



“33”

Fully COLLATED

June 22, 2004

Written by
Ronald D. Moore

Episode #T1801

BATTLESTAR GALACTICA

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REVISION HISTORY

<u>DATE</u>	<u>COLOR</u>	<u>PAGES</u>
4/2/04	White	1-62
4/12/04	Full Blue	1-55
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BATTLESTAR GALACTICA

"33"

Episode #T1801

Fully Collated 6/22/04

CAST

Commander William Adama

President Laura Roslin

Capt Lee Adama

Lt Kara Thrace

Col Saul Tigh

Gaius Baltar

Chief Galen Tyrol

Lt Sharon Valerii

Number Six

Billy

Crashdown

Dualla

Gaeta

Helo

Pilot (only on PA)

Socinus

Cally

BATTLESTAR GALACTICA

"33"

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Fully Collated 6/22/04

SEIS

BATTLESTAR GALACTICA

Colonial One
Colonial One - Office
CIC
Adama's Quarters
Corridors
Hangar Deck
Officers' Head
Pilots' Ready Room

SPACE

Interiors

Raptor
Sharon's Raptor
Kara's Viper
Lee's Viper

Exteriors

Galactica
Caprica
Civilian Ships
Colonial One
Olympic Carrier
Cylon Ships
Vipers
Raptors

CAPRICA

Interiors
Baltar's House

Exteriors
Forest

"33"

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. BALTAR'S HOUSE - DAY 1

BALTAR sits in a chair, gazing out at the water and the morning light from the serene comfort of his living room, a cup of coffee on the side table next to him, CLASSICAL MUSIC playing softly in the b.g. We might notice that the sky is just a little brighter than it should be, the colors in the house a little more vibrant. In fact, all of his surroundings seem a little too sharp, too crisp to the eye.

NUMBER SIX lounges on a chaise nearby, watching him.

NUMBER SIX

God has a plan for you, Gaius. He
has a plan for everything and
everyone.

Baltar never takes his eyes off the view.

LEE (PRELAP)

All Vipers -- hold position.

2 EXT. SPACE - VIPERS 2

A SQUADRON of Galactica's VIPERS are taking up positions in a defensive formation. In the far b.g., GALACTICA and the RAG-TAG FLEET can be seen in their own defensive formation (Galactica deployed to cover the civilian ships).

3 INT. LEE'S VIPER 3

Lee sits in his cockpit, looking tense and worn.

LEE

Twenty seconds to mark.

He's watching a DIGITAL CLOCK counting down the seconds:
19... 18... 17...

4 INT. BALTAR'S HOUSE - DAY 4

Six watches Baltar. Once again, we're struck by the visual keys of Baltar's House -- something about this environment is not quite right, not quite real.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: 4

NUMBER SIX

Gaius? Are you even listening to me?

5 INT. GALACTICA - CIC 5

ADAMA is staring at a CLOCK hanging on a bulkhead. The SECOND HAND is sweeping up toward the hour. TIGH, GAETA, DUALLA at their stations. Everyone watching clocks (digital & analog) or their watches. The mood is tense. Dualla operates her console by rote, her face a mask of exhaustion.

DUALLA

Sir, Jump 237 underway. Fifty-three ships have Jumped, ten still reporting trouble with their FTL drives. Including Colonial One.

ADAMA

We're getting slower...

GAETA

Fifteen seconds.

Tigh blinks red-rimmed eyes and tries to focus.

TIGH

Maybe this time...

Adama never takes his eyes from the clock: 10...9...8...

6 INT. BALTAR'S HOUSE - DAY 6

Baltar now standing at the window, calmly sipping his tea.

NUMBER SIX

You have to believe in something.

BALTAR

I believe in the beauty of a well constructed formula. The elegance of a complex argument. Rational problems solved through rational means. Not some large invisible man in the sky controlling the flights of birds and the lives of men. A rational universe. Explained through rational means.

7 EXT. SPACE - COLONIAL ONE 7

The transport ship in amid the rest of the civilian ships. Several of the other civilian ships JUMP AWAY, leaving Colonial One and a few others.

8 INT. COLONIAL ONE - OFFICE 8

LAURA sitting in what has now been transformed into a crude Oval Office. BILLY is on the phone and various AIDES are in their seats. Like on Galactica, everyone here is exhausted, stressed, and watching a digital clock counting down the seconds: 7... 6... 5...

LAURA
Cutting it a little close this time, aren't we, Billy?

BILLY
(listening to phone)
Pilot says he's had to reboot the FTL computer again.

Laura looks around the cabin at the tense and scared faces. She tries to put on a confident smile for them.

9 INT. BALTAR'S HOUSE - DAY 9

Six sidles up to Baltar, slips an arm around his waist, nuzzles his neck.

NUMBER SIX
I love you. That's not rational.

BALTAR
You're not rational. You're also not really here.

10 INT. GALACTICA - HANGAR DECK 10

TYROL and his DECK GANG are standing by, watching a wall CLOCK as the final seconds tick down. The fatigue and exhaustion are all too evident here as well. CALLY is standing next to TYROL. She's mentally burnt, strung-out, right on the edge.

CALLY
Why is it always thirty-three minutes? Why isn't it thirty-four? Or thirty-five? Or fifty-five? Or sixty-seven or seventy-eight...?

*
*
*
*
*
*

10

CONTINUED:

10

TYROL
Cally.

*
*

CALLY
Yeah?

*
*

TYROL
It's gonna be alright.

*
*

Cally pulls herself back, nods. They resume watching the
clock: 4... 3...

*
*

11

INT. BALTAR'S HOUSE - DAY

11

Baltar is kissing Six's neck, unbuttoning her blouse, losing
himself in the eroticism of this woman in his arms. She
smiles indulgently.

12 INT. KARA'S VIPER 12

Kara is in her Viper, waiting along with the rest of the squadron in space. She slaps her arms, shakes her head, tries to get bodily awake and ready.

KARA
How many times is this? Have we passed two hundred yet?

INTERCUT WITH:

12A INT. LEE'S VIPER 12A

LEE
Try two thirty-seven.

KARA
Two thirty-seven? You're telling me I missed number two hundred?

LEE
That's what I'm telling you. What, were you planning something special?

KARA
Just like to keep track of these things. Two hundred was such a nice round number. Now I gotta wait for three hundred.

LEE
Don't even joke about that.

Kara looks at her digital WATCH: 2... 1...

13 INT. BALTAR'S HOUSE - DAY 13

Baltar has Six on the chaise and begins to make love to her. She pulls back, looks at him with regret.

NUMBER SIX
Time's up.

14 QUICK CUTS: 14

The digital clocks all around the fleet register ZERO and the analog second hands all reach the hour mark--

15 EXT. SPACE 15

Hold a beat on the empty starfield... then a CYLON BASE SHIP
JUMPS into view. It LAUNCHES MISSILES immediately.

CLOSE ON BALTAR

Eyes closed. His eyes fly OPEN at the sound of the Pilot's
VOICE coming over the P.A.:

PILOT (P.A.)
Ladies and gentlemen...

REVEAL:

16 INT. COLONIAL ONE - OFFICE 16

Baltar is sitting in a chair at the rear of the cabin.

