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GALACTICA 1980

Galactica Discovers Earth

by

Glen A. Larson

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#85510

CAST LIST

COMMANDER ADAMA
TROY
DILLON
DR. ZEE
KIP
XAVIAR
JAMIE HAMILTON
COLONEL DAVIES
GENERAL CUSHING
ARMY ARCHARD
PILOT #1
PILOT #2
PROFESSOR MORTINSON
CARLYLE
DONZO
WILLY
SECRETARY
SECURITY MAN
GUARD
MR. BROOKS
COP #1
COP #2
COP #3
DERILICT
TECHNICIAN
COLONEL BENZ
GERMAN OFFICER #1
GERMAN OFFICER #2
WERNER
GENERAL YODEL
STOCKWELL
SMITE
EMMA
GERMAN COMMANDER
GERMAN SCIENTIST

SETS

INTERIOR

BATTLESTAR GALACTICA (STOCK)
ADAMA'S QUARTERS
LARGE CYLINDRICAL ROOM
CORRIDOR
DR. ZEE'S CHAMBER
COMMUNICATION CENTER
LANDING BAY
LAUNCHING BAY (STOCK)
FIGHTER BAY
VIPER ONE
VIPER TWO
NORAD HEADQUARTERS
AIR FORCE JET
MEADOW
GAS STATION
TELEPHONE BOOTH
EXECUTIVE OFFICES OF NETWORK
DR. MORTINSON'S LAB
CORRIDOR
BOOKING DESK OF POLICE DEPT.
CAR
NEWS VAN
GERMAN WAR ROOM
GERMAN COCKPIT
CAB
STARKLY FURNISHED ROOM IN BOOK SHOP
BUNKER
WOODS

EXTERIOR

BATTLESTAR GALACTICA (STOCK)
BRIDGE (STOCK)
LAUNCHING BAY (STOCK SEQ.)
SERIES OF PLANETS
FREEWAY
FAMOUS LANDMARKS
STREET
SAC BASE
SQUADRON/U.S. AIRFORCE INTERCEPTORS
SAC MISSILE BASE
INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY
SERVICE STATION
ATOMIC RESEARCH BLDG. (FRONT DOOR)
TRANSWORLD BROADCASTING CO.
OUTSIDE POLICE STATION
AT A CAR
AT A MOBILE TRUCK
BACK ALLEY
GERMAN MILITARY INSTALLATION (STOCK)
SQUADRON OF GERMAN FIGHTERS
PISTON AIRPLANES
MEADOW (WOODS SURROUNDING IT)
MOSQUITO BOMBER
PLANE ON FIRE
CLEARING AMONGST TREES
PATH
FREIGHT TRAIN YARD
VILLAGE STREET
STREET IN FRONT OF TAVERN
ROCKET TESTING BASE
BACK OF OLD TRUCK
BLOCKHOUSE

GALACTICA DISCOVERS EARTH

PART ONE

FADE IN

1 ON THE MAJESTIC BATTLESTAR GALACTICA 1
Slowly pushing in.

2 MONTAGE CUTS OF 2
a. Various ships
b. Work stations
c. Games
d. Shots of her various ladies
e. And men
f. Battles inside and outside the Galactica
Under these angles and reminders of all that has been....

ADAMA'S VOICE

The good ship Galactica...majestic
and loving...strong and protecting...
our home for lo these many years we
have endured the wilderness of
space...And now...we near the end
of our journey.

3 INSIDE ADAMA'S QUARTERS 3
Adama...stoic, perhaps a little weary, and half lighted by
an overhead pin spot, sits speaking into his voicewriter
which translates his words directly onto a monitor in front
of him.

ADAMA

Scouts and electronic surveillance
confirm...that we have reached our
long-sought haven -- that planet
which is home to our ancestor brothers....

Adama's eyes swing to a corner of his desk.

CONTINUED

3 CONTINUED

3

ADAMA

Too many of our sons and daughters
have not survived to share this
dream.

4 ON A MINI-MURAL OF FAMILIAR FACES

4

Apollo, Athena, Adama's youngest son and wife....

ADAMA

We can only find strength and take
comfort in the joy that they did
not die in vain...We have found
Earth.

5 ON TWO SHIPS IN THE LAUNCH BAY - STOCK

5

preparing for launch.

GIRL'S VOICE

Day-down Patrol standing by for
launch.

6 INSIDE VIPER ONE

6

Senior flight officer Troy...handsome, experienced...going
through the motions but with that undercurrent of excitement.

TROY

Day-down one...standing by.

7 INSIDE VIPER TWO

7

A younger pilot...but equally calm and ready.

DILLON

Day-down two...launch ready.

8 ON THE BRIDGE - STOCK

8

Launch personnel at their stations.

VOICE

Launch.

9 ON THE LAUNCH BAY - STOCK SEQUENCE

9

as the ships race down their chutes and are purged into space.

10 ON THE TWO VIPERS 10
as they wing over and head out.

11 INSIDE VIPER TWO 11

DILLON
This could be it...our last patrol.
Have you thought about that?

12 INTERCUT BETWEEN VIPER ONE AND VIPER TWO 12

TROY
I've thought about it.

DILLON
I feel guilty saying this, but...
I'm going to miss it.

TROY
What you're feeling, Dillon, is the
fact that they aren't going to need
us any more.

DILLON
I guess everything comes to an end.

TROY
I won't miss the dying.

DILLON
Could we have avoided the war?

TROY
The opposite of war isn't always peace.
More often it's slavery. At least on
Earth we can be strong and free...
(beat)
I hope.

13 IN A LARGE CYLINDRICAL ROOM 13

A dark chamber illuminated only by multi-colored readouts
and dancing geometric configurations of lights. Silhouetted
against this maze is a small figure. As a door opens off
stage, he reacts without turning.

DR. ZEE
Enter quickly, Adama. I've been
expecting you.

CONTINUED

13 CONTINUED

13

The light which has opened to the corridor quickly seals itself off once again as Commander Adama steps inside the dark chamber. He moves forward slowly...as if unsure.

DR. ZEE

The transmissions disturb me.

A pin spot grows in intensity over the small figure in a perch in the center of the room, revealing the voice and form to be a very young man, no more than mid-teens. The bearing, however, is that of a very much older man. The young man swings around in his perch and stares off. Lights in the shape of monitors come up. Television images appear all over as if monitors hang from various heights and depths creating a montage of scenes from current television shows.

ADAMA

What is it?

We see police cars racing down streets...guns firing...Mork and Mindy clowning...Lucy mugging...Johnny Carson doing his monologue...and the evening news with its many acts of violence.

DR. ZEE

Our tenacious pursuit of Earth has been founded on her ability to help defeat our enemies.

ADAMA

And hers. Once the Cylons become aware of Earth.

DR. ZEE

The point is...I do not believe Earth is scientifically advanced enough to help us. See for yourself.

Adama's eyes return to the monitors where we see a freeway clogged with traffic, a fire crew working on a three alarm blaze in downtown Manhattan, Soupy Sales taking a pie in the face.

DR. ZEE

We cannot land. Not now...perhaps never....

ADAMA

Doctor Zee...how do I tell these people who've come so far that they can't have their victory. Earth is ours. It stands before us.

CONTINUED

DR. ZEE

And our enemies....

ADAMA

We haven't seen the forces of the Cylon Alliance in a million star miles.

DR. ZEE

Because...they haven't wanted us to know they were there.

ADAMA

What are you saying?

DR. ZEE

That they simply decided to let us lead them to the last remaining humans in the Universe...the people of Earth.

ADAMA

Doctor Zee...are you sure?

DR. ZEE

Am I ever unsure?

ADAMA

Forgive me...but even now, the spectre of a fourteen-year-old boy with a mind a thousand years ahead of his time....

DR. ZEE

Adama, the presence of pure intelligence, a cerebral mutation occurs once in ten million years. Use it...don't resent it.

ADAMA

You mistake resentment for awe... We have come to depend on you entirely. Even the slightest miscalculation....

DR. ZEE

Mistake is not possible in my responses. I did not want to alert you to the danger until I was certain. Why don't you verify my suspicion. Send your patrol beyond its usual range...Quickly, before the Cylons can perceive

CONTINUED

13 CONTINUED - 3

13

DR. ZEE (Cont'd)
the change in routine. I believe
you will catch them...following...
waiting.

Adama stares at Dr. Zee, then turns and exits.

14 ON VIPERS ONE AND TWO

14

moving along on routine patrol.

ADAMA

Commander Adama to Day-down Patrol.

15 INTERCUT ADAMA AT COMMUNICATION BANK AND SHIPS IN SPACE

15

TROY

Yes, Commander.

ADAMA

Operation Caprica...Code Blue...
Blue...Green...Yellow.

16 ON VIPER ONE

16

TROY

(ominously)

Yes, sir....

Troy reaches down and punches in a code to his readout.
The first color responds -- blue.

DILLON

Troy...what is it? What was that
all about?

TROY

A battle order...coded.

The second color...blue...then green, then yellow. Then
suddenly the face of Adama.

ADAMA

This is a recorded battle order
to be used only in a command
crisis condition. Execute at
once.

The screen goes blank, replaced by written commands.
"Proceed to outer perimeter at full thrusters."

CONTINUED

16 CONTINUED

16

DILLON'S VOICE
Full thrusters, I don't think I've
used those since training.

TROY
We're using them now.

17 ON THE TWO VIPERS

17

as they execute full thrusters.

18 CLOSE ON A DIGITAL COUNTER

18

as it races ahead numerically growing higher.

19 ON DILLON

19

DILLON
Woohoo...what a ride.

20 ON A SERIES OF PLANETS

20

as they race by, almost a blurr.

DILLON
How fast are we going?

21 ON TROY

21

TROY
Just fast enough to get us beyond...
By all that's holy....

22 POINT OF VIEW

22

Two Cylons flying above a moon.

TROY
Hard about, Dillon.

23 ON THE CYLONS

23

banking.

TROY
Never mind...they've seen us.
Let's go get 'em before they can
call for help.

24 ON A CYLON-VIPER BATTLE - STOCK 24

as the final flash dissipates, leaving the two vipers alone amongst the stars.

TROY

Let's get back...full thrusters.

DILLON

Wait...there might be more of 'em.

TROY

Of course there're more of 'em.
That's why we're getting out of here.

25 THE TWO VIPERS 25

swing around and head off.

26 ON THE BATTLESTAR GALACTICA 26

as the two Vipers come in for a landing.

27 IN THE CYLINDRICAL ROOM 27

as the pilots file in ominously, men and women.

ADAMA

My fellow warriors...We gather in the face of ominous news.

28 ON DILLON AND TROY 28

as they register their agreement.

ADAMA

Doctor Zee....

DR. ZEE

Thank you, Commander. If you will all watch closely...What you are about to see will alarm you. However, remain calm, for it's intended to inform you.

The lights begin to dim.

29 ON THE SCREEN 29

We see a satelite view of Earth.

CONTINUED

29 CONTINUED

29

DR. ZEE

This is one of seven continents
on the planet Earth. It is known
as North America.

Drawing closer, the view zeros in and dissolves through to
Los Angeles from high up.

DR. ZEE

This is a population center in
the western sector of that continent
known as Los Angeles.

30 ON DILLON AND TROY

30

as Dillon leans in to Troy, whispering under his breath.

DILLON

What's that odd looking brown haze
hanging over the city?

TROY

(shaking his head
curiously)

Must be some kind of defense shield.

31 ON DR. ZEE

31

DR. ZEE

It is now early in what Earth time
is recorded as late twentieth century.
You are seeing long range scans of
a city of seven million people
going blithely about their business.
These are vehicles called automobiles...
their primary means of transportation,
utilizing a primitive power mode
known as the internal combustion
engine which burns a fuel called
gasoline, derived from petro
chemicals...the decomposed matter
of things that lived millions of
Earth years ago.

32 SHOT OF FREEWAY

32

with all the cars sitting still at rush hour.

33 TROY AND DILLON

33

DILLON

Those auto-mo-biles sure don't move
very fast.

