

STAR WARS

001 EXT. SPACE - TITLE CARD

A long time ago, in a galaxy far, far away....

A vast sea of stars serves as the backdrop for the Main Title, followed by a roll up, which crawls into infinity.

Episode VII: Plague of Doom

There is growing disorder in the wake of the Emperor's demise. The leaders of the new GALACTIC ALLIANCE movement are calling for political reform. However, the many scattered Imperial officers and their armies refuse to surrender power while under the command of self-proclaimed leader Mas Amedda. While the political struggle rages, Luke Skywalker, operating from the hidden location of the former Rebellion, has taken it upon himself to train a handful of Jedi in the hopes of rebuilding the Order....

PAN DOWN to reveal an awesome blue-green planet. Several distant spacecraft glinting in the light of a nearby star appear to be engaged in battle. Suddenly, there is a thunderous SONIC BOOM as an X-WING FIGHTER appears out of hyperspace, headed directly TOWARD CAMERA! Its nose pulls up and it gracefully loops into an upside down arc until it is headed in the opposite direction, executing a barrel-roll to right itself. As it speeds off toward the PLANET, a FIGHTER breaks away from the distant melee and gives chase.

002 INT. X-WING FIGHTER - COCKPIT - SPACE

LUKE SKYWALKER glances over his shoulder and spots the rapidly approaching SHIP. At first it appears that the pursuit will be a dogfight or something equally intense, until LUKE speaks.

LUKE: Hey Sis! I'm back!

003 INT. MON CAL FIGHTER - COCKPIT - SPACE

LEIA, who has been giving piloting lessons to a small group of Jedi hopefuls, smiles and makes an announcement to her students.

LEIA: Good work Devil Group! Our training exercises are over for the day, you can head on back to base.

PILOT: (over headset) Roger that, Devil Leader.

LEIA then switches over to a closed channel and greets her brother.

LEIA: LUKE! It's good to have you back after so long! How was your trip to the Kyber moon?

004 INT. LUKE'S X-WING FIGHTER - COCKPIT - SPACE

LUKE: Well, let's just say it was amazing! I've returned with enough suitable crystals to construct an entire armory of training sabers, and it won't be long now until I have the students practicing their sword skills. Has there been any more response to the galaxy-wide broadcast while I've been away?

LEIA: (over comlink) A few more candidates arrived from the Coruscant screening center. -Still none younger than us I'm afraid, but there is one new arrival in particular I think you'll be very interested to meet... I've found lodgings on the base for everyone while they're waiting to be tested by you.

LUKE: And how have the pilot training exercises with your group been going?

005 EXT. SPACE - STARFIGHTERS

LEIA'S SHIP suddenly rockets past LUKE'S X-WING, headed toward the BLUE PLANET'S atmosphere.

006 INT. LUKE'S X-WING FIGHTER - COCKPIT - SPACE

LEIA: *(over comlink)* Why don't you follow me, and I'll teach you a thing or two, hotshot!

LUKE: *(to ARTOO-DETOO)* Oh boy, here we go. Hang on, Artoo!
The little DROID whistles and beeps.

007 EXT. SPACE - STARFIGHTERS

As LUKE accelerates after LEIA, their two shrinking SHIPS become dwarfed by the brilliant OCEAN-COVERED WORLD.

008 EXT. OCEAN SURFACE - CORAL FORMATIONS - STARFIGHTERS - DAY

The TWO FIGHTERS swoop down, skimming the planet's calm blue surface. An exposed REEF of gargantuan petrified CORAL BRANCHES stretches out endlessly before them. LEIA flies straight into it, closely followed by LUKE. As the two siblings navigate a maze-like series of twists and turns through the ancient and treacherous environment, they perform death-defying aerial gymnastics that can only be possible through the Force.

009 INT. LEIA'S MON CAL FIGHTER - COCKPIT - DAY

LEIA: I know a little short-cut. Stay close and try not to clip your wings!

LUKE: *(over headset, concerned)* Leia, I don't think that's such a good...

LEIA: Just trust me!

010 EXT. STARFIGHTERS - DAY

The other-worldly obstacle course falls away to reveal a staggeringly immense formation of enmeshed finger-like CORAL looming directly ahead. LEIA aims for a section of exposed rock at the foot of the incredible structure.

011 INT. LUKE'S X-WING FIGHTER - COCKPIT - DAY

LUKE: *(to ARTOO)* All I wanna do is reach Aquilae in one piece, is that too much to ask?

ARTOO turns his dome from side to side, beeping in response.

012 EXT. ROCK FOUNDATION - STARFIGHTERS - DAY

LEIA'S FIGHTER narrowly passes through a small fissure in the jagged rock, and LUKE has to spin his X-WING sideways to follow her!

013 INT. LUKE'S X-WING FIGHTER - COCKPIT - DAY

LEIA: *(yelling over comlink)* Yahoo!

ARTOO beeps a blue streak as LUKE exhales a sigh of relief.

014 INT. AQUILAE BASE - STARFIGHTERS - DAY

The small opening gives way to the cavernous hidden settlement of AQUILAE, which has served as the Rebel headquarters since the evacuation of Hoth. Here, the huge MON CALAMARI CRUISERS are moored in the waters of the miles-long watery location, protected by the great fossilized CORAL DOME high overhead. LUKE and LEIA approach one of the many landing platforms projecting out of the side of the giant rock foundation that is home to the base.

015 INT. AQUILAE BASE - LANDING PLATFORM - DAY

The X-WING and the MON CAL FIGHTER land on the platform. LEIA removes her helmet and climbs out of her ship to greet her brother. LUKE hugs his sister.

LUKE: I'm impressed, Leia. You're proving to have an amazing affinity for the Force. You are far better with it than I was when I first started. *(winks, smiling)* -And to think that you once doubted your potential!

LEIA: Who knows? Maybe with a little more of Han's training I'll be better than you someday!

LUKE smiles and shakes his head at the playful comment.

LUKE: Oh, so now it's Han's training, huh? Y'know, since you two got married you've become just as cocky as he is!

LEIA laughs, then turns to confer with some MON CALAMARI TECHNICIANS tending to her ship. While ARTOO is lifted from the X-WING, a cargo bay hatch opens in the ship's underbelly and LUKE begins unloading boxes containing the Kyber crystals, stacking them on a hovering cargo carrier nearby. SEE-THREEPIO joins them and chatters away to ARTOO as HAN SOLO approaches LEIA, embraces her, and then looks to LUKE.

HAN: Hi, Kid! Good to have ya finally back on Mon Calamar!

LUKE claps HAN on the shoulder, while the DROIDS and TECHNICIANS continue loading the cargo boxes onto the carrier.

LUKE: It's good to see you too, Han! How did things go during the Galactic Alliance meeting on Coruscant?

HAN: *(sighs)* Well, I'll tell ya, things are pretty tense right now, Luke. Mas Amedda's still refusing to surrender his claim on the throne, even though the majority strongly opposes Imperial rule.

LUKE: Why does that not surprise me?

LEIA: And he's started making all the same old promises. He says he's going to reunite the disaffected among the people and restore the remembered glory of the Republic, but the popular opinion is that he's merely...

LUKE: ...Seized upon the opportunity to declare himself Emperor just so he can use the Imperial forces to further his own personal ambitions?

LEIA nods, and LUKE shakes his head slowly.

LUKE: *(cont.)* ...Well, it is true what Master Yoda once told me; that 'those who gain power are always afraid to lose it.'

HAN: *(rolls eyes)* Ain't that the truth. -Especially with these boot-lickers Amedda's got running the remains of the Imperial Navy. Word is, they're beginning to institute a new reign of terror among the disheartened worlds of the galaxy, like this latest situation at Ondos, for instance.

LUKE: Ondos?

LEIA: Yes, that was one of the matters brought to our attention at the meeting. The Imperial border world of Ondos is one of a growing number of systems to openly declare they do not recognize Mas Amedda as Emperor. Recently their king secretly appealed to the Galactic Alliance for aid, saying his planet has been under increasing pressure from Commander Kane to submit to Imperial control.

HAN: Lando volunteered to act as a liaison to go meet with the king's representative. Chewie went along as his co-pilot. They ought to be coming back pretty soon with their findings.

LUKE: Well, here's hoping we'll be able to help institute a little bit of peace and justice in some small corner of the galaxy.

LEIA: Hey, that reminds me- That new arrival I mentioned...He's really anxious to meet you! ...A real friendly fellow, too. You'll find him over in your training area right now, waiting with your students.

016 INT. AQUILAE BASE - TRAINING AREA - DAY

Driving the floating carrier loaded with precious cargo, LUKE arrives in the makeshift Jedi training area that he's set up in a blasted part of the ancient sea rock. He finds his trainees gathered around a FIGURE in a tattered old robe, who turns and smiles warmly.

DREE TAN: Hallo! At last! You must be Luke Skywalker! Please allow me to introduce myself. I am Dree Tan, Jedi Master!

LUKE: I'm sorry- er, did you just say Jedi Master?

DREE TAN: Yes, that's right! I know it must be hard to believe, but as I have been explaining to your students, I am in fact a survivor of the Clone Wars!

LUKE struggles to comprehend.

LUKE: But... where have you... How... how did you survive the Jedi purge?

A reflective look comes into DREE TAN's eyes.

DREE TAN: My clone unit was decimated during a particularly nasty campaign on Scylla, and I was headed back to Coruscant alone when I received a coded message from the Temple warning any Jedi survivors to stay away; that we were being exterminated. For these many years I've been in hiding in the remote Cadriff regions on the planet Yukayy, not knowing if I was the last of the Jedi. But once your broadcast and the news of the Sith Emperor's demise reached my ears, I was prompted by the Force to seek you out and offer my assistance to the fledgling Jedi Order.

Unable to contain his shock and awe, LUKE gladly extends his hand to the aged MASTER.

LUKE: Welcome, then, Master Tan! Your story is quite impressive! Even Master Yoda could not have foreseen this! There are many eager students who will benefit from the wisdom of your teachings.

DREE TAN: Thank you, young Luke! And judging by what you've already accomplished here, and at your screening center on Coruscant, it appears the future of the Jedi Order holds much promise!

017 INT. AQUILAE BASE - HAN AND LEIA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

That evening in their quarters, HAN and LEIA discuss their future. They have recently been wed and are deeply in love, but HAN'S looks of concern prompt LEIA to ask what is wrong.

LEIA: I can tell something is on your mind... what is it?

HAN: I don't know. It's just... Well, we've agreed that we want a child, but I wonder sometimes if your strenuous Jedi training exertions may be preventing you from being able to conceive.

LEIA smiles softly.

LEIA: Don't worry. When the Force wills it, we will have a child.

The thin smile on HAN'S face belies the fact that he finds little comfort in his wife's newfound faith. Wishing to avoid any uncomfortable discussions about the Force, however, HAN rubs his eyes and shifts the topic.

HAN: I'm probably just feeling a little uneasy about Lando and Chewie. You know, this whole Ondos situation seems kinda touchy, and I'm more than a little concerned for their safety.

LEIA: I understand, sweetheart. 'Everything will work out.' -You tell me that all the time, remember? *(kissing him)* Now, let's get some sleep, and see what tomorrow will bring.

HAN and LEIA embrace, and settle in for the night.

018 EXT. SPACE - IMPERIAL FLEET

Seven Destroyers move through the vastness of space. The ships are nearing a small grey planet surrounded by many moons. TIE Fighters dart to and fro.

019 INT. KANE'S IMPERIAL STAR DESTROYER - BRIDGE - MAIN CONTROL DECK

COMMANDER KANE, chief officer of the Imperial fleet, surveys the convoy from the bridge. A LIEUTENANT approaches and reports something to the tall, evil-looking leader, who nods and dismisses him. KANE moves to activate a large view screen, and the looming image of MAS AMEDDA appears.

KANE: We are approaching operation headquarters now, my Lord.

AMEDDA: And what have you to report?

KANE: According to my men, the initial testing results have turned out even better than anticipated. In the small settlements subjected to our covert experiment, the performance of Dr. Bloodory's prototype units has been nearly flawless.

AMEDDA: Nearly flawless, Commander? Why do you not consider the tests to be a complete success?

KANE: The percentage is a mere technicality, my Lord. -Nothing of any real consequence. In one of the smaller Townowi provinces a suspected resistance plot against the takeover operation was encountered, and one of the units initiated its self-destruct mechanism when two Galactic Alliance conspirators put up an initial struggle. However, they were easily tranquilized and included in our culling sweep, as was the contact person they were meeting with. My men assure me that all evidence from the minor altercation was recovered.

AMEDDA: Very well, Commander. Land your fleet and move forward with the plan. Before long, these petty uprisings will be a thing of the past, and we shall have order.

020 INT. CAVE CHAMBER - DREAM

During the night LEIA dreams of a CRYING WOMAN she intuitively recognizes as her mother. The view is strangely distorted and disorienting. When LEIA approaches, however, PADME dissolves and the masked DARTH VADER materializes in her place. In his outstretched black glove he holds a curiously carved pendant on a string, and he lurches forward.

VADER: Help me! ...You must...help...me!

However, LEIA is repulsed and afraid of the DARK LORD, and she backs away until the vision fades.

021 INT. AQUILAE BASE - COMMAND CENTER - MORNING

The next morning in Aquilae's war room, COMMANDERS stand in small groups before large briefing screens, as MON CAL CONTROL OFFICERS rush about exchanging information. GENERALS RIEEKAN and DODONNA stand with ADMIRAL ACKBAR before a large electronic table displaying a series of planets and their satellites, and as they talk about a subject, it lights up or an arrow points to it. HAN, LEIA, and LUKE, followed by ARTOO and THREEPIO, approach the LEADERS and exchange respectful greetings.

RIEEKAN: Good morning, everyone. There's no easy way to say this, so I'll just get to the point. You've been summoned because there has still been no contact with Lando and Chewbacca, and we have reason to believe they may be in danger.

DODONNA: We have just received this holographic transmission which has been relayed to us from Ondos's King Oxus...

DODONNA moves to a panel and flips some switches. A rough HOLOGRAM of PRINCESS ALANA SEREN, the Ondos king's beautiful niece, appears above the electronic table. LEIA is amused to note that LUKE, upon seeing her, stands up a little straighter to pay attention.

ALANA: (holo) The ambassadors have just arrived, Uncle. We are about to begin our meeting and I am confident that-

Suddenly ALANA looks over her shoulder and screams. Sounds of blaster fire are heard. To everyone's alarm and concern the hologram flickers and fizzles out.

HAN turns to ADMIRAL ACKBAR, concerned.

HAN: I have to go to Ondos and find out what happened to my friends.

LEIA: Well, that means I'm coming with you.

LUKE, who feels inexplicably drawn to Alana and is visibly struck by her image, steps forward.

LUKE: You can count me in too. Besides, Master Dree Tan will be able to continue teaching the padawans in my absence.

HAN notices the sparkle in LUKE'S eye.

HAN: This time, Kid, you better find out a little more about the girl before you start getting all starry-eyed over her!

LUKE blushes and LEIA good-naturedly jabs HAN in the ribs with her elbow.

ACKBAR: We will contact King Oxus and notify him that you're on your way.

ARTOO-DETOO whistles and LUKE smiles.

LUKE: Don't worry, Artoo, of course you'll be coming too.

SEE-THREEPIO shifts uncomfortably, and LEIA looks to her husband.

LEIA: Perhaps Threepio should come along as well? His diplomatic and interpretive skills might be of some use in locating Lando and Chewie, don't you think?

HAN'S face sours as he reluctantly nods, acknowledging the GENERALS with a casual salute before turning to go.

RIEEKAN: Good luck, then, to all of you.

DODONNA: And may the Force be with you!

022 INT. IMPERIAL OPERATION HEADQUARTERS - EXPERIMENTAL LABORATORY - EVENING

In the castle-like fortress that serves as the Imperial operation headquarters, a heavy door opens and COMMANDER KANE enters, accompanied by TWO GUARDS. He descends a curving stone stairway that leads down to an eerie underground scientific laboratory complex. Mysterious machines of ominous design crackle and hum in the glow of unnatural light as KANE is met by DR. BLOODORY, the Imperial lab's chief scientist.

BLOODORY: The formula is working perfectly, Commander. The test subjects do whatever they are told while under its influence, and have exhibited no will of their own.

KANE: Excellent, Doctor. Tell me- where are the two Galactic Alliance representatives that were brought back?

BLOODORY: For now they have been sent to the labor camp with the other men. I am nearly finished perfecting the chip. Once they undergo the procedure, controlling them permanently will not be difficult.

KANE: Good, good. And what of the Ondos conspirator who was with them? I take it that he is in the labor camp as well?

DR. BLOODORY gives a wicked smile.

BLOODORY: No, Commander. She is here.

He gestures toward the far end of the room. There, on a floating slab, the beautiful ALANA SEREN lies motionless under an electronic containment field housing a thin veil of purplish mist. KANE is delightfully surprised.

KANE: Well, well! The Princess! This is an interesting turn of events. Guards! Take her to the north tower, and keep it secure!

KANE turns to DR. BLOODORY with an evil smile.

KANE: *(cont.)* ...I will deal with her shortly. The Emperor is pleased with your loyalty to the cause, Doctor. Continue with your brilliant work.

BLOODORY: Yes, Sir.

023 EXT. HYPERSPACE - MILLENNIUM FALCON

A strange surreal lightshow surrounds the MILLENNIUM FALCON as it speeds through hyperspace.

024 INT. MILLENNIUM FALCON - CENTRAL HOLD AREA

En route to Ondos, LEIA quietly tells her BROTHER about the dream she had of their parents.

LEIA: ...Her image was just like it was in the dreams I used to have when I was a little girl. She was crying again, exactly the way I remember. Only this time, He appeared, asking for my help. He was trying to show me something, a necklace, I think. It was a strangely carved piece, like no other pendant I've ever seen. But what could it possibly mean? ...She was so sad... I think He's the reason for her sorrow, and that makes me loathe him even more.

LUKE: Let go of your fear and hate, Leia. Look beyond the mask, and you will see he is a good man. It was very important to him that you know that. It was his dying wish.

LEIA: I don't know... Even after what you've told me about the way he was when he died, I just can't bear to think of that murdering Dark Lord as my father.

LUKE: Try to find it within yourself to forgive him, and the will of the Force will reveal itself in due course.

As LEIA quietly nods, HAN comes into the hold area.

HAN: We're nearing our destination. You might want to strap yourselves in before I drop us out of hyperspace.

025 EXT. SPACE - MILLENNIUM FALCON - ONDOS

The MILLENNIUM FALCON roars out of hyperspace above ONDOS and banks down toward the tranquil golden-green world.

026 EXT. ONDOS SURFACE - MILLENNIUM FALCON - DAY

It is afternoon on the serene grassy planet of ONDOS. Vast plains shifting in the breeze stretch as far as the eye can see as the MILLENNIUM FALCON glides toward TON-MUMDO, the planet's majestic capital city.

027 EXT. TON-MUMDO - LANDING PLATFORM - MILLENNIUM FALCON - DAY

The FALCON touches down on one of the city's platforms.

028 EXT. LANDING PLATFORM - DOOR OF MILLENNIUM FALCON - DAY

As the Falcon's ramp lowers, KING OXUS and his small entourage of ASSISTANTS and ADVISORS arrive on the landing pad. HAN, LEIA, LUKE, and the DROIDS appear in the FALCON'S doorway, and they are warmly greeted by the KING.

OXUS: Welcome to the capital city of Ton-Mumdo! *(bows)* I humbly apologize for the situation that has brought you to our world. Please forgive me if I seem a bit urgent, but come, let us make our introductions as we move to my meeting chambers.

OXUS and his AIDES lead the way into the PALACE as HAN, LEIA, LUKE, and the DROIDS follow.

029 INT. TON-MUMDO PALACE - MEETING CHAMBER - DAY

The palace meeting chamber is a dim, cool room projecting an aura of time-worn comfort and security. In the distance, children can be heard laughing and screaming through the corridors. KING OXUS, silver-haired but amazingly youthful under a tanned and leathery face, motions for one of his aides to shut the partially closed door. The group then sits down in comfortable chairs, placed in a large circle.

OXUS: We fear an abduction has occurred. There has been no word from your ambassadors, and my niece is still missing as well. Their rendezvous was to quietly take place far from here, in one of our small outlying communities, but my soldiers have found no trace of them. They say there also seems to be an unusual absence of men. Upon a thorough search, only *this* was recovered in the nearby grasses...

OXUS produces a small strange bit of charred machinery and holds it up for the group to examine.

OXUS: *(cont.)* ...Looks like it came from a droid.

OXUS addresses ARTOO and THREEPPIO

OXUS: *(cont.)* ...Perhaps either of you can identify it?

OXUS hands the part to THREEPPIO, who looks at it with ARTOO. ARTOO beeps and whistles, and his dome moves from side to side.

THREEPPIO: Sir, I do have knowledge of some fifty-one hundred different varieties of droids and over five thousand different internal processors and ten times that many chips and-

LUKE: Threepio, do you recognize it or not?

THREEPPIO: *(quietly)* Artoo and I both concur that although the King appears to be correct, the component is from no droid logged in our memory banks.

LEIA takes the part from THREEPPIO and examines it.

LEIA: It almost looks like it could have come from some sort of Imperial interrogation robot. Only, I'm not familiar with this odd nozzle-like appendage. Maybe it's a newer model?

OXUS: Considering the recent threats from Commander Kane, I've no doubt the Imperials are behind this.

As HAN examines the curious part, he raises it to his nose and cautiously sniffs. A puzzled expression furrows his brow, and acting on a hunch he swabs a finger tip inside the nozzle and then touches his tongue.

HAN: Tastes like Kessellian spice. If it is, there's no doubt the Hutts are somehow behind this too. -Only, I can't imagine the Hutts striking up any kind of alliance with the Imperials...the greedy slugs have always been too protective over their assets. They trust no one, especially humans.

OXUS: Hmm. My men *did* report what looked to them like heavy spice overdoses in the settlement they were searching...

Oxus trails off, gazing at the charred debris, clearly disturbed by the implication of an Imperial or Hutt conspiracy against the innocent citizens of his world. LUKE steps forward, speaking more for himself than for the group.

LUKE: Your Highness, we will do everything we can to find out exactly who's behind this, and find the Princess. You will be with your niece again, I promise.

OXUS: Thank you. Thank you all.

030 EXT. IMPERIAL OPERATION HEADQUARTERS - TOWER - NIGHT

A tall stone TOWER rises starkly against the cloudy black skies. Light shines from a lone WINDOW at the top.

031 INT. TOWER ROOM - NIGHT

The slab holding ALANA SEREN stands upright in the small room at the top of the tower. The gas containment field has been deactivated and ALANA is regaining consciousness, but her body is restrained by energy bands and she cannot move. As her eyes focus, she sees COMMANDER KANE standing before her, accompanied by a pitiful looking HUTT and several STORMTROOPERS.

ALANA: Kane! You will not get away with this!

KANE turns to the HUTT with a smile.

KANE: What did I tell you, Weesla? She's got spirit! She would do well to take a lesson from you, and reevaluate where her loyalties should lie!

ALANA: Fools! My Uncle will never let Ondos fall under Imperial dominion! My disappearance will only cause him to rally for more support against Mas Amedda's regime!

KANE leans in close to ALANA, sneering.

KANE: No, you are the fool, I'm afraid. Your feeble attempt to defy the Emperor and involve the Galactic Alliance has certainly gotten you nowhere. In fact, you have just unwittingly helped me to choose the test subject who will help us usher in the next phase of our operation. *(to TROOPS)* I'm done with her!

One of the TROOPS presses some buttons on the side of the case, activating the containment field. The purple mist again begins to surround the trapped ALANA. She opens her mouth to scream, but a blank expression suddenly comes over her and she stares ahead in silence.

032 INT. MILLENNIUM FALCON - MAIN HOLD AREA

HAN inserts a residue sample into one of the FALCON'S computers for an analysis.

HAN: Who'da guessed this Durillian spice quantifier from the old days would still be seeing some use, huh?

He studies the monitor.

HAN: *(cont.)* ...Yep, what'd I tell ya? It's a derivative of the Kessel spice, alright. The nozzle was used to spray it in a gas-like form. ...Only, the toxicity levels are skyrocketing! I've never seen or heard of anything like this!

HAN talks to himself quietly, thinking out loud

HAN: *(cont.)* ...The Kessel spice trade is tightly controlled by Barrola...It's a good bet he knows what this is all about...

HAN looks up from the monitor, the expression on his face resolute.

HAN: *(cont.)* ...I'm gonna set a course for the Nal Hutta system.

LEIA: We should notify the base.

033 INT. AQUILAE BASE - COMMAND CENTER - DAY

Via hologram, LEIA reports the situation to GENERALS DODONNA and RIEEKAN. They are also joined by MON MOTHMA, communicating via hologram from Coruscant.

LEIA: (holo) ...Since the evidence of Kessellian spice indicates probable Hutt involvement, we are traveling to Nal Hutta, where we hope to seek an audience with Barrola the Great and gain some insight.

DODONNA nods thoughtfully, as RIEEKAN looks with some concern to the shimmering image of MON MOTHMA.

MON MOTHMA: (holo) If the Hutts are behind this alarming new epidemic, you must be extra cautious...

034 EXT. ONDOS - TON-MUMDO GRASS PLAINS - SUNSET

TON-MUMDO sits on the horizon, sparkling in the orange light of the setting sun. As the grasses gently sway, a weird mechanical SOUND rises above the evening breeze. Several dark probe-like DROIDS fitted with a bizarre array of hose and nozzle attachments float OVER CAMERA, ominously headed directly toward the capital city.

035 INT. TON-MUMDO PALACE - GRAND THRONE ROOM - SUNSET

KING OXUS and his ADMINISTRATORS are confronted by a hologram of COMMANDER KANE

KANE: (holo) This is your last chance to submit to the leadership of Emperor Amedda, and willingly sign the treaty that will ally your planet with the Imperial cause.

OXUS: I have already made it clear that Ondos is not interested in a dictatorship, Kane! We do not recognize Amedda as Emperor, and our planet will defend its freedom if it mus...