PILOT (P.A.)
I'm afraid the Cylons have appeared
again. However, our FTL drive is
now working and we will Jump
momentarily.

Baltar rubs his face with his hands. Unlike the way he
looked in his house, here Baltar looks like hell; a man right
on the edge of his ability to take the stress and pressure
and fatigue.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

Number Six leans into frame. We begin to realize that she is the one constant in his mind -- a phantom that slides easily back and forth between the calm sedate world of the house he used to live in and the chaotic world of life in the rag-tag fleet.

17 INT. GALACTICA - CIC

17

The dradis console shows enemy blips and ALARMS are going off around the ship. There's just the slightest pause of resignation as everyone realizes that it's happened again. Tigh's exhaustion and disappointment is palpable -- Adama is just as tired as everyone else, but his mind is already moving on and he goes to Tigh with an encouraging tone:

ADAMA

(to Tigh)

Not this time -- but maybe the next. I've got an idea for the next cycle...

The CIC becomes a beehive of activity once again. PILOT CHATTER coming in, officers and enlisted scurrying about. Tigh watches his crew perform their tasks -- his temper is short, not tolerant of mistakes in this situation. He quickly spots an error on one of the consoles, taps the display over the shoulder of the unfortunate Lieutenant.

TIGH

Watch the ammo hoists for the main guns -- you've got a red light right there.

The ship is ROCKED by an explosion.

DUALLA

(to headset)

Hit on the starboard bow. Away the damage control parties.

GAETA

Basestar is launching raiders.

DUALLA

Colonial One ready to Jump!

18 OMITTED

18

19 OMITTED

19

20 EXT. SPACE - VIPERS 20

Lee and the rest of the Vipers kick in their burners and leap forward.

LEE (WIRELESS)
You know the drill, people.
Scatter formation, keep'em off the
civies and don't stray beyond the
recovery line.

NEW ANGLE - THE CYLONS

Cylon fighters are swooping in toward the Vipers. Some
LAUNCH NUCLEAR MISSILES.

LEE (WIRELESS) (cont'd)
Inbound nukes!

21 INT. COLONIAL ONE - OFFICE 21

Baltar is trying to hold it together in his chair while Six
strokes his hair lovingly.

BALTAR
Five days now. There are limits...
to the human body. The human mind.
Tolerances you can't push beyond.
Those are facts. Provable facts.
There are limits.

22 EXT. SPACE - CYLONS & VIPERS 22

The Vipers and the Cylons are blazing away at each other --
some Vipers trying to keep the Raiders at bay and others
concentrating on the nuclear missiles while Galactica engages
the Basestar.

COLONIAL ONE

And the rest of the civilian FLEET Jump away, leaving only
Galactica and her Vipers to face the Cylons.

23 INT. CIC 23

As before.

GAETA
All civilian ships away --
including Colonial One.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

ADAMA

Recover fighters. Stand-by to
Jump.

24 EXT. SPACE - COLONIAL ONE 24

JUMPS into view -- the other civilian ships are in the b.g.
which has a PLANET nearby (or some other unique feature to
distinguish it from the area of space they just left).

25 INT. COLONIAL ONE - OFFICE 25

Baltar blinks for a beat. Lets out a long sigh --

26 INT. BALTAR'S HOUSE - DAY 26

-- and Baltar is sitting in his chair, letting out that same
long sigh. The transition between the reality of Colonial
One and the hyper-real environment of the house is abrupt,
but Baltar is unfazed. He's calm here, at ease with himself
and the world. Number Six watches from the chaise.

27 EXT. SPACE - GALACTICA 27

The last few Vipers are making combat landings on the
Galactica.

28 INT. CIC 28

Dualla looks up from her console.

DUALLA

All fighters aboard.

ADAMA

Execute Jump.

29 EXT. SPACE - GALACTICA 29

The ship JUMPS, leaving the Cylons to shoot at nothing...

30 OMITTED 30

31 INT. CIC 31

Gaeta looks over his console.

GAETA

Jump 237 complete.

(CONTINUED)

DUALLA

All civilian ships are present and accounted for, sir.

TIGH

Start the clock.

Gaeta opens the faceplate of the clock on the wall and spins the minute hand back to three minutes before the half-hour mark and picks up a handset.

GAETA

(to handset)

Attention: Clock has started.
Thirty-three minutes -- mark.

QUICK CUTS:

- 32 -- LEE RESETS HIS WATCH. 32
- 33 -- KARA RESETS HER WATCH. 33
- 34 -- TYROL RESETS THE CLOCK ON THE HANGAR DECK BULKHEAD. 34
- 35 INT. BALTAR'S HOUSE - DAY 35

Baltar takes Six into his arms.

NUMBER SIX

You know you're not safe.

BALTAR

Of course not. The Cylons will follow us again -- as they have the last two hundred and thirty-seven times.

He begins taking her clothes off.

NUMBER SIX

You're right, you know. There are limits. Eventually, you'll make a mistake, and then--

BALTAR

-- and then you will kill us all.
Yes, yes, I know. But not for
another... thirty-three minutes.

As he takes her down onto the bed, CAMERA DROPS OFF on a
CLOCK, ticking away in the serenity of the house...

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

36 EXT. SPACE - CAPRICA 36

The planet as seen from orbit. Thick CLOUDS have engulfed much of the atmosphere.

SUPER: **Cylon Occupied Caprica**

37 EXT. CAPRICA - FOREST - DAY 37

A MAN is running through the forest -- he's hobbled by an injury as he crashes through the woods.

TWO CYLON CENTURIANS (the mechanistic types) are crashing through the trees -- chasing the man.

The Man dives/falls over a log or deadfall and as he rolls over we see that it's HELO (Sharon Valerii's flight officer she was forced to leave behind in the pilot) and he doesn't look too good. It's cold out here, his breath forming vapor in the air, but Helo's sweating and having trouble breathing -
- radiation sickness starting to set in.

Helo blinks as beads of sweat trickle down his forehead and into his eyes and looks back --

-- the Cylons are charging toward his position.

Helo grabs a DETONATOR REMOTE and DOUBLE-CLICKS the trigger:

A CLAYMORE EXPLODES directly in front of the Cylons, blowing them off their feet.

The woods are silent except for the smoldering, crackling sounds of the destroyed Cylons.

Helo gets up, catches his breath, begins to cautiously limp out into the open --

-- Moments later, he's standing over the Cylons -- one completely destroyed and inert, the other still mechanically jerking and whirring, trying to REPAIR its shattered body.

(CONTINUED)

Helo looks down at the Cylon for a beat, then resets his handweapon and aims it at the Cylon's head.

Pulls the trigger.

EXPLOSION --

CUT TO:

A CLOCK

The minute hand now at quarter til the hour. REVEAL the clock hanging on the wall of:

PILOTS are scurrying in and out of the washroom, some throwing water on their faces, others making a quick dash in and out of the toilet stalls -- everyone looking frayed and burnt out.

Kara Thrace has her head completely under a faucet, drowning her hair and face in the water, her flight suit peeled down to her waist. Lee Adama steps in through the hatch, still in his flight suit.

LEE

Two minutes to pre-launch brief,
people. Two minutes.

The pilots pick up the pace, start zipping flight suits and stumbling out the door. Lee takes a spot at a sink near Kara, pulls a toothbrush from a zippered pocket, wets it, begins to savagely brush his teeth -- more rote than hygiene. Kara roughly towels off, pulls up her flight suit.

