FARSCAPE

"Family Ties"

Written by
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Production Draft
12 July 1999
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CAST

CRICHTON
AERYN
ZHAAN
D'ARGO
CHIANA
RYGEL
PILOT

CRAIS
SCORPIUS
LT. BRACA
"Family Ties"

SETS

INTERIORS

MOYA
  /PASSAGeway
  /COMMAND
  /MAINTENANCE BAY
    /LABSECTION
  /PILOT'S DEN
  /TRANSPORT POD
  /CENTRE CHAMBER
    /PASSAGeway OUTSIDE CENTRE CHAMBER
  /QUARTERS

TRANSPORT POD

PROWLER

COMMAND CARRIER
  /CRAIS' QUARTERS
  /LIMBO SET

LEVIATHAN OFFSPRING
  /COMMAND

EXTERIORS

SPACE

/MOYA (STOCK CG)
  /MOYA IN ASTEROID FIELD (CG FROM EP. 21)
/MMTRANSPORT POD (CG)
/MMPROWLER (CG)
/MMPEACEKEEPER COMMAND CARRIER (CG)
/MMGAMMAK BASE ASTEROID (CG)
/MMLEVIATHAN OFFSPRING IN ASTEROID FIELD (CG)
F-A-R-S-C-A-P-E

EPISODE 22
"Family Ties"

COLD OPEN

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

CRICHTON
Tell me you're kidding, Zhaan--

2 INT. MOYA - PASSAGEWAY

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

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

CRICHTON
Tell me there's a sick punchline coming.

INTERCUT WITH:

3 INT. MOYA - COMMAND

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

ZHAAN
Unfortunately, John -- it's true.

CRICHTON
Great. Just abso-freling-lutely great!

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

D'ARGO
We must go after him!

CRICHTON
Two Pods out there will just compound the problem.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

EXT. TRANSPORT POD - SPACE (CG) - CONTINUOUS
It flies out of the asteroid field and into open space.

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

PILOT (OVER COMMS)
Your Eminence, I beg you -- respond.

But Rygel shows zero inclination to do so.

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

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

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

D'ARGO
Rygel, listen carefully... Tre bawk ru fishalto--
INTERCUT WITH:

INT. TRANSPORT POD - CONTINUOUS

D'ARGO
--chenias prami bukeko!

RYGEL
(scornful reaction)
Hah--!

CRICHTON
(grabs D'Argo)
What did you just say?

CHIANA
(translates)
Something about his corpse and a bodily function.

CRICHTON
(pushes D'Argo away)
Thanks for helping.

ZHAAN
Rygel, what you are doing is wrong.

RYGEL
For you maybe.

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

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

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

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

CRICHTON
Even if your actions hurt others?

STAY WITH Rygel as he SHUTS OFF COMMUNICATION. Jaw set sternly, he steers toward the biggest gamble of his life...
EXT. PEACEKEEPER COMMAND CARRIER IN SPACE (CG) - (STOCK) 8
Establish the giant ship waiting silently. Ominous.

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

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

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

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

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

This reminds Scorpius momentarily--

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

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

SCORPIUS
Perhaps he wishes to become part of your collection.

Scorpius nods toward the MOUNTED HYNERIAN HEADS on the wall.

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

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

Just then, the sound of CADENCED FOOTSTEPS echoing from the unseen corridor. Scorpius turns nonchalantly/confidently as Crais squares himself toward the door.
The difference between the two couldn't be more pronounced. LIEUTENANT BRACA leads a contingent of SIX HEAVILY-ARMED CLASH TROOPERS into the room. Three to a side, they flank--

RYGEL -- who hovers facing Crais and Scorpius.

BRACA
Sirs. This Hynerian Royal was alone aboard the Leviathan transport.

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

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

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

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

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

END OF COLD OPEN
ACT ONE

INT. MOYA - MAINTENANCE BAY

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

AERYN
But Moya won't leave her offspring--

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

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

AERYN
(shakes her head)
Until he's fully grown, it'd be like throwing stones.

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

CRICHTON
I won't be taken alive.

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

(CONTINUED)
D'ARGO
I know of the concept, but there is no Luxan word for--

AERYN
--"suicide".

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

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

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

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

D'ARGO
Then we shall do so together.

