



Hatch, Interrupted

2.04

Written by
Joshua Legg

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TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. AVALON

The Avalon fills our view completely for a moment, her shape a graceful and sleek icon in the overpowering blackness around her.

CLONE HATCH (V.O.)

You'll never find him. In His name
I swear your precious friend is
light years behind us, rotting in a
cell alone, cold and wishing he
never was born.

As the evil words echo again, a vaguely familiar shape slowly obscures Avalon's grace.

It's a body.

Hatch's body.

Or, more appropriately, the clone's body, his face permanently locked in an expression of horror and shock at his sudden and untimely death.

As the body floats out of our view, Avalon makes an extremely graceful turn, showing off all the raw power contained in her mighty engines.

At the completion of the turn, Avalon's massive warp nacelles flash their familiar green and red for a split second before the vessel slips into warp speed.

Instead of hanging still in space, however, our view actually FOLLOWS Avalon into warp and pushes past her as she speeds along, gaining unimaginable speed as we fly to Avalon's ultimate destination:

EXT. ORBIT OF TRYIAN

We quickly exit warp speeds and make a direct line toward a jewel of a planet, a bright blue ball in space. We quickly dip toward it, past the atmosphere, past a majestic mountain range, past a small city draped with Red hues of all kinds, all the way to a massive, imposing, red structure. A direct copy of the Avatar of Light in miniature. Though this miniature is well over one hundred stories high and gleams just as much as the original.

EXT. GARDEN

And directly under this "miniature" temple, is a red robed figure. A man tending a small personal garden filled with plants that shine with every color of the spectrum.

And as we push closer, we find this robed man has a familiar face.

In fact, it's easily apparent after only a moment who it is.

TOM HATCH stands in his garden, decked out in red robes, surrounded by others dressed similarly. All of them smiling. All of them happy.

He's a cultist.

Off this very disturbing scene, we:

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. TRYIAN TEMPLE

We fade back into the same scene from the teaser. Hatch stands in his extremely well fitting red robes, his back popping after several hours of good labor. All around him, dozens of others do the same, stretching and relaxing as they complete their work.

HATCH

Man that feels good.

Hatch raises his hands skyward in a full body stretch, popping more joints as he does.

VOICE (O.S.)

Hey, Hatch! Time to go in!

Hatch turns to the voice, to see a reasonably attractive human woman calling to him from across his field. Hatch waves a moment later.

HATCH

Be right over, Marta.

MARTA smiles and patiently waits for Hatch to make his way over to her.

MARTA

So, you finally finished the second quadrant of your section?

HATCH

Yup.

MARTA

Nice. It's really nice seeing such new converts take to their work so fast. They usually take a few weeks to really understand the Prophet's message, you know?

HATCH

Well, to tell you the truth, I still really don't. But since I've finally got a roof over my head and responsibilities that end with a few flowering plants in dirt, I figure I got nothing to lose working my butt off for them.

MARTA

Well, I guess it's better than nothing.

The two chuckle lightly for a moment as they make their way into the massive temple.

HATCH

So what's on the menu today? Elzix finally give up on keeping the leola roots to himself or are we stuck with beet soup again?

MARTA

Beet soup, I'm afraid. But I hear we're being assigned a few extra cases of beef this month for Remembrance Day.

HATCH

Sweet.

(beat)

Which holiday is that again?

Marta reacts at Hatch's ignorance but smiles to cover it.

MARTA

The day we remember every fallen one who died serving the Prophet's light against the universe of chaos. I thought even unfaithful knew that.

HATCH

Nope, there's actually tons of stuff us unfaithfuls don't know.

MARTA

That's the beauty of conversion, then, isn't it?

The pair finally reach the doors to the temple, which is actually a massive portcullis three stories tall and made of solid stone. Though this gate seems built to be permanently held open in a friendly gesture. Well, as friendly as a massive stone gate can be.

The inside of the temple is easy to see thanks to the gate. A massive entry hall holds thousands of walking and talking acolytes, buzzing around in their own activities. Burning torches provide a warm and intimate light throughout the entire building, giving it a warmth completely unexpected in a Cult stronghold.

HATCH

Yeah, I guess.

The two slowly walk in.

But we don't follow them.

Instead, we linger at the gate, seeing the torchlight suddenly flare into a blinding glow!

As the screen turns white we:

SMASH CUT TO:

HATCH'S LEFT EYE - FLASHBACK

We see Hatch's eye in as much gross detail as anyone would want to see in an eyeball. His dark pupils open and alert as we slowly pull back.

We quickly realize we're back on the Avalon, at the exact moment we left him back in "Prophecy".

INT. AVALON - CORRIDOR - FLASHBACK

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.

Chala stands and, after a brief moment of checking her surroundings, grabs Hatch's shirt and begins bodily dragging him down the corridor.

CHALA

Damn you're heavy. Lay off the
pastries, will ya?

She struggles down the hall a moment more before we:

CUT TO:

INT. AVALON - CARGO BAY - FLASHBACK

Chala, now completely covered in sweat and soot as the cargo bay smokes and sparks in the final moments of the battle in "Prophecy", slowly comes into frame.

Slowly, she drags Hatch to his broken and somehow still intact shuttle.

CHALA

Better work as well as they said it would.

She crawls inside and sets the unconscious man up in the copilot seat, making sure he won't suddenly fall before she gets to work on the pilot console.

CHALA

Piece of crap...

HATCH

(sleep talk)

Hey, that game was fun.

Chala turns to Hatch quickly, panic in her eyes, but calms when she realizes Hatch's still sleepy state.

The cargo bay around the shuttle JOLTS powerfully as another Rosani missile impacts the hull, prompting Chala to redouble her efforts.

CHALA

Okay, Sovari. Whenever you're ready...

As she works the console, slowly powering up the ancient vehicle, Chala's scaly cheeks flash with worry.

And off this scene, we slowly:

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TRYIAN TEMPLE - DINING HALL

Hatch and Marta enter the dining hall of the temple, a room just like you would expect from a Cult dining hall. Huge. Stone. Lit by torches. Full of tables full of hundreds of busily eating Cultists.

Oddly, even though the hall is full of beings of all kinds, the ambient noise is very low, as if nobody dares to utter a word as they eat.

Indeed, Hatch and Marta's entry into the hall is a comparable noise explosion.

