TEASER

FADE IN:
EXT. THE EQUINOX
INT. THE EQUINOX - STORAGE ROOM

There's a commotion as several people surround a calmly seated DORAL. JAHEE presents KIM with a gun.

JAHEE
The honor is yours, Kim.

She grabs it and shoves the barrel into Doral's face.

DORAL
Is that it? Anything else?

The crowd steps backwards from him.

KIM
That should cover it.

Doral's annoyed. He doesn't like the looks of things. With faster-than-human speed, he snatches the gun from Kim's hand, startling everyone. Is he going to shoot them?

DORAL
Your angle sucks.

He slides the barrel snugly under his chin.

DORAL (cont'd)
A coma won't do.

He pulls the trigger. Some in the immediate circle around him have blood splattered on their faces. They cheer and congratulate each other with a sense of accomplishment. Jahee and Kim trade smiles and shake hands.

KIM
The sheep have become the shepherds.

JAHEE
We still have a long way to go.
But the light at the end of tunnel just got brighter.

The people exchange knowing looks. Kim and Jahee bow their heads to them. They reciprocate and scatter.
INT. CAPRICA CITY – GOVERNMENT MEETING ROOM – DAY

SECRETARY OF EDUCATION ROSLIN makes her closing argument for her policy. PRESIDENT ADAR, SECRETARY OF DEFENSE STANTON, and several other cabinet members are in attendance.

STANTON
Virgon’s military surpassed ours last year. Picon is also poised to advance beyond us.

LAURA
The last inter-colonial military conflict was over forty years ago. This is really about fattening defense contracts at the expense of educating the children of Caprica. Not particularly troubling to you Secretary Stanton because your children enjoy private schools?

STANTON
Now just a minute, madam secretary—

LAURA
I had lunch with little Sheila Macklin yesterday. When a child doesn’t have the current text book, we have failed. When a child is lost in an overcrowded class, we’ve failed. When lack of funding closes the music program, guess what? We’ve failed.

Stanton is annoyed. Other members are swayed by her words and clap.

STANTON
If our defense is allowed to decay—little Sheila is blown to vapors by an attack and we can’t defend ourselves, we’ve failed.

A few claps for Stanton.

LAURA
How is doubling an arsenal of bombs to collect dust more valuable than a child’s education? Virgon and Picon put us at a small level of risk, I agree but at this time—

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

STANTON
This is not just about Virgon and Picon. Gods only know what enemy may emerge from deep space to-

LAURA
I'm not in the business of selling fear. I work in optimism and fulfilling dreams. Fear dictates bombs as our most precious resources. Optimism dictates children, as our most precious resource. Let your votes be decided upon that difference.

Everybody's clapping. President Adar looks at Laura. He's impressed with her impassioned plea.

INT. CAPRICA CITY - FANCY SCHMANY HOTEL ROOM - DAY

In a grand hotel room fit for a philandering president, an upside down bottle of Champagne rests in an ice bucket. Clothes strewn all over the floor of the room. A naked Laura wrapped in a sheet, is perched on a king-sized bed. She sports one wicked bed-head and sips from a champagne flute.

MAN(O.S.)
Are you kidding, "Roz"? You drove it home. It's in the bag. This is huge.

("Roz" is his nickname for her and short for Roslin.) Laura modestly hunches her shoulders. A man kisses Laura passionately. We don't yet see his face.

LAURA
(modestly)
Think so?

MAN
I know so. When was the last time you saw an education budget triple? This is exactly what we set out to do when we were angry. And full of piss and vinegar back in college.

LAURA
(playfully proper)
I'll have you know, I was never full of piss.

They both laugh.
CONTINUED:

ADAR
We didn’t sell out. And you never
gave up, “Roz”. I love that about
you.

His face is fully revealed and it’s President Adar. He
tickles and kisses her as he praises her.

ADAR (cont’d)
How many times did you watch it die
on the floor? You made it live.
You over-hauled it: You massaged
it.

He playfully massages her shoulders.

ADAR (cont’d)
You breathed life into it.

He takes a deep breath, presses his lips to her stomach and
blows, making a bellyburp. She laughs like a little girl.

ADAR (cont’d)
Don’t be modest. You made it work,
Secretary of Education Laura
Roslin...

LAURA
Alright. You win! I’m a genius!

She playfully bites his nose. His phone rings. He grabs it.

ADAR
Yes. I should’ve called sooner.
You know how the days get, darling.
(Lying)
I’ve just been handed something.
Call you back, okay. Bye.

He sits the phone on the bedside table and trades a guilty
look with Laura.

LAURA
Barbara is a good woman—

ADAR
No she’s not. And you know she’s
not.

LAURA
Then we both feel guilty because?

(CONTINUED)
They both hold each other’s gaze.

**ADAR**
She’s not the woman for me, “Roz”.

**LAURA**
Which does not make her bad, Samuel.

**ADAR**
I know. That would be me. I never thought I’d be the kind of man who-

**LAURA**
We both know you’re a good man. I’m the foolish one for insisting you and I keep it at friends when we were in school.

**ADAR**
If you’d gone out with me, I wouldn’t have been ready for you.

**LAURA**
I know this. That’s why we didn’t go out.

They chuckle with sharing that truth.

**ADAR**
Timing’s everything.

**LAURA**
I like to think we all have ways of winding up exactly where we’re supposed to be. No matter how little sense it makes.

There’s pain in their eyes. She squeezes his hand. He kisses her. The pain subsides and the mutual love and understanding envelop them both.

**ADAR**
I’m lost without you, “Roz”. Not just in work, in my life. You make me feel so centered and strong.

**LAURA**
That makes one of us. I haven’t felt strong. In fact, lately I’ve been feeling-

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (3)

His phone rings. He grabs it. Wrapped in sheets, Laura goes to the window and sees a beautiful sunset over the Caprica City skyline. Into the brightness of the sun...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GALACTICA - SICKBAY - LAURA'S CUBICLE

A bright light on the ceiling. A feverish, sweaty, and weak Laura looks at it from her bed. A small tube runs from her nostril and is taped to the side of her cheek.

DR. COTTLE (O.S.)
She's dying. Get Adama and the Vice President down here, right now... Hurry!

(beat)
Crap!

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER
ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. GALACTICA - SICKBAY - CUBICLE

DR. COTTLE talks with ADAMA, TIGH, and BALTAR.

ADAMA
She's insistent on this meeting.
If she's not strong enough, we'll wait for a better time.

DR. COTTLE
There won't be a better time, Commander.

BALTAR
Are you saying that she's-

DR. COTTLE
She can stop flossing, is what I'm saying. She's down to days, if not hours.

BALTAR
Is she still of sound mind?

Although an innocent question, Adama and Tigh exchange a "this jackass can't wait to be in charge" look.

DR. COTTLE
Her condition's deteriorating rapidly. She's in and out.

ADAMA
Then we can try to talk to her.

