report to squadron  
leaders and return to carrier.

INT. COMMAND CARRIER - THE BRIDGE

A door slides open, retracting into the wall above. A black clad man complete with dour expression, black hair and goatee enters. A low voice continues in BG transmitting directives as this man;

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

his bearing exuding coldness, danger and obvious command position, strides across the deck, acknowledging no one, including the petite blonde woman who attempts to hail him as he enters.

TEEG

Captain?

The blonde woman, PK Lieutenant Teeg, similarly clad in black except for the red piping, which may designate rank at this point; leaves one of the four large control stations and follows.

TEEG (CONT'D)

Captain Crais?

She tentatively approaches, certainly intimidated by his presence. He stops, annoyed, his tone curt and demanding.

CRAIS

Yes, Lieutenant?

TEEG

(swallowing - she draws herself up)

The Prowler squad has returned, sir. They report . . . the Leviathan transport has escaped.

(hurrying onward)

One of the prisoners, the Hynerian Royal, somehow secured the key codes to the prisoner's cells and .

. .

(hesitating briefly)

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

CRAIS

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

(beat)

Has my brother returned yet? I'll dispatch him in the rear battle fighter to track her down.

She's hesitant, there's something she wants to tell him, yet, doesn't want to tell him. She elects to show him instead.

TEEG

Sir...

Painfully hesitant, she guides him with a gesture toward a monitoring station.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TEEG (CONT'D)

This is playback from the recon satellite monitoring the pursuit of the Leviathan.

Teeg activates playback. Close on the small screen reveals the Farscape module floating in space. Crais's brow furrows.

CRAIS

What manner of craft is that?

On the monitor a prowler races around the asteroid behind the small white ship.

CRAIS (CONT'D)

My brother's Prowler. I'm sure that he will...

On the screen, the Prowler's wing scrapes the wing of the Farscape, sending both ships out of control, the Prowler vaporizing against the asteroid. Crais moves closer, his gaze riveted on the display, his brother is dead. It means something to him. Not just a cold bastard clad in black. He turns toward Teeg, only in partial profile but the silent plea is evident. She can't give him what he so obviously wants; instead offering what she can.

TEEG

(carefully)

We lost a second ship sir. It was absorbed with the Leviathan when it went into Starburst...

Recovering from his stunned silence, he cuts her off.

CRAIS

I want to see him.

TEEG

(confused)

See him, sir?

CRAIS

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

Teeg nods, almost bowing, moving away quickly, very nearly relieved. Crais turns back, watching the playback on the monitor, his expression grim, menacing.

EXT. SPACE - ELSEWHERE

A burst of white energy and Moya glides out of a blue/white halo, slowing as she powers down, bluish tendrils trailing off her hull like water, her nose cone slowly retracting.

INT. MOYA - PILOT'S DEN

PILOT  
We have done it! We've escaped!

INT. MOYA - COMMAND

PILOT  
Attention! One Prowler traveled  
with us.

D'ARGO  
Block it's radio, net it, and bring  
it aboard.

PILOT  
As good as done.

EXT. SPACE

Behind Moya a single prowler tumbles, out of control.

INT MOYA - COMMAND

ZHAAN  
Pilot does Moya know where we are?

PILOT  
Yes, of course. We're. . .  
someplace else. I'll. . . get back  
to you on the specifics.

Zhaan's attention turns to the bewildered human, still sitting on the floor of command. Her tone is scathing.

ZHAAN  
At least we are free.

Apparently, no longer needing his goodwill, Rygel 'spits' on John, only serving to wake him from some kind of stupor. He staggers to his feet, backing away from Rygel.

JOHN  
(angry)  
What is the matter with you. . .  
people?!

D'Argo turns and zaps John in the back of the neck with his long, narrow tongue (CGI). John grunts in surprise, turning to look in amazement at the alien-- then drops like a rock-- out cold.

EXT. SPACE - MOYA

Moya glides, unfettered, through space.

INT. MOYA - COMMAND - A WHILE LATER

Medium on D'Argo, arms braced against a console, head lowered in frustration.

D'ARGO  
This damned Leviathan has no idea  
where we are!

Long across width of command as Zhaan glides from one console to stand across from D'Argo. He looks up, hesitant, seeming a bit worried. Zhaan's expression is serene and soothing, her voice softly melodic.

ZHAAN  
I am Pa'u Zotoh Zhaan. And you?

D'ARGO  
Ka D'Argo.  
(recovering his wits a  
bit)  
You are Delvian.

ZHAAN  
(nods and smiles)  
A priest.

Surprised again, D'Argo stammers, the affect: charming. Intimidating warrior or naf?

D'ARGO  
I have heard of your kind's  
practices. . . your. . . appetites.

ZHAAN  
(amused)  
Such as?

D'ARGO  
I have heard of something known as  
the, ah, fourth sensation.

ZHAAN  
(moving closer)  
I have experienced this.  
(slyly regretful)  
Not lately.

D'ARGO  
(shaken, as planned)  
Oh. Why, why were you, uh...? Why  
have you, uh....?

ZHAAN  
Imprisoned? Because on my home  
world, even among my kind, I was...  
something of an anarchist.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZHAAN (CONT'D)  
 Actually. . . I was the leading  
 anarchist. And you?

D'ARGO  
 (hard and reserved)  
 I killed a fellow soldier.

Zhaan abandons her playful attitude for a more somber one.

D'ARGO (CONT'D)  
 My commanding officer.

She places a comforting hand over his.

ZHAAN  
 How old are you?

D'ARGO  
 cycles.

ZHAAN  
 Ah, you are but a boy.

D'ARGO  
 (irritated)  
 I am not. I am a Luxan warrior. I  
 have seen two battle campaigns.

ZHAAN  
 (smiling, slightly  
 mocking)  
 Only two?

Annoyed, D'Argo looks away, pulling his hand from beneath hers. Changing the subject to more comfortable territory.

D'ARGO  
 You know Peacekeeper coding.

ZHAAN  
 Yes, I spent three cycles on a  
 maximum labor planet.

D'ARGO  
 Which one?

ZHAAN  
 Micar Seven, assigned to  
 Peacekeeper Intel and Interface.

D'ARGO  
 I was on Micar Seven.

ZHAAN  
 Truly?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

D'ARGO  
On the 93rd level, in the chemlech  
mines.

ZHAAN  
(surprised)  
Why aren't you dead?

D'ARGO  
I often ask myself the same  
question. There were so many others  
who died while the Peacekeepers  
looked on. . . somehow it made me  
stronger.  
(beat)  
I suppose the warrior in me became  
too strong not to survive.