Suddenly OXUS is interrupted by a commotion behind him. He turns to see several exotic BIRDS near the doorway squawk loudly and fall off their perches, as a purple mist begins to billow into the throne room. The growing cloud is followed by the appearance of five of the dark DROIDS hovering into the chambers, spewing the noxious gas from their appendages. There is little time to react as the room is enveloped by the hissing cloud, and a faraway look comes into the eyes of the king and his advisors as they are overcome by a hypnotic trance. Silence falls over the room. Beyond the doorway an IMPERIAL TROOP TRANSPORT SHUTTLE descends, wings folding as it lands. A squadron of IMPERIAL STORMTROOPERS disembarks from the craft as the hologram of COMMANDER KANE looks upon the spectacle gravely.

KANE: Thank you for your cooperation, Oxus. Now, about that treaty...

036 EXT. MILLENNIUM FALCON - NAL HUTTA - OPHUCHI - DAY

The FALCON enters the lavender atmosphere of OPHUCHI, the capital city of NAL HUTTA, and quickly blends into the chaotic air traffic as ships of all sizes swarm to and fro.

037 INT. MILLENNIUM FALCON - COCKPIT - DAY

HAN: There... one of the big public bays ought to do nicely. No one will notice the Falcon among all those ships!

038 EXT. DOCKING BAY - DAY

The MILLENNIUM FALCON lands in a large parking lot of spaceships, all sharing one of OPHUCHI'S many communal docking bays.

039 INT. MILLENNIUM FALCON - MAIN HOLD AREA

HAN: Well, I'd hoped I'd never have to see this place again, but here we are.

LEIA: Yes, and from what you've told me, you've earned yourself quite a reputation around these parts, haven't you?

LUKE: No offense, Han, but given the fact that almost everybody on this world still considers you a wanted man, maybe it'd be best if you stay out of sight here on the ship while Leia and I go to the palace.

HAN: Now wait a minute! It was *my* idea to bring us here, and it might be dangerous! I can't just-

LEIA: We can defend ourselves if need be, Han. But if you come with us, the odds become much greater than we'll have to.

HAN and LEIA'S eyes lock; the moment seems suspended in time.

LEIA: *(cont. quietly)* ...and I wouldn't be able to bear it if something were to happen to you, if I knew it could have been avoided. ...I'm sorry hon; you've just worn out your welcome on Nal Hutta, that's all.

HAN: Well, since you put it that way... as much as I would love more than anything to go marching into Barrola's palace right now, maybe it *is* a good idea for me to stay here with the Falcon. *(winks)* -You know, to keep her ready just in case you wear out your welcome too.

LUKE: Alright, then, let's go. Threepio, you can come with us. Artoo, you stay behind and keep Han out of trouble.

HAN: The trouble's not in here, Kid, it's out there!

HAN looks to his wife, his smile turning serious for a moment.

HAN: Be careful.

LEIA: We'll be alright.

THREEPIO, not too thrilled over the prospect of facing the intimidating Hutts, nervously turns to HAN.

THREEPIO: Sir, I wonder if you wouldn't like a little, em... *civilized* companionship while waiting aboard the ship with Artoo...

HAN smirks, and nudges the apprehensive golden droid toward the ramp.

HAN: Nah, you go ahead. The little guy plays a pretty good game of holo-chess. *ARTOO lets out a series of teasing beeps as Threepio reluctantly follows after LUKE and Leia.*

040 EXT. NAL HUTTA - OPHUCHI STREETS AND PALACE GATE - DAY

LUKE, LEIA, and THREEPIO make their way through narrow streets filled with the din and colorful activity of vendors and merchants buying and selling many unusual goods. They finally arrive at the palace gates. TWO GUARDS step forth to bar the trio from entering.

GUARD #1: State your business.

LUKE: We are representatives of the Galactic Alliance, here to seek an audience with Barrola the Great concerning a matter of utmost importance.

GUARD #2: Orders are, nobody can see the Great Barrola! Nobody!

GUARD #1: Nohow!

LUKE speaks to the guards in a very controlled voice.

LUKE: We are an exception to the rule. Barrola will see us now.

GUARD #2: Barrola will see you now.

As the guards turn to lead them into the palace, LEIA smiles at LUKE.

LEIA: Wow, that's a pretty good trick! I'll have to give that one a try!

041 INT. BARROLA'S PALACE - THRONE ROOM - DAY

The PALACE GUARDS escort LUKE, LEIA, and THREEPIO to BARROLA'S court. They stand before the opulent ruler's dais, surrounded by many of his courtiers, political sycophants, and hangers on, all hailing from various worlds. Among them can even be seen an aged TOYDARIAN dressed in servant's clothing. BARROLA looks angrily at his GUARDS.

BARROLA: *(in Huttese, subtitled)* Who are these human beings you bring before me? *LUKE steps forward before the bewildered GUARDS can try to explain.*

LUKE: Please forgive our intrusion, Your Greatness. I am Luke Skywalker, and this is Leia. We are Jedi ambassadors seeking to speak with you concerning a narcotic spice epidemic that has recently begun to proliferate on the Imperial border world of Ondos.

BARROLA: *(in Huttese, subtitled)* Jedi?! The audacity! If the spice is becoming a problem, then you Jedi have only yourselves to blame!

LUKE: Forgive me, Oh Powerful One, but what exactly do you mean?

BARROLA: *(in Huttese, subtitled)* Do not patronize me! Do you really think I could be unaware that it is the Jedi who are in league with the Imperial military to take control of our spice trade?

LUKE: *(mystified)* ...In league with the Imperials...?

BARROLA: *(in Huttese, subtitled)* You know as well as I that when the soldiers came to take our young, a robed woman carrying a Jedi weapon oversaw the round up! The Jedi have always been treacherous villains, never to be trusted! After their betrayal of the Republic, we Hutts were all too happy to help hunt them down!

BARROLA pauses, thinking.

BARROLA: *(in Huttese, subtitled, cont.)* ...Perhaps this is why the Jedi are now seeking revenge on my people. We have been nothing but loyal to the Republic, and you've turned our allies against us!

LEIA: I assure you that you must be mistaken. As defenders of peace and justice, the Jedi are opposed to the oppression of the Imperials. We could never be in league with such heinous activities, and we offer you the help of the Galactic Alliance in righting any injustice that has been inflicted upon your people. *The HUTT'S eyes narrow as he studies LUKE and LEIA.*

BARROLA: *(in Huttese, subtitled)* 'Skywalker'...

BARROLA leans forward, sneering.

BARROLA: *(in Huttese, subtitled, cont.)* ...I know who you two are. I'm told you were the ones who murdered Jabba. Is this the sort of 'help' you and the Galactic Alliance are now offering? Your attempt to feign ignorance is an insult to my intelligence! Were it not for the threat against our Huttlets, you would not be leaving Nal Hutta alive! Now go, before I change my mind.

LUKE, LEIA, and THREEPIO turn to depart, amid the murmurings of disapproval from the court onlookers.

042 INT. THRONE ROOM - SIDE AREA - DAY

In the shadows, an IMPERIAL INFORMANT watches the trio leave, then punches a series of buttons on his wrist communicator. After a moment, a voice crackles from the device, and the spy speaks softly into it...

043 INT. IMPERIAL OPERATION HEADQUARTERS - COMMUNICATIONS CENTER - NIGHT

COMMANDER KANE speaks into an audio communications panel.

KANE: ...Get some troops together and track them down, and be sure they are silenced before they leave the planet!

SPY: *(over speaker)* Should the Emperor be notified?

KANE: He will only be notified of your reassignment into the care of Dr. Bloodory, should you fail!

KANE angrily cuts off the transmission and exits the room.

044 INT. IMPERIAL OPERATION HEADQUARTERS - EXPERIMENTAL LABORATORY - NIGHT

DOCTOR BLOODORY strides through his laboratory and inspects an elaborate mechanism that could easily be mistaken for a torture device; a rack that holds several Imperial GAS DROIDS. BLOODORY makes a few final adjustments, then leers fiendishly at KING OXUS, who lies bound by energy bands to a slab in the center of the chamber. OXUS stares blankly into space as BLOODORY steps to a nearby console and works a series of buttons and dials, causing one of the GAS DROIDS to disengage from its couplings with a hiss. The menacing DROID rises from the rack and floats across the room, and attaches itself to OXUS' shaven head. A number of spider-like arms fitted with injection syringes, cutting blades, electrodes, tiny claws, and suction hoses begin to descend toward OXUS'S skull.

045 INT. IMPERIAL OPERATION HEADQUARTERS - HALL WAY - NIGHT

Just outside the laboratory, WEESLA presses his ear to the door. The scrawny and stunted HUTT nervously licks his lips and wrings his hands as he hears OXUS scream a sharp, piercing cry of agony.

KANE: He opposed the Emperor, but we are taking measures to ensure that this kind of thing will happen no more, Weesla.

The startled HUTT turns to see COMMANDER KANE standing behind him.

KANE: (cont.) ...I have just learned that Barrola has made a dangerous error, and you are going to help us see to it that he doesn't do it again...

046 EXT. NAL HUTTA - OPHUCHI MARKETPLACE - DAY

LUKE, LEIA, and THREEPIO make their way back through the bustling narrow streets of the bazaar, when LUKE pauses.

LUKE: We're being followed.

LEIA: I feel it too.

LEIA indicates with her eyes.

LEIA: (cont.) ...Hiding over there, behind that vendor's display just a few lengths behind us.

With a slight gesture of his fingertips LUKE uses the Force to topple the vendor's wares, causing a loud commotion and exposing their startled pursuer, who turns out to be the TOYDARIAN from Barrola's court. The angry VENDOR yells.

STREET VENDOR: Hey, you! What are you doing?! It took me a long time to set up that display!

TOYDARIAN: Uh, sorry! I, uh...

STREET VENDOR: You better help me pick all this stuff up!

As the bewildered blue ALIEN fumbles for something to say, LUKE and LEIA approach the VENDOR'S stall. LEIA smiles at LUKE.

LEIA: Allow me...

LEIA speaks to the VENDOR in a controlled voice.

LEIA: (cont.) ...Please forgive our clumsy friend. It was just an accident.

STREET VENDOR: I forgive your friend, it was an accident.

LEIA: He can go. You'll be alright picking these things up by yourself.

STREET VENDOR: He can go, I'll be alright.

LUKE looks at LEIA with wide eyed admiration, and she winks at him.

LEIA: What can I say, I'm a quick learner!

As LUKE and LEIA escort the TOYDARIAN toward a side alley, the little ALIEN begins to regain his composure. He looks back to the VENDOR.

TOYDARIAN: Sorry about the mess...

047 EXT. MARKETPLACE - SIDE ALLEY - DAY

In the quiet side alley, THREEPIO stands by as LUKE and LEIA huddle with their follower.

LUKE: Now then, my little friend, let's see if we can't find out who you are, and why you're following us.

TOYDARIAN: My name is Watto. I am one of Barrola's servants. I recognized the name 'Skywalker' at the court, and wanted to help the son of Anakin.

LUKE and LEIA look at each other, surprised.

LEIA: You knew our father?

WATTO looks at LEIA, momentarily speechless.

LUKE: This is my sister, Leia. Anakin had a daughter as well.

WATTO: Well whaddaya know... (nods to LEIA) Yes. I knew your father when he was just a boy. He was a great pilot. The best I've ever seen with anything mechanical, whether he was flying it or fixing it. Heh! Even at his age, he easily could have built a droid just like that one there!

WATTO indicates THREEPIO. LUKE and LEIA turn to regard the fussy DROID and then exchange skeptical glances. THREEPIO is offended.

THREEPIO: Em, excuse me, but the improbability of a boy's capacity to create such a complex droid, with such highly sophisticated programming as mine, is approximately-

LEIA: Threepio, please. We're interested in hearing more from Watto.

WATTO: Before gambling cost me everything and I ended up a servant to Barrola, I was once a wealthy trader on Tatooine. I owned Anakin and Shmi Skywalker.

LUKE: Our grandmother...

WATTO: The boy was good. -Too good, if you ask me. He was always wasting his time helping people, and he would never cheat in the podraces. I lost to some double-crossing Nubian because of him.

WATTO pauses, slowly shaking his head, remembering.

LEIA: Then why do you want to help us?

WATTO: Ani won his freedom and became a Jedi. Years later he came back looking for his mother and I pointed him to the moisture farm where she was living. Shortly after that I heard Shmi had been killed by Tusken, and I felt remorse for the boy.

WATTO looks up, into the eyes of LUKE and LEIA

WATTO: (cont.) ...I saw this small opportunity to make amends.

LUKE: Thank you, Watto. Thank you for your insight.

WATTO: What my Master told you is true. Imperial soldiers have indeed taken away many of the Huttlings. They are being held hostage on Kessel to ensure the Hutts turn over their spice operation. I have even heard rumors in Barrola's court that prisoners from other worlds have also been taken there.

LUKE: And what about the 'Jedi' woman Barrola spoke of?

WATTO: The soldiers were led by a woman wielding a Jedi's weapon, only I don't think she-

Suddenly, the SPY from the palace appears and fires his blaster at WATTO!

LUKE: Look out!

With lightning quick reflexes, LUKE pulls his lightsaber and deflects the bolt, saving WATTO'S life, but killing the GUNMAN. They look at the fallen assailant.

WATTO: Muldecland! ...I never trusted him. He must have been an Imperial spy!

WATTO becomes suddenly afraid.

WATTO: (cont.) ...Surely he has already alerted others! You'd better hurry back to your ship if you hope to escape the planet! Now, I must go!

Before LUKE and LEIA can thank him, the grizzled TOYDARIAN turns and flies away.

048 INT. IMPERIAL OPERATION HEADQUARTERS - OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

COMMANDER KANE and WEESLA stand before a large observation window overlooking an impressive view. Stretched out before them is a vast salt flat illuminated by artificial lights, where KANE'S FLEET of Imperial STAR DESTROYERS are grounded.

KANE: You are witnessing history in the making, Weesla. These ships will carry with them the promise of a new kind of order, the likes of which the galaxy has never known!

KANE turns to face WEESLA.

KANE: (cont.) ...Unlike your self, Barrola has underestimated the importance of keeping his big mouth shut concerning our operations here, and he must be taught a lesson.

KANE regards a group of HUTTLETS being held in a ray-shield cubicle near the far end of the large room. Several GUARDS are posted around the cubicle, and KANE addresses their CAPTAIN.

KANE: (cont.) ...Captain Prue! Have your men single out one of the smaller ones! One wall of the electronic box is dropped. THREE GUARDS armed with electro poles prod a small frightened HUTTLET out into the open. Another GUARD mans a small sonic cannon of Geonosian design and aims it at the HUTTLET. WEESLA becomes apprehensive.

WEESLA: Wh-what's going on?

KANE: You will give the order, Weesla.

Activating a holocam, KANE opens a communication with the palace on NAL HUTTA. A hologram of BARROLA THE GREAT appears.

BARROLA: (holo) What do you want, Kane?

KANE: We are displeased to learn that you haven't kept quiet, Barrola. You will now pay the price for your imbecilic lack of discretion.

KANE gives a slight nod to WEESLA. In full view of the other Hutts, WEESLA nervously signals the troops to open fire on the defenseless HUTTLET. The barrage of sonic bursts drowns out the hologram of BARROLA as he cries out in grief-stricken dismay.

049 EXT. NAL HUTTA - OPHUCHI MARKETPLACE - DAY

LUKE, LEIA, and THREEPIO walk briskly through the Nal Hutta streets. LEIA is still thinking about what WATTO told them about their father.

LEIA: The Force does work in strange ways, doesn't it?

LUKE: Yes, it certainly does.

LEIA: I can feel my perception of our father beginning to change.

LUKE: I told you there was good in him. But the dark side is powerful. He somehow became misguided...

Suddenly, a hail of laser fire opens up on LUKE, LEIA, and THREEPIO, as several IMPERIAL STORMTROOPERS come running through the narrow alleyways, converging upon them!

THREEPIO: Stormtroopers! Not again! This is precisely why I wanted to stay on the ship!

050 EXT. MARKETPLACE STREETS - DEAD END ALLEYWAY - DAY

LUKE uses his lightsabre to deflect enemy fire while LEIA shoots her pistol. The street bazaar echoes with the noisy exchange of blasters and ricocheting bolts as the firefight advances through the crowded narrow passageways. LUKE, LEIA, and THREEPIO reach a dead-end and are cornered, until LEIA spots an open doorway with thick steam pouring from it.

LEIA: There! Go in there!

LUKE: Whew! That stench! It stinks in here!

LEIA: It's our only way out, c'mon!

LUKE and LEIA run inside, as the anguished THREEPIO timidly hesitates.

LUKE: (V.O) Come on, Threepio! Get in here!

THREEPIO: But Sir! The sign above the door says this is a 'bath house.' I don't think it would be proper to-

LEIA'S arm reaches out of the steam and yanks THREEPIO in after her, as laser bolts whiz past.

051 INT. HUTT BATH HOUSE - DAY

Hearing the noise of their pursuers closing in behind them, LUKE, LEIA, and THREEPIO hurtle blindly through the steam, spilling out into the grand pool complex. They splash through and around a large shallow pool where some startled bathing HUTTS begin exclaiming and thrashing their tails, sending up great sprays of water. The STORMTROOPERS come rushing in moments later, and find their way blocked by several large HUTT PATRONS who have become enraged by the commotion.

HUTT: (in Huttese, subtitled) No one disturbs our bathing!

LEAD STORMTROOPER: Official Imperial business, get out of the way!

The HUTTS do not budge. When the STORMTROOPERS try to step over the tails of the massive creatures, they find themselves being sent sprawling into the water!

052 INT. MILLENNIUM FALCON - MAIN HOLD AREA

HAN and ARTOO sit at the Falcon's HOLO-CHESS table. HAN makes a move and one of ARTOO'S holographic creatures is tackled by one of HAN'S.

HAN: Ha! It's only a matter of time now! I've got the upper hand!

ARTOO lets out a series of beeps. Suddenly, a comlink interrupts them.

LUKE: (over comlink) Han! Han! Do you read me?

HAN grabs the comlink from his belt and answers.

HAN: Yeah, Kid. What's going on?

LUKE: (over comlink) Fire up the ship's engines and lower the ramp! We've run into a little bit of trouble!

HAN: Okay, Luke, I copy. ...Wore out your welcome already, huh?

HAN reluctantly pulls himself away from the game. He wags a finger at ARTOO.

HAN: You got lucky this time, pipsqueak.

053 EXT. OPHUCHI STREETS AND DOCKING BAY - DAY

LUKE'S lightsabre slices through the panes of a large WINDOW in the rear of the bath house, causing the transparasteel to collapse into the alleyway. LUKE,

LEIA, and THREEPIO rush through the door-sized hole. LEIA points down the alley.

LEIA: The Falcon's over that way, not too far!

They sprint the final short distance to the nearby hangar where the MILLENNIUM FALCON is waiting with her engines roaring. As LUKE and LEIA come running into the docking bay, laser bolts once again begin to erupt all around them. The panicking wet THREEPIO hurries to catch up.

LEIA: Come on, Threepio!

LUKE and LEIA both leap aboard the ship's ramp. LEIA returns the enemy fire with her blaster as THREEPIO boards the ship. The craft lifts skyward, and blasts away from NAL HUTTA.

054 INT. MILLENNIUM FALCON - DOORWAY AREA - DAY

As the Falcon's ramp closes behind him, THREEPIO is met by ARTOO DETOO.

THREEPIO: My poor circuits! This water will probably cause me to rust!

ARTOO whistles and beeps some sort of jab at the fussy droid.

THREEPIO: Oh, stick a wrench in it!

055 INT. IMPERIAL OPERATION HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

COMMANDER KANE and WEESLA walk alone together through a dank stone corridor.

KANE: I trust your loyalties have not been re-adjudged following the lesson we gave Barrola and our other guests, Weesla?

WEESLA: *(awkwardly)* No, no- not at all. What's the death of a Huttlet to gain Barrola's throne?

KANE: I'm glad to hear it. His throne will be yours all in good time, my slippery friend. You were the incumbent when we arrived here, and I thank you for your help thus far in keeping our true operations masked from your smuggler friends. But we need to hide no more; the time has come for us to strike! *They arrive at the large door where WEESLA heard the screams earlier.*

KANE: *(cont.)* ...Today you used brute force to show them that you are a leader to be feared and respected, but very soon we will no longer need to resort to such barbaric methods. Come, let me show you the future.

WEESLA nods rather sheepishly as KANE fixes him with a malevolent leer and opens the door.

056 EXT. SPACE - MILLENNIUM FALCON - KESSEL

Demonstrating his legendary navigation skills, Han drops the MILLENNIUM FALCON out of hyperspace behind one of the small inner moons orbiting the planet KESSEL.

057 INT. MILLENNIUM FALCON - COCKPIT - SPACE

HAN sits in the pilot's seat and ARTOO is next to him, plugged into the FALCON'S flight control panel. LUKE, LEIA, and THREEPIO gather behind them. The group gazes out the cockpit window at the gloomy world of KESSEL looming below.

HAN: There she is. Kessel. This whole adventure is starting to feel like one big trip down memory lane.

ARTOO whistles and beeps, and LUKE sees that the DROID is relaying some information to a small screen on the flight console.

LUKE: What's that say on the readout?

HAN studies the monitor, then looks up with an expression of slight confusion.

HAN: Huh...The Falcon's picking up an energy shield over the mining sector. The Hutts may be untrusting, but they never worried about bombardment before. ...There's definitely *something* going on down there, and my gut tells me Lando and Chewie must be tangled up in it somehow.

LUKE: Yes, everything we were told on Nal Hutta certainly does seem to point in that direction. But how would we get past the shield?

HAN: *(studying a readout)* It looks like it's configured against heavy aerial attack, but there might be a way...

HAN punches some data into the Falcon's computer and studies the results.

HAN: (cont.) ...Yep, that oughtta do the trick. I can get us under it.

LEIA: I still think we should notify the base...

HAN: (frustrated) Yeah, but like I already said, we have no proof! High Command back at Aquilae would never condone us sneaking around here when all we have is a few leads! They'll just tell us to come back and wait around while they strategize and come up with a plan, and I'm not gonna wait around for permission to save Lando and Chewie to come through the 'proper channels!' ...Besides, I figure this is the last place our angry Imperial friends on Nal Hutta will expect us to go, being that Kessel's so close and all.

LUKE: Well, there is some twisted logic to that reasoning...

The doubt on LEIA'S face clearly expresses her reservations, and HAN looks her in the eye. His voice is even and firm.

HAN: Look, These are my friends we're talking about. ...There's just no way I'm not gonna look into it, not after what they did for me on Tatooine.

LEIA: But that was different! When we came after you, we had a plan! ...Well, sort of... (exasperated) Okay, even if they are here, exactly how do you think you're going to get them out without killing us all?

HAN: You forget, I used to come here all the time. I know my way around this place pretty well, sweetheart. Trust me!

HAN gives her a devilish grin and throws several levers forward.

058 EXT. SPACE - MILLENNIUM FALCON - KESSEL

The battered pirate SHIP rockets away from the lifeless MOON and covertly accelerates down toward KESSEL'S surface.

059 EXT. MILLENNIUM FALCON - KESSEL SURFACE - DAWN

The FALCON roars into a long winding canyon that has been formed by a vein of giant erupting geysers. Thick steam envelops the ship.

060 INT. MILLENNIUM FALCON - COCKPIT - DAWN

HAN: The unique geological activity in the bottom of this gorge produces anomalous energy surges that would interfere with this type of shield's continuous circuit power-couplings. For this reason, the emitters have to be positioned higher up on the side walls of the narrow canyon. As long as I skim us along the canyon floor, we'll slip under the shield no problem, and all the seismic activity and steam around here will mask the Falcon from any radar and visual surveillance. See?

LEIA: No, I can't see, Han! Look outside! There's no visibility! How are you supposed to fly the ship?!

HAN: Instinct, my dear.

LEIA shoots HAN a withering look, and he stops toying with her.

HAN: ...a-and the terrain readouts, which are telling me that we ought to be pretty close now. I'm gonna go ahead and set her down right up ahead...

061 EXT. CANYON FLOOR - DAWN

The FALCON lands in a secluded steam-filled spot where it will be hidden from view. The ramp lowers, and the group ventures out of the ship.

HAN: If my bearings aren't too rusty, there should be an old service tunnel in this mountain, just around the next bend. We can follow it to the abandoned upper mines, and from there we ought to be able to get a pretty good view of the Hutt's mining operation.

LUKE: We'll follow your lead, then.

062 INT. EXPERIMENTAL LABORATORY - DAWN

In an area of the lab crowded with control panels, KANE and WEESLA stand near DR. BLOODORY as he sits at one of the consoles. A partition separates BLOODORY

from KING OXUS, who still lies bound by energy bands to the slab in the center of the chamber.

OXUS: I demand to be released! This is outrageous! You're all mad! What do you think you're...

DR. BLOODORY slides several levers. The look in OXUS' eyes becomes distant and unfocused, and he falls silent. BLOODORY looks to KANE and WEESLA.

BLOODORY: The chip has been perfected. Once implanted in the brain, it puts complete control over the subject at our fingertips. Observe.

BLOODORY deactivates the energy restraints, then flips a switch and speaks into a small transmitter.

BLOODORY: Stand up!

Amazingly, OXUS sits upright, swings his feet to the floor, and stands.

BLOODORY: (cont.) ...Good. (crooning) Now, walk two paces forward and announce yourself.

The KING does as he is told, speaking in a monotone voice.

OXUS: I am Oxus, former King of the Imperial world of Townowi.

DR. BLOODORY smiles. He pushes a button and a small panel slides open on the slab. Then, in a particularly chilling tone, BLOODORY speaks into the transmitter again.

BLOODORY: Command eleven... execute!

KANE deftly moves behind WEESLA for cover as OXUS reaches into the compartment and retrieves a pistol. OXUS aims the weapon directly at the exposed HUTT.

WEESLA becomes visibly apprehensive, and looks to DR. BLOODORY.

BLOODORY: Trust me.

There is little reassurance in BLOODORY'S voice. The KING is expressionless as his finger tightens on the trigger. DR. BLOODORY suddenly turns a dial, instantly paralyzing OXUS before he can carry out his orders.

BLOODORY: Command thirty-eight... execute!

