

GALAXY ONE

"The Sagittarius"

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE - PORT HUBBLE

The blackness of space is littered with glowing specs. A huge cluster of stars rotate in the distance. Nearby, a planet orbits a pair of suns.

SUPERIMPOSE: THE MILKY WAY GALAXY - NEAR THE GALACTIC CENTER.

A glint of reflection shines off the OX, the moniker given to the Orbital Exchange Platform. It resembles a gigantic metal box orbiting the planet.

SUPERIMPOSE: PORT HUBBLE

The slow spin of the planet reveals that the OX is attached to it with an umbilical cord that disappears into the cloudy atmosphere, apparently stretching to the surface.

In the foreground an astronaut in a space suit is making repairs to a small craft. Through a window, another astronaut is seen concentrating on a console.

INT. SMALL CRAFT

The song "In the year 2525" is playing. The astronaut presses several buttons then gazes at the readouts on a view screen. He flips a switch and leans over his console.

ASTRONAUT #1

Hey. You better get back in here or you're gonna miss it.

The processed voice of the suited astronaut responds through the cabin's speakers.

ASTRONAUT #2

I want to watch from out here.

ASTRONAUT #1

Then you'll need to move to the starboard side if you want a good view.

ASTRONAUT #2

Thanks. I'm moving.

A CHIRPING sound accompanied by a flashing light attracts the first astronaut's attention.

ASTRONAUT #1

Better hurry. Here she comes.

The music gets louder, the lyrics are clearly heard.

LYRICS

In the year 2525. If man is still
alive...

EXT. SPACE - PORT HUBBLE

The astronaut holds on to the small craft as he gazes into open space. The music plays on.

LYRICS

...if woman can survive, they may
find...

The fabric of space bends as if the pointed edge of a football were being pushed through a sheet of rubber. The point begins to glow and pulses with energy waves.

Suddenly, a gargantuan spacecraft, the *Galaxy One*, bursts through the glowing center. The astronauts and their craft appear as tiny specks as the giant ship glides past them.

The *Galaxy One* slows to a stop as steam-like gases billows off its hull. Behind it, the fabric of space snaps back to normal.

ROLL CREDITS.

FADE IN:

INT. GALAXY ONE - ADMIRAL JASON MCCAULEY'S OFFICE

A view screen comes to life. The word ACCESSING flashes across its berth before changing to the paused image of a well-groomed newscaster.

FILE RETRIEVED: READY FOR 2D PLAYBACK is superimposed over the still image. A hand and braided shirt sleeve presses a finger against the screen. The newscast begins.

NEWSCASTER

With greetings from around the globe,
this is Earth Headline News, Wednesday,
September twenty eighth, twenty five,
twenty five.

Seated behind a desk is 55 year old Admiral JASON MCCAULEY. A fit man with white hair groomed in a typical 20th century military style wearing glasses.

NEWSCASTER

Three hours ago Earth Standard Time, the flagship of the Coalition's Galactic Fleet, the CIC Galaxy One, returned from its first mission to Andromeda just seven days after the historic face to face meeting with the Andromedians.

McCauley takes off his glasses and tosses them on his desk. He reclines in his high back chair, interlaces his fingers behind his head and gazes at the view screen.

NEWSCASTER

The Coalition Intergalactic Cruiser docked at Port Hubble to exchange supplies and refuel before its scheduled arrival at Earth late next week. Correspondent Shannon Bear was on hand when the ship arrived and files this exclusive report.

INT. GALAXY ONE - CARGO HOLD

An attractive red-headed woman, SHANNON BEAR, stands among a number of huge containers. Uniformed crew rolling dollies with smaller containers, pass in front of her.

As the view widens, the scene around her resembles a gigantic shipping facility. Forklifts buzzing about moving the containers in and out of a number of huge doors.

Bear straightens her jacket, stands poised and smiles at a man holding what appears to be a small camera. Another crew member pushing a dolly pass between them.

INT. GALAXY ONE - ADMIRAL JASON MCCAULEY'S OFFICE

The view through McCauley's monitor shakes as if the cameraman is occasionally being bumped by the large crowd.

BEAR

I'm standing in the massive cargo hold of this incredible ship and let me tell you this thing is big, really big.

Bear makes her way toward one of the huge doors.

BEAR

She's about the size of a modern city and equipped with all the amenities, shopping centers, restaurants, theaters. That means a lot of resupplying.

McCauley continues to watch. Through a window behind him the planet and OX slowly shrink into the darkness as the *Galaxy One* pulls away.

BEAR

Even though this ship is huge, it takes only minutes to travel from one end to another thanks to the many NLS trolleys which travel at near light speed.

INT. GALAXY ONE - CARGO HOLD

The newscast continues. The camera follows Bear as she makes her way through the crowd. She approaches Admiral McCauley and stands beside him.

BEAR

Joining me is the mission Commander of the *Galaxy One*, Coalition Ambassador and Galactic Fleet Admiral, Jason McCauley.

McCauley straightens his jacket as the shaky camera focuses on him. Although his eyes occasionally dart around the gigantic cargo hold, he appears relaxed.

BEAR

Admiral, how did it feel to be the first human to shake hands with an Andromedian?

McCauley smiles sincerely. He speaks in a low, "gravely," monotone voice.

MCCAULEY

I felt honored.

Bear continues pointing her microphone toward McCauley, obviously waiting for more.

A moment passes.

She gives the camera a quick smile and points the microphone back to her speaking position.

BEAR

Okay. How about the ship? Did it perform as you'd hoped?

McCauley leans toward her and speaks with exuberance.

MCCAULEY

The Galaxy One out performed all of our expectations. Not a single malfunction during the entire mission.

This time Bear is quick with another question.

BEAR

What about the crew? Has the mix of military and civilians posed any problems?

McCauley's voice continues as the scene changes to rhythmic steps accompanying a pair of starched trouser legs....

MCCAULEY

Not at all. To staff a vessel of this magnitude would consume nearly a third of the Fleet's entire personnel so the civilians fill a vital role....

Polished shoes CLANK as the footfalls hit the floor. They stop at the door marked Supply Room 955.

MCCAULEY

...I assure you, there have been few, if any conflicts between the military and civilian crews.

A boxing glove delivers a hard punch across the cheek of a sweaty man's face. Two young men square off in a make shift arena surrounded by a small, but vocal crowd.

INT. GALAXY ONE - SUPPLY ROOM 955

A door in the rear of the "arena" opens and in steps Captain MATTHEW CHAMBERS, a tall, handsome man in his late 30's. He makes his way toward the ring.

The crowd begins to disperse as Chambers steps up to the arena and watches. The boxers seem unaware of his presence and continue to land hard blows to each other.

In mid-punch a hand intercepts a moist glove. The boxer realizes it's the Captain and immediately snaps to attention. The other boxer scowls his face at Chambers.

BOXER #1

(almost yelling)

Captain! Sir!

The second boxer stops and looks around. By now, the crowd has now vanished.

BOXER #2

What?

He removes his gloves and heads for the door.

CHAMBERS

Where do you think you're going?

BOXER #2

(disrespectfully)

To my cabin. I was about to win some money from your farm boy here until you showed up.

CHAMBERS

You're not going anywhere until I tell you to.

BOXER #2

Oh yea? Boxing is legal under civilian laws. And since I'm a civilian, you can't do squat to me.

Chambers points to a nearby wall.

CHAMBERS

See that wall. The civilian section ends right there. You're in Military jurisdiction, mister.

BOXER #2

What?

Chambers begins to tap his communication device on his sleeve.

CHAMBERS

I'll just let the M.P.'s handle this...

BOXER #2

(respectfully)

Uh...Mister Captain, sir, that's not really necessary is it? I'm sure we can work something out. Don't you think?

Chambers glances at the two young men. The military boxer reluctantly shakes his head in agreement while still at attention.

CHAMBERS

Alright.

The Captain assumes a position in front of the civilian boxer.

CHAMBERS

I'm docking your pay twenty percent for the next quarter. I'm sure the Banjee Children's Fund could use the money.

BOXER #2

Ah, come on Mister Captain, twenty percent?

CHAMBERS

I thought we were working something out?

Chambers again raises his sleeve with a finger from his other hand poised, ready to tap. The boxer shows his palms.

BOXER #2

Twenty percent sounds good to me.

The Captain turns his attention to the military boxer.

CHAMBERS

You will spend the next ten days relieved of duty and confined to quarters.

The boxer remains at attention but now looks Chambers in the eyes, his voice pleading.

BOXER #1

But Captain, the ceremony. My whole family is going to be there...

CHAMBERS

You're in the military, soldier. Like it or not the military still follows the Banjee Way which doesn't allow boxing or any violent sport. Period. Now, I've made my decision. Dismissed.

The boxers head for the door.

BOXER #2

(under his breath)

The Banjees are just a bunch of wimps...

CHAMBERS

Did I hear you say thirty percent?

The boxers stop at the door.

BOXER #2

No. Sir.

CHAMBERS

Good. Leave the gloves.

The boxers toss them on the deck then quickly disappear through the door. Chambers strolls over to where the gloves lay.

He squats, smiles and stares at them a moment. His Com Link, the thin communication device attached to his sleeve, CHIRPS and BLINKS.

Chambers glances at its tiny view screen. It reads: ADMIRAL MCCAULEY. He taps the screen and raises his arm to speaking position.

CHAMBERS

Yes Admiral?

MCCAULEY

Captain, I want to see you in my office immediately.

CHAMBERS

Aye, sir. I'm on my way.

Chambers again taps the Com link extinguishing its flashing light. He gathers the gloves and bolts through the door.

INT. GALAXY ONE - ADMIRAL MCCAULEY'S OFFICE

Chambers enters to find McCauley standing behind his desk with a file clutched in his hand. His face is stiff, his voice agitated but restrained.

MCCAULEY

Sit down Captain.

Chambers takes a seat in front of the desk with a wrinkled brow.

CHAMBERS

Something wrong, sir?

McCauley tosses the file on the desk in front of the Captain, who picks it up and begins reading.

CHAMBERS

A paternity suit? I don't have any children.

MCCAULEY

That document disagrees.

Chambers examines the file closer.

CHAMBERS

I don't know what to say, Admiral. This is a complete shock to me, let alone embarrassing.

The Captain closes the folder and looks McCauley in the eyes.

CHAMBERS

But I assure you, sir, I will respond to this immediately.

MCCAULEY

Please do. Right now the last thing the Coalition needs is to have negative rumors spreading about the Flagship's Captain. Whether their true or not.

CHAMBERS

I understand, sir. You have my word this will be handled as quietly as possible.

MCCAULEY

Good.

McCauley reaches behind him and grabs another folder. He passes it to Chambers.

MCCAULEY

The list from HQ of the final candidates for first officer.

The Captain opens the folder and pulls out photographs and biographies of several Galactic Fleet officers. He looks over the paperwork.

CHAMBERS

I'd still like to see Kern in that position.

MCCAULEY

HQ doesn't believe she's ready for a promotion, but I'm sure they'll support whatever decision you make.

CHAMBERS

She's done a great job filling in since Jamison resigned.

Chambers lays the folder on the desk. McCauley wrinkles his brow.

MCCAULEY

I still don't understand why he took an early retirement. You two seemed to get along fine.

CHAMBERS

We did. But he was from the old school and just got tired of the Banjees running the show.

McCauley leans forward.

MCCAULEY

That certainly has a tone to it.

CHAMBERS

Well, sir, some of us feel the Banjee Way could use some 'revisions.' As a matter of fact, I just stopped another boxing match in the lower decks. A civilian and this time, one of my men.

MCCAULEY

That's the second boxing match in as many weeks. We may need to impose harsher penalties.

CHAMBERS

For boxing? That's my point, Admiral. Frankly, I can't say I blame them. Boxing is not violence, it's a sport.

McCauley stiffens.

MCCAULEY

It's a sport that promotes violence. The same violence the Banjees protected Earth from for over four centuries.

Chambers stiffens as well.

CHAMBERS

The civilians don't see it that way anymore. That's why Jamison wanted to become one again.

McCauley relaxes as does Chambers. The Captain's tone calms and his voice becomes sincere.

CHAMBERS

Admiral, my brother was part of a boxing league in college just a couple of years ago...

Chambers' Com Link begins CHIRPING and FLASHING: BRIDGE. He taps the screen and brings his wrist to speaking position.

CHAMBERS

Chambers.

The voice of communications officer, Lieutenant TERRY BECKER, responds over the device's speakers.

BECKER

Captain, we're receiving a distress call from a Coalition ship on THETA frequency, sir.

Both Chambers and McCauley react surprised.

BECKER

They say they're under attack and are in need of immediate assistance.

CHAMBERS

Who is it?

BECKER

Unknown sir, but the transmission has been authenticated as a genuine Coalition signal.

CHAMBERS

Do you have location coordinates?

BECKER

Yes, sir.

Chambers jumps to his feet and gives McCauley a quick glance. The Admiral responds with a "yes" head nod.

CHAMBERS

Alter course to intercept. Increase velocity to ninety nine X L. I'll be right there.

Chambers taps twice on his Com Link. Immediately an alarm sounds. He walks briskly to the door as his voice echoes throughout the ship.

CHAMBERS

This ship is now on Combat Alert. All personnel, report to your battle stations.

EXT. SPACE

In a graceful motion the *Galaxy One* makes a slow banking u-turn. The massive engines glow. Energy ripples form in front and behind the ship as it speeds away.

INT. GALAXY ONE - BRIDGE

The bridge is a large, rectangular room with a number of consoles hugging each of the longer walls. An opening in the back leads to a corridor with several doors.

A door opens, revealing the interior of an elevator. Chambers steps out and walks toward the front of the bridge.

At the opposite end, a large stool-like chair is centered within a cluster of five consoles, that are two steps lower in elevation and arranged in a half-octagon shape.

Seated at the console to the lower left is Terry Becker, a man in his early 30's. He's the communications officer Chambers spoke to earlier.

Becker looks like a Harvard Business School graduate, very clean cut. His clear voice and precise articulation of words makes him perfectly suited for his job.

Chambers slows as he walks by.

BECKER

Captain, I've informed Fleet Headquarters of the situation and Aldrin Station of a possible delay in our arrival.

CHAMBERS

Thank you Mister Becker.

Chambers steps up the command chair occupied by a human female in her late 30's with shoulder-length, white-blond hair.

She's Lieutenant Commander ANDREA KERN, the ship's helmsman and acting first officer.

Wearing just the right amount of makeup and jewelry, Kern looks more like a fashion model than an officer of the Galactic fleet. But her demeanor reveals a professional.

Kern stands.

KERN

We're approaching the coordinates,
Captain.

Chambers sits as Kern steps down to the console directly in front of the command chair and replaces the crew member operating the helm.

CHAMBERS

Very well Commander, apply the brakes.
Decelerate to point five X L.

KERN

Aye sir, decelerating to one-half light
speed.

Kern presses buttons.

EXT. SPACE

In the distance, the *Galaxy One* first appears only as a glowing, translucent outline. When the ship approaches it becomes opaque, then solid as it slows down and passes by.

INT. GALAXY ONE - BRIDGE

In front and above each of the forward consoles are three very large windows. Filling the view is a cloud of red gas surrounded by a mass of bright stars.

CHAMBERS

Mister Zohn, what are we up against?

Forward and to the Captain's lower right is the tactical officer, TYLER ZOHN, a Banjee male in his 20's. Banjees are almost identical to humans except for their size.

Like most Banjees, Lieutenant Zohn is only 5 feet tall. He's small and thin with red curly hair and red cat-like eyes.

ZOHN

This is strange. There aren't any signs of attacking vessels in the area, just the Coalition ship. Sir, engines are cold and the ship is drifting.

CHAMBERS

Maybe we got here too late.

ZOHN

Not likely. There are no residual energy signatures indicative of weapons fire for several parsecs.

Chambers turns toward the Communications station.

CHAMBERS

Mister Becker, what about the distress call?

BECKER

The signal continues to repeat, sir.

CHAMBERS

Alright. Let's take a look. Bring forward displays on line, magnification to full telescopic.

BECKER

Full scopic, sir.

The three large windows morph into view screens. A lone starship comes into focus from three angles.

BECKER

Captain, I've confirmed the ship is receiving our communication but there's still no reply.

Chamber rises from his chair. He constantly scrutinizes the images of the battered starship as he steps down and stands behind the helm.

CHAMBERS

That's an old Constellation series battle cruiser. Mister Zohn?

Zohn presses buttons. His view screen displays text and graphics.

ZOHN

The Coalition Starship Sagittarius, registry CSS 1017. Last commanded by Captain Roger Banks.

CHAMBERS

The Sagittarius? Wasn't that the ship that 'mysteriously' disappeared right before the war?

ZOHN

Affirmative. The Sagittarius' last confirmed position was not far from our current location, patrolling near the galactic core.

Zohn reads his view screen.

ZOHN

The ship was ordered to the rim when the Grays first attacked. But for reasons unknown the Sagittarius never joined the fleet and was assumed destroyed in route.

CHAMBERS

What about Life Traces?

ZOHN

None detected, although sections of the hull are gravitationally active and pressurized with a human adaptive environment.

Zohn again presses buttons, reads his view screen and looks at Chambers.

ZOHN

Unfortunately Captain, that's all I can ascertain at the moment.

CHAMBERS

Why?

ZOHN

There's an energy signature emanating from the starship's cargo hold. It's creating a general dampening field that's hindering our sensor penetration.

Chambers steps to Zohn's station and peers over his shoulder.

CHAMBERS

Whose energy signature is it?

ZOHN

Unknown. There is nothing matching that configuration in our data base.

The Captain takes a step backward and gazes at the battered starship on the giant displays.

CHAMBERS

Something else doesn't make sense. That ship disappeared just hours before the war. Yet, here she is two parsecs off a busy trade route with her horn blowing.

Zohn turns toward Chambers with a puzzled look.