AERYN
Ah, just to be in the warm glow of all this testosterone...
(off their looks)
The smallest ship Crais and Scorpius send can overpower us effortlessly.

Silence. Reality. Dwindling options. Then--

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

D'ARGO
Presumably squealing "I surrender" all the way...

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

AERYN
It wouldn't cripple their operations.

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

And off everyone's reactions as Crichton's plan hits home...
INT. COMMAND CARRIER - CRAIS’S QUARTERS

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

CRAIS
That's your third serving.

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

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

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

CRAIS
(agreeing)
He would be dead almost instantly.

SCORPIUS
No need to travel to accomplish that.

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

SCORPIUS
(passing the plate)
I believe your offer was the capture of John Crichton in exchange for your own freedom.

CRAIS
And the Leviathan and the other--

SCORPIUS
(sharply to Crais)
Insignificant, Captain...

Rygel notes the dynamics between the two Peacekeepers; keeps eating. As Crais simmers, Scorpius leans close--
SCORPIUS
It's a simple deal, to which... I agree.

INTERCUT WITH:

POV - "SCORPIUS VISION" OF RYGEL

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

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

SCORPIUS
You're lying.

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

RYGEL
Well, I could forgo the cash...

SCORPIUS
You're lying about why you're here.

RYGEL
No, I'm not.

THE YELLOW AURA EMANATES AROUND RYGEL again (CG).

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

RYGEL
I don't think so.

SCORPIUS
Lying, again.

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)
SCORPIUS (cont’d)
And are you willing to help me capture the one Crichton?

RYGEL
(long beat)
Yes.

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

INT. MOYA - MAINTENANCE BAY - LAB SECTION

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

CRICHTON
How volatile is this lutra oil?

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

CRICHTON
Like... a high speed collision?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CRICHTON
For what it's worth...
(beat)
You are family.

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

INT. MOYA - PILOT'S DEN

Aeryn stands beside an extremely uneasy Pilot.

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

AERYN
You were quite upset.

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

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

Pilot considers her a moment. Then--

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

AERYN
(small ironic smile)
DNA, for one. You've helped me learn some rudimentary science...

PILOT
You kept me alive when no one else could...
(then)
There's no reason we all need to be recaptured. You have your Prowler...

(CONTINUEI
AERYN
(softly)
Don't think the option hasn't crossed
my mind...
(beat)
I'm not going anywhere.

Play the moment between them. Then--

PILOT
Moya wants to know... Have you come up
with a name for her offspring yet? In
case something happens...
(beat)
...she doesn't want her son named by
the Peacekeepers...

Aeryn absorbs this.

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

PILOT
I will tell her...

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

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

14 INT. MOYA - TRANSPORT POD

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

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

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)
D'Argo
You are the only one among us who the Peacekeepers do not hunt.

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

D'Argo
That's why you must take the restraints.

Chiana
(gallows humor)
I doubt I can subdue them all with these.

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

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

D'Argo
(gently turns her around)
You are an enormous pain in the eema... but... one which I have grown to enjoy.

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

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

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

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

INT. MOYA - CENTRE CHAMBER

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

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

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

CRICHTON

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

He CLICKS OFF THE RECORDER, disgusted with himself.

CRICHTON

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

Crichton notices Aeryn standing in the shadows at the entry.

AERYN

Is he anything like the man I met?

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

CRICHTON

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

Aeryn eases into the room...

AERYN

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

CRICHTON

Mostly. Maybe a little idealized.

AERYN

You're fortunate.

(sits; feels his gaze)

I feel very unconnected.

CRICHTON

No one to leave an awkward message to?

AERYN

Have I ever told you about my origins?

CRICHTON

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

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

CRICHTON
Yes.

AERYN
While that's true... I think they knew me.
(off Crichton's gaze)
When I was very young, one night, a soldier appeared over my bunk. Battle hardened, scarred -- the kind of warrior we dreamed of being as kids.

CRICHTON
Your dad?

AERYN
(beat, then)
Mother...
(pause, lost in the memory)
She said that I was not simply an accident -- or a genetic birthing to fill the ranks. She -- and a male she cared about -- had chosen to yield a life... Mine.

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

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

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

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

Pause, then...

CRICHTON
What about your father?

AERYN
I know even less...

Moment. Crichton hands her the recorder. Rises to go.
CRICHTON
Leave him a message... You never know
-- he just might hear it.

