

Saga of a Star World (early draft)

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FADE IN

ON A STARFIELD

A myriad glowing jewels of light...and a stillness that is both friend and enemy...

Suddenly, a full-throated burst of a single chord played by a symphony orchestra as we see superimposed over the starfield, the words:

GALACTICA

Saga of a Star World

Then as the lettering drifts off into space, the chord begins to diminish until it is only sustained by the ethereal high pitched strains of a muted string section and a voice speaks to us against

the ever present stars...

ADAMA'S VOICE

Thousands of years ago, colonies were established throughout the universe by a mother race from the far reaches of space...This race of people was known as humanoid...human beings...An unsubjectable, resourceful people who loved freedom, adventure... even conflict...

Now, in the seventh millennium of time, a solemn and dramatic event is taking place...A peace envoy, representing the twelve known colonies of man, moves through space in hopes of bringing to a close a thousand year war that has seen the humans embattled by an alliance of beings...bent on their destruction...The mission of the colonial fleet would bring the star world a new beginning...or...

AGAINST THE STARFIELD

superimpose the words:

THE END

A SLEEK FIGHTER PLANE

blasts onto the screen

ON THE SMILING FACE OF ZAC

A bright, enthusiastic , young (23) fighter pilot closeted in the super modern, form-fitting cockpit of his sleek ship...the finest fighting craft in the Colonial Fleet...

ZAC

Two targets on my scanner...just above the old moon, Cimtar.

INSIDE A SECOND SHIP ON ANOTHER FACE

older (30)... a hint of cynicism as he glances at his scanner.

SKYLER

Probably a Cylon patrol...

ZAC

Awful long way from home...Where's their base ship...

SKYLER

No base ship...Long range reconnaissance craft... Strange, I'm not picking up anything but static beyond those guys...

INSERT

Two blips on the front side of a steady field of static interference...

ZAC

Me too...I thought it was my scanner...

SKYLER

Could be a storm...The fleet will be coming right through it... We'd better go have a look...Kick in the turbos...

INSIDE ZAC'S SHIP

ZAC

Skyler...the standing orders on conserving fuel specifically forbid use of turbos, except under battle conditions...

SKYLER

Kid...You're on the front lines now...anything goes...

SKYLER pushes three buttons and shoves his foot to the floor. The resulting blast drives him back against the seat.

SKYLER'S FIGHTER

bursts ahead, rolling over and out across the sky.

SOMEPLACE IN THE SKY AMONGST THE STARS

ON A FLEET OF WARSHIPS

Five flying battlestars...As we draw closer, the scale and enormity of the machines becomes increasingly impressive...

CLOSER

raking along the bridge level of one ship until we come to a name emblazoned on the side of the graceful machine..

ATLANTIA

INSIDE A DINING CHAMBER

one half of which looks out on the most spectacular sight ever witnessed by man...the universe...a giant starfield in all its majesty...In the center of the room is a long table at which the center of attention is a bearded man whose face glows with the warmth and wisdom of the ages. He raises a silver chalice and the twelve gentlemen around him, clad in Roman-like toga and tunic tops over tighter fitting pants and boots, come to rapt attention...

OLD MAN

Gentlemen...I know you are all anxious to return to your ships before our rendezvous with the Cylons, but I think it appropriate to toast the most significant event in the history of man...I'd like to raise my chalice to you...

We study the study, dignified faces of twelve men, flanking the old man...six to a side...their features betraying substantive differences...They are red, black, yellow, white...indeed, every variation...

PRESIDENT

Not merely the quorum of the twelve, representing the twelve colonies of man, but my friends...and the greatest leaders ever assembled...As we approach the seventh millennium of time, the human race will at last know peace...Thanks to you...

As they are about to salute, each with his own chalice, another voice is heard...

BALTAR

Inappropriate...

Faces swing Baltar's way...startled by his impudence...

BALTAR (CONT'D)

I say we lift our cups to he, who has for the first time, brought the dissident races of mankind together to speak as one before the Alliance...To President Adar and to peace...

Even the humble attempt at quelling the voices cannot deny these men their measure of gratitude...the cups are raised and the Old Man joins in...

PRESIDENT

To peace...at long last...

POINT OF VIEW FROM A COLONIAL FIGHTER PLANE COCKPIT

of a large space vehicle looming up ahead, floating above a layer of clouds...

SKYLER'S VOICE

What is it...

ZAC pulling back on the throttle, slowing...He puts the vehicle on the scanner and punches up a combination...

ZAC

Tell ya' in a flash...

ON ZAC'S SCANNER

On one side of the screen, we see the Cylon space vehicle. On the other side of the screen, we see a series of airship profile silhouettes racing by. Finally, an image stops. It is a match. A great deal of printing appears below the silhouettes in an unfamiliar text.

ZAC (CONT'D)

Warbook says a Cylon tanker.
Scanner reads it empty.

SKYLER

What's an empty tanker doing out here?

ZAC

And where's the other ship?

SKYLER

Screened off by this one. Wonder what they're hiding?

ZAC

I don't know, but it's awfully close to that storm.

SKYLER

We came to look...

ZAC

Be careful, Skyler. I have a funny feeling about this...

SKYLER

You're not old enough to have funny feelings! Besides while we're stuck out on patrol, Starbuck's pulled a couple of those Geminis' into a card game. I want to get back before he cleans them out.

SKYLER'S SHIP

begins to peel off to sweep around the freighter...

ON ANOTHER BATTLESTAR IN THE FLEET

its name... "Galactica"

INSIDE A PILOTS' READY ROOM

A Spartan, standby area for fighter pilots. Camera moves past a young man in flight clothes, sleeping...another reading...and as we come to the end of the room, a group stand behind one side of a circular card table, forming a gallery for a handsome young man called Starbuck, who eyes his round playing cards with wily skill.

STARBUCK
(with feigned ease)

Just to keep the game instructive,
and because you're new to it, I'll
only wager...

Starbuck pushes half of his square cubits of gold in front of him.

The two men look, then whisper. A confident smile passes amongst the gallery.

GEMON

Despite the humbleness of this
hand...for the honor of our home
colony, Gemini, we must challenge
you.

The young man pushes forth a measure of golden cubits, equal to the pot. The gallery tenses.

GEMON

And for the glory of our colony,
another equal measure.

Gemon pushes out another pile, in effect, doubling the stakes. The gallery holds its collective breath. Starbuck feigns continued ease.

STARBUCK

Well, in the name of our home planet, Caprica, and for her everlasting glory, I'll measure your increase and double it.

The gallery gulps as Starbuck pushes in his remaining cubits and turns to them.

STARBUCK

(sotto voice)

Come on, come on, guys, up with the rest of it...

BOOMER

Could we speak with you for a moment. In private?

(To the Geminis)

Only be a flash, fellas...

Boomer, a trim-looking black man; Jolly, a hefty hunk of a guy, and Greenbean, a stringbean of a flyer next to him, face the now-standing Starbuck and speak to him through clenched teeth and heated whispers.

BOOMER

Are you crazy...?

STARBUCK

(sotto voice)

Weren't you listening? This is for the glory of Caprica. Doesn't that mean anything to you?

The gallery stares at Starbuck blankly.

STARBUCK

Look, have I ever steered you guys wrong?

The gallery continues to stare blankly.

STARBUCK

(soft voice)

All right...look at it this way. We'll double our money! They're trying to buy the pot.

JOLLY

(soft voice)

You told us these Geminis didn't understand the game.

BOOMER

(softly)

They caught on fast. Now, come on, or we lose everything we've got in that game.

Reluctantly, the gallery comes up with an additional measure of gold cubits. Starbuck pushes them out onto the table and turns his cards over.

BOOMER

Beat that.

The Gemmon smiles and places his cards on the table. Boomer and the gallery stare at the cards, stricken as the Gemon rakes in the golden cubits.

IN THE PRESIDENTIAL DINING ROOM

The men have adjourned their meeting and now cluster in twos and threes, chatting amicably.

THE PRESIDENT grips the arm and hand of Baltar.

PRESIDENT

This armistice conference would not have been possible without your tireless work, Baltar. You have secured for yourself a place in the history books.

Baltar smiles humbly.

BALTAR

That the Cylons chose me as their liaison to the quorum of the twelve was an act of providence, not skill.

The old man notices Commander Adama standing alone at the huge window to space.

The Commander is a strong man with sharp features and penetrating eyes...still a softness in his bearing.

ON THE COMMANDER

looking out, a troubled look on his face, as the President moves up behind him

PRESIDENT

I see the party isn't a huge success with all my children.

ADAMA

It's what awaits us out there that troubles me.

PRESIDENT

Surely, you don't cling to your suspicions about the Cylons. They asked for this armistice. They want peace.

ADAMA

Forgive me, Mr. President, but they hate humans with every fiber of their existence. We love freedom. We love independence. To feel, to question. To rebel against oppression. It's an alien way of existing they will never accept.

PRESIDENT

But they have. Through Baltar, they have sued for peace.

ADAMA

swings a sober look back to the President

ADAMA

Yes. Of course, you're right.

POINT OF VIEW

A tanker in space. Moving around it, we see a second tanker appear just above the cloud layer.

SKYLER'S FIGHTER

sweeps around and slows

SKYLER

There's the other ship tucked in nice and neat. Now what is she, and what's she doing?

Skyler punches the buttons.

HIS SCANNER

refusing to read the ship. Figures and symbols appear in a hopeless jumble.

SKYLER

I can't read anything inside. She's jamming us.

ZAC

Warbook says she's a freighter.

SKYLER

My foot. If she's jamming us, she's hiding something. I'm going around her.

ZAC
(alarmed)

That'll put you smack in the storm. If it's asteroids, it'll rip us apart.

SKYLER

Not us, kid. You stay put. I don't want it said that I taught my kid brother bad habits on his first patrol.

SKYLER

swings his ship over and head directly into the cloud cover.

(CONT'D)

ZAC'S VOICE

The jamming is knocking out my scanner. Where are you, Skyler?

SKYLER SCANS THE HORIZON

obscured by clouds racing past him.

SKYLER

Nothing but a harmless cloud cover.
Not heavy at all. I don't see why
they'd send up all that
electronic...

Skyler looks down. His face freezes. His eyes widen in
disbelief...

ZAC'S VOICE

Skyler? What's going on?

SKYLER'S POINT OF VIEW

He has flown into the middle of a Cylon staging area. Wall to
wall warships as far as the eye can see. We push in close to
one of the ships...

INSIDE THE CYLON ATTACK FIGHTER

a triad of Cylon Centurians. Two helmeted pilots sit side-by-
side, a third between them, slightly higher and back. Their
helmets are tubular shaped with a narrow aperture where one
might have expected eyes. In their stead, a fine beam of
light sweeps back and forth, an ominous, ever-aware presence.
The Cylon swings a look o.s. He points...

ZAC'S SHIP

with the Cylon ships in pursuit.

ON THE LEAD CYLON FIGHTER

racing ahead, firing

ON SKYLER

SKYLER

They're jamming our transmission,
kid. We've got to get back. It's an
ambush, and they've got enough fire
power to destroy the entire fleet.

ON THE FLEET

as a small shuttlecraft approaches the Galactica from the
rear.

POINT OF VIEW

of the Galactica from the shuttlecraft to establish two large
carrier deck areas tucked into pods on either side of the
immense ship. We are dipping down and to the left to land in
the left side of the vessel.

ON COMMANDER ADAMA

seated beside a beautiful young woman wearing military
clothes, who makes preparations to land the shuttle vehicle.
She suddenly reacts to something in her headset.

ATHENA

Something's wrong.

ADAMA

What is it?

ATHENA

I don't know. They just put the
ship on alert.

CLOSER POINT OF VIEW

of the landing deck with large, strobing lights arrowing the
way in and affording a final stopping point on the deck's
surface within the

bowels of the battlestar. As we draw closer...closer

EXPLOSIONS ROCK THE STARFIELD

as the colony fighters cream through space under attack from
behind

ON ZAC

frightened as he takes a hit

ZAC

Skyler...they knocked out my port
engine.

SKYLER

We're not going to make it giving them our backs. How many of 'em can you make out?

ZAC

Four...

SKYLER

They only sent four after us? That's insulting.

ZAC

I don't know, Skyler. I think they're doing awfully well...

SKYLER

Only because they're behind us. When I count three, hit your reverse thrusters and maximum breaking flaps. We'll give them a little surprise. One...two...three...

They hit their reverse thrusters. A roar goes off...

ON THE CYLON FIGHTERS

as they scream past the colony warplanes

INSIDE THE LEAD CYLON CRAFT

the three pilots crane in confusion to figure out what happened. They look all around the sky.

ON SKYLER

as he narrows his eyes and puts his finger on a fire control button on his steering column.

SKYLER

Right here, you creepy, crawly creature...

He squeezes the trigger...

POINT OF VIEW - AHEAD

as Skyler's torpedo lasers streak off into the Cylon ship dead ahead, disintegrating it in a mighty fireball.

ON SKYLER

SKYLER

Yaa Hoooo....

ON ZAC

swinging back and forth, lining up his target. He fires.

THE CYLON SHIP

disintegrates. Ahead of it, the remaining two Cylon fighters divide and veer off.

ON SKYLER

SKYLER

Not bad for a little brother. You go after the guys on the right.

The two fighters split, swinging off after the two Cylon fighters.

ON THE BRIDGE

Commander Adama enters. Colonel Tigh is watching the scanners intently.

ADAMA

What is it?

TIGH

Our patrol ran into trouble. We picked up some signals, but they're being jammed.

ADAMA

What kind of trouble?

TIGH

Can't tell yet. Could be pirates,
smugglers, or...

Their eyes meet. The Commander walks to the large observation
point looking out on the starfield.

ADAMA

Get me the President.

IN A READY ROOM - CLOSE ON A CARD HAND

Starbuck sits down at the card table, a small grin appearing
on his face. He pushes a large stack of cubits out into the
center of the table.

STARBUCK

Ok, guys, one hand. Sudden death.

The gentlemen from Gemini consider the odds and push an equal
amount of cubits to the center of the table.

GEMON

Sudden death!!

Starbuck flashes a fiendish, child-like grin and begins to
deal the cards.

ON THE FLIGHT BRIDGE OF THE GALACTICA

ADAMA

Our patrol is under attack, Mr.
President. We're not sure by whom.

The President appears on a monitor. Baltar is beside him.

ADAMA

As a precautionary measure, I'd
like to launch intercept
fighters...

Baltar leans into the President, whispering to him. The
President nods.

PRESIDENT

Quite right, Baltar. Commander, as
a precautionary measure, I insist
upon restraint. If this turns out
to be an encounter with some outlaw
traffic, we could jeopardize the
entire cause of peace by displaying
fighters when we are so close to
our rendezvous.

ADAMA

Mister President, two of my
aircraft are under armed attack.

PRESIDENT

By forces unknown. You are not to
launch until the situation is more
clear.

ADAMA

Sir, may I at least urge you to bring the fleet to a state of alert?

PRESIDENT

I will consider it. Thank you, Commander.

The screen goes black.

TIGH

He'll consider it? Has he lost his mind?

ADAMA

Colonel...

The Colonel looks quickly around at the hushed bridge, quite embarrassed at his own outburst.

TIGH

I'm sorry, Commander, it's just that...well...

ADAMA

Yes, Colonel? What is it?

TIGH

The patrol is under the command of Captain Skyler.

ADAMA

Well, if I can't have confidence in
my eldest son, who can I depend on?

TIGH

Zac is with him. His first patrol.

This news weighs heavy on the Commander.

ON ZAC

as he fires and misses a Cylon fighter veering off and
falling behind him. Suddenly, he is the target.

(CONT'D)

ZAC

Skyler...

ON SKYLER

as he looks off, sees the confrontation off to one side of
him

SKYLER

Keep them interested just a little
longer...

ON ZAC

as the sky is exploding all around him

ZAC

Believe me, they're interested.

An explosion rocks Zac's plane.

ZAC

There goes another engine...

ON SKYLER

He zeros in on the Cylon plane from the side, swinging his ship to come at the Cylon's plane on a perpendicular intersecting course.

SKYLER

Steady...steady...just don't look
this way, guys...

IN THE CYLON PLANE

as they continue to focus on Zac. Suddenly, the pilot closest to Skyler's side chances to swing his look out to the right.

POINT OF VIEW - THE CYLON'S

A colony fighter plane is coming right for him

THE CYLON

chatters frantically. The other two pilots turn to look.

ON SKYLER'S PLANE as he fires torpedo lasers

THE CYLON PLANE disintegrates

SKYLER sighs with relief

SKYLER

The day those guys can outfight us
without a ten-to-one margin...

ON ZAC

He is looking across the sky

ZAC

Skyler...better look at your
scanner.

SKYLER

looks...

THE SCANNER shows a solid wave of targets coming from
somewhere in the distance.

SKYLER

But a thousand-to-one is hardly
fair...

ZAC

What does it mean, Skyler?

SKYLER

It means there isn't going to be
any peace. There may not be
anything if we don't warn the
fleet.

ZAC

You go, Skyler. I'm short two
engines. I won't be able to keep up
with you.

SKYLER

I can't leave you, Zac.

ZAC

You have to...and I'll be all
right. If I put my foot in that
turbo, I'll make it back ahead of
them. Now go on. You've got to warn
the fleet.

A sober mood descends across Skyler's face.

(CONT'D)

SKYLER

You can fly with me any time, kid.
Good luck.

Skyler punches the buttons and the roar of the turbo thruster responds.

ZAC

Come on, baby, give me all you can.

He pushes the stick forward and moves off at a much slower speed.

ON THE FLIGHT BRIDGE OF THE GALACTICA

TIGH

Still nothing from the fighters, sir. Their transmission is being deliberately jammed. If we don't launch...

ADAMA

We cannot launch when it has been expressly forbidden...

(on everyone's tense look)

This might, however, be an appropriate time to order a test of our battle stations drill...

The bridge command smiles...

ADAMA

Sound the alert, Colonel!!!

IN THE READY ROOM

On a hand as it is turned over. All one color, all one symbol. A pyramid.

STARBUCK

You may never see another one,
fellas... A perfect pyramid.

ON GEMON as he turns to his associate in sullen disbelief. Suddenly A CLAXON blares loudly through the room. A book reader jumps up...a sleeper wakes up...He slaps it to the top of the remaining deck, scattering the cards.

GEMON

Unfortunate. We'll have to replay
hand at later date. Duty calls.

Gemon whips a battle helmet from the floor and scoops half the pot on the table into it, takes off, his compadre right behind him.

STARBUCK

Come back here, you
little...Somebody stop him...!

But all hands charge for the doors, grabbing helmets and flight kits.

ON THE CATAPULT DECK

A vacuum tube races along the ceiling of a long, narrow chamber in which countless fighter ships sit side by side in powerful launching cribs. As the vehicle within the overhead vacuum tube progresses down the flight line, pilots emerge from chutes leading from the overhead tube, then race on foot for their individual fighter craft. Ground teams are already on hand preparing the lethal-looking planes for immediate launch.

STARBUCK emerges from his drop and runs to the cockpit of his plane. A member of the ground crew looks up from where he is hurriedly preparing the cockpit.

CREWMAN

What's going on?

STARBUCK

Nothing to worry about. Probably some kind of aerial salute for the President as they sign the armistice.

The crewman kicks a switch and Starbuck's plane beings to whine, the pitch getting higher and higher.

ON ZAC

racing against time as his ship limps back toward safety

A WALL OF CYLON FIGHTERS closing the gap. They begin to open fire.

ZAC

reacts to the explosions around him

ON SKYLER racing in from space

SKYLER'S POINT OF VIEW

The flight deck of the Galactica as his fighter makes its approach

ON THE BRIDGE

TIGH

A single fighter approaching,
Commander.

The Commander turns and moves to the scanner board where several operatives sit watch.

OPERATIVE

Sir, long range scanner picks up
large number of craft moving this
way at high speed.

The Commander and Colonel exchange rapid glances and hurry to the scanner.

ADAMA

Get that pilot up here as soon as
he lands. Get the President back on
the codebox.

ON THE PRESIDENT ON THE BRIDGE OF THE ATLANTIA

PRESIDENT

Yes, Commander?

ADAMA

Mister President, a wall of unidentified craft are closing towards the fleet.

Baltar leans towards the President

BALTAR

Possibly a Cylon welcoming committee.

ADAMA

May I suggest that at the very least, we launch a welcoming committee of our own?

BALTAR

Mister President, there remain many hostile feelings amongst our Warriors. The likelihood of an unfortunate incident with all those pilots in the sky at once...

PRESIDENT

A good point, Baltar. Did you hear that, Commander?

Adama is beside himself.

(CONT'D)

ADAMA

No, Mister President, I can't possibly have heard correctly. Did Count Baltar suggest we allow our forces to sit here totally defenseless?

PRESIDENT

Commander, we are on a peace mission. The first peace man has known in a thousand years.

ON ZAC

Explosions charge the sky around him. He takes another hit. He pales...

ZAC

Come on, baby, not much further...

ON THE BRIDGE OF THE GALACTICA

ADAMA

Mister President...

