FARSCAPE

"Nerve"

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INT. CARGO BAY

CLOSE on an improvised "punching dummy" — an eight-foot-tall canister wrapped with insulation — as FISTS SLAM into it, over and over again.

WIDEN to reveal AERYN wielding the fists with machine-like determination. She's alone in her "exercise area" (seen in Episode 5). Enter CRICHTON in b.g.

CRICHTON

Here you are.

Aeryn ignores him, keeps belting the "dummy", adding an occasional kick to the routine.

CRICHTON (cont'd)

Sure you oughta be exercising?

AERYN

Why not?

CRICHTON

Oh, I don't know... maybe because not all that long ago, a Commando damn near skewered you with his handy Swiss Peacekeeper Army Knife —

AERYN

The muscles are completely healed. Did you want something?

CRICHTON

Is your Comms on the blink? We called you three times for dinner.

AERYN

Not hungry.

CRICHTON

You coulda said so. Kinda rude not to pick up.
AERYN
Will you leave me alone?
Crichton's surprised by her vehemence.

CRICHTON
No. Something's the matter and I want
   * to know --
   *

Aeryn abruptly makes a sharp GAGGING sound, puts a hand to
her mouth, and COUGHS sharply. She promptly wipes off her
hand -- but not before Crichton's seen that she coughed up a
small amount of blackish goo.

CRICHTON (cont'd)
Hell's that? You sick?

Aeryn quickly walks away. Crichton catches up to her --

CRICHTON (cont'd)
Hey. Get back here --

Crichton grabs her arm. Aeryn spins, throwing a punch.
Crichton, fully ready for it, catches her fist in his hand --
and is even more surprised at how her skin feels:

CRICHTON (cont'd)
You're ice cold!

Aeryn tries to pull loose. Crichton holds onto her -- and is
alarmed that this task is much easier than it should be.

CRICHTON (cont'd)
Cold and weak. Okay, knock off the
"completely healed" crap and talk to
me. Better yet, talk to Zhaan,
closest thing we have to a doctor --

Crichton reaches for his Comms. Aeryn stops him.
AERYN

No. Don't summon the others. Just --
just let me get to my Prowler.

CRICHTON

Huh? Why? You feel like taking a
drive? Last I looked, we weren't
within Prowler range of anything --
(stops, realizing)
It's that bad?

A small nod from Aeryn.

AERYN

I didn't lie to you. My muscles are
healed. But the knife must've pierced
my paraphoral nerve. Once damaged, it
cannot regenerate. Within fifty or
sixty arns, it will fail and I will
die. Nothing can be done.

CRICHTON

Hold on -- there's gotta be some kind
of treatment --

AERYN

The only treatment is a tissue graft
from a genetically compatible donor.

CRICHTON

Then let's find one. We've got, what,
two or three days?

AERYN

At the most. And we're nowhere near a
Sebacean colony.

That stops Crichton -- but only for a moment.

CRICHTON

No... but there's a Peacekeeper Base
less than twenty arns away... and our
Commando visitors were kind enough to
give us the coordinates.

*  

Aeryn looks at Crichton with a faint glimmer of hope.
Crichton addresses a skeptical D'Argo, Zhaan, Chiana, and Rygel, Rygel's munching on a plate of food cubes.

**Rygel**
You aren't just fahrbot -- you're magra-fahrbot!

**Crichton**
Hey, I pulled it off once --

**Chiana**
Yeah, by the skin of your mivonks.

**D'Argo**
Your masquerade as a Peacekeeper fooled four battle-weary Commandos -- briefly.

**Zhaan**
Infiltrating a top-secret Gammak Base is quite another matter.

**D'Argo**
Even if you get in, you still have to find a tissue match --

**Zhaan**
-- obtain the tissue sample --

**Chiana**
-- and get your butt out again.

**Rygel**
Frell Crichton's butt! What about our butts? If he's found out, we're put at risk too.

**D'Argo**
With Moya's pregnancy this far along, she may not be able to get us away.

**Crichton**
I already checked with Pilot. He says Moya's all rested up and ready for one Starburst. We can run if we have to.

**Zhaan**
Has the Prowler been repaired?

**Crichton**
DRDs have it looking good as new.

**Zhaan**
Then your plan could work...

(Continued)
Crichton looks to the others -- "see?"

ZHAAN (cont’d)
...although it more than likely won't.

CRICHTON
So we just do nothing and watch Aeryn die? Everybody's just fine with that?

Zhaan and D'Argo are somber. Even Rygel is conflicted.

D'ARGO
John, I do not wish to see Aeryn die.

ZHAAN
Nor do I.

CRICHTON
No? Coulda fooled me.
(to Rygel)
What about you, big guy?

Rygel, concealing his discomfort, avoids Crichton's gaze and reaches for another Cube:

RYGEL
What's the difference what we want? * We must face reality. The only sensible course of action is --

Crichton's had enough of Rygel. He sweeps an arm across the table, knocking Rygel's plate and Food Cubes flying. Zhaan's shocked, D'Argo's indifferent, Chiana's amused.

ZHAAN
John!

Crichton ignores Zhaan, gets in Rygel's face:

CRICHTON
Sorry, Rygel, I didn't catch that. What were you gonna say?

RYGEL
(swallowing hard)
...is to do everything in our power to save Aeryn's life...

Crichton nods -- "that's more like it" -- then exits with determination. Once Crichton's gone, Rygel sourly finishes:

RYGEL (cont’d)
...even though it's likely to get us all killed.

END OF COLD OPEN
ACT ONE

INT. AERYN'S QUARTERS

Aeryn's quarters are unadorned; she's never added a single personal touch. Aeryn leans weakly on something for support, occasionally shivering. Crichton's in his Peacekeeper disguise (not his Captain's outfit from Ep. 18, but one of the Covert Ops Marauder Team's fatigues from that episode).

**AERYN**
This mission is foolhardy. It makes no sense for you to get killed as well. Best to simply cut our losses --

**CRICHTON**
Don't start the martyr stuff again. No way I'm just gonna let you die.

**AERYN**

Why not?

Crichton gives her a look. Aeryn knows what it means, but can't bring herself to acknowledge that she does.

**PILOT'S VOICE**
Crichton? We've reached the designated coordinates.

**CRICHTON**
(to his Comms)
Thanks, Pilot.

Time to go. An awkward moment for Crichton and Aeryn.

**AERYN**
Do humans have any particular rituals for this type of situation?

**CRICHTON**
A power handshake and a "good luck" are always in order...

Aeryn frowns: "show me." Crichton clasps her hand, gives it a solid shake. Aeryn returns it with:

**AERYN**
Good luck. -- How was that?

**CRICHTON**
Perfect.

Neither lets go for a long beat.
INT. THE COMMAND

Zhaan eyes the Forward Portal, which is filled by a HUGE, JUPITER-LIKE PLANET (CG). PILOT is on clamshell.

PILOT
An uninhabitable gas giant... but it has a large moon on the far side.

ZHAAN
Large enough to have an atmosphere?

PILOT
Yes. The base must be located there. In this orbit, the planet's huge mass will shield us from it completely.

INT. MAINTENANCE BAY/TRANSPORT HANGAR

Crichton enters. Chiana's waiting by the Transport Hangar door. She's wearing a jacket or cape over her usual attire.

CRICHTON
What's with the wrap?

CHIANA
Travelling outfit.

CRICHTON
Yeah? You going someplace?
CHIANA

With you.

CRICHTON

Think again.

CHIANA

I'll think out loud. What you need on this jaunt is a talented burglar, smuggler, spy, and distraction-causer.

CRICHTON

You're volunteering? What's your angle?

Chiana has an angle, but tries to cover it by playing hurt:

CHIANA

Can't you believe I might want to earn my keep aboard this boat?

CRICHTON

You? No.

He turns to go.

CHIANA

Well at least take this.

