

# Battlestar Galactica

"Epiphanies"

Written by Joel Thompson

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. THE EQUINOX

INT. THE EQUINOX - STORAGE ROOM

There's a commotion as several people surround a calmly seated DORAL. JAHEE presents KIM with a gun.

JAHEE

The honor is yours, Kim.

She grabs it and shoves the barrel into Doral's face.

DORAL

Is that it? Anything else?

The crowd steps backwards from him.

KIM

That should cover it.

Doral's annoyed. He doesn't like the looks of things. With faster-than-human speed, he snatches the gun from Kim's hand, startling everyone. Is he going to shoot them?

DORAL

Your angle sucks.

He slides the barrel snugly under his chin.

DORAL (cont'd)

A coma won't do.

He pulls the trigger. Some in the immediate circle around him have blood splattered on their faces. They cheer and congratulate each other with a sense of accomplishment. Jahee and Kim trade smiles and shake hands.

KIM

The sheep have become the  
shepherds.

JAHEE

We still have a long way to go.  
But the light at the end of tunnel  
just got brighter.

The people exchange knowing looks. Kim and Jahee bow their heads to them. They reciprocate and scatter.

INT. CAPRICA CITY - GOVERNMENT MEETING ROOM - DAY

SECRETARY OF EDUCATION ROSLIN makes her closing argument for her policy. PRESIDENT ADAR, SECRETARY OF DEFENSE STANTON, and several other cabinet members are in attendance.

STANTON

Virgon's military surpassed ours last year. Picon is also poised to advance beyond us.

LAURA

The last inter-colonial military conflict was over forty years ago. This is really about fattening defense contracts at the expense of educating the children of Caprica. Not particularly troubling to you Secretary Stanton because your children enjoy private schools?

STANTON

Now just a minute, madam secretary-

LAURA

I had lunch with little Sheila Macklin yesterday. When a child doesn't have the current text book, we have failed. When a child is lost in an overcrowded class, we've failed. When lack of funding closes the music program, guess what? We've failed.

Stanton is annoyed. Other members are swayed by her words and clap.

STANTON

If our defense is allowed to decay -  
- little Sheila is blown to vapors by an attack and we can't defend ourselves, we've failed.

A few claps for Stanton.

LAURA

How is doubling an arsenal of bombs to collect dust more valuable than a child's education? Virgon and Picon put us at a small level of risk, I agree but at this time-

(CONTINUED)

STANTON

This is not just about Virgon and Picon. Gods only know what enemy may emerge from deep space to-

LAURA

I'm not in the business of selling fear. I work in optimism and fulfilling dreams. Fear dictates bombs as our most precious resources. Optimism dictates children, as our most precious resource. Let your votes be decided upon that difference.

Everybody's clapping. President Adar looks at Laura. He's impressed with her impassioned plea.

INT. CAPRICA CITY - FANCY SCHMANCY HOTEL ROOM - DAY

In a grand hotel room fit for a philandering president, an upside down bottle of Champagne rests in an ice bucket. Clothes strewn all over the floor of the room. A naked Laura wrapped in a sheet, is perched on a king-sized bed. She sports one wicked bed-head and sips from a champagne flute.

MAN(O.S.)

Are you kidding, "Roz"? You drove it home. It's in the bag. This is huge.

("Roz" is his nickname for her and short for Roslin.) Laura modestly hunches her shoulders. A man kisses Laura passionately. We don't yet see his face.

LAURA

(modestly)

Think so?

MAN

I know so. When was the last time you saw an education budget triple? This is exactly what we set out to do when we were angry. And full of piss and vinegar back in college.

LAURA

(playfully proper)

I'll have you know, I was never full of piss.

They both laugh.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ADAR

We didn't sell out. And you never gave up, "Roz". I love that about you.

His face is fully revealed and it's President Adar. He tickles and kisses her as he praises her.

ADAR (cont'd)

How many times did you watch it die on the floor? You made it live. You over-hauled it. You massaged it.

He playfully massages her shoulders.

ADAR (cont'd)

You breathed life into it.

He takes a deep breath, presses his lips to her stomach and blows, making a bellyburp. She laughs like a little girl.

ADAR (cont'd)

Don't be modest. You made it work, Secretary of Education Laura Roslin...

LAURA

Alright. You win! I'm a genius!

She playfully bites his nose. His phone rings. He grabs it.

ADAR

Yes. I should've called sooner. You know how the days get, darling.  
(lying)  
I've just been handed something.  
Call you back, okay. Bye.

He sits the phone on the bedside table and trades a guilty look with Laura.

LAURA

Barbara is a good woman-

ADAR

No she's not. And you know she's not.

LAURA

Then we both feel guilty because?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

They both hold each other's gaze.

ADAR  
She's not the woman for me, "Roz".

LAURA  
Which does not make her bad,  
Samuel.

ADAR  
I know. That would be me. I never  
thought I'd be the kind of man who-

LAURA  
We both know you're a good man.  
I'm the foolish one for insisting  
you and I keep it at friends when  
we were in school.

ADAR  
If you'd gone out with me, I  
wouldn't have been ready for you.

LAURA  
I know this. That's why we didn't  
go out.

They chuckle with sharing that truth.

ADAR  
Timing's everything.

LAURA  
I like to think we all have ways of  
winding up exactly where we're  
supposed to be. No matter how  
little sense it makes.

There's pain in their eyes. She squeezes his hand. He  
kisses her. The pain subsides and the mutual love and  
understanding envelop them both.

ADAR  
I'm lost without you, "Roz". Not  
just in work, in my life. You make  
me feel so centered and strong.

LAURA  
That makes one of us. I haven't  
felt strong. In fact, lately I've  
been feeling-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

His phone rings. He grabs it. Wrapped in sheets, Laura goes to the window and sees a beautiful sunset over the Caprica City skyline. Into the brightness of the sun...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GALACTICA - SICKBAY - LAURA'S CUBICLE

A bright light on the ceiling. A feverish, sweaty, and weak Laura looks at it from her bed. A small tube runs from her nostril and is taped to the side of her cheek.

DR. COTTLE (O.S.)

She's dying. Get Adama and the Vice President down here, right now... Hurry!

(beat)

Crap!

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. GALACTICA - SICKBAY - CUBICLE

DR. COTTLE talks with ADAMA, TIGH, and BALTAR.

ADAMA

She's insistent on this meeting.  
If she's not strong enough, we'll  
wait for a better time.

DR. COTTLE

There won't be a better time,  
Commander.

BALTAR

Are you saying that she's-

DR. COTTLE

She can stop flossing, is what I'm  
saying. She's down to days, if not  
hours.

BALTAR

Is she still of sound mind?

Although an innocent question, Adama and Tigh exchange a  
"this jackass can't wait to be in charge" look.

DR. COTTLE

Her condition's deteriorating  
rapidly. She's in and out.