Dr. Cottle nods. Adama heads to her cubicle. Tigh follows and pats Baltar on the back as he passes him.

TIGH
(facetious)
What a relief huh, Doctor?

Baltar, uncertain of Tigh's flexion, nods as the three go to Laura's cubicle.

INT. GALACTICA - SICKBAY - LAURA'S CUBICLE - MID SCENE

Adama, Tigh, Baltar and Dr. Cottle surround Laura's bedside. Although she can barely hold her head up and her voice is weak, she's running this meeting.

(CONTINUED)
LAURA
The next thing is the Cylon’s baby. Dr. Cottle has been monitoring its
development and has some findings.

BALTAR
New findings? Why wasn’t I
informed? As the Cylon Specialist—

LAURA
Because you have acting
presidential duties to uphold.

DR. COTTLE
(angry to Baltar)
Lookin’ for a hug? How much pre-
natal care have you done? And
you’ve delivered how many
babies...? I thought so.
(to the room)
The emerging cell structure is
markedly different from both human
and Cylon cells. It’s a hybrid all
the way down to its DNA. The child
will have capabilities and traits
no one can predict.

Adama and Tigh trade worried looks.

BALTAR
Fascinating.

ADAMA
What are the ramifications?

DR. COTTLE
Hell if I know. Too many to count.
That thing could unleash pathogens
that could wipe us all out or
function as a beacon to the
pursuing Cylons. Or it could get
colic, burp and fart radiation.

BALTAR
Thing? Or this half-human child
could do none of those things.

LAURA
With the human race in the balance,
we can’t afford to be wrong. This
has been a difficult decision.
CONTINUED: (2)

BALTAR
Surely, you don't mean to...

LAURA
...terminate the pregnancy? Yes. Dr. Cottle will perform the procedure.

Adama and Tigh are surprised at Laura’s decision and agree. SIX appears from behind Baltar’s shoulder.

SIX
See how evil your people are! Wantonly destroying new life.

BALTAR
(desperately scrambling)
Well of course... We can certainly look into that as an option -- yes.

The president shakes her head at Baltar and glances at Adama.

ADAMA
It's the only option.

BALTAR
With all due respect Madam President, are we to surrender to our fears and stunt the growth of scientific discovery?

LAURA
Noted, Dr. Baltar. The safety of the fleet takes precedence.

Agreed. ADAMA

SIX
And what of the innocent child? This is inconceivable! You can't let this happen, Gaius, you can't!

BALTAR
Please. I beseech you. This is a grave mistake. Dr. Cottle, as a fellow man of science, you understand this child offers us an unparalleled opportunity to study the Cylon biology.

(CONTINUED)
TIGH
(deadpan)
Once it's dead, you can pick the bones clean for all I care.

Tigh's comment falls on deaf ears. From Baltar's perspective the voices in Laura's cubicle trail away and become distant chatter. He's momentarily shell-shocked. His senses return as Laura's speaking to Adama.

LAURA
...is alarming to me. The best way to alleviate this growing mistrust is for you to begin a Civilian Outreach program. Without an open dialogue, factions will... will...

President Roslin falls asleep. Dr. Cottle waves them off, unofficially closing the meeting. As Adama, Tigh, and Baltar walk away, Dr. Cottle prepares a shot of Doloxon.

INT. GALACTICA - CORRIDORS

Adama and Tigh walk down the hallway.

TIGH
A Civilian Outreach program? Better we reach out and put a few civilians in the brig-

ADAMA
I don't believe that's what Madam President had in mind. An exchange of ideas can be valuable.

TIGH
I'm gonna throw-up. Feels like a two bagger. I'll pray for your soul.

Tigh turns and walks down the other corridor. Adama stops him.

ADAMA
You're not going to hide in CIC.

TIGH
I figured it was going to be you and the "lil' frakk who would be king". Three's a crowd so-

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

ADAMA
Your attendance and Pegasus XO
Fisk's are required.

TIGH
You don't have to do this.

Tigh resumes walking with Adama.

ADAMA
This is important to her.

Baltar rushes up to Adama. Tigh gets a nod from Adama to take a walk.

BALTAR
If I may have a brief word with you, sir, off the record. The President didn't seem like herself today.

ADAMA
Who did she seem to be, Mr. Vice President?

BALTAR
What I mean is she seemed confused when discussing Sharon's baby. Perhaps the medication or the illness is effecting her clarity. Before we carry out anything irreversible, it'd be prudent to ascertain the President's faculties.

Adama thinks on this one, while unconsciously rubbing his hand across his healed chest wound.

ADAMA
Nothing to ascertain. She's dying not incoherent.

BALTAR
Yes but-

SIX
As the guardian of this baby, you must stop them. By any means necessary.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)

BALTAR
I know, I know.
(on Adama)
I know it's a difficult decision, commander.

ADAMA
Not at all. The President seemed clear to me. Her orders will be carried out.

Adama walks away.

INT. GALACTICA - WARD ROOM

Adama, Baltar, Tigh, FISK and Jahee and Kim are seated. Adama studies a document and looks confused.

ADAMA
Jahee and Kim, you're from the Equinox but it says here you don't represent that ship.

JAHEE
We represent the P.E.R.C. which spans across the fleet including Galactica.

Adama, Baltar, and Tigh all trade curious looks.

KIM
People for the Ethical Regard of Cylons.

Tigh nearly spits out his coffee.

TIGH
People for the what of Cylons?

FISK
Cylon sympathizers.
(disgusted)
I've heard of your group.

JAHEE
A meaningless label from the unenlightened.

ADAMA
(already not liking this)
By all means enlighten us.

(Continued)
CONTINUED:

JAHEE
We do not condone the genocidal attacks on the Colonies.

TIGH
That's comforting.

FISK
But you think it was our fault!

KIM
For decades the P.E.R.C. has maintained the enslavement of Cylons as being morally wrong.

FISK
Well Boo-Frakkin'-Hoo... Enslavement? They're robots.

KIM (cont'd)
We believe there's no difference between artificial life and biological life. All life is sacred.

TIGH
And we believe you're full of crap. Permission to take out the garbage, commander?

ADAMA
President Roslin's belief is the Cylons destroyed our planets but not our rights and freedoms. We carry that with us. It defines us. They get their say. (to Jahee) Proceed.

JAHEE
Humankind's mistreatment of Cylons caused their rebellion. We met a Cylon who said the Colonies launched a stealth attack on Cylon. Making their attack on us -- defensive.

FISK
This is nonsense, Commander-

ADAMA
(focussed)
Where is this Cylon?

(Continued)
CONTINUED: (2)

JAHEE
An effort was made for peace.

FISK
Answer the Commander or so help me Gods-

JAHEE
There's no need for threats. Remember we came to you.
(to Adama)
We assisted in his downloading.

FISK
You killed him?

JAHEE
No we ran across a gracious Cylon who volunteered his services as a courier of our message of peace.

