



"Who We Are"  
1.01

Written By  
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TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. AVALON -- DARK ROOM

Well, at least a bit darker than the other rooms on the vessel.

We slowly pan over the small window at the far end of the space, where stars streak by in a particularly bright pattern, warp speed obviously, but somehow much more beautiful than we've ever seen before.

We continue to move past this scene to the only source of illumination in the room: a tiny glow stick that produces a faintly orange light, nestled on a rather large pile of clothing both male and female in cut. The light flickers like a candle every so often, making the room glow with something as close to romantic lighting you can get out of a glow stick flickering on bare metal walls.

As we inch closer to the rather comfortable looking bed, a hand, slender and female, suddenly slides into view, slowly opening and closing in spasms of...

FEMALE VOICE

Oh GOD!

We keep moving slow over the bed, past two sets of legs intertwined and writhing together in a wonderful rhythm.

Still further up, we finally see the two bodies occupying the white-sheeted bed, the male body slightly larger and firmly on top of the more slender but certainly not delicate female form. The shadows and a conveniently placed pillow prevent us from seeing the faces of the two, but it's plainly obvious that the couple is really enjoying what they're doing.

MALE VOICE

(short moan)

Yeah!

As we move past the conveniently located pillow, we can finally see the entire profile of both people as they enjoy the carnal pleasures with a joy that can only be found when in perfect privacy and mutual affection and/or when paid enough to act it out.

The guy on top, after a few moments of sitting still above his female partner, begins a sudden and quick motion upward, slamming himself forward and causing both of them to moan loudly.

FEMALE

(lustful whisper)

Do it again!

He rears back and shoots forward.

FEMALE

GOD!

After one more thrust, the guy suddenly goes all out, briefly moving his hands away from the woman's breasts to her outstretched arms, pinning them above her head. His hips begin an extremely quick and powerful grinding motion, slamming both the girl and the bed forward a few inches.

By now, the woman makes no other noise beyond incomprehensible moans and shouts of pleasure while the man grunts wildly as he continues his relentless and pleasurable motion. As the couple writhes and push their bodies together in ecstasy, we again move forward, still not close enough to see anyone's face, but close enough to see the thin sheen of sweat covering both people's bodies. They've been at it for a while now, and the climax is not too far off.

Eventually, after just a moment more of wild fucking and motions, the man stops his movement and leans over his partner perfectly still. After a pitifully quiet moan compared to the noise of before. It's clear he finally reached his orgasm.

MALE

Oh!

It takes a moment for the man to look down at his partner, who still lies perfectly still. It's clear she ain't done yet.

MALE

Uh... sorry.

Slowly, as if his bones were about to snap at any moment, the guy dismounts his partner and lies on his stomach, completely exhausted. But the woman, of course not satisfied yet, begins to move her hands from above her head slowly below her waist. Even in the shadows, though, we can tell she isn't annoyed, angry or even disappointed. She has a genuine smile that doesn't fade as she leans over to kiss her mate on the cheek.

FEMALE

S'alright, you just owe me one next time.

We finally begin to move close enough to see faces in the dark room. The girl is quite beautiful, with dark skin and a short but feminine hair stuck under her head and neck. It's kind of difficult to tell, but there is just enough light to see that, in contrast to her darker skin color, the top of her head is a platinum color. NAOMI TORRINA is an exotic beauty in every way.

And the guy? It's none other than THOMAS HATCH, though he seems a bit less chunky around the waist and cheeks from the last time we saw him.

HATCH

No prob, babe.

After an extreme amount of labor, Hatch rolls over and kisses Naomi on her cheek before closing his eyes in blissful slumber.

And rapidly moving back from the intimate setting, we can finally tell that, yup, this is Hatch's room after all, though a bit cleaner than the previous episodes.

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

## ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. AVALON -- CORRIDOR -- CONTINUOUS

As we track backwards along the halls of the Avalon, Hatch walks calmly out of his room, smiling contentedly and stepping forward with a happy bounce in his step. Gone his his stained 23rd century clothing and jacket, replaced with a dark blue shirt and actually well-fitting pants and shoes. His hair is a bit longer than his old standard-issue cut and as we saw before, the little bit of baby fat covering Hatch is long gone. Though he hasn't gained an ounce of muscle at all.

Smiling largely at people as he passes them, the ambient sounds around Hatch begin to fade as his voice overtakes everything. In silence, Hatch keeps walking forward.

HATCH (V.O.)

So yeah, I've been on Zorin's ship a good five months now, living and working for the man like I've always done. I do mostly janitorial stuff, cleaning the shit off the walls nobody's wanted to do ever since they got on here. Zorin's fine with me on here as long as I keep my janitorial work up. Everyone's been working as usual, doing their jobs and... yeah, living.

(pause)

I've been talking with Siren some more every so often and I think I've finally moved on from all that shit that brought me here. That's right, I'm a new man, past all that 23rd century bull that's been holding me back. So what if I'm in the 45th century and everyone I've known or cared about is long dead? I'm alive and have new people to meet here and now.

(pause)

Oh, we've been on a single system for about half the time I've been here, doing jobs for the ruling family and just getting more money in a week than Zorin says they got last year. And I think...

The voiceover pauses as Hatch moves to a window in the center of the hall. As he stares, we move past him and...

EXT. SPACE

We see Hatch's face in a close up for a brief moment before we pull back, revealing the Avalon in full view, still permanently damaged, of course, but looking significantly better than when we last saw her.

And beyond that sprawls a jewel of a planet, blue and green and full of life. Surrounding it are hundreds if not thousands of small space stations and convoys of ships comparable in size to the Avalon herself. It's an extremely busy scene but somehow beautiful, as if the splendor of the past is still alive on this one planet.

HATCH (V.O.)

I think... I've finally met someone to get my mind off Melanie and everything else.

(sigh)

Naomi. What can I say about her that doesn't completely understate it all? She's everything I wanted and somehow, some way, feels the same about me as she does. She's perfect, completely unlike my... previous experience. Naomi is the best thing that's happened to me here and, yeah, even before. There isn't anything I can really say about her that'll do any justice to the angel in my life, so I think I'll just stop now. Maybe I'm still just in shock that she even said yes when I asked if we could go out in that little bar. And she somehow fell with me just as much as I have with her...

Our view slowly moves up to the nearly white sun orbiting the lush world, completely whitewashing everything.

EXT. SPACE -- ORBIT OF TORRINA -- THREE MONTHS AGO

And we go back down again. The world is very much the same, only lacking the small ship that happens to be the focus of this entire series.

... At least until it very nearly explodes out of warp speed, tumbling end over end and her hull looking worse than we've ever seen it. The vessel's green nacelles flicker dangerously and finally shut off in a pitiful whine.

And onto this scene, plain text appears on screen like in the very first moments of the series:

**Orbit of Torrina, Three Months Before**

The critically damaged Avalon fires her thrusters ever so lightly until she finally comes to a complete stop. As she does, we can see a trail of some kind of metal and other particles following the ship. She's leaking something.

INT. AVALON -- BRIDGE

The bridge is as we remember, small, cramped and damaged to the point of dilapidation. Smoke curls from nearly a hundred exposed conduits and debris falls from who-knows-what still hanging from the ceiling.

ZORIN sits at his chair, soot and other chemicals staining both his clothing and exposed skin. He looks, if anything, skinnier than when we last saw him, more from food deprivation than any kind of sensible diet.

ZORIN  
(desperately)  
Did we make it?

SIREN turns around from her console, her usually impeccable hair a tangled mess on her head. A large gash, still oozing blood, looks to have been only haphazardly healed by less than standard medical equipment.

SIREN  
Yeah, looks like we're still in one piece.

SHERA, locked in place at a side console with a grip likely to kill a normal being, finally relaxes after Siren speaks. She sighs long and powerfully. Shera, too, looks just as food-deprived and roughed up as the rest of the bridge crew, though she carries it with more grace than the others, still pretty used to the rough life.

ZORIN  
Good.  
(to Shera)  
Did we arrive at the coordinates?

We finally move over to a larger view of the bridge, where we finally see that the very small viewscreen is nothing more than a black patch on an already dark wall. Shera has that job now, using a small monitor on her console to report what's outside.