ZOHN

'Her horn,' sir?

CHAMBERS

The distress call. If it has been transmitting for fifteen years, why are we the first to hear it?

ZOHN

Perhaps it's an equipment malfunction and the distress call just started.

CHAMBERS

Malfunctions usually don't 'start' things, Mister Zohn.

Chambers heads for the command chair.

CHAMBERS

I find it hard to believe that out of a clear blue sky, this ship starts transmitting a fifteen year old distress call.

Zohn turns to Kern, shrugs his shoulders and mouths the words under his breath.

ZOHN

'Clear blue sky?'

The model turned Commander shoots him a quick grin.

BECKER

Sir, I remember hearing rumors that Captain Banks was a Gray sympathizer and actually helped them with the invasion...

CHAMBERS

You can stop right there, Mister Becker.

Chambers glares at his Communications Officer. His tone is sharp.

CHAMBERS

We're not her to discuss rumors so stow that talk.

The Captain takes his seat.

CHAMBERS

Right now I'm more concerned about Mister Zohn's dampening field.

ZOHN

It's possible both issues are intertwined, Captain.

Chambers snaps his head toward Zohn. His tone is now stern.

CHAMBERS

I don't consider a rumor an issue, Lieutenant. But that dampening field is.

The Captain looks around the bridge.

CHAMBERS

So let's stay focus on our duties, shall we?

An awkward silence fills the bridge as the crew turn their attention back to their consoles.

Chambers flips open a panel on the arm of the command chair. A small view screen comes to life as he locks his gaze to it and starts pressing buttons.

CHAMBERS

Commander Kern, approach course. Take us within trammig range. We're going to board that ship.

KERN

Yes, sir.

Kern presses buttons.

CHAMBERS

Mister Zohn, maintain Combat Alert, condition two.

ZOHN

Aye, sir. Shields activated. Weapons at ready status.

CHAMBERS

Mister Becker, contact Aldrin Station. Let them know our 'possible' delay has become definite. And apprise HQ of our situation as well.

BECKER

Aye, Captain.

Chambers presses a button. The pleasant face of the ship's doctor, MARLENA JONES, a woman in her mid 30's, appears on the panel's view screen.

CHAMBERS

Doctor Jones, assemble the Discovery Team.

Jones is a petite brunette, barely 5 foot tall with dark brown eyes and a thin build. She ties her straight hair in a "bun" and speaks with a slight southern accent.

JONES

Being assembled as we speak, Captain.

CHAMBERS

Very good. We'll depart in fifteen minutes.

Jones seems genuinely surprised.

JONES

You're going with us?

CHAMBERS

Yes I am.

JONES

How exciting.

CHAMBERS

I'll see you at the Tram. Chambers out.

The Captain closes the panel and stands. He steps over to Kern's position. She turns in her seat to meet his gaze.

CHAMBERS

Once we're over there hold our position just inside tramping range but no closer. I want to make sure it's not a trap before our ships get too, 'intimate.'

KERN

Aye, sir.

CHAMBERS

And if things go south, I want you to head back to Earth as fast as you can. Alert HQ.

KERN

Will do, Captain.

CHAMBERS

Hopefully, this won't take long.

Chambers heads for the elevators at the back of the bridge.

INT. GALAXY ONE - MOLECULAR TRAM CHAMBER

Centered in the room is a round platform with a funnel-shaped ceiling, its flared end pointing toward the floor, the throat attached to a steaming cold pipe.

The Discovery Team enters. Three specialist dressed in uniforms much like Chambers, and two Marines, the ship's security force, dressed like soldiers and carrying weapons.

They talk among themselves while stepping onto the platform and forming a circle under the funnel. In a nearby glassed-in alcove, Chambers stands beside the Tram Chief.

The Chief points and narrates to a holographic display of the Sagittarius floating above a console. It animates with his description.

CHIEF

We'll burn a hole in the hull just behind the bridge, small enough to keep the air molecules from escaping but big enough to get you through. You'll materialize inside the aft console access bay. That way you'll only be one bulkhead from the bridge.

CHAMBERS

Looks good, Chief. Proceed.

CHIEF

Aye, sir.

The Chief presses buttons while Chambers joins the team. A low HUM begins. Doctor Jones takes a position next to the Captain. She looks up at him and smiles.

JONES

This is a first for me. Captain Chambers inside the Tram 'Chamber.'

The team collectively laughs as the low HUM becomes slightly louder with a rhythmic WHIRLING sound, like that of a helicopter. Chambers grins.

CHAMBERS

Feel privileged. Spinning me to light speed then spitting me through a plasma beam doesn't sound like a real safe form of transportation.

The HUM has now reached a fast rhythm, like that of a machine gun.

JONES

Captain, the Molecular Tram is perfectly safe, sir. Actually, only our immediate environment is accelerated to light speed. Technically speaking...

CHAMBERS

Please don't, or my head will explode.

The rhythm of the HUM has increased to steady sound. Through speakers inside the funnel, the Chief's voice is heard.

CHIEF

System energized, Captain.

Chambers takes a quick, narrow-eyed glance at Jones, then to the Chief.

CHAMBERS

Alright Chief, initiate.

A 'rope' of blue energy emerges from the throat of the funneled ceiling and begins racing around its edge ever faster until it forms a solid loop, resembling a lasso.

The lasso spins until it forms a solid cocoon that circles the team, winding its way from the funnel's edge to the floor, encasing them in a mass of blue energy.

INT. GALAXY ONE - INSIDE CACOON

The world seems normal, except for the fact the walls and ceiling are made of glowing, spinning, blue energy. Chambers looks at Jones, who's staring at the floor.

CHAMBERS

This is not my idea of luxury travel.

JONES

If you don't look at the walls sir, it won't give you butterflies.

CHAMBERS

I had those when I stepped in here.

INT. GALAXY ONE - MOLECULAR TRAM CHAMBER

The cocoon is sucked from the bottom up through the throat of the funnel-shaped ceiling and vanishes.

EXT. GALAXY ONE - SPACE

From a rifle-like emitter attached to the hull, the *Galaxy One* shoots a tubular red beam known as the Tram Rail. It pierces a tiny hole in *Sagittarius'* hull and forms a seal.

A pulsating blue beam, the Life Energy Stream (LES) encased by the Tram Rail, flows from the emitter like water through a straw toward the starship's hull.

INT. CSS SAGITTARIUS - AFT CONSOLE ACCESS BAY

The Tram Rail enters the room just below the ceiling and flares its end like a funnel. The blue energy of the LES emerges from the center and whirls around the funnel's edge.

The LES forms a cocoon of blue swirling energy that winds its way to the floor, pauses, then retracts into the funnel's center unveiling the team.

The Marines appear with their weapons poised as the funnel de-flares and the last of the Tram Rail is sucked back through the hull's opening, like a piece of spaghetti.

Chambers taps his Com Link.

CHAMBERS

Galaxy One, this is Chambers. We made it, but keep the rail hot just in case.

Kern's voice responds from the tiny speaker.

KERN

Acknowledged Captain. Call if you need us. Galaxy One out.

Another team member, Specialist ROBERT RIDGE, a man in his 20's, approaches Chambers. Ridge is just under 6 feet and has light brown hair styled much like McCauley's.

He reads a palm sized device and points to a wall.

RIDGE
 Captain, if we burn through this
 bulkhead...

CHAMBERS
 Why do we need to do that Mister Ridge?

The Captain glances around the dimly lit area before locking his eyes on a panel. He steps to it and presses buttons.

CHAMBERS
 When we can do this.

Lights flicker to life revealing a hatch in the corner of this small room. Chambers leads the team to it.

CHAMBERS
 May I borrow your Multi Scanner?

Ridge hands the palm-size unit to Chambers. He taps its view screen then hands it back. The hatch slides open. The team glances at each other in amazement.

RIDGE
 Sir, if I may ask. How did you do that?

CHAMBERS
 Sorry Mister Ridge, but that's a trade secret.

INT. CSS SAGITTARIUS - BRIDGE

Led by the marines, the team steps into an empty bridge with stations in a full octagon shape. The command chair is centered. Chambers walks to it.

The rest of the team ambles around taking scanner readings in the dimly lit, multi-level command center roughly half the size of the *Galaxy One's*.

RIDGE
 Where's the crew?

Ignoring Ridge's question Chambers turns toward Jones and points.

CHAMBERS
 Doctor, access the power systems through the console on your left. We need a way to the lower decks.

JONES
 Aye sir.

Chambers turns his gaze to Ridge.

CHAMBERS

And that's a good question Mister Ridge. You can use the internal scanners at the Info Station. It's just to the right of Doctor Jones.

Jones and Ridge press buttons and a second later, the consoles begin flashing information. Chambers focuses on a view screen attached to the command chair.

The third specialist, EDWARD SIKES, another man in his 20'S, is scanning the various consoles.

Sikes is roughly the same height as Ridge but much thinner. He has black, wavy hair and a dark mustache. He's well groomed and looks like he could be a Banker.

CHAMBERS

Mister Sikes, I want you to access the ships logs, particularly navigation and communication. Uplink as much data as you can recover.

SIKES

Yes, Captain.

Sikes moves to one of the stations.

CHAMBERS

And find out how long that distress call has been running, then turn it off. No use alerting anyone else.

SIKES

Aye, sir.

Chambers settles in to the command chair and taps its small view screen. After a static moment, it displays: CSS SAGITTARIUS - COMMUNICATIONS LINK.

Files with dates scroll past. Most are flagged: DELETED.

RIDGE

Captain, you should see this, sir.

Chambers steps behind Ridge who presses buttons. A view screen displays images of the ship's mess hall. Floating above the tables are small motionless bodies.

RIDGE

Grays sir, all dead. Hundreds of them.
Concentrated in the lower levels around
the cargo hold.

CHAMBERS

What about the Sagittarius' crew?

RIDGE

I'm not detecting any other bio-masses
besides the Grays. Unless they're in
the cargo hold, the crew isn't aboard
this ship, sir.

Chambers cranes his head toward Jones across the room.

CHAMBERS

What about it Doctor? How long before
we get that power?

JONES

Momentarily, sir.

Jones concentrates her full attention on the console. She
presses buttons and gazes at Chambers.

JONES

That should do it, Captain.

As gravity is restored the Gray bodies fall to the floor,
some on top of the tables. Chambers speaks over his
shoulder. His tone has a touch of sarcasm.

CHAMBERS

I believe that did it, Doctor.

The bridge comes to life with sights and sounds. The
Captain glances around before returning his focus on Ridge.

CHAMBERS

Can we get a picture of the cargo hold?

Ridge presses buttons. He seems frustrated.

RIDGE

No sir, the dampening field is still
blocking all signals. I can't even
determine if power has been restored to
the hold itself.

CHAMBERS

Do we have a clear path to it?

RIDGE

Yes sir. All environmental systems around the hold have been restored.

Chambers pats Ridge on the shoulder.

CHAMBERS

Thank you Mister Ridge. That'll have to do.

The Captain walks over to one of the marines, Sergeant DALE KENSINGTON, a man in his 60's. The Sergeant is over 6 feet tall with a gray "flat-top" haircut, and is very fit.

CHAMBERS

Sergeant, I understand you also served aboard a Constellation Class Starship.

KENSINGTON

The Scorpio, sir. A few years before the Gray War.

CHAMBERS

I served aboard the Capricorn.

KENSINGTON

(glancing around)

These were fine vessels in their days.

CHAMBERS

I need to know who or what attacked this fine vessel, Sergeant. I assume you're familiar with the tactical systems?

KENSINGTON

That I am, sir.

Chambers turns to the other marine, Private HENRY FRANKS. The Private seems too young and thin to be a Marine. He's light-skinned with straight, auburn hair.

The Captain glances at the single stripe on Franks' uniform.

CHAMBERS

Private...?

Franks almost breaks his neck snapping to attention.

FRANKS

Private Henry Franks sir!

Chambers scrutinizes the young soldier.

CHAMBERS

Have you been on my ship long, Private?

FRANKS

No sir! This is my first assignment,
sir!

KENSINGTON

He earned that stripe a couple of weeks ago. Thought I'd give the kid a try. Been training him since he was a youngster.

Chambers pulls Kensington aside out of Franks' earshot.

CHAMBERS

Sergeant, he still IS a youngster.

Kensington looks surprised.

KENSINGTON

Sir, his age and rank are within regulations.

Chambers raises an eyebrow then steps back to Franks, still frozen at attention.

CHAMBERS

Very well Private, come with me.

FRANKS

Yes sir!

CHAMBERS

Doctor, if you will accompany me and our new Private to the cargo hold, we'll try to solve this mystery.

With an "aye sir" from both Jones and Franks, Chambers leads the way to a door that automatically slides opens. They enter a dimly lit corridor.

INT. CSS SAGITTARIUS - CORRIDOR TO CARGO HOLD

The door opens with a SWOOSH. Franks, with his weapon drawn, stands point. Behind him, Chambers and Jones. All recoil with winced faces as the air blows past them.

Jones reads her Multi-Scanner.

JONES

High concentration of sulfuric acid.

CHAMBERS

Are we in any danger?

Jones shoots Chambers a coy smile.

JONES

Nothing more than upchucking from the smell.

The Captain returns the gesture.

CHAMBERS

Good thing I skipped breakfast this morning.

Chambers' expression returns to serious.

CHAMBERS

Alright, stay sharp.

He looks at Franks, then nods toward a door at the other end of this long, narrow corridor.

CHAMBERS

Private. If you please.

Franks points his weapon and takes the lead. Chambers and Jones follow, all having to sidestep the numerous dead Gray bodies littering the floor.

FRANKS

Why are there so many in here?

CHAMBERS

This is the only way to the Cargo Hold.

Jones looks down at the partly decomposing dead Gray bodies, each still clutching a weapon or some type of tool.

JONES

Looks like they were desperate to get in.

The team makes their way to the door. Jones kneels and hovers her Multi-Scanner over one of the cadavers, still with a death grip on a panel dangling from its wires.

CHAMBERS

What killed them?

JONES

They suffocated.

Franks takes in a breath.

FRANKS

Don't they breathe the same air we do?
There's plenty of it now.

JONES

There wasn't when they died.

CHAMBERS

What about the energy signature?

Jones stands and points her scanner at the door.

JONES

Still loud and clear, Captain.

CHAMBERS

Alright Private, open it up. Stay
sharp, people.

Franks flips open a small panel on his weapon and taps its view screen. The door slides open with a WHOSH of air but this time, no winced faces. Jones takes a sniff.

JONES

Fresh air?

The Private brings his weapon to his shoulder and aims. A light on the end of its barrel switches on and he cautiously steps through the door alone.

INT. CSS SAGITTARIUS - CARGO HOLD

Franks sweeps the immediate area with his weapon. Its barrel light reveals no dead bodies and no cargo either. Across the room something metallic catches his light.

He taps several times on the flip-up panel. The view screen displays: SYSTEM INTERLOCK COMPLETE: POWER AVAILABLE. After several more taps the lights in the cargo hold come on.

A saucer-shaped craft around 60 feet in diameter and about 20 feet tall, is locked to the floor in the center of the room.

The young Privates eyes widen. The sight of the saucer startles him as he drops his weapon and takes a quick step back.

But a moment later, he regains his composure and re-aims his weapon. He side-steps around the craft, constantly gazing at the weapon's view screen.

INT. CSS SAGITTARIUS - CORRIDOR TO CARGO HOLD

Chambers' Com Link CHIRPS and BLINKS. He taps it's screen and raises his sleeve to speaking position.

CHAMBERS

Yes, Private?

Franks' processed voice is heard clearly through the Link's tiny speaker.

FRANKS

All clear of weapons and Life Traces,
Captain.

CHAMBERS

Alright. We're coming in.

INT. CSS SAGITTARIUS - CARGO HOLD

Chambers and Jones approach the saucer both slightly slack-jawed. Jones immediately begins scanning it as she runs her fingers along its sleek hull.

JONES

MTL decay indicates this hull was cast about five hundred years ago. RNA scan show definite traces of type 'T' space time compression...

CHAMBERS

Is it the source of the energy signature?

JONES

It appears something inside is.

CHAMBERS

Can you open it?

JONES

I believe so.

Jones holds her scanner against the saucer's hull and presses buttons.

JONES

Private, if you would start a de-lock sequence, I think the hatch will show itself.

Franks presses buttons on his weapon's flip-up panel. A rectangular shaped line forms on what was a seamless hull. A clamshell hatch opens and extends a small ladder.

Chambers glances into the opening, then to Franks.

CHAMBERS

Private?

Franks draws his weapon then walks up to the lighted hatch. With a few more steps up the ladder, he disappears inside. Chambers and Jones wait.

INT. GRAY SAUCER - FLIGHT DECK

Franks steps into a room with two small chairs stationed in front of an equally small console. He has to duck his head while scanning the tiny area with his weapon/scanner.

He taps his Com Link and brings his wrist to speaking position.

FRANKS

All clear, Captain.

CHAMBERS

Thank you, Private.

Franks casually glances down a slightly circular corridor that vanishes around a corner. Chambers and Jones step in. The private snaps to attention.

FRANKS

Must be their flight deck, sir.

Jones presses buttons on her scanner and wrinkles her brow.

JONES

Even in here I'm still having trouble localizing the energy signature.

Chambers crouches his way to the console stationed between the chairs. He squats, holds out his wrist and taps his Com Link.

CHAMBERS

I'm going to see if I can access any of this.

The Doctor notices the chairs, spins one around and eases her petite stature inside of it.

JONES

Hey, this is just my size.

Chambers glances at her and grins.

CHAMBERS

Don't get used to it.

Jones twirls the tiny chair around while adjusting her scanner. She points the device toward the circular corridor, stands and walks toward it.

JONES

Looks like there might be something down that hall, Captain.

CHAMBERS

Private, accompany Doctor Jones and don't let anything bad happen to her. Understood?

FRANKS

Yes, sir.

