

Battlestar Galactica: Commitments

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*NOTE: Author assumes no rights to the characters or  
situations in this script based on the TV Series.*

\*This story takes place Season 2, between "Black Market" and  
"Scar"

TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. RAPTOR — IN FLIGHT

Helo sits at the front control. Kara works the rear.  
Baltar sits beside her.

BALTAR

How have you been?

KARA

Good.

BALTAR

We don't talk anymore.

KARA

We sure don't.

Helo smiles wide.

KARA

Helo, why is it we always end up  
having to guard this geek?

HELO

Some protocol maybe, Starbuck? For  
once. He is the Vice-President and we  
are on duty.

BALTAR

Thank you Lieutenant. She treats me  
so disrespectfully after I was so  
generous as to give her one of the

best orgasms of her life.

She grabs his collar and pulls her fist back.

KARA

You piece of-

HELO

Easy Kara, don't let this loser goad you into getting another mark. - Doc, back off or your security detail may just turn the other way when someone tries to shank you in the ribs.

BALTAR

I don't understand what you're all so angry about. Maybe your friend Kara shouldn't spread her legs so -

She socks him in the face.

HELO

Dumbass.

BALTAR

This will be reported.

KARA/HELO

Whatever.

KARA

Hey, one good thing about this mission, Helo. I hear there's Mary Janis on that ship. They grow it. Can you imagine?

HELO

Mary Janis huh? Are you serious?

KARA

That's the word in the fleet, and I'm gonna score us a splif.

HELO

If they were growing it, don't you think it would be traded all over the place?

KARA

I don't know, maybe they have a real small crop. We'll find out all the answers soon enough. Then you and I will sit down at the end of this lousy detail and smoke ourselves a

tasty treat.

HELO

You're ridiculous.

INT. LAURA ROSLIN'S OFFICE — DAY

Billy wraps up a briefing.

BILLY

There's word from the Celestra that a couple of scientists there have hooked up a more efficient power grid that might help ships save fuel. Two births in the last week. Two miscarriages reported. Fleet population is at forty-nine thousand, five hundred ninety.

He closes his notebook.

LAURA

What are we at now on the —

Billy knows before the President finishes.

BILLY

Forty-eight days since any Cylon encounter. Longest interval since the Holocaust. Looks like the new jump protocols are keeping them cold for longer intervals.

Billy waits to be dismissed.

LAURA

How are things with Petty Officer Dualla?

BILLY

Good.

LAURA

Good... I don't want to sound like I'm prying, but how good?

BILLY

Pretty good — mom.

LAURA

I'm serious, I'm asking this as a matter of Colonial interest. Trying to gauge what people your age are doing. Are you working at having children?

BILLY

I didn't know it was a job.

(Billy can't joke the  
question away.)

It really hasn't gotten to that. I don't think we're representative of people our age. We both have pretty demanding jobs. Things go well for us, then we spend days apart, Cylons attack or there's a mutiny, an explosion. When we see each other again, it's always a little awkward. Every time we get together I'm starting at square one.

LAURA

Or first base as it were. Thank you Billy, and I apologize for prying, but, this really is government business. What do you think the government could do, to help get you two. Uhm, 'Closer'?

BILLY

Closer. Sex is a little hard to legislate. With Me and Dualla, I don't know that any policy can help. I just don't think she's all that into me anymore. The chemistry is off.

LAURA

But if we gave you some time off, a retreat, where you could try to find that chemistry again? Would that help?

BILLY

I'm not sure what you're asking? You said we were talking about government business.

LAURA

I am Billy. If our highest priority isn't to encourage procreation, all this running and fighting will be for nothing. We've got to start having babies.

BILLY

Then, from a practical standpoint, creating some sort of subsidized procreational aid that could fund one-on-one time with couples could

possibly help increase our birth numbers.

LAURA

That's what I've been thinking, although I don't think 'procreational' is a word.

BILLY

You could make it a word. You are the President.

LAURA

Anyway, I'm sorry for prying. I hope it works out with you and Dee. Gods know we all deserve a little love up here, trapped in these tin cans. You're dismissed.

He sits for a moment, then rises. Laura opens her drawer and smiles at a photo of her with her dead ex-husband.

EXT. CELESTRA

The Raptor Docks.

CUT TO:

INT. CELESTRA - LAB - MOMENTS LATER

The envoys are escorted into an unimpressive lab that looks more like an engine room. There are Bunsen burners and beakers on decrepit tables.

DR. ARCHON PINKUS, haggard, 40, bookish, with a neurotic habit of giggling when he is nervous, pulls away from a monitor. DR. KERIN DAPHNE, attractive even in her lab coat, sets down her note pad to welcome the visitors.

PINKUS

Hello. This is the lab. I'm Dr. Pinkus. Chief science officer of the ship.

DAPHNE

Welcome. I'm Dr. Daphne. His Second. Mr. Vice-President, an honor they would send you personally.

BALTAR

(predictably making eyes)

Yes, well, we've heard you're doing very important work here. The Celestra's work on fuel economy is

renowned and of great interest to the President and the rest of the fleet.

The sultry blonde woman in Baltar's mind eyeballs Pinkus with contempt.

NUMBER SIX

You know him. And he knows you. Remember. He worked at *Defense* with you. He knows you and he knows how you helped us.

Pinkus ungracefully extends his hand.

PINKUS

Very nice to meet you Doctor Baltar. We worked together briefly at DoD. You probably don't remember me, but I remember quite a bit about your work. It was interesting.

NUMBER SIX

He was brought in at Dr. Amarak's request. You remember him. -You know, God's not going to pull you out of it this time. You're going to have to help yourself. You're going to have to kill him.

BALTAR

Absolutely. Absolutely.

END TEASER

CUT TO:

MAIN TITLES

ACT 1

INT. COLONIAL ONE- PRESS ROOM

President Rosalin commands the podium.

REPORTER

Madame President, there are many people who believe it's profane for you to use your post to promote promiscuity.