ADAMA

Then we can try to talk to her.

Dr. Cottle nods. Adama heads to her cubicle. Tigh follows  
and pats Baltar on the back as he passes him.

TIGH

(facetious)

What a relief huh, Doctor?

Baltar, uncertain of Tigh's flexion, nods as the three go to  
Laura's cubicle.

INT. GALACTICA - SICKBAY - LAURA'S CUBICLE - MID SCENE

Adama, Tigh, Baltar and Dr. Cottle surround Laura's bedside.  
Although she can barely hold her head up and her voice is  
weak, she's running this meeting.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

LAURA

The next thing is the Cylon's baby. Dr. Cottle has been monitoring its development and has some findings.

BALTAR

New findings? Why wasn't I informed? As the Cylon Specialist-

LAURA

Because you have acting presidential duties to uphold.

DR. COTTLE

(angry to Baltar)

Lookin' for a hug? How much pre-natal care have you done? And you've delivered how many babies...? I thought so.

(to the room)

The emerging cell structure is markedly different from both human and Cylon cells. It's a hybrid all the way down to its DNA. The child will have capabilities and traits no one can predict.

Adama and Tigh trade worried looks.

BALTAR

Fascinating.

ADAMA

What are the ramifications?

DR. COTTLE

Hell if I know. Too many to count. That thing could unleash pathogens that could wipe us all out or function as a beacon to the pursuing Cylons. Or it could get colic, burp and fart radiation.

BALTAR

Thing? Or this half-human child could do none of those things.

LAURA

With the human race in the balance, we can't afford to be wrong. This has been a difficult decision.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BALTAR  
Surely, you don't mean to...

LAURA  
...terminate the pregnancy? Yes.  
Dr. Cottle will perform the  
procedure.

Adama and Tigh are surprised at Laura's decision and agree.  
SIX appears from behind Baltar's shoulder.

SIX  
See how evil your people are!  
Wantonly destroying new life.

BALTAR  
(desperately scrambling)  
Well of course... We can certainly  
look into that as an option -- yes.

The president shakes her head at Baltar and glances at Adama.

ADAMA  
It's the only option.

BALTAR  
With all due respect Madam  
President, are we to surrender to  
our fears and stunt the growth of  
scientific discovery?

LAURA  
Noted, Dr. Baltar. The safety of  
the fleet takes precedence.

Agreed.

ADAMA

SIX  
And what of the innocent  
child? This is  
inconceivable! You can't let  
this happen, Gaius, you  
can't!

BALTAR  
Please. I beseech you. This is a  
grave mistake. Dr. Cottle, as a  
fellow man of science, you  
understand this child offers us an  
unparalleled opportunity to study  
the Cylon biology.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

TIGH

(deadpan)

Once it's dead, you can pick the bones clean for all I care.

Tigh's comment falls on deaf ears. From Baltar's perspective the voices in Laura's cubicle trail away and become distant chatter. He's momentarily shell-shocked. His senses return as Laura's speaking to Adama.

LAURA

...is alarming to me. The best way to alleviate this growing mistrust is for you to begin a Civilian Outreach program. Without an open dialogue, factions will... will...

President Roslin falls asleep. Dr. Cottle waves them off, unofficially closing the meeting. As Adama, Tigh, and Baltar walk away, Dr. Cottle prepares a shot of Doloxon.

INT. GALACTICA - CORRIDORS

Adama and Tigh walk down the hallway.

TIGH

A Civilian Outreach program?  
Better we reach out and put a few civilians in the brig-

ADAMA

I don't believe that's what Madam President had in mind. An exchange of ideas can be valuable.

TIGH

I'm gonna throw-up. Feels like a two bagger. I'll pray for your soul.

Tigh turns and walks down the other corridor. Adama stops him.

ADAMA

You're not going to hide in CIC.

TIGH

I figured it was going to be you and the "lil' frakk who would be king". Three's a crowd so-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ADAMA

Your attendance and Pegasus XO  
Fisk's are required.

TIGH

You don't have to do this.

Tigh resumes walking with Adama.

ADAMA

This is important to her.

Baltar rushes up to Adama. Tigh gets a nod from Adama to  
take a walk.

BALTAR

If I may have a brief word with  
you, sir, off the record. The  
President didn't seem like herself  
today.

ADAMA

Who did she seem to be, Mr. Vice  
President?

BALTAR

What I mean is she seemed confused  
when discussing Sharon's baby.  
Perhaps the medication or the  
illness is effecting her clarity.  
Before we carry out anything  
irreversible, it'd be prudent to  
ascertain The President's  
faculties.

Adama thinks on this one, while unconsciously rubbing his  
hand across his healed chest wound.

ADAMA

Nothing to ascertain. She's dying  
not incoherent.

BALTAR

Yes but-

SIX

As the guardian of this baby, you  
must stop them. By any means  
necessary.

(CONTINUED)

BALTAR

I know, I know.

(on Adama)

I know it's a difficult decision,  
commander.

ADAMA

Not at all. The President seemed  
clear to me. Her orders will be  
carried out.

Adama walks away.

INT. GALACTICA - WARD ROOM

Adama, Baltar, Tigh, FISK and Jahee and Kim are seated.  
Adama studies a document and looks confused.

ADAMA

Jahee and Kim, you're from the  
Equinox but it says here you don't  
represent that ship.

JAHEE

We represent the P.E.R.C. which  
spans across the fleet including  
Galactica.

Adama, Baltar, and Tigh all trade curious looks.

KIM

People for the Ethical Regard of  
Cylons.

Tigh nearly spits out his coffee.

TIGH

People for the what of Cylons?

FISK

Cylon sympathizers.

(disgusted)

I've heard of your group.

JAHEE

A meaningless label from the  
unenlightened.

ADAMA

(already not liking this)

By all means enlighten us.

(CONTINUED)

JAHEE

We do not condone the genocidal attacks on the Colonies.

TIGH

That's comforting.

FISK

But you think it was our fault!

KIM

For decades the P.E.R.C. has maintained the enslavement of Cylons as being morally wrong.

FISK

Well Boo-Frakkin'-Hoo...

TIGH

Enslavement? They're robots.

KIM (cont'd)

We believe there's no difference between artificial life and biological life. All life is sacred.

TIGH

And we believe you're full of crap. Permission to take out the garbage, commander?

ADAMA

President Roslin's belief is the Cylons destroyed our planets but not our rights and freedoms. We carry that with us. It defines us. They get their say.

(to Jahee)

Proceed.

JAHEE

Humankind's mistreatment of Cylons caused their rebellion. We met a Cylon who said the Colonies launched a stealth attack on Cyla. Making their attack on us -- defensive.

FISK

This is nonsense, Commander-

ADAMA

(focussed)

Where is this Cylon?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JAHEE

An effort was made for peace.

FISK

Answer the Commander or so help me  
Gods-

JAHEE

There's no need for threats.  
Remember we came to you.

