



Memento Mori

2.06

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RECAP

FADE IN:

DARKNESS

HATCH (V.O.)

In case you missed it, this is what
just happened.

INT. AVALON - HATCH'S QUARTERS

THOMAS HATCH is as we left him, in his bed. He is just like
the others, bathed in darkness and searching for any air
left around him.

HATCH

(somberly)

I didn't think it would end this
way. After all we've been through,
this is how we're going out.

INT. AVALON - CARGO BAY

There's barely enough light to even see, but we can make out
a single form in the darkness. We slowly pan down to ISAAC
SAROLA, who's unconscious on the deck. He almost appears dead.

ISAAC

(weakly)

I won't let him murder me. Not with
everyone else.

INT. CONFEDERATE SHIP - CONFERENCE ROOM

The Confederate conference room is much more lavish than
we'd typically expect. It looks much more like what we'd see
on a ship from Hatch's time with wood and gold, plants, and
a window panorama looking out to the stars. The long
conference table is occupied by three people: Isaac, HARQUIN,
and ROAN. They are all silent and seems like they've been
silent for some time.

HARQUIN

It's up to you Sarola. We can talk
and work this out or we can give
each other the cold shoulder for
the rest of ever.

Isaac looks away.

ROAN

I'm telling you Cap, fellow soldier or not, we should just leave him to rot with the others.

HARQUIN

Roan, shut the hell up.

INT. CONFEDERATE SHIP - HARQUIN'S QUARTERS

Isaac is still silent.

HARQUIN

But, it's up to you. If you wish to decline my offer, it's yours to decline. Just know that it's yours to accept, as well.

ISAAC

No. What you ask is too far. I can't to that.

Harquin nods.

HARQUIN

If you think your captain can change his tune...

ISAAC

That's not what I mean. I mean that I don't want Zorin killed because of what he's done. Despite all he's done wrong, he's done plenty right. He a man of distinction... but you're right. Absolutely. They are my family. I have to protect them.

Harquin's face lifts.

ISAAC(CONT'D)

Zorin can keep his life. However...

His voice trails off, as if the obvious dawns on him.

ISAAC(CONT'D)

He can't keep his ship. Avalon belongs to me.

INT. AVALON - CARGO HOLD

ZORIN stands as intimidating as he can in his situation.

ZORIN

You son of a bitch. You're going to get us all killed.

ISAAC

Typical Zorin. Don't get your way, blame it on someone else and call them names. Ridiculous.

(almost sympathetically)

Look at you. You're behind steel bars like a caged animal. You're in no position to tell me that I'm doing something wrong.

INT. AVALON - CARGO BAY

Isaac stands on a small stack of crates in front of a gathering of the entire Avalon crew. He has just finished a speech and is silent for the response.

VOICE(O.S.)

Go fuck yourself, Isaac!

VOICE 2(O.S.)

He gave us a better life!

VOICE 3(O.S.)

Isaac's right!

The crowd of 25 to 30 people erupts in an uproar. We cut to see SIREN is indifferent to this mess, RIDEK is shouting, Hatch is almost scared, and SHERA giving AZEL a concerned look. Shera tells Azel something and they exit the cargo bay.

ISAAC

(commanding)

QUIET!!

The crowd reluctantly complies.

ISAAC(CONT'D)

I'm not asking you to accept this change overnight, but you will have to deal with it. Zorin's reign is OVER!

INT. AVALON - CORRIDOR

In one of the dark hallways of Avalon, several members of the crew have taken sides and are shooting at each other with blood lust.

ISAAC (V.O.)

THIS IS MY HOME! THIS IS MY FAMILY!

INT. CONFEDERATE SHIP - HARQUIN'S QUARTERS

Harquin sits in a chair, sipping alcohol. He's intent on someone in front of him.

HARQUIN

You lied to me.

We see Isaac is with Harquin now.

ISAAC

I lied to you? You had your goons try to kill me!

HARQUIN

They were just going to knock you out. I needed to talk with you. Why the hell is there a Cultist onboard your ship?

INT. AVALON - CORRIDOR

Isaac dejectedly walks next to a triumphant Harquin.

A loud beep is heard of the comm.

AVA

Attention Isaac and his followers. If I were you, I'd send those Confederates back to where they came from and lay down arms. Zorin is back in command.

EXT. SPACE

Avalon and the Confederate ship hang mere meters away from each other until the enemy ship slowly begins to run, but not before slowly releasing what looks like a dozen innocent looking canisters from its underbelly...

And in the distance, the massive form of a Cult cruiser slowly draws near.

INT. AVALON - AIRLOCK

Siren, in tears, shoves Isaac against the wall of the airlock with her hand tentacles. She then slowly begins to work the controls.

ISAAC

(desperate)

SIREN! DON'T DO THIS! PLEASE!

SIREN

You've caused more damage on this ship than can be solved with words. My child's life is in danger because of the people you've rallied to believe that I'm part of the problem. This can only end one way: with Zorin's death or yours.

(a beat)

If this is choosing sides, so be it.

Isaac's face is now streaming tears.

ISAAC

(sobbing)

Don't. Please.

She shakes her head. She smacks the airlock button. In the blink of an eye, the outside airlock door slides open and Isaac is mercilessly pulled into space. He slowly drifts into the sea of nothingness, helpless and alone.

SMASH CUT TO:

DARKNESS

HATCH (V.O.)

And this is what happened next.

FADE OUT.

END OF RECAP

TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. AVALON - ADELE'S ROOM

ADELE TIERNAN stands quiet and still in her room, looking over the stacks and stacks of carefully handwritten books and other artifacts collected over a year of constant travel. She wears the most elegant red robes we've seen yet and her white ivory cane is a stark contrast to her image.

ADELE

(bows head)

Dear Prophet, one who knows the light and destinies of all men and women in your domain, guide us in this time of trial. Extend your hand in friendship to those who have lost their way and guide them ever onward toward the light and eternal salvation.

EXT. SPACE

Isaac floats alone, exposed and frozen with fear as Avalon slowly drifts away. For the first time, the ship itself looks like a titanic vessel compared to the tiny Isaac. He can only float and stare as she moves away.

ADELE (V.O.)

Guide those who have lost themselves to the darkness without and within. Pass the flame of truth and hope to them so they may find a way through the dark wood, the endless plain of suffering. Their lot is hopeless without you.

INT. AVALON - BRIDGE

Zorin is once again in his command chair, but the mood of the scene is far from joyous. Shera sits at the helm while Ridek stands right behind her, a comforting hand gently massaging the Xindi's shoulder.

AVA

Ten more seconds 'till the Cult's on top of us, Zorin.

Zorin is silent as a statue as the viewscreen shows the ever growing presence of the cruiser.

Next to it, Harquin's tiny Confed. ship is a gnat.

ADELE (V.O.)

Banish the darkness from the mortal mind, rid the worlds of evil and guide the mortal hand in all his endeavors so he may one day achieve the light, the future, the very end you have foreseen for all of us. Our lot is forsaken without you.

ZORIN

(quietly)

Where the hell is Siren?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. AVALON - CARGO BAY

Siren stares at the airlock like a frozen maiden, watching a tiny human form slowly drift out of view. As she does, tears begin to drip from her eyes and her hands drift to her now very exposed and pregnant belly.

ADELE (V.O.)

Guide the children of the wayward mortal, o Prophet of light and seer of all things. Show them your gentle hand and knowledge of things yet to come. Extend to them your joy and love that we may all know the light. Their lot is a joyful one if you show them the path.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. AVALON - ENGINEERING

Engineering is chaos with the din of battle. Twenty people fight in an evenly matched battle for control of the Avalon, guns, knives, even a sword flash in the darkness of the chaos.

ADELE (V.O.)

Grant no sympathy to those who would stray from the light's path, but grant them not damnation. Their lot is a hopeless one.

One crewman, shrouded in darkness, slashes a knife across another of his crewmate's arm, seeming to revel in the violence. Interestingly enough, no one is dead. Merely injuring each other's limbs and abdomens.

Fortunately, the violence slowly wanes when CARLISE, after shooting another crewmate in the leg, turns to her next victim: HATCH. He is unarmed and visibly shaking in her crosshairs. Clearly, she is having trouble taking her next shot.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SPACE

In a beautiful ballet, the Cult ship bears down on the two smaller vessels. One the weakened and listless Avalon, the other Harquin's rapidly escaping Confederate ship. Their movements are all uncharacteristically slow but somehow beautiful.

ADELE (V.O.)

I beseech you, ancient one of
eternal foresight. Guide us all to
the light. Let us forsake the
darkness of the worlds and witness
the light you have promised us all.

(beat)

Amen.

But we don't linger on the cosmic ballet, instead we drift back to the helpless Isaac, who has a completely unfiltered view of the scene around him. Unfortunately, the doctor's eyes begin to slowly close as the pain of suffocation begins to overtake him. We keep a tight view of him as he slowly accepts death in the cold grasp of space...

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. AVALON - ADELE'S ROOM - DREAM

We fade in to find ourselves in Adele's room yet again, but somehow eerily cloaked in a strange white light, as if none of it were real. Adele stands before Isaac with a content smile on her face.

ISAAC
(shameful)
What... my god, what did I do?

ADELE
What you thought was right.

ISAAC
No. No, this isn't right. I should
be dead now, I have to be!

Adele looks right into Isaac's eyes and cups his chin with a delicate hand.

