

GALACTICA 1980

GALACTICA DISCOVERS EARTH
(early draft)

by

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FADE IN

ON A BEAUTIFUL STARFIELD - NIGHT

WALTER

Fantastic, isn't it... Do you ever wonder if there's life out there?

We are on an average looking guy, in average casual clothes, circa 1980. He is in an average compact car with a sunroof, through which Walter gazes skyward, his arm draped off screen. We follow his arm with camera to take in a prettier than average young woman who seems interested in anything but Walter and the stars.

JAMIE

I'm not too sure there's even life around here.

Walter's eyes drift down and over, his mood shattered.

WALTER

What?

JAMIE

I've had it...

WALTER

What'd I do now?

JAMIE

Nothing... It's what I did...

WALTER

You've been like this for a week... If it's the wedding, we can move it up... I just thought your folks would prefer...

JAMIE

Walter... It isn't working...

WALTER

You don't mean us...

JAMIE

Walter... I don't mean you and me... I mean me and this planet... It just isn't working out... I got passed over today...

WALTER

Passed over for what... Head of the steno pool... Once we're married I don't want you working anyway...

JAMIE

I didn't apply for head of the steno pool... I was interviewed by Scott to get an on-camera assignment...

WALTER

On-camera... You?

JAMIE

And what's that supposed to mean? I don't have the brains to be a good field reporter...

WALTER

It's not a question of brains...

JAMIE

You're right... It's a question of sex...

Walter snuggles up...

WALTER

You've got plenty of that.

She pushes him off proficiently.

JAMIE

Down, Walter... It isn't going to happen... I've decided to move to Los Angeles...

WALTER

Jamie... Have you lost your mind ... I can't have a wife in Los Angeles...

JAMIE

And I can't hope to get a good job in a town that only has two television stations... In LA they've got nine, plus six UHF's and three cable outfits all running their own local programming.

WALTER

And nine million people competing for those jobs...

JAMIE

Scott has already recommended me
for an opening at the network
affiliate in LA...

WALTER

As a reporter?

JAMIE

As an executive secretary... But at
least I'll be near the action...
Nothing is ever going to happen out
here in the boondocks.

ON THE SKY

as a small glimmer of flight seems to surround one of the
less conspicuous stars...

JAMIE seems to react...

WALTER

Jamie... I don't know why you can't
be content to...

JAMIE

Did you see that...

WALTER

What?

JAMIE

A shooting star...

WALTER

No... I didn't. Look...

JAMIE

(interrupts)
There it is again...

WALTER

Jamie... I'm not interested in...

Suddenly the sky lights up and throws a vivid blue
illumination across the two young people... As a powerful
roar sweeps in with the light, then almost immediately
disappears... Jamie spins around.

POINT OF VIEW THROUGH THE REAR WINDOW

As two white circles of light disappear over a hill...

JAMIE
Walter... I'm in business...

WALTER
What was it?...

JAMIE
Who cares... Meteor... Comet... It could even have been some kind of aircraft... But it went down... right behind that hill... And we're first on the scene... Give me the keys...

WALTER
I'm capable of driving...

JAMIE
Then drive... I'm getting there first... I'll show Scott who's good in the field and who isn't...

As Walter fires up the car...

WALTER
Why do I feel like I'm going to regret this for the rest of my life?

JAMIE
Because you're like all men... Intimidated by a strong woman ... What time is it?... That's very important... Let's see, it went left to right... Lord, it was moving fast... Hurry up, Walter... We've got to find out what it was...

As he hurries away we suddenly cut to:

INT. COCKPIT

ON APOLLO

APOLLO
Starbuck...

ON STARBUCK

STARBUCK

Yooooo...

APOLLO

You all right?

STARBUCK

All systems seem to be functional,
but that was some hot ride...

APOLLO

I don't see Boomer.

STARBUCK

He lost his heat shield trying to
make it into the atmosphere... You
were still out of communication.

APOLLO

You don't mean he's...

STARBUCK

No... He made it back out into the
ionosphere...

APOLLO

Maybe he was the lucky one. We're
being tracked...

STARBUCK

What is it...

APOLLO

Some kind of primitive scanning
device... They've been locked on to
us since we entered their
atmosphere.

STARBUCK

At least that means there's life
down here.

APOLLO

Our long range scanners told us
that much... The question is... Is
it friendly...

STARBUCK

That's what we came to find out.

ON A SAC BASE

as ten sirens blare and men charge from alert bunkers...
Board jeeps and are whisked towards waiting aircraft.

INSIDE NORAD

The nerve center of the North American Defence Command.
General Cushing stands in front of a red telephone as a
Colonel rushes up.

 DAVIES
 They've violated our airspace,
 General...

The General is staring up at a huge electronic map... He
wears dark tinted glasses... the lights reflecting off of
them as he simply picks up the red telephone.

 CUSHING
 Mister President... Whoever...
 Whatever it is... Has entered our
 airspace... We have to assure
 they're hostile... Yes, sir...
 (He hangs up.)
 Bring 'em down.

 DAVIES
 General... They're over relatively
 unpopulated...

 CUSHING
 (interrupting)
 At their present rate of speed,
 they will enter the Los Angeles
 defence perimeter within a half
 hour. If they're nuclear... don't
 want our boys dumping those birds
 on a city of eight million... Shoot
 'em down.

 DAVIES
 Yes, sir.

ON A FIELD

as interceptor after interceptor screams down the runways and
lifts off into the skies...

INSIDE STARBUCK'S COCKPIT

STARBUCK

Sure is a peaceful looking planet
... I wonder where everybody is...

APOLLO

Scanner projects we'll reach a
large population center within a
few... Oh, oh...

STARBUCK

I got 'em...

Starbuck punches up his scanner.

INSERT SCANNER

An immediate electronic cross section of an F-105 phantom jet traces across the screen displaying a single pilot and weapon readout.

STARBUCK

Supersonic... top speed...
Apollo... They can only fly...

APOLLO

Never mind that... Look at the
weaponry... Nuclear missiles of
some sort...

STARBUCK

Hey... Those hurt... How'd they
manage mean weapons like that with
planes that can only fly...
Supersonic...

APOLLO

The more important question is
how'd we get ourselves into this
mess...

STARBUCK

You volunteered us, remember, old
friend...

APOLLO

Why does that seem so long ago...

ON A SLOW SHIMMERING DISSOLVE:

THE BATTLESTAR GALACTICA

surrounded by her fleet as we slowly move into the immense lead ship...

IN A LARGE CYLINDRICAL ROOM

A dark chamber illuminated only by multi-colored readouts

And dancing geometric configurations of lights... Silhouetted against this maze is a small figure. As a door opens off stage, he reacts without turning.

ZERO

Enter quickly, Adama... I've been expecting you.

The light which has opened to the corridor quickly seals itself off once again as Adama steps inside the dark chamber... He moves forward slowly... as if unsure.

ZERO (CONT'D)

It's all right... The transmissions have subsided.

ADAMA

What transmissions?

ZERO

From the planet Earth.

ON ADAMA

his face hardening into disbelief.

ADAMA

You're sure...

A pin spot grows in intensity over the small figure on a perch in the center of the room... revealing the voice and form to be a very young man, no more than mid-teens. The bearing however, is that of a very much older man.

ZERO

Am I ever unsure...

ADAMA

Forgive me... But even now, the spectre of a fourteen year old boy with a mind a thousand years ahead of his time...

ZERO

Adama, the presence of pure intelligence, a cerebral mutation occurs once in ten million years... Use it... Don't resent it.

ADAMA

You mistake resentment for awe... We have come to depend on you entirely... Even the slightest miscalculation...

ZERO

Mistake is not possible in my responses. Only in yours... I did not want to alert you to the discovery of Earth until I was certain.

ADAMA

And you are now certain?

ZERO

Yes. We have found our goal.

ADAMA

I have to inform the fleet... This is cause for celebration.

ZERO

Perhaps not.

On Adama's look... The young man swings around in his perch and stares off... Lights in the shape of monitors come up... Television images appear all over as if monitors hang from various lights and depths creating a montage of scenes from current television shows...

ADAMA

What is it?

We see police cars racing down streets... guns firing... Mork and Mindy clowning... Lucy mugging... Johnny Carson doing his monologue... and the evening news with its many acts of violence.

ZERO

Some form of entertainment.

ADAMA

Signals preserved from the past... A chronicle of Earth's history.

ZERO

No... I believe these are contemporary, and I have disheartening news.

ADAMA

What is it?

ZERO

Our tenacious pursuit of this panacea to all of our needs... has been founded on Earth's ability to help us defeat our enemies.

ADAMA

And her's... Once they become aware of her as a planet.

ZERO

The point is... I do not believe Earth is scientifically advanced enough to help us... See for yourself...

Adama's eyes return to the monitors where we see a freeway clogged with traffic... A fire crew working on a three alarm blaze in downtown Manhattan... Soupy Sales taking a pie in the face.

