



“Six of One”

Fully Collated

July 20, 2007

Written by
Michael Angelis

Season 4 / Episode #4
404 / 04004

BATTLESTAR GALACTICA

"SIX OF ONE"

Episode #404 - 04004

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REVISION HISTORY

| <u>DATE</u> | <u>COLOR</u> | <u>PAGES</u> |
|-------------|---------------------|--|
| 6/6/07 | White | 1-54 |
| 6/11/07 | Full Blue | 1-53 |
| 6/12/07 | Pink Revisions | 13, 14, 33, 50, 51 |
| 6/12/07 | Yellow Revisions | 5, 10, 18, 21, 22, 30, 31-33, 38, 39, 41, 45 |
| 6/18/07 | Full Green | 1-53 |
| 6/19/07 | 2nd White Revisions | 2, 6, 7, 21, 27, 27A, 34, 35, 35A, 53 |
| 6/21/07 | 2nd Blue Revisions | 16, 21, 25, 26, 26A, 27, 27A, 28, 29, 51, 53 |

BATTLESTAR GALACTICA

"SIX OF ONE"
Episode #404 - 04004
Full Green 6/18/07

CAST

Commander William Adama
President Laura Roslin
Major Lee Adama
Lt. Kara 'Starbuck' Thrace
Col Saul Tigh
Chief Galen Tyrol
Lt. Sharon 'Athena' Agathon / Boomer
Number Six / Natalie Faust
Dr. Gaius Baltar

Capt. Karl 'Helo' Agathon
Lt. Felix Gaeta
Lt. Anastasia Dualla
Samuel T. Anders
Lt. Margaret 'Racetrack' Edmondson
Tory Foster
SP2 Cally Henderson-Tyrol
Cavil
Simon
Doral
Leoben
Nicky
Sgt. Erin Mathias
Brenden 'Hotdog' Constanza
Lt. Noel 'Narcho' Allison

Lance Corporal Eduardo Maldonaldo
Alan Nowart

BATTLESTAR GALACTICA

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SETS

BATTLESTAR GALACTICA

Adama's Quarters
CIC
Corridors
Hangar Deck
Pilots Ready Room
Dry Stowage Compartment
Tool Room
Kara's Cell
Civilian Mess Hall
Tyrol and Cally's Quarters
Rec Room
Launch Tube

SPACE

Exteriors
Galactica
Cylon Baseship
Kara's Viper
Interiors
Kara's Viper

CYILON BASESHIP

Hangar Deck
Conference Room
Cavil's Quarters
Multi-Purpose Room

"Six of One"

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. GALACTICA - CORRIDOR 1

TIGH BOUNDING down A CORRIDOR. He's gnarly, intense, focused -- a wrecking ball with whiskers, HELO at his side. A handful of amped up marines led by MATHIAS rapidly falls in step behind them. Tigh growls over his shoulder.

TIGH

Look alive. And for frak's sake,
don't shoot the godsdamn president.

Helo turns to Tigh as they hustle on.

HELO

Just let me talk to her.

TIGH

Talk all you want. But it ends with
the first bang.

(muttering to himself)

Helluva play, Starbuck.

2 INT. GALACTICA - CIC 2

ADAMA, GAETA, DUALLA and the rest of the crew riveted on the intercom speaker, broadcasting Tigh's sandpaper voice.

TIGH (WIRELESS)

We're rolling down here.

Adama hears the HEAVY POUNDING of BOOTS, the rustle of COMMOTION which, for us, suddenly becomes SILENCE, when we

CUT TO:

3 INT. HANGAR DECK - LEE 3

sitting in the cockpit of Kara's pristine Viper, cordoned off and hunkered in a darkened corner of THE HANGAR DECK. He clutches the FLIGHT STICK that Kara used to shoot herself into legend, feels her grip, takes in her scent. Catches sight of something. A PIECE OF CHEWING GUM, stuck under the instrument panel for safe-keeping. Lee chuckles. Then SIGHS. And sighs again, which evolves into LABORED BREATHING...

4

INT. ADAMA'S QUARTERS - KARA THRACE

4

The source of the labored breathing. She stands, skin livid, eyes fixed on someone, as she swipes a wrist under her nose to mop away the sweat. Kara catches her breath, then gestures with A PISTOL dangling in her hand, at her side.

WIDEN TO REVEAL LAURA ROSLIN, slowly rising from Adama's couch, the wash cloth in her hand. Resigned but unbowed, she swoons a little (from chemo side-effects received in ep. 3), but won't give Kara the satisfaction of seeing her weakened. Laura glances at the side arm clutched in Kara's hand.

KARA

I want to hate you so much.
 (adding)
 So much.

Laura answers with a pained half-grin.

5

INT. CORRIDOR - TIGH, HELO, AND THE MARINES

5

Hustle full bore down A CORRIDOR, the SHUFFLE of boots and combat gear raking up the anticipation of conflict.

6

INT. ADAMA'S QUARTERS - RESUME

6

Kara, aggressive, her head dipping forward, as if to duck into Laura's space, her gaze searing into the president.

KARA

You had a vision, remember? The arrow? The temple? I went down with you on that planet, it was a frakking toaster party, good people died, remember?

LAURA

Yes --

KARA

-- I trusted you! On a vision. And that's all. A vision. I saw Earth. I saw it with my eyes! And I hear it calling me back, DAMN IT, WE'RE GOING THE WRONG WAY!

Laura skeptically nods.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

KARA (cont'd)
Why? Why can't you trust me?

Laura regards Kara for a moment. Then...

LAURA
The sweetest, kindest young woman
on Galactica put two bullets in
William Adama's chest.

KARA
And what? Because I came back and
the news was too good I'm a Cylon?

LAURA
We all saw you die... Kara. We saw
it on Lee's gun cameras --

Kara THRUSTS the gun, butt forward at Laura, who
involuntarily flinches. Kara gestures for Laura to take it.

KARA
Shoot me.

Laura, pale, nauseous, stares Kara down.

KARA (cont'd)
Come on. Shoot me. Shoot your enemy.
See, back on the ole base ship, we
take this stuff seriously, you frak
with another skinjob's number, you
better be ready to back it up.

Laura swoons again, but she fights it, looks away.

LAURA
I won't be a part of this --

BOOM! Kara SLAMS the gun down on the desk in front of Laura.

KARA
Take it.

Pissed off, Laura disdainfully drops the washcloth aside.

7 INT. HANGAR DECK

7

Lee walking away from the Viper. Notices a smudge on his nice
civilian clothes, swipes at it, when TYROL trots up.

TYROL
Starbuck's lost it, big-time.
Marines are gonna take her out --

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

OFF LEE'S reaction, we...

8 INT. CORRIDOR - TIGH, HELO, AND THE MARINES 8

Double-time it toward a bend where, down the corridor they see NOWART AND MALDONALDO unconscious on the floor.

9 INT. CIC 9

Tigh's voice RAGES over the intercom.

TIGH (WIRELESS)
TWO DOWN! WE GOT TWO DOWN!

Adama's jaw clenches. Looks to Gaeta as he hurries out.

ADAMA
Gaeta. Take the com.

10 INT. ADAMA'S QUARTERS - KARA'S SIDEARM 10

still on the table.

LAURA

Heart racing, her contempt for being forced into such a situation rising in her throat, glowers at Kara.

KARA
I'm no more of a Skinjob than you are and you know it.

