

SPACE JUNK

Written by

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Adapted from:
SPACE JUNK
(Book Two of Dar's Adventures in Space)
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FADE IN:

1 EXT. DAR'S HOUSE - PATIO - EROTIS 3 - NIGHT

YOUNG DAR (16), shrouded in darkness, watches the stars. His mother, DENRIKA, calls from a doorway.

DENRIKA (O.S.)
Dar? Dar? Dar Meltom, get in here!

DAR
(teeth chattering)
Yes, Mother.

Dar approaches. He has a patch of green hair on his forehead, chevron-shaped brow ridges, and long, softly pointed ears.

Denrika stands in the doorway.

DENRIKA
How many times have I told you not
to be out so long?

DAR
Sorry, Mother, I wanted to watch
the meteor shower.

DENRIKA
Get in here before you catch cold.

DAR
Please? If I put a coat on?

DENRIKA
All right, I suppose. But only
because it's the weekend.

DAR
Thank you!

He gives her a kiss on the cheek and dashes inside to get his coat.

DENRIKA
(looking skyward)
You belong to the stars, my son.

2 INT. AKNARRA GENERAL STORE - EROTIS 3 - DAY

Young Dar stocks shelves. Denrika stands behind the counter.

The door opens and GWOG enters the store. Gwog is a large half-breed alien with a thick neck and tan skin.

DENRIKA
May I help you?

GWOG
(retrieving a list)
I'm in need of some supplies for my ship.

Gwog offers the list to Denrika.

DENRIKA
(reading)
I'll have to see if we have everything.
(pauses)
Dar, come here.

DAR
Yes, Mother?

DENRIKA
Can you see if we have all this?

Dar nods, takes the list, disappears into the back room.

GWOG
He's yours? A half-breed?

DENRIKA
His father was earthling.

GWOG
Earthling?

DENRIKA
Dar never knew his father.

GWOG
(grunts)
My father was Ouzin. My mother's Catarin. I've spent my life sailing the stars.

DENRIKA
Are you on a freighter?

Gwog straightens up, with pride.

GWOG

I am Gwog, captain of the Cunik-
largest freighter in the Ontarrin
Galaxy.

DENRIKA

(bowing slightly)

I am Denrika.

(looking towards back
room)

Would you by chance have need for
another crew member?

GWOG

Not particularly, why?

DENRIKA

My son has his head in the stars.

Gwog folds his arms.

GWOG

And does he know the stars?

DENRIKA

Yes, he has maps and charts.
Studies them all the time.

GWOG

Hmm, I might have need of an
assistant navigator.

DENRIKA

He doesn't belong in this store.

Dar returns, his arms filled with supplies, which he places
on the counter.

DAR

(turning away)

I'll go get the rest.

GWOG

Wait.

Dar freezes and turns to face the captain.

GWOG (CONT'D)

Youngling?

DAR

Yes, Sir?

GWOG
Your mother says you know the stars.

DAR
I study them often.

GWOG
I seem to be in need of a navigational assistant.

DAR
Huh?

GWOG
Aboard my ship.

DAR
Ship?

GWOG
The Cunik, a space freighter.

DENRIKA
Dar, I know you don't belong here. You need to find your way in life among the stars.

Dar's jaw hangs open.

3 EXT. DAR'S HOUSE - PATIO - EROTIS 3 - NIGHT

Young Dar looks up at the stars.

DAR
You're out there somewhere, aren't you, father?

4 INT. SPACE FREIGHTER MARSUIAN - BRIDGE - SPACE - 20 YEARS LATER

Captain Dar Meltom stands at the helm. The top of his right ear is partially cut through and flops down. He wears a comm headset.

Laser cannon fire rocks the ship. Pirates attack.

DAR
Schmuff, where's my warp drive?!
(pauses--listening)
What? What do you mean the intake manifold on the particle accelerator is clogged?!
(MORE)

DAR (CONT'D)
 (pauses--listening)
 Can't you fix it? No? Son of a
 bitch!

He frantically works controls-- static crackles in his ear.

DAR (CONT'D)
 What Schmuff? Slow down, I can't
 understand you...What? Oh, not
 good!

Cannon fire shakes the ship.

DAR (CONT'D)
 Damn it! They breached the shuttle
 bay field...Listen, Schmuff, I need
 you to hide. Don't let 'em catch
 you. Soothians'll make a meal out
 of anything. Get to your quarters
 and shut the outer bulkhead door.
 Maybe they won't find you.

Blasts from Soothian pirate ships cease. Dar goes to the side
 wall and grabs phaser rifle.

INT. MARSUIAN - CATWALKS - SPACE

Dar runs through a maze of catwalks to get to the shuttle
 bay.

5 INT. SOOTHIAN SHUTTLE - SPACE

NOKKIS and 7 other pirates head toward the Marsuian. The
 Soothians are lizard-like in appearance with gray-green skin
 and tails.

NOKKIS
 Finally, we take the Marsuian.

PIRATE 1
 Sir, the ship is stopped. Do you
 think this is a trap?

NOKKIS
 Captain Meltom is a fighter.
 Everyone stay on alert.

PIRATE 1
 Yes, Sir.

NOKKIS
 And we need to take him alive.

PIRATE 1

Why?

NOKKIS

He will meet his doom in the mines
of Versith.

6 INT. MARSUIAN - SHUTTLE BAY - SPACE

Dar watches from high on a catwalk. The Soothian shuttle
lands, 8 PIRATES get out.

DAR

What do you want, Nokkis?

The Soothians open fire on Dar. He runs for cover, returning
fire when he can.

DAR (CONT'D)

Nokkis!

More disruptor fire comes his way. Dar runs across the
catwalks, seeking cover behind a support pillar.

DAR (CONT'D)

Nokkis!

He makes a break for it, his boot catches on a loose metal
grate, he falls. Disruptor fire continues. Dar scrambles for
cover. He opens fire, killing a Soothian.

DAR (CONT'D)

Servin' up one crispy critter!

Dar comes down and tries to maneuver behind the shuttle.
NOKKIS fills his sights. Dar fires, but is shot in the right
shoulder. He falls to the floor, stunned. Nokkis approaches.
Two pirates Dar wrestle Dar to his feet.

NOKKIS

Captain.

DAR

(speech slurred)

Nokkis, what in Carfidius is going
on? I thought we had a deal. I've
been paying you.

NOKKIS

We did have a deal...Unfortunately,
I got a better deal from someone
else.

DAR

Who?

NOKKIS

Mognath.

DAR

Shit...Why?

NOKKIS

He's paying me more than you. I capture vessels, and surrender the crew over to work in the thidium mines.

DAR

So that's it, I'm to be sent to the mines?

NOKKIS

Mognath needs thidium for his minions.

DAR

Then why don't his minions go mine it for themselves?

NOKKIS

You've seen a Versithian, they're too big to go down there.

Dar shakes loose of the pirates.

DAR

What about my ship?

NOKKIS

I turn it over to Mognath and he gives me one-third of the cargo.

DAR

Nice little racket you got goin' here, Nokkis.

NOKKIS

Quite lucrative for me.

One pirate fixes shackles to Dar's wrists.

PIRATE 1

Satiren whore.

DAR

I am not a whore.

NOKKIS

(chuckles)

Satires are known for being the whores of the galaxy.

DAR
Yeah? Well, I'm not one of them. I
run a legit operation here.

NOKKIS
Where is your Nouian engineer?

DAR
My what?

NOKKIS
Your engineer. That nasty little
furball you picked up a few years
ago.

DAR
I dunno, it's a big ship, he could
be anywhere.

NOKKIS
I take it you're not going to hand
him over?

DAR
And let you make barbecue furball
out of my best friend and engineer?
No way!

Nokkis takes out a knife, stabs Dar in left thigh.

DAR (CONT'D)
Ahhhhhh!

NOKKIS
Where is the Nouian?

DAR
Fuck you!

Nokkis yanks blade out, smashes Dar on the side of the head.
Blood runs down his face.

NOKKIS
The Nouian!

DAR
Go screw yourself, you overgrown
lizard!

7 INT. SOOTHIAN SHUTTLE - SPACE

Dar lays on the floor, slowly wakes up, in great pain.

PIRATE 2
Get up, whore!

Dar is wrestled to his feet.

DAR

Easy.

PIRATE 2

Move!

8 INT. SHUTTLE BAY - VERSITH 5 - DAY

Two pirates manhandle Dar through crowds of other aliens.

DAR

I need to use the bathroom.

PIRATE 1

What?

DAR

The bathroom. You know, the
shitter, john, loo, head, bog, can,
dunny, water closet, uh, the royal
throne...Come on, I gotta take a
leak!

PIRATE 1

You need to excrete?

DAR

Yes!

PIRATE 1

This way.

The pirate stops along a wall, pushes a button, a door opens.

PIRATE 1 (CONT'D)

Excrete.

DAR

Uh, thanks.

9 INT. BATHROOM - VERSITH 5 - DAY

Dar steps in to a tiny bathroom, lifts the toilet seat, finding no way of escape. There are no windows. He relieves himself, uses the seizmonic sterilizer to clean his hands.

The pain from his wounds drives him crazy. He pats his jacket pocket.

DAR

Ah. Nice. Forgot about you.

Reaching in his jacket, he removes a small bottle of Curion Mind Blow, tapping out a tablet. He pops it in his mouth.

DAR (CONT'D)

A little Curion Mind Blow outta
take the pain away.

PIRATE 2(O.S.)

Hurry up!

DAR

Coming.

Dar bursts from the door, making a mad dash for the shuttle bay.

10 INT. SHUTTLE BAY - VERSITH - DAY

Three RENTHID guards bring Dar down after a short chase. Renthids are related to Soothians, but have brown skin and frog-like heads.

RENTHID GUARD 1

No escape.

Dar struggles, realizes he's at a disadvantage.

RENTHID GUARD 2

You whore, now you will be
punished.

DAR

Good, I hope you kill me. I don't
wanna spend the rest of my life in
the mines.

RENTHID GUARD 1

You may get your wish.

11 INT. DUNGEON - VERSITH

A Renthid guard throws Dar into a large cage. The dungeon is very dark. Other cages hold a variety of aliens. Dar sees another alien, its back scarred and bloodied.

DAR

Hey? Are you okay?

A voice in the next cell answers. PHLEMOS, a small Crinian half-breed with long, sharply pointed ears.

PHLEMOS

He won't understand you.

DAR
Who are you?

PHLEMOS
Phlemos...I'm half-Crinian.

DAR
Mmm, thought I recognized the ears.
Dar, Dar Meltom.

PHLEMOS
And you're half-Satiren, right?

DAR
Yup.

PHLEMOS
They don't like us--us half breeds.
They think we cause too much
trouble.

DAR
In my case, it's true. I was trying
to escape.

PHLEMOS
Oh, that was stupid.

DAR
Thanks, I realize that now.

PHLEMOS
They're gonna punish you. Probably
ten lashes at least.

DAR
Lashes?

PHLEMOS
Yeah, see that alien over there? He
took food rations. The guards
caught him and gave him ten lashes
with a Versithian fire whip.

DAR
Oh.

PHLEMOS
Not many can take ten and
survive...The pain usually kills
'em.

DAR
What'd you do, youngling?

PHLEMOS
 Got caught taking an extra ration
 of water. I'm to get five lashes
 tomorrow.

DAR
 Shit.

PHLEMOS
 Well, the upside is I won't be
 working in the mines until I'm
 healed...But there's also very
 little medical care.

DAR
 All this for some dumb rock those
 insects need to survive...

PHLEMOS
 And the planet is being destroyed
 by the mining.

DAR
 Yeah, I know that.

A mild earthquake shakes the dungeon.

PHLEMOS
 I heard, Mognath, the ruler, found
 some sort of wonder machine that'll
 stabilize the planet.

DAR
 That's all fine and dandy, but what
 happens when the thidium runs out?

PHLEMOS
 He sends the Renthids out to find
 another planet with it.

DAR
 And they destroy that planet, then
 move on.

12 INT. MOGNATH'S OFFICE - VERSITH - DAY

MOGNATH and GALDOR stand near a small window. They are large,
 blue, mantis-like creatures standing fifteen feet tall.

MOGNATH
 How much longer?

GALDOR

Less than a year...Mognath, umm, I mean, Your Highness, our situation is very grave.

MOGNATH

I'm well aware of that. And what of the Neritians and that machine?

GALDOR

I have a scientist looking into it.

MOGNATH

It's worked for them. It can work for us.

GALDOR

Hopefully.

Galdor glances back at a clock.

GALDOR (CONT'D)

Sir, the punishments are about to begin. Do you wish to attend?

Mognath turns.

MOGNATH

Perhaps it will take my mind off our dire situation.

13 INT. DUNGEON HALLWAY - VERSITH - DAY

Two Renthid guards drag Dar down a dark hall to the circular punishment room.

14 INT. PUNISHMENT ROOM - VERSITH - DAY

Versithians line the gallery.

The guards chain Dar to a wall. He struggles.

RENTHID GUARD

(in Dar's face)

Moktht dagh!

Dar stops struggling.

In the center of the room: a chopping block. Other aliens are chained to the wall, Phlemos included.

Two guards drag one alien out, throw it onto the block, cut its head off. They dispose of the body. Green blood covers the floor.

Various scenes of aliens being whipped or executed.

Mognath, leader of the Versithians enters. The room falls silent.

RENTHID GUARD (CONT'D)

Your Highness.

Mognath takes his place.

MOGNATH

Carry on.

A guard brings a female alien, gives her five lashes. She is dragged off by another guard. Mognath applauds. Phlemos is brought forth.

RENTHID GUARD

Five lashes for the half-breed Crinian.

The guard whips Phlemos. The screams are ear-piercing. Two guards drag Phlemos out. Guards unchain Dar and take him to the block.

MOGNATH

So, is this the half-breed Satiren whore that tried to escape?

RENTHID GUARD

Yes, Your Highness.

MOGNATH

And he is to be given fifteen lashes?

RENTHID GUARD

At your request.

MOGNATH

Good, commence.

A guard strips Dar of his shirt and pushes him onto the bloody block. The lash falls, Dar remains silent.

MOGNATH (CONT'D)

Again!

Dar receives more lashes. He refuses to utter a sound.

MOGNATH (CONT'D)

Again!

Dar continues his silence, then loses consciousness.

15 INT. INFIRMARY - VERSITH- DAY

There are rows of beds in the infirmary, Dar occupies one. Only a towel covers his lap. He regains consciousness.

