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# Babylon 5: The Gathering

By J. Michael Straczynski

I was there at the dawn  
of the third age of mankind.  
It began in the Earth year 2257...  
...with the founding  
of the last of the Babylon stations...  
...located deep in neutral space.  
It was a port of call for refugees...  
...smugglers, businessmen...  
...diplomats and travelers  
from a hundred worlds.  
It could be a dangerous place...  
...but we accepted the risk  
because Babylon 5...  
...was our last, best hope for peace.  
Babylon 5 was a dream given form.  
A dream of a galaxy without war...  
...where species from different worlds  
could live side by side in mutual respect.  
Babylon 5 was the last  
of the Babylon stations.  
This is its story.  
Confirmed, Delta-Gamma Nine,  
you are clear for docking.  
Please surrender control of your vessel  
to central computer, on my mark.  
Mark.  
Bring her in. Approach vector 557.  
Vector 557.  
Final approach to Docking Bay 12B.  
- Garibaldi, what's up?  
- I'm looking for the Commander.  
We've got someone in Bay 12 needs  
his personal clearance to board.  
I tracked him down. Last I heard,  
he was checking out a tourist problem.  
And no, I don't know what he meant,  
so don't ask.  
I just hope it works out better  
than the last one.  
I wouldn't.  
You know the rules about crossing species.  
Stick with the list.  
- What are you? A bigot or something?  
- No. But...

...obviously you've never met  
an Arnasian before.  
After they finish, they eat their mate.  
United Spaceways Transport,  
Delta-Gamma Nine...  
...now docking in Bay 7.  
Earth Alliance passenger Varner,  
cleared for entry.  
That's him.  
Commander Sinclair. Lyta Alexander.  
A pleasure.  
Welcome to Babylon 5.  
It's about time Earth Central  
sent us a telepath.  
Can I see your...  
...identocard?  
Everything seems to be in order.  
Thanks.  
It's dust all right.  
Okay, we do this quiet  
and by the numbers.  
The rules are simple:  
no unauthorized mind-scans...  
...and log all business dealings  
you're hired to monitor.  
You're cleared for access to the casino,  
but gambling is strictly off-limits.  
Excuse me.  
Can I speak to you for a moment?  
Besides, gambling's never interested me-  
Shut up. Stay back.  
Stay back, or I'll kill her. Do you hear me?  
Wait here.  
- What have we got?  
- Dust dealer.  
Trying to smuggle the stuff in here.  
- Do you think we can take him out?  
- No, someone will get hurt in the crossfire.  
I'll talk to him,  
but get a backup team outside, stat.  
I'm coming out.  
I'm unarmed.  
Put the gun down.  
This isn't going to work.

There's only one way in or out  
of Babylon 5, back the way you came.  
You get past me, where do you go then?  
You made a mistake.  
But no one's been hurt yet.  
Let her go and I'll guarantee you  
safe passage off this station.  
- Why should I trust you?  
- Because I gave you my word.  
And because, right now,  
five marksmen are taking position outside.  
Take her out of here  
and they'll burn you to the ground.  
It's your choice.  
See that he gets to his ship, Garibaldi.  
And two things.

**One:**

...allowed on Babylon 5.

**Two:**

If you come within 50 clicks  
of this station again...  
...we'll blow you out of the sky.  
Come on, I'll show you to your quarters.  
Lieutenant Commander Takashima...  
...the supply ship sent by my government  
is not being allowed to dock.  
That's correct.  
They won't submit to a weapons search.  
- This is outrageous!  
- You know the regs, Ambassador G'Kar.  
Scanning is the only way  
to make sure no weapons get on board.  
Except those belonging  
to the Earth Alliance, of course.  
The Narn regime is dedicated to peace.  
In that case, being the peace-loving Narns  
we've all come to know and love...  
...except for a few planets out on the fringe  
who say you've invaded them...  
...they shouldn't mind being scanned,  
should they?  
This will, of course,

be reported to the highest authority.  
Fair enough.  
As far as I'm concerned, they can sit  
out there for the next solar year.  
If it makes you feel any better,  
I could send them a fruit basket.  
Your quarters are in Red 5.  
We can cut through the Alien sector here.  
Are you set?  
Follow me.  
Since Babylon 5  
functions mainly as a free port...  
...our living quarters are set up  
to handle every possible form of life.  
We can customize the atmosphere...  
...even adjust the rotation of some sectors  
to vary the gravity.  
Very impressive.  
I've heard that all four alien governments  
have ambassadors here.  
Almost. The fourth arrives in two days.  
They work as an advisory council,  
like the UN on Earth...  
...before it was dissolved.  
Your quarters are that way.  
Turn to the right.  
Good luck.  
One last thing, Commander.  
Why is it called Babylon 5?  
Babylons 1, 2 and 3  
were sabotaged and destroyed.  
Number 4 vanished without a trace  
To this day,  
no one knows what happened to it.  
Swell.  
We've been out of contact  
with Ambassador Kosh since his ship left...  
...Vorlon space eight days ago.  
Based on his last-known position...  
...he should be here in 48 hours.  
You spoke to him?  
Video or audio?  
Audio only. He said  
he was having problems with the vid.

Mysterious as ever.  
Security analysis?  
Inconclusive.  
Earth Central sent me everything they have  
on the Vorlons, and it's not much.  
To date, no human has ever seen a Vorlon.  
- What about medical?  
- The same.  
Their diplomatic office  
sent me just enough data...  
...for the environmental control  
and no more.  
Bio-maintenance here is still adjusting  
the atmosphere for his living quarters.  
Pretty thick stuff.  
High levels of methane, sulfur...  
...CO2.  
What about their psychology?  
Customs? Social order?  
How far do they go on the first date?  
We'll play it by ear.  
When Ambassador Kosh arrives,  
we'll have representatives...  
...from all four of the major  
alien governments on board.  
This is what we've been working toward  
from day one.  
Let's not mess it up now.  
Yes.  
Message, Commander.  
Ambassador Delenn needs to see you.  
She says she's in the garden.  
On my way.  
Now entering Green Level.  
Please standby.  
Ambassador Delenn.  
I've seen you here before.  
Almost every other day.  
If you don't mind my asking, what-  
Notice the waves,  
each moving in its own order.  
Predictable.  
Unchanging.  
But drop in a single stone