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

INT. COMMAND CARRIER - CRAIS'S QUARTERS

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

RYGEL
Do you mind?!

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

RYGEL
As a matter of fact--

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

CRAIS
We must talk... about your future.

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

CRAIS
What do you mean?

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

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

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

CRAIS
Be that as it may, allow me to make a
case for my value in these
negotiations, Your Highness.
RYGEL
(fattered)
All right -- but only a moment.

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

RYGEL
You madman! Assassin!

CRAIS
Do you know what this is?

Crais shows Rygel an INFORMATION CRYSTAL.

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

RYGEL
You're early -- come back tomorrow.

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

Rygel takes the crystal in hand, numb and shaken.

RYGEL
No ship? No crew? No pardon?

CRAIS
Slow death.

RYGEL
Why... why tell me?

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

Rygel stares at Crais, this tormentor laid low. He knows what he says must be true. Which begs the question--
RYGEL
So what do you want?

CRAIS
To survive, as I know you do.

RYGEL
And how do we do that...?

CRAIS
I'll take care of my end.
(dramatic pause)
Yours is to grant me asylum... aboard your ship. The Leviathan... Moya...

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

END OF ACT ONE
ACT TWO

INT. MOYA - MAINTENANCE BAY

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

AERYN
What the frell is he doing back?

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

ZHAAN
He kept assuring Pilot that it wasn't.

CRICHTON
And you believe him?

ZHAAN
He wasn't followed.

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

AERYN
(agreeing with D'Argo)
They wouldn't just let Rygel go -- I'm sure of that.

D'ARGO
(deadly serious)
If given provocation, I will shoot him in such a way that he lives long enough to answer your questions.

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

ZHAAN
He's docked... Pilot? Chiana?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. MOYA - THE COMMAND - SIMULTANEOUS

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

CHIANA
No Peacekeeper tail ships so far.

(CONTINUED)
PILOT
Moya's senses detect no military activity directed toward us.

CRICHTON
Yet...

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

BIG REACTIONS all around.

ZHAAN
By the goddess -- that's insane.

AERYN
What do you need asylum from?

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

(CONTINUE)
CRICHTON
Protective custody's the best you can hope for, Crais.

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

BACK ON THE COMMAND:

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

CHIÀNA
(jumps to another console)
With pleasure.

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

AERYN
Hands atop your head.

With Crichton covering her, Aeryn quickly frisks Crais.

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

Zhaan ROUGHLY GRABS RYGEL OFF HIS THRONESLED.

RYGEL
Put me down--!

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

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

CRAIS
As you can see, I'm unarmed.

D'ARGO
And so am I.

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

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

(CONTINUED)
AERYN
Get off him!

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

CRAIS
(shaken)
You always said you would kill me.

D'ARGO
You knew. You knew all along. Tell them. Tell them!

Everyone waits, all eyes on Crais. Then--

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

AERYN
Her own brother... a Peacekeeper...

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

CRICHTON
You knew, and you kept him imprisoned?

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

CRICHTON
Easy answer...

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

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

And as Aeryn and Crichton reach for Crais simultaneously--

INT. MOYA - QUARTERS - JUMP CUT

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

AERYN
Is there anything you want to say to me?
CRAIS
I think we covered it all when you
left me for dead in the Aurora Chair.

AERYN
Good.
(to Crichton)
I'll search their Transport -- if
there are any tricks, I'll find them.

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

CRICHTON
Why are you here, Crais? Really?

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

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

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

INT. MOYA - CENTRE CHAMBER

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

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

ZHAAN
(distrustful)
So you took pity on poor Captain
Crais?

Rygel spits out his food in disgust.

RYGEL
I don't take pity on orphans, much
less that butcher. However, as the
mind that engineered our original
escape and virtually every correct
decision since then -- I recognized
his value.
CHIANA
Like Crais is really gonna help us.

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

ZHAAN
Even more reason for Scorpius not to let him go.

(rolls his eyes)
Again... for the teeny part of your brain that calculates strategy: We didn't present it that way!
(takes an aggravated bite)
Crais told Scorpius that if he came here under a flag of truce, he'd be able to convince you all to surrender.

Zhaan and Chiana trade skeptical looks.