(to Adama)

We assisted in his downloading.

FISK

You killed him?

JAHEE

No we ran across a gracious Cylon  
who volunteered his services as a  
courier of our message of peace.

TIGH

On who's authority?

KIM

Mine. We keep running and fighting  
the Cylons. It's time for peace  
talks. This is the dawning of-

ADAMA

(to Fisk)

Set up an emergency Jump.

Fisk hurries out.

ADAMA (cont'd)

You have no idea what you've done.

KIM

We sent his consciousness off to  
rejoin the Cylons. Now they know  
some of us want peace.

Adama glares at them. Tigh and Fisk simmer with rage.

TIGH

And now they know our location, how  
low we're running on supplies. And  
any other intel that toaster  
might've picked up while he was  
among us.

(CONTINUED)

KIM

All your conclusions are driven by fear. He assured us that the information will not be used to harm anyone.

TIGH

(fuming)

Really? Did the Cylon cross his heart when he promised that?

On Adama's nods, Tigh grabs the handset.

TIGH (cont'd)

(into the handset)

Send security.

(to Kim)

You are under arrest for harboring a enemy fugitive, interference with an ongoing military operation and delivering state secrets to the enemy.

TWO SECURITY OFFICERS enter and Tigh points at Kim.

Kim politely extends her wrists. She has a subtle smile as she's handcuffed. Jahee trades a knowing look with her.

INT. GALACTICA - WARD ROOM

Adama, Tigh, Fisk, and Baltar discuss.

TIGH

Frakkin' Cylon sympathizers? They oughtta be rounded up and shot -- if they were worth the bullets.

ADAMA

Their thoughts are not crimes. Our society is strong enough to withstand differences of opinion. But their actions are-

BALTAR

(lying)

Disgusting. Horrible. They should be punished to the full extent of the law.

TIGH

Who knows what other crap that Cylon was pumping them with.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

FISK

This is exactly why those bastards are dangerous. The tired, the desperate, and the weak could be vulnerable to their twisted ways for appeasement.

TIGH

Their views breed discontent and possibly-

ADAMA

Terrorism.

FISK

They are spread out over the fleet because their belief system was scattered throughout the Colonies. Tigh's idea to round them up, might not be such a bad one.

ADAMA

Absolutely not.

FISK

Then we should track as many as we can and set up surveillance for security purposes.

BALTAR

Eavesdropping and spying. Is this what we've come to?

FISK

We're at war Mr. Vice President.

ADAMA

However, we will not become the snake that devours it's own tail. No eavesdropping. Not yet anyway.

BALTAR

I can follow up with Jahee to demonstrate the outreach program is active. Besides I know his sort. Emotional, desperate with a need to be heard. If intel is what you want, I can get it from him.

Adama nods in approval.

EXT. CAPRICA CITY PARK - DAY

A blurry image of something hanging. It swings back and forth. What is it? Is it a noose?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GALACTICA - SICKBAY - LAURA'S CUBICLE

Laura awakens confused from her dream and sees LEE sitting in a chair nodding off.

LAURA

I suppose if I argued the point of why you should leave-

LEE

You'd lose.

LAURA

I see. What're you doing with your spare time? Aside from watching me die, I mean?

LEE

I train. Go to the range.

LAURA

That's preparation not spare time.

LEE

I enjoy what I do.

LAURA

Your father has his books and model ship. I sometimes wonder if I make him wish he could disappear into that bottle and sail away on it.

Lee grins.

LAURA (cont'd)

We're all ships like Galactica. It jumps through space. Our bodies jump through time, only we don't know it. We think we're moving at a crawl. We don't have the perspective of our speed, until we're down to those last precious few jumps. Unlike Galactica, we can't jump backwards.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAURA (cont'd)  
Find something or someone outside  
of saving the human race. Don't  
let what you do become what you  
are, Lee.

In one look from her, he knows she's talking from experience.

LEE  
I'll be sure to mix in a few "good  
jumps", Madam President.

INT. GALACTICA - ADAMA'S QUARTERS

Adama sits at his desk examining paper work. HELO enters.

HELO  
You wished to speak with me, sir?

ADAMA  
At ease. Have a seat.

Helo sits down.

HELO  
Sir, if this is about the amount of  
time I've visited Sharon, I can  
assure you, I've only sacrificed my  
rack time-

Adama raises his hand slowly to silence him

ADAMA  
The president has made a difficult  
decision. With the interest of the  
safety of the fleet in mind,  
Sharon's pregnancy will be  
terminated.

Helo stands from his seat in shock.

HELO  
But why? The baby's innocent.

ADAMA  
Dr. Cottle has discovered anomalies  
in the infant's cell structure-

HELO  
Is it harming the baby?

ADAMA  
No.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HELO

Is the baby harming Sharon?

ADAMA

No. According to Dr. Cottle, both appear to be healthy.

HELO

I'm not sure that I follow you, sir.

ADAMA

These anomalies are unknown in nature. It may also pose as a more direct threat to the fleet.

HELO

You think it's going to be a monster? Please, sir, you can't let them do this.

ADAMA

I'm sorry son, but the decision has already been made.

Helo struggles to compose himself.

HELO

Permission to speak freely, sir.

ADAMA

Granted.

HELO

How do you feel about this decision, personally.

ADAMA

To be honest, I'd have done it much sooner. When it comes to the welfare of the fleet, personal feelings are irrelevant. These are the difficult decisions we make with the heaviest of hearts. The uniform we're honored to wear-

HELO

Honor? Show me the honor in killing my child, sir?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ADAMA

There is none. My heart is heavy for you. Stay focussed. Not just for you but for Sharon. She must not know. If she resists and becomes combative, she will be destroyed.

Helo suppresses a flurry of emotions.

HELO

You care about Sharon?

Adama unconsciously rubs his hands across his chest, tracing his scar from his wound.

ADAMA

We still are a family. She's important to you. You're important to me.

HELO

But not our child...

ADAMA

Dismissed.

Helo salutes Adama. Adama reciprocates. Helo exits. Adama's stoned face demeanor melts away. He removes his glasses and rubs his eyes.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. GALACTICA - BALTAR'S QUARTERS

Baltar enters his lab and notices a couple of gift wrapped boxes. He opens one and his face lights up.

BALTAR

Impossible. The Q-1 series. These are my favorite. I thought the last of them burned up on Libron.

He slides a cigar under his nose and sniffs with pure bliss. He notices a card attached. Six reads over his shoulder.

SIX

Fisk.

BALTAR

I only mentioned in passing how I'd been craving one. Didn't think anyone was listening.

SIX

Somebody was.

BALTAR

What a thoughtful gift.

SIX

Now, now President Baltar, in politics...

She slowly slides the cigar into her mouth and delicately, nibbles the tip off.

SIX (cont'd)

...there's no such thing as just a gift. Like everyone else, Fisk has become aware of your ascension.