LAURA
I wish I did --

KARA
(ON her dialogue)
-- I put my life on the line for this frakking ship! I ate and slept and fought next to the people I loved. I pissed off my friends, I broke more rules than I followed, I frakked up, I made a mess of things but this is all I have! This is my family and none of us belong here!

Kara's declaration seems to move Laura; her expression manifests some revelatory germ in her brain rapidly multiplying into a profound realization.

LAURA
Starbuck...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Laura gestures around her, re: the gun, the chaos, the situation, the passion...

LAURA (cont'd)

This.

(nodding)

This is you. You're more human
than any of us...

Kara exhales from the bottom of her feet, relieved.

KARA

Gods... Welcome to my nightmare...

LAURA

They made you perfect, didn't they?

And in one fluid motion, Laura SWEEPS the gun from the table
POINTS it at Kara and --

10A

INT. CORRIDOR

10A

POW! The virulent pop of A GUNSHOT shocks Tigh, Helo, and the marines just as they approach Adama's quarters.

10B

INT. ADAMA'S QUARTERS

10B

INSTANTANEOUS: TIGH bounds in, sees Laura holding the gun, Kara, gawking at the SHATTERED PICTURE of Laura and Adama, just to the left of her head, the Marines are all over her, hollering like banshees, CHAOS erupting.

MATHIAS

DOWN ON THE FLOOR! DOWN ON THE
FLOOR! NOW! NOW! NOW!

Helo, shaken, watches the marines gang-tackle Kara, who kicks and thrashes like a swamp gator.

TIGH

Madam President...?

KARA

Frakking bag of smashed
assfaces! Get off me!

As Tigh comes to Laura, she nods that she's unharmed but she looks shell-shocked. They both stare at the gun in her hand, both silently aware of what she just tried to do. Laura absently hands the weapon to Tigh.

Adama strides in, Kara raging at the marines.

KARA (O.S.)

I'm losing it! I'm losing the
frakking sounds! Admiral! ADMIRAL!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ADAMA

What the frak happened? I thought
you were on the move!

TIGH

We were! She's out of her frakking
mind!

KARA (O.S.)

Mathias, you dried up stump, it's
me! I'm not a frakking Cylon!

Kara BITES Mathias in the leg and she hollers in pain.

ADAMA

(to Laura, softly)
How you doing?

But before Laura can answer, the marines have Kara,
handcuffed and on her feet now. She commands Adama's
attention -- and everyone else in the room. Kara grins
sardonically at Tigh as the marines drag her to her feet.

KARA

Hello, Colonel. Wanna watch them
shave my head before they airlock
me?

Tigh, the closet Final Fiver, buffers his comeback just a
hint from Tigh, the hard ass Cylon fighter.

TIGH

I oughta do it myself.

Kara looks to Adama, makes a final, sober plea.

KARA

Listen to me. Please. The ringing,
the way to Earth, I'm losing it,
it's getting weaker, don't you
understand? Don't any of you?

Tigh does. He heard the music. And after witnessing what
Laura just did and hearing what's coming out of Kara's mouth
he might be the most furtively agitated in the room if it
weren't for Helo, deeply troubled, staring at Kara.

KARA (cont'd)

It was clear, I could hear it like
it was coming from the other room,
DON'T LOOK AT ME LIKE THAT!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

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10B CONTINUED: (2)

7.
10B

KARA (cont'd)

I can feel it slipping away, even
without Jumping, as we move, today
it's half! Half of what it was
when I got here! It'll be gone and
we'll never find it again! I
thought that's what we wanted. A
way to Earth. Did you hear me?

TIGH
Get her out of here.

Helo winces as Kara bucks and resists, getting one last
diatribe in at Laura.

KARA
You better work on your aim.
Because I'm not gonna stop! You're
gonna have to kill me!
(then, to Adama)
One Jump and it's gone. GONE.

As the marines hustle Kara out, Adama and Laura's eyes meet.
Uncertainty, self-consciousness, and grave concern arc
between them like an electrical storm, as we...

GO TO BLACK

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

11 INT. CYLON BASE SHIP - CAVIL'S QUARTERS

11

SCHEMATICS, hi-tech visuals of RAIDER design plans, circuitry, brain scans on screens behind CAVIL, at a desk. Eased back in his chair, chin cradled in his locked hands, eyes squinting, Cavil seriously contemplates on

A NUDE BOOMER

Doing a graceful series of balletic stretching exercises in front of his desk.

NATALIE (O.S.)
Cavil.

WIDEN to NATALIE/SIX, A SHARON and a LEOBEN, standing in Cavil's entrance arch (the base ship rooms have no doors).

CAVIL
What?

NATALIE
We have something to discuss.

CAVIL
(weary)
You know, even I need to knock off once in a while, it can't wait?

LEOBEN
No. It can't.

Cavil reluctantly dispatches Boomer.

CAVIL
I'm sorry, sweetheart, try and remember where you were and we'll pick up on this another time.
(glaring at Leoben)
Soon. So?

As Boomer exits, the trio steps forward.

NATALIE
You heard what The Hybrid said.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAVIL

You mean that incomprehensible blather about The Raiders "refusing to fire on their own." Don't remind me.

NATALIE

We've given it a great deal of thought. The Hybrid is clearly telling us something.

CAVIL

The Hybrid is always telling us something. They're supposed to maintain the operation of each ship, not vomit metaphysics.

(OFF their looks)

All right, I give up. What? What is she trying to say?

SHARON

They're in the Colonial Fleet.
With the humans.

Cavil makes a lavishly confused face.

CAVIL

"They." They-who?

Leoben conspiratorially glances at Natalie and Sharon. Then:

LEOBEN

The Final Five.

The trio's eyes dart from each other to Cavil, as they wait for his response. STUNNED, his bell profoundly rung, Cavil slowly rises to his feet.

NATALIE

The Raiders refuse to fight because they sense the Final Five could be in the Human Fleet.

LEOBEN

They could've been captured, they could be in hiding --

Cavil vehemently shakes his head.

CAVIL

No, stop, right now. Turn around, go for a cleansing walk and I'll try and forget what I just heard --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NATALIE

The Final Five, Cavil, they're
near, this is far too important for
us --

LEOBEN

(revelling)

My God, what their eyes must've
seen, and witnessed over time.

SHARON

Do you think they look anything
like us?

CAVIL

That's enough --

LEOBEN

Oh, they must be beautiful --

(*Note to editing. Possible brief insert of TIGH, from scene
12, then back to scene 11)

CAVIL

ENOUGH!

That got everyone's attention.

CAVIL (cont'd)

Listen to yourselves. Do you
realize what you're doing? You're
openly discussing The Final Five,
which is forbidden by...

But he trails off because the looks he gets from Natalie and Leoben tells him they know *exactly* what they're doing. His discerning brows threaten, his nose flares. Nods to himself.

CAVIL (cont'd)

When did this start?

LEOBEN

It doesn't matter when --

(CONTINUED)

CAVIL

(ignoring him)

It has to be some kind of massive
systems failure. I'm worried.

NATALIE

No, it's wonderful, we've
transcended our programming code --

CAVIL

-- you're toying with your
survival! Look at yourselves!

Look! Millions of Twos have that
nose, Millions of Sixes possess
that mouth, Eights share those
breasts,

(tapping his head)

Ones have this intellect! We're
mechanized copies! And there's a
reason why the original programmers
clearly felt it was a mistake for
us to know The Final Five!