ADAMA

Doctor Zero... I have come to accept your genius without question. However... there are possibilities that these people have capabilities that do not manifest themselves on these various entertainments...

ZERO

Commander... I would like to show you what would happen if we simply stumbled forward on these poor unsuspecting people... Gather all of the council and your military... I have arranged something for them to see.

ON WARRIORS AND LEADERS

All making their way to a circular room with a panoramic screen... In front of the screen. Doctor Zero sits on his perch. His legs are not visible... We don't know if they exist... There is a blending of his machinery and form...

He is human and young... But he is an oddity... An aura of pure intelligence surrounds his being...

ON STARBUCK AND APOLLO

As they take seats in the gallery, not unlike an operating theatre of this day.

STARBUCK
So that's Doctor Zero.

ZERO
And greetings to you too,
Lieutenant Starbuck... No we
haven't met...

Zero's eyes swing to Starbuck as if picking up his whispered tones from out of a myriad murmurings.

ZERO (CONT'D)
My proclivity for isolation has not
deprived me of the pleasure of
knowing each of you from your
records and behavioural patterns
within the fleet. Adama...

ADAMA
Ladies and Gentlemen... We are
gathered here to make an
announcement... Doctor Zero has at
long last located and verified the
planet Earth...

A cheer goes up... Doctor Zero simply sits coldly and allows the group to purge itself of emotion until at last... he begins to tap the arm of his perch... The subtle bid for attention ultimately brings the room back to silence.

ZERO
However, time continues to be our
enemy. Utilizing computron
simulation... I have gathered all
available data to show you what you
can expect upon landing on the
planet Earth at it's current level
of technology.

The lights begin to dim

ON THE SCREEN WE SEE

A SATELLITE VIEW OF EARTH.

ZERO

This is one of seven continents on the planet Earth... It is known as North America...

Drawing closer, the view zeros in and dissolves through to Los Angeles from high up.

ZERO (CONT'D)

This is a population center in the Western sector of that continent known as Los Angeles.

ON STARBUCK AND APOLLO

as Starbuck leans in to Apollo, whispering under his breath.

STARBUCK

What's that odd looking brown haze hanging over the city?

APOLLO

(shaking his head
curiously)

Must be some kind of defence shield.

ON ZERO

ZERO

What you see depicted are my thought patterns, utilizing imagery I have studied from their own video transmissions. To make the simulation complete, I have imagined our own people, as they might be involved in a direct contact on Earth.

ON A STREET SHOT OF LOS ANGELES

We now see Starbuck and Apollo climbing out of a limousine on Hollywood Boulevard.

ON STARBUCK AND APOLLO

STARBUCK

Hey... That's me... Us... How's he do that?

APOLLO

How does he do anything... He's a genius.

STARBUCK

It's still invasion of privacy... He could imagine us doing anything he likes... Make fools out of us.

ZERO

No, Starbuck... My projections are all based on your recorded behavioural patterns... You may make a fool of yourself, but it will only be consistent with record.

The room chuckles, but quickly returns to a nervous state of rapt attention.

ZERO (CONT'D)

It is now early in what Earth time is recorded as late twentieth century... You have been on Earth approximately three months... their time... You have been greeted warmly and are now proceeding to deliver to Earth, keys to our technology, which will advance them to a point where they will be capable of defending themselves and us against possible attack from the planets... Suddenly, without warning... The Galactica's presence above Earth is discovered. We will let the simulation continue according to mathematical certainty.

CLOSE ON STARBUCK AND APOLLO

Standing in front of the Grauman's Chinese Theatre...

ON ZERO

ZERO

You, Apollo and Starbuck, as delegates chosen to visit this particular continent have become mass celebrities, revered and fawned over by every sector of the populous... Here you see yourselves about to be enshrined in some quaint local custom.

WE SEE STARBUCK AND APOLLO

being brought to the footprint foyer of Grauman's Chinese Theatre where their boots are about to be imbedded in cement besides imprints of famous celebrities of Earth.

STARBUCK AND APOLLO

as they become live action... and we are with them as teenagers scream and strain against riot police who desperately attempt to hold the adoring fans back...

STARBUCK

If anybody told me Earth would be anything like this, I'd have fought like heck to get here sooner...

APOLLO

We did fight like heck and this isn't what's important. Advancing Earth's technology to where we can defend each other is the key to our survival.

STARBUCK

Apollo... The Scientists'll work out the details while we travel around spreading good will and love.

Starbuck is clutching at the outstretched hands of two particular ladies...

APOLLO

I've got to admit this beats patrolling for Cylons...

STARBUCK

Which is where we'd be if we hadn't volunteered for future duty.

ARMY ARCHARD

moves out from the gallery amidst a crush of reporters and film news crews...

ARMY

Ladies and Gentlemen... The moment has arrived when Hollywood gets a chance to join with the rest of the world in expressing gratitude to the great ship Galactica for bringing us breakthroughs in all manners of science and medicine... permanently changing the face of mankind... Captain Apollo... If you will step forward first... We'd like to induct you into Hollywood's oldest tradition...

As Apollo begins to place a foot in the cement...

ARMY

While they set Captain Apollo's footprints in concrete... Have you anything to say to your millions of admirers. Lieutenant Starbuck...

STARBUCK

Yeah... I hope that cement comes off... I've got an inspection in the morning.

Army and the crowd roar their laughter.

ARMY

Typical of the humor and warmth brought to us by these gracious visitors from another world... Already the recipients of the Nobel Peace Prize and the President's special Medal of Honor... The people of the world will forever be grateful to...

SUDDENLY ANTIQUATED STRANGE SIRENS BEGIN TO BLARE...

STARBUCK

What's that?

ARMY

I can't imagine... We haven't heard those old sirens since the days of public defence drills just after World War II...

APOLLO

World War II? You've had two world wars here? You mean with outside invaders?

ARMY

No, with each other...

Suddenly, a buzzing on Apollo's belt... He quickly reaches down and pulls out an earpiece... He places it in his ear... It is cordless...

APOLLO

Apollo, here...

ON THE BRIDGE OF THE GALACTICA

BOOMER

This is a full stage alert, Apollo... Adama is just going on transmission all over the planet...

Suddenly, the monitors in the foyer of the Chinese Theatre roll once or twice and blink off of the ceremonial coverage to be replaced by an image of Commander Adama.

ADAMA

People of Earth... This transmission is being beamed from orbit high above your planet... There is reason to believe that we have inadvertently exposed your people to attack from alien forces... You have little time to seek refuge... An initial wave of Cylon bombers is homing in on our ships landed on your planet...

Suddenly, the people in the foyer begin to scream and panic, pushing past the police and security officers... running in all directions...

APOLLO AND STARBUCK

exchange looks as the eruption of the crowd engulfs them in a wall of bad will and expletives... The beautiful crowd hurls things at them and pound on them as they rush for safety...

CROWD

Murderers... Came in peace and brought us disaster...

Apollo and Starbuck duck and weave and attempt to listen to the remainder of Adama's words.

ADAMA

You have our word that the Galactica will move from her position of cover behind your moon and attempt to drive off the marauders before they can send for greater forces... in the meantime... all personnel on Earth are to return to their mothership as quickly as...

A rock shatters the screen as o.s. we begin to hear explosions

STARBUCK

Apollo...

They rush through the crowd towards the street, where they look up...

POINT OF VIEW

Cylon war ships diving down into the concrete canyons... firing their powerful lasers... ripping up the streets...

APOLLO

My Lord... We brought them here...

STARBUCK

Never mind that... Let's do something about it...

Starbuck charges for the limousine... He pulls the driver out of the way as Apollo jumps into the other side and the pair races off amidst the flying debris of the Cylon attack.

VARIOUS ANGLES ON HOLLYWOOD LANDMARKS

being devastated by diving Cylon ships.

(Production note: Exciting destruction footage is available of Los Angeles under siege utilizing the Academy Award winning material generated by Albert Whitlock for the motion picture, EARTHQUAKE... Using this footage in conjunction with miniatures of spacecraft, a battle with the full impact of the destruction of Caprica may be simulated, utilizing actual Los Angeles landmarks.)

ON STARBUCK AND APOLLO

as they scramble out into a field from their limousine and towards two standing fighter craft... As they reach their ships...

CYLON FIGHTERS

dive for the kill... their lasers actually burning a path across the field, engulfing both ships in flame and cutting Starbuck down in his tracks... As Apollo rushes to his defence, tears streaking down his face... A second Cylon ship moves in and ends the heroic efforts in a burst of fire...

DISSOLVE OUT TO:

THE SIMULATION THEATRE

Where Apollo and Starbuck sit amidst the stunned audience...

STARBUCK

Apollo... We just saw the end... I mean... We just bought the big one...

APOLLO

It was just a simulation...

STARBUCK

I know, but they say this kid is never wrong... He's a bonafide genius... a mutant hundreds of years ahead of his time.