and see how the pattern changes.  
Everything around it is altered.  
This is from your world?  
It's a Japanese stone garden.  
Since we need so much land  
for hydroponic crops...  
...and oxygen reclamation,  
setting this aside was tough.  
One of the designers called it  
"a pool for Zen skinny-dipping. "  
All you can do is think about doing it.  
I am glad it is here.  
On my world there are books...  
...thousands of pages,  
about the power of one mind...  
...to change the universe.  
But none say it as clearly as this.  
In two days, Ambassador Kosh arrives.  
I look forward to meeting a Vorlon.  
I've heard much about them  
that is strange.  
Such as?  
Do you not have files on the Vorlons?  
Absolutely.  
Very large files.  
There's nothing in them, of course.  
How much do you have?  
More than you, it would seem.  
Naturally, it's all classified.  
Naturally.  
Here is a copy of everything I have.  
It may be of use.  
If anyone asks, say it fell from the sky.  
I imagine I will be quite astonished  
by this breach of security.  
Why?  
The war between us  
has been over for almost 10 years...  
...but there are still people  
on either side who'd hang both of us...  
- ... for this kind of-  
- Commander...  
...you know everything  
about your stone garden...

...but clearly...  
...you have not spent nearly enough time  
looking at it.  
Good day.  
- What is it?  
- We've got an energy surge at jump point.  
There aren't any more ships due until...  
Put it on screen.  
Vortex active. Confirm incoming ship.  
Damn. That's a Vorlon ship, all right.  
Ambassador Kosh. Two days early.  
I knew he'd pull something like this.  
Security isn't ready, we're not in place...  
...all because he wants to play mysterious  
and catch us off guard.  
Get me the Commander. Fast.  
And let's hope nothing else goes wrong.  
- About time.  
- Sorry. I was delayed.  
Patch incoming signal.  
Full audio and video decode.  
- Hi.  
- Hi.  
I thought you weren't due back  
for another week?  
Yeah. Hagglng with the Centauri  
is always a slow process.  
Until you explain,  
unless payment is made promptly...  
...their merchandise will be dumped  
into space and fired into the sun.  
Not exactly fair-market bargaining.  
I was in a hurry.  
- I didn't think you'd report me.  
- We'll discuss that later.  
I'm glad you're back.  
- When do you dock?  
- One hour and 40 minutes.  
Just in time for the reception.  
I'll tell you about it when you arrive.  
I was thinking about something  
a little more intimate.  
On my way,  
I picked up some carnelian bed sheets.



They're supposed to be completely frictionless.  
See you in an hour and 40 minutes.  
Lieutenant Commander Takashima.  
About our supply ship, I have reconsidered.  
With the new ambassador about to arrive, this is hardly a time for petty squabbles.  
I have told our captain to submit to your weapons search.  
That's great.  
Since you doubtless have your hands full...  
...our captain will wait until after the Ambassador's ship has docked.  
- Is that satisfactory?  
- Yes, it is.  
Are you feeling all right, Ambassador?  
Couldn't be better.  
See you at the reception, then.  
Good eating to you.  
Yes. And now we need a nine.  
And now we need a nine, yes?  
We're going to play...  
Ambassador.  
Londo.  
What? Not now, please. I'm busy.  
Go away.  
I'll take two and roll for the balance.  
And, come on, now.  
There, you see?  
It's your fault.  
You're bad luck.  
I've always said that about him.  
Now, come on, go.  
You're a security chief.  
Shouldn't you be out securing something?  
Strike.  
I am. I'm securing you.  
The new ambassador arrived early.  
Commander wants to make sure you'll be in the welcoming party.  
Mr. Garibaldi, I'm a very busy man.  
Take three, no roll.  
Eight, ten, seven, no strike, sir.  
House wins again.

No, God damn!  
Well, that's it.  
And it's too bad.  
I had almost finished working out  
my new system.  
Just a few more credits and I...  
Wait, Garibaldi.  
My good, close friend, Garibaldi.  
No, you don't.  
- Not again.  
- Lend me your support, your good cheer.  
My wallet?  
Come on, Garibaldi,  
I know there's an adventurer...  
...lurking inside that steel shell,  
bursting to get out.  
I'm confident my system will work.  
We'll take them together, side by side,  
just like in the old days...  
...when my dear republic moved in  
and conquered the entire Beta system...  
...in nine days!  
- Did I ever tell you that story?  
- Several times.  
We came out of the sky,  
a veritable cloud of starships...  
- ... and then we fell on them, I was in-  
- Londo. No!  
No!  
Look, I'd love to stay,  
but I have things to do.  
Now, be a good ambassador  
and be at Docking Bay 9 in two hours.  
- I don't want to have to come and get you.  
- I'll be there.  
What else have I got to do? I'm broke.  
Excuse me, I couldn't help overhearing.  
This system of yours, it's a sure thing?  
My good fellow,  
I've worked it out to 15 decimal points.  
All it requires is a little backing, Mr...  
- Varner.  
- Varner?  
- Del Varner.

- Del Varner.
- Two Minbaris is what you'll need.
- No.

This looks fine.

We can deposit the down payment  
in 24 solar hours.

But we need to take possession  
of the spare parts no later than the 15th.

Can you deliver by then?

Absolutely. No problem.

The 22nd.

He's thinking he can't deliver  
any sooner than the 22nd.

He figures that once he has the contract,  
you can take a flying-

That's what I meant to say.

The 22nd.

Unacceptable.

But wait, we...

We can make the 15th...

...just I'd have to pay the workers more,  
but that would cut my profits in half.

He's telling the truth.

Better half of something  
than all of nothing.

Done. See you on the 15th.

Thank you again for your services.

Someday I am going to find the guy  
that thought up the idea...

...of renting telepaths to businessmen,  
and I am going to kill him.

Funny, I just knew  
you were going to say that.

- Lyta Alexander?

- Yes?

Ambassador G'Kar, of the Narn regime.

- May I speak to you for a moment?

- Of course.

When I learned of your arrival,  
I ran a genetics scan of your records.

Most impressive.

A sixth-generation telepath.

It goes back further than that,  
but that's when Earth Central...