NATALIE

No --

CAVIL

Violating that programming could
threaten our survival.

NATALIE

Something's changed --

CAVIL

-- They changed. The Raiders.
That's where this all started --
with them. They've somehow exceeded
their programming and unlike us,
they can't correct themselves. So.
Unfortunately. We'll have to do it.

NATALIE

What?

CAVIL

Reconfigure their neural
architecture. Shave down their
heuristic response.

LEOBEN

Lobotomize them? Dumb them down?

CAVIL

(rolling his eyes)

Oh, God... "Here, Spike." They're tools, not pets. Look, the last thing I want is to be laminated in Raider blood. It's a messy, time-consuming procedure but it has to be done.

NATALIE

Says who?

CAVIL

(irritated)

The God Almighty Voice of Reason.
Let me know when you hear it.

Cavil tries to walk past Six, but she holds him back.

NATALIE

You don't have the authority to make any change without a majority vote.

CAVIL

So we'll vote. But the Fours and Fives will go my way --

NATALIE

-- There will be a vote. The Raiders hear what we hear --

CAVIL

The Raiders are simple machines --

NATALIE

-- No. Something extraordinary has happened, something's calling to us, pushing us to discover our origins, to understand our place in the universe. The Raiders are a part of it. And The Final Five --

CAVIL

-- are anywhere but with the humans.

SHOCK CUT TO:

ANDERS, TORY and TIGH sitting at a table, as Tyrol shambles in and takes a seat.

(CONTINUED)

TIGH
You're late.

TYROL
I had to wait for Cally to nod off,
all right? Trouble sleeping.

ANDERS
Did you see Kara?

TIGH
I saw her. Crazy as a latrine rat.
If anything, she's more like
Starbuck than ever.

ANDERS
(rising to pace)
Then we gotta do something --

TIGH
-- Sidden! SIDDOWN! We don't get
involved, you keep your pretty boy
nose out of it!

TORY
She is his wife --

TIGH
-- and The President nearly put a
bullet in her skull because she
suspected her of being a Cylon.
(to Anders)
You are one. We bring attention to
ourselves, we're frakked. If
Starbuck's one of us, she's selling
it big the other way.

TORY
True. Four of us heard the music,
we sought each other out. She
hasn't. We're still missing one.

Anders broods, head down now. Won't look at the others.

TYROL
Baltar. On The Algae Planet, when
I found him, he was with the
skinjob, the one they called
D'Anna. She saw something. They
talked, he could know something.

TIGH

Baltar. "Not Guilty." My ears are still ringing. Oily bastard's got more lives than a Cylon.

TYROL

Now he's got a following. These One-God nut cases think he healed this kid. Woke him up from a coma.

TIGH

Maybe he knows who the fifth is.

TORY

Maybe he knows who we are.

TIGH

So we need to get in close and find out what's slithering around under that frakking scalp.

TYROL

How? Be his drinking buddy? He's gonna suspect us.

Tigh leans back in his chair. Then...

TIGH

Well, he's accomplished at two things. Lying in a cell or in a woman. He'd even poke a skinjob, he racked up the Six, that's a given.

(eyeing Tory)

You don't have to get on your back for him, but...

TORY

Gee, thanks.

Anders finally looks up at Tigh. Speaks.

ANDERS

Kara. Do you believe she's human?

TIGH

Doesn't matter what I believe.

Adama waits to hear the door close behind him. He's alone with Kara. We can almost hear him breathe.

CONTINUED:

KARA

Are you ready to go to Earth now?

ADAMA

(re: going after The
President)**What the frak was that???**

KARA

Not just yet, then.

ADAMA

What were you doing, what where you
thinking? **Well, answer me!**

KARA

I'm not a Cylon --

ADAMA

What about INSANE? You rampage through
this ship like rats hunting for grain,
you didn't just terrorize The President,
you went after a sick woman --

KARA

(frazzled)

She wouldn't believe me --

ADAMA

She's dying of cancer!

KARA

I was --

CUTTING HER OFF, he shakes her by the shoulders.

ADAMA

WHY?

KARA

Because I had it up to here with
being poked and eyeballed and
treated like a stranger in my home!

ADAMA

This is your home. Until they throw you
in an airlock. What happened to you?

KARA

What should happen to everyone --

ADAMA

-- And what the frak is that?

(CONTINUED)

KARA
Clarity.

ADAMA
Clarity. All this makes sense to you? Turning my ship upside down, knocking a handful of marines into sickbay, stalking the president --

KARA
-- has she been up there? Have you? Has anyone? I saw it. I saw Earth, the shape of it, the smell, the feeling of it on my skin, in my pores, and I swear to you, it was like I'd been there before, like I'd never left, I'm telling you, I was looking at the answer to everything. And you're gonna take that away --

ADAMA
-- You gave me no choice!

KARA
Listen to me. It's in here.
(she pats her temple)
Right here. It's playing in my frakking skull, this beautiful sound, as if the thought of a God leaked out in space and when it's gone, it'll be too late. There's not enough time, I had to do something --

ADAMA
-- No. No. You had do it your way, you wouldn't let me handle it. You didn't have the guts to hang on. And that's all. When did I lose your trust Starbuck?
(OFF her look)
That's right. I know who you are. You're just too stupid to figure out you screwed over the one ally you had. Now who's gonna help you?

Kara stares hard, winces, the epiphany stabbing like a knife in her temple. But she cauterizes her regret, goes to the place she knows best: a little more driven than smart, a little braver than either.

KARA
Yeah. Frak me. It isn't gonna be you, is it?
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

13

CONTINUED: (3)

13

KARA (cont'd)

You gotta remind yourself that
you're somebody else. The
President's wet nurse. You're the
one who doesn't have the guts.

WHACK! Adama SLAPS Kara across the cheek, the slap turning
her head. Seething, he watches her turn back to face him.

KARA (cont'd)

Nice to know you still care.

She smiles, her mouth slightly open, still smiling as a
single TEAR rolls down her cheek. As she adds...

KARA (cont'd)

Admiral.

Adama takes one last look at Kara, her cheek blushed by the
slap, then storms out of the room. STAY ON KARA, as we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

14

INT. CYLON BASE SHIP - CONFERENCE ROOM

14

Cavil presides at a table. Sitting on his left: A LEOBEN and A SHARON. Sitting to his right: A SIMON and A DORAL. Natalie/Six stands in front of Cavil. As he informs her, he gestures to Simon and Doral...

CAVIL

The Fours and Fives voted as we
Ones did -- for reconfiguring the
Raiders.

NATALIE

Gee, what a surprise. The Twos,
Sixes and Eights voted against it.
So we're deadlocked.

CAVIL

Hopelessly. But you were right.
And I'm machine enough to admit
that I was wrong.

NATALIE

What are you talking about?

CAVIL

Something extraordinary has
happened.

(calling)
Eight!

Agitated, growing suspicious, Natalie looks to her allies,
The Leoben and The Sharon.

NATALIE

What's going on?

Their faces convey uneasiness and regret but before anyone
can respond, SHARON/BOOMER enters the room.

NATALIE (cont'd)

Boomer?

CAVIL

I'm not going to sugar-coat this,
so I'll just say it: this eight's
voted to reconfigure.

(CONTINUED)

NATALIE

What?

CAVIL

I know you're shocked, I was, too.

Seething, Natalie confronts Boomer.

NATALIE

No one has ever voted against their model. No one. Is this true?