ON ADAMA

as he steps forward towards Doctor Zero.

ADAMA

Doctor Zero... You provide a cynical picture of what lies ahead... Are we to simply turn around and head back towards certain annihilation or stumble ahead through infinity...

ZERO

There is a third choice...

ADAMA

I thought there might be.

ZERO

Simply stated. We need time to bring Earth to a level of technology that will be of help to us.

ADAMA

Without risking her to Cylon detection. How is that possible?

ZERO

I recommend we dispatch the fleet beyond this galaxy... One star system removed, where we can safely conceal our presence.

ADAMA

What good does that do us if we do not bring Earth into our own century of development?

ZERO

I propose we do bring her along ... but unobtrusively, slowly... After we have decided who we can trust with our knowledge to help us, rather than annihilate us.

ADAMA

Annihilate?

ZERO

The visual signals from Earth make it quite clear that she is an explosive planet whose warring factions could be as dangerous to us as the enemy we left behind.

ADAMA

Then how do you propose we enlist Earth's help?

ZERO

I suggest we send down teams who will work without the knowledge of Earth's people. They will seek out good and honest men who truly desire peace and will use our technology wisely. I suggest we approach Earth's scientific community as a beginning... Key men who are in a position to accept us and our knowledge... independent of politics.

IN A GALACTICA CORRIDOR

Adama walks with Apollo.

APOLLO

Father... We need Earth's help now... How can we afford the time it'll take to infiltrate them?

ADAMA

Apollo... What's the alternative ... Who amongst these nations on Earth is worthy of our trust?

Apollo stops...

APOLLO

How do we decide that?...

ADAMA

By living amongst them...

APOLLO

How do we avoid detection?

ADAMA

Doctor Zero tells me he has a few tricks up his sleeve that will, at the very least, confound these earthlings...

APOLLO

Tricks?...

IN THE FIGHTER BAY

The assembled pilots stand in full battle dress with their ships in the b.g. In the f.g. Doctor Zero turns to them, highlighted only by a pinspot in the darkened landing bay.

ZERO

As you all know, each color and sound has it's own frequency,... some of which are too high to be perceived by the human ear or eye... By generating a color combination in a frequency above the normal perception of Earth's conventional electronic equipment or the naked eye, we can render equipment and personal, virtually invisible.

The room breaks out into excited chatter.

ZERO

However... The energy necessary to generate such an aura around a large fighter ship, or even the human form, is too great to sustain for any lengthy period of time... It should only be used in life and death situations.

ON STARBUCK AND APOLLO

STARBUCK

Life and death situations from people we've come to help...

DOCTOR ZERO spins around.

ZERO

Have we, Lieutenant Starbuck... Or have we come to serve our own desperate cause. And who do we choose to ally ourselves with on a planet torn by deception, suspicion, and political strife. More likely you will be killed for your efforts to help Earthlings... This is one tool that will at the very least postpone what may be inevitable... Watch closely.

Doctor Zero triggers a device and the ship in front of the pilots begins to glow brighter and brighter until the pilots are almost forced to look away... Finally... the ship vanishes. The room breaks out in awe...

ZERO

No... the ship is not gone...

Zero takes a small coin from his tunic and hurls it at the point where the ship stood... The coin bounces off the invisible shield...

ZERO

It is merely encompassed in a colorfield beyond the frequency of the human eye...

ADAMA

Each of your teams has been programmed to take you to scattered areas on Earth. Your entry patterns will bring you into Earth's atmosphere in unpopulated zones and your navigational computrons will guide you over the safest possible routes toward population centers. Ultimately, you will encounter the people of Earth. You have been briefed on how to conduct yourselves... May God go with you...

IN ADAMA'S QUARTERS

Adama stands by his spaceport, gazing out. O.S. a voice rises to a fevered pitch.

BALTAR

It's bad enough to be introduced to this young madman's super toys without any preparation, but to be told when we may use them and how, is an insult.

ADAMA

Genius is not easy to accept. It reminds us of our own inadequacies.

BALTAR

I don't mind accepting brilliance... Man has always been blessed with men ahead of their time...

(MORE)

BALTAR (CONT'D)
but this time the folly of the plan
is so desperately dangerous, I
cannot accept it.

ADAMA
Not risking exposing Earth to our
enemies is in our own best
interests.

BALTAR
That I agree with, but we have
better ways... A tool we have
sought for generations and now
possess thanks to our young genius.

ADAMA
If you are referring to the time
warp synthesizer, I do not agree.
The concept of time travel is
dangerous at best.

BALTAR
But, Adama... What could be more
vital to speeding up Earth's
civilization, than by going back
into her past and introducing
scientific tools hundreds of Earth
years earlier...

ADAMA
Baltar... We know little about the
consequences of changing that which
has already been...

BALTAR
We'll find out... I'll fake an
expedition into Earth's past...
Let me at least put it to the
council for a vote.

Adama holds up a hand...

ADAMA
Baltar, they will not follow you.
Even though you paid the price for
your crimes according to our
laws... There are still many who
feel you should have been banished.

BALTAR
Then there is no justice... I am a
great leader... I can deliver us a
planet capable of saving us now...
not years from now...

ADAMA

The concept is appealing... I admit that... Still...

BALTAR

Still... it is tainted coming from Baltar.

ADAMA

Baltar... consider for one moment the implications of introducing a single change in the past... A weapon or alteration that should result in the loss of a single life... It could mean the immediate extinction of hundreds of thousands of descendants of that individual...

BALTAR

How do we know it works that way... Maybe history isn't really changed. Maybe it all comes out the very same... Take, for example, the chance of birth... Whether your parents decide to journey from one place to another only dictates the environment in which you are born. The fact remains that you live. What difference whether we introduce marvels of science to primitive Earth... the same people will live to use them... only the quality of their lives will have changed.

ADAMA

Your point is persuasive... It could save us time.

BALTAR

It could save our lives. We risk detection every moment we hesitate.

Adama paces...

ADAMA

I'll have to confer with Doctor Zero... Maybe in time...

BALTAR

Time is what we have conquered, Adama... All I ask is the chance to prove it.

ADAMA

We'll see...

ON THE GAIACTICA

as ships begin to launch...

INSIDE APOLLO'S SHIP

APOLLO

This is it, old buddy... What we've all fought half way across the universe to accomplish.

INSIDE STARBUCK'S SHIP

STARBUCK

Somehow, I thought the whole thing would be different...

APOLLO

You mean arriving on Earth in glory and pomp...

STARBUCK

I guess so...

APOLLO

Maybe one day, the Galactica can arrive with all the fleet... But not until we know what to expect and who we can trust...

STARBUCK

Well... It won't be the first time I had to sneak in and out of a place the back way...

APOLLO

I think the commander took that into consideration in sending you... Anyway... This place we drew for our landing sounds exciting... The United States of America...

STARBUCK

I kind of liked the sound of that place Boomer got... The Union of Soviet Socialist Republics... I've always liked unions...

Starbuck smiles with his pixie grin as Apollo climbs his boarding ladder and Starbuck dons his own helmet.

STARBUCK

It's not often you have an entire population of a continent's women to choose from... I think we're going to have one fine time...

SHIMMER DISSOLVE TO:

TWO COLONIAL VIPERS

screaming along just above the deck.

CLOSE ON STARBUCK

STARBUCK

Apollo... Something's chasing us and it's very fast...

APOLLO

I know... I've got 'em on my scanner... Let's see if we can lose 'em without kicking in the boosters... This fuel we're carrying has got to last us a long time...

The two ships roll over and head towards some mountains

ON A SQUADRON OF UNITED STATES AIR FORCE INTERCEPTORS

screaming across the sky.

INSIDE AN AIR FORCE COCKPIT

PILOT #1

Blue Devil Leader... Have radar contact on bandits.

PILOT #2

Whatever they are, they aren't drug runners... Those birds are moving supersonic...

PILOT #1
This could be for real boys... What
we've been training for, for ten
years...

PILOT #2
Ruskies...

PILOT #1
Who else has ships that can move
like that...

PILOT #2
Yahoo... Let's go get 'em and show
'em what we've got...

PILOT #1
You got it Big Red... Okay, boys...
Hit your afterburners...

The pilots hit their afterburners.

ON STARBUCK

STARBUCK
Apollo...

APOLLO
I see 'em...

STARBUCK
What do you think the range is on
their weapons?

AT NORAD HEADQUARTERS

Colonel Davies moves up to General Cushing.

DAVIES
Interceptor squadron out of
Albuquerque has radar contact with
two unidentified flying objects.

CUSHING
Any chance they're non-military?

DAVIES
Flying supersonic down on the deck?

CUSHING
Two ships... Why only two? What can
those Russians be up to?

DAVIES

Defectors sir? You remember the Mig
25 that landed in Japan...

CUSHING

Possibly... Give them a chance to
surrender... Meanwhile, bring all
missies to alert ready...

