

bb

#50916

BATTLESTAR GALACTICA

THE FURLON

ACT ONE

FADE IN

1 GALACTICA - ESTABLISHING SHOT 1

as it leads the rag-tag fleet through the stars.

2 EXT. SHUTTLE - GALACTICA HANGAR DECK 2

Two crewmen are closing the shuttle hatch as Starbuck and Apollo come rushing up.

STARBUCK

Hold it!

The crewmen hold the hatch open as Starbuck and Apollo duck inside. As Starbuck goes in, he jams a fumarello in the first crewman's hand.

STARBUCK

Thanks, buddy.

The crewman beams as he closes the hatch, locks it and steps away.

3 INT. SHUTTLE - PASSENGER SECTION 3

The shuttle is filled with pilots from Blue and Silver Spar Squadrons who are obviously having one hell of a good time. We move with Starbuck and Apollo as they try to find a couple of empty seats.

BOOMER

Cutting it close, weren't you, skipper?

APOLLO

I lost track of the time.

STARBUCK

He was asleep. Do you believe it. Our first Furlon since we left the colonies, and he was going to spend it sleeping!

CONTINUED

3 CONTINUED

3

BOOMER

(laughs)

Yah. I believe it.

JOLLY

(yelling)

Come on, Sheba! Just push the little red button marked "launch."

The pilots around him laugh and then pick up the cry..."Let's go! Launch it, Sheba!" Etc.

4 ON SHEBA AND ATHENA

4

at the controls of the shuttle. Sheba hits the intercom button.

SHEBA

This shuttle's not moving until all passengers are harnessed in.

Athena laughs and glances back.

5 ON APOLLO AND STARBUCK

5

as they find a couple of empty seats and sit down. Before they can touch their harnesses, the pilots on both sides strap them in. Then everyone yells, "Ready to launch" and starts whooping it up.

6 BACK ON SHEBA AND ATHENA

6

ATHENA

I hope the Rising Star's ready for this gaggle.

Sheba laughs, then hits the com button.

SHEBA

Launch control...Furlon Shuttle.  
Requesting launch and vector coordinates to the Rising Star.

7 ON RIGEL - GALACTICA BRIDGE

7

She smiles as she punches in coordinates on her computer.

RIGEL

Furlon Shuttle...Launch Control.  
Transferring vector coordinates to your on-board computer. Launch when ready.

(beat)

And have a great time.

8 ON SHUTTLE - INTERIOR OF GALACTICA LANDING BAY 8  
as it launches forward towards the open bay.

SHEBA'S VOICE  
Furlon Shuttle launching.

9 ON SHUTTLE - EXTERIOR OF GALACTICA 9  
as it launches out of the bay and into the stars.

10 INT. SHUTTLE - MOVING DOWN THE AISLE 10  
between the cheering pilots as the shuttle moves on its way. After a beat, the pilots settle into animated conversations with one another and we isolate on Boomer, Jolly and Bojay. Boomer is holding a small video scanner and the others are intently watching. (NOTE: This would be used similarly to the way we use a travel brochure. Film of the Rising Star should be shown as inserts on the screen. Some of this plays under dialogue.)

FEMALE VOICE  
(on scanner)  
The Rising Star, once Queen of the inter-Colonial liners that plied the stars between our twelve colonies, has been reopened with limited facilities so that all survivors may enjoy a touch of home at least once a yahren. As present, one gaming deck is in operation accepting cubits, Orian checks and Warrior script.

BOJAY  
What...no Cylon Krael?  
(off Boomer's look)  
I stole a sackful on a raid.

FEMALE VOICE  
The main dining deck, seating 200, offers reasonably priced food prepared by the great chef of Hatari, who is one of our fellow survivors.

JOLLY  
That's for me!

FEMALE VOICE  
For the next two sections, the Astral Lounge will feature Virgo Quad dancers performing twice nightly.

CONTINUED

10 CONTINUED

10

BOJAY

Virgo Quad dancers? What are they?

Bojay leans in for a closer look, and Boomer snaps off the scanner and pockets it.

BOOMER

If you have to ask, Bojay, you're too young to know.

The other pilots are laughing and kidding Bojay who takes it good-naturedly.

11 ON APOLLO AND STARBUCK

11

Apollo, who's been watching Boomer and the others, breaks out laughing. Next to him, Starbuck is working a small hand computer.

STARBUCK

I'm telling you, buddy, this system of mine can't lose.

APOLLO

(turning to Starbuck)  
Can't lose.

STARBUCK

Nope.

Apollo leans back and stares straight ahead.

APOLLO

The gaming chancery on Pinius.

Starbuck looks like he's just been slugged beneath the belt. After a beat, he goes back to playing with the computer.

STARBUCK

That's not fair.

APOLLO

I didn't think so either. Especially since I lost a secton's pay betting your last system.

STARBUCK

I know what went wrong.

APOLLO

So do I. I lost a secton's pay.

CONTINUED

11 CONTINUED

11

Apollo closes his eyes and leans back. Starbuck stares at him a beat, then goes back to computing.

12 ON SHEBA AND ATHENA

12

as they monitor the instrument panel of the shuttle.

## VOICE OVER RADIO

Furlon Shuttle, Rising Star Approach Control. We have you on scan, twenty microns out and closing. Request you accelerate to point one niner. We have the Canarius in the pattern astern of you.

## SHEBA

(easing throttles forward)

Accelerating to point one niner.

(to Athena)

Got a fix on the Canarius?

## ATHENA

On the scanner...five microns astern.

13 ON THE CANARIUS

13

a space taxi, as it moves through the fleet towards the Rising Star. Ahead of it we can see the Galactica shuttle.

14 INT. CANARIUS

14

From the worn seats and bulkheads we can tell the ship has seen better days. Every seat is filled with civilians dressed in their best attire and representing a cross-section of the survivors of the colonies.

While the passengers are excited at the prospect of spending an evening aboard the Rising Star, they are not nearly as boisterous as the warriors on the furlon shuttle. Most of the people are talking or watching a newscast being shown on the scanners inserted in the backs of all the seats. We move down the aisle with a crewman dressed in a yellow jumpsuit sporting a Canarius emblem. In his hand he has a small computer. Each passenger places a small plastic disc into a slot on the computer which then registers its acceptance by flashing a green light.

## CREWMAN

We'll be docking with the Rising Star in twenty three centons. Please have your transportation ducats ready for verification.

15 ON CHAMELEON

15

a very distinguished looking gentleman in his sixties attired in a dapper but rather threadbare suit. Next to him is an attractive dowager type of about the same age. This is Siress Blassie.

She is eyeing Chameleon with obvious interest and seeking some way to open a conversation, but Chameleon seems engrossed in the inter-fleet newsbroadcast on the scanner. As the camera moves in, we notice he keeps glancing up at the approaching crewman with an air of concern. (NOTE: The scanner broadcast will play mostly under dialgue, however, for recording purposes, it is included in this script in its entirety.)

16 INSERT ON THE SCANNER - INTERCUT

16

The studio is obviously on one of the ships. Behind a desk with an IFB logo, are the newscasters: Zed and Zara. Zed is reading his copy from a scanner on the desk. At times, the picture of the broadcasters is replaced by film of the Galactica and vipers.

ZED

It's been nearly three sections since our patrols have made any Cylon contact and while there has been no official word from the Galactica, sources close to Commander Adama indicate that he is cautiously optimistic that we have eluded Cylon pursuit in this star quadrant.

ZARA

Reports that the Galactica is granting furlons to some of her pilots would seem to support that.

(turns and smiles)

Good news for a change, Zed.

ZED

It would seem so. Stay tuned after this message for Zara's closing feature on "The Warrior of the Centare."

17 ON CHAMELEON AND SIRESS BLASSIE - INTERCUT

17

On the scanner, we see Flight Officer Omega standing on the Galactica Bridge and delivering a recruiting pitch. While

CONTINUED

17 CONTINUED

17

this is going on, the Canarius crewman, collecting ducats is getting closer. Chameleon seems increasingly concerned. Siress Blassie leans towards him with a smile.

SIRESS BLASSIE

It's so nice to know we're rid of those horrible Cylons.

After a beat....

CHAMELEON

Pardon?

SIRESS BLASSIE

I said it's nice to be rid of those horrible Cylons. Why they nearly shot down the Crucible...that's my billeting vessel. Imagine coming after a senior vessel! No one on board is under sixty yahren.

CHAMELEON

(with a smile)

Excepting you, of course.

Siress Blassie lights up, obviously flattered. Chameleon turns back to the scanner, the crewman is at the seat in front of him, collecting the ducats.

18

INSERT ON SCANNER - FLIGHT OFFICER OMEGA - INTERCUT

18

(THIS PLAYS UNDER THE PRECEDING DIALOGUE)

OMEGA

The survival of our fleet is dependent upon the quality and dedication of our warriors. Since our escape from the colonies, our ranks have grown, but we still need a few good men and women. If you are between sixteen and forty-six yahren, and not presently serving in a critical civilian occupation, you should consider becoming a Colonial Warrior. We need everything from viper pilots to scanner technicians. You'll be trained by combat veterans on the Galactica and paid full warrior compensation from the centon you enlist. If you want to be part of the team defending the fleet, request an open channel to Galactica recruitment.

