

SUPER: *The Cylons were created by Man.*

EXT. SPACE - ARMISTICE STATION

A tiny SPACE STATION hangs in the deep void.

FADE OUT.

SUPER: *They were the product of a desire to make life easier on the planet Kobol.*

EXT. SPACE - ARMISTICE STATION

A small COLONIAL TRANSPORT glides into frame and toward a docking with the station. There are no other ships or planets visible.

FADE OUT.

SUPER: *At first, they were simple robots. Toys. Conversation pieces at parties for the rich and trendy.*

INT. ARMISTICE STATION

A simple, spare room of steel. Two doors on opposite sides. One metal table in the center. A MAN dressed in a Colonial lieutenant's uniform ENTERS from one door, carrying a briefcase.

The Lieutenant sits in one of only two chairs in the room -- one cushioned, one bare metal. A table sits between them. Sitting on the table is what looks like a gooseneck lamp topped by a single RED LIGHT that oscillates back and forth, passively "watching" everything in the room.

He opens his briefcase and takes out a few personal items -- a PICTURE FRAME of his WIFE, a book, some official paperwork. Sets them on the table. Looks like he's going to be here a while.

The Lieutenant glances up at the door across from him. It remains closed. He picks up the book, sighs and begins to read.

FADE OUT.

SUPER: *The Cylons became more advanced. Began to work the mines. Do the hard and dangerous work Man no longer wished to do.*

INT. ARMISTICE STATION

Hours later. The Lieutenant is packing up his briefcase. He leaves through the same door whence he entered, passing by a Colonial FLAG, which is the only decoration in the room.

FADE OUT.

SUPER: *And when the people of the Twelve Colonies of Kobol decided to war against each other, the Cylons began to do their fighting and killing for them too.*

INT. ARMISTICE STATION

The same Man ENTERS the same room, but now he's OLDER, wearing the rank of Captain. He opens his briefcase, takes out some personal items including a NEW framed photo of an OLDER

wife. Nothing's changed in the room. The gooseneck with the red light still sits there on the table. The Captain sits in the chair, begins to do some paperwork -- which includes some diagrams and photos of the original mechanistic Cylons.

FADE OUT.

SUPER: The Cylons were the greatest soldiers the planet had ever seen. Smart. Fast. Deadly. They made decisions without waiting for orders.

INT. ARMISTICE STATION

The Captain is now a Major. Some grey in his hair. The picture on the table is that of an older wife holding a BABY. Still no one else in the room. The Major is idly waving a finger in front of the oscillating RED LIGHT, following it back and forth, back and forth...

FADE OUT.

SUPER: And then the day came when the Cylons decided to kill their masters.

INT. ARMISTICE STATION

The Major is now a Lt. Colonel. More grey in the hair. The photo now shows his wife and THREE YEAR OLD BOY. The Lt. Colonel is doing some kind of word puzzle, his feet on the table.

FADE OUT.

SUPER: The Twelve Colonies rallied together for the first time in centuries. Betrayed by their own technology, they fought the Cylons with weapons that didn't rely on computers.

INT. ARMISTICE STATION

The Lt. Colonel is now a full Colonel. The Wife's photo is now in a separate frame, with a black border. The BOY has his own photo and is SIX YEARS OLD. The Colonel is stretching his aching back. The red light is still there.

FADE OUT.

SUPER: After a long and bloody struggle, the war finally ended. An armistice was declared. The Cylons left Kobol for another world to call their own.

EXT. SPACE - ARMISTICE STATION

The Transport is docked at the station.

SUPER: A remote space station was built where Cylon and Human could meet and maintain diplomatic relations. Every month, the Colonials send an officer.

INT. ARMISTICE STATION

The Colonel leans way back in his chair, is about to nod off.

SUPER: *The Cylons send no one. No one has seen or heard from the Cylons in over forty years.*

Suddenly the door in the room OPENS.

The Colonel lurches forward in shock -- what the hell? Then his jaw drops when TWO CYLONS ENTER. Chrome metal bodies, red eyes tracking back and forth. Similar to the 1970s version of the Cylon warriors, but sleeker, more advanced, and more fluid in their movements. They take a couple steps into the room and then stop. They stand there like silent deadly sentinels, making no move for their weapons.

Silence. The Colonel remains at the desk, surprised, but trying to be professional.

Then another shock. The Cylons step aside and a beautiful WOMAN ENTERS. She looks to be in her twenties, with long flowing raven-black hair, drop-dead looks and a perfect body. Her every move, every gesture is smooth and precise. Her eyes are keenly intelligent.

She sits down across from the shocked Colonel and favors him with a coquettish smile.

He blinks in surprise, smiles back.

She reaches across the small table, softly cups his chin, brings it to her and kisses him gently, tenderly. She breaks the kiss, looks into his eyes.

WOMAN
Are you alive?

COLONEL
Yes...

WOMAN
Prove it.

He's totally flummoxed. Doesn't know what to make of this. But she is devastatingly beautiful, and when she pulls him into a deeper and more sensual embrace, he doesn't resist.

Her hands slip into his shirt, his pants. His fingers fumble with her clothes.

Her face drifts over his shoulder and we look into her eyes. She smiles a secret smile to herself.

EXT. SPACE - ARMISTICE STATION

The Colonel's Colonial Transport EXPLODES.

INT. ARMISTICE STATION

The Colonel hears the explosion, tries to pull away, but she is far stronger than he is. She holds him tight. Then too tight. He has a moment of horrifying realization -- then she smiles a sweet sad smile once more.

The metal Cylons stand there impassively, silently. Red eyes moving back and forth...

The entire room EXPLODES around them.

EXT. SPACE - ARMISTICE STATION

Which is torn apart with a shattering series of EXPLOSIONS, one after the other...

FADE OUT.

OVER BLACK:

The echoing BOOMS of the explosions become the SOUND of RUNNING FEET on a metal grating.

BANG-BANG, BANG-BANG, BANG-BANG...

FADE IN:

INT. GALACTICA - PASSAGEWAYS

It's one long take:

We're FOLLOWING a woman as she jogs through the narrow, cramped passageways of the battleship Galactica. She's dressed in jogging bra, shorts, running shoes and eventually we'll learn that her name is KARA THRACE. We keep following Kara as she makes a left hand turn at an INTERSECTION, crosses through a side passageway, makes another left, now going back in the direction she came.

A TOUR GROUP of CIVILIANS is blocking her way up ahead.

KARA

Make a hole!

The civilians scramble out of the way to let her pass. CAMERA DROPS OFF on DORAL (30s) -- one of those picture-perfect PR types who never seems to have a hair out of place.

DORAL

Form follows function.

He leads the visitor-tagged tourists down the intersection.

DORAL (cont'd)

Nowhere is this axiom of design more readily apparent than on board the world famous battleship Galactica. This ship, the last of her kind still in service, was constructed over fifty years ago during the early days of the Cylon War. Originally, there were twelve battleships, each representing one of Kobol's twelve colonies. Galactica represented Caprica and was first commanded by...

They reach another intersection and Kara comes jogging through the passageway again. It's still one take as we FOLLOW Kara on her laps.

She passes through another intersection where we DROP OFF on ADAMA -- a man in his late fifties, with a weathered, lean appearance, iron-grey hair and so tall that he has to continually duck and stoop to avoid the low overhead. He wears a simple day uniform with a minimum of insignia, and his clothes have a well-used, rumpled look. He has a piece of PAPER in his hand and he seems to be rehearsing a speech.

ADAMA

(reading)

"The Cylon War is long over. Yet, we must not forget the reasons why so many sacrificed so much in the cause of liberty..."

Adama sees a passing officer -- CAPTAIN KELLY (30s).

KELLY

Commander Adama, if I may...?

ADAMA

Captain..?

KELLY

Just wanted to say it's been a pleasure to serve in your command, sir.

ADAMA

Thank you, Mister Kelly. The honor's been mine. Good luck in your next assignment.

KELLY

Thank you, sir.

Adama resumes his walk.

ADAMA

(from memory)

"The Cylon War is long over. Yet, we must not... Yet, we must not..."

(glances at paper)

"Yet we must not forget the reasons why so many were asked to sacrifice so much in..."

Bang-Bang, Bang-Bang -- Adama steps back from the intersection as Kara approaches. She both likes and respects Adama. These morning exchanges are something of a ritual for them and date back to a common experience in flight school.

KARA

Morning, sir!

ADAMA

Morning Starbuck! Whaddya hear?

KARA

Nothin' but the rain.

ADAMA

Then grab your gun and put the cat out.

KARA

BOOM-cha-gah-la! BOOM-BOOM-BOOM!

ADAMA

(overlapping)
BOOM-BOOM-BOOM!

We FOLLOW Kara as she grins and goes down two more left-hand turns and then back down the Passageway and then DROPPING OFF on three enlisted Deck Hands -- PROSNA (18, male), CALLY (21, female), SOCINUS (18, male) -- rushing somewhere in a hurry, and trying to get their uniforms in order. Prosna has a FLAT WRAPPED PACKAGE.

PROSNA
C'mon! Chief's gonna have our ass!

CALLY
I know, I know! Can't get this insignia to line-up...

SOCINUS
(sees Adama)
There's the Old Man now! C'mon, we gotta go!

They pass by LT. GAETA (20s) and we DROP OFF on him as he stops Adama. Gaeta has a stack of MESSAGE PRINT-OUTS.

GAETA
Morning, sir.
(hands him messages)
Com traffic from the midwatch.

ADAMA
Morning.
(re: messages)
Anything interesting?

GAETA
Mostly housekeeping. Oh, there is one odd message we were copied on.
(shows him the message)
The one from Fleet headquarters. Courier officer's overdue coming back from Armistice station.

ADAMA
Hm.

GAETA
They're asking for a status report on all FTL capable ships in case they need someone to Jump out there tomorrow and see if his ship's had a mechanical problem.

ADAMA
I think we're a little busy tomorrow, Mr. Gaeta. What do you think?

GAETA
(grins)

Yes, sir. And may I also take this opportunity to say it's been both a pleasure and an honor to serve under you these past three years.

ADAMA

Thank you, Mister Gaeta. The honor's been mine.

Now we FOLLOW Gaeta (still one take) as he continues on his way. He looks down an intersection and sees COLONEL TIGH (40s) leaning against a bulkhead. The Colonel looks like he's about ready to puke. Gaeta looks away quickly, not wanting to make eye contact and Gaeta hurries off.

STAY WITH Tigh. He steadies himself against the bulkhead, rallies, tries to clear his head then heads off down the passage. FOLLOW Tigh until he passes Doral and the tour group and we DROP OFF on them.

DORAL

You'll see things here that look odd, even antiquated to modern eyes. Phones with cords, awkward manual valves, computers that barely deserve the name. But all of it is intentional. It's all designed to operate in combat against an enemy who could infiltrate and disrupt all but the most basic computer systems.

(leads them down passage)

Of course, those attitudes have changed through the years and Galactica is something of a relic. A reminder of a time when we were so frightened by the capabilities of our enemies that we literally looked backward for protection. Modern battlestars resemble Galactica only in the most superficial ways...

Bang-bang, Bang-bang... FOLLOW Kara again, down the Passageway and around the corner, DROPPING OFF on Adama just as he manually OPENS a HATCH, and goes into a REPAIR BAY, which finally ENDS THE TAKE.

INT. GALACTICA - REPAIR BAY - CONTINUOUS

This is a large space, designed for the maintenance and repair of the ship's fighters. It's filled with tools, diagnostic equipment, spare parts, hoses, and odd bits of machinery. Like everywhere on Galactica, space is at a premium and there's precious little in here that isn't used.

FIFTEEN ENLISTED DECK HANDS are milling about the Repair Bay, including Socinus, Prosna and Cally. Their chief petty officer, CHIEF TYROL is the first to spot Adama coming through the hatch.

TYROL

Attention on deck.

Everyone snaps to attention.

ADAMA

Stand at ease. Good morning, Chief.

TYROL

Morning, sir; and thank you for coming down.

Tyrol is in his late thirties, rugged, with the worn look of a man who's spent a lifetime working in and around big machines. The crew would do anything for him and the officers respect him.

ADAMA

Always appreciate the chance to see where the real work is done.

TYROL

This way, sir.

Tyrol walks him over toward a fighter covered with a TARP. Adama notices that the entire crew has quietly followed them over.

TYROL (cont'd)

Sir, on behalf of Deck Crew Five I'd like to present a token of our esteem and appreciation for the many years you've served as commanding officer of this ship.
(to hands)

Places.

The Deck Hands each grab an edge of the tarp.

TYROL (cont'd)

Present.

The tarp is smoothly whisked away to reveal a classic VIPER FIGHTER, virtually identical in design to the 70's TV series. Adama smiles and moves forward, not quite understanding yet, but trying to look appreciative.

ADAMA

Mark Two Viper. Haven't seen one of these in about, oh... twenty years or so.

TYROL

If the commander will take a closer look...

Something's up. The Deck Hands are exchanging expectant looks. Adama moves closer, then sees it -- stencilled on the cockpit, just below the canopy are the words: LT. WILLIAM ADAMA "HUSKER" Adama blinks for a moment in confusion, looks a question at Tyrol.

TYROL (cont'd)

Tail number A894FG.

Adama can't believe it. Tyrol glances at Prosna, who now steps forward with the wrapped package and hands it to Adama. Adama tears it OPEN and finds -- A PHOTO of himself as a much younger man standing on the wing on this Viper.

ADAMA

Where... where'd you find her?

TYROL

Rusting away in a salvage yard outside Caprica City.
(beat)

We hope the commander will consider letting her participate in the decommissioning ceremony.

ADAMA

She'll fly!

TYROL

We've restored the engines, patched up the guidance system, and replaced most of the flight controls. She's fueled, armed, and ready to launch.

Adama is suddenly caught short, blindsided by an unexpected wave of emotion as he runs his hands over his old fighter. He steps closer, puts a hand on the fuselage as if in a dream. Tyrol senses this has suddenly become an intensely personal moment. He silently signals the deck hands, and they make a quiet, discreet EXIT.

Adama stays there, looking over his ship with nostalgia and sadness brimming in his eyes.

ADAMA

(softly)

The honor... is mine.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

A clean, anti-septic office on the planet Kobol. LAURA ROSLIN sits before the desk, patiently waiting. Laura is in her late forties, handsome, confident, with an innate intelligence bordering on the brilliant. But the quality that strikes us most strongly about Laura is that she has class.

The DOCTOR (40s) ENTERS, sits down at the desk with a carefully neutral expression. He clears his throat.

DOCTOR

We've found a lump.

(beat)

Without surgery, it's impossible to know for certain, but I can tell you that statistically, 93% of these types of masses do turn out to be malignant.

(long beat)

Miss Roslin...?

She doesn't answer. Doesn't look at him. Finally...

LAURA

Treatment?

DOCTOR

The conventional approach is intensive radiation therapy, but there are several promising new drug therapies that will soon be approved for human testing, and --

LAURA

Excuse me, I have a flight to catch.

She gets up and heads for the door. The Doctor's seen this reaction before -- has probably seen every reaction before.

DOCTOR

I'd like to give you the name of a counselor who specializes in dealing with the emotional fallout from --

But she's out the door. The Doctor lets out a long, tired breath. He writes on her chart.

ECU - THE CHART

There's a lot of technical language, but the one word that sticks out to us amid the Doctor's scrawl is "terminal."

EXT. KOBOL - TRANSPORTATION HUB - DAY

A busy terminal where both aircraft and spacecraft await passengers. A large SPACE TRANSPORT is docked at one of the gangways. We should feel like we're viewing this FX shot through a hand-held camera.

INT. TRANSPORT SHIP - PASSENGER CABIN - DAY

The passenger cabin is narrow and cramped, like the modern-day Concorde. Laura sits at a window seat, staring out at the brilliant day, and lost in her own thoughts. She can't help but put a hand to her left breast... gently feels for the lump somewhere within. A voice breaks the moment:

VOICE

Excuse me...?

Laura looks at a good-looking teenager standing in the aisle.

BILLY

Secretary Roslin?

LAURA

Yes.

BILLY

Hi. I'm Billy Keikeya.
(blank look)
Your new assistant.

BILLY is young (19), eager to please, very smart and very polite. He's one of those rare people who's usually smarter than the room, but never lets anyone know it. He'll make a great diplomat someday. Laura quickly recovers.

LAURA

Oh. Hello. Have a seat.

He hands her a thick 3-ring folder.

BILLY

The Education Ministry sent your briefing book from the office.

She takes it, then looks out the window again for a long beat. Billy quickly realizes something is up with his new boss, but has the good sense not to pry. He just waits. Finally, Laura gathers herself and shifts into business mode.

LAURA

Do you know where we're going?

BILLY

To the Galactica. The ship's being retired and transferred to the Ministry as a museum ship.

(beat)

I took the liberty of reading the briefing on the way over. I hope that's okay.

LAURA

That's fine.

(beat)

It's a long flight. Hope you don't mind if I catch some sleep.

BILLY

Not at all.

Laura settle back in her seat, faces away from Billy, closes her eyes. Then her eyes open again. She's not going to be getting much sleep.

PILOT (V.O.)

Ladies and Gentlemen, we are ready for departure. Our flight to rendezvous with Galactica is expected to take five hours, forty-three minutes. Our cruising speed will be...

There's the WHINE of the ship's ENGINE, which takes us to...

EXT. TRANSPORTATION HUB - DAY

As the Transport ship LIFTS OFF from the terminal, our hand-held camera tracks it up toward the sky.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SPACE - GALACTICA - CHASE CAMERA POV

Our first look at the enormous ship, cruising slowly through space sets the tone for all the exterior space shots to follow -- We see Galactica not in a big sweeping 3-D hero shot, but as if it were being seen from a hand-held camera aboard a plane flying alongside the ship. The framing is a little wobbly and the picture goes soft once or twice as our imaginary cameraman struggles to keep the ship in focus.