LAURA

Since when is one's physical expression of love profane? We are all fortunate to be here. I think finding love in all of this is a wonderful thing. Expressing that

love is a wonderful thing. And in the end, this thing that is so pleasurable, this ultimate expression of our being, is what will also save the human race. There's a certain wonderful irony in that. That a duty can also be so much, fun.

REPORTER 2

Are you dating Admiral Adama?

Laura can't quite suppress a grin.

LAURA

I don't think it would be appropriate for me to discuss this, or to validate your question by answering it.

REPORTER 2

That's not a denial.

LAURA

Nor is it an admission. Time is short. Can we talk about something substantive?

CUT TO:

INT. GALACTICA — LAURA'S QUARTERS — LATER

Adama and Laura lay in bed.

ADAMA

That was an ultimate expression of my being right there.

LAURA

Are you making fun of me?

ADAMA

If they didn't know, they all know after today. It was all over your face. (Laughing) It was in your voice.

LAURA

Was it?

ADAMA

No doubt about it. Listen.

He hits the wireless recording.

LAURA

Oh my gods. You can hear me smiling.

ADAMA

Yeah. You're like a girl.

LAURA

I feel like a girl. -I want to have a child.

CUT TO:

INT. CLOUD 9 - LATER

The Cloud 9, with it's holo-imaging turned off. It is a dark, industrial thing. The wireless broadcast echoes throughout. Crews struggle to repair shattered light bulbs. Trees are withering. Cooks season a pasty substance in a dank kitchen. At a bar devoid of patrons, the bartender downs a shot.

LAURA (V.O.)

In trying to push forward the first prong of this procreation initiative, your government has partnered with the generous proprietors of the luxurious Cloud 9 resort. Five hundred couples are welcomed to spend five nights at the resort as guests of the Council of Twelve. The resort picks up the cost of accommodations. Counsel will assume the cost for meals. The couples, who will be chosen by random lottery will have to pick up the cost of any liquor, tobacco or class one pharmaceuticals they may choose to purchase.

CUT TO:

INT. COLONIAL ONE- PRESS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Laura speaks at the podium.

LAURA

Plans for child birth and subsequent health care are to be announced in the near future. I leave you with Dr. Chaidan to answer any further questions.

She does a 180 and enters,

INT. LAURA ROSLIN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

taking a seat next to Billy. She pulls out two tickets to

the Cloud 9.

LAURA

Have fun.

BILLY

Madame President. I can't. I —  
people will talk.

LAURA

It's ok. It's all above board.

BILLY

Five nights. That's a long time.

LAURA

You've more important duties than  
taking care of me. You've earned it.

BILLY

I was hoping I could talk to you  
about—

LAURA

Dee.

BILLY

I don't know how I'd even ask her to  
go to this. I don't know if, well,  
it's just been so weird.

LAURA

There you go with that word again.  
Love is a weird thing Billy. I've  
learned that you can talk it to  
death. But in the end, only you and  
Dee can work it out.

BILLY

Does it ever get weird for you? With  
the Admiral?

LAURA

No. It's pretty wonderful right now.  
It's been a while since I felt this  
way about a man. But, things change.  
It could be 'weird' tomorrow.  
Circumstances, people's perspectives,  
priorities they all change, and love  
changes too. — I hope you and Dualla  
go off and find each other, but there  
are never any guarantees.

BILLY

Thanks for the pep talk.

LAURA

I'm sorry Billy. Asking me, or anyone else for advice is pointless. I know far less about what's going on in her head than you do. I hope she loves you madly. But, it's up to you to bring it out if she does. Have fun.

She hands Billy the tickets.

CUT TO:

INT. CELESTRA - LAB

Kara guards the doorway on one end of a cramped, tiny turbine room. Helo guards the other.

HELO

(into his collar)

All clear on north end doorway.

KARA

Hello Helo. I'm right here. All Clear. Condition Green. Over and out.

Helo smiles, pointing to the tiny microphone in his collar.

HELO

Protocol.

Dr. Pinkus addresses a tightly clustered Baltar and Daphne.

PINKUS

Each conduit regulates for its respective power needs. Because of this, the chance of a power blow out is practically nonexistent.

BALTAR

(jumps in, looking  
from Pinkus to Six)

Seems harmless. Unless you have someone cross connect two ion wires.

PINKUS

Yes, well, save sabotage, the system is very reliable...

We're only remotely aware of Pinkus's continued technobabble.

NUMBER SIX

Let's not be naive Gaius. He's very

dangerous and like you, very good at obscuring his motivations with chatter.

PINKUS

...without creating any network the Cylons might be able to infiltrate.

NUMBER SIX

He'll expose us!

BALTAR

I don't think so.

DAPHNE

Dr. I assure you, our system is completely analog, all gears and levers and pulleys, truly amazing. Impervious to Cyber attack.

BALTAR

(again with the eyes)  
Yes, you know, I suppose on second glance, this is a fantastic device.

Baltar looks at the panel adoringly.

NUMBER SIX

You can't seriously be impressed by these Luddites. This grid is practically made out of rocks and sticks.

BALTAR

Amazing, really. You folks get a lot of credit. Using the equivalent of rocks and sticks to make a such a sophisticated power grid. Impressive.

DAPHNE

Thank you, Doctor. There's more of this kind of thing all over the ship.

BALTAR

I'm hungry. What say we all go find something to eat and talk technology, compare notes?

DAPHNE

Sounds good. We've got several innovations in our galley we'd love to show you.

NUMBER SIX

Hungry?

BALTAR (to a smiling Daphne)  
I'm starving. Let's make sure we order first. It's hard to think on an empty stomach.

Baltar turns to Kara.

BALTAR  
Chow time Lieutenant.

NUMBER SIX  
Gaius, are you listening to me? Have you heard anything I've said. We have to figure out how to kill this guy as soon as possible. Before he slips your friends information.

KARA  
As long as the government's paying for it.

They head to dinner. Number Six fumes as she's left behind.

NUMBER SIX  
Gaius!