Chiana tosses him the Ident Chip which she grabbed from Larraq in Ep. 18. Crichton, surprised, inspects it.

CHIANA

A Peacekeeper Ident Chip, maximum security clearance.

CRICHTON

How'd you get it? I never saw you grab it off that Marauder Captain.

CHIANA

'Course you didn't. Told you I was talented. But, hey, you want to go solo, so who am I to argue?

Chiana starts off. Crichton's uncertain.

CRICHTON

Whatever you're up to, I could use the help... if you really are gonna help.

Chiana holds her head up, meets his gaze full on -- "count on it." Crichton still isn't fully convinced, but:

CRICHTON (cont'd)

Okay, come on.
6 EXT. SPACE - MOYA (CG)
Moya orbits the planet. The Prowler emerges and heads away.

7 OMITTED
INT. PROWLER

Crichton and Chiana, mid-flight. Crichton's piloting, less than expently.

CRICHTON
We'll do the same routine we pulled on those Marauder Commandos.

CHIANA
You're the boss man and I'm your meek little server?

CRICHTON
They bought it, didn't they?

Crichton adjusts a control -- too much. The Prowler lurches.

CHIANA
You sure you don't want me to fly this thing?

CRICHTON
You know how?

Another lurch.

CHIANA
Yeah. Do you?

Crichton doesn't reply; something's caught his attention:

CRICHTON
Whoa, check that out --

EXT. GAMMAK BASE (CG)

The Prowler flies toward a huge, dead-looking factory.

CHIANA'S VOICE
Some kinda mining complex? Maybe a refinery.

CRICHTON'S VOICE
Whatever it is, looks like somebody nuked it but good, a long time ago.

INT. PROWLER

CRICHTON
Could be camoflage... could be dead.
CHIANA
(indicating readouts)
It isn't dead. Eight targeting systems have just locked onto us.

CRICHTON
Typical warm Peacekeeper welcome...

Crichton switches on the radio, acts arrogant and annoyed:

CRICHTON (cont'd)
Prowler to Gammak Base! What's with the weapons locks, you idiots? Can't you tell a friend from a foe?

LT. HESKON'S VOICE
Prowler, identify yourself.

CRICHTON
On an open channel? Uh-uh. You want to count my teeth, do it after I land.
LT. HESKON'S VOICE
The channel is secure. If you don't identify yourself, we --

CRICHTON
(mildly)
You'll what? Shoot me down? Son, it's not a great idea to gun down a superior officer without even peeking at his Ident Chip...

LT. HESKON'S VOICE
(after a long beat)
Prowler, you have a landing vector.

CRICHTON
Thank you so much.

Crichton signs off. Chiana nods approvingly.

CHIANA
You're not completely untalented yourself.

INT. GAMMAK BASE - HANGAR SILO (CG)
The Prowler flies in low, enters the hangar silo.

INT. GAMMAK BASE - HANGAR
CLOSE on the barrels of two Pulse Rifles held by a pair of mean-looking GUARDS. ADJUST ANGLE to reveal their target: the parked Prowler.

Crichton's just emerged from the cockpit. (Chiana isn't visible at the moment.) The Guards keep their guns at the ready as two male Peacekeepers approach Crichton:

LT. HESKON, the radio voice, is young, clean-cut, loyal, but lacking experience. COMMANDER JAVIO (hard J) is middle-aged and not overly intelligent, but shrewd enough to maneuver himself out of combat and into this cushy job.

JAVIO
I'm Tollona Javio, Commander of this base. This is Lieutenant Heskon. And you'd be...?

Crichton plays it as gruff and self-assured as the real Larraq played it in Ep. 18:

(CONTINUED)
CRICHTON
Larraq. Captain. No regiment. And
don't even think about asking what my
assignment is.

JAVIO
Wouldn't dream of it, Captain. But we
do need to see your Ident Chip.

Crichton casually flips the Ident Chip to Lt. Heskon, whose eyes widen like a rookie cop who's seen his first FBI badge. He inserts it into a wall-mounted Security Reader. A BLUE INDICATOR LIGHTS: all OK. He returns the Chip to Crichton.

LT. HESKON
Ident Chip verified, sir.

CRICHTON
Happy now?

JAVIO
Delighted to have you with us,
Captain... though I am wondering how
you knew this base was here...

CRICHTON
(shrugs)
Keep wondering. I'll need quarters
for myself and my personal server.

JAVIO
Your...?

Crichton looks to the Prowler as Chiana comes around from the far side, looking around the hangar and wiping off her brow.

CHIANA
Make sure the quarters are comfort-
cooled, Larraq... it's hot in here.

(continues)
Javio and Lt. Heskon are open-mouthed. Chiana starts to remove her jacket, pretends to have difficulty, smiles at Lt. Heskon: "would you mind?" Lt. Heskon gallantly helps her off with her jacket, revealing she's altered her usual attire to make it extra-sexy... and giving Lt. Heskon a clear view of her assets in the process. Crichton scowls -- this isn't how they rehearsed it. Javio regards Crichton curiously:

JAVIO
You brought a civilian with you?

CRICHTON
(a calm warning)
You getting nosy again?

JAVIO
Just admiring your taste. May I offer food and drink to you and your... "server"?

Crichton's about to demur, but Chiana beams:

CHIANA
I'd love some refreshment.

INT. GAMMAK BASE - CANTEEN

The base's mess hall, bar, and recreation area. Most patrons are UNIFORMED PEACEKEEPERS, but off to different sides are TECHS and MEDICAL PERSONNEL. It's a clique-ish place; the various groups don't mix much.

Chiana's at the bar with Lt. Heskon and several other male Peacekeepers. She finishes a steaming beverage; two of the men promptly offer her fresh ones. She takes a drink:
CHIANA
I could get real fond of this place --
the rasiak is good and strong.

LT. HESKON
That how you like it?

CHIANA
Strong and hot. Make the mouth
ingle... but go down slow and smooth.

Chiana gives Lt. Heskon a come-hither look. He and the
others grin ear to ear. Chiana's the life of the party.

ANGLE ON Crichton and Javio sitting at a private table with
some ungodly-looking drinks; Crichton has to force himself
not to wince at each sip. Javio's eyes are on Chiana.

JAVIO
I've never seen a species quite like
hers. What did you pay for her?

CRICHTON
You don't want to know.

JAVIO
Does she give good... value?

CRICHTON
She has her moments.

ANGLE on a small group of TECHS having lunch at a table.
BIXX, male and nerdy, is technobabbling away to a Female Tech
(it's GILINA, but we never see her face in this scene):

BIXX
...so my theory is, if we increase the
birdge count, the anti-irradiated
hontz shielding can absorb more of the
bym-lar particles...

The Female Tech, bored, idly stirs her food with a utensil.
She glances past Bixx -- and sees Crichton at the far end of
the room. She's so astonished that she drops her utensil.
Bixx misinterprets this:

BIXX (cont'd)
Startling idea, isn't it? Of course,
it might kemperize the system beyond
 tolerance, but I think it's doable.

The Female Tech, still staring at Crichton, gets to her feet
and starts toward him -- but thinks better of it, stops in
her tracks, and exits fast. Bixx, surprised, watches her go.

BIXX (cont'd)
Something I said?
ANGLE on Chiana and her suitors at the bar.

CHIANA
Females outnumber males here five to one? What do you poor guys do for... fun?

LT. HESKON
Not very much.

CHIANA
I'd say I got here just in time.

Chiana puts a hand on Lt. Heskon, startling him -- but he's not complaining. The others LAUGH appreciatively.

CHIANA (cont'd)
Five to one I'll never be bored here!

Lt. Heskon and the others grow abruptly quiet as they see something O.S. Chiana turns to see what's intimidated them:

ANGLE on the doorway as a new, ominous figure appears: SCORPIUS. He's half-Sebacean and half-alien; his appearance is unsettling, but not because he's grotesque or ugly. On the contrary, he could easily be considered handsome -- in a dark, dangerous, predatory way. His uniform is unusual -- more elegant yet more severe than those of other Peacekeepers -- this is no run-of-the-mill storm trooper; he's Gestapo.

