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GALACTICA

1980

A Flight For Life

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GALACTICA 1980A FLIGHT FOR LIFEACT ONE

FADE IN

EXTERIOR - SPACE

Somewhere deep in space. Still, forboding. Then, in the distance, we see something moving slowly, inexorably, through the void. As it draws closer, we begin to make out the details of a large ship. Like the space it is traveling through, the ship is dark, almost black.

ON THE SHIP

Close enough now to see the sinister and majestic Cylon mothership. As we watch, she comes to a full stop, hanging suspended in space. Slowly a bay door in the front of the ship opens.

ON THE DOOR

as a small, round object comes shooting out of the door, followed in rapid succession by another, a third, then a whole stream of the objects. Each of them is identical to the others, with a silver-grey metallic hue. Small antennae can be seen on the surface of these spheres. Each has a propulsion system, that kicks in once they're away from the ship.

ON THE SHIP

As the small rockets continue to pour out of the mothership, it begins to slowly rotate, spewing them out over a wide arc, and sending them shooting in every direction. Almost as quickly as it began, the launching is suddenly over. The bay door on the mothership slowly closes.

ANGLE IN SPACE

as the rockets of the satellites become pinpoints of light disappearing into the darkness. Speeding toward unknown destinations. Then they're gone, swallowed up by the huge expanse of space.

EXTERIOR - SPACE - THE GALACTICA - TO ESTABLISH

INT. COMMAND CENTER

A flurry of activity. Several people feverishly working, recording data, monitoring the progress of objects on the:

RADAR SCREENS

reflecting a large number of small objects speeding toward the Galactica.

ANGLE - WIDER

as Boomer walks quickly over to the screens, stands watching them intently. To one of the Attendants:

BOOMER

A meteor shower?

ATTENDANT

Negative, sir. These are small rockets of some kind...traveling under their own power.

BOOMER

And headed directly for the Galactica.

EXTERIOR - SPACE

as the tiny satellite rockets speed through space. In the distance, we can see the Galactican ship.

INT. DOCTOR ZEE'S CHAMBERS

Doctor Zee is examining the several monitors in his chambers. Adama is standing next to him.

ADAMA

Doctor Zee, we have been unable to make any kind of contact with the approaching rockets.

DOCTOR ZEE

(nodding)

They are Cylon vessels, Commander.

ADAMA

Cylons! Then we must assume they are hostile.

DOCTOR ZEE

Not necessarily, Commander. Their diminutive sizes indicates something

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

DOCTOR ZEE (Cont'd)
other than purely offensive considerations.

ADAMA
What then?

DOCTOR ZEE
I believe this to be the first indication of a new tactic deployed by the Cylons...a wave of satellite probes designed to locate life forms wherever they may exist.

Adama and Doctor Zee turn to the monitors. Dozens of satellites are being tracked.

ADAMA
There are so many of them.

DOCTOR ZEE
Directed at random toward every corner of the galaxy...designed to transmit data back to the Cylons whenever they contact something... or someone.

ADAMA
Many of them are headed directly for the Galactica.

DOCTOR ZEE
Yes...it is imperative that we intercept them...all of them.

Adama nods.

ADAMA
I'll launch a squadron of vipers immediately.

Adama hurries out of the room. Doctor Zee turns back to the monitors.

EXTERIOR - SPACE

as the satellites draw closer to the Galactica.

INT. COMMAND CENTER

Adama is talking with Boomer, Troy and Dillon. His tone

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

is urgent, anxious.

ADAMA

(to Troy)

Captain, you'll be in charge of
the Alpha ships...

(to Dillon)

...you'll command the Delta squadron.

TROY

We are to destroy all the probes?

ADAMA

Return one to the ship. Doctor Zee
wants to analyze the technology. It
could prove very useful....

Troy and Dillon nod, leave.

EXTERIOR - SPACE - ON THE GALACTICA

as viper after viper launch out of the Galactica and sweep
into space.

ON THE PROBES

as they move through space toward the Galactica like a
swarm of bees.

ANGLE IN SPACE

as the vipers begin to hit the probes, sweeping through,
under and past the smaller satellites. The vipers begin
firing. Lasers flash out from the ships.

ON A PROBE

as a laser hits the probe. Instantly, the sphere is turned
into a ball of flames.

WIDER ANGLE

as explosions are seen everywhere. Even though there are so many of the satellites, the vipers seem to be mopping them up.

INT. TROY'S COCKPIT

as he speeds past one of the satellites, blasting it with his laser. He looks out of his canopy, and sees:

EXTERIOR - SPACE - ON DILLON'S SHIP

doing the same. We hear:

TROY (v.o.)
Nice work, Dillon.

INT. DILLON'S COCKPIT

as Dillon makes the thumbs-up gesture, smiles.

DILLON
Sure is nice when they're not shooting back.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. TROY'S COCKPIT

Troy nods, smiles too.

TROY
It sure is...
(beat, looking toward space)
Looks like things are almost under control here.

DILLON
We'd better make a sweep of the entire quadrant. Those things could be anywhere.

TROY
Let's go.

EXTERIOR - SPACE

as Troy and Dillon peel off from the rest of the vipers, and head away from the Galactica.

ANGLE IN SPACE

on one of the probes, slowly moving away from the fighting, unnoticed by Troy, Dillon and the others. In the background, and in direct line of the satellite, we can see Earth.

INT. COMMAND CENTER

Adama enters the room, crosses to Boomer.

ADAMA

What's the problem? Captain, I thought we had contained the satellites.

BOOMER

(eyes glued
to monitor)

Not quite. Look....

He points to a radar monitor. Adama leans in to look.

ANGLE - ON SCREEN

a single tiny bleep, moving away from the Galactica.

ANGLE - WIDER

Adama turns to Boomer, startled.

ADAMA

One of the probes has gotten through our defenses. And it's headed directly for Earth.

Adama stiffens, looks at Boomer, then turns and rushes to the communication console.

ADAMA

(urgently)

This is Commander Adama.

EXTERIOR - SPACE

as Troy and Dillon sweep through the darkness, side-by-side. We hear Troy's voice over:

TROY (v.o.)

This is Troy...go ahead.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. TROY'S COCKPIT

as Adama continues:

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

ADAMA

We have an urgent complication. One of the probes has escaped our vipers...its course indicates an eminent intercept with Earth.

TROY

That probe will lead the entire Cylon fleet to Earth!

ADAMA

Fortunately, no...Doctor Zee has already begun his analysis of the probe we captured. He has determined that the satellite will not be able to survive its entry through the Earth's atmosphere and still send a signal back to the Cylons.

TROY

(enormously relieved)

That's wonderful news!

ADAMA

The Cylon probe still presents us with a serious problem, Captain.

TROY

What?

ADAMA

Should the Earthlings find that probe, and analyze it, they will have the first irrefutable proof of the existence of some kind of extraterrestrial beings.

TROY

(understanding)

And their response will make our assimilation into the Earthling culture even more difficult....

ADAMA

If not possible...

(beat)

It's of the utmost importance that they not find that probe.

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CONTINUED

ADAMA (Cont'd)

You and Lt. Dillon must get
to Earth as quickly as possible.

TROY

We're on our way!

As Troy and Dillon veer off toward Earth, Adama turns to
Boomer.

ADAMA

Isn't it ironic? The Cylon
probe may represent more of a
threat to our people than the
Cylons themselves...

(beat)

It could determine our destiny.

EXT. AIR FORCE RADAR INSTALLATION - DAY - TO ESTABLISH

Radar dishes circle in rapid succession, searching the
sky.

INT. INSTALLATION - DAY

An Air Force Officer is leaning over a radar Technician's
shoulder, as they examine a screen.

OFFICER

What do you make of it?

TECHNICIAN

Looks too small to be any-
thing but debris, or maybe
a meteor.

OFFICER

Stay on top of it. Let me
know when and where it hits
if it does...I've got to get
on the horn about this.

INT. COLONEL SYDELL'S OFFICE - DAY

Sydell is at his desk, when his Assistant comes hurrying
into the room.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

ASSISTANT

This just came in.