ADELE
None of that matters now.

From her other hand, Adele slips a small fragment of metal into Isaac's limp right fist, something we can easily recognize as a Cult necklace. Adele's necklace.

ADELE(CONT'D)
You will atone.

Isaac slowly breaks down into tears, Adele removes her hand.

ADELE(CONT'D)
Judgment has come.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. CONFEDERATE SHIP - TRANSPORTER PAD

On a flat, glowing piece of glass, Isaac quickly materializes from nothing. First just an empty outline, then a faint ghost-like image, it's mere seconds before he is a complete person again, gasping and wheezing in the new atmosphere. Still weak from exposure, covered in white ice and oozing red blood, he quickly falls to the floor in a heap. Tears cover his eyes.

And standing over him, purple faced with rage, is Harquin.

HARQUIN

I hope you know I just wasted half my energy reserve in beaming you over here, Isaac. We're not going to be able to make it to my intended base. You're forcing me to make a very unbearable decision.

Harquin crouches down and lifts Isaac's weak head up to eye level with one hand. With his other hand, he brandishes a beautifully carved and decorated pistol.

HARQUIN(CONT'D)

This is the last time you're welcome on my ship, Isaac Sarola. If I can't have the Cult traitor or the woman who is supposed to birth their savior, I'll at least take great pleasure in torturing the man who kept them from me.

Isaac can't reply, he merely coughs some more, finally expelling a bit of blood on Harquin's leather uniform. In disgust, the former general sneers and raises the gun.

But instead of firing it, he flips the barrel into his open palm and smashes the ivory butt square onto Isaac's head, knocking him out cold.

Harquin stands, revealing the familiar face of Roan behind him.

ROAN

What do you want me to do with him?

HARQUIN

Take him to the stocks and make sure he doesn't get out. And then begin emergency preparations, we're going to Tyro's fleet.

Roan nods and begins to lift the dead bulk of Isaac. Harquin doesn't look back as he exits.

CUT TO:

INT. AVALON - BRIDGE

The air is tense and still as the cruiser begins to circle the injured Avalon. Zorin has his fist at his sides as he stands.

AVA

The Confederate ship just jumped away.

ZORIN

Shera, do they have an open channel?

SHERA

They do.

ZORIN

If you will.

Shera nods and presses a single button on her console. Ridek grips her shoulder all the tighter.

ZORIN

This is Zorin of the free trading vessel Avalon.

The mood grows ever more tense as the comm remains silent.

BRIE'S COMM VOICE

This is General Brie of the holy vessel Gungir. We have confirmed evidence from three sensor beacons, six trading vessels and the sanctuary at Tryian that you knowingly crossed our borders to kidnap one who has willingly converted to our cause, a kidnapping that lead to the deaths of dozens of innocent acolytes and the destruction of a scouting vessel. Do you deny those charges?

Shera and Ridek look to Zorin for strength, who shows it in spades. We slowly draw into a very close shot of Shera's face.

VOICE

Your time has passed. I told you to leave this ship, but you didn't.

Shera looks weak as the voice overtakes all other sound, but she forces it back with tremendous will. Ridek looks at her with concern.

ZORIN

I do not.

BRIE'S COMM VOICE
 Then under the decree of the
 Prophet and Penultimate Sovari, I
 must insist you surrender your ship
 and accept the rightful and full
 punishment such transgressions require.

ZORIN
 And if I refuse?

BRIE'S COMM VOICE
 Zorin, do not play games. I know
 how weak you are after both the
 battle with our scout vessel and
 this Confederate rat that tries to
 hide in my engine trail. Though
 Avalon has proven in the past to
 stand up to foes many times her
 stature, this is one fight you
 cannot win.

Zorin's head falls.

BRIE'S COMM VOICE (CONT'D)
 Accept our terms and this will be
 over. You must merely pay for
 crimes you willingly committed
 against us, nothing more.

ZORIN
 (quietly)
 And what are those terms?

There is another pause.

BRIE'S COMM VOICE
 Negotiation.

The word hangs over the bridge with tension.

BRIE'S COMM VOICE
 As per... standard doctrine of the
 Prophet's fleet, you will dock with
 my vessel at the appointed time and
 we will conduct peaceable
 negotiations that will both pay you
 debt to us and allow you to
 continue to fly free... provided
 they go your way, of course.

SHERA
 (whispered, to Ridek)
 What the hell?

Zorin doesn't answer, he merely stares at the viewscreen, where the Cult ship has completely filled anything else in view.

BRIE'S COMM VOICE

You have one hour to prepare for my coming.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. AVALON - CORRIDOR

Right outside the cargo bay, Siren stares at the open airlock for a long time until finally turning around.

SIREN

It's over.

She slowly takes one step forward. Then another. She obviously looks weak and very shaken, and tries to hide it to the best of her strength, but it obviously is fading.

SIREN

No... not now.

Without warning, Siren suddenly FALLS to the floor, fortunately on her back. We slowly pan over her body to her exposed midsection, which she grasps in pain.

SIREN(CONT'D)

It can't be happening now.

Slowly, the Deltan woman begins to crawl, still on her back and in tremendous pain, to the only door near to her. The effort is tremendous and it takes a moment for her to reach it, but Siren finally manages to open the door...

To reveal Adele right behind it!

ADELE

By the Prophet! Siren!

Siren doesn't speak, she merely emits a pitiful gurgle of pain.

Without wasting a breath, Adele lowers herself to her knees and slowly begins to lift Siren, an act that causes the Cult woman incredible pain.

ADELE(CONT'D)

We have to get you to Isaac!

Siren doesn't speak, she merely nods through tears of agony.

Slowly, incredibly slowly, the pregnant and the injured woman begin to hobble down the corridor, making no stops even in both their weak states.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. AVALON - SICKBAY

Like many rooms on the Avalon, the sickbay is a mess from the recent battles, but is still peacefully quiet.

The door quickly opens to admit Siren and Adele, who hobble in just as they slowly walked out of the last shot. Adele leads Siren to the only bed before letting go.

ADELE

Here, lie here.

Siren nods and drags herself onto the bed, which is an instant comfort to her. Siren takes in a few labored breaths before speaking.

SIREN

Thank you.

ADELE

No need. We merely have to call Isaac from his pointless fighting to come help you.

Adele nods and starts to turn around.

SIREN

No. You can't.

ADELE

And why not? I thought you decided weeks ago to keep this child, and he's ready to-

SIREN

It's not that.

Siren gulps and sighs.

SIREN

Isaac's dead.

ADELE

(shocked)

What? Wha--how?

Siren fights back a contraction before admitting...

SIREN

It was me. I killed him.

Adele gasps in horror and has to grab a nearby shelf for support.

CUT TO:

INT. CONFEDERATE SHIP - BRIG

Isaac, still weak and sporting a massive bloody wound from Harquin's pistol, very slowly begins to regain consciousness. Standing before him is Roan.

ROAN

Y'know, Harquin wants me to tie you up and slam you into those stocks on the walls, but I'm pretty sure the concussion Cap gave you'll be plenty torture enough.

ISAAC

Not following orders?

Roan nods and crouches to be at eye level with Isaac.

ROAN

A little idea shared between us, I think. Not following Harquin's orders. Not like he's the best officer or anything.

Isaac's expression darkens.

ISAAC

What do you expect from a fuckin' traitor to his own people?

Roan smiles.

ROAN

Y'know, I never knew that about Cap 'till you came aboard. Didja know that? He's always kept to himself, making sure to take the best parts of whatever plunder we got, then going back to his quarters until he had to come out for some duty reason. We never really though much of it until now. Then you come along and he's talking more in a day than he usually does in a month.

(MORE)

ROAN (CONT'D)

All those speeches and lectures to you about Jushai and how you two were war buddies or some shit like that.

ISAAC

No, not buddies. He was the pompous ass general that got too many young men killed than turned traitor when he couldn't stand the guilt.

ROAN

Pretty damn perceptive. That's exactly what his file says. Yeah, it doesn't take much for someone to get an entire file when the word traitor's thrown around here. Sometimes your work's not done for the day till you get three of your friends thrown into the brig for suspicion of treason. Comes with the package. And now I've got something on the good Captain Harquin himself.

(beat)

All thanks to you.

ISAAC

Good for you. But don't be surprised if he suddenly turns Red if the situation comes to it.

Roan chuckles for a second before suddenly PUNCHING Isaac square in the jaw! Some of the blood from his wound winds up on Roan's uniform.

ROAN

This is my game, doctor man. Don't think for a second I won't violate more orders and kill you right here. You're still here only because I want to know more about your former general and why he turned coat.

Isaac is defiant, nursing his jaw for a second before replying.

ISAAC

What's there to say you don't already know?

ROAN

I dunno, that's why you're still here, remember?

Roan slowly stands, popping his joints in relief. He slowly makes his way to the door.

ROAN

You Jushai guys better sort your
shit real soon. Judgment's coming
and I intend to be the executioner.

Roan exits the brig, bathing Isaac in darkness.

ISAAC

Psycho prick.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE

Avalon flies next to Brie's massive cruiser, the Gungir, slowly making docking maneuvers. But we don't focus on them. Instead our view pans out to the small canisters from Harquin's ship floating innocently in space.

INT. CONFEDERATE SHIP - BRIDGE

Harquin stands at his bridge and looks to a young subordinate.

HARQUIN

Are we out of range?