He is interrupted by Colonel Tigh with a report.

TIGH

A lone ship is coming under attack
from the main force approaching the
fleet.

ADAMA

Did you hear that, Mister
President. Your welcoming committee
is firing at our patrol.

PRESIDENT

Firing at our patrol? How do you
explain that, Baltar?

He looks around.

PRESIDENT

Baltar! Baltar!

But Baltar has left the bridge.

ZAC'S POINT OF VIEW

The fleet is not far away now.

ZAC smiles.

(CONT'D)

ZAC

We made it...

ON THE CYLON FIGHTERS

closing in on Zac, three to one.

POINT OF VIEW TO ZAC as they line up on him for the kill

ON ZAC

ZAC

Blue flight two...in trouble.
Request emergency approach.

ON THE CYLON SHIPS as they fire

ON ZAC'S SHIP as it explodes into infinity

ON THE BRIDGE OF THE GALACTICA

Athena comes out horrified

ON THE BRIDGE OF THE ATLANTIA

PRESIDENT

What was that?

ON ADAMA ON THE BRIDGE OF THE GALACTICA

as he suffers the implications of the shattered patrol ship

ADAMA

That was my son, Mister President.

ON THE CYLONS as they streak towards the fleet, opening fire

ON THE BRIDGE OF THE GALACTICA as countless Cylon fighters streak by, firing salvo after salvo.

Commander Adama looks out at the starfield suddenly alive with fires and destruction, as a large battle wagon explodes beyond the Galactica.

ADAMA

Launch fighters.

INSIDE THE BOWELS OF THE GALACTICA ON THE LAUNCHING DECK

as claxon blares

ON STARBUCK as a red light goes on on his dash. He lowers the canopy. The ground crewman steps back, signaling a control tower high above. As he runs for cover, there is a hiss of steam and a blast as the ship roars out of its crib.

ON THE OUTSIDE OF THE GALACTICA

as fighter after fighter begins to launch from the side of the huge ship, angling diagonally off into space and into the attack.

ON THE BRIDGE OF THE GALACTICA

TIGH

Fighters launched, Commander.

ADAMA

Have any of the other ships gotten
planes off?

TIGH

No, sir.

ADAMA

Lord help us.

ON THE LANDING DECK OF THE GALACTICA

Skyler is climbing hurriedly out of his ship.

ATHENA

moves to him on the dead run

(CONT'D)

ATHENA

Skyler, thank heavens you're all
right.

She tried to rush into his arms. He is sympathetic, but
stoic, and in a hurry to report.

SKYLER

I've got to go back for Zac. It's an ambush. They jammed our communicators. You tell Commander Adama there were no base ships.

He'll understand what I'm saying.

ATHENA

Skyler...

SKYLER

Athena, just listen and tell Adama that it's more than just an attack. The Cylon base ships are missing. That means they're up to something diabolical. Now I've got to go back for Zac.

As he turns to charge away

ATHENA

You don't have to go back.

Skyler spins around. His tone is positive, but his expression is uncertain.

SKYLER

You mean he's all right! One of the other ships picked him up!

Tears begin to roll down Athena's cheek.

ATHENA

No...

Skyler sucks in his breath and stares at Athena emotionlessly, then turns away as she cries.

SKYLER

I guess I can give my report to Adama himself.

He turns to move off

ATHENA

Your report? Is that all you can say? Zac's dead.

Skyler looks back

SKYLER

We'll probably all be dead soon.

Skyler steels himself against the pain, turns and exits up the metal staircase.

ON THE LANDING DECK

On Skyler as he enters the bridge of the Galactica. Adama is quick to move to him and embrace him. Skyler tenses up.

ADAMA

You didn't have any choice.

Skyler pulls away

SKYLER

There were no base ships, only
attack craft. Maybe a thousand,
hovering over Cimitar.

The Colonel moves up

TIGH

A thousand? You must be mistaken,
Captain. Fighters couldn't function
this far from Cylon without base
ships. They don't carry enough
fuel.

The Captain looks off thoughtfully

SKYLER

We picked up an empty tanker on our
scanner. It's my guess the Cylons
used it to refuel for the attack
after flying to that point from
wherever their base ships are.

The Commander ponders that as the Colonel shakes his head
skeptically.

TIGH

Why operate that far from base ships when it isn't necessary. They would have been well out of our range at the old moon.

A grim revelation descends across Adama's face.

ADAMA

Unless it was more important that the base ships be someplace else. Get me the President.

We read an ominous, foreboding look in Commander Adama's eyes.

ON THE CYLON BASE SHIPS

Three large, circular aircraft hover in the sky above the planet Caprica.

IN THE LARGE CIRCULAR CHAMBER lighted by very subdued, indirect sources. A door opens on a side and two large, armored men move in wearing Cylon scanning helmets. They cross until they come to a pedestal in the center of the chamber.

There, a creature sits with its back to us. The two men stop.

CENTURIAN

By your command.

IMPERIOUS LEADER

Speak.

(CONT'D)

CENTURIAN

All base ships are now in range to
attack the Colonies.

ON THE IMPERIOUS LEADER

A truly inhuman form sitting amidst robes and peering at the
two figures standing at attention through a multiplicity of
eyes

IMPERIOUS LEADER

The final annihilation of the life
form known as man. Let the attack
begin.

ON A CYLON BASE SHIP as large doors begin to open along the
circular ship's entire perimeter

ON A CYLON WARSHIP as it launches from the aperture, and next
to it, another and another

A WIDER ANGLE ON THE STARFIELD

to include three of the base ships, each launching her attack
ships

ON THE BRIDGE OF THE ATLANTIA

fires raging all around. The President looks on, horrified as Adama comes on a monitor

ADAMA

Mister President, I request permission to leave the fleet. I've reason to suspect our home planets may face imminent attack.

The President takes these words like a death blow. He suddenly leans against a bridge wall.

PRESIDENT

No. Pray you're mistaken. How could I have been so completely wrong. I've led the entire human race to ruin.

ADAMA

You didn't lead us to this disaster, Mister President. But we were led.

PRESIDENT

Baltar? No, Commander. I don't believe it. I won't...

With that, an explosion rips the command bridge open, engulfing it in flame

ON ADAMA

as the monitor reflects the inferno, then goes blank.

ADAMA

Mister President! Mister President!

All eyes swing from the monitor to the starfield, where the flagship can be seen cruising a thousand yards away, its bridge aflame, its flight deck alive with fires. Suddenly, the entire ship bursts apart, disintegrating into a thousand torches hurdling through space. For an instant, there is stunned silence on the bridge of the Galactica, then as other Cylon ships roar by, firing at the Galactica, Colonel Tigh moves up.

TIGH

Our long-range scanners have picked up Cylon base ships here, here and here, putting them well within range of the planets Virgon, Sagitara, and...

Commander Adama, Athena, and Colonel Tigh look on as technicians plot the course of the Galactica and enemy base ships on a large translucent starfield map.

ADAMA

Yes, Caprica.

The impact hits Athena.

ADAMA

Helm, bring us around. We're withdrawing. Colonel, flank speed for home.

ATHENA

Father, what are you doing?

SKYLER

You can't leave our Warriors!

ADAMA

(reluctantly)

We have to leave them to defend the fleet. Those with enough fuel left will catch up.

ATHENA

And what about the others?

TIGH

At the very least, let us transmit our intentions. Give them a chance to conserve what fuel they can.

ADAMA

No. If we have any advantage left, it's surprise.

ATHENA

Father, you're killing them!

ADAMA

Skyler!

Skyler moves to Athena to quell her mounting emotion.

ON STARBUCK in his ship

STARBUCK

Boomer...

ON BOOMER

BOOMER

I see it.

JOLLY

Where's she going?

GREENBEAN

Hey, you guys, what's going on? The Galactica's pulling out!

ON STARBUCK

STARBUCK

There's got to be a good reason.

GREENBEAN

Sure, it's dangerous around here. Heads up, Boomer, you've got a pair on your tail.

JOLLY

Pull up, Boomer. I'll try to get
him off.

Starbuck looks back at the departing battle wagon, Galactica

STARBUCK
(introspectively)
There's got be a good reason...

ON THE GALACTICA moving off away from the embattled colonial
forces, most of the big ships in flames.

THE BRIDGE OFFICER

calls out from the communications board

BRIDGE OFFICER

Electronic jamming has stopped.

SKYLER

They're clearing the air for their
electronic guidance systems.

TIGH

That means the attack is under way.

BRIDGE OFFICER

No, sir, we're picking up long-
range video satellite signals.
(MORE)

BRIDGE OFFICER (CONT'D)
Everything looks perfectly normal
at home.

All eyes swing to multiple monitors above the communications board.

ON THE MONITORS

An aerial view of Caprica with its pyramid-oriented architecture... modern, strong. A beautiful day, as seen from various heights; from a single downtown area, to a city, to an entire sector of the planet...

BRIDGE OFFICER

We have ordinary broadcast
transmission coming up on four.

TIGH

Commander, perhaps...perhaps we're
in time. Perhaps the Cylon attack
on our fleet was a dissident
faction, a small, anti-peace
movement.

ON MONITOR FOUR

a handsome young woman speaks to a camera from a garden spot,
just in front of an all-glass building set within a shopping
mall.

LYRA

Just ordinary people going to and from work, behaving not as if this were the most significant day in all history, but rather as they would on any other day. So far, details of the armistice meetings going on at this very moment on the Star Kobil are not coming in as hoped for because of an unusual electrical storm blocking out all interstellar communication. However, as soon as available, you will see the first pictures of what has been described as the most significant event...

A loud explosion from far away thumps through in the background.

People all around Orin suddenly turn and look, pointing, staring, some beginning to shout.

LYRA

Excuse me, something happened. Perhaps some of you heard it...an explosion of some kind... People are staring off in that direction.

Let's see if we can...

Lyra begins to move out across the garden, camera going with her...

getting jostled by a growing crowd.

CAMERA POINT OF VIEW

sees a fireball rising from the horizon beyond the city. Suddenly, there is another...

LYRA

Oh, my God...a tremendous explosion...two of them... Are we getting it on camera? People are beginning to run in all directions...

ON THE STREET WITH LYRA - LIVE

Suddenly, a Cylon warship streaks across the sky, firing laser torpedoes. The buildings just beyond Lyra suddenly explode into fireballs, rocking the street and sending Lyra falling, crashing into the greenery.

LYRA

Ladies and gentlemen...it's terrible...someone is bombing the city...

BACK ON THE BRIDGE OF THE GALACTICA

Everyone on the bridge stares in shock at the visual and emotional impact of watching their homeland being destroyed. A bridge officer moves up with a report.

BRIDGE OFFICER

Commander, the long-range scanners are picking up wave after wave of small ships heading towards all of the inner planets.

Everyone on the bridge stares helplessly.

BACK IN THE MALL

on the surface of Caprice. Lyra reacts to a fighter swinging low over the city, firing in her direction. She looks all around for cover, is bumped and pushed, as people scramble in all directions.

LYRA

It's hopeless... People are dying
all around me.. I see a small
child...running for his...Look out!

Lyra suddenly throws down her microphone...the camera being hand-held by an engineer, swings around on her as she streaks towards a small boy running with his dog from the path of a streaking attack fighter.

Lyra dives, pushing the child out of the path of the laser blast which continues on up the street, devastating her camera crew. A second wave of fighters screams by, completing the destruction, sending columns and pillars of concrete crashing all around...

ON THE RUBBLE

as Lyra attempts to dig her way out, rising up with immediate concern for the small form concealed beneath her.

LYRA

Don't try to move...

The small boy pokes his head up, crying. Lyra comforts him, pulling him to her.

LYRA

Everything's going to be all
right...

BOXEY

Muffit. Where's Muffit?

LYRA

Who?

BOXEY

My daggit. My daggit. Where is he?

LYRA

Your daggit? Oh, I'm sure he's
fine...

Lyra swings her head around, looking. Suddenly, her eyes fix
on something o.s.

LYRA'S POINT OF VIEW

A pillar lies broken amidst other fallen building material
and, protruding from beneath the debris, a small dog lying
motionless, not breathing.

ON LYRA AND BOXEY

Lyra turns Boxey around, screening him from seeing the animal.

LYRA

I think I saw him run this way.
Let's go look.

BOXEY

I want Muffit! Is he all right?

Lyra holds the boy close to her.

LYRA

Sure...he's all right...everything
is all right...everything is going
to be just fine...

She rocks the young lad in her arms, pondering the hollow lie that leaves her lips as she looks around the city which was proud and stately only minutes ago.

BACK ON THE GALACTICA BRIDGE As the high level satellite pictures

display the fire and aftermath of total and utter destruction of a planet. Commander Adama turns from the monitor in defeat. Athena appears almost comatose, in a dream state.

ATHENA

First Zac, now this. They trusted
us to protect them...

Adama attempts to draw her to him. She pulls away.

ATHENA

How could you have let it happen...

As she runs from the bridge, Adama looks to Skyler. He returns a stoic, emotionless gaze.

SKYLER

You had no choice.

The two men momentarily share a common emotion, void of any satisfaction.

ON ADAMA AND SKYLER

Suddenly, both men are spared further agony by the excited intrusion of a voice.

BRIDGE OFFICER

Cylon base ships on long-range scanner...launching to all outer planets.

All eyes swing to the scanners, as pictures burst forth on all screens, each one displaying fighters sweeping in on bombing runs.

TIGH

No hope, Commander...

The Commander sinks with each devastating image from the colonies and turns to communications, a hint of desperation in his voice.

ADAMA

What about Sagitarias? Perhaps there's still time to save...

BRIDGE OFFICER

Sorry, Commander...the planet is in flames.

The Commander pales, seems almost on the verge of collapse.

ADAMA

Prepare my shuttle craft.

The Colonel looks at the Commander, startled.

TIGH

Shuttle craft?

ADAMA

I'm going down to the surface of Caprica.

TIGH

Commander, that's out of the question! If the Cylon scanners should pick you up...

ADAMA

You proceed to rendezvous with the survivors of the fleet.

SKYLER

I'll take you, Father, in my fighter. You're the last surviving member of the Council. If we run into a Cylon attack ship, at least you'll have a chance...

TIGH

As the man who'd have to fill your shoes, I insist on that, Commander.

ADAMA

Very well. Make preparations...and should I not return...

The Commander and Colonel extend hands, clasping each others' wrists as they shake hands.

SKYLER

You will.

ON THE GALACTICA

as a single fighter roars from its launching crib and off across the starfield. On its departure, the Galactica banks and heads off to pursue its mission.

ON THE GALACTICA BRIDGE

(CONT'D)

STARBUCK'S VOICE
(over intercom)
Red leader one...in trouble...in
trouble.

Colonel Tigh responds

TIGH

Surviving fighter ships
rendezvousing, Commander!

ATHENA

We read you, Red leader. How can we
assist you?

ON STARBUCK IN HIS SHIP

Sparks are flying all over the cockpit as a piece of instrument panel dangles from its mooring. Starbuck struggles to keep the wires apart and halt the dangerous electrical shorting, while at the same time maintaining his flight attitude. He looks out the window.

POINT OF VIEW - HIS PORTSIDE WING

The short, stubby extension that sweeps out after blast-off and maintains this attitude through landing, is sweeping out and then back into the aircraft, intermittently.

STARBUCK

Battle damage. Power control
circuits shot away.. Give me a
systems analyst on the line.

ON ATHENA

ATHENA

I am on the line, Starbuck. What's your condition?

STARBUCK

This is no time from trainees, Athena. I'm in real trouble.

ATHENA

You will be if you keep talking like that. What's your fuel?

STARBUCK

Dry.

ATHENA

All right...run the check with me. Alpha circuit, close and alternating to left servo circuit.

Starbuck reaches into the sparking circuit board dangling from beneath his instrument panel. He closes off a circuit switch.

STARBUCK

Alpha circuit closed and alternating to left servo circuit. No response. My throttles are still full open.

ATHENA

Omega "C" circuit, closed and
alternating to Servo support
circuit.

STARBUCK

Alternating to Servo support
circuit...

Starbuck is perspiring now. The throttle does not respond.

STARBUCK

Does not respond...

ATHENA

too, is now beginning to perspire

TIGH

Bring him in full throttle. There's
no choice.

STARBUCK

I heard him. Get everyone out of
the way. I'm coming in hot...ready
or not...

BRIDGE OFFICER

You're cleared to land...

STARBUCK

Roger. I hope you guys aren't
counting off for neatness...

BACK ON THE BRIDGE

BRIDGE OFFICER

He'll be coming in like a missile.

TIGH

Clear the flight deck for an
emergency landing.

ON STARBUCK IN HIS SHIP

He starts sweating profusely

POINT OF VIEW - STARBUCK'S

The rapidly approaching flight deck, racing up closer, closer

ON ATHENA

as she charges out of the elevator in time to see a plane
coming in.

Suddenly, she is held back.

DECK HAND

Stay back...He could lose it.

ON THE SHIP

as it careens down the flight deck, turning sideways and crabbing towards the superstructure.

ATHENA breaks from the deck hand's grip and charges off as we hear a long screech, followed by a resounding crash from o.s.

ON STARBUCK'S SHIP

impaled on the side of a wall as steam and smoke flood the area.

Across the hangar beyond the ship, small emergency vehicles race out of pockets in the walls and towards the ship.

ATHENA is first to reach the ship as Starbuck flips back the canopy and

jumps down the side of the ship. Athena reaches him, throwing her arms around him.

ATHENA

Starbuck, are you all right?

STARBUCK

For a guy who just had a whole
fleet shot out from under him, I'm
fine...

The support team comes pulling up.

STARBUCK

Give her a good wash, fellas...

Starbuck streaks towards the elevators.

ATHENA

It's been horrible.

STARBUCK

Yeah? You should have seen how we
spent our day. We managed to single-
handedly keep the Cylons off your
necks while you took off on a
little cruise...

They reach steps and begin to climb.

ATHENA

Starbuck, don't you know what's
happened?

STARBUCK

Sure, I know what happened. You
should see this baby from the air
when she slips off across the sky.
(MORE)

STARBUCK (CONT'D)
Beautiful sight, unless she happens
to be your base ship.

ATHENA

The colonies are gone,
Starbuck...all of them.

STARBUCK

What are you talking about?
Gone...what'd they do, pack up and
sneak away like the Galactica?

ON THE BRIDGE

as Starbuck storms into the chamber where the mood is subdued
and his entrance goes unnoticed.

BRIDGE OFFICER

Ships are coming in on both decks,
sir.

The Colonel leaves the map area.

TIGH

What's the count?

BRIDGE OFFICER

Sixty-seven fighters in all, sir.
Twenty-five of our own.

TIGH

How many battlestars?

There is a pregnant pause.

BRIDGE OFFICER

None.

TIGH

What???

BRIDGE OFFICER

We're the only surviving
battlestar...

TIGH

My God... Make the pilots from the
other ships as welcome as you
can...

STARBUCK

Little late for that, Colonel...

All eyes swing to Starbuck moving in with Athena a few steps
behind him.

STARBUCK

It was a toss-up whether those guys
would land or send in a belly full
of torpedoes. Unfortunately, no one
had any left.

TIGH

What's the meaning of this
insubordination?

ATHENA

He doesn't know what happened,
Colonel. I don't think any of them
know.

Suddenly, two more pilots are on the flight bridge.

STARBUCK

Know what? That the old man turned
and ran, leaving a dozen of our
ships to run out of fuel?

Boomer and Jolly come to a stop beside Starbuck.

TIGH

Put the transmissions we monitored
back on the scanners, for our young
patriots...

STARBUCK

If this is going to be a lecture on
military protocol...

SUDDENLY THE SCANNERS COME TO LIFE

Four at a time, each displaying the attack bombing, the
confusion, the devastation of the colonies.

SLOWLY PUSHING IN ON THE PILOTS' FACES

as they are sobered and horrified by what they see.

CLOSE ON SKYLER

as he stands on a hill. His fighter ship, a silent sentinel to his back. The glow of a myriad fires dance on his ashen face.

POINT OF VIEW

The flames from thousands of buildings burn far off in the distance.

SKYLER turns as he hears what sounds like a mob approaching in the distance

ON A DOZEN TORCHES FAR OFF DOWN THE HILL

heading in the direction of the aircraft...voices shouting excitedly, desperately.

SKYLER turns and heads off, taking camera towards a family dwelling. Once a handsome structure laid out in half circles, now carved down the middle by some unseen evil. One half of the dwelling is charred remnants.

INSIDE THE DWELLING ON ADAMA

He is illuminated across the darkened room by a rectangular candle with twelve wicks. He stands by a wall covered with photographs of himself, his two sons and a daughter. We recognize Athena, Skyler and a second son, Zac. A handsome woman is also pictured with the family and alone in several beautiful portraits taking her from a girl of seventeen to fifty years. Tears well up in Adama's eyes as he takes the oldest photo of his wife in hand.

ADAMA

I'm sorry, Ila. I was never there
when it mattered. Never.

The tears begin to stream down his cheeks as the memories of a thousand lost moments and lost opportunities race through his mind.

Suddenly, he turns to see Skyler standing across the room.