He hands Sydell a piece of paper. Sydell quickly scans it.

SYDELL

Get General Maddux on the phone.
Tell him I'm personally heading
up a recovery team on this.

ASSISTANT

Yes, sir.

SYDELL

Then get me Canon, Downey and
Pelham, and a plane on the apron
in fifteen minutes...no, make
that ten.

The Assistant scurries out the door. Sydell is up,
animated, excited. On to something. He's sure of it.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Troy and Dillon jumping down from their vipers. The
turbo-cycles stand next to the ships. As they hit the
ground, the big ships fade into thin air.

DILLON

Am I glad we brought the vipers
with the turbocycles in them.

TROY

So am I...if Doctor Zee's coordinates
are correct, we're still nearly
ten Earth miles from the probe.

DILLON

Let's get going, then....

Dillon turns and freezes.

DILLON

Troy, I think we've got company.

TROY

Company...?

He turns and freezes, too.

THEIR POINT OF VIEW

on a big old bull, horns and all, who's wandered over to check out the guys who're trespassing on his turf. He doesn't look particularly pleased, or hospitable.

ON TROY AND DILLON

as they check out the bull, then turn to each other.

TROY

Who, or what, is that?

DILLON

Since we appear to be in an agricultural area, I guess it's a farm implement of some kind....

Troy and Dillon simultaneously punch into their languatrons.

TROY

(reading)

Do you suppose it's a 'tractor?'

They both look at the bull. He regards them stoically. More languatron consultation.

TROY

It's an animal of some kind...perhaps it's a 'pig.'

Before Dillon has a chance to respond, the bull snorts, once, then again, and starts pawing at the ground. Getting a bit testy.

TROY

I think it's trying to communicate with us....

DILLON

But I don't know how to speak to an Earthling pig....

(checking languatron)

...and it's not in the languatron, either.

More snorting and stomping from the bull, as he takes a menacing step toward them. Troy and Dillon back up.

TROY

I don't think the languatron is going to be necessary to understand what this pig is attempting to say....

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

Troy and Dillon look at each other, nod.

Let's go.... DILLON

With that, they hop on their turbocycles, just as the bull decides he's had it with these interlopers. As they start across the field, Ferdinand takes off after them. Troy glances over his shoulder. The bull's right on his tail.

TROY
(shouting to Dillon)
The pig moves quickly.

DILLON
We'd better lose him.

Dillon nods, they press switches on their wrist devices, simultaneously the two men disappear. The bull comes to a screeching halt, snorting and looking around the pasture. Amazed.

EXT. A COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

as two military cars pull up and stop by the side of the road. Colonel Sydell is the first one out of the cars, followed by Downey, Pelham and Canon. All officers in the Air Force. Carrying metal detectors, radiation devices, a metal box. Pelham is struggling into a protective suit of some kind.

SYDELL
Spread out and comb this area. Give
a shout if you find anything.

With that, the men start across the field, and into the wooded area that bounds the open field.

ANOTHER ANGLE

from across the road. In the trees, watching Sydell and his men, we see Troy and Dillon.

ON TROY AND DILLON

looking concerned.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

TROY

Sydell!

DILLON

If he's here, the probe's got to be nearby.

In a flash, the two men are racing across the road, and disappearing into the woods.

EXT. WOODED AREA - DAY

On Sydell, as he tromps through the woods. Suddenly, from his left, we hear a shout. It's Downey:

DOWNEY

Over here!

ANGLE - ON TROY AND DILLON

bounding through the woods. When they hear the voice, they stop, then hurry in that direction.

ANOTHER PART OF THE WOODS - ON DOWNEY

Downey is standing over a blackened, shapeless piece of metal that bears absolutely no resemblance to the probe we saw in outer space. In a second, Sydell, Pelham and Canon come racing up. The men stand, regarding the probe.

CANON

Doesn't look like much, does it?

SYDELL

Looks can be deceiving, Major. I'm willing to bet a star on my shoulder that there's more to this than meets the eye.

Before anyone has a chance to respond, Sydell bends over, and gingerly touches the probe. Canon tries to stop him.

PELHAM

Colonel, we've got to get that into a recovery bag....

Too late. Sydell already has the blob in his hands. He straightens up, regards it closely. In spite of themselves, the other men move in to get a closer look.

ANOTHER ANGLE - ON TROY AND DILLON

watching from the protection of the trees. Exchanging worried glances.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

as Sydell and his men come hurrying out of the woods, load into their two cars, and roar off down the road. A few moments later, we see Troy and Dillon emerge from the woods on their cycles, and take off after Sydell.

EXTERIOR - SPACE - ON THE GALACTICA - TO ESTABLISH

INT. LABORATORY - CLOSE ON CYLON PROBE

The Cylon sphere is enclosed in a cube of clear plexiglass. Pull back and widen to reveal a bank of light, monitors, computers, etc., which are part of a Galactican medical lab. Doctor Zee is sitting in front of the equipment, intently studying a read-out. Adama enters the room, crosses to Doctor Zee.

ADAMA

Is there a problem, Dr. Zee?

DOCTOR ZEE

As I had anticipated, the probe is nothing but a data-gathering instrument. But, as a normal precaution, I've analyzed it to determine if it might be contaminated with a disease foreign to us.

ADAMA

What have you found?

Dr. Zee turns, pushes a button, and a large screen illuminates behind him. We SEE an organism of some kind. It looks much like the single cell of a crystal: smooth, symmetrical, but gently undulating and moving. Obviously alive.

DR. ZEE

A micro-organism that I've never seen before. My analysis indicates that it is obviously parasitic, destroying everything it comes in contact with.

ADAMA

Our people...are they safe?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

DR. ZEE

Our isolation procedure will insure
their safety.

(beat)

That is not my concern.

ADAMA

What, then?

DR. ZEE

If the probe we captured carries the
organism, we can assume the probe
that landed on Earth does as well.

ADAMA

And you think this may be dangerous
to them?

DR. ZEE

For their sake, and ours, I hope not,
Commander....

EXT. ENTRANCE TO FORT DOUGLAS - DAY

as Sydell and his men arrive at the front gate, check in,
and drive through.,

ANGLE - DOWN THE ROAD

where we see Troy and Dillon come to a stop, looking at the
Air Force base in front of them.

TROY

That's where they'll try to examine
the probe.

(beat)

And that's where we'll have to go
to get it back.

Dillon looks at Troy for a moment, then down the road toward
the military installation. Finally, back to Troy:

DILLON

(incredulous)

We're going to break into an Earth-
ling military camp?

TROY

(a long beat)

We've got to...we really don't have
a choice.

As he and Dillon turn to look at the base,

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN

EXT. DOUGLAS AIR FORCE BASE - DAY

Normal traffic in and out of the base. Each car and truck passing through the front gates is routinely stopped, checked and then waved on.

ANGLE - DOWN THE STREET

where we see Troy and Dillon watching the procedure.

DILLON

The Earthlings are very cautious.

TROY

Warriors of any time have carefully guarded their secrets...these people are no different.

DILLON

The gate seems to be the only entrance.

TROY

Seems to be.
(starting toward
the gate)
Shall we?

Troy looks around to be sure no one is watching, then touches his wrist device. He fades into nothing. Dillon smiles slightly, does the same, and disappears.

ANGLE - ON THE FRONT GATE

as a pickup truck pulls up to the gate. An Airman leans out the door, hands the guard a pass. He inspects it, and then waves the truck into the camp.

ANGLE - ON THE TRUCK

as it pulls into the camp, parks in front of a building. The driver jumps out and hustles into the building. A second later, we see Troy and Dillon materialize, both of them sitting on the rear of the truck. They jump down, and start across the camp. Several airmen and officers walk by. Troy and Dillon watch them pass by, turn to each other.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

DILLON

We're clearly not dressed properly.

TROY

(nodding)

And we're going to attract the wrong kind of attention. The Earthlings seem to be as curious as they are cautious.

Troy stops and glances across the street. Taps Dillon on the arm.

TROY

Perhaps in there....

Dillon turns to see a building with a sign reading, "Officers' Locker Room". He nods, and they cross to, and enter the building.

