

Battlestar Galactica

"Blood & Chrome"  
A Movie in Ten Parts

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"Blood & Chrome"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1 EXT. SPACE - STARFIELD 1

A beat, then a familiar dire rhythm of TAIKO DRUMS fades up as 12 stars flash brightly and race toward us to wheel in a circle, establishing the border of a 3-D LOGO for the Colonial Defense Forces, as the drumming segues to a patriotic theme, There's a dated, "newsreel" vibe to this, and the film stock itself seems degraded, as if it's years old and much played.

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\*  
\*  
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\*

The logo retreats to a corner, where it lingers like the SyFy bug as the image of space is replaced by...

2 EXT. CAPRICA CITY - DAY 2

The pyramid stadium and the splendid city.

OFFICIAL VOICE  
Caprica City. Then...

The city become a partial ruins, strafed and bomb-pocked.

OFFICIAL VOICE (cont'd)  
...and now.

3 EXT. GEMENON - DAY 3

The stunning religious capital: Dubai meets ancient Rome.

OFFICIAL VOICE  
Gemenon, the holy city of Oranu, then...

The glittering cityscape yields to a similar image of devastation (not post-nuclear; more London during the Blitz).

OFFICIAL VOICE (cont'd)  
...and now.

4 EXT. AQUARION - DAY 4

The Reykjavik-like capital of Heim, powered by sun and wind, glaciers at its back, its harbor embracing an icy sea.

OFFICIAL VOICE  
Aquarion then...

Now the city is partly destroyed and the icy harbor is filled by the spectacular wreckage of a massive Cylon Base Star.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: 4

OFFICIAL VOICE (cont'd)  
...and now.

5 MEDIA IMAGES 5

from the Colonial wars, some culled from Tauron civil war footage used in *Caprica*, others from contemporary war footage.

OFFICIAL VOICE  
Caprica. Gemenon. Tauron. Once we had as many causes to hate each other as we had names for our worlds. Now we have but one name, "human," and one cause: to defeat a ruthless machine enemy bent on our destruction. And after years of painful struggle, victory is within reach, thanks to the latest addition to the Colonial Fleet...

\*

6 EXT. SPACE - A MARK II VIPER 6

swoops past us as we REVEAL the brand-spanking new BATTLESTAR GALACTICA, her artillery pounding a Cylon Base Star while her Vipers tear through a swarm of Raiders.

\*

\*

OFFICIAL VOICE  
...the Battlestar Galactica, which along with its sister ships, Columbia and Prometheus, is showing the Cylon no quarter.

\*

7 INT. GALACTICA - CIC 7

The command center a busy hive in the midst of battle, COMMANDER SILAS NASH, 40s, presiding coolly at its center.

OFFICIAL VOICE  
The strength of Galactica's armor -- which can withstand a nuclear blast -- is matched by the impregnability of its internal systems, which rely on hardened, independent computers, which leave the Cylons no networks to penetrate, but above all...

A LIEUTENANT works out firing solutions at her station, then relays them to the XO, who calls them into a corded handset.

OFFICIAL VOICE (cont'd)  
...on good old-fashioned human ingenuity and teamwork. Yes, our powerful weapons and warships give them the tools they need...

\*

\*

8 INT. GALACTICA - HANGAR BAY 8

Bigger and busier -- thanks to our full CGI treatment -- than we've ever seen it. A chiseled, fresh-faced young Viper jock, DEKE TORNVALD, trots confidently to his plane along with a bunch of other pilots who fan out to Vipers and Raptors.

OFFICIAL VOICE

...but our true strength lies in the skill and courage of our fighters, men and women like Galactics's Deke Tornvald and his fellow Viper "jocks," the cream of the Colonial militia.

\*

Tornvald's canopy shuts, he gives the CREW CHIEF a thumbs up and the plane is towed forward into a launch tube.

9 INT. GALACTICA - LAUNCH TUBE 9

Various angles: the inner airlock DOOR closes, the CATAPULT engages and we experience that classic...

10 VIPER PILOT POV 10

as we rocket out the tube and into space, joining the fight.

OFFICIAL VOICE

Thanks to their fearless dedication, and that of countless soldiers like them, this war will be won, and won soon!

The bombastic music fades away, replaced by the lonely sound of wind whistling through the tree tops, as we DISSOLVE TO:

\*

11 EXT. SPACE - AN ICE-ENCRUSTED MOON 11 \*

Hangs beside a ringed planet. Pushing in as we DISSOLVE TO...

\*

12 EXT. MOON'S ATMOSPHERE - DAY 12

We're gliding over dense cloud cover, an Everest-like peak jutting through, a mist of snow whipping off it. Just that lonely sound of the wind for another beat, then:

\*

\*

\*

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

Frak me. Is this thing on? Can never tell if it's... okay, red light's flashing, good. Hey, Dad. Sorry this message is gonna miss your birthday, but I've been busy, as you might'a guessed.

Gliding lower now, penetrating the cloud cover to reveal a snowy landscape of craggy mountains and glaciers. We start to descend rapidly now, approaching an icy ledge far below.

\*

\*

\*

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

MAN'S VOICE(V.O.)

They say a man can find himself in war.  
The good parts and the bad. Two weeks  
in and I've already found some of those  
things. Can't say I'm entirely proud.

Finally we detect a figure kneeling on the ledge. It's a \*  
young soldier: barely out of his teens but looking, at this \*  
moment, many years older. We don't reveal his face fully yet, \*  
instead glimpsing him in pieces: haunted eyes; bloodied hands \*  
lying in his lap, as if abandoned there; torn and stained \*  
Colonial uniform under a tattered parka. His head is lowered. \*

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

Wish I could talk about it with you but  
it's all classified.

(beat)

Anyway, it all worked out. Got what I  
wanted. So, yeah, I guess it's like you  
always said...

There's a ROAR OF ENGINES overhead. The young man slowly \*  
lifts his head. And as we now we reveal his partly obscured \*  
NAME TAG, "ADAMA," then push in on that grunt's thousand-yard \*  
stare...

ADAMA (V.O.)

We all get what's coming to us.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

13 EXT. SPACE - VIPER

13

The SAME YOUNG MAN, Ensign WILLIAM ADAMA, in the cockpit of a \*  
VIPER as he chases down a Cylon RAIDER, finessing the stick to \*  
get the elusive quarry in his sights as he mutters to himself: \*

ADAMA

Hold still, you Toaster bastards. \*

SUPER: *Seven days earlier.*

WIRELESS VOICE

Watch out, hotshot, got two more bandits \*  
on your six. \*

Indeed, two more Raiders have rolled in behind Adama. Tracer  
fire streaks by as he glances over his shoulder.

ADAMA

Fine, just adds to the challenge. \*

WIRELESS VOICE

C'mon, kid, break off! Break off!

(CONTINUED)

13

CONTINUED:

13

ADAMA

No! I got this!

And while jinking his plane to elude fire, he still manages to get a lock on the Raider he's pursuing. He thumbs his guns and blows it away. Then he jerks the stick to flip his Viper ass over nose, and flying backwards he fires again, taking out both his pursuers.

ADAMA (cont'd)

Yeah! Deal with it, cocksuckers!

FEMALE VOICE

Congratulations, Ensign, you have completed Level Six. Final scores are now being compiled.

And now the entire scene, including the Viper he's sitting in, is DECONSTRUCTED into a WIRE FRAME IMAGE, and Adama watches 3-D scores being compiled in the virtual space around him, as if on a giant scoreboard: "Kills: 27. Losses: 1. Accuracy: 87 Percent. Time to Complete: 12:26:10."

ADAMA

Tell me that ain't a record.

FEMALE VOICE

It is indeed a class record.

ADAMA

Kiss. My. Ass!

He reaches toward his temples, as we establish:

\*

14

EXT. SPACE - MILITARY TRANSPORT

14

Like a space-going version of a C-17.

15

INT. MILITARY TRANSPORT

15

\*

Ensign WILLIAM ADAMA, in a pristine uniform, beams as he removes his HOLOBAND. He's seated on a bench amidst other soldiers and CARGO. Conduits and wiring are exposed for access and to save weight.

\*

WOMAN (O.S.)

Good SIM score?

Adama turns to find an attractive young Lieutenant, JAYCIE MCGAVIN. She's a Raptor pilot just a year or two older than he is, but that time has been spent in combat and it's given her a maturity he's too green to even appreciate.

(CONTINUED)

ADAMA

Top score.

JAYCIE

I'm impressed.

ADAMA

I'd be, if I were you.

Jaycie just smiles, sizing him up.

JAYCIE

Lemme guess: you're fresh out of the Academy, been itching to fly Vipers since you were in short pants, and your only worry now is that the war will be over before you get a chance to prove what a bona fide ace you are.

ADAMA

You got me pegged, 'cept for the worrying part. I don't do that.

JAYCIE

Well, look at the pair on you.

ADAMA

That a request?

JAYCIE

Don't get your hopes up, rook. You're not my type.

ADAMA

Why? You like older guys? Girls?

JAYCIE

I like someone with a better shot at being alive on a Saturday night.

ADAMA

(undeterred)

So it's a date.

Jaycie just shakes her head, amused, but their flirtation is interrupted by the whooping of a bunch of MARINES crowded around a ruggedized iPad-like DEVICE reverberating with the sounds of gunfire and TAURON HEAVY METAL. Jaycie's pissed.

JAYCIE

Frakkin' Jarheads with their war porn.

ADAMA

Their what?

(CONTINUED)

JAYCIE

You been in flight school or a cave?  
"War porn," you know? Gun camera footage  
of firefights, Toasters getting lit up,  
shit like that. The grunts like to trade  
it, like kids with Pyramid cards.

ADAMA

No frakking way.

He's intrigued, cranes his neck for a look.

POV ON THE VIEWER

A NIGHT-VISION SNIPER'S POV of a downed Cylon Centurion, lying  
wounded in a rubble-strewn city square.

MARINE (O.S.)

Here he comes again!

More raucous laughter and shouts as a second Centurion  
cautiously comes to its fallen comrade's rescue. But as it  
begins to drag the wounded Cylon away, a heavy TRACER ROUND  
spirals in and tears off its arm. Then more rounds tear into  
both Cylons as the Marines hoot and holler appreciatively:  
*"Hell yeah!" "Frak that Toaster up!" "Bitchin'!"* etc. \*

Adama experiences a giddy, almost sickly sense of revelation:  
he's seeing actual combat. For Jaycie, it's just sick.

JAYCIE

So what's next? You guys gonna whip out  
your dicks and have a circle jerk?

MARINE

Got a problem, fly-girl?

JAYCIE

Just with loud asshole Marines and their  
frakked up "home movies."

MARINE

Whoa! Think we got ourselves a symp,  
guys. Bet "Cylon Suzie" here thinks we  
should negotiate with the poor,  
misunderstood machines.

JAYCIE

Screw you, shitbird. I've wasted more  
Toasters than you've got pimples on your  
lily-white ass. Just don't need to  
watch myself doing it.

(CONTINUED)



They all just turn back to their "home movie," laughing and leaving Jaycie steaming. Adama tries to re-engage her.

ADAMA

So, not having seen his ass, how many  
Toasters would that be?

JAYCIE

(curt)  
I don't keep count.

ADAMA

I will.

Jaycie fixes him with a cool look.

JAYCIE

You're a real charger, aren't you rook?  
Well if you're lookin' for action,  
there's the girl who's gonna give it to  
you.

She nods to a window and Adama turns to see GALACTICA looming up. No longer the pristine Battlestar from the old newsreel; its hull is scarred in places. But it's no less imposing, with its Viper CAP buzzing around it and support ships riding its flanks like pilot fish alongside a Great White.

\*  
\*  
\*

ADAMA

Gods... damn.

Adama, his DUFFEL slung over his shoulder, steps off the loading ramp of the Transport, then goggles at the size and activity of the Hangar Deck. Flight crew in their orange jumpers swarming over Vipers. Raptors descending on elevators. Jaycie catches up with him.

\*  
\*

JAYCIE

You're blocking traffic, rook.

Adama sees a network NEWS TEAM interviewing a Viper pilot by his plane. It's Deke Tornvald, no longer the fresh-faced young man from the recruiting video, instead a seasoned ace with the SYMBOLS of more than 30 Raider kills painted on his plane, and a certain grim cast to his features that he can't quite hide as he talks to the news team.

ADAMA

That's Deke Tornvald. "Minute Man."

JAYCIE

Heard of him, huh?

(CONTINUED)

ADAMA

Guy was my hero at the Academy. What's he got now -- like 30 kills?

JAYCIE

Better hurry or there won't be any left for you, ace.

A CAG, Captain ARMIN "HIGH TOP" RIOS, 30s, approaches.

RIOS

McGavin, back just in time. Suit up. Briefing in thirty.

JAYCIE

Another snowball patrol?

RIOS

You got it.

He eyes Adama, who snaps an Academy-issue salute, then holds out his ORDERS. Jaycie just smiles wryly and heads off.

ADAMA

Ensign William Adama, reporting for flight duty, sir. If there's a mission, I'd like to be part of it.

Meanwhile, a female LIEUTENANT comes over with a clipboard with a flight deck status report for Rios to review.

RIOS

You're F.O.B., Ensign. Sure you don't want to find your rack first?

ADAMA

Respectfully, sir, I signed on to kill Toasters, not take naps. Just point me at my plane and I'll get started.

Rios and the Lieutenant share a look, she indicates something on the report. He nods then sizes up Adama again.

RIOS

Okay, Ensign, I'm assigning you to the Weasel. She's over there.

He points somewhat vaguely across the deck. Adama eagerly eyes a GLEAMING VIPER being gassed up.

ADAMA

She's a beauty, sir.

(CONTINUED)

RIOS

No, rook, not the Viper. The bird  
behind it.

And now Adama realizes he's pointing to an old beat-to-shit  
RAPTOR. Disbelief mixes with alarm.

ADAMA

The Raptor, sir?

RIOS

(off Adama's paperwork)  
I see you're qualified.

ADAMA

Yes, sir. But, sir, ah --

RIOS

-- "Respectfully."

ADAMA

Respectfully, sir, I didn't rate top of  
my class so I could drive a bus. I'm a  
Viper pilot.

RIOS

All right, rook, I'll break it down for  
you. The brass makes it sound like  
Operation Clean Sweep really lived up to  
its name, only someone forgot to send  
the Toasters the memo. They've peppered  
all the rocks in this sector with  
automated SAMS, which have been taking  
down our planes right and left. Taking  
out those missiles is job one. Which is  
why I need Raptor drivers right now more  
than Viper jocks. Which is why I want  
you to march your cherry cheeks over  
there and make sure your "bus" is ready  
for action. Dismissed.

He heads off. Off Adama, chastened and disappointed...

"Wild Weasel" painted across the battered fuselage. REVEAL  
ADAMA, regarding it with resignation. He steps up on the  
wing, grabbing onto a support, and his hand comes away black  
with grime. He looks around for a rag, sees none, and finally  
anooints his new uniform. Then he ducks inside --

-- and runs smack into another ENSIGN exiting with a MOP and  
BUCKET. The dirty, red water sloshes onto the deck.

(CONTINUED)

ECO (Electronic Countermeasures Officer) COKER FASJOVIK, 27, isn't pleased.

COKER

Frak! You dumb bastard, I just finished mucking this thing out!

ADAMA

Sorry, I didn't see --

COKER

-- 'course you didn't, 'cause you weren't looking! What the hell are you doing in here anyway? You with that godsdamn PR tour?

He's already started mopping up the mess.

ADAMA

No, I'm, uh...

(proffers hand)

William Adama. I was just assigned to fly this --

Coker ignores the hand, cuts him off again in disbelief --

COKER

You? You're my new driver? They sent me some 'rook fresh off the boat?

ADAMA

(realizing)

Guess you must be my ECO.

COKER

Not if I can do anything about it.

Adama sees some rags on the floor, crouches to help clean up.

ADAMA

Here, let me, uh...

COKER

Whatever.

Adama glances up at Coker's name tag, tries to pronounce it.

ADAMA

Fazjo... Fahzo...?

COKER

Frak. You gotta call me something, just call me Coker. Only don't get too familiar with it.

(CONTINUED)

17

CONTINUED: (2)

17

ADAMA

So, Coker, who was your last pilot?

COKER

You're helping mop up what's left of him.

And suddenly Adama realizes he's got a CHUNK of BRAIN MATTER in his rag. He fights back his nausea. Coker is too wound up to even notice, muttering as he finishes mopping.

COKER (cont'd)

Frakking knuckle draggers patch the hole, don't even bother mopping up the rest of his brains. Not that he had many to begin with, poor bastard. Who the frak signs up for a third tour?

ADAMA

Look, I'm sorry about your friend.

COKER

He wasn't my frakking friend! He was an asshole. And he was worth ten huskers like you!

