

FADE IN ON:

INT. GALACTICA - BALTAR'S LAB

Baltar is leaning back in his chair. He looks over to the side, tries to reach for a glass. A sudden rumble throughout Galactica causes the glass to shift just beyond his reach. Some of the liquid spills out. He abandons trying to reach for it and goes back to relaxing in his chair. Number Six appears beside him.

NUMBER SIX  
You seem pretty calm.

BALTAR  
I am calm.

NUMBER SIX  
Really?

BALTAR  
Yes.

Another rumble echoes through Galactica. Just outside the doorway, the sounds of running and yelling can be heard.

BALTAR  
A thought occurred to me recently. I was thinking about, us, about the place we all had in the Cylon god's plan.

NUMBER SIX  
Really? That's...unlike you.

She picks at a nail.

BALTAR  
I know, I surprised myself a little.

Number Six stops picking at her nail and looks at Baltar. he looks back at her, but breaks away from her gaze. Six seems more amused than anything else.

NUMBER SIX  
So? What was this interesting thought?

BALTAR  
No, it was probably nothing.

NUMBER SIX  
I legitimately enjoy hearing what you have to say, Gaius. You're very entertaining. Come on, tell me.

BALTAR  
You won't laugh, will you?

NUMBER SIX  
Of course not.

EXT. SPACE - BATTLE

A missile flies through Galactica's flak shield, but explodes just before connecting with the hull.

INT. GALACTICA - BALTAR'S LAB

Another rumble. Baltar is unperturbed.

BALTAR  
I don't think I can die.

INT. GALACTICA - CIC

The CIC is bustling with activity. DRADIS is going crazy with mixed cylon and colonial symbols. Adama and Tigh are at their stations, trying to direct the battle.

ADAMA  
How much time do we have left?

GAETA  
FTL will be ready in 90 seconds.

Tigh grabs his receiver barks out an order.

TIGH  
All vipers, return to Galactica.  
Outbound jump in one minute.

EXT. SPACE - BATTLE

Vipers and Raiders are engaged in a fierce dogfight. Missiles from a distant basestar rush towards Galactica, only to be destroyed by Galactica's flak shield. They are neck and neck when the vipers begin to break off.

Tigh's voice crackles through Starbuck's intercom.

TIGH  
(intercom)  
We're getting out of here. All  
fighters return to Galactica.  
You have one minute.

STARBUCK  
You heard the man, back to  
Galactica.

A missile from the basestar gets through Galactica's flak shield, exploding. Starbuck has to pull back suddenly to avoid the flash.

STARBUCK

Frak!

INT. GALACTICA - CIC

The CIC is rocked by the impact of the missile.

TIGH

Our flak guns are getting lazy.  
That's the second time a missile  
got through. I don't like this.

ADAMA

Just a few more seconds.

GAETA

Sir, structural damage is  
reported on three decks. Jumping  
might lead to further breakdown.

ADAMA

We don't have any other choice.  
Are our vipers in?

TIGH

30 more seconds.

EXT. SPACE - BATTLE

Starbuck is the last viper to dock as ships begin to jump out all around them. The flak shield around Galactica is beginning to thin out and a raider flies in close enough to fire a few shots at Starbuck before being torn apart by Galactica's guns.

STARBUCK

(wireless)

Starbuck to Galactica, All  
squadrons in!

INT. GALACTICA - CIC

DRADIS suddenly goes down before rebooting back up. Lights flicker on and off. Adama, Tigh and the rest of the crew look around, a little nervous.

GAETA

Last viper signal confirmed. FTL  
ready.

ADAMA

Jump.

EXT. SPACE

The Galactica and the rest of the fleet jumps, leaving only a haze of flak.

INT. GALACTICA - CIC

The crew breathes a sigh of relief, but the joy of escape is short lived.

ADAMA

Gaeta, I want a systems check on my desk. Immediately.

INT. GALACTICA - BALTAR'S LAB

Number Six is can't help but giggle.

BALTAR

I thought you said you wouldn't laugh?

NUMBER SIX

You don't think you can die? Everybody dies, you of all people should know that.

BALTAR

I meant, I don't think it's possible for me to die. Not anymore. Before, maybe, but not now.

Number Six is a little shocked at Baltar's brazenness.

NUMBER SIX

You don't honestly think that, do you?

BALTAR

No, I realized something. About myself, I mean, if we're all part of this big plan, well then, certain pieces are going to be more important than others. That's just how a plan works.

NUMBER SIX

And your point?