SUBORDINATE

Yes, sir.

HARQUIN

Arm the swarm and fire.

The subordinate nods and presses a short series of buttons on his console.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. SPACE

Back in space, the canisters suddenly POP open with tiny explosives, revealing dozens, if not hundreds, of tiny, missile shaped objects. Small red lights begin to glow on the small weapons as they begin to make their way toward Avalon...

INT. AVALON - BRIDGE

Zorin sits in his chair as Avalon looms ever closer to the massive enemy vessel.

SHERA

I still say this is a trap. No Red would ever negotiate with someone they're about to kill.

ZORIN

I agree, but we have no choice.

Zorin, Shera and Ridek watch the screen as the last maneuver takes place.

VOICE

Don't shut me out Shera. You have to make a decision. Will you face judgment alone or with... him?

Shera violently shakes her head to rid herself of the voice.

RIDEK

Shera, you okay? You seem to be spacing a lot lately.

Shera looks back and grabs Ridek's hand for comfort.

SHERA

I'm fine. There's just been a lot of stress lately, y'know?

RIDEK

Don't I know it.

VOICE

Protect him, like they'll protect you.

SHERA

(loudly)

WHO?!

CUT TO:

INT. GUNGIR - BRIDGE

General BRIE stands like a statue at the center of the massive nerve center of her vessel, listening to all reports with calm grace.

ACOLYTE 1

Docking is nearly complete. Ten meters, nine, eight, seven...

BRIE

Breaking orders for the greater good... this must work.

Suddenly, the bridge goes wild with alarm klaxons!

ACOLYTE 1
Proximity alarm!

BRIE
From where!? Is the Confederate
ship returning?

ACOLYTE 1
No, general, it's something else.

ACOLYTE 2
Confederate missiles, swarmer
missiles headed right for us!

BRIE
Us or Avalon? I want to be certain.

ACOLYTE 2
I can't tell, we're too close to
make a reading.

Brie looks out the massive bridge windows and barely makes
out the swarm of tiny red missiles in the distance.

BRIE
Bring us between the swarm and
Avalon, we can take the brunt of
the damage.

ACOLYTE 1
(shocked, disgusted)
But General...!

BRIE
Avalon carries the Omega, acolyte!
We must protect them at all costs!

The acolyte blanches with the revelation.

ACOLYTE 1
Understood, General.

EXT. SPACE

With surprising agility, the Gungir stops the docking
maneuvers and places itself between Avalon and the swarm of
missiles.

INT. AVALON - BRIDGE

Shera and Zorin are on their feet as they watch the spectacle.

ZORIN
Ava, what's out there?

AVA
I don't know. I just thought the
Confeds were dumping some trash
before they went to warp. A lot of
ships do it, you know-

ZORIN
Shut up and tell me!

AVA
Okay, geez. Umm... they're
definitely self guided warheads. A
lot of them.

ZORIN
(awed)
She's putting herself between us
and them!
(beat)
Brace for impact!

EXT. SPACE

The swarm races into view from off screen and quickly makes full impact with the massive Cult vessel, tearing hundreds of tiny holes into its hull before exploding! The damage is massive, but the ship survives.

Unfortunately, several of the missiles dodge Brie's ship and make their way to Avalon, which explodes on contact. Both ships are massively damaged.

INT. GUNGIR - BRIDGE

A mess of raging fires and screaming acolytes, Brie stands above the chaos.

BRIE
Stop those fires and regain control!
Avalon is still out there!

INT. AVALON - BRIDGE

Not nearly as chaotic as Brie's ship, but everyone has been thrown around somewhat.

ZORIN
Engineering, report!

AZEL'S COMM VOICE
Zorin! WE had some fighting down here, so it's all a mess. That's about all I can tell ya.

ZORIN
What about the damage!?

AZEL'S COMM VOICE
Besides what this stupid fucking rebellion did to my engines? I'll have to get back with you on that.

Zorin grunts and closes the comm.

ZORIN
Ava, how bad was it?

AVA
Not too bad, considering all the damage Cult lady took for us. We can still fly if that's what you want.

ZORIN
Can we run?

Ava is silent for a moment.

AVA
Sorry, Zorin. I think it's going to take Azel a while to get everything back up.

Zorin growls in fury and SMASHES the arm of his seat, breaking it off entirely.

Shera watches the explosion of anger and flinches.

VOICE
Will you survive it alone?

Shera slowly tries to nod her head to excise the voice, but it continues to speak, again drowning out all other sounds to her, even the chaos of the damaged Avalon.

VOICE(CONT'D)
This is judgment day Shera. It will be quick and merciless. Will you survive it? Can you survive without him?

Shera's eyes well with tears from the voice's frustration.
The last thing she sees is the concerned looking Ridek.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. AVALON - BRIDGE

Zorin stands before the viewscreen, where a haggard and soot-covered Brie speaks with confidence.

BRIE

We took heavy damage but are still intact.

ZORIN

So I take it these negotiations are still going to go forth?

Brie smiles.

BRIE

Of course. It's standard doctrine. Though my engineers have found a suitable planet in neutral space for both our ships to land on and conduct repairs.

Zorin nods.

ZORIN

Fair enough. Transmit the coordinates and we will make our way there.

BRIE

I will.

Brie motions for a brief second and the viewscreen goes dark. Ridek approaches Zorin with an appalled look.

RIDEK

Have you lost it, Zorin!? They're damaged, we're... well, also damaged, but not as much as them! We should run!

Zorin turns to Ridek with an oddly calm look.

ZORIN

And what then? Have another Cult member hunt us for months on end, never ceasing and never tiring in their religious quest to bring us to their justice? No, Ridek. They would just hunt us down like they've been doing for so long. Even if we get lucky again and again, one day we're going to slip up. I might slip up. And then it would be over. There might not be another brilliant scheme, lucky break or other cosmic stroke of luck that's saved us one too many times. This might be a chance for us to end it. Right here and now. We're in no condition to run or fight any longer. Isaac made sure of that.

Zorin tenses at that last sentence.

ZORIN(CONT'D)

Besides, she still outguns us a hundred to one. We couldn't fight if we wanted to.

Ridek nods, put in his place.

A moment of silence.

SHERA

Zorin, I just got the transmission from Brie. The planet's just a light year away.

ZORIN

Set the course and go. Let's get this over with.

Shera dourly nods.

EXT. SPACE

Both damaged vessels, the large and the small, slowly and painfully make a turn and jump to low warp.

CUT TO:

INT. AVALON - CONFERENCE ROOM

The medium sized room is slightly cleaner than the rest of Avalon, but still a mess.

And helping to clean it is none other than Thomas Hatch.

HATCH

Y'know, Ava, I was thinking just now.

AVA

Don't hurt your head.

HATCH

Shut up.

(beat)

Anyway, I just realized something. As of now, I'm literally the oldest living thing in the galaxy. From my birthday to what Adele says the year is, I'm exactly 2168 years old. How about that?

AVA

Good luck picking up chicks with that line, ya geezer.

Hatch sighs and uses a small rag to polish the large wooden table in the center of the room. He's startled when Azel enters, covered in engine oil and other black materials.

HATCH

Hey, I just cleaned that spot!

AZEL

Sorry, I just need a place to sit down for a bit.

Hatch looks shocked as the filthy Azel takes a seat in one of the polished chairs and swings his filthy shoes onto the table.

HATCH

Hey, man!

AZEL

Hey, what? I just spent the last six hours making sure you could still breathe and carry around that pouch you call a stomach. Don't think I couldn't take it all back.

HATCH

Like how?

Fortunately, before Azel can retort, Zorin, Shera and Ridek enter.

ZORIN

Azel, get your shoes off the table.

AZEL

(confused but compliant)

Okay, dad.

Zorin and the others sit, except Hatch, who begins cleaning the mess Azel left.

RIDEK

Okay, so what did you want with us, Zorin?

Zorin leans forward in his seat.

ZORIN

Though we may be in our darkest situation yet, I don't think we're completely hopeless.

AZEL

I'd like to throw in the opinion that I disagree. Cult on one side, Confeds on the other, a little disagreement on the management and now these bullshit "negotiations" rumor that's floating around. We're pretty well screwed.

Zorin doesn't acknowledge Azel, but Shera mouths "Shut up" before turning back to Zorin.

ZORIN

Azel is partially correct. Yes, we do have Confederates massing their forces for God knows what, and now this new Red strategy, plus the recent...

(pained)

...disagreement.

(normal)

Things have never been more grim. But if I know something about this crew, this family, there has to be something we can do to continue to stay off both their radars.

There is a long, powerful and uncomfortable silence.

SHERA

(sadly)

I can't think of anything.

AZEL
Don't look at me.

Slowly, all eyes turn to Hatch.

HATCH
What?
(beat)
Sorry, I've never been good at
planning.

AZEL
To reiterate: we're screwed.

Zorin nods.

The comm system beeps.

AVA
Hey, Hatch. Would ya mind going to
sickbay?

HATCH
What for?

AVA
It's Siren.

All eyes looks up with concern.

HATCH
Yeah, I'll be right there.

Without another word, Hatch exits.

CUT TO:

INT. AVALON - SICKBAY

The sickbay is much repaired from last we saw it, now completely draped with red cloth and decorations from Adele's room. When Hatch enters, he stops with a gasp of surprise.

HATCH
What's with the decor?

Adele appears from behind a curtain, her hand holding a steel incense burner.