(CONT'D)

ADAMA

I didn't hear you come in. I was
just gathering a few remembrances.

You want this likeness of you and
Zac?

Skyler snaps back, his mood hardening against the hurt.

SKYLER

No...

(beat)

Look, there are crowds coming. They
probably saw our ship land...

Adama stiffens.

ADAMA

I'll be a few more minutes.

Skyler turns to leave, then seems to soften, turning back.

SKYLER

Maybe she wasn't here. Maybe...

The Commander looks at Skyler with finality.

ADAMA

She was here...

Skyler nods and slowly withdraws.

OUTSIDE THE DWELLING - THE CITIZENS WITH TORCHES

have approached to within fifty yards of the sleek fighter ship. Their voices are pitched and angular as they stride down the gentle incline towards Skyler, who moves out to meet them, warily gauging their hostile cries.

SANDELL

Where are they? Where're the rest
of your fancy fliers?

LOBE

Where were you, lad, when they were
killing everyone in sight? What
were you doing, boy?

As they close the gap to within a few feet of Skyler and seem bent on taking him apart, a woman's voice calls out.

LYRA

Wait!

For a moment, there is hesitation. The mob parts as Lyra steps forward, holding a small boy by the hand.

LYRA

Let him talk.

She continues on out until she is face-to-face with Skyler.

LYRA

Before they do what they will with you, I'd like to know where you were. Where were all of you? We waited...we watched and prayed...but you never came...

Skyler looks down at the small, innocent face looking up from beside. BOXEY, a child with dirt and confusion in his innocent eyes.

SKYLER

Most of us are dead.

The crowd breaks into an undertone of awe...

SKYLER

The fleet is all but destroyed.

The crowd breaks into cries of despair and anguish.

LYRA

But you are here...where did you
come from?

SKYLER

The battlestar Galactica.

LYRA

Survived...

SKYLER

Yes...

LYRA

And what of the President and the
Council of the Twelve...and the
other colonies. Surely we can fight
back. We have the will and at long
last, after hundreds of years, we
are united...all twelve colonies.
They cannot possibly defeat our
combined strength...

A voice from offstage commands their attention

ADAMA

We became as one too late.

The group is stunned to find so imperious a figure as one of the Council of the Twelve amongst them.

LYRA

Commander Adama...

LYRA

Miss Lyra.

ADAMA

Then it's true. We are
defeated...doomed.

Skyler and the Commander exchange looks. The little boy, Boxey, stares up at Skyler admiringly.

BOXEY

Can I ride in your ship, Mister?

Skyler bends down and picks him up. Skyler looks at the lad, then at Adama pointedly.

SKYLER

Fighter ships are no place for
boys...

LYRA

They're going to have to be if our
people are going to survive...

Adama turns and walks off to the edge of the bluff
overlooking the burning cities beyond. Lyra moves up behind
him, beside Skyler who is carrying the young child.

LYRA

We are going to fight back...we
can't simply give up.

The Commander seems deep in thought as he looks out over the
ruins.

Then he turns and looks past Lyra and Skyler...past the
boy...

ADAMA

Yes, we are going to fight back.

A cry of bravado goes up from the torch-bearing mob...cries
of satisfaction, of frustration, of vented anger.

ADAMA

But not here...not now...not in the
colonies...not even in this star
system. Let the word go forth to
every man, woman and child who has
survived this infamy. Tell them to
set sail at once in every assorted
vehicle that will carry them...

SKYLER

There isn't time to arrange provision, Father. The Cylons will be sending landing parties to eradicate the survivors. If we could send in our remaining fighters...

ADAMA

No. There are too many of them and too few of us. There is a time to fight, and a time to withdraw...to fight another day.

SKYLER

But there is no way to board the entire population on the Galactica.

And we have no troop carriers, nothing that can make light speed.

ADAMA

We'll use what we do have. Every inner-galactic passenger liner, freighter, taxi...even inner colony buses...air taxis...anything that will carry our people into the stars...

LYRA

And when they have gathered in the stars...?

ADAMA

We will lead them...and protect them...until they are strong again...

The group facing the Commander turn, exchanging curious looks. Either they are in the presence of a madman or a savior...

A PLANET IN FLAMES

with countless assorted vehicles rising from it, leaving it far behind

SUPERIMPOSE THE TITLE

EXODUS

BACK TO ADAMA'S VOICE

ADAMA'S VOICE

And the word went forth to every
outpost of human existence...and
they came...The Aeries from
Aeriana...

ON ANOTHER DISSIMILAR PLANET

with more ships rising into the stars

ADAMA'S VOICE

The Gemons from the planet
Gemini...

ON ANOTHER PLANET

with multiple moons

ADAMA'S VOICE

The Virgos from Virgon...The
Scorpios, the Picons...and the
Sagitarians...

ON THE RAG TAG FLEET

assembling among the stars. As they move by camera, we see lettering of every description, color and text. A bulbous vessel, bearing the signet, "TRANS-STELLAR SPACE SERVICE"...an immense vehicle with the lettering "GEMINI FREIGHT"...a small space tram, "TAURON BUS LINES"... a long-range passenger liner with lettering and initials in a non-descript, unfamiliar text, dominated by three large symbols on its tail structure...as far as the eye could perceive, a fleet of vehicles of every assortment, size and shape...

BACK TO ADAMA'S VOICE

ADAMA'S VOICE

In all, two hundred and twenty ships representing every colony, color and creed in the star system. The human race might have one more chance, but it would first have to survive the Alliance...the elements and the unknown dark and sinister threats that would lie ahead.

ON A CYLON BASE SHIP

hovering over Caprica.

TWO CYLON WARSHIPS

approach the Cylon mother ship.

INSIDE THE INNER CHAMBER

a side door opens and two Cylon warriors cross towards the center pedestal with a human between them. He is Baltar. One of the two sentries beside Baltar speaks.

SENTRY

At your command.

LEADER

Welcome, Baltar. You have done well.

Baltar looks as if he is about to attack the Leader...obviously an unwise move.

BALTAR

I have done well...What have you done? What of our bargain? My colony was to be spared!

LEADER

The bargain was altered.

BALTAR

How can you change one side of a bargain?

LEADER

But there is no other side. You
have missed the entire point of the
war.

Baltar's resolve, his anger, is replaced by a creeping
concern that he has erred in his evaluation of the man before
him.

BALTAR

I don't know what you mean.

LEADER

I mean, there could be no dominion
over the species so long as man
remained a power within the
Universe. It was man or the
Alliance. There could be no
compromise.

BALTAR

But you have what you want... the
threat no longer exists... I
delivered my end of the bargain. My
dominion was to be spared.

LEADER

There can be only one dominion...
one power... one authority... there
must be no exceptions.

BALTAR

But I have no ambitions against
you!

LEADER

Could you think me so foolish as to trust a man who would see his own race destroyed?

BALTAR

Not destroyed, subjugated...under me.

LEADER

There can be no survivors. So long as one human remains alive, the Alliance is threatened.

BALTAR

Surely you don't mean me?

LEADER

We thank you for your help, Baltar. Your time is at an end...

The Leader nods and the two ominous sentries on either side of Baltar lift him from the floor, one on each arm, and begin to take him away.

BALTAR

No...you can't...you still need me...

ON THE LEADER

LEADER

Send the flight leader in.

ON THE DOOR

A sentry enters and stands aside as the flight leader enters.
He moves directly to the center of the room.

FLIGHT LEADER

At your command...

LEADER

Report on the final assault on the
human colonies.

FLIGHT LEADER

The ships all report similar
circumstances. The initial attack
was so effective, there were no
survivors.

LEADER

(incredulously)
No survivors!!! On any of the
twelve colonies?

FLIGHT LEADER

That is correct, Imperious Leader.

Slowly push into the Imperious Leader's knowing gaze...

ON THE RAG TAG FLEET

Countless ships of every description scattered across the sky behind the lone survivor of the Colonial Fleet. We slowly push into the lead vehicle and see its name

"GALACTICA"

IN A LARGE COUNCIL CHAMBER

Commander Adama stands before a large, seated gathering, the starfield to his back.

ADAMA

Long, long ago...whether thousand or millions of year is unimportant...our recorded history tells us that we descended from a mother civilization, a race that set out into the universe to establish colonies. Those of us here now represent every known surviving colony, save one. A sister world far out in the universe, only remembered to us through ancient writings. It is my intention to seek out that remaining colony, that last outpost of humanity in the universe. A civilization like our own, to ask their help in rebuilding...and perhaps, to warn them of an evil Alliance and their intention to eradicate all mankind.

LIEUTENANT STARBUCK rises to his feet. All around him are other fighter pilots.

ADAMA

Lieutenant Starbuck, you have a question?

STARBUCK

Yes, sir. If we're talking about the same colony, I remember reading about it in ancient mythology. I don't think anybody even knows where it is, and if our own ship is any indication, we barely have enough fuel to get out of this galaxy.

Starbuck sits as a surge of agreement sweeps through the room.

ADAMA

A very good point. It will be our plan to find a fuel source and extended provisions before we leave the star system.

Colonel Tigh rises to his feet.

TIGH

Commander, I feel I speak for the vast majority when I say this is hardly a fleet of sturdy, well-equipped soldiers up to battling the universe. Most of these people barely got away with their lives. They're emotionally and physically unprepared for the kind of journey you propose.

The crowd seems to agree as Skyler is now on his feet, as well.

SKYLER

And less than a third of the ships we're escorting can make light speed. It could take us generations to find this colony.

ADAMA

And we'll find it because we have no choice. If we stay in this star system, the Alliance will find us. We'll travel only as fast as our slowest ship. We'll be only as strong as our weakest brother. We are the only surviving battlestar, but the combined pilots that survived ours and the other ships are the best in all the universe. They are up to the task of protecting each and every one of you.

LYRA rises to her feet. We recognize her as the newswoman from Caprica.

LYRA

Commander Adama...forgive the void in my education, but star mythology was never my best subject. This thirteenth colony...this other world...where is it? What is it called?

Adama takes a long pause as he scans the audience, then turns to the starfield and gazes at it like a man searching the horizon for a glimpse of a sail beyond a sea.

ADAMA

I cannot tell you that I know
precisely where it is...but it lies
beyond this star system in a galaxy
like our own. As for the planet's
name...

Adama looks back to the expectant throng...

ADAMA

It is called Earth.

A long beat as excitement builds through the congregation.

END OF HOUR ONE

HOUR TWO

FADE IN

ON THE GALACTICA

maneuvering ahead of the rag tag fleet

IN THE CONFERENCE ROOM

Adama stands before a translucent starmap, addressing a
council of elders.

ADAMA

Our course, while indirect and arduous, has successfully brought us to the outermost reaches of the star system without encountering Cylon patrols. If we can hold out for another eight or nine centons, we can reach the planet Carillon.

Adama turns and moves back to face the main body.

ADAMA

There, hopefully we can find fuel, water, and prepare fresh stores of food...

ON ANTON

ANTON

Hopefully? My dear Commander, there is not one amongst us who is not grateful beyond words for your vision and resourcefulness in saving us all from certain death. Are we now to throw it all away...

Anton rises.

ANTON

As of this moment, we face a crisis no less lethal than the Cylon war machine. I would rather see my loved ones extinguished in the micron flash of a Cylon cannon than drift in fuelless vehicles while starvation, dehydration, and suffocation agonize us one by one.

ADAMA

Anton, it was hardly possible to adequately prepare ourselves for the journey we've had to undertake. We had to leave. We had no choice.

Anton moves to the map.

ANTON

But we have a choice now. We can stop here on Borallus. We know that everything we need is here...food, water, fuel...

There are waves of approval throughout the room.

ADAMA

And undoubtedly a Cylon task force.

A murmur races through the room.

ADAMA

It is the most logical place for us to stop. Precisely why I believe it would be fatal to do so.

ANTON

Possibly fatal. Is it not surely fatal to continue towards Carillon...

Colonel Tigh rises.

TIGH

Commander...the situation has reached crisis levels. Rations have already been cut by two-thirds. How much more can we conserve?

ADAMA

As much as we have to, to reach Carillon. It is our only hope.

ANTON

The Cylons will be looking even unto those far reaches.

ADAMA

There is a path here, through the Nova of Madagon. Not patrolled, and a savings of some two centons in reaching Carillon.

A gasp is heard throughout the council as Adama points to a course through the starfield.

ANTON

Commander, while I may not be a military expert, even I know that the Cylons avoid patrolling that area by mining it to make passage impossible.

ADAMA

Not impossible. We will do it. We
have no other choice.

ON THE BODY OF ELDERS

Their faces are grim.

ON A CYLON BASE SHIP

hanging ominously in the sky.

INSIDE THE INNER CHAMBER

two Cylon Centurians enter with Baltar between them. Baltar
is a different man than the one who strode arrogantly before
the Imperious one.

ON THE IMPERIOUS LEADER

CENTURIAN

By your command...

LEADER

The people of Cylon wish to offer
you an opportunity to serve,
Baltar.

Baltar searches for deception in the Leader's words, but he
is too resigned to death to challenge the unexpected words.

BALTAR

To serve...?

LEADER

It appears that a small band of
refugee humans eluded the
Alliance...

Baltar seems to stand a little taller.

BALTAR

I tried to forewarn you...

The Centurians hurl Baltar to the flood and hold staffs
against the back of his head.

LEADER

I offer you life, and you question
my judgment? Dangerous....

BALTAR raises his head slightly.

BALTAR

Kill me...

The Imperious Leader stares at Baltar. The Centurians waiting
for a sign to kill him.

LEADER

Let him rise.

The Centurians remove their staffs. Baltar climbs to his feet.

LEADER

I sense a bargain...

BALTAR

We bargained before and it left me a dead man. This time I will have my reward before I serve you.

LEADER

The entire Alliance serves me. Why do I need you?

BALTAR

Why do you spare me? Because you fear man. You do not understand him. When your forces had taken and put the entire nation of Tucana into slavery, man was there to break the chains. When you chose to dominate the people of Gaelon, man was there to make the Galics strong, to help them seek their own destiny. The Cylon is content to serve. Man is born to lead. But I can succeed where you have failed.

LEADER

What is your bargain?

BALTAR

When I find the survivors of the colonies...they are mine.

LEADER

And how to you propose to protect this bargain?

BALTAR

There are those who will follow me...away from your influence...away from your interests...

LEADER

All the stars interest me...

BALTAR

You can have no reign on tyranny. There is room for all...

LEADER

You appear as a man, but you think like a Cylon.

BALTAR

The better to serve you, while serving myself.

LEADER

You will need Centurians.

BALTAR

Two will be adequate.

LEADER

Only two...??

Baltar looks from the Centurian on his left to the Centurian on his right.

BALTAR

These two...

LEADER

Your arrogance will destroy you.

BALTAR

I would rather die by my own hand,
than yours.

LEADER

So be it...they are yours...

Baltar smiles, nods and turns...

BALTAR

Come along, boys...

As Baltar moves off, the Centurians stand stoically awaiting instructions from the Imperious Leader.

LEADER

Go with him...Serve me!!

CENTURIAN

By your order...

They turn and move off as we close into a very troubled Imperious Leader.

ON THE RAG TAG FLEET

sailing through the sky at a slow pace.

ON AN ANTIQUATED VEHICLE

pushing in to establish the lettering on its side...

COLONIAL MOVERS

"WE MOVE ANYWHERE"

INSIDE AN ENGINE AREA

Skyler crawls out from an access area beneath some mechanical gear... his hands and face soiled as his Captain markings on his shoulders are the only indications of military rank.

He turns to a tool kit to put away some instruments, taking us to an older man...

JENSING

I understand two other ships have already broken down...

SKYLER

And twenty-two have run out of fuel.

Skyler closes his tool his and rises...looking grim.

JENSING

It's serious?

Skyler looks at the man whose face bears the emotional scars of too many recent disasters.

SKYLER

Until we stop for materials or find minerals to make our own, I just can't repair it...and you'll never be able to keep up with the fleet like it is.

JENSING

But what will we do...?

SKYLER

We'll have to transfer everyone off
of this ship to one of the others.
How many people on board?

A beautiful young lady enters.

LYRA

Twenty-nine...

Skyler turns and smiles.

SKYLER

Well, a celebrity. I would have
thought you could have pulled a
little space on one of the plush
passenger liners.

LYRA

I have no interest in pulling
space. This ship was assigned to
me.

JENSING

She's being charitable. We asked
her if she'd come with us to see if
she could help us with the little
boy.

SKYLER

Little boy?

LYRA

You remember the child found in the bombing? The Jensings lived in the same module as Boxey's parents who were killed in the first wave...

JENSING

He doesn't sleep and he doesn't eat...even emergency rations. In fact, Lyra is the only one he'll even talk to.

LYRA

That's about all I can get him to do. He lost a little daggit which apparently meant everything to him. I thought you might help.

SKYLER

If he won't eat for you, I don't know what I can do.

LYRA

He seemed to spark a little when you picked him up on Caprica. I got the feeling you were good with children.

SKYLER

(introspectively)
I grew up with a kid brother...

IN A NARROW COMPANIONWAY

off of which countless cubicles have been formed as living quarters in the hold of this cargo vessel.

Skyler looks into the faces and lives of the refugees occupying the rooms which are open, partially open, and in a few cases, entirely curtained off with makeshift draperies.

They arrive at a room which is draped shut. There is only a night light on inside. Skyler looks at Lyra. She gestures inside. Skyler reaches into his back pocket and withdraws his military cap with its scrambled eggs and insignia of the Colonial Warriors. He enters...

INSIDE A TINY CUBICLE

Spartan in its furnishings, the night light illuminates the face of a young boy, who lies staring at the ceiling...wide awake.

SKYLER

Excuse me...I hope I'm not interrupting anything...

Boxey's eyes widen.

SKYLER

I'm in charge of finding young men to try out as future fighter pilots. Your name is Boxey, correct?

BOXEY

Uh-huh...

Skyler nods and moves to the bed and crouches beside it.

SKYLER

Good. I've been looking all over for you. You should have made contact with the Commander. You know we're very short on pilots...

BOXEY

I'm too little to be a pilot...

SKYLER

Oh sure, right now, but how long do you think it takes to become a full Colonial Warrior?

BOXEY

I don't know.

SKYLER

You have to start when you're very small, or you won't get these until you have gray hair.

Boxey lifts his head to see what Skyler is pointing to on his shoulders. The young lad's eyes show their first glimmer of interest as they see Captain's emblems.

SKYLER

You like them?

Then as quickly as the interest appeared, it vanishes and the youth withdraws to his pillow.

BOXEY

I want Muffit...

SKYLER

Well, I don't know. There isn't much room for a daggit in a fighter plane.

BOXEY

He's gone. He ran away.

SKYLER

Oh? Well, maybe we can find one of Muffit's friends?

BOXEY

There are no daggits...I asked...

Skyler steals a helpless look at Lyra, who looks back, both appreciatively and sympathetically.

SKYLER

Well, I'll tell you what...

Skyler removes an emblem from his shoulder and places it on Boxey's night clothes.

SKYLER

As Colonial Warrior First Level, you are entitled to the first daggit that comes along.

Skyler rises and starts out of the room, then hesitates at the door.

SKYLER

But only on the condition that you
get your rest, eat all of your
primaries, and stop chasing girls.
Good night, Officer...

Skyler salutes and exits with Lyra. Behind them, Boxey steals a peek at the emblem on his pajamas. He clutches it in his hand and stares at the darkened ceiling as we move to see the far off look which windows the confused world of a six year old boy.

IN THE CORRIDOR

Skyler waits as Lyra moves up to him

LYRA

Thank you. I was right; you are
good with kids. You and your
brother must be very close.

Skyler steps away.

SKYLER

We were.

LYRA

I'm sorry! The war?

SKYLER

I suppose...

LYRA

Look, if you'd rather not involve yourself...

SKYLER

(interrupting)

Don't be silly. What's a Warrior to do after he's lost the big one... win a few of the little ones...

LYRA

That's not a little one in their, Captain. You win that one, you've accomplished something.

ON A LARGE SHIP WITH THREE GIANT PODS

The livery ship. Three large circular compartments, connected by long, narrow metal corridors. Skyler walks with Starbuck down a corridor.

STARBUCK

I don't think I can help you, Skyler. Other than fixing the landing servos on this livery machine, the only thing I know about livestock, which includes daggits, is that they've run out of food to feed them.

Let me show you...

They have entered one of the large circular pods, taking us to a ring of animals all facing into a central feeding device. The animals are in pairs, each pair representing a different species. Starbuck leads Skyler to one of the stalls where we find two unicorns, one lying on its side.

SKYLER

How long has he been like that?

STARBUCK

He collapsed last night just after I was brought on board. You know unicorns are very monogamous. His lady's in foal. They think he's been letting her have his share of the food ration. If we could have stopped at Borallus...

Skyler storms away.

SKYLER

We couldn't stop. The Cylons would have been there...waiting...

STARBUCK

Well, when these animals are gone, they're gone. We'll just have to accept the fact that generations will grow up without ever having seen a unicorn... or a tagon...or a...

SKYLER

There wouldn't have been any generations of anything if we'd stopped. I would have made the same decision as my father.

