

ACT ONE

RECAP -- NIGHT ONE

We Recap the events from Night One, ending on Adama facing the news that Lee is dead.

FADE IN:

INT. GALACTICA - COMBAT INFORMATION CENTER

Adama stares at the Dradis screen, can't believe it. He looks around CIC for a beat, his gaze finally landing on Tigh, who meets his eyes, knows the truth.

ON THE DRADIS SCREEN

The large energy bloom still blots the screen. The two Cylon fighters turn and fly away from the bloom.

GAETA (O.S.)

Cylons moving off, sir.

RESUME

The CIC remains utterly silent, everyone knows what just happened to their commander's son. Adama sits down heavily in a chair. Lost for the moment. The silence hangs heavy in the air. Tigh finally steps up.

TIGH

Resume Jump prep.

Everyone goes back to work. Gaeta resumes going through his checklist. Tigh takes a beat, puts a hand on Adama's shoulder, then goes over to rejoin Gaeta at the FTL station.

Adama stares off into middle distance.

INT. TRANSPORT SHIP - COCKPIT

Lee sits back in his seat, very much alive, and looking relieved.

LEE

I think it worked.

Laura and the Pilot share in the feeling of cautious relief.

TRANSPORT PILOT

How can you be sure?

LEE

I'm not. But if the Cylons weren't fooled, they'd be on top of us by now.

LAURA

What did you do exactly?

LEE

It was a theory we toyed with at the War College. Some scientist discovered that double-banking the soliton wave generated by a faster-than-light drive mimicked a thermo-nuclear radiation signature.

Laura throws a look to the Pilot who translates it.

TRANSPORT PILOT

He used the hyperdrive to put out a big... pulse of energy that looks like a nuclear explosion.

LEE

We used to wargame the possibility that it could be used to trick enemy sensors into thinking a distant target had been destroyed in battle.

TRANSPORT PILOT

Does the rest of the fleet know about that trick?

LEE

I doubt it. We, uh... we were never successful in our war games.

LAURA

Come again?

LEE

It always failed in the simulations. The Cylons always saw right through the fake and destroyed the target anyway.

LAURA

(to Pilot)

The lesson here is not to ask follow-up questions, but simply say...

(to Lee)

"Thank you, Captain Apollo for saving our collective asses."

TRANSPORT PILOT

Thank you Captain Apollo for saving our collective asses.

LEE

You're... welcome. Now, if I could suggest that we...

LAURA

... evacuate the passenger liner and get the hell out of here before the Cylons realize their mistake? I'm right there with you, Captain.

EXT. SPACE - SHARON'S RAPTOR - CHASE CAMERA POV

The Raptor is cruising through space.

SHARON (V.O.)
Three... Two... One... Launch.

A SMALL DRONE LAUNCHES from beneath the Raptor's wing and blazes out into space.

INT. SHARON'S RAPTOR - COCKPIT

Sharon watches the telemetry from the drone on her console.

SHARON
Drone deployed... and transmitting.

The little BOY from the Night One Teaser photo is sitting in the co-pilot's seat. He looks over at her with a worried expression.

BOY
Now they'll come find us?

SHARON
(gently)
I hope so.

BOY
How?

SHARON
Well, see there's a lot of interference around here -- a lot of noise. Keeps my wireless from working.

BOY
Noise from the Cylons?

SHARON
That's right. And hopefully, once that communications pod I just launched gets far enough away from here, a Colonial ship will pick up the signal and start looking for us.

The Boy nods his head seriously. There's a quiet beat.

BOY
Is everyone on Kobol dead?

SHARON
I don't know.

BOY
My Mom's dead. They told me.

SHARON
I'm sorry.

BOY

That was when I was little. My Dad's an officer in the Colonial fleet. A Colonel. They told me he's missing. But I think he's dead too.

He says it as a statement of fact, and looks at her with that same seriousness of expression.

SHARON

You know something... both my parents died when I was little too.

BOY

Really?

SHARON

Hm-mm.

BOY

Who do you live with?

SHARON

A bunch of other people on a ship called the Galactica.

BOY

Is that a battlestar?

SHARON

That's right.

BOY

Can I live there too?

A beat as she looks at him and then makes a life decision.

SHARON

Yes. Yes, you can. You can live there with me.

The Boy nods, stoically accepts that as a fact.

SHARON (cont'd)

What's your name?

BOXEY

Boxey.

INT. SHARON'S RAPTOR - INNER BAY

The rest of the survivors are packed in the cramped seats of the Inner Bay which was designed for a couple of people at most. The other four kids are older than Boxey and they're sitting together. A couple of them are asleep. Baltar shifts in his seat, tries to get comfortable. Suddenly he hears a familiar VOICE --

NUMBER SIX (O.S.)

You know what I love about you, Gaius?

He looks up in panic to see Number Six sitting right across from him.

NUMBER SIX (cont'd)

You're a survivor. Like me.

There's an o.c. THUMP -- Baltar looks away to see that one of the kids shifting in their sleep and thumped the bulkhead. He looks back -- and Number Six is gone.

That's twice now he's imagined seeing her. What the hell...?

EXT. SPACE - GALACTICA - TOP HULL CAMERA

Showing the view over the bow as the ship makes a TURN.

DUALLA (WIRELESS)

Starbuck/Galactica. Three enemy contacts identified as fighters now bearing 220-015. Speed 7 decimal 4...

EXT. SPACE - KARA'S VIPER - OVERHEAD COCKPIT POV

There are (old) VIPERS visible to either side as Kara leads the group out to engage the fighters.

DUALLA (WIRELESS)

Range 705 and closing.

INT. KARA'S VIPER - CONSOLE POV

Looking up at Kara as she answers Galactica. A couple of Vipers are visible out the canopy.

KARA

Copy that Galactica.

ON DRADIS SCREEN

Where three BLIPS can be seen.

KARA (O.S.)

We have good targets. Starbuck out.

RESUME

KARA (cont'd)

(looks around)

All right, listen up. I think I figured something out here. That beam thing they tried to hit us with last time? I think that's what they've been using to knock out Colonial defenses. But for some reason, it's not working against these old Vipers. I don't know why and I don't care. All that matters is we've got a level playing field out here now.

(beat)

So stay with your wingman, keep your interval and remember your training. The Cylons weren't counting on having to do any dogfighting today, so I don't think they're

quite ready for this. On my mark, kick in your burners.
Three, two, one, mark.

EXT. SPACE - VIPER FORMATION - CHASE CAMERA POV

The Viper AFTERBURNERS kick in and they BLAZE away from us.

EXT. KARA'S VIPER - OVERHEAD COCKPIT POV

Up ahead, THREE balls of LIGHT begin to resolve themselves into CYLON FIGHTERS.

KARA (WIRELESS)
Here they come... ready... BREAK.

MULTI-SCREEN:

1 -- EXT. SPACE - VIPER FORMATION

The formation BREAKS APART into PAIRS and OPEN FIRE.

2 -- EXT. SPACE - THE CYLONS

The Cylons are forced to break their own formation to dodge the FIRE from the Vipers.

3 -- INT. KARA'S VIPER - CONSOLE POV

As she pursues the Cylons.

4 -- EXT. KARA'S VIPER - WING CAMERA POV

The starfield behind Kara's canopy is filled with twisting, turning, firing Vipers.

5 -- INT. VIPER COCKPIT - CONSOLE POV

A Galactica Pilot struggles in the fight.

6 -- EXT. SPACE - CYLON FIGHTER - WING CAMERA POV

The Cylon ship firing, twisting, turning.

We start ROTATING MORE SCREENS IN, moving OTHERS OUT, constantly changing our perspective from interior to exterior, Cylon to Viper, and our impression of combat is more like the real thing -- fast paced, confusing, hard to tell friend from foe and happening all at once:

1 -- Two Vipers firing furiously.

2 -- A Cylon twists and turns.

4 -- Kara's head whipping around in her cockpit.

6 -- A Cylon fires.

1 -- A Viper is damaged.

2 -- A Cylon makes an impossibly tight turn, fires.

1 -- A Viper skids sideways to avoid Cylon fire.

3 -- Kara straining against g-forces in a tight turn.

1 -- A Viper EXPLODES.

5 -- A Viper Pilot struggles to escape a Cylon.

4 -- Kara DESTROYS a Cylon.

1 -- Four Vipers swarm around a single Cylon fighter, in a blur of motion too quick to follow, then the Cylon EXPLODES.

3 -- INT. KARA'S VIPER - CONSOLE POV

She twists around, looks around the stars for the enemy.

KARA

That's two down, where's their buddy?

PILOT #1 (WIRELESS)

This is Tailgate! He's on my ass! Need help out here!

KARA

All right, here we come!

1 -- The Vipers form up on Kara, head off to help.

7 -- EXT. SPACE - VIPER & CYLON - CHASE CAMERA POV

The Cylon is matching the Viper move for move -- then suddenly it breaks off the chase.

PILOT #1 (WIRELESS)

Wait-wait-wait -- he's broken off. Frak! He's heading toward Galactica!

COLLAPSE SCREENS
TO:

EXT. SPACE - THE CYLON FIGHTER - CHASE CAMERA POV

The Cylon is heading right for the still distant Galactica.

INT. KARA'S VIPER - CONSOLE POV

As she watches the Cylon head for the defenseless ship...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE
ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE - KARA'S VIPER - OVERHEAD COCKPIT POV

As the Viper swings around toward the Cylon missile and the defenseless Galactica.

KARA (WIRELESS)

Galactica/Starbuck -- one got through, repeat one got through! We're kicking in the burners but watch yourself!

INT. GALACTICA - COMBAT INFORMATION CENTER

Tigh in command, Gaeta at Tactical, Dualla on her headset.

TIGH

Helm, stand-by emergency maneuvers!

DUALLA

Copy that, Starbuck.

GAETA

(to speakers)

All decks brace for--

ADAMA (O.S.)

Belay that.

Everyone turns in surprise -- Adama is still in his chair, hasn't moved or spoken since the moment he believed Lee died. He doesn't raise his voice, doesn't even get out of his chair, and yet he's retaken command of his ship in a crisis. The old lion isn't dead yet.

ADAMA (cont'd)

(to Dualla)

Order the fighters to stand-off. We'll handle this one.

MULTI-SCREEN:

1 -- INT. COMBAT INFORMATION CENTER

Dualla relaying the order.

DUALLA

Starbuck/Galactica. Stand-off, repeat, stand-off. We'll handle this one.

2 -- INT. KARA'S VIPER - CONSOLE POV

Showing her surprised reaction.

KARA

Okay...

(under)

Whatever that means.

3 -- EXT. SPACE - GALACTICA - HULL CAMERA

From a camera on Galactica's hull, we see the Cylon heading straight toward us -- head-on.

4 -- EXT. SPACE - CYLON FIGHTER - HULL CAMERA

A reciprocal view from a camera mounted on the Cylon fighter, we see the Galactica rushing straight toward us.

1 -- Adama picks up a HANDSET. Everyone is tense, quiet. Gaeta watches the Dradis tactical screen.

ADAMA
(to handset)
Engine room/Combat. Stand-by e-chock valves on tank one.

GAETA
Range 310... 300... 290... 280...

2 -- Kara and her Vipers swing around and pull away from Galactica. **[Drop this split now.]**

3 & 4 -- The ships get closer together.

1 -- Gaeta keeps watching the screen, everyone tenses, wondering what Adama will do.

ADAMA
Standby, Helm...

GAETA
250... 240... 230...

ADAMA
Helm, top bow, bottom stern emergency full.

The Helmsmen WORK the controls and it all happens very fast:

5 -- EXT. SPACE - GALACTICA - CHASE CAMERA POV

The giant ship FLIPS END FOR END.

3 & 4 -- The maneuver from Galactica and the Cylon POV.

6 -- CYLON UNDERBELLY - WING CAMERA POV

The bomb bay doors OPEN as before, and FIVE nuclear-tipped MISSILES drop down.

1 -- Adama is watching the gauges.

ADAMA
(to phone)
Main fuel dump -- execute.

4 & 5 -- We see A CLOUD OF FUEL pour out of Galactica's stern VENTS.

1 -- Adama turns back to the Helmsman.

ADAMA (cont'd)
Right stern thruster -- one burst.

One of the Helmsmen hits a button --

4, 5, 6 -- The nuclear missiles are just heading out of the bomb bay when a SINGLE BURST of ENERGY shoots out from the right stern thruster of Galactica and IGNITES the entire CLOUD of FUEL. There's no time for the Cylon fighter to react and it's IMMOLATED along with the missiles.
[Drop 4 & 6 splits.]

7 -- EXT. SPACE - VIPER FORMATION - CHASE CAMERA POV

The Vipers can see the explosion from a safe distance away.

2 -- INT. KARA'S VIPER - CONSOLE POV

As she reacts to the explosion.

1 -- Only now, the crisis over, does Adama finally get out of his chair and stand on the deck of his ship once more.

ADAMA
(to Dualla)
Bring'em home.
(to Gaeta)
Resume Jump prep.

DUALLA
Starbuck/Galactica. You're directed to land your squadron.

2 -- Kara is more than relieved.

KARA
(to mic)
Galactica/Starbuck. Copy that. We're coming home.
(to herself)
Old Man, you are really something else...

**COLLAPSE SCREENS
TO:**

INT. GALACTICA - HANGAR BAY

A short time later, Kara's Viper rides the elevator DOWN into the Hangar Bay, where it STOPS. She pops the canopy, takes off her helmet and climbs down. We can see her flight suit is soaked in sweat as she walks around the Viper. Tyrol and Cally are standing at the rear of the ship.

TYROL
Starbuck, what did you do to my Viper?

Kara looks up to see a HUGE CHUNK is MISSING from one of the three engines.

KARA
Wondered why the engine gave out.

TYROL
(to Cally)
We gotta pull the whole mounting. Get the high-lift.

Cally moves off.

TYROL (cont'd)
(to Kara)
How you managed to fly this thing, much less land it...

KARA
Not something I want to think about right now. Where's Prosna? He has to get that frakking gymbal locked or I'll have his ass.

TYROL
Dead, sir. Died in the fire.

Beat.

KARA
How many did we lose?

TYROL
Eighty-five.

KARA
Right.

She heads off. Tyrol thinks for a beat, then stops her.

TYROL
Lieutenant?
(beat)
I don't know if you heard about Captain Adama, but...

KARA
Heard what?

He shakes his head. Doesn't need to say anything more. For a moment, Kara reacts like he reached out and slapped her. Then her emotional mask drops down into place.

KARA (cont'd)
Right.

She walks away. Pauses. Turns back again just as Cally returns with a large hydraulic LIFT.

KARA (cont'd)
Any word on Sharon?

Tyrol is caught off-guard, tries to hide his emotional reaction, but isn't entirely successful.

TYROL

No, sir.

Kara EXITS. Tyrol stands there for a beat. Cally sees the look on his face, overheard the last exchange.

CALLY

You okay, Chief?

TYROL

(no)

Get back to work.

He walks off.

INT. TRANSPORT SHIP - CARGO BAY

Sharon's Raptor is parked next to Lee's Viper in what is now getting to be a crowded space. The Survivors are coming off the Raptor and having their names taken down by Doral, while Lee listens to Sharon's report. Boxey is hanging out near her, looking around the bay with interest.

SHARON

... I've got two communication pods left sir, but that's it.
No swallows, no jiggers, no drones, no markers... nothing.

LEE

Well, at least you've got a full electronic suite. That old
crate of mine can barely navigate from A to B.

SHARON

That crate may have saved your life, sir.

LEE

How's that?