Scorpius surveys the room, sees a grinning Javio at the farthest end. (Crichton has his back to Scorpius and is obscured from Scorpius' pov.) Scorpius catches Javio's eye, nods curtly -- "come here."

ANGLE ON Javio as his smile vanishes. He gets up.

JAVIO
Excuse me, Captain... duty calls.

Crichton turns to look, but Scorpius has already exited. Once Javio's gone, Crichton BANGS on the table:

CRICHTON
Chiana! Front!

CHIANA
Yeah, yeah -- coming. (sliding her drink over to Lt. Heskon)
Keep it hot for me.

Chiana crosses to sit down with Crichton. This is the first chance they've had to speak privately since they arrived.

(CONTINUED)
CRICHTON
What are you doing? This wasn't the plan. You're acting like a groupie!

Chiana gives Crichton back his earlier words:

CHIANA
They bought it, didn't they?

CRICHTON
What happened to meek and subservient?

CHIANA
(in seductive voice)
Different jobs require different... tools.

CRICHTON
Close up your tool chest! You're drawing a lot of attention.

CHIANA
Away from you! The more they watch me, the less they look you over.

Crichton has to concede she's got a point.

CRICHTON
Well, before they elect you Centerfold of the Year, do you suppose we might get on with saving Aeryn's life?

INT. GAMMAK BASE - PASSAGEWAY #1

Lt. Heskon leads Crichton and Chiana down a passageway. They pass various PEACEKEEPERS, TECHS, and GUARDS.

LT. HESKON
Your quarters have been assigned.
Level Four, number Six-Lerg-Five.
CHIANA
You're so helpful.

Behind them, Crichton rolls his eyes -- Chiana's really pouring it on thick. At the end of the passageway is a more elaborate Security Reader.

LT. HESKON
I'll need your Ident Chip, sir.

CRICHTON
Again?

Crichton hands it over. Lt. Heskon plugs it into the Security Reader, then indicates a slot in the device:

LT. HESKON
If you'll insert your hand here...

Uh-oh. Crichton and Chiana hide their panic:

CRICHTON
This is getting ridiculous. You know who I am. Let us past.

LT. HESKON
Sir, everything beyond this point is Security Three-Velka -- genetic verification required.

CHIANA
Is this really necessary? Larraq gets so impatient with delays.

Chiana strokes Lt. Heskon's arm, but he won't be put off.
He motions for a trio of passing GUARDS to join them and await orders.

LT. HESKON
Captain, I must ask you to place your hand in the device.

CRICHTON
I must ask you, Lieutenant, what makes you think you can give me orders --

LT. HESKON
I'm Chief Security Officer of this installation --

CRICHTON
Not for long, if this is how you treat a superior officer --

Lt. Heskon signals the Guards, who efficiently surround Crichton and Chiana with drawn guns.

LT. HESKON
You will comply -- now.

Crichton has no choice. He inserts his hand, winces as an unseen needle jabs his skin. As the Reader analyzes --

END OF ACT ONE
ACT TWO

INT. GAMMAK BASE - PASSAGEWAY #1

As before. The Reader HUMS. To everyone's astonishment, a BLUE INDICATOR LIGHTS. Crichton has no idea how he got away with this, but he makes the most of it.

CRICHTON
Satisfied, Lieutenant?

CHIANA
Now, Larraq, he's only doing his job.
Let's get to our quarters so I can do mine.

She teases Crichton's ear lobe with a finger; he plays along.

CRICHTON
Yeah, well... I'm for that.

LT. HESKON
I'll show you there immediately.

CRICHTON
Six-lerg-five -- I'll find it myself.

Crichton glares; Lt. Heskon, not about to push it, allows Crichton and Chiana to proceed without him.

LT. HESKON
Yes, sir.

INT. GAMMAK BASE - PASSAGEWAY #2

A mystified Crichton and Chiana walk, speaking in low tones:

CRICHTON
How'd we ever pull that off? Did you do something to the Ident Chip?

Chiana shakes her head. From an open doorway, a WHISPER:

GILINA'S VOICE
Larraq! In here!

They stop, startled. Crichton signals he'll go in first --
A cubical with a bed, a laptop-type computer, and a door to imply a bathroom. The female Tech from the Canteen throws her arms around Crichton:

FEMALE TECH

John!

She kisses Crichton before he can respond. At that moment, Chiana darts in, yanks the Tech off Crichton, SLAMS her against the wall, and draws back a fist. Crichton can now see that the Tech is Gilina.

CRICHTON

Gilina -- ?
(stops Chiana)
Wait! This is a friend!
(to Gilina)
How'd you get here? You were assigned to Crais's ship --

GILINA
Crais was ordered to shuttle half his Techs back to First Command for a new assignment: a secret research project.

CRICHTON
To do what?

GILINA
They won't tell us... and we're all working on isolated tasks so we don't find out. But we all assume we're developing weaponry of some kind.

CRICHTON
New Peacekeeper weapons... just what this galaxy needs. How'd you find out I was here?

GILINA
I saw you in the Officer's Lounge -- wearing that uniform -- I knew you'd never pass the genetic scan --
(nods toward her laptop)
-- so I overrode the security program... and made sure you were assigned quarters on this level.

CHIANA
You did all that? From Here? (impressed, to Crichton)

This is a good friend.
Javio walks with Scorpius. Scorpius's voice is smooth, measured, dispassionate -- and not to be disobeyed.

SCORPIUS
Not acceptable, Commander. We must increase the efficiency of the Aurora Chair.

JAVIO
Then find me more Techs. We're understaffed.

SCORPIUS
Understaffed... or mismanaged?

That chills Javio.

Crichton, Chiana, and Gilina. Crichton holds a small vial brought from Moya.

Crichton
...unless I find a match for this and bring back some healthy tissue, Aeryn will die. Will you help us?

Gilina
Of course. Stay here. I'll take the sample to the Medical Unit.

Crichton
Hold on -- I don't want to put you at risk --

Gilina
I won't be. I can fake the work orders. The Med Techs won't ask questions. We're used to secrecy.

Crichton
It's still too dangerous. I'll go.

Gilina
You should keep hidden. Suppose someone here knew the real Larraq?

Chiana
She's right. One close call's enough.
Crichton knows they’re right, but he still doesn’t like it.
Gilina smiles, lovingly touches Crichton’s cheek as she takes
the vial from him.

GILINA
I’ll be fine, John. Don’t worry.

Gilina exits. Chiana also heads for the door.

CHIANA
I’ll head back to the Lounge and let
our friend the Chief Security Officer
buy me another raslak.

CRICHTON
Gonna keep him preoccupied while
Gilina’s on the move? Good idea.

CHIANA
Yeah. Besides, I’m still thirsty.

And Chiana exits.
INT. AERYN'S QUARTERS

Aeryn's weaker than before; she appears to be asleep. A SOUND makes her eyes pop open: Rygel's in her room.

RYGEL
Oh. I came to see how you were doing.

AERYN
You came to see if I was dead yet so you could go through my possessions.

RYGEL
I resent your unfounded accusation! Furthermore... you have no possessions worth taking.

AERYN
How inconsiderate of me.

RYGEL
Exactly!

D'Argo enters.

D'ARGO
Your Eminence. You're needed on the Command.

RYGEL
I am? For what?

D'ARGO
Pilot wants someone there at all times. We could be discovered by Peacekeepers at any moment, and a quick decision may be required.

RYGEL
A quick and correct decision. I accept this vital responsibility.

Rygel exits.

AERYN
Did Pilot actually request that?

D'Argo gives her a look -- "what do you think?"
CONTINUED:

AERYN (cont'd)

Thank you. If a warrior cannot die in battle, at least she should die alone.

