



Star Trek Avalon

Prophecy
1.10

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TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE

The Avalon flies easily through space. Her lines smooth and sleek against a distant starlight. The vessel is small but comfortable, a home in the troubled oceans around her. Even though her hull is pitted, scarred and burned in more places than one, she still looks comfortably familiar. Something that is unfortunately very scarce in this universe.

As Avalon makes a very elegant and smooth turn toward a destination in the far distance, a mournful yet hopeful composition overtakes all audio. A single voice in the darkness.

(note: the composition will be the sole soundtrack for the rest of the teaser)

As Avalon completes her move, we begin to push forward, slowly pushing past her armored outside, past the indescribable intricacies of her inner workings all the way into the very space our characters inhabit. Into the small bit of home they have against the emptiness of the galaxy around them.

INT. AVALON - SICKBAY

The first room we see is the medical room of the Avalon. Like the rest of the ship, it's old, small and yet, somehow comfortably familiar. It's not dirty or covered in any kind of filth except for a few stains here and there, most likely from spilled materials broken during battle than anything remotely grisly.

ADELE is the first character we see in frame, finally fully erect and standing at her full, almost regal, posture. She stands like a statue in front of her biobed, taking slow but sure steps on extremely unsteady feet. Left foot. Right. Left. She bobs very little as she slowly makes her way to sickbay's door. Her face is a grim mask.

Step. Step. Step. Almost there.

But her triumph is short lived. Just two paces away from sickbay's door, Adele's face crumples into one of pure agony. She slowly sinks to the floor, somehow keeping every shred of her dignity as she does so. Fortunately, ISAAC SAROLA is in frame immediately, helping her up and handing her a long, white piece of wood just over a meter long.

A simple cane for her to use on the way back to her bed.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. AVALON - ENGINEERING

AZEL stands before Avalon's powerful warp sphere, it's intensity showing the truly astronomical power it contains. Azel stands proud, smiling as an unseen crewman, obviously under his instruction, installs a small piece of machinery into an open console. As the man does this, the entire room suddenly lights up twice as strong as it previously had been. The crystals along the wall begin to pulsate and hum like they did when we first saw them and every conduit, plus some we haven't seen before, begins to arc and light in a pure display of awesome power.

In all of this, Azel laughs slightly. Avalon has been completely repaired.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. AVALON - AVA'S CORE

TOM HATCH stands in front of the charred and dented device that serves as the main core for the vessel's sentient computer, Ava. He talks in silence, speaking into one blank screen of many. He tells a silent joke that gets him to belly laugh and all of the screens to simultaneously show a single line of text we can't read.

He obviously has gotten the computer back online.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. AVALON - BRIDGE

SIREN sits at the helm, pressing her usual array of buttons and levers that help steer the vessel Avalon. After a moment, she pushes the button panel aside to reveal a double set of control sticks not unlike you see controlling a 21st century aircraft. She takes both sticks in each hand and keeps on working.

ZORIN sits coldly at the center seat, reading a news report in the form of a newspaper. He looks dispassionately down at several reports of Cult raids and destroyed planets but he doesn't show any real disgust.

SHERA is at her usual side console, listening to a myriad of comm. signals and just making herself useful on the cleaned and polished bridge.

In all, the bridge has finally assumed a sense of order and normalcy not seen, even in the earliest moments of the show.

At least until Siren's face turns nearly green and she runs off the bridge in just three steps. On her feet, we notice Siren's shirt is almost two sizes too large.

The music reaches a slow crescendo.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. AVALON - SIREN'S ROOM

Siren rushes into her room and into the door-less lavatory room. She kneels before the toilet fixture, face almost buried into it. As the music builds, her head dips and rises slowly, the signs of someone unfortunately vomiting slowly.

Fortunately, her torment lasts but a few seconds, as she's up and back on her feet almost immediately after.

Siren slowly steps away from the lavatory and into her room.

The music builds some more.

She stands in front of the large mirror decorating one wall above a modest dresser.

She slowly pulls back her large shirt...

... Exposing her bulging and very pregnant belly.

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. AVALON - BRIDGE

In extremely stark contrast to the calm and serenity of the teaser, Avalon's bridge is just as disheveled as it has always been. Several lights are out, shrouding many consoles and corners in complete darkness. Rubble and other debris once again litters the floor plates, making any kind of walking a dangerous affair. And to top it all off, the bridge's one tiny viewscreen, the main visual link to the outside world, is nothing but a burned hole in the front wall.

As we pan over this grim scene, a caption appears on screen:

TWO MONTHS LATER

It stays with us until our slow move brings us to the grim face of Zorin, who once again, looks just as desperate and wild as always in tense circumstances.

ZORIN

ETA to landing?

Siren doesn't turn from her station, instead she keeps her head down and forward, desperately trying to hide a shirt almost large enough for Zorin to wear. Even as she speaks, she keeps up a very poor act of feeling cold, but a close up angle reveals the thin sheen of sweat covering her nose and forehead.

SIREN

An hour. That's provided Azel's last jerry-rigged supply holds out this time.

Zorin sighs, a frightening expression of worry and fear.

ZORIN

It had better.

Siren nods grimly, paying extremely close attention to her instruments and ill fitting clothing.

As this happens, Shera picks up her head from her console, slowly popping her back after hours of hunched work before she speaks.

SHERA

The sky's clear from here to the landing zone, Zorin. Not even another private trader. For once.

Shera sighs, a sound that says it all.

ZORIN

If only fortune was that kind. Keep your head down and your ears open. We're not out of the fire yet.

SHERA

I understand. I just wish our last fight hadn't broken the screen like that. It makes things so... uncertain when you can't see what's out there.

Zorin nods, turning his sore neck to face the weak Xindi.

ZORIN

We've survived worse together. And we'll get through this soon enough. We just need to stay vigilant, especially the only person on this ship with a view outside not limited to looking out the window.

Shera's face sinks at Zorin's not-hopeful speech, but does comply with his order.

There is a long silence, one of tense concentration, the kind almost exclusively reserved for times just before battle or a horrible crash landing on a world they can't see.

At least until Hatch arrives on the bridge, once again physically shoving the door open to admit his person. Like everyone else, he shows the sign of recent extreme discomfort and tribulations. His shirt has a large hole in the left sleeve and grease marks cover most of the other surfaces.

HATCH

Hey, Azel sent me up to say he had to take the comm. down for a quick repair. Should be up in a few minutes.

ZORIN

That's fine.

Hatch nods, his job done.

But he doesn't leave. Instead, he kicks around a few bits of debris and other stuff on the floor.

HATCH

Remember when this place was finally clean? Me n' Ridek spent two days on our hands and knees with toothbrushes. I think they were Isaac's.

Zorin still doesn't turn to face Hatch.

ZORIN

Hatch, if I have to create mandatory positions on my vessel to keep it orderly and most importantly quiet, yours will be next to the latrines until you decide to leave us permanently.

HATCH

Ha ha. But then where would you be without my handsome charm and healthy cleaning attitude?

(beat)

Well, no joke our toilets would probably be the talk of, like, twenty systems, but that's all that'll be as clean as my mom's house right after Christmas.

Zorin finally faces Hatch, weariness showing much more than anger.

ZORIN

If you miss having a clean bridge so much, Hatch, feel free to get back down and go to work. I hear we may have an extra toothbrush in the hold.

Hatch's eyes light up in false glee.

HATCH

(completely sarcastic)

Oh really!? Oh wow! Thanks, Zorin! How did we wind up with such a generous and kind captain? I'll get to it right away!

Zorin still doesn't move. Any mirth he may have had is completely gone.

ZORIN

Remember what happened last time I lost my temper and threatened you with throwing you out the airlock personally?

(beat)

I still think about it from time to time to elevate my mood.

Hatch clams up immediately.

HATCH

Yeah, I'll just, uh--just go get some grub.

ZORIN

Wise move.

Hatch exits somewhat sobered and a little afraid.

He moves from the door into:

INT. AVALON - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Hatch walks carefully to avoid similar messes on the corridor's floor as seen on the bridge. He takes slow steps past a fallen girder arcing dangerously with what looks like red bolts of electricity. As he sidesteps this, he runs right into the bandaged shoulder of CARLISE.

CARLISE

OW! Goddammit!

HATCH

Oh! Sorry, Carlise.

Carlise's face twists into nearly murderous rage and agony for a second before returning to her normal aloof expression.

CARLISE

Don't worry about it. Just been banged around a few too many times the past couple months.

HATCH

Yeah, I know the feeling. But I think I'm getting used to it. It's kind of like a cycle, you know? We start out with some good times then they go bad for a few months until they go good again. What, with Torrina, those creepy clone guys, the pirates and now this. I think we'll be okay.

CARLISE

Holy hell, Tom. I'd think you were taking some of my best shit to think like that. What, you practicing to be a philosopher AND a loser?

Hatch helps Carlise over another large conduit as they walk forward through the corridor.

HATCH

Hey, now. What I'm just saying is this is like the third time we've been in a situation like this since I came around and we've been alright every time. Either Zorin gets us work with someone, we sell something pretty valuable we just happen to come across or we just kick some ass and take names later. I don't see how this time is any different.

Carlise laughs for a moment then cradles her injured shoulder.

CARLISE

Let me tell you something. You've been on this ship comin' on a whole year, still claiming that fucked up story about you being from, what, two thousand years in the past? A time you say was so perfect and had no Cult or the million other things wrong with this galaxy. And you still keep your hopes up when every other sane person would've given up and let go long ago.

(beat, thoughtful)

There's something strong in that chubby little heart of yours, Hatch. Something stronger than all of us I'd bet.

Hatch blushes at the compliment.

HATCH

Well, uh... I don't think I'm...

Unfortunately, Carlise's reaction is a big belly laugh that ends only when she grabs her injured shoulder in pain again.

CARLISE

God, Hatch, you're still the easiest mark on this entire ship.

HATCH

(dejected)

Oh. I just thought you were sayin'
something good about me.

CARLISE

Yeah, sure. You're a good guy and
all that, Hatch. But really,
(cracks up)
You're probably going to be the
best mark here for a good while.

HATCH

Oh shut up.

A slightly grinning Hatch waves Carlise off as he makes a
stop outside one of the many doors in the damaged corridor.

HATCH

Maybe I'll just have to work on
changing that.

CARLISE

But then what else will be the
highlight of my day?

Hatch shakes his head and enters the room.

We wind up in:

INT. AVALON - GALLEY

Where Hatch makes a direct beeline for the small, unseen
room in the back where all the ship's food is stored.

Hatch rummages back there for a long moment, causing a loud
clamor and making several humorous noises.

HATCH (O.S.)

OW! Okay, who put this can of...
(beat, sniffing sounds)
Pickles here?

Hot on his heels is a very frazzled looking Azel, his hair
amuck and several grease and burn marks covering all exposed
skin and most of his clothing. His expression is not wild or
bleak as his attire might suggest, more cautious and
obviously exhausted.

AZEL

There'd better be some little
pastries left in there. If there
aren't any more pastries, I swear
I'll...