SHERA

Yeah, we did. Just like Siren said,  
the Torrina system.

(pause)

Yup, getting a transmission,  
planetside.

Zorin nods his command and Siren acts on it.

For the briefest moment, the only audio output is a hiss of static similar to the wail of a banshee before any recognizable voice patterns can be made out.

TORRINA SPACE CONTROL VOICE

This is... rrina... contro... Power  
down ... repare for ... inspection.  
No furth... outside transmission...  
frequency 506.

Zorin listens intently at the static-filled message, used to the horrible quality and frequent interruptions.

SHERA

Torrina's known for their advanced  
technology compared to nearby  
worlds, they're probably warning us  
against trying to signal any other  
ships with us.

Siren nods and continues.

SIREN

And of course they want us to power  
down...

ZORIN

(finishing)

But I have no intention to let them  
inspect my ship.

(beat)

Open general frequencies and  
announce our surrender to the  
authority, but we request they  
bring no one aboard... make  
something up.

Shera nods herself and presses a long series of buttons before extending a tubular microphone and sending the message.

SHERA

Torrina control, this is the Avalon.  
We're a private trading vessel with  
serious damage. Request emergency  
repairs.

She looks to Zorin for a moment.

SHERA

Uh... we're also experiencing a...  
large... warp core leak. We request  
no one board us until repairs are  
complete.

Shera finishes the message and hits another button.

SHERA

Let's hope they get it.

There is a long pause as the bridge crew anxiously waits for the reply. As they do, yet another conduit pops open, spewing superheated sparks over an empty corner of the bridge.

SIREN

Answer soon, you bastards.

Still another pause. Into this scene, Hatch enters, looking just as bad as everyone else. He's now wearing the undershirt from his old uniform, the stained over shirt now a very off-white rag he's using to wipe the walls down with.

HATCH

We make it okay?

ZORIN

We did, but are now waiting to see  
if we'll survive this space.

Hatch turns to Shera's console, where she stares at the small screen with every ounce of her concentration.

HATCH

Well, they didn't call us Cult  
spies from the get-go and lob a  
couple 'a nukes at us the instant  
we got here, so we've got that  
going for us.

Not going for the humor, Zorin sighs.

ZORIN

Why are you up here, Hatch?

Hatch's weak smile fades, then becomes grim as he tries to remember something important.

HATCH

Oh, Azel said right before we stopped that he can't give us any more power without blowing us to the third level of hell, so we're stuck wherever we land. There was something else but I can't,,, uh... never mind.

Hatch tries to trail off as the second bit of info hits his mind.

SIREN

What is it?

Hatch winces.

HATCH

Isaac says the last fight we were in took his last bandage, so he says he's out of a job and said to give me and the rest of the crew a big middle finger from him.

SHERA

Sounds like him all right.

ZORIN

As long as he's out of our affairs, he can stay where he wants.

(to Shera)

Response?

SHERA

Not yet, they're probably trying to scan us to see if there's a real leak.

Another pop of static announces the arrival of Avalon's resident computer, AVA.

AVA

They won't get anything. Their sensors are total crap.

Zorin sighs in relief.

ZORIN

Send that to them before we get blasted on smuggler charges.

SHERA

Got it.

Hatch gets to work stopping the furiously sparking conduit with a toolkit strapped to his belt as Shera does her work.

It takes only a moment before Shera sits up in surprise.

SHERA

We've got the reply, sent in text for us.

(reading)

"Avalon, this is the Torrina Space Control force. We acknowledge your situation and have cleared a path to our fleet repair docks. Follow the enclosed route and keep all weapon systems powered down. Any unauthorized transmissions will result in us taking action. Good luck."

HATCH

They sound like nice guys.

SIREN

Agreed, it's nice to finally reach a planet like this.

ZORIN

Most likely too far out from any Cult influence to realize who we are yet.

SIREN

And we can guess it's only a matter of time until they do, knowing how much we got them angry.

SHERA

If no one else will, I'll be saying a prayer for us.

Hatch looks worried at everyone as he seals the conduit.

EXT. TORRINA ORBITAL REPAIR -- TWO MONTHS AGO

The Avalon rests comfortably in a dock that fits her size almost exactly. Her hull is cleaned as much as it possibly can be and her nacelles again glow proudly. She's just about ready to fly once more.

HATCH (V.O.)

After a month or so of doin' nothing but walking around and closing conduits day after day, Zorin finally said we were ready to fly again. While we were getting fixed up, though, the Torrina council hired Zorin for regular duty with their forces, seeing as we were so cool or something. Since I wasn't really needed to clean anything anymore, I tried my luck on the planet with Shera. She got into some kind of music selling business for some cash while I... well...

EXT. TORRINA CAPITOL CITY STREETS

Hatch walks alone in a street similar to our own New York downtown. He's looking better than immediately before, but not at the peak from the teaser. As Hatch walks, he looks continually from a small piece of paper to the buildings that rapidly pass him by.

HATCH

The hell is it?

Looking back and forth, extremely confused, Hatch fails to notice a familiar-looking platinum-haired beauty walking his way, her focus as lost as his.

HATCH

They told me it would be here, dammit!

In the crowd, Naomi keeps walking forward, as oblivious to Hatch as he is to her. They're but mere inches away...

HATCH

If I get my hands on those bastar-  
OUCH!

Naomi tumbles to the ground, her frame a jumbled mass of arms and legs as her rear end makes contact with the pavement.

NAOMI

The hell was THAT!?

Hatch, meanwhile, suffered a better fate, but not by much. Though he didn't completely fall over, his impact with Naomi pushed him into the large belly of some planet's foreign dignitary, completely rustling her robes and causing a panic with her nearby attendants.

HATCH  
 Pardon me, ma'am.

The dignitary, however, in the presence of so many people, merely looks Hatch over and walks away with an incredibly smug expression.

HATCH  
 Biatch.

NAOMI (O.S.)  
 Hey, give me some help here!

HATCH  
 Oh, sorry!

Hatch helps the Torrinnan beauty up to her feet. Only a moment later, he is completely lost with a vacant expression.

NAOMI  
 Damn you hit hard. You some kind of ball player or something?

HATCH  
 Uh... no... I was... uh.

NAOMI  
 Yeah? Spit it out, please. I'm kind of busy and you look like a complete retar-

HATCH  
 (blurting)  
 I was looking for the main office of the local historical society. I've... uh... got some business there.

Naomi's annoyed expression suddenly brightens. The two begin speaking, both tumbling over each other's sentences.

NAOMI  
 You're looking for that damned office too? I keep telling them they need to make bigger signs for all these places...

HATCH  
 Can you help me find it?

NAOMI  
 Yeah, sure, over on the next street. You must've got a map from the...

HATCH

Map dealers over there. Sorry sons  
of bitches, selling bad maps...

NAOMI

Yeah, they've been arrested before  
for selling bad stuff before.  
Stupid foreigners trying to make  
some cash on us...

HATCH

But I'm not from...

NAOMI

We'd better go before they close.

HATCH

...Fine.

The pair begin to move off, Hatch nervously grabbing Naomi's  
hand so as not to get lost.

INT. TORRINA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

In a small hallway in the back of the very large museum,  
Hatch and Naomi look over a small exhibit of ancient  
artifacts, obviously Federation in origin. Both look more  
annoyed than fascinated, however.

HATCH (V.O.)

The best I can say was that it was  
love at... well... not FIRST sight,  
but definitely second or third.

After obviously waiting a very long time, an older gentleman  
wearing a fine suit comes out to talk to Hatch and Naomi  
from a hidden doorway. They talk silently.

HATCH (V.O.)

The coincidences ended at us going  
to the same building. She was there  
to finish some high-level class  
while I wanted to see the sights of  
this museum for anything I  
remembered. Turns out, with her  
next to me, the entire staff was  
extremely nice and when I tried to  
joke about where I was from, they  
were dead serious about giving me a  
job as a professional historian. At  
first I thought she was some kind  
of rich girl with good connections  
here...

INT. TORRINA ROYAL MANOR -- DINING ROOM

Hatch and Naomi sit together at a table nearly the same size of the Avalon herself. Sitting in a nearby seat are an extremely well dressed but elderly couple. They eat uncomfortably on very fine food. Though we never saw the incident, Hatch has obviously screwed up somewhere due to the large orange patch of... something on his chest.