Aeryn's tiring again. D'Argo gets the point; he exits.

INT. GAMMAK BASE - CANTEEN

Chiana's once again at the bar with Lt. Heskon and a few other Peacekeeper officers.

CHIANA

...then I found out the hard way that Anzarians shed certain parts of their anatomy after use... Talk about something to remember him by!

Everyone LAUGHS. Then Javio steps up.

JAVIO

Duty cycle complete, Lieutenant?

LT. HESKON

Oh. No, sir. I was, uh, keeping our guest company ---

JAVIO

Thank you. That will do.

It's not a suggestion. Lt. Heskon and the others exit, leaving Javio alone with Chiana. She finishes her drink.

CHIANA

Thought I'd get at least another round out of 'em.

JAVIO

Raslak? We can do much better than that.

Chiana eyes Javio with interest.
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INT. MAINTENANCE BAY - LAB SECTION

Zhaan's at her bench, mixing potions. D'Argo's pacing.

D'ARGO
She's weakening fast. This is no way for anyone to die, even a Peacekeeper. Do something.

ZHAAN
D'Argo, all I can do is ease her journey. The damaged nerve regulates toxin-removal functions. Poisons that build up in her body are killing her.

D'ARGO
Filter them out.

ZHAAN
I don't have the means to do that.

D'Argo turns away, frustrated. Rests a hand on a bulkhead. Looks at the smooth surface of Moya under his fingertips.

D'ARGO
But Moya does... doesn't she?

Zhaan, frustrated herself, is about to round on D'Argo and tell him what a dumb idea that it. Then she stops, thinks about it for a beat. Maybe it isn't such a dumb idea...

INT. GAMMAK BASE - CANTEEN

Chiana and Javio are at a private table, finishing what appears to have been a truly sumptuous meal. Javio pours Chiana more of an expensive-looking beverage.

CHIANA
Not a bad way to live.

(CONTINUED)
JAVIO
Not at all. How would you like to stay? Whatever you're getting from Larraq, I can easily double.

CHIANA
I'm getting quite a bit. 'Course, I'm worth it.

JAVIO
I think you're selling yourself short. Covert Ops types are always flying off to some backwater planet and getting shot up. This is much more civilized.

When Chiana speaks, she's no longer playing a role, but speaking from the heart:

CHIANA
Lot to be said for stability... I'm gettin' tired of running from system to system with a guy who's got a real talent for getting in danger...

JAVIO
Exactly. With me, you'd be comfortable... and protected.

Chiana gives it serious thought. Javio feels her leg.

JAVIO (cont'd)
Shall we continue this discussion in my quarters?

Chiana smiles, peels Javio's hand off her leg, gets to her feet. She's neither shocked nor offended.

CHIANA
My policy's "no free samples." Let me consider your offer on my own.

Javio nods semi-graciously. Chiana exits.

INT. GAMMAK BASE - GILINA'S QUARTERS
Crichton's pacing. Gilina enters from the passageway.

GILINA
Good news.

CRICHTON
They found a match for Aeryn's genetic sample?
GILINA
Better. There's no need to find a donor. Our medics can now synthesize paraphoral tissue.

CRICHTON
Your medics can cook up a cure for Aeryn?

She smiles, holds up a small hypo-like object.

GILINA
They already have. One dose, some rest, and she'll be as healthy as ever.

Crichton lets out a long breath. That's a lot off his mind.
"Thanks" doesn't even begin to cover it.

GILINA
Nothing to thank me for...
(puts her arms around him)
...but go ahead anyway; I don't mind.

They kiss -- both human-style and Sebacean-style as in Ep. 7. It takes Gilina a moment to catch her breath, then:

GILINA
You're welcome...

She moves to kiss him again. Crichton, aware that time is short, gently breaks the embrace.

Crichton
I have to get back to Moya... if I'm too late, Aeryn dies...

GILINA
(nods, understanding)
And I don't dare keep you here. If they capture you...
(forcing a brave smile)
All we ever do is say goodbye to each other.

Crichton
Yeah... you'd think it'd get easier...

Gilina begins to reach for Crichton once more. She stops herself, realizing she's only making it more difficult for both of them. She musters the strength to say:

GILINA
Go.

She hands him the hypo. Their hands touch -- and remain so for a beat -- but that's as much of a farewell as they'll permit themselves. Crichton exits with the hypo.
Scorpius walks with Niem, his second-in-command.

SCORPIUS
Get Stark back in the Chair.

NIE: M
I doubt we'll get results. His mind is nearly shattered.
SCORPIUS
And increasing the Extraction Level
will only hasten the damage. Still...

Crichton walks past them without making eye contact. But
Scorpius turns to take a second look at Crichton --

ANGLE ON CRICHTON - SCORPIUS'S POV: A strange, alien POV --
perhaps part infrared, part X-ray, part electromagnetic --
revealing colorful patterns across Crichton's body.

ON SCORPIUS, not liking what he's seeing. He thunders:

SCORPIUS (cont'd)
That man is an impostor! Detain him!

Niem and two passing Guards surround Crichton. He knows he
has no chance -- but there's something he needs to do, so he
BELTS Guard #1, elbows Niem aside, and makes a break for it.

Guard #2 TACKLES Crichton, who clutches at a trash container
(fire extinguisher, potted plant, any free-standing object
you'd find in a hallway) for support, but goes down. Guard
#1 presses a control on his belt -- and ALARMS ECHO.

Crichton twists, PUNCHES Guard #2, and nearly breaks free --
but the ALARMS have brought more Guards into the fray;
Crichton is quickly overpowered. The Guards look to Scorpius
for orders.

SCORPIUS (cont'd)
The Aurora Chair.

Niem and the Guards drag a groggy Crichton out; Scorpius
follows. MOVE IN CLOSE on the toppled container to see why
Crichton put up a fight: jammed under the rim (and hidden
from casual view) is the hypo with the Aeryn cure.

END OF ACT TWO
ACT THREE

INT. GAMMA-K BASE - INTERROGATION ROOM

Crichton's locked in the Aurora Chair -- a mean-looking thing, bristling with electronics. Niem is behind a console.

CRICHTON
You've really screwed the pooch! My name's Larraq, I work for Covert Ops --

SCORPIUS'S VOICE
Unfortunately, wrong on all counts.

Scorpius enters, nods to Niem, who works the console. The Chair CRACKLES to life, ZAPPING Crichton's head with waves of searing pain. Scorpius nods again; the torture ceases.

SCORPIUS (cont'd)
I am Scorpius.

CRICHTON
(still gasping for breath)
But of course you are.
(eyeing Scorpius's uniform)
You're a Peacekeeper? Funny, you don't look Sebacean.

SCORPIUS
On the other hand, you do look Sebacean, yet your energy signature is quite dissimilar. What species are you... and who are you working for?

CRICHTON
Get stuffed.
(no reaction)
Didn't that translate? Here's one I learned from a Peacekeeper. "May the Living Death take you."

Niem ZAPS Crichton although Scorpius hasn't signalled for it. Scorpius sharply raises a hand; Niem turns off the ZAPS.

SCORPIUS
You attempt to provoke me. Perhaps you're hoping I'll lose my composure and kill you before I can extract any information.
(shakes his head)
Not likely.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
SCORPIUS (cont'd)
Are you familiar with the Motak Four colony? Terraformed by Sebaceans and invaded by a race called Scarrans. They executed the defenseless colonists, but kept several females for breeding experiments. Most were failures. I was not.

CRICHTON
Matter of opinion.

SCORPIUS
By the time the Peacekeepers arrived and liberated the planet, my mother was dead. I chose to --

CRICHTON
Wait, don't tell me. You became a good little Peacekeeper soldier so you could go fight those nasty Scarrans. Hey, maybe you'd even be lucky enough to kill your own father.