"Husker?" Adama's still trying to puzzle out that apparent insult when a BUZZER sounds. Coker sighs, takes out a hip FLASK and takes a nip.

COKER (cont'd)

Briefing call. Here we go again.

(eyes Adama, resigned)

Just listen good and try real hard not to get us killed, 'kay, rook?

He stomps down the wing. OFF Adama...

18

EXT. SPACE - THE WILD WEASEL

18

Flying formation with two other Raptors in an ASTEROID BELT. As the Weasel peels off:

\*

\*

ADAMA (WIRELESS)

Raptor Niner-zero-niner breaking off. Happy hunting, guys.

19

INT. WILD WEASEL

19

\*

Adama at the flight controls, Coker monitoring his panels in back, meanwhile making sure Adama knows the play.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

COKER

Forget what any of those other cocky douches might'a told you, these new Toaster SAMS are smart.

ADAMA

Right.

COKER

Basically, it's a game of chicken: you wait till its Dradis paints you, then send your missile down its beam before it can fire up one of its own.

ADAMA

(bored)

I heard the briefing.

COKER

What, this too low-rent for you, Husker?

ADAMA

I trained to take on Raiders in three-on-one scenarios. I'm not too worried about shooting up some missile launchers, no matter how smart they are.

COKER

Gods-frakking-help me.

(then, off panel)

Got something on that big rock coming up to starboard. Vector one-three-zero, carom one-zero.

\*  
\*

Adama adjusts course to bring them closer to the asteroid.

ADAMA

Got it. Adjusting course.

COKER

Yeah, looks like we got one... no could be two batteries.

20 EXT. ASTEROID - TWO CYLON SAMS

20

Partly hidden in the crevices of the icy rock. Each SAM has some equivalent of the Cylon oscillating red eye. Suddenly, one of them swivels and points its batteries up.

21 INT. WILD WEASEL

21

An ALARM sounds on Coker's board.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

COKER

First one's painted us. Locked on their beam. Fire one down the pipe.

But Adama makes no move to fire. Instead, he just maneuvers the Raptor closer to the asteroid.

COKER (cont'd)

What the frak? I said fire the rocket!

ADAMA

You spotted two batteries.

COKER

So what? First one's locked on us. What are you frakking waiting for?

ADAMA

For the other one to paint us.

COKER

This ain't a two-for-one sale!  
(another ALARM)  
Now they're both locked on!

ADAMA

Firing.

22 EXT. SPACE - WILD WEASEL

22

Two missiles are launched, as we INTERCUT the action with:

23 EXT. ASTEROID

23

The Raptor's missiles slam into the batteries, destroying both, but not before each gets off one of their own missiles.

24 INT. WILD WEASEL

24

Adama just sees the explosive blooms below and exults.

ADAMA

Got 'em!

COKER

No, asshole, you got us! Two SAMS incoming.

ADAMA

Shit. Hang on!

The Raptor banks and starts to roar away. But the two CYLON MISSILES are tearing after it and rapidly gaining.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

25 EXT. SPACE 25 \*

The Raptor weaves through asteroids, but the missiles continue to gain. INTERCUTTING with:

26 INT. WILD WEASEL 26

Adama guns the ship through the asteroids,

COKER  
Four klicks and closing!

ADAMA  
I need more speed.

COKER  
You can't outrun 'em! Three klicks and closing.

ADAMA  
Countermeasures?

COKER  
I know my job!

Coker hits a control and the Raptor ejects a cloud of CHAFF. The missiles briefly diverge and disappear in the cloud, only to re-emerge and lock onto the Raptor again.

COKER (cont'd)  
They didn't go for it! Told you they were smart.

ADAMA  
Let's see how smart.

He steers the Raptor away from the asteroids.

COKER  
Now you're heading into open space? We'll have no cover!

ADAMA  
We're not gonna need it. Hang onto something.

He suddenly flips the Raptor nose over tail, just as he did in the training sim. Only the heavy Raptor doesn't respond like a nimble Viper. Loose stuff goes flying, including Coker. \*

COKER  
Frak!

(CONTINUED)



26

CONTINUED:

26

Now Adama kicks in the afterburners and flies directly at the missiles, in what looks like an even more literal game of chicken, as Coker reacts in disbelief.

COKER (cont'd)

What the hell are you doing?!

ADAMA

Seeing if I can scramble their brains.

A split second away from impact, Adama amazingly slips the Raptor right between both missiles, which now try to turn 180 degrees to follow, only to go spiraling off harmlessly. He turns with a grin to Coker, who's picking himself off the deck.

\*  
\*  
\*

ADAMA (cont'd)

Toaster missiles may be smart but their guidance systems still can't withstand a 50-G turn.

(beat)

Wanna get some more?

Off Coker's glare...

27

INT. GALACTICA - PORT LANDING BAY

27

\*

Looking through the window into the Landing Control Room (like a compact airport control tower, and adapted from our digital build of the upper level of CIC). Coker can be seen complaining angrily to a forbearing Rios while, at the other end, Adama mimes his maneuver to the Landing Signals Officer.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

28

INT. GALACTICA - PORT LANDING CONTROL - COKER AND RIOS

28

\*

RIOS

I don't have another back-seater I can spare. Besides, he did take out two batteries.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

COKER

And now look at him: he's frakking bragging about how he broke SOP and almost got us killed.

\*  
\*  
\*

RIOS

You're short, aren't you? What've you got? Another couple of months?

COKER

That's not what this is about.

Rios just eyes him for a beat, then calls sharply to Adama.

(CONTINUED)

RIOS

Ensign! Front and center.

ADAMA

Yes, sir.

RIOS

Looks like you two have a problem.

ADAMA

Not me, sir.

RIOS

Well if your ECO has a problem with you, then you both have one. I want results, but what I don't want is dead pilots and wrecked planes.

(to Adama)

And if you think you can hot-dog your way into a Viper, guess again, rook. Far as I'm concerned, you two are married, so get used to it.

ADAMA

Yes, sir. Anything else, sir?

RIOS

Yeah, go see the Old Man in CIC. He's got a special mission for you.

Adama and Coker walk along a catwalk that leads through Galactica's massive Jump Drive.

ADAMA

I thought partners were supposed to back each other up.

COKER

You don't listen to me, we're not partners. We're just two guys sharing the same plane.

ADAMA

Yeah, well maybe the Old Man was a little more impressed. Why else would he be assigning us to this special mission? Gotta be something big, right?

COKER

Keep dreaming, Husker.

Adama stops, confronts him.

(CONTINUED)

29

CONTINUED:

29

ADAMA

What's your problem? You've been on me since I met you. And what's with this "husker" thing?

Coker takes out his flask again, unscrews the top.

COKER

Well, to answer your first question, my "problem" is that I still have hopes of surviving this war, and you seem to be a serious obstacle to my achieving that goal. As to your second question, "Husker" is what we called the hayseed losers back on Aerilon, the farmboys who couldn't steer their tractors straight.

\*  
\*

ADAMA

I'm from Caprica City. The closest I ever got to a farm was my uncle's ranch north of Delphi.

Coker takes a slug, then offers a mocking toast.

COKER

Whatever you say, Husker.

He heads off. Off Adama, really pissed now...

30

INT. GALACTICA - CIC

30

Adama and Coker stand at attention at the Command and Control station, their PERSONNEL FILES lying prominently on the backlit table in front of them, while Commander Silas Nash, looking somewhat aged like the rest of his ship, confers with his XO across the room, occasionally glancing over at them.

Adama sneaks a look at Coker, who's staring rigidly ahead, and notices Coker's hip flask protruding a bit too prominently from his back pocket. Quietly, eyes front again:

ADAMA

You gonna offer the Commander a drink?

COKER

What?

ADAMA

Flask.

Adama nods discreetly to the flask, and Coker -- unsure whether to be angry or grateful -- nudges it deeper into his pocket just before Nash comes over. He eyes Adama, then lifts the cover of Coker's personnel report.

\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

NASH

Mister Fasjovik. Forty-seven days left in your mandatory second tour. Planning on re-upping?

COKER

Not if I get a say in it, sir.

NASH

Hard to part with an experienced ECO, but it's your call.

He opens Adama's folder.

NASH (cont'd)

Ensign William Adama. Caprican... with some interesting Tauron family connections.

He eyes Adama, who stands a little more stiffly at attention.

NASH (cont'd)

Your grades at the Academy weren't exactly stellar but your flight instructor says you're a "natural." I quote: "One of the best pilot candidates I've ever seen." Is that assessment accurate, Ensign? Are you a natural?

ADAMA

I can fly a plane, sir. A "natural," I can't say.

NASH

So you didn't "naturally" know that the guidance systems of the Cylons' third-gen SAMS can't handle turns of more than 46 Gs?

ADAMA

No, sir. But I figured forcing the maneuver was our best bet.

NASH

So in other words, you were playing a hunch. And this was after you let two SAMS paint you so you could take out both launchers. Why just two? Why not go for a hat trick?

ADAMA

I would've, sir, if there were three SAMS down there.

(CONTINUED)

Nash cracks a thin smile.

NASH

You're a cocky sonofabitch, aren't you, Ensign? I used to like cocky sons of bitches. I used to be a cocky sonofabitch. But we're ten years into a bad war, son, so now this is how I treat cocky sons of bitches on my ship.

He pushes some ORDERS across the table.

NASH (cont'd)

I assign 'em to milk runs 'til they cool down.

(beat)

You're going to take some cargo to the Scorpion shipyards and return with spare parts. It's a four-day round trip. I'd assign a jump-capable ship if I could spare one, but I can't, so your sorry-ass Raptor will have to do.

(looks Adama in the eyes)

Above all, you're to avoid any enemy contact. That includes Cylon ships, SAMS, slingshots, exploding dog poops or anything else they might have floating around out there. Understood?

ADAMA & COKER

Yes, sir.

NASH

Good.

He picks up his coffee mug, starts studying some other reports. Without looking up:

NASH (cont'd)

You're dismissed.

Coker and Adama exchange a brief look, then turn and head for the hatch. Off Nash as he looks up to watch them go, his eyes thoughtful over the rim of his mug.

Adama and Coker enter with their shaving kits, towels around their waists. Adama's expression is sour, but Coker beams like he just won the lottery.

ADAMA

"Milk run." I said I didn't want to drive a bus, now they got me driving a frakking delivery truck.

COKER

Yeah, only thing better is if they could make it a regular trip, say for the next month or so.

ADAMA

You're really getting out?

COKER

Like a shot, kid.

ADAMA

And go back to what? Where?

A shadow creases Coker's face, and we get a sense that there are things he doesn't want to discuss with his new partner. Without answering, he heads off to the showers.

Adama looks after him, puzzled, then sees Tornvald shaving at one of the metal sinks. Tornvald's towel doesn't entirely hide a nasty BURN SCAR snaking up his thigh. His arms and shoulders are covered with faded TATTOOS, and he hardly looks like the poster boy that old newsreel made him out to be. He's shaving with a straight razor, very carefully, probably so he won't cut this throat because he's also far from sober. There's a half-empty bottle of ambrosia next to his kit.

ADAMA (cont'd)

Captain? Captain Tornvald?

Tornvald looks at him briefly, then resumes shaving. Adama seems's about to extend his hand, then thinks better of it. Maybe it's the look in Tornvald's eyes: that thousand-yard stare now reflected in the mirror above the sink.

ADAMA (cont'd)

Sir, I just wanted to say I've been following your record since you first joined the Squadron, and I'm just hoping to be half the pilot you are.

TORNVALD

You want to be half a flyer? Toasters can probably arrange that.

ADAMA

That's not what I, um... Sir, I just --

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: (2)

31

TORNVALD

I'll let you in on a little secret, kid.  
It's bullshit. All of it.

\*  
\*

And that's the end of that conversation. Off Adama...

32 INT. GALACTICA - OFFICERS' HEAD - SHOWERS

32

Finding Adama looking a little troubled as he stands under the jets in a line of showers separated by shallow partitions. Jaycie and Coker are showering to one side of him, Coker still basking in his good fortune.

COKER

Two days out, two days back.

JAYCIE

You gonna lay over?

COKER

You better frakkin' believe it. They got real booze over there. None of this watered-down pruno.

JAYCIE

Sounds like a bonafide pleasure cruise.

COKER

Tell it to young, dumb and fulla cum over there. He's still crying his eyes out.

As meanwhile we start to INTERCUT shots of someone entering the shower on the other side of Adama: a TOWEL is draped over the end of the intervening partition, then an UNUSUAL "DOG TAG," looking more like a computer chip than a stamped hexagon of metal. A WOMAN'S HAND picks up a bar of soap, rubs it over toned shoulders. Water sluices through long, dark hair.

JAYCIE

Well, what do you expect? Our young thane wants to make a name for himself. Mount some Toaster heads in his mead hall.

ADAMA

(bristling)

That's what we're here for, isn't it? Kill the enemy? Destroy the frakking machines before they destroy us.

COKER

Hoo-ah!

(CONTINUED)

He grabs his towel and heads out, as we now REVEAL the WOMAN in the other stall reacting subtly to this exchange, smiling a little bitterly to herself. She's in her 30s, beautiful, with an athlete's toned body. Even naked there's something about her posture or attitude that makes her stand out -- or apart -- from the rest of the grunts showering here.

JAYCIE

(grabbing her towel)

We all know why we're here, rook.

(then, gentler)

Don't be in such a rush, okay?

Adama glances at her, but it's clear he doesn't appreciate her genuine gesture for what it is. She exits.

He turns off the water, reaches around to grab his towel, only to find he's reaching for the same one as the woman in the other stall. He finds himself staring at her chest, or rather the unusual dog tag now hanging around her neck. A shower faux pas either way, but the woman just seems amused.

WOMAN

You gonna keep staring or are you gonna hand me my towel?

Embarrassed, Adama snaps out it and hands her the towel.

ADAMA

Sorry. I didn't mean to, uh...

But the woman just takes it from him with a knowing smile and walks off, not even bothering to wrap it around herself. Despite his embarrassment, Adama finds himself staring again.

A couple of other female soldiers go by, laughing at him.

FEMALE SOLDIER

See anything you like, rook?

Adama and Coker are doing a pre-flight check of the Weasel, Coker inspecting, Adama checking off items on a CLIPBOARD.

ADAMA

PC-1 Reservoir?

COKER

Full. Cap secure.

ADAMA

Left pylon support?



Coker grabs the pylon and gives it a good tug. It stays put.

COKER

Secure.

But then both look up as the Crew CHIEF steers over a FORKLIFT with a pallet of COMMUNICATIONS DRONES, MISSILE DECOYS, and a pair of slightly larger SHIP-TO-SHIP MISSILES.

COKER (cont'd)

Whoa, what the hell is this?

CHIEF

(hopping out and signaling  
some DECKHANDS)

Your ordnance package, what's it look like?

COKER

It looks light. I see a full set of com drones and missile decoys, but just two Archers?

CHIEF

We're short on air-to-air. Ordnance Chief says two, so two's what you get. You got a problem, take it up with him.

COKER

Maybe I will.

Adama is reviewing his checklist.

ADAMA

I'm more concerned with our cargo, whatever it's gonna be. Can you at least give us the exact weight?

CHIEF

Why don't you ask "it" yourself.

Coker and Adama follow his look to see the woman from the showers, now zipped into a form-fitting flight suit, approaching with a duffel slung over her shoulder.

COKER

She's our cargo?

WOMAN

That's right, and what's more, "she" has a name. Kelly. Dr. Beka Kelly.

COKER

Doctor?

(CONTINUED)

BEKA

Ph.D. I'm a civilian software engineer.

ADAMA

Welcome aboard, Dr. I'm Bill Adama,  
your pilot...

He holds out her hand but she ignores it, giving the Raptor a critical once-over. Adama withdraws his hand, tries to cover his embarrassment...

ADAMA (cont'd)

...and this is my co-pilot and ECO,  
Coker Fasjo--

COKER

Coker'll do.

Beka turns and gives Adama the same critical once-over she gave the Raptor.

BEKA

You look kinda young for a pilot, even  
in this war. You any good?

ADAMA

So they tell me.

BEKA

You always believe what people tell you?

She doesn't give Adama time to figure out a comeback.

Beka (cont'd)

Well, if we're through with the  
pleasantries, and Ensign Adama is  
through trying to guess my weight, why  
don't we get going...?

(eyeing the Raptor)

...assuming this piece of shit can  
actually fly.

COKER

(reddening)

Piece of shit...?

Adama quickly intervenes.

ADAMA

I know she looks a little rough around  
the edges but she's fully operational.

33

CONTINUED: (3)

33

BEKA

"Operational." Well, thank you for really inspiring my confidence.

She marches up the wing and ducks into the hatch. Off Adama and Coker, exchanging looks...

