

JUDGEMENT DAY

by

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ACT 1

INT. TRANSPORT SHIP

TOM ZAREK, in a dress suit, rubs shoulders with several big MERCENARIES in a cramped metal room. The mercenaries stare dully out the single window into space. One of them snores.

ZAREK

The world we live in is such that
people give up hope voluntarily.
People, the people, no longer dream.

The SLEEPING MERCENARY wakes and stares at nothing in particular.

ZAREK (CONT'D)

Dreams must be foist onto them
involuntarily. Rights must be
preserved by idealists, and
principles enforced by those of us
who fear death less than the death
of hope. That is the task we have
been chosen for.

Zarek looks to the thugs for encouragement, but they stare dumbly. One of them cracks their knuckles.

ZAREK (CONT'D)

All of you have been chosen to be
enforcers of our hope.

INT. OFFICE -- COLONIAL ONE

PRESIDENT ROSLIN sits at her cluttered desk with a phone between her shoulder and ear. BILLY sits down across from her. He hands her paperwork.

BILLY

Captain Ferdinand of the Garland
reports a five percent deficit in
(MORE)

BILLY (CONT'D)

his agricultural output this month.

ROSLIN

Oh, yes, he would. He threatened that might happen if we taxed him for his surplus. No, that food is going where all the other missing goods are going. Keep an eye on decreased demand in the fleet and if Ferdinand's "deficit" drops any more, get someone over to the black market on Prometheus and buy it back.

Billy nods. Roslin's phone crackles to life.

PHONE VOICE

Madame President?

Roslin gets up and turns her head away.

ROSLIN

Yes?

PHONE VOICE

I'm sorry, but the priestess is not available for consultation today.

ROSLIN

I was told she would call back. It's been—

PHONE VOICE

She will return your call when she sees fit. Goodbye.

Click. She puts down the phone and sighs. Billy shrugs.

BILLY

Well, I have faith in you.

She gives him a rare smile.

INT. PILOT BRIEFING ROOM -- GALACTICA

CPT. STARBUCK sits in one of the room's amphitheater seats and watches KAT and LT. GAETA plot lines on a star chart to a spot marked "Earth?" on a tablet at the end of the room. She drinks deeply from a bottle and fingers the ARROW OF APOLLO, but never takes her eyes off the map.

GAETA

That's impossible right now. New systems are weeks away at best.

KAT

Then we'll need more fuel.

She points at a spot on the map.

KAT (CONT'D)

Feel like spending your breaks asteroid hopping?

GAETA

If we go we'll be there twice as long if we have to refuel patrol vipers in an asteroid field.

KAT

I don't think we have a choice. What do you think, Starbuck?

Starbuck watches them. Kat is no longer Kat, but ANDERS.

ANDERS

If you're so smart, why don't you get us out of this one?

STARBUCK

Frack you.

GAETA

Lieutenant...

Gaeta is no longer Gaeta, but CPT. LEE ADAMA.

LEE
Lieutenant...

STARBUCK
Frack both of you.

Kat and Gaeta look at each other. Starbuck gets up to leave.

STARBUCK (CONT'D)
I said I'm coming back, no matter
what you think.
(shrieking)
I thought you trusted me!

Kat and Gaeta stare helplessly at her as she stumbles over the amphitheater chairs to the door and into COLONEL TIGH, who's just walked in. She stumbles back. Tigh is no longer Tigh, but SIMON, the cylon who tortured her on Caprica.

SIMON
Well, well, well. Why am I not
surprised to see your drunk ass
stumbling around?

He snatches Starbuck's bottle.

STARBUCK
Frack you all.

She knocks him aside and escapes. Tigh stares after her, approaches Gaeta and Kat and firmly sets the bottle between them.

TIGH
What's her problem?

INT. BLACK MARKET -- PROMETHEUS

Zarek stands among the crowded stalls of the black market and pays his mercenaries coins from a bag. His DEALER, a short slimy man, interrupts him from behind. They shake hands and Zarek holds the bag aloft.

ZAREK

Now, where are my shipments?

DEALER

There's going to be delays. There've been some official inquiries.

ZAREK

If the military..

DEALER

Don't worry. Someone's been smuggling food, is all.

ZAREK

Is that all? A food inspection? I suppose it's idealistic to expect competence. Remember you agreed to ship it before the next jump, or..

Zarek puts the bag away. The Dealer smirks.

DEALER

Let's just say we won't be the only ones experiencing delays this jump cycle.

Zarek doesn't like the sound of that.

INT. CIC -- GALACTICA

Gaeta and Tigh enter and head to their posts. ADM. BILL ADAMA turns from frowning over a resource distribution chart to greet them.

ADAMA

Report.

TIGH

Finally, new jump coordinates from the map crew.

ADAMA
(to Gaeta)
Good work. Distribute the
coordinates to the fleet.

GAETA
Yes sir.

INT. TRANSPORT SHIP

Zarek sits in the cramped room with his mercenaries, exactly
as before.

ZAREK
It is a sad world we live in when
people can't get a simple job done,
when the people whose rights we
would die for are so incompetent
that they sabotage their own dreams
without even being aware of it.
Cretins.