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

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

ZHAAN
Possibly.
(suspicious, to Rygel)
But something must've gone wrong. You went there to sell us out.

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

CHIANA
Still pretty scummy, frog-lips...

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

INT. COMMAND CARRIER - CRAIS'S QUARTERS

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

SCORPIUS
Report, Lieutenant?
BRACA
As the vector narrows, our search team is confident of locating the Leviathan within several arns.

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

BRACA
None, sir.

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

BRACA
Sir -- permission to speak fr--

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

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

Scorpius likes Braca -- his candor; his competency.

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

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

BRACA
It would be an honor, sir.

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

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

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

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

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

AERYN
She didn't say.

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

D'ARGO
Perhaps she doesn't know. Maybe that's why she won't tell me!

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

AERYN
There won't be a lot of time later.

D'ARGO
I know.

AERYN
We've had our differences.

D'ARGO
I know.

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

D'ARGO
I know... I have been affected similarly.

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

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

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

D'ARGO
Hopefully... his mother's nose.

Aeryn smiles.

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

AERYN
I never thought I'd live this long.

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

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

Crais studies Crichton a moment...

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

CRICHTON (hoping)
You know the answer to that?

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

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

Crais rises and walks to the bars that separate them.

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

(weary exhale)
I realize that now, as I look back and try to understand it all...

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

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

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

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

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

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

INT. MOYA - MAINTENANCE BAY

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

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

AERYN
(to Crais)
How long is Scorpius likely to delay attacking us?

CRAIS
Once he discovers your location -- expect no delay.

D'ARGO
Against my every instinct, I have run our plan past-- (can't dignify Crais by name) -- our prisoner. He steadfastly claims it will not work.

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

Zhaan holds up a SYRINGE-LIKE DEVICE.

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

CRAIS
(askance look)
Weighted down by tonnage, moving slow--

(MORE)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ZHAAN
A flying ignition source.

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

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

D'ARGO
And when they break current position---

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

CHIANA
What about Moya's baby?

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

(continued)
ZHAAN
But... somebody still has to fly it.

D'ARGO
One of us will sacrifice for the others...

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

CRAIS
The plan is flawed.
(off their hateful looks)
Scorpius will not chase your Transport because there's one thing he values even more than his "precious base"...

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

END OF ACT TWO
25 INT. MOYA - TRANSPORT POD

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

D'ARGO
It is not open to discussion.

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

D'ARGO
I drew them. I lost. Matter closed.

AERYN
You are not the captain here.

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

AERYN
D'Argo...

D'ARGO
Time is short, my temper more so. Fetch me more kronite.

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

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

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

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

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

AERYN
No... Any suggestions?
ZHAAN
I'm afraid christening a warship is out of my purview.

Aeryn stares at Zhaan a moment, factoring the dichotomies.

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

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

AERYN
Even your time in Peacekeeper prison?

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

AERYN
I wish I had your perspective.

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

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

D'ARGO
Aeryn--! More kronite!

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

27 INT. MOYA - CENTRE CHAMBER

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

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

(searching)

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

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

CHIANA

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

CRICHTON

Stay.

CHIANA

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

CRICHTON

Stay.

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

CRICHTON

(sensitive to her)

What's the matter, Chiana?

CHIANA

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

CRICHTON

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

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

CHIANA

What if other people want you, too?

CRICHTON

(reads the moment, then--)

This some sort of hero's send-off?

And she presses herself into him.

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

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

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

Chiana tries to hide tears--

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CRICHTON
I've been in Scorpius's Aurora Chair. That's worse than death... I've seen mind and flesh tortured hideously; watched insane animals twist the life out of freedom...
(overwhelmed by it)
Nothing we don't have back home, mind you -- but there's so much more "creativity" out here.

(continues)
CHIANA
Still -- better to be alive.

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

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

CHIANA
You saved my life.

CRICHTON
Pass it on.

CHIANA
What?

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

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

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

28 INT. COMMAND CARRIER - CRAIS'S QUARTERS

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

BRACA
High Command has responded to your communique, sir.

(holds out a data disc)

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

(beat)

Congratulations, sir.

He continues holding out the data disc. The merest trace of a victorious smile crosses Scorpius's lips. He rises... ignores the data disc (doesn't need to see it).
There's something slightly different in his demeanor now... he's in command now.