KARA

I'd like a transfer, sir.

LEE

All transfers in writing, please.

Kara heads for the hatch.

KARA

I'll go find a pen.

39

INT. ADAMA'S QUARTERS/CORRIDOR

39

Adama is in the head, SHAVING and talking to Tigh, who's scribbling notes on a piece of paper and scarfing down a few bites of Adama's untouched food in between sentences.

ADAMA

Divide the fleet into six groups.
They Jump to six different
coordinates...

Adama CUTS himself with the razor -- BLOOD trickles down his throat for a moment.

TIGH

Right...?

Adama looks on the blood on his neck for a moment, sleep deprivation and fatigue causing him to lose focus for a moment.

ADAMA

Then Jump two more times... fourth
Jump, everyone rendezvous back at a
common set of coordinates...

TIGH

Twenty-four Jumps to plot -- we're
breaking our humps calculating one
Jump every thirty-three minutes.

Adama grabs his jacket and comes out of the head, sees Tigh eating his food.

TIGH (cont'd)

You eating this...?

ADAMA

Not anymore.

Adama heads for the door, Tigh right with him. They EXIT to the Corridor.

TIGH

Damned civilian crews. Half of
them don't begin Jump prep until
five minutes before the mark.

ADAMA

Takes us ten minutes to calculate
Jump coordinates. Another five to
program the computers.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ADAMA (cont'd)
Three to run the checklists, four
to balance the fuel mixture...

Adama glances at his watch --

CLOSE ON WRISTWATCH

Ticking away. REVEAL:

40 INT. CORRIDOR - COMM OFFICE

40

The watch is on the wrist of Dualla and she's standing in a LONG LINE of Deck Hands who are waiting outside the tiny OFF-SHIP COMMUNICATIONS OFFICE. The Corridor itself is filled with BOXES, mislaid items, stray pieces of paper -- no one's had a chance or energy to police the spaces in days.

SOCINUS and a couple of deckhands man the Comm Office, now crammed with sheets of paper, photos and lists. The deck hands are working the phones inside the office, while the Petty Officer mans the door.

The man ahead of Dualla leaves and now she's at the head of the line. She hands Socinus a piece of paper with names and descriptions scrawled in neat lines. He quickly goes over the list.

SOCINUS
Colony?

DUALLA
Saggitaron.
(beat)
How many have --

SOCINUS
Five thousand two hundred fifty-one
survivors from Saggitaron last
count.

Dualla brings out a STACK of SNAPSHOTS -- faces of her family and friends.

SOCINUS (cont'd)
We can't transmit photos yet, so
you can either leave them with us
or put'em on the Board.

Dualla eyes the stacks and piles of photos and lists filling the office and decides to keep them.

41 INT. PILOTS' READY ROOM

41

Lee at the CAG podium, finishing the pre-launch brief to his PILOTS -- including Kara and SHARON VALERII.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

LEE

... combat landings expected again
to be the order of the day, so
double-check your undercarriage
before launch. Questions?

No one says a word. The fatigue in the room is palpable.

LEE (cont'd)

Then good luck and be careful out
there.

Kara reacts to that last line -- "Be careful out there?" The
pilots gather up their plotting boards and head for the
hatch. As they pass out the door, each of them TOUCHES a
PHOTO taped to the wall --

CLOSE ON PHOTO

Which shows a COLONIAL SOLDIER with his back to the camera,
standing on a ROOFTOP, looking out over a CITY. Dark clouds
of SMOKE rise up from the city. A Colonial FLAG ripples in
the breeze above his head.

Each pilot's hand comes into frame and touches the image, as
they go out the door and to war.

42 INT. CORRIDOR - MEMORIAL WALL

42

A long, impromptu memorial board now covers the walls of a
section of Corridor. It's plastered with PHOTOS,
descriptions of loved ones, small drawings, tributes, etc.
Galactica CREWMEMBERS are gathered here putting up photos,
touching the faces of missing loved ones, praying, or just
staring at the faces.

It's the sheer number of the faces that hits Dualla in the
chest. It takes her a beat before she gathers herself and
moves to find a spot to put her photos among the many...

MAN'S VOICE

(prelap)

Boomer?

43 INT. RAPTOR - HANGAR DECK

43

Sharon is going over the pre-flight checklist in the pilot's
seat of her Raptor. CRASHDOWN (20s) her new flight officer
is in the back area.

(CONTINUED)

CRASHDOWN

Heard the latest? Cylons look like us now.

(reading checklist)

Primary fuel?

Sharon doesn't react to the idea of the Cylons looking human. It's just another rumor to her. There's a distinct chill in her attitude toward Crashdown.

SHARON

Primary fuel: 8932 KRG.

Tyrol steps into the cabin.

CRASHDOWN

Marine told one of the spooks in crypto we marooned a PR guy back on Ragnar because the XO thought he was a Cylon.

SHARON

You know what? I don't give a frak. Red light on the number four thruster. Go make a visual ID. See if it's blocked.

CRASHDOWN

Right.

Crashdown EXITS the cabin. Sharon keeps working as Tyrol leans over her shoulder, pretends to be interested in something on the control panel.

TYROL

Little rough on your ECO if you ask me.

SHARON

He's not my ECO, he's some refugee from the Triton I've been saddled with and I didn't ask you.

TYROL

(gently)

Helo's gone, Sharon...

SHARON

I didn't ask you that either.

Tyrol heads for the door. Just before he leaves:

(CONTINUED)

SHARON (cont'd)

Sorry.

Tyrol appreciates it, but knows it's time to leave anyway. Sharon struggles to focus on her job.

INT. COLONIAL ONE - OFFICE

Laura is at her desk, which has become the center of gravity in the makeshift Oval Office. Billy goes to her with a stack of message slips and a PACKAGE. Several other AIDES are also in the cabin and there's a continuous flow of PEOPLE in and out -- this is a busy workspace.

BILLY

(re: paper)

Update on the headcount, Madame President.

Laura takes it, reacts in disappointment.

LAURA

How'd we drop three hundred?

BILLY

(hands her another paper)

Some overcounts, some deaths from wounds, a few missing during the last attack.

Laura goes to a small piece of BOARD that's been roughly mounted on one bulkhead. The board has a number on it: 50,298. She rubs off the last few digits and corrects it with a GREASE PENCIL to 49,978. She looks at the number for a long beat, then tries to refocus on something else.

LAURA

What's in the package?

BILLY

It's a gift. From the captain of one of the ships. There's a note...

Laura unwraps the package while Billy reads the note.

BILLY (cont'd)

(reads)

"President Roslin, please accept this on behalf of the people of Aerilon.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

44

BILLY (cont'd)

It was taken on the capitol of our colony during the attack."

Inside the package, Laura finds a framed copy of the same PHOTO we saw in the Pilots' Ready Room earlier. Below the photo is a small inscription: "Lest We Forget"

Laura stares at the photo of the anonymous soldier, the smoke and the flag as silence falls in the cabin.

FIND Baltar and Number Six in their own seats. Six runs a finger over his earlobe.

NUMBER SIX

Do you want children, Gaius?