INT. GALACTICA - SQUADRON READY ROOM

A Squadron Ready Room is both a briefing facility and an informal gathering place for off-duty pilots. The decor should reflect the many pilots and squadrons that have come and gone down through the years and there are plaques, insignias, mementoes, souvenirs, etc. crowding the walls. There's a TV Monitor on in the b.g. with the volume LOW.

It's late in the midwatch and the Colonial equivalent to a poker game is going on. Most of the pilots have dropped out and the game is down to two players -- COLONEL TIGH and Kara Thrace -- the woman we first met jogging through the halls.

Kara (30s) is a loner, which makes her an oddity among the tight-knit pilots. She's as undisciplined and rebellious out of the cockpit as she is calculating and precise in it. Her mouth has definitely held back her career. And she dislikes Tigh. She tosses in a stack of chips.

Tigh (40s) pours himself another drink. He's well into his cups by now. He's the ship's executive officer (or XO). He's tightly wound, moody, prone to outbursts of temper. And he dislikes Kara. He studies his cards, looks up at Kara...

TIGH

(derisive)

"Starbuck". Now there's a call sign. Starbuck. How'd you get that nickname, anyway? Never did hear the full story.

(takes a drink)

Was it before you got thrown in the brig as a cadet for drunk and disorderly or after?

KARA

After.

TIGH

After. That's right, it was after.

(tosses in chips)

Thirty and thirty more.

KARA

(casual)

How's the wife?

The room goes deathly silent. Glances between the other pilots. Tigh freezes for a beat. She's definitely touched a sensitive and dangerous nerve.

TIGH

(even)

Just fine.

KARA

Talk to her lately?

TIGH

Bet's to you, Lieutenant.

KARA

No rank at the table, Colone! Tradition and all that.

(lights a cigar)

So. Another thirty to me. Well, I think I'll just have to bring this lovely evening to a close.

(turns over cards)

Dominion.

Tigh's drops his hand. Kara begins raking in the chips.

TIGH

That's five hands in a row.

KARA

Is it?

TIGH

No one's that lucky, Thrace.

KARA

Luck has nothing to do with it.

TIGH

That's right.

Now it's ugly. Kara meets his eyes.

KARA

You have something to say, say it.

A tense beat, then a sudden eruption of violence as Tigh KNOCKS the table over. Kara's on her feet, gets in the first shot -- and CONNECTS with Tigh's face. He staggers back, but the other pilots swoop in and are hauling the dazed Tigh out of here before anything else can happen. Kara watches him go with a smirk, then bends down to scoop up her winnings.

As she picks up the loot, we PUSH IN on the TV monitor jammed into a tiny cubbyhole in the wall. A Colonial news program is on, with a REPORTER (30s) -- facing the camera in a comfortable studio setting.

REPORTER (TV)

For those of you just joining us from the Pyramid game in Geminon, welcome to The Spotlight -- our weekly interview program devoted to people making news on Kobol.

INT. TV STUDIO - BACKSTAGE

The studio is similar to those we're familiar with, but with smaller lights and cameras and slightly less equipment. As we move through the back stage area we find a WOMAN calmly standing amid the cables and equipment of the off-stage area, watching the interview on a TV MONITOR. She's in her twenties with short, Carrie Moss Matrix hair, wearing a perfectly tailored business suit. And if we looked really closely, we might see that she looks eerily similar to the same woman who destroyed the Armistice Station.

REPORTER (TV)

Today we're talking with Doctor Gaius Baltar.

BALTAR (40s) is a literal genius. Elegantly dressed and aesthetically handsome. He listens to the reporter recite his bio with the affected humility of the truly arrogant.

REPORTER (TV)(cont'd)

Although he has won three Magnate Prizes in the course of his distinguished career, he is perhaps best known for his controversial views on advanced computer technology which have earned him stinging condemnation from several leading conservative publications as well as something approaching cult

figure status on many college campuses. Dr. Baltar
welcome again.

BALTAR (TV)

Thank you, Kellan. It's a pleasure to be here.

The Woman glances away from the monitor as a STAGEHAND goes to a small craft-service table and makes himself a cup of coffee. She watches him carefully, intently, focusing on every single move as he pours the cup, puts in cream. The interview continues in the b.g.

REPORTER (TV)

Before the break, we were discussing your latest opinion
piece in the Caprican Daily News where you advocate
the resumption of research into artificial intelligence.
Could you summarize your position for our new viewers?

The Woman watches as another Stagehand waves the first Stagehand over to help with some equipment. The man takes a sip of his coffee, then leaves it on the table before going. Her gaze goes to his abandoned coffee.

BALTAR (TV)

I'd be happy to. My position is very simple: the ban on
research and development of artificial intelligence is a
hold-over from the Cylon Wars.

The Woman goes to the craft-service table, picks up the coffee, inhales the smell deeply... then takes a sip... rolls the liquid around in her mouth... smiles to herself and then puts the coffee cup back before turning around and looking directly at the stage where the interview is taking place.

BALTAR (cont'd)

I believe the ban is outdated and serves no useful
purpose except to retard efforts to solve many of the
problems plaguing Colonial society.

Baltar sees her in the shadows. Their eyes meet and a flush of hot desire rises up into his face...

INT. BALTAR'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The door SLAMS OPEN. Baltar and the Woman are all over each other, clawing and tearing at each other's clothing. The Woman shoves him down on the couch, unzips his pants with a quick motion.

WOMAN

Miss me?

BALTAR

Can't you tell?

WOMAN

Your body misses me, but what about your heart? Your
soul?

BALTAR

Yeah, those too...

WOMAN
Do you love me, Gaius?

Whoa. The words every bachelor on the make dreads. Baltar freezes in his tracks.

BALTAR
What?

WOMAN
Do you love me?

She takes his face in her hand and looks deep into his eyes. He blinks in surprise for a beat. Hesitates, and we realize that Baltar, deep down, actually fears this woman on some level.

BALTAR
Are you... are you serious?

Her eyes bore into his for a long beat. Suddenly, she grins at him -- and Baltar relaxes as he realizes she's messing with him. Again.

BALTAR (cont'd)
God, you had me worried there for...

She hikes up her skirt and mounts him. Baltar's eyes widen in ecstasy.

WOMAN
I'm hot, Gaius. I'm so hot.

She begins to rock back and forth, faster and faster, and whatever worries he had are suddenly forgotten. Camera MOVES around behind her and we see that she literally is hot. Her SPINE is GLOWING RED just beneath her skin. OFF this startling image, we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE
ACT TWO

FADE IN:

In what will become a signature stylistic element of our series, we open this Act with a MULTIPLE SPLIT SCREEN format. We will see several different camera angles on and around the Viper as well as an interior from Galactica. The exact positioning of the splits and how many splits are on screen at any one time will be an editorial decision, but we'll never have more than 5 at any one time. The individual splits are numbered for clarity of reference.

MULTI-SCREEN:

1 -- EXT. SPACE - VIPER COCKPIT POV

Our view is from a camera mounted just ABOVE the cockpit of a Viper fighter and our view is straight ahead. Up ahead we can see Galactica's stern coming into focus and at the very bottom of the frame we can just make out the top of the cockpit canopy. This is a FIXED CAMERA, which neither pans nor zooms, and the frame constantly changes and moves as the Viper makes

minute course adjustments. We HEAR the WIRELESS (our term for RADIO) transmissions between Galactica and the pilot:

LEE (WIRELESS)
Galactica/Viper Four-five-zero. Beam acquisition lock.

2 -- INT. VIPER - COCKPIT CONSOLE POV

View from a tiny camera mounted in the DASHBOARD of the cockpit, looking straight at the pilot's face, or in this case, at the reflective SHIELD which has been pulled down over his eyes. We can see a portion of the starfield out the canopy behind him, but again this camera is FIXED.

3 -- INT. GALACTICA - PORT LANDING BAY

Looking out into space from the Galactica, we see the distant approaching Viper.

4 -- INT. GALACTICA - PORT LANDING CONTROL

A cramped cubicle barely big enough for the Landing Signal Officer (LSO), who is Captain Kelly -- first seen giving his regards to Adama at the top of Act One. The cubicle is dominated by a single window which overlooks the vast LANDING BAY and it is from this vantage, that the LSO guides incoming ships to a landing below. Kelly WRITES on the WINDOW with a greasepen, keeping track of various info on the landing planes. Kelly wears a headset for communications, but there are also several telephone handsets on the console before him.

At the moment, the cubicle is also crowded with the tour group seen earlier. Doral, the tour guide, is crammed into the hatch, explaining the operation to the group.

DORAL
A logical question to ask is why in this day and age, do we have men and women in the cockpit at all? Why not automate the Vipers or rely on unmanned missiles for defense?

KELLY
(to mic)
Viper Four-five-zero/Galactica. Copy your acquisition lock. Stand-by landing clearance.

2 -- The pilot pulls up his reflective shield, giving us a look at LEE ADAMA (30s).

LEE
Standing by.

1 -- Galactica gets closer.

3 -- The Viper gets closer.

4 -- Kelly checks some controls.

DORAL
The answer, of course, is that an automated Viper would be susceptible to possible jamming or cyber-attack. There's a saying in the Colonial fleet that you can jam every sensor except the human brain.

KELLY
(clipped, rapid, to headset mic)
Viper Four-five-zero/Galactica. Approach port landing bay, hands-on, speed one zero five, checkers red, call the ball.

LEE (cont'd)
(to mic)
Galactica check that. Did you say hands-on approach?

KELLY
Viper Four-five-zero, that's affirmative. Hands-on approach.

LEE
Very well. Port landing bay, hands-on, speed one zero five, checkers red, I have the ball.

2 -- Looking over the cockpit at the Galactica as the Viper begins heading in toward the port landing bay.

3 -- From Galactica's landing bay, we see the Viper slide side to side as the pilot locks in on the proper angle to make it inside the flight deck.

4 -- Kelly and the visitors crane for a look out the window as the Viper comes in for a landing.

2 -- Lee concentrates on his landing. We can HEAR his breathing as his adrenaline surges.

2 & 3 -- The Viper TOUCHES DOWN on the deck, SKIDS for a moment, then comes to a STOP.

4 -- From the LSO station, we can see the Viper has stopped on a large RED CHECKERED SQUARE, which is an elevator.

KELLY
Viper Four-five-zero, skids down, mag-lock secure. On behalf of everyone aboard Galactica, I'd like to welcome you aboard, Apollo. It's an honor to have you with us.

LEE
Thank you Galactica.

The elevator DESCENDS and with that we...

COLLAPSE SCREENS
TO:

INT. GALACTICA - HANGAR BAY

An enormous, cavernous space where spacecraft are moved about and parked before and after flight operations. Various Vipers are parked in different configurations. Large airlock doors run the length of the bay and lead to launch tubes and interior doors which lead to the repair shops.

The elevator STOPS, and the Viper is immediately surrounded by a group of DECK HANDS, who seem to be everywhere in this space. They begin checking engines, attaching equipment, hoses,

etc. Unlike the Viper seen in Act One, this model is state of the art and is sleeker and more modern than Adama's old relic.

Chief Tyrol steps up on the wing just as the canopy slides OPEN. The name on the side of the fuselage reads: CAPT. LEE ADAMA "APOLLO" and when the pilot removes his helmet, we get a better look at Lee Adama, who is ruggedly handsome, with a lean frame and rangy looks.

TYROL

Morning, sir. Chief Tyrol, I'll be your crew chief while you're aboard.

LEE

Morning, Chief. Captain Lee Adama.

Tyrol takes his helmet, helps him climb out of the cockpit.

TYROL

Real pleasure to meet you, sir. I'm sure you've heard this before, but I'm a great admirer of your father's.

LEE

Thanks.

TYROL

The service is going to miss him when retires.

LEE

I'm sure someone will. Is your auto-landing system down? I was hands-on for the whole approach.

It takes a beat for Tyrol to register Lee's casual dig at his father. Tyrol's attitude noticeably cools.

TYROL

They're all hands-on here, Captain. No auto-landings on Galactica. Commander Adama's orders.

LEE

Figures. Watch the rad buffers when you chock the burner. These new Mark sevens run a little hotter than the ones you're used to.

TYROL

Watch the rad buffers, yes sir.

SPEAKER VOICE

Attention on the Port Hangar Deck, Raptor on final approach, clear red checkers.

INT. GALACTICA - LANDING CONTROL

Captain Kelly is unhappy. Another ship is heading in, but this one is making an unsteady, herky-jerky approach.

KELLY

Raptor Three-one-two/Galactica. Watch your lateral attitude! You're skidding, you're skidding!

SHARON (WIRELESS)

Galactica/Raptor Three-one-two. Understood. I have the ball.

INT. GALACTICA - PORT LANDING BAY - DECK CAMERA

The camera picks up the ship as it careens into view and down toward the deck.

EXT. RAPTOR - OVERHEAD COCKPIT POV

A similar angle as that seen on the Viper, but now looking forward over the double side-by-side cockpit of a RAPTOR. The Hangar Deck TILTS dangerously to one side as we careen toward a landing.

INT. GALACTICA - LANDING CONTROL

Kelly gives the Raptor a lot of "body English" as it finally straightens up at the absolute last second and comes to a HARD and LOUD LANDING on the checkered square.

KELLY

(relieved)

Raptor Three-one-two, skids down, mag-lock secure.
Welcome home, Boomer.

SHARON (WIRELESS)

Thank you, Galactica.

INT. GALACTICA - HANGAR BAY

The elevator has just come to a stop with the Raptor on board. The Raptor is larger than the Viper and it's a scout/electronics platform, loaded with sensors instead of weapons. The rear engines are also twice the size of the more sleek and nimble fighters. There's a two-man cockpit where pilot & co-pilot sit side-by-side and room for about five others deeper inside the ship. The writing on the fuselage reads: LT. SHARON VALERII "BOOMER"

Tyrol steps up on the wing as the canopy opens to reveal SHARON VALERII and her co-pilot, HELO. Sharon is in her early twenties and not long out of flight school. She's the squadron rookie, and it shows -- she's less sure of herself than the other pilots, more vulnerable. Helo is a couple years older, with a perpetual tan and athletic build.

TYROL

(sour)

I think they heard that landing clear up to the bridge,
Lieutenant.

SHARON

Yeah, I'm gonna catch hell from the LSO. But it wasn't
entirely my fault, Chief...

(climbing down)

... the primary gymbal's acting up again.

TYROL

Uh, huh.

SHARON
(to co-pilot)
Helo, am I lying?

HELO
(writing on a checklist)
Gymbal looked bad to me.

As the Deck Hands swarm over the Raptor, Tyrol and Sharon walk toward one of the side exits. Helo stays in the cockpit, going over some paperwork on the flight.

TYROL
I've pulled that gymbal three times and stripped it twice.
There's nothing wrong with it, sir.

[Yes, both men and women in Galactica's world are referred to as "sir.]

INT. GALACTICA - REPAIR BAY - SECONDS LATER

Tyrol and Sharon walk through the Repair Bay seen earlier. Tyrol's crew -- Cally, Prosna plus another 5 ND Deck Hands -- barely look up from their work as the two pass.

TYROL
... and I listen very closely to what each and every pilot
has to say about their ship. Even the rooks.

SHARON
Okay, so I'm a rook. You're not the one out there trying
to bring fifty tons of Raptor onto a moving hangar deck
with a bad gymbal...

TYROL
(overlapping)
I've got ten years experience --

SHARON
Here we go.

TYROL
-- breaking down and stripping every component in every
--

They walk through the bay and into...

INT. GALACTICA - TOOL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A small walk-in storage locker crammed with tools.

TYROL
-- system that's ever been installed in every spacecraft
on my hangar deck.

SHARON

-- system that's ever been installed in every spacecraft
on my hangar deck.

They stop and stare at each other, toe to toe as the hatch swings shut behind them. There's a beat...

And then they fall into each other's arms. Deeply passionate, hungry kisses of two forbidden lovers who have to grab every moment they can.

SHARON
That gymbal is broken...

TYROL
Shut up.
(beat)
Sir.

As they continue their embrace...

INT. REPAIR BAY

Socinus ENTERS from the Hangar Bay, carrying a heavy tool kit. He heads for the Tool Room.

CALLY
Not so fast. The groping lamp is on in the tool shed.

SOCINUS
Frak me.

CALLY
Do I have to?

SOCINUS
This is outta control. The chief lost his mind or something?

CALLY
None of our business.

PROSNA
(sarcastic)
Yeah. He's just sleeping with the division officer. What's wrong with that?

There's a lot wrong with it, and the feeling is shared by all of them, even Cally.

EXT. SPACE - GALACTICA & TRANSPORT

The Transport ship seen in Act One maneuvers in for a docking with Galactica.

INT. GALACTICA - AIRLOCK/PASSAGEWAY

Two DECK HANDS open the large airlock HATCH just as the interior hatch is opened by someone aboard the Transport. Laura and Billy are first through the airlock. Doral, the tour guide is here waiting for them.

DORAL

Secretary Roslin, Mister Keikeya? My name is Aaron Doral, I'm from Public Relations and I'd like to welcome you aboard Galactica. If you'll follow me, I'll show you to your quarters.

They follow Doral as he heads down the passageway. Laura hates it here, tries not to show it. Billy is loving every minute of this -- looking around and taking it all in.

LAURA

Is there a revised schedule for the retirement ceremony?

DORAL

Oh -- they really hate that word around here. People are retired, ships are decommissioned...