...started keeping track of people  
with psi capability.  
We have no telepaths among my people.  
A genetic oversight, I suppose.  
One which you could help correct.  
I am empowered to compensate you  
for your genetic background.  
The process would be either  
a direct mating, you and I...  
...or a donation of vital cells  
from which we could clone a replica.  
Yes, obviously the cloning is less efficient,  
since we have to grow the clone...  
...so payment would have to be  
proportionately smaller.  
We'd still have to fuse your genes  
with ours and that would take even longer.  
The direct mating is far more...  
...cost-effective.  
Now, would you prefer to be conscious  
or unconscious during the mating?  
I would prefer conscious,  
but I don't know what your...  
...pleasure threshold is.  
Confirmed, Ambassador,  
you are clear for docking.  
Please surrender control of your vessel  
to central computer, on my mark.  
Mark.  
Commander, the Vorlon ship  
is on approach to Bay 9.  
On my way.  
Status report.  
Momentary power loss.  
Re-routing to secondary power supply.  
Time-delay factor: 2.3 minutes.  
Please, standby.  
Sorry, there was a problem with the tube.  
Did you get Londo?  
He was supposed to meet me right here.  
The others are in the reception area.  
Station alert.  
Notify security.  
Get the doors open.

Oh, my God!  
Be careful, Michael...  
...that's an environment suit.  
He can't take our atmosphere.  
Open it here and the air will kill him.  
Could be dead already, I can't tell.  
Get Ben, tell him we have a med alert.  
Get the isolab ready, fast.  
On my way.  
Damn.  
How much longer?  
We're almost there.  
If the atmosphere mix isn't right,  
we'll kill him as soon as we crack that suit.  
Approaching nominal density.  
As soon as it's pressurized, I'm going in.  
Maybe not.  
We got a reply  
from the Vorlon high command.  
They insist  
that the Ambassador's encounter suit...  
...cannot be removed for security reasons.  
But that's insane!  
- They don't want us seeing what's inside.  
- They'd rather let him die than-  
I'm afraid so.  
No, we haven't come this far  
to watch it all fall apart.  
Jeff, I'm warning you,  
they're deadly serious about security.  
We'll give them security.  
As a doctor,  
you're bound by a vow of confidentiality...  
...and that's good enough for me.  
For the rest, kill the monitors.  
Stop all data-recording.  
I don't want any record  
of what goes on in there.  
I take full responsibility.  
Just do what you have to, Ben.  
Good luck.  
And I hope you're wrong.  
Wrong about what?  
We were talking the other day

about how nobody's seen a Vorlon before...

...and he said that according to legend,  
one human did see a Vorlon.

He turned to stone.

Well, it's just a legend.

- Probably.

- Probably.

There must be a way.

Some means, some...

- But you still don't know what happened.

- Not yet, Senator.

Doctor Kyle's been able to stabilize  
the Ambassador's condition, but...

...until we know the cause of his problem,  
there's a very good chance he could die.

Let's hope not.

The Vorlon government  
finds it very suspicious...

...that he was out of his ship  
less than a minute when he fell ill.

No one's spoken of retaliation yet, but...

...if this is anything other than natural  
illness, if anyone did anything to him...

...this could escalate fast.

Who's handling the investigation?

My security chief, Michael Garibaldi.

Is that wise?

I was opposed to you bringing him on  
in the first place.

He's been bounced from one station  
to another for years.

I don't know if he's up to  
an investigation on this scale.

I have every confidence in Mr. Garibaldi,  
Senator.

I hope you're right.

Keep me informed, Jeff.

Earth Central, out.

Sorry you had to hear that.

Old news.

- So what's the program?

- Find out where everyone was...

...during the five-minute period when  
the Ambassador docked and we found him.

I've cleared you for full diplomatic access.  
That'll make things easier.  
I'll start with Londo.  
He didn't meet us outside the docking bay.  
I want to know why.  
Good.  
And check the transport tube.  
It malfunctioned and kept me  
from getting to Bay 9.  
It may be just a coincidence, but...  
I'm on it.  
One other suggestion:  
You've been up almost 36 hours.  
Get some rest. I've got a hunch  
it's going to get hot down the road.  
I let myself in.  
You really should change  
your access code more often.  
Carolyn.  
God, I'm sorry, I forgot.  
I was going to meet your ship...  
If what I heard is true, I understand.  
Is it true?  
Depends.  
How bad is what you heard?  
Pretty bad.  
Then it's true.  
- This isn't a good time.  
- I know.  
Let me make it better.  
Confirmed presence of foreign compound.

**Type:**

**Prognosis:**

Ben.  
I've just finished my test  
on the Ambassador.  
It took longer than I expected.  
Even for an alien...  
...this one is pretty alien.  
But from the results...  
Jeff, it looks like poison.  
Can you counteract it?

Not without knowing  
which poison was used.  
There's probably enough concentrated  
where it entered his body...  
...for us to be able to make a match.  
But so far, I still don't know  
how the poison got into his system.  
What's your prognosis?  
Life signs are dropping 5%  
every hour.  
If we can't find out what happened...  
...the Ambassador will be dead  
in less than 24 hours.  
All right.  
Keep me informed.  
Security.  
Security here.  
This is Commander Jeffrey Sinclair.  
We have confirmation  
of an attempted assassination.  
As authorized  
under Earth Alliance regulations...  
...I'm hereby sealing off the station.  
As of now,  
no one enters or leaves Babylon 5.  
Why won't you accept the facts?  
Who was the only one missing from  
the welcome party when Kosh arrived?  
Londo Mollari.  
And why would the Centauri Republic  
want to kill Ambassador Kosh?  
What better way to prop up  
a fading empire than to start a war?  
They've been trying to join forces  
with the Earth Alliance for years.  
A mutual enemy  
would serve that purpose very well.  
And if your assumption is correct  
and he is the assassin...  
...what would you suggest?  
An alliance between our governments.  
Yours is the oldest of the five federations.  
Ours is the youngest.  
Technologically you're centuries ahead



of everyone else.  
We have unlimited manpower  
and the will to use it.  
Can you imagine  
what we could achieve together?  
I can.  
Which is why  
it must never be allowed to happen.  
Your perceptions are colored  
by your history with the Centauri.  
As former slaves of that government...  
...you would seize any opportunity  
to raise a force against them.  
We were never slaves!  
Our world was invaded, our people-  
The word was ill-chosen.  
My apologies.  
But my decision stands.  
Thank you for coming, Ambassador.  
I should have known better  
than to waste my time.  
You're even worse than the Centauri.  
They're beyond the dream of conquest.  
But you had the Earth Alliance  
on its knees.  
One more stroke  
and you would have defeated them.  
But you surrendered.  
Why?  
We had our reasons.  
On Narn,  
we heard that the decision to surrender...  
...came from your holy men.  
A secret group called the "Grey Council. "  
Weak, frightened fools with no vision  
or the will to fight, but we-  
You are being held...  
...by a force of two gravities.  
You will swear, here and now...  
...that you will never again mention  
the Grey Council in my presence.  
Three gravities.  
Six will crush your ribs to jelly...  
...and explode your heart.