INT. CELESTRA DINING HALL: "THE RATHSKELLER" — MOMENTS LATER

A small band jams in the corner. This is an artist/scientist crowd, the likes of which you might imagine on the guest list for a party at Salvador Dali's house. Pinkus, Baltar and Daphne eat slop at a table while Kara and Helo watch the doors again. A clumsy ANNOUNCER takes the mike.

ANNOUNCER  
Uh, to get back to the, uh, the warning that I've received you may take it with how many however many grains of salt you wish, that the brown tabs that are circulating around us is not specifically too good. Uh, it's suggested that you do stay away from that, course it's your own trip, so be my guest, but, uh, please be advised that there is a warning on that one ok?

Silent movies play on a white canvas in one corner. A band jamming in the corner provides the soundtrack.

DAPHNE  
You like this place?

Baltar  
Yes, I do. Lots of...free spirits

here.

DAPHNE

Yup. — You know, I read your papers on Transom theory and I've been fascinated ever since.

BALTAR

Transom theory, I hadn't even given that topic any thought since I was on Caprica.

DAPHNE

Well, we're here now Doctor. So what's say we figure out the solution to your 'penultimate integer problem?

BALTAR

Over a few drinks, yes, maybe we'll solve that one tonight.

EMILE HAVAAS, a jumpy little guy, approaches the Vice-President. Helo rushes between the two and grabs Emile. Kara backs Helo.

KARA

Can we help you, Twitch?

EMILE

I just want to talk to Vice-President Baltar. I'm a filmmaker, Emile Havaas.

KARA

We don't watch movies.

DAPHNE(to Baltar)

He's ok. Harmless. An artist.

BALTAR

He's fine, let him come.

After a quick Frisk, Emile joins the group.

EMILE

Dr. Baltar, great to meet you. You like movies?

BALTAR

Never had much time for them, really. Mostly frivolous. I hear you're quite talented though.

EMILE

That's what they say. But I don't just make pictures, I'm a scientist

as well. Projectors, cameras, all being made for the new frontier. Why don't you come take a look at some of the equipment we've designed?

DAPHNE

C'mon, we'll figure out the integer tomorrow.

They rise and follow the doctor to the corner, where large spools unfurl his motion picture. It's a cartoonish yet grim piece set on Caprica.

EMILE

They're modern replicas of Tequin-era movie projectors. We're going as low tech as we can go while trying to improve on the old models. Using raw materials as opposed to intelligent machinery – that's the new science doctor.

Helo lunges and grabs Emile by the arm as the filmmaker pulls out a roll of film.

Helo

Carry on.

Helo steps back.

EMILE

This film is just microscopic flakes of iron ore on a piece of tape. It's remarkable how these compact little pieces of metal are able to reflect the deepest of human emotions. No interference from digital computations or enhancements. Images, thoughts and feelings, hammered and smelted onto celluloid. Much like the human experience Doctor, this is analog. Goodbye to the digital.

BALTAR

So you work on what? Devising the best color saturation, resolution, etcetera, without digital help?

EMILE

That's right.

BALTAR

That's asinine. Maybe you should solve some real problems.

EMILE

I am doctor. I'm putting distance between us and the technology that murdered us. I am helping people think and express themselves. Not to mention Doctor, that as a politician, you must appreciate the power of film to influence people.

Baltar, Emile and Daphne approach a man rewinding a small thin reel of film. Baltar watches the cloth screen. A little girl with a doll sits by a pond. There's a flash of white devastating light.

A menacing caricature of Laura Rosalin watches the explosion from the distant safety of Colonial One. Passengers aboard the Olympic Carrier burn while Laura watches. The word killer flashes on the screen. An Admiral Cain figure is shot in the head, Laura watches. Killer flashes again. The short film rolls off its skinny reel. Baltar is nonplussed.

The man quickly rewinds the film and replays it.

CUT TO:

A stoned hippy stumbles past Kara.

KARA

Hey. ... Hey!

The nervous hippy looks up and back at the ground again.

HIPPY

Shhhh. It's frakkin' crawling man.

She slaps him.

KARA

Hey, Icarus. Snap out of it, I need your help.

CUT TO:

INT. GALACTICA LAUNCH TUBE

Cally and two mechanics work inside a launch tube.

CALLY

Forty-eight days without an attack. The president has declared a colonies-wide orgy, and we're all stuck in launch tubes.

MECHANIC 1

I didn't know you were up for an orgy.

CALLY

Not with you.

Mechanic 2(laughs)

With who then?

CALLY

I don't know. I want a boyfriend.

MECHANIC 2

You don't want a boyfriend. You want the orgy.

CALLY

What? You don't know me well enough to talk to me like that.

MECHANIC 2

You seem like the kind of girl who wants to protect her image, so you say you want a boyfriend so you don't look like a slut. But you wouldn't mind the orgy.

CALLY

Go Frak yourself.

*Chief Tyrol approaches.*

TYROL

What's going on, it looks like you guys haven't done a thing since I was last here.

MECHANIC 1

Cally says all this work while the rest of the fleet is taking a sex-vacation is making her horny sir. She can't focus.

TYROL

What? Did you say that?

CALLY

Not in those words. I —

TYROL

You guys watch your mouths or I'll have to send you up for harassment, understand? Do your jobs. We've got two more updates to finish today.

Tyrol leaves.

MECHANIC 2

'Not in those words.' Now I know who you're horny for.

CALLY

Shut up.

CUT TO:

INT. GALACTICA — ADAMA'S QUARTERS

Once of several sporadic secret one-on-one briefings, already in progress.

ADAMA

Our search of Baltar's room and office revealed nothing, as usual. —By the way, your sex agenda is making it difficult for me to manage my crew. They're like bunnies on a hot beach.

Rosalin laughs.

LAURA

'Bunnies on a hot beach,' what the hell does that even mean? If they're bunnies, what does that make you?

ADAMA

I'm king of the bunnies. Seriously, this is a military ship I'm trying to run, not a college dormitory.

LAURA

Maybe then, you should let them start having sex without having to go behind everyone's back. We saved the human race only to have them repress one of their most innate needs?

ADAMA

I don't agree that it's a need on this vessel.

LAURA

Is that why we always do it on Colonial One?

