

FARSCAPE™

Created by **Rockne S. O'Bannon**

1// THE BEGINNING OF THE END OF THE BEGINNING

Story by **Rockne S. O'Bannon**
Script by **Keith R.A. DeCandido**
Pencils by **Tommy Patterson**
Inks by **Michael Babinsky, Marshall Dillon**
Colors by **Andrew Dalhouse, Zac Atkinson**
Letters by **Ed Dukeshire**

2// STRANGE DETRACTORS

Story by **Rockne S. O'Bannon**
Script by **Keith R.A. DeCandido**
Art by **Will Sliney**
Colors by **Zac Atkinson**
Letters by **Ed Dukeshire**

3// GONE AND BACK

Story by **Rockne S. O'Bannon**
Script by **Keith R.A. DeCandido**
Pencils by **Tommy Patterson**
Inks by **Tommy Patterson, Nick Schley, Juan Castro**
Colors by **Zac Atkinson, Marc Letzmann**
Letters by **Ed Dukeshire**

4// TANGLED ROOTS

Story by **Rockne S. O'Bannon**
Script by **Keith R.A. DeCandido**
Art by **Will Sliney**
Colors by **Zac Atkinson**
Letters by **Ed Dukeshire**

5// D'ARGO'S LAMENT

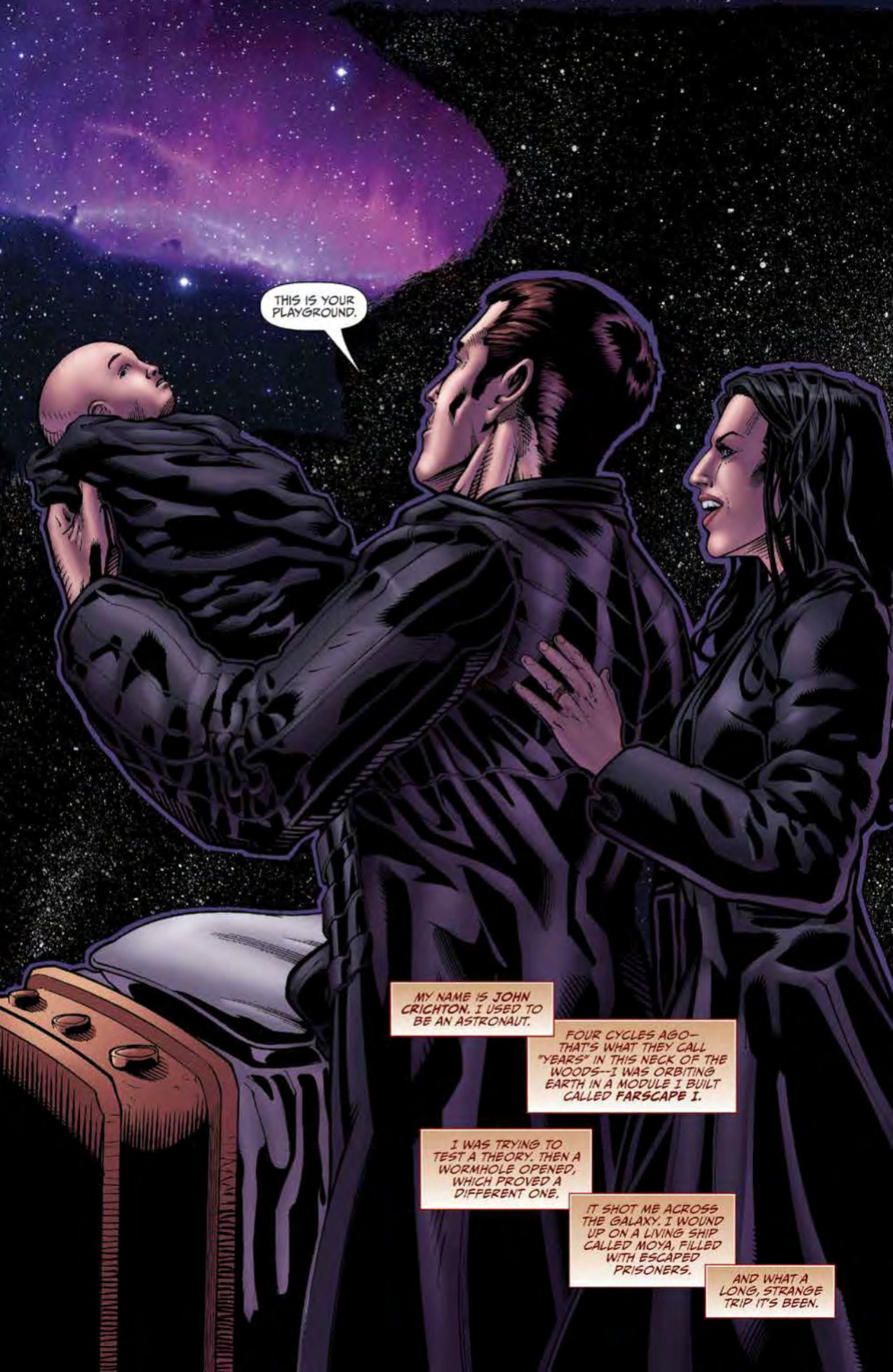
Script by **Keith R.A. DeCandido**
Pencils by **Neil Edwards**
Inks by **Neil Edwards, Juan Castro**
Colors by **Andrew Dalhouse, Zac Atkinson**
Letters by **Ed Dukeshire**