ADELE
It's tradition with us to create a
comfortable birthing environment
for the mother in the stages of labor.

HATCH
Labor!? You mean...?

Adele nods and moves another curtain to reveal the prone but smiling Siren. Her stomach continues to writhe but it is now much more subdued.

HATCH
Oh my god! Why haven't you told Zorin?

SIREN
(weakly)
I know he's busy planning to get us out of this, to make sure we're all safe. I can't distract him right now.

HATCH
Yeah, but still. I think he should know... *this!*

Adele places a hand on Hatch's shoulder.

ADELE
If it's her wish to tell Zorin, he will know. All we can do is keep her comfortable. That's why she called for you.

HATCH
Me?

SIREN
Honestly, I'd rather have Zorin here. But he can't be here right now, not until we're safe.

HATCH
That's comforting, I guess.
(beat)
Not really.

Siren smiles.

SIREN
I just need a friend with me until it's over.

Hatch smiles and approaches Siren, but stops when her belly convulses again. His face turns slightly green.

HATCH
I don't think I'll ever get used to that. Isn't this little bundle of joy going to be half Naussican?

Siren nods with a melancholy expression. She grimaces with the pain.

HATCH

Man this is messed up. I mean, what if it's all spiny and gross and just like his daddy? Wouldn't that be awful?

(looks at Adele)

And this whole Cult savior thing? What if it's got all these powers when it's born, all these awful things like lightning out of it's fingers, mind control or even some kind of fireball shooting trick?

(freaking out)

And all from that freaky Naussican face-

SIREN AND ADELE

Hatch, shut up!

HATCH

Sorry.

Siren grimaces again, but calms as her stomach does.

SIREN

It doesn't matter what my child looks like, what he becomes or even what his destiny is. He will be my child and I'll love him no matter what.

(beat, confused)

Even if he shoots fire from his face.

Adele smiles, Hatch is still freaked out.

ADELE

That's all any mother could do, Siren.

Hatch finally begins to smile and holds Siren's hand for comfort.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE

In a different area of space, Harquin's ship drops out of warp. We follow it for several seconds until revealing its ultimate destination:

The largest single gathering of space faring vessels ever seen on screen.

Ranging from the tiny size of Harquin's ship all the way up to a command carrier easily twice the size of a Cult cruiser, the massive gathering of vessels is all unmistakably Confederate.

We linger on the shot long enough for some text to appear on screen:

Confederate 8th battle fleet, 2 light years from the Cult border.

INT. CONFEDERATE SHIP - BRIDGE

Harquin and Roan stand uncomfortably on the bridge as they approach the fleet. As we close in on the former Jushai general, we can see he's holding the same bottle of rare liquor he enjoyed with Isaac. But now the bottle is nearly empty.

ROAN

So using the transporter cost us the fuel we could have used to warp to Base 47, right?

HARQUIN

Correct.

ROAN

And we're going to have to listen to the orders of Admiral Tyro until we refuel.

HARQUIN

Yup.

ROAN

Dammit.

HARQUIN

Exactly.

Harquin nods and nearly falls over. We can now tell he is completely drunk. Roan sighs in frustration.

CONFED COMM VOICE

Scout vessel 1687-Beta, you are cleared to dock with the command carrier dock fifteen. Admiral Tyro is waiting for your report.

Harquin nods and walks right up to the viewscreen to reply.

HARQUIN
 Acknowledged, command.
 (hic)
 We'll be right there.

Harquin stands up and looks right at Roan.

HARQUIN
 Get us docked and I'll be there.

And with unsteady, inebriated steps, Harquin exits. Roan looks on with disgust.

ROAN
 (to helm)
 You heard him. Get us docked.

Roan sighs and exits.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CONFEDERATE SHIP - AIRLOCK

In an airlock not too dissimilar from Avalon's, Harquin and Roan stand at full military attention. Well, as much as Harquin can manage.

ROAN
 How long has it been since we last
 had to see him?

HARQUIN
 Six months. It was almost a record.

Roan nods but snaps back to attention when the lock finally opens.

TYRO (O.S.)
 Stand at attention!

From the point of view of Roan, we watch a small group of Confederate soldiers march right into the tiny hallway, forming a defensive wall against non-existent enemies before the admiral walks in.

ROAN
 (under breath)
 Here he comes...

Finally, after the final soldier signals an all clear, does ADMIRAL TYRO walk in. A Xindi Primate male just a few years older than Azel and Shera, he has a dignified but paranoid look about him.

The extremely well tailored Confederate uniform draped around his body is laced with gold and silver medals, making it a garish sight.

Roan and Harquin, though a bit more lazy, salute the admiral as he approaches.

TYRO

At ease, soldiers.

The soldiers go into a resting pose. Roan and Harquin begin the motions before-

TYRO

Not you.

The two snap back to attention.

TYRO

I have it on good authority that you've just returned from an officially sanctioned advance scout of the Cult border. Am I correct, captain?

Tyro walks right to Harquin's face, who can't help but smile in his stupor.

HARQUIN

Something like that.

Tyro grimaces with disgust.

TYRO

But you are, as of now, several hours overdue from your scheduled report time, and a long distance probe has confirmed your last known position is now occupied by a Cult cruiser. Am I still correct?

HARQUIN

As always.

Tyro walks several steps away in pompous arrogance, making his too-many awards jingle like wind chimes.

TYRO

You will explain this lapse or be immediately charged with treason by conversion.

Roan looks to Harquin in a panic, but the drunk captain merely chuckles.

HARQUIN

We were just doing command's bidding for a bit, but wouldn't ya know it, we ran across the Avalon!

TYRO

Avalon? That sounds familiar.

HARQUIN

Don't ask me. I was just tryin' to help out a friend of mine. Seems a young medic under my command back on Jushai was Avalon's medic. Ain't that a riot!?

Harquin laughs for a second.

TYRO

Keep talking!

HARQUIN

(salutes)

Sorry, Admiral. Anyway, I tried my damndest to get him to join up with us, take over that dump of a ship and even hand over that pregnant lady holding the Cult's Alpha, or was it gamma? I don't remember. Anyway, they also had a little Red traitor of their own, as well, and, yadda yadda yadda, the little bastard betrayed me! I got him all locked up in my brig right now if you wanna talk to him.

Tyro nods and beckons a soldier when Harquin finishes talking and lazily salutes again.

TYRO

Captain Harquin, you are hereby under arrest for disobeying a direct order from command AND the failure to apprehend the woman the Cult has labeled Omega.

The same soldier walks up and slaps a heavy pair of cuffs on Harquin, who merely laughs all the harder. Tyro turns to Roan.

TYRO(CONT'D)

I want the prisoner in your brig readied for interrogation in fifteen hours. As of now, this vessel is under my direct command.

Tyro nods to his guards and they, along with the laughing Harquin, walk away. Roan holds his attention pose until the entire group is gone before sighing.

ROAN

Assholes.

Roan suddenly stalks down the corridor with intent.

INT. CONFEDERATE SHIP - BRIG

Roan hovers over Isaac, who is still on the floor, but is now covered with more cuts and bruises. Roan holds up a knife, which is itself dripping with some fresh blood.

ROAN

(to himself)

"Have the prisoner ready" my ass!
Y'know what, Isaac? You've inspired me.

Roan kicks Isaac again, who merely moans in pain. This has clearly gone on for some time.

ROAN

I'm sick and fucking tired of taking orders all the time. First from a lowly traitor that somehow bought himself a captain rank, and now some filthy Xindi scum that calls himself Admiral. I think it's time I took something into my own hands.

Roan reaches down and drags the knife lightly across Isaac's shoulder. The cut is clean, shallow and barely bleeds, but causes Isaac to weakly cry out.

ISAAC

Fucking lunatic.

ROAN

I'm just the product of my environment! You live with paranoid and drunk lunatics long enough, you eventually turn into one yourself! But not any more! Your little spat with Harquin's got me all filled with the confidence to take charge myself. How hard can it be to just step up and take control, huh? 'Specially when you're the one holding the knife.

Roan tries to harm Isaac some more, but the doctor swiftly replies with a brutal head butt to Roan's chest, knocking the wind out of him.

ROAN(CONT'D)

Fucker. Guess this has gone on long enough.

Roan slowly rears back to land a killing blow on Isaac, but the weakened man suddenly stands and blocks Roan's arm!

ISAAC

No one escapes their penance, Roan. You may think you're going to enact justice on Harquin and everyone else, but all you're doing is bringing the sentence on yourself.

Roan steps back seemingly with shock, but merely uses it as a feint. He KICKS Isaac with enough force to knock him out.

ROAN

Just because you lost doesn't mean I will.

Roan looks at his knife for a second, but sheaths it slowly.

ROAN(CONT'D)

I think I'll let the interrogators have some fun after all.

Roan wipes some grime off his hands before exiting the cell.

We follow him out for a few moments, to reveal something silver sticking out of his coat's pocket. Though we don't see it in perfect clarity, we can make out enough markings to know it's Adele's cult necklace!

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. PLANET - DESERT - DAY

We see the planet Avalon and the Gungir have met up on. It's a vast, yellow-stained desert world with only a slight breeze to indicate it's alive. We see Avalon has landed and extended its ramp.

Zorin strides down with Shera and Azel in tow. All three look somber. They stop on the ramp's end and look out onto the desert. In the distance, the massive Cult ship can be seen towering.