DR. BLOODORY turns the dial once more, freeing the KING'S mobility. OXUS returns the weapon to its place and lies back down. As the slab's energy restraints are re-activated, KANE applauds.

KANE: Well done! Most impressive, Dr. Bloodory! I will arrange for you get some personnel trained on this equipment as soon as possible!

The sinister DOCTOR turns to regard KANE with a smile.

063 EXT. KESSEL RIDGE - DAWN

HAN, LEIA, LUKE, and the DROIDS emerge from an abandoned tunnel onto a ledge overlooking the valley where the mine heads are situated. HAN is taken aback by what he sees.

HAN: Things have changed just a little bit since the last time I was here...

LUKE: Looks like our friend Watto was right! The Hutt's spice operation has secretly been taken over by the Imperial military!

064 EXT. KESSEL MINING OPERATION - DAWN

The GROUP surveys the scene before them: SEVEN IMPERIAL STAR DESTROYERS are parked ominously in the distance, where the narrow canyon opens out onto a vast salt flat. Sitting atop a large rocky outcrop on the other side of the valley, an ancient HUTT CASTLE overshadows the immense mining area. Great mounds of DEACTIVATED DROIDS litter the canyon floor. HAN, LEIA, and LUKE watch as hovering MINE CART TRAINS, guided by an automated repulsor track system embedded in the ground, periodically emerge from the base of the mountain they are on. The CARTS transport loads of spice across the wide junkyard to a large purpose-built FACTORY situated on the valley floor below the old stone castle. As the empty MINE CARTS emerge from the other end to return to the mountain, HAN indicates the structure.

HAN: That building was never there before. Looks like some sort of refinery plant or something. And see that system of pipes running out of it over to the mines? Those are new too.

LEIA: What are they up to?

LUKE: *(pointing)* Look, down there- A squad of Imperial soldiers bringing more droids out of the tunnels.

HAN: The Hutts have always used labor droids in the spice mines, but it looks like the Imperials are doing away with 'em... I wonder why?

LEIA: We need to get Artoo plugged in and find out what's going on.

HAN: Yeah...

HAN indicates the valley floor.

HAN: *(cont.)* ...We'll have the most luck finding an active socket down there, in the tunnels nearest the new mining sector.

LEIA: I was afraid you'd say that.

065 INT. EXPERIMENTAL LABORATORY - DAY

DR. BLOODORY stands next to the slab where KING OXUS lies, and addresses KANE and WEESLA.

BLOODORY: So, as you have just witnessed, the aura spice is only the first step. Sector by sector, the citizens of the galaxy will be subdued by the spice gas, and then implanted with the mind-control chip which allows us remote access to their neural and mental functions. After they are returned to their petty lives the subjects can be monitored, and will do whatever is commanded of them through our long-range control boards, all without question.

The shaken WEESLA fails to hide the disgust on his face.

BLOODORY: You don't appreciate our arts, Weesla?

WEESLA: We would never resort to such indirect methods as this! A Hutt prides himself on his ability to resist such mind-manipulations, and his own capacity to dominate others through sheer intellect and intimidation!

KANE: And so do we. But *this* method offers us far more control over a much greater population! Absolute power over the entire galaxy!

WEESLA shuffles forward, licking his lips anxiously.

WEESLA: And what of Nal Hutta's throne? ...Or are you expecting me to use Bloodory's trickery?!

KANE's eyes narrow and he steps forward, face to face with WEESLA.

KANE: You don't like our Imperial methods, Hutt? -Our loyalties lie with the Emperor! We are willing to allow you your petty throne and you would be wise to appreciate our generosity, or the 'throne' you so covet may *not* be granted to you. No matter. We will soon see just how 'resistant' you Hutts claim to be!

WEESLA throws a fuming glance at BLOODORY, but the Doctor merely inclines his head and smiles coldly. KANE spots the exchange.

KANE: Know your place, 'Weasel,' or more Hutt blood will be on your pudgy little hands!

KANE waves the furious Hutt off towards the door with a dismissive gesture.

KANE: *(cont.)* ...Now go. The Doctor and I have more important matters to attend to in the command center. Guard the door until we return.

As WEESLA slithers away up the steps, DR. BLOODORY turns to KANE with a slightly confused expression.

BLOODORY: What's a 'weasel'?

066 INT. MINE TUNNELS - DAY

HAN is in the lead with LEIA by his side, followed by the DROIDS. LUKE guards the rear. The group silently makes their way downward, through another narrow defunct tunnel that leads them into the Imperial occupied area. The reverberating sounds of the mining operation begin to grow louder in the mountain around them.

THREEPIO: I have a bad feeling about this...

HAN and LEIA both turn to shush the droid. Momentarily distracted as they turn a sharp corner, the couple suddenly finds themselves face to face with a pair of IMPERIAL SENTRIES, clad in heavy ponchos and re-breather helmets!

Before the startled HAN and LEIA can react, the SENTRIES immediately raise their weapons. One of them gestures at HAN with the barrel of his gun.

SENTRY #1: Who are you? What are you doing here?

Without missing a beat, HAN adopts the brash persona of his old smuggler self.

HAN: What do you mean, 'Who are we?' We've been sent here by Barrola himself to pick up a shipment! This type of treatment is an outrage! What's your operating number?

The SENTRY is momentarily confused. Meanwhile, LUKE senses the danger ahead and motions for the DROIDS to halt. He then silently moves toward the tunnel junction.

SENTRY #1: If you are smugglers, where is your vessel? Wait. Uh... Where is your identification?

Before HAN can reply, two large rocks on either side of the SENTRIES suddenly dislodge from the walls, smacking their helmets together and knocking them unconscious. LUKE steps around the corner, and LEIA smiles at him.

LEIA: Identification? We don't need any stinking identification!

LUKE: Good job, Sis!

Surprised, HAN looks first to LUKE, then to his wife.

HAN: Wait a second- you did that?

But instead of addressing HAN'S question, LEIA is already focused on the task at hand.

LEIA: Look, over there- A data port! Come on, we've got to hurry!

The group rushes to a control panel next to a large door, and ARTOO punches his claw arm into the computer socket. The network comes to life, feeding information into the little robot. After a few moments, he beeps something, and information begins to screen on the computer scope.

THREEPIO: He says that Lando and Chewbacca are here!

HAN: Where?

THREEPIO studies the screen readout.

THREEPIO: Oh my! Kessel has been converted into an Imperial labor camp! Lando and Chewbacca are working with several other prisoners in the mining sector just beyond this bulkhead. It seems they are being subdued by a spice gas... the same strange hybrid formula identified earlier by the Millennium Falcon's computer. ARTOO beeps.

THREEPIO: (cont.) ...However, Artoo believes it should not take them long to regain full coherency if the gas flow can be stopped.

LEIA: How do we do that?

ARTOO projects a schematic hologram of the castle. He highlights the new factory building at the base of the outcrop.

THREEPIO: This structure houses the pump station, which will need to be manually shut down. The station's computer systems are not accessible from here; it seems they are operating on an independent circuit.

Suddenly, ARTOO whistles, and highlights a tall spire on the castle hologram.

LUKE: What's that?

THREEPIO: He says Princess Alana is being held in the top of the north tower!

LUKE steps forward.

LUKE: Artoo, see if you can disrupt all communications down here.

ARTOO beeps, and his claw arm rotates in the computer socket as he carries out his orders. LUKE looks to HAN and LEIA.

LUKE: We'll need to split up. The droids and I will go shut down the pump station and rescue Alana, while you two try to find Chewie and Lando.

LEIA: Sounds like a plan, if we can just get in there unnoticed.

HAN eyes the fallen SENTRIES.

HAN: Well, these two won't be needing their gear for a while...

067 EXT. FACTORY MINE CART ENTRANCE - DAY

A train of hovering mine carts approaches the new factory complex and suddenly slows, groaning to a halt. The side doors on three of the carts open with a pneumatic hiss, revealing LUKE and the DROIDS sitting low inside the bins.

They climb out, quickly moving to conceal themselves out of sight among some nearby rocks. With a wave of his hand, LUKE releases the carts and they float away into the factory. He looks up at the castle that sits high atop the rocky cliffs nearby.

LUKE: I'm afraid you two won't be able to follow me. From here I must go alone. *LUKE indicates the gas plant.*

LUKE: *(cont.)* ...Now listen, this is important. I need you two to find a way in there without attracting any attention to yourselves, and shut down the pumps connected to the mines. I can sense that there are no soldiers in there, but Artoo, if you run into any trouble you know what to do. Remember the special modifications I gave you!

ARTOO whistles.

LUKE: Oh, and see if you can scramble the systems to buy us some extra time. After you've done this, I want you both to make your way back to the Falcon quickly, OK?

THREEPIO: I'd be most happy to go there now, Master Luke.

LUKE puts a reassuring hand on the golden droid's shoulder.

LUKE: You'll be OK, Threepio.

LUKE turns and makes his way silently through the fallen boulders toward the towering rock face. The anxious THREEPIO has no time to gather his courage, as he notices that ARTOO is already trundling off without delay to carry out their orders.

THREEPIO: Artoo! Wait for me, you thoughtless dolt!

068 INT. MINE TUNNELS - DAY

Now wearing the ponchos and respiratory gear from the fallen sentries, HAN and LEIA study the heavy door sealing off the main mine head.

LEIA: This is it. Chewie and Lando are somewhere on the other side of this door. They activate their re-breather packs, and HAN studies the console next to the doors.

HAN: I can probably hotwire this thing to get us inside.

LEIA places her palm on the console and concentrates for a moment, and the doors suddenly slide open.

LEIA: No offense, dear, but maybe you should leave this sort of thing to me from now on, and just stick to hotwiring that rusty spaceship of yours.

HAN: Nice.

HAN shakes his head and follows LEIA into the labor area. A purple mist hangs heavy in the air. They soon reach the zone where a group of PRISONERS are shoveling spice slag into a hovering mine cart train. A few GUARDS stand off to the side casually monitoring them. The workers are in a zombie-like trance from the gas, and LANDO and CHEWBACCA are among them! HAN and LEIA approach the GUARDS. HAN indicates his two friends, trying his best to sound official.

HAN: The Commander wants to see those two.

The LEAD GUARD pulls a portable data panel from his belt.

LEAD GUARD: Alright. It'll just take a moment to enter the custody transfer into the log... What's your number?

HAN'S grip tightens on his rifle, but LEIA flicks out her palm. The GUARDS are thrown against the wall and then they crumple to the floor. LEIA looks at her husband and shrugs.

LEIA: It's much quieter than a blaster.

HAN grabs up the weapons of the fallen guards.

HAN: You're really somethin' else, you know that?

He looks at the PRISONERS, who have taken no notice of the commotion and simply continued on with their mindless toiling.

HAN: *(cont.)* ...C'mon- we gotta get Chewie and Lando, and get outta here before more Imperial troops show up!

069 EXT. CLIFF FACE - DAY

LUKE scales the rocky cliff face, using the Force to leap from one precarious outcrop to the next. As he nears the foundation of the old castle tower, he unexpectedly comes upon a nest of baby HAWKBATS. The blind creatures screech and make horrible sounds, startling LUKE. His foot slips, sending a stream of

pebbles skittering down the precipice. Wasting no time, LUKE scrambles up the final stretch and reaches the foot of the tall tower.

070 EXT. TOWER BASE - DAY

Catching his breath, LUKE looks up, evaluating the lone window situated high above him. A squad of IMPERIAL TROOPS suddenly appears on the ramparts across the way, and they spot LUKE.

TROOPER: Look, there! An intruder! Blast him!

The TROOPS open fire. LUKE quickly ignites his sabre to deflect the bolts back at them, hitting several with deadly accuracy. The wounded TROOPS pitch forward over the parapet, falling hundreds of feet into the chasm below. The remaining TROOPS pull back. Gaining a moment, LUKE plunges his sword into the tower wall, slicing a circular arc into the stone. He Force-pushes the blocks inward, then quickly ducks through the glowing hole in the wall.

071 INT. TOWER STAIR WELL - DAY

LUKE races up the tower's spiraling steps until he reaches a door at the top. An out-dated but still dangerous DROIDEKA is standing guard, and it opens fire! LUKE deflects the bolts back into its protective ray shield. With amazing speed he leaps high over the DROID, burrowing his saber into its 'head'. A kick sends the disabled ROBOT tumbling down the staircase.

072 INT. TOWER ROOM - DAY

LUKE enters the tower room and sees PRINCESS ALANA lying on the floating slab, still unconscious under the shimmering gas-containment field. Using his sabre, LUKE slices the emitters situated along the edge of the slab, disrupting the electronic casing. As the purple mist dissipates, LUKE grabs ALANA up and hoists her slumped body over his shoulder. Hearing the NOISE of approaching soldiers echoing up the stairwell, LUKE uses a cable and grappling hook from his utility belt to lower himself out the tower window.

073 EXT. TOWER WALL - DAY

LUKE rappels down the outside of the tower wall with ALANA still draped over him, her hair blowing in the breeze. The unconscious PRINCESS begins to stir. ALANA opens her eyes, letting out a startled gasp as she realizes her predicament.

LUKE: Well hello, sleeping beauty! Don't worry, I'm getting you out of here!

ALANA: So I see! ...And you are...?

LUKE blushes, slightly embarrassed.

LUKE: Forgive me, your Highness. My name is Luke Skywalker, I'm a Jedi Knight. From the window high above, LASER BOLTS start to rain down just as LUKE and ALANA reach the ground. The two hastily enter the castle once again, through the same hole in the wall that LUKE cut previously.

074 INT. GAS FACTORY - DAY

ARTOO and THREPIO cautiously make their way into the factory building through the mine cart access opening. ARTOO lets out a series of beeps.

THREPIO: Of course you don't detect any life forms! Master Luke said everything is fully automated. You really should learn to trust him!

ARTOO beeps and whistles a reply.

THREPIO: What?! Where did you get that idea? I was not afraid! Now come on. Let's get this over with, before you lose your nerve!

Another train of CARTS comes in and stops, dumping its load of spice into a large hopper. The raw materials funnel into a processing system, which in turn is connected to an industrial pump station. ARTOO whistles and quickly heads for the pump station area, and THREPIO follows after him.

THREPIO: Will you stop that, you rolling dust bin? You're always leaving me behind!

075 INT. PUMP STATION CONTROL ROOM - DAY

THE DROIDS shut themselves inside the small control room full of computers. ARTOO jacks himself into a socket. He beeps.

THREEPIO: What do you mean, you 'have an idea?' Just do what Master Luke said! Shut down the system and scramble the program codes!
ARTOO beeps a blue streak.

THREEPIO: Alright, perhaps it *would* be a good idea to re-program the pump system to force fresh air into the mines, but you listen to me. If we get in trouble for this I will never speak to you again!

076 INT. CASTLE SUB LEVELS - TURBOLIFT HALLWAY - DAY

Hand in hand, LUKE and ALANA race down the stone steps that lead deep underneath the castle sitting above them.

ALANA: You're the Luke Skywalker?

They reach a hallway at the bottom of the steps. A turbolift door opens and another squad of STORMTROOPERS comes rushing out into the hallway to meet them.

TROOPER: Halt!

LUKE pushes out his palm and the TROOPERS go reeling back, slamming into the stone walls. LUKE looks at the turbolift for a moment and then reconsiders.

LUKE: There's bound to be more where they came from. C'mon, this way!

LUKE heads down the dimly lit hallway. ALANA grabs a blaster from one of the fallen TROOPS and hurries after him.

ALANA: Wow, it's really true what I've heard about you! How did you do that?

LUKE: (winks) Like I said, I'm a Jedi!

At the end of the hall they reach a large closed door. They open it, only to find a rather dismayed looking HUTT blocking their way. Before LUKE can determine how to react, ALANA recognizes him as WEESLA, the incumbent who was with KANE earlier in the tower.

ALANA: Get out of our way, you traitor! You've already caused enough trouble! Don't make it any worse for yourself!

WEESLA lowers his head. To LUKE'S surprise, the despondent HUTT does in fact shunt to one side. LUKE and ALANA slip past him, and WEESLA slithers out into the hall. This time it is LUKE'S turn to be amazed, as he gazes after the departing HUTT.

LUKE: How did you do that?

ALANA does not respond. She has been stopped dead in her tracks by what she sees in the room beyond.

077 INT. EXPERIMENTAL LABORATORY - DAY

Before them, a curved flight of steps nestled in the crude stonework leads down to DR. BLOODORY'S sunken dungeon-like laboratory. KING OXUS is there in the middle of the room, unconscious and still bound by the energy bands to the slab.

ALANA: Uncle!

LUKE promptly deactivates the bonds with a flick of his wrist, as ALANA runs down the steps. LUKE cautiously follows, glancing around the eerie chamber for any signs of danger. ALANA cradles her UNCLE in her arms, tears streaming from her eyes. She rests her hand on the old man's forehead. LUKE reaches them just as OXUS regains consciousness with a groan, setting his eyes upon his niece.

OXUS: (gasping) Alana!

She hugs him, and helps him get to his feet.

LUKE: We must hurry.

LUKE closes his eyes for a moment and concentrates, then he moves to a small door behind some machines near the back of the laboratory.

LUKE: (cont.) ...This way will lead us out, let's go!

As LUKE and ALANA move for the door, OXUS retrieves the pistol lying in the slab's compartment.

OXUS: If you'll oblige me for just a moment...

OXUS fires a few rounds into the console that DR. BLOODORY used earlier to link to the mind-control chip. He then follows LUKE and ALANA out the side door, leaving the panel in a smoking ruin.

078 INT. CASTLE COMMAND CENTER - DAY

COMMANDER KANE and DR. BLOODORY are studying some tactical screens and discussing the next phase of the operation.

BLOODORY: ...I've already begun mass production on the chip, and the droids in current assembly are being updated with the information necessary to perform the implant procedure. It is now a small matter of modifying the control panel to manage the much larger capacity, which won't take long. As far as I'm concerned, you may launch the first wave whenever you see fit. You now have the power in your hand over every inhabited system in the galaxy.

KANE: Control...

BLOODORY: *Ultimate control. It rests with you now.*

KANE: *(noncommittally)* And with the Emperor, of course.

BLOODORY: To be sure, Commander; that's what I meant...

An emergency communications light flashes on the panel before them. Kane punches the button, and a small HOLOGRAM of an IMPERIAL TROOPER appears.

KANE: Yes, Captain Prue?

079 INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

The GUARD CAPTAIN posted next to the HUTTLET pen addresses a HOLOGRAM of COMMANDER KANE.

CAPTAIN PRUE: Sorry for the interruption, Sir. I've been having some problems trying to reach you on the communicator. Our signals here are not transmitting properly, and some of my men have not checked in. I've just received word of a one-man attack on the tower where Alana Seren is being held.

080 INT. CASTLE COMMAND CENTER - DAY

KANE: *(incredulous)* Only one man, and your troops can't take care of him?!"

KANE stops and thinks for a moment, collecting his thoughts.

KANE: *(cont.)* ...If he's after the Princess, then he may also be trying to find the Galactic Alliance representatives. The Huttlets aren't going anywhere. Leave them and take your men down to fortify the main prisoner cell block. We will be there shortly.

PRUE: *(holo)* Yes, Sir.

The hologram fades away. Before KANE and BLOODORY can leave, however, a LIEUTENANT approaches and addresses COMMANDER KANE.

LIEUTENANT: Sir, we have Emperor Amedda standing by on a secure frequency. He wants to know why the full-scale invasion hasn't been launched, and demands an update.

KANE: *(frustrated)* Very well. I'll be there in a moment.

KANE motions for the LIEUTENANT to return to his post, then turns to DR.

BLOODORY, who looks concerned.

BLOODORY: This is what I feared. One of the subjects from the mines would have sufficed perfectly well for my test. We would be on schedule had you not insisted on using Oxus.

KANE: Choose your words carefully, Doctor. Oxus challenged me, and had to be put in his place. We will allay the Emperor's concerns. It would be best not to mention anything about the disturbance; we'll take care of it.

BLOODORY nods, and the two men move to the communications console. After a moment, MAS AMEDDA'S looming image flickers to life on a large screen before them.

AMEDDA: What is the situation, Commander?

KANE: The subjugation effort is progressing well, my Lord. Ondos has surrendered to us with a minimal amount of expenditure, and Dr. Bloodory here has now perfected the mind-control over an individual- King Oxus in fact. I've seen it for myself.

BLOODORY steps forward and clears his throat.

BLOODORY: Indeed, Master, I have made Oxus act and say as I wish, and he has already signed the treaty relinquishing his planet to full Imperial control. Once the citizens have been implanted, that control will be solidified.

AMEDDA: Then I strongly suggest you both hurry to tie up these loose ends.

KANE: The minor adjustments necessary to allow for the control of a large population are being completed, and I feel confident enough to say that we are now ready to send out the initial wave of gas droids to obtain your first *full society* of mind control subjects.

AMEDDA nods.

AMEDDA: Very well. It's taken longer than expected, but you have my full authority to proceed. Do not fail.

The transmission ends. As KANE hurriedly turns to go, BLOODORY checks another set of monitors.

BLOODORY: There's a problem at the factory output as well. The gas level indicators have rapidly dropped. I'll go check it out.

KANE: You do that, Doctor. We can't afford to run into any problems now!

KANE rushes off. The irritated DOCTOR slams a fist down on the console.

081 INT. GAS FACTORY - DAY

ARTOO and THREEPIO exit the pump control room, and start off for the way they came in.

THREEPIO: Good job, Artoo. It should take them quite some time to discover your recalibration, and it will take them even longer to correct it once they...

ARTOO whistles and beeps. THREEPIO turns around and sees a barge-like FLOATING PLATFORM piled high with deactivated droids bearing down on them!

THREEPIO: Oh no!

There is no room to slip past the large CONVEYOR PLATFORM. Its automated CLAW ARMS reach for THREEPIO and ARTOO, and they barely manage to stay one step ahead of the snapping PINCERS as they are herded along towards a large DOOR. As the DOOR slowly opens, the DROIDS see that the floor abruptly drops away just beyond the gaping threshold!

THREEPIO: This isn't happening! I just wanted to go back to the ship where it's safe! Artoo, do something!

082 INT. DROID FACTORY - DAY

The CONVEYOR PLATFORM advances toward the edge. At the last moment, ARTOO manages to push THREEPIO to the side, and the two barely make it out onto a narrow suspended gantry. The BARGE dumps its load onto a huge pile of droid parts in the pit area below. ARTOO and THREEPIO behold the spectacle.

THREEPIO: This is where droids go to die!

Laid out before them is a bustling machinist factory. A giant CLAW ARM drops from the ceiling and grabs the HUTT LABOR DROIDS from the pile, placing them on slow-moving conveyor belts. As the DROIDS move down the line they are dismantled. Large stamping machines form their coverings into new shapes. Their inner processors, gears, and circuitry are re-configured inside the new shells to create the sinister black IMPERIAL GAS DROIDS! At the far end of the assembly line, the hose and nozzle-equipped DROIDS are injected with the separate liquid ingredients that, when combined, will produce the toxic aura spice gas. The finished DROIDS are placed into rows of organized racks. A large lift platform transports the dormant legions up to the outside surface.

THREEPIO: There are so many of them! Where are they going?

ARTOO gives a long whistle.

THREEPIO: 'Loaded into the star destroyers?' Oh my, this is terrible!

083 INT. MINE TUNNELS - DAY

HAN and LEIA, still disguised as Imperial sentries, escort the dazed CHEWIE and LANDO back the way they came. CHEWIE suddenly slows, sniffing the air. He growls and shakes his head, trying to clear the fog from his mind.

HAN: Hey, buddy, are you OK?

Suddenly, without warning LANDO comes to life. He strikes out, snatching LEIA'S blaster and knocking her to the ground! He points the weapon at her.

HAN: Wait! Stop! Lando, it's us!

LEIA'S helmet has tumbled off and LANDO stops in his tracks, bewildered.

CHEWBACCA becomes incensed by the shouting 'trooper' next to him and turns on HAN. However, he too stops short as HAN removes his helmet.

HAN: I guess the pump station's been shut down.

HAN helps LEIA to her feet. At first LANDO and CHEWIE are confused, but as they breathe the clean air their wits come back. CHEWIE lets out a bark of joy at the sight of HAN and LEIA, and LANDO claps them on the back.

LANDO: You don't know how glad I am to see you two!

HAN: Luke's here too, looking for that Ondos contact of yours, Princess Alana. We've got to meet up with him and get back to the ship, before our luck runs out!

HAN gives the extra guns he's carrying to the both of them.

HAN: (cont.) ...Alright, let's go!

But as HAN turns to go, LANDO lays a hand on his shoulder and looks him in the eye.

LANDO: Wait, Han. We can't just leave the other slaves in this hell. We have to go back and try to help them.

HAN looks into the eyes of LANDO and CHEWIE, and then looks back to LEIA, who nods slowly. He reluctantly throws up his hands.

HAN: How do we always get ourselves into these things?

084 INT. DROID FACTORY - DAY

ARTOO and THREPIO stand transfixed by the scene before them, realizing to their horror that the countless GAS DROIDS are about to be unleashed upon the galaxy.

THREPIO: We haven't much time Artoo! We need to go warn the others!

Two WORKER DROIDS, PK-4 and EG-9, are standing on another section of the gantry, overseeing the CONVEYOR PLATFORM as it unloads the last of its cargo. They spot ARTOO and THREPIO.

PK-4: There are two strays over there. They must have fallen off.

EG-9: An astromech and one of those useless protocol gearheads. Let's go push them in before we send the conveyor back for more.

The WORKER DROIDS approach ARTOO and THREPIO, blocking their path.

EG-9: You two! You belong in the pit!

THREPIO: Oh! Excuse us! Droids destroying droids... This is all rather uncalled for, don't you think?

PK-4: We're not made to think.

ARTOO positions himself between THREPIO and the advancing ROBO-DRONES. One of his side panels opens up, and a specially articulated arm fitted with a small lightsaber hilt extends itself. Another appears from the top of his head dome. The two blades ignite and begin to spin at high speed, slicing and dicing the DRONES before they even have time to process what's happening. ARTOO makes quick work of them, sending their charred parts into the droid pile below.

THREPIO: (aghast) Artoo! Look what you did!!

ARTOO beeps and moves toward the CONVEYOR BARGE.