EMELITH

Papa! Papa! Come quick! Papa! He's
waking up!

Dar opens his eyes, sees a young female Elemenel. Elemenels are creamy blue colored individuals with fleshy tendrils instead of hair.

EMELITH (CONT'D)

Papa!

DAR

(groans)

Ow.

"Papa" AGGALITH arrives, sits down.

AGGALITH

Ah, yes, your patient is awake...
I don't know if you understand my
language, but you're one lucky son-
of-a-bitch.

EMELITH

Papa!

AGGALITH

Run along, Emelith

EMELITH

But Papa--

AGGALITH

Go!

Emelith growls and stomps off.

AGGALITH (CONT'D)

I've never seen anyone survive more
than ten lashes with a fire whip.

DAR

(hoarsely)

Now you have.

AGGALITH

Ah, you can understand me.

Dar nods.

AGGALITH (CONT'D)
I didn't think you were gonna make it. Emelith refused to leave your side those first few days.

DAR
Few days?

AGGALITH
Son, you've been unconscious for ten days...They dumped you here after punishment. None of the guards figured you'd live...Emelith and I did our best to save you.

DAR
Thanks for nothing.

He struggles to get up.

AGGALITH
No! No! Don't move. You'll open up your wounds again.

He tries to hold Dar down.

DAR
Who in Carfidius are you?

AGGALITH
Aggalith, I'm Emelith's father.

DAR
I kinda figured that since she was calling you Papa.

AGGALITH
We do what we can for the miners. I studied medicine on Iddris. When the Renthids overran our planet; I was sent here with her mother. Emeltih was born a slave; her mother died not long after child birth.

DAR
There was another, a half-breed Crinian youngling; what happened to him?

AGGALITH
Phlemos?

DAR

Yeah.

AGGALITH

I...I...I'm sorry, but he didn't make it.

DAR

So once I'm healed, it's off to the mines?

AGGALITH

I'm afraid so.

Emelith returns. She touches Dar's forehead.

EMELITH

What's your name?

DAR

Dar.

EMELITH

Funny name.

DAR

What do you expect from a half-Satiren? My mother named me...Uh, hey, I really need to use the bathroom, can't I get up?

EMELITH

You really shouldn't.

DAR

Yeah, but I really gotta go!

Dar tries to get up, Aggalith helps him.

DAR (CONT'D)

Oh, shit, that hurt.

EMELITH

Shame on you, Dar, you're not supposed to say words like that.

DAR

I'm an adult; I can say what I want.

Dar swings his legs off the bed, gently gets his feet down. The towel slides onto the floor.

DAR (CONT'D)

Which way's the bathroom?

AGGALITH

Uh, that way.

Emelith giggles as Dar walks off, naked.

16 INT. MOGNATH'S OFFICE - VERSITH - DAY

Mognath looks out the window. Hot ash swirls in the dark, smoky air outside. Galdor stands with him.

MOGNATH

How much longer?

GALDOR

At the current state, maybe six to nine months.

MOGNATH

And if we cease mining?

GALDOR

Perhaps a few more...Your Renthid reconnaissance forces haven't found much thidium on the other planets.

MOGNATH

Then we are doomed?

GALDOR

Maybe not. If we can get the Plexus, it may save our planet.

MOGNATH

Do we have enough gold?

GALDOR

Yes, last inventory showed three trillion drig. We should act soon, Nerit 2 is a long way off. And we don't even know if the Plexus is completed.

MOGNATH

Send a special envoy to Nerit. We need that device.

17 INT. INFIRMARY - VERSITH - DAY

Dar returns from the bathroom.

DAR

Where's my clothes?

Emelith gets his clothes from under the bed. Aggalith heads for the kitchen.

EMELITH
Why? You seem so happy without them!

AGGALITH (O.S.)
Emelith!

DAR
How old are you, youngling?

EMELITH
Youngling? I'm twenty-three!

Dar carefully puts on his pants. Emelith giggles.

EMELITH (CONT'D)
How old are you?

DAR
Mmm, thirty something.

EMELITH
I thought you looked older than that.

AGGALITH (O.S.)
Dar, are you hungry?

DAR
Starving! I Don't suppose my shirt survived?

EMELITH
No, it was too torn. I made you a new one.

Emelith takes out a black and white stripe shirt.

DAR
You're a very handy little Elemenel.

Emelith leads Dar toward the kitchen.

18 INT. INFIRMARY - KITCHEN - VERSITH - DAY

Dar gingerly sits. Aggalith puts three bowls on the table. He sits down.

DAR
What's this?

AGGALITH
Breakfast, lunch, and dinner.

DAR
Yes, but what is it?

AGGALITH
Steamed Versithian lice.

DAR
Lice? Lice?

AGGALITH
They don't taste too bad once you
get used to them.

Dar picks one up and prepares to put it in his mouth.

AGGALITH (CONT'D)
The Versithians have a real problem
with infestation...The lice tend to
attach around the genitalia and the
Versithians can't get them off. So
they have slaves remove them.

Dar stops just before it touches his tongue. He drops it back
in the bowl.

DAR
You're tellin' me the only food is
parasites scraped off an insect's
balls?

AGGALITH
Afraid so.

DAR
I'm gonna starve!

EMELITH
Come on, Dar, you have to
eat...Look, you just put them in
your mouth, chew once or twice, and
swallow.

AGGALITH
They're very high in protein...Come
on, you need to eat.

Dar picks up another one.

DAR
Don't suppose you have something to
chase this down with?

Emelith gets three glasses of water. Dar tips his head back, opens his mouth, drops the insect down his throat. He gags and retches a few times.

EMELITH

Aw, don't worry, you'll get used to them.

19 INT. MINES - VERSITH - DAY

Dar works in the dimly lit mines. His misery evident.

20 INT. MOGNATH'S OFFICE - VERSITH - DAY

A Renthid guard enters, carries a note to Galdor.

GALDOR

(reading)

Good news, Your Highness. A patrol returned from Kruelis this morning. They reported vast amounts of thidium.

MOGNATH

Vast, eh? Organize a contingent to take control.

GALDOR

Your Highness, the Kruelians are a very tough species.

MOGNATH

Myth and legend! They haven't fought a war for thousands of years. They've gone soft.

GALDOR

Yes, sir, I'll start working on it.

21 INT. SHUTTLE BAY - VERSITH - DAY - THREE MONTHS LATER

PRINCESS PARNELA VISCHOF steps off the shuttle flanked by 4 MALE KRUELIAN GUARDS. She stands almost six feet tall, dirty blonde hair, essentially human in description.

A group of five Renthids escorts them to Mognath.

22 INT. MOGNATH'S OFFICE - VERSITH - DAY

Parnela enters alone.

MOGNATH
Ambassador Vischof.

PARNELA
Your Highness.

MOGNATH
Have you brought the contract?

PARNELA
Yes.

Parnela reaches into her cloak, produces a small scroll.

PARNELA (CONT'D)
The queen signed it...Now can you
please remove your troops from
Kruelis?

Mognath gestures for the scroll. A Renthid guard takes it
from Parnela, gives it to Mognath.

MOGNATH
Arrangements will be made for troop
withdrawal. When will the first
shipment be delivered?

PARNELA
We're starting the mine, but it's
going to take time. My people are
predominately farmers, we don't
have a lot of technology.

MOGNATH
Technology? All I use are slaves
with picks and shovels.

PARNELA
Even with that, Your Highness,
it'll take time to reach the veins
of thidium.

Galdor enters.

GALDOR
Your Highness?

MOGNATH
What?

GALDOR
(lowers voice)
Terrible news. The Plexus has been
stolen.

MOGNATH
What?!

GALDOR

The...the...the Soothians have it.

MOGNATH

They are under my employ, have them bring it to me.

GALDOR

We would, but we can't find them.

MOGNATH

You can't find them? Damn it, I need that machine. We need that machine.

Mognath tears up the contract.

MOGNATH (CONT'D)

I will have all the thidium on your planet...This contract is void.

PARNELA

But, Your Highness...

MOGNATH

But nothing. If your people cross me, the Renthids will destroy them.

PARNELA

How can you?

MOGNATH

I can, and I will. Your soldiers will be sent home with a message to do as I instruct. You, princess, will remain here.

PARNELA

No!

Mognath motions to the guards.

MOGNATH

Seize her.

Two Renthid guards grab Parnela.

23

INT. SHUTTLE BAY - VERSITH - DAY

Guards usher along a group of slaves, Dar included. They are tasked to unload a freighter. As they stop at the ship, Dar looks out the containment field, sees the Marsuian in orbit.

DAR

Hi, Marcy.

RENTHID GUARD
Get to work!

DAR
Yes, Sir.

Dar occasionally glances at his ship. He longs to be free.

24

INT. MOGNATH'S OFFICE - VERSITH - DAY

Mognath looks out the window.

MOGNATH
Any word from the patrols? They've
been gone for weeks.

GALDOR
No, Your Highness. They haven't
found the pirates.

MOGNATH
Galdor, what's that?

He points to the Marsuian in orbit.

GALDOR
Sir?

MOGNATH
That ship. It's been orbiting for
quite some time.

GALDOR
It's the Marsuian...It belonged to
that half-breed Satiren.

MOGNATH
Why has it not been utilized for
our purposes?

GALDOR
No one knows how to operate it.
Several have tried, but the
controls are in Satiren.

MOGNATH
What became of that Satiren?

GALDOR
You ordered him to have fifteen
lashes.

MOGNATH
Dead most likely.

GALDOR
Probably, Sir. But if you wish, I
can inquire.

MOGNATH
Inquire. If he's still alive,
perhaps he'll know where the
pirates are hiding. I want my
Plexus!

25 INT. MINE SLEEPING BAY - VERSITH - NIGHT

A Renthid guard rudely awakes Dar, grabbing him by the hair.

DAR
Ow!

RENTHID GUARD
Come with me, whore.

The guard keeps hold of Dar's hair, continues on.

DAR
Ow! Ow! Ow! What'd I do? I'm sorry
if I slept through meal and shower
time, but I was really tired.

RENTHID GUARD
Silence!

26 INT. MOGNATH'S OFFICE - VERSITH - NIGHT

The guard throws Dar to the floor.

RENTHID GUARD
Here is the Satiren whore, Your
Highness.

Mognath inspects Dar.

MOGNATH
Hmm, yes, I remember you. No one
survives fifteen lashes with a
Versithian fire whip.

Mognath motions to the window.

MOGNATH (CONT'D)
Your ship is the Marsuian?

DAR
Yes, Sir.

MOGNATH
Is it fast?

Dar stands, dusts himself off.

DAR
Fastest in the galaxy.

MOGNATH
What do you know of the Soothians?

DAR
Plenty.

MOGNATH
Could you find them?

DAR
Find 'em? What do you mean?

MOGNATH
They've stolen a very precious
piece of cargo from me.

DAR
The thing that can fix the planet?

MOGNATH
How do you know of the Plexus?

DAR
I've heard rumors in the mine.

MOGNATH
The rumor is true. A freighter,
inbound from Nerit 2 was attacked
by the Soothians.

DAR
Can't you bargain with them?

MOGNATH
My patrols have been unable to
locate them. Can you?

DAR
What's in it for me?

MOGNATH
Find the Plexus, return it to me,
and you'll be allowed your freedom.

DAR
Free? Just like that? You expect me
to believe you?

MOGNATH

You're in no place to negotiate with me whore. If you do not accept the mission, you will be returned to the mines.

DAR

What's to keep me from skipping out on you?

MOGNATH

I heard you come from Erotis 3.

DAR

Maybe.

MOGNATH

Then I provide this for incentive.

He motions to two guards. They open the door, drag in a PUREBRED SATIREN MALE.

MOGNATH (CONT'D)

I know the Satiren species is threatened. With the loss of your home planet, they have scattered to the far corners of the galaxy.

Mognath walks around the room.

MOGNATH (CONT'D)

Your pathetic species are lovers, not fighters. It would take nothing for my troops to hunt down and kill every last one of them—starting with Erotis first.

DAR

No!

A guard steps behind Dar, grabs his hair, forcing him to watch.

MOGNATH

Just to show I'm not bluffing, Captain.

He grasps the purebred male around the neck.

DAR

No, no, please don't. Don't kill him.

Mognath tightens his grip, choking the male.

MOGNATH

This is but one example. If I do not receive the Plexus in six weeks' time; I will dispatch troops to Erotis.

DAR

Six weeks? This galaxy is huge. The Soothians could be anywhere.

He watches Mognath squeeze harder. The Satiren's eyes bulge, the skin on his face goes from crimson to ash gray. A moment later, his neck crushes, blood splatters on the floor.

MOGNATH

Six weeks, whore, and not a moment more.

The guard releases Dar.

Dar goes to the body of the Satiren. He kneels. Reaching out, Dar slides his hand down the male's face, closing his eyes. He goes to the window, seeing the Marsuian passing overhead.

DAR

All right, I'll find your Plexus and bring it back. And you give me your word you'll let me go and not hurt the Satirens.

MOGNATH

Deal.

DAR

When can I leave?

MOGNATH

Within the hour. Time is of the essence.

27 INT. MARSUIAN - SHUTTLE BAY - SPACE

Dar runs off the Renthid shuttle.

DAR

Woooooo! Sweetheart, Daddy's home!

28 INT. MARSUIAN - ENGINE ROOM - SPACE

Dar runs in and stops.

DAR
Schmuff? Schmuff? Where are you?

Dar searches several bulkhead doors. As he reaches the last door, a heavy, furry body crashes down on him. They wrestle for a few moments.

DAR (CONT'D)
Oh, shit! Schmuff! You're alive!

SCHMUFF gets up and gives Dar a thorough chastising in Nouian. He stands about four and a half feet tall, covered in brown fur with upright fleshy ears.

SCHMUFF
Kaptaw, Eg kille je! Bakkod!

DAR
Schmuff, Schmuff, listen to me...Hey, I'm back...We got one gig to do and then we'll be free to go where we want.

Dar gets to his feet. Schmuff continues chattering.

DAR (CONT'D)
What do you mean someone else is on board? Who?

Schmuff shakes his head, shrugs his shoulders.

DAR (CONT'D)
You got a phaser rifle?

Schmuff retrieves the rifle.

DAR (CONT'D)
Thanks. Let's see who decided to crash my party.

29 INT. MARSUIAN - HALLWAY LEADING TO BRIDGE - SPACE

Dar and Schmuff creep along. Dar approaches the open door. He sees Parnela standing, her back to him. Dar motions for Schmuff to stay put.