BALTAR

My point is, is- Alright, I think I'm a little more important to God's plan than some centurion patrolling on Caprica. That's my thought. I'm beginning to realize my own worth.

Number Six is no longer amused. Baltar is stepping out of line and he needs to be taken down a peg.

NUMBER SIX

So you don't think that you can

die? There was a basestar out there, a few missiles even got past Galactica's defenses. You don't think the next hit could have broken through the hull, spaced everyone on board?

BALTAR

Well, no. Granted, I haven't had time to test this theory, but the more I think about it, the more I think that there's this divine plan for me.

He gets up from his chair and starts to pace around.

BALTAR

I was saved on Caprica.

NUMBER SIX

By a cylon.

BALTAR

How many times has death come close to me, only to be diverted at the last moment by some twist of fate?

He closes in on Six with the self-satisfaction of thinking he's solved a puzzle Six thought too difficult for him.

BALTAR

And how often have you spoken of my purpose in the plan. So I'm guessing it wouldn't be too much to assume that God would be willing to take a few steps to make sure his chosen, Gaius Baltar, continues along his destined path, unscathed?

It's obvious that Six is losing patience with Baltar and she wants to dissuade him from that kind of thought. She speaks to him with the tone of voice suitable for when dealing with an uppity child.

NUMBER SIX

What can I say Gaius, you are a brilliant man.

Baltar sits down, looking pleased with himself when a security officer comes in.

SECURITY OFFICER

Dr. Baltar, your presence is requested.

Baltar looks surprised and a little worried, but gets up and goes along with the guard.

INT. GALACTICA - ADMIRAL'S OFFICE.

Roslin is already present. Adama is going over some papers when Baltar comes in.

ADAMA

Dr. Baltar, I'm glad you could make it.

BALTAR

Right, well, what seems to be the problem? If there is one, of course.

ROSLIN

Yes, commander, why'd you call us here?

Adama tosses aside his papers. Baltar sits down near a table.

ADAMA

Galactica's main systems are failing. Systems check says we almost lost flak support during the battle. We need a place where we can initiate repairs.

ROSLIN

Where are we supposed to find a dry dock out here? This region is crawling with cylon patrols.

ADAMA

That's just it, according to records, there isn't one in our immediate area for several jumps, I-

Baltar isn't really paying attention when Six appears behind him.

NUMBER SIX

Sounds dire.

BALTAR

It is, isn't it. If Galactica died, that would be the end of the fleet. One basestar and they'd all be dead.

NUMBER SIX

I think I'm going to do you a favor, Gaius.

BALTAR

What?

Number Six suddenly grabs his hand. She makes Baltar grab a piece of paper on the table next to him and a stylus. She makes him write out a set of numbers. Baltar looks supremely uncomfortable.

BALTAR

You're, um, hurting my hand...

NUMBER SIX

Just a moment, the pain will subside. It's a small price I think, for the gift I'm about to give you.

She finishes forcing him to write. He looks at the scrawled message on the paper.

NUMBER SIX

Give this to Adama, he'll know what to do with it.

He hesitates a moment, suspicious of Number Six. She has disappeared. He raises his hand to speak.

BALTAR

Commander, I might have a solution to your problem.

INT. GALACTICA - CIC

Adama, Roslin, Baltar and Tigh are all looking at DRADIS. It is a mess of static as they exit FTL.

ADAMA

Gaeta, status.

GAETA

The rest of the fleet is with us, sir. All signals present.

TIGH

Are we scanning Gaeta? What's out here.

ROSLIN

I hope these coordinates are right Baltar, this is deeper in Cylon territory than I'd like.

BALTAR

Trust me, this is exactly what we need.

ROSLIN

Where'd you even get these

coordinates?

Before he can answer, he's cut off by Gaeta.

GAETA

It seems like just a bunch of  
asteroids.

Adama, Tigh and Roslin all give Baltar looks of  
disappointment and anger at having believed in him.  
Adama is the first to break the spell.

ADAMA

Nothing is better than Cylons.

Dualla gets something on her headset. Adama stops.

DUALLA

Sir, I'm getting a signal.

TIGH

Communications?

DUALLA

No, I can't understand it.

GAETA

We have DRADIS.

A large symbol clearly appears on DRADIS, far larger than  
Galactica, then disappears.

TIGH

What was that?

GAETA

DRADIS had a confirm.

TIGH

Well, where'd it go?

The symbol appears

TIGH

Colonial?

DUALLA

Maybe, it's not coming in  
clearly.