HATCH

So Remembrance Day is where we recount all the past Penultimates and Honor Day is where we celebrate all the guys who died in the past?

MARTA

No, no, you got it all wrong. Honor Day is where we honor the Prophet's Wisdom, Remembrance Day is the day we remember the fallen acolytes and we have no holiday where we remember past Penultimates.

HATCH

Ooh. So close.

The pair move to a stereotypical lunch line and pick up two trays with bland bowls filled with bland looking soup.

HATCH

The extra beef portions better be worth it 'cause I'm freakin' sick of this beet soup.

MARTA

Don't worry, it's worth it. When it comes, we usually eat outside with huge pits roasting it over open flames just like Jarak'el did on his first pilgrimage.

HATCH

Sounds sweet.

MARTA

It usually is.

They move past the line in short order and take up two empty spaces at a long table just a short walk away. Their voices hush immediately as they begin to eat.

HATCH

Can I lead they prayer today or do you want to?

MARTA

Go right ahead.

Hatch, Marta and a few other Acolytes around them bow their heads in unison as Hatch begins speaking.

HATCH

We call upon the name of the Prophet, the one who knows the mysteries of the universe and the light, to guide us in our lives and fulfilling our purpose in shepherding the light. And...

(trails off)

Uh... Keep... keep...

MARTA

And keep your penultimate at your side, the only mortal bearer of your wisdom.

Everyone at the table grimaces at the obviously recent introduction of that final line.

HATCH

Oh yeah.

Everyone raises their heads in unison and turn to their soup bowls.

HATCH

Sorry about that.

MARTA

Don't worry. New prayers are a little tough to remember.

HATCH

Not five times in a row.

MARTA

You just need practice.

Hatch smiles and takes a spoonful of soup. And retches as one would expect eating beet soup.

HATCH

I'll never get used to that. When are we getting the beef again?

MARTA

Some time this month.

HATCH

Damn it.

They both stop talking as they become enthralled by their horrible tasting soup.

HATCH

Hey, look, a root!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TRYIAN TEMPLE - HATCH'S QUARTERS

Hatch stumbles into his surprisingly comfortable looking room, well over four times larger than his tiny cabin on the Avalon and much more furnished. A bed with soft, red sheets sits in one corner while a desk covered in large books dominates another wall. A small lavatory room blocked off by a simple partition shows a surprisingly modern bathroom setup and to top it all off, an entire wall of the room is a simple pane of glass, letting in awesome amounts of natural light into the room.

The sun is just beginning to set as Hatch makes his way to the bed, giving the room a soft orange glow.

Full of soup and a hard day's work, Hatch falls onto the bed with a THUMP, letting the silky sheets wrap around him in pure, simple luxury.

As he lies still in the serene setting, the screen flashes like it did before.

We quickly:

SMASH CUT TO:

SMALL ROOM - FLASHBACK

Chala stands next to a tall man in red robes, a CULT INTERROGATOR, passing money between their hands in a quick exchange.

CULT INTERROGATOR

And that is the last of your payment. The Prophet himself thanks you for your service.

CHALA

Yeah, whatever. So long as you guys promise to leave me alone.

CULT INTERROGATOR
 For the rest of your days, so it's
 been written.

Chala nods grimly and exits the very small space. The interrogator turns 180 degrees around on his heel and looks down.

CULT INTERROGATOR (O.S.)
 So, mister Hatch, what is Avalon's
 maximum velocity?

We slowly pan down to see Hatch's face. His eyes are freely gushing tears as is his nose gushing mucous. His mouth is locked in a grimace of extreme discomfort as we slowly reveal his body, strapped completely to a steel chair so to be completely immobile.

The interrogator walks behind the bound Hatch, his hands locked in a contemplative gesture.

CULT INTERROGATOR
 Hmm?

HATCH
 (whispers)
 I don't know.

CULT INTERROGATOR
 How many torpedoes does Avalon hold
 in her weapons stores? Hmm?

HATCH
 I don't know.

The Interrogator, serene in his workings, walks around the chair again, stopping finally when he is directly in front of Hatch. We finally see the entire room the two men are in is barely large enough to fit them in and is composed entirely of featureless concrete save the wooden door on one wall.

CULT INTERROGATOR
 You must know that I don't enjoy
 this. You know what my true passion
 in life is? I'm a painter. I like
 to paint animals. And yet here I am,
 following my duties to the Prophet
 because He commands it so. We all
 do, did you know that? Even if you
 don't believe like I do, you're a
 part of His message and will always
 be a part of it.

Hatch doesn't reply, too interested in crying.

CULT INTERROGATOR

So was it ordained that you be taken from the Avalon when you did. So was it ordained that you be brought to me, bound to this duty. Do you see how it's all connected? How it all melds into one glorious message only the Prophet can read?

Still no reply save a few pitiful sobs.

CULT INTERROGATOR

I realize you've been in that chair for two days now, not allowed to eat, sleep or feel any of the comforts life is allowed due to our laws.

(beat, sad)

But please do not think this is for any malicious reason. It is only a component of a larger prophecy spoken centuries ago. Trust me when I say it will all soon be over. Just hold on a bit longer and it will end.

The interrogator moves extremely close to Hatch, locking eyes in a deep stare.

CULT INTERROGATOR

Now tell me Avalon's exact defense capabilities.

HATCH

I don't...

CULT INTERROGATOR

I know.

The interrogator sighs and makes a few steps toward the door. He opens it just a crack, allowing a painful amount of light to filter through, causing Hatch's eyes to blink rapidly.

CULT INTERROGATOR

Hang on, mister Hatch. It will end. I promise you.

The interrogator makes his exit, leaving Hatch alone in complete silence.

But only a moment later, another Cultist enters. This one looks the complete opposite of the interrogator.

Short, stocky and with a face meaner than anything describable with words.

MEAN CULTIST

The report says you refuse to talk.
Let's remedy that.

The mean Cultist smiles a perverse smile before letting loose on Hatch's gut with a roundhouse punch.

Off this scene, we slowly:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. TRYIAN TEMPLE - LIBRARY

An oddity even in the 45th century, the Tryian library is a large hall full of real, hardcover books. Dozens of red robed faithful sort, read and study at every visible spot, all of them keeping to themselves as they go about their business.