INT. GRAY SAUCER - CORRIDOR

Franks crouches as he leads Jones down the small circular corridor, sweeping his weapon/scanner while glancing at the flip-up panel.

He enters an area that automatically lights up and is tall enough for him to stand upright. A few steps in front of him is a door. He holds his arm out to stop Jones.

FRANKS

If you'll wait here ma'am, I'll check it out.

Franks approaches the door. It opens. The Private aims his weapon and glances at the flip-up panel. A green light flashes. He relaxes and looks over his shoulder.

FRANKS

The area is clear, ma'am.

Jones reads her Multi-Scanner, looks at Franks and points to the room with it.

JONES

I believe the answer to our mystery is in there.

The Doctor strolls past Franks, stops at the open door and peeks in. After taking a step inside, the area lights up. Her eyes widen as she gazes around.

JONES

My God.

Franks, quickly steps forward with weapon to the ready. Jones grabs the end of the weapon's barrel and gently pushes it toward the floor.

Both gawk in amazement at their surroundings. Jones taps her Com Link.

JONES

Captain, I found the source of the energy signature. You need to see this right now, sir.

INT. GRAY SAUCER - NURSERY ROOM

Jones is scanning one of the hundreds of 1 foot square, glassed-in boxes lining the walls of this large circular room. Each contains a baseball-sized black "egg."

Chambers steps in and takes a look around.

JONES

Captain, these are not the usual Gray cloning units. They're incubators, sir.

CHAMBERS

How is that possible? Grays have no reproductive organs.

The Captain steps to a small, multi-sided console in the room's center. He holds his Com Link over it and reads the small display.

CHAMBERS

It appears they've been active for quite some time but not five hundred years.

JONES

You're right, sir. These incubators aren't nearly as old as the rest of the saucer.

Jones presses buttons on her Multi-Scanner while passing it over the incubators.

JONES

They were installed fifteen point six years ago.

She maintains her slow stroll around the incubators, reading and adjusting her scanner. Chambers continues to examine the console with his Com Link.

CHAMBERS

They're being powered by a Neutrino Reactor.

JONES

I thought those were theoretically impossible?

CHAMBERS

Unless my Link Scanner is wrong, those are highly activated Neutrino particles dancing around in there.

From across the room Jones points her Multi-Scanner at the console.

JONES

Yea, your Link is right.

She follows her scanner to the floor.

JONES

The reactor vessel is right below us.

The Doctor shoots Chambers a puzzled look.

JONES

How can that be? What's keeping the Neutrinos contained?

Chambers presses buttons on his Com Link's tiny screen and gazes at the readouts.

CHAMBERS

The same unknown energy that's creating the dampening field.

The Captain give Jones a sobering look.

CHAMBERS

This is well beyond our science.

Jones returns to her examination of the glassed-in cubicles.

JONES

These incubators were exposed to intense radiation.

Her attention is drawn to two incubators. The eggs inside are pulsing with a faint glow. She quickly marches over and begins scanning them.

CHAMBERS

It looks like these circuits were exposed to the same radiation. It shut down all but two of the units...

Jones' voice sounds intense.

JONES

Captain! I think we have something here.

Chambers joins her. They both gaze at the moving shadow inside one of the glowing eggs.

CHAMBERS

What is it?

JONES

The best I can tell it's a life force inside some kind of external womb.

CHAMBERS

An egg?

The Doctor taps her scanner and frowns.

JONES

Even this close, that dampening field is still diffusing my scanner signal.

Jones hovers her Multi-Scanner over the cubicle, re-adjusting it several times. Chambers gazes at the second egg, its glow becoming more faint by the second.

JONES

No matter what I try I still can't get a lock on this thing.

CHAMBERS

We better do something quick. I think the other one is dying.

Jones continues her effort only to get a rude sound and a red light from her Multi-Scanner. She grimaces.

JONES

Dang it, this is maddening. Maybe adding the Privates' scanner might help.

She moves toward the door. Chambers tugs her arm.

CHAMBERS

I don't think we have time. Here, let me try something.

Chambers takes the Multi-Scanner from Jones. He closes the cover and gently pushes her aside.

JONES

If I could get one of these to the Galaxy One for analysis...

Jones shudders as Chambers wraps the scanner against the incubator, shattering the glass.

CHAMBERS

Exactly my thought, doctor.

JONES

I've never used a Multi-Scanner quite like that before, but, whatever works.

Jones unzips a pocket and pulls out what appears to be a zip-lock sandwich bag. She thumps it with a finger and the bag springs into a four sided box complete with lid.

She holds the box against the egg while Chambers uses the Multi-Scanner to push it in. After pressing the lid closed the two exchange a quick smile.

Then, an alarm blares, lights flash and a soft, pleasant, almost female voice, speaking in an unrecognizable language, is heard throughout the saucer.

Jones tucks the box under her arm and snatches the scanner from Chambers' hand. She flips it open and takes readings.

JONES

We tripped something. It's the Sagittarius, Captain. The reactor is building energy... My God, it's a meltdown.

CHAMBERS

Can we stop it?

JONES

It's too late. The reaction is too far advanced.

Franks steps in.

FRANKS

Captain. Something is...

CHAMBERS

Let's get out of here.

Chambers grabs Jones by the arm. He motions at Franks.

CHAMBERS

Go Private!

With Franks leading the way, the trio dashes out the door.

INT. GRAY SAUCER - CORRIDOR

Franks and Chambers have to squat-trot down the tiny corridor. Although upright, Jones is trying hard to hang on to the container while stuffing her scanner inside a pocket.

INT. CSS SAGITTARIUS - CARGO HOLD

Led by Franks, the team exits the saucer and run toward the door of the cargo hold. Chambers, bringing up the rear, taps his Com Link.

CHAMBERS

Galaxy One. Raise defensive shields.
This starship is about to explode.

Kern responds through Chambers' Com Link, but much of her words are garbled.

KERN

Captain...trouble...eading...monit...
and prepared...you...hurry befor...

INT. CSS SAGITTARIUS - CORRIDOR TO CARGO HOLD

The team navigates the obstacle course of Gray bodies, back-tracking their path down the corridor. Kern's voice is now clearly audible.

KERN

...the reactor's power level is
exponentially increasing by a factor of
ten, each second. A cascading explosion
will occur in...fifty five seconds, sir.

CHAMBERS

Got it.

INT. CSS SAGITTARIUS - CORRIDOR TO THE BRIDGE

The team makes it to the bridge door but it doesn't open automatically. Chambers presses buttons on an adjacent panel, but it still doesn't open. He looks at Franks.

CHAMBERS

Blast that door Private.

Chambers and Jones step behind Franks who taps a button on his weapon and fires at the door. It vaporizes. The trio disappear through the steaming opening.

INT. CSS SAGITTARIUS - AFT CONSOLE ACCESS

The red beam of the Tram Rail hovers near the ceiling. From the funnel shaped opening the rope of blue energy slowly spins like a cowboy twirling a lasso.

Kensington, Ridge and Sikes are waiting under the lasso when Chambers and party bolt through the hatch, Kern's voice blaring from the tiny speaker in Chambers' Com Link.

KERN

Captain, we're blind to your position.
You have less than thirty seconds to...

CHAMBERS

We're here. Prepare to initiate the
Tram.

Chambers, Jones and Franks quickly huddle with the rest of the team under the twirling energy lasso. The Captain taps his Com Link.

CHAMBERS

Alright Kern, let's go.

KERN

Initiating.

The blue lasso begins twirling faster. Jones shifts her position. The container pops open. The egg rolls out.

JONES

Oh no!

She grabs but misses. The egg rolls from under the now wildly spinning lasso, which has begun to form its circular cocoon. Jones takes a step toward the faintly glowing egg.

CHAMBERS

Jones! Get back here!

JONES

Captain we need that artifact!

Chambers taps his Com Link.

CHAMBERS

Kern, emergency Tram stop.

Jones anxiously watches the egg roll up to a bulkhead several feet away.

KERN

It's too late Captain, the sequence is already past de-lock.

The Doctor darts toward the egg. But she makes it only a couple of steps before Franks grabs her and tosses her small frame back toward the team.

The Private momentarily locks eyes with Kensington. Then makes a mad dash toward the egg.

KENSINGTON

Henry! No!

The team restrains the Sergeant as Franks grabs the egg then sprints back toward the cocoon, its spinning edge of blue energy now just a couple of feet above the floor.

Franks belly-slides with the egg clutched in his out-stretched hand trying to slip under the bottom of the swirling mass of energy now less than a foot from the floor.

He manages only to get his arm under the cocoon before the swirling energy mass meets the floor, cutting his arm off below the shoulder and vaporizing the rest of his body.

JONES

Oh my God!

The cocoon envelopes the team and is sucked into the throat of the funnel. The Tram Rail quickly retracts back through the microscopic hole in the starship's hull.

INT. TRAM RAIL - INSIDE LES COCOON

Jones buries her face in Chambers' chest. The Captain awkwardly wraps his arms around her and gently pats her on the back.

The team relaxes their grip on Kensington. The sergeant slowly steps over to the detached arm, still sizzling.

EXT. GALAXY ONE - SPACE

The end of the Tram Rail detaches from the starship's hull and retracts toward the *Galaxy One's* emitter. The *Sagittarius* explodes, sending debris chasing after it.

Just as the last of the Tram Rail is sucked into the emitter, debris bounces off the *Galaxy One's* oval-shaped energy shield, rocking the ship but causing no damage.

INT. GALAXY ONE - MOLECULAR TRAM CHAMBER

The blue energy rope emerges from the throat of the funnel-shaped ceiling and races around its edge, creating the blue lasso.

The lasso forms a cocoon and spins its way to the platform, pausing momentarily before being pulled back through the throat of the funnel, unveiling the team.

Chambers and Jones are making their way toward Kensington who is kneeling down over the smoldering arm. Jones squats beside him and gently touches his shoulder.

JONES

Sergeant, I'm so sorry. This is my fault...

Kensington peels back the gloved fingers still clutching the egg and retrieves it. He offers it to Jones. His voice is angry but restrained.

KENSINGTON

I hope this is as damn important as you think it is.

Jones takes the egg and moves toward Kensington.

JONES

Sergeant, I'm so sorry...

Kensington re-positions himself between Jones and the arm, while turning his back toward the Doctor.

Looking hurt, Jones stands and places the egg back into the container.

Kensington unzips a pocket and pulls out what looks to be a matchbook-size piece of cloth. He holds one corner and shakes it like one would a medical thermometer.

Immediately, it pops open into a blanket roughly the size of a beach towel. He wraps the arm in it.

CHAMBERS

Sergeant, I know how hard it is to lose someone under your command. But Private Franks may have just saved this mission.

Kensington stands cradling the blanket. He glares at Jones.

KENSINGTON

He didn't have to die for it.

CHAMBERS

Certainly you don't blame...

KENSINGTON

Captain, it's the duty of the Marine Commander to properly discharge the remains and inform the next of kin. If you'll excuse me, SIR, I have a duty to perform.

The room quiets. The faint hum of the Tram winding down is all that is heard as Kensington stares at Chambers. After a brief moment, the Captain steps aside.

CHAMBERS

Very well.

No one speaks as Kensington, holding the blanket like a baby, steps off the platform and exits.

INT. GALAXY ONE - SITUATION ROOM

Seated at a large oval table Chambers, Jones, Sikes and Ridge discuss the holographic projection of the Gray's saucer hovering inches above the table's center.

CHAMBERS

You're saying this saucer was designed to HATCH a bunch of Grays?

JONES

Not your average Gray, one genetically adapted to reproduce. And Captain, they may have had some help.

Jones presses buttons. The holographic image changes to match Jones' description.

JONES

An analysis of that embryo 'egg' shows evidence of HUMAN gene splicing.

CHAMBERS

Are you suggesting these genes came from the Sagittarius' crew?

JONES

It's possible, but there just wasn't enough sample material to know for certain.

CHAMBERS

So how did that saucer end up in the Sagittarius' cargo hold?

Jones looks at Sikes.

SIKES

All of the ships communications records had been erased, Captain. However, we were able to piece together a scenario using the tactical computer.

Sikes presses buttons. The holographic image changes to match his description.

SIKES

The Sagittarius found the saucer in the Horse Eye nebula and took it aboard. Later, they were attacked by this Gray Warrior Ship and sent out the distress call we picked up.

CHAMBERS

What happened to the crew that sent that distress call?

Ridge presses buttons. The holographic projection now displays a line of uniformed bodies floating toward a solar system. Chambers leans forward and gawks.

RIDGE

We found most of them twenty parsecs away caught in the gravity well of a gas giant. Apparently, they had been deliberately spaced Captain.

CHAMBERS

Spaced?

RIDGE

We know they had gathered in the Escape Pod Hangar Bay when the door was opened with no protective shield. They were immediately evacuated, sir.

SIKES

The door stayed open for nearly twenty minutes before the back up systems kicked in and closed it.

RIDGE

For reasons unknown the ship's airtight escape doors also opened during that twenty minutes, decompressing the lower decks as well.

SIKES

The recoil from the decompression caused the Sagittarius to slowly drift out of the nebula over the years. That's why no one's picked up the distress call until now.

RIDGE

The nebula's radiation scatters communication signals.

SIKES

While the ship was open to space the nebula's radiation pervaded much of the Sagittarius' inner decks. Including the cargo hold and the saucer.

RIDGE

The radiation is what killed all but two of the embryos and started the slow decay of the incubator system.

SIKES

The Gray warriors died from either suffocation or radiation exposure, Captain. They caused their own death when they spaced the Sagittarius' crew, sir.

The hologram dissolves. Chambers leans back in his chair and gazes at the team.

CHAMBERS

How did so many Grays get on board the Sagittarius in the first place?

RIDGE

We assume from the Warrior Ship.

CHAMBERS

But there were no boarding shuttles, no traces of Tram Rails, no residual LES signatures, nothing. And they certainly weren't hatched in that saucer.

The room pauses as Sikes and Ridge collectively look at Jones.

JONES

We...just don't know, Captain.

CHAMBERS

So they just appeared out of thin air?

JONES

Apparently. It's like that Neutrino Reactor we found. Impossible, but there it is.

Chambers leans in.

CHAMBERS

Mister Ridge, you said MOST of the crew were spaced. Where are the rest?

RIDGE

Captain Banks and six other crew members are missing along with his personal shuttle. They...

He gives a quick glance to the other team members.

RIDGE

...used it to escape aboard the Warrior Ship.

The Captain's tone becomes indignant and defensive.

CHAMBERS

You're trying to tell me a Coalition Captain abandoned his ship and joins the enemy. While his crew is being spaced?

Ridge makes a quick glance to Sikes, who presses buttons. The holographic projection morphs to a small shuttle being guided into the Gray's Warrior Ship with an energy beam.

RIDGE

That's Captain Banks' personal shuttle docking with the Warrior Ship, sir.

SIKES

Captain, we've tracked the Warrior Ship to the exact location where the Gray's invasion tunnel appeared fifteen years ago. There are no traces of it beyond that.

JONES

Sir, after reviewing my scanner records I found six of the incubators had no embryos inside. But they did contain a human Life Trace. Captain Banks' Trace.

RIDGE

Before he left the ship Captain Banks deliberately deleted the Sagittarius' entire communications log.

JONES

It appears he was trying to hide something. Maybe the reason for taking those eggs or why his crew was spaced.

Chambers wrinkles his brow and leans in across the table. His voice is stern. He's obviously upset.

CHAMBERS

Alright, that's enough. This innuendo stops right now.

All eyes turn toward the Captain.

CHAMBERS

We're not here to put Captain Banks on trial so cut the speculation. Until further notice all of your information on this matter is classified Priority Confidential. That means keep your conspiracy theories to yourself. Understood?

The team responds with collective head nods and facial gestures indicating they get the message.

The Captain leans back, cups his hands on the table and gazes at each of the team members. His voice is calm.

CHAMBERS

Mister Sikes.

SIKES

Yes sir.

CHAMBERS

You're suggesting the Warrior Ship went BACK THROUGH the invasion tunnel?

SIKES

In my opinion sir, yes it did.

CHAMBERS

If so, then it emerged in the Gray's galaxy in the Agilla sector.

SIKES

Yes sir, it would have had to.

CHAMBERS

Then that's where we start.

Chambers taps his Com Link. Kern responds over his sleeve speaker.

KERN

Yes Captain?

CHAMBERS

Prepare the ship for Trans Galactic Drive. Set course for the Agilla sector in the Cygnus 5 Galaxy.

KERN

Aye, sir.

A pleasant sounding chime rings through the room's speakers followed by a soft female voice.

VOICE

All hands. Trans Galactic space time compression in two standard minutes.

Chambers stands followed by the rest of the team.

CHAMBERS

Thank you for your reports. Dismissed.

The group exits to the sound of the announcement.

VOICE

All civilian personnel report to your designated TG section at once. Please secure all personal items and cargo in weightless areas...

INT. GALAXY ONE - BRIDGE

Chambers emerges from the rear corridor and makes his way to the command chair. Kern stands.

KERN

Course for Cygnus 5 calculated and entered, Captain.

CHAMBERS

Thank you Commander.

The Trans Galactic warning continues.

VOICE

All hands. Trans Galactic space time compression in fifty five seconds.

Chambers takes his seat. The man operating Kern's station stands and moves off. She assumes the helm.

CHAMBERS

Forward view on displays Mister Becker.

Becker presses buttons. The three large windows morph into view screens. They display an enormous spinning black hole being fed by two energy beams, one from each side.

VOICE

All hands. Trans Galactic space time compression in forty seconds.

EXT. GALAXY ONE - SPACE

The ship's two massive engine nacelles, one on each side of the giant ship, are generating the beams which are focused at the black hole's center.

They brighten, spinning the black hole ever faster. Waves of energy begin radiating from its dark center.

INT. GALAXY ONE - BRIDGE

Becker presses buttons on his console then turns toward the command chair.