ZHAAN  
Perhaps you survived for this.

D'ARGO  
This escape? I doubt it will last  
long enough for the Peacekeepers  
even to note it in their log.

ZHAAN  
Not the escape itself but what we  
pray will be the result. Freedom.

D'ARGO  
That is a very Delvian way to look  
at the situation.

ZHAAN  
I am nothing if not a product of my  
upbringing.

D'ARGO  
And I of mine.

ZHAAN  
Then perhaps together a warrior and  
a priest can help save each other.

INT. MOYA - CRICHTON'S CELL

Close on John, waking suddenly, eyes opening on a gasp. Just  
as quickly he closes them again.

JOHN  
Oh, please. Let it all be a dream.  
A very bad, very.... twisted dream.

A noise outside his cell forces his eyes open again. He turns  
his head, looking through the bars of his cell, a DRD, broken  
antenna drooping, scuttles away followed by another.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

John's head lifts up and he rolls onto his side at the sound of Rygel's approaching hoverchair.

Cut to shot behind John. Hm. His shoulder is bare. Wonder where his shirt went? Rygel floats past the closed doors, visible between the wide bars, glancing inside briefly.

RYGEL

Hm...

John, rising to hands and knees, crawls toward the bars. Uh, he's, er, definitely unclothed, at least on the top half.

JOHN

What, um...? Where...?

His mind can't settle on a single question; there are too many.

Rygel, keying a coding sequence in a panel near John's cell, pauses to look at the babbling human, but only for a moment, returning his attention to the panel. John's head drops, either disoriented, or suddenly feeling unnaturally cool. He gets an unobscured view of himself. Unlike the audience.

Realizing he's naked-- his head pops up again, instantly settling on a question...

JOHN (CONT'D)

Where are my clothes?

Glancing wildly about, he leaps to his feet and dashes across the room, sliding into a small space in the wall, quickly pulling his trousers on.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Hey! Why did you take off my clothes!?

RYGEL

I am Rygel the sixteenth, Dominar to over 600 billion people. I don't need to talk to you!

JOHN

I thought you were a prisoner.

John reaches for a white T-shirt, the yellow jumpsuit hangs from a peg on the wall behind him.

RYGEL

Falsely imprisoned. My cousin Bishan stole my throne from me while I slept. A mistake I will soon be correcting. Your garments were removed so that we could examine you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

John moves toward the closed cell doors, head cocked to the side, trying to work out something, anything.

JOHN

Examine. Examine me? How... wh-where...? W-wait a minute, one of those mechanical things of yours injected me right here...

RYGEL

Translator microbes.

JOHN

Microbes?

RYGEL

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

More input; this is what he gets for asking questions. John struggles to assimilate; head resting briefly in his hand while he sorts it out.

JOHN

"Colonize"... "Brain"...

(okay, nope, try something else.)

Wh-w-why have you got me locked in here? I'm... I-I'm not here to harm you, hell I wouldn't know how to harm you.

RYGEL

We can no more trust you than we can trust that!

Rygel gestures to the far wall of John's cell, cut to close on the figure of the Prowler Pilot, still outfitted in full space faring gear, helmet securely in place. Abruptly the pilot's head lifts, still disoriented. Close on John, watching. The figure stands and they face each other across the cell, silent. John's a bit worried, glancing toward Rygel for a moment, eyes back on the pilot as the helmet is removed, revealing a human female, black hair tied back and kinda mussed. Surprised John smiles in relief, crossing the cell while she sits, still appearing shaken from her trip.

JOHN

Hi, ah...

A few more steps and he offers his hand. A nice friendly gesture in his neck of the woods.

JOHN (CONT'D)

My name's John....

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

She takes the offered hand, and pulls-- slamming his head against the wall before driving a knee into his gut as he bounces away. Still holding one arm, she slings him across the room, and he lands sliding on his stomach. She crosses toward him quickly while he struggles to rise to hands and knees, kicking him brutally in the side, flipping him onto his back. His arms wave in the air weakly, trying to defend himself, she steps over him, kicking his arms away and drops to her knees on his chest, pinning his arms to the ground. She grips his head with her legs, twisting slightly, cutting off his air.

AERYN

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

And again, the guy just can't answer. All he can do is gape, maybe gasp for air. Probably another instance of using a bazooka to open a peanut butter jar.

END ACT I

ACT II

INT. MOYA - CRICHTON'S CELL - CONTINUOUS FROM ACT I

Aeryn crouches over John. He's silent, stunned from the beating, or maybe just not amenable to force. She pushes away, releasing him and stands, crossing to the bars, stripping off the outer part of her flight suit, leaving John on the floor, gasping. He rolls onto his knees, resting his forehead on one arm; a hand cradling his much-abused throat while Aeryn and Rygel go at it.

AERYN

Let me out of here, you Hynerian slug!

RYGEL

Your efforts are wasted  
Peacekeeper, you of all people  
should know that!

JOHN

(looking up)  
Peacekeeper? You...  
(coughs)  
You're one of those out there  
attacking the ship.  
(realizing)  
They think I'm one of you?

Aeryn turns on him, disdain evident in her tone.

AERYN

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

John stands with some difficulty, an arm wrapped protectively around his ribs. He's red faced and... kind of pissed.

JOHN

My rank... is Commander. I'm not  
military, 'least not any military  
you know. I'm a damn scientist.

Aeryn eyes him silently, her features relaxing a bit, evaluating new information.

Rygel, having returned to keying the panel in the wall, achieves success with a well-applied punch to the panel. Electronic whine and a large platform lowers from the ceiling.

RYGEL

Mmm.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Rygel glides forward, examining the objects on the platform.  
Removing a large ring from a silver box.

RYGEL (CONT'D)  
Hm. It's been so long.

D'Argo and Zhaan arrive.

D'ARGO  
Our possessions.

D'Argo moves quickly to the platform.

D'ARGO (CONT'D)  
My blade.

RYGEL  
Hands off, Luxan!

Zhaan moves close to the barred door.

ZHAAN  
Ah, you're awake both of you.

Standing side-by-side, John, still looking a bit stunned, but his anger subsided. Aeryn looks pissed.

ZHAAN (CONT'D)  
A problem my dear? You should be  
used to viewing the likes of us  
through bars.

JOHN  
(moving closer)  
You need to listen to me, I'm not  
what you think I am...

ZHAAN  
Not a Peacekeeper? Yes, we know  
that now. You have some decidedly  
unfamiliar bacteria living within  
you.