6// D'ARGO'S TRIAL

Script by **Keith R.A. DeCandido**
Art by **Caleb Cleveland**
Letters by **Ed Dukeshire**

7// D'ARGO'S QUEST

Script by **Keith R.A. DeCandido**
Art by **Caleb Cleveland**
Colors by **Caleb Cleveland, Renato Faccini**
Letters by **Ed Dukeshire**



THIS IS YOUR
PLAYGROUND.

MY NAME IS JOHN
CRICHTON. I USED TO
BE AN ASTRONAUT.

FOUR CYCLES AGO—
THAT'S WHAT THEY CALL
"YEARS" IN THIS NECK OF THE
WOODS—I WAS ORBITING
EARTH IN A MODULE I BUILT
CALLED FARSCAPE I.

I WAS TRYING TO
TEST A THEORY. THEN A
WORMHOLE OPENED,
WHICH PROVED A
DIFFERENT ONE.


IT SHOT ME ACROSS
THE GALAXY. I WOUND
UP ON A LIVING SHIP
CALLED MOYA, FILLED
WITH ESCAPED
PRISONERS.

AND WHAT A
LONG, STRANGE
TRIP IT'S BEEN.



I'VE MADE A FEW FRIENDS,
A BUTT-LOAD OF ENEMIES,
AND A FEW FOLKS WHO'VE
BEEN BOTH.

I FELL IN LOVE AND, BY
SOME MIRACLE, SHE FELL
IN LOVE WITH ME, TOO.




WHEN I FIRST GOT
HERE, MY MODULE HIT A
PEACEKEEPER PROWLER,
KILLING ITS PILOT. THAT,
UNFORTUNATELY, SET THE
TONE--I'VE SEEN SO
MUCH DEATH SINCE I
GOT HERE.

FIRST GILINA DIED. THEN
ZHAAN. CRAIS. TALYN. D.K.
JOOL. D'ARGO. AND THAT'S
JUST THE ONES WHO
WERE CLOSE TO ME.




BUT IN THE MIDDLE OF ALL
THIS CRAP, AERYN AND I
HAVE CREATED NEW LIFE.
WE'RE MARRIED, AND WE
HAVE A BEAUTIFUL SON.




THE PEACEKEEPERS AND THE
SCARRANS HAVE SIGNED A
TREATY. STARK'S STAYING WITH
THE EIDELONS, BUT JOTHEE'S
DECIDED TO STICK AROUND,
TAKING A LEAVE OF ABSENCE
FROM THE LUXAN ARMY.

CHIANA, RYSEL, AND NORANTI ARE
STILL ON MOYA WITH ME, AERYN, AND
LITTLE D'ARGO SUN CRICHTON.



WE CAN FINALLY STOP
RUNNING. NOBODY'S
CHASING ME BECAUSE I
KILLED THEIR BROTHER,
OR BECAUSE I HAVE
WORMHOLE KNOWLEDGE,
OR BECAUSE THE
ONE-ARMED MAN KILLED
MY WIFE.

WE'RE DONE.



WE INTEND TO LIVE
OUR LIVES IN PEACE
AND RAISE OUR SON.
THAT'S OUR PLAN.

OF COURSE, MY
TRACK RECORD
WITH PLANS ISN'T
THE GREATEST IN
THE UNIVERSE...



PILOT!
HAVE ANY OF
MY WIVES
RESPONDED
YET?

AS I HAVE TOLD
YOU SEVERAL
TIMES, DOMINAR, I
WILL INFORM YOU
AS SOON AS--

AS
SOON AS
WHAT?

A MOMENT,
PLEASE.

PILOT!

WE ARE
RECEIVING A
TRANSMISSION NOW,
FROM HYNERIAN
SPACE. A WOMAN
IDENTIFYING
HERSELF AS
MMYNA.

MMYNA?
EXCELLENT!