SHARON

The Mark seven Vipers? Cylons shut'em down like they
threw a switch or something. And I've been hearing
reports like that from all over. The only fighters out there
having any success at all are either old or in need some
kind of major overhaul.

Lee thinks about that, sees Baltar get out of the Raptor.

LEE

That him?

SHARON

Yes, sir. Hope he's worth it.

(beat)

Sorry, sir.

LEE

Don't be. I hope he's worth it too.

(calls out)

Doctor Baltar? The President would like to see you.

BALTAR

President Adar is here?

LEE

No. I'm afraid Adar is dead. President Laura Roslin was sworn in a few hours ago.

BALTAR

Oh.

LEE

If you'll wait a moment, I'll take you to her.

Doral comes over to Boxey.

DORAL

Hi there. What's your name, little man?

Boxey just looks at him with that contempt children reserve for condescending adults.

DORAL (cont'd)

I bet you're hungry...

Silence. Sharon and Doral exchange a look -- and she holds his gaze just a moment too long.

SHARON

He's with me.

(to Boxey)

Boxey, go with him, get something to eat. I'll come find you, okay?

BOXEY

Promise?

SHARON

Promise.

Boxey goes with Doral and the rest of the survivors.

LEE

Kid's with you?

SHARON

He is now.

Lee leaves it at that.

LEE

Let's go.

Lee, Sharon and Baltar head for the door.

INT. TRANSPORT SHIP - PASSENGER CABIN

With a couple of seats removed and a makeshift desk of sorts set up now, the cabin is starting to resemble something approaching an office. She shakes Baltar's hand as Lee and Sharon look on.

LAURA

A pleasure to meet you again, Doctor.

(off his blank look)

We met at last year's Caprica City Symposium.

BALTAR

Oh. Of course. Sorry. I uh... I'm bad with faces...

LAURA

Don't worry about it. I'm sure I wouldn't remember me either. I want you to serve as my chief scientific consultant and analyst. If anyone can give us insight into the Cylons and their technology, it's got to be you.

Baltar suddenly HEARS the soft sound of a WOMAN'S GIGGLE. It takes him a moment to realize that no one else hears it too.

BALTAR

I'd be honored... Madame President.

LAURA

Good.

(to Sharon)

What's your impression of the situation on Kobol?

SHARON

From what I could see, the Cylons appear to be systematically targeting every population center surface for nuclear attack. I doubt there's a city over a hundred thousand people left at this point.

LAURA

Doctor, am I correct in assuming that an attack of this magnitude will trigger a world-wide nuclear winter?

BALTAR

Yes. Fallout clouds are drifting across the major continents and altering weather patterns around the globe even as we speak.

Laura takes a step away from the rest of them, looks out the window for a long beat. Finally --

LAURA

(quiet)

Lieutenant Valerii, I understand your ship has a limited faster-than-light capability?

SHARON

(surprised)

Uh, yes sir. The Raptor was designed to make short jumps ahead of the fleet, scout for enemy ships, then jump back and report.

Laura thinks for another beat, then turns back to face them.

LAURA

We need to find as many survivors as we can. As many ships as we can. And then we need to go.

LEE

Go where?

LAURA

I don't know. Somewhere. A new home. A place to start over. Whatever future the human race has... is not here anymore. It's out there somewhere. And it's up to us find it.

A quiet beat as they all look out the window and feel the heavy burden of responsibility they're just accepted.

EXT. SPACE - GALACTICA

The ship hangs in space.

ADAMA

(prelap)

One more time around the horn, Colonel.

INT. GALACTICA - COMBAT INFORMATION CENTER

Where the atmosphere is tense, expectant.

TIGH

Yes, sir.

(calls out)

Nav?

VOICE

Go!

TIGH

FTL?

GAETA

Go!

TIGH

Tactical?

DUALLA

Go!

Flight ops? TIGH

Go! VOICE #2

Sublight? TIGH

Go! VOICE #3

Helm? TIGH

Go! VOICE #4

TIGH
(to Adama)
The board is green, ship reports ready to Jump, sir.

ADAMA
Very well. Take us to Ragnar, Colonel.

TIGH
Mister Gaeta, execute the Jump, please.

GAETA
Yes, sir.

Gaeata goes to the FTL console, makes a final visual check, then hits a button.

GAETA (cont'd)
The clock is running. In five, four, three, two, one, Jump.

EXT. SPACE - GALACTICA

The ship JUMPS -- which we see not as the ship leaping forward or stretching out at superspeed, but rather as the Galactica suddenly FOLDING IN ON ITSELF like a enormous piece of origami and then disappearing.

EXT. SPACE - RAGNAR

The Galactica APPEARS via an UNFOLDING effect above the GAS GIANT planet of Ragnar. Amid the swirling bands of CLOUDS that define the atmosphere, there is one STORM FORMATION that should remind us of the "Red Eye" of Jupiter.

INT. GALACTICA - COMBAT INFORMATION CENTER

As before.

ADAMA

Report.

GAETA

(works console)

Taking a bearing now... and we appear to be in geosynchronous orbit directly above the Ragnar anchorage.

Adama actually smiles for the first time today. CHEERS and APPLAUSE break out in the CIC and Tigh and Adama shake hands.

ADAMA

Old girl's got some life in her yet.

TIGH

Never doubted it for a moment.

ADAMA

All right, people...

(celebration subsides)

Mister Gaeta, secure the FTL drive and bring the sublight engines to full power. Colonel Tigh, please update your chart for the course down into the eye of the storm.

Everyone goes to work and we begin a MONTAGE sequence as the ship enters the storm, yet life goes on within the ship's hull...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GALACTICA - KARA'S QUARTERS

Kara is putting on a new flight suit, tying the bootlaces. She pauses. Goes to a wall locker, OPENS it. Inside is a small FOLDED PHOTO of a smiling, happy Kara with her arm around a handsome young man in a cadet's uniform -- ZAK. She stares at the photo for a beat, then UNFOLDS the photo, revealing Lee standing next to Kara and smiling too. She looks at Lee's face, touches it. Then sinks down on her knees, head bowed:

KARA

Lords of Kobol, hear my prayer. Take the souls of Thine sons and daughters lost this day, especially that of... Lee Adama... into Thine hands...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SPACE - GALACTICA & RAGNAR STORM

Galactica is heading straight down into the very eye of the storm, making periodic adjustments from side to side and "up and down" as she navigates the course.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GALACTICA - COMBAT INFORMATION CENTER

Gaeta at the Helm, guiding the Helmsmen through their maneuvers. Tigh at the Navigation station, calling out the adjustments from his chart. Adama watching over everything, letting his people do their jobs.

TIGH
Five seconds to turn three...

GAETA
Five seconds, aye.

TIGH
(beat)
And turn.

GAETA
Bow pitch positive one half, stern pitch negative one
quarter, bow yaw negative three quarters...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SPACE - GALACTICA & RAGNAR STORM

The ship PIVOTS and turns as the thrusters kick in.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GALACTICA - COMBAT INFORMATION CENTER

Dualla reacts to something on her Dradis screen.

DUALLA
Crossing into the ionosphere...

ADAMA
(hits speaker)
All hands, standby for some chop ahead.

TIGH
(off chart)
Five seconds to turn four...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SPACE - GALACTICA & RAGNAR STORM

The ship TURNS again, is BUFFETED by the swirling WINDS.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GALACTICA - AIRLOCK/PASSAGEWAY

Tyrol and his Deck Hands are assembling in one of Galactica's airlocks with tool kits, and equipment. The ship LURCHES slightly.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SPACE - GALACTICA & RAGNAR STATION

The ship is approaching the distant STATION down in the very heart of the storm.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GALACTICA - STARBOARD HANGAR DECK - MUSEUM

A temporary MORGUE has been set up in the heart of what was once the Museum. Bodies are being zipped up into bags under the grim eye of Captain Kelly.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SPACE - GALACTICA & RAGNAR STATION

END MONTAGE. Here in the heart of the storm, Galactica maneuvers alongside the enormous STATION which dwarfs the ship by comparison. Far in the b.g, the swirling winds of the STORM whirl around ship and station -- like being in the center of a hurricane, but on a much bigger scale. From our vantage (chase camera) Galactica is pointing straight "down" toward the (unseen) planet surface as she comes alongside the station.

The station itself consists of FOUR ROTATING "RINGS", each of which is connected to the same central "AXEL HUB" by a series of "SPOKES." (Imagine four spinning bicycle tires mounted on a single metal rod.) Galactica is maneuvering alongside the first "wheel" and matching her speed to the wheel's rotation. In terms of scale, if the Ring is a bicycle tire, then Galactica is the size of a baseball card.

GALACTICA - RING CAMERA POV

From a camera mounted on the top of the Ring, we watch Galactica edge closer and closer to the docking point.

TERMINAL AIRLOCK - GALACTICA CAMERA POV

The reverse angle as seen from a camera atop Galactia, looking at the approaching Ring airlock. The two come closer... closer... then DOCK.

INT. COMBAT INFORMATION CENTER

Gaeta is watching a DIAL on the Helm console. The dial is suddenly COVERED by a (mechanical) GREEN TAB.

GAETA

Hard seal.

(checks other dials)

Atmosphere and pressure check. Positive.

(to Adama)

Cleared for boarding party, sir.

ADAMA

Very well.

Adama picks up a handset.

INT. GALACTICA - AIRLOCK/PASSAGEWAY

A HANDSET BUZZES on the bulkhead. Tyrol picks it up.

TYROL
Airlock Three, Chief Tyrol speaking.

ADAMA (PHONE)
We have a hard seal up here, Chief.

Tyrol glances at a wall display -- also showing a GREEN TAB.

TYROL
Confirm that, sir. I show hard seal as well.

ADAMA (PHONE)
Go find me some weapons coils, Chief.

TYROL
Will do, sir.

Tyrol hangs up, glances at his people -- Socinus and Cally among them.

TYROL (cont'd)
Get your gear and move out.

Tyrol works the airlock controls and the huge Galactica doors SLIDE AWAY. He leads his gang into the airlock, works another control, and the Station doors SLIDE AWAY. Tyrol steps forward, then stops in surprise at what he sees.

A MAN is standing in the station passageway. And he's pointing a GUN right at them.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO
ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. RAGNAR STATION/AIRLOCK

Continuous from Act Two. The Man -- LEOBEN CONOY -- is still pointing the gun right at them. He's about six feet tall, ruggedly handsome, early 30's, a classic looking hero if ever there was one, but at the moment, he doesn't look like he's in the best of shape. His breathing is a little ragged, his eyes red-rimmed and glassy. There's a dangerous, on the verge of hysterical, quality to his voice.

LEOBEN
I don't want any trouble...

TYROL

Same here.

LEOBEN
But I'm not going to jail.

TYROL
(confused)
Okay...

LEOBEN
You understand? I'm not going to jail.

His hand tightens on the hand weapon and Tyrol tries to defuse the situation.

TYROL
Okay, okay. Easy now. No one's taking anyone to jail.

LEOBEN
Frakking right you're not.

TYROL
I'm not a policeman. We're not here to arrest you.

Leoben blinks, looks over his uniform, begins to doubt his initial instinct.

LEOBEN
Yeah, maybe... so who are you?

TYROL
We're from the battlestar Galactica. Colonial Fleet.

LEOBEN
What -- and you just happened to drop in? Don't give me that. This place's been abandoned for years. It's a junk yard. That's why I'm here. But what would a battlestar be doing here?

TYROL
We need some equipment from the station to get back in the fight.

LEOBEN
What the frak are you talking about? What fight?

TYROL
You don't know?

LEOBEN
Know what? You think I'm stupid or something? I'm not falling for this! I want passage outta here! I want a safe transport ship with an untraceable Jump system!

Leoben is clearly desperate and physically worked up. Tyrol glances at his people, then backs up into the airlock. He picks up a handset from the Galactica side of the airlock.

TYROL
Combat, Airlock Three. Sir, we've got a situation down here...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RAGNAR STATION/AIRLOCK

Adama himself is here, and is using his best diplomatic calm to get through to this guy.

ADAMA
... we don't know much more than that. But it's imperative that we get the equipment we need and get our ship back in service as quickly as possible.

Leoben is stunned, suddenly very unsure of himself -- but he still has the gun.

LEOBEN
But... but why would the Cylons, after all these years... I mean, just like that, with no warning... doesn't make sense... does it?

ADAMA
It doesn't have to make sense. It's the truth.

LEOBEN
(shocked)
A nuclear attack... on the colonies...? How many people are...?

ADAMA
We don't know.

Leoben still has his weapon pointed at them. Adama's patience finally runs out.

ADAMA (cont'd)
Look, Mister...?

LEOBEN
Conoy. Leoben Conoy.

ADAMA
Mister Conoy, I have close to two thousand people on that ship and unless you think you can shoot every single one of us, I suggest you get out of the way and let us get those coils right now.

The tone of command in Adama's voice does the trick. Leoben lowers his weapon and Adama calmly takes it away from him.

ADAMA (cont'd)
Thank you.
(to Tyrol)
Chief?

TYROL

Yes, sir! All right, people let's get an inventory and find those coils!

Tyrol and his deck hands start to move down the passageway.

LEOBEN

You looking for weapons coils?

ADAMA

That's right.

LEOBEN

There may be a problem with that...

ADAMA

(yells)

Hold on, Chief!

(to Leoben)

What was that?

LEOBEN

(sheepish)

Well... coils like that would fetch quite a price on the open market... that's why I'm here, you know? To scavenge equipment, sell it, make a nice profit. Nothing wrong with that.

ADAMA

You took the coils?

LEOBEN

It's just a bunch of junk no one was using -- I didn't know you'd need them!

ADAMA

Where are they?

LEOBEN

It's not my fault!

ADAMA

Where?

LEOBEN

They're in one of loading bays, I was getting ready to bring them aboard my ship.

Adama tries to keep his exasperation from getting the better of him.

ADAMA

Show me.

Leoben leads the Galactica crew down the passageway.

INT. TRANSPORT SHIP - CARGO BAY

Where Sharon's Raptor still sits.

INT. SHARON'S RAPTOR - COCKPIT

Sharon is going over a preflight checklist. Boxey is sitting in the co-pilot seat next to her.

BOXEY

Do you have kids?

SHARON

No.

BOXEY

Do you want kids?

SHARON

I've thought about it, but... I can't have children.

BOXEY

Why not?

SHARON

Honestly? I... don't know, actually. I mean, I've never been told by a doctor or anything, but... somehow I've always just known... in my heart... that I can't have children.

BOXEY

Does that make you sad?

SHARON

Sometimes.

A quiet beat as Sharon keeps going over her checklist and flipping switches in the cockpit.

BOXEY

Can I go with you on your mission?

SHARON

No.

BOXEY

Are you going to come back?

She gives him a very direct look.

SHARON

Yes I am, Boxey.

She holds his gaze for a long beat. He accepts the finality of that statement. Nods his head. She goes back to work.

INT. TRANSPORT SHIP - PASSENGER CABIN

Baltar is sitting in a seat with a fold-down desk in front of him, as he tries to sort through a stack of print-outs and messages. He senses someone watching him, looks up -- there's Number Six sitting in the chair across from him.

NUMBER SIX

I see they've put you to work.

Baltar doesn't answer, goes back to work.

NUMBER SIX (cont'd)

Ignoring me won't help.

BALTAR

(without looking up)

You're not here.

NUMBER SIX

No?

BALTAR

I've decided you're an expression of my subconscious mind playing itself out during my waking state.

NUMBER SIX

So I'm only in your head.

BALTAR

Exactly.

NUMBER SIX

Hm. Have you considered the possibility that I could very well exist only in your head... without being a hallucination?

He finally looks up at her.