EXT. FRONT GATE - DAY

where we see the now familiar yellow Mustang that belongs to Jamie Hamilton. She's handing the guard a pass. He inspects it.

ANGLE - ON THE GUARD AND JAMIE

as the guard reads.

JAMIE

Jamie Hamilton. Here to see Colonel Sydell. He's temporarily officed here at Fort Douglas.

GUARD

Yes, M'am, he is. Straight ahead to Building D. Second floor.

Jamie smiles, pulls ahead into the base.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Troy and Dillon walking down the street, dressed in officer's uniforms. Troy looks like he's being strangled; Dillon's swimming in his.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

TROY

We should have chosen our uniforms more carefully.

DILLON

Do you think anyone will notice?

As they talk, a group of airmen walk by, snapping salutes as they pass. Troy and Dillon stare at them.

TROY

They didn't seem to think anything was out of the ordinary.

DILLON

Why were they waving at us?

TROY

I don't know, exactly. Perhaps it's some kind of greeting.

DILLON

I guess so.

As they turn and walk down the street, another group of enlisted men pass them. More salutes, and this time Troy and Dillon return them, then go one step further.

DILLON

(calling to the men)

How are you? Lovely day, isn't it?

TROY

Yes. Very nice to see you.

Troy and Dillon walk on. The enlisted men all stop, turn and stare at them. Shake their heads, laugh.

ANOTHER PART OF THE BASE - DAY

as Jamie drives down the street, looking in either direction. Obviously lost. She pulls up behind two officers, and honks lightly.

JAMIE

Excuse me, but could you tell me ---

She loses her voice, as the two officers turn to face her. It's Troy and Dillon. The three of them take each other in for a long beat. Finally:

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

JAMIE

I don't believe it!

TROY

Jamie!

JAMIE

What are you doing? Here!

I mean, how did you...

(sputtering to
a halt)

...why?

Troy and Dillon exchange a glance. Troy looks back at Jamie.

TROY

We've got to talk.

JAMIE

You can say that again.

TROY

(puzzled)

If you wish...we've got to....

JAMIE

Forget it...let's find some
place where we can be alone....

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Colonel Sydell is pacing back and forth in front of General Ridley Shaw.

SYDELL

General, I understand the normal procedure, but this matter is of the utmost urgency.

SHAW

Relax, Colonel. Once the decontamination period is over, we can begin to study the object.

SYDELL

But, General....

SHAW

Meanwhile, you and your men are to report to the infirmary tomorrow at 0900 hours for complete physicals.

CONTINUED

Sydell starts to protest, realizes the futility of it, and leaves the office.

EXT. AIR FORCE BASE STREET - DAY

as Jamie, Troy and Dillon sit in Jamie's car, talking. She's shaking her head.

JAMIE

What a story! Can you imagine this on the six o'clock news...?

(off Troy and
Dillon's looks)

Don't worry, I'll bite my tongue...
again.

DILLON

Bite your tongue. Why would you do that?

JAMIE

I wouldn't really...it's a figure of speech...you know, like 'mum's the word.'

Troy and Dillon exchange a confused glance. Both nod unconvincingly.

TROY

Jamie, we've got to find Colonel Sydell.

JAMIE

I'm on my way to talk with him about the meeting he's having with the Joint Chiefs Wednesday....

Troy and Dillon look at her blankly. Dillon checks the languatron.

DILLON

Colonel Sydell is meeting with Indian dignitaries?

Now it's Jamie's turn to be confused. Realizing:

JAMIE

Not those kind of chiefs. Chiefs of Staff...the heads of the military services. Big shots.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

TROY

Do you think he's going to talk
about the probe.

JAMIE

You can count on it.

DILLON

Perhaps he can talk to you about
it as well.

JAMIE

Sure he can, but will he?

EXT. BUILDING - DAY

as Colonel Sydell comes hurrying out of the office
building, followed by Jamie. He's carrying a briefcase.
He looks irritated. Troy and Dillon are seen in the b.g.,
watching.

SYDELL

No comment. Absolutely none....

JAMIE

Colonel, I'm a newsperson...I've got
a story, a deadline....

Sydell stops so quickly, Jamie runs into him.

SYDELL

Miss Hamilton, you don't have any
story. This is top secret...

(beat)

In fact, I'd like to know how you
got wind of this in the first
place.

JAMIE

(uncomfortably)

I can't divulge my sources,
Colonel.

(beat)

Look, let's consider this talk
deep background. Off the record.

Sydell studies Jamie for a moment.

SYDELL

All right. If you promise to
hold off on this, I'll tell you
what I can....

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

JAMIE

You're on....

SYDELL

Follow me....

Jamie follows Sydell. She gestures to Troy and Dillon to follow her as she and the Colonel disappear around the corner.

EXT. TRAILER - DAY

Sydell and Jamie exit a mobile trailer. Two armed guards are standing in front of the doors.

SYDELL

And that's where it stays...until the Air Force decides it's safe.

JAMIE

How long is that going to be?

SYDELL

A week at the most. And then we can get to work.

JAMIE

You really think you've got something, don't you?

SYDELL

I don't think, I know.
(beat)

I'm counting on you to honor our agreement, Miss Hamilton.

JAMIE

Don't worry, Colonel...I won't mention it to anyone on Earth...
(to herself)
...sort of.

Sydell turns to leave, and Jamie follows close on his heels. Glancing over her shoulder to see:

ANGLE - WIDER

Troy and Dillon moving toward the trailer. Nodding in Jamie's direction.

ANGLE - ON JAMIE

looking very concerned. Watching them, then following after Sydell.

ANGLE - ON THE TRAILER

Troy and Dillon approaching the trailer. Watching the guards.

TROY

Remember...just look like we belong here.

DILLON

How exactly does that look?

The two guards snap to attention as Troy and Dillon come to the front of the trailer. The two of them return the salute, awkwardly.

TROY

Good day. We're here to inspect the satellite.

GUARD #1

I'm sorry, sir. This is a restricted area...authorized individuals only.

Troy and Dillon look at each other, back at the guards.

DILLON

Where does one go to become authorized?

The guards stare at each other. Neither of them knows how to answer.

GUARD #2

Who are you with, sir?

TROY

Uh...a special alien investigation detachment.

DILLON

Yes...we're experts.

(beat)

We work very closely with Colonel Sydell.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

GUARD #1

Colonel Sydell? Why didn't
you say so...come ahead.

As the guard moves aside, Troy and Dillon hurry up the
steps, and enter the trailer.

EXT. BASE STREET - DAY

Sydell and Jamie walking. Suddenly, Sydell stops, thinks
for a moment.

SYDELL

My briefcase...I must have left
it in the trailer.

With that, he turns around and starts back toward the
trailer. Jamie hurries after him.

JAMIE

(urgently)

Colonel, maybe you left it in
your office....

SYDELL

No...I'm sure I had it with me.

JAMIE

In your car...? The Officers'
Club...?

It doesn't help. Sydell's around the corner, headed for
the trailer.

INT. TRAILER - DAY

Troy and Dillon have found the probe, still in its protective
metal box. About to exit the trailer, when Dillon looks
out the window.

DILLON

Uh oh....

EXT. TRAILER - DAY

Sydell striding up to the trailer. The guards snap to.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

GUARD #1

Your men are inside, Colonel.

SYDELL

What men?

GUARD #2

The officers you sent to inspect
the probe....

Sydell stares at them for an instant, and then charges
up the stairs, throws open the door, rushes inside. Jamie
follows him.

INT. TRAILER - DAY

Empty. Troy and Dillon are gone. The probe is gone.
Sydell looks around frantically. Then brushes past Jamie,
and goes inside.

EXT. TRAILER - DAY

Storming down the steps. Shouting to the guards.

COLONEL

Sound a full-base alert...
immediately!

The two guards stare at each other, incredulous, then
hurry after Sydell.

INT. TRAILER - DAY

as Troy and Dillon re-appear. Outside, we hear the
sounds of an alarm of some kind.

TROY

Let's get out of here!