I WAS
HOPING IT
WOULD BE
HER.

OF MY 1,437
WIVES, SHE'S THE
ONE I TRUST THE
MOST. PUT HER
THROUGH!



HELLO,
MY SWEET
DOMINAR.

MMYNA!
IT'S REALLY
YOU!

OF COURSE.
HAVE I NOT
ALWAYS BEEN
LOYAL TO
YOU?

TELL
ME WHAT'S
HAPPENING ON
HYNERIA.

MY USURPER
OF A COUSIN
HASN'T RETURNED A
SINGLE FRELLING
MESSAGE SINCE
THE ARMISTICE
WAS SIGNED.



THE SCARRANS
HAVE RETREATED,
MY LOVE. WITH THE
IMMEDIATE DANGER
PAST, BISHAN HAS
SECRETLY PUT A
BOUNTY ON YOUR
HEAD.

WHAT?
HOW DARE
HE?



IF YOU COME TO HYNERIAN TERRITORY, YOU WILL BE ATTACKED.



HOW DARE HE GO BACK ON HIS WORD!

BISHAN INTENDS TO HAVE YOU KILLED AS SOON AS YOU ARRIVE-- AND THEN USE YOUR DEATH AS A SYMBOL OF HIS STRENGTH. HE NEEDS THE PEOPLE TO FEAR HIM AGAIN.



MY PEOPLE, YOU MEAN. WELL, I ADMIRE HIS MIVONKS, IF NOTHING ELSE.



FEAR NOT, MY LOVE. THERE HAS BEEN GROWING DISSATISFACTION WITH BISHAN'S RULE OVER THE PAST FIFTY CYCLES, AND THAT INTENSIFIED WHEN THE SCARRANS INVAD.



THERE ARE MANY OF US WHO BELIEVE THAT ONLY ONE OF TRUE RYGEL BLOOD SHOULD SWIM IN THE DOMINAR'S LAKE.

IF YOU RETURN TO HYNERIA, YOU WILL FIND MORE THAN ENOUGH SUPPORT FOR A REVERSE COUP.



EXCELLENT!

WE'RE ON OUR WAY TO HYNERIA NOW. I WILL CONTACT YOU AGAIN WHEN WE'RE CLOSER.



CRICHTON!

JOTHEE,
HOW'S IT
GOING?

YOU
ENJOYING
BEING BACK
ON MOYA?

SORT OF. I
HAVE A PROBLEM,
CRICHTON, AND I'M
NOT SURE HOW TO
EXPLAIN IT.

JOTHEE, IN FOUR CYCLES ON
MOYA, I'VE SEEN IT ALL. YOU CAN'T
POSSIBLY SURPRISE ME.

SINCE MY FATHER
DIED, CHIANA AND I
HAVE HAD SEX 52
TIMES.

OKAY, I WAS
WRONG.

LOOK, I GET
THAT THIS IS REBOUND
SEX. THIS ISN'T LIKE
THE LAST TIME, WHEN
SHE SLEPT WITH ME
BECAUSE SHE DIDN'T
WANT TO MARRY MY
FATHER.

SHE ACTUALLY
WANTED TO
SETTLE DOWN
WITH HIM.

AND NOW PIP'S
ALL FRUSTRATED
AND, LIKE USUAL,
SHE'S WORKING IT
OUT WITH THE OL'
BUMP-AND-GRIND.
SO WHAT'S THE
PROBLEM?

WELL,
THE FIRST 45
TIMES WERE
FINE-- GREAT,
EVEN. BUT--

FRELLING
HEZMANA,
CRICHTON, THERE'S
ONLY SO MUCH A
GUY CAN TAKE!

LOOK,
JOTHEE...





YOU LIKIN' THAT, LITTLE D?

HE *DOES* HAVE A NAME, JOHN.



I KNOW, IT'S JUST-- IF I CALL HIM D'ARGO, I EXPECT HIM TO START SHOUTING AT ME.

I MEAN, I'M NOT AT ALL SORRY WE NAMED HIM AFTER THE BIG GUY, BUT--IT'S JUST TOO SOON, YOU KNOW?

I DO KNOW, ACTUALLY. BUT SURELY WE CAN CALL HIM SOMETHING OTHER THAN "LITTLE D."



WELL, SPARKY WANTED US TO NAME THE KID "RYGEL."

WE ARE NOT CALLING OUR SON RYGEL--OR SPARKY, OR BUCKWHEAT, OR GUIDO.

SPOILSPORT.



HIS INITIALS ARE D AND C. WE COULD CALL HIM "DEKE."

HIS INITIALS ARE D, S, AND C.