CONTINUED

33 CONTINUED 33

TROY

But it's a nice, neat formation...
must require a lot of discipline
and practice.

34 ON THE STREET 34

as people move about amongst cars and traffic, shopping,
going to work, minding their own business. Suddenly, an
air raid siren. The people stop, looking around, confused,
unsure.

35 ON FAMOUS LANDMARKS 35

Intercut with:

36 THE STREET 36

as people begin to panic and run in all directions.

37 ON THE LANDMARKS 37

as Cylon fighters begin to appear and mount their destruction.

38 MONTAGE 38

of the destruction of Los Angeles.

39 ON THE FACES OF THE YOUNG WARRIORS WITHIN THE GALACTICA 39

seated in Dr. Zee's chambers, observing, horrified.

40 ON THE WIDE SCREEN 40

as events suddenly cease and everything begins to move
backwards.

41 THE FACES OF THE WARRIORS 41

turn confused.

DR. ZEE

No, that was only a computer
simulation of what could happen
if we were to go ahead with our
proposed landing on Earth.

CONTINUED

41 CONTINUED

41

The lights come back up in the room.

ADAMA

It is Dr. Zee's contention that Earth is not yet capable of defending herself against our enemies...If we land...as a people, we will bring destruction upon Earth as surely as if we inflicted it ourselves.

A figure rises from the group of councilors...not warriors, but civilians. He is younger than Adama, older than most of the pilots. He is Xaviar.

XAVIAR

My dear Adama...and Doctor Zee... If we cannot go back because of the new Cylon force behind us... and we cannot go forward because these primitives have apparently spent so much time fighting amongst themselves that they can't defend their own planet...what do we do -- simply give up?

DR. ZEE

We need time to bring Earth to a level of technology that can help us.

XAVIAR

And where do we get this time, with the Cylons at Earth's door?

DR. ZEE

We veer the fleet away from Earth before the Cylons realize she was our goal.

XAVIAR

And how does that bring Earth into our own century of development?

DR. ZEE

I propose that in any case we could only bring her along, slowly... unobtrusively...After we have decided who we can trust on Earth to help us, rather than annihilate us.

CONTINUED

41 CONTINUED - 2

41

ADAMA

Annihilate?

DR. ZEE

Xaviar is right. The visual signals from Earth make it quite clear that she is an explosive planet whose warring factions could be as dangerous as the enemy behind us.

ADAMA

Then how do you propose we enlist Earth's help?

DR. ZEE

We will send down teams who will work without revealing themselves to Earth's general population. I suggest we approach Earth's scientific community as a beginning. Key men who are in a position to accept us and our knowledge... independent of politics, who truly desire peace and will use our technology wisely.

42 IN A GALACTICA CORRIDOR

42

Commander Adama walks with Troy.

TROY

Commander, with the Cylons so close, we need Earth's help now... we can't afford the time it'll take to infiltrate them.

ADAMA

Troy...What's the alternative? Who amongst these nations on Earth is worthy of our trust?

Troy stops.

TROY

How do we decide that?

ADAMA

By living amongst them.

TROY

How do we avoid detection?

CONTINUED

42 CONTINUED

42

ADAMA

Doctor Zee tells me he has a few tricks up his sleeve that will, at the very least, confound these Earthlings.

TROY

Tricks?

43 IN THE FIGHTER BAY

43

The assembled pilots stand in full battle dress with their ships in the b.g. In the f.g. Doctor Zee turns to them, highlighted only by a pinspot in the darkened landing bay.

DR. ZEE

Unhappily...the Cylon force has made it necessary for us to move quickly. We haven't time to prepare you for all you will find on Earth. We have endeavoured to equip you and your languatron translators with as many of Earth's terminology and customs as we could perceive from monitoring their broadcasts. However, there will be gaps in your knowledge which may expose you to danger and discovery. To help you, I place in your keeping my latest innovation....

Dr. Zee moves closer to the nearest viper.

DR. ZEE

As you all know, each color and sound has its own frequency... some of which are too high to be perceived by the human ear or eye... By generating a color combination in a frequency above the normal perception of Earth's conventional electronic equipment or the naked eye, we can render equipment and personnel virtually invisible.

The room breaks out into excited chatter.

DR. ZEE

Watch closely.

Dr. Zee triggers a device and the ship in front of the pilots begins to glow brighter and brighter until the pilots are

CONTINUED

43 CONTINUED

43

almost forced to look away. Finally, the ship vanishes. The room breaks out in awe.

DR. ZEE

No...the ship is not gone.

Dr. Zee takes a small coin from his tunic and hurls it at the point where the ship stood. The coin bounces off the invisible shield.

DR. ZEE

It is merely encompassed in a color field beyond the frequency of the human eye. Unfortunately, the energy necessary to generate such an aura around a large fighter ship, or even the human form, is too great to sustain for any great period of time...It should only be used in life and death situations.

44 ON DILLON AND TROY

44

DILLON

Life and death situations from people we've come to help.

ADAMA

Each of your teams has been programmed to take you to scattered areas on Earth. Your entry patterns will bring you into Earth's atmosphere in unpopulated zones and your navigational computrons will guide you over the safest possible routes toward population centers. Ultimately, you will encounter the people of Earth. You have been briefed on how to conduct yourselves. May God go with you....

45 ON THE GALACTICA

45

as ships begin to launch.

46 INSIDE TROY'S SHIP

46

TROY

This is it, old buddy...What we've all fought half way across the universe to accomplish.

47 INSIDE DILLON'S SHIP

47

TROY'S VOICE

This place we drew for our landing sounds exciting. The United States of America.

DILLON

I kind of like the sound of that place Kip got...The Union of Soviet Socialist Republics...I've always liked unions...It's not often you have an entire population of a continent's women to choose from...I think we're going to have one fine time.

TROY'S VOICE

Maybe not....

DILLON

What is it?

TROY

Some kind of primitive scanning device. They've been tracking us since we entered their atmosphere.

48 ON A SAC BASE

48

as ten sirens blare and men charge from alert bunkers, board jeeps and are whisked towards waiting aircraft.

49 INSIDE NORAD

49

The nerve center of the North American Defense Command. General Cushing stands in front of a red telephone as a Colonel rushes up.

DAVIES

Interceptor squadron out of Albuquerque has radar contact with two unidentified flying objects.

CUSHING

Any chance they're non-military?

DAVIES

Flying supersonic down on the deck? Give me the President.

50 ON A FIELD 50

as interceptor after interceptor screams down the runways
and lifts off into the skies.

51 TWO COLONIAL VIPERS 51

screaming along just above the deck.

52 CLOSE ON DILLON 52

DILLON

Troy...Something's coming up at
us and it's very fast!

TROY'S VOICE

It's got 'em on my scanner.
Let's see if we can lose 'em
without kicking in the boosters.
This fuel we're carrying has got
to last us a long time.

The two ships roll over and head towards some mountains.

53 ON A SQUADRON OF UNITED STATES AIR FORCE INTERCEPTORS 53

screaming across the sky.

54 AT NORAD HEADQUARTERS 54

Colon Davies moves up to General Cushing, who is on the
red telephone.

DAVIES

They've violated our airspace,
General.

The General is staring up at a huge electronic map. He
wears dark-tinted glasses, the lights reflecting off them.

CUSHING

Mister President...Whoever...
whatever it is...has entered our
airspace. We have to assume
they're hostile...Yes, sir...

(hangs up)

Bring 'em down.

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17

55 ON A SAC MISSILE BASE

55

as a claxon blares and giant Titan missiles begin to raise up out of their silos in the fire-ready position.

56 BACK TO THE AIR FORCE SQUADRON

56

PILOT #1

Closing to fire-range, Skipper.

PILOT #2

First we're to attempt radio contact....

PILOT #1

If they were here to talk, they wouldn't be running on the deck.

PILOT #2

Then we blow 'em out of their socks...Lock on targets.

57 ON TROY

57

TROY

Dillon...It isn't working....

DILLON 'S VOICE

You're telling me. Do we go to turbo thrusters?

PILOT #2'S VOICE

Attention alien aircraft...attention alien aircraft...You are violating United States airspace. Do you read?

DILLON'S VOICE

Troy....

TROY

Stay off the radio...Go to turbos.

DILLON'S VOICE

You don't have to say it twice.

58 ON THE VIPERS

58

as they kick in their boosters and pull away.

59 INSIDE THE AIR FORCE JET ON PILOT #1

59

PILOT #1
Skipper...They're pulling away.

PILOT #2'S VOICE
That's impossible. The Russians
don't have anything that fast.

PILOT #1
They're going to be out of range.

PILOT #2'S VOICE
Let 'em have it. We warned 'em.

PILOT #1
Yaaahooo...Locked on radar and
firing.

The Air Force jets let fly with everything they have.

60 ON DILLON

60

DILLON
Troy...they're firing on us!

TROY
This is it, Dillon. Roll off and
hit your force shield.

61 ON THE TWO VIPERS

61

as they roll over, begin to glow and slowly vanish out of
the sky.

62 ON THE AIR FORCE JETS

62

PILOT #1
Skipper...They just disappeared
off my radar screen.

Pilot #2 is pounding the side of his screen and instrument
panel.

PILOT #2
Those missiles were locked on
target. They can't miss....

PILOT #1
But there is no target. How can
they be locked on a target if it
isn't there?

CONTINUED

62 CONTINUED

62

PILOT #2

I don't know, but McDonell Douglas
and Sperry Rand will answer for
this...

(beat)

Begin a sweep of the area....

The aircraft begin to peel off to search the area.

63 ON THE EMPTY SKY

63

as an area begins to glow and suddenly two Vipers appear.

DILLON

Troy, that was as close as I ever
want to come. Those guys are good.

TROY

Yeah, way too good. I think we'd
better get down on the ground.

The two Vipers swing around.

64 IN A VERDANT MEADOW

64

to reveal Troy and Dillon standing beside their two ships. A large storage compartment is open on one side of the ship and from it we assume that a space scooter, which is in evidence, has been removed. The space scooter is something on the order of a motorcycle, but instead of wheels, it seems to be suspended on some kind of force field. Troy sits astride his bike, working a hand throttle. The bike whines like a conventional turbine engine. Dillon moves up to the ship and slams the compartment shut. Now he climbs up onto the wing and reaches inside.

DILLON

Well, here goes nothing.

He flips a switch. Momentarily the ship begins to glow, then completely disappears. Dillon, who now seems to be standing on nothing, some three feet off the ground, jumps down.

DILLON

I just hope nobody comes galloping
across this field and bumps into
that thing. They sure would get
a surprise.

TROY

Next stop...Dr. Mortinson at a
place called The California Institute
of Technology.

CONTINUED

64 CONTINUED

64

Troy revs his machine and takes off across the field. Suddenly, as Dillon pulls up beside him:

TROY

We'll stay off main arteries of traffic, so as not to draw attention to ourselves.

DILLON

Right....

Troy guns his turbine and without notice, the space scooter lifts up off the ground and flies up into the sky and over the trees, disappearing....

65 ON THE CALIFORNIA INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY (CAL-TECH)

65

A mass of students are picketing outside the school with various signs belittling nuclear power. It is peaceful, but we see trash cans with fires in them for heat, as well as assorted litter. The impression is that the demonstrators have been there for some time.

66 ON A WINDOW OF THE INSTITUTE

66

A weary man stares down, shaking his head.

MORTINSON

It's like abolishing the wheel because it can be used on a weapon of war. Why won't they understand that we need time to understand nuclear technology.

A young woman standing by a large blackboard covered with figures, a complex formula of some kind, looks back at Doctor Mortinson impatiently.

CARLYLE

Don't pay any attention to them... Ten years from now they'll be vice-presidents with two cars, three point one children, a condominium and as trapped by the system as we are.

MORTINSON

And that's too bad. I happen to agree with them. We have come too far, too fast. If we could just skip ahead a hundred years in our research. I'll settle for five.

CONTINUED

66 CONTINUED

66

CARLYLE

Let's worry about next week...
I've run your figures through
the computer and I don't think
you're going to like the bottom
line.