(beat)

We need you.

CONTINUED

18 CONTINUED

18

Zara, the female newscaster, reappears on the screen.

ZARA

Tonight's "Warrior of the Centare" is a member of the Galactica's crack Blue Squadron. Winner of the Gold Cluster for his bravery at the Battle of Rigus. With three stars for gallantry in the rear action at Carillon, the raid on Molekay and the rescue at Otarrius. It gives me great pleasure to welcome Lieutenant Starbuck.

We widen to show Starbuck seated next to Zara and looking slightly uncomfortable. He smiles, nervously.

ZARA

Quite an impressive record for one so young, which brings me to my first question. How old are you, Lieutenant?

STARBUCK

I don't know.

ZARA

(laughs)

I realize you're nervous, Lieutenant, but surely you can remember your age.

STARBUCK

(smiles)

I'm an orphan. I was found wandering in the Thorn Forest on Caprica as a kid. So I don't really know how old I am.

19 ON CHAMELEON - INTERCUT

19

as the crewman steps up next to him.

CREWMAN

Transportation ducats, please.

Sireess Blassie inserts hers in the computer, and it registers a green light. He holds it out to Chameleon, but he simply waves his hand intent on watching the interview. The crewman glances at the screen, but really wants to move on.

ZARA

How awful for you.

CONTINUED



19 CONTINUED

19

STARBUCK

I used to think that, until the Cylons annihilated our colonies. Most everyone I know has lost some member of their family.

(beat)

Not having a family to lose...well, I guess in a way I'm lucky.

CREWMAN

Sir?

Chameleon turns down the sound on the scanner, then studies the silent picture for a beat as the interview goes on unheard.

CHAMELEON

We're making a mistake with that program.

The crewman glances at the scanner, then back to Chameleon, who seeing his puzzled look, explains....

CHAMELEON

I'm in charge of Inter-Fleet Broadcasting.

SIRESS BLASSIE

(impressed)

You run IFB?

CHAMELEON

Well, actually just the news and interviews.

CREWMAN

Sir, we'll be docking in fifteen centons and I still have ---

CHAMELEON

(cutting him off)

Interviewing warriors isn't enough. This fleet is peopled by thousands of civilians, and their contribution to the survival of the human race is just as important as any warrior's.

(to crewman)

Take you, for example. I'll wager you have more responsibilities than collecting transportation ducats.

CREWMAN

Sure do. I'm responsible for vehicle maintenance, and keeping this old tub flying on hand-me-down parts is a full time job in itself. Why just last

CONTINUED

19 CONTINUED - 2

19

CREWMAN (Cont'd)  
secton we nearly lost orbit and  
crashed into a nova because ---

Siress Blassie begins to pale and looks nervously out the window.

CHAMELEON  
(cutting him off, again)  
Precisely my point. Without your  
technical genius, we wouldn't be  
able to enjoy an evening on the  
Rising Star. Our fellow voyagers  
couldn't meet their loved ones on  
other ships. We should be inter-  
viewing people like you on IFB...  
people who serve without glory.  
(lights up)  
By the Lillium moons! We should  
interview...you!

CREWMAN  
Me?

CHAMELEON  
You.  
(beat)  
When do you go off duty?

CREWMAN  
We have two more runs to make. One  
to the Aquarius...then to the agro  
ship to pick up ---

CHAMELEON  
(cutting in again)  
Soon as you're off duty, report to  
the Comm-Tel Ship.  
(points to scanner)  
I want Zara to interview you for  
our next broadcast. -- We'll call  
it...Un-sung Heroes of the Centare.  
How's that sound?

The crewman is elated.

CREWMAN  
Sounds great. And thank you.

Chameleon smiles and the crewman starts to move on, grinning  
from ear to ear, then he stops and turns back looking from his  
computer to Chameleon. Chameleon looks up and smiles.

CONTINUED

19 CONTINUED - 3

19

CHAMELEON

I gave you my ducat...remember?

CREWMAN

Oh...yah, sure.

(moves on)

Rising Star in ten centons. Have  
your ducats ready.

We hold on Chameleon and Siress Blassie. She smiles and he smiles back, then turns up the sound on the scanner where the interview is still going on.

20 INSERT ON SCANNER - INTERCUT

20

STARBUCK

My parents probably perished in the Cylon raid on Umbra. It was an agro city on the edge of the Thorn Forest that was destroyed by a sneak attack in 7322. Thousands of children were found wandering in the forest afterwards, and I was one of them.

(beat)

I really don't remember much about it.

21 CLOSE ON CHAMELEON

21

He is very intent on the interview.

22 EXT. FURLON SHUTTLE

22

as it approaches the Rising Star to dock. The Canarius is right behind it.

23 INT. ENTRANCE HATCH - RISING STAR ASTRAL LOUNGE

23

The maitre d' (same as Long Patrol) is standing next to the hatch with a computer (like that used by the crewman on the Canarius). The hatch opens, revealing Apollo, Starbuck, and the rest of the pilots on furlon. The maitre d's eyes widen in surprise.

MAITRE D'

Ah...welcome to the Rising Star.

(beat)

Exactly how many are in your party?

Apollo deposits a marker in the computer and the green light comes on and begins to flash a number of times.

CONTINUED

23 CONTINUED

23

APOLLO

(smiles)

Twenty-three...all on furlon.

MAITRE D'

(trying to count  
the flashes)Twenty-three! Ah -- one...two...  
three....

STARBUCK

Yah...isn't it great!

The rest of the warriors press forward after Apollo and Starbuck like Marines on their first Tiquana liberty. The Maitre d' is trying to count the flashes and the passing pilots...and losing.

24 MOVING WITH THE PILOTS

24

as they enter the Astral Lounge. It's packed with civilians from other ships and from the fun they're having, the lack of recent Cylon contact seems to have lifted everyone's spirits. In the center of the room, on a neon lit platform, the Virgo Quads are performing. They are four beautiful, identical girls wearing dancers' leotards. Their dance is both beautiful and sensual with three of them forming a pyramid by making contact with their hands as they dance in unison. In the center of the pyramid, the fourth girl is dancing as if she's trapped and trying to escape.

25 ON JOLLY, BOJAY AND BOOMER

25

as they are stunned by the dancers.

BOJAY

Stay clear of my ion trail. I'm  
locking on target!

He and Jolly start to move forward. Boomer grabs Jolly's arm.

BOOMER

I thought we were going to grab  
some nourishment.

JOLLY

(moving on)

I see all the nourishment I need.

They move forward leaving Boomer just shaking his head.

26 ON STARBUCK AND APOLLO

26

standing a little back from the rest of the pilots.

STARBUCK

Okay...they're occupied for the rest of the furlon. Time to think about us.

APOLLO

Starbuck. I'm not going to lose another secton's pay.

STARBUCK

Yah, but how'd you like to win a secton's pay...huh?

He flashes the computer and pulls Apollo towards a hatch marked Gaming Deck Alpha.

27 BACK ON THE MAITRE D' - ENTRANCE HATCH

27

The green light is still flashing as he tries to keep count on all the pilots who have already disappeared into the room. The green light finally stops and the Maitre d' sighs. The hatch opens and civilians from the Canarius begin entering, each dropping their marker into the computer. In the middle of the group we see Chameleon and Siress Blassie. She has obviously latched onto him. As they reach the Maitre d', Chameleon reaches into his jacket and a look of dismay crosses his face. He quickly steps back, letting the others pass. Siress Blassie moves to him.

28 CLOSE ON CHAMELEON AND SIRESS BLASSIE

28

CHAMELEON

You go ahead. I'll join you in a centon.

SIRESS BLASSIE

What's wrong?

CHAMELEON

I'm afraid I've misplaced my wallet. Probably dropped it on the Canarius.  
(smiles)

Silly thing to do. I'll just dash back and retrieve it.

SIRESS BLASSIE

Mister Chameleon, I'm sure the Canarius has launched again.

CONTINUED

Chameleon looks concerned, but then shrugs it off and smiles.

CHAMELEON

Go on and enjoy yourself. Don't give me another thought...I'll be fine.

SIRESS BLASSIE

I'll do no such thing!

She digs into her purse and begins to come up with markers, cubits...all sorts of currency.

SIRESS BLASSIE

I have plenty of markers and cubits ...even some Orion checks.

(offers them)

You just take some.

Chameleon looks stunned.

CHAMELEON

(low voice)

Siress Blassie. That's unthinkable. As a gentleman, I simply couldn't accept currency from a lady... especially a Siress.

SIRESS BLASSIE

(shoving coins into his hand)

As a Siress, I insist.

Chameleon looks at the coins and markers for a beat, then closes his hand.

CHAMELEON

Well...since you put it that way... I accept.

(quickly adds)

But only on the condition that you return to my billet with me this very night, so that I may repay you.

She lights up like a laser flash.

SIRESS BLASSIE

Oh, why of course. If you feel that strongly about it, naturally I'll return with you...so you can repay me.

28 CONTINUED - 2

28

CHAMELEON

(smiles)

Then it's all settled. Shall we  
go in?