JOHN  
(relieved)  
I'm from a planet called Earth. I'm  
human. Homo Sapien Sapien....

ZHAAN  
(holds up a delaying hand)  
It's time for us to eat.

Aeryn moves toward the opening doors, but can't progress much because John is frozen, eyes locked on D'Argo.

JOHN  
Eat what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

D'Argo cocks his head, grinning.

EXT. SPACE - PEACEKEEPER ARMADA

INT. COMMAND CARRIER - THE BRIDGE

Close on the playback as the prowler collides with the module and impacts the asteroid.

CRAIS (O.S.)  
Whoever killed my brother will pay  
dearly.

TEEG  
Captain? The techs are completing  
the imaging of the module's pilot.

CRAIS  
Show me.

They both move to another control station.

TEEG  
On the final sweep now, sir.

Close on an image of the module, the black canopy becoming translucent, revealing the face of the pilot. Close up on the pilot. Poor John. Looks entirely shocked.

TEEG (CONT'D)  
He's Sebacean!

CRAIS  
Inform the rear battle fighter.  
They will take charge of the  
Armada. We are going after the  
Leviathan.

TEEG  
But, sir, regulations...

CRAIS  
(seething)  
That is a direct order, Lieutenant.

INT. CORRIDOR - MOYA

John and Aeryn, wrists bound before them, are moved down the corridor by D'Argo and Zhaan.

JOHN  
Look, you know I'm not a  
Peacekeeper, how about you get this  
stuff off my wrists?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZHAAN

We still do not know your loyalties.

JOHN

My loyalties? I just got here! You know... you're the first alien contact anybody from my planet has ever made. I mean, we dreamed about it, made movies about it but... by the way, what part of the universe are we in? Are we still in Orion's Arm, still in the Milky... Way...?  
 (questions trailing off into a small laugh, realizing)

You have no idea what I'm talking about do you? I need to see some star charts, get some common points of reference. Damn! This ship is amazing, what kind of...

John's rush of words is cut off by the low purring sound of the ship.

ZHAAN

She is a Leviathan. A bio-mechanoid. A living ship.

John's struck speechless by this and his gaze roams over the curved, golden hued walls. Zhaan and Aeryn move on and D'Argo moves up behind him, growling. Startled, John ducks and scuttles away.

INT. CENTER CHAMBER - MOYA

D'ARGO (O.S.)

You blame me?

Zhaan pulls a silver tray piled with small green squares from an ornate looking dispenser. Closing the curved lid she crosses to a table, placing the tray in front of John; sitting beside Aeryn in the BG as D'Argo rants.

D'ARGO (CONT'D)

If I hadn't pulled those wires your precious Moya would still be wearing that control collar!

PILOT

But in doing so you also caused Moya to hemorrhage most of her iridescent fluid.

ZHAAN

Leading to what result, Pilot?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PILOT

Leading to our current maximum  
speed, which is barely Hech Two.  
Moya and I don't ...  
(discussion trails off  
into the BG)

Pilot's voice continues in the background while John tries to get a little info from his fellow prisoner. Aeryn spears a green square on the dual tines of an eating implement, placing the square in her mouth awkwardly with wrists still bound.

JOHN

Why are they doing this? Feeding  
us?

AERYN

They'll need information if they're  
going to survive. They're hoping  
we'll provide it.

Okay, toss up, what's more "ew" worthy? Aeryn talking while chewing a green thing, or Rygel slurping them down like ice cream across the table?

AERYN (CONT'D)

I'd eat-- if I were you....

Hesitant, John eyes the pile of green things, his bound wrists in his lap. His gaze is drawn to Aeryn, observing her slide the fork up her sleeve.

PILOT

(in BG)  
Attention! We are approaching a...

AERYN

...it may be the only chance we  
get.

John's not certain he wants to be lumped in with this person who's just beaten the crap out of him, at this moment she seems just as hostile as the rest.

JOHN

We?

Zhaan approaches, crouching in front of them on the opposite side of the table.

ZHAAN

The ship's pilot has just informed  
us that we are approaching an  
inhabited system, with a commerce  
planet....

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RYGEL

A commerce planet! Excellent! We need many things. Hynerian cream soap, definitely. Some fresh janeray syrup to get rid of the taste of these food cubes out of my mouth and..

D'ARGO

We need iriscentant fluid.

RYGEL

How dare you, you Luxan swine!

D'ARGO

Silence your Eminence. I've been searching for a reason not to jettison you with the next refuse dump.

RYGEL

You dump me? I bribed the maintenance drones at the last checkpoint. I secured the cell codes that allowed for your escape!

Zhaan crosses the room, arbiter for her fellow escapees.

ZHAAN

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

Silencing the argument she returns to quizzing John and Aeryn.

ZHAAN (CONT'D)

Before we approach this planet we must know... is there Peacekeeper presence in this system?

Aeryn smirks, plucking a green square from the tray, she drops it in her mouth, not deigning an answer. Zhaan looks to John, who shrugs best he can. He's honestly clueless, although she might not know that now.

JOHN

I don't know.  
(shrugs)  
Wish I did.

D'ARGO

We are wasting time we do not have. She is infantry. Peacekeeper Command tells her where to fight and die.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

There's a suspicious sound in the BG... the whistling whine of escaping gas. D'Argo's voice rising to a higher pitch as he speaks.

D'ARGO (CONT'D)

This one...

(Gesturing to an  
uncomfortable looking  
John)

is some kind of higher brain  
function deficient....

(high pitched voice)

How he escaped the genetic sieving  
process I do not know...

ZHAAN

(high pitched voice)

Rygel?

JOHN

(high pitched voice)

What just happened?

RYGEL

(high pitched voice)

It's a perfectly natural bodily  
function.

(sniffs)

And it's odorless.

D'ARGO

(high pitched voice)

So your loyal subjects tell you.

JOHN

(high pitched voice)

You fart helium!?

RYGEL

(high pitched voice)

Sometimes, when I'm nervous.

(angrily)

Or angry!

PILOT

Attention. I thought you'd want to  
know, we are entering planetary  
orbit.

ZHAAN

(high pitched voice)

Thank you Pilot.

D'Argo growls and there's a sudden scuffle behind Zhaan.  
D'Argo and Aeryn grapple.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

JOHN  
(high pitched voice)  
Hey!

John tries to intervene and is thrown across the room for his trouble. D'Argo twists her arm, and the fork clatters onto the table. Zhaan plucks the fork from the table and eyeballs Aeryn who plucks another green cube from the table, placing it in her mouth, a "So? Wha'd you expect?" look on her face.