TIGH
On who's authority?

KIM
Mine. We keep running and fighting the Cylons. It's time for peace talks. This is the dawning of-

ADAMA
(to Fisk)
Set up an emergency Jump.

Fisk hurries out.

ADAMA (cont'd)
You have no idea what you've done.

KIM
We sent his consciousness off to reunite the Cylons. Now they know some of us want peace.

Adama glares at them. Tigh and Fisk simmer with rage.

TIGH
And now they know our location, how low we're running on supplies. And any other intel that toaster might've picked up while he was among us.  

(continues)
KIM
All your conclusions are driven by fear. He assured us that the information will not be used to harm anyone.

TIGH
(fuming)
Really? Did the Cylon cross his heart when he promised that?

On Adama's nods, Tigh grabs the handset.

TIGH (cont'd)
(into the handset)
Send security.
(to Kim)
You are under arrest for harboring a enemy fugitive, interference with an ongoing military operation and delivering state secrets to the enemy.

TWO SECURITY OFFICERS enter and Tigh points at Kim.
Kim politely extends her wrists. She has a subtle smile as she's handcuffed. Jahee trades a knowing look with her.

INT. GALACTICA - WARD ROOM
Adama, Tigh, Fisk, and Baltar discuss.

TIGH
Frakkin' Cylon sympathizers? They oughtta be rounded up and shot -- if they were worth the bullets.

ADAMA
Their thoughts are not crimes. Our society is strong enough to withstand differences of opinion. But their actions are-

BALTAR
(lying)
Disgusting. Horrible. They should be punished to the full extent of the law.

TIGH
Who knows what other crap that Cylon was pumping them with.
CONTINUED:

FISK
This is exactly why those bastards are dangerous. The tired, the desperate, and the weak could be vulnerable to their twisted ways for appeasement.

TIGH
Their views breed discontent and possibly-

ADAMA
Terrorism.

FISK
They are spread out over the fleet because their belief system was scattered throughout the Colonies. Tigh's idea to round them up, might not be such a bad one.

ADAMA
Absolutely not.

FISK
Then we should track as many as we can and set up surveillance for security purposes.

BALTAR
Eavesdropping and spying. Is this what we've come to?

FISK
We're at war Mr. Vice President.

ADAMA
However, we will not become the snake that devours its own tail. No eavesdropping. Not yet anyway.

BALTAR
I can follow up with Jahee to demonstrate the outreach program is active. Besides I know his sort. Emotional, desperate with a need to be heard. If intel is what you want, I can get it from him.

Adama nods in approval.
EXT. CAPRICA CITY PARK - DAY

A blurry image of something hanging. It swings back and forth. What is it? Is it a noose?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GALACTICA - SICKBAY - LAURA'S CUBICLE

Laura awakens confused from her dream and sees LEE sitting in a chair nodding off.

LAURA
I suppose if I argued the point of why you should leave-

LEE
You'd lose.

LAURA
I see. What're you doing with your spare time? Aside from watching me die, I mean?

LEE
I train. Go to the range.

LAURA
That's preparation not spare time.

LEE
I enjoy what I do.

LAURA
Your father has his books and model ship. I sometimes wonder if I make him wish he could disappear into that bottle and sail away on it.

Lee grins.

LAURA (cont'd)
We're all ships like Galactica. It jumps through space. Our bodies jump through time, only we don't know it. We think we're moving at a crawl. We don't have the perspective of our speed, until we're down to those last precious few jumps. Unlike Galactica, we can't jump backwards.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

LAURA (cont’d)
Find something or someone outside
of saving the human race. Don’t
let what you do become what you
are, Lee.

In one look from her, he knows she’s talking from experience.

LEE
I’ll be sure to mix in a few “good
jumps”, Madam President.

INT. GALACTICA - ADAMA’S QUARTERS
Adama sits at his desk examining paper work. HELO enters.

HELO
You wished to speak with me, sir?

ADAMA
At ease. Have a seat.

Helo sits down.

HELO
Sir, if this is about the amount of
time I’ve visited Sharon, I can
assure you, I’ve only sacrificed my
rack time-

Adama raises his hand slowly to silence him

ADAMA
The president has made a difficult
decision. With the interest of the
safety of the fleet in mind, Sharon’s pregnancy will be
terminated.

Helo stands from his seat in shock.

HELO
But why? The baby’s innocent.

ADAMA
Dr. Cottle has discovered anomalies
in the infant’s cell structure-

HELO
Is it harming the baby?

ADAMA
No.

(CONTINUED)
HELO
Is the baby harming Sharon?

ADAMA
No. According to Dr. Cottle, both appear to be healthy.

HELO
I'm not sure that I follow you, sir.

ADAMA
These anomalies are unknown in nature. It may also pose as a more direct threat to the fleet.

HELO
You think it's going to be a monster? Please, sir, you can't let them do this.

ADAMA
I'm sorry son, but the decision has already been made.

Helo struggles to composes himself.

HELO
Permission to speak freely, sir.

ADAMA
Granted.

HELO
How do you feel about this decision, personally.

ADAMA
To be honest, I'd have done it much sooner. When it comes to the welfare of the fleet, personal feelings are irrelevant. These are the difficult decisions we make with the heaviest of hearts. The uniform we're honored to wear-

HELO
Honor? Show me the honor in killing my child, sir?
ADAMA
There is none. My heart is heavy
for you. Stay focussed. Not just
for you but for Sharon. She must
not know. If she resists and
becomes combative, she will be
destroyed.

Helo suppresses a flurry of emotions.

HELO
You care about Sharon?

Adama unconsciously rubs his hands across his chest, tracing
his scar from his wound.

ADAMA
We still are a family. She's
important to you. You're important
to me.

HELO
But not our child...

ADAMA
Dismissed.

Adama's stoned face demeanor melts away. He removes his
glasses and rubs his eyes.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE
ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. GALACTICA - BALTAR’S QUARTERS

Baltar enters his lab and notices a couple of gift wrapped boxes. He opens one and his face lights up.

BALTAR
Impossible. The Q-1 series. These are my favorite. I thought the last of them burned up on Libron.

He slides a cigar under his nose and sniffs with pure bliss. He notices a card attached. Six reads over his shoulder.

SIX
Fisk.

BALTAR
I only mentioned in passing how I’d been craving one. Didn’t think anyone was listening.

SIX
Somebody was.

BALTAR
What a thoughtful gift.

SIX
Now, now President Baltar, in politics...

She slowly slides the cigar into her mouth and delicately, nibbles the tip off.

SIX (cont’d)
...there’s no such thing as just a gift. Like everyone else, Fisk has become aware of your ascension.

BALTAR
Everyone else?

SIX
Don’t you see it in their eyes when they look at you? The way they address you. Even Adama approaches you with a little more respect.

(CONTINUED)
She fires up the cigar with a lighter. Baltar looks on as she seductively puffs it to life.