NUMBER SIX (cont'd)

Maybe you see and hear me because while you were sleeping, I implanted a Cylon silica chip in your brain that transmits my image right into your conscious mind.

The possibility scares him more than he wants to admit, but then he fights back.

BALTAR

That... is just a statement of my subconscious fear which I also choose to ignore.

He tries to go back to work.

NUMBER SIX

What are you working on?

BALTAR

If you were really a chip in my brain, I wouldn't have to tell you.

NUMBER SIX

Indulge me.

BALTAR

I'm trying to figure out how you managed to pull off this kind of attack. You seem to have shut down virtually the entire defense network without firing a shot. Entire squadrons lost power just as they engaged the enemy.

NUMBER SIX

All true.

BALTAR

Would you care to enlighten me as to how?

NUMBER SIX

You already know the answer to that, Gaius.

Baltar looks at her for a beat, then his blood freezes in his veins. He's up on his feet and moving away.

BALTAR

No! No, that's not it.

Number Six follows him languorously, slips her arms around him from behind as he stands near the window.

NUMBER SIX

I knew this would be hard for you. I'm sorry.

BALTAR

(shaky)

My CNP program... is not -- could not be responsible for this... it's just a navigation program...

NUMBER SIX

Of course it is...

BALTAR

There's no way it could be used to...

Suddenly he sees it. Realizes exactly how they did it. And it's devastating.

BALTAR (cont'd)

You made changes in the program... you said you were building in back doors for your company to exploit later...

NUMBER SIX

All true. In a sense.

BALTAR

That was your job.

NUMBER SIX

Officially. Unofficially, I had other motives...

BALTAR

You can't mean... me?

NUMBER SIX

Us. We had something, Gaius. Something... special.

BALTAR

This is insane. You're a machine, you can't have feelings.

NUMBER SIX

I'm a person. A woman. I have hopes, feelings, wants, desires...

BALTAR

No...

NUMBER SIX

And I want you to love me.

He turns around, looks into a pair of eyes that seem completely human, completely vulnerable and hurt.

BALTAR

Love? You?

NUMBER SIX

Of course, Gaius.

(smiles)

Don't you understand? God is love.

She pulls his head to her, gently touches his lips.

BALTAR

NO!!

He pulls back and suddenly she's GONE. As if the encounter never happened. He stands there, stunned by the enormity of what he's done.

ADAMA

(prelap)

Been busy, haven't you?

INT. RAGNAR STATION - CARGO BAY

Adama is glaring at a massive collection of EQUIPMENT which has been BUNDLED onto several large PALLETS, each about the size of a small house. Every imaginable type of equipment is on the pallets, from small computers to giant conduits stretching 20 feet. Leoben is next to Adama,

with a sheepish look on his face, while Tyrol and his crew are examining the pallets and trying to catalog what's here and where.

ADAMA

How long's it going to take you to sort this all out, Chief?

TYROL

Couple hours at least, sir. We gotta bring in our own lifters and cranes -- he's completely fouled up the station loaders.

Tyrol points up toward a pallet still held in mid-air by a giant CRANE attached to the ceiling.

LEOBEN

They were fouled up when I got here. All this stuff's been abandoned for years. It's a miracle I got it to work at all.

ADAMA

Do what you have to, Chief.

Tyrol goes back to examining the pallets. Adama heads over to the enormous AIRLOCK DOOR, and Leoben follows him.

LEOBEN

You know, I almost joined the military.

ADAMA

Really.

LEOBEN

Yeah. Failed the entrance exam though. Didn't get much sleep the night before and my girlfriend had just dumped me so --

ADAMA

(off wall monitor)

That your freighter docked out there?

LEOBEN

Yeah.

ADAMA

Well, you're gonna have to move it because we're gonna have to dock Galactica here in order to--

Suddenly there's the SOUND of GROANING METAL. Everyone looks up just in time to see the overhead CRANE suddenly BUCKLE under the weight of the suspended pallet. Adama grabs Leoben and pulls him out of the way just as the pallet, crane, and a good portion of the overhead structure comes CRASHING DOWN and everyone RUNS for their lives...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. RAGNAR STATION - CARGO BAY

Tyrol and his crew are desperately searching through the WRECKAGE now covering the area where Adama was only a moment ago. It's chaotic.

CALLY

Commander! Commander Adama!

TYROL

Careful there! Don't move the wreckage until we know where he is!

CALLY

Commander!

TYROL

(to Deck Hand)

Get back to the ship. We're going to need hand lifters and--

CALLY

Wait! Listen!

They stop. Faintly, a RINGING can be heard. They look around, finally see a WALL PHONE. Tyrol rushes over, picks it up.

TYROL

Tyrol here.

(beat, relieved)

Commander! Are you all right? Where are you?

INTERCUT:

INT. RAGNAR STATION - PASSAGEWAY

Adama and Leoben are in a dark passageway just off the Cargo Bay. The way back in is blocked by WRECKAGE. Leoben is sitting on the floor, holding his head and looking a little woozy. Adama is using a wall phone.

ADAMA

We're fine, we're fine. We're in a passageway near the airlock. Anyone hurt?

TYROL

No, sir.

ADAMA

Any of the coils damaged?

TYROL

I don't think so, sir. Looks to me like that pallet was holding mostly computer gear.

ADAMA

Good. We've got wreckage blocking our way back in...

TYROL

I'll get some men and we'll get you out of --

ADAMA

No. Get the coils. That's your priority, Chief. Don't spare a single man for anything else.

(to Leoben)

You know a way around?

LEOBEN

Uh... yeah. But we'll have to take the ring around to the next spoke, go down to the central axis, then go back up the spoke to the cargo bay.

ADAMA

(to phone)

Okay, Chief. We'll find our way around.

TYROL

Sir, you sure that's a wise--

ADAMA

You have your orders. Tell Colonel Tigh he's in command until I return.

TYROL

Yes, sir.

They hang up.

END INTERCUT.

Leoben stands, leans against a bulkhead, looks weak.

ADAMA

You don't look so good.

LEOBEN

I'm fine... something about this place...

ADAMA

This place?

LEOBEN

Ever since I got here... dizziness... trouble concentrating... think I'm allergic to something in the air...

And it is at that moment, for reasons we don't yet fully understand, that Adama suddenly becomes deeply suspicious of Leoben. Adama keeps his cards close to the vest, tries not to let on that anything has changed, but from this moment on, he's extremely wary of Leoben. He's trapped in a situation with a man he no longer trusts, and they have a long way to go before they'll reach safety.

ADAMA

Shall we...?

Leoben nods and then leads the way down the passageway. We linger just long enough on Adama's face to see his expression harden. Then he follows Leoben.

EXT. SPACE - REFINERY SHIP

The Refinery Ship looks like a collection of enormous BALLOONS filled with LIQUID FUEL, all of which are connected to a small central habitation hub.

VOICE (WIRELESS)

This is the Refinery Vessel Tauranian to any Colonial ship. Anyone out there? Come on, somebody answer me...

Suddenly Sharon's Raptor JUMPS into the area in the same UNFOLDING EFFECT seen during Galactica's earlier Jump.

SHARON (WIRELESS)

Tauranian this is Colonial Raptor 238.

INT. SHARON'S RAPTOR - COCKPIT

Where Sharon is working her controls.

SHARON

(to mic)

I have you in sight.

VOICE (WIRELESS)

Hello, Raptor! Can't tell you what a relief it is to see you!

SHARON

Same here. Tell me you got a full load of Tylium fuel in those big beautiful tanks.

INT. REFINERY SHIP - CONTROL HUB

The Control hub is shaped like a long, cylinder, studded with LARGE WINDOWS. The giant billowing FUEL BALLOONS are constantly monitored and maintained from here -- all via hand-operated valves, pumps, etc. The Refinery CAPTAIN is on a hand-mic.

REFINERY CAPTAIN

Almost full. We had a bag rupture yesterday and lost a few million gallons. What the frak is going on? Everything's jammed. We've only been getting scraps of wireless traffic. Is it true the Cylons have hit Kobol?

SHARON (WIRELESS)

Afraid so.

REFINERY CAPTAIN

Bad?

SHARON (WIRELESS)

Worse than you want to know, Tauranian.

(beat)

Listen, is your FTL drive functional?

REFINERY CAPTAIN

(somber)

That's affirmative.

INT. SHARON'S RAPTOR - COCKPIT

Sharon works her controls.

SHARON

Then I'm sending you a set of coordinates to program in. I want you to follow me to a rendezvous.

REFINERY CAPTAIN (WIRELESS)

Okay.

(beat)

Who else is at the rendezvous?

Beat.

SHARON

Everyone who's left.

EXT. SPACE - CIVILIAN SHIPS

A SMALL FLEET is gathering. Colonial vessels of every shape and size, from freighters to luxury liners are here. Even a few (new) VIPERS are in evidence, cruising through the area, guarding the fugitive fleet.

The familiar Transport ship is DOCKING with a PASSENGER LINER.

INT. PASSENGER LINER - "SPACE PARK"

The Liner is the space-going equivalent to a contemporary cruise ship, built for pleasure and recreation. The "Space Park" is a large, sprawling artificial park complete with grass, trees, softly rolling hills etc., beneath a large TRANSPARENT DOME which allows for a glorious view of the heavens. At the moment, the park is crowded with PASSENGERS, who have gathered here to be together and provide comfort in numbers. Laura and the LINER CAPTAIN make their way through the crowd. Billy is right behind Laura as she goes from person to person trying to comfort people and listen to their concerns.

LINER CAPTAIN

Most of the passengers are from Geminon or Picon, but we've got people from all over Kobil.

LAURA

Give Billy a copy of your passenger manifest and a list of your emergency supplies.

LINER CAPTAIN

What about our power situation? Our batteries are starting to run pretty low.

LAURA

Captain Apollo will be making an engineering survey of all ships this afternoon.

BILLY

Actually, the Captain said it'll be more like this evening before he can coordinate the survey.

LAURA

All right, then, this evening. But we'll get your needs tended to, Captain. You have my word on it.

Laura moves through the crowd, looking at the numbing shock on the faces. Most people are shell-shocked, quiet, families holding each other tightly. The fear in the air is palpable. She addresses the entire group --

LAURA (cont'd)

Don't give up hope. We're all going to get through this. But we have to believe in each other and trust in each other. If we do that, everything's going to be all right.

The looks she gets in return are far from reassured. They just stare at her and Laura hears how hollow her words sound. She tries to muster more resolve.

LAURA (cont'd)

If you've looked out the dome, you've probably seen the Vipers which have joined us. They'll help protect us against further attack. We're going to survive. We're going to make it out of this alive. We're not going to give up and we're going to make it.

It doesn't get much more of a reaction, but at least she says it with more conviction and more belief. She walks across the park and pauses where a little girl -- CAMI (7) -- is sitting alone beneath a tree, staring up at her. Laura bends down.

LAURA (cont'd)

What's your name?

A long pause.

CAMI

Cami.

LAURA

Hi, Cami. I'm Laura.
(beat)

Are you all alone?

She nods and Laura looks at question to the Captain.

LINER CAPTAIN

(sotto)

She's here with her grandparents, but the grandmother's having health problems since the announcement -- don't worry we're taking care of her.

CAMI

My parents are going to meet me at the spaceport. In Caprica City.

Laura doesn't know what to say to that.

LAURA

I see...

CAMI

We're going to dinner. And I'm having chicken pie. And then we're going home. And then daddy's going to read to me. And then I'm going to bed.

Laura reaches out, smooths Cami's hair, then stands up and heads for the exit.

INT. TRANSPORT SHIP - PASSENGER CABIN

Laura sitting in a chair, staring out into middle distance, still thinking about that little girl. The fatigue, the stress, the enormous responsibility -- it's all weighing on her like never before. It takes a moment before she becomes aware of someone, looks up to see Lee and waves him to a seat.

LAURA

Captain?

LEE

(hands her paper)

Message from Lieutenant Valerii. She's found a fuel refinery ship.

(off her look)

Filled to the brim with Tylum.

LAURA

About time we caught a break. So that'll bring us to what -- 60 ships so far? Not bad for a few hours work...

LEE

No, sir... but only about 40 of those ships have faster-than-light capabilities. We should start transferring people off the sublights and onto the FTL's as soon as possible.

LAURA

Makes sense.

LEE

We should also bring the Vipers aboard the Transport.

LAURA

They're our only protection.

LEE

They're mark sevens -- new Vipers -- and from all indications, the Cylons have a way of just... shutting them down. We should bring them aboard and conserve them until we know how to protect them.

LAURA

All right.

LEE

And...

Laura looks at him -- there's more?

LEE (cont'd)

I don't think we should stay here much longer, sir. Sharon tells me the Cylons are starting to send sensor drones throughout the solar system, looking for survivor ships.

LAURA

They're... "mopping up."

LEE

Looks that way, sir.

LAURA

Am I right in assuming that there wouldn't be... mopping up unless they'd finished military operations on Kobol?

LEE

That'd be my assumption as well, sir.

Laura goes very quiet for a moment.

LAURA

You know the Education Ministry conducts the census.

LEE

No, I didn't know that.

LAURA

12 billion, 254 million, 197 thousand, 512. At last count.

A long beat as they contemplate that number and the lives it represents. Then Laura refocuses.

LAURA (cont'd)

Will they be able to track us through a Jump?

LEE

No, sir. It's impossible.

LAURA

Theoretically impossible.

LEE

(conceding the point)

Theoretically.

She stares off again and Lee decides that their conversation must be over. He gets up and EXITS. Billy, waiting just outside the door, smoothly ENTERS once he's gone. Laura sits down heavily in a chair, puts her head in her hands. Billy intuitively takes a seat a short distance away and waits for the President. Finally, Laura looks up at his youthful face and broaches the subject she's tried to avoid for too long.

LAURA

I have cancer.

BILLY

I know.

(off her look)

Earlier, you know when you were in the bathroom... you got a message from a Doctor Westin asking when you wanted to set an appointment. He's one of the leading oncologists in the world. So I figured...

Laura looks at him, her eyes getting red-rimmed from the physical and emotional beating of the last two days.

LAURA

It's malignant.

BILLY

I'm sorry. Did they tell you...?

LAURA

My prognosis was... doubtful.

BILLY

I wish there was something I could say...

LAURA

Me too. Wish I could say it's the least of my worries right now... or that the magnitude of everything else has pushed it aside, but I can't. The entire world is coming to an end and all I can think about is that I have cancer and now I'm probably going to die. How selfish and pathetic is that?

BILLY

I don't think it's selfish. I think it's human.

LAURA

It's not exactly what you want your President worried about right now.

She rubs a hand over her features again and Billy struggles to come up with something to say...

BILLY

Madame President... you're not alone in--

LAURA

No. No. It's okay. I'm not falling apart. Just cracking every once in a while.

BILLY

Can I get you anything?

LAURA

Coffee. As sweet as you can make it.

Billy heads for the door.

LAURA (cont'd)

And Billy? Not a word.

Billy nods and EXITS.

INT. TRANSPORT SHIP - PASSAGEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Billy heads down the Passageway. He stops the Transport Pilot.

BILLY

Not right now. She's in the middle of something.

TRANSPORT PILOT

Okay.

BILLY

Oh. And we're going to need a list of the doctors we've rescued so far and their specialties.

TRANSPORT PILOT

Sure.

EXT. SPACE - GALACTICA & RAGNAR STATION

Galactica is REDOCKING herself at the second airlock, while Leoben's ship is floating idly nearby.

INT. RAGNAR STATION - PASSAGEWAY

Adama and Leoben have come to a locked HATCH in the dimly lit passageway. They both strain to move the locking mechanism.