THREPIO: Yes, I do want to get out of here, but I can't believe what you just....

Artoo whistles again, and stops beside the CONVEYOR.

THREPIO: Wonderful idea, Artoo! That will get us back to the Millennium Falcon rather soon, I think!

085 INT. CASTLE SUB LEVELS - DAY

LUKE, ALANA, and KING OXUS make their way down a tunneling stone staircase.

OXUS: Where is your ship? Do you even know where you're going?

LUKE: If we keep going down, this passageway will lead us to the valley floor. My friends are in the mines. We've got to find them first, and then we can head to the ship.

OXUS: Oh, sounds like you've got it all figured out then.

LUKE: Trust me. I promised you I'd reunite you with your niece, didn't I? ...I just didn't expect to do it in the middle of an Imperial security complex!

OXUS looks to his niece. ALANA is smiling from ear to ear.

ALANA: Luke's a Jedi, uncle. He knows what he's doing.

OXUS: *(surprised)* Oh? A Jedi? Then the rumors are true? Alright, then. Lead the way, Jedi. Let's go find your friends.

086 INT. MINE TUNNELS - DAY

HAN, LEIA, CHEWIE, and LANDO make their way through the tunnels, now silently leading the sobered PRISONERS who were on work detail. The group reaches a large sealed-off door. They gather together, and LANDO speaks quietly.

LANDO: Okay, here's the prisoner cell block. This is our only chance to free the others in there and make a stand against these Imperial goons.

HAN: How many are in there?

LANDO: Not many. They rely on the gas to keep us from putting up a fight, so there's usually only minimal security. Taking them shouldn't be too difficult.

LEIA: I can use the Force to override the operating systems in there and create some confusion. It may be enough of a distraction to give us the edge we need.

LANDO: Good. *(to the group)* We have the element of surprise on our side, but we must move quickly if we are to be successful. Does everyone understand?

The group silently gives a collective nod, ready to fight for their freedom.

LANDO: Okay then, it's now or never!

LEIA places her hands on the door and closes her eyes in concentration, reaching through the Force to feel the space inside the cell block...

087 INT. PRISONER CELL BLOCK - DAY

In the prison's central control hub, TWO CONTROLLERS sit in front of an elaborate console. They watch the detention area via monitors and readouts as SEEKERS buzz through the cell block feeding image signals to the giant screens. They watch the detention area via monitors and readouts as SEEKERS buzz through the cell block feeding image signals to the giant screens. One Controller yawns and puts his feet up on the control panel, speaking to the other.

CONTROLLER #1: Mathusians just beat the PDR's again. They should be in another league. Do you follow the ecometrics?

The second CONTROLLER frowns. He taps his headphones, then flips a switch back and forth a couple of times. He is obviously annoyed.

CONTROLLER #2: Now number eighteen is out. They better get these transmission problems figured out soon. Give me a maintenance check.

Several of the lights and monitors go dark on the control panel. The first CONTROLLER flips several switches, an expression of concern crossing his face.

CONTROLLER #2: What is it?!

CONTROLLER #1: All high phasing units are out. We've lost all contact with the command center. Maybe a substandard relay will...

Suddenly, all of the SEEKERS fall to the floor and the monitors go white. An alarm sounds.

CONTROLLER #2: Look! The whole security system just went dead! What's going on? *The CONTROLLERS look up to see all the cell doors opening. The prisoners begin to emerge from their cells. Before the CONTROLLERS can do anything to try and contain the situation, HAN, LEIA, LANDO, CHEWBACCA, and the small group of PRISONERS come running in, firing their weapons at the ceiling. HAN shouts at the CONTROLLERS.*

HAN: You two! Put your hands up and step away from the computer! Now! Come on! Come on!

One of the CONTROLLERS suddenly reaches for his pistol, but HAN shoots him in the shoulder before his gun can clear the holster. The other CONTROLLER, who is unarmed, immediately raises his hands. Just then, a turbolift door on the far wall opens and CAPTAIN PRUE and his TROOPS enter the cell block. His eyes go wide as he realizes what's happening, and he shouts at his men.

CAPTAIN PRUE: It's an uprising! Shoot to kill!

Before the IMPERIAL TROOPS can carry out their orders, LEIA quickly raises her palm, and their weapons zip from their hands, flying across the room to clatter on the floor at LEIA'S feet. The PRISONERS give out a cheer as they realize they are being freed. They snatch up the guns and surround the defenseless Imperial SOLDIERS. HAN smiles at CAPTAIN PRUE.

HAN: Don't try to be a hero. *(motioning with gun)* You and your men, into the cells. Now.

All the defeated Imperial TROOPS are marched into the holding cells. LEIA uses the Force to re-engage the door locks, and exhales from her recent mental exertions. As the freed slaves let out another cheer, LEIA desperately looks at the large crowd.

LEIA: *(to HAN and LANDO)* We gotta find a way to get everyone out of here!

After a moment HAN'S eyes suddenly light up and he looks to LEIA with a grin.

HAN: There's a ship parked right outside that's big enough for everybody, and it's just beggin' for a crew!

LEIA responds with a surprised look.

LEIA: An Imperial Star Destroyer?! But what about the crew? They'll be armed!

HAN: There should only be a skeleton-crew ; on the rare occasions a Star Destroyer is ground-docked most of the personnel are usually allowed shore-leave, and besides, we've got blaster carryin' Wooks now!

LANDO: *(reasoning)* You know, that's actually not such a bad idea! They'd never expect it, and we have more than enough Wookiees here to sweep the ship and man the helm...

CHEWBACCA barks at the other WOOKIEES scattered among the prisoners, and they roar enthusiastically.

LEIA: What about the shield?

HAN: They'll be able to temporarily open it from the bridge, at least long enough to pass through...

Suddenly, LEIA stiffens.

HAN: What is it?

LEIA: Luke! I can sense he's headed for danger! He's going to need our help!

LANDO moves to join the large group of prisoners.

LANDO: We can handle ourselves from here. You three go find Luke and get back to the Falcon!

LANDO disappears into the tunnel that will lead the prisoners to the great salt flat.

LANDO: *(V.O. shouting)* Good luck!

088 INT. GAS FACTORY - DAY

ARTOO and THREPIO stand at the control pedestal of the CONVEYOR PLATFORM.

THREPIO takes hold of the manual override system, and the floating BARGE wobbles unsteadily near the edge of the droid pit.

THREPIO: Hang on, Artoo. The stabilizers are very sensitive, and I'm unfamiliar with this control configuration. You wouldn't want me to drive you over the edge now, would you?

ARTOO beeps a reply.

THREPIO: Very funny, Artoo. That is not what I meant.

THREPIO gains control and slowly begins to pilot the bobbing PLATFORM toward the factory exit.

THREPIO: There, I've got it now. We're on our way.

DR. BLOODORY suddenly appears directly in their path, waving his arms.

DR. BLOODORY: Hey! You there! Droids! Stop! What do you think you're...

THREPIO: Oh! Aahh!

THREPIO panics, and pushes a wrong button. One of the CONVEYOR'S CLAW ARMS swings out, knocking DR. BLOODORY out cold. He falls unconscious to the floor, and the DROIDS float over him. In a moment they are free and clear of the factory.

089 EXT. DROID JUNKYARD - DAY

ARTOO beeps a blue streak.

THREEPIO: Don't start, Artoo. You know I've never had any driving instruction for one of these things. I'd like to see you do any better!

No one notices ARTOO and THREEPIO as they navigate the yard strewn with piles of deactivated MINING DROIDS. They skim away, disappearing into the steam-filled canyon where the FALCON is hidden. PAN LEFT as a service door slides open at the base of the rocky cliff. LUKE, ALANA, and OXUS cautiously come out, quickly moving to conceal themselves in the same area where all the DROID PILES are scattered. Suddenly, ALANA spies a squad of TROOPERS running toward the mines.

ALANA: If we follow those troops, we'll find your friends.

LUKE: Yeah, you're right. Come on, let's go!

ALANA and KING OXUS follow LUKE as he silently weaves his way through the DROID PILES in the direction of the TROOPERS.

090 EXT. CASTLE SUB LEVEL BALCONY - DAY

COMMANDER KANE appears on a balcony overlooking the junkyard. He spots LUKE running with the escaped ALANA and OXUS. KANE points to them, shouting.

KANE: Guards! Take out those three behind you!

091 EXT. DROID JUNKYARD - DAY

The TROOPERS turn and run towards LUKE, ALANA, and OXUS, and open fire. LUKE whirls and deflects the laser bolts, while ALANA and OXUS send off a volley of shots of their own. The three of them seek meager cover behind one of the DROID HEAPS.

092 EXT. CASTLE SUB LEVEL BALCONY - DAY

KANE quickly surveys the yard for any other signs of trouble, and he spots WEESLA below on a lower rampart, slipping through a door leading to the prison complex. KANE'S lips tighten and his eyes narrow, and he withdraws from the balcony.

093 EXT. GREAT SALT FLAT - DAY

Squinting against the daylight, LANDO and the PRISONERS reach a tunnel exit that looks out on the vast salt flat where the waiting STAR DESTROYERS are parked. One looms large fairly close by, and LANDO gazes up at the enormous underbelly of the ship.

LANDO: Getting aboard that cruiser undetected is our only chance to escape! Glancing around, he spies a recharging port near the tunnel where four FREIGHT CARRIERS are docked.

LANDO: (cont.) ...There!

He motions for several PRISONERS to follow him, and reassures the rest who are still waiting.

LANDO: Pass the word back that we'll have to do this in several runs, so try to be patient! Watch the connecting tunnels for Imperial troops, and we'll return shortly!

They sneak over to the CARRIERS. LANDO and three of the PRISONERS disconnect the power lines and take up driving positions. The rest climb aboard, hiding themselves under tarps. LANDO looks to the other drivers as they power the vehicles up.

LANDO: We may be noticed out there, so just act like nothing's wrong. The three other drivers nod, their faces determined.

LANDO: (cont.) ...This is it! Follow me, and stay sharp!

The four CARRIERS zoom away, headed for the distant loading ramp in the shadow of the IMPERIAL CRUISER'S sprawling underbelly.

094 INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

WEESLA, armed with a blaster, slinks into the upper-level compound where the unguarded HUTTLETS are. As he makes his way toward the ray-shield holding pen at the other end of the long room, he glances out the huge observation window and notices FOUR CARGO CARRIERS coming to a stop down on the salt flat below. A number of SLAVES suddenly appear and climb aboard, concealing themselves under tarps, and then the CARRIERS head off for the nearest STAR DESTROYER. Wasting no time, WEESLA approaches the electronic cage holding the HUTTLETS, and deactivates the ray-shields. The HUTTLETS back away from him in fright.

WEESLA: (in Huttese, subtitled) No, no, little ones! I mean you no harm! I have made a terrible mistake, and I'm here to help you escape! To the lift, quickly! The HUTTLETS swarm forward, and WEESLA herds them into a freight turbolift next to the holding pen area. There is no room left inside for WEESLA.

WEESLA: (in Huttese, subtitled) The other prisoners are making for the nearest Star Destroyer. We must get down there and join them, little ones! I will be right behi...

Suddenly there is a commotion and WEESLA looks over his shoulder to see COMMANDER KANE and several TROOPERS at the other end of the compound, marching through the same door that he came in only moments before. KANE spots the HUTTLETS gathered in the turbolift, and points his TROOPS to WEESLA.

KANE: There he is! Stop them!

WEESLA looks into the eyes of the HUTTLETS as he punches the turbolift controls that will send them down to the ground level.

WEESLA: (in Huttese, subtitled) It's over for me, little ones! I'll do everything I can to keep them off your tails!

The door closes and WEESLA turns to face his attackers. He raises his weapon and opens fire, taking down the advance TROOPERS. The secondary TROOPS return fire, but the bolts do minimal harm as they ricochet off the HUTT'S thick slimy skin. KANE dives for the sonic cannon that's situated near the holding pens, and swings it around to train it on the desperate HUTT. WEESLA freezes in his tracks and raises his hands in the air.

KANE: Put him in the ray-shield holding cell!

WEESLA defiantly smiles, and demolishes the lift control panel with his fist while simultaneously bringing his blaster down to fire at KANE. The shot misses, and KANE'S eyes fill with rage. He fires the cannon at WEESLA, and the rebellious HUTT slumps to the floor, dead. KANE looks upon the smoldering heap with disgust and contempt.

KANE: A typical double-crossing worm!

095 EXT. DROID JUNKYARD - DAY

Emerging from a mine shaft, HAN and CHEWIE follow LEIA as she runs toward the place where she senses LUKE is in trouble. She spots the skirmish out in the middle of the junkyard area.

LEIA: (pointing) There!

The TROOPERS close in on LUKE, ALANA, and OXUS. Suddenly they are ambushed from behind by HAN, LEIA and CHEWIE, who then run to LUKE'S side.

HAN: What would you do without me around to save you all the time, Kid?

LUKE, slightly embarrassed in front of ALANA and OXUS, points toward the castle complex.

LUKE: Don't get too cocky, Han, 'cause we're not out of this yet!

HAN looks to see more TROOPERS pouring from the service door at the base of the rock bluff, fanning out into the junkyard to surround them from all sides.

HAN: (muttering) Oh, great!

Even with LUKE using his sabre to skillfully deflect the enemy laser bolts, and the rest of the GROUP matching the blaster shots with return fire of their own, the IMPERIAL TROOPS begin to close in around them. As the TROOPS get closer and closer, LUKE and LEIA begin using the Force to push them back, but it's obvious they will soon be overwhelmed.

LEIA: There are too many of them!

Suddenly, there is a THUNDEROUS SOUND, and a SHADOW falls over LUKE and the OTHERS in the center of the yard.

096 EXT. KESSEL SKIES - DAY

The MILLENNIUM FALCON appears from out of nowhere! The laser GUN on the underside of the battered vessel rotates, laying down a blanket of covering fire as the SHIP drops from the sky.

097 EXT. DROID JUNKYARD - DAY

HAN: What the...?!

CHEWIE barks.

HAN: How should I know who's flyin' her, Chewie??

A smile comes over LUKE'S face.

LUKE: It's the droids!

HAN is immediately indignant.

HAN: I told the little pipsqueak that I'd never let him fly her!

LEIA: *(shouting)* Well, they're our ticket out of here!

The FALCON lands with the boarding ramp already open, and the SIX race aboard.

098 INT. MILLENNIUM FALCON - DOORWAY AREA - DAY

HAN: *(yelling)* Artoo, where are you?! Raise the ramp and get us airborne! Luke! Get ready for some action!

099 INT. MILLENNIUM FALCON - COCKPIT - DAY

HAN rushes into the cockpit, where ARTOO stands plugged into the flight console. The little DROID beeps happily.

HAN: *(gruffly)* Thanks.

THREEPIO gets up from the co-pilot's seat, where he has been operating the controls of the laser gun.

THREEPIO: Oh, Captain Solo! Thank the maker you're here!

HAN: Look out, Threepio, I'm taking over! You and Artoo, go get settled in!

THREEPIO: You don't know how relieved I am to hear you say that, Sir.

HAN shunts ARTOO out of the way of the pilot's chair, while CHEWIE settles into the co-pilot's seat. The pair immediately falls into their familiar rhythm at the controls.

HAN: Okay, Chewie, here we go. We gotta create some kind of diversion until Lando can get airborne and get that shield opened up.

CHEWBACCA barks and growls.

HAN: The Bungles? Are you sure?

CHEWIE growls, and laughs in his manner.

HAN: Yeah, alright. We'll bait 'em here, and then we'll take 'em into the Bungle range.

100 INT. MILLENNIUM FALCON - GUNPORT COCKPIT - DAY

LUKE climbs down the ladder into the gunport cockpit. He puts on a headset as he slides into the gunner's seat.

LUKE: *(into headset)* Okay Han, I'm in!

101 EXT. KESSEL - DAY

The FALCON swings wide over the junkyard while LUKE lays down fire on the TROOPERS below.

102 INT. PRISONER CELL BLOCK - DAY

The turbolift door on the far wall opens and COMMANDER KANE and his TROOPS rush into the cell block, only to find no one on duty.

KANE: *(shouting)* Captain Prue?!!

Someone begins banging on one of the cell doors.

TROOPER VOICE: Open up! Let us out!

One of KANE'S MEN punches some buttons on the central control board, and the cell doors slide open. CAPTAIN PRUE and his TROOPS appear.

PRUE: They're headed for the Star Destroyers! We can still catch them!

103 EXT. GREAT SALT FLAT - IMPERIAL STAR DESTROYER - DAY

The four small CARRIERS can be seen in the DISTANCE, heading from the Imperial STAR DESTROYER back to the mine for more PRISONERS. In the FOREGROUND, an endless procession of GAS DROID RACKS are being moved up the ramp of the DESTROYER parked nearest the gas factory complex. PAN as FOUR TIE FIGHTERS enter the frame and charge toward the valley where the MILLENNIUM FALCON is wreaking havoc.

104 INT. MILLENNIUM FALCON - COCKPIT - DAY

HAN spots the approaching TIE FIGHTERS.

HAN: Aha! There they are, Chewie... (to LUKE, over headset) Heads up, LUKE! We're going for a little ride!

105 EXT. KESSEL - DAY

The battered PIRATE SHIP blasts off, with the FOUR TIES in hot pursuit. HAN leads them toward a rock range with tight winding canyons, and recklessly accelerates into them.

106 EXT. GREAT SALT FLAT - DAY

The HUTTLETS reach the mine exit just as the last few escaped PRISONERS are scrambling aboard the CARGO CARRIERS. LANDO spots the small frightened HUTTLETS and goes to their aid, helping them aboard his CARRIER.

LANDO: Hurry! We're getting out of here!

COMMANDER KANE, CAPTAIN PRUE, and their TROOPS come running toward the mine shaft entrance, firing their guns. LANDO returns a few shots over his shoulder as he accelerates away, forcing the IMPERIALS to retreat back inside the shaft. KANE watches the shrinking CARGO CARRIERS in frustration as the last of the ESCAPEES make it up the great loading ramp of the empty IMPERIAL CRUISER. KANE turns to PRUE and the TROOPERS.

KANE: What are you waiting for? Get out there and stop them!

107 INT. IMPERIAL STAR DESTROYER - CARGO BAY - DAY

LANDO drives his CARRIER into the cargo bay, and the huge loading ramp begins to close behind him. He comes to a stop next to a few PRISONERS.

LANDO: How are we doing?

PRISONER: We're taking up gunnery positions, and the Wookiees are headed for the bridge in the turbolifts.

LANDO: Good. They build these things, now let's see if they can fly one!

108 INT. IMPERIAL STAR DESTROYER - BRIDGE - MAIN CONTROL DECK - DAY

WOOKIEES are barking everywhere as they frantically rush to man the helm. The scene is chaos. Somehow, amid the noise and confusion, they manage to organize themselves and power up the ship's engines. LANDO shouts at a group of WOOKIEES working in one of the crew pits.

LANDO: That's it! Now override the shield signals so we can all get out of here!

109 EXT. GREAT SALT FLAT - IMPERIAL STAR DESTROYER - DAY

The IMPERIAL CRUISER begins a slow, shaky lift-off. PRUE and the TROOPERS shoot futilely at the massive SHIP'S underbelly as it hovers unsteadily over their heads. The gigantic hull starts to rotate, gradually swinging around until the pointed nose plows a huge slash in the side of the mountain. The TROOPS watch in awestruck horror as an AVALANCHE of boulders and debris comes crashing down on them.

110 GREAT SALT FLAT - MINE SHAFT ENTRANCE - DAY

KANE retreats inside the mountain as the landslide seals off the tunnel entrance.

111 EXT. HUTT CASTLE RAMPARTS - DAY

Klaxons blare at the castle complex as the STAR DESTROYER continues to slowly rotate, its side cannons firing randomly in all directions. OFFICERS and SOLDIERS begin to run for cover behind the bulwarks, scrambling to take up gunnery positions as the stone walls explode all around them. The WOOKIEES finally gain control of the SHIP, and it lifts off under a hail of laser fire, roaring away into the sky and headed for space.

112 EXT. BUNGLE RANGE - DAY

HAN leads the dogged TIE FIGHTERS through a series of tight twist and turns.

113 INT. MILLENNIUM FALCON - COCKPIT - DAY

HAN appears to be doing six things at once. The ship is buffeted by exploding flak. CHEWIE lets out a loud howl.

HAN: (harried) It was your idea! If I can just get us out of their sights...

HAN shouts into his headset.

HAN: (cont.) ...Luke! Get ready!

114 EXT. BUNGLE RANGE - DAY

The MILLENNIUM FALCON eventually gains enough of a lead to round a corner out of sight of the closest TIE.

115 INT. MILLENNIUM FALCON - GUNPORT COCKPIT - DAY

LUKE grips the controls of his laser cannon.

HAN: (over headset) Now, Luke!

LUKE'S face is a mask of intense concentration as he squeezes the trigger.

116 EXT. BUNGLE RANGE - DAY

The Falcon's belly cannon fires into a rock face, and as the TIEs round the corner, a shower of boulders and debris cascades down, destroying them in a loud ball of fire.

117 INT. MILLENNIUM FALCON - COCKPIT - DAY

HAN: Way to go, Kid! We're outta here!

118 EXT. KESSEL - DAY

Before any more ground forces can mobilize enough to stop the battered ship, the MILLENNIUM FALCON turns skyward, and rockets for space.

119 EXT. SPACE - MILLENNIUM FALCON - STAR DESTROYER

The stolen STAR DESTROYER drifts above KESSEL. Fast approaching from the planet below, the MILLENNIUM FALCON roars past the large bridge windows on the DESTROYER'S conning tower.

120 INT. STAR DESTROYER - BRIDGE - CONTROL DECK

WOOKIEES work the vast complex of electronic controls as LANDO moves to a large screen. HAN'S image appears, grinning from ear to ear.

HAN: Lando, you old thief, you did it!

LANDO: *(mock-seriousness)* Hey, I prefer the term 'con-artist,' if you don't mind! *(smiling)* Besides, it wasn't just me; I had a little help from my friends.

HAN: Hey, that's what friends are for, right? I'm just returning the favor.

LANDO falls silent, overcome with gratitude.

121 INT. MILLENNIUM FALCON - COCKPIT - SPACE

HAN: I'll contact the base, and let 'em know we're on our way.

LANDO: *(V.O.)* Alright, Han. We'll get there right behind you, after a quick little detour... We're carrying some rescued Huttlets that need to get home, so I'm stopping above Nal Hutta first. We're going to pre-program some of the escape pods to carry them safely down to Ophuchi.

HAN: We'll see you when you get back to Aquilae, then. -Oh, and I'll be sure to let the controllers know you're gonna need one of the larger berths!

LANDO: *(V.O.laughs)* Thanks, buddy.

HAN: You got it. Okay, here we go!

HAN pulls a lever, and the stars outside begin to streak.

122 EXT. SPACE - MILLENNIUM FALCON - STAR DESTROYER

First the MILLENNIUM FALCON roars into hyperspace, then the IMPERIAL STAR DESTROYER disappears after it.

123 EXT. DROID JUNKYARD - DAY

COMMANDER KANE moves briskly through the junkyard, making his way amid the DROID PILES and stepping over fallen TROOPERS as he heads toward the GAS FACTORY.

124 INT. GAS FACTORY - DAY

KANE enters the factory through the CONVEYOR PLATFORM entrance. He sees DR. BLOODORY lying unconscious on the floor.

KANE: Bloodory! No!

KANE rushes to the DOCTOR'S side and shakes him. DR. BLOODORY groans.

BLOODORY: ...Wha...What happened?

KANE: The prisoners have escaped. Oxus and Alana as well.

BLOODORY sits up, and puts his hand on his aching head.

BLOODORY: What? ...Escaped?! ...But... How?

KANE: The fools are running back home to Ondos in one of the Destroyers. No matter, let them run; we'll have our ship back soon enough. Little do they know their entire world is about to fall! The King and his niece will die, and this time I'll have everyone working in the mines...even the children!

BLOODORY: I've got to get back to the lab...

KANE helps BLOODORY to his feet, and drapes the unsteady DOCTOR'S arm over his shoulder.

KANE: Quickly, Doctor, we've no time to lose!

125 EXT. HYPERSPACE - MILLENNIUM FALCON

The MILLENNIUM FALCON roars through hyperspace.

126 INT. MILLENNIUM FALCON - MAIN HOLD AREA

LUKE, LEIA, ALANA, and OXUS have settled into the main hold. ALANA tends to OXUS, putting a blanket around him. LEIA places her hands gently on his head and closes her eyes, reaching out with the Force. After a moment, she speaks.

LEIA: You'll be alright, the transmitter isn't active.

OXUS: I think I pretty-well took care of that...for the time being, anyway.

LEIA: We'll have it removed once we're back at Aquilae.

ALANA: You can tell he'll be alright, just by touching him?

LEIA smiles, understanding ALANA'S wonderment all too well.

LEIA: Because all here is one in the Force- from the structure of the ship itself to the tiny electronic chip in your uncle's brain- the field signatures of the implant can become clear to me when I am properly focused. It's as if I can see it in my mind... I know that must sound strange to you.

ALANA: No, no, I actually understand. The reason I ask is because I have experienced this kind of thing myself!

LEIA and LUKE are surprised.

ALANA: *(cont.)* ...Sometimes I'm able to 'connect' with the mind of another, and I can feel what they feel...even change what they're feeling if I want to. That's how I revived Uncle back in that laboratory... I can't explain it, and I've never met anyone else who could.

LUKE: It's a Jedi trait. You have an inherent ability with the Force. I should have realized it when that Hutt moved out of our way... You must have great potential if your influence is that powerful.

OXUS chuckles.

OXUS: You just don't know Alana! Ever since she was a little girl, she always seemed to get her way!

LUKE and LEIA laugh. An embarrassed smile crosses ALANA'S face and she gives her uncle's shoulder a friendly nudge.

LUKE: It's nothing to be ashamed of. You have a gift. With the proper training, you could become a Jedi.

ALANA: A Jedi! Me?

LUKE: Yes, Alana. The Imperials must be stopped. The shroud of the dark side is slowly lifting, and there are many who are coming forth to fight for the side they believe in.

ALANA is speechless. After a moment, Oxus speaks.