30 INT. MARSUIAN - BRIDGE - SPACE

Dar steps onto the bridge, rifle ready.

DAR
Don't move.

Parnela looks over her shoulder.

PARNELA
Are you the captain?

Dar approaches cautiously.

DAR
Yes, I'm the captain.

PARNELA
If that's so, I suggest you get
this heap moving.

Parnela faces him. He goes to the control console and starts pushing buttons.

DAR
I intend to.

The engine begins to whine. Dar sets the rifle down.

DAR (CONT'D)
Right, on our way.

He steps closer to her.

DAR (CONT'D)
I'm Dar.

PARNELA
You're Satiren?

DAR
Mmm, half.

Dar takes a couple sniffs of the air, smelling her scent. He lowers his head slightly, uttering a guttural purr. His eyes flash green, indicating his arousal.

PARNELA
Whore!

Parnela knees Dar in the crotch, dropping him to the deck.

DAR
Son-of-a-bitch!

He coughs a few times.

DAR (CONT'D)
Oh, I think my balls are hangin'
with my tonsils!

PARNELA
How dare you!

Parnela takes a few steps back.

PARNELA (CONT'D)
How dare you come on to me, you
horny Satiren bastard...I'm
Princess Parnela Vischof of the
planet Kruelis.

DAR
Princess?

PARNELA
Yes, Princess. So don't even think
about trying anything with me!

DAR
Apologies.

PARNELA
You'd do best to remember your
station, Satiren whore.

Dar gets up, staggering toward her, now very angry. He backs
Parnela against the wall, his hand at the base of her throat.

DAR
Listen, Princess, I may be half-
Satiren, but that doesn't make me a
whore. I just spent the last six
months in the bowels of that doomed
planet. Cut me some slack, will
you?

Dar leans closer.

DAR (CONT'D)
If you call me a whore one more
time; so help me--princess or not,
I'll put you over my knee and tan
your ass!

PARNELA
You wouldn't!

DAR
Don't try me.

Dar lets go, resumes his place at the controls.

PARNELA
How come we're not going faster?

DAR
First things first.

PARNELA
 We don't have time to waste. Every minute that ticks by means Mognath is one step closer to overrunning my planet.

Dar puts on his comm headset.

DAR
 (into headset)
 Schmuff? Schmuff?
 (pauses)
 Ah, good. Hey, can you give me full impulse? No, that's okay. You see the course? Yeah, five days? Right.

PARNELA
 Five days to what? Can't this thing go any faster?

DAR
 No need, I got something to do first.

Dar takes off the headset, goes to a door on the side of bridge.

DAR (CONT'D)
 I'm gonna clean up and get some sleep. There's crew quarters down three decks to your left.

PARNELA
Crew quarters?

DAR
 Well, this is the captain's cabin, and unless you plan on joining me, I'm not moving out.

Dar disappears into his cabin.

31 INT. MOGNATH'S OFFICE - VERSITH - DAY

Mognath and Galdor look out the window.

MOGNATH
 Any word?

GALDOR
 The patrols say he's headed for Delta 6 space station.

MOGNATH

I wonder why?

GALDOR

Unknown, Your Highness. He knows
the timepiece is ticking.

32 INT. MARSUIAN - BRIDGE - SPACE

The Marsuian slowly banks, the DELTA 6 SPACE STATION comes
into view through the front window.

Dar wanders out of his cabin, munches on jerky, carries a
bottle of Malikin port. Parnela stands near the control
console. Definite tension between them.

DAR

Hello, Princess.

PARNELA

Delta 6? Doesn't it have a red
district?

DAR

So? I have business there.

PARNELA

Business?! How could you?

DAR

Relax, we got time...You thirsty?

PARNELA

I'm hungry, thirsty, tired, and I
need to save my planet.

Dar chuckles, takes a drink.

PARNELA (CONT'D)

What's so funny?

DAR

Saying all those things in one
sentence.

PARNELA

It's not funny. I'm miserable.

Dar chuckles more.

DAR
Princess, there's no story of your
personal hardship that can even
come close to what I've been
through the last six months.

He slides the bottle over to her.

DAR (CONT'D)
Here, a little Malikin port'll take
the edge off.

PARNELA
Isn't there anything else to eat?

DAR
Probably not. Schmuff was trapped
here while I was in the mines.
We're gonna pick up supplies
shortly.

He puts on his headset.

DAR (CONT'D)
Space Station Delta 6, this is the
Marsuian requesting docking
instructions.
(listening for response))
Roger, Delta 6, dock 9.

Dar turns to Parnela.

DAR (CONT'D)
We'll get food and supplies, and I
have a few things I gotta get done.

PARNELA
(scoffs)
And I bet I know what one of them
is.

DAR
What do you care? After all I went
through, I'm entitled to some
enjoyment...And I doubt you'd be
game to provide it.

PARNELA
Certainly not!

DAR
That's what I thought.

33 INT. DELTA 6 SPACE STATION - CONCOURSE - SPACE

Dar, Parnela, and Schmuff stand to the side of the busy thoroughfare traffic.

DAR
You got the shopping list?

SCHMUFF
Ga.

Dar pulls out a huge wad of gold drig strips.

DAR
Schmuff? How much you reckon for supplies?

SCHMUFF
Fwaw shoz drig.

DAR
Five grand?

Dar counts out money.

DAR (CONT'D)
You keep this safe. Don't get mugged, okay?

SCHMUFF
Ga, eg dak.

DAR
Okay, Princess, how about you?

PARNELA
Me?

DAR
Yes, you. I figure you'd like to get something to eat and do some shopping. That's what princesses do, don't they?

PARNELA
I should have an escort.

DAR
Then go with Schmuff. He'll protect you.

PARNELA
He will protect me?

DAR
Oh yes, his bite is highly
venomous. Most don't wanna tangle
with a Nouian.

PARNELA
And where are you going?

DAR
To the bar. I desire some
entertainment.

Dar hands Parnela a handful of gold strips.

DAR (CONT'D)
See you in the morning.

34 INT. DELTA 6 SPACE STATION - CONCOURSE - SPACE

Three Renthid scouts observe Dar and Parnela.

RENTHID SCOUT 1
What is he doing?

RENTHID SCOUT 2
I don't know. Should we inform
Mognath?

RENTHID SCOUT 1
Let's give him some time.

35 INT. DELTA 6 SPACE STATION - BAR - SPACE

Dar goes to the bar, orders a port. He munches on some nuts.
DELTA 6 ELEMENEL approaches him.

DELTA 6 ELEMENEL
Hi cutie!

DAR
Hi.

DELTA 6 ELEMENEL
Come here often?

DAR
Not for a while. I've been
indisposed on Versith 5.

DELTA 6 ELEMENEL
Oh, you poor fellow!

She puts her hand on Dar's shoulder.

DAR
Well, I'm out and free once again.
Don't ever wanna go back there.

DELTA 6 ELEMENEL
Are you Satiren?

DAR
Uh, half. Luckily I got the
important half.

DELTA 6 ELEMENEL
I'd like a little company. How
much?

DAR
Huh? Oh, no.

DELTA 6 ELEMENEL
What?

DAR
You misunderstand, I'm not a whore,
I'm captain of a freighter.

DELTA 6 ELEMENEL
You're not?

Her cheeks flush dark blue.

DELTA 6 ELEMENEL (CONT'D)
Sorry, I just assumed...

DAR
No.

Dar plays with the fleshy tendrils on her head.

DAR (CONT'D)
But that doesn't mean I'm not
looking for some company for the
evening.

DELTA 6 ELEMENEL
Oh, you'd be game to join?

DAR
Yes, definitely.

DELTA 6 ELEMENEL
I have a room not far from here.

Dar's eyes glow bright green.

DAR
Shall we?

DELTA 6 ELEMENEL
I didn't even get your name.

DAR
Should we bother? Or just call this
a night of nameless passion?

Dar finishes his drink and stands. He tosses some gold strips
on the bar.

DELTA 6 ELEMENEL
A passionate joining with a half-
Satiren mystery man--sounds good.

DAR
Lead the way.

36 INT. DELTA 6 SPACE STATION - CONCOURSE - SPACE

Dar and the Elemenel come out. Parnela sees them.

PARNELA
Captain, I really must protest.

DAR
Protest all you want.

DELTA 6 ELEMENEL
Who is she?

DAR
No one.

PARNELA
How dare you call me no one! And
why are you gallivanting around
when you have a ship to fix?

Dar leans close to Parnela.

DAR
Because, Princess, I have to wait
until the ionization chamber,
manifold, and the accelerator tanks
cool off before I climb my ass in
there to fix it...That takes about
eight hours. So why don't you run
along and do some shopping? I'll
see you in the morning.

Dar pushes by Parnela, continues down the hall with the
Elemenel.

37 INT. MARSUIAN - CATWALKS - SPACE

Dar walks along with a bounce in his stride, whistling a lively tune.

38 INT. MARSUIAN - ENGINE ROOM - SPACE

Dar walks in.

SCHMUFF
Showak taw da?

DAR
Oh, yes, I showaked mighty good
last night!

SCHMUFF
(laughs)
Nuggan je wat.

He offers Dar a pair of white coveralls.

DAR
Thanks, I'm banking this is gonna
be a messy one. I'll start with the
Cereddium tank first.

He climbs into the coveralls, goes to the tank, opens the access hatch, peers inside.

DAR (CONT'D)
Schmuff? I thought you drained the
tanks?

SCHMUFF
Ga.

DAR
Come here you little furball.

Schmuff goes over. Dar picks him up, holds him to the opening.

DAR (CONT'D)
Does that look empty to you?

SCHMUFF
Nak.

Schmuff launches into a defense of his actions.

DAR
I don't wanna hear it.

He sets Schmuff down.

DAR (CONT'D)
 I got another theory: bad fuel.
 Remember when we put in at Gamma 3
 for supplies and fuel? I have a
 feeling we got an old or
 contaminated batch.

He runs his fingers through his hair.

DAR (CONT'D)
 The good stuff rose to the top, the
 bad stuff settled and gelled,
 clogging the intake manifold.

SCHMUFF
 Shit.

39 INT. DELTA 6 SPACE STATION - CONCOURSE - SPACE

Three Renthid Scouts gaze at the Marsuian, still in dock.

RENTHID SCOUT 2
 When is he leaving?

RENTHID SCOUT 3
 I don't know.

RENTHID SCOUT 1
 He doesn't seem to be in any hurry.

40 INT. MARSUIAN - CREW QUARTERS - SHOWER ROOM - SPACE

Dar walks in, still in coveralls, covered in red, blue, and
 black goo. He undresses and climbs into the shower.

Dar finishes, gets out of the shower, grabs a towel. He's
 drying off when Parnela walks in.

PARNELA
 Oh! Sorry!

Dar doesn't bother to cover up.

DAR
 Hello.

PARNELA
 Uh, umm...

DAR
 What's the matter? Satirens aren't
 bashful.

PARNELA

Ummmm...

DAR

You like what you see?

PARNELA

Oh, my!

DAR

(chuckling seductively)

I have that affect on females.

PARNELA

You've been shot.

Dar gestures to the old wound on his shoulder.

DAR

This? Shot by Nokkis when they captured me. Getting hit by a Soothian disruptor didn't make my day.

PARNELA

Normally those things kill you.

DAR

They wanted me alive so they could sell me to Mognath.

He turns slightly and points to his thigh.

DAR (CONT'D)

And stabbed...

He turns so his back is to her.

DAR (CONT'D)

And took fifteen lashes from a Versithian fire whip. You know how much that hurts? Most don't live past ten...You're probably thinking Satirens have no pride or honor; that we're just the whores of the galaxy, but it's not true.

PARNELA

Where have you been all day?

DAR

Down in the engine room.

PARNELA

That took all day?

DAR
 Yes, I had to clean out the entire fuel system. Must've gotten some bad fuel along the way. I had to jettison the whole load, now we gotta start over.

He dresses.

DAR (CONT'D)
 It was a the bad fuel that got me captured in the first place.

PARNELA
 What do you intend to do?

DAR
 Gonna go up to the astro-observation deck and have a look at my charts. Gonna take at least four hours to refuel.

41 INT. MARSUIAN - BRIDGE - SPACE - EIGHT HOURS LATER

Dar is at the controls. Parnela wanders around the bridge.

DAR
 Come on sweetheart, Daddy's got a whole new load of fuel in your belly. I need warp, Marcy.

PARNELA
 Do you always talk to your ship?

DAR
 Yeah, no one to talk to up here. Schmuff's usually in the engine room.

PARNELA
 Where are we going?

DAR
 Regalin 9, about six days from here.

PARNELA
 Six days?! At max warp?

DAR
 Yup. The Soothians have a real nice hideout on the backside of the planet. That's why Mognath's troops never found 'em.

(MORE)

DAR (CONT'D)
They're on the outer reaches of the
Ontarrin Galaxy.

PARNELA
The Omega sector?

DAR
You got it.

42 INT. DELTA 6 SPACE STATION - CONCOURSE - SPACE

Three Renthid scouts watch the Marsuian pull away from dock.

RENTHID SCOUT 1
He's finally leaving.

RENTHID SCOUT 2
Should we follow him?

RENTHID SCOUT 1
His ship is faster than ours. We'll
never catch him.

RENTHID SCOUT 3
It's just a freighter.

RENTHID SCOUT 1
A freighter capable of warp ten.

RENTHID SCOUT 3
Oh.

43 EXT. MARSUIAN - SPACE

The freighter approaches a dimly lit planet. It is covered in
dust, ice, and clouds.

44 INT. MARSUIAN - GALLEY - SPACE

Dar walks in, a bottle of port in hand. Schmuff jabbars away.

DAR
Huh? Yes, port for breakfast. I
haven't fought the battle yet and
my nerves are shot. I need some
liquid courage.

Schmuff disappears into the kitchen. Dar finds a glass, pours
some port. He sits down at the table. Schmuff returns with a
glass of greenish liquid. He hands it to Dar.

SCHMUFF

Gnak!

DAR

What in Carfidius is this?

SCHMUFF

Lannik chobrig.

DAR

(chuckles)

Liquid courage, very funny!

SCHMUFF

Gnak!

DAR

Okay, okay.

Dar drinks the concoction, blanching at the foul taste.

DAR (CONT'D)

Ah, what was that?!

SCHMUFF

Lannik chobrig.

Parnela enters.

PARNELA

We're here, huh? Regalin 9?

DAR

Yeah, and I don't have a clue about how to pull this off.

PARNELA

You don't have a plan?