Four gravities.

Five.

All right.

I suggest you leave now.

I gave you a chance for greatness  
and you threw it away.

Whatever happens now...

...let it be on your own head.

What are you shopping for today?

Can I buy you a drink?

Londo.

Mr. Garibaldi.

I suppose you heard what happened.

About the Ambassador?

Yes, it's a pity.

I suppose there'll be a war now.

All that running around  
and shooting at one another...

...you would have thought, sooner or later,  
it would go out of fashion.

Where were you

when the Ambassador's ship was docking?

I don't think I like the tone  
of your question, Mr. Garibaldi.

I suggest you remove your hand.

As an ambassador

I have diplomatic immunity.

Read your treaty.

As of two hours ago,

I got full diplomatic access.

So, where were you

when the Ambassador was docking?

Could I have another, please? The same.

I was in the casino. At the gaming table.

- I thought you were out of money.

- Yes.

A man named Del Varner  
offered to cover my bets.

Now there's a criminal,  
if you're looking for one.

He promised to back my bets,  
then pulled out...

...after I had run up quite a bill.

He's here if you want to see him.

He's right over there, in the checked coat.

Can anyone confirm your story?

Yes. The new telepath, Lyta Alexander.

I saw her talking to Varner  
shortly after you left.

Thank you.

Put it on his tab.

Who'd want to kill the Ambassador?

Mr. Garibaldi...

...it's a big universe.

If I knew who did it, I'd tell you.

I'm not here to make trouble.

Do you know why I am here?

I'm here...

...to grovel before

your wonderful Earth Alliance...

...in the hopes of attaching ourselves  
to your destiny.

What are those fish called on your planet  
that attach themselves to sharks?

Remoras.

Yes.

You make very good sharks, Mr. Garibaldi.

We were

pretty good sharks ourselves once...

...but somehow...

...along the way...

...we forgot how to bite.

There was a time...

...when this whole quadrant  
belonged to us.

What are we now?

Twelve worlds and a thousand monuments  
to past glories...

...living off memories and stories...

...selling trinkets.

My God, man...

...we've become a tourist attraction.

See the great Centauri Republic...

**...open 9:**

...Earth time.

Anything else?

No.

Thank you, Ambassador.

Nice shark.

Pretty shark.

Babylon Control, request fuel transfer.

Heading for secondary base.

Yes.

Ben.

Come in.

You look exhausted.

I am.

I've been taking stims to stay alert.

It's awful stuff.

Well, how about some coffee?

It's fresh.

Grounded about an hour ago.

Coffee?

Fresh-ground coffee?

- Where on earth-

- Not Earth, here.

I brought along seedlings, when the station went operational last year.

Talked one of the hydroponics guys into setting aside some planters for me.

I get enough for a couple of pots...

...every few months.

- That's-

- Against regs, I know.

The garden is to be used strictly for grains, fruits and vegetables.

And if you report me, you can't have any.

I didn't see a thing.

I've done everything I can for Ambassador Kosh...

...but he's slipping away.

He'll die unless we find out what happened in that air lock.

I know.

All monitors were turned off on the insistence of the Vorlon government.

No one saw what happened.

No?

One person knows exactly what happened.

Ambassador Kosh himself.

No.

No, out of the question.  
The Vorlons would never allow  
Kosh to be scanned.  
They'd let him die first.  
That's why we won't tell them.  
- Does the Commander know-  
- No, I've not mentioned this to him.  
If we screw up...  
...it's only on our heads.  
Which will end up on a silver platter, right?  
Do you know what my first job was,  
straight out of Earthforce training?  
Mars colony security.  
Right before the food riots.  
I heard about that.  
Tough place.  
Wasn't there a scandal,  
something about kickbacks?  
If you wanted a promotion,  
you had to pay off the sector captain.  
I refused.  
So they let me rot.  
Refused to let me out of my contract.  
So I started breaking the rules,  
putting everyone's safety at risk...  
...because I just didn't care anymore.  
When Jeff came in,  
he promised that if I'd stop...  
...feeling sorry for myself and fight...  
...within the rules...  
...he'd make sure I got promoted.  
He kept his promise.  
I haven't broken the rules  
in a long time, Doctor.  
So, I guess...  
...I'm about due.  
Count me in.  
Thanks.  
I can't think of anyone  
I'd rather have along side...  
...when we face court-martial.  
Not so fast.  
We still have to talk her into it.  
And I have a feeling it won't be easy.

Do you know what the penalties are  
for unauthorized mind-scans...  
...without a court order  
or permission from next of kin?  
- I could be thrown out of the psi corps!  
- We understand your concerns.  
Do you?  
It takes years to train  
for a P5 classification...  
...and half of those who try, burn out or...  
...end up vegetables.  
I'm not going to throw all that away.  
If the Ambassador dies,  
the Vorlons will retaliate.  
This station is their first logical target.  
If I were in their position...  
...I'd have a cruiser waiting in hyperspace,  
right now, just waiting to attack us.  
Thousands would die and after us,  
who knows how many more?  
Is that what you want?  
No. Of course not.  
That's not fair.  
No, it's not.  
But that's what we're stuck with.  
No one can force you to do this, Lyta.  
It has to be your choice.  
If I do this... If I do...  
...what are the odds  
he'll remember the contact?  
He's so far out of it...  
...I don't think he'll have  
any memory of your scan.  
But you're not sure.  
No.  
So, what have you got?  
A few things that don't add up,  
but nothing firm yet.  
Turns out one alibi I checked out  
doesn't hold up.  
Whose?  
Yours.  
The tube's access record shows  
no sign of the malfunction you mentioned.

- That's impossible.  
- Unless someone altered the records...  
...or there was no malfunction.  
What do you think?  
I don't know yet. But I will.  
One thing's for sure...  
...knowing your work, I'd hate for us to end  
up on opposite sides of an investigation.  
So would I, Commander.  
Life support, this is C and C.  
We're registering a .001 drop  
in oxygen pressure, outside Blue 5, Level B.  
Can you send a maintenance bot  
to check it out?  
Will do. Life support, out.  
When I get inside, it's subjective.  
I'll feel what he felt,  
but I'll see my body, not his.  
This could get rough.  
I can't see him through this encounter suit.  
Trust me, it's better this way.  
Just do what you can.  
I can't get through.  
This suit must be shielded.  
Is there any way to intensify contact?  
Yeah, there is.  
Here goes.  
There's something...  
...in there.  
Ambassador Kosh...  
...welcome to Babylon 5.  
Get her out, right now!  
- Come on.  
- Bring her over here.  
Easy.  
Can you hear me?  
Fight your way clear.  
You're okay. Come on.  
There was poison.  
Poison...  
...in a skin tab...  
...in his right hand.  
On the back, just below the wrist.  
The poison is there.