EXT. COMMERCE PLANET - CGI

Atmospheric flight, Transport pod maneuvering to the cloud draped surface. looks oddly like Arizona, well, in a completely surreal alienish way.

EXT. PLANET SURFACE

A VERY large alien looking alien examines the ring Rygel recovered earlier. This guy is immense, all teeth and jaws and red eyes. Very puppet looking, sorry.

RYGEL  
You know, you only expose your  
ignorance if don't concede  
knowledge of the Hurlian Stone!

The alien hisses, well, angrily. His voice, when translated, a deep grating well of a sound.

PROPRIETOR  
(long hiss)  
Twenty!

RYGEL  
Twenty barrels of fluid! There was  
a time when you would have been  
disemboweled with a . . . dull  
lashan spade for half such an  
insult to me!

The alien hisses again, prolonged, and definitely kinda pissed. Rygel cowers a bit.

RYGEL (CONT'D)  
(wheedling)  
Thirty five?

INT. MOYA - CRICHTON'S CELL

John sits perched on a shelf that runs the length of one of the walls, muttering to himself while Aeryn works at forcing the cell doors open. They are both untied, but securely locked in the cell.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN  
 (to himself)  
 Boy, was Spielberg ever wrong.  
 (beat)  
 Close encounters my ass.

Pan slowly L to Aeryn, trying to force the doors open apparently using only brute strength. It's a futile effort at best.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
 (muttering)  
 Wormhole. I must have come here through a wormhole.  
 (to Aeryn)  
 I must have come here through a wormhole.

She turns to 'glare' at him, a gorgeous two shot, seen from outside the cell, Aeryn through one opening, close at the bars, and John through another, lower left. yeah.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
 (to himself)  
 Yeah. So, if I did come here through a wormhole... the only way I'm gonna get back is to... find another wormhole. Or create one. .  
 . Yeah, right.

Aeryn looks back, more than a little irritated.

AERYN  
 Look-- if you want to make one of these... wormhole things of yours... how do you expect to do that from inside this cell?

John looks away, a little tired of being taken for a fool. Aeryn returns her attention to the door. John considers for a moment, then reaching into the sleeve of his jacket, he whistles for attention. Her shoulders sag and she turns to glare at him again. He slides one of the eating utensils from his sleeve. Taps the handle lightly on his nose while she gapes.

INT MOYA - CORRIDORS - A BIT LATER

Aeryn troops down one of Moya's corridors, very long on the shot as John trails behind.

AERYN  
 Come on, move faster.

JOHN  
 What are you doing?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AERYN

I'm going to sabotage this ship.

JOHN

Sabotage?! Give me a break, they haven't hurt us!

Close on John and Aeryn as John lays a delaying hand briefly on her arm, then jerking back a bit before she can rip it off.

JOHN (CONT'D)

How about we show them a little compassion?

AERYN

Compassion, what is compassion?

JOHN

Compassion? Wha... you're kidding right?

Aeryn shakes her head, negating his expectation.

JOHN (CONT'D)

It's a feeling that you have when you see someone else's pain and instead of taking advantage of their weakness you help 'em?

AERYN

Oh, I know this feeling.

JOHN

Yeah, well, it is a fairly common... human feeling.

AERYN

Mm, I hate it.

JOHN

You know what, I'm on the wrong team here, I'm just going to stay.

AERYN

Fine, do what you want. But if you stay here with these lower-lives, you'll die with them.

JOHN

Yeah, well, how do I know I can trust you?

AERYN

You don't. That's just another thing you don't know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Aeryn stalks off. Leaving John, uncertain, in her wake. Shortly he makes a hard decision.

JOHN

Damn!

And hurries after her.

INT. MOYA - TRANSPORT HANGAR - MOMENTS LATER

John and Aeryn enter in a hurry. Aeryn pointing at Crichton's module as she stalks past.

AERYN

What is that?

JOHN

That's cutting edge technology.

AERYN

We're taking mine.

Crichton gapes as they approach the technologically superior, not to mention sleek and deadly, black and red Prowler.

EXT SPACE - MOYA - PLANETARY ORBIT

Extreme closeup on Moya's hull as the Prowler arcs away, heading down to a 'mostly brown' planet.

EXT. SPACE - COMMAND CARRIER

Carrier cruises too camera. Impressively large as it cruises by our pov. Don't see the rear. Wonder if it has a 'we break for no one' bumper sticker back there.

TEEG (O.S.)

Captain!

INT. COMMAND CARRIER - THE BRIDGE

Teeg crosses to Crais at rear of Bridge area.

TEEG

We are receiving a transmission from one of the outer systems. It's Aeryn Sun, the Prowler Pilot we thought we'd lost. She was taken captive aboard the Leviathan... but she's escaped. She has the being from the white pod with her.

EXT. COMMERCE PLANET - MARKETPLACE

A teeming market place, filled with various alien lifeforms. Pan R to John standing in BG, taking everything in, a bright awed grin.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Freezing, completely floored-- again, as he looks up. Cut to city overlook (CGI), view rises into a vista of an immense city, many alien spacecraft moving through the atmosphere, and it hits him.

JOHN

I'm on another planet.

EXT. COMMERCE PLANET - MARKETPLACE - ELSEWHERE

Long on the crowded and dingy area. More alien lifeforms. Zhaan in the FG speaks to a bulbous bi-pedal creature. D'Argo enters L, speaking into a comms device on his wrist. Rygel floats in the far BG, still deep in negotiations.

D'ARGO

Yes Pilot, understood.

Disengaging his comms, D'Argo joins Zhaan, pulling her away from an unheard discussion. He pulls her aside.

D'ARGO (CONT'D)

The female Peacekeeper and the human have just escaped and there is a full command carrier on approach to this planet.

ZHAAN

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

D'ARGO

Unless the two who just escaped are something very special. This barter session is over.

And they hurry back toward Rygel.

Cut to Rygel, still hovering in front of the huge Proprieter. D'Argo enters shot, placing a hand on his shoulder.

D'ARGO (CONT'D)

Trouble, we must go.

RYGEL

Hm. How much are you asking for those wellan globe crystals...?!

D'Argo yanks Rygel away from his negotiations.

END ACT II

ACT III

EXT. COMMERCE PLANET - MARKETPLACE - ELSEWHERE

Aeryn stalks up behind John, still standing awestruck.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AERYN

Come on. I've relayed our rendezvous point, we can get off this wastehole of a planet.