DAR

Princess, I'm a freighter captain, not a military strategist. I haul cargo. And along the way, I occasionally dodge asteroid belts and pirates. I'm good at escape, not attack.

Dar sits up with a strange expression on his face.

PARNELA

Are you okay?

DAR

Yes, yes, fine. What was in the lannik chobrig?

SCHMUFF
 (laughing)
 Agnat Nouian shegred!

DAR
 Ancien Nouian secret my ass! What
 was in that?

PARNELA
 Dar? What's wrong?

Dar stands and walks around.

DAR
 Nothing. In fact I feel like I have
 the heart of a Tridun lion. Let's
 go!

Schmuff stands and lets out a loud roar.

45 INT. MARSUIAN - CATWALKS - SPACE

Parnela tags along behind Dar.

PARNELA
 So, do you have a plan?

DAR
 Hit 'em head on, and hope to
 disorient and scatter their ranks.

PARNELA
 Think that'll work?

DAR
 Don't have a clue. But it's all I
 can come up with.

PARNELA
 I hope it works.

DAR
 You and me both.

46 INT. MARSUIAN - BRIDGE - SPACE

Dar goes to the wall, gets a phaser, hands it to Parnela.

DAR
 Take this.

PARNELA
 I don't know how to use it.

Dar turns it on, adjusts the settings.

DAR
If the ship gets breached, you're
the last line of defense...You're
gonna get us out of here.

He goes to the control console.

DAR (CONT'D)
If I give you the signal, you're
gonna hit this button.

PARNELA
That one?

DAR
It'll jump us to warp.

Dar puts on his headset, finds another for Parnela.

DAR (CONT'D)
I'll keep you posted. Just listen,
keep your cool, and be
ready...Okay, here we go.

He moves the throttle, fingers ready on the weapons panel.

DAR (CONT'D)
In three...two...one!

47 EXT. MARSUIAN - SPACE

The ship roars around planet Regalin 9.

48 INT. MARSUIAN - BRIDGE - SPACE

The window ahead of them shows empty space.

PARNELA
Dar?

DAR
Shit! I don't get it; they're
always here.

PARNELA
They're not now.

DAR
Shit.

PARNELA
So there's no way to find them?

DAR
Maybe...

He goes to a small door next to his cabin.

PARNELA
What are you doing?

DAR
Something Gwog taught me.

PARNELA
May I?

DAR
Yeah, come on.

Dar and Parnela climb a ladder to his astro-observation deck.

49 INT. ASTRO-OBSERVATION BUBBLE - SPACE

They are encased in a clear bubble. Dar turns on equipment.

PARNELA
Wow!

DAR
Nice view, huh?

Dar grabs a different kind of headset, with a pair of wide goggles attached. He puts it on.

PARNELA
What are you doing?

DAR
Looking for a warp wake.

PARNELA
Like a boat wake?

DAR
Exactly.

He adjusts the goggles.

DAR (CONT'D)
Solar winds, meteor showers, space traffic, and even the gravitational pull from the planet can mess it up...If all is calm, you can see a wake four hours old.

He turns in slow circles.

DAR (CONT'D)

Ah!

PARNELA

You see something?

DAR

I think so. It's very faint. Wanna have a look?

He takes off the goggles, places them on Parnela. He holds his hand out in front of her.

DAR (CONT'D)

Look up and to the right slightly. Can you see something that looks like fuzzy streaks?

PARNELA

Oh, this is strange...Yes, I see them. How long have they been gone?

DAR

Four, maybe five hours. Pretty sure that's the pirates.

He rifles through his pile of charts.

DAR (CONT'D)

I have a feeling they're heading to Newrillis.

PARNELA

Why would they go there?

DAR

The Soothians are good pirates, but not very bright. They probably think the Plexus is some sort of weapon. The Newrillians are the number one arms dealers in the galaxy.

PARNELA

How far is Newrillis from here?

DAR

Mmm, about a day and a half at warp ten.

PARNELA

Same plan of attack?

DAR
 Maybe. Gee, this worked so well I
 scared 'em off.

50 EXT. MARSUIAN - SPACE

The ship drops out of warp near the Newrillian Space Port.
 The blue and green planet is in the background.

51 INT. MARSUIAN - BRIDGE - SPACE

Dar and Parnela are on the bridge ready to do battle. Again,
 no pirates.

DAR
 Aw, not again! I swear, if it
 weren't for bad luck, I'd have no
 luck at all.

Dar switches off the weapons, opens a channel to the
 Newrillians. He speaks Newrillian, getting docking
 instructions.

PARNELA
 You speak Newrillian?

DAR
 I speak eight different languages.
 How many do you speak?

PARNELA
 Uh, Kruelian and Universal
 Ontarrin.

DAR
 (scoffs)
 You're an ambassador and that's all
 you speak?

PARNELA
 Mother has a bevy of translators on
 hand. She sends along who I need.

DAR
 Ah, I guess it pays to have
 servants once in a while.

He works the controls to dock the ship.

DAR (CONT'D)
 Okay, I'm gonna go see if they have
 any information.

52 INT. NEWRILLIAN SPACE STATION - CONCOURSE - SPACE

Dar comes out a door. Parnela waits for him.

PARNELA
What'd he say?

They walk down the concourse.

DAR
He said they tried to trade it for weapons. But when the scientific advisor looked at it, he could find no military application. So he sent 'em on their way.

PARNELA
Did he say what it looked like?

DAR
Big, shiny cylindrical object.

PARNELA
And did he say where they went?

DAR
Omerik 3.

PARNELA
Why would they go there?

DAR
Damn good question.

He sees GUAGNO and 3 other JAMARAIANS waiting. They are large, imposing aliens with dark skin and bad attitudes.

DAR (CONT'D)
Princess, I need you to go back to the ship.

PARNELA
Huh? What? Why?

DAR
Just do as I say. Go!

Parnela leaves. Guagno and the others approach Dar. They are far larger than Dar.

GUAGNO
I didn't think you'd have enough gall to show your face around here again.

DAR
I'm sorry, Guagno, my shipment got hijacked.

GUAGNO
You expect me to believe that?

DAR
It's the truth. The Soothians double crossed me and I ended up in the mines on Versith.

GUAGNO
I think you're lying, your ship is in dock.

DAR
I've always been honest with you.

GUAGNO
Are you gonna pay up?

The other Jamaraians step closer to Dar.

DAR
Not sure I have the money right now.

GUAGNO
Then my associates will beat two million drig out of you.

Guagno waves his hand, walks off. The Jamaraians attack Dar, who does his best to fight them off. In the end, he's left beaten, bloodied, unconscious.

53 INT. MARSUIAN - BRIDGE - SPACE

Parnela sits in the captain's chair. Dar staggers from his cabin, onto the bridge, wearing only pants. His chest and abdomen bandaged, face bruised, covered with abrasions. He carries a bottle of port.

PARNELA
What are you doing up?

DAR
We got pirates to go after.

PARNELA
But Dar, you're a mess.

DAR
 Not as bad as your planet will be
 if we don't find the Plexus. And I
 have my own problems.

Dar takes out a small pill bottle, taps out a tablet. He
 tosses it in his mouth, chases it down with the port.

PARNELA
 What was that?

DAR
 Mind Blow.

PARNELA
 Dar, that's illegal!

DAR
 Don't care, it takes away the pain,
 and I can still think straight.

He sets course.

DAR (CONT'D)
 Okay, we're headed to Omerik 3.

He checks out the window, pushes the throttle forward,
 jumping them to warp.

DAR (CONT'D)
 It'll be nearly thirteen days
 before we get there...I'm gonna go
 lay back down.

54 EXT. OMERIK 3 - SPACE

A small dark planet can be see in the distance.

55 INT. MARSUIAN - BRIDGE - SPACE

Dar stands at the control console, headset on, ready for
 battle. Parnela is in the captain's chair.

DAR
 Can we say third time's a charm? Or
 it damn well better be!

PARNELA
 How far are we?

DAR
 Half a light year.

The ship drops from warp.

DAR (CONT'D)
Come here, Princess, I need to
teach you a few things.

Parnela joins Dar at the controls.

PARNELA
Like what?

DAR
Like how to maneuver and fire the
weapons.

PARNELA
Dar, I can't do all that!

DAR
Sure you can. We both have a vested
interest in this mission.

PARNELA
Dar, what is your interest? Will
you tell me, please?

DAR
Like your species, Mognath's
threatened to wipe out every
Satiren in the galaxy if I don't
deliver the Plexus.

He pokes a few buttons.

DAR (CONT'D)
Starting with Erotis first.

PARNELA
Oh, I had no idea. I'm sorry.

DAR
Don't be. I didn't wanna trouble
you.

He points to a row of buttons.

DAR (CONT'D)
Here are your weapons: phasers,
laser cannons, and these at the
bottom are torpedoes.

He points to another row of buttons.

DAR (CONT'D)
Here's the fore and aft thrusters.

PARNELA
You think they'll try and board us?

DAR
Always that possibility. If they do, I need you to continue the fight.

He hands her a headset.

DAR (CONT'D)
Are you ready?

PARNELA
I don't have any choice in the matter.

DAR
Good, let's go.

He pushes a few buttons.

DAR (CONT'D)
Shields up, weapons activated;
let's party.

56 EXT. MARSUIAN - SPACE

The ship approaches a group of seven pirate ships. Laser cannon fire is exchanged, the ships try to maneuver, attacking the Marsuian.

57 INT. MARSUIAN - BRIDGE - SPACE

DAR
Schmuff, gimme everything to the forward shields.

PARNELA
Dar, look, the big one...

DAR
Yeah, I see it. Princess, keep watch for any smaller ships breaking away from the fleet.

PARNELA
Why?

DAR
Boarding party.

PARNELA
Right.

A Soothian ship heads straight for them.

DAR
Okay, you guys wanna play? Here,
play with this!

Dar launches a torpedo.

DAR (CONT'D)
Tracking, tracking, KABOOM! One
down, five to go.

58 EXT. OMERIK 3 - SPACE

The planet is a backdrop for a fierce battle between the Marsuian and the pirates.

59 INT. MARSUIAN - BRIDGE - SPACE

Parnela spots a small ship breaking from the fleet.

PARNELA
Dar! Over there!

DAR
Aw, shit!
(into headset)
Schmuff, can you divert some power
to the aft shields? We got a
boarding party headed for us.

Dar targets another ship, fires a torpedo, the pirate ship explodes.

DAR (CONT'D)
Maybe I can dupe 'em into thinking
I got more of these things. Perhaps
I can scatter 'em.

PARNELA
How many do you have?

DAR
Two left.
(into headset)
(MORE)

DAR (CONT'D)
Schmuff, what's the status of the
aft shields? What? What?! No! I
don't believe this!

He turns to Parnela.

DAR (CONT'D)
He says we blew a conduction unit.
We got no aft shields. They're
gonna board us.

He grabs a phaser rifle off the wall.

DAR (CONT'D)
Stay here and keep fighting. Use
the torpedoes carefully.

PARNELA
Dar?

Dar stops and turns.

DAR
Yeah?

PARNELA
Be careful.

60 EXT. MARSUIAN - SPACE

A Soothian shuttle approaches the Marsuian shuttle bay. Laser
cannon fire zips past it.

61 INT. MARSUIAN - CATWALKS - SPACE

Dar runs along the catwalks toward the shuttle bay.

62 INT. MARSUIAN - SHUTTLE BAY - SPACE

Dar finds a dozen Soothians exiting their shuttle. He opens
fire. They return fire, starting a deadly game of cat and
mouse.

63 INT. MARSUIAN - CATWALKS - SPACE

Soothian pirates chase Dar through the ship. A running gun
battle ensues. Dar occasionally kills one. He runs along a
catwalk above some cargo compartments; four pirates are hot
on his heels.

DAR
Shit!

He sees the end of the catwalk. He flips the rifle over his back, drops to one knee, sliding under the railing, landing to the floor below.

DAR (CONT'D)
Princess, what's going on up there?

Dar pauses for a moment. The pirates retreat.

PARNELA (O.S.)
Uh, I dunno. There's two ships left, and the freighter.

DAR
What are they doing?

PARNELA (O.S.)
I think they're leaving.

DAR
Crap! I'm coming.

Dar takes off toward the bridge.

64 INT. MARSUIAN - BRIDGE - SPACE

Parnela fires at the pirate ships. She shoots one, it veers away, crashing into the bridge of the Soothian freighter.

Dar storms onto the bridge, out of breath.

DAR
The freighter!

PARNELA
Don't think it's going to leave. I hit one ship, and it crashed into the freighter, smashing the bridge. It hasn't moved.

Dar bends over, hands on knees. He's torn a few stitches in the wound on his side. Blood oozes through his shirt.

DAR
You did it!

He carefully straightens up. Parnela throws her arms around him.

PARNELA
We did it! Now what do we do?

DAR
Go see what we got.

65 EXT. MARSUIAN - SPACE

Dar pilots the tiny emergency shuttle toward the freighter.

66 INT. EMERGENCY SHUTTLE - SPACE

Dar and Parnela are crammed into the cockpit; she sits between his legs. She wiggles, trying to get comfortable.

PARNELA
Dar?

DAR
Sorry, your wiggling is making me...

PARNELA
Oh, I'm not meaning to.

DAR
Look, can you please hold still?
It's only a short trip. You wiggle any more and I'm not taking responsibility for it.

67 INT. SOOTHIAN FREIGHTER - SHUTTLE BAY - SPACE

The shuttle lands.

68 INT. EMERGENCY SHUTTLE - SPACE

Dar leans forward and checks the sensors.

DAR
We got artificial gravity, and it looks like enough oxygen to breathe.

PARNELA
Good. Where do you think the Plexus is?

69 INT. SOOTHIAN FREIGHTER - SHUTTLE BAY - SPACE

Dar opens the cockpit hatch, nudges Parnela to get out. He grabs his phaser rifle.

DAR
I suspect one of the cargo holds.

70 INT. SOOTHIAN FREIGHTER - CARGO BAY 1 - SPACE

Dar walks on top of the cargo, searching. Parnela stays on the deck, searching.

PARNELA
See anything?

DAR
Nothing here matching the
description the Newrillian gave me.

He hops from container to container, heading toward the back of the ship.

DAR (CONT'D)
Hey, another door.

PARNELA
Think it's another cargo bay?

DAR
Hope so, otherwise we're screwed.

PARNELA
Screwed?

DAR
Never mind...I hope this thing's
behind door number two.