BECKER

The ship reports all secure for Trans Galactic, Captain.

CHAMBERS

Thank you Mister Becker.

EXT. GALAXY ONE - SPACE

The black hole is now spinning wildly. Energy waves ripple and flow in a cone shape from the center of the black hole to just inches from the ship's forward hull.

INT. GALAXY ONE - BRIDGE

Kern glances over her shoulder.

KERN

TG compression at maximum, Captain. Key lock is energized and awaiting final command.

CHAMBERS

Activate at go, Commander. Let's fly.

KERN

Aye, sir. Key lock at zero.

VOICE

All hands. Trans Galactic space time
compression in five, four, three...

EXT. GALAXY ONE - SPACE

An emitter shoots a beam directly behind the ship. A mirrored black hole forms with cone-shaped energy waves spiraling from its center toward the ship's rear hull.

The three energy beams suddenly stop. A split second later the waves in front and behind the ship merge in a quick blinding light.

The *Galaxy One* is now completely encased in a football-shaped energy field with pointed, spinning black holes at its tips. The engines glow and the ship moves forward.

As the *Galaxy One* accelerates, the fabric of space stretches around the forward black hole, like pushing the point of a football against a stretched sheet of rubber.

Space bends further, warping around the hull until the black hole pierces the elastic, fabric of space.

With a flash of light, the ship "melts" into the opening and vanishes completely.

INT. GALAXY ONE - BRIDGE

Through the forward windows the stars have been replaced by a spinning vortex of energy waves, spiraling out from its black hole center toward the viewer.

KERN

On course for Agilla, Captain. ETA, one hour, fifty five minutes.

The pleasant chime sounds.

VOICE

The ship is now in Trans Galactic space. Please, enjoy your journey.

Chambers glances across the bridge crew.

CHAMBERS

The first thing we're going to do when we get back is change that annoying TG announcement.

He focuses on his chair's small view screen and begins tapping. Zohn turns toward the command chair. His voice is sincere.

ZOHN

Why Captain? I find the TG warnings to be very concise.

Chambers stops and shoots him a narrowed-eyed glance. Then starts tapping again.

CHAMBERS

I should have known you'd like it Mister Zohn.

INT. GALAXY ONE - CORRIDOR OUTSIDE MCCAULEY'S OFFICE - LATER

Double doors open. Chambers steps out of an elevator and walks down a long, straight corridor. He steps into an alcove and presses a button next to a door.

INT. GALAXY ONE - ADMIRAL MCCAULEY'S OFFICE

McCauley sits at his desk, reading a document while drumming his fingers. A chime rings. He presses a button. The door opens. Chambers walks in.

CHAMBERS

You wanted to see me, sir?

MCCAULEY

Take a seat, Matt.

McCauley refocuses on the document while Chambers pulls up a chair and sits. After a last glance the Admiral tosses the paperwork in a tray that instantly vaporizes it.

McCauley takes off his glasses and lays them on his desk.

MCCAULEY

A directive from HQ. Looks like I'm going to join you on Agilla.

Chambers looks slightly disgusted.

CHAMBERS

I figured that was coming after what happened to the Sagittarius.

The Admiral grins.

MCCAULEY

They just want to make sure you don't mistake someone's Multi Scanner for a hammer again.

Chambers cracks a smile. McCauley goes back to his usual, stoic manner.

MCCAULEY

This birthing saucer or whatever it is, could have serious implications. The Grays were created to make war, not babies.

CHAMBERS

If they've found a way to reproduce, you can bet they'll swarm this galaxy like locust.

MCCAULEY

We shed a lot of blood to keep that from happening. I hope we don't find out that a single willing participant could make it all for nothing.

Chambers again looks aggravated.

CHAMBERS

Admiral, if you're referring to these old rumors about Captain Banks, so far we don't have one bit of evidence that would convince me we have a rogue captain on our hands.

MCCAULEY

Matt, rumors notwithstanding, if we DO have a rogue captain, then it's possible he's helping the Grays at this very moment.

Chambers sits quietly, pondering the Admiral's statement until his Com Link chirps. He raises his sleeve and looks at its screen. The display reads:

REQUESTING PRIVATE HOLOGRAPHIC COMMUNICATION. ROSEN, HARRY
- EARTH COM LINK.

Chambers stands.

CHAMBERS

If you'll excuse me sir, I need to take this. We should be at Cygnus five in less than an hour.

MCCAULEY

Very good, Captain.

McCauley puts on his glasses and turns his attention to his computer monitor as Chambers exits.

INT. GALAXY ONE - CAPTAIN CHAMBERS' RESIDENCE

The door opens and Chambers steps in a room about the same shape as the bridge. It looks very much like a modern apartment with a living area and a small kitchen.

At one end of the room are the same three large windows as on the bridge. Through them, the spinning black hole and the rippling of space are visible.

The Captain steps to a desk next to the Holo-Com, a platform in the corner of the room similar to the Trammung Chamber but much smaller.

Chambers taps his Com Link and passes his arm over the edge of the desk. A CHIME rings and a computer voice begins narrating.

COMPUTER

Accessing Earth Com Link. Rosen, Harry,
Attorney at law. Transferring.

A low hum begins. The Captain steps in front of the platform, arms crossed behind him, as blue energy begins to swirl from the funnel-shaped dome of the Holo-Com.

The energy begins spiraling from ceiling to floor and forms a cocoon. A moment later, the cocoon rises like a curtain.

Standing in the center of the platform is a 3 dimensional, extremely realistic, image of HARRY ROSEN, a short, bald headed, heavysset man in his early 30's.

Although he's well dressed his clothing is somewhat shabby, as if he'd outgrown them. He catches Chambers' gaze and smiles. A faint blue light traces the outline of his body.

CHAMBERS

Welcome to the Galaxy One Mr. Rosen.

ROSEN

Thank you for seeing me on such short notice Captain, but these matters are urgent.

Chambers gestures to the chairs in front of his desk.

CHAMBERS

Would you like to sit down?

Rosen looks in that direction.

ROSEN

If you don't mind, sir.

Chambers speaks toward the ceiling.

CHAMBERS

Allow floor.

Rosen's steps off the platform and moves toward the chairs. A projector from the platform follows him with a faint blue beam of light.

Chambers takes a seat at his desk. He glances at a monitor displaying the real Rosen in his office on Earth. He stands in the center of an identical chamber, walking in place.

Rosen now stands in front of Chambers' desk, with the chairs behind him.

CHAMBERS

Allow desk and chairs.

ROSEN

Thank you, Captain.

On Chambers' monitor, a wire frame desk and chair appear in front and behind the real Rosen on Earth. They change to exact duplicates of those in his office as Rosen sits down.

ROSEN

Captain, I assume you've read the particular charges in the case?

CHAMBERS

Yes I have.

ROSEN

Sir, I believe we can facilitate this along quite swiftly if you would extend absolute candor to a few questions.

CHAMBERS

Certainly.

ROSEN

Thank you. First, did you have intimate relations with one Jill Stephens?

Chambers leans back in his chair. A slight look of shock and remorse comes over him as he glances away from Rosen's gaze.

A moment passes. Chambers again locks eyes with Rosen.

CHAMBERS

Yes, I did.

Rosen also looks surprised, but relieved.

ROSEN

Do you deny that you fathered a child with her?

CHAMBERS

That, I don't know. If she was with child the last time I was with her, I wasn't aware of it.

ROSEN

Then I assume you have no objection to an RNA scan?

CHAMBERS

None whatsoever, as long as I can have the results confirmed by a lab of my choosing.

Rosen ponders for a second, then smiles.

ROSEN

I'm sure my client will have no objection to that. Here, I'm sending you my Assurance Bond.

The holographic Rosen turns and taps on an unseen console. A second later, a light begins flashing on the Captain's monitor.

Chambers gazes at the screen as if he's speed reading the lines of text. Then, he also taps buttons.

CHAMBERS

Very well Mister Rosen, looks like we have a deal. I'm sending you authorization for the scan.

Rosen turns and looks at an unseen screen. He appears to be reading.

ROSEN

Got it.

The attorney looks at Chambers and smiles.

ROSEN

Whenever you're ready.

The Captain stands and moves closer to the Holo-Com. He glances over his shoulder at the holographic Rosen.

CHAMBERS

Go ahead, Mister Rosen.

Rosen taps buttons on his unseen console. Chambers closes his eyes. A bright beam of white light shoots from the Holo-Com and quickly scans the Captain from head to toe.

The light subsides and Chambers slowly opens his eyes.

ROSEN

I have it Captain. Thank you, I know that can be unpleasant for some.

Chambers remains standing in place.

CHAMBERS

Just a little nauseating.

The holographic Rosen stands and walks over to the Captain.

ROSEN

Captain, I, do appreciate you making this, shall I say, as 'painless' as you have. To tell you the truth, I wasn't expecting it.

CHAMBERS

Glad to disappoint you, Mister Rosen. I just want the truth. If this is my child, then I have a responsibility to fulfill.

ROSEN

That's very noble of you, Captain. And please believe me when I say my client is not out to extort you in any way.

Rosen's holographic eyes reveal sincerity.

ROSEN

Miss Stephen's mother is simply no longer financially able to give the child the proper care he needs.

Chambers clears his throat and pauses before speaking.

CHAMBERS

Do...you...know any more than what's in the report...I mean...like how Jill really died?

ROSEN

I'm sorry Captain, I'm just a court appointed attorney. I only took on this case a couple of weeks ago.

The Captain looks off, his face reveals sadness.

ROSEN

But I do know all she wants is what's best for the child.

Chambers regains his composure.

CHAMBERS

I do too, Mister Rosen.

Rosen steps back onto the Holo-Com's platform. Chambers steps in front of it and again, crosses his arms behind his back.

ROSEN

Thank you, Captain. I'll be back in touch as soon as I have the results.

The holographic attorney turns his gaze to empty space and announces.

ROSEN

De-link nineteen fifty five.

The energy cocoon forms and drops from ceiling to floor. An instant later, it's sucked through the throat of the funnel-shaped dome, seemingly gulping up Rosen's image.

Chambers steps to the sofa and sits. He rustles through a pile of paperwork beside him, separating a picture of a teenage boy. He picks it up.

After gazing at the picture a moment, he tosses it back to the sofa. He blankly stares out the huge windows in front of him, at the mesmerizing rippling of space.

INT. GALAXY ONE - BRIDGE

The bridge is at its usual hum and chatter. McCauley and Chambers enter from the back and make their way forward. Kern stands as they approach.

KERN

Welcome to the bridge, Admiral.

McCauley smiles and nods.

KERN

Approaching Cygnus Five Captain. De-lock is energized and awaiting final command.

CHAMBERS

Thank you Commander.

The usual change-of-command choreography takes place as the current helm operator moves to the back of the bridge and Kern assumes his post. Chambers takes the command chair.

A small hatch in the floor next to Chambers opens. Metal arms begin to unfold from the bottom up. A moment later, a chair, very similar to the command chair, fully extends.

The Admiral takes a seat.

Visible through the forward windows are the two energy beams targeting the center of the black hole.

CHAMBERS

De-lock at galactic entry Commander.

KERN

Aye, sir.

The speakers come alive with a pleasant chime and voice.

VOICE

All hands. Trans Galactic space time decompression in five, four, three...

EXT. GALAXY ONE - TRANS GALACTIC SPACE

The emitter from the rear of the *Galaxy One* shoots its energy beam at the black hole behind the ship, as the dual engines feed the mirrored black hole in front.

Suddenly, the three energy beams halt. The waves of the football-shaped energy field slow, then stop.

The joined edges of the mirrored black holes dissolve along the bulge and unfurl toward their points, slowly flattening their conical shape.

EXT. SPACE

The fabric of space bends as if the pointed edge of a football were being pushed through a sheet of rubber. The the point begins glowing and pulsing with energy waves.

Suddenly, the *Galaxy One* bursts through the glowing center, stripped of its football-shaped energy field. Steam-like gases billow off its hull.

The Cruiser glides to a stop. Behind the ship the rubbery fabric of space snaps back to normal.

INT. GALAXY ONE - BRIDGE

Through the three large windows, a cluster of stars chasing a giant black hole can be seen. Errant comets and asteroids zip by. A huge planet orbits a dim, tiny star.

CHAMBERS

Defensive posture Mister Zohn.

ZOHN

Shields at maximum, weapons at ready status.

McCauley stands, constantly gazing at the spectacle on the displays. He steps behind Kern. She glances over her shoulder.

KERN

Can't say I blame them for wanting to get out of here, sir. This place is a wreck.

ZOHN

Captain, we have a clear path to the Agilla Sector. No weapons traces within the area.

CHAMBERS

Very good Mister Zohn. Alright Commander, engage Quantum Engines. Velocity to ninety nine X L. All ahead full.

KERN

Course calculated, engines engaged. ETA, three minutes.

CHAMBERS

Initiate.

EXT. SPACE

The *Galaxy One's* engines glow. In front of the ship, ripples of energy compress the fabric of space like an accordion being squeezed. Behind the ship, space expands.

The cruiser moves forward and accelerates with increasing speed. First becoming opaque, then a glowing, translucent outline before completely disappearing into the darkness.

INT. GALAXY ONE - BRIDGE

The bridge crew is focused on their duties. Chambers and McCauley stand behind Kern studying the bizarre solar system through the three forward displays.

The area resembles a war zone. Debris from planets and asteroids litter the area. Two faint red stars are locked in a chaotic, orbital dance with each other.

KERN

Planet Agilla ahead, sir.

CHAMBERS

Mister Becker, full telescopic.

BECKER

Full scopic, sir.

Coming into focus from three angles is a ringed planet. A piece of the ring and big chunk of the planet's surface is missing as if a giant claw had ripped it away.

KERN

This is where the Gray's built the invasion tunnel?

MCCAULEY

What's left of it.

CHAMBERS

I wonder if that gaping hole was part of the plan.

MCCAULEY

Could've been caused by the backwash when the original Galaxy destroyed the tunnel.

McCauley turns to Chambers and speaks softly.

MCCAULEY

And themselves, God rest their souls.

Chambers also lowers his voice.

CHAMBERS

Hard to imagine, flying into that tunnel, knowing you're about to blow yourself to bits.

MCCAULEY

But they stopped the war. Without their sacrifice we'd all be serving Gray Warriors right now.

KERN

Captain, we're less than a parsec from Agilla.

CHAMBERS

Very well. Put us in just above those rings.

KERN

Aye, sir. Decelerating for orbital insertion. Sub light in three seconds.

EXT. SPACE

The *Galaxy One* appears as a glowing, translucent outline that turns opaque as it approaches. It slows, becomes solid and glides toward the damaged, ringed planet.

INT. GALAXY ONE - BRIDGE

Chambers steps behind Zohn.

CHAMBERS

Tactical, Mister Zohn.

Zohn presses button and gazes at his console.

ZOHN

The area is still clear of any Weapons Traces, Captain.

CHAMBERS

Good. Maintain full alert.

ZOHN

Aye, sir.

EXT. PLANET AGILLA - ORBIT

The *Galaxy One* makes a graceful banking curve, aligning itself with the plane of the planet's rings, then vanishing beyond it's horizon.

INT. GALAXY ONE - BRIDGE

The three displays have morphed into windows revealing the dirty brown planet with huge boulders forming the rings. Kern presses buttons and glances at Chambers.

KERN

Orbit achieved, Captain.

CHAMBERS

Thank you, Commander.

The Captain glances at McCauley.

CHAMBERS

Admiral.

Chambers makes his way to the science station located behind the command chair in the rectangular-shaped part of the bridge. McCauley follows.

Seated at a console is ANN DUPREE, the science officer. Dupree is in her mid 50's, a very pretty, dark-skinned lady of African descent.

CHAMBERS

Report, Miss Dupree.

Dupree presses button. Her view screen projects images that follow her description. She speaks with the English accent of a South African.

DUPREE

The planet has a unusually large liquid metal core with a fast rotational spin. Before the obvious damage, it was capable of storing huge amounts of energy.

MCCAULEY

A giant battery?

DUPREE

I believe it was more of a capacitor, storing energy then releasing it all at once.

CHAMBERS

The Grays would've needed that type of power to open a tunnel between galaxies.

DUPREE

The planet has never been inhabited although I am reading Life Traces on one of the its moons, located on the opposite side in close orbit above the rings.

Chambers turns toward Kern.

CHAMBERS

Commander. Come about one eighty. Halt geosynchronous orbit and hold our position. Let that moon catch up.

KERN

Aye sir.

EXT. PLANET AGILLA - ORBIT

The *Galaxy One* noses up and performs a back flip-roll, turning the ship completely around. It now faces the moon which has just appeared on the planets horizon.

INT. GALAXY ONE - BRIDGE

McCauley points to Dupree's view screen.

MCCAULEY

What about that missing piece?

Dupree presses buttons. The screen depicts a close-up image of the devastation to the ring and planet. Text flashes by.

DUPREE

Reading traces of iridium compound mixed with copper, composite plastics and... Hydraulic fluids?

Dupree intensely studies the readout.

DUPREE

I'm also picking up particles of reticulate anti-matter, the exact same kind used to power old Coalition starships.

MCCAULEY

That's got to be from the *Galaxy's* self destruction.

DUPREE

Decay indicates it was deposited roughly fifteen years ago.

CHAMBERS

That fits. She must have been more than halfway through the tunnel when she exploded.

MCCAULEY

That would explain why there's so much damage here and so little damage in our galaxy.

CHAMBERS

Miss Dupree, have someone in your department continue analyzing the area. Right now, I want to look at that moon.

Dupree types: KEEP ANALYZING A.D., presses several buttons and looks to her left. A crew member two stations down glances back and responds with "yes, ma'am."

She again presses buttons. On the view screen an image of the approaching moon appears.

DUPREE

This moon was Terra formed. Its atmosphere was artificially induced and quite capable of sustaining Gray or human life.