BALTAR

Everyone else?

SIX

Don't you see it in their eyes when they look at you? The way they address you. Even Adama approaches you with a little more respect.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She fires up the cigar with a lighter. Baltar looks on as she seductively puffs it to life.

SIX (cont'd)

You've sacrificed so much. You're intellect has saved Galactica. Your charm has inspired the fleet. Shedding these cramped quarters and moving to Colonial One is what you deserve.

BALTAR

Yes..

SIX

Think of the young succulent assistants you'll pick from.

BALTAR

Oh Yes. I have been.

SIX

Your drive knows no limits. You'd lie, cheat, steal, and even kill to pursue your rightful destiny.

BALTAR

Well to kill is a bit-

SIX

I know you still think about Crashdown. How did it feel? The power of absorbing that young life.

Baltar turns away. He notices a pattern on the wrapping paper and traces around it several times with a pen.

SIX (cont'd)

Does it horrify you to think about it? Or are you horrified because it felt so exhilarating?

BALTAR

What are you talking about?

SIX

Murder changes a spirit. To finally touch one's true self must be like being born. This is why Laura dying doesn't trouble you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BALTAR  
That's not true.

SIX  
Deny it all you want but Fisk  
senses that in you. He knows you're  
going to need a right hand man.

She removes the cigar from her mouth and inserts it into  
Baltar's.

SIX (cont'd)  
I think he qualifies.

Baltar takes a puff and considers, as she smiles at him.

INT. COLONIAL ONE - PRESIDENT ROSLIN'S OFFICE

BILLY finishes up a phone call.

BILLY  
(listening)  
Who? Oh yes. Right of course...  
(listening)  
No that's understandable. No  
offense taken. It's been a long  
day for all of us.

He hangs up the wireless repeatedly slamming it down.

BILLY (cont'd)  
President Baltar? We still have a  
President Roslin, ass-wipe!

DUALLA (O.S.)  
Billy?

Billy sees a lovely off-duty DUALLA with her hair down.

BILLY  
Dualla, what're you doing here- Oh  
Gods! What time is it?  
(realizing)  
We had dinner tonight, didn't we?  
I'm so sorry. I've been busy  
trying to get everything in order.

Dualla gazes around the immaculate room. Not even a  
paperclip is out of place.

DUALLA  
Mission accomplished.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

BILLY

(stressed/irritated)

I might not be involved in the life or death missions you're department faces, but that doesn't make my position less important.

DUALLA

Agreed. Now, tell me why you were screaming at a hung up wireless?

BILLY

They said President Baltar. They have no respect for life, or hope, or even protocol. Nobody's been sworn in.

DUALLA

When the old man was shot, everyone in CIC had to shift gears and put our respect, faith and trust in our XO, as the acting commander.

BILLY

Uh yeah and under whom you mutinied to help Lee and the President. Besides this isn't the military. We don't just fill somebody's slot with another drone. The people selected President Roslin-

DUALLA

Drone?

BILLY

You know what I mean.

DUALLA

Billy, you're tired and I'm generous. So I'm going to let you have that one. Get some sleep.

She leans over to kiss him. He tries to kiss her on the mouth, but she angles to kiss him on the forehead.

DUALLA (cont'd)

Dream about how you're going to make up for blowing our dinner tonight.

## INT. THE EQUINOX - JAHEE'S QUARTERS

Baltar and Jahee sit on opposing sides of a coffee table.

JAHEE

...who're we to judge if another life form possesses a soul? Talks with the Cylons must begin. With discussions can come understanding.

On the table between them sits a dish of candied cherries. Jahee eats one. He gestures to Baltar to have some.

BALTAR

Historically, an arrival of mutual understanding can yield peace.

JAHEE

And once the seed of peace has been planted-

BALTAR

Anything can happen.

SIX

You're planting a dangerous little seed of your own. Aren't you, Gaius? You're so resourceful.

Six now sits right beside him. Baltar helps himself to a candied cherry. He slides his hand into her lap.

JAHEE

Exactly. Friendships and who knows maybe even love.

BALTAR

Really, love, you say?

He snakes his hand up her skirt as he thinks on that one.

JAHEE

Sounds crazy but why not?  
(laughing)  
Can you imagine?

BALTAR

Oh I am... I am... Jahee, you are quite the visionary.

Six shudders from being turned on by Baltar's touch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAHEE

Our vision has been ignored. But Kim's trial will amplify our voice.

SIX

They can't be a sanctuary for Sharon. They're outcasts. Adama would crush them easily.

JAHEE

We need protection. I'm concerned about what Tigh and Fisk might do to us. The military has all the guns, the real power. The P.E.R.C. needs to arm themselves, purely for defensive purposes.

BALTAR

I'm merely a vice-president and have no control over the military. I don't have any guns to give to-

SIX

You have a nuclear warhead. From when you were building the Cylon detector?

(off Baltar's glare)

Don't look at me like I'm crazy. I know what you're thinking. You've been sizing Jahee up this whole time. He seems sane enough and nuclear bomb worthy to me.

BALTAR

I won't-

(covering to Jahee)

I won't be able to stay much longer. The round the clock hours are catching up with me.

Jahee rises and they both walk to his door.

JAHEE

I understand.

SIX

Small price to pay for our baby's safety. Are you not up on current events, Gaius? The termination is for today?

Baltar's mind races, as Jahee opens the door to let him out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JAHEE

I'm grateful for time with the next president of the Colonies.

Baltar closes Jahee's door and turns to him.

BALTAR

I'm going to provide you with the only true deterrent that matters. A nuclear bomb. In exchange I need to count on you to harbor a Cylon, if called upon.

JAHEE

(stunned)

A nuclear bomb? A Cylon? Where did you-

BALTAR

Do we have a deal?

JAHEE

Uh... Yes.

BALTAR

We're both sincere people. I sincerely, hope you don't try to frakk me over in this. If so, you, your family and friends, will become intimately familiar with the suction of an airlock. And Jahee, I do mean that, sincerely.

Jahee is shocked as Baltar shakes his hand with a smile.

SIX

Gaius, I've never seen this side of you! You're making me hot. I have to feel your touch.

Six grabs his hand kisses it and slides it up her thigh.

JAHEE

The candied cherries are from Sagitaron and very hard to find. Delicious, huh?

Baltar whips his hand from Six and licks his fingertips.

BALTAR

Finger licking good.

INT. CAPRICA CITY - LAURA'S DOCTOR'S OFFICE

A pensive Laura sits as her DOCTOR enters.

DOCTOR

I'm afraid the tests are positive.  
The mass is malignant. It's  
advanced well beyond-

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CAPRICA CITY PARK - DAY

A blurry image of something hanging. It's not revealed yet that this is a park. This time something large the size of a person, looks to be on whatever it is that's hanging. The image is too blurry to know for sure. It swings back and forth slowly. Is this Laura's fate?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CAPRICA CITY - PRESIDENT ADAR'S OFFICE

A very upset Adar sits on the edge of his desk. Laura stands in front of him maintaining her reserve.