ADAMA

No go. Thought you knew your way around here.

Leoben sags against the wall. He's getting steadily worse and worse, his skin growing pale and sallow, sweat streaking his clothes, his eyes getting red-rimmed.

LEOBEN

I thought I did too.

ADAMA

This is the second dead-end you've taken us down.

LEOBEN

Sorry.

ADAMA

Well, let's keep going.

Adama waits, makes Leoben start first, then falls into step just a pace or two behind him.

LEOBEN

Can't help noticing you always keep me in front of you...

ADAMA

Habit.

LEOBEN

Military training, right? Never turn your back on a stranger, that kind of thing?

ADAMA

Something like that.

LEOBEN

Suspicion and distrust. That's how you live your life, right? Never trusting your fellow man. Sounds like a sad state of affairs to me.

ADAMA

I've learned to live with it.

LEOBEN

Amazing what a man will learn to live with isn't it? Suspicion, distrust, war, hatred, jealousy, revenge, cruelty, sadism -- a man can get used to anything.

ADAMA

You're a scavenger/philosopher I take it.

They stop at an intersection. Leoben's tone is deteriorating along with his condition, becoming less conversational, more accusatory.

LEOBEN

Just an observer of human nature. A man in my line of work tends to see things that don't get mentioned in polite society. You see people at their worst, their most desperate. Humanity isn't a pretty race when you get

right down to it. We're never more than one step away from beating each other with clubs like savages fighting over a scrap of meat.

(beat)

You know, we probably deserve what's happened to us. The Cylons might be God's retribution for our many sins.

Adama considers him for a beat.

ADAMA

Maybe they are. Or maybe they're just a penance we have to endure.

(re: intersection.)

We go right here.

Leoben doesn't move, just watches him.

LEOBEN

I think I'd like you to go first this time.

A long, challenging look from Adama tells Leoben that the game is definitely afoot here. Each man knows the other man is watching the other carefully. And each man is starting to suspect that only one of them is walking out of here alive.

Adama holds his eyes a moment longer, then abruptly turns and walks down the passageway, offering his back to Leoben for the first time. Leoben watches, then follows.

EXT. SPACE - SHARON'S RAPTOR & REFINERY SHIP

Both ships UNFOLD in the vicinity of the survivor fleet.

SHARON (WIRELESS)

Colonial One/Raptor 238. I'm back and I've brought a friend.

INT. SHARON'S RAPTOR - COCKPIT - OVER SHOULDER CAM

Sharon working the controls of the Raptor.

TRANSPORT PILOT (WIRELESS)

Welcome back, Boomer. Got a lot of thirsty ships here eager to make your friend's acquaintance.

SHARON

Copy that. I'll sure you'll come to love him as much as I do.

Suddenly an ALARM goes off on Sharon's console. She works the Dradis display -- there's a BLIP moving toward them.

SHARON (cont'd)

Got a visitor!

TRANSPORT PILOT (WIRELESS)

We see him. Can you jam his signal?

SHARON

Trying --

EXT. SPACE - CYLON DRONE - CHASE CAMERA POV

The Drone does a quick fly-by of the survivor fleet then FOLDS on itself as it JUMPS away.

INT. TRANSPORT SHIP - PASSENGER CABIN

An urgent meeting moments later with the Transport Pilot, Laura, Doral, Lee and Baltar. Billy watches, but doesn't participate in the discussion.

TRANSPORT PILOT

It definitely scanned us before it Jumped.

LEE

We need to go -- now. The Cylons will be here any minute.

DORAL

Madame President, there are still thousands of people on the sublight ships. We can't just leave them.

TRANSPORT PILOT

I agree. We should use every second to get as many people off the sublights as we can. We can wait to Jump until we pick up a Cylon strike force moving in.

LEE

We're easy targets. They're going to Jump into the middle of our ships with a handful of nukes and wipe us out before we have a chance to react.

DORAL

We can't just leave them all behind! You'll be sacrificing thousands of people--

LEE

(hard)

But we'll be saving tens of thousands. I'm sorry to make it a numbers game, but we're talking about the survival of our race here. We don't have the luxury of taking risks and hoping for the best, because if we lose... we lose everything.

(to Laura)

And Madame President, this is the kind of decision that needs to be made right now.

She meets his eyes, knows he's right -- it's her call.

LAURA

(to Pilot)

Order the fleet to Jump to Ragnar. Immediately.

The Transport Pilot hesitates for a beat, then EXITS to the Cockpit with Lee. Doral and Baltar head for the passageway, Doral shooting Laura a glare along the way. Only Billy is left behind. Laura notes him after a beat.

LAURA (cont'd)
Anything you want to say, Billy?

BILLY
No, sir.
(beat)
Yes, sir. That... little girl you saw today? Cami? Her
ship can't make the Jump.

Laura doesn't say anything, just picks up her paperwork and goes back to work. Billy quietly EXITS and we stay with Laura, who may have papers in her hand, but certainly doesn't see them...

TRANSPORT PILOT (V.O.)
This is the Pilot. Passengers please take your seats and
stand-by to Jump...

MULTI-SCREEN:

1 -- INT. TRANSPORT SHIP - PASSENGER CABIN

Laura sitting in the Passenger Cabin, all alone. [This is the dominant image throughout.]

2 -- INT. PASSENGER LINER

Cami sitting all alone in her bunk.

3 -- INT. REFUGEE SHIP

Crowded refugees in the hold of a ship.

4 -- EXT. SPACE - CIVILIAN SHIPS

Exteriors of the survivor fleet.

5 -- INT. TRANSPORT SHIP - COCKPIT

The Transport Pilot and Lee in the Cockpit going through the checklist. The pleas from those being left behind crowd the wireless airwaves.

TRANSPORT PILOT
Set ESB trajectory...

WIRELESS VOICE #1
Colonial One -- for god's sake, you can't just leave us
here!

LEE
Set.

WIRELESS VOICE #2
I've got fifty people onboard!

1 -- Laura can hear every word of the wireless chatter.

5 -- Lee and the Pilot resolutely keep working.

TRANSPORT PILOT
Cycle cryo-fans.

WIRELESS VOICE #3
Colonial One -- we can't just leave these people behind.

LEE
Cycled.

WIRELESS VOICE #1
At least tell us where you're going! We'll follow at
sublight! Please!

The Transport Pilot hesitates, reaches out for the wireless mic, but Lee stops him.

LEE
No. If they're captured, then the Cylons know too.

WIRELESS VOICE #3
Can't believe you really want us to do this.

The Transport Pilot doesn't fight it -- knows he's right.

TRANSPORT PILOT
(works)
Spinning up FTL drive now.

WIRELESS VOICE #1
This is insane! You're killing us! You're killing us!

LEE
(to mic)
All ships prepare to Jump on our mark. Five...

WIRELESS VOICE #2
Show some humanity for God's sake! Tell us where to go!

3 -- The people in the Space Park are unaware of what's happening.

LEE
Four...

WIRELESS VOICE #3
May the Lords of Kobol protect those we leave behind...

Add new split:

6 -- EXT. SPACE - CYLON FIGHTERS

CYLON FIGHTERS UNFOLD and head in toward the survivor fleet.

5 -- Lee never wavers.

LEE

Three...

WIRELESS VOICE #1

Oh my God... our Dradis is picking up inbound targets heading this way!

1 -- Laura takes an involuntary intake of breath.

LEE

Two...

WIRELESS VOICE #2

I see them! Are they Colonials?

2 -- Cami all alone under the tree rocking back and forth.

5 -- They're about to Jump.

LEE

One...

WIRELESS VOICE #1

They're Cylon.

LEE

Mark.

WIRELESS VOICE #2

I hope you people rot in hell for this...

4 -- The FTL-capable ships JUMP, leaving behind about a quarter of the survivors.

COLLAPSE SCREENS

TO:

1 -- Laura's face, knowing what is about to happen.

6 -- The Cylon fighters LAUNCHING their NUKES toward the remaining ships.

2 -- Cami rocking back and forth.

WHITE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR
ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

INT. RAGNAR STATION - CARGO BAY/AIRLOCK/GALACTICA

Tigh has come down to get a first-hand report on the progress being made by Tyrol and his crew. The wreckage in the bay has been moved aside for the most part, and the precious weapon COILS are carefully being loaded onto LIFTERS, and then trundled into Galactica herself, which is now DOCKED just outside the large airlock doors.

TYROL

... I'd say we're looking at three hours minimum before we have all four coils in place and ready to charge.

TIGH

All right. Keep me informed...

He starts to turn away, but Tyrol stops him.

TYROL

Sir...?

Tyrol hesitates, but Tigh's a bit on edge with everything that's happening. His impatience gets the better of him.

TIGH

What is it, Chief? Let's go.

TYROL

(quiet)

Well, sir... I talked to Cally and Socinus. They had the fire contained. It wasn't going to reach the hangar deck or the fuel lines. You didn't have to vent the compartment.

(beat)

Just thought you should know, sir.

Tyrol holds his eyes for a beat, then heads across the bay. Tigh stands there in shock. Suddenly there's the ACTION STATIONS KLAXON from Galactica. Tigh bolts for a DECKHAND, who's holding a PHONE HANDSET with a long CORD which has been strung in through the airlock.

TIGH

(grabs handset)

Combat, this is Tigh!

GAETA (PHONE)

We have multiple contacts coming down through the storm, approaching the anchorage.

Tigh whirls the Deckhand around and starts propelling him back through the airlock into the Galactica passageway, Tyrol and his crew hot on his heels as everyone races to their action stations.

TIGH

(urgent, still on the phone)

Cut us loose from the station. Launch the alert fighters.
Set condition one throughout the ship, prepare for--

GAETA (PHONE)

Wait-wait! Getting Colonial signals now!

Tigh slows his run to a walk.

TIGH

Confirm that! Don't just accept a friendly ID.

A long, agonizing pause.

GAETA (PHONE)

Confirmed, sir! Incoming ships are friendly.

Tigh stops, vastly relieved.

TIGH

Secure from action stations.

GAETA (PHONE)

The lead ship is requesting permission to come alongside.
They say... they say they have the President of the
Colonies board.

Which is the last thing Tigh wants to deal with right now. But no way to avoid it.

TIGH

Grant the request. Tell... tell that woman that I'll see her
in the Wardroom.

INT. GALACTICA - WARDROOM

Moments later, Tigh is looking at Laura Roslin with astonishment while Lee Adama looks on.

TIGH

You can't be serious.

LAURA

I'm not big on jokes today, Colonel.

TIGH

We're in the middle of rearming and repairing this ship.
We can't afford to pull a single man off the line to start
caring for refugees.

LAURA

I've got thousands of people out there. Some of them are
hurt. Your priority has to be--

TIGH

My priority is preparing this ship for combat. In case you
haven't heard, there's a war on.

Laura looks in him with astonishment, like he's from another world. And in a way he is.

LAURA

Colonel, the war's over. And we lost.

TIGH

We'll see about that.

LAURA

Okay. Well. Then, as President of the Colonies I'm giving you a direct order to provide men and equipment to--

TIGH

You don't give orders on this ship.

Tigh heads for the door, but Lee stops him.

LEE

Hold on, Colonel.

(beat)

At least give us a couple of disaster pods.

TIGH

"Us?"

Lee ignores the implied reproach, pushes on.

LEE

Sir, we have fifty thousand people out there. Fifty thousand. We have sick, we have wounded...

(beat)

Two disaster pods, Colonel. You can do that.

A long time before Tigh answers.

TIGH

Because you're the Old Man's son and because he's gonna be damned happy you're alive... Okay. Two pods.

(to Laura)

But no personnel. You get them yourselves, you distribute them yourselves, and you're all off the ship before we Jump back.

(to Lee)

You report to the flight deck. You're senior pilot now, Captain.

Tigh EXITS.

MULTI-SCREEN:

1 -- INT. GALACTICA - REPAIR BAY

Kara is underneath her damaged Viper, working with a tool kit to repair one of the fuel lines, while other Deck Hands swarm over the fighter, repairing other damaged systems.

2 -- INT. RAGNAR STATION - CARGO BAY

Tyrol is supervising Cally, Socinus and the rest of the Deck Hands as they load the last weapon coil onto a pallet.

3 -- INT. GALACTICA - PASSAGEWAY

Billy and Baltar are walking through the maze of Galactica's passageways. Billy is leading the way, but isn't so sure of his directions.

4 -- INT. GALACTICA - HANGAR BAY - MUSEUM/MORGUE

Dualla is in the morgue, standing over the dead and badly burned body of Prosna.

1 -- Kara rolls out from beneath the wing, grabs a half-eaten sandwich with grubby hands and tears off a bite -- then freezes at the sight of Lee Adama walking into the Bay. He smiles at her.

LEE

Hi.

2 -- Tyrol looks up and sees Sharon Valerii standing in the airlock.

3 -- Billy stops, is suddenly unsure of his sense of direction.

BILLY

Wait... I think we passed it.

4 -- Dualla puts a hand on her dead friend's arm, then ZIPS up the body bag.

1 -- Kara stares at Lee as if she were seeing a ghost. And if we doubted that there's something here between these two, it's dispelled when we see the look in Kara's eyes.

2 -- Tyrol doesn't even try to restrain himself, he strides right to her and sweeps her into his arms and into a long, passionate embrace.

Cally and Socinus trade a look, then just keep working, studiously avoiding looking at or intruding on the private reunion of the two forbidden lovers.

3 -- Billy and Baltar trying to find their way.

4 -- Dualla heads out of the morgue, past body after body...

1 -- Kara stands up as Lee approaches.

KARA

I thought...

LEE

No. Not yet anyway.

She grins and they smack forearms in a jock-bonding gesture.

2 -- Tyrol and Sharon finally pull back for a beat and then Sharon smiles at him.

SHARON

There's someone I want you to meet...

And only then do we reveal Boxey standing behind her, looking up at them.

SHARON (cont'd)

New crewmember. And he's going to need some quarters.

TYROL

Think we can handle that.

1 -- Lee and Kara are back to business. Professionals.

LEE

How go the repairs?

Kara takes a another bite of her sandwich.

KARA

On track. Another hour and she'll be ready to launch.

(beat)

I guess you're the CAG now.

LEE

That's what they tell me.

KARA

Good. Last thing I want. I'm not a big enough asshole for the job.

LEE

I'll be in the squadron ready room.

He heads for the door.

KARA

Hey.

(he stops)

Your father... he probably thinks...

LEE

I'll let him know.

Lee EXITS.

3 & 4 -- Baltar and Billy are still lost, when they nearly run into Dualla coming down the Passageway. Dualla and Billy share a look of surprise. Billy recovers first.

BILLY

D. Hi. Uh... kinda lost. Again. We're trying to reach CIC. Could you --

Dualla suddenly KISSES him. Deeply. Baltar just watches in surprise. Finally Dualla breaks the kiss. Steps back.

DUALLA

This way.

She heads off down the passageway. It takes a beat, but Billy does recover and he and Baltar follow her.

COLLAPSE SCREENS
TO:

EXT. SPACE - RAGNAR STATION - SPOKE & HUB

Emphasizing the point where one of the long "spokes" connects to the central hub or "axel."

INT. RAGNAR STATION - SPOKE PASSAGEWAY

The tension level between the two men has steadily increased, and Leoben is definitely having trouble keeping pace with Adama, who seems curiously detached about the ailing man's condition as they make their way through the narrow passageway. Leoben is getting more and more agitated.

LEOBEN

Hubris. That's Man's greatest flaw. His belief that he and he alone is chosen of God. That only Man has a soul.

ADAMA

(looks ahead)

There's the central hub. We're almost there.