ON A SAC MISSILE BASE

as a claxon blares and giant Titan missies begin to raise up
out of their silos in the fire-ready position.

BACK TO THE AIR FORCE SQUADRON

PILOT #2

Closing to fire-range Skipper.

PILOT #1

First we're to attempt radio
contact...

PILOT #2

If they were here to talk, they
wouldn't be running on the deck...

PILOT #1

Then we blow 'em out of their
socks... Lock on targets.

ON APOLLO

APOLLO

Starbuck... It isn't working...

STARBUCK

You're telling me... Do we go to
turbo-thrusters...

PILOT #1

Attention alien aircraft...
attention alien aircraft... You
are violating United States
airspace... Do you read...

STARBUCK

Apollo...

APOLLO
Stay off the radio... Go to
turbos...

STARBUCK
You don't have to say it twice...

ON THE VIPERS

as they kick in their boosters and pull away.

INSIDE THE AIR FORCE JET ON PILOT #2

PILOT #2
Skipper... They're pulling away.

PILOT #1
That's impossible... The Russians
don't have anything that fast.

PILOT #2
They're going to be out of range.

PILOT #1
Let 'em have it... We warned 'em...

PILOT #2
Yahoo... Locked on radar and
firing...

The Air Force jets let fly with everything they have...

ON STARBUCK

STARBUCK
Apollo... They're firing on us...

APOLLO
This is it, Starbuck... Roll off
and hit your force shield...

ON THE TWO VIPERS

as they roll over... begin to glow and slowly vanish out of
the sky...

ON THE AIR FORCE JETS

PILOT #2
Skipper... They just disappeared
off of my radar screen...

PILOT #1 is pounding the side of his screen and instrument
panel...

PILOT #1
Those missiles were locked on
target... They can't miss...

PILOT #2
But there is no target... How can
they be locked on a target if it
isn't there...

PILOT #1
I don't know, but McDonnell Douglas
and Sperry Rand will answer for
this...
(beat)
Begin a sweep of the area... Maybe
they crashed into a mountain
peak...

The aircraft begin to peel off to search the area...

ON THE EMPTY SKY

as an area begins to glow and suddenly two Vipers appear.

STARBUCK
Apollo, that was as close as I ever
want to come... Those guys are
good...

APOLLO
Yeah, way too good... I think we'd
better get down on the ground.

STARBUCK
Our primary target is the
California Institute of
Technology... There are vast desert
areas outside the population center
where we can set down...

APOLLO
Negative... I think it's too far...
now that we've been detected.
(MORE)

APOLLO (CONT'D)

We passed over a small dwelling
center just back of that ridge...
Let's see if we can make contact
for some kind of ground
transportation.

The two Vipers swing around...

IN A VERDANT VALLEY - DAY

Walter's compact car is parked above a pasture... He looks
disheveled as Jamie moves up to him from the hillside...

WALTER

Jamie... We've been looking all
night... and there's nothing. Now,
I've got to get to work...

JAMIE

Then go... I saw what I saw and it
looked like it was going to come
down in this valley...

WALTER

Jamie... there's been nothing on
the radio about any kind of comet
or meteor or downed airplane or
anything at all.

JAMIE

Good... Maybe we're the only ones
who know about it...

WALTER

About what... a shooting star?

JAMIE

Two shooting stars... and they
couldn't have been... They were too
close to the ground.

WALTER

I give up.

JAMIE

All right... Go back to town... to
your burger in the box franchise.
Spend the rest of your life
flinging fast food.

WALTER

Jamie... Managing an entire chain is a darn fine job and provides a lot more public service than those purveyors of bad news you work for...

JAMIE

Free speech and an informed public is the cornerstone of democracy... I didn't notice anything in the constitution about the necessity of protecting Long John French fries...

Jamie climbs into Walter's car and the couple drive off... As the car leaves, we zoom across the meadow to the far side and a thicket of trees...

CLOSER ANGLE TO REVEAL APOLLO AND STARBUCK

standing beside their two ships... A large storage compartment is open on one side of the ship and from it we assume that a space scooter, which is in evidence, has been removed. The space scooter is something on the order of a motorcycle, but instead of wheels, it seems to be suspended on some kind of force field... Apollo sits astride his bike, working a hand throttle... the bike whines like a conventional turbine engine... Starbuck moves up to the ship and slams the compartment shut... Now he climbs up onto the wing and reaches inside...

STARBUCK

Well, here goes nothing...

He flips a switch... Momentarily the ship begins to glow, then completely disappears... Starbuck, who now seems to be standing on nothing, some three feet off the ground, jumps down.

STARBUCK

I just hope nobody comes galloping across this field and bumps into that thing... They sure would get a surprise.

APOLLO

Next stop... some place called Pasadena...

Apollo revs his machine and takes off across the field... Suddenly, as Starbuck pulls up beside him...

APOLLO

We'll stay off main arteries of traffic... So as not to draw attention to ourselves...

STARBUCK

Right.

Apollo guns his turbine and without notice... the space scooter lifts up off the ground and flies up into the sky and over the trees... disappearing...

ON THE CALIFORNIA INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY (CAL-TECH)

A mass of students are picketing outside of the school with various signs belittling Nuclear Power... It is peaceful but we see trash cans with fires in them for heat, as well as assorted litter... The impression is that the demonstrators have been there for some time...

ON A WINDOW OF THE INSTITUTE

an elderly man stares down shaking his head...

MORTINSON

It's like abolishing the wheel because it can be used on a weapon of war. Why won't they understand that we need time to understand Nuclear technology... A young woman standing by a large blackboard covered with figures, a complex formula of some kind, looks back at Professor Mortinson impatiently.

CARLYLE

Don't pay any attention to them... Ten years from now they'll be vice-presidents with two cars, two point one children, a condominium and as trapped by the system as we are.

MORTINSON

And that's too bad... I happen to agree with them. We have come too far, too fast... If we could but skip ahead a hundred years in our research.

CARLYLE

Let's worry about next week... I've run your figures through the computer and I don't think you're going to like the bottom line...

Mortinson moves up to the blackboard and stares at the long, incredibly Einstein-like formula. He nods out of fatigue and takes an eraser and erases the last two feet of the blackboard, which spans one end of the room.

MORTINSON

Yes... I know... It was just an idea... Maybe someday, someone will find a way to neutralize atomic waste material... I'm afraid it won't be me.

CARLYLE

Donald... How often do I have to stroke you... You know you're going to do it and so do I... Come here...

In actuality, she moves to the tired old man and places her lithe young fingers on the back of his neck and massages it.

MORTINSON

Suddenly, the problems of the world don't seem important at all...

A rock crashes through the window...

CARLYLE

That does it... She moves quickly to the phone...

MORTINSON

Now, Miss Carlyle... Don't over-react...

CARLYLE

(into phone)

Security... This is Professor Mortinson's lab... Call the police... They just started throwing rocks... They could have hit the professor... Thank you... I'm going to take him home until you can guarantee his safety.

She slams the phone down.

MORTINSON

I'm not going anyplace. I have work to do... I have several more ideas I want to try.

CARLYLE

Professor... Those people down there are dangerous.

MORTINSON

My dear... The people in this room are dangerous... Let us see if we can find a real solution to the problem...

Carlyle goes back to her blackboard...

ON A FREEWAY OUTSIDE OF LOS ANGELES - (PALMDALE AREA)

There are few cars on this isolated road. What few there are seem confused. Suddenly, out of the mix, we find Starbuck and Apollo moving along on their flotation bikes.

APOLLO

Yeah, but that sign says we're on the right track.

STARBUCK

Apollo... Everybody is staring at us...

APOLLO

I think the clothes are giving them a little trouble... We'd better get off and change into those things they designed for us off of the entertainments we viewed from Earth.

ON A GROUP OF HELL'S ANGELS

moving up from behind Apollo and Starbuck...

DONZO

Hey, Willy... get a load of them wheels.

WILLY

What wheels... I don't see no wheels...

DONZO

That's what I mean... man... What is it?

WILLY

We're going to find out... Hey you two turkeys... pull off... We want to talk to you...

STARBUCK

You must have us confused with somebody else... His name's not Turkey and neither is mine...

WILLY

Pull over wise guys or we run you over... got it...

STARBUCK

He seems very insistent.

APOLLO

We can't afford to have them get too good a look at these machines I think we have to risk showing them a little more than I'd hoped too... Ready?

STARBUCK

Ready.

The collection of hard type men and women of the Hell's Angels pull all around Starbuck and Apollo, enveloping them.

APOLLO

This is where we get off fellas...

WILLY

Yeah... well there ain't no off ramp...

STARBUCK

Surprise...

Starbuck and Apollo throttle up and the two bikes lift up out of the pack... bank off the freeway and out into the Mojave dessert, flaking the incoming road to Los Angeles in the vicinity of Palmdale...

ON THE HELL'S ANGELS

as they crane their heads up and out, not noticing that they are heading for a barricaded freeway exit...