Mortinson moves up to the blackboard and stares at the long,
incredibly Einstein-like formula. He nods out of fatigue
and takes an eraser and erases the last two feet of the
blackboard, which spans one end of the room.

MORTINSON

Well...It was an idea...Maybe
someday someone will find a way
to render atomic waste matter
harmless...I'm afraid it won't
be me.

CARLYLE

Donald...How often do I have to
stroke you...You know you're
going to do it and so do I...Come
here....

In actuality, she moves to the tired man and places her lithe
young fingers on the back of his neck and massages it.

MORTINSON

Suddenly, the problems of the
world don't seem important at all....

A rock crashes through the window.

CARLYLE

That does it.

She moves quickly to the phone.

MORTINSON

Now, Dorothy...Don't over react....

CARLYLE

(into phone)

Security...This is Doctor Mortinson's
lab...Get the police. That mob
just started throwing rocks...They
could have hit the Doctor. Thank
you. I'm going to take him home
until you can guarantee his safety.

She slams the phone down.

CONTINUED

66 CONTINUED - 2

66

MORTINSON

I'm not going anyplace. I have work to do...I have several more ideas I want to try.

CARLYLE

But those people down there are dangerous!

MORTINSON

My dear...The people in this room are dangerous...unless we can find a real solution to the problem....

Carlyle goes back to her blackboard.

67

ON A FREEWAY OUTSIDE LOS ANGELES - PALMDALE AREA

67

There are few cars on this isolated road. What few there are seem confused. Suddenly, out of the mix, we find Dillon and Troy, moving along on their flotation bikes.

TROY

Yeah, but that sign says we're on the right track.

DILLON

Troy...Everybody is staring at us....

TROY

I think the clothes are giving them a little trouble...We'd better get off and change into those things they designed for us off the entertainments we viewed from Earth.

68

ON A GROUP OF HELL'S ANGELS

68

moving up from behind Troy and Dillon.

DONZO

Hey, Willy...get a load of them wheels.

WILLY

What wheels? I don't see no wheels.

DONZO

That's what I mean...man...what is it?

CONTINUED

68 CONTINUED

68

WILLY

We're going to find out...Hey,
you two turkeys...pull off...We
want to talk to you....

DILLON

You must have us confused with
somebody else. His name's not
Turkey and neither is mine....

WILLY

Pull over wise guys or we run
you over...got it?

DILLON

He seems very insistant.

TROY

We can't afford to have them get
too good a look at these machines.
I think we have to risk showing
them a little more than I'd hoped
to ...Ready?

DILLON

Ready.

The collection of hard type men and women of the Hell's Angels
pull all around Dillon and Troy, enveloping them.

TROY

This is where we get off, fellas....

WILLY

Yeah...well this ain't no off-ramp.

DILLON

Surprise....

Dillon and Troy throttle up and the two bikes lift up out
of the pack...bank off the freeway and out into the Mojave
dessert, flaking the incoming road to Los Angeles in the
vicinity of Palmdale.

69 ON THE HELL'S ANGELS

69

as they crane their heads up and out, not noticing that they
are heading for a baracaded freeway exit. Before they can
recover, they hit the yellow and black boards and spill over
in all directions, rolling harmlessly down the plant covered
embankments, their bikes going in all directions....

70 ON A SERVICE STATION

70

off the freeway and surrounded by undeveloped land...A diner stands as the only building near the station as Troy and Dillon stand beside their bikes in the vacant countryside. They have donned southwest oriented sheepskin-type jackets, covering their tunics.

DILLON

What about the boots? I haven't seen anybody else wearing anything like them.

TROY

Just pull your pants over them... Until we can pick something else up. That seems to be some kind of vehicle center over there. Maybe we can find some kind of transportation further into the city.

DILLON

And leave these alone out here... Troy...We checked them out...We're responsible for returning them....

Troy simply flips a switch on his bike. It glows and disappears.

TROY

Let's just not forget where this place is. Come on....

71 IN THE GAS STATION

71

as a car wheels in and we recognize Jamie Hamilton, the young lady on her way to a new job.

JAMIE

Fill it up, please, and where's your telephone?

The attendant points to a booth at the corner of the station. Just approaching the booth are Troy and Dillon. She runs towards it.

72 AT THE BOOTH

72

Dillon and Troy are looking the booth over carefully...Dillon is looking at a small computer in his hand.

CONTINUED

72 CONTINUED

72

DILLON

Yup...Telephone. It's what they use to communicate with each other.

Troy steps into the booth and stares at the gadget.

TROY

How do you do...I'd like to communicate with the California Institute of Technology, please.

Troy waits and listens....

DILLON

What's happening?

TROY

What do you mean, what's happening? Nothing is happening. You can see that....

DILLON

Speak up...Maybe it's pretty primitive equipment.

Troy nods and shouts.

TROY

How do you do...I would like to communicate with the California Institute of Technology.

Nothing happens, except the two young men become aware of a girl standing just behind them with a peculiar look on her face.

DILLON

Hello.

JAMIE

Hello...Uh...Are you two using the phone?

DILLON

Yes....

TROY

No...That is...We're finished. You can use it now if you like.

JAMIE

If you're sure you're through.

CONTINUED

72 CONTINUED - 2

72

TROY

Oh, we have quite a lot of communicating to do. We can wait.

JAMIE

Well, I really am in kind of a hurry. Thank you.

She moves swiftly into the booth and lifts the handset off its cradle. She searches for change...finds a dime and slips it into the phone. Troy and Dillon exchange looks. She dials....

JAMIE

Yes...I want to call the Trans-World Broadcasting Company. Thank you. Thirty-five cents? Yes...I think I have...wait....

She looks at Troy and Dillon.

JAMIE

Do either of you have change for a dollar?

Dillon and Troy exchange blank looks as Dillon wheels away, giving her his back. He punches up "dollar" on the languatron and watches as it comes back with the readout... "A quantity of money equal to..." etc. He turns back.

DILLON

Sorry...No...We just used our last denomination of currency ourselves.

Jamie nods.

JAMIE

I'll have to call back, operator... thank you.

(looks at Troy)

I'll get change. You need some?

TROY

We'll be fine.

JAMIE

Credit card, hun...I wish I had one. The most important interview of my life, and I'm going to be late....

CONTINUED

She rushes off.

DILLON

This is hopeless...We can't get
currency until we find Doctor
Mortinson and we can't find
Doctor Mortinson without currency....

TROY

She said something about a card...
It's just possible that a sensor
can read whatever code these things
work on. It's worth a try....

Troy takes off his belt sensor and aims it at the phone...
Suddenly, it begins paying off like a Las Vegas slot machine.
As nickels, dimes and quarters go flying everywhere...Dillon
and Troy scramble to retrieve the money only to find Jamie,
once again standing just behind them.

JAMIE

You mind explaining what you're
doing?

DILLON

Uh...picking up our currency.

JAMIE

Did you just rifle that coinbox?

TROY

No...It just started throwing
these things out...I think it's
malfunctioning.

JAMIE

I'll bet it's malfunctioning...
You put that money back in that
box...No, hand it to me and take
a hike...or I'll turn you in to the
service attendant!

DILLON

Hey, there's no reason to be
hostile....

TROY

That's right...We're strangers
here, and we don't mean anybody
any harm.

CONTINUED

72 CONTINUED - 4

72

JAMIE

Just take a hike...I've got a call to make.

She returns to the booth and dials.

TROY

Now what? We had the money in the palm of our hands.

Dillon looks at him surrepticiously with a pixie smile and opens a palm revealing a handful of coins. Troy smiles back. From inside the booth, we hear the muffled voice of Jamie.

JAMIE

Yes...This is Jamie Hamilton. From Keno, Reno -- I'm the new news-girl-lady-person.

73 INSIDE EXECUTIVE OFFICES OF THE NETWORK

73

We can see a line monitor carrying film of a riot in progress.

SECRETARY

I'm sorry Miss Hamilton...Mister Brooks is upstairs in a meeting. No, I'm sure that'll be all right... His schedule is pretty open. Get here as soon as you can....

74 AT THE PHONE BOOTH

74

Jamie hangs up smiling and opens the door to find Troy and Dillon still there.

JAMIE

I thought I told you two to get lost.

TROY

Look...We really had nothing to do with what happened to that telephone. As a matter of fact, we're kind of late for an appointment ourselves...Is there any chance you'd be going anywhere near the California Institute of Technology?

CONTINUED

JAMIE

That's where you two are going?

DILLON

We're going to see Doctor Mortinson.

JAMIE

The Doctor Mortinson?

TROY

Yes...We had difficulty with our transportation.

JAMIE

Well...Maybe I did jump to conclusions. But you'll have to admit it did look a little odd....

DILLON

Yes...very strange.

JAMIE

Look, maybe I can give you a life.

TROY

You mean your car flies as well?

JAMIE

(laughs)

Come on....

Police have arrived and the anti-nuclear demonstrators have become more militant.

pulls up. Dillon, Troy and Jamie look out.

JAMIE

You're sure you want to get out? Looks nasty.

TROY

What's going on?

JAMIE

Anti-nukes. Your Doctor Mortinson has innovated a whole new type of

76 CONTINUED

76

JAMIE (Cont'd)
nuclear power plant...safer and
cleaner, but not clean enough
for this group.

DILLON
Clean nuclear power? Is that
all this agitation is about?

JAMIE
Is that all? You must really
have your head up there in the
clouds with the Doctor.

TROY
I guess so. Anyway, thank you...
You've been very kind.

JAMIE
Strangers in a new place have to
stick together. If you ever want
to get in touch, I'll be working
at Trans-World Broadcasting...
I hope.

The young men climb out and watch as the demonstration grows
in intensity.

DILLON
I don't like the looks of this....

TROY
I do...it tells us what Doctor
Mortinson needs from us. We can
turn him into a hero before the
day is out.

77 ATOMIC RESEARCH BUILDING - ON FRONT DOOR

77

Troy and Dillon approach a security officer.

DILLON
This isn't going to work. They're
checking for identification.

TROY
We can't let that stop us.

Troy reaches under his coat and puts his hand on his laser
weapon tucked into his pants. Moving up to the guard, Troy
smiles broadly.

CONTINUED

77 CONTINUED

77

TROY

Excuse me, but Doctor Mortinson is expecting us. What floor is he on?

GUARD

I'll have to check. What are your names?

TROY

Dillon and Troy.

As the guard looks down at his list, Troy turns the muzzle of his weapon out from between his jacket lapels, gives a short burst and the guard seems to hang suspended, frozen in place. Troy and Dillon saunter into the building, stopping in the lobby to look at a name ledger.

DILLON

Mortinson...323.

They turn and look as an elevator door opens and several secretaries exit talking boisterously. Troy and Dillon exchange looks and shrug, entering the elevator.

78 AT THE DOOR

78

The secretaries exit as the guard wakes up.

GUARD

Hey...Where'd they go?

The secretaries look at the guard blankly as he wheels to look inside. We pan off to find the elevator doors just sealing closed.

79 THE GUARD

79

picks up phone and starts dialing hurriedly.

GUARD

This is security...A.R. Building...
We've got trouble.

80 INSIDE THE DOCTOR'S LAB

80

Dillon and Troy enter a door clearly marked "323" on the outside. Carlyle looks up from a desk where she is typing data.

CONTINUED

80 CONTINUED

80

CARLYLE

Can I help you?

TROY

We've come to see Doctor Mortinson.

CARLYLE

I'm afraid I can't disturb him.

TROY

It's important...Possibly life and death.

CARLYLE

Does the Doctor know you?

Troy exchanges looks with Dillon.

TROY

We know the Doctor from a recent paper he delivered on what I believe you call your educational transmission band.

CARLYLE

Transmission band?

Dillon has his trusty languatron handy....

DILLON

Television channel....

TROY

Right....

CARLYLE

Well, I'm afraid this is a bad time to come unannounced...As you could see outside, we're under a great deal of stress....

Troy is drifting towards the large video screen and keyboard.

TROY

I can see where that might make it difficult to theorize.

81 DILLON

81

follows Troy's gaze.