ADAMA

—Not to mention, I think it makes you politically vulnerable to take such a

flighty position.

LAURA

I think we need to just come out in public.

ADAMA

I think that's a bad idea. And while we're talking about bad ideas, a baby's not smart either. We're too old.

LAURA

Maybe you're too old. Doc Kottle says I'm great. Like a young hot thing in her twenties.

ADAMA

Yes you are.

He takes and kisses her.

ADAMA

But we're not having a baby.

LAURA

Since you won't cave on the baby thing, I have a small favor to ask.

CUT TO:

INT. GALACTICA BRIDGE

A petty officer approaches Dualla.

PETTY OFFICER

Petty Officer Dualla, as per Admiral Adama's order, I am to relieve you for 5 minutes.

DUALLA

Yes Sir. Did the Admiral want to see me?

PETTY OFFICER

No, he said he wanted to give you a bathroom break.

DUALLA

OK?

She walks off as the other Petty Officer takes over the headphones.

INT. GALACTICA – CONTINUOUS

Dualla steps into the hall to find Billy. They're still within earshot of several people on the bridge.

DUALLA

Billy.

BILLY

Hey Baby. I used some of my pull and got us these.

He pulls out two tickets.

DUALLA

What are they?

BILLY

The hottest tickets in the fleet. One week of food, fun and helping advance the President's procreation agenda.

DUALLA

Sorry, not interested.

(whispering)

You're embarrassing me. Excuse me, I have to go to the head.

BILLY

You? Embarrassed?

She walks past, leaving a stunned Billy.

FADE TO BLACK

END ACT 1

ACT 2

*INT - CELESTRA MESS HALL - LATER*

Pinkus has gone. Gaius and Daphne imbibe along with a boisterous group. Kara and Helo remain on guard.

BALTAR

Does Pinkus ever talk to you about his work for the DoD?

DAPHNE

He's quiet about it. Said he had run into you there, worked some of your

same files.

BALTAR

Really?

DAPHNE

Said he thinks you helped the Cylons.

BALTAR

What?

DAPHNE

Wouldn't be the first person to accuse you. He's been going on and on for months. Says he has some digital signature that Dr. Amarak gave him. We all think he's nuts.

Baltar

Well, don't think me a loon, but the reason I'm here is we think he may be in collusion with the enemy.

DAPHNE

You're frakking with me.

Baltar(laughing)

Maybe.

DAPHNE

Now- I need some information from you.

BALTAR

Oh?

DAPHNE

On her...

*She looks over at Kara.*

BALTAR

Oh. Her. I frakked her once.

DAPHNE

Bull.

BALTAR

No, really.

DAPHNE

Nice. Think she likes girls?

BALTAR

I don't know. Why don't we try to find

out?

Baltar unsteadily makes his way over to Kara.

BALTAR

Lt. Thrace, I hereby declare you at ease and off duty for the evening. Why don't you come join me and my friend for a drink?

Before Baltar can finish his sentence, Kara rolls her eyes and looks away. She recognizes a man making his way through the hall and gives chase. She pulls out her piece.

KARA

I won't hesitate to shoot a terrorist in the back of the head. Lie flat on your face, now!

He complies. She talks into her collar.

KARA

Helo, I've got a guy from the Sagiteron watch list. Meet me in the lab.

CUT TO:

INT. LAURA ROSLIN'S OFFICE

Billy chokes back tears.

LAURA

I'm so sorry. I know it hurts, but, it will get better.

BILLY

I really thought she loved me. That she felt the same way. Hell, she's the one who started the whole thing when we first met.

LAURA

People are fickle Billy. Feelings change. It's a cliché because it's true.

BILLY

I was so at peace when I was with her. Like, all of this, isn't so bad.

Billy sobs. Laura takes him in her arms.

CUT TO:

INT. CELESTRA - LAB

Kara and Helo hover over the detainee. He sits, hands cuffed. Pinkus walks in.

PINKUS

What the hell is this?

KARA

Doctor, it looks like we caught you a spy, and there could be more on board.

PINKUS

This man is my guest. Release him immediately.

HELO

Guest. This guy's a terrorist. He's on all master watch lists.

PINKUS

Mr. Archen requested a tour of this ship weeks ago. Unlike your government, which just shoved their way in here. Archen is a delegate duly authorized by Tom Zarek and he has adhered to rules of proper ship-to-ship diplomacy.

KARA

He's going to Galactica. He'll be detained until he's picked up.

PINKUS

Understand, that our ships' sovereignty trumps your law here. Let him go, or I assure you, none of this technology goes to the Galactica or Colonial One.

Helo shoves Archen down as he rises from his chair.

HELO

Si'down.

ARCHEN

What's my crime? What are you holding me for?

KARA

I'm sure we'll have a long list when we get you back to our ship.

PINKUS

This is repulsive. I'm calling the press.

KARA

I don't give a frack. Maybe we hold you too Professor for collaboration.

Pinkus giggles nervously and starts to walk away. Kara grabs him by the arm and spins him to the floor.

KARA

I wasn't finished with you. Sit your ass down.

PINKUS

(his giggling is even more pronounced.)

You're not smart muscle girl. I will tell the press about all this. You'll be held for trial. This is, after all, a civilized democracy. My understanding is that you've already made many enemies throughout command and the government. I'm surprised you're still working for them and not in a brig somewhere.

KARA

Helo, shut him up.

Helo moves before the Professor.

HELO

Shut up.

PINKUS

More muscle. This will be all over the wires, a major story. A violation of the sovereignty of this vessel.

KARA

Helo?

He reluctantly socks Pinkus in the face. It's the first time Pinkus has ever been punched in his life. Helo shoots Kara a regretful look.

KARA

Whatever.

FADE TO BLACK

END ACT 2

ACT 3

INT. CELESTRA - "THE RATHSKELLER"

The party is hopping. Emile drapes a sloppy arm over Baltar's shoulder.

EMILE

I'm serious, tell the president, I'll make the best damn propaganda films for her. You've seen my work. It's all about touching emotions. You were touched.