HATCH (V.O.)

She was the fucking daughter of the ruling family! And the next in line after her father bought it. I never asked why she was out in the street all alone, but it seems like average stuff when I got to know her. While her parents were the average rich snob asses I expected, Naomi was completely different. She never took any school classes that set her apart and even ran away from the entire PLANET to work on a luxury liner for a year to simply see space. But even through all that, she took everything really seriously, even one day taking the power.

Hatch laughs as Naomi makes what looks like the same mistake, spilling and orange pudding all over her simple white shirt. Her parents share an annoyed but knowing look before going back to their meal.

HATCH (V.O.)

Well, she usually took everything seriously.

(beat)

So when she talked to me one day at possibly the most beautiful place in the universe, I wasn't at all surprised.

EXT. TORRINA -- MOUNTAINSIDE

On a rocky ledge near a mountain range covered with both snow and yellow grass, Naomi sits with Hatch, both of them bundled in warm clothing and sharing a mug of some warm beverages. The view is incredible, rocky peaks extending into the horizon while some let go of their slushy loads, causing actual snow dunes to form at their bottoms. The power and beauty is unmatched by anything similar on Earth.

After a particularly powerful avalanche several miles away, Naomi slowly turns to Hatch.

NAOMI

Tom?

HATCH

Hmm?

NAOMI

Let's go back to your ship. The Avalon. Let's get out of here.

HATCH

(smiling)

What? You serious?

NAOMI

Yeah. All the stuff you've told me about that life... adventure... excitement... danger...

HATCH

(finishing)

Always near death... guns at my head every day... Cultists shoving knives at me... yeah, REAL fun there.

NAOMI

But it's all different now. The cult hasn't been in this system for decades, we keep them away. You're safe from them.

HATCH

(not finished)

And there's also the crew. Pigs, hard-headed pigs, ice-queen pigs. And Isaac. Not my best time ever.

NAOMI

But I'd be there with you.

She smiles at Hatch.

EXT. TORRINA ORBITAL REPAIR

The Avalon flies slowly in defense of the repair platform, flanked by six Torrina military ships.

HATCH (V.O.)

Somehow she convinced me. And not two days later, I was subject to Zorin's rule and the general madness again.

(MORE)

HATCH (V.O.; CONT'D)

Naomi used her pocketbook to buy passage aboard for herself, which was perfectly acceptable to Zorin and Siren.

(beat)

It's needless to say that Naomi was pretty pissed when she found that Zorin wasn't going to leave Torrina for anything as long as they kept paying him. He'd already used the month of regular payments to upgrade the weapons and the viewscreen. He was planning on getting new engine parts when...

The military vessels suddenly shoot forward with intent, their sensors locked on an off screen target. Avalon leads the pack, flying forward. As they move, Hatch's voice trails off.

We follow the squadron forward, slowly angling over them to finally see their target:

A Cult cruiser, just like Rol'Gin's from before.

TORRINA PILOT

This is the Torrina defense force to Cult vessel. You have violated the terms of the third treaty of agreement and have nullified all rights in this space. Stand down now.

The squadron quickly surrounds the massive, deadly, and blood-red vessel, all of them pointing their meager weapons at different targets.

INT. AVALON -- BRIDGE

The entire cast is on the bridge, summoned due to the shocking announcement. Naomi is only a moment behind Hatch.

Everyone is staring at the viewscreen, and Naomi is the first to really react with a sudden gasp of surprise.

HATCH

Aw crap.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

## ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. AVALON -- BRIDGE

Everyone stands still and silent as they watch the spectacle on the viewscreen. The Cult cruiser stays still as a stone, not moving a single component, even as the six other Torrina vessels fly mere meters from it.

HATCH (V.O.)

Yeah, Zorin was pissed when THEY came to this little system.

In silence, the Cult vessel suddenly shoots forward, toward the peaceful planet of Torrina. The security vessels begin to unload barrage after barrage of small missiles and rail guns, but they don't do more than dent the Cult vessel's hull.

HATCH (V.O.)

The battle was pretty short, especially when Ava targeted one of their power vents or something like that. The Reds were forced to escape and Zorin got even more money in thanks.

EXT. TORRINA CAPITOL CITY STREETS

The streets are even more packed with people as Naomi's father himself hands Zorin a massive stack of little gold discs.

HATCH (V.O.)

But we all knew we couldn't stay here and risk bringing in more ships and doing God knows what. It was pretty tearful, especially when Siren realized we weren't going to get paid anymore. Naomi fought her parents to stay with us, eventually promising to come back on her own when her parents called her or something.

EXT. SPACE -- MODERN TIME

Avalon is now long gone from Torrina, her new location somewhere in deep space. A nebula shimmers in the distance, turning Avalon's darkened hull into a cool mixture of colors.

HATCH (V.O.)

So she's been with us for a few months. While I do the regular cleanup work, Naomi's been learning with Azel what engine part goes where, just so he can have a competent assistant for a change.

We once gain push forward to see Hatch just like we saw him in the beginning, well dressed, groomed and actually happy. We keep pushing until we're back in:

INT. AVALON -- CORRIDOR

Hatch turns from the window and begins walking again.

HATCH (V.O.)

So that's where we're at now. Naomi's with me, I've never been happier and things are actually pretty acceptable for once, even Isaac.

Upon the nonverbal mention of his name, ISAAC SAROLA approaches the smiling Hatch.

ISAAC

What's going on that's got you smilin' like that?

By now, Hatch is used to the doctor's half-venomous tone.

HATCH

Nothin'.

ISAAC

(wink)

That's not what I heard a few hours ago. What, you watching some kind of video your mama don't know about?

Hatch actually laughs at Isaac's jovial tone.

HATCH

A gentleman doesn't kiss and tell, Isaac.

ISAAC

Yeah, but you ain't no gentleman.

HATCH

Yeah, well I still ain't tellin' you.

Isaac stops at an unmarked door and snorts in mock derision.

ISAAC

Thought so.

As he exits the scene, Hatch heads to the stairway between decks. Sitting near the top is none other than ADELE, her eyes locked on a small Cult prayer book we haven't seen before.

HATCH

Hey, 'sup?

Adele doesn't look up.

ADELE

If by that you're asking about my current mood, I'm fine.

Hatch rocks on his heels, half interested in conversation, half anxious to keep walking.

HATCH

What'cha readin', then?

She still keeps reading.

ADELE

Since your pitiful computer continues to hide all information about the Prophet and other information from me, I've had to write all my old books down myself.

HATCH

You mean... from memory?

ADELE

(deadpan)

Yes.

HATCH

And...how many book have you written... from memory?

ADELE

Sixty-eight so far.

Hatch's eyes widen significantly.

HATCH

Geez, and I thought being able to recite all the lines of my super hero comics was cool.

ADELE

You obviously lack the love and commitment needed to undertake such endeavors.

(looks up)

Maybe Naomi will finally teach you this lesson.

Hatch blushes wildly.

HATCH

Heh, speaking of her, I was just about to get some lunch for both of us.

ADELE

Don't let me stop you.

Hatch shrugs and walks off, leaving Adele to get back to her small book.

But her peace is short lived.

ISAAC (O.S.)

Hello, Adele.

Adele's eyes roll harder and wider than humanly possible.

ADELE

Yes?

ISAAC

I just saw you talking to the new guy. Did he do anything to upset you? I'd do anything to prevent him from-

ADELE

I'm fine.

Isaac is taken aback.

ISAAC

Oh... that's good. I was just worried that he had done something to upset you with that look on your beautiful eyes.

ADELE

My mood hasn't changed since he, or you, have appeared before me. Now, I must complete this book before the Prophet's words are lost to my memory.

ISAAC

Oh... okay. I'll just be looking out the window in case you need me.

(beat)

I can get you something from your room in an instant if you need it.

Adele's frustrated mood takes a turn for the disgusted.

ADELE

I don't need anything from my quarters at this time. Please don't offer that again.

ISAAC

Okay. What about the galley?

ADELE

I'm fine.

Adele goes back to her work furiously, forcing Isaac to emit a lovelorn sigh and stroll back down the corridor.