AZEL

Well, this is either gonna be a new beginning or our final end. Sure you don't wanna wing it and run Zorin?

ZORIN

I'm sure.

The three are still silent for a moment.

SHERA

Hell of a time for negotiations. Siren's giving birth, the ship is still in disarray... not to mention Isaac.

ZORIN

Let's hope Isaac's demise ended this rebellion he's caused.

AZEL

From what I could see, it did.

A silent moment...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PLANET - DESERT - LATER

The three are now traversing the rocky desert, slowly chugging along and breathing very heavily, but not sweating.

AZEL

(exhausted)

I feel like I've ran a marathon.
Not that I've ever ran a marathon,
but we're only ten minutes away
from the ship.

ZORIN

I told you the air density is
extremely low on this planet before
you came. You should have stayed.

AZEL

No. I'll tough it through.

The trio passes an interesting rock formation in total
silence, before Shera nervously clears her throat.

SHERA

So, what are your thoughts on...
well, Isaac?

ZORIN

I haven't had much time to think
about it.

SHERA

You sure? I've been thinking about
it. I don't think it's right. I
mean, yeah, he kinda mucked things
up for everyone but I don't know if
he should've been killed like that.
Something about it just doesn't
seem right.

Azel scoffs.

AZEL

Idiot got what he deserved. We
should all be glad he's out of the
picture.

Zorin halts.

ZORIN

I'm with Shera. Something doesn't
seem right about it.

Both are somewhat surprised.

Zorin looks around, specifically at the downed Cult cruiser
in the distance and a giant rock only yards away.

ZORIN
(loudly)
We're here.

From behind the rock, Brie walks out. She's wearing an oxygen mask.

BRIE
I thought I told you to come alone.

ZORIN
Well, something told me you
wouldn't. So why should I?

BRIE
Well, I'm alone.

Zorin nods.

ZORIN
I don't think you are. That's a big
rock.

Brie looks behind her and nods. Indeed, a good ten Cult guards emerge and flank Brie. They are all armed, but not drawing their guns.

AZEL
Okay, so we've proven we don't
trust one another. This negotiation
is already goin' swell.

ZORIN
I'm surprised you aren't just
taking us hostage. I'm sure Sovari
would've already had us in a
torture chamber by now.

Brie rolls her eyes.

BRIE
Sovari is the Penultimate, but he
is not the embodiment of what we
all represent. He's perverted the
image of our beliefs into one of
endless bloodshed. Before you start
generalizing, know that most of us
don't agree with what he does. The
true way of our kind is negotiation,
not violence. Now, if you are
through accusing me of being some
kind of monster, can we talk?

ZORIN

What do you want?

BRIE

I think you already know.

ZORIN

And I think you know our feelings on that matter. Siren is one of ours, and so is her child. We will not just let her go.

BRIE

You still misunderstand, still think we're just out to torture and violate her. If she was with us, she's be venerated. Held to the highest pedigree and taken well care of. As well as the Omega. Prophecy says we shall not hurt either one.

ZORIN

Yet, we still won't let her go.

An impasse. They only stare at one another.

BRIE

We may desire peace, but if force must be applied, we won't hesitate. Twice the Omega almost entered Confederate hands. Hands which deliberately want it as a weapon to destroy us. If this child remains in your or their hands, then it is the greatest threat we face.

AZEL

I'm still just shocked that something so big as the Cult feel threatened by a little bitty baby. What's the deal with this kid?

BRIE

No one knows. Only the Prophet. But both it and Siren are in great danger by staying on Avalon. For everyone's sake, for the sake of avoiding bloodshed, give her to us.

Zorin thinks.

ZORIN
(steadfast)

No.

Brie huffs and looks defeated to her last straw.

BRIE
Someone was killed when we entered
scanner range. A man. Who was it?

They look at each other.

ZORIN
Our medic.

BRIE
I remember him. I take it he did
something to deserve his fate?

ZORIN
He tried to overthrow me and kill
anyone who opposed that. What's
your aim?

BRIE
Just thought you should know that...
he isn't dead.

The three are a bit shocked.

BRIE(CONT'D)
The Confederate ship transported
him aboard a mere seconds after
being ejected from the airlock.
He's alive and in their hands.
(a beat)
I will offer you and your people
many things in exchange for Siren
and the Omega. Isaac among them.
Riches. Solace. Things we can spare
for something so important to us.

ZORIN
He's alive?

She nods.

BRIE
We know where he is, and we will
get him for you. We'll bring him
here and once you see we've kept up
with our end, you follow suit.

AZEL

Wait, wait, wait. How do you know where he is?

BRIE

We're a bit more pervasive than you think. What do you say Zorin?

The captain is thinking, clearly conflicted.

ZORIN

One day, we'll run out of luck. But not today...

Suddenly, one of Brie's Cult guards leaps out and points a handgun at her head, taking her hostage.

BRIE

What the hell?!

The guard walks Brie over to Zorin while the other acolytes draw their guns.

ZORIN

Holster your weapons or she dies!

The guard unmask himself. Ridek is behind the disguise!

RIDEK

Better listen to the man! I've got my finger on the trigger.

Brie slowly nods to the others to heed the order. Zorin faces Brie.

ZORIN

Sorry. We had a few extra Cult uniforms in our hold and thought we'd put it to some use.

BRIE

You are making a horrible mistake.

ZORIN

Probably. But we've learned to deal with them pretty well. We were going to hear you out, but after learning about Isaac, I don't think it's going to work out. You will take us to Isaac, and in exchange for your cooperation and promise we won't be followed, we'll let you go free.

BRIE

(angry)

Not good enough. There's only one thing I want, and I would die for it.

ZORIN

I think it's time to realize that neither one of us is willing to negotiate. Talk will not solve this. You help us get Isaac and get us to safety, we'll leave you alive and do what we should've done long ago: we'll get as far away from the Cult as possible. Away from the Confederates, slavers, whatever. You'll never hear of the Omega again and it'll be as good as dead.

Azel and Shera are in shock. Brie hates her predicament as she is forced to walk back to Avalon with the others at barrels end.

The rest of the Cult acolytes can only watch as their general is taken hostage. When they are far enough away, Azel approaches Zorin.

AZEL

What the hell are you doing Zorin?! Why the hell are we going after that lunatic? Don't you know how dangerous it is having a high ranking Cultist onboard? Held hostage? What about...

ZORIN

Azel, I know full well the tribulations this could lead to.

AZEL

Then why?

ZORIN

It's a matter of...

Zorin eyes Brie, the pious Cultist.

ZORIN(CONT'D)

Nevermind.

CUT TO:

INT. CONFEDERATE SHIP - BRIDGE

The bridge doors slide open to reveal Roan. He looks surprised.

On the bridge, Admiral Tyro and several of his bodyguards are waiting for him.

ROAN
Am I in trouble?

TYRO
On the contrary. Come in.

He does so, but Roan obviously can't shake a certain nervousness.

TYRO(CONT'D)
I'm hereby giving you command of this ship.

Roan's eyes shock open.

ROAN
I um... is this a joke, sir?

TYRO
Of course not. After sending your drunkard captain through the interrogation cycle, we have gleaned many a worthy charges for his execution. And, as you are the holder of the next highest rank on this ship, the command is yours.

Roan is ecstatic, a smile slowly escapes his dour lip. He slowly raises his hand into a shoddy salute.

ROAN
Th-thank you, Admiral!

TYRO
But don't think this promotion is a joyful one. Your ship will be thoroughly scanned and searched for any traitorous crewmen, contraband or equipment before I send you on your next assignment. My personal staff will oversee this operation, and you will report directly to them until this search is over.

Roan's gleeful visage slowly crumbles and he listens to Tyro. His anger slowly takes over. He still holds his non-returned salute.

ROAN

With all due respect, Admiral, don't you think a... better trained inspection team would be a better choice than personal staff?

TYRO

Are you questioning my orders, Roan? My personal staff, an all Xindi staff, as you well know, is the best in my fleet. Professional, quick and, most importantly, loyal. They'll be done before your senses recover.

ROAN

Well, sir, it's just that, some of the crew might object to having...

TYRO

Xindi? On this disturbingly human centric vessel? I'm not blind, Roan, I can see past your shoddy veneers of loyalty. You'd personally like to cut my throat right now. It's just my entourage here with me that stops you.

(beat, cruel smile)

I know all about your human arrogance and blatant hatred to any species not yours. Not many species in this galaxy lose so many home worlds in such a short amount of time.

Roan, still saluting, is now shaking with rage. We close in to a tight view of his pocket, where the half-dangling cult necklace Isaac placed is slowly falling out. First the silver chain, then the ornament itself.

Tyro doesn't notice it at first, but a heavily armed guard does.

GUARD

Admiral! Necklace!

Tyro's smile fades as he notices the necklace now on the floor. He locks eyes with Roan, who struggles to retain his salute and look to the ground.

TYRO

EXPLAIN THIS!

A guard grabs the necklace for the admiral, who shoves it right into Roan's face, who finally drops the salute.

ROAN

What the hell? What is that!?

TYRO

You tell me, junior officer! Only those who have converted to the Prophet's gang carry those!

ROAN

But I... I've never seen...

TYRO

You all apparently spent far too long near the Red's borders.

(beat)

Guards, arrest the entire crew and have this vessel destroyed. We have converted among our ranks.

ROAN

WHAT?! NO!