She turns and walks back the way they came, and with a final awed look he follows. Above them, a wedge of skyline in the darkness (CGI), and whine of engines. They see Moya's transport pod lifting off.

AERYN (CONT'D)

That's the Leviathan's pod. They're getting away! Come on, we have to report it.

The pod passes overhead, then cut to John, catching up with Aeryn.

JOHN

Hey! Aren't we about to be rescued any minute?

He turns her around with a hand on her arm, already careful to stay out of range.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I mean- what? They're no danger to us, right?

AERYN

They are prisoners, escaped prisoners. They must be recaptured...

Pan L quickly to D'Argo, standing behind them, Qualta Blade at the Ready.

D'ARGO (O.S.)

Or destroyed!

Cut to John and Aeryn, wheeling about they run through the crowd, D'Argo following. They don't get far-- remembering the alleyway is a dead end. Aeryn turns again, stiffening to a defensive posture, ready for hand to hand combat. D'Argo smirks.

D'ARGO (CONT'D)

Do not tempt me.

John circles behind her, edging around toward a more viable retreat.

JOHN

You need to get out of here, there's a ship full of Peacekeepers on it's way here right now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

AERYN

Traitor.

D'ARGO

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

Cut to long through crowd as a squad of uniformed and armed PK's press through the crowd, making an aisle for Crais.

JOHN

Just go, before...

John freezes, looking at something behind D'Argo. Cut to a grim looking Crais, making his way down the aisle cleared by his escort of armed soldiers. Cut to close on Aeryn, her arms dropping and assuming an attitude of attention. D'Argo snorts in derision.

D'ARGO

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

Cut to Crais, standing in the open.

CRAIS

But fall you will, Luxan.

D'Argo spins, facing the voice.

CRAIS (CONT'D)

(nodding to the soldiers)

If the Luxan gives you any trouble,  
kill him.

Soldiers grab D'Argo from behind as he prepares to attack those in front of him. He snarls, struggling against the many arms holding him back. His tongue lashes out at the soldiers in front of him, but he's disarmed, the electronic whine of the cuffs snapped around his wrists signifying his defeat. They pull him back as Crais approaches. Aeryn steps forward.

AERYN

Captain Crais.

He spares her an angry glare-- moving past her toward his real quarry, stepping close to John, eyeing him with apparent cold disinterest.

CRAIS

Name.

He looks around, confused, why's he been singled out?

JOHN

It's, uh... John Crichton.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Crais circles behind him, evaluating him, probing with a further mildly disinterested question.

CRAIS

And where are you from... John...  
Crichton?

John turns his head, trying to keep an eye on Crais as he circles him. Wariness keeping him silent. Aeryn steps forward helpfully.

AERYN

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

John, looks away from Crais, cocking his head comically and mouthing "erp?" with disbelief.

AERYN (CONT'D)

But he's shown himself to be...

Crais turns away, focussing on Aeryn. Guy is on the ball, knows who she is and everything.

CRAIS

To be what, Officer Sun? A clever  
impostor? An accomplice to a ship  
full of escaping prisoners?

(beat)

My brother's murderer.

JOHN

(stunned)

Your brother's what?

CRAIS

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

JOHN

Wait a minute. You-you talkin'  
about that near miss I had the  
first minute I got here? Th-that  
was an accident.

CRAIS

It was no near miss for my brother.

Crais circles his prey again, this time John turns, keeping a wary eye on him.

CRAIS (CONT'D)

A human? It will require some...  
study.

Crais steps in close and it is an incredible two shot, John and Crais in profile as Crais spits hate.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

CRAIS (CONT'D)

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

He nods to the PK's and they seize him roughly.

JOHN

Hey!

Brandishing heavy weaponry in his face, the PK's secure his wrists with an electronic whine of steel cuffs. Aeryn steps forward again, unthinking, perhaps remembering an implied promise of escape, safety.

AERYN

Wait.

Crais turns, mildly surprised.

CRAIS

Yes, Officer Sun. You know something about this... alien?

Cuffed and angry, John watches the exchange.

AERYN

Only that I have spent some time with him, sir, and I believe him when he says that what happened to your brother was an accident. I don't believe that he is brave enough or intelligent enough to attack one of our Prowlers intentionally.

Crais eyes her suspiciously.

CRAIS

Exactly how much time have you spent with this human?

Aeryn is speechless, D'Argo uneasy, perhaps knowing something John doesn't, but he does sense danger to her, stepping in to protect her the only way he can.

JOHN

Not a lot.

(He looks at Aeryn and their eyes meet)

Not much at all.

He nods slightly to her, hoping she'll support what he's saying. Crais pauses, evaluating what he has heard, evaluating the meaning of the human's defense of her before continuing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

CRAIS

Because as you know, Peacekeeper High Command has very clear parameters regarding contact with unclassified alien life forms. You may have very well exceeded those parameters Officer Sun...

AERYN

(clearly terrified)  
No, sir...

CRAIS

...which would make you irreversibly contaminated.

AERYN

No, sir, I...

CRAIS

Take them away. Take them all away.

The uniformed PK's begin herding John, Aeryn and D'Argo away.

PK OFFICER

Move!

PK OFFICER 2

Prepare them for transit while we locate the other prisoners.

Pulled away, D'Argo hurls one final assault at Crais.

D'ARGO

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

PK OFFICER

Keep moving.

PK OFFICER 2

Come on!

EXT SPACE - PLANETARY ORBIT - MOYA - CGI

INT. MOYA - COMMAND

Close on Rygel, perched on his chair in front of a large table, slurping down something that looks like, what... ah, caviar? Disgusting. Zhaan enters, crossing to the table quickly.

ZHAAN

Pilot, how's it coming?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PILOT

Fluid tanks are nearly full. Should be another minute or two.

ZHAAN

Any word from D'Argo?

PILOT

None. I'm sorry.

INT. INDETERMINATE LOCATION - CONTAINMENT FACILITY

Close on Crichton, in a world of trouble and knowing it, resigned after the many shocks of the day. His cuffed hands on the wall above an open doorway, enduring a patdown search by one of the black clad PK's. Behind him, D'Argo and Aeryn descend a short flight of stairs accompanied by another PK.

PK OFFICER

Right, turn around.

John turns, as ordered, the PK removes a chain from around his neck, pulling it off over his head. The goodluck charm his father gave him.

PK OFFICER (CONT'D)

What is this thing?

Brief closeup on the puzzle ring in the PK's gloved hand.

JOHN

It's a toy, a puzzle. You have to figure out how to take it apart and put it back together again.