45 INT. BALTAR'S HOUSE - DAY

45

Baltar smokes a thin cigar, Six at his side.

BALTAR

Let me think about that -- uh, no.

NUMBER SIX

Procreation is one of God's commandments.

BALTAR

Well, maybe someday he'll bless you with a lovely little walking toaster of your very own.

NUMBER SIX

I want us to have a child, Gaius.

BALTAR

You can't be serious -- what was that?

45A INT. COLONIAL ONE - OFFICE

45A

Baltar sits forward in his chair -- no sign of Six.

BALTAR

I'm sorry. Excuse me for interrupting -- what did you just say?

BILLY

Oh. I was just telling the President that a Doctor...
(checks paper)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

45A

CONTINUED:

45A

BILLY (cont'd)
... Amarak has requested to speak
to her.

Baltar's heart skips a beat at the name.

BALTAR
Doctor Amarak. I see.

LAURA
You know him?

Six appears again next to Baltar.

NUMBER SIX
(to Baltar)
Have you always been able to
multitask like this?

BALTAR
He worked with me at the Ministry
of Defense.

BILLY
(off message slip)
Says he has uncovered "important
information regarding how the
Cylons were able to defeat Colonial
defenses."

NUMBER SIX
I was always a little worried he
was on to us.

BALTAR
Perhaps I should talk to him.

BILLY
I think he only wants to speak
directly with the President.
Sounded urgent.

(CONTINUED)

NUMBER SIX

It must be very, very important.
Maybe something about a certain
traitor in the President's inner
circle.

LAURA

(checks watch)

All right -- not enough time before
the next Jump. Get him aboard
during the next cycle.

Six leans into Baltar.

NUMBER SIX

I'd say you have a serious problem.

OFF Baltar's worried expression...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

64

INT. CORRIDORS

64

Tigh and Dualla are walking with Adama as he makes his way toward his quarters. Dualla is handing Adama papers to sign on a clipboard, which she then takes from him as he signs.

DUALLA

Deck log...

TIGH

Gaeta's working on your multi-Jump idea. He's worried we don't have enough cartographic information...

DUALLA

Fuel report...

TIGH

Keeps talking about Jumping into the middle of a star...

DUALLA

DC...

ADAMA

Worries me too.

(off paper)

Twelve more cases of nervous exhaustion. That makes...

(checks)

Sixty-one total. Ten suicides.

(to Tigh)

Have the docs start pumping'em full of stimulants and sending'em back on the line. Pilots too. Rotating injections. One pilot out of every three, every other cycle.

TIGH

That's gonna come back and bite us on the ass.

DUALLA

Munitions...

ADAMA

We've got too much work and not enough people to do it.

(CONTINUED)

DUALLA

Fuel report...

ADAMA

I've already signed one of these,
D.

DUALLA

Yes, sir. Sorry, sir.
(hands him another one)
Comm traffic -- two from the
President.

They've arrived outside Adama's quarters. He glances at his watch.

ADAMA

This my ten minutes or yours?

TIGH

Yours, I took ten last time.

ADAMA

See you two in Combat.

Adama turns down one Corridor and Tigh and Dualla head down another Corridor.

DUALLA

I believe this was your turn, sir.

TIGH

If the Old Man's so tired he can't
remember, then it's his turn.

64A

INT. HANGAR DECK

64A

Kara is doing a preflight walk-around of her Viper, looking up under the undercarriage, checking inside the turbines, etc. while Lee looks on. They're both mentally and physically fried, barely able to think beyond what's right in front of them.

LEE

You see the note from the XO?

KARA

I saw it. No way.

LEE

Kara...

(CONTINUED)

KARA

I don't fly with stims. They blunt your reflexes, reaction time...

LEE

C'mon, Kara, gimme a break here. Just get the shot, all right?

Kara turns on Lee.

KARA

Why are we arguing about this?

LEE

I have no idea.

KARA

Neither do I. You're the CAG -- act like one.

LEE

What the hell's that mean?

KARA

It means you're still acting like you're everyone's best friend. No. We're not friends, you're the CAG. "Be careful out there?" No. Our job isn't to be careful, it's to shoot Cylons outta the frakking sky. "Good hunting" is what you say to us. And now, one of your idiot pilots is acting like a child and refusing to get her shot. So she either says "Yes, sir" and obeys the order or you smack her in the mouth and then drag her sorry ass down to Sickbay and get the frakking pills.

Lee just stares at her for a minute, then he feels a slight grin form on his face.

LEE

Glad I'm not working for you.

KARA

Damn right you're glad.

LEE

So do I have to smack you in the mouth, Lieutenant?

(CONTINUED)

64A CONTINUED: (2)

64A

KARA

No, sir. I'll go get my pills,
sir.

Lee holds out his hand -- the PILLS are in it. She gives him
a look, then dry-swallows them.

KARA (cont'd)

Thank you, sir.

LEE

Carry on.

Lee heads out of the hangar.

65 INT. ADAMA'S QUARTERS

65

Adama is asleep in his rack -- then the sound-powered PHONE
WHISTLES. He picks it up by long-honed instinct.

ADAMA

Adama.

(CONTINUED)

GAETA (PHONE)

Sorry to disturb you, sir. I've got the President for you.

ADAMA

Put her through.

There's a few beats of electronic clicking, and Adama nearly falls asleep in those few seconds before --

LAURA (PHONE)

Commander?

(beat)

Commander Adama?

Adama's eyes fly open and he forces himself to sit up.

ADAMA

Yes, Madame President.

INTERCUT:

A PHONE has been jerry-rigged near one of the windows, and Laura is on the phone, while Billy and several others look on.

LAURA

You get my message?

Adama still has them in his hand.

ADAMA

I'm a little behind...

LAURA

We have a problem. One vessel, the...

She can't remember and snaps her fingers quickly --

BILLY

(sotto)

The Tauranian Traveler.

LAURA

(overlapping)

The Tauranian Traveler is saying they want to break away from the fleet and make a run for it on their own.

(CONTINUED)

ADAMA

Okay.

LAURA

Okay? Without your protection,
they won't have a chance.

ADAMA

If any captain out there thinks his
ship can do better on its own, I'm
not going to stand in his way.

Laura's eyes go to the grease pencil number on the bulkhead:
49,317. The soldier PHOTO is also now hanging on the
bulkhead directly above that number.

LAURA

I'm concerned about our numbers.

ADAMA

Numbers...

LAURA

There're nine hundred people on
that ship. Survival of the race
mandates increasing our numbers.
That takes priority over anyone's
wish to go their own way.

ADAMA

Let's cut to the chase here. You
want me to board that ship and take
over.

LAURA

(can't believe I'm saying
this)
Yes, I do.

ADAMA

(bites)

Boarding parties are armed. You understand? If there's resistance, my people will be forced to defend themselves. I think this is a bad time to start shooting civilians.

Laura is stung by his tone and the statement itself, but she bites back a tart response.

LAURA

Thank you, Commander. I'll be in touch.

ADAMA

One more thing-- you should consider transferring to Galactica. Your ship's FTL is unreliable and--

LAURA

Thank you, but I'm staying here.

Laura hangs up.

Adama SLAMS the phone back in its cradle. Lies down. A beat, then he grabs the phone, resets the dial and rings CIC.

GAETA (PHONE)

Combat?