CUT TO:

INT. AVALON -- GALLEY

The galley, unlike when we last saw it, is actually full of appetizing food and tables in useable condition. Several spots on the floor that used to be covered with horrible stains of even more horrible food look to be half-cleaned, as if someone tried extremely hard to clean it.

And sitting at the head table is Naomi herself. Hatch jogs over to her.

HATCH

Hey, how's it going?

As we follow Hatch, we notice Naomi already has a nice spread of food laid out for her and him.

NAOMI

Not much. Azel's been working me through hell lately with the secondary intakes. It's almost like he doesn't even know what he's doing and is using me as a lab rat or something! At least he left me alone to get a tool at the end, giving me a little peace. I swear he's gonna kill me, Tom.

HATCH

Yeah, that Azel. What a card.

Hatch grabs a sandwich made with blue bread and takes a gigantic bite.

HATCH

At least we got some good food for a change. What was that planet again?

NAOMI

Veroxis. My dad made the first treaty with them before I was born.

HATCH

(not really caring)

Ya don't say. Food's still great, though.

NAOMI

Yeah, too bad we ran into another Red cruiser on our way out. Couldn't get the dinner supplies.  
(beat, fake sadness)  
I miss my gelly dessert.

HATCH

It's okay, Naomi. I'll get you some on our next stop. What did you tell Zorin it was?

NAOMI

Vyor Nine. Just a trading post at the edge of our allied worlds.

HATCH

Must be cool to be the ninth planet in a system... get it?

Naomi smiles and takes a bite of some kind of fish food... stuff.

We slowly pull back in the most cheesy way possible, slowly fading out as Hatch smiles and throws his arm around Naomi lovingly.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

INT. AVALON -- BRIDGE

Unlike previously, the bridge is nearly devoid of life, save the ever presence of Zorin and Shera, taking Siren's place at the helm. The mood is quiet, completely absent of sound.

The viewscreen only shows stars at warp, no objects nearby or anything of worth to describe.

ZORIN  
ETA to destination?

SHERA  
Just an hour.  
(beat)  
Assuming miss perfect's coordinates  
are accurate.

ZORIN  
Just because Naomi was off two  
parsecs last stop does not  
necessitate derogatory language.

SHERA  
It took us a week to find the  
planet she was talking about! We  
had nothing but blue bread crumbs  
to eat the last couple days!

Zorin sighs and lightly smiles at Shera's bored attitude.

ZORIN  
As long as she keeps paying us the  
dividends we need to keep flying, I  
will keep her on this ship and  
trust my crew to find what we need  
beyond that.

AZEL enters the bridge quickly following Zorin's line, not completely short of breath but still taking long breaths.

ZORIN  
Why are you up here?

Azel waits but a moment before replying.

AZEL  
We have a problem.

Shera turns quickly.

SHERA  
What? What's wrong?

ZORIN  
What is the problem?

We get rather close to Azel's face.

AZEL

The warp sphere's been sabotaged.

CUT TO:

INT. AVALON -- BRIEFING ROOM

Previously a large empty room, the time spent on Torrina has filled this room with a small, round table made of the most expensive looking dark wood polished to a perfect shine. There aren't any seats yet, obviously intended for a time with more money.

The entire cast is assembled, save Adele and Naomi, and none of them look happy.

ZORIN

What is going on with my engines, Azel?

Azel tries to shuffle pieces of paper around like he knew what he was doing, but a nervous cough shatters that habit.

AZEL

Well... um... a part's been taken out of the main warp reactor.

SIREN

Which part?

AZEL

The, uh, secondary... uh... regulator... thing.

ZORIN

What!?

AZEL

Look, I don't have a damn clue what it's called! It's the little silver thing that keeps the plasma from burning us all alive! It's gone from the warp sphere!

HATCH

Then what the holy hell's keeping us alive?

AZEL

I had to take the part from your shuttle, Hatch, and smash it into our engine. We can keep flying at warp, but I wouldn't push it past a week or so.

Hatch isn't happy about the news.

HATCH  
WHAT!? Are you saying you...  
cannibalized my shuttle?

AZEL  
(shouting)  
It's not like it's worth anything  
anyway! We were about to die!

HATCH  
You should have asked me!

AZEL  
Read my lips: WE. WERE. GOING. TO.  
DIE! I couldn't take you from your  
little princess long enough to ask  
you "Oh, hey, Tom, can I spend an  
hour under the threat of certain  
doom to SAVE OUR LIVES!?"

HATCH  
She has a name!

AZEL  
(points at Hatch's chest)  
And she was the only other person  
to mess with the engines except me  
today!

The room goes silent.

HATCH  
(quietly)  
What are you saying?

AZEL  
I... didn't say anything. I just  
know she was the only other person  
to be near the engines today...

HATCH  
You're blaming her?

AZEL  
That's not it at all! I just...

Zorin pounds the table hard, leaving a fist-shaped hole in  
its decorated top.

ZORIN

ENOUGH! As long as we can get to our destination, I will buy a new engine component for us. In the meantime, Hatch, keep her away from the engines and the bridge.

SHERA

(shocked)

Wait wait wait! Even though there's more than enough evidence for you to throw her overboard, all you can say for Naomi is just to keep away from a few rooms?

ZORIN

As long as she pays her keep...

SHERA

(finishing)

She can do whatever she wants, right? GOD you're spineless when it comes to money.

Zorin stays calm.

ZORIN

Leave this room. Now.

Shera groans in frustration, but complies.

AZEL

I'll um... go watch the warp reactor in case anything happens.

ZORIN

Keep me updated on our status.

AZEL

Will do.

Azel follows Shera out.

SIREN

She did have a point, Zorin. Just because she pays you doesn't mean she has a say on how you run this ship.

All eyes turn to Zorin.

ZORIN

I run this ship as I will. No one influences me in any way. Hatch, keep Naomi away from the engine room or bridge for the time being. Until we get this problem solved, I don't want a panic among the crew. Understood?

Everyone nods and leaves. Hatch is just out the door when...

ZORIN

Hatch, wait.

HATCH

Yeah?

ZORIN

Have you noticed any hints Naomi would do something like this to the ship? Even after so long with us?

HATCH

Nope, not once.

ZORIN

Good. I'd like you to keep a closer eye on her until we solve this. And make sure she pays me next week. Tell her I'm charging for the engine part.

HATCH

Fine.

Hatch exits while Zorin broods about the situation.

INT. AVALON -- HATCH'S ROOM

In Hatch and Naomi's quarters, Naomi sits at a small table, her back to the door in a conspiratorial pose. In her hands rest a small, metal device, easily identifiable as a communications button like from Star Trek incarnations past.

NAOMI

(into button)

Yeah, that's right. We're headed to Vyor Nine on schedule, just like I said.

(pause)

No, I don't think they know yet.

(another beat)

That's about it for now. I'll be seeing you soon.

As she smiles in what we can only think of as grim, Naomi stands and places the comm. button in a small bag that she hides under the bed.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

## ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. AVALON -- CORRIDOR

Back in the continually curving corridors of the Avalon, Hatch walks forward with his head low. Even as he quickly picks up a piece of paper somehow discarded by Azel, his mood does not improve.

As he sulks, Hatch doesn't notice the arrival of CARLISE.

CARLISE

So there's the lover boy. Haven't seen you around much lately. What, she keep you under the sheets so much you can't see your friends anymore?

HATCH

What? Oh, hi, Carlise.

CARLISE

(mocking)

Oh, hi, Carlise.

(normal)

What, that's all you have to say?

HATCH

(sigh)

Pretty much.

CARLISE

Lemme guess... girl troubles?

Carlise winks in a provocative way.

CARLISE

(quickly)

Mr. Dinky not saying hello anymore? Captain no longer raising his salute? One eyed monster not reaching for the peasant woman?-

HATCH

Shut up! No! Nothing like that.

CARLISE

Damn. I could have prescribed something that would've fixed it in a snap.

HATCH

Colon fibers of some cute rabbit  
somewhere?

CARLISE

(disgusted)

Hell no! You sick, sick man! Colon  
fibers are for getting high. For...  
down stairs problems, you use the  
mucous glands. The greener the better.

HATCH

Great, now you made me depressed  
and grossed out. I don't think I'll  
be able to hold my blue bread anymore.