CONTINUED

81 CONTINUED

81

DILLON

Especially abstract theories of nuclear degeneration. I failed out on that stuff three times in a row.

Troy turns from the screen.

TROY

But he's obviously on the right track.

CARLYLE

Look, I don't know who you are, but this is a bad joke. There aren't three people in the world who could make heads or tails of that theory and that includes the Doctor's own staff....

The phone rings. She answers it.

CARLYLE

Yes....

Her eyes betray the caller on the other end.

CARLYLE

I see...Yes...Yes...All right...
I certainly will.

She hangs up, her mood lightening up considerably, betraying a new nervousness in her voice.

DILLON

Good news?

CARLYLE

Uh...yes. That was the...the Doctor. He's on his way up. If you'd both like to have a seat....

TROY

We can't stay...but if you'll give the Doctor a message....

Troy moves to the computer keyboard.

TROY

The symbols are a little different... but using the projection on the board as a common cipher...I think I can give you the rudiments of something that might interest the Doctor.

CONTINUED

81 CONTINUED - 2

81

CARLYLE

Please stay away from that!

She watches as Troy's fingers expertly begin typing out a lengthy and complex theory with the speed and dexterity of a typist taking an advanced speed test.

CARLYLE

What are you doing?! Please, the Doctor's been working on that for three years.

TROY

This should be enough...Tell him he can reach us through a young lady at the Trans World Broadcasting Company by the name of Jamie Hamilton.

DILLON

Thank you....

Dillon and Troy open the door and head out.

CARLYLE

Wait...stay here! The Doctor is on his way up.

82 IN THE CORRIDOR

82

as Troy and Dillon turn to move swiftly away. From the opposite direction they are suddenly accosted by a loud voice.

GUARD

Halt...or we'll shoot!

83 TROY AND DILLON

83

stop in their tracks...Dillon starting to pull his weapon....

TROY

Don't do it, Dillon. They've got us.

The two sink as they turn to look at the young and attractive Miss Carlyle standing in the doorway, looking triumphant.

CARLYLE

I told you to wait.

CONTINUED

83 CONTINUED

83

TROY

See that the Doctor gets the message.

DILLON

Please....

As the guards take Dillon and Troy in tow, Carlyle shuts the door, closing them out of her life.

DILLON

Why do I get the feeling the Doctor isn't going to get the message....

GUARD

Let's go, boys. You're in a lot of trouble.

84 INSIDE DR. MORTINSON'S LAB

84

Carlyle moves over to the computer terminal just used by Troy.

CARLYLE

Jibberish...at least it wasn't graffiti....

She punches a button and the screen goes blank....

85 ON MORTINSON

85

as he enters.

MORTINSON

What's all the commotion? I just saw the police taking two young men into custody.

CARLYLE

It's a good thing you weren't here. I'm afraid they may have been some kind of terrorists or Lord knows what....

The Doctor nods his discouragement and looks out on the street below.

86 POINT OF VIEW

86

of Dillon and Troy, handcuffed and being led into a police car.

87 ON THE GALACTICA

87

to establish.

88 INT. ADAMA'S QUARTERS

88

Adama stands by his space port, gazing out. O.s. a voice rises to a fevered pitch.

XAVIAR

It's bad enough to be introduced to this young madman's super toys without any preparation, but to be told when we may use them and how, is an insult.

ADAMA

Genius is not easy to accept. It reminds us of our own inadequacies.

XAVIAR

I don't mind accepting brilliance. Man has always been blessed with men ahead of their time...but this time the folly of the plan is so desperately dangerous, I cannot accept it.

ADAMA

Not exposing Earth to our enemies is in our own best interests.

XAVIAR

That I agree with, but we have better ways. A tool we have sought for generations and now possess, thanks to our young genius.

ADAMA

If you are referring to the time warp synthesizer, I do not agree. The concept of time travel is dangerous at best.

XAVIAR

But, Adama...What could be more vital to speeding up Earth's civilization than by going back into her past and introducing scientific tools hundreds of Earth years earlier...?

CONTINUED

ADAMA

Xaviar...We know little about the consequences of changing that which has already been.

XAVIAR

We'll find out...I'll take an expedition into Earth's past. Let me at least put it to the council for a vote.

ADAMA

They will not overrule Dr. Zee. He has never been wrong.

XAVIAR

It has never been this critical. Side with me -- I am a great leader...I can deliver us a planet capable of saving us now... not years from now.

ADAMA

The concept is appealing. I admit that...Still....

XAVIAR

If you side with me, they will listen.

ADAMA

Xaviar...consider for one moment the implications of introducing a single change in the past. A weapon or alteration that should result in the loss of a single life. It could mean the immediate extinction of hundreds of thousands of descendants of that individual....

XAVIAR

How do we know it works that way? Maybe history isn't really changed. Maybe it all comes out the very same. Take, for example, the chance of birth. Whether your parents decide to journey from one place to another only dictates the environment in which you are born. The fact remains that you live. What difference whether we introduce marvels of science to primitive Earth...the same people will live to use them...only the quality of their lives will have changed.

88 CONTINUED

88

ADAMA

Your point is persuasive. It could save us time.

XAVIAR

It could save our lives. We have brought the Cylons too close. Earth risks detection every moment we hesitate.

Adama paces.

ADAMA

I'll have to confer with Doctor Zee. Maybe in time....

XAVIAR

Time is what we have conquered, Adama. All I ask is the chance to prove it.

ADAMA

We'll see.

89 ON THE CALIFORNIA INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

89

The students and anti-nuke groups continue to demonstrate.

90 INT. DOCTOR MORTINSON'S LAB

90

The Doctor is at his computer terminal as Carlyle enters.

MORTINSON

Dorothy, where's the theorem I was working on?

CARLYLE

I'm afraid one of the freaks that came in here ruined it...I took it off the screen....

MORTINSON

I hope you didn't erase it.

CARLYLE

I'm sure it's in the memory bank, but it isn't going to be of any use now. He literally ruined it. I'd have stopped him but the security guards warned me to leave them alone ...until they got here.

CONTINUED

During Carlyle's explanation to Professor Mortinson, his expression has gone from irritation to awe, as in recalling the theorem from the memory bank, he finds a set of symbols in proportions and sequence at first baffling, then chilling....

MORTINSON

My God....

CARLYLE

I told you they ruined it.

Mortinson turns to look at Carlyle...the eerie light from the computer terminal casting symbols onto his glasses.

MORTINSON

Miss Carlyle...think very carefully.
Who did they say they were?

CARLYLE

Well, they didn't...I could see that they were just part of that street gang out there.

MORTINSON

Dorothy...they must have said something....

CARLYLE

Well, they said something about your paper on PBS.

MORTINSON

The one about my theories on brother worlds and atomic travel?

CARLYLE

I suppose, but why are you so interested in hoodlums?

The Doctor moves to the window and peers out at the pickets and police now bathed in the growing darkness of night.

MORTINSON

These hoodlums, as you put it, may be as important to mankind as the coming of the Messiah.

Carlyle looks bewildered.

92 INSIDE THE OFFICES

92

The secretary who responded to Jamie's call earlier is now showing her around the offices.

SECRETARY

To be quite blunt...there are several people competing for that on-camera reporter job.

JAMIE

I know, but I intend to get it.

SECRETARY

We'll see.

The phone rings and the secretary picks it up.

SECRETARY

Yes, she is....

A startled look crosses the secretary's face as she passes the phone to Jamie.

SECRETARY

It's for you...the police department?

Jamie looks equally startled.

JAMIE

I don't know how they could even know I'm here....

SECRETARY

Just take the phone.

Jamie takes the phone dutifully, apprehensively.

JAMIE

Hello?

93 AT THE BOOKING DESK

93

People are being logged in, as adjacent to the action, there is a small holding cell with a telephone inside. On the phone is Dillon.

DILLON

Dillon....

94 TO INTERCUT WITH JAMIE

94

JAMIE

Who?

CONTINUED

DILLON

You were kind enough to pick me
and my friend up out in Mojave
this morning....

JAMIE

Yes?

DILLON

We've run into some trouble....

JAMIE

Yes....

Jamie is listening with the kind of enthusiasm one has with
a lighted firecracker held between the index finger and thumb...
She'd like to hurl the phone across the room, but she is being
watched...very closely.

DILLON

Being strangers...we're in hopes that
you can get in touch with Doctor
Mortinson and tell him where we
are....

JAMIE

Well, I might be able to do that....

Suddenly, Jamie's attention is distracted off stage by a
monitor playing in the office on which close-ups reveal
Dillon and Troy being placed in a paddie-wagon by the police.

ANNOUNCER

(not loud, but
adequate to throw
Jamie into a catatonic
state)

Two demonstrators were apprehended
trying to break into Peace Prize
winner Donald Mortinson's laboratory
today after beating up a security
guard....

JAMIE

(sotto)

Oh, my Lord...and I dropped them
off....

DILLON

Jamie...are you there?

JAMIE

Listen you...you...terrorists....

CONTINUED

94 CONTINUED - 2

94

DILLON

Terrorists? You don't understand
the situation....

JAMIE

Oh, yes I do...This is my first
day on the job and you used me...
you chauvinist!

She hangs up.

95 DILLON

95

turns to Troy.

TROY

Well, what'd she say?

DILLON

I don't know...What's a chauvinist
terrorist?

Dillon whips out his languatron and begins to translate.

96 BACK AT TRANS WORLD BROADCASTING

96

The secretary is on the phone.

SECRETARY

Mister Brooks...I really think
you should come down here in
person...I think we have a...
(quietly)
problem....

She nods and hangs up, turning to Jamie smilingly. As soon
as the phone is on the cradle...it rings again.

JAMIE

I can explain everything.

SECRETARY

I'm sure you can...
(into phone)

Hello...
(her face turns
ashen)

Doctor Mortinson...I'm afraid
Mister Brooks isn't in the office,
however...Who? Jamie Hamilton?
Yes...she is, but...Yes...certainly....

CONTINUED

96 CONTINUED

96

The secretary, who is now the victim of an emotional and strategic tennis match, passes the phone to Jamie. Jamie takes the phone as if being handed a snake which is likely to bite her.

JAMIE

Yes....

97 TO INTERCUT WITH DOCTOR MORTINSON IN HIS LAB

97

He stands with Miss Carlyle looking on.

MORTINSON

Miss Hamilton?

JAMIE

Yes?

MORTINSON

It's most urgent I know more about those two friends of yours. The ones who came to my lab today.

JAMIE

Doctor, I assure you I don't know the first thing about them...I had no idea they were going to cause trouble....

MORTINSON

You don't understand. I'm grateful for their visit. I was hoping you might be one of them....

JAMIE

One of them?

MORTINSON

They left your name as a point of contact. I'd hoped to learn more from you before confronting them at the police station. I'm sympathetic to you if you need reassurance.

JAMIE

Well...I'd like to tell you something about them, Doctor Mortinson...but I don't think what I know would make meeting you worth your while.

CONTINUED

Mister Brooks comes to stand beside his senior secretary.

BROOKS

Doctor Mortinson...The Doctor
Mortinson? How can he be calling
us? He loathes the press....

SECRETARY

He's not calling us. He's calling
her.

BROOKS

Who is she?

SECRETARY

The new reporter -- she hopes.

JAMIE

Look...It's all kind of a big
mistake....

Brooks moves up, covering the receiver.

BROOKS

Meet him.

JAMIE

But it's not what he thinks.

BROOKS

You want a crack at that job? Say
you'll meet him.

As Jamie is left to fend for herself, Brooks takes his
secretary aside.

BROOKS

Quick Annie...get me a camera
team...the best.

JAMIE

Camera team?

BROOKS

We've been trying to get Mortinson
on film for a week, but he practically
lives in an armored car...

(Jamie hangs up)

Where are you meeting him?

JAMIE

Who are you?

CONTINUED

97 CONTINUED - 2

97

BROOKS

Your boss.

JAMIE

Oh, well...Outside police headquarters. But I'm doing this under false pretenses. I don't have the faintest idea who those guys were.

