



“Six of One”

Fully Collated

July 20, 2007

Written by  
Michael Angeli

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
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6/18/07	Full Green	1-53
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# 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 Maldonado  
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

### CYLON 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)

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.

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 --



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)

10

CONTINUED:

10

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)

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)

10B

CONTINUED: (2)

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)

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)

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 programing 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

-- Sidddown! SIDDDOWN! 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.

(CONTINUED)

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.

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?

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)

CONTINUED: (3)

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.

15

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)

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)

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.

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" tattooed  
on your forehead. You're here to  
spy on me.

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

(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)

CONTINUED: (4)

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)

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!

21 INT. GALACTICA - OUTSIDE KARA'S JAIL CELL

21

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

KARA (O.S.)

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

22 INT. KARA'S CELL

22

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. Cavi... 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 shamle 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)

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)



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 it's figure head...

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)

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)

26

CONTINUED: (3)

26

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...

27

INT. BASE SHIP - HANGAR DECK

27

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...

28

INT. GALACTICA - TYROL AND CALLY'S QUARTERS

28

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)

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)

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.

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)



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.

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  
(sniffing)  
I never really thought of it like  
that...

BALTAR  
You're blessed. In a way.

(CONTINUED)

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)

31

CONTINUED: (3)

31

HEAD BALTAR (cont'd)

There you go, man. Have yourself a good cry.

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

32

INT. GALACTICA - HANGAR DECK

32

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)

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. Cavil rolls his eyes. Wearily aggravated.

CAVIL  
Cute. Centurions can't vote, Six.

NATALIE  
They're not here to vote, Cavil.

Natalie NODS her head to The Centurions. Cavil 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)

39

CONTINUED:

39

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)



41

CONTINUED:

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