SIX (cont’d)
You've sacrificed so much. You're intellect has saved Galactica. Your charm has inspired the fleet. Shedding these cramped quarters and moving to Colonial One is what you deserve.

BALTAR
Yes.

SIX
Think of the young succulent assistants you’ll pick from.

BALTAR
Oh Yes. I have been.

SIX
Your drive knows no limits. You'd lie, cheat, steal, and even kill to pursue your rightful destiny.

BALTAR
Well to kill is a bit-

SIX
I know you still think about Crashdown. How did it feel? The power of absorbing that young life.

Baltar turns away. He notices a pattern on the wrapping paper and traces around it several times with a pen.

SIX (cont’d)
Does it horrify you to think about it? Or are you horrified because it felt so exhilarating?

BALTAR
What are you talking about?

SIX
Murder changes a spirit. To finally touch one’s true self must be like being born. This is why Laura dying doesn't trouble you.
BALTAR
That’s not true.

SIX
Deny it all you want but Fisk
senses that in you. He knows you’re
going to need a right hand man.

She removes the cigar from her mouth and inserts it into
Baltar’s.

SIX (cont’d)
I think he qualifies.

Baltar takes a puff and considers, as she smiles at him.

INT. COLONIAL ONE - PRESIDENT ROSLIN’S OFFICE

BILLY finishes up a phone call.

BILLY
(listening)
Who? Oh yes. Right of course...
(listening)
No that’s understandable. No
offense taken. It’s been a long
day for all of us.

He hangs up the wireless repeatedly slamming it down.

BILLY (cont’d)
President Baltar? We still have a
President Roslin, ass-wipe!

DUALLA (O.S.)
Billy?

Billy sees a lovely off-duty DUALLA with her hair down.

DUALLA
Dualla, what’re you doing here— Oh
Gods! What time is it?
(realizing)
We had dinner tonight, didn’t we?
I’m so sorry. I’ve been busy
trying to get everything in order.

Dualla gazes around the immaculate room. Not even a
paperclip is out of place.

DUALLA
Mission accomplished.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

BILLY
(stressed/irritated)
I might not be involved in the life
or death missions you're department
faces, but that doesn't make my
position less important.

DUALLA
Agreed. Now tell me why you were
screaming at a hung up wireless?

BILLY
They said President Baltar. They
have no respect for life, or hope,
or even protocol. Nobody's been
sworn in.

DUALLA
When the old man was shot, everyone
in CIC had to shift gears and put
our respect, faith and trust in our
XO, as the acting commander.

BILLY
Uh yeah and under whom you mutinied
to help Lee and the President.
Besides this isn't the military.
We don't just fill somebody's slot
with another drone. The people
selected President Roslin-

DUALLA
Drone?

BILLY
You know what I mean.

DUALLA
Billy, you're tired and I'm
generous. So I'm going to let you
have that one. Get some sleep.

She leans over to kiss him. He tries to kiss her on the
mouth, but she angles to kiss him on the forehead.

DUALLA (cont'd)
Dream about how you're going to
make up for blowing our dinner
tonight.
INT. THE EQUINOX - JAHEE'S QUARTERS

Baltar and Jahee sit on opposing sides of a coffee table.

JAHEE
...who're we to judge if another
life form possesses a soul? Talks
with the Cylons must begin. With
discussions can come understanding.

On the table between them sits a dish of candied cherries.
Jahee eats one. He gestures to Baltar to have some.

BALTAR
Historically, an arrival of mutual
understanding can yield peace.

JAHEE
And once the seed of peace has been
planted-

BALTAR
Anything can happen.

SIX
You're planting a dangerous little
seed of your own. Aren't you,
Gaius? You're so resourceful.

Six now sits right beside him. Baltar helps himself to a
candied cherry. He slides his hand into her lap.

JAHEE
Exactly. Friendships and who knows
maybe even love.

BALTAR
Really, love, you say?

He snakes his hand up her skirt as he thinks on that one.

JAHEE
Sounds crazy but why not?
(laughing)
Can you imagine?

BALTAR
Oh I am... I am... Jahee, you are
quite the visionary.

Six shudders from being turned on by Baltar's touch.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

JAHEE
Our vision has been ignored. But Kim’s trial will amplify our voice.

SIX
They can’t be a sanctuary for Sharon. They’re outcasts. Adama would crush them easily.

JAHEE
We need protection. I’m concerned about what Tigh and Fisk might do to us. The military has all the guns, the real power. The P.E.R.C. needs to arm themselves, purely for defensive purposes.

BALTAR
I’m merely a vice-president and have no control over the military. I don’t have any guns to give to-

SIX
You have a nuclear warhead. From when you were building the Cylon detector?

(off Baltar’s glare)
Don’t look at me like I’m crazy. I know what you’re thinking. You’ve been sizing Jahee up this whole time. He seems sane enough and nuclear bomb worthy to me.

BALTAR
I won’t-

(covering to Jahee)
I won’t be able to stay much longer. The round the clock hours are catching up with me.

Jahee rises and they both walk to his door.

JAHEE
I understand.

SIX
Small price to pay for our baby’s safety. Are you not up on current events, Gaius? The termination is for today?

Baltar’s mind races, as Jahee opens the door to let him out.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)

JAHEE
I’m grateful for time with the next president of the Colonies.

Baltar closes Jahee’s door and turns to him.

BALTAR
I’m going to provide you with the only true deterrent that matters. A nuclear bomb. In exchange I need to count on you to harbor a Cylon, if called upon.

JAHEE
(stunned)
A nuclear bomb? A Cylon? Where did you-

BALTAR
Do we have a deal?

JAHEE
Uh... Yes.

BALTAR
We’re both sincere people. I sincerely, hope you don’t try to frakk me over in this. If so, you, your family and friends, will become intimately familiar with the suction of an airlock. And Jahee, I do mean that, sincerely.

Jahee is shocked as Baltar shakes his hand with a smile.

SIX
Gaius, I’ve never seen this side of you! You’re making me hot. I have to feel your touch.

Six grabs his hand kisses it and slides it up her thigh.

JAHEE
The candied cherries are from Sagitaron and very hard to find. Delicious, huh?

Baltar whips his hand from Six and licks his fingertips.

BALTAR
Finger licking good.
INT. CAPRICA CITY - LAURA'S DOCTOR'S OFFICE

A pensive Laura sits as her DOCTOR enters.

DOCTOR
I'm afraid the tests are positive.
The mass is malignant. It's advanced well beyond-

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CAPRICA CITY PARK - DAY

A blurry image of something hanging. It's not revealed yet that this is a park. This time something large the size of a person, looks to be on whatever it is that's hanging. The image is too blurry to know for sure. It swings back and forth slowly. Is this Laura's fate?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CAPRICA CITY - PRESIDENT ADAR'S OFFICE

A very upset Adar sits on the edge of his desk. Laura stands in front of him maintaining her reserve.