ADAR

You're not just talking about  
ending your job are you?

LAURA

No, I'm not. Try to understand.

ADAR

Impossible. This is coming out of  
nowhere! "Roz", why're you doing  
this? Have I done something to-

LAURA

No. I've carefully thought this  
out. I can't live this way  
anymore.

ADAR

It's that simple? You're done?  
With everything. That's it? Not  
even a discussion about why.

LAURA

I've said all that needs to be  
said, Mr. President.

(CONTINUED)

ADAR  
(frustrated)  
Don't Mr. President me, not in this  
conversation!  
(confused and hurt)  
"Roz", you're my best friend.

Adar steps toward Laura to embrace her and she gently pulls back. She knows if he holds her, she'll break and tell him everything about her cancer.

ADAR (cont'd)  
I'm not accepting your resignation  
tonight. You can sleep on things,  
think it over and-

LAURA  
My resignation letter will be on  
your desk in the morning.

ADAR  
Where are you going to go?

LAURA  
(tries to smile)  
The park. I'm craving an ice cream  
sandwich.

ADAR  
You just need some time-

LAURA  
(graciously)  
I need to leave now.

She grabs his hand and squeezes it tenderly.

LAURA (cont'd)  
Goodbye Samuel.

INT. GALACTICA - MECHANICS' ROOM - STILL

Lee, KARA and others commiserate about the dying president over some mugs of hooch. They click mugs in a toast.

LEE  
To President Roslin! The people  
always come first. It's never  
about her. And that's more than  
you can say for Baltar.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KARA

Somebody's got a crush... There's more to him than meets the eye.

LEE

Uh-no, actually there's less to him than meets the eye. Far less.

KARA

Roslin picked him for a reason.

LEE

He hasn't got the nads for it. Although you may have a different observation.

KARA

(ignoring the dig)  
Let's not talk about replacing her. I still can't believe this.

LEE

I work with her nearly everyday. Haven't met a tougher lady.  
(off Kara's look)  
Present company excluded of course.

KARA

We're going to be lost without her visions and wisdom.

LEE

I don't know about the visions but she knows the needs of the people.

KARA

Her visions are real.

LEE

Maybe to you. Why should she be any closer to the gods than either of us?

KARA

So, you followed Roslin over your father just for the fun of it?

LEE

I never believed in her visions, Kara. But I believed in her. That was enough for me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

STOKELY, an overweight Asian man, listens to their conversation.

STOKELY

If you don't mind my saying, you've got it all wrong. Kara's right.

Kara nods, as others enter the room and wave at Lee.

LEE

I do mind, Stokely.

(fanning the air)

And not just because you could use a breath mint.

(deadpan)

I smell a sermon coming on and me, without my prayer book...

Lee joins the group that waved. Stokely takes Lee's seat and stares daggers at him. He shakes his head with pity.

STOKELY

The eternal struggle of a douche bag in search of a soul. My heart bleeds.

KARA

Yeah, what're you gonna do?

STOKELY

Folks who blow-off the scriptures kill me.

Her nose crinkles at a blast of bad breath that would bring a Centurion to his knees. She extends a roll of mints to him. He takes one and nods obligingly.

KARA

(on mints)

They're best two at a time.

He takes another and crams it into his mouth.

STOKELY

To the believers who keep the faith.

(click mugs with Kara)

If Lee had any, he'd know this is all a good thing, Kara.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (3)

KARA

You mean it's best for the president not to suffer? I see your point but it's still too sad to-

STOKELY

No, but you can't deny the upside. The scriptures say our leader dies before we make it to Earth.

KARA

What are you saying?

STOKELY

I'm saying, what everybody else is saying. The sooner she dies, the sooner we've arrived. Hey I respect and admire our president but, we're the last generation, baby. I'd put her through an airlock if it meant we'd get to-

WHAM! Kara levels him with one punch.

KARA

You fat frakk! After all she's done for us!

His friend grabs her from behind. She flips him. A third guy pops her in the jaw, her legs buckle. She slugs him in the face with her mug. We have a brawl. Lee joins in.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. GALACTICA - SICKBAY - CUBICLE

A NURSE points Baltar into the cubicle to see Dr. Cottle.

BALTAR

I received your message. Has  
Laura's condition changed?

DR. COTTLE

She's still dying.

BALTAR

Then why I was summoned?

DR. COTTLE

Before starting your new gig as  
president, we gotta do a physical.

BALTAR

Are we not jumping the gun a bit?  
I'm not the president.

DR. COTTLE

Our current president is circling  
the drain, due to blowing off her  
doctor. Figured I'd give you a  
head start. Remove your shirt.

BALTAR

If caught earlier then she-

DR. COTTLE

May have survived, yes. There's a  
number of experimental treatments  
that have promising rates of-  
(on Baltar's shirt)  
What're you waitin' for a band?

Baltar removes his shirt. Dr. Cottle checks his heart.

BALTAR

What sort of experimental  
treatments?

Dr. Cottle pulls back from Baltar. His voice is booming  
through the stethoscope.

BALTAR (cont'd)

Gene manipulation or -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. COTTLE

You're killin' me, here. Our paths cross countless times in the halls and we ignore each other. A consistency I'd grown fond of. I slap on a scope, now you're chatty?

Dr. Cottle notes his findings in Baltar's health records. He take his blood pressure.

DR. COTTLE (cont'd)

Turkonferon would have slowed if not halted the cancer's progression, but that ship has sailed. I even gave her a dosage. It had no effect.

He records Baltar's blood pressure in his health records. Baltar grabs the pencil from him and scribbles something. Dr. Cottle notices him doodling and fires up a cigarette.

DR. COTTLE (cont'd)

I appreciate the pretty picture. Especially as we approach the more *romantic* part of this visit.

THWACK! Dr. Cottle snaps on his elastic gloves. Baltar's head rises up from his concentration as what's to come dawns upon him.

BALTAR

Now, surely you don't-

DR. COTTLE

This ain't exactly cake and ice cream for me either. Now turn around and drop your pants...

Baltar turns his back to Dr. Cottle and begins unfastening his trousers. Dr. Cottle takes one last drag off of his cigarette, sucks something from between his teeth and begins.

INT. CAPRICA CITY - LAURA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

Laura talks on the phone. Her face shows some strain in listening to a long-winded talker.

LAURA

Sounds like reason to celebrate. I'm glad your family's doing so well. Me? Well since you asked I-Sure I can hold on.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAURA (cont'd)

(beat)

I understand. It was good to talk  
after all these years.

She eyes another number in her phone book and dials it.

RECORDED MESSAGE

This number is disconnected.