Hatch walks back into frame from the back room, cheeks stuffed with a fluffy bread that crumbles in a very tasty fashion. His expression goes wide with both the acknowledgement of Azel and the fact that...

AZEL

The last pastry.

Hatch gulps down his last bite, painfully letting the half-chewed bread slide down his throat.

HATCH

Sorry about that. There's just not a lot in there at the moment.

Azel looks close to strangling Hatch for a moment, but pushes it down quickly.

AZEL

You do realize those pastries were one of the last things in here that isn't spoiled or half eaten.

(beat)

And I spit in them to make sure no one ate 'em.

Hatch turns green at the comment.

Azel's face turns even more grim, almost lethal.

Hatch takes a step back.

AZEL

You know, with the way things have been lately, we might have to resort to cannibalism... and you're just chock full of sweet, sweet pastry...

HATCH

Hey, man. I promise you'll get your baked goods as soon as I can get 'em!

Azel's expression lightens considerably.

AZEL

Okay. I like the ones with sprinkles, personally.

Hatch sighs deeply in relief and moves to exit the galley as quickly as he can.

AZEL
 (to escaping Hatch)
 Oh, and if you can get the ones
 with the jelly stuffed inside?
 Those are amazing!

Azel's voice trails off as Hatch leaves the galley and back into the corridor, a little more than freaked out.

INT. AVALON - CORRIDOR

Hatch makes his way through Avalon's almost endless corridors, paying very little heed to the debris littered everywhere.

Unfortunately, he pays so little heed that he runs directly into a quickly walking Siren!

SIREN
 Hey!

HATCH
 Ow!

Siren is quick to make sure she covers her front side as much as possible while Hatch rubs his nose in pain.

HATCH
 Sorry about that. Second time today
 that's happened.

SIREN
 (quickly)
 Don't worry about it.

Before he can utter another word, Siren takes off down the corridor, leaving Hatch perplexed and alone.

But we do not stay with Hatch this time. Instead we turn our focus to the retreating Siren. She keeps her head down and her arms crossed in front of her in a nearly fetal position.

She keeps up a very brisk pace for a long while, only slowing when she approaches another one of Avalon's extremely similar looking doors. She forces it open and enters.

INT. AVALON - SIREN'S ROOM

Where she finally stops and removes the thick and heavy shirt, exposing a more fitting one and her belly, which has now reached a very advanced stage. Siren's eyes are nearly glazed over in tears as she takes slow steps toward her bed. Obviously, her near jog was nigh exhausting.

But Siren's perceived loneliness is short lived. A soft beep reverberates throughout the room the instant Siren lays a gentile hand on her bed.

AVA

Siren, why are you hiding her?

Siren bolts up immediately, reflexively trying to cover her belly from the omnipresent computer.

SIREN

What are you talking about?

AVA

The puppy under your bed. Of course your little bundle of joy in the oven, Siren! Why're you hiding her from everyone?

Siren's arms drop but she does not relax. Her cold eyes turn up as if to try to face Ava.

SIREN

How do you know it's a she?

AVA

Simple. All guys assign male genders to things they don't know. Us girls assume they're one of us. And you still haven't answered my question.

Siren nearly chokes back something. Tears?

SIREN

Nobody needs to know. Not yet.

AVA

But why? I always thought babies were something everyone liked.

Siren sighs, finally pushing her emotions back.

SIREN

Not this one.

Siren's face twists with an emotion we've never seen before: shame.

AVA

Sorry, Siren.

But Siren doesn't push it back this time. Her wearied face finally relents as she sits on the edge of the bed.

SIREN

(through tears)

He was a Naussican. Big one. Back on Novo...

(beat, cold laugh)

The only one who could pay enough for me.

AVA

(sadly)

And he...?

SIREN

Yeah.

AVA

But you're out now. Zorin freed you. For the second time, I understand. How can this baby make you so sad? She won't be born to that life. She's with us. We're good people... mostly.

Siren almost smiles, but continues with her candid speech.

SIREN

You don't understand. In my old life, when girls became... like this... it meant we couldn't hide anymore. We couldn't pretend it was all a bad dream we would wake up from at any moment. Every time it happened we realized what we were and we could never escape.

Ava is calm and dims the lights in Siren's room to comfort her.

AVA

I'm so sorry. I didn't know.

SIREN

No, I guess you wouldn't.

Both Siren and Ava are silent for a long moment.

AVA

(uneasy)

What happened when... Back when you...

Siren is still silent for a beat.

SIREN

I don't know. I was always lucky. Until now, at least. I used to hear stories of them, the others like me, keeping them to full term. Some clients preferred to be serviced by women like that.

AVA

That's horrible!
(beat)
Sorry.

SIREN

And when the baby came out, they were sold off to the highest bidder and she went back to work, going back to pretending it was just a bad dream that would hopefully fade away one morning.

AVA

But you're not back there. Your baby won't ever go near people like that, I promise.

SIREN

(grimace)
You can't promise anything.

Immediately after she speaks, the room rumbles with the familiar sound and feeling of the ship landing.

SIREN

Nobody can.

CUT TO:

EXT. TYVOR CITY - LANDING PAD

The blue skies and sparkling oceans of Tyvor greet us once again. The entire vista is beautifully peaceful. Whitewashed stone buildings dot every available land space on Tyvor's island settlement.

Avalon is a black streak as she makes her way to the only open space, the circular landing pad. Like before, it's a simple dirt circle in the ground large enough to fit at least ten Avalon-sized ships. This time, though, it's perfectly empty, allowing Avalon to land in any spot she chooses.

Just when the ship is a bare few meters above the soft ground, Avalon's landing feet extend to their full length and her ramp lowers into its position. She lands with awesome and soft grace from what we see on the outside.

As she touches down, small jets of some kind of steam flow from several ports on the bottom of the ship, creating a powerful ambiance for the cargo ramp as it descends.

Zorin is out first, followed quickly by Isaac and, surprisingly, Hatch. Our hapless half-hero is burdened by eight large boxes of varying weight, all of them too much for him. As he descends the ramp, he looks very much like a mad scientist's hunchbacked servant.

HATCH

Okay, tell me again why you can't carry even one of these things?

ISAAC

(falsetto voice)

Oh, we need a strong man to carry all of our heavy burdens for us.

(beat, normal voice)

Besides, we got you to do it.

ZORIN

And we will need all of our capabilities to defend ourselves in this place.

The trio exit the ramp and make their way onto the dirt landing pad.

HATCH

Defend ourselves? Who's gonna attack us here? I thought this was a good place.

Suddenly, Hatch reels with a quick and frightening flashback of his first time on Tyvor in the clutches of the criminal Vellik.

VELLIK (V.O.)

That's it, show me your strength...

But he ends it by shaking his head rapidly.

HATCH

Yeah, you're right. Absolutely right. I'll carry these for ya.

ISAAC

Not to mention we could be blamed
for certain events that happened
not too long ago here.

Isaac emphasizes his point by nodding toward the nuclear burn marks on some of the still damaged buildings. Like some horrible post world war 2 pictures, the outlines of terrified and unsuspecting Tyvor citizens are etched into a wall with ash and carbon, their only remains.

HATCH

But that was the Cult's fault! They
did all that! Why would they blame us?

ZORIN

You can never predict the mindset
of those who live through such an
event. People live to blame their
problems on others and we were the
last ones on the planet before the
city was bombed.

HATCH

Okay, that's just crazy.

ZORIN

But that's the way it is.

The conversation fades out as the three make their way off the landing pad and into:

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TYVOR CITY - SEEDY BAR

In much the exact same shot that opens the cantina sequence in Episode 4 of "Star Wars", an alien head of wild proportions suddenly pops up from the bottom of the screen then immediately retreats to the tempo of wild, jovial jazz-like music.

Zorin's massive frame overtakes our vision for a moment before moving off to a back corner of the seedy bar. Like all other backwater cantinas seen in all film and entertainment venues, this one is incredibly small, dark, smoky and packed with all kinds of people and aliens of all description and manner. Hatch nods at a few and shrinks back from many others, providing a stark contrast to the other two with him, who are the epitome of tough in all respects.

Slowly, Zorin approaches the back corner with grace and an air of dignity he does not normally show.

We quickly move around him to see the persons occupying the corner seats, a human man with an extremely gruff face and portly demeanor and a extremely rail thin alien male of a species not seen before.

PORTLY MAN

So I hear you're Zorin. Captain of the most elusive ship in the known galaxy. Even eluded the Cult on more than one occasion. Truly impressive.

ZORIN

I hear you have a job for me.

The portly man's face flashes with dark rage at Zorin's manner but he hides it with a wide smile and raised glass of alcohol.

PORTLY MAN

Far be it for me to dictate how a man leads his life, but when looking for gainful employment, one doesn't generally lead in a direction the employer doesn't like.

Zorin and Hatch's faces twist in confusion. Isaac remains cool, sizing up the alien man in a brutal staring match.

PORTLY MAN

What I mean is, everyone else in this godforsaken galaxy likes those who get right to the point and makes human contact as short as possible.

(downs a drink)

I, on the other hand, prefer to utilize the lost art of conversation. I feel I get to know people best when I see them face to face and hear words from their own lips, not a vocoder panel or subspace radio.

(grim)

And I especially do not like those who cut off my warm greeting with such cold disdain, Mister Zorin.

Zorin keeps his tough look but bows his head slightly.

ZORIN

I apologize. Our journey was long and the dangers more than I'd care to admit.

The portly man smiles and gestures widely.

PORTLY MAN

Ah, then I understand. Sit! Let's talk business. I understand you need work.

Zorin and Isaac push Hatch into the seat closest to the wall. They take the two farthest away, the seats easier for them to escape from.

ZORIN

And to sell some unimportant items we no longer need.

PORTLY MAN

Then you have come to the right place.

Zorin nods to Hatch, who finally shrugs his heavy burdens off. Zorin effortlessly picks up a container and sits it down on the table before him. Inside is a small collection of spare parts and machinery.

ZORIN

Various engine components my vessel does not need.

The portly man looks over the box for a moment before closing it suddenly.

PORTLY MAN

Well, I'm sure we can make you a completely agreeable sum when the time comes. My friend here will gladly see to your selling needs. Right now, let's talk jobs.

Isaac perks up after a moment of complete disinterest.

ISAAC

Better be somethin' good. Last time we smuggled small hairy bugs in those little styrofoam boxes. Little buggers got EVERYWHERE.

Isaac and Hatch subconsciously scratch their arms and stomachs at that memory.

PORTLY MAN

No, nothing like that this time. In fact, I think you're going to like this one. Ever hear of the Tol'Baquar?

(MORE)

PORTLY MAN (CONT'D)

Used to run the biggest interstellar empire right after the cataclysm, so I'm told. But nowadays they're down to three systems and a real shortage of dilithium...

The portly man is cut off when a GUNSHOT echoes in the small bar! Zorin and Isaac are on their feet immediately, followed by everyone else.

ISAAC

The hell?

ZORIN

This isn't good.

It's Hatch, in a sudden moment of panic who looks down.

HATCH

Uh... guys?