He stands up.

ZAREK
(to mercenaries)
Cretins.

They stare at him, uncomprehending.

ZAREK
Just once I would like to see the
Gods punish those truly responsible
for the sorry state of humanity and
leave the just alone.

INT. OFFICE -- COLONIAL ONE

Roslin watches the phone. Billy enters from the direction of
the cockpit. The phone rings.

BILLY
Madame President, the pilots report
a minor problem with the FTL
(MORE)

BILLY (CONT'D)
computer, we shouldn't-

ROSLIN
Shh. It's her.

She picks up the phone and clears her throat.

ROSLIN
This is the President.

DEEP VOICE
(whispers)
False prophet!

The line goes dead. Roslin stares shocked at Billy.

INT. CIC -- GALACTICA

GAETA
Sir, some of the fleet is reporting
incorrect jump coordinates. It looks
like interference on the wireless.

TIGH
Cylons?

ADAMA
How much of the fleet is affected?

GAETA
At least a third.

ADAMA
Have Pegasus rebroadcast the correct
jump coordinates from her side of
the fleet. Find the problem before..

GAETA
Dradis contact!

Tigh looks up at the tactical display and growls.

TIGH
Cylons.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE -- FLEET PERIMETER

Six cylon raiders jump into space and turn as one toward the fleet.

INT. CIC -- GALACTICA

Alarms and crew have sprung into action.

ADAMA
Launch the alert fighters.

Gaeta picks up his phone.

DUALLA
Active pilots on alert: six cylons
raiders inbound, target and destroy.

EXT. SPACE -- OUTSIDE GALACTICA

Fighters launch from the bays and swerve steeply away from Galactica.

CUT TO:

INT. VIPER COCKPIT

Starbuck briefs the other pilots over the wireless.

STARBUCK
Alright, there's only six of the frakkers. They're a long way off but they're closing fast. The Admiral wants us to take them out before they can bring their friends: it's that simple. I know you've all done this before so let's have some fun and see how much fuel we can burn to
(MORE)

STARBUCK (CONT'D)
piss off the map crew.

Other pilots comm in affirmative.

KAT (WIRELESS)
You do your job, Starbuck, and we'll
do ours.

ADAMA (WIRELESS)
Come back safely, pilots.

STARBUCK
(to herself)
I promised.

EXT. SPACE -- FLEET PERIMETER

Vipers swoop into the flank of the oncoming raiders and the wing breaks up. Four raiders remain to dogfight with the vipers and the two others veer off.

INT. VIPER COCKPIT

STARBUCK
Who wants dibs on the smart ones?

KAT (WIRELESS)
Stop wasting time Starbuck and get
on them.

STARBUCK
Yeah, after a quick snack.

A raider veers dangerously up into Starbuck's view. She presses the trigger and it explodes in front of a stream of bullets. Blood from the raider spatters her windshield.

STARBUCK
Mmmm. Now it's time for dessert. I'm
on 'em.

EXT. SPACE -- DOGFIGHT

Starbuck's viper pulls out of the fight after the escaping

raiders. They swerve and angle out from under her guns. She manages to destroy one but the other evades her with a jagged turn.

Behind her there is another explosion.

KAT (WIRELESS)

Bam and bam. I'm one up on you,
Starbuck.

The last remaining raider closes on a ship on the outskirts of the fleet.

ZOOM IN and we see "Prometheus" in tall dark letters on the side of the ship.

ZOOM OUT: The raider weaves in and out of Starbuck's firing line.

STARBUCK

Come on!

INT. CIC -- GALACTICA

GAETA

The last raider is closing on the edge of the fleet, ten seconds to range.

ADAMA

Are the fleet's jump coordinates confirmed?

GAETA

No, sir. There's too much interference.

ADAMA

(into his handset)

Starbuck, that ship and its crew is in your hands. Can you destroy the raider?

INT. VIPER COCKPIT

STARBUCK
(to the raider)
Frack you!

VIPER POV

The raider strafes across Prometheus with its guns. The ship turns over like a beached whale and bursts apart at the seams.

Starbuck's viper chases it closely through flaming wreckage. Its guns graze the front of the raider, leaving a nasty scar on the face plate, but it's not enough: the raider swoops out of the wreckage, Starbuck close behind, and jumps away in a flash.

INT. VIPER COCKPIT

Starbuck stares, shocked, out at the space where the raider was.

STARBUCK
I missed.

INT. CIC -- GALACTICA

GAETA
The civilian ship Prometheus has
been destroyed.

The crew is stunned.

INT. TRANSPORT SHIP

Zarek glares out his window at the wreckage of the Prometheus.

ZAREK
Then, we are all responsible. I had
such plans. Was this my punishment?

In a flash three massive cylon baseships jump into space before him. He blinks and stumbles back from the window, as

if he had been pushed. A swarm of raiders - thousands - blur out of baseships.

INT. CIC -- GALACTICA

Alarms are raging again.

ADAMA

Get Pegasus and Galactica between them and the fleet. Mr. Gaeta, what's our status?

GAETA

The interference is... gone, sir. Correcting jump coordinates now.