BOOMER

We... have to be able to defend ourselves --

NATALIE

-- NO! This is unconscionable.
This is wrong! She can't!
(assailing Cavil)
You had something to do with this.

CAVIL

I don't know the whys or the wherefores but it was totally her decision.

NATALIE

You cannot allow this!

LEOBEN

(reluctantly)

There's no law, no edict, there's nothing that forbids it. It's.. just never happened before.

NATALIE

Try and remember you said that when he boxes your line.

CAVIL

Come on now, don't be a sore loser.

NATALIE

If you do this we all lose.

SIMON

We think it's for the best --

NATALIE

(with a laugh)

For the best? Have you lost your mind!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

NATALIE (cont'd)

Our identities are determined by our models, each model is unique, we belong together.

(to Cavil)

You know this better than anyone. *Mechanized copies.* Those are your very words.

CAVIL

"Something's changed." Those were yours. I wholeheartedly agree.

NATALIE

The Raiders are sentient! Just as we are! There was a plan, a divine plan in our design! You're butchering them!

CAVIL

We're reconfiguring them --

NATALIE

-- You're not God!

CAVIL

No. I'm a mechanic. They were designed to do a job. They stopped. I'm fixing it. And when all the cutting's done, they'll be happy warriors again. Now let's move on, shall we?

Natalie faces Cavil, looks hard into those haughty eyes of his for a moment, then leans in close to him and speaks softly in his ear.

NATALIE

I'll pray for you.

(adding)

I'll pray hard.

She turns on her heels, glaring bloody murder at Boomer as she strides out of the room.

Adama, standing, his hands pressed against a table as he stares intently at his half-destroyed clipper ship, THE FIGURE HEAD which Kara gave to Adama just before her fateful spiral into oblivion, perched on the prow. Adama's INTERCOM TRILLS. He clicks in.

(CONTINUED)

15

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21.

CONTINUED:

15

ADAMA

This is the admiral.

GAETA (WIRELESS)

Sir, the fleet is prepped and ready
to Jump.

Adama takes a moment. Stares at The Figure Head. Then...

ADAMA

Execute the Jump.

Saddened and intense, Adama removes THE FIGURE HEAD from the
prow of the ruined ship model and holds it in his hand.

16

EXT. SPACE

16

The myriad of vessels JUMP. And as Galactica disappears...

KARA (PRELAP)

NOOOOOOO!

17

INT. GALACTICA - KARA'S JAIL CELL

17

Kara, on the floor in a fetal ball, rolling, shivering.

KARA

Go back! Go back!

ADAMA

watching her through the glass slit in the door, the hurt and
inner turmoil reflected in his eyes.

18

INT. GALACTICA - PILOTS' REC ROOM

18

LOUD as a cattle drive. PANNING, we see RACETRACK, HOT DOG, Anders, SEELIX, NARCHO, Lee, Adama, OTHER PILOTS and NUGGETS, getting shit-faced, someone starting up a beat rhythm by clapping, others picking it up, etc. Seelix makes out with Narcho while Racetrack and Hot Dog play strip poker cutting cards, Hotdog losing badly, down to his boxers, Racetrack in a sports bra and combat pants. When Hotdog loses the next cut, PILOTS yell "Pants him! Pants him!" Adama and Lee laughing their fool asses off. Meanwhile Helo ceremoniously pours SIX SHOTS of Ambrosia in front of Lee over the din, spilling when a drunken elbow or two jostles him. He quickly sneaks down one of the shots he poured, then re-fills it. And as he fills the last of the six glasses, Narcho WHISTLES to everyone:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NARCHO

All right, you hooch hounds, lock
it up, It's time!

Jocks start to hush up. Narcho barks at a few NUGGETS,
sitting together, still yakking away.

NARCHO (cont'd)

SHUT THE FRAK UP AND PAY ATTENTION!
We're saying good-bye to the best
damn jock you pink-ass cones will
ever hope to see. Major?

Lee looks at the shots. Others call out in encouragement.

ANDERS

Get it done, Apollo.

RACETRACK

Pound 'em back, baby.

NARCHO

Bum rush it, Jock.

Complete silence now. Lee exhales. Then hoists the first
shot and toasts.

LEE

To Galactica.

He downs the shot. CHEERS. He picks up the next one.

LEE (cont'd)

To the men and women of Galactica.

He downs that one. More CHEERS. Picks up the third.

LEE (cont'd)

To the Admiral who commands the men
and women of Galactica.

Downs that one. Heaviest CHEERS yet. Picks up another.

LEE (cont'd)

To our sweethearts, husbands, and
wives.

Downs that one. CHEERS. A warm look crosses between Helo and
Athena, less so between Seelix and Anders.

LEE (cont'd)

To our absent friends...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

This one's a little harder to swallow for Lee. He downs it. Respectful CHEERS. Adama glances at the wall, sees a photo of KARA, clowning with some other pilots. Looks away. Lee raises the last shot.

LEE (cont'd)

To the fight. When the bell rings,
may you bring your best bullet.

-- Downs it to WILD CHEERS, shaking off the potency of the alcohol with a HOWL, the CHEERS continuing. HELO looks over, sees ATHENA, drinking, smiling back at him, but she's pretty much alone, more of an observer than a participant, and it registers with Helo, his smile diminishing a little.

INT. REC ROOM - LATER - ADAMA AND LEE

sit alone together, Adama, riding a pretty good buzz, regards his son with a million things left unsaid, until...

ADAMA

Political man.

Lee nods. Swigs.

LEE

Maybe I can pull some strings, get
your office painted.

ADAMA

Bring your best bullet to The
Quorum, huh?

LEE

"Politics is just another means of
war." Joe Adama.

ADAMA

War...

(a beat, then...)

You know, that, uh, bell you were
talking about. It's gonna ring
again.

LEE

...Yeah.

ADAMA

And... you know when you leave this
time, you're not gonna be able to
answer it... Not anymore.

Lee, his blood probably as potent as vermouth, chuckles.

(CONTINUED)

LEE

Oh, I see, I see. Get me blotto,
then talk me out of it. Right?

Lee looks at his father, who regards Lee without judgement, only fondness. Lee abandons the joking, answers sincerely.

LEE (cont'd)

I know it's over, Pop.

ADAMA

Do you? Because it's still gonna
be in you, you're gonna feel it.

Adama edges closer to his son and beckons with a lazy hand, as if he wants him to do the same. Lee leans in closer. He cups his hand around the back of Lee's neck.

ADAMA (cont'd)

Right here. Like a whisper in hard
shoes, up and down your spine, "Get
ready, Get ready..."

Adama is buzzed, troubled, drifts a little...

ADAMA (cont'd)

And... when it calls, you can't
answer it... you're gonna have to
remind yourself that... you're
someone else now.

A beat. Then Adama reaches into his pocket. He hands KARA'S FIGURE HEAD to Lee, who takes it.

LEE

What is it?

ADAMA

Something that means the world to
me that I'm no longer able to keep.

(then)

I want you to have it.

Appreciative, Lee regards the figure head, then...

LEE

Dad... I want to see Kara.

ADAMA

So do I... So do I...

STAY ON THE FIGURE HEAD as Lee's palm closes over it.

20

INT. GALACTICA - CIVILIAN MESS HALL

20

Crowded. BALTAR, sitting alone at a table. Glances around, leery of his surroundings, his first time in public since the near-stabbing incident in Ep. 3. Feeling relatively safe, the only remaining threat is the plate of algae mush in front of him. He makes a face, mutters to it.