BALTAR

Yes, I was.

EMILE

Then tell her man. I'll do commercials for her. I don't give a frak, I'm tired of making art, now it's time to make money.

BALTAR

You just made a movie where she's the devil incarnate, and now you want to work for her?

EMILE

Her, or Tom Zarak if he runs again. Whoever's paying more.

NUMBER SIX

Do you see this pathetic man. Tell me you're not becoming like him; devoid of conviction.

BALTAR

You have no clue what my convictions are.

NUMBER SIX

I think I do.

Daphne pulls Baltar away.

DAPHNE

That Kara's a tough little bitch. I like that. Why don't you go find out what's going on?

NUMBER SIX

She's right. What the hell are you doing in here. You should be on Pinkus while your guards are gone.

BALTAR

I suppose I should, but somehow I don't feel like it. I'm enjoying all this.

He reaches past Six and grabs Daphne by the hand.

BALTAR

What say we get out of here?

DAPHNE

I told you, I'm not interested in a man.

BALTAR

You ever been with a man?

NUMBER SIX

What the hell are you doing. Go find Pinkus and slit his throat. Stop being so simple.

DAPHNE

Many times, many men, and it was never all that great.

BALTAR

You've never been with Gaius Baltar.

DAPHNE

I'll tell you what Gaius Baltar, you rustle up that Starbuck and we'll all get nice and drunk, maybe head back to my quarters. Gods only know what will happen among the three of us.

Baltar exits down the hallway.

CUT TO:

INT. GALACTICA MESS

Cally finds a seat next to the Chief, who is eating alone.

CALLY

Sorry about today.

CHIEF

Forget it.

CALLY

You seem pissed lately.

TYROL

Just lately?

CALLY

Yeah. Well, more than usual.

TYROL

I just think it's incredibly stupid that the fleet is urged to go forth and conjugate while every person on this ship is forced to keep working. It's bad for morale. It's a dumb move on the President's part.

CALLY

You know, there is one person on this ship being allowed to go.

TYROL

That's bull-shit. Who?

CALLY

Petty Officer Dualla.

TYROL

Well, at least she's low rank. It's still bullshit.

CALLY

Chief, I want to thank you. For never having asked me for an apology.

TYROL

For what? Not taking crap from those two dorks you're working with? Forget it.

CALLY

No, for Sharon.

TYROL

Oh. No. If I could forgive a killing machine like her, you're easy.

CALLY

You don't mean that. You don't think she was a killing machine.

TYROL

Somedays I do. My feelings about that whole mess change from hour to hour sometimes. Sometimes, I wish they'd get it over with and take out this new Sharon. Other times, I wish I could be the one taking care of her, like Helo. Is that crazy?

CALLY

Yeah. What isn't crazy out here?

TYROL

Yeah.

CUT TO:

INT. GALACTICA

Dee faces Billy.

DUALLA

I'm still pretty disgusted with you.

BILLY

Disgusted, that's a pretty ugly description.

DUALLA

Your behavior, your demeanor, was disgusting.

BILLY

I know, I was being stupid. But I don't- I think you're overreacting.

DUALLA

Stupid doesn't begin to describe. You were so stupid that you didn't stop to think that maybe there are feelings involved.

BILLY

I know there are-

DUALLA

You didn't stop to think, that maybe, I didn't want to have kids or that I couldn't.

BILLY

Dee, I'm sorry. You know I have very real feelings for you. I didn't know you had problems conceiving.

DUALLA

I don't know if I do, I'm just saying, if I did, it would be awkward you bringing it up in front of people.

BILLY

What? You're not making any sense.

DUALLA

Well you aren't either. You were trying to be cool with people around and you ended up coming off like a goofball.

BILLY

I thought you like that I'm a goofball.

DUALLA

That's what attracted me to you when we first met.

BILLY

And now?

DUALLA

I don't – I'm not. Look, before I joined the service, I lived at home with mom and dad and my little brother, Leon. He was born with spinal damage. It was my mother's role to take care of him. I was too involved in ROTC, and my father  
(beat)

He just never helped. I'm sure, when the world ended, she was there with Leon, feeding him, cleaning him, attending to the same miserable business that she had for ten years. I think about that every single day. So, when you ask me to go swing with you at some government funded gang bang, you might understand when I'm a little less than excited.

BILLY

I'm sorry, but, it's just – I don't see what any of that has to do with us. I just want us to finally have some time to ourselves, to reconnect. You know I care deeply for you.

DUALLA

I know Billy, I care about you too.  
But, it's just. I'm not saying I  
don't want you. I just don't feel  
like taking a vacation now. It's not  
about you. I'm sorry.

BILLY

I understand.

He doesn't.

INT. GALACTICA MESS

Several Mechanics and Engineers play cards and swap stories.  
The Chief sits at a table. Mechanic 1 approaches.

MECHANIC 1

Hey Chief, Cally got pretty smashed.  
She's in common bunks. She was going  
on and on that she wants to see you.

The Chief gets up.

INT. GALACTICA - BUNK ROOM

The Chief walks in. Cally is lying in a bunk, covered in a  
blanket and obviously drunk.

CALLY

Chief! I thought you'd never show  
up.

TYROL

Hey. You're a mess. Let me get you  
some water and vitamins.

CALLY

I don't need water.

TYROL

Yes you do, you're-

Cally removes the blanket, revealing herself naked.

CALLY

I need something else Chief. Come.  
Come on.

TYROL

Uhm. Cally, you're drunk. Really  
drunk.

CALLY

So? Hey, so we're grunts so we don't

get to go to Cloud Nine. We can make our own party here, Galen. You might like it.

TYROL

I'm not getting in there with you. You need to sober up.

CALLY

What? I'm not as cute as a Cylon?

TYROL

Cover up. I'm getting you some water. You'll drink it, sleep this off and hopefully, be ready to work tomorrow, first shift. And I will write it up if you're late.

He storms off. Cally covers up.

INT. CELESTRA - LAB - CONTINUOUS

Kara and Helo stand over Pinkus and Archen.