PK OFFICER

A field resource exercise?

JOHN

(dry laugh)

Yeah. Something like that.

John watches the soldier fumble with the ring, an idea emerging, decides to be helpful.

PK OFFICER

All right.

JOHN

Here. Pull that loop through there.

PK OFFICER

Yeah?

JOHN

Yeah, that one.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PK OFFICER 2 (O.S.)  
Turn around!

PK OFFICER  
Yeah right, I got the hang of this.

Close on the ring segments, loose in the PK's gloved palm.

JOHN  
Now figure out how to put it back  
together again.

PK OFFICER 2  
What is this? It's a weapon you  
fool, now give it here before you  
activate it...

The second officer tries to take the ring away from John's  
lil buddy and they struggle over it.

PK OFFICER  
No, don't do that!

Seeing his chance, John grabs a small pistol from one of the  
PK's belts, and drives them together and into the wall with a  
strong shove. He dashes up the short flight of stairs.

PK OFFICER (CONT'D)  
Hey! Hey, you!

At the top of the stairs he spins around, aiming the weapon  
at the small group of guards.

JOHN  
Freeze!

And it fires! Almost taking off his head, he's holding it  
reversed. Everyone cowers as the energy bolt ricochets around  
the room.

PK OFFICER  
Down, get down! Down!

Aeryn, D'Argo and the PK's duck for cover as he reverses the  
weapon. The weapon fires again-- looks accidental to me as he  
mishandles the pistol initially.

PK OFFICER (CONT'D)  
Hey!

Aeryn and D'Argo rush up the stairs, into a relatively safe  
zone behind the maniac with the gun!

PK OFFICER (CONT'D)  
Get him!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Finally getting a grip on the thing, he fires a few more shots with better control. The PK's cower, heavily armed themselves, they don't wanna get shot! John backs away a bit more.

JOHN

Don't move! Or I'll fill you full  
of...

(he can't believe he's  
saying this)

...little yellow bolts of light...

END ACT III

ACT IV

INT. INDETERMINATE LOCATION - CONTAINMENT FACILITY

Continuous from end of Act III, JC panting and breathless at the head of the stairs, Aeryn and D'Argo standing to his left, the pair of PK's hunched against the wall.

JOHN  
Throw me the key!

The PK in the rear, tosses the key toward him and he catches the small object.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
On the ground, now!

They comply, stretching out on the dirt floor.

PK OFFICER 2  
Give up now, Officer Sun. You might avoid the death sentence.

John fumbles with the key, trying to unlock the cuffs on his wrists, but it's a bad angle and he can't get the key in, manipulate the lock and keep an eye on the guards waiting their chance to retake their prisoners.

D'ARGO  
Unlock me then I will unlock you.

AERYN  
No, me.

John hesitates, looking from one to the other, he's not got a real good choice here either way.

AERYN (CONT'D)  
Come on, there isn't time.

Making a decision, John shoves the key in D'Argo's hands.

JOHN  
Unlock me.

The PK's, sensing a distraction and make a move. John's not that distracted.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Down!

They cower back as he fires another warning shot. Meanwhile, D'Argo struggles to unlock his own cuffs, but is faced with the same logistical problem as John. John's edgy and scared, but manages a frustrated laugh, edged with just a touch of hysteria.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN (CONT'D)

If you run... you're going to have to find someone to unlock you. Then you're going to have to explain these Peacekeeper handcuffs.

PK OFFICER 2

Give up now, Officer Sun. You might avoid the death sentence.

D'Argo growls and releases John's cuffs, letting them clatter to the floor. John takes the key.

D'ARGO

Now unlock me.

AERYN

No, he is a criminal!

JOHN

We all are.

PK OFFICER 2

Officer Sun! They are...

JOHN

Can you get me away from here?

D'ARGO

What?!

JOHN

Can you get me off this rock, away from these over-amp'd Rent-a-Cops, away from Crais.

(beat)

And we take her too.

D'ARGO

What? Never! I will take you, you are manageable but she...

JOHN

(shouting)

If she stays... we all stay.

John tries to keep an eye on everyone while D'Argo works it out, but it's too many difficult decisions. John makes it for him, offering him the small weapon. D'Argo grunts in resigned anger, taking the weapon and holding it on the huddled guards. John releases his cuffs and turns toward Aeryn, but she pulls away from him.

AERYN

No. I will not come with you!

John works at getting the cuffs unlocked.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOHN  
You've been irreversibly  
contaminated, remember?

D'ARGO  
It means death.

John pulls her closer, trying to unlock the cuffs, his  
concern for her shockingly evident.

AERYN  
It's my duty, my breeding? Since  
birth, it's what I am.

Completely unimpressed.

JOHN  
You can be more.

She stares at him, uncertain, her eyes darting around the  
room at all she knows, but allows John to remove the cuffs.

EXT. SPACE - MOYA

The Prowler approaches the outer hanger door, cruising  
inside, shot pans R following the Prowler into the cavernous  
transport hangar.

INT. MOYA - COMMAND

ZHAAN  
Say again, Pilot.

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

ZHAAN  
Thank Kahalaan!

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

RYGEL  
Can't you see he's under duress?  
It's a trap!  
(blustering)  
Isolate them in the transport  
hanger and...

ZHAAN  
Pilot, break orbit.

PILOT  
Destination?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

D'Argo arrives, John and Aeryn in tow.

D'ARGO  
The Uncharted Territories.  
(to Zhaan)  
I'll explain later.

John and Aeryn hang back from the others gathered around the large table.

PILOT  
Your attention.

A holo display erupts from the edge of the table. John and Aeryn move closer, joining the rest examining the display-- a small blue icon representing the shape of the Command Carrier.

PILOT (CONT'D)  
Distance between the pursuing  
Peacekeeper carrier and Moya...  
sixty metras and closing. They are  
bringing around their frag cannons.

JOHN  
"Frag cannons?"

D'ARGO  
What is the range of their frag  
cannons?

PILOT  
I'm afraid neither Moya nor I, is  
sufficiently conversed in...  
Peacekeeper technology.

They all turn eyes on Aeryn.

AERYN  
(reluctantly)  
Forty-five metras.

EXT. SPACE - MOYA

Moya heading away from the planet, to camera, the Command Carrier in the BG in pursuit.

INT. MOYA - COMMAND

JOHN  
Let's just do another one of  
those... Starburst things.

ZHAAN  
There's no time. The Leviathan must  
restore her energy reserves.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Close on the holo-display showing the closing Carrier,  
Pilot's image in the clamshell in the BG. Holo-on-holo. Cool.