ADAR
You're not just talking about ending your job are you?

LAURA
No, I'm not. Try to understand.

ADAR
Impossible. This is coming out of nowhere! "Roz", why're you doing this? Have I done something to-

LAURA
No. I've carefully thought this out. I can't live this way anymore.

ADAR
It's that simple? You're done? With everything. That's it? Not even a discussion about why.

LAURA
I've said all that needs to be said, Mr. President.

(CONTINUED)
ADAR (frustrated)
Don’t Mr. President me, not in this conversation!
(confused and hurt)
"Roz", you’re my best friend.

Adar steps toward Laura to embrace her and she gently pulls back. She knows if he holds her, she’ll break and tell him everything about her cancer.

ADAR (cont’d)
I’m not accepting your resignation tonight. You can sleep on things, think it over and-

LAURA
My resignation letter will be on your desk in the morning.

ADAR
Where are you going to go?

LAURA
(tries to smile)
The park. I’m craving an ice cream sandwich.

ADAR
You just need some time-

LAURA
(graciously)
I need to leave now.

She grabs his hand and squeezes it tenderly.

LAURA (cont’d)
Goodbye Samuel.

INT. GALACTICA - MECHANICS’ ROOM - STILL

Lee, KARA and others commiserate about the dying president over some mugs of hooch. They click mugs in a toast.

LEE
To President Roslin! The people always come first. It’s never about her. And that’s more than you can say for Baltar.
CONTINUED:

KARA
Somebody’s got a crush... There’s more to him than meets the eye.

LEE
Uh-no, actually there’s less to him than meets the eye. Far less.

KARA
Roslin picked him for a reason.

LEE
He hasn’t got the nads for it. Although you may have a different observation.

KARA
(ignoring the dig)
Let’s not talk about replacing her. I still can’t believe this.

LEE
I work with her nearly everyday. Haven’t met a tougher lady.
(off Kara’s look)
Present company excluded of course.

KARA
We’re going to be lost without her visions and wisdom.

LEE
I don’t know about the visions but she knows the needs of the people.

KARA
Her visions are real.

LEE
Maybe to you. Why should she be any closer to the gods than either of us?

KARA
So, you followed Roslin over your father just for the fun of it?

LEE
I never believed in her visions. Kara. But I believed in her. That was enough for me.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)

STOKELY, an overweight Asian man, listens to their conversation.

STOKELY
If you don’t mind my saying, you’ve got it all wrong. Kara’s right.

Kara nods, as others enter the room and wave at Lee.

LEE
I do mind, Stokely.
(fanning the air)
And not just because you could use a breath mint.
(deadpan)
I smell a sermon coming on and me, without my prayer book...

Lee joins the group that waved. Stokely takes Lee’s seat and stares daggers at him. He shakes his head with pity.

STOKELY
The eternal struggle of a douche bag in search of a soul. My heart bleeds.

KARA
Yeah, what’re you gonna do?

STOKELY
Folks who blow-off the scriptures kill me.

Her nose crinkles at a blast of bad breath that would bring a Centurion to his knees. She extends a roll of mints to him. He takes one and nods obligingly.

KARA
(on mints)
They’re best two at a time.

He takes another and crams it into his mouth.

STOKELY
To the believers who keep the faith.
(click mugs with Kara)
If Lee had any, he’d know this is all a good thing, Kara.

(CONTINUED)
KARA
You mean it's best for the
president not to suffer? I see
your point but it's still too sad
to-

STOKELY
No, but you can't deny the upside.
The scriptures say our leader dies
before we make it to Earth.

KARA
What are you saying?

STOKELY
I'm saying, what everybody else is
saying. The sooner she dies, the
sooner we've arrived. Hey I
respect and admire our president
but, we're the last generation,
baby. I'd put her through an
airlock if it meant we'd get to-

WHAM! Kara levels him with one punch.

KARA
You fat frakk! After all she's
done for us!

His friend grabs her from behind. She flips him. A third
guy pops her in the jaw, her legs buckle. She slugs him in
the face with her mug. We have a brawl. Lee joins in.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO
ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. GALACTICA - SICKBAY - CUBICLE

A NURSE points Baltar into the cubicle to see Dr. Cottle.

BALTAR
I received your message. Has Laura's condition changed?

DR. COTTLE
She's still dying.

BALTAR
Then why I was summoned?

DR. COTTLE
Before starting your new gig as president, we gotta do a physical.

BALTAR
Are we not jumping the gun a bit? I'm not the president.

DR. COTTLE
Our current president is circling the drain, due to blowing off her doctor. Figured I'd give you a head start. Remove your shirt.

BALTAR
If caught earlier then she-

DR. COTTLE
May have survived, yes. There's a number of experimental treatments that have promising rates of-

(on Baltar's shirt)

What're you waitin' for a band?

Baltar removes his shirt. Dr. Cottle checks his heart.

BALTAR
What sort of experimental treatments?

Dr. Cottle pulls back from Baltar. His voice is booming through the stethoscope.

BALTAR (cont'd)
Gene manipulation or -

(Continued)
CONTINUED:

DR. COTTLE
You’re killin’ me, here. Our paths cross countless times in the halls and we ignore each other. A consistency I’d grown fond of. I slap on a scope, now you’re chatty?

Dr. Cottle notes his findings in Baltar’s health records. He take his blood pressure.

DR. COTTLE (cont’d)
Turkonferon would have slowed if not halted the cancer’s progression, but that ship has sailed. I even gave her a dosage. It had no effect.

He records Baltar’s blood pressure in his health records. Baltar grabs the pencil from him and scribbles something. Dr. Cottle notices him doodling and fires up a cigarette.

DR. COTTLE (cont’d)
I appreciate the pretty picture. Especially as we approach the more romantic part of this visit.

THWACK! Dr. Cottle snaps on his elastic gloves. Baltar’s head rises up from his concentration as what’s to come dawns upon him.

BALTAR
Now, surely you don’t—

DR. COTTLE
This ain’t exactly cake and ice cream for me either. Now turn around and drop your pants...

Baltar turns his back to Dr. Cottle and begins unfastening his trousers. Dr. Cottle takes one last drag off of his cigarette, sucks something from between his teeth and begins.

INT. CAPRICA CITY - LAURA’S HOUSE - KITCHEN

Laura talks on the phone. Her face shows some strain in listening to a long-winded talker.

LAURA
Sounds like reason to celebrate. I’m glad your family’s doing so well. Me? Well since you asked I—Sure I can hold on.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

LAURA (cont'd)

(beat)
I understand. It was good to talk after all these years.

She eyes another number in her phone book and dials it.

RECORDED MESSAGE
This number is disconnected.

The reality of her lonely life, ending her career, breaking up with President Adar, and her terminal illness is a crushing convergence of weight to bear. She leans against the corner of her kitchen. Her legs slowly crumble as she slides down to the floor.