BALTAR
Neptune's feast.

But suddenly a passer-by places a SLICE OF BREAD in front of him. Another passer-by places AN APPLE next to him, then another A BOWL OF NOODLES. It's his flock, showing their appreciation. Profoundly moved, Baltar's eyes well up. Still, through his watery peepers, he manages to take a BITE of the apple, savoring it until he sees TORY, sitting alone, at another table, looking around, trying to be inconspicuous. She looks away. Baltar grunts in distaste, his mouth full.

TORY

picking at some algae polenta, when BALTAR plops down across from Tory, STARTLING the hell out of her.

BALTAR (cont'd)
Tory, Tory, Tory. Imagine finding you here.

TORY
Hello.

He's brought his food with him. Takes a bite from his apple. Gestures with it, juicy with sarcasm.

BALTAR
Can I ask you a question? Just where, precisely did you learn the art of espionage? From a book? A children's book?

TORY
What -- ?

BALTAR
Your spy skills -- Oh, please. Spare me. You'd be less obvious in a stealth suit with "spy" tatooed on your forehead. You're here to spy on me.

TORY
No, I... heard about the miracle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BALTAR

Excuse me, you mean Laura Roslin
heard about it.

TORY

All right, I have been watching. I
watched these people, the way they
look at you. Something's changed.

BALTAR

(mercilessly facetious)

Do you know that I haven't been
threatened with a lethal weapon for
a whole day?

TORY

(ignoring his sarcasm)

You've become special to them.

BALTAR

Oh, very much so.

TORY

There's something about you that
can't be easily... dismissed.

BALTAR

Go squeal to The President that my
popularity borders on phenomenal
and she should be very worried.

TORY

I came here on my own.

BALTAR

And I slept with your boss last
night.

Tory lets the remark pass. Takes off her blazer.

HEAD BALTAR (O.S.)

Ah-ah -- be nice.

WIDEN TO REVEAL **HEAD BALTAR**, sitting next to Tory. Baltar
looks ABSOLUTELY SPOOKED by this apparition.

HEAD BALTAR (cont'd)

If she's not lying, you're looking
at a wonderful source of
information. Feel her out.

(CONTINUED)

BALTAR
(gawking at Head Baltar)
Oh my Gawd --

A little embarrassed, Tory looks down at her chest, which she thinks elicited Baltar's remark.

TORY
What --?

HEAD BALTAR
Just forget about me for the moment. Ask her why she's here.

BALTAR
-- Why... did you come?

TORY

Maybe it was a mistake. But... I can't stop thinking about what's happened. You were found innocent when everyone hated you, I hated you... this healed boy...the return of Kara Thrace when everyone thought she was dead.

(then)

Perhaps there are miracles.

Baltar's eyes dart back and forth from Tory to Head Baltar.

HEAD BALTAR

Perhaps.

TORY

The thing is, somehow you seem to be at the center of them.

The remark puts Baltar a little more at ease; flattery has always been his Catnip. Head Baltar raises his eyebrows.

BALTAR

Yes...so it seems... I'm at a loss as to why, but God did his work, he chose to... awaken me. Not unlike my intercession with the boy.

TORY

Awaken. How did it feel?

(off his stare)

Look, I just... need to know.

BALTAR

Well... previous to...
(gazing heavenward)
His disclosure, it was...
(struggling)
It was... It was as if...

HEAD BALTAR

Stoop a little, will you? You don't have to be original. She's a woman. Trumpets and violins, calling your name, that sort of thing. Go. Go.

BALTAR

(leaning in to Tory)
You... know the... dissonant chaos of an orchestra, when they're tuning up?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

20

CONTINUED: (4)

20

BALTAR (cont'd)

Someone waves a magic wand, they begin and you hear a symphony. All that grotesque screeching suddenly has beauty and meaning.

(then)

Before, I lived a life of random notes. Now? Now it's music.

(CONTINUED)

TORY
Music...

BALTAR
Yes... Music. *His music...*

Music. The word seems to entrance Tory. It is, verily, exactly what happened to her and the other Final Four.

HEAD BALTAR
Look at her, Gaius. This woman is no spy. As hard as she's fought not to, she believes you. That? That is the face of truth.

Aware of her surroundings once more -- after all, she really isn't there at Laura's behest -- Tory rises to leave.

TORY
I really shouldn't be seen here.
Do you think we can... talk again?

Baltar regards her for a moment.

BALTAR
All right.
(contemplatively covers his mouth, then...)
Yes. Yes, that would be.. fine.
(offers the bitten apple)
Would you...?

She smiles, shakes her head, takes her blazer and exits. When she's gone, Baltar's plastered smile immediately vanishes.

BALTAR (cont'd)
Who are you? Another angel? *Six?*
Is it you? In disguise?

HEAD BALTAR
Now why would she have to disguise herself from you?

BALTAR
Well -- then where is she?

HEAD BALTAR
Let's talk about Tory. I think we both know where this is heading.
You like her, don't you?

CONTINUED: (6)

BALTAR

In a conquistador sort of way, I suppose, yes...

HEAD BALTAR

You slay me, you really do. She's more than that, and you feel it. She's special. But fragile.

BALTAR

Yes, I sensed that, too. Fragile.

HEAD BALTAR

Fragile. Handle with care. And you don't need the feminine distractions of Six looking over your shoulder. Or the aggravation.

BALTAR

...*Jealousy?* Really?

HEAD BALTAR

Tell you what. Why don't you let me handle this one?

BALTAR

(appreciative)

Would you? Thanks, mate --

KARA (PRELAP)

IT'S GONNA BE TOO FRAKKING LATE!

INT. GALACTICA - OUTSIDE KARA'S JAIL CELL

Mathias and Nowart look at each other, shake their heads.

KARA (O.S.)

DON'T YOU GET IT??? YOU'RE FRAKKING YOURSELVES!!!

INT. KARA'S CELL

Kara paces, SHOUTING herself hoarse.

KARA

WE'RE GETTING TOO FAR AWAY! I'M GONNA LOSE IT, DAMN YOU!!! IT'S NEARLY GONE! TURN AROUND! TURN THE FRAK AROUND!

Kara HURLS one of her boots at the door.

23 OMITTED 23
24 INT. CYLON BASE SHIP - MULTI-PURPOSE ROOM 24

Natalie, a Sharon, and a Leoben at a stand table. They study

AN OBJECT

the size and width of a pen, made of stainless steel and looks like an elongated egg timer filled with mercury the color of Mercurochrome.

BOOMER (O.C.)
May I come in?

Leoben nods. As Boomer enters, Natalie discretely places THE OBJECT inside her blazer.

BOOMER (cont'd)
I... know all of you must be really upset with me and I can't blame you. But there's something I feel needs to be said that couldn't... be... said in the room.

NATALIE
You love him.

Boomer reluctantly nods.

(CONTINUED)

BOOMER

Something's happened, all of the questions, the changes, this curtain that's been lifted, it terrifies me, it really does. Cavid... He makes me feel safe.

(to the Sharon)

I'm an outcast, aren't I?

By the unsavory look on Sharon's face, this is eminently true. Boomer stands there, mute. Forlorn. Finally, Natalie comes to Boomer. Puts her arms around her and embraces her.

NATALIE

How can we judge? We're all feeling our way along, aren't we?

BOOMER

Thank you...

Boomer kisses Natalie's cheek, then exits. Sharon hisses.