PILOT  
Fifty metras...

Desperation fills the entire room. Abruptly, John gets an  
idea, backing away from the table, brandishing a pen.

JOHN  
(urgently)  
I need paper.

AERYN  
Paper?

JOHN  
To write on.

John backs away fully distracted by the emerging plan

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Turn the ship around, we need to...

Giving up on the paper, he drops to his knees, beginning to  
draw symbols on the floor.

RYGEL  
What?

JOHN  
...go back toward the planet.

RYGEL  
Go back to the planet?!

EXT. SPACE - COMMAND CARRIER

Closing the distance, moving toward our POV. Cut to close on  
the massive wheel that contains three gigantic cannon mounted  
inside.

PILOT (O.S.)  
Frag cannons are locking on.

INT. MOYA - COMMAND

Zhaan crouches beside John.

ZHAAN  
Crichton, what are you doing?

JOHN  
It's a theory. It has to do with  
overcoming atmospheric friction.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RYGEL  
Are you completely insane?!

EXT. SPACE - COMMAND CARRIER

Close on the frag cannons, pivoting to aim, directly to camera.

INT. MOYA - COMMAND

John's completely in the zone, disregarding outside input, this seems to be their only option and he's not considering that they might not follow along with his plan.

JOHN  
Listen, we're going to have to hit a pretty exact trajectory.  
(looking to Pilot's image)  
Can you do that?

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

JOHN  
(distracted)  
Well, can this ship... thing, be flown manually?

RYGEL  
Manually!?

D'ARGO  
Yes, but there are...

JOHN  
Good! Then you do it.

He returns his attention to the floor.

D'ARGO  
(between gritted teeth)  
I am not trained as a pilot.

What is with these people! Interrupted again, his frustration approaching frenzy.

JOHN  
Fine!  
(to Aeryn)  
You're the experienced pilot, you fly.

He returns to writing on the deck, not even considering any other possibility than compliance.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AERYN

No.

RYGEL

This is madness!

EXT. SPACE - COMMAND CARRIER

Closing the distance.

INT. COMMAND CARRIER - THE BRIDGE

CRAIS

Weapons control... full charge.

INT. MOYA - COMMAND

Crichton continues writing on the floor, Zhaan beside him watching. She stands, her be-ringed hands raised in a silencing gesture, her expression grim.

ZHAAN

It appears our only alternative is death.

D'Argo growls and grabs Aeryn by the arm, dragging her over to the manual flight control station.

RYGEL

(smirking)

What a charmer.

D'ARGO

Pilot, give me maneuverability now!

PILOT

We may dodge one shot but never...

ZHAAN &

D'ARGO

(shouting)

Do it!

INT. MOYA - PILOT'S DEN

Med on Pilot, growling in annoyance as he activates a control panel, and...

INT. MOYA - COMMAND

A large 'joy stick' rotates from the panel by Aeryn and D'Argo, Aeryn's hand grips it firmly.

EXT. SPACE - COMMAND CARRIER

Closing the final distance, the Command Carrier roars past our POV.

INT. COMMAND CARRIER - THE BRIDGE

CRAIS

Fire.

EXT. SPACE - COMMAND CARRIER - MOYA

The huge trio of cannon fire, heavy energy bolts streaking away, missing Moya by a small space. Moya rolls to her starboard side, one of the bolts flaring against her underbelly.

INT. MOYA - COMMAND

Close on Aeryn, manually piloting the ship.

INT. COMMAND CARRIER - THE BRIDGE

WEAPONS OFFICER

Target is banking...

CRAIS

Reacquire!

WEAPONS OFFICER

...banking towards us, sir!

TEEG

She's accelerating, sir!

Cut to forward view, Moya's hull blocking the view from the circular forward portal as she speeds by close enough to feel the vibrations, heading back toward the planet.

Crais steps in, taking over the weapons control station, his hands flying over the controls.

CRAIS

(muttering)

We end this... now!

INT. MOYA - COMMAND

Aeryn, piloting, cut to forward portal, the planet looming large. John's voice is raised over the loud hum of the engines.

JOHN (O.S.)

Just go for the maximum.

Cut to John, still crouched on the floor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Let the planet's gravity pull us  
in.

D'ARGO  
Hetch nine!

Zhaan kneels beside the table.

JOHN (O.S.)  
Dive straight into the atmosphere.

John crosses to stand beside Aeryn, lifting his arm to demonstrate the angle desired he needs.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Twenty-eight to thirty-eight  
degrees, you got it?

Aeryn looks at him like he's nuts, she spares a quick glance to D'Argo, maybe to see if he agrees.

RYGEL  
(hanging on to a vibrating  
console)  
Do it if you're gonna do it!

Cut to the forward portal, the brown planet all but filling it.

JOHN (O.S.)  
More speed, more speed to sling-  
shot us out!

PILOT  
We are there!

Close on Aeryn's hand, pulling back on the stick.

EXT. SPACE - MOYA - PLANETARY ORBIT

The ship, nose down to the planet, begins to pull up. A flare of white heat from the nose as she skims across the atmosphere.

INT. MOYA - COMMAND

Zhaan's tense expression. Everyone bracing against the velocity of the ship.

EXT. SPACE - MOYA

Moya trails fire as her speed builds.

INT. MOYA - COMMAND

Aeryn shoots a glare at John who is focussing on the forward portal, waiting for the moment.

EXT. SPACE - MOYA

Moya trails a broad cometlike tail as she cruises at speed over the planet.

INT. COMMAND CARRIER - THE BRIDGE

TEEG

Sir, the Leviathan, she's...  
about...

CRAIS

I can see that, Lieutenant.

EXT. SPACE - MOYA

JOHN (O.S.)

Pull out... pull out, now!

The ship arcs up, sparking a final moment in the atmosphere.

INT. MOYA - COMMAND

Close on D'Argo's tense expression, cut to close on John, tense and shaken.

EXT. SPACE - MOYA - PLANETARY ORBIT - DEEP SPACE

Breaking the grip of planet's gravity, the Leviathan shoots off into deep space at breakneck speed.

INT. MOYA - COMMAND

Zhaan relaxes, a relieved sigh.

INT. COMMAND CARRIER - THE BRIDGE

TEEG

She's off our scanners sir. We've  
lost her.

INT. MOYA - COMMAND

Rygel pulls himself up from below the table. Surprised to be alive.

RYGEL

Mm?

PILOT

It's gone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Kneeling on the floor beside Aeryn, John looks up at her as Zhaan crosses to stand beside him.