The door bell rings.

INT. CAPRICA CITY - LAURA’S HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

Laura sits at the table with a glass of ambrosia and a box of tissues. She’s all cried out and all liquored up. Her words are slightly slurred.

LAURA
Maybe I’m too picky? The one guy I could probably stomach until death do we part, and that’s a big-ass probably, was already married. We always had to hide. I guess that’s all there is. And what do I have to show for it? A bunch of damn snow globes.

Snow globes decorate her window sill. She grabs one and hurdles it against the wall.

LAURA (cont’d)
Pathetic. When I was in the park I saw this charming couple.

EXT. CAPRICA CITY PARK - DAY

The blurry image that haunted Laura before refines itself. It’s not a noose. It’s a swing in a playground. Laura munches on an ice cream sandwich as she people watches.

A blonde woman approaches and sits on the swing. A dark-haired man with a pony-tail and sunglasses kisses her and pushes her. Neither of their faces are in focus.

(CONTINUED)
LAURA (V.O.)
Anyone with eyes could see, the world could see the love between those two. The way he pushed her—Never took his eyes off her. As if he was born to be right there, to catch her if she fell. It occurred to me that if I fell, no one would ever be there to catch me.

INT. CAPRICA CITY — LAURA’S HOUSE — KITCHEN

Laura tops her glass off with ambrosia.

LAURA
Would you like some more ambrosia?

The person she’s talking to is wearing a delivery uniform with a matching ball cap. He sits there poker faced. There’s a glass of ambrosia beside him that’s untouched.

DELIVERY GUY
Actually ma’am, If you’d just sign for this delivery... I could get on with my other deliveries.

She signs and does a thumb scan on the electronic clipboard. Impaired from the alcohol, Laura struggles opening the envelop and tears it with her teeth.

LAURA
Oh Gods, I completely forgot. These are the Galactica passes. I have to meet with a Commander Adama for some silly decommissioning ceremony. Military commanders are like over-grown boy scouts.

DELIVERY GUY
Civilians have a right to their opinions. In our line of work, we’re frequently misunderstood.

LAURA
We?

DELIVERY GUY
He’s a fellow brother in uniform. He travels the stars. I travel the streets. Some of you scoff us.

(MORE)
CONTINUED:  

DELIVERY GUY (cont'd)  
But when you need the military and  
when you need to know where your  
packages are, we become your  
frakkin' daddies.  

An awkward moment of silence passes between them.  

LAURA  
I see- So should I even bother  
going to this thing?  

DELIVERY GUY  
Are you still on the clock?  

LAURA  
Technically, yes.  

He checks his paperwork and responds without looking up.  

DELIVERY GUY  
Then you have to. It's your job.  

LAURA  
Thank you for listening.  

DELIVERY GUY  
Of course ma'am at National Express  
delivery we provide "fast and full  
service".  

LAURA  
Right.  

DELIVERY GUY  
Y'know ma'am, once my route is  
complete, my duty to the uniform  
ends. Whaddaya' say to my coming  
back to share a bottle with you and-  

LAURA  
I say good night, soldier.  

INT. GALACTICA - SICKBAY - LAURA'S CUBICLE  

Billy hands a few folders to Laura.  

LAURA  
I wish Elosha were here.  

BILLY  
(awkward)  
Yeah, I know...  
(MORE)  

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

BILLY (cont'd)
Each ship report is ordered
according to population size. I’m
also continuously updating your
call back sheet in the order of
priority. It looks like a lot but
the bulk of the calls are just to
express condol-

He catches himself. Laura notes is awkwardness.

LAURA
You were fine before but you’ve
become quite the super assistant.
I should’ve started dying sooner.

Her joke does little to break the tension. She stares at ten
old books on her bedside table

BILLY
Commander Adama dropped those off
days ago. If there are titles
you’ve read already let me know-

LAURA
How are you, Billy?

BILLY
(subtle nervousness)
I’m an atheist.

LAURA
Okay... I know...

BILLY
But I’m fine.

LAURA
If you’re ever less than fine and
you need to talk-

He grabs her pitcher which is half full.

BILLY
I told them to keep this full.
This is unacceptable. I’ll be

back.

He hurries off.

INT. COLONIAL ONE - THE PRESIDENT’S OFFICE
Billy enters with Baltar right behind him.
CONTINUED:

BALTAR
The lower decks are quite vast.
Thank you for the tour.

BILLY
My pleasure.

BALTAR
These are difficult circumstances.
It’s safe to say, we’d both rather
not be having this conversation...

Billy sighs with a little relief of feeling understood.

BALTAR (cont’d)
But seeing as how such
conversations are necessary, I was
told there was a secret collection
of spirits...

BILLY
Few know the Colonial Shuttles come
with a hidden executive cabinet
packed with a fine collection of
ambrosias.

Baltar heads off across the room in that direction.

BILLY (cont’d)
The president’s not much of a
drinker. Good luck accessing it.
She could never figure out how to-

To Billy’s astonishment, Baltar already has the “secret”
compartment open and is perusing the labels. He returns to
Billy with full glasses in hand. Billy is hesitant.

BALTAR
I insist.

BILLY
I guess I could use a pick me up.

Billy, a novice drinker, chugs it down a bit.

BALTAR
Do caution. This’ll pick you up
and lay you back down.

He relaxes a little and stares off. Baltar tracks Billy’s
gaze to the population tote board. He reads Billy’s face.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)

BILLY
I have to update our population count. Never imagined I’d—
(beat)
President Roslin tried to talk to me. It’d be unprofessional to tell
her she’s become my family. Instead, of saying how much I’ll
miss her, I blurted out that I’m an atheist.
(beat)
I managed to tell a dying woman
when she’s gone she’ll be nothing. I’m such a frakk-up.

BALTAR
Clearly, words of comfort is not
your strong suit. I’m afraid that
means no dignitary funerals for
you... I was an atheist.

BILLY
And now you believe in the
scriptures?

BALTAR
Somewhat...
(beat)
When the time comes, Billy, I’ll
update the board.

BILLY
No thank you, sir. It should be me.

He finishes his drink.

BILLY (cont’d)
It’s a tradition for outgoing
presidents to leave a sealed letter
for incoming presidents. It’s in
the desk drawer. To be opened only
on your first official day as
president.

BALTAR
Understood. I’m all set here. Go
home and get some rest.

They shake hands. Billy turns to leave.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (3)

BALTAR (cont’d)
President Roslin’s finest gift is her instinct about people. I gather she knows exactly how you feel about her, Billy.

INT. GALACTICA - SICKBAY - LAURA’S CUBICLE

Kara stands at Laura’s bedside. She has a bruise on her jaw and a split lip.

LAURA
You weren’t fighting for me. You were fighting for you. I’m very disappointed.

KARA
There’s no excuse for my behavior, madam president but-

LAURA
Morale is low. You are our best. The fleet is turning to you for leadership.