71 INT. SOOTHIAN FREIGHTER - CONTROL ROOM - SPACE

Two Soothian pirates struggle to stand. The control room is damaged.

72 INT. SOOTHIAN FREIGHTER - CARGO BAY 1 - SPACE

Dar reaches the end of the containers, jumps down. Parnela joins him. Dar readies the rifle in one hand, the other on the door handle. He yanks open the door, darkness meets him.

DAR
Wait.

73

INT. SOOTHIAN FREIGHTER - CARGO BAY 2 - SPACE

He slips inside. After few moments, he finds the lights, turning them on. In front of them: the Plexus. The device resembles a shiny silver soup can about one hundred feet long, seventy feet tall.

DAR

Well, well.

PARNELA

Oh, that must be it!

DAR

So, this is what I've risked life and limb for? Looks like a damn piece of space junk.

PARNELA

It's not, and you know that.

Dar walks along the length of the Plexus.

DAR

I think it resembles an oversized soup can.

PARNELA

Yeah? Well that can's gotta make it back to Mognath in one piece.

Dar looks around.

DAR

Not in this ship; too damaged.

PARNELA

Can't you tow it along in a tractor beam?

DAR

Not if you wanna make speed...To keep a ship in a tractor beam, you can't go any faster than full impulse.

PARNELA

So how long would it take to get back?

DAR

We're almost thirteen days to Versith at warp ten. At full impulse, that's roughly a year.

PARNELA
That's not good. What are you going to do?

DAR
Inter-space transfer.

PARNELA
A what?

DAR
Come on, I'll show you.

74 INT. MOGNATH'S OFFICE - VERSITH - DAY

MOGNATH
Any word?

GALDOR
No, Your Highness. The scouts lost them at the Delta 6 space station.

MOGNATH
That was weeks ago!

GALDOR
I'm sorry. I have scouts spread throughout the galaxy looking for them.

75 INT. MARSUIAN - SHUTTLE BAY - SPACE

Dar tromps along in a bulky space suit. Parnela and Schmuff follow.

DAR
All right. The princess is gonna drop me on the freighter. I need you to maneuver Marcy to the stern of the ship and open the main cargo bay doors. You okay with the loading winch?

Schmuff nods.

DAR (CONT'D)
Remember to turn off the artificial gravity in that compartment.

SCHMUFF
Ga. Ewebbe cafa.

DAR
Yeah, I'll be careful...You keep
the princess safe.

76 INT. SOOTHIAN FREIGHTER - SHUTTLE BAY - SPACE

Dar stands on the deck, Parnela at the controls of the shuttle.

DAR
Sure you can fly this thing okay?

PARNELA
Yeah. Looks simple enough...Dar?

DAR
Hmm?

Parnela motions for him. Dar goes over. She leans out, kisses him on the cheek.

PARNELA
Good luck.

Parnela hands him a phaser rifle.

DAR
Thanks.

PARNELA
Be careful!

Dar walks away, a big smile on his face.

77 INT. SOOTHIAN FREIGHTER - CARGO BAY 1 - SPACE

Dar stops at a bulkhead door. He forces it open. As he does, a disruptor blast zings by his head. He dives for cover.

DAR
Shit!

Dar battles two Soothian pirates. He kills them.

78 INT. SOOTHIAN FREIGHTER - CONTROL ROOM - SPACE

Dar enters and finds a large control console.

DAR
Okay, where to start?

Dar starts off pushing wrong buttons. He finally finds the ones to turn off the atmosphere and artificial gravity. He reaches down and switches on his magnetic boots.

DAR (CONT'D)
 Right, gravity off.
 (checks his helmet)
 And, atmosphere off.

Dar begins his trek to the aft cargo bay.

DAR (CONT'D)
 Schmuff? You read?

SCHMUFF (O.S.)
 Ga.

DAR
 Where are you?

PARNELA (O.S.)
 At the stern of the freighter.

DAR
 All right, I'm heading to the back.

79 INT. SOOTHIAN FREIGHTER - CARGO BAY 2 - SPACE

Dar floats free in the bay containing the Plexus. The floors are not metal, his boots don't work. He gets to the wall, finds a cable to attach to his waist. He finds the button for the aft doors.

DAR
 Okay, found the door controls.
 Opening them.

Dar watches the massive doors open into the blackness. Ahead, the Marsuian awaits with open doors. He sees the loading winch snaking toward him.

DAR (CONT'D)
 Schmuff? Can you see the back of
 the Plexus?

SCHMUFF (O.S.)
 Ga.

Dar watches the winch attach to the end of the Plexus.

DAR
 Okay, hold it steady, I'm gonna
 release the straps.

A beeping noise alerts him. Dar sees his air running low. He vaults through the cargo bay, grabs one of the straps mooring the Plexus. He begins to release them.

PARNELA (O.S.)
Dar? What's that beeping noise?

DAR
Huh? Nothing, ignore it.

Dar finishes pulling the straps loose.

PARNELA (O.S.)
Are you ready for us to bring it back?

DAR
Almost.

Dar spins around and sticks his boots to the metal skin of the Plexus. He walks to the end, stands right in the middle. He unites the cable from his waist.

DAR (CONT'D)
Okay, take her out nice and slow.

PARNELA (O.S.)
Are you someplace safe?

DAR
Safe enough.

80 EXT. SOOTHIAN FREIGHTER - SPACE

Dar and the Plexus slowly float from the ship. He watches the dark reaches of space go by.

DAR
Wow.

81 EXT. MARSUIAN - SPACE

Dar rides the Plexus back toward the cargo bay of the Marsuian. His air critically low.

PARNELA (O.S.)
Should I come get you?

DAR
Naw, I'm coming along for the ride.

PARNELA (O.S.)
Are you insane?!

82 EXT. MARSUIAN - FORWARD CARGO BAY - SPACE

The Plexus drifts, the rear edge gets caught on the door frame. It bounces Dar around violently.

DAR
Schmuff! Fire the port thruster on
the winch; she's hitting the door.

Dar listens as Schmuff jabbars away explaining the problem.

DAR (CONT'D)
Hold everything steady.

83 INT. MARSUIAN - FORWARD CARGO BAY - SPACE

Dar gets between the Plexus and the wall of the cargo bay. He puts his back against the wall, feet against the Plexus, switches off his gravity boots.

DAR
Schmuff, I need you to back off the
winch a little.

He feels the Plexus move. With all his might, he pushes with his legs.

DAR (CONT'D)
Arrrrrrrgggghhhhhh!

He watches the Plexus drift away slightly.

DAR (CONT'D)
Okay, start it up again.

As the Plexus begins to move, it shifts, swings right into Dar, pinning him against the wall.

DAR (CONT'D)
Ahhhhhhhh!

84 INT. MARSUIAN CARGO BAY - CONTROL ROOM - SPACE

The Plexus crushes Dar. Parnela and Schmuff watch in horror.

PARNELA
Oh no! Do something!

Schmuff pushes the button to close the outer doors. He fires the port thruster to get the device to move. No luck.

SCHMUFF
Shit.

He ponders for a moment.

SCHMUFF (CONT'D)
Ah! Agrrafiska kgravidds!

PARNELA
What?

Schmuff pushed a button.

85 INT. MARSUIAN - FORWARD CARGO BAY - SPACE

With gravity restored, Dar and the Plexus crash to the deck.
Dar lies face down, unmoving.

86 INT. MARSUIAN - CARGO BAY CONTROL ROOM - SPACE

PARNELA
Dar! Dar! Schmuff, hurry, turn on
the atmosphere!

SCHMUFF
Eg'm trifcat, Eg'm trifcat!

87 INT. MOGNATH'S OFFICE - VERSITH - DAY

MOGNATH
Any word?

GALDOR
No, Your Highness.

MOGNATH
How much time do we have?

GALDOR
Without the Plexus, a few weeks at
best.

88 INT. MARSUIAN - DAR'S CABIN - SPACE

Dar lays on his bed. He slowly wakes up. Parnela waits near
by.

DAR
How long was I out this time?

PARNELA
Oh, couple hours...Really, Dar,
your species is much too fragile.

DAR
 Fragile?! Fragile my ass! I dare
 you to find someone who can survive
 what I've gone through!

He struggles out of bed and starts to dress. Parnela pours
 him a glass of port.

89 EXT. MARSUIAN - SPACE

The ship streaks through space.

90 INT. MARSUIAN - ENGINE ROOM - SPACE

Dar sits on the floor. Parts from the conduction unit are
 littered around him. Schmuff works a few feet away.

SCHMUFF
 Kaptaw?

DAR
 What?

SCHMUFF
 Esha magga?

DAR
 Nothing's the matter.

SCHMUFF
 Je aggai Parnela?

DAR
 What?! I'm not sweet on her.

SCHMUFF
 Ga, je ak!

Dar wags a wrench at Schmuff.

DAR
 I am not!

Parnela enters.

PARNELA
 Can you fix it?

DAR
 Nope.

PARNELA
 What now?

DAR
 We go to Viguris and get another
 part. I'm not going back to Versith
 without full shields.

91 INT. MARSUIAN - BRIDGE - SPACE

Dar programs the course to Viguris. Parnela approaches. He
 turns away from her.

PARNELA
 Can I go down there with you?

DAR
 I'd rather you not.

Dar rests his elbows on the control console, puts his head in
 his hands.

PARNELA
 Something wrong? You're acting a
 bit strange.

DAR
 I'm fine, and I'd appreciate it if
 you left me alone for a while.

PARNELA
 Dar?

DAR
 Look, Princess, I've done my
 damndest to keep this relationship
 strictly professional. Right now,
 I'm having a problem with that.

Dar disappears into his cabin.

92 INT. MARSUIAN - DAR'S CABIN - SPACE

Dar sits on the floor, counting his remaining gold strips.
 There is a knock on the door.

DAR
 What?

Parnela opens the door.

PARNELA
 What are you doing?

DAR
 Trying to see how much drig I have
 left; need to buy the part.

She joins him on the floor. He growls lowly.

PARNELA
 Why are you acting so strange?

Dar gets up, walks around.

DAR
 You don't know what it's like to be
 Satiren.

PARNELA
 And you don't know what it's like
 to be Kruelian.

DAR
 Your species doesn't have the
 reputation mine has.

PARNELA
 You're uncomfortable because of me?

DAR
 Very.

He sits on the bed. She joins him.

PARNELA
 I admit, when I first met you, I
 thought you were scum.

DAR
 (scoffs)
 Thanks.

PARNELA
 But you're really a decent
 individual.

DAR
 Gee, you're making me feel so much
 better.

PARNELA
 Dar!

DAR
 Hey!

PARNELA

Would you shut up and listen to me?
In the beginning I didn't care for
you...But as time went on, and the
more I got to know you, the more I
realized I like you.

DAR

How can you like me? I'm far below
your station. You're supposed to
marry some rich Kruelian male.

PARNELA

I can't explain it, but I do like
you--a lot.

Dar takes her hand.

DAR

If you like me, kiss me.

PARNELA

Ahhh...I'm kind of afraid.

DAR

Satirens are a species that enjoy
the gift of love...Yes, joining is
a big part, but not all of it.

Parnela studies him for a moment.

PARNELA

Kiss me?

DAR

Certainly.

He leans over, gently presses his lips to hers.

DAR (CONT'D)

Okay?

PARNELA

Yeah, that was nice.

DAR

Would you like another?

His eyes begin to glow.

DAR (CONT'D)

Don't worry about me, I can behave
myself. It's not always about the
physical act of joining; I can be
kept content quite easily.

PARNELA
I...trust you.

Dar leans over, kisses her more passionately. Parnela responds, kissing him back.

93 INT. MOGNATH'S OFFICE - VERSITH - NIGHT

A Renthid guard enters.

RENTHID GUARD
Your Highness. We had a possible sighting of the Marsuian.

MOGNATH
Where?

RENTHID GUARD
Near Coreonis.

MOGNATH
How long ago was that?

RENTHID GUARD
Uh, three days ago.

94 EXT. PLANET VIGURIS - DAY

Dar and Parnela walk through a primitive looking village. They round a corner.

DAR
Ah, here we are.

PARNELA
What is this place?

DAR
A parts store of sorts.

Dar opens the door.

95 INT. PARTS STORE - VIGURIS - DAY

A large, hairy Vigurian Clapsor named VUOPIOUS stands behind a counter.

DAR
Greetings Vuopious!

VUOPIOUS
Greetings, Dar, it has been a
while.

Dar takes the broken part from his pocket.

DAR
You got one of these?

VUOPIOUS
Mmm, let me go see.

Vuopious disappears into the back.

PARNELA
Interesting species.

DAR
They'd give you the shirt off their
back--if they wore one!

PARNELA
Yes, I see, clothing is optional on
this planet.

DAR
Oh, it's summer here. The other
species do tend to put something on
when it gets colder, but the
Clapsors are furry enough to keep
warm.

PARNELA
Not furry enough down there.

Dar stifles a laugh, he hears Vuopious returning.

VUOPIOUS
You are fortunate, I have one left.

DAR
How much?

VUOPIOUS
Two thousand drig.

Dar counts out his gold.

DAR
I only got eleven hundred.

VUOPIOUS
You will repay me?

DAR
Of course. You're a well
appreciated friend. I can't go into
detail, but rest assured, I'll
bring you the difference.

Vuopious ponders a few moments, pushes the part across the
counter.

VUOPIOUS
Very well. I wish you a safe and
speedy journey.

96 INT. MARSUIAN - DAR'S CABIN - SPACE

Dar lounges on his bed, reading tablet in one hand, glass of
port on the table next to him. Parnela knocks on the door.

PARNELA (O.S.)
Can I come in?

DAR
Sure.

PARNELA
What are you doing?

DAR
Reading an old school text.

PARNELA
Whatever for?

DAR
Uh, it's a text about different
species of aliens. I was reading up
on Kruelians.

PARNELA
A biology text?

DAR
Uh, not exactly. All Satirens, when
we hit the age of awakening, have
to go through four years of love
class.

PARNELA
(scoffs, laughs)
Love class?!

DAR
Yeah.

PARNELA
Is that where they teach you about
your bodies and joining and stuff?

DAR
Uh, yeah.

PARNELA
Four years?!

DAR
I told you Satirens are a complex
species. The very chemistry of our
bodies makes us seek out love. And
we respond to all sorts of
different stimuli.

PARNELA
Like what?

DAR
Oh, like when you rubbed my
forehead when I was laid up.

PARNELA
You were purring. I thought you
were asleep.