Doral heads down the ladder just as three dirty and sweaty FEMALE DECK HANDS come down the passageway. Billy gets out of the way, lets them pass, gets a quick smile from one. He lingers a bit, watching her go. Laura & Doral keep going.

BILLY

turns around -- they're gone. He's in the middle of an intersection and is completely and totally lost.

BILLY

Hello...? Madame Secretary...?

Shit. He tries to orient himself, walks down the passageway -- dead end. He goes down another Passageway. Tries to open a hatch -- locked. He wanders down yet another passageway, OPENS a Hatch.

INT. GALACTICA - ENLISTED HEAD

Billy is surprised to find himself looking at the woman who smiled at him just a few minutes ago. She's half-naked, standing in front of a sink, brushing her teeth, hair up, wearing a bra with her jumpsuit rolled down around her waist. Her name is DUALLA (19) and she glances up at him.

DUALLA

In or out.

BILLY

What?

DUALLA

(spits)

Get in or get out, but shut the hatch.

BILLY

(steps in, closes hatch)

Uh, sorry...

Prosna, wearing a towel, comes out of one of a private shower stall, carrying a shaving kit. He goes to another metal sinks and begins to shave. Neither he nor Dualla think anything of it.

DUALLA
Lost?

BILLY
Yeah.

DUALLA
Where you going?

BILLY
Uh... visitor's quarters. I'm a visitor.

PROSNA
Really? Never woulda guessed.

Cally ENTERS and goes to one of the toilet stalls and shuts the door behind her. Dualla notes Billy's reaction.

DUALLA
Never been in a unisex head before?

BILLY
A unisex what...?

PROSNA
Head. Bathroom.

BILLY
Oh. No, not really.

DUALLA
If you've living on a warship, the first rule is there's not much privacy, so don't get your panties in a bunch at what you might see. Second rule, is don't stare.

Billy suddenly realizes that's what he's doing, and quickly looks at something else.

BILLY
Sorry.

DUALLA
Don't worry, visitors usually don't have to share facilities like the rest of us.

She zips up her jumpsuit and heads back out the hatch.

DUALLA (cont'd)
C'mon. Let's find your home.

INT. GALACTICA - PASSAGEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Dualla leads Billy down the passageway.

DUALLA
What's your name?

BILLY

Billy.

DUALLA

I'm Petty Officer Second, Dualla.

BILLY

Hi... Petty Second, uh...?

DUALLA

You can call me D.

BILLY

Thanks.

And Billy is already attracted to her.

INT. GALACTICA - ADAMA'S STATEROOM

Adama may have the largest stateroom aboard Galactica, and the only one with its own bathroom, but it still feels cramped. A single bed, a desk, a couple of chairs and that's about it. The walls have a minimum of ornamentation, favoring photos of ships and fighters from Adama's years of service. There is a small porthole window.

At the moment, Colonel Tigh is standing before the desk, wearing his rumpled uniform from the night before. He's also wearing a nasty looking BRUISE on his slightly swollen jaw. Adama comes out of the bathroom, tucking in his uniform. He and Tigh are friends, go way back. Adama sips the coffee, makes a face.

ADAMA

So you gonna press charges against Starbuck? Ask for a court?

TIGH

Hell, no. I revoked her flight status, that's enough. Just a friendly game that got outta hand.

ADAMA

Heard you were drunk.

TIGH

I had a drink. I wasn't on duty.

ADAMA

Been drinking a lot lately.

TIGH

Maybe.

ADAMA

This have anything to do with...?

TIGH

My wife? Why just because she's sleeping with half the population of Geminon while I'm away. Nah, doesn't have anything to do with her.

Adama sips his coffee for a beat.

ADAMA

Well, I doubt Starbuck's gonna ask for a court either. Lucky for you, considering your record.

TIGH

Doesn't matter. I'm getting out anyway.

ADAMA

There a chance you'll change your mind? The Fleet needs men like you, Paul.

TIGH

Like hell. You're the only sonuvabitch in the whole fleet dumb enough to want me as XO.

ADAMA

(wry)

Now you see why they're putting me out to pasture.

TIGH

I did wonder.

The two old friends share a brief smile, then Adama takes a deep breath.

ADAMA

All right. Ceremony's at fourteen hundred. Be there on time, in a fresh uniform and clean shaven.

TIGH

Yes, sir.

Adama nods, the meeting over. Tigh heads for the door, then pauses.

TIGH (cont'd)

Has Lee reported aboard yet?

Adama doesn't answer for a long moment.

ADAMA

Three hours ago.

TIGH

Maybe you should...

ADAMA

He'll contact me when he's ready.

Tigh accepts that as the final word on the subject and EXITS, but Adama clearly is still thinking about his son.

INT. GALACTICA - SQUADRON READY ROOM

Kara ENTERS the Ready Room, which is crowded with PILOTS standing around talking, writing reports, comparing notes on flight maneuvers, etc. The Ready Room is both a briefing room and hang-out for the Pilots. There are several such rooms aboard Galactica. The decor should feature insignia and plaques from peactime competitions as well as CYLON PHOTOS and DRAWINGS from the war long past.

Heads turn at Kara's entrance. She's not supposed to be here. The Commander of the Air Group (CAG) a ramrod-straight recruiting poster come to life looks up from his clipboard.

CAG
What're you doing here, Starbuck?

KARA
I'm still a pilot, right? This is the pilot's ready room,
right?

She blows past him. The insolence doesn't go unnoticed by the CAG, but he decides it's not worth a confrontation and goes back to reviewing the flight plan as Kara plops herself down in one of the high-backed chairs, one leg hooked over the armrest.

CAG
Okay, people let's get started...

The pilots begin to take their seats. Kara studiously avoids eye contact as they mill around her. Then she sees him -- Lee Adama ENTERS the room and looks for a seat. Kara sits up, her surly attitude replaced by something else. Just before Lee settles in, he sees Kara. Smiles in recognition. She smiles back. They know each other. They like each other.

CAG (cont'd)
Good morning.

ALL
Morning, sir.

CAG
All right. Today is the main event. Formation
demonstration and fly-by maneuvers in conjunction with
the decommissioning ceremony.
(opens folder)
A few changes to the flight plan. Lieutenant Thrace will
be replaced in the slot by Lieutenant Anders.

Lee throws a curious glance at Kara, but she's unfazed by the announcement.

CAG (cont'd)
Captain Lee Adama has joined us and will be flying lead
during the fly-by. Welcome Captain.

APPLAUSE. The pilots are stoked. Lee gives a sheepish wave. He's uncomfortable with the attention, but willing to play along to get this over with.

CAG (cont'd)
(to Lee)

And thanks to Chief Tyrol and his deck gang, you'll have the honor of flying the actual Viper that your father flew almost forty years ago.

Everyone looks at Lee to see his presumably happy reaction. He's less than pleased, but tries to grin up a smile.

LEE

Oh. Great. That's... quite an honor.

The CAG raises an eyebrow, but doesn't pursue it.

CAG

Yes, it is. Launch operations will begin at 1125 hours....

INT. PASSAGEWAYS/GANGWAYS

Adama, Laura and Doral are walking through the passageways, Laura trying not to trip over hatch coamings or fall down gangways and Doral trying to play peacemaker.

LAURA

I don't get it. We're talking about a visitor's guide.

ADAMA

The answer's no.

DORAL

I'm sure there's a way to work this out...

LAURA

It tells people things like where the restroom is. Or what's the lunch special in the cafeteria. Or how do I buy a Galactica t-shirt.

ADAMA

I don't care what it does. It's an integrated computer network and I won't have it on this ship.

LAURA

You're one of those people? You're actually afraid of computers?

ADAMA

I'm not afraid of computers. There are computers on this ship right now, but none of them are networked together.

LAURA

I don't think you understand. The computer network will make it faster and easier for teachers to teach their students about this ship and --

Adama turns on her suddenly.

ADAMA

Madame Secretary, I don't think you understand. Good men and women died on this ship because someone wanted a faster computer to make life easier. So I'm sorry if I'm inconveniencing you and your teachers, but I'll be damned if I'm going to let you or anyone else put a computer network on this ship while I'm in command. Now, is that clear?

Laura wasn't expecting that. She's back on her heels, caught off-guard by the authoritarian tone of command.

LAURA

Yes... Sir?

Adama gives her a curt nod and then disappears up a gangway. She watches him go with astonishment that is slowly turning to embarrassment and anger. Billy and Dualla arrive from an adjacent Passageway.

LAURA (cont'd)

Where the hell have you been?

BILLY

Sorry. I got turned around back --

LAURA

Did you hear any of that?

BILLY

Uh... no...

LAURA

Good.

And just like that, she turns on her heel and heads off. Billy scrambles to catch up. Dualla and Doral trade looks.

DORAL

(shrugs)

Bureaucrats.

INT. READY ROOM

The briefing is just breaking up. The Pilots are heading out. Lee makes his way to Kara. The conversation is that of two people who may or may not have feelings for one another, but haven't seen each other for a long time and aren't about to give it away. It's awkward.

LEE

Hey.

KARA

Hey, Lee. How long's it been?

LEE

Two years. Not since the...

KARA

Funeral. Yeah.

An uncomfortable topic. Lee looks for another.

LEE

So... what happened with you flying slot?

KARA

I'm grounded. Striking a superior asshole.

LEE

You serious? Who?

KARA

The XO.

Lee can't help but grin and shake his head.

KARA (cont'd)

Go ahead. Say it. "Same old Kara."

LEE

I wasn't going to say that.

KARA

You thought it.

LEE

No, I was going to say what Zak always said which was...

The name touches a nerve in them both. Their grins evaporate at the same moment.

LEE (cont'd)

Sorry.

Now Kara hunts for another topic.

KARA

Seen the Old Man yet?

LEE

No.

KARA

But you're going to, right?

LEE

Not if I can help it.

Her whole attitude suddenly hardens. This is an old argument.

KARA

Frak...

LEE
Kara, don't even start...

KARA
He's lost one son already, he shouldn't have to lose two.

LEE
Hey -- he's the one responsible for what happened to --

KARA
No he's not. Okay? I was there, you weren't, and what happened to Zak was an accident. That's it.

LEE
He got to you. I can't believe it. He actually got to you.

KARA
Look, when Zak died, I lost it. Okay? I was done. Probably would've ended up back in Picon driving a truck. The Old Man brought me here, said go be a pilot. Put me back on my feet.

LEE
I'm not looking for a fight with you, Kara.

KARA
You go up against Commander Adama, you've got one anyway.

Now Lee's temper flares.

LEE
And Zak actually wanted to marry you. Now here you are siding with the man who basically killed him.

KARA
You should go. I'm getting the urge to hit another superior asshole.

He looks at her for a moment, then just walks away. We stay with Kara long enough to see that beneath that flash of anger lies both lingering pain and deep regret...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO
ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. WARDROOM

The Wardroom serves as conference room, dining room, and informal lounge for Galactica's senior officers. A few mementoes on the walls, a Colonial FLAG, a long table, a few other pieces of furniture.

Adama, wearing a DRESS UNIFORM, is waiting, along with Doral and a PHOTOGRAPHER (the camera should be recognizable as such, but not a contemporary Nikkon or something). Doral clears his throat. The photographer shuffles his feet. Adama glances at the chronometer on the bulkhead.

Finally Lee ENTERS the Wardroom, also wearing a dress uniform. Adama and Lee look at each other awkwardly for a beat, neither one enjoying this.

DORAL

Okay, gentlemen if you'll stand a little closer...
Commander could I get you to put your arm around your son...?

The Adamas do as they're told, and maybe somewhere in this is at least one photo that will work as a happy family reunion.

DORAL (cont'd)

Great. Perfect. Thank you so much. See you at the ceremony.

Doral and the Photographer EXIT.

ADAMA

Can I get you anything? We make a truly awful cup of coffee.

LEE

No. Thank you, sir.

ADAMA

Have a seat.

Adama sits, Lee pointedly doesn't.

ADAMA (cont'd)

Congratulations on making Captain.

LEE

Thank you, sir.

Silence.

ADAMA

How's your mother?

LEE

Getting married.

ADAMA

Good for her. We talked, you know. About a year ago, we sorta had a heart to heart about a lot of things...

LEE

I'm glad to hear that, sir. Will that be all...?

Lee's keeping this proper and respectful, but Adama can see the anger and pain in his son's eyes.

ADAMA

Damnit Lee, talk to me.

LEE

What do you want to talk about, sir?

ADAMA

Anything. Just... drop that cadet crap and say something.

LEE

I don't have anything to say. My orders said report here and participate in the ceremony, so I'm here. That's it. Wasn't anything in my orders about having a heart to heart chat with the old man.

Adama's own pain and anger aren't far below the surface.

ADAMA

You know... the things you said to me at the funeral--

LEE

I really don't want to get into this...

ADAMA

--you still feel that way?

LEE

(hard)

Goddamn right I still feel that way. Goddamn right I do.

A charged moment between the two men.

ADAMA

It was an accident, Lee. An accident.

LEE

So you say. I disagree.

ADAMA

I didn't force Zak into flight school. It was what he wanted to do.

LEE

Like he had a choice.

ADAMA

Of course he had a choice. You both did.

LEE

Now, that's funny.

ADAMA

You could've been anything you wanted to be. I would've been proud --

LEE

"A man isn't a man until he wears the uniform of his colony."

ADAMA

I was trying to teach you something about duty and --

LEE

Oh, you taught us. You taught us so well we were trying on uniforms before we were out of grade school. Except one of us wasn't cut out to wear the uniform. Wasn't cut out to be a pilot. One of us wouldn't have even gotten into flight school if his father hadn't pulled strings to--

ADAMA

I didn't pull strings!

LEE

You didn't call your buddy Commander Erdwell on the board?

ADAMA

That's different...

LEE

(losing it)

When are you going to take responsibility for this! Zak didn't belong in uniform and he sure as hell didn't belong in that plane! Face it, you killed him just as if you--

Too far. Lee tries to bite off the vicious, angry accusation, but it's too late. The words hit Adama like a physical slap in the face. He's on his feet and there's a moment such charged tension, that we're not sure what's going to happen next. Finally...

ADAMA

You can go now... Captain.

Lee heads for the door. Adama sits back down. Almost falls into the chair. Alone with his grief for one son and his pain for the other. For the first time, Adama genuinely seems old.

INT. PASSAGEWAY

Lee pauses outside the door. He's already beginning to regret saying that. But it's too late to take it back now. He heads off down the passageway.

EXT. KOBOL - CAPRICA CITY - RIVER - NIGHT

On the bank of a RIVER flowing through the middle of the city, Baltar and the beautiful dark-haired Woman stand next to the rail. It's an idyllic romantic scene as they watch the light reflecting off the water... vendors selling trinkets from their stands... music wafting out of shops and cafes.

BALTAR

It may interest you to know that the final results of my CNP project were in this afternoon -- it's working at close to 95% efficiency throughout the entire Fleet. Hold your applause, please.

WOMAN

What, no applause for me? I doubt you would've ever completed the project in the first place without me.

BALTAR

Well, you helped, yes, but...

WOMAN

I did more than help. I rewrote half your algorithms and saved your project.

BALTAR

Okay, okay. Let's not get crazy. You were... extremely helpful. But you got something out of it. I let you poke around inside the Defense mainframe -- breaking about twenty statutes in the process, I might add -- and now your company will have a huge advantage for the next defense contract.

WOMAN

That's not why I did it. I helped you because I love you. Besides, God wanted me to help you.

BALTAR

(uncomfortable)

Right. He... spoke to you.

WOMAN

He didn't speak to me in a literal voice and you don't have to mock my faith.

BALTAR

I'm not.

WOMAN

I pray for guidance and try to listen for God's wishes in my heart. Anything wrong with that?

BALTAR

No. Of course not. I'm just... not very religious.

WOMAN

Does it bother you that I am?

BALTAR

Honestly? It puzzles me. You're an intelligent, attractive woman. How you can be taken in by a bunch of mysticism and superstition is beyond me. But I'm willing to overlook it because of your other... attributes.

He gives her a lascivious once-over.

WOMAN

You are the very definition of a sinner.

BALTAR

Guilty as charged.

He moves to kiss her, but she turns her head.

WOMAN

I have to go. I'm meeting someone.

BALTAR

Really. Who is he? I'm insanely jealous.

WOMAN

I doubt that.

BALTAR

So touchy tonight. Well, I'm meeting someone too -- business. New project at Defense I might do. Anyway -- call you tomorrow. 'Bye.

He gives her a quick kiss on the cheek and heads off. She watches him go with an enigmatic, thoughtful expression. Then she hears something -- turns, reacts to someone o.c.

WOMAN

It's about time. I wondered when you'd get here.

CLOSE ON A CYLON

Right out of the 1970's show. Red-eyed visor, chrome body suit, the whole thing.

ELOSHA

(prelap)

... with humility and piety we ask for your blessing, oh Lords of Kobl...

REVEAL:

INT. GALACTICA - STARBOARD HANGAR DECK - MUSEUM

A redress of the Port hangar deck, this is the exact same facility with one major exception -- it has been converted into a MUSEUM. There are glass-encased DISPLAYS scattered throughout the room and one of them contains the Cylon we just saw. Signage in the Cylon case tells us it's a "Soldier Prototype" developed by the Colonials some 50 years ago, etc. There are a DOZEN or so other CYLONS in various display cases, along with drawings, photos, etc.

Several old-style VIPERS are scattered throughout the enormous space, each protected by velvet ropes and bearing large informational signage. A LARGE CROWD is in attendance.

ELOSHA (80) a wizened priest, is at the podium, while the assembled crowd bows its head in prayer.

ELOSHA

... and thank you for the protection of ships like this and the brave men and women who manned them.

The prayer over, Elosha goes back to his seat as Doral heads to the podium.