Starbuck moves after Skyler.

STARBUCK

Okay...okay...it's just rough to have to watch them slip away, one at a time...

SKYLER

I'll tell you what's rough...We've got a little boy in the same condition. Are you sure no one brought any daggits along someplace in this whole fleet?

STARBUCK

No. We're both out of luck...I already checked.

SKYLER

Both out of luck! You checked for daggits? Why?

STARBUCK

Daggit racing...

SKYLER

What?

STARBUCK

What's one of the most awful things that can happen to people on a long voyage?

SKYLER

They die...

STARBUCK

Not that awful. I'm talking about things to do for excitement.

Skyler's interest plunges into disgust.

SKYLER

Fifty million Cylons chasing us all over the stars...our ships are falling apart...there's nothing to eat...and you're worried about excitement.

STARBUCK

Well, when you put it like that...Anyway, I got the idea before it began to look like we weren't going to make it at all...

SKYLER

We're going to make it...the animals, too.

STARBUCK

Tell him...

Starbuck and Skyler have arrived at a droid whose front is open, exposing its workings. There are tools in front of the machine, suggesting that Starbuck has been working on it.

STARBUCK

How's it going this morning, Zeus?

A slightly effete but benevolent voice responds

ZEUS

Not well... All species receiving inadequate food supplements to survive the voyage to the planet Carillon...

STARBUCK

You're wrong, Zeus. Commander Adama has just decided to take a chance through the Nova of Madagon. That'll cut two centons off of the journey...

ZEUS

The Nova of Madegon is mined by the Alliance. The percentile risk of successfully traversing the strait makes it statistically impossible.

STARBUCK

Is that right?

ZEUS

Yes, that's right.

STARBUCK

Thank you.

ZEUS

Thank you.

STARBUCK

Thank you.

ZEUS

Thank you.

Starbuck shakes his head.

STARBUCK

Idiot...

ZEUS

I beg your pardon...

Now it's Skyler's turn to react. His face lights up. He, too, has seen the light.

SKYLER

Starbuck...that's the
answer...You've saved a life...

STARBUCK

What?

SKYLER

Never mind...Thanks...I owe you
one...

Skyler turns and hustles out. Starbuck looks after him.

STARBUCK

Malnutrition...it's getting to
everyone. All right, Zeus, now we
have to reprogram some of your
circuits for landing on a planet.
Do you understand?

ZEUS

Why did you call me an idiot?

STARBUCK

Oh, for crying out loud...

ON A STARFIELD so bright, it defies the unprotected eye to
scan it

ON TWO PILOTS IN THE BRIEFING ROOM

Starbuck and Skyler viewing a monitor.

ADAMA

The Nova of Madegon is not a Nova at all, but a starfield so bright your cockpits will be sealed to prevent blindness. You will navigate by scanner and sweep everything out of your path with turbolasers.

Any questions?

STARBUCK

Yes, sir. Would this be an appropriate time for me to take my sick leave?

A small, nervous laugh. Adama smiles the longest and seems to take his time answering the quip.

ADAMA

It would, but request denied. I didn't arrive at you two to lead us through without a great deal of anguish. If it will do any good, let me assure you that should you fail...no one will survive. Therefore, you have the advantage of controlling your own fate. The rest of us must sit in anticipation of your skill...

Skyler rises

SKYLER

Or lack thereof...

IN AN OUTER CORRIDOR

Adama exits a room and is accosted by Athena. Adama does not stop

ATHENA

Father...I can't believe you're doing this! Why couldn't you have listened to the others. We should have stopped at Borallus. We wouldn't have to be taking this awful chance with their lives...

Adama stops and looks at Athena.

ADAMA

Whose lives?

ATHENA

Starbuck's and Skyler's.

A knowing look crosses Adama's face

ADAMA

You place Lieutenant Starbuck's name ahead of your brother's.

Curious...

She turns away.

ADAMA

And here I'm supposed to be all-knowing.

ATHENA

I didn't know myself until I heard he was going. It's all so hopeless...If they survive this... if any of us survive...What next...

How long before we find Earth?

ADAMA

Perhaps never.

ATHENA

That's what I was thinking, Father. We could grow old waiting. I mean, we may never have the chance...to...

ADAMA

To get married and have children and a home...

ATHENA

Yes...

ADAMA

Well, I think it's premature for you to be worrying about old age. I, on the other hand, ought to give a great deal of thought to this voyage...If it should go on and on...

ATHENA

But you have to lead them. You're all that's left.

ADAMA

No, you're left...and Skyler and Lieutenant Starbuck and Colonel Tigh and...well, so many more good people. That's why the journey is worth any sacrifice. There are so many people worth saving... and beginning again...

Athena hugs her father.

ATHENA

I'm sorry if I spoke out of turn before...I've never faced death before.

ADAMA

You faced senseless killing as you should have... with horror. That's the difference between humans and the Alliance. We don't waste life, we only risk it when there is no other choice...as in this case, where the very survival of the human race may ride on three young men...

ON SKYLER

in his cockpit

SKYLER

Ready...

ON STARBUCK

in his cockpit

STARBUCK

I'm not ready...But let's get it
over with anyway...

ADAMA ON THE BRIDGE

ADAMA

Launch...

ON THE OUTSIDE OF THE GALACTICA'S LAUNCHING TUBES

as two ships blast into space

ON THE BRIDGE

TIGH

Nova starfield ahead, sir...

Adama says a silent prayer

ON TWO COLONIAL FIGHTERS

sweeping through space and approaching a bright field of light

INSIDE SKYLER'S COCKPIT

SKYLER

I may not be able to see anything,
but it's sure getting hot. You
picking up the field on your
scanner?

STARBUCK

Negative...my scanner's burning
up...

SKYLER'S VOICE

I was afraid of that. It's too
bright for the scanner...

STARBUCK

And a little too late to turn back,
I'd say. What do we do?

SKYLER'S VOICE

Only one thing I can think
of...hold positions and blast
away...

STARBUCK

What if we miss a mine?

SKYLER'S VOICE

One of us will be the first to know
it. Let's go.

ON THE COLONIAL FIGHTERS

as the two sleek ships angle through the brightly-lighted
starfield firing everything they have.

ON THE MINEFIELD as mine after mine detonates.

ON THE BRIDGE OF THE GALACTICA

a tense crew watches the scanners. Suddenly, a cheer goes up.

TIGH

It's working, Commander... They're
clearing a path a hundred maxims
wide.

ATHENA

Now that's precision flying!
Starbuck really knows what he's
doing.

ON STARBUCK

STARBUCK

Are we hitting anything? I can't
see a blessed thing.

SKYLER

Be hanged if I know...but it's
cooling off...I believe we made
it...

STARBUCK

Yaaaahoooooooo...

ON A PLANET

suspended in space

ADAMA'S VOICE

The planet Carillon...

IN THE ASSEMBLY ROOM

from which the Planet Carillon is clearly visible through the
window to space.

ADAMA

Landing operations will begin at
once.

Adama turns to address the gathering of military officers

ADAMA

Our mineral scanners have located
what we believe is the approximate
site of the old mining expedition.
(MORE)

ADAMA (CONT'D)
Captain Skyler will lead a military
sortie to the surface.

SKYLER

Will any civilian personnel be
allowed to land?

ADAMA

Only those responsible for the
farming operation. We will make
exceptions only for extreme cases,
medical or otherwise.

IN A CORRIDOR ABOARD THE MOVING VAN

Lyra moves along with Skyler.

LYRA

Still won't eat...doesn't sleep.
Commander Adama even granted
permission for him to go down onto
Carillon and help care for the
livestock. It would do him a world
of good.

SKYLER

I think I have something that'll
interest him.

IN A MAINTENANCE LABORATORY

in which we find a row of droids staring at us. WIDEN to see Doctor Wilker leaving a bench at which a scope is connected to a droid and sending out pulses which make a hand function up and down. The o.s. sound of a door opening automatically brings the Doctor around.

SKYLER, LYRA AND BOXEY enter. Doctor Wilker leaves his bench and walks up to greet them.

WILKER

Ah, Captain Skyler. Right on time.
We've been expecting you. Is this
the young officer who's been put in
charge of the new project?

Skyler swings a look down to Boxey, who is now half-hiding behind him.

SKYLER

Well, I haven't had time to fully
discuss the project with him. It's
our hope that he'll accept.

Boxey pulls on Skyler's leg. Skyler looks down.

BOXEY

(whispers)
I want to go back to my cubicle.

SKYLER

Boxey, this is a military order. We
have to at least hear the Doctor
out. Tell us more about the
project, Doctor.

WILKER

Well, as you know, we will soon be landing on various alien planets. It's important that we be safe. Ordinarily, we'd have trained daggits to stand watch at night when our Warriors are asleep in their encampments, but we don't have any daggits. So, we had to see what we could come up with. We'll call the first one, Muffit Two.

Boxey looks up at Skyler.

BOXEY

What'd he say?

SKYLER

I didn't really get it all, Doctor. Maybe you'd better show us.

WILKER

Right. Oh, Lanzer...

A young man moves from the back of the lab holding something in his arms. It is large and friendly-looking. It has curly hair implanted all over it and as Lanzer puts it down on the ground, it begins to bark in a high-pitched, friendly tone and move towards Boxey. When it gets there, it stops. Its tongue comes out; it begins to pant, and its tail wags frantically from where it protrudes through a hole at the back of the droid's silver skin.

WILKER

Naturally, the first one will have to be looked after very carefully.

Boxey stares at the small droid incredulously.

BOXEY

That's not Muffit. It's not even a real daggit.

WILKER

No, but it can learn to be like a real one. It's very smart. If you would help us, he'll be even smarter.

Boxey continues to stare at the daggit. The daggit, in turn, continues to pant.

BOXEY

Stop that.

The daggit stops panting and cocks its head quizzically.

BOXEY

begins to show the hint of a smile. He turns and takes a step away from the small droid. The droid stares. Boxey moves a few more feet, then moves off down the corridor. The daggit rises and follows after him.

DOCTOR WILKER turns to Lyra and Skyler.

WILKER

We used the image of Boxey you gave us to train the droid to respond to him.

ON BOXEY as he stops at the end of the corridor and turns to look at the daggit. He opens his arms. The small droid moves forward, sits up on his hind legs and puts his paws on Boxey's small chest. Boxey turns his cheek against the small companion and smiles back up the corridor at Lyra and Skyler and the Doctor. It is love at first sight.

ON SKYLER, LYRA AND WILKER

SKYLER

That's one I owe you, Doc...

He smiles

WILKER

Any time...

As he leaves, Lyra turns to Skyler with a warmth she hasn't felt since before the holocaust...when the world turned dark.

LYRA

That's one I owe you, Skyler.

SKYLER

Any time...

ON THE SURFACE OF CARILLON

Pushing in as we see colonial fighters streaking close over its surface.

STARBUCK

Surface cleared to land...

ON THE BRIDGE OF THE GALACTICA

ADAMA

Proceed to land the livery ships

ON THE SURFACE OF CARILLON

as he livery ships soar by on their way to the surface

INSIDE THE CYLON BASE SHIP IN THE INNER CHAMBER

on the Imperious Leader.

LEADER

It has been seven centons, and not one word of the humans. What have you to say, Baltar?

Baltar stands before the Leader, confident and illusive.

BALTAR

Their doom is imminent.

LEADER

You know where they are...

BALTAR

I know where they will be.

Baltar smiles confidently and turns to leave.

LEADER

I have not dismissed you.

Baltar stops...looks back.

BALTAR

You want them...Then I must go.

LEADER

You know that when you have found them, you will yet have to deal with me for your arrogance.

BALTAR

Yes...but this time, I will be prepared.

As Baltar turns and exits, we push in on the Imperious Leader, his hatred for Baltar growing with every centon.

ON STARBUCK, BOOMER, SKYLER AND JOLLY

standing on the surface of Carillon, their fighter ships in the background. It is not day; it is not night. An odd illumination from two moons gives the planet a midnight sun effect.

BOOMER

I wonder what it's like in the daytime.

SKYLER

This is the daytime...

STARBUCK

Lovely. I can't imagine why it isn't overpopulated.

SKYLER

My scanner reads life forms beyond that hill. Either it's some high-energy-yielding substance or they left some kind of caretaker operation behind when they abandoned this place. Starbuck and Boomer, you take the shuttle and check it out. Jolly, you go to work on the livery detail with your squadron. I'll use mine to start checking out this area for signs of the old mine. Everybody sync your chronometers. I want a check in every four millicentons on the security frequency. Understood?

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

Everyone nods and pressed their wrist chronometers which emit random, out-of-sync tones at odd intervals at first, then come into sync, so that in effect we hear a pattern of steady, rhythmic pulses.

SKYLER

Let's go.

The men all turn and head off in varying directions. As they do, we pan and move into one of many formations in the area that look like the edge of a crater or giant ant hill or...

REVERSE ANGLE

To Starbuck and Boomer moving off, we are looking down the sights of a strange-looking weapon. Suddenly, a hand moves in and pushes the barrel down.

CLOSE ON TWO SMALL CREATURES

They are insect-like, approximately five feet tall, large, bulbous eyes and four arms. Seetol turns and nods, taking camera to a third creature who also carries a weapon with two hands and turns to work a machine device with a third and fourth hand. A faint whine can be heard and the three creatures slowly begin to submerge down into the crater

ON A SUBTERRANEAN PASSAGEWAY the pod appears in a cell-like opening. The three creatures step off.

One remains at the elevator-like structure; the other two move off down the passage, which is alive with a pulsating golden light coming from the cell-like panels.

ON ANOTHER CELL-LIKE OPENING

As the two creatures move up a passageway towards it. They arrive and we pan with them, taking camera to an immense chamber deep beneath the earth.

THE MINE is a giant, beehive-like structure with countless levels and honeycomb-like compartments. We can see workers busily poking at walls and withdrawing ore, which is, in turn, placed in small vehicles which other workers are maneuvering throughout the multi-corridorred structure.

INSIDE A CHOSEN CHAMBER

Very plush. A creature sits on a cushioned floor, surrounded by slaves serving all manners of personal needs, from playing a sitar and a bee's hum, pruning or manicuring two of the chosen creature's limbs, and providing some kind of smoking device for occasional puffs...

SEETOL enters.

SEETOL

They have come.

The voice is that of a girl...soft and pleasant. The next voice is that of the Queen of the hive...deeper, just as soft, but infinitely more refined.

LOTAY

Don't disturb them. It will only stir them up. They'll be perfectly harmless unless angered or frightened.

Seetol nods, bows, and withdraws as Lotay draws on the strange pipe.

ON THE LIVERY SHIP

sitting far in the background as animals are being led into the foreground.

ON SKYLER

as he points out a meadow area bordered on all sides by short, rocky hills. Jensing looks on with several other farmer.

SKYLER

We'll use nitrogen injection in that area. It looks level enough that we won't have to bring down soil movers.

The ranchers nod and move off as Boomer and Jolly come running up.

JOLLY

Captain, we aren't alone on this planet. You'd better come right away.

Skyler gives Jolly a worried look and follows after him

ON GREENBEAN

with his sidearm in hand, his shaking hand extended in front of him with the weight and fate of his people dispersed on his nervous face.

Skyler and Jolly charge up.

GREENBEAN

No doubt about it, Captain.
Someone's here besides up. Look at
that...

Skyler swings his look over to some rocks. He sees nothing at first, then looks down and sees a snarling face. It is Muffit Two.

SKYLER

All right, Ensign, I'll handle it.
Put up your weapon.

Skyler moves forward as Greenbean and Jolly watch warily.

SKYLER

Come on, Muffy...here boy.

The robot dog prances out from behind the rocks, his tail wagging.

Skyler bends down and pats the droid on the head.

SKYLER

Where's Boxey? Go find Boxey.

The droid takes off towards the livery ships.

SKYLER

It's obvious you guys haven't boned
up in your manual on dealing with
natives on friendly planets.

Skyler turns and moves off, leaving Greenbean and Jolly in
confusion.

SOMEPLACE ELSE ON THE SURFACE OF CARILLON

The shuttle can be seen resting far in the b.g. as Starbuck
climbs over the rocky crest of a hill and looks down. His
face suddenly reflects an awesome find.

STARBUCK

Boomer...

ON BOOMER

climbing up to the crest over jagged rocks

(CONT'D)

BOOMER

Yeah...yeah...what is it now...

STARBUCK

(stunned)

You aren't going to believe this,
Boomer...

Boomer nears the top.

BOOMER

Feeling is believing...

STARBUCK

(dazzled)

No, I mean really...

Boomer reaches the crest and looks. His mouth falls open.

BOOMER

I don't believe it...

POINT OF VIEW - PARADEESE de FESTIVE'

Far down a steep, rocky incline within the walls of a canyon, a carnival of color and lights and spherical glass set amidst greenery and pools of water, in a narrow valley of cliffs. People and creatures come and go amidst laughter and song.

BOOMER AND STARBUCK exchange blank stares.

BOOMER

What is it?

Starbuck shakes his head dumbfounded.

STARBUCK

I don't know.

Starbuck rises up, drawing his sidearm, and carefully starts down the steep incline.

ACROSS A CLEARING AMIDST THE POOLS OF WATER AND GARDENS

creatures and people move up and down the paths, laughing gaily.

Beyond them, Starbuck and Boomer appear, still completely disoriented.

STARBUCK

It sure is pretty...and it sure sounds friendly...

A scream from o.s. They wheel around.

A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN is staring at Starbuck and Boomer.

WOMAN

Don't shoot!! What do you want?

Starbuck embarrassingly looks at the weapon in his hand and quickly puts it away, smiling.

STARBUCK

I mean no harm. You're from
Taura...

WOMAN

Yes, I'm a Taurus. How'd you know
that?

STARBUCK

The dialect...What is this...What
are you doing here?

WOMAN

What am I doing here??? What are
you doing here??? Why are Colonial
Warriors sneaking around a resort
with their weapons drawn?
Everything is perfectly legal.

Starbuck and Boomer exchange looks.

WOMAN

Isn't it...?

STARBUCK

Would you mind telling us how you
got here?

WOMAN

On the bus.

Another exchange of looks between Starbuck and Boomer.

BOOMER

Must've been sniffing plant
vapors...

STARBUCK

Would you tell us about this bus?

WOMAN

It was all handled through my
travel agent. This place is
fabulous... I just can't believe
they can give you all this for so
little money...

(she hurriedly starts to
open her purse)

Look, I won over a thousand
cubits...

Her purse burgeons with gold.

STARBUCK

You won those cubits...here????

WOMAN

In there, sure...Look, they said it
was all legal, so if it isn't,
you'd better take on the whole star
system because everyone is doing
it. Look, I'm late. Talk about
meeting people, they weren't
kidding.

(MORE)

WOMAN (CONT'D)

We're going on a moonlight cruise.
Two moons. How can you go wrong?

She giggles and hurries off. Boomer looks after her.

BOOMER

I don't get it. How cut off can
they be. She didn't act like she'd
even heard about the war.

STARBUCK

There's something even more
peculiar. Why haven't we heard
about this place?

BOOMER

I suppose you know every gambling
den in our star system...

Starbuck slowly turns to look at Boomer. Boomer nods.

BOOMER

You're right. If there's a game
going on, you know about it.

Starbuck turns and starts moving towards the lavish sphere.

STARBUCK

But this isn't back room cards!
This is the biggest splash I've
seen outside of Orion.

Starbuck stops in his tracks and looks at Boomer as if seeing a light flashing.

STARBUCK

Which colony did the mining exploration on this planet?

The light begins to glow for Boomer.

BOOMER

Orion...

STARBUCK

Count Baltar's private little empire. It was his engineers that reported back to the Colonies that mining on this planet was financially unfeasible.

BOOMER

So he sets up a gambling resort. Why? Why put something like this together and keep it a secret?

STARBUCK

To avoid paying Colonial taxes...his share of the war...

BOOMER

Yeah, but if you don't tell anyone about a place like this, you don't do any business.

STARBUCK

Does this place look empty?

BOOMER

It just doesn't make any sense...

STARBUCK

It'll make sense when we ask the
right questions...

INSIDE THE GIANT SPHERE

a circus of gambling games, attractive females, humanoid and extra-terrestrial. A lovely, feline-looking cocktail waitress moves up to Starbuck just inside the entrance. She is dressed very modestly, revealing little but the shape of four handsome breasts and a furry tail which removes a soiled glass from a chrome railing as she extends a tray to Starbuck.

STARBUCK

No...thank you.

She moves off as Boomer moves up, his eyes on the waitress

STARBUCK

Did you see that tail...

BOOMER

Sure did...

A scream goes up from a gaming table nearby. Starbuck and Boomer take a look. As they do, a cry of joy goes up a few feet away...and another further across the room...

STARBUCK

The odds must be incredible here.
People are winning a fortune...

BOOMER

And they are obviously well fed.
Let's get a hold of whoever's in
charge and see about getting some
food back to the fleet.

STARBUCK

Hold it...slow down...The last
thing these people may want to find
is a Battlestar sitting on their
front door...

BOOMER

Then you think this set-up is
illegal?