SCORPIUS
That's exactly what I did, even though I never learned who he was. For ten cycles, I led a project to develop a virus fatal to Scarrans, then I headed the commando team that invaded their planet and released it. The Scarran race is now extinct.

CRICHTON
You slaughtered an entire race?

SCORPIUS
Yes. I tell you this so you can abandon any thoughts of provoking me into rash action. You see, I long ago learned the advantages of patience.
Scorpius nods to Niem -- who ZAPS Crichton repeatedly. But these ZAPS are different -- more precise, almost surgical. A nebulous IMAGE FORMS on a small monitor at the foot of the Chair. One more ZAP, and the IMAGE coalesces into:

MEMORY IMAGE: A scene of Crichton aboard Moya with Zhaan, D'Argo, and Rygel.

Scorpius, Niem, and Crichton watch the Image until it DISAPPEARS, leaving Crichton drained and weak.

CRICHTON
What was that?

SCORPIUS
A memory. Random and indistinct at the moment; it will take some time to map your neural patterns.

CRICHTON
You stay the hell out of my --

Scorpius nods to Niem, who gives Crichton one sharp ZAP just to stun and silence him so Scorpius and Niem can confer.

SCORPIUS
That was a Leviathan ship, was it not? I seem to remember a report of an escaped Leviathan prison transport. Have Javio check the datafiles.
(to Crichton)
You are a most interesting spy.

Scorpius nods to Niem. As more ZAPS hit Crichton --

INT. MAINTENANCE BAY - MED BED AREA

Aeryn's on an improvised "med bed" as in Ep. 18. A bulkhead's been opened, exposing several of Moya's fluid conduits; some have been pulled out and connected, IV-style, to circulatory vessels in Aeryn's arms and legs. Zhaan puts a bandage-like covering over the last of the entry points as D'Argo and a few DRDs look on.

ZHAAN
This may help stabilize you until Crichton returns with the cure.

AERYN
You're sure this won't hurt Moya?

ZHAAN
Pilot says no. The amount of toxins your body generates is insignificant to Moya, given your relative sizes.

(Continued)
AERYN
But what about her baby?

D'ARGO
Its mass is already well over a
sakmar. This will not affect it.

AERYN
Well, whether it works or not, Zhaan,
I compliment you on your ingenuity.

ZHAAN
Actually, it wasn't my idea, it was --

D'Argo catches Zhaan's eye, shakes his head.

ZHAAN (cont'd)
-- Pilot's.

Aeryn, tiring again, closes her eyes. D'Argo exits.

INT. GAMMAK BASE - GILINA'S QUARTERS

Gilina, frantic, types commands on her laptop -- with no
response except an ERROR SOUND. Chiana slips silently in.

GILINA
John's been captured --

CHIANA
Yeah, I figured as much when the
alarms went off. So push some
buttons, work your magic, find out
where they're keeping him --

GILINA
I can't access main control. They
must have shut down the grid because
they suspect somebody is helping him --
sooner or later they'll find out who.

(CONTINUED)
28 CONTINUED:

    CHIANA
    Calm down. We gotta **think**.
INT. GAMMAK BASE - INTERROGATION ROOM

Javio's reporting to Scorpius. Random MEMORY IMAGES FLASH on the monitor as Niem ZAPS Crichton, who speaks with effort:

CRICHTON
Wasting your time... I'm not a spy...

JAVIO
According to the report, the Leviathan had a Delvian, a Hynerian, and a Luxan aboard. No mention of a creature like him... or his female accomplice.

SCORPIUS
Whom you have yet to locate.

Niem's located an intriguing IMAGE, "homes in" on it:

NIEM
Here's something...

MEMORY IMAGE: Crichton and Crais from Ep. 1, scene 61:

CRAIS (ON MONITOR)
You charged my brother's Prowler in that white death pod of yours.

CRICHTON (ON MONITOR)
Death pod?!
(remembers)
You - you're talking about that near miss I had the first minute I was here! That was an accident!

CRAIS (ON MONITOR)
It was no 'near miss' for my brother.

The IMAGE BLURS OUT suddenly. Niem adjusts controls. Javio's surprised; he recognized the man --

JAVIO
That was Captain Bialar Crais... the Leviathan escaped from his convoy...

SCORPIUS
Indeed. As I recall, he received special dispensation from the Council to head into the Uncharted Territories and hunt it down.

Javio's even more surprised that Scorpius knows this.

JAVIO
Right, but First Command lost contact with his Carrier some time ago.

(CONTINUED)
SCORPIUS
(to Niem)
I want to see more of that.

NIEM
I can't locate it again, sir, but I've
found something linked to it...

MEMORY IMAGE: Crichton and Crais from Ep. 8, scene 40:

CRAIS (ON MONITOR)
It changes nothing! Tauvo is dead!
Struck down by a weak, pathetic, and
inferior being! This must be avenged.
I swear it in Tauvo's name, Crichton --
you'll die at my hands.

The IMAGE ENDS.

SCORPIUS
Well. I suspect our Captain has gone
renegade.
(considers, then:)
(MORE)
SCORPIUS (cont'd)
Broadcast a wide-dispersal message
coded for Crais's Command Carrier.
Direct him to come immediately.

JAVIO
You think he'll actually show up?

SCORPIUS
Certainly. Tell him we have his prey.

Javio exits. Scorpius strolls to Crichton's side.

SCORPIUS (cont'd)
"Crichton", was it?

Crichton, almost passed out, can only manage a feeble glare.

SCORPIUS (cont'd)
But of course you are.

INT. GAMMAK BASE - GILINA'S QUARTERS
Gilina's pacing. The door to the bathroom is open a crack.

GILINA
What's taking so long?

CHIANA'S VOICE
This stuff doesn't go on very easily.

GILINA
It's made for covering wounds, not camouflage.

A made-over Chiana emerges from the bathroom. Her face and hands are (approximately) Sebacean-flesh-coloured, her hair's in a different style and colour, and she wears a prim and boring Tech uniform. In the room's dim lighting, it's good enough to pass -- and it helps that Chiana sounds and acts nothing like the sexy party girl of before; she's now a meek, scared inconsequential Tech.
CHIANA
(in meek tech-voice)
Do you think this is okay?

GILINA
I don't even think John would recognize you.

CHIANA
(in normal voice)
Let's track him down and find out.

GILINA
How? With the Grid down, I can't access Main Control --

CHIANA
Not from here.

Gilina ponders this. Good point. She packs up her laptop.

INT. GAMMAK BASE - INTERROGATION ROOM

Crichton's locked in the Chair again, getting ZAPPED by Niem. Scorpius and Crichton watch the monitor as:

MEMORY IMAGE: Quick cuts of Crichton with various aliens: the Tavlek firefight (Ep. 4, Act 4); Nam-Tar (Ep. 9), Matala (Ep. 5); Volmae (Ep. 6), etc.

SCORPIUS
Your memory holds an impressive array of other races, Crichton. You're a quite well-traveled spy.

CRICHTON
For the ninth time, Scorpius, I'm not a spy...

Scorpius ignores this, turns to Niem:

SCORPIUS
His previous missions are unimportant. I want to know who sent him here, and why. Keep searching.

More ZAPS.

CRICHTON
(through the pain)
It's \textit{deja vu} all over again...

MEMORY IMAGE: Crichton and "Jack Crichton" in the Memory Hive (Ep. 16, scene 50);
CRICHTON (ON MONITOR)  
(about the Aliens)  
You think somebody's going to live  
with those guys?  

JACK CRICHTON (ON MONITOR)  
The Ancients have stories about a  
world that will welcome us. I can  
only hope they're true --  

Suddenly, the monitor goes blank. Niem's stunned; that's  
never happened before.  

SCORPIUS (cont'd)  
Malfunction?  

NIEM  
No. He's put up a neural block.  

Scorpius, mildly surprised, eyes Crichton with new interest.  