Hatch and Marta enter from the only door at the side after a moment, both of them keeping their voices down.

MARTA

(whispering)

Did you study Roor's last book last time we were here?

HATCH

Which one was that, the one about the eight wars or the one about the panda in the jungle?

MARTA

The first one. The second one was...

(beat, confused)

What?

HATCH

(steadily louder)

Never mind. Yeah, I read it. All the same stuff about superior numbers, big battles and the Prophet's prophecies all coming true. All the books are like that. You people need some originality in your writing. I knew this guy once who could write the most awesome stuf-

MARTA

Keep quiet!

HATCH

Sorry.

The pair move to a secluded table behind several large wooden bookshelves loaded to almost collapsing with huge, ancient tomes. They sit down as quietly as possible.

MARTA

So, you know the cause of the nineteenth crusade?

HATCH

Sure, the king of Foralia refused to pay tribute to the eighth Penultimate, so he ordered a small force to convince him to pay. Foralia's defenses were too strong and it turned into a fifty year long war.

MARTA

Crusade.

HATCH

Crusade. Sorry.

MARTA

And the thirteenth crusade?

HATCH

Oh... that's a toughie...

(long beat)

Was that the one with the kids or the one with the attack on Prime?

MARTA

(encouraging, smiling)

Kids.

HATCH

Ah.

(beat, quickly remembering)

That was the one where a bunch of faithful kids went to try and spread His message to a wild planet and were all captured, tortured and executed for no reason. The Prophet himself ordered the extermination of the planet after only a few hours.

MARTA

Very good! I think you're ready for the next step.

HATCH

Sweet.

Suddenly, Marta looks back and forth in a very nervous manner. For the first time, we realize the bookshelves their secluded table lies behind creates an almost perfectly soundproof area.

MARTA

Tom, can I ask you something?

Hatch perks up at her sudden mood change.

HATCH

Sure.

MARTA

You spent your whole life outside of our walls, so I know you know some things I don't.

HATCH

That's kind of an understatement.

MARTA

But I wasn't always here, either. Before I saw the light the Prophet promised us all, I was a schoolteacher back on Vol. Most everyone else here was born in this temple or in the city outside.

HATCH

Okay... And your question is...?

MARTA

Hatch, I know you've spoken to Sovari face-to-face before.

HATCH

Well, it was more him threatening to kill me in horrible ways and me giving him the finger a year ago.

MARTA

The finger?

Hatch secretly flashes the rude sign to Marta.

MARTA

Oh. But you have seen him?

HATCH

Yeah, I guess. Was that your question?

MARTA

Not really. I just want to know... do you think he's a good Penultimate?

HATCH
 (looking for words)
 Do I thi-? What do I-?
 (beat)
 The guy's an egotistical asshole! I
 wouldn't let him lead a bunch of
 gerbils around if I could.

Marta smiles.

MARTA
 Very good.

HATCH
 So what was that all about?

Marta looks around once more. Nobody pays a lick of
 attention to her or Hatch.

MARTA
 What if I told you that not all of
 us faithful follow the Penultimate's
 word?

HATCH
 I already knew that. Spent a year
 with Adele back on Avalon-

MARTA
 (shocked)
 You knew Adele Tiernan!
 (awed)
 She was the one who inspired us!

HATCH
 Us? You mean there's more of you
 around here? Nice.

MARTA
 And are you willing to join us,
 teach us what you know of the
 outside and... Adele?

HATCH
 Sure, I guess. So where's this club
 meet? Got a clubhouse in a tree in
 the backyard or something?

Marta giggles at the lame joke.

MARTA

I wish we could, but we mostly communicate here in two or three person groups, passing messages to each other in codes on official documents, you get the idea. Sovari's eyes are everywhere these days.

HATCH

Yeah, don't I know that.

MARTA

If you'd like, I'll teach you the code we use to communicate. It's not hard.

HATCH

Sure.

Marta leans forward and writes a few scribbles on a piece of paper we can't clearly see. Her speech fades softer and softer as we:

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. SMALL ROOM - FLASHBACK

The same small room from before, Hatch still sits tied completely in place to the uncomfortable chair. His nose is freely bleeding and he sports several bruises and welts on his cheeks and forehead. His right hand's fingers are all bent in unnatural angles, clearly broken. Hatch is crying like you'd expect him to.

But Hatch is not being horribly tortured like he was before. No cold Cultist stands anywhere around him, pelting him with questions one after another or punches to any point on his body. Instead, a very calm looking FEMALE CULTIST sits behind a sparse wooden table arranged with delicious looking food, water and a very expensive looking book.

FEMALE CULTIST

This is the essence of what it's like to follow the Prophet's example, Mister Hatch. We KNOW the light, salvation, hangs just before us, tantalizingly close but so distant none of us mere mortal beings can ever reach it. Only with knowledge can we attain the light and His wisdom. Only with food and drink will you survive the next two days.

The female cultist takes a short sip from her own cup and plucks a very ripe looking grape from its vine after she speaks.

FEMALE CULTIST

You can end this at any time. Just submit yourself to the light, bow yourself before the Prophet's ineffable wisdom and I will grant you a taste of it.

(beat)

And a bite of food.

Hatch's mouth weakly moves, trying to form words. But his fatigue and thirsty condition prevents him from making anything more than hoarse grunts.

FEMALE CULTIST

What was that?

Hatch tries to speak again, but can only grunt. His extremely parched lips crack under the strain, showing the deep red of blood lurking just under the surface.

FEMALE CULTIST

Unless you speak, you will never know His wisdom.

Hatch's tears continue to fall as he desperately tries to form words. A lucky tear almost miraculously finds its way off of his nose and into his mouth, giving him even that much relief.

FEMALE CULTIST

Would you be interested to know that anyone who wants to attain the higher ranks among the Penultimate's inner staff must endure this very same ordeal? Sovari himself withstood the ritual for nine days, surpassing even the test's administrator.

(beat, fake listening)

You've been in that seat for only three days. You're not yet worthy to attain the Prophet's wisdom, in my opinion.

She takes another sip and grape.

FEMALE CULTIST

But it's only my opinion. Some people bow to His will the moment they see our ships in orbit or even a glimpse of an acolyte in their presence. Others must be turned in this very same ritual. Do you remember Lord Rol'Gin? Surely you do, he was one of the traitor Adele's closest compatriots and main conspirator.