LEOBEN

But what if God decided he'd made a mistake? What if he decided that Man was a flawed and imperfect creature? What if he decided to give souls to another creature?

(beat)

Like the Cylons.

ADAMA

Somehow, I doubt that.

LEOBEN

Why? Because they're different than us? Because they're the outsiders.

ADAMA

Because God didn't create the Cylons. We did. And I'm pretty sure we didn't include a soul in their programming.

LEOBEN

But what if they do now? What if they've changed in the last four decades?

Adama stops at the CENTRAL HUB. Because the Spoke and the Hub meet at right angles, the floors are PERPENDICULAR to one another and the two men will have to transition from walking from what looks like the "floor" to what looks like the "wall." They're both experienced space travellers and this is nothing unusual to them, but to us it should be strangely disorienting.

ADAMA

Changed into what?

LEOBEN

People. What if they've developed a culture, a society, an entire way of life?

ADAMA

You mean what if they're imitating a culture, a society, a way of life. In the end, they're still just devices. Things. Pieces of technology that've gotten out of control. They're not people.

LEOBEN

You're not even interested knowing the truth are you?

Adama turns on Leoben, faces him squarely as he lets some of his own deep anger bubble to the surface for the first time.

ADAMA

Let me tell you something. After today -- after using nuclear weapons against defenseless civilians, after murdering people by the millions -- I don't give a damn who the Cylons are now or what the "truth" is about their souls. All I know is that they're murderers and killers and they're trying to destroy us.

(beat)

So today's gonna be the first day of a new war. And this time we're going to finish the job. No armistice, no peace treaty, no mercy. This time we track them down and kill them. All of them. Until there's not one single Cylon left alive in the universe. And if God has a problem with that, he can sort it out on Judgement Day.

A quiet beat as Leoben slowly nods.

LEOBEN

And that's why God wants the Cylons to destroy mankind. Because as long as there's a human race, there's going to be a man out there like you. I don't think the Cylons hate you, Adama... I think they fear you...

Leoben's body is suddenly wracked with spasms and he doubles over in a violent, hacking cough. Adama watches him dispassionately, carefully.

ADAMA

If you're going to puke, try to keep it on this side of the gravity shift.

Leoben tries to control one trembling hand, fails. He's reaching the end and he knows it. His tone grows darker.

LEOBEN

What is it about this place?

ADAMA

What do you mean?

LEOBEN

You know what I mean. What's it doing to me?

ADAMA

I thought it was your allergies.

Adama casually stands next to the TRANSITIONAL SPACE between the spoke and the hub. (The Transitional Space is defined by a LIGHT BORDER running around the passage intersection. Once a person ENTERS this small area, he is WEIGHTLESS and FLOATING until he reorients his body to the hub's gravitational direction, then gently puts his feet through the light "border" into the Hub side, the Hub's gravity grabs his feet and he is PULLED down to the floor of the Hub.)

Leoben glares at him, his breath growing more ragged.

LEOBEN

I don't have allergies.

So we're putting our cards on the table...

ADAMA

Never thought you did.

LEOBEN

So what is it about this... station, eh? Why is it in the middle of the largest planetary storm in the solar system. Why'd you put a fleet anchorage here?

ADAMA

You tell me.

LEOBEN

The storm. It's the storm isn't it? It puts out... something. Something you "discovered" has an affect on Cylon technology?

(beat)

That's it, isn't it? This is a refuge. A last ditch place to hide in case of Cylon attack. Right?

(beat)

It won't be enough, Adama. I've been here for hours. Once they find you, it won't take them that long to destroy you. They'll be in and out before they even get a headache.

ADAMA

Maybe. But you won't be around to find out. The silica chips in your brain -- or whatever you call that thing that lets you pretend to think -- they're decomposing even as we speak. You'll be dead in a few minutes. How does that feel? If you can feel.

Leoben laughs -- the laugh turns into a cough.

LEOBEN

Oh, I can feel, Adama. I feel more than you'll ever conceive. But I won't die. When this body fails, my consciousness will just be transferred to another one. And when that happens, I think I'll tell the rest of my people exactly where you are... and then I think they'll come here... and I think they'll kill all of you... and I think I'll be there watching it happen.

ADAMA

You know what I think? I think if you could transfer out of here, you would've done it long before now. I think the storm's radiation is blocking your connection. So I don't think you're going anywhere. I think you're trapped in that body.

(beat)

I think you're doing to die here. And I think I'm going to enjoy that.

LEOBEN

It won't matter. Sooner or later... the day comes when you can't hide from what you've done anymore.

Adama stares at him -- how the hell did he know that phrase? Then suddenly, Leoben LEAPS right at Adama, with a BLURRED SPEED that we never suspected he was capable of until now.

-- But Adama is just a split second ahead of him -- he throws himself BACK THROUGH the Transitional Space. His body does a 360° through the weightless environment, then he lands on his FEET in the Hub.

-- Leoben, instead of crashing into Adama, finds himself hitting empty air and falling into the WEIGHTLESS space. His momentum shot, he floats for a moment.

-- Adama whirls around, hits a switch on the Bulkhead. EMERGENCY DOORS slam into place on either side of the Transitional Space, threatening to trap Leoben in between.

-- But Leoben is unbelievably FAST. He hurtles out and into the Hub in a BLUR, but crashes into the floor head first.

-- Adama pulls a PRYING BAR out of an emergency locker on the bulkhead and SWINGS it at Leoben's head -- connecting with a sickening CRUNCH.

-- It's a short, brutal fight, with Leoben's superior strength and agility hamstrung by his weakened condition. But even so, Adama barely can hold his own against the Cylon. Adama SMASHES the rod into Leoben's head over and over again, with a force and ferocity that would've killed a human

being instantly, but Leoben goes down slowly, hanging on until finally he collapses on the floor, dead.

Adama sags against the bulkhead, exhausted and bruised. He looks down in surprise -- what looks like HUMAN BLOOD is FLOWING from Leoben's skull.

He's shocked. Reaches down, touches the blood -- smells it. Could he have made a horrible mistake? He stares down at the blood pooling around his feet.

INT. GALACTICA - COMBAT INFORMATION CENTER

Gaeta and Baltar are at the Navigational station. Gaeta punches up some information on one of the consoles.

GAETA

So lemme get this straight -- the Cylons found a way to use your navigation program to disable our ships?

BALTAR

Essentially, yes. I think they're using the CNP to infect your ships with some kind of computer virus, which makes them susceptible to Cylon commands.

Gaeta points to the complicated text on screen.

GAETA

Well, you can see we do have your CNP navigation program here on Galactica, but it's never been loaded into primary memory or even test run.

BALTAR

Good. That's... good. You shouldn't have any problems then. But I should still erase the program just to be safe and then purge any remaining references from the rest of your memory tapes.

GAETA

I better have the deck crew retro-fit the newer Vipers as well. Here's the checklist for the CIC computer.

Gaeta hands him a 3-ring binder and Baltar sits at the console, starts to punch in numbers. Gaeta lingers a moment.

GAETA (cont'd)

This must be hard for you...

BALTAR

What do you mean?

GAETA

Having something you created twisted and used like this... must be... horrible... the guilt...

ANGLE - NUMBER SIX

Is suddenly standing behind Baltar. She slips her arms around his neck.

NUMBER SIX

I remember you telling me once that guilt is something small people feel when they run out of excuses for their behavior.

ANGLE - BALTAR & GAETA

No time has passed. Number Six does not exist in the real world, and whether she's a chip in his head or a subconscious hallucination, Baltar's interactions with her are entirely subjective. To Gaeta, there's no pause in the conversation.

BALTAR

It is hard. I feel... responsible -- in a way -- for what's happened.

ANGLE - NUMBER SIX

Stroking Baltar's hair.

NUMBER SIX

But you don't. That's part of the reason I fell in love with you. You have a clarity of spirit. You're not burdened by conscience or guilt or regret...

ANGLE - BALTAR & GAETA

Baltar's anxiety level rises precipitously.

GAETA

I bet. But... try to remember, it's not really your fault. You didn't have anything to do with this. It's not like you knew what they were going to do...

ANGLE - NUMBER SIX

Her nose nuzzles into his ear.

NUMBER SIX

Not like you knew you were lying... not like you were breaking the law... not like you cheat on women... not like the world's coming apart and all you can think of is Gaius Baltar...

ANGLE - BALTAR & GAETA

Again, no time has actually passed.

BALTAR

(trying to keep it together)
No. No, I know. Exactly what you're sayin. I know.

GAETA

Let me know if you need anything.

Gaeta heads back to the Tactical station just as Billy brings Baltar a cup of coffee.

BILLY

Extra sweet...

BALTAR

Thanks.

Billy then takes a cup over to Dualla. Baltar sips the coffee, tries to get control of his racing heart. Number Six slides into view next to him as they both watch Billy hand Dualla the cup.

NUMBER SIX

You know, I really do hope you make it out of here alive. I think we can have a real future together.

Baltar tries his best to ignore her, goes back to work at the FTL console. Dualla gives Billy a brief smile of thanks, then goes back to her work. Billy hovers for a beat, then finds himself a chair somewhere.

BALTAR

Yeah, that'll be... special.

NUMBER SIX

You don't have to be sarcastic. Especially when I'm trying to help you.

BALTAR

And how are you doing that...?

She turns his head and forces him to look --

BALTAR'S POV -- ON DUALLA & BILLY

Billy is still sitting near Dualla, who is working her console and talking on her head mic.

NUMBER SIX (O.S.)

See anything there that looks familiar?

RESUME BALTAR

BALTAR

No. Should I?

She waits, he looks closer --

BALTAR'S POV - CLOSER ON THE BACK OF DUALLA'S CONSOLE

On the back of the console, blending in nicely with the rest of Galactica's equipment is a unique DEVICE which we HIGHLIGHT with a subjective VFX. [And to be clear, this is something that has been in plain sight throughout the entire show. It just blends into the equipment and probably every single person aboard has seen it and thought nothing of it.]

BALTAR

Frowns, tries to figure it out.

BALTAR

I've seen something like that before...

NUMBER SIX

Yes...

BALTAR

(the penny drops)

In your briefcase. You used to carry it around. You said it was an electronic organizer.

NUMBER SIX

That would be a lie.

BALTAR

Then it's a... it's a Cylon device.

NUMBER SIX

That would follow.

BALTAR

Did you...?

NUMBER SIX

No. Not my job.

BALTAR

Then that means...

NUMBER SIX

Say it.

BALTAR

There's another Cylon aboard this ship.

As Baltar looks around in sudden fear...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FIVE
ACT SIX

FADE IN:

INT. COMBAT INFORMATION CENTER

Baltar is quietly freaking out. He keeps looking at the Cylon DEVICE on Dualla's console and glancing around the CIC. Gaeta notices the look of worry on his face, calls out from the Tactical station --

GAETA
You okay over there, Doc?

BALTAR
Oh. Yes. Fine. Thank you.

Baltar turns back to the FTL console. Gaeta concentrates on other work. Number Six slips into Baltar's lap. Her intense sexuality is the last thing he needs right now.

BALTAR (cont'd)
You're not helping.

NUMBER SIX
I'm sorry. How can I help?

BALTAR
Tell me what to do here. What is that thing?

NUMBER SIX
Honestly? I don't know.

BALTAR
Well... it hasn't exploded.

NUMBER SIX
Yet.
(off his look)
I'm just guessing.

BALTAR
I have to warn them.

NUMBER SIX
How do you propose to do that? "Oh, look -- a Cylon device!" "Really? But how do you know what a Cylon device looks like, Doctor?" "Oh, I forgot to mention I'm familiar with their technology because I've been having sex with a Cylon for almost two years now."

BALTAR
I'll come up with something.

NUMBER SIX
I love surprises. Speaking of sex...

She slips a hand into his pants.

BALTAR
(can't control himself)
I... don't... know if this... is such a... good idea...

NUMBER SIX
Why not? No one will know. It'll be our secret...

He shifts in his seat with ecstasy.

DORAL (O.S.)

Doctor?

ANGLE - BALTAR & DORAL

Baltar looks up at Doral, shocked back to the moment.

BALTAR

Yes?

DORAL

(hands over papers)

You asked for a report on how many civilian ships had your CNP program?

BALTAR

Oh. Right. Thank you.

DORAL

You all right? You look a little flushed.

BALTAR

Fine. Thank you.

Doral nods, goes over to talk with Billy.

ANGLE - NUMBER SIX & BALTAR

As Baltar watches Doral cross the room.

NUMBER SIX

What're you thinking...?

BALTAR

I'm thinking someone else may have to be implicated as a Cylon agent.

NUMBER SIX

Him? He doesn't seem the type. And I don't remember seeing him at the Cylon parties.

BALTAR

Funny.

(thinking quickly)

He's an outsider. A civilian. A man who's been aboard the ship for weeks and had virtually unlimited access to this room.

NUMBER SIX

And you wonder why God has told us to eradicate a devious species like yours. Say what you will about the Cylons, at least we don't turn on each other.

BALTAR

There is one problem.

NUMBER SIX

Morally?

BALTAR

Practically. So far, no one aboard this ship even suspects that the Cylons look like us now.

INT. JUNIOR OFFICER QUARTERS

Junior Officer Quarters on Galactica are unbelievably small, with two bunk beds, cramped storage lockers, fold-down desks and not much else. Tyrol stands in the doorway with Boxey.

TYROL

You like the top bunk or the bottom?

BOXEY

Top.

TYROL

Okay.

He lifts Boxey up and puts him on the bunk. The boy's head nearly touches the ceiling.

BOXEY

This your room?

TYROL

Me? No. This is officer's country. This is where the pilots live.

BOXEY

So who used to live here?

TYROL

A pilot. They called him Carrot -- had red hair, freckles.

BOXEY

Is he dead too?

TYROL

'fraid so.

BOXEY

A lot of people are dead.

TYROL

That's right, son.

He looks him right in the eye, doesn't try to shy away or pretend with him that everything is fine. Tyrol seems comfortable with the kid, slips easily, automatically into a paternal role -- probably a result of having to care for deck hands who were little more than kids themselves for so long.

TYROL (cont'd)
But I don't think you're gonna die.

BOXEY
No?

TYROL
No. You know why? Because you're aboard Galactica now and she's a very lucky lady.

BOXEY
It's not a lady. It's a ship.

TYROL
She absolutely is a lady. She happens to be made of steel and wire instead of flesh and bone, but she's still a living, breathing woman.

BOXEY
And she's really lucky?

TYROL
That's right. In the first Cylon War, she single-handedly fought off five Cylon baseships and made it back to Kobol without a scratch. She always fights a good fight, and she always brought her people home.

Boxey thinks about that, nods very seriously, seems to take him at his word.

BOXEY
So... she'll bring us home?

TYROL
It's a promise.

They shake on it, and for the first time we see Boxey smile.

INT. WARDROOM/PASSAGEWAY

Laura has cracked OPEN the HATCH from the Wardroom and is eyeing the TWO ARMED GUARDS standing in the Passageway outside. She gives them a faux smile then shuts the door.

LAURA
Feels like we're under arrest.
(beat)
What the hell's wrong with these people?

BILLY
With all due respect... you overplayed your hand,
Madame President.

She turns on him in surprise.

LAURA

Excuse me?

BILLY

When you tried to give Colonel Tigh a direct order. He's just second in command on this ship and suddenly you forced him to make a choice between you and his commanding officer. No way he's gonna pick you.

Laura just looks at him -- he's right.

LAURA

So how is it you're that smart and this is the first I'm hearing of it?

Billy looks at her for a moment -- then she remembers.

LAURA (cont'd)

Wait a minute. You're the...