Who did it, Lyta?  
Who poisoned the Ambassador?  
He did!  
He's the one.  
He tried to kill the Ambassador.  
I saw it!  
Life support to Central.  
Confirming launch of maintenance bot.  
Beginning hull-integrity survey.  
Will transmit results upon completion.  
Commander, you wanted to see us?  
We're getting a signal from Earth Central.  
Ultraviolet priority.  
Doesn't sound good.  
How much do they know?  
Just that a witness has come forth  
and identified the Commander.  
How's Ambassador Kosh doing?  
Thanks to the information  
we got from Lyta...  
...we've been able to locate the poison  
and analyze the residue.  
We're working on a counter-agent now.  
Commander Sinclair...  
...in the last hour, I have been in contact  
with the Vorlon government.  
Since you're, well, a suspect...  
...they've asked that the investigation  
be taken out of your hands...  
...for reasons of conflict of interest.  
The Advisory Council will convene  
immediately to consider the situation.  
I understand.  
Lieutenant Commander Takashima,  
you'll take Commander Sinclair's place.  
With all due respect, Senator, I object.  
This entire situation is-  
Laurel, this is difficult for us all,  
but I ask that you set aside your feelings...  
...and consider  
the best interest of the station.  
All right.  
I'll do my best.  
Jeff, once the Council gets into this,



there's nothing we can do...  
...without compromising  
the neutrality of Babylon 5.  
We can't let that happen.  
I understand, Senator.  
Thank you for telling me yourself.  
Babylon 5, out.  
That's it?  
- You're going to let them do this?  
- I have my reasons.  
You can't expect us to stand here  
and do nothing while they railroad you.  
I expect you to do this by the numbers.  
The safety of Babylon 5 is more important  
than any one member of her crew.  
Am I clear?  
Varner. Del Varner.  
It's me, Eric. Remember?  
Dr. Kyle, you were present with the party  
when the Ambassador arrived...  
...and you can confirm that  
Commander Sinclair wasn't present, right?  
That's right.  
He was delayed in the transport tube.  
According to your own chief of security,  
the tube records do not reflect this.  
Why is that?  
I don't know.  
Doctor, if I may.  
We have heard that there was a witness.  
Is this true?  
Yes and no.  
The information is secondhand  
and may or may not be admissible.  
The witness thinks  
it may have been the Commander, but-  
Why are you withholding  
the name of the witness, Dr. Kyle?  
The witness requested anonymity...  
...for the time being.  
If this should go to trial,  
that would, of course, change.  
I see.  
Given the information about the location

of the poison proved accurate...  
...it seems strange that you'd question  
the rest of the story.  
Ambassador Mollari,  
do you have any questions?  
No, not at this time. Thank you.  
One last thing, Doctor.  
You said you were finally able  
to analyze the poison.  
What kind was it?  
Fluorozyne.  
It's pretty rare.  
It only comes from one system  
that I'm aware of. The Damocles sector.  
Were you aware that the Commander's  
woman recently returned...  
...from a trading expedition  
to the Damocles sector?  
- Just a minute!  
- Commander-  
And that her ship, the Ulysses,  
docked at this station 20 minutes...  
...before the attempted assassination?  
Damn it, leave Carolyn out of this!  
No further questions.  
Okay, you're saying you don't believe  
what Lyta Alexander...  
...saw in the Ambassador's mind.  
- Based on what?  
- I don't trust telepaths.  
Never have, never will.  
Who knows what she really saw?  
I've seen her with Del Varner.  
He kept Londo...  
...from attending the reception.  
- So?  
- I checked with Earth Central.  
It turns out Varner's got a criminal record  
going back five years.  
He's been indicted three times  
in the last year for tech-running.  
Take a look.  
All these indictments  
are from the Earth Alliance court.

Smuggling forbidden technology  
from the Vega system...

- ... same again from the Proxima system.
- Exactly.

The minute he's on Babylon 5, he's  
in Earth jurisdiction and subject to arrest.

Why would he take that kind of risk?

There would have to be  
something major at stake.

And something else.

Varner promised to back Londo's bets  
at the casino, then backed out.

But Varner does a lot of business  
with the Centauri Republic.

Why risk alienating his clientele  
by burning Londo?

For that matter,

why promise to back Londo at all?

Tech-runners aren't noted for generosity.

No, and apparently

Varner's been heavily in debt.

He couldn't have paid Londo's debts  
if he'd wanted to.

It just doesn't add up.

I don't know how he fits in,

but I'll bet you 100 credits he's involved.

Then I think it's about time

you had a little talk with Mr. Varner.

Ambassador Mollari.

I'd like to discuss your vote with you.

The Babylon 5 Advisory Council

is hereby reconvened.

Recorders are activated?

Ambassador G'Kar,

you wish to make a motion?

Commander Sinclair is

a respected member of the Earth Alliance...

...and of this Council.

The idea that he may have been involved

with the attempted murder...

...of Ambassador Kosh,

is repellent to everyone here.

Granted, there is a history of animosity

between some of our member races.

Granted, Commander Sinclair personally  
took part in the recent Earth-Minbari war.

- Granted-

- Ambassador.

Yes, of course.

I believe it's inappropriate for this Council  
to act as judge and jury in this matter.

We are not a court

and we do not have all the facts before us.

May I humbly suggest

that we decline jurisdiction in this matter.

This is more properly a matter  
for a true court of law.

A court of law such as that  
on the Vorlon homeworld.

After all, the crime committed  
was against their ambassador.

I therefore move that Commander Sinclair  
be remanded for transport...

...to the Vorlon homeworld,

along with the witnesses and evidence...

...that have been accumulated.

There to stand trial

on the charge of attempted murder.

Ambassador!

Unless the Earth Alliance  
is trying to cover up the facts.

If that is the case,

then Babylon 5 is a fraud!

A motion stands before this Council.

It must be voted upon.

As the duly appointed representative  
of the Narn regime, I vote yes.

What do the rest of you have to say?

The Earth Alliance votes no.

Ambassador Delenn?

The Minbari Federation...

...abstains.

Ambassador?

The Centauri Republic...