SHARON

She sided against her entire model just for him.

LEOBEN

Love is a powerful emotion.

NATALIE

So is hate.

She takes THE OBJECT from her pocket, places it on the table.

STAY ON THE OBJECT, as we...

GO TO BLACK

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

25

INT. GALACTICA - ADAMA'S QUARTERS

25

Laura sits in a stuffed chair, abjectly bracing for the miserable side effects of her latest chemo treatment to kick in. She watches Adama, distracted, down his ambrosia then shamble to his desk and re-fill his tumbler.

LAURA

You seem to be enjoying that more than usual.

ADAMA

Hair of the dog. Lee's party.

Laura snorts. Adama comes back, a hang-over crowded in his skull, sits down. Sips. A BEAT, then...

LAURA

So. What do we do? Find Lampkin?
Put her on trial? Ask for a show
of hands?

ADAMA

...I don't know.

LAURA

...Follow her into an ambush?

Adama sips from his drink. Swallows hard.

ADAMA

She's... driven...

LAURA

Do you want to keep waltzing or ask me to sit down and talk? What's going on, Bill?

Laura watches Adama squirm a little. He grudgingly NODS.

ADAMA

Look, I'm not a spiritual person.
But what if she's speaking the truth? She was supposed to die back there. But she didn't. I can't explain it. What if she's meant to help us? Maybe it was a...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He stops short. Laura swoons from an admixture of the meds and her mounting frustration with Adama.

LAURA

A what? "A miracle? Is that what you'd like to call it? Say it. C'mon, Bill, grab your piece of golden arrow. I want to hear Admiral Atheist say a miracle has happened.

ADAMA

You shot at her and missed.

LAURA

Doloxan fraks with your aim.

ADAMA

So does doubt.

LAURA

I pulled the trigger. And I'd pull it again. She wanted me to shoot her, she dared me to shoot her, she put her life in front of a bullet as if it meant nothing. You break an egg, you reach for another one.

ADAMA

Maybe convincing you meant more to her than her own life.

LAURA

And that's your miracle?

ADAMA

No, that's not --

LAURA

-- You want to talk about miracles? On the very day that a very pale doctor informed me that I had terminal cancer, most of humanity was annihilated. I survived. And by some mathematical absurdity, I became president. My cancer disappeared long enough for us to discover a way to earth.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

25

CONTINUED: (2)

25

LAURA (cont'd)

You can call that whatever you
want, and I'm thankful for it.
Now, I'm going to die --

ADAMA

All right, don't talk like that --

LAURA

No, Bill, it's true, my life is
going to end soon enough, and I
won't apologize for not trusting
her. And as sure as I'm standing
here, I won't trust her with the
future of this fleet.

Adama shakes his head, wants to say something but bites his tongue. He stares at THE RUINED CLIPPER SHIP MODEL, missing its figure head...

(CONTINUED)

LAURA (cont'd)

You're buckled up inside. Tired of losing. You're thinking with your heart. Of your son leaving... of this...

(gesturing to the meds)
I know that.

ADAMA

No one's going anywhere. Okay? No one's going anywhere.

LAURA

You want to believe Kara, you'd rather be wrong about her and face your own demise than lose her --

ADAMA

(ON her dialogue)
You can stay in the room. But get out of my head --

LAURA

You're so afraid to live alone --

ADAMA

-- and you're afraid to die that way! You're afraid you might not be the dying leader after all, that your death will be as meaningless as everyone else's!

Horrified by what he just blurted out, Adama's face swirls with rage and self-contempt. He reaches for her but then pulls back, turns away and leaves her.

STAY ON LAURA, despairing, leaning back, surrendering to the potent, terrible medication.

As she gets a load of Lee's suit.

KARA

Wow. Did you come to break me out or embalm me?

LEE

Home sweet home.

KARA

What the frak, they're thinking of naming the brig after me.

(CONTINUED)

Lee chuckles, then...

LEE
I'm, uh...

KARA
Leaving. Yeah, I heard.

LEE
Zarek nominated me for the vacant
Quorum spot.

KARA
You're Zarek's wing man.

LEE
Stop it. His head's as big as the
house I grew up in, but I'm new at
this and I can use the help.
Besides, you know me, I never could
say no to anything.

KARA
Except me.

LEE
Especially you.

Said without rancor. A PAUSE as their eyes do the talking...
until she breaks the spell.

KARA
Bet the chief's happy to see you
go. Less wear and tear on the
flight deck.

LEE
Oh, right. Talk about leaving your
mark. You bellied more birds than
everyone combined.

Again, the imposition of reality blunts the lighter moments.

LEE (cont'd)
I think I finally know what you
mean about having a destiny. I have
to go do this. The fact that I
can't explain why doesn't seem to
matter so much.

KARA
(bittersweet)
So say we all.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KARA (cont'd)
(she extends a hand)
Good luck on your journey, Lee Adama.

LEE
You, too. Kara Thrace.

KARA
I'm not going anywhere.

LEE
You know that isn't true.

KARA
Yeah. Well...

LEE
Athena's giving me a lift over to
Colonial One. I better...

Lee reluctantly turns for the bulkhead door.

KARA
Lee.
(he turns back)
On your way out, tell 'em they're
going the wrong way.

They exchange a silent look, then rush into each other's embrace and kiss -- a deep, and ungoverned kiss, the kind that withers the weedy encroachment of life's illusory miseries. They kiss again and again, pecking each other's mouths and cheeks and chins and eyes with love, more powerful than sensual. As they hold each other...

LEE
You'll make them believe you.

KARA
I know.

They separate just enough to lean on each other's foreheads. Lee takes Kara's hand now, places something in it.

LEE
Take this.

When she opens it, it's THE FIGURE HEAD.

LEE (cont'd)
It was a going-away present from my father. First thing he ever gave me that wasn't picked out by my mother or a week late.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Privately devastated, Kara forces a smile, tries to give it back to him.

KARA

I can't --

LEE

Hold on to it. You'll give it back to me when we see each other again.

KARA

Yeah.

STAY ON THE FIGURE HEAD, in Kara's palm, as...

INT. BASE SHIP - HANGAR DECK

CLOSE ON A RAIDER, FROM ABOVE, looking into its brain, with the brain canopy removed. A POWER TOOL, some kind of suction drill WHINES as it enters the brain cavity.

THE RAIDER

from below, as viscous blood pours down and pools. And now we hear a sickening, LOWING METALLIC WAIL, as if an ocean liner ripped in half by a tidal wave were harmonizing with a drowning Brahma bull, so loud that it MORPHS into A TODDLER'S CRYING, as...

INT. GALACTICA - TYROL AND CALLY'S QUARTERS

Inconsolable, NICKY stands with A TOY MODEL of a VIPER, its cockpit opened and the boy sorrowfully points to it.

CALLY

Nicky lost his pilot.

Tyrol, in sweat pants and a tee shirt, rolls out of bed.

TYROL

Sure he didn't eat it?

Searches under a bunk, while CALLY, sullen, looks on. Tyrol comes up clutching the TOY VIPER PILOT that belongs in the viper's cockpit.

TYROL (cont'd)

There you go. Captain Tyrol flies again.

Nicky beams and Tyrol lifts his son onto the bed, hands him off to Cally. Cally smiles at Nick and sticks the pilot in the cockpit for him, her eyes now shifted on Tyrol as he stifles a YAWN.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CALLY
There. Perfect.
(to Tyrol)
Tired?