The reality of her lonely life, ending her career, breaking up with President Adar, and her terminal illness is a crushing convergence of weight to bear. She leans against the corner of her kitchen. Her legs slowly crumble as she slides down to the floor.

The door bell rings.

INT. CAPRICA CITY - LAURA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

Laura sits at the table with a glass of ambrosia and a box of tissues. She's all cried out and all liquored up. Her words are slightly slurred.

LAURA

Maybe I'm too picky? The one guy I could probably stomach until death do we part, and that's a big-ass-probably, was already married. We always had to hide. I guess that's all there is. And what do I have to show for it? A bunch of damn snow globes.

Snow globes decorate her window sill. She grabs one and hurdles it against the wall.

LAURA (cont'd)

Pathetic. When I was in the park I saw this charming couple.

EXT. CAPRICA CITY PARK - DAY

The blurry image that haunted Laura before refines itself. It's not a noose. It's a swing in a playground. Laura munches on an ice cream sandwich as she people watches.

A blonde woman approaches and sits on the swing. A dark-haired man with a pony-tail and sunglasses kisses her and pushes her. Neither of their faces are in focus.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAURA (V.O.)

Anyone with eyes could see, the world could see the love between those two. The way he pushed her- Never took his eyes off her. As if he was born to be right there, to catch her if she fell. It occurred to me that if I fell, no one would ever be there to catch me.

INT. CAPRICA CITY - LAURA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

Laura tops her glass off with ambrosia.

LAURA

Would you like some more ambrosia?

The person she's talking to is wearing a delivery uniform with a matching ball cap. He sits there poker faced. There's a glass of ambrosia beside him that's untouched.

DELIVERY GUY

Actually ma'am, If you'd just sign for this delivery... I could get on with my other deliveries.

She signs and does a thumb scan on the electronic clipboard. Impaired from the alcohol, Laura struggles opening the envelop and tears it with her teeth.

LAURA

Oh Gods, I completely forgot. These are the Galactica passes. I have to meet with a Commander Adama for some silly decommissioning ceremony. Military commanders are like over-grown boy scouts.

DELIVERY GUY

Civilians have a right to their opinions. In our line of work, we're frequently misunderstood.

LAURA

We?

DELIVERY GUY

He's a fellow brother in uniform. He travels the stars. I travel the streets. Some of you scoff us.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DELIVERY GUY (cont'd)

But when you need the military and  
when you need to know where your  
packages are, we become your  
frakkin' daddies.

An awkward moment of silence passes between them.

LAURA

I see- So should I even bother  
going to this thing?

DELIVERY GUY

Are you still on the clock?

LAURA

Technically, yes.

He checks his paper work and responds without looking up.

DELIVERY GUY

Then you have to. It's your job.

LAURA

Thank you for listening.

DELIVERY GUY

Of course ma'am at National Express  
delivery we provide "fast and full  
service".

LAURA

Right.

DELIVERY GUY

Y'know ma'am, once my route is  
complete, my duty to the uniform  
ends. Whaddaya' say to my coming  
back to share a bottle with you and-

LAURA

I say good night, soldier.

INT. GALACTICA - SICKBAY - LAURA'S CUBICLE

Billy hands a few folders to Laura.

LAURA

I wish Elosha were here.

BILLY

(awkward)

Yeah, I know...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILLY (cont'd)

Each ship report is ordered according to population size. I'm also continuously updating your call back sheet in the order of priority. It looks like a lot but the bulk of the calls are just to express condol-

He catches himself. Laura notes is awkwardness.

LAURA

You were fine before but you've become quite the super assistant. I should've started dying sooner.

Her joke does little to break the tension. She stares at ten old books on her bedside table

BILLY

Commander Adama dropped those off days ago. If there are titles you've read already let me know-

LAURA

How are you, Billy?

BILLY

(subtle nervousness)  
I'm an atheist.

LAURA

Okay... I know...

BILLY

But I'm fine.

LAURA

If you're ever less than fine and you need to talk-

He grabs her pitcher which is half full.

BILLY

I told them to keep this full. This is unacceptable. I'll be back.

He hurries off.

INT. COLONIAL ONE - THE PRESIDENT'S OFFICE

Billy enters with Baltar right behind him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BALTAR

The lower decks are quite vast.  
Thank you for the tour.

BILLY

My pleasure.

BALTAR

These are difficult circumstances.  
It's safe to say, we'd both rather  
not be having this conversation...

Billy sighs with a little relief of feeling understood.

BALTAR (cont'd)

But seeing as how such  
conversations are necessary, I was  
told there was a secret collection  
of spirits...

BILLY

Few know the Colonial Shuttles come  
with a hidden executive cabinet  
packed with a fine collection of  
ambrosias.

Baltar heads off across the room in that direction.

BILLY (cont'd)

The president's not much of a  
drinker. Good luck accessing it.  
She could never figure out how to-

To Billy's astonishment, Baltar already has the "secret"  
compartment open and is perusing the labels. He returns to  
Billy with full glasses in hand. Billy is hesitant.

BALTAR

I insist.

BILLY

I guess I could use a pick me up.

Billy, a novice drinker, chugs it down a bit.

BALTAR

Do caution. This'll pick you up  
and lay you back down.

He relaxes a little and stares off. Baltar tracks Billy's  
gaze to the population tote board. He reads Billy's face.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

BILLY

I have to update our population count. Never imagined I'd-

(beat)

President Roslin tried to talk to me. It'd be unprofessional to tell her she's become my family. Instead, of saying how much I'll miss her, I blurted out that I'm an atheist.

(beat)

I managed to tell a dying woman when she's gone she'll be nothing. I'm such a frakk-up.

BALTAR

Clearly, words of comfort is not your strong suit. I'm afraid that means no dignitary funerals for you... I was an atheist.

BILLY

And now you believe in the scriptures?

BALTAR

Somewhat...

(beat)

When the time comes, Billy, I'll update the board.

BILLY

No thank you, sir. It should be me.

He finishes his drink.

BILLY (cont'd)

It's a tradition for outgoing presidents to leave a sealed letter for incoming presidents. It's in the desk drawer. To be opened only on your first official day as president.

BALTAR

Understood. I'm all set here. Go home and get some rest.

They shake hands. Billy turns to leave.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BALTAR (cont'd)

President Roslin's finest gift is her instinct about people. I gather she knows exactly how you feel about her, Billy.

INT. GALACTICA - SICKBAY - LAURA'S CUBICLE

Kara stands at Laura's bedside. She has a bruise on her jaw and a split lip.

LAURA

You weren't fighting for me. You were fighting for you. I'm very disappointed.

KARA

There's no excuse for my behavior, madam president but-

LAURA

Morale is low. You are our best. The fleet is turning to you for leadership.

KARA

Yes I understand-

LAURA

Do you? How do you expect to lead effectively from the brig? That's all I have to say on this.

Kara is about to exit but makes a quick U-turn.