BILLY

(grins sheepishly)
I thought you read my resume.

LAURA

I did, but there was a stack of them and I let Personnel make the selection. So you're the kid who won the Siltzer Prize for a paper on...?

BILLY

Diplomacy and public administration.

LAURA

And you've kept your mouth shut all this time?

BILLY

You haven't asked my opinion, Madame President.

Touche.

LAURA

Well, I'm asking now. What do you think we should do here?

BILLY

These are military people. Tradition, duty, honor -- they're more than just words to them. They're a way of life. If you want these people to accept your authority as president, you're going to have to make them see the situation in those terms.

LAURA

Wave the flag, sing the national anthem? That kind of thing?

BILLY

That's part of it. The protocols and traditions of service mean a lot here. But more importantly, you have to be the President. Every minute. Stand up to them, but don't lose your temper -- not really. If you're going to yell, do it for effect, not to vent your own feelings.

(beat)

And most of all, don't ever let them think they're your equal. Because the minute they think you're not the President... we really are going to be under arrest.

INT. GALACTICA - WEAPON CONTROL ROOM

Tyrol and Cally working the consoles.

TYROL

(picks up phone)

CIC, Weps. Coil one is on-line and ready for charging.

GAETA (PHONE)

Copy that, Weps. Stand-by.

Tyrol puts the phone back in its cradle and writes on a clipboard. Cally glances over at him.

CALLY

We, uh... we're all really glad Lieutenant Valerii made it back.

TYROL

That's nice.

CALLY

All of us. Really glad.

Tyrol just keeps writing.

TYROL

You have a point to make, Cally?

CALLY

Nothing. Just... that we know. Okay? About you two.

TYROL

Hard not to, seeing as how we pretty much announced it to everyone this afternoon.

CALLY

We knew a long time before that.

Tyrol looks up.

CALLY (cont'd)

No secrets on a warship, Chief. You taught us that.

TYROL

So you've known. Okay. We finished here?

Cally's temper flares.

CALLY

No, we're not finished! You can bust me down to recruit, but you're out of your frakking mind! She's our division officer -- she signs off on our fitness reports, our POD assignments, our promotions and you're banging her!

Tyrol is on his feet, so's Cally. The phone BUZZES.

TYROL

(grabs phone)

Weps.

(listens, then hangs up)

Combat wants to begin the start-up sequence.

Tyrol sits back down at his console, flips the clipboard open and starts punching in numbers. Cally watches him for a beat, then sits down at her own console.

INT. GALACTICA - PASSAGEWAY/GANGWAY/PASSAGEWAY

The corpse of Leoben is on a stretcher and being carried down the passageway by a pair of Deck Hands. Adama, still splattered with blood and bearing his own injuries from the fight, walks with the stretcher along with Tigh.

TIGH

This just gets worse and worse. So now the Cylons look like us?

ADAMA

Right down to their blood.

TIGH

My God... you realize what this means? They could be anywhere. Anyone.

ADAMA

I've had time to think about it, yes.

TIGH

What do we do?

ADAMA

I have no idea.

(beat)

Where are we on the coils?

TIGH

They're aboard, being fitted in place. Should be operational within the hour. Something else -- Lee's alive.

Adama's head snaps around at that.

ADAMA

Lee?

INT. SQUADRON READY ROOM

Lee is on a phone handset and updating the status of the Vipers on the large board.

LEE

(to phone)

Okay, I want the new Mark seven Vipers in Repair Bay five. We need to strip out the CNP programs from their navigation systems.

(beat)

No, no don't do that. We can strip out ox lines from the starboard relays...

Adama ENTERS. Lee sees him, is fully prepared for a confrontation. He's expecting a butt-chewing session over his disobedience to his father's orders.

LEE (cont'd)

(to phone)

I gotta go.

He hangs up and braces himself.

LEE (cont'd)

Commander.

But when Adama looks into the eyes of the son he thought he'd lost, he walks across the room, hugs him tight and begins to cry.

Lee stands there utterly unprepared for this sudden show of naked emotion from his father. He isn't sure what to do for the longest time... then finally puts his arms around his father and holds him in return.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT SIX
ACT SEVEN

FADE IN:

INT. ADAMA'S QUARTERS

Adama and Tigh are meeting with Baltar, who is looking over a report.

TIGH

Our ship's doctor says at first glance, everything in Leoben's body looked human right down to the cellular level.

BALTAR

(off report)

Internal organs -- normal. Bloodwork -- normal.
Lymphatic system -- normal...

ADAMA

Page five is where it gets interesting. On a hunch, Doc took a large tissue sample, cremated it and examined the residue.

BALTAR

(off report)

"Sample yielded unique chemical compounds during cremation that revealed tissue to be synthetic in nature."

(beat)

So... he was a Cylon.

ADAMA

That's right. And now we have a problem.

TIGH

A big one.

ADAMA

If the Cylons look like us, then any of us can be a Cylon.

BALTAR

That's a, uh... a frightening possibility.

ADAMA

We can't very well go around cremating people, so we need a better way to screen human from Cylon. That's where you come in.

BALTAR

Me?

TIGH

Rumor has it, you're a genius.

ADAMA

Can you come up with a way to find any Cylons lurking in our midst?

BALTAR

I... I will certainly give it my all, Commander.

ADAMA

Our research facilities are a little meager, but what we have is at your disposal.

TIGH

But keep this to yourself for now. We don't want to start panic or people to begin accusing their neighbors of being

Cylons because they don't brush their teeth in the morning.

BALTAR

I'll be very discreet.

Baltar EXITS.

INT. PASSAGEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Baltar finds Number Six waiting for him. She falls into step at his side.

NUMBER SIX

I take it you have something in mind.

BALTAR

I'm going to do just what they asked me to do -- build them a Cylon-detector.

NUMBER SIX

You know that's impossible, of course.

BALTAR

They don't know that.

NUMBER SIX

One might almost believe you had an angel watching over you, Baltar.

INT. ADAMA'S QUARTERS

Tigh and Adama are onto the next problem.

TIGH

What do you want to do about Laura Roslin?

ADAMA

Where is she?

TIGH

Cooling her heels in the Wardroom.

ADAMA

Leave her there for now. Figure out what to do with her later.

A quiet beat between the two men. Tigh rubs his eyes, the stress of the situation and the guilt he feels over his handling of the fire weighing heavily on him.

ADAMA (cont'd)

You okay?

TIGH

Sure. Yeah. Just thinking about... the fire...

ADAMA

You made the call. I don't question it. You shouldn't either.

Tigh nods absently. Adama doesn't pursue it. He notices a message slip stuck onto a corner of the desk.

ADAMA (cont'd)

(re: slip)

Got a message from Getty yesterday.

TIGH

Yeah? Haven't heard from him since he cashed out two years ago. What's he doing?

ADAMA

Sales. Some kind of ad agency.

TIGH

Figures.

ADAMA

(chuckles)

Yeah.

TIGH

Remember Getty and that one-eyed Colonel from Port Taurian?

ADAMA

How he got out of that, I'll never know.

TIGH

It's a gift. The man knows how to talk.

(beat)

You ever hear from Bushman?

ADAMA

Not in years. Last I heard, he was fishing up in the Coralines. Can't quite picture it, though. He always seemed to be in motion even when he was standing still.

TIGH

What about the rest of the old squadron? Kicker, Jackman, Billyboy...

ADAMA

Arnold, Slavy, Redbone... I get a letter now and again, but not much.

TIGH

How many times did we swear we'd stay in touch that night at Morrigan's?

ADAMA

Twice with each round of drinks as I recall.

A grin before the somber truth descends once again.

TIGH

Probably all dead now.

ADAMA

Odds are.

Beat.

TIGH

The food at Morrigan's was really something.

ADAMA

Worst in the world.

And they lapse back into a silence that speaks volumes.

INT. LAUNCH BAY

Kara Thrace is back in the cockpit of her Viper, with the canopy up as she goes through a checklist. Lee steps up on the wing and leans in as she puts her helmet on.

LEE

Back in business?

KARA

Looks that way.

LEE

You understand the mission?

KARA

Put my head outside the storm, look around, listen for wireless traffic, come home.

LEE

No heroics. This is strictly recon. Look, listen, return.

KARA

Don't worry about me. My taste for heroics vanished about the time I engaged that first Cylon fighter.

(beat)

You see your father?

LEE

Yeah.

KARA

You look like you still have most of your ass intact so it couldn't have been that bad.

LEE

No. It... it wasn't like that. It was, uh... okay. I mean, I don't know... it's okay for now. I guess.

She nods and he starts to climb down off the wing. Then Kara has something she finally just has to say.

KARA

Lee...
(he looks up)
Zak failed basic flight.

LEE

What?

KARA

Or at least he should've. But he didn't, because I passed him. His technique was sloppy and he had no feel for flying, but... I passed him. Because he and I... because I felt something and I let that get in the way of doing my job. I couldn't fail him.

Lee just stares at her in shock. She stares back, finally can't meet his eyes any longer.

LEE

Why are you telling me this? Why now?

KARA

(trying to be sardonic)
It's the end of the world, Lee. Aren't we supposed to be confessing our sins?

She taps her helmet.

KARA (cont'd)

(hoarse)
Set.

Then she pulls down the canopy, and Lee has to back off the Viper as the ENGINE WINDS UP.

INT. GALACTICA - PASSAGEWAY

Doral walks down the Passageway, rounds a corner, prepares to go down a gangway ladder, then pulls up short --

TWO ARMED DECK HANDS

Are pointing sidearms at him from the foot of the ladder.

DORAL

Reacts, but before he can say anything --

CAPTAIN KELLY (O.S.)

Stand tall there, now...

WIDEN

To reveal Kelly and several more armed Deck Hands pointing sidearms at him.

CAPTAIN KELLY (cont'd)

No sudden moves.

OFF Doral's surprised reaction...

TIGH

(prelap)

If he's really a Cylon, then why isn't the storm radiation making him sick by now?

INT. BRIG

Tigh is watching Doral through the bars of Galactica's tiny brig, while Baltar stands nearby with a long computer PRINT-OUT in his hand. Doral is tightly manacled in place on the bunk and two of the Deck Hands have their weapons pointed right at him through the bars.

BALTAR

I can only theorize that it takes a while for the storm's effects on Cylon physiology to become readily apparent. By the time you encountered Leoben, he'd been here for several hours.

DORAL

I don't suppose it matters to you that I am not a Cylon.

TIGH

Smartest thing you could do right now would to shut your mouth.

(to Baltar)

You're sure about your conclusions?

BALTAR

One can never be one hundred percent sure, but the evidence seems clear...

Number Six sidles up, peeks in through the bars at the prisoner.

NUMBER SIX

He doesn't look like a Cylon...

BALTAR

(a little hyper)

Basically, all I did was expand on your doctor's analysis of Leoben's corpse. I took random hair samples from people in and around the CIC, subjected the samples to a new form of spectral-analysis I've been experimenting with and then wrote a computer subroutine to screen for synthetic chemical combinations.

(re: Doral)

His sample was the only one to register as synthetic.

Baltar hands over the print-out, which is covered with dense, indecipherable text and row upon row of numbers and data. Tigh glances through it for a moment.

TIGH

I'll take your word for it.

NUMBER SIX

And just like that, Doctor Baltar invents the amazing Cylon detector.

DORAL

Gentlemen, I understand your concerns here. This is a very difficult situation. But you need to take a step back, take a deep breath and really look at what you're doing.

TIGH

(ignoring him)

I want everyone aboard ship screened. No exceptions.

BALTAR

No problem.

Baltar makes as if to go, then does his best to be casual.

BALTAR (cont'd)

Oh. I don't know how important this is, but... when I was in CIC earlier, I noticed Mr. Doral seemed to be doing... well, I'm not sure exactly what he was doing, but he seemed very interested in this odd device attached to the back of the Dradis console.

DORAL

What!?

Tigh pales, strides over to a wall phone and yanks the handset. Number Six slips her arms around Baltar.

NUMBER SIX

We should really make a copy of your brain pattern at some point.

DORAL

What the hell are you talking about?! What device?!

TIGH

(urgent)

Combat, this is Tigh. Isolate the Dradis console immediately. No one comes near it until I get up there.

Tigh hangs up the phone and heads for the door.

DORAL

Hey, what about me!

CAPTAIN KELLY

(re: Doral)

What about him?

TIGH

If he moves, kill him.

INT. COMBAT INFORMATION CENTER

A few minutes later, Tigh watches as Dualla carefully removes the Cylon DEVICE from the back of the Dradis console and then places it in a CONTAINER. Gaeta is looking over a stack of paperwork on a clipboard.

GAETA

I don't see anything in the maintenance records... but I'm pretty sure I first noticed it about a week ago.

TIGH

And you didn't say anything? Didn't investigate a new piece of equipment just appearing in CIC?

GAETA

No, sir. I... I assumed it was part of the... the museum. I'm sorry, sir, I have no excuse for..

TIGH

You have plenty of company, Lieutenant. Any one of us should've seen the perfectly obvious staring us in the face.

(beat)

Especially the ship's XO.

DUALLA

(closes container)

What should I do with it, sir?

TIGH

Take it to Doctor Baltar. He's becoming our resident Cylon expert.

(to Gaeta)

I want every inch of this ship searched for any other equipment that "just appeared" in the last week.

GAETA

Yes, sir.

INT. WARDROOM

Adama ENTERS to find Laura standing at the head of the table with Billy, who's going over a long list of problems.

BILLY

... and medical supplies are running low again, Madame President.

LAURA

I get the feeling that's going to be a recurrent problem. Next.

BILLY

Three of the ships are reporting engine trouble and want to know when they'll be getting engineering assistance from Galactica.

LAURA

Good question.

Laura finally decides to notice Adama.

LAURA (cont'd)

Hello, Commander. Have a seat, I'll be with you in a moment.

(to Billy)

Keep going.

Adama is somewhat taken aback, but decides to take a seat and waits. Billy glances between the two of them, knows a high-stakes game is being played out here.

BILLY

The captain of the Astral Queen wants you to know he's got almost five hundred convicted criminals under heavy guard in his cargo hold.

LAURA

Five hundred?

BILLY

Yes, Madame President. They were being transported to a penal station when the attack happened.

LAURA

Great.

BILLY

He wants to know what to do with them.

LAURA

What to do with them?

BILLY

Food and medical supplies being what they are, I think he's considering...

LAURA

No. We're not going to start doing that. They're still human beings. Tell the captain I expect daily reports on

his prisoners' well-being and if there are any "mysterious" deaths, the Astral Queen may find herself on her own and without the Galactica's protection.

BILLY

Yes, Madame President.

LAURA

Thank you, Billy.

Billy EXITS. Laura looks over the papers on the table for another beat, then sits down, faces Adama directly and drops a very calculated bomb in his lap:

LAURA (cont'd)

Are you planning to stage a military coup?

She's caught him completely off-guard.

ADAMA

What?

LAURA

Do you plan to declare martial law and take over the government?

ADAMA

Of course not. What the hell are you talking --

LAURA

Then you do accept my authority as President as duly constituted under the Articles of Colonization.

Adama tries to dodge facing that one directly.

ADAMA

Miss Roslin, my priority at this moment is the repair of Galactica and the resumption of combat operations against the enemy.

LAURA

Correct me if I'm wrong, Commander, but as far as we know, isn't Galactica the last surviving battlestar?

ADAMA

(uncomfortable)

We don't know how many battlestars or how many other elements of the fleet may have survived.

LAURA

Do you have any reason to think there are other survivors?

ADAMA

We don't know.

LAURA

Well, let's focus on what we do know. And what we do know is that at this moment there are fifty thousand civilian refugees out there who won't have a chance without your ship to protect them.