34

INT. GALACTICA FLIGHT DECK/EXT. SPACE

34

The Weasel lifts off from the flight deck, then flies out of the pod and into space.

ADAMA (WIRELESS)

Galactica/Raptor Niner-zero-niner, clear.

LSO (WIRELESS)

Roger that, Niner-zero-niner. See you in five. And maybe bring us back a decent bottle.

COKER (WIRELESS)

Anything to keep you from mooching off me, Perry.

A blast of the Raptor's afterburners and Galactica and its support ships start to dwindle behind it.

35

INT. WILD WEASEL

35

Beka is stowing her stuff in an aft compartment which can be curtained or partitioned off. Adama and Coker are in the front, no one wearing helmets for this non-combat flight.

ADAMA

Hello, this is the Captain. Our flight time to Scorpian is approximately two days, during which we hope to encounter... nothing. Fortunately, you will find a variety of fine Holoband entertainments to help you pass the time. I personally recommend, "Emergency Disassembly of the F61 Vulcan Missile Deployment Subsystem." For now, please remain seated with your seatbelt securely fastened and thank you for flying Wild Weasel airlines.

In the back, Beka smiles to herself, then takes out an official-looking ENVELOPE from her duffle. Coker eyes Adama.

COKER

You're wasting your charms, such as they are. I know her type.

(CONTINUED)

ADAMA

Yeah, and what type is that?

COKER

Not yours. Far as she's concerned,  
we're just the help.

A beat, then Beka comes forward.

BEKA

Are we still in Dradis range of  
Galactica?

COKER

(checks screen)  
Not anymore.

BEKA

Good. If you'll open this, you'll find  
new orders.

She hands him an envelope marked "Top Secret" and bearing the  
Colonial Defense Forces Seal.

COKER

What the hell is this?

BEKA

Open it and you'll find out.

Coker and Adama share a look, then Coker opens the envelope  
and reviews the order, his brow furrowing with concern.

COKER

These are from the Admiralty.

BEKA

As you can see, it specifies a new set  
of coordinates for a rendezvous with the  
heavy cruiser Archeron.

COKER

That's two days in the wrong direction,  
lady.

ADAMA

(glancing over)  
Sector 12. Right on the edge of Cylon-  
controlled space.

COKER

No. No frakking way this is right. I'm  
calling Galactica.

(CONTINUED)

BEKA

The orders specify wireless silence until we meet up with Archeron. That means no contact with Galactica or any other Colonial ship or outpost. And since, as you already noted, we have a lot of space to cover, I suggest we get started.

She heads aft. Coker is stunned by this turn of events. Then he notices Adama smiling as he inputs new coordinates.

COKER

What the hell are you grinning at?

ADAMA

"Milk run."

COKER

Milk run, my ass. The Old Man set us up. Knew I was short and sent us anyway. All 'cause you had to go and impress him.

ADAMA

And maybe because whatever she's doing, it's important, and he trusts us to get her where she needs to go.

COKER

Well, I'm so glad you finally feel validated...

He glances at Beka, who's made herself comfy with a book.

COKER (cont'd)

...'cause from where I'm sitting, we are well and truly frakked.

And as the Weasel comes about and speeds off on its new course...

END OF ACT TWO

\*

ACT THREE

37 EXT. SPACE - THE WILD WEASEL 37 \*

En route to its rendezvous with Archeron.

38 INT. WILD WEASEL 38

Coker, still sitting in the co-pilot's seat next to Adama, glances at the aft compartment, the HATCH cracked open. \*

ADAMA

Quiet back there. Think she's sleeping?

COKER

Maybe she died. Stop worrying about her, start worrying about what's going on out there.

ADAMA

Nothing's going on out there. We've gone fourteen hours without a single Dradis contact.

COKER

Cylon Base Star jumps into range, that'll change in a hurry. Tell ya, I don't like the feel of all this empty space.

ADAMA

Thought you'd be used to it coming from Aerilon.

COKER

We're not all farmhands, you know. I grew up in Promethia.

ADAMA

Mining boomtown. Your folks in the biz?  
(when Coker doesn't reply)  
Hey, CAG said we're supposed to be married, right? \*

COKER

And you think married people talk to each other? \*

ADAMA

My folks did... 'till they didn't. You married, or ever been?

(CONTINUED)

COKER

(with an edge)

I was drafted right out of college,  
'kay?

\*

ADAMA

Look, it's a long trip. Thought we  
might use it to get to know each other a  
little.

\*

A beat. Adama turns back to the empty view. Then:

COKER

Mining engineer.

(when Adama turns back)

My Dad. Worked for a couple of the big  
Tylum companies. Then he taught at  
Promethia A&M.

ADAMA

That where you went?

COKER

Nah. Broke his heart and went to the U  
of A instead.

ADAMA

University of Aerilon? That's an arts  
school, right?

COKER

(embarrassed)

Thought I wanted to be a playwright.  
Then it was a musician.

ADAMA

A musician, huh? Whaddaya play?

COKER

I don't. Not anymore.

(changing the topic)

And I'm guessing you were dreamin' of  
Vipers while you were still in diapers,  
as they say.

ADAMA

Not that young, but pretty close. My  
Dad wasn't wild about it either, but he  
went along, even pulled strings to get  
me in the Academy. Guess he thought by  
the time I got out the war'd be over.

COKER

And you're actually glad it wasn't.

(CONTINUED)

38

CONTINUED: (2)

38

Now it's Adama who falls silent: a tacit admission.

COKER (cont'd)

You know, in my experience there are two kind of grunts. Kind that goes spoiling for a fight and the kind that don't. First kind aren't necessarily better soldiers, but they do tend to end up deader soldiers. Just a thought.

He turns back to his instruments. Off Adama...

39

EXT. SPACE

39

The Wild Weasel heads away from us, vanishing into the void.

\*

40

INT. WILD WEASEL - LATER

40

\*

Lights in "night mode," Coker's alone in front. Finding Adama in the curtained-off aft compartment, back against a bulkhead, wearing his HOLOBAND. As we PUSH IN on him, we begin to hear the SOUNDS of AUTOMATIC WEAPONS FIRE and EXPLOSIONS.

\*

\*

41

EXT. BOMBED OUT CITY STREET - DAY

41

\*

Aliens-style HELMET-CAM POV of a chaotic GROUND BATTLE, bullets and RPGS whizzing by, the sounds of battle mixing with POUNDING ROCK MUSIC.

\*

\*

\*

MARINE SERGEANT (O.S.)

\*

Red squad: MOVE IT UP! MOVE IT UP!

\*

We rush forward, taking cover behind a low wall, then setting our SAW (Squad Automatic Weapon) stop it and firing back at a squad of CYLONS who are shooting from behind BURNED OUT VEHICLES and from DOORWAYS.

\*

\*

\*

\*

A CYLON with a MINI GUN steps from cover and starts blasting away. A SOLDIER beside us screams.

\*

\*

MARINE GRUNT

\*

Mother frakker! I'm hit! I'm hit!!

\*

We take out the mini-gun Cylon, the heavy rounds tearing off the Cylon's gun arm and one leg below the knee. TWO MORE CYLONS dart out from cover to try to drag their fallen comrade away, and now we blast them to pieces as well.

\*

\*

\*

\*

ADAMA (O.S.)

\*

Freeze action.

\*

The action FREEZES, the music stops. Our POV vaults the wall, then approaches the two Cylons and the comrade they tried to drag away, as we study our handiwork.

\*

\*

\*

(CONTINUED)



41 CONTINUED:

41

BEKA (O.S.)

Having fun?

Our POV turns to see BEKA sitting casually on the low wall. \*

BEKA (cont'd)

Not my cuppa tea, but I guess everyone  
has their own way of relaxing.

Our hands go to our temples, as do hers, and in the next  
moment Adama and Beka are taking off their HOLOBANDS in: \*

42 INT. WILD WEASEL - AFT COMPARTMENT

42

ADAMA \*

You hacked into my band.

BEKA

Yup. Used to work for the company that  
designed these things.

ADAMA

You worked for Graystone Industries?

BEKA

Mostly in their military cybernetics  
division.

(off his look)

That's right, I worked on Cylons. In  
fact, I helped design the last version --  
well, the last human-built version,  
anyway -- of their MCP chips. That's  
their --

ADAMA

-- Their brain, I know. In other words,  
you helped improve the machines that are  
killing us. Made them smarter, better  
killers. Can't be easy to live with.

BEKA

If you're asking, do I feel guilt, well  
I do. But not for the reasons you'd  
understand.

ADAMA

Try me.

She eyes him for a beat, then asks a question of him instead.

BEKA

Do you feel guilty watching those snuff  
films?

(CONTINUED)

ADAMA

Why should I?

BEKA

'Cause it turns war into an entertainment. Trivializes death and destruction. Sets it all to music, like some cheesy holo-game.

ADAMA

That's not why I watch.

BEKA

Of course not.

Adama bristles a bit, then tries to explain.

ADAMA

Look, I haven't seen any ground combat yet, but odds are I will. I thought it'd be a good way to at least get a feel for what it's like. It's even helping me spot some of the Toasters' weaknesses. Like how they're programmed to retrieve damaged units from the battlefield, even under fire, probably so they can salvage them for parts.

BEKA

Or maybe they just care about each other, same as human soldiers. Makes more sense than bad programming.

She almost smiles at his surprise.

BEKA (cont'd)

But I guess that never even occurred to you.

(off his silence)

Don't get me wrong, Mister Adama. I know what side I'm on. But what's the point of winning if we become robots ourselves?

Adama has no reply. Coker calls out from up front.

COKER

Hey, better get your asses up here. We're almost at the rendezvous coordinates.

WITH COKER

As Adama and Beka join him, Adama taking his seat.

(CONTINUED)

ADAMA

Dradis?

COKER

Clear.

(then, off console)

Here we go. Contact. Colonial  
transponder.

(then)

Wait, now I'm reading multiple  
signatures.

ADAMA

Archeron might have support ships.

COKER

Then where are *their* transponders?  
Something wrong with this picture.

BEKA

Break radio silence and hail them.

Coker and Adama share a look, that Adama nods.

COKER

Archeron/Colonial Raptor Niner-zero-  
niner. Acknowledge.

Nothing but STATIC in response.

COKER (cont'd)

Archeron, this is Raptor Niner-zero-  
niner, acknowledge and respond.

Suddenly, a BODY smacks off the canopy.

COKER (cont'd)

Shit!

(then)

Debris field!

And Adama maneuvers quickly to avoid chunks of DEBRIS  
spiraling their way. He gets clear and now they get a good  
look at the ARCHERON, or what's left of it, broken into a few  
big sections of fuselage and many smaller chunks of debris.

BEKA

Gods! Is that Archeron?

They fly by a big piece with the ship's name on it.

COKER

Got your answer? Now get back there and  
strap yourself in.

(CONTINUED)

42

CONTINUED: (3)

42

As she does, Adama weaves through the debris field.

ADAMA

Must've been ambushed. How long?

COKER

From the dispersal pattern, maybe hours.  
Which means...

As if in confirmation, an ALARM SOUNDS.

COKER (cont'd)

Incoming!

Adama rocks the plane, narrowly avoiding a CYLON MISSILE,  
which streaks past and EXPLODES against a piece of fuselage.

COKER (cont'd)

Got three Raiders inbound on our  
starboard quarter. Targeting... Damn!  
Auto-targeting isn't responding. Can't  
get a lock!

ADAMA

Wait for a visual. There they are.

As we see three specks through the canopy, then...

43

INTERCUT: EXT. SPACE

43

As the three RAIDERS streak toward them in formation.

ADAMA

Switching to manual...

A HEADS-UP HOLO DISPLAY superimposes a targeting grid over  
flickering WIRE FORM images of the Raiders.

Beka

The orders say we're not supposed to  
engage the enemy!

COKER

The godsdamn enemy engaged us, lady, and  
in this bird we can't outrun 'em!

Adama gets a lock on the lead Raider.

ADAMA

Tone. Firing.

The missile streaks away and destroys the lead Raider. It's  
two "wingmen" peel off in opposite directions.

(CONTINUED)

COKER

They're splitting up!

ADAMA

Figured they would. Divide and conquer.

He takes off after one of the Raiders, which maneuvers evasively, making it hard for him to get a lock.

ADAMA (cont'd)

C'mon, c'mon, hold still.

COKER

I don't like the math on this. There's still two of 'em and we only got one missile left.

ADAMA

Then let's make it count.

(gets target lock)

Gotchya!

He fires. The missile streaks away. Only just before it reaches the Raider, a chunk of debris impacts it instead.

COKER

Damn it! Of all the frakked up --

In the back, Beka's cool facade is starting to crack.

BEKA

What's going on? What happened?

ADAMA

(working controls)

It's all right, we're fine.

COKER

Fine? What are you smoking?

(then, off monitor)

Second one's coming around on us!

CANNON FIRE streaks by the Raptor. Adama breaks off. The other Raider turns, too, both now streaking after the Weasel.

COKER (cont'd)

Two bandits, no missiles. Now I *really* don't like the math.

And as the Raptor streaks by camera, the two Raiders tight on its heels, pouring on cannon fire...

END OF ACT THREE

\*

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

44 EXT. SPACE/INT. RAPTOR 44

Adama weaves through debris but can't shake the two Raiders. \*

ADAMA  
Where are they?

COKER  
Glued to our six.

ADAMA  
These two can actually fly. \*

BEKA  
I thought we couldn't outrun them? \*

COKER  
We can't.

BEKA  
Then why are we trying?

COKER  
'Cause it beats the alternative. \*

ADAMA  
She's right. We can't keep this up  
forever. \*

Adama eyes the biggest chunk of wreckage -- the entire mid-  
section of the Archeron -- thinking quickly. \*

ADAMA (cont'd)  
Program one of the decoy drones with our  
Dradis signature, then get ready to  
deploy it on my mark.

COKER  
What good's that gonna do? They can see  
our frakking plane.

ADAMA  
Like I said, "divide and conquer." \*

He points the Raptor right at the middle of the big piece of  
fuselage and now Coker gets the idea.

COKER  
Fine. It'll never work, but what the  
frak.

(CONTINUED)

Coker works his panel as Adama whips the Raptor around to the far side of the big chunk of Archeron, barely missing twisted fingers of wreckage reaching out from the warship's hull.

\*  
\*

ADAMA

Mark!

Coker hits a control, and a DECOY DRONE is fired backwards, retracing the Raptor's course.

On the Dradis screen, it looks like two Raptors are now headed in opposite directions around the backside of the wreckage.

\*

The two Raiders split up, pursuing the different signatures.

COKER

They took the bait.

Adama brings the Raptor to a stop, waiting.

BEKA

Why are we stopping?

This time, both men ignore her, Adama too focused on the fight to offer any reassurance.

COKER

They realized it was a decoy. Coming at us from both directions now.

ADAMA

Hang on, this is gonna be close.

\*

The two Raiders come streaking at them from both sides, firing their cannons. Rounds nip at the Raptor's fuselage. At the last second, Adama punches the throttle and the Raptor darts away, letting the Raiders get caught in their own crossfire. They're both destroyed.

COKER

Frak, yeah! Now get us the hell outta here.

ADAMA

Read my mind.

He starts to turn, but suddenly an ALARM goes off and another CYLON MISSILE comes at them. Adama narrowly avoids it, and it EXPLODES against the wreckage. Coker eyes his Dradis.

COKER

Another Raider! Nine o'clock high, closing like a motherfrakker!

\*

(CONTINUED)

Adama's expression gets grimmer. He works the helm, turning his ship toward the new threat.

COKER (cont'd)

What're you doing now? You're headed right at him!

ADAMA

These birds are supposed to be tough, right?

COKER

All the armor plating in the worlds won't save our asses if you put us right in his sights. \*

ADAMA

Not the plan.

Adama spins the ship, dodging some of the Raider's cannon fire, and at the last second dips a wing, GOUGING a chunk out of the less heavily armored Raider as they flash by. \*

The Raider's exposed systems SPARK and it tumbles out of control, smashing into another chunk of debris and exploding. \*

Coker turns to Adama, gives him a grudging nod.

COKER

Not bad, Husker. Stupid, but not bad. Now let's get our asses home.

ADAMA

No arguments here. \*

(to Beka) \*

You okay? \*

(when she nods)

Don't worry. We'll get you back to Galactica, safe and sound.

BEKA

We can't go back. Not yet, anyway.

COKER

What?

Pulling herself together, she scribbles a number on a scrap of paper, comes forward and hands it to him.

BEKA

I need you to send a simple hail on that frequency. It shouldn't take long for a response.

(CONTINUED)



COKER

Sorry, lady, but our job was to get you here, and that job is over.

BEKA

Your orders also say you're to assist me in any way I deem necessary so long as I'm aboard this ship.