CRICHTON  
Hey, I didn't do that. Maybe this  
Chair of yours has blown a chip.

(CONTINUED)
SCORPIUS
Break through it. Increase the Extraction Level.

Niem adjusts the console. The ZAPS grow bigger — and more painful; Crichton MOANS. Just when it seems he can't take any more, an IMAGE appears on the monitor —

MEMORY IMAGE: The added Memory Hive scene from Ep. 16: Crichton paralyzed in the shaft of light, facing "Jack Crichton", as incomprehensible equations surround him.

CRITCHON (ON MONITOR)
What -- are you -- (doing to me)

JACK CRITCHON (ON MONITOR)
Implanting information deep within your mind. These are the necessary equations to create a wormhole.

Scorpius whirls abruptly, reacting big time to "wormhole". Crichton, despite his agony, is astonished at what he sees on the monitor.

CRITCHON
What -- when did this happen? --

CRITCHON (ON MONITOR)
You're -- teaching me how to --

JACK CRITCHON (ON MONITOR)
No. You'll never be able to access this data consciously. In fact, you won't even remember this part of our encounter. We won't give you wormhole technology, John --

CRITCHON (ON MONITOR)
Why -- not?

JACK CRITCHON (ON MONITOR)
Because if you're not smart enough to discover it yourself, you're not smart enough to handle it wisely. You'll have to find it on your own. The unconscious knowledge we're giving you will guide you, nothing more. That's as much as we can do...

(with a smile)
...but it should be enough. You're already on the right path.
(a beat)
And I apologize for --

The IMAGE FREEZES there. Niem is about to try another ZAP; Scorpius, galvanized, motions for Niem to hold off.
SCORPIUS
Well! Our spy has an interest in
wormhole technology!

Crichton's still thunderstruck by what he's seen.

CRICHTON
He gave me the equations...

SCORPIUS
And that's why you came to this base.
CRICHTON
Huh? You're not tracking, pal.
What's this place got to do with...
(realizing)
...unless... is that what this base is for? All this top-secret research...
you're trying to build a wormhole.

SCORPIUS
As are you.
(re Jack, on monitor)
That creature knows how... but he wouldn't tell you. Or so you thought.
(almost a smile)
So you sought that knowledge here...
ever realizing you already had it,
locked deeply away.
(to Niem, hard)
Find it. Segment his mind -- as many layers as it takes.

CRICHTON
No -- wait --

More ZAPS rock Crichton. He SCREAMS. The ZAPS continue until Crichton begins to convulse. Niem halts the ZAPS.

NIEM
He has to recuperate -- or his mind will simply liquefy.

SCORPIUS
He seems to be an exceptionally strong species. A short recuperation...

He pats Crichton's shoulder in an almost paternal gesture.

SCORPIUS (cont'd)
...and we'll start again.

INT. THE COMMAND

Rygel's nearly dozing off. Pilot appears on the clamshell.

PILOT
A Peacekeeper Command Carrier is approaching the planet!

RYGEL
What?! Crais's ship?

PILOT
Moya cannot tell. It is at extreme range.

(Continued)
RYGEL
Can it see us?

PILOT
It may not. Given this planet's mass, we might escape detection.

RYGEL
And if we run, we'll definitely give our position away...

PILOT
Should we prepare for Starburst?

RYGEL
Why are you asking me? I don't --

Then Rygel recalls he's been given the command.

RYGEL (cont'd)
Decisions, decisions. Worst part of being Dominar... people were always asking me things...
(thinks it over)
That ship may just be heading for the base. If that's the course it's taking, we do nothing. If it starts toward us -- Starburst immediately.

PILOT
(surprised)
That's sensible. Thank you, Rygel.

Pilot disappears from clamshell; Rygel closes his eyes again.

RYGEL
Captain Rygel to you.

INT. GAMMAK BASE - PRISON CELL

A makeshift cell: one cot, one Peacekeeper security camera, and one inhabitant: STARK, a jittery, crazed alien with half a face. The missing half is covered by a metallic plate. Two Guards force-march the groggy Crichton in and dump him on the cot, to Stark's frenetic displeasure.

STARK
Hey! Hey! Don't put that thing in here! I don't want a roommate!

The Guards ignore him and exit. Stark starts in on Crichton:

STARK (cont'd)
That's my bunk! Get off my bunk! Go on! This is my side! Your side's over there! Stay on your side!

(CONTINUED)
CRICHTON
Fine... don't want any trouble...

Crichton's wasted, too weak to argue. He gets off the cot.

STARK
You were just in my chair, too!
Weren't you?

CRICHTON
...Scorpius's chair?

STARK
Scorpy! Scorpy puts me in the Chair!
Over and over and over and over...

CRICHTON
The Chair did this to you?

Stark merely goes on sing-songing. Crichton's appalled. He slumps into a corner of the cell, mutters to himself:

CRICHTON (cont'd)
"Warning: Prolonged exposure to memory-ripping machines can be hazardous to your sanity"...

INT. MAINTENANCE BAY - MED BED AREA

Aeryn's asleep on the Med Bed. Zhaan watches her from a short distance away. D'Argo enters, joins Zhaan. Quietly:

ZHAAN
The treatment is working... but all it's doing is stopping her from deteriorating further.
(a beat)
Why didn't you want her to know it was your idea?

D'ARGO
She expressed a desire to die in solitude. As a fellow warrior, I should accede to such wishes and not attempt to interfere.

ZHAAN
But you did interfere. You may have saved her life. D'Argo, despite her words, she doesn't want to die.

D'ARGO
No. I don't even believe she truly wants to be alone. Still, I --

(continued)
An EARTHQUAKE HITS -- or at least that's what it seems like.

D'ARGO
Pilot? Pilot! Are we under attack?

More TREMORS. DRDs skitter about. Aeryn writhes on the Med Bed, muscles spasming violently; Zhaan and D'Argo rush to keep her from being thrown off. Pilot appears on clamshell:

PILOT
No -- it's Moya -- she's having muscular contractions --

ZHAAN
Is she giving birth?

PILOT
I'm not sure --

Another TREMOR. Aeryn's having trouble breathing.

ZHAAN
It's killing Aeryn -- we must stop the treatment -- D'Argo, hold her still!

D'Argo does so as Zhaan quickly disconnects Aeryn's "IVs".

PILOT
Moya can't help it -- her body chemistry's changing rapidly -- it's out of her control --

With the IVs out, Aeryn's spasms are decreasing; the immediate crisis is past. Moya's TREMORS decrease as well.

ZHAAN
It's all right, Pilot. We've isolated Aeryn; she's safe for the moment.

PILOT
I'll let Moya know.

Pilot, relieved, vanishes from the clamshell. Aeryn's breathing normally, but she's still pale and unconscious.

D'ARGO
"For the moment"...

ZHAAN
Let's hope Crichton gets here soon...

As Zhaan and D'Argo somberly regard Aeryn --

END OF ACT THREE
ACT FOUR

35 INT. GAMMAK BASE - PASSAGEWAY #5

Gilina (carrying her laptop) and the Tech-ized Chiana walk. A Guard hustles past them without a second look. Gilina finds the door she's looking for, and they duck into --

36 INT. GAMMAK BASE - CONDUIT JUNCTION POINT - CONTINUOUS

-- a dark closet full of optic cables and breakout boxes and such. Gilina unlimbers her laptop, patches it in.

GILINA
This should bypass the Grid and hook us directly into Main Control --

CHIANA
Yeah, fine, spare me the technobabble.

36A EXT. GAMMAK BASE (CG)

A Peacekeeper Transport from Crais's Command Carrier flies into the landing silo.

37 INT. GAMMAK BASE - INTERROGATION ROOM

Stark's in the Chair; Niem ZAPS him; Scorpius looks on. On the monitor is a BLURRED IMAGE, impossible to read.

STARK
Again, Scropy! Thrill me again!