Keeping their hands on their gun belts, Zorin and Isaac turn to Hatch, who is pointing to the Portly Man...

... Who is lying face first on the table, a pool of blood slowly filling the surface. He doesn't move a muscle.

ISAAC

Oh shit.

The camera whip pans to the door to the bar, where a posse of about ten young men stand, all of them brandishing weapons pointed at Zorin and Isaac.

POSSE LEADER

It's them! The bastards that burned our home!

The shocked but rather indifferent cantina crowd suddenly perk up, dozens of eyes slowly turning to our trio.

HATCH

Oh crap.

ISAAC

(whispers to Zorin)

Told you this would happen.

ZORIN

(whispers)

They weren't supposed to find us.

ISAAC

(same)

Yeah, well, they did.

The posse slowly stalks toward the trio, weapons high and tempers flaring.

POSSE LEADER

Think you could give us the slip
comin' into this little rathole?
Some here don't take as kindly to
your presence as the rest of this town.

Hatch slowly stands, hands forward in a trustworthy gesture.

HATCH

Hey, now, big guy. No one needs
more violence here.

The posse leader turns his gun on Hatch.

POSSE LEADER

Who the hell asked you? Look worse
than a slave on no rations.

(to Zorin)

This your slave? Better tell him to
shut up.

ZORIN

I can assure you with all my
beating heart's truthfulness that
this is not my slave. In fact, I
barely even know him.

HATCH

The hell, Zorin? We been on your
ship a year and you're saying...

The entire posse levels their guns on the trio. Zorin quickly turns to Hatch with a look of cold fire.

HATCH

Sorry! God damn.

POSSE LEADER

You're gonna come wit' me and we're
gonna have a nice chat at the town
square.

He motions with his gun.

POSSE LEADER

Come on, don't be shy. Got a lotta
people want to see you out there.

The posse begins to lead our heroes out of the small bar, some rushing forward to disarm Zorin and Isaac, who do not fight back against the superior firepower.

When they're just a few meters from the door a second later:

HATCH
Zorin, how much do you weigh?

ZORIN
That's not exactly important right now.

HATCH
Trust me. How much do you weigh?

ZORIN
Hatch...

HATCH
Let's say about four fifty? Enough
to crack some skulls?

The group is almost out the door by now. They all squeeze through as one, keeping their guns on our heroes.

ZORIN
I swear to God, Hatch...

HATCH
Zorin, I really hope you forgive me
for this...

They're out the door when...

ZORIN
What are you talking about-

Hatch's foot catches Zorin's boot.

Their legs lock.

Zorin's eyes almost pop out of his skull...

When he comes stumbling down on top of three posse members directly in front of him! His weight easily snaps the arm of one hapless man in front of him and the leg of another beside him.

But Zorin doesn't fall to the ground. Instead, he falls to one knee and in that instant, takes two guns from the injured men around him and fires three shots into three other nearby men, leaving only five surrounding them.

Isaac takes his cue and performs a similar move, feigning a stumble but recoiling a split second later with a powerful uppercut move and kick. He arms himself in short order and shoots the last few posse members square in the chests.

The brawl is over in seconds, leaving only the posse leader to stare into the very angry eyes of Zorin, who physically picks him up by the throat to see eye-to-eye.

ZORIN

You just cost me a very lucrative job to pay for a ship on it's last legs. You almost got me killed and nearly took one of my favorite guns.

(beat)

I don't like that.

The man's breath becomes mere wheezes and shallow coughs.

HATCH

Zorin...?

Zorin ignores Hatch.

ZORIN

I don't like that at all. In fact, I think you should be taught a lesson.

The former posse leader is turning blue.

HATCH

Zorin, let him down. Please.

ZORIN

Know that I had nothing to do with your city's devastation. Know that I was merely interested in work. And KNOW that these are the last things you will hear in this life.

Zorin begins to grind the man's neck in his powerful grip, but is stopped when a piece of metal BONKS off his head. He drops the man in surprise, who runs off in a fit of panic.

Zorin turns to Hatch, who is holding the spare parts crate in one hand, another engine component in another.

ISAAC

Nice shot! Go for the nose for extra points next time!

Zorin and Hatch stare each other down for a moment. Hatch shows remarkable will here.

ZORIN

First you trip me and then... throw pieces of metal...

HATCH

I wasn't going to let you kill him. There's been enough of that lately.

ISAAC

Been nice knowing you, Hatch... Wait, no it hasn't. Can I have your shuttle?

Zorin slowly palms his gun.

HATCH

Besides, at least he knows we didn't destroy the city. Maybe he'll tell others and we'll be more welcome next time. Well, less likely to be shot at on sight but the principle's the same.

ISAAC

Runt's got a point there, Zorin.

Zorin stands for a long, tense moment. Hatch gives zero ground.

ZORIN

One cannot deny your logic, Hatch. But the fact remains we still have no work.

HATCH

Yeah, can't win 'em all.

The three slowly begin to head back to Avalon. After a moment, we begin pulling up in a stereotypical ending shot.

ISAAC (O.S.)

Pick those boxes up, idiot! We didn't sell 'em!

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. AVALON - ADELE'S ROOM

Adele sits at a small desk in her room, scribbling like mad into a large book with similar scribbling all over it. Though she writes with nearly mad speed, the writing is all completely orderly and neater than even some printed works. This is another of her books she is writing completely from memory.

As she continues to write, we pan around her room to see all its interesting details. Her bed is like any other in the ship, almost a military cot with very little comfort value, but the presence of a large pillow and silk sheets make the utilitarian bed look oddly comfortable. The one window of the room is covered by a red piece of cloth from one of Adele's previous garments and the three metal bookcases that cover three of the walls have similar cloth laid over them. In all, her room is interesting in its very posh covering of stark objects.

When we finally focus on Adele once more, she taps her pen on the paper three times, signifying the end of her work. She looks over the book for a moment, proud of her work and cracks a faint smile.

But she does not read the book. Instead, she slowly stands, taking into account her still painful injury. From the side of the desk, previously hidden from view, she grabs her white cane. She uses it to slowly limp over to one of her very full bookshelves and place the book in its proper place.

Unfortunately, it's at this quiet moment that Adele is interrupted by the sound of a knock at her door.

ADELE

Yes?

The door opens to reveal the young face of Shera, slightly out of breath.

ADELE

Can I help you?

Shera gulps in for a moment before speaking.

SHERA

Zorin wanted you to come to the meeting room. He says it's really important.

Adele nods.

ADELE

Very well. Tell him I will be there shortly.

Shera nods and is gone.

Adele begins slowly walking with her cane, an obviously extremely painful endeavor. It takes a long time for her to even pass through the doorway.

INT. AVALON - CONFERENCE ROOM

Zorin is alone in the very same room the Avalon's crew frequently meets. The wooden Torrinan table is still there as are the chairs. Zorin stares out at the Tyvor skyline from where he sits, completely silent.

Fortunately, it is not silent for long as Adele slowly makes her way to the table. She does not sit.

ADELE

You wished to see me?

ZORIN

I see you're healing well from your injury. Very good.

ADELE

Indeed. Though Isaac can be a horrible example of humanity, he can be an excellent doctor at times.

ZORIN

Too bad he chooses to express the former all too often.

Adele half smiles at the joke.

ADELE

What did you wish to see me for save bashing Isaac behind his back?

ZORIN

How I wish that was all I wanted, believe me.

Zorin slowly stands, looking Adele directly in the eyes.

ZORIN

I want you to call the Cult.

ADELE

What?

Zorin sighs, choosing his words carefully.

ZORIN

It's easy to tell with the Cult's recent activities, work for men such as myself has become scarce. More and more planets are falling under their heel and the place for privateers is rapidly shrinking.

(beat, sigh)

But we do know for a fact that the Cult still relies on labor and services of those not directly under their control for a myriad of reasons, be them economic or political.

Adele is dumbfounded.

ADELE

Are you honestly proposing...?

ZORIN

I am. My ship is falling apart and her crew is near starving. I fear we may not last longer than a few months if we have no money to fix our ills and continue flying.

ADELE

But you know what they do to those they use. They often wind up converted or killed. I thought that was why you fought them so fiercely.

(beat)

It's why I remain with you.

ZORIN

Trust me, this prospect is the very last one I considered. Confederate space is too far away and I cannot justify selling any more equipment for money. And I will not consider selling one of my crew for pocket change.

ADELE

Not even Hatch?

ZORIN

As much as I would like to, his presence is keeping that forsaken computer in line. He has a tighter noose around me than he realizes.

Adele is silent for a long moment. Outside the window, a native Tyvor bird makes an eerie call.

ADELE

The very idea of calling my former brethren for simple money to survive... to me it is as unthinkable as you selling this vessel for the same reason. I will inevitably be tracked and Sovari will know I still live the moment I make the call. He will not let us go a second time.

ZORIN

All I ask is for you to open the proper frequency. Shera is skilled at communications beyond that. They won't have to see your face.

Adele stands, looking side to side forlornly.

ADELE

I... I cannot...

Zorin slowly moves closer to Adele, placing a massive hand on her shoulder.

ZORIN

Do not think I'm making a suggestion. Do what I say. This is my decision and my decision alone, Adele. I will not allow the Cult to harm my ship or its crew while I am in command.

Adele doesn't look particularly convinced, but she realizes what he's saying.

ADELE

I will do it. But do not expect me to help in whatever task they make you do.

ZORIN

A deal, then. Agreed. Shera is waiting for you on the bridge.

Adele nods and walks off slowly. We can tell she is fighting back tears with every ounce of her strength.

When she's gone, Zorin turns back to the window.

ZORIN
What have I done?

INT. AVALON - BRIDGE

Adele arrives on the bridge and begins moving forward. The sound of her cane THUNKing on the metal floor plates startles a near sleeping Shera into full consciousness.

SHERA
Oh, hey, Adele. Let me help you.

ADELE
I'm fine. Really.

Shera nods and sits back at the comm. console. Adele makes her way there in due time.

SHERA
So I guess you said yes?

Adele nods slowly.

ADELE
Zorin made his feelings known very clearly.

SHERA
Okay... I guess.

Adele begins pushing buttons on Shera's console quickly, opening the comm. line.

ADELE
I'm simply opening the frequency.
You'll handle the rest of the conversation.

SHERA
(uneasy)
Oh... okay...

Adele taps a few last buttons and turns around quickly, exiting the bridge in a few painful steps.

A moment later, the very small screen on Shera's console lights up with the face of a slight human male with an impressive tattoo on his cheek. His dark red robes are evident even in the limited angle.

CULT REPRESENTATIVE
 This is Jalkis of the fourth relay
 station. State your reason for
 opening this line.

Shera smiles weakly and gulps a deep gulp.

CUT TO:

INT. AVALON - CONFERENCE ROOM

Some time later, as seen by the dark sky outside, the entire
 cast is assembled into the small room. There is an uproar
 against Zorin, who stands as stoically as ever.

AZEL
 I can't believe you did this!

ISAAC
 You fucking nuts, Zorin!?

SIREN
 There must have been another
 alternative!