DILLON

A wonderful idea.

With that, they turn and race out of the trailer.

EXT. TRAILER - DAY

as Troy and Dillon race out of the trailer, toward a row
of barracks. Almost immediately, a number of soldiers
appear, heading for the trailer.

ANOTHER PART OF THE BASE - ON JAMIE

as she hears the alarms, and sees men running for the trailer. She jumps in her car, and speeds down the street.

TROY AND DILLON

running down an almost deserted street. Suddenly, they stop dead in their tracks. Ahead of them, racing in their direction, are several armed soldiers. Troy turns to Dillon:

TROY

Just stun them. We don't want to hurt anyone.

Dillon nods, and both he and Troy reach for their lasers. Much to their surprise, the soldiers run right by them. Troy and Dillon stare at each other in surprise.

TROY

The uniforms! They think we're one of them.

DILLON

But, that's not going to work forever.

Suddenly, Troy stops and points.

TROY

Over there! A vehicle!

Troy and Dillon turn and run across the street to a motorcycle, with sidecar, parked in front of a building. "Air Patrol" (or whatever the Air Force military police equivalent is) is painted across the back of the cycle. In a flash, Troy and Dillon are in it.

ANGLE - ON THE CYCLE

as Troy manages to kick it into life.

TROY

Crude, but surprisingly simple to operate.

ANGLE - WIDER

as three military policemen rush out of the building. Dillon spots them, turns to Troy.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

DILLON

Then operate it...I think it belongs to those men.

Sure enough, the military police start yelling and waving their arms at Troy and Dillon. Too late. Troy guns the cycle, nearly tipping it over, and they race down the street. Behind them, we see the police jump into a jeep.

INT. CYCLE - DAY

Dillon glances over his shoulder. Sees the jeep gaining on them.

DILLON

Flying felgergarb...here they come.

Troy comes to an intersection, amkes a sharp left, and the cycle skids around the corner. Looming up in front of them is a huge truck. The driver leans on his horn. At the last second, Troy steers around the truck. In the distance, we see the front gate.

TROY

The gate!

ANOTHER ANGLE - DAY

as Troy and Dillon race for the gate. Behind them, the jeep is closing, honking like mad. Attracting attention. Too much attention. A second jeep joins the chase.

ANGLE - WIDER

as the guards at the gate see the speeding jeep coming in their direction, and quickly lower the gate. Stand in front of it, hands on their holsters.

TROY AND DILLON

hunched down in the cycle. The gate's a half a block away. Behind them, the jeeps are gaining.

DILLON

What I'd give for a turbocycle right now.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

TROY

Sorry...this thing's going as fast as it can, and we're not about to fly.

ANOTHER PART OF THE BASE

Jamie, speeding up one street and down another, looking frantically for the boys. Nothing. Desperately, she turns left, speeds for the corner. Sirens, honking horns can be heard, getting louder. Suddenly, we see Troy and Dillon flashing through the intersection almost directly in front of her.

ANGLE

as Jamie slams on her brakes to avoid hitting them, and sliding into the middle of the street, spinning, and coming up facing the two pursuit jeeps. One jeep swerves to the left, the other to the right, each of them narrowly missing the yellow mustang.

ANGLE - ON THE GATE

as Troy and Dillon race toward the gate. In front of them, the soldiers are gamely holding their ground, blocking the road. Suddenly, a jeep pulls into the road, completely blocking the gate.

ANGLE - ON TROY AND DILLON

going too fast to stop, and too close to the gate to turn easily. Dillon points to their right, yells:

DILLON

Over there...!

ANGLE - THEIR POINT OF VIEW

A flat-bed truck, with a ramp used for loading. Parked near the fence that surrounds the camp.

ANGLE - TROY AND DILLON

as Troy nods, cranks the throttle on the bike, and heads for the ramp of the truck.

ANGLE - ON THE TRUCK

as the motorcycle hits the ramp, zooms up it, and flies into the air. Over the fence, and lands on the other side. Skids from one side to the other, then straightens out and races away from the camp.

EXT. BASE STREET - DAY

Meanwhile, Jamie has managed to create a snafu of a traffic jam in front of the base gate that's going to take an hour to clear up. She stands up in the front seat of her car to see:

JAMIE'S POINT OF VIEW

Troy and Dillon, in the three-wheeler, disappearing down the road. Shakes her head wearily. Just as Colonel Sydell comes roaring up in a jeep and screeches to a stop next to her. Jamie looks at him, shrugs. Sydell starts to say something, sputters for a moment, then turns and drives away.

EXTERIOR - SPACE

as two vipers flash through space, headed for the Galactica.

EXTERIOR - SPACE - ON THE GALACTICA

as the vipers reach the mothership, and sweep into the landing dock.

INT. ADAMA'S CHAMBERS

Troy and Dillon are standing in front of Commander Adama. The metallic box containing the Cylon probe is in front of them. Adama looks gravely concerned. Turns to them.

ADAMA

You have performed admirably.
All of Galactica owes you our thanks.

TROY

Grandfather, we did what we had
to do. Nothing more...

(beat)

But something's bothering you.
What is it?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

Adama looks at Troy and Dillon for a long beat, then gestures for them to follow him.

ADAMA

Come....

They turn and exit the room.

DISSOLVE TO

INT. GALACTICA LABORATORY

as Troy, Dillon and Adama stand before the cube containing the Cylon probe. On the screen behind them, the display of the bacteria can be seen.

ADAMA

Once the bacteria is introduced into a body, it begins to incubate...for approximately thirty-six Earth hours. During this time, the carrier feels no effects of the sickness, is not contagious.

DILLON

And at the end of the incubation period?

ADAMA

The fully mature bacteria acts swiftly, effecting a rapid and very painful death. The carrier also becomes extremely contagious during this period.

TROY

Grandfather, if this bacteria comes from another galaxy, the Earthlings will have no resistance to it; certainly no cure for it...It could infect many of them.

ADAMA

(a long beat)

Undeterred, this bacteria is capable of destroying the entire human race. It's as simple as that....

Adama crosses the room, turns to Troy and Dillon.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

ADAMA

Fortunately, Doctor Zee has been able to develop an antibiotic which he feels will be effective in combating it...

(beat)

Ironically, that presents us with yet another dilemma.

TROY

What?

ADAMA

Without our help, the human race faces very possible extinction... by offering it, we risk jeopardizing our fleet and the lives of our people.

Troy and Dillon look at each other soberly.

ADAMA

(a beat)

Right now, Colonel Sydell and his men are the only ones exposed to the bacteria...if we can inoculate them before the incubation period is over, we can cure them and eliminate the possibility of the disease spreading to others.

DILLON

But that will mean revealing ourselves...at least to Sydell and the others.

ADAMA

Unless they can be treated without knowing it's been done.

Troy and Dillon exchange a glance, turn to Adama.

TROY

Without them knowing...Grandfather, that would be almost impossible....

CONTINUED

CONTINUED - 2

ADAMA

(thinking)

Almost... how strange, and sad,
that after all these years, the
future of our people could depend
on one word...

(beat)

We must try...we have no choice
but to try....

Hold on their worried faces as they turn to look at the
bacteria, then:

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN

EXTERIOR - SPACE - ON THE GALACTICA

As Troy and Dillon's vipers roar out of the ship, and head for Earth.

EXT. JAMIE'S APARTMENT - DAY - TO ESTABLISH

INT. JAMIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Troy, Dillon and Jamie are sitting in her apartment. She's holding up 8 x 10 glossy photos for Troy and Dillon to examine.

JAMIE

(holding up
pictures)

Colonel Jack Sydell...I guess we
all know who he is...

(another picture)

Master Sergeant Edward Canon...he's
a jump master at Fort Benning.

TORY

Jump master?

JAMIE

Yes...he trains parachute jumpers.

(off their
blank looks)

People who jump out of planes...
with parachutes to hold them up...

(more blank
looks)

...big pieces of nylon that catch
the air, and keep them from dropping
like rocks...

(giving up)

It sounds strange, but it works,
believe me....

She hands the picture to Troy, picks up another.