BROOKS

What guys? Never mind -- Honey, you pull this off and you've got yourself a permanent post. Let's go....

The secretary doesn't seem all that thrilled as Jamie beams and is hustled off arm in arm with Brooks.

98 AT THE BOOKING AREA

98

Dillon is standing behind a chart having his photograph taken, as a crotchety old cop is mumbling to himself....

COP #1

All right...Name, date, and place of birth.

DILLON

Uh....

A second cop is fingerprinting Troy.

COP #2

Sergeant...We got us some kind of problem here.

COP #1

How can we have a problem taking a simple set of fingerprints?

COP #2

See for yourself. There ain't no ridges and no valleys....

Cop #1 walks up and looks at the sheet, then at Troy's fingers.

COP #1

Wise guy...Sanded 'em down, huh? Well, don't think you can get out of here without being identified. Our computer is hooked up with

CONTINUED

COP #1 (Cont'd)
police departments all over the
world. No matter where you come
from, we'll find out.

TROY
Look, it's imperative we talk to
Doctor Mortinson...right away.

COP #1
Then later I suppose you'll want
an appointment with the President....

A phone rings. Officer #1 picks it up. His eyes drift to
Troy and Dillon.

COP #1
Yeah, they're right here. Right...
right...Yes, sir.
(hangs up)
Well...seems like some big shots
want to talk to you two. Put 'em
back in the holding tank 'til
they get here, Doberman....

As Cop #2 walks them a few yards to a holding tank, where the
only other occupant is a derelict sitting on the floor:

TROY
This is the worst thing that could
have happened.

DILLON
Why? Who do you think the big shots
are?

TROY
I don't know...but the one thing
we can't afford is a lot of
attention. We've got to get to
that Doctor. He'll understand.

DILLON
First we've got to get out of here.

TROY
Dillon...Our force field....

DILLON
Just go with me on this....

DERELICT
Hey...either of you two guys have
a cigarette?

When neither Dillon or Troy answer, he withdraws a stubby butt from his seedy jacket.

DERELICT

Okay...How about a light?

Troy and Dillon give each other the eye and bring a hand to their respective belts. Slowly, they begin to glow brightly and within seconds, disappear. The derelict's eyes widen as the butt falls from his mouth. He dives into the corner, pressing his back to the wall.

DILLON'S VOICE

Very nice, Troy...Now may I point out that we're still in jail...?

TROY

Patience, Dillon....

DERELICT

Help...Let me out of here!

The two booking officers, momentarily busy, swing around.

COP #1

Pipe down, Moran...I...Hey... I thought I told you to put those two guys in the tank....

COP #2

I did....

Cop #1 rushes to the tank and opens the door and unlocks it, rushing to a bunk to look under it.

DILLON'S VOICE

Now, Troy?

TROY'S VOICE

Now, Dillon....

We hear footsteps and see the old cop jostled as the jail door swings open wide and suddenly swings shut, locking the cop inside.

COP #1

Doberman, you idiot...Why'd you do that?

COP #2

Why'd I do what?

99 OUTSIDE THE POLICE STATION

99

Brooks is standing beside a mobile unit, as a technician places a wireless microphone on Jamie.

BROOKS

Okay, Jamie...that mike will pick up everything you and the Doctor discuss about his connection with these terrorists. We'll be holding you on a long lens from the back of the truck.

JAMIE

I'll do my best....

BROOKS

Good girl...Now get going.

Jamie turns and starts up the street. Suddenly, as if out of nowhere, Troy and Dillon appear and walk beside her.

DILLON

Don't do it, Jamie. The Doctor's a good man.

Startled, she stops and looks at the two young men.

JAMIE

I thought you were in jail.

100 BACK AT THE TRUCK

100

BROOKS

Hey...where'd those two clowns come from?

TECHNICIAN

I don't know...but I'm getting a good signal.

BROOKS

Save your film...They can't be important. It's the Doctor I want....

101 BACK ON TROY AND DILLON

101

as they walk beside Jamie.

TROY

You've got to get those journalists away from here while we talk to the Doctor.

CONTINUED

101 CONTINUED

101

JAMIE

I can't...I'll lose my job...How'd you get out of jail?

DILLON

We escaped.

JAMIE

You mean I have two escaped jailbirds right on camera?

Jamie turns and looks back. She signals to Brooks, gesturing to the two boys. He shakes his head "no", pointing to the police station where the Doctor is pacing anxiously, looking at his watch.

DILLON

Troy...there he is.

TROY

Keep walking with us...We'll give the impression you're going through with the interview.

JAMIE

I am going through with it... This is my first break....

DILLON

Doctor Mortinson?

He looks at the two young men...curiously....

MORTINSON

If you're Miss Hamilton, I expected you to come alone.

JAMIE

These are the two gentlemen you wanted to talk about.

MORTINSON

Ah...but I thought...Yes, of course...Walls do not a prison make. Especially for someone like you. If I'm correct in my assumption and I almost have to be, there's no one on the face of this earth who could stand at my computer and do what you did today. No one on this earth.

102 BACK AT THE TRUCK

102

BROOKS

What are they talking about?

TECHNICIAN

Walls, prisons, computers...Pretty nothing stuff.

BROOKS

What's the matter with that girl... Why doesn't she dump these two guys and get on with the interview?

103 BACK TO THE DOCTOR, JAMIE, DILLON AND TROY

103

MORTINSON

This may be the most important greeting in the history of mankind... I am flattered.

TROY

Since you understand the significance of our visit...I'd like to suggest we find another place to talk... We're being observed.

JAMIE

You bet you are...And I'm not letting you guys out of my sight.

MORTINSON

My car isn't far....

JAMIE

Now wait a minute....

The trio starts up the street angling towards the curb...Jamie looks back up the block to the mobile truck, momentarily helpless...Brooks signals for her to follow. She does....

104 AT A CAR

104

The Doctor unlocks the door and climbs in...Right behind him is Troy and Dillon -- and climbing into the back seat is Jamie.

MORTINSON

Miss Hamilton...I think we can get along now without you. Thank you.

CONTINUED

104 CONTINUED

104

JAMIE

But I can't...Whither you go,
I will follow...or I'll call the
police and turn in your license
number.

DILLON

Do as she says...Time is important.

The car moves out.

105 AT THE MOBILE TRUCK

105

TECHNICIAN

I can't hear a thing inside that
car...What do we do now?

BROOKS

Follow them....

106 ON THE GALACTICA

106

to establish.

107 INSIDE DOCTOR ZEE'S CHAMBER

107

Commander Adama enters.

ADAMA

What's happened? What's gone
wrong?

Zee turns from his multi-leveled monitors.

DR. ZEE

A miscalculation.

ADAMA

I thought it was impossible for
you to miscalculate anything....

DR. ZEE

Not my miscalculation...yours.
Why didn't you tell me Xaviar wanted
to use my time synthesizer?

ADAMA

What's happened?

CONTINUED

DR. ZEE

He's left us, Adama...for Earth.
Someplace in its past.

ADAMA

That fool...that complete fool!
I didn't think he'd do it on his
own.

DR. ZEE

What is his plan?

ADAMA

To change Earth's present technological
development by altering her past, if
that's possible.

DR. ZEE

Possible...but deadly.

ADAMA

The maniac...We must bring him
back.

DR. ZEE

A chase through thousands of
years of history...That should
be interesting.

ADAMA

He can only be in one place at
a time.

DR. ZEE

But in the same place at many
different times....

ADAMA

Is it possible to know into what
dispensation of time he has escaped?

DR. ZEE

Yes...I can tell you that. But
I cannot prevent him from moving
on....

ADAMA

If we keep him moving...we can
keep him from unleashing his madness.

DR. ZEE

Possibly...but remember...in your
pursuit, you can do as much damage

CONTINUED

107 CONTINUED - 2

107

DR. ZEE (Cont'd)
as can Xaviar...Be very, very
careful, Adama...or that planet
below us could disappear in the
twinkling of an eye...and your
warriors along with it....

Adama braces himself, then turns and exits.

108 ON DOCTOR MORTINSON

108

his car weaving through traffic.

109 INSIDE THE CAR

109

TROY
They're still behind us....

Dillon takes the wheel.

DILLON
Here...Let me drive this thing...
Climb out of the seat, Doctor.

The Doctor begins to climb over Dillon as he slides under
and takes over.

TROY
Dillon, have you lost your mind?
You've never driven one of these
things!

DILLON
I've been watching him...it looks
easy.

Dillon tromps on it.

110 ON THE CAR

110

as it jumps a sidewalk and takes the next corner on two
wheels.

111 BACK INSIDE THE CAR

111

JAMIE
Holy...What does he mean you've
never driven before?

CONTINUED

111 CONTINUED

111

MORTINSON

Quite possibly they don't have cars where these men come from.

JAMIE

Where don't they have cars?
Look out....

112 ON THE CAR

112

as it nearly collides with a police car, sending it spinning around and into a store window. The police car quickly backs up and takes up the pursuit.

113 ON THE NEWS VAN

113

BROOKS

Keep that camera going...It's fantastic! The Doctor is being kidnapped right on Instant News.

114 BACK INSIDE THE DOCTOR'S CAR

114

TROY

Dillon...stop this machine before you kill us all!

DILLON

I don't suppose it flies, does it?

JAMIE

Flies?! What's he on?

MORTINSON

No...this is a very simple internal combustion engine, which burns gasoline which in turn drives pistons, which turn a simple drive shaft....

DILLON

Talk about primitive...Haven't you guys ever heard of anti-gravity travel?

A beeper goes off. Troy takes the communicator from his belt.

TROY

Troy here....

CONTINUED

114 CONTINUED

114

ADAMA'S VOICE

This is Adama...You are to return to the Galactica at once...Crisis condition.

JAMIE

Who's he talking to, his service?

MORTINSON

I hesitate to ask....

115 ON ADAMA TO INTERCUT

115

He is on the bridge.

ADAMA

I'm counting on you...Galactica out.

JAMIE

What's a Galactica?

TROY

Doctor...If I can ask you to keep what little we've discussed in confidence, we'll have to arrange to get together again as soon as possible.

MORTINSON

But the formula you left in my lab...You have done in one afternoon what it has taken me years...Yet, it is incomplete...I must have the rest...It is the answer to our problems. You have seen the riots....

TROY

Consider it just the beginning, Doctor. A token of our good faith, if you keep your silence until our return.

MORTINSON

But when will that be?

JAMIE

Don't worry, Doctor...You may be willing to work on faith...but I'm staying with 'em right to the end of the line....

CONTINUED

115 CONTINUED

115

TROY

That's impossible....

JAMIE

You try and lose me and I'll blab everything I know.

DILLON

Troy? Our first mandate was to remain incognito from the masses....

JAMIE

Well, you're doing a great job of that.

She looks behind.

116 ON THE STREET

116

to see that the lone police car has now been joined by a half a dozen more.

117 BACK INSIDE THE CAR

117

TROY

Dillon...It's hopeless.

DILLON

No it isn't...It worked once before. It'll work again....

Dillon whips the wheel and the car jumps up onto the sidewalk and into a furniture store.

118 ON THE AFTERMATH

118

as the police scramble back and forth while three officers and Brooks with his cameraman engulf the Doctor.

119 TALKING INTO THE CAMERA

119

BROOKS

The terrorists apparently made good their escape out the back door of the store before the police could surround it...However, Doctor Mortinson...the object of the kidnapping plot is safe and right now being interrogated by the police.

CONTINUED

119 CONTINUED

119

MORTINSON

I am fine...They did me no harm.

120 IN THE BACK ALLEY

120

Police return to the furniture store's rear entrance...
converging from two different directions...as a patrol car
pulls up. A third officer climbs out.

COP #3

No sign...Don't see how they
did it...But they did. Let's
go in and report to the Captain.

As the three officers enter the back door...we see a glow
appear in front of the brick wall, and suddenly, Dillon,
Troy and, cradled in their arms between them, encompassed
by their aura, is Jamie.

JAMIE

Okay...I give up. How did you
do that?

TROY

We haven't time to explain. And
this time, I'm driving the machine.