TYROL
No, just, you know... whipped.

CALLY
I didn't keep you up last night,
did I?

Nicky flies the viper around Tyrol's head.

TYROL
Uh-nh. Slept like a rock.

CALLY
Huh.
(to Nicky, smiling)
Daddy sleep-walks.

TYROL
I look that tired?

CALLY
I meant last night. I know we fell
asleep together, but I woke up for
a second and it looked like you
were just getting undressed --

TYROL
I was? (irritated by the toy)
Nick --

CALLY
You must've gone out --

TYROL
Oh, yeah, that's right. I'm
nodding off and it hits me that I
left a battery charger on --

CALLY
Battery --

TYROL
-- You remember the last time, when
Figurski did it and fried the
avionics in Racetrack's raptor --

CALLY
(impassive)
-- stunk up the hangar deck for a
week --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TYROL

I ran down and turned it off.

Cally regards him for a moment. Nods as if she's bought his explanation, then...

CALLY

You better get dressed.

As Tyrol hoists himself OUT OF FRAME, STAY ON CALLY, her semblance of a grin slowly fading...

INT. GALACTICA - PILOTS' READY ROOM

Deserted. PANNING the empty seats. The insignias, framed photos on the walls. CAP schedules. Then...

LEE

standing behind the podium. Takes it all in. Then steps down from the podium for the last time.

EXT. GALACTICA - OUTSIDE THE HANGAR DECK

as Lee follows Athena, carrying his bags, into

THE HANGAR DECK

and into a total surprise. Everyone's there. Officers, pilots, mechanics, all in DRESS UNIFORM. Lee, dumbfounded, listens to Helo instruct the gathering.

HELO

Attention to orders!

Everyone snaps to attention and salutes. Now Tigh makes the formal introduction.

CONTINUED:

TIGH

In recognition of loyal, faithful,
and honorable service, Madam
President, Admiral of The Colonial
Fleet, Ladies and Gentlemen, **Major**
Lee Adama.

SPIRITED APPLAUSE fills the entire hangar deck, followed by
CHEERS and WHISTLES. A SERIES OF SHOTS FOLLOW:

LEE

unspeakably moved, makes his way down a line, shaking hands
with our regulars, including Helo, Narcho, Racetrack, Seelix
Cally and Gaeta. In an odd coincidence the Final Four, TYROL,
ANDERS, TIGH, AND TORY -- stand in sequence in the row.

CALLY

noticing brief eye-contact between Tyrol and Tory...

DUALLA

steps forward. She presents Lee with HIS WINGS, mounted and
framed. It's a slightly awkward moment for the estranged
couple, which Lee tries to defuse. Re: Galactica...

LEE

Looks like you got the house.

Dualla smiles through her silent grief. Hugs him.

DUALLA

Good bye, Lee.

LAURA

Out of the corner of her eye, she catches Adama's proud, but
rueful stare. Laura and Lee exchange a strained smile, the
after taste of Baltar's trial still lingering.

LAURA

(extending a hand)

Mister Adama.

LEE

Madam President.

(adding)

I'm a little surprised to see you
here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LAURA

I have too much respect for your
father not to be present.
(stainless steel)
Good luck. On Colonial One.

Lee almost flinches at the remark. Helo starts up a chant.

HELO

Apollo. Apollo. Apollo...

TYROL

(picking it up)
Apollo! Apollo! Apollo!

Now the entire hangar deck is shouting, APOLLO! APOLLO!
APOLLO! and over the deafening cheers,

ADAMA

stoic. Chin up. Offers his hand. Lee takes it, but turns the handshake into an embrace. Whispers into his father's ear.

LEE

Watch over her. Please.

Adama squeezes his eyes closed and clings to his son. He knows Lee's not talking about Dualla or Laura....

Darkness. The silhouettes of two bodies intimately entwined and the sublime iambic rustle of love-making. But something else pricks the ears now: WEEPING. And it's getting stronger - - staccato sips of air, then a despairing moan.

BALTAR'S VOICE

Am I hurting you?

TORY'S VOICE

(barely heard)

No.

A small light CLICKS on. Baltar, propped up over Tory, looks into her face, wet with tears.

BALTAR

What's wrong?

TORY

Nothing. Please --

She tries to pull him back close but he gently resists.

(CONTINUED)

BALTAR

Nothing? But you're crying.

TORY

No --

BALTAR

-- Yes, you are.

TORY

It isn't you. Please. It feels
good. Really. Don't stop.

BALTAR

Yes, well, I'm afraid it's drizzled
on the campfire...

(OFF her disappointment)

a bit...

(then)

What is this about?

TORY

It's just... something I do during
sex.

BALTAR

All... all the time?

TORY

Yes...

BALTAR

You weep.

TORY

I'm sorry. I'm really sorry.

Baltar furtively rolls his eyes, not so much that he's bored
but because he's exasperated and seems to be making the
situation worse. He sits up, next to her.

BALTAR

Now don't be sorry. You... you
should be thankful that you possess
such an abundance of feeling.

TORY

(sniffling)

I never really thought of it like
that...

BALTAR

You're blessed. In a way.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TORY

Blessed. I don't know. I guess.
(tries to smile)
I suppose I could be a Cylon.

BALTAR

(clears his throat)
Well, I don't know... Humans don't
exclusively hold the patent on
suffering. Cylons can feel.

TORY

You believe that?

BALTAR

I didn't until I lived among them.
Mankind may've made them, just as
we gave birth to each other. But
God is at the beginning of the
string. God, the one true God, gave
them a soul.

TORY

One God...

BALTAR

Yes. No one else. And I'm so weary
of holding that in. Denying that
truth.

(pauses to look at her)
I suspect I shall be arrested
tomorrow.

Not a chance. Tory looks up at him with love-pious eyes.
Baltar humbly turns away, and there is HEAD BALTAR, sitting
next to him on the bed.

HEAD BALTAR

Well played.

TORY'S HAND comes INTO FRAME, and gently pulls Baltar OUT OF
FRAME, down to her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

HEAD BALTAR (cont'd)
There you go, man. Have yourself a
good cry.

STAY ON HEAD BALTAR, content. He likes to watch...

INT. GALACTICA - HANGAR DECK

Adama, alone. Stands there and gazes at KARA'S VIPER. Runs his hand over her name, painted on the side. His face knotted by inner turmoil, he stares hard at the Viper as if the truth or at the very least, a course of action lay hidden among the rivets and seams. TYROL, back in his orange jump suit, ambles near Adama, who doesn't take his eyes off Kara's Viper. Sensing Adama's desolation, Tyrol keeps his distance, but tries to make conversation.

TYROL
Real head-scratcher, isn't it?
(adding)
Sir.
(then)
If it could get on its hind legs
and talk
(clears his throat)
we'd have some answers.

ADAMA
Get it in the launch tube.

Tyrol's face screws up.

TYROL
Sir?

ADAMA
I'm taking it up.

Now Tyrol looks like he took a spear to the shoulder blades. His eyes do a lightning-fast once-over of Adama's physique.

TYROL
You?? Sir, I think --

ADAMA
-- I don't care if you have to sew
two flight suits together, I'm
going up. Now, **do it!**

And Adama strides off, as we...

CUT TO:

33

INT. CYLON BASE SHIP - CONFERENCE ROOM

33

NATALIE standing in front of a table where Cavil, two Simons, and two Dorals are sharing some drink.