STARBUCK

It wasn't exactly listed in the
Colonial Concordance of places to
go...things to do...

Boomer starts looking around a little more nervously

BOOMER

Then they may not be too happy to see us, either.

STARBUCK

I've never been in a crooked gambling den that didn't depend on military pay vouchers to keep their doors open.

Suddenly, a pit boss is on them.

PIT BOSS

Welcome, gentlemen. Is that an emblem of the Colonial Fleet that I see?

STARBUCK

Yes...it is...

PIT BOSS

I didn't realize they were in the area.

STARBUCK

As a matter of fact, we're kind of here on our own.

PIT BOSS

Little out of the way, aren't you?

BOOMER

Secret mission.

STARBUCK

He likes to be dramatic. Just a reconnaissance flight...see that the armistice is being observed...

The ensuing moment seems like an eternity to Boomer and Starbuck. Does the pit boss seem to be grinning at their naive lie, or is he being genuinely hospitable?

PIT BOSS

How worthy...and how fortunate to have you with us. Consider yourselves guests of the establishment. Food and drink are on the house.

The pit boss smiles once again and moves off

BOOMER

Well, how do you feel now, sport? We have the run of the place while our people are starving to death, and it'll be at least two centons before we can raise crops.

STARBUCK

What did you expect me to do, ask the guy for twenty thousand quantums of food for a couple of straggler pilots on a reconnaissance flight?

BOOMER

Maybe we could kinda' confide in him...

STARBUCK

Boomer, until we know who these people are, just keep in mind it'll only take one informer to have the whole Cylon war machine on its way.

BOOMER

So what do we do? We've got to get fuel and food back to the ships.

STARBUCK

First thing we do is check in with the fleet and tell 'em what we've found. Meanwhile, I'll try to find out who's behind this place. How many cubits do you have with you?

BOOMER

Cubits!!! There are people back in our fleet half-starved and you're going to gamble?

STARBUCK

Boomer, this time it's in the line of duty. We've got to start asking some questions, but carefully, very carefully. Now go...check in...

BOOMER

All right, but you'd better make this last...that's all there is...

Boomer drops three cubits into Starbuck's hand

ON A HI-LO TABLE

Three people are seated at what might be a space-age blackjack game.

Starbuck heads for an open chair beside a woman, who, but for a few pounds, might be extremely attractive. The other two at the table are male, both approaching obesity.

STARBUCK

This chair taken...?

The girl eyes Starbuck appraisingly. She likes what she sees.

LORNA

Well!!! The fleet's in...Sit
down...

(She checks his shoulders for an insignia; looks impressed)

Lieutenant...you've come to a lucky
table.

STARBUCK

That right...?

ON THE GAME

Hi-Lo or 7/11 as it is known throughout the star system, is a game played with cards or electronic extensions of cards between any number of players and a dealer.

The object of the game is to draw a hand as close as possible to either 7 or 11. It is the players' choice, a judgment the player makes after viewing his first card, or 'up' card...

ON THE SHUTTLE CRAFT

standing ominously still where Boomer and Starbuck left it on a volcanic rock plateau.

ON A ROCK FORMATION

as Ovion faces begin to rise from concealment and move towards the ship.

IN FRONT OF THE PARADEESE de FESTIVE'

Boomer ambles to a position of seclusion near some lush landscaping.

He withdraws a pocket communicator and talks into it in hushed tones.

BOOMER

Land probe to Galactica...land
probe to Galactica... Come in...

There is no response.

BOOMER

Galactica...come in Galactica...

Boomer taps the small hand device and holds it up to his ear. He can hear static, but no signal.

BOOMER

Land probe to Galactica.

BACK UP ON THE VOLCANIC ROCK PLATEAU

The Ovion leader raises his hand. A platoon of Ovion soldiers level their hand weapons on the silent ship. He drops his hand.

THE WEAPONS fire multiple bursts of flame.

THE SHUTTLE CRAFT erupts into a pyre that reaches high into the sky.

THE OVIONS turn and begin to back away.

THE SHUTTLE CRAFT explodes into a fireball which rises high into the night sky.

ON THE SURFACE OF CARILLON

in another place.

THREE OVION FACES appear at ground level and continue to rise into frame. They stare off...

POINT OF VIEW

Boxey moving along with Muffit Two behind him. Suddenly, Muffit Two stops and looks towards camera and growls.

THE OVION CREATURES

lower back beneath the ground

BOXEY moves off towards Skyler. Muffit continues to start at the mound

ON BOXEY as he moves up to Skyler who is scanning the area with an electronic probe.

BOXEY

How soon before things begin to grow?

SKYLER

Morning. By the end of the day tomorrow, we'll have a whole crop of fresh food instead of comrations. Won't that taste better?

BOXEY

I'd rather go home. Why'd we have to leave? Why'd those people want to hurt us?

SKYLER

Oh, because there are and have always been living beings who cannot accept anything they don't understand...anything different.

BOXEY

What do you mean, different?

SKYLER

Just about anything at all...the shape of your eyes, the number of limbs, the color of the outer layer of your skin...even thoughts and ideas. They just aren't equipped to deal with difference.

BOXEY

You mean they're stupid.

SKYLER

I guess by our standards. How can it be anything but stupid to kill what you don't understand?

BOXEY

Why don't we kill them back?

SKYLER

Then we'd be changing what we are...to be like them. It's better for us to go someplace else.

BOXEY

What if they come after us?

SKYLER

We might have to defend ourselves.

BOXEY

You mean kill them.

SKYLER

Possibly.

BOXEY

Then we'd be like them.

SKYLER

Boxey, you're beginning to see how complicated life is. We don't believe in war, but the opposite of war isn't necessarily peace. What we want is freedom...the right to be left alone, but there's always the chance someone will come along and spoil everything.

BOXEY

So you kill them.

SKYLER

No...you try to establish penalties. Something that makes spoiling someone else's way of life unrewarding.

BOXEY

You kill them.

SKYLER

Boxey, you have a way of reducing everything to very simple terms. I don't know...maybe you're right...in the end we're talking about life and death. Life is precious. No one has the right to tamper with another's, without the risk of forfeiting their own. I think maybe we're getting a little deep for a boy your age.

BOXEY

Why? You can die at any age, can't you?

SKYLER

Yes, Boxey, you can...Where's Muffit?

BOXEY

Right here...

Boxey turns to look. Muffit is not to be seen. Then from beyond the mound, we hear barking.

BOXEY

There he is.

SKYLER

Better get him. If he wanders off, he could fall into an old mining probe and we'd never find him. And be careful...stay in plain view of the livery ships.

BOXEY

I will.

As Boxey turns and moves off, Greenbean hurries up.

ON GREENBEAN

GREENBEAN

Captain, I think we've got
problems.

SKYLER

You've found another droid...

GREENBEAN

No...we lost Jolly...

Skyler gives Greenbean an impatient look

SKYLER

How could anybody lose Lieutenant
Jolly...there's so much of him, he
almost qualifies as a planet. Let's
check it out.

Skyler moves off with Greenbean

ON BOXEY

walking along amidst the mounds, scanning in all directions.

BOXEY

Muffy...Muffy...Darn you
daggit...Where are you...

Suddenly, a hand appears on Boxey's shoulder. He spins around. He starts to scream.

ON AN OVION

As one hand reaches out to cover Boxey's mouth while two more hold his arms to his side.

INSIDE THE OVION CHAMBERS

Boxey is being led down a corridor by two Ovion creatures. He is both dismayed and frightened by the strange new world he has entered.

Suddenly, he hears barking. He takes off on a dead run.

BOXEY

Muffy!!!

AN OVION SOLDIER raises his weapon. The other stops him from using it. They start after Boxey.

ON THE ENTRANCE TO THE CHOSEN CHAMBER

Boxey charges up and through the legs of the Ovion guard as she attempts to stop him. The guard begins to pursue him.

INSIDE THE CHOSEN CHAMBER

Boxey charges in, sees Muffy standing beside Jolly, barking at the Chosen Leader. Her name is Lotay. As the Ovion guard is about to grab Boxey, Lotay raises a hand.

LOTAY

Leave him.

Boxey crouches beside Muffy, holding him close. Muffy licks his face.

Lotay scans the odd assemblage before her -- an obese flyer, a small child, and a peculiar-looking droid.

LOTAY (CONT'D)

A curious group...

(after a thought, a
pleasant smile)

But they will do nicely. Take them
to a cell and prepare for the
others as quickly as possible.

Jolly edges over, grimly putting an arm around Boxey

IN THE PARADEESE de FESTIVE' CASINO

AT STARBUCK'S TABLE

another cheer goes up as Starbuck rakes in more cubits.

STARBUCK

Let 'em ride again.

LORNA

Hey, you're fine. Where've you been all week? Where're you from? No, let me guess, you're a Capricorn...

STARBUCK

What gave me away?

LORNA

Your tenacity...I mean you get what you want and you're aloof...All you people from Caprica are alike.

(she giggles)

And also your insignia says your unit is from Caprica.

STARBUCK

How'd you find out about this place?

LORNA

A girlfriend at the office told me about three of her roommates coming here. They had such a good time, they stayed over...wrote us to come. It was too good a deal to pass up.

STARBUCK

What's a good deal?

LORNA

Five cubits round trip, all meals included for one centon. I don't know how they do it. The food is so good, I've gained ten pounds, and my girlfriend...if she doesn't stop eating, they'll never get her back off the planet.

Starbuck looks around at the capacity crowd.

STARBUCK

I guess they make it up on the gambling...

LORNA

Except that I'm ahead fifty cubits.

Starbuck watches as the dealer punches up a card...A cheer from the table...Lorna giggles.

LORNA

You win again.

Boomer returns with a serious look on his face.

BOOMER

(softly)
We'd better talk.

Starbuck reads Boomer's expression...rises.

STARBUCK

Thanks for the company.

LORNA
(invitingly)
Any time...hurry back.

Boomer and Starbuck cross the casino into a lounge area from which music is pulsating.

STARBUCK

Where are we going? I'm finding out all sorts of things, like the fact that these people are completely cut off from news of the outside world.

BOOMER

I'm not surprised. Be careful what you say, we're being watched.

As Starbuck starts to look around...

STARBUCK

Who by?

Boomer slaps a hand on Starbuck's back and grins broadly for effect.

BOOMER

Right...Let's have a drink and
listen to some music...loud music.

IN THE LOUNGE

A trio of female Tucanas are performing in what can best be described as a spaced-out Supremes style of music. Tucanas are unusual beings, in that while they are not totally unattractive in a feline sort of way, they do have two mouths, which in a woman can be devastating, unless they happen to be singers...

STARBUCK AND BOOMER sit into a table combination for two and Starbuck is immediately taken by the group.

BOOMER

They can't try to read our lips in
here.

STARBUCK

The place is full of lips. Look,
are you sure you aren't imagining
things? This place is all right.

Starbuck places a cubit in a slot on a small pedestal in the middle of the table. A cup drops down and amber begins to stream into it. He then places a large stack of cubits in front of him, to Boomer's amazement.

BOOMER

Where'd you get all those?

STARBUCK

Hi-lo.

(MORE)

STARBUCK (CONT'D)

One thing this place isn't, is crooked. Would you listen to those girls? They're great.

BOOMER

Forget the girls. Talk to me. What else did you pick up at that table!

Starbuck continues to stare at the girls

STARBUCK

Like what?

BOOMER

Like why they might need to watch us.

STARBUCK

Who?

He follows Boomer's gaze

TWO OVIONS standing by a dapery partition are looking towards Boomer and Starbuck. One turns and moves off

STARBUCK AND BOOMER

BOOMER

Ovions.

STARBUCK

Who?

BOOMER

Ovions. They're all over the place.
My section got a briefing on them
from Intelligence.

STARBUCK

Where do they come from?

BOOMER

No one seems to know much about
them. They just started showing up
on a few outposts, mostly as
migratory workers.

STARBUCK

Looks like they're well-equipped
for that...

BOOMER

It's their politics that are in
doubt.

STARBUCK

I don't see how that's too
important any more.

BOOMER

Why not?

STARBUCK

How can we worry about subversion
when we don't have a planet left to
subvert? Hey, would you listen to
those girls? They're incredible.

ON THE GROUP

The middle lady belts out a song in a fashion not dissimilar
to Bette Midler. The two ladies flanking her belt out 'oo's'
and 'ah's,' singing four-part harmony, with both mouths
cranking out decibels of music while the lead singer only
seems to be using one of her two orifices. The upper mouth is
definitely doing all the work, but effectively...very
effectively.

STARBUCK is mesmerized

STARBUCK

We could make a fortune if we could
put those girls on the star
circuit. I mean big money, Boomer.

BOOMER

I don't believe you. Every creature
in the universe is out to
exterminate us, and you want to
hire a vocal group.

STARBUCK

Have a little vision, will 'ya. The
war can't last forever. Someday,
it'll be over and what'll we
be...antiquated, burned out fighter
pilots.

THE GIRLS go for their big finish. The two outside ladies hitting a sustaining chord only missing one element. We somehow feel it's forthcoming.

THE MIDDLE LADY soars for a high note with her upper mouth and just as we reach the final few beats in the melodious piece, we see the lower mouth, silent for the entire song, open. We know it's coming...and it does...a low resounding bass note on the final beat of the song that breaks the glass in Starbuck's hand. The room breaks into tumultuous applause.

STARBUCK is flabbergasted. He rises

STARBUCK

I gotta' talk to them...

Boomer pulls him back down.

BOOMER

You aren't going to talk to anybody. We're here on a mission.

STARBUCK

And I'm doing everything I can to find out what's going on. What did the Commander tell you to do?

BOOMER

I couldn't reach the fleet.

STARBUCK

Why not?

BOOMER

We're in some kind of communication void. Probably the canyon walls.

STARBUCK

Well, hike up to the shuttle and call in
(rising with some consternation)
I'm telling you, we're sitting on top of a gold mine with these girls, and all you can see is danger behind every rock.

BOOMER

It's a Tylium mine we're suppose to find and... where're you going...?

STARBUCK

It doesn't matter where I'm going. You're going up to the shuttle to heck in. And the sooner you do, the sooner we'll be getting food and supplies back to our ships. I'm telling you, these are nice people. You can tell Commander Adama I said so.

As Starbuck moves off towards the casino, Boomer shakes his head worriedly, then moves off.

OUTSIDE THE CASINO

Boomer exits and starts away. Suddenly, he finds he isn't alone.

Moving to one side of him through the shrubbery is an Ovion. To the other side, another Ovion. He stops, looks back. Guarding the door behind him, another Ovion. Boomer suddenly runs towards the rocks, a laser blast streaks out. Boomer dives for cover. His hand reaches down to his belt. He pushes an armature. As the Ovions slowly move up to him and level their weapons on him.

BOOMER

Easy fellas...nice bugs...

ON THE BRIDGE OF THE GALACTICA

Skyler appears on a monitor.

SKYLER

First Sergeant Jolly...then the boy
and his droid...

Adama greets the news with every possible defense.

ADAMA

The surface is covered with mining
probes. They may have both fallen
in some similar crevice.

ON THE SURFACE OF CARILLON

Skyler speaks into a scanner.

SKYLER

Two disappearances possible...but now our patrol beyond the ridge is centons overdue, and we've just picked up the Flight Sergeant's emergency beacon.

ADAMA nods, conceding the weight of evidence

ADAMA

All right, Captain Skyler. Dispatch an immediate rescue mission beyond the ridge.

SKYLER

I'd like to command it myself.

ADAMA

No, you've vital where you are.

SKYLER

Commander, Starbuck and Boomer are the best we have. If they're in trouble...

ADAMA

Very well. Report in as soon as possible. Galactica out.

Adama signs off and turns to Tigh.

ADAMA

I don't like the feel of it. I think it's time for an on-site inspection. Prepare my shuttle and a squad of your best Warriors.

TIGH

Right away

TWO COLONIAL WARRIORS

streak over the edge of the mountain and across the sky.

IN SKYLER'S SHIP

He is scanning the ground...searching.

SKYLER

We'll follow the vector heading of the life signs Lieutenant Starbuck was checking out.

Skyler glances over to the next ship.

ON JOLLY as he nods his understanding

ON SKYLER

SKYLER

Let's go down on the deck...

ON SKYLER'S SHIP

as he peels off and rakes down closer to the surface,
followed immediately by the other ships, in flights of three.

AT THE LIVERY SHIPS

A cluster of Colonial Warriors are lined up in military
formation.

ADAMA

We'll divide into teams of two and
crisscross the area from the point
Flight Sergeant Jolly disappeared.
We don't have much time, so cover
your quadrants as quickly as
possible. All right... disperse...

Suddenly, a woman's frantic voice calls out

LYRA

Commander...

The men step out of formation to depart. Lyra rushes up to
Adama.

LYRA

Commander, the boy...Boxey...I just
heard he's missing. May I join the
search? I've grown very attached to
that little waif.

ADAMA

This isn't easy terrain.

LYRA

I've been to places in the star system that make this look like a stellar lounge.

ADAMA

I'd be honored to have you aboard.

She returns Adama's ingratiating smile

ON SKYLER IN HIS FIGHTING SHIP

as he soars along at tree-top level, scanning the ground

SKYLER

I don't know where Starbuck's shuttle is, but it's sure not on these coordinates.

GREENBEAN

He must've decided to...

Suddenly, Greenbean's mouth flies open.

GREENBEAN

Captain!!!

SKYLER

already aware of what Greenbean sees...

SKYLER

I see it...

GREENBEAN

What is it?

SKYLER

I haven't got the slightest idea,
but that's where Boomer's distress
signal is coming from.

GREENBEAN

What do we do about it?

SKYLER

Find a place to land and have a
look.

THE TWO FIGHTERS peel off in search of a landing spot

ON THE SURFACE OF CARILLON

Colonial Warriors crisscross a segment of land which appears
as a slightly angled plane of black, volcanic rock.

ON TWO WARRIORS

as they move past camera, we pan back to see the ground open up to reveal to Ovion warriors moving up out of the ground.

IN ANOTHER AREA

Greenbean and another Warrior move past camera. Once again, they are no more than a few feet away when two more Ovions appear behind them.

ON ADAMA

He stops with Lyra at his side to allow her to catch her breath. A cold wind chills them.

LYRA

Getting very cold...

ADAMA

We won't be able to continue the search much longer. The temperature's dropping too fast.

Lyra looks off to one side.

LYRA

That's odd. We seem to be the only ones on the summit.

ADAMA

Must've been moving a little faster
than everyone else. I'll admit I'm
worried.

Lyra turns and moves back past a rock formation on this high
plateau.

LYRA

Commander, you'd better have a
look.

Adama turns and moves back around the rock formation.

POINT OF VIEW

A long sweeping vista of black volcanic rock angling down to
a small meadow where the livery ships stand ominously alone
and still.

ADAMA turns back to Lyra

LYRA

They're all gone...we're alone.

ADAMA quickly draws his weapon

ADAMA

It's impossible.

LYRA

Commander, I'm frightened. What's going on?

ADAMA

I don't know, but let's...

Adama half turns...his look freezes. Lyra turns and screams.

ON TWO OVIONS

their weapons extended towards the two humans.

ON SKYLER AND GREENBEAN

as they approach the burned-out remains of two Viper War ships. Both men have their weapons drawn as they move up cautiously.

GREENBEAN

If Boomer and Starbuck were in those birds, sir...

Skyler...looks down at his communicator. It continues to flash.

SKYLER

It would have been destroyed their distress beacon. No...Boomer's signal is still loud and clear.

GREENBEAN

What do we do?

SKYLER

You stand guard on the ships. We can't afford to lose two more. I'm going to follow Boomer's beacon. It seems to be coming from down there. Whatever it is...

Skyler moves with Boomer to look down on the Casino de Festive'

INSIDE THE OVION CHAMBERS

Adama and Lyra are being escorted by guards. As they reach the main chamber, Adama and Lyra look around in amazement.

LYRA

What is it?

MOVING POINT OF VIEW

The large main chamber where countless Ovion workers mine Tylium around the clock.

ADAMA

It may be the largest underground Tylium mine in the star system.

LYRA

To run our ships...

ADAMA

(ominously)

To run somebody's ships.

They arrive at the Chosen Chamber. The guards stand aside.
Adama and Lyra enter.

INSIDE THE CHOSEN CHAMBER

Lotay looks up from her perch.

LOTAY

You are Commander Adama?

ON ADAMA AND LYRA

ADAMA

I am...

LOTAY

Welcome to Carillon. You are
impressed?

ADAMA

Outraged is more like it. Where are
my men and the boy?

As easy smile crosses Lotay's face.

LOTAY

Would you care to join them?

ADAMA

You bet I would...and if anything's happened to any one of them, you'll answer to the Colonies.

The Chosen Leader smiles noncommittally and rises. We find that she is taller than the worker Ovions. She leads the way as the Ovion guard move in behind Adama and Lyra.

IN A CORRIDOR

LYRA

(softly)

Did that smile mean she knows the Colonies don't exist?

ADAMA

(softly)

I don't know...

They arrive at another entry. The Leader stands aside.