SCORPIUS
Let us prove them correct, Lieutenant. Search status?

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

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

BRACA
Orders of engagement?

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

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

SCORPIUS
Insignificant. Dispensable.

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

28A

EXT. LEVIATHAN OFFSPRING (CG) - ESTABLISHING SHOT

29

INT. LEVIATHAN OFFSPRING - COMMAND

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

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

AERYN
A crowning glory for "who"?
CRAIS

Us, Officer Sun... The Peacekeeper
minds that believed a warship-
Leviathan hybrid was possible.
AERYN
Do you know of other attempts to breed such a ship?

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

AERYN
(educated guess)
Because the other Leviathans were in captivity — wearing a Control Collar — and this one was free when she gave birth?

CRAIS
(impressed)
Your intelligence would qualify you for significant promotion...

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

Aeryn's reminder of his status sobers Crais.

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

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

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

AERYN
This ship will never have a Pilot?

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

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

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

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

AERYN
Then we shall leave him out of it.

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

INT. MOYA - QUARTERS

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

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

CRICHTON
If you survive and I don't, yes.

RYGEL
(suspicious)
Why?...

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

RYGEL
(indignant)
What does that mean?

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

RYGEL
I am not.

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

RYGEL
That's not fair.

CRICHTON
From the toad who tried to sell us out.

RYGEL
But I didn't, did I?

(CONTINUED)
CRICHTON
They weren't buying, were they?

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

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

CRICHTON
Whoaa! Rock my world... Honesty.

RYGEL
Aren't you afraid?

CRICHTON
Most all the time.

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

CRICHTON
What? Do the right thing?

RYGEL
Yes.

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

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

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

And off the moment...

31 INT. MOYA - PASSAGeway OUTSIDE CENTRE CHAMBER 31

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

AERYN
Chiana, why did you call us here?
CHIANA
(self-conscious)
Zhaan said it'd be another half-arn
before the final batch of lutra oil
distills down.

D'ARGO
So?

CHIANA
So, I wanted to let you all know how
much I appreciate everything you've
done for me.

Chiana pushes the Centre Chamber door inward to reveal -- A
BEAUTIFUL TABLE LAIDED OUT WITH FOOD AND DRINK AND CANDLES.

CHIANA
For each of you... your favorite
dishes.

Except for Crais, who remains stoic, the gesture clearly
moves Aeryn, D'Argo and Zhaan. As they all step inside--

32 INT. MOYA - CENTRE CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

CHIANA
Krawldar, smoked pronga sinew,
Hepatian minced stew, crispy
grolack...
(little girl hopeful)
I thought you should eat... before...

The others are struck by the gesture. As she moves past
toward the food, Zhaan gently touches Chiana's arm--

ZHAAN
Thank you, sweet girl.

Aeryn smiles supportively and D'Argo warmly tousles her hair
as they pass. When Chiana sees Crais hanging back--

CHIANA
You, too.

Crais nods his thanks and moves to eat. Gratified that her
intention was well received, Chiana joins them.

33 INT. MOYA - THE COMMAND - SIMULTANEOUS

Crichton sits silently in the dim light, recorder in hand.
After a long beat, he raises it to his lips; clicks it on.
CRICHTON
One last thing, Dad... Remember the
day I left? You told me every man
gets a chance to be a hero...

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. MOYA - CENTRE CHAMBER - SIMULTANEOUS

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

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

INTERCUT VISUALS OF THE OTHERS EATING AS CRICHTON CONTINUES.

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

(quiet beat)
I have a strange kind of life here.
Different... but my own...

OVER A SHOT OF CHIANA eating; smiling--

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

OVER AERYN tearing a piece of sinew--

CRICHTON
People who I care about...

OVER ZHAAN inhaling an aroma deeply--

CRICHTON
People I look up to...

OVER D'ARGO pensively chewing--

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

OVER RYGEL gulping food selfishly--

(CONTINUED)
CRICHTON
Some that teach me patience...

OVER CRAIS eyeing the others guardedly--

CRICHTON
Even some I've learned to forgive.

LOSE INTERCUT - STAY CLOSE ON CRICHTON.

CRICHTON
(muted pride)
You said my time would come and -- I
think it has. I have a job to do, and
I'm unafraid... That's what you used
to say when they asked what it was
like to land on the moon.
(emotionally heartfelt)
You did good, Dad. You trained your
little boy well... I love you.