Before they can recover, they hit the yellow and black boards and spill over in all directions, rolling harmlessly down the plant-covered embankments, their bikes going in all directions...

ON A SERVICE STATION

the freeway and surrounded by undeveloped land... A diner stands as the only building near the station as Apollo and Starbuck stand beside their bikes in the vacant countryside. They have donned southwest oriented sheepskin type jackets, covering their tunics...

STARBUCK

What about the boots... I haven't seen anybody else wearing anything like them...

APOLLO

Just pull your pants over them... Until we can pick something else up... That seems to be some kind of vehicle center over there... Maybe we can find some kind of transportation further into the city.

STARBUCK

And leave these alone out here... Apollo... We checked them out... We're responsible for returning them...

Apollo simply flips a switch on his bike... It glows and disappears.

APOLLO

Let's just not forget where this place is... Come on...

IN THE GAS STATION

as a car wheels in and we recognize Jamie Hamilton, the young lady on her way to a new job...

JAMIE

Fill it up, please, and where's your telephone?

The attendant points to a booth at the corner of the station. Just approaching the booth are Apollo and Starbuck... She runs towards it.

AT THE BOOTH

Starbuck and Apollo are looking the booth over carefully...
Starbuck is looking at a small computer in his hand.

STARBUCK

Yup... Telephone... It's what they
use to communicate with each other.

Apollo steps into the booth and stares at the gadget.

APOLLO

How do you do... I'd like to
communicate with the California
Institute of Technology, please.

Apollo waits and listens...

STARBUCK

What's happening?

APOLLO

What do you mean, what's happening?
Nothing is happening... You can see
that...

STARBUCK

Speak up... Maybe it's pretty
primitive equipment.

Apollo nods and shouts...

APOLLO

How do you do... I would like to
communicate with the California
Institute of Technology.

Nothing happens, except the two young men become aware of a
girl standing just behind them with a peculiar look on her
face.

STARBUCK

Hello.

JAMIE

Hello... Uh... Are you two using
the phone?

STARBUCK

Yes...

APOLLO

No... That is... We're finished...
You can use it now if you like.

JAMIE

If you're sure you're through.

APOLLO

Oh, we have quite a lot of communicating to do... We can wait...

JAMIE

Well, I really am in kind of a hurry... Thank you...

She moves swiftly into the booth and lifts the handset off its cradle... She searches for change... Finds a dime and slips it into the phone. Apollo and Starbuck exchange looks. She dials...

JAMIE

Yes... I want to call the Trans World Broadcasting Company... Thank you. Thirty-five cents... Yes... I think I have... Wait...

She looks at Apollo and Starbuck.

JAMIE

Do either of you have change for a dollar?

Starbuck and Apollo exchange blank looks as Starbuck wheels away, giving her his back... He punches up 'dollar' on the languatron and watches as it comes back with the readout... A quantity of money equal to, etc. He turns back...

STARBUCK

Sorry... No... We just used our last denomination of currency ourselves.

Jamie nods.

JAMIE

I'll have to call back operator.
Thank you.
(she looks at Apollo)
I'll get change... You need some?

APOLLO

We'll be fine...

JAMIE

Credit card, huh... I wish I had one... The most important interview of my life, and I'm going to be late...

She rushes off.

STARBUCK

This is hopeless... We can't get
currency until we find Professor
Mortinson and we can't find
Professor Mortinson without
currency...

APOLLO

She said something about a card...
It's just possible that a sensor
can read whatever code these things
work on... It's worth a try...

Apollo takes off his belt sensor and aims it at the phone...
Suddenly it begins paying off like a Las Vegas slot machine.
As nickels, dimes and quarters go flying everywhere...
Starbuck and Apollo scramble to retrieve the money only to
find Jamie, once again standing just behind them...

JAMIE

You mind explaining what you're
doing?

STARBUCK

Uh... Picking up our currency.

JAMIE

Did you just rifle that coinbox?

APOLLO

No... It just started throwing
these things out... I think it's
malfunctioning.

JAMIE

I'll bet it's malfunctioning... You
put that money back in that box...
No, hand it to me and take a
hike... Or I'll turn you in to the
service attendant...

STARBUCK

Hey, there's no reason to be
hostile...

APOLLO

That's right... We're strangers
here, and we don't mean anybody any
harm.

JAMIE

Just take a hike... I've got a call to make.

She returns to the booth and dials...

APOLLO

Now what... we had the money in the palm of our hands...

Starbuck looks at him surreptitiously with a pixie smile and opens a palm revealing a handful of coins Apollo smiles back. From inside the booth we hear the muffled voice of Jamie.

JAMIE

Yes... This is Jamie Hamilton.

INSIDE EXECUTIVE OFFICES OF THE NETWORK

we can see a line monitor carrying film of a riot in progress...

SECRETARY

I'm sorry Miss Hamilton... Mister Brooks is upstairs in a meeting. No, I'm sure that'll be all right ... His schedule is pretty open. Get here as soon as you can...

AT THE PHONE BOOTH

Jamie hangs up smiling and opens the door to find Apollo and Starbuck still there.

JAMIE

I thought I told you two to get lost.

APOLLO

Look... We really had nothing to do with what happened to that telephone. As a matter of fact, we're kind of late for an appointment ourselves... Is there any chance you'd be going anywhere near the California Institute of Technology?

JAMIE

That's where you two are going?

STARBUCK
We're going to see Professor
Mortinson.

JAMIE
The Professor Mortinson?

APOLLO
Yes... We had difficulty with our
transportation...

JAMIE
Well... Maybe I did jump to
conclusions... But you'll have to
admit it did look a little odd...

STARBUCK
Yes... very strange...

JAMIE
Look, Cal Tech is out in
Pasadena... But I can get you as
far as West L.A. You can probably
get a cab from there.

APOLLO
We'd be very grateful...

JAMIE
Come on...

ON JAMIE'S OLD CAR

moving along the freeway...

INSIDE THE CAR

Apollo and Starbuck are watching intently as music plays on
the radio.

JAMIE
Sorry about the condition of my
car... It gets me around.

STARBUCK
I wish we had it...

JAMIE
You say your car broke down?

STARBUCK
 Came down with a thud... Ordinarily
 if flies...

Apollo elbows Starbuck.

JAMIE
 Sounds like a sports car... Where
 are you guys from?

APOLLO
 Uh... east of here...

JAMIE
 You grad students or something?

APOLLO
 More like teachers...

JAMIE
 Yeah, I guess you are a little old
 for school... Although I can't see
 you two old enough to be colleagues
 of Doctor Mortinson. He's about the
 top physicist in the world.

STARBUCK
 It's a big world...

Jamie smiles...

JAMIE
 I seem to keep getting off on the
 wrong foot with you guys... For
 all I know, you're brilliant.
 That's the trouble... Everybody
 catalogs people... I complain about
 it and then do it myself.

ON A SIGN

which says Los Angeles right... Pasadena left.

BACK INSIDE THE CAR

JAMIE
 Tell you what... By way of apology,
 I'll just swing through Pasadena
 and drop you off... It isn't that
 far out of my way...

STARBUCK

You're a real lifesaver...

JAMIE

I wouldn't go that far...

APOLLO

You never can tell...

ON THE DEMONSTRATION OUTSIDE OF CAL TECH

Police have arrived and the anti-nuclear demonstrators have become more militant.

JAMIE'S CAR

pulls up... Starbuck, Apollo, and Jamie look out.

JAMIE

You're sure you want to get out.
Looks nasty.

APOLLO

What's going on?

JAMIE

Anti-nukes... Your Professor
Mortinson has innovated a whole new
type of Nuclear Power Plant...
Supposedly safer and cleaner, but
there seems to be some doubt.

STARBUCK

We'll get it all straightened out.

JAMIE

Sure... Anyway... Good luck.

APOLLO

Thank you... You've been very kind.

JAMIE

Strangers in a new place have to
stick together... If you ever want
to get in touch, I'll be working at
Trans World Broadcasting... I hope.

The young men climb out and watch as the demonstration grows in intensity.

APOLLO

I don't like the looks of this...

STARBUCK

What're you talking about... We're going to be heroes before the day is over... Wait'll this Doctor Mortinson hears what we have to offer him...

ON THE FRONT DOOR TO THE ATOMIC RESEARCH BUILDING

Apollo and Starbuck approach a security officer.

STARBUCK

Apollo... This isn't going to work...

APOLLO

They're checking for identification.

STARBUCK

Swell, we'll just tell 'em we're from out of the universe...

APOLLO

I'll handle him... You keep an eye out to see if anyone is watching.

STARBUCK

Got it...

Apollo reaches under his coat and puts his hand on his laser weapon tucked into his pants... Moving up to the guard, Apollo smiles broadly.

APOLLO

Excuse me, but Professor Mortinson is expecting us... What floor is he on?

SECURITY

I'll have to check... What are your names?