CARLISE

Don't knock it 'till you try it,  
Tom. Maybe you'll cure some  
problems you didn't know you had...

HATCH

Yeah, like I'll trust you ever.  
Thanks for the pep talk, Carlise.

Hatch walks away, leaving Carlise to shrug and continue  
walking in the opposite direction.

CARLISE

More for me, then.

From a pocket behind her waist, Carlise pulls out a small  
tube of dried... something. Using another small device to  
light it, she takes a puff and walks away out of view.

INT. AVALON -- HATCH'S ROOM

Naomi walks away from the small sink/shower combo in the  
room as Hatch enters. His sulky mood disappears for a moment  
at the sight of the platinum-haired beauty clothed in only a  
towel, but returns almost as quickly.

NAOMI

Hey, what's got you so down? Zorin  
tell you to clean his toilet again?  
I swear that smell could be  
registered as a weapon sometimes.

The humor is lost on Hatch. He just sits heavily on the bed.

NAOMI

Did I say something wrong? Zorin  
make it illegal to make fun of his  
shit now?

HATCH

No... not that. It's just... Well... never mind. I'll be going to bed early tonight.

He doesn't sit up to do so much as take off his boots or kiss Naomi on the cheek as Hatch stretches over the bed. Naomi looks stunned.

NAOMI

Okay, something serious happened and it concerns me. C'mon, I though we shared everything. If I could tell you about that time with me, my best friend and a mountain of blue sugar, you can tell me this.

Naomi tries to be comforting by laying next to Hatch, but he doesn't move a muscle. As we edge closer to him, we see tears forming around his eyes.

HATCH

Azel says... he said... I mean... he had to fix the engines today.

NAOMI

Okay, those things are always broken. If his choice of lifestyle is bumming you out, I think we need to buy you a shrink.

Hatch finally smiles and, though he doesn't face her, he reaches around for Naomi's hand.

HATCH

Someone took a part out of the warp core... something important that only someone who was really working with it could have done.

Naomi's face goes ash white.

NAOMI

Lemme guess...

HATCH

And now Zorin wants me to keep you out of everything vital on the ship. Oh, and he's charging you for the replacement.

Naomi stands and walks to the room's window.

NAOMI

That's bullshit! I didn't touch a damn thing on those engines! I just fucking polished some shiny things and replaced some sparking plugs or something! I was talking with the computer the whole time! You gotta tell 'em that!

HATCH

I don't know if I can anymore. Hell, even Siren's convinced now it was you. And all those Cult run-ins these past months... We never ran into them as much for months until... recently.

(beat)

When you said we'd be safe.

There is a long, tense pause.

HATCH

I'm sorry.

She turns from the window. As she does, she begins to quickly change into more appropriate clothing.

NAOMI

Then I'll go tell 'em. It's not like anyone else will.

After zipping up a plain jumpsuit, Naomi slowly turns to the still-prone Hatch, who only lets tears fall from his eyes in silence.

NAOMI

I always thought I could rely on you.

She exits in a huff.

Hatch stays still for a long moment, the only sounds in the room are Hatch's shallow breathing and the omnipresent rumble of the Avalon herself.

HATCH

... I'm sorry.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

INT. AVALON -- BRIDGE

The bridge is more somber than usual, with everyone manning their stations with little enthusiasm.

ZORIN  
Have we reached the coordinates?

SIREN  
Yes. Reducing speed... now.

The viewscreen shifts from the familiar warp speed to normal space. And it is suddenly full with a spectacle unlike any other.

EXT. SPACE -- VYOR NINE TRADING POST

The trading post at Vyor Nine is nothing short of a marvel. The ninth planet in the system is literally cored like an apple, where only a semi-hemisphere of rocky mass remains at the top and a thin spindle of core material jutting from its bottom. In all, it looks like a cruel mockery of the standard Federation "mushroom" stations of the distant past.

And at the extreme bottom of the planetary remains sit a trading post of metal and stone that is literally two kilometers tall and another three wide, but is still but a tiny speck of light compared to the entire planet.

The Avalon weaves through moderate ship traffic, slowly approaching a massive docking port that would easily engulf several Galaxy-class vessels end to end.

INT. AVALON -- BRIDGE

SHERA  
Every visit to this place is awe-inspiring.

SIREN  
(confused)  
You've been here before? Why were you worried about the coordinates then?

SHERA  
(calmly)  
It's not just a rogue planet, but the entire Vyor system is rogue. It changes galactic coordinates every two years or so, always in a completely random direction.

ZORIN  
A perfect hideout for those with goals less than noble.

SHERA

(know-it-all-like)

The last resistance movement to the Cult was based here, Zorin.

ZORIN

And they lost their struggle, did they not? History is written by the winners, and this place will always be known as a haven of shadows. Which is perfectly acceptable to me.

Everyone smiles gently at Zorin's dark humor, more appreciative of his attempt to relieve the tension than the actual joke.

SIREN

We're still okay, right? Azel will keep us alive long enough to land and get the replacement?

SHERA

You can bet on it. He once held a dilithium crystal assembly together with his bare hands for two days so we could find a safe place. The reconstructive surgery cost us the last of our cash for a year, but he saved us and a group of Rakelli refugees.

Zorin nods in astonishment.

ZORIN

I'll keep that dedication noted.

In the quick lull of conversation, Ava bursts through the comm lines with only a quick beep instead of an ear-shattering burst of static.

AVA

Uh, I think I've been transmitted a place to land. This place is HUGE, everyone. Too bad that viewscreen is so small. It's hard to believe someone built this, let alone a group of peoples.

SIREN

What do you mean?

AVA

I mean I can't detect any of the small flaws you'd normally see when multiple people pitch in to something like this. It all looks like it was made all at once... or grown like a plant...

ZORIN

How this station was constructed is not our concern. We only must land and find a trader with the parts we need to keep flying.

AVA

(indignant)

Fine. I guess no one has a sense of wonder anymore...

With another BEEP, Ava exits her presence on the bridge.

EXT. VYOR NINE -- HANGAR

The hangar, previously described as nothing short of super-massive, seems almost empty even though nearly four hundred small ships dot its interior. Small booths and kiosks dot the places between ships, all of them peddling one kind of junk or another.

Our view goes from the top of the ceiling, where the Avalon is a barely recognizable speck, to suddenly dropping down, past our familiar ship to the trio of Zorin, Siren and Isaac, all of them walking in formation through the crowd. All of them armed to the teeth.

SIREN

(shouting)

How are we supposed to find what we need?

ZORIN

(same)

Keep looking! But do NOT split up!

ISAAC

Got no argument from me!

We fly past this group back to:

INT. AVALON -- ENGINE ROOM

Naomi storms into the beautiful engine room, shoving various people aside on a mad rush to Azel, who is so deep into concentrating on the engine that he doesn't notice a thing until:

NAOMI

AZEL!

She grabs the Xindi by his collar and pulls him to his feet.

NAOMI

What the FUCK are you trying to do to me!?

It doesn't take long for him to realize what's up.

AZEL

You were the last one to be here!  
What else was I supposed to say!?

NAOMI

You could have asked me!

AZEL

Like I said to everyone before, we were nearly dead already! There was no time! I barely discovered the problem as it was!

NAOMI

And you instantly blame me!? Haven't you though for a second that I could have done that months ago when I first walked in here!?

Azel's eyes dart back to the warp sphere, where the normally white object is fluctuating hues wildly.

NAOMI

Look at me!

AZEL

I was panicked and in a rush! And no one else was in the damn room!

Naomi slowly begins to calm as Azel's voice lowers.

AZEL

This can wait until after Zorin gets back with the part. THEN we can discuss what really happened.

NAOMI

Do you really think he's going to let me stay aboard that long? I've heard the stories from Tom... I'd be lucky to get home in a decade from this shithole.

As she speaks, Naomi's eyes begin to dart around the engine room, finally locking on a particularly large steel wrench.

NAOMI

I'd never see anyone I cared about again... all because of these stupid rumors and stories made up by panicked engineers...

She palms the wrench as Azel goes back to monitoring the sphere.

NAOMI

BECAUSE OF YOU!