More ZAPS. Niem scowls; no progress. Javio appears in the doorway. Behind him are CRAIS -- even more disheveled and on edge than in Ep. 8 -- and two GUARDS from Crais's Carrier.

JAVIO
Sir, Captain Crais has arrived --

Crais pushes past Javio, marches in, and confronts Scorpius:

CRAIS
Where is he? Where's Crichton?

SCORPIUS
This way, Captain.

Crais bristles, but follows Scorpius out of the room.
38 INT. GAMMAK BASE - PASSAGEWAY #6 - CONTINUOUS

Scorpius and Crais emerge into the passageway for a chat. Crais’s two Guards stay at Crais’s side.

CRAIS
I have orders to recapture the Leviathan and its passengers —

SCORPIUS
Captain. Crichton possesses vital information. Until I get it, you may * Not have him.

CRAIS
I order you to release him to me!

Scorpius almost smiles at this.
SCORPIUS
Your adherence to orders is...
selective.
(off Crais's reaction)
You've repeatedly failed to cease the
pursuit and return to First Command.

Crais's Guards react with surprise, looking curiously to
their Captain. Crais avoids eye contact, tries to bluster:

CRAIS
(lying outright)
I've received no such orders --

SCORPIUS
(waving it away)
Your dereliction of duty is not my...
prime concern. Give me your full
cooperation... and you can have
Crichton when I've finished with him.

CRAIS
Give me Crichton now, and I'll get you
any information he possesses.

SCORPIUS
Torture alone would be ineffective.
Only the Aurora Chair can extract the
knowledge I seek.

CRAIS
But the Chair might well kill him
before you can find it.

SCORPIUS
Therein lies the statement I must
break. You know this human better
than anyone. What would persuade him
to stop resisting the Chair?

As Crais considers the question --

INT. MAINTENANCE BAY - MED BED AREA

Aeryn sleeps; D'Argo and DRD keep watch. A small TREMOR
shakes her groggily awake. She realizes her IVs are missing.

AERYN
D'Argo? What happened to...?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

D'ARGO
Moya's undergoing pre-birth contractions. Her changing hormone levels made the treatment too dangerous.

Aeryn knows what this means for her. She nods stoically.

AERYN
It was a good attempt. It failed. You don't need to sit here and wait for me to die.

D'ARGO gets halfway to his feet, then stops himself.

D'ARGO
I don't mind.

Aeryn reacts; there's two ways to interpret that.

AERYN
There's nothing you can do. Go on, leave me.

D'Argo studies her closely. Is this what she really wants... or is there something in her eyes that contradicts her words?

D'ARGO
Officer Sun... Luxan warriors have a tradition called Plebna. When one of our own is dying, another stands with him... escorts him to the brink of the next realm. I would be honored to perform this service for you.

Aeryn desperately doesn't want to die alone, but shrugs:

AERYN
Well. If you feel you must.

D'ARGO
I feel I must.

Aeryn nods: "go ahead, then." As D'Argo sits down --

INT. GAMMAK BASE - CONDUIT JUNCTION POINT

Chiana and Gilina look at readouts on the patched-in laptop.

GILINA
Found him. A cell on Level Nine.
(entering commands)
There's a Security Eye in his cell -- I may be able to patch into it --
41 INT. GAMMAK BASE - PRISON CELL

Crichton's alone. A faint voice is heard:

GILINA'S VOICE
John, it's Gilina. Don't move.

Crichton freezes. (NOTE: Crichton can't see Gilina, only hear her... but on Gilina's end, a "camera's eye view" of Crichton in the cell appears as a hologram on her laptop.)

GILINA (cont'd)
Keep your back to the wall camera and it's safe to talk. I've bypassed the audio to the monitoring station.

Crichton adjusts his position so his back's to the Eye.

CRICHTON
You all right? They on to you?

GILINA
No -- Chiana and I are in hiding.

CRICHTON
Chiana, listen -- I stashed the tissue gizmo under a security checkpoint, third leg of the hallway past the T-intersection. Got it?

CHIANA
Yeah.

CRICHTON
Good. Find that thing and take off.

GILINA
We have to get you out of there --

CRICHTON
Forget me. Get Chiana back to Moya now. Aeryn can't have much time left. (hearing FOOTSTEPS approach)

Crichton sprawls onto the floor and pretends to be exhausted as Scorpius and Crais enter.

CRICHTON (cont'd)
Crais?

42 INT. GAMMAK BASE - CONDUIT JUNCTION POINT

Chiana's all business, but Gilina's confused.

(Continued)
CHIANA
Problem is, once I take off, they can blast me out of the sky before I get half a metra...

Chiana breaks off: Gilina’s not listening.

GILINA
I don’t understand... why won’t he save himself? Does Aeryn mean that much to him?

Chiana can see this is trouble. To keep Gilina on task:

CHIANA
Are you serious? Aeryn’s just a shipmate. John’s in love with you.

GILINA
He is?

CHIANA
Why do you think he’s staying? He doesn’t want to leave you. Once Aeryn’s okay, we’ll come back with reinforcements and get both of you out of here.

GILINA
He... he wants to take me with him?

CHIANA
Absolutely. But that can’t happen unless I get back to Moya now.

Chiana indicates Gilina’s laptop: “do your thing.” Gilina nods with renewed purpose, begins typing commands.

INT. GAMMAK BASE - PRISON CELL

As before: Scorpius and Crais stand over a bitter Crichton.

CRAIS
You are dead, Crichton, but you have one choice: do you wish to save the lives of your shipmates on Moya?

CRICTON
What are you talking about?

CRAIS
Why do you think I’m here? I’ve recaptured the Leviathan.

(MORE)
CRAIS (cont’d)
The fugitives are back in my custody.
However, whether I deliver them alive
or dead is up to me.

CRICHTON
What would keep them alive?

SCORPIUS
Stop resisting the Aurora Chair.
Allow us to probe freely for any
information we wish.

CRICHTON
This isn’t a very good choice.

CRAIS
You aren’t in a very good position.

CRICHTON
Zhaan and the others -- are they okay?
(pointedly)
Aeryn?

CRAIS
They’re unharmed, as is the Leviathan.

Crichton
All of them are in perfect health?

CRAIS
Yes. But that could easily change.

Crichton nods slowly. Now he’s certain Crais is lying and
Moya hasn’t been captured... But he plays along as if he
believes Crais. He warily gets to his feet.

CRICHTON
All right. Fetch the Comfy Chair.
I’ll behave. If there’s a chance
it’ll save the others...

Scorpius motions O.S.; two Guards enter for Crichton.

INT. GAMMAK BASE – CONDUIT JUNCTION POINT

Gilina’s furiously typing commands into her laptop. She
triumphantly completes what she’s doing:

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

GILINA
There. I've programmed a "blind spot" into their targeting systems. Keep your Prowler on this trajectory and they won't even see it.

Gilina indicates data on the laptop. As Chiana memorizes it:

CHIANA
How'll I know if it works?

GILINA
You won't get blasted out of the sky.

Chiana grins. Good answer.

CHIANA
Now I just have to get to the Prowler

GILINA
I'll give you a diversion. How much head start do you want?

CHIANA
On... four hundred microts.

Gilina nods. They shake hands in farewell -- then realize that wasn't a great idea; some of Chiana's flesh-coloring has come off on Gilina's hand. As they LAUGH nervously --

INT. GAMMAK BASE - INTERROGATION ROOM

Scorpius, Crais, Niem. One Guard unstraps a groggy Stark from the Chair and walks him out; the other shoves Crichton toward the Chair.

CRICHTON
Hey! Gently! I'm cooperating now. Treat me nice.

CRAIS
(relishing this)
We will.
INT. GAMMAK BASE - PASSAGEWAY #4

Chiana the Tech finds the trash container Crichton was talking about. But there's a pair of Guards chatting at the end of the passageway; they'll notice her instantly if she starts messing with the container.