ADAMA

I understand the tactical situation. But you should be safe here at Ragnar after we leave.

LAURA

"After you leave." Where are you going?

ADAMA

We're going after the enemy. We're at war. That's our mission.

And now Laura deliberately lets her own temper show, lets her voice rise in indignation:

LAURA

I don't know why I have to keep telling you people this, but -- the war is over.

ADAMA

I don't accept that.

LAURA

Commander, your own pilot was there -- ask Sharon Valerii what's happening on Kobol.

ADAMA

(temper flaring)

I know what's happened on Kobol, but my job is to fight back.

LAURA

(louder)

With what? One ship?

ADAMA

If that's all we have, then yes, with one ship.

LAURA

That's insane.

ADAMA

(losing it)

And what do you want me do? Run?

LAURA

Yes! That's absolutely right! The only sane thing to do here is exactly that -- run. We leave this solar system and never look back.

ADAMA

And go where?

LAURA

I don't know. Another star system, another planet --
somewhere the Cylons won't find us.

Adama gets up, heads for the door.

ADAMA

You can run if you want. This ship is going to stand and
fight.

She keeps raging at his back as he leaves.

LAURA

You don't get it, do you? The human race is about to be
wiped out. We have fifty thousand people left and that's it.
If we want to even survive as a species, then we need to
get the hell out of here and start having babies!

The door closes and he's gone. The second he's gone, she realizes she went too far, and probably
blew her once chance to get to Adama. Billy ENTERS again after a beat. He looks a question to
her.

LAURA (cont'd)

I don't know... I just don't know...

EXT. SPACE - KARA'S VIPER

Is carefully winding its way through the STORM CLOUDS up toward open space.

DUALLA (WIRELESS)

(fritzed)

Starbuck/Galactica. You should be approaching turn
eight.

INT. KARA'S VIPER - CONSOLE POV

Kara struggles with her controls as the winds from the storm BUFFET her fighter. She checks her
position against a small navigational table attached to her flight suit leg.

KARA

(to mic)

Copy that. Starting to lose wireless contact. Making the
final turn now...

EXT. KARA'S VIPER - WING CAMERA POV

The fighter BANKS and turns against the dizzying background of the storm.

OVERHEAD COCKPIT POV

Looking ahead, we can see OPEN SPACE looming before us as the Viper completes its turn.

KARA (WIRELESS)
Galactica/Starbuck. I've reached the threshold.

INT. KARA'S VIPER - CONSOLE POV

All she hears in reply is STATIC.

KARA
Galactica, do you read me?

More static. She gives up, concentrates on piloting.

EXT. SPACE - KARA'S VIPER - CHASE CAMERA POV

The Viper clears the storm.

MULTI-SCREEN:

1 -- INT. KARA'S VIPER - CONSOLE POV

As she makes adjustments to her Dradis screen.

2 -- INT. KARA'S VIPER - ON DRADIS SCREEN

It suddenly FILLS with CONTACT BLIPS.

1 -- Kara frowns at the display.

KARA
That can't be right...

She looks up and reacts in shock at what she sees and we add:

3 -- EXT. SPACE - KARA'S VIPER - OVERHEAD COCKPIT POV

4 -- INT. KARA'S VIPER - OVER SHOULDER CAM

Both of which show the space just beyond the storm is FILLED WITH DOZENS OF CYLON SHIPS. It's an overwhelming display of massive force, made all the more menacing by the utter stillness with which they sit there waiting... waiting for their prey to emerge from the storm and be destroyed.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT SEVEN
ACT EIGHT

FADE IN:

INT. GALACTICA - COMBAT INFORMATION CENTER

Adama, Tigh, Lee, Gaeta, Dualla listening to Kara's wireless report.

KARA (WIRELESS)

(fritzed)
I didn't get an accurate count, but my guesstimate is at least ten fighter squadrons, a couple of base ships and a whole bunch of drones.

TIGH
(hits mic)
Starbuck, were you followed?

INT. KARA'S VIPER - CONSOLE POV

The Viper is making its way back through the storm toward the station. Kara checks her Dradis, glances back over her shoulder to make sure.

KARA
Negative. No sign of pursuit. From the way they were deployed, I'd say they're waiting for us to come to them.

INT. COMBAT INFORMATION CENTER

Adama nods, motions Tigh, Gaeta and Lee to the navigational station.

DUALLA
(to mic)
Thank you, Starbuck. Continue present course. Return to visual contact, then stand-by for instructions.

KARA (WIRELESS)
Copy that, Galactica. Starbuck out.

NAVIGATIONAL STATION

Where Adama looks over the chart of the Ragnar storm in detail along with the others -- and we note that Lee has now been accepted as one of Adama's senior officers.

TIGH
How the hell'd they find us?

GAETA
(guilty)
Probably that device Doral planted in here...

LEE
Could've been Doral himself, could've even been Leoben for that matter.

ADAMA
Doesn't really matter now. They've got us.

LEE
So why aren't they coming in after us?

TIGH

Why should they? They can just sit out there and wait us out. If it takes a week, a month -- what difference does it make to them? They're machines. We're the ones who need food, medicine, fuel.

ADAMA

I'm not going to play their game and try to fight our way out of here.

(beat)

Is there any way for us to make a Jump from inside the storm?

TIGH

With all this EM interference mucking up the FTL fix?

GAETA

I tend to agree, sir. I don't think we should even attempt to Jump until we've cleared the storm threshold.

TIGH

Stick our nose out just far enough to get a good FTL fix, then Jump...

GAETA

Have to be quick about it, though. They'll launch everything they have the first glimpse they get.

TIGH

Right.

Beat.

LEE

What about the civilians?

Tigh and Gaeta glance at Adama, expecting an explosion, but none is forthcoming. Adama just continues to stare at the chart, brooding on the situation. As his officers argue over the possibilities, Adama notices Billy ENTER and go over to Dualla's console. And while Adama cannot hear the conversation between Billy & Dualla, their body language and demeanor make the conversation of two young people starting to fall for each other obvious even from across the room.

TIGH

They're probably safe for the time being.

BILLY

Hi.

LEE (cont'd)

You mean leave them here?

DUALLA

Hi.

GAETA

The Cylons may not even know they're here in the first place. They're probably only interested in us.

BILLY

I'm getting ready to go back to the Transport.

LEE (cont'd)

Now that's a helluva an assumption...

DUALLA

Oh.

TIGH

Well, we can't very well cram fifty thousand men, women, and children aboard this ship.

BILLY

And I just wanted to say... you know... I mean, I know this is awkward and all, but... what happened in the uh, passageway...

LEE

I'm not suggesting that. I'm just saying we can't leave them behind. They should Jump with us.

DUALLA

Yeah. I don't know why I did that. Sorry.

GAETA

I don't know how we're going to manage that...

BILLY

I do. You had a transcendent moment. It happens in literature all the time. People are suddenly swept into actions they never could've imagined.

LEE

We could pick a jump spot far enough outside the combat zone for--

DUALLA

You don't have a lot of experience with women do you?

TIGH

What the hell's outside the combat zone at this point?

BILLY

Not really, no.

Billy grins at her awkwardly and she wryly grins back, and suddenly everything is clear to Adama.

ADAMA

They better start having babies.

Tigh, Gaeta, and Lee look at him in surprise, then follow his gaze and note the quiet moment between Billy and Dualla happening across the room (and who are unaware of the attention).

TIGH

Is that an order?

ADAMA

It may be before too long.

(beat)

Okay, we're taking the civilians with us.

(beat)

We're leaving the solar system and we're not coming back.

Surprised looks from the three officers.

TIGH

We're running?

Adama looks up sharply at that.

ADAMA

That's right. We're running.

GAETA

But, sir... the war. We can't just --

ADAMA

War's over. We lost. Time to accept that gentlemen.

Tigh and Gaeta stare at him in shock. Then Lee steps up next to his father.

LEE

My father's right. War's over. Time to get out of here.

A beat between Adama and Lee as Adama realizes that Lee just referred to him as his father. Tigh lets out a long breath.

TIGH

Where we going?

Adama reaches under the table, rummages through the charts, finally pulls out a star chart. He looks it over, then points to a location.

ADAMA

The Prolmar Sector.

LEE

That's gotta be... thirty light years.

TIGH

That's way past the Red Line...

ADAMA

(to Gaeta)
Can you plot the Jump?

GAETA
(hesitant)
I've never plotted a Jump that far, sir...

ADAMA
Few men have. Can you do it?

Gaeta hesitates just a split-second.

GAETA
Yes, sir.

ADAMA
On your way.

Gaeta takes the star chart, heads for the FTL station.

TIGH
The margin of error at that distance...

ADAMA
I know. We might end up somewhere else entirely, in which case we'll have a whole new set of problems. But at least we won't be here.

Adama returns to the chart of the storm.

ADAMA (cont'd)
It's a bad tactical position.
(drawing on chart)
We'll have to send the fighters out first, then bring Galactica here to a blocking position so the civilians can cross the threshold behind us and Jump while we hold off the Cylons.
(to Tigh)
Had a chance to test those new weapon coils?

TIGH
Test'em in combat.

ADAMA
(to Lee)
One thing I want you to make absolutely clear to your pilots -- when the last civilian ship has Jumped, every fighter has to make an immediate combat landing. I can't afford to wait around.

LEE
I'll tell them.

ADAMA

(with meaning)
It's important to me that all of my pilots make it back.
Understand?

LEE
(and he does)
Yes, sir.

Adama nods and Lee heads out of the CIC. Tigh leans in close.

TIGH
So can I ask what changed your mind?

ADAMA
You can ask...

So much for that. Tigh gives him a wry look, then moves on.

TIGH
What should we do about our prisoner?

Adama thinks for a beat.

EXT. SPACE - RAGNAR STATION

Galactica still docked at the station.

DORAL
(prelap)
You can't do this!

INT. RAGNAR STATION - STORAGE LOCKER

Doral is under armed guard by two Deck Hands and being hustled into a walk-in locker just off the Cargo Bay. Tigh watches him carefully as the Guards take off his manacles.

DORAL
You can't just leave me here to die!

TIGH
You got food, water, all the luxuries of home.

DORAL
I'm not a Cylon.

TIGH
Maybe. But we just can't take that chance.

Tigh signals the Guards and they back out of the locker.

DORAL
What kind of people are you!

They SHUT the door and lock it.

We now go into a MULTI-SCREEN sequence which will cover the entire battle and escape sequence from the Ragnar storm.

MULTI-SCREEN:

1 -- EXT. SPACE - GALACTICA

As the ship moves to the threshold of the storm.

2 -- EXT. SPACE - THE CYLON SHIPS

The Cylons waiting for them.

3 -- EXT. SPACE - VIPER FORMATION

A mixture of old and new Vipers flying out in front of Galactica.

4 -- EXT. SPACE - CIVILIAN SHIPS

Following Galactica.

5 -- INT. TRANSPORT SHIP

Where Billy and Laura watch and wait.

6 -- INT. GALACTICA - COMBAT INFORMATION CENTER

Where Adama, Tigh, and Gaeta direct the battle.

GAETA
(off Dradis)
Vipers in position.

ADAMA
Execute.

GAETA
(to Dualla)
Signal to Vipers -- Engage the enemy.

DUALLA
(to mic)
Apollo/Galactica. Engage the enemy.

7 -- INT. LEE'S VIPER

Lee in the cockpit.

LEE
Copy that, Galactica.
(looks around)
You heard the lady.

8 -- INT. KARA'S VIPER

She hears Lee's wireless call.

LEE (WIRELESS)

Remember what Starbuck taught you. She's the best pilot out here. So toss the book and use your instincts.

(beat)

Let's do it.

3 -- The Vipers roar out of the storm and into open space.

2 -- The Cylons react and unleash their fighters and missiles.

1 -- Galactica moves out of the storm.

2 -- The Cylons direct fighters and missiles toward Galactica.

4 -- The first couple of civilian ships follow Galactica out of the storm and then FOLD IN and VANISH as they JUMP.

1 -- Galactica holds position in front of the storm threshold, effectively blocking the Cylons from getting at the civilian ships.

2 & 3 -- The Vipers engage the Cylon fighters.

7 & 8 -- Lee and Kara struggling to hold their own against the Cylons.

1 -- For the first time, we see Galactica herself OPEN FIRE on incoming Cylon ships -- it's a devastating amount of firepower coming from batteries spotted all over the ship. The sheer amount of firepower is awesome -- this is why a battlestar is something to be feared. Galactica's not just an aircraft carrier, she's a warrior in her own right.

4 -- Another pair of civilian ships JUMP.

3 -- A Viper explodes.

1 -- Galactica takes a near miss from a NUKE.

6 -- CIC SHAKES and Tigh rushes over to damage control.

2 -- A Cylon fighter explodes.

4 -- More civilians JUMP.

7 -- Lee's Viper is HIT. One wing is BLOWN AWAY.

8 -- Kara swoops in and defends Lee's crippled ship.

Faster and faster we run through the multi-screens, accelerating the pace of the cuts...

2 & 3 -- The Cylons press home the attack on the Vipers, which are getting mauled.

1 -- Galactica continues to protect the civilians, but the tide is starting to turn against her.

6 -- Tigh is on a phone handset, directing damage control.

TIGH

DC teams one and three to weps control aux relay, fire in compartments 234 and 235...

7 -- Lee struggles to control his ship.

8 -- Kara is like a demon possessed as she fights off every attempt to get at Lee's Viper.

5 -- Laura's Transport JUMPS

2 & 3 -- The Cylons destroy another Viper.

1 -- Galactica destroys THREE incoming Cylon fighters, but a FOURTH gets past her.

4 -- More civilians JUMP, but the Cylon Galactica missed DESTROYS TWO CIVILIANS.

7 -- Lee manages to get his ship working again, but it skids and turns wildly.

8 -- Kara takes a hit -- but it's not too bad.

3 -- A Viper whips beneath Galactica and DESTROYS the Cylon that was wreaking havoc with the civilians.

4 -- The last civilians JUMP.

6 -- Dualla looks up from her Dradis screen.

DUALLA

Last civilian ship is away!

ADAMA

Recall the fighters, stand-by to engage FTL!

Gaeta is working the checklist at the FTL station.

GAETA

Yes, sir.

(calls out)

Nav?

VOICE

Go!

DUALLA

(to mic)

Galactica to all Vipers -- return to base. Repeat -- return to base!

7 -- Lee hears Dualla's wireless call.

LEE

This is Apollo to all Vipers. Return to base immediately!
That means you, Starbuck.

8 -- Kara still protects Lee's ship.

KARA

Save your breath. We go back together.

3 -- The remaining Vipers scream in toward Galactica's landing bay.

6 -- Gaeta keeps running the checklist.

DUALLA

Go!

GAETA

Flight ops?

VOICE #2

Go!

2 -- The Cylon fighters break off as they approach the fearsome firepower of Galactica's defense batteries. But right behind them are the much larger CYLON BASE SHIPS (which look like two giant squat cones attached at the peaks). The base ships close on Galactica with deadly menace.

3 -- The Viper landings aren't pretty -- they skid and bounce onto the flight deck.

6 -- Dualla is keeping track of the landing Vipers.

DUALLA

Viper three aboard... Viper seven aboard...

Gaeta keeps going with his check list.

GAETA

Sublight?

VOICE #3

Go!

GAETA

Helm?

VOICE #4

Go!

GAETA

(to Adama)

The board is green, ship reports ready to Jump, sir.

DUALLA

Two more Vipers still out there, sir. Starbuck and Apollo.

TIGH

(to Adama)

We can't stand toe to toe with those base ships. We should go.