YEAH, BUT IT'S STILL A GOOD NICKNAME.

IS THAT WHAT YOU CALLED YOUR FRIEND D.K.?

ACTUALLY NO. ONE OF MY DAD'S BEST FRIENDS WAS CALLED DEKE.

DEKE SLAYTON. HE WAS ONE OF THE ORIGINAL MERCURY SEVEN, AND HE FLEW ON THE LAST APOLLO MISSION. HE DIED ABOUT SIX CYCLES BEFORE I GOT ZAPPED THROUGH THE WORMHOLE.



THAT'S WHY D.K. WAS ALWAYS D.K.-- DEKE WAS ALREADY TAKEN.

I THINK IT'S A FINE NICKNAME.

HOW YOU DOIN', DEKE?

URGLE!

SURE YOU DON'T WANT TO CALL HIM RYSEL? HE ALREADY SOUNDS LIKE HIM.



I'M GONNA GO TALK TO PILOT, GO OVER SOME OF MOYA'S CHARTS.

I'LL BE HERE.

I LOVE YOU.

I LOVE YOU, TOO.



WAAAAAAHHHHHHH!

FRELL.



IT'S ALL RIGHT, DEKE. YOUR MOTHER'S HERE.

WAAAAAAHHHHHHH!

FRELL, FRELL, FRELL.



WAAAAAAHHHHHHH!



WHAT ABOUT THAT ONE?

THE ONLY HABITABLE WORLD THERE IS A COMMERCE PLANET. THE ONLY PEOPLE WHO LIVE THERE ARE THE MERCHANTS.

ALSO, THE SUN IS SUBJECT TO MASSIVE SOLAR FLARES, AND--

SAY NO MORE. SOLAR FLARES ARE WHAT GOT ME INTO THIS MESS IN THE FIRST PLACE.

HOW ABOUT HERE?



THE PLANETS IN THAT SYSTEM EITHER HAVE NO ATMOSPHERE, OR GRAVITY THAT IS TOO HEAVY, OR PREDATORS THAT EAT SEBACEANS--AND PRESUMABLY HUMANS AS WELL--OR SEVERE TECTONIC INSTABILITY, OR--

I GET THE IDEA. WHAT ABOUT THIS ONE?

THE HALOSIANS HAVE BEEN KNOWN TO USE THAT SYSTEM FOR--PLEASURE.

I DON'T EVEN WANT TO KNOW WHAT THOSE BIRD-BEAKS DO FOR FUN.



THIS IS LIKE WHEN MY PARENTS BOUGHT THE PLACE IN FLORIDA WHEN I WAS A KID. THEY MUST'VE LOOKED AT FIFTY HOUSES BEFORE THEY SETTLED ON A PLACE.

I USED TO THINK THEY WERE NUTS FOR TAKING SO LONG TO DECIDE ON SOMEWHERE TO LIVE.

MOYA AND I WILL, OF COURSE, DO ALL WE CAN TO HELP YOU AND OFFICER SUN FIND A HOME FOR YOU AND YOUR SON, ONCE WE'VE BROUGHT DOMINAR RYDEL BACK TO--

PILOT, WHAT IS IT?

I'M NOT SURE.

FOR A BRIEF INSTANT THERE WAS A READING ON THE FAR END OF MOYA'S SENSORS. IT APPEARED TO BE A SHIP.

WHAT KIND OF SHIP?

UNKNOWN. IT MAY HAVE BEEN NOTHING.

WITH OUR LUCK, IT AIN'T NOTHING, KEEP AN EYE ON IT.

WE SHALL.



IT'S A BIG
UNIVERSE OUT THERE.
ME AND AERYN
SHOULD BE ABLE TO
FIND A PLACE OF
OUR OWN.



YOU KNOW, I
WAS BORN IN MEMPHIS,
BUT WE MOVED TO
FLORIDA TO BE CLOSER
TO CANAVERAL FOR DAD'S
SAKE. BUT TO ME, FLORIDA
WAS JUST A PLACE WE
LIVED--MEMPHIS, THOUGH,
THAT WAS HOME.



AS FAR AS I'M
CONCERNED, PILOT,
WHATEVER WE FIND
ON THIS CHART IS
FLORIDA.



MOYA WILL ALWAYS
BE OUR MEMPHIS.

THANK YOU,
COMMANDER.



PILOT,
"COMMANDER" WAS
A RANK I HAD WITH IASA.
MY FRIENDS CALL ME
JOHN, AND NOBODY'S
BEEN A BETTER FRIEND
TO ME THAN YOU.

THEN
THANK YOU--
JOHN.



"NOW
THEN--LET US
FIND YOUR
FLORIDA."