DORAL

Thank you, Councilmember. I think it's worth noting that Elosha has now served on the Quorum of Twelve for over fifty years and is the longest serving member of the Council.

Polite, vaguely bored APPLAUSE. People just going through the motions in the audience.

DORAL (cont'd)

And now it is my great pleasure to introduce the last commander of the battlestar Galactica... Commander Adama.

APPLAUSE. Adama slowly takes the podium.

ADAMA

The Cylon War is long over. Yet we must not forget the reasons why so many were asked to sacrifice so much in the cause of freedom.

EXT. SPACE - VIPER FORMATION

The ceremonial squadron is circling in formation at a distance from Galactica.

ADAMA (WIRELESS)

The values we fought for are still worth preserving today.

INT. LEE'S VIPER - CONSOLE POV

Where Lee is monitoring the speech.

ADAMA (WIRELESS)

The cost of wearing the uniform can be high, but...

INT. GALACTICA - STARBOARD HANGAR DECK - MUSEUM

Adama falters. He looks out over the crowd, the encounter with Lee still fresh in his mind. He stands there for a long beat. Glances go around the audience. People start wondering what's going on.

INT. LEE'S VIPER - CONSOLE POV

Lee wonders where this is going as well.

INT. GALACTICA - STARBOARD HANGAR DECK - MUSEUM

Adama at the podium.

ADAMA

Sometimes it's too high.

(beat)

You know... we fought the Cylons to save ourselves from extinction, but we never answered the question... why?

Why are we as a people worth saving?

(beat)

Look at us. We tell ourselves we're noble, intelligent creatures. Children of the Lords of Kobol. But we'll still let people go to bed hungry because it costs too much to feed the poor... we still commit murder for greed or spite or jealousy...

INT. LEE'S VIPER - CONSOLE POV

Lee listens intently.

ADAMA (WIRELESS)

... and we visit all of our sins upon our children. We refuse to take responsibility for what we've done.

INT. GALACTICA - STARBOARD HANGAR DECK - MUSEUM

Like a harbinger of doom, the CYLON in the display looms menacingly in the f.g., while Adama continues at the podium.

ADAMA

Like we did with the Cylons. We decided to play god. Create life. And when that life turned against us, we comforted ourselves in the knowledge that it wasn't really our fault, not really. It was the Cylons that were flawed.

(beat)

But the truth is... we're the flawed creation. We're the ones that tried to manufacture life and make it serve us.

(beat)

But you don't play God and then wipe your hands of what you've created. Sooner or later... the day comes when you can't hide from what you've done anymore.

(beat)

A day of reckoning.

He walks off the podium and sits down to the deafening silence of the crowd. HOLD for a moment in the utterly silent and still room.

Doral finally takes the podium, clears his throat.

DORAL

Thank you, Commander Adama for those... inspiring words.

ADAMA & TIGH

Sitting next to each other. Tigh leans over.

TIGH

(sotto)
You are one surprising sonuvabitch.

DORAL
Next, uh... Ah. Next is a ceremonial flyby by the last
Galactica Squadron, led by Captain Lee Adama. If I
could direct your attention to the view port...

The audience turns in time to see a BLAST SHIELD slowly sliding away to reveal an enormous WINDOW looking directly out into space, where the Galactica fly-by SQUADRON comes hurtling toward the ship in a tight, precise formation. The Vipers roll and break off in different directions right on cue, leaving only Lee's Viper racing directly toward the ship as if on a collision course.

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

The massive bulk of the Galactica looms directly before us.

INT. LEE'S VIPER - CONSOLE POV

Lee waits... then yanks the control yoke hard over...

INT. GALACTICA - STARBOARD HANGAR DECK - MUSEUM

In the back of crowd, away from prying eyes, Kara Thrace is watching the fly-by of her squadron. She watches them intently, her heart in her throat as her squadronmates go through the maneuvers without her.

KARA
(low)
That's it... hard-over... then back... watch your interval,
Jolly... c'mon guys... you got it...

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

Shooting hand-held from our imaginary camera platform, we follow Lee's Viper as it spins and rolls before executing a perfect recovery and roaring over the Galactica.

LEE (WIRELESS)
This is Apollo. I'm clear.

EXT. SPACE - SHARON'S RAPTOR - WING CAM POV

From a fixed camera mounted on one of the wings of the massive RAPTOR, we're looking in at the canopy, where the heads of Sharon and Helo are sitting in the cockpit.

CAG (WIRELESS)
Boomer, you're on. Take'em in.

INT. SHARON'S RAPTOR - CONSOLE POV

Looking up at Sharon and Helo in the cockpit.

SHARON
Copy that. Squadron form up on me.

INT. GALACTICA - STARBOARD HANGAR DECK - MUSEUM

Still looking out the window. The ENTIRE Galactica SQUADRON comes into view in a majestic, slow fly-by. Sharon's single RAPTOR leads all 20 VIPERS past the window trailing EXHAUST flames in a glorious, martial image. Lee's Viper swoops in from somewhere above and takes its position in the coveted lead position.

They blaze away into the stars and the entire crowd bursts into sustained, genuine APPLAUSE.

ON KARA

Applauding along with the rest. Her eyes are a little misty. She wipes them quickly, glances around -- no one saw that did they? She keeps applauding with pride.

EXT. KOBOL - CAPRICA CITY - DAWN

The sun is just starting to creep up over the horizon. Not a beautiful, glorious morning, just an average day:

SHOP KEEPERS open up their stores...

POLICEMEN take a report at a crime scene...

CONSTRUCTION WORKERS setting up their equipment...

A MAN jogging down by the river...

INT. BALTAR'S APARTMENT - DAWN

Baltar is asleep in bed. A gorgeous platinum BLONDE WOMAN in bed next to him. REVEAL the dark-haired Woman sitting in a chair, watching the two of them sleep. Her eyes flick to the CLOCK on the nightstand. She's waiting for something. Finally the clock clicks over: 5:00.

WOMAN

Gaius.

He bolts up. The Blonde sits up, yanks the sheets up in surprise.

BALTAR

What are you doing here?

BLONDE WOMAN

Who the hell are you!

WOMAN

(to Blonde)

Get out.

BLONDE WOMAN

Gaius, who is this woman?

BALTAR

A friend -- well, more than a friend, but--

WOMAN

(to Blonde)
Get -- out.

The Blonde almost throws back a rejoinder, then sees something in the other woman's eyes that makes her think better of it.

BLONDE WOMAN
This is just great.

She grabs her clothes and storms out of the room.

BALTAR
'bye.

A beat as Baltar decides on a strategy. Opts to throw himself on the mercy of the court.

BALTAR (cont'd)
It's me. I'm screwed up. Always have been. It's a flaw in my character that I've always hated and tried to overcome, but--

WOMAN
Spare me your feigned self-awareness and remorse. I came here because I have something to tell you.

Baltar is more than happy to change the subject.

BALTAR
Oh. Okay. I'm listening.

The Woman gets up and goes to the window, looks out at the first hints of daylight touching the city.

WOMAN
Consider for a moment the relationship of a child to its parent.

BALTAR
Philosophy. At... five in the morning.

She throws him a look and he backpedals fast.

BALTAR (cont'd)
Which is fine. Great. Fine. Absolutely.

WOMAN
Children are born to replace their parents. That is God's plan. God plans the death of one's parents to be a critical component of a child's development into adulthood.

BALTAR
(trying to be light)
Nothing worse than parents that hang around too long. Mine certainly did.

Another withering look.

BALTAR (cont'd)

Sorry.

WOMAN

God wants children to grow and develop on their own. He wants them to reach their full potential. And so it is that parents must die.

(beat)

But parents who stand in the way of God's plan, who defy his will... they must be struck down.

The hairs on the back of his neck are starting rise. Where the hell is this going...?

BALTAR

What's going on...?

WOMAN

Humanity's children are returning home.

(beat)

Today.

INT. TRANSPORT SHIP

Laura and Billy are in their seats in the passenger cabin. Laura stares out the window at Galactica.

VOICE

(over speakers)

Ladies and Gentlemen, the airlock is secured, we're pulling away from Galactica now and about to begin our flight back to Kobol...

EXT. LEE'S VIPER - OVERHEAD COCKPIT POV

Out in front of the (old) Viper, we see the Transport as it pulls away from Galactica.

LEE (WIRELESS)

Colonial Heavy 798, this is Viper 105. My callsign is Apollo and I'll be your escort back to Kobol.

EXT. SPACE - VIPER & TRANSPORT - CHASE CAMERA POV

The Viper takes position alongside the transport as they both head away from Galactica.

WIRELESS VOICE

Copy that Viper 105. Glad to have you with us, Apollo. We'll do our best to make it an uneventful trip.

In the b.g., the entire Galactica SQUADRON comes into view, with Sharon's Raptor in the lead.

SHARON (WIRELESS)

Viper 105/Raptor 238. This is Boomer, just wanted to say it was an honor to fly with you, Apollo.

LEE (WIRELESS)

Copy that, Boomer. The feeling is mutual. You heading back to Kobol?

SHARON (WIRELESS)

Yes, sir. Back to Kobol and reassignment.

LEE (WIRELESS)

Hope our paths meet up again someday, Boomer.

SHARON (WIRELESS)

Copy that sir. Safe journey.

The Galactica Squadron pulls away from Lee and the Transport and heads off into space.

INT. GALACTICA - PASSAGEWAY

Adama and Kara, now in regular uniforms, walk down the passageway together. Their relationship is warm, easy -- like father and daughter.

KARA

Staff duty? Hell with that, Old Man. I want to keep flying.

ADAMA

You've done a lot of flying. You need a little staff duty on your resume. Besides...

Adama trails off, something else on his mind. She looks at him curiously.

ADAMA (cont'd)

Kara... about Zak...? Yes or no -- was he cut out to be a pilot or not?

KARA

(stiffens)

He was good. Okay? I taught basic flight. And I passed him. So he must've had something on the ball. Otherwise I wouldn't have passed him. Right?

A hatch OPENS down the passageway and Tigh looks out at them.

TIGH

There you are. We're ready when you are.

INT. GALACTICA - WEAPON CONTROL ROOM

Filled from deck to overhead with consoles and monitors, this is the master control room for the various weapon systems aboard Galactica. Normally manned by one or two people at most, the small room is crowded with Galactica officers -- Tigh, Tyrol and various others. Adama and Kara are standing near one particular console marked "POWER COILS/WEAPONS/MASTER."

ADAMA

My father once told me that warships have lives just like human beings. They're born when their guns are first charged, they die when their guns are finally silenced.

(beat)

We're gathered here to silence the guns of Galactica and so end her life in the Colonial Fleet.

Adama nods to Tigh, who presses a button on a speaker.

TIGH

This is the Executive Officer. All hands stand to attention. Galactica, leaving the Fleet.

Everyone stands to attention as Adama flips up a protective cover on the console, exposing several switches. He hesitates for just a beat, then snaps each switch firmly.

EXT. SPACE - GALACTICA - SHIP'S BELLY

From a camera mounted on the ship's belly, we see a PORTAL OPEN and three MASSIVE WEAPON COILS are EJECTED from Galactica into space. They travel a short distance away from the ship by their own inertia.

INT. GALACTICA - WEAPON CONTROL ROOM

Tigh is watching a small readout on one console. The room is deathly quiet. Adama pushes the final button.

EXT. SPACE - THE WEAPON COILS

IMPLODE with a minimum of fuss. One minute they're there, the next, they're a field of dust.

INT. BALTAR'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Baltar is sitting in a chair, trying very hard to be the analytical, rational scientist. The Woman sits across from him.

BALTAR

So... now you're telling me... you're a machine.

WOMAN

I'm a person. A woman.

She crosses her legs and Baltar can't help but watch.

BALTAR

A machine woman. A synthetic woman. A robot. That's you? You're the new breed of Cylon?

WOMAN

The old breed is still around. They have their uses, even in our society.

BALTAR

No. I don't believe any of this. Prove it. Prove to me you're a Cylon. Right now.

WOMAN

I don't have to. You know I'm telling the truth.

BALTAR

Stating something as fact does not make it so. Because the truth is, I don't believe anything you're saying --

WOMAN

I know you, Gaius. I know how you think and when you think it. You believe me because deep down you've always known there was something different about me, something that didn't quite add up in the usual way. And you believe me because it flatters your ego to believe me -- to believe that you alone among all the people of Kobol were chosen for my mission.

BALTAR

Your mission.

WOMAN

You knew I wanted access to the Defense mainframe. My mission was to compromise Colonial Defense systems in preparation for an attack on Kobol.

BALTAR

Oh my God...

WOMAN

You never believed I really worked for some mysterious "company". But you didn't really care either. All that mattered was that you and you alone could give me that kind of access. You were special. You were powerful.

BALTAR

(panic rising)

How many people know about this? That you chose me?

NUMBER SIX

And even now, as the fate of your entire world hangs in the balance, all you can think about is how this affects you.

Baltar is on his feet, genuine panic setting in. He starts grabbing at straws, desperately looking for some way out.

BALTAR

Wait-wait-wait. Something doesn't make sense -- you're still here. If this was really the end of the world, you wouldn't just be sitting here waiting to die with the rest of us.

She regards him sympathetically, like an adult regarding the silly theories of a child.

WOMAN

Gaius, I can't die. When this body's destroyed, my memory and consciousness will be instantly transmitted to a new one. I'll just wake up somewhere else in an identical body.

BALTAR

You mean there's more out there like you?

WOMAN

Of course. I'm Number Six.

Just as we realize we finally learned her name, there's the SOUND of muffled BOOMS in the distance. The WINDOWS rattle.

NUMBER SIX

It's begun.

INT. TRANSPORT SHIP - PASSENGER CABIN

Billy and Laura in their seats. Billy's going over next week's schedule. Laura is agitated.

BILLY

You have two lunches next week. Once with Councilor Chuken to go over his committee's request for--

LAURA

(abrupt)

Excuse me.

She almost bolts into the aisle. Billy just sits back, still trying to get used to his unpredictable boss and her moods.

INT. TRANSPORT SHIP - BATHROOM

Laura ENTERS. The room is barely big enough to turn around in. Laura turns on the water, looks up into the mirror and then suddenly start SOBBING as she leans against the tiny counter. The raw emotion runs its course for a few moments, then she sucks in a shuddering breath and fights for control. A lighted sign starts blinking next to the mirror: "PLEASE RETURN TO YOUR SEAT." She ignores it.

INT. TRANSPORT SHIP - PASSENGER CABIN

Moments later, Laura ENTERS from the bathroom and stops in her tracks. The PILOT is standing in front of the passenger cabin with a grim look on his face, while the passengers themselves look ashen-faced, stunned.

TRANSPORT PILOT

... that's all we know for sure.

LAURA

What's going on?

Billy looks at her, wide-eyed and pale. The kid is scared.

SPEAKER VOICE

(prelap)
CIC to Commanding Officer.

INT. ADAMA'S STATEROOM

Adama wakes up in his bunk. He hits the intercom button.

ADAMA
Adama.

SPEAKER VOICE
I'm sorry to disturb you, sir, but we've picked up a priority one alert message from Fleet Headquarters. It... it was transmitted in the clear.

ADAMA
In the clear? What does it say?

SPEAKER VOICE
"Attention all Colonial units. Cylon attack underway. This is no drill."

Off Adama's face...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE
ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

MULTI-SCREEN:

1 -- INT. GALACTICA - REPAIR BAY

The Deck Hands, including Cally, Prosna and Socinus, are making a loose effort to clean the empty bay, but mostly they're shooting the shit and horsing around.

2 -- INT. WEAPON CONTROL ROOM

A couple OFFICERS on duty, but nothing going on. Someone yawns.

3 -- INT. TIGH'S STATEROOM

Tigh is in his bunk, smoking a cigar, staring up at the overhead. An open bottle is nearby.

4 -- INT. LAUNCH CONTROL

The Launch Officer is sipping coffee and doing paperwork.

5 -- INT. STARBOARD HANGAR DECK - MUSEUM

A couple of Deck Hands are mopping the floor.

1 -- Tyrol ENTERS the Repair Bay, sits at desk and does paperwork.

3 -- Tigh reaches below the bunk, pulls out a weathered, wrinkled PHOTO of his WIFE. Stares at it, then touches his wife's face to the end of the cigar in his mouth and watches the photo burn.

Suddenly the KLAXON SOUNDS throughout the ship and a man's voice -- GAETA -- comes over the speakers.

GAETA (V.O.)

Action stations, action stations. Set condition one throughout the ship. This is not a drill.

1,2,3,4,5 -- They race to their stations.

1 -- Prosna hurries to secure equipment along with Socinus.

PROSNA

Not a drill? He can't be serious.

SOCINUS

Sounds like it to me.

GAETA (V.O.)

Repeat: Action stations, action stations. Set condition one throughout the ship.

**COLLAPSE SCREENS
TO:**

INT. GALACTICA - COMBAT INFORMATION CENTER

The nerve center of Galactica. From here, the commanding officer has all the information necessary to fight the ship at his fingertips. The CIC is one of the larger compartments on the ship. It's kept DARK so as to better read the various dials, monitors, readouts, etc. that line every available wall and surface, but there is no one single "viewscreen" or window that dominates the room. There are indeed computers here, but they're about at the level of an Apple II. This is not a Trekkian bridge of neat lines and soft pastels, this is a working facility where men and women sit in chairs for too long, jury-rig broken consoles with tape and wire, and drink way too much coffee.

The Tactical Officer on duty, Lt. Gaeta (also seen in the Act One opening sequence) is leaning over the shoulder of Dualla as she taps in commands on a keyboard.

Tigh arrives and secures the hatch behind him before taking his place next to Adama.

TIGH

What've we got? Shipping accident?