29 ANOTHER ANGLE - ON BOTH

29

as she takes his arm. They deposit the discs in the Maitre d's  
computer and sweep into the Astral Lounge.

30 ON THE VIRGO QUAD DANCERS

30

The center dancer is spinning faster and faster as the music  
builds to a crescendo. At last she bursts through the pyramid  
formed by the other three dancers, who collapse to the floor.  
She leaps forward in an expression of freedom that lands  
her on the edge of the stage directly in front of Boomer,  
Jolly and Bojay. The lounge breaks into a tumultuous round  
of applause.

31 CLOSER ON BOJAY AND THE DANCER

31

She is looking out at the audience with a fixed smile, seemingly  
oblivious to Bojay directly below her.

BOJAY

You are incredible! I've pulsed  
from Orian to the moons of Plagar  
and I've never seen anything so  
moving...so expressive in my life.

32 WIDER ANGLE ON ALL

32

The dancer doesn't respond at all. Boomer and Jolly are  
choking back a laugh.

BOJAY

(pressing on)

I'd really like to discuss the  
origins of your dance. You see, my  
father was a Caprican stager and I  
grew up with dancers and artists  
from ---

In the middle of his dialogue, without ever looking at him, she  
leaps up...takes a bow with the other three dancers, and then  
races off stage.

BOJAY

(calling)

Hey....

CONTINUED

32 CONTINUED

32

Bojay moves off around the stage in the direction the dancers exited, and we move in on Boomer and Jolly who are laughing out loud now.

JOLLY

You think we should have told him that Virgo Quad dancers are deaf?

BOOMER

Some things a man just ought to discover for himself...it's maturing.

They both laugh again and order a couple of grogs.

33 WIDER ANGLE ON ROOM

33

The audience has quieted down. The music has started again, this time a strange lilting piece that has couples rising and moving on to the dance floor. One of the couples is Chameleon and Siress Blassie. We move in and isolate on them as they begin to sweep across the floor. Just as they are passing Boomer and Jolly, the music suddenly stops. Everyone looks around and eventually all eyes turn to the entrance hatch.

34 ON THE ENTRANCE HATCH

34

Four Borellian Noman are standing beside the Maitre d', who is unsettled in their presence. These are tall, menacing, cold-eyed men, whose rugged faces reflect the Nomadic existence they once led on the hot deserts of Borella. They are dressed in Tureg-style burnoses with crossed bandeleros on their chest. Each bandelero has two opalescent balls that seem to be magnetically affixed.

35 ANGLE ON BOOMER AND BOJAY

35

with Chameleon and Siress Blassie just in front of them.

BOOMER

(surprised)

Borellian Nomen. I knew we had some among the survivors, but I've never heard of them mixing with other colonists.

JOLLY

They don't...unless they're on a blood trail.



36 CLOSE ON CHAMELEON 36

He is suddenly pale and seems to be moving behind Siress Blassie where he won't be seen.

37 BACK ON BOOMER AND JOLLY 37

JOLLY

Think we ought to step in.

Boomer eyes the situation for a beat.

BOOMER

They probably feel as cooped up as anyone else...more so. They're used to the freedom of the steppes of Borella.

We move with Boomer as he steps past Chameleon and Siress Blassie out onto the dance floor.

BOOMER

Relax, folks. There's nothing to be concerned about. These fellow voyagers are only here to have a good time like the rest of us.

(to Nomen)

Right?

38 CLOSE ON FOUR NOMAN 38

They stare coldly at Boomer for a beat, then the leader, Maga, places a disk in the computer which the Maitre d' is holding with a trembling hand. It blinks four times.

39 ON BOOMER 39

He sighs and relaxes slightly. The music starts and after a few beats couples begin to resume dancing. The background chatter picks up, but there is still an air of tension in the lounge.

40 ON THE NOMEN 40

as they move silently across the room towards an empty table in a corner. People quickly step aside as they pass.

41 ON BOOMER

41

as he rejoins Jolly.

BOOMER

They just want to have a little  
fun.

Jolly gives him a doubting look. Boomer picks up his grog  
and takes a sip. His eyes are on the Nomen...he's not sure  
either.

42 CLOSE ON CHAMELEON AND SIRESS BLASSIE

42

as they resume dancing. He looks very concerned and is moving  
to put as much distance between him and the Nomen as possible.

43 CLOSE ON THE NOMEN

43

as they sit at the table and begin to scan the people on the  
dance floor at the tables. They are obviously searching for  
someone.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN

44 ON CHAMELEON AND SIRESS BLASSIE - ASTPAL LOUNGE 44

as the music segues from one piece to another, many of the couples begin to drift back to their tables, thinning out the crowd on the dance floor.

SIRESS BLASSIE

That's the first coda I've danced since...since we escaped from the colonies.

(smiles)

It was nice.

CHAMELEON

Very nice.

45 ON BORELLIAN NOMEN 45

as they scan the couples moving back to the tables.

46 BACK ON CHAMELEON AND SIRESS BLASSIE 46

She begins to move toward their table, then realizes Chameleon isn't following. She turns back with a quizzical look. Chameleon is obviously watching the Nomen through the thinning crowd.

CHAMELEON

Siress. I wonder if you'd be kind enough to excuse me for a moment. I actually shuttled here on IFB business. It won't take long.

She looks concerned, but Chameleon's charming smile is reassuring.

SIRESS BLASSIE

(looking around)

I hope it isn't interviewing one of these young female warriors.

CHAMELEON

(laughs easily)

Let me assure you, I find a woman who has experienced life much more attractive than mere youth.

(beat)

I won't be long. Promise.

- 47 ON THE NOMEN 47
- Each is checking a different quadrant of the room. We see the youngest of the four, Taba, looking across the dance floor in the direction of Chameleon and Siress Blassie.
- 48 TABA'S POINT OF VIEW - CHAMELEON AND SIRESS BLASSIE 48
- A couple moves off the floor, revealing them just as Siress Blassie steps away. Chameleon makes eye contact with Taba, then turns and heads quickly for the hatch marked Gaming Deck Alpha.
- 49 CLOSE ON BOOMER 49
- He catches the eye contact between the two.
- 50 BACK ON NOMEN - FEATURE TABA AND MAGA 50
- Taba stiffens as he spots Chameleon. He gives a soft, trembling cry that jerks the heads of the other three Nomen around. Taba's hand automatically plucks two of the laser boles off his bandalero. The second he lifts them off, the opalescent glow changes to a red and they emit a low frequency hum that begins to climb in pitch and intensity. The music stops and everyone in the room turns toward the Nomen. Maga shoots Taba a withering glance and the young Nomen looks at the boles in his hands as if he doesn't understand how they got there.
- 51 ON CHAMELEON 51
- as he quickly ducks through the hatch to Gaming Deck Alpha..
- 52 ON BOOMER AND JOLLY 52
- Their hands, automatically, go to their laser pistols. (They don't draw them.)
- BOOMER
- Damn!
- Boomer breaks quickly across the room with Jolly beside him and most of the other warriors following.
- 53 ON THE NOMEN 53
- as Boomer arrives at the table. Maga looks up at Boomer.

CONTINUED

53 CONTINUED

53

MAGA

(calmly)

He is young. He activated them by accident.

JOLLY

Have him de-activate them.

BOOMER

(irate)

He can't. Once drawn, they have to be used or they reach critical mass and explode.

(to Maga)

How much time?

MAGA

(cooly)

Fifty microns.

BOOMER

(yells)

Clear the floor!

54 ANOTHER ANGLE

54

as everyone in the room moves quickly aside, clearing a lane from the table to the far bulkhead. Taba is looking at the boles in his hand with growing concern. The pitch is now screaming and the glow has turned to a deep lava color. Maga is quite cool, perhaps even enjoying it.

BOOMER

(pointing)

The vertical supporter!

Taba looks at Maga, the sound so loud now that people are holding their ears. After a beat, Maga nods.

55 ON TABA

55

He stands quickly and with a flick of the wrist sends the two laser boles singing across the room. They separate and a thin laser beam leaps from one to the other forming a lethal cutting beam.

56 ON THE VERTICAL SUPPORT

56

as the boles whip by on either side, the laser beam slices through the steel as if it were butter. The sound instantly dies and the boles, returning to their opalescent color, bounce harmlessly off the bulkhead.

57 BACK ON NOMEN'S TABLE

57

JOLLY

Good Lord!

BOOMER

(angry)

Borellian Nomen don't draw laser  
boles by accident.

Maga stiffens. No one speaks to a Nomen like that, but he is smart enough to realize he doesn't stand a chance in a room full of armed Colonial Warriors.

MAGA

He is young. The music excited him.  
That is all.

(beat)

It will not happen again.

BOOMER

That's a fact. Cause if you're staying  
here, those weapons are coming off.

TABA

(angrily)

It is against our code to be unarmed!

BOOMER

YOU should have thought of that before  
you got...excited.

Taba's hand starts to move for the other laser boles, but his arm is gripped firmly by Maga. After a beat....

MAGA

(spits out)

And we should have known better than  
to mingle with other colonists.

(rising)

We will await transportation back to  
our ship in the docking lounge.