OXUS: When it was announced that the Jedi had betrayed the Republic I knew it was a lie. I always held on to the hope that somehow, someday, the Jedi would return. ...I can't believe that day has finally come. *(to ALANA)* I would be proud to call my niece a Jedi.

ALANA smiles, and LUKE looks her in the eye.

LUKE: I'd like to test you, if you're willing.

ALANA nods her head.

127 INT. EXPERIMENTAL LAB - KESSEL - DAY

COMMANDER KANE helps DR. BLOODORY to the center of the laboratory chamber. The disheveled DOCTOR leans against the floating slab and massages his pounding skull. KANE steps back, assessing him.

KANE: Are you sure you're alright? You look terrible.

BLOODORY: I'll be fine. I just need a moment to collect my thoughts.

KANE: Perhaps we should test you?

KANE holds up three fingers in front of the DOCTOR.

KANE: *(cont.)* ...How many fingers am I holding up?

BLOODORY: *(perturbed)* Commander, I assure you I'll be okay. I'm just a little lightheaded, that's all. I'm more concerned about the control panel...they destroyed it!

KANE: But you will be able to repair it, yes?

BLOODORY: It will take a little time, of course, but I'm sure I can fix it.

KANE: Then pull yourself together and get to it, Doctor. I've decided we must hasten our schedule.

BLOODORY: What do you mean?

KANE: The subjugation of the Ondos system alone is not enough, now. We must include the planet's neighboring systems as well.

BLOODORY ponders this for a moment, then smiles.

BLOODORY: Yes, much sooner than the Emperor is anticipating; a chance to gain favor...and prove to him that you hold the ultimate power in the galaxy.

KANE: In his name, of course.

BLOODORY: Of course, Commander. But the Emperor is far from here, and you are in actual control.

KANE: This isn't the first time you've spoken in this fashion, Bloodory. Say what it is that's in your mind.

BLOODORY: If you command it.

KANE: I do.

BLOODORY: Very well. The mind-control technology is about to become the very source of the Emperor's power, and all of that power lies at your command. It makes you his equal.

KANE: You are close to treason, Bloodory.

BLOODORY: Is it treason to point out that you could demand a position of authority second only to that of Emperor Amedda? You could share dominion of the galaxy.

KANE: With you at my right hand?

BLOODORY: I'm your willing servant, Commander Kane.

KANE: I would not care to have the Emperor as my enemy.

BLOODORY: Formidable as he is, he is hardly an insurmountable problem.

KANE: You think not?

BLOODORY: He can be dealt with just the same as anyone else we've targeted for the procedure. Not even Admiral Vantos with the entire Imperial Starfleet at his command could stand against us if we so choose. Do not forget that you wield the ultimate power.

KANE: I shall consider what you've said, Bloodory. First, however, I must go and personally oversee the Ondos operation. After we have proven beyond the shadow of a doubt that an entire system- nay, even an entire sector- can be subjugated, then there will be time to think further about your suggestion.

KANE heads for the exit.

KANE: Now then, I expect you to have everything up and running by the time I arrive at Townowi.

BLOODORY gives an exhausted nod and KANE leaves, departing for the salt flat.

128 INT. MILLENNIUM FALCON - MAIN HOLD AREA

LUKE sits cross-legged in the FALCON'S main hold. Three cargo boxes are arranged in front of him. LUKE smiles and motions to ALANA. LEIA and OXUS watch from the side.

LUKE: Come, sit. Make yourself comfortable.

ALANA sits on the floor facing LUKE.

LUKE: Now, I want you to relax. Open your mind, the same way you did back on Kessel. Feel yourself connecting to the Force, and it will allow you to perceive things that your eyes cannot. *(indicating cargo boxes)* See if you can tell me what's inside these containers.

ALANA narrows her eyes in concentration. After a moment she points to the middle box.

ALANA: They all contain tools. There's an impulse detector in that one. The one on the right contains a hydrospanner, and there's a pair of graspers in the one on the left.

LUKE: That's amazing. It's taken some of my other students weeks to be able to do that! Let's see if we can't push you a little further.

ALANA: Further? I don't know...

LEIA: You can do it, Alana, trust him. I too was initially surprised by what I was capable of. You clearly have exceptional ability.

ALANA is flattered and blushes at this compliment from LEIA.

LUKE: Focus on the containers, and picture them rising in the air. Try the smallest first.

ALANA is enthusiastic and keen to attempt this, and she concentrates again. After a moment the smaller box gently lifts with a wobble. It floats a few feet

off the decking before it drops back down, ALANA sighing at the exertion. OXUS applauds.

OXUS: Amazing!

ALANA: It is amazing, Uncle! I could feel myself being pulled towards the box, as if to counter its weight; it took all my effort just to remain still!

LUKE applauds.

LUKE: You see? You're more talented than you realize.

LEIA: Yes, most impressive, Alana!

ALANA turns to her, eyes wide with marvel.

ALANA: But the way you both pushed those troopers...! (*shakes head*) That's much more impressive than simply moving boxes around!

LUKE: All in due time, Alana. You already possess the tools that will enable you to do so much more.

LUKE gestures toward the boxes. The lids unlatch and the tools drift out, floating to ALANA. LEIA rolls her eyes, grinning.

LEIA: Show off!

129 EXT. KESSEL - GREAT SALT FLAT - DAY

GROUND PERSONNEL oversee the last racks of GAS DROIDS being loaded into the STAR DESTROYER nearest the factory. KANE arrives in an armored MILITARY TRANSPORT, and addresses the CHIEF GROUND CREW OFFICER.

KANE: You, there! I am assuming command of this vessel. Is she almost ready for lift off?

OFFICER: Yes, Sir. The cargo hold is full to capacity and we're securing for launch now, Sir.

KANE: Good. See to it that the other battle wagons are also prepared for invasion, and do it quickly! On this day, Townowi's entire sector will bow to the Emperor!

OFFICER: Yes, Sir!

The TRANSPORT whisks KANE up the STAR DESTROYER'S loading ramp. As the ramp begins to close behind him, the SHIP'S powerful engines roar to life.

130 EXT. MON CALAMAR - AQUILAE BASE - MILLENNIUM FALCON - LATE AFTERNOON

The MILLENNIUM FALCON approaches AQUILAE from above. An alert MON CALAMARI SENTRY posted on a tall coral outcrop watches the SHIP with electrobinoculars. The SENTRY speaks into a headset as the FALCON enters the base through a large tunnel in the side of the dome.

131 INT. AQUILAE BASE - LANDING PLATFORM - LATE AFTERNOON

The battered FREIGHTER rests with her ramp open on one of the landing pads jutting out over the emerald waters. Nearby, MECHANICS, R2 UNITS, and various other DROIDS hurry about as JAN DODONNA greets everyone coming off the SHIP.

DODONNA: Welcome back, everyone! King Oxus, this is a surprise! We have just contacted your advisors. They tell us that Ondos is now loyal to Emperor Amedda...that you have signed a treaty of allegiance with the Imperials! How can this be?

OXUS: My advisors are not thinking clearly, Commander. They are under the influence of a powerful spice gas, and are merely repeating what they have been told to say. Likewise, I too was not myself when I was made to sign that treaty. It is part of an Imperial plot to subjugate the entire galaxy.

DODONNA: The entire galaxy! But how can they...

ALANA: It's true. I've heard it from Commander Kane himself, and we've also seen their preparations first hand.

CHEWBACCA growls. HAN sympathizes.

HAN: Yeah, a little closer than Chewie and Lando personally would have liked. But you're all safe now, and that's what matters, right?

LEIA casts a sidelong glance at HAN. He smiles at her, and looks to DODONNA.

HAN: (*cont.*) ...As soon as we had an idea where they were, Leia insisted on an immediate rescue. (*to LEIA*) 'No time for bureaucracy'- That's what you said, right, Hon?

LEIA raises a dubious eyebrow at her husband, but quickly finds herself unable to resist his charm.

LEIA: Yes, that's exactly what I said.

DODONNA smiles at the newlyweds, then readdresses KING OXUS and ALANA.

DODONNA: I'm sure you both must be exhausted. Come, let me show you where you can both refresh yourselves.

LEIA: General Dodonna, Han and I don't mind if you show them to our apartment, they can freshen up there.

OXUS: Thank you. Thank you both.

LEIA smiles warmly and puts a comforting hand on ALANA'S shoulder.

LEIA: ...And please feel free to help yourself to anything in my wardrobe.

ALANA: *(smiles)* Thank you, Leia.

DODONNA escorts ALANA and OXUS into the base. HAN turns to CHEWBACCA.

HAN: C'mon, Chewie. Let's go check out the Falcon and make sure she's okay.

CHEWBACCA moans in protest.

HAN: Aw, come on, you big baby! Don't try and give me that excuse! The Falcon's medical station said you were just fine. Now let's get to it.

CHEWIE nods and grunts. As the FIRST MATE and his CAPTAIN head back inside the ship, LUKE and LEIA are met by DREE TAN. Accompanying the aged JEDI MASTER are FIVE INDIVIDUALS dressed in Jedi attire whom LUKE does not recognize.

DREE TAN: Welcome back, young Skywalker! *(indicating the others)* As you can see, there have been some new arrivals while you were away. May I introduce you to Jedi Elders Depa Bilaba, Wonroff Emanon, Oppo Rancisis, Gri Sann Wei, and Shingen Bunden.

LUKE bows his head in turn to each new MASTER. He is once again amazed at the revelation that any Jedi still exist in the galaxy.

LUKE: Incredible! Masters Yoda and Kenobi told me that the Jedi were extinct; that I would be the last after they were gone. How is it possible they could not be aware that any of you were still alive?

OPPO RANCISIS: The few of us fortunate enough to escape the purge were weakened by the darkness that had enveloped the galaxy, so much so that our ability to hear the quieter whisperings of the Force was severely diminished.

LEIA: ...So there really was no way of knowing that the others existed; each one of you thought he was the last...

The MASTERS all nod in agreement.

SINGEN BUNDEN: Knowing we were not powerful enough to face the Sith Lords alone, we waited, and used what little ability we had left to hide in the Force.

DEPA BILABA: When I heard news of the Emperor's demise I felt the dark side beginning to lift. I was prompted by the Force to come forth and offer my aid.

GRI SANN WEI: I too was led by the Force to this place.

WONROFF EMANON: *(nods)* As it was with me.

DREE TAN: Yes, it seems the Force is guiding us all.

LUKE: And I am truly grateful. Simply amazing. I wonder how many others there might be...

The JEDI all smile at each other as they walk into the base. Meanwhile, HAN and CHEWBACCA inspect the latest blast damage to the FALCON'S topside hull, like a pair of hot-rodders lamenting a scratched paint-job.

HAN: Blast! They hit us pretty good on these thrust vector plates, Chewie. We're gonna have to switch 'em out.

CHEWBACCA barks and points to a different spot. HAN shakes his head.

HAN: Yeah, better add another micro panel over there too. Sometimes I think the patch jobs are the only thing keeping her together anymore...

A general alert SOUNDS throughout the docking area. HAN and CHEWIE look toward the far end of the cavernous hangar to see the stolen IMPERIAL STAR DESTROYER piloted by LANDO and the escaped PRISONERS coming through the immense entry tunnel. The SHIP approaches and gently sets down in the water alongside the CALAMARI CRUISERS.

The low-ceilinged room is filled with STARPILOTS and NAVIGATORS of all races and forms. WEDGE ANTILLES sits among them, along with a sprinkling of ASTROMECH DROIDS. ARTOO is plugged into a holographic emitter table in the center of the room, and THREEPIO stands next to the plucky little droid. LUKE is near the back with ALANA, OXUS, and the JEDI MASTERS. ALANA has changed from her dirty dress into a dazzling silver skirt. LANDO enters the room and moves through the crowd to join HAN and CHEWIE, who are in the front with LEIA and her STUDENT PILOTS. HAN claps him on the back.

HAN: Hey buddy! How're you feelin'?

LANDO: All things considered, not too bad. The droids at the medical center are giving everyone a clean bill of health so far, but y'know, it's still pretty creepy knowing someone had control of our minds...

LEIA: (chuckling) You should talk to Luke about that...

They all laugh and sit down. LANDO looks at DODONNA, RIEEKAN, MADINE, and ACKBAR, who are quietly conferring with several other Galactic Alliance LEADERS next to the projection table.

LANDO: So, I guess they're keeping us busy, eh? ...Where's Mon Mothma?

LEIA: She couldn't make it. She's on Coruscant, concluding her talks with the leaders on Granicus.

LANDO: Oh. That woman never stops, does she? Talk about keeping busy! I don't know how she does it. Even when I was the administrator on Cloud City, I had to take a break every once in a while.

HAN: 'Every once in a while?' Who're you tryin' to fool? You probably spent more time at the casino gambling tables than you did behind your desk!

LANDO gives a sheepish grin. Before he can reply, GENERAL DODONNA signals for attention. He looks to LEIA, and she stands up to face everyone. The room falls silent as they listen intently to what she has to say.

LEIA: Thank you all for assembling on such short notice. As some of you may have already heard, the Imperials have been preparing to unleash a plague upon the galaxy that would spell certain doom for us all. Their secret operations on Kessel have only just been discovered by us, and it is imperative that we mount a defensive strike immediately, before their modest fleet is ready. Right now, they're sitting ducks.

A murmur runs through the room. LEIA indicates the DROIDS.

LEIA: (cont.) ...Artoo and Threepio here managed to infiltrate the very heart of the Imperial facilities on Kessel, and they are prepared to give a presentation of what they witnessed there.

LEIA turns to regard the two DROIDS. THREEPIO steps forward.

THREEPIO: Mistress Leia, 'infiltrate' isn't quite the word that best describes our experience. Artoo and I stumbled upon that dreadful factory quite by accident. Had I known beforehand that we were going to take such a terrible turn for the worse, I would have never...

LEIA: Threepio.

THREEPIO: Em, yes, Mistress Leia?

LEIA: The presentation? ...if you don't mind?

ARTOO beeps a blue streak at the PROTOCOL DROID and activates a large HOLOGRAPHIC MODEL depicting the interior of the IMPERIAL FACTORY and the sinister GAS DROIDS.

THREEPIO: Oh, yes. The presentation...

133 INT. KANE'S IMPERIAL STAR DESTROYER - BRIDGE - MAIN CONTROL DECK

COMMANDER KANE stands before a HOLOGRAM of MAS AMEDDA.

KANE: My Lord, you will be pleased to hear that the full-scale mind control strike is imminent. I am en route to Townowi as we speak.

AMEDDA: Good. Your postponement thus far has been disappointing, Commander. For your sake, do not give me any further excuse to lose my trust in you completely.

KANE: If the delay has been a cause of concern I deeply apologize, My Lord. I assure you, any question of my dependability will soon be dispelled.

AMEDDA: We shall see.

134 EXT. AQUILAE BASE - CORAL OUTCROP - EVENING

From their lofty post next to the main entrance tunnel, a pair of AQUILLIAN RANGERS keeps a watchful eye on the base and its surrounding waters.

135 INT. AQUILAE BASE - BRIEFING ROOM - EVENING

Alarmed at the presentation they've just witnessed, the ASSEMBLY buzzes with quiet conversation. The HOLOGRAPHIC DISPLAY is now an overview of the Imperial operations on Kessel, the surrounding terrain, and the protecting deflector shield. ADMIRAL ACKBAR moves center stage.

ACKBAR: The cruisers will come out of hyperspace close to the Kessel system. The presence of our fleet above the planet will act as a distraction, while a small squadron of fighters will fly down and attempt to knock out the factory. We will have the element of surprise in our favor, but time is of the essence. General Madine?

GENERAL MADINE steps forward and points to the factory.

MADINE: The Imperial facilities are located here, in this valley. As you can see, there is a shield several kilometers in diameter protecting the entire area from bombardment and aerial assault. This impenetrable barrier is generated by hidden projector modules that are embedded in the ground at regular intervals around the perimeter. However, as General Solo discovered, there is a vulnerability- a small point of entry right here...

MADINE points to the area where the shield and the canyon meet.

MADINE: *(cont.)* ...an unshielded area in the bottom of this narrow canyon big enough for a small squadron of fighters to pass through. *Some of the PILOTS begin to mumble amongst themselves. WEDGE ANTILLES, now a battle-seasoned pilot, speaks up.*

WEDGE: Pardon me for asking, Sir, but why would the Imperials risk leaving this spot unprotected?

MADINE: We can only surmise that because their entire operation has been such a well-kept secret, they must be counting on having the galaxy subsumed before anyone has a chance to even find them or put up a fight. Apparently, the shield is only in place as an afterthought...most likely to keep out any uninvited smugglers.

HAN: Well, apparently it didn't work!

The tension is broken for a moment, and a ripple of soft laughter courses through the room. LEIA'S expression remains one of concern.

LEIA: Still, speaking from firsthand experience, I can tell you the navigation of this canyon will be difficult for any squadron unfamiliar with the environment- even with the aid of terrain readouts. I suggest an attack with our smallest, most maneuverable ships; I formally request that I lead my trainees on this mission.

This causes a stir. HAN, startled, looks up at LEIA, surprise changing to admiration. GENERAL RIEEKAN has a skeptical look on his face.

RIEEKAN: No offense, but your students are not within the military chain of command; they lack proper military training. This no joy ride we're talking about.

LEIA: With all due respect, General, Devil Group's practice session results have been increasingly higher on average than any of the other squadrons. They have developed a heightened attunement to the Force, and I believe they are more than ready to face this challenge.

DODONNA steps forward.

DODONNA: There's no denying Devil Group has built a strong rapport, and they have been turning in some extraordinary numbers lately. Personally I think it is a bit of a risk sending a bunch of Jedi greenhorns out on a job like this. *(smiles)* ...But I am old enough to remember the miracles of the Force, and it's a risk I'm willing to bet on. Congratulations, you've got the assignment. *The ASSEMBLY begins to talk among themselves. WEDGE is sitting next to JUSTIN VALOR, one of LEIA'S student pilots.*

JUSTIN: We don't know what we're getting into. She might've just signed us up for a suicide mission.

WEDGE: Nah. I was younger than you when I went against both Death Stars, and I managed to make it out alive.

JUSTIN: *(not impressed)* Yeah... You and how many others?

DREE TAN raises his hand and speaks up.

DREE TAN: The Masters and I gladly volunteer to go with them.

Everyone is surprised and delighted. LUKE looks at DREE TAN, surprise changing to respect. DREE TAN smiles warmly.

VOICE: *(offscreen)* I will go as well!

Everyone turns in that direction and the crowd parts. There at the back stands a new JEDI MASTER.

JEDI: Master Seig Lettow, at your service!

RIEEKAN looks to LEIA. She nods. A volley of spirited chatter erupts from the crowd.

RIEEKAN: Okay then, that's it, everybody! Get aboard the cruisers, and make ready your ships!

The group rises and begins to leave.

136 INT. AQUILAE BASE - CORRIDOR - EVENING

In a wide corridor adjoining the command center, the LEADERS, PILOTS, and ASTROMECH DROIDS all make their way toward Aquilae's main hangar. LANDO, ACKBAR, and the other cruiser CAPTAINS confer with RIEEKAN and DODONNA while SEIG LETTOW, the newly-arrived Jedi elder, walks with a cane alongside LUKE, ALANA, LEIA, and the JEDI MASTERS.

SEIG LETTOW: ...I was diverted here from the screening center on Coruscant.

Imagine my surprise when I saw all of you Jedi Masters here too!

LUKE: I certainly don't have to imagine it... I'm still in shock myself!

They all laugh.

GRI SANN WEI: I think you speak for us all, Master Skywalker. When the Force directed each of us, we weren't expecting company either. But every new arrival is further confirmation that the shroud of the dark side is lifting. *(to MASTER LETTOW)* We have kept the light alive. Our many years in seclusion have not been in vain.

LETTOW gives a kindly smile as he shuffles along on his cane.

ARTOO and THREEPIO follow just behind the JEDI.

THREEPIO: I don't know why they all seem so at ease. This mission sounds dangerous, Artoo. The astromech droid that Mistress Leia was using before was perfectly fine. I don't understand why she insists on taking you with her instead.

ARTOO chirps a reply.

THREEPIO: Well, I still don't think it's necessary. Every time you go off in one of those awful starships the stress has a tendency to make my circuitry go a little...funny.

ARTOO whistles reassuringly.

137 INT. AQUILAE BASE - NIGHT

Everyone arrives at the docks that connect to the floating Mon Cal cruisers. LANDO, ACKBAR, and the other cruiser CAPTAINS split away from RIEEKAN and DODONNA to board their respective ships. The two GENERALS approach the group of JEDI. LUKE smiles reassuringly at his sister, then looks to DODONNA.

LUKE: General, I have the utmost confidence in the Jedi strike team. With your permission, I'd like to escort Alana to Coruscant so she can personally brief Mon Mothma on the horrors that she and her uncle endured at Kessel.

DODONNA: Permission granted, Skywalker.

LUKE: Thank you, Sir.

THREEPIO: Now don't you do anything stupid, like getting yourself shot, Artoo. You and Mistress Leia must come back in one piece, do you hear me?

ARTOO beeps.

LEIA: Don't you worry, Threepio. We'll be alright.

LUKE embraces LEIA.

LUKE: May the Force be with you.

LEIA: And with you. I'll see you when we get back.

LUKE nods, then he, ALANA, and THREEPIO depart to a nearby Lambda-class Imperial SHUTTLE. RIEEKAN addresses the group of JEDI as he gestures to the nearby HOME ONE.

RIEEKAN: Now then, let's get you all aboard to your fighters.

138 INT. MON CALAMARI CRUISER - HANGAR BAY - NIGHT

Devil Group's NINE CORALLER FIGHTERS sit in a row along the edge of the vast hangar. Bizarre and colorful designs have been painted on various sections of the spacecraft. Some designs transform the ships into huge and grotesque animals, while others create unique mosaic patterns. The PILOTS stand proudly at attention in front of their ships. DODONNA, RIEEKAN, and LEIA review the assembled team. There is a gleam in LEIA'S eye as she shows off her strike force to the TWO LEADERS. When they've inspected the last starship, RIEEKAN turns to LEIA.

RIEKAN: I'm speechless. A most impressive display, Princess. (to DODONNA) For the first time since you endorsed this group, I feel reassured.

DODONNA: And now they have seven Jedi Masters to help them.

They regard the ELDER JEDI nearby, who are wasting no time readying their A-WINGS. RIEEKAN smiles.

RIEKAN: Yes, I think we can safely this one's already won.

LEIA: Thank you for the show of faith, Generals, but let's not raise our hopes prematurely. Even if the Imperials haven't had time to re-fortify, we can't be entirely sure this mission will be so easy. If they've figured out how we initially got past their shield, they may have taken steps to safeguard against another such incursion.

DODONNA: Perhaps. We can only hope the element of surprise is on our side. (smiles) ...And the Force.

RIEKAN: The other squadrons will be ready to launch if for some reason you should run into trouble on Kessel, but know that we have every confidence in your team.

LEIA: Thank you both. We will do our best.

RIEKAN: Good luck.

RIEKAN and DODONNA withdraw to the war room. LEIA finds ARTOO waiting at her STARFIGHTER. ARTOO chirps a greeting. LEIA smiles.

LEIA: I'm glad you'll be with me, Artoo!

139 INT. MILLENNIUM FALCON - COCKPIT - NIGHT

HAN fires up the first stage engines, while CHEWBACCA studies a readout.

HAN: How's she doin' Chewie? D'you think your new welds are gonna hold?

CHEWIE barks his satisfaction, and HAN scratches the WOOKIEE'S furry head.

HAN: It sure is good to have you back in that seat, pal!

LEIA: (over comlink) Han, are you there?

HAN: (into comlink) I'm here, Leia. How're you doin'?

LEIA: (over comlink) A little nervous. I just wanted to hear your voice.

HAN: Everything's gonna be fine, hon'. You'll see. I love you.

LEIA: (over comlink) Love you too. (pauses) Han... May the Force be with you...

HAN: (embarrassed) Yeah, right, uh, you too...

CHEWBACCA lets out a chuckle. HAN gives the Wookiee's arm a friendly shove.

LANDO: (over comlink) Han, the fleet is ready. We're taking off.

HAN: (into comlink) Okay, Lando. We're with you.

HAN works the FALCON'S controls, and the view outside begins to move past the cockpit windows. CHEWBACCA growls.

HAN: Oh, now you too? What do you mean, 'a bad feeling about this'? Relax, Chewie. They won't even know what hit 'em!

140 EXT. AQUILAE BASE - NIGHT

One by one, the huge Mon Cal SHIPS come blasting out of the large coral dome. The massive HOME ONE is at the front, and the MILLENNIUM FALCON roars up to a spot ahead of it, tiny in comparison as the FLEET angles up and away from the blue planet.

141 INT. AQUILAE BASE- NIGHT

KING OXUS stands at a railing and watches the last of the ships depart. COMMANDER WILLARD approaches him.

WILLARD: Come, Your Highness. It's time we got that mind-control chip removed. *WILLARD escorts OXUS away to Aquilae's medical facility.*

142 INT. KESSEL - EXPERIMENTAL LAB - LATE AFTERNOON

DR. BLOODORY is assisted by a small REPAIR DROID as he works feverishly on the damaged control console. A housing panel has been removed from the massive machine, and only BLOODORY'S lower half is visible as he struggles to repair the tangled mess of melted wires and charred components inside the contraption.

BLOODORY: (muffled) Confounded wires... I hate wires!

A communications signal unexpectedly SOUNDS. The startled BLOODORY jumps, and there is a loud BANG as he hits his head.

BLOODORY: Ow! What?! WHAT?!

The DOCTOR disentangles himself from his work and activates a view screen.

KANE'S image appears.

KANE: I'll soon be arriving at Ondos, Doctor. What is the status of the control console?

BLOODORY: (exasperated) It's nearly fixed. Everything will be operational here very shortly, Commander. ...Barring any further interruptions, that is.

KANE: Excellent. Carry on, then.

The image on the view screen flickers off. BLOODORY glares at the DROID and throws one of his TOOLS across the room, rubbing his sore head in frustration.