Adama pushes a sheaf of messages to Tigh, who looks them over quickly. A phone BUZZES. Gaeta picks up the handset.

GAETA

(to handset)

Combat? Understood.

(replaces set in cradle)

Condition one is set, all decks report ready for action, sir.

ADAMA

Very well.

Tigh looks up from the messages in surprise.

TIGH

They can't be serious. This is a joke. Fleet's playing a joke on you -- a retirement prank. C'mon.

ADAMA

(grim)

I don't think so, Paul.

Adama punches a button on an overhead speaker.

ADAMA (cont'd)

(to speaker)

This is the Commander. Moments ago, this ship received word that a Cylon attack against our homes is underway.

MULTI-SCREEN:

1-- INT. HANGAR DECK

Tyrol and his Deck Hands listen to every word with shock.

ADAMA (V.O.)

We do not yet know the size or disposition or strength of the enemy forces...

2 -- INT. LAUNCH CONTROL

The Launch Officer listens grimly.

ADAMA (V.O.)

... but all indications point to a massive assault against homeworld defenses.

3 -- INT. COMBAT INFORMATION CENTER

As before.

ADAMA

Admiral Nagala has taken personal command of the Colonial Fleet aboard the battlestar Atlantia...

(beat)

... following the destruction of Fleet Headquarters in the first wave of attacks.

That information seems to suck the air out of the room.

1, 2 -- The reaction here is the same -- numb shock.

ADAMA (cont'd)

How this could've happened, why it happened -- none of that matters right now. All that does matter is that as of this moment we are at war.

(beat)

You'll get further updates as we get them. Thank you.

1,2 -- The officers and men of Galactica react to this news, set about getting their ship ready for combat.

3 -- Adama clicks off the speaker, looks around the room at all the young faces staring back at him. They're scared, but holding it at bay, looking to him for their next orders. He meets their eyes one by one and give them their orders calmly, professionally.

ADAMA (cont'd)

Tactical -- begin a plot on all military units in the solar system, friendly and otherwise.

GAETA

Yes, sir.

ADAMA

XO -- we're going to need to find a new set of weapon coils.

TIGH

Right.

ADAMA

(to Dualla)

D -- Pass the word for Lieutenant Thrace. Then send a signal to our fighter squadron: Report position and tactical status.

DUALLA

Yes, sir.

They're still looking at him -- waiting for something more. Adama reaches down, tries to give it to them:

ADAMA

You've trained for this. You're ready for this. Stand to your duties. Trust your shipmates. We'll get through this.

It's enough for now. The CIC crew swings into action.

**COLLAPSE SCREENS
TO:**

EXT. SPACE - VIPER FORMATION

With Boomer's Raptor still in the lead.

CAG (WIRELESS)

Boomer, acknowledge Galactica's signal, send them our position...

INT. SHARON'S RAPTOR

Sharon and Helo are looking down at their screens and readouts in the cockpit.

CAG (WIRELESS)

... tell them we've detected a formation of Cylon fighters directly ahead... and that I intend to attack.

Sharon, still in shock over the turn of events doesn't reply right away.

CAG (WIRELESS) (cont'd)

Boomer, do you copy?

SHARON

(to mic)

Copy that.

She nods to Helo, who begins tapping in the information. Sharon is keyed up, tense. Her grip on the controls is white-knuckle tight.

HELO

(quiet)

Ease up there, Boomer. Take a deep breath.

She tries to relax, lets out a long breath.

CAG (WIRELESS)

Boomer, gimme an update on those Cylons.

The radar-like screens in the cockpit show an overwhelming number of contacts and signals. She struggles to make sense of it for a minute.

SHARON

I show ten -- no, make that five fighters on course 324-110, speed 7 decimal three. Time to intercept... seven minutes.

CAG (WIRELESS)

You don't sound too sure.

SHARON

There's a lot of jamming going on out there... Cylons are using a lot of sensor decoys... we're sorting through them, but...

CAG (WIRELESS)

Understood. Just take your time, guide us in, we'll do the rest.

SHARON

Yes, sir.

She tries to focus on the task at hand.

INT. GALACTICA - COMBAT INFORMATION CENTER

Adama is with Gaeta at a large plexiglas display, where an ENLISTED CREWMEMBER is MARKING the positions of ships and fighters with a grease pencil. The display is made up of several intersecting flat plexi-sheets that together form a way to track spacecraft in three dimensions. (Imagine a series of flat, clear, circles that are joined at the center axis point and fan out to form a spherical shape. Or just trust me.)

GAETA

(points to marker)

That would put our squadron about... here.

(another marker)

It looks like the main fight is shaping up over here near Kobol's orbit. Even at top speed, they're still over an hour away.

ADAMA

And it'll take us at least four...

KARA (O.S.)

What the hell's going on?

Adama looks up to see a Kara Thrace has just arrived.

KARA (cont'd)

Why didn't we get an intel warning? How could the Cylons get all the way to Kobol without being detected?

ADAMA

Good questions. All we know for sure is that the Cylons have achieved complete surprise and we're taking heavy losses.

(shows her a message)

Thirty battlestars destroyed in the opening attack.

KARA

(shocked)

That's a quarter of the fleet.

ADAMA

I need pilots and fighters.

Kara shoves her shock to one side.

KARA

Pilots you got -- there's twenty of us climbing the walls down in the ready room. But fighters...

ADAMA

I seem to remember seeing an entire squadron of fighters down in the starboard hangar deck today.

Kara heads for the hatch at a dead run.

INT. STARBOARD HANGAR BAY - MUSEUM

Kara and TWENTY PILOTS race inside, along with Chief Tyrol and his entire Deck Crew. They head for the Viper museum pieces on display, pilots climbing up to the cockpits to check the instruments, the Deck Hands ripping away the placards and velvet ropes. Kara and Tyrol are all over the first one in view.

KARA
(checking cockpit)
You sure they'll fly?

TYROL
(checking engine)
Just have to put the rad buffers in the engines and pull the gun safeties. Bigger problem's getting them over to the port launch bay.

KARA
Why can't we use starboard launch?

TYROL
It's a gift shop now.

KARA
Frak me.

TYROL
(to Hands)
C'mon! C'mon! Let's go! We got ships to move!

LAURA
(prelap)
Is he still out there?

INT. TRANSPORT SHIP

Billy and Laura are in their seats. Billy looks out the window. There's a beat before Lee's Viper edges into view, flying alongside the Transport.

BILLY
(relieved)
Yeah, he's still there.

LAURA
Good. Because if things were really that bad, he wouldn't still be out there, right? He'd be called away, wouldn't he?
(beat)
Why am I asking you?

Billy gives her a half-hearted grin. She tries to grin back, takes a deep breath, leans over, tries to see the Viper with her own eyes.

INT. LEE'S VIPER

Where Lee is banging a fist against the console in rage and frustration.

LEE
COME ON! WORK DAMNIT! WORK!

A DISPLAY flickers on and off for a moment, then finally goes OUT. Lee can't believe it.

LEE (cont'd)
Unbelievable.

TRANSPORT PILOT (WIRELESS)
Any luck over there, Apollo?

MULTI-SCREEN:

1 -- EXT. SPACE - VIPER & TRANSPORT

The two ships flying formation.

2 -- INT. TRANSPORT SHIP - COCKPIT

Much like the cockpit of a jumbo jet, with switches and buttons surrounding the PILOT (40s). The Pilot can see Lee's Viper out his WINDOW.

3-- INT. LEE'S VIPER

Favoring Lee's view of the Transport out the canopy.

LEE
No. My navigational system is still down.

TRANSPORT PILOT
To be honest with you, I'm kinda glad you're sticking around. Makes us all feel better just seeing you out there.

LEE
Don't get too comfortable. This old junker I'm in was meant for show, not combat. I don't even have a functioning gunsight over here. If we run into a problem, I'll do what I can to protect you, but the first sign of trouble, you pour on the speed and you run.

TRANSPORT PILOT
Don't worry about that. My hand hasn't left the throttle since we got the first message. Colonial Heavy 798 out.

**COLLAPSE SCREENS
TO:**

INT. GALACTICA - COMBAT INFORMATION CENTER

Dualla is printing out another stack of messages. Gaeta leans over her shoulder, scans through the pile as it prints out.

GAETA
What's the latest?

DUALLA
A lot of confusion. I keep seeing these weird reports about... equipment malfunctions.

GAETA
Why's that weird?

DUALLA
It's the number of the malfunctions. One report said an entire battlestar lost power just before it came into contact with the enemy. They said it was like... someone just turned off a switch.

MULTI-SCREEN:

1 -- EXT. SPACE - SHARON'S RAPTOR

Leading the (new) Vipers into battle.

2 -- INT. SHARON'S RAPTOR

Where Sharon and Helo are watching their consoles.

3 -- INT. CAG VIPER

Where the CAG is flying his Viper.

SHARON (WIRELESS)
Cylon formation ahead. We're down to two confirmed Cylons now. Approaching visual range.

CAG (WIRELESS)
Okay, Boomer we'll take it from here.

1 -- The Raptor slows down, drops down out of the formation, letting the Vipers race ahead, adding another screen:

4 -- EXT. SPACE - VIPER FORMATION

As the 20 Vipers charge ahead.

3 -- CAG looks out the canopy at his Vipers.

CAG (WIRELESS)
All right, boys and girls, break into attack formation -- there might be only two of them out there, but stay with your wingman and don't get overconfident.

4 -- The 20 Vipers spread out into pairs.

PILOT #1 (WIRELESS)
Anybody know what these things look like?

PILOT #2 (WIRELESS)

The pictures I've seen of old Cylon fighters were sorta like a big flying wing.

PILOT #3 (WIRELESS)

Those pictures are forty years old.

PILOT #2 (WIRELESS)

Yeah, well how do we engage a fighter we've never seen before?

PILOT #3 (WIRELESS)

It doesn't matter what they look like genius, just shoot at whatever it is you see.

PILOT #4 (WIRELESS)

Time for a little payback.

PILOT #5 (WIRELESS)

I hear that.

CAG (WIRELESS)

Okay, keep the chatter down.

2 -- Sharon looks down at her radar screen, which we will learn is called a DRADIS (Direction, RAnge and DIStance). The tracks of the Viper approaching the Cylon targets are clearly marked.

SHARON (WIRELESS)

CAG/Boomer. You should be in visual range. Do you see them?

COLLAPSE SCREENS
TO:

EXT. SPACE - THE CYLON FIGHTERS

And there they are -- TWO CYLON FIGHTERS coming out of the black void of space like two white sharks appearing in the murky depths. There is something vaguely anthropomorphic about the design, as if the original Cylon bipedal warriors had been reworked and reconceptualized into spacecraft. There is at least a suggestion of design elements that recall the classic Cylon -- chrome sheen, metal grill work in front, a hint of a helmet in place of a cockpit. It's like facing a Cylon warrior in space.

INT. CAG VIPER

CAG can see them out his canopy.

CAG (WIRELESS)

We see'em. Don't think they've seen us, though. They're not taking evasive maneuvers.

Back to...

MULTI-SCREEN:

5 -- EXT. SPACE - THE CYLON FIGHTERS

Cruising along, unperturbed.

4 -- The Vipers going in for the kill...

PILOT #2 (WIRELESS)

Hey -- there's no cockpits! There's nobody flying these things.

PILOT #3 (WIRELESS)

(disappointed)

So they're just some drones? Ah...

3 -- CAG leads the charge.

CAG

I don't care what they are. We've got good targets. All Vipers -- weapons free. Go get'em.

5 -- And then it happens. DOORS slide aside on the noses of the Cylon fighters, revealing a RED TRACKING LIGHT. The oscillating light emits a BEAM which SWEEPS out and hits...

4 -- The Vipers. Each ship LOSES POWER the instant the beam hits it. Engines, running lights, cockpit lights -- everything. The ships continue moving forward out of sheer inertia, but without guidance.

3 -- The CAG reacts in shock. His wireless no longer works.

CAG (cont'd)

What the hell was that...? I've lost power! Jolly, take over! Jolly...? Can you read me...?

He looks around at the other DARK and SILENT Vipers cruise through space.

2 -- Sharon and Helo watch their screens with growing concern.

HELO

What're they doing?

SHARON

I don't know. They're just going straight in.

HELO

The com chatter's gone. They're not talking anymore...

Sharon watches for another beat, then dials in a wireless.

SHARON

CAG/Boomer.

(beat)

CAG/Boomer. Do you read?

5 -- The Cylon BEAMS STOP and the fighters head toward the powerless Vipers, which are sitting ducks.

3 -- The CAG can only watch helplessly as he sees 20 MISSILES drop from the Cylon wings.

CAG

Oh my God.

4 & 5 -- On the nose of the lead Cylon fighter, the red light continues its remorseless oscillation. Then the Cylon MISSILES STREAK away from the fighters and SLAM into the Vipers -- DESTROYING ALL OF THEM.

3 -- The CAG's Viper EXPLODES around him.

2 -- On Sharon's Dradis screen, the Vipers symbols abruptly VANISH. Sharon and Helo just sit there for a moment, stunned by the sudden and complete destruction of the entire Galactica squadron.

5 -- The Cylons avoid the billowing CLOUDS of VAPORIZED PARTICLES that moments ago were ships, and continue on.

2 -- The dradis screen now shows the Cylon fighters heading straight for them.

HELO

Uh... Boomer...?

Sharon sees it, nods.

SHARON

Right.

1 -- The Raptor wheels about and STREAKS AWAY.

**COLLAPSE SCREENS
TO:**

EXT. KOBOL - TRANSPORTATION HUB - DAY

A PASSENGER liner is at the same terminal we saw in Act One. It's smaller and sleeker than the multi-purpose Transport.

INT. PASSENGER LINER - DAY

A re-dress of the Transport passenger cabin, this one is more obviously a commercial liner, with more comfortable accommodations. The liner is filling with nervous PASSENGERS, who are talking in hushed voices and looking out the window with mounting anxiety as they take their seats. Gaius Baltar, hugging his suitcase to his chest, makes his way down the aisle and drops into his seat. A STEWARD hurries down the aisle.

STEWARD

(tense, urgent)

Seats, please. Please.

BALTAR

When are we leaving?

STEWARD

We've been cleared for immediate lift-off. Seats
everyone -- please!

The ship's ENGINE WHINE begins to build. Baltar sits back. Maybe he's going to survive this after all.

INT. AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL CENTER - DAY

Crammed with terminals and people. It's chaotic, people rushing around and yelling into headsets. Suddenly -- the POWER IS CUT. Everything goes dark.

INT. PASSENGER LINER - DAY

As before. Suddenly, the ENGINE WINDS DOWN.

PA VOICE

Ladies and Gentlemen, we've just been informed that a massive power disruption has just hit the traffic control system. I'm afraid we're grounded until further notice.

Baltar just stares ahead.

EXT. TRANSPORT HUB - DAY

Baltar wanders outside the terminal as if in a daze. PEOPLE are hurrying around in various stages of panic or apathy. It's a scene of mass confusion and fear. Baltar still has his suitcase in his hand. Doesn't know what to do.

Then he sees her.

Number Six is standing a short distance away, watching him. He goes to her, not sure what else to do. Baltar just stands there.

BALTAR

I can't leave.

NUMBER SIX

I know.

BALTAR

That your doing?

NUMBER SIX

No. That wasn't my job.

BALTAR

What was your job?

NUMBER SIX

We should discuss this after.

BALTAR

After? After wha--?

Suddenly, there's a FLASH of LIGHT from o.c.

EXT. KOBOL - CAPITOL CITY - DAY

The Shopkeeper reacts to the FLASH...

The Policemen reacts...

The Construction workers react...

The jogger reacts...

EXT. TRANSPORT HUB - DAY

Baltar reacts to the flash and a second later, all the WINDOWS in the terminal are BLOWN OUT in a shower of GLASS.

EXT. KOBOL - CAPRICA CITY - DAY

The bustling metropolis is being consumed by a BLINDING WHITE LIGHT. The flash recedes, forms a BALL of FIRE, then rises into a tower MUSHROOM CLOUD as a fifty-megaton thermonuclear weapon detonates over the city.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR
ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

MULTI-SCREEN:

1-- INT. GALACTICA - COMBAT INFORMATION CENTER

A grim-faced Adama is addressing the entire ship.

ADAMA

... preliminary reports indicate a thermo-nuclear device in the fifty-megaton range...

2-- INT. STARBOARD HANGAR BAY - MUSEUM

(Old) Vipers are in the middle of being trundled out of the museum, but Tyrol and the entire Deck crew are standing still, listening to Adama with shocked, blank looks.

ADAMA (V.O.)

... was detonated over Caprica City approximately thirty minutes ago.

3-- INT. REPAIR BAY

A Viper was being worked on, but now the Deck Hands are utterly still, listening to the announcement.

ADAMA (V.O.)

There's no report on casualties, but obviously... they will be high.

4-- INT. LAUNCH TUBE

Kara and more Deck Hands were maneuvering a Viper into the Launch Tube. They too, stand there frozen in the moment. One of the Hands -- Cally -- asks no one in particular:

CALLY
How many people in Caprica?

KARA
(quiet)
Seven million.

1 -- Adama pauses, thinks of the right thing to say.

ADAMA
Mourn Caprica later. Right now, the most important thing you can do is get this ship into the fight.

He clicks off, looks around CIC. It takes a beat, then people return to their jobs and the place resembles the hive of activity it was earlier.

Throughout the ship there's an eerie quiet as people avoid conversation, try not to think about what just happened.

Someone drops a coffee mug and it shatters.

We go directly to a new...

MULTI-SCREEN:

1-- EXT. SPACE - SHARON'S RAPTOR

The Raptor is twisting and turning, running from some unseen pursuer.