HATCH
 What were you thinking!?

Zorin stands the uproar for a second before ending it all
 with a simple raised hand. All except Hatch.

HATCH
 I mean, there have been dumb plans
 in the past. Ask Isaac when we were
 crashing on that ice planet. Had to
 fall down on a tent or something
 that barely kept us alive.
 Remember... Iss...ac...?

Hatch trails off when he realizes the silence.

HATCH
 Sorry.

When Hatch is completely done, Zorin clears his throat to speak.

ZORIN
 This decision was mine alone. Our
 lack of resources coupled with
 recent difficulty with finding work
 was what forced me to do this.
 (MORE)

ZORIN (CONT'D)

We all know that the Cult often conscripts those not under their control for work they would rather not do themselves.

ISAAC

Yeah, last time they had us work like slaves digging up dirt for a few days then took us to their goddamn HOMEWORLD to be killed! And all for zero profit I may add.

SIREN

But that was only because you created chaos with rescuing Adele!

ISAAC

They were gonna kill her!

Zorin takes in a sharp breath to end the argument there.

ZORIN

The fact remains the Cult contracts outside help and does so regularly. I made the decision to inquire about work opportunities after exhausting every other alternative. I only called you in here when I received their reply.

AZEL

And what is that? More digging? Maybe building a new temple out in the sun? I can't take that, Zorin, I have this skin condition...

ZORIN

We are to meet at a point in deep space and wait for our contact to arrive with mission orders.

The crew doesn't say anything but their looks speak it all. Uniform disgust.

ZORIN

The payoff is promised fifty thousand Cult standard on arrival and another fifty thousand after the completion of the mission.

AZEL

That's enough to buy a new ship!
You couldn't have gotten Avalon for
more than three-

ZORIN

How I acquired Avalon is not your
concern. What is your concern,
however, is continuing your repairs
of the ship until we arrive. I at
least want the viewscreen working
by mission start.

Azel nods uncomfortably.

ZORIN

And the rest of you will continue
your normal functions until I call
another meeting.

(beat)

I promise we will not be double
crossed, harmed, or forcibly
converted at all. I will ensure we
do the job and take the money. And
that will be our only contact with
the Cult whatsoever. This is not
our last act. This is just another
job, another source of income.

Nobody looks cheered up, but neither do they look relieved.

ZORIN

Any other questions?

Hatch slowly raises his hand.

HATCH

Yeah... um... who's our contact?

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE

Avalon sits alone in deep space, stars barely flickering in
their extreme distance. There are no nearby stars here, nor
are there any other bodies to speak of in this patch of
extremely empty space.

In fact, if not for her massive green nacelles and oversized
impulse engines providing a simultaneous green and orange
glow, we would not even be able to tell Avalon was there at all.

INT. AVALON - BRIDGE

Azel stands next to Avalon's very small viewscreen, tinkering in a panel recently opened near its left side. A small light flickers on an off in an irregular fashion.

AZEL

Yep, that's your problem right there. The little burned thing got in the way of the orange glowing thing.

We pan around to see that Hatch is hovering directly behind Azel, looking into the open panel with great interest. In his hand is a half eaten pickle.

HATCH

What about the green thingy? That looks pretty broke.

AZEL

The green thing makes sure the red thing keeps energy flowing through the whole screen. I take that out and things get worse than they are.

HATCH

'Kay, keep it in there. But what's gonna happen when you take out the burned thing?

AZEL

Should be fixed.

HATCH

That's it? You don't have to reroute some power cable to not interfere with some flux capacitor?

AZEL

Let me in on a secret of us engineer types, Hatch. We make all this up. Every word. All that babble you hear about conduits and capacitors, all lies to make us sound smarter than we really are. 'Cause all our job really entails is-

Azel reaches in and snaps off the aforementioned "burned thing".

AZEL

- taking out the bad things and replacing them with good ones.

Instantly, the viewscreen jumps to life!

ZORIN
Good work, Azel.

AZEL
No problem, really. Though I'd suggest we avoid any more torpedo hits to the bridge until I can get another little fuse.

ZORIN
I'll try to remember that.

Azel quickly covers the panel and walks away, pushing Hatch childishly aside on his way out.

As he passes the helm console, our attention turns from him to Siren.

Her face is nearly green by now and her oversized shirt is showing the grime and wear of being worn for days constantly without being washed.

Azel almost passes Siren by before he stops and leans toward her in a hushed tone.

AZEL
Uh, Siren, I fixed the laundry machine like two days ago. And not that I'm trying to pry... I kinda liked your old wardrobe before, y'know, this.

Siren barely nods to Azel, both to hide her sickness and a sudden anger. Azel easily exits the bridge.

Siren tries to sit calmly for a moment, keeping a casual eye on Hatch who pokes the console that seemed to activate the shields in the pilot episode with his pickle.

But her attention is suddenly diverted when her hand goes over her mouth.

ZORIN
Are you okay, Siren?

She doesn't answer. Instead, she stands and runs off the bridge exactly like we saw in the teaser.

HATCH
What's with her?

ZORIN

Siren's must have caught an illness somewhere recently. Her system is strong enough to fight it.

HATCH

Huh. She's never been sick before the time I've been here.

ZORIN

Neither have you.

HATCH

Hey, yeah. Come to think of it, the only person who's ever had anything worse than a little sniffle is you, Zorin. Remember that time? You were out and we brought on-

Shera turns from her side console.

SHERA

We're getting a hail.

ZORIN

Put it up.

Hatch keeps talking as if they were paying attention.

HATCH

What was her name? I think it was Shara... Hella... Sha-na-na... Shaniqua...?

The screen activates behind him, revealing a familiar female face.

CHALA

Chala, Hatch. Chala.

Hatch turns around in shock. Zorin stands, his hand instinctively heading toward his gun.

CHALA

Relax, everyone. Really, you're making ME nervous.

HATCH

Wha-... What are you....?

CHALA

Doing talking to you? I know, it seems so weird, don't it?

ZORIN

As much as I want to know that, I feel a certain satisfaction telling you that we are expecting a Cult contact at any moment. You've been undoubtedly targeted by them now and will be recruited into their seer campaign at any moment. Looks like this wasn't your day to prey on us again.

Zorin finishes his statement with a cruel smile.

CHALA

Sorry to burst your bubble, Zorin, but that's not exactly what's going to go down.

HATCH

What do you mean?

CHALA

What I mean is...
(long, dramatic beat)
I'm your contact.

As the crew stands stunned, we.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SPACE

We see the same empty, dark patch of space Avalon currently resides. Though this time she is joined by a massive Cult vessel. Not a cruiser, but something easily twice Avalon's size and bristling with weapons and speaker devices. Her ambient lights are very little, making her an almost invisible shadow in the darkness.

CHALA (V.O.)

So now you're wondering why I'm here. Trust me, I know.

As she speaks, we:

CUT TO:

INT. AVALON - CONFERENCE ROOM

Chala stands at one end of the wood table with the rest of the cast save Adele and Siren assembled.

ISAAC

Yeah, you could fucking say that.

CHALA

Good to see you too, Isaac. Adele doing alright? She's not here.

ZORIN

Just explain your business and ignore the banter, Chala.

CHALA

Guess I'd better.

(beat)

And no, my cheeks do NOT feel like goldfish scales!

Hatch's eyes suddenly divert from Chala's reptilian cheeks, turning with great interest toward the ceiling panels.

CHALA

Let's get down to the reason you were hired by the Reds, hmm? Long story short, "the Prophet" realizes your impressive ability to cause trouble and wants to utilize it to his benefit instead of to his hindrance.

ISAAC

We know how much damn trouble we caused them way back when. What's the job?

CHALA

If you'd shut up for a second I'd tell you!

(beat)

Okay. Well, as you know, the Cult's been dominated recently by what's been called the "final prophecy". I don't think you need to be reminded what that is.

HATCH

End times are a-comin' and they need to convert everyone they see or else they'll die. That right?

CHALA

Eh, good enough. And while you've no doubt seen the way our benefactors like to do their business, large scale fighting, destruction, scary stuff and the like. I bet you've never seen the prep work for it.

SHERA

I didn't think they had any. Just smash, grab and convert whoever's left alive.

CHALA

Ever wonder how they made it so easy?

(quickly)

Besides their gigantic ships, massive army and completely superior weaponry?

(beat, normal)

They, surprisingly, covertly target every world they want to convert weeks, months, sometimes years before they come in. Agents go in and do all kinds of things to weaken the target. Economy draining, population relocation, military thinning, the works.

AZEL

Let me guess, we're going to go to some planet, zip in and tell everyone to move a step to the right so the Cult can take up the entire left side! Brilliant! How can they lose?

CHALA

Not quite. Please let me finish. It's good, I promise.

(another beat)

Let me stop beating around the bush. Right now, the Cult is looking at a planet in a star system just fifteen light years from here. The Rosani system, specifically the sixth planet, is not only a major population center but the gateway to about sixty others in the same local region. Unfortunately, their leader is somewhat of a dictator meets father. At the same time he controls just about every aspect of Rosani Six's military, economy and social projects, he's just as popular amongst the people.

Hatch whistles.

HATCH

That's like, nearly impossible.

CHALA

Thanks, most likely in no small part, to his public relations crew. But the fact remains he's got all the cards and a population of billions to back him up.

ZORIN

What's his name?

CHALA

Regent Gerard Tel the Fourth. Fourth in the Regent line, holder of some sacred chalice and some other credentials I can't remember right now. He's just under two meters tall and keeps a healthy weight for propaganda purposes. I could even tell you what he eats for breakfast every day if you really want to know.

Zorin grunts, waving his hand as he talks:

ZORIN

You want us to infiltrate their government and kill this man. You just had to say that.

CHALA

Aw, and I had this whole dramatic speech prepared about it and everything. Oh well.

(beat)

But killing him is only part one of the operation. See, though he's got total one-man control of the military, he's got internal sensors locked onto his heart and brain functions. The instant they're out, the planet's going to go into high alert. I'm talking tanks in the streets, planes in formation, satellites kicking into gear, everything. See where I'm going with this?

ZORIN

That's the Cult plan, isn't it? We kill their leader covertly and they suddenly know the location of every military unit on the planet, easily letting the Reds target and destroy them at their leisure.

CHALA

Exactly. But that's the long term goal. Guess who's gonna be right in the middle of it all when they go ballistic?

HATCH

Aw crap.

CHALA

See, that's where your second extraordinary talent comes in, Zorin. Running and hiding. But I know you can pull it off. Hell, if you can fight your way off of Prime, trick a beautiful and extraordinarily powerful telepath and even escape Sovari's personal tracking devices twice, you can kill a little local regent and get away with it.

AZEL

Sure, no problem. We're all black ops agents, as you well know. This'll be a cakewalk.

CHALA

Glad to know I have your approval.

ZORIN

You don't have my approval, you merely have my reluctant agreement. Very reluctant.

CHALA

I guess that's the best I'll ever get out of you, huh?

ZORIN

Yes.

Chala claps her hands together and sighs.