58 ANOTHER ANGLE

58

as the Nomen move gracefully across the room. Taba picks up the two laser boles and reattaches them on his bandalero. As he does, he stares directly at Boomer, the threat obvious. Then they disappear through the entrance hatch.

59 ON BOOMER, JOLLY AND OTHERS

59

The music starts up again and the room begins to settle down.

CONTINUED

59 CONTINUED

59

We move with Boomer and Jolly as they cross to the support beam and check the slice.

JOLLY

What if he missed and hit someone?

BOOMER

Nomen don't miss. Besides, you heard the man, we only had fifty microns til they exploded.

JOLLY

(pales)

I think I need some food.

BOOMER

Well, I need a drink.

They move back to rejoin the others at the bar.

60 GAMING DECK ALPHA

60

The small, smoke-filled room is jammed with warriors and colonists. As we move through the room, we see a Galactic version of Roulette (bets placed on triangles and using three balls in a globe), craps (using large cubes with digital readouts), one-armed bandits (futuristic in design and using colored lights which the player pre-sets and then tries to match on the machine), etc. Eventually, we isolate on one of the Black-Jack style tables where Starbuck, Apollo, and two colonists are playing head-to-head against a dealer. We see Chameleon, standing behind Starbuck and watching him carefully.

61 ON STARBUCK AND APOLLO

61

The dealer has a triangle on the cloth in front of him with three cards face up on the points and one face down in the center. Each of the players has the same thing only their cards on the points are face down and they have the option of a center card face up if they wish.

Everyone is waiting for Starbuck to play as he studies his cards, the others on the table and then works the computer. Apollo is quietly amused at all this, but the crowd that has gathered around behind them is very interested. Finally, Starbuck looks up at the dealer with a smile.

STARBUCK

Build me.

CONTINUED

61

CONTINUED

61

As the dealer slips a card off the top of the deck, Starbuck leans forward slightly, listening intently. Apollo has to choke back a laugh. Satisfied the card has been legitimately dealt, Starbuck checks it, then the computer and finally slides forth a pile of cubits that has the crowd buzzing.

STARBUCK

I'll hover with these.

The dealer flips over his center card.

DEALER

Hands higher than half a pyramid win.

The two colonists lose, but Starbuck grins as he flips his three down cards over. The crowd gives an excited gasp and the dealer shoves a huge pile of cubits to Starbuck. Chameleon raises his eyebrows appreciatively.

STARBUCK

(to Apollo)

Stick with me, buddy. This system can't lose.

APOLLO

The evening's young.

STARBUCK

The trouble with you is a lack of faith.

APOLLO

No. An over-abundance of experience... with your systems.

62

ANOTHER ANGLE

62

as one of the losers leaves his seat and Chameleon slides into it, next to Starbuck. They exchange polite smiles as Starbuck checks his cards and the computer.

CHAMELEON

You seem to be very lucky, Lieutenant.

STARBUCK

Luck has nothing to do with it, although I can't convince my buddy of that.

(to dealer)

Build me.

CONTINUED



62

CONTINUED

62

Starbuck checks the down card and makes another big wager. Then he glances at Apollo's cards. Apollo starts to motion for another card, but Starbuck shakes his head.

APOLLO

(ignoring him)

Build me.

The dealer slides out a card, Apollo, looks, then flips his hand over...busted. Starbuck gives Apollo a knowing look that has Apollo wanting to kill him. The dealer flips over his center card.

DEALER

Two-thirds of a pyramid.

STARBUCK

(flipping  
his cards)

Three quarters.

The crowd applauds as the dealer pushes another pile of cubits to Starbuck. Apollo stares at Starbuck...maybe he is too cautious?

63

INT. DOCKING LOUNGE - RISING STAR

63

The four Nomen are seated on one side of the lounge, staring blankly at the people seated on the opposite side. The people are crammed together even though there are plenty of empty seats besides the Nomen. Scanners at the seats are carrying an IFB show on the galaxy the fleet is presently in. (Perhaps we can pick up a NOVA-type show for this.) All eyes, though, are on the Nomen.

CREWMAN'S VOICE

(over speaker)

Canarious shuttle now ready for  
boarding. Inter-fleet orbit Beta.  
Docking at the Trinian, Pisces,  
Agro Ship, and the Freighter Borella.

The air lock hisses and open. The group moves quickly through the hatch, relieved to see the Nomen are not joining them. As the last one exits and the air-lock hisses shut...Maga turns to Bora who is seated between him and Taba.

MAGA

(pointing to Taba)

This fool is of your blood. I hold  
you responsible.

BORA

(nods)

I accept my burden for Taba. And  
vow, we will bring down the prey.

CONTINUED

63

CONTINUED

63

MAGA

(laughs)

Tell me something I don't know, Bora.

(stares hard  
at Taba)Like how a Borellian Noman could  
draw his weapon without thinking!

TABA

(apologetic)

I'm sorry, Maga, I saw that jackal  
Dimitri who cheated us and....

MAGA

(cuts him off)

Your lack of training is disgusting.  
You alert the warriors, warn our  
prey and now apologize!

(beat)

If you wish to apologize, do it  
after you have been punished...  
if you survive.

Taba looks away from Maga's withering glare. After a beat, Maga turns and stares straightahead at the hatch leading to the Astral Lounge of the Rising Star...waiting.

64

CLOSE ON CHAMELEON'S HANDS - GAMING ROOM

64

as he expertly riffles the deck. He even does it better than Starbuck.

65

WIDER ON TABLE

65

as Chameleon hands the deck to the dealer, who begins flipping out the hands. Starbuck checks his hand, the computer, then turns to Chameleon. Chameleon places his bet on the triangle and stands pat. Starbuck, with a smile, begins to move nearly his entire stack of cubits forward. The crowd is silent with awe. Apollo looks shocked. Before Starbuck can push the cubits to the betting triangle, Chameleon leans in and gently touches his arm.

66

CLOSE ON CHAMELEON AND STARBUCK

66

as the elder man leans in and whispers in his ear.

CONTINUED

66 CONTINUED

66

CHAMELEON

Pardon me. I realize it's none of my concern, but the system you're playing has one flaw. The odds are three to one against the dealer holding a capstone. But if he is... you can't win and your system does not consider that.

(beat)

I thought you should know.

Starbuck looks at Chameleon for a beat, then withdraws most of his cubits, still leaving a sizeable bet.

67 BACK ON ALL

67

The dealer flips his center card.

DEALER

(smiles)

Capstone and full pyramid. No winners.

The crowd sags as the dealer rakes in Starbuck's bet.

APOLLO

Can't lose?

STARBUCK

It's got one little flaw. I'll work it out.

(to Chameleon)

Thanks...ah....

CHAMELEON

Chameleon.

STARBUCK

I'm Starbuck and this is my conscience...Apollo.

APOLLO

(shaking Chameleon's hand)

You just saved me from an early shuttle home listening to all the reasons why his system should have worked.

CHAMELEON

I'd be honored if you officers would permit me to purchase you a drink.

CONTINUED

67

CONTINUED

67

STARBUCK  
(diddling with  
computer)

I think I got it figured out.

Apollo practically drags him out of his seat.

APOLLO  
That's a wonderful idea.

They move towards the bar area with Starbuck stil protesting.

68

ON TABLE - BAR AREA OF GAMING ROOM

68

as the trio sits, Chameleon takes the middle.

CHAMELEON  
Three ambrosas?

Starbuck and Apollo nod. Chameleon places a cubit in the large cube in the center of the table, presses a selection and they each open a door in the cube and remove their drinks.

STARBUCK  
I thought I discovered this system.

CHAMELEON  
I'm afraid, Lieutenant, I was using it on Caprica when you were still in swaddling. Although I must say I never met anyone else who played it.

APOLLO  
If it exists, Starbuck will play it.  
(smiles)  
Are you a professional wagerer?

CHAMELEON  
No. I gave up serious wagering long ago, when...  
(beat)  
Well, I gave it up.  
(lifts his glass)  
To Earth and a normal existence for us all.

As they toast and drink, there is a roar from the people playing at one of the pyramid tables. Starbuck's attention is immediately back to the game.

CONTINUED

APOLLO

What do you do now?

CHAMELEON

I'm a genetic tracer.

(beat)

The annihilation of our colonies severed nearly every family structure that existed in our world. My task is reuniting separated survivors in the fleet. Of course that's not terribly difficult when we know their names and home planets. A simple computer cross-reference settles most cases. But uniting nameless orphans with blood relatives who have never been seen...that's the challenge and the reward.

Starbuck is suddenly interested in the conversation.

STARBUCK

But that's impossible.

CHAMELEON

Difficult, Lieutenant Starbuck, but not impossible. If I have a reason to believe such a relationship exists, there are genetic tests that can confirm or deny it.

(beat)

I have already affected three such reunions.

APOLLO

You mean you can test everyone in the fleet and tell who's related to who?

CHAMELEON

Theoretically, yes. But to cross-match everyone would take thousands of yahrens. The verification procedure requires taking neurological cell samples from both subjects and putting them through rather technical tests. At the moment, simply cross-testing two babes with a score of possible relatives is over taxing our limited facilities.

CONTINUED

APOLLO

Fascinating.

(beat)

How did you ever switch from a professional wagerer to a genetic tracer: they seem light yahrens apart.