...votes yes.

Deadlock, Ambassador.

Two in favor, two opposed or abstaining.

But there is a fifth vote to be heard from.

Two hours ago, I told of my intentions  
to the leaders of the Vorlon Empire.  
They reached a decision on the matter  
and asked me to cast their vote for them.  
They vote yes, to convey  
Commander Sinclair to their world for trial.  
Which makes the vote three to two.  
The motion is passed.  
Deportation is to take place  
within 12 hours.

Good day.

Del Varner?

This is Security Chief Michael Garibaldi.

I'd like to talk to you.

Access system is non-functional.

Come on in. Check around.

I'll take the back, you take the bedroom.

Over here.

DNA pattern checks out, Jeff.

It's Del Varner, all right.

Any idea when it happened?

I'll have an exact time of death for you  
in about an hour.

Someone's trying to cover their tracks  
and dead-end the investigation.

- Varner was the key to the whole thing.

- What about his personal effects?

I've got my people

going over the place now.

I'm not holding out any hope, though.

What about Ambassador Kosh?

Once I knew which poison

we were dealing with, I checked around...

...and there is a counter-agent  
to the poison.

- We have some?

- No, but we got something close.

I'm altering the molecular structure  
of the compound...

- ... so it'll serve the same function.

- How long?

Six, maybe seven hours.

I thought you said Kosh

only had another 10 hours left.

I did.  
Don't make any mistakes, Ben.  
Damn it. Maybe they were right.  
Maybe you got the wrong man for this job,  
after all.  
With Varner gone,  
I don't even know where to start.  
Maybe you should turn this over  
to someone else.  
You're talking to the wrong man.  
I'm scheduled for the Vorlon homeworld.  
Michael, I picked you  
because you're right for the job.  
You're not politic.  
You're not subtle  
and sometimes you're a pain in the ass.  
And I wouldn't have it any other way.  
Do what you have to.  
Just nail whoever's responsible.  
Come.  
Ambassador.  
You are upset.  
Of course I'm upset.  
Damn it, Delenn,  
how can you do this to him?  
- I have done nothing.  
- You've got that right.  
You didn't do a thing to stop Jeff from  
being sent to the Vorlon world for trial.  
You didn't even vote in his favor  
at the council meeting.  
You abstained.  
I did not have all the facts.  
- I still lack some of the-  
- What you lack is a conscience.  
I thought Jeff was your friend.  
After all he's done here for you...  
...for the station.  
The one time he needed you...  
...you just walked away.  
I'm sorry.  
I can do nothing else.  
I have my orders...  
...on the matter of Commander Sinclair.

I'm here strictly to observe.

Observe what?

It's me.

No oxygen mask?

Gill implants.

- Painful to use but-

- But...

- ... efficient.

- Precisely.

There's been a complication.

Come.

- Lieutenant Commander.

- What is it?

We've lost contact with the bot...

...we sent to check on a drop  
in pressure in Blue 5, Level B.

- Cause?

- Unknown.

All right, get a repair crew out there,  
find out what's going on.

Mr. Garibaldi...

...I don't know what to say.

You know I have the greatest respect  
for your Commander Sinclair.

You sure have a funny way  
of showing it, Ambassador.

Yes, the vote.

I can see why you'd be upset by that.

But I didn't know.

You see,

G'Kar came to me to discuss my vote.

You went along with somebody  
who'd love to put you...

...on a spit and roast you?

I had no choice.

Back home...

...our position, status, all that we have...

...is based on family history.

G'Kar offered me an exchange:

My cooperation in return for evidence...

...showing that during our rule  
of the Narn homeworld...

...certain atrocities were committed  
by my grandfather.

- You didn't know about this?  
- Of course I knew.  
But what's done is done.  
Why bring it up now?  
The point is,  
no one else back home knows.  
If it were to get out...  
I couldn't let that happen.  
For what it's worth,  
Mr. Garibaldi, I'm sorry.  
I didn't think my cooperation  
would do him any good.  
Two votes for shipping Sinclair off,  
two against, a deadlock.  
I had no idea he'd contacted  
the Vorlon homeworld.  
And if you had known?  
Would you have done anything different?  
No, I'm afraid not.  
Your Commander Sinclair is a good man.  
I would hate to lose him.  
This is my weakness.  
My failure.  
And I'm sorry.  
Truly sorry.  
Londo.  
Thanks.  
On second thought,  
maybe I'd better come back later.  
No, wait.  
I'm sorry.  
Damn it, Carolyn.  
Give me a ship, turn me loose with no one  
at risk but myself, that's fine.  
If I get in trouble, I'll stay and fight it out.  
But here...  
- ... I can't.  
- Why?  
- Because I'm supposed to represent Earth.  
- And Earthers don't fight?  
You wear that commander's badge  
like you're afraid you'll break it.  
Okay, yes,  
you're supposed to speak for Earth.



You're supposed to be polite  
and diplomatic.  
That doesn't mean  
letting them crucify you.  
If you want to throw something...  
...throw it at those bastards  
at Central who tossed you to the wolves.  
This medal...  
You were on the Line?  
And you never told me?  
The biggest battle  
of the Earth-Minbari war and...  
...you never told me?  
I didn't want to talk about it.  
Why?  
I was squad team leader  
when the call came in.  
We all knew it was a suicide mission.  
The Minbari had broken through,  
and were closing in.  
Every ship we had left  
was ordered to circle Earth.  
We had to stop them...  
...no matter what it cost.  
They came at us out of nowhere.  
We never had a chance.  
The sky was full of stars...  
...and every star an exploding ship.  
One of ours.  
My team was blown out of the sky  
in less than a minute.  
I'm sorry.  
I managed to take out a fighter  
before they hit my stabilizers.  
I was losing power, I'd lost my team.  
I figured if I was to die  
I'd take some of them with me.  
So I targeted one of their heavy cruisers.  
Hit my afterburners.  
I was going to ram them head-on.  
The last thing I remember  
is hurtling toward that cruiser.  
Filling my screen...  
...big...