COKER

The hell they do.

ADAMA

They do, partner.  
(meeting his glare)  
Send the message.

COKER

Sure. Let's let every Toaster ship in the sector know we're here.

But he sends the message. A moment later, there's an answering PING.

COKER (cont'd)

What the frak?

ADAMA

We got a response already?

COKER

It's like someone was camped out on that frequency, waiting.

\*

BEKA

Someone was. What's the message?

COKER

It's coordinates.  
(off console)  
And these are in Cylon space.

BEKA

Then that's where we're going.

COKER

Okay, Lady, for now I'll let you tell us where to point this boat. But if this next party's a bust, we're going back, special orders or no special orders.

BEKA

I'll be in back. Let me know when we're close.

(CONTINUED)

44

CONTINUED: (4)

44

She heads back. Coker looks at Adama, who just shrugs.

COKER

"Let me know when we're close." You know, I'm starting to like her even less than I like you.

And as sets them on their new course...

45

EXT. SPACE

45

The Raptor approaches a system comprised of a Jupiter-like planet orbiting a dying red giant star that looks like a pulsing heart as it ejects shells of gaseous material.

46

INT. WILD WEASEL

46

Adama eyes the planet while Coker checks his readings.

\*

ADAMA

That it?

COKER

Coordinates are on the far side of that big rock.

ADAMA

Still nothing on Dradis?

COKER

No, but with all the radiation from that red giant, Dradis ain't worth shit. You could hide a fleet of Base Stars in that system.

(sighs)

Better wake up her holiness.

Adama makes his way back, ducking through the hatch to find Beka sleeping fitfully on a fold-out bunk.

\*

ADAMA

Dr. Kelly?

(a little louder)

Dr. Kelly?

She doesn't wake. Adama moves closer, realizes she's in the grip of some kind of nightmare, muttering to herself.

BEKA

No... don't... don't go...

For a moment he just watches the powerful emotions surge over her features. Then he jogs her shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

ADAMA

Beka?

She wakes with a start, staring at him with unfocused eyes and an uncharacteristic vulnerability.

BEKA

What? Eyal...?

Then she gets her bearings and her guard goes up. \*

BEKA (cont'd)

Oh, it's you. Were you watching me?

ADAMA

No, I was just... You were talking in your sleep.

BEKA

What did I say?

ADAMA

Nothing. You called me Eyal...

She drops her guard a bit. We may even sense relief. \*

ADAMA (cont'd)

You don't have to...  
(implied: explain)

BEKA

Maybe I do. You've heard of Private Barzel?

ADAMA

("of course")  
He's that old Marine who took out an entire Cylon platoon single-handed, before one of their snipers got him. A lot of guys at the Academy signed up because of him.

BEKA

It's an inspiring story, but then Eyal was an inspiring man... and a good husband.

ADAMA

So that's why you're risking your neck out here with us. This mission, it's payback for you.

(CONTINUED)

BEKA  
(quiet intensity)  
It's payback for him.

She goes to the front, Adama following and taking his seat.

COKER  
Hope you had a nice snooze. We're about  
to see how much shit you got us into  
this time.

ADAMA  
Approaching coordinates.

They come around the gas giant and see an array of specks  
glinting against the colorful backdrop, as the Dradis now  
comes alive with multiple readings.

COKER  
Dradis contact. Multiple readings.

ADAMA  
It is a fleet.

A SCREEN flashes with GRAPHIC IMAGES of a variety of Colonial  
ship types. Coker's relief is palpable. \*

COKER  
Colonial transponders. It's ours.  
(re: approaching Vipers)  
Looks like they're sending a greeting  
party.

47 EXT. SPACE/INT. RAPTOR

47

As the Raptor approaches a large MILITARY FLEET anchored by a  
Battlestar (the Valkyrie, but we don't see the name yet), the  
Battlestar's CAP of Vipers race out to intercept it.

Inside the Raptor, an ALARM goes off.

ADAMA  
They're coming in hot, weapons locked  
on.

CAP LEADER (WIRELESS)  
Unidentified Raptor, answer password  
challenge "Spigot."

Adama and Coker trade baffled looks.

COKER  
What the frak?

(CONTINUED)

ADAMA

This is Raptor Niner-zero-niner,  
attached to the Battlestar Galactica.  
We don't know about any password, but  
we're here on a special mission --

\*

CAP LEADER (WIRELESS)

Repeat, challenge is "Spigot." You have  
five seconds to respond or we'll open  
fire. Five... four...

COKER

For Gods' sake, we're from  
Galactica! No one told us any  
damn password!

CAP LEADER (WIRELESS)

...three... two...

Suddenly, Beka reaches out and punches the wireless button.

BEKA

Arrow. I repeat, response is arrow.

\*

Adama and Coker look at her in surprise. A tense beat.

\*

CAP LEADER (WIRELESS)

Affirmative. Niner-zero-niner, follow  
me to the outer marker, then contact the  
LSO on frequency 134 for landing  
instructions.

ADAMA

Roger that.

He follows the lead Viper while two others take up flanking  
positions. Coker eyes Beka.

COKER

Might've mentioned that bit of business  
*before* we almost got our asses shot off,  
you think?

\*

\*

BEKA

Orders. Anything I tell you has to be  
on a "need-to-know" basis.

\*

She seems genuinely regretful but Coker isn't appeased. Adama  
peers at the Battlestar now looming up.

\*

\*

ADAMA

That Battlestar, it looks like... it  
is... it's Valkyrie.

COKER

Can't be. Valkyrie was destroyed at  
Canceron Prime.

(CONTINUED)

ADAMA

It was reported destroyed.

He notes a heavy cruiser they're passing, the Loki.

ADAMA (cont'd)

And that heavy cruiser, that's the Loki.  
She was reported lost and presumed  
destroyed, too.

(looking around)

I'm guessing the same goes for a lot of  
these ships.

COKER

A frakking "ghost fleet" hiding out in  
Cylon space? Why?

(to Beka)

I'd ask her, but I can guess her answer:  
we don't "need" to know.

In response, Beka just buckles herself into the back seat.

COKER (cont'd)

Yeah, right.

The Wireless crackles.

RELIANT LSO (WIRELESS)

Raptor Niner-zero-niner/Reliant.  
Maintain course and speed and prepare  
for a hands-on landing.

ADAMA

A landing on what? All I see is space.

Then the AFT LANDING BAY of an unlit ship OPENS: a Cheshire  
Cat grin hanging in the void. Then RUNNING LIGHTS, and we can  
make out a SUBMARINE-LIKE WARSHIP: long, dark, and forbidding,  
with torpedo-like tubes for launching Vipers in the bow.

COKER

Crap. A frakking half-pint.

BEKA

"Half-pint?"

ADAMA

Orion-Class Assault Ship. Some people  
call them pocket battlestars --

COKER

(under his breath)  
-- Or "one-way wonders."

(CONTINUED)

ADAMA

-- quarter the size of Galactica.  
Designed for special ops. Latest  
stealth technology.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

COKER

And very hard to land on. Flight Deck's  
aft, right behind the engines, and it's  
short. Come in too slow, you hit the  
lip and end up "ramp roast." Too fast,  
you smack into the wall and they'll be  
mopping you off the deck. And, 'less I  
miss my guess, your favorite rookie  
pilot has never even seen one of these  
things, never mind landed on one.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

BEKA

I have every confidence in him.

\*  
\*

She starts reviewing a report. Adama smiles at Coker.

\*

ADAMA

She has every confidence in me.

\*  
\*

COKER

Yeah, well you've got too much  
confidence already.

\*  
\*  
\*

RELIANT LSO (WIRELESS)

Activating mag arrestors. Call the  
ball, Niner-zero-niner.

\*  
\*  
\*

ADAMA

I got it...  
(mutters)  
I think.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

An anxious look from Coker.

\*

ADAMA (cont'd)

Just frakking with you.

\*  
\*

He lines up with the Reliant's stern, fires his thrusters, and  
the landing bay seems to rush toward them.

\*  
\*

COKER

You're coming in too hot!

\*  
\*

ADAMA

And you have trust issues.

\*  
\*

47 CONTINUED: (4) 47

At the last second, he fires the forward thrusters. The ship slows, nose up, and the Reliant's MAGNETIC ARRESTORS grab the Raptor and haul it to a skidding stop on the deck, meters from the reinforced bulkhead at the end of the bay. \*

Coker exhales. Beka and Adama exchange conspiratorial smiles. \*

48 INT. RELIANT - HANGAR BAY 48 \*

Adama, Coker and Beka are hustled out of the Raptor by a bunch of MARINES, their rifles leveled. Shouts of: "Geddown! Geddown! Geddown!" "On your knees." "Hands behind your head!" Etc. \*

As they comply, Adama notes DECKHANDS with WORK LIGHTS crawling under the Raptor, checking the hull, while more Marines rush into the cabin. Moments later:

RELIANT MARINE (O.S.)  
Clear up top! \*

DECKHAND (O.S.)  
Clear below! \*

ADAMA  
What're they looking for? Bombs?

COKER  
Not exactly going all out to make us feel welcome, are they? Reminds me of Colonial Day at my mother-in-law's. \*

Which, despite the circumstances, piques Adama's curiosity.

ADAMA  
So you are married?

Coker looks away and grows taciturn again.

COKER  
Was. Another life.

The ship's XO arrives, looks to a Marine Sergeant.

MARINE SERGEANT  
No heavy ordnance or explosives. Ship's clean, sir.

XO  
We'll see. Get a security team down here and check it for bugs, then run the logs and dump the hard drives. \*

(turns to them)  
You say you're from Galactica.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



XO (cont'd)

If that's true, you're a long way from home. Better tell me what you're doing here and how you found this fleet.

\*

Beka takes off her dogtag necklace, holds it out to him.

BEKA

Colonel, if you take these to your C.O., they'll confirm my identity and mission.

The XO examines the tag suspiciously, then, to his Marines:

XO

They try anything stupid, shoot them.

Adama watches as the XO climbs a short flight of stairs to confers with the ship's captain, COMMANDER OZAR, 40, a hard-looking ex-pilot and commando.

\*

\*

\*

Meanwhile, Coker is watching a Viper pilot (KIRBY) who's being helped out of his plane by a deckhand.

COKER

Gods, that's Jim Kirby.

ADAMA

Who?

COKER

That Viper jock. He was assigned to Valkyrie. Thought he was dead.

\*

ADAMA

Friend?

COKER

Good friend.

(calls out)

Jim! Jim Kirby, over here!

\*

The pilot gives Coker a brief look, then walks away.

ADAMA

Maybe he didn't recognize you.

COKER

He recognized me all right. I don't know what the hell's going on here.

ADAMA

Pretty obvious, isn't it? Fleet of ships everyone thinks are dead and gone -  
- Toasters, too, I'm betting.

\*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

48

CONTINUED: (2)

48

ADAMA (cont'd)

They gotta be gearing up for some big surprise offensive.

COKER

Which is another reason this is the last place we want to be.

(off Adama's look)

Remember Canceron Prime? Thunder Bay? Big offensives are where lots of people tend to die. Little people like us.

The XO returns with the ship's DOCTOR. He indicates Beka. \*

XO

Check her out.

He doctor takes out a portable RETINAL SCANNING DEVICE and crouches by the kneeling Beka. He runs the blue light over her eye, then checks the readout and nods. The XO tosses her "dogtag" back to her.

XO (cont'd)

The Commander will see you in his quarters. \*

(re: Adama and Coker)

You can bring these two asshats if you like but they stay outside and under guard.

As Coker and Adama are hauled to their feet...

COKER

(to Adama)

Wanna bet that's all the thanks we get? \*

49

INT. RELIANT - CORRIDOR OUTSIDE OZAR'S QUARTERS

49

\*

Adama and Coker stand under Marine guard outside the closed hatch to the CO's quarters. A beat, then Coker reaches into his back pocket. The Marines tense, raising their rifles. \*

COKER

Easy, boys.

(taking out his flask) \*

I'll admit it's dangerous, but only to my liver. \*

He takes a drink, then offers it to Adama, who waves it off. Coker shrugs and takes another slug.

ADAMA

What do you think they're talking about in there?

(CONTINUED)

COKER

I dunno. Matters of state. Grave decisions, reached in a moment of crisis, that will require the sacrifice of countless lives in the name of Colonial Security. Pyramid scores. The usual.

ADAMA

How can you be so blasé about this? I'll bet what's going on in there could affect this entire war.

\*

COKER

We're winning, Husker. Didn't they tell you? It's in the bag. Home by Colonial Day.

Coker tucks his flask away. Then the hatch opens and the Admiral steps out with Beka while giving orders to his XO.

OZAR

Get the Admiral on the horn and tell him I'm coming aboard to brief him on a Priority 1 mission.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

As Adama and Coker react to this...

OZAR (cont'd)

Fit Reliant out for a 12-league Jump, and tell him we need ten of his new Mark Threes loaded for bear and prepped for an atmospheric insertion. Oh, and detail a Raptor for Dr. Kelly here.

\*  
\*

He's about to move off when Adama quickly speaks up.

ADAMA

Sir, Ensign William Adama, Squadron VA-42, Galactica. We brought Dr. Kelly here and I'd like to volunteer our bird for this mission.

As Coker blanches, Ozar eyes Adama.

\*

OZAR

How long you been flying, son?

\*

ADAMA

This is my first op, but my ECO and I have already taken out two Cylon SAMS and three Raiders.

OZAR

Three bandits? In a Raptor?

(to Coker)

That true, or does your partner here  
have delusions of grandeur?

COKER

(begrudging)

It's true enough.

OZAR

(considers, then:)

Thanks, son, but I think we'll use one  
of our own birds on this one.

Coker's relief is an easy match for Adama's disappointment,  
but it's short lived as Beka speaks up.

BEKA

Commander, these men have gotten me this  
far in one piece. I'd like to stick  
with them if it's all right.

OZAR

Good luck charms, eh? All right, have  
it your way.

(to XO)

Make sure the rest of the pilots are  
volunteers, too. Dr. Kelly, you're with  
me.

She shoots Adama a smile as she heads off with the Admiral.  
Coker isn't having any of it, glaring at Adama.

COKER

"Volunteers." Didjya hear that?

ADAMA

So?

COKER

So, congratulations, Husker. You  
just signed us up for a one-way trip.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

50 EXT. SPACE - RELIANT 50 \*

Glides darkly through space.

OZAR (PRELAP) \*

We're on course to Djerba, a former winter resort moon in Sector 12. \*

51 INT. RELIANT - BRIEFING ROOM 51

Ozar refers to a chart as he briefs about a dozen pilots, including Adama, Coker, and Coker's erstwhile friend, Kirby. Beka stands off to the side, observing. \*

OZAR \*

Cylons took it over early in the war as a strategic outpost...

One of the Viper pilots, ELIAS, jokes to a friend:

ELIAS \*

Don't forget the skiing. Toasters just love their winter sports. \*

Ozar shoots him a reproving look, then continues:

OZAR \*

Now it's so deep in their space that intel says it's mostly unguarded: some ground forces with support ships visiting periodically, but no Base Stars. A spec ops Marine Recon team has already been inserted. Our job is to deliver Dr. Kelly safely to the operators, then bug out and let them take her the rest of the way to her objective.

COKER

And what is that objective, sir?

OZAR

Afraid I can't tell you, Ensign, though I can tell you that the entire course of this war could hinge on her reaching it. (eyes all of them)

I want all Vipers prepped by fourteen hundred, tactical Jump to follow at fifteen hundred. Sooner we do our jobs, gentlemen, sooner we can break out the hootch. I managed to "liberate" two cases of ambrosia from Valkyrie's mess.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: 51

Whoops and hollers at that. Adama grins, enjoying the camaraderie. Coker's expression stays grim.

52 INT. RELIANT - HANGAR BAY 52

Reliant's landing deck serves as its Hangar Bay when it's sealed, and it's as cramped as Galactica's is expansive, crowded with MARK III VIPERS: sleeker planes with bigger wings, designed for ground air support as well as space dog fighting. Deckhands work with pilots to prep them. One is already being hauled forward to a launch tube. \*

Finding Adama carefully painting the third of three Raider symbols on the side of the Weasel's hull. Elias, pre-flighting his adjacent Viper, nods approvingly. \*

ELIAS

Nailed three of 'em in that bucket?  
Color me impressed.

ADAMA

Thanks. I'll admit we got lucky.

ELIAS

Look around. Every one of these guys is lucky. That's why they're still alive.

He claps a beaming Adama on the back. REVEALING COKER watching this exchange as he uncrates some ordnance. Then he eyes Kirby, checking his Viper, and crosses to him. \*

COKER

It is my old friend Jim Kirby, isn't it, or are my eyes going along with the rest of me?

KIRBY

Coker, good to see you.