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

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

END OF ACT THREE
ACT FOUR

35 INT. MOYA - MAINTENANCE BAY

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

ZHAAN

...Ka dare-e sincono, apudax a-helio,

frota li pluro sincono.

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

ZHAAN

(translates solemnly)

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

(to Crichton and D'Argo)

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

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

CHIANA

Come back to me -- both of you.

D'ARGO

(sotto to Crichton)

I hate these ceremonies.

CRICHTON

(sotto return)

Chicks love 'em.

Rygel steps up, awkward at these occasions.

RYGEL

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

(frowns)

That didn't come out right...

CRICHTON

We get the idea, Rygel. Thanks...

Rygel backs away. Crichton moves to Crais.

CRICHTON

Any advice?
Crais studies his former prey. Then--

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CRICHTON
There is like, zero margin for error.

AERYN
I'll be there.

D'ARGO
I can only survive a quarter-arn in--

AERYN
(interrupting)
I'll be there.

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

CRICHTON
I wasn't going to say "goodbye."

AERYN
Neither was I.
Crichton puts a hand up, palm toward her, fingers splayed. She raises her hand similarly and presses it to his. Long final moment, then she takes a step back -- into the Maintenance Bay. Crichton steps in the other direction -- into the Transport Hanger... THE GIANT DOORS CLOSE BETWEEN THEM.

INT. COMMAND CARRIER - CRAIS'S QUARTERS

Scorpius studies information at the desk when--

BRACA (OVER COMMS)
(with urgency)
Sir! A Leviathan Transport has emerged from the asteroid field -- just out of cannon range. Heading silka vector nine, axis apalon four.

SCORPIUS
Toward our Gammak Base?

BRACA (OVER COMMS)
Apparently, yes. I can engage the--

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

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

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

As the ship whizzes past us, we go--

INT. TRANSPORT POD

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

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

CRICHTON
How much time do we have after it starts?

D'ARGO
She was vague to the point I suspect she does not know.
CRICHTON
(facetious)
Oh, good.

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

D'ARGO
Pilot! What happened to Comms silence?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. MOYA - PILOT'S DEN - SIMULTANEOUS

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

CRICHTON
Are they following us?

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

LOSE INTERCUT - STAY WITH CRICHTON AND D'ARGO

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

CRICHTON
How you doin'?

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

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

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

INT. COMMAND CARRIER - CRAIS'S QUARTERS

Braca bursts in with TRANSPARENT SCHEMATICS in hand.
BRACA
Sir--! The visual image is still processing, but our Intra-Scan reveals the Luxan and the human to be aboard the Transport!

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

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

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

And Scorpius shoves Braca powerfully toward the exit.

SCORPIUS
(more dead-eye evil than we've ever seen him)
Do it!!

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

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

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

INT. MOYA - THE COMMAND

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

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)
RYGEL
Should we risk it? They volunteered for--

ZHAAN
Enough, Rygel. Quite enough.

As Rygel simmers in displeased silence--

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

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

INT. TRANSPORT POD – FLYING THROUGH SPACE

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

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

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

CRICHTON
It's a figure of speech.

D'ARGO
Figure less -- speak less. You should arm the kronite shavings.

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

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

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

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

(awkward beat)

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

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

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

Still injecting lutra oil behind him, Crichton reacts.

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

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

CRICHTON
They're gaining.

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

INT. PROWLER - FLYING THROUGH SPACE
Aeryn flies -- helmet off -- with great intensity.

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

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

AERYN
Call him by his name, Pilot.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. MOYA - PILOT'S DEN - SIMULTANEOUS

PILOT
You have chosen a name for him?
AERYN
Yes... Talyn [pronounced Talon].
(emotional beat)
It was my father's.

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

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

INT. COMMAND CARRIER - CRAIS'S QUARTERS

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

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

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

BRACA
Should we shoot him down, sir?

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

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

EXT. GAMMAK BASE ASTEROID - SPACE (CG)

(CG PLATE FROM PREVIOUS EP.)

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

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

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

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

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

As Crichton LATCHES HIS HELMET into place—

CRICHTON
Why am I not afraid?

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

CRICHTON
(wry)
Man, I love hangin' with you...

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

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

CRICHTON
So far. I'm still alive.