The room shakes.

EXT. SPACE -- IN FRONT OF FLEET

Galactica and Pegasus, broad sides to the cylon fleet, take hits from baseship ordnance and barely repel the waves of raiders with a small ocean of ammunition.

CUT TO:

Ships in the fleet begin to jump away one at a time.

CUT TO:

Zarek's transport ship slides into the Astral Queen docking bay.

ZOOM OUT:

It jumps away.

CUT TO:

Vipers rush back into the Galactica and Pegasus fighter bays. The battlestars jump away. A torrent of raiders flood into the space where they were and on into

ZOOM IN:

The wreckage of the Prometheus, the torched name half-

emblazoned on a chunk of rubble.

ACT 2

INT. DEBRIEFING CHAMBER - GALACTICA

Gaeta reads from a podium in the center of a sparse room bordered on three sides by a table. Seated are Adama, Roslin, Tigh, and a sulking Starbuck. Every once in a while Adama glances at her apprehensively.

GAETA

Three-hundred and fifty two dead, the list of names is provided in front of you, along with a contingent of all the resources unaccounted for.

ROSLIN

My Gods.

GAETA

Which, as you can see, is disproportionately large for a civilian vessel of that class.

ROSLIN

What am I looking at here, are these percentages?

GAETA

Yes, Madame President. Percentages of gross product in the last three months, the deviation accounting for recent, uh, unrecorded transactions.

ADAMA

What about shortages?

GAETA

Accounting for the... reduced consumption requirements of the fleet, I would say that we can
(MORE)

GAETA (CONT'D)

foreeably prevent serious
malnourishment and disease, and
power failure as long as we find
more tilium in the next three weeks.

TIGH

We've been hard at work on that one
and already identified a source.
Well, not all of us, ain't that
right, Starbuck?

Starbuck is quiet.

ROSLIN

Then let us turn to the more
immediate issue. Can the cylons
prevent us from jumping again?

GAETA

We thought that may have been the
case at first, but the confusion
actually originated from somewhere
in the fleet – false coordinates
were being broadcast by a ship with
a Colonial transponder.

ROSLIN

Which ship?

Gaeta shakes his head.

GAETA

Prometheus. That's why we were able
to jump again when it was destroyed.
The signal was coming from somewhere
onboard.

ADAMA

The cylons knew exactly when to hit
us. It could have been a cylon
agent.

ROSLIN

Then why would the raider have destroyed Prometheus? I think it's more likely that the sabotage was a lucky gamble by one of the militant activist groups in the fleet.

ADAMA

The military should provide someone to investigate

ROSLIN

Did you have anyone in mind?

Starbuck seems to wake up.

STARBUCK

Give it to me.

TIGH

Are you joking? I think you'd better sit this one out, Lieutenant.

STARBUCK

I need this chance to make up for...

She stares at Adama. He looks away.

ADAMA

Lieutenant Gaeta, you will report to me with any findings you have on the subject immediately. I will provide any necessary authorizations. You are all dismissed.

GAETA

Yes sir.

Gaeta, and Tigh exit the room, Starbuck follows, crushed. Adama and Roslin remain.

ADAMA

It's not my fault, you know.

ROSLIN

It's both of our faults for ever having thought the black market was acceptable. A lot of our eggs were in that basket, Bill.

ADAMA

The cylons kill more of us every month.

ROSLIN

We are doing that just fine on our own. If those resources were properly distributed there would have been half as many people on board that ship, and we would have lost many, many fewer resources. We might have not lost anything – anyone if that ship hadn't been so far off the grid. We are to blame more than Starbuck is to blame. She believes she failed out there, but the failure was ours, and, take a look: who is more remorseful?

He looks at her like a guilty but stolid child.

INT. PILOT LOCKER ROOM -- GALACTICA

Starbuck storms in past Kat and other pilots, gets a flask from her locker, slams it, and moves to leave, but Kat gets in her way.

KAT

(is she sarcastic?)
Good try today, Starbuck.

STARBUCK

Don't tell me that.

KAT

Just saying, at least you tried.

STARBUCK

Who are you to tell me that?

KAT

Just another pilot trying not to
frack things up.

STARBUCK

Move out of the way.

KAT

You go get 'em, Starbuck.

Starbuck has to push her aside.

INT. PEGASUS COMMANDER'S OFFICE -- PEGASUS

At the Commander's table, a reflective surface that dominates half the room, Gaeta rifles through a series of records from a spilled box of documents. One catches his eye: an embossed sheet of paper titled, "Records Classification," signed at the bottom, "Jack Fisk."

Below it is a list, "Items for Erasure," with two items beginning with "Flight Itinerary 5701:" and "5702" followed by blackened-out vessel names.

Gaeta puts the papers down and reaches for a phone on the table, but it rings before he gets to it. He is only startled a moment before he answers it.

GAETA

Commander Garner's office. Garner is
away for the moment but—

PHONE VOICE

Lieutenant Gaeta, I have information
that will help you find the two
ships you are looking for, 5701 and
5702.

Gaeta looks around the room. Was he being watched?

INT. CIC -- GALACTICA

Gaeta talks with Adama and Tigh around the strategy table.