143 EXT. KESSEL - GREAT SALT FLAT - LATE AFTERNOON

The loading of the remaining six STAR DESTROYERS is in full swing as IMPERIAL OFFICERS and PERSONNEL rush about, making final preparations for the launch.

144 EXT. SPACE - CORUSCANT

A Lambda-Class IMPERIAL SHUTTLE heads toward Coruscant.

145 EXT. CORUSCANT - CITYSCAPE - IMPERIAL SHUTTLE - SUNDOWN

The spacecraft flies over the endless cityscape.

146 INT. IMPERIAL SHUTTLE - COCKPIT - SUNDOWN

C-3PO sits at the back control panel, while LUKE sits in the pilot's seat, ALANA in the seat next to him.

LUKE: ...Precisely. Masters Yoda and Obi Wan have been teaching me the difference. The Jedi powers of telekinesis and remote viewing are of the cosmic Force, while the living Force is our connection to other beings and to the universe on a more personal and intuitive level.

ALANA: So it is through the living Force that we feel compassion, that we receive intuition, that we have a personal connection to others?

LUKE: Yes. It is with the living Force that the so-called Jedi "mind trick" is accomplished, as well as the various healing techniques.

ALANA: So it's really just a matter of quieting the logical mind and listening to intuition. This is a way of knowing which path is the right one, even if we may not fully know yet why that is so.

LUKE: Yes! You're a natural with this, Alana!

ALANA: Thanks to you! For most of my life it's been frustrating. It's felt as if I was at the edge of a great pool of knowledge and power, but didn't know how to swim. Now I feel as though I can, like it's all starting to make perfect sense!

LUKE: Indeed. You're well on your way!

ALANA smiles and LUKE flips several switches, gazing through the viewscreen.

LUKE: Okay, we're nearing the abandoned Senate building. I can't tell you how many times this stolen shuttle has come in handy...

147 EXT. CORUSCANT - ABANDONED SENATE OFFICE BUILDING - SUNDOWN

The SHUTTLE swoops down toward the abandoned Senate building's landing platform.

**148 EXT. CORUSCANT - ABANDONED SENATE OFFICE
BUILDING - LANDING PLATFORM - SUNDOWN**

The small SHUTTLE comes to rest. LUKE, ALANA, and THREEPIO are met at the bottom of the ramp by MON MOTHMA and her Galactic Alliance SECURITY CHIEF, CRISPIN HOEDAACK.

MON MOTHMA: Luke! It is so good to see you again since Endor!

LUKE: *(bows)* Likewise, My Lady. You certainly have been busy. Frankly, I've been starting to wonder if you were nothing more than a hologram!

MON MOTHMA: *(laughs)* Yes, I suppose I have been somewhat elusive, haven't I? The re-formation of a functioning Senate body is no easy task! I've been from one end of the galaxy to the other trying to garner support...

HOEDAACK steps forward.

HOEDAACK: Excuse me, My Lady, but we really should get you inside, where it is safe.

MON MOTHMA: Yes, yes, alright Crispin. *(to LUKE and ALANA, smiling)* Now you see the real reason why nobody can ever seem to find me!

They laugh, and the GROUP walks away from the platform toward the SENATE BUILDING GRAND HALLWAY.

149 INT. CORUSCANT - SENATE BUILDING - MAIN HALLWAY - SUNDOWN

The GROUP walks among the large columns of the GRAND HALLWAY as they head for the building's entrance.

LUKE: I know what you mean. Rebuilding the Jedi Order has been no easy task either, and I must thank you again for the candidate screening center you've helped to establish here on Coruscant.

MON MOTHMA: I needn't remind you it was out of necessity, Luke. After all, we're both in agreement that no matter how sincere Mas Amedda's concerns for the stability of peace may appear to be, his proposal- that the Order be reinstated to 'help usher in a new golden era'- is highly suspect.

LUKE: Yes, I still have a hard time believing his claims that he didn't know Emperor Palpatine was a Sith Master. But either way, this latest development on Kessel clearly exposes Amedda's own evil nature.

MON MOTHMA: I'm quite sure it has.

LUKE: Still, his offer was one we could not refuse, and the response to the broadcast has been encouraging. Several of the candidates secretly sent along to Aquilae have been showing great promise.

MON MOTHMA: ...And the less adept hopefuls that remain here on Coruscant unwittingly give the impression that we've not had much success.

LUKE chuckles.

LUKE: Lately it seems we've been having nothing *but*. At least seven Jedi Masters have recently emerged from hiding. *(indicates ALANA)* ...And as if that weren't enough, I foresee that Alana here is well on the way to becoming a great Jedi herself.

LUKE smiles at ALANA. MON MOTHMA also regards the young woman with a grin, and ALANA blushes with modesty. The GROUP enters the Senate building.

150 INT. CORUSCANT - SENATE BUILDING - MON MOTHMA'S OFFICE - SUNDOWN

In the secret Galactic Alliance meeting room beneath the empty Senate rotunda, ALANA and MON MOTHMA make introductions.

MON MOTHMA: ...Ah, yes, Alana Seren. I remember you now. You were the young Ondos representative in the Senate, before Palpatine disbanded the body, yes? *ALANA smiles, and for a moment a faraway look comes into her eyes.*

ALANA: Those days seem so long ago now.

LUKE is taken aback.

LUKE: You were a Senator?

ALANA: One of the youngest.

LUKE: But... That would mean... Surely you must have known of my sister, then? Leia also served in the Senate.

ALANA nods quietly, and LUKE is confused.

LUKE: Well, why didn't you say anything before?

ALANA: *(hesitant)* I confess, I was a little embarrassed to bring it up...

LUKE: Embarrassed?

ALANA: Even though Leia is several years younger than me, I always admired her strength. She carried herself with a dignity in the Senate that commanded attention and respect. Although we never met, I guess you could say I looked up to her in a way... many of us did.

MON MOTHMA is moved by ALANA'S words.

MON MOTHMA: Yes, she certainly takes after her mother...

LUKE turns to MON MOTHMA, only to find himself suddenly speechless. She sees the surprise on his face and smiles reassuringly.

MON MOTHMA: I gather Obi Wan wasn't able to tell you about her...?

LUKE: And you can?

MON MOTHMA: Yes, I knew her well...but it is a painful subject I would prefer to discuss at a more appropriate time, when your sister can be with us.

LUKE sees the sadness in MON MOTHMA'S eyes, and he nods respectfully. Reaching into his robe, he produces a small information disk.

LUKE: Fair enough. Let us get to the real reason we're here, then, and bring you up to speed on the things we've witnessed at Kessel.

MON MOTHMA nods, and turns to her SECURITY CHIEF.

MON MOTHMA: Chief Hoedaak, can you get me a secure channel to Barrola the Great of Nal Hutta, please?

HOEDAACK nods and leaves.

THREEPIO: If I may say so, My Lady, the goings on at Kessel are most atrocious...

151 EXT. KESSEL - GREAT SALT FLAT - EVENING

All final preparations are made for the approaching invasion. The landing area is buzzing with last minute activity as personnel and ground crews retreat to safety. Loading ramps close as the entire valley is overwhelmed by the thundering din of igniting ion engines. The CRUISERS lift off and head for space.

152 EXT. KESSEL - SPACE

KESSEL and its MOONS loom ominously in the blackness as the GALACTIC ALLIANCE FLEET comes out of hyperspace with an awesome roar.

153 INT. HOME ONE STAR CRUISER - BRIDGE

From the bridge of his frigate, ADMIRAL ACKBAR watches outside the viewscreen as the space armada bears down on its target. He suddenly spots SIX IMPERIAL DESTROYERS flying in formation, ascending toward them from the planet below. The enemy SHIPS are coming up fast. ACKBAR flips an alarm switch, and speaks into the radio.

ACKBAR: All vessels on alert! Imperial ships approaching, prepare for combat! All defense squadrons, get ready to engage enemy fighters! Devil Group, commence your mission, immediately!

154 EXT. KESSEL - SPACE BATTLE

As the MON CAL CRUISERS and the STAR DESTROYERS move to fire on each other at close range, LEIA'S FIGHTER rockets out of HOME ONE'S main hangar bay, closely followed by DEVIL GROUP. The SEVEN ELDER JEDI appear right behind the CORALLERS in their A-WINGS.

155 INT. LEIA'S MON CAL FIGHTER - COCKPIT - SPACE

LEIA checks her instruments, then turns her attention to the grey planet filling the view ahead of them.

LEIA: Everyone, stay close, we don't want to get caught up in the firefight out here! We're on our own. The other squadrons won't be able to provide any backup now; it's all up to us. Full acceleration for Kessel!

156 INT. DREE TAN'S MON CAL FIGHTER - COCKPIT - SPACE

JUSTIN VALOR: *(over comlink)* Affirmative, Devil Leader, we're right behind you! *DREE TAN glances ahead at the planet before them, thinking for a moment.*

DREE TAN: Leia, I know a trick that could help mask us from the Imperial ground scanners. If we synchronize the fighters into a coordinated roll as we enter the atmosphere, we'll appear as an indistinct fuzz on their readouts.

LEIA: *(over comlink)* Good idea, Master Tan! Go ahead and take the lead!

DREE TAN: You got it. *(to the other MASTERS)* Jedi Masters, we'll need to use the Force to help synchronize everyone.

WONROFF EMANON: *(over comlink)* Affirmative.

SEIG LETTOW: *(over comlink)* Can do.

157 EXT. SPACE - STARFIGHTERS

DREE'S A-WING accelerates past LEIA'S CORALLER, and begins to spin.

158 INT. LEIA'S MON CAL FIGHTER - COCKPIT - SPACE

As LEIA follows, her hands intuitively play across the controls.

LEIA: Devil Group, fall into formation behind us. Use the Force to see in your mind's eye where your ship needs to be.

159 EXT. SPACE - STARFIGHTERS

The ships form up and begin to spin in unison. A long rifling corkscrew takes shape, glowing at the edges as it hurtles toward KESSEL'S atmosphere.

160 INT. IMPERIAL STAR DESTROYER - BRIDGE - MAIN CONTROL DECK

Outside the main viewscreen, the spiraling ships speed away from the ensuing battle.

CHIEF PILOT: A group of them are breaking away, Sir. They're heading for the planet surface. Shall I send a squadron after them?

CAPTAIN: No, we need all our ships here. Notify the ground forces setting up outside the breach point. They can arrange a little welcoming party...

161 EXT. SPACE BATTLE - MILLENNIUM FALCON

An armada of TIE FIGHTERS rockets from the main bay of an IMPERIAL DESTROYER. The MILLENNIUM FALCON and the ALLIANCE SQUADRONS hustle to meet them head-on. The sky explodes as a fierce battle begins in KESSEL'S upper atmosphere.

162 INT. MILLENNIUM FALCON - COCKPIT - SPACE

All over the ship muted alarm buzzers sound. HAN anxiously watches the flashing lights on the control panel and adjusts some switches. One laserbeam hits very close to the FALCON'S cockpit. CHEWBACCA roars.

HAN: Okay, okay, so you were right! What do you want, a medal? Anyway, go prime up the quad guns, will ya? I'm gonna need you on that cannon! It doesn't look like any of 'em are going after Leia's group, so we'll just pick 'em off up here.

CHEWBACCA grunts and moves to exit the cockpit.

163 EXT. KESSEL SURFACE - EVENING

The spiraling CORALLER FIGHTERS level out and skim the planet's stony surface. LEIA'S ship rockets to the fore.

164 INT. LEIA'S MON CAL FIGHTER - COCKPIT - EVENING

LEIA: Okay, everyone. See that steam up ahead? We're coming up on the thermal rift that's going to mask our approach and lead us under their defense shield...

165 EXT. KESSEL SURFACE - EVENING

LEIA speeds toward the fissure and the others line up behind her. Before they can reach it, however, the CORALLER FIGHTER bringing up the rear erupts in a ball of flame. A swarm of TIE FIGHTERS suddenly appears out of nowhere and drops down into formation behind them.

166 INT. LEIA'S MON CAL FIGHTER - COCKPIT - EVENING

LEIA: Incoming! Devil One is down! Take evasive action! All hell breaks loose. ARTOO SQUEALS as laser beams begin to whiz all around the Jedi.

LEIA: How many are back there, Artoo?

ARTOO beeps as his count tallies up on a display screen.

LEIA: Forty-five... (alarmed) Fifty!...that's not good.

167 EXT. KESSEL SURFACE - EVENING

As if they've done it a million times, the JEDI MASTERS veer off left and right, loop around, and come up behind the TIES blasting away. Several TIE FIGHTERS EXPLODE before the rest break formation and scatter. Each MASTER singles out an enemy SHIP and gives chase. The airspace above KESSEL'S rock-strewn surface becomes a maelstrom of ROARING FIGHTERS and frenzied LASERFIRE.

168 INT. LEIA'S MON CAL FIGHTER - COCKPIT - EVENING

LEIA: Devil Group, pair up and follow the Masters' lead. We'll have to thin out these TIEs a little before we can make our run...

DEVIL 2: (over headset) But they're all over us like a rash!

LEIA: Don't worry, Callum, we can do this! We have to reach that factory at all costs!

169 INT. EXPERIMENTAL LAB - KESSEL - EVENING

DR. BLOODORY secures the housing panel in place and powers up the CONSOLE, talking to the REPAIR DROID as he adjusts some frequency dials.

BLOODORY: There we are...chip connections are all online once more!

BLOODORY studies the displays as he begins to work the delicate controls of the machine, like a fine musician playing his instrument.

BLOODORY: (cont., to himself) ...Now then, good King Oxus...where are you?

170 INT. MEDICAL THEATER - AQUILAE - NIGHT

KING OXUS lies on an operating table as a pair of SURGICAL DROIDS work on removing the mind control chip from his brain. The lead SURGICAL DROID holds up the tiny device.

SURGICAL DROID: We got it.

171 INT. EXPERIMENTAL LAB - KESSEL - EVENING

DR. BLOODORY looks to the little REPAIR DROID and furrows his brow in disappointment.

BLOODORY: Curses! No readings on him!

The DROID backs away, beeping nervously. BLOODORY takes a deep breath and refocuses his attention on the console.

BLOODORY: Alright. No time to dwell on that now. Let's just finish establishing the control link to all the gas droids.

172 EXT. SPACE - KESSEL - SPACE BATTLE

Hundreds of deadly laser bolts streak from one of the Imperial warships locked in broadsides with one of the smaller cruisers. The GALACTIC ALLIANCE SHIP returns the fire, until the conning tower on the IMPERIAL BATTLEWAGON explodes, causing it to fall out of formation.

173 INT. MON CAL CRUISER - GUNNERY BAY

The elaborate laser gun turrets belch a smoky exhaust as the GUN CREWS, wearing heat-protective suits, goggles and breath masks, cheer and congratulate each other on the direct hit. The gunnery CHIEF finishes speaking into his helmet comlink, and yells to the crews.

CHIEF: I don't know what you boys are so cheery about; there are still five more out there!

The crews snap-to, and turn back to their giant guns. Several stubby, eight-legged ROBOTS scurry to and fro, bringing equipment, and repairing damage to sections of the turrets.

174 INT. SHINGEN BUNDEN'S A-WING FIGHTER - COCKPIT - EVENING

SHINGEN BUNDEN'S canopy windows are smeared with soot and grime. He can hardly see, but that doesn't prevent him from bearing down on one of the TIES. He closes his eyes in concentration, directed by the Force. The TIE FIGHTER dances about in a vain attempt to shake him, but the dogged JEDI ELDER anticipates his target's every move.

BUNDEN: (to himself) Goodbye, Imperial vermin!

175 EXT. KESSEL SURFACE - EVENING

Two quick shots and the TIE disintegrates. BUNDEN'S A-WING veers away as he goes after his next target. LEIA'S DEVIL GROUP STUDENTS are also flying by instinct, giving themselves over to the guidance of the Force. TWO CORALLERS swerve in unison as FOUR TIE FIGHTERS attack. The DEVILS perform a tight weave, causing two of the TIES to collide. The MON CAL FIGHTERS peel apart as GRI SANN WEI'S A-WING barrels towards them, his guns obliterating the second pair of TIES. The TWO CORALLERS loop around the explosion to join up with the JEDI ELDER.

176 INT. GRI SANN WEI'S A-WING FIGHTER - COCKPIT - EVENING

MASTER GRI SANN WEI salutes the TWO CORALLERS at his wingtips.

GRI SANN WEI: Outstanding, Devils Six and Seven! Very good! Remember, do, don't think! Feel the ship to where you want it to go.

177 INT. JAXX'S MON CAL FIGHTER - COCKPIT - EVENING

JAXX: Yes Master! My engines are straining, but my instinct tells me that I can pull much tighter turns than the limits recommended on the readout display...

GRI SANN WEI: (over headset) Excellent, Devil Six! And don't rely on your targeting scopes; the Force will guide you!

178 INT. GRI SANN WEI'S A-WING FIGHTER - COCKPIT - EVENING

GRI SANN WEI: (cont.) ...Now, see those five TIES ahead and below? Break left and right, and come at them from the sides. Cut across me when you take them!

JAXX: (over comlink) Affirmative, Master Wei.

JUSTIN VALOR: (over comlink) Roger that, Chief.

179 EXT. KESSEL SURFACE - EVENING

The CORALLERS accelerate, sweeping out wide and then closing in on the FIVE TIES. GRI dives on them and opens fire, annihilating THREE of the FIGHTERS

directly ahead of him, while the remaining TIES explode under the students' targeting. The TWO MON CAL FIGHTERS criss-cross in front of each other and the A-WING with only inches to spare.

180 INT. JUSTIN VALOR'S MON CAL FIGHTER - COCKPIT - EVENING

GRI SANN WEI: (over headset) That's it! Let the Force be your eyes and hands!
JUSTIN VALOR: I think I'm starting to enjoy this suicide mission!

181 INT. IMPERIAL PALACE - THRONEROOM - NIGHTFALL

Unaware of the developing conflagration, MAS AMEDDA and SLY MOORE discuss other matters at hand.

AMEDDA: ...The seeming lack of progress at the Jedi training center is suspect; they are not to be trusted. Surely they've had more success than what we're being led to believe.

MOORE: And Vader... Do you think it's possible he could have found them all?

AMEDDA: Unlikely. He was good, but surely not good enough to...

The conversation is interrupted as AMEDDA'S communications console emits a high-pitched SOUND. The continuous news feed to the HOLONET SCREEN begins to flicker and distort. After a moment, MON MOTHMA'S face appears on the screen.

MON MOTHMA: (transmission) Citizens of the galaxy lend me your ears. I am Mon Mothma of the Galactic Alliance movement, and I come before you not to praise Mas Amedda, but to condemn him. It has been said that unlimited power is apt to corrupt the minds of those who possess it; so it was with Emperor Palpatine, and so it is also with your newest Emperor. We have recently learned that Amedda is the organizer of a loathsome and diabolical Imperial plot, one that would aim to make mindless slaves of us all...

MAS AMEDDA looks to SLY MOORE, his face a mask of sudden shock and anger.

AMEDDA: No! What is she doing? How did this happen?

SLY MOORE is equally surprised, and can offer no answer.

AMEDDA: Trace her signal immediately! Find her! She must be stopped!

182 EXT. KESSEL - EVENING

OPPO RANCISIS sweeps his A-WING around behind THREE TIEs, quickly eliminating one. The TIEs separate. The A-WING doggedly holds to one as it skips about trying to evade the JEDI.

183 INT. OPPO RANCISIS'S A-WING FIGHTER - COCKPIT - EVENING

OPPO brings his SHIP in line with the TIE. He presses the trigger button on his joystick.

184 EXT. KESSEL - EVENING

The TIE balloons into multi-colored specks. The other TIE loops around to come in behind RANCISIS'S SHIP.

185 INT. DREE TAN'S A-WING FIGHTER - COCKPIT - EVENING

DREE TAN: Devils Three and Nine, follow me! Rancisis is picking up a bogey!

186 EXT. KESSEL - EVENING

DREE TAN and his TWO WINGMEN peel away to help RANCISIS. The THREE SHIPS move as one, fanning out into a diagonal formation.

187 INT. OPPO RANCISIS'S A-WING FIGHTER - COCKPIT - EVENING

OPPO RANCISIS turns his attention to the TIE that is now firing on his tail.
DREE TAN: (over comlink) Oppo, my old friend, we're coming up fast on your left. Bank hard to the left...now!

188 EXT. KESSEL - EVENING

OPPO pulls his FIGHTER to the left. The unsuspecting TIE follows, crossing first through the afterburners of DREE TAN, then DEVIL NINE, and finally DEVIL THREE. RANCISIS loops his ship up and around, diving back down towards the torched IMPERIAL FIGHTER. The TIE explodes under his guns.

189 INT. OPPO RANCISIS'S A-WING FIGHTER - COCKPIT - EVENING

OPPO RANCISIS: Thank you, Devils! Great teamwork!

190 EXT. KESSEL - EVENING

WONROFF EMANON'S A-WING flies in tandem with DEVIL FOUR. They bob and weave, dodging laser fire as THREE TIES pursue them.

191 INT. WONROFF EMANON'S A-WING FIGHTER - COCKPIT - EVENING

WONROFF EMANON: Get ready to break right...hold on...not yet...Now!

192 EXT. KESSEL - EVENING

DEVIL FOUR banks away and two of the TIES begin to follow. WONROFF cuts his thrusters and dips his ship, and the third TIE overshoots him. The JEDI MASTER comes up and opens fire, taking out the TIE and clipping the other two. DEVIL FOUR swoops back up from below and finishes off the damaged TIES. At the same time, SIEG LETTOW'S A-WING comes out of nowhere, guns blazing as he drives TWO MORE TIE FIGHTERS into the EXPLOSION. He banks his SHIP away from the brilliant FIREBALL, aiming for a nearby CORALLER under pressure from yet another TIE.

193 INT. SIEG LETTOW'S A-WING FIGHTER - COCKPIT - EVENING

SIEG LETTOW: Devil Five, use the Force! It will guide you where you need to be!

194 EXT. KESSEL - EVENING

DEVIL FIVE rises and banks sharply, but the TIE scores a lucky hit. The CORALLER explodes, throwing debris in all directions. SIEG drops in behind the TIE and opens fire, blowing it apart. A new TIE moves in behind SIEG. SIEG pushes his A-WING down, skimming the rocky surface. The TIE doggedly follows. SIEG lifts the nose and punches his thrusters.

195 INT. TIE FIGHTER - COCKPIT - EVENING

The TIE PILOT screams and throws up his hands as a whirlwind of rocky debris rips his window to shreds.

196 EXT. KESSEL - EVENING

The damaged TIE crashes into the ground, becoming a spectacular pinwheel of tumbling fire and flying wreckage.

197 INT. LEIA'S MON CAL FIGHTER - COCKPIT - EVENING

ARTOO chatters away as LEIA studies the readout.

LEIA: Okay, down to eighteen. That's not so bad, we're almost even. *(into headset)* Okay, Devils, listen up! We may have lost the element of surprise, but we can still use the canyon to our advantage! Follow me, and stay sharp!

198 EXT. GEYSER CANYON - EVENING

LEIA maneuvers down into the geyser canyon, relying on the Force to avoid jagged rock formations and violent steam eruptions in the misty darkness. The members of DEVIL GROUP trail out behind her, matching her moves. The TIE FIGHTERS follow hot on their heels, dependant on the exhaust glows from the JEDI SHIPS to guide them. A geyser suddenly blasts directly beneath DEVIL TWO'S speeding CORALLER, spinning it sideways into the canyon wall.

199 INT. LEIA'S MON CAL FIGHTER - COCKPIT - EVENING

JUSTIN VALOR: *(over comlink)* Devil Leader! Callum's down!

LEIA: *(over comlink)* Devil Group, stay with me, we can do this! *(to herself)* I'm sorry Mak...

DEVIL 3: *(over comlink)* This is crazy! How can we fly in this?! It's too dangerous!

200 INT. DEPA BILABA'S A-WING FIGHTER - COCKPIT - EVENING

LEIA: *(over comlink)* Trust in the Force, Devil Group, stay focused!

DEPA BILABA: That's right, stretch out with your mind's eye; SEE the canyon ahead of you!

201 EXT. GEYSER CANYON - KESSEL - EVENING

The TIES continue to follow the exhaust glows of the CORALLERS, but that doesn't protect them from disaster as the JEDI bob and weave around the obstacles ahead. The lead TIE collides with the canyon wall, the explosion briefly illuminating the gloomy surroundings as the other TIES scream past the showering wreckage. Another TIE assumes the lead and fires off a volley of shots, scoring a lucky hit on DEVIL EIGHT'S wing. The CORALLER flips over and crashes into the canyon floor.

202 INT. CORUSCANT - SENATE BUILDING - MON MOTHMA'S OFFICE - NIGHTFALL

MON MOTHMA continues her broadcast.

MON MOTHMA: ...and once we have been pacified by this gas, they plan to take control of our minds and our bodies by means of a transmitter device implanted in the brain. It won't be long until we are all merely tenants; automatons slaving for the greater glory of the Empire. Is this what we want? Is this what we want for our children? I beseech you; do not be subject to the inconstant, uncertain, unknown, arbitrary will of this self-imposed dictator!

203 EXT. CORUSCANT - STREET - NIGHTFALL

The CITIZENS OF CORUSCANT have stopped their activities to look up at the face of MON MOTHMA that has interrupted the electronic billboards and holographic news monitors scattered throughout the districts.

MON MOTHMA: *(transmission, cont.)* ...To plunder, to slaughter, to steal, these things they misname Empire; and where they conspire to strip away your free will, they would call it Peace. Mas Amedda and his army are not to be trusted! I hereby declare that Imperial occupation of the Jedi Temple must come to an end, that the galaxy may be made safe for democracy!

MON MOTHMA ends her transmission. In the streets, the CITIZENS roar with approval.

204 INT. CORUSCANT - SENATE BUILDING - MON MOTHMA'S OFFICE - NIGHTFALL

MON MOTHMA flips some switches and speaks into an intercom.

MON MOTHMA: Chief Hoedaak.

HOEDAAK: *(intercom voice)* Yes, M'Lady?

MON MOTHMA: Have you been able to open a communication with Barrola the Great of Nal Hutta yet?

HOEDAAK: Yes. He's standing by on channel 4EB. I will transfer the signal.