Chameleon hesitates and seems reluctant to go on. After a beat....

APOLLO

I'm sorry, I didn't mean to pry.

CHAMELEON

It's quite all right.

(beat)

I did it out of necessity, Captain.

(thinking back)

I was badly injured in one of the first Cylon raids on Caprica. For nearly five yahrens I was a traumatic amnesiac. Upon recovering, I learned that my wife had been killed in the raid, but evidently my baby son had escaped. I tried to find him.

(beat)

What began as a search for my own flesh and blood turned into a new career.

STARBUCK

Did you find him?

Chameleon looks at his glass for a beat, then turns to Starbuck with a bittersweet smile.

CHAMELEON

(softly)

No, Starbuck. I never did.

Starbuck stares at Chameleon for a beat.

STARBUCK

(softly)

This raid...where and when did it take place?

CHAMELEON

You've probably never heard of it.

(beat)

It occurred on the edge of the Caprican Thorn Forest...called Umbra.

CONTINUED

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31

69

CONTINUED

69

70

CLOSE ON STARBUCK

70

He is staring at Chameleon with a look of shock.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN

71 ON APOLLO, STARBUCK AND CHAMELEON

71

at the table in the gaming room. Chameleon appears concerned at Starbuck's shocked expression.

CHAMELEON

Lieutenant...what's wrong?

STARBUCK

(softly)

I was orphaned in the raid on Umbra.

For a beat, Chameleon stares hard at Starbuck, then looks to Apollo, who is equally shocked.

CHAMELEON

To say the least, this is an incredible coincidence.

STARBUCK

Chameleon....

CHAMELEON

(cuts him off)

Before you go any further, let me say there were three thousand seven hundred and sixteen children found wandering in the Thorn Forest after that raid. One thousand and seventy six were re-united with their families, which left two thousand six hundred and forty orphans. I know...those figures are burned into my brain.

(beat)

The chances of you being...my son, are astronomically low.

STARBUCK

But....

After a beat:

CHAMELEON

(smiles)

Yes...there is a chance.

APOLLO

Starbuck, this is wonderful!

(beat)

But don't get over-enthused.

CONTINUED



CHAMELEON

Yes. We would both be foolish to get our hopes up.

For a moment Starbuck and Chameleon stare at each other. Then Starbuck turns to Apollo.

STARBUCK

Always cautious.

APOLLO

Starbuck...I know you. I don't want to see you hurt.

STARBUCK

Hey...I realize the odds are slim. My real father's probably dead... or lost forever.

(beat)

But...what if he's not?

(turns to

Chameleon)

What if you're him? We have the same color eyes...did you notice that?

CHAMELEON

Yes.

STARBUCK

(picking up steam)

And the system. We came up with the same Pyramid system. I love to wager and you were a professional!

APOLLO

Starbuck...you're doing it!

STARBUCK

(turns quickly)

Apollo...this man could be my father!

APOLLO

The key words, buddy are could be.

CHAMELEON

Starbuck, he's right! The odds are nearly three thousand to one against it.

CONTINUED

71 CONTINUED - 2

71

STARBUCK

Okay...the odds are against it. But we have a way to find out.

(to Chameleon)

How long will this genetic test take?

CHAMELEON

Ten centares for absolute confirmation... when a facility is available. We have a waiting list a yahren long and much as I might want to, I can't ethically put us ahead of those toddlers on the orphan ship.

STARBUCK

(sags)

No...of course not.

For a moment there is silence between the three men, then Chameleon leans forward, a slight hopeful smile on his face.

CHAMELEON

We could do a hemo-type and iris cone count. It's very crude and would match up hundreds, even thousands of people. But it is a beginning. I'm sure you have the facilities on board the Galactica.

APOLLO

What about your facilities?

Chameleon stares at Apollo, then sighs.

CHAMELEON

To be perfectly honest, Captain, there's a chance you may even have the equipment to run a complete genetic test.

STARBUCK

(enthusiastic)

What are we waiting for...let's go!

Chameleon and Apollo lock eyes for a beat, then Apollo smiles.

APOLLO

Okay. Let me order up the shuttle while you two finish your drinks.

CONTINUED

71 CONTINUED - 3

71

Apollo stands, shakes his head with a smile, then works his way through the crowd towards the hatch. We hold on the table.

STARBUCK

Where do we begin?

CHAMELEON

How about with your birth...or rather...my son's birth. The third phase of Virgo...in 7318.

STARBUCK

(feigns a frown)

I hoped I'd be younger.

They both laugh and well pull back from the table as Chameleon goes on with Starbuck listening intently.

72 ON ADAMA - SCANNER SCREEN

72

ADAMA

(pleased)

This is incredible news. I couldn't be happier. I'll have Cassiopea set up the tests and send the shuttle at once.

73 ON APOLLO AND SCREEN - GLASS BOOTH ON ASTRAL LOUNGE

73

Boomer is waiting outside the booth, and behind him the crowd is dancing to a moving beat. But the insulation is so complete we can't hear a thing outside the booth.

APOLLO

(touch worried)

We'll be waiting.

ADAMA

(picking up on it)

What's troubling you, son.

APOLLO

Starbuck is already acting as if Chameleon is his father. Chances are he's not and I'm afraid he's setting himself up for a terrible disappointment.

CONTINUED

ADAMA

Perhaps he is. But we can't change how he feels.

(beat)

And this Chameleon may just be his father. You even said there are many physical and personality similarities.

APOLLO

(smiles)

You're right. Perhaps I'm being too cautious. But if I am, it's something I inherited from you.

ADAMA

(laughs)

Apollo...you can't blame your mother and I for everything you do. See you soon, son.

The monitor blinks off. Apollo stares at it a beat, then turns. The glass door automatically slides open, admitting a rush of music and crowd noises.

APOLLO

Shuttle's on its way.

BOOMER

This furlon is turning into one surprise after another.

(off Apollo's look)

Had a bit of a run in with some Borellian Nomen.

APOLLO

(surprised)

On the Rising Star?

BOOMER

Yah...I don't know, Apollo. I hope they were just here to have fun...But I got a feeling they were on a blood trail.

APOLLO

Where are they now?

BOOMER

Gone. They went to the docking lounge quite a while ago.

74 CONTINUED

74

Before Apollo can digest this news, he spots Starbuck and Chameleon coming through the hatch from the Gaming Deck.

APOLLO

Here they come.

75 CLOSE ON CHAMELEON AND STARBUCK

75

as they enter the lounge, laughing and animated.

76 CLOSE ON BOOMER

76

He vaguely remembers seeing Chameleon in the confrontation with the Nomen.

77 BACK ON CHAMELEON AND STARBUCK

77

The music is loud and we can't hear what Chameleon is saying. Starbuck nods and moves towards camera as Chameleon crosses to Siress Blassie's table. We widen with Starbuck as he reaches Boomer and Apollo.

STARBUCK

(grinning)

You know what he's doing? Explaining to a Siress he met on the shuttle over here why he can't take her home. I tell you guys, we've got to be related!

Apollo and Boomer look at each other.

78 DOCKING LOUNGE - RISING STAR

78

The four Nomen are sitting stoically in their seats. The scanners are still transmitting the same program we saw earlier (NOVA) but the Nomen's eyes are riveted to the hatch. The air lock on the other side hisses and opens. The Nomen turn as one to the hatch. Sheba and Ahtena enter laughing, which stops the second they spot the Nomen. There is an awkward moment as the Nomen eye them like pieces of meat to be auctioned off. The girls' hands rest on their weapons.

79 ENTRANCE HATCH TO ASTRAL LOUNGE

79

as it slides open and Boomer, Starbuck, Apollo and Chameleon enter. They greet the girls, then spot the Nomen. Chameleon pales and steps behind Starbuck. We widen as Boomer steps toward the Nomen with Apollo at his side.

CONTINUED

BOOMER

I thought you were leaving.

Maga stares at him for a long beat. Then....

MAGA

By what authority do you question us, Lieutenant? Are we not human. Are we not members of this fleet with equal rights and privileges?

APOLLO

(stepping forward)

Yes, you are. Only most colonists don't know much about you and fear you.

MAGA

That is their problem. Why should we suffer for it?

APOLLO

You shouldn't. But it's true, nevertheless.

BOOMER

Your actions in the lounge didn't exactly promote good will.

MAGA

You are right. We, too, have much to learn.

(beat)

The Canarius was full. We are waiting for the next shuttle.

As Boomer and Apollo exchange glances...

STARBUCK

(calling)

Come on, guys. We're wasting time.

APOLLO

Starbuck, we're coming.

(to Maga)

Sorry we bothered you.

Maga nods slightly. As Apollo and Boomer join the others and move through the airlock, we move in tight on Maga, his eyes following Chameleon.

80 CLOSE ON CHAMELEON 80

As he moves into the air-lock smiling and chatting with Starbuck and the girls, his eyes flick for one instant to Maga's. They are filled with instant fear, then he disappears.

81 BACK ON MAGA AND THE NOMEN 81

The air-lock hisses shut and they turn as one to Maga.

BORA

The prey Dimitri has obviously found protection with the warrior called Starbuck.

TABA

What can we do? They're going to the Galactica.