The screen changes to an overhead view of multiple buildings arranged in a rectangular shape.

DUPREE

A compound of some kind. Several structures with anti-matter power sources.

A light flashes on her console.

DUPREE

Now reading a human Life Trace.

The Captain and Admiral are surprised.

MCCAULEY

What?

CHAMBERS

Just one?

DUPREE

Yes sir. But there could be more.

Dupree presses buttons. New text scrolls by.

DUPREE

The current Trace is located outside of an energy dampening field much like the one you discovered on the Sagittarius. It's cloaking our sensors from the rest of the compound.

Chambers cast his gaze to the Communications Station.

CHAMBERS

Mister Becker, try to punch through that cloak. See if you can monitor any surface communications.

BECKER

Aye, sir.

KERN

Captain, the moon has come to full perigee.

CHAMBERS

Establish a parking orbit within Trammig range, Commander.

Dupree studies the new information being displayed on her screen.

DUPREE

The field is similar to the saucer's only many times stronger.

CHAMBERS

That one was strong enough.

Chambers glances over his shoulder.

CHAMBERS

Any luck Mister Becker?

BECKER

Not yet, sir. Penetrating the energy field will probably take some time.

CHAMBERS

Keep trying. And alert the Discovery Team. We're going to make a courtesy call to whoever is on that moon.

BECKER

Yes, sir.

ZOHN

Captain, I've got something.

Zohn presses buttons. The forward displays morph into the image of a black, triangular craft, rolling and tumbling as it orbits the small moon.

ZOHN

It's the Gray Warrior Ship, sir. The one that attacked the Sagittarius.

Chambers and McCauley move to the center of the bridge with their eyes glued to the view screens.

ZOHN

The ship is powerless and I'm reading no Life Traces aboard. And Captain...

A graphic image of the Warrior Ship appears in the center pane.

ZOHN

I've found Captain Banks' shuttle, sir.

Text streams by in another pane.

ZOHN

It's stowed inside the Warrior Ship's cargo hold.

Chambers fixes his eyes on the giant view screen and scrutinizes the information flashing by. He taps his finger on the back of Zohn's chair.

KERN

Parking orbit achieved, Captain.

CHAMBERS

Thank you, Commander.

The Captain leans in toward Zohn and lowers his voice.

CHAMBERS

Have a salvage team recover Banks' shuttle. I want it in OUR cargo hold. Understood?

ZOHN

Yes, sir.

Chambers turns his attention toward the Communications Station.

CHAMBERS

Mister Becker?

BECKER

Discovery Team assembling in the Tram Chamber now, sir.

CHAMBERS

Mister Zohn. Continue full battle alert.

ZOHN

Yes, sir.

CHAMBERS

We want to be ready if someone decides to crash our party.

Chambers glances at McCauley and motions toward the back of the bridge.

CHAMBERS

Admiral?

The Captain and Admiral head for the rear exit. Zohn turns toward Kern, his face filled with puzzlement as he mouths the words...

ZOHN

'Crash our party?'

EXT. GALAXY ONE'S HULL - TRAM EMITTER

A hatch opens, revealing the Tram Emitter. The red beam of the Tram Rail shoots toward the cloud covered moon.

EXT. SKY ABOVE MOON - DAY

The clouds part as the energy beam of the Tram Rail races by. Straight as an arrow, it hurtles toward the moon's surface.

EXT. MOON - FOREST NEAR COMPOUND - DAY

In a small clearing among a forest of tall trees, the glowing end of the Tram Rail drops from the sky, stops suddenly and hovers about ten feet off the ground.

The Rail flares its end like a funnel. The blue energy rope spins its cocoon and deposits the team. Then hovers above them, slowly twirling in its lasso-like rotation.

Kensington and two other Marines are poised and ready, arranged on the outside of a circular formation. The rest of the team is in the center.

The Marines spread out, scanning the area as Ridge, Sikes and Jones remain under the protection of the LES lasso. All but Chambers and McCauley read their Multi-Scanners.

A moment later, Chambers' Com Link CHIRPS. He brings up his wrist. It reads: KENSINGTON. The Captain taps its small screen.

CHAMBERS

Go ahead Sergeant.

KENSINGTON

Looks clear sir, no signs of Weapons Traces within the immediate area.

CHAMBERS

Very good. Return to formation.

KENSINGTON

Aye, sir.

Chambers again taps his Com Link.

CHAMBERS

Galaxy One, this is Chambers.

A familiar voice is heard through the small speaker.

KERN

Kern here, sir.

CHAMBERS

We've made it, Commander. All secure.

KERN

Shall I keep the rail hot?

CHAMBERS

No. We may need it later in another location.

KERN

Aye, sir.

The LES lasso is sucked into the throat of the funnel, which then de-flares. The glowing end of the Tram Rail bolts skyward and disappears into the clouds.

Kensington and the Marines return to the group. Chambers addresses all.

CHAMBERS

Alright everybody, huddle up.

The team forms a circle while the two young Marines stand guard.

CHAMBERS

What have we got?

Ridge presses buttons on his Multi-Scanner. It shoots a holographic projection of the compound that forms in the center of the team's circle.

RIDGE

This place appears to be some type of medical facility. What buildings I can scan are dedicated to biomatter reproduction or regeneration. The rest, my scanner can't penetrate. Even this close.

Sikes presses buttons on his scanner and aims. A new hologram is layered over the one Ridge projects.

SIKES

There's also an enormous underground facility that extends from these buildings to the moon's far side.

CHAMBERS

What about the Life Trace?

Jones presses buttons on her Multi-Scanner. She looks at it and frowns.

JONES

It was in a building at the end of the compound a moment ago, but right now I'm not picking it up.

One of the young Marines steps up and addresses Kensington, who is standing close by.

YOUNG MARINE

Sir, multiple weapons traces just appeared, headed this way.

Immediately the Sergeant barks orders.

KENSINGTON

Marines! Defensive posture!

The Marines draw their weapons and encircle the team. Kensington flips open his weapon's pop-up viewer. The Sergeant gazes at the screen then looks at the young Marine.

KENSINGTON

Where are they?

The young Marine glances at his weapon's viewer. He looks surprised.

YOUNG MARINE

I...I don't know, sir. They were just there...

Kensington methodically surveys the surrounding area. He glances at his weapon's viewer. Suddenly, the blank screen is filled with flashing symbols. Then, weapons fire.

The team ducks as plasma bullets riddle the trees above them. Kensington spots several fallen trees surrounded by a pile of dirt. He motions to the team and heads toward it.

KENSINGTON

This way!

EXT. MOON - FOREST NEAR COMPOUND - FALLEN TREES - DAY

The team huddles in a half-circular fortification of dirt and roots. The Marines take a defensive posture behind a huge trunk, which has fallen across the "fort's" entrance.

Chambers draws his small hand weapon and scoots up next to Kensington.

CHAMBERS

Gray Warriors?

KENSINGTON

No sir. They register as bio-mechanical.

CHAMBERS

Security droids?

KENSINGTON

Probably. All except one. For a moment it appeared to be Doctor Jones' human trace.

Kensington reads the pop-up viewer on his weapon. He furrows his brow as his scanner goes blank.

KENSINGTON

I don't get it. They were there a second ago. Now nothing.

CHAMBERS

Maybe they're hiding inside the dampening field.

KENSINGTON

Unlikely, Captain. They were well outside the field when they just...appeared...

CHAMBERS

Out of thin air?

KENSINGTON

I know, it sounds crazy.

CHAMBERS

Don't worry about your sanity Sergeant. I've heard that description before.

Kensington's scanner suddenly flashes several symbols. Immediately plasma bullets begin ricocheting off the trunk.

KENSINGTON

They're back, sir. I suggest you take cover and let us handle this...

A barrage of plasma bullets from the thicket directly in front of the team pellets the area. Chambers ducks behind the trunk as Kensington and the Marines return fire.

One of the young Marines is hit and slumps to the ground. Kensington starts toward him but is also shot.

Chambers scoots over and examines Kensington as McCauley crawls up.

CHAMBERS

He's still alive.

The second young Marine is hit and goes down. Chambers grabs the Sergeant's weapon as McCauley grabs Kensington by his vest.

The Captain props the weapon on the trunk and fires blindly at the unseen assailants. The Admiral drags Kensington toward the rest of the team.

Sikes and Ridge dodge the rain of plasma bullets to help McCauley pull the Sergeant to safety.

The team props up Kensington. Jones grabs her Multi-Scanner and methodically passes it over his injury.

JONES

He needs help and really soon.

McCauley taps his Com Link.

MCCAULEY

Galaxy One, this is McCauley. Can you get a Tram Rail to our location?

Nothing but static is heard through McCauley's device as the bombardment of plasma bullets continue to shatter the trees beside them. Then suddenly, they stop.

Chambers ceases firing and peeks over the tree trunk. Nothing. All is quiet. He flips open the weapon's pop-up viewer. The symbols are gone.

Chambers again peers over the trunk as McCauley eases up behind him and nearly whispers.

MCCAULEY

We've to get the Sargent back to the ship...

The Captain's Com Link CHIRPS. A male voice is heard through its small speaker.

VOICE

Whoever you are, please, hold your fire.

Chambers taps his Link and raises his wrist.

CHAMBERS

This is Captain Matthew Chambers of the Coalition ship, Galaxy One. Hold YOUR fire and we'll talk.

The bush rustles in front Chambers. He re-aims his weapon. Through the leaves a tall, handsome man in his 50's steps out holding his hands in the air.

MAN

There's no need for the weapon, Captain. I didn't know who you were.

Chambers keeps his aim as the man approaches.

CHAMBERS

Who are you?

The man stops a few feet from Chambers. He wears a similar uniform with a decorative patch on his shoulder bearing the words: CSS SAGITTARIUS.

MAN

I'm Roger Banks, Captain of the starship Sagittarius.

Banks glances at the injured Marines.

BANKS

Please, let me help these men.

CHAMBERS

You just shot them! And now you want to help them?

BANKS

I'm sorry Captain, that was a terrible mistake.

Banks looks at Chambers and McCauley with pleading eyes.

BANKS

Check your scanner, the droids are gone.

While still keeping his aim on Banks, Chambers takes a quick glance at the weapon's pop-up viewer. It's blank.

BANKS

Captain, please. I'm unarmed. Let me help your men. There's a medical facility close by that can save their lives.

Chambers and McCauley exchange quick glances. The Captain lowers his weapon.

INT. MOON - MEDICAL COMPOUND - RESTORATION FACILITY

Banks, Chambers and McCauley are sitting around a circular table engaged in conversation. The area resembles a small airport lobby.

Jones and one of the young Marines enter through an adjacent corridor. They step up to the group.

JONES

Kensington and Blake will make a full recovery, Captain. But I think they should stay put for a couple of hours before moving them.

Chambers acknowledges the Doctor with a head nod, then gazes at the Marine.

CHAMBERS

Glad to have you back, Lieutenant.

MARINE

Thank you, sir.

Jones takes a seat as the young Marine steps away from the table and stands guard near the corridor.

BANKS

Again, I'm terribly sorry. I've been imprisoned here for so long, I didn't realize the security droids were still active.

Banks pauses and splits his gaze between Chambers, McCauley and Jones.

BANKS

It's a miracle you found me.

JONES

Captain Banks, those 'doctor droids,' or, whatever they're called, are incredible. I've never seen anything like them. What are they?

Banks responds with a bit of pride in his voice.

BANKS

Biodroids, Doctor Jones. Grown from Protomatter. Incredible indeed.

The Admiral reacts offensively.

MCCAULEY

You're making Ceebee's?

BANKS

Admiral, not all created biological entities are monsters. Most serve a useful purpose, like the med droids.

MCCAULEY

And others like the Grays, invade galaxies, abduct their inhabitants and make war.

BANKS

But these did save your Marines, Admiral McCauley. I would say that is a useful purpose. Would you not?

McCauley glares at Banks.

BANKS

Besides, the med droids came courtesy of the facility. I didn't create them.

Chambers leans in while motioning around.

CHAMBERS

Captain, what is this place?

BANKS

A New Life regeneration facility. Originally there were two others in orbit before they were destroyed by the tunnel explosion.

CHAMBERS

This one looks unscathed.

BANKS

This moon just happened to be on the far side of the planet when the tunnel exploded, which provided protection from the blast.

CHAMBERS

Where are the Grays that operated it?

BANKS

Dead. Due to radiation exposure.

MCCAULEY

How did you survive?

BANKS

I was being kept in an underground section of the facility. Since there was ample food I was able to wait for the radiation cloud to dissipate. I passed the time learning as much as I could about this place. But, much of it still eludes me.

MCCAULEY

Where is the rest of your shuttle crew?

BANKS

Unfortunately, they all perished on the other New Life facilities.

CHAMBERS

Captain, we need to get you to the Galaxy One for a full medical workup. We have a Tram waiting whenever you're ready...

Banks raises a palm and shakes his head 'no.'

BANKS

I appreciate the gesture Captain, but I've lived in this medical facility for fifteen years. I assure you, I'm quite healthy.

CHAMBERS

It's not a matter of choice, Captain Banks. You're still an officer of the Galactic Fleet. The regs haven't changed.

Banks reflects a moment as he glances back and forth between Chambers and McCauley.

BANKS

Of course, you're right. It's been a long time since I've thought about Coalition regulations.

Banks stands.

BANKS

Captain, with your permission I'd like to gather my belongings while we're waiting for your Marines to recover.

Chambers and McCauley also stand.

CHAMBERS

Certainly.

BANKS

I've managed to accumulate a few things over the years. Some, I'd like to take with me, if that's possible.

CHAMBERS

There's plenty of storage aboard the Galaxy One, Captain.

The Admiral looks over at the young Marine Lieutenant. He raises his voice a bit.

MCCAULEY

Lieutenant. Assist Captain Banks.

BANKS

Admiral, that won't be necessary...

McCauley locks eyes with Banks.

MCCAULEY

I insist.

After a brief moment of staring at the Admiral, Banks glances away.

BANKS

Of course, if that's what you wish.

McCauley gives the Marine a two-fingered "come here" gesture. The young Lieutenant immediately steps toward the table. Banks glances at the team.

BANKS

If you all will excuse me.

Banks heads for the corridor. As the young Marine starts to follow, McCauley grabs his arm and stops him.

The Admiral waits until Banks is a few steps away, then leans in and whispers.

MCCAULEY

Keep a close watch on him.

The Marine whispers back.

MARINE

Understood, sir.

The young Lieutenant trots a few steps to catch up with Banks. The team watches as they head off down the corridor and disappear around a corner.

EXT. RED BUILDING - DAY

Sikes is carefully walking alongside a wall, slowly examining it with his Multi-Scanner. He stops and takes a few steps backwards, constantly reading it's display.

He focuses the scanner on one spot then pulls out a small hand weapon. He presses buttons on its side and shoots a weak energy pulse at the wall.

Like the saucer, a glowing line forms on what had been a seamless wall. The line morphs into a door that Sikes must sidestep as it opens. Cautiously, he walks inside.

INT. RED BUILDING - DAY

Sikes' eyes dart between his scanner and his surroundings as he strolls down a lighted corridor. Ahead, he notices a glass enclosure with a small panel beside it.

He holsters the scanner and methodically approaches the enclosure with his weapon drawn. Carefully stepping up to the glass, he slowly peeks in.

Several stories below is an enormous area resembling a giant operating room. Numerous small groups of Grays are conducting grisly operations on various species of aliens.

Sikes pulls back, scoots away from the window and squats beside a nearby console.

INT. MOON - MEDICAL COMPOUND - RESTORATION FACILITY

The team is seated around the table in conversation.

MCCAULEY

His story doesn't add up.

CHAMBERS

It's been fifteen years. It's possible he doesn't remember all the details.

McCauley locks eyes with the Captain.

MCCAULEY

He's a starship Captain. You never forget those kinds of details. I know you wouldn't.

Chambers looks away. He pushes his chair away from the table and leans back.

CHAMBERS

It's almost as if he wasn't there. Like he's been brainwashed...or is being coerced by someone.

Ridge enters and steps up to the table. He closes the lid of his Multi-Scanner.

RIDGE

Captain, I've scanned every building I could and I still can't tell what's inside them.

The Captain's Com Link CHIRPS. It reads: SIKES. He gives it a quick tap.

CHAMBERS

Yes Mister Sikes?

Sikes speaks in a whisper through the small speaker.

SIKES

Grays Captain, hundreds of them, in some type of a laboratory not far from your location.

The team bolt to their feet.

CHAMBERS

Stay put. We'll trail your Link.

Chambers looks at Jones.

CHAMBERS

Doctor, go resuscitate the Marines. We may not have a couple of hours.

JONES

Yes, sir.

CHAMBERS

Gentlemen?

Chambers, Ridge and McCauley race for the exit.

EXT. RED BUILDING - DAY

Sikes squats beside the open door as the team approaches. He holds a single finger to his puffed lips giving them the "quiet" sign as they join.

Chambers kneels beside him. He gazes at the opening and speaks in a whisper.

CHAMBERS

What'd you find?

SIKES

The Grays are back to their old tricks again, Captain. It's pretty gruesome, sir.

CHAMBERS

Alright, lead the way.

Sikes quietly gestures to the open door. He stands and motions for the group to follow.

INT. RED BUILDING - DAY

Sikes leads the team to the glass enclosure. Each of their faces display a slightly different silent-grimace as they look in.

While gazing at the spectacle, a small sparkle of light begins reflecting off the glass. It grows larger, brighter, until it catches Sikes' attention. He spins around.

SIKES

Captain!

The team does an about face in unison. In front of them the energy-laden outline of a man sparkles and glows. Like a ghost appearing out of thin air, Banks materializes.

Chambers steps toward him, narrows his eyes and speaks authoritatively.

CHAMBERS
How did you do that?

Banks responds in a calm voice.

BANKS
If I had wanted to, I could have just as easily beamed in here armed. But I didn't.