MON MOTHMA activates a view screen. After a moment the image of BARROLA appears. MON MOTHMA respectfully bows.

BARROLA: Mon Mothma.

MON MOTHMA: Greetings, O Great One. I come before you in a gesture of diplomacy, and wish to personally inform you that the forces of the Galactic Alliance Movement are currently engaging the Imperial presence on Kessel.

BARROLA: And what assurances do I have that you do not intend to simply assume control of our Kessel holdings for yourselves?

MON MOTHMA: I give you my word that Kessel will remain the property of the Hutts once the Imperials have been dealt with. Our move against the evil forces that occupy your territory is not any sort of attempt at selfish personal gain. On the contrary, our objective is only to eradicate injustice and ensure freedom from oppression for all.

BARROLA'S demeanor softens somewhat.

BARROLA: Well, we are most grateful for the rescue of our Young ones, and their safe return to Nal Hutta.

WATTO appears to the side of the screen and whispers something in BARROLA'S ear. The large HUTT LEADER nods.

BARROLA: *(cont.)* ...I suppose we have the Jedi Skywalker to thank for that.

LUKE steps forward, smiling.

LUKE: You're quite welcome, Your Greatness. Despite what you may have been led to believe, it's not the Jedi way to unduly harm others.

BARROLA: But what of the woman bearing the red blade who held us to ransom?

LUKE: *(solemn)* If she did indeed bear a red blade then she is most assuredly not a Jedi, and I am concerned for the galaxy. For the safety of all, we will do what we can to find her and bring her to justice.

MON MOTHMA: Yes. Unlike Mas Amedda and his agents, we strive to ensure the sovereign equality of the planetary systems, and the promotion of friendly relations among all inhabitants, irrespective of their differing constitutional and social structures. It is my hope that our current efforts at Kessel will foster a spirit of harmony and understanding between us and the great Hutt race.

BARROLA: If you prove to uphold the promises you've made, then you will be the first human beings to have ever gained my trust.

LUKE and MON MOTHMA nod.

MON MOTHMA: Then on behalf of the Galactic Alliance Movement, I bid you farewell, until we speak again.

BARROLA courteously nods. As the transmission ends, CRISPIN HOEDAAK enters with an air of urgency.

HOEDAAK: My Lady, a large angry mob is gathering outside the palace. It seems they have taken your words to heart, and are seeking to overthrow the self-imposed dictator. The situation is escalating, and we fear there will be bloodshed if we don't intervene.

MON MOTHMA: We must act quickly.

LUKE turns to MON MOTHMA.

LUKE: The time has come to reclaim what rightfully belongs to the Jedi. Alana and I will go to the palace.

MON MOTHMA: Thank you, Luke, for your much-needed Jedi guidance. *(to HOEDAAK)* Gather a cadre of your best marshals, and accompany them.

HOEDAAK: Right away, My Lady.

Chaos. The ALLIANCE CRUISERS and IMPERIAL STAR DESTROYERS continue to blast away at each other in individual point-blank confrontations, while dogfighting X-WINGS and TIE FIGHTERS twist and turn through the heavy combat zone between the massive ships. Explosions are flaring everywhere.

206 INT. WEDGE'S X-WING FIGHTER - COCKPIT - SPACE

WEDGE'S X-WING breaks through an expanding cloud of fire and dust, and he sees the MILLENNIUM FALCON ahead.

WEDGE: Han! I'm coming up on your portside!

HAN: (over headset) How're we doing, Wedge?

WEDGE: The squadrons seem to be holding their own against the TIEs for now, but the Home One's taking a beating from that Destroyer...

HAN: (over headset) How 'bout we try our little Correllian Eclipse maneuver on 'em?

WEDGE: Han, just because we managed to beat a pirate vessel over Sriluur with that crazy idea of yours doesn't mean it'll work here against an Imperial Destroyer! One hit from that heavy artillery, and we're finished!

207 INT. MILLENNIUM FALCON - COCKPIT - SPACE

HAN: Switch all your deflector power to the forward shields. We'll get real close to 'em and fly down their starboard wall, where the big guns can't hit us.

WEDGE: (over comlink) What about the smaller turbolasers? We'll have no rear shields!

HAN: As long as we're at full speed, by the time those gunners swing around on us we'll be long gone. (to CHEWBACCA, into comlink) Chewie, cover our backs! The WOOKIEE ROARS affirmative over the headset.

HAN: Wedge, you go for those topside batteries, and I'll see if I can cripple the primary reactor.

CHEWIE HOWLS in protest.

HAN: I said cripple it, Chewie! You think I don't know destroying it would be suicide?! Don't worry, I'm just going for the catastrophic release braces; if I can hit 'em hard enough, the crew will be forced to shut the whole ship down. They'll be sitting ducks! You with me, Wedge?

WEDGE: (over comlink) Okay, whatever you say, Boss. I'm coming up on your stern now.

HAN: Alright then, here we go. Get ready to give 'em hell, boys!

208 EXT. SPACE - MILLENNIUM FALCON - X-WING FIGHTER

The TWO SHIPS roll sideways and head for the bow of the STAR DESTROYER pounding away at ADMIRAL ACKBAR'S CRUISER. WEDGE positions his X-WING just out of sight behind the FALCON. The TWO SHIPS accelerate down the length of the DESTROYER'S edge, skimming perilously close to the superstructure. FOUR TIES fall in behind them. The LEAD TIE takes a shot. The paneling just outside CHEWIE'S gunport explodes in a shower of sparks.

209 INT. MILLENNIUM FALCON - GUNPORT COCKPIT - SPACE

CHEWIE ROARS in alarm. He swings the ventral quad gun around and targets the lead FIGHTER. Large furry paws depress the firing yoke, and the TIE explodes.

210 INT. MILLENNIUM FALCON - COCKPIT - SPACE

HAN'S fingers flicker across the control panel, adjusting attitude thrusters.

HAN: Good shot, Chewie! Don't let 'em rip up your nice new welds! (to WEDGE, over comlink) Get ready to break, Wedge! The lateral quad up ahead is coming around to get a bead on us! Ready...NOW!

211 EXT. SPACE - MILLENNIUM FALCON - X-WING FIGHTER

WEDGE rolls out of the MILLENNIUM FALCON'S shadow, flinging his FIGHTER towards the DESTROYER'S upper deck. At the same time, the FALCON executes a spinning dive and disappears underneath the DESTROYER. The lateral quad gun's BLAST obliterates one of the pursuing TIES. The remaining TWO TIES follow the FALCON.

212 INT. WEDGE'S X-WING FIGHTER - COCKPIT - SPACE

The DESTROYER'S mid-flank turbolaser and ion cannon turrets are still trained on the HOME ONE. WEDGE flies his X-WING directly toward the heavy artillery and fires several proton torpedoes before peeling away. The big guns erupt in a series of explosions, earning the HOME ONE a small respite.

213 INT. MILLENNIUM FALCON - COCKPIT - SPACE

The STAR DESTROYER'S hull plating streaks overhead outside the FALCON'S cockpit window as the FREIGHTER hugs the underside of the massive SHIP. HAN races towards a large dome-like protrusion, the DESTROYER'S primary solar ionization reactor.

HAN: There it is. A pair of concussion missiles should do the trick...

The reactor dome looms ever larger, filling the entire gunport window. HAN focuses on his targeting scope and presses a button.

HAN: (cont.) ...and...AWAY!

214 EXT. SPACE - MILLENNIUM FALCON - STAR DESTROYER

Two bright CONCUSSION MISSILES blast from between the FALCON'S mandibles with a powerful ROAR. The FALCON swerves away as several explosions erupt from under the DESTROYER'S hull.

215 INT. MILLENNIUM FALCON - GUNPORT COCKPIT - SPACE

The TWO TIES are engulfed in the conflagration. CHEWIE HOWLS triumphantly.

216 INT. WEDGE'S X-WING FIGHTER - COCKPIT - SPACE

WEDGE spots the MILLENNIUM FALCON emerging from the DESTROYER'S underside. All of the IMPERIAL SHIP'S guns stop firing, and she sits dead in space.

WEDGE: Nice shot, Han!

HAN: (over headset) The other destroyers won't fall for that same ploy, but at least we bought Admiral Ackbar some relief from those guns!

217 INT. HOME ONE CRUISER - BRIDGE

ADMIRAL ACKBAR smiles, watching through the large window as WEDGE'S ship aims away toward the thick of the battle.

ACKBAR: Thanks boys, much appreciated!

WEDGE: (over comlink) All in a day's work, Admiral!

218 EXT. IMPERIAL PALACE - BALCONY - NIGHT

The brooding MAS AMEDDA looks down on the crowd gathering far below. SLY MOORE approaches.

MOORE: Mon Mothma was using a secured frequency channel, my Lord. I tried everything, but was unable to establish a connection trace.

AMEDDA: No matter. The damage is already done.

MOORE: Kane did not launch soon enough.

AMEDDA: And I will deal with him shortly. If there is one thing we have learned from our time with Sidious, it is patience; this plan may have been foiled, but we do have another in place.

AMEDDA withdraws into the building. SLY MOORE smiles, and lifts the dark hood of her cloak over her head.

219 EXT. SPACE - ONDOS - KANE'S IMPERIAL STAR DESTROYER

KANE'S STAR DESTROYER moves through space, approaching ONDOS.

220 INT. IMPERIAL STAR DESTROYER - MAIN HOLD

The legions of GAS DROIDS suddenly hum to life, their red electronic eyes illuminating row upon row.

221 INT. KANE'S IMPERIAL STAR DESTROYER - BRIDGE - MAIN CONTROL DECK

KANE observes his CONTROLLERS as they work the vast complex of electronic panels. A CAPTAIN hurries up to KANE.

CAPTAIN: We are receiving a message from Kessel headquarters, Sir.

KANE: Send it through.

KANE moves to a large screen as the CAPTAIN pushes some buttons. DR. BLOODORY appears on screen.

BLOODORY: The repairs to the control console are complete, Commander. You may release the droids.

222 EXT. SPACE - ONDOS

As KANE'S STAR DESTROYER looms above ONDOS, the payload of GAS DROIDS pours from its underbelly. The multitude begins to descend upon the helpless planet below.

223 EXT. GEYSER CANYON - TWILIGHT

LEIA leads the CORALLERS and A-WINGS through the twists and turns of the geyser canyon. They continue to evade the TIE FIGHTERS, whose numbers have dwindled considerably. The speeding SHIPS round a bend and the foggy steam suddenly becomes much thicker, enveloping them.

224 INT. LEIA'S MON CAL FIGHTER - COCKPIT - TWILIGHT

There is practically no visibility outside the canopy window. ARTOO whistles his concern.

LEIA: (to ARTOO) I know we can't see a thing, Artoo! The geothermal cycle is obviously much more active than the last time we came through here!

LEIA closes her eyes, stretching out with all her senses.

225 EXT. GEYSER CANYON - TWILIGHT

She banks her ship on its side and veers over near the canyon's steep wall, narrowly slipping past several jagged rock pillars. The following SHIPS match her moves, their pilots relying on the Force to guide them in the extremely low visibility. There is a bright FLASH behind them, and the fiery remains of the TWO LEAD TIES tumble into the bottom of the gorge.

226 INT. LEIA'S MON CAL FIGHTER - COCKPIT - TWILIGHT

ARTOO beeps an update to LEIA.

LEIA: (into headset) Another two down! Only one left!

227 EXT. GEYSER CANYON - TWILIGHT

The Force-sensitive PILOTS increase their speed, anticipating the geysers and dexterously steering clear of the violent boiling blasts. A geyser erupts just ahead of LEIA, but she smoothly slips down and under the mushrooming spray. DEVIL GROUP and the JEDI MASTERS likewise avoid the buffeting steam. The last TIE clips the roiling heat and spins out of control. It smashes into the canyon wall and bursts into flames.

228 INT. OPPO RANCISSIS'S A-WING FIGHTER - COCKPIT - TWILIGHT

OPPO RANCISSIS: That was the last one...

LEIA: *(over comlink)* This is it! We're coming up on the breach point!

RANCISSIS suddenly stiffens.

OPPO RANCISSIS: Wait! I sense more enemy fighters!

229 EXT. GEYSER CANYON - TWILIGHT

A volley of LASER BLASTS suddenly fragments the rocky wall. FIVE TIE FIGHTERS drop down into the canyon behind LEIA'S CORALLER.

230 INT. LEIA'S MON CAL FIGHTER - COCKPIT - TWILIGHT

LEIA: *(cont.)* ...It's now or never! I'm making a break for it!

ARTOO SQUEALS as LEIA punches the accelerator.

231 EXT. GEYSER CANYON - TWILIGHT

LEIA zooms away from the receding pack, slipping under the shield. The TIE FIGHTERS ignore all other engagements to go after her. The CORALLERS and A-WINGS follow suit, desperate to close the gap and provide LEIA with some defense as everybody races down the final stretch of canyon toward the factory.

232 INT. SIEG LETTOW'S A-WING FIGHTER - COCKPIT - TWILIGHT

SIEG LETTOW: Leia, you have two on your tail.

LEIA: *(over comlink)* I know, I know!

233 INT. DEPA BILABA'S A-WING FIGHTER - COCKPIT - TWILIGHT

DEPA BILABA: The other three closing from your left.

LEIA: *(over headset)* I know, I know!

DEPA BILABA: Break right and go high, and we'll get them off of you.

LEIA: *(over headset)* I'm going low and left.

DEPA BILABA shakes her head.

DEPA BILABA: *(to herself)* She still has much to learn.

234 INT. LEIA'S MON CAL FIGHTER - COCKPIT - TWILIGHT

LEIA swoops low and skims across the canyon floor, dodging several rock formations as ARTOO bounces along, trying to get out a sentence.

LEIA: Hang on, Artoo. *(into headset)* I'm going to pull them through some of these geysers...

SEIG LETTOW: *(over headset)* Too dangerous. First Jedi rule: "Survive."

LEIA: Sorry, no choice. You're welcome to come down here and thin them out a little, if you can catch up...

235 EXT. GEYSER CANYON - TWILIGHT

LEIA weaves her way through a geyser field, narrowly dodging the powerful and unpredictable blasts. The pursuing TIE FIGHTERS are blown away one by one until there are only two left. LEIA'S SHIP barrels out of the thick steam as she clears the last of the geysers. In an incredible move, she slams on her brakes, flips her ship around, and BLASTS one of the remaining TIES from the front as it emerges from the steam. The other TIE pulls up, barely avoiding her guns.

236 INT. LEIA'S MON CAL FIGHTER - COCKPIT - TWILIGHT

ARTOO lets out a HOWL as they fly through the debris of the destroyed ship.

LEIA looks over her shoulder, and sees the factory complex.

LEIA: There it is, Artoo! This is our chance!

237 EXT. GEYSER CANYON - TWILIGHT

LEIA whips back around and rockets for the aura spice factory. The last TIE FIGHTER comes looping around, hot on her heels. Evading enemy fire, LEIA pilots her ship directly toward the factory's conveyor platform entrance.

238 INT. LEIA'S MON CAL FIGHTER - COCKPIT - TWILIGHT

ARTOO beeps nervously.

LEIA: Easy, Artoo... You've done this before.

ARTOO SQUEALS in a panic. On the view screen, ARTOO'S squeal reads out, 'WE'RE NOT GOING TO MAKE IT.'

LEIA: We'll make it, Artoo, don't worry! (to herself) We can make it... Use the Force. Think yourself through, the ship will follow...

239 INT. GAS FACTORY - TWILIGHT

The MON CAL FIGHTER races into the building, the TIE speeding right behind it. LEIA drops several missiles and rolls her ship sideways, barely making it through the small mine cart entrance at the other end of the building. The TIE collides into the wall behind her. The whole factory starts to go up in a great ball of flame.

240 INT. LEIA'S MON CAL FIGHTER - COCKPIT - TWILIGHT

LEIA: Woohoo!

241 EXT. GEYSER CANYON - TWILIGHT

As the facilities explode, a chain reaction in the pipes and conduits connected to DR. BLOODORY'S underground lab causes large sections of the cliff face to blow out. Crumbling rocks spray everywhere as LEIA and the other JEDI PILOTS pull out and rocket away.

242 INT. EXPERIMENTAL LAB - KESSEL - TWILIGHT

DR. BLOODORY hears the approaching rumble, and his face goes white as a number of gas pipes begin to buckle and leak, spewing toxic aura spice into the room. BLOODORY clutches his throat and sinks to his knees, coughing and gasping for air. The entire facility is suddenly obliterated in a fiery eruption.

243 EXT. ONDOS - GRASS PLAINS - NIGHT

A swarm of GAS DROIDS is swiftly approaching one of the ONDOS settlements, when they suddenly come to a halt. The DROIDS begin to shake uncontrollably, then they self-destruct, discharging clouds of purple spice gas as they explode into millions of little smoldering pieces.

244 INT. STAR DESTROYER - MAIN HOLD

The GAS DROIDS in the holds of the STAR DESTROYERS battling above KESSEL also self-destruct. The Imperial flight CREWS and hangar PERSONNEL are smothered in a rapidly expanding cloud of noxious aura spice gas. The gas is sucked into the ventilation systems.

245 EXT. CORUSCANT - PALACE PLAZA - NIGHT

The large crowd of CITIZENS gathered on the plaza outside the entrance to the Imperial Palace is shouting angrily at a long row of palace SECURITY TROOPS assembled at the top of the steps. As the MOB begins to push forward, the SECURITY CAPTAIN raises his hand to give the order to fire, and his TROOPS level their weapons menacingly. Suddenly, several citizens in the crowd look up and point to the sky.

CORUSCANT CITIZEN: Look!

Above, an *IMPERIAL SHUTTLE* is descending fast, and the *CROWD* moves back, clearing a space on the plaza for the ship to land. Closing its wings, the *SHUTTLE* comes to rest near the bottom of the palace steps. Its ramp lowers, and a huge silence falls over the crowd, everybody wondering what Imperial dignitary could be arriving. The exit hatch of the *SHUTTLE* opens with a whoosh, revealing only darkness. The Imperial soldiers look at one another, confused.

FIRST TROOPER: Do you know what's going on?

SECOND TROOPER: Maybe they're here to help...

All of a sudden, the *SHUTTLE* unexpectedly fires several shots at the *STORMTROOPERS*! A cheer goes up as the *GALACTIC ALLIANCE MARSHALS* suddenly come swarming down the ramp, firing their guns, protecting the crowd! *LUKE* follows, deflecting laser bolts back at the *STORMTROOPERS* with his lightsabre as they begin to open fire.

LUKE: Alana! Stay with me!

ALANA emerges from the ship and joins *LUKE*, staying behind his protective defense. The *CROWD* retreats from the firefight as the *MARSHALS* take up covered positions and continue to engage the *IMPERIAL TROOPS*.

LUKE: Here's an opportunity to put what you've learned thus far to some practical use!

ALANA: Now?! But I don't think I'm ready to-

LUKE: You are ready, Alana. Just stay calm, and keep your focus. I want you to open yourself to the Force, to the energy field that spans the distance between you and those soldiers up there. Do this, and you'll see that their signatures will become clear, just the same way you saw the tools aboard the Falcon. As *LUKE* continues to block enemy fire, *ALANA* centers herself, reaching out with her mind.

ALANA: Yes... I can feel their life energy... and it's almost as if there are lines... like connections running between me and them...

LUKE: Good! Now, simply use those connections to give a little push.

ALANA throws out her hands toward the *SOLDIERS* at the top of the steps. Several of them go reeling backwards. *ALANA* laughs with delight.

ALANA: Ha ha! I did it!

LUKE: Of course you did! It's really no different than moving cargo boxes, now, is it?

A number of *TROOPS* begin to advance down the steps toward one of the *MARSHALS*.

LUKE indicates the outnumbered *SOLDIER* and smiles.

LUKE: That man over there could use a little extra defense, if you don't mind. *ALANA* grins and collects herself once more. In a moment, the enemy *TROOPS* are sent head over heels down the staircase.

ALANA: I think I'm getting the hang of this now!

LUKE: Then by all means, continue!

ALANA manages to push the few remaining *TROOPS* back with the Force. The *MARSHALS* prevail and surmount the top of the steps, while the *LEAD MARSHAL* approaches *LUKE*.

MARSHAL: Sir, it looks like the main entry security force has been defeated.

LUKE: Good work. You and your men continue to secure the area.

Seeing that the situation is under control, *LUKE* turns to *ALANA* and indicates the Temple.

LUKE: (cont.) ...Alana, I must reclaim the Temple as the rightful property of the Jedi. There could be any number of hidden dangers in there. I hope you understand that I must go in alone.

ALANA nods. She embraces *LUKE*, and gives him a kiss.

ALANA: To keep you safe.

LUKE smiles at the beautiful *ALANA*, and then he climbs partway up the staircase, turning to face the *CROWD*. *LUKE* ignites his lightsabre and raises it high above his head in a gesture of victory, and the *CROWD* cheers. Empowered by the feeling that he now has full public support, *LUKE* boldly marches up the remaining steps and enters the Temple.

246 EXT. SPACE BATTLE - MILLENNIUM FALCON

FIGHTERS engaged in combat continue to dart to and fro between the opposing armadas. The MILLENNIUM FALCON wends its way through the melee, its rear deflector shields battered by a barrage of laser fire as three TIES pursue it. The beat-up FREIGHTER roars across the surface of an IMPERIAL DESTROYER, bobbing and weaving to avoid numerous flak bursts as it heads directly for the DESTROYER'S conning tower.

247 INT. MILLENNIUM FALCON - GUNPORT COCKPIT - SPACE

HAN: *(over headset)* We can't take many more hits to the rear deflectors, Chewie. Hold on, and get ready with those guns!
CHEWIE barks affirmative.

248 EXT. SPACE BATTLE - MILLENNIUM FALCON

The FALCON hugs a tight turn, wrapping close around the tower's circumference. The TIE pilots are not expecting such a maneuver and swing out wide. The FALCON'S accelerators kick in with a blue exhaust flame, and it loops all the way around the tower to come in behind the TIE FIGHTERS, belly guns blazing. The TIES are obliterated in a brilliant triple explosion.

249 INT. MILLENNIUM FALCON - COCKPIT - SPACE

HAN: Good shooting, Chewie! That was close! There hasn't been a clone yet who can out fly us! *(silence)* Chewie? ...You still with me?
The WOOKIEE growls a weak curse over HAN'S headset. HAN smiles.
HAN: Okay, pal, let's go get some more...
Suddenly, the ship rocks violently and HAN struggles to maintain control, bouncing through the flack with a frown.
HAN: *(to himself)* That felt like one of the big guns. Not good...
He checks his instruments.
HAN: *(cont., into headset)* ...Damn! There go our rear deflectors, Chewie! Two of the fuel pressure stabilizers are down!
HAN frantically flips some switches. CHEWBACCA roars over the headset.
HAN: I shut off the fuel drivers, but if we stay out here any longer we're dead!
(into comlink) Admiral Ackbar, do you copy?
ACKBAR: *(over comlink)* I read you, General Solo.
HAN: We're hit pretty bad, I gotta bring us in.
ACKBAR: Affirmative. We'll cover your approach.

250 EXT. SPACE BATTLE - MILLENNIUM FALCON

The FALCON shudders as it turns and limps toward the HOME ONE. HAN pilots his crippled SHIP into the main docking bay of the HEADQUARTERS FRIGATE.

251 INT. KANE'S IMPERIAL STAR DESTROYER - BRIDGE - MAIN CONTROL DECK

Smiling, KANE addresses an OFFICER that has approached him.
KANE: Is it Dr. Bloodory with our results?
OFFICER: No, Sir, it is the Emperor.
The smile on KANE'S face weakens a little as he moves to a nearby holoprojector and presses a button. A large HOLOGRAM of MAS AMEDDA appears, clad in the Sith robes of his alter-ego, DARTH MONSTROSS. For a moment, KANE does not recognize him.
KANE: Emperor Amedda? ...This is an unexpected surprise...but an honor nevertheless!
AMEDDA: Spare me your sycophantic rubbish, Commander. You're finished. You were entrusted to oversee nothing less than the final consolidation of Imperial rule over this galaxy, and you have failed me.
KANE is taken aback, but attempts to maintain his composure.
KANE: Failed? I'm not sure I understand, My Lord! The invasion was launched

only moments ago! I will be informing you of the results as soon as I get them from Dr. Bloodory, which should be at any...

AMEDDA: Enough! The entire operation on Kessel has been exposed to the Coruscant public, thanks to Mon Mothma of the Galactic Alliance Movement. Her broadcast is now being relayed outward to all the civilized systems. Because of your ineptitude, the entire galaxy will soon be rallied against us!

KANE is insulted, and becomes incredulous.

KANE: I know nothing about any such broadcast...you must be mistaken, Amedda.

AMEDDA coldly levels his eyes upon KANE.

AMEDDA: You may refer to me as Darth Monstross. And if I have made any mistake, Kane, it was in trusting you. Your debt to me will hardly be paid for with your death.

KANE is speechless. A sense of dread washes over him, accompanied by a sudden loss of breath.

252 INT. IMPERIAL PALACE - THRONEROOM - NIGHT

DARTH KAYOS watches the HOLOGRAM of KANE from the wings, as the enraged MONSTROSS reaches out with the Force through the vastness of space to strangle him. The effort requires such concentration and focus that it begins to sap the DARK LORD'S strength. As MONSTROSS begins to sag from the mental exertion, KAYOS steps forward with her own hand outstretched, supplementing her MASTER'S dark anger with her own unique mind powers. Together, the two SITH end KANE'S life. The HOLOGRAM fades away, but MONSTROSS is particularly exhausted from the feat. Just then a warning SOUNDS on a nearby duty post console. They see a security HOLOGRAM of LUKE SKYWALKER in the palace foyer. KAYOS turns to MONSTROSS.

KAYOS: Save your strength, My Master. I will go to stop him. He may have managed to make it past the entire palace security, but he will not be expecting to meet a Sith.

253 EXT. SPACE BATTLE

Against a backdrop of laser fire, RED SIX joins up with WEDGE'S X-WING. The two fly in formation, banking from right to left. Flak bursts all around them.

254 INT. WEDGE'S X-WING FIGHTER - COCKPIT - SPACE

WEDGE adjusts his controls as he looks around, searching for enemy ships.