CHALA

So that's it I guess. We just need to come up with a way to infiltrate their most secure government facility, get close enough to their most supreme leader to kill him and then escape before their royally pissed security forces find and destroy us.

HATCH

Easy peasy.

SHERA

You got the right people for the job.

The only person who smiles in the room is Chala.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. AVALON - ADELE'S ROOM

Adele is back in the same place we expect her to be: hunched behind her desk with several books open in front of her, all of them obviously from the same library she has spent the last year writing herself. She has several sheets of paper full of the same flowing script covering all paper surfaces in the room. Adele herself is writing like mad onto a clean sheet, comparing passages from three books at once, writing an impressive thesis on a prophecy we can't make out.

But her work is short lived. As Adele begins tearing through the pages with a fervor of someone doing impressive research, a powerful THUMP reverberates from the door into Adele's room. At first, it sounds much like a muffled gunshot, startling Adele as one would expect.

The woman slowly stands, taking her cane in hand and makes several slow steps over to the door. She opens it in the same fashion.

ADELE

What's going on?

Adele looks back and forth through the ruined corridor outside her room, a puzzled look on her face.

ADELE

Hello?

Adele slowly takes a step further into the corridor.

But jumps back like a perfectly healthy woman when a hand reaches up from the bottom of the frame and GRABS her shirt!

SIREN

Please...

Adele's gaze turns with us to the floor, where Siren lay in a pile of limbs on the floor. Her hair is matted and damp with sweat, her arms dangerously weak looking and her face showing a strain beyond anything we've seen before.

Adele doesn't speak, instead she tosses her cane back into her room and with extreme effort, grabs Siren's hand and helps her to her feet. Both of them look drained even from that effort.

ADELE

Come inside.

Both women support each other as they slowly limp into Adele's room. They make their way to her comfortable bed, where Adele lies Siren on her side and moves her sweaty hair from her face.

ADELE

I'll get some water.

Adele does so and quickly returns, helping Siren sip a little water from a small mug. Siren stops drinking after a moment, but only because she succumbs to a horrible coughing fit a moment later.

ADELE

What's wrong!? Why aren't you in sickbay?

Siren's coughing lasts a moment more before she chokes them down

SIREN

It's nothing.
(tries to stand)
Thanks for the help.

Adele's hand pushes Siren back onto the bed.

ADELE

Collapsing in the corridor and then succumbing to a spell of coughing worse than most major lung diseases in the galaxy does not fit the definition of "nothing".

SIREN

Fine. It's nothing that should concern you.

Adele hands Siren the water cup once more. This time, she downs it in a few gulps.

SIREN

Thanks.

ADELE

If I may make a suggestion, perhaps your too large shirt is causing this. If I could just-

Adele reaches down tenderly to help Siren remove her dirty rags of a large shirt, her last barrier that would reveal her pregnant belly. Unfortunately, at the last moment, Siren SWATS Adele's hand away with a violent motion.

SIREN

NO!

Adele shrinks back, almost falling over thanks to her wound. Siren does not apologize, instead choosing to stand and begin leaving Adele's room.

SIREN

Thanks for the help. I'll just...
be more careful next time.

Siren almost reaches the door when Adele grabs Siren's shoulders in much the same way Siren did at the beginning of the scene.

ADELE

By His word... are you... pregnant!?

Siren looks down with an expression of pain, anger and supreme confusion.

SIREN

How could you...?

But we plainly see, in Siren's violent reaction to Adele's helpful suggestion, her shirt's bottom has been ripped wide open, exposing her larger than ever belly!

SIREN

Shit.

Adele, however, is as pale as a ghost, her eyes wide with awe and fear.

SIREN

Look, please, I know you can keep
your mouth shut about this. Let's
just make it easier for both of us
and help me get back to my room
before anyone sees-

Adele doesn't regain her composure, instead she gets even more wild eyed.

ADELE

Are you mad!? How long have you
been with child!?

Siren is in no mood to talk, but realizes leaving Adele's room would expose her secret to the rest of the ship. She sighs heavily in frustration before slowly moving back to the bed. She looks entirely different from the Siren we know with a fully exposed pregnant midsection.

SIREN

At least four months. At least that was when I realized...

Adele half listens. In her crazed mood, she moves back to her massive collection of handwritten books, tearing through them like they were trashy novels instead of the fruits of painstaking labor.

ADELE

Where is it?

SIREN

Where's what?

Adele has nearly every single one of her books on the floor now, going through all of their pages in her increasingly mad search.

SIREN

What the hell are you looking for?

ADELE

The prophecy! The first prophecy! His most remembered and forgotten words since the beginning of his power.

SIREN

Okay... I really don't need a sermon to help me feel better about this...

Adele doesn't reply. Instead she begins going through her desk of open books.

ADELE

It was written in the first decades of his power, the very foundation of what you call "The Cult". Something that... never came true.

Siren suddenly perks up, temporarily forgetting her child.

SIREN

You mean... the high and mighty guy you say provides all those completely accurate prophecies... got one wrong?

ADELE

I severely hope so... for your sake.

Siren becomes even more concerned. She slowly stands just as Adele finds the VERY last book in her collection, the one she finished just hours before. She takes the large tome over to Siren with a new look of frenzied reverence.

ADELE

Look. Here. In here.

Adele doesn't give Siren the book. Instead she points to a small passage among many other paragraphs of incomprehensible scribble.

SIREN

What is it?

Adele clears her throat, preparing to read.

ADELE

(slowly, reading pace)

"At the dawn of the new order, a child arrives from the mother bound. At the twilight of the old, a leader shall die. From the broken one, the elusive one, the lost one and the traitor, the transition will become reality. From her seed, the savior will come. From her seed, destruction will reign."

Siren's interested look turns to disdain.

SIREN

The hell was that? I really thought you were crazy before but this takes the cake.

(mocking Adele)

A child will come with destruction and doom and daisies and more doom.

(normal)

They're ALL like that from what I've heard.

Adele nearly tosses the book into Siren's chest before relenting and taking a calming breath.

ADELE

Don't you get it!? This was his first prophecy, widely thought to be the dawn of that new order.

(MORE)

ADELE (CONT'D)

No special child came from any source back then, not even a leader like... like Sovari. In fact, until recently, there hasn't been anyone with that much power in those ranks at all.

SIREN

Uh huh. And this lesson in Cult politics and history is REALLY interesting. Look, Adele, thanks for giving me some entertainment from my problem, but I think it would be better if you just help me get back to my room and forget about all this.

Siren heads for the door...

But is stopped cold when Adele appears right in front of her, still holding the prophecy like her own child.

ADELE

And did you know no one, ever, has betrayed the Prophet in his entire reign... until me? No one in the galaxy could have been called traitor until me. Until I decided to reject Sovari's ways and his vision of the Prophet's words, nobody has drifted from the order in over a thousand years.

(beat)

But now I have and it looks like... you're in trouble.

SIREN

Yeah, right. What about all that crap about the "mother bound" and all that?

ADELE

Haven't you considered yourself bound before? I know of your past, Siren. Isaac told me the horrible tale while I suffered in that hole of a sickbay. I know where you come from, what has defined your life from the moment you entered that horrible lifestyle.

SIREN

Don't you ever talk about me like that-

Adele keeps speaking, ignoring Siren.

ADELE

And haven't you heard the reports of Zorin's Avalon constantly eluding Sovari's patrols? Hasn't it been over twenty times this past year alone? Elusive one, indeed.

SIREN

This is insane-

ADELE

And finally the lost one. Who aboard this ship constantly whines and complains about being lost and wanting to get back home?

SIREN

Adele, let me go-

ADELE

Who?

SIREN

Listen, you Red bitc-

ADELE

Answer me!

SIREN

Hatch! Goddammit, Adele, you're annoying!

Adele finally calms down.

ADELE

Do you see why I fear for you, Siren? This prophecy has been seen as apocrypha for a thousand years because its circumstances have never come true just like all of His others. But this ship, this little adventure of ours, is too similar to be discredited anymore.

Siren tries to escape the room once more, but Adele holds her ground.

ADELE

Listen to me! This could be extremely bad for all of us. One who brings destruction is mentioned only in prophecies relating to one thing.

Siren stops struggling for a moment to ask:

SIREN

And that is?

ADELE

Complete annihilation.

SIREN

What?

ADELE

Siren, your child is destined to destroy the Cult. The Prophet himself. And everything He, everything I stand for.

Siren goes cold for a long beat, standing stock still almost like a statue. Adele nods and goes back to her pile of books on the floor, letting Siren think in relative privacy. She begins neatly reorganizing them on her shelf.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROSANI 6 - LANDING PAD

The landing pad of Rosani 6 is in complete contrast to that of Tyvor. Where the former was a simple flat ring of dirt conveniently placed for space traffic to arrive and depart without colliding with anything important, Rosani 6's is a massive, square, floating hovercraft nearly a mile long on every side. Literally hundreds of small and large ships cover its surface as it floats over a large city center, itself a technological marvel. Floating trains haul passengers and all kinds of cargo to and fro as spires much reminiscent of "The Jetsons" point skyward.

Avalon slowly descends toward an empty spot on the landing pad. Her dirty, pitted exterior in severe contrast to the brightly gleaming hulls of nearly every ship around her. In fact, as her landing struts extend and Avalon makes the last few meters to touchdown, a few passerbys from other vessels point and comment at Avalon just as you would expect.

But this time Avalon's main cargo ramp does not open. Instead, when Avalon THUNKS down on the metal landing pad, our focus flies forward until we're peering right into the same conference room we've seen previously. Zorin and the same cast from before assemble a moment later.

INT. AVALON - CONFERENCE ROOM

Chala once again addresses the room, standing like a great orator in front of the small crowd.

CHALA

Told you the codes were good.

ZORIN

It wasn't the codes I didn't trust.
It was, and always will be, you.

CHALA

Hey, I haven't stolen your ship,
tried to kill you or anything
sneaky like that at all. I've been
a good girl.

ISAAC

Yeah, yeah. So what's the next step
in this master fuckin' plan?

CHALA

Glad you asked, my former bed-
wetting friend.

HATCH

(pointing)

Ha!

ISAAC

Now that's just-

CHALA

Let's just get right to it, people.
I got us landed here on one of the
ritziest places in the capital city,
about three miles from the Regent's
own home.

Chala reaches into a pocket in her red clothing and reveals a flat PADD-like device with a single picture on it, a regal looking tower that even puts the massive Sun Catcher from Novograd to shame.

As she speaks, we get a quick tour of the building to go along with every sentence.

CHALA

The People's Tower is what it's called. Built over twenty years by our dear sweet target's own father to cement his power and to provide a happy and completely secure home for his son. It's neutron welded in all points and is constructed of a kind of metal that only is found in this system. Something called duranium or something.

Azel whistles.

AZEL

Spiffy. But it's no floating island.

CHALA

But it's got all the security measures of one. Only official members of the government are allowed in and out, all of them extremely thoroughly scanned upon entrance AND exit as well as a small army's worth of automatically targeted and fired weapons on every level and hall. And that's not even going into the details of the exterior weapons...