KARA

Wait uh, I can't let this be our last exchange. You consistently look pass my recklessness and never hesitate to trust me. Serving you, I mean serving under you has been the highest honor of my career, Madam President. Your leadership doesn't just inspire me but-

Kara notices that Laura has drifted off to sleep.

KARA (cont'd)

(to herself)

Perfect.

EXT. CAPRICA CITY PARK - DAY

A blurry image of a the man and woman at the swing.

INT. COLONIAL ONE - THE PRESIDENT'S OFFICE

Baltar fires up a cigar and stares at the tote board. He notices something among the figures and starts doodling on the board. He realizes the inappropriateness and erases it.

SIX

Thought he'd never leave. This chair's comfy and there's room for two. Shall we break it in?

Six sits in the president's chair and spreads her legs.

BALTAR

Only the president sits there.

SIX

If you're composing your speech, you must sit in the chair, President Baltar. It'll inspire you. Have a seat and I'll leave you to your thoughts.

She knows he's ignoring her while scribbling on some paper. As she approaches him, Baltar folds his note of doodling.

BALTAR

Very well, if it'll get you to leave, which I somehow doubt.

Baltar sits and stretches in the chair. He looks up and Six is gone. He eyes the flags flanking him on either side. He opens the desk drawer and fishes out the sealed envelop. Like a child on Christmas Eve, he tears it open.

LAURA (V.O.)

President Baltar, if you're reading this letter, then there is a state of crisis. We've had our differences. You might very well be the most intelligent person I've ever encountered...

Baltar nods his head proudly as if to say "of course".

LAURA (cont'd)

..as well as the most narcissistic.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Baltar shrugs uncomfortably at that observation.

LAURA (cont'd)

You do not possess a compassionate heart that beats with the people. You also are one who must be reminded of ethics. In truth, I selected you as my Vice President not because I believed you to be fine presidential material, but to solidify winning the election with your popularity at that time. Nothing more. A decision of questionable ethics of my own. Make no mistake, if I could have come up with a way to replace you after the election, I would have.

(beat)

I compose this letter on this day thanking the gods that I did not find a way to replace you. Intellect can be corrupted and is only as good as the data it can reason with. Hearts can be fallible due to emotion. But a soul always knows. I have seen you rise to the occasion, Gaius. I like to believe it was your soul that I saw in action. You will make plenty of mistakes but in the most fate defining dichotomies you will face, in the end, your soul will guide you to the path of righteousness and the fleet shall follow. I rest well knowing you will lead the human race to its certain salvation. So Say WE All...

Baltar shakes his head, cracks a smile, and casually balls up the letter. His arm cocks back to throw it away but he freezes. He can't do it.

The import of what's about to happen settles upon him: The enormity of the office, the fact that he's profiting from yet another human being's death...

He stares at the unevenly balled up letter and notices something. He mashes it into a shape and stares at it.

INT. GALACTICA - BALTAR'S LAB - LATER

Laura's letter is now twisted and molded into an odd shape. Right beside it, Baltar feverishly doodles that shape fitting it among others on a separate sheet of paper.

SIX

Will I get to see you rehearse?

Baltar stops writing. The drawing is no longer a doodle. It's the look of a sophisticated molecular structure. With an air of excitement and triumph, he looks up at Six.

BALTAR

I'm not a villain.

SIX

Unique. But I wouldn't begin my first presidential speech with-

She studies his face and snatches the drawing from him. Baltar gathers some things into a brief case.

SIX (cont'd)

You're throwing away everything we've worked for? Gaius, You can't save her!

BALTAR

Perhaps not but I can try. More sporting than watching her die.

SIX

And now death's distasteful?

BALTAR

Know this, I killed Crashdown to save uh what's her name? Cally! I killed Gina to save Gina!

SIX

Gaius "the altruist"? Let's not kid ourselves. Everything you've done has been to fulfill your destiny to save our child.

BALTAR

You keep saying that. Destiny can't be controlled! If it's truly my destiny, then my actions are predetermined.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SIX

You can't help being a pragmatist.  
Your intellect always triumphs.  
That's what I love about you.

He puts his briefcase down. She's made a breakthrough.

BALTAR

And there we are. Again, I'm in  
your debt for clarity, darling.

He smiles and kisses her deeply. She smiles back at him.

BALTAR (cont'd)

This is no longer about my  
intellect. This is about my soul.

Baltar grabs his briefcase and exits.

INT. GALACTICA - BRIG - CELL

Sharon is stunned. Unconsciously covering her stomach with  
her hand.

SHARON

(disbelief/shock)  
They want to kill my baby because  
they think she might be a monster?

BALTAR

Yes. And they'll accomplish this  
by drugging you with the next meal  
they serve. Allowing them to do  
begin the procedure.

SHARON

Why are you telling me this?

BALTAR

I have a plan. It's a longshot.  
There's no time to discuss. You  
have to do exactly as I say.

A frightened Sharon nods her head.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. GALACTICA - SICKBAY - CUBICLE

Baltar completes his pitch. Adama looks at Baltar's molecular scribbling. His glance at Dr. Cottle, seated beside him conveys -- he doesn't know what to make of it.

BALTAR

...you see it will act as a cellular bridge. The Cylon-human hybrid cells from Sharon's unborn child, assuming we delay the abortion, secrete a substance that by my calculations, should behave similarly to turkonferon, perhaps even better-

ADAMA

If your calculations are wrong?

BALTAR

(ignoring question)

If executed properly, it could send Laura's cancer into a full remission.

ADAMA

And if not done properly?

DR. COTTLE

We're in the unknown. But his principles are sound. I'm positive I can perform the cell removal without harming the fetus.

ADAMA

It's not the fetus I'm worried about, doctor.

DR. COTTLE

There's no net. If there's a rejection, she's gone. Fortunately, we don't have to worry about killing her.

Adama bristles at his harshness. He considers.

ADAMA

Proceed.

EXT. CAPRICA CITY PARK - DAY

The blonde woman sits in a swing as the dark-haired man with a ponytail whispers into her ear making her laugh. The woman turns and her face is more clear. It's Six who Laura knows as Shelly!

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. GALACTICA - CIC

Rush Montage: Shelly meets with Commander Adama and Baltar. A security camera photo of Shelly is added to Doral's and Leoben's.

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. CAPRICA CITY PARK - DAY

The couple at the swing kiss. The ponytailed man's sunglasses tumble to the ground. He steps around her to retrieve them -- revealing his whole face. It's Baltar!

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. GALACTICA - SICKBAY - CUBICLE

Dr. Cottle emerges from the operating room. He peels back his surgical mask.

DR. COTTLE

It's a frakkin' miracle. Those hybrid cells took to her system like ducks to water.

ADAMA

So she's going to be alright?

DR. COTTLE

I didn't say that. Don't really know. Might be long range complications... Side effects are always an issue-

ADAMA

(slightly annoyed)  
But she's going to live?