2 -- INT. SHARON'S RAPTOR - CONSOLE POV

Sharon and Helo frantically working the controls. The violent, desperate maneuvers throw them from side to side.

HELO
Two missiles now...

3 -- EXT. SPACE - TWO CYLON MISSILES

Are chasing the Raptor.

2 -- Sharon turns around, looks behind them.

SHARON
Jam the warheads!

HELO

Trying... but I can't find their frequency... better drop a
swallow.

SHARON
We've only got two left...

1 -- A small DECOY DRONE drops from the Raptor's belly. It races away from the Raptor.

3 -- One of the Cylon missiles turns to chase the decoy, but the second one hesitates, then continues after the Raptor.

2 -- They watch the missile continue to track them on the screen.

SHARON (cont'd)
Dammit.

HELO
Uh, oh...

SHARON
What?

HELO
Check the screen ahead.

On Helo's screen, there are so many contacts ahead of them, that it's like a field of moving stars.

SHARON
I guess we found the main fight.

3 -- The single remaining Cylon missile is getting closer.

3-- A BUZZER goes off in the cockpit.

HELO
Missile lock!

Sharon hits the switch.

1 -- The Raptor drops its last DECOY, it streaks off.

3 -- The Cylon missile is close. It "senses" the decoy, almost goes after it, then turns back and EXPLODES.

1 -- The Raptor makes a final twisting maneuver and misses the full brunt of the explosion, but still catches a heavy blow.

2 -- Inside the cockpit, the electronics go on and off, circuitry POPS and SPARKS. A small FIRE starts.

1 -- The Raptor is trailing FROZEN VAPOR PARTICLES, the interior lights FLUCTUATING.

2 -- Sharon struggles to bring the ship under control. She puts out the fire with a small EXTINGUISHER.

SHARON
Okay... Okay... We're still here. Helo? Hey! You okay?

Helo is conscious, if groggy.

HELO
Present...

SHARON
Stay with me...

Sharon makes a quick survey of the situation.

SHARON (cont'd)
We've gotta fuel leak... we're gonna have to put down to
repair it...

HELO
Lotta company between us and home...

SHARON
Yeah.

She thinks for a beat, then gets an idea. She grabs the controls and hits the throttle.

1 -- The damaged ship LEAPS FORWARD on full thrust.

2 -- Sharon guides the Raptor straight ahead, then CUTS THE POWER. The cockpit goes DARK.

1 -- The ship goes DARK, but continues to move ahead.

2 -- Sharon and Helo are just dark silhouettes against the starfield out the canopy.

HELO
So we coast?

SHARON
Best way to avoid attracting attention. No power
signature, go in a straight line -- unless somebody gets
close enough to actually see us, we'll look like a chunk
of debris on sensors. I think we have enough inertia to
make it to Kobil's ionosphere, then we'll power up and
find a place to land.

HELO
(pained)
Nice... nice thinking there.
(beat)
I think we can officially stop calling you a Rook now,
Lieutenant.

The unexpected praise catches her off-guard. She grins at him, he grins back -- then winces. He looks down in surprise -- the side of his flight suit is soaked with BLOOD.

**COLLAPSE SCREENS
TO:**

INT. TRANSPORT SHIP - COCKPIT

The Pilot is looking at a PRINT-OUT with dismay. There's a KNOCK on the cockpit door. He reaches out and OPENS it, admitting Laura into the tiny space.

TRANSPORT PILOT

Yes?

LAURA

One of the passengers has a short-wave wireless. They heard a report that Caprica's been nuked. Any truth in it?

The Pilot hesitates a beat.

TRANSPORT PILOT

Caprica... and three more colonies.

He hands her the print-out. Laura looks it over, sits down heavily in the empty co-pilot seat.

TRANSPORT PILOT (cont'd)

I guess... I guess I should make an announcement or something...

Laura glances up at him. The Pilot is still in shock, a bit adrift. She tries to rally herself.

LAURA

I'll do it. I'm a member of the cabinet. Guess I better start acting like one.

(long exhale)

I need to contact the Ministry of Civil Defense. See what I can do to help.

TRANSPORT PILOT

Can't believe this is really happening...

LAURA

Yeah, it's been a helluva couple of days.

TRANSPORT PILOT

Coupla days?

LAURA

Yeah.

She EXITS.

INT. TRANSPORT SHIP - PASSENGER CABIN

A few minutes later, Laura stands at the front of the cabin, facing Billy and the rest of the passengers. At this point, we notice Doral, the tour guide is in one of the seats.

LAURA

... including the colonies of Caprica, Picon, Aeries and Tauron.

WOMAN

No-no-no-no-no-no-no-no...

MAN

What about Geminon? Anything in Geminion?

MAN #2

What're we going to do?

WOMAN #2

I have to get home! I have to get home!

LAURA (cont'd)

Please-please-PLEASE!

It gets a little quieter, but it's a panicky room.

LAURA (cont'd)

I'm trying to contact the government right now and get more information. In the meantime, we should be prepared for an extended stay aboard this ship. Okay. So.

(points them out)

You -- you -- and you. Make an inventory of the emergency supplies and rations.

DORAL

Wait a minute -- who put you in charge?

LAURA

That's a good question. The answer is no one. But this is a government ship and I'm the senior government official, so I guess that makes me in charge.

(moving on)

You and you -- go down into the cargo spaces and see about setting up living space so we can get out of this cabin. Everyone else, sit tight... try to relax.

People go to carry out their tasks. Doral glares at Laura, but she ignores him, goes over to sit with Billy. She holds out a piece of paper.

LAURA (cont'd)

Here's the passenger manifest.

Billy takes it, and when he does, Laura notices that his hand is trembling. Hers is not.

LAURA (cont'd)

You okay?

BILLY

Yeah, I uh... yeah.

(beat)
My, uh,... my parents moved to Picon three months ago... to be closer to my sisters... and their families... their grandkids...

Laura nods. What can she say? Billy holds it together for the moment, looks for something else to talk about.

BILLY (cont'd)
You, uh... you have family?

LAURA
No. Just me.

The cockpit door OPENS.

TRANSPORT PILOT
Madame Secretary? We've got your comlink.

INT. TRANSPORT SHIP - COCKPIT

Moments later. Laura is sitting in the vacant Co-Pilot's seat, while the Pilot looks on. The voice on the wireless is stressed out, emotionally spent.

JACK (WIRELESS)
Thank God you're not here, Laura. Thank God.

EXT. KOBOL - CAPRICA CITY - DAY

We MOVE through the devastated city, finding it littered with rubble, drifting clouds of DUST and debris. And bodies. Hundreds of bodies, including the Shopkeeper, the Policemen, the Construction workers, the jogger...

JACK (WIRELESS)
It's complete chaos... never seen anything like it... the dust in the air... people wandering the streets...

INT. GOVERNMENT BUILDING - DAY

JACK (40s) -- the man on the other end of the wireless -- is standing in a room with blown-out windows, dust everywhere. The windows look out onto a STREET where there's a continuous RAIN OF DUST and debris. PEOPLE are shellshocked, coughing, trying to find their way to safety. It's the end of a world.

LAURA (WIRELESS)
Jack. Where is the President? Where's the President, Jack? Is he alive?

JACK
I don't know... I think so... we hear all kinds of things...

INTERCUT:

INT. TRANSPORT SHIP - COCKPIT

As before.

LAURA

Do you know if the Cylons have made any demands?
Do we know what they want?

Something BUZZES in the Transport cockpit and the Pilot grabs a headset.

JACK

No. No contact. I'm pretty sure about that...

TRANSPORT PILOT

Colonial Heavy 798.

(beat)

Where?

(beat)

What should we do?

(beat)

Copy that.

LAURA

Has anyone...

(difficult)

Has anyone discussed the possibility of... surrender?
Has it been considered?

JACK (cont'd)

After Picon was nuked, the President offered a complete, unconditional surrender. The Cylons didn't even respond.

Laura takes that in, looks up just in time to see Lee's Viper TURN and STREAK AWAY through the window.

TRANSPORT PILOT

The Cylons have found us. There's an inbound missile heading this way.

LAURA

So where the hell did our escort go?

END INTERCUT and go to...

MULTI-SCREEN:

1 -- EXT. SPACE - TRANSPORT

The lumbering Transport is cruising through space, seemingly unaware of the danger from...

2 -- FROM CYLON MISSILE CAMERA

Mounted on the fuselage, we're looking directly ahead at the Transport as it rushes toward us. Nothing to stop the missile now... then suddenly...

3 -- EXT. SPACE - LEE'S VIPER

ROARS into frame directly ahead of the missile, its ENGINES BLAZING with heat and afterburners.

4 -- INT. LEE'S VIPER

As he looks back over his shoulder to see if this is going to work.

2 -- Lee has maneuvered his Viper directly in the path of the missile. His EXHAUST is going right into the missile.

4 -- Lee checks his instruments, judges the moment...

LEE

Okay, Colonial 798, break on my mark... three... two... one... mark.

1 & 3 -- The Transport and the Viper TURN in opposite directions...

**COLLAPSE SCREENS
TO:**

2 -- The Cylon missile FOLLOWS the Viper.

4 -- Lee keeps glancing back at the missile as it follows him.

TRANSPORT PILOT (WIRELESS)

(relieved)

Thank you, Apollo. What happens now?

LEE

I have no idea...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FIVE
ACT SIX

FADE IN:

MULTI-SCREEN:

1 -- EXT. SPACE - LEE'S VIPER & MISSILE - CHASE CAMERA POV

The Viper is still racing away from the cylon missile.

2 -- INT. LEE'S VIPER

Lee keeps looking behind him -- the Cylon missile is still there. His FUEL GAUGE is edging into the red.

Lee looks ahead, lets out a long breath.

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

Directly ahead is a MOON. Deeply cratered and pitted, and strewn with rough, craggy mountain ranges.

1 -- As the Viper dives toward a CANYON on the moon's surface, the missile follows it move for move.

4 -- CYLON MISSILE CAMERA POV

The camera mounted atop the missile's fuselage gives us a perfect view of Lee's Viper as it drops down into the canyon and heads for a TIGHT PASSAGE.

5 -- CHASE CAMERA - AERIAL POV

Looking DOWN on the chase. The Viper races through the passage and makes an immediate hard TURN. But instead of taking the bait and smashing into the wall, the missile opts to go UP and over the passage. As Lee's Viper winds its way through the treacherous canyon, the missile flies safely above, but following him all the way.

2 -- Lee glances up at the missile far above his canopy.

LEE
Clever little bastard aren't you...

He's looking for something up ahead.

3 -- From the overhead view ahead, we begin to notice that there are SIGNS and SYMBOLS dotting the sides of the canyon. This is a Viper TRAINING RANGE. There's a TUNNEL OPENING in the floor of the Canyon straight ahead. A sign that flashes by us says: INTERIOR FLIGHT RULES AHEAD -- REDUCE SPEED

5 -- Looking DOWN on the chase. We see Lee's Viper suddenly ZIP straight down INTO the Tunnel. The Cylon missile immediately plunges down and FOLLOWS him into the tunnel.

3 -- We're tearing along through the tunnel. It's a long CAVE that's been smoothed out and turned into a training run. WARNING LIGHTS and SYMBOLS line the walls, along with the occasional scorch mark.

2 -- Lee grips the throttle and the control yoke, braces himself... then CUTS the throttle and PULLS back on the yoke. The Viper begins to FLIP END OVER END.

1 -- The Viper FLIPS END OVER END, still traveling through the tunnel on inertia, but without engine thrust. Lee steadies the Viper upside down (to us) and facing directly BACKWARDS.

3 -- From the overhead cockpit view, it looks like we're travelling BACKWARDS and slowing down a little. We can see the Cylon missile starting to gain ground.

2 -- Lee watches the missile get closer, and he keeps glancing out the canopy to check his position.

1 -- FLYING BACKWARDS, the Viper makes slight turns and adjustments to avoid obstacles and keep away from the walls during turns.

3 -- The Cylon missile is getting BIGGER and CLOSER.

2 -- Lee reaches out quickly, JAMS a PEN on top of his instrument console -- tries to use it as a CRUDE GUNSIGHT -- he squints, tries to line up the missile. He FIRES.

4 -- From the Cylon missile we see FIRE streak out from the Viper guns, but MISSES.

1 -- Lee FIRES again... MISSES AGAIN.

2 -- Lee is determined, grim...

3 -- The Cylon missile is nearly on top of him, this is the last chance...

1 -- Lee FIRES -- HITS THE MISSILE -- it EXPLODES.

3 -- The EXPLOSION roars toward Lee's Viper -- the BLAST HITS the Viper -- blows it BACKWARD...

1 -- The Viper is BLOWN out the END of the TUNNEL and into SPACE above the moon. The ship tumbles end over end.

2 -- Lee struggles to regain control of the ship. He finally does, IGNITES the ENGINE.

1 -- The Viper tries to head out into space, but then the ENGINE SPUTTERS and DIES.

2 -- The fuel gauge is EMPTY. Lee reacts.

1 -- The ship is caught by the moon's gravity and is pulled down into an ORBIT, where it coasts.

2 -- Lee lets out a long breath. At least he's alive. He works the wireless.

LEE (cont'd)

Krypter-krypter-krypter. This is Apollo to any Colonial vessel. I'm declaring an emergency. Am orbiting the fleet training range on the Trevor moon. Out of fuel and need assistance.

**COLLAPSE SCREENS
TO:**

EXT. SPACE - LEE'S VIPER - WIDE

As the Viper silently orbits the moon.

LEE (WIRELESS)

Krypter-krypter-krypter. This is Apollo to any Colonial vessel. I'm declaring an emergency...

EXT. SPACE - GALACTICA

Emphasizing the port landing pod.

LAUNCH OFFICER (wireless)

(prelap)

Viper one-nine, clear forward.

INT. GALACTICA - LAUNCH CONTROL

The launch officer makes her final check.

LAUNCH OFFICER

... nav-con green, interval check, thrust positive and... ...
steady. Good-bye.

She pushes the BUTTON.

INT. LAUNCH TUBE

An OLD-STYLE VIPER roars down the tube.

EXT. SPACE - GALACTICA - PORT LAUNCH TUBES

From a camera mounted atop Galactica, we see the Viper streak away from the ship and then JOIN UP with TEN OLD VIPERS already spaceborne and assembling at a distance.

KARA (WIRELESS)

Galactica/Viper one-seven. Ready.

INT. LAUNCH TUBE

Kara is sitting in the cockpit of an old-style Viper, ready for launch.

LAUNCH OFFICER (wireless)

Viper one-seven, clear forward, nav-con green, interval
check, thrust positive and...

INT. LAUNCH CONTROL

The launch officer makes her final check, then sees something wrong.

LAUNCH OFFICER

... fluctuating. Abort launch.

INT. LAUNCH TUBE

Kara's temper is right on the verge of boiling over, but she does her job -- deactivates various controls in the cockpit.

KARA

Viper one-seven, copy that. Throttle down, tube safe.

The HATCH OPENS and Tyrol comes running in with Socinus, and Prosna. Kara pops the Canopy, pulls off her helmet and throws a deadly look at Tyrol, who's already got the engine cowlings off and poking around inside.

KARA (cont'd)

Three frakking aborts, Chief.

TYROL

We're on it, sir.

(to Socinus)

It's the pressure reg valve again.

SOCINUS

We should pull it.

PROSNA

Don't have a spare.

Suddenly Gaeta's voice comes over the speakers.

GAETA (V.O.)

Attention: inbound Dradis contact, rated highly probable enemy fighter. All hands stand-by for battle maneuvers.

KARA

(to Tyrol)

LET'S GO!

She puts her helmet back on, LISTENS to the wireless chatter while Tyrol struggles to fix the engine. It's nerve-wracking, and Kara can barely restrain herself from leaping out of the cockpit and strangling someone.

PILOT #1 (WIRELESS)

This is Speedster, I have lead. All Vipers form up on me.

SOCINUS

What if we just pull the valve and bypass the whole system?

GAETA (WIRELESS)

Speedster/Galactica. Contact bearing 234-189, speed 7 decimal five, range 601 and closing.

PROSNA

Can't do that, the relay'll blow a--

PILOT #1 (WIRELESS)

Copy that. We've acquired the target.

(beat)

I have weapons lock. Firing.

SOCINUS

It'll hold, I'm telling you. I put that relay in myself.

PILOT #2 (WIRELESS)

No good -- damn! Look at him move.

KARA

How much longer, Chief?

PILOT #3 (WIRELESS)

I can't get a lock.

TYROL

Okay, pull the valve.

INT. COMBAT INFORMATION CENTER

Adama is near the HELM CONSOLE. The Helm is controlled by FOUR ENLISTED. Unlike a submarine set-up, they do not "fly" Galactica with yokes and steering wheels. Each of them have two joystick/handgrip controllers mounted on the arms of their chairs, which control 8 thruster burners positioned at different points along Galactica's hull. Directly in front of them are complicated panels of readouts monitoring the amount of thrust each burner is putting out.

Tigh is over at the Tactical console and everyone is listening to the Viper wireless chatter while Adama tries to maneuver his ship out of harm's way.

PILOT #4 (WIRELESS)

Firing. Miss!

ADAMA

(calls to Tigh)

Engines all ahead full!

PILOT #1 (WIRELESS)

Watch it, watch it!

TIGH

Ahead full, sir. Engines report ahead full.

PILOT #3 (WIRELESS)

I've got him! No I don't.

ADAMA

(to helmsmen)

Bow up half, forward right one quarter, stern left full.

EXT. SPACE - GALACTICA - VARIOUS SHOTS

Cutting around the ship to see the THRUSTERS FIRING. The Galactica ANGLES UP and TURNS to the LEFT.