As Troy starts to jump into the idling police car:

JAMIE

Hey, that's a police car!

DILLON

What are police?

JAMIE

Drugrunners...spaced out drug-
runners...It's the only thing
you guys could be.

DILLON

This is where we say farewell,
Jamie.

Jamie dives into the front seat next to Troy.

JAMIE

Oh, no...not until I get the whole
story.

TROY

Get in, Dillon. We can't stand
around arguing.

121 INSIDE THE CAR

121

as Dillon dives in and the car roars backwards. Jamie shoves her foot onto the brake and moves the transmission lever.

JAMIE

What are you guys -- Martians?

They exchange looks as Dillon looks at his languatron.

DILLON

Close. Let's go.

Troy tromps on it and they roar off.

122 IN THE VERDANT MEADOW - NIGHT

122

seated beside the motor scooters as Dillon reaches his hands out like a blind man groping for a wall.

DILLON

I know my ship is here, someplace.

Troy suddenly walks into something solid.

TROY

I found mine.

He climbs up an invisible ladder and reaches inside something unseen.

123 ON JAMIE

123

seated beside the motor scooter, looking confused, dazed.

JAMIE

Motorcycles that fly...People that disappear. Got to be so top secret they'll never let me say a word about it on the news.

Suddenly the large Viper begins to materialize in front of Jamie.

JAMIE

That's all...All I need now is for the Mad Hatter to come roaring through.

TROY

Jamie...This is it. We really have to go.

CONTINUED

123 CONTINUED

123

She rises up slowly...speaking softly but deliberately as she moves to the ship.

JAMIE

Then let's go.

TROY

Out of the question.

He takes her arm firmly, just as firmly she removes his hand. As Dillon moves up....

DILLON

All set...plane's got enough on the old energizer to take off.

JAMIE

I don't know how to say this, but there is no way you're leaving without me.

DILLON

Yes there is. We're going in those things...And where we're going... you can't come.

JAMIE

Look, you two. You cost me my job, I'm sure. A job that meant everything in my life to me. Back there I am considered an accomplice in some weird terrorist attempt to kidnap the Doctor. I helped steal a police car...and if I tell the truth so they don't throw me in jail, they'll put me on a funny farm for life....

DILLON

She's right. They'll never believe her...We don't have to worry about what she tells them.

TROY

Right. Thank you, Jamie. I'm sorry it couldn't have worked out better for you. But in the long run you'll find out we're on your side. Anyway, thank you...and farewell.

They both turn to leave.

CONTINUED

JAMIE

I wouldn't try to leave without me if I were you....

They casually look back...to find Jamie withdrawing Troy's sidearm from her purse. Troy quickly checks his holster.

TROY

How'd you ---

JAMIE

I got it while hanging on for my life on that flying banana.

TROY

You wouldn't shoot.

JAMIE

No, but it'll give me something tangible to show the press when I tell them my story.

DILLON

She's got us. What is it you want?

JAMIE

I want my job. The only way I'm going to get it is to come in with this story. I mean the whole story... What do you way?

DILLON

Don't look at me, it's your gun.

TROY

If she gets that thing analyzed it's going to tip our presence to all the wrong people. The Commander won't like that.

DILLON

Look...we can't give you the story now. We couldn't even give it to the Doctor...but when the time comes....

Jamie starts up the small boarding ladder.

JAMIE

Then there's only one alternative. I'm staying with you until the time comes....

On their looks, we cut to:

124 ON TWO VIPERS 124

streaking off the Earth's surface, racing off into the stars.

125 ON TWO VIPERS IN FLIGHT 125

climbing higher and higher.

126 ON DILLON AND JAMIE 126

He is busily performing pilot oriented functions. She is hanging on for dear life.

JAMIE

Maybe this wasn't such a good idea.

She is looking out the window.

DILLON

You're too late.

JAMIE

Well...I don't like to tell you your business but there isn't any land down there. What happened to Earth?

DILLON

Behind you.

She cranes around and looks.

127 POINT OF VIEW OF EARTH 127

far, far below.

JAMIE

What went wrong?

DILLON

Nothing...so far.

JAMIE

Look, isn't it about time you told me who you are...who you're with?

DILLON

Who we're with?

CONTINUED

127 CONTINUED

127

JAMIE
I figured you for some sort of
super NASA or CIA guys. But
you aren't, are you?

DILLON
No, we aren't with them. We're
with them.

She looks off to port.

128 POINT OF VIEW - THE GALACTICA - LONG SHOT

128

129 BACK TO JAMIE

129

as her mouth falls open.

JAMIE
Oh, my Lord.

FREEZE FRAME

FADE OUT

END PART ONE

PART TWO

FADE IN

130 ON TWO VIPERS 130
approaching the Galactica.

131 POINT OF VIEW 131
as the Viper begins to line up with the Galactica.

132 ON BRIDGE OF GALACTICA - STOCK 132
to establish.

BRIDGE VOICE
Incoming Vipers....

133 CLOSE ON COLONEL BENZ AT COMMUNICATION CENTER 133
He acknowledges report.

BENZ
Acknowledge. Wait...the resperatory
readout on that first ship indicates
two people aboard.

BRIDGE VOICE
That is correct. Chromosome count
indicates a female.

BENZ
Get me the Commander.

134 IN THE COMMANDER'S QUARTERS 134
Commander Adama moves to the com line.

ADAMA
Yes....

BENZ
Vipers returning from Earth. But...
they aren't alone. They've brought
someone with them.

ADAMA
What? But they knew that was
strictly against orders.

CONTINUED

134 CONTINUED 134

BENZ

It's just possible they could be
in some kind of trouble.

ADAMA

Have an armed escort receive them.

135 ON THE VIPERS 135

on final approach.

136 INTERIOR DILLON'S SHIP 136

Jamie slides down in her seat.

JAMIE

What is it?

DILLON

The Battlestar Galactica.

JAMIE

The what?

DILLON

Our home ship. Hang on.

137 ON THE VIPER 137

as it flies smoothly into the landing bay.

138 ON A CORRIDOR (OR LANDING BAY) 138

as an armed escort flanks Dillon, Jamie and Troy as they
march briskly along.

JAMIE

It's as big as a city.

TROY

It's more than a city. It's had
to serve as our planet.

JAMIE

Then your last planet wasn't Earth?

TROY

No...we're not from Earth.

CONTINUED

138 CONTINUED

138

JAMIE

I wonder if this trip wasn't a huge mistake....

TROY

Our Commander is likely to feel the same way about it.

They stop at a door. A guard pushes a button; a voice responds.

139 INSIDE ON COMMANDER ADAMA

139

as he turns from his window to space.

ADAMA

Well, Lieutenants Troy...Dillon... and guest. I hope you realize the gravity in which you've placed us and this young lady.

JAMIE

They didn't have any choice. I'm Jamie Hamilton. You're ---

ADAMA

Commander Adama.

She whips out her mini-cassette recorder.

JAMIE

Would you mind repeating that?

ADAMA

What is that?

DILLON

Probably some kind of recording device. She seems to be associated with the Earth's communication media.

ADAMA

I assume you had no other choice but to bring her back?

JAMIE

I insisted.

TROY

That's right...and your recall order was battle urgent. It didn't leave us any time to find alternatives

CONTINUED

TROY (Cont'd)
to her exposing what she'd seen
before we were ready.

ADAMA
Well, we'll just have to deal
with you as best we can.

JAMIE
I warn you that abusing the press
is dealt with very harshly.

ADAMA
You needn't worry about abuses.
You'll be treated quite well.

JAMIE
That had a certain ring of
permanence about it. I only
came here for a story.

ADAMA
Unfortunately our mission on
present day Earth has to be
suspended.

JAMIE
Present day Earth?

TROY
Commander...We were making
progress. We got to Doctor
Mortinson.

ADAMA
And?

DILLON
And if the rest of the scientific
community is as receptive as he
was....

Jamie puts the recorder in front of Troy. It stops him cold
as he eyes it.

ADAMA
We'll have to take this up later.
We have an emergency.

TROY
What could be more important than
advancing Earth to where she can
defend herself?

JAMIE

Against who?

ADAMA

Commander Xaviar has commandeered a ship and returned to Earth in the year 1944. Would you mind putting that recorder away Miss Hamilton?

TROY

Commander, if Earth isn't advanced enough to help us now, what can Xaviar hope to accomplish back in 1944?

ADAMA

He intends to change her technology today by introducing super weapons far in her past.

JAMIE

Whoa...wait a minute. Uh...am I to understand that you can travel through time?

DILLON

Time is just another dimension of space.

ADAMA

You'll have to explain time warping to her at some later date, Lieutenant Dillon. Right now we'll barely be able to give you a limited knowledge of what you'll be up against. We know little enough about Earth present. Her past is a complete mystery. If you'll follow me...Doctor Zee will brief you with what limited knowledge we have.

Adama and Troy move out. As they do, Jamie grabs Dillon's arm.

JAMIE

Wait a minute. Are you guys serious? You're really going to travel to Earth's past? I mean, is that really possible?

DILLON

Like the Commander said...he'll explain later.

CONTINUED

139 CONTINUED - 3

139

JAMIE

But I might be able to help.

DILLON

Jamie...Time travel requires a lot of preparation. If you don't know exactly what to expect...it's very dangerous...to everyone.

JAMIE

But that's the whole point. Who knows more about Earth's past than a person from Earth.

Dillon stares at Jamie for a beat.

DILLON

I'm sure the Commander won't even consider it.

JAMIE

Dillon...I'm a reporter. This could be the greatest story in history. And you heard that guy... they're going to put me on ice up here indefinitely. Wherever you guys are going...I'm going.

Dillon thinks about it, then takes her arm and leads her away.

140 INT. DOCTOR ZEE'S CHAMBER

140

Close on Adama.

ADAMA

Out of the question. The situation is deadly enough without dragging a civilian into it....

DR. ZEE

On the contrary. Our knowledge of Earth's past grows with every hour, but our two warriors must leave at once. If she truly is a student of history....

JAMIE

Student? I had a straight "A" average.

DR. ZEE

The time distance coordinates would place Xaviar in a small Hamlet in a place called Germany.

CONTINUED

140 CONTINUED

140

Her enthusiasm seems to ebb.

JAMIE

Germany?

DR. ZEE

Ruled by a group of people called the Nazi's...are you familiar with them?

JAMIE

Oh...They were real sweethearts. Why would this Xaviar choose them to help? They were already into rockets ahead of everyone.

DR. ZEE

Then that's why! By moving their capabilities ahead he could most quickly change the face of today's Earth.

JAMIE

At first I was convinced this was a dream. But if what you're saying is true, it's horrifying. It's the ultimate nightmare....

ADAMA

It could be. Dr. Zee, perhaps she can be of help.

DR. ZEE

I agree. Anything she knows will be more than we can teach them.

ADAMA

All right. Get her outfitted.

TROY

Yes, sir.

They exit.

141 INT. THE LAUNCHING BAY - POSSIBLE STOCK

141

Two Vipers stand ready for launch.

142 INSIDE A VIPER - TROY AND JAMIE

142

He is meticulously counting down. She is sitting with her eyes closed. Suddenly the lurch....

143 ON THE TUBES 143
as the Vipers streak down toward the blackness.

144 ON THE GALACTICA 144
as two of her tubes purge Vipers into the vast starfield.

145 INSIDE TROY'S SHIP 145

TROY
How'd you like that?

JAMIE
Don't bother me, I'm praying...
What happens now?

TROY
Now we begin to accelerate, electro-
magnetically.

JAMIE
What does that mean? One guy to the
next.

TROY
It means that time travel was
discovered to be made possible by
the theory that time does stand
still. Only events and people move
forward.

JAMIE
Is that anything like Einstein's
theory?

TROY
Never heard of him. What did he
say?

JAMIE
He said that if you walked down
the street and turned a corner...
you would no longer be able to see
where you'd been. But that where
you'd been would still exist, just
as it had before you moved on.

TROY
That's it exactly...All we have to
do is accelerate back against the
Earth's rotation until we've undone
every rotation that occurred since
the sixth of March, 1944.