JAMIE

Colonel Nick Downey, Air Force
Intelligence.

She hands the picture to Dillon.

JAMIE

Any questions?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

TROY

There was a fourth man...what about him?

JAMIE

Major Robert Pelham...he was wearing the protective suit, and the only one not to be exposed to the bacteria.

(beat)

Shall we go through them again?

TROY

No, that's fine.

DILLON

Jamie, I don't know how you got all this together so quickly.

JAMIE

I'm a reporter, remember....

(smiling)

I got connections....

TROY

Let's get started...I'll take Canon
...Dillon, you find Colonel Downey....

JAMIE

And I'll get to Colonel Sydell.

TROY

Sorry to get you involved again,
Jamie.

JAMIE

(shrugging)

Look, Sydell's avoiding me like the plague, but at least I've got a reason to be around him...

(beat)

Besides, you need the help. We don't have much time.

DILLON

That's right...according to Dr. Zee's calculations, we've got less than ten hours before the incubation period is over.

JAMIE

And less than twelve before Sydell sits down with some of the most powerful men in the country....

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

A moment's glance as everyone considers the ramifications of that meeting. Then Troy reaches behind him, pull out a small bag, opens it and pulls out three small air-hypo kits, a vial of serum, small packets of pills. Sets them on the table in front of Dillon and Jamie.

TROY

Dr. Zee indicated that the anti-biotic can be administered either with the air-hypo...

(holds it up)

...or these tablets.

JAMIE

The pills for me...needles make me squeazy.

Troy and Dillon grab the air hypos. Jamie takes the pills.

EXT. BUILDING - DOWNTOWN L.A. - DAY

A Federal building of some kind. We see Colonel Sydell and two other officers come walking out of the front door. Sydell's furious.

SYDELL

That meeting's set for tomorrow, John! What am I supposed to do, walk in and say we just lost one of the most important pieces of scientific evidence ever found?

Before the others have a chance to respond, we hear Jamie's voice:

JAMIE (o.s.)

Colonel!

ANGLE - WIDER

As Jamie gets out of her car, and starts across the street toward Sydell.

SYDELL

Oh, no! Not her again!

Sydell does a quick one-eighty, and hurries back up the steps into the building. By the time Jamie reaches the steps, Sydell's gone. She stands, muttering to herself.

JAMIE

Now, how would James Bond handle this kind of thing?

EXT. FORT BENNING JUMP SCHOOL - DAY - (ARMY STOCK) -
ESTABLISHING

The paratrooper statue at the entrance to the Army Jump School.

EXT. TRAINING GROUND - DAY - (ARMY STOCK)

As a platoon of cherry jumpers double-times by.

EXT. AIRFIELD - DAY - ANGLE

as Troy peers out of a hangar.

ANGLE - (ARMY STOCK) - TROY'S POINT OF VIEW

of a platoon of jump school troopies in formation. And....

TROY'S POINT OF VIEW

Master Sergeant Canon. At the head of the formation.

CANON

So, you legs made it...all three
weeks. And I don't have to remind
you, jump school is three weeks.
First week separates the men from
the boys. Second week, the men
from the idiots. And the third week
...the idiots jump!

ANGLE

Troy...uncomprehending.

ANGLE ON CANON

CANON

And this is it! Class 4-80...are
you ready?

CLASS

(unison)

Yes, Sergeant!

ANGLE

Troy...considering...then...ducking back inside the hangar.
Beat. Beat. He emerges. Wearing Army fatigues...a chute
harness...rig...awkwardly hung on...and a helmet with jump
strap...labelled T-165.

TROY'S POINT OF VIEW

as the class moves toward the aircraft.

ANGLE

Troy running out to join them....

ANOTHER ANGLE

as Canon sees Troy...runs to meet him....

CANON

You!

TROY

Me?

CANON

(shrieking)

Me? What is this me! Drop! Drop!
Drop!

TROY

Drop what?

TROY'S POINT OF VIEW

of the formation...and another student doing pushups.

RETURN TO SCENE

Troy...realizing...and he drops...awkwardly doing pushups....

CANON

Now, get up, and haul yourself
up in there....

Troy comes to his feet...as Canon moves toward the aircraft
...Troy runs after him...scrabbling for his air hypo...
but never gets close to him. Suddenly, Troy is forced
aboard the aircraft!

EXT. AIRFIELD - DAY - (ARMY STOCK)

as a jump C-130 takes off!

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Dillon walking quickly down the street, obviously tailing
someone. Up ahead of him we recognize Colonel Nick Downey,
dressed in civilian clothes. He stops and turns into a
building. Dillon hurries up and stops outside the door.

ANGLE ON DOOR

A sign reading "The Body Factory, Men and Women."
Dillon reads the sign curiously.

DILLON

(to himself)

'The Body Factory?' They couldn't...
no...could they?

He shrugs and enters the door.

INT. BODY FACTORY RECEPTION AREA - DAY

Dillon enters the room, and is met almost immediately by Al Cosgrove, one of the Body Factory's sales personnel and group leaders. In the b.g. we see Downey checking in and disappearing down a corridor. Meanwhile, Cosgrove is on Dillon like a cat on a mouse.

COSGROVE

Well, looks like you got here just
in time.

DILLON

In time for what?

COSGROVE

Before that blob you've been call-
ing a body gave out on you completely....

Cosgrove stands back and looks at Dillon appraisingly.

COSGROVE

Won't be easy, though...you're
going to need a major rehaul.

DILLON

I am?

COSGROVE

Yep...we're going to have to
break you down, and start building
from the ground up....

DILLON

You...do that here? You...build
bodies.

COSGROVE

Shoot, yes! Some of the greatest
body builders in the world come
here...you're going to be in
good hands.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

Dillon looks at Cosgrove uncomfortably.

DILLON

But, I'm very happy with the body I have. I don't think I need another one built for me....

COSGROVE

Yeah, that's what they all say at first.

DILLON

Actually, a friend...Colonel Downey ...suggested I do whatever he does.

COSGROVE

Nick Downey? He pumps iron, friend. Tons of it....

DILLON

Then that's what I wish to do... pump the iron. I guess....

COSGROVE

This is the place to do it. Come on...I'll show you the weight room....

DILLON

The wait room? I'm in a rather big hurry...could I get started right away?

Cosgrove looks at him curiously.

COSGROVE

Sure, sure...whatever you say.

Shaking his head, and muttering to himself, Cosgrove exits. Dillon follows.

EXT. AERIAL - DAY - (ARMY STOCK)

A C-130 high in the air.

INT. AIRCRAFT - DAY

The jumpers in the seats.

ANGLE

Troy among them.

ANOTHER ANGLE

CANON

Stand up!

The students stand...Troy...not realizing what's going on...

CANON

Hook up!

The students clip their static lines to the airplane line...
Troy...puzzled...does the same....

CANON

Sound off for equipment check!

The students count off...Troy...still not knowing what's
going on...more or less shouts something.

ANGLE

The jump light...going from red to green!

ANGLE - WIDER

Canon shouting to the men.

CANON

Move to the door!

First jumper...braced....

CANON

Stand in the door!

Beat.

CANON

Go!

And the paratroopers go out the door.

ANGLE ON TROY

shuffling forward...toward the door...coming up to the door...
He finds himself face-to-face with Colonel Canon. Troy
reaches inside his jacket, palms his air-hypo.

CANON

(shouting above the engines)

You ready, boy?

Troy leans toward the door, looks out. Nothing but air.

TROY

You want me to go out there?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

CANON

Let's go, come on...you've got
men behind you. Quit holding up
traffic....

Troy takes another look out the door, then turns and grabs
for Canon's arm. Slaps the air-hypo against it just as
the Colonel plants his foot firmly in the middle of Troy's
back, and pushes. Suddenly, Troy's gone.

EXT. C-130 - DAY (STOCK)

Dozens of parachutes. Somewhere, in the midst of the
billowing white, is Troy.

ANGLE - CLOSE ON TROY

Dangling in the air, slowly heading for the ground. Looking
very concerned.

TROY

The jumping part of this exercise
seems to be quite easy....