INT. LAUNCH TUBE

An AUDIBLE GROAN of METAL as the ship twists and turns. Socinus and Prosna are gently pulling the recalcitrant VALVE out of the Viper engine under Tyrol's watchful eye. Socinus finally pulls the valve and Prosna replaces the cowling.

PILOT #2 (WIRELESS)

I can't get a shot!

PROSNA

Ready!

PILOT #1 (WIRELESS)

Snowball, do you have a shot?

TYROL

Clear the tube!

Tyrol, Socinus, and Prosna race out of the tube.

PILOT #3 (WIRELESS)
Trying... Damn! How does he move like that?

KARA
Galactica/Viper one-seven ready!

EXT. SPACE - GALACTICA

Now TURNING in another direction, giving us a look at the port launch tubes again.

PILOT #1 (WIRELESS)
Come around again, try to --

LAUNCH OFFICER (WIRELESS)
... interval check, thrust positive and... steady. Good-
bye.

Kara's Viper comes BLASTING out of the launch tube.

MULTI-SCREEN:

1 -- EXT. SPACE - KARA'S VIPER

Racing away from Galactica.

2 -- INT. KARA'S VIPER

Kara pushing her Viper as fast as it'll go.

3 -- THE VIPERS

Are FIRING and dashing about, trying to hit the constantly moving target of...

4 -- THE CYLON FIGHTER

The same kind of fighter that destroyed the Galactica squadron earlier. Beneath the Cylon fighter, a door SLIDES OPEN, revealing FIVE MISSILES with distinctive WARHEADS.

5 -- INT. GALACTICA - COMBAT INFORMATION CENTER

A BUZZER goes off -- Dualla checks it.

KARA (WIRELESS)
This is Starbuck, Keep him boxed in! I got a shot right
up the gut.

DUALLA
Radiological alarm!

PILOT #1 (WIRELESS)
Copy that. You've got the best angle.

TIGH
(to Adama)
He's got a nuke!

4 -- The Red Light on the Cylon fighter EMITS its BEAM directly at Kara's Viper.

2 -- The beam washes over her Viper, but unlike the earlier scene with the ceremonial squadron, there is no loss of power, no dying of her systems. Nothing happens.

KARA
What the hell was that?

The HEADS-UP DISPLAY on Kara's canopy shows the Cylon fighter right in the center circle and there's a TONE indicating target lock. She squeezes the GUN TRIGGER.

1 -- TRACERS leap out toward the Cylon.

4 -- The Cylon fighter is HIT and EXPLODES, just as it LAUNCHES its MISSILES.

1 -- Kara's Viper FIRES again.

4 -- TWO missiles are destroyed, but a THIRD one gets away.

2 -- Kara's head whips around as the missile streaks right past her.

KARA (cont'd)
Shit! Galactica -- you've got an inbound nuke! All
Vipers -- BREAK BREAK BREAK!!

5 -- Adama hears the warning.

ADAMA
(to helmsmen)
Right bow, left stern -- emergency full!

6 -- EXT. SPACE - GALACTICA

The Vipers race away as Galactica TWISTS and TURNS to avoid a direct hit but it's not enough to get completely away.

COLLAPSE SCREENS
TO:

6 -- The nuclear warhead EXPLODES less than a mile away from Galactica's starboard bow and the resulting energy BLOOM results in a...

WHITE OUT.

END OF ACT SIX
ACT SEVEN

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE - GALACTICA - BOW

The ship is slowly SPINNING in space, clearly not under control. The PORT FLIGHT POD is partially CRUMPLED. (The flight pods are the massive "skis" on either side of the ship.) It's VENTING AIR, FUEL, and other GASES to space from various openings in the hull.

KARA (WIRELESS)

Galactica/Starbuck, if you're reading me, the forward section of the port flight pod has sustained heavy damage.

INT. KARA'S VIPER - OVER SHOULDER CAMERA

Kara is circling Galactica and looking at the damage, which can be seen through the canopy. Another BULKHEAD COLLAPSES and violently VENTS debris into space.

KARA

Galactica, you're getting violent decompressions all along the port flight pod. Do you read me? Galactica!

INT. GALACTICA - COMBAT INFORMATION CENTER

Lit only by EMERGENCY LIGHTS, most consoles are either not functioning or flickering with garbage data. A couple of enlisted are WOUNDED and getting first aid. Adama and Tigh are at the DAMAGE CONTROL station, which has a table top covered with schematic CUTAWAY DIAGRAMS of Galactica, and various phone handsets just beneath the table.

DECK HANDS keep rushing in with written MESSAGES for Tigh, who is hurriedly making marks on the diagram with a grease pencil to indicate damage as reports come in. Adama puts down a phone handset.

ADAMA

Radiation levels within norms -- the hull plating kept out most of the hard stuff.

Gaeta comes over from the Helm console.

GAETA

(to Adama)

Right stern thruster is locked open. All bow thrusters nonresponsive. We're in an uncontrolled lateral clockwise spin.

ADAMA

Run a DC party up to aux control, cut the fuel line to that stern thruster.

Gaeta rushes off. Adama bends over the diagram, which is now heavily marked. Tigh is a little unsteady, trying to focus on the job, but his nerves have been seriously jangled.

TIGH

Okay. Uh... we've got, uh... buckled supports all along the port flight pod and chain reaction decompressions occurring everywhere forward of frame two... two-fifty.

ADAMA

(ominous)

That's a problem...

Dualla comes in through a HATCH, pulling a PHONE LINE behind her. She has a nasty CUT on her head, which is trickling blood down the side of her face, but she hasn't noticed yet. She hands Tigh a scrap of paper.

DUALLA

Message from Captain Kelly at DC 4.

She plugs the line into the damage control console, picks up a handset. Tigh focuses on the message, marks the diagram.

DUALLA (cont'd)

(to handset)

Test! Test! Frak!

Nothing. She looks under the console.

ADAMA

Forget it, D -- we got lines down everywhere. Get that head wound looked at.

Dualla touches her head, is surprised at the blood, moves off to get it looked at.

TIGH

All right, Kelly says he's got three uncontrolled fires... in the port flight pod... I guess that's why he hasn't been able to stop the decompressions.

ADAMA

(indicates diagram)

If the decomps continue along this axis they'll reach the hangar deck. Paul, get down there, take personal command of the DC teams on the scene.

Tigh freezes -- looks at Adama.

TIGH

Me?

And there's a moment here when Adama has to put his faith in Tigh and Tigh has to put his faith in himself. He leans in close to Tigh where no one else can hear.

ADAMA

(sotto)

Now or never, Paul. You're either the XO or you're not.

Tigh takes a beat, then rushes out the hatch.

EXT. SPACE - GALACTICA

Another bulkhead EXPLODES and DECOMPRESSES. Then ANOTHER.

INT. GALACTICA - PASSAGEWAYS/GANGWAYS

Tigh races through the ship, running through blacked-out sections, some with emergency lighting, some with GAS leaking, some with CASUALTIES waiting for first aid. It's a hellish gauntlet just to get to...

INT. GALACTICA - DAMAGE CONTROL STATION

A small, cramped closet with a damage control table like the one in CIC, but with a diagram limited to the flight pod compartments. It's DARK, SMOKY, and it's noisy as hell, with the SOUND of EXPLOSIONS for punctuation. CASUALTIES are being carried down the passageway just outside the door. Captain Kelly (LSO) is marking up the diagram and giving orders to Tyrol.

KELLY

Tell him to secure the ox lines on the starboard relay!

Tyrol rushes OUT just as Tigh ENTERS and goes to the diagram.

TIGH

(points to diagram)

There's structural buckling all along this line! We've gotta get those fires out!

KELLY

I know-I know! But fire suppressant's down. Water mains are down. We're trying to fight it with hand-held gear, but--

Tyrol rushes back inside.

TYROL

Got another decompression in the launch bay!

KELLY

(to Tigh)

What are your orders, sir? Sir?

Tigh hesitates. Kelly and Tyrol exchange a look. Kelly takes over.

KELLY (cont'd)

(to Tyrol)

Bring your DC teams in from the landing bay, get'em hand gear and send them into the fire zone.

But then Tigh finally rallies.

TIGH

No. No... we're going to seal off everything forward of frame 30 and start an emergency vent of all compartments.

TYROL

Wait -- I've got at least a hundred people trapped up there behind frame 34! I need a minute to get'em out!

TIGH

No time -- seal it off! Now!

KELLY

Sir!

TYROL

They'll only need a minute!

TIGH

We don't have a minute! If the fire reaches the hangar deck, it'll ignite the fuel lines and we'll lose the ship! DO IT!

Kelly hesitates, then goes to a wall console with COVERED EMERGENCY breakers and switches. He lifts the cover on two of the switches, breaks the seals... and throws the switches.

INT. PASSAGEWAY - INTERSECTION

A MASSIVE FIRE IS roaring down the passageway. DECK HANDS are carrying casualties through the SMOKE-CHOKED narrow passageway. Prosna, Socinus and Cally are trying to battle the blaze with hand extinguishers, but it's a losing battle. Socinus has a FIREFIGHTING SUIT on, Cally is struggling to get her own suit secured, but Prosna only has his duty uniform on.

Suddenly a KLAXON SOUNDS and MASSIVE DOORS SLIDE down from the overhead, sealing them off from the rest of the ship. Deck Hands scramble to make it out in time, but only a few make it. Socinus and Cally see the door close, but Prosna is too busy fighting the fire to even notice they're trapped.

INT. DAMAGE CONTROL STATION

Kelly watches the mechanical indicators go from GREEN to RED.

KELLY

Sealed.

Tigh steps forward himself, breaks the seal on the small doors covering the emergency vent keys. He turns the keys.

EXT. SPACE - GALACTICA - FLIGHT POD

DOZENS of emergency HATCHES OPEN and vent AIR directly into space. BALLS of FLAME surge out with the rushing air, but then are snuffed OUT.

INT. DAMAGE CONTROL STATION

Kelly and Tigh watch different gauges and needles in the DC station. The distant SOUND of the VENTING compartments can be heard... then FADES AWAY. The ship becomes much quieter.

KELLY

(off gauges)

Venting complete.

(beat)

Fires out.

Tigh looks at Kelly and Tyrol, knows what they're thinking.

TIGH

If they remembered their training... they had their suits on... and they were braced for a possible vent action.

TYROL

A lot of rooks in there.

TIGH

None of us are rooks anymore.

EXT. KOBOL - AIRSTRIP - DAY

On an abandoned emergency airstrip somewhere outside of Caprica City, Sharon's damaged Raptor is parked in the sun. The area is OPEN, with gently ROLLING HILLS. Helo is propped underneath the Raptor, a blood-soaked bandage strapped to his side, while Sharon works on the fuel lines within the engine mounting. Helo is looking off toward something o.c.

HELO

That's six.

Sharon looks out toward FIVE MUSHROOM CLOUDS which dot the horizon. A SIXTH is just reaching up into the sky.

HELO (cont'd)

How you coming on that fuel line?

SHARON

Almost there. We'll be airborne pretty soon.

HELO

Good. Gotta get back in the fight.

Sharon tears her eyes away from the mushroom clouds.

SHARON

Yeah. Back in the fight.

Sharon goes back to work and Helo stares out at the mushroom clouds. Then he sees something --

HELO

Sharon. Get your sidearm.

Sharon twists around, looks in the same direction -- pales. A MOB of people are running across the distant HILLS. And they're heading this way.

EXT. HILLS - DAY

FIFTY desperate people. Some half-dressed. Some carrying suitcases. Some hurt. A man carrying a violin. A woman dragging a chair. All of them running away from the mushroom clouds behind them and all of them determined to get to that one spacecraft on the airstrip.

A man in the crowd trips, falls, pushes himself to his hands and knees. No one even glances at him. The man is Gaius Baltar. He gets up, keeps running with the rest of them.

INT. TRANSPORT SHIP - COCKPIT

Laura is in the cockpit, looking out the window with the Pilot and Co-Pilot. Thru the window, we see the heavily cratered MOON seen earlier. The transport is in orbit and they're searching for something.

PILOT

Should be able to see him by now...

LAURA

There. Something flashed over there...

They squint in that direction. There's another FLASH of light off of metal.

PILOT

That's him.

The Transport alters course toward the object.

LAURA

Wireless?

PILOT

(tries, then shakes head)

Military channels are still jammed.

LAURA

Bring him in cargo bay two.

EXT. SPACE - VIPER & TRANSPORT

As the Transport maneuvers above the Viper and OPENS one of the pairs of CARGO BAY doors.

INT. LEE'S VIPER - CONSOLE POV

Lee is looking UP at the hulk of the Transport looming above.

LEE

Easy... easy... not too fast... that's it...

INT. TRANSPORT SHIP - CARGO BAY

Moments later. Lee's Viper is sitting in the middle of a large empty Cargo Bay. Lee OPENS his canopy. At the same time, the cargo bay hatch OPENS and Doral ENTERS along with a couple of PASSENGERS and FIRST AID KIT.

DORAL

Are you all right, Captain?

LEE

Fine.

DORAL

You don't know how glad I am to see you.

LEE

Why's that?

DORAL

Well, personally I would feel a lot better if someone qualified were in charge around here.

LEE

Something wrong with your pilot?

DORAL

He's not the one giving orders.

INT. TRANSPORT SHIP - PASSENGER CABIN

A few minutes later, Lee ENTERS the cabin with Doral. Laura has turned the forward seats into a crude command center. She's going over a diagram of the transport with the Pilot, while Billy makes notes. Responsibility and authority has begun to change Laura, and we see her rising to the challenge by her calm, steady, commanding presence.

LAURA

What if we transferred the L containers from bay three to bay four? Then we could use one, two, and three for passengers.

TRANSPORT PILOT

It's doable. Lot of heavy lifting without dock loaders, though.

LAURA

A little hard work is just what people need right now.
(notices Lee)
Captain. Good to see you again.

LEE

Likewise.
(to Pilot)
Thanks for the lift.

TRANSPORT PILOT

Thank her. She's the one insisted we go after you.

LEE

How'd you know where to look?

LAURA

(still looking over diagram)
You had to go somewhere, Kobol was too far, and the nearest celestial body was the Trevor moon.
(looks up)
Your ship secure?

LEE

Yes.

Laura throws a look at the Pilot, who just nods and heads back toward the cockpit.

LAURA

(to Billy)

Start the cargo transfer and then prep bay three for survivors.

BILLY

Yes, ma'am.

He moves off.

LEE

Survivors?

LAURA

As soon as the attack began, the government ordered a complete air/space ground stop on all civilian ships. So now we've got hundreds of stranded ships in the solar system. Everything from freighters to passenger liners to shopping vessels to school ships -- you name it. Some are damaged, some are lost, some are losing power. We have enough space to accommodate up to five hundred people and we're going to need every bit of it.

DORAL

But we don't even know what the tactical situation is out there --

LAURA

The tactical situation is that we're losing. Right, Captain?

She says it firmly and looks him right in the eye. He finds it impossible to lie to her.

LEE

Right.

LAURA

Then we pick up the people we can and try to find a safe haven to put down. Captain, I'd like you to look over the navigational charts for a likely place to hide from the Cylons.

(heads for cockpit)

That's all.

She EXITS to the cockpit. Doral looks to Lee.

LEE

Lady's in charge.

Lee heads for the cockpit as well.

CUT TO:

AN EXPLOSION

Sends up a MOUND of DIRT and ROCK into the air. REVEAL:

EXT. KOBOL - AIRSTRIP - DAY

The MOB of people STOPS as the DEBRIS rains down on them. Sharon is standing in front of the Raptor with her sidearm out. Helo is lying on the ground, also with his weapon at the ready. Helo FIRES AGAIN (the gun does not emit a energy bolt effect -- it fires an explosive projectile) and the Mob falls back a few steps.

HELO

That's as close as you get! Okay? Let's just settle down here... settle down and no one gets hurt...

The Mob doesn't like it -- people curse and yell, but they don't charge either. It's a hostile, extremely desperate group of people. Baltar is in the middle of the crowd. A MAN speaks up.

MAN

I have to get out of here! I'll give you fifty thousand cubits!

WOMAN

Sixty thousand!

Other voices start chiming in, in a sudden bidding war.

HELO

We're not taking -- WE'RE NOT TAKING MONEY!!

(they quiet)

This isn't a rescue ship. This is a military vessel and we're--

MAN #2

You can't leave us here! Look at that!

He gestures toward the mushroom clouds -- the people YELL and SCREAM. The crowd SURGES forward, Sharon FIRES over their heads and they fall back again. A WOMAN with a BOY pushes her way to the front of the crowd.

THE BOY

Is six-years old. He's he same boy we saw in the Colonel's PHOTO on Armistice Station. The Woman pleads with Sharon.

WOMAN

For God's sake -- take my nephew! Please!

MAN #2

What about my wife!

More SHOUTS and SCREAMS for help. Sharon and Helo exchange a look -- this is getting out of control fast.

SHARON

Alright-alright-ALRIGHT!!
(they quiet again)
Children first -- children!

FIVE CHILDREN (ages 7-15) are brought to the fore, some by their parents, others just pushed up through the crowd.

SHARON (cont'd)
All right. The kids go... and we can take three more people.

YELLS of protest, but Helo shouts them down.

HELO
That's the maximum load if we're going to break orbit.

MAN
Who chooses the three? You?

Murmurs of unhappiness at that idea.

SHARON
No one chooses. No one chooses!
(beat)
Lottery.

She glances at Helo -- he nods agreement.

SHARON (cont'd)
Everyone gets a number. We put the numbers in a box... pull out three. That's it. No arguing, no appeal.

HELO
And I will shoot the first person who tries to board this ship without a winning number.