ADAMA

Launch the alert fighters. Tell them to make three close passes by the Tauranian Traveler.

GAETA (PHONE)

Three close passes by Tauranian Traveler, aye, sir. Any message to her captain?

(CONTINUED)

ADAMA

He'll get the message. Thank you,
Lieutenant.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAPRICA - FOREST - DAY

Helo grimaces as he inserts a SYRINGE NEEDLE into a vein and pushes the plunger. He finishes the dose and checks the label on the syringe BOX. Amid the small printing and instructions, we can read the heading: ANTI-RADIATION DOSAGE.

He puts the syringe back in the box and slips it into one of his flight suit pockets.

Helo looks up --

HELO'S POV - LONG SHOT - NUMBER SIX

Far in the distance, Number Six is standing in the trees.

HELO

Freezes. He doesn't recognize her, of course, nor does he have any idea that the Cylons now look like human beings. All he knows is that there's someone standing out there in the woods and if they haven't seen him yet, they definitely will if he makes a sudden move. His hand slowly, slowly begins to reach for his handweapon, just in case. Helo suddenly becomes aware of something else. He doesn't turn his head, but we see...

... a CYLON CENTURIAN standing right behind Helo, its weapons at the ready.

They have him.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

68 OMITTED 68

69 INT. CIC 69

Adama, Tigh, Dualla, Gaeta at their positions.

GAETA
Jump 239 complete.

Gaeta resets the clock.

DUALLA
All civilian ships present and
uh...

(CONTINUED)

She frowns at the console, rechecks something.

DUALLA (cont'd)
Strike my last. One civilian ship
missing and unaccounted for.

TIGH
Which one?

DUALLA
(working)
Olympic Carrier -- commercial
passenger vessel.

ADAMA
Were they left behind?

DUALLA
(flips through pages of
log)
I think I accounted for all
civilian ships before we Jumped...

TIGH
You think? Did you or didn't you?

DUALLA
They--they're not logged in. They
might have been left behind, sir.

ADAMA
How many people?

DUALLA
(checks)
1,345 souls, sir.

TIGH
You're telling me we left over
thirteen hundred people to die at
the hands of the Cylons.

GAETA
It may not be her fault, sir. They
may have simply made a navigational
error and Jumped to the wrong
coordinates or the Cylons could've
destroyed them before anyone Jumped
or--

(CONTINUED)

TIGH

Or fifty other things that may have happened. The point is we don't know what the hell did happen.

The last words are loud enough to bring action in the CIC to a grinding halt. Everyone freezes as Tigh looks around.

TIGH (cont'd)

Yes, we're tired. Yes, there's no relief. Yes, the Cylons keep coming at us time after time, after time and yes, we're still expected to do our jobs.

The silence in CIC is deafening. Adama watches the faces of his people, gauging the reaction, letting Tigh's reprimand sink in, then he steps forward and lets his calmer voice take over.

ADAMA

We make mistakes and people die.
And there aren't many people left.
(beat)
Carry on.

Laura watches Billy update the board -- 47,972. She stares at the number, tries not to let it get to her, but the burden is there nonetheless. REVEAL Baltar sitting nearby. Finally, Laura is ready to move on.

LAURA

Okay. Next crisis?

BILLY

Want to go over your list of calls?

LAURA

Yes. But first -- why isn't that Doctor on board yet?

BILLY

Doctor Amarak? Oh...
(checks paperwork)
He was on the Olympic carrier.

71 INT. BALTAR'S HOUSE - DAY

71

Baltar sits up in his chair, puzzled and disturbed. Number Six walks by him.

NUMBER SIX

God is watching over you, Gaius.

Baltar is thrown, rattled by the strange coincidence.

BALTAR

The universe is a vast and complex system. Coincidental and serendipitous events are bound to occur, indeed they are to be expected.

NUMBER SIX

Doctor Amarak posed a threat to you. Now he's gone. Logic says there's a connection.

BALTAR

A connection, maybe. But not God. There is no God or gods -- singular or plural. No invisible men or women taking a personal interest in the fortunes of Gaius Baltar.

NUMBER SIX

Be careful. That which God gives, he can also take away.

Baltar reaches out a hand, grabs the hem of her outfit.

BALTAR

We have another half hour -- shall we?

NUMBER SIX

Not this time, Gaius. This time's going to be different.

DISSOLVE TO:

72 EXT. SPACE - THE FLEET 72

Including Galactica and Colonial One. The ships are in formation and barely moving.

73 EXT. SPACE - VIPERS 73

Hanging in space, ready for the Cylons to appear.

74 INT. HANGAR DECK 74

Tyrol and his deck hands are watching the clock.

75 INT. COLONIAL ONE - OFFICE 75

Laura, her aides, Billy and Baltar waiting in the b.g.

76 INT. CIC 76

Everyone watching the clock as the second hand sweeps toward the hour mark: 5... 4...

TIGH
Maybe this time...

3... 2... 1....zero.

And nothing happens.

A long, quiet beat passes. People exchange looks.

ADAMA
Dradis?

GAETA
No enemy contacts.

Adama watches the clock as the hand keeps sweeping around.

TIGH
(sotto)
What do you think?

ADAMA
I think we wait..

DISSOLVE TO:

77 INT. CIC 77

Later. The clock now shows that 45 minutes have passed. Adama is pacing, thinking.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED:

77

ADAMA
Get me the president.

78 INT. COLONIAL ONE - OFFICE

78

Moments later, Laura is on the phone with Adama.

LAURA
Why this time -- something you did?

INTERCUT:

79 INT. CIC

79

Adama on the phone with Laura.

ADAMA
No. We've been working on a new
plan, but didn't have time to
implement it yet.

LAURA
We lost a ship last Jump -- the
Olympic Carrier. Could that have
something to do with it?

ADAMA
Possibly...

A long beat on both ends of the phone as each of them tries
to think straight, but fatigue is making them feel like
they're both wading through rivers of mud.

LAURA
You there?

ADAMA
Yeah, I'm here.

LAURA
I can't believe this is really
over.

ADAMA
No. Can't let our guard down yet.

LAURA
So what do we do? I've got people
on the verge of collapse over here.

Adama glances around the strained, exhausted faces in CIC.

(CONTINUED)

ADAMA

I know what you mean.

(beat)

We'll go to Condition Two.

He catches Tigh's eye as he says it, and Tigh nods agreement.

ADAMA (cont'd)

Each ship keeps the first watch on alert. Other watches go below, get some rest. Two hours later, second watch relieves first watch and so on. Every ship has to be prepared to Jump immediately if the Cylons do show up -- but we take advantage of the time and let people get some rest.

LAURA

Okay. And how long do we stay at Condition Two?

ADAMA

Until I'm satisfied they're not coming.

Beat.

ADAMA (cont'd)

It's a military decision.

LAURA

I know. You're right. It is and I defer to your judgement. And please thank your people for me. Let them know how much I appreciate everything they're doing.

Adama is caught a little off-stride.

ADAMA

I will. And thank you... Madame President.

(CONTINUED)

79

CONTINUED: (2)

79

They both hang-up. Adama nods at Tigh, who grabs the handset.

TIGH

(into handset)
Attention. Set Condition Two throughout the ship. First watch remains at action stations. Division Officers dismiss other personnel below.