CONTINUED

145 CONTINUED

145

JAMIE

When does it start to happen?

TROY

It's already started. Just keep your eye on the scanner. You'll catch glimpses along our journey as the computer samples the coordinates to make sure we're on track.

The whine of the ship begins to increase in pitch and intensity as through the forward window, space and time begin to move past, faster and faster....

146 JAMIE

146

looks down at the scanner as moments in history between 1980 and 1944 begin to fade in and out, dissolving from rich color to event, to color to event until the images begin to slow down.

147 ON THE MONITOR

147

as the slowing images begin to produce images of Churchill, Roosevelt, German troops marching through Paris...and finally, a lush green countryside of what might be Bavaria.

JAMIE

What happened?

TROY

We've moved through the fourth dimension to another time.

JAMIE

Then this is really....

TROY

Yes...our scanners followed Xaviar's trail, as clearly as if we're to walk across that meadow.

148 ON GERMAN MILITARY INSTALLATION - STOCK

148

as its sirens begin to go off, and pilots race for Messerschmidts.

149 INSIDE A GERMAN WAR ROOM

149

as German officers stand around a plotting board.

CONTINUED

149 CONTINUED

149

OFFICER #1

Fighters....

A higher officer is entering the room, buttoning his tunic.

WERNER

Probably the 423 Spitfire Squadron.

OFFICER

No, sir. There are only two....

WERNER

Reconnaissance for the American bombers. When will they let up... there is nothing left of Berlin.

OFFICER #1

I have heard that our new super rockets will be ready soon.

WERNER

If we can convince the Fuehrer to support us...but he has others trying to convince him to build more tanks and U-boats.

OFFICER #2

But that is insane. Our only chance of stopping the Americans is the new weapons.

WERNER

Would you like to tell the Fuehrer he is insane? Soon we will have planes that don't even have propellers...I would like to see the faces of our friends the Americans, the first time they engage the new Luftwaffe....

OFFICER #3

Sir, our interceptors are about to engage the Americans....

WERNER

Two planes...that won't take long.

150 ON A SQUADRON OF GERMAN FIGHTERS - DAY

150

as they rise up into the sky.

151 INSIDE A COCKPIT 151

a traditional German pilot complete with iron cross. He cranes to find the two planes...sees something.

152 DISTANT POINT OF VIEW 152

two specs in the distant sky....

153 THE GERMAN PILOT 153

reacts....

GERMAN

Two...I could handle myself...
Too bad for the rest of you.

154 ON THE PLANE 154

as it pours it on, angling towards the distant aircraft.

155 ON TWO VIPERS 155

flying along harmlessly....

156 DILLON 156

DILLON

Oh, oh....

TROY

I see 'em....

DILLON

You know...This could be a little
hard to explain.

TROY

I suggest we spend as little time
with them as possible.

JAMIE

That's right...Knock the rotten
Nazi's out of the sky....

DILLON

We can't do that....

CONTINUED

156 CONTINUED

156

JAMIE

You mean you can't outfight an
old bunch of piston airplanes....

157 ON THE OLD BUNCH OF PISTON AIRPLANES

157

as they come in fighting...their guns blazing.

DILLON

Hey...What is that stuff coming
out of those ships?

JAMIE

Tkey're called bullets...You dummy.
Now do something. You must have
some kind of weapons.

TROY

Not that we can use....

JAMIE

What?

TROY

We can't change things...Those
guys probably have a couple of
thousand descendents that would
suddenly cease to exist in the
future....

Another Messerschmidt makes a fighting pass.

JAMIE

Well, we're going to cease to
exist if you don't do something.

TROY

Dillon....

DILLON

She's right...I suggest we kick
in the turbos and get the heck
out of here....

TROY

Let's do it....

158 ON THE GERMAN FIGHTER PILOT

158

GERMAN

I have them right in my sights...
but there is something very odd
about....

159 ON THE VIPERS 159
as they kick in the turbos and suddenly speed off....

160 ON THE GERMAN FIGHTER PILOT 160
as his head whips around reacting to the blurr that just went by him.

GERMAN

Himmel...Those were not American markings. We have been firing at our own experimental aircraft... If any of you say anything to the Colonel...he will personally answer to me.

161 ON THE GERMAN PLANES 161
As they bank and head off across the sky and we hold on them until they are mere specs....

162 ON A MEADOW WITH WOODS SURROUNDING IT - DAY 162
Dillon jumps off his ship and turns to look back at it.

163 THE SHIP 163
disappears...Satisfied, Dillon runs towards camera, passing it and taking us to the second Viper just as Troy and Jamie are jumping to the ground. Momentarily, their ship disappears.

JAMIE

That's a very good trick...How long will they stay like that?

TROY

Until the energizers wear out. About twenty-four of your Earth hours.

JAMIE

And if we don't get back in time?

DILLON

The Nazis would probably find the ship, but it wouldn't matter. Once their power source is drained, we'd never be able to fire them up anyway....

CONTINUED

163 CONTINUED

163

JAMIE

A permanent home in Nazi Germany...
nice.

TROY

You insisted on coming along...
The village was beyond those
woods. Since the scanner placed
Xaviar here, it must have something
to do with that population center.

DILLON

That's a long walk. I don't suppose
you'd consider the bikes...
(on his look)
I didn't think so.

TROY

Down....

164 ON A MOSQUITO BOMBER

164

roaring over the countryside directly overhead. Immediately
behind it, two Messerschmidts firing at him.

165 ON JAMIE

165

JAMIE

Hey, you dirty....

TROY

Stay down....

JAMIE

It's one of ours.

DILLON

Not any more.

166 ON A PLANE ON FIRE

166

Suddenly, a parachute emerges from the ship.

JAMIE

He's alive...We've got to help him.

She jumps up and begins running towards the parachutist.
(If a tie-in shot proves too difficult, we will pick him
up on the ground as she enters.)

167 ON TROY AND DILLON

167

DILLON

What's she doing? We aren't supposed to get involved.

TROY

She's getting involved.

Troy's head swings around on a sound. Dillon follows his gaze to a road.

168 POINT OF VIEW SHOT - A GERMAN TRUCK LOADED WITH SOLDIERS
racing along the road.

168

169 IN THE CAB

169

an officer stands half in, half out...talking into a field telephone.

170 IN A CLEARING AMONGST THE TREES

170

An American officer is busily removing his parachute harness as Jamie rushes up. The airman quickly draws his handgun.

JAMIE

It's all right...I'm American.

The flier eyes her warily.

STOCKWELL

Sure...And I'm Bugs Bunny.

JAMIE

No, I'm serious...We just landed here.

STOCKWELL

We?

Troy and Dillon venture out into the clearing.

DILLON

Hello....

STOCKWELL

You're Americans?

JAMIE

I am...They're from...well....

CONTINUED

170 CONTINUED

170

TROY

Forget it, Jamie...We don't have time...There's a vehicle down there with armed men....

STOCKWELL

I'm sure they spotted my chute... What about you? How'd you get here?

JAMIE

Can we talk about that, later...?

O.s. we begin to hear voices...possibly even dogs.

STOCKWELL

Look...I don't know you. I can't take a chance. You'll have to make it out of here on your own.

Stockwell takes off into the forrest.

DILLON

Hey...Nice guy.

171 ON TWO GERMANS

171

with dogs. They turn and respond to the voices.

172 ON JAMIE, TROY AND DILLON

172

as they hear the dogs and see flashes of uniforms coming their way.

173 DILLON

173

draws his weapon.

TROY

You can't use that....

DILLON

Maybe....

174 TWO NAZI SOLDIERS

174

run into the clearing and raise their automatic rifles.

175 DILLON

175

fires at the tree next to them...It ignites into a burning pyre.

176 THE TWO GERMANS

176

simply drop their weapons in awe and stand transfixed as the trio speeds off into the woods.

177 ON STOCKWELL

177

as he races through the woods. Suddenly, he is engulfed in machine gun fire. He dives to the ground. Momentarily, he is surrounded by three Germans. As he rises to his feet, raising his arms in the air, the German in command moves forward and prods him to move out with him.

178 ON THE PATH

178

as Stockwell is being led along, three forms dart out of the bush. Each taking one of the Germans off his feet. Before the Germans can react, Troy and Dillon fire stunning lasers at the three men. They freeze with simple smiles on their faces.

STOCKWELL

What'd you do to them?

DILLON

Gave 'em a set of matching headaches they'll be talking about forever.

TROY

Now, about our working together. We need information about that town.

STOCKWELL

Peenemunde, that's all I know.

JAMIE

I doubt it. What's an American doing bailing out of a plane with British markings.

STOCKWELL

I'm an instructor.

TROY

Why is that significant?

JAMIE

If I recall the American and English Air Forces worked independently except for a few special missions involving spies or sabotage. Peenemunde was a rocket base, wasn't it?

CONTINUED

178 CONTINUED

178

STOCKWELL

That's a secret known only to Allied Intelligence and the Germans. Which are you?

TROY

Let me put it another way...Your mission is over if you don't work with us.

Stockwell stares at them, feeling surrounded.

179 ON A FREIGHT TRAIN YARD - AT DUSK

179

Our foursome slips through the yards amongst the freight cars, taking cover as Germans arrive in trucks and stop near a platform.

DILLON

What is it?

STOCKWELL

I don't know. Troop movement, I suppose.

But it isn't troops that are herded out of the backs of the trucks...women, children and old people are herded like cattle...shoved, pushed, kicked when they fall...and finally stuffed into the standing freight cars on the siding.

TROY

Lord help them. What could they have done to deserve that?

STOCKWELL

I haven't any idea.

JAMIE

They were born Jewish.

DILLON

What?

JAMIE

I had no idea what it would be like to see people really treated like that.

DILLON

Maybe we ought to let Xaviar do his worst here in Germany.

CONTINUED

179 CONTINUED

179

JAMIE

Those men with the swastika armbands are the kind of people you'd be bringing to power....

STOCKWELL

Who is this Xaviar...Gestapo?

JAMIE

Galactican....

STOCKWELL

You're making me feel very uneasy with all of this strange terminology.

TROY

WE've got a problem that'll break your heart. When can we get moving?

STOCKWELL

My contact is in town. We don't dare go there 'til after dark. I suggest we just make ourselves as comfortable as possible.

The foursome nods their agreement and settle in amongst packing cases, or boxcars, or whatever is logical cover and wait as, offstage, the sounds of people crying and dying, make the passing time crawl. Jamie cranes for a last look, joined by Troy and Dillon as:

180 A LITTLE GIRL

180

crawls out from under the German truck and looks around, frightened and alone...the guards, not seeing her, as they finish bolting the last box car and move off for a round of coffee or beer. Suddenly, she takes off on the run towards the foursome's place of concealment.

JAMIE

She's coming right at us.

181 ON A GUARD

181

turning and noticing the little girl. He starts to raise his rifle. She rounds a corner behind a box car. The guard is told to go after her. He does as the other move off unconcerned at the outcome of the one-sided duel.

182 THE LITTLE GIRL

182

looks back, then takes off once more toward the foursome... heading right for camera.

STOCKWELL

She's leading that guard right for us. We've got to get out of here.

TROY

Wait....

As the little girl draws closer....

TROY

You get the guard...I'll get the girl.

As she passes within a few feet of them, Troy leaps out, sweeping the child into his arms and dives for cover as the guard fires.

183 DILLON

183

jumps out firing. The guard looks stunned at the streak of light that sets a box car on fire beside him, blowing him off his feet. When he stands back up, he is dazed, his uniform half-singed off.

TROY

You were supposed to set to stun.

DILLON

I forgot to set it back after I blasted those trees.

STOCKWELL

Whatever your intentions, you've fixed it good for our staying here. Every guard in the place will be combing this yard...Let's go.

JAMIE

What about the child?

Troy is holding the little girl close. She is wimpering softly.

TROY

Do we have a choice? Come on.

184 ON THE VILLAGE - NIGHT

184

Two German soldiers patrol the street casually, as sounds of music emanate from a tavern. Panning off the tavern, we see four shadowy figures, working their way up the street, clinging to the darkness of doorways.