KARA
Yes I understand-

LAURA
Do you? How do you expect to lead effectively from the brig? That’s all I have to say on this.

Kara is about to exit but makes a quick U-turn.

KARA
Wait uh, I can’t let this be our last exchange. You consistently look pass my recklessness and never hesitate to trust me. Serving you, I mean serving under you has been the highest honor of my career, Madam President. Your leadership doesn’t just inspire me but-

Kara notices that Laura has drifted off to sleep.

KARA (cont’d)
(to herself)
Perfect.
EXT. CAPRICA CITY PARK - DAY

A blurry image of a the man and woman at the swing.

INT. COLONIAL ONE - THE PRESIDENT'S OFFICE

Baltar fires up a cigar and stares at the tote board. He notices something among the figures and starts doodling on the board. He realizes the inappropriateness and erases it.

SIX

Thought he'd never leave. This chair's comfy and there's room for two. Shall we break it in?

Six sits in the president's chair and spreads her legs.

BALTAR

Only the president sits there.

SIX

If you're composing your speech, you must sit in the chair, President Baltar. It'll inspire you. Have a seat and I'll leave you to your thoughts.

She knows he's ignoring her while scribbling on some paper. As she approaches him, Baltar folds his note of doodling.

BALTAR

Very well, if it'll get you to leave, which I somehow doubt.

Baltar sits and stretches in the chair. He looks up and Six is gone. He eyes the flags flanking him on either side. He opens the desk drawer and fishes out the sealed envelop. Like a child on Christmas Eve, he tears it open.

LAURA (V.O.)

President Baltar, if you're reading this letter, then there is a state of crisis. We've had our differences. You might very well be the most intelligent person I've ever encountered...

Baltar nods his head proudly as if to say "of course".

LAURA (cont'd)

...as well as the most narcissistic.

(continued)
CONTINUED:

Baltar shrugs uncomfortably at that observation.

LAURA (cont’d)
You do not possess a compassionate heart that beats with the people. You also are one who must be reminded of ethics. In truth, I selected you as my Vice President not because I believed you to be fine presidential material, but to solidify winning the election with your popularity at that time. Nothing more. A decision of questionable ethics of my own. Make no mistake, if I could have come up with a way to replace you after the election, I would have.

(beat)
I compose this letter on this day thanking the gods that I did not find a way to replace you. Intellect can be corrupted and is only as good as the data it can reason with. Hearts can be fallible due to emotion. But a soul always knows. I have seen you rise to the occasion, Gaius. I like to believe it was your soul that I saw in action. You will make plenty of mistakes but in the most fate defining dichotomies you will face, in the end, your soul will guide you to the path of righteousness and the fleet shall follow. I rest well knowing you will lead the human race to its certain salvation. So Say WE All...
INT. GALACTICA - BALTAR’S LAB - LATER

Laura’s letter is now twisted and molded into an odd shape. Right beside it, Baltar feverishly doodles that shape fitting it among others on a separate sheet of paper.

SIX
Will I get to see you rehearse?

Baltar stops writing. The drawing is no longer a doodle. It’s the look of a sophisticated molecular structure. With an air of excitement and triumph, he looks up at Six.

BALTAR
I’m not a villain.

SIX
Unique. But I wouldn’t begin my first presidential speech with-

She studies his face and snatches the drawing from him. Baltar gathers some things into a brief case.

SIX (cont’d)
You’re throwing away everything we’ve worked for? Gaius, You can’t save her!

BALTAR
Perhaps not but I can try. More sporting than watching her die.

SIX
And now death’s distasteful?

BALTAR
Know this, I killed Crashdown to save uh what’s her name? Cally! I killed Gina to save Gina!

SIX
Gaius “the altruist”? Let’s not kid ourselves. Everything you’ve done has been to fulfill your destiny to save our child.

BALTAR
You keep saying that. Destiny can’t be controlled! If it’s truly my destiny, then my actions are predetermined.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

SIX
You can't help being a pragmatist.
Your intellect always triumphs.
That's what I love about you.

He puts his briefcase down. She's made a breakthrough.

BALTAR
And there we are. Again, I'm in
your debt for clarity, darling.

He smiles and kisses her deeply. She smiles back at him.

BALTAR (cont'd)
This is no longer about my
intelect. This is about my soul.

Baltar grabs his briefcase and exits.

INT. GALACTICA - BRIG - CELL

Sharon is stunned. Unconsciously covering her stomach with
her hand.

SHARON
(disbelief/shock)
They want to kill my baby because
they think she might be a monster?

BALTAR
Yes. And they'll accomplish this
by drugging you with the next meal
they serve. Allowing them to do
begin the procedure.

SHARON
Why are you telling me this?

BALTAR
I have a plan. It's a longshot.
There's no time to discuss. You
have to do exactly as I say.

A frightened Sharon nods her head.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE
FADE IN:

INT. GALACTICA - SICKBAY - CUBICLE

Baltar completes his pitch. Adama looks at Baltar’s molecular scribbling. His glance at Dr. Cottle, seated beside him conveys -- he doesn’t know what to make of it.

BALTAR
...you see it will act as a cellular bridge. The Cylon-human hybrid cells from Sharon’s unborn child, assuming we delay the abortion, secrete a substance that by my calculations, should behave similarly to turkonferon, perhaps even better-

ADAMA
If your calculations are wrong?

BALTAR
(ignoring question)
If executed properly, it could send Laura’s cancer into a full remission.

ADAMA
And if not done properly?

DR. COTTLE
We’re in the unknown. But his principles are sound. I’m positive I can perform the cell removal without harming the fetus.

ADAMA
It’s not the fetus I’m worried about, doctor.

DR. COTTLE
There’s no net. If there’s a rejection, she’s gone. Fortunately, we don’t have to worry about killing her.

Adama bristles at his harshness. He considers.

ADAMA
Proceed.
EXT. CAPRICA CITY PARK - DAY

The blonde woman sits in a swing as the dark-haired man with a ponytail whispers into her ear making her laugh. The woman turns and her face is more clear. It’s Six who Laura knows as Shelly!

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. GALACTICA - CIC

Rush Montage: Shelly meets with Commander Adama and Baltar. A security camera photo of Shelly is added to Doral’s and Leoben’s.

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. CAPRICA CITY PARK - DAY

The couple at the swing kiss. The ponytailed man’s sunglasses tumble to the ground. He steps around her to retrieve them -- revealing his whole face. It’s Baltar!

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. GALACTICA - SICKBAY - CUBICLE

Dr. Cottle emerges from the operating room. He peels back his surgical mask.

DR. COTTLE
It’s a frakkin’ miracle. Those hybrid cells took to her system like ducks to water.

ADAMA
So she’s going to be alright?

DR. COTTLE
I didn’t say that. Don’t really know. Might be long range complications... Side effects are always an issue-

ADAMA
(slightly annoyed)
But she’s going to live?