(short pause)

His occupation before leading a glorious Cruiser was that of a simple converter. He sat in a room much like this, waiting for the moment an unfaithful subject would finally see the Prophet's light and finally free them. His crowning success was the former experiment Pau'Zauric.

(pause)

I'm sure you're familiar with him.

One last sip.

FEMALE CULTIST

But I'm just rambling. A bad sign. Here I am talking about the glories of the past, of those who actually made a difference in the future of this galaxy while you sit there, broken bones, dehydrated and on the cusp of death. It's not fair, is it? It's amusing that the telepath told us you were treated in much the same way back on your ship. Avalon, wasn't it? The crew rude and cold to you, keeping you in line through the barrel of a gun almost at all times. And all the time ignorant of the Prophet's wisdom.

(beat)

I guess it's no surprise you stayed with them. Forced servitude is not easily freed from.

(dramatic pause)

So why don't you show those bastards that you want something better? Those who walk with the Prophet only do so by choice. They choose the lives they wish to lead.

(MORE)

FEMALE CULTIST (CONT'D)

From simple farmers to soldiers to scientists, we all chose where our lives will go. It's our own little prophecy if you will. We fill in the regiments, towns and vessels so we can all take part in His awe inspiring vision of a future where all beings see the end of wars, poverty, disease, the things that put a black stain on civilization. The things your old life only wished to perpetrate.

Hatch's tears slowly begin to stop falling. A dull light covers his eyes.

FEMALE CULTIST

I'm sorry it took me so long to reach this point, Mister Hatch. But you had to endure such physical suffering for so long so you could truly understand what I've been saying. It was your old life, the Avalon, that did this to you. They blinded you to the truth of the universe and allowed you to come to us. And that horrible stain on your soul has to be cleansed in you are to see what you know is true. Choose the Prophet. Choose us. And we will protect you from them.

Hatch's eyes lock on the woman's. He tries with every fiber of his being to speak.

HATCH

I... shoo...se.. Pro...phe...

FEMALE CULTIST

What was that?

The pain of speaking not only causes a few almost dry tears to fall, but to fully open several of the sores on Hatch's parched lips. They bleed slowly.

HATCH

I... shoo...se... Prophet.

The woman suddenly, stands, revealing her full figure and strange new robes.

Though her torso is covered by a long red sash that looked very much like a full robe when she sat, standing reveals it to be a simple piece of cloth over a very smartly cut military style uniform, the same blood red color of the sash.

FEMALE CULTIST

Do you choose him truly or from a desire to drink? If you're lying about choosing him, I will have no choice but to see your body broken further, to continue cleansing your soul.

HATCH

Is... true.

She smiles.

FEMALE CULTIST

Good. Very good.

Hatch tries to look down as far as he can, even though his head is tied to the chair. If he could truly cry, he would.

Instead, the female Cultists walks over to him with a small cup filled with water. She drops a few cool droplets of water into Hatch's dehydrated mouth.

FEMALE CULTIST

You'll soon see, Hatch, that this is the beginning of the most important and glorious chapter of your life. You've joined us not only out of a desire to preserve your mortal life, but to preserve the entire galaxy. Though you may never make a mark to be remembered for all eternity, know that you are now and forever will be a hero.

She finishes dropping water into Hatch's mouth and moves to finally untie him. The ropes that tied his arms leave ugly red welts as they peel away from his skin and the metal restraints around his head and legs leave open cuts that ooze blood.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TRYIAN TEMPLE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Hatch walks alone through the Tryian temple, minding his own thoughts in the torchlight. Not a single soul joins him as he broods quietly in the night.

He slowly moves over to a small window that looks not unlike one you might see in an ancient castle on Earth. A tiny slit open to the outside to allow ventilation only, Hatch stands right in front of it, allowing a small breeze to wash over him like a welcome bath.

Hatch stares out at the massive city that surrounds the temple, looking out over the simple buildings and massive farms and space ports off in the distance. It's easy to tell the purpose of the planet Hatch is on. His own small garden gently sways in the outside wind, the delicate and alien flowers showing off their bright colors even in the moonlight.

As he look out, Hatch's eyes slowly drift down to his wrists. Like in the previous scene, the rope marks are still there, though now only dull scars instead of bloody cuts into his flesh. His expression is unreadable as he stares at the old wound, remembering the recent past.

As he does this, we slowly:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. CULT HALLWAY - FLASHBACK

A simple wooden door among what looks like thousands slowly creaks open in a hallway that seems to stretch on forever. The look and lighting is not unlike a medieval dungeon as we slowly focus on the door.

First out is the familiar figure of the Female Cultist, her military cut uniform completely out of place in the ancient looking space. Hatch follows her slowly on extremely unsteady feet, weak from a very long time without nourishment or exercise. His eyes, swollen from his recent tears, make him look all the worse. Small drops of blood still drip from his open wounds, creating a red trail behind him as he takes formation behind the cruel woman.

FEMALE CULTIST

Come, mister Hatch.

She takes off on a very quick pace down the corridor, leaving Hatch to shamble on behind her like you would expect him to do in such a condition.

We watch them walk for an extended moment before we:

CUT TO:

INT. CULT WASHROOM - FLASHBACK

The female cultist stands before a very utilitarian and spartan washroom not unlike in a locker room in a modern building. She jerks open a white curtain in a quick motion and points toward the shower stall behind it.

FEMALE CULTIST

Get in. The water will ease your pain.

Hatch slowly shuffles into place behind her, still leaving a faint red trail behind him. The effort and pain of such a march for his is etched on every line of his face.

He doesn't even remove his torn and bloody clothing as he steps into the shower. The woman doesn't comment as she works an unseen control.

And just a moment later, Hatch is assaulted by what looks like very cool and soothing water. Blood is washed away into a small red pool along with possibly weeks of sweat, tears and other dried bodily liquids crusted onto his skin. The look of relief across Hatch's face tells it all.

FEMALE CULTIST

I'll leave you here as long as you require.

She exits, finally giving Hatch the opportunity to remove his clothing, a slow and painful affair only complicated by the now soaked clothes. Underneath his shirt, we can see the dozens, if not hundreds, of fist sized bruises and whip marks that crisscross his flesh, plus a few small burn marks on some of the more sensitive parts of his skin.