JOHN

Thank you.

PILOT

It's gone!

ZHAAN

You can let go now John.

Zhaan helps the somewhat shaken John to his feet.

ZHAAN (CONT'D)

Thank you.

She takes his face in her hands, and turning his head, presses her ear to his tightly -- he's 'jolted' by the contact.

Close on D'Argo's reaction; a slight 'whoo' sound, shaking his head. Cut to close on John, even more bewildered than before. He looks toward Aeryn and she looks away quickly, embarrassed or uncomfortable or both. John exhales heavily, tipping his head to his left shoulder, an audible pop as the vertabre crack.

END ACT IV

TAG

INT. MOYA - COMMAND

Silent and vacant, for now, except for a single DRD.

INT. MOYA - TRANSPORT HANGAR

Close on John's hand, pulling a component from the inside of his module. He shoves the component inside the gray carry sack and climbs down from the wing of Farscape One, walking slowly toward the exit.

INT. MOYA - CENTER CHAMBER

D'Argo slowly and reverently polishes the length of his sword blade.

INT. MOYA - ZHAAN'S CELL

Soft chanting, from inside the cell, the view through the closed bars. Inside a small table is draped with a golden sheet, resting on top is a medium sized chest and a couple of delicate decanters. Pan R to the bed, Zhaan's bare back toward the camera, arms resting on knees, she's the source of the soft chanting.

INT. MOYA - COMMAND - LATER

John enters slowly, glancing cautiously around, a small smile, and he steps inside. A hissing growl and D'Argo is there, from behind the door, grabbing him by the shoulders.

D'ARGO  
We need to talk.

But John has had enough of the beatings for one day. Furiously angry he shoves him off, his bag falling to the floor.

JOHN  
Get your hands off me!

D'ARGO  
Oh, you have a warrior's instinct.  
Good. We'll need that.

JOHN  
Cool.

Tactical error, John takes his eyes off him, leaning down to fetch his bag from the floor. D'Argo hurls him across the room. John slams against the wall. D'Argo unsheaths his weapon, quickly pressing the tip against John's neck.

D'ARGO  
I have spent eight degrading cycles  
aboard this ship and now I am  
finally liberated.

Yep, definitely not amenable to force.

JOHN  
Congratulations.

D'Argo hisses, pressing the point deeper to get his point across. John rises on his toes, lifting his chin, trying to avoid more serious damage.

D'ARGO  
I don't know who you are, where  
you're from or what you want. But  
if you threaten my freedom... I'll  
kill you.

D'Argo backs away, and after one final glare, exits. John relaxes slowly, pressing a thumb against the slight redness on his neck. Sighing-- it's just not his day-- he crosses the room, lifting his bag from the floor, looking up at a familiar voice.

AERYN (O.S.)  
They're a brutal race.

CONTINUED:

Cut to Aeryn, standing behind a support structure across the room, silent witness to John and D'Argo's last little brawl. Looking through one of those triangular openings Andrew Prowse used when he shot that lovely John/Stark scene for LGM1 \*sigh\*

AERYN (CONT'D)  
Uncivilized. Indiscriminate in  
their deployment of violence.

Mildly sour, he crosses the room, bag in hand.

JOHN  
Right... unlike your people.

AERYN  
My people... might have helped you  
if you hadn't put us in this  
position.

John strips the white jacket off, tossing it on the table next to the bag.

JOHN  
Me? No, no, no. Try your boy,  
Crais.

AERYN  
So you haven't forgotten about him?  
I know he hasn't forgotten about  
you.

JOHN  
Yeah, well the ah, transparent  
purple guy-- what's his name...  
Pilot?

John removes the Flight Recorder from the bag, laying it on the table.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
He said we've passed into the  
Uncharted Territories, and that  
your people don't have  
jurisdiction.

He withdraws a small voice recorder from the bag.

AERYN  
Crais thinks you killed his  
brother. In such a case would you  
obey jurisdictional boundaries?

Huh. John freezes, a bit disturbed by the idea, he turns to look at her as she crosses the room, eyeing him closely, smug expression on her face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

AERYN (CONT'D)

Listen to me. If you want to live,  
choose your allegiances carefully.  
That's not to say that there's any  
guarantees there.

Aeryn exits, leaving John staring after her. A squeak on the table behind him draws his attention, slightly startled. The DRD, antenna drooping, rolls forward on the table. John relaxes, moving his fingers in a 'come hither' gesture.

JOHN

(gently)  
Come here.  
(sitting)  
The DRD squeaks at him but  
doesn't move.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I'm not going to hurt you... come  
here.

The DRD rolls toward him. He clicks the record button on the side of a miniature tape recorder, and taking a roll of blue electrical tape in hand, he begins to speak...

JOHN (CONT'D)

Hey, dad, it worked. DK's and my  
theory, it actually-- worked...  
(brief pause)  
Sort of. Look, I know this is,  
ah... crazy--  
(tears off a strip of blue  
tape)  
I mean you're never going to get  
this message, but I just... wanted  
to let you know that I'm alive.

He reaches out, strip of tape in hand, gently grasping the bent antenna, but the DRD tries to wriggle away.

JOHN (CONT'D)

(softly)  
Oh, hold still, hold still.

He lifts the limp antenna and begins wrapping the blue tape around the damaged area.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Don't know where I am. Technically,  
I don't know how I got here, but...  
I'm not gonna stop trying to get  
home.

The light flickers on at the tip of the damaged antenna, and John smiles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JOHN (CONT'D)  
See? You're fixed.  
(a 'shooing' gesture)  
Go play.

The DRD rolls backward.

RYGEL  
Hm.

Rygel, somehow appearing soundlessly, reaches out toward the small recorder. John grabs his hand, thrusting it away.

JOHN  
Hey! What the hell are you doing?

RYGEL  
Your equipment may be worth something in trade.

JOHN  
My equipment. It's mine.

RYGEL  
Are you a sound sleeper?

Rygel chuckles, and hovers away. Leaving John alone with his thoughts again.

JOHN  
And there's life out here Dad.  
Weird, amazing... psychotic life...  
and death... in Technicolor.

Shot widens slowly as he continues...

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Hey, Dad... you know those...  
rattlers in the stomach we talked  
about? Well, I got 'em now.

Shot continues to widen, John sits quietly, one hand snapping off the recorder. Fade to...

EXT. SPACE - MOYA - THE UNCHARTED TERRITORIES

Moya glides through a deep void, in the far distance a large galactic spiral glows.

ROLL CLOSING CREDITS