HATCH

A goddamn fortress. No wonder he's not scared of y'all Reds.

CHALA

Ah, but here's the clincher. All that fancy stuff is only activated on a personal command from the Regent himself. No one else knows the codes, no one else can even access a backup system. It's all really meant to stop a big outside invasion like our employers love to do so much.

ZORIN

But if he's killed before he can activate it all, the planet's most secure facility is just another building to fall when the invasion comes.

CHALA

And apparently a great seat of power for whatever governor is assigned to it when it's all over. But that's not the point. The point is they have no defense against someone walking in and killing the beloved leader guy before he has a chance to say a thing.

HATCH

But you just said only the government types are allowed in and are screened and stuff before even walking in. We can't possibly...

Chala smiles.

CHALA

Of course WE can't. But SHE can.

Chala taps the PADD twice. The picture slowly changes to show a blurry picture of what looks like a very expensively dressed and regal looking woman.

HATCH

And SHE is...?

CHALA

Viran Soli. One of the heads of state for a small region near the north pole, one of the richest mineral mines in the sector. She also has an obscure treasury ministry spot in the global government which gives her an all access pass to everything inside the Tower.

SHERA

Let me guess this one. You're going to take her identity and sneak inside. Right?

AZEL

Sounds right to me.

CHALA

Good girl. Exactly. I've got a wardrobe and personality chart on my person right now. When the team's assembled, I'll get into character and we'll get going.

ISAAC

What team? You know what, this plan's looking more and more like you could've done it all yourself without our help. I'm starting to think this is all a big setup-

ZORIN

Isaac...

ISAAC

No, I won't be quiet about this. Everything she's done so far could've been done with a small shuttle and her own... talents. The hell does she need us for?

Chala's black eyes flash for a moment.

CHALA

Really, Isaac, shut up before Zorin snaps your neck or I tell everyone about your time with that boy from across the street.

Isaac looks ready to pounce for a moment, but decides against it.

ISAAC

Fuck this and fuck you. I'm out of this plan.

He storms out a second later.

SHERA

Thank the gods...

CHALA

Now that we're done with that little nuisance, let me tell you what we need to do. First, yes, I am going to use this identity to get into the building. But Viran never travels alone. She's got two bodyguards with her at all times, some kind of ancient tradition from somewhere. And by all times, I really mean ALL TIMES. Aside from the luck of that girl to have two guys to do whatever she orders at any time for any reason, they're as much a part of her image as anything I could do.

(MORE)

CHALA (CONT'D)

(beat)

She usually walks around with two human males for some reason, but I trust Zorin's gun hand more than anyone's really.

(another beat, a little depressed)

And I guess without everyone's favorite rude doctor, we'll have to take Hatch along.

HATCH

Me? Really? But I never go anywhere unless they need a pack mule or something.

CHALA

Consider yourself promoted then. Your parts are gonna be pretty easy, since I'll be the one who'll actually get close enough to his mighty-ness to off him. You'll just have to look tough and manly while I work my stuff.

ZORIN

Alright, fine. But what about the rest of the crew?

CHALA

Well, like every successful crime in history, you need a good fall guy...

AZEL

Hey!

ZORIN

What!?

CHALA

Kidding, kidding. They're our proverbial getaway car. See, I'm sure you know that when their favorite dictator-for-life is dead, we're not just going to be able to waltz out of the Tower like nothing happened. Fortunately, like I said, all the external weapons are going down with mister Regent so they won't have to worry about being shot at as much as we are.

ZORIN

You didn't have a plan for this part, did you?

CHALA

Not really. Honestly, I don't even think we'll get back to the lobby of the Tower in one piece, let alone out of the Regent's office. That's all up to you.

HATCH

I'm sure Zorin can keep us safe. Right, buddy?

ZORIN

I'll do anything to make sure I get back to my ship, if at all to keep it out of Isaac's hands.

CHALA

Wiser words have never been spoken. So to break it down, we got me, Hatch and Zorin going in pretending to be upscale persons, kill the regent and get out. Meanwhile, lil' Shera pilots our getaway ship to the front door for us to hop in and get away. Sound right?

ZORIN

Good enough.

HATCH

Sweet.

Azel stands.

AZEL

Then I guess I'd better get to engineering to get ready.

HATCH

Why?

AZEL

You honestly think we're getting out of this without a single missile fired, gun shot or knee scraped?

HATCH

One could hope.

Azel laughs as he exits.

CHALA
I think we should all get ready.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

INT. AVALON - EMPTY ROOM

We slowly pan over an empty room somewhere in the innards of Avalon. Clothes of a distinctly female cut litter a good portion of the floor and various items, including a very small personal gun, make a small pile near a bare pair of feet.

CHALA (O.S.)
Damn buttons, why won't you stay on!?

We pan up from the foot up to Chala's distressed face as she wrestles with a small button somewhere on her back. She's already clothed in a silky shirt and pants that look much more expensive than anything on board the Avalon ten times over, but the dark blue jacket over the shirt refuses to button.

She tries one more time before sighing and giving up.

CHALA
Know what? I don't need you. There are plenty of other gowns and stuff I could wear. Not evil garments of oppression, either!

HATCH (O.S.)
Or you could, y'know, ask for help.

Chala turns to face a very relaxed looking Hatch, standing at the open doorway to the room.

CHALA
What are you doing in-

HATCH
Here? See, I can finish sentences in an annoying way too. Actually, Zorin wants me to keep an eye on you 'till we're ready to go.

CHALA
I remember this part. You pretend to be all high and mighty so my evil charms don't work, no matter what I come up with. Right?

HATCH
Or Zorin just wants me to keep an
eye on you 'till we're ready to go.

CHALA
Sure.

Chala grumbles as she once more struggles to button the jacket.

HATCH
Y'know, I could-

CHALA
Shut up.

HATCH
Fine.

She struggles for a few more minutes before she finally groans and stops.

CHALA
Fine. Do it quick.

Hatch does so. In a moment, Chala is very elegantly dressed in clothes far above her means. Hatch stares at her for a long while.

CHALA
Like what you see?

HATCH
Kinda.

They stare each other down for a moment before Chala moves over to the pile of objects and the small gun.

HATCH
Hey now...

CHALA
Don't worry.

Chala grabs the gun and places it into a hidden pocket in the jacket.

CHALA
Trinium alloy. Makes their sensors
blind.

HATCH
Cool.

There is another long, uncomfortable beat.

Hatch stares without blinking.

Chala sighs.

Hatch stifles a burp.

CHALA

Okay, FINE!

HATCH

What?

CHALA

Why don't you just say it out loud?
Get it off your flabby chest!

HATCH

Get what off?

CHALA

How can someone not telepathic be
so annoying!?

HATCH

The hell are you talking about?

CHALA

Why I'm here, working for the Cult
when I should be running from their
damn seer program?

HATCH

The thought had crossed my mind
once or twice.

CHALA

More like running constantly at all
times.

At this time, Chala begins to put on an odd pair of high heels. She slips into the foot part first and attaches the heel part to her foot after seemingly pushing buttons on it.

HATCH

So why?

CHALA

Why what?

HATCH

The question.

CHALA

Why should I tell you? I can be annoying as you.

HATCH

Fine. I'll just think it over and over and over...

Hatch closes his eyes tight, obviously thinking VERY hard.

CHALA

SHIT! Fine!

HATCH

Yes?

Chala gives Hatch the stare of doom before speaking.

CHALA

They promised to stop it, okay? Stop trying to get me into their little program and give me enough cash to retire somewhere they'll never find me.

HATCH

Sounds like a bargain. Kill a guy, get away from the evil empire that's been wanting to find and get you since before you were born.

CHALA

Yeah, yeah. Deal with the devil and all that. Don't think I haven't thought of that every day since they talked to me.

HATCH

Whoah, they came to YOU?

CHALA

Wasn't easy for them. Trapped two scoutships in a black hole and thirty Acolytes in a quicksand forest before I was surrounded. But the damn Reds get anyone they want when they really try. And they TRIED.

HATCH

Ouch.

CHALA

Yeah, I really thought I was in for it for a while. But then they just... were nice. They took me to a nice office where they handed me a suitcase of money and told me what was going on with this planet and your little situation. All I had to do, they said, was use you to help with this little operation and they would stop hunting me for the rest of my life. I would officially be off the hit list.

HATCH

But still...

CHALA

Trust me, lamebrain, I know the risk. But the money's just too damn good to pass up.

HATCH

Nice to know greed's still your defining attribute.

Chala genuinely smiles.

CHALA

Thanks. That means something to me.

Off this odd scene, we slowly:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. AVALON - SICKBAY

Isaac storms into sickbay like he most likely always does, slamming the doors into the nearby walls with a massive THUD.

ISAAC
Fucking telepath. Zorin's finally
lost it.

Isaac makes his way to a counter hidden behind a flimsy cloth screen. He begins shuffling around various vials and bottles of all kinds of medicines.

ISAAC
"We're just doing it this once." "I
won't let 'em get to us."

Isaac roughly tosses an empty plastic bottle into a small tray on the counter.

ISAAC
Oh yeah, we'll just let a telepath
that nearly got us killed on board
to get us killed again. That's REAL
smart, Zorin. Real smart.

As Isaac fumes a bit more, tossing bottles around like toys, Siren slowly enters, this time wearing a shirt that fully exposes her condition.

Isaac turns on a dime to see her.

ISAAC
Oh, hi, Sire- WHOAH!

SIREN
Isaac.

Isaac's eyes focus on Siren's midsection for the entire conversation, almost at a loss for words.

ISAAC
Um, hi. I see you've been keeping
something from me.

SIREN
It wasn't your concern.

ISAAC

So who knocked you up? I know that Xindi girl n' you have a history.
(disgusted)
She didn't let you and the other one...?

Siren takes a step toward Isaac, a weird expression on her face.

SIREN

You know nothing happened then.

ISAAC

Thank god.
(beat, lecherous)
So who was it? Please don't tell me it was Hatch. Little turd would never let me hear the end of it...

SIREN

Isaac, shut the fuck up!

Siren is now just in front of Isaac, her expression becoming pleading and not a little annoyed.

SIREN

It doesn't matter where it came from, I want you to get rid of it.

Isaac's face turns to one of levity.

ISAAC

(laughing)
Say what?

SIREN

I didn't stutter. Get rid of this thing.

ISAAC

You can't be serious.

SIREN

I am.

ISAAC

Don't you want me to do an exam or something?

SIREN

No.

Isaac's mood deflates immensely in the face of Siren's seriousness.

ISAAC
Siren, I can't.

SIREN
Can't what?

ISAAC
(dead serious)
Siren, I'll make sure your baby is healthy for its entire term and even help you deliver it. I've done that before but I can't help you kill it.

Siren's face shows something dark, a lethal expression that matches anything a villain could make.

SIREN
You will. I want this out of me.

ISAAC
Siren, I can't.

Siren raises her arm, grabbing Isaac's collar in the most threatening move possible.

SIREN
(in a deadly growl)
Yes, you will!

Before the scene turns into a confrontation for the ages, they are interrupted by:

ZORIN'S COMM VOICE
This is the captain. Everyone report to your places until further orders. We will begin the operation in five minutes.