We pan down to focus on the small drain collecting the bloody water from Hatch's shower as we slowly:

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TRYIAN TEMPLE

Hatch sits in a deep squat, planting what looks like a very tiny pumpkin into the ground with the utmost care. Some time has passed from the last time we saw him, as a thin growth of stubble now covers his chin and his skin actually has a tan borne of many hours out in a hot sun.

The planting only takes a moment with Hatch's skilled hands and he's back on his feet a moment later, not a single sound coming from any of his very healthy looking joints. As he stands, a smiling Marta comes into view, obviously waiting for him to finish.

HATCH

And how long have you been here?

MARTA

Mm, long enough.

HATCH

(playfully)

For what?

MARTA

Just to see a few things a girl likes to see now and then.

Hatch blushes for a moment before smiling coyly himself.

HATCH

And when will I get the honor of getting the favor returned?

Marta's expression turns half serious as she begins approaching Hatch.

MARTA

Not ever at the rate you're going,
buster.

She reaches Hatch and, not a foot away from him, stops. She discreetly passes a small piece of paper into his hand as she gives him a friendly hug.

MARTA

I've got another instructional set
up for some more new acolytes later
today. Care to join?

Hatch smiles and nods, this is obvious code. As they speak, a good dozen heavily armed soldiers pass the couple, not acknowledging their presence whatsoever.

HATCH

Sure. Any good eggs in this bunch?

MARTA

I hope so.

When the soldiers are gone, Hatch and Marta begin walking toward the temple.

HATCH

So what lecture about Adele should
I give this time? Her time on
Xantoras or how when she helped me
with Chala for the first time?

MARTA

I think Xantoras would be a bit
more stirring, especially the part
of what happened right after you
flew your shuttle away from the planet.

HATCH

(reminiscing)

Yeah, that was pretty eventful.

After a moment of silent walking, they reach the stone gate of the temple. They have to sidestep out of the way of a few more dozen acolytes marching in and out of the temple.

HATCH

Goddamn soldiers taking all our
beef, making us eat beet soup day
after day....

MARTA

Hey, it wasn't all bad, right? I
made a few batches last week.

HATCH

Yeah, those were the worst.

MARTA

Hey!

When the soldiers are gone, Hatch and Marta walk into the building.

INT. TRYIAN TEMPLE - ENTRANCE HALL

There are even more people crowding the building than there ever were, most of them wearing pained, almost morose expressions on their faces.

HATCH

You'd think the conversion classes would be a bit more chipper, you know? I mean, you're going from a pretty bad life to one of the most powerful groups ever made. Whassup with that?

MARTA

As I recall, you weren't the most upbeat guy in the world when you first walked past those doors.

HATCH

Yeah, but those were special circumstances.

MARTA

Aren't they all?

The two share a private chuckle as they walk deeper into the temple.

INT. TRYIAN TEMPLE - LIBRARY

The library is exactly as we saw it except for the posting of a single armed guard at the entrance. Hatch and Marta barely brush past him as they enter the room and eventually make their way to the secluded area seen before.

HATCH

You'd think there'd be enough lugheads running around this temple, but somehow they always find a place to stand and guard. The hell is he guarding, anyway? The air? Not like anything's going to happen in the library of all places.

Marta smiles slightly when they're past the guard's earshot.

MARTA

Nothing like the meeting of a group
that happens to rebel against
Sovari's ideals and everything he
stands for?

HATCH

Why would that be a bad thing?

They finally reach the spot between the shelves that happens to block all sound, sitting at the small table which is occupied by three other people, all dressed in identical robes to Hatch and Marta. HORA, an overweight Bolian and another, skinny and unkempt looking human: FERON.

HORA

I was beginning to think the
soldiers finally got you both.

HATCH

They're not that good.

FERON

Yeah, you see them running around
after that little vole this morning?
Sovari's finest all running around
in the hallways like it was some
kind of Confed invasion or something.

MARTA

I heard about that, did they really
try to use explosives in the kitchen?

HATCH

(pure dread)

What!?! The kitchen? Please say they
didn't...

FERON

Nah, a younger acolyte finally
caught it with his bare hands
before they could get the bombs out.
Ate it, too.

HATCH

Lucky bastard gets the all the meat...

Marta clears her throat, bringing the conversation to an end.

MARTA

Anyone have any news?

Everyone sits silent.

FERON

Not really.

HORA

Aside from the usual paperwork receipts and office memos about grain production, I haven't seen anything new in the administrator's office for weeks.

MARTA

None of the new acolytes seem to show any promise, unfortunately. Looks like we'll be alone for the time being.

Everyone's heads hang slightly at the last comment.

HORA

(plaintively)

How can they be so blind?

FERON

It's a powerful message: "Obey or die." Hell, I listened to it.

HATCH

Maybe they're just hiding, you know? Maybe there's something going on up there the higher ups don't let us know about.

MARTA

There's always something they're not letting us know.

HATCH

Yeah, I know that, but still-

VOICE (O.S.)

Excuse me.

Everyone stops at once and looks at the voice interrupting them. Our view changes from their shocked faces to the small space between bookshelves that happen to create the soundproof area.

A stick figure of a man, his hands limply hanging from his shoulders and his robes well over three sizes too big, stands at the corner, staring at the small group with intense eyes.

JARLETH

Excuse me, but may I join you? All
the other tables are full.

The foursome, their eyes wide with barely contained surprise
and fear, first look to each other then to the new presence.

HATCH

Uh... sure.

JARLETH smiles and sits, revealing a small book from under
his oversize robes, which he takes to reading in silence.

MARTA

I guess I'd... better get back to
the kitchen. I've got bread duty today.

HATCH

Oh, don't forget to put in that
second stick of butter this time. I
love that butter, you know.

FERON

Yeah, we all know.

JARLETH

Please, I'm trying to read.

They all shut up and begin preparing to leave the table.

MARTA

In His name, I wish peace.

Everyone, even Jarleth, nod in her thanks as Marta begins to
stand.

Just as she's about to reach the bookcase gap and the other
three stand, however...

JARLETH

Excuse me.

HATCH

(annoyed, fearful)

Yes?

JARLETH

I know what you've been doing here.

Everyone stops cold.