Roan's pleas are quickly stopped when a guard approaches him from behind and stuns him with a wicked looking taser. The troop of bodyguards quickly exit the bridge to do more of the same dirty work.

GUARD

Admiral, would you like to be escorted back to your ship?

Tyro nods slowly, taking the necklace and staring at it with intent.

TYRO

No, captain, I'll remain here for the moment and look over their computer records myself. I can't believe the levels these soldiers have sunk to.

GUARD

Understood, Admiral.

The guard quickly slings Roan over his burly shoulder and exits, leaving Tyro alone.

The Xindi admiral stares at the jewelry for a long moment, silently watching it in his palm...

And slowly pulls his uniform's collar aside to reveal a Cult necklace of his very own draped around his bare neck.

CUT TO:

INT. AVALON - CONFERENCE ROOM

The entire main cast, save Siren and Adele, are huddled around Brie, seated at the edge of the large wooden table. Every character brandishes a gun either with confidence or unease as they listen to Brie speak.

Zorin stands at the table's other end, silently staring at his crew as they shout at him.

CARLISE

You can't be fucking serious, Zorin. First you kidnap a fucking Red general and now you want us to storm a GODDAMN Confed fleet to get Isaac back, who may not even be alive anyway?

Several characters shout their agreement. Zorin does not stop them, he merely waits until their shouts die down.

ZORIN

There are some things that go beyond mere survival, mere running from one source of money to the next to keep our ship flying and our stomachs fed. Isaac proved that such things as personal honor and even the unity of this family have grown just as important as the next source of income. He dishonored us all by trying to divide us even in the face of our darkest hour, possibly because of it. But we prevailed, our bonds proved stronger than the single voice in the wild.

(beat)

And now that we've proven our strength to the wild, it's time to make sure they never try to test us again.

Several others nod with Zorin, but some others still shout with disagreement.

GOR'TIEN

That's all well and good, but we can also stop more stuff like that by running. Making sure nobody can hurt us again can be as simple as turning our backs to the galaxy and moving away!

AZEL

Besides the whole less chance of us being blown up, shot, stabbed, mutilated, decapitated, experimented on, cloned, hurt, mauled, maimed, destroyed, atomized, vaporized, torn limb from limb, eviscerated-

Hatch sighs, puts his gun on the table, and walks right in front of Azel as he continues to freak out.

HATCH

SHUT THE HELL UP, AZEL!

He speaks now with unprecedented confidence.

HATCH(CONT'D)

I agree with Zorin. This is about something more than money, survival or even revenge. We got put through the ringer, yeah, but we got through it. We stuck together and even came out stronger, tougher and more close than ever before. We took our licks, and now it's time to give some back.

Shera nods and places her gun on the table.

SHERA

I agree. I think we have to do this.

Shera nods with Hatch in agreement.

VOICE (O.S.)

So you have passed judgment. Will you survive without him?

Shera looks plaintively at Ridek, who looks torn. Finally, as they share glances, Ridek finally places his gun down.

RIDEK

If at all else to get this Red bitch out of our hair.

Shera's gaze then moves to Azel, who sighs loudly in the silence. He finally locks a stare with his cousin and tosses his gun onto the table, which causes the group to shout in alarm.

AZEL
 Wasn't loaded.
 (beat)
 Even though I think you're all
 totally insane, I'll stick with you.

Azel smiles and makes his way next to Shera.

SHERA
 (whispered)
 Thank you.

Slowly, the entire crew begins to agree, with Hatch and Zorin standing at the center of the group. Brie is almost forgotten as the Avalon crew comes to a solemn agreement.

HATCH
 (to Zorin)
 So what's the plan, boss?

Zorin motions for Brie to stand, which she does in a huff.

ZORIN
 Our honored guest has provided us
 with the warp frequency of the
 Confederate ship that took Isaac.
 Ava is still going over the data,
 but we will have our target soon.
 And when we do...

Zorin unholsters his own handgun, a massive and beautifully decorated revolver.

ZORIN (CONT'D)
 We give the galaxy some punishment
 for all it's caused us.

Most of the crew smiles with hopeful or sadistic glee as Zorin reholsters his gun and looks plainly at Brie.

Shera nods with the rest of the crew, but she looks completely distressed. Her vision shifts rapidly between Ridek, Azel and Zorin.

VOICE
 Without him...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

INT. CONFEDERATE BASE - BRIG

Our view is on a very sad looking Isaac, chained to a steel wall and clearly unconscious. We linger for a moment and pan around to see the rest of the prison. Steel bars partition several cells, one occupied by an equally pitiful looking Harquin.

HARQUIN

Look at you, Isaac. Look at what you've done.

Of course, Isaac doesn't respond.

The entrance to the prison slams open and several guards drag Roan in, kicking and screaming.

ROAN

(angry)

GET YOUR HANDS OFF ME! I'm not a Cultist!

The guards are unrelenting, and they throw him in an empty cell and walk on. Roan pushes against the bars.

ROAN(CONT'D)

Hey! I didn't convert!

To no avail. The guards leave, leaving Harquin with a smug grin at his former first officer.

HARQUIN

How the mighty have fallen. I would've picked up you were a Red Roan.

He chuckles a bit to himself.

HARQUIN(CONT'D)

Heh... Red Roan.

He ignores his former commander and looks to the crucified Isaac.

ROAN

It was him! He planted it on me, or something!

ISAAC

Well, I guess it worked.

To the others' surprise, Isaac is now fully awake.

ROAN

You son of a bitch. Tyro gave me a command... and YOU robbed me of that! I should've gutted you when I had the chance. Both of you!

HARQUIN

That's not very nice.

ROAN

Are you drunk?!

Harquin nods and hiccups. Roan shakes his head.

ROAN(CONT'D)

It's not hard to see why you people lost that damn war. You seem to loose every time you fight for something.

ISAAC

You're in the same spot as us. Are you one to talk? The only difference is that I'm not doing this shit anymore.

ROAN

What? You think you're gonna get out of here and start a new life? Like Avalon would have you back.

Isaac accepts that statement as truth.

ISAAC

No, no. I can't go back there. I'm probably going to die in this place. I... just have to accept it.

His voice cracks and softens.

ISAAC(CONT'D)

I wish I could take it back. No wonder pride is a sin.

ROAN

You're just going to die?

Isaac nods.

ISAAC

I don't deserve anything else.

CUT TO:

INT. AVALON - SICKBAY

The now reddened sickbay has calmed somewhat. Hatch is still at Siren's side, Adele at Siren's end.

HATCH

Adele, how long does this usually take?

ADELE

I don't know.

SIREN

For us, only a few hours. It can't be any longer than that. If it does, then...

She groan loudly with pain. Hatch tries to ease her.

HATCH

Then what?

ADELE

Hatch!

Adele shoots him an disapproving look, clearly stating that that answer doesn't need to be dwelled on.

SIREN

I need you to know something. I need Zorin to know something important in case I... don't survive. Please, don't tell anyone else.

HATCH

Of course. You have my word.

Siren leans up and whispers into his ear.

A moment, and Hatch nods.

CUT TO:

INT. AVALON - BRIDGE

On the small viewscreen, a tactical map of the area of space is displayed. Brie steps in front.

BRIE

You take me hostage because you think I can lead you to your man?

With her is Zorin and Shera.

ZORIN

I know you can.

BRIE

The Confederates and our kind have agreed to stay out of each other's affairs. It's been that way for years. Why would I know anything?

ZORIN

Agreements mean nothing to you. Nor them. And I most certainly know you wouldn't pass up having your eyes on Confederate installations so close to broken space.

BRIE

Everything I heard about you seems to be true, Zorin.

Zorin doesn't react.

BRIE(CONT'D)

Our informants managed to give us a great amount of detail on who you are. "He's intuitive. He knows people well." They were right, I suppose. We all know how you are Zorin. Too bad Azra didn't know...

At this remark, Zorin pulls his pistol out and aims directly at Brie. Shera is immediately frightened but Brie seems to have seen it coming.

SHERA

(concerned)

Zorin? What are you doing?

ZORIN

(to Brie)

Let's make this easy on all of us. Tell us where he was taken, and I'll forget you ever mentioned that name. If you don't... Not even your prophet will have seen what I will do to you.

Brie seems to smile a seductive grin.

BRIE

Of that, I have no doubt. At least I know that the man here isn't just a report I read days ago. I'll tell you where Isaac is. On one condition.

ZORIN

No conditions. You're in no position to negotiate.

BRIE

I'm more so than you think. If you don't let me have this one condition, I'll never talk. Besides, this will work out for you. Let me see Siren. Just let me see her, and talk with her. That's it. Let me do that and I'll not only tell you where Isaac is, but get you on their base safely. This ship has a Cult nacelle, and it gives off a Cult signature. I'll make sure our informant doesn't fire on you.

ZORIN

So you do have an informant inside.

BRIE

You said it yourself. We couldn't pass up the chance to have our hands in Confederate homes so close to our space. Let me just talk to her, and I'll give you everything.

Zorin, still aiming his weapon, relents.

CUT TO:

INT. CONFEDERATE BASE - OFFICE

Tyro is in his office. Around him is a typical generals room, full of war paraphernalia and weapons. He sits at his desk, alone, eying the Cult medallion he took from Roan and exposing his very own.

A mild beeping is heard, and a look of confusion washes over his face. He rushes to a case of medallions and lifts one of them out. A small screen opens up and the face of Brie is shown.