The Admiral takes a stand next to Chambers. His voice is harsh.

MCCAULEY
Why would you need to be armed, Captain?

McCauley points to the glass enclosure.

MCCAULEY
To keep us from seeing this? Or stop us from doing something about it?

BANKS
Admiral, I came to you unarmed as a gesture of goodwill.

Banks again passes his pleading eyes between Chambers and McCauley.

BANKS
Gentlemen please, let me explain. I promise, this time it will be the truth.

The Captain and Admiral exchange glances.

CHAMBERS
Alright. We're listening.

BANKS
What you just witnessed was a demonstration of the most magnificent device ever created. A dimensional transporter.

The Captain wrinkles his brow and glances over his shoulder.

CHAMBERS
Mister Sikes, enlighten us.

Sikes steps up and stands next to Chambers, opposite McCauley.

SIKES

A transportation device like our
Molecular Tram, but without the mass or
line of sight restrictions.

CHAMBERS

So they can just appear out of thin air?

SIKES

Theoretically, sir.

Banks turns on his "salesman" voice and eases his way
toward Ridge, who is examining a panel next to the glass
enclosure.

BANKS

Imagine gentlemen, every ship in the
fleet equipped with several, no,
hundreds of these transporters. Instant
access to anywhere. No more burning
your way through bulkheads. You can
even transport through solid rock.

Banks takes the last step that puts him next to Ridge.

BANKS

A technology the Grays are willing to
share with the Coalition when the time
is right.

The Admiral wrinkles his brow and takes a step forward.
There's anger and sarcasm in his voice.

MCCAULEY

What I IMAGINE are the Grays stealing
this technology. Then using it to
abduct innocent people for their
perverted experiments.

Banks looks surprised. His tone is indignant.

BANKS

Perverted?

CHAMBERS

Captain, what's happened to you? Why
are you negotiating for the Grays?

With lightning speed Banks grabs Ridge, takes his weapon
and holds it against his temple. He gazes at the group and
motions toward an adjacent wall.

BANKS

Everyone. Over there.

The team collectively moves against the wall.

CHAMBERS

Captain, this isn't the answer.

With the weapon pressed against Ridge's head, Banks opens a small door in the panel revealing buttons.

BANKS

I'm afraid it is, Captain. The only answer.

Banks presses the buttons with his free hand while holding his hostage at gun point.

BANKS

You leave me no choice.

Ridge slowly moves his eyes across the room. Something unseen now has drawn his full attention. Banks doesn't notice and continues to press buttons.

BANKS

I won't let you destroy what we've accomplished.

Ridge nods his head "yes" ever so slightly. Chambers looks genuinely perplexed.

CHAMBERS

'We,' Captain?

Ridge slips through Banks' grip and drops to the floor.

A shot from an unseen plasma rifle rings out. Banks stumbles against the glass enclosure but quickly regains his footing. Ridge scrambles out of the way.

Banks has a large hole in his forehead, barely dripping blood. He takes a couple of wobbly steps forward and raises Ridge's weapon with a shaky arm.

Another shot hits Banks in the throat, the plasma bullet passing completely through his neck. He stops his advance, turns and re-aims the weapon at the team.

But before he can fire, three more shots ring out bringing Captain Banks to the floor.

Kensington, while maintaining his aim at Banks' motionless body, steps in. Jones follows.

JONES

Banks was a biodroid, Captain. He killed the other two Marines before we could stop him.

Kensington lowers his aim slightly.

KENSINGTON

But he wasn't autonomous, sir. He's being remotely controlled.

Sikes opens his Multi-Scanner. Ridge, already on his feet, joins him. Jones steps over to the Banks-droid, kneels and gazes at the automaton.

SIKES

Captain, I think we've got company coming.

A few feet away the air sparkles. A second later, two small, humanoid-shaped beings appear covered with head and body armor. They point weapons at Ridge and Sikes.

Instantly Kensington takes one out from across the room. Sikes, the other.

CHAMBERS

Sergeant, is there any way to seal this room?

KENSINGTON

Yes sir.

Kensington reaches into a pocket and pulls out several matchbook-sized devices. He quickly begins sticking them to the walls.

Chambers peers through the glass enclosure. Below, many of the Grays are scrambling about.

SIKES

More Warriors, sir. Lots of them.

RIDGE

This time they're coming up through a connecting corridor. They'll be here in seconds, sir.

Kensington presses buttons on his weapon. The small devices on the wall radiate an energy field that overlaps one another.

Within seconds, the entire inside of the room is covered in a glowing field of energy.

KENSINGTON

That should hold them for a while, sir.

JONES

Captain, take a look at this.

Chambers steps over to where Jones is examining the Banks-droid. McCauley follows. Both kneel down.

JONES

This is awful.

Jones pulls back the skin around Banks' wound to reveal a second, metal "skin" underneath. Both the Admiral and Captain react with disgust and pity.

JONES

They've completely removed the skin from the real Captain Banks and stretched it over this droid.

MCCAULEY

Why would they do that?

CHAMBERS

So our scanners would pick up the real Banks' skin RNA signature and read him as the real deal.

JONES

That's why he didn't want a full medical workup.

MCCAULEY

But why the elaborate deception? He must have realized we'd find out sooner or later.

CHAMBERS

To buy them some time.

Chambers stands. Jones and McCauley follow.

CHAMBERS

Just like the Rim, this droid was nothing more than a diversionary tactic. Distracting us while they study our weaknesses.

Ridge steps up to Chambers reading his Multi-Scanner. He points to an adjacent wall with it.

RIDGE

Captain, there's a biological heat signature just on the other side of that wall.

SIKES

It's in another room adjoining this one.

Chambers steps up to Kensington.

CHAMBERS

Give me an opening into that room, Sergeant.

KENSINGTON

Aye, sir.

Kensington presses buttons on his weapon and a 5 foot tall oval parts the energy field on a portion of the wall. Jones steps up pointing her Multi-Scanner at it.

JONES

Captain, this Life Trace has both Gray and Human characteristics.

Kensington motions for the rest of the team to move away as he adjusts his weapon and fires a short energy pulse. A section of the wall melts away, leaving a sizzling hole.

Through the hole, in another room, a Gray/Human hybrid, ADAM, is frantically pressing buttons on a computer console that displays a graphic of the Banks-droid.

Adam looks very much like a human teenager except he has huge Gray eyes and a large bald cranium. He stops pressing buttons and slowly faces the team with a cold stare.

INT. RED BUILDING - ADAMS' ROOM - DAY

Kensington and Chambers step in through the oval-shaped hole. The Sergeant keeps an aim on Adam while Chambers quickly walks straight and steady toward the hybrid.

ADAM

You have accomplished nothing by killing the droid.

The rest of the team steps in. Ridge and Sikes immediately begin taking scanner readings.

Chambers steps up to Adam and pulls him out of his chair. The hybrid's feet dangle above the floor as the Captain pulls him up to his eye level.

CHAMBERS

Who are you? What have you done with
Captain Banks?

Adam looks at Chambers and smirks. His voice is shrill and
sarcastic.

ADAM

Who I am is unimportant. And your
precious Captain Banks is still alive.

Chambers pulls Adam closer, grits his teeth and nearly
screams.

CHAMBERS

Where is he?!

McCauley steps up.

MCCAULEY

Matt...

Chambers relaxes his grip and throws Adam back in his chair.

MCCAULEY

We might have found him.

The Captain addresses Kensington.

CHAMBERS

Sergeant, keep an eye on this thing. If
he moves, shoot him.

KENSINGTON

Understood, sir.

ADAM

Killing me will also accomplish
nothing...

Kensington shoves the barrel of his weapon toward Adam's
face.

KENSINGTON

Shut up.

Chambers follows McCauley to where Ridge, Sikes and Jones
are gathered. All three are pressing buttons on their
Multi-Scanners.

An instant later a line appears on what was a seamless
wall. Then, a door slides open revealing yet, another room.
Inside, lights flicker to life.

Chambers reaches in his pocket, draws his weapon and steps through the opening. The rest of the team follow suit.

INT. RED BUILDING - LABORATORY - DAY

Lead by Chambers, the team enters a large room containing a row of six "hospital beds." Each has an attached display panel and is surrounded by a curtain.

Ridge and Sikes begin mingling about, taking scanner readings. McCauley steps to a bed with 'BANKS' written on the panel. He pulls back the curtain and grimaces.

The real Captain Banks lies face up. His body is stripped of its skin and connected to a bundle of wires and tubes. A small pump beside him heaves his chest with air.

The Admiral glances over to the next bed where Chambers and Jones are examining another victim.

MCCAULEY

Captain. Doctor.

They turn and look down at the grotesque spectacle of the real Captain Banks. A look of pain covers Chambers' face. He closes his eyes and momentarily looks away. Jones gasps.

JONES

My God!

The Doctor immediately begins passing her Multi-Scanner over the exposed muscle and bone that makes up Banks' frail, red body. His lidless eyes stare at the ceiling.

JONES

Jesus, he's still alive!

At that moment Banks' eyes roll and gaze at Jones. Chambers notices.

CHAMBERS

Captain Banks. We're with the Galactic Fleet. We're here to help.

The small lumps of flesh that once formed his lips begin to quiver. Banks tries to speak. His words are barely audible are hard to form and articulate.

BANKS

...stot n... stot n...

Jones leans in and listens.

JONES

I think he's saying 'stop him.'

Banks rolls his eyes toward Chambers and McCauley.

CHAMBERS

We WILL stop him Captain, I give you my word. But we've got to get you out of here first...

(written dialog is for clarity)

BANKS

No...No. You can't... Let me die. Please.

Chambers looks at Jones. She closes the scanner and steps away from the bed. He follows, they huddle.

JONES

There's nothing I can do, sir. He's being completely kept alive by artificial means.

CHAMBERS

We can't use the Tram?

JONES

In his condition, he wouldn't survive the LES acceleration. And it would take too long to equip a shuttle with a super sterile field.

Ridge and Sikes join them.

RIDGE

Sir, it's the rest of Captain Banks' shuttle crew. They're all dead.

SIKES

Each of their bodies has been mutilated in a different way, presumably for conducting specific tests...

McCauley's motion catches the Captain's eye. He gazes toward Banks' bed, prompting the rest to look.

The Admiral is pressing buttons on the display panel. The flashing lights indicating Banks' life condition, dim, then extinguish. The air pump, slows to a stop.

McCauley unzips his pocket and pulls out a matchbook size piece of cloth. After a quick shake it morphs into a hand towel that he drapes over Banks' face. Chambers steps up.

CHAMBERS

Admiral?

McCauley gazes across the room. His eyes dart between the mutilated bodies. His jaw clenches.

CHAMBERS

Sir, you didn't have to pull the plug.
We might have been able to save him...

Ignoring the Captain, McCauley steps swiftly toward the door. Chambers and the team follow.

INT. RED BUILDING - ADAMS' ROOM - DAY

Now, it's McCauley that walks straight and steady to where Kensington still holds Adam at gun point. Chambers and the rest follow him in.

Adam stares at the Admiral and speaks with a condescending tone.

ADAM

Your Captain Banks served me well over the years. Too bad the only thing worth saving was a pile of skin.

McCauley looks at Kensington, holds out his hand and speaks calmly.

MCCAULEY

Sergeant, your sidearm.

Kensington gives McCauley a puzzled, sideways glance.

ADAM

We will finally finish what our ancestors started. Thanks to you humans, our New Life process is nearly perfected.

While keeping his aim on Adam, the Sergeant unstraps his holster and hands McCauley a pistol-shaped weapon.

ADAM

NOTHING will stop us from completing it. NOTHING!

In one sweeping motion, McCauley takes a step forward, aims and fires two rounds of plasma bullets into Adam's forehead.

Blood squirts from the wound as the Gray hybrid falls against a wall and slides to the floor. The team reacts with shocked faces.

CHAMBERS

Admiral!

Jones rushes to Adam's bleeding body as McCauley calmly hands the weapon back to Kensington. He walks to the glass enclosure and looks down.

Below, the Grays have vacated their lab. All that remains are the motionless dissected bodies of their victims. Chambers steps up. McCauley continues his gawking.

MCCAULEY

This is a prelude to another war, Matt.
We've got to stop it now, while we
still can.

The energy field protecting the room begins to strobe. Kensington joins the Captain and Admiral.

KENSINGTON

It's the Warriors. They're attempting
to breach the shield...

Chambers' Com Link CHIRPS. He taps it and raises his arm to speaking position.

CHAMBERS

Yes, mister Zohn.

ZOHN

Captain, approximately one hundred
vessels of unknown configuration has
just entered this sector. They're on an
intercept course with weapons hot. ETA,
seven minutes present speed.

CHAMBERS

Go to Combat Alert. Send the Tram.
Prepare for immediate departure.

ZOHN

Aye, sir.

McCauley looks at Chambers.

MCCAULEY

We'll annihilate this from a safe
distance.

On the ceiling, a small hole parts the strobing energy field. Behind it, a quarter-sized portion of the ceiling begins to glow. A puff of smoke billows through the opening.

The red tube of the Tram Rail breaks through the glowing dot, flares it's end and forms a funnel.

The team huddles under the funnel. The blue LES lasso begins spinning from it's edge. A second later, the lasso forms a cocoon and swallows up the team.

The Tram Rail de-flares it's end. The red tube whips around like an out-of-control garden hose as it's being sucked back through the small opening.

In the same moment, the strobing energy field dissipates. Lines form on a seamless wall creating a large opening. A number of armed, Gray Warriors pour in.

EXT. RED BUILDING - DAY

The red Tram Rail bolts away from the top of the building and disappears into the clouds.

EXT. SPACE - PLANET AGILLA - MOON

Like a fisherman reeling in a line, the Tram Rail races through the moon's clouds toward the *Galaxy One*, hanging in the darkness above.

INT. GALAXY ONE - BRIDGE

The bridge is abuzz with sounds and activity of Combat Alert. Chambers enters from the rear and trots forward. Kern stands from the command chair.

KERN

Good to have you back, Captain.

Chambers acknowledges her with a head nod and takes his seat. The Commander takes the helm.

CHAMBERS

Report, Mister Zohn.

The center window morphs into a view screen depicting images that follow Zohn's description.

ZOHN

We've identified the hostiles as heavily armed Gray attack saucers approaching from the far side of the planet. They'll be within weapons range in two minutes.

Zohn turns and looks at Chambers with a straight face.

ZOHN

I believe they're here to 'crash our party,' sir.

Chambers forces back a smile.

CHAMBERS

Think we should let them do that, Mister Zohn?

Zohn smiles.

ZOHN

No sir!

CHAMBERS

Neither do I. Prepare for combat.

The Tactical Officer directs his attention back to his console.

CHAMBERS

We certainly don't want them to rain on our parade.

Zohn stops pressing buttons. He stares blankly at his console a moment. Then begins pressing again.

BECKER

Captain, another Neutronic transmission was sent from that moon less than ten minutes ago.

CHAMBERS

Were you able to locate it's destination?

BECKER

No, sir. But I've transmitted our standard hail in all lingua codes. No reply.

Chambers steps from his chair to behind Zohn's position.

CHAMBERS

Can we handle them Mister Zohn?

ZOHN

Doubtful sir. Calculations predict we're simply outnumbered.

CHAMBERS

Then we'd better do our duty and get out of here. Commander Kern, escape course. Mister Zohn, lock anti matter targeting control on...

DUPREE

Captain, there's an active Life Trace on the planet, sir. It's from the Galaxy's debris.

Chambers hurries to Dupree's station.

DUPREE

Scanners just detected a cryo-medical canister with a human Life Trace lodged beneath the surface.

The Science Officer locks eyes with Chambers.

DUPREE

Whoever is inside, is still alive.

CHAMBERS

Can we bring it aboard with the Cargo Tram?

Dupree returns her gaze to her console.

DUPREE

I believe so, sir.

CHAMBERS

Send location coordinates to the helm.

Dupree presses buttons. Chambers gazes at the view screens. The attacking vessels have split into two formations, each rounding the planet's horizon on both sides.

ZOHN

Captain, our position has been compromised.

KERN

Coordinates received and laid in, sir.

CHAMBERS

Let's go Commander. And hurry.

EXT. SPACE - PLANET AGILLA - MOON

Space compresses and the *Galaxy One* swiftly moves along the top of the ring toward the broken section. The armada, now in two formations, approaches from both sides.

INT. GALAXY ONE - BRIDGE

Chambers briskly steps from the science station to his command chair. He flips open an arm-panel and taps on its small view screen.

CHAMBERS

Cargo Tram, stand by to initiate.

A voice is heard over the chair's speaker.

VOICE

Planetary coordinates entered, Captain.
Sequence energized.

ZOHN

Thirty seconds to hostile weapons range.

KERN

Approaching debris field.

EXT. SPACE - PLANET AGILLA - TOP OF RING

The *Galaxy One* stops next to the ripped out section of the ring and hovers just above its rocky terrain. The ship maneuvers its nose toward the huge canyon of missing planet.

A hatch opens. The Cargo Tram emitter drops down and fires a beam that sprints toward the surface.

EXT. PLANET AGILLA - SURFACE

The glowing end of the Tram Rail falls from space. It stops a few feet above the debris, flares its end into the familiar funnel shape and hovers.

The blue energy rope appears from the funnel's throat. It races around the flared edge and begins spinning a cocoon. Suddenly, it stops and retracts back into the funnel.

INT. GALAXY ONE - BRIDGE

The voice returns to command chair speaker.

VOICE

Captain, Tram malfunction. Radiation is preventing signal lock.

ZOHN

Five seconds to hostile weapons range.

CHAMBERS

Miss Dupree, are you absolutely SURE there's a real live human in that canister?

DUPREE

Positive, sir.

Chambers taps the panel's view screen.

CHAMBERS

Chief, disengage radiation protocols...

ZOHN

Enemy vessels firing!