JARLETH

And I'd like to join you if I could.

Off their now more than ever shocked faces, we:

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CULT HALLWAY - FLASHBACK

The same hallway from before, still endless in scope and depressingly uniform with every door and stone looking exactly the same.

Hatch slowly exits one of the thousands of doors, his face still wearing the defeated expression we saw when he entered the shower room. The female cultist stands right outside, waiting for him with a full military posture.

FEMALE CULTIST

Are you better?

HATCH

(softly)

Yes.

FEMALE CULTIST

Good. Then it's time to begin your education.

The two begin walking toward the left side of the hall, toward another infinite stretch of doors and empty space.

INT. CLASSROOM - FLASHBACK

A classroom not unlike one you'd see in every stereotypical Earth school greets our view as we enter this scene. The only difference is the large, steel Cult symbols that decorate each wall and the differently sized desks made for each different species that have been in this room before.

Hatch takes a seat in one of the more human sized desks which, miraculously, is a perfect fit. The female cultist is hot on his heels and, when he is seated, she takes a desk right next to him.

FEMALE CULTIST

So, tell me everything you know about Those Who Walk in the Light.

Hatch, still defeated and sore from his torture, looks at the woman with heavy eyes before speaking.

HATCH

(quietly defiant)

Murderers, psychos, sheep, all of you are the same.

(MORE)

HATCH (CONT'D)

Your leader is the worst man to ever stain this galaxy and the fact you're too blind to see it is horrible.

FEMALE CULTIST

So you believe the lies spread by our enemies? That those who walk in the light are bloodthirsty savages bent on conquest and destruction above all aims?

HATCH

And to convert or kill everyone you see.

The woman smiles as she leans in closer to Hatch.

FEMALE CULTIST

What if I said that, right now, I'm going to let you in on the biggest secret held in this galaxy? Something only members of our religion all know but never speak of lest they be captured by a heathen force?

Hatch's sunken eyes widen.

FEMALE CULTIST

You see, Mister Hatch, the truth is...

As she speaks, we slowly:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. TRYIAN TEMPLE

Hatch stands in his garden, now fully in bloom and much larger and more vibrant than anything around it, looking completely content with the world. His face has absolutely zero stubble, fat or weariness marking it whatsoever. He looks happy and fulfilled in his small garden.

MARTA (O.S.)

Hey, Hatch!

He slowly takes his eyes from nowhere to look over at a distant Marta and an usually happy looking Jarleth.

Hatch quickly walks over to them with a spring in his step like something we've never seen before.

HATCH

What's up?

MARTA

(wide smile)

Jarleth here says we've got eight more with us in the processing sector alone.

HATCH

Really!?

JARLETH

I talked to them last week as part of my normal rotation. They're from Torrina.

Hatch doesn't seem to take the news especially hard, but he does visibly react a little bit.

HATCH

Oh.

MARTA

Something wrong with Torrina, Hatch? I thought you and Adele spent a long time there.

HATCH

Yeah... we kind of did.

JARLETH

Anyway, they say they've never REALLY been loyal, they just joined to save their families when their home was taken in His name.

HATCH

Yeah, that sounds good. What's that make us now?

MARTA

Sixteen. In just two months. Can you believe it just started out with us?

JARLETH

All people need is someone they can talk to, and it all goes from there, I think.

HATCH

Too bad there's just not more. I mean, How can so many people follow Sovari-?

Hatch is interrupted by the sudden arrival of two, very large and very pissed looking Acolytes.

ACOLYTE 1

ID?

The trio look shocked at first, but collectively sigh in unison as they produce a small piece of paper from a pocket in their robes. The acolytes look over them for a long moment before shoving the papers back toward the three.

ACOLYTE 2

Keep moving.

The pair suddenly does an about face and marches away, only to harass another small group of people not twenty feet away.

HATCH

Goddamn patrols getting worse every week.

MARTA

Well, Feron warned us about this. The administrator's getting more paranoid with all the new arrivals lately. Remember the news about Tragus 4 yesterday?

HATCH

The kids who tried to make a demonstration in the streets?

MARTA

Yup.

HATCH

Nope, haven't heard a thing about 'em.

The three share a pained look as the familiar news washes over them.

HATCH

It's going to take a hell of a lot more than a handful of people on a farm colony to bring Sovari down.

MARTA

But it's a start, isn't it?

HATCH

Yeah, I guess.

The three quickly begin making it toward the temple's entrance. As they walk, Hatch's focus is fixed on the duo of massive Acolytes harassing yet another shocked victim.

Their forms quickly morph and distort as we:

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CLASSROOM - FLASHBACK

Hatch sits wide eyed in front of the woman, all of his weak attention focused on her eyes as she ends a long lecture.

FEMALE CULTIST

...And so you see, it doesn't matter who is chosen to be penultimate. The Prophet's will is the will of the universe itself. The penultimate is but a mortal who we collectively choose to interpret His will so us who serve are not broken by indecision or infighting.

HATCH

Wait... so Sovari... with all his power and craziness... you ELECTED him?

FEMALE CULTIST

You'll want to watch your mouth outside this room, but, for all basic interpretations, yes, we chose Sovari to be penultimate. Or, rather, it was the Prophet's will we would choose him. The line of penultimates has been preordained centuries ago, we merely bring His will about.

HATCH

But that's... that's just so... I mean...

FEMALE CULTIST

I think it's all beginning to make sense now in your mind. You know for a fact the Prophet exists. You saw his face on Prime all those months ago yourself, you've heard about his Prophecies from the moment you learned of us... and now you know the truth about them. They're always right. The Prophet's will is perfect, will lead us to a future without wars, without fear, without hate. Yes, you may see those things in our modern times, but it's all for the end of days when it will all fade into dust just like it was back in the ancient Federation.

Hatch's exhausted, awed and very confused eyes show it all. He can't resist anymore. Though his wounds are cleaned and bandaged, though he looks like he's had some nourishment recently after a long fast, Hatch's mind is finally broken. His will is gone, replaced by something completely different.

HATCH

What can I do to help?

The woman smiles.

FEMALE CULTIST

Tell me, how good are you at planting?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TRYIAN TEMPLE - LIBRARY

The small space between shelves is so completely stuffed with people, the table is gone and it's standing room only.