ADAMA

(to Dualla)
Contact Apollo. Tell him to set a combat patrol around the fleet and order his other pilots to land.

80

EXT. SPACE - VIPERS & RAPTOR

80

Lee Adama's fighter in f.g., the rest of his squadron in the b.g.

LEE (WIRELESS)

All right, people...

81

INT. LEE'S VIPER

81

Lee in the cockpit.

LEE

... you heard the order. Starbuck, Boomer, form up with me, we'll fly the first CAP. I want everyone else back on Galactica and in their racks. Three hour rotation. Winger, T-Bone, and Wedge, you'll be second team. Formal debriefs are TBD and I'll post the rest of the CAP schedule when I get back.

That's it, then Lee looks out at the fighters and Raptors of his squadron, knows there are weary pilots in all of them.

LEE (cont'd)

I, uh... I don't want to... make a speech here or something, but... the past five days--well, you've all done a helluva job. I'm proud of you.

(beat)

Apollo out.

82

EXT. SPACE - VIPERS & RAPTORS

82

All the Vipers and Raptors break away and head back toward the Galactica, except for Apollo, Starbuck and Boomer, which form up together as a three-ship unit.

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED:

82

PILOTS (WIRELESS)
Roger that, Apollo... Going home!..
Last one aboard cleans the ready
room... Thank you, Apollo!... Etc.

83 INT. KARA'S VIPER

83

Kara pilots her Viper over toward Lee.

KARA
Not that I'm not honored by being
chosen to sit in this cockpit for
the next three hours, but...

LEE (WIRELESS)
Why you?

INTERCUT:

84 INT. LEE'S VIPER

84

Lee in his cockpit.

LEE
Take a guess.

KARA
Because I'm on drugs?

LEE
You got it. This patrol is 100%
stimulated.

CRASHDOWN (WIRELESS)
Anyone else feel like they've got
frakking ants crawling behind their
eyeballs?

LEE
'bout you, Boomer? Doc tells me
you're holding up better than
anyone in the squadron.

INTERCUT:

85 INT. SHARON'S RAPTOR 85

Sharon and Crashdown sitting side by side.

SHARON
I'm tired like everyone else.

LEE
Never seem it.

KARA
That's 'cause she's a Cylon.

SHARON
You're just going to make me come over there and kick your ass aren't you?

KARA
Ho, ho...

LEE
Okay, okay. Let's set up a patrol before someone gets hurt. Follow me.

86 EXT. SPACE - VIPERS & RAPTOR 86

The three ships begin to fly around the ships of the fleet together.

DISSOLVE TO:

87 OMITTED 87

88 OMITTED 88

89 OMITTED 89

90 OMITTED 90

91 OMITTED 91

92 OMITTED 92

93 OMITTED 93

94 INT. COLONIAL ONE - OFFICE 94

Laura is struggling not to fall asleep with Billy at the desk. They're the only ones still awake.

(CONTINUED)

LAURA
(hands him paper)
Fuel reallocation orders...
(suppressing yawn)
The refinery ship will have to work
overtime...

BILLY
It's been almost three hours. May
I suggest...

LAURA
Sleep. I know. I must look like
hell...

BILLY
Yes, ma'am. Uh... I mean...

LAURA
Forget it. So who's first on my
list when I wake up?

BILLY
(knows this is delicate)
I've scheduled a, uh... medical
appointment with a Doctor from
Caprica.
(sotto)
He doesn't know about the cancer.

Laura glances around the cabin -- everyone else is asleep.

LAURA
Cancel the appointment.

BILLY
Madame President--

LAURA
Cancel the appointment, Billy.

BILLY
Yes, ma'am.

Laura looks at him, lets the anger ebb from her voice.

LAURA
I appreciate the thought, but we
have to be very, very careful about
this. About who knows and when
they know.

94 CONTINUED: (2)

94

BILLY

Yes, ma'am.

Laura nods and heads into the back.

95 INT. CIC

95

Tigh checks his watch as he comes over to Adama.

TIGH

Almost ready to call the second watch.

ADAMA

You go below with the first watch.
Get some rack time.

TIGH

Yes, sir. Three solids in the rack
does sound awfully sweet right
about now. But... truth is this
whole damned thing has me
feeling... well, more alive than I
have in years...

ADAMA

Good to see it -- especially
without that cup in your hand.
But... I do think some people on
this ship would like you to feel a
little... less alive these days.

TIGH

Ahhh -- if the crew doesn't hate
the XO, then he's not doing his
job. Besides, gotta make the Old
Man look good.

ADAMA

I always look good. Seriously --
One thing to push a crew, another
to break them.

Suddenly there's an ALARM from the dradis console.

(CONTINUED)

GAETA

Dradis contact. One ship. Bearing
398 carom 120... getting a
recognition signal... it's the
Olympic Carrier.

TIGH

Thank the Gods...

Relief floods through CIC -- except Adama isn't relieved. He
stares at the blip on the dradis console for a long beat.

ADAMA

Action stations.
(to Dualla)
Send the fleet to Condition One.

Everyone scrambles as the ship goes to Action Stations.

ADAMA (cont'd)

I want all Vipers manned and ready,
but keep'em in the tubes for now.
Mister Gaeta... restart the clock.
Thirty-three minutes.

Tigh suddenly realizes what Adama's thinking.

TIGH

(sotto)
Hope you're wrong.

ADAMA

So do I.

CLOSE ON THE CLOCK

Ticking away...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

96 INT. BALTAR'S HOUSE

96

Baltar is pacing, agitated. No refuge from the pressure for him even in this refuge in his mind.

BALTAR

How can this be? If they were left behind, why didn't the Cylons destroy them? And why are they showing up now?

NUMBER SIX

It's God's punishment for your lack of faith.

BALTAR

A more logical and useful explanation please.

NUMBER SIX

All right. The Olympic Carrier has been infiltrated by Cylon agents. They've been tracking the ship all along.

Baltar reacts in surprise, but it makes sense.

BALTAR

Then that means...

NUMBER SIX

Logically, in order for you to survive, the Olympic Carrier should be destroyed.

97 EXT. SPACE - OLYMPIC CARRIER & VIPERS

97

Apollo and Starbuck's VIPERS head toward the OLYMPIC CARRIER, a large transport ship (distinct from Colonial One). Boomer's RAPTOR follows the Vipers at a discreet distance.

SHARON (WIRELESS)

Olympic Carrier, Olympic Carrier, this is Raptor 478, callsign Boomer. I have you in visual contact. Please acknowledge on this channel. Over.

98 INT. RAPTOR 98

Sharon and Crashdown watching the approaching transport.

MAN'S VOICE (WIRELESS)
Raptor 478, this is Olympic
Carrier. We have you in visual
contact.

99 INT. CIC 99

The ship is at Condition One -- every post manned and ready.
Everyone is listening to the distant wireless transmissions.

MAN'S VOICE (WIRELESS)
Thank the Lords of Kobol! You
don't know how relieved we are to
see you!

SHARON (WIRELESS)
Roger that, Olympic Carrier. Can
you explain your whereabouts?

MAN'S VOICE (WIRELESS)
We had trouble with our FTL drive.
Took us almost three hours to fix.