PINKUS

Listen, I apologize, for my tone earlier. I - I have information that proves Baltar colluded with the Cylons.

KARA

Really.

PINKUS

I worked with him, at the Department of Defense in the weeks prior to the attack.

KARA

Go on. What d'ya know?

PINKUS

He - he may have been involved in the destruction of the Olympic Carrier. Our colleague, Dr. Amarak was aboard that ship. He knew of Baltar's deceit. He -

KARA

Shut the hell up. Your friend wasn't on that ship. Cylons killed everybody on that ship then sent it back into the fleet with armed nukes

to take us out. Baltar had nothing to do with it.

PINKUS

He's wired into the Cylon collective consciousness! He's -

KARA

You've got no idea what you're talking about. Helo, we're taking them both into custody. We're cutting this trip short. Go get Baltar.

HELO

What's the charge?

KARA

Suspected collusion with militant left wing groups. I've had enough of them recently.

PINKUS

That's absurd, I don't deal with militants, aside from you.

Pagers buzz on the two soldier's belts.

HELO

Damn it.

CUT TO:

INT. GALACTICA-CIC - CONTINUOUS

Colonel Tigh controls the bridge.

LT. GAETA

Three Cylon Raiders approaching from four miles from starboard side of fleet. Repeat. Three Raiders.

COLONEL TIGH

Fleet begin emergency jump to preordained coordinates. Viper pilots to your stations. Do not launch. Repeat, do not launch. - The quiet was nice while it lasted.

EXT. FLEET - MOMENTS LATER

Raiders approach the fleet. Ships begin to jump as the orders are received.

INT. CELESTRA - HALL - MOMENTS LATER

NUMBER SIX

Move. This is your moment Gaius.

BALTAR

Don't tell me when to act, what to do. You don't know when my moment is.

Six sharply slaps Baltar.

NUMBER SIX

I know you're itchy right now, but the truth is, you've got to snap out of this quickly and focus. You have a few seconds to act, deactivate the hyperdrive remote circulator and take care of Pinkus.

BALTAR

I can't do that. I don't want to do that.

NUMBER SIX

You've done it before, killed for us. You were such a man then. So much more than just a man. What's the matter with you now?

BALTAR

Maybe it's you. I'm tired of you. I asked you to leave once, and you wouldn't go. I don't want you in my life anymore. How much clearer do I have to make it?

NUMBER SIX

It's not about you, or even us you selfish pig. We're family. And we can't have much of a family if Rosalin throws you out the airlock. If not for us, for Gina then. How will you protect her if you're compromised.

Baltar pauses, then cracks open a wall panel and tinkers with wires.

CUT TO:

INT. CELESTRA - LAB

KARA

The ship isn't going anywhere.  
(on coms)  
Galactica, this is Kara, status?

DUALLA (V.O.)  
Five ships left to go. Celestra  
appears to have trouble engaging FTL  
drive. Report on Vice-President.

KARA  
He's fine.  
(shrugs)  
Frak, Helo. These guys will have to  
stay put. Come on.

They tear down the hallway. Kara talks on communicator to  
the Celestra Bridge.

KARA  
This is VP Delegation to Celestra  
main, what's happening?

INT. CELESTRA-BRIDGE

CELESTRA CAPTAIN  
We can't engage. Must be a break in  
our recharge lines.

KARA (V.O.)  
How long to fix it?

CELESTRA CAPTAIN  
Five minutes? Ten minutes?

EXT. FLEET

The Raiders screech toward the Celestra.

INT. GALACTICA-CIC

Adama walks on and assumes command.

ADAMA  
Report.

COLONEL TIGH  
All ships have jumped except the  
Celestra. It looks like the Raiders  
are going straight for it.

ADAMA  
Intercept time?

COLONEL TIGH  
They'll make it there a lot faster  
than we can get to them.

ADAMA  
Get me Starbuck.

DUALLA

Have her sir.

KARA (V.O.)

Commander, go, we'll take care of them and meet you on the other side.

ADAMA

You're in a Raptor. Any better suggestions?

KARA (V.O.)

It's my Raptor versus three measly Raiders. We'll see you in about five minutes.

Adama leans forward, pondering the display where the Celestra and Raiders seem so far from his own position.

ADAMA

Prepare to jump.

CUT TO BLACK:

END ACT 3

ACT 4

EXT. CELESTRA

Kara's Raptor launches on an intercept course for the Raiders. The Cylon's quickly bare down on the ship.

HELO

I don't care how great a pilot you are, this box can't move fast enough.

KARA

Didn't you hear me. This is my Raptor. Me and the Chief strapped on some new parts. It's gonna be cool, check this out.

As the Raiders launch their first spray of fire, several engines on the top and sides ignite, bringing the Raptor to a roll and flip. Kara fires on the enemy ships, destroying two. The third fires, clipping the Raptor.

HELO

That was cool, but not cool enough. What do we do?

KARA

I've got a few more moves left in  
this thing.

She shoves down a lever. Nothing happens. She pumps it,  
still nothing.

KARA  
Where the hell's my Simpton engage?

HELO  
Off line. All your primary steering.  
Secondary pulse line. Off line, all  
of it.

KARA  
Frak.

The Raider turns back, bearing down on them again. Kara  
sweats.

KARA  
Jump Helo! Now! Now!

They jump. The Raider doubles back toward the Celestra.

CUT TO:

INT. CELESTRA - LAB

Pinkus and Archen impatiently wait to be released.

INT. CELESTRA HALLWAY JUST OUTSIDE THE LAB- CONTINUOUS

Baltar tries the door.

BALTAR  
The fraking door is locked. I  
suppose this is how it ends. Either  
killed by the Cylons or blown out an  
airlock. And you know what? I think  
I'm OK with it. Because living with  
you, I suppose it was exciting at one  
time, but you know what, it's more  
work than it's worth. I'm tired.

NUMBER SIX  
Gaius, it's been a long road for us.  
Trust me, nobody's going to hurt you.

BALTAR  
I've got no guarantee of that. I  
thought I might be protected, but  
those toasters have tried more than  
once to kill me like everyone else.