ADAMA

What sector are we in? Gaeta?

GAETA

Uh, Sigma One, sir.

Adama thinks for a moment.



ADAMA  
Colonel, launch a viper, let's  
get a look at what's out there.

EXT. SPACE - TWO VIPERS

Two Vipers, Starbuck's and Kat's, are flying out. They fly side by side, using their thrusters to slow themselves down as they approach the asteroid field.

KAT  
(wireless)  
Alright Starbuck, what are we  
supposed to be seeing out here?  
It's just a bunch of rocks.

STARBUCK  
(wireless)  
DRADIS picked something up.  
Whatever it is, it's supposed to  
be big.

KAT  
(wireless)  
Yeah, well...Whoa, Whoa, Whoa.

Kat's viper console goes crazy with readings.

STARBUCK  
(wireless)  
What is it?

KAT  
(wireless)  
Instruments are going crazy, I  
don't...Starbuck, straight ahead.

INT. GALACTICA - CIC

Starbuck's voice comes in through the CIC intercom.

STARBUCK  
(intercom)  
Galactica, we have visual  
confirmation. Definitely  
colonial make. It looks like it's  
built directly into the side of  
one of the asteroids.

This is enough for Adama.

ADAMA  
Gaeta, lower alert level. Tigh,  
with me. Prepare a viper  
squadron for myself and the  
president.

The CIC immediately springs into action. Baltar seems a

little lost, as he's just standing in the middle, not doing anything. Number Six creeps up behind him.

NUMBER SIX

Well, what do you think?

BALTAR

A hidden base? That's a new one. You are full of surprises.

NUMBER SIX

Hmm, it's just an old relic. Well past its prime, but still useful for a few things. A place to rest and recover.

Baltar nods.

BALTAR

That's exactly what I need right now. A week's holiday and-

He looks around. Six has disappeared. He looks back up to DRADIS. The symbol of the base is now stable and can be seen clearly.

#### **END TEASER**

EXT. SPACE - RAPTOR SQUAD

A squad of Raptors launches from Galactica's fighter bays. They fly far ahead of the fleet, towards the massive superstructure of the base.

INT. RAPTOR

Adama, Roslin, Billy and Baltar are all in the Raptor. They all seem a little nervous, Baltar seems unusually confident in himself though.

ADAMA

Thank you for coming with us, madame president.

ROSLIN

Galactica is the hope of the fleet, anything for her. But in all honesty, the people of the fleet have also been hoping for something like this.

ADAMA

Oh?

ROSLIN

There have been many sacrifices. Many still long for the luxuries we used to have, the feeling of

safety.

ADAMA

It's the same on Galactica. They don't tell me, but I can see it in them. They're tired. Tyrol and the rest of the deck crew are running on fumes. I've never heard the pilots' galley so quiet.

The raptor quiets. Baltar breaks the silence.

BALTAR

Should we be expecting company?

He motions to the armed guards flanking both Roslin and Adama.

BILLY

Just a precaution, Doctor. Standard procedure for these kinds of things.

ROSLIN

One that hopefully won't be needed.

She turns to Adama.

ROSLIN

Although refusing our hails doesn't exactly bode well.

ADAMA

Maybe, but then, there's only one way to find out.

INT. BASE - DOCKING BAY

The base docking bay is pitch black, illuminated only by the lights of the raptors. The guards exit first, and immediately go to work looking for some sort of light source.

A moment later, the lights of the Docking Bay come on. The base bay is several times larger than Galactica's flight bay, with several ports for frigate sized vessels even battlestar sized vessels. Roslin is the first to exit following the guards.

ROSLIN

I don't understand. Where are all the people? This place should be full of people.

Adama exits next, followed by Baltar and Billy. The other raptors open, letting out their cargo of colonial

marines. The marines fan out, looking for some sign that people are living in the base, but find none.

Roslin is a little worried, but Adama seems unperturbed by the lack of people. Baltar is more curious than anything else, wandering away from the group to be approached by Six, who strides up to him.

NUMBER SIX

Well, what do you think?

BALTAR

A little creepy if you ask me.  
And you were right, very last  
generation colonial.

NUMBER SIX

Oh, best get moving Baltar, don't  
want to be left behind.

Baltar turn around and sees that Roslin, Adama and the Colonial marines have left. He hurries along after them.

INT. BASE - MAIN HALL

The group enters the main hall. It has a high ceiling, an extremely unusual feature and starkly contrasting against the usual cramped hallways of the fleet. It is dark, but soon enough the lights are restored by the marines.