EXT. SPACE - PLANET AGILLA - TOP OF RING

Thousands of plasma bullets from the approaching armada shower the *Galaxy One* from both sides. Its energy shield sparkles as it absorbs the hits.

INT. GALAXY ONE - BRIDGE

Chambers hangs on to the command chair as the ship rocks. He quickly takes his seat.

CHAMBERS

Chief, stand by. We'll try again in a minute. Mister Zohn, engage tactical.

Zohn presses buttons but the view through the forward displays remains the same. The ship hasn't moved. The pounding and rocking becomes more intense.

BECKER

Captain, reports of minor damage to the aft hull.

Chambers glances between the forward displays and Zohn, who's extended finger is frozen in position over a single button.

CHAMBERS

I said engage tactical, Mister Zohn.

Zohn responds calmly, his finger still frozen in place.

ZOHN

Aye, sir.

EXT. SPACE - PLANET AGILLA - TOP OF RING

The armada now surrounds the *Galaxy One*, its shield sparkling like fireworks from the massive number of hits.

INT. GALAXY ONE - BRIDGE

Smoke bellows from one of the consoles at the rear of the bridge as the rocking intensifies. Chambers glances over his shoulder then back to Zohn.

CHAMBERS

Mister Zohn, engage tactical, now!

ZOHN

I have, sir.

CHAMBERS

Well in case you haven't noticed they're still shooting at us!

A few more hits. Then, Zohn presses the button.

EXT. SPACE - PLANET AGILLA - TOP OF RING

The *Galaxy One* drops through the boulders that make up the rings, its energy shield smashes most of the rock to rubble while breaking and shoving others aside.

With the rapid disappearance of their target, many of the attackers are destroyed by their own cross-fire. Others are smashed to bits by the flying boulder debris.

INT. GALAXY ONE - BRIDGE

The bridge shakes and rattles. The three angles of the forward displays reveal boulders being mutilated as the ship plows downward through the thick maelstrom of rock.

EXT. SPACE - PLANET AGILLA - TOP OF RING

The armada re-forms and like a swarm of bees gives chase. They squeeze through the hole left by the giant cruiser and dodge the debris created by its wake.

EXT. SPACE - PLANET AGILLA - BOTTOM OF RING

Boulders quiver, then explode outward into space like a shotgun blast as the *Galaxy One* suddenly bursts through the underside of the ring.

Space compresses and the giant ship races away. A second later, the armada pours out of the hole in hot pursuit.

INT. GALAXY ONE - BRIDGE

Zohn operates his console with speed and precision, sending navigation information to Kern's console while plotting the next tactical maneuver.

ZOHN

Odds for victory have increased
Captain, now at fifty five percent.

EXT. SPACE - PLANET AGILLA - BOTTOM OF RING

The *Galaxy One* rockets along the bottom side of the ring, skimming just inches below its chunky surface. The armada closes in and begins firing.

INT. GALAXY ONE - BRIDGE

The bridge shakes. Zohn glances at Kern.

ZOHN

Increasing power to aft shield.

KERN

Acknowledged.

EXT. SPACE - PLANET AGILLA - BOTTOM OF RING

Through the glow of its shield, the *Galaxy One* fires its rear beam weapons at the ring's boulders, scattering them in the armada's path.

The lead attackers slam into the obstacles. The rest scoot around them and continue the chase.

INT. GALAXY ONE - BRIDGE

The three forward displays depict the remaining armada closing in fast from the rear. Zohn turns to Chambers.

ZOHN

We can 'handle' the rest, Captain.

CHAMBERS

Then do so, Mister Zohn.

ZOHN

Aye, sir.

Zohn spins around and presses buttons with almost machine like precision.

EXT. SPACE - PLANET AGILLA - BOTTOM OF RING

The *Galaxy One* veers away from under the ring's rocky ceiling and heads for open space. The armada follows.

The giant cruiser performs a graceful u-turn and speeds directly toward its pursuers. The armada opens fire.

INT. GALAXY ONE - BRIDGE

The bridge again shakes. The forward displays reveal the eminent, head-on collision with a barrage of plasma bullets. A light flashes on Zohn's console.

ZOHN

Captain, one hundred attack saucers were just launched from the moon we were orbiting. They'll be in weapons range in less than a minute, sir.

CHAMBERS

Understood. Continue attack, Mister Zohn. Then take us back to the debris field as fast as you can.

ZOHN

Aye, sir.

After a multitude of quick entries, Zohn presses a single button, leans back in his chair and gazes at the forward displays.

EXT. SPACE - PLANET AGILLA

With its oval shield sparkling, the *Galaxy One* plows its way through the hail of plasma bullets while simultaneously firing several beam weapons at the colliding armada.

With precision and accuracy, the Intergalactic Cruiser systematically vaporizes every attacking saucer, reducing the armada to nothing as it speeds past the last one.

INT. GALAXY ONE - BRIDGE

Zohn refocuses on his console.

ZOHN

Targets destroyed, Captain. New enemy acquisitions in thirty four seconds.

Chambers taps the panel's view screen.

CHAMBERS

Chief, stand by to re-initiate the Tram.

A voice replies through the chair's speaker.

CHIEF

Radiation protocols disengaged. We're ready this time, Captain.

EXT. SPACE - PLANET AGILLA - TOP OF RING

The *Galaxy One* maneuvers into position directly over the hole in the ring it had just created. The new armada rounds the planet's horizon.

INT. GALAXY ONE - BRIDGE

Chambers stands behind the tactical station, his eyes glued to the forward displays. Boulder debris floats by in the foreground as the enemy fleet approaches in the distance.

CHAMBERS

Mister Zohn, I want a shield around that rail.

Zohn presses buttons. Chambers moves to the command chair.

ZOHN

Ready, sir.

KERN

We're in position, Captain.

Chambers taps the panel's view screen.

CHAMBERS

Cargo Tram, initiate.

EXT. SPACE - PLANET AGILLA - TOP OF RING

The hatch opens. The Tram Emitter drops down and fires a beam, this time surrounded by a protective energy shield. The new enemy armada starts their attack.

INT. GALAXY ONE - BRIDGE

The ship rocks and shakes under the siege of weapons fire.

ZOHN

Tram in route. Shields holding.

EXT. PLANET AGILLA - SURFACE

The glowing end of the Tram Rail drops from space, flares its end and hovers over the debris. The energy shield continues past it and drills into the ground.

INT. GALAXY ONE - BRIDGE

Sparks fly from consoles as repair crews buzz around the rear of the bridge. Zohn looks over his shoulder at Chambers.

ZOHN

Rail contact, Captain. Shields holding but weakening. Weapons at maximum spread.

EXT. SPACE - PLANET AGILLA - TOP OF RING

The *Galaxy One* hovers motionless with the Tram Rail attached to the planet like an umbilical cord. It fires multiple beam weapons as more attackers move in.

EXT. PLANET AGILLA - SURFACE

The blue energy rope appears. It spins a cocoon that drops to the ground and covers a large mound of dirt. It glows and retracts, taking the mound with it.

INT. GALAXY ONE - BRIDGE

Through the noise of intense rocking and shaking, the chief's voice blares through the command chair speaker.

CHIEF

Object retrieved, Captain. Retracting rail.

CHAMBERS

Acknowledged.

The Captain leans in toward Kern.

CHAMBERS

Helm, engage Quantum Engines. Set velocity to ninety nine XL.

EXT. PLANET AGILLA - SURFACE

The Tram Rail bolts skyward from the surface followed by its protective energy shield, glowing white and sparkling from the unrelenting bombardment of plasma bullets.

EXT. SPACE - PLANET AGILLA - TOP OF RING

The armada now swarms the *Galaxy One*, each hurdling thousands of plasma bullets at the cruiser's sparkling, oval-shaped energy shield.

With the Tram rail still attached, the *Galaxy One* continues to fire its weapons, vaporizing as many attackers as possible.

INT. GALAXY ONE - BRIDGE

The bridge is now roaring with noise. Sparks and smoke blast from nearly every console. Some of the crew are tossed from their seats by the intense shaking.

Zohn turns toward Chambers. His face is calm but he has to nearly scream to be heard over the roar.

ZOHN

Shields near failure, Captain.

Chambers hangs on to the arms of the command chair. He leans in toward the chair's panel and hears the Chief's voice, barely audible above the chaos.

CHIEF

Object aboard, Captain.

CHAMBERS

Alright Zohn, get us out of here!

ZOHN

Aye, sir.

Zohn presses buttons.

EXT. SPACE - PLANET AGILLA - TOP OF RING

The *Galaxy One* concentrates its multiple beam weapons only on the attackers directly in front it, punching a "hole" in the swarm.

The engines glow. Space compresses. The cruiser eases forward through the remaining salvo of plasma bullets. Some of the swarm moves with it.

INT. GALAXY ONE - BRIDGE

Although the sparks and smoke has subsided, the bridge still rocks and shakes. Becker hangs on to his console as he turns toward Chambers.

BECKER

All ship acceleration dampeners at maximum, Capitan.

KERN

Course plotted, Quantum Engines standing by. Ready to initiate.

Chambers grips the arms of his chair and leans forward.

CHAMBERS

Alright, Commander. Step on it.

EXT. SPACE - PLANET AGILLA - TOP OF RING

The *Galaxy One* bursts through the swarm. Like a bullet shot from a rifle, the giant cruiser vanishes in a streak of light into open space.

A few of the remaining attackers give chase but turn back after the ship disappears in the blink of an eye.

INT. GALAXY ONE - BRIDGE

On the forward displays, the ringed planet rapidly shrinks to a small dot. Zohn turns to Chambers.

ZOHN

We're clear, sir. No pursuit.

CHAMBERS

Apply the brakes, helm. All stop.

KERN

Aye, sir. Decelerating.

CHAMBERS

Alright, Mister Zohn. Let 'em have it.

Zohn presses buttons on his console.

EXT. SPACE

The *Galaxy One* glides to a halt while opening a hatch in the rear of the ship. It fires a single, enormous energy missile that rockets toward the ringed planet.

EXT. SPACE - PLANET AGILLA - MOON

All of the remaining attackers have retreated. Some orbit the moon while others fly in formation toward it's surface. The energy missile hurdles toward them.

INT. GALAXY ONE - BRIDGE

The bright light of an explosion fills the displays. The screens instantly adjust the illumination, until the light shrinks and vanishes. Zohn reads his console.

ZOHN

Agilla system destroyed, Captain.

Chambers stands and takes a deep breath. He steps up behind the helm position. His voice is relieved.

CHAMBERS

Let's get out of here, Commander.
Prepare the ship for Trans Galactic.

The Captain gives Kern a quick shoulder pat.

CHAMBERS

Take us home.

KERN

Gladly, sir.

Kern begins pressing buttons as Chambers turns to Zohn.

CHAMBERS

Excellent work Mister Zohn. A bit
unnerving at times, but very effective
tactical maneuvering.

ZOHN

Thank you, sir.

The Captain heads toward the rear exit.

CHAMBERS

I'll be in Med Bay checking on our new
guest.

Zohn waits until Chambers is out of earshot. He looks at Kern with a puzzled face.

ZOHN

What is 'rain on our parade?'

EXT. SPACE - AGILLA SECTOR

The engines glow. Space compresses. The cruiser moves forward and accelerates. It becomes opaque, then a glowing outline before completely disappearing into the darkness.

INT. GALAXY ONE - MED BAY - OBSERVATION ROOM

The small room is lined with chairs. Rows of windows reveal Jones and several technicians in another room gathered around a bio-bed. The cryo-medical canister lies nearby.

Chambers steps in, strolls to the glass and gawks through the window's clear pane. Jones notices him, says something to another technician and disappears from his view.

With a SWOOSH Jones enters through an airlock and removes her mask. Chambers maintains his gaze through the window as she walks up.

JONES

We're keeping him alive for now. Most of his body suffered severe radiation damage.

CHAMBERS

Do you know who he is?

JONES

You won't believe this. He was the Chief Medical Officer aboard the Galaxy. A Doctor Morgan Vahgan. He must have put himself in cryogenic freeze right before the ship exploded.

Chambers looks at Jones.

CHAMBERS

That's bizarre. Why would anyone put their self in Cryo Freeze when their ship is about to self destruct?

JONES

I suppose HE wasn't ready to self destruct.

CHAMBERS

But the Galaxy was on a suicide mission. He volunteered.

JONES

I guess he changed his mind at the last minute.

Jones exhales a quick sigh.

JONES

And that's really sad because he probably won't make it.

CHAMBERS

Why?

JONES

His exposure is just too severe. The canister had a micro fracture that's allowed radiation to leak in over the years.

The Captain returns his gaze through the window at the technicians hovering over the motionless body.

CHAMBERS

Sad and ironic. He survived a war, the destruction of his ship, just to die in a MED BAY.

JONES

Actually sir, there is something I could try. But...I don't think the Admiral is going to like it.

Chambers gives his undivided attention to the Doctor.

JONES

His brain, skull and facial tissue are mostly unaffected, simple treatment will take care of those. And...

Jones speaks her next words very quickly.

JONES

...I could use Protomatter to replace the rest of the damage.

Jones slightly bites her lower lip. Chambers wrinkles his brow.

CHAMBERS

You mean turn him into a biodroid?

JONES

Well, not really, sir. Just...from the neck down.

The Captain shakes his head "no."

CHAMBERS

I don't know...

JONES

Captain, I'm sure he won't live unless we do something drastic.

CHAMBERS

That's darn drastic.

Chambers returns to his gawking. The old starship uniform hanging in the corner catches his attention.

CHAMBERS

You sure it'll work?

As Jones responds, Chambers focuses on a patch stitched to the uniform's sleeve with *CSS GALAXY* embroidered across it.

JONE

I'm more sure he'll die if we don't do something fast. And right now, that's the best I have.

Chambers again faces Jones.

CHAMBERS

Get started on the procedure. I'll deal with the Admiral.

The Captain turns and heads for the door. Jones follows.

JONES

Captain, I've had a chance to run the RNA sequences you asked for.

Chambers stops dead in his tracks and faces the Doctor.

JONES

They match. Congratulations, it's a boy.

Chambers looks off momentarily, then catches the Doctor's gaze again.

CHAMBERS

That you, Doctor. That's what I needed to know.

INT. GALAXY ONE - HANGAR BAY 1

Shuttle after shuttle line the edges of the giant hangar which is roughly the size of a football stadium. Chambers steps in and makes his way to one of the craft.

The Captain walks up to a shuttle about the size of a small R.V.. The markings on its side reads: CAPTAIN ROGER BANKS - *CSS SAGITTATIUS*. Chambers disappears inside.

INT. GALAXY ONE - BANKS' SHUTTLE

Ridge and Sikes are buzzing around the craft's main console as the Captain enters.

CHAMBERS

What you got, gentlemen?

Both men stop what they're doing and face Chambers.

RIDGE

We thought you'd want to hear this
right away, sir.

Sikes presses a button on the console as Chambers takes a seat. Through the craft's speakers a slight BEEP is heard.

RIDGE

We've condensed this from his log.

Another BEEP, then the real voice of Captain Banks.

BANKS

...the Sagittarius is a dead wreck. I'm going to try and trade those 'eggs' or whatever they are for the lives of my crew.

(pause)

...everyone is assembling in the Escape Pod Bay. I've deleted the ship's files just in case the Grays decide to go pilfering through the records. They already know enough.

(pause)

...I've talked the Grays into letting me deliver their cargo with my personal shuttle. I'm going to use it to make a run for it out of the nebula, warn the fleet. I hope those bastards will chase me and leave the pods alone.

SIKES

This next entry is after Captain Banks launched his shuttle.

BANKS

...I've grabbed six of those eggs. Several crew members have volunteered to help with the delivery. I hereby recommended each one for the Commendation of Valor. They include Private...

(pause)

...Commander Bigley has rigged the Sagittarius' reactor to blow. Just in case the Grays come back for more of those eggs.

Chambers cast his gaze between Sikes and Ridge.

BANKS

...he's also programmed the airtight doors to trip as soon as the hangar opens. That should give the Sagittarius a good dose of radiation. Poor girl.

RIDGE

This is right after the crew was...'evacuated,' sir.

Chambers leans forward. The volunteer crewmen can be heard screaming.

CREWMAN #1

Sweet Jesus! They've spaced them!
They've spaced them all!

BANKS

Let's get out of here.

A loud BANG followed by a constant HUM nearly covers up their voices.

CREWMAN #2

They've trapped us in a force field,
Captain. They're pulling us in!

CREWMAN #1

Engines unresponsive.

CREWMAN #2

Reactor is going critical.

BANKS

Fleet Command, do you read? Fleet
Command...

Sikes presses a button on the console.

SIKES

That was the last entry, sir.

Chambers continues to stare at the floor a moment, then gazes at the men with a somber look.

CHAMBERS

Good work gentlemen. You've rewritten
history.

INT. GALAXY ONE - CAFETERIA

The room is huge with a large domed ceiling. It resembles a Food Court at a shopping mall. Jones is seated and reading a book at one of the many tables scattered about.

The room is quiet. Few people are dining. The Doctor sits alone with a half-empty plate in front of her. As she turns a page Kensington steps up holding a tray.

KENSINGTON

May I join you, Doctor?

Jones peeks over her book. She looks somewhat surprised.

JONES

Of...of course, Sergeant.

She pulls out the chair beside her.

JONES

Please...

KENSINGTON

Thank you.

Kensington sits his tray down and takes a seat. He looks at Jones' book.

KENSINGTON

Interesting mystery novel?

JONES

No. More like a little 'light reading' on gene splicing.

KENSINGTON

Have you found out anything yet?

JONES

Nothing. After twenty research papers and four books, I'm still stumped. Just how those Gray and Human genes were spliced and where they came from... Beats me.

The Doctor's voice rings with determination.

JONES

But I'll figure it out. Whatever it takes, I'm going to figure it out.

Kensington looks away and fidgets with his fork.