The two men embrace, as Coker observes: \*

COKER

You saw me before.

KIRBY

Sorry, but you weren't cleared yet and they've got us under real strict orders. Outside this fleet, we don't exist.

COKER

I get it. It was a heckuva surprise, though. Saw your name on the KIA list back when Valkyrie supposedly bought it.

(CONTINUED)

KIRBY

We almost did. Ship was shot to hell.  
But when Command realized she could be  
salvaged, they saw an opportunity.

\*

COKER

Put together a fleet of "dead" ships,  
hide 'em in the Cylons' backyard, then  
hit 'em when and where they're least  
expecting it.

\*

KIRBY

They've been planning this attack for  
over a year now. I'm guessing this  
mission's part of it. Talk about  
creepy: they made us all witness our  
own death certificates.

\*

(beat)

"Give your all for the war," right?

COKER

"Them or us," yeah.

(beat)

Guess being "dead" and all, you haven't  
been able to talk to Janey.

\*

Kirby just gives him a dark look, goes back to working.

COKER (cont'd)

Yeah, well I did.

(off Kirby's look)

Caught a coupla days leave on Picon a  
while back. Figured I'd check in on  
her, see how she's holding up.

KIRBY

So what are you gonna tell me now?  
She's remarried? Not that I'd blame  
her, just this frakking war.

\*

COKER

Nah. She's on her own. Well, not  
exactly on her own...

(beat)

She's got a kid.

KIRBY

(stunned)

A kid? What're you talking about?

COKER

A boy. He's got her nose and hair...  
and your eyes.

(CONTINUED)

And only then does it really hit Kirby.

KIRBY

Wait... you're saying...

(as Coker grins)

I've got a son? That's what you're telling me, right? I've got a son.

COKER

Name's Anslem.

KIRBY

That was her dad's name. Musta happened my last leave. But we talked maybe a month later and she didn't even know she was pregnant.

(then)

I've really got a son? You're not shitting me?

Coker just gives him a look: "C'mon." And Kirby grabs him in a bear hug, half lifts him off his feet, laughing as he dances Coker around. \*

KIRBY (cont'd)

You motherfrakker! I've got a son. I've got a frakking son!

COKER

Whoa! Whoa!

But his own eyes look troubled, as if he can't completely share in the good news he's just delivered.

ON ADAMA

He was approaching with a checklist, but seeing Coker and Kirby sharing this moment, he stops, then finds himself watching, realizing there's clearly more to his perpetually angry partner than he may have realized.

OZAR (INTERCOM)

This is the Commander. Thirty minutes to combat Jump. All pilots to their planes. Action stations, set Condition One throughout the ship.

And as the Hangar Bay scrambles to life...

KIRBY

Impulsively grabs the can of black paint Adama used to ink his little Raiders and starts blacking out the call sign, "Goldbrick," on his Viper. OFF which...



53 INT. RELIANT - SERIES OF CUTS 53

- Vipers being loaded into the forward-facing launch tubes.  
- Adama, Coker and Beka, strapping in aboard the Raptor, which is still in the Landing Bay but now facing the closed outer doors. Adama shuts his visor with a click.  
- Kirby in his Viper. (Note: We don't see his call sign.)

54 INT. RELIANT - CIC 54

Again, a mini version of Galactica's, though everything here has a stealthier, more "submarine" feel, with blue LEDs glowing coolly in the dark. Ozar picks up a handset.

OZAR

Jump.

55 EXT. SPACE - RELIANT 55

Jumps out... then winks in again, this time on the dark side of the moon, Djerba, in orbit around a large ringed planet.

56 INTERCUT: INT. RELIANT - CIC 56

Ozar, his XO and several other officers and enlisted personnel watch the Dradis and external video feeds.

XO

Jump complete. No Dradis contacts.  
Approaching launch window in ten...  
nine... eight... seven...

And Reliant comes around the nighttime curve of the planet and sunlight reveals dense cloud cover over an icy, mountainous surface far below -- and a BASE STAR directly in its path. \*

XO (cont'd)

Dradis contact! Base Star bearing two-seven-five carom four-one-two, range two thousand -- inbound.

OZAR

Shit. Have they made us yet?

XO

No... still haven't scrambled their Raiders. But even in stealth mode, they're gonna pick us up on Dradis soon, and they'll definitely see us if we launch. We can still abort.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED: 56

A tense beat as Ozar considers, feeling the weight of the worlds on his shoulders. Then:

OZAR

Marines are waiting. Timing's everything with this op. We've got no choice.

(picks up receiver)

This is the Commander.

57 VARIOUS ANGLES 57

Pilots listening in their Vipers; Adama, Coker and Beka in the Raptor.

OZAR (WIRELESS)

We just ran into some unexpected company: a Base Star. We've got no choice but to go ahead and launch, but I'm calling an audible: Kirby, Elias, you accompany the Raptor down. The rest of you jocks run interference, try to keep any Raiders from going after them. We'll engage the Base Star. Good luck, and good hunting.

(to XO)

Activate all batteries and arm the nukes.

58 EXT. SPACE - RELIANT 58

Gun and missile ports open on the hull.

59 INT. RELIANT - CIC 59

The XO reacts to his Dradis.

RELIANT XO

They've seen us. They're launching Raiders.

OZAR

Launch.

RELIANT XO

(to headset)

Launch all planes!

60 EXT. SPACE - RELIANT 60

Vipers shoot out of the forward tubes, the main body streaking to meet the incoming Raiders while two, Kirby's and Elias's, wheel around to the stern of the ship to meet --

\*

61 INT. RELIANT - HANGAR BAY/INT. WILD WEASEL 61

Adama and Coker watching through the canopy as the bay doors open to space. Adama's expression acknowledges the gravity of the situation as he works the controls.

ADAMA

Here we go.

The Raptor lifts slightly off the deck, tilts its nose down, then barrels out of the bay.

62 INT. RELIANT - CIC 62

RELIANT XO

Raptor's away.

OZAR

Let's see if we can't give them some more cover. Open fire with all batteries.

63 EXT. SPACE 63

Reliant and the Base Star's exchange fire, while its outnumbered Vipers engage the Raiders and the Weasel, joined by Kirby's and Elias's Vipers, dive toward the surface.

\*  
\*  
\*

64 INT. WILD WEASEL 64

Coker's Dradis shows the battle they're leaving behind: a handful of Vipers amidst a swarm of Raider symbols.

COKER

Poor bastards are outnumbered ten to one. They'll never make it.

ADAMA

Let's hope we do.

\*

65 EXT. SPACE - THE BATTLE 65

Overlapping wireless chatter as the Viper pilots take on the Raiders, inflicting serious damage despite being outnumbered.

PILOT #1 (WIRELESS)

Hump, you got two your six!  
Break!Break!Break!

PILOT #2 (WIRELESS)

Digger, got three rolling our way, stay on my wing!

PILOT #3 (WIRELESS)

Nailed that bastard, breaking right!

PILOT #4 (WIRELESS)

Stick with your wingman!  
Watch your intervals!

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED: 65

Then a Viper gets taken out and TWO RAIDERS scream past it, diving for the surface.

PILOT #2 (WIRELESS)  
Digger bought it! Got two bandits  
headed for the deck. \*

PILOT #3 (WIRELESS)  
Let 'em go. Got our hands full up here.

66 INT. RELIANT - CIC 66

Rocked by gun and missile fire from the Base Star.

RELIANT XO  
We're down two planes. Can't keep those  
Raiders bottled up any longer.

OZAR  
(a beat, then)  
Fire the nukes.

RELIANT XO  
At this range? We may not be able to  
clear the blast.

OZAR  
No choice. Do it!

The XO works a console, only --

RELIANT XO  
No go. Bay doors are jammed.

OZAR  
Then take us in, we'll trigger them  
manually.

Looks. The crew all knows what this means.

RELIANT XO  
Affirmative.

67 EXT. SPACE 67

And as Reliant plows toward the Base Star as the two ships continue to exchange artillery and missile fire...

68 EXT. ICY MOON - ATMOSPHERE 68 \*

The Weasel and its guardians slice through the cloud cover. \*

69 INT. WILD WEASEL 69  
Buffeting. Adama's display shows hidden mountain peaks. \*

ADAMA  
Clouds are hiding a lot of crap. This won't be easy. \*

COKER  
Now he gets humble. Just get us down in one piece, Husker!  
(then, off Dradis)  
Contact! Look out, guys, Two... no, three bandits! Two klicks and closing. \*

70 INT. KIRBY'S VIPER 70  
Kirby looks back, sees only mist.

KIRBY  
It's like pea soup, can't... Wait, got 'em! Seven o'clock high! \*

71 EXT. ICY MOON - ATMOSPHERE 71 \*  
The three Raiders materialize out of the cloud cover above and behind the Colonial ships. \*

72 EXT. ELIAS'S VIPER 72  
Call sign "Spoon" on his Viper.

ELIAS  
Better take us down. Betting those things can't handle in atmosphere.

ADAMA (WIRELESS)  
Roger that.

73 EXT. MOON - ATMOSPHERE/INT. WEASEL, VIPERS 73 \*  
The Raptor leads the Vipers lower. But now the Raiders sprout ailerons and flaps, transforming from a familiar type of ship into something brand new, and dive after them.

74 EXT. SPACE - RELIANT 74  
Badly damaged, fires breaking out on its hull as it continues to plow through heavy artillery and missile fire toward the Base Star, while Raiders make passes at it as well.

RELIANT XO  
All our Vipers are gone. Distance to target two klicks.

(CONTINUED)

74

CONTINUED:

74

OZAR

Give me manual override on the nukes.

RELIANT XO

You have it. 500 meters.

Ozar flips up a protective cover on a red toggle switch, then looks at his crew.

OZAR

It was an honor, gentlemen.

He flips the toggle.

75

EXT. SPACE

75

Reliant plows into the Base Star and its nukes detonate, the huge blast taking out both ships and the shock wave obliterating all the Raiders.

76

INT. WILD WEASEL

76

As Coker reacts to a screen.

COKER

Nuke just went off. Lost Dradis contact with Reliant and the Base Star.

Looks exchanged. Adama is stunned at the loss of life.

COKER (cont'd)

Keep a grip, kid.

77

EXT. MOON - ATMOSPHERE

77

\*

The two Raiders drop in behind the Colonial ships and open fire. INTERCUTTING Viper and Raptor interiors as needed:

KIRBY (WIRELESS)

Looks like you lost that bet, Spoon.  
Those bandits are right up our asses!  
Weasel, we're gonna have to roll out to get behind them. Hang tough.

The two Vipers roll left and right, dropping back behind the Raiders, which continue to race after the Raptor, firing.

ADAMA

I can do better than that. Taking her down.

He drops the Raptor through the clouds, dodging the jagged peaks while taking cannon fire from the pursuing Raiders that rocks them and causes sparks to fly from Beka's console.

\*  
\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

77

CONTINUED:

77

ADAMA (cont'd)

Beka!

She grabs a fire extinguisher, puts out the flames.

BEKA

I'm all right.

COKER

(to com)

Little help, guys, we're getting our asses kicked here!

Suddenly, the Vipers swoop in and take out all three Raiders! \*

KIRBY (WIRELESS)

Got em! Clean sweep.

Elias whoops over the com. But now ANOTHER RAIDER drops in from behind and takes out his plane and damages Kirby's. \*

KIRBY (WIRELESS) (cont'd)

Elias is down and I'm hit... frakking guns jammed... Shit...

His mind races... he briefly closes his eyes. Then, quietly:

KIRBY (cont'd)

Sorry, Coker. I'm going home.

Then he opens his eyes and, with agonized resolve, yanks his stick hard over, veering away from the fight. In the Weasel: \*

COKER

Say again, Kirby. I didn't copy.

(then, off Dradis)

What the--?! He's bugging out!

78

INT. KIRBY'S VIPER

78

as it screams into space, Kirby white-knuckling the controls. \*

COKER (WIRELESS)

Kirby?! Jim?! Godsdamnit, our ass is hanging out here! Kirby! Respond!

Kirby doesn't respond, and only now do we pull back and see the new call sign he's painted in crude white letters over the blacked-out old one. His son's name. "ANSLEM." \*

79

INT. WILD WEASEL/EXT. MOON'S ATMOSPHERE

79

The ship shakes as the Raider strafes it from behind. \*

(CONTINUED)

79

CONTINUED:

79

ADAMA

Where is he?

COKER

Gone. He just --

ADAMA

-- Not your friend, dammit, the bandit!

Coker pulls it together, checks his instruments.

COKER

200 meters. Dead on our six.

ADAMA

Good.

He reverses thrust, "slamming on the brakes" and causing the pursuing Raider to almost plow into their stern.

\*  
\*

COKER

Ten meters!

Adama hits the afterburners and the WEASEL'S ENGINES FLARE, BURNING through the Raider's canopy and BLOWING IT UP.

\*  
\*

COKER (cont'd)

Scratch one Raider!

The Weasel rockets forward, Adama wrestling with the controls.

\*

ADAMA

Hydraulics are shot. Losing attitude control.

\*  
\*

COKER

We lost the left engine!

Through the canopy, the ground is rushing up.

\*

ADAMA

Afraid this won't be pretty.

80

EXT. MOON - DAY

80

\*

As the smoking Raptor clips a ridge, then toboggans down a steep slope until an avalanche of snow WHITES OUT the screen.

\*  
\*

END OF ACT FIVE

\*



ACT SIX

81 EXT. MOON - DAY 81 \*

Finding the Raptor half buried in snow, its hull scorched and pocked from cannon fire. Light snow gusts through frame. \*

A GLOVED HAND brushes snow away from a HANDHELD DISPLAY, revealing a topographical map with a blinking blue dot, indicating our position, and a red dot some distance away. \*

REVEAL BEKA studying it while Adama crouches to check the contents of a backpack. They're wearing white military parka shells, goggles and ice axes in their belts. Coker approaches from the Raptor, which is a short distance away (VFX). \*

COKER

Com's shot and the nav system's a mess, but if I can get that left engine back on line, we should be able to get her off the ground. \*

ADAMA

(dubious)

We've got multiple hull breaches.

COKER

Yeah, well I've been flying this bird for a lot longer than you, so why don't you stop bitching and start patching? \*

ADAMA

Maybe you forgot, but our mission is to get Dr. Kelly to her rendezvous. \*

ADAMA (cont'd)

(to Beka)  
How far?

COKER

Our mission?

Beka

About five clicks, but in these conditions that could take a while to cover.

COKER

Are you out of your frakking mind? \*

She and Adama start to put on their packs, \*

COKER

You know how many people were on that ship? I'm talking to you! Do you?!

ADAMA

Typical crew compliment of an Orion class ship is about a hundred and fifty, not counting the pilots.

(CONTINUED)

COKER

Well count the pilots, 'cause you can bet they're all dead now too, thanks to this "mission" of hers! And we still don't even know why, 'cept maybe so you can paint some more little "merit badges" on the side of my ship!

\*

ADAMA

Get your pack. We're moving out.

COKER

We ain't moving anywhere 'less I say so, Husker!

ADAMA

You know, I'm getting tired of that name...

COKER

If the shoe fits...

ADAMA

...And I'm really getting tired of your frakked-up attitude.

COKER

My attitude?!

ADAMA

That's right. So your friend's dead. A lot of people are dead. But they all knew what they were getting into and why. So why don't you just soldier up and stop whining like a chickenshit short-timer who can't wait to let everyone else fight this war for him.

\*

\*

\*

\*

COKER

A week out of flight school and you're calling me yellow?!

\*

ADAMA

If the shoe fits...

They're about to come to blows when Beka shoves them apart.

\*

BEKA

Hey... Hey! GROW UP PEOPLE! You want to go home? The fastest way to do that is to find those Marines.

81

CONTINUED: (2)

81

ADAMA

(calming down)

She's right. They'll have their own extraction plan. We can piggyback with them.

He holds out a pack to Coker, and after a beat the other man takes it. Then Coker eyes the battered Weasel, and we realize that some of his anger was about abandoning his plane.

COKER

She may not look like much now, but that bird kept me safe for a buncha years. Hate leaving her like this.

ADAMA

I know.

Off the painted name on the scarred hull, as they head out...

82

EXT. MOON - GLACIER - DAY - SERIES OF CUTS

82

\*

of our trio traversing a glacier. CRAMPONS and ICE AXES dig into the icy crust. Leaping a deep CREVASSE. Adama reaches out to steady Beka. A beat of eye contact between them, then Beka takes a new GPS reading while Coker shakes his canteen.

\*

\*

\*

\*

COKER

Frozen solid. Frakking great.

\*

\*

ADAMA

I hear alcohol has a much lower freezing point than water.

\*

\*

\*

Coker eyes him, then digs out his flask, shakes it. Smiles.