DAR
Uh, no, I wasn't. Sorry...They make
us take class so we learn to
understand all the hormones and how
they affect us in a pleasure sense.
Satirens really are built for love.

An explosion rocks the Marsuian.

PARNELA
What was that?!

Dar scrambles out of bed.

DAR
I dunno, but it doesn't sound good.

More explosions rock the ship. They run onto the bridge.

97 INT. MARSUIAN - BRIDGE - SPACE

Asteroids strike the ship.

DAR
Shit! This wasn't supposed to be
here!

PARNELA
What is it?

DAR
Drifting asteroid belt.

PARNELA
Well, if it's drifting, how do you
know where it's going?

DAR
'Cause it drifts in a pattern, and
it's documented on charts.

He works to get the shields up. More asteroids hit the ship.
A large one heads straight for them. Dar grabs a headset, not
even putting it on.

DAR (CONT'D)
Schmuff, gimme all power to the
forward shields!

He winces, the huge asteroid closes the distance. It collides
with the Marsuian's shields, bouncing off. Dar and Parnela
are knocked from their feet.

DAR (CONT'D)
Good girl, Marcy, you saved us!

He gets to his feet, helps Parnela up.

DAR (CONT'D)
We'll be in Bodnarian territory
soon.

PARNELA
Will they chase us?

DAR
Oh, you can bet on it.

PARNELA
Will they shoot at us?

DAR
Of course! That's another reason I
needed the aft shields fixed.

98 INT. MOGNATH'S OFFICE - VERSITH - DAY

Mognath wanders around his office, Galdor looks out the
window.

MOGNATH
How much longer?

GALDOR
A matter of days, Your Highness.

MOGNATH
Still nothing more from the
patrols?

GALDOR
Nothing. I fear we are doomed.

MOGNATH
Damn that Satiren whore!

GALDOR
What shall I do?

MOGNATH
Send word to the Renthids. Kruelis
and Erotis are theirs.

A Renthid comes running in.

RENTHID GUARD
Your Highness! I just received a
transmission. A patrol has spotted
the Marsuian. It has entered
Bodnarian space.

MOGNATH
Coming this way?

RENTHID GUARD
Yes, Your Highness, at great speed.

GALDOR
Do you think he's got it?

MOGNATH
Let's hope he does.

99 EXT. MARSUIAN - SPACE

The ship drops out of warp not far from Versith.

100 INT. MARSUIAN - BRIDGE - SPACE

Dar mans the control console; Parnela occupies the captain's
chair.

DAR
This is freighter Marsuian to the planet Versith, do you read?

Dar adjusts the frequency.

DAR (CONT'D)
This is the Marsuian. Can someone alert Mognath that I have the Plexus. Repeat, I have the Plexus.

VERSITHIAN (O.S.)
Freighter Marsuian, your are instructed to land and off-load your cargo.

DAR
Negative, Versith, planet too unstable. Dispatch a ship to get the Plexus out of my cargo bay.

VERSITHIAN (O.S.)
Your ship will land and unload.

DAR
No way! Get Mognath on the line.

Several moments of silence.

MOGNATH (O.S.)
This is Mognath. You have the Plexus?

DAR
Yeah, it's too dangerous to land.

MOGNATH (O.S.)
I will dispatch a ship to retrieve it.

DAR
Works for me. But first, I want some insurance.

MOGNATH (O.S.)
Insurance?

DAR
That when I leave here I'll be free and clear. And also the siege on Kruelis will be lifted, and Erotis will be safe.

MOGNATH (O.S.)
You ask a lot.

DAR
 Considering I hold the key to your planet's salvation, yes, I ask a lot.

MOGNATH (O.S.)
 Galdor will have a letter of safe passage drawn up.

DAR
 And what about Kruelis?

MOGNATH (O.S.)
 We will make arrangements shortly for that. Erotis is safe. I never dispatched troops there.

DAR
 You never sent troops to Erotis?

MOGNATH
 No.

101 INT. MARSUIAN - FORWARD CARGO BAY - SPACE

Dressed in his space suit, Dar watches the Plexus being winched out. As it drifts free, he walks to the edge of the cargo bay, looking into the blackness of space.

102 EXT. PLANET VIRSITH - NIGHT

Mognath and Galdor observe the Plexus being lowered to the surface. A flurry of activity surrounds it. Volcanoes belch ash and magma; cracks in the surface leak smoke. The planet shakes with violent tremors.

MOGNATH
 Galdor, how long to get it working?

GALDOR
 I'm not sure.

MOGNATH
 What do you mean?

GALDOR
 Well, we need to figure out how to make it work.

MOGNATH
 I suggest you hurry.

A Renthid approaches.

RENTHID GUARD
 Sir, we had a look inside, and all
 the controls are written in
 Neritian.

GALDOR
 Get someone who can read it!

RENTHID GUARD
 I asked around. There was a
 Neritian that worked in the mines.

GALDOR
 Get him!

RENTHID GUARD
 He died in a cave-in yesterday.

GALDOR
 And there's no one else who can
 read it?

RENTHID GUARD
 Not that I know of, Sir.

MOGNATH
 Curse! What can we do?

Galdor ponders for a moment.

GALDOR
 Perhaps the Satiren may know. I
 heard he speaks several different
 languages.

MOGNATH
 Get him!

103 INT. MARSUIAN - GALLEY - SPACE

Dar and Parnela are seated at the table. Schmuff brings out a
 large dish.

DAR
 Mmmm, smells good. What'd you make
 for dinner?

SCHMUFF
 Bakkad Nouian kaccirolee.

PARNELA
 What'd be say?

DAR
Baked Nouian casserole.

PARNELA
Oh, I'm not eating a Nouian, am I?

DAR
No, it's just the way it's
prepared. Eat up, it's good.

He grabs a spoon and dishes up a large serving. A beeping noise comes from the communication panel on the wall.

DAR (CONT'D)
Huh? A transmission?

He gets up, pokes a button.

DAR (CONT'D)
This is Captain Dar Meltom of the
Marsuian.

GALDOR (O.S.)
Captain, this is Galdor of Versith.

DAR
What do you want? I delivered the
Plexus.

GALDOR (O.S.)
Were there any instructions
included with the device?

DAR
Nope. What's the matter? Can't make
it work?

GALDOR (O.S.)
Unfortunately, no.

DAR
Sorry, not my problem.

GALDOR (O.S.)
Please, Captain, you must help us.

Dar contemplates for a moment.

DAR
It'll cost you.

GALDOR (O.S.)
Name your price.

DAR
Two million drig.

GALDOR (O.S.)
Done!

104 INT. SHUTTLE BAY - VERSITH - NIGHT

Dar climbs from the shuttle, Galdor greets him with a polite nod.

GALDOR
Captain.

DAR
Where's the gold?

Galdor holds out a bag, opening it.

GALDOR
Two million drig.

DAR
Good. Lemme get my gear and I'll head out.

105 EXT. PLEXUS - NIGHT

Dar struggles to get inside the access hatch. Earthquakes shake the planet almost constantly. Hot ash floats through the air making it darker, eruptions of lava can be seen.

106 INT. PLEXUS - NIGHT

Dar pushes buttons and flips switches. The Plexus begins to hum.

DAR
Oh, I hope I'm doing this right.

He pushes more buttons, the Plexus hums louder, vibrates, crackles of energy arc through the compartment.

Dar goes to push one last red button.

DAR (CONT'D)
Okay, here we go...

The Plexus bounces and shakes, nearly knocking Dar off his feet. Tendrils of energy snake and curl through the control room, shocking Dar. The shaking lessens, Dar climbs out.

107 EXT. PLEXUS - NIGHT

Dar looks under the device. A brilliant white light can be seen.

DAR
Well, damn, maybe I did it.

108 INT. SHUTTLE BAY - VERSITH - NIGHT

Dar returns to Galdor

DAR
Seems to be working.

GALDOR
It must be, the earthquakes have stopped. Just a few tremors.

Galdor bows to Dar.

GALDOR (CONT'D)
Thank you again, Captain.

DAR
Those Renthid thugs better be withdrawing from Kruelis. And if anything happened to Erotis, there will be war.

GALDOR
As far as I know, word was dispatched. But I'm sorry, I cannot give you a truthful verification.

Dar stows his gear, climbs into the shuttle, finding the bag of gold on his seat.

DAR
At least one of you kept your word.

109 INT. MARSUIAN - BRIDGE - SPACE

Parnela anxiously awaits Dar. He comes onto the bridge.

PARNELA
Did you get it working?

DAR
Yeah, seems like it.

He holds up the bag of gold.

DAR (CONT'D)
Two million drig!

Parnela claps her hands and kisses him.

PARNELA
To Kruelis?

DAR
Yes. We'll be there in two days.

PARNELA
Oh, I can't wait to get home!
Mother will be interested in
meeting you.

DAR
(distantly)
I'm sure she will.

He sets the course and heads to his cabin. Dar groans, holds his stomach, suddenly ill.

110 INT. MARSUIAN - DAR'S CABIN - BATHROOM - SPACE

Dar vomits several times. He goes to the sink, gets a cloth, runs it under water, wiping his face. He looks in the mirror.

He groans as pain courses through his body.

DAR
What in Carfidius is happening to
me?

Dar grabs his bottle of Mind Blow and takes a tablet.

111 INT. MARSUIAN - DAR'S CABIN - SPACE

Dar staggers to bed and flops down, picking up his reading tablet. He searches some text until he finds a passage.

DAR
What? I don't remember hearing this
in school...Satirens who find
themselves in a deep attachment and
are unable to fulfill with a
joining can experience severe
hormone imbalances.

He drops the tablet on his chest.

He gets up and pours a glass of port.

DAR (CONT'D)
 But if I'm feeling like this, it
 must mean I have feelings for
 Parnela.

Dar returns to bed, picks up the tablet, continues to read.

DAR (CONT'D)
 And if the attachment is not sealed
 with a joining in a reasonable
 length of time, the hormones poison
 the blood. A Satiren can die of a
 broken heart.

He looks up at the stars rushing by.

DAR (CONT'D)
 Great, how can I convince the
 princess that I love her? And what
 if the relationship doesn't go any
 farther? Am I gonna die?

He tosses the tablet aside, closes his eyes, falls asleep.

112 INT. INFIRMARY - VERSITH - DAY

Emelith cares for a patient. Aggalith approaches.

EMELITH
 Papa, no more earthquakes.

AGGALITH
 Yes, I wonder if they got that
 device?

EMELITH
 Must have. A few of the miners said
 the cave-ins have nearly stopped.

AGGALITH
 Maybe there's hope for us yet.

113 INT. MARSUIAN - BRIDGE - SPACE

Dar staggers onto the bridge. Parnela sits in the captain's
 chair.

PARNELA
 Dar? You look horrible! Are you
 okay?

She goes to him. Dar tries to hide popping a tablet of Mind Blow.

DAR
Rough night.

PARNELA
What's wrong? I saw you take some
Mind Blow.

He returns to his cabin. Parnela follows.

114 INT. MARSUIAN - DAR'S CABIN - SPACE

Dar sits on the bed.

PARNELA
Are you sick?

DAR
Yes.

PARNELA
When we get to Kruelis, there are
three excellent doctors who care
for our family.

DAR
Medicine can't fix this.

PARNELA
Then why are you taking the Mind
Blow?

DAR
Helps ease the pain.

PARNELA
Please tell me what's wrong.

DAR
You won't understand...In fact I'm
not sure I understand.

PARNELA
What is it? Tell me.

DAR
Evidently I'm dying.

PARNELA
What?! No!

DAR
All the hormones and chemicals in
my body have gone crazy. If I can't
settle 'em down, I'll most likely
die.

PARNELA
Did being in the Plexus do that to
you?

DAR
No, I don't think so.

PARNELA
Well, what did?

DAR
I can't say.

PARNELA
Dar! Tell me!

A single tear rolls down Dar's cheek.

DAR
I swore that day, when you told me
you had feelings; I'd never ask
anything of you.

PARNELA
Don't be stupid, I don't want you
to die.

DAR
What are your feelings for me?

Parnela wraps her arms around him.

PARNELA
I care very greatly about you.

DAR
Do you love me?

PARNELA
Yes, I suppose I do. You're the
first male who's ever managed to
garner a deep feeling inside
me...I've never felt this way with
anyone else. Yes, I love you.

She kisses him passionately.

PARNELA (CONT'D)
 (whispers)
 Join with me.

DAR
 What?

PARNELA
 Join with me, I was going to ask
 you tonight.

She pushes him back on the bed.

PARNELA (CONT'D)
 Do you think it will make you
 better?

DAR
 I can only hope. My school texts
 said it was possible for a Satiren
 to die of a broken heart.

PARNELA
 See, I told you Satirens are a
 fragile species.

DAR
 Evidently, when it comes to love,
 yes; everything else we're quite
 resilient.

He sees dark veins rising on the backs of his hands.

DAR (CONT'D)
 I'm not far from death's door. See,
 my blood's going toxic.

PARNELA
 Oh, Dar!

Parnela starts undressing. Dar follows her lead, doing his
 best to bear the pain. After she undresses, she lays across
 the bed. Dar stands in awe.

DAR
 You're more beautiful than I ever
 imagined.

He climbs onto the bed, caresses her body.

DAR (CONT'D)
 Ohhh, so nice!

He kisses her passionately, his body comes to life. His eyes glow green, and his rosy "blush" becomes evident. He purrs softly.

PARNELA

Uh, Dar, you're glowing.

Dar holds up his hand, a faint reddish aura emanating from his skin.

DAR

That's the Satiren blush.

PARNELA

I take it that's a good thing?

DAR

Oh, yes, very.

He continues to kiss and caress her.

Finally they make love; their bodies writhing in beautiful union. Dar imparts his blush into Parnela by moving his hands about her body.

When they are finally exhausted from their lovemaking, Dar looks into her eyes.

DAR (CONT'D)

Well, Princess, how was that?

PARNELA

Definitely out of this galaxy!

115 INT. ROYAL PALACE - THRONE ROOM - KRUELIS - DAY

QUEEN VISSION sits on the throne. A PAGE approaches.

QUEEN VISSION

What news?

PAGE

Your Majesty, the Renthids remain.

QUEEN VISSION

No news of Parnela or Versith?

PAGE

Afraid not, Your Majesty.

QUEEN VISSION

I fear my daughter is dead.

116 INT. MARSUIAN - BRIDGE - SPACE

Dar stands at the control console, looks out the front window. The planet Kruelis can be seen. Close to thirty Renthid ships orbit. Parnela comes from Dar's cabin.