NUMBER SIX

You know I don't like that term  
toaster.

BALTAR

Shut up! Shut the hell up! Do you  
know how neurotic you make me? You  
Frakking toaster – hallucination.

NUMBER SIX

We've been through that baby, we know  
you're not crazy.

BALTAR

Just because I know you're not a  
figment of my imagination doesn't mean  
it still doesn't make a man lose his  
sanity to constantly be speaking with  
a vision. I can't take you anymore.  
I want you out, gone.

NUMBER SIX

And the baby?  
(beat)

DAPHNE

Who the hell are you talking to?

BALTAR

Nobody. I'm drunk, sorry.

DAPHNE

You're screwed up. Are they in here?

Daphne casually pulls out a key and unlocks the lab. Pinkus  
and Archen sit bound at the end of the room. Baltar closes  
the door behind him.

BALTAR

Wait Daphne. This is a matter of  
national security.

She unties Pinkus.

BALTAR

I'm serious. Stop.

DAPHNE

You're serious?

She moves to Archen. Baltar pulls out a gun.

BALTAR

Damn it, yes, I'm very serious. I  
need to talk to these men.

NUMBER SIX

There you go. I'm so glad you've started carrying that.

DAPHNE

At gunpoint? What the hell's the matter with you?

PINKUS

He's a toaster.

DAPHNE

Really Gaius, what's going on?

PINKUS

I'll tell you what's going on. I was in the room when this man set in motion plans to kill the human race. And now, he's going to kill me.

BALTAR

That's nonsense Pinkus. I did nothing of the sort.

PINKUS

You can look me in the eye and tell me you don't remember handing that blonde woman protocol 563.

Baltar remembers.

INT. LAB ON CAPRICA

Six walks away from Baltar. Baltar and Pinkus bump into each other.

BALTAR

Sorry.

At first glance, Pinkus is impressed to meet the celebrated Baltar.

PINKUS

Doctor Baltar. I don't think we've met.

BALTAR

No, we haven't.

Baltar begins to walk off. Six stops and watches the exchange from a distance.

PINKUS

Doctor, who was that lady? I don't think she was wearing clearance.

BALTAR

I'm sorry, who are you? Where's your clearance?

Pinkus points to his badge.

PINKUS

Robert Pinkus, Division of Alternative Defenses. Appointed by President Adar to tighten the reigns here.

BALTAR

I'm sure there are plenty of reigns down in applications that need tightening. Nice to have you on board.

Again, he sets to walk off. Six approaches the men.

PINKUS

I've been sent specifically to this floor. There are, concerns.

NUMBER SIX

Concerns?

PINKUS

Why- Yes. Hello, I don't think we've met.

NUMBER SIX

Hi. I'm with the Gorous Institute. We've been doing some interesting work with Cybertechnologies.

Pinkus is visibly charmed by her devastating beauty despite himself.

PINKUS

Yes, well, my work in the Alternatives section has focused more on perfecting analog solutions to traditionally digital defense applications.

NUMBER SIX

Yes, I've read about the Fessendorf transmittion tests. Fascinating, really. You know, we should all get together soon. For dinner maybe? What are you doing tomorrow night?

PINKUS

I'm not sure.

NUMBER SIX

Let's all go. Tomorrow, we'll meet downstairs at Six, Yes?

PINKUS

Yes. Sure. I-

Pinkus sees a folder with the numbers '563' under Six's arm. Six grabs Baltar.

NUMBER SIX

You've got to work those Einhop equations for me.

(to Pinkus)

I've got to present in a half hour. Doctor Pinkus, great to meet you. We'll see you tomorrow.

She walks off, shaking her ass with Baltar in tow.

BALTAR

What the hell was that? It was pretty good, but, I don't really want to have dinner with that specious prick.

NUMBER SIX

Specious and obtuse. You're so much better than all those men.

BALTAR

I'm just more arrogant.

NUMBER SIX

That's actually quite charming. Don't worry about dinner tomorrow, it's taken care of.

INT. CELESTRA - LAB - PRESENT

PINKUS

I filed my report that night. I knew what was in that folder and contacted central command, and by the middle of that day, everything was on fire. My message and all my colleagues were lost in the flames.

BALTAR

Bureaucracy! Beautiful. You're trying to blame me and it was your obese bureaucracy filled with flat thinkers who are to blame; who were too stupid to read the signs.

NUMBER SIX

That's right Gaius. Even the  
brightest among them are really so  
simple. You're nothing like them.

DAPHNE

Gaius, what the hell are you doing?  
If these guys are setting you up,  
I'll help you, just stop pointing  
that at me.

NUMBER SIX

Oh brother. I'd shoot her first and  
make a point.

Daphne begins to put her arms down and creeps toward Baltar.

NUMBER SIX

You like this one. You think she's  
got heart. But you know as well as I  
do, the heart is a human myth. Just  
like everything else they hold dear.

BALTAR

Shut up! You obnoxious-

He turns and fires his gun at Six. Daphne jumps back.  
Baltar is focused on Six.

BALTAR

Stay there, just stay there for a  
moment.

NUMBER SIX

You did not just try to kill me  
Gaius. I will break your goddamned  
neck.

Six is oblivious to the blood oozing out of her. A wide-  
eyed Gaius watches.

CUT TO:

EXT. CELESTRA

The Raider zooms toward the Celestra. Just prior to impact,  
it sheds it's wings, the front end smooths and sharpens.  
The Cylon bullet violently pierces the Celestra's hull.

CUT TO:

INT. CELESTRA - LAB - CONTINUOUS

BALTAR

What was that?

NUMBER SIX

Backup for you, you ungrateful son of a bitch.

BALTAR

No?

NUMBER SIX

Yes.

INT. CELESTRA — POINT OF IMPACT

The Bullet-Raider ship bursts open. Two Centurions emerge.

INT. COLONIAL ONE- PRESS ROOM

A handful of reporters berate Billy with questions.

REPORTER

Is it true the Galactica left Celestra behind?

REPORTER 2

What does that say to the rest of the fleet, that they too might be left behind for any minor attack?