\*

COKER

First intelligent thing you've said.

\*

\*

Peace offering accepted. Beka looks up from her screen.

\*

BEKA

Signal's strong. They must be just up ahead.

\*

\*

\*

COKER

If we can see that signal, why can't the Toasters?

\*

\*

\*

BEKA

It's encrypted. Blends right into the background radiation.

\*

\*

\*

(CONTINUED)

82

CONTINUED:

82

COKER

Well that's a comfort.

More snow gusts through frame.

BEKA

They're up ahead.

As they follow her up the slope.

83

EXT. MOON - GLACIER - A SHORT TIME LATER

83

They stop at a place higher up on the glacier, the incline a bit steeper. Beka scans around with her device, which is now beeping like a range-finder. She's puzzled.

BEKA

They should be here.

They look around, then Adama eyes some loose snow, noting an odd shape just underneath. He brushes it off, revealing the ravaged, frost-bitten face of a dead Marine. Adama's sharp intake of breath draws the others over, as a GUST now whips the snow off FOUR MORE BODIES half-embedded into the glacier. All bear savage slashing wounds, now frozen open.

BEKA (cont'd)

Gods.

Adama finds a WRIST TRANSPONDER on one Marine.

ADAMA

Transponder's still broadcasting.

COKER

What happened to them? These aren't gunshot wounds.

There's a high keening SOUND in the distance.

COKER (cont'd)

What the frak was that?

Adama raises his BINOCULARS, scans the snowy landscape.

BINOCULAR POV: Something is approaching. Several things: alarming humps burrowing toward them through the snow.

ADAMA

We've got company. Can't tell what they are but they're coming at us.

COKER

They?!

(CONTINUED)

ADAMA  
I'm counting three.

\*  
\*

BEKA  
What do we do?

\*  
\*

Adama glances up the slope, sees a rocky outcropping.

\*

ADAMA  
Whatever they are, we've got a better  
chance of making a stand if we can get  
to those rocks. C'mon!

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

They scramble up the slope, digging in with their axes and  
crampons, but the humps are gaining on them. One of them  
rears out of the snow, revealing itself to be giant SNAKE-LIKE  
ARMORED CREATURES. It hisses at them.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

COKER  
Sweet Gods!

\*  
\*

Coker pulls his sidearm and SHOOTs wildly, but the couple of  
rounds that hit just glance off the armor.

\*  
\*

COKER (cont'd)  
Frakking thing's bulletproof!

\*  
\*

The "snake" plunges back into the snow, joining its comrades  
in making beeline furrows right at them.

\*  
\*

ADAMA  
Move it!

\*  
\*

They climb faster but the things are almost at their heels.

\*

BEKA  
We're not gonna make it.

\*  
\*

She slips and falls. Adama throws himself over her while  
scrabbling for his sidearm, only to have something erupt from  
the snow right in front of him. He glimpses fierce eyes --  
and the business end of a big COMBAT SHOTGUN.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

One of the snakes is rearing back to strike. BOOM! Its head  
is blown off. BOOM! BOOM! The other two are shredded and  
fall. Marine Recon Sergeant ELIAS TOTH glowers at them.

\*  
\*  
\*

TOTH  
You're late.

\*  
\*

END OF ACT SIX

ACT SEVEN

FADE IN:

84 EXT. MOON - GLACIER - CONTINUOUS 84 \*

Our people collect themselves. The snow swirls more densely. \*

BEKA \*  
Captain Ramirez? \*

TOTH \*  
Captain's down there with the rest of \*  
'em. I'm all that's left. Toth, Tech \*  
Sergeant, Demolitions. I was starting \*  
to think you wouldn't make it. \*

COKER \*  
We almost didn't. What the hell are \*  
those things? \*

Toth crouches and slashes open one of the dead "snakes" with a \*  
knife, exposing slabs of muscle, and servos. \*

TOTH \*  
Toasters have been using this place to \*  
experiment with cyborg critters: half \*  
machine, half organic, and very hard to \*  
kill -- without the right weapon. \*

He indicates his bad-ass shotgun, on which he's painted, "This \*  
machine kills machines," then cuts off a hunk of meat and \*  
takes a bite. \*

TOTH (cont'd) \*  
Good eating, though. \*

He offers up a bloody chunk on the tip of his knife.

ADAMA  
Thanks, maybe later.

TOTH \*  
Sorry I couldn't get to you quicker \*  
after I saw your signal. Cylons have \*  
broken our transponder encryption. \*  
Speaking of which, who's got that bitch? \*

Beka takes off a BLINKING WRIST TRANSPONDER, hands it to Toth. \*  
He eyes it, then turns it OFF and pockets it. \*

TOTH (cont'd) \*  
Let's not invite any more "guests." \*

(CONTINUED)

ADAMA

That how they found your unit?

The slightest hesitation from Toth.

TOTH

I was scouting ahead when those things jumped 'em. By the time I got there...

(beat)

Shoulda seen them coming, but who'da thought they'd send these kinda things after us. Frakking abominations. Whole war's a frakking abomination.

(kicking the snake)

Ain't that right, frakker?! Ain't...  
that... right?!

His intensity is scary but for the moment he seems spent.

BEKA

Sergeant. I assume you've been briefed on my mission. How long to get me to my objective?

TOTH

Yeah, well, that's gonna have to wait a bit. Storm's gonna get worse and you don't wanna be caught out here when it does. Plus, there's a Toaster patrol I've been dodging and they see better in this crap than we do.

BEKA

I've got a timetable. We can't just --

TOTH

It'll blow over by morning, and I've got a secure location where we can hole up tonight. C'mon, let's get going.

COKER

Hey, hold on! We didn't sign on for this. We're just supposed to get her to you, and then we're off this --

Toth grips his shoulder and Coker falls to his knees in pain.

TOTH

Like I said. Let's get going.

He heads off. As Adama helps a still stunned Coker up...

85 EXT. MOON - SKI RESORT - EVENING 85 \*

A sleekly modern, low-slung Frank Gehry-like building with a swooping domed roof, perched on the edge of a cliff. Our people approach, seen in a high angle at first. \*

COKER \*

This is your secure location? A frakking ski lodge? \*

TOTH \*

Four stars and all the comforts -- unless you count heat, power and running water. More importantly, it's defensible. Cliffs on three sides. I've got tripwires and mines all around the entrance, so stay in my tracks if you're fond of your extremities. And don't mind the heads. \*

He heads off. Coker turns to Adama, rubbing his sore neck. \*

COKER \*

The heads? Is it just me or is he wired a little tight? \*

ADAMA \*

It's just you. \*

And as Adama and Beka start to follow in Toth's footsteps, Coker hangs back a beat, still troubled. \*

86 EXT. SKI RESORT - ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER 86 \*

Close on a grisly sight: frozen human heads impaled on the tips of skis by the entrance. Coker, Adama and Beka react. \*

COKER \*

Gods of frakking Kobol. \*

ADAMA \*

Why'd they do this? To scare us? \*

COKER \*

(disagreeing)  
They wouldn't be counting on anyone coming back here. \*

BEKA \*

You're right. They didn't do this to scare us off. They did it because they hate us. \*

She heads inside, Adama and Coker following after a beat. \*



87 EXT. RESORT COMPLEX - ATRIUM - DAY - CONTINUOUS 87 \*

Adama, Coker and Beka join Toth just inside the entrance, taking in the ruined but still impressive interior. At one point, the greenhouse-like dome sheltered an indoor tropical paradise: palms surrounding a lagoon-like pool. Now the plants are covered with frost, the pool frozen, holes in the roof allowing snow to drift over much of the courtyard. \*

TOTH \*

There's some food left in the kitchen freezer, and some of the bigger suites have gas fireplaces. Also got a generator hooked up, so there's minimal power. Just don't go turning on too many lights, for obvious reasons. \*

BEKA \*

Those people outside... shouldn't we bury them or something? \*

Adama doesn't need Toth to answer that for them. \*

ADAMA \*

Cylons see they're gone, they'll know we're here. \*

Toth nods, tosses Adama a RIFLE from a stash by the door. \*

TOTH \*

Just in case. Controlled bursts. We're low on ammo. \*

Adama locks and loads. Beka walks off in a huff. \*

TOTH (cont'd) \*

Yeah, well. I'll take first watch. Anyone wants to grab some rack time, now's your chance. \*

88 EXT. SKI RESORT - NIGHT 88 \*

The storm, now a blizzard, all but obscuring the complex. \*

89 INT. RESORT SUITE - NIGHT 89 \*

A FIRE burns in a GAS HEARTH. Icicles drip onto a pile of food cans. Snow covers an infant-sized shape in a CRIB. BEKA lifts a frozen blanket to reveal... a DOLL. \*

There's a CHILDREN'S BOOK beside it. The cover shows a young boy walking along hand-in-hand with a small bowling-pin-shaped robot. The title: "Serge's Big Day." \*

(CONTINUED)

Beka smiles wistfully at this memento of a more innocent time. \*  
A page is bookmarked with a 3D PHOTO of a FAMILY -- young \*  
parents, their pre-teen son and infant daughter -- sitting at \*  
a table by the hotel's pool in their snow-encrusted SKI \*  
CLOTHES and BOOTS. The dad grins as he gestures to the pool \*  
and palm trees: the over-the-top craziness of it all. \*

ADAMA (O.S.) \*

You all right?

He's been standing in the doorway. Unclear for how long.

BEKA

A family was staying here. The parents \*  
look so young and happy, like they can't \*  
believe how lucky they are. \*

Adama nods, but something else is on his mind.

ADAMA

What's this all about?

She's flipping through the innocent images in the kids' book. \*

BEKA

What do you mean?

ADAMA

You know what I mean. This mission.

BEKA

Sorry, but I still can't -- \*

ADAMA

Toth is the only one left who knows the \*  
score. At this point, don't you think \*  
Coker and I "need to know," too? \*

BEKA

Your friend will be happy if he lives \*  
through this. You're the only one who \*  
needs to know. So why now? Why this \*  
sudden need?

Adama finds he can't quite meet her penetrating look.

BEKA (cont'd)

Did it get too real for you? Hard \*  
pretending it's just an adventure or a \*  
"game" when actual people start dying. \*

ADAMA

I never thought of it as a game. It's \*  
war, and people die in war. \*

(CONTINUED)

BEKA

Oh, yes, and "All for the war." "Them or us," right? Only their little slogans aren't doing it for you any more, are they? Now you need a real reason because otherwise this --

(gesturing around)

-- all of this, stops making sense. And what am I supposed to tell you? What is it, exactly, that you want me to justify?!

And Adama sees that she's crying. His expression turns sympathetic, only that's the one thing that Beka can't take right now. She turns away, her shoulders trembling. He puts his hands on her shoulders. A beat, then she fiercely grips one of his hands, then kisses it and holds it to her face, as if trying to inhale some essence of him, or of something lost long ago. He turns her to him and she looks at him with a mix of guilt and need.

BEKA (cont'd)

You're going to regret this.

ADAMA

No, I won't.

The SEX that follows starts off gently enough, a respite from the violence and deathn, but soon becomes something else, something darker. Beka half fucks him, half fights him, as if seeking some kind of catharsis, or self-punishment, and Adama responds in kind.

AFTERWARDS, they lie sweat-sheened on a pile of blankets by the fire, Beka with her back. His fingers idly twine with hers and he notes the lighter band of skin on her ring finger.

ADAMA (cont'd)

What was he like?

BEKA

A lot like you in some ways. Idealistic. Ambitious. Older, but he always seemed boyish to me.

ADAMA

A computer nerd, like you?

BEKA

A professor... an historian who woke up one day decided he couldn't sit back and just watch history happen anymore.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BEKA (cont'd)

He never wanted to be a hero, but they made him one anyway. Slapped his face on recruiting posters All but resurrected him in V-World.

\*  
\*

ADAMA

I remember that.

BEKA

What you don't remember, because they never let it out, is that afterwards a reporter found out it was all a fabrication. A lie. He didn't take out any Cylon platoon. His scouting party was shot up by men from his own unit.

\*  
\*

Adama lifts up on an elbow, looks at her in surprise.

BEKA (cont'd)

"Friendly fire." I'd like to know what genius flack coined that phrase. But then like you said, it's a war. Scared people with guns. "Shit happens."

\*  
\*  
\*

ADAMA

You said this was payback for him.

BEKA

It's the lies, more than anything, even the killing and destruction. What they're doing to us. **This war has to end.**

(turning to him, eyes brimming again)

You wanted to know what this is about? Well that's what it's about for me. You need more, then find your own reasons because that's all I can tell you.

He nods and kisses her. And as they begin to make love again, more tenderly this time...

STILL LATER

Adama wakes. Beka is still sleeping with her back to him. He kisses her shoulder gently, then hears faint strains of PIANO MUSIC coming from somewhere in the hotel and reaches for his fatigues.

\*  
\*  
\*

REVERSE on Beka as he dresses in the background, somewhat out of focus. Her eyes are open.

90 INT. SKI RESORT - PIANO BAR - NIGHT 90 \*

Lit by candles and lanterns. A row of shot glasses are lined up atop the piano, each beside a fancy bottle of booze. \*

Someone is playing the piano: a mournful but haunting melody. At one point, a man's left hand reaches up and takes one of the glasses, while the right hand continues playing melody. \*

REVEAL COKER at the piano, playing and drinking, a rifle leaning against the nearby bar. He glances up as Adama enters and comes over. He downs the drink and keeps playing. \*

COKER

Back home, I couldn't afford any of this stuff. Figured it'd be a crime to let it go to waste. \*

Adama listens to him play for a bit, impressed.

ADAMA

You said you were gonna be a musician.

COKER

I don't take requests, 'case you're wondering. This is pretty much the only tune I remember.

ADAMA

(re: one of the glasses)  
May I?

COKER

Help yourself. Just show some respect and don't frakking sip it.

Adama downs the shot, then studies the bottle.

ADAMA

Damn. That was somethin'.

COKER

You had to frak her, didn't you?  
(when Adama doesn't reply)  
Dumb, Husker. Dumb, dumb, dumb.

ADAMA

Wasn't like that. It just... happened.

COKER

Oh, I guarantee you, whatever it was like, it did not "just happen." Case in point: I don't suppose she told you what we're doing here. \*

(CONTINUED)

90

ADAMA

She did. Kinda.

(beat)

She lost her husband. He was a --

Suddenly, Coker wings his shot glass across the room.

COKER

-- Her husband?! Her frakking husband?  
You know how many people died to get us  
this far?! Do you? So screw her  
husband and whatever sorry tale of  
personal woe she saw fit to "share" with  
you, which, along with a frak, is all  
you got outta her, isn't it?!

ADAMA

You're outta line, man.

COKER

No, you're outta line, Husker. You're  
so far outta line you can't even see  
where the frakking line is!

\*

91 EXT. SKI RESORT - PRE-DAWN

91

\*

The blizzard rages. A point of red light emerges from the  
swirling snow and a shape resolves into a CYLON CENTURION.  
Its WHITE "camo" armor TURNS SILVER as its eye roves back and  
forth warily, then it takes another step forward.

\*

\*

\*

\*

CLOSE ON: a TRIPWIRE half buried in the snow. The Cylon's  
"ankle" comes in contact with it, seems about to trip it.  
Then the machine stops.

\*

\*

\*

CLOSE ON THE CYLON as it crouches and gently touches the wire,  
examining it thoughtfully, or so we might sense. ANOTHER  
CENTURION steps up beside. The two machines exchange looks.

\*

\*

\*

92 INT. RESORT - PIANO BAR

92

Adama and Coker still arguing.

ADAMA

She'll tell us the rest when and if we  
need to know.

COKER

You don't get it. I don't care. I  
don't want to know. I just want --

BOOM! An explosion outside. Then another. The mines.

\*

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED:

92

COKER (cont'd)

Frak.

He grabs his rifle, Adama unslings his. He's about to rush out the door when Coker, hating himself for saying this, for even thinking it, grabs him --

COKER (cont'd)

Better tell your girlfriend to stay put.  
Don't need her getting in the way of a  
bullet.

\*  
\*  
\*

As Adama nods and runs back the way he came...

93 INT. SKI RESORT - ENTRANCE - PRE-DAWN

93

\*

Toth is crouched behind a barricade of snow-dusted sandbags, just inside the entrance, as he fires bursts into the storm, targeting the MUZZLE FLASHES of unseen Cylon attackers.

\*  
\*  
\*

REVEALING the LOCATION TRANSPONDER lying on the snow beside him. It's been switched on, the display blinking.

\*  
\*

And off Toth's savage smile as he fires off another burst...