Maga ignores them. He is thinking. As we move in on his face, we see a sinister smile begin to form.

82 MAGA'S POINT OF VIEW - SCANNER SCREEN 82

We see Omega on the bridge giving his recruiting pitch.

OMEGA

...If you want to be part of the team defending the fleet, request an open channel to Galactica recruitment.

(beat)

We need you.

83 GALACTICA SHUTTLE 83

as it pulls away from the Rising Star and starts across the fleet towards the gigantic battlestar.

84 INT. SHUTTLE COCKPIT 84

Sheba and Athena are at the controls with Boomer and Apollo observing over their shoulders.

SHEBA

I think it's wonderful! All these yahren, and then to find his father... it's a miracle!

BOOMER

If it is his father...we don't know that.

CONTINUED

APOLLO

Thank the Lords of Kobol...at least  
I'm not the only voice in the wilderness.

ATHENA

You've been around my brother too  
long, Boomer.

BOOMER

Maybe.

(glances back;  
then whispers)

Look, it didn't connect until I saw  
Chameleon with Starbuck. But when  
that young Noman plucked those  
laser boles, I swear he was looking  
straight at Chameleon.

SHEBA

The Noman did what!

APOLLO

(warding off  
her question)

We'll explain it later.

(to Boomer)

You think they're after Chameleon?

BOOMER

I don't know...maybe.

ATHENA

Even those Nomen are after him. He's  
safe now and I don't see what that has  
to do with him being Starbuck's father.

(off Apollo's look)

Maybe being Starbuck's father.

APOLLO

If he was running from Nomen, he'd  
need protection.

BOOMER

And we just escorted him off the Rising  
Star.

For a beat, the four just look at each other realizing all  
the implications.

as it approaches the Galactica landing bay.



86 INT. MEDICAL CENTER - CLOSE ON CASSIOPEA 86

She is peering through an instrument, that the pull back reveals to be a double scope. At the other end, Starbuck has his eye to one end of the instrument and Chameleon's eye is on the other. Cassiopea leans back and presses a switch.

87 CLOSE ON TWO DIGITAL READOUTS 87

Numbers begin to flick on both. They finally stop with one reading 108,650 and the other reading 108,740.

88 ON ADAMA, APOLLO, BOOMER, SHEBA AND ATHENA 88

watching this. They look up expectantly at Cassiopea.

89 ANOTHER ANGLE ON ALL - FEATURE CASSIOPEA 89

She makes a note of the numbers then presses a few more buttons and checks another readout. Finally she shuts down the equipment.

CASSIOPEA

It's finished.

Starbuck and Chameleon get up from the equipment and look at him.

STARBUCK

Well?

CASSIOPEA

(smiles)

You're both from the same planet, from the same tribe and are at least related within ten generations.

Starbuck gives a whoop and embraces Chameleon who seems stunned.

CASSIOPEA

(shakes her head)

Starbuck, there are hundreds of people aboard the fleet that could probably match you both on this test. It's not scientifically conclusive.

Adama steps forward with a warm smile and grasps Starbuck and Chameleon, who still looks stunned.

ADAMA

But it is an auspicious beginning. I'm happy for both of you.

(to Cassiopea)

Can you do the genetic tests?

CONTINUED

89 CONTINUED

89

CASSIOPEA

(smiles)

Yes. Immediately if these two are up to it. But, I think Mister Chameleon could use some rest.

CHAMELEON

(still stunned)

No. Let's begin at once!

CASSIOPEA

(gesturing)

This way, gentlemen...and you, too, Starbuck.

Starbuck laughs, he is really feeling good.

90 ON APOLLO, BOOMER, ATHENA AND SHEBA

90

as Adama joins them. They don't look exactly overjoyed.

ADAMA

From the look on your faces, you'd think the preliminaries were negative.

APOLLO

(concerned)

In a way, father, I wish they were.

Apollo glances around at the other medical people and patients in the center, then turns back to the group.

APOLLO

Could we discuss this in your quarters?

Adama nods and leads the others out.

91 ON TIGH AND OMEGA - LANDING BAY

91

TIGH

Welcome aboard the Galactica.

(beat)

Most of you have never set foot on the deck of a Battlestar before and it's normal to find it a bit overwhelming.

92 ANOTHER ANGLE

92

Showing Tigh addressing a number of civilians carrying baggage, who have just exited the shuttle docked behind them.

CONTINUED

92 CONTINUED

92

TIGH

You'll soon get to know and love her  
as we do. So you don't get lost  
on your first centon aboard,  
Flight Officer Omega will escort you  
to the induction center for your  
oaths and assignment to recruit quarters.  
(beat)

Omega.

OMEGA

(leading off)

Follow me, please.

93 CLOSE ON TIGH

93

as he watches the new warriors being led off by Omega. He  
smiles pleasantly, then the smile freezes and an eyebrow goes  
up.

94 TIGH'S POINT OF VIEW - FOUR BORELLIAN NOMEN

94

as they march past him.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN

95

ADAMA'S QUARTERS

95

Adama is behind the desk, Sheba and Athena are seated at the starwindow, Boomer is leaning against the bulkhead and Apollo is pacing back and forth.

APOLLO

If Chameleon was lying to gain Starbuck's protection, why is he so anxious to rush into these genetic tests? You'd think he'd want to delay them to stay aboard the Galactica as long as possible.

SHEBA

(pointed)

Perhaps because he isn't lying

APOLLO

(sighs)

I'm beginning to feel like an Equinises Astram.

BOOMER

That makes two of us.

ADAMA

Have you checked Chameleon's story?

APOLLO

How do we check out something he claimed happened twenty yahrens ago on Caprica?

ADAMA

You could start by having Colonel Tigh run a routine security check.

(beat)

But I'd do it with discretion. I'm no so sure Starbuck would understand if we found out.

APOLLO

You don't share my concern, do you, Father?

ADAMA

Apollo, I wasn't there. And I'm just as cautious in these matters as you. But, if you feel this man could be using Starbuck, then act on your beliefs.

CONTINUED

BOOMER

I guess a security check is about all we can do.

ADAMA

You could also confront Chameleon with your concerns.

APOLLO

Father, I'd be practically calling the man a liar!

SHEBA

Not practically.

ADAMA

If Chameleon is telling the truth, he'll understand. If he isn't... well, I wouldn't worry about hurting his feelings.

Apollo turns and looks at the others.

SHEBA

Don't look at me. I believe the man.

ATHENA

Me, too.

BOOMER

(sighs)

I think I'd rather go on patrol... but, I'm with you.

APOLLO

(to Athena)

Athena, will you ask Colonel Tigh to run the security check.

ATHENA

Yes. But I'm not going to tell anyone what it's for.

Everyone starts filing out. Apollo hesitates at Adama's desk.

APOLLO

I hope I'm wrong.

ADAMA

(smiles)

I know you do, son.

Apollo nods and exits. We hold briefly on Adama.

## CLOSE ON STARBUCK - MEDICAL TESTING FACILITY

He is sitting in a slightly reclined chair (Galactica version of dentist's chair) as we pull back to reveal Cassiopea fitting a rather complex apparatus over his head. Chameleon is in a chair next to him, already in the rig. In the background a large bank of computers is working.

STARBUCK

This isn't going to hurt, is it?

CASSIOPEA

(smiles)

My hero.

STARBUCK

I just want to know what you're doing.

CASSIOPEA

I'm going to extract a neuro cell.

STARBUCK

(more apprehensive)

A brain cell...from my head? And it's not dangerous!

CASSIOPEA

(adjusting)

Only if there's nothing in there to extract.

Chameleon laughs and Starbuck shoots Cassiopea a hurt look as she steps back, the adjustments finished.

CASSIOPEA

Starbuck, you won't feel a thing. The finite laser extractor will withdraw a single neuro cell without even breaking the epidermis layer on your head.

STARBUCK

Still sounds dangerous.

Cassiopea shakes her head and exits.

## OUTER ROOM - MEDICAL TESTING FACILITY

We can see Starbuck and Chameleon through the glass window, but can't hear them. Cassiopea enters and moves to the control console. She and her assistant begin to activate switches, scanners and tapes. Behind her we see Apollo and Boomer enter.

CONTINUED

98 CONTINUED

98

APOLLO

How's it going?

CASSIOPEA

Fine. Just about ready.

Apollo exchanges a glance with Boomer.

APOLLO

Look, Cassiopea. Can you hold Starbuck here after the test. Boomer and I want a word with Chameleon... alone.

CASSIOPEA

(turns to Apollo)

What's going on, Apollo?

APOLLO

(uncomfortable)

Nothing, really. Just some routine questions.

Cassiopea studies him for a beat, then turns back to setting up the console.

99 CLOSE ON CASSIOPEA

99

as she works.

CASSIOPEA

(softly)

Apollo. You know I have more than a medical interest in Starbuck.

100 BACK TIGHT ON ALL THREE

100

Apollo is reluctant to tell Cassiopea. He glances at Boomer.

BOOMER

There's a chance that Chameleon is pulling a hoax.

APOLLO

(off her reaction)

Just a chance. We'd like to check it out.

Cassiopea turns back and looks through the window. We see Chameleon and Starbuck sitting in the chairs.