TYRO

General? Why are you contacting me during an off-cycle? What's been going on with Harquin and his ship mates?

BRIE

Am I to understand they sought your asylum?

TYRO

Yes, but the agent you sent with them, Roan, slipped up. His medallion fell out and I had to cover up.

BRIE

Where is Roan? Where is he?

TYRO

He's locked up with Harquin and the medic from some ship.

Brie smiles at this.

BRIE

Do not move him. Roan is a defector. He was supposed to be an agent of Harquin's ship, but... they got to him. I have a small scout ship coming to claim him. Do NOT have your people fire on it.

TYRO

But how can I...?

BRIE

I don't care how. Make up any excuse you have to, but do not let your people fire on this vessel. Clear?

Tyro sighs.

TYRO

Yes.

INT. AVALON - BRIDGE

Back on the bridge, Brie clicks off Tyro's face. Zorin is off to the side.

BRIE

There. He thinks we're coming to get Roan. They're in the same place.

Zorin nods.

BRIE(CONT'D)

What will you do with me after this is all done and over with?

ZORIN

If you want, we'll leave you there.

BRIE

If I want? Is that your idea of hospitality?

ZORIN

Yes.

Zorin immediately slams the butt end of his pistol into her face and knocks her out cold.

ZORIN(CONT'D)

And it's all you're going to get.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE

Before us now is the Confederate fleet, surrounding a giant space station. We can see Harquin's ship, or what remains of it.

Slowly, the Avalon makes it's way forward.

INT. CONFEDERATE BASE - DOCKING BAY

Unseen, the Avalon has docked with the base and one very large docking door opens. From within, a perpetual task force emerges.

Zorin, Shera, Ridek, Carlise, and the massive TAL, whom we haven't seen since Isaac's rebellion. They are all wielding their weapons and are clearly intent on causing some mayhem.

But there is noone to greet them.

RIDEK

Looks like our Cult maiden kept up
her end of the bargain.

ZORIN

Carlise, Tal. Take a look around.

They both nod and do so.

Ridek lowers his weapon and goes to Shera, who looks
concerned.

RIDEK

What's wrong Shera? Besides the
usual stuff, I mean.

SHERA

I told you, you should've stayed on
the ship.

RIDEK

Sorry. Zorin managed to convince us
all that we need Isaac back. We'll
judge him the way we see fit. And I
want to make damn sure he's back so
we can do that. Why are you here?

VOICE

Why are you here? This is not safe.
This could be it.

SHERA

No, this isn't it.

Ridek is somewhat confused.

RIDEK

Huh?

SHERA

I mean, that's not the reason I'm
here. To make sure justice is
served. I'm here because... I know
I'll need to be.

Ridek is uneasy about the answer, but accepts it.

Carlise and Tal return.

TAL

Everything's clear Z. Let's go get him.

Zorin nods.

ZORIN

Let's go.

INT. CONFEDERATE BASE - BRIDGE

The bridge of the base is very similar to Cult design; asymmetrical, busy, and large. Our focus is mainly on Tyro, looking somber as he is confronted by several lieutenants.

LIEUTENANT

Why were we not informed of this exercise?

LIEUTENANT 2

If we had known, we wouldn't be so...

Quickly, Tyro shoots a glare that could intimidate a beast.

TYRO

You are a subordinate! Keep in line or I'll have you tossed into the core!

LIEUTENANT

Sir, this "stealth cruiser" came out of nowhere. It's docked with us and you don't want our guards to go to them? They were emitting a Cult signal!

TYRO

Did you not hear what I said?!

LIEUTENANT 2

We mean no disrespect...

Tyro lashes out, out of anger, to strike his subordinate. However, one of his Cult necklaces becomes exposed, and both lieutenants see it.

LIEUTENANT

Is that...?

LIEUTENANT 2
He's a convert!

Tyro disguises it again.

TYRO
Don't assume to know me. I'm not
Cultist. Leave me be!

However, neither men do so. Instead, they both draw their
weapons and point them at Tyro.

TYRO(CONT'D)
What are you doing?!

LIEUTENANT
Makes sense. If you're going to
plant a mole in this base, might as
well plant him at the top.

TYRO
Don't confuse me for that rat Roan!
I'm not a Cul...

Without remorse, both men fire and kill Tyro, the rest of
the command center watching on wit neither remorse nor glee.

LIEUTENANT
Put us on high alert! Send a team
down to that ship!

By his command, the whole base follows suit.

CUT TO:

INT. CONFEDERATE BASE - BRIG

An alarm is heard reverberating throughout the room, Roan,
Isaac, and Harquin notice it as trouble.

HARQUIN
What's all this about?

Suddenly, the steel door to the brig EXPLODES in a shower
of flame. The inmates aren't completely shocked.

ROAN
This I guess.

Out of the mist, Zorin enters, a look of determination we've
come to expect from him lining his face. He's sooned
followed by the others, looking a bit more on edge.

ISAAC
Zorin! What are you doing here?

RIDEK
We're here for you, dumbass!

ISAAC
Me? Why the hell would you want me
back?

Zorin stands in front of Isaac's cell and stares at the chained man. Zorin fires his weapon and blows the lock off the door. He then takes the chains out in a similar fashion. Isaac is now free.

ISAAC
Why are you doing this? What do you
want from me?

ZORIN
Justice.

Suddenly, Zorin takes Isaac by the throat. This causes him to fall to his knees and starts gasping for air. The massive Hirogen puts his gun in Isaac's mouth.

Ridek and Shera run in.

SHERA
Zorin! No!

RIDEK
I thought we wanted him alive! Is
this why you had us come all this
way?

ZORIN
This is EXACTLY why I had us come
this way. To kill this traitor!

Isaac is mere putty in Zorin's grasp.

ZORIN(CONT'D)
I want you to know that you lost. I
want you to know who won.

Shera approaches and tries to intervene. Zorin quickly swipes and throws Shera across the cell and away from them.

SHERA
You can't do this Zorin!

ZORIN

And why not?! You of all people should appreciate what I'm going to do to this man! He was going to sell you as food to the Confederates!

SHERA

But you said it yourself when we thought Siren killed him! You agreed that it wasn't right that she outright killed him.

RIDEK

And now you're going to do just that! He needs to stand before all of us and be judged fairly. I hate that man as much as anyone can, and even I can see what we have to do!

Zorin seems to be assuaged. Slowly, he removes the pistol from Isaac's mouth and let's him go.

ZORIN

Because I'm not like you, I will give you one... ONE LAST CHANCE to remain alive for us to judge you. For both your honor and dignity.

Zorin hands Isaac his gun.

ZORIN

Kill the one who started this whole thing.

All gazes then turn to Harquin, sitting in his cell. At this, he stands and faces the Avalonians.

HARQUIN

You're going to kill me? It's your people's own ineptitude that got you into this mess, deal with it yourself and leave me be.

ISAAC

No. He's right. You used me. All you wanted was to finish your mission, and you used me. I brought so much of this on myself, yet you are the catalyst.

Isaac takes aim at his former leader.

HARQUIN

If you kill me, you'll be taking a side. A side against the world you fought for all those years ago. How could you do that?

ISAAC

Simple. I don't hold onto the delusion that our world still exists. I don't care who you were, only who you are.

HARQUIN

And who do you think I am? Huh?

ISAAC

Dead.

Isaac is swift. He fires and looks away. Harquin's body falls, lifelessly. Zorin looks on for a moment.

ZORIN

You bought yourself time. And that's it! You're still a dead man as far as I can see!

ISAAC

I know.

Tal speaks up.

TAL

We should go.

The others concur. They depart.

Roan is left alone in the empty brig, the alarm still sounding. He looks on Harquin's dead form. He smiles.

ROAN

Won't happen again. I won't let any of this happen again.

CUT TO:

INT. AVALON - SICKBAY

Siren is screaming in pain now. Hatch is at her side, trying to console her, but having little effect. Adele is trying to facilitate the birth, but clearly as nervous as the others.

ADELE
 (skiddish)
 I... I can't tell what's happening.

SIREN
 What do you mean?!

ADELE
 There's a problem. Something's
 blocking the birth canal, the baby
 can't get through.

We pan down to the ground. The whole area around the birthing area is drenched in red blood. All Siren's.

HATCH
 (saddened)
 Adele! There's way too much blood!
 If this goes on much longer... I
 don't know, this doesn't seem
 right!

ADELE
 I know Thomas! Let me work this
 out!

We do another pan, this time to the other side of the sickbay. Laying there, still unconscious, is Brie. All the commotion is bringing her around though. She sits up and Hatch sees her. He reaches for a weapon and points it at the Cultist.

HATCH
 Don't move!

BRIE
 What's going on?

HATCH
 What's it look like?

BRIE
 She's loosing a lot of blood!

HATCH
 No shit! Just stay where you are.

BRIE
 Thomas Hatch. Adele Tiernan. I know
 you both. And Siren. Let me help.

HATCH

And why should we do that?

Siren again cries out in agony.

BRIE

I grew up assisting nurses. I've been around plenty of pregnancies. Plus, I want the Omega safe. Let me help!

Hatch looks over to Adele for confirmation. Adele nods and Brie moves to assist.

INT. CONFEDERATE BASE - CORRIDOR

A long stretch of corridor. The Avalonians are making their way through it at top speed as the alarm seems to have grown louder. Isaac, in his weakened state, is trying to keep up.