BILLY

First, there's no such thing as a 'minor' attack. Further, this situation is unfolding, right now and it would be dangerous and incorrect to give you any answers until we ourselves have answers. As soon as we know exactly why the Celestra did not jump with the fleet, we will let you know. In the meantime, I assure you that our military, in consultation with the President is doing what they need in order to have the Celestra rejoin us.

Billy walks off.

REPORTER 1

So you are confirming then, that the Galactica did abandon the Celestra.

REPORTER 2

What exactly is the military doing right now?

REPORTER 3

Does Rosalin's relationship with the Admiral cloud her objectivity in a

situation like this?

CUT TO:

EXT. CELESTRA

Smoke billows from between the ship and the Bullet-Raider.  
A lone Viper charges toward the Celestra.

INT. VIPER

Lee spots the Raider.

LEE

Damn it.

He targets.

LEE

Damn it!

He fires. The Raider explodes, leaving an even wider gap in  
the Celesta's hull. The Viper swoops in for a landing.

INT. CELESTRA - LAB

The gun in Baltar's hands shakes.

NUMBER SIX

You've got to kill them Gaius. Don't  
worry about me, take care of  
yourself. Kill them.

PINKUS

He's receiving transmissions, plugged  
into the Cylon network.

BALTAR

Shut the hell up you old frak!

He aims the gun squarely at Pinkus.

DAPHNE

Gaius. I never thought...

BALTAR

We had fun for a short bit there,  
huh? Could've been friends even  
maybe. I've unfortunately got to-  
I'm sorry.

Baltar turns to Daphne for a second. His grip on the  
trigger slackens. He turns back to Six, sad and angry at  
once.

Baltar fixes his aim back on Pinkus. As Baltar fires the

weapon, Centurions burst through the door. Baltar's aim is thrown off as he stumbles forward.

The Centurions fix their guns on everyone, including Baltar.

A long moment follows.

Baltar takes a step toward the android Centurions, then another, and another. He turns, side by side with the Cylons, facing Daphne, Archen and Pinkus.

The Centurions fire. One of the robots turns and hears something in the hallway. The android grabs Baltar, and throws him toward the three limp bodies. The robots open fire on Baltar, just before their heads explode.

Lee stands in the hallway with a smoking rifle.

Baltar bleeds. Through his fuzzy vision, he sees Lee, then Six. She gracefully makes her way between the smoking robot husks. She kneels beside her lover and touches his face.

NUMBER SIX

Gaius, I love you so much. I'm OK.  
We're Ok.

FADE TO BLACK

END ACT 4

EPILOGUE

INT. GALACTICA — LATER

Cally works under a Viper. She shrinks as the Chief walks in.

TYROL

Cally, can you pull away for a second?

CALLY

Yes Chief, what can I help you with?

TYROL

C'mere.

They walk toward a less populated corner of the repair bay.

TYROL

Listen, I'm sorry I yelled at you.  
That was mean and.

CALLY

Look Chief, I'm the one who's sorry.  
I was reeeaaally drunk. I was being  
stupid, and I'm, I, you don't have to  
worry about me doing anything like  
that anymore. I think I said  
something really mean to you.

TYROL

Yeah, you did. You get pretty freaky  
when you drink. Who knew? Hey, it's  
fine. Don't worry, I won't talk about  
it. We'll just act like it didn't  
happen.

CALLY

Yeah, that'd be best. Thanks Chief.

TYROL

It's fine. We're fine, ok.

CALLY

Ok.

INT. GALACTICA - BUNKS

HELO

If we had stayed on that ship, we  
would've faced those Cylons. Might  
have been able to protect those  
people.

KARA

We did the right thing.

Lee pops in.

KARA

Captain!

LEE

Heard you guys tried to take on three  
Raiders in a souped up Raptor and the  
Vice-President almost got killed  
under your protective watch. Way to  
botch it up.

KARA

Botch my ass. We did the best we  
could with the intel we had.

LEE

Yeah, probably. I'm sorry. I'm glad  
you guys are fine.

KARA

Besides, there was one part of my mission that was accomplished successfully.

HELO

No.

LEE

What?

Kara pulls out a bag with a joint in it.

KARA

What'dya say boys? Let's blaze it up.

Helo suppresses a grin and looks to Lee. The Captain reciprocates with a smile.

LEE

I'd love to hang with you baboons, but I've got to be somewhere.

Lee exits.

HELO

More for us.

Kara sparks her lighter.

KARA

Fire in the hole.

CUT TO:

INT. CLOUD NINE - LATER

Happy couples walk through the courtyard. The bartender from earlier rushes to pour drinks for patrons.

In a small, cozy cabin, Dualla brushes her hair. She looks up.

DUALLA

I'm glad you made it. I wasn't sure you were interested any more.

Lee moves toward her.

LEE

I'm sorry, a lot of little things to check up on. I've got to be back on deck to the Pegasus in four hours.

DUALLA

Then I suggest you don't waste any

time, Captain.

She jumps his bones.

CUT TO:

INT. GALACTICA — SICK BAY

Baltar hears a woman's voice, it sounds like Six.

VOICE

Gaius. Are you there? Gaius.

He stumbles out of his cot and around the white curtain.

BALTAR

You're ok?

DAPHNE

Yeah. Three hits. Nothing fatal.  
Pretty good huh?

BALTAR

Yes. Congratulations I suppose.

DAPHNE

They're pretty bad shots, those  
Centurions. I mean, I was, what? Ten  
feet away. You were even closer.

Baltar looks around.

BALTAR

I was, yes. It's curious how their  
aim was off at such close range.

DAPHNE

(smiles)  
It is.

CUT TO:

INT. CELESTRA — "THE RATHSKELLER" — LATER

Emile hangs a white sheet. He cues his projectionist.

EMILE

We're ready.

The movie begins. A caricature of a nefarious Gaius Baltar stands on a stage. He is joined by a couple of Centurions, then more. The crowd of robots grows to the size of a small army. The caricature Baltar raises his hands, covered in blood. His face melts away, revealing an android.