DR. COTTLE
Looks like it. Today anyway.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Baltar emerges from the operating room. Adama gives him a slap on the back and a hearty handshake. Baltar is a little too dazed to notice.

BALTAR
Her immune system spiked while she was still on the table. I’ve never seen anything like it. And yet, it went exactly the way I envisioned.

ADAMA
Great work. Have to admit, I thought you’d be trying out Laura’s chair right now instead of coming up with her cure.

BALTAR
Yes, I’d have required more lumbar support.

Baltar exits. Adama’s uncertain if Baltar is kidding.

INT. GALACTICA - CORRIDOR - AIRLOCK

Jahee and Baltar are seated. The area is under construction. Maintenance crews are powering down their tools.

BALTAR
Weeks ago, when the Cylons boarded Galactica, this deck was littered with shattered bodies. The weapons Cylons use blow through the human body with such heat and velocity that it fused the flesh and bone onto some of those walls.

Baltar points at a wall covered with divots.

BALTAR (cont’d)
We’ve run out of materials to replace a complete wall. They can only fill the divots in.
(sniffing the air)
The smell of burned flesh is finally gone. Some say if the deck is still enough, you can hear the battle and the screams.

JAHEE
You visit this hallway for that?

(continues)
CONTINUED:

BALTAR
I’ve heard screams long before this
hallway and probably will long
after.

Baltar is revisiting suppressed guilt of the attack on
Caprica. Jahee’s a little confused.

JAHEE
I heard about what happened here.
I prayed for all the lost souls who-

BALTAR
But it didn’t just happen to us.
Did it, Jahee? An asteroid happens
to slam into a ship. This was
thought out. This was done to us.
Know that as you embrace the
Cylons.

JAHEE
I appreciate the education, but
we’re here for a purpose...

BALTAR
A more practical means to harbor
the Cylon has emerged -- removing
the need for our arrangement.

JAHEE
This is disappointing but I
understand. Being a nuclear power
probably isn’t all that it’s
cracked up to be anyway.

BALTAR
I do wish you luck with your cause.

Jahee’s very gracious. They shake hands. On Baltar’s Exit,
Jahee notices Baltar has forgotten his briefcase. He grabs
it but it’s unusually heavy. He opens it and discovers a a
heavily shielded box marked RADIOACTIVE MATERIAL - DANGER.
It’s the nuclear warhead.

INT. GALACTICA - SICKBAY - LAURA’S CUBICLE

Laura awakens from her dreams and can’t believe she’s back.
Adama and Billy stand by her bedside, beaming.

ADAMA
Welcome back.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Billy smiles. Adama takes her hand.

LAURA
How is the fleet?

ADAMA
Relieved.

LAURA
And you?

ADAMA
I'm better with the return of my friend.

They both hold back their emotions, just barely.

LAURA
Thank you. I'm looking forward to getting back. Any developments I should know about?

ADAMA
Dr. Baltar saved your life.

LAURA
Baltar?

Laura barely manages to cloak her uneasiness with this news.

ADAMA
He had a little help. The Cylon fetus. Cottle can explain this better, but so far, so good.

LAURA
The abortion was cancelled?

ADAMA
Officially it was delayed to await your final word. But you never can tell with remission, you may need more cells.

Baltar enters wearing a huge smile.

LAURA
It appears I'm in your debt.

BALTAR
One way or another we are all in science's debt.

(MORE)
CONTINUED: (2)

BALTAR (cont'd)
I trust you are feeling better,
Madam President.
(to Adama)
There are some fine details of her
condition we need to discuss
privately. If you’d be so kind...

ADAMA
Of course, doctor.

Adama exits.

LAURA
You kept the baby alive to save me?

BALTAR
Hopefully, you find the results
acceptable.
(beat)
I think to go forward with the
termination would be shortsighted
and-

LAURA
I understand and I agree, Dr.
Baltar. As for the violation of my
instructions, your soul guided you
to a more powerful truth.

BALTAR
As the Cylon specialist, I’d like
for any future plans for Sharon to
require approval from my lab first.

LAURA
Granted.

BALTAR
(relieved)
Lastly, a member of the P.E.R.C.-

LAURA
People for the Ethical Regard of
Cylons.

BALTAR
A member was jailed for conspiracy
to commit treason. She killed the
Cylon in question and awaits her
chance to turn her trial into a
showcase for their views.

(continues)
LAURA
I sense you have a suggestion...

BALTAR
If you pardon her, it would remove her soapbox.

LAURA
I'll consider it.
(beat)

I've been reminiscing about Caprica City. I remember my last day on Caprica as if it were yesterday. I found out about my illness on that day. In some ways the news awakened me from the dead. So many regrets. I should have taken more days off.

BALTAR
I'm a work hard, play hard type.

LAURA
I think I'm just work hard, work hard. That's always been difficult for me. What do you remember doing on your last day on Caprica. I imagine you were chained to your lab, that day?

Baltar is disarmed by this personal drift of the conversation.

BALTAR
Quite the contrary, I played hooky.

LAURA
Really where'd you go?

BALTAR
I spent the day at the park with a friend.

LAURA
That sounds nice. I miss trees.

BALTAR
So do I.

LAURA
Dr. Baltar again I'm eternally grateful.

(MORE)
LAURA (cont’d)
While in this bed, I didn’t worry
about the fleet’s welfare. I knew
you’d shine.

They clasp hands.

INT. GALACTICA - SICKBAY - LAURA’S CUBICLE - LATER

Lee and Kara visit with Laura. Kara just said something funny. The laughter subsides.

LAURA
I need both of you to supervise and
maintain a discreet surveillance of
Dr. Baltar.

LEE (confused)
KARA
What?
He saved your life.

LAURA (cont’d)
Yes, for which I am grateful.

KARA
Baltar’s many things but I don’t
think he’s a traitor.

Lee observes Kara’s regard for Baltar. Kara’s aware that Lee’s noting her response.

LEE
If you think he should be watched,
he’ll be watched.

KARA
But why-

Lee raises his hand to silence Kara and shoots her a look. Kara has to yield to the dynamic at play between Lee and the authority of the president.

LEE
(firmly)
We’ll watch him.

INT. GALACTICA - CORRIDOR - LATER

Baltar and Six walk down the corridor him.
CONTINUED:

SIX
My compliments on saving our baby
but Roslin's onto us. You do know
that, Gaius.

BALTAR
Were you listening back there?
She's thrilled I'm her vice-

president.

SIX
She said nice things, so did you.
She got you talking about the park
because she knows we were together.
(beat)
Fortunately you have your insurance
policy in place with the Cylon
Sympathizers.

BALTAR
I believe they prefer P.E.R.C.
(smiling playfully)
So you noticed that...

He loops his arm and she snakes her arm through it. They
walk arm in arm.

SIX
Impressive.

Others see Baltar walking alone with his arm oddly looped
outward.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END