KENSINGTON

Doctor...I...just wanted to say, I'm sorry. I shouldn't have snapped at you like that.

JONES

It's okay ,Sergeant, don't worry about it. We Doctors have pretty thick skulls.

The Sergeant catches Jones' eyes and grins a bit. He picks up his fork and begins stabbing at the food on his plate.

KENSINGTON

I heard we found someone from the old Starship Galaxy?

JONES

That's right. Still alive. Their Chief Medical Officer. He's...

Jones' face snaps as if she just remembered something.

JONES

Oh my God. I've got to go.

She quickly stands and starts grabbing her things.

JONES

He's due another treatment in less than five minutes.

Jones tucks her belongings under her arm.

JONES

Good talking to your Sergeant. Let's do it again sometime.

KENSINGTON

It's Dale.

The Doctor looks confused.

JONES

I beg your pardon?

KENSINGTON

My name. It's Dale.

Jones smiles.

JONES

Okay. Dale. See you later.

Kensington watches as Jones trots toward the door. After she disappears, he smiles and takes his first bite.

INT. GALAXY ONE - ADMIRAL MCCAULEY'S OFFICE

Chambers and McCauley are sitting at the oval table, a small drink in front of each. Soft music is heard over the room's speakers.

MCCAULEY

Protomatter?

CHAMBERS

It's the only chance this man has to survive.

The Admiral shakes his head "no." Chambers repositions himself for the best eye-to-eye contact.

CHAMBERS

Admiral, it's obvious he wanted to live. He deserves the best we can offer. At the moment, that's Protomatter.

MCCAULEY

Did our good Doctor put you up to this?

CHAMBERS

No, but she is convinced she can keep it under control.

MCCAULEY

Well, I'm not. Protomatter is dangerous. It could easily turn this man into a monster.

CHAMBERS

But with the right application, it could also save his life.

MCCAULEY

If we start down that path, tampering with natural life, we'll be no better than the Grays.

CHAMBERS

The Grays are trying to turn themselves into something they were never meant to be. I just want to give this man a chance to become what he once was.

The Admiral glances off a second then locks eyes with Chambers.

MCCAULEY

Matt, I understand how you feel and I promise I'll give it some more thought. But for the moment, it's permission denied.

CHAMBERS

But Admiral, it'll be too late...

McCauley becomes slightly agitated.

MCCAULEY

That's enough, Captain. I've made my decision.

An awkward silence fills the room. Chambers scoots his chair back, breaks his gaze with McCauley and stares at the wall.

Chambers' Com Link CHIRPS and BLINKS. He taps the device and raises his sleeve to speaking position. His voice is sharp.

CHAMBERS

What is it, Commander?

Kern's processed voice responds through the Link.

KERN

Course correction for Banjee plotted, Captain. ETA, twenty two hours.

CHAMBERS

Thank you, Commander. Chambers out.

The Captain again taps his Link.

MCCAULEY

We're going to Banjee?

CHAMBERS

I'm going to take my leave there for a few days. The ship will still make it to Earth on schedule, Admiral.

MCCAULEY

I'm not worried about that, but you'll miss the ceremony.

CHAMBERS

Honestly, I had planned to miss it anyway...

Chambers cocks his head as if he just remembered something. He stands.

CHAMBERS
Is there anything else, sir?

MCCAULEY
Not at the moment.

CHAMBERS
Then if you'll excuse me sir, there's a little task I need to take care of.

MCCAULEY
By all means, Captain.

McCauley turns his attention to his computer monitor as Chambers heads for the door.

INT. GALAXY ONE - CREWS QUARTERS

With a file tucked under his arm Chambers walks down a hallway resembling a dormitory. Spartan walls, with inset doors every so often, line both sides.

He steps up to one of the doors and knocks. A moment later, it slides open and the military boxer stands in its frame. He immediately snaps to attention.

BOXER
Captain, sir!

CHAMBERS
At ease, ensign.

The boxer/ensign relaxes a bit then turns his head toward Chambers, looking quite perplexed.

CHAMBERS
May I come in?

He speaks timidly.

ENSIGN
Why of...of course, sir.

The ensign moves out of the way. Chambers steps in.

ENSIGN
Would you like to sit down, sir?

CHAMBERS
No thank you, this won't take long.

Chambers opens the file and gazes at the pages while speaking in a matter-of-fact tone.

CHAMBERS

According to your C.O. your performance is exemplary. 'Carries out duties above and beyond completion, excellent team player, well liked by his ship mates, trustworthy...'

He closes the file and fixes his eyes on the ensign.

CHAMBERS

Sounds like the qualities a family would be proud of.

The ensign still looks puzzled.

ENSIGN

Uh, thank you, sir.

CHAMBERS

I'm suspending your sentence during the duration of the ceremony.

Swiftly, Chambers closes the file and slips it under his arm.

CHAMBERS

After which time you'll resume with the balance of your reprimand.

The Captain heads for the exit. He pauses at the door's edge and faces the ensign.

CHAMBERS

And stay out of the ring until your out of the service. Next time, I won't be so lenient. Enjoy the ceremony.

The Captain steps quickly through the door and heads off down the corridor. The ensign stands in place for a moment then leaps to the open frame and pokes his head through.

With an ear to ear grin the happy ensign gazes down the corridor at Chambers walking away.

ENSIGN

Thank you Captain! Thank you sir!

Chambers, with his back toward the ensign, doesn't respond and maintains his pace. Although, by the time he rounds a corner, he too is sporting an ear to ear grin.

EXT. EMPTY SPACE - NEAR EARTH

Space warps into a glowing, cone shape. Suddenly, the *Galaxy One* burst through the center, steam-like gases billowing off its hull. The ship glides to a stop.

Behind the ship, the stretchy fabric of space returns to normal. The engines glow. Ripples compress space and the Intergalactic Cruiser eases away toward the blue planet.

INT. GALAXY ONE - ADMIRAL MCCAULEY'S RESIDENCE

McCauley stands in front of a vanity and mirror, wearing his dress uniform. He adjust his collar then stares at himself. He presses a button on the vanity. A drawer opens.

The Admiral pulls out a device that resembles an electric toothbrush, except the head is triangular and completely covered with tiny, rigid "bristles."

He reaches in the drawer and retrieves a small vile containing a green liquid. He hesitates a moment then shoves the vile in the bottom of the device's handle.

McCauley positions the device's triangular bristles against his neck, just below his ear. His eyes dart away from his reflection as he pushes a button on its handle.

A hissing sound that quickly fades, accompanies the Admiral's reaction. He slowly closes his eyes and takes a deep breath.

His eyes open. He holds up the device and presses another button on its handle. The vile, now emptied of its green contents, is ejected from the bottom like a gun cartridge.

McCauley catches it with his free hand then nonchalantly tosses the empty cartridge and the device back into the drawer. After pressing a button, the drawer closes.

The Admiral takes another quick glance at his reflection, then walks away from the mirror.

INT. CEREMONY THEATER - EARTH - NIGHT

Many people in formal clothing mingle in the isles in this full auditorium. On stage, facing more than a thousand seats, an empty podium await its guest.

Near the stage, reporter Shannon Bear is frozen in position. In front of her stands a man sporting a goatee and holding a small camera to his eye.

The man holds up his free hand and fingers a countdown from 3. Bear raises the microphone to speaking position. After 1 finger, the cameraman points to her.

BEAR

This is Shannon Bear reporting from the Coalition's Grand Ceremony. And as you can see, the auditorium is packed.

The cameraman turns his camera toward the huge crowd, now beginning to take their seats.

BEAR

In tonight's unprecedented event, the Coalition of Planets will indoctrinate it's first new member since the Gray war.

The cameraman returns his viewfinder to Bear.

BEAR

Thanks to an incredible journey earlier this month, the Coalition's flagship, the Galaxy One, ferried a welcoming team to the Andromeda Galaxy which 'sealed the deal' for the Andromedians indoctrination.

Behind Bear, the stage curtain flutters as if someone is pushing it from the other side.

BEAR

This is the first Coalition vessel to employ Trans Galactic Drive. A technology acquired during the last Gray war which allowed the ship to travel the two point five million light years distance...

Something catches Bear's attention and she looks over her shoulder. A man walks onto the stage.

The cameraman repositions himself for a better view. Bear steps in front of his lens and glances into the camera.

BEAR

It looks like they're getting started.

The reporter steps away from the camera and drops the microphone to her side.

On the stage, the man steps up to the podium, leans in and smiles. His voice reverberates across the crowd, most of whom are now seated.

MAN

Members, good friends and honored guests. Welcome to this monumental occasion. I hope all of you are as excited as I am about being here at this, history making celebration. So without further delay, allow me to introduce tonight's master of ceremonies. Coalition Ambassador and Galactic Fleet Admiral, Jason McCauley.

The crowd jump to their feet and applause rings across the audience. From behind the curtain McCauley steps on stage in his dress uniform.

The Admiral shakes hands with the man, who then disappears behind the curtain. He positions himself behind the podium, his outstretched hands grasping its side.

McCauley smiles, waiting for the applause to die down. He drops his head to the podium's microphone.

MCCAULEY

Thank you. Thank you.

His voice echoes across the crowd. The audience finish taking their seats as the Admiral glances around the huge gathering.

MCCAULEY

Tonight, we celebrate a monumental occasion. The welcoming of our good neighbors from the Andromeda galaxy.

McCauley waits a moment for the auditorium to quiet.

MCCAULEY

For centuries we've communicated with one another, made friends with one another, shared hopes and dreams with one another. But technology never allowed us to actually set foot on one another's soil. To shake hands or even exchange a simple smile face to face. Until now.

The Admiral repositions his glasses then gazes across the crowd.

MCCAULEY

For the first time in Coalition history, a group of brave individuals breeched that chasm thought so long impossible to cross. They traveled far beyond our own beloved Milky Way on a vitally important, yet simple mission. To personally ask our neighbors to join our coalition and share the technology of intergalactic travel. Tonight, I'm delighted to report, that mission, was a complete success.

The audience applauds and cheers. The Admiral waits the appropriate amount of time before continuing.

MCCAULEY

We are no longer a coalition of planets from a single galaxy. Hence, we can no longer be known as the GALACTIC Coalition. Members and honored guest, I'm proud to announce that from this moment forward, the Galactic Coalition will be known as, the INTERGALACTIC Coalition of Planets.

The audience responds with an uproar. Again, McCauley waits for the applause to die down.

MCCAULEY

At this time I'd like to take a moment to honor the remarkable people that made this journey possible. Ladies and gentlemen, I give you the gallant crew of our flagship, the Coalition Intergalactic Cruiser, Galaxy One.

McCauley gestures to the audience with uplifted arms.

MCCAULEY

Would the please crew stand.

Kensington, Kern, Becker, Zohn, Jones, Sikes and Ridge are seated on the front row together. They all stand in near unison and nod toward the audience. The crowd applauds.

Several rows behind them, the boxing ensign stands between an older man and woman. Both honor him with cheers, whistles and pats on the back.

Other crew scattered throughout the auditorium stand and take their bows. Soon the audience settles and the crew return to their seats.

MCCAULEY

Unfortunately, the Captain of the Galaxy One, Matthew Chambers, couldn't be with us due to a family emergency. Let our hearts and hopes go out to him tonight.

McCauley glances over the crowd, who seem to be shaking their heads in agreement.

MCCAULEY

And now, it gives me great pleasure to introduce the Coalition's first representative from outside the Milky Way galaxy. Please welcome Andromedian Ambassador Nor-el Dey-Comecia.

The crowd stands and cheers as a man, almost identical to a human, walks onto the stage. McCauley greets him with a handshake and a smile. Dey-Comecia returns the gesture.

INT. PLANET BANJEE - FOSTER CARE FACILITY - DAY

Footfalls are heard down a long, lighted hallway flanked with windowed doors, resembling a hospital. The disembodied voices of psychiatrist SHELLY CRANE and Chambers fade in.

CRANE

It appears you have gone to considerable expense to provide Jeffery with a very nice environment, Captain.

CHAMBERS

He's my responsibility now.

The pair step into view. Crane is a tall lady in her 50's, very thin with straight black hair. She wears the traditional lab coat and dark-rimmed half-glasses.

Chambers is wearing civilian clothes and carrying a model of the *Galaxy One*. The psychiatrist reads from a file folder as the two walk down the hall in lock-step.

CRANE

A spacious residence aboard your ship, a nanny, private tutoring...

Crane stops, closes the folder and gazes over her glasses.

CRANE

You should be commended. It's rare for a paternal father to come forward and offer this much support. When most find out, they turn tail and run, try to hide from the system.

Crane takes off her glasses and lets them dangle around her neck.

CRANE

Which makes what I'm about to say even harder. I usually don't recommend this, however, in this case, you might want to consider permanent foster care.

Chambers looks genuinely confused.

CHAMBERS

Why?

CRANE

Are you aware of Jeffery's emotional difficulties?

CHAMBERS

The report said he suffers from a form of autism, but I haven't read his full medical history.

CRANE

So, you've never met him?

CHAMBERS

Doctor, up until last week, I didn't even know Jeffery existed.

CRANE

I see.

A moment passes as Crane studies Chambers.

CRANE

Captain Chambers, Jeffery is a very emotionally withdrawn young man. He's been suffering autistic type, post-traumatic symptoms since his mother died when he was four years old. He lived with his grandmother until she became too ill to care for him a few months back. He's been with us since.

CHAMBERS

Do you know if his grandmother knew I was Jeffery's father all these years.

Crane glances off and speaks while thinking.

CRANE

Well, she made this clear to everyone, so I don't feel I'm breaking confidentiality...

She again locks eyes with Chambers.

CRANE

No, she didn't. Not until she hired that lawyer to find you. I know he spent months going through RNA records just to narrow it down to a few thousand possible candidates.

CHAMBERS

Yes, I've heard.

Crane begins walking. Chambers follows.

CRANE

Long before she knew who you were, she felt that his real father would care for him better than the Banjee Government. But that'll take a father with a lot of patience.

Crane leads them to one of the doors. She again catches Chambers's gaze.

CRANE

Captain, I think you should know, Jeffery CAN be difficult, especially for someone who's not used to it. So don't expect a normal teenager...

Crane turns toward the door and speaks under her breath.

CRANE

...if there is such a thing.

The psychiatrist presses buttons on a panel next to the door, which has a single oval-shaped window. The CLANKING sound an unlocking bolt is heard.

INT. PLANET BANJEE - FCF - JEFFERY'S ROOM - DAY

The room is tidy, clean, resembling a typical living room with a sofa and chairs. Jeffery stares expressionlessly through a sunlit window.

The door opens. Crane enters followed by Chambers. She steps over to Jeffery.

CRANE

Jeffery, someone's here to see you.

He ignores her. Crane touches his arm. He jerks away.

CRANE

Jeffery, remember we talked about someone coming to see you?

She motions for Chambers. He timidly strolls up to them.

CRANE

Jeffery, this is Matthew. Would you like talk to Matthew?

Jeffery is totally unresponsive, his face never changing expression. He simply stares through the window. Chambers moves in closer, clears his throat and speaks softly.

CHAMBERS

Jeffery? I'm Matthew. I brought you something.

He places the model of the *Galaxy One* where Jeffery can see it.

CHAMBERS

I hope you like models. I sure did when I was your age. Well, maybe a little younger.

Chambers glances at Crane who gives him a reassuring smile. He points to the model.

CHAMBERS

That's the *Galaxy One*. It's the flagship of the Galactic Fleet. Have you ever heard of the Galactic Fleet?

No response. The moment is awkward as it's obvious the Captain is nervous.

CHAMBERS

I'm the Captain of the Galaxy One.
Well, the real one I mean. It's much
bigger than this. Would you like to see
it sometime?

Still no response. Chambers looks frustrated and speaks
more sternly.

CHAMBERS

Jeffery? I'm your father. Can't you
even say hello?

Crane tugs on Chambers' arm and pulls him to another part
of the room. She lowers her voice to a near whisper.

CRANE

Captain, Jeffery has been in his own
world for a long time. We can't pull
him away too fast or he could suffer
more emotional damage.

Chambers too lowers his voice, but his demeanor remains
defensive.

CHAMBERS

Doctor Crane, I'm not a psychiatrist,
but how much MORE damage could he
suffer?

CRANE

Captain please, if your going to care
for Jeffery, take some advice. Go to
counseling with him and try to
understand his affliction before you
decide to deal with this in your own
way. He's not a puppy that you're
picking up from the pound.

Chambers locks eyes with Crane for a moment then steps over
to Jeffery, who's still blankly starring through the
window. The Captain speaks sincerely.

CHAMBERS

Jeffery, you probably don't understand
all of this. Neither do I. But I want
you to know you'll never be alone
again, I promise. You'll always have a
home. So, you just take however much
time you need because whenever you're
ready, I'll be waiting.

Chambers pats Jeffery on the arm. Although he doesn't jerk
back he continues starring through the windows.

CHAMBERS

I'll be back tomorrow.

Chambers heads for the exit. Crane follows and closes the door behind them. The sound of locks is heard.

INT. PLANET BANJEE - FOSTER CARE BUILDING - DAY

Crane presses buttons on the door panel then trots out of frame. Their disembodied voices and footfalls are heard while the view closes in on the door to Jeffery's room.

CHAMBERS

I want to get started right away. Do you have a counselor in mind?

CRANE

Actually, I do. Me.

As their footfalls and conversation fades, Jeffery steps up to the door's window. He turns his head in the direction of their voices and gazes down the hallway.

CRANE

I've been assigned to Jeffery's case since he arrived and I AM a licensed counselor.

CHAMBERS

Sounds like for the next two weeks, you've got yourself a new client, Doctor.

After the sound of a closing door, Jeffery steps away from the oval-shaped window. The view slowly zooms through it and into the room.

Jeffery is now back by the window, holding the model of the *Galaxy One* in the sunbeam, examining its details with curious eyes.

THE END