WEDGE: Be careful, boys! They've got us outnumbered!

GREEN FOUR: (over headset) Watch it, Red Leader, you're picking up two marks at point five!

WEDGE: Thanks, Green Four. Can you get them?

GREEN FOUR: (over headset) I'm on it now, Sir, hold on!

WEDGE glances over to his wingman. His ship shudders as flak bursts nearby.

WEDGE: Red Six, can you see them?

RED SIX: (over headset) Yeah, Red Leader. High and right, coming down fast...

WEDGE: Okay, we'll break left, on my mark...

255 EXT. SPACE - RED SIX'S X-WING

Suddenly WEDGE'S wingman is hit by a green laser bolt. RED SIX'S SHIP bucks violently under the impact and the cockpit explodes in a ball of flame. WEDGE yanks his ship to the left as TWO TIE FIGHTERS scream past, their spitting laser bolts just missing him.

256 INT. WEDGE'S X-WING FIGHTER - COCKPIT - SPACE

WEDGE sees a B-WING race up behind the TWO TIE FIGHTERS, blasting away. One TIE disintegrates and the other tumbles to one side. The B-WING skims across the hull of a Mon Cal cruiser, now trying to evade its own pursuer.

GREEN FOUR: (over headset) I've got one on my tail!

257 INT. GREEN FOUR'S B-WING FIGHTER - COCKPIT - SPACE

GREEN TWO: (over headset) I see it, Green Four. I'm on my way...

GREEN FOUR: Hurry!

The TIE spits laserfire across the B-WING, just missing a hit.

GREEN FOUR: Where are you?!

258 INT. WEDGE'S X-WING FIGHTER - COCKPIT - SPACE

GREEN TWO: (over headset) I'm almost... (sound of static) Wait! I'm hit! Aggh! A muffled explosion erupts over WEDGE'S headset. He grinds his jaw and watches helplessly as the TIE chasing GREEN FOUR fires again. The B-WING'S engine nacelle erupts brightly and the ship explodes, spewing debris. The PILOT spins off into space. WEDGE brings his ship around behind the fleeing TIE, lining it up in his sights. He pulls his trigger, obliterating the enemy ship. WEDGE breaks into a nervous sweat as the laserfire is returned from an unseen source, nicking one of his wings close to the engine. For the first time, he feels the helplessness of his situation.

WEDGE: Home One, do you copy? There are too many of them! We're getting pulverized out here!

LEIA: (over headset) You boys need some help?

WEDGE smiles and looks around for the source of the familiar voice.

259 EXT. SPACE BATTLE

LEIA'S SHIP roars into the fray, guns hurling laserbolts against the star-filled night. The TIE on WEDGE'S tail disintegrates, and LEIA'S CORALLER flies right through the bright fireball. Not far behind are the SEVEN JEDI MASTERS, followed by the FIVE SURVIVORS of DEVIL GROUP.

260 INT. LEIA'S MON CAL FIGHTER - COCKPIT - SPACE

WEDGE: (over headset) It's about time you got back!

LEIA: Doesn't look like we missed much...

WEDGE: (over headset) This is no time for jokes. We're in serious trouble here!

LEIA: Who's joking? We ran into our own mess of TIEs down there...Why do you think it took us so long?

WEDGE: (over headset) Okay, okay. I guess you're all warmed up, then.

LEIA: Lucky for you. Somebody's got to save your neck!

WEDGE: (over headset) Well, you've got your work all cut out for you, Ace!

261 EXT. SPACE BATTLE - IMPERIAL STAR DESTROYER

An Imperial STAR DESTROYER moves overhead. Several TIE FIGHTER SQUADRONS rocket from the main bay of the ship and hustle toward the aerial battle.

262 INT. IMPERIAL PALACE - NIGHT

LUKE makes his way down a dimly-lit corridor, silently approaching an open doorway. The space beyond is pitch-black. The JEDI cautiously enters, his hand poised near the trusty saber hilt at his side. Without warning, the FLASH of a red blade cuts across his path. He leaps to one side, igniting his own green blade in one fluid movement. There, faintly illuminated by the humming weapons, lurks a shadowy figure shrouded in long flowing black robes. It hisses at him.

VOICE: Skywalker!

LUKE is mildly surprised at the sound of a female voice. He sizes up his attacker, offering a cavalier smile.

LUKE: Why this is interesting...the customary dark robes and red blade of a Sith! ...But you have me at a disadvantage; you know my name, and yet we haven't been formally introduced!

VOICE: I am called Darth Kayos, Jedi, and you will feel my sword!

LUKE: (becoming serious) I think not.

DARTH KAYOS darts forward, bending at the knees, bringing her sword down and back up in a sweeping arc. LUKE moves to block the assault, and the two blades crash together in an angry CRACKLE. Swords crossed, the two COMBATANTS step backward into the dimly-lit room. LUKE sees the face of his opponent for the first time.

LUKE: Sly Moore! Of course! I should have guessed Amedda's little errand girl would be you!

DARTH KAYOS stares back at LUKE with an expression of pure anger and hatred. She lifts her blade away from his, steps confidently to one side, and sweeps her lightsabre around to strike at the JEDI MASTER.

263 EXT. SPACE BATTLE

TIE FIGHTERS are swarming everywhere. Several GALACTIC ALLIANCE FIGHTERS are chased by an enemy SQUADRON and gunned down under a hail of green laserfire. LEIA'S CORALLER and WEDGE'S X-WING fly through the mayhem.

264 INT. LEIA'S MON CAL FIGHTER - COCKPIT - SPACE

LEIA: Look out, WEDGE! Four TIEs inbound! We've got to split them up. Fly through the guns on that Destroyer and I'll get behind them.

WEDGE: (over headset) Easy for you to say... I'm the bait!

LEIA: Don't worry. I'm coming around.

265 EXT. SPACE BATTLE

WEDGE deftly flies to the left of the IMPERIAL CRUISER'S huge tower, swooping down and passing just beneath the steady barrage of the main cannons. TWO TIE FIGHTERS follow, BLASTING away. One TIE is caught in the CRUISER'S crossfire and explodes. The other doggedly remains, hitting one of WEDGE'S wings with a laser blast. Parts of the SHIP go flying.

266 INT. WEDGE'S X-WING FIGHTER - COCKPIT - SPACE

WEDGE: Ouch! Leia, one's still all over me!

LEIA: (over headset) Hang on. I've got a handle on him.

267 INT. LEIA'S MON CAL FIGHTER - COCKPIT - SPACE

ARTOO BEEPS frantically. The crosshairs merge on the TIE FIGHTER.

WEDGE: (over headset) Hurry up! I don't like this!

LEIA: I've got him...

LEIA drops in behind the TIE FIGHTER. She squeezes the trigger and blows it apart. ARTOO SQUEALS with delight.

LEIA: See? Now was that so terrible?

268 INT. WEDGE'S X-WING FIGHTER - COCKPIT - SPACE

WEDGE: (sighs with relief) You're just as bad as your husband! Next time you're the bait.

Stray FLAK bursts outside WEDGE'S cockpit window. He struggles with his controls, becoming exasperated.

WEDGE: (cont.) ...It doesn't matter how many we hit; more and more just keep coming! How are we going to combat such sheer numbers?

269 INT. LEIA'S MON CAL FIGHTER - COCKPIT - SPACE

A grim determination sweeps across LEIA'S face as she closes her eyes and searches the Force for an answer to WEDGE'S question. Suddenly, her eyes open with realization.

LEIA: (quietly, to herself) Of course...the gas! (to WEDGE) We won't!

WEDGE: (over headset) What?

LEIA: We won't overcome them. They are going to destroy themselves, from within!
(switching transmitters) Admiral Ackbar, do you copy? This is Leia.

270 INT. HOME ONE CRUISER - BRIDGE

ACKBAR: Go ahead, Leia.

LEIA: *(over comlink)* You must withdraw the squadrons! Quickly!

ADMIRAL ACKBAR looks to his BRIDGE CREW, puzzled.

ACKBAR: *(into comlink, to LEIA)* But what about those enemy TIE fighters?

271 INT. LEIA'S MON CAL FIGHTER - COCKPIT - SPACE

LEIA: *(into headset)* Don't worry, forget about them. I can't explain it now, but everything will be alright. Trust me!

272 INT. HOME ONE CRUISER - BRIDGE

Something in LEIA'S voice is strangely reassuring. ADMIRAL ACKBAR addresses everyone over the comlink.

ACKBAR: All squadrons, this is Admiral Ackbar. Break off your engagements and retreat! Once again- all Galactic Alliance fighters regroup aboard the cruisers immediately!

273 INT. IMPERIAL PALACE - HALLWAY BALCONY - NIGHT

LUKE and KAYOS leap into the air, lightsabres held high. The red and green blades clash in an intense display of swordsmanship as the two duelists engage each other in a rapid succession of strike and parry, sweep and stab. They fight their way into the building's control center.

274 INT. IMPERIAL PALACE - CONTROL CENTER - NIGHT

The polished surfaces mirror the multicolored flashes as the SITH LORD and JEDI MASTER continue their duel.

LUKE: The Sith will no longer occupy this Temple!

KAYOS: You come here triumphant, Skywalker, but we will not allow the Jedi to return!

DARTH KAYOS pushes out her hand and LUKE is thrown backwards. He back-flips and lands on his feet as KAYOS advances. Luke lunges forward to meet her, engaging her lightsabre once more.

275 EXT. SPACE - KESSEL

Besieged by TIE FIGHTERS, the GALACTIC ALLIANCE SQUADRONS approach the MON CAL CRUISERS. Several X-WINGS and Y-WINGS are shot down before they can make it. The hangar bay shields drop and the ALLIANCE FIGHTERS fly in, covered by the ARMADA'S guns. The TIES are held at bay long enough for their prey to make it safely on board.

276 INT. IMPERIAL STAR DESTROYER - BRIDGE - MAIN CONTROL DECK

The CAPTAIN stands at the front of the bridge, trying to make sense of what he is seeing outside the viewscreen.

CAPTAIN: What are they doing?

CHIEF PILOT: It looks like they're retreating, Sir.

CAPTAIN: The fools. It's about time they conceded to our clear superiority. Have your squadrons concentrate all firepower on their bridges, and prepare to notify Commander Kane of our imminent triumph...

CHIEF PILOT: Right away, Sir.

In the control pit, a CREWMAN studies the readings on one of his systems monitors, and becomes alarmed. He turns to his SUPERIOR OFFICER.

CREWMAN: My instruments are indicating a malfunction with the air scrubbers, Sir!

OFFICER: Let me have a look. *(studying the console screen)* What the devil...? This can't be right. How can there possibly be a systems overload? *(calling out)* Captain!

Just then, Aura spice GAS begins to spew from the air ducts. The CONTROLLERS and OFFICERS at the helm slump over, in a trance. The CAPTAIN and his CHIEF PILOT also fall under the spell, unable to carry out their plans.

277 EXT. SPACE - KESSEL

One by one, the IMPERIAL STAR DESTROYERS begin to list sideways, slowly succumbing to KESSEL'S gravitational pull.

278 INT. LANDO'S STAR CRUISER - BRIDGE

One of the MON CALAMARI TECHNICIANS points out the large bridge window.

TECHNICIAN: Look!

LANDO leans over the rail and watches in amazement as the Imperial SHIPS plummet away into Kessel's atmosphere like fiery meteors. Some of the TIE FIGHTER PILOTS are confused and follow. The rest panic and flee for deep space.

LANDO: Yeeeha!

TECHNICIAN: What's happening?

LANDO: I don't know...it sure wasn't us!

LANDO squints at the disappearing TIES.

LANDO: *(cont.)* ...but I'd wager those are clone pilots. They're completely brainless these days; about the only thing they've got going for them anymore is their numbers.

TECHNICIAN: *(indicating the fleeing TIES)* Well, that lot sure won't make it very far without a convoy.

279 INT. HOME ONE CRUISER - HANGAR BAY

LEIA jumps out of her CORALLER and runs over to the damaged MILLENNIUM FALCON. HAN emerges from under the back section, welder in hand and grease stains on his face. LIEA embraces him. CHEWIE appears and ROARS with excitement upon seeing them together again.

HAN: I'm so glad you're safe! Why's everyone coming back?

LEIA: I had Admiral Ackbar call us in.

HAN: Why? What's going on out there? *(looks at her suspiciously)* What did you do?

LEIA: Nothing!...Sometimes I can just see things before they happen, that's all...

ARTOO trundles across from the CORALLER to join them. He BEEPS a greeting.

LEIA: And Artoo here is just happy to be out of that ship socket, right, Artoo?
ARTOO lets out a long WHISTLE of relief. Everyone laughs.

280 INT. LANDO'S STAR CRUISER - BRIDGE

LANDO activates a HOLOGRAM of ADMIRAL ACKBAR.

ACKBAR: *(holo)* Victory!

LANDO: And just in the nick of time. We wouldn't have been able to withstand them much longer!

281 EXT. SPACE - KESSEL

Suddenly, a HUTT BATTLE ARMADA of huge shell-shaped craft bristling with mounted side cannons drops out of hyperspace.

282 INT. HOME ONE STAR CRUISER - BRIDGE

The HOLOGRAM of LANDO looks to ADMIRAL ACKBAR, concerned.

LANDO: *(holo)* Uh oh. This doesn't look too good...

283 INT. IMPERIAL PALACE - NIGHT

The lightsabre battle continues as the blades parry and counter-parry with blinding speed. LUKE seems to have the upper hand as he slips to the side and sweeps his green blade low at the knees. KAYOS is growing weary and barely manages to leap over the deadly laser sword. The JEDI MASTER presses the attack, and KAYOS is forced to defend herself. In a flurry of assured high and low cuts, LUKE drives KAYOS back. The DARK LORD is unable to find enough of a reprieve to re-focus her efforts. KAYOS tries to feint sideways, but LUKE'S blade slices down and severs her right forearm. DARTH KAYOS HOWLS with pain and anger, and she falls to her knees. LUKE steps back triumphantly to review his foe.

LUKE: Your time here has come to an end! Surrender!

In that moment's respite, KAYOS acts. She calls to the sword lying behind LUKE in her severed hand. It ignites and flies at his back. LUKE spins and swings, just blocking the deadly blow. The deflected crimson blade flies up and hits the ceiling above LUKE'S head, throwing him off guard as a section of machinery detaches in a shower of sparks. It falls on LUKE, knocking him down. KAYOS flees. LUKE looks up to see his enemy escaping. The JEDI MASTER clears his head with a shake, clambers to his feet, and runs after her.

284 INT. IMPERIAL PALACE - HALLWAYS - NIGHT

Although injured, KAYOS runs like a frightened animal. LUKE is unable to catch up with her as they race through the corridors. The wounded SITH reaches a doorway and dashes through. It closes behind her.

285 INT. IMPERIAL PALACE - HANGAR - NIGHT

LUKE reaches the door moments later and waves it open. He rushes into the hangar, only to see a small dark CRAFT jettisoning away from one of the platforms. LUKE watches as it quickly disappears into the busy Coruscant traffic lanes. Sighing, he clips his lightsabre to his belt, then turns to leave the hangar.

286 EXT. SPACE - KESSEL

The exotic HUTT WAR FLEET sits in space, ominously arrayed in a wide arc around the GALACTIC ALLIANCE CRUISERS.

287 INT. HOME ONE STAR CRUISER - BRIDGE

ADMIRAL ACKBAR confers with the HOLOGRAMS of LANDO, NIEN NUNB, and the other GALACTIC ALLIANCE CAPTAINS.

NIEN NUNB: (holo, subtitled) Admiral! You see their weapons? What do you suggest?

ACKBAR: Let's wait a moment, Captain Nunb, and see what they want. In my experience it's never wise to be hasty.

A MON CALAMARI CONTROLLER approaches.

CONTROLLER: Admiral, we are receiving a message from Commodore Trella of the Hutt battle fleet.

ACKBAR: Put him through please.

A HOLOGRAM of TRELLEA appears on the bridge in front of them. He is a muscularly large HUTT, and has a wide sneer.

TRELLEA: (in Huttese, subtitled) Galactic Alliance! This is Commodore Trella of the seventh war fleet! Our High Lord Barrola the Great of Mighty Nal Hutta demands that you stand aside...

288 INT. TRELLE'S HUTT BATTLESHIP - BRIDGE

TRELLE: *(cont.)* ...and allow us to reclaim our territories.

ACKBAR: *(holo)* Commodore Trella, welcome! You have the word and honor of Admiral Ackbar that the Galactic Alliance has no quarrel with our Hutt friends. Our fleets may pass in peace.

LANDO'S HOLOGRAM steps forward.

LANDO: And you have the equally trustworthy promise that the Galactic Alliance recognizes your legitimate ownership of the Kessel system.

289 INT. LANDO'S STAR CRUISER - BRIDGE

TRELLE'S HOLOGRAM nods.

TRELLE: *(in Huttese, subtitled)* That is what your leader also promised Barrola the Great. Thank you.

The hologram fizzles away. LANDO turns to the images of ACKBAR and the other CAPTAINS with a grin.

LANDO: Well that went a lot better than I thought it would!

290 INT. HOME ONE STAR CRUISER - BRIDGE

Ackbar nods and turns to the HOLOGRAMS of the other ALLIANCE CAPTAINS.

ACKBAR: Move the fleet out of the way, so that the Hutts may have a clear passage to Kessel.

291 EXT. LANDING PLATFORM - IMPERIAL REHAB CENTER - NIGHT

DARTH KAYOS arrives. DARTH MONSTROSS, flanked by IMPERIAL GUARDS, is waiting on the landing pad. KAYOS lands her ship and gets out, clutching her amputated arm close to her body. The two SITH enter the facility.

292 INT. IMPERIAL PALACE - THRONE ROOM - NIGHT

Sword drawn, LUKE warily enters the red-carpeted throne room. He looks around, only to find the seat of power sitting vacant in front of a large bas-relief sculpture. The emptiness in the chamber is unsettling.

293 EXT. IMPERIAL REHAB CENTER - NIGHT

It is revealed that the MEDCENTER is actually a giant space CAPSULE. It blasts away into the night, leaving Coruscant for a destination unknown.

294 INT. IMPERIAL SHUTTLE - COCKPIT - SPACE

THREEPIO sits in the pilot's seat working the controls. The stars streak outside the cockpit window as the SHUTTLE jumps to hyperspace. THREEPIO gets up and makes his way to the rear of the craft.

295 INT. IMPERIAL SHUTTLE - PASSENGER CABIN

ALANA is listening while LUKE debriefs MON MOTHMA. THREEPIO enters.

THREEPIO: Em, excuse me, Master Luke? We have safely entered hyperspace and should arrive at Mon Calamar very soon.

LUKE: Thanks, Threepio.

THREEPIO sits down next to ALANA. LUKE turns back to MON MOTHMA.

LUKE: That's right; it's as if Amedda's simply vanished. After a thorough search conducted by the marshals, Alana, and myself, it appears that the entire palace has been completely deserted.

MON MOTHMA: Well, if he has indeed fled, then the palace is yours, Luke. I would be glad to see it restored to its former beauty as a Jedi Temple.

LUKE: As would I, M'Lady. *(smiles)* Rest assured, it will no longer be desecrated by Mas Amedda and his ilk.

MON MOTHMA: Still, I won't be surprised if we haven't heard the last of him...

ALANA: And what about this mysterious attack from his aide? No doubt she is the one Barrola spoke of- the one with the red blade? She is clearly dangerous, and still at large.

LUKE: Yes, the dark side of the Force was certainly with her, and she fought well. By all accounts she is a Sith, and my feelings say that the two are in collusion; if we find one we will find the other. I just don't understand how it is possible the Sith could still exist...

LUKE and MON MOTHMA give each other a concerned look. THREEPIO turns to ALANA and shakes his head.

THREEPIO: Goodness me... This is most puzzling, don't you think?

296 INT. AQUILAE BASE - NIGHT

The HOME ONE settles into the water alongside the rest of the landed GALACTIC ALLIANCE FLEET. The base GENERALS and GROUND CREWS have gathered to hail the returning heroes, filling the air with a loud and jubilant CHATTER as the embarkation bridges extend over to the hangar bays of the large SHIPS. ARTOO, LEIA, HAN, and CHEWIE emerge from the HOME ONE. LEIA hugs her husband tightly as they lead DEVIL GROUP across the gangway to the CHEERING CROWD. In the background ACKBAR greets DODONNA and RIEEKAN while everyone mingles and laughs. LANDO appears.

LANDO: Han! Leia! Chewie! We did it! *(to HAN)* How's the Falcon? I heard you took some damage...

HAN: Yeah, she's pretty beat up. The rear deflectors are completely wiped out, two of the fuel pressure stabilizers are toast...Nuthin' we can't fix, though. *HAN turns to his first mate, scratching the fur on CHEWBACCA'S shoulder.*

HAN: *(cont.)* ...Right, you old grease monkey?

CHEWIE grumbles, then roars in agreement. The others laugh.

LANDO: Well, if anyone can put her right again, I know it's you two.

LUKE: *(o.s.)* Leia! Han!

The crowd parts, revealing LUKE, ALANA, MON MOTHMA, and THREEPIO. LEIA hugs her brother, while HAN and ALANA happily look on. LANDO bows before MON MOTHMA, who respectfully nods her head in turn. THREEPIO rejoins ARTOO, who circles on the spot, beeping enthusiastically. LUKE beams at the GROUP, reunited once more.

LUKE: It's good to see you all! I'm glad you're safe!

HAN: Yeah, we ran into half the Imperial fleet out there...

LEIA gazes proudly at the nearby JEDI MASTERS and survivors of DEVIL GROUP.

LEIA: But the Force was with us.

ALANA: I know what you mean...

LUKE: That's right! Alana played a big part in defeating the palace security!

ALANA: *(blushes)* Well...

MOTHMA: No, with your help, Alana, Mas Amedda seems to have fled the palace, and we'll be able to return it to its former glory. And the fleet here has successfully thwarted his plans to send a plague of doom throughout the galaxy!

THREEPIO: Well, I must say, it all sounds rather frightful. But I am most relieved to hear that those horrible droid scrap yards have been destroyed! *ARTOO whistles rudely and the group laughs. MON MOTHMA moves to LUKE and LEIA, her face taking on a more earnest expression.*

MON MOTHMA: It's good to see you again Leia.

LEIA: And you too, My Lady.

MON MOTHMA: Come. Your brother's patience has been admirable, but I'm sure it's not unlimited. Let us find a quiet place where we can talk.

297 INT. AQUILAE BASE - GENERALS MEETING CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

LUKE and LEIA listen intently as MON MOTHMA tells the two siblings about their mother.

MON MOTHMA: The memory of your mother grieves me deeply. Padme Amidala was one of the most inspirational and astonishingly accomplished young women I have ever had the privilege of knowing. In her short life she was one of the youngest Queens ever elected on her planet Naboo, a daring partisan guerilla,

and a measured, articulate, and persuasive voice of reason in the Republic Senate. In the brief time I knew her, she worked tirelessly alongside Bail Organa, myself, and a handful of other trusted Loyalists, helping us to organize what would eventually become the Rebellion against Palpatine and his Empire. *(pauses)* Hmm. Little did we know at the time...

MON MOTHMA smiles thinly. For a moment, she is lost in thoughts of long ago. LUKE and LEIA look to each other, waiting patiently for her to continue.

MON MOTHMA: *(cont.)* ...In the beginning, it was your mother who worked within the Senate to form the 'delegation of two thousand', a body of Senators who did not agree with the radical changes the Chancellor was instituting. She even went so far as to present Palpatine with a petition on their behalf protesting his radical amendments to the Constitution, and his appointment of the Regional Governors. But it was too late. Palpatine had convinced your father that Padme was a traitor; that she was in league with Obi Wan and the other Jedi in a plot to take over the Republic. Anakin helped Palpatine to form an Empire founded on treachery and innocent blood, and your mother was never able to overcome her heartbreak...

MON MOTHMA's voice quavers, her eyes reflecting her sadness.

MON MOTHMA: *(cont.)* ...She died shortly after childbirth...

LEIA: ...And that was when we were hidden from our father and the Emperor...

MON MOTHMA nods.

MON MOTHMA: It was the only way to ensure that your mother's tragedy would not be in vain... *(smiles, brightening)* And look at you both now! A couple of shooting stars that can't be stopped!

LUKE leans forward and touches MON MOTHMA'S hand comfortingly.

LUKE: We are both grateful that you were our mother's friend.

LEIA nods.

LEIA: Her spirit will live on through us, and all that we hope to accomplish.

MON MOTHMA smiles at the brother and sister, moved by their words of kindness.

298 EXT. JEDI TEMPLE - DAY

It is a bright blue day. Sunshine illuminates the Jedi Temple, now restored to its original exterior color.

299 INT. JEDI TEMPLE - GREAT HALL - DAY

A sanctuary re-dedication ceremony is taking place within the great hall of the Jedi Temple. At the far end LUKE SKYWALKER presides over the JEDI MASTERS as they perform official initiation rites for several new PADAWAN LEARNERS, including the survivors of DEVIL GROUP and many of the rescued WOOKIEES. Banners are flying and many are in attendance, sitting in neat rows on either side of a long center aisle.

KING OXUS sits in the front row next to MON MOTHMA, DODONNA, RIEEKAN, and several other distinguished LEADERS and DIGNITARIES. BARROLA is there too, with WATTO among his small GROUP of personal ATTENDANTS. Off to the side, ARTOO stands next to THREEPPIO, who is rather awestruck by the whole event. Everyone turns to look as LEIA and ALANA solemnly proceed up the long aisle and kneel before LUKE. Although ALANA is dressed in simple Jedi attire, she is staggeringly beautiful.

LUKE steps forward with his lightsabre ignited, and ritually dubs LEIA by holding the glowing blade first over one of her shoulders, then the other. LEIA and LUKE smile at one another. He then repeats the ceremony with ALANA, who is moved by the event. She looks up, and LUKE winks at her.

Everyone turns and faces the assembly. CHEWBACCA stands up and lets out a ROAR for his WOOKIEE brethren. His enthusiasm is infectious. The entire throng of WOOKIEE PADAWANS raise their arms and begin to ROAR excitedly. EVERYONE CHEERS.

Iris out.