185 CLOSER ON THE FIGURES

185

Stockwell is leading the way. They reach a rare book shop. Stockwell gestures them into an alley. Jamie, the child, Dillon and Troy follow as they reach a side door and Stockwell knocks. The door opens a crack. A kindly old man peers out through bespeckled glasses.

SMITE

Yes?

STOCKWELL

I've come for a rare copy of "The Moon and Sixpence."

The old man's eyes narrow as he sees that the young man is not alone.

SMITE

Enter...quickly....

They do.

186 INSIDE A STARKLY FURNISHED ROOM

186

The foursome stand in the center.

SMITE

I've never heard of "The Moon and Sixpence."

From behind bookcases and out of closets step four young partisans holding automatic weapons.

STOCKWELL

I had to find a way to alert you.
The correct password is Marseilles....

SMITE

You might have got yourself killed.
The Gestapo is taking the town apart looking for us. Who are these people?

JAMIE

Americans....

CONTINUED

186 CONTINUED

186

STOCKWELL

Don't count on it...They have weapons I've never seen before and no explanation for how they got here in the middle of the most guarded bastion in all of Germany.

DILLON

We have explanations. They're just very complicated.

JAMIE

To say the very least.

STOCKWELL

They did help me to escape from German soldiers. For that I have to be grateful.

SMITE

The Gestapo is very clever. I've even seen them shoot their own to establish credentials with our underground. What about the child?

TROY

Soldiers were trying to stuff her into a large....

JAMIE

Boxcar train. It was terrible.

SMITE

Yes, we hear stories about these things. But most of the people are not permitted to see what is really going on.

Outside the sounds of a truck stopping. The young men holding rifles, pale as they swing their looks to the window where Smite dashes for a quick look. His face tells the story.

SMITE

Now we are finished. Tomorrow they launch their new rocket and Germany enters the twenty-first century....

There is suddenly a pounding at the door.

187 DILLON

187

shoots a look to Troy. Suddenly, he grabs Stockwell and pulls him between himself and Troy.

CONTINUED

187 CONTINUED

187

DILLON

We can pull him through with us.
Jamie, hold the child close and
remember your briefing....

JAMIE

Yes, I will....

But as she is tugging at the devices on her belt and the door suddenly splinters open, the child runs towards the closet used for cover earlier by the young men with rifles.

JAMIE

Come back.

SMITE

What kind of cowards are you...
hiding behind this child.

TROY

It's too late.

Suddenly, as the Germans pour into the room, Dillon, Jamie, Stockwell and Troy slowly disappear.

188 ON SMITE AND THE YOUNG MEN

188

as their eyes widen and their mouths fall open.

OFFICER

All right...Out...to the truck.

He gestures for the young officers to search the attic and closets. They charge in and around. As we pan off to see a window opening by itself...and the curtains part.

OFFICER

Das Fenster....

A large officer moves to the open window and bends over to see who might have used the access to the roof. Suddenly, as if shoved off his feet by a hefty boot to the seat of his pants, the officer goes flying out of the window. His commander rushes to the window and looks out.

TROY'S VOICE

Leave him alone, Jamie. So he'll
get out of here.

The officer spins around.

CONTINUED

188 CONTINUED

188

OFFICER

Who said that? I warn you...I am
an expert shot.

As the officer reaches to unbutton his highly polished
holster, his hand reaches for his Luger...and we hear a
resounding shot and see the commander begin hopping around
on one foot. The room is quickly filled with young officers
staring at their commander incredulously.

COMMANDER

Don't just stand there...Help me
to my staff car. Can't you see
I am wounded.

As two officers gather under each of his arms to help him
out, the third stares around the room, stupified by the
baseness of anyone who might have attacked his commander.
He shakes his head and turns to the small child cowering
in the closet. He grabs the child and the youngster is marched
off into the night.

189 ON DILLON, TROY, JAMIE AND STOCKWELL

189

as they slowly begin to reappear, still huddled close.

JAMIE

We've got to stop them...They're
taking the little girl.

Troy holds her back.

TROY

We can't interfere.

JAMIE

Well, I can....

DILLON

No...We have to find Xaviar...He's
obviously here because of the German's
new rocket technology.

TROY

He could even be helping them.

STOCKWELL

Who are you guys? What are you?

TROY

As trite as it may sound...we're
brothers...all of us.

CONTINUED

189 CONTINUED

189

STOCKWELL

You're not from America....

DILLON

She is...and we're just as anxious to stop that rocket test as you are. For our own reasons. Can you take us there?

STOCKWELL

I was supposed to get help from the old man and the underground... We need papers and clothing to get near the test site.

TROY

We'll get them.

DILLON

And we'll figure out a way to help all these people, Jamie...That I promise you.

A new look of warmth and camaraderie passes between Dillon, Troy and Jamie.

190 ON THE STREET IN FRONT OF THE TAVERN

190

as the two Nazi soldiers exit the tavern and move easily up the street. As they enar an alley intersection, they suddenly seem to wobble and staqquer off as if grabbed by some unseen force.

191 IT IS DAY AT THE ROCKET TESTING BASE IN A WOODED AREA

191

A German High Command staff car moves up to a sentry gate. After checking the papers, the staff car enters. Behind it is a truck with soldiers in it (NOTE: Research sign).

192 IN THE BACK OF THE TRUCK

192

We find four familiar faces in uncharacteristic uniforms of German soldiers...Jamie, Dillon, Troy and Stockwell. The truck stops...is checked...and continues on in. Our group collectively sighs its relief.

193 AT A BLOCKHOUSE

193

The officers climb out of the staff car to be greeted by Coloner Werner. (NOTE: We will use names of real members

CONTINUED

193 CONTINUED

193

of the German High Command at this point of the war.)

WERNER

General Yodel...
This is a great pleasure...AND
a great day for Germany.

YODEL

I am curious about this defector
who seems to have provided us with
such miraculous breakthroughs.

WERNER

An Englishman with a few minor
contributions...but I assure you
our own scientists would have
reached the same conclusions on
their own, in a matter of a few
months.

YODEL

When you are losing a war, a few
months can make all the difference...
I would like to meet him....

WERNER

Certainly...but if I may suggest...
the time for the test is quite
close. We must move to the
safety of the bunker.

The officers enter the building.

194 ON DILLON, JAMIE, TROY AND STOCKWELL

194

STOCKWELL

The rocket is just beyond those
trees. We have to get there if
we're going to destroy it.

DILLON

What good will destroying the
rocket do when they still have
the technology to build more?

STOCKWELL

There's a real tug-of-war going
on between various factions of
the Nazi military over where to
concentrate the last of their
resources and fuels....

CONTINUED

194 CONTINUED

194

TROY

If the test fails in front of all this brass, it could get the program cancelled....

JAMIE

It wasn't cancelled...The Germans did build rockets....

STOCKWELL

What Germans? When?

DILLON

What she means is...destroying this rocket would discredit their progress...At least delay their progress for a matter of months... Earth time.

STOCKWELL

Earth time?

TROY

Figure of speech. How do we get to that rocket? Our handguns are out of range from here.

STOCKWELL

Handguns against the most powerful weapon known to man...Sometimes I wonder about you guys. I'll take charge of this operation. Follow me....

As they move off, towards the wooded area, an officer calls after them.

STOCKWELL

Don't look back....

They draw closer to the trees.

195 ON THE OFFICER

195

OFFICER

(in German)

I ordered you to halt!

The officer quickly turns to two soldiers at his side.

OFFICER

Quickly...find out what is wrong with that detail. We have less than ten minutes to launch.

196 ON TROY, DILLON, JAMIE AND STOCKWELL

196

TROY

You follow him, Dillon...I think our best chance may be from that control center.

JAMIE

I'm coming with you.

DILLON

No, you're not.

JAMIE

Sorry...When I tell this story... I'm not going to say I missed out on a chance to actually meet the German lunatics running this country....

She starts off for the block house. Troy hurries after her.

197 INSIDE THE BUNKER

197

The High Command enters the firing room in which small slits have been left for observing the rocket launch. The High Command enters with Werner.

WERNER

This is the English scientist I mentioned to you...General....

Yodel comes forward, eyeing him curiously.

YODEL

Doctor Xaviar...I understand you were able to provide a few minor aids to our cause.

XAVIAR

Minor? I should say I made this entire event possible.

WERNER

The English are such a modest people.

YODEL

Curious...We follow your scientific ranks quite closely...I don't recall ever seeing a Doctor Xaviar mentioned as a part of the British Rocket Program...or anyplace else for that matter.

CONTINUED

197 CONTINUED

197

XAVIAR

Yet, here I am, and the proof
of my competence stands out
there.

The General moves to one of the slits in the bunker and
peers out through the aperature.

198 POINT OF VIEW - STOCK

198

A German V2 rocket on its launching pad.

199 YODEL

199

turns back.

YODEL

You may as well know, that were
the choice mine...I would prefer
to build more tanks...more guns...
Dependable weapons of war. But,
I am willing to be proven wrong.

XAVIAR

You will be impressed....

A white-smocked scientist begins to give orders in German...
and technicians take their places at consoles.

SCIENTIST

Four minutes and counting....

200 IN THE BUNKER

200

at the rear of the room. Two uniformed officers enter...
and stand in the shadows.

201 XAVIAR

201

turns smilingly from his imminent moment of triumph...the
smile suddenly vanishing from his face. He hurries over.

XAVIAR

Lieutenant Troy...So, you were
able to follow me to the past...
Very clever...If you try to stop
me...I will expose you.

TROY

You'll have to find me, first....

CONTINUED

201 CONTINUED

201

Troy disappears. Xaviar turns a wilting look to Jamie... She smiles, waves and vanishes. He spins around... perspiration beginning to appear on his forehead.

TROY'S VOICE

It isn't going to work, Xaviar....

XAVIAR

It must work...To save our people, they must develop their rockets more quickly...They must already have progressed to magnetic field travel by the twenty-first century.

TROY

You can't tamper with history... without killing innocent people....

XAVIAR

It's too late to try and stop me....

TROY

Maybe not....

Yodel moves up.

YODEL

Did you say something, Doctor?

XAVIAR

I was just clearing my throat.

YODEL

You look nervous...I thought success was a forgone conclusion.

Colonel Werner looks at Xaviar ominously.

WERNER

It is, General...It is...Or Doctor Xaviar will have a lot to answer for....

Yodel looks bemused.

YODEL

And I thought you said he contributed so little...Let's get on with it... I can't wait.

SCIENTIST

Two minutes and counting.

202 IN THE WOODS

202

Dillon is rushing along through the woods, trying to keep up with Stockwell.

DILLON

Look, I hate to tell you this...
but there are two guys right
behind us and a bomb about to
go off right in front of us....

STOCKWELL

I know my job....

DILLON

Yeah...How much do you know about
rockets? They throw afterburn
out wide enough to clean out
these trees.

Stockwell slows and stops at a tree, catching his breath.

STOCKWELL

All right...there she is...First
we get rid of these guys.

As Stockwell raises his pistol towards the two soldiers who
have just run out from the trees, Dillon pulls Stockwell's
weapon down and fires his own...Two short laser bursts.

203 THE GERMAN SOLDIERS

203

sink slowly...easily to the ground...peculiar smiles on
their faces.

STOCKWELL

How do you do that? Who are you?

DILLON

Isn't it about time you stopped
asking questions and start
listening to me?

STOCKWELL

When you're programmed to do one
job for more than two years...You
don't let anything or anyone get
in your way.

He rips out a long belt of plastic explosives from under his
uniform.

CONTINUED

STOCKWELL

(proudly)

You see...You Americans aren't
the only ones with super weapons.

DILLON

What's that?

STOCKWELL

The very latest. Called Plastica
explosives...If I can get to the
base of that rocket before it
launches...it's all over.

He turns and takes off...Dillon shakes his head, raises his
weapon and fires. Stockwell sinks easily to the ground.

DILLON

Primitives...what are you going to
do with them? They're all alike.