APOLLO

Starbuck...

As the guard looks down at his list...

STARBUCK

Clear...

Apollo turns the muzzle of his weapon out from between his ratchet lapels... Gives a short burst and the Guard seems to hag suspended, frozen in place... Apollo and Starbuck saunter into the building... stopping in the lobby to look at a name ledger...

STARBUCK

Mortinson... 323.

They turn and look as an elevator door opens and several secretaries exit talking boisterously... Apollo and Starbuck exchange looks and shrug entering the elevator...

AT THE DOOR

the secretaries exit as the guard wakes up...

GUARD

Hey... Where'd they go...

The secretaries look at the guard blankly as he wheels to look inside... We pan off to find the elevator doors just sealing closed.

THE GUARD hurriedly dials...

GUARD

This is Security... A.R.
Building... We've got trouble.

INSIDE THE PROFESSOR'S LAB

Apollo and Starbuck enter a door clearly marked 323, on the outside. Carlyle looks up from a computer screen where she is typing in data.

CARLYLE

Yes... Can I help you?

APOLLO

We've come to see Professor
Mortinson.

CARLYLE

He's running figures at the
moment... I'm afraid I can't
disturb him.

APOLLO

It's important... Possibly a matter
of life and death.

CARLYLE

Life and death... Who are you? Does the Professor know you?

Apollo exchanges looks with Starbuck...

APOLLO

We know the Professor from his work... A recent paper he delivered on what I believe you call your educational transmission band.

CARLYLE

Transmission band...

Starbuck has his trusty languatron handy...

STARBUCK

Television channel...

APOLLO

Right...

CARLYLE

Well, I'm afraid this is a bad time to come unannounced... as you could see outside, we're under a great deal of stress...

Apollo is drifting towards the large blackboard

APOLLO

I can see where that might make it difficult to theorize.

STARBUCK follows Apollo's gaze.

STARBUCK

Especially abstract theories of nuclear degeneration. I failed out on that stuff three times in a row.

Apollo turns from the board.

APOLLO

But he's obviously on the right track...

CARLYLE

Look, I don't know who you are, but this is obviously some kind of bad joke...

(MORE)

CARLYLE (CONT'D)

There aren't three people in the world who could make heads or tails of that theory and that includes the Professor's own staff...

The phone rings... She answers it.

CARLYLE (CONT'D)

Yes...

Her eyes betray the caller on the other end...

CARLYLE (CONT'D)

I see... Yes... Yes... All right... I certainly will.

She hangs up... Her mood lightening up considerably, betraying a new nervousness in her voice.

STARBUCK

Good news?

CARLYLE

Uh... Yes... that was the... the professor... He's on his way up... if you'd both like to have a seat.

APOLLO

We really can't stay... But if you'll give the Professor a message...

Apollo moves to the keyboard Carlyle is working on...

APOLLO (CONT'D)

The symbols are a little different... But using the projection on the board as a common cipher... I think I can give you the rudiments of something that might interest the Professor.

CARLYLE

I really wish you wouldn't do anything to damage this...

She watches as Apollo's fingers expertly begin typing out a lengthy and complex theory with the speed and dexterity of a typist taking an advanced speed test...

CARLYLE (CONT'D)

What are you doing?... Please get away from there...

APOLLO

This should be enough to peak the Professor's interest... Tell him he can reach us through a young lady at the Trans World Broadcasting company by the name of Jamie Hamilton.

STARBUCK

Thank you....

Starbuck and Apollo open the door and head out....

CARLYLE

Wait...Stay here...The Professor is on his way up....

IN THE CORRIDOR AS APOLLO AND STARBUCK

turn to move swiftly away... From the opposite direction they are suddenly accosted by a loud voice...

GUARD

Halt... or we'll shoot...

APOLLO AND STARBUCK

stop in their tracks... Starbuck starting to pull his weapons...

APOLLO

Don't do it, Starbuck... They've got us.

The two sink as they turn to look at the young and attractive Miss Carlyle standing in the doorway looking triumphant.

CARLYLE

I told you to wait...

APOLLO

See that the Professor gets the message...

STARBUCK

Please...

As the guards take Starbuck and Apollo in tow, Carlyle shuts the door, closing them out of her life...

STARBUCK (CONT'D)

Why do I get the feeling the
Professor isn't going to get the
message...

GUARD

Let's go, boys...You're in a lot of
trouble...

INSIDE THE PROFESSOR'S LAB

Carlyle moves over to the computer terminal just used by
Apollo.

CARLYLE

Gibberish... At least it wasn't
graffiti...

She punches a button and the screen goes blank...

ON THE PROFESSOR

as he enters.

MORTINSON

What's all the commotion... I just
saw the police taking two young men
into custody...

CARLYLE

It's just a good thing you weren't
here... I'm afraid they may have
been some kind of terrorists or
Lord knows what...

MORTINSON

Terrorists...My dear Miss
Carlyle... Your imagination is
beginning to sound like the
press... They blow everything out
of proportion...

The Professor moves to the terminal....

MORTINSON (CONT'D)

Where's the theorem I was working
on?

CARLYLE

I'm afraid one of the freaks that
came in here ruined it...
I took it off the screen....

MORTINSON

I hope you didn't erase it....

CARLYLE

No, I'm sure it's in the memory bank, but it isn't going to be of any use now... He literally ruined it...I'd have stopped him but the security guards warned me to leave them alone... until they got here.

During Carlyle's explanation to Professor Mortinson, his expression has gone from irritation to awe, as in recalling the theorem from the memory bank, he finds a set of symbols in proportions and sequence at first baffling, then chilling..

MORTINSON

My God...

CARLYLE

I told you they ruined it.

Mortinson turns to look at Carlyle...the eerie light from the computer terminal casting symbols onto his glasses...

MORTINSON

Miss Carlyle...Think, and think very carefully. Who did they say they were?... And where were they from?

CARLYLE

Well, they didn't... I could see that they were just part of that street gang out there... Then when security called...

MORTINSON

Miss Carlyle... stop talking and listen to me... They must have said something to you... What brought them here to me...

CARLYLE

Well they said something about your paper on PBS.

MORTINSON

The one about my theories on brother worlds and atomic travel?

CARLYLE

I suppose that must have been it...
Why? Why are you so moved by
these... these hoodlums?

The Professor moves to the window and peers out at the pickets and police now bathed in the growing darkness of night.

MORTINSON

Because these hoodlums may be as
important to mankind as the coming
of the Messiah...

Carlyle looks bewildered...

ON THE TRANS WORLD BROADCASTING COMPANY

towering up into the sky of West Los Angeles...

INSIDE THE OFFICES

The secretary who responded to Jamie's call earlier is now showing her around the offices...

SECRETARY

To be quite blunt... Most of your
time will be spent answering
phones... At least in the
beginning... You're not the only
young lady here who wants to cross
over into production...How you get
there is pretty much up to you and
your own initiative... I can't say
it's an easy transition... Most
girls decide to get married and
have babies long before the golden
hand of opportunity pats them on
the fanny.

(the phone rings)

Yes, she is...

A startled look crosses the secretary's face as she passes the phone to Jamie.

SECRETARY

It's for you...the police
department.

Jamie looks equally startled.

JAMIE

I don't know how they could even know I'm here...What I mean is... I've been here less than a day, and... well...

SECRETARY

Just take the phone...

Jamie takes the phone dutifully, apprehensively...

JAMIE

Hello?

AT THE BOOKING DESK

People are being logged in, as adjacent to the action, there is a small holding cell with a telephone inside...On the phone is Starbuck...

STARBUCK

Jamie... Starbuck...

TO INTERCUT WITH JAMIE

JAMIE

Who?

STARBUCK

You were kind enough to pick me and my friend up out in Mojave this morning...

JAMIE

Yes...?

STARBUCK

Well, we've run into a little trouble...

JAMIE

Yes.

Jamie is listening with the kind of enthusiasm one has with a lighted firecracker held between index finger and thumb...

She'd like to hurl the phone across the room, but she is being watched... very closely.

STARBUCK

Being strangers...we're kind of in hopes that you can get in touch with Professor Mortinson and tell him where we are...

JAMIE

Well, I might be able to do that...

Suddenly, Jamie's attention is distracted off stage by a monitor playing in the office on which close-ups reveal

Starbuck and Apollo being placed in a paddie-wagon by the police...

ANNOUNCER

(not loud, but adequate to throw Jamie into a catatonic state)

Two demonstrators, possibly even terrorists, were apprehended trying to break... prize winner Donald Mortinson's laboratory today after beating up a security guard...

JAMIE

(sotto)

Oh, my Lord... and I dropped them off...

STARBUCK

Jamie... are you there?

JAMIE

Listen you... you... terrorists...

STARBUCK

Terrorists... You don't understand the situation...

JAMIE

Oh, yes I do... This is my first day on the job and you used me... you chauvinist terrorist...