\*

END OF ACT SEVEN

\*

ACT EIGHT

94 INT. SKI RESORT - ATRIUM - PRE-DAWN 94 \*

Adama and Coker dash over and join Toth, who's reloading while Cylon fire slams into his sandbag barricade. \*

ADAMA \*

How many? \*

TOTH \*

If this is the same patrol I've been surveilling, there should be four. \*

But mines may've gotten a few 'cause now I'm only seeing one muzzle flash. \*

More automatic weapons fire peppers the barricade. Coker ducks, then notices the blinking transponder. \*

COKER \*

What the frak is this? \*

Toth doesn't respond, just fires off another burst. \*

COKER (cont'd) \*

You crazy bastard! You brought them right to us, didn't you? \*

TOTH \*

Figured we'd have to deal with 'em sooner or later. \*

COKER \*

Bullshit! You wanted this fight! Payback for your buddies, isn't it? Isn't it?! \*

Toth doesn't answer, as another burst hits the barricade. He targets a muzzle flash, fires back, as we CUT AWAY TO... \*

95 EXT. SKI RESORT - CONTINUOUS 95 \*

...and see the source of the muzzle flashes: two automated machine guns on tripods, no actual Cylons in evidence. \*

96 INT. ATRIUM ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS 96 \*

Toth fires another burst at the twin muzzle flashes. \*

TOTH \*

No one deserves to die like that. Cut to pieces by those... things. \*

COKER \*

Well now you've killed us, too! \*

(CONTINUED)



TOTH

(turning to him)

I said there's just a couple left, so  
why don't you stop bitching and start --

A BURST of fire from inside the complex tears into Toth. He screams as Adama and Coker wheel, spot a CYLON about to fire again. They return fire, only the Cylon ducks behind cover.

ADAMA

They're inside our perimeter! They were pinning us down here as a distraction.

They turn to find Toth struggling to use his teeth and one hand to wrap a tourniquet around the bloody stump of his other arm, which has been blown off above the elbow. A leg has been blown off above the knee.

COKER

Gods!

Coker grabs starts tying another tourniquet around Toth's leg. There's a familiar distant keening SOUND and answering cry.

ADAMA

More of those things. We gotta get him outta here!

But Toth, though half in shock, resists fiercely.

TOTH

No! I'll deal with those frakkers. You go after the girl.

He manages to shove his shotgun into Adama's hands.

TOTH (cont'd)

She dies, it's all for shit.

(laughs)

Frak it. It's all bullshit anyway.

Adama reacts to this eerie echo of Tornvald's earlier cynical remark, as Toth turns painfully onto his stomach and aims his automatic rifle one-handed into the storm.

TOTH (cont'd)

C'mon you cocksuckers! Come to daddy!

Adama and Coker exchange grave looks: Toth has clearly gone around the bend, and yet he's sacrificing himself for them. Then they take off, running back into the complex...

97 INT. RESORT SUITE - MOMENTS LATER 97 \*

Adama and Coker enter the suite, guns leveled. It's empty. \*

ADAMA \*

Beka?! Beka?! \*

(looks around wildly) \*

I told her to stay here. They musta \*

found her and -- \*

COKER \*

Maybe not. No blood. You look inside, \*

I'll search the atrium. \*

(then) \*

Stay cool and keep you head down, okay? \*

Adama nods, and they split up. \*

98 INT. SKI RESORT - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 98 \*

Beka makes her way through the resort's kitchen, dimly lit by \*

just one flickering bulb, trying to stay as quiet as possible. \*

She spots the partly open door to a large walk-in FREEZER: \*

looks like a good place to hide. She steps inside, then turns \*

at the SOUND of a Cylon moving in an adjoining hallway. \*

Turning back she collides with -- \*

A ZOMBIE-LIKE HUMAN BODY dangling upside down from a meat \*

hook. She involuntarily emits a little SHRIEK, then clamps a \*

hand over her mouth. Too late, as: \*

99 INT. SKI RESORT - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 99 \*

A silver-armored CYLON turns, moves into the adjoining kitchen. \*

100 INT. SKI RESORT - ANOTHER HALLWAY 100 \*

ADAMA moves down the hallway, which is lit by a few flickering \*

lights. He stops as he also hears the sound of a Cylon, only \*

it's unclear where it's coming from. As he turns, covering \*

both ends of the hallway, trying to locate the source... \*

CLOSE ON: AN ELECTRICAL BREAKER BOX. A CYLON HAND rips the \*

cover off, then jams its fingers into the wiring, creating a \*

sparking SHORT CIRCUIT. \*

BACK ON ADAMA, as the hallway lights go out. He's startled, \*

then listens more intently for a sound to locate his enemy. \*

AT THE BREAKER BOX, the Cylon does something surprising. Its \*

armor ripples as thousands of tiny facets, like snake scales, \*

flipping over from silver to black. Then a BLACK VISOR lowers \*

over its eye slit, hiding the roving red eye, along with the \*

SOUND of its motion. It's in "stealth mode." We now begin to \*

INTERCUT this sequence with what's happening with Beka in: \*

101 INT. SKI RESORT - FREEZER - CONTINUOUS 101 \*

Beka is crouched behind some equipment, breathing heavily in fear. She hears Cylon footsteps coming closer, takes a breath and holds it, as a RED CYLON TARGETING BEAM slices through the dark, partly illuminating the freezer above her head. \*

BACK WITH ADAMA, making his way cautiously through the pitch dark hallway. But meanwhile... \*

A CYLON NIGHT-VISION POV is tracking him from some 30 feet behind, getting closer. \*

INSERTS: Adama's feet, moving quietly. Cylon feet, moving just even more quietly. The Cylon's ARM extends. Small elements ratchet out of it with the tiniest of sounds -- a mouse pissing on cotton -- and assemble themselves into a GUN BARREL. CROSS HAIRS are superimposed on the NIGHT VISION POV of Adama's back. \*

BACK WITH BEKA, still holding her breath. The red beam stops slicing through the freezer, and she hears the sound of the Cylon starting to move away. She exhales as quietly as she can -- and a little cloud of FROSTED BREATH drifts upwards. \*

THE CYLON turns, sees the frost particles curling through its laser sight, and moves toward it, raising its "gun arm." \*

BEKA panics and rushes from her hiding place only to stumble. The red beam finds her, chasing her as she scrabbles backwards. Meanwhile -- \*

THE CYLON POV is now 10 feet behind ADAMA, who seems oblivious as he rounds a CORNER. \*

ADAMA'S CYLON rounds the corner, gun arm extended, about to take its shot. Then it reacts to find the corridor empty. If Cylon body language can say "WTF?," this one's does. Its... \*

INFRA-RED POV turns one way, then the other -- and finds itself staring right into ADAMA'S FACE AND RAISED SHOTGUN BARREL as he steps from a doorway. BOOM! The POV goes dark. \*

IN THE FREEZER, the other Cylon's targeting beam has found Beka who's backed up against a wall. The beam travels up her sternum until it reaches her high-tech "dog tag," just as -- \*

COKER bursts into the freezer and sees the Cylon standing over Beka, its laser sight REFRACTING off her "dog tag. The Cylon seems to hesitate, it's eye briefly stops oscillating, as if it's reacting to something. And in that moment -- \*

COKER \*

Hey! \*

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED: 101

Lightning fast, the Cylon pivots with its weapon, as we CUT TO: \*

THE HALLWAY, where Adama is standing over his dead Cylon. Then he reacts to a BURST OF GUNFIRE from the direction of the kitchen and rushes toward the sound, as we end the INTERCUT. \*

102 INT. SKI RESORT - KITCHEN/FREEZER - MOMENTS LATER 102 \*

Adama rushes in to find the other Cylon down and Coker helping Beka up. Coker reflexively aims his rifle at Adama, then relaxes. \*

COKER  
She's okay, but this one almost nailed her before I got here. \*

ADAMA  
There's still two more...  
(checking his shotgun)  
And I'm almost out of rounds. \*

COKER  
(checks his mag)  
Same here. \*

Then he notes that the Cylon he shot isn't quite dead. It's writhing slightly. \*

COKER (cont'd)  
But I can spare one for this sucker.  
(raising his rifle)  
Doesn't seem to know it's dead. \*

He's about to fire when Adama stops him. \*

ADAMA  
No! \*

COKER  
What the frak?!

ADAMA  
I've got an idea. Help me drag it outside. \*

Off Coker's puzzled look... \*

103 INT. SKI RESORT - ATRIUM - MOMENTS LATER 103 \*

The not-quite-dead Cylon is lying on its back on a patch of snow, making faint noises as it writhes. REVEAL Adama, Coker and Beka in cover as they observe it. \*

(CONTINUED)

ADAMA  
Shouldn't be long now.

\*  
\*

BEKA  
(horrified)  
I know what you're doing. Please,  
don't.

\*

But Adama ignores her, and in a moment his hunch pays off.  
The two remaining Cylons dart out in the open as they move to  
retrieve their injured comrade.

\*  
\*  
\*

ADAMA  
Take the one on the left... on my  
mark... Now!

Adama and Coker fire two bursts, smoking the two Cylons. The  
battle's over. Relieved, they approach the injured Cylon, which  
is trying to inch toward its comrades while emitting a high-  
pitched electronic SQUEAL, somewhere between a human sound and a  
MODEM. They train their guns on it. But they don't shoot just  
yet, both curious --

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

ADAMA (cont'd)  
What's that sound it's making?

BEKA  
A distressed carrier wave.

COKER  
A what?

BEKA  
It's screaming.  
(as the men trade looks)  
Don't either of you understand? They're  
sentient. That's why they try to rescue  
each other... why they rebelled in the  
first place. They just want to live  
their own lives, the same as us.

\*  
\*

COKER  
(sarcastic)  
Yeah, right.

BEKA  
It's not a threat anymore! We can leave  
it alone.

COKER  
("no way")  
If more of its friends come by, it could  
tell 'em about us.

(CONTINUED)

Now the robot raises its remaining hand toward them, as if pleading with them not to shoot. The high-pitched sound grows more intense. Adama raises his shotgun. \*

BEKA

**NOOO!!!**

The BLAST kills the Cylon. Machine oil starts to leak out, staining the snow. Beka looks ashen. Adama reaches for her. \*

ADAMA

We didn't have a --

But she flinches away. As we pull up and away... \*

104 INT. SKI RESORT - ATRIUM - A SHORT TIME LATER

104

Coker rejoins Adama and Beka, who have been conferring. \*

ADAMA

(to Coker)

Toth? \*

COKER

Tough bastard took out two more of those snake things but he ain't gonna make it. \*

(shows a handheld wireless) \*

Took his wireless off him. \*

ADAMA

Why? \*

COKER

Whydaya think? Fun and games are over. I'm gonna send the evac code, and we're gonna get the frak outta here. \*

ADAMA

We can't. Not until we complete the mission. \*

COKER

The "mission?" Are you outta your frakkin' mind?!

ADAMA

We get her where she needs to go, then we send the code. \*

COKER

HEY! Case you didn't notice, we're fresh out of Marines, and ammo, and we are not trained for this kinda shit! \*

(CONTINUED)

Adama picks up a WEAPON from one of the dead Cylons.

\*

ADAMA

\*

We'll make do.

(turns to Beka)

Where are we going?

He turns back at the SOUND of a pistol being cocked to see Coker aiming his SIDEARM at him.

\*

COKER

Drop the frakkin' weapon, Husker.

ADAMA

\*

Coker...? What are you doing?

COKER

You two wanna die heroes, I can make that happen right now. And trust me, I will.

END OF ACT EIGHT

ACT NINE

FADE IN:

105 EXT. RESORT COMPLEX - CONTINUOUS

105

Coker holding his sidearm on Adama, as before.

COKER

I said, drop it!

ADAMA

Can't do that.

He slowly brings up the Cylon weapon. Mexican stand-off.

COKER

I will frakking kill you!

ADAMA

Then you better do it with your first shot. \*

BEKA

Stop it!

(to Coker)

You kill him, you're still not getting out of here. None of us are till my mission's complete.

COKER

Bullshit!

BEKA

(indicates the wireless)

You want to call for an extraction? Go ahead and try. No one's gonna answer... not till I've reached my objective, an automated Cylon transmission array about six klicks from here, and uploaded a virus designed to blind their defenses. \*

(holds out her "dogtag")

A virus I've been in carrying in this. \*

Coker glares, then tosses the radio aside.

COKER

In other words, we never had a choice. We either make it to the end, or get left for dead on the road. Real nice.

BEKA

Don't you get it? We don't make it to the end, we're all dead anyway.

(CONTINUED)



105 CONTINUED:

105

COKER

What're you talking about?

BEKA

This war isn't going nearly as well as the CDF is making out.

COKER

No shit, really?

BEKA

(ignoring the sarcasm)

This surprise attack is a last roll of the dice. It fails, we fail. We lose. And if I don't upload this virus, it will fail.

ADAMA

And you didn't trust us enough to tell us this before?

BEKA

No, and I wouldn't now but I have no choice.

Coker lowers his rifle, disgusted.

COKER

Finally. Something that almost sounds like the truth.

(to Beka)

Tell us the rest and make sure there's no more surprises.

BEKA

Fine.

106 EXT. MOON - DAY

106 \*

Adama, Coker and Beka make their way along a ridgeline. Adama and Coker carry CYLON RIFLES. All three wear SIDEARMS. \*

BEKA (V.O.)

Like I said, the array's about six clicks from here. If we start now, we'll get there just before nightfall.

107 EXT. MOON - RIDGE - SUNSET

107 \*

Adama, Coker and Beka look down from the ridge on the Cylon facility dug into the snow-covered valley below. \*

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED:

107

BEKA (V.O.)

The facility is automated, so we hopefully we shouldn't have to worry about running into too many Centurion guards. That is...

108 EXT. CYLON FACILITY - NIGHT

108

A TANGLE OF FIBER OPTIC WIRES is exposed, blinking ALLIGATOR CLIPS attached to several. REVEAL BEKA using her HANDHELD to input alarm bypass codes.

\*

BEKA (V.O.)

...as long as we're careful not to trip any of the alarm systems and trigger the internal defenses. Which we will be.

She inputs a final code, and a "back door" slides open.

109 INT. CYLON FACILITY - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

109

Our people make their way down a narrow corridor, lit by pulsing red LEDS reminiscent of our BASE SHIP interiors but packed with exposed conduits, wiring and machinery.

\*

\*

\*

ADAMA

You say this array connects to their primary com network?

BEKA

Not directly. The virus itself is artificially intelligent. Once it gains access to their main communication channels it will spread through the entire system, including all their ships.

COKER

I still don't get why there are no guards.

BEKA

The patrol we fought at the hotel was probably assigned here, but was pulled away to deal with us.

COKER

Lucky us.

Adama thinks he sees a shadow near the junction of their corridor with another. Raising his rifle, he cautiously approaches the corner, then darts around it -- only to find the other corridor empty.

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED:

109

COKER (cont'd)

What is it?

ADAMA

Thought I saw something. Guess I'm just jumpy.

BEKA

The control room is this way.

She leads the way. Coker mutters to Adama as they follow.

COKER

I don't like it. It's too easy.

ADAMA

Figured you'd be happy no one's shooting at us.

COKER

You mean, no one's shooting at us yet.

110 INT. CYLON FACILITY - CORRIDOR/CONTROL ROOM

110

As Adama and Beka wait outside the door, Coker darts inside, the red laser from his Cylon rifle playing over banks of machinery and terminals.

COKER

Clear.

Adama stays just inside the door, keeping an eye on the corridor, while Beka quickly takes out her slate, hot-wires it to one of the terminals, and starts entering commands. After a beat, more terminals come on-line.

BEKA

We're in.

(takes off her "dogtag")

The program's pretty large, it'll take about a minute to upload.

She places the dogtag in a nook, where a RED BEAM beam plays over it, like the passport scanners at airports.

Her SLATE shows a PROGRESS BAR for the upload. But meanwhile something about that scanning beam draws Coker's attention. He looks from it to the laser targeting beam on his rifle, and he flashes back to --

(CONTINUED)

110

CONTINUED:

110

*THE FIREFIGHT AT THE HOTEL... THE CENTURION DRAWING A BEAD ON BEKA... THE LASER TARGETING BEAM REFRACTING OFF THE SAME DOGTAG AROUND HER NECK... THE CENTURION HESITATING.*

\*  
\*

BACK TO COKER as a puzzle starts to comes together...

ADAMA is checking the corridor, still wondering if he's seeing shadows lurking at the end of it, when --

COKER (O.S.)

That's it, lady! Stop whatever the frak it is you're doing and step away from that terminal!

Adama turns to see Coker with his rifle leveled at Beka, who seems stunned and confused, as is Adama.

ADAMA

Coker? What the hell --?

COKER

-- She's a symp spy! The frakking bitch is working for them!

ADAMA

A spy? How could she be a spy? I mean we were almost been killed by the Cylons how many times now? It doesn't make sense.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

COKER

The hotel. She knows. Ask her!