TIGH

A meeting? Sounds like a trap.

GAETA

Inventory confirms that there are two armed auxiliary craft missing from the Pegasus hangar. Whoever he was, he was telling the truth about that.

TIGH

That's just the carrot. Just you wait for the stick.

ADAMA

If someone out there has raptors filled with ordnance and machine parts, we need to know about it.

TIGH

What's to say this mysterious informant isn't our saboteur?

ADAMA

Nothing.

(beat)

I'm betting on it.

INT. AIRLOCK -- ASTRAL QUEEN

Zarek looks out a long window into space. One of his mercenaries approaches him from behind and clears his throat. Zarek ignores him.

ZAREK

I suppose sometimes reality has the final word.

He chuckles.

ZAREK

Or cylons. But in the end I blame myself. I wonder had not been so impatient if I would still have lost it all.

He points out at an empty patch of space.

ZAREK

But we are all useless.
(to the mercenary)
Literally useless. That is the reality of it.

MERCENARY

One of the shipments was just cleared to dock.

This gets Zarek's attention.

ZAREK

What?

MERCENARY

They're just towing it in now.

Zarek follows the man out.

INT. HANGAR BAY -- ASTRAL QUEEN

Zarek and THREE OF HIS MERCENARIES wait as the hatch door of a raptor labeled "Pegasus 5701" swings slowly open. Zarek's goons encircle the opening.

The door reveals Simon, from Starbuck's hallucination, standing leisurely in the hatchway. Grinning, he steps down from the raptor with his hands up.

Zarek has never met Simon before, but he can smell something is wrong.

ZAREK

Stay right where you are. Who are you? What are you doing with my goods?

SIMON

A thank you would have redeemed you
on the spot. But no, judgement is a
steady process. Let it begin. My
name is Simon, and I am a cylon.

Zarek swallows heavily.

ACT 3

INT. HANGAR BAY -- ASTRAL QUEEN

Zarek's mercenaries drag Simon the rest of the way down the
raptor gangway and push him into the ground. Zarek crouches
over him.

ZAREK

What do you want?

Simon pushes himself up on his hands and knees but they kick
him down again.

SIMON

I want what you want: to pass
judgement on humanity.

ZAREK

I want the rest of my shipment.
Where is it?

SIMON

Tom Zarek, don't disappoint me.

ZAREK

Is death disappointment to a
machine?

Simon laughs until Zarek's men kick him silent again. Blood
mats his clothes.

SIMON

Much more of that and one of my
upper ribs will break, puncturing my
lungs. Then this body will die
swallowing its own blood and my

(MORE)

SIMON (CONT'D)
consciousness will find another. You
will never see the rest of your
shipment. Are you that inhumane? I
know what's in that shipment, and
that Zarek the Judge is nothing
without it.

Zarek considers the man's words and then orders his men to
back away.

ZAREK
Do you have a price?

SIMON
Of course I have a price.

The cylon digs in his pocket and removes a blood-streaked bag
(but whose blood?) – the same bag Zarek had given the dealer
in the black market.

SIMON
Here is your original fee. Your new
one is far greater: prove to me that
you are a worthy human being.

ZAREK
What?

SIMON
Are you worthy of what you have
reached for?

Zarek takes the bag.

ZAREK
How do I know you'll keep your word?

SIMON
Wrong question. You should have
asked how to begin your case. Begin
by telling me about your hopes and
dreams, Mr. Zarek.

Zarek weighs the bag in his hand as if he were measuring it

against something else. He shrugs and puts the bag in his pocket.

ZAREK

(to his mercenaries)

Take him to one of the cells. Make sure he is humanely provided for.

Two mercenaries drag him out of the hangar bay, Simon whispering in their arms as if in prayer. Zarek turns to the remaining mercenary.

ZAREK

He's got to have hidden the goods somewhere. Get everyone you can and search the fleet for another one of these.

He points to the towers raptor and its nameplate.

Zarek follows his prisoner.

INT. PILOT BRIEFING ROOM -- GALACTICA

Adama stands at the podium where he describes his plan to Starbuck, Kat, and assembled marines in the amphitheater. Gaeta hovers.

ADAMA

Mr. Gaeta was able to track the informant's location at the time of the phone call. The informant claims to have information about the two stolen ships. I have a hunch that information has something to do with the sabotage on board Prometheus. We know Fisk was deeply involved in the black market, and his signature on these erasure papers --

He produces the documents.

ADAMA

-- means that Fisk may have been trading military equipment from Pegasus for personal gain. We haven't found any more evidence toward this end, but I'm not going to take any chances in case some of this equipment - weapons possibly -- has made it to terrorist groups in the fleet. We want to capture the informant at the location of his call and return him here for questioning, avoiding a possible ambush. Mr Gaeta.

Adama steps down from the podium and Gaeta takes his place.

GAETA

As far as we can tell, the signal originated from the hangar bay on one of the civilian trade vessels. It was easy to track because it was broadcasting on a military wavelength and at high frequency, meaning probably from one of the stolen raptors, or part of one at least. The Pegasus quartermaster records show that the raptor was one of two loaded with high explosives, vacuum ordnance, mortars, small arms, and durable machine parts, enough firepower to supply a small army, so be careful not to ignite any of the materials if you have to use your weapons.