ROSLIN

How is there still power?

BALTAR

If I had to guess, I'd say a  
tylium based generator. It can  
power basic systems for decades  
at a time. When this base was  
built it was still advanced  
technology.

The group stops and looks around.

ADAMA

They built this place to be a  
stronghold, hidden from all  
enemies. What happened to it.

ROSLIN

Someone needs to begin an  
investigation. I don't want to  
begin moving people en masse  
without knowing what happened  
here.

Number Six appears behind Baltar and forces him to raise his hand.

BALTAR  
What are you doing-?

ROSLIN  
Doctor?

Baltar notices that Roslin, Adama and some of the marines are looking at him. Number Six is also looking at him, her gaze telling him that he is the one who should lead the investigation.

BALTAR  
I would- I would like to  
volunteer to lead the  
investigation.

ADAMA  
Are you sure, Doctor?

BALTAR  
Yes, yes, I just might need some  
assistance in the future.

ADAMA  
The crew is at your disposal,  
Doctor.

Adama takes another look around.

ADAMA  
Let's bring the fleet in. Chief  
Tyrol will have this place up and  
running in no time.

ROSLIN  
I'll get my people on  
coordinating with the civilian  
ships...

The group begins to walk back to the raptors. Baltar lags behind, eventually dropping out of the group altogether. He turns to Six.

BALTAR  
And why did I just volunteer to  
lead an investigation?

NUMBER SIX  
In good time. You are the best  
man for the job. No one else in  
the fleet has your...special set  
of skills.

Baltar looks depressed at the idea of having to do even more legwork for the fleet.

NUMBER SIX  
Don't look so down Gaius, you'll

have time to rest soon enough.

Baltar mutters and walks ahead, leaving Six behind.

INT. BASE - DOCKING BAY

The docking bay is bustling as vessels pour in and dock, unloading passengers eager to stretch their legs. Many marvel at the sheer size of the docking bay, a marvel in and of itself. Raptor crews are hustling to get people and cargo off as quickly as possible before departing.

Starbuck, Kat, Lee and the other pilots are walking along, packs slung over their shoulders.

KAT

This is what I'm talking about.  
Some sleep, a little rest, maybe  
some vintage booze if we can find  
any.

STARBUCK

Dream on, Kat. Look at this  
place, do you think they left  
anything when whoever was here  
last cleared out?

KAT

Hey, I can still hope, right?

Starbuck shakes her head and walks on, leaving Kat and the other pilots.

INT. COLONIAL ONE - ROSLIN'S OFFICE

Roslin is alone in her office. Billy comes in with some tea and a mound of papers.

BILLY

Madame president, your reports.

He lays them on the table and looks around.

BILLY

Are you sure you don't want to  
move anything to the base. We  
think we found one of the  
officer's suites. It puts  
anything in the fleet to shame.

ROSLIN

No, that's fine. I think I  
prefer it here.

She thinks for a moment.

ROSLIN

(cont.)

What do you think about the base?

BILLY

What do I think? Everyone else on staff seems to like it. It isn't planetside, but it's still nice.

ROSLIN

Alright, that's what everyone on staff thinks, now what do you think?

Billy sits down, hesitant to say anything.

BILLY

Honestly, I'm a little suspicious. If this was supposed to be some hidden fort for the heads of the colonies, why's it empty?

He stops for a moment, continues.

BILLY

I can't get that out of my head.

Roslin nods.

ROSLIN

Thank you, Billy. That'll be all.

Billy leaves and Roslin resumes her work.

INT. BASE HALLWAY

Baltar is walking down a hallway, obviously annoyed. He has a clipboard in one hand, a flashlight in the other. Number Six is walking with him. Baltar sighs.

BALTAR

Why did you do that?

NUMBER SIX

Do what?

BALTAR

Volunteer me for this investigation. What am I supposed to investigate? They abandoned the base, it's obvious.

NUMBER SIX

Is it?

BALTAR

(sarcasm)

What, there's something more?  
Oh, let me check.

He flips through his clipboard.

BALTAR  
Ah, yes, all the base's hard  
drives were erased entirely. All  
the logs, all the data, black box  
and everything.

He sighs, rubs his temples.

BALTAR  
God I'm tired.

NUMBER SIX  
Plenty of time to rest in the  
grave.

He gives her an annoyed look.

NUMBER SIX  
Be patient. Opportunities often  
take the time to present  
themselves.