LOTAY

Enter...

Adama and Lyra exchange wary looks and pass through the door.

INSIDE THE GUEST CHAMBER

Adama and Lyra stop in their tracks and stare incredulously.

POINT OF VIEW -- THE CHAMBER

alive with music and entertainment...four-armed jugglers, dancing Ovions...and a banquet befitting kings with succulent victuals of every dimension, proportion and manner.

JOLLY

Commander!!!

Everyone turns to look. Boxey jumps down from the knee of an Ovion workers and runs to Lyra. Jolly moves hurriedly, food in hand...a drumstick and an odd-looking piece of fruit.

JOLLY

It's like nothing we could have dreamed of. They've got plenty of everything we need, and they want to share it.

LYRA

Sounds like paradise...

Adama gazes around the room warily...a troubled look on his face.

ADAMA

Yes, it does...

LOTAY

We are a communal order from birth.
We all work...We all share...

There is no competition, no
jealousy, no conflict...only peace
and order.

ADAMA

Perpetual happiness.

LOTAY

Happiness is the goal of an
immature order. All pursue it. Few
have it. None can sustain it. The
Ovion is content. It is better.

Adama and Lyra exchange cautious looks.

LYRA

It seems to work for you.

LOTAY

For millenniums it has been so.
Now, join us... Be our guests...be
well fed, well entertained... Be
content.

The Ovion Leader smiles that strange, bewildering look that
suggests a private meaning. Adama can't help feeling it's
more than a benign suggestion.

IN THE CASINO ON TWO OVION SECURITY GUARDS

watching Starbuck and looking anything but benign.

ON STARBUCK AT THE HI-LO TABLE

A cheer arises from the gallery which by this time is substantial.

They watch with vicarious fear as Starbuck presses his entire accumulations of cubits out on the wagering table.

ON LORNA

LORNA

What're you going to do with all that money?

STARBUCK

Let it all ride...

A small cheer from Lorna and the two obese gentlemen. As we pan off to the main door as a figure enters.

SKYLER looks around incredulously. He hears a resounding cheer...looks...

POINT OF VIEW

A narrow aperture through the gallery reveals the image of a Colonial

Warrior as the center of attention.

THE DEALER

seems to be looking for help. He is perspiring.

DEALER

I will have to see if they will
remove the limit.

The dealer signals o.s. as Skyler moves up and stares in utter disbelief at the pile of golden cubits in front of a cigar-smoking Starbuck.

SKYLER

Lieutenant, do you mind telling me
what you're doing?

Starbuck turns, somewhat startled and embarrassed

STARBUCK

Winning...I mean
(he struggles to his feet,
rising awkwardly from his
stool)
Sir...

SKYLER

What is this place? What's going on
here...

Starbuck turns to Lorna.

STARBUCK

Uh, excuse me, dear...Watch my cubits?

Starbuck hustles Skyler a few feet away to talk conspiratorially as a few yards away, the pit boss gestures in pantomime to the dealer.

STARBUCK

Oh, sir...as near as we can figure, this is a resort. These people are here from all over the star system.

SKYLER

That doesn't make any sense. This place is a desolate rock.

STARBUCK

Maybe...but everyone's having a great time.

SKYLER

Not everyone.

STARBUCK

Everyone that I've seen.

SKYLER

How long since you talked to Boomer?

STARBUCK

Boomer???

SKYLER

Somebody blew up his ship...yours,
too.

STARBUCK

Blew up our ships? Boomer went
there to use the long-range
communicator. If someone did
something to Boomer...

SKYLER

He never reached the ship. His
distress beacon is still working...
that's what bothers me.

STARBUCK

It can't be working. I didn't pick
it up.

SKYLER

I'm not picking it up now,
either...but my flyover pointed
right to where you're standing.

STARBUCK

Captain...Boomer isn't here...he
left.

SKYLER

If he isn't in this building, he's
under it.

Skyler and Boomer exchange ominous looks as the pit boss
moves up.

PIT BOSS

Sir, as a special courtesy to our
Colonial Warrior guests, the limit
has been removed.

Starbuck looks at Skyler questioningly as a cheer of
anticipation rises from the gallery. Skyler nods.

(CONT'D)

SKYLER

Go ahead, Lucky. Break the bank.
I'd like to see what happens when
you try to walk out of here with
their money.

Starbuck pales.

STARBUCK

Look...maybe we've learned all we
can here...

SKYLER

No...no...you go right ahead. I'll
just look around for a bit...

STARBUCK

I'd feel better if you were
watching my flank.

SKYLER

You were doing fine before I got here. Good luck.

Skyler moves off, leaving Starbuck alone as Lorna moves to him and takes his arm and pulls him to the table.

LORNA

Come on, sport. You're going to bring the house down.

STARBUCK

That's what's worrying me.

MOVING THROUGH THE CASINO WITH SKYLER

as he edges past more games of chance as cheers rise from each table.

Finally, Skyler reaches a bank of elevators. He notices a large group of rather obese people being escorted by Ovions into an elevator.

Skyler moves up to join the group. An Ovion's hand bars the way.

OVION

You have a voucher?

SKYLER

I just wanted to browse. Where does this go?

OVION

It is the chamber of the Living End. You must have a voucher.

SKYLER

I hope it's a reducing salon. Looks like some of these boys have been having too good a time. Can I look around?

OVION

When you have a voucher. It comes at the end of your two week stay.

The people have all entered the elevator car, and the Ovion who has been speaking with Skyler now steps back into the car himself.

SKYLER

Two week stay...Look, I don't plan on sticking...

The door whisks closed in Skyler's face and whisks downward, out of sight. He finishes the statement to himself..."self"... and turns to head back through more cheering guests taking curious and troubled note of what he is seeing. Suddenly, he turns and heads towards the front doors at an easy gait. As he closes to them, he is aware that.

Ovion Guards are following his progress.

AT THE FRONT DOORS

Skyler pauses as he is about to start outside. Quickly, he looks back into the room.

POINT OF VIEW

One of the Ovions who has been tracking him has a transceiver in his hand and is talking into it. Finding himself caught by Skyler's gaze, he lowers the transceiver.

SKYLER swings his look back out the door.

POINT OF VIEW TO THE VEGETATION OUTSIDE

Two shadows ducking back behind some shrubbery.

SKYLER

turns and moves back across the
casino towards Starbuck.

AT STARBUCK'S TABLE

a cheer from the gallery as Starbuck's winnings mount. The game now watched closely by a pit boss and several guards, who begin to press in more closely. Skyler eyes them behind Starbuck warily. Lorna leans in, pawing Starbuck admiringly.

LORNA

You are the luckiest man I've
ever...

Suddenly, she stops in mid-sentence, her jaw hanging open as she sees Skyler slowly raising his sidearm from its holster to bring it directly to bear on the dealer's chest. A gasp from the crowd.

STARBUCK

What are you doing?

SKYLER

I'm going to see if I can put a
hole through him.

The dealer's eyes flare wide with alarm. In an instant, the head security guard is at Starbuck's side.

HEAD SECURITY GUARD

Sir...you'll have to...

As he starts to draw his weapon, he finds Starbuck's sidearm quickly in his side. Starbuck quickly moves an arm around the Ovion's head, turning him towards the other security guards moving up, transforming him into a shield.

STARBUCK

Let's keep our hands out where we
can see 'em, fellas. All of them.

Now, you mind telling me what we're
doing, sir!

THE APPROACHING SECURITY GUARDS

stop in place and refrain from any movement towards their weapons

SKYLER unflinching...his weapon leveled at the dealer.

HEAD SECURITY GUARD

If I may ask...what seems to be your complaint?

SKYLER

This man is cheating my friend.

STARBUCK

What???

An incredulous grumble moves through the gallery. Skyler is beginning to lose their support. Obviously, he's a military psychopath.

HEAD SECURITY GUARD

But he is winning.

SKYLER

No. He appears to be winning. The dealer is cheating.

STARBUCK

Ah, look, Skyler...Captain...I'm pretty good, you know...

HEAD SECURITY GUARD

Sir, if you doubt his good fortune, I suggest he pick up his cubits and leave.

STARBUCK

Sounds like a real good idea, Skyler! Why don't we just be on our way...

SKYLER

Not until somebody explains why he was letting him win.

HEAD SECURITY GUARD

Nothing could be more absurd...

STARBUCK

Does sound a bit odd. Look, maybe these fellas'd be willing to help us get to our ship if we just give back the winnings and forget the whole thing!

SKYLER

They don't mind winners, Starbuck. There isn't a loser in the house.

They see to that.

HEAD SECURITY GUARD

A human weakness...momentous
judgements on miniscule
perspectives...

As the people begin to grumble at Skyler's destroying heir
party.

OBESE MAN #1

Look, fella, why don't you tell
your friend to go back to his ship
and sleep it off, huh?

LORNA

Right. You have something against
people having a little fun...winning
a little money?

STARBUCK

Captain, come on. You're going to
have everyone at our throats.

SKYLER

Just ask yourselves, have you seen
a loser here? Doesn't that strike
all of you as odd?

OBESE MAN #2

What is it, boy? You worried about
the taxes on our winnings? That why
you're here, boy? You a tax
collector?

OBESE MAN #1

You come to close this place down,
fella?

The room is turning angry. Skyler raises his weapon.

SKYLER

He was letting you win.

LORNA

Why?

SKYLER

Maybe to keep you here, or content.
I don't know.

OBESE MAN #1

Put your weapon away, son, or I'm
going to take it away from you.

The man moves off his chair towards Skyler

STARBUCK

Captain, with all due respect...

Skyler realizes the confrontation's quickly going to get out
of hand.

He starts to back away, his weapon in front of him.

OBESE MAN #1

Maybe you can explain what you're doing here, boy. You come for a vacation, or for trouble?

The people continue to move towards Starbuck and Skyler, the security guards amongst them, waiting for an opportunity. Starbuck and Skyler find themselves with the front doors cut off from them by the guards.

SKYLER

There's trouble, all right. The war with the Alliance is over. We lost.

OBESE MAN #2

Lost! You poor fool. You've been on patrol too long. There's been an armistice. Didn't you hear?

The crowd begins to laugh at Skyler.

OBESE MAN #1

Course they didn't tell 'im. Have to keep morale up. If they don't have a war, they don't have jobs.

The laugh turns to jeers. The noise becomes deafening. Skyler edges towards the elevator.

STARBUCK

The front doors are that way...

SKYLER

So is their reception party. We've got to make a run for it, Starbuck.

STARBUCK

The minute we do, the Ovions'll start shooting.

SKYLER

The old duck and roll...

STARBUCK

Right...

Starbuck quickly scans the area. He looks up...

POINT OF VIEW

an ornate chandelier high in the ceiling in front of the elevators.

STARBUCK

shifts the barrel of his sidearm upward and in one deft movement, sends a laser blast streaming from the ceiling and turns and ducks for an open elevator with Skyler right behind him.

ON THE CEILING

as the ornate chandelier is blasted out of its moorings and starts for the floor

THE CROWD starts forward, then jumps back as the fixture crashes in front of the doorway, sending a pillar of debris and electrical shorting...

END OF HOUR TWO

HOUR THREE

FADE IN

ON ELEVATOR DOORS IN A SUBTERRANEAN PASSAGE

They open, emitting a covey of Ovions who run from the car and stand looking off down two intersecting corridors which range off into complete blackness. The Ovions raise their sidearms and fire resounding laser blasts off into the black abyss. Quickly, another team of Ovions move up in two land vehicles. Two Ovions climb on one vehicle, two more on the other, and the machines whine off in opposite directions.

Momentarily, all is still. We pan back to the elevator car and find two pairs of legs descending from the top of the car.

SKYLER AND STARBUCK drop to the floor and ease cautiously out into the passageway.

STARBUCK

On reconsidering...I believe there may be something to your suspicions about this place. Let's move.

(MORE)

STARBUCK (CONT'D)

One of these tunnels must lead out
of here.

SKYLER

They also lead to those fellas who
were firing full charges at what
they hoped was us. That isn't nice,
Starbuck.

STARBUCK

I don't see how we have any choice,
unless you're suggesting we go back
the way we came in. You wouldn't
suggest that, would you?

O.S. a whine can be heard. Both men turn and look.

STARBUCK

I'm not real crazy about the sound
of that...

SKYLER

I'm not, either.

POINT OF VIEW

an eerie light approaching from down the dark passageway.

SKYLER AND STARBUCK reach in unison...turn and scamper for
the elevator car...raise their hands over their heads, jump,
and pull themselves up out of sight.

Panning back, we find a tram pulling up to a stop beside the elevator.

From the front of the tram, three Ovions exit and move into the elevator car.

FROM UP ABOVE THE CAR

we find Skyler and Starbuck watching helplessly as the Ovions, conversing in high-pitched chatter. The car stops. They exit and move into the Casino, leaving Starbuck and Skyler trapped.

STARBUCK

This isn't turning out to be as much fun as I'd hoped. Now what?

SKYLER

Now we wait.

STARBUCK

What for?

SKYLER

For someone to take us back down.

STARBUCK

I'm not too crazy about that idea, either. At least up here there are people we could talk to.

SKYLER

These people are no better off than we are. You saw that shuttle down there. I figure it just came back from taking a load of these people someplace.

STARBUCK

Where?

SKYLER

That's a good question. I've got a hunch the answer is the reason for this place's existence.

ON THE GALACTICA

hovering amongst the fleet above the planet Carillon. A space shuttle approaches from the rear.

ON THE BRIDGE OF THE GALACTICA

Colonel Tigh receives a courier, reads the information, and looks up, troubled.

TIGH

I'm leaving the bridge. I'll be with Commander Adama if I'm needed.

ON COMMANDER ADAMA IN HIS QUARTERS

He sits at a desk dictating into a device.

ADAMA

The Ovion people have extended to the survivors of the colonies every measure of goodness and support we might have hoped for. It is now possible to foresee the entire fleet able to resume our voyage within a centon.

CLOSE ON AN AUTOMATIC WRITING DEVICE

A small, tube-like extension which focuses a small measure of light on a roll of paper. As the light moves by, lettering is placed silently and nearly on the paper. There is a knock at the door.

ADAMA

Come in.

Colonel Tigh enters. Adama glances at him,

ADAMA

Nothing can be that bad. We've found supplies, adequate to carry our people far out of this star system. We couldn't have fallen on better fortune.

TIGH

No, sir. In fact, things are too good.

Adama gives Tigh a curious look.

ADAMA

Too good?

TIGH

Most of our people are still on rations. As tasty as I'd like to say they are, they just don't measure up to the stories coming back from the surface of Carillon. There's a lot of talk going around...

ADAMA

What kind of talk?

TIGH

That you're exceeding your authority by keeping people in the ships instead of allowing them some time on the planet.

Adama rises in a state of shock.

ADAMA

Exceeding my authority! This is a voyage of survival. We could be under attack at any time. The crews on Carillon are down there to work, not party.

TIGH

Sir, all of our people have been through a debilitating shock.
(MORE)

TIGH (CONT'D)

I'm sure some of them are getting a little of it out of their systems.

ADAMA

Just what is it you're telling me? I dispatched two of our elite squadrons to harvest food and obtain fuel for our survival. Now what's going on down there?

Tigh says nothing, but his expression sends the Commander toward the door.

ADAMA

Prepare my shuttle.

ON THE FLIGHT DECK

Adama exits an elevator and heads towards his shuttle. As he does, he sees a group of twelve men disembarking a second craft. They form a grim barrier as he moves up to them, sensing an uneasy confrontation.

ADAMA

Anton...Seth...and Seppy. So good to see you all.

ANTON

You appear to be leaving.

Adama will need more than a smile. He knows this is not going to go well.

ADAMA

I have to go down to the surface of Carillon.

ANTON

Of course! We understand!

ADAMA

I'm not sure that you do.

ANTON

Adama, we want to discuss an orderly rotation of all our people down to Carillon.

ADAMA

I don't think that's wise.

SETH

The Quorum does.

ANTON

Adama, we took the liberty of holding a council to elect new leadership.

ADAMA

I see. And what was the outcome?

SETH

Each of us here has been elected to represent out respective colonies. We are the new Quorum of the Twelve.

ADAMA

And have we a new President?

ANTON

Why, of course, Adama. You.

The men applaud and backslap Adama with nervous affection.

ADAMA

Thank you. It will be my pleasure to serve you. However, I cannot permit...

LOBE

Adama, you have run a ship as big as a sun center. Some of our people are cramped up in cubicles no bigger than a cubit.

ANTON

And it may be a long time between stops.

LOBE

It's only fair our people share in the fruits of Carillon.

ADAMA

Anton, surely you understand that we are still at war. An Alliance has dedicated itself to our extinction. You must recognize a need for extraordinary measures. I cannot allow our people down on Carillon before inspecting the conditions and its possible risks.

ANTON

Of course. We all understand that, so why don't we accompany you and see for ourselves, shall we?

Enthusiastically, they all start for the shuttle ship as Adama's expression turns grim.

IN A DARK TUNNEL

Ovions approach on a surface craft and enter the elevator pod

STARBUCK

We could have been far away from here by now.

SKYLER

They've got scanners and vehicles. They didn't expect us to stay around.

STARBUCK

Because they were under the impression we were intelligent beings. No offense...

SKYLER

As always, I'll involve your youth to save your aresford. This is the last place they'll be looking for us.

Starbuck gestures to a long, tram-like vehicle parked in the tunnel.

STARBUCK

Why not take that vehicle?

SKYLER

Because it looks like it moves slowly and makes a lot of noise.

STARBUCK

I'd still feel better than sitting here, waiting... for what!

SKYLER

For that vehicle to move?

STARBUCK

Where?

SKYLER

Where I think we want to go!

STARBUCK

Skyler, sir...would you mind sharing a few pieces of the magic puzzle. I mean, I've seen...

SKYLER

Well, I think I know how someone can run a casino that gives away money.

STARBUCK

What is it?

SKYLER

I'm not sure you want to hear it.

STARBUCK

Try me.

SKYLER

Suppose there's a very rich mine on this planet.

STARBUCK

Yeah...

SKYLER

I mean, it's rich if you have somebody to mine it.

STARBUCK

Which they don't.

SKYLER

What if they do? What if those Ovions are bringing in people from all over the star system to visit this wonderful casino resort where you can't lose... except in the end.

STARBUCK

Ahhh, Skyler, that's ugly.

SKYLER

Yes, it is...if they wind up as slave labor down in a Tylum mine.

STARBUCK

That's a long shot. Some of those people were so fat, they couldn't touch their shoes, let alone mine Tylum. That's hard work.

SKYLER

Doesn't take long to work off weight in a Tylum mine.

STARBUCK

You know something?

SKYLER

What?

STARBUCK

I felt better about those Ovions
when I didn't understand them.

SKYLER

The next load of people they move
out in that thing, probably in the
morning...we're going to climb on
and find out if I'm right.

STARBUCK

Uh...uh...on the chance that you
are right, whichever way that thing
goes, I go the other way.

SKYLER

I could order you to go with me.

STARBUCK

Are you ordering me?

SKYLER

No. It's liable to be a one-way
trip.

STARBUCK

Right.

SKYLER

Helping to save humanity is going
to have to be a personal decision,
Starbuck. Goodnight.

Skyler tucks his head down on top of the elevator and closes
his eyes.

Starbuck watches him for a long beat, then looks off with a
totally disgusted look on his face.

STARBUCK

Ahhhhhh Feljurcreb!!!

IN THE OVION BANQUET ROOMS

continued merriment, laughter, food and drink. Only Boxey is
moving about, looking worried.

BOXEY

Muffy...Muffy

He can't seem to find the droid. He wanders towards the door
where an Ovion guard stands watch. The guard is talking to a
second guard in the corridor. He doesn't notice Boxey move
off down the corridor.

ON THE LARGE MINE

The cavernous room from which the mining operation can be observed.

LOTAY

...the largest Tylium mine in all
the star system...

Panning off, we find the Quorum of the Twelve being guided on a tour.

ANTON

It's a testimony to communal
order...

LOTAY

Thank you.

IN THE OVION LEADER'S PRIVATE CHAMBER

They enter to find a large feast prepared for them on floor mats and pillows in the center of the room. On one side, gentle music is emitted from two stringed instruments in contrast to the rousing melodies indigenous to the more public dining area.

ANTON

This is too much to expect.

LOTAY

We have plenty.
(MORE)

LOTAY (CONT'D)
As many of your people who desire
it are invited to be our guests.

Anton turns to Adama.

ANTON

Can you in good conscience deny our
people such an invitation?

ADAMA

Well, perhaps a very carefully
organized small rotation.

SETH

But I thought time was our greatest
consideration. The more we bring
here at once, the sooner we can be
on our way.

Adama turns to the Leader.

ADAMA

May I ask how our request for
Tylium is being received?

LOTAY

We have already prepared the first
shipment for you, have we not?

ADAMA

Yes, we boarded it.
(MORE)

ADAMA (CONT'D)

However, I understand there is to be a delay in obtaining any more.

LOTAY

Unfortunately, we were not prepared for your request. Only two centons ago, we dispatched almost all that was on hand. What we gave you this day was what we were able to mine yesterday. We are industrious, Commander, but we are also small.