NATALIE
We want you to stop lobotomizing
The Raiders. Cavil.

CAVIL
(to the others)
They want us to stop reconfiguring
the Raiders.

Cavil regards her.

CAVIL (cont'd)
You know how much I hate that name,
"Cavil?" Well, of course you do --
Natalie. That was your name on
Gemenon, wasn't it?

NATALIE
Yes.

CAVIL
Great job, by the way. Posing as a
reform advocate. Natalie Faust,
"Leading the charge against
political corruption." And thanks
to you, we knew where all the
Gemenese leaders were when we
launched the nukes. Some died in
the arms of their mistresses.

NATALIE
I did what I was asked to --

CAVIL
(ON her dialogue, his bad
mood ON like a switch)
-- You know what really rankles my
ass? You've been pointing fingers,
falsely accusing me of manipulation
just short of tyranny when you're
the one leading the charge here.

NATALIE
We want you to stop --

CAVIL
You're not on Gemenon, Six! You're
not in charge. We voted.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CAVIL (cont'd)

The process has already begun.

(backing off, SIGHS)

You know what? In the long run
you're going to thank me. Us.

Natalie pauses. Then...

NATALIE

For the last time: Will you stop
lobotomizing the Raiders?

CAVIL

(to the others)

Can you believe this?

(to Natalie)

For the last time: NO.

NATALIE

I was afraid you'd say that.

(CALLING OUT)

COME IN!

TWO GLEAMING CENTURIONS march in and take position on each side of Natalie. Cavig rolls his eyes. Wearily aggravated.

CAVIL

Cute. Centurions can't vote, Six.

NATALIE

They're not here to vote, Cavig.

Natalie NODS her head to The Centurions. Cavig watches in disbelief as The Centurions' appendages morph into machine guns. The Centurions have armed themselves.

GO TO BLACK

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

34 INT. GALACTICA - LAUNCH TUBE - ADAMA 34

hunkered in the cockpit of Kara's Viper. He gives the thumbs-up sign and it SCREAMS down the LAUNCH TUBE and into...

35 EXT. SPACE 35

Kara's Viper, with Adama in it, spits out of GALACTICA.

36 INT. KARA'S VIPER 36

Adama, mad at the universe...

LSO'S VOICE (RADIO)
Admiral/LSO. You are cleared into --

...FLIPS OFF his radio and hits THE AFTER-BURNERS.

CUT TO:

37 INT. CYLON BASE SHIP - CONFERENCE ROOM 37

Cavil's had enough. Angry. Scowling, he means business.

CAVIL
This is no longer funny.
(to the Centurions)
Leave!
(glaring at Natalie)
You've got some serious problems,
Six, you know that?
(to the Centurions)
I said LEAVE!

But the Centurions don't leave.

38 INT. KARA'S VIPER - ADAMA 38

Tearing a blue streak into space, his face hardened, Galactica and The Fleet shrinking behind him.

39 INT. BASE SHIP - CONFERENCE ROOM - CAVIL 39

wide-eyed and railing at Natalie.

CAVIL
Why won't they leave?

(CONTINUED)

Natalie removes THE OBJECT from the inside pocket of her blazer. She tosses it to Cavil, who fumbles, but catches it.

NATALIE

The Telencephalic inhibitor that restricts higher functions in The Centurions. We had them removed.

CAVIL

SAY AGAIN?

NATALIE

You dumbed down the Raiders. We, the Leobens, the Sharons gave the Centurions the gift of reason.

Alarmed, the Simons and Dorals start to rise with Cavil, already standing.

40 INT. KARA'S VIPER - ADAMA

40

ROARING in agony. He passes through an Astroid field.

41 INT. BASE SHIP - CONFERENCE ROOM - CAVIL

41

frowning at THE OBJECT in his hand.

NATALIE

Think of it as a little keepsake.

CAVIL

You have no authority to do this. None. You can't do anything without a vote.

NATALIE

No... we can't do anything with one. So we're finished voting.

(CONTINUED)

'Six of One' FULL COLLATED 7/20/07
41 CONTINUED:

51.
41

Cavil, The Simons, and The Dorals are startled by distant MACHINE GUN FIRE, coming from throughout the ship.

CAVIL
What have you done?

Natalie gestures to The Centurions.

NATALIE
The first thing they learned was
what you're doing to the Raiders.
You can imagine how they felt.

The Centurions take a few steps forward, heads menacingly dipping.

DORAL
(murmuring dread)
Oh, no...

42 INT. KARA'S VIPER - ADAMA

42

FLASHING ON KARA and THE SLAP he delivered. FLASHING ON LAURA, pale and swooning. FLASHING ON LEE, closing his hand on THE FIGURE HEAD. In a fit of anger and frustration, Adama FIRES his machine guns, bullying the red buttons with his thumbs. FIRING, FIRING, FIRING at

42A SPACE - THE ASTROID FIELD

42A

Adama blowing away pieces of rock and astroid.

43 INT. BASE SHIP - CONFERENCE ROOM - THE CENTURIONS

43

FIRE CEASELESSLY on Cavil, The Simons and The Dorals, bullets RIPPING the room apart, lights POPPING, glass shattering, clouds of dust, a Kandinsky spatter of blood on the ceiling.

44 INT. KARA'S VIPER - ADAMA

44

TEARS of rage fall from his eyes, all of his frustration and conflict channelled into those machine guns, BLASTING AWAY at nothing but space until the guns are hot, smoking and empty.

45 INT. BASE SHIP - CONFERENCE ROOM

45

Natalie, observing the carnage after the shooting's finished.

46 INT. KARA'S VIPER - ADAMA

46

looping back toward The Fleet...

DISSOLVE TO:

47 INT. GALACTICA - KARA'S JAIL CELL

47

SUPER: **ONE DAY LATER.** Kara lies on her cell bunk, half-asleep when the door swings open. Mathias and Nowart enter with Helo and they roust Kara.

KARA
 (struggling)
 HEY - HEY - HEY!

HELO
 Cuff her.

48 INT. GALACTICA - A CORRIDOR

48

Helo and the marines hustle Kara away, the corridor deserted.

49 INT. HANGAR DECK

49

As the marines deliver Kara to ADAMA, waiting on the deserted hangar deck.

KARA
 So what's the deal. You quietly cut
 me loose in deep space?

Adama regards her for a moment.

KARA (cont'd)
 I'm not afraid to die.

ADAMA
 Little easier after you've been
 through it once.

KARA
 It's harder. Especially when you
 you're just seeing things clearly.
 (then)
 You're making a mistake.

ADAMA
 (nodding)
 Maybe I am. But I can't take the
 chance that you could be right and
 not do anything about it.

(CONTINUED)

Adama gestures to a stunned Kara. Nowart removes her handcuffs.

ADAMA (cont'd)
Helo hand-picked a crew for you.
I'm giving you a ship. If you can
stand the smell.

HELO
We "liberated" the Demetrius.
Sewage recycling freighter. The
party line will be that we're on a
scouting mission, looking for food.

Profoundly moved, Kara looks into Adama's eyes.

KARA
You think I'm right.

ADAMA
Maybe. Maybe not. But I know she
is. The President. She was right
all along. I'm tired of losing.
I'm tired of turning away from the
things I want to believe in. I
believe you when you say you'll
have to die before you stop trying
and I don't want to lose you again.
Now go find the way to Earth.

Helo looks on as Kara and Adama triumphantly embrace, we...

FADE OUT

END OF ACT FOUR