They come to a dark corridor.

BALTAR  
If you say so.

NUMBER SIX  
I know so.

She runs her hand through Baltar's hair before  
disappearing into the dark corridor. Baltar turns on his  
flashlight and follows her down.

INT. BASE - CIC

Chief Tyrol and the rest of the deck crew enter. It is  
pitch black.

TYROL  
Alright, the commander wants this  
place ready in a few hours, so  
let's move! And somebody get the  
lights on.

Someone does and the lights in the CIC turn on. The CIC  
here is much like the one on Galactica, only much more  
archaic looking. A thin layer of dust covers every  
instrument in the CIC.

Commander Adama enters the CIC. Tyrol salutes.

ADAMA



At ease, Chief. What's the diagnostic?

TYROL

Uh, good and bad. There's a lot of systems we won't be able to get to. It was hard enough getting full lighting. We're lucky life support was left on auto-run, or we'd still be on Galactica right now.

ADAMA

Speaking of, the repairs to Galactica-

Another deck worker comes up to Tyrol with a clipboard. Tyrol looks over it, signs it.

TYROL

I know sir, we're just getting spread thin. Doctor Baltar's got some of the crew working in the east wing on the data banks and-

Adama looks at Tyrol.

ADAMA

When you're done with your shift, I want you to get some sleep, you hear me?

Tyrol looks at Adama and nods his head.

TYROL

Thanks, commander.

INT. BASE - HALLWAY

Chief Tyrol is walks along a hallway with a clipboard. He jots down numbers on the wall and keeps walking. He keeps going until he notices a darker corridor. He looks down the corridor and calls down the hall.

TYROL

Hey, why isn't there light down here?

No one responds to Tyrol. Sighing, he sets down his clipboard away and pulls out his flashlight.

TYROL

Gods damned lighting...

He feels his way along the wall, until he trips and drops his flashlight.

TYROL

Frak it!

He feels along the wall until he finds a panel. He begins to work at it.

INT. BASE - DARK CORRIDOR

Baltar is walking along the corridor. Suddenly, his flashlight goes out. He hits it once, twice, before discarding. The corridor is pitch dark.

BALTAR

Hello?

There is no answer. Baltar grumbles and feels along the wall. He eventually comes to a turn. It's another dark corridor, but at the very end, dimly illuminated, he sees Number Six

BALTAR

There you are!

Baltar starts walking down the corridor.

INT. BASE - HALLWAY

Chief Tyrol, pulling back as a spark flies out, gets the lights back on. The dark hallway is illuminated and he looks around, proud of his work. Still, the moment is shortlived as he turns around, he sees the opposite wall. It is covered in bullet holes and casings litter the floor. Tyrol picks up one of the casings.

Another crewmember comes over.

CREWMAN

Chief, you got the lights back on.

TYROL

Yeah...

Tyrol is obviously distracted by the casing. He pockets the casing and gets up and continues down.

INT. BASE - DARK CORRIDOR

Baltar is walking down the corridor. Six lightly waves at him from afar. Baltar quickens his pace as he approaches.

BALTAR

I was wondering where you'd gotten off to. It's really not nice to-

The lights in the corridor come back on, blindingly, but also revealing a deep shaft just in front of Six.

Baltar is already a foot out and he starts falling. He reaches out a hand for Six to grab, but she doesn't move, only watches, bored, as Baltar plummets down the pitch black shaft.

## END ACT I

## ACT II

### INT. MAINTENANCE SHAFT

It is dark. Light from above pours down on Baltar's unconscious form. He stirs and slowly gets onto his feet, looking up to the light. He raises his hand to shield his eyes before looking to his surroundings.

There is darkness all around him, save for a few dim red service lights leading further into the base interior.

He looks up.

BALTAR

Is anybody up there? I've fallen down. Is there anybody...

It's obvious that no one is nearby. He looks around for a handhold. He finds one and begins to climb up. The shaft is at least 20 feet high. He gets about halfway up the shaft before he starts frantically looking for another handhold. He slips and falls all the way back down.

BALTAR

Gods Frak it!

Baltar clutches at his leg and doubles over in pain. From the top of the shaft, Number Six looks down on Baltar.

NUMBER SIX

Gaius, what are you doing down there?

BALTAR

What does it look like I'm doing down here!

He clutches at his leg again. He looks up at Six accusingly.

BALTAR

Why didn't you try to help me?

NUMBER SIX

I didn't think you needed my help.

Baltar tries to get back up on his feet. He's a little