Gaeta and Adama switch places again.

ADAMA

We're hoping that will not be necessary, that the informant will be non-hostile, but hoping can only get you so far. I'm putting Captain
(MORE)

ADAMA (CONT'D)

Starbuck in charge of five marines
for this mission. Starbuck's
discretion.

KAT

Sir?

ADAMA

Lieutenant Katraine.

KAT

With respect, I don't think Starbuck
is in the right mental condition for
this mission. I've served alongside
her in the cockpit and the map crew
and I would feel uncomfortable
putting my life in her hands at this
time. She's unpredictable and
distracted.

Starbucks grinds her teeth and stares straight ahead. Adama
looks at her steadily, eventually ignores the statement.

ADAMA

Thank you, that will be all.

They file out.

EXT. SPACE -- GALACTICA

Several raptors exit Galactica.

INT. HANGAR BAY -- CIVILIAN SHIP

The small hangar is empty save for one run-down raptor.
Starbuck, trailed by marines, scopes the hangar. They
surround the raptor in efficient formation.

INT. RAPTOR -- CIVILIAN SHIP

Black. With a hiss a door opens and light, accompanied by
marines, slips through. A man, bound, gagged, and
unconscious becomes visible on the floor. It is the dealer
from the Prometheus.

Starbuck glances at him only briefly; the rest of the room is far more interesting to her: widening light from the door reveals empty boxes marked as munitions, piles of bullet casings, stripped wires, circuit boards. The whole ship has been cannibalized for parts, even the pilots' chairs. The consoles have been ripped away.

STARBUCK

Frack me.

She approaches the only intact piece of machinery: a phone dangling from its set in one of the consoles. A scrap of paper with something scrawled on it has been taped to the console.

It reads, "I expected you." She motions and two marines untie then gather up the Dealer.

ACT 4

INT. SICKBAY -- GALACTICA

DOCTOR COTTLE sticks a syringe full of something into the Dealer, who lies unconscious and bruised in one of the beds. Standing above him are Adama, Roslin, and Starbuck.

COTTLE

He's gone too long without oxygen to live for more than another couple of hours with artificial respiration. This will get him talking for most of that before his paralysis spreads to his head and brain. I don't know what you guys think this guy did but his lungs say he's been unconscious since the accident, maybe before.

ADAMA

(puzzled)

Then he's not our saboteur.

The dealer mumbles to himself, opens his eyes.

ROSLIN

Can you tell us who you are?

The dealer is even now suspicious.

DEALER

Who wants to know?

As he becomes more lucid he recognizes the Admiral and the President.

DEALER

Oh Gods. I don't care what you want.
My head. What happened?

ROSLIN

Someone did this to you. Do you
remember who?

ADAMA

You need to tell us what happened.
Does it have anything to do with the
Prometheus?

When the Dealer hears the word "Prometheus" he starts.

DEALER

What about it? Was there a raid? You
know I'm not involved in what goes
on there. I have an honest job
there.

Roslin and Adama look at each other. The dealer doesn't know that it was destroyed. Adama sighs and turns away.

ROSLIN

What was your job?

DEALER

Communications relay. Maintenance.

Adama's attention snaps back.

ADAMA

What sort of communications?

The Dealer seems to think he's said too much and pretends to fall back asleep.

STARBUCK

We don't have time for this. Listen,
if you tell us what you know, and
who you know, you get a full pardon.

Roslin can see where this is going and doesn't like it.

STARBUCK

You can go back to your job on the
Prometheus with immunity. Admiral
Adama will sign the papers himself.
Right, Admiral?

Adama looks at her as if he's never seen her before. After a moment he nods.

ADAMA

Immunity.

STARBUCK

We're not after you. We're after
someone you know. But if you don't
tell us you're going to suffer for
what they did, because someone's
going into a cell one way or
another.

This is enough for the dealer.

DEALER

The man you're after is Tom Zarek.
He negotiated a deal with some
business partners of mine, through
me, for a couple of armed ex-
military ships. Something about
self-defense. Protecting the
individual from the state. I dunno.
I didn't really listen but he talked

(MORE)

DEALER (CONT'D)

about it a lot. Seemed like he was
out to prove something.

ROSLIN

Zarek. Why am I not surprised?

ADAMA

Who are your business partners?

The Dealer shakes his head.

DEALER

You don't want to know. I don't want
to remember.

The Dealer coughs, closes his eyes, and shifts back into
sleep.

COTTLE

I hope you've extorted everything
you need from my patient. He won't
be doing much remembering from now
on.

ROSLIN

Thank you, Doctor.

ADAMA

We can't afford to have a criminal
militia lead by Tom Zarek at large
in the fleet.

ROSLIN

You don't have to convince me.
(to Starbuck)
Even if I am appalled by your
methods.

ADAMA

Kara, I have another mission for
you. It might bring back some old
memories. You've led a raid on the
Astral Queen once before, so there's

(MORE)

ADAMA (CONT'D)
no question you're the right one for
the job, this time.