A large Peacekeeper male strides past. Chiana, timing it perfectly, "accidentally" turns into his path so he collides with her -- knocking her down and toppling the container.

LARGE PEACEKEEPER MALE
Watch it, Tech!

CHIANA
I'm sorry, sir -- please forgive me -- all my fault --

Chiana timidly scrambles to clean up the spilled trash from the container as the Large Male exits. The Guards make no effort to hide their SNICKERING at the clumsy little Tech.

CLOSE on the container as Chiana finds the hypo Crichton hid. Unnoticed by the Guards, she palms it.

OMITTED

INT. GAMMAK BASE - CONDUIT JUNCTION POINT

Gilina's doing a silent countdown. She completes it, hits a key on her laptop -- and horrendous SIRENS go off.

INT. GAMMAK BASE - INTERROGATION ROOM

Scorpius, Crais, Niem, Crichton, and the Guard all freeze at the SIRENS. Niem and the Guard are alarmed; they know what that sound means --

(CONTINUED)
NIEM
Evacuation warning -- reactor overload!

SCORPIUS
(suspicious)
Find out.

Niem exits. The Guard's worried -- and distracted. Crichton
seizes the opportunity, BELTS the Guard, and makes a break
for it. Crais tackles Crichton -- and the fight is on.

PLAY the brief but intense FIGHT as Crichton gives a good
account of himself -- but is ultimately overpowered by
Scorpius, Crais, and the Guard.

INT. GAMMAK BASE -- PASSAGEWAY #1

Peacekeepers, Guards, and Techs are running around confused
as the SIRENS blare. Chiana makes her way to --

INT. GAMMAK BASE -- HANGAR -- CONTINUOUS

Guards are running out of the hangar as Chiana enters. She
sees why: Javio's inside, shouting at the departing Guards:

JAVIO
Clear this area! Get everyone away
from the reactor core! Emergency
radiation gear is on Level Ten!

After the last Guard exits, Javio uncouples the fuel conduits*
that have been refueling the Prowler. Realizing he's
stealing her ride, Chiana rushes up, waves to get his
attention, speaks in her disguised "meek Tech" voice:

CHIANA
Commander Javio! Wait! That Prowler
is non-operational!

Javio pauses. He doesn't recognize Chiana.

JAVIO
What's the matter with it?

As she steps closer, we see -- but Javio doesn't, yet -- that
her "makeup" has been rubbed off part of her forehead by her
trash can "fall", revealing her true skin color underneath.

CHIANA
Uh, there's a faulty component in the
froonium drive, causing instability of
the... stabilizers. It may have been
fixed... If I could have a look...

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Chiana heads for the cockpit -- but before she can get in, Javio sees her rubbed-off forehead, and the game's up. He draws his sidearm, aims it at Chiana.

JAVIO

Very good. But... no. Get away from there.

Chiana drops the meek-Tech voice, speaks normally:

CHIANA

So you can ditch? I always thought the Commander was the last one to evacuate.

JAVIO

Funny, I believe just the opposite.

CHIANA

We can both leave...
(a sexy smile)
And continue our earlier discussion.

JAVIO

Won't work twice. Move.

CHIANA

(a sigh)
Okay, I'll move...

And move she does -- launching an acrobatic kick that sends the gun flying. They both lose their balance, tumble from the Prowler -- and another FIGHT is on. Javio's bigger and stronger, but Chiana moves with catlike grace, dodging Javio's attacks and landing several good shots of her own.

Javio knocks Chiana sprawling, dives, gets the gun. Chiana, thinking fast, positions herself in front of the refueling device. The instant Javio FIRES, Chiana uses her agility to somersault clear. The SHOT pierces a pressurized conduit and IGNITES the resulting stream of fuel -- turning it into a FLAMETHROWER that barbecues Javio.

Chiana's horrified -- she expected enough damage and mayhem to serve as a diversion, but not that. She snaps out of it and rushes toward the Prowler cockpit.

INT. GAMMAK BASE - INTERROGATION ROOM

Crichton's being fastened into the Chair by the Guard and by Crais, who's making the restraints extra tight. Niem has just returned and is reporting to Scorpius:

NIEM

It was a false alarm. The reactor is operating normally.

(CONTINUED)
Lt Heskon enters, out of breath:

   LT. HESKON
   Sir -- a Prowler has just launched
   without authorization --

   SCORPIUS
   Crichton's accomplice. Destroy it.

   LT. HESKON
   We can't, sir. It's -- disappeared.
   No sensor readings at all.

   SCORPIUS
   The false alarm was a diversion. Who
   triggered it?

   LT. HESKON
   We don't know. We're still checking.

In other words, Chiana got away, and they aren't onto Gilina
as yet. Crichton can't hide his satisfied smile. Scorpius
sees it, almost smiles back. Very calmly:

   SCORPIUS
   Crichton will tell us.

PUSH IN on Scorpius's hand as he reaches to the console and
pushes a control to maximum. On the SOUNDS of VIOLENT
ZAPPING and CRICHTON SCREAMING --

END OF ACT FOUR
TAG

INT. MAINTENANCE BAY - MED BED AREA

Aeryn's at her lowest ebb. A HISS as Zhaan gives Aeryn a "shot" in the sternum from the PK hypo. Aeryn, feeling the "shot," forces her eyes open, tries to focus on Zhaan and D'Argo.

AERYN
What was that?

ZHAAN
Your tissue graft. Crichton succeeded.

AERYN
Crichton...? Then... I won't die?

D'ARO
As you once said to me: you will die... but not today.

Aeryn manages a smile. Then Aeryn catches sight of Chiana, still in Tech disguise (though her clothes and makeup are quite mussed from her battle with Javio).

AERYN
Are you sure about that? I've already begun to hallucinate.

CHIANA
(in meek Tech voice)
Gee, Officer Sun, all of us Techs -- well, we really want to see you pull through --

AERYN
At last... someone who makes an even worse Peacekeeper than Crichton...

Aeryn's used up her energy, but as her eyes are closing:

AERYN (cont'd)
Where is he? I want to see him.

D'ARO
You will. Soon.

Aeryn falls asleep.

ZHAAN
Let's let her rest.
CHIANA
Great idea. Some of us desperately need to bathe.

Zhaan and Chiana start out. D'Argo stays at Aeryn's side.

ZHAAN
D'Argo?
D'ARGO
I'll stand watch. Just in case.

ZHAAN
There's no need. The DRDs can monitor...

But D'Argo's already pulled up a chair. Zhaan smiles; so be it. She and Chiana exit, leaving D'Argo sitting somberly at Aeryn's bedside as Aeryn sleeps.

INT. THE COMMAND

Rygel gesticulates to Pilot (on clamshell). Zhaan enters.

RYGEL
Why the yotz are we still here? The Prowler's back aboard, isn't it? Let's Starburst away before Crais finds out we're here.

Another CONTRACTION ROCKS the Command.

PILOT
We can't. Starburst is not available. Nor is propulsion. We will be fortunate just to maintain orbit.

ZHAAN
Pilot, I thought Moya was prepared for one Starburst.

PILOT
She was. But no longer --

An even bigger CONTRACTION almost knocks Zhaan and Rygel off their feet.

PILOT (cont'd)
-- she has gone into what appears to be full labor.

RYGEL
Now?! She can't do this to us now!

(CONTINUED)
PILOT
She has little choice. And -- she is very frightened.

ZHAAN
That's a natural reaction during the birthing cycle --

The biggest, baddest CONTRACTION yet ROCKS the Command -- toppling Rygel and SLAMMING Zhaan against a bulkhead.

PILOT
Moya tells me that this is not a natural birthing cycle... she's now certain that...
(faltering)
...there's something wrong with her child... it is not a normal Leviathan.

ON Zhaan and Rygel, chilled by these ominous words --

THE END