She SWINGS the wrench at Azel! There is a sickening CRUNCH as we:

CUT TO:

EXT. VYOR NINE -- HANGAR

Zorin and Isaac stand before a rather sickly looking man who seems to operate a rather large booth full of junk parts and engine equipment for thousands of ships. Siren pokes around the numerous piles with feline agility, searching parts closely when they strike her interest.

ZORIN

You told me just five minutes ago that it was only three thousand credits!

PEDDLER

No I didn't sir. I clearly said six thousand.

ZORIN

(to Isaac)

What is it with my mouth lately? Am I really this unclear?

ISAAC

I heard three m'self, too.

(beat)

Want me to shoot him?

ZORIN

Not yet.

ISAAC

Not even in the leg? He doesn't look like he moves very much. Won't hurt him too bad.

ZORIN

(stern)

Not. Yet. Stand and look threatening. Siren will find our part and I will pay the agreed price. Whether this man wants it or not.

ISAAC

Whatever. Next time, I stay on the ship.

Zorin rolls his eyes. In the background, Siren holds her arms up triumphantly. She's got the part they need. Zorin, however, keeps his poker face.

ZORIN

(to peddler)

What if I propose a compromise? Four thousand, five hundred?

PEDDLER

Nope. Six thousand. Up front. No cash, no part.

ZORIN

I don't think you understand our position.

(nods to Isaac)

We need this part badly. We can pay up to four-five for this.

PEDDLER

Boo hoo. Six thousand.

Frustrated, and in response to a low grunt from Zorin, Isaac moves forward like a bolt of lightning and jams his gun in the peddler's mouth!

ZORIN

We're also very well armed. Four-five or we just take it for free.

The peddler's eyes dart back and forth, looking quite afraid. He eventually notices Siren, who walks with triumph to Zorin.

PEDDLER  
mmmph! mph! mmmphh!

ISAAC  
Come again? Didn't catch a word of it.

Zorin stares at the peddler with disinterest, not moving as Isaac pushes his gun's barrel down the small man's throat.

ZORIN  
I think he agreed to our price.

ISAAC  
Damn. Here I was hoping to see this bullet go all the way down...

Isaac withdraws, his gun making a sickening 'slurp' as it exits the other man's body.

Zorin deposits a bag of cash in a small box to the peddler's side before walking off with his shipmates.

SIREN  
That was easier than I thought.

ZORIN  
We're not done yet.

SIREN  
What?

Zorin nods to his right and left.

ZORIN  
He's got bodyguards.

ISAAC  
That trash-pusher? The fuck's he doing with muscle?

ZORIN  
Selling valuable ship components in a place like this is liable to bring out the thieves. He must keep his wares safe every day.

SIREN  
And here we jam weapons straight down his throat...

ISAAC  
Hey, Zorin told me to do it!

SIREN

He just slowly moved his head! He could've told you to do the Tarkalean hula so much as that!

ZORIN

Shut up. Keep moving!

The three walk forward a bit faster. By now, we can see six people dressed in silver suits of different styles closely following our trio.

SIREN

Looks like we'll see some violence in a minute or so.

Isaac takes a second gun from another holster.

ISAAC

Good.

ZORIN

I'd prefer to get back to the ship and avoid this fight. We don't want to start a panic in a place like this.

Unfortunately, as if some evil deity were following Zorin's speech, just as that last word is uttered, the crowd around the three suddenly flies in abject horror.

Siren calmly looks up.

SIREN

I think it's much too late for that.

EXT. VYOR NINE

Hovering just outside the hangar of the massive station is a ship that would fill half the space if it were to fly inside. Massive and colored a blood red so dark as to be almost black, this new Cult vessel looks just about as ready to kill as a hungry tiger spotting a deer convention.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

## ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. AVALON -- ENGINE ROOM

Naomi stands above Azel, who lies on the floor in pure panic mode, shivering and shaking like a small child.

And Naomi still holds the oversized wrench, her arms extended as the tool continues to bury itself in the Avalon's warp core itself. Unlike what we thought, the core isn't a hollow glasslike structure, but a solid sphere of a much more pliable substance.

After a moment of terrified silence:

Beep!

AVA

OUCH! Who the hell just smacked my warp core!? You'd better have a damn good reason or I'll go all life-support-sucky on y'all!

Naomi looks up with a smug smile. Azel slowly stands, taking the wrench from the woman's hand in a quick motion.

AZEL

I'd like an... explanation... too... you know.

NAOMI

I was getting fucking tired Azel didn't just get you to help us, Ava, since these are YOUR systems, after all. If mister wizard can't keep us alive without panicking, I knew you could. Given the proper motivation, of course.

AVA

(curtly)

Hm, smart girl. Really, there isn't much problem here unless we try to go to warp right now.

AZEL

Bu-bu-but but... what about those power spikes and... color flashes?

AVA  
 Can you say routine power  
 maintenance, Azel? C'mon, it's not  
 that difficult. ROO-TEEN POW-URR...

AZEL  
 All right! Shut up about it!

AVA  
 (quickly)  
 ...Maintenance...

Azel turns to Naomi, wonder and anger in his eyes.

AZEL  
 I'll uh... tell Zorin what you did  
 and your confession. I, uh, don't  
 think he'll be happy about:  
 (points to core)  
 That... But I think he'll revoke  
 the fine...

AVA  
 Doubt it.

AZEL  
 Yeah, probably not that. But he'll  
 be glad to know we're not in  
 immediate danger right now.

Azel holds the wrench up eye level.

AZEL  
 But I'll, uh, keep these away from  
 you from now on.

Naomi smiles and exits the engine room.

But as the doors close, her smile fades to a frown of almost  
 dark proportions.

CUT TO:

INT. AVALON -- AVA'S CORE

The previously labeled and mysterious "device room" is now a  
 small hub of activity as a couple crew members replace parts  
 of Ava's core or just lounge around. The mood of the room is  
 generally happy as the multitude of crystalline devices emit  
 the full spectrum of visible light and some not visible.

But when Hatch walks in, the mood is instantly sucked away.  
 Ava appears on the screen nearest him as Hatch plops down on  
 the floor.

AVA  
Whoah, depressed alarm! AOOGA!  
What's got ya down, Tom?

Hatch sits still for a while before finally showing Ava the very same communication device Naomi used earlier.

HATCH  
(quietly)  
I found this... in our room.

AVA  
Hmm... looks like your average  
commbadge. But I've never seen one  
look so... crappy.

HATCH  
Can you trace the frequency it uses  
or something. There's... something  
I need to know.

AVA  
No prob, Tom. It'll just take a bit  
of time as there's this big ol'  
Cult cruiser hovering outside and I  
need to find a way to get out of  
here before they blow me up.

Hatch is instantly on his feet.

HATCH  
WHAT!?

He's out of the room just as fast.

INT. AVALON -- BRIDGE

Shera stands uncomfortably in front of Zorin's chair, not used to being in temporary command of the vessel. Every other console is empty, leaving her completely alone in the small space.

At least until Hatch bursts in.

HATCH  
(between breaths)  
Cult... ship!?

Shera nearly screams of fright, but calms it quickly.

SHERA

Uh, yeah. It's just been sitting there for the last few minutes, not sending any transmissions at all. Well, at least in any frequency I know.

Naomi is on the bridge not a second later.

NAOMI

What's going on?

Shera turns from Naomi but Hatch nervously makes eye contact.

HATCH

Cult cruiser right outside.

NAOMI

Have they said anything?

HATCH

Nope. At least...

Naomi suddenly looks interested.

NAOMI

At least what, Tom? What's going on?

Hatch just turns to the viewscreen. Naomi grabs his shoulders and spins him bodily.

NAOMI

What the hell is going on, Tom!?  
What did I do?

Before Hatch can answer:

Beep!

AVA

Uh... Tom? You know that commbadge you gave me? Yeah... it's going nuts on a bunch of Cult frequencies.

Shera gasps, but Naomi's hands are too tight around Hatch's neck for him to respond.

INT. VYOR NINE -- HANGAR

Zorin stands his ground while Isaac and Siren fight to keep their places in the roaring crowd.

ZORIN

Hold onto my arms!

Siren tries to use a handhold on Zorin, but an impact with a large male alien nearly shakes her off!

ZORIN

AUGH!