(looking down)

Making contact with the ground
appears to be more of a challenge....

ANGLE - PARATROOPERS LANDING (STOCK)

Hitting the ground, tucking and rolling, as they're trained
to do. Getting up, gathering up their chutes.

ANGLE - ON TROY - CLOSE

Heading for the ground, and hitting it, straight-legged and
stiff. Landing in a muddy area, and sinking into the ground
up to his thighs. Looking around, completely confounded.

TROY

Yes...the landing is more
elaborate.

INT. WEIGHT ROOM - DAY

Dillon, now dressed in sweats, is standing, watching the
activities around him. Men working out, groaning and
sweating, on weight-lifting equipment. Skipping rope,
doing sit-ups, rowing and bicycling on the machines.

CONTINUED

Across the room, we see Nick Downey straining on some kind of weight-lifting equipment. Dillon watches it all, baffled by what he sees. A training assistant appears at his side. He is Ken Adams.

KEN

I'm Ken...exercise supervisor.
This your first workout?

DILLON

Yes...

(glancing at
the weight-lifters)

Why are those men hurting themselves
with that equipment?

KEN

Because that's what it takes to
build a body, friend....

DILLON

Pain?

KEN

(nodding)

And sweat...and a lot of time.
Let's get you started....

Adams leads Dillon across the room, in the direction of Nick Downey. Stops in front of a bicycle machine. They watch a guy peddling. He finishes and gets off.

KEN

Hop on that and pedal for five
miles or so...it'll get you warmed
up.

(pointing to
the odometer)

This keeps track of the miles.

DILLON

But a mile is a unit of distance.
This vehicle is stationary.

KEN

So?

DILLON

How can I travel five miles if I
never move from this spot?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED - 2

KEN

(smiling
uncomfortably)

Well, we couldn't have you riding
around the room, running everyone
over, could we?

(off Dillon's
look)

Look, just pretend you're moving...
it's good for you?

DILLON

Pretending is good for you?

Ken looks at Dillon strangely, sets the odometer to zero,
and then moves across the room. Dillon climbs on the exer-
cycle, and starts pedaling.

ANGLE - ON DILLON

Pedaling at a blinding speed.

ANGLE - ON THE ODOMETER

Past the 50 m.p.h. mark. The tenths of miles are flashing
by. In a very short time, we see 5.0 come up on the miles
indicator.

ANGLE - WIDER

as Ken walks back over. Dillon is slowing down, almost stopped.
Ken shakes his head.

KEN

Tired already, huh? Manage to
break a mile?

Glances at the odometer, and then at Dillon, startled.

KEN

It says five miles on this thing....

DILLON

Should I have gone farther?

Ken stares at Dillon for a long beat, trying to figure out if
this guy's for real.

KEN

No...that's far enough. Come on...
I'll put you on the bag for awhile.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED - 3

Dillon follows Ken over to a punching bag hanging from a frame on the wall. Punches it a couple of times.

KEN

This is great for the old hand-eye coordination. Ever tried it?

Dillon glances in Downey's direction, then back to Ken.

DILLON

Actually, I'd rather do what they're doing.

KEN

In a while...first things first.
(turning to
the bag)

The secret is to build up a nice rhythm...give it a whack.

ANGLE - ON DILLON

as he looks at the bag, shrugs, and gives it a whack. With a crack, the bag takes off, and flies across the room. The frame that held the bag dangles limply from the wall. Ken stares at the wall, at Dillon, then back to the wall.

KEN

How'd you do that?

DILLON

Just as you instructed me...I
'whacked' it. Perhaps I should
have used some other kind of blow.

Ken and Dillon are interrupted by Nick Downey. He's carrying the punching bag, smiling.

NICK

(to Ken)

Either this guy's the next Ali, or
you've gotta start tightening the
screws around this place, Kenny....

Ken doesn't know quite what to say. Nick grins at Dillon.

NICK

You're in pretty good shape...
Wanna toss the medicine ball
around?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

DILLON

The medicine ball? But, I'm feeling fine....

Nick laughs, picks up a big, heavy medicine ball, backs off a few paces from Dillon.

NICK

A couple of minutes of this, and you'll feel even better.

He turns and winks at Ken. Faces Dillon.

NICK

Catch....!

And he throws the ball with some force toward Dillon. Startled, Dillon reaches out and catches the ball. Doesn't move an inch. Surprise flashes across Nick's face. Dillon looks at the ball, smiles.

DILLON

Catch....!

And he tosses the ball as though it was a volleyball. It hits Downey in the chest, and sends him reeling back across the gym, stumbling, and finally sitting down, hard, on the other side of the room. Dillon hurries over to him.

DILLON

I'm sorry...I've never tossed the ball around before.

With that, he reaches down and helps Downey to his feet.

ANGLE - CLOSE ON DOWNEY'S ARM

As Dillon deftly applies an air-hypo.

ANGLE - WIDER

Downey's on his feet, looking at Dillon with a new respect. Dillon smiles.

DILLON

You were right about the medicine sphere...I feel much better already.

He turns to Ken.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

DILLON

In fact, I think I've rebuilt my
body sufficiently for today...
thank you.

Dillon nods pleasantly to Ken and Nick, and heads for the door. The two men stand, staring at him.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

A fashionable restaurant. Lunch-time crowded. In the far corner of the room, we SEE Sydell and another officer eating lunch.

ANGLE - ON THE DOOR

As Jamie comes walking into the restaurant, spots Sydell, and crosses toward him. Stops as a waiter approaches their table with a bus cart. Food and beverages on top.

ANGLE - CLOSE ON THE TABLE

As Jamie crosses behind the waiter, out of view of Sydell and the other officer. Deftly drops a pill in the two glasses of iced tea on the cart, then moves on.

ANGLE - WIDER

As the waiter finishes serving the food. The iced tea is placed on the table.

ANGLE - ON JAMIE

Anxiously watching the table, waiting for Sydell to have his tea.

ANGLE - ON THE TABLE

As Sydell finally reaches for his iced tea. Not watching, he accidentally knocks the glass over. Iced tea all over the table.

ANGLE - ON JAMIE

Grimacing. Fretting. Mumbling to herself.

JAMIE

Oh, no!

ANGLE - ON SYDELL'S TABLE

The waiter cleaning up the mess, bringing Sydell another tea. No problem. The other officer starts to drink his tea, when suddenly:

ANGLE - WIDER

As Jamie comes rushing across the room to their table.

JAMIE

(shouting)

Stop! Don't drink that...!

ANGLE - ON THE TABLE

Sydell and the officer look up, startled, to see Jamie on top of them, grabbing for the glass in the officer's hand.

JAMIE

It's the only one left....

For an instant, both she and the officer have a hold of the glass. Then neither of them do, as it slips out of their hands, and spills all over the table, his lap, Colonel Sydell. Sydell and the officer jump to their feet, stunned.

SYDELL

Miss Hamilton, what is the meaning of this...?

JAMIE

Uh, well...you see...there was a fly in that glass....

SYDELL

A fly?

JAMIE

Big, ugly, nasty fly....

SYDELL

(looking at
the mess)

Congratulations...I think you managed to drown him....

Jamie nods, staring forlornly at the table, and the empty glass.

EXT. JAMIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

as Troy and Dillon pull up on their turbocycles, stop.
Look around.

TROY

That's strange. Jamie's car isn't
here.

DILLON

Didn't she say to meet her here by
seven o'clock?

TROY

Yes.

As they talk, Jamie pulls up, jumps out, and starts to run
toward her house. She doesn't see Troy and Dillon.

TROY

Jamie!

She turns, runs to Troy and Dillon. Bursts into tears.

DILLON

Jamie! What's wrong?

JAMIE

It's after seven....!

TROY

Are we late?

JAMIE

No...I am.

DILLON

What do you mean?

JAMIE

I couldn't get to Colonel Sydel...

TROY

What happened?

JAMIE

Both the pills I had ended up in
his lap, instead of his stomach.

Troy and Dillon look at Jamie. She shakes her head.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

JAMIE

Don't ask me to explain how...
please. I tried to find you to
get more...