ADAMA
(to Dualla)
Have Boomer ask them how they
escaped from the Cylons.

100 INT. COLONIAL ONE - OFFICE 100

Everyone listening to the wireless transmissions on the
speaker phone.

SHARON (WIRELESS)
Olympic Carrier/Boomer. I've been
directed to ask how you escaped
from the Cylons.

MAN'S VOICE (WIRELESS)
You got me. They were closing in
on us when the rest of you were
Jumping -- I thought we were goners
-- then they just... broke off.
Left us alone. Someone must've
been watching out for us.

SHARON (WIRELESS)
Roger that.

(CONTINUED)

MAN'S VOICE (WIRELESS)

One other thing, Boomer. I've got a Doctor Amarak on board who claims he has an urgent matter to discuss with the President. He's been driving me crazy...

Baltar's blood pressure goes through the roof, he quickly moves to Laura even as the radio conversation continues:

BALTAR

(urgent)
Madame President... we have to cut off all communication with that ship.

SHARON (WIRELESS)

Olympic Carrier, can you be more specific?

LAURA

What? Why?

BALTAR

The Cylons let them survive. Don't you see? They've been tracking that ship all along. There's probably a Cylon agent among them right now.

MAN'S VOICE (WIRELESS)

I'm afraid I can't. He says he knows something about a traitor in our midst and he's unwilling to share any more than that.

BALTAR

(quick, urgent)
Madame President -- I strongly recommend cutting off all wireless contact immediately. They might attempt to use a broadcast signal to insert another virus into our computer systems.

Laura looks at him -- and there's a difficult moment here where Laura has to decide whether or not to trust Baltar. She gauges his reaction and correctly reads his desperation and concern -- but doesn't realize the motivation for his genuine worry is actually self-preservation.

LAURA

Commander Adama, are you on the line?

ADAMA (PHONE)

Yes, I am. And I'm inclined to agree with Dr. Baltar.

(CONTINUED)

100

CONTINUED: (2)

100

LAURA

Good. So am I.

BILLY

(sotto, to Baltar)

Thank the gods you're with us.

BALTAR

God has nothing to do with it.

101

INT. SHARON'S RAPTOR

101

Sharon and Crashdown at their positions.

DUALLA (WIRELESS)

Boomer/Galactica. You are ordered to jam Olympic Carrier's transmissions. No further voice contact with Olympic Carrier is authorized.

SHARON

Roger that, Galactica.

She looks to Crashdown, who sets to work.

DUALLA (WIRELESS)

Boomer/Galactica. You are ordered to send Olympic Carrier the following message by signal light. Message begins: Maintain present position. Do not -- repeat -- do not approach fleet until further notice. Message ends.

Crashdown moves to a console and begins tapping a button.

102

EXT. SPACE - RAPTOR

102

A SIGNAL LIGHT begins FLASHING a message to the transport.

103

OMITTED

103

104

INT. COLONIAL ONE - OFFICE

104

Laura is grim as she talks to Adama on the speaker phone.

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED:

104

LAURA
I'm afraid I have to agree with
Doctor Baltar's analysis.

INTERCUT WITH:

104A INT. CIC - SAME

104A

Adama on the phone

ADAMA
So do I. The ship is a threat to
us and we have to eliminate that
threat.

105 EXT. SPACE - VIPERS, RAPTOR & OLYMPIC CARRIER

105

The Olympic Carrier is continuing to head toward the fleet,
even as the Raptor FLASHES signals to it.

106 INT. KARA'S VIPER

106

Kara is watching the transport with concern.

KARA
They're not getting the message,
Apollo.

107 INT. LEE'S VIPER

107

Lee getting concerned as well.

LEE
I see it. Boomer -- break wireless
silence on my authority. Warn them
to stop their engines immediately.

108 INT. SHARON'S RAPTOR

108

Sharon keys her mic.

SHARON
Olympic Carrier, Olympic Carrier --
you are ordered to stop your
engines immediately. Acknowledge.

109 INT. CIC/COLONIAL ONE - INTERCUT - RESUME

109

Adama and Laura are still on the phone.

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED:

109

ADAMA

I suggest we evacuate the passengers then destroy the ship.

LAURA

Solves the problem if they're tracking the ship. What if they're tracking one of the passengers?

ADAMA

Then we'll deal with that on the next cycle. Right now, we have to get as many people as possible off that ship.

110 OMITTED

110

111 EXT. SPACE - VIPERS, RAPTOR & OLYMPIC CARRIER

111

The two Vipers are weaving and wagging their wings in front of the Olympic Carrier, trying to get them to stop.

SHARON (WIRELESS)

Olympic Carrier -- you are ordered to stop your engines. Acknowledge!

112 INT. LEE'S VIPER

112

Lee in the cockpit.

LEE

Starbuck -- fire a burst across their bow. Boomer -- let Galactica know we've got a problem out here.

113 INT. CIC/COLONIAL ONE - INTERCUT - RESUME

113

As before.

LAURA

All right. But we should quarantine the passengers -- if there's a Cylon agent among them, we need to isolate them and--

In the CIC, Dualla looks up from her console and gets Adama's attention.

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED:

113

DUALLA

Commander -- message from Boomer.
Olympic Carrier is continuing on
course directly for us, refusing
all orders to stop.

114 EXT. SPACE - VIPERS, RAPTOR & OLYMPIC CARRIER

114

Kara's Viper FIRES a VOLLEY across the bows of the Olympic
Carrier, which shows no sign of slowing down or altering
course.

SHARON (WIRELESS)

Olympic Carrier -- if you do not
alter course, we will be forced to
disable your engines. Acknowledge!

115 INT. CIC

115

As before.

ADAMA

Order the fleet to execute Jump
240. Bring us about -- put us
between that ship and the fleet.

GAETA

Commander.

Adama turns, sees Gaeta looking up -- he follows Gaeta's eyes
to -- the CLOCK is reaching the hour mark. The second it
does -- there's an ALARM on a dradis console.

GAETA (cont'd)

Dradis contact -- strike that,
multiple contacts...

(beat)

It's the Cylons.

116 EXT. SPACE - THE CYLONS

116

Two BASESTARS and hundreds of FIGHTERS are careening toward
us.

117 EXT. SPACE - VIPERS, RAPTOR & OLYMPIC CARRIER

117

Lee's Viper swoops in close to the Olympic Carrier.

SHARON (WIRELESS)

The Cylons are on an intercept
course -- they'll be in weapons
range in less than two minutes.

118 INT. LEE'S VIPER 118

Lee looks around for the (unseen) Cylons, then looks out his canopy --

LEE'S POV

The FACES of the civilian PASSENGERS are pressed against the windows, looking right at him.

An ALARM goes off in his cockpit.

119 INT. SHARON'S RAPTOR 119

The same ALARM goes off in her cockpit.

120 INT. CIC 120

The same ALARM goes off in here -- Dualla reacts in shock.

DUALLA
Radiological alarm.

TIGH
From where?

DUALLA
(works)
The Olympic Carrier. They've got
nukes on board.

Stunned reactions.

ADAMA
Get me the President.

121 INT. COLONIAL ONE - OFFICE - SECONDS LATER 121

Laura on the phone with Adama.

(CONTINUED)

LAURA

They have... over thirteen hundred
innocent people on board...