CASSIOPEA

God, I hope you're wrong.

101 CASSIOPEA'S POINT OF VIEW - STARBUCK AND CHAMELEON 101

through the window. They are engaged in an animated conversation that we can't hear, but it's obvious Starbuck is hanging on every word.

102 MALE RECRUIT QUARTERS 102

There is a lot of excited chatter as the new recruits select bunks and begin stowing their gear. We see one recruit flop on a bunk in the corner and check the mattress. A shadow crosses him and the four Nomen are staring at him. He gives an awkward smile and gets up, moving to another bunk.

103 ON OMEGA AND CORPORAL COMA 103

standing in the center of the room.

OMEGA

We'll issue you uniforms and start your physical and mental tests after sleep period. It will be a busy day, so try and get some rest.

(turns)

Corporal Coma has the watch in this compartment.

Omega exits and Coma begins moving through the recruits.

COMA

If you have any questions, I'll try to answer them.

Maga steps up behind Coma and taps him on the shoulder. Coma smiles and turns...the smile instantly drops.

COMA

(touch awkward)

Yes?

MAGA

We have a friend, a Warrior who saved our lives during the escape from the colonies. Would his quarters be near here?

COMA

What's his name?

BORA

Starbuck. Lieutenant Starbuck.

CONTINUED



103 CONTINUED

103

COMA

(surprised)

Starbuck's billeted with Blue Squadron  
on Beta deck.

(beat)

I'm afraid you can't go up there, it's  
restricted area. But I'll tell him  
you're aboard.

Maga turns and goes back to his bunk. We hold on Corporal Coma  
for a beat, then another recruit approaches him with a question.

104 OFFICER'S CLUB - GALACTICA

104

Chameleon, Apollo and Boomer are seated at a table. Around them  
other members of duty squadrons are chatting, playing darts, etc.

CHAMELEON

Why don't you come to the point,  
Captain? Something is obviously  
troubling you. Or you wouldn't have  
gone to all the bother of getting me  
here alone.

Apollo looks uncomfortably at Boomer.

BOOMER

I was in the Astral Lounge when those  
Borellian Nomen plucked a pair of  
laser boles.

(beat)

It looked like they might be after you.

Chameleon sips his drink, then looks up at them.

CHAMELEON

Yes. They may have been after me.

Apollo and Boomer are surprised at the straight answer.

CHAMELEON

They had a child they said was their  
nephew.

(beat)

The genetic test I conducted proved  
them wrong.

APOLLO

And they're after you for that?

CHAMELEON

I don't know. But considering how

CONTINUED

.04 CONTINUED

CHAMELEON (Cont'd)  
volatile they are...it is possible.  
Their code leaves little latitude for  
error.

BOOMER  
Why didn't you report this to fleet  
security?

CHAMELEON  
Report what? They have done nothing  
to harm me.  
(smiles)  
I am touched by your concern, gentlemen.  
But in any case, it is no longer a  
problem. And I doubt it ever was.

Chameleon starts to drink, then stops.

CHAMELEON  
There's more to it, isn't there?

APOLLO  
You didn't feel the need for warrior  
protection?

CHAMELEON  
No...not really. I...  
(acts surprised)  
You thought I concocted a story about  
losing a son to get off the Rising Star  
with a warrior.

BOOMER  
(sheepishly)  
It seems kind of silly now.

APOLLO  
Chameleon...we're sorry. We were only  
worried about Starbuck -- being used.

CHAMELEON  
(warm smile)  
As should close friends. I'm not angry.  
In fact, I'm touched. It only  
reinforces my hope that Starbuck is  
my son. He must be a fine man to  
have such wonderful friends.

Boomer and Apollo are really embarrassed now.

CONTINUED

104 CONTINUED - 2

104

APOLLO

I'm going to check on those Nomen.  
If they are after you....

CHAMELEON

(cuts in)

Please. I don't want to be the cause  
of trouble for anyone...even Nomen.  
They can do me no harm on the Galactica.  
Let's just wait for the test results and  
and pray for the best.

Apollo nods and lifts his mug.

APOLLO

To a positive match.

Boomer and Chameleon join him in the toast.

105 CLOSE ON CORPORAL COMA - MALE RECRUIT QUARTERS

105

He is sitting at the duty desk near the door going through some  
papers. The rest of the room is dark and everyone seem sto be  
asleep. After a beat, Coma stops and slowly looks up.

106 COMA'S POINT OF VIEW - MAGA

106

Towering above him, across the desk. The other three Nomen are  
behind Maga.

107 ANGLE ON ALL

107

COMA

(getting over shock)

Yes?

MAGA

We need a room to pray in.

COMA

What?

MAGA

Our code requires we pray in private  
...a small room will do.

COMA

Sorry. All recruits are restricted  
to quarters until security checks are  
conducted.

CONTINUED

107 CONTINUED

107

BORA

Are you denying us our religious freedom?

COMA

No. But....

MAGA

If we do not pray...in private, it is an unpardonable sin.

Coma stares at them for a beat, then rises.

COMA

I suppose you could use the supply compartment.

MAGA

Any room will do, so long as it's private.

108 MOVING WITH CORPORAL COMA AND THE NOMEN

108

as he opens the door to the supply room in the recruit quarters. He moves inside, pushing a rack of uniforms out of the way to make room.

COMA

I don't know how in Hades you guys are going to make warriors.

We move in on Taba as he closes the door, his face to camera.

TABA

(softly)

We are warriors.

109 CORRIDOR - GALACTICA

109

Boomer and Apollo are moving down the corridor as Starbuck appears smiling from the other end.

STARBUCK

(brightly)

Hi! Seen my father?

BOOMER

Ah...yah, we just left Chameleon in the Officers' Club.

110 ANOTHER ANGLE - ON COLONEL TIGH

110

as he comes down the corridor.

TIGH

(calling)

Apollo. That security check on  
Chameleon just came through.

Apollo and Boomer crings slightly, but it's too late.

STARBUCK

What?

APOLLO

Look, Starbuck. Let me explain.

STARBUCK

(very angry)

What's to explain! Ever since I  
met Chameleon, you've thrown ice  
water on the idea that he might be my  
father.

BOOMER

Starbuck, we had our reasons.

STARBUCK

Oh, you, too...buddy.

BOOMER

When we were on the Rising Star....

APOLLO

(cuts Boomer off)

It's not Boomer, it's me. I don't  
know the man, and I thought it  
might be a good idea to run a security  
check.

Boomer looks at Apollo, who just shakes his head slightly, not  
wanting to tell Starbuck the reasons.

STARBUCK

(really pissed)

The trouble with you is you don't have  
faith in anyone or anything...except  
yourself!

TIGH

What is going on?

CONTINUED

110

CONTINUED

110

STARBUCK

The end of a friendship.

(cold)

Captain...Lieutenant. I'll be with my father if you want to count the mess hall silver. Otherwise, stay clear of me!

Starbuck strides off.

111

ANOTHER ANGLE - APOLLO, BOOMER, TIGH

111

Apollo and Boomer are at a loss.

TIGH

His father?

BOOMER

There's a chance Chameleon is Starbuck's father.

TIGH

That's interesting, since, according to our records, no one named Chameleon exists.

SMASH CUT TO

112

CLOSE ON ADAMA - BRIDGE OF THE GALACTICA

112

ADAMA

Then who is he?

We widen to include Apollo, Boomer, Tigh and Omega in the background at his station.

APOLLO

Whoever he is, he's lying.

TIGH

But what could he want?

BOOMER

Protection from some Nomen who are after him.

TIGH

(shocked)

Nomen...Borellian Nomen?

Boomer and Apollo nod. Tigh whips to Omega who is also looking surprised.

CONTINUED

112 CONTINUED

112

TIGH

Where are they?

OMEGA

Recruitment quarters...in sleep period.

TIGH

Alert the crewman on watch.

APOLLO

(shocked)

Nomen...aboard the Galactica?

TIGH

Four. They came in the latest batch of recruits.

OMEGA

Duty desk in recruit quarters doesn't answer.

ADAMA

Get security down there at once.

(to Apollo)

Find Starbuck and Chameleon. Keep them in protective custody until we can locate those Nomen.

APOLLO

Yes, sir.

Apollo starts to take off, Adama stops him.

113 TIGHT ON ADAMA AND APOLLO

113

ADAMA

Apollo. You were right and I was wrong.

APOLLO

Not wrong. Father, you're the one who taught me to stick to my convictions... even when you disagreed.

Adama and Apollo exchange smiles and Apollo exits.

114 TIGHT ON "BETA SECTION" SIGN - CORRIDOR

114

We pull off the sign to reveal the four Nomen, now wearing flight deck coveralls and caps, as they move down the corridor. Two pilots come out of a hatch, talking. They spot the Nomen and stop.

CONTINUED

114 CONTINUED

114

PILOT ONE

Can we help you, Crewmen?

MAGA

We're trying to find Lieutenant Starbuck.  
Orders.

PILOT ONE

He's on furlon.

PILOT TWO

No, he's back. I saw him going down  
to launch bay Alpha with some civilian.

The Nomen turn and exit. The two pilots watch them for a beat,  
curious, then go back to their talk.