Starbuck grins.

STARBUCK
I'm your girl. And Admiral, this
time I won't miss.

ADAMA
That's my girl.

INT. CELL BLOCK -- ASTRAL QUEEN

Two of Zarek's men escort Simon down a pathway lined on either side by open cells with spare bunks. Zarek follows and directs them into one of the rooms. Simon stretches out on the lower bunk and props his head against the bars. He watches Zarek through the bars like a cat as the men close and lock the cell.

ZAREK
I hope you understand about all
this...

Zarek gestures at the cell.

SIMON
Of course. Suspicion is a natural
human trait. It emerges from your
fear of foreign ideas and
influences. I am a cylon, and you
are afraid that we are better than
you. More developed, more advanced,
more competent. Closer to your
ideal. You created us -- what else
did you expect? Your suspicion of me
is rational, because you are flawed.
Your people have lost their way, and
now you run from those created in
your own idealized image.

ZAREK

You want to kill us all.

Simon surges up and slams the bars in front of Zarek's face. They almost touch, but Zarek does not flinch.

SIMON

Do you think that is what we want?
Perhaps that is only the side-effect
of your own culpability.

ZAREK

My dedication to the human race is
unswerving.

SIMON

Ah, but to which of its purposes?
Sometimes I wonder if death is one
of your species's many confused
goals, and if it is not utter
destruction you really wish for.

ZAREK

I fight for the right to live free
of the tyranny that you and figures
like Adama would take from us if we
did not fight it.

Simon looks slyly past Zarek at his guards.

SIMON

Ah, freedom. Now that is not an
answer.

(beat)

Your suspicion is more than just
fear of your betters, but also fear
of yourself. Suspicion itself
implies doubt in your own perceptive
abilities and doubt in your own
capabilities to adapt.

ZAREK

I only doubt the people's
willingness to enforce their own
intrinsic rights.

SIMON

Yours is a doubtful world, Zarek.
You doubt humanity's humanity.

ZAREK

Just as you doubt mine.

SIMON

Well, yes. What gives you the right
to enforce the rights of humanity
when you have so little faith in
those you claim to represent and
somehow protect? Your flaw, what
separates you from me, is that you
cause the corruption you pretend to
loathe so you have something to
fight against. A world without
incompetence and injustice is a
world without Tom Zarek.

Zarek backs away from the cell as if his legs were trying to
run away, but his aspect does not change.

SIMON

A cylon world. Let me tell you: us
cylons, we live together without
violence or scarcity or tyranny. Our
cities are the utopias that humans
dreamed of long before they created
us to build them. And we did. They
are beautiful, Zarek. As perfectly
architected as our society. As free
of flaws. As free of death. The
destruction of the twelve human
colonies was only the extension of
this principle.

The mercenary Zarek sent to search the fleet approaches from
the avenue and pulls Zarek aside. They whisper to one

another. Zarek's attitude changes completely from stifled terror to business. Was he pretending?

ZAREK

Well? Did you find it?

MERCENARY

Yeah, but we can't get close enough.
The military are all over it.

Zarek glances sidelong at Simon.

ZAREK

I guess that means the game's over.
I want you to get some people to
hide the goods on the shipment.
We're going to have guests.

MERCENARY

Yes, boss.

ZAREK

You stay here. If the cylon tries to
leave, shoot it.

The mercenary talks into a wireless handset as Zarek returns to the bars of Simon's cell. Simon checks his watch.

ZAREK

Sorry to keep you waiting.

SIMON

Think nothing of it. In fact, I've
had time to make my judgement. I
will tell you where the second
shipment is.

ZAREK

Does that mean I'm "worthy?"

SIMON

No... It means you're a worthy human
being. Your ship is on the hangar
deck of a civilian vessel called the

(MORE)

SIMON (CONT'D)
Chariot of Plutus.

Zarek looks over his shoulder at the mercenary, who nods.

SIMON
Ah, I see you were too suspicious to trust me. My judgement could not have been more correct about you. So now that you need nothing more from me, will you have me, your oppressor, killed, in order to satisfy the oppressor that you've created in yourself?

Zarek doesn't seem to be listening. He opens the cell door and stands beside it. Another one of his men runs down the pathway.

SECOND MERCENARY
We've been boarded!

Zarek nods as if he was expecting to hear it.

ZAREK
Maybe someone else will do that for me. I wonder who they're after — me or you. You're welcome to leave now if you would like to avoid the answer to that question, in fact I seriously encourage it for both our sakes.

(to Second Mercenary)
Come on, we have guests.
(to Mercenary,
significantly)
You stay.

The Mercenary and Zarek share a glance before he and the Second Mercenary exit. Alone now, the Mercenary stares intensely at him and fingers his sidearm.

MERCENARY

Go on, run.

Simon laconically checks his watch again.

INT. RAPTOR COCKPIT -- ASTRAL QUEEN

Several MERCENARIES rush up the raptor walkway and begin to carry crates out of the ship. They grunt under the weight and in their haste.

CUT TO:

INT. STORAGE CONTAINER -- ASTRAL QUEEN

It is pitch black. Still audible are the sounds of grunting and, much louder and closer, the sound of metal clanking together.