(beat)

I'm so sorry....

There's a long moment of silence, as Troy, Dillon and Jamie
stare at each other.

TROY

The incubation period is over...
we're too late.

DILLON

He'll be sick soon...dying.

JAMIE

Tomorrow morning, he's going to be
sitting across the table from the
Joint Chiefs of Staff....

TROY

And, he's going to kill them
all....

HOLD on their faces, and then

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT - TO ESTABLISH

A hotel, somewhere in downtown Los Angeles.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

An empty bedroom. Light from the bathroom shining down the hallway. Then we see Colonel Sydel come walking out of the bathroom, dressed in robe and pajamas. Very unsteady, obviously weak, and somewhat delirious. Stagger across the room to the bed, and sits down heavily. Coughing violently.

EXT. JAMIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - TO ESTABLISH

INT. JAMIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Troy and Dillon in the living room. Troy is on the communicator with Adama.

TROY

It is nearly three Earth hours since the incubation ended, Commander.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. ADAMA'S CHAMBERS

as he speaks with Troy.

ADAMA

Then we must assume with every passing moment, Colonel Sydel becomes sicker. Soon, he will be lethally dangerous to anyone he might come in contact with.

TROY

We understand.

ADAMA

Exactly. It's imperative that you follow my instructions immediately.

(beat)

Have you all ingested the antibiotic?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

TROY

Yes....

ADAMA

Good. Doctor Zee's calculations indicate Colonel Sydel1 should be contagious in less than an hour...you must locate him before then.

Jamie comes into the room for the end of the conversation.

TROY

We will act immediately.

Troy punches out, turns to Jamie and Dillon.

TROY

Let's go.

JAMIE

Go where?

DILLON

To get Colonel Sydel1.

JAMIE

What are we going to do with him?

Troy and Dillon are already heading for the door. Jamie hurries after them.

JAMIE

Wait a minute! What does anyone do with a Colonel in the United States Air Force... especially one who's sick enough to kill everyone in the world?

EXT. HOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT - TO ESTABLISH

We see Jamie's car parked in the lot.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Troy, Dillon and Jamie hurry across the lobby.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

TROY

(to Jamie)

How do we find him in this building?

JAMIE

Ask over there...I'll get the elevator.

Troy and Dillon nod, cross to the desk.

ANGLE - ON DESK

The desk clerk looks up, smiles thinly.

CLERK

May I help you?

TROY

Yes. We'd like the numerical designation of Colonel Sydell's sleeping accommodations.

A very blank look from the clerk.

DILLON

Uh...his room number.

CLERK

Ah...I see.

Troy and Dillon nod pleasantly. The smile fades from the clerk's face.

CLERK

I can't give it to you.

DILLON

Why? This is most urgent.

CLERK

(stiffly)

Hotel policy. We don't give room numbers out at the desk.

TROY

Then how do we contact Colonel Sydell?

CLERK

(smugly)

You have to know his room number.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

DILLON

But you won't tell us what it is.

CLERK

I can't.

TROY

Why?

CLERK

(with exaggerated
patience)

Because you don't know it...
we do have a responsibility to
protect the privacy of our
clients.

With that, he turns his back to them. Troy and Dillon
cross to Jamie, who's standing in front of the elevator.

ANGLE - ON THE ELEVATOR

Troy and Dillon come up to Jamie.

JAMIE

Well...what room's he in?

TROY

(baffled)

The hotel worker wouldn't tell
us.

JAMIE

(nodding)

Hotel policy, huh?

DILLON

(surprised)

How did you know?

JAMIE

These fancy places are all the
same...I've got an idea, though.

She takes a piece of paper and a pencil out of her purse,
scribbles something on it, and crosses to the desk.

ANGLE - ON THE DESK

as Jamie steps up to the clerk.

JAMIE

Could you leave this message for
Colonel Sydell, please? It's
very important.

CLERK

Of course....

He takes the message, turns and places it in one of the
mail slots behind the desk. Jamie watches closely, smiles,
and hurries back to the elevator.

ANGLE - ON THE ELEVATOR

as Jamie hurries up.

JAMIE

Room 333.

TROY

He told you?

JAMIE

Sort of....

The doors to the elevator open, and they step in.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

as Troy, Dillon and Jamie rush down the corridor, and
stop in front of Room #333.

JAMIE

Now what?

TROY

We enter the Colonel's room.

JAMIE

What are you planning to do,
walk through walls?

TROY

No...through the door.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

With that, he takes out his laser gun, stands back, and delivers a short laser zap to the door handle. Dillon steps up, and pushes the door open. They rush into the room.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Jamie switches on the light. There, lying across the bed, unconscious, is Colonel Sydell. Jamie gasps. Troy rushes to Sydell, kneels next to him.

TROY

He's alive...

(checking with
languatron)

...his vital signs are badly
diminished. We've got to hurry.

Dillon reaches down, grabs Sydell, and throws him over his shoulder. Jamie, Troy and Dillon quickly exit the apartment.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

as Jamie's yellow Mustang flashes by.

INT. JAMIE'S CAR - NIGHT - TRAVELING

Jamie, behind the wheel. Dillon next to her in the front seat. Troy and Sydell in the backseat.

JAMIE

Where are we going?

TROY

To our vipers.

JAMIE

What for?

(a double-take)

You don't mean...you can't be
serious!

DILLON

The Colonel will die if we
don't take him to the Galactica.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

JAMIE

(flustered)

Well, I understand, but....

Jamie's interrupted by Sydell, who sits up suddenly, wide-eyed and delirious. Incoherently shouting.

SYDELL

Safe? Safe? Wadda ya talking about? Guy was out by a mile... two miles! Ya bum...get yourself a pair of specs....

With that, Sydell falls back in the seat. Troy and Dillon regard him strangely.

TROY

What is he saying?

JAMIE

Sounds like the Colonel is a baseball nut...

(off their look)

uh, fan...

(still confused)

How's admirer sound?

Troy and Dillon still don't have the slightest idea what she's talking about. Sydell starts up again.

SYDELL

Yes, General...no, General... that's correct, General...of course, sir...yes, General...yes ...yes...of course, General... no, General...certainly, General.

Fading off to a mumble. Jamie smiles.

JAMIE

It's not easy being a Colonel, sometimes.

DILLON

He sounds very agreeable.

JAMIE

He has to be.

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

as Troy and Dillon load Sydell into one of the vipers, and Troy gets in with him. Jamie and Dillon load into the other one.

EXT. - SPACE - ON THE VIPERS

as they head for the Galactica.

EXT. - SPACE - ON THE GALACTICA - TO ESTABLISH

as the two vipers head into the landing area.

INT. GALACTICA - A CORRIDOR

Colonel Sydell, enclosed in some kind of plastic or glass isolation case, is wheeled quickly down the corridor by two Galactican medical personnel, and into a room. Jamie, Troy and Dillon hurry after them, watch it disappear. Jamie turns to Troy and Dillon.

JAMIE

You know, something occurred to me on the way up here.

TROY

What's that, Jamie?

JAMIE

Well...this whole thing doesn't make sense.

DILLON

What do you mean?

JAMIE

Think about it...Sydell's a man who's dedicating his life to discovering you...and possibly destroying your people.

TROY

Yes, that's true.

JAMIE

Well, you could have kidnapped him, taken him off of Earth and then just...lost him somewhere. Earth

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

JAMIE (Cont'd)

would have been saved, your secret would be safe, and you wouldn't have to worry about any of this.

(beat)

Instead, you bring him all the way up here to the Galactica, and try and save his life...

(beat)

One simple question...why?

ADAMA (o.s.)

One simple answer, Miss Hamilton.

They turn and see Adama coming down the corridor to them.

ADAMA

The Galacticans value life...any life...over everything else. Only in the direst emergencies would we consider destroying it.

As they talk, a Medical Technician rushes up.

TECHNICIAN

Commander, we're experiencing complications with the Earthling...Doctor Zee requests your presence...all of you.

Adama nods, and they hurry down the hall after the Technician.