She hangs up...

STARBUCK turns to Apollo...

APOLLO

Well, what'd she say?

STARBUCK

I don't know... What's a chauvinist
terrorist?

Starbuck whips out his languatron and begins to translate.

BACK AT TRANS WORLD BROADCASTING

The secretary is on the phone...

SECRETARY

Mister Brooks...I really think you
should come down here in person...
I think we may have some kind of...
(quietly)
problem...

She nods and hangs up, turning to Jamie smilingly... As soon
as the phone is on the cradle... it rings again.

JAMIE

I can explain everything.

SECRETARY

I'm sure you can...
(into phone)

HELLO...

(her face turns ashen)
Professor Mortinson... I'm afraid
Mister Brooks isn't in the office,
however... Who?... Jamie Hamilton?
Yes... she is, but...Yes...
certainly Professor...

The secretary, who is now the victim of an emotional and
strategic tennis match, passes the phone to Jamie.

Jamie takes the phone as if being handed a snake which is
likely to bite her.

JAMIE

Yes?

TO INTERCUT WITH PROFESSOR MORTINSON IN HIS LAB

He stands with Miss Carlyle looking on.

MORTINSON

Miss Hamilton?

JAMIE

Yes?

MORTINSON

It's most urgent I know more about those two friends of yours. The ones who came to my lab today.

JAMIE

Professor, I assure you I don't know the first thing about them... I had no idea they were going to cause trouble...

MORTINSON

You don't understand. I'm grateful for their visit. I was hoping you might be one of them...

JAMIE

One of them...

MORTINSON

They left your name as a point of contact... I'd hoped to learn more from you before confronting them at the police station. I am sympathetic to you if you need reassurance...

JAMIE

Well... I could tell you everything I know...

MORTINSON

I'd gratefully appreciate that.

JAMIE

Yes, Professor Mortinson... I'll be there...Yes, I'm sure I'm going to be off...

She has just eyed arrival of a man she perceives to be Mister Brooks as he comes to stand beside his senior secretary.

BROOKS

Professor Mortinson... The Professor Mortinson... How can he be calling me? He loathes the press...

SECRETARY

He's calling her...

BROOKS

This is the new girl... Miss
Hamilton?...

(on his secretary's nod)

JAMIE

Look... It's all kind of a big
mistake...

SECRETARY

I think so, too... That's why I
asked you down to meet her.

JAMIE

When the Professor hears how I met
those two men, he'll understand and
there won't be any problem.

BROOKS

Wait... You're on your way to meet
Professor Mortinson? Now? This
minute? Annie... Check on a camera
team...

JAMIE

Camera team?

BROOKS

He's smack in the middle of these
demonstrations... We've been trying
to get his side on film for a week
but the old devil practically lives
an armored car... Where are you
meeting him?

JAMIE

Outside police headquarters. You
mean you want me to keep the
appointment? Kind of like a field
assignment?...

BROOKS

Honey, you pull this off, and
you've got yourself a permanent
post in production. Let's go...

The secretary doesn't seem all that thrilled as Jamie beams
and is hustled off arm in arm with Brooks...

AT THE BOOKING AREA

Starbuck is standing behind a chart having his photograph
taken... as a crotchety old cop is mumbling to himself...

COP #1

All right... Name, date, and place
of birth...

STARBUCK

Uh...

A second cop is fingerprinting Apollo...

COP #2

Sergeant... We got us some kind of
problem here...

COP #1

How can we have a problem taking
simple set of fingerprints..

COP #2

See for yourself... There ain't no
ridges and no valleys...

Cop #1 walks up and looks at the sheet then at Apollo's
fingers.

COP #1

Wise guy... Sanded 'em down, huh?
Well, don't think you can get out
of here without being identified.
Our computer is hooked up with
departments all over the world...
No matter where you troublemakers
come from, we'll find out.

APOLLO

We don't have a month... It's
imperative we talk to Professor at
the Institute... Now... Right
away...

COP #1

Sure... Then later on I suppose
you'll want an appointment with the
President...

A phone rings... Cop #1 picks it up... His eyes drift to
Apollo and Starbuck...

COP #1

Yeah, they're right here...
Right... Right... Yes, sir.

He hangs up.

COP #1

Well... seems like some big shots
want to talk to you two... Put 'em
back in the holding tank till they
get here, Doberman...

As Cop #2 walks them a few yards to a holding tank, where the
only other occupant is a derelict sitting on the floor.

APOLLO

This is the worst thing that could
have happened...

STARBUCK

Why?... Who do you think the big
shots are?

APOLLO

I don't know... but the one thing
we can't afford is a lot of
attention to who and what we are...
We've got to get to that
Professor... He'll understand.

STARBUCK

First we've got to get out of here.

APOLLO

Starbuck... Our force field...

STARBUCK

What good will that do?

APOLLO

Just go with me on this...

DERELICT

Hey... either of you two guys have
a cigarette?

(when neither Starbuck or
Apollo answer, he
withdraws a stubby butt
from his seedy jacket)

Okay...How about a light?

Apollo and Starbuck give each other the eye and bring a hand
to their respective belts... Slowly, they begin to glow
brightly and within seconds, disappear... The derelict's eyes
widen as the butt falls from his mouth... He dives into the
corner, pressing his back to the wall...

STARBUCK'S VOICE

Very nice, Apollo... Now may I
point out that we're still in jail..

APOLLO
Patience Starbuck...

DERELICT
Help... Let me out of here...

The two booking officers, momentarily busy, swing around.

COP #1
Pipe down, Moran... I... Hey... I
thought I told you to put those two
guys in the tank...

COP #2
I did... Just now...

Cop #1 rushes to the tank and opens the door and unlocks it,
rushing to a bunk to look under it...

STARBUCK'S VOICE
Now, Apollo?

APOLLO'S VOICE
Now, Starbuck...

We hear footsteps and see the old cop jostled as the jail
door swings open wide and suddenly swings shut, locking the
cop inside...

COP #1
Doberman, you idiot... Why'd you do
that?

COP #2
Why'd I do what?

OUTSIDE THE POLICE STATION

Brooks is standing beside a mobile unit, as a technician
places a wireless microphone on Jamie.

BROOKS
Okay, Jamie... Now that mike will
pick up everything you and the
Professor discuss. We'll be holding
you on a long lens from the back of
the truck... Now, try to get him to
talk about this new breakthrough
he's been working on to make
nuclear power safe... His silence
has convinced everyone that it's
strictly a hype to push more plant
authorizations through congress...
(MORE)

BROOKS (CONT'D)
See if you can get something
concrete...

JAMIE
I'll do my best...

BROOKS
Good girl... Now get going... That
looks like the old man now...

Jamie turns and starts up the street... Suddenly, as if out of
nowhere Apollo and Starbuck appear and walk beside her...

STARBUCK
Don't do it, Jamie... The Professor's
a good man...

Startled, she stops and looks at the two young men.

JAMIE
Where 'd you come from... I thought
you were in jail...

BACK AT THE TRUCK

BROOKS
Hey... Where'd those two clowns
come from?

TECHNICIAN
I don't know... But I'm getting a
good signal...

BROOKS
Forget it... Save your film... They
can't be important... It's the
Professor I want to get...

BACK ON APOLLO AND STARBUCK

as they walk beside Jamie...

APOLLO
You've got to get those journalists
away from here while we talk to the
Professor.

JAMIE
I can't do that... I'll lose my
job... Who are you guys anyway?
How'd you get out of jail?

STARBUCK

We escaped.

JAMIE

What? You mean I have two escaped jailbirds right on camera?

Jamie turns and looks back... She signals to Brooks, gesturing to the two boys... He shakes his head 'no' pointing to the police station where elderly professor is anxiously looking at his watch.

STARBUCK

Apollo... There he is.

APOLLO

Keep walking with us... We'll give the impression you're going through with the interview.

JAMIE

I am going through with it... This is my first break...

STARBUCK

Professor Mortinson?

He looks at the two young men... curiously...

MORTINSON

If you're Miss Hamilton, I expected you to come alone.

JAMIE

These are the two gentlemen you wanted to talk to me about.

MORTINSON

Ah... but I thought... Yes, of course... Walls do not a prison make... Especially for someone like you... If I'm correct in my assumption.

APOLLO

You probably are...

BACK AT THE TRUCK

BROOKS

What are they talking about?

TECHNICIAN
Walls and prisons...

BROOKS
What's the matter with that girl...
Why doesn't she dump these two guys
and get on with the interview?

BACK TO THE PROFESSOR, JAMIE, STARBUCK, AND APOLLO

MORTINSON
This may be the most important
greeting in the history of
mankind... I am flattered.

APOLLO
Since you understand the
significance of our visit... I'd
like to suggest we find a place to
talk away from here... We're being
observed.

JAMIE
Now, wait a minute... I'm not
letting you guys out of my sight.

MORTINSON
My car is not far... Come with me.