Lotay smiles ingratiatingly.

ANTON

I think we press our luck, Commander. Let us not be rude in the face of such hospitality.

LOTAY

Please begin. Be our guests. Be well fed, well entertained. Be content.

As the Ovion leader is about to step away, Adama brings her to a stop.

ADAMA

You aren't joining us?

LOTAY

(a vague smile crosses her face)

No...I am afraid not.

She simply moves off. On her exit...

ANTON

Well, I don't think there can be any doubt as to our decision. It will take time to obtain the Tylum. We will give every person an opportunity to share in our bounty down here on Carillon.

IN A CORRIDOR

Lotay moves briskly along, escorted by four Ovion guards. They reach a chamber. Lotay stops, looks up and down the corridor, and enters alone.

ON THE BACK OF AN EMPEROR'S CHAIR

Lotay moves forward until she has come to a point just in front of the chair. She bows her head.

LOTAY

By your command...

ON THE THRONE

Baltar sits draped across the chair, a smug smile on his face. On either side of him are the two Cylon Centurians.

BALTAR

I see you're entertaining these days.

LOTAY

The Colonials have only allowed a few of their Warriors to land.

BALTAR

I knew your hospitality would be impossible to refuse. After all the experience you've had dining with humans...

Baltar cannot resist laughing at his private joke.

BALTAR

And what of Commander Adama?

LOTAY

A brief visit. He is with the fleet now.

BALTAR

I want him here! When he is in our grasp, we have won!

ON BOXEY EXITING A DARK STAIRCASE INTO A FORBIDDEN CHAMBER

filled with Ovion workers slaving in a mine shaft, lighted by eerie, subdued, pulsating light. Here the mood is not one of showcase industry, but rather of endless, mindless obedience to a cruel taskmaster. The Ovions dig at the walls with small utensils, some of them turning to steal glances at the small waif of a lad walking up their forbidden corridor. A high-pitched, insect-like chanting reverberates throughout the sub chambers. Suddenly, a high-pitched whine.

AN OVION WORKER falls from a pinnacle, crashing to the ground not far from Boxey. Two sentry Ovions move efficiently up and remove the fallen worker, dragging the hapless form of to a pit where it is hurled out of sight.

Having completed their task, one of the two sentries turns its attention to Boxey. The first sentry exchanges high-frequency communication with the second and the pair start towards Boxey.

BOXEY isn't so young that he cannot sense imminent danger. He turns and runs. The Ovions continue towards him as Boxey turns off into another corridor.

SOMEPLACE ELSE IN THE DEPTHS OF THE CHAMBERS -- ON MUFFY

prancing along a deep, foreboding, dark corridor. Suddenly, a moaning sound brings him to a stop. He cocks his head to listen. The moaning continues. An anthem to human suffering. Muffy prances up a corridor darker than the one he was in.

ON MUFFY AS HE STOPS AND LOOKS

his ears and hairs suddenly stand on end

A YELLOWISH WINDOW

octangular in shape as it seals off an insect-like cell. Pressed against the plastic-like window, countless humans, intermingled with other interstellar beings, crammed, jammed, wedged together into a butcher's shop display case of living flesh. An obese human sees Muffy and claws at the window with desperation...tracking sweeps of blood where his fingers have cruelly yielded to the abrasive sealing glass.

BOXEY'S VOICE

Muffy...Muffy...Where are you?

Muffy turns and barks, taking us to Boxey standing at the end of the corridor. He sees Muffy and runs to him, bending down to cuddle him close. Suddenly, he is aware of the strange moaning. His little face looks up from the furry droid in his arms and freezes in disbelief.

He lets out an involuntary cry and jumps up and turns to run. He moves no more than a few feet when he collides into

TWO OVION SENTRIES

who look down on Boxey and Muffy with cruel, cold, programmed intent.

ON COLONEL TIGH AND ATHENA ON THE BRIDGE OF THE GALACTICA

TIGH

But we can't shuttle everyone to
the surface of Carillon...the fuel
and the pilots...

ATHENA

(adding her voice)
There'll be no one left to stand
alert.

COMMANDER ADAMA paces away from Athena and Tigh. He looks out the vast window to space with the ships of the fleet scattered across the sky above Carillon.

ADAMA

Have we heard from Captain Skyler
yet?

TIGH

No, sir. He's been out of contact a full centon.

ADAMA

Does something feel very wrong to you, Colonel, or am I just hopelessly paranoid?

TIGH

I once read a book on tactical survival in an alien world. It said a little paranoia was good for you.

Adama nods, heading out.

ADAMA

I'm familiar with that book. I wrote it. Prepare my shuttle. I'm returning to the surface.

TIGH

Commander, about your book.

ADAMA

Yes. I've prepared a set of orders to cover that contingency. In them, you will find my instructions for what to do to save the Galactica and her fold, should the unhappy need arise.

Adama withdraws an envelope from his tunic and passes it to Tigh, who examines it carefully.

TIGH

You can't be serious.

ADAMA

Deadly serious.

The two men exchange grim looks born of years of service together in the face of a ruthless enemy.

ON TOP OF THE ELEVATOR WITHIN THE CASINO CORRIDOR

Starbuck lies facing up into the darkness, his eyes open.

STARBUCK

Skyler...

SKYLER

Mmmm...

STARBUCK

You awake?

SKYLER

Yeah...

STARBUCK

You hear something?

SKYLER

No...

STARBUCK

Sounded like a door opening above.

SKYLER

Must be almost morning by now.
Could be another one of their
health tours.

STARBUCK

You really intend to see where they
go?

SKYLER

Uh-huh.

STARBUCK

Just like your father...

Skyler seems to care about the conversation for the first time. His eyes shift over to the form sharing the claustrophobic space beside him.

STARBUCK

No offense meant.
(MORE)

STARBUCK (CONT'D)

I guess I have a reputation for taking things kind of loose and easy. Doesn't mean I don't appreciate it when someone sticks his neck out for me. You, I mean...

SKYLER

(embarrassed)

I thought we were talking about my father.

STARBUCK

I was...in a way...I mean...we wouldn't have survived if he hadn't done what he did...and what you did...what you had to do. That took a lot of courage, too.

SKYLER

This isn't courage, Starbuck; it's reflex. You know you're a complete Warrior when you find you can leave your own brother behind to die...

STARBUCK

To save how many more brothers? You can't feel responsible.

SKYLER

Starbuck, you're a naive young boy. Let me tell you what I feel... what's really bothering me. It's how long it's taking me to feel anything at all. Only now, two centons after he's gone, do I begin to ache..to start to hurt...to want to cry. That's how programmed I've become. So which one of us is the lesser living creature?

(MORE)

SKYLER (CONT'D)

The one that's gone on or the one
who is left behind and feels
nothing?

Starbuck finds he's opened up a floodgate he isn't equipped
to handle.

STARBUCK

I don't know...

SKYLER

Now you sound like a leader. I
don't know, either.

Suddenly, the elevator begins to move downwards. Both men
freeze with cautious anxiety as the car stops.

POINT OF VIEW

The shuttle vehicle begins loading passengers in front of the
elevator. They are all large, almost obese creatures, some
human, some not, but all in a condition to necessitate
waddling aboard the bus.

STARBUCK

(softly)

Maybe it's going home time!

SKYLER

Uh-uh. I'm willing to bet it's the
great big payoff to the free trip
to Carillon. Oh, I forgot. You
won't be around to see who wins.

STARBUCK

Well, now, if you want to make a
wager out of it...I mean, a real
man's wager...

Starbuck looks at Skyler with growing significance.

SKYLER

It could be the most important bet
you've made, Starbuck. It could
save a lot of people or it could
cost you big...

Starbuck looks at Skyler with affection.

STARBUCK

It won't be the first time I rode
everything I had on a long shot.

SKYLER

Thanks...

ON THE TOUR TRAM

as it moves out.

ON STARBUCK AND SKYLER

as they drop off the top of the elevator onto the tram.

INSIDE THE OVION CHAMBERS

The largest chamber. A tour is in progress, festive in mood, Seetol, the Ovion guard, pointing out the wonderful ways of their world.

Amongst the gallery, Lyra and Athena.

SEETOL

...star system's largest Tylum mine, with a per annum capacity equal to the needs of the entire galaxy.

ATHENA

(softly)

I wonder why it is, then, that they've only managed to ship us one token load?

LYRA

I've noticed another curious thing...

(louder)

May I ask a question?

The group stops and turns to Lyra, as Seetol displays a public relations smile.

SEETOL

You are our guests. Of course.

LYRA

I am fascinated by the order of your society and I cannot help but be impressed by your industry...your complete dedication...I mean, one gets the feeling that these people work until they simply drop...

SEETOL

We know no other way...

LYRA

Well, what of family institutions? I somehow sense that something is missing.

SEETOL

We are very complete.

LYRA

What about males?

SEETOL

Males?

LYRA

Well, I don't mean to pry, but this is a female culture. Surely, there must be males someplace. Perhaps you keep them at home, where they belong...

A laugh from a group dominated by males.

SEETOL

We don't keep them at all.

LYRA

I beg your pardon?

SEETOL

You are correct. Males have their place until they have served their purpose, and then they have no place in our society.

As the implications become clearer, Lyra is torn between lividity and a gulp.

LYRA

Well, there certainly are value systems in your order worth looking into...

Another small, nervous laugh and Seetol leads the group on. Lyra and Athena quickly lean their heads together as they move on.

ATHENA

She didn't mean what it sounded like...

LYRA

Remind me not to ask any more
questions until we're out of here.

Suddenly, there is a commotion coming towards the tour group.

FOUR OVION GUARDS

are running up the corridor in pursuit. What they are pursuing is not clear at first, as the countless Ovion workers begin chattering their high-pitched network of communications which drowns out an equally high-pitched series of cries. Suddenly, it is clear.

ANOTHER ANGLE

to reveal a small, barking droid racing along the corridor, desperately trying to avoid its pursuers.

LYRA is the first to recognize the situation.

LYRA

Muffy...

Muffy quickly stops in its tracks...looks...runs to Lyra and begins a frantic barking.

LYRA

Muffy...it's me. Now what are you
doing? Stop that.

The Ovion guards rush up and begin to reach for Muffy, but he quickly takes asylum between Lyra's legs and the wall.

LYRA

It's all right...he's just a droid...I'll take care of him.

The Ovion begins to push Lyra out of the way.

LYRA

Now stop that. I told you to leave him alone. What are you doing?

Seetol quickly moves up and communicates to the lead guard in high-pitched chattering. Seetol turns a frozen smile to Lyra.

SEETOL

You will have to allow them to take the droid.

LYRA

I will not. He belongs to a little boy.

The significance of this strike her. She turns to Seetol.

LYRA

The little boy...have they seen him?

SEETOL

No...

LYRA

How do you know? You haven't asked them.

(She turns to the guard)
A small child...he's always with the droid. Did you see him?

The guard turns quickly to Seetol...says nothing.

SEETOL

They did see a child. It might be better if you went with them, rather than delay the tour.

ATHENA

I'll go with her.

SEETOL

If you wish. The rest of the group must follow me.

Seetol leads them off. As they depart, a sense of emptiness befalls Athena and Lyra.

LYRA

Maybe you should stay with them. I don't like the feel of this.

ATHENA

At least I'm a trained Warrior.

LYRA

A little outnumbered, don't you think?

ATHENA

Well, we're only going to look for a small child. Let's not let our imaginations run wild.

LYRA

Exactly. Well, gentlemen, after you...

The Ovion guards gesture for them to lead off in another direction, exchanging quick personal looks. They start to lead, Muffy running along beside them.

ON THE TOUR TRAM racing along its course.

ON ITS ROOF

Starbuck and Skyler hanging on.

SKYLER

You all right?

STARBUCK

Beat walking back...maybe.

SKYLER

One thing's bothering me.

STARBUCK

Now you tell me. What is it?

SKYLER

You notice those people getting on this thing...

STARBUCK

How could I help it? They must average three hundred pounds.

SKYLER

Something that girl said. They're all putting on inordinate weight. If you're importing people for slave labor, why bother letting them get fat? It's a waste of food.

STARBUCK

And why let 'em win money? It's a waste of time.

A heave look crosses Starbuck's face.

SKYLER

Starbuck...

STARBUCK

Yeah...?

SKYLER

Skip it...it's too ugly...

On Starbuck's worried face as the vehicle rolls off through the canyon towards its curious destination.

AN OVION CORRIDOR

Athena and Lyra are being escorted up to a cell block. They begin to hear the eerie, disquieting moaning.

ATHENA

What's that awful sound?

LYRA

I wouldn't ask, if I were you.

Suddenly, Lyra turns and stops dead in her tracks, startled beyond belief. Athena screams...

POINT OF VIEW

The cell containing a crush of living beings packed together. Muffy beings to bark. The Ovions shove the two ladies ahead and past the cell window as we hear a small voice barely discernable.

BOXEY

Muffy...

They have reached another cell. Boxey stands at the window. The room is obviously identical to the one adjacent to it, save for Boxey. An aperture in the wall beside the window is opened. Muffy charges in and jumps up on Boxey.

SEETOL

Inside...

LYRA

Look...I have no intention...

She does not finish the sentence. She is hurled into the aperture and catapulted into the glass room through some kind of vacuum device in the aperture. Athena begins to scream. It is lost in a hiss of steam as she is pushed into the aperture.

SEETOL nods for the Ovion guards to close the aperture. As the nearest guard is about to do so, Muffy turns his head, looks, and streaks through the opening, out of the cell, between the legs of the guard, and up the corridor.

SEETOL makes a high-pitched, frantic demand. The guards streak up the corridor in pursuit of Muffy.

IN ANOTHER OVION CHAMBER

the tram has come to a stop inside a large, dark area. A row of Ovion guards, well-armed and moving in a most businesslike fashion, move up to form a rank just outside of the tram. A device is attached to the door of the tram, opening it with a hiss. The first of several hefty passengers step out into the room, gazing around in wonder and some consternation.

SEETOL

Please move quickly.

Seetol gestures towards a moving ramp which disappears into a cell-like entrance.

OBESE MAN #1

Look, fella, up 'til now, this has been a pretty nice trip, but that bus was as hot as anything I've ever been in...

SEETOL

Please move along...

OBESE MAN #2

No, now you just hold on. We don't intend...

Suddenly, two Ovion guards shove the two men onto the ramp, sending them flying unceremoniously into a heap. Behind them, the other Ovions pick up the signal and abandon all decorum and pretense, shoving the next people along with the barrels of their weapons. The women immediately begin to scream, as they find themselves hurled into the loading mechanism which carries the frightened, scrambling visitors through the wall towards the unknown...

ON THE TOP OF THE TRAM

Skyler and Starbuck stare in amazement at the spectacle.

SKYLER

The party's over...

STARBUCK

We gotta' do something...

SKYLER

There's an army of them...we've
gotta' keep from getting caught...

Skyler begins to edge back away from the side of the bus used for unloading. He peers over the edge...

POINT OF VIEW

Two Ovion guards...preoccupied.

CLOSE ON THE GUARDS

chuckling in high-pitched frequencies over the way the living cargo is being unloaded. To their backs, Starbuck and Skyler slide off of the roof, down the side of the tram, and slip stealthily back into the darkened recesses of the chamber.

ON MUFFY

racing through the corridor with Ovion guards chasing him

ON THE MAIN MINING CHAMBER

as Starbuck and Skyler step out of the shadows of a tributary corridor and gaze around the immense digging in amazement

STARBUCK

It's huge...

SKYLER

And this is just one level. You notice something else...?

STARBUCK

Ovions are doing the mining.

SKYLER

Right...

STARBUCK

Which means...?

SKYLER

It's awful, Starbuck. That casino is a feedlot.

Starbuck contemplates what Skyler is saying.

STARBUCK

Come on...

SKYLER

They're a race of cannibals.
They're drawing in creatures from
all over the star system, fattening
them up with indulgences, then...

STARBUCK

I thought I'd run into just about
everything... Now what do we do?
We've got to tell the fleet about
this place.

SKYLER

(onimously)
They know about it. Look.

ACROSS THE MINE

a group of tourists from the fleet are being escorted.

GUIDE

...largest Tylum mine in the star
system...

STARBUCK

What are they doing here?

(CONT'D)

SKYLER

Whatever it is, it look voluntary.
Come on...

Skyler steps out into the light of the corridor and starts towards the tour.

STARBUCK

Where are you going now? They're going to see...

Seetol and two Ovion guards round the corner, almost colliding with Skyler and Starbuck. The guards raise their weapons.

SKYLER

Excuse us...we just got separated from our group.

Skyler gracefully pushes the muzzle of the closest guard's weapon out of the way as he points after the tour just about to move out of the main room.

STARBUCK

(to Seetol)

We'd better hurry along or there's no telling where we'll end up...

Skyler and Starbuck nerve their way past the Ovions who stare after them, not quite sure what to make of the situation. As Skyler and Starbuck rapidly approach the distant tour, their story begins to make visible sense, and Seetol turns from the tour and continues on her way with the guards on either side of her.

ON THE TOUR

As Skyler and Starbuck catch up, stealing a look back over their shoulders. As the tour moves into an elevator...

JENSING

Where'd you boys come from? You've missed most of the tour.

STARBUCK

We've seen quite a lot, actually.

IN THE ELEVATOR

JENSING

You're lucky you didn't miss the next stop. We're guests of honor at a banquet.

Skyler and Starbuck exchange knowing looks.

INSIDE THE EMPEROR'S ROOM

Lotay kneels before Baltar, who is flanked by the two Centurians.

LOTAY

A mere token force remains in the fleet of ships above Carillon, and Commander Adama is now our guest.

BALTAR

Where?

LOTAY

Where he will not be disturbed.

BALTAR

Excellent, Lotay. As to the Warriors, until we've disarmed them, I want as many of them relegated to a single chamber as possible.

A Centurian steps forward.

CENTURIAN

By your command, Baltar. It is time to call in the Cylon war machine.

Baltar thinks about it.

BALTAR

Yes, you are right...but only on my terms.

CENTURIAN

And what are your terms?

BALTAR

An arrangement I have worked out very carefully.

ON A CYLON HOME BASE somewhere in deep space

INSIDE THE IMPERIOUS LEADER'S INNER CHAMBER

a Centurian enters the large room and crosses to the throne

CENTURIAN

By your command...

IMPERIOUS LEADER

Speak...

CENTURIAN

Baltar sends a demand for the Base Star stationed at Quasar 47 for immediate assault on the Human Fleet.

IMPERIOUS LEADER

I will send him ten Base Stars.

CENTURIAN

He will accept only one.

IMPERIOUS LEADER

Indeed...and what is this bargain that I must accept...?

IN THE BANQUET ROOM

The tour arrives with Starbuck and Skyler. Music and a general air of decadence, dissipation, the order of the day.

STARBUCK

Would you look at this...they're having a party...

Skyler moves to Anton, who appears to be slightly drunk. He laughs robustly, a golden goblet in one hand, a large fowl leg in the other.

SKYLER

Count Anton...what's happened? Why are all these people here? Carillon was supposed to be a work stop.

ANTON

Ah, Commander Adama's elite corps. Of course you boys wanted all this to yourselves. Well, I'm afraid this is a democracy...

SKYLER

It's going to be a debacle if you don't get these people out of here.

An Ovion servant seems to be taking an inordinate amount of time refilling the wine glasses around Anton. Skyler turns from him, placing an arm around Anton to lead him off.

ANTON

Lieutenant, in case you hadn't heard, you are draping yourself all over a member of the Quorum of the Twelve.

SKYLER

Unless you want the shortest term
in history, we'd better talk.

ANTON

I don't like your tone.

STARBUCK

You aren't going to like what we're
going to tell you, either...

Anton studies Starbuck's deliberate and penetrating gaze. He cannot dismiss this most celebrated young Warrior.

ANTON

Lieutenant Starbuck, I've never
been particularly fond of your
bravado escapades. This had better
be important.

They move off together. In their wake, the Ovion servant moves quickly off to speak to a guard at the door. The guard immediately departs.

IN THE CORNER OF THE ROOM

ANTON

Now, then...what's this all about?

SKYLER

Starbuck and I just returned from a patrol. What we've seen convinces us that the Ovions will never allow a single human to leave here alive.

ANTON

You're not serious. What possible motive could they have for wanting us all dead? I suppose you're going to tell me they're part of the Cylon Alliance.

SKYLER

Worse...

ON SKYLER AND STARBUCK FROM ACROSS THE ROOM

As Skyler's lips blurt out the rest of the story, we can see Anton pale as the details are revealed.

IN THE EMPEROR'S ROOM

Seetol confronts Baltar.

BALTAR

Who are these two Warriors who are causing the disturbance? Describe them to me.

ON THE BRIDGE OF THE GALACTICA

BRIDGE OFFICER

The livery ships have returned to the fleet, sir, and we've all but completed boarding the food stores.

TIGH

Very good. What about Tylium?

BRIDGE OFFICER

Nothing. The Ovions are definitely stalling us on that.