ISAAC
I have to get ready for casualties.
Get out of here.

Siren stands defiantly for a moment but slowly relents, letting Isaac get to work.

EXT. ROSANI 6 - PEOPLE'S TOWER - NIGHT

Outside the colossal tower, our view if center and looking straight up at the beast. The clear night sky holds a beautiful blue moon and millions of twinkling lights. The building itself is illuminated by hundred of spotlights.

We pan down to see our three guns-for-hire marching toward the glass entrance.

INT. PEOPLE'S TOWER - LOBBY

The three walk up to the elaborate security checkpoint manned by no less than ten armed guards. The place is vacant save these people. Chala exudes confidence in her presentation. Zorin and Hatch are stone faced and clad in black uniforms, which are obviously bullet proofed, and wear black glasses.

A lead security guard approaches Chala.

LEAD GUARD
You have business miss?

CHALA
Would I be here if I didn't? I have a meeting with the Daighleh Province Governor.

Chala is almost seductive in her mannerisms. The lead guard is someone taken back by her in general and pauses for a moment to take it all in.

LEAD GUARD
ID?

On cue and with a slight smile, she shows it. The guard points her toward a kiosk in which she shoves the card into. The sound of scanning can be heard.

LEAD GUARD
Your guards armed? They can't get in unless...

CHALA
Don't you think I'd know? I'm a regular here. And no, they aren't armed. They don't need to be, unless you consider their limbs weapons. Five provinces on this planet do, by the way.

Several of the guards look and laugh at Hatch in response to this comment.

LEAD GUARD
Doesn't look like he could even lift a gun.

Hatch lifts his chin.

HATCH
I know kung-fu.

The computer beeps twice.

COMPUTER
Welcome Viran Soli.

The guard waves them into the building.

Once out of ear shot of the guards, Zorin leans over to Hatch.

ZORIN
You should keep your mouth shut Hatch.

HATCH
Saw it in a movie once. Couldn't
help it.

Zorin goes to Chala.

ZORIN
How we going to off this guy if we
don't have a weapon, Chala?

CHALA
I know their weapon systems. It
can't detect trinium, which is what
my gun's made of. I'm no idiot Zorin.

INT. PEOPLE'S TOWER - HALLWAY

Zorin slowly peers around a corner in a very business-like
hall with marble floors and walls and occasional plants
sprucing the place up.

CHALA(O.S.)
Stop skulking. There are camera
here, you know.

She walks from behind the corner with Hatch is gleeful tow.

CHALA
We have our foot in the door.

ZORIN
I just have a horrible feeling
about this whole ordeal.

CHALA
It's been my experience that
horrible feelings come from ones
own inadequacies regarding their
given objective. Having doubts Zorin?

ZORIN
Hirogen don't experience doubt.

Chala almost bursts out with laughter.

ZORIN
I'm serious.

CHALA
You're forgetting who you are talking too Zorin. I'm an empath, I know you're lying. What is it that bothering you? Really?

ZORIN
(conceding)
You. You worry me.

CHALA
Please, I've already said I'm not interested in your ship or what it can offer. The Cult paying my retirement.

ZORIN
Doesn't change my mind. The best part about being an empath is being able to lie well.

She smiles.

CHALA
And not even perceptive Zorin could see through my lie then, huh?

Zorin isn't amused.

CHALA
Game faces on you two. Here we are.

They round another corridor to come to another check point. This one guards a large set of double glass doors. Once again, and expectedly, the gateway is swarming with guards and sentries. Still far away enough to not be heard, Hatch scoffs.

HATCH
Un-fucking-believable. How are we supposed to do this with all these people just outside?

CHALA

Easy. They won't even know we made the kill. We'll be long gone before they realize. If all goes to plan that is.

ZORIN

And if it doesn't?

Chala is less than open.

CHALA

Well, we'll see then.

They approach the security checkpoint, manned by twenty odd soldiers. Another large guard steps in front of them.

LARGE GUARD

Can we help you?

His voice is deep enough the rumble the room.

CHALA

No. You can get out of my way because we have important business with Regent Tel.

LARGE GUARD

(sternly)

ID.

She huffs and gets her ID. She quickly tries to swipe it into the nearby kiosk, but the hulking guard grabs her hand. He slowly takes the ID from her and looks at it. She waits like an impatient, spoiled kid.

LARGE GUARD

I don't think Regent Tel is expecting you.

CHALA

He is.

The guard is suspicious, but steps aside. He gives her ID back.

CHALA

Thank you.

She strides forward. However, we are jolted as an alarm blares. From out of nowhere, several beams of light scan Chala and focus their attention on her waist. Like an X-Ray, but visible to the naked eye, the outline of her gun is visible.

LARGE GUARD
You're not Viran Soli!

Hatch glances a nervous expression to Zorin.

HATCH
We're fucked.

Quickly, Chala stamps her odd high heels. The heel breaks off and goes flying into the air. It then detonates mid-air! A blinding flash of light drops every guard in vicinity immediately, save Chala, Hatch, and Zorin.

HATCH
(ref: to his glasses)
Oh, that's what these are for.

We see that the guards aren't unconscious, only stunned. They already begin to get up. Zorin is quick to grab the nearest guard and disarm him. Hatch follows suit.

CHALA
(impatiently)
Zorin! Take them out!

She unveils her weapon and fires through the large glass doors. They shatter and she throws her body into the connecting room.

Zorin trains his newly acquired gun on the nearest guards and opens fire. Hatch remains by his side, but his jaw is open in disbelief.

HATCH
Are we just going to kill all these people Zorin?!

ZORIN
Trust me, they'll prefer it over what the Cult will do to them.

HATCH
Yeah but...

Zorin latches onto Hatch's neck.

ZORIN
(angry)
Either put your morality aside and help me or we'll leave you here for their authorities!

INT. PEOPLE'S TOWER - REGENT'S OFFICE

Chala scans the room quickly, her gun drawn. No one is to be seen in the massive, two story office. A single desk sits near the center, aft part. She makes her way to the desk.

Bang!

Chala twists as she's shot in the shoulder! Three guards were waiting in the room and are now aiming at her.

But Zorin and Hatch quickly enter and eliminate the three. The room falls briefly silent as the gunfire halts. Alarms can still be heard.

ZORIN

The whole building's probably on
lock down down.

Chala grabs her shoulder in pain.

CHALA

No shit?!

HATCH

You okay?

CHALA

Yes, just find the Regent.

Zorin rushes to the desk in the room and looks around.

HATCH

He's not in here!

Then Zorin picks and up throws the large wooden desk up and over him head!

There, cowering with a small pistol, is REGENT TEL. He's a plump man with a gray beard and balding head. He's very unthreatening. He points his pistol at the Hirogen.

REGENT

(scared)

Stay away!

Zorin grabs the pistol from the man's hands and throws it away. He picks the man up and trains his weapon under his chin.

REGENT
 Please! No! I'm not...
 (gulping)
 I know who sent you. I'm not scared
 for my life! I'm scared for their
 lives if you kill me!

Zorin cocks his gun.

REGENT
 Ten billion people. Ten...

EXT. XANTORAS CITY - FLASHBACK

A quick, brief flashback to Xantoras City engulfed in nuclear fire.

INT. PEOPLE'S TOWER - REGENT'S OFFICE

Zorin shakes the image from his mind.

REGENT
 ...Billion...

EXT. TYVOR CITY - FLASHBACK

Tyvor City, also burning to the ground. People on the streets melting like butter.

INT. PEOPLE'S TOWER - REGENT'S OFFICE

REGENT
 ...people.

BANG. The Regent slumps as a hole appears in his head. Zorin drops his gun.

We see Chala holds her gun with her unwounded hand. She killed him.

CHALA
 We're done, let's get out of here.

Zorin shakes any doubt from his mind again and takes out a small device.

ZORIN
 Avalon. We're done!

Just then, the exterior light that light the building's outside go dead. All the lights in the building also die.

HATCH
 They know.

AVA

No way. That shot took out the
missile launchers.

Ridek turns to Shera in fear. However, Shera seems to
already have a plan.

SHERA

Ava, you better help me with this.

EXT. ROSANI 6 - LANDING PAD - NIGHT

The ship takes off, trailing smoke from its injuries and
with seven patrol craft in pursuit. Avalon heads toward the
metropolis.

INT. PEOPLE'S TOWER - LOBBY

In the lobby, more guards than ever before seen are
congregated near the entrance. Around a corner, and out of
view, are our heroes. Zorin peers out to see them all.

ZORIN

Got another trick up your shoe Chala?

Chala is still grasping her bleeding shoulder. She shakes
her head. Zorin takes out his communicator again.

ZORIN

Shera. You guys busy?

EXT. ROSANI 6 - NIGHT

The Avalon is struck by ANOTHER missile to her aft section!

INT. AVALON - BRIDGE

Shera grabs hold of her console, trying to pilot and keep
her balance all at once.

SHERA

Yeah, we're a little busy Zorin. We
got seven patrol craft on our tail
and we're not losing...

Another explosion.

RIDEK

Ava's offline! You're on your own
Shera!

SHERA

FUCK! What else could go wrong?

RIDEK

Hey Shera, I can't be sure but I think they're trying to board us.

EXT. ROSANI 6 - NIGHT

We see one of the patrol jets has latched onto Avalon's underbelly and is drilling into it.

INT. AVALON - BRIDGE

Shera looks at her console. She seems to concede a debate within her mind.

SHERA

Okay guys. Hold on!

EXT. ROSANI 6 - NIGHT

Suddenly, the Avalon banks toward the Rosani city. The plethora of skyscrapers and spires that rise to the sky are a perpetual wall they are heading towards.

Below the Avalon is a network of highways and streets. The Avalon falls from sky, almost like something has gone wrong!

Avalon hits the concrete of a highway in a torrent of smoke and sparks, but it's the patrol craft trying to board her that takes the brunt of the damage. The parasitic vessel erupts in flames and falls away.

Then, Avalon enters the city, turning on her side to dodge through a pair of twin towers. The patrol craft continue to pursue. They fire several more missiles.

From the perspective of the missiles, we follow them as they race toward and inevitably impact the Avalon's rear hull! The one of the warp nacelles erupts and falls off the Avalon like a severed limb.

INT. AVALON - BRIDGE

The bridge is enraged with smoke and fire. Shera looks as if her hair were about to turn gray. Ridek is almost in tears.

RIDEK

We lost the port nacelle Shera. Warp is down for good!

SHERA

Get on your console Ridek!

RIDEK

There are still six of those fuckers out there! Two are coming up on our side!

EXT. ROSANI 6 - NIGHT

The Avalon is in fact flanked by two patrol craft. The comparatively massive Avalon barely fits between the buildings of Rosani. With complete disregard for safety, the Avalon rams into the patrol craft, sending them into a passing building.

We see Avalon heading towards the darkened People's Tower.

VOICE(V.O.)

Why are you doing this?

INT. AVALON - BRIDGE

Shera.