JAMIE
Now wait a minute...

The trio starts up the street angling towards the curb... Jamie looks back up the block to the mobile truck, momentarily helpless... Brooks signals for her to follow. She does...

AT A CAR

The Professor unlocks the door and climbs in... Right behind him is Apollo and Starbuck and climbing into the back seat is Jamie.

MORTINSON
Miss Hamilton... I think we can get
along now without you...

JAMIE
Maybe you can, but I can't...
Whither you go, I will follow... or
I'll call the police and turn in
your license number.

STARBUCK

Do as she says... Time is
important.

The car moves out...

AT THE MOBILE TRUCK

TECHNICIAN

I can't hear a thing inside that
car... What do we do now?

BROOKS

Follow them...

ON THE GALACTICA

TO ESTABLISH...

INSIDE DOCTOR ZERO'S CHAMBER

Adama enters...

ADAMA

What's happened?... What's gone
wrong?

Zero turns from his multi-leveled monitors...

ZERO

A miscalculation.

ADAMA

I thought it was impossible for you
to miscalculate anything...

ZERO

Not my miscalculation... Yours. You
should have heeded my
recommendation and banished Baltar
to deep space.

ADAMA

He paid his price according to our
law.

ZERO

And now he has broken it again.

ADAMA

What?

ZERO

He has left us, Adama, for Earth with two warrior followers...

ADAMA

Then we will find him and bring him back.

ZERO

Easier said than done... He did not return to Earth present... He has returned to Earth past...

ADAMA

That fool... that complete fool... He was determined to do it his way...

ZERO

What are you talking about Adama? You mean to tell me you knew he had a scheme to use the Time Warp Synthesizer.

ADAMA

Yes... He wants to alter Earth's history by speeding up her technological development.

ZERO

No, Adama... I think not... If Baltar has returned to Earth's past, he has gone for quite another reason...

Adama swings a hard look on Zero.

ADAMA

To conquer Earth? It isn't possible.

ZERO

I believe it is...

ADAMA

The maniac... We must bring him back.

ZERO

A chase through thousands of years of history... That should be interesting... if not impossible.

ADAMA

He can only be in one place at a time.

ZERO

But in the same place at many different times...

ADAMA

Is it possible to know into what dispensation of time he has escaped...

ZERO

Yes... I can tell you that... But I cannot prevent him from moving on...

ADAMA

If we keep him moving... We can keep him from unleashing his madness...

ZERO

Possibly... But remember... In your pursuit, you can do as much damage as can Baltar... Be very, very, careful Adama... or that planet below us could disappear in the twinkling of an eye... And your warriors and son, along with it...

Adama braces himself, then turns and exits...

ON PROFESSOR MORTINSON

his car weaving through traffic...

INSIDE THE CAR

APOLLO

They're still behind us...

Starbuck takes the wheel...

STARBUCK

Here... Let me drive this thing...
Climb out of the seat, Professor.

The Professor begins to climb over Starbuck as he slides under and takes over.

APOLLO
Starbuck, have you lost your
mind... You've never driven one of
these things...

STARBUCK
I've been watching him...
It looks easy...

Starbuck tromps on it...

ON THE CAR

as it jumps a sidewalk and takes the next corner on two
wheels...

BACK INSIDE THE CAR

JAMIE
Holy... What does he mean you've
never driven before?

MORTINSON
Quite possibly they don't have
where these men come from.

JAMIE
Where don't they have cars? Look
out...

ON THE CAR

as it nearly collides with a police car, sending it spinning
around and into a store window... The police car quickly backs
up and takes up the pursuit.

ON THE NEWS VAN

BROOKS
Keep that camera going... it's
fantastic... The Professor is being
kidnapped right on Instant News.

BACK INSIDE THE PROFESSOR'S CAR

APOLLO
Starbuck... stop this machine
before you kill us all.

STARBUCK

I don't suppose it flies does it?

JAMIE

Flies... what's he on?

MORTINSON

No... this is a very simple internal combustion engine, which, burns gasoline which in turn drives pistons, which turn a simple drive shaft...

STARBUCK

Talk about primitive... Haven't you guys ever heard of anti-gravity travel?

A beeper goes off... Apollo takes the communicator from his belt.

APOLLO

Apollo here...

ADAMA'S VOICE

This is Adama... You are to return to your ships at once... Crisis condition...

JAMIE

Who's he talking to, his service?

MORTINSON

I hesitate to ask...

APOLLO

What's happened, father?

ON ADAMA TO INTERCUT

he is on the bridge...

ADAMA

Baltar has gone down to Earth... The exact coordinates and circumstances have already been beamed to your Viper's computron... You must drop everything you're doing and get there immediately.

APOLLO

That isn't going to be easy...

ADAMA

What do you mean?

STARBUCK

Tell him not to worry...We'll be there in no time...

ADAMA

I heard that, and I'm counting on you... Galactica out...

JAMIE

What's a Galactica?

APOLLO

Professor... If I can ask you to keep what little we've discussed in confidence, we'll have to arrange to get together again as soon as possible.

MORTINSON

But the formula you left in my lab... You have done in one afternoon what it has taken me years... Yet, it is incomplete... I must have the rest... it is the answer to our problems... You have seen the riots.

APOLLO

Consider it just the beginning Professor. A token of our good faith, if you keep your silence until our return.

MORTINSON

But when will that be?

JAMIE

Don't worry Professor... You may be willing to work on faith... But I'm staying with 'em right to the end of the line...

APOLLO

That's impossible...

JAMIE

You try and lose me and I'll blab everything I know.

STARBUCK

Apollo? Our first mandate was to remain incognito from the masses...

JAMIE

Well, you're doing a great job of that...

She looks behind...

ON THE STREET

to see that the lone police car has now been joined by a half a dozen more...

BACK INSIDE THE CAR

APOLLO

Starbuck... It's hopeless...

STARBUCK

No it isn't... It worked once before... It'll work again...

Starbuck whips the wheel and the car jumps up on to the sidewalk and into a furniture store...

ON THE AFTERMATH

as police scramble back and forth while three officers and Brooks with his cameraman engulf the Professor...

TALKING INTO THE CAMERA

BROOKS

The terrorists apparently made good their escape out the back door of the store before the police could surround it... However, Professor Mortinson... the object of the kidnapping plot is safe and right now being interrogated by the police...

MORTINSON

I am fine... They did me no harm.

IN THE BACK ALLEY

Police return to the furniture store's rear entrance... converging from two different directions... as a patrol car pulls up... A third officer climbs out...

COP #3

No sign... Don't see how they did it... But they did... Let's go in and report to the Captain.

As the three officers enter the back door... We see a glow appear in front of the brick wall, and suddenly, Starbuck, Apollo, and cradled in their arms between them, encompassed by their aura, is Jamie.

JAMIE

Okay... I give up... How did you do that?

APOLLO

Never mind... We haven't time to explain... And this time, I'm driving the machine.

As Apollo starts to jump into the idling police car.

JAMIE

Hey, that's a police car...

STARBUCK

What are police?

JAMIE

Drug-runners... Spaced out drug-runners ... It's the only thing you guys could be...

AT THE TWO VIPERS

hidden in the meadow as Starbuck completes storing the space scooter in the Vipers... Apollo climbs out of the cockpit...

APOLLO

According to the coordinates in the ship... we're to use the time warp synthesizer and head for a place called Rome, 44 B.C.

STARBUCK

We can't take her with...

APOLLO

And we can't leave her behind...
She'll blab everything...

They look at her.

ON JAMIE

simply seated on a log looking dazed... The two men move up...

APOLLO

Jamie...are you sure you won't
reconsider some kind of promise to
remain silent if we give you our
word we'll return and tell you
everything.

JAMIE

Look, you two... I am now thought
to be the inside man in a terrorist
ring that tried to kidnap the
Professor... If I go back... I go
to jail... And if I fell them the
truth... They'll probably put me in
an institution for life.

Starbuck and Apollo exchange shrugs.

STARBUCK

I guess that's it... We have to
take her with us... I just wish we
had time to drop her at the
Galactica... This Rome could be
dangerous...

Jamie returns to life... Some order restored. A familiar name.

JAMIE

Rome. Did you say... Rome? We're
going to Rome?

APOLLO

That's it... We have to find an old
friend...

JAMIE

That's fantastic... The Via
Veneto... The font d'Trevi... I
have a girlfriend who lives
there... We'll have a blast...

APOLLO

Great... Maybe she can help us
locate this guy in our orders...

JAMIE

I spent a couple of months there
myself... What's his name...

APOLLO

Julius Caesar...

On Jamie as her mouth falls open...her eyes glaze and
Starbuck and Apollo reach out, each taking an arm as she
begins to sink...

FREEZE FRAME

PART II

Starbuck, Jamie, and Apollo attempt to locate Baltar at the
intrigue ridden court of Julius Caesar on the Ides of March,
44 B.C.... Or wherever else we decide to send them!