INT. MEDICAL LABORATORY

as Adama and the others rush into the lab. Doctor Zee turns to them. Adama crosses to the young boy. Behind Doctor Zee, through a glass panel, we should see Sydell, still under the glass case, being ministered to by several Galacticans.

DOCTOR ZEE

We may be too late.

ADAMA

But why? He was responding so well.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

DOCTOR ZEE

We have been able to neutralize as much of the bacteria as we can. His body, however, does not seem to be capable of producing the necessary internal elements to destroy the rest.

Jamie has been listening closely. She crosses to Adama and Doctor Zee.

JAMIE

You mean white blood cells?

DOCTOR ZEE

That is correct. Neutrophils, to be more precise...a specific type of white blood cell that fights bacterial infections.

(beat)

Without a greater number of neutrophils, our treatment is destined to fail.

(beat)

There is one alternative....

JAMIE

(lighting up)

A transfusion!

Doctor Zee turns and looks at Jamie. A hint of respect in his look.

DOCTOR ZEE

Exactly! The medallion around the Colonel's neck indicates an Earthling blood type 'AB'...Miss Hamilton, yours is...?

JAMIE

'O.'

DOCTOR ZEE

(checking equipment)

An acceptable match. If we could transfer some of your blood, with its higher white cell count, into the Colonel, it could be enough to destroy the bacteria that's killing him.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

JAMIE

Well, I already gave at the office twice this year...might as well make it three....

DOCTOR ZEE

It could only be you Miss Hamilton. The Galactican blood, though similar to your own, is different enough to make it useless for our purposes.

Jamie smiles.

JAMIE

Do I get cookies and orange juice afterwards, Doc?

Troy, Dillon, Adama and Doctor Zee stare at each other in bafflement.

CUT TO

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER

Sydell has been transferred to a bed of some kind, no longer under the protective case. Looking much better. Still out. Gradually comes to, slowly opens his eyes, stares at the ceiling. Trying to remember what happened, where he is, why. Finally sits upright in bed. Turns and freezes when he sees:

ANGLE - ON JAMIE

sitting in the room. She smiles at him, gets up and crosses to the bed. Sydell is more than a little mystified, angry, and scared all at the same time.

SYDELL

Miss Hamilton! Where the...where am I? What is this place?

JAMIE

It's...uh...a hospital. You've been sick. Very sick....

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

SYDELL

(looking around)

This isn't a military hospital.
Who's my doctor?

JAMIE

Zee...Doctor Zee.

SYDELL

Zee? Sounds like something out of
a James Bond movie.

JAMIE

(quietly)

Close....

Sydell swings around to the side of his bed, tests his
legs. Stands, but he's shakey.

SYDELL

The last thing I remember was feel-
ing so...weak. Coming home, and then....

He stops, turns to Jamie. Regards her suspiciously.

SYDELL

What exactly are you doing here?

JAMIE

You'd never believe me. So let's
just say I'm...along for the ride.

Sydell regards her curiously for a moment. Then turns
and walks out the door into:

INT. MEDICAL LABORATORY

Very exotic, very futuristic. Sydell stands, awestruck
by what he sees. Jamie joins him.

JAMIE

Not exactly your standard V.A.
hospital, is it, Colonel?

Sydell whips around to face Jamie.

SYDELL

What is this...some kind of joke?
Some bizarre hoax? If this is some
trick you're playing to get a story....

Sydell is interrupted by Troy's voice o.s.:

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

TROY

Really, Colonel, that's no way to
talk to someone who's just saved
your life.

Sydell turns to see Troy and Dillon coming across the lab.
Sydell stares closely at each of them in turn, then back
to Jamie. Back to Troy and Dillon.

SYDELL

I know you...from somewhere.

(a beat)

What do you mean, saved my life?

DILLON

Just that, Colonel. Miss Hamilton
gave a good deal of her blood to
help cure you.

JAMIE

(to Sydell)

No big deal...you can buy me a year's
supply of iron tablets.

SYDELL

(still reeling)

Be that as it may, I demand to know
where I am! How I got here. Who
you are....

Troy and Dillon exchange a glance. They shrug. Why not?

TROY

Like Jamie says, 'seeing is believing.'

(to Sydell)

This way, Colonel.

Troy and the others walk through a door. Sydell slowly
follows them.

INT. COMMAND BRIDGE

as Troy, Dillon, Jamie and Sydell come onto the bridge.
Sydell's pace slows almost to a walk as he stares at the
people, the equipment.

SYDELL

(awestruck)

I don't believe it...

(suddenly rational)

No! I don't believe it!

(to Jamie)

Where on Earth am I?

Jamie simply points to the window.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

JAMIE

Colonel, you're not anywhere near
Earth.

Sydell follows her finger, wanders to the window. Stares out into a galaxy of stars and planets that he's never seen before. As he stands at the window, he's joined by Adama. He takes in the sight with Sydell.

ADAMA

As many times as I've stared out
this window, it never fails to
move me...never.

Sydell again snaps out of his reverie. Looks at Adama. Smiles.

SYDELL

Who are you? The tour guide for
Fantasyland?

ADAMA

(very regal)

Commander Adama, Colonel. It's a
very great pleasure to meet you.

Something about the sincerity and strength of Adama's greeting strikes a chord deep in Sydell. It's real, and whether or not he'll admit it, he knows. Turns to Jamie. At least she's someone he knows is for real.

SYDELL

Miss Hamilton....

JAMIE

Hey...call me Jamie.

SYDELL

Jamie...this is enough.

It's not, though, not quite. Something on the control panel catches his eye, and he wanders over, looking at everything. Insatiable. Jamie joins Troy, Dillon and Adama as Sydell wanders.

JAMIE

He's like a kid in a toy store.

(she laughs)

You know, seeing him here, like this
...he's kind of nice...

(catching herself)

Well, you know...human.

ADAMA

Man's quest for knowledge and under-
standing is a common bond between all

CONTINUED

CONTINUED - 2

ADAMA (Cont'd)
of us, one which defines and re-
affirms our humanity.
(smiling at Jamie)
That's one reason we want so badly
to share our knowledge with your
people...and learn from you as well.

Sydell returns to Adama and the others. A long moment of
silence. Looking at Adama.

SYDELL
Who...who are you?

ADAMA
Friends...and allies, I hope...men
and women, children, families, just
as you have on Earth...we're your
brothers and sisters, Colonel, a
whisper from your past and, perhaps,
the first stirrings of your future.

SYDELL
I don't understand...I'm sorry, but
I just don't understand.

JAMIE
Colonel, I gave up trying to under-
stand a long time ago.

Sydell just nods, looking at Jamie blankly. It's a bit
of an overload.

SYDELL
I think I'm ready to leave...
(to Adama)
...I can leave, Commander?

ADAMA
Whenever you wish, Colonel.

He nods, turns, starts for his room. Jamie goes with him.
Adama, Troy and Dillon watch them go.

TROY
It's a pity we can't let him keep
some of these memories.

DILLON
He was enchanted, wasn't he?

ADAMA
Yes, he was...here. When he returns
to Earth, who can say how he would
respond to this experience? Or how
Earthlings would respond to his stories...

CONTINUED

CONTINUED - 3

ADAMA (Cont'd)

(beat)

For our sake...and for his, I think
...it's best that he leaves his memories
of the Galactica right here...on the
Galactica.

TROY

Doctor Zee implanted the memory
deletion unit?

ADAMA

Yes. The Colonel should have no
recollection of anything he saw or
experience after he left his apartment.

DILLON

You mean when he wakes up tomorrow
it's all going to be...gone?

Adama nods. Turns to Troy and Dillon.

ADAMA

You'd both best prepare for the
flight.

Troy and Dillon nod, exit. Jamie and Sydell return to the
Command Bridge.

ADAMA

Your ship is being pre-flighted,
Colonel.

SYDELL

(still dazed)

Yes...I suppose it is.

ADAMA

(offers his hand)

Until we meet again....

Sydell looks at Adama's hand, hesitates, then shakes it.
Firmly. Turns and leaves.

EXTERIOR - SPACE - ON THE GALACTICA

as two vipers blast out of the Galactica.