...my God, so big...  
Then something passed  
in front of my eyes.  
I guess I blacked out from the acceleration.  
When I came to, 24 hours later...  
...the cruiser was gone.  
I checked in.  
They told me the war was over.  
The Minbari had surrendered.  
Because of the Line.  
No.  
That's what I'm trying to tell you.  
We were beaten.  
We didn't stop them,  
they stopped themselves.  
And I wish to hell I knew why.  
When we got back to Earth  
everybody treated us like heroes.  
But we were frauds.  
You are not a fraud.  
Anyone with enough guts to go on the Line  
doesn't have to prove anything.  
Didn't you hear me?  
My whole team was wiped out.  
I can't let that happen again.  
Is that what this is about?  
Are you going along with this out of guilt?  
Because you think  
history is repeating itself?  
- I have a responsibility.  
- To lead.  
Your team chose to go on the Line.  
And we chose to come here.  
Our decision.  
And our risk. Not yours.  
If you want to stay and fight this...  
...we're with you.  
Just do what you think is right.  
Where are you going?  
To get some answers.  
Dr. Kyle.  
I just don't understand. Huh?  
I thought I'd stop by  
and see how the Ambassador was doing.

Definite progress.

The counter-agent seems to be working.

If we can keep his condition stable  
for the next few hours...

...he may have a chance.

That's extraordinary.

You saw Del Varner at the casino  
after the Ambassador was attacked, right?

Isn't that what I said?

Yes, you did.

And Garibaldi said the same thing.

But that's what's so extraordinary.

According to the autopsy of Varner's body,  
he's been dead for nearly 36 hours.

Meaning you and Garibaldi  
saw a dead man at the casino.

That's-

What are you doing?

Stop, you'll kill-

Are you okay?

Ben, the Ambassador?

I think I got to him in time.

Now, will somebody please tell me  
what the hell is going on around here?

Commander, we've neutralized  
the intruder vessel and we're bringing it in.

Watch your step, Commander.

Repair crew found this stuck  
to the hull at Blue 5, Level B.

It destroyed a maintenance bot,  
investigating a drop in oxygen pressure.

Almost took out the repair crew  
before they could disable it.

Looks like a transport of some kind.

I guess someone used it to fasten onto  
the hull and burn through into the station.

- How many could've come through?

- It's only big enough for one.

I've got crews checking every inch  
of the hull for any more. So far, nothing.

Definitely short-range.

Someone had to bring this here  
and drop it off outside the station.

Otherwise there'd be a ship

floating outside with no one in it.  
Exactly.  
Meaning someone on the station  
is providing support.  
Yeah.  
One other thing,  
maintenance found another body.  
Where?  
Stuffed into an access panel  
in the transport tube.  
Environment tech named Hazeltine.  
Ben says he'd been dead  
at least 16 hours...  
...but according to a couple  
of his co-workers, they saw him recently.  
Sinclair.  
Commander, I'm in Del Varner's quarters.  
You and Garibaldi better get down here.  
There's something you should see.  
On our way.  
We were finally able to crack  
Varner's access code.  
He was a tech-runner, transporting  
forbidden technology across systems.  
His last job took him to the Antares sector  
for a Changeling net.  
The ultimate in camouflage.  
It sets up a holographic field that can be  
adjusted to project a false image.  
And that's what Kosh saw  
in the docking bay.  
Not the Commander,  
but someone made to look like him.  
Pretty neat trick.  
An expensive and very dangerous trick.  
Changeling nets are outlawed  
in every civilized sector.  
Prolonged exposure to an energy field  
that intense and unstable can be fatal.  
And our little pal  
has been using it constantly.  
A system like this  
would have to put out a lot of energy.  
Can you recalibrate

the station's external sensors...

...to scan for energy sources  
inside the station?

- We can try.

- Good, do so.

We'll be along shortly.

We have to stop at security.

There's a few things I want to pick up.

Security's standing by.

What's the situation?

We're closing the final relays now  
and switching over to a new program.

- Got it.

- All right.

Filter out all known energy sources:  
life support, utilities, defense grid.

- Any energy that we're putting out.

- On it.

Compensate for ambient heat energy  
from the solar collectors.

Coming up.

Here it is. Got it.

Where is it?

Red 12.

- Come on.

- Level 7A.

All right, seal off the area.

I'm taking care of this personally.

- If we need help, we'll link in.

- Wait.

Better take a recorder.

You may need a witness.

Thanks.

- Let's go.

- Good luck.

We're registering an energy surge  
at the jump point.

Frequency matches the Vorlon ship  
that came through earlier.

It must be the transport ship, damn.

That's not a transport.

I think the Commander's ride is here.

Status on tracking?

Ten meters to your right.

It's moving again.  
Mike.  
There it is.  
Damn.  
- You all right?  
- Yeah.  
Flak jacket caught most of it.  
Go on. I'll catch up.  
Go.  
Danger. Unauthorized access.  
Babylon police!  
- Get some rest.  
- Okay.  
Wait in here.  
Keep an eye on him. I'll be all right.  
Lieutenant Commander,  
the Vorlon captain is demanding...  
...that we turn over  
Commander Sinclair, now.  
Patch into the signal  
from the Commander's recorder.  
If we can broadcast the signal  
to the Vorlon ship-  
I'm on it.  
Unless we turn over the Commander  
they'll open fire on the station.  
Tell them to get stuffed!  
Activate defensive grid.  
Screens to maximum.  
And get that recorder on-line, now.  
Minbari?  
Vorlon weapons systems powering up.  
They're locking onto us  
and preparing to fire.  
- Where's that signal?  
- On-line, now.  
Broadcast. All frequencies.  
Let them see what's going on.  
Why did you do it?  
There is a hole in your mind.  
Oh, my God, he's wired.  
Brace for explosion.  
Close pressure doors. Seal off this section.  
- Not with you inside.

- Damn it. Do it!  
I gave you an order.  
Station's shifting. We're losing stability.  
- Status?  
- Fifteen degree rotation.  
Station's tearing itself apart  
from the inside.  
Auto-configuration systems  
not responding.  
Go to manual. Starboard stabilizers.  
Ten second burst.  
Twelve degree rotation, ten degree,  
four minus two.  
Aft stabilizers, small starboard burst.  
Infrastructure won't handle the strain.  
She'll blow apart.  
Minus six, minus eight.  
Mark.  
Minus eight, minus five.  
Small starboard burst, two and two.  
Easy, gentle.  
Minus two, minus one...  
...plus two.  
Zero. We're back in position.  
Damage control, to Blue 7.  
Damage control, proceed to Blue 7.  
Commander, this breach of security isn't  
going to affect my Christmas bonus, is it?  
You all right?  
Do you need anything?  
Coffee.  
Two sugars.  
Cream.  
And aspirin.  
Lots and lots of aspirin.  
I wish you could stay.  
We just get things calmed down  
and you have to go.  
My timing always was pretty awful.  
My ship's waiting.  
You could come with me.  
We could pool our savings and buy  
a bigger ship. We could blow this place.  
I'll think about it.