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

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

D'ARGO
Kirk and--?

CRICHTON
Another time...

D'Argo nods. Long beat, then they both brace. Crichton punches a wall control and—
With the Gammak Base oil asteroid looming to the side, the door of the Transport Pod BLOWS OFF -- Crichton and D'Argo are sucked out into the vacuum of space TOWARD CAMERA!

CRICTON
AaaahhhhhHhhhhhhhhhhhh---!

PILOT
They've ejected, Officer Sun!

Zhaan and Chiana at the forward console, Rygel behind.

ZHAAN
Go get them, Aeryn -- D'Argo can only breathe for--

AERYN
Yes, I know. Searching now.

As Zhaan and Chiana study the console, Rygel looks around, suddenly realizing--

RYGEL
(to himself)
Where's Crais...?

With the Gammak Base oil asteroid as a backdrop, they drift gently, each with a hand gripping the other's forearm, staying connected. The good luck charm floats/dangles from their locked arms.

CRICTON
Aeryn, can you hear me?

INTERCUT WITH:
54  INT. PROWLER

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

55  INT. MOYA - THE COMMAND - CONTINUOUS

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

Rygel appears next to Zhaan; whispers--

RYGEL
Crais is gone.

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

56  EXT. GAMMAK BASE ASTEROID (CG)

Burning wildly; the plan a complete, distracting success.
INT. COMMAND CARRIER - LIMBO SET - SIMULTANEOUS

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

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

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

CRICHTON
(softly; just for himself)
Hey, you bastards... John Crichton was here.

And off the power of the moment...

END OF ACT FOUR
EXT. SPACE - ON CRICHTON AND D'ARGO FLOATING (CG)

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

CRICHTON (concerned)
Aeryn... We're losing D'Argo. Where are you?

EXT. PROWLER - FLYING THROUGH SPACE (STOCK CG)

INT. PROWLER

AERYN
I see you, John, but there are too many other Prowlers around. If I swing in to pick you up, they'll spot my maneuver and shoot us down.
(troubled beat)
Try to hang on.

INT. MOYA - THE COMMAND - CONTINUOUS

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

ZHAAN
We can't locate him. Crais is gone.

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

PILOT APPEARS ON THE CLAMSHELL.

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

HUGE REACTION from everyone as--

INT. LEVIATHAN OFFSPRING - COMMAND

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

(CONTINUED)
CRAIS

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

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

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

**INTERCUT WITH:**

64
INT. MOYA - THE COMMAND - CONTINUOUS

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

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

**INTERCUT WITH:**

65
INT. PROWLER - CONTINUOUS

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

66
INT. LEVIATHAN OFFSPRING - COMMAND - CONTINUOUS

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)
“FAMILY TIES” PRODUCTION DRAFT, 12/7/99

CONTINUED:

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

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

AERYN

Noooooooo--!

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

ZHAAN

--Noooooooo!

Chiana and Rygel watching in agony...

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

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

INT. MOYA - THE COMMAND

Suddenly Chiana’s attention is seized away by--

CHIANA

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

PILOT

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

INTERCUT WITH:

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

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

CRICHTON

You have to go! StarBurst away!

ZHAAN

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

RYGEL

(firmly, admirably rising to the occasion)

No. We can't -- and we won't.

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

CHIANA
But Aeryn's not back yet, either!

INTERCUT WITH:

70 INT. PROWLER

AERYN
I'm not leaving John and D'Argo!

CRICHTON
Aeryn--!

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

After a long, silent beat--

PILOT
I believe that, too, is now impossible!

EVERYONE AT ONCE
Why--?!

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

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

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

CRICHTON
Pilot -- patch me through to Moya.

PILOT
(confused, but obeys)
Done.

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

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

AERYN
Moya, he's right...

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

EXT. MOYA - SPACE (STOCK CG)
Moya begins the StarBurst process and rockets away!

INT. PROWLER
Aeryn shuts her eyes and lowers her head, defeated.

CRICHTON (OVER COMMS)
Aeryn?

AERYN
Still here.

(beat)
But I still can't get to you...
EXT. SPACE – ON CRICHTON AND D'ARGO FLOATING (W.G.)

CRICHTON

It may not matter...

(beat)

D'Argo's lost consciousness...

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

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

THE END OF SEASON ONE