PARNELA
How are you feeling?

DAR
Not too bad, a bit off.

PARNELA
Why have we stopped?

DAR
We got a problem. The Renthids are still holding Kruelis under siege.

PARNELA
What?! No, they can't be; Mognath signed a treaty.

DAR
I hate to say this, but I think he double crossed you again.

PARNELA
That bastard!

She slams her fist on the console.

PARNELA (CONT'D)
The nerve of him! What are we going to do?

DAR
I've been trying to think of a way. But little ol' Marcy against thirty or more Renthid ships; I can't win.

Parnela looks out the window.

PARNELA
Mother...

DAR
I'm gonna take us back to Delta 6. I need time to think, and make some contacts.

117 EXT. DELTA 6 SPACE STATION - SPACE

The Marsuian sits in dock.

118 INT. MARSUIAN - DAR'S CABIN - SPACE

Dar and Parnela are in bed. A low rumbling shakes the ship. Parnela sees a massive ship passing close over them.

PARNELA

Dar!

Dar opens his eyes.

DAR

Shit!

PARNELA

Is it going to hit us?

Dar studies the ship, starts laughing.

DAR

Well, I'll be damned! That crusty
ol' son-of-a-bitch is in my
neighborhood!

He scrambles from bed, hurriedly dresses.

119 INT. ASTRO-OBSERVATION BUBBLE - SPACE

Dar runs up the stairs, watches the freighter slowly pass by. Parnela joins him.

PARNELA

Who was that?

DAR

Gwog!

PARNELA

The same Gwog your mother
apprenticed you to?

DAR

Yes!

He smiles broadly, grabs her, gives her a kiss.

DAR (CONT'D)
 Oh, I haven't laid eyes on his
 leathery old face in years! Geez,
 he must be in his eighties now.

PARNELA
 Do you think he can help us?

DAR
 Dunno, but I'm not gonna turn down
 a meeting with my oldest friend.

120 EXT. CUNIK - SPACE DOCK - SPACE

Dar, Parnela, and Schmuff stand at the open door to the ship.

DAR
 Permission to come aboard!

GWOG (O.S.)
 And who is it?

DAR
 Come on, you leather head, don't
 tell me you don't recognize this
 voice.

GWOG (O.S.)
 Is that a certain little Satiren
 whore?

DAR
 Bastard!

Laughter from above, the sound of boots clanking on metal
 stairs. Gwog appears.

GWOG
 Well, little one, I'm amazed you're
 still alive.

He looks at Parnela.

GWOG (CONT'D)
 Who is your lovely Kruelian friend?

DAR
 Oh, sorry. Gwog, this is Princess
 Parnela...And you remember Schmuff.

GWOG
 Princess?

He reaches for her hand. She reluctantly offers. Gwog bends down, gently kisses it.

GWOG (CONT'D)

An honor, Princess.

DAR

So, Gwog, what brings you to my territory?

GWOG

Drig as usual...A call went out for as many freighters as possible to head to Kruelis.

PARNELA

Do you know what for?

Gwog shakes his head.

PARNELA (CONT'D)

Mognath is raping my planet of thidium!

GWOG

Oh, I'm sorry.

DAR

Can you help us?

GWOG

Me? Personally? Probably not. But I have an idea.

DAR

What? What?

GWOG

Come, little one, let's go to the Marsuian and you can share some of that wonderful Malikin port with me...I have my crew laying in supplies; we'll be a few hours.

Dar reaches in his pocket, pulls out a handful of gold drig.

PARNELA

(whispers)

Why does he call you 'little one?'

DAR

Because I was the littlest of the crew.

PARNELA

Ah.

DAR

Princess? Why don't you go shopping? Schmuff, please accompany the Princess.

SCHMUFF

Ga, Kaptaw.

Schmuff and Parnela leave.

121 INT. MARSUIAN - DAR'S CABIN - SPACE

Gwog and Dar sit at a small table. Both are fairly drunk. Parnela bursts through the door.

PARNELA

Dar! Come quick, Schmuff's hurt.

Dar gets up, staggers out. A few moments later he returns with Schmuff. He helps the Nouian onto his bed. Schmuff bleeds from a stab wound to the shoulder.

DAR

What happened?

PARNELA

Someone tried to mug me. Schmuff stopped him.

DAR

Atta boy, Schmuff. Did you bite him?

SCHMUFF

Ga.

DAR

He dead?

SCHMUFF

Dak ewebbe.

PARNELA

What'd he say?

DAR

He says he will be. Are you okay?

PARNELA

Yes, I'm fine.

Dar goes to the bathroom, brings back a first-aid kit. He bandages Schmuff's shoulder. Parnela pours a glass of port. Schmuff rants angrily in Nouian.

PARNELA (CONT'D)
What's he saying?

DAR
Oh, he's just mad the mugger got as close as he did and Schmuff didn't see it.

Dar finishes bandaging Schmuff. He offers a glass of port.

SCHMUFF
Ka goo.

Dar sits at the table. Parnela joins him.

PARNELA
So, did you figure out how to free Kruelis? Or were you two just getting drunk and catching up on old times?

DAR
A little of both.

PARNELA
You're not making me feel very good.

GWOG
With a huge number of Renthids on the planet, it'll take a massive army to rout them.

Gwog stands, walks around.

GWOG (CONT'D)
I know the Bodnarians field a strong army, but even they may not have enough.

DAR
I'm not sure they'd be willing to help; I do tend to trespass into their space quite often.

GWOG
With some careful negotiations, they can be persuaded to help.

DAR
 You said it still may not be
 enough. Where are we going to get
 more help?

GWOG
 Ah, little one, that's where you
 come in.

DAR
 Me?

GWOG
 Do you not run shipments for the
 Sirrixians?

DAR
 Are you out of your mind?! The
 Sirrixians and Bodnarians have been
 at war for hundreds of years.

GWOG
 Yes, that is so...But would they
 fear a greater adversary?

122 INT. ROYAL PALACE - THRONE ROOM - KRUELIS - NIGHT

Queen Vission looks out a window. A Renthid guard escorts a
 page in.

PAGE
 Your Majesty.

QUEEN VISSION
 What news?

PAGE
 None, I'm sorry.

123 INT. MARSUIAN - DAR'S CABIN - SPACE

Dar and Parnela are curled up in bed. She reaches over and
 strokes his right ear, trying to get the tip of it to stand
 up.

PARNELA
 What happened to your ear?

DAR
 A fight, as usual. It's rough being
 a half-breed. The school bully,
 Kroodus, did that to me.

PARNELA

You've been fighting all your life,
haven't you?

DAR

I guess one day I'll call it quits.
Too bad Satiris isn't habitable.
I'd probably retire there.

PARNELA

And it hasn't been for a long time.

DAR

From what we were taught, close to
thirty years...Pity, I heard it
used to be a beautiful planet, like
Gardinis or Kruelis; full of rich
greenery and plenty of animals.

PARNELA

Have you ever been there?

DAR

No. It's a desert. Supposedly it's
worse than Erotis.

He climbs out of bed, starts dressing.

PARNELA

Such a shame.

She gets out of bed, dresses.

PARNELA (CONT'D)

Should I accompany you to the
negotiations?

DAR

That might not be a good idea. They
are supposed to be unarmed, but you
never know. I want you to stay
safe.

124 INT. DELTA 6 SPACE STATION - CONCOURSE - SPACE

Dar paces back and forth, worried. Gwog waits with him.

DAR

Oh, this is insane!

GWOG

Keep your wits about you, little
one. I know you can do this.

DAR

Thanks, Gwog. I really wish I could be done with this mess and get on with my life.

GWOG

You will, don't worry...And what of your relationship with the princess?

DAR

My place is in the stars for the time being. I love her, but I don't think she's the kind of female to live on Marcy and travel the galaxy.

GWOG

So you're just gonna dump her back on Kruelis and leave?

DAR

I dunno. I'm really confused right now.

GWOG

You better un-confuse, here come the Sirrixians.

DAR

Oh, shit!

GWOG

Easy, little one, easy.

125 INT. DELTA 6 SPACE STATION - CONFERENCE ROOM - SPACE

The SIRRIXIANS file in. They are a vaguely humanoid species with broad bodies and ash gray skin. They stand at the table, talking quietly.

The door opens and the BODNARIAN contingent enters. They are humanoid in appearance with white skin, large pale gray eyes, and long pointed ears with feathery appendages at the tips.

Sirrixian High Council member GUIDRZ charges around the table and attacks Bodnarian Leader QUIG.

DAR

No!

Dar tries to get between them, gets punched in the face, and drops to the floor, knocking him out cold.

GWOG
Enough! This is a meeting under the
guise of truce.

GUIDRZ
(pointing)
I will not be in the room with
that!

GWOG
Temper your anger. This is a
meeting to save our galaxy.

GUIDRZ
Not with the Bodnarians here.

GWOG
Sit down! You're acting like
younglings, not mature warriors.

Gwog kneels next to Dar, gently pats him on the side of the
face. Dar comes around.

DAR
Did someone get the name of that
freighter?

GWOG
Are you okay, little one?

Dar opens his mouth, moves his jaw, licks the blood from his
lip. Gwog helps him to his feet.

DAR
I'll live.

126 INT. MARSUIAN - BRIDGE - SPACE

Parnela greets Dar. She sees his fat lip, bruised cheek.

PARNELA
How did it go?

DAR
It went surprisingly well.

She touches his face. Dar winces.

PARNELA
Doesn't look like it.

DAR
After four hours of negotiations;
we got them to agree to a temporary
truce.

PARNELA
So they're going to battle the
Renthids?

DAR
In time, yes.

PARNELA
What do you mean?

DAR
Princess, you can't just march an
army in there and attack without
proper reconnaissance.

PARNELA
Who's going to do that? Us?

DAR
No, Gwog is gonna recon the planet.

PARNELA
Are you going with him?

DAR
Nope. I got something else to do.

127 INT. CUNIK - BRIDGE - SPACE

Gwog enters.

GWOG
All hands, make ready to leave
port.

VIKKIS
Yes, Sir!

GWOG
Set course to Kruelis.

VIKKIS
Aye!

128 INT. MARSUIAN - DAR'S CABIN - SPACE

Dar starts to undress.

PARNELA

What are you going to do after all this?

DAR

I'll go back to work; you know that.

PARNELA

Is there no way you'd think of settling down?

DAR

Not right now. I'd like to make more drig so I can retire in style.

PARNELA

What if you didn't have to? Would you change your plans for me?

DAR

And settle on Kruelis?

PARNELA

Yeah.

Dar is silent for a few moments.

DAR

No.

PARNELA

What?! Why not?

DAR

I'm an outsider, not to mention a half-breed. Your people would only look down upon me.

PARNELA

No, no, I'm sure they wouldn't. Not if you save our planet. They'll honor you.

DAR

Fame only goes so far, Princess. After a few weeks, they'll find some fault with me: the way I look, the way I act, the stereotype of my species; it won't change, it never does.

PARNELA

But I love you, Dar.

DAR

I love you too; more than I think I've ever loved someone. But I can't live on your planet, it just won't work.

PARNELA

I don't want a Kruelian male, I want you!

DAR

Then come sail the stars with me.

PARNELA

Mother would never allow it.

DAR

If you're not willing to stand up to your mother over us, then there's nothing left to be said.

129 EXT. SPACE PORT- KRUELIS - DAY

Gwog walks down the stairs onto the tarmac. He looks around. Hundreds of Renthid guards are posted about.

GWOG

Mmm, there's no way Dar's getting the princess through that. Vikkis?

VIKKIS

Yes, Sir?

GWOG

Contact the logistics manager and find out how long it will take to load the ship.

VIKKIS

Yes, Sir.

GWOG

I'm going to have a look around.

130 INT. MARSUIAN - BRIDGE - SPACE

Dar punches coordinates into the computer. Parnela stands looking out the window.

PARNELA

So, where are we going?

DAR
Versith.

PARNELA
Versith? Why? We should be going to
Kruelis to join the fight.

DAR
Gwog has agreed to lead them into
battle. I have purpose otherwise.

PARNELA
Dar!

DAR
Your planet's in good hands. Once
done on Versith, we'll join them.

PARNELA
How come we have to go now, why
can't we go after the battle?

DAR
Because if the Versithians get word
of what's going on; they'll
strengthen their position, making
my mission harder.

PARNELA
Mission?

DAR
I'm taking the Plexus.

PARNELA
To what end?

DAR
Satiris is a dead planet.

PARNELA
Yes but--

DAR
Versith doesn't deserve a gift like
that. The Satirens have never waged
war on anyone; we're a peaceful
species. We only want our planet
back.

PARNELA
You've never even been there.

DAR

No, but you said it's my home planet. Maybe one day I'd like to live there.

PARNELA

And you think this is right?

DAR

Do you wanna remain under the tyrannical thumb of the Versithians?

PARNELA

No. But is destroying a planet the answer?

DAR

It's the only way they can be stopped. And I'll need your help to do it.

PARNELA

No. I can't.

DAR

I have confidence in you. Please, I'm willing to do everything I can to help save your planet; can you help me save mine?

131 EXT. MARSUIAN - SPACE

The ship holds high stationary orbit on the dark side of Versith's small moon.

132 INT. MARSUIAN - BRIDGE - SPACE

DAR

Okay, they shouldn't know we're here.

PARNELA

Are you sure of that?

DAR

Long range scanners haven't picked up anything.

PARNELA

I hope you're right. What next?

DAR
You stay up here; I'm going down to
the planet.

133 EXT. PLANET VERSITH - NIGHT

Dar runs along jagged volcanic outcroppings. He spots the Plexus in the distance, makes his way to it. The device sits on a flat area not far from the Versithian space port.

134 EXT. PLEXUS - NIGHT

Dar creeps to the back of the Plexus. He sees a single guard. Dar springs from behind the Plexus and fires, vaporizing the guard.

DAR
Princess, do you read?

PARNELA (O.S.)
I read. Everything okay?

DAR
So far.

He opens the access hatch.

DAR (CONT'D)
Okay, Schmuff, get the doors open
and start deploying the
winch...Princess, when I say so, I
need you to come down.

He slips inside the Plexus.

135 INT. PLEXUS - NIGHT

DAR
Let's get moving.

Dar turns off the Plexus. Immediately the ground shakes.

136 EXT. PLEXUS - NIGHT

Dar climbs out, closes the hatch, watches for Marcy. The Marsuian approaches, lights and sirens go on around the space port.