They don't like it, but there's acquiescence in the air.

SHARON
Helo... get your flight manual... tear out the pages.

EXT. TRANSPORT SHIP

The Transport ship is underway.

INT. TRANSPORT SHIP - COCKPIT

Suddenly, there's a BEEPING in the cockpit. The pilot looks at the console, then frowns.

LAURA
What is it?

LEE
Never seen a signal on that bandwidth before.

TRANSPORT PILOT

That's an governmental emergency channel. It's reserved for the President.

The Pilot hits a button and they can hear the message.

VOICE

--tinuity of Government Act. All ministers, department secretaries, and division heads now go to Case Orange. Repeat. This is an official notification broadcast as per section 35, article 17 of the Emergency Continuity of Government Act. All ministers, department secretaries...

The message repeats as all the blood drains from Laura's face. Her voice is barely above a whisper.

LAURA

It's an automated message.

(beat)

Designed to be sent out in case the... in case the President, the Vice-President, and most of the cabinet are dead or incapacitated.

A long beat as the gravity of that statement hits everyone in the cockpit. They all stare at her while she tries to absorb the implications of what she just said.

LAURA (cont'd)

(to Pilot)

I need you to -- I need you to send my ID code on the exact same frequency: D, as in dog, dash, 456, dash, 345, dash, A as in apple.

PILOT

Yes, ma'am.

Laura leaves the cockpit and Lee follows her.

INT. TRANSPORT SHIP - PASSENGER CABIN

Laura is in a seat, staring out the window, her shock almost palpable. Lee sits down next to her.

LEE

How far down...?

LAURA

I'm forty-third in line of succession.

(long beat)

I know all forty-two ahead of me. From the President down. Most of us served in his first administration... some came with him from the mayor's office... I was there on his first campaign. Never really liked politics. Kept telling myself I was getting out after his first term. But he had a way about him... you just couldn't say no to him.

(beat)

You just couldn't say no.

Her feelings threaten to overwhelm her, but then she pulls them back down and reasserts control.

The Pilot ENTERS. He's holding a PRINTOUT in his hand and he looks stunned. She looks up, sees his eyes, doesn't have to read the paper, but takes it anyway. She looks down, reads the message carefully, then folds it and puts it in a pocket.

LAURA (cont'd)

We'll need a priest.

CUT TO:

INT. TRANSPORT SHIP - PASSENGER CABIN

A short time later. Laura is standing in the middle of the room, while the entire crew surrounds her. Elosha holds a small book and stands before Laura.

ELOSHA

If you'll raise your right hand and repeat after me... I,
Laura Roslin, do now avow and affirm...

LAURA

I, Laura Roslin, do now avow and affirm...

ELOSHA

That I take the office of President of the Twelve Colonies
of Kobol, without any moral reservation or mental
evasion...

LAURA

That I take the office of President of the Twelve Colonies
of the Planet Kobol, without any moral reservation or
mental evasion...

We pull back and the hushed scene should remind us of another ceremony which took place on a crowded plane in Dallas, 1963.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT SEVEN
ACT EIGHT

FADE IN:

EXT. KOBOL - AIRSTRIP - DAY

The lottery has begun. Sharon pulls scraps of the shredded flight manual out of a tool box. The crowd is silent, anxious, each of them knowing their individual chances are slight, but also knowing this is the only chance. The children selected earlier are standing in the front, saying good-bye to their parents or just staring at the spacecraft.

SHARON

One-twenty-seven. One-two-seven.

An immediate SQUEAL of joy from a WOMAN toward the back of the crowd. People make room for her as she goes toward the miracle of her rescue.

She passes right by Baltar, and we DROP OFF on him, clutching his own scrap of paper along with everyone else. He shifts his weight from foot to foot, has trouble standing still. Keeps glancing at the giant mushroom clouds on the horizon.

All the lottery winners are being herded onto the Raptor by Helo, who's propped against the hatch.

SHARON (cont'd)

Last one.

(pulls out paper)

Forty-seven. Four-seven.

The number in Baltar's trembling hand is 188. He just stares at it, afraid to look up and face his fate. People are craning around, trying to see who has the winning number, but no one is shouting with euphoria yet.

OLD WOMAN

Excuse me...?

Baltar looks up to see a white-haired WOMAN in her 70's standing next to him in a faded print dress.

OLD WOMAN (cont'd)

I forgot my glasses somewhere... I don't remember where exactly, but... could you read this for me?

He looks at the paper in her hand -- 47. He looks back up at her slightly confused and apologetic face. She only has one shoe on. She'll believe anything he tells her. Baltar stares back into those eyes... he reaches out for the paper... and as we wonder just what he'll do --

HELO'S VOICE

Hey, aren't you Gaius Baltar?

Suddenly everyone is looking at the celebrity in their midst. Whatever he might or might not have done a moment ago, the opportunity is gone. He pulls his hand away from the winning number, his paranoia now in full cry.

BALTAR

Yes, why? I haven't done anything.

HELO

Could you come up here, please?

BALTAR

All right.

(beat)

This woman has number forty-seven.

(to Old Woman)

Come on.

As Baltar and the Old Woman walk to the Raptor, the crowd reacts with a universal groan of dismay and despair. Some are crying, some sit down as if the wind were sucked out their lungs. Others just stand and stare. Sharon watches them, her sidearm still in hand.

SHARON
(sotto, to Helo)
What're you doing?

HELO
(sotto)
Giving up my seat.

SHARON
Like hell.

HELO
A civilian should go in my place.

SHARON
You're going.

HELO
Look at those clouds, Sharon. Look at those clouds and tell me this isn't the end of... everything.

SHARON
Helo...

HELO
Whatever future is left is going to depend on the people who survive. Give me one reason why I'm a better choice than one of the greatest minds of our time?

Baltar and the Old Woman have arrived at the front of the crowd. Sharon looks at him for a long beat. Baltar, of course, hasn't heard any of this and just looks back at her with genuine confusion.

HELO (cont'd)
You can do this without me, Sharon. I know you can.
You've proven it.

She struggles with it for a moment, then makes the choice.

SHARON
(low, to Baltar)
Get on board.

Baltar gapes at her for a beat, then shuts his mouth and clammers aboard the Raptor with the Old Woman. He glances back at the crowd and sees -- Number Six watching him placidly. Baltar looks again -- then she's gone. Was she even there in the first place?

The Crowd notices that Baltar's going aboard and they start to get upset -- they don't like the sudden change in rules -- things start to get ugly.

CROWD

(various)
Hey what's this? What's going on? Why is he going?
What're you doing? I'm important too! That's not fair!
Start over! etc.

HELO
(to Sharon)
I think you better go.

Sharon pauses just long enough to shake his hand, then climbs into the hatch. People are starting to edge toward the ship. A MAN RUSHES forward and Helo SHOTS HIM DEAD. The crowd hesitates, then the Raptor ENGINES ROAR to life and the Raptor rises into the air like a modern day Harrier jet and then ANGLES UP and roars off into the sky.

MULTI-SCREEN:

1 -- EXT. SPACE - GALACTICA & VIPER

Kara's Viper makes a pass over the now stabilized ship.

KARA (WIRELESS)
Galactica/Starbuck -- good to hear your voice again, D.

2 -- INT. GALACTICA - COMBAT INFORMATION CENTER

Main power has been restored. Normal lighting is back. Tigh ENTERS, heads for the far corner of the room.

DUALLA
(to mic)
Same here, Starbuck. You may rejoin combat patrol at this time.

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

3 -- INT. GALACTICA - PASSAGEWAY

The FIRE is OUT and BODIES are being carried out of the passageway by Deck Hands.

2 -- Tigh goes to Adama, who's looking over a MAP of a PLANET SURFACE at the NAVIGATOR'S STATION. This area covers one entire corner of the CIC and is dedicated to plotting the movements of the ship. There's a plotting table where charts can be laid out, and the wall consoles are covered with the most advanced COMPUTERS available on Galactica (think Apollo/Skylab era).

ADAMA
(to Tigh)
What's the final count?

TIGH
Twenty-six walked out. Eighty-five didn't.

3 -- Tyrol comes down the Passageway, looking at dead bodies. He comes to Cally and Socinus, both still wearing their fire-fighting gear and sitting next to the dead body of Prosna.

2 -- Adama takes in the heavy toll. He turns back to the PLANET MAP. There's also a THREE-RING folder OPEN next to the chart.

ADAMA

There's a munitions depot in the Ragnar anchorage.

(re: 3-ring folder)

The book says they have three Class B weapons coils in cyro-storage -- or at least they did during the inventory two years ago.

3 -- Tyrol picks up the dead body of Prosna and carries it down the Passageway. Cally and Socinus sit there for a moment, then get up and follow him.

**COLLAPSE SCREENS
TO:**

INT. COMBAT INFORMATION CENTER

TIGH

Thought the Ragnar anchorage was scrapped.

ADAMA

Should've been. Budget cuts kept the Ministry from getting out there and taking it apart.

TIGH

Nice to see budget cuts helping for a change.

(beat)

It's supposed to be a royal bitch to anchor a ship there.

ADAMA

(nods)

One of the reasons they decided to scrap it.

TIGH

Well... at least we know we'll be safe from the Cylons at Ragnar.

ADAMA

That's the theory.

(off his look)

It's never been put to the test.

They both mull over whatever that means for a moment. Then Adama leads the way over to the large TACTICAL display, which is even more marked up with symbols indicating Cylon and (a few) Colonial units.

ADAMA (cont'd)

Two problems. First, Ragnar is at least three days away at best speed. Second, the entire Cylon fleet is between here and there.

Tigh looks at the display for a long beat, then notices that Adama is looking at him with an expectant expression. Takes him a moment, then he realizes what Adama is thinking.

TIGH
(are you crazy?)
You want to make a Jump?

ADAMA
Don't want to.

TIGH
Because a sane man wouldn't. It's been what -- twenty years since this tub made a Jump?

ADAMA
Twenty-five.

TIGH
Twenty-five. Probably rats living in the FTL relays.

ADAMA
Hope not. Hate the smell of burned rat.
(beat, then formally)
Colonel Tigh... you will please plot a Hyperlight Jump from this position to the orbit of Ragnar.

TIGH
Yes, sir.
(beat)
You know, I'm pretty sure this qualifies as a Combat Jump.

ADAMA
I'll be sure to put everyone up for their silver wings.

They share a wry look, then Tigh moves back toward Navigation.

TIGH
(picks up phone handset)
Engineering/Combat. Please spin up FTL drives One and Two.
(hangs up)
Mister Gaeta! Break out the FTL tables and warm up the computers... we're making a Jump!

Surprised and excited looks throughout CIC. No one can quite believe it. There's a hubub of activity suddenly. Dualla approaches Adama with a message printout.

DUALLA
Priority message, sir.

Adama reads the message and his expression tightens.

ADAMA
Admiral Nagala's dead. The battlestar Atlantia's been destroyed.

Everything in the room comes to a stop.

ADAMA (cont'd)
So's the Triton, the Solaria, the Columbia... the list goes on.

A quiet beat.

TIGH
Who's senior officer? Who's in command?

Adama looks at Tigh, who realizes that Adama is senior.

TIGH (cont'd)
Guess we're gonna have to postpone your retirement party...

Adama takes a private beat as the weight of his new responsibilities presses down on him. Then he moves to Dualla.

ADAMA
Send the following message to all Colonial military units.
Use the priority one channel. Message begins: Am taking command of Fleet...

EXT. SPACE - TRANSPORT & LINER

The Transport is approaching the PASSENGER LINER, which is essentially a space-going luxury cruise ship.

TRANSPORT PILOT (WIRELESS)
Gemon Liner 1701, this is Colonial Heavy 798. No -- strike that.

INT. TRANSPORT SHIP - COCKPIT

The Pilot, Lee, and Laura. The Pilot looks at Laura.

TRANSPORT PILOT
This is Colonial One.

Laura glances at Lee, a little embarrassed, but Lee just nods -- it's her due.

TRANSPORT PILOT (cont'd)
(to mic)
We have you in sight. Will approach your starboard docking hatch.

A BUZZER goes off, Lee hits a button, a message PRINTS OUT.

WIRELESS VOICE
Copy that, Colonial One. And thank the Lords of Kobol you're here. We've been without main power for over two hours now.

Lee tears off the printout, reads it then reacts in surprise.

LAURA

What is it?

LEE

(reads)

"To all Colonial units: Am taking command of fleet. All units ordered to rendezvous at Ragnar anchorage for regroup and counterattack. Acknowledge by same encryption protocol. Adama."

He sits back, thinks over the import of that message. Laura takes the printout and looks it over.

LAURA

(to Lee)

Captain Apollo, send a message to Commander Adama informing him that we're engaged in rescue operations and require his assistance. Ask how many hospital beds they have available, and long will it take them to get here.

LEE

(hesitates)

I, uh...

LAURA

Yes?

LEE

I'm not sure he's going to respond very well to that request

LAURA

Tell him this comes directly from the President of the Colonies and it's not a request.

LEE

Yes, sir.

(she turns to go)

And uh, sir? Apollo's just my callsign. My name is Lee. Lee Adama.

LAURA

I know who you are. But Captain Apollo has a nice ring to it, don't you think?

She smiles at him, then EXITS.

INT. GALACTICA - COMBAT INFORMATION CENTER

Tigh and Gaeta are overseeing TWO GROUPS of ENLISTED personnel as they ENTER information into the FTL computers at the Navigation station. Tigh and Gaeta each have 3-Ring laminated CHECKLISTS, and each Enlisted person has their own smaller checklists as well.

GAETA

CMC - on.

(beat)
ISS - on and aligned.
(beat)
BMAG mode - 3.
(beat)
Coupling - Resolved.
(beat)
OPT Zero - Off then Zero.

TIGH
R2 load 1MK Code: known.
(beat)
Cycle cryo fans.
(beat)
SCS - Operating.
(beat)
Perform EMS Delta V Test.
(beat)
Bias check - G2.

Adama is looking over the Tactical display, which is being updated by an ENLISTED person when Dualla hands him another message printout. He reads it with growing disbelief.

ADAMA
Is this a frakking joke?

A few heads turn, but everyone keeps working.

ADAMA (cont'd)
Are they within voice range?

INT. TRANSPORT SHIP - COCKPIT

Lee is working the wireless, trying to get Dualla's voice to come in through the STATIC and INTERFERENCE. The Pilot is working in the seat next to him.

DUALLA (WIRELESS)
(fritzed)
--eavy 7-- Gal--ca. --read?

LEE
Galactica/Colonial One. Say again.

The channel finally clears.

DUALLA (WIRELESS)
-- nial One/Galactica. We read you. Galactica Actual wishes to speak with Apollo.

Lee was expecting this and he's not looking forward to it.

LEE
This is Apollo. Go ahead Actual.

INT. COMBAT INFORMATION CENTER

Where Adama puts on the mic headset. Tries not to say what's foremost in his mind.

ADAMA
Are you... is your ship all right?

INT. TRANSPORT SHIP - COCKPIT

As before.

LEE
We're both fine.
(beat)
Thanks for asking.

That came out a little more cutting and sarcastic than he intended, but too late to take it back now.

INT. COMBAT INFORMATION CENTER

Adama's tone goes cold, impersonal.

ADAMA
Is your ship's FTL drive functioning?

Lee glances at the Pilot, who nods.

LEE (WIRELESS)
That's affirmative.

ADAMA
Then you're ordered to bring your ship and its
passengers to the rendezvous point. Acknowledge.

A long beat before Lee replies.

LEE (WIRELESS)
Acknowledge... receipt of message.

ADAMA
What the hell does that mean?

INT. TRANSPORT SHIP - COCKPIT

Where Lee is clearly struggling with what to do here.

LEE
It means I heard you.

ADAMA (WIRELESS)
You're going to have to do a lot better than that, Captain.

LEE
We're engaged in rescue operations.

ADAMA (WIRELESS)

You are ordered to abort your mission and proceed to Ragnar.

LEE

The President has given me a direct order...

ADAMA (WIRELESS)

(cutting)

You mean the Secretary of Education? We're in the middle of a war and you want to take orders from a school teacher?

The Pilot suddenly reacts to something on his Dradis screen.

TRANSPORT PILOT

Trouble...

LEE

Stand-by, Galactica.

(to Pilot)

What?

He leans over to see what's on the screen.

TRANSPORT PILOT

Cylon fighters heading this way...

LAURA (O.S.)

How long 'til they get here?

Lee looks up -- how long has she been there?

TRANSPORT PILOT

ETA... five minutes.

LEE

He's right. We have to go. Now.

LAURA

No.

LEE

Madame President, we can't defend this ship against--

LAURA

We're not going to just abandon all those people.

LEE

But sir--

LAURA

I've made my decision, Captain.

Lee looks at her for a beat -- makes his decision.

LEE
(to Pilot)
Engage your hyperdrive.

Laura reacts, thinking she's lost this argument...

INT. COMBAT INFORMATION CENTER

Adama is over at the Dradis display with Gaeta, who is pointing out the situation. On the display, two BLIPS are heading toward two stationary BLIPS.

GAETA
... and two fighters closing on their coordinates.

ADAMA
(to headset mic)
Colonial One/Galactica. Apollo, you've got inbound enemy fighters heading toward you! What the hell are you doing? Get the hell out of there! LEE!

Gaeta stiffens and Adama turns back to the display -- an EXPANDING BLOOM of ENERGY engulfs the position of the Transport & Liner. Adama waits for Gaeta to work the controls and give the verdict. CIC goes utterly silent.

GAETA
Fifty-kiloton thermo-nuclear detonation.

ADAMA
Lee...

Off Adama's face as he realizes that his eldest son is dead...

SUPER: To be continued...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT EIGHT