

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,  
 Krobus, 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  
Arrrrrrrggghhh!

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.