DAR
 Oh, shit! Schmuff, get that winch
 out farther, you're gonna have to
 do a snatch and run. Princess, tip
 the bow lower, with gravity, the
 winch won't be able to work right.

The loading winch dangles from the Marsuian's open bow doors.

DAR (CONT'D)
 Schmuff, let more out, you can't
 get too close.

He sees hundreds of Renthids and some Versithians coming
 toward him.

DAR (CONT'D)
 Come on! Come on!

The loading winch gets closer.

DAR (CONT'D)
 Schmuff, get it over here!

The magnetic head of the winch connects loudly to the hull of
 the Plexus.

DAR (CONT'D)
 You got it! Go! Go!

He runs toward a volcano; watching Marcy backing away,
 gaining altitude. Disruptor fire streaks at the ship.

DAR (CONT'D)
 Get to the dark side. Don't let
 them see you.

PARNELA (O.S.)
 Are you coming?

Dar stops, looks toward the building. The planet shakes
 violently.

DAR
 I'll be along; just get to safety.

He runs toward the building; staying in the shadowy edges of
 the mountain, concealing his movement. He reaches the space
 port door. Total chaos has broken out.

137 INT. SHUTTLE BAY - VERSITH - NIGHT

DAR
This might be the dumbest thing
I've ever done.

Dar runs inside, heads toward the tunnels.

138 INT. MINE TUNNELS - VERSITH - NIGHT

Rocks and debris fall, the planet shakes. Dar finds his way to the infirmary, bursts through the door.

139 INT. INFIRMARY - VERSITH - NIGHT

DAR
Aggalith! Emelith!

EMELITH (O.S.)
Dar! Help!

DAR
Aggalith! Where are you?

He goes to the kitchen.

140 INT. INFIRMARY - KITCHEN - VERSITH - NIGHT

A fallen beam traps Aggalith. Emelith tries to free him. Dar jumps in and helps.

AGGALITH
Dar, take her, get her out of here!
I am old, she still has many years.
Take her, please!

DAR
No. Are you hurt?

AGGALITH
My leg is pinned. I don't think I'm
really hurt much, if any.

A rock falls from the ceiling, smacks Dar on the head.

EMELITH
Hurry, Dar!

DAR
I'm trying! When I lift, I want you
to pull Papa out. Can you do that?

EMELITH
Yes, I think so.

DAR
Papa, you have to help her.

Dar gets his back against the beam.

DAR (CONT'D)
Ready, Emelith?

Emelith gets her arms around Aggalith.

EMELITH
Yes.

DAR
One, two, three!

He pushes with all his might, raising the beam. Emelith pulls Aggalith out.

EMELITH
He's out!

DAR
Come on, let's get out of here!

141 EXT. PLANET VERSITH - NIGHT

Dar, Aggalith, and Emelith run toward the volcano. Debris rains down from explosions. The ground cracks, hot lava bubbles out.

DAR
Come on, Emelith, run!

EMELITH
Dar, I'm so tired; I've never had to run this much before...And I don't have shoes.

DAR
Here, I'll carry you.

He snatches her up, swinging her onto his right hip.

DAR (CONT'D)
Put your arms around me, hang on.

They run toward the volcano. Reaching the base, they find lava oozing from cracks. Dar doesn't stop.

He leaps into the air. As he lands, some of the crust gives way. He loses his balance, falls. Emelith crashes on top of him.

DAR (CONT'D)

Ahhhh!

He scrambles to his feet; Aggalith helping. Blood runs from Dar's left hand.

AGGALITH

Are you all right?

DAR

I'll live.

They continue to the shuttle. Dar carrying Emelith; Aggalith struggling to keep up.

142 INT. MARSUIAN SHUTTLE - NIGHT

Dar off-loads Emelith onto a bench and takes his place at the controls. He puts on a headset. The ground shakes, loud rumbling.

DAR

Princess, where are you?

PARNELA (O.S.)

Still on the dark side.

DAR

I want you to break orbit and head farther away. Don't worry, I'll catch up.

PARNELA (O.S.)

Can you make it to us?

DAR

Yeah. Is the Plexus safe?

PARNELA (O.S.)

Yes.

143 EXT. MARSUIAN - SPACE

The ship heads away from the planet. In the distance, the shuttle races toward Marcy. As the shuttle draws close, the planet explodes.

144 INT. MARSUIAN SHUTTLE - SPACE

AGGALITH
You stole the Plexus? Why?

DAR
The Versithians didn't deserve it.

AGGALITH
You're right on that...Thanks for
coming for us.

DAR
As much as I hated that place, you
saved my life. It felt right to
save yours.

Emelith bandages Dar's hand.

145 EXT. CUNIK - SPACE

The massive ship navigates in the heat of battle. The planet
Kruelis provides backdrop.

146 INT. CUNIK - BRIDGE - SPACE

Gwog stands at the helm directing their attack. Vikkis mans
the weapons control center.

GWOG
Get all cannons ready, I want
another pass!

VIKKIS
Yes, Sir!

Explosions rock the Cunik. The crew does their best to hang
on.

147 EXT. CUNIK - SPACE

Laser fire streaks through space as dozens of Bodnarian and
Renthid ships battle. Some explode when hit.

148 INT. CUNIK - BRIDGE - SPACE

VIKKIS

Captain, I'm getting a report the Bodnarians are gaining the upper hand. Sir, do you want to send in the Sirrixians?

GWOG

Yes, let them go.

149 INT. MARSUIAN - DAR'S CABIN - SPACE

Dar lays on his bed. Emelith digs lava fragments from his hand. Parnela, Schmuff, and Aggalith stand by.

PARNELA

So, after the war's over are you going to Satiris?

DAR

That was my plan...And probably a stop by Erotis to see if my mother is still alive.

EMELITH

Will you take us to Thokin?

DAR

Sure.

Emelith bandages Dar's hand. Dar get up, heads to the bridge.

150 INT. MARSUIAN - BRIDGE - SPACE

Dar looks out the window, brings the weapons on line. He puts on a headset.

The Marsuian drops out of warp right into the middle of the battle.

DAR

This is the Marsuian to the Cunik. Do you copy?

GWOG (O.S.)

Copy, Marsuian. Did you complete your mission?

DAR

Affirmative. Where do you want me to join in?

GWOG (O.S.)
Can you fall in at my left flank?

DAR
I'll be right there.

Cannon fire rocks the Marsuian. Dar changes course, heads for the Cunik.

DAR (CONT'D)
Everyone might wanna hang on to something, it's gonna be rough.

A fleeing Renthid ship comes directly at them. Dar targets, opens fire, destroying it.

PARNELA
You got one!

DAR
Gwog always said playing games on my reading tablet was gonna rot my brain. Guess not!

Another Renthid ship approaches.

GWOG (O.S.)
Cunik to Marsuian, can you get that one?

DAR
Roger, Cunik, getting on the guns.

The ship streaks by. Dar banks about to pursue. Several blasts from the bow cannon destroy the Renthid ship. A huge explosion shakes the Marsuian.

DAR (CONT'D)
Shit!

GWOG (O.S.)
Marsuian, this is Cunik. Get turned around, you got a Renthid battle ship on your tail.

DAR
Some help, please!

GWOG (O.S.)
I'm engaged as well. Sorry, little one, you're on your own.

Dar brings Marcy around. A Renthid battle ship makes a beeline for them. Cannons bristle from the ship.

DAR
I'll remember that next time.

PARNELA
Can you beat them?

DAR
Dunno, but it's gonna get ugly. I
can't out-gun 'em.

PARNELA
What are going to do?

DAR
I'm gonna ram 'em.

PARNELA
You're going to ram them?!

DAR
Yup.

He fires everything the ship has. Dar pushes the throttle forward and aims the Marsuian right into the mid-section of the battle ship. The ships collide.

DAR (CONT'D)
Come on, baby, don't let me down.
Schmuff, gimme everything to
forward shields.

He fires all weapons. The Renthid ship bursts into a fireball and explodes. Dar gets knocked from his feet, hitting his head on the control console. He stands, blood running from his left temple.

PARNELA
Are you okay?

DAR
Fine.

He checks the instruments.

DAR (CONT'D)
Hmm, still have atmosphere and
gravity in the forward bay. Good,
that means the hull is holding.

151 INT. CUNIK - BRIDGE - SPACE

Gwog watches the space battle dying out. Vikkis approaches.

VIKKIS
Sir, a report from the surface.

GWOG
Go on.

VIKKIS
The Sirrixians have the majority of
Palace City under control.

GWOG
Send word to the Marsuian. Dar must
return the princess.

VIKKIS
Yes, Sir.

152 INT. MARSUIAN SHUTTLE - SPACE

Dar sits in the pilot seat. Parnela next to him.

DAR
Buckle up, Princess, this could get
rough.

PARNELA
I thought the planet was under
control?

DAR
Gwog said there's still some hot
spots around the palace. In order
to get there hopefully in one
piece; I'm gonna have to dive in.

PARNELA
Oh, dear.

DAR
Is there a landing pad by the
palace?

PARNELA
Yes, it's painted green and by a
stand of trees to the north.

DAR
(shakes his head)
Only Kruelians would paint a
landing pad green.

PARNELA
It's prettier.

Dar fires up the engine.

153 EXT. MARSUIAN SHUTTLE - SPACE

The small craft streaks toward the surface of the planet in a virtual nose-dive. Phaser blasts zip by.

154 INT. MARSUIAN SHUTTLE - DAY

Dar fights to keep the shuttle from crashing.

DAR
Arrrrrrrgggghhh!

PARNELA
Ohhhhh!

After a few tense moments, the shuttle lands. Dar looks over at Parnela; she's white as a sheet.

DAR
Uh, Princess, we've landed.

PARNELA
Shit.

Dar laughs, unbuckles his harness. Going to the back, he grabs a phaser rifle.

DAR
Come on, let's go find your mother.

155 EXT. ROYAL PALACE - KRUELIS - DAY

The massive palace has rounded turrets, battlements, heavy stone work, all painted in a rather hideous shade of mauve.

PARNELA
Of all the crazy things you've done, that had to be the craziest!

DAR
I got you home to your mother, didn't I?

PARNELA
Thank you, Captain.

Dar winces as pain shoots through his body. He sees the veins going dark on his hands. They approach a door, four KRUELIAN guards stop them. One points a phaser rifle at them.

KRUELIAN GUARD

Halt.

Dar holds up both hands.

DAR

I'm here escorting Princess Parnela back to the queen.

PARNELA

I order you to stand down.

KRUELIAN GUARD

Yes, Princess. I must ask for your weapons.

Dar surrenders his rifle. The guards open the door.

156 INT. ROYAL PALACE - HALLWAYS - KRUELIS - DAY

Parnela leads the way down a maze of pink hallways. Dar follows, getting more ill by the minute.

Parnela stops at a set of large doors guarded by more troops.

PARNELA

Okay, this is it.

She tries to straighten her appearance.

PARNELA (CONT'D)

I know I can say thank-you a thousand times, and it'll never be enough to really thank you for everything you've done.

DAR

You're welcome.

Parnela motions to the guards to open the doors.

157 INT. CUNIK - BRIDGE - SPACE

Gwog looks out the window at the planet.

GWOG

I hope you're okay, little one.

158 INT. ROYAL PALACE - THRONE ROOM - KRUELIS - DAY

Parnela leads the way. Dar lags behind.

PARNELA

Mother!

She stops in front of the throne, bows. Dar bows his head.

QUEEN VISSION

My planet saved from the clutches of the Renthids, and my youngest daughter returned. This is a good day to celebrate.

PARNELA

Mother, I would like to introduce you to the one who saved Kruelis.

She turns slightly toward Dar.

PARNELA (CONT'D)

This is Captain Dar Meltom of the Marsuian.

DAR

Your Highness.

QUEEN VISSION

(mocking)

A Satiren? I find it hard to believe that he saved our planet.

PARNELA

Why is that, Mother?

QUEEN VISSION

Satirens are nothing but whores!

PARNELA

Mother! That's no way to talk about him. Dar is brave, generous, and caring. He brought the Bodnarians and Sirrixians together to fight the Renthids. And he single-handedly destroyed the planet Versith.

QUEEN VISSION

Tell me daughter, did he work his Satiren magic on you?

PARNELA

What?!

QUEEN VISSION

Did he lure you to his bed with his
mesmerizing green eyes? Or the
energy from his blush?

PARNELA

No.

QUEEN VISSION

So you did not join with him?

Parnela is silent for a few moments.

PARNELA

I went to his bed of my own accord.

QUEEN VISSION

Whore! You joined with an inferior
species outside of marriage. I
should have you flogged for that!

PARNELA

Mother!

Dar turns, leaves. He ignores the continued rant of the
queen.

QUEEN VISSION

Look, look at that whore, he runs
with his tail tucked!

PARNELA

Dar is not a whore, he's far from
it.

QUEEN VISSION

He has stained the virtue of my
youngest daughter.

PARNELA

No, I stained it, willingly...You
have no idea about him...He was
willing to die instead of asking me
to join with him.

QUEEN VISSION

What?

PARNELA

Dar and I love each other...Did you
know a Satiren can die of a broken
heart?

QUEEN VISSION
That's folklore!

PARNELA
It's not. I saw it with my own eyes. His blood went toxic, he nearly died. I joined with him because I love him.

QUEEN VISSION
Then you are a whore just as he is.

PARNELA
How can you say that? He saved our planet! What thanks do you give him? You call him a whore.

QUEEN VISSION
That's what Satirens are, whores.

PARNELA
You didn't even thank him for his sacrifice to save our planet.

QUEEN VISSION
You are Princess Parnela Vischof. You will someday rule this planet. You should take up with a well-bred Kruelian male...Anyone else would look bad for the family.

PARNELA
And what about love?

QUEEN VISSION
In a society like ours, love is second to position. I will find you a suitable mate.

PARNELA
No!

QUEEN VISSION
Daughter, you will do as you are told.

PARNELA
No!

Parnela runs from the throne room.

159 EXT. ROYAL PALACE - KRUELIS - DAY

Dar staggers toward the shuttle. He vomits once or twice. His whole body shaking. The veins on his hands and neck are even darker.

160 INT. MARSUIAN SHUTTLE - DAY

Dar climbs into the shuttle. A single tear rolls down his cheek. He looks out the window as he starts the engine.

He prepares to lift off. Just as he reaches for the throttle, Parnela runs up and throws her arms against the window.

PARNELA

Dar, wait! I'm coming with you!

Dar looks at her, a slight smile curls to his lips, his eyes flash green.

FADE OUT.