DR. COTTLE

Looks like it. Today anyway.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Baltar emerges from the operating room. Adama gives him a slap on the back and a hearty handshake. Baltar is a little too dazed to notice.

BALTAR

Her immune system spiked while she was still on the table. I've never seen anything like it. And yet, it went exactly the way I envisioned.

ADAMA

Great work. Have to admit, I thought you'd be trying out Laura's chair right now instead of coming up with her cure.

BALTAR

Yes, I'd have required more lumbar support.

Baltar exits. Adama's uncertain if Baltar is kidding.

INT. GALACTICA - CORRIDOR - AIRLOCK

Jahee and Baltar are seated. The area is under construction. Maintenance crews are powering down their tools.

BALTAR

Weeks ago, when the Cylons boarded Galactica, this deck was littered with shattered bodies. The weapons Cylons use blow through the human body with such heat and velocity that it fused the flesh and bone onto some of those walls.

Baltar points at a wall covered with divots.

BALTAR (cont'd)

We've run out of materials to replace a complete wall. They can only fill the divots in.

(sniffing the air)

The smell of burned flesh is finally gone. Some say if the deck is still enough, you can hear the battle and the screams.

JAHEE

You visit this hallway for that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BALTAR

I've heard screams long before this hallway and probably will long after.

Baltar is revisiting suppressed guilt of the attack on Caprica. Jahee's a little confused.

JAHEE

I heard about what happened here. I prayed for all the lost souls who-

BALTAR

But it didn't just happen to us. Did it, Jahee? An asteroid happens to slam into a ship. This was thought out. This was done to us. Know that as you embrace the Cylons.

JAHEE

I appreciate the education, but we're here for a purpose...

BALTAR

A more practical means to harbor the Cylon has emerged -- removing the need for our arrangement.

JAHEE

This is disappointing but I understand. Being a nuclear power probably isn't all that it's cracked up to be anyway.

BALTAR

I do wish you luck with your cause.

Jahee's very gracious. They shake hands. On Baltar's Exit, Jahee notices Baltar has forgotten his briefcase. He grabs it but it's unusually heavy. He opens it and discovers a heavily shielded box marked RADIOACTIVE MATERIAL - DANGER. It's the nuclear warhead.

INT. GALACTICA - SICKBAY - LAURA'S CUBICLE

Laura awakens from her dreams and can't believe she's back. Adama and Billy stand by her bedside, beaming.

ADAMA

Welcome back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Billy smiles. Adama takes her hand.

LAURA  
How is the fleet?

ADAMA  
Relieved.

LAURA  
And you?

ADAMA  
I'm better with the return of my friend.

They both hold back their emotions, just barely.

LAURA  
Thank you. I'm looking forward to getting back. Any developments I should know about?

ADAMA  
Dr. Baltar saved your life.

LAURA  
Baltar?

Laura barely manages to cloak her uneasiness with this news.

ADAMA  
He had a little help. The Cylon fetus. Cottle can explain this better, but so far, so good.

LAURA  
The abortion was cancelled?

ADAMA  
Officially it was delayed to await your final word. But you never can tell with remission, you may need more cells.

Baltar enters wearing a huge smile.

LAURA  
It appears I'm in your debt.

BALTAR  
One way or another we are all in science's debt.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BALTAR (cont'd)

I trust you are feeling better,  
Madam President.

(to Adama)

There are some fine details of her  
condition we need to discuss  
privately. If you'd be so kind...

ADAMA

Of course, doctor.

Adama exits.

LAURA

You kept the baby alive to save me?

BALTAR

Hopefully, you find the results  
acceptable.

(beat)

I think to go forward with the  
termination would be shortsighted  
and-

LAURA

I understand and I agree, Dr.  
Baltar. As for the violation of my  
instructions, your soul guided you  
to a more powerful truth.

BALTAR

As the Cylon specialist, I'd like  
for any future plans for Sharon to  
require approval from my lab first.

LAURA

Granted.

BALTAR

(relieved)

Lastly, a member of the P.E.R.C.-

LAURA

People for the Ethical Regard of  
Cylons.

BALTAR

A member was jailed for conspiracy  
to commit treason. She killed the  
Cylon in question and awaits her  
chance to turn her trial into a  
showcase for their views.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LAURA

I sense you have a suggestion...

BALTAR

If you pardon her, it would remove her soapbox.

LAURA

I'll consider it.

(beat)

I've been reminiscing about Caprica City. I remember my last day on Caprica as if it were yesterday. I found out about my illness on that day. In some ways the news awakened me from the dead. So many regrets. I should have taken more days off.

BALTAR

I'm a work hard, play hard type.

LAURA

I think I'm just work hard, work hard. That's always been difficult for me. What do you remember doing on your last day on Caprica. I imagine you were chained to your lab, that day?

Baltar is disarmed by this personal drift of the conversation.

BALTAR

Quite the contrary, I played hooky.

LAURA

Really where'd you go?

BALTAR

I spent the day at the park with a friend.

LAURA

That sounds nice. I miss trees.

BALTAR

So do I.

LAURA

Dr. Baltar again I'm eternally grateful.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

LAURA (cont'd)  
While in this bed, I didn't worry  
about the fleet's welfare. I knew  
you'd shine.

They clasp hands.

INT. GALACTICA - SICKBAY - LAURA'S CUBICLE - LATER

Lee and Kara visit with Laura. Kara just said something  
funny. The laughter subsides.

LAURA  
I need both of you to supervise and  
maintain a discreet surveillance of  
Dr. Baltar.

LEE  
What?  
KARA  
(confused)  
He saved your life.

LAURA (cont'd)  
Yes, for which I am grateful.

KARA  
Baltar's many things but I don't  
think he's a traitor.

Lee observes Kara's regard for Baltar. Kara's aware that  
Lee's noting her response.

LEE  
If you think he should be watched,  
he'll be watched.

KARA  
But why-

Lee raises his hand to silence Kara and shoots her a look.  
Kara has to yield to the dynamic at play between Lee and the  
authority of the president.

LEE  
(firmly)  
We'll watch him.

INT. GALACTICA - CORRIDOR - LATER

Baltar and Six walk down the corridor him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SIX

My compliments on saving our baby  
but Roslin's onto us. You do know  
that, Gaius.

BALTAR

Were you listening back there?  
She's thrilled I'm her vice-  
president.

SIX

She said nice things, so did you.  
She got you talking about the park  
because she knows we were together.

(beat)

Fortunately you have your insurance  
policy in place with the Cylon  
Sympathizers.

BALTAR

I believe they prefer P.E.R.C.  
(smiling playfully)  
So you noticed that...

He loops his arm and she snakes her arm through it. They  
walk arm in arm.

SIX

Impressive.

Others see Baltar walking alone with his arm oddly looped  
outward.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END