TIGH

It's as if they wanted to keep us here as long as possible. Did you see Commander Adama?

BRIDGE OFFICER

No, sir. I didn't realize he'd gone down to the surface.

TIGH

That's odd...

VOICE

Sir, long-range scanners are picking up a large number of ships entering our vectors.

TIGH

How long will it take them to reach
our coordinates?

VOICE

They're traveling very fast...no
more than a milliton.

TIGH

Recall all personnel from the
surface. Connect me with Commander
Adama.

IN AN OVION CORRIDOR

Skyler moves hurriedly along with a large party from the banquet. As they approach another chamber, another group exits with Starbuck, and from across the corridor, a third group exits. The entire cluster moves increasingly faster up the corridor.

SKYLER

Don't panic, people. Starbuck, hold
them back. They're going to get
hurt.

But there is no containing them as they begin to hurry
towards the elevators, pushing and shoving.

ANTON

Please, please, ladies and
gentlemen. If we just keep together
and don't push...

But Anton is pushed down, submerged into a gaggle of humanity crushing towards the elevator.

SKYLER to Starbuck caught up in the traffic

SKYLER

It's no use, Starbuck. Let 'em go.
Let's round up all our pilots.

CLOSE ON LOTAY IN THE EMPEROR'S ROOM

LOTAY

We have monitored the Colonial
frequencies. The Warriors are being
recalled.

BALTAR

Then they know. Seal the chambers
at once. No one is to leave.

LOTAY turns and exits hurriedly.

ON THE BRIDGE OF THE GALACTICA

Close on a scanner read-out, revealing the silhouette of a
Cylon fighter.

BRIDGE OFFICER

Scanner reads approaching ships as
Cylon Class C. Three-man
fighter/bombers designated.

TIGH

Range...

BRIDGE OFFICER

Less than a micron.

Tigh pounds his fist in frustration.

TIGH

Why haven't we heard anything from
Adama?

Tigh looks troubled.

IN THE OVION CHAMBERS

people run in all directions. Screaming as laser shots blast
the walls all around them.

ON STARBUCK

firing at the Ovion guards.

ON THE GUARDS

as several plummet off the walkways into the mineshaft in the
center of the large room.

STARBUCK surrounded by people at the elevators...

STARBUCK

Come on, come on...let's move...

PILOT

It's no use...the elevators aren't working.

A fighter pilot runs up beside Starbuck.

PILOT #2

Starbuck, I found most of the guys from Red Squadron.

STARBUCK

Well, where are they?

PILOT #2

Sealed in a chamber and they've cut off the power to the doors
Suddenly, a single cell, high up in a corridor comes to life, revealing an image of Baltar. The image is repeated in countless cells down the corridor and the voice seems to reverberate from throughout the entire complex.

BALTAR

People of the Colonies...throw down your weapons...

BALTAR in his Emperor's room, addressing a scanner.

BALTAR

I offer you salvation. Surrender or perish. Your Commander has made his choice...

Adama strains against the shackles that imprison him.

ADAMA

Baltar...you dare to live...to walk amongst men...

BALTAR

My dear Adama, provincial to the end. I offer your people life. You have but a few microns to decide. Even I couldn't call off the Cylon destroyers -- once they reach your people huddled in those helpless, miserable ships.

ADAMA

What treachery have you in store for your race this time?

BALTAR

My dear man, treachery is a matter of perspective. It is the Cylons who wish us dead, not I.

ADAMA

How long have you been supporting their war machine by selling them Tylum?

BALTAR

If not from me, then some other source. They would not be denied.

ADAMA

Are you so much a fool that you believe you can trust them?

BALTAR

I am prepared to continue to offer them Tylum from the planet Carillon in return for your lives. If they reject my offer, I will destroy the planet. Not difficult, considering it's largely composed of the most combustable material known to man.

ADAMA

You expect me to accept slavery for our people...

BALTAR

You are not alone amongst my prisoners. Your daughter...

Baltar looks off as Athena and Boxey are escorted by two Cylon guards. Athena runs from them into his arms.

ATHENA

Father...

Adama's hopes sink in response to the omnipotent threat.

BALTAR

You must make the choice. Life...or
death for her and the boy...and for
your people. You haven't much time.
If you have not chosen to live by
the time the Cylons reach you, I
will let you die. All of you.

ON THE CYLON WARRIORS

as they streak ever closer.

ON STARBUCK AND SKYLER

at one end of the tunnel barriers leading out, countless
Colonials, men and women, surrounding the pair, pressing to
escape.

STARBUCK

Stay back...

Starbuck raises his sidearm, directing it towards the door.

SKYLER

Back, everyone...

Starbuck fires. Sheets of fire streak for the door, erupting in explosive direct hits. Skyler runs forward and tries the door to no avail. It remains impenetrable.

SKYLER

It's no good...

Cries of anguish and despair engulf the desperate humans as they realize they are hopelessly trapped.

ON ADAMA

ADAMA

All right...we'll surrender.

ATHENA

Father...no...

Adama directs a lethal tone at Athena.

(CONT'D)

ADAMA

We have no choice.
(he turns to Baltar)
What do you want me to do?

BALTAR

Communicate with your fleet to send the remaining Warriors to the surface.

ADAMA

Very well...

ATHENA

No, Father...I can't let you do
it...

ADAMA

Athena, your mother's life, and
Zac's...and how many millions more
already crush me with their unholy
weight. I cannot accept
responsibility for one more soul.
(back to Baltar)
I will do as you ask.

ON THE BRIDGE OF THE GALACTICA

Adama's image appears on the scanner.

ADAMA

Dispatch the last of our Warriors
to the surface, Colonel...

Tigh looks at Adama in dismay.

TIGH

But, Commander, that will leave us
without any defenses whatsoever.

ADAMA

Colonel, it is only for a matter of microns. We will rotate Blue and Green Squadrons back upon their arrival.

TIGH

But I really...

ADAMA

Colonel, that is an order. Adama out.

ON ADAMA IN THE CYLON CHAMBER

Athena cannot believe her ears. She breaks into tears.

BALTAR breaks into a smile.

ON THE BRIDGE OF THE GALACTICA

Tigh paces uneasily away from the Bridge Officer who looks after him with anxious anticipation. Tigh opens an envelope and reads its contents.

BRIDGE OFFICER

At least the men will appreciate a chance to get in on the party down there...

TIGH

There isn't going to be any party,
Ensign. Tell the squadrons to
prepare for full battle attack.

BRIDGE OFFICER

But the Commander...

TIGH

Was merely giving me the code
operative for these sealed orders.

He passes them to the Bridge Officer, who reads them and
pales

BRIDGE OFFICER

He can't mean it...

TIGH

He means it. We're to attack his
position with everything we have.

ON THE READY ROOM

as the battle claxon sounds. Pilots jump to their feet and
scurry out.

IN THE LAUNCHING BAYS

as pilots and crewmen scramble for the standing ships.

ON THE LAUNCH TUBES

as wave after wave of fighters streak out to their appointed target.

ON ADAMA AND BALTAR as a Centurian enters.

CENTURIAN

Prisoners have been freed from their detention cells by two Colonial Warriors.

Baltar turns quickly.

BALTAR

Nothing they brought with them will penetrate the outer locks. We'll deal with our two heros later. First, we will need all of our forces on the surface to give our arriving Warriors a surprise reception.

Baltar exits, leaving Adama and Athena alone with the Ovion Guards.

ATHENA

Two heroes...risking their lives to free the prisoners. It has to be Starbuck and Skyler... and for what? To be sold out? I don't believe it. I know you too well.

Adama says nothing, his eyes shifting to the watchful Ovions.

IN THE TUNNELS

Starbuck and Skyler lead their band of Colonials down a corridor.

Suddenly, they stop as they reach an intersecting corridor and duck back. Momentarily a group of Ovion soldiers rush by.

SKYLER

Where are they going in such a hurry?

STARBUCK

To look for us...

SKYLER

Uh-uh. I gotta believe they know right where we are.

STARBUCK

What else could it be?

IN THE AIR

a squadron of Cylon Fighters approaching the surface of Carillon.

ON GREENBEAN IN HIS COCKPIT

GREENBEAN

Ready attack formation. Lock and
load weaponry.

He pushes a series of buttons in his cockpit.

INSERT

Lights turning red on several panels displaying weapon
indicators.

ON THE SURFACE OF THE PLANET

waves of Ovions leave the security of their subterranean
chambers to take up positions of ambush in and among the
rocky terrain

ON BALTAR

as he enters the cell where Athena and Adama are held captive

BALTAR

Your last defenses now approach out
surface like lommoms marching to
their own demise. An unfitting end
to the great Adama's reputed
military genius.

Adama says nothing as, on the surface...

THE FIRST OF THE WARRIORS TO REACH THE LANDING AREA AND
STREAK IN AS IF TO LAND

but instead, deliver full thruster torpedoes.

ON THE SURFACE

as it erupts with resounding explosions, sending Ovions flying in all directions.

IN BALTAR'S DETENTION CELL

He spins around in horror as he feels the earth tremble above him.

ON THE CEILING

as it dances, its assorted fixtures crashing to the ground.

BALTAR swings his look back to Adama. Unbelieving shock fills his face.

BALTAR

How?

ADAMA

I led my people into your hands
once...not again...

IN THE CORRIDORS

on a door leading out as it is blown off of its moorings by the outer explosions. Starbuck races up.

STARBUCK

Captain...this way...the seals are
broken.

ON SKYLER

SKYLER

All right, everyone! Let's go!

ON THE CYLON FIGHTER FORMATION

screaming across space

ON THE BRIDGE OF THE GALACTICA

Tigh and an anxious crew watch the scanners

BRIDGE OFFICER

Cylon attack force closing fast...

TIGH

Stand by all defense
batteries...Battle stations...

As the claxon goes off...

TIGH

How many pilots left on board?

BRIDGE OFFICER

Less than a squadron.

TIGH

They won't last a milliton, but
they're all we have.

IN THE READY ROOM

A handful of pilots wait nervously. Their scramble claxon
blares.

PILOT #3

Come on...they're kidding. Where is
everybody? Why aren't they back?

A second pilot grimly tosses a helmet to the first.

PILOT #4

Looks like we're it, kid.

They exit.

ON THE SURFACE OF CARILLON

as Skyler and his men race through the confusion of smoke and
flying debris.

ON THE OVIONS

recovering and taking pursuit.

ON SKYLER'S PEOPLE

as they streak for the shuttle.

ON GREENBEAN'S SHIP

sweeping across the sky, turning.

THE OVIONS

begin firing at Skyler's people.

GREENBEAN smiles as he sweeps around and takes aim.

ON GREENBEAN'S SHIP

as it streaks down for the cannon run, all weapons firing.

ON THE OVIONS

lost in erupting soil.

SKYLER AND HIS MEN

resume their dash, streaking for their ships. One by one, they reach them.

THE OVIONS rise up to take pursuit. This time, they are outgunned.

SKYLER'S SHIP faces the Ovions. He fires his cannon from the ship's standing position.

THE OVIONS haven't got a chance. The firepower overwhelms them.

SKYLER

Let's get out of here.

He punches some combinations. His rocket engines roar to life.

ON THE BRIDGE OF THE GALACTICA

VOICE

Thirty millitons and
counting...Twenty-nine...twenty-
eight...

Tigh turns to Adama.

BRIDGE OFFICER

I'm afraid there's no hope,
Colonel...Six against a hundred...

TIGH

Order them out to engage the
Cylons...

BRIDGE OFFICER

Launch fighters...

ON THE GALACTICA

as her six fighters blast out of their tubes into the sky.

ON THE CYLONS

streaking in.

INSIDE THE CYLON CRAFT - three Centurians.

CENTURIAN

Six Colonial fighters
approaching...engage and destroy...

ON SKYLER'S SQUADRON

Lifting up from Carillon

JOLLY

Captain...picking up fighters from
the Galactica. They're under
attack.

ON SKYLER

SKYLER

Kick in your turbos, boys, and
let's gooooooooo.....

Skyler punches up the combination...a mighty blast rocks the
ship...

ON SKYLER'S SHIP

as it streaks off at flank speed, the other eight ships hard
on his tail

ON A MASS OF SURVIVORS

as they scramble for the access. Lyra moving up.

LYRA

No sign of Commander Adama, Athena,
the boy, or Boomer.

STARBUCK

We can't wait. We've got to get
these people off the planet.

Suddenly, Lyra reacts.

LYRA

Do you hear that?

A small droid dog is barking in the middle of the crush.

STARBUCK

Hear it...I feel it...

Starbuck looks down to find the small droid pulling on his leg.

STARBUCK

What in the...

The small droid releases Starbuck's leg and moves off, stopping to bark back at Starbuck.

LYRA

It's Muffit. He wants us to follow him.

STARBUCK

We don't have time. Someone has to get those people shuttled out of here.

LYRA

You go on ahead. I'm going to follow him.

STARBUCK

No --- you're not.

LYRA

Yes, I am. He knows where the boy is. He's programmed to protect him.

Starbuck starts after Muffy.

STARBUCK

All right, I'll follow him. You get these people out of here. This had better be good, Pal...

ON THE CYLON CENTURIANS

as the Colonial fighters race ahead of them

CENTURIAN

Flight Zebet engage
fighters...remaining flights
continue on to destroy the fleet...

ON THE CYLON FIGHTERS

as they break off from the main body and begin firing on the approaching Colonial fighters.

TWO OF THE COLONIAL FIGHTERS explode into infinity on the first pass. The remaining four streak off and divide for a second encounter.

ON THE BRIDGE OF THE GALACTICA

BRIDGE OFFICER

Fifteen microns...ten...nine...

TIGH

Sir, Blue Squadron approaching the fleet.

All eyes swing to the large window to space.

BLUE SQUADRON sweeping up to meet the invading Cylons.

SKYLER

Bandits at twelve o'clock, boys.
Let's go get 'em...

JOLLY scanning the horizon. The sky starts to explode with fireballs.

GREENBEAN

My favorite
odds...impossible...Yaaahooo...

ON THE BRIDGE OF THE GALACTICA

BRIDGE OFFICER

Can they stop them?

TIGH

They can slow them down..until the others get here.

ON THE SURFACE OF CARILLON

people run frantically for the shuttle craft. Pilots, civilians... all manner of survivors

IN THE EMPEROR'S ROOM

Baltar stands amidst his two Cylon Centurians, admiring the sounds of war, and the sights on his long-range scanners.

BALTAR

Adama, you have won the battle, but now you must lose the war.

The Centurian raises his laser pistol, directing it at Adama and Athena.

IN THE SUB CHAMBERS

Muffy streaks around a corner, pulling away from Starbuck, who desperately attempts to catch up.

STARBUCK

Would you slow down a little?

ON AN OVION GUARD

moving hurriedly along a corridor. He spots Muffy...takes
dead aim, and fires.

MUFFY

as the shot misses, but scares the little droid into doubling
his speed.

STARBUCK stops and fires at the Ovion. The Ovion explodes,
his many arms flying as the creature spills off the walkway
into the deep mine shaft. Starbuck resumes his chase.

INSIDE THE EMPEROR'S ROOM -- BALTAR

BALTAR

Remove her...and the others...

The two Centurians begin to remove Athena, Boxey and Adama.
Suddenly, the small droid charges into the chamber, barking.

BOXEY

Muffy!!!

BALTAR

Get him...

As the Centurians start for the little droid, the droid wheels around and races back out the door, Baltar and the Centurians in pursuit.

ON MUFFY

as he races up the corridor.

ON BALTAR

as he races out of the chamber, raises a sidearm and fires.

ON MUFFY

as the blast ignites under him, sending him flying into the air.

STARBUCK is startled to see what's happened. He races towards Muffy.

ON BALTAR

He takes dead aim.

ADAMA lunges at Baltar, deflecting his shot.

ON STARBUCK

as the blast from Baltar's laser destroys the wall beside him.

Starbuck is jolted back into action.

BALTAR raises his weapon at Adama and is suddenly blasted off his feet. The two Centurians raise weapons.

ON STARBUCK

as he fires into the Centurians, sending them flying into the pit.

ON ATHENA

as she charges into the arms of Starbuck and begins to sob.

STARBUCK

It's all right...it's all right...

ON BOXEY

as he runs from the door to the crushed form of Muffy.

BOXEY

Muffy...

Starbuck turns to look.

BOXEY

Muffy...

As the boy starts to cry, Starbuck pulls him loose.

STARBUCK

We have to leave him...

BOXEY

No...

ADAMA

Lieutenant, there are other prisoners up that corridor. We have to let them out.

STARBUCK

You go on ahead, sir. You're needed on the Galactica. We've got to go, son. This Tylum mine is on fire. It's like a giant bomb...

BOXEY

I won't leave Muffy.

STARBUCK

All right, tell you what. You take this pretty lady out to safety! I'll bring Muffy when I'm finished. Deal?

BOXEY

Deal!

Boxey takes Athena's hand and leads her off as Starbuck picks up the limp form of Muffy.

ADAMA

Don't be long, Starbuck. It's going to blow up.

STARBUCK

I'll be all right.

Starbuck races back up the corridor

ON SKYLER

in his cockpit

SKYLER

Look out on your wing, Jolly.

ON JOLLY

JOLLY

Which one? They're coming in from all over the place.

A blast rocks Jolly's ship.

SKYLER

So are we...

He turns and looks

POINT OF VIEW - OF THE GALACTICA

launching countless more ships

THE FLIGHT DECK

as countless pilots streak from the shuttles.

ON THE BRIDGE OF THE GALACTICA

Tigh is monitoring all the radio traffic - as Adama enters and gives him a grim look. The two men embrace.

THE BRIDGE OFFICER suddenly turns, excited.

BRIDGE OFFICER

Two more shuttles just reaching the Galactica, sir.

The look of hope from everyone as:

ADAMA

I think the odds are turning in our
favor now.

ON A WALL OF FLAME

as Starbuck stops and listens. He hears cries of anguish
beyond the flames. He raises his hands over his face and
charges through.

ON THE WINDOWED CELL

containing the mass of people from the Casino de Festive.
Boomer's face is pressed against the front of the glass. He
seems almost comatose.

STARBUCK stops dead in his tracks as he sees the sight before
him. He stares in disbelief as Boomer fails to respond.
Starbuck moves to the locked entry beside the window and
raises his laser gun, firing a blast into the lock. The door
springs open and people flood out. Starbuck moves to Boomer's
side.

STARBUCK

Boomer...Boomer...

BOOMER looks up, sees Starbuck's face...and smiles.

BOOMER

How much did you win?

Boomer passes out. Starbuck picks him up and puts him over
his shoulder and moves him off in the fireman's carry.

OUTSIDE THE GALACTICA

as more reinforcements scream into the sky.

ON A CYLON COCKPIT

as they turn to see a Viper ship. It's the last thing they do see.

ON THE CYLON FIGHTER

as it explodes into smithereens.

ON THE GALACTICA FLIGHT DECK

ADAMA

Any word from the last of our
people down on Carillon?

TIGH

Last shuttle just left the surface,
sir.

Adama braces himself hopefully.

ADAMA

I hope he made it.

IN THE CATAPULT DECK

as countless pilots scramble to their ships.

OUTSIDE THE GALACTICA FLIGHT DECK

as three more ships fire off into space, rolling off into battle.

ON SKYLER

firing

ON A CYLON SHIP

blowing up

ON GREENBEAN

firing

ON A CYLON SHIP

BLOWING UP

ON A CYLON CENTURIAN

CENTURIAN

Return to base...return to
base...all ships...

But he does not finish the phrase as his ship explodes into a billion fragments.

SKYLER

We've got 'em on the run, boys.
Don't let 'em get away this time...

ON THE CYLONS

turning for home

ON THE COLONIAL WARRIORS

taking up pursuit

ON THE BRIDGE OF THE GALACTICA

Tigh moves up to Adama

TIGH

Word from the last shuttle, sir...
(he breaks into a grin)
Lieutenant Starbuck is aboard...

ADAMA smiles.

ADAMA

We're going to make it, Colonel.
We're going to make it.

ON THE SHUTTLE

leaving the surface of Carillon...far below

INSIDE THE SHUTTLE

many of the survivors from the casino. At the controls,
Starbuck. With him, Boomer and, oddly enough, panning back to
the far corner, a female singing group with multiple eyes and
mouths.

BOOMER

You didn't!!!

STARBUCK

(innocently)
I couldn't very well leave them
behind...

Starbuck glances out the window.

ON CARILLON

as it explodes into billions of tiny torches which quickly
spin off

through space and dissipate into blackness.

ON THE BRIDGE OF THE GALACTICA

TIGH

Commander...

Adama looks out into the starfield, nodding his comprehension...

ADAMA

I saw it.

TIGH

The final end of Count Baltar and his treachery.

Adama shakes his head grimly.

ADAMA

No...I'm afraid his treachery will haunt the human race for millenniums. But out of it, perhaps there will come some good. A place for us out there in the Universe where we can seek after man's potential for good, for peace, for love. A place for us with our brothers and sisters...on a planet called...Earth.

ON THE FLEET

as it moves by and we superimpose the legend:

"THE BEGINNING"

FADE OUT

THE END