Her face is grimy, blackened and drenching with sweat. We see the world through her perspective: dulled and slowed. A reverie from the chaotic reality.

SHERA

What do you mean?

VOICE

Why are you risking it all to complete this mission? Why the change of heart? Before you came to Avalon, you only cared about survival. Now you're willing to die.

SHERA

Maybe it's the first time I've had a goal other than survival. Maybe the fact that I could die at any time is what keeps me living.

VOICE

Are you sure?

Shera suddenly looks confused.

SHERA

Who are you?

Yet another JOLT hits Avalon. This knocks us back into reality.

RIDEK
 Shera! We need to help Zorin and
 the others! We still have a chance
 to make it out alive.

Shera is still somewhat dazed. We close up on her mouth.

SHERA
 (whispers)
 ...going to die...

She then shakes her head.

SHERA
 Brace yourself again guys. We're
 going to get through this.

She presses a button.

SHERA
 Zorin. Get away from the lobby!
 We're coming to you!

On her console, we can see she is visually looking down at
 the lobby.

EXT. ROSANI 6 - PEOPLE'S TOWER - NIGHT

A brief moment of silence. The Tower is still in a darkened
 state. Then, the Avalon soars ahead and onto the ground
 beside the tower!

INT. PEOPLE'S TOWER - LOBBY

The ship bursts into the building, unsympathetically
 crushing guards and kicking up debris in all directions.

EXT. PEOPLE'S TOWER - NIGHT

It crashes into the lobby of the skyscraper is a loud crash
 of destruction. The whole building shakes. It finally comes
 to rest in the building.

INT. PEOPLE'S TOWER - LOBBY

Two emergency lights shine through the fog of debris. We can
 see Hatch, Zorin, and Chala huddled in a stairwell in
 absolute awe at the sight of the crashed Avalon.

HATCH
 (disbelief)
 Holy shit.

Zorin takes lead.

ZORIN

Let's go.

They take to the lobby. Hatch helps Chala along. The forward ramp comes down to receive the three...

BANG.

We see a guard has survived the Avalon's impact. We see he has fired his gun, and there is a hole clean through Zorin's stomach.

Acting with unprecedented speed, Hatch wields his gun and kills the remaining guard.

Zorin falls to the ground in a never before seen act of helplessness from him. Chala and Hatch race to Zorin and go to his side. They both look intensely fearful, and Zorin's face is completely devoid of any emotion.

INT. AVALON - BRIDGE

A repair crew is already on the bridge. The chaos of the preceding plight has subsided, but the aftermath is all too apparent. Shera hasn't moved from her console. She looks sick.

Hatch rushes onto the bridge.

HATCH

Shera!

He goes to her.

HATCH

Are you okay?

She sends him a vacant glare.

SHERA

I thought we were going to die.

Hatch places a hand on her shoulder.

SHERA

Were's Zorin?

HATCH

He's hurt.

SHERA

He gonna be okay?

HATCH

I don't know. We have to get out of here though.

SHERA

Tom, what happened?

He looks at her console, trying to repress an obvious sadness.

HATCH

Shot in the gut.

Shera is somewhat worried too.

EXT. PEOPLE'S TOWER - NIGHT

The injured Avalon pulls itself from the rubble and takes to the sky.

INT. AVALON - SICKBAY

ISAAC

Get me that suture kit!

Isaac's cry get's Adele's attention. She quickly brings Isaac a small red box.

We clearly see Isaac is caring for Zorin, who is bleeding profusely. Zorin is clearly in shock. He tries to feel his wound. Isaac slaps Zorin's hand away.

ISAAC

Stop that you goddamn idiot!

(continuing to work)

You and your stupid fucking plan to trust the Cult. I shouldn't even be helping you. God dammit.

He's seething with an odd combination of anger and care. Adele looks shocked, but even more so, Siren does.

Isaac gives Zorin a shot, which knocks the Hirogen out.

SIREN

(firmly)

Isaac, he going to survive?

He shoots her a cold glare.

ISAAC

Look around you Siren!

We see not one, not two, but as many as fifteen people covered with blankets. All dead.

ISAAC

These people didn't survive! I don't have a single person to treat. There were no injuries, only deaths. He doesn't deserve to survive!

Siren looks more than pissed, and quickly goes behind a partition in the room to vent.

Isaac sits down next to Zorin.

Adele goes to Isaac and puts her arm around him. She lays a small kiss on his cheek. This seems to knock Isaac into another world.

ISAAC

What...?

ADELE

For doing something right for a change.

He's still confused.

ADELE

You laid it all out. You believed that he didn't deserve to survive and with just reason. But you did what any decent person would do and helped him.

(a beat)

It's exactly what I went through when I helped you.

INT. AVALON - BRIDGE

A series of beeps gets everyone's attention. Shera confers with her console. Ridek and Hatch wonder what's up.

SHERA

Shit! They followed us!

RIDEK

Just when I thought we might be out of the woods.

HATCH

Good thinking Ridek. Look over there.

Hatch points to Shera's console.

HATCH

We don't have warp, but maybe we can hide in there.

SHERA

A nebula? Hatch, that nebula could
blind all our sensors. We can't...

HATCH

What other choice do we have Shera?

She thinks... to no avail.

SHERA

(giving up)

Damn it.

She takes the helm again.

HATCH

I'm going to find Siren or somebody
to take command. I'm not cut out
for this crap.

He quickly rushes away.

INT. AVALON - CORRIDOR

Hatch rushes out of the bridge and into the corridor.

A quick and discrete swipe to the head knocks Hatch to the
ground, unconscious.

We see Chala has hit him with the butt of her gun. With a
deviant smile, she bends down next to him.

CHALA

Sorry man. You aren't a bad guy,
but I need to look out for my hide
before yours. I need my retirement,
and I need my money.

INT. AVALON - SICKBAY

In sickbay, alarms are going off again. Isaac is putting his
stuff away, but looks frightened again, as is Adele.

ISAAC

What now?

We hear a gun cock.

Isaac turns around to see Siren wielding an ungodly large
pistol at him, her other hand on her stomach.

ADELE

(worried)

Siren, what are you doing?

ISAAC
I second that.

Siren is in tears.

SIREN
I didn't want to do this. But I
have to. I'm not going to let this
child be born.

ISAAC
I've made my decision Siren! But
the gun down!

SIREN
(furious)
NO! Do it, or I'll kill...

She trails off... then points the gun at Adele.

SIREN
...her.

Isaac pounces like a lion at Siren! She tries to fire off a round at Adele but misses, Adele jumps behind a biohed to safety.

Isaac isn't quick enough however. Siren unleashes her steel tentacles on Isaac, wrapping them around his neck.

Adele tries to come to the rescue. She charges Siren... but she falls victim to Siren's rage induced tentacles. Both are now in her grasp as she squeezes both their necks with tears in her eyes. Her grips tightens. She lifts them from the ground.

SIREN
Help me...

A close up of Isaac's eyes. They are beginning to roll back into his head. As are Adele's. A close up of his fingers which are trying to pry the serpents from his neck. They are beginning to loose their life. She is killing them both.

INT. AVALON - BRIDGE

Back on the bridge, the scene is grim. Azel is now there with Shera and Ridek, but no one else.

RIDEK
I'm getting a count of...
(shocked)
Oh my god. Over thirty ships in
pursuit.

SHERA

Azel, get the Cult on the line!
That emergency channel Chala gave us!

Azel nods and does so.

Shera's hands go to her console, but they are shaking too hard to do anything.

RIDEK

Shera...

Ridek points her to the viewscreen.

EXT. AVALON

A wide shot of the Avalon, still missing parts of its hull and one nacelle. We can see Rosani 6 and fleet of thirty ships behind them. Brief flashes of light come from each one of the ships. We see they are missiles. Each ship has fired at least ten missiles, leaving hundreds of warheads bound for the ship.

The missiles move faster than the fleet or Avalon. They race to our ship relentlessly.

INT. AVALON - BRIDGE

One final shot of the three in utter shock...

EXT. AVALON

The missiles overtake the Avalon.

FADE TO BLACK.

TO BE CONTINUED...

Executive Producers:

Joseph Burdette and Joshua Legg

Directed By:

Peter DeLuise

Cast List:

Thomas Edwin Hatch
Zorin
Siren
Isaac Sarola
Adele Tiernan
Azel
Shera
Voice of Ava
Ridek
Carlise
Regent
Portly Man
Posse Leader
Chala
Cult Representative
Lead Guard
Large Guard

Martin Freeman
Ron Perlman
Bianca Beauchamp
Richard Brooks
Jada Pinkett-Smith
Kal Penn
Navi Rawat
Queen Latifah
Jon Stewart
Sarah Chalke
Wallace Shawn
George Wendt
Michael Heriford
Robin Weigert
Jeremy Burnham
Joe Burdette
Josh Legg

With a Special Guest Appearance by:
Sean Connery as Vellik

Post Production Consultant:

Mike Heriford

Executive Consultant:

Jeremy Burnham

Casting by:

T. Black

Production Manager:

Jon Van Pelt

First Assistant Director:

Cador Davis

Second Assistant Directors:

Hoban Washburne

Music By:
Electric Dentures and Joe Burdette

Director of Photography:
Marvin V. Rush

Production Designer:
Paul Weaver

Editor:
Stuart Baird

Art Director:
Paul Weaver

Set Decorators:
Grace Adler Designs

Construction Coordinator:
Jesus Sanchez

Property Master:
Daviil Gilmour

Special Effects Coordinator:
The Jim Henson Co.

Camera Operator:
Ron Jeremy

Chief Lighting Technician:
Al Borland

Key Grip:
Doug Heffernan

Second Unit Director:
Andy Mikita

Sound Mixer:
Jason Quinn

Head Painter:
Pablo Picasso

Costume Designer:
Jerry Springer

Makeup Artist:
Mimi Bobeck

Hairstylist:
Calvin Palmer

Production Coordinator:
Coordibot 2000

Script Supervisor:
Manny Coto

Production Associate:
John Petrucci

Extras Casting:
Mike Portnoy

Legal Counsel:
David Milch

Assistant to the Executive Producers:
Christina Espino

Transportation Coordinator:
Seth McFarlane

Visual Effects Producer:
Paul Weaver

Post Production Coordinator:
Jon Van Pelt's Evil Twin

Sound Supervisor:
Beethoven

Sound Editor:
John Philip Sousa

Music Editor:
Yanni

Re-recording Mixer:

We didn't have one!

Re-Recorded by Redundant Redundancy Studios

Digital Effects by Reader's Imagination Studios

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Filmed right in your own backyard. Yes, yours! With PANAVISION digital cameras.

www.trekonline.org/avalon <<http://www.trekonline.org/avalon>>

Here would be the cool symbol things if we could find pictures of them.

The events, characters and situations depicted in this fanfic are purely fictional and complete bullshit. If any similarities are made to people and situations alive or dead, it is purely coincidental and, let's face it, nearly impossible. But if it does, please don't hesitate to call Ripley's Believe it or Not! Because we love that show and want to be on it more than anything in this life.

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**STAR TREK AVALON
PROPHECY**