\*  
\*

BEKA

I don't know what he's talking about, and we don't have time for --

\*  
\*  
\*

COKER

-- that Toaster had you dead to rights! (brandishes the dogtag) Then it saw this thing and froze. You wanna explain that to me?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Beka looks to Adama with an expression of helplessness.

\*

ADAMA

It "froze?"

\*  
\*

COKER

It didn't shoot. It ID'd her.

\*  
\*

Adama steps between Coker and Beka.

\*

(CONTINUED)

ADAMA

C'mon, buddy, just take it easy. We're all on the same side here.

And Coker's gun swings to point at Adama.

COKER

Are we? Occurs to me you stepped into the picture 'bout the same time as her. And guess who's been defending her, pushing this mission all along? Maybe you're in on it, too!

Beka glances at her slate. The progress bar is half complete.

ADAMA

That's crazy. I mean you gotta know how crazy that sounds.

COKER

How crazy is it that we got in here this easy?

ADAMA

Easy? Easy -- ?

COKER

How come we're still alive and everyone else -- everyone -- is dead? And don't tell me it's luck 'cause I ain't buying! Now get out of my way!

ADAMA

Coker, I just --

A shot rings out, only it's not from Coker's gun, which now clatters to the floor. Coker eyes Adama sourly...

COKER

Dumb frakking Husker.

...before slumping to the floor as we reveal Beka with her sidearm now trained on Adama, while she works a Cylon terminal with her free hand.

ADAMA

Beka...?

BEKA

Put the rifle down, William.  
(when he hesitates)  
Please. You're a sweet boy but I will shoot you if I have to.

END OF ACT NINE

ACT TEN

111 INT. CYLON FACILITY - CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS 111 \*

Adama drops the gun, then reacts as the Cylon screens start flashing with images, graphics and data relating to the Ghost Fleet. Ships, manpower, coordinates, battle plans. \*

ADAMA

Coker was right. That chip, it's not a virus, it's a recording device. You're sending them all the data on the ghost fleet.

Beka just keeps the gun on him as she continues working. \*

ADAMA (cont'd)

That's why they destroyed the Archeron... so Colonial Intel would be forced to send us on to the fleet itself.

BEKA

The Cylons' own intel told them it existed but they didn't know where to find it.

ADAMA

And it explains why you wanted us along for the ride. Because we were dumb enough not to see that they were *letting* us survive.

(eyeing Coker)

At least I was.

BEKA

Don't sell yourself short. It's not like they were all in on it. The fact is, if you weren't so good at what you do we'd never have made it this far.

ADAMA

So why? I thought you wanted to end this war.

BEKA

I do. But it won't end until we realize we can't win... ..that we don't *deserve* to win so we can go on subjugating another life form.

ADAMA

They're robots! Soul-less frakking robots!

(CONTINUED)

BEKA

No, we're the ones who've lost our souls! We're liars and hypocrites, and this war is based on the biggest lie of all: that we can create life and then pretend it's something else, something less than what we are. The Cylons don't want to destroy us, they just want to be left alone to live their lives.

ADAMA

Yeah? Try telling that to the people on Gemenon, or Aquarion... or the people I saw dead on the streets of Caprica City.

BEKA

And how many of them have we destroyed?

ADAMA

They attacked us!

BEKA

After years of being treated as slaves. But of course you can't see that, not after being raised on a diet of jingoist, "killer robot" drivel. That's why we've got to get knocked to our knees and dragged to the negotiating table.

Adama looks like he's had the wind knocked out of him, but now he notices something out of the corner of his eye: Coker's hand creeping toward his sidearm. Adama starts to slowly step aside, letting Beka's pistol follow him.

ADAMA

You really think they'll negotiate when they've spent the last ten years trying to wipe us out?

BEKA

They're just defending themselves.

ADAMA

Bullshit!

But now Beka sees Coker raising his gun. She aims hers.

ADAMA (cont'd)

**NO!**

He rushes her. She quickly shoots him, the bullet slamming into his shoulder. But not before Coker also gets off a shot. Beka falls, and Coker lets his gun drop to his side.

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED: (2)

111

Adama, wounded but not as badly as his friend, kicks the gun out of her hand, then moves to Coker's side.

ADAMA (cont'd)  
Coker? Coker?!

Coker nods weakly to the computers.

COKER  
Just stop it. Stop the upload.

Adama crosses to the terminal, unsure how to work it, then sees the status bar on Beka's slate: "Upload complete."

ADAMA  
Too late. But maybe not too late to warn the fleet about this frak-up, then get you outta here...

He works the touchscreen, inputting a coded message. \*

ADAMA (cont'd)  
We can still make this work for us. They'll come gunning for the fleet with everything they got. But if we know they're coming...  
(the console freezes up)  
Shit! It locked me out. Can't tell if I got through or not.

COKER  
Then stop wasting your time and get yourself outta here!

ADAMA  
What makes you think I'm gonna start to listening to you now?

Glancing down, he notices that Beka's still alive, looking up at him with pleading eyes. He ignores her, helping the badly injured Coker to his feet.

ADAMA (cont'd)  
C'mon, old man, time to go home.

As they leave Beka behind...

112 EXT. MOON - DAY

112

\*

Adama and Coker make their way with difficulty. Coker's in bad shape, but not so bad that he can't see Adama is struggling as he half carries him, blood from his own shoulder wound seeping through an improvised bandage. \*

(CONTINUED)



COKER

This is far enough. Put me down. I said put me down!

ADAMA

Fine. Didn't want to drag your sorry ass any farther anyway.

He sets Coker down with his back against a tree, then turns on a small electronic BEACON and jams it into the ground.

ADAMA (cont'd)

There. Shouldn't be long if they've got a SAR bird waiting nearby.

COKER

Yeah, well while we're waiting...

He digs into a breast pocket, pulls out a slightly bloodied snapshot of a pretty young woman. \*

COKER (cont'd)

...hold onto this for me, okay?

ADAMA

Who's that?

COKER

Katie. My wife.

(as Adama reacts)

She's gonna be so pissed. I quit answering her letters -- now this. Want you to look her up if you ever make it to Aerilon.

ADAMA

Of course. Why didn't you tell me? And why didn't you write her back?

COKER

Not sure that's easy to explain.

He coughs. Adama checks the dressing on his chest wound.

ADAMA

Then don't. Just save your breath, okay?

COKER

Nah. Kinda wanna understand it myself.

(beat)

You start out, you're too young and green to really think you're gonna buy it. That bullet with your name on it?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED: (2)

112

COKER (cont'd)

It's got another guy's name instead.  
The guy in the seat next to you. The  
guys in the other plane. But they start  
adding up, those guys, till it seems  
like everyone you started out with is  
gone. And then you know: your turn is  
coming.

(coughs)

So maybe you just stop. Stop thinking.  
Stop hoping. And if you got something  
waiting for you back home, stop thinkin'  
about that too. Easier not to sweat the  
future if you think you don't have one.

ADAMA

You do now. You made it. You're going  
home.

COKER

Home.

ADAMA

That's right.

(stuffs the photo back in  
Coker's breast pocket)

So you keep this, and you try explaining  
to your wife yourself why you're such an  
asshole. See if she'll take your sorry  
ass back.

COKER

That'll be the day.

His chuckle turns into a cough. His hand fumbles at another  
pocket. Adama sees what he's after and pulls out the flask.

ADAMA

Looking for this?

He unscrews the cap, gives him a drink.

COKER

You got lousy taste in women, but you're  
all right, Husker.

ADAMA

Thanks, I guess.

(then)

Coker? Coker?

And as we push in on the stricken face of the young William  
Adama, engines start to roar overhead and search lights play  
down, as at the top of the show.

113 SERIES OF DISSOLVES 113

ADAMA'S POV looking up as something descends through the searchlight glare from the belly of a hovering RAPTOR.

A MEDIC grabs the object, a BASKET STRETCHER, and guides it to the ground, where we see Adama lying beside Coker, weak from his own wound.

ADAMA turns his head to see a SECOND MEDIC check Coker, then shake his head gravely to the other medic. Adama closes his eyes.

114 INT. CYLON FACILITY 114

Beka lies on her back, breathing shallowly. A SHADOW falls over her, and then a DELICATE MACHINE HAND brushes her cheek.

CYLON (O.S.)  
Are you alive?

It's a female voice, with only the slightest machine edge. Beka looks up to see a Cylon unlike any we've seen crouching over her. Clearly female, even sleekly beautiful, poised halfway between machine and human.

Beka finds herself reaching up to it for comfort, touching the Cylon's smooth face, and we sense the echo of the earlier scene where the wounded Cylon reached toward Adama. This time, the machine's eyes -- and it indeed has two eyes, also quite human-looking -- look back at her almost sorrowfully.

CYLON (cont'd)  
(gently)  
Do you think because you're more enlightened than the rest of your species, we hate you any less?

And as Beka's own eyes widen in surprise, the Cylon reaches out of frame, toward her neck, and we hear a dry SNAP. As the machine continues to consider the dead woman with a hint of sorrow mixed with something else, we PRELAP PATRIOTIC MUSIC.

115 EXT. SPACE - NEWSREEL 115

The Colonial Defense Forces LOGO wheels at us again, then retreats to a corner of the screen as we watch what looks like documentary footage of The Valkyrie and the "Ghost Fleet" pounding the hell out of several Base Stars, while its Vipers shoot down Raiders.

OFFICIAL VOICE  
A surprise attack by CDF forces has the  
Cylons reeling!  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED: 115

OFFICIAL VOICE (cont'd)

The offensive, over a year in the planning, was led by the Battlestar Valkyrie, which the enemy was deceived into thinking had been destroyed.

116 EXT. SPACE - GALACTICA 116 \*

Now part of a large fleet as it rumbles through space. \*

OFFICIAL VOICE (V.O.)

Now, thanks to this bold gambit, the enemy is on the run in the outer sectors, and our final victory draws ever nearer!

117 INT. GALACTICA - SICKBAY 117 \*

Adama lies in a bed, recovering, while other wounded flyers and soldiers are tended to. The video plays on a small TV.

OFFICIAL VOICE

But we still need your help. So give your all for the war. Buy war bonds and sign up for service today!

Disgusted, Adama uses a REMOTE to turn the TV off. Commander Nash enters. \*

NASH \*

Ah there's our young hero. How you feeling today, Ensign?

ADAMA \*

Ready to get out of this bed, sir.

ADMIRAL \*

That's the spirit, but we'll let the doc decide that. Meanwhile... \*

(shows Adama a DOCUMENT) \*

Wanted you to review your after-action report. Command made a few changes they need you to sign off on. \*

Adama scans the pages, then reacts with surprise.

ADAMA \*

Sir, this isn't what happened.

ADMIRAL \*

Well, a lot happened on this mission, didn't it? Guess they reviewed the circumstances and felt you were a bit hard on yourself. \*

(CONTINUED)

ADAMA

Sir, I got my ECO killed and let that traitorous symp upload all the data on this fleet.

And odd as it is, it almost seems as if Nash is restraining a little smile as he agrees --

\*

ADMIRAL

Yeah, well, you also warned us in time to abort the attack.

ADAMA

But this report says the mission was a complete success. That's... that's just a lie.

Nash's smile get a little tighter.

\*

ADMIRAL

Well, an overstatement perhaps. But a lie?

(beat)

Son, there's a bit more at stake here than your personal sense of integrity. The public supports the war with their money, and they'll stop if we stop giving them hope. So let the people have their heroes and their victories, while we fight the real war.

He pushes the papers across the tray table. A soul-searching beat, then Adama signs. Nash nods approvingly.

\*

\*

ADMIRAL (cont'd)

I knew you were part of the team. Speaking of which, we're assembling a new joint task force. Our best pilots, Marines and infantry units for special operations throughout the war theater. Figured you might want to volunteer, so I made sure there's a shiny new Viper with your name on it waiting for you. Well, maybe not with your name on it just yet -- I hear you still have to pick a call sign.

\*

\*

\*

Adama's expression betrays his conflicted emotions. This is everything he wanted, but not the price he expected to pay. The Admiral can read him and puts a hand on his shoulder.

ADMIRAL (cont'd)

Think about it. Or maybe talk it over with a friend.

(CONTINUED)

Now he smiles for real and steps aside -- to REVEAL COKER leaning on a crutch in the doorway, wearing a hospital gown. Adama goggles as the Commander steps out, Coker saluting before hobbling over to the bed. \*

ADAMA

Coker...? I... ah...

COKER

What? No cocky comebacks? Think I like you better laid up like this.

(beat)

You look like shit by the way.

ADAMA

You look in a mirror yourself lately?

Still, his eyes beseech answers.

COKER

They said it was touch and go but apparently I was too frakking stubborn to die. Kept me isolated while they debriefed me. Guess they wanted to make sure I wasn't mixed up in Kelly's scam.

Adama is smiling. He starts to chuckle, then laugh.

COKER (cont'd)

What?

(re: his hospital gown)

It's this damn thing, isn't it? I swear, they can jump a ship ten leagues, but they can't invent a hospital gown that doesn't make your ass hang out like an orangutang's.

(beat)

So you're gonna help the bastards cover their asses, let 'em hang on to their jobs a little longer?

ADAMA

I don't know what you're talking about.

(beat)

When you going home?

COKER

Still got about six weeks left in my tour, so guess I'll stick around that long... long as I don't have to fly with you.

Adama reaches out, and Coker grasps his hand. Off which...

118 EXT. SPACE - GALACTICA 118

The Battlestar rumbles through space, leading Columbia, Prometheus and various support ships.

ADAMA (V.O.)

Dear Dad...

119 INT. GALACTICA - READY ROOM 119

Adama, wearing his flight suit, sits at a chair, briefing book open on his lap, writing a letter.

ADAMA (V.O.)

Got your last letter. You're right about preconceptions being dangerous, and not just in court. This war is turning out to be different than I expected. But maybe my mistake was to have expectations.

He reacts to gleeful shouts of a group of newly minted pilots crowded around someone's handheld screen, from which the unmistakable sounds of another "war porn" video can be heard. Now it's Adama who sighs, then turns back to his writing.

ADAMA (V.O.)

It's something you have to live inside of to understand, and while a part of me already hates it, another part knows that I will make soldiering my life.

\*

INTERCOM VOICE

Contact, Cylon Base Star. All pilots to their planes. Set Condition One throughout the ship.

Adama shuts his briefing book, grabs his helmet and exits.

\*

120 INT. GALACTICA - CORRIDOR 120

Adama strides along in his flight suit, helmet under his arm, along with other personnel moving with purpose.

ADAMA (V.O.)

And I'll tell you something else I know. When it's over, and some day it will be over, what I'll remember most aren't the battles but the men and women who fought them with me.

MEMORIES of some of those men and women now flash through his mind: Ozar, Kirby, Elias, Toth. And Coker. Coker chewing him out after Adama smacked into him that first time.

\*

(CONTINUED)

120 CONTINUED: 120

Coker taking a nip from his ever-present flask. Coker playing the piano. \*

ADAMA (V.O.)  
And I will miss them.

He EXITS through a hatch into...

121 INT. GALACTICA - HANGAR BAY 121

An excited young, ROOKIE PILOT intercepts Adama as he's heading toward his plane.

ROOKIE PILOT  
Mister Adama! Just wanted to say I heard about your mission and you are my new frakking hero, sir!

He sticks out a hand. Adama looks past the outstretched hand and meets the eyes of Tornvald, who's about to get into his plane. A silent understanding passes between the two men. Adama turns back to the rookie. \*

ADAMA  
I'll let you in on a secret, kid. \*

We can guess what he's about to say, but then he hesitates, some part of him not ready to succumb to cynicism just yet. \*

ADAMA (cont'd)  
Just keep your head down, okay? \*

The rookie nods, then Adama climbs into his shiny new Viper, tail number N7242C. \*

He finds a NOTE taped to his instruments panel. "Drinks later, hotshot?" It's signed "J."

Adama looks across the deck and sees Jaycie smiling at him as she gets in her Raptor. He gives her a smile and a nod, then closes his canopy. The Viper is towed out of frame.

122 INT. GALACTICA - LAUNCH TUBE 122

Adama's Viper in the tube. The inner airlock door closes. The catapult engages. Adama gives the thumbs up.

LAUNCH OFFICER (WIRELESS)  
Viper two-seven, clear forward, nav-con green, interval check...

As we meanwhile PUSH on Adama in the cockpit, until we reveal the call sign stenciled just beneath it. "Husker."

(CONTINUED)



122 CONTINUED: 122

LAUNCH OFFICER (WIRELESS) (cont'd)  
...thrust positive and steady. Goodbye,  
Husker.

123 ADAMA'S POV 123

As his Viper goes racing through the tube and out into space.

THE END

\*