We focus on Shera.

VOICE

I'm sorry.

SHERA

What for?

VOICE

For what has to happen. The flames of hate. Revenge. I tried to help, you should have left and never looked back.

SHERA

These people are my family now! I won't leave them behind.

VOICE

And for that, I am sorry. You will be without him. Forever now. And life will never return to what it was.

Suddenly, shots ricochet off the walls and Carlise goes down!

The others fire off in the distance at the attackers as Zorin picks Carlise up.

CARLISE

No! Wait! I'll slow you all down!
Leave me...

ZORIN

How about you shut the hell up
Carlise!

They continue to run. The large doors to the docking bay can now be seen. Ridek and Shera fire like mad at the onslaught behind them.

INT. CONFEDERATE BASE - DOCKING BAY

They enter the bay. Zorin let's Carlise go.

ZORIN

Get on board! I'll hold them off!

Tal and Isaac follow Carlise onboard.

Ridek enters the bay and Shera is the last one in.

SHERA

Let's go Zorin!

But Zorin isn't going. He continues to fire his weapon at the barrage of Confederate guards now seen approaching.

Ridek remains at his side, firing away.

Our focus then goes to a single Confederate man, wielding an ungodly large weapon.

Our view is with Shera. She sees the man. She sees that Ridek is scooting forward towards the corridor, Zorin somewhat behind him. Shera knows what's coming.

The Confederate fires the large weapon! Shera is extremely quick, and dives and knocks Ridek over! The large round just narrowly misses them both.

On the ground, determined to stop the mayhem, Shera fires at a panel on the wall. This causes blasts doors to descend and lock the room off.

The action is still echoing behind the doors, but the scene quickly deflates.

Shera, on top of Ridek, is furious.

RIDEK
Thanks. I guess.

SHERA
Let's just get the hell out...

Something catches their attention.

Zorin. The large round they avoided has cleanly blown a whole straight through Zorin's chest. A hole big enough to fit a watermelon through. Not even Zorin is strong enough to survive it.

He drops his gun, and falls to the ground dead.

SHERA
NO!

They both tend to their captain, now trying to wake him. He is completely motionless; no breath, no life whatsoever. He's clearly met his demise.

RIDEK
We have to go. We have to...

SHERA
Help me get him onboard!

They both drag him onto the ship as the blast doors ascend.

The Avalon closes its hatches and unlatches from the Confederate base, causing a blow out in the bay. The multitudes of Confederates are subsequently pulled into space.

EXT. SPACE

The Avalon is relentless, and takes to warp as soon as it clears the base.

CUT TO:

INT. AVALON - SICKBAY

Siren is still giving birth, Adele and Brie now helping.

ADELE
Can you help her or not?

BRIE

I don't know what's happening here.
I'm not a medic but this isn't
right. The only way to save the
baby is to take it from the womb
directly.

HATCH

A C section? She's already lost way
too much blood. We can't do that!

BRIE

It's the only way to save the
Omega!

HATCH

Fuck the Omega red! I only care
about Siren!

Siren doesn't seem like she's able to maintain this.

SIREN

(through her pain)

I knew this would happen. I knew I
wouldn't be able to birth this baby
safely. Let me die, just keep the
baby safe.

HATCH

No. Siren, we'll find another way.

SIREN

There isn't. It's okay. I'll be
fine, just save him.

The doors to sickbay open, and Isaac is now standing. At
this, Adele, Siren, and Hatch are stunned.

ISAAC

Let me help.

Hatch stands and grabs his gun.

HATCH

No! Get away! You aren't welcome
here!

ISAAC

You don't scare me Hatch. Let me
help save her life!

Isaac completely ignores Hatch now, only tending to Siren.

ADELE

I thought you were dead, Isaac.

ISAAC

Don't start jumping for joy Adele.
I am dead. What's going on with
her?

ADELE

We don't know. Some thing's
blocking the birth canal.

Isaac faces the two.

ISAAC

The father was a Nausicaan! You
know what that means right?

The two are confused.

ISAAC(CONT'D)

Well, if you have spent a little
jail time with one, you'd know
that they have several layers of
placenta. You have to... Nevermind,
give me a knife or something!

Adele hands him a scalpel.

BRIE

Don't hurt the child!

ISAAC

I know! I won't!

A moment as Isaac does his thing.

Miraciously, the sounds of a baby crying is now heard.
Siren's cries slowly go away... a minute later, a child is
now alive and well and out of the womb. Siren is still
alive.

Adele, Hatch, and Brie all breathe a sigh of relief as Isaac
passes the baby to its mother. Siren can neither smile nor
frown, but the others are most definitely smiling.

ADELE

Congratulations Siren.

HATCH

Good job dude.

Siren tries to act happy. We see the child. It is not ugly as expected. It looks almost completely normal aside from some forehead ridges. The child is also surprisingly calm now.

SIREN

Not the devilish little imp I was led to believe.

ADELE

Deltans are more "sexually mature". I can only surmise that your genes were much stronger than the Nausicaans.

Finally, Siren manages to crack a smile.

HATCH

Since you survived, can I ask... Who's Azra?

Siren doesn't answer, only goes to be with her child.

CUT TO:

INT. AVALON - CONFERENCE ROOM

In the room, the main characters of the ship have assembled. Siren is present, but still clearly exhausted as she holds her brand new baby boy. Brie is also present. The only missing people are Shera, Isaac, and Zorin.

RIDEK

Good job Siren.

CARLISE

Yeah, what are you gonna name him?

A beep is heard. Ava is chiming in.

AVA

Yeah, we're dying to know!

SIREN

I don't know yet. But I have some ideas.

Ridek takes a central position.

RIDEK

We're on our way back, and we're going to find a place to drop our

(MORE)

RIDEK (cont'd)
 Cultist friend off on. We'll then
 have to deal with Isaac. But,
 there's one other thing I need to
 tell you all...

At this, the doors open. Shera is standing there, looking
 sad.

She looks to Ridek with somber eyes.

SHERA
 I should've listened to it. We
 should've just left and never have
 looked back. Now he's dead.

SIREN
 Who's dead? What happened?

Suddenly, the ship rocks.

AVA
 Whoa. Let me see what that was.

BRIE
 Don't bother. It's my ship.

In the window, a large red specter moves across its view.
 The ship has indeed returned.

RIDEK
 What the hell is going on?

BRIE
 What do you think?

She smiles.

BRIE(CONT'D)
 I could've had our ship on the
 Avalon the instant you people
 abducted me. But I knew this was
 the perfect opportunity to get what
 we want.

She eyes Siren and her baby.

AVA
 They're docking with us!

HATCH
 Goddamn it! You were playing us
 this whole time?

BRIE

What did you all expect? You don't outsmart the Cult. You don't bargain with us. We ALWAYS get what we want. Give us Siren and the Omega, and they will be treated as royalty and you can go on your merry way. If you don't, then we will lay this ship to ruin and take them forcibly.

The scene grows much darker as Shera is pushed into the room and a dozen Cultists rush in with weapons drawn.

Ridek reaches for his gun, so does Carlise.

RIDEK

If Zorin taught us one thing, it's that we will not let this family go down without a fight.

BRIE

You are outnumbered a thousand to one. And we are no longer playing. No more games, no more schemes, no more stalling. Right here and right now, we are getting Siren and the Omega. End of story.

HATCH

Then the story will end with us fighting to our last breath...

Brie nods.

BRIE

So be it.

At this, Siren stands.

SIREN

No! I'm going.

RIDEK

Sit down Siren. Get behind...

SIREN

No. I'm going with them. I can't let everything Zorin fought for go down. If I don't go, you're all dead. I'll be fine.

The others shoot disapproving stares at Siren as she sides with Brie.

HATCH

Siren. Don't go.

SIREN

Take care of yourself Tom. All of you. I know everything will be better for you now that I'm leaving.

BRIE

Guards, take her onboard the ship. Keep her safe.

The acolyte guards do just that.

As Siren leaves, she speaks up.

SIREN

Tell Zorin what I told you to tell him!

The doors close and they are left alone. Hatch is left with his jaw open. Looks of sadness infect everyone.

HATCH

Siren...

We slowly go back to Ridek.

RIDEK

Zorin didn't make it. She doesn't know, I didn't get to tell her.

These words linger.

FADE TO:

EXT. OCEAN

An extensive ocean view greets us. The Avalon has touched down on the surface of the water and looks like a surfaced submarine. We see that the whole crew is standing on the Avalons back, and Zorin is laying in a bed which is floating on the water. It's clearly his funeral.

We pan across each of their faces, all sad and respectful at their fallen commander. One by one, they all leave something to Zorin. Most are flowers or plants of some kind.

Hatch is next in line. He leans down to Zorins lifeless body.

HATCH

I'm sorry I don't have anything to give you. Just know that what you gave me could never be something I can give back. A family. A home. Siren also wanted me to tell you something. In case she didn't survive the birth. She wanted you to know that she loved you... as much as Azra.

He squats by his side for a moment, then puts his hand on Zorins shoulder.

HATCH(CONT'D)

Rest in peace buddy.

Hatch stands and joins the others.

Isaac is seen at Adele's side, both holding each other. Shera and Ridek also embrace one another.

The bed slowly parts from Avalon, and is taken into the ocean world.

We again pan across the crew.

We see them from behind, all watching Zorin leave them forever.

FADE OUT.

THE END