Don't take too long.  
I'll wait...  
...but not forever.  
How's Michael?  
Resting in his quarters.  
I checked him out pretty thoroughly.  
- What about the station?  
- Holding together.  
I've got a repairs team  
working on the breach.  
It'll take a few days,  
but it's nothing we can't fix.  
Good.  
You can tell the Vorlons  
that Ambassador Kosh is out of critical.  
The counter-agent worked even better  
than I had hoped.  
Commander, may I speak with you?  
I studied a record of your confrontation.  
I regret that a Minbari  
was responsible for all this sadness.  
You can't be responsible for the actions  
of every one of your race, Delenn.  
No.  
But there is something I can do.  
I recognized the markings on his face...  
...and I was able to determine who...  
...and what he was.  
I just received this file  
from my government.  
A full record of his travels.  
I think you will find it most interesting.  
So, Doctor...  
...just what did you see  
when you looked inside that suit?  
There are moments...  
...in your life when everything crystallizes...  
...and the whole world reshapes itself...  
...right down to its component molecules.  
And everything changes.  
I have looked upon the face of a Vorlon.  
Horror.  
And nothing is the same anymore.  
You wanted to see me, Commander?



Just thought you'd like to join me  
in a toast, before the reception.  
Ambassador G'Kar.  
To a fully operational Babylon 5.  
To the future.  
I'm pleased that the Vorlons  
have dropped all charges against you...  
...now that the real culprit has been found.  
Have you learned anything more  
about him?  
Yes.  
Our would-be assassin  
had an interesting background.  
He belonged to a branch  
of the Minbari warrior caste...  
...who split from their government  
after the war.  
A warrior caste.  
That explains why he would want  
to disrupt Babylon 5...  
...and our mutual goal of peace.  
I'm surprised you didn't ask  
about Del Varner.  
I assumed he was simply  
another innocent victim.  
Not quite.  
We checked his ship's logs...  
...and apparently he spent a lot of time  
working for your government.  
A lucrative business running  
forbidden technology into Narn space.  
His last entry was of a payoff for bringing  
a Changeling net across the border.  
He was supposed to meet his buyer in  
the Tigris sector, but was running behind.  
Didn't your supply ship also pass through  
the Tigris sector on its way here?  
If you have a point to make, Commander,  
please make it.  
I believe the assassin was brought here  
on your supply ship.  
That's why they needed the Changeling net  
before they arrived.  
A Minbari warrior, walking off a Narn ship,

would draw a lot of attention.  
With the net, he could appear to be  
one of your crew and infiltrate the station.  
When Varner missed connecting  
with your ship, he came here.  
So you had to find another way  
to get the assassin onboard.  
They used the transport we found  
on the station's hull to get him inside.  
He then killed Del Varner  
and grabbed the Changeling net.  
Sheer speculation, Commander.  
With the death of Del Varner  
and the assassin...  
...you have no proof.  
That's right.  
Well, I should be on my way.  
One more thing.  
As I mentioned, the assassin  
belonged to the Minbari warrior class.  
During the war,  
I was in my world's warrior class.  
We saved each other's lives  
a dozen times over.  
Made the sort of friendships  
that last a lifetime.  
Commendable.  
- But what does that have to do with-  
- With nanotechnology?  
Glad you asked.  
You've heard of it, haven't you?  
Machines too small  
for the human eye to see.  
You can even shield them, make them  
invisible to electronic detection.  
Like the one you just swallowed  
in that drink.  
I imagine it's firmly latched on  
to your intestinal tract by now.  
What?  
It's nothing harmful, Ambassador.  
It's a location transmitter.  
See?  
It should dissolve in about five years.

But, until then, Ambassador...  
...my friends, in my warrior caste,  
have this frequency.  
If anything should happen to Babylon 5...  
...they have instructions to track down  
that transmitter and...  
...well, why spoil the surprise?  
This is an outrage.  
This is insurance.  
What you do here is your own business.  
You can scheme, plan and play the games  
you want, but get this straight:  
If you ever endanger this station again,  
my people will find you.  
And the results will be most unpleasant.  
Look on the bright side, Ambassador...  
...from now on, whenever you raise a toast  
to the good health of Babylon 5...  
...I'll know you mean every word of it.  
There we were,  
a fleet so large it nearly eclipsed the sun.  
Suddenly, we fell on them like a wave...  
- ... falling upon a shore.  
- Later.  
Beep, beep.  
"Beep, beep"?  
It must be Earth humor.  
Who can figure a species like that?  
"Beep, beep. "  
I'd say he took that pretty well.  
Think they'll ever find  
that transmitter on G'Kar?  
No, because there isn't one.  
There isn't? Wait...  
I lied.  
I figured if there were a transmitter,  
sooner or later they'd find it and remove it.  
But if I just told them there was,  
they'd keep looking.  
Indefinitely.  
Do you have any idea of the tests  
they'll do?  
The things they'll do to try and find  
a transmitter that's not there?

Yes.

Come on.

There are some days I just love this job.

Can I have your attention?

Will you all please join me

in welcoming to Babylon 5...

...our final representative...

...Ambassador Kosh, of the Vorlon Empire.

You left the reception.

I needed a little quiet to think.

Just before he died, the Minbari assassin

looked at me and said:

"There is a hole in your mind. "

An old Minbari insult.

Nothing you need worry about.

Maybe.

It's just there's a 24-hour period in my life

that I can't account for.

It happened during the war

with your people.

You wouldn't be holding anything

out on me, would you, old friend?

Commander,

I would never tell you anything...

...that was not in your best interest.

Well, we'll talk about this again,

one of these days.

Come on.

We should get back to the reception.

By the way,

there is something I've been wondering.

Why Babylon 5?

If the prior four stations

were lost or destroyed...

...why build another?

Plain, old, human stubbornness, I guess.

When something we value is destroyed,

we rebuild it.

If it's destroyed again, we rebuild it again.

And again...

...and again until it stays.

That, as our poet Tennyson once said,

**is the goal:**

"To strive, to seek, to find,  
and not to yield. "

A poet?

Someone who writes poems.

**A poem:**

"There once was a man from Nantucket"  
You've been talking to Garibaldi again,  
haven't you?

Yes.

How did you know?

Just a wild guess.

Open all communications channels.

This is Lieutenant Commander

Laurel Takashima.

Our docking bays stand ready  
to receive you.

Babylon 5 is open for business.