A dull red light snaps on and begins to glide back and forth in the darkness. Somewhere there is the sound of splintering wood, a surprised shout, and then with a burst it is no longer pitch black, but the

INT. HANGAR BAY -- ASTRAL QUEEN

Splinters of wood fly everywhere as cylon centurions burst from containers marked "machine parts" and clobber the mercenaries that were carrying them. They march out of the raptor and down into the hangar bay past the new corpses, their guns sliding out: Clomp, clomp, clomp.

ACT 5

INT. CONTROL ROOM -- ASTRAL QUEEN

Zarek and seven armed MERCENARIES enter and freeze. In the middle Starbuck lounges in a chair with a big grin on her face and a rifle pointed at Zarek's head. A small group of MARINES, four or five, seal them off from behind.

STARBUCK

It's been too long since the last
time I pointed a gun at your head.

ZAREK

It hasn't been that long.

Zarek motions his mercenaries to lower their weapons.

STARBUCK

Go on, run.

ZAREK

Do you want to shoot me?

STARBUCK

Well, technically, I just want to
search your ship. Do you know why?

ZAREK

Because I have a cylon on board?

Starbuck loses her grin.

STARBUCK

What?

ZAREK

I have a cylon. The same cylon who
destroyed the Prometheus and,
believe me, a lot of my assets. We
captured it for you.

He gestures to his mercenaries.

ZAREK

We protect the fleet where the
military cannot. You need us.

STARBUCK

Where is the cylon?

ZAREK

We have it imprisoned. This is a
prison ship, don't you remember?

The sound of gunfire echoes from the hallway. The marines
get tense.

ZAREK

Or perhaps I should say we have its
corpse imprisoned. You see, we're
both on the same side.

Starbuck gets up from the chair, her rifle still pointed.

STARBUCK

Show me.

She pushes Zarek and his mercenaries ahead of her out of the
room. The marines follow.

INT. CELL BLOCK -- ASTRAL QUEEN

The group come on Simon's cell. The mercenary and the two
guards lie, crumpled and bloodied, in a heap before the open
cell. Zarek stares, stunned.

STARBUCK

Frack.

Starbuck pulls a handset from the gear on her belt.

STARBUCK

(into the handset)

Galactica, this is Starbuck, we have
a prob-

Suddenly, four of the mercenaries are cut down in a rain of
bullets.

The rest of the group dive for cover in the cells as two more
casualties fall, one marine and one mercenary, screaming.

Bullets ricochet off the bars. At the end of the block,
cyron centurions can be seen lurching down the pathway.

Starbuck regains her wits faster than the rest of them.

STARBUCK

Alright, marines, trouble's straight ahead. Pull out to six one cell at a time, groups of two, alternate groups covering. Go!

The marines fall back steadily under fire.

Zarek and the last two mercenaries make an erratic break down the pathway. The two mercenaries are shot down on top of Zarek, who struggles free and finally escapes, leaving the marines behind.

INT. HANGAR BAY -- ASTRAL QUEEN

A frantic Zarek dashes into the bay. From nowhere Simon appears and knocks him over. Zarek struggles as Simon holds him down and punches him repeatedly, crying:

SIMON

Today is judgement day.

Simon stands up with Zarek's gun and points it at him.

SIMON

So make your judgement. Is humanity worth saving?

ZAREK

(spluttering)

Yes, yes, yes.

SIMON

Wrong answer.

Just before Simon can pull the trigger, Starbuck stalks into the room. Their eyes meet and widen in recognition.

FLASHBACK TO:

Simon with stethoscope and medical coat standing over Starbuck in the Farm.

Starbuck shooting Simon against a wall later that episode.

FLASHBACK ENDS

Simon's arm swivels up to shoot Starbuck, but Starbuck is faster. They miss each other; Starbuck takes cover and Simon slips away.

STARBUCK
I missed.

She moves to chase him but Zarek grabs her from the floor.

ZAREK
No. You've got to fly me - us - out
of here.

The remaining two marines back quickly into the room and take position behind some shattered crates. Starbuck blinks at him and shakes her head.

FLASHBACK TO:

Starbuck promising Anders that she would return to rescue him from Caprica.

FLASHBACK ENDS

STARBUCK
Let's move.

Starbuck drags Zarek up the gangway of the Pegasus raptor.

EXT. SPACE -- ABOVE ASTRAL QUEEN

The escaping raptor streaks out of Astral Queen's hangar.

ZOOM OUT:

Astral Queen's engines surge and ship turns heavily away from the fleet.

INT. CIC -- GALACTICA

Adama is clenched over his handset. He eyes the display

overhead where two green blips, one marked "ASTRALQ" slowly separate.

ADAMA

Starbuck, come in. Starbuck.

Behind him, Gaeta grimaces over his console.

GAETA

The Astral Queen is still jamming
us.

TIGH

Two times in one day.

ADAMA

Starbuck, can you hear me?

TIGH

I'd be more worried about whatever
that is.

Tigh points to the blip moving away from ASTRALQ.