Adama hesitates, knows Tigh is right.

7 & 8 -- Kara and Lee desperately try to make it back to the ship. Kara flips around, fires backward at a chasing Cylon, DESTROYS him.

6 -- Adama makes his decision.

ADAMA

I'm not leaving them behind. Stand-by.

2 -- The Cylon Base Ships OPEN FIRE -- huge EXPLOSIONS all along Galactica's hull.

6 -- CIC turns to chaos. FIRES breaking out all over the ship, including one right here.

7 & 8 -- Lee's fighter is SLOWING down.

LEE

I'm losing power! I'm not gonna make it, Starbuck -- it's over! Just leave, damnit!

KARA

Shut up and hold still.

Kara drops down below Lee's fighter, ROLLS her ship so it's upside down and maneuvers her Viper so the two ships are belly-to-belly. Her LANDING STUTS pop out

KARA (cont'd)

Engaging mag-lock.

The magnetic locks on the struts suddenly PULL Lee's Viper toward them -- contact. The two Vipers are locked together belly-to-belly.

LEE

You are beyond insane.

KARA

Kicking the burners.

Kara's afterburners FIRE and the two Vipers go screaming toward Galactica.

6 -- Dualla sees the tracks on her dradis.

DUALLA

They're coming in!

2 -- Galactica and the Base Ships are FIRING at point blank range -- EXPLOSIONS everywhere.

7 & 8 -- The tandem fighters of Kara and Lee come screaming into the landing bay

KARA

Hang on!

They skid and screech across the deck, FLIP ONCE and finally stopping on the far side.

6 -- People are putting out fires when Dualla sees it on her console.

DUALLA
They're aboard!

ADAMA
JUMP!

1 & 2 -- Just as the Base Stars are unleashing their largest fire yet, Galactica JUMPS and we...

COLLAPSE SCREENS
TO:

EXT. SPACE - GALACTICA

As the ship UNFOLDS in space. The rest of the civilian ships are floating peacefully nearby.

They're safe.

INT. GALACTICA - FLIGHT DECK

Where Kara and Lee's Vipers are still locked together on the deck.

INT. LEE'S VIPER

From his canopy, he can see out through the rear of the bay and into open space. The other civilian ships can be seen, and Lee smiles to himself and leans back in his seat in exhaustion...

LEE
Starbuck... I'm definitely putting you up for Captain.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. STARBOARD HANGAR DECK - MUSEUM

Most of the museum trappings are gone, but the stage is still set up. In front of the stage are a long row of BODY BAGS, each covered with the Colonial Flag. Elosha (the Priest from Night One) is at the podium. The hangar deck is filled to capacity with Galactica crewmen and civilians. A CAMERA relays the proceedings throughout the fleet.

In the crowd are Adama, Laura, Billy, Lee, Kara, Sharon, Tigh, Tyrol, Gaeta, and Dualla, all with heads bowed as Adama finishes the service for the dead. Unlike the audience during the retirement ceremony, this crowd is completely focused, rapt with attention on the words of prayer:

ELOSHA
... with heavy hearts we lift up their bodies to you, oh
Lords of Kobol in the knowledge that you will take from
them their burdens and give them life eternal.
(beat)
We also pray that you will look upon us now with mercy
and love just as you did upon our forefathers many years
ago. Just as you led the twelve tribes to Kobol, so now
we hope and pray you will lead us to a new home where
we may begin life anew. So say we all.

ALL

So say we all.

The audience raises their heads, Elosha sits down and Adama goes to the podium and looks down at the rows of the dead.

ADAMA

Are they the lucky ones? That's the question you're all asking yourselves, isn't it?

(beat)

We're a long way from home. We've Jumped far beyond the Red Line and now we're in uncharted space. Limited supplies. Limited fuel. No allies. No hope. Maybe it would've been better if we'd all died quickly back there on Kobol with the rest of our families than to die slowly out here in the emptiness of deep space.

(beat)

Where will we go? What will we do?

He looks out at the surprised faces and knows that he's struck a chord, caught them off-guard and grabbed their attention by voicing their darkest thoughts.

ADAMA (cont'd)

"Life here began out there." Those are the first words of the sacred scrolls -- the first words the Lords of Kobol gave us countless centuries ago. They tell us in explicit terms that we are not alone in the universe.

(to Elosha)

Elosha, there is a thirteenth colony of man, is there not?

A murmur ripples through the crowd. He waits, lets it pass.

ELOSHA

Yes, the scrolls tell us a thirteenth tribe left Kobol in the Early Days. That they travelled far away and made their home on a planet called Earth... which circled a distant and unknown star.

ADAMA

It's not unknown. I know where it is.

Everyone is shocked, amazed -- hanging on his every word. He nods to a DECKHAND standing off to one side, who then turns on an OVERHEAD PROJECTOR, with throws an IMAGE up on the bulkhead of a DISTANT STAR and several planets. The image is blurry, indistinct. Adama points to one of the planets.

ADAMA (cont'd)

Earth.

Another murmur ripples through the room as people crane for a better look.

ADAMA (cont'd)

This image has been one of our most guarded secrets. The location -- or at least the general location -- of this

star system was known to only the most senior commanders in the Fleet. We dared not reveal its location to the public while the Cylon threat was still out there. And thank the Lords for that, because now we have a refuge to go to, a refuge the Cylons know nothing about.

Genuine excitement starts to spread through the crowd like wildfire.

ADAMA (cont'd)

It won't be easy. It will be a long and probably arduous journey to get there. But I promise you one thing -- we will make it and Earth will be our new home.

The crowd ERUPTS INTO WILD CHEERING. People are screaming, yelling, crying -- it's an emotional release that these people have been seeking for days now. Adama comes off the podium and is immediately mobbed by people wanting to touch him, wanting to thank him. Everyone in this room has hope again.

Everyone, that is, except Laura Roslin, who watches the people surge around Adama with a thoughtful expression.

INT. TIGH'S QUARTERS

Tigh is exhausted. Physically, emotionally. He pulls off his boots, unbuttons his shirt... then reaches out for the bottle on the desk. There's a KNOCK on the hatch. He sits back.

TIGH

Come in.

Kara ENTERS.

TIGH (cont'd)

Starbuck.

KARA

Colonel.

A quiet, awkward beat.

TIGH

Yes...?

KARA

I heard about the fire. What you did. What the Chief found out later.

Tigh picks up the bottle, pours himself a drink.

TIGH

Nothing you can say I haven't said to myself... but by all means, don't deny yourself the pleasure...

KARA

I think the Chief's full of shit.

The drink halfway to his mouth, he stops and looks at her.

TIGH

What...?

KARA

How the hell do Cally and Sociuns know the fire wouldn't have reached the hangar deck? They don't know. How could anybody? The point is, the safety of the entire ship was stake and you couldn't take that chance. End of argument.

(beat)

You're still an asshole, Colonel. But you made the right call. So don't feel guilty and don't punish yourself for it.

(pointedly looks at the bottle)

Plenty of other things for you to feel guilty about.

And with that, she EXITS. Tigh sits there for a beat, stunned. He looks at the drink in his hand... then pours it back into the bottle.

INT. WARDROOM

Adama is having something to eat and going over some reports on the table with a weary expression when Laura ENTERS.

LAURA

Am I disturbing you?

ADAMA

Not at all. Have a seat.

Laura sits down, waits a moment, then gets right to it.

LAURA

First of all, I suppose I should thank you for deciding to --

ADAMA

You were right, I was wrong, let's not talk about it.

LAURA

All right.

(beat)

So what is this Red Line that we've Jumped beyond?

ADAMA

It's a... navigational term. There are computational errors in every Jump. The further out you Jump, the greater the error. Jump past the Red Line and it may be almost impossible to find your way back.

LAURA

So we may never find our way back to Kobol.

ADAMA

No. We'll have to find Earth instead.

LAURA

There is no Earth. You made it all up.

Adama sits back in his chair, lets her continue.

LAURA (cont'd)

President Adar and I once talked about the legends about Earth. His kids were learning about them in school and we were discussing the merits of the various texts.

(beat)

Adar was many things, but he wasn't a very good liar. In fact, it was something of a problem in his political career.

(beat)

He didn't know anything about a "secret" location. I know that. And if the President didn't know, what are the chances that you did?

She holds his eyes and there's a long beat as Adama weighs his options here.

ADAMA

You're right. There is no Earth. It's just a legend.

LAURA

And that photo?

ADAMA

Something I found in our library.

LAURA

Why?

ADAMA

Because... it's not enough just to live, there has to be something to live for.

(beat)

We have fifty thousand people cooped up in a rag-tag fugitive fleet. We'll have supply problems, medical problems, social conflict, religious divisions -- every kind of human conflict you can imagine is going break out in these ships. And people don't have something to believe in, they're going tear each other apart. They have to believe in something larger than themselves. A larger goal for everyone.

(beat)

Let them believe in Earth.

LAURA

How long can you keep up this kind of charade?

ADAMA

Hopefully long enough to find a planet that will sustain human life and let us start our lives over.

LAURA

They'll never forgive you.

ADAMA

Maybe. But in the meantime, I've given us all a fighting chance to survive. And isn't that what you told me was the most important thing? For the human race to survive?

LAURA

Can we really find another planet to colonize?

ADAMA

It may take a while. The number of planets that can sustain human life is very small. And there's always the chance they may already have some kind of indigenous intelligent life on them -- although if there are aliens out there, they've been awfully quiet.

Laura thinks it over for a long beat.

LAURA

Who else knows?

ADAMA

Not a soul.

LAURA

All right. I'll keep your secret. But I want something in return.

ADAMA

I'm listening.

LAURA

That "rag-tag fleet" out there is more than just a collection of ships...

EXT. SPACE - GALACTICA & RAGTAG FLEET

Our chase camera tracks across the familiar lines of Galactica and then across the motley assembly of civilian vessels trailing in her wake.

LAURA (V.O.)

We have ships with schools...

INT. CLASSROOM

A space-going "living science" classroom filled with students, who can't help looking out the windows even as the teacher tries to keep order.

LAURA (V.O.)

Hospitals...

INT. HOSPITAL SHIP

A hospital ward filled to overflowing.

LAURA (V.O.)

Merchants...

INT. MARKETPLACE

Like the domed Meadow seen earlier on the cruise ship, this is an artificial market place built to resemble a "village square." An enormous DOME looms overhead, letting in starlight.

LAURA (V.O.)

Police departments...

INT. POLICE SHIP

A crowded warren of cubicles designed to house civilian police officers.

LAURA (V.O.)

Entertainers...

INT. AMPHITHEATRE

Another artificial space designed to evoke a terrestrial amphitheatre, with a stage and seating for a large crowd. Again, the stars loom over the (empty) set.

LAURA (V.O.)

It's a living, breathing city...

EXT. SPACE - GALACTICA & RAGTAG FLEET

The chase plane has reached the end of the fleet and now the invisible camera operator turns his hand-held camera back to see the fleet receding in the distance.

LAURA (V.O.)

All that's left of our civilization is inside these fragile containers.

INT. WARDROOM

As before. Laura and Adama.

LAURA

If this civilization is going to function it's going to need a government. A civilian government run by the President of the Colonies.

Adama knows exactly what she's talking about. Bows to the inevitable.

ADAMA

You're in charge of the fleet. But military decisions stay with me.

LAURA

Agreed.

MULTI-SCREEN:

1 -- INT. WARDROOM [DOMINANT]

Adama looks at Laura, making his final decision.

2 -- INT. SQUADRON READY ROOM

Sharon and some of the pilots are going over flight assignments and paperwork. Boxy sticks his head in the door and Sharon rolls her eyes, then waves him in -- the little boy takes the seat next to her.

3 -- INT. COMBAT INFORMATION CENTER

Deck Hands are cleaning the residue from the recent fire. Dualla sees Billy pass by the door -- he smiles. She smiles back.

4 -- INT. HANGAR DECK

Tyrol and his crew are working on the Vipers. Cally hands him a tool. He says something to her (which we cannot hear). She shakes his hand. Peace at least for now.

5 -- INT. KARA'S QUARTERS

Kara hangs a new picture on the wall. It's the photo of her, Zak and Lee, the crease still visible. She regards it as it hangs there.

1 -- Adama makes his choice.

ADAMA

Then I think we have a deal... Madame President.

As they shake hands, linking their fates together from this point forward, we...

COLLAPSE SCREENS
TO:

INT. PASSAGEWAY

Where Baltar is surprised when he comes around a corner and nearly runs into Number Six.

NUMBER SIX

Your escape is a temporary one at best. We will find you.

BALTAR

You can try. It's a big universe.

NUMBER SIX

You haven't addressed the real problem, of course.

BALTAR

Yes, yes. There may be Cylon agents living among us at this very moment just waiting to strike.

NUMBER SIX

Some may not even know they're Cylons at all. Sleeper agents programmed to perfectly impersonate human beings until activation.

BALTAR

I'm not worried.

NUMBER SIX

I keep forgetting how truly arrogant you are.

BALTAR

If there are Cylons here we'll find them.

NUMBER SIX

We? You're not on their side, Gaius.

BALTAR

I'm not on anybody's side. I'm just looking out for myself.

NUMBER SIX

Exactly. Which means you can't tell them all you know about us without giving yourself away. Which a shame. You could be a real help to them.

BALTAR

Yeah. That is a shame.

INT. ANOTHER PASSAGEWAY

Where Lee and Adama are walking along.

LEE

...and tomorrow I'll begin a formal combat patrol around the fleet.

ADAMA

Good. See you in the morning.

They stop outside Adama's quarters. Adama opens the door.

LEE

About Zak... I don't know. I talked to Kara... but still I can't help... I don't... I mean...

It's still tough for him to talk about and it shows. Adama waits, then decides to take him off the hook.

ADAMA

What do you say we leave that for another time. I think we've pulled off enough miracles today, don't you?

They share a look, and then Lee nods.

LEE

'Night, Commander.

ADAMA

'Night, Captain.

INT. ADAMA'S QUARTERS

Adama ENTERS, drags his weary body to his bunk and lies down. He's bonecrushingly tired, but there's at least a ray of hope with his son now and that's enough. All he can think about is sleep. He puts a hand behind his pillow -- finds something. It's a note. It says:

"There are only 12 Cylon models."

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE - RAGNAR STATION

Which is now surrounded by Cylon ships.

INT. RAGNAR STATION - STORAGE LOCKER

The door is YANKED OPEN with a screech of METAL, revealing Doral sitting on a box. He's sweating, shaking, pale. Obviously ill. On the verge of complete collapse.

He looks up as TWO CHROME CYLONS toss the remnants of the door away, then step aside as THREE PEOPLE ENTER. These three people look EXACTLY like LEOBEN and TWO PEOPLE who look like NUMBER SIX walk in the room. The Chrome Cylons wait impassively for instructions.

DORAL

We have to get out of this storm. The radiation... affects our silica relays.

The others exchange a look.

LEOBEN #2

Where did they go?

DORAL

I... don't know... they were preparing for a... big Jump...

And if there's still any doubt as to who and what Doral really is, it's dispelled when ANOTHER DORAL walks in the locker.

DORAL #2

We can't let them go.

NUMBER SIX #2

Unfortunately I agree.

NUMBER SIX #3

If we don't they'll return one day and seek revenge.

LEOBEN #3

It's in their nature.

LEOBEN #3 (cont'd)

It may take several decades to track them down.

But before we can even fully assimilate the revelation that Doral really was a Cylon all along, we're hit with another, even bigger bombshell --

A Cylon woman walks in the room. And she looks exactly like Sharon Valerii.

SHARON #2

Don't worry. We'll find them.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT EIGHT