Over twenty people crowd the small space, nineteen of those faces focused intently on Hatch as he speaks quietly, but in excited tones.

HATCH

So there we were on Xantoras, Isaac and me. We just caught up to Adele and she gave this speech... I mean, this really awful, hurtful speech that made Isaac cry like a baby.

JARLETH

And then what happened?

HATCH

She got shot.

The entire gathering gasps at once.

HATCH

Right in the back by some punkass sniper or something. Isaac got him in the face. That's when I went to my shuttle to pick them up, so I don't really know what happened between then and the time the soldiers almost surrounded him and her.

MARTA

That's when you got 'em, right?

HATCH

Yup, landed my shuttle right on top of each and every one of the bastards, didn't even give them time to think.

The group cheers and laughs as quietly as they can.

JARLETH

... Then?

HATCH

Then? I honestly can't recall. I know I picked them up and was flying right toward Sovari's ship...

(long beat)

I really don't remember, guys. But I can tell you it was cool, really cool.

JARLETH

Well, when you do remember, let me know. I have to know what happened to Adele!

HATCH

Well, that I actually do recall. She spent a good month cooped up in Isaac sickbay, on the same bed almost in the same pose for over thirty days. Then, right before Rosani...

(Hatch subconsciously shudders)

... she got up. She had to use a can from last I saw her, but it didn't slow her down much.

MARTA

That's good. We wouldn't be here if it weren't for her.

Everyone nods and mumbles their agreement.

HATCH

So... what now? We can't keep cramming people into this little hole of ours, and we sure as hell can't just keep meeting in secret if we want something done.

MARTA

The question is, I think, what can we do? We can't just overtake this temple, the guards'll get us in just a few hours.

HATCH

Taking the planet'll just get us nuked to death.

FERON

We could try to get a message out.

JARLETH

To who? The Confeds? They'd just take the planet and make things even worse than they are now.

MARTA

(hopefully)

There's always Avalon.

Hatch's eyes sink at Marta's comment.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CULT HALLWAY - FLASHBACK

Hatch, still weak and shaking slightly from the effort, walks back into the hallway. The Female Cultists follows behind him in step.

FEMALE CULTIST

So you spent three weeks in a grape field as a child?

HATCH

Yeah... back home.

FEMALE CULTIST

I've never seen grape fields before. It must have been relaxing.

HATCH

It was.

FEMALE CULTIST

And these grapes, were they made for wine?

HATCH

Most of them. We usually saved a barrel or two for all of us to eat.

FEMALE CULTIST

Wine's pretty rare these days. Not many planets can support the plants for an entire season.

HATCH

Really?

FEMALE CULTIST

Well, maybe with an expert grape farmer here, we may soon have a new wine dynasty on our hands.

Nobody laughs or smiles at the lame banter.

HATCH

Where are we going now?

FEMALE CULTIST

Just a walk. There are a few more things you must know.

HATCH

Why couldn't we stay in there?

FEMALE CULTIST

To tell you the truth, I hate that room more than I hate the one we met each other in. I've always hated classrooms for some reason.

Hatch nods without a word and keeps walking with difficulty.

After a long moment.

HATCH

So what do you want to tell me?

The woman looks genuinely uncomfortable for a long beat, wrestling with dark thoughts. She tries to speak several times but fails uncomfortably.

FEMALE CULTIST

I'm afraid... I'm sorry... It's just that...

HATCH

Avalon's gone... isn't she?

FEMALE CULTIST

Yes... that's it. Over Rosani Six. One of our ships was in the area but couldn't get there in time to stop the patrol craft.

(beat, semi-impressed)

She did manage to destroy ten of her attacker before she fell, however.

Hatch is quiet for a while.

HATCH

I kind of expected you to say that eventually. Hell, I'd bet if it weren't for Chala I'd be up there, too. I guess I should be grateful.

FEMALE CULTIST

As you should be. You're with us. We make sure to look out for each other, keep our own safe. That's one of the best reasons for being with us, you know. Security in a galaxy with none.

HATCH

You're right. Too bad it took me
this long to realize it.

FEMALE CULTIST

The important thing is that you're
with us now. It's time to forget
your past. Look to the future with
all of us.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TRYIAN TEMPLE - HATCH'S QUARTERS

Hatch sleeps peacefully in his very comfortable bed, smiling
with pleasant dreams as the Tryian moonlight creates a
pleasant blue glow.

Slowly, however, a dark shadow suddenly creeps over Hatch's
extremely comfortable sheets, turning the nice blue a hollow
black.

The shadow builds speed until it covers Hatch's content face.

And suddenly, as if from the shadow itself, a large hand
SMASHES onto his face, covering Hatch's mouth and nose with
a small blue cloth. Hatch wakes up with a start, trying to
fight off the person before him, but the chemicals on the
cloth plus the obvious massive physical superiority of the
other person makes his fight pitiful at best.

And suddenly as it begins, Hatch's panicked eyes close once
again in pleasant sleep.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. CULT CELL

A small, dank, dirty cell not unlike the room Hatch first
woke up in is our setting as we fade into the scene. Hatch
is all alone, still in his bed robes and looking extremely
worried and frightened.

HATCH

What the hell is going on?
(beat)
Somebody answer!

There is no reply for the longest time.

HATCH

HELLO!?

Suddenly, the heavy metal door to the cell SLAMS open, flooding the room with light and forcing Hatch to take a step back.

JARLETH (O.S.)

Took you long enough to wake up.
I've been out here for three hours.

HATCH

Jarleth? What the hell, man?

Jarleth enters the cell from the door, a smug smile on his face.

JARLETH

You got caught.

HATCH

Well, get me out!

JARLETH

No.

HATCH

What?

JARLETH

You heard me.

Hatch takes a few steps back as the realization hits him.

HATCH

Oh my god...

JARLETH

I knew you didn't trust me at first.
I don't think anyone did. But then,
that's what you get when you're a
blasphemous group of dissenters.
Can't even trust your own.

HATCH

But... the stuff you said...

JARLETH

It's easy to lie in a den of liars.
Your own self delusions blinded you
from the truth.

Hatch can't reply for a moment.

HATCH

You... asshole.

JARLETH

And now we're here. I've been working for the administrator from the moment I met you. He's been suspicious of a dissident movement for months.

Jarleth laughs for a moment.