Zorin reacts loudly to the sudden pain and pressure of a dozen small, silvery tentacles wrapped around his arm. Siren uses the new grip to keep herself steady, but with the large amount of blood oozing from her wounds, the grip is already weakening.

Isaac holds onto a gun strap hidden on Zorin's back, punching anyone with his gun foolish enough to approach him.

Finally seeing his situation immobile, Zorin ROARS with fury and begins a full-body push forward.

After only a few steps, three of the peddler's guards appear before the Hirogen, all of them wielding blade weapons of many kinds.

Zorin merely roars again and plows forward, the arm not bound by Siren cracking one goon's skull while his powerful legs send the other two sailing away into the crowd.

ISAAC

I've GOT to learn that move!

As they move, however, Siren's grip finally slips off!

ZORIN

SIREN!

Siren's slender arm disappears into the crowd, slowly slipping downward as hundreds of people push her out of their way and invariably under heel.

Isaac suddenly releases his grip from Zorin and LEAPS into the crowd, using his guns as powerful bludgeons to clear a small hole. Siren lies on the ground, huddled around the engine part.

ISAAC

Get up and run!

Siren nods and flips onto her feet in a cool maneuver. She makes a dead run to the now nearby Avalon.

ISAAC

Zorin, this way!

Grabbing two small humans in his way, Zorin tosses them aside like toys as he makes his way back to his ship.

INT. AVALON -- BRIDGE

Naomi's death grip has not let up, even as Hatch's face turns bright blue.

NAOMI

You've been fucking lying and stealing my possessions right under my nose, Tom!?

Hatch can only reply in a series of gurgles as Shera keeps quiet, looking for a way to save the situation. Ava keeps updating them on the commbadge, which only fuels Naomi's anger.

AVA

Now it seems like they're modulating their frequencies to find a common one to speak to everyone at once. It would be a whole lot simpler if they just...

Ava trails off as we get closer to Naomi and Hatch.

NAOMI

I TRUSTED you! I LOVED YOU! And all you can do is follow the orders of that fucking hirogen like a dumbass lapdog! What the FUCK was I thinking when I saw you!?

The ship rocks lightly as the crowd rolls like an ocean outside.

NAOMI

I thought I could share something really special with you, Tom! I thought you were the one!

(beat)

But you're nothing but a common lapdog PIG! Unworthy! UNHOLY BASTARD!!

Naomi lets go of Hatch and drops him limply to the floor. As he does, she begins to kick him repeatedly. Both Hatch and Naomi's face are streaming with tears.

HATCH

I'm... sorry.

NAOMI

Don't fucking say that! Don't fucking speak to me!

Naomi stops her kicking to punch Hatch across the cheek. He's stuck in a daze of pain and heartache, completely unable to respond beyond his pitiful apologies.

HATCH

Sorry... sorry... sorry.

NAOMI

Yeah, you keep saying that. Keep apologizing for your fucking failure! That's all you fucking are! You know what? I actually understand why Melanie left you!

Naomi gives up her emotional and physical assault and storms off the bridge. Hatch still lies on the floor like a limp noodle.

AVA

Uh... I think they just found the common frequency.

After a rather unpleasant sound, the voice of a new cult speaker filters over every audio output device.

CULT COMM VOICE

Good people of this trading station. It has come to the attention of this vessel and her crew that some extremely dangerous and violent criminals have found their way onto your peaceful establishment. Going under the designation "Avalon", this ship and her crew have caused much harm to us and broken many laws we hold most dear. Should any captain have any information on the Avalon, or should they wish to face justice like they rightly should, we will wait two kilometers outside this station perimeter. The Prophet be with you all.

With another unpleasant sound, everything goes back to normal.

AVA

It's all quiet on my front.

Shera turns back to the viewscreen, where the hulking Cult vessel moves only slightly away from the station, making room for several hundred smaller starships to escape in a massive panic.

SHERA

C'mon, Zorin. We really need you right now...

INT. VYOR NINE -- HANGAR

The crowd has significantly reduced thanks to people finding their own ships in their own time, but Zorin, Isaac and Siren are still a good hundred meters away from their target.

And blocking their way are the other three guards of the peddler, all of them armed much more heavily than the previous three. Two heavy machine guns and a nasty looking sword of alien design.

ISAAC

I don't suppose your arm trick will work this time?

ZORIN

Not unless you can disarm all three of them simultaneously.

ISAAC

(courteously)

Siren, care to take these three?

Siren smiles and places the engine part in Isaac's arms.

SIREN

Sure

Slowly, she approaches the three goons, who are obviously more afraid than brave and/or ready to fight.

SIREN

C'mon, boys, don't let a little girl stand in your way.

With her unassuming demeanor, the sword-wielding guard suddenly leaps forward, turning his weapon into a deadly wall of sharp steel.

GOON 1

YARGH!!!

Siren merely holds her left arm up, ejecting only one tentacle. With nearly impossible accuracy, it doesn't grab the man, but the sword! And when she yanks her arm back, his wall of steel loses its control and slices his own hands off! He falls to the ground in agony.

The other two goons look just about ready to run, but when one cocks his weapon, the other gets ready quickly.

Siren merely holds her arms out to her sides, showing off only the single tentacle used to dispatch the other man.

GOON 2

D-don't move! Or we'll sh-sh-shoot!

Siren's face turns down.

SIREN

Oh, pooh. Then I won't be able to have any fun.

Siren's arms move up to her chest to "stretch" them. This of course slowly moves her breasts in a way that only distracts the two hapless men.

And prevents them from seeing Zorin and Isaac stepping forward from behind Siren and firing their guns in perfect unison. The goons drop like sacks of bricks.

ZORIN

Nice show, as usual.

SIREN

Never fails, don't it?

Isaac smiles a lecherous smile as he runs forward.

As they approach the Avalon, her ramp slowly extends to grant them access.

INT. AVALON -- SHUTTLE BAY

Siren and Isaac both run at full speed into the ship, shouting for Azel to hopefully hear them before they enter the engine room. Zorin, meanwhile, walks to a nearby wall console to replay the Cult vessel's message.

When he hears it all over again, he utters but one word:

ZORIN

Damn.

INT. AVALON -- ENGINE ROOM

Isaac is now gone, leaving Siren to run into engineering with the part.

SIREN

Azel! Here it is!

Azel appears from behind a console and runs to help Siren.

AZEL

Thank heaven. I've been trying to repair some of the damage Naomi did to the warp sphere and...

SIREN  
Damage? Naomi?

Siren rushes forward to inspect the warp sphere. Upon seeing the dent and resulting cracks, she suddenly turns to the door.

SIREN  
I trust you can fix it.

AZEL  
Of course, but...

Siren is already gone.

AZEL  
She did it to help us!

INT. AVALON -- BRIDGE

Zorin storms onto the bridge to see the sad scene. Shera is tending to Hatch while the viewscreen shows the continual exodus from the hangar.

ZORIN  
What happened here?

SHERA  
Naomi... she flipped out when she found out what Hatch did. She just kept... hitting him... calling him names...

Siren appears at this moment.

SIREN  
Zorin! Naomi just damaged our warp reactor! Azel's working on it but there's no telling what she did to us.

ZORIN  
WHAT!?

Zorin's shout of rage knocks some bolts off the wall.

ZORIN  
Siren, go and find Naomi. The instant we hit open space...  
(darkly)  
Just dump her. We won't hold such trash here.

Siren nods and exits.

Hatch, still on the floor in pain, takes in the quick conversation. Though several bones are broken and he's covered in bruises, Hatch gets up to follow Siren out.

SHERA  
Hatch, wait!

But he doesn't listen. Hatch is gone quickly.

ZORIN  
Shera, now I think is a valid  
enough time to show me your  
piloting skills.

Shera nods and watches the exit door for a moment more before sitting at Siren's console.

ZORIN  
Try to keep us under the thickest  
escape column. They shouldn't see us.

SHERA  
I'll try.

EXT. VYOR NINE -- HANGAR

The Avalon rises with extreme grace, taking her landing feet and ramp in quickly. And with a mighty burst from her engines, she flies off to join the other escaping ships.

In the distance, the cult vessel looms over everything.