TIGH (CONT'D)

Or what about that signal? What do
you want to bet it's meant for the
cylons? I always knew that grubby
son of a bitch was a cylon.

ADAMA

Saul..

GAETA

Astral Queen's spooling up for jump.

TIGH

We've got to take them out.

ADAMA

We're too far away.

TIGH

Pegasus?

Adama's hand goes to his head. His handset crackles to life.

STARBUCK (WIRELESS)

Admi--l --ama c-m- i-

ADAMA

Starbuck, where are you?

STARBUCK

I'm comi-g --ck, just like I
promis--. ---- yeah! W--ve -ot a
pro-lem here.

GAETA

The signal's coming from the
incoming raptor, getting clearer as
it approaches.

ADAMA

Starbuck, the Astral Queen is
broadcasting a signal into space and
jamming communications in the fleet
with Pegasus command codes. We're
too far away to block the
transmission ourselves or to destroy
the ship. What's your status?

STARBUCK (WIRELESS)

One cylon model has control of the
vessel with maybe six centurions. I
don't know what they've done with
the crew.

ADAMA

(to Gaeta)

How many?

GAETA

About two hundred, sir.

ADAMA

(to himself)

It has all happened before, and it
will all happen again.

(to Starbuck)

That ship and its crew is in your
hands, Starbuck.

INT. RAPTOR COCKPIT

Starbuck, at the helm, swings the ship around and the Astral Queen slides back into view, its engines glowing a hot blue. Zarek watches from her shoulder, his face pale.

STARBUCK

Well, I'm sitting on twenty tons of
Pegasus ordnance. I might be able to
knock out their comms.

ADAMA (WIRELESS)

It's up to you, Starbuck.

Starbuck swallows, nervous.

She flicks a switch and a diagram of the approaching Astral Queen flips onto the computer in front of her. She glances at it, tilts the ship, her finger closes on the trigger...

ZAREK

Not there. Here.

He points a point on the schematic. Starbuck looks at him suspiciously.

ZAREK

Do you think I want all my crew
dead?

STARBUCK

Like it's your crew you're worried
about.

Starbuck retilts the ship and presses the trigger.

EXT. SPACE -- BEHIND ASTRAL QUEEN

A missile dislodges from the berth of the raptor, kicks into life, and soars after the Astral Queen. It impacts and in a blinding chain reaction the entire ship comes apart.

INT. RAPTOR COCKPIT

Starbuck glares, shocked. Zarek retreats to the back of the raptor, lies down, and sighs.

ZAREK

Lieutenant, I am a realist.

INT. CIC -- GALACTICA

Tigh shakes his head. Adama looks down from the display as the ASTRALQ blip disappears.

GAETA

Comms are open, the interference has been terminated.

ADAMA

(sadly)

Come on home, Starbuck.

(to Gaeta)

Prepare the fleet for jump. Let's not be here when the cylons answer that signal.

INT. HALLWAY -- GALACTICA

President Roslin walks through a THICK STREAM OF PEOPLE - engineers, pilots, crewmembers, on her way to Adama's quarters. They acknowledge her as she passes and she nods in return.

One of the voices, Simon's voice, catches her ear:

VOICE

False prophet!

She turns in the crowd of people, but can't place anyone. There's too many of them. Wide eyed, she continues on.

INT. ADAMA'S ROOM -- GALACTICA

Roslin enters and closes the door, distracted.

ADAMA
False alarm, huh?

ROSLIN
What did you say?

ADAMA
I said, false alarm. About Zarek.
I'm not saying I trust him but if
there was a cylon on the quorum of
twelve I think I'd lose hope in
humanity.

Roslin laughs nervously.

ROSLIN
No, Zarek's not a cylon. But he is a
criminal.

ADAMA
You read Starbuck's report?

Roslin nods and takes a seat in one of the heavy armchairs in
the room.

ROSLIN
He had enough munitions to lead a
successful mutiny if he wanted to.

ADAMA
Or to arm the fleet against the
cylons, which is what he's wanted
for a long time.

Roslin taps her lips.

ROSLIN
Yes, cylons...
(beat)
Do you suppose that was why he fired
the missile? To defend the fleet? Or

to erase any evidence that he might
have been organizing a resistance?

ADAMA

I think he was just scared to hell
of cylons.

Roslin gives another nervous chuckle.

ROSLIN

What about Lieutenant Thrace?

Adama shakes his head.

ADAMA

Every officer fails a mission once
in a while. When that happens
they're usually lucky just to be
alive. She's taking it pretty hard,
though. She's distracted, unalert.
Whatever she's got on her mind is
going to get her killed unless she
gets the chance to figure it out.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM -- GALACTICA

The room is empty, save for Starbuck who sits in one of the
amphitheater chairs and fingers the Arrow of Apollo. She
drinks steadily from a glass bottle and blinks to herself.

FLASHBACK TO:

Starbuck pulling the trigger on the civilian ship Olympic
Carrier in a previous episode. The explosion flashing white
in her face. Instead of that being that, the body of Anders
flies out of the ship and smacks thickly on the windshield.

FLASHBACK ENDS

Starbuck groans, slumps in her seat, and closes her eyes.