JARLETH

Did you know there are three other groups like yours still infesting the temple as we speak? Not nearly as large or well organized, but they'll be brought down soon. It's not like you could really accomplish-

Fortunately, Jarleth's egotistical rambling is cut short when a fist SMASHES into his face!

Hatch's fist!

And suddenly Hatch is on top of Jarleth, landing blow after blow onto his face and chest, Hatch's recently built physique making sure his blows are powerful and extremely painful.

HATCH

YOU FUCKING BASTARD!

Unfortunately, the brawl is cut short when Hatch is suddenly rushed by two Acolytes in full armor, shoving our hero to the floor and pummeling him with short clubs.

Jarleth stands after a moment, watching Hatch's punishment with bloody but happy eyes.

JARLETH

I'll see you tomorrow.

EXT. TRYIAN TEMPLE

(NOTE: Until indicated, this scene will have absolutely no sound.)

The outside of the temple is packed with every resident and guard, a red sea of thousands of people all intent on witnessing the spectacle before them.

Right before the massive temple doors is a slab of stone with a good dozen small indents at regular places, all of them at the edge of the slab. Eighteen acolytes with grim faces stand around the massive stone, gigantic axes of uniform but alien design held in their hands.

It's no question, this is an execution ceremony.

Without words or speeches, Hatch, Marta and sixteen others we vaguely recognize follow in an obedient line between at least fifty acolytes marching in perfect military order. Oddly, Hatch and his group are not dressed in their normal red robes, but pure white ones without a smudge or mar on their flawless stitching. The eighteen white robes are a perfect contrast to the red sea around them.

Hatch looks behind him, even though his eyes are swollen and bloodshot from his beating, and shares a long look with Marta, who looks just as beaten as him. Though, this time, Hatch carries his broken body with pride. He doesn't look the slightest defeated as he is lead to his own death.

Quickly, the eighteen are moved to the slab and forced on their knees by the massive acolytes with axes. Several of the condemned group are openly crying while others just look shamed amongst their peers. Only Hatch looks proud.

Slowly, the head acolytes gives a signal with his right hand, prompting the eighteen axe-wielders to raise their weapons high above their heads and move behind a single condemned in fluid motion. The one over Hatch looks especially large and cruel.

The leader gives a second, short signal and the acolytes lower their weapons slowly to their target necks, testing their strikes.

A long moment passes. The breeze gently blows as the distant sun shows a beautiful glow. Tryian's moon can still be seen in the sunlight, creating a unique setting.

Another, forceful signal.

And suddenly, the leader drops to the ground, a bullet hole piercing the center his forehead.

Then the guard over Hatch falls backward, thanks to his axe.

Hatch isn't paying a bit of attention to it at all, however. His eyes are locked on Marta's. Under the slab, their hands are clasped as best they can.

Unfortunately, in slow motion, the seventeen surviving acolytes finish their work. Marta's hand goes limp almost immediately.

(NOTE: The sound resumes here)

ZORIN (O.S.)

Get Hatch!

We slowly pan away from the slab and Hatch's confused face to see the entire scene. Avalon now hovers right over the temple, lobbing missile after missile at any air traffic stupid enough to approach her. On the ground, Isaac, Siren and Zorin pump acolytes left and right full of bullets, expertly using firearms in the face of swords and axes.

The sound of the battle is deafening, but Hatch isn't paying attention. He's staring at Marta's limp fingers, not bearing to look up at the bloody slab.

ISAAC

Get the fuck up, Hatch!

Isaac appears behind the still kneeling Hatch, firing his pistol at the same time he tries to pick Hatch up.

As he's lifted, Hatch's hand slowly drifts from Marta's.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TRYIAN TEMPLE - FLASHBACK

There is nothing but calm and serenity as a still injured Hatch slowly limps toward the massive temple.

Standing under the doors, a smile on her face, is Marta.

MARTA

So they tell me you're the new recruit. Come on, I'll show you around.

HATCH

(smiling)

Thanks.

Hatch quickly takes Marta's hand as she slowly leads him into the temple.

FADE TO BLACK

EPILOGUE

INT. AVALON - HATCH'S QUARTERS

Hatch's room is just like we remember it, messy, a single uncomfortable bed and a single window looking out into space with the beautiful vista of stars at warp.

Hatch isn't paying attention to a single bit of it.

Instead, his eyes are locked permanently downward, staring at the white Cult robes that still wrap around his body. The scene is somber and still.

At least until:

AVA

Hey, Tom. You okay?

HATCH

Don't want to talk about it.

AVA

You sure? You know I wouldn't ever judge you.

HATCH

I don't care.

Ava "sighs".

AVA

Fine.

Another long beat.

Until a knock at the door shakes Hatch once again.

SIREN (O.S.)

Hatch. Can I come in?

HATCH

No.

The door suddenly opens anyway, allowing the very pregnant form of SIREN to enter.

SIREN

Zorin just wanted to know how you were doing.

HATCH

(darkly)

How I'm doing? Does it fucking matter? I mean, I've been stuck in this fucked up future for over a year and you know what I've been telling myself every night before I went to sleep? That this is just some kind of never ending nightmare that I'm gonna wake up from in the morning and I'll be back in my apartment, my time, my life. This is just a nightmare I seem to have perfect memory of and just won't end no matter what my mind dreams up to torture myself.

(beat)

And every morning I wake up here. In this century, in this place and in this life that isn't mine. And then I just tell myself it's a dream and get on with my life until it ends.

Siren just stands in the doorway, listening to Hatch try to explain himself.

HATCH

You know, no matter how shitty my life was back there, it was a thousand times better than this. I've never been shot, stabbed, kidnapped, tortured or raped a moment in my life until these last few months. And then it all just won't stop coming, no matter what I try to do.

(beat)

So that's what you can tell Zorin.

Siren doesn't say anything, she just nods and sits next to Hatch on his bed, not really embracing him, just giving him some company.

From this scene, our view slowly moves past the pair, out the window and into:

EXT. SPACE

Avalon flies along at warp, her odd nacelles providing a weird glow behind her as the stars slip by.

But as she flies forward, we quickly realize she's not alone.

Two blood red vessels are keeping perfect pace with our ship,
their dangerous lines and multiple weapon emplacements
leaving little doubt their deadly mission...

SMASH TO BLACK

THE END