CUT TO:

INT. AVALON -- CORRIDOR

Naomi stands outside her and Hatch's room, her sobs overtaking every rumble and alarm blaring across the ship. In her hands she holds a picture of her and Hatch scaling the very same mountain they climbed when she announced her desire to join the Avalon.

With a quick motion, she tears it in half.

SIREN (O.S.)  
Naomi!

Siren runs forward with full intent, tackling the other woman before she has a chance to even cry out.

SIREN  
What the hell are you doing!?  
Sabotage? Calling the cult? How  
much were you paid?

Naomi is too shaken to resist.

NAOMI

I... I don't know what you... mean!

SIREN

Don't play the ignorant bitch!  
You're a damned red spy! I smelled  
it all along, but all that cash  
seemed too good.

Siren PUNCHES Naomi hard.

SIREN

But to find it came from Red pockets!

Siren rears back for another punch, but decides against it and stands. She grabs Naomi by the HAIR and proceeds to drag her forward.

SIREN

Consider this our repayment.

HATCH (O.S.)

WAIT!

EXT. SPACE

The Avalon slips under a thick wave of escaping ships. Every so often, the cult ship unloads a barrage of missiles at ships that bear even a passing resemblance to the Avalon. Chaos and confusion reign.

The Avalon bobs and weaves around wildly under the ships, avoiding explosions and shrapnel bursts.

INT. AVALON -- BRIDGE

Shera pounds on the controls as she taxes the Avalon to her limits.

AVA

Hey, watch it, lady! This ain't a  
fighter craft, you know!

ZORIN

Hard dive! Now!

Shera nods and pushes the control stick forward as well as tapping more controls.

The viewscreen becomes a sickening cacophony of images as she "dives" to narrowly avoid a missile.

SHERA

It seems they know we're here.

INT. AVALON -- CORRIDOR

Siren continues to drag Naomi along by her hair, approaching a large silver door leading to nothing but deep space. The airlock.

All three characters talk at once. While Hatch and Naomi are covered in tears and bruises, Siren is only a mask of rage.

HATCH

Siren, stop, please!

SIREN

I can't believe I fell for it for SO LONG. I've heard rumors of sleeper agents, but nothing so... complete. Even pretending to fall in love with one of our own to gain trust... And you claim to be good...

(beat, exasperated sigh)

Just be glad Isaac ain't here. He'd break every bone in your left foot if he could...

HATCH

Siren! Listen to me! Listen to reason!

NAOMI

Oh please don't kill me!

SIREN

Lying red bitch!

Siren spits on Naomi's once beautiful hair.

HATCH

Please...

(sob)

Please be rational.

NAOMI

Don't kill me... pleeease!

By now, Naomi is clawing on Siren's leg in a desperate attempt to escape. Already several large tufts of hair are gone from her scalp, leaving ugly bald spots.

SIREN

Ugh, can't even fight right...

Siren SHOVES Naomi into the ugly airlock door. She holds the other girl there with an iron grip, forcing her lips and nose into the cold metal.

SIREN

Kiss the last bit of warmth you'll ever feel, Naomi. This is what traitors get on the Avalon!

Naomi is only blubbering now, not resisting at all.

Siren reaches for the airlock control...

EXT. SPACE

Avalon twists and turns in impossible maneuvers as dozens of missiles cross her path, their contrails turning space into a surreal white cloud for a moment.

For every hundred missiles launched at her, Avalon launches two back, each one causing pretty good damage to the larger vessel, but of course none of it critical.

INT. AVALON -- BRIDGE

Zorin is at Shera's console, staring at tactical updates.

ZORIN

Launching volley eight.

AVA

Target the little red bump near the back, it'll slow their targeting a bunch.

Shera grunts as Avalon rocks with a nasty impact. She presses a short button sequence that causes the ship to corkscrew wildly to the left.

SHERA

We lost one of the thrusters, we can't keep this up forever!

Ava is silent as the battle continues in earnest.

AVA

I got it! Zorin, launch two of your strongest missiles just above the bridge!

Zorin doesn't stop his work.

ZORIN

That's the most shielded area of  
the vessel!

AVA

Trust me. Launch two of those nukes  
and you should get 'em good.

Zorin looks worried as he considers the advice.

SHERA

It's better than nothing!

The ship ROCKS again!

Zorin stays still.

INT. AVALON -- CORRIDOR

Siren's arm moves almost melodramatically close to the  
airlock control button, even in the chaos of battle around them.

And just one instant before she reaches it, Hatch's hand  
swoops in and grabs hers!

Gulping back the revulsion at holding her hole-filled hand,  
Hatch begins his plea.

HATCH

Please, Siren. Please listen to  
reason. Why would she do all of  
this stuff now if she had five  
months to do it? Why would Naomi  
act now to kill us when she's done  
so much good? Where is the sense in  
that?

SIREN

And I see all that cockteasing has  
gone to your head! What about  
information gathering? Sending  
information about vulnerable worlds?  
Learning of new territory to  
conquer? Ever think of that?

HATCH

No... I haven't...

NAOMI

(muffled, sobbing)

Please... let me go...

SIREN

We're their number one target,  
Hatch. Don't you think they'd  
resort to some cheap tricks to get  
us under their heel? Or is your  
head full of those bullshit  
thoughts again?

HATCH

No...

Hatch's eyes well with tears as he turns to Naomi. The wheels slowly turn in his head, slowly assimilating the new information. To him, it all makes sense now. His face slackens with the releasing burden of truth.

HATCH

Dump her.

Naomi only weakly cries out one last time before the airlock opens and shuts, sealing her in deep space for eternity.

EXT. SPACE

The Avalon launches two warheads out of her launchers before suddenly pulling up in a tight loop. The missiles slowly speed toward the spot just above the cult bridge, where hundreds of people in bright red robes stare in awe and humor at the coming onslaught, secure in their superiority.

But their complacency is short lived as the nuclear warheads detonate in two balls of pure blue fury.

The cult vessel suddenly goes dead from stem to stern, all lights going out at once. Even her engines fail, turning the cult ship into a massive floating piece of space debris.

Not long after, the Avalon leaves the group of escaping ships and goes off to warp speed.

We THINK we've faded out when a familiar strand of platinum hair slowly floats by us in front of the disabled cult vessel...

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

INT. AVALON -- HATCH'S ROOM

Hatch is once again dressed in his stained shirt and sports his usual disheveled and all-around messy look. His chin and neck are covered by the stubble of several days free of shaving while his still-longer hair bares the scruff of neglect.

His room is much like we would imagine it had been before Naomi, sparse, empty, but somehow still a mess.

His clothing bought with the woman sits in a pile in the corner, left to rot in the nonexistent sun. Several electronic toys and goodies litter the room's only spindly table, most of them shattered under the fury of a hammer and broken heart.

And the bed is once again a mass of sheets and stained covers Hatch is used to. He sits at its edge, staring at Naomi's commbadge with not much interest. He sighs deeply.

Suddenly, the door knocks three times.

SIREN (O.S.)  
Hatch? You in here.

Hatch drops the badge and lies down.

HATCH  
No.

There is silence for a moment before Siren enters.

SIREN  
Door wasn't locked.

HATCH  
I knew I forgot something.

Siren moves to the edge of the bed and sits upon it, tenderly rubbing Hatch's leg.

SIREN  
Look... Tom. I know it must hurt. She got us all with her lies and games. Everyone on Torrina was probably just a minute away from converting anyway, and it's no surprise some already were.

She stops, at a loss for words.

SIREN  
But we haven't run into a single cruiser in a week now.

There is no reply to the lame joke.

SIREN  
She was everything that's wrong with this universe. Bending to fear caused by others, eventually being hurt enough by them to cause more fear on her own.  
(MORE)

SIREN (CONT'D)

It's the way it is now. We can't change that.

(beat)

But I guess you could be comforted that she wouldn't be like that we're you're from, right?

Hatch is a statue.

SIREN

I didn't come to apologize, but if that's what you want, then I'm sorry. I'm sorry I let this get too far when I has the power to stop it. I'm sorry you got hurt in the crossfire.

HATCH

(weakly)

But you're not sorry for killing her?

Siren stands and moves to exit.

SIREN

I never feel bad about killing those that deserve it.

She closes and locks the door behind her.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

The End