115 CLOSE ON VIPER CONTROL PANEL - LAUNCH BAY ALPHA

115

We see a hand pointing to various switches.

STARBUCK'S VOICE

Aux boost...main thrusters...and this  
little baby is the laser generator switch.

The hand moves to the red button on the stick.

STARBUCK'S VOICE

When it's on, all you have to do is  
press this button and a million voltons  
of firepower is unleashed.

We pull back to reveal Chameleon sitting in the cockpit with  
Starbuck kneeling on the outside. The Launch Bay is dark  
except for a few red and green lights high up.

CHAMELEON

(awed)

I can only imagine what it must be like...  
streaking through the stars, holding  
your fate in your hands.

STARBUCK

(pats the viper)

Yah. There's nothing quite like it  
in the universe.

(beat)

I'll miss it.

CHAMELEON

What do you mean?

CONTINUED



Starbuck stares at him for a beat, then...

STARBUCK

Even if the test comes out negative,  
I feel you're my father and that's all that's  
all that's important to me.

CHAMELEON

Starbuck....

STARBUCK

I mean it! And unless you feel  
differently about me...that's the way  
it's going to be.

CHAMELEON

(softly)

Starbuck, you don't really know anything  
about me.

STARBUCK

(brightly)

That's why I'm resigning from the  
service.

CHAMELEON

Resigning!

STARBUCK

I want to know you better. We've got  
a lot of catching up to do, and we can't  
do it with me shuttling over to the  
orphan ship between alerts.

CHAMELEON

But the Galactica needs you.

STARBUCK

We've got plenty of hot pilots...they  
don't need me.

(beat)

Besides, it's time I did something  
meaningful with my life.

CHAMELEON

Meaningful? What could be more  
important than defending the fleet?

STARBUCK

Reuniting babies with their families.  
Your work is so much more important  
than mine. You work with life...not  
death. And I want to help you...we'll  
be a great team.

CONTINUED

115 CONTINUED - 2

115

Chameleon stares at Starbuck whose face is beaming like a young child at Christmas.

CHAMELEON

Son...you make me feel very proud...  
and very little.

STARBUCK

(surprised)

Little?

Before Chameleon can answer, we hear the sound of the elevator. Chameleon turns, as does Starbuck.

116 THEIR POINT OF VIEW - FOUR NOMEN

116

as they step off the lift and move into the launch bay.

117 BACK CLOSE ON STARBUCK AND CHAMELEON

117

STARBUCK

What's the hanger crew doing down  
here with the squadron on furlon?

Chameleon recognizes them.

CHAMELEON

(whisper)

Starbuck...they're after me.

STARBUCK

(turns, surprised)

What?

Chameleon looks at him pleadingly and Starbuck whips back towards the approaching Nomen.

118 ANOTHER ANGLE - FEATURING STARBUCK

118

as he jumps down off the wing. The Nomen instantly whirl, to face him.

STARBUCK

What's going on?

MAGA

Where is he?

STARBUCK

Who?

CONTINUED

118 CONTINUED

118

BORA

The Boray, Captain Dimitri.

Starbuck begins to slowly back away, drawing the Nomen with him, away from the viper and towards the launch tube.

STARBUCK

No Dimitri down here, just me.

(beat)

Now I'll ask you one more time,  
what's going on?

Maga and the others unzip the tops of their coveralls, revealing the the crossed bandeleros.

MAGA

(slow smile)

A blood hunt, Lieutenant.

Suddenly, Maga gives a trill, warbling cry and the four Nomen disperse in a flash around the launch tube. Starbuck draws his gun and dives behind a support beam. For a beat, it is quiet, then we hear the sound of plucked laser balls and in the darkness of the launch tube, see two glowing orbs as they build in pitch and intensity. Starbuck fires as the two balls come streaking across the launch bay towards him, their laser beam a livid cutting edge.

119 ON STARBUCK

119

as he ducks and the laser boles slice the beam cleanly just inches above his head. We hear another set of laser boles activate...then another...and another...and another.

120 ON CHAMELEON

120

Watching this from the cockpit of the viper.

121 ON THE NOMEN - FEATURE MAGA

121

Spread out behind the protection of the launch tube wall. All four have glowing laser boles in their hands. The sound is incredible. The whine ear-splitting. The boles are approaching the lethallava red color. Starbuck is firing, but can't penetrate the launch tube walls.

122 BACK ON STARBUCK

122

Realizing he's trapped...he looks for a way to go...the only cover is too far away.

- 123 TIGHT ON VIPER COCKPIT 123  
Chameleon's hand activates the laser generator.
- 124 ON NOMEN AND VIPER 124  
Maga spots Chameleon in the cockpit. He gives a cry that can be heard even above the laser boles. He whirls to launch his boles at the viper.
- 125 CLOSE ON CHAMELEON'S FINGER 125  
as he hits the laser firing button.
- 126 WIDE ON LAUNCH BAY 126  
as the viper's lasers fire. The roar and exploding obliterates everything forward of the viper. The room is instantly filled with flame and smoke.
- 127 MOVING WITH STARBUCK 127  
as he races to the viper and climbs up on the wing. The entire front of the viper is burned and smoking from the blast.
- STARBUCK
- Father!
- 128 CLOSE ON COCKPIT 128  
as Chameleon's blackened face slowly looks up from where he is crouched.
- CHAMELEON  
(weakly)  
Son. You chose one hell of a way to  
make a living.
- 129 ON STARBUCK 129  
As he begins to laugh with relief. We pull back as Chameleon joins him in the laughter.

END OF ACT FOUR

FADE IN

130 ON STARBUCK - ADAMA'S QUARTERS

130

Adama is behind the desk, with Apollo and Boomer standing nearby.

STARBUCK

Chameleon knew the Nomen were running a black market, so he posed as Captain Dimitri of the livery ship. They paid him to slip them prime protein. When they found out he'd conned them, they went on a blood hunt.

BOOMER

(nods)  
Part of their code.

STARBUCK

(nods)  
You guys were right...he was just using me to get off the Rising Star.

ADAMA

He still may be your father. How else would he know of your background.

STARBUCK

IFB...Warrior of the Centare.

The others groan.

STARBUCK

They ran that interview when we were on furlon...he saw it on the Canarius.

APOLLO

Starbuck...I'm sorry.

Starbuck crosses to Apollo and Boomer.

STARBUCK

I'm the one who owes you both an apology.

APOLLO

I wish he could have been your father.

STARBUCK

It was fun for a while. But I'm getting a little old to start breaking a father in now.

131 WAITING ROOM - OUTSIDE ADAMA'S QUARTERS

131

Chameleon is sitting quietly in a chair. There is a security guard nearby. He looks up as the outer door opens and Cassiopea enters. She rushes to Chameleon.

CASSIOPEA

I've been searching everywhere for you and Starbuck. The test results are in...positive!

Chameleon looks at the computer in Cassiopea's hand, then slowly up to her.

CHAMELEON

You've made a mistake...It's negative.

CASSIOPEA

(looking at  
computer)

No. I've gone over it....

Chameleon reaches out and touches her gently on the lips to quiet her

CHAMELEON

My dear, it has to be negative. If it isn't, Starbuck will give up everything he loves...his career, his friends, perhaps even you...to try to recapture some yahrens that are gone forever.

(beat)

It has to be negative...for his sake.

132 ANGLE ON DOOR

132

as it slides open and Starbuck, Apollo, Boomer and Adama exit.

STARBUCK

Test results?  
(Cassiopea nods)  
Negative, huh?

She nods again, slowly and avoiding his eyes.

ADAMA

Mister Chameleon, we've been discussing what to do with you.

CHAMELEON

I suppose that is a problem.

ADAMA

It seems we have been barraged with messages concerning your welfare

CONTINUED

132 CONTINUED

132

ADAMA (Cont'd)  
from a Siress Blassie on the senior  
ship. She has been told of the  
circumstances and still wishes to  
assume responsibility for your...  
rehabilitation into a useful member  
of the fleet.

CHAMELEON  
Ah...Commander....

ADAMA  
It is so ordered.

The others begin to smile. Starbuck walks up to Chameleon  
and offers his hand.

STARBUCK  
No hard feelings. You were in a  
tight spot and had to survive. I'd  
have done the same.

(shakes hand)  
Look, even if you're not my father,  
I'd like to see you now and then. I  
thought I was the slickest human  
in the fleet, but I've got a lot to  
learn.

Starbuck turns to Adama.

STARBUCK  
Mind if I shuttle him to the Senior  
Ship, Commander?

ADAMA  
If you wish...you're still on furlon....

Chameleon turns to Cassiopea.

CHAMELEON  
(warmly)  
Thank you, Cassiopea...for all the  
trouble I've put you through.  
(to others)  
Thank all of you.

133 CLOSE ON STARBUCK AND CHAMELEON

133

As they start out the hatch, Starbuck throws an arm over his  
shoulder.

STARBUCK  
Now about that betting system. You  
sure that flaw can't be worked out?

CONTINUED

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64

133

133

CONTINUED

CHAMELEON

Positive...unless you want to cheat.  
I once knew a three-handed dealer  
on Pinus....

FREEZE FRAME

THE END