ADAMA

No choice now. Them or us.

BALTAR & SIX

In their own private world nearby. Baltar is freaking out.

BALTAR

She has to do it. She has to.
They'll be here any minute.

NUMBER SIX

It's not her decision, Gaius. It's
God's choice. He wants you to
repent. Repent of your sins and
accept his true love and you will
be saved.

LAURA

Self-defense is one thing. But
this... it's murder.

ADAMA

Killing is killing, Madame
President. The labels only matter
to the living. The dead are just
as dead.

Laura still hesitates -- Baltar can barely breathe.

BALTAR

I... repent.

Laura takes a beat, makes her choice.

LAURA

Do it.

121 CONTINUED: (2)

121

She hangs up the phone and Adama hangs up on his end. We register the weight of the decision on their faces...

CUT TO:

122 EXT. SPACE - VIPERS, RAPTOR & OLYMPIC CARRIER

122

The Vipers are shadowing the transport as it careens toward the Galactica and the other civilian ships.

SHARON (WIRELESS)

We have new orders. We're directed to... destroy the Olympic Carrier and then return to Galactica.

123 INT. KARA'S VIPER

123

Kara looks over at the transport, hesitates.

KARA

It's a civilian ship...

124 INT. LEE'S VIPER

124

Lee looks at those faces in the transport window, oblivious to their fate.... he makes the decision

LEE

Cylons'll be here any second. If we're going to do it, let's do it. Starbuck, form up with me. We'll make one pass from astern.

125 OMITTED

125

126 EXT. SPACE - THE VIPERS

126

Peel away together and sweep around toward the rear of the transport.

127 INT. LEE'S VIPER

127

As he lines up the transport ship in front of the nose of his Viper.

LEE

Fire on my mark...

128 INT. KARA'S VIPER 128

She lines up the Transport.

129 INT. RAPTOR 129

Sharon watches the tragedy unfolding before her.

129A INT. CIC 129A

Everyone watching the Vipers approaching the Transport ship on the dradis display.

130 INT. LEE'S VIPER 130

Lee can see the defenseless ship looming larger in his gunsight. Lee bears down and does what must be done.

LEE

Mark.

Quick cuts:

131 -- KARA'S FACE. 131

132 -- SHARON'S FACE. 132

133 -- LEE'S FACE. 133

134 -- LEE'S FINGER FINALLY PULLING THE TRIGGER. 134

135 -- KARA'S FINGER PULLING THE TRIGGER. 135

136 EXT. SPACE - VIPERS & OLYMPIC CARRIER 136

The Vipers FIRE at the transport ship and it is DESTROYED.

-- The reality of what they've just done weighs on the faces of Lee, Kara, and Sharon for a long beat.

136AA INT. COLONIAL ONE - OFFICE 136AA

Baltar is looking out the window -- the LIGHT from the o.c. explosion dying down on his face.

136A INT. LEE'S VIPER 136A

Lee is still stunned.

SHARON (WIRELESS)

Cylons are getting close, Apollo.

(CONTINUED)

136A CONTINUED:

136A

LEE

Roger that. Let's go home.

136B EXT. SPACE - VIPERS & RAPTOR 136B

The Vipers swing around and the Raptor joins up with them as they head for the distant Galactica.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

137 EXT. SPACE - THE FLEET 137

Cruising safely in space.

138 INT. COLONIAL ONE - OFFICE 138

Laura sitting at her desk, staring at the board: 47,972.
Billy is sitting across from her with a stack of messages.
He waits a long beat, then:

BILLY
Madame President...?

It takes Laura a moment to break away from her thoughts.

LAURA
I'm sorry. What were you saying?

BILLY
Nothing that can't wait.

Laura nods absently, looks back at the number.

BILLY (cont'd)
Two days. No Cylons. At least,
you know it was the right choice...

LAURA
Yes. The right choice.
(beat)
I'd like some time alone, please.

BILLY
Yes, Madame President.

Stay with Laura as Billy heads for the door. There's a long beat before she realizes that Billy hasn't left -- he's standing on the threshold of the doorway, a message slip in his hand.

(CONTINUED)

LAURA

What is it?

BILLY

The headcount...?

LAURA

Subtract how many?

BILLY

You can add one. Baby was born on
the Rising Star. A, uh... boy.

Billy EXITS. Laura then reaches out, wipes off the last
digit -- changes it to a 3. It's a small thing, but somehow
it matters.

Baltar in bed with Six. He rolls off of her.

BALTAR

That... was just what I needed.

NUMBER SIX

Sex is a celebration of God's love.

BALTAR

Yes. Yes, I can see that now.

She smiles at him and gives him a kiss. He rolls back on the
pillows -- and from the look on his face, we can see he's no
more serious about his latest pledge of spiritual fealty than
anything else.

The Ready Room is empty except for Lee, who is updating the
pilot status board with a grease pencil when Adama ENTERS.

LEE

Sir.

ADAMA

Captain.

Adama stands next to him, looks over the board. Lee is clearly troubled, has trouble making eye contact.

ADAMA (cont'd)

It had to be done.

LEE

Greater good. Survival of the race. Yeah. I know. I'll have a full report for you this afternoon.

Lee keeps working, and Adama doesn't know how to reach out to his son in this moment.

ADAMA

I gave the order, son. It's my responsibility.

LEE

I pulled the trigger. That's mine.

Lee goes back to work and finally Adama EXITS.

CUT TO:

Helo is lying on the ground, his hands and feet bound behind his back, his head covered with a canvas BAG. A woman's HAND reaches into frame and touches him -- he starts, tenses -- she reaches up and gently pulls the bag off his head. Helo gasps for air in the chilly forest and sees -- NUMBER SIX looking down at him with curious eyes.

NUMBER SIX

Are you alive?

Helo blinks, isn't sure he heard her right.

NUMBER SIX (cont'd)

Are you alive?

At something of a loss, Helo falls back on his training:

HELO

Agathon, Karl C. Lieutenant,
junior grade, Colonial Fleet. PK-
789-9348-

(CONTINUED)

NUMBER SIX

I know who you are, Helo. It's all right. I'm a friend.

She leans down, SNAPS his restraints quickly and easily. He tries to jump up, but his legs fail him and he goes down.

NUMBER SIX (cont'd)

Your legs are asleep.

Helo rubs his legs as she stands over him.

NUMBER SIX (cont'd)

Are you alive?

HELO

Yes...

NUMBER SIX

Prove it.

She reaches down, tips his head up towards her, leans in to kiss him -- EXPLOSION.

Number Six collapses on the ground, a BLOODY WOUND in the middle of her back. Helo looks up in shock to see-- SHARON VALERII standing in the forest, the weapon still smoking in her hand.

HELO

Sharon!

Sharon runs toward him, grabs his arm, yanks him to his feet.

SHARON

(urgent)

Can you walk?

HELO

Yeah-yeah, I think so. What are you doing here, I thought--

SHARON

Not now, it's not safe here. Let's
move, Mister.

Her weapon at the ready, her head constantly looking for threats in any direction, Sharon leads Helo into the forest.

(CONTINUED)

NEW ANGLE

While one version of Number Six lies on the forest floor,
ANOTHER Number Six and a Cylon Centurian calmly watch Helo
and Sharon run off into the forest.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR